

STATE OF GRACE

by

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FADE IN:

MUSIC/CREDITS ROLL OVER:

1 EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE TOLL BOOTH - NIGHT 1

A 1989, black Mercedes waits at the toll booth light, the light changing from red to green, the Mercedes driving onto the Bridge toward Manhattan, the West Side of Manhattan visible in the b.g. through the bridge girders.

MED. HIGH SHOT - MERCEDES

as it turns onto the West Side Highway and begins driving toward Manhattan.

MERCEDES

as it turns onto Ninth Avenue and begins driving downtown on the Avenue.

2 EXT. NINTH AVENUE STREET CORNER - NIGHT 2

JACKIE FLANNERY, late twenties, boyish-looking, long hair in a ponytail, a "U-2" tee-shirt, jeans, sneakers, leather jacket, stands on the corner talking to two young men, both of them dressed like Jackie, the Mercedes pulling over to the curb and stopping, a back door opening, Jackie handing his beer to one of the young men, moving to the Mercedes, and getting into it, the Mercedes pulling away from the curb and continuing to drive downtown on the Avenue.

3 EXT. IRISH SOCIAL CLUB - HELL'S KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT 3

The Mercedes pulls to a stop beside the club, three doors opening at the same time, the MUSIC coming from inside the club a continuation of the SOUND TRACK.

4 INT. IRISH SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT 4

FRANKIE FLANNERY, middle-thirties, handsome, short hair, hard-looking, expensive suit-and-tie, PAT NICHOLSON, late thirties/early forties, well-built, Irish, hard-looking, expensive suit-and-tie, and Jackie walk through the crowded club toward a back room door, the SOUND TRACK MUSIC still blaring on the jukebox, people dancing, drinking, etc., people noticing Frankie, Jackie, and Nicholson as they walk through the crowd.

5 INT. SOCIAL CLUB BACK ROOM - NIGHT

5

The door opens from the outside, Frankie, Jackie, and Nicholson entering the room, MIKIE McDONNELL and LARRY FLYNN, middle-to-late fifties, grey hair, overweight, faces and veins red from drinking, cheap, out-of-date suits, garish ties, sitting at the table eating take-out corned beef and cabbage with plastic knives and forks, a bottle of Irish whiskey on the table, both men glancing up from their meals as Frankie shuts the door. Frankie, Jackie, and Nicholson, a pitcher of beer and mugs in front of them, sit at the table with McDonnell and Flynn, McDonnell and Flynn just about finished with their corned beef and cabbage.

FRANKIE

Met with Borelli, Mikie. We start working for him, it's at least twenty grand a week. We do good, we get ten percent of his dock action, 23rd to 59th. We link up with Borelli, ain't two cents on the dollar no more, Mikie. Gets us out of the neighborhood. All you got to do is nod, and we're flying first class.

MC DONNELL

(Irish accent)

Trust a "guinea," don't need a fortune teller, Frankie.

FLYNN

(Irish accent)

Exactly.

JACKIE

Hey, Mikie, Borelli ain't exactly no fifty cents on the sidewalk.

Frankie glances sharply at Jackie, a signal for Jackie to keep quiet.

MC DONNELL

Should've run you over with my car when you was eleven, Jackie.

FRANKIE

You got to have vision, Mikie. Isn't like the '50's no more.

MC DONNELL

You wanna play the "Market," you gotta have vision. You wanna run the Kitchen, you gotta have credentials.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

Neighborhood's changing, Mikie.  
We need Borelli.

MC DONNELL

Price of admission's too high.

FRANKIE

Price of admission makes us major  
league, Mikie.

MC DONNELL

Where you boys been? "Guineas"  
don't stick to bargains. They  
just make 'em.

FRANKIE

Borelli's got to sleep. Just like  
us. Can't always keep his eyes  
open.

MC DONNELL

You still readin' comic books or  
what? You don't just take a  
Borelli out, and then get your-  
self a new Buick. When are you  
boys gonna figure it out?  
"Guineas" run the country. We  
run a coupla blocks.

FRANKIE

We run a coupla blocks because  
that's the route, Mikie. What do  
you think? Borelli didn't start  
with a coupla blocks?

MC DONNELL

(studies Frankie and  
Jackie)

Don't know what it is with you  
boys. Got food to eat. Got  
clothes to dress. Got plenty  
tokens, you wanna get on the  
subway. Ain't a night goes by  
you ain't got somethin' to drink.

(an edge)

Long as I run it, Flannery, you  
wanna travel, it's strictly local,  
okay? Been that way for a hundred  
years. We don't bother them. They  
don't bother us. What you boys  
wanna do?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 2

5

MC DONNELL (CONT'D)  
 You wanna fuck up tradition?  
 You do that, it's even worse  
 than losin' another holy day.

McDonnell and Flynn, wiping their mouths with paper  
 napkins, stand up.

MC DONNELL  
 (continuing)  
 You boys gotta remember, it takes  
 a long time, you wanna become a  
 saint. Don't just happen over-  
 night. Took St. Anthony just  
 'bout two hundred years.  
 (pause)  
 Parade's comin' up. Marchin' in  
 it this year. If you boys was  
 smart, you'd march in it, too.

FLYNN  
 Exactly.

6 EXT. IRISH SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

6

Frankie, Jackie, and Nicholson leave the club, Jackie  
 moving to a parking meter and kicking it hard in  
 frustration, Frankie lighting a cigarette, Nicholson  
 standing in the b.g.

JACKIE  
 (furious; pacing back  
 and forth)  
 Guys wouldn't know a good idea,  
 it got shoved up their asses on a  
 racehorse. Fuckin' Mikie's asleep  
 at the wheel, man. Last time he  
 touched land, must've been 1932.  
 Fuckin' Flynn's just as bad. Still  
 thinks "Leave It To Beaver's"  
 runnin' on TV. Drives 'im nuts he  
 can't find the channel. You talk  
 real money to 'em, they're still  
 thinkin' 'bout gettin' it on sale.  
 Guys still go to Sunday Mass with  
 pancake syrup on their ties.  
 Jesus, Frankie, how we supposed to  
 get anywhere in life, we take  
 orders from them guys? "Howard  
 Johnson's," man, that's their idea  
 of a great fuckin' night on the  
 town.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

Frankie inhales his cigarette deeply, exhales the smoke slowly, and then flips the cigarette away, putting an arm around Jackie's shoulder.

FRANKIE

Got to remember, Jack, guys took us to a lot of "Yankees" games.

7 EXT. AVENUE - HELL'S KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT

7

A battered 1979 Plymouth pulls to a stop in front of an Irish bar, all four doors opening, Nicholson and three of Frankie's men getting out of the car, the three men carrying heavy-duty trash bags, one of the bags heavier-looking than the others, Nicholson beginning to walk toward the bar, the men beginning to follow him.

8 INT. IRISH BAR - NIGHT

8

FROM BEHIND, Nicholson and Frankie's men as they walk toward Flynn, Frankie's men moving toward the bar area, Flynn sitting alone in the booth reading the "New York Post," a mug of beer in front of him, the bar almost empty, a BARTENDER behind the bar, Nicholson sliding into the booth next to Flynn, Flynn surprised, glancing at Nicholson, Nicholson taking a gun/silencer out of a jacket pocket.

NICHOLSON

(as he does so)

What can I tell you?

Nicholson presses the gun/silencer against Flynn's temple and pulls the trigger, Flynn instantly slumping over in the booth, Nicholson casually sliding out of the booth, the men moving to the booth and beginning to drag Flynn out of it, Nicholson moving to the Bartender, customers glancing away, etc.

NICHOLSON

(continuing; to the  
Bartender)

We don't got a problem, do we?

BARTENDER

Taking a leak, heard this noise.

NICHOLSON

(placing a fifty dollar  
bill on the bar;  
indicates the  
customers)

My treat.

9 INT. BAR BASEMENT STAIRWAY - NIGHT

9

The basement door opens from the outside, light streaming down the stairs, one of Frankie's men switching on the basement light, and then starting down the stairs, the other two men starting to drag Flynn's body down the stairs, Nicholson standing in the doorway, Nicholson holding the heavier-looking trash bag, watching the Men drag Flynn's body down the stairs.

NICHOLSON

as he sets the heavier-looking trash bag on the basement floor, opens it, and begins taking out butcher's tools.

10 EXT. IRISH BAR - NIGHT

10

Each of Frankie's Men heaves a blood-stained trash bag into the open trunk of the Plymouth, Nicholson watching from the sidewalk, one of the Men slamming the trunk shut and turning toward Nicholson.

FRANKIE'S MAN

(indicates the car  
trunk; grins)

Where'd you learn to cut so good,  
Pat?

CLOSE SHOT - NICHOLSON

as he smiles.

NICHOLSON

Worked summers for my uncle. Got  
so, he'd give me a side of beef,  
I'd turn it into a fucking  
sculpture.

11 EXT. STREET - HELL'S KITCHEN AREA - DAY

11

A battered 1981 Ford station wagon drives slowly along the street.

12 INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

12

Jackie and one of Frankie's Men in the car, the Man driving, Jackie staring out his side window, suddenly pointing.

JACKIE

Over there.

JACKIE'S POV

McDonnell walks along the sidewalk.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

JACKIE

as he leans out of his side window.

JACKIE

Hey, Mikie?

(to the Driver)

Pull over. Keep 'er runnin'.

STATION WAGON

as it pulls over to the curb, McDonnell walking over to the car.

JACKIE AND McDONNELL

as McDonnell leans his head in the side window.

MC DONNELL

What's up, Jackie?

(making a joke)

Still lookin' for a job?

JACKIE

(grins)

Nope. Got one.

Jackie pulls a gun from inside a folded copy of the "New York Daily News" on his lap and SHOTS McDonnell once in the forehead, McDonnell falling backward to the street, disappearing FROM THE FRAME.

STATION WAGON

as it peels away from the curb, McDonnell sprawled on the street, blood now covering his face, people starting to move toward him.

13 INT. BRONX TENEMENT STAIRWAY - NIGHT

13

TERRY NOONAN, early-to-middle thirties, rugged, handsome, long hair, jeans, leather jacket, sneakers, a "Mets" tee-shirt, and FERNANDEZ, middle twenties, Hispanic, short, wiry, move up the stairway toward the fourth floor landing, the tenement dark and deserted.

TERRY AND FERNANDEZ

as they reach the landing, Terry glancing around, and then indicating a half-open door, the door hanging on one hinge.



14 INT. TENEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

14

Terry kicks in the door from the outside, the door swinging inward on its hinge, Terry cautiously entering the room, Fernandez behind him.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Over here.

CHARLIE AND ALVAREZ

as they wait in the darkness, CHARLIE, Black, late thirties/early forties, stocky, rugged, long leather jacket, ALVAREZ, early thirties, Hispanic, long hair, typical Bronx streetclothes, the look of a "runner."

TERRY AND FERNANDEZ

as they walk toward Charlie and Alvarez, Charlie and Alvarez coming INTO THE FRAME.

CHARLIE

(indicates Fernandez)

Who's he?

TERRY

(slight Irish accent)

Name's Fernandez. "Carries" for me.

CHARLIE

Looks like a "mope."

FERNANDEZ

Ain't no fuckin' "mope." Drive me a Mercedes.

CHARLIE

(to Terry)

You got it?

TERRY

I got it. What about you? You got it?

CHARLIE

I got it.

ALVAREZ

(to Charlie)

Come on, man. Do the deal. Got rats all over the place.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

FERNANDEZ  
(giggles; to Alvarez)  
Rat bites your ass, rat's gonna  
die. What's your problem?

ALVAREZ  
(to Fernandez)  
Hey, fuck you, asshole!

TERRY  
(to Alvarez; indicates  
Fernandez)  
No need to be nice to him, man.  
Won't let you drive his car.

Fernandez hands Terry a cellophane bag filled with Heroin,  
Terry handing the bag to Charlie, Charlie opening it,  
dabbing a finger in it, and then running it across a gum.

TERRY  
(continuing; the  
heroin)  
Make it back-and-forth to L.A.  
in five hours, you drive on it.

Charlie nods, closes the bag, puts it in a pocket, and  
then takes a wad of bills out of another pocket.

CHARLIE  
Fifteen-hundred, right?

TERRY  
Fuck fifteen-hundred. Three-  
thousand, man.

CHARLIE  
"Set" was fifteen-hundred.

TERRY  
"Set" was three grand.

FERNANDEZ  
(to Terry)  
Tryin' to burn us, man.

Charlie and Alvarez start to take out guns from inside  
their jackets.

CHARLIE  
(as he does so)  
Fifteen-hundred, you get to watch  
late night TV.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

MED. HIGH SHOT - THE ROOM

as Terry whips out a gun and FIRES FIVE SHOTS in the darkness at Charlie and Alvarez, Charlie and Alvarez each getting one shot off, Charlie and Alvarez hit, both of them toppling backward to the floor.

15 EXT. TENEMENT STAIRWAY - NIGHT

15

Fernandez bounds down the stairs, almost stumbling in his panic, tripping once or twice.

TERRY

as he hurries down the last flight of stairs, the open doorway directly ahead of him, Fernandez dimly seen in the b.g. running toward a grey Mercedes.

16 EXT. TENEMENT STREET - NIGHT

16

Terry runs out of the tenement building and starts across the deserted street toward the Mercedes, Fernandez already inside the Mercedes, the Mercedes SQUEALING away from the curb and speeding up the street, Terry glancing around, alone on the street.

17 INT. BRONX SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

17

Terry stands on the platform, Black and Hispanic people scattered along the platform, a train pulling into the station and stopping, the doors sliding open, Terry getting on the deserted car, the doors sliding shut, the train beginning to pull out of the station, Terry visible through the car window as he opens a pint of whiskey and takes a long swallow.

18 INT. IRISH SOCIAL CLUB BACK ROOM - NIGHT

18

Frankie, Jackie, and Nicholson sit at the table, Frankie opening a fifth of "Crown Royal," pouring drinks for Jackie, Nicholson, and himself, the three of them clinking their glasses together.

FRANKIE

Hey, guys, here's to money,  
okay?

They down their drinks, Frankie pouring everybody another round.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

FRANKIE

(continuing)

Did good, Jack. Did good, Pat.  
McDonnell ain't going to have no  
more problem with migraines, and  
Flynn's floating around Manhattan  
liable to bump into himself. Got  
a meeting with Borelli tomorrow.  
Ain't going to be nothing but cash  
from now on.

(an arm around Jackie)

You name it, Jack, you got it.

JACKIE

Just like to have a car ain't twice  
my age.

FRANKIE

Shit, Jack, we're going to have a  
fleet of "Caddie" Sevilles. We're  
going to have a fleet of Lincoln  
limos. How's that for a life?

JACKIE

Ain't bad, Frankie.  
(raises his glass)  
You got your health.

19 EXT. TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

19

Terry hurries up the subway steps and turns onto 42nd  
Street, beginning to walk west on it.

20 EXT. STREET - HELL'S KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT

20

Terry walks along the street, glancing up at the tenement  
buildings, several of them in the process of renovation.

TERRY

as he stops in front of a restored building and glances up  
at a large sign on the building -- "CO-OPS AVAILABLE --  
757-6969," an OLD MAN shuffling past Terry, the Old Man  
stopping a few feet away from Terry, the Old Man glancing  
at Terry, glancing at the building, and then glancing back  
at Terry, Terry noticing him.

TERRY

(the building)

Used to live there.

OLD MAN

Couldn't afford it now. Have to  
sell your car just to get a month.

21 EXT. STREET - HELL'S KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT 21

Terry stands across the street from the Irish Social Club, the O.S. SOUND of an Irish FIDDLE BAND coming from inside the club.

TERRY

as he starts to cross the street toward the Irish Social Club.

22 INT. IRISH SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT 22

Terry enters the club, a BOUNCER leaning against the door, the club crowded, the Irish fiddle band playing on a raised platform at the opposite end of the room.

BOUNCER

Yeah?

TERRY

Looking for Jack Flannery.

BOUNCER

Don't know him.

TERRY

Look, man, I grew up in this neighborhood.

BOUNCER

Look like a fucking tourist to me.

TERRY

(indicates the bar)  
Got laid behind that bar when I was fourteen.

BOUNCER

Don't mean shit.

Terry takes out his gun and presses it hard against the Bouncer's throat.

TERRY

Find me Jack Flannery. You don't do it, bullet's going to come out the top of your head.

The Bouncer, convinced, begins to move through the crowd, Terry behind him.

JACKIE AND FRANKIE'S MEN

as they sit at the table, all of them drinking.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

TERRY AND BOUNCER

as they approach the table, Jackie and the Men coming INTO THE FRAME, Terry slipping his gun back inside his jacket.

BOUNCER

(to Jackie; indicates  
Terry)

Guy says he knows you. He's  
"carrying," man. Made me take  
the walk.

JACKIE

(to Terry)

You're interruptin' my party,  
asshole. You wanna meet me, you  
line up on the docks just like  
everybody else.

TERRY

(smiles)

Ain't looking for your autograph,  
Jack.

Jackie, now unsure, studies Terry.

TERRY

(continuing)

Used to whip your ass twice a week  
when we were kids. What are you  
doing now? "Givin'" orders?

JACKIE

(standing up; almost  
sure)

Terry?

TERRY

Took you long enough, man.

Jackie embraces Terry, hugging him hard, and then suddenly  
grabs the Bouncer.

JACKIE

(to the Bouncer)

You don't let this fuckin' guy  
in?! You know who this guy is?!

BOUNCER

Told me, no visitors, Jackie.

Jackie hurls the Bouncer into the crowd, several people  
losing their balance as the Bouncer crashes against them.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

JACKIE  
Get back to the fuckin' door!  
This is Terry Noonan!

Jackie turns back to Terry and grabs Terry's shoulders with both hands.

JACKIE  
(continuing)  
You comin' home or what?

TERRY  
Yeah, man, I'm coming home.

JACKIE  
(to the men)  
This is my best fuckin' friend!  
I mean, my best friend!

23 EXT. IRISH SOCIAL CLUB - MORNING

23

Terry and Jackie sit at the table in the deserted club, both of them sipping coffee, a quart of "Jameson's" Irish whiskey, half-finished, on the table, Jackie pouring a shot of whiskey into Terry's coffee, and then pouring a shot into his own coffee, the club's front door opening, more sunlight in the room for a moment, KATHLEEN FLANNERY, early-to-late twenties, beautiful, Irish-looking, long hair, freckles, slim, dressed for work, lots of style in her clothes, enters the club and walks toward Jackie and Terry.

JACKIE, TERRY AND KATHLEEN  
as she reaches the table.

KATHLEEN  
Jesus, Jack, where have you been?  
I've been looking all over for you.  
I thought you said you'd come by  
last night.

JACKIE  
(trying to focus)  
I did? How come?

KATHLEEN  
You were going to lend me the  
three-hundred.

Jackie shakes his head, almost as if he were trying to clear it, and then slaps the side of his head.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

JACKIE

Hey, I'm sorry. I forgot all  
'bout it.

(indicates Terry)

Terry showed up.

(to Terry)

You remember my kid sister,  
don't you?

TERRY

(trying to focus;  
vaguely)

Kathleen?

Kathleen glances at Terry, Terry somewhat familiar to her.

JACKIE

Christ, Terry Noonan, Kate.  
You don't remember 'im?

