

WISE GUYS

A Screenplay by

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January 28, 1985

FADE IN:

1 INT. HARRY LAFONTAINE'S BEDROOM - MORNING 1

CLOSE ON the intense face of HARRY LAFONTAINE, as reflected in a mirror. Harry looks away, then back into the mirror.

HARRY

What? Are you talkin' to me?
Are you talkin' to me?

HARRY, JR. (O.C.)

Are you talkin' to me?

Harry reacts to the barely audible off-screen VOICE. (the voice belongs to Harry's eight-year-old son, Harry, Jr.)

WIDER ANGLE

Revealing that we are in Harry LaFontaine's bedroom. Harry, a stocky, cherubic-faced man in his late thirties, nattily attired in a blue sharkskin suit, pale blue shirt and patterned tie is talking to his image in the mirror. He is holding a shoe.

HARRY

Are you talkin' to me?

Harry puts on one shoe, then searches for the other and can't find it. He then exits the bedroom, limping exaggeratedly thanks to the three inch lift on his shoe.

2 INT. HARRY LAFONTAINE'S HALL/BATHROOM - MORNING 2

Harry moves down the hall to the bathroom where he finds his eight-year-old son, HARRY, JR. talking to himself in the bathroom mirror exactly as his father did moments before. Harry, Jr. is an exact replica of his Dad, right down to the sharkskin suit.

HARRY, JR.

Are you talkin' to me? Well you must be because I'm the only one here.

HARRY

What are you doin', Harry, Jr.?

HARRY, JR.

I wanna be just like you, Dad.

The thought of this turns Harry's face to stone.

HARRY

Bite your tongue! You're gonna be a lawyer, maybe even a judge. You should be puttin' guys like me in jail.

HARRY, JR.

Are you talkin' to me?

Harry takes a playful swipe at his son who dodges him.

HARRY

Get outta here.

3 INT. HARRY LAFONTAINE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

3

WANDA LAFONTAINE, Harry's wife, a gently tough-sexy woman in her early 30's is preparing breakfast for her boys. Harry sneaks up behind her and puts his arms around her. She turns and they kiss, then break. Harry goes in for another kiss but Wanda stops him.

WANDA

Careful, Harry, Jr.'ll walk in on us.

HARRY

It's about time he started learning about these things.

Wanda pushes him away playfully. Harry sits at the table. Wanda sets his breakfast down in front of him. Harry grabs her arm.

HARRY

Wanda, I feel terrible about this weekend.

WANDA

Don't ... I still had fun.

HARRY

Fun? Sittin' in a plane on a runway at Newark Airport for 16 hours?

WANDA

We should have known that something was fishy with that travel agent. It was too good to be true. A weekend in Jamaica for \$69.95

(MORE)

WANDA (contd)
a person -- air-fare, hotel and
"Coco-Locos" included.

 HARRY
It woulda been phenomenal if
only they coulda' got the plane
past the safety inspector.

 WANDA
 (hugging Harry)
Next time we'll go first class,
honey.

 HARRY
 (wistfully)
Yeah ... sure.

Harry, Jr. enters, sits next to his Dad.

 HARRY, JR.
Dad, can I get a ten speed bike?

 HARRY
We'll see.

 HARRY, JR.
Jimmy Acavano's father got him
one.

 HARRY
Jimmy Acavano's father, Frank the
Fixer, can afford it. He hurts
people for a living.

 HARRY, JR.
You mean he kills them, doncha?
 (points with finger)
BOOM-BOOM-OOM. Three in the back
of the head.

 HARRY
That's it, we're movin' to Sweden!

4 INT. MOE DICKSTEIN'S BATHROOM - MORNING

4

Moe's face is covered by the T-shirt he's pulling over
his head. Underneath Moe is singing the Birthday song.
MOE DICKSTEIN'S open-uncomplicated, smiling face appears
through the T-shirt, still singing. Moe is a contemporary
of Harry's.

4 CONTD

4

MOE
 (singing)
Happy Birthday dear Moe-e,
Happy Birthday to me.

Moe checks himself out in the mirror, fishes a rumpled shirt out of the clothes hamper, sniffs the underarm of the shirt and puts it on as he exits.

5 INT. MOE DICKSTEIN'S KITCHEN - MORNING 5

LIL DICKSTEIN, a stocky, gray-haired woman in her 60's is standing in the kitchen ironing a shirt. Moe enters.

LIL
 What are you so happy about?

MOE
 I dunno. I just feel like today's a special day, don't you?

LIL
 No, not really. I feel like today's Monday.

MOE
 So, you don't have anything special planned or anything?

LIL
 Naw. S.O.S. -- same old stuff.

Moe is clearly disappointed. He starts picking at his breakfast until he notices that Lil is staring at him strangely.

LIL
 Stand up, mister! Take that shirt off!

MOE
 Ma, the shirt's o.k.

LIL
 No son of mine is walking out of this house in a shirt like that even though -- given your chosen line of work -- it may well be riddled with bullets by the end of the day.

MOE

Ma, you've seen too many movies.

Moe removes the shirt as they talk. Lil hands Moe the freshly ironed shirt that Moe puts on.

LIL

How do you think I feel being the only woman in the Newark Hadassah who lists her son's occupation as 'hoodlum.'

MOE

I am not a hoodlum. I work for Mr. Anthony LaRosa, who's in the olive oil business.

LIL

(rolling her eyeballs)
Please, Moe, your mother's not that stupid. Tony LaRosa has killed more people than Cecil B. DeMille. To think I escaped the Holocaust so that you can end up working for a guinea gangster.

MOE

Nice, Ma. You ever stop to think that maybe I'm a trail-blazer; that maybe I'm opening up avenues here in Newark for other Jews; that maybe Moe Dickstein is the Jackie Robinson of organized crime in New Jersey.

LIL

Great, now he's comparing himself to a schvartze.

MOE

Before I go, are there any more ethnic groups you want to offend?

LIL

No, I'm set, Morris.

MOE

Ma, could you call me 'Moe'?

LIL

Sure ... as soon as you join the Three Stooges.

5 CONTD

5

A phone rings once. Moe and Lil react. No more rings.

LIL

Speaking of stooges, there's
your friend, Thumbelina.

Moe starts for the door, putting on his sport jacket.

LIL

Hey, where's my kiss?

Moe returns and kisses her. She takes his face in her hands.

LIL

My son ... Morris Capone.

6 EXT. MOE AND HARRY'S STREET - MORNING

6

A block in an Italian working class neighborhood. All the houses are identical -- 2 story frame buildings, some with fake brick siding. We see that Harry and Moe live next to each other -- a vacant lot separates their houses. Harry and Moe exit their houses and walk toward the '81 Buick Regal parked at the curb. Harry notices that Moe's preoccupied. Harry is carrying a baking pan.

HARRY

She on your case again?

MOE

What else is new. When I got up I was feeling real special. You know like today was my day.

HARRY

What's so special about today?

MOE

Nothing. Forget it!

7 EXT. MOE AND HARRY'S STREET/ INT. CAR - MORNING

7

They get in. Moe is driving. As they pull away from the curb, Harry starts to dab on "MAN-TAN," a fake tanning lotion.

MOE

What are you putting on your face?

HARRY

Tanning lotion. It's supposed
to simulate a tropical tan.
How's it look?

MOE

Like there's something wrong with
your liver.

HARRY

Very funny. Here put some on.
All the guys'll expect us to have
tans.

MOE

They wouldn't have if you hadn't
shot off your mouth about how we
were going to Jamaica for the
weekend, big shot.

HARRY

Well we were.

MOE

Not in a condemned plane. And
where the hell did you get that
travel agent?

HARRY

My cousin Artie, he always uses
him.

MOE

Your cousin Artie's been in jail
for five years.

HARRY

That doesn't mean he didn't like
to travel when he was out.

MOE

Do me a favor, don't talk me into
your "deals" anymore.

HARRY

If I didn't talk you into these
things you'd never go anywhere.

MOE

Even when you do talk me into
things I don't go anywhere.

7 CONTD

7

HARRY

(cockily)

Then I guess you don't wanna
hear about this incredible package
deal to Barbados ...

They look at each other and share a smile.

8 EXT. LAROSA'S CLAMBOX - MORNING

8

LAROSA'S is a famous Italian eatery and mobster hangout. Gathered in front are half dozen members of the LaRosa crime family. Among them are SANTO RAVALLO, JOEY "NEW SHOES" SICLIONE, LOUIE TARTAGLIA and SAL "THE BOOKIE." They spot Harry and Moe approaching and nudge each other.

SANTO

Here come the "Crystal Street
Bookends."

JOEY

Well I feel safer already, how
'bout you guys?

They laugh. Harry and Moe arrive. Harry is carrying the baking pan. They exchange greetings.

SAL "THE BOOKIE"

Hey, Harry, what's the matter
with your face?

HARRY

This here? This happens to be
a tropical tan.

SANTO

Oh, I thought it was hepatitis.
You guys really went to Puerto
Rico?

HARRY

Jamaica. We don't go to Puerto
Rico no more. It's passé.

SAL "THE BOOKIE"

Moe, you went too? You look a
little pale.

MOE

Well, I ain't the sunworshipper
Harry is. I saw a lotta "indoor
activity" if you know what I mean.

8 CONTD

8

JOEY
You were watchin' TV?

All of them laugh at Joey's "great joke."

Door to LaRosa's opens and MARCO SANTUCCI, an emaciated, goggle-eyed professional waiter, sticks his head out.

MARCO
Two minutes, guys. Mr. LaRosa
just buzzed from upstairs.

Everybody rushes for the door. Harry and Moe get stuck holding it for everyone.

9 INT. LAROSA'S CLAMBOX - MORNING

9

Empty. A classic neighborhood Italian restaurant. All the guys head toward the rear tables where their morning meeting is held. Harry and Moe head over to the bar. Marco is behind the bar. Harry hands him the baking pan.

HARRY
Wanda says this is your lasagna
pan. It's been at the house
since Christmas.

MARCO
(taking it)
Want anything, guys?

MOE
I'll take an egg-cream, Marco.

MARCO
Comin' up. How 'bout you, cous'
-- a "Coco-LoCo"?

HARRY
Wanda spoke to Aunt Mary, huh?
Gimme a chocolatino ... maybe a
cannoli too.

Marco tosses Harry a bar towel.

MARCO
Here, you better wipe that shit
off your face before LaRosa comes
down.

Marco goes off to make the drinks as Harry wipes his face.

MOE

Harry, did you know today's
my birthday?

HARRY

(off-handedly)
No kiddin'? Happy Birthday.

MOE

You didn't get me anything,
did ya?

HARRY

Tell you what -- the egg-cream's
on me.

Marco returns with drinks and cannoli. Harry spots
something over Moe's shoulder.

HARRY

Here comes another birthday
present for ya -- Frankie the
Fixer.

Moe turns and cringes when he sees FRANK THE FIXER, a
mashy-faced mobster about the size of a grand piano.

MOE

Oh, no. Not him.

HARRY

Great. He's oozin' this way,
the fat, miserable fuck.

Although Harry and Moe are the only ones at the bar, THE
FIXER sits right next to them and forces them to move.

FRANK THE FIXER

(to Marco)
Gimme a Balboa and a beer!

The Fixer rarely looks at people when he talks to them.

HARRY

(flooding with
fake warmth)
How are ya', Frank? Christ you're
lookin' good.

MOE

We were just saying we don't see
enough of you.

FRANK THE FIXER

You're exactly what I'm lookin'
for, Dickface.

MOE

That's Dickstein.

FRANK THE FIXER

Make yourself available this
afternoon, Dickhead.

HARRY

Frankie, for you, it's his
pleasure.

The Fixer moves away. Moe turns to Harry.

MOE

(annoyedly)

What are you telling him it's
my pleasure? I'll tell him it's
my pleasure. You know how much
I hate that fat fucking slob.

HARRY

Then, tell him. You think I'm
in love with the miserable
bastard ... ?

(as Frank appears)

Frankie! God, I love ya'!
You're lookin' terrific, I mean
it. Heard you got your kid a
ten speed bike. What a great
Dad.

The Fixer ignores Harry completely then turns to Moe.

FRANKIE THE FIXER

Later, Dickface ... don't forget.

The Fixer picks up his Balboa and beer and heads for the
back of the restaurant. Once he's safely away:

MOE

That's Dickstein ... Moby.

HARRY

Moby? Moby Dick -- the whale,
right? Good one, Moe.

10

INT. LAROSA'S CLAMBOX - BACK ROOM - DAY
FAVORING A STAIRWAY

10

ANTHONY LAROSA, "reputed" Newark crime boss, comes down into the restaurant from upstairs. His tailor, an elderly, little Italian man follows him, pinning up a sport jacket which LaRosa wears. Greetings are exchanged. The tailor works on him throughout.

Anthony LaRosa, a darkly handsome man in his mid-40's, is all style, all power, all menace. He has an air of treacherous elegance to him. He is Bob Guccione on the best, most stylish day he will ever have in his entire lifetime. CAMERA FOLLOWS as LaRosa goes to take his place at the head of the table.

THE TABLE

LaRosa sits, takes out a cigarette, puts it in a black onyx holder, sticks it in his mouth and snaps his fingers. Santo Ravallo immediately pulls out a lighter and lights LaRosa's cigarette. Simultaneously Marco places an espresso in front of the Capo. It's obvious they've performed this ritual before.

LAROSA

Let's make this quick. I want to go home and change. Santo, we're increasing Judge Overton and Chief Barclay's monthly 'allowance.' Make sure there's an extra thousand in each envelope when you deliver it today.

SANTO

No problem, Mr. LaRosa.

LAROSA

"New Shoes," what about that shipment of cigarettes from North Carolina?

JOEY

They're at the warehouse, Mr. LaRosa. Four truckloads.

LAROSA

Excellent. Louie, any trouble with the collections?

Louie nods "no."

LAROSA

(turns to Frank the Fixer)
Fixer, Vinnie Testa is just not
(MORE)

LAROSA (contd)
 listening to what we told him.
 He's not paying attention.

FRANK THE FIXER
 That's not right, Mr. LaRosa.

LAROSA
 No it isn't. Fixer, figure out
 some way of getting his ear.

The Fixer lights up. LaRosa drinks his espresso, then rises. Harry and Moe move forward expectantly.

HARRY
 You forgot me and Moe, Mr. LaRosa.

LAROSA
 I never forget you and Moe, Harry.
 I always have plenty for you to
 do. Here.

LaRosa takes a couple of pieces of paper out of his pocket. Harry and Moe approach. He hands them to Harry.

HARRY
 (deflated)
 This is a grocery list and your
 dry cleaning.

LAROSA
 Yeah. You don't think I'd trust
 these other gavones with that,
 do you?

The "gavones" chuckle in the b.g. Harry is fuming.

MOE
 Happy to do it for you, Mr. LaRosa.

As LaRosa rises, the tailor flutters around him with tapes, pins and chalk.

LAROSA
 Moe, you're about a 40 regular --
 right? Try this on.

LaRosa hands Moe the jacket.

MOE
 A jacket for me, Mr. LaRosa?

10 CONTD

10

Moe slips it on. It's a nice fit.

