

DONNIE BRASCO

by

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Based on the book, "Donnie Brasco,"
by Joseph D. Pistone with Richard
Woodley

REVISED DRAFT
July 27, 1992

1 EXT. DAY. WASHINGTON, D. C.

An AERIAL VIEW of the nation's capital, MOVING IN on the stolid limestone box of FBI HEADQUARTERS. Supered below:

FBI HEADQUARTERS. WASHINGTON,
D. C. 1981.

CUT TO:

2 INT. DAY. FBI HEADQUARTERS

A spacious corner OFFICE. American flag, FBI seal, and a plush carpet— Federal blue.

CLENDON HOGUE, 40s, barrel chest, shrewd eyes over half-moon glasses, PRESIDES behind a vast desk. The impressive mien of earned authority. Before him:

JULES BONOVOLONTA, late 40s, Green Beret veteran, SUPERVISOR, 140 pounds of pugnacity and gristle. Ex-street agent cramped by headquarters.

PAT MARSHALL, late 30s, a CASE AGENT, compulsively organized, with haunted choirboy's eyes.

CLARENCE LEBOW, early 40s. Assistant SECTION CHIEF. Brooks Brothers, heavy starch.

LEBOW
It's going down tonight.

JULES
Says who? A fucking wire.

LEBOW
A reliable wire.

JULES
A fiction writer.

Hogue peruses SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS of Sonny Red and Sonny Black. Then reads the INFORMANT'S REPORT.

MARSHALL
is that the 209, sir?

LEBOW
There's going to be a war between
Sonny Red and Sonny Black—it's
all over the streets.

JULES
Clarence, you couldn't find the
streets with an asphalt detector.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

MARSHALL

Sonny Black goes, everyone with him goes.

JULES

That's doesn't mean it's tonight.

LEBOW

Even if it's not tonight—and I'm not saying it's not tonight—it could still be tonight because it could be any night.

JULES

Fuck you, Clarence.

LEBOW

Hey! I'm a Mormon!

HOGUE

You have some objection to these guys killing each other?

MARSHALL

It's just that—one of them's one of us.

HOGUE

An informant?

JULES

An agent. Undercover.

HOGUE

Then why are you depending on an informant? What does the agent say?

(off awkward looks)
When's the last time you spoke to him?

JULES

Three weeks.

MARSHALL

Three weeks and two days.

HOGUE

He checks in every three weeks?

MARSHALL

He checks in when he checks in, sir.

JULES

We had to make up the rules as we went along--

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

HOGUE
My predecessor started this?

JULES
His predecessor.

LEBOW
It's been five years.

MARSHALL
Five years and three months.

JULES
I am not gonna blow a chance to
cripple the entire fucking Mafia
just because some fucking empty
suit in Blue Carpet Land-

LEBOW
I am so sick of your superior New
York attitude-

JULES
-thinks there's gonna be a
Shootout tonight after the
fucking tarantella.

LEBOW
You're going to risk a man's life
just to make cases.

JULES
(right back)
Making those cases is his life.

HOGUE
And how many cases do we have?

MARSHALL
(guessing)
A hundred, two hundred...

HOGUE
Which one?

JULES
The truth is we don't know.

HOGUE
Let me get this straight. Nobody
knows where he is. Nobody's
spoken to him. He's been
undercover five years. He might
very well get killed tonight-at
a fucking wedding- not because
he's one of us. but because he's
one of t;hem

(more)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (3)

HOGUE (Cont'd)
I've been on the job one fucking week. And it's my fucking decision? How the hell did this happen?

Awkward looks and foot shuffling all around.

MARSHALL
What time's the wedding?

LEBOW
Eight o'clock tonight.

THE CLOCK

on the wall reads *9:36. "

HOGUE
Who is this fucking guy?

DISSOLVE TO:

3 INT. NIGHT. BAR-WASHINGTON (1975)

CLOSE ON-

JOE PLSTONE, 30s, athlete's build, body languid with a killer's confidence. Eyes dead as a shark's. He chafes at his rep-stripped tie and off-the-rack suit.

WIDER

LeBow, Marshall, and two other SUITS around the table. Jules delivers a TOAST. Supered below:

BLACKIE' S. WASHINGTON, D. C.
1975.

JULES
... And so, Joe, we wish you bon voyage with this farewell drink. We'd give you a farewell dinner but why spend all that money when you'll just come crawling back to your old desk?

Laughter around the table. The CLINK of glasses...

LEBOW
I would love to know how you sold them on this.

DONNIE
I told them I wanted to get far away from you, Clarence, They got it instantly.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

LEBOW
We've had our best guys on this since, what, Valachi? Twenty years?

MARSHALL
Who knows? We never tried anything like this.

LEBOW
What does that tell you?

MARSHALL
The Director thought it would be too corrupting.

JULES
Then maybe I should do it. I'm in a mood to be corrupted.

LEBOW
You know what these people are like. They're all married to each other's cousin.

JULES
(shrugs)
It's six months.

MARSHALL
I think it's great. Undercover's a new area. Get in on the ground floor.

LEBOW
It's a wild goose chase. I'm saying this as a friend.

JOE
What do I know? I'm just a dumb guinea.

LEBOW
Don't talk that way, Joe.
(beat)
Because, you know, you are just a dumb guinea.

LAUGHTER from the group. Joe doesn't know whether to join in or punch somebody. Jules hands him a large beribboned BOX.

JULES
Here you go, Joe.

Joe opens the box. A wide-brimmed Al Capone FEDORA. Uproarious laughter from the group.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

LEBOW
If you already have one, you can
return it.

JULES
Put it on!

Against his will, Joe puts on the hat. More laughter from the group.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. DAY. SUBURBS

Three exuberant TOMBOYS play football on the front lawn of a modest split-level home: TERRY, 13, rebel in a hurry; KERRY, 10, the good girl; and SHERRY, 8, the baby.

Terry hikes the ball, drops back to throw...

A PASS

spirals up into the air...where it's INTERCEPTED by Joe, who appears out of nowhere.

SHERRY
Daddy, Daddy!

Joe feints, tries to dodge the girls...Then sidesteps...

JOE
I'm out of bounds. Stop! This--
look-- this is out of bounds!

They tackle him anyway. Grab his legs till he TOPPLES in a laughing heap.

MAGGIE PISTONE, a pretty, strong-willed blonde in her 30s, emerges at the front door. SMILES at the scene. Then FROWNS as she realizes--

CUT TO:

5 INT. LATER. LAUNDRY ROOM

Joe stands in his suit jacket and boxer shorts while Maggie tries to remove the GRASS STAINS on the pants knees.

MAGGIE
I swear to God, Joe, I have to
spray you with Scotchgard every
morning.

Joe embraces her from behind.

JOE
What am I supposed to do? Terry -
tackles like her mother.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

He gropes at her. She moves his hands off...

MAGGIE
Illegal holding.

His hands go back to groping. She smacks them...

JOE
Roughing the passer.

MAGGIE
I suppose I should be grateful
that it's not blood stains, or
powder burns. Like the old days.

JOE
I got some good news today.
We're going back to Jersey.

MAGGIE
You're kidding! You got
transferred?

JOE
The kids can see their
grandparents. Plus it's GS-13.
That's two thousand more.

MAGGIE
My God! When did this all
happen?

JOE
Just today.

MAGGIE
What aren't you telling me?

JOE
Nothing.

MAGGIE
I know enough about the Bureau
that nothing happens this
quickly, Joe. Especially if it
involves a raise.

JOE
Remember that guy I met at
Quantico, that supervisor?
Berada? Be asked for me. Safe
and Hijackings, in New York.

MAGGIE
But this is a desk job, right?
(beat)
I thought we agreed about you
going back on the street again.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

JOE
This is different. It's
undercover.

MAGGIE
What does that mean, undercover?

JOE
Undercover. You know,
undercover.

MAGGIE
Will you come home at night?

JOE
It's a good opportunity.

MAGGIE
Undercover in what?

JOE
An FBI wife doesn't ask, Maggie.

MAGGIE
Will you be home on the weekends?

JOE
It's just six months.

MAGGIE
You waited till this was all
decided. You never asked me—you
knew what I was going to say.
What do you want from me, Joe?

JOE
I want you to say, 'It's okay'.
'It's great'.

MAGGIE
You finally got to headquarter?
and now you're going back on the
street.

JOE
Don't you understand? I buy a
Brooks Brothers suit but there's
always a button that comes off or
a stain that won't come out—it's
like the suit knows I don't
belong in it. I sit in a room
with Clarence and the rest of
them and the only way I know
something's funny is when
everyone else laughs.
Everything, all day, it's just
(gestures) this much off.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (3)

MAGGIE

You're as smart as they are.

JOE

I could be a fucking Ph.D. from Harvard and it wouldn't matter—I cannot win. To do something that's never been done, that they say can't be done, that they can't do—don't you see? That's the only way I'm ever gonna fit in with them. On my terms.

She looks at him. Smiles. She loves him for who he is, as frustrating as that can be. She embraces, kisses him.

MAGGIE

Well, at least you warned me. Remember? 'Maggie, if you marry me...

JOE

(unison)

...you're in for a big adventure.'

They kiss again. And kiss. Joe kicks the door to the laundry room SHUT behind him.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

—Present day. The CLOCK at FBI headquarters: 10:07. Hogue RIPS through the case file. A LETTER addressed to the Director of the FBI:

BERADA (V. O.)

'To Director: Surveillance and informant contacts to date have been negative...'

—Joe is ushered through the fluorescent-lit warren that is the BULLPEN of the New York FBI office. Shakes hands with GUY BERADA, 50s, a Bronx bull with an unlit cigar.

BERADA (V. O.)

'...regarding being able to penetrate the conveyance of stolen property by La Cosa Nostra...'

—Joe lines up at the DMV. FLASH1—his photo for a driver's license. Now he's DONNIE BRASCO. The name types out:

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (4)

D-O-N-A-L-D B-R-A-S-C-O

BERADA (V. O.)
 ...UCA Joseph D. Piston©
 utilizing the name 'Donnie
 Brasco'...

-An FBI COMPUTER prints out a "yellow sheet" of his prior arrests for burglary- "a.k.a. DON THE JEWELER"...

-In the jewelry district, a HASIDIC JEW tutors Donnie, who looks at a diamond through a loupe. . . Donnie surveys a small APARTMENT with a REALTOR. . . Donnie opens a BANK ACCOUNT. . .

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

-Hogue reads down the BUDGET for the operation...

Apartment....	\$491.60
Furniture....	90.30
Utilities....	35.00 Rental
car....	220.00 Spending money
800.00	

BERADA (V. O.)
 '...This would be accomplished by
 UCA frequenting locations listed
 below and attempting to engage in
 conversation and do business with
 said fences...'

FLASH BACK

-Donnie sits in Carmelo's drinking club soda and watching basketball. At the other end of the bar, two TOUGH GUYS play BACKGAMMON. . . DISSOLVE to another night, another game, another barstool-CLOSER to the Tough Guys. . . On the backgammon board, as the pieces move closer to the goal. . . DISSOLVE to another night, as Donnie moves closer to the game. . . On the board again, as the pieces move closer. . . DISSOLVE to another night, as Donnie moves closer. . . And another. . . On the board, as the pieces move closer, and the hand moving them. . . belongs to Donnie.

--Donnie enters his apartment, sparsely furnished with a bed, TV, weight bench and weights. . . Gets on the phone...

STEVE BURSEY, 30s, Donnie's wiry and wild-eyed CONTACT AGENT, on the "hello phone" at the FBI office in New Yorkc.

BURSEY
 Hello? (to phone)

CROSSCUTTING

Donnie at a PAY PHONE.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (5)

DONNIE (O. C.)
Is this Bursey?

Bursey cradles the phone on his shoulder, TYPES...

BURSEY (V. O.)
To the file: Contact with UCA on
July 7, 1976...

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

-Hogue reviews SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS of Donnie in Carmelo's... In the Rainbow Room

BURSEY (V. O.)
...UCA reported no significant
contacts...

FLASH BACK

-Donnie in Separate Tables, a restaurant on Third Avenue...

BURSEY (V. O.)
... no significant contacts...

-Donnie wanders the aisles at a drug store, searching for a GREETING CARD. Selects one, MATCH CUT to Maggie opening the same card. Inside it reads, "MISS YOU, LOVE," -and NO SIGNATURE.

-A TRUCK HIJACKING takes place on an access road to Kennedy Airport. In a choreographed ballet, the DRIVER gives up the keys to a crew of TOUGH GUYS... Then Donnie and VINNIE THE FENCE help unload cartons of PERFUME from the truck...

BURSEY (V. O.)
...UCA purchased two dozen
cartons Yves St. Laurent 'Eau My
Sin' perfume...

-Donnie plays backgammon at Carmello's... On the board, as the pieces move CLOSER... Vinnie introduces him to JILLY GRECA, a tough-looking WISEGUY in his late 40s.

BURSEY (V. O.)
...UCA was introduced to Giuliano
Greca, a.k.a. Jilly...

-Donnie opens a carton of WATCHES...

DONNIE
These go for 80 apiece. My end's
20.

BURSEY (V. O.)
...UCA sold 50 Pateau Mitsu Boshi
Boeki digital watches...

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (6)

He hands them to... Jilly. Who inspects them. Takes the carton.
Peels off bills to Donnie.

BACK TO PRESENT

-Hogue, with headphones on, stubs out a cigarette...

FLASH BACK

-Donnie sits in Hippopotamus... Casa Bella... An after hours
joint... The pieces on the backgammon board as they move
CLOSER... Donnie collapses heavily on his bed, amidst the spare
furnishings of his apartment...

BURSEY (V. O.)
... UCA reported no significant
contacts. . .

BACK TO PRESENT

•-Hogue opens a BUDGET FOLDER...

BERADA (V. O.)
, New York office requests an
extension of six months due to...

FLASH BACK

-Donnie and Berada at a booth in the Cockeyed Clam, a manila FILE
between them

BERADA
I got you another six months. I
told them it takes time.

DONNIE
Same budget?

BERADA
Same budget. Look, Joe, not that
I don't see any movement, but-do
you see any movement? I got my
neck out on this.

DONNIE
Whatever it takes, I'm gonna get
these bastards.

BERADA
Do me a favor. Just get one
bastard.

Donnie READS from the file.

DONNIE
(frustrated)
'... no significant contacts...'

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (7)

BERADA
One other thing. You know how it
is with the 'B'. They saw some
of the surveillance pictures...

DONNIE
What?

BERADA
They want you to shave the
moustache.

DONNIE
I'm undercover 1

BERADA
You're still in the FBI. That's
the rules.

CUT TO:

6 INT. DAY. CASA BELLA

WINTER—fog on the windows. DISCO plays on the jukebox. Drinking
DEMITASSE in the late afternoon:

BENJAMIN "LEFTY" RUGGIERO, early 50s, gaunt and raspy-voiced,
SWITCHED-ON with nerves, testy and restless. He lights up an English
Oval.

Sitting around him

DOMINIC "SONNY BLACK* NAPOLITANO, middle 40s. Fireplug muscles, dyed
black hair. Sleepy as a lion after a big meal. Don't fuck with the
lion.

NICHOLAS "NICKY" SANTORA, late 30s, teddy bear paunch. Plays the
fool.

JOHN - BOOBIE" CERASANI, early 40s, gun-metal hard. All business.
Nobody's fool. Supered below:

CASA BELLA RESTAURANT. LITTLE
ITALY. 1976.

LEFTY
You can't say to me a Lincoln is
better than a Cadillac.

NICKY
It's the better automobile, no
question. Head and shoulders.

LEFTY
Geddadaheah. Geddadaheah before
you make me mad.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

SONNY
Lefty, how you gonna be mad at
Nicky?

LEFTY
I ain't mad at him. I'm mad at
his stupidity.

AT THE BAR

A man sits, unfolds a newspaper. The bartender looks up—it's
Donnie.

DONNIE
Coffee.

BACK ON-TABLE

LEFTY
Ain't no comparison. Cadillac
got more acceleration, more
power, more—better handling,
better looking, more legroom for
your legs, more power—

BOOBIE
You said that.

LEFTY
Said what?

BOOBIE
Mbre power.

LEFTY
Be got me so fucking aggravated,
Boobie, I forgot what I said.

NICKY
I' 11 tell you one thing—the
Lincoln is longer.

LEFTY
Longer what?

BOOBIE
Whaddaya talkin' about? Longer
wheel base?

NICKY
Longer. Like longer. In inches.
It's a longer car.

LEFTY
You know something, Nicky, you
don't make no fucking sense
sometimes.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

NICKY
You got two cars. One's longer.
All things being equal, the
longer car is the one gonna get
there first.

LEFTY
Ain't the question all things
being equal. One's a Cadillac
and one's a Lincoln.

NICKY
The one's longer gets there
first. That's scientific fact.
(to Sonny)
What's better, a Lincoln or a
Cadillac?

LEFTY
Why're you asking him?

NICKY
I'm asking him

LEFTY
Why don't you ask me?

NICKY
I asked you already.

LEFTY
That's right. And I told you
there's no comparison.

SONNY
what the fuck are you arguing
about? Mercedes got it all over
both of them.

NICKY
Fuggedabout it. Mercedes? That's
a Jewish car. They didn't get it
enough from the Germans in the
war—now they gotta be robbed by
them

JUDY approaches—the WAITRESS, early 20s. NEW to the job. Sonny
takes her hand, KISSES it.

SONNY
Angel, how about some pastries
for the table?

LEFTY WATCHES DONNIE

sipping coffee at the bar. Leans over to Nicky.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3)

LEFTY
Who's that?

NICKY
Don. Don the Jeweler. Jilly
brought him around.

LEFTY
Jilly Four Eyes?

NICKY
Not Jilly Four Eyes. You know,
Jilly. From Queens Jilly.

LEFTY
He's a jewel guy? He knows
jewels?