KATHLEEN

(slowly nodding)

You, Stevie McGuire, Jack,  
Frankie, you all hung out  
together, right?

TERRY

(forces a smile)

Right.

KATHLEEN

(pause)

You're back in the neighborhood,  
huh?

JACKIE

(an arm around Terry)

Yeah, he's back. Ain't never  
gonna leave again, are you?

Terry forces another smile for Kathleen's benefit, Terry  
obviously attracted to her the more he stares at her.

KATHLEEN

(glances away from  
Terry; somewhat  
flustered)

Can I still borrow the money?

JACKIE

Yeah, the money, right...

(CONTINUED)



23 CONTINUED: (3)

23

Jackie takes a wad of bills out of a jacket pocket and hands them to Kathleen.

JACKIE

(continuing)

Had it all ready for you... Was gonna stop by your place... Really...

Kathleen, still flustered by Terry, drops the money on the floor, and then quickly stoops down, starting to pick it up, Terry bending over and helping her, Terry handing the money to her.

KATHLEEN

(to Terry; the money)

My car... A cab hit it last week... It's been in the garage...

(standing up; the money)

Next two paychecks, I'll have it for you, Jack.

JACKIE

Come on, Kate. What do you think? I need money? Probably just spend it, I had it.

KATHLEEN

(puts the money away)

You'll get it back.

JACKIE

You want some coffee?

KATHLEEN

I'm late. I've got to pick up the car. I'll give you a call, okay?

Kathleen turns away, starts to leave, and then turns back.

KATHLEEN

(continuing)

Jesus, Jack, are you two just going to sit around all day?

JACKIE

No, we got a big day planned...

(to Terry)

... don't we?

Terry nods and smiles at Kathleen, and then glances away.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (4)

23

KATHLEEN

(to Terry)

Why'd you come back? I remember listening to you. All you ever talked about was getting out of the neighborhood.

TERRY

(glances back at her;  
forces a smile)

Circumstances, that's all.

JACKIE

(grins)

Yeah, some fuckin' circumstances, right?

Kathleen studies Terry, the attraction growing, nods, and then turns away, leaving the club, sunlight streaming into the room for a moment as she opens the door, Terry and Jackie watching her leave.

JACKIE

(continuing; indicates  
Kathleen)

Works up at the "Pierre." Real ritzy. Ashtray in the lobby cost more than my fuckin' car. Frankie and me, we're real proud of 'er. Got outta the Kitchen all by herself. Did it legit, too. Only Flannery ever really did that.

24 EXT. STREET - HELL'S KITCHEN AREA - MORNING

24

Jackie and Terry, fighting their hangovers, walk along the street.

JACKIE

(shakes his head)

Still can't believe it, man. Never thought you'd end up on the "scag" trail. Livin' in the Bronx, might as well move your bed into the men's room. Gonna be safe here, Terry. Me and Frankie run it now.

TERRY

(shrugs)

No big deal. Nobody saw me waste them except for the guy with me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

TERRY (CONT'D)

What's he going to do? Might as well have pulled the trigger himself.

JACKIE

Cops can't do shit here, anyway. Me and Frankie, we took this union guy out last year. Just walked up to 'im on the street and popped his button. Must've been fifty witnesses. Cops were all over the Kitchen askin' questions. This one asshole, he raised his hand. Cops found his head spinnin' 'round inside a washer-drier over on 47th. Haven't heard from the cops in a year.

JACKIE AND TERRY

as they round the corner, two young Black men standing beside a parked car, two white teenagers in the car, the two young Black men doing a dope deal, Jackie instantly starting to run toward the two young Black men.

JACKIE

(shouts at the young  
Black men)

Motherfuckin' cocksuckers!

The two young Black men immediately sprint across the avenue, cars swerving to avoid them, etc., the car at the curb starting to squeal away as Jackie reaches it, Jackie kicking the car hard as it pulls out into traffic, Jackie continuing to stare after it.

JACKIE AND TERRY

as they walk along another street in the Hell's Kitchen area.

JACKIE

Guys forget fast. Thought we solved the problem.

TERRY

(lighting a cigarette)

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

JACKIE

Punk came into the neighborhood 'bout a year ago, "crack" so far up his ass, it made his teeth wiggle. Figured he'd set up shop on 43rd and Tenth. Lost his legs in a basement over on 44th and Ninth. Found the rest of 'im shoved into a dumpster on 49th and Eleventh.

TERRY

Guy never got out of the '40's, did he?

JACKIE

(grins; shakes his head 'no')

"Crack" dealers started jammin' on the brakes soon as they hit Ninth. (indicates behind him) Time to sharpen up the saw, they start crossin' Ninth again.

25 INT. LUNCHEONETTE - HELL'S KITCHEN AREA - DAY

25

Jackie and Terry sit at the run-down counter, both of them eating very fatty corned beef sandwiches and drinking beer, Terry picking the fat off of his corned beef and putting it on Jackie's plate, Jackie stuffing the fat into his sandwich.

JACKIE

What you been doin' since you left? Where you been?

TERRY

(shrugs)

Started moving around the country. Construction. Bartender. Philly. D.C., St. Louis. Ended up in Texas for nine years before I came back here. Last three of them in Waco. Worked the rigs.

JACKIE

Should've stayed in the Kitchen, man.

(grins)

Where else you gonna get paid for not showin' up?

26 EXT. STREET - HELL'S KITCHEN AREA - DAY

26

Jackie and Terry walk along the street toward Jackie's station wagon, the station wagon taking up two parking spaces, a parking ticket under a wiper, Jackie sipping a bottle of "Harp" beer, sharing it with Terry.

TERRY

What about Stevie McGuire? He still hanging out here?

JACKIE

(smiles)

Stevie? Yeah, he's still here. Need a crane, you wanted to get Stevie outta the neighborhood. Owes just 'bout everybody ever took a walk in the Kitchen. Likes to play the ponies. Every one he picks, it don't even finish last. Just drops dead on the track. Got himself a "no-show" on the "Intrepid." Supposed to count the number of mustard stains on his apron.

(as they reach the station wagon)

Works part-time for me and Frankie, we need some haulin' done.

Jackie takes the parking ticket from under the wiper, rips it in half without looking at it, and then tosses the halves over his shoulder.

TERRY

Always liked Stevie. Wouldn't mind seeing him again.

27 EXT. "INTREPID" AREA - DAY

27

STEVIE MCGUIRE, late twenties, short, wiry, shaggy hair, a day's growth of beard, a wrinkled suit, a rock concert tee-shirt, filthy sneakers, sunglasses, walks away from the "Intrepid." Stevie tossing a ripped envelope behind him, beginning to count the cash from the envelope, two ITALIAN MEN suddenly appearing on either side of him, both men dressed in expensive suits-and-ties, Italian Man One, heavy-set, well-built, tall, Italian Man Two, thin, short, aviator-style sunglasses, Italian Man Two ripping the money out of Stevie's hand.

ITALIAN MAN TWO

How you doin', Stevie? Jimmy Cavello sends his regards.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

ITALIAN MAN TWO (CONT'D)

Figures you've been avoiding him.  
Even checked his breath because of  
you just to make sure. Ain't  
really been avoiding Jimmy, have  
you?

STEVIE

Come on, guys, that's money for my  
kids. Worked my ass off for that  
money. I don't feed my kids,  
they're gonna die on me.

ITALIAN MAN ONE

(as Italian Man Two  
begins to count the  
money)

You want, you give us a call, we'll  
watch them do it.

28 INT./EXT. STATION WAGON - DAY

28

Jackie and Terry inside the car as Jackie drives toward  
the "Intrepid" in the b.g.

JACKIE

(the "Intrepid")

How do you like 'er?

TERRY

Never seen it. Must've left before  
they docked her.

JACKIE

(grins)

Own 'er, man. Twenty-four hours a  
day. Take two-hundred-and-fifty  
grand a year offa that baby.  
Everybody on it, they work for me  
and Frankie now. Nobody buys a  
"Coke," we don't get the change.

STATION WAGON

as it squeals to a stop near Stevie and the two Italian  
Men, exhaust fumes rising over the car, Italian Man Two  
still counting Stevie's money, Stevie pacing back-and-  
forth angrily, Jackie quickly getting out of the car and  
beginning to walk toward Stevie and the two Italian Men.

JACKIE

Hey, Stevie? Got a surprise for  
you?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

STEVIE  
(distracted; glances  
at Jackie)  
Don't bother me, man. I'm  
negotiatin'.

TERRY

FROM BEHIND, as he gets out of the car and begins walking toward the group in the b.g., Stevie glancing in Terry's direction, Stevie instantly recognizing Terry and beginning to walk toward him.

GROUP

as Terry reaches Stevie, Jackie and the two Italian Men in the b.g.

STEVIE  
I don't fuckin' believe it!  
Terry fuckin' Noonan!

Stevie throws his arms around Terry and hugs him.

STEVIE  
(continuing)  
Where you been, man? In the  
seminary or somethin'? You  
don't write. You don't call.

TERRY  
(smiles)  
How you doing, Stevie? Been a  
long time, guy.

STEVIE  
(punches Terry  
playfully)  
Gonna kick your ass, Noonan.  
Fifteen years, man. Couldn't  
afford a stamp or what?

JACKIE  
(indicates Terry)  
Guy's been into some heavy shit,  
man.

STEVIE  
(grins)  
Heavy shit, huh? Hey, that's  
cool, Terry. Could use some  
heavy shit myself.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Been workin' the "light" side of the street. Gigs I got, they wouldn't go down in a hurricane.

ITALIAN MAN TWO

Hey, you guys, you mind, we're doing business, okay? How about it, you want a reunion, go find a fucking high school.

Jackie, Terry, and Stevie move toward the two Italian Men.

ITALIAN MAN ONE

(the money)

Three-hundred bucks, Stevie. Ain't even going to make a dent. Three-hundred bucks, that ain't even a decent tip for a fucking hamburger.

JACKIE

Where'd you find these two clowns, man?

STEVIE

Came lookin' for me deliberate, Jack. Took my money. Broke my back for that money, and they just took it.

JACKIE

(indicates Stevie)

Why do you think? You think he just broke the bank on "Wheel Of fuckin' Fortune" or somethin'?

ITALIAN MAN ONE

Punk owes Jimmy Cavello eight grand.

STEVIE

Eight grand? What's that?

(to Jackie and Terry)

Cavello's got imitation cuff links, they cost more than that.

(to the Italian Men)

Shit, Kleenex he uses, eight grand, wouldn't even buy half a sale box.

(CONTINUED)



ITALIAN MAN TWO

Eight grand is eight grand. Buys Jimmy a Broadway ticket.

TERRY

(an edge)

What is it about you guys? You don't get your spumoni, you take it out on the waiter?

ITALIAN MAN ONE

(to Stevie; indicates Terry)

Who is this fucking guy?

JACKIE

(moves closer)

Hey, where you been, anyway? Last "guinea" ever walked 'round up here was fuckin' Columbus, and he only lasted for a week.

ITALIAN MAN ONE

What are you? Some kind of fucking asshole? Or did you just take lessons?

JACKIE

(runs a finger down Italian Man One's jacket lapel)

Nice fuckin' suit, man. Is it real silk, or is it just "guinea" silk?

Italian Man One grabs Jackie and hurls him backwards, Terry instantly grabbing Italian Man One and slamming him against the station wagon, Jackie back on his feet and attacking Italian Man Two, Stevie joining Jackie in the attack, Jackie and Stevie wrestling Italian Man Two to the ground, all of them wrestling and punching at each other, Stevie trying to get at his money, Terry holding Italian Man One against the car, Terry's hand on his throat, Italian Man One reaching behind himself for his gun, Terry immediately sensing it, Terry reaching behind Italian Man One and whipping the gun out, Terry spinning Italian Man One around and slamming him face-down on the car hood, blood from Italian Man One's nose beginning to spread out on the hood, Terry pressing the gun hard against Italian Man One's head.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (4)

28

TERRY

(to Italian Man One)

You want to fuck with me?! You  
want to do that?! Well, come on,  
asshole, here's your chance!

(slams his face down  
on the hood again)

Do it!

Jackie and Italian Man Two are now wrestling and punching on the ground, Stevie on his hands and knees collecting his money, tourists walking toward the "Intrepid" stopping to watch the fight, some of the tourists taking photographs of it, Terry pulling Italian Man One off the car hood, Italian Man One's nose bleeding profusely, Terry keeping the gun to Italian Man One's head.

TERRY

(continuing)

What do you want to do, asshole?  
Play it out or what?

Italian Man One shakes his head "no."

TERRY

(continuing; indicates  
Italian Man Two)

Tell him!

ITALIAN MAN ONE

(to Italian Man Two)

It's over, man!

Italian Man Two stops wrestling with Jackie, Jackie getting in one extra punch, Italian Man Two stumbling to his feet, his suit filthy, Terry lowering the gun and moving away from Italian Man One, Stevie standing up, Stevie stuffing his money in his pocket, Italian Man One moving to Italian Man Two, Italian Man One taking a handkerchief out of a pocket and holding it against his nose, the two men turning and facing Terry, Jackie, and Stevie, Terry suddenly hurling the gun into the water, both sides staring hard at each other.

TERRY

(the gun; to the  
Italian Man)

At least you know where it is,  
right?

29 INT. IRISH BAR - LATE DAY

29

Terry and Jackie sit at the bar, a number of empty "Guinness" bottles on the bar, Stevie still wearing his sunglasses, Jackie hunched over the jukebox, inspecting it, Jackie holding a bottle of "Guinness," the bar empty except for a Man sitting further down the bar, the man sipping a whiskey and staring straight ahead, the man ignoring Stevie, Terry, and Jackie.

STEVIE

(to Terry)

Best time we ever had, stealin'  
that silver "Eldorado."

JACKIE

(over his shoulder  
to Terry)

What'd you do off the pier, anyway?  
Ninety-five?

TERRY

(smiles)

Worst fucking cold I ever had.

JACKIE

(the jukebox)

Yuppies must be drinkin' in here  
now. Don't got nothin' on the  
box, man. Don't even got no  
"U-2." Just a bunch of show tunes  
'bout not gettin' fucked enough  
on rainy nights.

Jackie moves to the bar, sitting down next to Terry.

STEVIE

Hey, remember Mary Ann Conway?  
Hotter than lightnin', right?  
Taught us everythin' we know,  
didn't she?

JACKIE

(grins)

Real religious broad.

TERRY

All you had to do was slip a wafer  
on your dick, and she thought she  
was in church.

STEVIE

Katie Doherty, now she wasn't bad  
either. Great Irish butt, that  
chick.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

JACKIE

Did everytyin' 'cept lick your  
wick, didn't she?

TERRY

Yeah, I remember. Just wasn't one  
of her priorities, was it? Nobody  
did it better than Paddy Burke.  
Didn't blink for two days just  
thinking about it.

JACKIE

Yeah, had a fuckin' halo 'round her  
'til she got in the back seat.

STEVIE

(suddenly grabs Terry's  
wrist; Terry's watch)  
Shit! What time is it? Gotta go,  
Jack. OTB closes in twenty-five  
minutes. This is my day, man.

JACKIE

Luckiest day you ever had in your  
life, Stevie, your fuckin' dog got  
run over.

STEVIE

No, man, I got this sure-fire  
system now.

TERRY

Yeah? What's that?

STEVIE

I get this hard-on without thinkin'  
'bout one, pony could run blind-  
folded on ice and still clock it.

JACKIE

What do you think? Is he fucked  
up, or is he fucked up?

TERRY

Wouldn't let him operate on me.  
What about you?

JACKIE

Have to be dead two years first.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

STEVIE

Look, long as I got my dick, I  
got hope, right?

Stevie throws an arm around Terry and kisses Terry on the  
cheek.

STEVIE

(continuing)

Couldn't be happier, man. Been  
in my thoughts and on my mind.  
Gonna take this town apart on  
St. Paddy's. Gonna rattle those  
pots and pans, guy.

TERRY

(smiles)

Just try to pick one's got four  
legs, okay?

Stevie begins to leave the bar.

JACKIE

(shouts after Stevie)

Don't leave the fuckin' tip or  
nothin'.

Stevie leaves the bar, Jackie sliding a wad of bills over  
to Terry.

JACKIE

(continuing)

Get yourself fixed up, okay?  
Get yourself a room at the  
"Holland." Couple "Budweisers."  
Pick you up tomorrow 'round "two."  
Time to meet Frankie.

TERRY

(picking up the money)

Thanks, Jack.

JACKIE

(an arm around Terry)

Adventures in faraway lands, man,  
that's what it's gonna be like.  
Don't got a better friend in the  
world, I even won the Lottery.

30 EXT. HUDSON RIVER PARKING LOT - DUSK

30

Frankie's Mercedes is parked next to a Lincoln limousine on the empty lot, Nicholson standing next to the Mercedes, Frankie getting out of the limousine and closing the door, the tinted limousine window sliding down, BORELLI, late fifties, trim, tanned, ruggedly handsome, silver hair, very expensive suit-and-tie, sitting in the back seat, Borelli extending his hand to Frankie through the window. Frankie taking it, Borelli shaking Frankie's hand weakly.

BORELLI

Solving that McDonnell and Flynn problem showed a lot of initiative on your part, Frankie. I admire initiative in a man. Even more than intelligence. A man with initiative, that means he's an ambitious man, and ambition's what makes us who we are, doesn't it?

(indicates the Hudson River)

You've got a nice view up here. I don't get near the water that often. I like to be near the water. It relaxes me.

(nods)

As soon as I've got something for you, I'll have somebody call you.

Frankie nods and smiles, the limousine window sliding up, Borelli disappearing from sight.

PARKING LOT - NEW ANGLE

Frankie and Nicholson watch the limousine drive away, Frankie lighting a cigarette, his face suddenly hard.

FRANKIE

(staring after the limousine)

Guy talks about ambition, right? What's he know about ambition? Just got handed the crown. Didn't have to do no gutter work. Be Christmas twice in one year, I could pop his "guinea" ass, it didn't mean losing two million a year.

31 INT. "HOLLAND HOTEL" - HELL'S KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT

31

Terry, stripped to the waist, holding a glass of whiskey and smoking a cigarette, stares out the window at the Avenue traffic, the room very cheap, just the necessities, an open fifth of Irish whiskey on the nightstand next to the bed, Terry's gun next to the whiskey bottle.

32 INT. "PIERRE HOTEL" LOBBY - MORNING

32

Terry, carrying a take-out container of coffee, enters the elegant lobby, Kathleen, dressed in the hotel uniform, behind the reception desk, a GUEST waiting for his bill, Kathleen making it up, well-dressed guests walking in-and-out of the lobby, some of them glancing at Terry as he moves across the lobby to the desk, Terry reaching the desk, Kathleen looking up at him, the Guest glancing at him, and then glancing at his watch, Kathleen going back to the bill.

GUEST

(irritated)

I have a plane to catch.

TERRY

Yeah? You the only one on it?

The Guest glances sharply at Terry, Terry leaning an elbow on the desk and smiling at the Guest, the Guest turning back to Kathleen, Kathleen handing him his bill and his credit card, the Guest hurriedly leaving the desk, Terry taking the lid off of the container.

TERRY

(continuing)

Just wanted you to see me with my eyes open.

KATHLEEN

(smiles)

I forgot they were blue.

TERRY

You got a break coming up?

KATHLEEN

(pause)

Eleven-thirty. You sure you want to wait around that long?