LAROSA

Now, walk down there. Lemme
see how it looks in that light.

Moe starts to walk toward the back of the restaurant. LaRosa points to Joey "New Shoes" who takes out a .45 automatic and aims it at Moe's back.

Harry, frozen to the spot, tries to speak but can't.

ANOTHER ANGLE

OVER LaRosa's SHOULDER, including Moe, Joey pumps off six shots. The impact of the .45 slugs sends Moe spinning around like a top.

WIDER ANGLE

The SOUND of the GUNSHOTS are still RINGING in the air. Gunsmoke hangs over the table. Moe slowly turns around, the look of an almost-dead man on his face. This matches the look on Harry's face.

LAROSA

(surprised)

Look at that, the jacket actually
is bulletproof.

(to tailor)

I want a dozen. All different
colors. Thanks, Moe.

Moe is still in shock. LaRosa fishes some car keys out of his pocket.

LAROSA

Harry, start my car.

HARRY

Is it my turn again?

MOE

I just did the jacket.

11 EXT. LAROSA'S CLAMBOX - MORNING

11

The door to LAROSA'S Clambox opens and everyone, including Moe, comes running out and jumps in their cars. Neighbors

11 CONTD

11

follow suit, leaving LaRosa's car -- a shiny, black Cadillac Fleetwood Brougham -- the only car left on the street.

QUICK CUTS

as the entire neighborhood shuts down. Shopkeepers put up "closed" signs, then roll down corrugated steel garage-type doors. A child, bouncing a rubber ball, is yanked off the street by her mother. The ball continues to bounce. People in the neighborhood run into their houses and lock their doors. The school yard clears.

HARRY

stepping out of the restaurant, the car keys in hand. He stops and faces his adversary.

HARRY'S POV - LAROSA'S CAR

looking ominous as hell.

NEW ANGLE

The members of the gang, including Moe, come back from parking their cars and enter LaRosa's. Their faces are visible at the windows of the restaurant.

12 INT. LAROSA'S CLAMBOX - MORNING 12

Bets are being placed. The car's winning.

13 EXT. LAROSA'S CLAMBOX - CLOSE ON KEY - MORNING 13

which is being inserted into a car lock.

QUICK CUTS

of various sets of eyes -- either the gang members or the neighbors, watching Harry.

THE CAR

The key is turned in the lock.

CLICK. It's open. No explosion. Harry slides into the car and inserts the key in the ignition. The car door stays open. Beads of sweat stand out on Harry's forehead and upper lip.

14 INT. LAROSA'S CLAMBOX - MORNING 14

The entire gang is now positioned under the tables.

15 EXT. LAROSA'S CLAMBOX/ INT. CAR - MORNING 15

Harry reaches over and turns the key. The car FIRES UP without exploding.

VARIOUS REACTION SHOTS

of gang members or neighbors, either relieved or saddened that there was no explosion.

16 EXT. LAROSA'S CLAMBOX - MORNING 16

A beaming Harry walks away from the car toward the restaurant, his hands held triumphantly over his head. Right before he reaches the restaurant, Moe exits to greet him.

On that, the car EXPLODES, FIREBALLING into the air. Harry and Moe are knocked down by the blast.

HARRY

I hate this fucking job.

DISSOLVE TO:

17 EXT. HARRY AND MOE'S STREET - AFTERNOON 17

Harry and Moe, their coats singed from the explosion, walk down the street to Moe's house.

MOE

Well, there's a lot worse things we can be doing. At least we got lifetime jobs ...

HARRY

... unless we try to quit.

MOE

We're in a growth industry, Harry. Did you know organized crime's the fourth largest employer in the State of New Jersey?

HARRY

Interesting stats, Moe.

MOE

... We make decent money; we don't have to hurt anybody; and if

(MORE)

MOE (contd)

anything happens to us, our families are taken care of. What else do we need?

HARRY

How 'bout respectability. You think I like walkin' around in a charred suit: havin' to buy groceries for some guy whose car just blew up on me? When I'm fifty years old, maybe I want some guy buyin' my groceries; havin' my car blow up on him, okay?

MOE

Hey, you think you feel bad, today's my birthday and nobody remembered. Not you, not even my own mother. I'll see you after lunch.

Moe turns and starts to climb up stairs to his house. Harry follows Moe.

MOE

Where you goin'?

HARRY

I'm in the mood for some Jewish food today.

18 INT. MOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/HALL - DAY

18

Harry and Moe enter and walk through the hall to the living room where they are greeted by a group of fifteen people all wearing party hats. Everyone yells SURPRISE. Lil, Wanda, Harry, Jr., Marco Santucci and assorted neighbors are there. Harry and Moe get party hats. There's a lot of hugging and kissing.

MOE

(turns to Harry)

Did you know about this?

HARRY

We've been plannin' it for weeks!

Moe grabs Harry in a bear hug. The group starts singing Happy Birthday. In the middle of the song, Frank the Fixer enters and bulls his way through the happy crowd to Harry and Moe. He points at Moe and:

FRANK THE FIXER

A party, how nice ... move it,
Dickface.

LIL

That's Dickstein! Morris,
what's going on?

MOE

Never mind, Ma. Fixer, have
some cake.

The Fixer scoops up about a quarter of Moe's untouched birthday cake. Everyone watches in awe. Harry, Jr. turns to his Dad.

HARRY, JR.

Give it to this chump, Dad.
BOOM-BOOM-BOOM -- three in the
back of the head!

HARRY

Shut up, will ya, Harry.

Harry pushes his son away from The Fixer, who now turns to Moe.

FRANK THE FIXER

How come I wasn't invited to
this party?

MOE

It's only a little get-together
for the immediate family.

With that another group of eight or ten enter the party shouting "Happy Birthday." The group includes Black people and an Oriental man. The Fixer points to the exit.

FRANK THE FIXER

Out.

The Fixer heads for the door. Moe looks at Harry with fear in his eyes and mouths "Come with me." Harry nods "yes" and follows The Fixer into the hallway. As Moe turns to his mother:

MOE

Ma, I gotta step out for a few
minutes. Keep the party going,
okay?

19 INT. MOE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

19

Harry stops The Fixer at the door.

HARRY

Frank, it's Moe's birthday.
Let's get somebody else to do
this errand.

The Fixer gives Harry a look to kill.

HARRY

I didn't say a thing.

The Fixer takes a big bite of cake, exits with Harry and Moe following.

20 EXT. MOE'S HOUSE - DAY

20

The Fixer's immaculate Cadillac convertible, a classic, is double parked in the middle of the street blocking all traffic. When they reach the car The Fixer notices Harry is with them.

FRANK THE FIXER

Where the fuck you goin'?

HARRY

Can I come along for the ride?

FRANK THE FIXER

Why not? Two bodies ... one
brain. Just keep your mouth
shut.

HARRY

I promise I won't say a word!

FRANK THE FIXER

You're talkin' too much already.

The Fixer walks around the car, then turns back to Harry and Moe.

FRANK THE FIXER

Don't touch the chrome; don't
touch the windows; don't touch
the upholstery; don't touch
nuthin'!

The Fixer goes around to the driver's side while Harry and Moe, still wearing their birthday hats, start to get into the car.

INT. CADDY - AFTERNOON

The Fixer slides in. Harry and Moe are in the back seat.

FRANK THE FIXER
What do I look like, a fuckin'
chauffeur?

MOE
We kind of wanted to sit together.

FRANK THE FIXER
What are you two, joined at the hip?
(looking at Moe)
Get in front. And take off them
stupid hats.

Moe moves for the front seat.

21 EXT. NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE ENTRANCE RAMP - AFTERNOON 21

The CADDY SCREAMS past us at seventy miles per hour,
cutting off slews of cars.

22 EXT. NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE/ INT. CAR - AFTERNOON 22
PART PART

MOE
(petrified)
Nice lane change, Frank.

HARRY
(equally petrified)
You know, I was thinkin' of buying
a Caddy. Handles nice.

22A POV: SIGN TO THE MEADOWLANDS 22A

22 They spot a sign to the Meadowlands. 22
PART PART

MOE
Are we goin' to the Meadowlands?

FRANK THE FIXER
That's right.

Harry leans forward and spots a small leather bag filled
with money.

HARRY
Jeez ... look at all this money.

FRANK THE FIXER
Close the bag!

MOE

Am I gonna place another bet
for Mr. LaRosa?

FRANK THE FIXER

Hey, what is this? Twenty
fuckin' questions?

MOE

But every time I bet for him he
loses. Why don't you place the
bet?

FRANK THE FIXER

I'm a little too well known down
there.

MOE

You could disguise yourself.

FRANK THE FIXER

Yeah? As what?

HARRY

(whispering to Moe)
The Time-Life Building?

Moe starts to laugh, then tries to suppress it.

FRANK THE FIXER

(to Moe)

What the fuck's the matter with you?

MOE

Frank, you did drag me out of my own
birthday party.

FRANK THE FIXER

You and this birthday! What are
you, a fuckin' kid?

MOE

I'm just sentimental, that's all.

HARRY

Yeah, Frank. Ain't you ever been
sentimental about anything?

No answer. Another stupid question.

FRANK THE FIXER

Tell your little friend back there
I'm gonna throw him outta this car
(MORE)

22
PART

CONTD

22
PART

FRANK THE FIXER (contd)
if he says one more word,
Dickbrains.

MOE
Frank ... It's Dickstein.

FRANK THE FIXER
And your Jew ass is goin' out
right after him, Dicknose.

23 EXT. MEADOWLANDS CLUBHOUSE ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON 23

Moving at sixty miles per, the Caddy rips into the lot,
SCREECHES, and steals a spot from another car.

24 EXT. MEADOWLANDS CLUBHOUSE ENTRANCE/ INT. CAR - 24
AFTERNOON

They lean forward from the momentum. Frank the Fixer
hands Moe the pouch.

FRANK THE FIXER
There's ten grand here. There's
a horse called 'Night Cap' --
Number Two - running in the
Second Race. Put the ten grand
on Two in the Second Race.
Now that shouldn't be too
complicated, even for two
stunads. Now get out!

25 EXT. MEADOWLANDS CLUBHOUSE ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON 25

They walk to the track, tossing the bag back and forth.

26 INT. MEADOWLANDS CLUBHOUSE ENTRANCE/ESCALATOR - DAY 26

The place is packed with moving crowds. Harry and Moe
come up the escalator and move into the main area.

HARRY
I think I'll buy a tip sheet.

Harry does. Moe doesn't like the look of it.

MOE
What are you doing?

HARRY
I just wanna see what this 'Night
Cap' is running against.

MOE

I don't think that concerns you.

HARRY

And I think it concerns me very much. "Two in the Second Race." What does that mean?

MOE

It means that Mr. LaRosa wants me to get his ten grand on that horse. That's what it means.

HARRY

It means LaRosa don't know shit about horses. Today it's the Eight horse in the Ninth Race. Last week he told you to bet on the grey horse because it was a grey day. On Christmas, he bet on 'Jingle Bells,' remember? He don't know what he's bettin' on. Moe, last four times you bet for LaRosa he lost, lost big.

Moe snatches away the tip sheet.

MOE

Harry, stop it. You're making me very nervous.

Harry pulls the tip sheet back.

HARRY

Now, here's a horse -- 'My Sweetheart.' I won four times with this horse. You and me made a killing with this horse at Belmont a year ago with Marco.

MOE

I was never at Belmont with you and Marco.

HARRY

Please don't interrupt me when I'm thinkin', Moe. This is a voice from God.

MOE

This is the voice from the grave, LaFontaine. I don't believe what you're thinkin'!

26 CONTD

26

HARRY

Moe, we've got ten grand in our hands. Destiny is calling. This is part of the grand design.

MOE

Design this. I'm betting on Number Two.

27 INT. MEADOWLANDS BETTING WINDOWS - AFTERNOON

27

Moe gets on line at the thousand dollar window. Harry directs Moe's attention to the tote board. 'Night Cap' is running 25 to 1, 'My Sweetheart' at 5 to 1.

HARRY

Look at that. LaRosa's horse is never gonna win. Not now, not never. It's a fuckin' gluepot. 25 to 1 odds. It's off the board.

MOE

Don't you ever learn? There's no gettin' through to you when you're like this. I love you, Harry, but face it -- you're a compulsive gambler.

HARRY

(smiling)
You wanna bet?

MOE

That's not funny!
(beat)
Have you forgotten whose money this is? This isn't just anybody's money. This is Tony LaRosa's money. The meanest, lowest mobster in Newark that has guys like you and me for breakfast. I can't believe you're serious.

HARRY

All right, forget the whole thing.

The moment Moe relaxes, Harry snatches the bag and dashes for the men's room.

28 INT. MEADOWLANDS MEN'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

28

Moe enters the crowded john and can't find Harry. Guys stand at the urinals. TOILETS FLUSH in stalls. The last stall door opens and Harry's face appears. Moe goes for the stall. Harry holds the open leather pouch filled with money over the john.

HARRY

I'll flush it!

MOE

Okay, okay, okay, okay. Whattaya want?

HARRY

Just hear me out.

Moe enters the stall and locks it behind him.

INT. STALL

They are both crammed in together.

HARRY

Moe a chance like this doesn't come along too often.

MOE

That's right, a chance to get killed.

HARRY

Look, we both know that LaRosa's been losing his ass down here, right?

MOE

So?

HARRY

So, why should today be any different? We'll put this ten grand on 'My Sweetheart.' Runnin' at five to one, we'll walk outta here with sixty grand. When the race is over, we'll go into a song and dance over how sad we are LaRosa lost again, and we'll tell the blimp we tore up the tickets in disgust.

MOE

I can't lie to The Fixer. He's a killer.

HARRY

Moe, you're always holding us back -- like the time in '68 when we could have gone to Vegas with Bobby DiLeo. You talked me out of it, remember? Bobby D. runs that town now.

MOE

So, go visit him. A plane leaves every hour. I'm sure you can get a package deal.

HARRY

That's the point I'm makin', Moe! No more package deals for us. With this sixty grand, we're flyin' first class all the way. You know you don't even have to pay for the headsets in first class?

MOE

(interested)
No kiddin'?

HARRY

And Moe, what about our dream? The first Italo-Judeo combination deli and restaurant. Ah, Moe, can't you just smell those big hunks of corned beef and cannoli? Knishes ... golden brown; raviolis ... sorta' off-white. Breathe deep, Moe ... smell that?

MOE

What?

HARRY

My tomato sauce.

MOE

Harry, don't do this. You're always talking me into things that are no good for me. Don't talk me into this one because I know in my heart it's no good for me.

HARRY

This one is! Moe, for once in your life, open up, go for it!

MOE

I can't.

HARRY

Moe, we can't lose in this situation. If our horse loses, so what? We don't lose the ten grand! We lose nothin'! We either don't lose, or we win! How can we lose? There's twelve horses runnin' in this race. LaRosa's horse is runnin' at twenty-five to one. It ain't never gonna win. Let's put the ten grand on 'My Sweetheart' to win.

The armies of confusion take up residence in Moe's eyes. Harry moves in for the kill.

HARRY

Or do you wanna die in Newark?