NICKY
What—you got a thing to lay off?

LEFTY
Ain't the question, I got a
thing. I'm saying, if I had a
thing, he could lay it off?

NICKY
Whaddayou got to lay off?

SONNY WITH JUDY

as he punctuates his order with KISSES of her hand.

SONNY
A little cannoli. (kiss) Svingi.
(kiss) Zeppole. (kiss)
Sfogliatelli'. (kiss)

JUDY
We're out of sfogliatelli.

SONNY
Oh. Then you gotta give me that
kiss back.

She giggles, kisses Sonny on the cheek.

JUDY
Can I ask you guys something?
You guys are wiseguys, right?

SONNY
What makes you think we're
wiseguys?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (4)

JUDY
 What other grown men would have
 nothing better to do than sit
 here all afternoon drinking
 coffee and nobody says anything?

They all look at each other.

NICKY
 We could be cops.

LAUGHTER all around. Lefty steals another look at Donnie as he sits placidly drinking his coffee.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. LATER. LITTLE ITALY

Lefty RUMMAGES in the trunk of his Cadillac. Takes out several DESIGNER DRESSES, on hangers. Two cartons of TUNA FISH. Two large STEREO SPEAKERS. Rummages some more. Finds

A JEWEL BOX

CUT TO:

8 INT. LATER. CASA BELLA

Donnie sips his coffee at the bar/ reads the paper. The restaurant is otherwise DESERTED—Sonny and the other guys have left. Lefty approaches him

LEFTY
 You Don the Jeweler?

Donnie looks up to the Bartender. The Bartender nods. Lefty reaches in his pocket, produces

A FIVE-CARAT DIAMOND RING

LEFTY
 That's a beauty, eh? That's some
 beautiful thing.

Donnie looks it over. Gives it to Lefty.

DONNIE
 Give it to your wife.

LEFTY
 How'm I gonna give it to my wife?
 I ain't married.

DONNIE
 You got a girlfriend?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

LEFTY
Yeah. Louise.

He returns the diamond to Lefty.

DONNIE
Marry her.

LEFTY
Are you for real? I'm asking if you want to middle a diamond here. All I want for my end's eight thousand.

DONNIE
I'm saying give it to somebody don't know any better. It's a fugazy.

LEFTY
How can you say it's a fugazy? You looked at it two seconds.

DONNIE
Go ahead, try and sell it, you wanna be a dunsky.

LEFTY
(angry)
I'm a dunsky? Let me tell you something, my friend—do you know who you're talking to?

The Bartender, SCARED—he knows what Lefty's capable of. Quickly mixes a SPRITZER.

BARTENDER
Here, Left, have a spritzer.

LEFTY
(sputtering)
My family, my children—my mother can hold her head up in any neighborhood in the city when she walks down the Clock. In all the Five Boroughs I'm known, fuggedaboutit—I'm known all over the world. You ask around—ask anybody about Lefty from Mulberry Street.

DONNIE
I'm sorry. It was just a misunderstanding. Okay?

Donnie backs off, EXITS. Lefty takes the diamond out, looks at it—FUMES. The Bartender slides the spritzer over.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

BARTENDER

On the arm

LEFTY

Fugazy. Fugazy my fucking ass.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. LATER. CASA BELLA

Donnie exhales out his tension—unwinds from the dicey moment with Lefty. Pulls his collar up against the cold, heads up the block. Takes a last look back inside at Lefty.

CUT TO:

10 INT. LATER. JEWELER

A JEWELER, loupe in his eye, examines the diamond.

JEWELER

It's a fake.

LEFTY

This's a fake?

JEWELER

Nothing is what it seems.

Lefty takes the fugazy back. Pockets it.

LEFTY

Because that's what I'm thinking.
I thought it was a fake, (beat)
It's a good fake, though, ain't
it.

JEWELER

It's a very good fake.

LEFTY

That's what I'm saying. I
thought it was a fake. That's
what I thought.

Lefty takes the fugazy back. Pockets it.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. DAY. NEW JERSEY—SUBURBS

Donnie drives the big station wagon, Maggie alongside him. The girls in back.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

SHERRY

Daddy, will you be home Easter?

MAGGIE

Don't ask Daddy those questions.

SHERRY

Mommy, will Daddy be home Easter?

TERRY

You still believe in the Easter bunny?

KERRY

You're such a snot, Terry.

MAGGIE

(to Terry)
He'll try his best.

TERRY

(to Kerry)
Don't look at me. I think it's great he's never home.

SHERRY

Denise in school asked me today what Daddy's job is.

MAGGIE

What'd you tell her?

SHERRY

None of her beeswax.

TERRY

Just tell her he's a salesman on the road a lot. I mean, who cares what he really does?

MAGGIE

(stern)
You be proud of what your father does. Do you understand me? Your father is an outstanding individual.

TERRY

Jesus. Lighten up. That's not the point.

KERRY

Shut up, Terry.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. LATER. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE

The station wagon pulls up. The kids run out into the embrace of Maggie's PARENTS. Maggie climbs out, turns.

MAGGIE
You said it was going to be six
months, Joe.

CUT TO:

13 INT. DAY. ACERG, INC.

A storefront for fenced goods. WISEGUYS play cards, smoke cigarettes. The PAY PHONE rings. Jilly picks it up.

CUT TO:

14 INT. SAME TIME. FBI SAFEHOUSE

A phone line patched into a reel-to-reel TAPE RECORDER among rows of tape recorders. VOICE-ACTIVATED—it clicks on, UNSPOOLS...

JILLY (O. C.)
Hello?

CUT TO:

15 INT. MDRNING. CASA BELLA

Lefty talks on a pay phone. Watches a MAN, indistinct in the background, sipping coffee at the bar.

LEFTY
He's okay?

PHONE (O. C.)
Don't the Jeweler? Stand-up guy.
Ain't a leech, good earner.
Keeps to himself.

RACK FOCUS

to Donnie at the bar, sipping coffee. Lefty watches him.

FLASH CUT TO:

16 INT. THE PRESENT. FBI HEADQUARTERS

Hogue listens on headphones.

LEFTY (O. C.)
Where's he from?

PHONE (O. C.)
California. He's a jewel guy.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

LEFTY (O. C.)
Where California? L. A. ?

PHONE (O. C.)
Do you know how fucking big
California is? How the fuck
should I know? He's a jewel guy.

THE CLOCK reads "10:25*.

LEFTY (O. C.)
Jilly—he's a stand-up guy,
Jilly?

PHONE (O. C.)
Look, Left, I said I knew him
I didn't say I fucked him.

Hogue hits FAST FORWARD...The tape SQUEALS. . .

MATCH SOUND

FLASH CUT TO:

17 EXT. THE PAST. CADILLAC

The SCREECH of rubber and

THE CADILLAC LOGO

as Donnie pulls away from the curb in a screaming-yellow Coupe de
Ville. Lefty lights an English Oval.

LEFTY
Nice car. (beat) Go to 46th and
1st, I gotta make a collection.

DONNIE
What happened with that fugazy?

LEFTY
Man oh man, I gotta school you,
my friend. Di'n't Jilly school
you?

The smoke is thick now...Donnie powers down his window.

DONNIE
School me in what?

LEFTY
Donnie/ put your window up,
Donnie. I'm gonna catch a draft.

Donnie powers his window back up.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

LEFTY

A non-wiseguy never asks a wiseguy a question. A non-wiseguy don't even talk to a wiseguy unless the wiseguy talks to him first. Capeesh?

DONNIE

Yeah. I got it.

LEFTY

You don't raise your hands to a wiseguy. You don't mess with his woman—wife or girlfriend or daughter. Just keep your mouth shut—don't put business on the street.

DONNIE

Follow the rules.

A CAB cuts them off. Lefty leans over/ HONKS the horn.

LEFTY

CocksuckerJ Motherfucker cutting you off. (resuming) You gotta have rules. Otherwise, what are we? We're like animals.

He leans over. VICIOUSLY honks the horn again. RESUMES with one eye on the cab...

LEFTY

Wiseguy has a bag, you pick up the bag. wiseguy runs a tab, you pick up the tab. wiseguy is always right—even if he's wrong he's right. All the way up the line. Connected guy to wiseguy to skipper to boss.

DONNIE

Like the Army.

LEFTY

What?

DONNIE

I said it's like the Army. Chain of command.

LEFTY

Ain't nothing like the Army. The Army, it's some guy you don't know sends you to whack out some other guy you don't know. The Army's a jerkoff outfit.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

DONNIE
I mean the same principle.

LEFTY
Ain't the question, Donnie. You see, that's why I gotta school you. Because otherwise you get everything upside down.
(beat)
You got a girl?

DONNIE
Yeah. In California.

LEFTY
Good. Let her enjoy herself in California.

The cab CUTS OFF Donnie again... And Lefty BLOWS...

LEFTY
Donnie, catch up with that cocksucker.

DONNIE
Which cocksucker?

LEFTY
He cut you off again, (pointing)
That fucking—The cab! That one!
Donnie—

Donnie SPEEDS up, chases the cab... Lefty opens the GLOVE COMPARTMENT. Hits a BUTTON and the TRUNK pops OPEN.

A RED LIGHT

The cab stops. Lefty JUMPS out of the Cadillac...

IN THE TRUNK

Lefty pulls out a JACK, hustles up to the cab.

THE CABBIE

A PAKISTANI, 30s, oblivious. Then he sees Lefty approach in his side-view mirror.

LEFTY
What's fucking wrong with you?
Hah? There's no fucking etiquette of the road with you?

The Cabbie flips a "FUCK YOU" signal with his middle finger... Rolls up his window.

LEFTY
Fuck who? Fuck me?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3)

DONNIE OUT

of the Cadillac, running toward Lefty... INSIDE the cab, a nervous PASSENGER gathers her shopping bags...

SMASH 1

as the Cabbie's window CAVES IN... Lefty with the JACK... SWINGS down hard on the windshield. From INSIDE, a spider's web of shattered glass.

DONNIE APPROACHES

Worry on his face. The Passenger FLEES down the block.

THE CABBIE

hangs out the window, grabbing and punching at Lefty. Lefty YANKS him out of the car.

DONNIE

Left, c'mon. Enough.

Donnie grabs Lefty, trying to pull him off. A DRIVER heckles from a passing car.

DRIVER

Fuck you!

DONNIE

Hey, fuck you!

The Cabbie hangs onto Lefty. Lefty SNAPS off the cab's ANTENNA, starts to WHIP the Cabbie with it. The Cabbie BITES Lefty. Lefty YELPS, backs off.

ON-THE ACCELERATOR

as the Cabbie SLAMS his foot down. The light turns RED. The cab FISHTAILS through crossing traffic... The Cabbie trembles with fear, looks in his rear-view mirror as he speeds away.

WATCHING HIM

Donnie and Lefty, as DRIVERS in passing cars shoot looks of disapproval their way. Lefty lights a cigarette.

LEFTY

These fucking guys. They come to this country, they flaunt the rules of the road. They give the 'fuck you' sign to a man in the street...

DONNIE

What kind of bullshit is that?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (4)

LEFTY
Fucking sand nigger. I will
never fucking understand it. Why
is it always the guy who drives
a car for a living is the worst
fucking driver there is?

CUT TO:

18 INT. DAY. RESTAURANT

Donnie sits at a bar with a drink. Lefty listens to the OWNER, tough-looking, 30s, as he WRIGGLES.

LEFTY
I just want what's owed.

OWNER
You know, you're not the only
guy's owed money.

DONNIE
You didn't wanna pay it you
shouldn't've borrowed it.

OWNER
Who's this cocksucker?

Like LIGHTNING, Donnie SLAPS the owner hard-forehand, backhand.
Grabs his collar

BELTS HIM HARD

an uppercut in the solar plexus. The Owner SAGS to his knees.
NAUSEA in waves. Donnie finds the Owner's WALLET in his jacket
pocket. Takes the money from the wallet. Peels off a five, STUFFS
it in the Owner's mouth.

DONNIE
That's for the drink.

CUT TO:

19 INT. LATER. CADILLAC

CASH as Lefty counts it out. Donnie drives through the Lower East
Side WATERFRONT.

LEFTY
(scolding)
Donnie-why'd you pay for that
drink? wise guy never pays for a
drink.

DONNIE
Okay. I didn't know.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

LEFTY
Always on the arm. (chuckles)
You scared that guy, though,
managgia— that cracks me up. I
got 26 fucking hits under my belt
and you're the one he's scared
of.

Lefty CATCHES himself—shouldn't have said that about the hits.
BROODS a beat.

LEFTY
Hey, Donnie, pull over.

CUT TO:

20 INT. LATER. CADILLAC

TOOLS out on the front seat. Lefty UNSCREWS the dashboard. Donnie leans in.

LEFTY
Hand me them pliers.

DONNIE
The vise grip or the needle nose?

LEFTY
Fuggedaboutit. I'll get it
myself.

He leans out. Takes the pliers. Goes back to work dismantling the dashboard.

DONNIE
I don't know, Left. This is the
best car I ever had.

LEFTY
You didn't hear that? That
rattling?

DONNIE
I never had any trouble with this
car.

LEFTY
Give me a hand with this.

Lefty and Donnie PULL OFF the dashboard. Lefty looks inside. Feels around.

LEFTY
(satisfied)
It's clean.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

DONNIE
(getting it)
Hey, you got something to say to
me, Left, say it to my face.

LEFTY
I ain't saying nothing, Donnie.

DONNIE
You think I got a fucking wire in
my car?

LEFTY
Did I say that?

DONNIE
What do you think—you think I'm
a fucking rat stoolpigeon?

LEFTY
You can't be too careful these
days. Even the ears have ears.
(beat)
C'mon. They need some bodies on
the street down at Toyland.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. DAY. TOYLAND—LITTLE ITALY

A CAR pulls up and two prosperous-looking SKIPPERS get out-- DOMINICK
"BIG TRIN" TRINCHERA, fat and fortyish, and PHILIP "PHILLY LUCKY"
GIACCONE, 40s, shrewd eyes behind glasses. They disappear into an
unimposing SOCIAL CLUB. WISEGUYS stand guard in the cold outside.
Lefty arrives with Donnie in tow.

LEFTY
Nicky/ this's Donnie.
(they nod)
How'd Minx's Magic do in the
fifth?

WISEGUY #1
He lost.

LEFTY
How could he lose?

WISEGUY #1
What the fuck does he give a
fuck? He's a horse. You're the
one that's out ten grand.

LEFTY
Fuck! Now I gotta bet another
dime Sunday just to get to where
I was yesterday.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

RED COWBOY BOOTS

move up the block. . They belong to ALPHONSE "SONNY RED" INDELICATO, 50s, barrel chest. With him, his son, ANTHONY BRUNO INDELICATO, 20s, pale and balding, COKED OUT.

LEFTY
(aside, to Donnie)
Fucking Sonny Red.

Sonny Red stops, confronts Lefty.

SONNY RED
(nods to Donnie)
Who's this?

LEFTY
This's Donnie, a friend of mine.

BRUNO
Just stand there and look
dangerous, friend.

LEFTY
(proud)
Yeah, he does look dangerous,
don't he?

Bruno SNORTS in disgust as he and his father move along.

LEFTY
Sonny Red, everything's a beef
with him, him and Bruno, that son
of his.

DONNIE
He don't look so dangerous
himself.

LEFTY
Ah, he's a stone degenerate, he's
coked-up half the time. Like all
these fucking kdds nowadays.

A huge LINCOLN pulls up. BODYGUARDS jump out of the car. And CARMINE "LILO" GALANTE, 69, fat and bald, huge CIGAR, emerges from the Lincoln. AWESTRUCK, all watch as, surrounded by WISEGUYS, Galante disappears into the club. Lefty watches/ stubs out his cigarette. Turns to Donnie.

LEFTY
The boss.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. SUNSET. ROOF

Lefty tends to the PIGEON COOPS on his roof, Donnie alongside him
LOUISE, early 30s, a good-looking woman in stretch pants, brings
Lefty a SPRITZER.

LOUISE
Here you go, Bennie. You sure
you don't wanna spritzer, Donnie?

DONNIE
No thanks, Louise.

LOUISE
You change your mind, I'm
downstairs .

She heads downstairs. Donnie turns back to Lefty.

LEFTY
Not for nothing, but... how'd you
know that was a fugazy?

DONNIE
Jewels are my business. If I buy
a fugazy, I lose. I hate to
lose.

LEFTY
That's a good business, jewels?
Good money in it?

DONNIE
Pretty good.

LEFTY
You keep your nose clean, be a
good earner, listen to what I
School you- there ain't a
crystal ball big enough for what
we could do.

DONNIE
(off pigeon)
Did you know there used to be
falcons in New York?

LEFTY
They got everything in this
fucking city.

DONNIE
Peregrine falcons. They lived
across the river.

LEFTY
In Queens?

DONNIE
In the Palisades,

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

LEFTY
The Palisades is Jersey, Donnie.

DONNIE
I'm saying that's why there's so many pigeons now. The falcons used to hunt 'em and kill 'em off.

LEFTY
I love these fucking pigeons. I'd die before I'd let anybody touch these pigeons.

DONNIE
Those falcons could read a newspaper from a mile up.

LEFTY
A bird could read the newspaper?

DONNIE
I'm saying their eyesight.

LEFTY
Hey, Donnie—you got a couple hundred, Donnie? I got some things I gotta take care of.

Donnie reaches in his wallet.

DONNIE
What do you want/ two hundred?

Lefty leans over, PEERS into his wallet.

LEFTY
Whaddaya got there, three hundred? Gimme three hundred.

Donnie hands over the \$300—EMPTIES his wallet. Lefty takes it, folds it into a ROLL. Puts the hundred on the outside...

LEFTY
Don't be carrying your money in a wallet no more. Wiseguy got his money in a roll, like this. Beamer on the outside.

DONNIE
You're the boss.

