

PARADISE ALLEY

(Formerly: "Hell's Kitchen")

Revised Final Draft Screenplay

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PARADISE ALLEY

(X)

FADE IN

1 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

1

COSMO CARBONI IS ON A ROOFTOP WITH FIVE OTHER YOUNG MEN...
COSMO TAKES OFF HIS COAT AND ASSUMES A RACING STANCE...ONE
OF THE OTHER MEN ASSUMES A RACING STANCE...SEVERAL STURDY
CHARACTERS ARE PLACING BETS AND SIPPING BOOZE...THERE ARE MANY
CLOTHESLINE.

COSMO

Get this right -- Ten roofs no
stoppin' ---

RACER

We know the rules.

COSMO

Ya got ya stakes at the other end?

GAMBLER

It's there -- start the race.

COSMO

Then start this race.

A MAN STEPS FORWARD. COSMO ASSUMES A RACING STANCE ALONGSIDE
HIS COMPETITION.

COSMO

(jokingly)

You'ra brave boy, Speedo.

STARTER

Ready -- Set -- Go!

BOTH COSMO AND THE RACER SPRING TO THE EDGE OF THE ROOF AND
LEAP THE GAP TO THE NEXT ROOF...THE RACER IS GAINING AND
FINALLY PASSES COSMO.

LEAPING OVER THE FOURTH, FIFTH AND SIXTH ROOF, THE RACER IS
GETTING TIRED...APPROACHING THE TENTH ROOF, COSMO LEAPS AND
MAKES IT...THE WEAKENED RACER FALTERS AND FALLS INTO THE GAP
BETWEEN THE BUILDINGS...HE FALLS AT SUCH AN ANGLE THAT THE
RACER CRASHES THROUGH AN ELDERLY COUPLE'S THIRD STORY WINDOW.

...COSMO ARRIVES AT THE FINISH LINE, PICKS UP HIS PRIZE MONEY
THAT RESTS UNDER A BRICK AND DESCENDS THE FIRE ESCAPE.

COSMO

(waves)

...Good night.

2

EXT. SCHWARTZ' GROCERY STORE - STREET - DAY

2

CREAKING AROUND THE CORNER AND INCHING ITS WAY UP THE STREET IS A DILAPIDATED ICE TRUCK...AS THE TRUCK PAINFULLY GROANS ALONG, SEVERAL CHILDREN TAG BEHIND THE TRUCK AND CUP THEIR HANDS TO SIP THE COOL WATER THAT TRICKLES FROM THE REAR OF THE VEHICLE.

VICTOR CARBONI IS THE DRIVER OF THE TRUCK.
HE IS TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS OLD.
HE HAS DARK HAIR.
HIS FACE IS A MIXTURE OF HARD AND SOFT.
HE IS LARGE, WELL-MUSCLED AND
POSSESSES RARE STRENGTH.

VICTOR SHYLY WAVES TO THE PEOPLE THAT CALL HIS NAME AND EXCHANGES GREETINGS WITH THE ASSORTED JUNK DEALERS AND STREET DRUNKS WHO KICK THE TRUCK AS IT GOES BY.

THE DRIPPING ICE TRUCK STOPS AT SCHWARTZ' STORE AND VICTOR LEAPS OUT. HIS HEEL LANDS IN A MOUND OF FRESH DOG WASTE. HE LOOKS AROUND TO SEE IF ANYONE IS LAUGHING, THEN DRAGS HIS HEEL ALONG THE CURB...PEOPLE STARE AT HIM...HE DRAGS HIS FOOT NEARLY A HALF BLOCK BEFORE HE IS SATISFIED...HE THEN REMOVES TWO BLOCKS OF ICE AND ENTERS THE STORE...IN THE FOREGROUND A PANHANDLING, CRIPPLED WAR VET SITS ON A CRATE.

3

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

3

ON A CORNER ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF HELL'S KITCHEN THE YOUNG SOLDIER, WHO HAS NO LEGS AND IS BLIND, SITS PROPPED UPON THE WOODEN CRATE WITH A HELMET
WEDGED BETWEEN HIS STUMPS.

AROUND HIS NECK HANGS A CARDBOARD SIGN THAT READS "GOD BLESS FREEDOM:...SEVERAL PEOPLE PASS BY AND DROP CHANGE IN HIS HELMET, AND THE SOLDIER SMILES AND MOANS THE SONG "OVER THERE"...PIGEONS ARE ON A BUILDING OVERHANG ABOVE THE SOLDIER...A PIGEON CRAPS ON HIS SHOULDER.

4

INT. SCHWARTZ' - DAY

4

IN THE STORE, MR. SCHWARTZ, AN ELDERLY JEWISH MAN, WAVES AT VICTOR FROM BEHIND THE CASH REGISTER AND CONTINUES TO ARGUE WITH HIS WIFE.

SCHWARTZ

(to wife)

I don't order buttermilk! -- Just milk! Don't do but what I tell you, you stupid....

CONTINUED

4

CONTINUED

4

VICTOR PUTS THE ICE INTO THE BOX AT THE REAR OF THE STORE.

VICTOR

Wanna go to Coney Island today, Mr. Schwartz?

SCHWARTZ

Too busy, Victor. Too busy for fresh air.

VICTOR

Don't want ya gettin' sick.

VICTOR STARTS TO EXIT.

SCHWARTZ

(sighs)

Like a horse I am -- When you gettin' married, Victor?

VICTOR

When I get rich.

IN WHAT APPEARS TO BE A DAILY RITUAL, THE OLD MAN HOLDS OUT A HANDFUL OF BRAZIL NUTS...WITHOUT A WORD, VICTOR TAKES THE NUTS, CRUSHES THEM WITH HIS HANDS, AND RETURNS THEM TO MR. SCHWARTZ.

SCHWARTZ

(laughs)

See you Wensday, Victor.

VICTOR EXITS AND THE OLD MAN TURNS TO HIS WIFE WITH A HANDFUL OF BROKEN NUTS.

SCHWARTZ

...Eat these.

5

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

5

VICTOR EXITS THE STORE AND PAUSES TO LOOK AT THE SOLDIER... HE DRIVES TO THE SOLDIER, GETS OUT AND SUDDENLY LIFTS THE WOODEN BOX AND THE SOLDIER AND PLACES THEM IN THE TRUCK... THEY DRIVE AWAY.

6

INT. TRUCK - DAY

6

ROUNDING THE CORNER, THE SOLDIER PEELS OFF HIS BLINDFOLD AND PULLS HIS LEGS FROM INSIDE THE CRATE. THE SOLDIER IS COSMO CARBONI, VICTOR'S OLDER BROTHER AND THE RACER FROM THE NIGHT BEFORE.

CONTINUED

COSMO'S HAIR IS SLICK AND
A STRONG NOSE HANGS ON HIS FACE.
HE SPEAKS WITH MACHINE GUN-INTENSITY.
HIS VOICE IS HARD, MONOTONED AND TINNY.
HIS HAIR IS QUITE LONG.
COSMO, A CHARMER WITH DIRTY FINGERNAILS, CONSIDERS
HIMSELF THE MOST PROMISING HUMAN BEING IN HELL'S KITCHEN.

COSMO
(counting his
change)
Times iz tough! When a guy can't
make peanuts pretendin' he's a
cripple -- the world's gettin' to
be a cheap place!

VICTOR
How much ya make today?

COSMO
...Millions.

VICTOR SMILES AND TURNS THE CORNER....

INT. TRUCK - DAY - DRIVING

COSMO REACHES INTO HIS SOCK AND PULLS OUT A MANGLED CIGARETTE
BUTT AND LIGHTS IT...HE LOOKS AT THE PIGEON CRAP ON HIS
SHOULDER.

COSMO
...I'd like to mangle every pigeon
in town! -- Pull their wings off,
make 'em walk!

CONTINUING DOWN THE STREET, COSMO SUDDENLY SEES THE GIRL OF
HIS DREAMS...THE GIRL, ANNIE O'SHERLOCK, IS IN HER TWENTIES
AND VERY BEAUTIFUL. EVEN THOUGH SHE WEARS EXCESSIVE MAKE-UP,
HER NATURAL BEAUTY SHINES THROUGH.

COSMO
Stop this crate!

EXT. STREET - DAY

COSMO LEAPS OUT AND STANDS BEFORE ANNIE.

COSMO
(gallant)
Annie O'Sherlock -- Can I offer
you a lift with a gentleman, sugar?

CONTINUED

ANNIE

(tired)

I thought you were in jail.

COSMO

Not yet -- How 'bout a lift with a gentleman.

ANNIE

Know where one is?

ANNIE VEERS AROUND COSMO AND CONTINUES DOWN THE STREET....

COSMO

(secretively)

Sweetness, don't let these duds throw ya -- Everybody knows I'm shootin' up in this world.

ANNIE

...A regular rocket, huh?

ABOVE THEM A THIN LADY HEAVES A BUCKET OF WATER ON A SLEEPING BUM...THEY DON'T EVEN NOTICE.

COSMO

Ya walkin' besides the most promisin' human in Hell's Kitchen.

ANNIE

(smiles)

C'mon, Cosmo -- I'm late, I'll see you later.

COSMO

I better walk along -- the neighborhood's crawlin' with desperate characters.

ANNIE

...Desperate as you?

COSMO

I ain't desperate, sister, I'm in love.

ANNIE

Back it up -- ya breath's wilting my permanent.

CONTINUED

COSMO

(looking at her
legs)

Annie, ya too nice a dish to have
them dime-a-dance creeps maulin' ya --
A woman like you should only associate
with businessmen.

ANNIE

Ya got a lotta style for a guy with
pigeon stuff on his shoulder, Cosmo.

COSMO REFUSES TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE PIGEON WASTE...ANNIE MOVES
AWAY.

COSMO

That ain't real pigeon crap, that's
a little somethin' I had sewn on to
make me stand out in a crowd...Listen,
how 'bout meet ya at Sticky's at ten?

ANNIE

If you still want.

COSMO

(calling after)

Want?! -- listen everybody needs
somethin' an' what you need is a
lotta me. See ya at ten.

ANNIE MOVES AWAY...VICTOR BEGINS RINGING THE TRUCK'S BELL,
AND COSMO RETURNS TO THE TRUCK.

VICTOR SMILES AT COSMO, WHO LIGHTS ANOTHER CIGARETTE FROM
HIS SOCK, AND LOOKS AT THE PIGEON CRAP.

COSMO

Vic, do me a favor.

VICTOR

Yeah?

COSMO

When ya get some time tomorrow, I want
ya to go out, buy a club and kill
every pigeon in the neighborhood --
please ---

10

EXT. FUNERAL PARLOR - DAY

10

LATER, THE ICE TRUCK ARRIVES IN FRONT OF GAIMBELLI'S FUNERAL PARLOR. THE PARLOR'S EXTERIOR IS SHABBY...THE PARLOR'S SIGN IS WARPED AND PEELING...THE WINDOWS NEED CLEANING AND THE PAVEMENT OUT FRONT IS BADLY PITTED AND CRACKED...OLD MISTER GAIMBELLI SITS OUT FRONT IN A ROCKING CHAIR.

VICTOR STEPS FROM THE TRUCK. HIS BIRD, A CANARY IN DENTED (X)
CAGE, HANGS FROM A HOOK IN THE TRUCK'S CAB...THE BIRD'S NAME IS BELLA. HE PATS HER, TAKES A PAIR OF CLAMPS, AND WALKS TO THE REAR OF THE TRUCK...OPENING THE CANVAS CURTAIN, HE SEES COSMO SITTING CONTENTLY ON A BLOCK OF ICE. PUFFING A CIGARETTE, COSMO RESEMBLES A KING ON A THRONE.

COSMO

Close the curtain -- ya lettin' the
ice air out.

VICTOR

C'mon, Cos, gotta go to work.

COSMO

Go ahead -- I'm sick of rockin' around
in this trash can, anyway.

COSMO JUMPS FROM THE TRUCK AND DOES A LITTLE DANCE AS VICTOR REMOVES TWO BLOCKS OF ICE.

COSMO

Ain't Annie a dish? With them legs,
she's built for a long race -- Need
some help?

VICTOR

Sure.

COSMO

Hire a partner.

THEY APPROACH GAIMBELLI...THE OLD MAN SITS THERE, (X)
GREY,
LINED,
SILENT,
AND ROCKING IN AN OLD ROCKING CHAIR...THE MAN IS A RESTLESS
STATUE.

VICTOR

(respectfully)
How much ice today, Mr. Gaimbelli?
(no response)

GAIMBELLI

(deafly)
...Wa?

CONTINUED

COSMO
(bellowing)
How much ice, pop!?

GAIMBELLI
(puffs on cigar)
Justa two -- justa two.

COSMO
'Justa two,' Vic.

THEY ENTER AND LEAVE THE OLD MAN LOST IN DAYDREAMS.

VICTOR AND COSMO ENTER THE FUNERAL PARLOR AND MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE EMBALMING ROOM IN THE REAR...THE PASSAGEWAY IS NARROW AND GLOOMY. A SINGLE, NEARLY EXPIRED BULB HANGS FROM A CORD AND GIVES OFF JUST ENOUGH LIGHT TO REVEAL THE PEELING, OLIVE DRAB WALLS.

COSMO
Remind me to throw a party here
sunday.

COSMO SLIPS UNDERNEATH VICTOR'S ARM AND STEPS IN FRONT OF HIM.

VICTOR
Whatta ya doin'?

COSMO
I don't like walkin' behind nobody
-- I ain't nobody's fart catcher.

VICTOR AND COSMO ENTER AND SEE THEIR BROTHER, LENNY, AT WORK.

LENNY IS THIRTY-THREE YEARS OLD.
HE IS HANDSOME AND STRONG.
LENNY HAS A STIFF LEG AND
WALKS WITH A CANE.
HIS EYES ARE POETICALLY SAD. THERE IS SOMEWHAT OF A
REFINED AIR ABOUT LENNY.

COSMO
(grandly)
What's buzzin', Lenny?

LENNY SHRUGS AND CONTINUES TO WORK.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

12

LENNY

Put the ice in the box, Victor.

COSMO

(peering beneath
a sheet)

Who's the new stiff?

LENNY

El Zuppa.

COSMO

El Zuppa -- That corny organ grinder
who worked 49th Street?

(Lenny nods)

Hey, what happened to the ol' man's
monkey?

LENNY

When he died, somebody took it.

COSMO

Damn -- I could use that ape.

VICTOR

Ya don't like animals.

COSMO

I ain't keen on that licebag bird
of yours, but El Zuppa's monkey haz
class. (X)

VICTOR

(upset)

Bella's no licebag. (X)

COSMO

(smoothly)

Look, Vic, I ain't tryin' to hurt ya
feelin's, but if ya really loved
that canary, the nicest thing ya
could do iz take it to the butchers
an' have her hacked into one yellow
link sausage. (X)

LENNY

(sternly)

...Cosmo.

COSMO

Where's ya sense of humor?

COSMO CATCHES SCENT OF AN ODOR THAT OFFENDS HIM. HE HOLDS HIS
NOSE AND POINTS AT EL ZUPPA.

CONTINUED

COSMO

Gettin' ripe, ain't he?

LENNY

...Ripe?

COSMO

Better check his pants for lumps --
I think he was so scared of dyin'
he lumped in his skivvies.

COSMO HOLDS HIS NOSE AND MAKES A "WHEW" SOUND.

LENNY

Don't start.

COSMO

Start what?

VICTOR

It ain't right bad-talkin' dead people.

COSMO

What're you gruntin' about?

LENNY

(firm)

Leave him alone, Cosmo.

VICTOR

That's okay, I'm not annoyed.

COSMO

(annoyed)

Where'd ya find that word?

(X)

VICTOR REMOVES A FLATTENED DICTIONARY FROM HIS REAR POCKET.

VICTOR

From the dictionary -- Susan's
teachin' me.

(X)

COSMO FINISHES SIPPING WATER FROM A SINK FAUCET AND CHUCKLES.

COSMO

So that Chink's teachin' ya to be
witty, huh?

(X)

LENNY

Y'just won't give anybody a break.

COSMO

Whatta ya gettin' righteous for?

LENNY

We're brothers -- Doesn't that mean
anythin' to you?

CONTINUED

12

CONTINUED - 3

12

COSMO

Yeah -- it means there's a lotta
bananas hangin' off our family
tree -- I'll see you whizzo's later.

LENNY SMILES SLIGHTLY AND COSMO GRINS...THEY ARE FRIENDS.
COSMO EXITS.

VICTOR

Hey, Lenny ---

LENNY

What?

VICTOR

Do Charlie Chaplin.

LENNY

I've got work....

LENNY SPINS HIS CANE AROUND LIKE CHAPLIN.

VICTOR

Thanks -- I'll see ya tonight.
(exits)

LENNY LIGHTS A THIN CIGAR, LIMPS ACROSS THE ROOM AND
STRAIGHTENS EL ZUPPA'S TIE. HE THEN REMOVES A CONCEALED
BOTTLE OF WHISKEY AND A LARGE MEDIEVAL HISTORY BOOK FROM
THE CUPBOARD.

LENNY OPENS THE HISTORY BOOK TO A MARKED PAGE AND STUDIES
THE PICTURE OF A KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR SLAYING A DRAGON.
MIMING THE KNIGHT, LENNY RAISES HIS CANE LIKE A SWORD.

AFTER A MOMENT OF DAYDREAMING, LENNY LOWERS, HIS CANE,
REPLACES THE HISTORY BOOK, SIPES MORE WHISKEY, AND RESUMES
HIS MUNDANE UNDERTAKING CHORES.

13

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

13

IT IS NIGHT AND THE STREETS OF HELL'S KITCHEN ARE COOLING...
PEOPLE SIT ON THEIR STEPS FANNING THEMSELVES AND MUSIC FROM
MANY RADIOS FILLS THE STICKY NIGHT AIR...

THE CAMERA MOVES UP TO A SIGN THAT READS "STICKY'S."

14

INT. STICKY'S BALLROOM - NIGHT

14

ANNIE IS DANCING AT "STICKY'S BALLROOM." THE BALLROOM IS

CONTINUED

SMALL, DIM AND THICK WITH SMOKE THAT SWIRLS AGAINST THE RED CEILING LIGHTS. AN EIGHT-PIECE BAND PLAYS...THE DIME-A-DANCE GIRLS GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS OF ENJOYING THEMSELVES ...ANNIE IS UNQUESTIONABLY THE BEST-LOOKING WOMAN THERE. HER FACE IS TIRED, BUT SHE SMILES AT THE AWKWARD MAN SHE DANCES WITH. HER MIND SEEMS VERY FAR AWAY.

...THE MAN GRINDS AND PAWS HER BUTT...SHE STOPS AND LOOKS AT THE MAN WITH MURDER IN HER EYES....

ANNIE

Your dime's up -- your times up.

SHE CROSSES THE DANCE FLOOR AND JOINS A GROUP OF DANCERS SEATED AGAINST THE WALL...ANNIE SIPS FROM A FLASK.

DANCER

How's things, sweetie?

ANNIE

(disgusted)

...The same.

THE OWNER, STICKY, A SHORT, FAT MAN WITH SLICK HAIR, COMES OVER.

STICKY

Don't give the customers a hard time.

ANNIE

He was pawin' me, Sticky.
(sips whiskey)

STICKY

So what...an' no drinkin' on the job either.

ANNIE

(slowly)

I'm mending a broken heart, and my feet hurt.

STICKY

Don't get fresh -- C'mere.

STICKY TAKES ANNIE ASIDE.

STICKY

...That guy over there, see 'im?

ANNIE SPIES A HOMELY, TALL MAN AT THE ENTRANCE, BATHED IN RED LIGHT.

CONTINUED

14

CONTINUED - 2

14

STICKY

That guy said he'll give ya twenty
bucks for a good time.

ANNIE

(disgusted)

Clean it up, Sticky.

ANNIE SHAKES HER HEAD AND MOVES AWAY...ANOTHER MAN HANDS HER
A TICKET AND ASKS HER TO DANCE...THEY DANCE PAST AN OPEN
WINDOW...ACROSS THE STREET A SIGN READS "MAHON'S BAR."

(X)

15

INT. MAHON'S BAR - NIGHT

15
(X)

MAHON'S BAR IS CROWDED WITH ITS USUAL CLIENTELE OF WORKING
CLASS GUZZLERS. THE BARROOM HAS DRY ROTTED AWAY YEARS AGO...
THERE ARE FIVE CEILING FANS. ONLY ONE WORKS...SET SLIGHTLY
ABOVE THE BAR IS A WORLD WEARY PIANO PLAYER NAMED, MUMBLES.
THE SCENE DRIFTS THROUGH THE RUGGED CROWD AND COSMO'S VOICE
CAN BE HEARD.

(X)

(X)

COSMO

...Goin' to the dogs....

VICTOR

What?

COSMO

I'm just glad Mamma an' Pappa ain't
alive to see how their boys iz
turnin' out....

THE SCENE STOPS IN FRONT OF A BOOTH AT THE REAR OF THE BAR-
ROOM. THE CARBONI BROTHERS SIT TOGETHER...TEN EMPTY BEER
BOTTLES ARE ON THE TABLE.

LENNY

What's botherin' you, Cosmo?

COSMO

(bittersweet)

The Carboni boys! We're supposed
to be goin' places, but I'm an ex-
businessman -- Vic hauls ice around
like a friggin' Eskimo, an' you
throw stiffs in a crate -- A very
classy crew.

THE BROTHERS LAPSE INTO SILENCE AND SIP THEIR BOOZE...VICTOR'S
BIRD BELLA, IS IN A CAGE BENEATH THE TABLE...LENNY RUBS HIS
STIFF KNEE AND COSMO BELCHES. HIS CIGARETTE BECOMES TOO SHORT
TO HOLD AND HE CRUSHES IT IN THE ASHTRAY.

(X)

CONTINUED

LENNY

We're holding our own.

COSMO

We're holdin' garbage.

LENNY

Talk for yourself.

COSMO

Yeah, you look rich...I think we should rob somebody.

VICTOR

I ain't robbin' nobody.

COSMO

You guys are causin' me to breathe heavy. We need money.

LENNY

Cut ya hair an' somebody might give ya a job.

COSMO'S ATTENTION IS DRAWN TO THE OTHER END OF THE BARROOM.

COSMO

Never...Speakin' of worms....

VICTOR

What?

COSMO

It's Stitch Mahon's gang.

LENNY

...So?

COSMO

So they got El Zuppa's monkey with 'em.

VICTOR AND LENNY TURN AND SEE STITCH MAHON AND THREE OF HIS GANG MEMBERS AT THE FAR END OF THE BAR. THE GANG IS POORLY DRESSED AND LOOKS YOUNG EXCEPT FOR STITCH.

STITCH MAHON HAS RED CHEEKS,
GOOD POSTURE
AND THICK ARMS...

