FADE IN:

INT. DIMLY-LIT BAR - NIGHT

Two men, CAESAR and MARTY "DUCKS," stand at the end of the deserted bar, talking quietly, oblivious to the exotic dancer grinding her pelvis on a pole in the middle of the small stage. Body language and charisma tell us that Caesar is the boss, "Ducks" his lieutenant.

DUCKS

It's Peezee. Gotta be. He hates your fuckin' guts.

CAESAR

(brooding)
I don't know.

DUCKS

Who else knew about the money? And how did Peezee know they popped Tony Cisco when we didn't even hear about it 'til last night?

CAESAR

(sighs heavily)
I don't know.

DUCKS

(pressing)
What is so hard to understand here? You said yourself Peezee was a mamaluke and you couldn't trust him. Now suddenly you're soft on the guy?

CAESAR

I just don't think it was him.

DUCKS

Okay, I'll bite. If not Peezee, then who?
CAESAR
(slowly rising to his full height)
I think it was you, Ducks.

Caesar starts to walk away as the bartender, now holding a sawed-off shotgun, moves closer to Ducks. The exotic dancer splits in a hurry through a curtain at the back of the stage.

DUCKS
(scared)
You gotta be kiddin'!

Caesar stops at the door where two of his soldiers have appeared, holding AUTOMATIC WEAPONS.

DUCKS
Caesar, you know me! What kind of fuckin' idiot would I have to be to try that shit with you?

CAESAR
A dead fuckin' idiot.

As he walks out the door, the soldiers OPEN FIRE on Marty "Ducks." Caesar doesn't look back.

PULL BACK TO:

TV SCREEN
The title credits come up on the made-for-cable series we've been watching, "Little Caesar." CLAPPING AND CHEERING from O.S.

WIDEN TO:

INT. SING SING PRISON - NIGHT

Maximum-security prisoners are gathered around watching their favorite show in the rec room. In the front row is PAUL VITTI, former New York crime boss, and a couple of other wiseguys.

VITTI
Garbage. Change the channel.

WISEGUY
Okay, Paul.

The WISEGUY gets up and starts switching channels on the TV. A couple of CONVICTS in the back start to protest.

CONVICT
Hey! What're you doin', asshole!

Vitti turns and stares at them. They fall silent immediately.

CONVICT
Sorry, Mr. Vitti. Didn't mean any disrespect.

WISEGUY
Punks.

Vitti turns the page and sees a huge headline in the Post:
MOB SHRINK TELLS ALL. He gets up, agitated.

VITTI
I'm going to bed.
Vitti stands up and heads back to his cell.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL BLOCK - MOMENTS LATER
As Vitti approaches his cell, he sees a prison guard standing by. His cellmate, EARL, a giant of a man, comes out of their cell carrying his bedroll and a box containing his other meager possessions.

VITTI
(suspicious)
What's goin' on, Earl?

EARL
They're transferring me.

VITTI
Why?

EARL
(shrugs)
Don't know. Thanks for looking out for me, Mr. Vitti.

VITTI
Yeah. Take it easy.

He notices something in the box.

VITTI
Hey, Earl. Is that my after-shave?

EARL
(blanches)
I'm sorry. I just grabbed stuff -- I didn't know --

VITTI

EARL
Thanks. See you around.

Earl exits with the guard. Vitti hesitates a moment, then warily steps into his cell.

CUT TO:

INT. VITTI'S CELL - MIDDLE OF NIGHT
The cellblock is quiet. A guard stops outside the darkened cell, looks around to make sure no one is watching, then

pulls out a GUN with a SILENCER, reaches through the bars and FIRES REPEATEDLY into Vitti's shadowy form under the blanket. Then he slips away as quietly as he appeared.

ON his exit we PAN DOWN TO Vitti, unhurt, curled up under his bunk.

CUT TO:
INT. MEMORIAL CHAPEL - DAY
A deluxe casket flanked by elaborate floral displays and an easel displaying a portrait of the deceased, Dr. Isaac Sobel. Mourners fill the pews, standees at the back, an overflow crowd. BEN SOBEL sits in the front row, staring at the casket with his wife, LAURA, his son, MICHAEL, now a teenager, BEN'S MOTHER, and her friend, DR. JOYCE BROTHERS. At the podium, the RABBI is speaking.

RABBI
And now I'd like to call on Isaac's son, Dr. Ben Sobel, who would like to say a few words.

Ben rises and crosses solemnly to the podium.