LEFTY
I'm not the boss, Donnie. The boss ends up dead or in jail. Why the fuck would I want to be the boss?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

DONNIE
It's just an expression.

LEFTY
And shave off that moustache.
That's against the rules.

DONNIE
Hey, Left, if it's okay, I'm
gonna run. I'll see you
tomorrow.

LEFTY
Do I gotta school you in
everything? Tomorrow's Mother's
Day. Wise guys don't work on
Mother's Day.

CUT TO:

23 INT. NIGHT. THE COCKEYED CLAM

Donnie sits with Berada as he reads over some documents.

BERADA
Benjamin Ruggiero. a. k. a.
'Lefty,' 'Lefty Guns,' 'Lefty Two
Guns.' A couple of bullshit
cases, never did time.

DONNIE
This is way beyond what we talked
about—fences and hijackers.
This is a made guy. Do you know
what that means? There's only
maybe 3000 made guys in the whole
fucking country.

BERADA
(smiles)
It means you're in, kid.

DONNIE
Can you believe it—a made guy?
(muses) A very peculiar made guy.

FLASH CUT TO:

24 INT. THE PRESENT. FBI HEADQUARTERS

Hogue reads a memorandum. LeBow on the phone.

BERADA (V.O.)
. . . In light of the above
contacts, we request an
additional six months. . .

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

HOGUE
Berada's the guy who ran this?

JULES
I took over when he retired.

LeBow covers the receiver with his hand.

LEBOW
The surveillance is in place at
the church hall.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. DAY. CHURCH HALL--NEW JERSEY

A large RECEPTION HALL adjoining a Catholic CHURCH. Sounds of a BIG BAND tuning up inside. Up the block:

A MA BELL REPAIR VAN

parked by a telephone pole. FBI #1, in the guise of a telephone LINESMAN, climbs the pole...

CUT TO:

26 INT. SAME TIME. SURVEILLANCE VAN

An FBI TECH TEAM monitors listening devices. An array of SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS and MUG SHOTS as they're spread over a small table. TECH #1 looks with BINOCULARS through ONE-WAY GLASS.

TECH #1
(to phone)
...By tonight we'll have a guy
inside...

CUT TO:

27 INT. SAME TIME. FBI HEADQUARTERS

LeBow covers the phone, turns to Hogue.

LEBOW
They're gonna put in one of our
guys as a busboy tonight.

JULES
Who?

LEBOW
I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

JULES
I want to know. If we're gonna
put a guy inside, I want it to be
one of our best guys.

LeBow goes back to the phone. Hogue turns to Jules.

HOGUE
I want to talk to Berada.

FLASH CUT TO:

28 INT. THE PAST. PISTONE HOME

Donnie SHAVES his moustache in the bathroom. Sounds of the FRONT DOOR unlocking and then closing downstairs.

MAGGIE (O. C.)
Joe?

DONNIE
Up here.

ON MAGGIE

as she heads up the stairs...

MAGGIE
I had no idea you were coming
home. I'm supposed to go to the
movies tonight with the Grants.

She enters the bathroom as he wipes the shaving cream off his face. He looks up, half his moustache SHAVED OFF. Her face FALLS.

MAGGIE
Oh, Joe, don't--
(beat)
Forget it.

DONNIE
What's the matter?

MAGGIE
I liked your moustache. It's the
only thing I liked about this
thing of yours.

DONNIE
Well, what do you want me to do
now?

MAGGIE
I want you to ask me.

DONNIE
You could've said something.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

MAGGIE
 What would you suggest I do—tell
 Berada to get a message to you
 that I like your moustache?

DONNIE
 That's not the point.

MAGGIE
 I have to ask you about every
 frigging thing.

She jockeys for room at the mirror to put on her makeup.

DONNIE
 Maggie, I'll be two seconds.

MAGGIE
 They were supposed to pick me up
 five minutes ago.

DONNIE
 You're going to the movies with
 the Grants?

MAGGIE
 Why don't you come?

DONNIE
 The last thing I want to do
 tonight is go to the movies with
 the Grants.

MAGGIE
 I'm not cancelling.

Agitated, he starts to compulsively organize the medicine chest, the
 shelves.

DONNIE
 Where is everybody? I didn't say
 anything? I'm sure I said
 something.

MAGGIE
 Joseph—I think I'd remember.

DONNIE
 Well, they should be home anyway.
 What time is it?

MAGGIE
 Sherry's sleeping over at Mom's,
 she's teaching her how to sew.
 Kerry's at choir practice.

DONNIE
 Where's Terry?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE
She's with her boyfriend.
(off his rearranging)
Leave my stuff alone.

DONNIE
What boyfriend?

MAGGIE
Kenny. What are you worried
about? I was 14 when we started
dating.

DONNIE
That's what I'm worried about.

MAGGIE
He's a nice kid. Nice family.
He's on the wrestling team

DONNIE
I'm sure he is. I'm sure he's
practicing his takedowns right
now.

MAGGIE
Maybe I'll shave my head next
time—• see how you like it.

A car horn HONKS outside. Donnie's rearranging grows more
agitated...

DONNIE
(angry)
I expect you to have some sense
of priorities. I put a roof over
your head, I put clothes on
everybody's back. I put gas in
the car.

Maggie grabs his wrists... He wrestles her off.

MAGGIE
Leave my stuff alone.

DONNIE
I give you whatever I can give.
What I can't give you is a
moustache. I don't have a
choice. I have to shave the
moustache.

MAGGIE
I don't give a shit about the
moustache. But if you're gonna
live your life however the fuck
you want then let me live mine.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (3)

She storms out. He balls up a towel, HURLS it against the wall.

CUT TO:

29 INT. NIGHT. PISTONE HOME-BEDROOM

Maggie sleeps. Donnie, WIDE AWAKE, stares at the ceiling. Hears an ENGINE. A car door.

4:32 A.M

on the clock. He gets up. Looks through the blinds. Sees his daughter Terry as she kisses her boyfriend good night.

DONNIE'S POV

Terry kisses and kisses...And kisses...Falls back onto the hood of the car and slides down it. Donnie senses that he's losing control of his family.

CUT TO:

30 INT. DAY. FBI HEADQUARTERS

Hogue looks up at the clock.

12 NOON

A tape plays on the TAPE RECORDER...

LEFTY (O. C.)
Hello?

DONNIE (O. C.)
Left? Donnie. I'm just checking in.

LEFTY (O. C.)
Where you been, Donnie? You gotta check in.

DONNIE (O. C.)
That's what I said. I'm checking in.

LZFTY (O. C.)
Did you see the paper?

DONNIE (O. C.)
I just woke up.

LEFTY (O. C.)
How come every morning you're reading the paper except this morning?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

DONNIE (O. C.)
I just woke up, Left.

LEFTY (O. C.)
Fuggedaboutit. You better
fucking get down here.

Clickl and a DIAL TONE...

CUT TO:

31 INT. DAY. CADILLAC

The FRONT PAGE of the New York Post—a PHOTOGRAPH of Carmine Galante, his cigar still clenched in his teeth, sprawled bloody, DEAD in a Brooklyn restaurant. Under the headline:

RUBOUT

Lefty folds the paper in disgust, lights an English Oval—even more JUMPY than usual. Donnie drives Lefty's Cadillac across the Brooklyn Bridge.

LEFTY
The Boss gets whacked. The
fucking boss—you don't even know
the fucking boss exists until he
gets whacked, and then your whole
fucking life gets turned around.

DONNIE
Where're we going?

LEFTY
Brooklyn. I got sent for.
(mutter)
The boss gets whacked. Another
thing I get left out of.

DONNIE
What does that mean, you got sent
for?

LEFTY
What do you think it means? I
got sent for by Sonny Black. I'm
telling you, I'm sick with this.

DONNIE
Sonny Red?

LEFTY
Did I say Sonny Red? Not Sonny
Red. Sonny Black.
(gestures)
And don't ride the brake,
(more)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

LEFTY (Cont' d)
Don't drive my Cadillac the way
you drive your car.

DONNIE
How do you know what he wants?

LEFTY
That fucking Sonny Black. I know
him. He gets uppèd to skipper,
first thing he's gonna do is go
out and buy a big fucking
Mercedes.

DONNIE
They should up you before they up
Sonny Black.

LEFTY
It's his reward for whacking the
boss. Do I have to explain every
fucking thing to you?

DONNIE
I thought you and Sonny Black
were friends.

LEFTY
If you ever whacked a guy,
Donnie, you wouldn't ask such
stupid questions.

DONNIE
I whacked a guy once.

LEFTY
When?

DONNIE
In an argument.

LEFTY
An argument don't count.
(derisive) An argument—you whack
your wife in an argument.

DONNIE
I'm just saying.

LEFTY
Ain't the question. Don't say
you know when you don't know.

DONNIE
It could be anything Sonny sent
for you for.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

LEFTY
I got sent for, Donnie. With This
Thing, you go in alive and you
come out dead. And the one that
kills, you is your best fucking
friend.

Lefty lights another cigarette. Donnie powers the window down a crack. Lefty glares at him. Donnie powers the window back up.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. DAY. TEE MOTION LOUNGE-BROOKLYN

Donnie drives up Withers Street. Pulls up to a three-story building in a working-class neighborhood. Lefty takes a last drag of his cigarette, climbs out.

LEFTY
Anything happens, make sure
Louise gets the Cadillac.

CUT TO:

33 INT. DAY. MOTION LOUNGE

Nicky and Boobie play gin. Neil Diamond's "Love on the Rocks" plays on the JUKEBOX. Lefty enters.

NICKY
(sings)
'Love on the rocks, ain't no
surprise.' Lookt this hand.
This ain't a hand. This's a
deformed fucking Creature of the
Black Lagoon fucking claw.

BOOBIE
Left.

NICKY
Left. 'Love on the rocks, ain't
no surprise.' (to Boobie) Ming! I
knew you was gonna grab that!

Lefty, white with fear, sits down with his back to the wall.

NICKY
'Love on the rocks, ain't no
surprise.'

BOOBIE
It ain't no fucking surprise
neither.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

NICKY
(laying out cards)
Gin.

BOOBIE
Nicky, that ain't gin.

NICKY
Geddadaheah, that's gin.

BOOBIE
You got two sevens.

Boobie shows him his cards.

NICKY
Whaddaya mean I got two sevens?
I know I had three sevens.

BOOBIE
From now on we play the honor
system. You don't even show me
your hand.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. DAY. MOTION LOUNGE

Donnie sits in the car. Drums his fingers on the wheel.
THINKS... Then reaches behind himself-

UNSNAPS THE HOLSTER

strapped to his belt, holding his COMBAT KNIFE. Climbs out of the
car. Up a couple of steps. And through the door...

CUT TO:

35 INT. MOTION LOUNGE

...into the Motion Lounge. Nicky and Boobie shoot wary looks at him
Who's this? Lefty turns to them.

LEFTY
It's okay. He's a friend of
mine.

Lefty glares at Donnie-ACCUSES him with his eyes: who told you to
come in here? Donnie sits down-something in the placid atmosphere
that tells him this is how it happens. Nicky peers over as Boobie
writes on the SCOREPAD.

NICKY
You giving me credit for that?

Boobie slides him the scorepad.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

BOOBIE

Fine. You keep score.

NICKY

I don't know how.

BOOBIE

How the hell can you play gin if you don't know how to keep score?

NICKY

I'm a natural.

THE FLUSH OF A TOILET

as Sonny emerges from the bathroom, reading a slip of paper. Crumples it, throws it in the trash.

SONNY

(complaining)

Two hundred in action and we came out with 35. That fucking Boots-he runs that book like an old lady. That's gonna change.

(off Donnie)

Who's this fucking guy?

BOOBIE

He's with Lefty.

SONNY

(to Lefty)

C'mon. Let's go take a ride,
(to Donnie) You too.

Donnie and Lefty share a look of FEAR.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. DAY. MOTION LOUNGE

They emerge. Parked in the back—a brand-new MERCEDES. Lefty looks at it. Turns to Donnie.

LEFTY

(muttering)

What the fuck did I tell you?

Sonny unlocks the car.

SONNY

Hey, Left-ride up front with me.

CUT TO:

37 INT. DAY. MERCEDES

Sonny drives on the Long Island Expressway. Lefty in the front seat, EDGY, Boobie and Nicky flank Donnie in back. He glances nervously at them. Sizes them up.

SONNY
Ain't this beautiful, the ride on
this?

NICKY
Hey, Sonny—can't you drive any
faster? I got a date tonight out
in Jersey.

SONNY
Which broad is this?

NICKY
This is the one from the
calendar. Remember that calendar
I showed you? Miss Pennzoil Air
Filter of 1976.

Sonny and Boobie MIMING holding two big BREASTS.

SONNY AND BOOBIE
(unison)
Che mnnel

NICKY
That's the one.

Lefty, NERVOUS, pulls down the sun visor. Looks at Boobie in the
mirror.

SONNY
Hey, Left, what'cha doing?

LEFTY
Just checking my part.

SONNY
(chuckling)
Ah, Left—what am I gonna do
without you? (to Donnie) What
would you do without this guy,
hah, kid? You'd have to find
yourself a new goombah.

Lefty getting VERY NERVOUS...

NICKY
That was something about the
boss, wasn't it?

SONNY
We all gotta go sometime.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

Lefty, TERRIFIED, looks at Boobie again. Boobie nods. Donnie WATCHES this...Thinks: what to do?

CUT TO:

38 EXT. DAY. KENNEDY AIRPORT

They walk from the parked Mercedes toward a FREIGHT HANGAR. The scene is otherwise DESERTED. Lefty NERVOUS, lights a cigarette. Planes periodically ROAR overhead.

NICKY

(sings)

'Love on the rocks, ain't no surprise.'

LEFTY

Sonny, what is this? we glomming something?

Sonny opens the door.

SONNY

After you.

Lefty walks into the DARKNESS...A terrifying SILENCE...Then--
RRRRRRROAR!

CUT TO:

39 INT. HANGAR

The LIGHTS come up. A pale and shaken Lefty looks straight into the eyes of a LION CUB as it GROWLS. A bluff FREIGHT HANDLER holds the lion on a leash.

LEFTY

Christ. I think I shit my pants.

FREIGHT HANDLER

It was supposed to go to some animal dealer. Fuck him. I'll tell him it got lost.

SONNY

Look, Left, he likes you.

The cub nuzzles and sniffs at Lefty.

LEFTY

(to Lion)

Get the fuck outta here.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

SONNY
That's for you, Left. For your
birthday. Batter late than
never.

LEFTY
That's why you sent for me?

SONNY
Yeah, why? Whaddayou think, you
was gonna get whacked?
(laughing) Lefty thought he's
: gonna get whacked!

NICKY
(laughing)
What a pisser!

SONNY
What, over that 175 grand you owe
down in Little Italy? Don't
worry, chooch. (hard) Now you
owe it to me.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. NIGHT. THE MOTION LOUNGE

Donnie, Lefty and the Lion pile into the Cadillac. Sonny, Nicky and
Boobie wave as they drive off.

CUT TO:

41 INT. NIGHT. CADILLAC

They drive back to Manhattan, the Lion GROWLING in the back seat.
Lefty turns around.

LEFTY
(to Lion)
Jesus Christ-shaddup already!

DONNIE
He's hungry, Left,

CUT TO:

42 INT. NIGHT. WHITE CASTLE

"Home of the Square Hamburger." Lefty and Donnie approach the
counter.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

LEFTY
Forty hamburgers.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. NIGHT. WHITE CASTLE

Donnie and a melancholy Lefty sit on the hood of the Cadillac, throwing hamburgers to the Lion.

LEFTY
Thirty years, there ever was a piece of work to be done—call Lefty—I never complained. But do I get upped? They passed me by. Sonny Black gets upped. I don't get fucking upped.

DONNIE
At least you got Louise.

LEFTY
Sonny Black has four broads don't add up to Louise. You got a girl?

DONNIE
Yeah. I told you, in California.

LEFTY
That's a good thing. One broad's enough. She's a good woman, Louise. My son Tommy, she's more of a mother to him than my ex-wife, that bitch, (beat) My own fucking son's a junkie, you believe it?

DONNIE
You should give him a smack in the mouth once in a while.

LEFTY
Believe me, I got bruises on my hands. My daughter, Janet—28 years old, she ain't married. My daughter Francine, she's out in California. She ain't married. I'm telling you, Donnie, I gotta worry 24 hours a day. A woman like Louise, I can't do right by her—I ain't got three bucks in my pocket. I got cancer of the prick. My ex-wife, she still lives in the building. I see her on the stairs, I gotta have three spritzers just to calm down.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

DONNIE
What do you mean, cancer of the
prick?

LEFTY
Cancer of the prick. Oh, yeah,
you didn't know that?
Fuggedaboutit. I'm in the
medical books with that.

DONNIE
I never heard of that.

LEFTY
I ain't a mutt—30 years busting
my hump, for what? Sonny Black
they up to skipper. Do I get
upped? I'm like Claude Rains--
I'm the Invisible fucking Man.

DONNIE
You know, Left, not for nothing,
but six hours ago you thought
you's gonna get whacked.

LEFTY
Ain't the question, Donnie. Did
I say I was gonna get whacked?

DONNIE
No.

LEFTY
Don't say you know when you don't
know, Donnie. You don't know.

DONNIE
I don't know 'cause you don't
tell me. How come you didn't
tell me about that money you owe?

LEFTY
Fugggedabqudit. You know what
the vig is on that? That fucking
Blackstein is gonna have the arm
on me every fucking week.

DONNIE
Maybe I could help you out.

LEFTY
I'll tell you something—I went
in front of all the skippers,
Sonny Red and Philly Lucky and
all of them. I went on the
record with you. You know what
that means?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2) . . .

DONNIE
I don't know.

LEFTY
You don't?

DONNIE
I do?