(X)
(X)

HIS TRADEMARK IS A COCKED WHITE HAT AND A MATCHSTICK IN HIS MOUTH AND AN ANCHOR TATTOOED ON HIS FOREHEAD. BEHIND HIM IS THE LARGEST MEMBER OF THE GANG, AND POSSIBLY ONE OF THE LARGEST MEN IN NEW YORK, "FRANKY THE THUMPER."

CONTINUED

FRANKY IS A BRUTE.
FRANKY IS DUMB.
FRANKY IS A HURTER.
ON FRANKY'S SHOULDER IS EL ZUPPA'S MISSING MONKEY.

COSMO

The monkey's worth big money.

LENNY

D'ya see upon whose shoulder the
monkey is perched?

COSMO

Franky the Thumper, so what?

LENNY

So what?!

VICTOR

(echoing)

So what?

COSMO

Anybody else wanna say, 'So what?'

LENNY

(simply)

Get clever an' Mahon'll have Franky
remove your face.

COSMO

Them bums swiped the monkey!...Hey,
Vic, y'know how Stitch always says
how nobody can beat Franky the
Thumper in arm wrestlin'?

LENNY

I'm goin' -- you wanna come, Vic?

COSMO

Listen, mebbe if ya beat 'em ---

LENNY

(turning)

Don't mix with Stitch!

COSMO

(pulling Lenny
down)

...The trouble with you big brother
is you weren't born with no sportin'
blood.

(rises)

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED - 3

15

DOWNING HIS BEER IN ONE SWALLOW, COSMO SWAYS TOWARD STITCH AND HIS GANG.

COSMO

Ya lookin' swell, Stitch -- Eatin' good lately?

THE GANG MEMBERS REMAIN MUTE.

COSMO

(to the bartender)

Put a drink on my friend, Stitch.

STITCH

(grave)

I own the place, I don't need no free drink. So whatta ya want, Cos? (X)

COSMO

Just shootin' the breeze.

STITCH

Shoot it somewhere else. (X)

(to the bartender)

Gimme tonight's take, Mick.

COSMO

How d'ya stay in such great shape, Stitch?

STITCH

Avoidin' Wops.

NICK THE BARTENDER HANDS OVER A HANDFUL CASH...STITCH TAKES IT. (X)
COSMO EYES THE MONEY.

COSMO

(smoothly)

I know what ya mean, the neighborhood's crawlin' with degenerate foreigners...Hey, Stitch, I remember once ya sez how Franky here could lick any fella in the neighborhood? Ya still believe that tripe?

FRANKY

I'll slap ya china out.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED - 4

15

COSMO

Listen, I know you're a great
wrestler, Franky. But my brother,
Vic, who ain't as flashy iz as strong
as Charles Atlas.

(X)

STITCH

Ya brother's a moron.

COSMO

He ain't no moron.

STITCH

It's a fact!

COSMO

A little hard of hearin' mebbe --
but the first thing in the mornin'
Vic can haul over four hundred pounds
of ice up five flights of steps with-
out blowin' his breakfast -- Can you
do that?

COSMO IS SHOVED SEVERAL FEET FROM THE BAR AND COLLIDES WITH A
SAILOR.

COSMO

(to sailor)

Watch it, pal...

(low to himself)

I'm gonna kill that bum....

COSMO COMPOSES HIMSELF, GRINS AND SWAYS TOWARDS THE BAR.

COSMO

(tightly)

Hey, Franky, whatta ya startin' that
puffin' an' punchin' stuff -- I'm
just chewin' a friendly rag with
Stitch here....

STITCH

Cut ya hair, jerk.

COSMO

It's a trademark -- how 'bout it,
Stitch?

STITCH

I think ya suckin' wind.

COSMO

Suckin' wind?

STITCH

Ya suckin' wind.

COSMO

Suckin' wind ain't my speciality --
I got business to talk.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED - 5

15

STITCH AND HIS GANG CROSS THE BARROOM, ARRIVE AT THE CORNER BOOTH AND LOOK DOWN AT VICTOR. COSMO EASES HIS WAY THROUGH THE GANG AND PATS COSMO'S SHOULDER.

COSMO

Guess what happened -- Franky here wants to have a friendly arm wrestlin' match.

LENNY

(to Victor)

You can still back out.

COSMO

Who rattled your cage?

LENNY

I'm lookin' out for Victor.

COSMO

Hey, why don't ya go stand in the corner an' pretend you're popular.

MAHON'S GANG PUSHES SEVERAL MEN AWAY FROM THEIR TABLE AND SETS IT IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM.

STITCH

Let's go.

COSMO

We're gettin' there. Stitch.

(whispers to
Victor)

Listen, I just bet a hundred bucks against that monkey -- I ain't gotta dime...Now, if ya don't win, Vic, these creeps iz gonna drag me into the alley an' tie knots with my spine.

STITCH

...Let's go!!

THE BARTENDER SLYLY REMOVES A CLUB AND SETS IT ON THE BAR... MANY PEOPLE ARE PLACING BETS.

FRANKY HANDS THE MONKEY TO A SMALLER MEMBER, NAMED PIG. THE (X) OTHER GANG MEMBER, SKINNY THE HAND, STANDS BESIDE VICTOR...THE CARBONI BROTHERS CROSS TO THE TABLE.

VICTOR

I can't start yet.

COSMO

Why not?

CONTINUED

15

CONTINUED - 6

15

VICTOR

Can't start 'till Bella is comfortable.

COSMO

Where iz that creep?

(X)

COSMO REACHES UNDER THE BOOTH TABLE AND HANDS THE BIRD AND CAGE TO VICTOR.

(X)

STITCH

Hey, what's your mother doin' under the table?

THE GANG LAUGHS...LENNY REDDENS.

LENNY

We better leave mothers out of it.

STITCH

Got anything else to say, Gimp?

LENNY

(weakly)

You heard what I had to say.

(limps away)

COSMO

Leave out mothers, okay Stitch?

FRANKY

(sitting)

Ya ready, Punk?

VICTOR

Y'know, the work punk is a noun ---

FRANKY

Shut your hole!

COSMO

(at wits end)

What's say we get this happy contest rollin'.

THE TWO MUSCULAR MEN LOCK GRIPS AND STITCH STARTS THE MATCH BY TAPPING THEIR ENTWINED HANDS.

FRANKY CURLS BACK HIS UPPER LIP AND STARTS TO OUT-MUSCLE VICTOR AND FORCES HIS ARM A QUARTER OF THE WAY DOWN. THE VEINS IN VICTOR'S FOREARM STAND OUT LIKE BLUE SNAKES.

CONTINUED

15

CONTINUED - 7

15

THE BARROOM PATRONS GATHER AROUND AND ARE MUCH AMUSED. COSMO TRIES TO KEEP THEM FROM GETTING TOO CLOSE, BUT FINALLY GIVES UP AND OBSERVES THE CONTEST...VICTOR'S HAND IS FALLING AND STITCH SMILES THINLY AT COSMO.

STITCH

Ya better have that dough, or you'll be spendin' a lotta time doin' a lotta healin'....

COSMO

(to Lenny)

For two minutes I wish I wuz invisible.

LENNY

...Why?

COSMO

(eyes Stitch)

'Cause I'd slip over there an' cut that bum's mouth off an' he'd never know who done it.

COSMO STARES AT THE CLOCK ON THE WALL THAT READS 10:30 P.M. THE SCENE DARKENS.

16

INT. STICKY'S BALLROOM - NIGHT

16

ANNIE IS DANCING WITH A TWENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD SAILOR.

SAILOR

...I know the way other guys on the ship feel about women ---

ANNIE

How's that?

SAILOR

You know -- But I don't think the same way -- I think women should have a guy show good manners...If you have time I'd like to show you my manners.

ANNIE

How many other girls have seen your manners?

THE BAND STOPS.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED

16

ANNIE

...Your dime's up -- your time's up.

SAILOR

How 'bout another dance?

ANNIE

Try another port, okay?

ANNIE WALKS AWAY FROM THE SAILOR...SHE WALKS OVER TO THE WINDOW WHERE ANOTHER TIRED DANCER STANDS.

ANNIE

(sipping from
her flask)

...Everybody's got an angle.

DANCER

You got what they want...Sell it --
Take the money, sweetie.

A CUSTOMER COMES OVER WITH A DANCE TICKET...ANNIE TAKES THE TICKET.

ANNIE

...What's your angle?

CUSTOMER

What angle?

ANNIE

C'mon, just dance.

ANNIE AND THE MAN DANCE INTO THE GLOWING RED LIGHTS.

17 INT. MAHON'S BAR - NIGHT

17

THE CLOCK NOW READS 11:45....

THE CROWD IS AMAZED AND DEATHLY SILENT...VICTOR'S ARM REMAINS SEVERAL INCHES ABOVE THE TABLE TOP AND HAS NOT BUDGED IN MORE THAN AN HOUR. FRANKY AND VICTOR ARE DRAPED IN SWEAT...THE ONLY SOUND HEARD IN THE BARROOM IS THE HEAVY BREATHING OF THE COMBATANTS AND THE MONOTONOUS WHIRLING OF THE CEILING FAN.

LENNY STANDS AT THE BAR WATCHING INTENTLY AND RUBBING HIS STIFF LEG...COSMO APPROACHES HIM.

COSMO

Lenny, talk to him -- if we lose....

CONTINUED

LENNY STUDIES THE CONCERN IN COSMO'S FACE AND LIMPS TO VICTOR
...HE LEANS NEXT TO VICTOR'S EAR AND SPEAKS WITH A SOFT,
INSPIRING CALMNESS.

LENNY

...Victor -- Victor, you can win if
you want to, you can win because I
believe in you, an' Cosmo believes
in you. Now, believe in yourself.
...Win...Win...Win.

VICTOR APPLIES ALL HIS STRENGTH AND HIS ARM SLOWLY RISES.
LENNY CONTINUES TO CHANT, "WIN"...THE ICEMAN'S ARM ARCHES
HIGHER AND HIGHER...FRANKY GRIMACES PAINFULLY AND HIS EYES
NEARLY BUG FROM THEIR SOCKETS. FRANKY'S ARM BUCKLES AND HE
SLUMPS INTO THE BOOTH AND MAKES THE FACE OF A LOSER.

THE TENSION IS BROKEN AND THE BARROOM EXPLODES WITH NOISE...
MEN PAY OFF BETS AND LAUGH AMONG THEMSELVES...STITCH NODS TO
THE BARTENDER WHO SETS A MUG OF BEER IN FRONT OF VICTOR.

STITCH

...good show, greasy.

COSMO WEDGES HIMSELF NEXT TO STITCH.

COSMO

Nice try, Stitch, where's the monkey?

STITCH

Get it from Pig.

STITCH NODS TO PIG, WHO HOLDS THE MONKEY...HE HAS A HARD FACE.
AN UGLY FACE. THE KIND OF FACE YOU WANT TO PUNCH.

COSMO

Hand it over, Pig.

COSMO TRIES TO TAKE THE MONKEY, BUT PIG PULLS A KNIFE AND PUTS
IT TO COSMO'S NECK.

PIG

The monkey belongs to me.

COSMO

(nearly
gagging)
It might look like ya, but it don't
belong to ya...Now ya gettin' me
hot, Pigface.

PIG PUSHES THE KNIFE HARDER...SUDDENLY A RIGHT HAND IS

CONTINUED

AROUND PIG'S THROAT AND THE OTHER HAND GRIPS HIS CROTCH... VICTOR HOISTS THE GANG MEMBER HIGH OVERHEAD AND HOLDS HIM THERE...THE GANG MEMBER IS SO FRIGHTENED HE SCREAMS AND BEGS. BUT THE SPECTATORS CLAMOR FOR HIS BLOOD...EVERYONE WANTS VICTOR TO SMASH THE PUNK AGAINST THE WALL...VICTOR ARCHES HIS BACK AND AND IS ABOUT TO CATAPULT THE GANG MEMBER WHEN HE CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF HIMSELF IN A MIRROR...HE HAS NEVER SEEN HIMSELF LIKE THIS. NOR HAS ANYONE ELSE. HE SEES LENNY'S REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR, TOO...LENNY'S FACE IS TAUT AND AFRAID.

LENNY

(softly)

Put him down, Victor.

VICTOR OBEYS LENNY'S COMMAND AND LOWERS PIG TO THE FLOOR. PIG IS CRYING AND THE FRONT OF HIS PANTS IS WET...STITCH DOES NOT LIKE THE WAY THE CROWD IS STARING AT HIM.

STITCH

The house is buyin' a beer.

THE PATRONS CROWD TO THE BAR AND STITCH AND HIS GANG EXIT THE ROOM.

COSMO

That wuz great, Vic, 'cept ya shoulda made a wish with his legs -- C'mon, let's celebrate!

(goes to bar)

VICTOR

...I didn't wanna hurt him.

LENNY

...Guys like that always wanna be hurt.

VICTOR

...I'm gonna get some ice cream.

VICTOR TAKES HOLD OF BELLA'S CAGE AND TOGETHER THEY WALK TOWARDS THE EXIT...AS THEY PASS ALONG THE BAR, NEARLY EVERYONE PATS HIS SHOULDER AND OFFERS CONGRATULATIONS.

COSMO LEANS AGAINST THE BAR, STROKES HIS MONKEY, AND SPEAKS IN A LOUD VOICE.

COSMO

!! Y'know, sometimes I wonder 'bout nature -- I'm tough an' nervy, but my kid brother, who should be a real rough pecker, iz about as mean as a daisy....

CONTINUED



17

CONTINUED - 3

17

COSMO (Cont'd)
(no one really
pays attention)
Don't ya guys ever wonder 'bout
nature? Yeah, nature's a funny
thing -- Anybody gotta smoke?

THE SQUAT BARTENDER CASUALLY TOSSES COSMO A CIGARETTE...
COSMO NODS AND GRINS.

COSMO
(low)
Hey...wanna buy a monkey?

18

INT. SODA SHOP - NIGHT

18

AFTER LEAVING MAHON'S BAR, VICTOR STOLLS TO THE CORNER
AND ENTERS A SODA SHOP. (X)

SODA JERK
Hello, Vic -- The usual?

VICTOR
Uh huh.

THE SODA JERK MAKES A VANILLA ICE CREAM CONE AND RUBS HIS
RED NOSE.

SODA JERK
Hey, Vic -- Everyday, rain or
shine, you come in here an' buy
a vanilla cone -- how come? (X)

VICTOR
'Cause I don't like chocolate. (X)

VICTOR LAYS A COIN ON THE COUNTER AND STEPS OUTSIDE....

19

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

19

STITCH AND HIS GANG ARE WAITING OUTSIDE THE SODA SHOP.

STITCH
(foreboding)
Hey -- We got business together.

VICTOR IGNORES STITCH...HE SITS ON A STOOP NEXT TO BELLA'S
CAGE...THE GANG GATHERS AROUND. (X)

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED

19

STITCH

You cheated my boy Franky.

VICTOR

...I didn't cheat nobody.

STITCH NODS TO ANOTHER GANG MEMBER, SKINNY THE HAND, AND SKINNY STEPS ON VICTOR'S FOOT. VICTOR IGNORES THE PAIN.

(X)

SKINNY THE HAND

Stitch's been talkin' 'bout rammin' your head on a fireplug ---

VICTOR SMILES AND STILL CONTINUES TO WATCH BELLA EAT.

STITCH

...or cut 'Bella the Bird's' throat.
-- Whatta you grinnin' at?

(X)

VICTOR

Franky's makin' faces at me.

FRANKY

Lemme dent his head!

STITCH

Wait! Ya hands are too valuable to waste on this greaseball.

VICTOR FINISHES THE CONE. AND WALKS AWAY.

(X)

VICTOR

...Good night.

STITCH

(loud)

I'm feelin' nice tonight, ice-jerk, but soon we're gonna have business together, understand? -- I'm feelin' nice.

20 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

20

STITCH LIGHTS A CIGARETTE AND WHEELS AROUND JUST IN TIME TO SEE ANNIE AND TWO OTHER GIRLS FROM STICKY'S BALLROOM STEP OUTSIDE FOR A BREATHER...THE GANG CROSSES THE STREET. THEY BEGIN PITCHING DIMES.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED

20

STITCH

(to Annie)

There's my dime -- How 'bout a
dance, peach?

THE FAT GIRL BESIDE ANNIE ANGRILY FACES STITCH.

STITCH

Clam up, 'Tanker-Bell'...Don't say
nothin'...Why don't we dance in
this alley.

ANNIE

(lights a
cigarette)

Go away, Stitch.

STITCH

What's the matter -- You got more
class or somethin'? What's say
you an' me go stand in the dark.

ANNIE KEEPS STARING OFF.

STITCH

Whatta ya savin' ya brownie for,
the worms?

DANCE GIRL

How 'bout it, Stitch.

STITCH

Shut up, ya tank -- C'mon to my
joint fer a drink.

(X)

ANNIE

(dryly)

Stitch, I'm tired, and I don't
want any trouble.

(X)

ANNIE STARTS TO RE-ENTER THE BUILDING.

STITCH

I ain't tired an' I am trouble.

ANNIE

(to girls)

I'm goin' back to work--

(looks at

Stitch)

Can't stand the scenery.

(X)

CONTINUED

STITCH

(grabs her)

Bad talk me an' I'll ---

ANNIE

What? Go ahead, I'm gettin' restless, bigtime.

Annie breaks free.

STITCH

Ya's better go before I slap ya's all around...Let's go.

FRANKY

Where?

STITCH

Let's climb a two-dollar hooker at the Sunset Hotel.

VICTOR AND BELLA COME DOWN THE STREET HEADING HOMEWARD...SOMEONE CALLS HIS NAME FROM THE OPENING OF A LOWER LEVEL LAUNDRY ...IT IS SUSAN CHOW. A LOVELY, BRIGHT CHINESE GIRL.

SUSAN

Hi, Vicky.

VICTOR

I'm not feelin' good tonight, Susan.

SUSAN

C'mere an' we'll feel bad together.

VICTOR CARRIES BELLA DOWN THE STREET AND TAKES A SEAT ON THE STOOP NEXT TO SUSAN...SUSAN IS TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OLD. SHE KISSES VICTOR ON THE CHEEK. CLEANING UP THE LAUNDRY IN THE B.G. IS SUSAN'S MOTHER.

SUSAN

Hello, Bella -- Why the long face?

VICTOR

I dunno why my face is long.

SUSAN

(hands over
a bag)

Here's your shirts -- What's the matter with Vicky tonight?

CONTINUED

VICTOR

...Confusion.

SUSAN

And what is confusion?

VICTOR

A noun.

SUSAN

What's the matter?

VICTOR LOOKS AT A BUM STAGGERING DOWN THE STREET...THE BUM DOES A LITTLE DANCE AND FALLS INTO THE GUTTER.

VICTOR

Sometimes this place, I don't like much.

SUSAN

It doesn't matter, we're leaving soon.

VICTOR

Y'know, I keep thinkin' about that houseboat in Jersey.

SUSAN

(nodding)

When d'you think we'll have enough money?

VICTOR TAKES OUT A JAWBREAKER AND EATS IT.

VICTOR

In a few years -- Eight years.

SUSAN

(smiles)

Then I have time to pack.

VICTOR LOOKS DOWN AND SMILES.

SUSAN

What's so funny -- Tell me.

VICTOR

(laughing)

I can't.

SUSAN

C'mon, what's so funny?

VICTOR

Your toe looks like a thumb.

SUSAN LOOKS DOWN AND SEES HER BIG TOE EASING THROUGH A WORN SPOT IN HER STRAW SHOE.

CONTINUED

SUSAN

Stop Vicky! -- I just bought them
an' they're already no good.

VICTOR

Sorry, Susan.

SUSAN

Vicky...Why don't you tell me
somethin' nice -- Tell me what
you tell me every night.

VICTOR

(shyly)

...Say it now?

SUSAN

Now is a good time.

VICTOR

(eating)

But my mouth is full.

SUSAN

(jokingly)

Say it or you'll hurt my feelings.

VICTOR

(slightly self-
conscious)

I love you, Susan.

VICTOR LEANS FORWARD AND SUSAN STROKES THE WHITENESS OF HIS
NECK.

VICTOR

(softly)

Y'know, ya toe really does look
like a thumb.

THEY SMILE...SUSAN'S MOTHER LEANS FROM THE SHOP DOOR. SHE
YELLS IN CHINESE FOR SUSAN TO COME IN.

SUSAN

I've got to go.

VICTOR

Hello, Mrs. Chow.

MRS. CHOW SMILES BLANDLY.

SUSAN

-- See you tomorrow.

SHE EXITS AND VICTOR LIFTS THE CAGE AND CONTINUES HOMEWARD.

22 INT. STICKY'S BALLROOM - NIGHT

22

COSMO APPROACHES ANNIE WITH A LARGE HANDFUL OF DANCE TICKETS
...SHE SMILES TIREDLY.

COSMO

Every night, like clockwork, huh --
I know ya dogs are tired so you
hang on to my neck -- Nice neck,
huh -- I washed it last week...ya
suppose to smile -- Forget it. You
just hang on to Cosmo an' I'll drag
ya around the rest of the night.

ANNIE

Thanks -- But Sticky might not like
it.

COSMO

Whatta I care -- Lucky girl you are.

ANNIE SMILES AND THEY DANCE AWAY.

23 EXT. MAHON'S BAR AND STREET - NIGHT

23

LENNY STEPS OUT OF MAHON'S BAR AND STARTS DOWN THE BLOCK...
HE PAUSES AND LOOKS UP AT STICKY'S BALLROOM...MUSIC FLOATS
DOWN TO THE STREET...LENNY SEES BODIES DANCING PAST AN OPEN
WINDOW.

(X)

(X)

...AFTER A MOMENT, HE LIMPS HOMEWARD.

24 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

24

COSMO AND ANNIE STROLL DOWN A NEIGHBORHOOD BLOCK...IT IS LATE
AND ONLY A FEW PEOPLE ARE OUTSIDE.

COSMO

The way I see it is -- we hire a
ten-piece band -- no, twenty-piece,
an' I'll set ya up at the best club
in Manhattan, or Brooklyn if ya
want, no, forget Brooklyn, I don't
want ya dancin' in no shipyard ---

ANNIE

...Stop Cosmo, I'm too tired to
laugh.

COSMO

All right, why don't you lay down
here. I'll wake ya up in the mornin'
an' finish talkin' this deal.

CONTINUED

COSMO PULLS A SMOKE OUT OF HIS HAT.

ANNIE

When you gonna cut your hair? ---

COSMO

(laughs)

-- Hey, long hair proves ya brain
is workin'.

ANNIE

And yours never stops.

