

# TB

OVER BLACK:

FATHER ZILICH (V.O.)

And I read from the gospel of  
Matthew: 'To he who asks it shall  
be given. To he who seeks, shall  
find. To he who knows, it will be  
opened-'

1

INT. OUR LADY OF VICTORIES CHURCH-DAY

1

The sanctuary is filled. Sunlight streams through stained  
glass windows.

On the transept we find a YOUNG BOY, RICHARD KUKLINSKI, 13 in  
altar boy garments. Pale and slight, he listens as,

FATHER ZILICH, 51, entreats the crowd...

FATHER ZILICH

Prayer cannot be passive, nor can  
our desire to be heard be faint.  
For it's vanity to ask god to be  
passionate in answering our prayers  
if we don't possess it in our own  
hearts.

Richard turns to the pews where he finds his father STANLEY,  
32, his mother ANNA, 34, brother JOEY, 6, and sister LANA, 4.  
He angles on his father. A glance steers Richard's eyes  
away.

FATHER ZILICH (CONT'D)

Passion for ourselves. For him.  
And for those without voices of  
their own. So let us close our  
eyes and focus with deep love-

As the congregation closes their eyes, Richard watches his  
MOTHER AND FATHER, praying hard.

FATHER ZILICH (CONT'D)

God listen to me now! Hear my plea  
and I will act the words of the  
gospel as truth. If I believe in  
you with the deepest of faith, I  
know you will bend your ear my way.  
So from the depths of our souls let  
us say:

CONGREGATION IN UNISON

AMEN!!!

1A

EXT. OUR LADY OF VICTORIES CHURCH- LATER

1A

Richard sidesteps his family, weaving through the crowd paying homage to Father Zilich. He rounds the street corner and sees,

TONY PELLACOTTI, 16, a giant of a kid who holds court with his NEIGHBORHOOD GANG. A RED HEADED BOY throws a BASEBALL against the front portico of a ROW HOME.

Richard lingers for a moment on the street corner, contemplating crossing.

TONY  
Hey Polack!!!

Richard keeps moving.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Polack...you heard me!!!

Richard stops. Stares at Tony, sucking on his tooth.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Whatya looking at?

Laughter.

RED HEADED BOY  
(to Tony)  
You gonna let that freak stare at  
you like that?

Tony glances at his boys, then - he grabs the baseball and throws it straight at Richard's face.

Ducking, Richard loses his balance, stumbling off the curb, TWISTING HIS ANKLE.

He makes a run for it, sprinting across the intersection, down a corner stairwell through the UNDERPASS.

Tony and his gang give chase, their curses and jibes reverberating OFF THE CONCRETE TUNNEL.

Richard hits a DEAD END. He grabs the chain link fence and begins climbing, struggling for footing as he swings his leg over.

TONY signals to his boys. They grab hold of the bottom links and shake it violently.

Richard falls over the fence, throwing out his hands to avoid a face full of asphalt.

His left knee pant leg is torn and bloody, his elbows skinned.

TONY

You shit your pants Polack?

Richard turns from the boys and begins hobbling.

Tony grabs the fence.

TONY (CONT'D)

It's nothing to be ashamed of.  
Just ask your mom to wipe your  
ass!!!

Richard bites the inside of his cheek, trying to hold back tears.

1B INT. YOUNG RICHARD HOME - KIDS ROOM - NIGHT

1B

YOUNG JOEY and LANA lay asleep in the same bed. An arm's length away, RICHARD, his head BUZZING, sits motionless. He rubs his temples, fixated on the open closet a few feet away.

He pulls all the clothes off their hangers in a flurry. He then rips THE WOODEN POLE that holds them out of the brackets with surprising strength. Joey's eyes are now open. He stares at his brother.

JOEY

Where you goin'?

RICHARD

Go back to sleep Joey.

1C EXT. JERSEY CITY PROJECTS - NIGHT

1C

RICHARD hides behind a garbage can near the courtyard,

WATCHING TONY AND HIS GANG exchanging farewell jibes. Tony hangs back to light a smoke.

As Tony moves right past Richard's position, he notices a SHADOW looming behind him. Tony turns, startled-

TONY

What the fuck?

Richard white knuckles the CLOSET POLE...

TONY (CONT'D)  
Who's that? The Polack! What'ya  
playing stick ball?!

Richard just stares at Tony.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Whatya think you're gonna do?!

Tony reaches for the stick. Richard side steps him and swats  
him in the ear.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Ah!! Son of a bitch!

Tony reaches for it again but Richard swings the pole hard  
this time dropping Tony to the ground.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Stop...!

A smack to the jaw. Another to the head. Tony holds up his  
hands,

TONY (CONT'D)  
Please stop...!

Richard, emotionless looks at the blood stained POLE in his  
small hand.

He lifts it up and brings it down HARD.

2 INT. TENDER TRAP BAR - 1964 - NIGHT

2

Richard Kuklinski, now 28. He wears a neatly knotted tie and  
silk shirt as he strolls through a bustling POOL HALL.

At the end of the hall he's corralled by LENNY DIPRIMA, 31.  
Bone thin, Lenny's the sort who's spent his whole life trying  
to overcome everyone's low expectations.

LENNY  
(whispering)  
Where the hellyya been?

RICHARD  
In the bathroom.

Lenny leads Richard towards the end of a long row of billiard  
tables.

LENNY

We're going for spic and span in  
the corner.

Richard looks up to find a MUSTACHED PUERTO RICAN MAN,  
hovering beside a corner POOL TABLE.

RICHARD

Get me a house cue.

CUT TO:

A billiard ball shoots off.

Richard's at the end of a grift and running the table. Lenny  
and two other local men, GARY SMITH, 33 and DANNY DEPPNER, 26  
watch.

LENNY

She looks like what's her name...?

(singing)

I want to come to America,  
everyone's free in America...!

Yay...day..day...day...in  
America...?

(blank stares)

The singer...?!

GARY

Guy Lombardo.

LENNY

Fuck you.

(beat)

LENNY (CONT'D)

She's a ringer for the girl  
Richie's been stalking.

RICHARD

That's Rita Moreno. But you mean  
Natalie Wood.

DANNY

Your girl looks like Natalie Wood?

GARY

She's not his girl yet.

LENNY

She'll be soon enough. Richie  
sends her roses every day.

RICHARD  
Only Monday through Friday.

Richard banks in a ball.

LENNY  
Nice shot.

RICHARD  
Thank you sir.

GARY  
She know you dub porn?

RICHARD  
(To Gary)  
Does your girlfriend know?

GARY  
She prefers it. I save her money  
she'd have to spend herself.

RICHARD  
Well I won't be in porn for too  
long my friend.

Richard pockets the last ball. He moves in for the pay off.

JUAN  
What is this? Mother Mary came  
down and made you on the snap like  
that?

LENNY  
Let's go Willy, pay the man his  
money.

JUAN  
Go fuck yourself!

LENNY  
I would but my dick doesn't reach  
that far.

Danny laughs hard.

JUAN  
(to Richard)  
I see how it is.

Juan points his cue stick at Lenny while addressing Richard.

JUAN (CONT'D)

This porn watching motherfucker  
beats you all night then I come in  
and get taken by you?

As Juan continues, Richard's smile fades, his eyes honing in  
on Juan's LIPS, spilling forth insults IN SPANISH.

From Richard's POV, something switches, JUAN'S WORD MUTING as  
the peripheral bar sounds take on a menacing air. A SHRILL  
LAUGH FROM THE FEMALE BARTENDER. A MAN CURSES LOUD AS HE  
MISSES A SHOT.

Richard's move is sudden and violent, THRUSTING the end of  
his cue squarely into Juan's front TEETH, slapping the man's  
head back in a splay of blood.

Juan falls hard, wheezing painfully, gasping for air.

Richard searches Juan's pockets, grabbing his WALLET and  
counting out three FIVE DOLLAR BILLS. He leaves the rest.

GARY

What the hellyya doin'? Clean him  
out.

Richard throws the wallet back to Juan.

RICHARD

Let's go.

3

EXT. TENDER TRAP-HOBOKEN, N.J.-NIGHT

3

Saturday night revelers crowd the sidewalk. Richard hands  
Lenny a FIVE.

LENNY

It's o.k. Richie.

RICHARD

Take it anyway.

Lenny pockets the money.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(moving across the street)  
I'll see ya guys later.

GARY

Whereya goin? I thought we were  
hitting Mario's?

RICHARD  
I gotta catch some sleep.

GARY  
Come'on Richie. One drink...!

But Richard's gone.

4 INT. RICHARD'S APARTMENT-NIGHT 4

A one room hole. Claustrophobic.

Despite water leaks and ragged carpet, Richard's tried to make it a home. The bed is neatly made. A new curtain on a cracked window.

He turns on the overhead light as it BLOWS INSTANTLY, a QUICK FLASH then darkness.

Richard opens the refrigerator for light, moving to a mirror hung over the kitchen sink.

He stares at himself for a brief moment, noticing a BLOOD STAIN below the collar of his white button-up shirt.

He removes his shirt and opens the tap, scrubbing the shirt hard with HAND SOAP.

5 INT. 'CHOW BABY' COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT 5

ICE is poured into a glass. It's filled with WATER. Placed on a tray.

We follow a WAITRESS down an aisle to a CORNER BOOTH. Here she delivers the waters to a YOUNG COUPLE ON A DATE.

BARBARA PEDRIN, 22, is white collar around the edges. She has an elegant almost patrician like beauty.

Richard's in the same shirt with tie, hair combed. He twirls A SPOON WITH HIS FINGER in the awkward silence.

BARBARA  
You know, it's not very polite.  
Ask a girl out to coffee you should  
have something to say.

RICHARD  
Like what?

# TB

BARBARA

I don't know. *You're the one who asked me here.* Talk about the weather.

Richard glances out the window. PEDESTRIANS ARE BUNDLED AGAINST THE COLD.

RICHARD

You got any family?

BARBARA

Now we're talking. Good question.

RICHARD

Thanks.

BARBARA

You want the truth or the 'getting to know you' version?

RICHARD

The truth.

BARBARA

You sure?

(Richard nods)

It was my mother's choice to have me...so my father decided she should raise me. He left us for Miami Beach when I was six years old.

(beat)

That was the beginning. My mother was so resentful, she took it out on me. Left me with my grandmother. After that, my aunt.

Beat.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

You?

RICHARD

My sister and brother are around somewhere.

BARBARA

And your parents?

Richard shrugs.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

You don't talk to them?

# TB

10.

RICHARD  
Not really.

Beat.

BARBARA  
You know, you're not very much of a  
conversationalist.

Richard flushes. He takes the fork and begins digging it  
into the fleshy part of his thumb. Barbara notices.

RICHARD  
Most people I talk to have nothing  
to say.

Something about Richard's intonation makes Barbara pause.  
She reaches out her hand and takes the fork from Richard.

BARBARA  
Even your family?

He looks up at Barbara, her blue eyes quickly disarming his  
anxiety.

RICHARD  
They're lousy conversationalists.

Barbara giggles. She likes him. Richard smiles back,  
beaming.

BARBARA  
That's funny.

Richard revels in his triumph. This is the moment he has  
waited for.

Cautiously, he leans across the table and gestures to kiss  
Barbara. Hesitant at first, she leans her head forward and  
places her lips to Richard's.

6 INT. MATERNITY - DAY 6

BARBARA in the throes of labor. Her forehead is drenched  
with sweat as she clenches tight to the NIGHT NURSE'S APRON,  
SCREAMING.

7 INT. MATERNITY - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT 7

Rainbow linoleum and fluorescent lights.

TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES plays to fuzzy reception. A young BOB BARKER tempts a young contestant to risk her winnings by opening a 'drawer' in his CABINET OF SECRETS.

Richard lowers his head and stares at the arm of his chair. He begins digging his thumbnail into the wooden handle then glances at his watch.

An INTAKE NURSE notices Richard in the waiting room...

INTAKE NURSE  
Mr. Kuklinski...?

Richard approaches the NURSES' STATION.

NURSE  
You put your wife's name on the insurance line.

He peruses the PRINTED FORM then hands it back to the nurse.

RICHARD  
We don't have insurance.

The nurse makes a note IN BARBARA'S FILE. Richard watches.

NURSE  
(re: the chart)  
She's delivered here before?

RICHARD  
She hadda still birth last fall.

NURSE  
It says January.

RICHARD  
That was a miscarriage.

NURSE  
Do you have a picture identification to confirm this as your legal address?

Richard hands over his DRIVER'S LICENSE.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
We'll need a copy of your wife's driver's license as well.  
(she continues jotting...)  
All bills will be sent to this address...?

Richard shuffles. Uncertain.

Richard enters Barbara's room. She lays asleep in bed beside a HOSPITAL CRIB. Within, Richard marks BABY MERRICK SLEEPING SOUNDLY. He takes a knee and silently lifts her into his arm.

Merrick yawns, raising a balled fist to her face, crying softly. Richard tries to soothe her, moving away from the bed and towards the window. He studies his reflection in the window, BABY IN ARM, proud.

Richard turns and marks the INTAKE NURSE in the hallway signalling him. Richard moves into the hall. Barbara opens her eyes, listening to the off screen conversation...

NURSE

Unfortunately, I was misinformed.  
The policy for uninsured maternity  
stay is limited when there's a  
shortage of beds.

RICHARD

And a payment plan?

NURSE

It doesn't matter. Healthy  
newborns have thirty-six hours of  
services from admission.

Richard bites the inside of his lip, tense.

NURSE (CONT'D)

We can move your wife and daughter  
to the clinic on Plymouth if you  
feel they need additional  
attention. But the bed is needed  
as soon as possible...

BARBARA (O.S.)

Richie are you there?

Richard softens at the sound of Barbara's voice. He turns back to her.

NURSE

I'm sorry Mr. Kuklinski.

RICHARD

Thank you.

He moves back into the room.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
How you feeling?

Richard leans down and kisses Barbara's forehead...

BARBARA  
I can hardly open my eyes.

Richard places the baby on Barbara's chest...

RICHARD  
Someone wants to say 'hello.'

Barbara sits up awkwardly, tentative. She stares into Merrick's eyes as the baby begins to SCREAM.

BARBARA  
I think she wants you.

RICHARD  
She's just hungry.

BARBARA  
I don't think so.

RICHARD  
Believe me.

Richard opens Barbara's hospital gown.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
It's ok. You can do it.

Barbara places Merrick slowly to her breast. Merrick fusses for a moment then latches on, calmed immediately. Overwhelmed, BARBARA BEGINS WEeping.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
It's ok.

Richard holds Barbara around the shoulder, resting his chin on her head. His expression darkens with worry.

BARBARA  
I need to know we can count on you  
Richie.

RICHARD  
You can. I promise. Everything's  
gonna be ok.

INT. PHOTO LAB - LATER

Richard works hard. He rips adhesive tape with his mouth, stacking CANS OF FILM and taping them up. He's sweating profusely when a KNOCKING STOPS HIM COLD.

Richard moves to the door and opens it.

ROY DEMEO, 49, a weary resignation, stands on the threshold.

ROY

It's like a sauna in here. You trying to lose weight?

RICHARD

Not really.

Two subordinates stands behind Roy: CHRIS ROSENBERG, 27 and FREDDY DINOME, 42.

ROY

Where's Lenny Diprima?

RICHARD

He's gone for the day.

Richard steps back. Roy walks in.

Roy scouts the lab. Rosenberg and DiNome block the path to the door.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

We're seven boxes short. One of the projectors shut down Monday.

ROY

Seven boxes?...what is that? One-twenty for every day of the week? About eight-forty give or take a few?

Roy moves to one of the boxes, removing a FILM CAN.

ROY (CONT'D)

That's not so bad.

Roy nods to DiNome who in turn SLAMS HIS GUN into the back of Richard's head, sending him crashing to the ground.

DiNome angles his foot on Richard's neck to keep him pinned.

Richard REACTS, reaching behind his head and upending DiNome in one motion.