LEFTY
You got no fucking idea, my
friend. I'm your man now—Jesus
Christ can't touch you because I
represent you.

DONNIE
You and me, Left.

LEFTY
I got Louise and I got you.

They toss hamburgers to the Lion, the White Castle beside them, lit
bright against the bleak urban landscape.

CUT TO:

44 INT. DAY. PISTONE HOME

A party for Kerry's CONFIRMATION. A PRIEST hobnobs with Donnie's
extended family. UNCLE BOB arrives, looks for Kerry.

UNCLE BOB
Where's Kerry?
(finding her)
Kerry, that's the prettiest
confirmation dress I've ever
seen.

Terry sulks in a corner. Maggie enters with a tray of cookies.

UNCLE BOB
Is Joe here?

MAGGIE
He's on the phone.

The cheery hubbub subsides as the noise of Donnie's hollering
CRESCENDOES in the next room..

DONNIE (O. C.)
I don't give a fuck, Left!... What
the fuck do you want me to
do?... I don't give a fuck what
that motherfucker says—you
believe him or me?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

Awkward looks all around. MRS. PISTONE, 60s, Donnie's MOTHER, sidles up to Maggie.

MRS. PISTONE
Who's bothering Joseph?

CUT TO:

45 INT. NIGHT. PISTONE BEDROOM

Donnie sleeps. Maggie lies awake.

MAGGIE
I want a divorce.

DONNIE
There hasn't been a divorce in my family back to Julius Caesar. Divorce someone else.

MAGGIE
I'm serious.

DONNIE
Maggie, I'm tired. Go to sleep.

MAGGIE
will you see a therapist?

DONNIE
It's just another six months.

MAGGIE
I can't sleep for six months, Joe.

CUT TO:

46 INT. DAY. OFFICE

SHELLY BERGER, late 40s, flannel shirt, earth shoes--PSYCHOTHERAPIST--sits with Donnie and Maggie.

MAGGIE
...He comes home at all hours of the night, without announcing when or why, or where he's been for three weeks. Or three months. Then he expects everything to be just the way he wants it. He vacuums the entire house. Do you know another man who vacuums? It's abnormal. Of course, he expects the girls to drop their lives when he shows up ..

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

DONNIE
I'm their father, Maggie. I ring
that doorbell I expect them home.

MAGGIE
They think it's a Jehovah's
witness. (to Berger) You'd think
he'd tell me where he goes or
what he's doing—

DONNIE
That's for your own protection.

MAGGIE
Hal (to Berger) I know he's
cheating on me—

DONNIE
I don't have to listen to that
bullshit.

MAGGIE
No, why don't you just leave?
That's what you're good at.

BERGER
Please just listen without saying
anything—that's the task for
today. Otherwise you just replay
the old pathology. (beat)
Maggie, you were talking about
Joe's disappearances.

MAGGIE
I never go out anymore. What
couple wants to go out with a
third wheel? Even when he's home
it's not like we have any friends
any more.

BERGER
So you resent him for expressing
your autonomy needs?

MAGGIE
Yes, I resent him.

BERGER
For expressing your autonomy
needs.

MAGGIE
(unsure)
Yes.

BERGER
And you, Joe—what do you think
you're running from?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

DONNIE
I ain't runnin' from nothin'.

MAGGIE
(mimics)
'I ain't runnin' from nuttin'.
The man I married was a college
man. (to Berger) Sorry.

BERGER
(resuming, to Donnie)
Being the distancer forces Maggie
into the role of the pursuer.
That gives you a feeling of
power. Simultaneously you resent
Maggie for expressing the very
intimacy needs that in your own
life you've-

DONNIE
. I 'm an undercover agent for the
FBI!

MAGGIE
I didn't marry the FBI, Joe.

He writes on a pad. Donnie tries to peek at what he's writing.

BERGER
Okay. I want you to split the
week in half. Monday, Wednesday
and Friday are Joe's intimacy
days. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and
Saturdays are Maggie's. On your
day, you make one intimacy
request. Your partner agrees in
advance to meet it. Whatever it
is.

DONNIE
What's that--an intimacy request?

BERGER
An intimacy request. Like 'Rub
my back,' or 'Help me work out
this problem with the kids.' Odd
day, even day, Sunday's off.
(beat)
And masturbate. I recommend it,
for both of you. It's a good way
to blow off stress.

CUT TO:

47 INT. EVENING. CADILLAC

Donnie drives. Maggie SULKS, looks out the window.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

DONNIE
Can I ask you something?

MAGGIE
NO.

DONNIE
How much is this costing?

Maggie doesn't say anything.

DONNIE
Okay, Maggie—I want you to answer my question. This is my intimacy request.

MAGGIE
A hundred dollars.

DONNIE
That was a hundred dollars?

MAGGIE
That's what I said, Joe.

DONNIE
A hundred dollars. And how many of these do you think we'll need?

MAGGIE
I don't know.

DONNIE
One hundred dollars.

MAGGIE
Is this still your intimacy request? Because otherwise I'd rather not discuss it anymore.

DONNIE
I gotta work a ten hour day risking my life to make a hundred dollars!

MAGGIE
Who are you risking your life for? Not me, Joe.

DONNIE
(mimicking)
'Will you rub my back'?
Va'a'fonaoli

MAGGIE
You're an animal.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

DONNIE
You know what my intimacy request
is for him? It's very intimate.
He can take that bill he's gonna
send me and shove it up his ass.

Maggie starts to PUNCH him

MAGGIE
You're an animal 1 Animal 1

Donnie tries to fend her off while he drives. The car swings wildly.
Approaching the opposite way:

A TRACTOR TRAILER

Donnie SWERVES. The car tumbles off the road onto a soft shoulder.
Maggie continues to hit at Donnie. He wrestles with her.

MAGGIE
I hope (punch) those guys you're
hanging out with (punch) are
laying you (punch) because I'm
(punch) not anymore!

He looks at her. She looks at him. And they

KISS PASSIONATELY

grappling in the front seat... He grabs her. Pulls her toward him.
Realizes that she is encumbered by something. She deftly unhooks the
belt. Kisses his neck...

MAGGIE
(under her breath)
Do it.

But he's not buying.

DONNIE
Maggie-- who told you to wear a
seat belt?

MAGGIE
What?

DONNIE
It's a simple question. You
never wore a seat belt before/
Maggie.

MAGGIE
Wait a minute-- is this-- you think
I'm having an affair?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (3)

DONNIE
I didn't say that. It's
interesting that you would say
that, though.

MAGGIE
You're right—I'm secretly seeing
a man who wants me to 'Buckle Up
for Safety'. We have three
children, Joe—remember them?
One of us has to play it safe.

She SLAMS out of the car...

OUT ON THE SHOULDER

with cars whipping by... Donnie chases after her.

DONNIE
I just asked a simple question.
You're the one that brought it up
with the affair.

MAGGIE
Bullshit. It's so frigging
ironic that you'd think I'm up to
something. My nights are
homework and basketball games.
What are your nights?

DONNIE
You know what I'm doing.

MAGGIE
I don't know a goddam thing.

DONNIE
I'm doing the job. That's the
job.

MAGGIE
I live like a widow, Joe. That's
the only way I can deal with
this, with the photographs and
memories and our children, and I
go on with my life. Like you're
already dead.

DONNIE
It's for your own protection.

MAGGIE
It's not protecting me—it's
killing me.

CUT TO:

48 INT. NIGHT. PISTONE HOME

Maggie sleeps. Donnie lies awake.

DONNIE

When did you all of a sudden from
nowhere start saying, 'Do it',
Maggie?

MAGGIE

what? Go to sleep.

DONNIE

'Do it.' You never said that—
'Do it'. You never talked that
way before.

CUT TO:

49 INT. MORNING. PISTONE HOME

Kerry wakes up to an odd groaning and whining noise...

DOWNSTAIRS

Donnie compulsively vacuums the living room

CUT TO:

50 INT. LATER. PISTONE BEDROOM

Bursey INSTALLS a special BLACK PHONE. The girls WATCH with Donnie.

BURSEY

This is a New York number—it
patches through to here.

Maggie flutters through wearing her SWEATSUIT.

MAGGIE

I'm sorry to run out, honey. I
have an aerobics class. Take
care of yourself.

She gives him a peck on the cheek, exits. Donnie turns to the girls

DONNIE

That's a special phone. You
don't call on it. You don't
answer it. Nobody touches that
phone under any circumstances.
Understood?

TERRY •

Jawohl, Herr Commandant!

Terry gives Donnie a NAZI SALUTE. Goosesteps out of the bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

DONNIE
Hey. Hey!

Donnie CHASES her a couple of steps. She HURTLES down the stairs. SLAMS out the door. Donnie turns back. Bursey shrugs, continues to install the phone. Kerry and Sherry indict him with their eyes. Exit the bedroom.

CUT TO:

51 INT. MORNING. CADILLAC

Donnie drives through a driving RAIN. Looks in the REAR-VIEW MIRROR. Gets suspicious. Turns. A car turns with him.. FOLLOWING' him

DONNIE TENSE

He turns again. Again, the car FOLLOWS. Donnie looks again in the rear-view mirror. Something FAMILIAR about that car... Turns again. A scowl of RECOGNITION plays across Donnie's face. And he goes COLD... Approaching an intersection:

A YELLOW LIGHT

Donnie slows, then SPEEDS through the intersection as the yellow light goes RED... Checks his mirror—the other car is STUCK at the light.

INSIDE THE OTHER CAR

It's Maggie. She SMACKS the steering wheel in ANGER.

MAGGIE
Fuck you. Fuck fuck fuck you.

FLASH CUT TO:

52 EXT. THE PRESENT. FBI HEADQUARTERS

A HELICOPTER whips across the familiar face of Washington, D.C. Lands on the roof of FBI headquarters. FBI MEN, including Marshall, rush to meet it. Emerging from the chopper—

IT'S BERADA

Indomitable black eyes burn in a face grey with illness.

CUT TO:

53 INT. DAY. FBI HEADQUARTERS

Berada, surrounded by suits. Hogue paces with DOCUMENTS.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

HOGUE
 ... \$9,000 for miscellaneous—
 miscellaneous what? ... A \$22,000
 car... \$40,000 for X-rated
 videotapes?

FLASH CUT TO:

54 INT. THE PAST. THE COCKEYED CLAM

Donnie meets with a younger Berada.

BERADA
 ... I got an agent down in
 Florida, Fred Calvin—I got my
 finger in the dike and he's got
 his thumb up his ass. A million
 bucks in it and Calvin's got
 nothing.

DONNIE
 Meanwhile three years I've been
 undercover and I can't get a
 fucking two thousand dollar
 raise.

BERADA
 joe—

DONNIE
 (correcting him)
 Donnie. Call me Donnie—I don't
 wanna get confused.

BERADA
 We've been through this. To get
 a raise you gotta go up to
 supervisor grade.

DONNIE
 I supervise my prick. Not even
 three years—three and a half
 years.

BERADA
 GS-14 is supervisors. That's the
 rules.

DONNIE
 Fuggedabout it.

BERADA
 Now what the hell's this about
 porno tapes?

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

DONNIE
I need 40 grand, I gotta middle
some porno tapes.

BERADA
Forty grand for porno tapes?

DONNIE
you'll get it back. It's
nothing. Half of them are for
fags.

BERADA
Oh, that makes me feel much
better. You don't watch it,
you're gonna be back in the
buckets listening to the
Bulgarians all day.

FLASH CUT TO:

55 INT. THE PRESENT. FBI HEADQUARTERS

Berada addresses Hogue from his wheelchair.

BERADA
He has to do some not-so-nice
things, sir. He's not undercover
in the Camp Fire Girls.

HOGUE
(reading)
'UCA requests four handguns,
preferably .38 caliber, to assist
in a bank robbery'?

CUT TO:

56 INT. THE PAST. THE COCKEYED CLAM

DONNIE
You take out the firing pin. The
guns don't work. What the fuck
are you worried about?

BERADA
NO.

DONNIE
Why not?

BERADA
How'm I gonna explain that to
Washington?

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

DONNIE
 Hey, Guy, you have to explain
 this to Washington, that's your
 fucking job. For me to do my job
 I need the fucking guns.

BERADA
 There's no procedures for this.

DONNIE
 I don't give a fuck about the
 fucking procedures. You think
 (gestures) they have fucking
 procedures? Hah? I want the
 fucking guns and I want the
 fucking money. Understood?

Berada stares at Donnie, frightened. On his face we see his doubts
 about what's happening to Donnie.

FLASH CUT TO:

57 INT. THE PRESENT. FBI

BERADA
 You guys said no to the guns. I
 don't see why it's coming up now.

LEBOW
 There's a 209 that says Sonny
 Black might get hit tonight. And
 Joe would get hit as one of his
 crew.

BERADA
 What does Joe say?

MARSHALL
 We don't know where Joe is.

BERADA
 What do you mean—you lost him?

HOGUE
 Didn't you think at any point
 that this was getting a little
 out there?

BERADA
 Everything in this operation was
 a judgement call, sir. And we
 relied on his judgement. He was
 the one in the field.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

HOGUE
 (with documents)
 These requests have your name on
 them. Why the hell did you go
 ahead with this?

CUT TO:

58 INT. THE PAST. THE COCKEYED CLAM

DONNIE
 Santo Trafficante—how long's he
 been the boss of Florida? You
 could put his head on your wall.
 (Berada thinks)
 If I go down to Florida and vouch
 for this jerkoff, whatever his
 name is—

BERADA
 Fred Calvin.

DONNIE
 Every door in Florida will open
 for this guy Calvin like it. was
 on ball fucking bearings. But I
 want the guns. The money. And
 no more fucking bullshit.

BERADA
 Don't talk to me like you're
 talking to them, Joe.

DONNIE
 Donnie.

BERADA
 Joe.

DONNIE
 Don't waste my time. With all
 this bullshit about procedures,
 you'll do whatever it takes to
 get these guys. Same as me.

Berada mulls it over a beat.

BERADA
 You really think we could get
 Trafficante?

Donnie gets up. Turns.

DONNIE
 If I vouch for this guy and he
 fucks up—I'll put a bullet in
 his fucking head.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

Donnie exits. Berada WORRIES that this is getting out of hand.

CUT TO:

59 INT. THE PRESENT. FBI HEADQUARTERS

Berada stares at Hogue, stone-faced.

BERADA

There was never any moment when
I thought Joe or the operation
was out of control, sir.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. THE PAST. MOTION LOUNGE

A LION IN WINTER. Lefty in his overcoat, the Lion on its leash. A cold DRIZZLE falls. The Lion stops, sniffs at an AUTOMOBILE. Lifts a leg:

PEES ON THE TIRE

Lefty, embarrassed, looks around. NEIGHBORS watch from windows—some amused, some disapproving. The Lion moves to the next car. Sniffs. Pees on the tire. And then to the next:

SONNY' S MERCEDES

The Lion sniffs. Lefty tugs on the leash. The Lion resists, sniffs some more. Lefty tugs harder. The Lion lifts its leg... Lefty YANKS on the leash—the Lion ROARS. Lefty DRAGS the Lion into the Motion Lounge.

CUT TO:

61 INT. DAY. MOTION LOUNGE

Donnie takes a football bet on the pay phone.

DONNIE

... We got the Colts giving two-
and-a-half. Yeah, (writing)
Nickel on the Colts.

INSIDE

Sonny presides over a BOARD MEETING of the Sonny Black Corporation. Nicky, Boobie and other WISEGUYS—including BOOTS and LEGS—pore over crumpled scraps of paper. Sonny makes notes in a little spiral NOTEBOOK. Donnie ;joins them

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

BOOBIE
We had that load of jeans—
remember? Two hundred grand on
that . . .

The Lion shakes its mane, SPRAYS WATER over everyone.

NICKY
Va'n' aool' . . . all over everything!
Lefty—how'm I gonna read this?

LEFTY
That'll teach you to improve your
penmanship.

Lefty lays a PARKING METER out on a card table. Picks up a SLED-
HAMMER.

BOOTS
There's that guy that's making
the Quaaludes for us.

DONNIE -
What're we selling that for? I
know a guy I think I could off
them to.

NICKY
Sixty cents apiece. I think it's
60. Is it 60?

BOOTS
We're doing a dime a week.

WHAM!

an echoing CLANGOR as Lefty whacks at the parking meter with the
sledge hammer.

SONNY
If you're holding out on me,
Boots, I'm gonna chop you up.

BOOTS
I ain't holding out. It's ten
grand a week. That's it.

SONNY
It should be 25.
(to Boobie)
You ever off that load of
sunglasses?

Boobie nods, gives thumbs up.

NICKY
Bullshit, Boobie.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

BOOBIE
I did so, Nicky.

NICKY
Who you gonna lay off 18 cases of
sunglasses to?

BOOBIE
I laid it off...to the same guy
I heisted it from
(to Sonny)
Twenty-five grand.

Sonny writes in his notebook.

WHAM!

another deafening smash at the parking meter.

SONNY
Will you stop it with that?

LEFTY
How else'm I gonna open it? Open
sesame?

SONNY
What are you gonna get out of
that, Left? Fifty bucks?

LEFTY
Ain't the question.

SONNY
You know, you guys—you don't
fucking think. I'm the skipper
now— I gotta answer. Sonny
Red's got 75 million alone }
with that trucking company out in
Jersey and I got fifty bucks of
fucking dimes.

LEFTY
A score's a score.

SONNY
You're like a bunch of fucking
niggers on welfare.

DONNIE
What about Florida? I know a guy
down there, he has some vending
machines he's trying to move.

LEFTY
Let him move them to New York.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (3)

DONNIE

Plus he has a club down there.
He's looking for partners that
can give him peace of mind.

SpNNY

You know this guy?

WHAM

another bang at the parking meter. Lefty GLOWERS at Donnie. A look
that says: SHUT UP.

DONNIE

I knew him ten years ago, in
Baltimore. He was okay then.