29 INT. MEADOWLANDS BETTING WINDOW - AFTERNOON

29

They enter the betting area. It's empty. Moe is jittery. He hesitates. Harry shoves him to the window. Harry looks up and spots a video camera recording the transaction. He ducks nervously as Moe steps up to place the bet.

MOE

I, ah, want to place a bet on 'My Sweetheart,' ten times to win.

Moe's mouth drops open as the tickets punch out of the machine. The money is gone. The bet has been placed. There's no turning back. Beads of sweat stand out on Moe's forehead. He turns to his friend Harry, who is nowhere to be seen. Moe is alone in the \$1000 betting room. He starts for the door.

30 INT. MEADOWLANDS BETTING WINDOW AREA - AFTERNOON

30

Moe emerges from the room to find Harry waiting.

MOE

Where the hell did you go?

HARRY

Oh, I, ah, wanted to buy a pack of cigarettes.

30 CONTD

30

MOE

When did you start smoking again?

HARRY

About fifteen seconds ago.

Moe fans out the ten tickets. Harry kisses them.

MOE

What's that for?

HARRY

Good luck.

MOE

I thought we didn't need luck.

HARRY

Ya always need luck. C'mon let's
get a drink and watch the race.

31 INT. MEADOWLANDS CLUBHOUSE BAR - AFTERNOON

31

C.U. - TV MONITOR on which the race is televised. The horses parade to the starting gate as the odds run up underneath them. The odds for 'Night Cap' appear, still 25 to 1.

Harry and Moe are seated at the crowded bar near a TV monitor. Drinks are placed before them. Harry lifts his glass in toast. Moe raises his glass. His hand is visibly shaking.

HARRY

Ya all right?

MOE

Fine, fine.

HARRY

To my buddy and 'My Sweetheart.'

They clink glasses. 'My Sweetheart' appears on the screen. The bar patrons cheer. Harry and Moe brighten up.

HARRY

We're gonna be okay.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

(over TV monitor)

And they're off ... !

31 CONTD

31

Harry and Moe's attention is focused on the TV screen.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

'My Sweetheart' is off to an early lead. 'Table Talk' is second. 'Gypsy' is third. 'Easy Money' is fourth ...

HARRY

Look at that beautiful son of a bitch!

Moe watches with awe. 'My Sweetheart' is poetry in motion.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

... and 'Night Cap' is last ...

Harry and Moe laugh and pound the bar.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Around the far turn, 'My Sweetheart' ahead by three lengths. 'Table Talk' second, 'Gypsy' third ...

'My Sweetheart' continues in front, 'Night Cap' stays in last. Moe laughs so hard he falls off the bar stool.

MOE

I don't believe this! I don't believe this!

Harry helps Moe up. The two are getting all the attention in the bar.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

... And 'Night Cap' is last.

Moe turns to the bar and starts screaming.

MOE

I got ten thousand dollars on this race! Ten thousand dollars on 'My Sweetheart!' And she's my sweetheart! I didn't wanna do it! But he talked me into it. My best friend!

Backed by several televisions all playing the horse race images in sync, Harry and Moe have the floor.

HARRY

We're gonna take this money
and open up the first combination
Italo-Judeo restaurant and
delicatessen!

MOE

And you're all invited to the
grand opening.

HARRY

We're gonna have pasta, made
fresh daily!

MOE

Home-made matzoh ball soup!

HARRY

Boar's Head cold cuts!

MOE

Lean corned beef! Crunchy sour
pickles!

HARRY

(hugging Moe)
Goddammit, Moe, we did it!

ANNOUNCER (VO)

'Night Cap' is now seventh and
moving for sixth. 'Night Cap'
is sixth.

Still hugging, they both turn towards the monitor.

HARRY

Don't worry about it. Don't
worry about it.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

'Night Cap' is now in fifth place
and moving for the fourth position.

HARRY

Uh-oh.

MOE

Uh-oh, what?

HARRY

Uh-ho.

31 CONTD

31

The television set fills the screen. The horse race becomes overpowering. Almost terrifying. 'Night Cap' pulls ahead at the wire.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

And the winner is ... 'Night Cap!'

MOE

Aaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!

Harry and Moe both panic.

HARRY

Oh, God! Oh, Jesus-Mary-and-Joseph!

MOE

We're dead! We're dead, I don't believe it. We're dead.

Moe, dazed, starts to wander off. Harry stops him.

HARRY

Where you goin', Moe?

MOE

To Mr. LaRosa, so he can kill me, which is what I deserve.

HARRY

Get hold of yourself, Moe!

MOE

We are no longer alive! Do you understand that? We're not here anymore! You and your Italo-Judeo restaurant and deli bullshit! You did it again, Harry.

HARRY

Me! You're the one who listened to me. That's always been your problem, Moe. You know I don't know what I'm doing! You should protect me! Why do you always listen to me? Where's your mind?

MOE

(confused)

What!? Why do I always listen to you? It's my fault for listening

(MORE)

31 CONTD

31

MOE (contd)
to you?? What the fuck is that
supposed to mean? It's not my
fault, it's your fault!

HARRY
Who cares whose fault it is!
Moe, we gotta move now!

32 INT. MEADOWLANDS - ESCALATORS TO GROUND LEVEL - 32
AFTERNOON

People are starting to move out of the track. Harry
and Moe come down the packed escalator looking grim.
They hit the ground floor.

MOE
What a nightmare.

HARRY
We gotta get past Frank the Fixer.
Come on, this way. We'll catch
a bus.

They move for another exit and get in behind a group of
people heading out the door, using them as a shield.

33 INT./EXT. MEADOWLANDS CLUBHOUSE ENTRANCE - DAY 33

Moving off the escalator, they slam into Frank the Fixer
who's eating several hot pretzels with mustard.

HARRY/MOE
(in unison)
Oh, Jesus Christ!

HARRY
Frankie! Where the hell were
you? We were lookin' all over
for you.

FRANK THE FIXER
Where're the tickets?

HARRY
Where are the tickets, Moe?
(a beat)
The tickets. The tickets.

Moe slowly produces the 'My Sweetheart' tickets. Harry
takes them in a flash, opens Frank the Fixer's jacket

33 CONTD

33

and pops them neatly into his breast pocket. Then, still smiling, he buttons the Fixer's jacket and brushes the lapels.

HARRY

There you go, Frankie. That was a great call. I never would have made that call, I'll tell you that.

MOE

Exciting race, huh?

FRANK THE FIXER

Not really. Let's go!

MOE

We're dead.

HARRY

Ya know, Fixer, me and Moe are feelin' so lucky, we think we'll stay and catch the last couple of races.

MOE

Yeah. We'll grab a cab home.

FRANK THE FIXER

Don't you wanna see the expression on Mr. LaRosa's face when he sees these tickets?

MOE

We're dead.

34 INT. LAROSA'S STUDY - LATE AFTERNOON

34

CLOSE-UP - TONY LAROSA'S FACE.

Ice. A study in incipient rage.

LAROSA

Who did this?

REVERSE ANGLE

REVEALING that we are in the STUDY of LaRosa's mansion, a breathtaking mahogany, panelled room. Santo Ravallo is holding a multi-colored, dead tropical fish by its tail. The little fish has a bite taken out of it.

Behind Santo, set in the wall, is a huge aquarium. LaRosa is standing behind a 17th Century desk.

SANTO

Louis ... the angel fish.

LAROSA

Kill him.

SANTO

Kill him? Louis?

LAROSA

You heard me.

Santo nods. There is a knock at the door.

LAROSA

Come.

The door opens and a smiling Frank the Fixer followed by troubled-looking Harry and Moe enter. LaRosa dismisses Santo, who exits. LaRosa smiles. He comes around the desk, arms outspread, and in turn, embraces The Fixer, Harry and Moe.

LAROSA

Everything went well?

FRANK THE FIXER

Smooth as silk, Mr. LaRosa. I have two presents for you. First ...

The Fixer takes a small wooden box out of his pocket and hands it to LaRosa. LaRosa opens it, smiles, then motions for Harry and Moe to have a peek. They look and grimace.

MOE

That's a guy's ear.

LAROSA

Yeah. Vinnie Testa's. Know why I did this? He didn't listen. Now, I got his ear.

The Biblical vengeance is not lost on Harry and Moe. LaRosa closes the wooden box.

HARRY

(with gusto)

-- Well, Mr. LaRosa, all I can say

(MORE)

HARRY (contd)
is that fixing that race was
one great plan!

Harry shakes a startled LaRosa's hand. Moe does too.

HARRY
Well, I think that about covers
everything.

LAROSA
What's the rush?

HARRY
I'm actually embarrassed to say
this ... but Moe and I have
tickets for ... get this ...
the ballet.

MOE
Yeah -- the ballet.

HARRY
It was actually my idea.

MOE
All his idea.

HARRY
So, Mr. LaRosa, please lemme say,
'congratulations' on a job well-
conceived, and I might add,
well-executed!

MOE
A perfect choice of words, Harry.

HARRY
And thanks for letting us share
this warm, wonderful moment with
you.

LAROSA
Let's have a drink first.

FRANK THE FIXER
Sure thing, Mr. LaRosa. What
would you like?

Frank the Fixer moves to the bar.

LAROSA
Brandy. All the way around.

The Fixer brings the brandy and glasses over.

LAROSA
(toasting)
-- To my good luck charms,
Harry and Moe.

Harry, Moe, the Fixer and LaRosa clink glasses and drink.

LAROSA
Frankie, where are the tickets?

Harry and Moe choke on their brandy.

FRANK THE FIXER
(patting pocket)
Right here, Mr. LaRosa.

LAROSA
I'll take them.

HARRY
But first, allow me to propose
a toast.

Everyone stops.

HARRY
To you, Mr. LaRosa. A wonderful,
caring, sensitive, human being.
A mafioso with heart.

LAROSA
(chuckling)
There's no such thing as the Mafia.

Harry and Moe laugh hysterically. They drink, then:

HARRY
Well, we'll be going now.

LAROSA
Frankie, where are those tickets?

MOE
Mr. LaRosa, please -- allow me to
propose a toast.

Moe quickly pours another round for everyone.

MOE

To Harry, who has positively
changed my life, forever.

HARRY

Aw, thank you, Moe.

Everyone drinks.

LAROSA

Frankie, the tickets.

Harry quickly refills the glasses, and:

HARRY

To your health, Mr. L.

MOE

-- And to yours, Frankie.
L'Chaim.

Everyone drinks. Harry looks at his watch and:

HARRY

I hate to bring this up but
if we don't move, we're gonna
miss the ballet.

MOE

And the beginning's the best
part.

LAROSA

Go ahead. You did great work
today, boys.

Hugs all around. Harry and Moe leave the study.

35 INT. LAROSA'S HALL - DUSK

35

ON Harry and Moe as they exit study.

LAROSA (O.C.)

Frankie, the tickets.

Harry and Moe wince as they close the study door. They
head quickly across the hall toward the front door.

FRANK THE FIXER (O.C.)

LaFontaine! Dickface!

Harry and Moe freeze in mid-step.

35 CONTD

35

MOE

We're dead.

HARRY AND MOE'S POV

Frank the Fixer, framed in the doorway of the study, holding the tickets in one hand and beckoning them with his finger. Harry and Moe trudge back to the study.

36 INT. LAROSA STUDY - DUSK

36

Harry and Moe enter.

LAROSA

Fixer, give it to 'em.

Moe mouths "we're dead" as The Fixer reaches for the tickets.

LAROSA

Little token of my gratitude.
I want you both to have a
winning ticket.

MOE

That's fifty thousand dollars,
Harry. He's gonna give us fifty
thousand dollars!!!

HARRY

He's also giving us two of those
tickets!

Moe spins around to LaRosa and:

MOE

We can't accept it, Mr. LaRosa.

HARRY

-- You're much too generous.

LAROSA

I insist. Frankie, the tickets.

CLOSE-UP; THE TICKETS in The Fixer's hand, as they make their way, in SLO-MO, to LaRosa.

LaRosa examines the tickets closely. The smile curdles on his lips as he discovers the awful truth. He goes nuts.

CUT TO:

37 INT. LAROSA'S STUDY - NIGHT

37

It's quiet. Sal "The Bookie," and some Soldiers are seated around the coffee table playing cards. In the b.g., is LaRosa's aquarium. The serenity of the scene is broken when Harry's head suddenly appears, upside down, in the aquarium. Harry's toupe, floats away from the back of his head. The card players pay no attention to Harry's dilemma.

38 INT. REAR OF LAROSA'S STUDY - NIGHT

38

CUT TO the back of the aquarium where it is REVEALED that Santo and Joey "New Shoes" are holding Harry by the legs and dunking him in the aquarium. They haul Harry out.

HARRY

I didn't know Mr. LaRosa liked fish so much.

SANTO

He's been a devotee of fish for years.

HARRY

No kidding.

SANTO

Drown 'im!

HARRY

(cringing)

No! No! I truly believe that there may be another way out of this than the usual violent approach.

Santo and Joey dunk Harry again.

HARRY

(coming up for air, gasping)

I feel that ultimately it will do neither one of us much good.

Santo and Joey dunk him once again, then bring him back up. Harry reemerges, spitting water.

HARRY

(continuing)

All right, I'm convinced of your rage. It's very understandable. If I were in your shoes, I'd probably feel the same way. But

(MORE)

38 CONTD

38

HARRY
 (continuing)
 we're reasonable men. And I'm
 convinced, if we all talk about
 this, we can come to some sort
 of non-violent agreement.

Santo and Joey plunge Harry under the water again.

39 INT. CELLAR OF LAROSA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

39

Moe is handcuffed to an old bed. Frank the Fixer enters. Louie and other soldiers are in the room. Frank pulls a tarpaulin from a huge cage. There's a cougar in it. It ROARS.

MOE
 What are you gonna do with that
 lion, Frankie?

FRANK THE FIXER
 It's a cougar.

MOE
 I thought LaRosa had a lion?

FRANK THE FIXER
 This cougar ate the lion.

MOE
 I see.

FRANK THE FIXER
 Uncuff him.

The soldiers uncuff Moe. They begin dragging him toward the cage. Moe screams!

MOE
 No! Jesus Christ, no!

The cougar claws and roars hungrily.

A40 INT. REAR OF LAROSA'S STUDY - NIGHT

A40

LaRosa watches as Santo and Joey bring Harry up for air. He opens his black onyx cigarette holder. Lights one. Walks over.

LAROSA
 How's it going, Harry?

A40 CONTD

A40

HARRY
I've been better.

LAROSA
Just one question, Harry. Whose
idea was it?
(a beat)
I may be tough on the guy who
thought this up ... but I'll be
easy on the guy who went along
for the ride.

HARRY
Could you please be specific
on the terminology of 'rough'?

LAROSA
(losing patience)
Nobody's playing around, Harry!
Whose idea was it!

HARRY
It was my idea! All my idea,
Mr. LaRosa!

40 INT. CELLAR OF LAROSA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

40

Louie and some soldiers continue dragging Moe towards
the cage. The COUGAR ROARS. Moe screams!

LOUIE
Harry talked to us a little while
ago. He sold your ass down the
river.