TERRY

(smiles)

Take me that long to finish my coffee.

33 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - MORNING

33

Terry and Kathleen walk in the Park.

KATHLEEN

(laughs)

The last thing I remember about you, you and Jack burned down that bakery on 49th.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

Three cherry bombs through the alley window. Jack had to stand on my shoulders. Just didn't know they'd land on the stove.

KATHLEEN

(smiles)

The nuns didn't paddle you hard enough, that's all.

TERRY

They paddled us hard enough. Especially Jack. Used to be out of breath when they got done.

KATHLEEN

(pause)

Did you come back to the City, or did you just come back for the neighborhood?

TERRY

Don't know yet. Just got tired of moving around, that's all.

KATHLEEN

How long are you going to stay?

TERRY

A month. Maybe two. Just got to sort a few things out.

KATHLEEN

You know what you're going to do?

TERRY

Jack might set something up for me with Frankie. Heading out to Jersey this afternoon to see him.

Kathleen glances away, Terry studying her as they walk.

TERRY

(continuing)

Don't think much of the idea, do you?

KATHLEEN

Not really.

(CONTINUED)



33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

TERRY

Probably just be temporary. Just need some money. Didn't come back with much. Just got spent along the way.

KATHLEEN

You don't know much about Frankie anymore, do you?

TERRY

Knew him when we were kids. Couldn't've changed that much.

KATHLEEN

Everything's changed. Nothing's temporary with Frankie anymore.

TERRY

(forces a smile)

I haven't even seen him yet, Kate.

KATHLEEN

Jack and Frankie, they're my brothers, and I love them, maybe just because they are, but they're just living cartoon lives now. Maybe there used to be a reason for what they do. Maybe it was to keep the neighborhood safe, or maybe it was just to keep it Irish. Now it's just about the money.

They walk along in silence for a moment, Terry finally stopping, Kathleen stopping a few steps ahead of him, Kathleen turning back to him.

TERRY

(smiles)

I'm just going to talk to Frankie, okay? That's all I'm going to do. It doesn't mean I'm going to start hanging out in the neighborhood again. Just means I'm back here for the time being.

Kathleen nods.

KATHLEEN

I'd better get back to work.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (3)

33

TERRY

(nods)

Yeah...

Kathleen turns away from him, turns back for a moment, and then starts to walk away, Terry glancing away from her, and then back to her.

TERRY

(continuing)

Look, when I get back tonight --

(as Kathleen faces him)

-- you maybe want to get together  
or something?

CLOSE SHOT - KATHLEEN

as she glances down, and then up, smiling at Terry.

KATHLEEN

(nods)

Sure.

34 EXT. "HOLLAND HOTEL" - DAY

34

Terry stands outside the hotel, Jackie's station wagon pulling over to the curb and stopping, Jackie behind the wheel, Terry starting to walk toward the car.

35 INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

35

Terry gets into the car, Jackie pulling away from the curb before Terry has even closed the door, Jackie in an irritable mood, Terry immediately noticing it.

TERRY

(Jackie's mood)

What's wrong? You give up fucking  
smoking or something?

JACKIE

Ran into this chick Irene last  
night.

TERRY

Yeah?

JACKIE

Always have trouble walkin' the  
next day, every time I run into  
'er.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Beats me how it can feel so good  
when you got your eyes closed, and  
then hurt like hell when you open  
'em.

TERRY

(lights a cigarette)  
Kathleen still living in the city?

JACKIE

(nods)  
Got herself a place up on 77th and  
Riverside.

TERRY

Nice place?

Jackie glances at Terry, and then turns away, staring  
straight ahead.

JACKIE

Look, man, we gotta get somethin'  
straight here, okay? Kate's a  
looker. Turns heads at a  
cockfight, you got fifteen grand  
ridin' on the wrong rooster. Glad  
she's my sister. Love her, okay?  
Wouldn't mind you two gettin'  
together, my sister, my best  
friend. But Frankie's got this  
thing 'bout Kate hangin' out with  
guys work for 'im. Got this plan  
to marry 'er off to an Irish Pope  
or somethin'. Just the way it is  
with Frankie.

CLOSEUP - TERRY

as he stares straight ahead, inhales his cigarette deeply,  
and then slowly exhales the smoke.

TERRY

(nods)  
Got you.

36 EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - DAY

36

Jackie and Terry in the station wagon as it speeds across  
the bridge toward New Jersey, exhaust fumes pouring out of  
the station wagon's tailpipe.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

JACKIE

Pisses me off.

TERRY

What's that, Jack?

JACKIE

Frankie livin' in Jersey. Got  
this attitude, the Kitchen don't  
suit 'im no more. Lives like he  
never lived in it.

(nods)

Pisses me off.

TERRY

(nods)

Can understand it.

JACKIE

(glances at Terry;  
smiles)

'Cept don't tell 'im I told you.

37 EXT. FRANKIE FLANNERY'S NEW JERSEY HOME - LATE DAY 37

The station wagon turns into the long driveway of a large, modern suburban house, the Mercedes and a Jaguar parked in front of the garage, three children playing on the front lawn, their MOTHER, a "Laura Ashley" look to her, slim, almost pretty, watching them play, the station wagon SCREECHING to a halt, exhaust fumes rising up behind it.

38 INT. STATION WAGON - LATE DAY 38

Jackie starts to open the door, indicating the children.

JACKIE

Love kids. Can't wait to have 'em.  
Just gotta find the right broad,  
that's all. You know, kinda chick  
wouldn't mind me fuckin' 'round on  
the weekends, but still makes  
pancakes 'fore Sunday Mass.

39 EXT. STATION WAGON - LATE DAY 39

Jackie gets out of the car and jogs over to Frankie's Wife, giving her a big hug and a kiss, and then picking up one of the children, holding the child high above his head.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

TERRY

as he gets out of the car and stares at the house, Jackie and the children roughhousing in the b.g., Frankie's Wife watching them.

40 INT. FRANKIE'S HOME - LATE DAY

40

Terry and Jackie enter the house, a quaintness to the furnishings, obviously Frankie's Wife's taste, Frankie moving forward to greet them, Nicholson standing behind Frankie, Frankie shaking Terry's hand.

JACKIE

(laughs; indicates  
Terry)

Look what the fuckin' cat dragged  
in, man. Do you believe it?

FRANKIE

(smiles coldly)

Nice to have you back, Terry.  
Nothin' out there you can't get  
free in the neighborhood.

TERRY

(nods; the house  
furnishings)

Great stuff, Frankie.

FRANKIE

(nods)

Yeah, and it wasn't even on sale.

TERRY

Remember when you and Jack had to  
sleep in the same bed?

FRANKIE

Decided to change all that,  
didn't I?

(to Jackie)

Me and Terry got to talk. Play  
with the kids, okay? Teach them  
how to kneel or something.

41 INT. FRANKIE'S BASEMENT GAME ROOM - LATE DAY

41

Frankie and Terry are shooting a game of pool, the game almost over, Terry the better player, glasses of whiskey on the side of the table, Nicholson standing in the b.g., the room a collection of pinball machines, slot machines, electronic games, etc.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

FRANKIE

What were you doing up in the  
Bronx?

TERRY

Making ends meet.

FRANKIE

(smiles)

Didn't know you had it in you,  
Terry.

TERRY

What's that?

FRANKIE

Wasting two guys. Didn't show no  
flair for it when you was a kid.

TERRY

Cover enough miles, you get a  
flair.

FRANKIE

Takes balls, don't it?

TERRY

What?

FRANKIE

Shooting them right through the  
heart.

TERRY

They went down, that's all I know.

FRANKIE

Yeah, well, sooner or later,  
everything's connected to the  
heart, right? What was the guy's  
name?

TERRY

What guy?

FRANKIE

Guy up in the Bronx with you.

TERRY

Don't think he'd want you to know  
that.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

FRANKIE

(smiles)

What do you think? I'm going  
to invite him over to dinner?

(pause)

Just don't want any secrets between  
us, that's all.

TERRY

(pause; nods)

Guy's a "runner." Fernandez.  
"Benz" for short. Drives a grey  
Mercedes.

FRANKIE

Must be doing good.

TERRY

Just never gives money to his  
mother, that's all.

(lining up the  
final shot)

What do you think, Frankie? I'd  
do a good job for you. Bronx  
taught me how to do it.

FRANKIE

Thing is, I got a new policy.

TERRY

(aiming)

Yeah?

FRANKIE

You got to be tested, you want  
to join up.

Terry slams the final ball into a pocket.

TERRY

(glances up; smiles)

Test me.

FRANKIE

(pause; a cold smile)

Just couldn't do it, could you?

TERRY

What?

FRANKIE

Let me win.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (3)

41

TERRY  
(pause; shrugs)  
Old habit, that's all.

42 INT. FRANKIE'S KITCHEN - LATE DAY

42

Frankie, Jackie, Terry and Nicholson stand in the kitchen, all of them munching on sandwiches and drinking "Heineken" beers.

FRANKIE  
(to Terry)  
You test out, you're going to be working with Jack here.

JACKIE  
(grins)  
Fuckin' a, that's all I got to say!

FRANKIE  
(pause; an edge)  
Growing up, all you two ever did was fuck around.

JACKIE  
Knew I wasn't goin' to college, that's all.

FRANKIE  
(pause; the same edge)  
Ain't going to be the case no more, Terry. Ain't going to be playtime in the Kitchen. This is real shit. People disappear before noon, they fuck up.  
(indicates Nicholson)  
Ask Pat.

NICHOLSON  
(to Terry; biting into his sandwich)  
What can I tell you?

FRANKIE  
(to Terry)  
Ain't like when Mikie ran it, you had to waste the Mayor to get retired. Got too much riding on it now. Looks like we're going to hook up with Borelli. Do some work for him.

(CONTINUED)



42 CONTINUED:

42

TERRY  
(casually)  
Good money, huh?

JACKIE  
Gonna make fuckin' Trump look  
like a pimp with a cup.

TERRY  
(to Frankie)  
What do I have to do?

JACKIE  
(to Terry; grins)  
Gonna be a hoot, man.

43 EXT. FRANKIE'S HOME - LATE DAY

43

Terry, Jackie, Frankie and Nicholson stand on the front porch, Frankie's Wife joining them, putting an arm around Frankie's waist.

FRANKIE'S WIFE  
(to Jackie)  
You staying for dinner?

FRANKIE  
(shakes his head "no")  
Jack's got business tonight.

FRANKIE'S WIFE  
(to Frankie)  
The kids'll be disappointed.

FRANKIE  
(without looking)  
Let them be disappointed.

TERRY/JACKIE

as they walk toward the station wagon, Jackie throwing an arm around Terry's shoulder.

JACKIE  
Think you made a good impression,  
man. Mighty Mouse couldn't've  
done better. Told you, didn't I?  
Wastin' those Bronx dudes, best  
thing you could've done in Frankie's  
eyes.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

FRANKIE, FRANKIE'S WIFE AND NICHOLSON

as they watch Terry and Jackie get into the station wagon.

FRANKIE'S WIFE

(indicates Terry;  
coldly)

I don't trust him, Frankie.

FRANKIE

(nods; to Nicholson)

Check him out.

NICHOLSON

(nods)

Sounds reasonable.

44 INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

44

Jackie and Terry in the car as Jackie drives through  
Hell's Kitchen.

JACKIE

Guy's a local boy. Farragan. Grew  
up on 52nd. Nuns loved 'im. Must've  
had a good ass. Got himself a bank  
account. Sent away for new manners.  
Don't wanna kick into the collection  
basket no more.

45 EXT. FARRAGAN APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

45

A hired security guard, an unlit cigarette in his mouth,  
stands in front of the building, the building in the  
process of renovation, unoccupied, a "FOR FUTURE RENT"  
sign mounted in the middle of the building, "FARRAGAN,  
INC." on the sign in large green letters, a green  
shamrock next to it, building supplies and a dumpster  
in the street.

SECURITY GUARD

as he leans forward to light his cigarette, Terry suddenly  
behind him, an arm around his throat.

SECURITY GUARD, TERRY AND JACKIE

as Jackie moves INTO THE FRAME and slaps his gun butt  
across the security guard's head, Terry releasing his  
hold on the security guard, the security guard collapsing  
on the street, Terry and Jackie dragging the security  
guard to the dumpster, lifting him up, and then heaving  
him into it.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

## JACKIE AND TERRY

as Jackie opens the back of the station wagon, lifts up a tarpaulin, and pulls out a gasoline can, handing it to Terry, Terry suddenly very tense, trying to hide it.

JACKIE

(pulling a second  
gasoline can out;  
grins)

Way me and Frankie deal with guys  
like Farragan. Easier than sendin'  
a telegram and don't cost a thing.

46 EXT. FARRAGAN APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

46

Terry and Jackie as Terry forces open the front door with a crowbar, the gasoline cans next to them.

47 INT. FARRAGAN APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

47

Terry and Jackie are emptying their gasoline cans on the hallway floor and walls, Jackie really splashing it, Terry not splashing it as much.

JACKIE

(as he does it;  
the building)

Just tearin' down the neighborhood  
to build Yuppie nests. Got BMWs  
all over the street now. Always  
got a bunch of flowers or a bottle  
of white fuckin' wine on the front  
seat. Assholes can't live without  
their dogs. Got dog shit all over  
the sidewalks now. Didn't never  
used to be that way. Used to be,  
you dropped a cone, you could pick  
it up and finish it.

(finishes dumping  
the gasoline)

Farragan drives me crazy, kneelin'  
at the altar for his wafer every  
Sunday, people wanderin' 'round in  
the streets 'cuz of 'im.

## TERRY AND JACKIE

as they stand near the building's open front door, tossing the empty gasoline cans on the floor, Terry suddenly grabbing Jackie and beginning to drag him down the hallway toward the opposite end of the building, the walls and floor soaked with gasoline.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

JACKIE

What the fuck you doin', man?

TERRY

(indicates the front  
door behind them)

Hundred yard dash, Jack.

JACKIE

You outta your fuckin' mind?  
We're talkin' real fire!

NEW ANGLE - TERRY AND JACKIE

as they stand at the opposite end of the hallway, both of them pumped up, taking deep breaths, Terry lighting a match, holding it above him, Jackie glancing at the match, the CAMERA SLOWLY STARTING TO PULL BACK DOWN THE HALLWAY AWAY FROM THEM, Terry flipping the lighted match on the floor, the hallway, walls, and floor instantly ablaze, Terry and Jackie starting to charge through the flames toward the front door, screaming as they run, the CAMERA CONTINUING TO PULL BACK as they run toward it.

TERRY AND JACKIE

as they reach the front door, Terry ahead of Jackie, Terry winning the race, the flames ROARING behind them, both of them unscathed, hugging each other and dancing in place.

JACKIE

(shouts; an upraised fist)  
Flannery "one!" Farragan "zero!"

48 EXT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

48

Jackie and Terry inside the car as Jackie backs it up on the street at high speed, the Farragan apartment building now on fire, neighborhood residents starting to pour out of the adjoining buildings.

49 INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

49

Terry and Jackie in the car, Jackie pounding on the steering wheel and blowing the HORN as he drives, Terry still pumped up, enjoying it, suddenly beginning to shake.

50 EXT. IRISH BAR/ HELL'S KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT

50

The station wagon SCREECHES to a stop in front of the bar, angled into the parking space, Terry and Jackie getting out of the car and starting to walk toward the bar.

51 INT. IRISH BAR - NIGHT

51

Terry and Jackie enter the crowded bar, an Irish tune blaring on the JUKEBOX, Terry looking around, and then heading for the men's room, Jackie heading for the bar.

TERRY

Got to hit the "head," man.

JACKIE

Be done with two pitchers 'fore  
you even got it in your hand.

52 INT. BAR - MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

52

Terry enters the deserted men's room, Terry still exuberant, and glances around the room, suddenly losing his exuberance, beginning to pace back and forth, clenching and unclenching his fists, taking deep breaths, an explosion building up in him, suddenly slamming both fists into the mirror, cracking it, Terry closing his eyes hard and shaking his head.

53 INT. IRISH BAR - NIGHT

53

Terry leaves the men's room and makes his way through the crowd toward the bar, Jackie standing at the crowded bar next to IRENE, middle twenties, Irish, pretty, sexy, wearing a tight dress, Irene perched on a bar stool, a pitcher of beer and two mugs on the bar next to Jackie, the two mugs full, half of the pitcher already gone.

JACKIE, IRENE AND TERRY

as Terry reaches them, Jackie handing Terry a mug of beer.

JACKIE

(an arm around her;  
to Terry)

Want you to meet Irene, man.

TERRY

(raises his mug to her;  
smiles)

How you doin'?

IRENE

(a soot mark on  
Terry's cheek)

What you two boys been doing?  
Playing with matches?

JACKIE

(grins)

Tell you all 'bout it later, you  
wipe my windshield, okay?

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

IRENE

(grins)

Might have to leave it overnight,  
you want it running like new in  
the morning.

Jackie pulls Irene close to him, Irene putting an arm  
around Jackie's shoulder.

JACKIE

(to Terry)

Love to go all night with you, man --  
(indicating Irene)  
-- but if it's 'tween New York and  
Cleveland, you gotta make a choice,  
right?

CLOSE SHOT - TERRY

as he sips his beer, and then sets the mug down on the bar.

TERRY

(smiles)

Been to Cleveland, Jack. Ain't no  
choice.

54 INT. KATHLEEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING FOYER - NIGHT

54

Terry presses the intercom button, "Flannery" posted  
next to the button.

KATHLEEN (O.S.)

Who is it?

TERRY

(into the intercom)

Terry.

KATHLEEN (O.S.)

Be right down.

55 INT. UPPER WEST SIDE COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

55

Terry and Kathleen sit in a booth, empty dessert plates  
in front of them, the bill on the table, Terry sipping a  
cup of coffee, Kathleen sipping a cup of tea, the coffee  
shop uncrowded.

KATHLEEN

How'd it go with Frankie?

TERRY

Shot some pool. Nice house.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

KATHLEEN

I've seen it. Has five TV's.

TERRY

(nods)

Wife seems okay.

KATHLEEN

(smiles)

Looks real good next to Frankie  
when he has to go into court.

(pause)

Are you going to work for him?

TERRY

Nothing permanent.

KATHLEEN

(pause)

There's lots of other jobs in the  
city.

TERRY

I can't take them. Not right now.

KATHLEEN

Why not?

TERRY

I just can't.

KATHLEEN

Then I'll lend you some money until  
you get a job.

TERRY

How? You're borrowing from Jack.

KATHLEEN

Two weeks, he'll have it back.  
I could get an advance from the  
hotel.

TERRY

Don't want you doing that, Kate.

KATHLEEN

I don't spend it on anything but  
rent.

TERRY

Still don't want you doing it.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

KATHLEEN

Frankie's not the only answer,  
Terry. He's just the quickest one.

TERRY

Two, three weeks, that's all I  
need.

FRANKIE

I know Frankie. Two, three weeks,  
that's just the beginning.

56 EXT. BRONX STREET - DAY

56

Nicholson stands on the corner talking to a group of  
Hispanic men.

57 INT. BRONX BAR - DAY

57

Nicholson sits at the bar, the room crowded with  
Hispanic men and women, a salsa song blaring on the  
JUKEBOX, the BARTENDER moving down the bar to Nicholson,  
the Bartender suspicious of Nicholson.