SONNY

Where in Florida? The Beach?

DONNIE

Tampa.

LEFTY

For your information they got
their own outfit down there and
their own boss.

LEGS

Santo Trafficante.

LEFTY

Thank you.

NICKY

All the economy's moving down
there, Florida, 'cause of the Oil
Crisis. I heard it on the news.

BOOBIE

The economy gotta be good for
there to be good moneymaking for
crooks.

LEGS

Who can get a fucking thing going
in this fucking city? It's 5000
wiseguys all chasing the same
nickel.

NICKY

Hey, Sonny, maybe we could do
something with Disneyworld down
there. Wiseguy Mountain.
Wiseguys of the Caribbean.
Everybody fucks Minnie Mouse up
the ass. Can you imagine?

(more)

(CONTINUED)

NICKY (Cont'd)
(gestures) You grab her by those
big fucking ears-

Uproarious LAUGHTER from the group. Then suddenly-
SONNY EXPLODES

In a RAGE, he stands up, THROWS HIS CHAIR, knocks over the card
table.

SONNY
You think this is a fucking joke?
Hah? One day I'm gonna die, and
I'm gonna be in this same fucking
room with these same fucking
guys, talking about these same
fucking scams that never amount
to anything, and that's how I'll
know I got sent to fucking Hell.

Sonny STORMS out. The guys sit, look at each other. Some dazed.
Some calculating. Boobie picks up the toppled table.

BOOBIE
We better start earning or
somebody's gonna get clipped.

Then Sonny RETURNS. Pale and shaken.

SONNY
I can't even imagine it. What
kind of people-in broad fucking
daylight- what kind of a world-

NICKY
What happened?

SONNY
They stole the Mercedes.

CUT TO:

62 EXT. DAY. MOTION LOUNGE

The guys file out. STARE at the EMPTY SPACE where the Mercedes used
to be.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. NIGHT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT

From the runway, as a JETLINER takes off...

CUT TO:

64 INT. NIGHT. AIRPLANE

Nicky and Boobie play GIN in the second row of the FIRST CLASS section. Their GIRLFRIENDS sit beside them. Sonny SNOOZES behind them on the shoulder of Judy, the waitress we met at the outset. Lefty and Donnie sit along the opposite wall, in the smoking section,

LEFTY

(sotto)

Donnie?

DONNIE

What?

LEFTY

Why'd you inject that, Donnie, with Florida?

DONNIE

I didn't inject anything, Left.

LEFTY

You injected that. Don't tell me no. I know you, Donnie, you don't say nothing unless there's a reason for it.

DONNIE

I don't know, Left. I was just bullshitting around.

LEFTY

Listen to me, Donnie. I swear on—I don't know which to swear on, my dead father, my mother, who I love, my children—I swear to you, something's going on that you don't know about.

DONNIE

I know.

LEFTY

(flaring)

That's the problem is, you don't know . . .

DONNIE

You don't explain it to me.

LEFTY

You think you can trust Sonny Black? Sonny Black is one big fat fucking snake in the, uh, uh...

DONNIE

Snake in the grass,

(CONTINUED)

LEFTY
You can't say that, Donnie.
Sonny Black is the skipper, You
don't open your mouth about 'him

DONNIE
I was agreeing with you.

LEFTY
Ain't the question. Now you're
responsible for this. And
because I represent you I'm
responsible - for the whole
fucking Magilla fucking Gorilla
I'm responsible.

DONNIE
What are you so upset for? This
could be great.

LEFTY
I die wit' cha, you understand?
You walk on a chalk fucking line,
Donnie. I got two grenades at
home- I'd blow up Mulberry
Street, you did something wrong.

DONNIE
I'm not gonna do nothing wrong.

CUT TO:

65 INT. DAY. KING'S COURT

Cracked leatherette and gaffer's tape. TOPLESS DANCERS move greyly
through their paces, ignored by the scattered customers. Donnie
watches through the glass of a PHONE BOOTH. Supered below:

KING'S COURT. TAMPA., FLORIDA.
1979.

DONNIE
(to phone)
I'm in Florida.

MAGGIE (O. C.)
What are you doing in Florida?

DONNIE
What do you think I'm doing? I'm
working.

DONNIE 'S POV

as a Dancer bends over, waggles her bare butt...

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: .

MAGGIE (O. C.)
It's twelve degrees here.

INSIDE

FRED CALVIN, a. k. a. "CALVINO", late 30s, beefy and bluff, tours Lefty through the club. Shows him the LOCKERS behind the bar...

CALVINO
You run it as a 'bottle club,'
members only—keep your own
liquor in the lockers, pay for
setups. That way there's no
liquor license.

LEFTY
What kind of name is that,
'Calvino'?

CALVINO
Napolitan'.
(resumi ng)
Banquet room, six tennis courts,
swimmi ng pool in the back...

LEFTY
You gonna put any money in this?

CALVINO
First class all the way, Left—
that was my original plan. Then
the minute I opened the joint I
discovered I had partners—these
goombahs. 'Gimme two hundred.'
'Gimme three hundred.' I said,
'Hey—I got a wife for that!'

Lefty shoots him a withering look.

LEFTY
Wait here.

INSIDE THE PHONE BOOTH

Donnie watches Lefty approach.

MAGGIE
It's Terry's Sweet Sixteen on
Friday. Did you forget?

DONNIE
No, I didn't forget.

MAGGIE (O. C.)
Are you going to be here?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

DONNIE
I'm gonna try. Look, Maggie, I
gotta go.

MAGGIE (O. C.)
Because it's less disappointing
if you'd just say so.

DONNIE
I'll be there, okay? I gotta go.
Bye.

Donnie moves to hang up. Remembers. Puts the phone back to his
mouth . . .

DONNIE
I love you.

. . .into a DIAL TONE. Lefty lights an English Oval as Donnie emerges.

DONNIE
So whaddaya think?

LEFTY
I hate Neapolitans. You vouch
for this guy, Donnie?

DONNIE
Like anybody else. I knew him
ten years ago, he was okay then.

LEFTY
What kind of man begrudges his
wife?

DONNIE
Look, I'm just making the
introduction. You make the
decision.

Lefty looks around. SMILES.

LEFTY
You imagine—we have our own
joint down here?

DONNIE
It's up to you, Left.

LEFTY
I just gotta sit down with the
man down here.

DONNIE
You know him? Trafficante?

(CONTINUED)

LEFTY
Fuggedaboutit. All over the
world I'm known.
(getting an idea)
Like a yacht. We gotta take him
out on a yacht, have a drink,
relax, then he knows these are
men of men he's dealing with.

DONNIE
I know a broad down here, her
brother has a boat. Big fucking
yacht.

LEFTY
Get that boat, Donnie. Stay away
from the broad.

Calvi no joins them

CALVINO
Hey—who's the best looking guy
in Florida?

He slaps a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL to his forehead.

CALVINO
Mel

He laughs, puts his arm around an unamused Lefty.

CUT TO:

Sonny broods by the motel pool. Judy and the other girlfriends sit
across the way. QUIET in the heat. Boobie rubs suntan oil on
himself. Nicky reads his paper. Lefty and Donnie arrive in their
street clothes.

SONNY
(mrose)
Broad daylight. I still can't
get over it. You have to ask
yourself— what kind of people?
They take a Mercedes—a man's
private property, they take it
right off the street.

BOOBIE
Sonny, fuggedaboutit. It's over.

SONNY
I don't know what the world's
coming to. I honestly don't.

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
Ever since they got rid of the
death penalty, the whole fucking
society's going down the tubes.
Like I'm watching the news last
night-

SONNY
Hey, Lefty, why didn't you bring
Louise?

LEFTY
Don't equate Louise with them
broads, Sonny. I bring Louise
when you bring your wives.

SONNY
(shouts)
Hey, Judy—come over here and
give everybody a blow job.

Judy gives him the finger. Sonny smiles, turns to the others.

SONNY
Isn't she spunky?

NICKY
I'm watching the news last night.
I'm lying there in bed and I see
these guys from Iran, and these
guys are whipping themselves.

LEFTY
Who?

NICKY
Iranians. You imagine? They
whip themselves, with whips.

SONNY
Lot of broads into that.

LEFTY
Geddaddaheah, Nicky—whipping
themselves. I never heard of
that.

NICKY
Donnie, am I right?

DONNIE
What?

LEFTY
How come you're asking him? How
come you don't ask me?

(CONTINUED)

NICKY
You just said you never heard of
it.

LEFTY
That's right. I never heard of
such a fucking thing.

DONNIE
It's like part of their religion,
Left. It's called self-
flagellation. They think it'll
bring them closer to God.

BOOBIE
I'd like to bring them closer to
God.

SONNY
You see how smart he's getting,
Donnie, reading that paper?

NICKY
That's what they oughtta do.
Send over a bunch of wise guys.
Put a gun in your pocket,
straighten them right out.

LEFTY
Nicky, why'd I wanna go to Iran?

NICKY
I'm saying you gotta be strong
with these people.

LEFTY
Don't tell me where I go and
don't go.

NICKY
We didn't have these problems
with Nixon. And there was law
and order in the streets.

Donnie watches as the group offers a unanimous AMEN with their eyes.

SONNY
(to Lefty)
Everything check out with the
club?

LEFTY
Yeah.
(to Nicky)
I ain't got three dollars in my
pocket, Nicky, I'm gonna go to
Iran?

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (3)

NICKY
Fuggedabout it.

SONNY
The man down here says okay?

LEFTY
I'm taking care of it. I gotta reach out—in a month I'll come back and sit down with the man.

SONNY
He knows who you are?

ZZZZH! the whir of an autowinder and a black-and-white **FREEZE FRAME**,

LEFTY
Fuggedabout it, Sonny, All over the world I'm known.

NICKY
You are not known in Iran.

ZZZZH! and another freeze frame. Boobie gets up, dives in the pool
ZZZZH! and another **FREEZE FRAME**.

CUT TO:

67 INT. NIGHT. SAFE HOUSE

A nerve center set up in a hotel suite. FBI AGENTS with headphones listen to WIRETAPS, bustle in and out. Donnie, exhausted, sits with Bursey and Jules.

DONNIE
I need a boat. Lefty loves boats. Be wants something special to show off for Trafficanta.

BURSEY
Anything else?

DONNIE
Yeah. What happened to my expense check? It's gotta be three months already.

Bursey gets called to the phone, BARBARA JONES, 30s, a PROSECUTOR, approaches.

JULES
Joe, this's Barbara Jones. She's an assistant US Attorney.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

DONNIE
 Donnie. Call me Donnie.
 (to Jules)
 I gotta get reimbursed, Jules.
 It's fucking ridiculous.

JONES
 We're missing bits and pieces on
 a lot of these cases. On the
 loansharking-

DONNIE
 Donnie Brasco has the worst
 fucking credit rating in the
 history of the Mafia.

JONES
 Like I was saying, with the
 loansharking- we have to get
 somebody on tape with what the
 rate of interest is.

Bursey covers the phone.

BURSEY
 Does Sally Paintglass report to
 Nicky?

DONNIE
 Not Nicky. Nicky Cigars.

BURSEY
 (to phone)
 Not Nicky. Nicky Cigars.

DONNIE
 Kiss Jones, how many do I have
 solid?

JONES
 Indictments? I don't know.
 Fifty. Sixty.

BURSEY
 (calling out)
 Who's Nicky Glasses?

DONNIE
 Nicky Glasses. Little Nicky.

JONES
 Joe-

DONNIE
 Donnie. Call me Donnie. I don't
 wanna get confused.
 (more)

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

DONNIE (Cont'd)
(to Jules)
What about the club? When's it
gonna be ready?

JULES
It'll be ready when you come back
down.

DONNIE
You gonna spend any money to fix
it up or is it gonna stay a dump?

Bursey moves to the coffee machine. Jules sits with Donnie, hands
him the NAGRA TAPE RECORDER. He sticks it inside his COWBOY BOOT.

BURSEY
You want some coffee, Joe?

DONNIE
(correcting him)
Donnie.

JONES
The loansharking predicates are
very specific. It's really
important that you focus on these
things.

DONNIE
What about the boat? I need that
fucking boat. You know, I ask
Berada to do something and he
just says, 'Done'.

JULES
Maybe that's why he's in the
hospital.

JONES
The stat says twice the lawful
rate. Can you get that on tape?

DONNIE
Just get me that fucking boat,
okay?

Bursey rejoins them, stirring his coffee.

BUPSEY
They got that boat down here on
that other investigation—
whatchamacallit. Big fucking
yacht.

DONNIE
Perfect.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (3)

BURSEY
(laughing)
The agents dress up as Arab
sheiks trying to bribe
Congressmen. You think that'll
ever amount to anything?

CUT TO:

68 EXT. NIGHT. MARINA

Lefty talks to a CAPTAIN, 50s, topsiders and cutoffs.

LEFTY
Five grand for that bucket for
one day?

CAPTAIN
Just listen to me—

LEFTY
I listen to my prick. How can
you say five grand?

CAPTAIN
You don't want it, don't rent it.

Lefty looks up. DOUBLETAKES.

LEFTY'S POV

as he looks down the dock, where BOOBIE meets with two COLOMBIANS by a cigarette boat. He hands them a paper bag full of cash to the Colombians. They hand him a BRIEFCASE. Lefty backs into the shadows. Watches, TROUBLED, as Boobie climbs into his car, drives away.

LEFTY
(sotto)
What the fuck is he up to?

CUT TO:

69 EXT. MORNING. TAMPA AIRPORT

The guys head toward the terminal, followed by Calvino, burdened by their LUGGAGE. He lumbers like a pack-animal.

SONNY
Left, you wanna take care of the
bags? We'll be in the lounge.

Sonny heads inside with Nicky and Boobie. Lefty looks around.

LEFTY
Where's that fucking redcap?

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

Lefty wanders off, looks up the block. Calvino stands on the curb with Donnie. Looks up and down. DOUBLETAKES.

CALVINO
(aside)
Oh, Jesus—that's Hollman, Joe.

"Joe." RAGE flickers almost imperceptibly in Donnie's eyes.

CALVINO'S POV

HOLLMAN, 50s, a sharply-dressed LAWYER, climbs out of a Mercedes. Moves to the trunk, opens it.

CALVINO
He'll make us for sure. He was
the USDA with—

DONNIE
(hard)
Shut up and calm down. I'll take
care of it. -

Lefty rejoins them

LEFTY
Now listen to me, Fred—you
listening to me?

CALVINO'S POV

Hollman helps his wife out of the car. Shuts the door...The REDCAP shows up. Starts ticketing the bags.

LEFTY
Just get that club fixed up.
Anybody says anything, you just
tell them to have their people
get in touch with your people in
New YorJc.

Hollman drops his bags—in line behind our guys. His wife fishes in her pocketbook for the tickets. . .

LEFTY
Mulberry Street. Ask for Lefty.

CALVINO
Okay, Left.

REDCAP
(to Lefty)
Excuse me, sir—your tickets?

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

LEFTY
 (ignoring Redcap)
 When we come back down, we'll sit
 down with Who's Who and
 straighten everything out.

HOLLMAN
 (to Lefty)
 Excuse me[^]-he needs your tickets.

And then he...RECOGNIZES Donnie.

HOLLMAN
 Joe?

Donnie ignores him.

DONNIE
 (to Calvino)
 Help this fucking guy put the
 bags up on the cart. You got the
 tickets, Left?

HOLLMAN
 (persisting)
 Joe Pistone?

Lefty's SUSPICION rises. Hollman moves to take Donnie by the elbow.
 And Donnie WHIRLS on him.

DONNIE
 (angry)
 Hey, buddy-what the fuck are you
 selling?

HOLLMAN
 I'm sorry-I thought I recognized
 you.

DONNIE
 (to Lefty)
 Get a load of this guy. The
 oldest fucking scam in the book.
 Pretend you recognize someone and
 meanwhile his partner here takes
 your wallet, (to Wife) He fuck
 you, honey, or does he just
 thief with you?

HOLLMAN
 That's my wife.

MRS. HOLLMAN
 C' mon, honey.

DONNIE
 Hah? with his fucking pencil
 prick?

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (3)

HOLLMAN
(ironic)
My mistake.

She draws him away. They move toward the terminal.

DONNIE
(after them)
'Cause if he ain't fucking you,
honey, coine up to First Class.
We got two toilets up there.

Calvino gives the bag to a REDCAP. Looks in his wallet.

DONNIE
Fucking guy pissing up my leg.

LEFTY
Relax. You're gonna bust a blood
vessel.

DONNIE
You can't even go to the fucking
airport any more without some
fucking Hare Krishna or somebody
puts his hand in your pocket.

CALVINO
(to Lefty)
You got change for a twenty?

Lefty takes the twenty, gives the REDCAP two dollars. KEEPS the
twenty.

LEFTY
Send the tickets for me and
Donnie. We'll come back down in
a month.

CALVINO
Sounds good to me. (about the
twenty^5ey Left' -

But Lefty's already on his way inside. Donnie lingers a beat.

CALVINO
I wanted change from a twenty.
He took the twenty--

DONNIE
(sotto)
You ever call me Joe again I'll
cut your throat.

CUT TO:

70 INT. NIGHT. PISTONE HOME—MINNESOTA

The door unlocks, and Donnie tiptoes into the house. The middle of the night. Goes into the kitchen for a snack. Opens the refrigerator.

A BIRTHDAY CAKE

half-eaten, with the elided legend, "HAPPY SWEET SIXTEEN, TERRY." He missed the party.

Shit. DONNIE

CUT TO:

71 INT. NIGHT. TERRY'S ROOM

Terry lies awake. A shaft of light hits her face as Donnie opens the door.

Terry? You awake? DONNIE

Yeah. TERRY

Donnie goes to her. Sits on the bed.