# TB

Richard rises and grabs Rosenberg by the throat, simultaneously kicking DiNome in the gut.

Roy, GUN DRAWN, watches from the sidelines, intrigued.

Richard exchanges a series of blows with Rosenberg. Again, DiNome cracks the butt end of a gun into his head.

Richard falls hard.

ROY (CONT'D)  
It's not worth it kid.

Richard takes a kick to his head from Rosenberg. Another to his gut. Richard attempts to get back to his feet, but is struck again by DiNome's boot.

Richard won't yield, lifting again onto his hands and knees.

Roy places his gun to Richard's head-

ROY (CONT'D)  
What are you tryin' to prove? It doesn't make any difference-your evil eye. I'm the one with the gun.

HE RACKS THE SLIDE ON HIS PISTOL, and exchanges a long, hard look with Richard.

ROY (CONT'D)  
You care that much about Diprima?

RICHARD  
We need to get paid.

Richard now finds his footing and rises up slowly. DiNome aims his gun at Richard.

DINOME  
(to Roy)  
Fuck him Roy.

ROY  
Start loading the car Freddy. Help him out Chris.

Richard catches his reflection in a discarded FILM CAN. He wipes the blood from his mouth with his shirt sleeve.

DiNome lowers his gun, picks a box and exits.

ROY (CONT'D)

You take one beating too many, you begin to deserve em.' At least you think you do.

(beat)

Why don't you come see me in Brooklyn tomorrow? I could use someone like you.

(to Chris and DiNome)

I'm sweatin' like a pig. Let's go.

And with that, Roy exits.

10 INT. BATHROOM-FILM LAB 10

Richard opens the tap and washes his face, spitting blood into the sink. He stares hard at the stained water as it swirls down the drain.

11 INT/EXT. GEMINI LOUNGE-DAY 11

Richard stands across the street from THE GEMINI LOUNGE. The stuccoed building has a garish marquee in English lettering across a BARRED ENTRANCE. Richard lingers for a moment in rain. He pushes his jacket collar up and makes his way over.

From the doorway, ROSENBERG marks Richard walking across the street. He turns into the lounge.

12 INT. GEMINI LOUNGE-DEMEO'S OFFICE-SAME 12

THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERET by SGT. BARRY SADLER plays on a phonograph. Roy wears READING GLASSES as he works diligently, placing an ELEANOR ROOSEVELT STAMP carefully into a FILE BOOK.

ROSENBERG

(at the doorway)

Ku-linski from the porn lab's here-

ROY

What a shame. Whole Eleanor Roosevelt collection minus 'Eleanor and her fucking dog Fala.'

ROSENBERG

I thought you said you found someone who's got it...?

ROY  
Yeah, but he won't sell it to me.  
Says it has sentimental value.

ROSENBERG  
Maybe we should go pay him a visit?

ROY  
He's in Sweden. Maybe one day.

Roy smiles and shuts the album.

ROSENBERG  
What about Ku-linski?

ROY  
In a minute. Sit down kid. I  
wanna talk to you for a second.

Rosenberg sits.

ROY (CONT'D)  
You're keeping that mustache?

ROSENBERG  
Why?

ROY  
You look like Joseph Stalin.

ROSENBERG  
As long as I don't look Jewish.

ROY  
It doesn't look good.

ROSENBERG  
Ok-I'll shave it.

Beat.

ROY  
I got a call this morning. Word is  
you're goin' around tellin' people  
your last name's Demeo.

(beat)  
Is it true?

ROSENBERG  
On occasion. You know how it is.  
The name "Rosenberg" doesn't  
exactly fit in.

(beat)  
You pissed?

ROY  
No. It's ok. Go get the  
car...Demeo.

13 EXT/INT. CADILLAC- LATER THAT DAY

13

BEDFORD STUYVESANT. A row of WEATHER BEATEN ROW HOMES. Richard sits beside Dinome in the backseat. Rosenberg drives. Roy shotgun.

ROY  
Park right there.

Rosenberg pulls to the curve.

ROY (CONT'D)  
(to Richard)  
Kah-linski. Koo-linski...how do ya  
pronounce it?

RICHARD  
Kuklinski.

ROY  
Kuklinski. It's Polish?

RICHARD  
Yeah-

DINOME  
(interrupting...)  
I knew a Polack once. He showed me  
a handful of dogshit and said:  
"Hey Freddy, look what I almost  
stepped in."

DiNome laughs by himself. Richard smiles vaguely to mask offense. A HOMELESS MAN shakes a paper cup at DiNome's window.

DINOME (CONT'D)  
(to the Homeless man)  
Getta outta here, its too fucking  
cold.

The HOMELESS walks away.

ROY  
(to DiNome)  
Here's a quarter Freddy. You  
should go give it to him.

Rosenberg smiles. DiNome stares at Roy, but it's not a joke.

ROY (CONT'D)

He won't last another hour in this weather. Give it to him Freddy. It's a good cause.

Roy pushes a quarter into DiNome's hand.

DINOME

Come'on Roy, it's freezing out there.

ROY

Have some heart.

DiNome knows better than to argue. He opens the door as a HUGE GUST OF WIND blasts through the car.

ROSENBERG

Close the fucking door! Fuck it's cold!

Richard watches DiNome dodge puddles to the homeless man.

He nearly slips on the sidewalk, inspiring belly laughter from Rosenberg and Roy. Richard smiles.

RICHARD

He's quite a character your friend.

DiNome drops the quarter into the homeless man's cup.

ROY

Freddy's carried a gun for too long. Forgets what it's like to humble himself.

DiNome re-enters the car, shivering.

DINOME

I got fucking ice in my sock.

ROY

I'm proud of you.

DiNome's in no mood. He pulls off his shoe and begins whipping his sock.

Roy removes something WRAPPED IN BLACK CLOTH from the glove compartment and hands it to Richard.

Beneath the cloth, Richard discovers a COLT .45 PISTOL WITH A SILENCER ATTACHED.

Roy looks at the HOMELESS MAN then back to Richard.

ROY (CONT'D)  
 God created man. But Colt made  
 them equal.  
 (beat)  
 Put him out of his misery.

Richard fingers the gun, turning it over in his hands. He  
 sucks his tooth and tightens his grip on the gun.

Roy watches Richard carefully.

ROY (CONT'D)  
 If you don't have it in ya, now's  
 the time to let me know. You can  
 always dub porn.

Richard looks through the front windshield then through the  
 back, SCOUTING THE SCENE.

ROY (CONT'D)  
 We don't have much time here.

Richard steps out of the car.

14 EXT. STREET CORNER - CONTINUES

14

RICHARD walks towards his mark.

In the car, Demeo leans his head against the window, watching  
 carefully as...

Richard reaches the homeless man. He rifles through his  
 pockets, drops a quarter into the man's cup. He gestures to  
 the stoop.

RICHARD  
 You mind if I sit down?

HOMELESS MAN  
 It's your ass. Do what you want  
 with it.

Richard sits. He marks a MAN ACROSS THE STREET, waiting for  
 his dog to sniff a tree. The homeless man offers Richard a  
 half smoked cigarette.

RICHARD  
 No thanks.

15 INT. DEMEO'S CAR-SAME

15

Roy and Rosenberg watch Richard.

ROSENBERG

He doesn't have the balls for it.

ROY

Yes he does.

16 EXT. STOOP-SAME

16

The homeless man lights the butt end of his cigarette.

HOMELESS MAN

Christ almighty, you got big hands.

(comparing his hand to  
Richard's....)

You a lumber jack or something?

RICHARD

No, I'm Polish.

The homeless man laughs loud, coughing in mid toke.

Richard smiles too, keeping his eye on the MAN WITH THE DOG as he turns the corner.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Actually, I will have a drag, What are you smoking?

HOMELESS MAN

Camels.

The homeless man leans over, extending Richard the butt. As he does, Richard grabs his arm, pulling his gun and thrusting it into the man's overcoat...

HE FIRES.

The THREE SHOTS are steady and nearly silent.

The homeless man looks at Richard as if for a last plea of clemency, but Richard's eyes are cold and expressionless. He ashes the cigarette and lowers the man's head on the pavement.

Rosenberg swings the car to the opposite curb. Richard ambles toward it.

He gets in. They drive off.

17 INT. GEMINI LOUNGE - ROY'S OFFICE - LATER

17

Roy pours himself a Bushmill.

ROY

Today wasn't your first time was it?

Richard glances away. The truth is clear.

ROY (CONT'D)

How'd it feel?

Richard shrugs, stares at Roy.

RICHARD

I don't give it much thought.  
If I think about it...it would only hurt me...so I don't.

ROY

You get to be my age, you don't get to ignore it anymore. If I pull a trigger-I need a good reason to be pissed. Otherwise I can't sleep nights.

18 EXT. JERSEY CITY TENEMENT - FLASH FORWARD - AN HOUR LATER 18

A six story walk-up. Richard places a key into the keyhole and enters a dimly lit hallway.

ROY (V.O.)

The guys who work for me...most of em' got families. I respect that. They respect me. Keeps everyone on the same page.

19 INT. RICHARD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 19

Not much bigger than his studio. Chipped paint job replete with water stained wall paper. Barbara is asleep.

ROY (V.O.)

Life is filled with shit and blood,  
but we get to choose when we see it.

Richard lifts BABY MERRICK, tucking her carefully under his chin. A NEWSPAPER is OPENED TO THE REAL ESTATE SECTION on the kitchen table. Several of the listings(LARGE MIDDLE CLASS HOMES)have been circled in pen.

BACK TO THE  
OFFICE:

Richard counts the bills. Five hundred dollars.

ROY (CONT'D)

You'll watch my back. Keep my reputation strong. Freddy and Chris'll be in touch when I need you.

(beat)

You deal with whatever we can't for whatever reason. And you'll only work for me. You good with that?

RICHARD

I'm good.

ROY

(raising his glass)

Good. Salud!

Roy downs his drink.

20

INT. BARBARA'S AUNT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

20

A CHRISTMAS PARTY in full swing.

Isolated and uncomfortable, RICHARD sits on a love seat too small for his large frame. He scans the room, BARBARA with MERRICK are in the audience to UNCLE BILL who gives a slide show of FAMILY VACATION IN ATLANTIC CITY.

BILL

Here they're dredging the beach. I'm tellin' ya...they get the locals together on gambling, it's gonna be a gold mine.

ANOTHER SLIDE. BILL'S FAMILY IN AN UPSCALE RESTAURANT EAT CRABS. THEY ARE ALL SMILES.

BILL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Garden of Mei Wah. All you can eat crabs. I must've had twenty-five.

(mimicking an Asian woman...)

You too good eatah. You put us outta business sah.

Uncle Bill laughs, amused with himself. The slide show ends. A photo of the THE LUXURIOUS TRAYMORE HOTEL remains on the wall. Barbara's OLDEST NEPHEW, 8 motions to an OVERSIZED PRESENT by the fire place.

NEPHEW  
Who's this for?

BARBARA  
It's your cousin Merrick's.

NEPHEW  
Can I open it for her?

BARBARA  
Go ahead.

The nephew unwraps the present revealing a TREMENDOUS DOLL HOUSE.

NEPHEW  
Wow, It's huge!!

BARBARA  
(embarrassed, to her family...)  
We're tryin' to spoil her early.

Bill squares up Richard.

BILL  
You buy something like that for a one year old?

Richard doesn't respond.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Whatju you get me Richie? C'mon. You're in my house for Christmas and your daughter's the only one who makes out?

Richard chuckles but he's not amused.

Sickened by the sound of the ensuing LAUGHTER, Richard gets to his feet and walks nonchalantly toward the front door. Barbara watches him carefully.

BILL (CONT'D)  
(to Richard)  
Where you going?

RICHARD  
Get some air.

BILL  
It's ten below zero. You're gonna freeze your ass off.

Richard tries to smile but he's close to breaking...

BARBARA

There's too much hot air in here.

Laughter. Richard softens, giving a warm glance to Barbara before exiting.

21 EXT. BARBARA'S AUNT'S HOUSE-SAME 21

He turns and glances back into the house, watching the FAMILY SCENE through the window.

Richard finds Barbara as she waves him to come back from the living room.

Knowing she can't hear him, Richard barely raises his voice, pointing a finger in the air to pantomime 'one minute.'

Barbara gives him a sympathetic smile and he softens, their silent connection registering in his eyes.

22 EXT/INT. RICHARD'S WAREHOUSE - DAY 22

RICHARD rolls open a steel plated door revealing,

A small rented WAREHOUSE/GARAGE. It's empty but for two gym lockers cornered side by side beside a small desk.

A PHONE IS ANSWERED OFF SCREEN.

RICHARD (V.O.)

Yeah?

ROSENBERG (V.O.)

We've got someone we'd like you to talk to. Briefly.

Richard now pulls out a COMBINATION BRIEFCASE from the locker, rolling the lock and removing,

TWIN DERRINGERS, a .22 pistol and a LARGE HUNTING KNIFE.

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

Name's Marielli. Can't keep his mouth shut.

Richard puts a Derringer in each jacket pocket, the knife in his belt and the .22 in his sock.

ROSENBERG (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Make sure the message is clear to  
everyone, there'll be extra for ya.

Richard SLAMS the plated door shut.

23

INT. RICHARD'S CAR - NIGHT

23

RICHARD is parked INSIDE AN UNDERGROUND GARAGE.

He sits in his Rambler listening to the radio and a news report of an American trade embargo on Cuba.

PARKING LEVEL ELEVATOR doors open. A MAN AND WOMAN EXIT.

Richard turns to a PHOTOGRAPH on the passenger seat. A quick glance indicates NO MATCH. Richard settles back.

The couple pulls out of the garage, simultaneously passing a LINCOLN now entering through the same exit.

The Lincoln parks. Richard verifies MARIELLI from the PHOTOGRAPH. HE TURNS OFF THE RADIO.

MARIELLI, 42, in a HEAVY WINTER COAT moves to his trunk, fumbling with grocery bags.

He flinches -- COLD STEEL pressing suddenly against his neck, RICHARD'S KNIFE.

RICHARD  
Move to the side. On your knees.

Marielli falls to his knees, dropping the grocery bags.

A CAN OF TOMATOES falls hard and rolls in a circle, disappearing under a parked car. Richard scans the garage. The coast is clear.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Stick out your tongue.

Mariella glances at Richard...a petition for mercy.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
I won't ask twice.

Marielli's tongue slowly emerges from his mouth...

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Hold it out.

Richard un-sheaths HIS KNIFE in one clean motion,

HE SLICES OFF MARIELLI'S TONGUE.

The move is quick, violent and surgical.

MARIELLI falls forward, a painful CRY escaping his lips-

But Richard is quick. He jabs his knife into the back of the man's neck,

FINISHING HIM. The man slumps to the ground, dead.

DING! The ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN. AN ELDERLY MAN MAKES HIS WAY TOWARDS HIS CAR.

Richard hunches low out of sight. He pulls Marielli's pants down to his ankles, angling the tongue into his buttocks.

24 INT. RICHARD'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER - MOVING 24

Richard drives away from the garage.

He turns on the radio, begins HUMMING A TUNE.

He notices a SMALL PIECE OF FLESH between his thumb and forefinger. He takes a napkin and wipes the blood clean without expression.

He drives into a TUNNEL.

Staccatos of light fill the blackness, flickering over Richard's face through his reflection. With each beam of light, time passes, the years falling away as,

A CHRONICLE OF RICHARD'S LIFE FLASHES ON THE WINDSHIELD.

A DEAD MAN ON A PARK BENCH. AN EXPLOSION. POOLS OF BLOOD mingle with the image of MERRICK'S FIRST STEPS, A CHILD'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

The flickering continues with flashes of light.

As Richard exits the tunnel, EIGHT YEARS HAVE PASSED. Driving a new CADILLAC, he's aged noticeably. He exits the tunnel into a blue sky, BLENDING WITH HIGHWAY TRAFFIC.

A MASSIVE BILLBOARD. 'ISLAY WHISKEY, BEST OF 1974.'