BEN
(addressing audience)
It's very difficult for me to talk about my father, because in a sense I'm talking about two men.

BEN (CONT'D)
One, of course, is the public Isaac Sobel, the eminent psychotherapist and popular author known to millions of readers around the world.

Laura, Michael and Ben's Mother listen proudly to the eulogy.

BEN
The second Isaac Sobel is the private man -- my father -- Dad. And for those of you who knew him well and knew our family -- well, let's face it -- my father was a psychotic, mind-fucking prick. An arrogant, abusive, ego-inflated --

A RINGING CELL PHONE interrupts him.

JUMP CUT TO:

BEN
still seated in the front row, daydreaming. The RINGING CONTINUES as all the mourners and even the Rabbi discreetly check their cell phones.

Then Ben realizes it's his, fumbles for the phone in his jacket pocket and answers it.

BEN
(whispers)
Hello?

The mourners mutter.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON PAY PHONE - SAME TIME
VITTI
Guess who, you fuck!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CHAPEL
Ben turns away from Laura.

BEN
Paul?
(to Laura)
I have to, uh, take this.
(into phone)
This isn't a good time.

Vitti is disheveled, his hair messed, his shirt buttoned wrong.

VITTI
Not a good time? Let me explain something to you. I'm in fucking Hell right now. This is not a good time.

BEN
(sotto voce)
I can't talk right now. My father died!

VITTI
So what does that have to do with me?

BEN
Call me later --

VITTI
Don't hang up on, Sobel! They're tryin' to kill me!

Ben hangs up.

CUT BACK TO:

VITTI
He stands there for a long beat just staring, the DIAL TONE BUZZING in his ear.

CUT TO:

INT. SING SING - MESS HALL - NEXT DAY

Vitti and another WISEGUY pass through the cafeteria line with their trays. Vitti now looks catatonic.

WISEGUY #2
Ooh, they got tapioca. I love tapioca.
(looks at Vitti)
You all right, Paul?

Vitti just stares, wild-eyed, actually drooling a little.

WISEGUY #2
Can I have your tapioca?

A guard, the one who tried to kill him, watches Vitti from
his post. Then he nods to someone across the room. COYOTE, a heavily-muscled and tattooed gang member, nods in response. Vitti walks past the table where Coyote is sitting with other tough Hispanic gang members.

COYOTE
(to Vitti)
Hey, Fredo! Or is it Guido?

His friends laugh. Vitti stops and stares dumbly at them.

COYOTE
Just keep walkin', Don Corleone.

There is a tense moment, then Vitti bursts out laughing.

COYOTE
Shut up!

Vitti laughs harder, strangely manic.

COYOTE
I said, shut up, bitch!

But Vitti can't stop. He drops his tray of slop, splattering food on the men. Coyote leaps to his feet and pulls a shiv.

COYOTE
You're a dead man, jefe!

Coyote lunges at Vitti with the knife, but Vitti suddenly whirls around, bashes Coyote in the face with his food tray and bursts into song.

VITTI
(singing, with appropriate dance moves)
'When you're a Jet, You're a Jet all the way, From your first cigarette To your last dyin' day...'

Prisoners and guards stare at him like he's nuts. Coyote stabs at him again, but Vitti dodges and smashes him over the head with the tray.

VITTI
'When you're a Jet, If the shit hits the fan, You got brothers around, You're a family man...'

COYOTE
You're a dead man, jefe!

Coyote rushes him, but Vitti sidesteps and hits him in the face. Guards move in from all sides. Vitti jumps up on the tabletop to escape them.

VITTI
(kicking at them, singing)
'I like to be in America,
Okay by me in America...'
The guards drag him down and cuff his hands behind him, then carry him out stiff as a board.

VITTI
'Tonight, tonight, won't be just
any night -- '

DISsolve TO:

EXT. SOBEL HOUSE - LATER
A limo pulls up to an old, but well-maintained suburban house, the family gets out and starts walking to the house.

8.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOBEL HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER
The family crosses to the front door.

BEN
(sighs deeply)
I can't believe he's gone.

LAURA
I can't believe what you said about him. Cold and withholding? You had to tell everybody?

MICHAEL
Nice. Why didn't you just take a swing at the casket?

Ben opens the front door and they go in.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS ACTION
The family enters the foyer.

BEN
Okay, I might have strayed from my notes a little. I'm dealing with a lot of stuff here. Grief is a process.