MOE
Harry wouldn't do that! He's
my best friend!

They stick Moe's foot through the bars. The cougar
paces and lunges. They pull his leg out just in time.

FRANK THE FIXER
You sure about that, Dickface?

They all start laughing.

FRANK THE FIXER
(continuing)
Whose idea was it?

40 CONTD

40

MOE

It was all my idea! It was!
It really was!

41 INT. REAR OF LAROSA'S STUDY - NIGHT

41

Santo and Joey bring Harry up for air again.

LAROSA

I hope you're not protecting
that Jewdotz, Harry, because he
already talked to us and turned
you in.

HARRY

No! He wouldn't do that! He's
my best friend!

LAROSA

Friendship goes out the window
at these moments, Harry. I've
seen it time and again. What I
want now is clarity. Whose idea
was it? To rip me off? To
steal food from the mouths of
my wife and children?

HARRY

Me! Those were my exact words.
I said to Moe, "Moe, let's
steal food from the mouths of
Mr. LaRosa's wife and children."
I'm tellin' you it was all my
idea ... Please, don't drown me!

Harry is plunged under water again.

42 INT. LAROSA'S STUDY - NIGHT

42

Intense quiet. Frank the Fixer, Joey "New Shoes,"
Santo, Louie and several Soldiers are present. LaRosa
sits behind his desk, pondering. He puts a cigarette
into his onyx holder, clamps it in his mouth.

A lighter is immediately offered. LaRosa takes a
couple of puffs, then rises. He talks as he heads
around the desk.

LaRosa walks around to the aquarium where Harry is
floating upside down. LaRosa nods to Harry who nods
back. As LaRosa speaks:

LAROSA

This I didn't expect. I figured LaFontaine would sell the Jewdotz right down the river. But this, this makes it interesting. They're protecting each other.

FRANK THE FIXER

Let me waste them, Mr. LaRosa!

LAROSA

Do we really hurt them by killing them?

JOEY

It's a nice start.

LAROSA

But we haven't taught them anything, have we? No, the real issue here is loyalty. I want to know why these wise-guys are loyal to each other and not to me. So, let's put them to the test.

FRANK THE FIXER

Like how?

LAROSA

Like having them kill each other.

43 INT. REAR OF LAROSA'S STUDY - NIGHT

43

CLOSE ON Harry's face which is dripping wet and concerned.

HARRY

He said that??

WIDER ANGLE

REVEALING that LaRosa, flanked by Santo, Sal "The Bookie" and a couple of Soldiers stand over Harry who is seated in a chair, dripping wet, wrapped in a blanket.

LAROSA

Every word. I never trusted that Jewdotz for a second,
(MORE)

LAROSA

(continuing)

Harry. He's not one of us.
Now, ordinarily you and your
family would already be dead.
But I decided I'm not going
to do that.

HARRY

(hopeful)

You're not?

LAROSA

No. Out of respect for your
Uncle Mike, the man who made
me what I am today. I'm not
going to kill you. Y'see,
before Mike LaFontaine retired
and became the recluse that he
is today, he taught me some-
thing; he taught me that what
really matters is Loyalty,
Trust and the Code.

(flying into rage)

And that matso-christ betrayed
you!

(settling down)

Forgive me, Harry. You were
a stand-up guy. You were
ready to take the heat. I
respect that, so I'm giving
you a chance to save your
wife and beautiful son.

HARRY

How would I do that, Mr.
LaRosa?

LAROSA

By cleaning the slate; by
showing me you understand what
real loyalty means.

(to Santo)

Give him a piece.

HARRY

(bewildered)

A piece? A piece of what?

Santo places a revolver in Harry's hand.

43 CONTD

43

HARRY

Oh, that kind of piece.

LAROSA

Take it. Kill Dickstein.

LaRosa looks directly into Harry's frantic eyes.

44 INT. CELLAR OF LAROSA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

44

Moe is seated on a stool, shivering. He faces Frank the Fixer and Louie. The Fixer opens his jacket and removes a .38 revolver. Moe covers his head with his hands.

MOE

Please! No! Oh, my God!

Moe waits for the inevitable shot. It never comes. He peeks up to find the handle of the revolver facing him.

FRANK THE FIXER

Take it, Dickface. Save yourself and your mother. It's easy. BOOM-BOOM-BOOM. Three in the back of the head.

JOEY

For your pal LaFontaine, that little prick who thought nothin' of sellin' your ass down the river.

MOE

(trembling)

I can't ...

FRANK THE FIXER

(showing the gun
into Moe's hand)

You got no choice.

45 EXT. HARRY AND MOE'S STREET - DAWN

45

Deserted. An Oldsmobile turns into the street and pulls up in front of Harry's and Moe's houses. Harry and Moe get out of the car which quickly pulls away. Harry is drenched. They watch the car as it disappears. Tension fills the air. Finally:

MOE

You OK?

HARRY

Yeah. What about you?

MOE

I'm OK. They scared the fuck
out of me, though.

HARRY

We would've been dead if it
hadn't been for my Uncle Mike.

MOE

Yeah. Uncle Mike. That's right.
He backed off because of Uncle
Mike. That's what he told me.

HARRY

That's what he told you?

MOE/HARRY

(together)
Good old Uncle Mike.

A couple of beats of silence.

HARRY

I want you to know I went the
whole nine yards for you. I
took full responsibility.

MOE

You took full responsibility?

HARRY

Absolutely.

(continuing)

I would never do anything to hurt
you, Moe.

MOE

And I would never do anything to
hurt you, Harry. After all,
you're my best friend on earth.

HARRY

And you're mine.

MOE

So, our problems are over.

45 CONTD

45

HARRY

A thing of the past.

MOE

Great. I'm glad we got all
that behind us. See ya.

Moe and Harry part. Harry sloshes off to his house, Moe to his. As they climb their respective stairs, they glance over at each other.

46 EXT. LAROSA'S CLAMBOX - MORNING

46

Establishing.

47 INT. LAROSA'S CLAMBOX - MORNING

47

Santo, Joey, Louie and Sal "The Bookie" play brisk with a few other Soldiers. Throughout the players slam down cards. Marco lingers, eavesdropping. In the b.g., we can see Harry and Moe seated at the bar near the front of the restaurant.

JOEY

So, who do you think is gonna
get it first? LaFontaine or
Dickstein?

SANTO

Dickstein's dead meat.

JOEY

Yeah? I'll bet LaFontaine gets
it first.

Frank the Fixer enters the room and walks over to the table.

FRANK THE FIXER

Put me down for five grand.

SAL THE BOOKIE

On who?

FRANK THE FIXER

On me. 'Cause no matter which
contract is executed first, I
win, because the other one's
mine.

Everyone at the table howls at The Fixer's fabulous joke. Santo looks at Marco.

47 CONTD

47

SANTO

Ya waitin' for a bus, Marco?

MARCO

No, Santo, nothing.

SANTO

Notices that Marco is walking toward Harry and Moe who are seated at the bar. He nudges The Fixer who also watches Marco.

WIDER ANGLE

To include Marco who realizes that he's being watched. He goes off in another direction. CAMERA DOLLIES to Harry and Moe seated at the bar having their morning coffee. Harry is holding a piece of paper.

MOE

LaRosa must have gained respect for us last night. He's lettin' us buy his tropical fish for him today -- two angel fish, four guppies and a baby moray eel.

HARRY

He treats his fish better than he treats us. Let's go.

Harry and Moe exit LaRosa's.

MARCO

Watching Harry and Moe as they leave. He looks back at the table full of brisk players.

MARCO'S POV

The brisk game is in full swing. Everyone seems to be involved.

MARCO

Removing his apron and trying to be casual as he makes for the side door of LaRosa's.

48

EXT. LAROSA'S CLAMBOX - BUSY STREET - MORNING

48

Harry and Moe stand at corner of an extremely busy street.

HARRY

Y'know I was thinkin' about last night. I just think it's wonderful when two friends can just open up and level with each other.

MOE

The best.

They dodge a few cars and trot to an island.

HARRY

Hey, Moe. Do you have life insurance? I mean, if anything ever happened to you, God forbid, it would make me rest easier knowin' that Lil was bein' looked after.

MOE

I have a wonderful policy.

Harry bends over to tie his shoe, exposing his butt to a clear shot for Moe. Moe is clearly considering shoving Harry into the oncoming lane.

MOE

(continuing)

How about you, Harry? Have you got life insurance?

Cars whiz by.

HARRY

Oh, yeah, I've got a great policy.

Moe raises his foot.

MOE

That's good to know.

Suddenly Harry farts loudly, catching Moe full-face.

HARRY (O.C.)

What's goin' on, Moe?

MOE

(gasping for oxygen)

Nothing ... nothing. Let's go.

48 CONTD

48

Moe darts across the other side of the street with Harry following.

REVERSE ANGLE

Marco arrives at the side of the street from which Harry and Moe started. He spots them on the other side, but traffic prevents him from crossing. CAMERA PANS over to REVEAL Frank the Fixer, Santo and Joey in The Fixer's Caddy. They're watching Marco.

HARRY AND MOE

Harry leads Moe off into an alley.

MOE

Where you goin'?

HARRY

Down this alley. It's the scenic route.

49 EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

49

Moe looks skeptical as they start moving up the alley which is a real hell hole. As they walk, Harry fingers the gun in his pocket. Suddenly, Harry stops and turns to Moe.

HARRY

Moe, there's some stuff I gotta get off my chest.

MOE

Here?

HARRY

You know I love you, Moe.

MOE

I know.

HARRY

I love you more than I love my own brother.

MOE

Your brother's an asshole.

HARRY

We really fucked up yesterday, didn't we, Moe?

MOE

We did, buddy.

They embrace.

HARRY

I just wanted you to know how bad I feel about it.

Harry raises the gun to Moe's head as they embrace.

MOE

(clutching Harry
tightly)

Harry, I want you to know, while there's still time, I forgive you for all the trouble you ever got me into.

Moe raises his gun behind Harry's back.

HARRY

I love you, Moe.

MOE

I love you, too, Harry. Life is short.

HARRY

Prophetic, Moe. Very prophetic.

They both appear a second away from pulling the trigger. Their hands tremble.

HARRY

This is all my fault!

MOE

That's what I keep thinking.

HARRY

What the hell is that supposed to mean?

Their embrace stops. They pull away. They hide the guns.

MOE

Well, I mean, it is if you sort of think about it.

49 CONTD

49

HARRY

You were in on it every step
of the way!

Marco runs into the alley and hurries over to them.

MOE

Oh, bullshit, LaFontaine!

MARCO

(interrupting)
Harry, Moe, we gotta talk ...
now. But not here.
(pointing)
Come around the corner ...
St. Lucy's ...

50 EXT. ST. LUCY'S CHURCH - DAY

50

Harry, Moe and Marco enter the Church. The Fixer's Caddy pulls up in front of the Church. The Fixer, Santo and Joey pile out, leaving the car idling.

JOEY

Santo's right. Marco's gonna
tip 'em off.

51 INT. ST. LUCY'S CHURCH - DAY

51

Harry, Moe and Marco move up to the altar. The Church is deserted except for three old ladies worshipping. Marco hands Harry and Moe candle lighters.

MARCO

Here. Do like I do. Light
candles. What the hell did
you guys do yesterday?

HARRY

(shrugging)
What time yesterday?

MARCO

Don't gimme that shit! I
heard what happened. You
screwed LaRosa at the track.
I heard you're dead.

MOE

What do you mean?

51 CONTD

51

MARCO

What do you think I mean? Dead means dead. I heard you're both dead.

52 INT. ST. LUCY'S CHURCH - BALCONY - DAY

52

Frank the Fixer, Joey and Santo move up to the balcony railing. Frank screws his silencer onto his .38.

FRANK THE FIXER

We can't let Marco ruin the boss's fun.

He lines up a shot.

ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZIP!!!

53 INT. ST. LUCY'S CHURCH - ALTAR

53

A large candle silently EXPLODES next to Moe. Harry is sure that Moe knocked it over.

HARRY

What's with you? This is a church. Respect, huh?

MOE

I didn't do a thing.

MARCO

Here, do like I do.

They go back to lighting candles.

MARCO

(continuing)

There are contracts out on both your lives. Get out of town fast. I could be dead for telling you this.

54 INT. ST. LUCY'S CHURCH - BALCONY

54

Frank the Fixer lines up another shot.

FRANK THE FIXER

The bastard keeps moving.

SANTO

Be careful you don't hit Harry or Moe.

59 CONTD

59

HARRY

He's dead, he's dead!!!

MOE

Are you sure?

HARRY

He's got a bullet in his back.
He ain't ready to go dancin'.

MOE

Oh, no. Where'd it come from?

HARRY

I think the balcony. Christ
Almighty! Come on, follow me.

They sneak toward one of the side doors of the altar.

60 INT. ST. LUCY'S CHURCH - BALCONY - DAY

60

FRANK THE FIXER

(to Harry and Moe)

Hey, you guys! Stop right there!

61 INT. ST. LUCY'S CHURCH - BEHIND THE ALTAR - DAY

61

Harry and Moe freeze for a beat. They look up to the balcony at The Fixer holding a gun. They look down at the dead Marco. They look at each other -- and run like bandits for the door.

62 INT. ST. LUCY'S CHURCH - STAIRWAY TO BALCONY - DAY

62

The Fixer, Santo and Joey thunder down the balcony steps in pursuit of Harry and Moe.

63 EXT. ST. LUCY'S CHURCH - DAY

63

Harry and Moe run out and find themselves in the small alley. They run for the front of the church.

NEW ANGLE

Favoring the side door out of which Harry and Moe just exited. It flies open. Santo, Joey and The Fixer, guns in hand, come running out. They spot Harry and Moe and take off.

64 EXT. FRONT OF ST. LUCY'S CHURCH - DAY

64

Harry and Moe sprint past The Fixer's idling Caddy. They stop short, look at each other, and:

64 CONTD

64

MOE

The Fixer loves that car. If we
take it, he'll kill us.

HARRY

And if we don't?

INT. CADDY - DAY

Moe scoots behind the wheel, Harry in the passenger seat.

65 EXT. FRONT OF ST. LUCY'S CHURCH - DAY

65

The Fixer, Santo and Joey come running out. The Fixer spots Harry and Moe in his car. He's horrified. Santo aims his gun at the Caddy and is about to squeeze off a shot when The Fixer knocks his arm up in the air.

FRANK THE FIXER

That's my car! You're gonna
shoot my car, asshole?!

THE CADDY

Finally peeling rubber, pulling out of its space, side-swiping a Volvo parked in front of it. The tail light comes flying off.

THE FIXER

Cringing as his "baby" is brutalized.

FRANK THE FIXER

I'll kill those mother fuckers!
Now they're really fuckin' dead.

THE CADDY

As it takes the corner on two wheels and disappears from sight.

DISSOLVE TO:

66 EXT. N.J. TURNPIKE - DAY

66

The Cadillac moves down the turnpike.

67 EXT. N.J. TURNPIKE / INT. CADDY - DAY

67

Harry and Moe are trying to regroup, pull themselves together. There is a great deal of tension in the car, each trying not to look at the other, stealing glances now and again. Finally:

MOE

Marco's dead. I don't believe it!