25 EXT/INT. KUKLINSKI NEW HOUSE - DAY 25

A MIDDLE CLASS CAPE COD HOUSE. Roomy kitchen attached to a FAMILY ROOM.

Richard's second daughter, CHRISTEN, 7 enters the kitchen in a flurry, takes a SCHOOL BOOK from the kitchen counter and edges it into her bookbag.

BARBARA, seven years older (but no worse for the wear) places the finishing touches on a pair of "RAGGEDY ANNE" LUNCH BOXES. MERRICK now 9, is reading the cereal box.

BARBARA

Come'on girls, you'll be late.  
Merrick go get your shorts.

MERRICK

We have seven minutes.

BARBARA

Tell your father to hurry up.

MERRICK makes her way out of the kitchen-

INTO THE LIVING ROOM and through the foyer.

On the first floor landing she passes RICHARD in a HALLWAY BEDROOM. He's on the phone, fidgeting with his shirt collar.

RICHARD

The property's in Ventnor. He's asking Atlantic City prices!?

REALTOR (V.O.)

Gambling's going legal any day.

RICHARD

They're condominiums not a casino.

MERRICK

(peeking in...)

I like the red tie better.

Richard considers himself in the mirror.

RICHARD

Tell him I can't go higher than one-fifty.

REALTOR (V.O.)

He won't give you the time of day...I'll have to call you back later Mr. Kuklinski.

Richard hangs up the phone. He poses in the mirror, cocking his head and squaring his shoulders. He sighs, pulling off the tie.

Barbara gets to her knees, pulling up Christen's socks. Merrick loads her lunch box. Richard comes down the landing in the red tie.

BARBARA

Nice tie.

RICHARD

Thank you.

Richard winks at Merrick.

BARBARA

I'm picking them up after school. Then Emma's with them until six-thirty.

RICHARD

Where you goin'?

BARBARA

Bamberger's then Bloomingdales. You need anything?

RICHARD

More Brut.

BARBARA

(sniffing his neck)  
You smell good to me.

RICHARD

Who you going with...?

Christen and Merrick plant kisses on Barbara's cheek and dart out the front door...

BARBARA

(to Merrick)  
Good luck on your test!

Hurried, Richard shovels the remains of Merrick's EGG onto a piece of half eaten toast.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

I can make you your own breakfast you know...

RICHARD

Who you goin' shopping with?

# TB

BARBARA

Adele.

THE PHONE RINGS. Richard picks it up.

RICHARD

Hello?

A RECORDED VOICE can be heard on the other end.

RECORDED VOICE

An inmate of Hudson County Jail is  
trying to reach you-

RICHARD

(listening)

Sorry, wrong number.

Richard hangs up the phone. He looks up to find Barbara watching him.

He follows the girls out the door.

BARBARA

Wait a second. Come here.

Richard steps toward Barbara. She picks off a piece of egg from his lip then kisses him.

RICHARD

I love you.

BARBARA

Me too.

Merrick honks the horn of Richard's Cadillac.

MERRICK (O.S.)

We're gonna be late!!!

RICHARD

Coming!

BARBARA

(noticing her NEXT DOOR  
NEIGHBOR standing in his  
yard)

Hi Paul!

PAUL DICKSTEIN, 41 holds a BLACK CAT ON A LEASH, sipping a cup of coffee...

PAUL DICKSTEIN

Hey Barbara!

Richard situates the girls in his car...

PAUL DICKSTEIN (CONT'D)  
What's the good word Richie?

RICHARD  
I thought black cats were bad luck.

PAUL DICKSTEIN  
Only if you believe it.

RICHARD  
If I see it pissing in my yard  
again, I certainly will.

Dickstein chuckles, amused. Richard moves to his car and  
grins, pleased with himself.

The girls lean over from the backseat waving to BARBARA who  
stands by the front door, WAVING BACK.

27 EXT/INT. RICHARD'S CAR -DAY

27

Richard is driving.

RICHARD  
(To Merrick)  
Lieutenant.

MERRICK  
L-I-E-T-E-N-A-N-T.

RICHARD  
Sounds good to me.

CHRISTEN  
She forgot the "U."

RICHARD  
Get an "A" I'll let you stay home  
on Thursday. Deal?

CHRISTEN  
Me too?

RICHARD  
Only good spellers get days off.

CHRISTEN  
Give me a word.

Richard looks out the window. TWO GARBAGE MEN load a garbage  
truck.

RICHARD  
Garbage man.

CHRISTEN  
G-A-R-B-A-G-E-M-A-N.

RICHARD  
Merrick?

MERRICK  
She got it.

Richard pulls into the parking lot of ST. KATHERINE'S SCHOOL. Uniformed GIRLS file into the front archway under a statue of SAINT KATHERINE.

Richard parks in a spot marked with a sign RESERVED FOR FATHER FLANDE.

MERRICK (CONT'D)  
Dad, you can't park here.

RICHARD  
Yes I can, let's go.

28 EXT. ST. KATHERINE'S SCHOOL-DAY 28

Richard seems like a giant as he weaves his way through the sea of girls.

29 INT. ST. KATHERINE'S SCHOOL-DAY 29

At the end of a far hallway, Christen breaks free and darts into a classroom. Merrick gives her father a kiss as he grabs her into a bear hug and HOLDS TIGHT.

MERRICK  
Daddy, I have to go.

He puts her down.

RICHARD  
Don't take any crap from any nuns.

Richard watches her disappear into her classroom before he turns back towards the entrance.

SISTER MARJORIE (O.S.)  
Mister Kuklinksii!

Richard is intercepted by a miniature nun in a habit. This is SISTER MARJORIE, 66.

SISTER MARJORIE (CONT'D)

I thought we already discussed this. You can use the visitor's parking lot when you drop off your daughters. I think Father Flanigan and I have made that perfectly clear.

RICHARD

I told you already sister. I don't have any choice.

SISTER MARJORIE

What is that supposed to mean?

Richard leans down slowly and whispers in her ear.

RICHARD

God told me to do it.

Richard nods earnestly to sister Marjorie and walks back towards his car.

30 EXT. GROVE STREET - DAY 30

A MR. SOFTEE ICE CREAM TRUCK drives slowly past Richard's car as he gets out of it. He moves towards an APARTMENT BUILDING on the other side of the block.

31 INT. GROVE ST. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 31

Richard knocks on an APARTMENT DOOR. A RAT FACED MAN, MARTY SCHULMAN, 42 opens the door a crack. Richard pushes his way through...

MARTY

Oh, no, no, no, fuck me no!!

32 INT. GROVE ST. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER 32

RICHARD sits with a gun in lap, watching Marty sweat profusely, pleading on the phone. He glances towards MARTY'S DESK, marking a PHOTOGRAPH OF A YOUNG BOY IN A BATHING SUIT posed next to his father.

MARTY

Roy, we were sitting with Myron talking about Pinkie Hepshire's sister. That's all. It's nothing! Little bit a talk...tits, ass...nothing more.

(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)

Then he asked me if I'd seen  
Rosenberg lately. I told him it'd  
been awhile but nothing else.

(beat)

How about Testa and Borelli when I,  
was quiet as a fucking mouse? Even  
after that Katz bullshit!  
Remember?

Marty listens, his features tensing with every word-  
Richard glances back at the picture of Marty with his son...  
Marty listens with budding relief, anxiety abating.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Thanks Roy, I appreciate it. As  
soon as possible. I promise.

Marty hands Richard the phone.

MARTY (CONT'D)

He wants to talk to you.

ROY (V.O.)

(to Richard)

He tried to sell out Rosenberg.  
Shoot that guy in his rat fucking  
face.

The line goes dead. Richard hangs up.

MARTY

(smiling to Richard)

Everybody's gotta soft spot right?

Richard lifts his Derringer...

MARTY (CONT'D)

What...what the fuck you doing...?

RICHARD

He changed his mind.

MARTY

He said it was-

RICHARD FIRES.

Marty falls to the floor. He clutches his shoulder as flesh  
bulges from bone.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Ahhh...NO JESUS! NO! I don't want  
to die man, please no- Please!!

Richard steps back, watching Marty in full hysteria- a urine  
stain spreading from his crotch.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
(sobbing)  
Spare me! Jesus! Please god!

RICHARD  
You really believe that? Praying  
to god's gonna save you??

Marty searches Richard for a sign of mercy-

MARTY  
YES!!! I do!!! I do!!!

Richard smiles slightly, a hint of jealousy-

RICHARD  
Then I'll give you some time. Pray  
to god. Let him come down and stop  
me. Go ahead.

Marty rolls his head to his knees, fists to his ears,  
screaming at the floor...

MARTY  
On the third day, he rose again!!!  
He ascended to heaven and is seated  
at the right hand of the Father!!!!

As Marty continues pray, Richard watches,

a slight waver in his eyes. A flash of remorse that lingers  
momentarily then dissipates.

Richard rubs a hand on his temple.

Marty is praying with all his heart.

Richard looks at his watch.

The praying seems like it goes on forever.

Suddenly, Richard stands, again pointing his gun at Rat  
face's head. Marty glances up to Richard.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Please don't.

RICHARD  
I guess God is busy.

RICHARD UNLOADS INTO RAT FACE,

But there's little satisfaction. Richard studies Rat face for a moment, a look of worry darkening to shame.

A RUSTLING FROM ANOTHER ROOM draws Richard to a REAR DOOR.

RICHARD ENTERS, GUN DRAWN.

He moves slowly to a closet door, carefully slides it open,

A suit hangs in the closet. A LOOSE THREAD on the sleeve flutters as if in a slight breeze.

Carefully, Richard pulls back the suit to discover a HALF NAKED GIRL, ALEX, 17. She sits on the floor trembling, hugging her legs to her chest.

GIRL  
Please, please-

Richard places the gun to the Alex's head. Her face contorts in anticipation.

Richard's expression hardens, his FINGER TENSING ON THE TRIGGER.

ALEX  
I'm not Shannon I'm Alex. She's his girl-usually. I don't know him...I just covered for her...

RICHARD  
It doesn't matter.

ALEX  
Please don't kill me.

RICHARD  
How old are you?

ALEX  
Seventeen.

Richard pauses. Alex's adolescent features glean through caked on MAKE-UP.

He lowers his gun.

RICHARD  
Get dressed.

Richard averts his eyes as Alex fumbles with her bra.

ALEX

Thank you. I promise I won't say anything.

Richard grabs Alex's arm and barrels towards the front door.

33 INT. GROVE STREET APARTMENT - DAY 33

A MAN we haven't seen before wears a janitor's uniform, standing on the top rung of a ladder. He affixes twin pads of C-4 DYNAMITE on the ceiling of a vacant apartment. He sets a timer to FIVE minutes and hustles down, wrapping a leather tool belt around his waist.

He moves to the exit door and darts out.

BACK TO:

34 INT. GROVE STREET APARTMENT HALLWAY-CONTINUING 34

Richard stands beside Alex waiting for an elevator. It arrives and they enter.

35 INT. ELEVATOR-CONTINUING 35

Richard watches the FLOOR INDICATOR move from '19' to '18' before STOPPING. The ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN.

Our man in the janitor's uniform enters. This is MR. SOFTEE, 32. He has a look of perpetual amusement, TATOOS the length of his left forearm.

Richard and Softee glance at each other with recognition. Softee turns to Alex, noticing tears in her eyes.

SOFTEE

Your mascara. It's runnin.'

Softee hands Alex a handkerchief. She takes it and wipes her face.

ALEX

Thanks.

Softee glances back to the FLOOR INDICATOR. It has stopped on "14." Softee checks his watch, then smiles nervously in Richard's direction.

# TR

A MALE CAREGIVER slowly pushes in an elderly woman on A WHEELCHAIR. Softee smiles at the nurse, then jams his finger into the 'DOOR CLOSED BUTTON.'

36 INT. GROVE STREET LOBBY-MOMENTS LATER 36

Richard takes Alex by the arm and leads her out of the elevator. Softee follows close behind, noticing Richard about to cross the street...

SOFTEE

You better come with me.

RICHARD

What's that?

Softee gestures to a MR. SOFTEE TRUCK parked illegally in front of the apartment building.

Richard steps off the curb just as A HUGE EXPLOSION blows out the windows from the apartment above. Richard takes Alex's hand and throws her into the back of Softee's truck, barely escaping DEBRIS showering down from above.

37 INT. SOFTEE'S TRUCK \ REAR HOLD - CONTINUOUS 37

Softee indicates Alex-

SOFTEE

Who the hell is she?

RICHARD

(to Alex)

Get out of here. Now!

Alex moves out of the truck, just as SIRENS begin BLARING in the background.

Richard gets into the passenger seat. Softee speeds off down the block, past oncoming FIRE TRUCKS.

Richard glances out his window, marking his CADILLAC still parked outside of Marty's building.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

There's my car, drop me here.

But Softee ignores Richard and continues driving away from the scene.

SOFTEE

You're lucky I saw you, or you'd be half way to Camden. I rigged three pounds in the apartment below.

(quickly...)

You're Kuklinski the Polack.  
I'm Softee. Mr Softee.

RICHARD

I know who you are. Just stop the truck.

SEVERAL POLICE CARS pull alongside the building obstructing Richard's car. Resigned, Richard sits back in his seat.

SOFTEE

You out for Demeo?

No response.

SOFTEE (CONT'D)

Demeo's so fucked he hired both of us. Our friend Marty was gonna rat out Rosenberg.

RICHARD

Maybe.

SOFTEE

The Jew killed a Cuban courier with Colombian ties. He has no choice.

Beat.

SOFTEE (CONT'D)

Who was the girl?

RICHARD

Marty's whore. She was a kid.

SOFTEE

So you let her go?

RICHARD

I don't kill kids.

At this, Softee TURNS THE WHEEL HARD and does a sharp U-Turn, driving back towards the scene of the crime.

SOFTEE

You're gonna ruin your reputation  
Polack.

Softee spots ALEX walking briskly in the opposite direction.

Richard pulls out his gun.

RICHARD  
Stop the car.

Softee ACCELERATES. He pulls his truck alongside the curb and PUNCHES THE GAS. Marking Softee, Alex makes a mad dash towards the station...

Richard puts his gun to Softee's head.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Stop the car now!

SOFTEE  
Odds are against you. Kill the captain. Ship goes down.

SOFTEE FLOORS THE GAS.

RICHARD  
I said stop the FUCKING CAR!

Richard FIRES through the windshield SHATTERING IT.

Softee slams on the brakes.

SOFTEE  
What the fuck is wrong with you?!

Alex disappears to safety down a subway tunnel.

Richard steps out of the car and covers himself from the wind.

SOFTEE (CONT'D)  
You owe me a windshield Polack!!!

Softee drives away.

Richard turns the corner and walks away from the CRIME SCENE. A CROWD OF SPECTATORS watch FIRE AND POLICE CREWS tend to the smoking building.

Richard marks SEVERAL POLICE MEN with NOTE PADS, jotting down curb side LICENSE PLATES (INCLUDING HIS own CADILLAC).

The street lights are lit but there's still summer daylight. Brooklyn TRAFFIC speeds under the J line OVERPASS.

An upscale STEAK HOUSE in Brooklyn. Richard sits next to Barbara. LENNY DIPRIMA sits at the head of the table. HIS GIRLFRIEND, LIVI, 23 puts the finishing touches on a BOTTLE OF WINE.

Around the table are GARY SMITH, now 40, his wife VERONICA 35 and DANNY, now 33.

LENNY

It was America Holland, something like that...big boat...big...six decks, all you can eat, all you can drink. You want a Pina Colada while you're in the steamer? There's a bartender in the fucking fog.

(beat)

So I'm taking a leak and I hear this little mouse in the next stall: "Excuse me? Is somebody in there...?" Thickest Long Island accent you ever heard.

LIVI

I was locked in.

RICHARD

Why the men's room?

LIVI

I don't remember.

LENNY

If you ask me, she followed someone in.

LIVI

Shut up Lenny.

(to Barbara)

So how did you meet Richie?