I'm sorry I missed your party. DONNIE

It's okay. Uncle Bob flew in. TERRY

I'm not the kind of guy that breaks his promises. DONNIE

That's what Mom said. TERRY

I'm sure that's only part of what Mom said. DONNIE

That's between you two. TERRY

What'd she say—she wants a divorce? That's just her way of blowing off steam. DONNIE

She was worried something happened to you. TERRY

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

DONNIE
Nothing's gonna happen to me,
Terry. Nothing's gonna happen to
us - I won't let it. Okay?

TERRY
Look, I understand. It's your
job.

DONNIE
I'm doing the right thing. I
know it's a sacrifice. It's the
same thing I always tell you kids -
do your best, work hard, never
quit. That's how I live my life.
I just had no way of knowing it
would go this far.

TERRY
It was just a birthday party,
Dad. You don't have to go
through this big apology.

DONNIE
You're getting grown-up now. I
want you to understand.

TERRY
Half the kids in school don't
have fathers.

DONNIE
You have a father, Terry.

TERRY
That's not what I meant.

DONNIE
Maybe I'm not there for the good
times, but I'm there if you need
me.

TERRY
I know that, Dad.

DONNIE
It's just another six months.

"Another six months." That phrase. Like a knife in her heart.

TERRY
Whenever. It's no big deal.

DONNIE
Come here. Give me a hug.

Terry sits up, hugs her father. Struggles against the tears. And loses.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (2)

TERRY
(sobbing)
I hate you. I'm sorry. I hate
you so much.

He takes this like a blow. Hugs her tighter.

CUT TO:

72 INT. MORNING. PISTONE HOME

Donnie convenes a FAMILY MEETING over breakfast. Terry, Kerry and Maggie sit, sullen, around the kitchen table. Sherry runs down the stairs, sits down.

SHERRY
Sorry I'm late.

DONNIE
Okay. I called this family meeting because there's something we have to talk about. I know what I'm doing involves a lot of sacrifice from everyone, but this is something patriotic for the country that you can all be proud of.

(beat)
I called the meeting because we're gonna have to move.

TERRY
I'm not moving.

DONNIE
This isn't a democracy, Terry. This is a dictatorship. And that's my decision. It's getting too dangerous.

MAGGIE
Well, I don't want to move either, Joe. Move where?

DONNIE
There's too many people here who know us.

MAGGIE
Those people are known as friends, Joe. You told me when we started this that we'd be moving back close to the family. That was the deal.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

DONNIE
We're moving to Minnesota and
changing our name to 'Anderson'.
That's the deal. It's done.

SHERRY
'Anderson'? Yecccch..

TERRY
Fuck that. I'm staying here.
I'll live with Kenny.

DONNIE
That language is unacceptable,
young lady. You sit down.

Terry gets up, walks out. Maggie gets up, too.

MAGGIE
Well, Mr. 'Anderson', you've
topped yourself. Where'd you get
that name- 'Father Knows Best'?

DONNIE
Where are you going? Don't you
want to discuss this?

MAGGIE
Apparently, there's nothing to
discuss. I'm going to get the
mail.

KERRY
What about our friends?

DONNIE
You'll make new friends.

SHERRY
We're not in the FBI, Dad.

DONNIE
Minnesota's great. Lakes and
everything. We can get a nice
piece of land there. Maybe we
can even get a horse.

Maggie comes back inside, reading the MAIL. Flips a letter to
Donnie.

MAGGIE
You know the US government? The
one you're doing this patriotic
work for, that we can all be
proud of?

DONNIE
What's this?

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE
The IRS. We got audited.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. DAY. TAMPA HARBOR

A magnificent hand-built 75-foot motor yacht docked at the marina. Lefty BEAMS, arms folded in satisfaction, beside Donnie. Sonny, Nicky, Boobie and the girls arrive, carrying COOLERS. They marvel at the boat.

NICKY
Left, that's some fucking boat.

SONNY
Cozz'. that's beautiful.

Judy gives Lefty a kiss. He blushes.

LEFTY
Sonny—lookit what the name is.
That's like my name.

Sonny looks at the stern. Emblazoned across it:

"THE LEFT HAND"

SONNY
That's some fucking irony, ain't
.it?

LEFTY
That's hand-built in Taiwan, that
boat.

BOOBIE
What is that, half a million?

LEFTY
Fuggedaboutit. There's one thing
I know, it's boats. This'8 gotta
be a million dollars, this boat.
(gestures toward boat)
Go ahead. Get comfortable. I'm
gonna wait for the man.

Sonny and the others head toward the boat. Lefty turns to Donnie.

LEFTY
Can you imagine this? I'm gonna
sit down with the boss. Remember
that day when we were freezing
our nuts off, watching all of
them going to sit down with the
boss?

<

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

DONNIE
Sonny Red and all them big
puffers.

LEFTY
In New York I never sat down with
the boss in my life. This was a
great idea I had, Florida.

DONNIE
Hey, Left.

Donnie nods toward the parking lot. Lefty looks, sees a LINCOLN TOWN
CAR pull up.

LEFTY
That's him. That's Trafficante.

Lefty jogs up the dock as STEVE DISALVO, 40s, Trafficante's ENFORCER,
emerges from the Lincoln.

DISALVO
You Lefty?

LEFTY
Nice to meet you, Mr.
Trafficante.

DISALVO
This's Mr. Trafficante.

Lefty turns as SANTO TRAFFICANTE, 70s, a feeble old man with a pork
pie hat, is helped from the car by his entourage of FLORIDA WISEGUYS.
He and Lefty shake hands.

LEFTY
That's the boat I arranged for
you, Mr. Trafficante. We got a
full bar, every kind of music,
telephone, everything. You want
anything-- anything you want--you
just ask Lefty.

Trafficante peers down the dock through thick prescription
SUNGLASSES.

TRAFFICANTE
Which one's Sonny Black?

FLASH CUT TO:

74 INT. NIGHT. FBI

Hogue looks at large color SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS of "The Left Hand" as
it tools around Tampa harbor. As the party progresses, Sonny Black
and Trafficante split off and move to the bow. Then Donnie joins
Sonny and Trafficante. Sonny introduces them..

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

OVER THIS

taped dialogue from the group in the stern, with seagulls, surf, and the sounds of a party...

CLOSE ON-HOGUE

as his face turns grim..

HOLD ON-SURVEILLANCE PHOTO

as Donnie shakes hands with Trafficante.

HOGUE

An FBI man shaking hands with the boss of Florida? Did it ever occur to anyone that that is simply not possible?

JULES

Score one for our side.

HOGUE

What makes you so sure he's on our side?

FLASH CUT TO:

75 EXT. THE PAST. BOAT

Sonny and Donnie stand in the bow, look out over the water.

SONNY

You can live your life like a man down here. I bet if you took my blood pressure right now it'd be down one hundred per cent. Sonny Red's got Jersey and we got Florida, and Florida's better than Jersey, right?

DONNIE

He can stick Jersey up his ass.

SONNY

This is a great idea I had, Florida.

DONNIE

Once Lefty arranged it with Trafficante-

SONNY

Fuggedaboutit. What Lefty don't understand is guys like Trafficante, their day is done.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

SONNY (Cont'd)
 A 70 year old brain can't compare with guys like us, because where he's got like 20 more years experience in his day, we got 50 more years in our day. And we're living in our day. Capeesh?

DONNIE
 Simple arithmetic.

SONNY
 Like with jeans, who had the idea with jeans, and now look how much money they're making?

DONNIE
 Some young guy.

SONNY
 Lefty's a dynamite-guy, no question. But you know, the thing with him is... he's trying to help you but he hurts you. He gets those two or three wines in him..

DONNIE
 You just gotta take it with a grain of salt.

SONNY
 The books open up in December, I'm gonna propose you. You know what that means? <

DONNIE
 Fuggedaboutit. Be a made guy? That would be unbelievable.

SONNY
 What I'm saying is this. You don't have to report to Lefty no more. From now on you can report to me.

CLOSE ON- -DONNIE

as he calculates the advantages and dangers of his new offer...

IN THE STERN

Lefty broods, nurses a spritzer. Watches Donnie with eyes full of anger and resentment. Boobie sidles up to him

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

BOOBIE
Can I ask you something? Did you
get this boat or did Donnie get
this boat?

LEFTY
Some broad down here he used to
know, it belongs to her brother.

BOOBIE
He knows a lot of broads, Donnie.

LEFTY
If Donnie had a dollar for every
broad of all his broads, he could
buy the fucking boat himself.

BOOBIE
If Donnie's got so many broads,
how come we never seen none of
them?

LEFTY
He uses them broads like Kleenex.
He won't spend a dollar to take
a lady out.

Boobie drinks, takes a beat.

BOOBIE
You ever notice Donnie'll buy
guns from you, if you're offing
guns, but you never see him be
the one offing guns?

Lefty thinks a beat.

CUT TO:

76 INT. NIGHT. TAHITIAN

Donnie takes off his cowboy boots. Takes the Nagra out of his boot
Rewinds the tape. Plays it.

DONNIE (O. C.)
I just got some things I gotta
take care of, back in the city.

SONNY (O. C.)
When you come back, you represent
me in Florida.

He SNAPS it off. Hides it back in his cowboy boot.

CUT TO:

77 INT. DAY. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT

Donnie and Lefty wait with the crowd at the BAGGAGE CAROUSEL.

LEFTY
I'm telling you, it's good to be
back in New York. That fucking
Florida baked everybody's brain.
when Sonny gets out of the
fucking sun he's gonna realize
what a miserable fucking idea you
had.

DONNIE
How long's he gonna stay down
there?

LEFTY
Do I know? (resuming) I never
saw so many old people in my
life. Who the fuck wants to go
to Florida? Sometimes you are
one stupid cocksucker, Donnie.

Donnie FLARES at the word "cocksucker." :

THEIR POV

as Lefty's SUITCASE moves toward them. Donnie doesn't budge.

LEFTY
Donnie--that's my bag, Donnie.
Donnie--

DONNIE
Nobody calls me cocksucker.
Understood?

LEFTY
You get that fucking bag.

DONNIE
I'm not getting it.

LEFTY
Pick it up.

DONNIE
NO.

LEFTY
Pick up the fucking bag.

DONNIE
No fucking way, Left.

LEFTY
Don't think you got the wood over
my eyes, Donnie. I watch you
siding up to Sonny Black.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

DONNIE
That's got nothing to do with it.

LEFTY
Now you're on your fucking high horses.

DONNIE
I got no fucking loyalty to Sonny Black. That ain't the issue.

LEFTY
(off bags)
Donnie—that's the other one!

DONNIE
Nobody calls me cocksucker.

LEFTY
For your information I'll call you whatever the fuck I want. I call you cocksucker. I call you motherfucker. I call you, uh, uh...

Other PASSENGERS start to clear them a wide berth...

DONNIE
You're the fucking cocksucker. Huh? You fucking cocksucker—how does it feel?

LEFTY
Fuck. My fucking knife's in the bag.

Lefty's chases after the suitcase...

DONNIE
Go ahead, Left. Fucking whack me. Stab me. Right in the fucking baggage claim

LEFTY
You pick up that bag, Donnie.

DONNIE
Whack me! Because you know what? You make me so fucking mad I'm gonna whack you and then I'm gonna get whacked for whacking you anyway!

LEFTY
You can't call me cocksucker, Donnie.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

 DONNIE
I ain't picking up the bag.

 LEFTY
You pick it up.

 DONNIE
I ain't.

 LEFTY
You pick up that bag, Donnie.

CUT TO:

78 INT. LATER. LAGUARDIA

Donnie and Lefty stand ALONE by the carousel, arms folded, as their suitcases go around.

DISSOLVE TO:

79 INT. NIGHT. PISTONE HOME—MINNESOTA

Terry and Kerry and their new BOYFRIENDS make out on their parents' bed. Limbs writhing in adolescent lust. Then a RING...

THE LEFTY PHONE

by the bedside. They stop, watch it ring. Then Terry's hand MOVES toward the forbidden phone. This close...

 KERRY
Terry!

CUT TO:

80 INT. NIGHT. LEFTY'S APARTMENT

Lefty SLAMS the phone down. Sits with a huff in his chair. Louise brings him a spritzer.

 LOUISE
Here you go, Bennie.

 LEFTY
Did Donnie call today?

 LOUISE
No. I don't know when's the last time I heard from him. Is he out of town?

 LEFTY
Shut up, Louise.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

On Louise, hurt—Lefty doesn't talk to her that way. She exits. Lefty, frustrated, turns on the TV.

CUT TO:

81 INT. NIGHT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT

A Japanese MAITRE D' greets Sonny, Donnie, Nicky and Boobie at the door.

MAITRE D'
. Good evening. Please step this way.

The Maitre d' ushers them inside. Donnie lingers behind, NERVOUS...

NICKY
My wife says it's very in, Japanese. She heard it on John Gambling. Very big now.

The Maitre d' stops them.

MAITRE D'
Please to remove your shoes.

DONNIE'S COWBOY BOOT

with the Nagra in it. The Maitre d' waits for Donnie's shoes, GESTURES... Donnie thinking fast...

DONNIE
Get a load of this guy. (to Maitre d') How about you take off your fucking pants?

NICKY
That's part of the thing of it, Donnie. You take off your shoes and sit on the floor.

DONNIE
I'm not taking my shoes off for this guy.

MAITRE D'
I'm afraid it's necessary.

SONNY
C'mon, Donnie. Just take off your fucking shoes and let's eat.

BOOBIE
What's the big deal?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

DONNIE
Hey, Boobie, who won the fucking war?

SONNY
Donnie—I 'm hungry and I ain't in the mood.

DONNIE
I ain't doing it.

SONNY
Take off your fucking shoes or I 'm gonna chop off your fucking legs.

MAITRE D'
Is house rule.

DONNIE
I grew up an orphan because my Dad took a fucking bullet in Okinawa, and I 'll lose my boot up his fucking asshole before I 'll take orders from fucking Mr. Moto here.

MAITRE D'
Is house rule.

SONNY
I wanna fucking eat, Donnie.

MAITRE D'
Rule of house.

The moment of truth.

DONNIE BLOWS

GRABS the Maitre d' and RAMS him through the doors of the MEN'S ROOM

CUT TO:

82 INT. MEN'S ROOM

Donnie and the Maitre d' go at it. . The little guy's game, quick and tough. Then the other SWARM inside. And the MASSACRE begins.

FISTS AND KICKS

crunch down on the Maitre d'. Donnie in with them—EXCITED by the fray, the adrenaline RUSH. He KICKS the Maitre d' hard....The Maitre d' SCREAMS...

CUT TO:

83 INT. THE PRESENT. FBI

Hogue listens to the tape. . . Donnie's hard breathing. . . The Maitre d' s screams. . . The THUDS of Donnie's kicks. . .

FLASH CUT TO:

84 INT. THE PAST. MEN' S ROOM

Nicky takes a roll of quarters. Holds it in his fist, PUNCHES hard across the Maitre d's brow. Blood TORRENTS from the gash. . . Blinded by the blood, the Maitre d' swings wildly. . .

BOOBIE SLIPS

on the blood and falls into the PUDDLE. . . Sees the STAINS on his slacks. . . In a rage now. . . Boobie grabs a GARBAGE CAN, swings it at the Maitre d', who sinks in a heap, unconscious. The guys continue to KICK at him. . .

CLOSE ON-DONNIE

as he backs away, APPALLED by the explosion of violence—and his part in it.

FLASH CUT TO:

85 INT. SAME TIME. FBI

PHOTOS of the Maitre d', bloodied and bruised, taken at the hospital afterwards. Hogue inspects them.

OVER THIS

the tape plays. . .

BOOBIE (O. C.)

How many times I gotta tell you, Nicky? The head bleeds like a motherfucker.

NICKY (O. C.)

Try club soda. Sometimes that works, club soda.

BOOBIE (O. C.)

Goddam Bri oni suit.

HOGUE

This is what the FBI does? You're telling me this is the fucking FBI?

BERADA

You think Joe went over to the other side?

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

HOGUE

I think that's a question worth asking, don't you?

BERADA

Ask him the fuck yourself.

HOGUE

From everything we know what he did is simply not possible. Then you look at the guns and the porno tapes and (with photos) this. That is not the behavior of an FBI agent. I listen to those tapes and that is not the speech of an FBI agent.

JULES

I'm tired of defending what we did. You're so sure he went over the other side? Maybe we should fucking arrest him

LEBOW

We should pull him out, is what we should do.

JULES

We don't even know where the fuck he is, Clarence. Remember?

BERADA

Joe's a seducer. He seduced them.

HOGUE

Well, maybe he fucking seduced you.

THE CLOCK

on the wall reads "9:30." The phone RINGS. Jules grabs it. Listens a beat. Turns to the others.

JULES

The guy inside spotted Sonny Black at the wedding. Donnze's with him

CUT TO:

86 INT. SAME TIME. CHURCH HALL

FBI #2, in the guise of a BUSBOY, pours water. Keeps an eye on our guys at a remote table, amidst several hundred GUESTS.

i •

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

AT THE TABLE

Our guys, dour and nervous, sit with their wives. Donnie with a blonde BIMBO.

SONNY
What kind of a fucking table is this? We're in fucking Siberia with this table.

RED COWBOY BOOTS

approach beneath tuxedo pants. Sonny Red, accompanied by his son Bruno and Big Trin, claps Sonny Black on the back.

SONNY RED
I heard you was down in Florida.

SONNY
Yeah, you know—take the sun. I didn't want to come back.

SONNY RED
You got friends in Florida?

SONNY
They're very friendly down there, the people.

Sonny Red pinches Sonny's cheek.

SONNY RED
Nice color you got. Red!

Bruno and Big Trin laugh uproariously. They move on as our guys look daggers their way.

SONNY
I gotta go to the John.

Sonny gets up. All the guys get up with him. Follow Sonny to the John.

SONNY RED

watches them from his table. Then looks up.