COSMO

It's my fortune -- Listen, we getta
band, work up an act, dress ya in
feathers and red beads. I'll handle
the paper work; an' we smash every
record in the country, 'Annie and her
Red-Hot Dancing Legs' I'm tellin
you, together we can't miss.

ANNIE

(humorously)

...Sounds good.

ANNIE ARRIVES AT HER APARTMENT ENTRANCE....

COSMO

...Nice with all the riff-raff off
the streets -- Think about workin'
up an act.

ANNIE

(exhausted)

...I'll think.

ANNIE KISSES COSMO ON THE CHEEK.

COSMO

Ya oughta see a doctor -- ya eyes
need glasses.

ANNIE

...Why?

COSMO

You keep missin' my mouth.

ANNIE SMILES AND ASCENDS THE STEPS.

25 INT. THE BROTHERS' APARTMENT - MORNING

25

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, COSMO RISES TO GREET THE RAIN THAT SPLATTERS INTO THE BASEMENT APARTMENT THROUGH A SMALL ANGULAR WINDOW...VICTOR STILL WEARS THE CLOTHING HE WORE THE PREVIOUS EVENING.

A FEW FEET AWAY, LENNY SLEEPS ON A FLAT MATTRESS. HIS HISTORY BOOK, HIS CANE AND AN EMPTY BOTTLE LAY AT HIS SIDE. IN THE FAR CORNER, VICTOR AWAKENS FROM A TIGHT, SNORING BALL AND TAPS BELLA'S CAGE.

VICTOR

(musically)

Bella, Bella, Bella -- Wake up an'
eat, eat, eat....

COSMO

Ya gotta start off every mornin' by
croonin' to that little meatbag.

VICTOR

She likes music in the mornin'.

COSMO

Then buy the bum a radio....

THE MONKEY LAPS RAIN WATER FROM THE WINDOWSILL...COSMO PATS HIM, DABS RAIN WATER ON HIS SLEEP-SEALED EYES, YAWNS, AND STARES OUT AT THE DRIZZLE AND HELL'S KITCHEN.

COSMO

(to himself)

...Today, ya earn a livin'.

26 EXT. STREET - DAY

26

THAT MORNING, COSMO AND HIS MONKEY STAND IN THE MOUTH OF AN ALLEY...THE MONKEY WEARS A BRIGHT RED CARNIVAL HAT...EVEN THOUGH COSMO ENTHUSIASTICALLY CLAPS HIS HANDS, THE MONKEY SQUATS AND PICKS FLEAS OFF ITS BODY. FRUSTRATED, COSMO YANKS THE MONKEY'S CHAIN, BUT THE ANIMAL CONTINUES TO SCRATCH... PEOPLE PASS BY AND LAUGH.

COSMO

Dance, don't scratch. Dance!

27 OMITTED

27

28 EXT. FUNERAL PARLOR

(X)

28

LENNY ARRIVES AT THE FUNERAL PARLOR AND SEES SOMEONE SLUMPED AGAINST THE DOOR.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED

28

LENNY TOUCHES THE MAN WITH HIS CANE...HE SEES TWENTY DOLLARS
PINNED TO A NOTE.

THE NOTE READS:

"PLEASE BURY HIM
FAST."

29 INT. ANNIE'S APARTMENT HOUSE STEPS - DAY

29

A HEFTY LANDLORD IS CLIMBING THE DARK STAIRS...YOUNG KIDS
SQUIRM PAST HIM.

LANDLORD

Stop runnin'! -- I throw ya's out!

HE KEEPS CLIMBING THE STAIRS.

30 INT. ANNIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

30

ANNIE IS DRINKING COFFEE AND, ODDLY ENOUGH, CHISELING A WOOD
STATUE...THERE ARE WOOD CARVINGS ALL OVER THE ROOM...MOST OF
THE STATUES DEPICT HELL'S KITCHEN LIFE...THE RADIO PLAYS.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR....

ANNIE PUTS DOWN THE CHISEL AND PICKS UP HER SMOLDERING
CIGARETTE AND GOES TO THE DOOR.

ANNIE

(opening the door)

The rent?

LANDLORD

Thirty dollars.

ANNIE

Did the rats pay?

LANDLORD

What rats?

ANNIE

The rats livin' in this apartment.

ANNIE TAKES A COUPLE BILLS OUT OF HER POCKET.

ANNIE

This was supposed to be a private
room -- But since I'm sharin' it,
I'll pay half an' get the other
half from the rats.

CONTINUED

SHE HANDS HIM THE MONEY.

LANDLORD

Wait -- maybe we can work somethin'
out.

ANNIE

How's that?

LANDLORD

Maybe tonight I ---

ANNIE

(disgusted)
...Everybody's got an angle --
Let's keep it a mystery.

LANDLORD

What about the rent?

ANNIE

Here's fifteen dollars -- bill the
rats later.
(slams door)

30-A EXT. STREET - NIGHTFALL

30-A

COSMO'S AT WITS END. HE LOOKS TIRED...VERY FEW PEOPLE PASS
BY.

COSMO

Dance -- Do what I'm about to do.

THE MONKEY PLAYS WITH HIS TOES AND COSMO STARTS TO DANCE.
COSMO CONTINUES TO DANCE AS THE MONKEY PASSIVELY HOLDS THE
CUP AND EATS PEANUTS FROM A RED AND WHITE BAG.

COSMO

I'll kill you, hear!-- I'll kill
you! -- Ya wastin' my life, hear!

...SOMEBODY TOSSES A DIME. LOOKING UP, COSMO SEES AN
ATTRACTIVE GIRL IN HER TWENTIES...HER NAME IS BUNCHIE.

BUNCHIE

Hello, Cosmo.

COSMO

Hey, I'm glad ya passed by -- ya
look nice -- what ya walkin' around
for?

CONTINUED

BUNCHIE

Shoppin' -- what're you doin'?

BUNCHIE EYES THE LISTLESS MONKEY.

COSMO

I got this job teachin' monkeys to dance -- just past time.

BUNCHIE

Plan on makin' a fool of yourself all right?

(smiles)

COSMO

(laughs)

Hey, I just got here -- matter of fact, I'm sick of this bum gimmick now -- ever eat a monkey?

BUNCHIE

-- Listen, will I see you tonight?

COSMO

Tonight for sure.

BUNCHIE

...You don't have to come by.

COSMO

No, I wanta, see ya later.

BUNCHIE MOVES AWAY AND COSMO GRABS THE MONKEY.

COSMO

...You got nothin' goin', ape.

31 OMITTED

31

31-A EXT. FUNERAL PARLOR - EARLY NIGHTFALL - (DUSK)

31-A

VICTOR DRIVES THE ICE TRUCK AROUND THE CORNER AND STOPS AT THE FUNERAL PARLOR.

HE STEPS FROM THE TRUCK AND LIFTS TWO BLOCKS OF ICE...
GAIMBELLI IS ROCKING OUT FRONT.

VICTOR

Evenin', Mr. Gaimbelli.

GAIMBELLI

Ice in da back -- in da back.

32 OMITTED

32

32-A INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - NIGHT

32-A
(X)

COSMO IS STANDING IN THE EMBALMING ROOM WHEN VICTOR ENTERS. HIS MONKEY SITS ON THE WINDOWSILL EATING PEANUTS OUT OF A RED AND WHITE BAG.

COSMO

...Good evenin'.

(X)

VICTOR

Where's Lenny?

COSMO

Wrappin' his teeth around some dinner.

VICTOR NOTICES COSMO IS WEARING A NEW, BAGGY BLACK SUIT... THE REAR OF THE SUIT IS BACKLESS AND HELD TOGETHER BY A PAIR OF DRAWSTRINGS.

VICTOR

Where'd ya get the new suit?

COSMO

Won it in a raffle.

VICTOR LOOKS INTO A COFFIN AND SEES THE BODY OF A BALD-HEADED MAN LAYING IN HIS UNDERWEAR...HE IS MORTIFIED...HE IS THE CORPSE THAT HAD TWENTY DOLLARS PINNED TO HIM.

COSMO

Why ya standin' there lookin' like a piece of chewed string?

VICTOR

Raffle nothin'.

COSMO

C'mon -- Why should I walk around lookin' like a boiled rag when I can have a stylish set of duds for free?

VICTOR

(annoyed)

Ya swipin' from the deceased.

COSMO

Listen, this guy come into the world nude as a needle, so it's only natural that he goes out that way.

VICTOR

...It ain't right.

CONTINUED

32-A CONTINUED

32-A

COSMO

C'mon -- when ya gone ya gone, so why be fancy an' wear a suit? I mean, iz this guy goin' dancin' or sumthin'?

COSMO SHRUGS.

COSMO

No -- he ain't, but I am an' can't afford to look like no slob tonight, okay, Vic? -- an' I'm gonna return it when I'm done first thing in the mornin' that is --
(grabs the monkey's peanuts)
-- peanut?

COSMO CLOSES THE COFFIN...VICTOR TAKES A PEANUT

COSMO

Now, I wanna show ya somethin' important -- Bring ya face into this room, here.

THEY WALK INTO A SMALL, ADJOINING ROOM.

(X)

33 OMITTED

33

(X)

33-A INT. SMALL EMBALMING ROOM - NIGHT

33-A

(X)

COSMO FLICKS ON THE LIGHT AND LIGHTS ANOTHER CIGARETTE...HE FLIPS BACK A SHEET COVERING A CADAVER. THEY SEE A FAIR, RED-HAIRED WOMAN OF THIRTY.

(X)

COSMO

I'm gonna let ya in on a genius gimmick.

VICTOR JUST STARES AT THE BODY.

COSMO

Don't ya recognize that kisser?
(Victor shakes his head "no")
Moanin' Mary -- a hooker who hawked her brownie over at the Sunset Hotel.

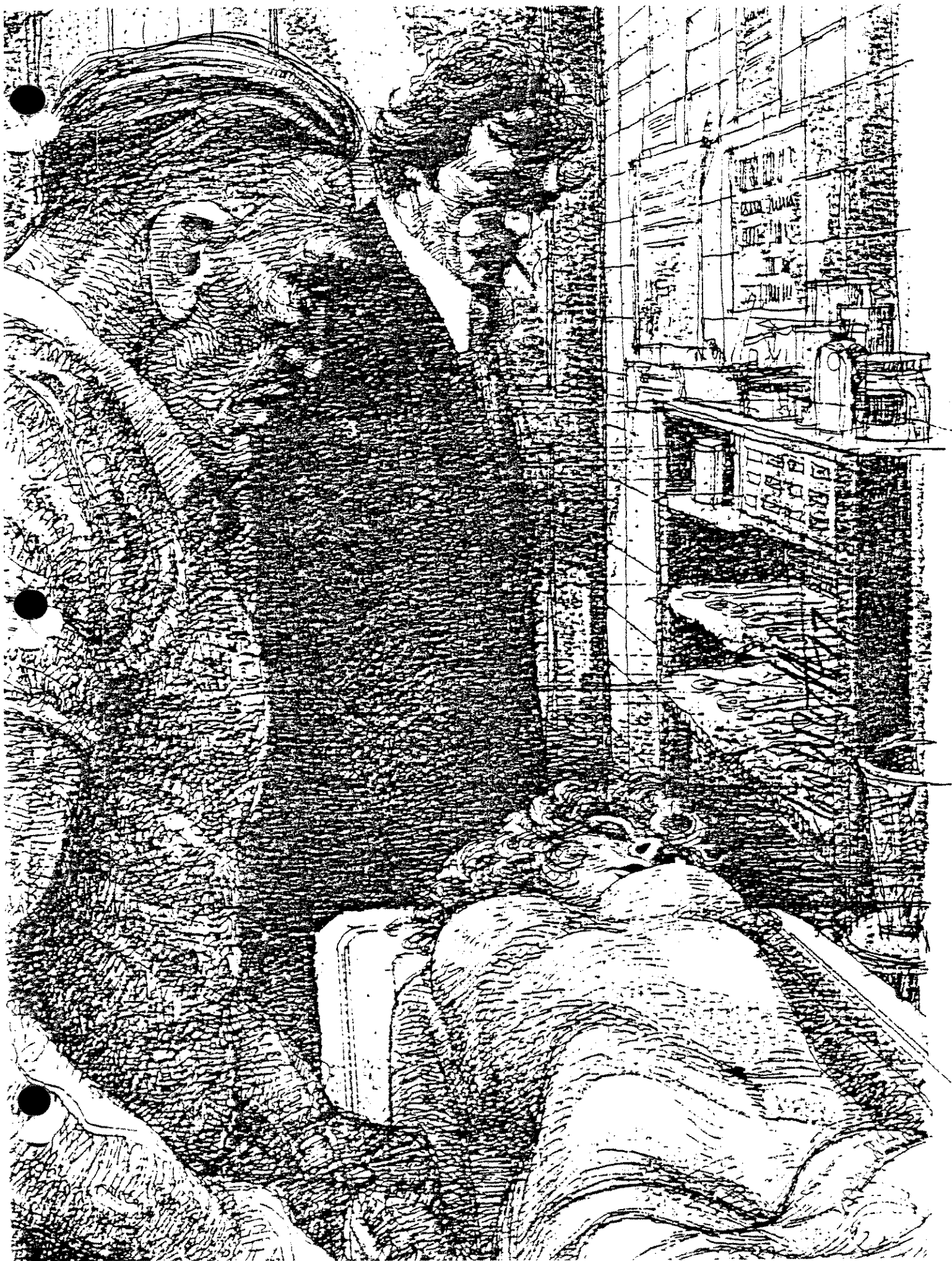
VICTOR

What happened to her?

COSMO

(quickly)
I heard she ate some bad fish in Chinatown.

CONTINUED



VICTOR

Cover her, Cosmo.

COSMO

Sure, I don't want 'er to catch no cold -- Now for the business end. Tonight I'm gonna go out and round up some winos, see -- A herd of winos -- Then we charge the slob two-bits a piece for a ride in the saddle...Now I know ya thinkin' she's dead. So we just tell 'em she's a heavy sleeper.

VICTOR LOOKS STUNNED AND SHAKES HIS HEAD...COSMO IS BEGINNING TO FEEL GUILTY.

COSMO

Look I know she's departed! I got eyes -- I know she ain't here on no vacation! This ain't no social call -- She's gone, defunct and out of circulation...Now whatta ya say, Victor?

VICTOR REMAINS MUTE...COSMO GETS LOUDER.

COSMO

Think I'm crazy? That's what they said about Edison, too!...Look tonight's our only night to cash in on Mary's profession -- She goes in the box tomorrow...Y'know, I feel in my heart Moanin' Mary wouldn't mind, none.

(X)

VICTOR STILL REMAINS SILENT.

COSMO

Ya killin' my enthusiasm.

(pause)

Yeah...Yeah, mebbe ya right -- mebbec I should learn to relax from business.

VICTOR AND HIS CANARY LEAVE.

(X)

VICTOR

...I gotta stack ice.

(X)

COSMO LIGHTS UP ANOTHER CIGARETTE AND LOOKS DOWN AT THE BODY.

COSMO

...Just kiddin', Mary.

(X)

34 INT. ICE HOUSE - NIGHT

34

VICTOR IS HARD AT WORK TOILING IN THE ICE ROOM AT THE ICE HOUSE DEPOT. HE WEARS A HEAVY COAT AND STEAM JETS FROM HIS MOUTH. THE WORK IS INCREDIBLY DIFFICULT AS VICTOR STRAINS TO STACK BLOCKS OF ICE IN NEAT COLUMNS TO THE CEILING.

THE DOOR OPENS AND THE FOREMAN LEANS INSIDE. THE FOREMAN IS A HEAVY POLE WITH A THICK STOMACH AND A THICK ACCENT. HE IS EATING A SANDWICH AND CRUMBS AND MAYONNAISE DECORATE HIS SHIRT.

FOREMAN

You verk hard tewday, Victor.

VICTOR

I work hard 'cause I wanna escalate, Mr. Vitvitsky.

FOREMAN

Vat's dis escalate?

VICTOR

(reciting)
'To raise -- to go up on.'

FOREMAN

Vat dis?

VICTOR

I could use a small raise in salary, Mr. Vitvitsky.

THE FOREMAN REMOVES A SMALL WAD OF BILLS FROM HIS SHIRT POCKET.

FOREMAN

Here's you pay, Victor -- an' since you vork harder den anybody, I'm give you raise...Here fifteen dollar for veek, an' twenty-five zent raise.

VICTOR TAKES THE MONEY AND THE FOREMAN EXITS...VICTOR SITS ON A BLOCK OF ICE AND FINGERS THE MEAGER SUM OF MONEY...HE LOOKS AT ANOTHER WORKER.

VICTOR

...Twenty-five cents ain't a big escalate.

(X)

35 INT. MAHON'S BAR - NIGHT

35

LENNY SITS ALONE IN A BOOTH IN MAHON'S BAR WITH A GLASS OF SCOTCH IN HIS HAND...THE BAR IS NOT CROWDED.

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

STITCH AND HIS GANG SIT IN HIS PRIVATE BOOTH AS MUMBLES PLAYS (X)
 THE PIANO. VONNY, A TALL BLONDE LEANS AGAINST THE BAR AND
 FLIRTS WITH SEVERAL MEN. SHE SWIVELS AROUND AND LENNY SEES
 HER FACE. SHE IS REALLY QUITE BEAUTIFUL. LENNY WATCHES
 HER EYE A FEW MEN AT SURROUNDING TABLES. SHE LOOKS THEM UP
 AND DOWN. SHE DOESN'T LIKE ANY SO FAR...SHE SMILES AT LENNY.
 INTOXICATED BY THE WOMAN AND LIQUOR, HE SMILES BACK.

SHE SLOWLY MOVES FROM THE BAR AND GLIDES TOWARDS LENNY.
 SMILING, HE CANNOT TAKE HIS EYES OFF HER....

LENNY

I'm not payin' for it, Vonny.

VONNY

Don't even know the price.

LENNY

(weak smile)

...You're wastin' time.

FOUR MEN STAND AT THE END OF THE BAR. ONE OF THE MEN IS
 MISSING AN ARM. HE IS VERY DRUNK AND DEBATING IN A LOUD
 VOICE.

ONE ARM

(slurring)

Hell, if I had to do it all over
 again I would!...I would! -- I
 ain't no less of a man -- I'm
 more -- Losin' this ain't no big
 deal -- No G.I. can say he weren't
 proud to serve ---

(X)

THE ONE ARM MAN TURNS AROUND AND SEES LENNY.

ONE ARM

Hey, Lenny! -- Lenny, he lost a
 piece too! Didn't ya, Lenny?
 Lenny lost a piece the day before
 the war was over. Ya don't hear
 him complainin', he proud ---

(X)

LENNY

I'm not proud of anything.

ONE ARM

We served. That means somethin'.

LENNY

It don't mean I'm proud.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED - 2

35

ONE ARM

(yells)

We lost a piece over there. I'm
proud to give it, so are you!!

LENNY CAN STAND NO MORE. HE SUDDENLY SMASHES HIS CANE ON
THE TABLE.

(X)

LENNY

(mad)

Proud of what?! Together we don't
even make a whole man....

...THE ROOM FREEZES...HE COLLECTS HIMSELF AND SLOWLY LIMPS
OUT OF THE BAR.

STITCH

(eyes the scene)

...Neurotic.

(X)

36 INT. STICKY'S BALLROOM - NIGHT

36

COSMO IS DANCING WITH ANNIE...A HUGE WAD OF DANCE TICKETS
HANGS OUT OF HIS FUNERAL SUIT POCKET.

COSMO

...What they need is some fans in
here so you can breath.

ANNIE

I'm used to it...Where'd you get
the suit?

COSMO

Like it?

ANNIE

Don't take it wrong but it looks
like somebody died in it.

COSMO

...Close.

ANNIE

Cosmo -- maybe we shouldn't be
spendin' so much time together.

COSMO

Don't worry -- We work good
together...

(X)

(laughs)

...Let's just dance.

AS THEY DANCE PAST, LENNY IS SEEN STANDING IN THE SHADOWS...
ANNIE CATCHES HIS EYE THEN TURNS AWAY AND HE EXITS.

37 INT. SUNSET HOTEL - NIGHT

37

COSMO ENTERS THE SHABBY HOTEL, WHICH IS NOTHING MORE THAN A CHEAP WHOREHOUSE.

THE WALLS ARE PITTED AND CRACKED -- THE CARPET LEADING TO THE STAIRS HAS GAPING HOLES.

BEHIND THE DESK, PROPPED ON A STOOL IS A PLUMP MADAM...A LARGE GOON SITS BESIDE HER.

COSMO STARTS OFF TOWARDS THE STAIRS.

MADAM

Five bucks.

COSMO FISHES OUT FOUR DOLLARS AND AN OLD WRIST WATCH WITH A BROKEN BAND.

COSMO

Four bucks an' the watch -- how 'bout it?

THE MADAM NODS AND COSMO HEADS UPSTAIRS.

38 SUNSET HOTEL - BUNCHIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

38

COSMO IS IN BUNCHIE'S ROOM...BUNCHIE IS A YOUNG PROSTITUTE. SHE SITS PROPPED UP IN BED READING A MAGAZINE AND WEARS A NIGHTGOWN.

COSMO SITS ON A CHAIR SLOWLY UNDESSING...MUSIC COMES FROM A RADIO.

COSMO

So...What bothers me is I keep gettin' the freeze from this tomato -- I'm not a bad guy, am I right -- I think so...But I can't get nowhere.

BUNCHIE

Whatta ya want me to say, Cosmo?

COSMO

How 'bout two or three words that are gonna change my life.

BUNCHIE

...I'm here.

CONTINUED

COSMO

What's that mean?

BUNCHIE

If you want to forget her, I'm here.

COSMO

Not now, Bunch.

BUNCHIE

Why...I'm the one you been seein' for three years.

COSMO

An' it's been a good way to pass three years. But this is different.

BUNCHIE

It won't work out between you an' her.

COSMO

Think so?

BUNCHIE

I don't think there's many people who understand you.

COSMO

But you do?

BUNCHIE

...We're the same kind. How ya make a livin' -- you not wantin' to cut ya hair to stand out, the gimmicks, I understand ya.

COSMO

(pause)

What I need is some money.

BUNCHIE

(sighs)

The clock's runnin'....

39 CONTINUED

39

HOUSE WHEN HE SEES COSMO STANDING BEHIND A BROKEN DOWN PUSH-CART COVERED WITH TOMATOES...COSMO STILL WEARS THE BAGGY BLACK FUNERAL SUIT.

VICTOR
Whatta ya doin', Cosmo?

COSMO
Expandin'.

VICTOR REACHES DOWN AND SQUEEZES A TOMATO.

COSMO
Keep ya hooks off the produce --
(squeezes Victor's
face)
How would you like it?! -- Tomatoes
here! Fresh off the boat! Tomatoes
here!

VICTOR
(embarrassed)
Why're ya yellin'?