BARBARA

I was a secretary in the warehouse across the street from the lab.

LENNY

Richie was over there every break he had with flowers and candy.

GARY

(To Richard)

So now you go from dubbing cartoons  
to international banking?

RICHARD

It's called currency exchange.

VERONICA

Cartoons? Is that what you call  
porn these days?

Gary grimaces. Barbara glances at Richard.

BARBARA

Porn?

LENNY

(to Barbara)

You have to excuse our friend here.  
When we weren't looking, Gary used  
the equipment to cut titty flicks  
for his pervert friends.

Tension. Barbara retrieves A PHOTOGRAPH FROM HER PURSE.  
Hands it to Livi.

BARBARA

These are our two girls.

LIVI

(re: the PHOTOS)

Oh my god, they're beautiful.

BARBARA

That's Christen and Merrick last  
year.

RICHARD

They both danced Sleeping Beauty at  
summer camp.

DANNY

Richie, what the hell's currency  
exchange?

Irritated, Richard takes a sip of water while everyone waits.

BARBARA

He follows the market like any  
thing else. Looks for trends.  
Natural disaster. Typhus. Then he  
takes advantage of inflation, and  
waits.

Richard raises an eyebrow, impressed.

GARY

And you have all the inside information?

RICHARD

No. Vendor makes the decisions. He's the one that pays me.

GARY

In Valentino suits?

BARBARA

It's Bloomingdale's.

Veronica takes a nervous sip of her drink. Barbara places a hand on Richard's knee to calm him.

GARY

(indicating his own suit)  
And this is pure Chinese silk.  
(to Barbara)  
It's nice isn't it...?

BARBARA

(to Veronica)  
Did you pick it out?

VERONICA

Absolutely not.

Laughter. Richard tries his best to fake a smile.

40 INT. GEMINI LOUNGE-DAY 40

Richard plays with a CHINESE PIN BALL MACHINE, watching the tiny balls ricochet through levers and wheels.

41 INT. KITCHEN-GEMINI LOUNGE 41

LEONARD MARKS, 65 a heavy with the Gambinos stands in the kitchen. Roy whisks eggs at the stove.

LEONARD MARKS

Big Paul's made his point by now. One plus one equals two. Kid says your name. You're responsible for his actions.

Roy listens as he pours the eggs into the sauce pan. They begin to SIZZLE. He gently adds butter and MUSHROOMS, carefully shaping the edges of AN OMELETTE.

LEONARD MARKS (CONT'D)  
What do you want me to tell him?

ROY  
Neither me nor anyone else touches Chris. We'll work something out with the Cubans.

LEONARD MARKS  
That's the same answer. It doesn't work.

Beat.

LEONARD MARKS (CONT'D)  
You have to pull the trigger. It's the only way the Cubans'll be satisfied.

Leonard eyes Roy before sauntering toward the exit...

Roy tries to edge the spatula around the omelette, but it folds into itself, breaking into pieces.

ROY  
Sonofabitch!

42 INT. GEMINI LOUNGE—MOMENTS LATER

42

Roy sits beside Richard in the booth watching him eat eggs.

ROY  
You're getting heavy Polack.

RICHARD  
You're not eatin'?

ROY  
I ate before. How're the eggs?

RICHARD  
Not bad.

Beat.

ROY  
So tell me about the girl?

RICHARD

She was only a kid. Sixteen years old.

Beat.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

The car wasn't registered in my name. They have nothing on me.

ROY

I see. The rat face you took care of...Marty Schulman...he was friends with Chris since high school. He was gonna sell him to the Cubans if you hadn't shown up.

RICHARD

I heard.

ROY

And you know why? Chris wanted to impress me. Make sure I loved him. Kid steals five kilos of cocaine...doesn't see the big picture. The Cuban couriers he shot were linked to the fucking Calis. Made a huge mess for everyone.

Beat.

RICHARD

You need help?

ROY

The other day, a fucking Cuban kid parks his car outside my house. I'm so paranoid, Freddy and I chased him clear to the city.

(beat)

Turns out he's a nobody. Kid selling fucking vacuum cleaners. I shot him three times in the chest.

RICHARD

Maybe I should go down to Miami?

Roy hands Richard a TOOTHPICK...

ROY

You got something in your teeth.

RICHARD  
I need the work Roy.

ROY  
After all the work you've done for  
me, you got nothing saved?

Roy throws several HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS on the table.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Don't piss this away. There'll be  
another time, another place for  
you. But for now nothing happens  
in my name. Nothing.  
(beat)  
Is that clear?

Richard takes the money and nods.

43 INT. RICHARD'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER 43

Richard stares at the steering wheel, silent. He closes his eyes and begins counting in Polish: Jeden, Dwa. He balls his fist and slams it into the steering wheel HARD. Once. Twice. THREE TIMES.

44 INT. BEDROOM - MORNING 44

Richard lays in bed beside Barbara. They are both asleep. Suddenly, a PHONE RINGS.

RICHARD  
(answering)  
Yeah?

A RECORDED VOICE ECHOES ON THE OTHER LINE...

RECORDED VOICE  
This is a call from Hudson County  
Jail. If you would like to take  
the call please remain on the  
line...

Richard turns to find Barbara watching him.

Richard hangs up the phone.

Richard waits on the near side of a row of BULLET PROOF PARTITIONS. He glances down at the REAL ESTATE SECTION OF THE NEWSPAPER, circling an AD FOR AN ATLANTIC CITY PROPERTY.

He makes eye contact with an INMATE sitting opposite, becoming noticeably antsy as the inmate GLARES at him.

An inner door is opened as JOEY KUKLINKSI, 38 is escorted to the seat across from Richard.

Joey scratches at large WELTS clearly visible around his neck. He's a spitting image of Richard except for his eyes-WIDE SAUCERS, betraying his fragile disposition.

JOEY

Richie. It's been awhile.

RICHARD

How are you Joey?

JOEY

I got bed bugs I think.

Joey peruses his brother's face...

JOEY (CONT'D)

You got big. I mean bigger.

Uncomfortable silence. Joey glances sheepishly at Richard, avoiding eye contact.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I think more people'll be pissed that I killed the dog more than the girl.

RICHARD

She was twelve years old.

JOEY

There's no age limit to be a tease.

Joey chuckles. Richard doesn't. He's disgusted.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Have you talked to the old man?

RICHARD

No.

JOEY

I thought you could go talk to him.  
I need the help.

RICHARD

I don't think so-

JOEY

You know, he still calls me  
"Richie." I stopped correcting  
him. It doesn't bother me anymore.

Richard checks his watch.

JOEY (CONT'D)

You got somewhere to be?

RICHARD

I told my kids I'd take them  
swimming.

Beat.

JOEY

Kids? That's a joke?

RICHARD

No.

JOEY

You're a family man?  
(laughing)  
That's a good one. Girls? Boys?

RICHARD

Two daughters and a son.

Joey mumbles something. Richard glares at his brother.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

What's that?

JOEY

I'd have to see it to believe it.  
(beat)  
C'mon. Me and you Richie - we're  
too fucked in the head for  
family...you know that.

RICHARD

Speak for yourself.

JOEY

You think you're different than me?

RICHARD

I don't have to think about it.

Joey scratches his neck, stares at his shoe.

JOEY

The old man'd go after you cause he knew you could take it.

RICHARD

I'm not talking to him.

JOEY

Why not? If anything, you're the one who scares him. Me-I just shit myself. Made him more ashamed-

(beat)

You were supposed to look out for me.

RICHARD

No one looked out for me.

JOEY

Fuck you. We were in it together. You knew what was going to happen when you left.

RICHARD

I don't want you to call my house.

JOEY

Why?

RICHARD

I don't wanna have to explain who you are to anyone.

JOEY

And what if I do? What if I wanna be an uncle?

(beat)

You gonna hurt me? Tie me to a train like the stray dogs at the powerhouse? You gonna tell that story to your daughters?

Richard gets up to leave...

JOEY (CONT'D)

What about Tony LeBlanc? You don't think I know what happened? Thirteen years old, you caved his head in with a fucking closet pole!

(MORE)

JOEY (CONT'D)

But I didn't say nothing cause I'm  
your brother.

Richard leaves the room.

Joey tries to hold back tears...SLAMMING HIS HEAD HARD  
AGAINST THE PARTITION. Two PRISON GUARDS begin to pull him  
away.

JOEY (CONT'D)

You know you can't have it either  
Richie. A wife? Fucking kids?  
You'll wind up the same!! FUCK YOU  
AND YOUR FUCKING FAMILY!

Richard keeps moving, his eyes fixed to a mark in front of  
his face as he's buzzed through several gates and out into  
bright sunlight.

46 EXT/INT. 'THE STORE'- DAY

46

The "STORE" as the locals call it is anything but. Several  
card tables with mismatched chairs are filled with DOWN AND  
OUT CHARACTERS in the midst of shady deals.

Richard makes his way to an ASIAN MAN standing behind a GLASS  
DISPLAY CASE.

RICHARD

I'm looking for Lenny Diprima.

ASIAN MAN

He's out back.

47 EXT. 'THE STORE BACK YARD'- SAME

47

Richard exits through the rear door of the store and finds  
THREE WAREHOUSE DOORS.

The nearest is open as Richard spies Lenny, Gary and Danny.  
They're oblivious to his presence as they struggle to lift an  
OVERSIZED WASHING MACHINE onto the rear loading plank of a  
moving truck.

It's back breaking work as each man sweats profusely, Richard  
angling on the back of Gary's shirt, STAINED BROWN and soaked  
with dirt and sweat.

Richard turns and walks away. This is not work for him.

CHRISTEN, jumps into Richards's arms as he stands in the deep end. MERRICK holds onto his neck as he lifts Christen over his head and throws her into deeper water.

BARBARA, sits on the edge of a BABY POOL. She talks to her best friend ADELE, 31 who sits beside her, watching her TODDLER SON, 3 splashing.

ADELE

(to her son)

Don't drink the water please!

(eyes on Richard)

Richie got the day off?

BARBARA

I don't know about "off." He seems to make his own schedule these days.

ADELE

That's a good thing...no?

Barbara shrugs.

BARBARA

You would think so.

ADELE

So when are you going back to Aruba?

BARBARA

More like Jones beach. We still haven't paid for the last vacation.

ADELE

Don't tell me that. Who else can I live vicariously through if not you...?

BARBARA

We're gonna be fine. We just need a little help from the market.

Beat.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

How's Tommy doing?

ADELE

The same. We should all get together again. He likes Richie.

# TR

Richard tosses Merrick in the deep end with a splash. Barbara watches as Christen gets out of the pool, drying herself with a towel.

Richard dives below the water and settles at the bottom with Merrick. He looks into Merrick's goggle clad eyes as she giggles. Tiny bubbles rise to the surface.

Suddenly-A MUFFLED SCREAM. Richard kicks back to the surface discovering-

TWO YOUNG GIRLS wrestling in the shallow end. One girl grabs hold of the other's pigtailed.

One of the girls begins running in tears towards a BEEFY MAN as she COLLIDES WITH CHRISTEN...KNOCKING HER TO THE GROUND.

The BEEFY MAN pulls the other girl out of the pool by one arm- and starts SLAPPING HER REPEATEDLY on the REAR END.

From Richard's POV, all other sounds MUTE (except for the bullying girl's subsequent SCREAMING.)

Richard gets quickly out of the pool.

He walks towards Christen, grabs her hand and lifts her. He then stares at BEEFY MAN, his features turning stone cold as his FIST CLENCHES.

BEEFY MAN  
Mind your own business.

Richard's hand whips out, GRABBING THE BEEFY MAN BY THE BACK OF THE HEAD. CHRISTEN SCREAMS.

The sound disarms Richard as he immediately releases his grip.

He take Christen by the hand and walks towards Barbara and Adele.

RICHARD  
Merrick, get out!

MERRICK  
Why?

RICHARD  
We're leaving!

Richard begins folding up a lawn chair and gathering the girls clothes...

BARBARA  
What's wrong Richie?

RICHARD  
It's too crowded. Get your stuff  
and let's go. We'll see you later  
Adele.

ADELE  
Ok?

Barbara flashes Adele an apologetic look.

BARBARA  
I guess we're leaving.

RICHARD  
(To Adele)  
You need a ride home?

ADELE  
I just got here, I'm fine Richie.

BARBARA  
I'll call you later.

Barbara kisses Adele good bye and gathers up her bag and  
Christen's toys.

49 INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

49

Richard tucks the blankets at the foot of Merrick's bed  
tightly under the mattress. Both girls are sleeping together  
in one bed.

Richard leans down and Merrick kisses him on the cheek.

MERRICK  
Are you mad?

RICHARD  
No, why?

MERRICK  
You look mad.

The sincerity of Merrick's expression softens him...

RICHARD  
How about now?

Richard smiles.

MERRICK  
(tentative)  
That's better.

RICHARD  
Sometimes I worry.

MERRICK  
Why?

RICHARD  
Because that's my job.

Barbara appears in the doorway.

CHRISTEN  
You say that about everything.

BARBARA  
Because it's true.

RICHARD  
You guys are getting too old to  
sleep in the same bed.

CHRISTEN  
You and your brother slept in the  
same bed.

RICHARD  
Who told you that?

CHRISTEN  
Mommy.

RICHARD  
That's because we could only afford  
one bed.

Beat.

CHRISTEN  
Are we ever gonna meet Stanley?

Christen studies her father. Richard bites his cheek...

RICHARD  
You'll only be disappointed.

BARBARA  
We'll talk about it another time.  
Go to sleep.

Richard retreats to the doorway and gestures to turn off the light before he notices CHRISTEN...with her hands on her chest PRAYING.

Barbara ushers Richard into the hallway as she closes the door.

50

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUING

50

Barbara follows Richard down the hall.

RICHARD

Since when did she start praying to God all the time?

BARBARA

Since you started sending them to Catholic school.

(beat)

Are you coming to bed?

RICHARD

They don't need to talk about my brother...or Stanley...

BARBARA

Ok. But they're still gonna ask...

RICHARD

Then tell them they're dead.

BARBARA

I'm not gonna lie to them Richie.

RICHARD

Just do what I say.

BARBARA

If they find out for themselves what a prick your father was, they won't care anymore.

(beat)

He hurt you, he can't hurt them.

RICHARD

I don't want them to think anyone's gonna look after them. God especially. It doesn't work that way.

BARBARA

Ok. But don't get mad when they're confused.

Richard walks down the stairs.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Richie?

Richard looks up.

RICHARD

I'm not mad.

He disappears down the landing.

51 INT. KUKLINSKI LIVING ROOM - LATER

51

Richard sits in the living room watching TELEVISION. He EATS AN OVERSTUFFED SANDWICH.

He's watching a commercial for the opening of the new RESORT INTERNATIONAL CASINO in Atlantic City.

He peruses a stack of BILLS then tosses them to the side.

An irritating GREEN GIANT VEGETABLE commercial cuts in next.

BARBARA enters the living room. She watches him, waiting for acknowledgement.

RICHARD

What are you doing up?

BARBARA

I can't sleep.

(beat)

Anything on?

Richard takes a bite of his sandwich.

RICHARD

Not really.

Barbara picks up the bills...

BARBARA

I could get a job, even sell my jewelry if it would make a difference to you. You know I would.

Richard bites his lip, containing his anger. Barbara notices.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

But you and I have been through enough. We've got too much good here for you to act this way.

RICHARD

What way?

BARBARA

Like you don't care anymore.

RICHARD

Is that what you think?

(beat)

Is it?

BARBARA

I don't know.

RICHARD

You don't know...?

Richard's eyes turn cold as he suddenly kicks OUT HIS LEG sending the coffee table crashing into the WALL.

52 INT. BATHROOM - LATER

52

Richard takes a shower. He turns the HOT WATER KNOB TO FULL bites his lip and takes the pain.

He begins COUNTING quietly to himself in Polish.

RICHARD

Jeden, Dwa...