SONNY RED'S POV

of the FBI "busboy" as he clears the salad dishes... Sonny Red whispers something to Bruno.

CUT TO:

87 INT. SAME TIME. FBI HEADQUARTERS

Hogue turns to LeBow.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

HOGUE
(covering phone)
You're sure the informant said
tonight?

LEBOW
The hit's going down tonight.

JULES
In about two fucking minutes
they're gonna start getting
suspicious about that
surveillance van.

HOGUE
(to phone)
Anything from the guy inside?

JULES
We have a guy inside, sir—Joe's
the guy inside. And clearly he
doesn't think there's a problem.

LEBOW
He can't stay undercover forever.
If it's not now, it's next week.
Or next month.

HOGUE
(to phone)
If they leave/ stay with them

JULES
Are you out of your fucking mind?
A fucking New Jersey telephone
repair van in the rear-view
mirror all the fucking way to
Brooklyn? Why don't you just put
a bullet in his head?

CUT TO:

88 INT. SAME TIME. BATHROOM

Boobie and Donnie enter first, hands ready by the guns in their
cummerbunds. Check all the stalls. Nicky posts himself by the door
and Sonny enters with Lefty. Sonny goes into the STALL. Closes the
door behind him.

NICKY
I heard the zips went in with
Sonny Red.

BOOBIE
The only ones in with us is us.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

VILE NOISES

emanate from the stall. The guys stand around, awkward, nervous, watching.

LEFTY
Christ, Sonny—what'd you eat for
lunch?

SONNY
Judy.

The guys LAUGH. Then FLINCH as the door OPENS. . . Hands at their guns...

PHILLY LUCKY

holds his hands up, palms up.

PHILLY LUCKY
Where's Sonny?

The toilet FLUSHES. Sonny emerges. Looks to Philly Lucky.

PHILLY LUCKY
Sonny wanted me to tell you—he
wants to schedule a sitdown.
Hash everything out.

CUT TO:

89 INT. LATER. FBI HEADQUARTERS

Hogue looks at the clock: "11:10". Looks at Jules. Gets back on the phone.

HOGUE
(to phone)
What's going on?

TECH #1 (O. C.)
They're coming out.

CUT TO:

90 EXT. SAME TIME. CHURCH HALL

Sonny hands his car keys to his wife.

SONNY
You go home with Irene. We're
going out bouncing.
(to Boobie)
C'mon. We'll take your car.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

His wife gives Sonny a perfunctory kiss on the cheek. She and Boobie's wife climb into Sonny's new Mercedes.

CUT TO:

91 INT. SAME TIME. FBI HEADQUARTERS

Hogue covers the phone. Turns to the others.

HOGUE

They're putting the wives in a separate car.

JULES

Just get that van out of there.

LEBOW

We just found him. Now you want to unfind him?

MARSHALL

Seems like a false alarm, thank God.

LEBOW

Tonight maybe it's a false alarm. So tomorrow night he gets killed. Or he kills somebody—did you ever think of that?

JULES

You make it sound like Joe's the only one in danger from these guys—eight million people in the city of New York are in danger from these guys. If they walk away from this because we don't have the cases they'll be stronger than they ever were.

MARSHALL

You have to make a decision, sir.

HOGUE

I can't make a decision this way! It's fucking insanity!

JULES

You have to get that van out of there. Just give me the phone.

HOGUE

It's my watch. It's my call.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

JULES
(right back)
Then make the fucking call.
Either you trust him or you
don't. That's what it's always
been with this. Either you trust
Joe or you don't.

Hogue thinks a long beat. Gets back on the phone.

HOGUE
(to phone)
Okay. Wrap it up and get out of
there.

CUT TO:

92 EXT. NIGHT. CHURCH HALL

Sonny, Boobie, Lefty, Nicky and Donnie walk toward the cars. Lefty and Nicky split off toward Lefty's Cadillac.

SONNY
Donnie-ride with us.

Nicky and Lefty climb into Lefty's Cadillac. Sonny, Boobie and Donnie approach Boobie's Cadillac. Donnie reaches for the back door.

SONNY
(to Donnie)
Why don't you sit in front?

A sudden chord of TERROR plays up Donnie's spine. Donnie looks to Lefty for help... For some indication. . . But his eyes are DEAD. They all climb in Boobie's Cadillac.

THE SURVEILLANCE VAN

gulls away from the curb, drives off. . . Boobie pulls out of the lot in his Cadillac, drives off in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

93 INT. SAKE TIME. FBI HEADQUARTERS

Hogue BROODS as the FBI men roll down their sleeves> pull on their jackets, snap closed their briefcases...

JULES
I told you that wire was a
fucking fiction writer.

LEBOW
He's never been wrong before,

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

HOGUE
What exactly did the informant say?

LEBOW
He said the hit's going down tonight at the wedding.

HOGUE
Did he say a hit on Sonny Black?

LEBOW
A hit. There's a war between Sonny Red and Sonny Black—they're both at the wedding—I interpolated that—

HOGUE
Who was this informant? Where does his information come from?

LEBOW
He's close to guys who are close to the guys in Sonny Black's crew. He's very reliable.

HOGUE
Goddamnit!

Hogue frantically dials the phone.

LEBOW
What?

HOGUE
Sonny Black's not the target. Sonny Black's the shooter!

LEBOW
I just assumed—

MARSHALL
Oh my God.

CUT TO:

94 INT. LATER. BOOBIE'S CADILLAC

Boobie drives. Donnie beside him. The menacing QUIET of the open road. Past PROSPECT PARK. . .

SONNY
Hey, Boob, remember how we used to run around here, when we was kids? We used to have running races . . .

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

BOOBIE
I whipped your ass many a time.

SONNY
Fuggedabout it.

BOOBIE
When I raced wit' cha, it looked
like you're standing still.

SONNY
Oh, yeah? Pull over.

BOOBIE
Fuggedabout it. I whipped your
ass. Your day is done.

SONNY
Pull over. We're gonna see whose
day is done. C'mon, Donnie. You
do the on the marks.

Boobie pulls over. They pile out of the car.

CUT TO:

95 EXT. NIGHT. PROSPECT PARK

Boobie and Sonny crouch at an imaginary starting line.

SONNY
Okay. We're running to the
fountain.

BOOBIE
Okay.

SONNY
You remember the fountain?

BOOBIE
I remember the fountain.

SONNY
Donnie—you do the 'on your
marks'.

DONNIE
On your marks. Get set. Go!

They JUMP off the line...RUNNING through the blackness... Sonny takes
an early lead, but Boobie's leaner... Starts to pull away... Looks over
at Sonny, GRINS...

DONNIE PEERS

into the darkness... Sees them DISAPPEAR into the trees.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

SONNY AND BOOBIE RUN

huffing and puffing. . . They disappear into the darkness . . . And Donnie realizes that he's

ALONE IN THE DARK

Turning, around and around... A RAT with no place to hide...

THE RACE CONTINUES

Boobie looks over at Sonny, pulls away...

DONNIE IN TERROR

Adrenaline rushes through him. As he turns, and turns, and WAITS... For the bullet that will kill him..

BOOBIE RUNS

Sonny yards behind him. Then Sonny STOPS. Reaches into his waistband. And pulls out

A PISTOL

Boobie running FREE in the night. . . Reaches the fountain, holds up his arms in victory. Leans over, hands on knees, WHEEZING. Turns, smiling. And his smile FRACTURES.

DONNIE FLEES

Jogs a couple of steps to find some cover... Then hears

A DISTANT GUNSHOT

as it echoes through the park. Donnie crouches by reflex. From the shadows, a man STAGGERS toward Donnie - it's Boobie, bleeding profusely from a head wound . . . Sonny chases him ..The champagne POP! of more GUNSHOTS...

SONNY AIMS

fires... His .45 JAMS...

SONNY

Fucking son of a bitch! Donnie,
get 'im

Boobie STAGGERS, bleeding from three wounds now. . . Running toward his car... Donnie runs toward him ..The CRUNCH of wet grass...

DONNIE TACKLES HIM

Boobie falls heavily... BLOOD belches out of his mouth...

BOOBIE

Help me. . .

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2)

Sonny catches up. Grabs his .45 by the barrel and savagely SMASHES Boobie in the head. A thick sound—like a melon falling off a shelf. Again and again... Blood EVERYWHERE... Donnie backs off, looks up, as

LEFTY ARRIVES

in his Cadillac. Nicky beside him. Sonny tosses Boobie's keys to Donnie.

SONNY

Pull his car around, I think he has a bag in the trunk.

CUT TO:

96 INT. LATER. LEFTY'S APARTMENT

Lefty pours Donnie a Scotch. Sits down with a spritzer.

LEFTY

He was holding out on him. Fucking coke deal Boobie was running down in Florida.

DONNIE

Sonny found out about it?

LEFTY

Do I still gotta school you after whatever fucking years? That's the worst thing you could do to a man like Sonny Black. You could pull his cock before you could take a dollar out of his pocket.

DONNIE

How'd he find out?

LEFTY

Who?

DONNIE

Sonny.

LEFTY

Why the fuck are you asking so many fucking questions, Donnie?

DONNIE

I don't know, Left. Boobie was a friend, of all of us.

LEFTY

Boobie wasn't no friend to you/ Donnie/ believe me.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

DONNIE
What are you talking about?

LEFTY
Ain't nobody gonna give you a
pass no more, Donnie. You walk
on a chalk fucking line from now
on.

CLOSE ON—DONNIE

as he realizes that Lefty sold out Boobie to save him

DONNIE
You told Sonny that Boobie was
holding out?

LEFTY
Ain't the question.

DONNIE
Because of me? What was Boobie
saying?

LEFTY
Ain't the question, Donnie.

Lefty finishes his spritzer. Gets up to make another.

LEFTY
I don't know what made you think
I'd give you up. I had too many
fucking disappointments in my
life. Never in the fucking end
of the earth will I give you up.

CUT TO:

97 INT. NIGHT. DONNIE'S APARTMENT

Donnie holds the Nagra in his hand. The SOUNDS of the murder as it plays . . .

BOOBIE (O. C.)
(on tape)
Help me . . .

Then the CRUNCH as Donnie tackles him. Donnie rips the tape out of the Nagra, throws it in the sink. BURNS it.

CUT TO:

98 INT. DAY. THE MOTION LOUNGE

Donnie watches "The Today Show" on the TV over the bar. The guys plan gin.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

JOHN PALMER (O. C.)
 . . . In other news an FBI sting has
 resulted in the arrests of over
 100 state and Federal
 officials. . .

ON THE SCREEN

Surveillance images of FBI "SHEIKS" dressed in flowing caftans. . . Then
 the image cuts to VIDEO of the same "sheiks" partying with
 CONGRESSMEN on a docked YACHT. . .

PALMER (O. C.)
 . . . Known as ABSCAM, it was the
 largest such operation in the
 Bureau's history. . .

Donnie peers more closely at the TV.

CLOSE ON-THE STERN

with the name "The Left Hand" emblazoned on it.

SONNY
 Donnie, pull up a chair.

Donnie takes a last look at the TV. Joins Sonny, Nicky and Lefty at
 the card table as Nicky shuffles the cards.

NICKY
 (to Donnie)
 You know how to keep score?

A moment of recognition that

BOOBIE'S GONE

CUT TO:

99 EXT. DAY. PISTONE HOME

Donnie mows the grass. Row after precise row. RAKES the clippings
 into identical, evenly spaced PILES. Fills up TRASH BAGS, piles them
 neatly on the curb.

IN THE DRIVEWAY

A STATION WAGON parked next to Maggie's CORVETTE. Donnie notices
 that the station wagon is filthy. RUNS a finger through the dirt on
 the hood.

DONNIE CLEANS

the pile of TRASH in the well of the car-McDonald's wrappers, Tampax
 wrappers, a copy of Mademoiselle, a lipstick, a basketball. . . DUMPS
 it. Pulls out the ASHTRAY. Something that makes him suspicious. . .

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

DONNIE RUBS THE ASHES

between his fingers. RECOGNITION. . . He DIGS into the space between the seats. Finds a quarter. A paper clip. And then:

A SEED

CUT TO:

100 INT. DAY. PISTONE HOME

Terry stumbles down the stairs in her bathrobe, half -asleep. She hears Donnie CRASH inside, and something tells her it's about her. ABOUT FACE into the bathroom..

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Donnie hears the bathroom door upstairs CLICK, locked. Turns as Maggie enters from the kitchen.

DONNIE

Where's Terry? She still asleep?

MAGGIE

I think so. What's the matter?

DONNIE

Asleep. Perfect. Asleep at 12 noon. It all fits the profile.

MAGGIE

What profile? Joe, you're scaring me.

DONNIE

The twelve warning signs. Our daughter Terry is a drug user.

INSIDE THE BATHROOM

Terry listens by the door.

TERRY

Shit.

BACK-IN THE LIVING ROOM

as Donnie counts off the "warning signs" of drug addiction.

DONNIE

Oversleeping. Short attention span. Hostility to authority. Binge eating-

MAGGIE

That would apply to every teenager in America.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

DONNIE
Don't tell me my business. Do
you know what this is?

He holds out the marijuana seed. Maggie peers at it.

DONNIE
This is a marijuana seed.

MAGGIE
Where did you find that?

DONNIE
Maggie, I am an FBI agent.
That's who I am. I am out there
risking my life, 18, 20 hours a
day, weekends, Christmas--

MAGGIE
You don't have to tell me, Joe.

DONNIE
Well, what do you think I'm doing
it for? I am spending my life to
put away the guys that make money
off this shit, and I'm damned to
hell if I'm gonna have it in my
house.

MAGGIE
You know, Jules called me this
week. Do you know they're
looking for you?

DONNIE
Don't change the subject.

MAGGIE
I'm not changing the subject.
You're the subject, Joe. You're
becoming like them

DONNIE
I'm not the fucking pothead.

MAGGIE
You don't see it.

Donnie turns, heads up the stairs, Maggie following.

DONNIE
Geddadaheah. Go weigh yourself
or something. Sleeping Beauty
and I are going out to the
woodshed.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE
In my next life I'm gonna marry
a Jewish doctor.

DONNIE
In the fucking car that I make
the payments on, in the fucking
driveway of the house that I pay
the fucking mortgage on—a goddam
marijuana seed—

MAGGIE
(defiant)
How do you know it isn't mine?

Donnie stops a beat. RAGE drumming up inside him, rage that
CRESCENDOES as he

SMACKS HER BACKHAND

She looks up at him. Not hurt. But devastated. Donnie moves to
comfort her, to apologize... Maggie

SMACKS HIM BACK

Then storms out of the house. Donnie BROODS, looks up to the landing
as Sherry and Kerry come out from their rooms. From outside, SOUNDS
of Maggie as she SLAMS into her Corvette and zooms out of the
driveway, engine ROARING and tires SQUEALING...

SMASH CUT TO:

101 INT. DAY. HOSPITAL

Donnie BANGS through swinging doors, past ORDERLIES in white coats,
his face tight with anxiety, his skin green in the cold fluorescent
light.

AT THE DESK

He bulls past two waiting GUESTS, accosts the NURSE.

DONNIE
I'm looking for my wife. Mrs.
Anderson. Maggie Anderson. She
was in an accident? I'm her
husband.

The Nurse gives him a form on a clipboard.

NURSE
Here you go. You're Mr.
Anderson?

DONNIE
Where is she?

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

NURSE
Only the immediate family is
allowed in ICU. Do you have a
driver's license?

He gives her his driver's license.

DONNIE
Is she okay?

NURSE
Excuse me. This says, 'Donald
Brasco'.

DONNIE
Christ. Let me just see her.
She'll tell you who I am.

NURSE
We can't do that.

DONNIE
If I could see her we could clear
this whole thing up.

NURSE
I'm sorry, sir. We need proof of
ID.

DONNIE
I need ID to see my fucking wife?
I'm her husband! Who the fuck
else would I be?

A DOCTOR, cold-blooded, 30s, arrives.

DOCTOR
Mr. Anderson?

CUT TO:

102 INT. NIGHT. X-RAY ROOM

The DOCTOR shows Donnie the X-rays.

DOCTOR
Collapsed lung. Broken wrist,
collarbone. Multiple lacerations
from the glass. The most serious
injury was from her contact
lenses— they smashed into her
corneas. They're torn up pretty
badly. She may lose an eye.

DONNIE
Can't I see her?

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

DOCTOR
We'll see if she stabilizes in a
couple of hours.

CUT TO:

103 EXT. LATER. WAITING ROOM

Donnie sits, anxious. The girls sit alongside him.

KERRY
We had a family meeting, Dad.
You have to quit.

DONNIE
Look, Mom's gonna be okay.

TERRY
This isn't a democracy. This is
a dictatorship.

KERRY
A dictatorship of us.

DONNIE
I know how you're feeling. But
it's just-

SHERRY
Just another six months.

DONNIE
Maybe just a few more weeks.

KERRY
Forget it, Dad. It's the job or
us.

TERRY
End of discussion.

Kerry stares him down. Terry looks away. Donnie puts his arm around her. She shrugs it off.

CUT TO:

104 INT. NIGHT. INTENSIVE CARE

Maggie lies in bed, eyes BANDAGED, her face a web of GASHES. Wrist
in a cast. A thick TUBE runs from a LUNG MACHINE into her mouth.
Donnie takes her hand. She holds his HAND.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

DONNIE

The doctor says you're gonna be okay. We just have to get you into rehabilitation as soon as we can. You'll be as good as new before you know it.

The lung machine whirs and wheezes...

DONNIE

Maggie, listen to me, Maggie, because this is what it is. The minute I come out from under all these guys I'm with, they will all be killed—because of me. Because they trusted me.
(beat)

I gotta go back.

Maggie pulls her hand back. Turns away from him. He can tell she's not buying.

DONNIE

I have a chance here to become a made guy—an FBI agent a made guy in the Mafia. It's gonna happen the end of the year. And then I'll come out. Then it'll all be over. You'll have me for the rest of your life.