HARRY

I gotta think. I gotta think.

MOE

Who do you think they hired to kill me?

HARRY

(lying)

I don't know. Who do you think they hired to kill me?

MOE

(lying)

I don't know. Can't be anybody we know.

HARRY

Whoever it is, we're dead. We gotta get the hell out of Newark.

MOE

Yeah, but where?

HARRY

(gets an idea)

We've gotta go to Atlantic City to see my Uncle Mike. He's the only one who can square things now. LaRosa'll listen to him.

MOE

But I thought your Uncle Mike couldn't stand you.

HARRY

Are you kiddin'? He loves me. I'm his favorite nephew. I'm like the son he never had. Him and my Aunt Sadie have been beggin' me and Wanda to move closer to them for years.

MOE

True?

HARRY

Hand to God.

They look at each other, realizing:

HARRY

Wanda!!!!!! Harry, Jr.!!!!!!

MOE

Maaaa ... !!!!!!!

68 INT. LAROSA'S CLAMBOX - CLOSE-UP - MR. LAROSA - DAY 68

He's furious, pacing up and back, screaming.

LAROSA

Brilliant, you killed my best waiter and let them get away.

WIDER ANGLE

REVEALING that LaRosa is talking to Frank the Fixer, Joey, Santo, Sal, Louie and another half dozen hoods.

LAROSA

(continuing)

All bets are off now. Find them. I want them dead.

Everyone scurries for the door.

69
PART

EXT. GAS STATION - PERTH AMBOY - AFTERNOON
PART INTERCUT PHONE CALL

69
PART

Harry and Moe are on adjoining pay phones. Moe slams the phone down.

MOE

It's busy, dammit.

HARRY

Tell the operator it's an emergency.

(into phone)

Wanda! It's Harry ...

Moe dials again. He starts talking.

HARRY

Wanda, I have a surprise for you. You know the money we've been saving for a rainy day? Well, it's pouring! ... Get Harry, Jr., and grab a cab to the airport. Buy two tickets to Jamaica ... Okay, okay, so I'm in a little trouble. But Uncle Mike's going to get me out of it ... What? ... Uncle Mike loves me! Wanda, just get Harry Jr., and get the hell out of there, now! I love you, too.

MOE

Operator ... I need to make an emergency call, dial code 201-763-2214.

Ma, who the hell were you talking to? ... Sorry, I know that's not the way to speak to a mother, but I'm excited ... Guess who's finally going to Israel? ... There's only one hitch, you gotta leave now! You can do it. I'm giving you the trip of a lifetime. Tel-Aviv, the Dead Sea, the Wailing Wall. Whattya mean you won't be comfortable. Everyone's Jewish there. What?

(MORE)

69
PART

CONTD

69
PARTMOE
(continuing; a
long pause)Harry hangs up. Moe is
still talking.Yeah, Ma, I'm in trouble. Big
trouble. Don't ask any
questions. Just get to the
airport. Please, I'm begging
you, Ma ... You will? I love
you, Ma. Send me a postcard.

Harry fishes in his pocket then starts to dial again.

HARRY
Aunt Sadie ...

Moe leans in.

70
PARTINT. UNCLE MIKE'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON
INTERCUT PHONE CALL70
PARTAUNT SADIE LAFONTAINE AND GRANDMA LAFONTAINE watch TV
aerobics show as they sit in armchairs eating chocolates.
The PHONE RINGS. Aunt Sadie answers it.69
PART

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - AFTERNOON

69
PART

Harry and Moe.

HARRY
Aunt Sadie! It's Harry LaFontaine,
your nephew from Newark! Guess
what? I'm comin' to Atlantic City.70
PART

INT. UNCLE MIKE'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

70
PARTAUNT SADIE
Thanks for warning us. We're
going back to Newark.

She slams the phone down.

71

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - AFTERNOON

71

Harry is left with a DIAL TONE buzzing in his ear.

MOE
What's up?Harry holds up his hand to quiet Moe, and pretends he's
talking to someone.

HARRY

How's Uncle Mike? ... Can I
speak to him?

(to Moe)

She's getting Uncle Mike.

(into phone)

Uncle Mike, how ya doin'? ...

Great ... Me? Never better.

Listen, we're coming down to

Atlantic City, me and Moe

Dickstein ... What?

(to Moe)

He says to say 'hello.'

MOE

(reaching for phone)

Let me say 'hello.'

Harry waves him off urgently.

HARRY

Right, Uncle Mike. We'll talk
when we get there.

Harry quickly hangs up, turns to Moe and smiles broadly
as they talk back to the Caddy.

HARRY

Uncle Mike sounds great ...
Can't wait to see us.

MOE

Really? And he remembered me,
huh?

HARRY

Fondly. Uncle Mike referred
to you as that cute little Jewish
kid with the curly brown hair
and hazel eyes.

MOE

He really said that?

HARRY

That's exactly what he said.

MOE

Isn't that funny? I always
thought your uncle couldn't
stand me.

71 CONTD

71

HARRY

Our troubles are over.

They have arrived at the Caddy.

MOE

Har, don't ya think we're a little conspicuous in this thing?

HARRY

What did you have in mind?

Moe points.

72 EXT. GAS STATION/PAINT SHOP - HARRY AND MOE'S POV 72

An Earl Sheib-like paint shop with a banner stretched across the front reading "1 HOUR - 1 COLOR \$69.95."

SHOT OF HARRY AND MOE

MUSIC: BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN'S "Pink Cadillac" over.

FLIP TO:

73 EXT. PAINT SHOP - DAY 73

To the strains of "Pink Cadillac," The Fixer's Caddy slowly emerges, painted, you guessed it -- PINK. Moe is driving. The Caddy screeches into the street, bouncing bouncing off a steel guard rail as it does. The guys in the paint shop look on in dismay.

74 EXT. GARDEN STATE PARKWAY - DAY 74

As the Caddy rips along, swerving onto the shoulder into a series of construction cones. The song continues.

75 EXT. GARDEN STATE PARKWAY / INT. CADDY - DAY 75

Harry and Moe are cruising along, singing "Pink Cadillac" at the top of their lungs. The song ends.

HARRY

I hope The Fixer likes pink.

MOE

He'll love it. Besides, we got him a great warranty: this paint job's guaranteed up to 60 miles an hour.

75 CONTD

75

HARRY
 (mischievously)
 The Fixer really loves this car,
 y'know.

MOE
 Why shouldn't he? It's a classic.

HARRY
 Soon to be a tragedy.

Harry and Moe share an evil look. Moe smiles, reaches up and rips the sun visor off and tosses it out the window.

Harry reaches in and rips the radio, wires dangling, out of the dash.

MOE
 (mimicking The Fixer)
 Don't touch the chrome;
 don't touch the windows;
 don't touch the upholstery ...

HARRY
 Don't touch nothin'!

They both go wild. Moe slashes the cloth top while Harry stabs the dash, then the leather seats. After a couple of frenzied moments:

HARRY
 How about a durability test?

Moe floors it.

MOE
 Good idea.

76 EXT. GARDEN STATE PARKWAY - DAY

76

The Caddy swerves left into one of the metal dividers, bounces off, then cuts all the way across to the gravel shoulder where it plows through and splinters a construction gate.

MOE (O.C.)
 Hardly felt that.

77 EXT. GARDEN STATE PARKWAY / INT. CADDY - DAY 77

HARRY
I gotta drop a line to General
Motors, tell 'em these Caddies
make nice off-road vehicles.

78 EXT. HARRY AND MOE'S STREET - DAY 78

An idling cab is waiting outside Harry's house. Wanda and Harry, Jr. hustle out of their house and join Lil who is already in the cab.

The cab pulls away.

CAMERA PANS AROUND to PICK UP a 1984 Oldsmobile which SCREECHES around the corner and pulls up in front of Moe's and Harry's houses. The doors fly open. Louie Tartaglia and Sal the Bookie emerge.

79 EXT. GARDEN STATE PARKWAY - DAY 79

The Caddy whizzes BY CAMERA.

80 EXT. GARDEN STATE PARKWAY / INT. CADDY - DAY 80

Moe and Harry are both lost in thought. Finally:

HARRY
Moe, I'm sorry I got you into
all this.

MOE
We took a chance, we lost.

HARRY
Naw, I mean the whole thing.
This life. This 'no' life.

MOE
Hey, I had a choice. I got
a mind. I coulda' said no.

HARRY
You never say 'no.'

MOE
Harry, I never say 'no' 'cause
I like bein' with you.

HARRY
Yeah?

MOE

Yeah. I let you talk me into things, because if I didn't, I'd never do anything. You put a lot of excitement into my life, Harry.

HARRY

And now, maybe a lot of death.

MOE

Maybe. Look, Harry, I wanna apologize for holding you back all the time.

HARRY

You didn't hold me back.

MOE

Yeah, I did. Wasn't for me, you'd probably be a big shot in Vegas with Bobby DiLeo. I talked you outta that.

HARRY

Maybe I wanted to be talked out of it. Maybe I really didn't wanna go. Ever think a' that?

There is a moment of awkward, nervous camaraderie.

MOE

Y'know, the only thing I wish is that you'd gotten us into a little less exciting kind of work.

HARRY

Me, too. But, what choice did I have? In my family it was being a shoemaker or crime. My father, my grandfathers on both sides, all my uncles, they were all connected. And, of course, there was always Uncle Mike -- the big cheese. I figured someday I'd be taking Uncle Mikey's place and you'd be right beside me ... Dumb, huh?

80 CONTD

80

MOE

Naw, not dumb. Maybe a little too ambitious. Harry, the truth is, you and me were never cut out for that stuff. We're no good at being tough guys. Real truth is, we stink at being gangsters.

HARRY

We stink at everything.

MOE

Not at being friends.

They look at each other. Harry reaches over and gives Moe a love tap. There are a couple of beats of silence, then:

HARRY

We're gonna get out of this, Moe.

MOE

Whatever you say, Harry.

DISSOLVE TO:

81 EXT. ATLANTIC CITY CAUSEWAY - DAY 81

The Caddy zooms past the sign that reads: "WELCOME TO ATLANTIC CITY."

82 EXT. HOTEL - ATLANTIC CITY - DAY 82

Fountains of water spew upwards outside this swank Atlantic City hotel. Harry and Moe pull up in the battered pink Caddy and exit.

MOE

What are we doin' here?

HARRY

We can't see Uncle Mike like this. We gotta clean up, look respectable.

A uniformed parking attendant approaches. Harry climbs on the hood of the car and jumps up and down, much to the bewilderment of the attendant and passersby. Harry gets off the hood as Moe tosses the keys to the attendant, and:

82 CONTD

82

MOE

Careful with this car, it's a classic.

Moe follows Harry's lead as they head inside.

83 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

83

The lobby is massive. The casino is off to one side. The place is filled with movement. Harry and Moe look around in bewilderment. It's a hot place, and they're hot guys. Harry swaggers to the front desk, Moe follows.

84 INT. HOTEL - FRONT DESK - DAY

84

Harry and Moe arrive. The supercilious desk clerk wears a nametag that reads: KARL. Harry notices the nametag.

HARRY

(with bravado)

Good day. Karl, this gentleman and I would like the biggest and best suite you have.

KARL

(condescendingly)

That would be the Royal Suite.

Moe reacts in amazement. Harry indicates that everything's under control.

HARRY

The Royal Suite! Splendid! Fit for two kings.

KARL

... Or two queens. How would you like to pay for this?

HARRY

Quickly! Here, put it on this. That's a platinum card.

Moe is totally bewildered at this point.

KARL

I've seen them before. Thank you, Mr. Acavano.

Moe catches on. He immediately becomes a full co-conspirator, chiming in like Jackie Gleason.

MOE

Thank you, Mr. ACA - VA - NO!!!!

Karl turns to process The Fixer's American Express card.
Moe leans into Harry.

MOE

(sotto)

Where'd you get that?

HARRY

In the glove compartment.

MOE

(Gleasonesque)

Thank you, Mr. Aca-va-no.

Karl returns with the credit card as Harry signs The
Fixer's name with a flourish:

KARL

That's eleven hundred the night.

HARRY/MOE

(Gleasonesque)

Eleven hundred the night.

Karl holds up a golden key, hits a bell and says "FRONT."
A bellhop appears.

BELLHOP

Luggage, sir?

MOE

Good idea, let's get some
luggage.

HARRY

And while we're at it, how about
some clothes and jewelry?

HARRY/MOE

Thank you, Mr. Aca-va-no.

As Harry and Moe turn from the front desk, a goon we
have not seen before spots them, walks over to a lobby
phone, dials a number, and:

GOON

Mr. LaRosa, they're in Atlantic
City.

85 INT. LAROSA'S STUDY - DAY 85

LaRosa puts down the phone and turns to Santo:

LAROSA
Find Frankie. They're in
Atlantic City.

BEGIN: SHOPPING SPREE MONTAGE

86 INT. HOTEL - LUGGAGE STORE - DAY 86

The sequence starts in the hotel's posh luggage shop where Harry and Moe each buy matching sets of frightfully expensive leather luggage using The Fixer's credit card. From there, the boys hit:

87 INT. HOTEL - CLOTHING STORE - DAY 87

A priceyboutique. Harry and Moe buying, paying with The Fixer's credit card.

88 INT. HOTEL - JEWELRY STORE - DAY 88

Harry and Moe, buying, paying with card.

89 INT. HOTEL - FUR SALON - DAY 89

Harry and Moe buying identical "fun" furs, paying with card.

90 INT. HOTEL - BARBER SHOP - DAY 90

Harry and Moe getting shaves, haircuts, manicures.

91 INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY 91

Harry and Moe getting massages.

After each purchase in the shopping spree, we see the processing of The Fixer's card; the signing of his name which is becoming more and more flamboyant. The last shot in the montage is of the name "Frank Acavano" being signed on an American Express credit form.

END MONTAGE.

PULL BACK TO

92 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY 92

Reveal that the person signing the American Express card is Frank the Fixer. He is in a restaurant having lunch with Mrs. Fixer, a painfully thin woman who

resembles Olive Oyl, and Fixer, Jr., an eight-year-old who is on his way to becoming his dad. The Fixer and family are all wearing lobster bibs. The remains of ten lobsters sit in front of The Fixer. Mrs. Fixer and Fixer, Jr. each had one. The waiter is clearing the table. The maitre d' arrives, holding a platinum card.

MAITRE D'

Is this your card, sir?

The Fixer nods.

The maitre d' pulls out a pair of scissors and proceeds to cut the card up into little pieces.

The Fixer stares. He can't believe it.

MAITRE D'

The credit bureau instructed me to destroy this card. It's overextended.

The Fixer lunges across the table, grabs the maitre d' by the lapels and pulls him across the table.

FRANK THE FIXER

Now I'm gonna destroy you.

(to Fixer, Jr.)

Hand me those nutcrackers, Junior.

Fixer, Jr. reaches for the nutcrackers and hands them to the Fixer. Santo enters the room and tears The Fixer off the maitre d'.

SANTO

Let's go! They're in Atlantic City.