55 INT. KUKLINSKI BATHROOM-FLASHBACK

55

STANLEY KUKLINSKI, 34 stands over a young Richard, 10 who's leaned over a toilet, naked. Stanley raises a TOWEL OVER HIS HEAD AND BRINGS IT DOWN INTO THE BACK of young Richard.

YOUNG JOEY, 6 stands in the shower, SCREAMING.

STANLEY

(counting in Polish)

JEDEN!

Another whip...

STANLEY (CONT'D)

DWA!

Stanley rears back, BRINGING THE TOWEL DOWN HARD...

STANLEY (CONT'D)

TRZY!

56 INT. BEDROOM- FLASHBACK- SAME 56

ANNA KUKLINSKI, 35, lays in the fetal position in bed. She listens to a radio program as SCREAMS and BEATING escalate off screen...

BACK TO:

Young Richard turns to his father, his eyes emotionless as he STARES WITHOUT FEELING. The glance enrages Stanley, who pulls Richard out of the apartment and throws him TUMBLING DOWN A FRONT STAIRWELL.

57 INT. GEMINI LOUNGE- OFFICE-NIGHT 57

Roy, weathered and beaten sits behind his desk. To his side in shadow, sits LEONARD MARKS. At the center of the table is a PAPER BAG. DiNome STANDS AT THE DOOR.

LEONARD MARKS

Chris walks in. Say your farewells. Short and sweet.

(beat)

Roy?

ROY

I heard you.

DiNome opens the door. Rosenberg saunters in.

ROSENBERG

How you doin' Leo?

ROY

Sit down kid.

Roy smiles sadly at Chris, a final consolation...

LEONARD MARKS

Do it Roy-

Roy shoots a look at Leo. He places his hand into the paper bag and REMOVES A GUN.

ROSENBERG

What's that...?

ROY  
I'm sorry kid.

ROY RAISES THE GUN AND POINTS IT AT CHRIS. His finger tenses on the trigger as his body begins to tremble. Reluctantly, HE FIRES, HITTING CHRIS.

Chris falls to the ground, writhing.

Roy THROWS THE GUN TO THE FLOOR.

Leo picks up the gun AND FIRES TWICE INTO CHRIS'S stomach.

Roy GRABS LEO BY THE THROAT.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Fucking. Motherfucker.

DiNome moves quickly and pulls Roy clear. Leo coughs and wheezes.

LEONARD MARKS  
Fuck you Roy.

Roy holds Leo by the throat. He wants him dead, but knows he can't he go through with it. He releases his grip.

ROY  
Get out of here. You too Freddy!  
GET THE FUCK OUT!!!

Roy is left alone. He stares at CHRIS'S BODY.

58 EXT/INT. RICHARDS'S CAR - DAY

58

RICHARD sits in his car watching a LINE OF KIDS lined up next to a MR. SOFTEE TRUCK.

He gets out of his car, and moves slowly towards the end of the line. He looks like a giant next to the kids.

A celesta version of a SING SONG TUNE blasts from an overhead speaker...

SOFTEE  
(singing)  
*The creamiest, dreamiest soft ice  
cream, comes from Mr. Softee. For  
a refreshing, delight supreme.  
Look for Mr. Softee!*

SOFTEE sees Richard and grins.

SOFTEE (CONT'D)

Look who it is! You finally coming to pay me back...? I got interest coming you know.

Softee shoos away the remaining kids

SOFTEE (CONT'D)

Go home kids...store's closed.

Most of the kids walk away, except a LITTLE GIRL, 12 and her brother, 5.

LITTLE GIRL

He wants a strawberry shortcake.

Softee considers the little boy cherubic cheeks...

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)

My mom gave us three dollars...?

Softee winks at the girl, producing a STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE from a freezer in the rear hold.

SOFTEE

It's on the house. Now get outta here.

Softee signals for Richard to meet him around the side of the truck.

59 EXT. PINE BARRENS - ESTABLISHING - LATER IN THE DAY 59

Mr. Softee's truck is parked within the shrubs and tea creaks of the New Jersey Pine barrens.

60 INT. SOFTEE'S TRUCK \ REAR HOLD - CONTINUOUS 60

SOFTEE opens the lid to a large FREEZER occupying the length of his truck. He sorts through a pile of ESKIMO PIES AND ECLAIRS,

SOFTEE

It's in here somewhere. You're gonna love this...

And reveals THE UPPER TORSO OF A FROZEN CORPSE. It's ALEX from Marty's apartment.

SOFTEE (CONT'D)

Remember your girlfriend? All on account of your big heart.

(MORE)

SOFTEE (CONT'D)

She went missing last April. Force fed her a puffer fish.

(counts silently in his head)

Three more months and I'll dump her in Pittsburgh. There's a crack-up on the loose near Eerie. Sold his meds and started torching bodies.

(nods to the corpse)

I'll do the same to her after she's defrosted. Get it pinned on the same crazy fucker.

Beat.

RICHARD

You're the crazy fucker.

Softee considers Richard for a moment not sure if he's joking...

SOFTEE

Riley Red with the arrow through his eye? That a true story?

Richard grimaces slightly.

SOFTEE (CONT'D)

What was it? Target practice?

(beat)

Maybe we should both retire before it gets too easy. I mean, god's gotta have an opinion about it somehow?

RICHARD

I don't believe in god. Someone wants someone dead who am I to question it?

SOFTEE

From your mouth to god's ears.

Beat.

RICHARD

I learned early it's better to give than receive.

Richard glances again at the young girl in the freezer. Softee notices and closes the cover.

SOFTEE

I wanna show you something else.

# TB

Softee reaches around Richard's head to a METAL CABINET NEAR THE REAR DOOR: it teems with ice cream toppings.

SOFTEE (CONT'D)

Coroners are lazier than cops. If it looks like a heart attack then it is.

He hands Richard a bottle meant for sugar sprinkles filled with WHITE GRANULES.

RICHARD

Arsenic?

SOFTEE

That's pure Cyanide.

RICHARD

Where'd you get it?

SOFTEE

Jesus Christ my Lord and savior. Lives in North Philly. Helps me rid the world of heathens.

Richard turns the bottle over, examining it closely.

SOFTEE (CONT'D)

Careful. If it touches skin, you're a dead man. Powerful huh? Comes as a powder, but you can liquefy it. Spray it. Mix it. Bake a fucking cake. Pour it on someone's shirt, they're dead seconds after you apologize. And no more stake-outs. I can do it anywhere: restaurants, subways, in the John at Yankee stadium. Just have to be anonymous. I don't have any friends, so it makes it easy.

Softee laughs. He offers a cigarette to Richard who refuses.

SOFTEE (CONT'D)

"I only feel lonely around people!"  
 Couldn't be truer.

(on second thought...)

Then there's the family. My son's a decent kid despite his cunt mother. What about you?

RICHARD

I have a family.

SOFTEE

Well you know what they say: "Even Hitler loved his dog."

Softee chuckles. Richard doesn't.

RICHARD

So we're clear on my situation?

SOFTEE

You're a spook. I'll set us up...but Demeo needs to think you're decommissioned.

RICHARD

I'm only in it for the short term.

SOFTEE

You got something planned?

RICHARD

Real estate.

Softee chuckles privately. He lights the cigarette, inhales and begins choking.

SOFTEE

Cigarettes'll fucking kill ya. So will Cyanide. Just a little quicker.

(Laughing)

You're a Polack. I'm a Dutch Irish. We're not membership material so we oughta look after each other.

61 EXT. DOWNTOWN TRENTON - NIGHT 61

A rainy slick miserable night in Trenton's busiest district. Cabs and umbrellas are congested outside the hospital.

62 INT. TRENTON STATE HOSPITAL - NIGHT 62

A SECURITY OFFICER sits vigil outside the city morgue watching TELEVISION. Television full screen: J.R. and Bobby exchange heated words on DALLAS.

Two detectives, BUCCINO 45 AND SMITH 41 flash badges to THE GUARD. They look more like overworked wall street types than cops. They're followed by DETECTIVES KANE, 33 AND VOLKMAN, 45.

They're buzzed through an armored door onto the floor.

63 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

63

A MEDICAL EXAMINER, DR. GEETHRA NATRAJAN, 48, holds court as she examines the unblemished body of an OBESE MAN.

She lifts the man's flab below his waist to expose his armpit, revealing a CHERRY BLOSSOM RASH.

NATRAJAN

There's a rash here. Possible carbon monoxide poisoning...but most likely cyanide again.

BUCCINO

But you don't know for sure?

NATRAJAN

Half life of cyanide is less than an hour. He was found at least a week after he was dumped.

BUCCINO

So what does that leave us with?

VOLKMAN

(re: the CORSPE,  
consulting NOTES)

No police record. No known affiliations. Didn't owe anyone money. Salerno's boys have been known to frequent his bar but there's no connection.

PAUL SMITH

He's an expert at demolition if he doesn't use a knife. Or poison.

VOLKMAN

How do we know it's not more than one person?

BUCCINO

(to Kane)

We don't.

KANE

I've checked chem labs from Jersey to San Jose. If there's any unaccounted inventory no one knows about it.

BUCCINO

Well somebody better know something soon.

64 INT. VESPA CLUB - NIGHT

64

An elegant PRIVATE DINING CLUB. A JAZZ BAND plays in the corner. The Kuklinskis sit around a corner table. Barbara is in a knee length dress. She looks beautiful.

CHRISTEN

Why do they never put prices on the menu?

BARBARA

It's all about mystique. Makes people feel good about themselves when they know price doesn't matter.

CHRISTEN

Can I have the lobster?

BARBARA

You have to pick the most expensive thing...?

CHRISTEN

I thought price doesn't matter.

RICHARD

It's o.k. Order what ever you want.

Barbara looks at Richard, impressed. Richard glances at an OLDER COUPLE DANCING.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

They must take lessons. Look at him, he's counting out moves in his head.

BARBARA

You want to dance?

RICHARD

I want to eat first.

Richard notices Barbara's disappointment. He takes Barbara's hand and guides her to the dance floor.

The girls chuckle. Richard tucks Barbara to his waist placing his cheek to hers. He takes her into a three step fox trot, twirling her on his finger tips.

Suddenly, Richard notices ROY sitting in a corner booth with his men. DiNome nods in his direction.

The music ends. SCATTERED APPLAUSE. A new tune starts.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Go back to the table, I'll be there in a second.

BARBARA

Everything ok?

RICHARD

Yeah.

Richard bites his lip. Barbara notices, resisting an impulse for further inquiry.

BARBARA

Don't be long, I'm starving.

Richard lumbers over to Roy's table. Barbara watches him, concerned.

ROY

I didn't know Fred Astair was a Polack...?

(beat)

Have a seat.

Richard squeezes at the edge of the table next to Dinome.

DINOME

That's the wife?

Richard just eyes Roy. Not a word.

ROY

You need someone to sponsor you?

(off Richard)

You gotta know somebody if you want to become a member here.

RICHARD

I'm already a member.

ROY

I thought you didn't have any money.

RICHARD

I have clients that are members.  
(off Roy)  
I'm doing currency exchange now.

ROY

That's right.

Freddy's lost.

ROY (CONT'D)

Well then you probably heard I've  
been retired from contracts?

RICHARD

I had no idea.

Roy gauges Richard with a smile, 'lying sonofabitch.'

ROY

You're making me look bad.  
(off Richard)  
Doin' contracts for people I  
know...?

He signals to a WAITER.

ROY (CONT'D)

Charlie, I'd like to pay for Mr.  
Kuklinski's tab. Send it over when  
they're done.

(privately to Richard)

Just tell me the truth Polack. You  
doin' hits behind my back?

RICHARD

I told you the truth. I'm doin'  
currency exchange.

A long beat of silence. Roy goes back to work on his steak.

ROY

Get the fuck outta here Polack.

65

INT. RICHARD'S WAREHOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

65

A CORPSE is slung over a reinforced CURTAIN ROD, eyes half  
open in mock repose. Dried BLOOD STREAKS stain its chest and  
face, funneling into a caked puddle within the bathtub.

Richard and Softee are dressed in BUTCHER APRONS AND RUBBER  
GLOVES.

# TB

Richard removes a BOTTLE OF BRUT COLOGNE from his jacket pocket, daubing a spot under his nose. He hands the bottle to Softee...

SOFTEE

You and your fucking Brut. I can't get the stink of it out of anything.

RICHARD

It's better than that lemon shit you spray.

Softee lifts up a SMALL ELECTRIC SAW and begins to dismember the corpse. They shout the following over LOUD BUZZING:

SOFTEE

How's Atlantic City looking?

RICHARD

I'm behind the gun but still searching. Shoulda bought before gamblin' went legal. Now everything's outta my price range.

Richard picks up the short end of a LEG WITH FOOT AND wraps it quickly into plastic wrap. He carries it to the corner of the room, depositing it into an INDUSTRIALIZED FREEZER UNIT.

SOFTEE

I don't know what the fuck you're thinking. You mess with the natural order leavin' with the money we're making.

RICHARD

The higher the body count, the harder it is to keep Demeo in the dark.

SOFTEE

You want to keep Demeo in the dark, we shouldn't be doin' work for Leo Marks.

Beat.

RICHARD

After the job this weekend, I'm retired.

SOFTEE

Richard Kuklinski. A landlord. Shit. I give you two months.

(MORE)

SOFTEE (CONT'D)

You'll be bored as a fucking tree.  
More likely, they'll find a coupla  
tenants under the boardwalk.

RICHARD

If I never had to leave my house  
I'd be a happy man.

SOFTEE

If I couldn't leave my house, this  
would be my wife we're cutting up.

Richard's expression darkens at the notion.

SOFTEE (CONT'D)

Where's a skinny fucker get all  
this blood?

DISCO MUSIC KICKS IN:

66 EXT. STREETS OF DOWN TOWN MANHATTAN - NIGHT

66

It's a Saturday night in Manhattan.

REVELERS OF ALL SORTS CROWD THE CITY STREETS- bums, junkies,  
hookers, homosexuals. They blend into the sidewalks and  
lighted storefronts. Richard's car speeds through the scene  
as we intercut the following telephone conversation:

LEONARD MARKS (V.O.)

If it looks like natural causes-  
there'll be an extra ten for ya.  
Am I clear?

SOFTEE (V.O)

Very clear Leo.

67 INT. CLUB USA - NIGHT

67

RICHARD and SOFTEE walk into the club, move to the bar.  
Richard scans the club. He glances down at,

A POLAROID of a man with SLICKED HAIR and a MUSTACHE.

Richard turns and FINDS SOFTEE grooving on the dance floor.  
Softee slides up beside a scantily dressed woman dancing with  
the target; MR. MUSTACHE himself.

Softee and Richard exchange glances across the room.

It's go time...

Richard removes the SPRAY BOTTLE and conceals it within A TISSUE.

He weaves through the crowded dance floor, dancing his way towards Mr. Mustache.

As he closes in, Softee does as well, approaching "crotch first" towards Mr. Mustache's date. She turns with a look of disgust and pushes Softee away, giving Richard the opening...

He rocks his head forward and pretends to sneeze, SIMULTANEOUSLY DISCHARGING A FINE CYANIDE MIST into Mr. Mustache's face.

MR. MUSTACHE doesn't miss a beat, wiping his face and dipping his partner in the same motion. He's good.

A DIFFERENT ANGLE,

SOFTEE watches MR. MUSTACHE doubled over on the dance floor, having a seizure.

DANCE PARTNER  
Someone call an ambulance!!!

A CROWD begins to form, cutting off their view.

As Richard and Softee push their way through to the exit, RICHARD accidentally collides with someone.

RICHARD recognizes GARY SMITH,

but looks right through him. Richard turns and follows Softee out of the club.

68 EXT. CLUB USA - CONTINUOUS

68

RICHARD and SOFTEE weave their way through waiting patrons to the parking lot.

GARY (O.S.)  
Yo Richie! Richard!?

RICHARD turns to SOFTEE, quietly...

RICHARD  
I'll meet you at the car.

GARY and VERONICA walk towards him.

GARY  
We were just talking about you!  
Motherfucker! Look at you big guy!