BARTENDER

(Spanish accent)

Yeah?

NICHOLSON

Fernandez. "Benz" for short.  
Point him out.

BARTENDER

(shakes his head;  
smiles)

Gotta be kiddin', man.

Nicholson slides a hundred dollar bill across the bar,  
keeping his hand on it, the Bartender glancing at the  
bill, and then back to Nicholson.

BARTENDER

(continuing; indicating  
with his head)

End of the bar. Polka-dot shirt.

Nicholson nods, the Bartender reaching for the hundred  
dollar bill, Nicholson calmly holding it up.

NICHOLSON

(the bill)

Just wanted change.

(CONTINUED)



57 CONTINUED:

57

NICHOLSON AND FERNANDEZ

as Nicholson sits down on the bar stool next to him.

NICHOLSON

Understand you knew a Terry Noonan.

FERNANDEZ

(suddenly tense)

Get outta my face, shithead. Don't know nobody. Don't even live up here.

Nicholson suddenly grabs Fernandez's hair, pulling his head back, Fernandez reaching for his gun, his gun tucked in the waistband of his pants, Nicholson's other hand shooting under Fernandez's shirt and grabbing the gun, Nicholson keeping the gun under Fernandez's shirt and releasing Fernandez's hair, Fernandez staring down at Nicholson's hand holding the gun, the SOUND of the gun being cocked.

NICHOLSON

(calmly)

Tell me about Terry Noonan.

58/A58 INT. MERCEDES - DAY

58/A58

Nicholson, holding the car phone receiver, drives through the Bronx.

NICHOLSON

(into the receiver)

Checked out, Frankie.

(pause; as he listens)

I'll tell Jack.

59 INT. TERRY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

59

Terry is asleep in bed. The O.S. SOUND of a loud pounding on the door. Terry gradually wakes up, half-propping himself up on an elbow.

TERRY

(shouts)

Yeah?

JACKIE (O.S.)

(shouts)

Hey, it's me. Frankie wants us on the job.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

TERRY

(glances at his watch)  
It's two o'clock in the morning,  
man.

60 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

60

Jackie leans against the door lighting a cigarette.

JACKIE

Two o'clock in fuckin' mornin',  
that's when Frankie does business.  
Gotta load a van for 'im.

61 INT. HUDSON RIVER WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

61

Terry, Jackie, Stevie, wearing sunglasses, and six of Frankie's men load cases of "Jameson's" Irish Whiskey into two rented vans, Frankie and Nicholson standing in the b.g. watching them loading it.

62 EXT. IRISH BAR ALLEY - NIGHT

62

The two rental vans roll to a stop next to the back door of an Irish bar, Terry, Jackie, Stevie and two of Frankie's men getting out of one van, Frankie, Nicholson and four of Frankie's men getting out of the other van, Jackie and Terry moving to the back of their van and opening the back doors.

63 INT. IRISH BAR - NIGHT

63

Terry, Jackie, Stevie and two of Frankie's men, each of them carrying a case of "Jameson's," enter the Irish bar from the alley, Frankie, Nicholson and four of Frankie's men behind them, the bar closed, the BAR OWNER, middle sixties, Irish, white hair, sitting at a table, receipts and cash piled on the table, the owner's son cleaning up behind the bar, Terry, Jackie and the two men setting the whiskey cases on the bar, Frankie and Nicholson moving to the Bar Owner, the other four men standing in the b.g., the Bar Owner slowly standing up, the owner's son beginning to move down the bar.

FRANKIE

(to the Bar Owner)  
Got you five cases of "Jameson's."

BAR OWNER

(Irish accent)  
Don't need five cases. Nobody  
drinks it. Costs too much.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

(shrugs)  
Just charge less, that's all.  
Put it on sale.

BAR OWNER

Don't need it, Flannery.

FRANKIE

Don't matter what you need.  
Matters what I need. Nine hundred.  
All five cases. I'm doing you a  
favor. Buy it wholesale, it'd  
cost you a lot more. Probably  
wouldn't have a bar to serve it.

BAR OWNER

Mikie McDonnell ran the same scam  
on me. Except Mikie only charged  
me five hundred.

FRANKIE

(smiles)  
Might be the reason Mikie didn't  
leave nothing in his will.

BAR OWNER

(shakes his head "no")  
Don't need no goddamn "Jameson's,"  
Flannery. Won't pay you for it.

FRANKIE

(pause)  
Jack?

JACKIE

Yeah?

FRANKIE

Check out the bar. See what he  
needs.

JACKIE

Sure thing, Frankie.

Jackie goes behind the bar, pushing the owner's son aside,  
and begins tipping over liquor bottles, the bottles  
falling onto the floor and SHATTERING, the owner's son  
instinctively grabbing Jackie's arm, Jackie punching him  
hard in the stomach, the owner's son doubling over,  
Jackie continuing to tip over the liquor bottles.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

63

CLOSE SHOT - TERRY

as he glances away, trying to control his anger.

NEW ANGLE - BAR

as Jackie stops tipping over the liquor bottles and draws a draft beer for himself, leaving the tap running, the tap beginning to overflow onto the floor.

JACKIE

(to Frankie)

Looks like they're real low.  
Must've been a big night. Bar  
got crowded tomorrow, it'd go  
dry in an hour.

FRANKIE

(to the Bar Owner)

Hear that?

(the bar)

Wouldn't want it to turn into a  
desert, would you?

BAR OWNER

(hard)

Won't give you a fuckin' cent,  
Flannery.

Frankie nods to Nicholson, Nicholson suddenly punching the Bar Owner hard in the chest, the Bar Owner doubling over in pain, gasping for breath, gripping the table to support himself, the wind knocked out of him, Terry taking a few steps forward, and then stopping.

STEVIE

(to Nicholson)

What the fuck you tryin' to prove,  
man? Like beatin' up your grand-  
father. What you gonna do next?  
Push a coupla wheelchairs down  
the stairs?

FRANKIE

(to Stevie)

Shut the fuck up.

STEVIE

Just givin' an opinion.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (3)

63

FRANKIE

(to Stevie)

I want your opinion, I'll dial  
your asshole.

The Bar Owner slowly straightens up, a hand on his chest,  
still taking deep breaths.

FRANKIE

(continuing; to the  
Bar Owner)

Price just went up. Going to  
cost you fourteen hundred.

BAR OWNER

(lowers his hand from  
his chest; shakes his  
head "no")

Go fuck yourself.

Frankie stares hard at the Bar Owner, and then nods to  
Nicholson.

NICHOLSON

(to the Bar Owner; as  
he moves toward him)

Going down for the count this  
time.

Terry suddenly bolts forward and grabs Nicholson, Terry  
throwing Nicholson hard against the bar, Nicholson dazed  
for a moment, and then starting to push himself off of  
the bar, Nicholson furious, Jackie hurdling the bar,  
knocking over three "Jameson's" cases as he does it, the  
cases smashing open on the floor, whiskey and glass all  
over the floor, Nicholson starting for Terry, Terry ready  
for him, almost eager.

TERRY

(beckoning Nicholson;  
hard)

Come on!

Nicholson is halfway to Terry, Jackie suddenly between  
Terry and Nicholson, Jackie pushing Nicholson back.

NICHOLSON

Ain't your fight, Jack!

JACKIE

Makin' it mine!

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (4)

63

Nicholson glances over at Frankie, Frankie controlling his anger, Frankie moving to Jackie and taking a hold of Jackie's tee-shirt, Frankie slowly pulling Jackie away from Nicholson, Nicholson and Terry staring hard at one another, Frankie releasing his hold on Jackie's tee-shirt.

FRANKIE

(calmly)

Getting excited, Jack. No reason to do that. Must be the heat in this place. Just came in here to do business, that's all.

Jackie nods and turns away, Frankie moving to the Bar Owner's table, kicking glass out of the way as he walks to it, Frankie picking up the cash on the table and casually thumbing through it, Frankie putting the cash in his pocket.

FRANKIE

(continuing; to the  
Bar Owner; calmly)

I don't get the balance in two  
days --

(indicates the bar)

-- you'll have to scratch out your  
name in the "Yellow Pages."

64 EXT. IRISH BAR ALLEY - NIGHT

64

Terry is suddenly thrown hard against an alley wall by Frankie, Frankie leaning close to Terry.

FRANKIE

(evenly)

You fuck me up again, Noonan,  
you're out.

Frankie turns away from Terry and begins walking toward a rental van, Terry watching him leave.

65 INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

65

Jackie and Terry in the car as Jackie drives through Hell's Kitchen, Jackie opening a "Harp" beer with an opener, Jackie and Terry sharing the beer.

JACKIE

Gotta funeral tomorrow. Wanna go  
with me?

TERRY

Who died?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

JACKIE

Mickey Cassidy. Remember 'im?

TERRY

Remember his sister. Brenda, right?

JACKIE

Right. Didn't wear panties to dance class. Mickey was dumb enough to become a cop. Hear a coupla "crack heads" cut 'im in half with a shotgun up on 96th.

TERRY

Yeah, I'll go with you.

They drive in silence.

JACKIE

Don't much care 'bout Nicholson. Way I see 'im, he's just an asshole of few words, all of 'em wrong. But you gotta have more respect for Frankie, man.

TERRY

Never earned it, Jack. Not even as a kid. Just takes people out when they're not looking. What's that prove?

JACKIE

Proves he don't give a shit 'bout takin' you out.

TERRY

(pause)

Need to borrow a crowbar.

JACKIE

How come? You get locked outta your room?

CLOSEUP - TERRY

as he stares straight ahead, lighting a cigarette, his face still angry.

TERRY

Just need it, that's all.

JACKIE (O.S.)

Gettin' weirder and weirder, man.

66 INT. KATHLEEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING FOYER - NIGHT 66

Terry forces open the foyer door with a crowbar, and then tosses the crowbar on the floor.

67 INT. KATHLEEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 67

FROM BEHIND, Kathleen, wearing a nightgown, walks through the darkened apartment toward the front door, the apartment small, neat, tastefully furnished.

KATHLEEN  
(as she reaches the  
door; sleepily)  
Who is it?

TERRY (O.S.)  
Terry.

Kathleen stares at the door, and then unlocks it, opening it, light from the hallway streaming into the apartment, Terry standing framed in the doorway, a look of exhaustion, Terry slowly moving into the apartment, closing the door behind him, Terry embracing Kathleen and holding her tightly, Kathleen slowly embracing him, and then suddenly hugging him tightly, a real need between them, Terry kissing Kathleen hard on the lips, Kathleen kissing him back just as hard, their passion growing, beginning to run their hands over each other's bodies, Terry putting his hands under her nightgown.

68 EXT. ITALIAN SOCIAL CLUB - LITTLE ITALY - DAY 68

Frankie's Mercedes pulls to a stop next to the club, four of Borelli's men standing in front of the club door, Nicholson getting out of the car and walking around the car to the rear passenger door, opening it, Frankie getting out of the car and beginning to walk toward the club's front door, stopping in front of it, one of Borelli's men quickly patting Frankie down, the insult registering on Frankie's face, another Borelli man opening the club door for him.

69 INT. ITALIAN SOCIAL CLUB - DAY 69

Borelli, JIMMY CAVELLO, early thirties, short, dark, a slight scar on his forehead, expensively dressed, and Frankie sit at the table, espresso cups in front of them, a plate of Italian cookies in the middle of the table, Nicholson standing against a wall, Borelli's men standing against the opposite wall.

BORELLI  
If we're going to work together,  
Frankie, we've got a little problem  
we've got to solve first.

(CONTINUED)



FRANKIE

What problem?

BORELLI

Kid's name is Stevie McGuire.  
He lives in your neighborhood.  
You know him?

FRANKIE

(nods)

Grew up with him. Does some  
errands for me.

BORELLI

(indicates Cavello)

Owes Jimmy here eight grand. Now,  
eight grand, that's not a lot of  
money. I've got guys owing me  
eighty. Except I know I'm going  
to get it back from them.

(sips his espresso)

It's not really the eight grand  
that's got Jimmy and me upset.  
It's this McGuire kid's attitude.  
Jimmy went asking for our money,  
and this McGuire, he spilled his  
drink on Jimmy's new cashmere.  
Did it deliberately, that's what  
Jimmy tells me. Now Jimmy can't  
get the stain out. He tried six  
cleaners, and all they could do was  
fade it. The kid just doesn't have  
any respect for Jimmy, and if he  
doesn't have any respect for Jimmy,  
then he doesn't have any respect  
for me either.

(sips his espresso)

Now, the most important thing about  
being in business is manners, the  
way I see it, it wouldn't really  
be proper if we had to go into your  
neighborhood and solve our problem.

Frankie picks up an Italian cookie and bites into it, the  
crumbs falling onto the floor, Frankie brushing them off  
the table, the crumbs falling onto the floor, Borelli and  
Cavello noticing it.

FRANKIE

(chewing the cookie;  
smiles)

What problem? I don't see a problem.

70 INT. "MATTY'S" BAR - NIGHT

70

FROM BEHIND, Nicholson moves through the crowded, loud bar, an Irish ballad blaring on the JUKEBOX, glancing around, looking for somebody, and then spotting him.

NICHOLSON'S POV

Stevie, wearing sunglasses, sits in a booth with a pretty young woman, a pitcher of beer and two mugs on the table in front of them.

NICHOLSON

as he approaches the booth, passing another booth, FINN, an old Irishman sitting in the booth with two other old men, Finn glancing up at Nicholson as Nicholson passes the booth.

STEVIE

as he glances up in Nicholson's direction, sudden apprehension on his face.

NICHOLSON, STEVIE AND YOUNG WOMAN

as Nicholson reaches the booth and leans a hand on the coat rack attached to the booth and bends down toward Stevie.

NICHOLSON

How you doing, Stevie?  
(to the young woman;  
indicates Stevie)  
We got to talk, okay?

STEVIE

Hey, not tonight, Pat.  
(indicates the young woman)  
Best pony I've had all week, man.  
Right in the middle of tellin' 'er  
my life story.

Nicholson takes Stevie's sunglasses off and lays them on the table, Nicholson taking Stevie's arm and beginning to pull him out of the booth.

NICHOLSON

Won't take long. Promise.

NICHOLSON AND STEVIE

as Nicholson guides Stevie through the crowd, an arm tightly around Stevie's shoulder, Stevie glancing back at the woman, suddenly frightened.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

NICHOLSON

Matter of eight grand you owe  
Jimmy Cavello. Should've quit  
at two.

STEVIE

Cavello? What you got to do with  
Cavello?

71 EXT. BAR ALLEY - NIGHT

71

The back door crashes open and Nicholson pushes Stevie  
into the alley, the Mercedes parked halfway up the alley,  
Frankie standing in front of it, beginning to walk toward  
Stevie and Nicholson.

FRANKIE, STEVIE AND NICHOLSON

as Frankie reaches them, Nicholson grabbing Stevie's hair  
and pulling Stevie's head back, Nicholson taking a knife  
out of a jacket pocket and opening it.

FRANKIE

Nothing personal, Stevie. Cavello  
just got tired of betting on you,  
that's all.

STEVIE

(frightened)

Hey, man, you ain't gonna cut me up  
over eight grand don't even belong  
to you.

FRANKIE

(smiles)

Ain't my habit to cut people up.

STEVIE

(glances at Nicholson;  
then back to Frankie)

Look, we grew up together, man.  
You, Jack, and me.

FRANKIE

Stickball's been over for twenty  
years, Stevie. Most we ever did  
together was share a Popsicle.

STEVIE

Been workin' on the eight grand.  
Chippin' away at it. Honest.  
Just lemme make a phone call, okay?  
Check on it.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

FRANKIE  
(shakes his head "no")  
Should've made it yesterday.  
Rent's overdue.

STEVIE  
(terrified)  
We were friends!

FRANKIE  
Wrong, Stevie. Friends I got,  
they don't owe money.

STEVIE  
(struggling with  
Nicholson; screams  
at Frankie)  
You fuck!

Frankie tenses, and then calmly takes the knife from  
Nicholson.

FRANKIE  
(evenly)  
Shouldn't've said that, Stevie.  
Really wasn't polite. Was going  
to let Pat here do it. Pat's an  
expert. You wouldn't've felt  
a thing. Me, I'm just an amateur  
when it comes to throats. Now  
it's going to hurt.

Frankie slowly slits Stevie's throat, Nicholson continuing  
to pull Stevie's head back even further, Nicholson letting  
go of Stevie's hair, Stevie slumping to the ground, Frankie  
bending down and wiping the knife blade on Stevie's shirt,  
and then handing the knife back to Nicholson.

NICHOLSON  
(indicates Stevie)  
Didn't make a sound, Frankie. Did  
a lot better than you thought you  
would, didn't you?

72 INT. UPPER WEST SIDE COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

72

Terry and Kathleen sit in a booth, breakfast plates in  
front of them, Jackie entering the coffee shop, glancing  
around, spotting Terry and Kathleen, a trace of anger on  
his face for a moment when he sees them together, and then  
moving toward their booth. Terry and Kathleen glancing up  
at Jackie as he reaches them.

JACKIE  
Been lookin' all over for you.  
Word's out. Stevie's dead.

73 EXT. HUDSON RIVER PIER - MORNING

73

Jackie, Terry and Kathleen stand on the pier, a crowd of neighborhood people gathered around them, police lines set up, police divers attaching a hoist to Stevie's body being hoisted out of the water, uniformed cops and detectives standing on the pier, squad cars and a morgue van parked on the pier.

## STEVIE'S BODY

as the hoist sets the body on the pier, the cut on his throat very visible.

## JACKIE, TERRY, KATHLEEN AND CROWD

as they watch.

## JACKIE

(angry)

Jesus, cut his throat, the fucks!

People glance disapprovingly at Jackie.

## JACKIE

(continuing; to the people)

What do you want from me?! I knew the fuckin' guy!

## FRANKIE'S MERCEDES

as it pulls to a stop near the pier, Frankie and Nicholson getting out of it and beginning to walk toward Jackie, Terry and Kathleen.

## JACKIE, TERRY AND KATHLEEN

as Terry puts an arm around Kathleen's shoulder.

## TERRY

(to Kathleen and Jackie)

Come on. Let's get out of here.

Jackie, Terry and Kathleen turn around to leave, Frankie and Nicholson reaching them, Frankie glancing at Terry's arm around Kathleen's shoulder, and then glancing up at Terry, Terry keeping his arm around Kathleen's shoulder, Frankie leaning over and kissing Kathleen on the cheek.

## FRANKIE

How you doing, Kate?

## KATHLEEN

Not too good.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

JACKIE

(to Frankie)

Cut Stevie's throat, man!

FRANKIE

(nods)

Yeah, I heard.

JACKIE

Gotta find out who did it, Frankie.  
Whoever it was, fucker takes a  
tumble.

FRANKIE

Feel the same way, Jack. Really  
liked Stevie. Got up in my face  
every once in a while, but I still  
liked him.

(indicates Nicholson)

Putting Pat on it today.

NEW ANGLE - FRANKIE AND NICHOLSON

as they watch Jackie, Terry and Kathleen walk toward  
Jackie's station wagon in the b.g.

FRANKIE

(indicates Terry)

Keep an eye on him, okay? Don't  
trust the guy. Never did.

JACKIE, TERRY AND KATHLEEN

as they reach the station wagon, Jackie opening a door  
and then slamming it shut in anger, Jackie suddenly  
kicking the side of the car hard.