Moe is singing in the shower. CAMERA slowly DOLLIES BACK from the bathroom through the master bedroom. The bed is laden with various purchases and empty boxes from the boys' shopping spree.

CAMERA continues to DOLLY into the living room of the Royal Suite, a large, sumptuous ocean-view room. The place is worth eleven hundred a night. There are more boxes and purchases strewn about the room. Harry, in a blue silk smoking jacket, ascot and monogrammed slippers sneaks a couple of glances into

93
PART

CONTD

93
PART

the bedroom to check on Moe. Then, he steals over to the phone and dials surreptitiously. A beat, then someone answers. Harry speaks in a whisper.

HARRY

Aunt Sadie, it's Harry LaFontaine
... your nephew from Newark.
Please, don't hang up!

94
PARTUNCLE MIKE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - INTERCUT - LATE
AFTERNOON94
PART

Aunt Sadie and Grandma LaFontaine are making homemade ravioli. Grandma LaFontaine is covered with flour.

AUNT SADIE

What do you want? Do you ever
call your grandmother? Do you
ever call her? Do you ever
call either of us?

HARRY

I call Grandma all the time!

93
PART

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LATE AFTERNOON

93
PART

He yanks the phone from his ear as Aunt Sadie shrieks.

AUNT SADIE (O.S.)

She's been living with us for
three and a half years, you
worthless bum!

HARRY

Will you stop screaming?! Will
you stop? I'm in a hell of a lot
of trouble, and I haven't got time
for this! Aunt Sadie, if you'd
just shut up for a minute ... !

In the b.g. we see Moe, in a robe, coming through the bedroom toward the living room. Harry hasn't seen him yet.

94
PART

INT. UNCLE MIKE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

94
PART

At Uncle Mike's, Grandma is chiming in in Italian in the b.g., yelling also.

94
PART

CONTD

94
PART

AUNT SADIE

Now you're in trouble and you
call for help? You can drop
dead, you son-of-a-bitch!

She slams the phone down.

93
PART

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LATE AFTERNOON

93
PART

Moe enters the living room. Harry sees him.

HARRY

(continuing on the
phone for Moe's
benefit)

We'd be delighted to come for
dinner, Aunt Sadie. How
thoughtful of you. See you
later.

He kisses the phone and hangs up, turns to Moe.

HARRY

(continuing)

My uncle's coming through!!!

Moe's expression changes rapidly from anxiety to elation.

HARRY

Piece of cake, he said! He's
got a plan!!!

Harry howls with delight and squeezes Moe. They embrace
and start hopping around up and down together.

MOE

Let's get dressed. We don't
wanna keep Uncle Mike waitin'.

As they head for the bedroom door, the DOORBELL RINGS.

HARRY

That must be the champagne
I ordered from room service.

MOE

(Gleasonesque)

And once again, thank you, Mr.
Aca-va-no.

95 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY/SUITE - CLOSE ON DOOR - LATE
AFTERNOON

95

to the Royal Suite. A hand ENTERS FRAME and rings the bell. On the hand is an elegant star sapphire pinky ring. Also visible is the French cuff of an expensive shirt and the sleeves on what appears to be a custom-made suit. CAMERA FOLLOWS the arm back to the mid-section of the suit. The hand unbuttons the suit and pats the left breast pocket.

REVERSE ANGLE

The door to the Royal Suite opens, and Harry's smiling face pops out. The smile quickly fades and turns to a look of astonishment.

HARRY'S POV

REVEALING the person at the door is BOBBY DILEO, a nice-looking, trim, sandy-haired, well-turned-out man in his early 40's. There's a presence about Bobby DiLeo.

HARRY

Bobby D.?

WIDER ANGLE

BOBBY

Harry?

Harry and Bobby hug, obviously old friends. Moe appears at the door.

HARRY

Moe, look who's here ... Bobby DiLeo.

BOBBY

Still the same, just like grade school. Wherever Harry is, there's Moe and vice versa.

(a beat)

Well, are we gonna spend the rest of the afternoon in the hall?

Harry ushers Bobby in.

96 INT. HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE - LATE AFTERNOON

96

As the three old friends enter, Bobby looks around.

BOBBY

You guys are doing great.

Harry and Moe exchange an anxious glance.

HARRY

Yeah, well, uh ... Bobby D.,
what are you doin' here?

BOBBY

This is my place.

MOE

You own this hotel?

BOBBY

A piece. A very nice piece.

HARRY

I thought you were in Vegas.

BOBBY

I am. And now I'm here too.
This is where the action is,
so I'll be spending most of
my time here from now on.

(Bobby looks around)

So ... where's Mr. Acavano?

Bobby notices as Moe and Harry exchange uncomfortable glances.

HARRY

(tentatively)

He's not with us, Bobby.

MOE

(quickly)

... We did him a big favor so
he gave us his credit card ...

HARRY

(chiming in)

... told us to come down here,
go wild.

MOE

He's a new man, Bobby. You
wouldn't know him. Dropped
some weight. Looks great.

96 CONTD

96

BOBBY

(firmly)

That doesn't sound like the Frank Acavano I grew up with. I want to know what the hell's going on here.

HARRY

Okay, Bobby. But first we got important family business. Can we see you when we get back to the hotel?

BOBBY

The minute you get back to the hotel.

HARRY

Absolutely, Bobby. Without fail.

BOBBY

And one more thing ... Maybe I'd better hold onto Mr. Acavano's credit card.

Harry sheepishly hands over the platinum card. Moe sadly watches it go.

97 EXT. GARDEN STATE PARKWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

97

An '84 Oldsmobile, doing about 90 m.p.h., weaves in and out of cars on the Parkway. As the Olds zooms PAST CAMERA, we catch a glimpse of Frank the Fixer in the passenger's window, Santo and Joey are also in the car. The Olds passes a sign: ATLANTIC CITY - 30 MILES.

98 EXT. BOARDWALK - UNCLE MIKE'S HOUSE - DUSK

98

Ventnor, N.J. -- a suburb of Atlantic City. The Fixer's pink Caddy is parked at the curb. Harry and Moe are walking up to the door of Uncle Mike's house, an unpretentious, comfortable two-storey frame affair in this quiet upper-middle-class neighborhood. Harry is carrying a large wrapped basket of mixed fruit.

MOE

He really said that? He really just said 'just show up at the front door and I'll give you money'?

HARRY

Well, yes, in a manner of speaking. I don't just want to show up at his front door, take the money, and run. That wouldn't be polite.

MOE

No.

Harry rings the bell, turns to Moe and smiles nervously. A beat later, the door is opened by Aunt Sadie. She looks at both disparagingly.

AUNT SADIE

Like death! We knew it was only a matter of time until you arrived.

MOE

That's a curious hello.

Harry thrusts the fruit bowl into Sadie's hands.

HARRY

You're looking wonderful, Aunt Sadie. This is for you! You remember Moe Dickstein, don't you?

AUNT SADIE

Harry and Moe, "the Crystal Street bookends." Who could forget?

HARRY

Mind if we come in?

AUNT SADIE

(grudgingly)
Yes, but you're family.

She turns and goes into the house leaving Harry and Moe on the doorstep.

98 CONTD

98

MOE

She doesn't seem all that
thrilled to see us.

HARRY

She's a great kidder. She loves
to bust chops. C'mon.

99 INT. UNCLE MIKE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

99

Harry and Moe enter as Aunt Sadie is taking the
cellophane off the fruit bowl.

HARRY

Aunt Sadie, Moe and I shopped
everywhere for the perfect gift.

AUNT SADIE

(reading the attached
card)

'Courtesy of the Boardwalk
Palace Hotel'?

MOE

We're batting a thousand.

Just then, Grandma LaFontaine enters. Harry explodes
with false warmth. He goes to her and hugs her.

HARRY

Hi, Grandma!

GRANDMA

(sarcastically)

Do I know you?

HARRY

Of course! It's Harry
LaFontaine. Your grandson
from Newark.

GRANDMA

You never call, Harry.

HARRY

I promise I won't be a stranger
anymore.

(sniffing)

Grandma, does my nose deceive
me, or do I smell your famous
white clam sauce?

GRANDMA

You do. You want to stay for dinner?

HARRY

Are you kiddin'?

AUNT SADIE

Him, too?

GRANDMA

He can stay, too.

MOE

(brightening)

I'll help set the table.

GRANDMA

See? Now that's a gentleman.

Everyone moves off to the dining room but Harry. He claps his hands together with joy, thinking that things are finally going to work out. He smiles when something catches his eye.

He moves over to a table filled with photos of Uncle Mike. We see framed photos of Uncle Mike in front of The Clambox years ago; Uncle Mike in Atlantic City; wedding pictures in Asbury Park with Aunt Sadie and the kids; with Harry when he was a little boy. Harry picks up a picture and smiles warmly.

HARRY

Mikey ...

Harry notices that the frames are all black. Then he sees the many crucifixes fashioned from the wilted palms from Palm Sunday alongside the photos. Suddenly, bullets of sweat start to appear on Harry's forehead. An expression of growing terror stretches across his face.

HARRY

(continuing; sotto)

Uh oh ...

He moves quickly to the dining room where we can hear Moe, Aunt Sadie and Grandma laughing and chatting as they prepare for dinner.

As Harry enters, Moe is mid-conversation.

100 CONTD

100

MOE

Harry and I had the most wonderful trip coming down here.

(puts arm around Harry)

We got closer than ever, didn't we, buddy?

HARRY

(forces a smile)

We certainly did.

Harry notices that the table is only set for four -- Uncle Mike's spot at the head of the table is empty.

MOE

When we were driving down the parkway this morning approaching Atlantic City, it looked like Oz on the horizon.

HARRY

Isn't that poetic? Ah, Grandma, may I have a word with you?

He follows her into the kitchen.

101 INT. UNCLE MIKE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DUSK

101

Grandma gets the salad from the fridge.

HARRY

(nervously)

Is Uncle Mike here?

GRANDMA

Yes.

HARRY

(visibly relieved)

Oh, thank God! Where is he?

GRANDMA

Uppstairs.

HARRY

Do you think he'd mind if I went up and saw him before dinner?

GRANDMA

I think he'd like that.

101 CONTD

101

HARRY

You sure?

GRANDMA

(with a loving push)

Go 'heada. Go see him.

Harry breaks into a big grin, kisses her, and exits.

102 INT. UNCLE MIKE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DUSK

102

As Harry enters, Moe bursts into laughter over a joke he's told. Aunt Sadie remains stone-faced. Harry grabs a plate and piles on the food.

HARRY

(winking)

I'm goin' up to see Uncle Mike.

Moe winks back at Harry and gives him a "thumbs up."

103 INT. UNCLE MIKE'S HOUSE - HALL - DUSK

103

Harry carries the plate of ravioli up the stairs.

HARRY

(charmingly)

Uncle Mike!

(moving down hall)

Uncle Mi-ike!

(pauses outside

master bedroom)

Come on, the ravioli's gettin' cold.

104 INT. UNCLE MIKE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DUSK

104

He opens the door, spots something directly across the room and freezes in his tracks.

HARRY'S POV

A huge shrine. Crucifixes. Burning candles. A large gold urn containing the ashes of Uncle Mike atop a black shroud. Behind the urn is a large framed portrait of Mike.

HARRY

(softly)

Oh, my God.

104 CONTD

104

He approaches the urn with the pasta in his hand. He closes in on the inscription. It reads:

MICHAEL LAFONTAINE
1917 - 1985

He places the pasta alongside the urn. The candlelight flickers softly on his face.

HARRY
Uncle Mike, what's gonna happen
to us now?

105 INT. UNCLE MIKE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DUSK

105

Everyone is stuffing their faces.

AUNT SADIE
So, you came down from Newark
just to see Uncle Mike?

MOE
That's right.

GRANDMA
That's so sweet.

MOE
Do you think Uncle Mike'd mind
if I went up there?

GRANDMA
Oh, no.

MOE
Maybe the two of them want to
be alone? It is a sensitive
moment.

GRANDMA
I'm sure they wouldn't mind.

MOE
Oh, thanks so much. I can't
wait to see Uncle Mike.

Moe exits the dining room.

106 INT. UNCLE MIKE'S HOUSE - HALL - DUSK/NIGHT

106

Moe moves down the hall. He finds Harry leaning against the wall. Harry is beaten. Moe smells trouble.

106 CONTD

106

HARRY

Trouble, Moe.

He moves over to a small window that overlooks the front yard, The Fixer's battered car, the setting sun, and a few neighborhood kids who poke fun at the Caddy.

MOE

With Uncle Mike?

HARRY

You got it.

MOE

Is he going to help us?

HARRY

I don't believe he's in a position to.

MOE

You told me he promised.

HARRY

That I did.

MOE

Can I see him for myself?

HARRY

Yeah.

(a beat)

He's on the mantel, in the bedroom.

Moe squints with confusion and moves off to the bedroom. We STAY with Harry. MOVE INTO his face for a CLOSE-UP. A few beats later, we hear Moe ...

MOE (O.S.)

Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!

107 EXT. UNCLE MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

107

Moe comes flying out of the front door totally crazed. Harry follows a beat later. Aunt Sadie and Grandma hover in the doorway.

MOE

This I can't believe!

HARRY

I know it's tough, Moe. But, I swear there's a valid explanation for my behavior, here.

MOE

You lied to me.

HARRY

I had to, Moe. I was buying time till we got here. I figured if I got to Uncle Mike there was no way he could refuse me.

MOE

He found one.

AUNT SADIE

(chiming in)

He couldn't stand you anyhow.

HARRY

Would you keep outta this!

MOE

Of all the rotten things you've done to me, and the list goes on and on, Harry, this is by far the all-time worst!

HARRY

It may appear that way, Moe, but if you'll just listen ...

MOE

I'm through listening to you, Harry! You lied to me. Everything you say is a lie, even all that stuff about friendship and what we've been through together and how sorry you are about getting me into this trouble ... all bullshit!

HARRY

No, no.

MOE

I could kill you!

AUNT SADIE

That's the best idea you ever had.

107 CONTD

107

GRANDMA

Shaddupa', Sadie. Get inna
house!

Aunt Sadie turns and shuffles into the house sheepishly.

HARRY

Moe, I was desperate --

MOE

(cuts him off)

Not as desperate as you're
gonna be.

Moe turns angrily and heads for the Caddy. Harry grabs his arm and pleads with him to reconsider, but Moe pulls away, gets in the car and SCREECHES out.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Harry appears to be legless. He staggers about like a drunk, then falls face up on the lawn, arms outstretched, and begins to sob uncontrollably.

HARRY

It's over, it's over, it's over.

Harry reaches for his gun and puts it to his head ... when a black stockinged sensible shoe'd foot comes INTO FRAME and kicks it out of his hand.

HARRY'S POV - GRANDMA

looking stern, stands over Harry.

GRANDMA

Geddup ... be a man. Come inside.

She reaches down, as Harry takes her hand.

108 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

108

The battered Cadillac screams up to the hotel entrance and SCREECHES to a stop. An angry, determined Moe stalks out of the idling car and past the parking valet. Moe failed to put on the brake. The Caddy starts to drift away, rolling back into the Oldsmobile. The Fixer bounds out of the Oldsmobile.