RICHARD  
How you doing Gary?

GARY  
(eyes on Softee)  
Who was your friend?

RICHARD  
A buddy of mine.

GARY  
What the hell happened in there?

RICHARD  
Looked like a heart attack.

Richard stiffens as Gary takes him into a bear hug.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Hey V.

VERONICA  
How you doing Richard?

RICHARD  
(patting his gut)  
Not bad. Staying fit.

GARY  
Look at him. He disappears from  
the fucking planet then all of a  
sudden he's Tony Monero? You seen  
Saturday Night Fever?

RICHARD  
Not yet.

GARY  
They filmed part of it here.  
(to Veronica)  
Give me a second babe.

Gary leads Richard between two parked cars.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Lenny tells me you're working in  
Brooklyn.

From the corner of his eye, Richard marks an AMBULANCE  
trailed by TWO SQUAD CARS pull into the parking lot-

RICHARD  
What can I do for you Gary?

GARY

Oh. I see. You don't "do for"  
your friends Richie. I just need  
some work.

RICHARD

I haven't seen you in years.

GARY

It's not my fault. One day we're  
colleagues...friends even...the  
next no one knows where the fuck  
you went.

(beat)

From what Lenny tells me you're  
gonna be the first Polack to be  
made?

Gary and Richard turn at the SOUND OF A COMMOTION from the  
club. They watch as THE POLICE escort MS. MOUSTACHE into the  
ambulance with THE CORPSE.

RICHARD

I'll see what I can do.

GARY

I'd appreciate it.

Richard steps away, cueing Gary that the conversation is  
over.

GARY (CONT'D)

Good to see ya Richie.

69

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

69

It's Barbara's birthday. The Kuklinskis entertain the next  
door neighbors PAUL AND SHARON DICKSTEIN, their daughter  
SAMANTHA, 12, and ADELE and her HUSBAND TOMMY. SAMANTHA AND  
MERRICK FINISH A BALLET ROUTINE IN THE HALLWAY.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR OFF SCREEN.

Christen is fast to open the front door from the foyer.

She looks up to find DiNome standing on the threshold.

DINOME

Is this the Kuklinski residence?

CHRISTEN

Yeah?

DINOME  
Where's your daddy?

CHRISTEN  
Who are you?

From the dining room, Richard's face pales as he sees DiNome moving into the foyer. He gets up quickly from his seat and heads him of...

RICHARD  
What is this Freddy...?!

DINOME  
No need to get pissy. Roy just wants a word.

BARBARA  
What's going on Richard?

Richard turns back to find the family watching...

RICHARD  
I'll be right back.

He disappears with DiNome out the front door...

ADELE  
Who were they?

BARBARA  
People from work, he'll be right back. Who wants cake? Paul?

70 EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS 70

RICHARD gets into the backseat of ROY'S CAR.

71 INT. ROY'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS 71

ROY sits in the front seat smoking a cigar.

RICHARD  
You mind moving the car down the block? I have guests.

Roy ignores Richard. Takes a drag of his cigar. Richard's stymied. Uncomfortable silence.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Roy, I have guests.

ROY  
Maybe I'll go in and say hello?

Roy hands Richard a copy of the NEW YORK POST. The headline details a suspected murder at CLUB U.S.A.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I'm bein' investigated for this.

Richard glances at the article.

RICHARD  
I don't know what this is.

ROY  
What the fuck did I do to you  
Polack?

RICHARD  
This wasn't me.

ROY  
Of course not. Someone's tellin'  
stories. The Polack kills for  
anyone.  
(no response)  
Maybe your friend Gary Smith knows  
about it? Is that his name? Quite  
an imagination he has. Thinking  
you and I are close friends?

RICHARD  
I've seen him once in ten years.

ROY  
That's all it takes.

Roy turns in his seat, PULLS HIS GUN.

RICHARD  
My whole family's inside.

ROY  
I can only imagine what you've told  
*them*. Fucking Dumont. Poor  
sonsabitches. Thinking their old  
man's a decent guy. Maybe I'll  
send the feds back here. It'd be  
worth it just to hear what bullshit  
you make up.  
(beat)  
You think you got something good  
here? A man becomes so full of it,  
he forgets what's true.

Roy cocks the hammer on his gun. TIGHTENS HIS FINGER ON THE TRIGGER.

SUDDENLY, A KNOCK ON THE WINDOW. Merrick glances in the passenger window...

MERRICK

Dad?

Roy pockets the gun, turns in his seat.

ROY

Hey sweetie.

MERRICK

We're bringing out the cake for mom, you coming?

RICHARD

I'll be right in, go back inside.

Roy holds his hands in his lap, glances at Merrick walking back towards the house.

ROY

This is a last warning. One asshole drops dead without my prior knowledge, I'm coming back to kill your kids. And then you'll have quite a story to tell your wife. Now get the fuck outta here.

RICHARD gets out of the car, fuming.

72 EXT. FRONT LAWN - CONTINUOUS 72

Richard and Merrick walk across the lawn to find Christen in the front doorway.

RICHARD

Get back in!

73 INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS 73

Richard moves quickly through the foyer and up the stairs. Barbara notices him and gets up from her chair.

Richard has stopped halfway up, SQUEEZING TIGHT TO THE BANNISTER. Barbara places her hand over his shoulder and begins to count quietly with him...

RICHARD/BARBARA  
Jeden, Dwa, Trzy ...

74 INT. YORK MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 74

BOSOM BUDDIES on the television.

Richard leans over to a coffee table and unwraps a Cheeseburger. He begins eating.

KNOCKING. Richard wipes his mouth and moves quickly to the door.

75 EXT. YORK MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 75

GARY SMITH stands in the doorway, unkempt and jittery.

RICHARDS EYES flash to DANNY, behind Gary, holding a BOTTLE OF SCHNAPPS.

DANNY

It's been a long time big boy!  
(pats Richard's stomach)  
Have a donut why don't ya?

ON RICHARD,

Unable to conceal his surprise at seeing him.

RICHARD

(to Danny)  
This is a surprise.

GARY

Hey Richard.

RICHARD

It's like a family reunion.

DANNY

It's about time don't you think?

RICHARD

(to Danny)  
What are you doin' here?

DANNY

Wanted to see "The Polack" with my own eyes.

Richard flicks his head, signalling both men to enter.

RICHARD  
You guys hungry?

GARY  
I'm starving, what do you got?

RICHARD  
Burgers.

Richard closes the door.

76 INT. YORK MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

76

Richard removes a bag of french fries and offers them to Gary.

RICHARD  
There's a burger in there too.  
(Offers to Danny)  
Danny?

DANNY  
Maybe a french fry.  
(he takes them)  
This is how you treat us after all  
this time? Entertain us in a shit  
hole?

RICHARD  
I wanted you to feel at home.

Danny bites down on a fry and flinches-

DANNY  
Son of a bitch.

Danny regards himself in a mirror over a dressing table,  
opening his mouth and examining a ROTTEN TOOTH.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
It's like Hiroshima this fucking  
tooth.

GARY  
You'd rather complain about it then  
get it pulled.

DANNY  
Dentists scare the shit outta me.

Danny exits into the bathroom.

Richard reclines in bed, watching Gary eat.

RICHARD  
I talked to Roy.

GARY  
I appreciate it Richard. I mean  
it.

RICHARD  
He's got a man in Connecticut.  
Fences Corvettes to Kuwait. For  
everyone you deliver he gives you  
forty percent on the window price.

Gary takes a bite of burger. Wipes his mouth.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
You scout the dealerships, pretend  
you want to buy. Take a test  
drive. Get a key made. Later on,  
you go back and pick it off the  
lot.

GARY  
Just like that?  
(beat)  
What about you?

RICHARD  
What about me?

GARY  
What's your stake in it?

GARY GAGS, then grimaces.

GARY (CONT'D)  
What the hell you got on here...?

RICHARD  
You alright?

GARY  
Yeah.

Gary takes a sip of soda.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Can we bring Danny in?

RICHARD  
Depends.

GARY GAGS AGAIN, his tongue shooting out over his lip.

GARY  
What's that? Hot sauce?

At this, GARY STARTS CONVULSING, fingers around his neck as he begins gasping for air. He coughs and spits, sliding off the chair onto his knees. Richard watches as Gary begins to wretch off screen.

Danny comes in from the bathroom, sees GARY ON THE FLOOR,

DANNY  
What the fuck Richard? Gary?!  
What happened!?

Danny moves to help Gary, but Richard grabs him by the arm.

RICHARD  
Don't touch him.

Danny balks, watching Gary continue to writhe, now moaning as he claws at his throat-

DANNY  
Call an ambulance!

RICHARD  
Leave him alone.

Gary now turns onto his stomach, pulling out the skin on his neck in a vain attempt to open his throat. He begins retching.

DANNY  
Richard...what...what the fuck  
man?!

Richard moves quickly, pulling out a cord from a table lamp and wrapping it around GARY'S NECK quickly silencing him.

Richard eyes now turn toward Danny.

77

INT. YORK MOTEL - LATER

77

Richard surveys the room.

He glances towards the bed and notices a few strands of HAIR protruding between the mattress and the bed frame.

He lifts the mattress and re-situates Gary's CORPSE towards the center of the hollow frame. He drops the mattress on top of it, concealing it completely.

# TR

Richard now lifts Danny's CORPSE on its feet, arm braced around his back, placing his aviator sunglasses over DANNY'S EYES.

78 EXT. YORK MOTEL - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS 78

Richard holds Danny with one hand and THE SCHNAPPS'S BOTTLE with another. He passes a YOUNG COUPLE moving towards the motel...

RICHARD  
(to Danny's corpse)  
Drink on an empty stomach and  
you're asking for this.

Richard situates Danny into the front seat of his Cadillac.

79 INT. SOFTEE'S HOUSE-BERGEN, NJ-NIGHT 79

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Softee stands in his house, basting a TURKEY. In the background his SON, 5 throws tinsel on a CHRISTMAS TREE.

SOFTEE  
Now he's offering ten grand for the  
entire CLUB USA job. He knows  
Roy's on to us. If we complain,  
he'll go to him and all bets'll be  
off. He won't have to pay us a  
thing.  
(listening)  
You there?

INTERCUT WITH:

80 EXT. PATH STATION NIGHT-CONTINUOUS 80

Richard picks at the edge of the telephone booth, TENSE.

RICHARD  
Yeah. It's been over two months.

SOFTEE (O.S.)  
We'll take the ten grand. Atlantic  
City can wait.

RICHARD  
No it can't. That was it. This  
money, that job. I'm done with it.

SOFTEE (O.S.)  
 We'll wait for this to settle, then  
 put the word out. Two or three  
 more jobs you can put a down  
 payment on the Steel Pier.

Richard lowers his forehead against the booth.

SOFTEE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 You there?

RICHARD  
 Where's he gonna be?

SOFTEE (O.S.)  
 The 125th Street exit of the West  
 Side Highway. Nothing stupid now  
 Richie. Just take it easy-

Richard hangs up.

81 EXT. WEST SIDE HIGHWAY - HALF HOUR LATER 81

Twin tail lights gleam red through a snowed over OLDSMOBILE  
 TORONADO.

82 INT. TORONADO - CONTINUOUS 82

Windshield wipers scrape across the windshield. LEONARD MARKS  
 is in the driver seat.

RICHARD  
 We did him in a crowded club.  
 That's risk I don't normally take.  
 Forty plus ten was the deal.

Richard looks at his watch.

LEONARD MARKS  
 You're in a hurry Kuklinski? You  
 ruin my fucking Christmas, you're  
 lucky if you get ten.

RICHARD  
 You promised fifty Leo.

LEONARD MARKS  
 And Chamberlain promised peace.  
 You know who that is?  
 (no response)  
 You as ignorant as you are  
 presumptuous?

(MORE)

LEONARD MARKS (CONT'D)

(beat)

I gave you my ear cause I thought  
you'd offer me a discount.

Richard sucks his tooth.

RICHARD

You're three months due. Fifty's a  
discount.

LEONARD MARKS

Fifty grand's a "fuck you." You  
and Softee oughta get your stories  
straight before you come to me.

RICHARD

I just want to go home. I want my  
money.

LEONARD MARKS

The fuckin' balls on you. "I wanna  
go home?" You know what I do? Who  
I am?

Richard stares at him.

LEONARD MARKS (CONT'D)

Whatya staring at?

RICHARD

Just give me the money Leo.

LEONARD MARKS

Get out of my car!

Richard places a hand into his jacket. Leonard notices-

LEONARD MARKS (CONT'D)

You do that you're a dead man.  
You're good at what you do.  
There's no reason to fuck it up.  
We can work together again.

Through his window, Richard sees A TUG BOAT coming into birth  
through the falling snow. The sight seems to calm him as he  
turns away from Leonard, placing his hand on the door handle-  
ready to leave...

LEONARD MARKS (CONT'D)

Hey, Polack-

Richard turns back to Leonard.

LEONARD MARKS (CONT'D)

Next time you ruin my fucking  
Christmas, I'll have your wife's  
heart on a stick.

Richard turns quickly GUN DRAWN.

Twin flashes of light shatter snow covered windows. Richard grimaces as the residual RINGING lingers in his ear, DEAFENING.

RICHARD

Fuck.

Richard tries to clear the ringing, playing at his ear. He glances back at Leo then slams his fist into the dash.

Richard searches Leonard's coat for the money. There's only A FEW TWENTY DOLLAR BILLS. He leaves them behind.

Richard gets in his car and drives off.

83 INT. KUKLINSKI HOUSE-LATER THAT NIGHT

83

Richard moves into his living room. He finds Barbara sleeping on the couch with the television on.

VARIOUS PRESENTS LAY OPENED ON THE FLOOR, THE REMAINS OF CHRISTMAS DINNER ON THE KITCHEN TABLE. Beside the bar sink, Richard discovers a card board box. Within, a GOLDEN RETRIEVER PUPPY. Richard lowers the volume and bends to his knees, going to work on a NEW TRAIN SET. He tries to connect the CABOOSE TO THE MAIL CAR, tense with anger as the hook-up won't fit.

Over Richard's shoulder, CHRISTMAS PROGRAMMING cuts away to a NEWSCAST. THE CRIME SCENE RICHARD JUST LEFT is shown FULL SCREEN, LEONARD MARK'S BULLET RIDDEN BODY pulled from his car by POLICE.

84 INT. ROCKLAND COUNTY MEDICAL EXAMINER - DAY

84

Trays of CUTTING INSTRUMENTS situated between two autopsy tables. TWO CORONERS are in the midst of work.

We move towards the closest CORONER, DR. NATRAJAN, and gather a distorted reflection through her goggles of-

DANNY DEPPNER'S CORPSE. Its head is covered in plastic sheeting, a large 'Y' shaped INCISION exposing its chest from neck to pelvis.

Natrajan picks up a pair of PLASTIC FORCEPS and continues her examination. Through the following, we gather glimpses of assorted wounds...

NATRAJAN  
 (into a lapel mic)  
 Ribs, lungs, heart appear unharmed-

At this, Natrajan flinches, pulling back her forceps in alarm.

She considers the corpse with an odd expression before taking her gloved hand and inserting her index finger back into the corpse's chest. Once again, Natrajan pulls back her hand, motioning to the coroner behind her.

NATRAJAN (CONT'D)  
 Feel this.

The Coroner FINGERS the corpses's WOUND, pulling his hand back with a start-

CORONER  
 What the hell is that?

Natrajan inserts her scalpel into the corpse's chest and begins tapping.

NATRAJAN  
 Ice.  
 (she taps louder)  
 The heart's frozen.

Natrajan raises an eyebrow, placing her finger again into the wound.

NATRAJAN (CONT'D)  
 The murderer couldn't wait til'  
 Summer to get rid of the body.  
 Didn't expect it to still be  
 frozen.  
 (to the other CORONER)  
 Get me investigator Smith on the  
 phone.

85 INT. POLICE BRIEFING ROOM- DAY

85

There's a stuffiness to the room. VOLKMAN, KANE, BUCCINO AND SMITH are huddled around a table.