JACKIE

Don't believe it! What's going on?  
Stevie never hurt nobody. Borrowed  
money, that's all he did. Who'd  
kill 'im over fuckin' money?

KATHLEEN

It's the way you guys live, Jack.  
You borrow money, you forget about  
it, you don't pay it back. How  
many wakes did we go to growing  
up just because somebody forgot  
to pay back money?

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (2)

73

JACKIE

Look, we do some deals, we might even fuck up a coupla characters to get 'em done, but we don't kill our own, okay? What do you know, anyway? You haven't been 'round for years. What am I even talkin' to you for?

Jackie moves away from Kathleen, and then suddenly kicks the car again, Jackie turning away from the car and staring at the Hell's Kitchen area.

JACKIE

(continuing; without looking; voice slightly breaking)  
Guy never hurt anybody.

Terry moves to Jackie.

TERRY

We'll find out who did it, Jack.  
We'll find out who did it, and  
we'll take care of it, okay?

74 EXT. "PIERRE HOTEL" - MORNING

74

The station wagon pulls to a stop at the Pierre Hotel, Kathleen getting out of the car and beginning to walk toward the hotel entrance, Terry getting out of the car and following her.

TERRY AND KATHLEEN

as he reaches her, taking her arm.

TERRY

I'll see you later.

KATHLEEN

What's the point?

TERRY

The point is, I care about you, okay?

KATHLEEN

You, Jack and Frankie, you're going to start looking for the guys who killed Stevie, and when you find them, what are you going to do about it?

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

TERRY  
(glances behind him at  
the station wagon)  
Look, you going to be home tonight?  
We could talk about it.

Kathleen glances away, and then stares down at the ground.

TERRY  
(continuing)  
We need to talk about it, Kate.  
I don't know what I'm doing yet.  
We need to talk.

KATHLEEN  
(pause; glances up;  
slowly nods her head  
"yes")  
Call me.

75 INT. STATION WAGON - MORNING

75

Terry gets into the car and slams the door shut hard.

JACKIE  
(indicates Kathleen)  
Won't take my advice, huh?

TERRY  
Don't know what's happening yet,  
okay?

JACKIE  
Personally, I'm thrilled, man.  
Just hope you live long enough to  
teach your kids part of the alphabet.  
(starts the engine)  
Just ain't gonna be our day 'til  
we get to a bar, is it? Got that  
Cassidy funeral in Queens. Hate  
drivin' in Queens. Always get lost  
in Queens.

TERRY  
You want me to drive?

JACKIE  
(shakes his head "no")  
Naw. Then I'd have to look out  
the window.



76 EXT. STATION WAGON - MORNING

76

The station wagon peels away from the curb and drives up the street, exhaust fumes rising behind it.

77 EXT. QUEENS CEMETERY - POLICE FUNERAL - DAY

77

Jackie, carrying a sixteen ounce can of "Budweiser" in a paper bag, and Terry, push their way through the silent crowd in front of the spectator line, uniformed cops lining the funeral route to the gravesite, all of them wearing dress uniforms and white gloves, police pipers marching in front of the flag-draped casket, the pipers playing the funeral dirge, uniformed cops, police officials, politicians, etc., marching behind the casket, silent spectators on both sides of the funeral route, media people taping the event, etc., acres of gravestones in the b.g.

TERRY AND JACKIE

as they watch the funeral procession, passing the can of beer back and forth to each other.

JACKIE

Nice turnout, huh?

(the cops)

Give a shit white gloves, he almost looks human, don't he?

(the pipers)

Now, those guys, they're different. They got class. At least when they're playin' a tune.

TERRY

(nods)

The old man loved cop funerals.

JACKIE

(nods)

Remember when he died. That was some wake, man. Got so blasted, didn't think I was gonna turn seventeen.

TERRY

(indicates the funeral procession)

Ain't going to be like this when we go. Probably paste shamrocks on our foreheads and stick us next to an expressway.

JACKIE

(nods)

Two years later, we're buried under a fuckin' mall, right?

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

TERRY  
People walking all over us just  
to get a milkshake.

CLOSEUP - TERRY

as he tenses.

TERRY'S POV

Charlie and Alvarez, wearing their dress uniforms, are  
marching in the police procession behind the casket.

TERRY AND JACKIE

as Terry glances away for a moment, and then back, Jackie  
sipping the beer.

TERRY'S POV

as Charlie and Alvarez march past him, both of them  
catching Terry out of a corner of their eye.

TERRY AND JACKIE

as Jackie turns away from the funeral procession, Charlie  
and Alvarez marching away in the b.g.

JACKIE  
No, man, it's too depressin'. Just  
not in the mood for a double-feature.  
First Stevie, now this. Let's hit  
the bar.

78 INT. IRISH BAR - QUEENS - DAY

78

Jackie and Terry enter the bar, uniformed cops and off-  
duty cops checking their guns, Jackie and Terry pushing  
their way through the crowd to the bar, the room jammed  
with uniformed cops, their hats off, their jackets  
unbuttoned, and off-duty cops, all of them drinking,  
talking, laughing, etc., the pipers sitting at various  
tables, some of them playing a tune on their bagpipes,  
Jackie holding up two fingers to the bartender.

JACKIE  
Two "Guinness"!

CLOSEUP - TERRY

as he stiffens slightly.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

TERRY'S POV

as Charlie and Alvarez enter the room and move to the bar, their hats off, unbuttoning their jackets, noticing Terry at the bar.

TERRY AND JACKIE

as Jackie picks up two bottles of "Guinness" beer, handing one of them to Terry, Jackie flipping a ten dollar bill on the bar, the bartender picking it up, Jackie glancing around the room.

JACKIE  
(nudges Terry; points  
his bottle)  
Cassidy's old man.

TERRY AND JACKIE'S POV

The elder CASSIDY, dressed in a black suit, a folded American flag on his lap, sits at a table, cops approaching the table and paying their respects to him.

TERRY AND JACKIE

as they stand at the bar.

JACKIE  
(indicates the elder  
Cassidy)  
Better pay my respects. Wanna  
come?

TERRY  
(sips his beer)  
Never knew him.

JACKIE  
Be right back.

JACKIE

as he moves toward the Cassidy table, getting in line behind two cops waiting to pay their respects.

TERRY AND CHARLIE

as Charlie slides next to Terry at the bar.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (2)

78

CHARLIE  
(to the bartender)  
Give me a "Bud"!  
(to Terry; without  
looking)  
They check up on Fernandez?

TERRY  
(without looking)  
Must have.

The Bartender places a bottle of "Budweiser" in front of Charlie, Charlie throwing two dollars on the bar.

CHARLIE  
(without looking)  
We got to talk. Call me.

Terry nods slightly as Charlie moves away from him, instantly lost in the crowd, Terry sipping his beer, Jackie pushing his way through the crowd INTO THE FRAME, standing next to Terry.

JACKIE  
(indicates the elder  
Cassidy)  
Guy's so old, he thinks it's his  
brother's funeral.  
(shakes his head)  
Shouldn't've come. Can't stop  
thinkin' 'bout that cut on Stevie's  
neck.

TERRY  
Let's see what Nicholson finds out.

JACKIE  
What's he gonna find out? Fuckin'  
Pat can't even find his ass when  
he's sittin' on it.

79 EXT. QUEENS STREET - LATE DAY

79

Jackie and Terry walk toward the station wagon.

JACKIE  
What do you think? You think maybe  
the Italians did it?

TERRY  
Could've been anybody. Wasn't just  
"lira." Stevie owed everybody.

80 INT. IRISH SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

80

Frankie, Nicholson, Jackie and Terry sit at a table, intense anger on Jackie's face, beer pitchers and whiskey bottles on the table, the club crowded and noisy, an Irish TUNE playing on the jukebox, Jackie downing a glass of whiskey, and then slamming the glass down on the table.

JACKIE

Fuckin' Cavello! Knew he "did"  
Stevie!

(to Terry)

Told you it was the "guineas,"  
didn't I?

TERRY

(to Frankie)

How'd you find out it was Cavello?

FRANKIE

(indicates Nicholson)

Pat found out.

NICHOLSON

(to Terry; an edge)

Put a quarter in the phone like  
you're supposed to do, that's all.

JACKIE

(to Frankie)

What are we gonna do, man? We gonna  
nail the fucker or what?

FRANKIE

No heads coming off 'til Borelli's  
set, Jack. Deal means too much.  
Means we can all retire to Phoenix.  
We "do" Cavello right now, Borelli'll  
get upset.

JACKIE

Shit, maybe Mikie and Flynn were  
right. Maybe we should've skipped  
the "guineas." I mean, come on,  
man, what's more important? The  
"guineas" or the neighborhood?

Frankie suddenly grabs Jackie's wrist and holds it tightly.

FRANKIE

(evenly)

Neighborhood ain't going to be  
around much longer, Jack. Borelli's  
the future, okay?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
Don't fuck up the future. Don't  
do that. Cavello keeps getting  
up in the morning 'til I say  
different.

(pause; let's go of  
Jackie's wrist)  
You got me, Jack? Or do I got to  
put it in writing?

JACKIE  
(angrily standing up)  
Yeah, I got you, man.

Jackie suddenly stares hard at the bar, the rest of the  
table glancing in the direction of the bar.

JACKIE AND TABLE'S POV

Irene and a customer are sitting at the bar, both of them  
talking and laughing.

JACKIE

as he angrily begins pushing through the crowd toward  
the bar.

JACKIE, IRENE AND CUSTOMER

as Jackie reaches the bar, grabs the customer, pulls him  
off of his bar stool, forces his head down, and then knees  
him in the face, next slamming him head-first into the  
bar, Jackie now out of control, Irene screaming, trying  
to stop Jackie from beating up the customer, bar customers  
moving away from the fight.

FRANKIE, NICHOLSON AND TERRY

as they watch the fight.

NICHOLSON  
(to Terry; indicating  
Jackie; a dig)  
Thought you two always worked  
together.

TERRY  
(to Nicholson; an edge)  
Didn't ask me, that's all.

Terry and Nicholson stare hard at each other, Frankie  
glancing between them sensing the tension.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (2)

80

## FIGHT

as Jackie finishes beating up the customer, Irene finally pulling Jackie off the customer, Jackie pushing Irene away from him, Jackie sweeping glasses and bottles off of the bar in his rage, the club now silent except for the Irish TUNE on the jukebox, Jackie starting to push his way through the crowd, the crowd quickly parting for him as he heads for the front door.

FRANKIE, NICHOLSON AND TERRY

as they sit at the table, noise beginning in the club again, Frankie pouring himself another glass of whiskey.

FRANKIE

(to Terry; shakes  
his head)

Ain't never seen Jack like this.  
Hope you ain't putting ideas in  
his head.

(sips his whiskey)

Jack tell you what I feel about  
my guys hooking up with Kate?

TERRY

(evenly)

He told me.

FRANKIE

(smiles)

Good.

81 INT. KATHLEEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING FOYER - NIGHT

81

Terry pushes the intercom button for Kathleen's apartment.

KATHLEEN (O.S.)

Who is it?

TERRY

Terry. We got to find Jack.

82 EXT. NINTH AVENUE - NIGHT

82

Terry and Kathleen walk quickly along the street.

83 EXT. NINTH AVENUE IRISH BAR - NIGHT

83

Kathleen stands outside of the bar, Terry leaving the bar and walking to her.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

TERRY  
(the bar)  
Hasn't been in there.

KATHLEEN  
(pause)  
I think I know where he might be.

84 INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - HELL'S KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT 84

Jackie sits in the last pew, Jackie holding a bottle of "Harp" beer, the cardboard six-pack and five empty bottles in the pew next to him, the church lighted by the red votive candles burning at the side altars, Kathleen and Terry entering the church, both of them moving to Jackie.

KATHLEEN  
(quietly)  
Jack?

Jackie glances behind him, and then turns away again.

JACKIE  
(drunkenly)  
Offer you a beer, Kate, 'cept I  
drank all of 'em. How you doin',  
Terry?

TERRY  
Doing okay.

KATHLEEN  
Time to go, Jack.

Jackie suddenly lowers his head and begins to cry.

JACKIE  
(as he cries)  
Ain't nobody loved Stevie like I did.

KATHLEEN  
Stevie always knew that, Jack.

85 INT. "EMPIRE DINER" - NIGHT

85

Terry and Kathleen sit in a booth, Terry sipping a cup of coffee, Kathleen sipping a cup of tea.

TERRY  
Just needs to sleep it off, that's  
all.

(CONTINUED)



85 CONTINUED:

85

KATHLEEN

Just remembering the time Stevie and Jack jumped those buildings on 51st. Think they were trying to impress me.

TERRY

Nothing we didn't do, was there?

KATHLEEN

(pause)

We could get out of New York, Terry. Chicago. Boston. We don't have to stay here. Every city has a hotel. I could get transferred.

Terry nods and stares down at his coffee cup.

KATHLEEN

(continuing)

At least think about it, okay?

TERRY

(glances up)

Sure.

TERRY

as he stands at the Diner's pay phone holding the receiver, his back to Kathleen, Kathleen visible in the b.g. still sitting in the booth.

TERRY

(into the phone)

Got you.

Terry hangs up the receiver and turns back toward Kathleen.

TERRY AND KATHLEEN

as he sits down in the booth again.

TERRY

Must've been asleep. Didn't pick up.

KATHLEEN

(forces a smile;  
sadly)

He'll be all right. Jack always comes back.

86 EXT. "EMPIRE DINER" - NIGHT

86

Terry and Kathleen leave the diner, Terry hailing a cab for Kathleen, the cab pulling over to the curb, Terry opening the door for Kathleen, Terry and Kathleen embracing each other and kissing.

87 INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

87

Nicholson sits behind the wheel sipping a take-out container of coffee, Terry and Kathleen visible through the windshield in the b.g. as they embrace and kiss.

TERRY

as he shuts the cab door and watches the cab pull out into traffic.

88 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - 42ND STREET - NIGHT

88

Terry walks toward the 42nd Street subway station.

89 INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

89

Nicholson drives along 42nd Street, Terry visible through the windshield in the b.g. as he walks toward the subway station.

TERRY

as he reaches the subway station and starts down the stairs.

MERCEDES

as it pulls into a "No parking" area on 42nd Street across from the subway station.

NICHOLSON

Inside the Mercedes as he starts to open the door to get out, a uniformed COP moving INTO THE FRAME and bending down toward Nicholson.

COP

(nods)

Yeah, you can park here if you want, except your car won't be here when you get back, and it'll cost you two hundred bucks you ever want to drive it again. What do you think? You want to go to the movies that much?

90 INT. 42ND STREET DOWNTOWN SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT 90

Terry stands on the platform, glancing around, a train pulling away from the platform, people milling around on the platform, Charlie suddenly walking out of the crowd toward Terry, Charlie passing Terry without looking at him, Terry catching Charlie out of a corner of his eye, Charlie continuing to walk further up the platform.

91 INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT 91

Terry leans against the end door of the car, the car uncrowded, Terry glancing toward the door at the opposite end of the car.

TERRY'S POV

as Charlie slides open the door, slams it shut, and begins walking through the car toward Terry.

TERRY AND CHARLIE

as Charlie reaches him, Charlie sliding open the end car door, the train NOISE much louder, sparks occasionally flying up between the cars.

CHARLIE

What's going on? We found this kid Stevie McGuire floating in the Hudson. Flannery have anything to do with it?

TERRY

Might have. Can't prove it yet. Looks like it's going down the way we figured. Frankie took out McDonnell and Flynn. Gives him his shot with Borelli. McGuire was screwing around with Jimmy Cavello. If Frankie killed McGuire, then Borelli's ready to jump into bed with him.

CHARLIE

Just guesses, man. What do you got for sure?

TERRY

Nothing. Can't get close to Frankie. Hasn't changed since we were kids. Keeping me on the nickel and dime shit. Won't let me get near the Italians.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

CHARLIE

Got to get close to him. Anything  
you need to do, just do it.

TERRY

Like trying to squeeze through a  
fucking keyhole.

CHARLIE

We got to pin McGuire on him.  
We don't do that, Frankie starts  
on his Italian lessons next week.

TERRY

I'll keep looking. Somebody's got  
to know something.

CHARLIE

What about wearing a "wire"?

TERRY

Not yet. Kitchen guys, they're  
always throwing their arms around  
you.

CHARLIE

(nods)

Keep in touch. If Borelli and  
Flannery start cutting the cards,  
people are going to start dropping  
dead all over the city.

TERRY

Soon as I got something.

CHARLIE

I need you, I'll leave a message  
at the "Holland."

TERRY

What message?

CHARLIE

(the message)

Call "Jackie."

92 INT. DOWNTOWN WEST SIDE SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

92

The train doors slide open, Terry leaving the car and  
beginning to walk toward a stairway marked "UPTOWN."

93 INT. "PIERRE HOTEL" - DAY

93

Frankie walks through the lobby toward the desk, Kathleen behind the desk, hotel guests walking in and out of the lobby, Frankie somewhat self-conscious about being in such a luxury setting, Frankie constantly readjusting his tie as he walks toward the desk, Frankie reaching the desk, Kathleen glancing up, surprised to see him.

FRANKIE

We got to talk, Kate.

94 INT. "PIERRE HOTEL BAR" - DAY

94

Frankie and Kathleen sit at the bar, drinks in front of them, Frankie munching on the bar peanuts, the Bartender at the opposite end of the bar, the bar uncrowded, several couples at the bar tables, etc.

KATHLEEN

What do you want, Frankie?

FRANKIE

(smiles)

Don't got to want something all the time, do I?

KATHLEEN

I never knew you when you didn't want something. It's just the way you are.

FRANKIE

Who took care of you when we were kids? Guys tried to hit on you, who went out looking for them?

KATHLEEN

I never asked you to do it.

FRANKIE

Guys stopped hitting on you, didn't they? Didn't always win, but they got the message.

(pause)

Don't know what happened between us, Kate. Kind of like you never wanted to know me.

KATHLEEN

You were never around, Frankie. I just heard all the stories about you.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

FRANKIE

Old man was always pissing away the money. Somebody had to keep us going. You and Jack, you didn't even know how to change your underwear.

KATHLEEN

You kept us going. I always gave you that.

FRANKIE

(pause)

Just wanted to tell you something I thought you should know. It's about Terry Noonan, okay? I had it checked out.

KATHLEEN

What about Terry?

FRANKIE

He's been dealing drugs up in the Bronx ever since he got back to the City. Killed two buyers last week. Shot them point-blank. Buy was supposed to be three-grand. Guys just didn't want to come up with it. Ain't just stealing "Eldorados" no more, Kate.

Kathleen stares at Frankie, hit hard by the news.

KATHLEEN

(without looking)

Why'd you have to tell me?

FRANKIE

Just thought it was right, that's all.

KATHLEEN

(glances back)

When did you discover "right," Frankie?

95 EXT. STREET - HELL'S KITCHEN AREA - DAY

95

The station wagon, Jackie and Terry in it, pulls into a parking space, Jackie and Terry getting out of the car, Jackie moving to the back of the car and opening the wagon's back door.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

JACKIE AND TERRY

as Jackie hands Terry a crowbar from the back of the wagon.

JACKIE  
(the crowbar)  
Don't lose this one, okay? Costs  
money. Don't come in "Cracker  
Jack" boxes no more.