COSMO
Why don't ya go have an accident.

VICTOR TOUCHES A TOMATO AND COSMO SLAPS HIS HAND AGAIN.

COSMO
Do that again an' I'll put ya stick
in a wringer!

VICTOR
I like tomatoes.

COSMO
Then grow some -- Ya gotta enough
dirt in ya ear for two or three
good plants.

VICTOR LAUGHS.

COSMO
This mornin' I drug myself down to
the produce market and swapped that
bum monkey to 'Joey Fruits' for the
cart an' tomatoes. Ya wanna know
why? Cause if a man wants a good
broad he needs fast money -- By this
afternoon I'll be in the green --
Have a tomato.

COSMO TOSSES VICTOR A TOMATO AND PUSHES HIS CART TOWARDS
SEVERAL MIDDLE-AGED, WORN OUT LADIES.

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED - 2

39

COSMO

Beauties, I got tomatoes. Big,
fat, sassy, happy tomatoes!
Listen to 'em laughin'!!

COSMO TALKS TO THE LADIES AND WINKS AT VICTOR...VICTOR BITES
THE WARM TOMATO AND SEEDS DRIP ONTO HIS UNDERSHIRT....

VICTOR

See ya later.

COSMO

I won't see ya tonight -- I'm
draggin' Lenny to Paradise Alley
-- He needs some air...Hey ladies,
get 'em, get these beauties before
they're gone!

40 EXT. PARADISE ALLEY - NIGHT

40

IT IS NIGHT...COSMO AND LENNY WALK DOWN A DARK STREET IN
THE WORST SECTION OF HELL'S KITCHEN...COSMO POINTS TO AN
ALLEY AND THEY BOTH TURN INTO ITS OPENING.

LENNY

What're we doing here?

COSMO

Live a little -- Paradise Alley iz
great for ya -- Flashy dames
crawlin' outta the woodwork.

LENNY

It's private.

COSMO

No problem.

AT THE END OF THE ALLEY, COSMO KNOCKS ON A METAL DOOR
THREE TIMES...A BIG FACE PEERS OUT.

COSMO

We're friends of Mario.

THE DOORMAN EYES THE BROTHERS FOR A LONG MOMENT THEN STANDS
ASIDE.

LENNY

Who's Mario?

COSMO

I dunno -- But everybody knows
sumbody named Mario.

41 INT. PARADISE ALLEY - NIGHT

41

THE CLUB IS LARGE, DARK AND SWOLLEN WITH SMOKE. IN ONE CORNER IS A BRASS-RAILED BAR. IN ANOTHER CORNER IS A FOUR PIECE BAND THAT BLARES OUT CATCHY MUSIC...COSMO SMILES AND SNAPS HIS FINGERS...ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE ROOM ARE SEVERAL CRAP TABLES SURROUNDED BY GAMBLERS. IN THE CENTER OF THE CLUB IS A SMALL RING WHERE TWO MEN WRESTLE...THE BROTHERS CROSS TO THE BAR.

COSMO

Won't find God in this joint.

COSMO TURNS TO THE BEEFY BARTENDER AND BARKS HIS ORDER.

COSMO

Two beers, Bub.

THE BARTENDER IS ANNOYED AT BEING CALLED "BUB." HE DELIVERS THE BEERS AND COSMO TOSSES A QUARTER ON THE BAR.

BARTENDER

Buck a brew, Bub.

COSMO

Since when's dishwater a buck,
Bub?

THE BARTENDER WRAPS HIS PAW AROUND A MALLET.

BARTENDER

Blood or beer, Bub?

COSMO

Getta load of this wit.

LENNY AVOIDS THE SCENE BY FISHING A COUPLE OF DOLLARS OUT OF HIS POCKET.

COSMO

(to Bartender)

...You're very lucky.

THE BROTHERS CROSS THE CLUBROOM AND STAND NEXT TO THE BOXING RING JUST IN TIME TO SEE A MASSIVE WRESTLER NAMED BIG GLORY HEAVE HIS OPPONENT OUT OF THE RING.

BIG GLORY IS THICK, BLACK AND
WEIGHS NEAR THREE HUNDRED POUNDS.
DARK HAIR CURLS
ACROSS HIS BACK.

HIS ARMS AND CHEST ARE A FRESCO OF FADING TATTOOS AND SCARS...
HIS EYEBROWS ARE GONE AND HIS EARS LOOK LIKE A MATCHING SET
OF RAW OYSTERS.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

41

COSMO

Whatta looker.
(eyeing Big Glory)
-- Sumbody lost a nightmare.

THE CLUB'S MANAGER, WHOSE NAME IS BURP, ENTERS THE RING AND RAISES BIG GLORY'S HAND IN VICTORY. (X)

BURP (X)

...The offer of one hundred dollars still stands to anyone who can stay in the ring with our 'Paradise Alley Champion,' Big Glory!
(splatters of applause)

THE WRESTLER CROSSES TO A STOOL-CHAIR BESIDE THE RING...A CIGAR BOX IS TAPED TO THE CHAIR AND IS USED FOR A SHELF... GLORY TAKES A HALF A MUG OF BEER FROM THE SHELF AND A SMOLDERING CIGAR...HE LOOKS LIKE A MAN WHOSE BRAIN IS A PERMANENT RESIDENT IN ANOTHER WORLD.

COSMO

A hundred bucks! -- a coupla inches taller, I'd tussle with that fish myself.

LENNY

Where're all the flashy women?

COSMO

(looks around)
-- They're probably in the bath-room --
(scans the room)

All the good lookin' broads must've blew town. Whatta ya think about Vic skuffin' with that truck?

LENNY

A bad idea -- Let's getta drink.

COSMO

Why bad? Why? Where's ya sportin' blood?

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED - 2

41

LENNY

The man's a professional. He makes his livin' breakin' bones -- you wanna turn that loose on our brother?

LENNY LIMPS TO A BOOTH...COSMO FINISHES HIS BEER AND HURRIES OUT OF THE CLUB.

42 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

42

SUSAN CHOW AND VICTOR SIT ON THE STEPS OUTSIDE VICTOR'S APARTMENT.

SUSAN

(holding a dictionary)

Rustic.

VICTOR

(spells)

Adjective -- The country -- R-U-S-T-I-C.

SUSAN

Good -- Rutabaga.

VICTOR

Noun -- A turnip -- R-u ---

COSMO COMES SPRINTING AROUND THE CORNER.

COSMO

Vic! C'mon, Lenny's in trouble!!!

VICTOR

What's the matter?

COSMO

C'mon -- Can't talk now -- C'mon!

VICTOR IMMEDIATELY RISES AND QUICKLY RUNS DOWN THE STREET WITH COSMO...SUSAN IS ALARMED.

VICTOR

(yelling)

Take care of Bella!

43 INT. PARADISE ALLEY - NIGHT

43

THE BROTHERS ARRIVE AT PARADISE ALLEY AND COSMO PULLS VICTOR TO THE BOOTH WHERE LENNY SITS ALONE.

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED

43

VICTOR

Lenny? Ya said Lenny was in trouble?

LENNY

(to Cosmo)

I knew it -- There's nothin' wrong. Cosmo made a mistake -- Better go home, Vic.

COSMO

Hold it! There's a hundred bucks to be had, an' all ya gotta do iz stay in the stinkin' ring.

LENNY

He's no wrestler.

COSMO

How d'you know? Ya gotta crystal ball with ya? It's easy money, Vic.

VICTOR

Then you do it.

COSMO

I might kill the guy -- No, he's a little too tall for me.

VICTOR

What if I getta chipped tooth?

COSMO

I'll cover it with a blanket.

LENNY

Vic, you better go now.

VICTOR MOVES TOWARDS THE DOOR...COSMO GRABS HIS ARM.

COSMO

(stormy)

Always mumblin' about leavin' Hell's Kitchen an' buyin' some houseboat dump in Jersey -- Well, it's swell you're a dreamer, 'cause you ain't never leavin' the Kitchen unless ya wise up!... A hundred clams for a coupla minutes work -- Think about it.

CONTINUED

VICTOR

Should I do it?

LENNY

It's your body.

THE FIGHT MANAGER IS SLOUCHING AGAINST THE BAR WHEN COSMO AND VICTOR WEAVE THROUGH THE CROWD.

COSMO

Okay, he's here.

(to Victor)

Ya won't even work up a sweat.

BURP

(rotating
gruffly)

Who's here?

COSMO

The guy who's gonna stay with
your man.

THE MANAGER EYES COSMO AND LAUGHS. HIS FRIENDS JOIN IN...HE DOES NOT SEE VICTOR STANDING OFF TO THE SIDE.

COSMO

Somethin' funny?

BURP

Go home and get ya head fixed --
He must've fell on his head.

(laughter)

COSMO

You callin' me crazy?

BURP

Brain damage -- Think you're gonna
stay with Big Glory -- c'mon wise
up.

COSMO PULLS VICTOR FORWARD.

COSMO

He's the one who's fightin'.

BURP

(eyeing Vic)

Forget it, the kid's green -- Big
Glory'll murder ya.

CONTINUED

COSMO

That ain't your problem -- Now
either get that freak in the ring
or hand over the cash.

EVERYONE FOLLOWS THE MANAGER TOWARDS THE RING.

BURP

(sarcastically
to Victor)

Ya gotta real nice friend there --
(yells)

Get ready, Glory.

BIG GLORY LAZILY LOWERS A MUG OF BEER AND WIPES THE FOAM
AWAY WITH THE BACK OF HIS HAND...COSMO PULLS OFF VICTOR'S
SHIRT.

COSMO

Okay, Killer, relax you're all set.

(eyes Victor's
dirty shirt)

Scrub this rag once in a while.

VICTOR STEPS INTO THE RING AND FEELS FOOLISH IN JUST HIS
PANTS AND SUSPENDERS. BURP TURNS TO THE SMALL CROWD.

BURP

...Tonight we have another idiot
challenger who's gonna try an'
stay with our very own Club
Champion, Big Glory! --

(to Victor)

What's your name, kid?

VICTOR

(softly)

...Victor.

COSMO

(overriding)

Kid Salami!!!

BURP

(laughs)

What's that again, wise guy?

COSMO

(low to Lenny)

That slob's really gettin' my goat.

(to the manager)

He's called Kid Salami! Kid Salami,
understand?

CONTINUED

BURP

Watch how ya talk, pal -- I got friends.

COSMO

Just do ya job!

BURP

...If he's Kid Salami, who're you?
Kid Garlic?

BURP LAUGHS UNCONTROLLABLY AND LEANS AGAINST A RING POST FOR SUPPORT.

BURP

(to the crowd)

...In this corner, believe it or not, is Kid Salami!

(turning)

An' in the far corner, smashin', bashin', crashin' Big Glory!

BOTH MEN STEP TO THE CENTER OF THE RING. BIG GLORY LOOKS HUNGRY. VICTOR LOOKS LIKE A MAN WHO REALIZES HE IS IN THE WRONG PLACE AT THE WRONG TIME.

BURP

Okay you guys, try to fight fair.
Get ready for the bell....

VICTOR RETURNS TO HIS CORNER...BURP FOLLOWS.

LENNY

Just keep movin', Victor -- Don't let him grab ya.

BURP

(smirks)

Where d'ya want 'Salami' buried?

COSMO

Cut the gabbin' stupid, an' start the brawl.

(to Victor)

Everythin's gonna be peachy, Vic.

VICTOR

How do ya know?

COSMO

Would I be smiling if somethin' was wrong?

CONTINUED

THE MANAGER NODS AND THE TIMEKEEPER RINGS THE BELL.

BIG GLORY LUMBERS OUT OF HIS CORNER AND DRIFTS TOWARD VICTOR LIKE A HUGE WAVE OF BEEF AND TATTOOS. VICTOR STEPS BACKWARDS AND STANDS IN THE CENTER OF THE RING. BIG GLORY STUDIES VICTOR FOR A SECOND, SMILES, THEN SENDS A FOREARM SMASH INTO THE CENTER OF VICTOR'S FACE...HE GRABS VICTOR'S ARM AND WHIPS HIM FORWARD AND VICTOR REELS ACROSS THE RING AND FALLS HEAD-LONG THROUGH THE ROPES. LENNY AND COSMO RUSH TO HIS SIDE.

COSMO

Creepin' Jesus! There ain't no
law against fightin' back.

BLOOD TRICKLES FROM A WOUND ABOVE VICTOR'S BROW.

LENNY

Are ya all right? -- How bad are
ya hurt?

VICTOR DOES NOT SPEAK. HE TOUCHES THE BLOOD ON HIS FACE AND STARES AT THE RED LIQUID...BIG GLORY AND THE MANAGER SMILE.

LENNY

Better get a doctor.

VICTOR

...No, I'm okay.

LENNY

Vic, we're goin' home.

VICTOR

No, I'm all right....

COSMO

C'mon, he looks great.

LENNY

What do you want to do, Vic?

VICTOR

...If I get mad I think I can win.

LENNY

...Get mad.

VICTOR CLIMBS INTO THE RING. BIG GLORY ATTACKS HIM, BUT INSTEAD IS ATTACKED. VICTOR AWKWARDLY GRAPPLES AND PUSHES GLORY AWAY -- THE WRESTLER IS OVERWHELMED BY VICTOR'S STRENGTH AND ABILITY TO TAKE PUNISHMENT.

BIG GLORY IS HURT AND CAUGHT IN A HEADLOCK. BIG GLORY BLOBS ACROSS THE RING AS VICTOR DRIVES HIS SHOULDER INTO HIS STOMACH.

BIG GLORY BUCKLES IN HALF...VICTOR PUSHES WITH ALL HIS MIGHT ...BIG GLORY WEARILY FALLS DOWN AND STAYS DOWN.

CONTINUED

COSMO JUMPS INTO THE RING AND RAISES VICTOR'S HAND.

COSMO

(hysterical)

Damn, I ain't never seen nuthin'
like it! You're great, Vic! Just
great!!

(to the crowd)

Kid Salami! Kid Salami! Let's
hear it!!

...BURP HURRIES OVER TO COSMO.

BURP

This 'Salami' kid ain't right in
the head. He ain't normal...Wanna
sell 'im?

COSMO

You owe a hundred.

BURP

Whatta 'bout your scrapper?

LENNY

Our brother's not for sale.

BURP COUNTS OUT THE HUNDRED...LENNY LEADS VICTOR OUT OF THE
RING.

AFTER THE BRAWL AT PARADISE ALLEY, VICTOR ARRIVES AT CHOW'S
LAUNDRY. SUSAN IS TAKEN ABACK BY THE CUT AND BLUENESS OVER
VICTOR'S EYE.

SUSAN

What happened!?

VICTOR

A bad accident.

SUSAN

What kind of accident?

VICTOR

I was lookin' at the moon ---

SUSAN

Yes?

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED

44

VICTOR

An' this bird hit a chimney ---

SUSAN

(X)

Chimney.

VICTOR

An' a brick fell on my face.

SUSAN'S MOTHER CALLS OUT FROM THE REAR OF THE CRAMPED SHOP. (X)

MOTHER

(in Chinese)

(X)

Who is it?!

SUSAN

(X)

It's Victor. A brick fell on his face.

THE MOTHER MUMBLES IN CHINESE AND MOVES AWAY TO TALK WITH HER HUMORLESS HUSBAND. (X)

VICTOR PULLS THE PRIZE MONEY FROM HIS POCKET.

VICTOR

...I won it.

45 EXT. PARADISE ALLEY - NIGHT

45

AFTER THE BRAWL, COSMO AND LENNY EXIT PARADISE ALLEY...COSMO IS EXCITED...LENNY IS QUIETLY DRUNK.

COSMO

C'mon, our li'l brother dropped the Paradise Alley champ an' went home with a hundred bucks, that's a start.

LENNY

He could of got hurt ---

COSMO

C'mon -- I wuz always tellin' Vic he should find a gimmick -- Well, he has -- The kid's muscles iz a God-given gimmick.

LENNY

Don't do it.

COSMO

Whatta ya got against makin' an honest buck?

CONTINUED

LENNY

It depends how it's made.

COSMO

Listen, Franky the Thumper's a wrestler, an' that creep Stitch iz his manager -- Why can't we do the same, huh?

LENNY

Franky's rotten all his life -- Don't try makin' Victor into one of your gimmicks.

COSMO

You amaze me!

LENNY

...You amaze me!

COSMO

Here's a one way ticket outta this slum -- Where's ya guts?!

LENNY

More heart than guts.

COSMO

Don't feed me that tripe! Ya usta be the hardest guy in the neighborhood. Ya blew it for yaself -- Don't blow it for me.

LENNY GROGGILY STARES INTO COSMO'S FACE AND LIMPS AWAY.
COSMO ROUGHLY SPINS LENNY AROUND...LENNY RAISES HIS CANE TO STRIKE COSMO.

COSMO

C'mon, hit me, 'cause ya won't even make a dent...You're the biggest joke in the Kitchen. Ya had brains, ya were goin' places, then ya got brave an' whatta ya got to show for it? -- A footlocker! -- A crummy kraut bayonet! -- A purple heart! An' a walkin' cane! -- Put it all together an' whatta ya got -- A nuthin' drunk in aces! Ya coulda let ya hair grow an' jumped offa chairs and got flat feet like me an' stayed here, but ya had to take a shot at being a Hero -- was it worth it? Huh?

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED - 2

45

LENNY HAS BEEN DRAINED EMOTIONALLY BY COSMO'S VERBAL ASSAULT
...HE TURNS AND LIMPS AWAY...COSMO FACES THE DARKNESS. (X)

COSMO

Everybody better getta good look
at Cosmo Carboni now, 'cause I'm on
my way uptown!

(low)

I need a smoke.

46 INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - NIGHT

46

LENNY ENTERS AND IN A DISTRESSED STATE OF MIND, SURVEYS THE
DISMAL, DARK SURROUNDINGS, THEN SHOVES OVER AN EMPTY COFFIN.

ALREADY INTOXICATED, LENNY FLINGS OPEN THE CABINET LOOKING
FOR WHISKEY...HE FLINGS OPEN ANOTHER CABINET AND FINDS THE
BOOZE.

LENNY COLLAPSES INTO A CHAIR AND SWILLS THE BOOZE. GAZING
ACROSS THE SHADOWY, EERIE ROOM, LENNY EYES A ROW OF CHEAP
COFFINS.

HIS DISTORTED IMAGINATION CAUSES HIM TO HEAR HAUNTING SOUNDS
AND HE SEES BODIES RISING OUT OF THE COFFINS...THE BODIES ARE
OF LONG-DEAD, SHATTERED GERMAN SOLDIERS IN DRY-ROTTED UNIFORMS
...ALL THE SOLDIERS HAVE A WAD OF DOLLAR BILLS CLUTCHED IN
THEIR HANDS.

LENNY HURRIEDLY LIMPS OUT.

47 INT. STICKY'S BALLROOM - NIGHT

47

LENNY ENTERS THE RED, SMOKY BALLROOM...HE LOOKS LIKE A MAN
WITH A SINGLE THOUGHT...TO GET ANNIE.

ANNIE IS LEANING AGAINST THE WINDOW, LOOKING OUT AND CATCHING
A SMOKE...CASUALLY TURNING, SHE SEES LENNY.

SIDESTEPPING THE DANCERS, LENNY APPROACHES. ANNIE TENSES.

ANNIE

...Stay there.

LENNY KEEP COMING.

ANNIE

(moving away)

...Why're you comin' around.

LENNY

...I want to.

CONTINUED

ANNIE

(moving)

Look, please just leave me be.

LENNY

...I'm sorry.

ANNIE MOVES TOWARD THE LADIES ROOM, BUT LENNY BLOCKS HER PATH.

LENNY

...Annie, let's talk.

ANNIE

After three years you want to talk?
-- Now I don't think I can listen.

LENNY

Let's talk.

ANNIE

No!

NOW MANY OF THE DANCERS ARE WATCHING THE ARGUMENT...ANNIE MOVES TOWARDS THE BAND.

LENNY

I want to say I'm sorry.

ANNIE

Lenny, you don't make it all better by sayin' that -- You put me through too much Lenny -- Please just forget the 'sorries,' all right?

LENNY

No -- it's not all right!

NOW, EVERYONE IS WATCHING THE ARGUMENT...LENNY IS VERY ANGRY.

LENNY

...I've had problems ---

ANNIE

Don't talk in front of these people.

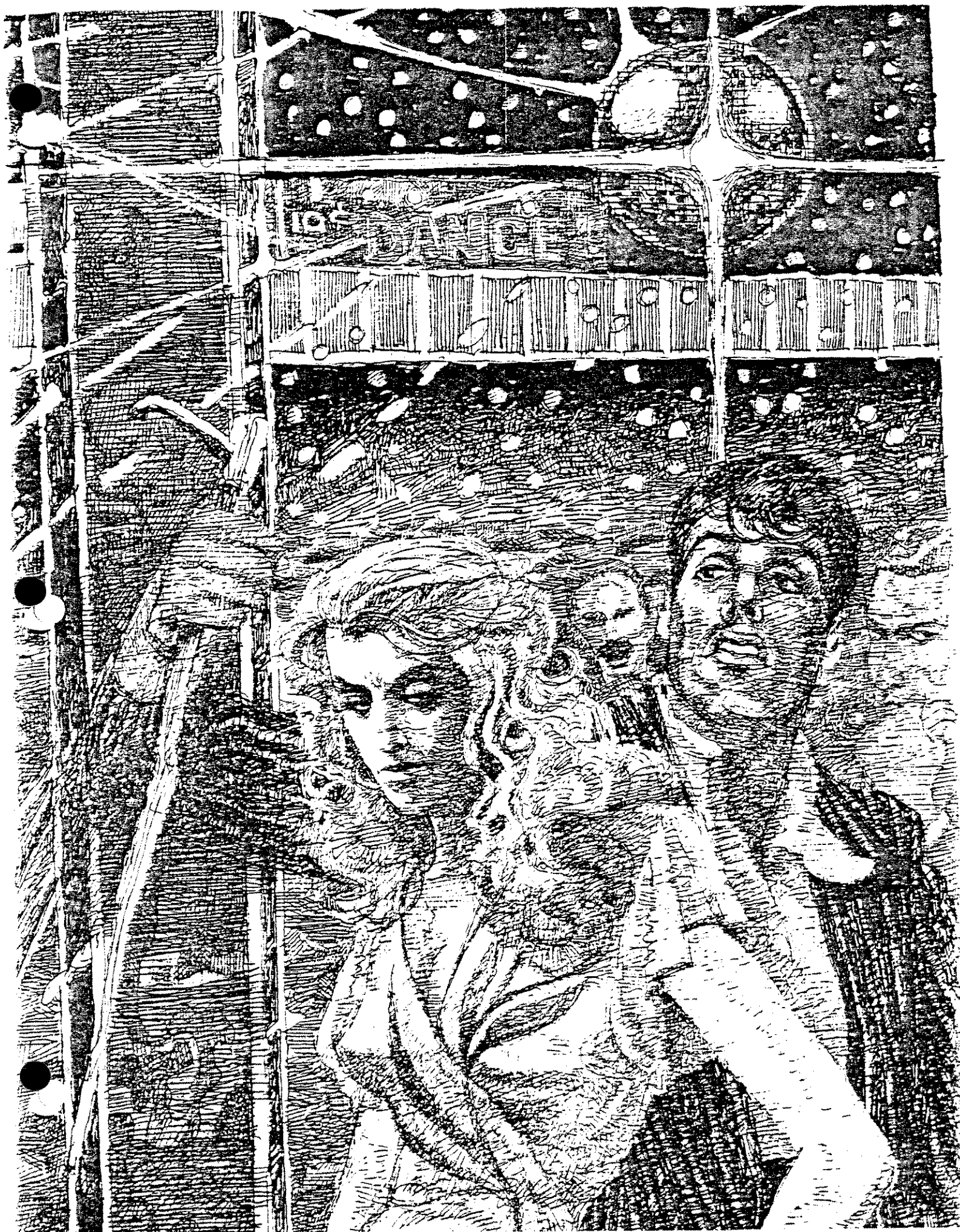
LENNY

I don't care!