FRANK THE FIXER
 (yelling at the parking
 attendant)
 Whose fucking car is that?

Santo, realizing the horrible truth, points to the
 mashed license plate of the Caddy. It reads:
 "FIXER."

FRANK THE FIXER
 (wild)
 I kill 'em! I'll kill 'em.

A breezy valet walks over to The Fixer.

VALET
 Are you a guest of the hotel?

FRANK THE FIXER
 (grabbing him)
 I'm a guest of your ass!

109 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

109

A grim Moe enters an elevator. Just as the doors
 close, The Fixer, Santo and Joey storm by and approach
 the desk. The Desk Clerk greets them.

FRANK THE FIXER
 I'm looking for two very good
 friends of mine who are staying
 here. Harry LaFontaine and Moe
 Dickstein.

The Desk Clerk looks through the computer register.

DESK CLERK
 I'm sorry, sir, there's no one
 here by those names.

Frank grabs the screen's register wildly, but the boys
 calm him down. The Desk Clerk pushes a button.

FRANK THE FIXER
 I know they're here!
 (to Desk Clerk)
 Gimme a fuckin' room! A suite!
 The best in the house.

DESK CLERK
 That would be the Royal Suite.

109 CONTD

109

Fixer slaps his credit card down. The Desk Clerk takes the card, moves over to the computer, and checks it.

SANTO

LaRosa shoulda let you make meatballs outta those two back in Newark.

The Desk Clerk comes back.

DESK CLERK

According to my register, Mr. Acavano, you're already in the Royal Suite.

This is too much for The Fixer. He reaches over the desk and, with both hands, hauls the Desk Clerk halfway across the counter. Another hand comes INTO FRAME on top of The Fixer's arm, then:

WIDER ANGLE

REVEALING that Bobby DiLeo has arrived. There are two large well-dressed men standing behind him.

BOBBY

Still got a temper, huh, Fixer?
Santo ... Joey ...

The Fixer lets the Desk Clerk go. Santo and Joey exchange greetings with Bobby.

FRANK THE FIXER

DiLeo, long time no see.

BOBBY

(contemptuously)
Not long enough. Now, if you don't mind, gentlemen, I have to ask you to leave.

The Fixer makes a move toward Bobby. Santo stops him.

SANTO

Your place, Bobby?

BOBBY

That's right. Now, will you leave?

FRANK THE FIXER

I'm lookin' for LaFontaine and Dickstein.

109 CONTD

109

BOBBY

Really? Why?

SANTO

They ripped Mr. LaRosa off
for 250 large.

Bobby laughs out loud further infuriating The Fixer.

BOBBY

Pardon me, for that, gentlemen,
but the thought of little
Harry and Moe doing that to
Tony LaRosa ... By the way,
how is Mr. LaRosa?

FRANK THE FIXER

Angry. Fuckin' angry.

BOBBY

Fixer, this isn't Newark.
Watch your mouth! Why don't
we all settle down, have a
drink. I'd like to hear what
happened with Harry and Moe
and Mr. LaRosa.

(to Desk Clerk)

Put Mr. Acavano, Mr. Ravallo
and Mr. Siclione in the motel
across the street and charge
it to me.The three goons are not impressed with Bobby's
generosity. Bobby smiles broadly at them and leads
them off.

110 INT. UNCLE MIKE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

110

Harry and Grandma are at a formica kitchen table.
Harry's eyes are red-rimmed.

GRANDMA

... How could you be such a
stupido! \$250,000. Mama
Mia.

Harry's head drops into his hands.

GRANDMA

Your father, right before they
blew up his car, came to me and
said: 'Mama, keep an eye on
Harry, sometimes his feet are
too big for his shoes.'

Harry takes a moment to figure that one out, then:

HARRY

Uncle Mike was my last hope.
How come nobody said nothing
about him dying?

GRANDMA

That's the way Mikey wanted it.
Private. Maybe he can still
help you.

Harry's confused. Grandma gets up and motions for Harry
to follow.

111 INT. GRANDMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

111

Grandma and Harry enter. She crosses to a closet, takes
out a cake box and gives it to Harry.

GRANDMA

I wasn't going to give this to
you because you never called.
Uncle Mike left it for you.

HARRY

A cake? Uncle Mike left me a
cake?

She smacks him on the side of the head, then motions for
him to open it.

GRANDMA

It's money, Harry.

HARRY

Money? Uncle Mike left me money?
How much!?

GRANDMA

Uncle Mike left you twelve
thousand dollars.

HARRY

(deflated)
Twelve thousand dollars?

111 CONTD

111

Whack! She smacks him again.

GRANDMA
You ungrateful bastard!

HARRY
Grandma, I can't go to LaRosa
with twelve grand. I need
two hundred and fifty!

GRANDMA
C'mere.

Grandma goes to a large bureau, opens a drawer and points
inside. Harry comes over and looks. He's amazed.

THEIR POV - THE DRAWER

filled with crumpled bills of all denominations.

GRANDMA
Now take this money, pay off
Tony LaRosa, and tell 'im
Angelina LaFontaine says "Ba
Fangoo!"

Harry and Grandma laugh together. He embraces her and
then:

HARRY
Grandma, you saved my life.

GRANDMA
Maybe yes, maybe no. But if
you don't call, I'm gonna
kill you.

112 INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

112

CLOSE ON a .45 revolver and a clip of bullets, which
are picked up. The clip is slammed home into the
stock.

WIDER ANGLE

REVEALING that it is Moe who did it. Moe's in a robe.
He looks awful. He begins pacing up and back in the
room holding the gun, silently arguing with himself.

113 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT 113

Harry, carrying a cake box heads across the casino to Bobby DiLeo's office. He enters a door marked "Executive Office."

114 INT. BOBBY DILEO'S RECEPTIONIST'S OFFICE - NIGHT 114

Bobby is at the secretary's desk going over some correspondence with her. Harry enters smiling. When Bobby sees him, he frowns and, without speaking, indicates Harry should "get in" his office. Harry's smile fades as he trudges into Bobby's office.

115 INT. BOBBY DILEO'S OFFICE - NIGHT 115

A powerbroker's office. An art moderne dream. Bobby enters, slamming the door behind him. He's not happy.

HARRY

Bobby, I can explain ...

BOBBY

(cutting him off)

Then why didn't you when I first asked you? Sit down.

Harry sits.

BOBBY

We go back so many years, Harry.

HARRY

I didn't wanna involve you, Bobby.

BOBBY

Well, I'm involved. Frank the Fixer's here

HARRY

(panicked)

The Fixer!? Is Moe okay!?

BOBBY

Settle down. Everything's taken care of ... for the time being. Harry, where do you come off messing with a snake like LaRosa?

HARRY

Big mistake, I admit it.

(re: cake box)

I got his two hundred and fifty grand right here. And I need your help with LaRosa. He'll listen to you.

115 CONTD

115

Harry opens the cake box. Bobby registers surprise and intense interest.

BOBBY

(nodding)

Maybe I can help.

116 INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

116

Moe, hands trembling, practices aiming the gun.

MOE

(mumbling to himself)

I gotta kill 'im ... I gotta kill
'im ... I gotta kill 'im ...

117 INT. TICK TOCK MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

117

Santo enters to find Frank the Fixer on the bed naked. He lies on the cheap crushed velvet bedspread, a towel draped across his middle while Joey clips his toenails. A toenail shoots across the room and hits Santo in the back of the neck. He wheels around disgusted.

SANTO

Hey, watch it.

JOEY

Why do I always have to do
this?

FRANK THE FIXER

You know damn well I can't do
it myself.

JOEY

Does Mrs. Fixer do it for you
at home, Frank?

FRANK THE FIXER

It's none a' your business. Why
don't we just go over there and
waste 'em?

JOEY

Because we're not supposed to
do nothin' till Mr. LaRosa says
so.

SANTO

Christ! This is the strangest
pillowcase I've ever seen.

117 CONTD

117

FRANK THE FIXER

That's my underwear, asshole!

Santo drops the underwear as if it were infested.

118 INT. BOBBY DILEO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

118

Bobby is ushering Harry out of the inner office.

BOBBY

You've been a bad boy, Harry.
But, don't worry. I'll square
everything.

They enter the secretary's office.

119 INT. BOBBY DILEO'S RECEPTIONIST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

119

BOBBY

(to secretary)

Get me Tony LaRosa in Newark.

(to Harry)

Now, go upstairs and get Moe
ready.

HARRY

You're savin' my life, Bobby.

BOBBY

Forget about it. Get goin'.
Find Moe. Tell him there will
be a limousine waiting out
front to take you both home.

Harry puts down the cake box and gives Bobby a big hug.

SECRETARY

Mr. LaRosa's on "twenty-three."

Harry throws Bobby a frightened look. Bobby gives him
a reassuring look then returns to his office.

120 INT. BOBBY DILEO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

120

BOBBY

(into phone)

Hello, Mr. LaRosa. This is Bobby
DiLeo in Atlantic City. Remember
me from the neighborhood? ...
Look, we have a situation here.
I don't want any trouble in my
hotel. This is what I think we
should do ...

121 INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

121

Harry knocks.

MOE
(nervously)
Who is it?

HARRY (O.S.)
It's Harry. Can I come in?

Moe moves over to the door and throws the dead bolt allowing Harry to enter. Harry bursts into the room, pointing his finger like a gun and yells at the top of his lungs:

HARRY
Bang! Bang! Bang!

MOE
(Screams)
Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!
(recovers after
a beat)
What the hell is the matter
with you?

Harry grabs Moe and waltzes around the room with him.

HARRY
I love ya, Moe, ya know that?

They break their embrace. Harry, a whirlwind, turns his back as he moves around the room.

HARRY
(continuing)
We're out of the woods, buddy.
I can't believe how things keep
going our way!

Harry turns and freezes. He sees the completely crazed maniac that is his friend, before him. Moe has totally lost it now. His sweating hands hold the thirty-eight at Harry.

MOE
(painfully)
I'm sorry, Harry. I truly am.

HARRY
(raising his hands)
I understand, Moe.

121 CONTD

121

MOE

(screaming)

No, you don't understand! I'm the guy that was hired to kill you. I'm the guy you've been running from. I had no choice. They threatened Lil. I had to say yes. And I've got to pull the trigger now. There's no other way out.

HARRY

Moe, I'm the guy that was hired to kill you.

Moe wavers slightly, reeling from the shock of the revelation.

HARRY

(continuing)

Can you believe that animal LaRosa pittin' the both of us against each other.

MOE

Unbelievable. What a low-life.

There are a couple of beats of silence, and:

HARRY

I could never have done it, you know that, don't you, Moe?

Moe, in shock, still holds his gun on Harry.

MOE

Harry, I have to. It's my only way out!

HARRY

Wait a minute! Relax, Moe. We're out of this mess. Because once again Harry LaFontaine, with his back to the wall, has come through. Now put that gun down.

MOE

Why should I!?

HARRY

Look, Moe! I got two hundred and fifty grand here. And Bobby D's calling LaRosa for us to straighten out this mess.

MOE

(cocking back hammer)

I swear, Harry. I can't take any more lies. Let me see the money.

Harry steps up to Moe and opens the cake box, displaying the money. Moe's eyes bulge. PHONE RINGS.

HARRY

Would you like to get that, Moe?

Moe takes a beat to decide, then picks up the phone.

MOE

(into phone)

Hello ... Mr. LaRosa??

Harry gets excited. Moe shushes him.

MOE

(continuing)

It's Moe Dickstein, sir ... yes, he's here, too. You spoke to Bobby DiLeo? ... Yes, we have the money. Are you kidding? ...

(now excited)

Tell us what you want us to do.

Moe beckons for Harry to come over. They both listen, with growing excitement to what LaRosa is saying.

MOE

(continuing)

Absolutely! We'll see you later tonight, then.

HARRY

(leaning in)

You're a wonderful, kind, forgiving man, Mr. LaRosa. God bless you.

Harry sends a kiss into the telephone as Moe hangs up. Moe turns to face him. After a long beat:

MOE

You did it, Harry. This time you really pulled it off.

They embrace. Harry breaks the embrace and gingerly takes the gun out of Moe's hand.

121 CONTD

121

HARRY

We're almost there. I don't want no accidents. Come on, let's get ready for our limo ride back to Newark.

CUT TO:

122 INT. BOBBY LILEO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

122

The Fixer sits. Joey and Santo remain standing. DiLeo is in mid-conversation.

BOBBY

Harry and Moe think they're going back to Newark to pay back your boss. But they're not going anywhere. They'll just get into a limousine out front. But they'll never get to Newark.

FRANK THE FIXER

Why's that?

BOBBY

Because you'll be driving it. Take them wherever the fuck you want. Do it. The end. This way nobody gets shot in the head in my place and everybody's happy.

The Fixer rises to shake hands with DiLeo. DiLeo does not extend his hand. Frank takes it as an insult and huffs off.

BOBBY

(continuing; as Frank is leaving)

There'll be 250 grand on LaFontaine's body. I trust you'll bring my money back.

The threesome exits without answering.

CUT TO:

123 INT. HOTEL FOURTEENTH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

123

Harry and Moe, both sky-high, followed by a bellhop wheeling a luggage cart with several garment bags (their clothing purchases), exit the room looking happy.

123 CONTD

123

HARRY

(locking door behind
him)Kind of feels like the whole
thing was meant to be, doesn't
it?

MOE

Yeah!

They move down the hall together.

HARRY

I guess, after all is said and
done, we're a couple of lucky
guys.

MOE

Yeah, I guess so.

They approach the elevator and push the call button.
Harry begins to fidget nervously as they wait for the
elevator. He smiles at Moe. Moe smiles back. Harry's
mind is racing. He takes the money out of cake box and
flips through it.

HARRY

Goddamn, I feel lucky.

124 EXT. HOTEL / INT. THE LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

124

The Fixer removes his gun, and checks to see that it's
loaded. The chambers are full. He grins and CLICKS
the pistol back together.

125 INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - NIGHT

125

Harry opens the cake box again and shows it to Moe.

HARRY

Wanna touch it?

MOE

What for?

HARRY

For luck.

MOE

Close it, Harry.

Harry closes it, then looks over at Moe. The elevator
stops, the door opens.

126 INT. HOTEL LOBBY 126

Harry and Moe exit the elevator. Joey signals Santo in the doorway.

127 INT. HOTEL DOORWAY - NIGHT 127

Santo signals Frank to start the limo.

128 EXT. HOTEL / INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT 128

The Fixer GUNS the engines, hits the lights and moves up to the front entrance of the hotel.

129 INT. CASINO 129

Harry and Moe, followed by the bellhop, are walking through the casino toward the front entrance. Harry stops at the roulette table, looks down, and:

HARRY

Black.

ROULETTE OPERATOR

Twenty-eight black.

HARRY

I still got it.

130 EXT. HOTEL - DOORWAY / INT. LOBBY - NIGHT 130

Harry continues the journey to the front doors. Moe's concern, which is mounting, eases when they reach the front doors. The ELECTRIC DOORS WHOOSH open. Harry and Moe and the bellhop step out.