Maggie waves him away. Turns away from him. A NURSE enters and Donnie, with sadness but no regrets, exits.

CUT TO:

105 INT. NIGHT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT

Donnie dials at a pay phone, cradles the receiver while it rings.

DONNIE

Louise? It's Donnie.

CUT TO:

106 INT. NIGHT. LEFTY'S APARTMENT

Louise on the phone in the kitchen.

LOUISE

What is it—Tuesday? I haven't seen him since Sunday. I thought he was with you.

CUT TO:

107 INT. SAME TIME. AIRPORT

Donnie pumps a quarter into the pay phone. Burse y picks up at the other end.

BURSEY (O. C.)
Hello, Bursey.

DONNIE
Look, I think that sitdown's tonight. I can't find Lefty.

BURSEY (O. C.)
Why didn't you go?

DONNIE
Only made guys can go to a sitdown.

BURSEY (O. C.)
So what do you want me to do?

DONNIE
I don't know. Listen to me—I'm worried.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. NIGHT. BIG TRIN'S HOUSE

Big Trin drives Philly Lucky, Sonny Red and Anthony Bruno in his big Lincoln.

SONNY RED
All my fucking life I hadda be Sonny Red. Sonny Red and Sonny Black. I got upped. Then he got upped. Finally the night has come. Tomorrow morning I can just be 'Sonny', Not Red. The one and only. 'Sonny'.

BRUNO
Where you got the guns?

BIG TRIN
Relax. They're in the basement.

BRUNO
The basement of your house?

BIG TRIN
Hey, Sonny, my jacket's losing its crease. Will you tell your kid to stop breathing on me?

BRUNO
I wanna get there in time to set ' up.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

Big Trin pulls into his driveway.

SONNY RED
The sitdown's in two hours. I
waited my whole life, Bruno, you
can wait two hours.

They climb out of the car. Philly Lucky stays put.

BIG TRIN
What the hell's wrong with you?

PHILLY LUCKY
I ain't going in your fucking
basement. You got spiders all
over that basement.

BIG TRIN
He's scared of spiders. What a
piece of work.

PHILLY LUCKY
Leave me the keys. I wanna play
the radio.

Big Trin flips him the keys.

TWO WOODEN DOORS

alongside the house, leading down into the basement. With a groan,
Big Trin bends, pulls them open. Flips a LIGHT SWITCH. On. Off.
Nothing.

BIG TRIN
Shit. Bulb must be out. Watch
your step.

Sonny Red and Anthony Bruno follow him down...

INSIDE THE CAR

Philly Lucky starts the car. Turns on the radio. Frank Sinatra
sings "Nice Work If You Can Get It." And PULLS AWAY.

DOWN THE STAIRS

go Big Trin, Sonny Red and Anthony Bruno, down into the dark, damp
concrete and sawdust in their nostrils.

BIG TRIN
Where's that fucking flashlight?

BANG!

and the flash of a SHOTGUN firing. BANG! BANG! as shotguns
EXPLODE. By the light of the flashes we see Sonny, Lefty and Nicky
BANG! and another flash. BANG! BANG! BANG!

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (2.)

Then a pause. Nicky reaches up, screws in the light bulb. Lights on. Revealing the blasted corpses of Sonny Red and Big Trin...

BRUNO

jumps out from behind a cabinet, RUNS out the door. Sonny wheels, FIRES. The stairs SPLINTER as the blast lands just under Bruno's escaping feet. Lefty moves to chase him

S9NNY

Fuggedaboudit, Left. We'll give the contract to Donnie.

Nicky takes out a Hefty bag and a long-bladed BUTCHER KNIFE... Sets to carving up the bodies. . .

CUT TO:

109 INT. NIGHT. DONNIE'S APARTMENT

Carrying his mail, Donnie enters a DARK room MOONLIGHT filters through the blinds. He closes the door. Flips the light switch.

NOTHING

Instantly, he falls into a fighting crouch, knife at the ready. His hand trembles with adrenaline. He moves with his back to the wall, straining to see into the black room.

TO THE KITCHEN

He pivots in a combat stance--nobody. Then pivots again. His free hand fumbles in the kitchen drawer. Finds a FLASHLIGHT. The beam SWEEPS across the room. Donnie moves on cat feet to the bathroom. The shower curtains drawn shut. Donnie tears them back, THRUSTS the knife... Into air.

Donnie thinks a beat. Snaps the flashlight back on. Riffles through his mail. Rips open

THE ELECTRIC BILL

reads by the light of the flashlight

DISCONNECT NOTICE: NON-PAYMENT OF
BILL

Donnie, a dimly-seen dervish of RAGE... He hurls the flashlight... Throws a chair and it SPLINTERS. . . Grabs the bar from his weight bench and starts to swing...

SMASE1

and an electric sizzle as the television implodes. Donnie drops the bar and throws a bookcase to the ground. PUNCHES at the wall... Again and again and again... Then sags to the ground... Weeping... Or LAUGHING...

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED*

DONNIE
The electric bill...I can't get
over it...The fucking 'B' didn't
pay the fucking electric bill!

CUT TO:

110 INT. DAY. HOSPITAL

Maggie convalesces—her wounds have begun to heal and she's no longer intubated, although her eyes are still bandaged. Jules enters, sits down beside her. Takes her hand.

JULES
It's Jules, Maggie.

MAGGIE
I could hear your cheap shoes all
the way down the hall.

JULES
How're you feeling?

MAGGIE
Scared. Alone.

JULES
Did you see Joe?

MAGGIE
You mean did Joe see me?

JULES
The 'B' wants him to come out.

MAGGIE
He'll never come out.

JULES
You don't believe the shit that
comes up. I have to argue with
them that he hasn't gone over to
the other side.

MAGGIE
Joe? He wouldn't have the
imagination. I wish he'd become
a gangster—at least we could pay
our frigging bills.

JULES
Maybe you could talk to him

MAGGIE
Do you know what this is about,
Jules? This is about a
promotion.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

JULES
I talked to him about that.

MAGGIE
Not from you—from them. He
wants to be a made guy.

CLOSE ON—JULES

as he hears this...He knows that this has gone too far.

MAGGIE
For years I tried to figure out
what made Joe tick. And then I
finally figured it out—there's
nothing ticking. He's got his
rules and he's gonna live by his
rules. The job is the job.
Start what you finish. When he's
in the FBI he wants to be the
best and when he's in the Mafia
he wants to be the best—like
it's all some frigging basketball
game.
(disdainfully)
Men.

JULES
Maggie... Maybe this is none of my
business, but--

MAGGIE
Don't worry—I'm not gonna leave
him. I didn't have him when I
had him. Now that it's almost
over I'm goddamned if I'll let
someone else have him.

CUT TO:

111 INT. NIGHT. LEFTY'S APARTMENT

Christmas decorations, and a tree. Lefty watches a NATURE PROGRAM on
TV. A leopard moves stealthily...

NARRATOR (O.C.)
...Cloaked by the high grasses of
the African savanna, the stalking
leopard moves stealthily...

Louise enters with Donnie.

LOUISE
Bennie, Donnie '8 here.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (O. C.)
 ...Separated from the herd/ the
 gazelle senses danger...

Lefty RAPT in his easy chair...

LEFTY
 Bennie loves animals.

ON THE SCREEN

The leopard charges...Teeth tear at the gazelle...And soon the
 leopard and her family feed on a bloody carcass.

NARRATOR (O. C.)
 ...Hunter and hunted, predator
 and prey—the endless cycle of
 nature, repeated once again...

LEFTY
 Mi no*1 You see that?

LOUISE
 I'll be inside if you need me.

LEFTY
 We're going out, Louise.

Louise exits inside. SATISFIED, Lefty snaps off the show with his
 REMOTE CONTROL. Turns to Donnie.

LEFTY
 They found Bruno. He's shacking
 up with a broad down City Island.
 On a boat.

He opens up a drawer. Takes out a GUN. Loads it with bullets...

LEFTY
 You know what this means, don't
 you? You're gonna get
 straightened out. You become a
 made guy/ Donnie, you can lie,
 you can cheat, you can steal, you
 can whack out whoever you want
 and it's all completely
 legitimate. Being a made guy's
 the greatest thing in the world.

Lefty reaches into the drawer. Hands another gun to Donnie.

CLOSE ON—DONNIE

as he looks at the gun in his hand.

CUT TO:

112 EXT. NIGHT. MARINA-CITY ISLAND

Donnie and Lefty sit and wait in Donnie's Cadillac. Lefty smokes.

DONNIE
Maybe he ain't gonna show.

LEFTY
He'll show.

DONNIE
I'm just saying—maybe we should
forget about it, pop him tomorrow
night.

LEFTY
We can't pop him tomorrow night,
for your information. Tomorrow
night we got the wake for Big
Trin.

DONNIE
I forgot.

LEFTY
Fuggedabout it—it's better this
way anyway. Wait when nobody's
around.

DONNIE'S POV

of the deserted marina...

DONNIE
That's some boat this broad has.

LEFTY
Fuggedabout it. There's one thing
I know, it's boats.

DONNIE
What is that--a hundred grand?

LEFTY
Donnie--Where'd you get that boat
down in Florida?

DONNIE
I told you. That was this girl
I used to see down there, it's
her brother's.

LEFTY
What's her name?

DONNIE
Florence.

LEFTY
Florence what?

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

DONNIE' S POV

In the distance, a TRANS AM pulls up near the boat they're watching, Bruno emerges. Locks his car. Climbs onto the boat...

DONNIE
C' mon, that's him

LEFTY
Florence what, Donnie?

DONNIE
Hey, Left--what do you care,
Florence what? Florence Italy.

LEFTY
Donnie--why do you want to lie to
me, Donnie? Did I ever lie to
you once all these years about
the time of day?

DONNIE
I'm not lying.

LEFTY
How many fucking times did I have
you over for dinner at my fucking
house? You fucking rat bastard--

DONNIE
Hey, Left--that's the problem?
Are we gonna whack this guy or
what?

LEFTY
I went on the fucking record with
you, Donnie. You could walk on
the street and punch any man in
the mouth because I stood up for
you. . . .

DONNIE
What is the fucking problem?

Lefty reaches in his pocket. A piece of paper, folded, torn from
"Newsweek". The headline:

ABSCAM FBI 'SHEIKS* STING CORRUPT LAWMAKERS

Beneath the headline, a PHOTO of the "sheiks* partying on a yacht--
"THE LEFT HAND*. Donnie looks up from the article. Sees

A GUN

in Lefty's hand.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (2)

LEFTY
That's a fucking Federal boat,
Donnie. That's our boat.

DONNIE
Hold on a minute, Left. The boat
with Trafficante? That ain't the
same boat.

LEFTY
Don't tell me that ain't the same
boat, Donnie! That's a fucking
Federal boat! That's a Taiwan-
made boat, there's only, five like
that in the world.

DONNIE
I really don't think that's the
same boat, Left.

LEFTY
Lookit that. You see that? 'The
LeftHand.' That's like my name.

DONNIE
Maybe her brother's a fucking
agent. How would I know? I
thought he was in real estate.

LEFTY
Ain't the question, Donnie. You
still ain't answered me why we're
fucking on a fucking Federal
fucking boat!

DONNIE
You're right, Left. I'm a
fucking rat.

LEFTY
You're a rat?

DONNIE
I met your girls, I talked to
Tommy for you I don't know how
many fucking times. I don't know
how many times I had dinner with
you and Louise. I lived with
you, Left-partners. Five
fucking years, I ever had a
hundred bucks in my pocket, I
gave you half. And the whole
time I was a fucking rat. You're
right.

LEFTY
Donnie--did I say you was a rat,
Donnie?

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (3)

DONNIE
You'd have to be the biggest
fucking mutt in the history of
the Mafia.

LEFTY
You fucking laxed, Donnie. Don't
get on your high horses.

DONNIE'S POV

as Bruno emerges from the boat. Lights a cigarette. Looks around,

DONNIE
Shit. He's up again.

LEFTY
How the fuck am I supposed to
explain this to Sonny?

DONNIE
You ask me it's the funniest
fucking thing in the world.
Those fucking agents could scam
Senators and Congressmen and
meanwhile we had a party on their
boat and they didn't get a
fucking thing on us. Sonny'll
laugh his ass off.

LEFTY
Where is the joke, Donnie?

DONNIE
We outsmarted the agents. We got
a higher Z.Q. than the fucking
Congressmen.

LEFTY
You got so many black marks on
you now, Donnie, a fucking
Einstein couldn't count them.

DONNIE
What black marks?

LEFTY
That time with the luggage and/
uh, uh...the other time.

DONNIE
Are we gonna whack this fucking
guy or not?

LEFTY
I ain't no fucking mutt, Donnie.

Donnie checks the action on his gun...

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (4)

DONNIE
How the fuck did I know it was a
fucking Federal boat?

LEFTY
I die wit' cha. I'm your best
friend, Donnie.

Donnie opens the door, climbs out/ gun in hand.

DONNIE
That's right, Left—you're my
best friend.

"Your best friend is the one who kills you." Donnie FREEZES. Lefty
looks at him

LEFTY' S GUN

pointed at Donnie's back... As his finger moves toward the trigger.
Then suddenly—

LIGHT EXPLODES

from police cherrytops. SWARMS of FBI MEN in blue windbreakers with
big white letters—"FBI"—descend on the car, guns drawn. They GRAB
Donnie and Lefty. Jules hustles Donnie away.

LEFTY
(calling)
Donnie, don't say nothing. Don't
say nothing to them.

JULES
Congratulations. It's over, Joe.

DONNIE
What do you mean, it's over?

JULES
You're coming out.

DONNIE
What the fuck—? Nobody—. I'm
not coming out.

JULES
It's over, Joe.

DONNIE
It's not over. I'm too close!

Donnie starts to run. FBI MEN are on top of him, wrestling him down.
Donnie STRUGGLES, exchanges a look with Lefty as he's dragged away.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (5)

LEFTY
Donnie, don't say nothing!

CUT TO:

113 INT. DAY. MOTION LOUNGE

PHOTOS OF DONNIE

at the FBI Academy at Quantico, then with Berada, LeBow and other FBI MEN, as Marshall and Jules show them to Sonny/ Nicky and Boobie.

MARSHALL
You know this guy as Donnie
Brasco. He's an FBI agent. We
just wanted to tell you.

CUT . TO:

114 EXT. DAY. MOTION LOUNGE

Sonny, Nicky, Lefty, Legs and Philly Lucky watch as the FBI men drive off. They stand on the street corner—DEATH and disbelief written in their faces.

SONNY
You believe that fucking guy?
There's no fucking way Donnie
could be an agent.

NICKY
The cullions on him, bluffing us
like that.

LEGS
You think they got him?

ON A ROOFTOP

A TECH TEAM aims a PARABOLIC MICROPHONE and a TELEPHOTO LENS. The whir of an autowindex and a FREEZE FRAME as they stand outside.

SONNY
No way he could be an agent.

LEGS
Nowadays they can doctor a
picture any fucking way they
want.

PHILLY LUCKY
It still don't explain that boat.

NICKY
Fuggedaboutit, Philly.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

Lefty listens. Says nothing. He knows the truth. ZZZH1 and another FREEZE FRAME.

SONNY
That boat was a set-up. Then we think Donnie's a rat and we get scared and fuggedaboutit.

NICKY
Maybe they brainwashed him. Like in that movie, with Sinatra?

ZZZH! another shot. ZZZH1

PHILLY LUCKY
They say he's an agent, I say he's a fucking agent.

SONNY
You're talking through your ass.

NICKY
You didn't know him

SONNY
You didn't know Donnie, Philly.

CLOSE ON-LEFTY

as he listens. Says nothing.

CUT TO:

115 INT. NIGHT. LEFTY'S APARTMENT

Lefty sits, BROODS, watches TV. The phone rings.

LEFTY
Hello? (listens) Yeah, okay, Nicky. Okay.

He hangs up. Thinks a beat. As he looks into his open grave... Takes off his GOLD WATCH, sticks it in a drawer. Then the CROSS he wears around his neck. The KEYS to his Cadillac. Closes the drawer as Louise enters.

LOUISE
Who was that?

LEFTY
Nicky. I'm going out.

He gives Louise a kiss.

LEFTY
Don't wait up for me.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

D b LEFTY
 g b e m f t
 g b e m f t

CUT TO:

116 INT. DAY. FBI HEADQUARTERS

He sits at his desk, preparing his testimony., Marshall drops some SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS off.

MARSHALL
 They just took these yesterday.

Donnie picks them up.

DONNIE'S POV

Photos of Lefty's rooftop. As the PIGEON COOPS are dismantled.

JULES

in his office. Donnie ducks in. Jules looks up, sees Donnie struggle a beat with his emotion. Then the mask descends again.

DONNIE
 You can stop looking for Lefty.

CUT TO:

117 INT. ANOTHER DAY. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE-MANHATTAN

Under heavy guard, Donnie walks up a back staircase. Up a marble hallway. Doors open and he enters the courtroom. A HUSH falls as the MAFIA DEFENDANTS, lined up in the docks—all faces we've seen earlier, including Sonny, Nicky, Legs, and Philly Lucky—turn and look at him

PROSECUTOR
 The government calls Special Agent Joseph D. Pistone.

CLOSE ON-DONNIE

as he takes in the proof of his accomplishment. With the knowledge of what it has cost him

FREEZE FRAME. A final CRAWL runs over this*

The evidence collected by "Donnie Brasco" led to over 200 indictments.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

After testifying. Special Agent Joseph D. Pistone left the FBI. He lives with his wife under an assumed name in an undisclosed location. There is an \$500,000 open contract on his head.

The FBI denied him a pension. The IRS assessed him \$7,000 in back taxes and penalties.

FADE TO BLACK:

CREDITS ROLL