(low)

-- You can see I don't move so good.

CONTINUED



ANNIE

Did you think that would change anything?

LENNY

I'm not the same.

ANNIE

Did you think that would change anything? That I would feel sorry for you?!

(screaming)

Ah, I'm so mad I could tear your eyes out! Why've you been avoiding me for over a year? No letters, no phone, nothin', 'cause you didn't want anybody feelin' sorry for you? -- I don't feel sorry for you, I feel sorry for me -- You did what you wanted, I'm the one who got left out.

LENNY

I'm back -- Do you want me back?

ANNIE

It's just that...No.

LENNY

We should start over.

ANNIE

...No more.

LENNY

You can't forget what we had.

ANNIE

You did.

ANNIE TURNS AND MOVES QUICKLY DOWN THE STAIRS...LENNY FOLLOWS.

ANNIE'S HIGH HEELS CLICK ALONG THE SIDEWALK AS SHE HEADS HOME-
WARD...LENNY IS IN PURSUIT...THEIR VOICES ECHO DOWN THE STREET.

LENNY

(yells)

Why don't you listen to me!

CONTINUED

ANNIE
(still walking)
I don't want to be forgotten again!!

LENNY
You won't! I was wrong! How many
times do I have to say it?!

ANNIE
I can't stop walking.

LENNY
Why?

ANNIE
If I do it starts over again.

LENNY
(pause)
For Christsake -- Don't make me
beg!!!

ANNIE STOPS, STARES AT HIM HOLDING HIS BAD LEG...SHE GOES TO
HIM.

COSMO IS THE LAST ONE LEFT IN THE BAR...THE BARTENDER IS CLEANING
UP. COSMO IS SLIGHTLY DRUNK...MUMBLES PLAYS THE PIANO AND
SINGS TO HIMSELF.

BARTENDER
Closin' down, Cos'.

COSMO
Sure -- you sleep -- But I got
things to do.

BARTENDER
(bored)
How's that?

COSMO
(slurs)
I gonna pay a visit to the best
dame in the Kitchen...
(rises)
Hey, the glasses were kinda dirty
tonight -- Shape up, okay -- See ya,
Mumbles.
(exits)

THE DRUNK PIANO PLAYER WEAKLY WAVES AND LIGHTS ANOTHER SMOKE.

50

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

50

COSMO IS WALKING PAST AN ALLEYWAY...INSIDE THE ALLEY HE SEES STITCH AND HIS GANG MUGGING A BUM...HE MOVES PAST AND CONTINUES ON HIS WAY.

51

EXT. STREET AT ANNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

51

COSMO SIPS FROM A FLASK AND WALKS TOWARD ANNIE'S TENEMENT BUILDING...IN THE DARK HE LOOKS LIKE A LONELY FIGURE...HE TRIES TO ENTER THE FRONT DOOR...IT IS LOCKED...HE STANDS BENEATH HER WINDOW AND IS ABOUT TO YELL HER NAME, BUT REALIZING THE LATE HOUR, HE REFRAINS...HE HAS TO SEE HER...HE PULLS A TRASH CAN BENEATH THE FIRE ESCAPE AND CLIMBS. HE CLIMBS TO ANNIE'S WINDOW AND LOOKS IN...THE ROOM IS DARK, BUT THE MOON-LIGHT IS BRIGHT...HE SEES TWO FORMS LYING IN BED...A KNOT FORMS IN HIS THROAT...HE LOOKS HARDER. A STICK IS LEANING AGAINST THE BED. THE HARDER HE LOOKS THE MORE THE STICK RESEMBLES A SILVER-HEADED CANE...HIS FACE BECOMES ASHEN, AND IN JUST A FEW SECONDS SEEMS TO AGE.

COSMO LOWERS HIMSELF TO THE STREET. TORN EMOTIONALLY, HE HEAVES A TRASH CAN AGAINST THE WALL AND WALKS AWAY.

52

INT. SUNSET HOTEL - NIGHT

52

COSMO IS LYING IN BUNCHIE'S ARMS...BUNCHIE, THE PROSTITUTE, SITS PROPPED UP IN BED, LISTENING.

COSMO

...I din't expect it.

BUNCHIE

What'd you expect...it's his old girl -- They have a past, you gotta understand that.

COSMO

He dumped her -- he knew I was interested -- they shouldn't have led me on.

BUNCHIE

She wern't ya type -- I told ya before.

COSMO

Don't tell me -- what is my type?
-- whatta you know?

BUNCHIE

...I know.

COSMO

Who do ya think is my type?

Bunchie just rolls over.

CONTINUED



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62
(X)

52 CONTINUED

52

COSMO
They shoulda never led me on.

53 OMITTED

53

53-A INT. ANNIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EARLY MORNING

53-A

Lenny steps out of Annie's apartment and moves away...Cosmo steps out of the shadows and watches him go...He looks at Annie's door.

54 INT. ANNIE'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

54

THE FOLLOWING MORNING ANNIE IS MAKING COFFEE IN HER APARTMENT
...HER FACE IS A PORTRAIT OF SENSUAL EXHAUSTION.

SHE HEARS A FAINT KNOCK AT HER DOOR AND LAZILY ANSWERS.
SHE SEES COSMO. HE APPEARS NERVOUS AND NOT TO HAVE SLEPT.

COSMO
What happened?

ANNIE
(off balance)
...Cosmo, before you say anythin'
else -- it looks bad.

COSMO
What happened?

ANNIE
Cosmo? Maybe we oughta talk later.

ANNIE TRIED TO MOVE AWAY

COSMO
Stick around.

ANNIE
You're hurting.

COSMO
Now ya know how I'm feelin'.

ANNIE
What?!

CONTINUED

SEVERAL NEIGHBORS LEAN FROM THEIR DOORWAYS TO OBSERVE THE
DISTURBANCE.

(X)

COSMO

...I thought we had sumthin' goin'.

ANNIE

We did -- we were friends.

COSMO

It was more!

ANNIE

To you, to me, friends.

COSMO

Ya used me to keep close to Lenny,
didn't ya?

(X)

ANNIE

(pause)

Why're you saying that?...
Look, we've got no papers on each
other -- I'm back with Lenny 'cause
that's where I want to be.

ANNIE NERVOUSLY REMOVES A CIGARETTE FROM HER BATHROBE...SHE
TRIES TO LIGHT IT, BUT COSMO SNATCHES IT OUT OF HER HAND.

COSMO

He's the guy who dropped ya once
-- I was nice to ya, don't that
matter none.

ANNIE

It matters.

COSMO

Just answer one thing -- ya love
him?

ANNIE

...yes.

THE WORD LOVE HAS THROWN COSMO INTO A FIT.

COSMO

I don't wanna hear it -- nobody
loves nobody around here. We
fake it, everybody fakes it!

CONTINUED

A FAT LADY LEANS OVER THE RAILING AND SHAKES AND ANGRY FINGER AT COSMO.

(X)

FAT LADY

Why don't ya leave the lady alone!

COSMO

(fuming)

Why don't ya shut your fat mouth!!

FAT LADY

I'm callin' the cops.

COSMO

(grabs a
milk bottle)

I'll break ya face!!

THE FAT LADY RETREATS FROM HER WINDOW.

ANNIE

Look, you better leave.

COSMO

(low)

...Maybe I oughta.

ANNIE CLOSSES THE DOOR...SUFFERING EXTREME MORAL OUTRAGE, COSMO (X)
SCREAMS DOWN THE HALLWAY.

COSMO

You don't like me? Fine! Who cares? I don't like you neither! What am I, a charity case!? Ya gonna find out who was the better man. I'm the guy ya needed, but no more! Who the hell wants ya! I don't need nobody, hear!

COSMO TURNS AND FACES THE GAWKING SPECTATORS.

(X)

COSMO

That's right, ya maggots!
I'm gettin' outta this Slum-Box!

(X)

STILL MAINTAINING HIS PRIDE, BUT EMOTIONALLY DRAINED, COSMO
DESCENDS THE STAIRCASE AND STALKS AWAY.

(X)

55 EXT. STREET - DAY

55

THE FOLLOWING MORNING COSMO STRIDES ALONGSIDE VICTOR AS THEY HEAD TOWARD THE ICE HOUSE. VICTOR IS LAZILY KICKING A TIN CAN AND CARRYING BELLA, THE BIRD...COSMO ACTS VERY INTENSE. (X)

COSMO

(calmly)

Look...Last night wuz the beginnin'
of sumthin' big ---

VICTOR

(kicking)

How big?

COSMO

I'll level with ya -- ya fell into
the gimmick of a lifetime. Ya
stepped through them ropes a regular
iceman, an' come out the Paradise
Alley champ.

VICTOR

I didn't feel like no champ.

COSMO

Don't worry 'bout what ya felt like
-- just make me your handler an' ya
worries are over.

VICTOR

(kicking)

Can't do it.

COSMO

Why not?

VICTOR

I promised Susan. (X)

COSMO

Ya don't have to promise that pieface
wart nuthin' -- It was her relatives
who bombed Pearl Harbor. (X)

VICTOR

Watch what ya mouth is sayin'!
-- She's Chinese. (X)

COSMO

What's the diff' -- ya givin' me a
headache. (X)

CONTINUED

VICTOR

(steadfast)

Ya shoulda seen her when she found out, she got annoyed -- an' her mother yelled.

COSMO

Look, Suey don't know nothin'!

VICTOR

Susan.

THEY NEAR THE ICE HOUSE AND COSMO BECOMES TENSE.

COSMO

All right, 'Susan' -- stop kickin' that stinkin' can!

COSMO KICKS THE CAN AWAY AND DRAPES HIS ARM OVER VICTOR'S SHOULDER...VICTOR EYES THE CAN AND CROSSES THE STREET AND RESUMES KICKING IT.

COSMO

(yelling
at him)

Vic, you an' Suey got plans about gettin' outta the city an' buyin' a boat -- Where'd ya want that boat again?

VICTOR

Houseboat in Jersey.

COSMO

Yeah, Jersey -- Well wrestlin' could be ya passport outta the Kitchen real soon -- It's a growing sport, I'm tellin' ya.

VICTOR

(kicking)

...How soon?

THE RATTLING CAN IS DRIVING COSMO SLOWLY MAD.

COSMO

C'mon, ya want the exact time? Mebbe two years.

VICTOR

I promised Susan.

CONTINUED

COSMO

Susan's almost a regular girl an' regular girls don't know nuthin' about wrestlin' -- D'ya know how many guys coulda been sittin' on top of the world but they let a dame tell 'em what to do an' the only thing these poor guys ended up sittin' on wuz a toilet!

(X)

Victor continues to kick.

COSMO

Ya causin' me to breathe heavy, Vic -- Ya got no reason to treat me so crummy.

VICTOR

(kicking)

I'm not treatin' you crummy an' you know it ---

COSMO

How long ya been an iceman? C'mon, I wanna hear you say it.

VICTOR

...Since I was twelve.

VICTOR STOPS KICKING AND PLACES THE CAN ON THE WINDOWSILL OF AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE.

COSMO

Whatta ya doin' with the can?

VICTOR

I'm gonna kick it on the way home.

COSMO

(softly)

Vic, I wanna let ya in on a fact of life -- 'there ain't no bones in ice cream.' Know what that means? It means don't be wastin' ya time lookin' for sumthin' that ain't there.

COSMO STOPS AND GRABS VICTOR'S HANDS AS THEY ARRIVE AT THE ICE HOUSE.

CONTINUED

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68
(X)

55 CONTINUED - 3

55

COSMO

(pats his
shoulder)

Brother, this beef is a God-given
gimmick...Whatta ya say? We part-
ners?

VICTOR

There's no grapes in tuna.

COSMO

What's that mean?

VICTOR

...I dunno.

COSMO STUFFS HIS FISTS INTO HIS POCKETS AND WALKS INTO THE
ICE HOUSE.

COSMO

Wait! Get the truck, let's go
somewhere -- I'll show you what
real money ya can make.

56 OMITTED

56

56-A INT. PARADISE ALLEY - DAY

56-A

COSMO AND VICTOR ARRIVE AT PARADISE ALLEY.

COSMO

Now you'll see how much dough ya
can make.

...IT IS AFTERNOON, AND THE JOINT IS EMPTY. COSMO AND VICTOR
APPROACH THE BARTENDER.

COSMO

Is Big Glory in?

BARTENDER

(nods)

...You the guy that flattened Glory?

VICTOR LOOKS NERVOUS.

COSMO

He's a close relative -- which way's
Big Glory?

CONTINUED

56

CONTINUED

56

BARTENDER

Downstairs -- Through the door on
the left.

57

INT. PARADISE ALLEY - DAY

57

VICTOR AND COSMO GO DOWNSTAIRS INTO A DARK BOILER ROOM...AT
THE FAR END OF THE ROOM, BENEATH A HANGING BULB, BIG GLORY
SLEEPS UPON A COT PROPPED ON CRATES...THE ROOM IS THE HEIGHT
OF DESPAIR.

COSMO

Forget the layout, it's probably
a front...Mr. Glory?

BIG GLORY STIRS AND OPENS HIS EYES. HE HAS A DEEP, PUNCHY
VOICE THAT SOUNDS LIKE IT COMES FROM FAR AWAY.

BIG GLORY

Who is it?

VICTOR

Can I talk with you?

BIG GLORY

I don't like yas to come down here.

VICTOR

I'm sorry about what happened. I
was lucky -- When ya threw me I
thought my head was comin' off.

BIG GLORY

He gotta head like a brick.

COSMO

A lotta people tell him that.

BIG GLORY STUDIES VICTOR, THEN LAUGHS...IT IS A WARM LAUGH.

BIG GLORY

He gotta brick-head, huh?

COSMO LOOKS AROUND AND CANNOT BELIEVE THE FILTH GLORY LIVES IN.

COSMO

...Like a brick.

BIG GLORY

Like a brick! You okay, boy --
What for ya wanna talk to me about?

CONTINUED

COSMO

My brother here wants to know how good it is bein' a wrestler?

BIG GLORY

It's like any other thing. If you's good it pays off.

COSMO

Sure it does...Glory just didn't waste no money on furniture.

COSMO LOOKS AROUND THE BOILER ROOM AND SEES A RAT DASH BEHIND A TRASH CAN.

VICTOR

...This where ya live?

BIG GLORY

Boy, this place ain't permanent -- my manager's savin' all my dough. He got me this setup to cut corners. It's all right 'cause...So all's I gotta do iz wrassle an' stoke the furnace three times a day when it -- when it gets cold.

BIG GLORY POINTS TO A CRACKED WRESTLING PHOTO OF HIMSELF TACKED ON THE WALL.

BIG GLORY

My manager's savin' my dough an', he gonna start my career over again.

VICTOR

How long's he been savin'?

BIG GLORY

Seven or five years -- I ain't much for numbers.

COSMO

(low)

...Probably any day now...well, let's get movin', Vic.

VIC GLORY

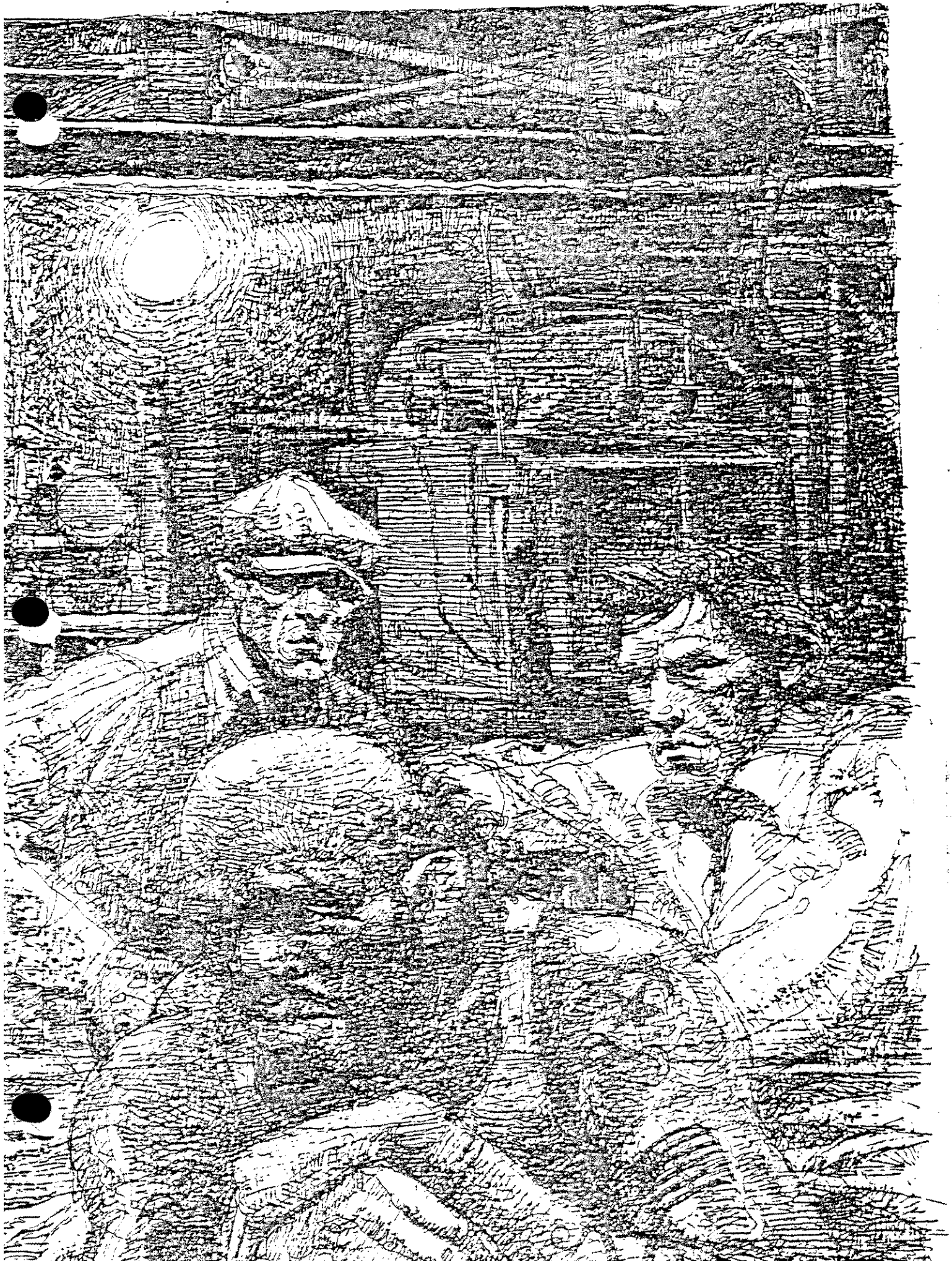
Iz's forty-one -- forty-six, but I'm still strong...You know that.

VICTOR

(low)

Yeah, you're still strong.

CONTINUED



57 CONTINUED - 2

57

BIG GLORY

An' I'm gonna twist my way up the ranks soon -- I gotta family to watch for.

VICTOR

...Yeah?

BIG GLORY

Sure -- I gots a perfect wife an' two boys. One gonna be a fireman an' the other a radio talker.

VICTOR

Where are they?

COSMO

You a detective -- with all the dough Glory makes they're most likely livin' grand upstate, right?

BIG GLORY

They on vacation...Boy to gettahead, sumbody to trust ya gotta have to be ya handler....

COSMO

Remember that Vic -- Well, Glory, we gotta go now.

THE BROTHERS WALK AWAY FROM BIG GLORY.

58 INT. PARADISE ALLEY - DAY

58

VICTOR AND COSMO FINALLY ASCEND THE STAIRS AND COSMO PAUSES AT THE TOP.

COSMO

Don't let that dump throw ya -- wrestlin' a good career move -- I see what's comin' in the future ...Y'know alittle paint an' coupla chairs an' Glory would have a nice place down there, don't ya think?... Forget what ya seen. Maybe he blew his dough on dames, we don't know the story -- Whatta say? We partners, champ?

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED

58

VICTOR

I gotta go to work.

VICTOR TURNS AND EXITS.

COSMO

(loud)

Good, go to work, Icehead -- Lift
the ice an' getta bad back -- End
up in a wheelchair -- I'm laughin',
that's right, laughin'.

(to the Bartender)

Whatta ya got strong for two bits?

59 INT. SUSAN CHOW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

59

THAT NIGHT, SUSAN SITS EATING WITH VICTOR...THEY ARE EATING
RICE COVERED WITH BROWN SAUCE...VICTOR HAS SAUCE SMEARED AROUND (X)
HIS MOUTH...THE MOTHER, FATHER, GRANDFATHER, AND FOUR OTHER
CHILDREN SIT AT THE OTHER END OF THE TABLE, SPEAKING LOUDLY
IN CHINESE. THEY IGNORE VICTOR. VICTOR AND SUSAN ARE THE
ONLY ONE'S WHO ARE NOT USING CHOPSTICKS.

VICTOR

What if I said I wanted to be a
wrestler?

SUSAN

I think it's wrong.

(X)

VICTOR

Why?

(X)

SUSAN

Vicky, eat your rice before it
gets stiff.

(X)

60 EXT. STREET - DAY

60

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, COSMO FOLLOWS VICTOR TO THE WAREHOUSE...
HIS BROAD GESTURES INDICATE THAT HE IS TELLING HIS CAN-KICKING
BROTHER HE WOULD BE THE GREATEST HANDLER IN THE WORLD...VICTOR
SHAKES HIS HEAD "NO."