BUCCINO  
 So let's hear it.

Kane opens a folder to reveal SEVERAL PHOTOGRAPHS: DIFFERENT ANGLES OF DANNY DEPPNER'S FROZEN CORPSE PROTRUDING FROM A GARBAGE BAG.

KANE

Danny Deppner. Found Monday,  
Rockland county. Not a mark. Took  
two and a half days to defrost it.  
No cause of death.

Kane passes over a PHOTOGRAPH OF GARY SMITH'S CORPSE found under a mattress at the YORK MOTEL.

KANE (CONT'D)

(re: GARY'S PHOTOGRAPH)

Gary Smith. Homicide. April last  
year. Deppner's fingerprints were  
on the lamp base that did him in.  
Smith's girlfriend corroborates  
that they were together the night  
he disappeared.

BUCCINO

And the punch line?

VOLKMAN

Dead man can't use a lamp cord.

KANE

Murderer leaves one body to be  
found, keeps the other frozen after  
he's implicated to throw off the  
scent.

BUCCINO

Frozen body throws off time of  
death. We can speculate forever.

SMITH

What were they doing in the motel?

KANE

Lenny Diprima says 'maybe' they  
were stealing cars.

BUCCINO

Lenny Diprima from Jersey City?

SMITH

They were all arrested together.  
Illegal porn.

KANE

Along with a man named Richard  
Kuklinski.

VOLKMAN

Kuklinski was acquitted then later  
photographed at the Gemini lounge.  
Told detectives he was buying a gun  
for home defense. Three kids and a  
nickname. 'The Polack.'

SMITH

Family man?

VOLKMAN

Yeah.

KANE

Deppner doesn't make sense to me.  
Kid from Bayonne? All of a sudden,  
he flips a switch, kills his best  
friend and hides out in Rockland?

Buccino peruses the pictures, turns to Kane...

BUCCINO

(wrapping it up...)

We got enough dirt to bring Diprima  
back in. Let's ask him what he  
knows about our ice man.

SMITH

That's a good one. "The Iceman."

86

INT. KUKLINSKI HOUSE -KITCHEN-CONTINUING

86

Barbara does inventory of the refrigerator then finishes a  
SHOPPING LIST. She walks through the living to find Richard  
on the couch, watching the tail end OF A SATURDAY MATINEE ON  
TELEVISION.

BARBARA

I'm going shopping. I'll see you  
later.

RICHARD

What time?

BARBARA

I don't know. An hour maybe.

RICHARD

Love you-

Barbara exits. The PUPPY, NOW NEARLY ONE YEARS OLD, sits on Richard's lap.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
(to the dog)  
I love you too.

87 INT. BARBARA'S CAR-SAME 87

Barbara glances out her rear view mirror as she pulls out of the driveway, just in time to mark KANE AND VOLKMANN AT THE FRONT DOOR.

88 INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME 88

The DOOR BELL CHIMES. The dog barks.

Richard saunters to the door. Looks through the viewer.

Richard straightens his hair and opens the door.

Detectives KANE AND VOLKMAN stand on the threshold. Volkman flashes his badge.

VOLKMAN  
Mr. Richard Kukulinski?

RICHARD  
Yeah?

VOLKMAN  
I'm detective Volkman, New Jersey State Police. This is detective Kane. We'd like to ask you a few questions.

RICHARD  
About what?

VOLKMAN  
You mind if we come in?

At this, Richard notices DICKSTEIN'S BLACK CAT PISSING ON HIS LAWN-

RICHARD  
SCAT!

The cat scurries away.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Every day he comes to piss on my  
lawn.

Kane and Volkman aren't amused.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Whatya gonna ask me about?

KANE  
Several murders.

RICHARD  
I don't know anything about any  
murders.

VOLKMAN  
Did you know an individual by the  
name of Gary Thomas Smith?

Richard shakes his head.

RICHARD  
I can't remember.

VOLKMAN  
How about Daniel Everett Deppner?

RICHARD  
I'm not sure.

VOLKMAN  
(indicating the DOOR)  
It'll only take a minute Mr.  
Kuklinski.

Richard opens the door all the way and gestures for them to  
enter.

89

INT. KUKLINSKI LIVING ROOM -MOMENTS LATER

89

Richard sits on a recliner. Volkman and Kane on a couch  
opposite.

RICHARD  
You sure you don't want anything to  
drink? I was gonna make myself  
some tea?

KANE  
No thank you.  
(forceful...)  
(MORE)

KANE (CONT'D)  
You're telling us you didn't know  
Gary Smith or Danny Deppner?

Richard stares at Kane, then turns to Volkman.

RICHARD  
Did I do something to piss off your  
partner?

KANE  
Please answer the question.

RICHARD  
I used to dub films in a lab. I  
think one of those guys worked with  
me.

KANE  
And they were arrested with you.  
1968. Illegal porn.

RICHARD  
I was never convicted.

Beat.

KANE  
Not yet.

Richard grins.

KANE (CONT'D)  
What's so funny?

RICHARD  
I guess I'm just a happy guy.  
(beat)  
Now is there anything else I can do  
for you gentlemen?

Stymied, Kane and Volkman stall, glancing at each other as if  
hoping for another line of questioning. They have nothing.

90

EXT. LAKE CLAIR PARK - DUSK

90

Softee parks his truck on a mill road beside the park and  
makes his way up a hill towards Richard.

RICHARD sits alone on a park bench, eyes set on a ROW BOAT  
halfway out onto a man made lake.

Softee holds a NEWSPAPER IN HAND a second page story pictures a PHOTOGRAPH OF DANNY'S BODY AND THE HEADLINE, 'THE ICEMAN MURDER.'

SOFTEE

(sitting beside Richard)  
You're lookin' a little pasty  
Polack. How are you?

RICHARD

I'm not sure.

SOFTEE

Let me give you a hand. We both  
should be scared shitless.

RICHARD

They're not looking for an ice  
cream truck.

SOFTEE

I know, they're looking for the  
'Iceman.' Lucky sonofabitch. I  
should charge you royalties for  
that kinda headline.

RICHARD

I'd rather be called "the nice  
man."

Richard smiles.

SOFTEE

It's only a matter of time now.  
Demeo knows he's a dead man if you  
don't come forward on Leo Marks.  
He has to prove you pulled the  
trigger. He'll kill anyone to get  
to you.

(pursing his lips)

My wife. Our kids. They're all  
fucking threats now. It doesn't  
matter if they love you if they  
think you're a murderer. So maybe  
we can do each other a favor?

RICHARD

What?

SOFTEE

You kill my family for me.

Softee's not joking.

SOFTEE (CONT'D)  
You kill mine and I'll kill yours.

Richard stares at him, expressionless.

SOFTEE (CONT'D)  
I know where you live. I wouldn't  
even wake you up.

Richard sucks his tooth.

SOFTEE (CONT'D)  
Way I see it-it's lose-lose. Roy  
gets to us or we get pinched.  
Either way we go away. And  
everyone suffers...

RICHARD  
How do you know?

SOFTEE  
What?

RICHARD  
How do you know where I live?

SOFTEE  
You mentioned it before, when-

Richard moves in a flash, wrapping his hand around Softee's  
throat, SQUEEZING HARD. Softee pulls at Richard's fingers,  
fighting to breathe...

RICHARD  
I never told you that.

SOFTEE  
Take it easy.

Richard deliberates as Softee's features turn beet red.

He releases his grip.

Softee massages his neck...

SOFTEE (CONT'D)  
Shit, that fucking hurts.  
What the fuck is wrong with you  
man?

RICHARD  
Take your hand out.

SOFTEE  
I'm getting a tissue, relax!

Reluctantly, SOFTEE pulls out an empty hand.

SOFTEE (CONT'D)  
Happy?

Richard reaches into Softee's jacket and removes a PACKAGE OF KLEENEX TISSUE.

SOFTEE (CONT'D)  
Considering your fucking nerves,  
maybe we should reconsider our  
little partnership here pal.

Richard looks back at him, stone-faced.

SOFTEE (CONT'D)  
Can I wipe my mouth now?

Richard nods.

SOFTEE (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

Richard watches Softee carefully as he pulls out a tissue and WIPES HIS MOUTH.

Giving Softee the opening to SNEEZE TOWARDS HIM.

RICHARD FIRES in MUTED SHOTS...once, twice, into Softee's gut.

Softee rocks forward, his eyes set on Richard.

Richard carefully opens Softee's hand and discovers it clinched around one of his patented CYANIDE SPRAY BOTTLES.

He takes the BOTTLE and DISCHARGES IT DIRECTLY UNDER SOFTEE'S NOSE. Softee flinches violently then falls silent. He situates Softee's jacket to cover the blood and walks away.

OPERATOR'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Please deposit ten cents.

91 EXT. ROUTE 85 WAFFLE HOUSE - NIGHT

91

Fog on the highway.

HEADLIGHTS emerge from the murk and speed into frame, passing Richard IN A PHONE BOOTH.

# TR

Richard digs through his pockets, accidentally scattering coins on the ground. He leans down, awkwardly negotiating his BODY against the booth.

A PHONE RINGS on the other line.

CHRISTEN (O.S.)

Hello?

RICHARD

Christen? Who paged me?

CHRISTEN

Daddy?

RICHARD

What happened?

Richard squints, tuned into his daughter's NERVOUS BREATHING as she stalls on the other line...

CHRISTEN (O.S.)

It's Merrick. There was an accident. A hit and run. She hasn't woken up yet-

Richard cups the receiver, tuning out a PASSING CAR.

The tail lights reveal Richard's pupils, pin pricks of concentration.

RICHARD

I'll be home as soon as I can.

Richard grasps the HANDSET lifting it up like a weapon and slamming it down hard into the RECEIVER.

92 INT. EDMONTON HOSPITAL - LATER - NIGHT 92

PSSSS...AUTOMATIC DOORS open. Richard races through near empty corridors of the INTENSIVE CARE UNIT.

93 INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - CONTINUOUS 93

RICHARD finds BARBARA sitting vigil by MERRICK'S side. Merrick's woozy, her lips chaffed from a recently removed feeding tube.

Richard sits beside Merrick looking apologetically at Barbara...

RICHARD  
This is the end of it.  
There's gonna be nothing more to be  
afraid of. I promise.

Barbara reacts as Merrick raises her hand up to loosen a  
BANDAGE ON HER HEAD.

BARBARA  
(to Merrick)  
It's ok sweety.

RICHARD  
What did the police say?

Barbara holds Merrick's gaze, holding tight to her HAND.

BARBARA  
I don't really want to talk about  
it right now.

RICHARD  
A hit and run without any  
witnesses?

BARBARA  
You tell me.

Richard glances at Barbara trying his hardest to soften her.  
She won't acknowledge him.

94 INT. EDGEMONT HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY 94

Richard's on a pay phone...

RICHARD  
Hey Lenny it's Richard. I know  
it's been a long time, but I need  
to talk to you. It's important.  
Page me at 201-989-5588. Thanks.

95 INT. EDGEMONT HOSPITAL - LOBBY - DAY 95

We track with Lenny as he moves through the lobby, past  
reception, gift shop and row of elevators. He spots Richard  
before being noticed, patting a cowlick hard to his head.

LENNY  
It's been too long.  
How's the kid?

RICHARD  
She's gonna be ok. She was lucky.

Richard motions for Lenny to follow him.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
How you doin'?

LENNY  
You know, not bad. Who the fuck  
really knows? If you returned my  
calls once in awhile you wouldn't  
have to ask.  
(beat)  
It'd be nice to hear from you  
before you need my help that's all.

Richard stops, eyes Lenny hard, uncertain.

LENNY (CONT'D)  
What's that look for?

RICHARD  
I didn't know we have a problem?

LENNY  
A problem? The fuck you talkin'  
about? I'm your fucking friend.  
(beat)  
Aren't I?

RICHARD  
Yeah.

96 INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY

96

Richard and Lenny share a cup of coffee.

LENNY  
He used to work with me shopping  
twenties at the store. His sister  
works for a chemist so he's your  
best bet...

RICHARD  
You trust him?

LENNY  
Trust? Yeah. I guess. It's not  
my usual thing, so there's some  
unknowns. He usually gets me  
whatever I need...

Richard eyes Lenny, suspicious. Lenny continues nervously,

LENNY (CONT'D)

I know him. I've known him. His brother's been working outta Brooklyn for years, helping him fence cars.

RICHARD

Dominick Provenzano?

LENNY

Yeah.

RICHARD

Give me the number.

LENNY

It's Roy Demeo you're after?

Richard glances away.

LENNY (CONT'D)

You don't hurt a guy like that and expect nothing to happen.

RICHARD

That's why there can't be any trace.

LENNY

With fucking cyanide Richie?

RICHARD

It's the only way. There's no blood or bullets. No mess.

(beat)

He's coming after my family Lenny.

LENNY

Howya know it's him?

RICHARD

He told me he would.

LENNY

Then get the hell outta town.

RICHARD

I will. But this needs to be taken care of first.

Lenny hands Richard a torn sheet of paper. Lenny stirs his coffee, nervous.

LENNY

They're saying he died over a year ago.

RICHARD

Who?

LENNY

Danny. Murderer froze him so they couldn't connect the body to Gary's. Sick fucker.

(beat)

They call him the "Ice man."

RICHARD

I read it in the paper.

LENNY

Danny's wife was expecting. She hadn't even told him yet.

RICHARD

Did they ask you anything about it?

LENNY

The cops? Of course. Twice. But what the fuck do I know?

(quickly...)

I'm telling you, it's like a horror movie.

RICHARD

It sounds like it.

97 INT. DUNKIN DONUTS - VINCE LOMBARDI SERVICE STATION - DAY 97

Richard eats an éclair. Sips a cup of coffee. Marking A BLACK LINCOLN enter the parking lot, Richard pays the bill and makes his way to the exit.

98 EXT. DUNKIN DONUTS- CONTINUOUS

98

Richard shakes hands with DOMINICK PROVENZANO, 43. Provenzano is pure Atlantic city, thick mustache and south side bravado.

DOMINICK

Howya doin'?

RICHARD

Dominick?

DOMINICK

You're a big guy. A lot bigger than you sound on the phone.

RICHARD

Well, you know what they say...?

DOMINICK

I have no idea-

RICHARD

That's just what they say.

DOMINICK

I'll have to be honest with ya. I like Diprima, but he's so full of shit you really never know who his friends are.

RICHARD

Why don't we take a stroll and we can talk particulars?

DOMINICK

After you.

99

EXT. PICNIC AREA - CONTINUOUS

99

Dominick smokes a cigarette. Blows into his hands to warm them. Richard keeps his eyes on the parking lot entrance.

DOMINICK

I got this rich Jewish kid I been supplying with coke. He wants me to get him two kilos now...which I can do...but the kid's a real pain in my balls ya know?

(beat)

So maybe we can kill a coupla birds with this thing? I'll take care of the cyanide for you but you need to take care of the kid.

RICHARD

Does he come alone?

DOMINICK

Always. And he's loaded. You help me out here, we'll share his payment fifty-fifty. It's at least forty grand.

RICHARD

What's the time frame?

DOMINICK

There's this Lipton tea thing to consider. Three year old kid got poisoned last month, so it might be a few days.

RICHARD

The sooner the better.

100 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

100

Intercut the following:

Barbara is on the phone with Adele. MEDICATION BOTTLES litter her night table.

BARBARA

She had a drain removed the day we left, on Thursday she gets the last one out. Stitches are in for another week.

ADELE

And how's the flu?

BARBARA

It's probably nothing. A little stomach bug, who knows? I should check my temperature.

ADELE

Then check into a hotel.

BARBARA

He'd never let that happen.

ADELE

How could anyone want Merrick dead...? What could he have done?

BARBARA

I don't want to find out.

At this, Barbara pauses, listening...

ADELE

Barb, you there...?

BARBARA

Shhh....

ADELE  
Barb, what's going on?

BARBARA  
Richard?