Jackie reaches into the back of the wagon again, Jackie  
pulling out an ax wrapped in a blanket, Jackie pointing  
at two tenement buildings with the ax head.

JACKIE  
(continuing)  
You take Finn. He's easy.

TERRY  
What's he owe?

JACKIE  
Seven hundred. Not a bad old guy.  
He don't got it, just scare 'im.  
Don't leave no marks.

TERRY  
No problem.

JACKIE  
(the other building)  
Now, McAndrews, he owes thirty-six  
hundred. Guy's an asshole, too.  
(shows the ax)  
Wouldn't open his door last time.

A95 INT. TENEMENT BUILDING FOYER - DAY

A95

Terry scans the names next to the buzzer, finds "FINN,"  
and then forces open the foyer door with the crowbar.

96 INT. TENEMENT STAIRWAY - DAY

96

Terry climbs the stairway to the third floor landing.

TERRY

as he checks the door numbers on the third floor, finding  
the right number, knocking hard on the door, waiting for  
a moment, and then knocking hard again.

(CONTINUED)

FINN (O.S.)

(Irish accent)

Who is it?

TERRY

Got to open up, Finn. Got to talk about the money you owe the Flannerys.

FINN (O.S.)

Ain't got no money today.

TERRY

Still got to open up. Still got to talk about the problem.

FINN (O.S.)

I know you guys. I open up, I'm gonna be limpin' for the rest of the week.

TERRY

Won't touch you. That's a promise. Got orders not to touch you. Just talk. Maybe figure out a way you can work the seven hundred off.

FINN (O.S.)

I'm an old man. Ain't got no money today.

TERRY

Wouldn't look good, I had to go back and tell the Flannerys you wouldn't open the door. They hear that, they might send somebody over with an ax. Got a nice door here. Can't get this kind of wood no more. Wouldn't want them to chop it up, would you?

FINN (O.S.)

I open this door, you ain't gonna hurt me, right?

TERRY

Told you. Got orders not to touch you.

The SOUND of two locks being unlocked from the inside, and the door opens, Finn standing in the doorway.

(CONTINUED)



96 CONTINUED: (2)

96

TERRY

(continuing)

Got any money at all? Maybe ten bucks. Something I could take back to them.

FINN

Don't got no money at all. Can't even buy groceries this week. Eatin' stewed tomatoes out of a can...

(pause; slowly)

I know you...

TERRY

You don't know me. Just started working for the Flannerys.

FINN

(nodding)

Sure... Terry Noonan. You're Terry Noonan. Eddie Noonan's boy. Hell, I even went to your baptism. Best party your old man ever threw. Your dad, he used to show me pictures. We'd play cards, and he'd show me pictures of you.

(shakes his head)

Can't believe you're workin' for the Flannery brothers.

TERRY

(glances away)

Look, you owe money. That's all I knew.

FINN

Workin' for Frankie and Jack Flannery. Wasn't that bad when Mikie ran it. Least he didn't cut throats. Frankie and Jack, they're just bums. Your dad, he'd whip you raw, he knew you were workin' for the Flannerys.

TERRY

(turns to leave)

Look, I'll tell them you're eating stewed tomatoes, okay?

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (3)

96

FINN

You watch how you walk, son.  
Flannerys turn on everybody.  
Just like they turned on that  
McGuire boy.

TERRY

(turns back)

What?

FINN

(nods)

That's right. Saw McGuire the  
night they picked him up for the  
kill at "Matty's." Way he got  
led out, I could tell right off  
it was a kill.

TERRY

(slowly)

Who led him out?

FINN

Way they're actin', Flannerys  
don't much care who knows their  
business.

TERRY

(moving closer)

Who'd you see?

FINN

(stares at Terry;  
suddenly frightened)

Nobody. Didn't see nobody. You  
tell them I can't pay. You tell  
them I'm eatin' stewed tomatoes  
out of a can.

TERRY

FROM BEHIND, as he hurries down the stairs.

97 EXT. TENEMENT STREET - DAY

97

Terry, carrying the crowbar, leaves the apartment building,  
Jackie across the street in the b.g., Jackie leaning  
against the station wagon, the ax in his hand, Jackie  
grinning.

TERRY AND JACKIE

as Terry reaches Jackie, Terry tossing the crowbar into  
the back of the wagon.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

JACKIE

How'd it go?

TERRY

Guy's eating out of cans. Screamed at him, that's all. What about you?

JACKIE

Had to take the door down. Real nice wood. Don't make it anymore. Then McAndrews decided he wanted to tumble. Big mistake. Shit, man, you should've seen it, tossin' 'round on the fuckin' linoleum, his old lady hollerin'. Bit off most of his right ear. That stopped 'im in zero-point-two seconds.

TERRY

Jesus, Jack, his right ear?

JACKIE

Don't see the problem, man. Still got one on his left, don't he?

98 EXT. STREET - HELL'S KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT 98  
Terry walks along the street.

99 INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT 99  
Nicholson inside the car as he follows Terry, Terry visible in the b.g. through the windshield as he walks along the street.

100 EXT. "MATTY'S" BAR - NIGHT 100  
Terry starts to cross the avenue toward the bar.

101 INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT 101  
Nicholson pulls the car over to the curb and stops, continuing to watch Terry, Terry visible in the b.g. through the windshield as he walks towards "Matty's."

102 INT. "MATTY'S" - NIGHT 102  
Terry enters the bar and glances around, the bar almost empty, and then moves to the bar, taking out his gun, keeping it at his side, walking around the bar, confronting the startled Bartender, Terry jamming his gun against the Bartender's stomach.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

TERRY  
(as he does so)  
Break time!

103 INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

103

Nicholson hangs up the car phone, and then stares out the window at "Matty's" visible in the b.g.

104 INT. FRANKIE'S BASEMENT GAME ROOM - NIGHT

104

Frankie hangs up the phone, his children playing loudly in the b.g., Frankie staring straight ahead, his face set hard, suddenly turning toward his children.

FRANKIE  
(to the children)  
Shut up!

Frankie turns away from his children, the children instantly silent.

105 INT. "MATTY'S" STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

105

Terry has the Bartender backed up against stacked cases of "Harp" and "Guinness" beer, his gun pressed hard against the Bartender's throat, the gun cocked.

BARTENDER  
Left with a big guy around eleven.

TERRY  
(presses the gun harder)  
What big guy?

BARTENDER  
Guy always hangs out with Frankie Flannery. Didn't see nothing else. Just saw them leave. Took the back door.

Terry presses the gun even harder against the Bartender's throat, the Bartender gagging, Terry suddenly realizing what he is doing, Terry slowly lowering the gun, his hand shaking.

106 INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

106

Nicholson sits behind the wheel watching "Matty's," Terry visible through the windshield in the b.g. as he leaves the bar and begins to walk down the avenue.

107 EXT. MERCEDES - NIGHT 107

Nicholson gets out of the car, shutting the door, making sure the door is locked, and then begins walking across the avenue toward "Matty's."

108 INT. "MATTY'S" - NIGHT 108

Nicholson enters "Matty's" and begins walking toward the bar, the room empty except for an old woman at one end of the bar, the Bartender cleaning up behind the bar, Nicholson reaching the bar, the Bartender turning around to face him, the Bartender recognizing him, the Bartender instantly frightened, starting to back down the bar, Nicholson raising his gun/silencer and FIRING three times, all three shots hitting the Bartender, the Bartender dropping to the floor behind the bar, DISAPPEARING FROM THE FRAME, Nicholson swiveling his gun/silencer toward the old woman.

NICHOLSON'S POV

as the old woman sits at the bar, hunched over her drink, mumbling to herself, unaware that the Bartender has been shot.

NICHOLSON

as he lowers his gun/silencer, slips it back inside his jacket, takes a handful of mints out of a bowl on the bar, and then begins to leave the bar, eating the mints as he walks.

109 INT. "HOLLAND HOTEL" LOBBY - NIGHT 109

Terry enters the lobby, the lobby rundown, Kathleen waiting for him.

110 INT. "HOLLAND HOTEL" ELEVATOR DOORS - NIGHT 110

The elevator doors CREAK open, Terry and Kathleen getting off of the elevator and beginning to walk down the hallway.

111 INT. TERRY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 111

The door opens from the outside, Terry and Kathleen entering the room, Terry switching on a lamp, and then turning toward Kathleen.

KATHLEEN

(coldly)

Why didn't you tell me what happened up in the Bronx?

TERRY

(turns away; pause)

Not something I talk about.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

KATHLEEN

Then it's true. You killed two men.

Terry remains silent for a moment, and then faces her, nodding his head "yes."

TERRY

Frankie told you, right?

KATHLEEN

(glances away; then back)

Why?

TERRY

Why?

KATHLEEN

Why'd you tempt me? You knew it could never work out.

TERRY

(pause)

Didn't exactly happen like Frankie told you.

KATHLEEN

What's the difference? It still happened.

TERRY

There was a reason it went down.

KATHLEEN

What reason?

TERRY

Just can't explain it right now.

KATHLEEN

(pause; nods)

Then there's nothing more to say, is there?

Kathleen turns away and moves to the open door, stopping at it, and then turning back to Terry.

KATHLEEN

(continuing)

What are you doing it for, anyway?

(indicates the room)

For this?

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUE: (2)

111

Terry glances away from her.

KATHLEEN

(continuing)

Don't you get anything else out  
of it besides this?

Kathleen turns and leaves the room, Terry glancing back toward her, Terry suddenly moving quickly to the door, just about to tell her something, and then deciding against it, Terry gripping an edge of the door hard, staring down at the floor.

112 INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

112

Jackie drives through the Hell's Kitchen area, a cigarette dangling from his lips, a rock song blaring on the RADIO, Jackie glancing idly out the window, his face suddenly hardening.

JACKIE'S POV

Jimmy Cavello walks along the avenue.

JACKIE

as he flips his cigarette out the open window and snaps off the radio, continuing to follow Cavello as Cavello walks along the avenue.

CAVELLO

as he approaches an Irish bar on the avenue.

JACKIE

as he stops the car, double-parking it across the avenue from the bar, Cavello visible in the b.g. through the windshield as he enters the Irish bar.

113 EXT. STATION WAGON - DAY

113

Jackie gets out of the car and begins crossing the avenue toward the Irish bar.

114 INT. IRISH BAR - DAY

114

Jackie enters the bar, glancing around it, Cavello and two Italian men sitting in a back booth, drinks in front of them, talking to each other, the bar uncrowded, two customers sitting on stools at the bar, a couple sitting at a table, the waitress leaning against the end of the bar and smoking a cigarette, Jackie moving to the bar, the BARTENDER moving down the bar toward Jackie.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

BARTENDER

(Irish accent)

What can I get you?

NEW ANGLE - JACKIE

as he sits at the bar, a half-finished mug of beer in front of him, Jackie staring straight ahead, Cavello and the two Italian men visible in the b.g. sitting in the booth, Jackie getting off of the bar stool and beginning to walk toward the back booth, the CAMERA FOLLOWING him FROM BEHIND.

BACK BOOTH

as Jackie reaches it, Cavello finishing his drink, his head tilted back as he drinks, the two Italian men glancing up at Jackie, Jackie taking a gun out from inside his jacket, Jackie SHOOTING Cavello in the face, the bullet going through the drink glass, the drink glass EXPLODING, Cavello slumping back in the booth, blood beginning to stream out of his mouth, Jackie quickly SHOOTING the two Italian men in the face, the two Italian men toppling forward onto the table, their drinks spilling on the table, Jackie turning away and putting his gun back inside his jacket.

JACKIE

(as he does so)

Fuck it.

JACKIE

as he walks the length of the bar back to the Bartender, the customers and the waitress almost frozen in place, none of them looking at Jackie.

JACKIE AND BARTENDER

as Jackie reaches him.

JACKIE

(to the Bartender)

Don't got a problem, do I?

The Bartender, very frightened, slowly shakes his head "no."

JACKIE

(continuing)

That's good. Real good.

(indicates the back booth)

Last problem I had, I just solved it.



115 EXT. IRISH BAR - DAY

115

Jackie leaves the bar and crosses the avenue toward the double-parked station wagon, Jackie crossing the avenue against the light, cars swerving to avoid him, jamming on their brakes, blowing their HORNS at him, etc., Jackie oblivious to it.

JACKIE

as he reaches the station wagon, taking a parking ticket from under a wiper, ripping it in half, tossing the halves behind him, and then getting into the car.

MED. HIGH SHOT - STATION WAGON

as it SCREECHES back into the avenue traffic, other cars swerving to avoid it, jamming on their brakes, etc., the exhaust fumes rising from the back of the station wagon.

116 INT. IRISH SOCIAL CLUB BACK ROOM - NIGHT

116

Jackie sits at the table with two of Frankie's men, Jackie and the men playing poker, two pitchers of beer on the table, the O.S. SOUND of the fiddle band coming from the club, the door suddenly slammed open, the O.S. MUSIC instantly louder, Frankie entering the room, Frankie furious, Nicholson entering behind him, Frankie moving to his men, grabbing both of them, and hurling each of them toward the door.

FRANKIE

(as he does it)

Get the fuck out!

The men stumble to the door and leave the room, Nicholson closing the door, the O.S. MUSIC instantly fainter, Frankie moving to Jackie, grabbing him, dragging him out of the chair, and then slamming him up against a stack of "Harp" beer cases.

FRANKIE

(continuing)

Just couldn't fucking wait, could you?!

JACKIE

(an edge)

Just seemed like a good idea at the time.

Frankie slams Jackie against the beer cases again.

FRANKIE

What'd I tell you?! Told you nobody hits on Cavello 'til we got the deal!  
Told you that, didn't I?!

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

JACKIE

Yeah, you told me that.

FRANKIE

Know what you did, Jack?

JACKIE

Paid Stevie back, that's what I fuckin' did.

FRANKIE

No, man, that ain't what you did! Borelli might come after us now, that's what you did!

JACKIE

Hey, you want to call 'im, I'll get you off the fuckin' hook!

FRANKIE

Two steps away from a deal, and you had to go fuck it up on me, didn't you?! Now Borelli's called a meeting. I don't show up tomorrow, I'm dead. I do show up, I still might be dead. You got me into this shit, Jack. You're going to back me up on this one!

Frankie slowly releases Jackie, Jackie smoothing down the front of his t-shirt, Frankie moving away from him, Frankie lighting a cigarette.

JACKIE

(pause; glances down;  
then back up)

Hey, Frankie, okay, I screwed up. You need me to help out tomorrow, I'll be there.

Frankie turns back to Jackie and stares at him hard.

FRANKIE

(nods)

Hope so, Jack. I really hope so.

Frankie turns away and leaves the room, the O.S. MUSIC instantly LOUDER as Frankie opens the door and exits the room, Nicholson staring at Jackie, nodding, and then leaving the room, closing the door, the O.S. MUSIC instantly FAINTER, Jackie moving to the table and pouring himself a mug of beer, Jackie downing the beer, and then hurling the mug at the closed door.

117 INT. "HOLLAND HOTEL" - NIGHT 117

Terry turns away from the reception desk, a white-haired desk clerk behind the counter, the desk clerk's uniform jacket faded, food stains on it, Terry opening a folded hotel message, the message reading "Call Jackie."

118 EXT. IRT SUBWAY STATION - BATTERY PARK - NIGHT 118

Terry hurries up the subway stairs and starts across the deserted park toward the walkway.

119 EXT. BATTERY PARK WALKWAY - NIGHT 119

Terry, lighting a cigarette, walks toward Charlie, Charlie waiting on the walkway, the Statue of Liberty lighted in the b.g.

CHARLIE

We got a problem, Noonan. People are starting to die around you. Found Jimmy Cavello and two wise-guys dead today. Up-close in the face. Happened over on Tenth. Nobody's talking about it. That's a long way from Fucking Mulberry, man.

TERRY

Cavello? Couldn't've been Frankie. If he killed Cavello, it'd fuck up his deal with Borelli. Might've been Jackie gone wild, but Frankie came down hard on him about not hitting Cavello.

CHARLIE

Got more for you. Found a bartender in Matty's bar on Ninth last night. Three bullets in him..

TERRY

Shit, that means they've "made" me. Talked to the bartender in Matty's last night. Told me Nicholson hustled McGuire out of the bar the night he was killed.

CHARLIE

Anybody see you talking with the bartender?

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

TERRY

Nobody I saw. Had him in the back room.

CHARLIE

Well, if Flannery did it, then it's just a guess on Frankie's part. Don't prove shit, you walked into "Matty's" for a drink. If Frankie wasted the McGuire kid, then taking out the bartender was insurance. Took a chance on your cover, man. Bartender never would've talked to us.

TERRY

Stevie and me were friends, okay?

CHARLIE

So fucking what? We've got to catch them doing it. We need witnesses. We need evidence. What do they teach you guys up in Boston, anyway? Some bartender telling you Nicholson lifted the McGuire kid, what's that going to get us? All we've got now is a bunch of bodies that don't count, word of mouth that maybe Frankie took out McDonnell and Flynn, and some rumor that Borelli's thinking about hiring Frankie to drive his limo.

TERRY

(frustrated; explodes)

Hey, look, why don't you just get yourself another fucking boy, okay?! What am I doing spying on the neighborhood, anyway? It's my neighborhood. I grew up there. You'd find me hanging from a billboard with my eyes cut out if they knew what I was doing.

CHARLIE

(pause)

You've got to stick with it, man.

(studies Terry)

Timing, Terry, that's all we're talking about. Flannery's bound to make a move.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2)

119

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Guy's got an appetite. Thing is,  
he's not that smart, and even  
worse, he thinks he is.

TERRY

These guys don't even know what  
year it is, and we're talking  
about fucking timing.

Terry turns away from Charlie and moves to the iron  
walkway fence, gripping the railings with both hands  
and staring out at the water.

TERRY

(continuing; pause; nods,  
without looking up)

Soon as I've got something on  
Borelli, I'll get back to you.

120 INT. TERRY'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

120

Terry, fully dressed, lays on the bed asleep, sunlight  
shining into the room, an empty fifth of whiskey on the  
nightstand, the phone beginning to RING, Terry gradually  
waking up, fumbling for the phone, his eyes still closed,  
finally answering it.

TERRY

(still half asleep;  
into the phone)

Yeah?

(pause; listens)

Sure, Jack. Be there at noon.

Terry hangs up the receiver and slowly sits up, leaning  
forward, glancing at the empty whiskey bottle, and then  
running his hands through his hair.

121 EXT. "PIERRE HOTEL" - MORNING

121

Terry waits outside the hotel, Terry smoking a cigarette,  
Kathleen leaving the hotel, Kathleen wearing a light coat  
over her hotel uniform, her face tired and drawn, Kathleen  
glancing at Terry and continuing to walk away from the  
hotel, Terry hurrying after her.

TERRY AND KATHLEEN

as he catches up with her on the street.

TERRY

I need to talk to you.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

KATHLEEN  
(without looking)

No.

TERRY  
(grabbing her arm)  
It's important.

Kathleen jerks her arm away from Terry, people glancing at them as they pass, Kathleen continuing to walk away from Terry.

NEW ANGLE - TERRY AND KATHLEEN

as he catches up with her again, grabbing her arm hard, stopping her, Kathleen trying to jerk her arm away from him again, Terry holding it tightly.

TERRY  
I have to tell you why I came back!

Kathleen, unsure, stares at him, Terry slowly letting go of her arm.