61 INT. ICE HOUSE - DAY

61

AT THE WAREHOUSE, VICTOR IS BUNDLED AND WORKING IN THE ICE BOX
STACKING BLOCKS...THE POLISH FOREMAN COMES IN, SMILES AND GIVES
VICTOR HIS MEAGER SALARY...LOOKING AT THE SUM, VICTOR SMILES
AT THE FOREMAN, BUT HIS EYES NO LONGER SMILE.

62 INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - DAY

62

LENNY AND VICTOR ARE TALKING AS LENNY DRESSES A BODY...LENNY IS ANNOYED.

LENNY

...I think you makin' a mistake.

VICTOR

Carla sez so too -- But I gotta make money to get outta this place.

LENNY

Ya workin' steady -- Take your time.

VICTOR

I been savin' for six years an' all I got is a hundred an' six dollars ---

LENNY

Movin' to Jersey worth gettin' hurt for?

VICTOR

Lenny...My beef is a God-given gimmick!

LENNY

I see you but I hear Cosmo talkin' -- You go now an' come back when it's just Victor talkin'.

VICTOR IS HURT AND STEPS OUTSIDE THE ROOM...A FEW SECONDS LATER HE ENTERS.

VICTOR

It's just me this time.

LENNY

Good to see you again.

VICTOR

You'd be a good handler.

LENNY

Go home, Vic.

VICTOR

Do ya like ya job?

CONTINUED

LENNY

What?

VICTOR

Ya job -- D'ya like it?

LENNY

What d'ya ask that?

VICTOR

'Cause when I told Cosmo I wanted
ya with me, he said ya wouldn't do it
cause ya like workin' with dead
things.

LENNY LIMPS OVER TO THE ICE BOXES.

LENNY

Why do you wanna come down here
an' make me feel bad? -- D'ya think
I like this job?

VICTOR

(embarrassed)

...I dunno -- It's quiet.

LENNY LETS HIS EYES ROAM THE ROOM.

LENNY

Go out I -- think hard -- If ya
still want to, come back, an' we'll
talk some more.

VICTOR DRIVES THROUGH HELL'S KITCHEN AND EVERYWHERE HE LOOKS
IS SQUALOR. HE LOOKS AT OVERTURNED TRASH CANS...HE LOOKS AT
TWO CHILDREN FIGHTING, AND AT A BUM SITTING IN THE GUTTER
TRYING TO FIND HIS FUTURE.

HE HAS SEEN THESE SCENES
MANY TIMES BEFORE, BUT
TODAY THEY BOTHER HIM.

VICTOR BRINGS THE ICE TRUCK TO A HALT. IT HAS BEEN A HOT DAY
AND HIS UNDERSHIRT STICKS LIKE GRAY WALLPAPER.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED

63

THE CUSTOMERS LEAN FROM THEIR WINDOWS AND DEMAND QUICK SERVICE. THEY CURSE VICTOR FOR BEING SO SLOW. VICTOR IGNORES THE CAJOLERY AND LIFTS HUGE BLOCKS OF ICE AND ENTERS THE BUILDING.

64 INT. BUILDING - DAY

64

HE CLIMBS THE STAIRCASE AND HALFWAY UP THE FIRST FLIGHT, HE SLIPS ON AN EMPTY CAN AND FALLS FORWARD. THE ICE SCRAPES AGAINST THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD AND BURNS HIS EARS...VICTOR ALMOST CURSES.

VICTOR REACHES THE TOP LANDING AND STANDS STILL...HIS WHOLE BODY TREMBLES...HE TRIES TO THINK WHY HE FEELS THIS WAY, BUT CAN ONLY HEAR THE SOUNDS OF THE CUSTOMERS SCREAMING FOR ICE! -- ICE! -- ICE! -- ICE!

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, VICTOR MAKES AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

HE BUCKS THE ICE FROM HIS SHOULDERS AND WATCHES THE BLOCKS CRASH DOWN THE STAIRCASE...IT SOUNDS GLORIOUS...VICTOR WALKS DOWN THE STAIRS AND STEPS OUTSIDE.

65 EXT. STREET - DAY

65

VICTOR TOSSES THE IRON ICE CLAMPS INTO THE TRUCK THEN PICKS UP BELLA.

(X)

THE PEOPLE LEAN
FROM THEIR WINDOWS
AND CURSE.
THE ICEMAN AND THE BIRD
WALK AWAY....

66 EXT. VACANT LOT - DAY

66

COSMO IS THE TRAINER...VICTOR IS THE WRESTLER...TOGETHER THEY STAND IN A VACANT LOT COVERED WITH RUBBLE...VICTOR IS PICKING UP PIECES OF CONCRETE AND THROWING THEM AS FAR AS HE CAN.

COSMO

C'mon, heave them rocks!

VICTOR

How long do I have to do this?

COSMO

Listen, I'm the trainer an' I'm tellin' ya to shut ya trap an'

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED

66

Cosmo (Cont'd)
heave -- This iz a good exercise
to beef up your shoulders.

VICTOR RESUMES THROWING THE CONCRETE

VICTOR
Where'd you learn to train people?

COSMO
A knack ya born with -- Now throw
the radiator! -- After that bend
that pipe.

VICTOR PICKS UP A RUSTY RADIATOR AS LENNY COMES AROUND THE
CORNER AND LIMPS ACROSS THE RUBBLE...COSMO TENSES...

LENNY
Victor, you're set to wrestle
tonight at the Blue Door Club.

VICTOR
Thanks, Lenny.

LENNY
You're welcome.

VICTOR TAKES HOLD OF A LONG STEAMPIPE, AND BENDS IT...LENNY
CANNOT BELIEVE HIS EYES.

LENNY
Victor, what're you doin'?

VICTOR
Trainin' -- I'll see you guys later.

LENNY
(upset)
Wait -- Where're you goin'?

VICTOR
To tell Carla the good news.

LENNY
Tell her later -- you should go
home an' rest up.

VICTOR
My beef feels strong, right
Cosmo?

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED - 2

66

COSMO

Strong beef.

VICTOR MOVES SEVERAL PACES AWAY -- THEN HE TURNS BACK.

(X)

VICTOR

Hey, Lenny. Do Charlie Chaplin.

WITHOUT MUCH ENTHUSIASM, LENNY SPINS HIS CANE...VICTOR WALKS AWAY...LENNY LOOKS SOMBER. (X)

COSMO

Kinda down in the mouth.

LENNY

What's that mean?

COSMO

Takin' this managin' job pretty serious, ain't ya, sweetheart.

LENNY

I didn't ask Victor. He came to me ---

COSMO

Sure -- Everythin' comes to you.

LENNY

(dryly)

Your job is keeping Victor in shape, my job is handlin' business, that's it -- Understand this, I took the job 'cause I plan on doin' things with it ---

COSMO

(cutting in)

Sure, ya a guy with promise -- What if I say I don't feel like workin' with ya?

LENNY

...Then join the Navy.

LENNY LIMPS AWAY. COSMO PICKS UP A BRICK AND THROWS IT... IT LANDS AN INCH AWAY FROM LENNY.

COSMO

I could kill ya, y'know -- That's what I feel inside....

LENNY

...Don't mix in it.

CONTINUED

COSMO

Why'd ya do it?

LENNY

She was mine.

COSMO

You dumped her!

LENNY

(snaps)
Don't mix in it.

COSMO

I wanted her -- She wanted me.

LENNY

That was just in your mind.

COSMO

Always takin' the best, like ya
always done.

LENNY

That's ---

COSMO

I don't wanna hear no more -- you
an' that dumb broad can go to hell
-- I'm in it just for the money!

LENNY

Watch yourself.

COSMO

What're you gonna do about it,
lover, huh?!

LENNY TURNS AND GOES.

67 INT. BLUE DOOR CLUB - NIGHT

67

THE THREE BROTHERS ARE RINGSIDE AT THE SLEEZY BLUE DOOR CLUB
...THE HUNDRED SPECTATORS SIT BENEATH THE DIM WATT BULBS THAT
HANG ON A LIMP LINE ABOVE THE BADLY TORN CANVAS ON THE RING.
STRIPPING TO HIS SHORTS AND STREET SHOES, VICTOR STANDS AT
RINGSIDE...COSMO WRAPS VICTOR'S WRISTS WITH STICKY BLACK
ELECTRICAL TAPE...LENNY WATCHES.

LENNY

Couldn't ya find any other kind of
tape?

CONTINUED

67 CONTINUED

67

COSMO

What's wrong with electrical tape?

LENNY

Victor's a fighter, not a broken toaster.

ACROSS THE RING IS VICTOR'S IRISH OPPONENT, TERRIBLE TIMMY MC GLADE. STITCH AND HIS GANG ARE ALSO SITTING RINGSIDE. FRANKY THE THUMPER LOOKS AT VICTOR AND LAUGHS.

COSMO

Don't play patty cakes with this bum -- Get in quick an' use the 'ice clamp' on him.

LENNY

What's the 'ice clamp?'

COSMO

A secret weapon we invented.

STITCH'S GANG YELLS OUT.

STITCH

Die ya bum! Die!

SKINNY THE HAND

Die!

PIG

Hey, ya mother wuz a ---

(X)

STITCH GRABS HIM.

STITCH

Leave mother's out of it!...

(to Cosmo)

Die, ya greaseball creep!

THE ANNOUNCER STEPS THROUGH THE ROPES AND RAISES A MEGAPHONE. THE LIGHTS BLINK OFF AND ON.

ANNOUNCER

Listen up! -- In this corner weighing two hundred an' forty pounds, in his first match, Victor Carboni.

COSMO

Kid Salami!

CONTINUED

STITCH
(overriding)
Kid Greasball!
(gang laughs)

COSMO
His name's Kid Salami! Say after
me, 'Kid Salami.'

ANNOUNCER
(sighing)
...Kid Salami.

THERE IS NO APPLAUSE...THE GANG BLOWS RASPBERRIES...PIG (X)
HEAVES A TOMATO THAT HITS VICTOR IN THE KNEE. SKINNY HEAVES
AN EGG...STITCH THROWS A HOT CIGAR.

COSMO
Pretend they're friendly, Vic.

ANNOUNCER
In the far corner, weighin' about
two hundred an' fifty pounds ---

MC GLADE
Two fifty-five.

ANNOUNCER
Weighin' two hundred an' fifty-
five pounds, Terrible Timmy McGlade!

WILD APPLAUSE FROM THE GANG. LENNY IS TENSE.

THE CROWD SITS TENSELY...LENNY WIPES THE NERVOUS SWEAT OFF
VICTOR'S FACE.

COSMO
Don't fall down. He'll try to
jump in ya mouth.

LENNY
Keep movin' Vic.

VIC
Where?

THE BELL RINGS AND THE WRESTLERS MOVE TO THE CENTER OF THE
RING.

VICTOR
Wanna shake first?

CONTINUED

VICTOR OFFERS TO SHAKE MC GLADE'S HAND, BUT MC GLADE IGNORES THE GESTURE AND GRABS VICTOR'S NECK AND TRIES TO STRANGLE HIM. VICTOR IS GASPING. THE IRISH SCRAPPER FOLLOWS THROUGH WITH A FOREARM SMASH THEN FLIPS VICTOR ON THE CANVAS.

BLOOD FLOWS DOWN VICTOR'S CHIN.

MC GLADE TWISTS FROM ALL ANGLES TRYING FOR THE QUICK KILL. IT IS ONLY VICTOR'S STRENGTH THAT KEEPS HIM UPRIGHT....

LENNY

...He's strong.

COSMO

(yells to
McGlade)

You're a dirty cheatin' mick!

MC GLADE THREATENS...COSMO GRABS A BUCKET.

COSMO

C'mon!

MC GLADE LAUGHS AND GOES BACK TO ATTACKING VICTOR.

LENNY

Grab him, Vic, grab him.

COSMO

(screams)

Ice clamp! Ice clamp, Vic!

STITCH YELLS DOWN.

STITCH

(to Lenny)

Ya bring a box to take ya brother home in?

COSMO

Forget it -- throw in the towel.

LENNY

(grabs a towel)

I come to win.

COSMO

He's gettin' hurt.

LENNY

(dry)

We come to win.

CONTINUED

LENNY SHOULDERS COSMO ASIDE.

LENNY

-- Vic, you come to win -- win!

COSMO

Ice clamp! Ice clamp, Vic! Ice clamp!

THE IRISH WRESTLER LEAPS TO PUT ON THE FINISHING TOUCHES. INSTEAD, VICTOR LOWERS HIS HEAD AND RAMS MC GLADE'S BODY. MC GLADE TRIES TO STICK HIS THUMB IN VICTOR'S EYES, BUT VICTOR GRABS MC GLADE ON BOTH SIDES OF THE NECK AND USES HIS POWERFUL HANDS LIKE THEY WERE ICE CLAMPS. MC GLADE SHAKES WITH TEARING PAIN. HE THEN SHOVES THE PARALYZED MAN INTO A TURNBUCKLE. ...MC GLADE DROPS TO THE FLOOR LIKE A WHORE'S NIGHTGOWN.

VICTOR RETURNS TO HIS CORNER WHILE THE REFEREE COUNTS MC GLADE OUT...THE GANG CANNOT BELIEVE IT. THEY LEAVE...LENNY LOOKS MORE ALIVE THAN EVER.

LENNY

Hurtin' much?

VICTOR

...Nah.

LENNY

That 'ice clamp' was somethin' I'm proud of you, Victor. Let's get you dressed.

...VICTOR LEAVES THE RING WITH HIS BROTHERS.

COSMO PAUSES ON THE RING APRON. HE SPEAKS QUICK AND LOW TO LENNY.

COSMO

What ya done was bad.

LENNY

Problems?

COSMO

Yeah, problems, hot rock -- when Vic got hurt, we shoulda quit.

LENNY

An' start the career off with a loss?

(walks away)

CONTINUED

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83
(X)

67 CONTINUED - 5

67

COSMO

Who cares?

LENNY

(limps away)

...I care.

68 INT. ANNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

68

LENNY IS IN BED WITH ANNIE...ONLY MOONLIGHT FILLS THE ROOM.

LENNY

...When he was out there, it was like
I was out there. Annie, do you know
what that feels like, winnin'?

LENNY EMBRACES HER.

ANNIE

What?

LENNY

Nothin'. When the money starts to
come in we'll do it right this time.

69 INT. PARADISE ALLEY CLUB - DAY

69

LENNY ARRIVES AT THE PARADISE ALLEY CLUB...IT IS MID-MORNING.
LENNY APPROACHES THE BARTENDER, WHO IS CLEANING.

LENNY

Who do I talk to about promoting
high-stake matches?

BARTENDER

(shrugs)

I just serve the booze, pal -- why
don't ya ask Burp.

BURP, CALLS TO LENNY FROM THE OPPOSITE END OF THE BAR...IN THE
B.G., BIG GLORY IS SWEEPING THE FLOOR.

BURP

What d'you wanna know?

LENNY

I've got the best wrestler in
Hell's Kitchen an' I'm lookin' for
matches.

CONTINUED

BURP

Sure ya handle that Salami Kid --
What's the bum's record?

LENNY

No bum -- Two matches, two wins.

BURP SMILES. HE SPEAKS TO LENNY AS THOUGH HE WERE A CHILD.

BURP

You a guy without patience?

LENNY

I don't like wastin' time.

BURP

Sure -- what's your name?

LENNY

...Lenny.

BURP

Listen pal, I gotta few minutes so
lemme tell ya how this scrappin'
business works, okay...The way ya
make money off your boy is by havin'
him build up a name, a big name, then
ya bet on him -- That's how ya make
big dough. But ya boy's gotta have
a good record before people start
bettin' heavy jack on 'im.

LENNY

That's all there is to it?

BURP

(smiles)

Sure -- That's all -- Now you wanna
come back here after, say, forty or
fifty matches, then you'll be ready
to win some cash, until then your
bum's strictly small time.

LENNY

(defiantly)

We'll win fifty in the next four
months -- no trouble.

BURP

Listen, if your animal scraps fifty
times in four months, he ain't gonna

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED - 2

69

BURP (Cont'd)

(X)

have enough brain left to tie his shoes.

LENNY TURNS AND LIMPS AWAY...THE BURP LOOKS DOWN AT A RACING FORM ON THE BAR. (X)

BURP

(X)

(to the bartender)

That guy ain't impatient, he's desperate --

(pushes his glass forward)

Again.

70 INT. MAHON'S BAR - DAY

70

(X)

LENNY STANDS NEXT TO VICTOR...VICTOR IS SITTING ON THE BAR. A SMALL CROWD IS GATHERED.

LENNY

Tonight at the 'Kitchen Club' Kid Salami will tear Butcher Bill apart -- Be there -- Bring money! An' be early 'cause it's not gonna last long.

71 MONTAGE OF FIGHTING

71

WHAT FOLLOWS IS A MONTAGE OF WRESTLES. VICTOR FIGHTS IN THE DINGIEST CLUBS IN NEW YORK. EVERY TIME HE APPLIES HIS ICE CLAMP HOLD AND PINS AN OPPONENT OUT HE LOOKS ALMOST SORRY FOR WHAT HE HAS DONE...LENNY HUGS HIM...BETWEEN EVERY MATCH LENNY IS SEEN TAKING BETS.

VICTOR ROUGHLY PINS WRESTLERS OF ASSORTED ETHNIC DESCRIPTIONS. AT EACH FIGHT AN INCREASINGLY TAILORED LENNY IS SEEN BEHIND VICTOR WHISPERING, "WIN, VIC, WIN..."...THE MANY FIGHTS BEGIN TO SHOW ON VICTOR'S FACE...COSMO LOOKS CONCERNED, BUT THE BEAT GOES ON...STITCH AND HIS GANG WATCH FROM THE AUDIENCE... LENNY BETS AND PROMOTES FROM RINGSIDE.

72 INT. MAHON'S BAR - NIGHT

72

(X)

MONEY IS PLACED IN BETTING STACKS ALONG THE BAR...EVERYONE PRESENT WANTS TO MAKE A WAGER...LENNY IS BEHIND THE BAR ON THE PHONE...VICTOR SITS ON THE BAR.

LENNY

...Sure I know what time it is ---

73 INT. ANNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT
ANNIE IS AT HOME ON THE PHONE.

73

ANNIE
I haven't seen you for three days.

LENNY (v.o.)
I know but I got work to do -- so
I'll be by later ---

ANNIE
Maybe you shouldn't waste your time.

LENNY
(not listening)
Of course. Be by later.

LENNY HANGS UP THE PHONE.

LENNY
Who wants to cover the fifty!?
I say my brother is gonna whip
'Greg The Leg' and 'Kid Yid'
in two rounds, 'Freddy The Idiot'
in four rounds an' 'Tiger Wilson'
in one -- who wants my action?!

MAN
FIFTY.

74 FIGHT MONTAGE

74

VICTOR DEFEATS KID YID, GREG THE LEG, TIGER WILSON, BUTCHER
BILL, FREDDY THE FIST AND HARRY VON BRUN...LENNY RAISES HIS
CANE AND CHEERS VICTOR ON LIKE AN IMPASSIONED COACH. COSMO
CANNOT UNDERSTAND HIS OLDER BROTHER'S RADICAL CHANGE IN
BEHAVIOR.

75 INT. CHEAP DINER - NIGHT

75

AFTER A FIGHT, THE BROTHERS ARE IN A CHEAP DINER. LENNY
SMOKES AND INSTRUCTS VICTOR TO EAT FROM A LARGE BOWL OF
SPAGHETTI.

VICTOR
Can't eat no more.

LENNY
Gotta keep your weight.

CONTINUED

75 CONTINUED

75

VICTOR

My head hurts, Lenny.

LENNY

You're healthy -- Just a headache.

COSMO

(caustically)

Yeah, Lenny don't wanna waste good money on quack doctors -- Right, Lenny?

LENNY

(sharply eyes

Victor)

...Victor, since everybody knows you as 'Kid Salami,' I want you to hang a few salamis around your neck -- kind of a trademark -- it'll be a good showpiece when you fight 'Death Breath' tomorrow.

76 INT. BLUE DOOR CLUB - NIGHT

76

A crowd is gathered...A huge wrestler named "Death Breath" is yelling at the crowd. Victor watches. Salamis hang around his neck.

DEATH BREATH

I, Death Breath, will eat his ears
 -- I will tear his nose off and
 roll his eyes to the river -- I
 will stomp his rotten bird if it
 gets in my way an' feed it to ya.
 -- I, Death Breath, will cut Kid
 Salami to pieces!

(X)

THE CROWD SCREAMS...THE BELL RINGS AND DEATH BREATH CHARGES VICTOR. VICTOR APPLIES THE ICE CLAMP HOLD, THEN EASILY WHIPS HIM OUT OF THE RING.

VICTOR

(to Death Breath)

Don't had talk my bird.

(X)

77 FIGHT MONTAGE

77

THE FIGHT MONTAGE CONTINUES. VICTOR DEFEATS "HERMAN THE GERMAN," "BENNY THE PLUG," " DRAFTY McDONALD," "VINCENT THE

CONTINUED

77 CONTINUED

77

SCHEMER," AND "ROCKHEAD ROSELLI"...AFTER EVERY VICTORY LENNY HOLDS UP A LARGE SALAMI, AND THE CROWD CHANTS "SALAMI!" -- "SALAMI!" -- "SALAMI!"

VICTOR BATTLES LIKE A POWERFUL PIECE OF MACHINERY. THOUGH HE KEEPS WINNING, HIS FACE HAS BECOME A PITIFUL SIGHT... COSMO'S EYES REVEAL HIS ANGUISH OVER HIS BROTHER'S PHYSICAL DETERIORATION.

78 INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

78

COSMO, LENNY AND VICTOR ENTER THE DRESSING ROOM...IN THE DRESSING ROOM ARE FIVE FIGHTERS. TWO HAVE LOST FIGHTS AND SIT ALONE...ONE IS LIMBERING UP, AND THE OTHER TWO NAP ON BENCHES. PEELING POSTERS AND GRAFFITI ADORN THE WALLS... A THIN, WIRY BLACK TOWELBOY IS OFF IN A CORNER PRACTICING A VARIETY OF TAP DANCING STEPS.

LENNY

Vic, don't pin 'em so fast or I won't have a chance to place all the bets.

VICTOR

...Okay, Lenny.

COSMO TAPS LENNY ON THE ARM.

COSMO

I think we oughta talk.

LENNY

(to Victor)

Sure...Get dressed, Vic.

COSMO

(stiffly)

Y'know, this ain't right what you're doin' -- Have him fight on Christmas Eve -- What's wrong with you?

LENNY

I take care of business, not you.

COSMO

Look, he's winnin', but he's gettin' banged around too much.

CONTINUED

LENNY

If ya don't like the sight of
blood you're in the wrong racket.