SANTO AND JOEY

standing off to the side watching Harry and Moe leave.

131 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT 131

The trunk of the limo pops open. The Fixer opens it from the inside. The bellhop loads the garment bags into the trunk of the limo.

132 EXT. HOTEL / INT. LIMO - NIGHT 132

The Fixer is grinning happily. He whispers to himself.

FRANK THE FIXER

I can't wait. I can't wait.

133 EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT 133

Harry tips the bellhop who goes off. The valet opens the door for Harry and Moe.

HARRY

Hold it. We gotta have a drink before we blow this joint.

MOE

Har ...

HARRY

A drink to celebrate ... One drink, what's the big deal.

Moe shrugs okay. Harry leans into limo.

HARRY

Driver, we'll be back in a minute.

134 EXT. HOTEL / INT. LIMO - NIGHT 134

The Fixer grimaces in frustration.

135 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT 135

Santo and Joey are just about to exit when they see Harry and Moe headed back inside. They beat a hasty retreat. Harry and Moe enter and head for the bar. Harry carries the cake box.

136 INT. HOTEL - THE BAR - NIGHT 136

It's jumping. Harry and Moe manage to find two seats and the bartender arrives.

HARRY

Two champagne cocktails.

(to Moe)

It woulda' been wrong not to have a drink. After all we've been through.

MOE

When you're right, you're right, Harry.

The drinks arrive. They raise them in a toast.

HARRY

To you, Moe. My best friend.

MOE

And to my best friend, Harry LaFontaine.

136 CONTD

136

They CLINK glasses and take a sip. Harry raises his glass again.

HARRY

To fate, to destiny, but, most of all, to luck.

The emphasis on the last word concerns Moe. Harry CLINKS his glass. Harry takes a sip. Moe finishes his quickly.

MOE

Done! Let's hit the road.

HARRY

What's the rush? I'm not finished yet. Wanna' 'nother peak at the money.

MOE

No, come on, Harry. The car's waiting.

HARRY

Y'know what, Moe, I think I'm going to mosey through the casino.

MOE

(laughing nervously)
That's very funny. You're kidding, aren't you?

HARRY

Moe, can't you see it? This whole thing was meant to be. You think it's an accident that we ended up in the same hotel that Bobby DiLeo owns, for Chrissakes? Our luck's turned. Moe, I'm tellin' ya, it's part of the master design.

MOE

No, it's the racetrack all over again. Give me that money!

137 INT. HOTEL - CASINO / LOBBY - NIGHT

137

Moe lunges for the cake box and stumbles. Harry takes off, for the casino. CAMERA FOLLOWS as Moe gets up and gives chase. He stops Harry near the casino and they struggle for the cake box. Hotel patrons stare at Harry and Moe.

MOE

I don't believe you! We're home free and this is what you pull!

HARRY

We can give this two hundred and fifty grand to LaRosa and he can still cut our balls off! I'll work this money into a million! We'll get Wanda, Lil, Harry Jr., clear outta here, move to Europe.

Joey and Santo try to remain inconspicuous in the lobby.

HARRY

Moe, these cocksuckers killed Marco. They shot him in cold blood! And you want to give my inheritance to these bastards?
(spins around)
You think I don't see y'se?

Joey and Santo lock eyes with Harry.

HARRY

Why don't you shoot me, Santo? Joey? Big fuckin' nobodies from nowhere. You think you're better than us?

MOE

(nervously)

Don't listen to him! He doesn't know what he's saying! We got the money to pay Mr. LaRosa back! We really do!!!

HARRY

(to Joey and Santo)

You ain't shit, now. Why don't you pull the trigger here? There's only eight hundred people watchin'!

MOE

He doesn't mean a word of this.

JOEY

I'd love to, LaFontaine, you prick.

HARRY

Then do it! I dare you! I'm better than you!

137 CONTD

137

Moe grabs Harry and tries to drag him towards the door.

MOE

Calm down, Harry, please? Just
get in the car.

138 EXT. HOTEL / INT. LIMO - NIGHT

138

Frank the Fixer sits behind the wheel, gripping the gun,
looking back, waiting for Harry and Moe to emerge from
the hotel.

FRANK THE FIXER

I can't wait. I can't wait.

139 INT. HOTEL CASINO - LOBBY - NIGHT

139

Moe is still struggling with Harry. Harry breaks away.

HARRY

Get away from me! I'm gonna
work this money.

140 EXT. HOTEL / INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

140

Santo runs out and motions to The Fixer that Harry and
Moe aren't coming out.

FRANK THE FIXER

(enraged)

Son-of-a-bitch!

He gets out of the limousine.

EXT. HOTEL FRONT

Frank the Fixer, Joey and Santo move through the crowd.

CUT TO:

141 INT. HOTEL - CASINO - NIGHT

141

Harry moves over to the roulette table, Moe chasing
him all the way.

MOE

Harry! Jesus Christ! Stop it!

Harry puts a thousand dollar chip on the table. He loses.

HARRY

Ya see? You're jinxin' me.
Get lost!

141 CONTD

141

Frank the Fixer, Joey and Santo enter the casino and move through the crowd. Gambling action explodes around them.

HARRY
(continuing; to pit boss)
What's the limit? A grand? I wanna raise it to ten!

MOE
Harry, please!

HARRY
Will you relax? I'm on a roll!

The pit boss nods to the croupier to take the bet.

MOE
Harry!

Harry takes out his revolver, keeps it low and shoves Moe away from him.

HARRY
I mean it. Now get out of here.

MOE
(lunging at Harry)
I can't let you do this!

Moe grabs the gun by the barrel to pull it away. They struggle back and forth. The barrel of the gun gets pointed to Harry's chest.

HARRY
Get the hell ...

BLAM! The gun goes off. Harry has been shot in the chest. The force of the shot causes him to reel backwards. He lands on the roulette table with a CRASH, blood oozing from the wound. People all around the roulette table begin shouting and screaming. Soon the casino erupts into a MAD-HOUSE.

MOE
(stunned)
Oh, my God!

From his vantage point, three steps above the casino, Bobby DiLeo has seen everything. He's astonished. He rushes down to the roulette table, to Harry's side. He grimaces.

141 CONTD

141

BOBBY

Oh, Jesus, Harry! Get the doctor!

An elegant gray-haired man pushes his way toward Harry. He quickly checks Harry's vital signs, looks at Bobby and shakes his head sadly. Moe is in shock.

Frank the Fixer, Joey and Santo struggle to see the body of Harry on the table.

FRANK THE FIXER

Good. Fuck him.

Moe pauses over the body of Harry. He can't believe what he's done. He looks up at all the faces in the room staring down at him. Security guards and bouncers rush for him. He backs off as they close in on him. He turns and bolts into the crowds.

The Fixer dives through the crowd after him, only to be stopped by a livid Bobby DiLeo.

BOBBY

What the hell did you do!

FRANK THE FIXER

I didn't do nothin'. Dickstein shot him.

142 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

142

Rushing through more crowds, Moe runs out of the hotel.

143 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

143

Moe streaks out of the hotel and runs into the driveway, where he is almost hit by a cab. He jumps into the cab which then speeds off.

The SOUNDS of a Priest intoning solemn Latin phrases mixed with assorted wailing and weeping filters through as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

144 EXT. CEMETERY - MORNING

144

The remains of Harry LaFontaine are being lowered to their final resting place. As the Priest continues, CAMERA PANS to the mourners. We see Wanda, Harry, Jr., Grandma LaFontaine and Lil -- all total wrecks. Also present is Aunt Sadie who seems blasé. As PAN continues,

we see the complacent faces of Tony LaRosa, Santo, Joey, Louie, Sal The Bookie, other assorted Soldiers and lastly, Frank the Fixer who is eating a hero sandwich. Along the perimeter are friends and neighbors.

NEW ANGLE

The coffin has now reached the end of its journey. The Priest concludes his service. Harry, Jr., yells, "DAD" and tries to hurl himself into the grave, but Wanda and Lil restrain him.

LAROSA AND HIS BOYS

The Fixer nudges LaRosa who turns and looks.

LAROSA'S POV

Moe, peering through the bars of the cemetery stealing a last look at his best friend. He is disheveled, wasted. Moe shuffles away.

BACK TO SCENE

The Fixer starts to head for Moe, but LaRosa stops him.

LAROSA

Fixer, have some respect, this is a funeral. One down, one to go. Let him get home, get comfortable, then ...

FRANK THE FIXER

I can't wait. I can't wait.

The LaFontaine family files sadly by LaRosa and his goons. LaRosa reaches over and stops Wanda.

LAROSA

If there's anything I can do ...

WANDA

(contemptuously)
Haven't you done enough already?

Wanda dissolves in tears. As Grandma LaFontaine helps Wanda away, she spits at LaRosa's feet and:

GRANDMA

Ba Fangoo, Tony!

Harry rushes up the stairs where Moe is still thrashing violently. He jumps on a chair and grabs Moe to support him. Moe manages to get the noose from around his neck. The two latch onto each other then fall off the chair and tumble down the stairs landing in the hall with a crash. After a beat of silence, they break out into uncontrollable laughter.

MOE

You did it! You really did it.
You said you were gonna beat 'em
and you did it! For once in
your life you really pulled it
off.

HARRY

I beat 'em, Moe ... Me!

MOE

You fooled me.

HARRY

I had to, Moe. Everybody had
to believe I was really dead ...
especially you. I knew the
money was never going to be
enough for LaRosa. He wanted
our asses, too. Bobby D. really
set him up.

MOE

Bobby D. was in on it?

HARRY

Couldn't a' done it without him.
He supplied the blanks, the
blood bags, the phony doctor,
the whole set-up at the casino.

MOE

Who'd they just bury?

HARRY

An empty coffin.

MOE

That was a wonderful funeral,
Harry. I really enjoyed it.

HARRY

Yeah, wasn't it? Hey, how did
Harry, Jr., do at the cemetery?

MOE

What a performance. Very touching, too. He tried to hurl himself into the grave.

HARRY

(annoyedly)

I told him not to do that!

MOE

You would have, Harry.

HARRY

Yeah, I guess so. Okay, now for Phase Two. We gotta arrange your death before LaRosa does.

MOE

Whattaya got in mind.

HARRY

A nice noisy suicide. You're gonna turn up the gas real high, let the house fill up with fumes, light a match and ba-boom. All they're gonna find is your bones -- the ones I got in that bag on the couch. The guy was a forty regular, just like you.

MOE

Harry, this is brilliant. For once in your life, you didn't screw up. This time you got it all figured.

(emotionally)

You're the best.

Moe grabs his pal in a heart-felt embrace. Harry hugs him back, then breaks, pushing him away.

HARRY

Go write your suicide note.

LaRosa's limo and Frank the Fixer's new Caddy are parked at the curb. LaRosa followed by The Fixer, Santo, Joey, Louie and Sal The Bookie emerge from the Clambox and go to their respective cars.

149 CONTD

149

LAROSA

See you at Dickstein's.

FRANK THE FIXER

I can't wait. I can't wait.

They all get in and drive away.

150 INT. MOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING 150

As Harry makes his final preparations, Moe follows him into the kitchen reading from his suicide note.

151 INT. MOE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING 151

MOE

See how this sounds ...

As Moe reads, Harry will lay out the skeleton near the stove, which he opens. He turns up all the gas jets.

MOE

(reading)

'Dear Mr. LaRosa, I am taking my own life after taking the life of my best friend, Harry LaFontaine. My last moments on earth are not filled with sadness but with joy. They are joyful because I took a miserable, no-good fuck like you for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. My only regret is that I cannot send Joey Siclione, Frank the Fixer, Sal The Bookie, Louie Tartaglia, and Santo Ravallo to hell where they belong. Fuck you now and in the hereafter. Fondly, Morris L. Dickstein.

HARRY

Now that's poetry.

Moe places the letter in an envelope, seals it and puts it in his pocket.

152 EXT. MOE AND HARRY'S STREET - MORNING 152

LaRosa's limo takes the corner on Harry and Moe's street and glides up to the curb. A couple of beats later, Fixer's Cadillac arrives and pulls up behind it. The doors of the Cadillac open and Frank the Fixer, Santo,

157 CONTD

157

JOEY (O.C.)

There's a skeleton in the kitchen.

LAROSA

(thinking)

A skeleton ... ?

FRANK THE FIXER

(sniffing)

Hey, who farted?

LaRosa frowns, then puts the cigarette holder in his mouth.

NEW ANGLE

Favoring four cigarette lighters, which are flicked on simultaneously.

158 EXT. MOE AND HARRY'S STREET - MORNING

158

After a beat of silence, there is a TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION that shakes the entire street. Wood screams skyward like shrapnel. A fireball of smoke and flames is visible above the treetops.

159 EXT. MOE AND HARRY'S STREET / INT. CAR - MORNING

159

The reflection of the flames dances on the faces of Harry and Moe as they look back at the house.

HARRY

How's it feel to be dead, Moe?

MOE

I can't believe I've been afraid of this my whole life. It's a piece of cake.

(a beat)

How about you, Harry?

HARRY

Ah, Moe, the thrill's worn off. I've been dead for days.

They laugh. Harry puts the car into drive.

DISSOLVE TO:

160 EXT. NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE - MORNING

160

A WIDE ANGLE LENS encompasses the turnpike and the city

160 CONTD

160

in the distance. Harry and Moe move southwest. The car flashes by a sign that reads: LEAVING NEWARK.

161 EXT. N.J. TURNPIKE / INT. CAR. - MORNING

161

MOE

All my life I wanted to leave this place and never look back. And now we're doing it, aren't we.

HARRY

We sure are, buddy, we sure are.

MOE

There's only one thing missing.

HARRY

What's that?

MOE

I wish we hadn't left that two hundred and fifty grand in Atlantic City.

HARRY

We didn't.

MOE

(excited)
You got it?

HARRY

I don't exactly "got it." I made a little investment.

MOE

Aw, no, Harry.

HARRY

Trust me. It's part of the grand design.

Moe buries his face in his hands as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

162 INT. HOTEL - ATLANTIC CITY / DELI - DAY

162

CLOSE-UP - A HAND

The fingers are snapped.

MOE (O.C.)

Table for two please, Mr.
LaFontaine.

MED. SHOT - HARRY AND MOE

Both decked out in tuxedos, looking great. Harry, Jr., the "Mr. LaFontaine" being called, also in tuxedo, arrives holding menus.

HARRY, JR.

Right this way, please.

WIDER ANGLE

REVEALING that Harry and Moe are standing under a fancy neon sign that reads HARRY AND MOE'S TRATTORIA/DELI. It is located right off the casino at Bobby DiLeo's Boardwalk Palace Hotel. As Harry, Jr., leads two patrons off to their table, we see that Lil is manning the cash register, Wanda is hostessing and Grandma LaFontaine is behind the counter making clam sauce. Aunt Sadie is at the kitchen door yelling off at the dishwashers. Bobby DiLeo is enjoying a meal with two gorgeous showgirls.

HARRY AND MOE

Admiring their restaurant.

HARRY

Did we do it or did we do it?

MOE

We did it, buddy.

As the two friends embrace we:

FADE OUT.

THE END