A121 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - LONG SHOT - MORNING

A121

Terry and Kathleen stand together, Terry pacing back and forth in front of her, Terry talking to her, Kathleen suddenly taking a step backward, almost stumbling.

CLOSE SHOT - TERRY AND KATHLEEN

as she stares at him, stunned, starting to back away from him, shaking her head "no," Terry taking a step toward her.

TERRY  
They needed somebody who knew the neighborhood!

KATHLEEN  
(almost crying)  
What were you thinking this whole time... You betrayed everything...

MED. HIGH SHOT - TERRY AND KATHLEEN

as she turns, stumbles, and begins to run away from him, Terry starting to move after her, and then stopping.

CLOSE SHOT - TERRY

as he stares after her, frustrated, angry, and then turns away, staring down at the ground.

122 EXT. 42ND STREET - TIMES SQUARE - DAY

122

Terry stands on the corner as a rental van, Jackie driving it, pulls over to the curb, Jackie opening the passenger door, Terry climbing into the passenger seat.

123 INT. VAN - DAY

123

Terry slams the passenger door shut, Jackie behind the wheel, five of Frankie's men behind him in the van, all of them cradling Uzi machine guns on their laps, Jackie handing Terry an Uzi, and then pulling out into traffic, Jackie's Uzi on the floor next to his feet.

TERRY

(surprised; the Uzi)

What's this?

JACKIE

Serious shit, man. Cavello got wasted in the Kitchen yesterday. Borelli's called a meetin' with Frankie. Figures we might've had somethin' to do with Cavello not finishin' his drink.

(indicates Frankie's men)

Gotta back Frankie up just in case Borelli decides to keep cryin' over spilt milk. Frankie's got us a place in Little Italy. Frankie don't call us by "two," we go trick or treatin' 'fore they get to the lasagna.

TERRY

Who wasted Cavello?

JACKIE

(grins; giving it away)

Beats me. Maybe he was late on his gas bill.

CLOSEUP - TERRY

as he stares straight ahead, shaken, now very serious.

JACKIE (O.S.)

Anybody know how to get to Mott Street? Always get lost down there.

124 EXT. LITTLE ITALY - DAY

124

The van pulls into a parking spot, an Italian restaurant at the end of the street.

125 INT. VAN - DAY

125

Jackie, Terry, and Frankie's men inside it, Jackie pointing out the restaurant visible in the b.g. through the windshield.

JACKIE  
That's the place.  
(points out a  
tenement building)  
We hide out there 'til "two."

126 INT. TENEMENT BUILDING STAIRWAY - DAY

126

Jackie, leading the way, Terry and Frankie's men, the men carrying six-packs of "Harp" beer, everybody's Uzi concealed under their jackets, all climb the stairs toward the second floor landing.

127 INT. TENEMENT ROOM - DAY

127

The door opens from the outside, Jackie, Terry and Frankie's men entering the room, Jackie kicking the door shut, the room bare except for a telephone on the floor, an electric alarm clock next to it, the time on the alarm clock "12:50" P.M., paint peeling off the wall, the windows filthy, etc., everybody taking their Uzis out from under their jackets and setting them on the floor, the men beginning to open the "Harp" beers.

128 EXT. FRANKIE'S MERCEDES - DAY

128

The Mercedes slows to a stop and double-parks in front of the Italian restaurant, two Borelli men moving to the car and opening the back door, Frankie starting to get out of the car.

129 INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - DAY

129

FROM BEHIND, as Frankie, Nicholson following him, the two Borelli men behind Nicholson, walk toward Borelli, Borelli grim-faced, five Borelli men standing around him.

INTERCUT:

TENEMENT ROOM/ITALIAN RESTAURANT

Terry, sipping a "Harp" beer, sits on the window ledge, the window open, Terry staring down at the Italian restaurant on the corner in the b.g., Jackie and the men standing around the room, all of them drinking "Harp" beers, everybody very tense.

LONG SHOT -- Frankie and Borelli sit at a table, Borelli's men stationed all around the room, Nicholson standing a table away from Frankie and Borelli, the rest of the restaurant empty, Italian waiters in tuxedos serving the main course to Frankie and Borelli.

(CONTINUED)



129 CONTINUED:

129

Terry as he glances toward the alarm clock next to the phone.

CLOSEUP - ALARM CLOCK -- it reads "1:41" P.M.

Terry, as he turns back to the window, Jackie moving INTO THE FRAME, throwing an arm around Terry's shoulder.

JACKIE

Come on, man. Relax. Fifteen, twenty minutes, if it goes down, it'll be all over. Just a bunch of dead "guineas" with spaghetti still on their forks.

TERRY

(forces a smile)

Don't always go according to plan, Jack.

JACKIE

Who needs a plan? Got the fuckin' edge, man. Don't even know we're here. Just walk in tiptoe and pop 'em right in the middle of their cappuccinos.

Frankie and Borelli as they sit at the table, the Italian waiters removing all the dishes from the table.

BORELLI

(evenly)

My people, if they had their way, your brother, he'd be in so many pieces right now, you couldn't put him back together again even if you had the directions.

(pause)

I told my people, Frankie Flannery, he's a man who knows when things have to be set right, and he never lets his feelings get in the way of a business decision.

(pause; taps a finger  
on the table)

What I'd like to know, Frankie, what I told my people, was I wrong?

Frankie stares down at the table, indecision on his face.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: (2)

129

BORELLI  
(continuing; an edge)  
Because if you don't solve this  
problem, we'll solve it for you.

FRANKIE  
(slowly looks up)  
I'll take care of it.

Borelli nods as Frankie glances at his watch, Borelli  
noticing it, Borelli glancing at Frankie's watch, Frankie  
aware of Borelli's glance.

FRANKIE  
(continuing; his watch)  
Got this sick kid. Something in  
his lungs. Wife took him to the  
doctor. Supposed to call by "two"  
to find out what he's got.

NICHOLSON  
(steps forward)  
I'll make it for you, Frankie.

Borelli waves Nicholson back, Nicholson slowly stepping  
back.

BORELLI  
(to Frankie)  
Doctor's not going anywhere.  
You want some espresso? Maybe  
the ricotta cheesecake?

FRANKIE  
(forces a smile)  
Espresso.

Terry as he glances over at the alarm clock.

CLOSEUP - ALARM CLOCK -- it reads "1:59" P.M.

Terry as he glances toward Jackie and the men.

Jackie and the men as they all stare at the alarm clock,  
Jackie and the men beginning to set down their beer  
bottles.

Frankie as he glances at his watch, a cup of espresso in  
front of him.

Borelli as he watches Frankie glance at his watch, a cup  
of espresso in front of him.

Jackie and the men as they pick up their Uzis, checking  
them.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: (3)

129

JACKIE

Looks like it's time to kick some  
"guinea" ass.

Terry as he bounds off the window ledge, moving to the  
unopened six-pack of "Harp" beer, taking a bottle out of  
the six-pack, and beginning to open it.

TERRY

(forces a grin; the beer)  
Don't want to be thirsty, I  
accidentally "catch" one.

JACKIE

(glances at the  
alarm clock)  
Don't know, man. Frankie said  
"two."

TERRY

Look, they don't know we're coming,  
right? Shit, any time we get  
there, it's still going to be a  
surprise, isn't it?

JACKIE

(shrugs; to the men)  
What do you think, guys? We gotta  
go down, better to go down full,  
right?

LONG SHOT -- Frankie stands up, leaving the table, Borelli  
still sitting at the table, Nicholson and Borelli's men  
still stationed around the table, Frankie beginning to  
walk the length of the restaurant, Frankie walking  
directly TOWARD THE CAMERA.

Terry, Jackie and the men as they finish their extra beers,  
Jackie and the men in the process of chugging their beers,  
Terry still sipping his beer, Jackie hurling his bottle  
against a wall as he finishes it, the bottle SHATTERING,  
the men all hurling their bottles against a wall as they  
finish their beers, shouting as they do so, now pumped up,  
the bottles SHATTERING, Terry chugging the rest of his  
beer, and then hurling it against a wall.

JACKIE

Let's fuckin' go!  
(to Terry; grins)  
Just like the cavalry, man. Arrivin'  
in the nick of time, right?

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: (4)

129

Frankie as he stands inside the restaurant phone booth quickly dialing a number from a slip of paper.

CLOSEUP - THE TELEPHONE in the tenement room as it begins to RING, the alarm clock next to it, the alarm clock now reading "2:07" P.M., the room now empty, the door open.

Frankie as he slams down the phone in the phone booth.

FRANKIE

Shit!

130 INT. TENEMENT STAIRWAY

130

Jackie, Terry and the men, all carrying their Uzis, as they quickly move down the tenement stairway toward the front door.

131 EXT. TENEMENT

131

Jackie, Terry and the men as they leave the tenement building, their Uzis now concealed under their jackets, spreading out, beginning to walk up the block toward the Italian restaurant.

132 INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT

132

FROM BEHIND, as Borelli and Frankie walk toward the restaurant's main entrance, Nicholson and Borelli's men following behind Borelli and Frankie, the restaurant manager holding the front door open for them, the manager getting closer and closer as the group approaches them.

133 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ITALIAN RESTAURANT

133

Jackie, Terry and the men, now half a block from the restaurant, Borelli and Frankie leaving the restaurant, the Mercedes parked in front of the restaurant, Frankie glancing at the approaching group.

Frankie as he suddenly throws his arms around Borelli, embracing him hard, Borelli surprised and embarrassed.

FROM BEHIND, Jackie, Terry and the men as they approach Frankie, Borelli, Nicholson and Borelli's men in the b.g., Frankie still embracing Borelli.

Jackie, Terry and the men -- NEW ANGLE -- as they get closer to Frankie, Borelli, Nicholson and Borelli's men in the b.g.

JACKIE

(mutters to the group)

Ain't a hit!

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

FROM ACROSS THE STREET, Jackie, Terry and the men as they walk past Frankie, Borelli, Nicholson and Borelli's men, Borelli's men very tense, very much aware of the group, Frankie suddenly breaking off the Borelli embrace.

Jackie, Terry and the men as they round the corner from the restaurant and continue walking up the street.

JACKIE

(continuing; a bravado)

Bunch of pussies, man! You see 'em?  
Could've taken 'em out 'tween blinks.

CLOSEUP - TERRY

as he walks, enormously relieved, the strain of the experience really beginning to show on his face.

134 INT. IRISH SOCIAL CLUB BACK ROOM - LATE DAY

134

Frankie and Jackie sit at the table, Frankie pouring Jackie a "Crown Royal," and then pouring one for himself, Frankie raising his glass to Jackie's glass, both of them clinking their glasses together, and then downing the shots, Frankie pouring Jackie and himself another shot of "Crown Royal."

FRANKIE

(nodding)

Did real well today, Jack. Saw it  
in your eyes coming down the street.  
Would've taken Borelli out for me.

JACKIE

Would've done it, Frankie. Just  
would've been a puzzle all over  
the street.

FRANKIE

Went real well with Borelli. Took  
Jimmy hard. Talked to him about  
Stevie. How much he meant to you.  
Understood the payback. Said he  
would've done the same thing himself.  
First job's coming up Friday night.

JACKIE

Yeah? Where?

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

Coupla Haitians been messing up Borelli on the Lower East Side. Borelli's sending over twenty-five grand tonight. We do good on Friday, we get the other twenty-five and a cannoli on Saturday. Want you to pick up the first installment, okay?

JACKIE

(grins)  
Sure, Frankie.

FRANKIE

Pat and a few of the guys'll meet you on the "Intrepid."

JACKIE

No problem. What time?

FRANKIE

Around "eleven." Wanted it to be in the Kitchen. Didn't want them delivering in no alley. "Intrepid" belongs to us. Italians know that. Don't think Borelli's going to fuck with us, but I still want you "carrying," okay? Ain't like we're dealing with our own people.

JACKIE

Always "carry," Frankie. You know that. Don't even piss, it's not in my belt. You want Terry to come along?

FRANKIE

(shakes his head "no")  
Don't know if Terry's going to go the distance, Jack. Fucked us up the other night.

JACKIE

Know he's got it in 'im, Frankie.

FRANKIE

Maybe he does. But not tonight, okay? It's too important. Maybe let him try out again next week. We'll see. I'll talk to him.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED: (2)

134

JACKIE

Yeah, talk to 'em, Frankie. Just needs to understand you, that's all.

Frankie stands up, Jackie standing up opposite him, Frankie embracing Jackie, Jackie surprised, Jackie embracing Frankie, Frankie stepping back from the embrace.

JACKIE

(continuing; the embrace; touched)

Ain't done that for years, Frankie. Not since we was kids. Felt good.

FRANKIE

(nods)

Going to be my brother again, Jack, now we got Borelli.

JACKIE

(nods; grins)

Yeah, brothers, Frankie, ain't nothin' like it.

135 INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRWAY - NIGHT

135

Terry walks up the stairs to the landing.

136 INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

136

Jackie, dressed in his underwear, half-asleep, moves toward the door, the apartment a wreck, second-hand furniture, most of it tattered, a sheet and a blanket thrown over the couch, dirty dishes stacked in the sink, no blinds on the windows, empty "Harp" and "Guinness" beer bottles everywhere, "U-2" concert posters decorating the walls, "Playboy" fold-outs tacked to walls, etc., Jackie opening the door, Terry standing in the doorway, Terry entering the apartment, Jackie closing the door and switching on a light.

TERRY

Looked for you at the club, Jack.

JACKIE

Tryin' to get a coupla hours sleep. Had Irene climbin' all over me last night. Didn't close my eyes. Got a pickup tonight. Gotta be able to get myself there.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

136

TERRY

(pause)

You see Frankie?

JACKIE

Yeah, I talked to 'im.

TERRY

How'd it go with Borelli?

JACKIE

(yawns)

Aces, man. Takin' a coupla Haitians  
out Friday night.

Jackie opens the refrigerator, the refrigerator filled  
with nothing but bottles of "Harp" and "Guinness" beer.

JACKIE

(continuing; taking out  
a "Harp" beer)

You want one?

TERRY

(shakes his head "no")

Just had one. What's the pickup?

JACKIE

(opens his beer)

Twenty-five grand. Borelli's  
down payment on the Haitians.  
Pickin' it up 'round "eleven"  
on the "Intrepid."

TERRY

(sensing something)

Want me to go with you?

JACKIE

(sips his beer)

Wouldn't work out tonight, man.  
Frankie wants me to do it on my  
own. Figures you screwed up the  
other night. Gonna talk to you  
'bout it next week.

TERRY

If it's the "guineas," you got  
to be careful, Jack.

(CONTINUED)



136 CONTINUED: (2)

136

JACKIE

Frankie's sending Pat and a few  
of the guys. It'll be cool.  
"Guineas" wouldn't try jack-shit  
on the "Intrepid."

(yawns)

You want somethin' to eat? A  
cracker?

137 EXT. STREET - HELL'S KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT

137

Terry stands at a pay phone, the receiver in his hand.

INTERCUT:

A137 TERRY AT THE PAY PHONE/CHARLIE IN HIS HOUSE KITCHEN A137

TERRY

(into the phone)

Got this feeling something's  
going down tonight. Jack  
Flannery says he's making a  
pickup for Borelli, but I'm  
not sure that's it.

CHARLIE

Look, if these guys are going  
to "do" each other, all we can  
do is sit back and watch the  
show. Take them when it's over.

TERRY

Can't wait 'til it happens, man.  
Think Jack's the one going down.  
Borelli's pissed. Jack "did"  
Cavello.

CHARLIE

Can't stop it 'til it starts,  
Terry. You know that.

TERRY

Fuck, it starts, Jack's dead.

CHARLIE

Still doesn't mean shit unless we  
catch them doing it. Can't arrest  
them for just being pen-pals.

(pause)

Where's the "meet"?

(CONTINUED)

A137 CONTINUED:

A137

TERRY  
(slight pause)  
Don't know yet.

CHARLIE  
Call back when you find out.  
We'll cover it. They take out  
Flannery, we got Borelli.

Terry hangs up the receiver, and then angrily slams a hand against the phone box.

138 EXT. "INTREPID" - NIGHT

138

Jackie stands on the deserted deck of the aircraft carrier, the "Intrepid" lit up, the New Jersey shoreline lighted up in the b.g.

TERRY

as he stands behind a lashed-down aircraft on the deck, glancing at his watch, starting to move from behind the plane, and then stopping, staring straight ahead.

TERRY'S POV

Nicholson walks across the deck toward Jackie.

TERRY

as he relaxes, stepping back behind the plane, Nicholson reaching Jackie in the b.g.

JACKIE AND NICHOLSON

as Nicholson reaches him.

JACKIE  
How you doin', Pat? Nobody here yet. Rest of the guys comin'?

NICHOLSON  
(shakes his head "no")  
Just you and me, Jack.

JACKIE  
(pause)  
Just you and me?

Nicholson quickly raises his gun/silencer.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

NICHOLSON  
(as he does so)  
What can I tell you?

LONG SHOT

FROM BEHIND TERRY, Jackie and Nicholson in the b.g., Nicholson SHOOTING Jackie twice in the chest, Jackie beginning to fall to the deck.

CLOSEUP - TERRY

as he reacts to the shooting.

TERRY  
Fuck!

JACKIE AND NICHOLSON

as Nicholson stands over Jackie's body and calmly FIRES four more bullets into him, Nicholson suddenly glancing in Terry's direction.

NICHOLSON'S POV

Terry is running across the deck toward him, his gun out.

TERRY

as he reaches Jackie's body, quickly squatting down to examine it, Jackie dead, Terry glancing in Nicholson's direction, Terry's face furious.

NICHOLSON

as he runs down the gangplank to the street and starts to run up Twelfth Avenue toward the Mercedes, the Mercedes headlights suddenly flashed on, the Mercedes beginning to drive toward Nicholson.

TERRY

as he runs down the gangplank, reaching the street, Nicholson just getting into the Mercedes, Terry starting to run toward the Mercedes, his gun at his side, the Mercedes beginning to drive toward Terry.

139 INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

139

Frankie is driving, Nicholson next to him, Terry visible through the windshield in the b.g. as he runs toward the car, the car headlights hitting Terry.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

139

FRANKIE  
Fucking Noonan!

TERRY

as he starts to raise his gun toward the Mercedes, and then jumps out of the way as the Mercedes flashes past him, Frankie and Nicholson visible inside the car.

MERCEDES

as it turns off Twelfth Avenue onto a side street, the Mercedes turning against the light, several cars jamming on their brakes to avoid the Mercedes.

TERRY

as he stares after the Mercedes, slowly lowering his gun to his side, beginning to tremble.

140 EXT. "INTREPID" PARKING LOT - NIGHT

140

Terry and Charlie stand alone in the deserted lot, Terry pacing back-and-forth smoking a cigarette, police squad cars and an ambulance parked on the "Intrepid" pier in the b.g., their red bubble lights flashing, uniformed cops and detectives standing around the squad cars.

TERRY  
Fucker took out his own brother.

CHARLIE  
Why in the hell didn't you call us?

TERRY  
Because he'd still be dead, that's why. All you guys wanted to do was watch.

CHARLIE  
We might've been able to stop it.

TERRY  
Sure.

CHARLIE  
(pause)  
Look, at least we can nail Flannery now. That's what counts.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

140

TERRY

You don't even care, do you?  
Jack Flannery was my friend.