COSMO

Hey, I ain't talkin' about sum bum
-- I'm talkin' about our brother!

LENNY WIPES THE TOP OF HIS SILVER-HEADED CANE WITH A
HANDKERCHIEF AND PROCEEDS TO LIMP AWAY....

COSMO

...I don't know this guy?! Who iz
this guy?...Ya treatin' Annie like
this too?

LENNY

Go home, Cosmo -- ya lookin' old
tonight.

LENNY CROSSES THE ROOM AND WALKS UP TO VICTOR. IN THE
PAST FEW MONTHS VICTOR'S FACE HAS CHANGED...HE LOOKS HARD...
HIS VOICE IS SLIGHTLY GRUFF, SOMEWHAT LIKE BIG GLORY'S.

LENNY

Well, Vic, tonight you won your
fortieth fight -- what've you
gotta say about that?

VICTOR

Disoriented.

LENNY

Gettin' good with the dictionary
-- You don't sound so happy for a
man who's gettin' rich.

VICTOR

I'm happy, but I don't think Cosmo
is.

LENNY

(unmoved)

Don't worry -- You just stay healthy.

VICTOR

My ears ring a little -- How much
money we got?

LENNY

(tightly)

You don't trust me?

CONTINUED



78 CONTINUED - 2

78

VICTOR

Sure.

LENNY

Faith -- Do you know what this word means?

VICTOR

...Yeah.

LENNY

What?

VICTOR

Faith is what ya gotta have or they throw ya outta church.

(X)

LENNY

What else?

(X)

VICTOR

Faith means believin' in somethin' invisible.

(X)

A HARD LOOK COMES ACROSS LENNY'S FACE.

LENNY

Then don't mix in business, Vic -- I'm takin' care of everything -- I'm doin' what's best, understand -- have faith.

VICTOR

Do Charlie Chaplin?

LENNY

Later -- get dressed.

LENNY LEAVES...VICTOR TURNS TO THE TAP DANCING TOWELBOY.

VICTOR

Eddy -- ya dance excellent -- Merry Christmas.

79 EXT. STREET AND SUNSET HOTEL - NIGHT

79

IT IS NOW THE CHRISTMAS SEASON...SNOW, CHRISTMAS MUSIC, AND DECORATIONS FILL THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF HELL'S KITCHEN... SLIGHTLY INTOXICATED, AND SIPPING FROM A FLASK, COSMO MOVES DOWN THE STREET. HE PASSES SEVERAL WINOS WHO WISH HIM A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND TRY TO PICK HIS POCKET...HE PUSHES ONE

CONTINUED

IN THE GUTTER AND KEEPS MOVING. IN HIS ARMS ARE SEVERAL SMALL PACKAGES.

HE STEPS OUT OF THE WINDY NIGHT AIR AND ENTERS THE CHEAP SUNSET HOTEL...THE HEAVY MADAM SITS AT THE REGISTRATION DESK ---

MADAM

Merry Xmas.

COSMO

Yeah...Merry Xmas.

Cosmo places ten dollars on the desk and continues up the stairs.

AT THE SAME TIME STITCH HAS HIS GANG AT HIS BAR. THE BAR IS CLOSED. JUST THE GANG AND SEVERAL TARTS ARE PRESENT...THEY ARE HAPPY AND HAVE OPENED PRESENTS IN FRONT OF THEM. PIG PULLS OUT A GIFT-WRAPPED PAIR OF BRASS KNUCKLES. SKINNY THE HAND PLAYS WITH A NEW KNIFE.

PIG

Thanks, Stitch.

STITCH

Ya name's on the side -- use 'em in good health.

GIRL

Wanna dance Stitch?

STITCH

...Later.

MUMBLES IS PLAYING THE PIANO AND SINGING...THE MUSIC TOUCHES STITCH. STITCH CRUSHES OUT A CIGARETTE MOVES HIS GIRL ASIDE AND GOES TO THE MEN'S ROOM...ONCE INSIDE THE MEN'S ROOM, STITCH LIGHTS ANOTHER CIGARETTE AND SOMBERLY STUDIES HIS AGING REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR...HE TOUCHES THE GROWING LINES AROUND HIS EYES AND DEEP CREASES IN HIS FOREHEAD AND LOOKS QUITE DEPRESSED...SUDDENLY FRANKY THE THUMPER STEPS OUT OF THE STALL. HIS WIDE FACE BREAKS INTO A DRUNKEN GRIN. HE IS WEARING A NEW, HUGE BATHROBE...PRINTED ALL OVER THE ROBE IS THE WORD, "KILL."

FRANKY

It fits, Stitch.

STITCH

(low)

It should -- had it made special -- looks nice.

STITCH GIVES FRANKY A MELANCHOLY EXPRESSION THAT INDICATES IT'S NOT SUCH A MERRY CHRISTMAS...FRANKY'S SMILE FADES.

CONTINUED

FRANKY

Ain't ya glad I whipped Big Glory tonight?

STITCH

(low)

Sure -- I'm glad, Franky...Franky, do I look older than last year on this date?

FRANKY

Ya look better now.

STITCH

Must be the lights in this joint -- Merry Christmas, Frank.

81 EXT. OUTSIDE ARENA - NIGHT

31

VICTOR AND SUSAN MAKE THEIR WAY OUT OF THE ALLEY.

SUSAN

Did ya get hurt tonight?

VICTOR

...No -- I feel superb.

SUSAN

What letter are you up to in your dictionary?

VICTOR DOES NOT ANSWER.

SUSAN

(louder)

I said, what letter are you up to?

VICTOR STILL DOES NOT ANSWER...SHE TUGS HIS ARM LIGHTLY.

SUSAN

Don't you hear me?

VICTOR

What?

SUSAN

I've been talkin' to you.

VICTOR

I was contemplatin' again.

SUSAN'S FACE TIGHTENS...SHE PAUSES AT THE STEPS OF HER BUILDING...SHE STUDIES VICTOR STARING SERENELY AT THE FALLING SNOWFLAKES.

CONTINUED

81 CONTINUED

81

SUSAN

(X)

(low)

Do you want to go dancing?

VICTOR

(turning)

What?

SUSAN

Vicky, your not acting right.

(X)

VICTOR

No, I feel okay.

(X)

SUSAN

No, you're not okay.

(X)

VICTOR

I feel excellent, honest...Let's eat somethin'.

82 INT. ANNIE'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

82

THE HALLWAY IS PITCH BLACK...A KNOCK IS HEARD ON THE DOOR... ANNIE OPENS AND LENNY'S FIGURE IS SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE BLACKNESS...HE HOLDS A PRESENT. ANNIE LOOKS BEAUTIFUL.

LENNY

Any Season's greetings for me in there?

ANNIE

(lackluster)

...I'm surprised you showed.

LENNY

C'mon, it's the season to be happy -- Let's celebrate 'cause I've gotta go in an hour.

ANNIE

Go where?

LENNY

...Business.

ANNIE

Business deals on Christmas?

CONTINUED

82

CONTINUED

82

LENNY

Settin' up the best match yet...
Merry Christmas, Annie.

AFTER A MOMENT, ANNIE WEAKLY SMILES AND OPENS THE DOOR AND
LENNY ENTERS.

83

INT. SUNSET HOTEL - BUNCHIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

83

BUNCHIE AND COSMO LAY IN BED...HE HAS HIS HAT ON AND BUNCHIE
IS OPENING PRESENTS.

BUNCHIE

Since when did you become a giver?

COSMO

...Just open.

SHE PULLS OUT A PEARL NECKLACE.

BUNCHIE

It's beautiful.

COSMO

From across the room it'll look real
to the naked eye.

SHE OPENS THE SECOND PRESENT...IT IS A STOPWATCH.

BUNCHIE

What's this? -- A stopwatch?

COSMO

...Yeah.

BUNCHIE

(laughs)

Plan on settin' some sort of new
record.

COSMO

I was....

BUNCHIE

What happened to your plans?

COSMO

(smiles)

Look, I gotta do something first.

BUNCHIE

About your brother?

CONTINUED

COSMO

Yeah.

(X)

BUNCHIE

Where you goin'?

COSMO

Paradise Alley.

(X)

BUNCHIE

Let me go with you.

COSMO

I gotta go by myself -- but that's nice ya wantin' to go...

(X)

(kisses her)

You I like a lot, y'know.
(exits)

84 INT. BIG GLORY'S BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

84

COSMO DESCENDS A RICKETY STAIRCASE...AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS HE ENTERS THE BOILER ROOM.

AT THE FAR END OF THE ROOM BIG GLORY SLEEPS ON HIS COT. THE ONLY SOUND HEARD IS THE CRACKLING CHRISTMAS CAROL THAT RISES FROM A LITTLE DILAPIDATED RADIO THAT IS PROPPED ON A CRATE NEXT TO THE MAN'S COT. COSMO SLOWLY APPROACHES. TRASHCANS OVERFLOW WITH BOTTLES. GLORY'S HANDWASHED UNDERWEAR IS HUNG ON A CLOTHESLINE.

COSMO

Big Glory?

BIG GLORY RAISES HIS HEAD...HIS FACE RESEMBLES A PIECE OF BRUISED MEAT.

BIG GLORY

What d'ya say, Cosmo? That's ya name, ain't it?

COSMO

Yeah, I just come over to see how ya doin'.

CONTINUED

BIG GLORY

Well, takes a look an' ya can see
I ain't doin' too awfully fine ---

COSMO

What happened?

BIG GLORY

Been scrappin' with this boy named
Franky the Thumper.

COSMO

I know the animal.

BIG GLORY

He's bad weather...Been hearin' a
lotta good things about ya brother
Salami -- He comin' up fast.

COSMO

Too fast.

BIG GLORY

A good-lookin' boy he once was.

COSMO

A bathin' beauty he ain't no more.

BIG GLORY

(laughs)

I bet he ain't -- We both sure ain't
no bathin' beauties, huh!?

BIG GLORY GIVES A HOARSE LAUGH THEN LOOKS AT THE CRACKED
PICTURE OF HIMSELF ON THE WALL. HE TEARS THE PICTURE
DOWN AND STARES AT IT.

COSMO

Want some Christmas wine? Whatta
ya say we both go out an' have some
fun tonight?

Lenny is descending the staircase...Annie stands at the top.

LENNY

I know you don't believe it, but
some things work out this way.

CONTINUED

ANNIE

Do they? What color hair does this
business meetin' have?

LENNY

What're you sayin'? -- it's business.

ANNIE

...I'm sayin' if you leave me tonight,
don't come back. I can't have you
always walkin' out on me.

LENNY

(walking)

...Maybe you're right -- maybe it's
not the same. Look, maybe we had
our time and it's over.

ANNIE

What did I do wrong?

LENNY

Nuthin' except I'm a climbin' an'
you don't like heights.

(X)

LENNY IS NEARBY AT THE BOTTOM.

ANNIE

...it's over? Just like that?

(X)

LENNY

(exits)

...I gotta climb.

AT THE SAME MOMENT, COSMO AND BIG GLORY PULL THE GATE CHAIN
AND IT SNAPS LIKE AN OLD SHOELACE. THEY ENTER THE PARKING
LOT AND COSMO CLIMBS BEHIND THE WHEEL OF AN OLD ICE TRUCK...
BIG GLORY LOOKS AT THE NEWER ICE TRUCKS AND FROWNS.

BIG GLORY

Hey, they got some nice trucks
here. How come ya choose the junk?

COSMO

'Cause she's the only car I know
how to start.

BIG GLORY GETS INSIDE THE ICE TRUCK AND COSMO STARTS THE
ENGINE. IT SOUNDS LIKE A HUGE TIN CAN AS IT RATTLES AWAY
AND TURNS DOWN THE STREET.

87

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

87

COSMO DRIVES THE TRUCK THROUGH THE SLEEPING NEIGHBORHOOD. HE RINGS THE BELL AND A PACK OF WINOS NEARLY JUMP OUT OF THEIR SHOES...BIG GLORY LAUGHS.

BIG GLORY

Lemme drive -- I ain't driven in
years, lemme drive!

COSMO DOES NOT BOTHER TO STOP THE TRUCK, HE JUST LETS GO OF THE STEERING WHEEL AND GETS OUT OF THE SEAT. BIG GLORY SLIDES BEHIND THE WHEEL...COSMO RINGS THE BELL, AND BIG GLORY DRIVES LIKE AN INSPIRED SOUL.

JUST FOR LAUGHS, BIG GLORY STEERS THE TRUCK ONTO THE SIDEWALK AND CHASES THE WINOS, WHILE WEAVING BETWEEN TELEPHONE POLES.

BIG GLORY

AND COSMO

Ice! Ice! Ice! Ice!

COSMO RINGS THE BELL WITH ALL HIS MIGHT AND BIG GLORY CONTINUES DOWN THE SIDEWALK YANKING OVER TRASH CANS.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD IS NOW WIDE AWAKE...LIGHTS GO ON AND PEOPLE LEAN FROM THEIR WINDOWS AND YELL. BOTTLES AND FLOWERPOTS SMASH ON THE HOOD OF THE TRUCK. BIG GLORY ROARS WITH LAUGHTER...HE LOVES IT.

BIG GLORY

Ice, ice, ice! -- Y'know, I feel
like I'm Santa.

(yelling at the
top of his lungs)

Wake up you sinners, Santa's here!

BIG GLORY LOOKS LIKE A HAPPY CHILD. HE STEERS THE TRUCK TO THE CORNER, WHERE TWO SAILORS ARE TRYING TO PICK UP A TIRED HOOKER.

BIG GLORY

(to the hooker)

Hey, how come ya din't come home
last night? -- I heard ya kids wuz
cryin' an' everythin'an' ya mammy
fell out the window!

THE SAILORS LOOK AT THE FEROCIOUS FACE OF BIG GLORY AND ARE TERROR-STRUCK.

JUST FOR FUN, BIG GLORY PULLS DOWN HIS PANTS AND STANDS IN HIS HUGE UNDERWEAR.

CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED

87

BIG GLORY
...RRROOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRR!!!

THE TERRIFIED SAILORS GO WHITE, SPIN ON THEIR HEELS AND RUN FOR THEIR LIVES.

BIG GLORY
(to hooker)
Sorry, sweets -- Us ol' lions gotta roar now an' then.

BIG GLORY AND COSMO LAUGH AS HARD AS TWO MEN CAN LAUGH, AND THE TRUCK RATTLES AROUND THE CORNER AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE NIGHT.

88 EXT. WHARF - NIGHT

88

NOT LONG AFTER THE ICE TRUCK IS PARKED ALONG THE WATERFRONT. COSMO AND BIG GLORY SIT ON THE EDGE OF A DESERTED PIER. THEIR FEET DANGLE OVER THE SIDE LIKE KIDS, AND THE CHILLY WIND THAT BLOWS OFF THE RIVER WHIPS THEIR HAIR ACROSS THEIR FOREHEADS.

BIG GLORY
Y'know, I gots to hand it to ya, I ain't had such a ball since I dunno.

COSMO
Me either, Big Glory.

BIG GLORY
Hey, ya don't gotta call me Big Glory no more.

COSMO
How come?

BIG GLORY
'Cause I ain't so big, just fat.

COSMO
Fat Glory ain't such a catchy name.

BIG GLORY
It ain't catchy, but it's closer to home...Y'know, before we done that hell-raisin', I wuz thinkin' a lot...Y'know, I ain't no big deal no more.

CONTINUED

COSMO

Don't be sayin' that.

BIG GLORY

Ain't such a big deal no more,
that's for sure.

COSMO

Shouldn't bad talk yourself.

BIG GLORY

Ain't bad talkin' -- Listen, I
been thinkin' 'bout this for a long
time. In my head I finally figured
out I'm livin' backwards, ya under-
stand? All them things that made me
feel good happened a long time ago
...Y'know what I'm sayin', Cos?

COSMO

But ain't ya handlers gettin' ya
ready for a comeback?

BIG GLORY

That guy weren't nothin', he just
worked there....

COSMO

What about all the dough ya won?

BIG GLORY

...I just wrassle for room an'
board...

(stands)

So before I go, I'm just gonna say
thanks for bein' a buddy.

COSMO

Where ya goin'?

BIG GLORY

Gonna jump in the river.

COSMO

Why?

BIG GLORY

... 'Cause I'm happy.

COSMO

Wait -- I don't get this?

CONTINUED

BIG GLORY

Most people do themselves in 'cause they's feelin' pretty blue. Now, when I feels blue, I ain't feelin' nuthin' like hurtin' myself, I feels like hurtin' sumbody else -- which ain't right, that's for sure.

COSMO

I ain't gettin' ya drift, Glory.

BIG GLORY

I always wanted to end it when I felt good -- Tonight I feels happy.

COSMO

(standing)

C'mon, let me take ya home.

BIG GLORY

Hey, ya'll remember this -- nobody in the world gots to do nuthin' if theys don't have a mind to, hear.

COSMO

What about ya family?

BIG GLORY

You lookin' at my family.

BIG GLORY AND COSMO LOCK STARES...COSMO HAS A NERVOUS SMILE ON HIS FACE.

COSMO

C'mon let's drive the truck some more.

BIG GLORY

Boy, I mades up my mind, an' thanks for bein' a buddy -- Now gimme ya word ya won't try no hero bit -- Gimme ya word, hear.

COSMO SUDDENLY GRABS BIG GLORY.

COSMO

I ain't givin' nuthin' -- ya makin' me feel like it's my fault 'cause my brother was the first one who beat ya.

BIG GLORY CALMLY PULLS COSMO'S ARMS FROM HIS JACKET.

CONTINUED



88 CONTINUED - 3

88

BIG GLORY

(softly)

Yo' brother din't beat me, heck
I just din't want it no more...Now
I feels good tonight.

BIG GLORY REACHES INTO HIS POCKET AND PULLS OUT THE FOLDED
PICTURE OF HIMSELF. HE HANDS IT TO COSMO.

BIG GLORY

Look hard at that an' do sum smart
thinkin'.

THE BIG FIGHTER SHAKES HANDS WITH COSMO AND WALKS TO THE
EDGE OF THE PIER...HE TURNS AND WAVES TO COSMO. COSMO
WEAKLY WAVES BACK.

BIG GLORY

(smiles)

...Tomorrow this ain't gonna matter
none.

BIG GLORY JUMPS OFF THE PIER. HIS BODY MAKES A LOUD SPLASH
WHEN IT HITS, BUT SOON IT IS QUIET....

RED-EYED, COSMO SITS DOWN AND STUDIES THE PICTURE OF BIG
GLORY.

89 EXT. PIER - DAY (MORNING)

89

COSMO SITS STARING DOWN AT THE NEXT PIER.
ON THE NEXT PIER DOWN,
TWO STEVEDORS PULL A ROPE
AND HOIST BIG GLORY'S BODY
OUT OF THE RIVER...
COSMO RISES AND SLOWLY LEAVES.

90 INT. BROTHER'S APARTMENT - DAY

90

LENNY IS SITTING ON THE FOOT OF VICTOR'S BED.

LENNY

Wanna call it quits, Vic?

VICTOR

I'm just gettin' sore more -- I
don't like it no more, Lenny.

LENNY

All right if ya wanna quit, I won't
be mad. But I thought ya were made
of harder stuff, Vic.

CONTINUED

VICTOR

Whatta ya mean?

LENNY

Listen, I think ya the best -- we've come a long way. We're respected, an' there's alotta money to be made. The big matches are just startin'.

VICTOR

How big?

LENNY

Very big -- maybe even a thousand dollar purse.

VICTOR

...Who do I have to wrestle?

LENNY

I don't know if ya have the stuff -- but I wish you would've done it for me -- it gets back to havin' faith in what I do.

VICTOR

Who? I got faith.

LENNY

Forget it -- If ya get hurt, I don't want ya cryin' to me.

VICTOR

I don't cry -- who?

LENNY

...Franky the Thumper. They say he's the best, but to me you are. Beat him it would make you the best ever...but ya gotta have faith -- maybe ya don't have enough of that yet -- see, ya gotta wanna win bad.

AT THAT MOMENT COSMO ENTERS LOOKING VERY TIRED...HE GOES TO HIS BED...VICTOR WAVES.

VICTOR

(to Lenny)

I beat 'im in arm wrestlin'.

CONTINUED

LENNY

I can't afford to lose money, if
ya feel afraid -- but I wish you
would do it for me -- it's what
we've worked for.

VICTOR

I'll fight 'im.

LENNY

...All right, I'll set it up, Vic.

COSMO

(low)

...Who?

VICTOR

...Franky.

COSMO

Ya can't do that.

LENNY

(impatient)

He beat 'im in arm wrestlin'.

COSMO

Look, don't say stupid things --
There ain't no comparison --
Franky's a hurter.

LENNY

Victor's undefeated....

COSMO

(to Lenny)

He ain't in no shape -- It's
dangerous -- Franky's a killer --
I seen him crack a bum's head open
just for nuthin'.

LENNY

See you later, Vic.

LENNY WALKS OFF AND COSMO IS LEFT HANGING IN THE MIDDLE...
COSMO GRABS HIM.

COSMO

You set this fight up, I'll get ya,
ya greedy bastard.

CONTINUED

LENNY

I'm gettin' tired of your threats.

LENNY SHOVES COSMO, THEN RAISES HIS CANE...COSMO LUNGES.
BUT IS CAUGHT BY VICTOR.

VICTOR

(softly)

Don't, Cos.

COSMO

(loathing)

...Go get the money.

COSMO TURNS BACK TO VICTOR. LENNY LEAVES.

COSMO

Ya poor bastard -- Ya don't know
nuthin' any more, do ya? -- Look at
ya face.

VICTOR

I don't have to look in the mirror.

COSMO

Do ya know where ya headin'? Do
ya?

VICTOR

Sure.

COSMO

Yeah, where?!

VICTOR

...On a houseboat.

ON THE VERGE OF TEARS, COSMO TURNS AND EXITS AWAY.

INT. MAHON'S BAR - NIGHT

THAT AFTERNOON EVERYONE IS AT MAHON'S BAR. TWO TABLES
HAVE BEEN PUSHED TOGETHER. STITCH AND HIS GANG SIT ON ONE
SIDE, LENNY AND VICTOR ON THE OTHER...THE BARTENDER SETS
UP DRINKS FOR ALL.

STITCH

We're here to talk business, so let's
talk -- Whatta you guys wanna wager?

LENNY

Make your wager.

CONTINUED

STITCH

You first, Carboni.

LENNY

Five hundred.

STITCH

Peanuts -- We can't buy nuthin'
with peanuts.

(to the Bartender)

Beer, Mick.

(X)

VICTOR LEANS OVER TO LENNY AND WHISPERS IN HIS EAR...THE BAR- (X)
TENDER BRINGS OVER A PITCHER OF BEER.

VICTOR

...How much money have we got?

LENNY

Whadda you wanna know for?