ADELE  
Barbara? What's wrong?

Barbara hears Richard click off the other line.

BARBARA  
I'll talk to you later Adele.

ADELE  
Hold on...

Barbara hangs up the phone.

101 INT. KITCHEN - LATER

101

RICHARD makes himself a sandwich, loading LAYERS OF MEAT on top of bread. Barbara stands in the doorway in her robe.

RICHARD  
You planning on going somewhere?

BARBARA  
Not if you tell me what's going on.  
(beat)  
For once in your life.

Richard moves to open the refrigerator, but Barbara slams it shut, keeping her hand on the handle...

RICHARD  
Move your hand.

He tries to open the refrigerator again,  
Barbara slams it shut again.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Move your hand.

BARBARA  
Or else what...?! You'll kill me?

No response.

RICHARD  
You believe I could kill you?  
(beat)  
You do don't you?

Barbara doesn't answer, but her feelings are written on her face.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
What did I do? I wasn't a good  
husband!? I DIDN'T GIVE ENOUGH TO  
YOU!!!??? I DID EVERYTHING!!!

Barbara turns quickly to exit but Richard grabs her by the back of the neck and THROWS HER TO THE GROUND.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
You're not going anywhere!!!

BARBARA  
Hit me! Go ahead! Just like your  
fucking father!

RICHARD  
I'M NOT MY FATHER!

Richard flinches, raising his hand as if to strike, then balls it into a fist PRESSING IT HARD AGAINST HIS FOREHEAD.

Richard turns to see CHRISTEN standing at the doorway, hysterical.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
GET OUTTA HERE!

MERRICK APPEARS behind Christen, a look of terror on her face as she considers her father-

MERRICK  
Daddy, don't hurt her-

BARBARA  
Girls, go upstairs, it's ok  
sweetie.

RICHARD  
I said get out!!!!

Losing his grip, Richard walks towards the kitchen oven. He lifts his head then begins slamming it HARD against the oven glass, OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

BARBARA  
Richard stop it-

Richard continues to slam it hard.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
RICHARD!!! STOP!!!

One more slam and all goes black.

102 EXT./INT-DEMEO'S CADILAC-NIGHT

102

Outside a SEAFOOD RESTAURANT. Roy sits in the front seat, beside DiNome at the wheel. Demeo checks his watch.

DINOME  
They'll be here any minute.

Roy glances at a BILLBOARD ADVERTISING CAPE MAY, NJ. TWO LOVERS walk hand in hand on the beach.

ROY  
Col Tempa la foglia di gelso  
diventa seta.

DINOME  
What the fuck does that mean?

ROY  
'Let time pass...everything will  
work itself out.'  
(beat)  
I guess it's true...until the  
moment you die.

He stares at the billboard.

ROY (CONT'D)  
What kind of gun you got?

DiNome's gun's pointed at Roy. Roy doesn't move.

DINOME  
.22 Ruger.  
(beat)  
Leo Marks was a mistake Roy.

ROY  
I never met a sonofabitch who  
deserved to die more. But it  
wasn't me. And you know it.

DINOME  
I'm sorry Roy.

ROY

No you're not, but you will be.

(beat)

You look after my family. You hear me? Make sure they have everything they need. My wife knows where I've got some money stashed. If they don't get it, believe me... I'll know somehow. I'll come back from whatever hell I'm going to and piss fire and brimstone on your head. Am I clear?

DINOME

Are you done?

ROY

Yeah. Do it.

Roy wipes a sheen of sweat from his brow, feigning gallantry.

DiNome FIRES INTO ROY'S CHEST. Roy falls towards the door window, GASPING FOR AIR. He looks straight at DiNome, coughing blood on his shirt.

ROY (CONT'D)

I won't make it easy for you.

DiNome raises his gun and shoots Roy again, finishing him.

103 INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING 103

Richard wakes up on his living room recliner. HE CHECKS THE NUMBER ON HIS PAGER. It's LENNY.

He cringes, holding his head in his hands in pain.

RICHARD

Fuck...

He looks at his watch. 8:30 am.

104 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY 104

He sips coffee and peruses the SPORTS SECTION, turning finally to CITY BEAT. His eyes widen distinctly as something grabs his attention...

Richard still has the DAILY NEWS IN HIS HAND as we mark what startled him—A PHOTOGRAPH OF ROY DEMEO beside the heading: MURDERED N.Y. BUSINESS MAN HAD MAFIA CONNECTIONS.

Richard's eyes roam over the headlines and PHOTOS. POLICE MINGLING AROUND DEMEO'S MAROON CADILLAC.

LENNY (V.O.)

He was shot. Found him outside a restaurant in the trunk of his car. Hadda chandelier wrapped around his head. What do you think that means?

RICHARD

I don't know.

LENNY (V.O.)

Someone's laughing somewhere. It's not you is it?

RICHARD

No.

LENNY (V.O.)

If it was, I don't know why you had me bother with Dom.

RICHARD

It wasn't me Lenny.

Richard tucks the paper under his arm. Thoughts distant.

Richard looks at his watch. 9:00am.

LENNY (V.O.)

What are you gonna do now?

RICHARD

To tell you the truth...I really don't know.

A CHURCH BELL CHIMES to announce the hour.

Richard tosses the paper into a nearby garbage can.

Richard begins walking...one foot in front of the other as he glances up at the CHURCH TOWER, he exhales deeply, closes his eyes, RELIEVED.

106

INT. KUKLINSKI HOUSEHOLD - BEDROOM - LATER

106

Barbara lays in bed facing the door, eyes open, she won't talk to him. Richard leans his head into the bedroom.

RICHARD

How you feeling?

He feels her forehead...

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You have a fever. I'm taking you to the doctor.

Richard studies Barbara's face.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I have something I have to do, then we're going to the doctor. I'll try to make an appointment for eleven-thirty.

Barbara turns over.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

It won't ever happen again.

(beat)

Barbara?

BARBARA

It's ok.

107

INT. KUKLINSKI HOUSEHOLD - RICHARD'S OFFICE - LATER

107

RICHARD speaks on the telephone, listening to a FEMALE REAL ESTATE AGENT on the other line. He scribbles NUMBERS onto a torn sheave of paper, subtracting figures to show a \$18,756 deficit...

FEMALE AGENT (O.S.)

He liked the offer, but he's still looking for three-fifteen. He'll get it too with property that far North in Ventnor.

Richard glances up at a WEDDING PHOTOGRAPH ON HIS DESK.

RICHARD

Tell him I'm in. I'll have the balance in the next couple days.

FEMALE AGENT (O.S.)  
 (relief)  
 You're sure?

RICHARD  
 Yeah. I'm working on it.

FEMALE AGENT (O.S.)  
 It's as sound as it gets Mr.  
 Kuklinski. There's no reason the  
 building won't be filled by the end  
 of the year.  
 (beat)  
 Can you come by tomorrow to finish  
 the paperwork?

At this, RICHARD'S PAGER CHIMES. He looks down at the  
 number...

RICHARD  
 I'll call you tomorrow to schedule.

FEMALE AGENT  
 I hope you're as excited as I am.

RICHARD  
 Yeah, I am.

Richard hangs up.

108 EXT/INT - RICHARD CADILAC -FLASH FORWARD- DAY 108

Richard is driving. The car clock shows 10:14am.

DOMINICK (V.O.)  
 You've got to be fucking kiddin'  
 me.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. GAS STATION-EARLIER 109

Richard at a pay phone checks his watch.

RICHARD  
 It just doesn't work today. My  
 wife's gotta fever-

DOMINICK (V.O.)  
 Then put her to bed. I string this  
 kid along he gets suspicious.  
 (MORE)

DOMINICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The only reason I risked gettin'  
this shit is for your end of the  
deal.

(beat)  
What's the fucking silence? It  
happens today or I'll find someone  
else to split his money with.

(beat)  
You still there?

RICHARD  
I'll be there in half an hour.

110 EXT. PICNIC AREA - LATER - DAY

110

Dominick gets up from the picnic bench, smiling as he sees  
Richard approaching.

DOMINICK  
How's your wife doin'?

RICHARD  
Show me what you got.

Dominick hands Richard a PAPER BAG.

DOMINICK  
I had half a dozen wavers to forge.

Richard looks in the bag to find two LARGE MEDICINE BOTTLES  
FILLED WITH WHITE POWDER CYANIDE. He takes a moment to scan  
the parking lot for reassurance.

DOMINICK (CONT'D)  
It's half past ten now. I'll meet  
you back here at one.

RICHARD  
What time did you tell the kid?

DOMINICK  
Around one-thirty.  
(quickly)  
You gonna put the cyanide in the  
coke right?

RICHARD  
No. I'll make him a sandwich.  
It's lunch time, we'll eat too.

Dominick holds out his hand for Richard to take it.

DOMINICK

No hard feelings. I'm glad you made it.

Dominick scurries off to his car. Richard watches him disappear out the parking lot before moving back to his Cadillac.

111 EXT. KUKLINSKI HOME - LATER

111

RICHARD PLACES ON A PAIR OF LEATHER GLOVES. Concealed behind the trunk, he quickly opens a package of KETCHUP and MIXES THE CYANIDE POWDER INTO IT. HE NOW SPREADS IT on TWO of THREE EGG SANDWICHES.

Standing beside his car, Richard now notices Dickstein's BLACK CAT IN HIS YARD.

RICHARD SHAKES A PINCH OF CYANIDE onto a piece of a sandwich, then whistles the cat over.

The cat eyes Richard suspiciously, then eats it up and darts back across the lawn.

Merrick holds the door open for Christen as she helps BARBARA slowly to the car.

Richard slams the trunk closed and scurries to open the passenger door, assisting Barbara. He glances at his watch: 11:22AM.

112 INT. RICHARD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

112

Richard starts the ignition and begins to pull out when he sees THE CAT,

seemingly UNAFFECTED by the cyanide, pawing at something in the air. The wheels start turning, when-

RICHARD

Something's not right.

BARBARA

What...?

COLORED LIGHTS enter the periphery.

A DOZEN POLICE CARS converge on his car.

Richard speeds past them then balks, now marking BARBARA...her face contorted in fear and confusion.

# TB

A POLICE MAN approaches her window, GUN BARREL aimed at her head.

Richard slows the car, letting the car roll in drive for a moment before braking.

INVESTIGATOR SMITH aims a shotgun at them through the front window.

SMITH

Get out of the car Mr. Kuklinski!

BARBARA

Oh my god.

RICHARD

Don't move.

BUCCINO

Get out of the fucking car! Now!

Barbara looks at Richard, but he sits silent, expressionless.

Quickly, five cops are at Richard's door, SMASHING THROUGH THE WINDOW, grabbing at his arm.

Richard resists, twisting the cop's wrist backward. He throws an elbow, sending another cop off his feet.

Using the first wave as a distraction, SMITH is able to move in. He wraps his arm around Richard's neck as the other cops pull at his arms.

It's a wrestling match as they pin RICHARD TO THE GROUND.

On the opposite side of the car, Barbara is lifted from her seat as several OFFICERS BEGIN SEARCHING THE CAR, discovering RICHARD'S GUN IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT.

Face pressed to the concrete, Richard sees Barbara on the opposite side of the street being led into a squad car.

She falls into the seat, staring expressionless at Richard on the ground.

Richard explodes, grabbing the nearest cop by the throat in an attempt to raise himself up-

RICHARD

You fucking sonofabitches!! Leave her alone!!! She had nothing to do with it!!!

TB  
With Richard held at each extremity, Detective Kane leans onto his back, pressing the cuffs together with every last bit of strength to lock them in place.

KANE

You have the right to remain  
silent...

We find MERRICK holding DWAYNE and CHRISTEN, watching from the front door in tears.

Richard is lifted to his feet, eyes locked on Barbara as she's pushed into a SQUAD CAR across the street...

RICHARD

You fucking touch her I'll kill  
you! All you fucking pricks!

The five officers push down onto Richard's head and shoulders forcing him into a squad car.

Richard sits alone, glancing over the scene in silence. On the far side of his lawn he marks A MAN WITH an ATF BADGE consoling his daughters. The man turns to light a cigarette and as he does, Richard recognizes him.

UNDER COVER AGENT DOMINICK PROVENZANO.

The two men exchange a glance. Dominick takes a drag of his cigarette and places his arm around Richard's kids leading them back into the house.

Richard now turns to find Barbara in TEARS as she sits in another police car. The sight is almost too much for Richard who balls a hand into a fist, moving his lips as if trying to count out loud, but only managing a faint whisper.

Slowly the car pulls away, as Richard watches his HOUSE pass out of frame. He turns his head to glance back and discovers PAUL DICKSTEIN and his NEIGHBORS huddled in their yards glancing at Richard and his entourage-their expressions mingled with looks of fear and curiosity.

CUT TO:

TELEVISION FULL SCREEN: A television news report recounts the capture of RICHARD KUKLINKSI AKA "THE ICE MAN." A camera follows Richard as he's led by Smith, Kane, Volkman and Buccino into the POLICE STATION. The image cuts away to DOMINICK STANDING BESIDE A POLICE RECORDER:

DOMINICK'S RECORDED VOICE

So why don't you use a piece of  
iron to get rid of these people?

RICHARD'S RECORDED VOICE  
That's too messy. Why would I want  
to get messy if I don't have to?

DOMINICK'S RECORDED VOICE  
And you've used it before?

RICHARD'S RECORDED VOICE  
Listen, I'm not averse to anything.  
I want it done by lead it could be  
lead, I wanna prove a point and I  
want steel...it could be steel.  
I'm not averse to guns, I'm not  
averse to knives, I'm not averse to  
whatever. Where there's a will  
there's a way my friend. And I  
certainly gotta will...

113 EXT. TRENTON PRISON - DAY 113

SUPER: TRENTON STATE PRISON, NEW JERSEY, 1991

From the front gate, acres of concrete and wire fences  
surround the outer yard. WATCH TOWERS flank two half mile  
walls, GUARDS on the ready RIFLES in hand.

114 INT. PRISON - DAY 114

We find RICHARD now, 56. His image is distorted by poor video  
image as he sits in the center of a darkened room, staring  
straight at us.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)  
Do you feel sorry for the things  
you've done?

Long pause. Richard bites his cheek, trying his hardest not  
to break-

RICHARD  
I've never felt sorry for anything  
except hurting my family.  
Only thing I feel sorry for.  
I'm not looking for forgiveness and  
I'm not repenting. I know I'm  
wrong...I'm wrong.  
(beat)  
I do want my family to forgive me.

Richard winces, tears forming in his eyes despite his best  
efforts to prevent them.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Oh boy.

Richard inhales. Waits to settle. A tear escapes the corner of his eye.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna make this one. SHIT.  
This would never be me. This. I  
feel for my family. You see the  
Iceman cry. Not very macho. But  
I've hurt people that mean  
everything to me.

(beat)

About the only people that mean  
anything to me.

Richard exhales, then looks directly at the camera. We angle in on his expression, silent, still, a blink of his eye then,

BLACK.

SUPER:

AFTER RICHARD'S ADMISSIONS OF GUILT, WEAPONS CHARGES AGAINST BARBARA WERE DROPPED.

RICHARD KUKLINSKI WAS SENTENCED TO TWO LIFE SENTENCES IN THE SAME CELL BLOCK AS HIS BROTHER JOEY, BUT THEY NEVER TALKED AGAIN.

ON MARCH 5TH 2006 AT THE AGE OF 70, KUKLINSKI DIED IN TRENTON STATE PRISON UNDER SUSPICION OF FOUL PLAY. HE WAS SCHEDULED TO TESTIFY AT THE TRIAL OF SAMMY 'THE BULL' GRAVANO, BUT NEVER MADE IT TO COURT.

AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH, KUKLINSKI CONFESSED TO KILLING OVER ONE HUNDRED PEOPLE.

BARBARA CHANGED HER LAST NAME. SHE WAS NEVER MARRIED AGAIN.

RICHARD LOST HIS FAMILY. SO DID HIS VICTIMS.

THE END.