CHARLIE

Got too involved, Terry. It was  
just a job.

TERRY

What'd you expect? You send me  
back to the neighborhood, I'm not  
going to get fucking involved?

CHARLIE

The job was to nail Flannery.  
Now we can do it. You saw it  
go down. We've got him.

TERRY

I didn't see Frankie. I just saw  
Nicholson. What do you think?  
You think Nicholson's going to  
pin it on Frankie? You jump on  
Nicholson, Frankie'll just get  
himself another boy, that's all.

CHARLIE

Flannery was driving the car,  
wasn't he? We got him there.

TERRY

I couldn't swear to it.

CHARLIE

What do you mean you can't swear  
to it? You told me you saw him.

TERRY

I thought I saw him, that's all.  
It could've been anybody. Besides,  
it doesn't matter anymore. I'm  
out.

CHARLIE

You're not out 'til I say you're  
out.

TERRY

No, I'm out, man. Never should've  
come back. Just got Jack killed,  
that's all I did.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (2)

140

CHARLIE

Jack took out Cavello. Jack got himself killed. If it hadn't been his brother doing it for them, it would've been the Italians.

TERRY

I'm still out.

CHARLIE

Then what are we going to do about Flannery?

TERRY

Plenty of Kitchen guys around just to make a fast buck. Just find yourself another one.

141 INT. KATHLEEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING FOYER - NIGHT 141

Terry pushes the intercom button next to "Flannery."

142 INT. KATHLEEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT 142

Terry stands in front of Kathleen's apartment door, the door opening, Kathleen standing in the doorway, Terry staring at her, and then beginning to enter her apartment.

143 INT. KATHLEEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 143

Terry enters the apartment, moving into the living room, Kathleen following him into the room, Terry nervously moving around the room.

KATHLEEN

What's wrong?

(pause)

What's wrong, Terry?

Terry turns away, tapping a hand on a piece of furniture, and then turns back.

TERRY

Jack's dead.

Kathleen stands rooted to the spot, her face slowly devastated, Kathleen folding her arms around herself and turning away from Terry, Terry glancing away from her, and then glancing back, Kathleen slowly sitting down.

KATHLEEN

How?

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

TERRY

(pacing)

Frankie met with this guy Borelli.  
Borelli runs the Italians in the  
City. Borelli wanted Jack dead.

KATHLEEN

Why?

TERRY

(stops pacing)

Jack killed this guy Cavello.  
Two days ago. Cavello worked  
for Borelli. Frankie set Jack  
up on the "Intrepid."

KATHLEEN

(without looking; pause)

Frankie?

TERRY

Right.

KATHLEEN

(without looking)

And the Italians killed Jack?

TERRY

(pause)

No.

KATHLEEN

(glances at Terry)

Who did?

TERRY

Frankie sent Nicholson to do it.  
I was there. When I saw Nicholson,  
I figured it was going to be okay.  
I figured Frankie might just be  
setting Jack up for the Italians.  
Then Nicholson shot him. Frankie  
picked Nicholson up in his Mercedes.  
I saw him.

KATHLEEN

(shaking her head "no")

You're wrong...

TERRY

Kate, I was there. I saw Nicholson  
do it. I saw Frankie driving the  
car.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: (2)

143

Kathleen turns away from Terry and begins to cry quietly.

KATHLEEN  
(without looking)  
Please leave.

Terry continues to stare at her.

KATHLEEN  
(continuing; without  
looking; voice breaking)  
Please.

Terry nods, and then moves past Kathleen toward the front door, reaching it and opening it, Kathleen glancing over at Terry.

KATHLEEN  
(continuing)  
What are you going to do?

TERRY  
(pause; then facing  
her; simply)  
I don't know.

144 EXT. HUDSON RIVER PIER - DAWN

144

Terry sits alone on the empty pier, the sun just coming up, Terry sipping a pint of Irish whiskey, the pint half-gone, Terry staring out at the water, his face set hard.

145 INT. IRISH FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT

145

Frankie, black suit and tie, a black armband, shakes hands with mourners, the room filled with old men in shiny black suits, old women in black dresses and black shawls over their heads, some of the old women silently praying the rosary, the room itself a throwback to another era, weathered leather armchairs, worn carpeting, brass plant pots, etc., Jackie's open casket at one end of the room, floral arrangements around it, Jackie laid out in a suit-and-tie, his folded hands clasping a rosary, a framed high school photograph of Jackie on the casket, Jackie grinning in the photograph, his hair short, Kathleen, dressed in black, her face set hard, moving through the mourners toward Frankie, Frankie looking up and noticing her, Kathleen reaching him, Frankie taking both of her hands in his hands.

FRANKIE  
(low)  
We just heard. It was the Italians  
did it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



145 CONTINUED:

145

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

(pause)

I swear to you, Kate, if I thought  
there was going to be trouble, I  
never would've sent him out.

Kathleen continues to stare at Frankie, and then slowly  
withdraws her hands, spitting in Frankie's face, Frankie  
instantly rigid, Kathleen turning away from him and  
beginning to walk toward the door, mourners stepping out  
of the way for her, the mourners all staring at Frankie,  
the room silent.

CLOSEUP - FRANKIE

as he stares after Kathleen, realizing that Kathleen  
knows the truth, Frankie slowly wiping the spittle off  
of his face with a handkerchief.

146 INT. DELICATESSEN - HELL'S KITCHEN AREA - NIGHT 146

Terry, sipping a "Harp" beer, stares out the deli-  
catessen's glass door, Kathleen leaving the funeral home  
across the street and beginning to walk away from it.

147 INT. IRISH FUNERAL HOME - NIGHT 147

FROM BEHIND, Terry moves through the mourners to Jackie's  
open casket, reaching it and standing beside it, staring  
down at Jackie's body, Terry leaning a hand on the casket.

TERRY

Too bad you couldn't've had the  
Pipers, kiddo. Would've made  
your day.

FRANKIE AND NICHOLSON

as they stand in the center of the room among the mourners,  
both of them staring in Terry's direction.

NICHOLSON

(low)

Could take him outside and finish  
it now.

FRANKIE

(shakes his head "no")

Who's he going to tell? Who's  
going to believe him? Got plenty  
of time.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

147

TERRY

as he stands at the casket, tapping his hand on it, staring down at Jackie's face.

TERRY

(voice slightly breaking)

See you around, Jack.

Terry turns away from the casket, stopping for a moment, and then staring straight ahead, his face suddenly hard.

TERRY'S POV

Frankie is moving through the mourners toward Terry.

TERRY AND FRANKIE

as Frankie reaches him, the casket behind them, Jackie's face visible.

FRANKIE

(low)

You're dead.

TERRY

Shouldn't've killed Jackie.

They stare hard at each other, Terry placing a small, black leather wallet in Frankie's jacket breastpocket, Frankie ignoring it, continuing to stare at Terry, Terry pushing past him, Frankie turning his head slightly to watch Terry.

FRANKIE'S POV

as Terry moves through the mourners, reaches the parlor door, and leaves the room.

FRANKIE

as he continues to stare after Terry, reaching into his jacket breastpocket and taking out the small, black leather wallet, holding it in his hand for a moment, and then glancing down at it, opening it, the wallet containing Terry's Boston Police badge and I.D., Frankie's hand beginning to tremble, his face filled with fury.

148 INT. TERRY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

148

Terry quickly packs his clothes and belongings into a duffel bag, the last item a plastic "Duane Reade" (New York drugstore chain) bag.

149 INT. IRISH SOCIAL CLUB BACK ROOM - NIGHT

149

Frankie, Nicholson, and three of Frankie's men sit at the table, no liquor on the table, Frankie smoking a cigarette.

NICHOLSON

Checked it out. Nobody's heard of him in New York. Must've brought him back from Boston to hit on us.

FRANKIE

(to Nicholson; the club)  
I'm not leaving here 'til you find him.

(to the men)  
You get him tonight, it's fifteen grand a piece.

(to Nicholson)  
You bring me his head, it's thirty grand.

150 EXT. "HOLLAND HOTEL" - NIGHT

150

The 1979 Plymouth pulls up to the hotel, all four doors opening at once, Nicholson and the three men quickly getting out of the car and beginning to walk toward the hotel.

151 INT. "HOLLAND HOTEL" CIRCULAR STAIRWAY - NIGHT

151

FROM THE FOURTH FLOOR LANDING SHOOTING DOWN, Nicholson and the men hurry up the stairs, Nicholson taking out his gun/silencer, two of the men taking out guns, the third man taking out a sawed-off shotgun.

152 INT. TERRY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

152

The door is kicked open, the door crashing against the wall, the shotgun man entering the room first, Nicholson and the two men right behind him, the room empty.

153 INT. GRAND CENTRAL WAITING ROOM - MORNING

153

Terry wakes up on a bench, vagrants asleep on other benches, three uniformed cops waking the vagrants up, a high school marching band moving through the waiting room toward the 42nd Street exit, commuters hurrying past the band, Terry sitting up on the bench and sleepily lighting a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

153

TERRY

as he stands at a Grand Central take-out counter, Terry holding a container of black coffee, Terry taking a pint of Irish whiskey out of a jacket pocket and pouring a shot of it into his coffee, a vagrant watching him do it, the vagrant holding an empty cup, Terry moving to the vagrant and filling up his cup with whiskey, the vagrant nodding gratefully.

TERRY

as he stands at a Grand Central pay phone, holding the receiver, sipping the coffee.

INTERCUT

Terry on the pay phone/Frankie's Wife in the kitchen cooking breakfast for the Flannery children.

TERRY

(into the phone)

It's Terry Noonan. Is Frankie there?

FRANKIE'S WIFE

(into the phone)

Frankie stayed in the City overnight. He should be at the club. Probably won't be back out here 'til after the Parade.

(shouts to one of the children)

You want your bare behind spanked? Quit playing with your brother's toast.

Terry hangs up the receiver, takes another swallow of coffee, and then leaves the container next to the phone.

TERRY

as he opens a Grand Central locker and takes the "Duane Reade" plastic bag out of his duffel bag, another high school marching band moving through Grand Central in the b.g.

154 INT. GRAND CENTRAL MEN'S ROOM - MORNING

154

Terry sets the "Duane Reade" plastic bag on a sink, a vagrant taking a sink bath two sinks down from Terry, the vagrant washing himself with brown paper towels, Terry taking his gun and two boxes of ammunition out of the bag, Terry opening one of the boxes, dumping the shells into a jacket pocket, and then opening the other box, beginning to load his gun.

155 INT. GRAND CENTRAL - MORNING 155

Terry walks through the crowd toward the 42nd Street exit, parade visitors all around him.

156 EXT: GRAND CENTRAL - 42ND STREET EXIT - MORNING 156

Terry leaves Grand Central and begins walking up 42nd Street toward Fifth Avenue.

157 EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - MORNING 157

Terry walks along Fifth Avenue, the crowd already assembled behind police sawhorses on both sides of the street, Fifth Avenue itself filled with cops in their dress uniforms and white gloves, marching bands warming up on the side streets, a feeling of excitement and expectation in the air.

TERRY

as he crosses Fifth Avenue and heads toward a side street.

158 MED. AERIAL VIEW - HELL'S KITCHEN AREA - DAY 158

The neighborhood is virtually deserted except for light traffic.

159 INT. IRISH SOCIAL CLUB - DAY 159

Frankie, Nicholson, and the three men, all unshaven, wearing the same clothes from the night before, sit in the empty club drinking and watching the beginning of the St. Patrick's Day Parade on the television mounted above the bar, the club decorated for St. Patrick's Day.

160 EXT. IRISH SOCIAL CLUB - DAY 160

FROM BEHIND, Terry stands across the street from the club, the Mercedes and the 1979 Plymouth both parked in front of the club.

CLOSE SHOT - TERRY

as he begins to cross the street toward the club, taking his gun out and keeping it at his side.

NEW ANGLE - TERRY

as he reaches the club door and raises his gun.

CLOSEUP - TERRY'S HAND

as it turns the doorknob, the club door starting to open.

INTERCUT:

161/A161 CLUB GUN BATTLE/ST PATRICK'S DAY PARADE

161/A161

Terry flings open the door from the outside, light streaming into the darkened club, Terry framed in the doorway, his gun in front of him.

Nicholson now sits at the club bar, a whiskey glass in his hand, Nicholson watching the St. Patrick's Day Parade on the television, Nicholson hit by the outside light, Nicholson turning in the direction of the front door.

Two of Frankie's men, now sitting at a table, a pitcher of beer and two full mugs on the table, the sawed-off shotgun resting on an adjacent table, the two men hit by the outside light, the two men turning in the direction of the front door.

#### ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE

Terry, still framed in the doorway, starts to aim his gun at Nicholson.

Nicholson drops his whiskey glass on the bar, the glass shattering, Nicholson starting to reach inside his jacket for his gun/silencer.

The two men at the table move for their guns, one of the men lunging for the shotgun, the other man beginning to take his gun out of a jacket pocket.

#### ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE

Terry, hunched over and moving into the club, FIRES his gun twice at Nicholson.

Nicholson, his gun/silencer in his hand, is hit by one of the BULLETS, the other bullet ripping through a decoration hanging near the bar, Nicholson dropping his gun/silencer, grabbing at his wound, and then beginning to fall to the floor.

The two men now have their guns in their hands and are beginning to aim them at Terry.

#### ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE

The shotgun man FIRES his shotgun at Terry, the other man starting to squeeze his gun trigger.

Terry, now swiveled around toward the two men, his gun in front of him, hunches even lower, the shotgun BLAST missing him, more light streaming into the club, the other man's bullet ripping into Terry's leg, Terry stumbling sideways and collapsing to one knee, Terry FIRING three bullets at the two men.

(CONTINUED)

161/A161 CONTINUED:

161/A161

The two men are hit by Terry's shots, both of them starting to drop their weapons and fall toward the floor.

Terry, still on one knee, flips his gun chamber open, starting to reload it with shells from his jacket pocket, Terry glancing up and staring toward the club stairway near the front door.

#### TERRY'S POV

The third man is now coming down the stairway, the third man aiming his gun at Terry.

#### ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE

Terry slams his gun chamber shut as the third man FIRES twice from the stairway, one of the bullets ripping into Terry's left arm, Terry crying out in pain, Terry spinning around and wildly FIRING four times at the third man, the third man hit by two of the bullets, the third man continuing to squeeze his pistol trigger as he tumbles down the stairs, the third man's bullets exploding the decorations above Terry.

The back room door is thrown open, and Frankie charges out of it, an automatic in his hand.

Terry turns toward the back room, spotting Frankie.

#### ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE

FROM BEHIND, as Frankie charges at Terry in the b.g., Frankie FIRING his automatic at Terry, Terry diving to the floor and beginning to crawl toward the bar, his leg and left arm covered with blood.

Frankie's SHOTS shatter bottles, glasses, the mirror, etc., behind the bar, the glass exploding into the air as the bullets hit it.

Terry is now on the floor behind the bar, crawling along the bar, his gun chamber open, Terry frantically trying to reload it with shells from his jacket pocket.

Frankie is now charging the end of the bar, kicking tables and chairs out of the way, his automatic held out in front of him with both hands.

Terry rises from behind the middle of the bar, Frankie still charging the end of the bar as Terry aims his gun at Frankie, Frankie suddenly swiveling his gun toward Terry.

(CONTINUED)

161/A161 CONTINUED: (2)

161/A161

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE

Terry FIRES two shots at Frankie, Frankie FIRING one shot at Terry, both of Terry's shots hitting Frankie, Frankie's shot hitting the bar directly in front of Terry, wood chips flying into the air, Frankie falling backwards to the floor.

## CLOSE SHOT - FRANKIE

as he lays dead on the floor, the automatic still clutched in his hand.

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE

as Kathleen watches it, no joy in her face, the crowd cheering all around her.

162 INT. IRISH SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

162

Terry, still standing behind the bar, stares out at the club, drops his gun on the bar, and then slumps to the floor behind the bar.

## MED. HIGH SHOT - IRISH SOCIAL CLUB

Frankie, Nicholson, and the two men dead on the floor, the third man laying at the bottom of the stairway, Terry on the floor behind the bar, the outside light streaming into the darkened club through the open front door and the shattered front window, decorations swinging from the ceiling, a few decorations and balloons drifting downward to the floor, the television set still blaring the St. Patrick's Day Parade.

163 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

163

Terry sits up in the hospital bed, his left arm in a sling, the arm heavily bandaged, the blanket pulled up to his waist, an IV attached to his right arm, no flowers in the room, Charlie standing at the window, New York City visible through the window in the b.g., Charlie turning around to face Terry.

TERRY

What's going to happen?

CHARLIE

(shrugs)

Not much. Commissioner's going to let it drop. Flannerys weren't exactly model citizens. "Post" and the "News" made you a hero. Nobody wants to fight it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



163 CONTINUED:

163

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(pause)

But there's no way you can come back.

TERRY

Didn't plan to come back.

CHARLIE

Way I look at it, you solved the problem. That's all I know.

TERRY

I solved the problem with Frankie. Six months from now, you'll be back in there.

CHARLIE

Can't even look that far ahead. Six months in New York, that's a fucking lifetime.

TERRY

(pause)

I finally figured out why you sent me back into the neighborhood. Just wasn't any different than they were, was I?

CHARLIE

(shakes his head)

I just can't understand it. You Irish guys. Christ died for all of our sins. Didn't you know that?

TIME CUT TO:

164 EXT. "PIERRE HOTEL" - DAY

164

Terry stands outside of the hotel smoking a cigarette, Kathleen leaving the hotel, a heavier coat over her hotel uniform, Kathleen stopping and staring at Terry for a moment, and then starting to walk away from him, Terry flipping his cigarette away and walking after her, Terry catching up with her, Terry and Kathleen walking along the street in silence.

KATHLEEN

(without looking)

Are you going to stay in the City?

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

164

TERRY

Going home for awhile. Never really lived there. Left too early. Just want to find out what it might've been like.

They stop walking, Kathleen staring down at the street.

TERRY

(continuing; pause)

Strange.

KATHLEEN

(looking up)

What?

TERRY

(glances away; then back)

When we were kids, we thought we'd be friends forever, didn't we?

Kathleen nods, smiling sadly, and then slowly embraces Terry, holding him tightly, Terry slowly embracing her, holding her tightly.

CLOSEUP - KATHLEEN

as she holds Terry, the loss on her face.

KATHLEEN

Goodbye, Terry.

CLOSEUP - TERRY

as he holds Kathleen, the loss on his face.

NEW ANGLE - TERRY AND KATHLEEN

as she quickly turns away from him, beginning to walk up the street, never turning back, Terry watching her go, staring down at the street for a moment, Terry turning away and beginning to cross the street, Terry walking TOWARD THE CAMERA, Kathleen walking away from him in the b.g.

165 EXT. FREIGHTER RAILING - DAY

165

FROM BEHIND, Terry leans on the railing, his duffel bag next to his feet, the freighter moving out to sea, the Hell's Kitchen area receding in the b.g.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

165

CLOSEUP - TERRY

as he stares straight ahead, all the experiences etched on his face.

The CAMERA PULLS UP AND BACK FOR A MED. HIGH SHOT of the freighter, Terry standing at the railing, his back to CAMERA, crew members moving about the deck, Hell's Kitchen receding in the b.g., the freighter's Irish flag whipping in the wind.

FADE OUT TO:

BLACK AND END CREDITS