VICTOR

...Curious.

LENNY

(low)

...About nine thousand.

VICTOR SUDDENLY WHEELS AROUND AND FACES STITCH.

VICTOR

We bet nine thousand!

LENNY GOES WHITE AND LOOKS IN DISBELIEF AT VICTOR.

STITCH

Sounds like a hefty wager.
(smiles)

FRANKY

(low and
menacing)

For nine grand, I tear the face off.

STITCH

Yeah, that's a very healthy grease-
ball wager.

THE GANG SMIRKS.

LENNY

(mentally
disorganized)

...I want to talk to my brother.

CONTINUED

91

CONTINUED - 2

91

VICTOR IS VERY HURT AND STARES FOR A LONG MOMENT AT LENNY'S INFLAMED EXPRESSION.

LENNY

If you lose this fight we're finished.
We're garbage again, understand?

VICTOR

I never thought I was garbage.

LENNY STUDIES HIS YOUNGEST BROTHER AND CAN THINK OF NOTHING MORE TO SAY...THEY RETURN TO THE BARGAINING TABLE.

LENNY

When d'you want to set the match?

STITCH

Tonight.

LENNY

Short notice.

STITCH

You yellow?

ENNY SCANS THE DEADPAN EXPRESSIONS OF THE GANG AND SIGHS.

STITCH

...Tonight it is.

92

INT. PARADISE ALLEY - NIGHT

92

THAT NIGHT PARADISE ALLEY IS PACKED TO THE RAFTERS. IT IS RAINING LIKE HELL...THUNDER CAUSES THE LIGHTS TO BLINK. THE ROOF IS LEAKING AND EVERYONE IS GETTING SOAKED. PEOPLE WALK AROUND WITH PAPERS AND CARDBOARD COVERING THEIR HEADS. THE CLUB SWARMS WITH ACTIVITY. MEN ARE FRANTICALLY LAYING BETS IN EVERY CORNER OF THE ROOM...THE DRIPPING BARTENDER TRIES TO SERVICE THE BELLOWING CUSTOMERS THAT LINE UP THREE DEEP AT THE BAR...MEN STRUGGLE FOR SEATS. AS SOON AS ONE PERSON GETS UP, HIS SEAT IS SWIPED IMMEDIATELY. SEVERAL SHOVING MATCHES ENSUE. MANY FAMILIAR FACES FROM THE NEIGHBORHOOD ARE THERE; THE BARTENDER FROM MICKEY'S; THE ONE-ARMED VETERAN; ALL THE GIRLS FROM STICKY'S BALLROOM; TERRIBLE TIMMY MC GLADE, THE FIGHTER; AND NEARLY ALL THE PATRONS FROM MAHON'S BAR...THE RING ITSELF IS BENEATH A HUGE LEAK THAT SENDS DOWN AN UNBROKEN STREAM OF WATER WHICH CAUSES THE CANVAS TO SAG UNDER ITS WEIGHT...THE WHOLE SCENE IS SURREAL.

93 EXT. PARADISE ALLEY - NIGHT

93

...OUTSIDE, IN THE RAIN, PEOPLE SHOVE TO GET IN, BUT THERE IS JUST NO MORE ROOM...FROM THE STREET, GROUPS OF LITTLE CHILDREN PEEK AND PRESS THEIR NOSES AGAINST THE WINDOW TO GET A VIEW OF THE RING. CIGAR AND CIGARETTE SMOKE ENVELOPE THE ROOM, MAKING THE RING LIGHTS HAZY AND DISTANT.

94 INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

94

THE BROTHERS ARE IN THEIR DRESSING ROOM. COSMO SITS IDLY FLIPPING PENNIES IN AN EMPTY BUCKET. LENNY NERVOUSLY LOOKS ON.

(X)

LENNY

You're gonna win tonight, aren't you?

VICTOR

I'm gonna win.

LENNY

(reciting)

Why're ya gonna win?

VICTOR

Because you have faith.

COSMO

Why don't ya get off his back?

LENNY

(ignoring Cosmo)

Faith -- just make sure you win.
Nothing else counts, understand?

VICTOR NODS AND LOWERS HIS HEAD.

COSMO

(to Lenny)

Y'know, you oughta take that cane
an' shove it in your ear, 'cause
ya brain's crippled worse than your
leg could ever be!

THE PARADISE ALLEY FIGHT MANAGER, BURP, STICKS HIS HEAD IN.

(X)

BURP

You guys are on deck.

(X)

LENNY

(a tremendous
threat to Cosmo)

...Later.

CONTINUED



94 CONTINUED

94

COSMO

No, later! -- What's wrong with now!

LENNY

...Later.

COSMO

...You an' me, Brother.

VICTOR PUTS ON A JACKET MADE OF SMALL SALAMIS STRUNG TOGETHER AND THEY ALL EXIT.

95 INT. HALLWAY (PARADISE ALLEY) - NIGHT

95

MOVING DOWN THE HALLWAY TO THE RING, THE CROWD NOISE INTENSIFIES WITH EVERY STEP...VICTOR LOOKS VERY TROUBLED...LENNY WALKS FAR AHEAD.

VICTOR

...Lotta people here.

COSMO

...You can back out.

VICTOR

Ya oughta be proud.

COSMO

Why ya say that?

VICTOR

'Cause you started everythin'.

LENNY

(yelling)

Let's go, Vic.

96 INT. PARADISE ALLEY - NIGHT

96

THE FIGHTERS KNIFE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE CROWD, AND THE SPECTATORS ERUPT WITH CHEERS AND CATCALLS. VICTOR ENTERS THE RING FIRST AND SEVERAL SOAKED GAMBLERS RUSH FORWARD AND AGGRESSIVELY SHAKE HIS HAND AND WISH HIM GOOD LUCK...ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RING, STITCH ENTERS FIRST, FOLLOWED BY FRANKY THE THUMPER, WHO IS WEARING HIS ROBE THAT HAS "KILL" PRINTED ALL OVER IT. FRANKY LOOKS MENACING AND HARD ENOUGH TO CHEW NAILS...HE POINTS AT VICTOR AND YELLS. (X)

CONTINUED

FRANKY

First I'm gonna smash you!

(to Cosmo)

Then I'm gonna get you!

(to the crowd)

I'm smashin' the whole family!!

SUSAN SITS AT RINGSIDE AND APPLAUDS...VICTOR SMILES THINLY AND SHE WEAKLY BLOWS HIM A KISS...BUNCHIE IS SITTING RINGSIDE WITH SEVERAL OTHER HOOKERS...COSMO GIVES HER A WAVE.

(X)

LENNY

Keep covered -- Watch your eyes --

Everythin' we got is on you, Vic.

VICTOR

...I know, Lenny.

VICTOR IS ALMOST ANKLE DEEP IN WATER.

COSMO

Don't fall, ya might drown.

(troubled)

Listen, I din't start nothin'.

A SKINNY, ANCIENT RING ANNOUNCER WITH AN UMBRELLA ENTERS THE RING AND SLOSHES TO THE CENTER. THE CROWD INTENSITY IS BUILDING.

RING ANNOUNCER

Ladies an' gentlemen, your attention

please...Tonight's bout will have no

time limit...Australian rules. The

rounds will go till somebody drops.

A ROAR GOES UP AND MORE BETS ARE PLACED. THUNDER. THE LIGHTS BLINK. FRANKY IS WORKING HIMSELF INTO A FRENZY BY TEARING SOGGY PHONE BOOKS IN HALF...VICTOR IS SEDATE AND TOYS WITH HIS SALAMIS.

STITCH

(to the crowd)

After he smashes them in here --

Franky's gonna smash 'em outside --

gonna smash their heads until the

faces look like oatmeal -- then I'm

gonna have them patched up so Franky

can do it again! Ya greaseball

morons! I'll pull ya teeth out with

my hands!

CONTINUED

BURP

In this corner, weighin' two hundred an' sixty pounds, with a record of one hundred an' seventy-four wins, an' nine disqualifications -- the one and only, Franky the Thumper -- handled by Stitch Mahon exclusively.

(X)

THE CROWD GOES WILD AND SEVERAL DRUNKEN SPECTATORS JUMP UP TO THE RING AND SLAP FRANKY ON THE BACK...FRANKY SHOVES THEM TO THE FLOOR AND STITCH KICKS AND BEATS THEM WITH A BUCKET.

BURP

In this corner, weighin' two hundred an' thirty-five pounds, with a record of forty-one straight wins, a kid who got his start right here, Victor "Kid Salami" Carboni!

THE CROWD CHEERS -- "SALAMI! -- SALAMI! -- SALAMI!" -- AND VICTOR LOOKS AT THE CEILING.

COSMO

(to Victor)

You don't have to go through with this -- Take a powder.

LENNY

Win, Vic.

COSMO

Watch his thumbs -- his thumbs, watch 'em...'Ice clamp.'

THE BELL RINGS...THE FIRST ROUND OPENS WITH VICTOR RUSHING FROM HIS CORNER. HE LASHES OUT WITH BOTH HANDS AND CATCHES FRANKY WITH A POWERFUL CHARGE TO THE STOMACH THAT SENDS HIM THROUGH THE ROPES...THE CROWD ERUPTS...MORE BETS ARE PLACED...ENRAGED, FRANKY CLIMBS BACK INTO THE RING AND BEGINS TO BOMBARD VICTOR WITH FLYING KICKS. THEY MIX IT UP MADLY AND STAND TOE TO TOE SWAPPING FOREARM SMASHES FOR THE LAST MINUTE OF THE ROUND...THE BELL RINGS. FRANKY IGNORES THE BELL AND POUNCES ON VICTOR. THEY FALL TO THE MAT. FRANKY HAS VICTOR IN A HEADLOCK AND TRYING TO THUMB HIS EYES. IT TAKES THE MEN FROM BOTH CORNERS TO SEPARATE THEM...EVERY TIME THEY FALL, WATER SPLASHES OVER THE RINGSIDE SPECTATORS.

COSMO

Get that animal off -- Get 'im off!

FRANKY

(returning to
his corner)

I'm gonna kill ya -- kill ya!

CONTINUED

LENNY

Slow down, save your strength.

VICTOR

Everythin' is fine -- I'm happy.

LENNY

Don't be happy -- get mad -- win!

COSMO

Use the ice clamp, Vic.

IN FRANKY'S CORNER:

STITCH

Stomp, Franky, stomp -- I want
nuthin' left of 'im -- just a wet
spot.

THE BELL FOR THE SECOND ROUND RINGS AND FRANKY RUSHES OUT.
HE LANDS A HARD KICK TO VICTOR'S BODY...VICTOR COUNTERS
WITH AN ARM LOCK, THEN A CHOKE HOLD THAT SHAKES HIS MAN.
THEY WRESTLE AND SHOVE. THEY BATTLE AROUND THE RING AND
VICTOR, IN A HURRICANE FINISH, HAS FRANKY AGAINST THE
ROPES AS THE ROUND ENDS.

LENNY

You can win, don't get careless.
Pick your holds.

VICTOR

(panting)

You mean 'discriminate' my holds.

COSMO

(to Lenny)

Why don't you get out there instead
of givin' orders.

LENNY

Shut up! -- Win, Vic.

IN FRANKY'S CORNER, THE HUGE FIGHTER ROCKS AND CLENCHES
HIS JAW.

FRANKY

I'm gonna smash 'im.

STITCH

That's right, Franky, smash!!
Kill! Hurt!

CONTINUED

THE BELL CLANGS. THE CROWD IS WILD. VICTOR AND FRANKY FIGHT LIKE WILD MEN. FRANKY SLAMS VICTOR WITH A VICIOUS SLAP TO THE EAR. VICTOR RECOILS IN PAIN THEN COMES BACK WITH A CRUSHING FOREARM ON FRANKY'S HEART...DURING THE NEXT TWO ROUNDS FRANKY AND VICTOR FIGHT LIKE WILDCATS. FRANKY RIPS TO THE FACE AND BODY AND KNOCKS VICTOR AGAINST THE ROPES WITH A KICK ON THE CHIN. VICTOR COMES BACK WITH CHOPS TO THE FACE AND FRANKY TAKES THOSE WITH A GRIN AND CONTINUES HIS VICIOUS ATTACK.

IN THE ENSUING ROUND THE MEN GO AT EACH OTHER WITH BULLDOG TENACITY. THE MEN ARE IN DESPERATE COMBAT, AND TEAR INTO EACH OTHER WITH TERRIBLE BODY PUNISHMENT. THEY KEEP UP A BIZARRE VARIETY OF HOLDS AND FLIPS. NEAR THE END OF THE INCREDIBLE ROUND, VICTOR CATCHES FRANKY WITH A FLYING LEG LOCK AND AN ELBOW SLAM THAT CLOSES HIS EYE.

BETWEEN ROUNDS EACH CORNER YELLS AT THEIR SWEATING WRESTLERS TO FIGHT HARDER.

THE BELL RINGS AND VICTOR CHARGES FRANKY LIKE A BULL. FRANKY SETS HIMSELF AND PUTS ALL HIS WEIGHT BEHIND A SKULL BUTT THAT LANDS FLUSH ON THE FOREHEAD...VICTOR IS FLOORED. VICTOR GETS TO HIS FEET AND GRAPPLES TOE TO TOE WITH FRANKY FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE ROUND...THE DRENCHED CROWD IS CRAZED AND SEVERAL FIST FIGHTS ERUPT. SUSAN IS CRYING...BUNCHIE'S EYE (X) MAKEUP IS RUNNING.

AS THE ROUNDS ROLL BY, THE MILLING IS FURIOUS. FRANKY TEARS INTO HIS MAN WITH VENGEANCE. VICTOR RETURNS FRANKY'S FURY, MEDTING HIM HEAD ON. TIME AND TIME AGAIN, VICTOR CROWDS IN CLOSE AND USES TERRIFIC BODY FLIPS...WAVES SPLASH INTO THE CROWD. BOTH MEN ARE SHOWING WEAR, BUT FRANKY SEEMS TO HAVE THE FIRE...THE BELL RINGS AND THEY RETURN TO THEIR CORNERS.

STITCH

(to the Referee)

They're gettin' dirty out there!

FRANKY

(panting)

I'm gonna eat his neck!

IN THE OTHER CORNER COSMO FRANTICALLY ATTENDS TO VICTOR.

LENNY

You're winnin', Vic, put 'im away.

VICTOR

What round is it?

COSMO

Christ, he don't even know what

CONTINUED

COSMO (Cont'd)

round it iz. It's the twenty-second.

IN FRANKY'S CORNER PIGPEN AND SKINNY THE HAND ATTEND FRANKY. STITCH LEERS ACROSS THE RING AT VICTOR.

STITCH

If he don't drop soon, I'm gonna drop him.

HE PULLS HIS JACKET ASIDE AND GRIPS A REVOLVER TUCKED IN HIS BELT.

COSMO

(to Lenny)

I'm gonna stop this.

LENNY

You stop nothin'...How ya doin' Vic? -- We got nine grand ridin' -- How ya doin'?

VICTOR

(gulping air)

...Excellent, Lenny -- What round is it?

COSMO

...Christ....

THE BELL RINGS AND FRANKY HAS FIRE IN HIS EYES. HE RIPS TWO HARD CHOPS TO VICTOR'S HEAD, BUT VICTOR COUNTERS WITH A SIDE KICK THAT TAKES THE STARCH OUT OF FRANKY'S LEGS. BOTH ARE BLEEDING BADLY. FRANKY GETS IN A PERFECT SHOT THAT DRIVES VICTOR INTO THE ROPES. FRANKY UNLEASHES HELL ON VICTOR AND DROPS HIM. VICTOR IS UP IMMEDIATELY. VICTOR GETS TO HIS FEET AND FIGHTS BACK AUTOMATICALLY. COSMO HAS TEARS IN HIS EYES...VICTOR GROPEs AND STAGGERS BUT FRANKY STALKS AND MUSTERS ALL HIS STRENGTH. FRANKY SPINS HIM OVERHEAD, THEN FRANKY SLAMS HIM TO THE MAT, CLIMBS TO THE TOP ROPE AND DROPS ALL HIS WEIGHT ON VICTOR'S CHEST. VICTOR IS OUT.

THE CROWD SCREAMS. SPECTATORS RUSH INTO THE RING....

CARLA WEAVES HER WAY THROUGH THE CROWD AND ONTO THE CANVAS.

...THE CROWD NOISE IS DEAFENING...LENNY IS IN SHOCK AND LOOKS AT HIS WHORE GIRLFRIEND. SUSAN AND COSMO LEAN OVER VICTOR'S UNCONSCIOUS BODY, TRYING IN VAIN TO REVIVE HIM.

(X)

CONTINUED

COSMO

He won't come around.

SUSAN

We've gotta get 'im up!

(X)

JUST THEN, STITCH, FRANKY, AND THE REST OF THE GANG CROSS THE RING...THEY LOOK DOWN AT VICTOR.

STITCH

I hope the 'Carboni Bums' know that the better man won. The stiff was out-classed -- Let's have the dough.

COSMO

...Get away.

STITCH

What'd you say?

COSMO REACHES INTO LENNY'S JACKET AND PULLS OUT AN ENVELOPE OF MONEY AND FLINGS IT IN STITCH'S FACE.

COSMO

Now I said for you scum to get away.

STITCH

(outraged)

I don't take your lip...Franky!

FRANKY GRABS COSMO BY THE NECK AND BEGINS TO MAUL HIM. THE SPECTATORS NOW CROWD AROUND THE RING AGAIN...NO ONE BELIEVES WHAT HAPPENS NEXT...VICTOR JUMPS TO HIS FEET. HE SEIZES FRANKY AND WHIPS HIM INTO THE ROPES. VICTOR UNLEASHES THE FURY OF THE PARALYZING ICE CLAMP HOLD ON FRANKY. FRANKY BELLOWS IN PAIN. VICTOR WHIPS HIM INTO THE OTHER ROPES AND SLAMS HIM TO THE CANVAS -- PICKS HIM UP AND WHIPS FRANKY BY THE ARM AND SENDS HIM SAILING INTO A TURNBUCKLE...VICTOR GRABS HIM IN AN AIRPLANE SPIN THEN HEAVES HIM INTO THE CROWD.

STITCH DRAWS AND COCKS HIS PISTOL. HE AIMS AT VICTOR, BUT AS HE FIRES, COSMO SNATCHES LENNY'S CANE AND BRINGS IT DOWN ON STITCHES' HAND, KNOCKING THE PISTOL TO THE CANVAS. WINDING BACK, COSMO BREAKS THE CANE ACROSS STITCHES' FACE...VICTOR GRABS SKINNY THE HAND AND HEAVES HIM OUT OF THE RING. PIG RUNS FOR HIS LIFE AS SPECTATORS CHASE AND CURSE HIM.

(X)

SUSAN IS HUGGING VICTOR...VICTOR SMILES AND LENNY LIMPS OVER.

(X)

CONTINUED

LENNY
(tightly)
You weren't hurt?

VICTOR
...No.

LENNY
You threw the match? -- Ya blew
everythin'!?

VICTOR
...Yeah.

LENNY
Why? Why'd ya do it!?

VICTOR
'Cause I liked it better when we
was just brothers....

LENNY'S FACE DROPS AND THE BROTHERS EXIT THE RING.

COSMO
If ya were gonna lose, why'd ya
wait to the twenty-second round?

VICTOR
...I was born on the twenty-second
-- remember?

LENNY
Hey, Vic --!

VICTOR TURNS.

LENNY
(softly)
Somebody broke my cane.

VICTOR GRINS AND WRAPS HIS BIG ARM AROUND LENNY AND HELPS
HIM OUT OF THE RING.

THE CROWD CHEERS AND POINTS AT THE CARBONI BROTHERS. IT
WAS THE BEST FIGHT IN HELL'S KITCHEN ANYONE COULD REMEMBER.

IT IS NOT LONG AFTER THE FIGHT.

LENNY POURS HIMSELF A GLASS OF RED WINE...HE POURS A SECOND
GLASS. ANNIE SLOWLY LIFTS IT TO HER LIPS AND SMILES WARMLY.

98 EXT. SUSAN CHOW'S LAUNDRY - DAY

98
(X)
(X)

VICTOR IS SITTING WITH SUSAN ON HER FRONT STEPS...A HUGE BLOCK OF ICE THAT HE SHOULD BE DELIVERING SITS MELTING DOWN THE STEPS...PEOPLE YELL FOR ICE. HE IGNORES THEM.

VICTOR

...An' I think it makes alotta sense.
A houseboat in Jersey is good but a farm upstate is better, y'know.

SUSAN

How come you think that?

(X)

VICTOR

...Farms don't sink.

99 EXT. STREET - DAY

99

COSMO IS ON THE CORNER STANDING BEHIND A TABLE COVERED WITH ASSORTED BROKEN RELIGIOUS STATUES. SOME OF THE STATUES ARE ODD, AN ANGEL WITH A BROKEN WING, A PATRON SAINT MISSING A HEAD, ETC.

COSMO

...Ya house can't be complete without one -- It'll give the rooms class -- It'll give ya somethin' to leave to ya kids when ya croak... An' these religious things are one of a kind, and were made by famous people. It'll bring you people closer to heaven -- An' here comes my lunch!

BUNCHIE CROSSES THE STREET AND SMILES.

BUNCHIE

How's business?

COSMO

Grand.

BUNCHIE

You gonna be by at six?

COSMO

Where else?

BUNCHIE KISSES COSMO AND CROSSES THE STREET...COSMO WAITS UNTIL SHE'S OUT OF SIGHT.

CONTINUED

COSMO

(fiery)

A great lady -- one of the best ever...All right, now what ya been hangin' around for. Enough of the statues. Now the special of the day!

HE PULLS OUT A BOX OF RUMPLED CLOTHING.

COSMO

All right...What I got here is history -- not junk! C'mon, now what do I hear for this gem? What'd I hear for the famous Kid Salami's Fighting Shorts? Huh? -- Think it over -- Now whatta I hear for the famous shoes he wore when he jumped full on Franky the Thumper's face... one to a customer -- the laces are separate -- Sure, think it over.

...THE PEOPLE TOUCH THE MOUNTING ITEMS.

COSMO

...An' this is a real collector's item -- worth a fortune some day -- one of a kind -- trust me -- Hate to let it go -- Now what am I gonna hear for the famous Kid Salami's original pure meat jacket!!

WOMAN

(sloppily
dressed)

My God, it smells!

COSMO

Varnish -- Just varnish it -- you won't smell nothin'! All right here I have a treat for the kids -- Kid Salami's boar hair toothbrush, almost never used -- An' what do I hear for this small bag of hair belongin' to Salami's great dog, Bella, guaranteed to bring good luck if worn around the neck...C'mon, people, my feet're gettin' sore -- Now people, what do I hear for this stuff? What do I hear? What do I hear?

FADE OUT

THE END