Laura notices FBI AGENTS CERRONE and MILLER waiting for them in the living room. Cerrone is an attractive woman in her late twenties, wearing a dangerously-short skirt. Miller is a clean-cut man in his thirties.

MILLER
Dr. Sobel, I'm Agent Miller, this is Special Agent Cerrone, Federal Bureau of Investigation. We'd just like to ask you a few questions, if we could.

LAURA
(testy)
Can I ask what this is about? We just came from the cemetery.

CERRONE
We know this is a difficult time for you, Dr. Sobel. Sorry about your father.

BEN
Thank you, I'm going to miss him terribly.

Ben gestures for them to sit.

Laura and Michael both look at him doubtfully.

BEN
I mean -- there were issues -- as, I think, there are with any father and son. He wasn't especially warm --

LAURA
Ben -- once today? Enough.

BEN
No, I'm just saying, in spite of all that --

Agent Cerrone crosses her legs, a move that does not go unnoticed by Ben and Michael.

BEN
-- he was a great, great legs.
    (beat)
    Man.

CERRONE
Dr. Sobel, you received a call this morning from Paul Vitti?
Laura shoots him a look.

BEN
What makes you think Paul Vitti called me?

MILLER
Because we monitor and record all his phone calls from Sing Sing.

BEN
Then yes. He did.

LAURA
That was him on the phone?

BEN
Yes.

LAURA
And you didn't tell me?

MICHAEL
Wow. Talk about withholding.

BEN
Michael?

LAURA
You told her --
(nodding at
Agent Cerrone)
You told her at the drop of a hat.
Agents Cerrone and Miller eye each other.

BEN
She's with the F.B.I. She needs to know these things.

LAURA
Oh, I see. And I don't. Why tell Laura? She couldn't possibly handle a phone call.

BEN
Did I say that?

MILLER
You folks need a minute?

BEN
No, we're fine.

LAURA
If you don't need me anymore, I'll be in the kitchen.
(to Agent Cerrone)
And two words of advice -- from one professional woman to another -- Pant. Suit.

She exits.

BEN
She's grieving. It's a process.

MILLER
We understand. (prompting)

Vitti?

BEN
Oh, yes. Paul Vitti and I were involved in some organized crime activity a couple of years ago. I mean, I wasn't involved -- not 'involved' involved -- I was just trying to help him therapeutically, and some people tried to, uh, kill us. No big deal.

MILLER
Well, shortly after you spoke, he seemed to have some kind of breakdown.

BEN
What kind of breakdown?

MILLER
I think you'd better go up there and see for yourself. 

**CUT TO:**

**INT. SING SING INFIRMARY - PSYCH WARD - DAY**

Vitti huddles in the corner of a bare, white, padded cell, rocking, completely out of his head.

**VITTI**

(singing)

'I feel pretty, oh, so pretty, I feel pretty and witty and bright...'

**INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME TIME**

Ben watches through a two-way mirror with the prison psychiatrist, DR. CUTLER. They can hear Vitti through a wall-mounted speaker.

**DR. CUTLER**

I'm treating him with Thioridazine, 300 milligrams, T.I.D. That seems to keep him pretty calm.

**BEN**

(watching Vitti)

That would keep a parade pretty calm. He just keeps singing West Side Story songs?

**DR. CUTLER**

'Tonight,' 'Maria,' the balcony scene.

**BEN**

The balcony scene? Both parts?

**DR. CUTLER**

Oh, yeah. Get him to do 'Officer Krupke.' It's really good.

**INT. PADDED CELL**

Ben and Dr. Cutler enter. Vitti doesn't seem to notice.

**VITTI**

(singing)

'Who's the pretty girl in the mirror there? What mirror? Where? Who can that attractive girl be?'

**BEN**

Paul, it's me. Ben Sobel. Paul? (beat)

Maria?

**VITTI**

Tony?

**BEN**

(with a look to
Dr. Cutler)
Oh, boy.
(to Vitti)
What's going on, Maria?

VITTI
The rumble -- it's tonight! I have to
get out of here. I don't want to die.
No, Chino, no!

Vitti's jaw suddenly goes slack and he slumps in his seat, staring forward.

BEN
Paul? Paul?

Ben waves a hand in front of Vitti's face. Nothing.

DR. CUTLER
This is how it's been. He sings for a while, then he goes completely catatonic.

BEN
(skeptical)
Really. Can we take him to an examining room?

DR. CUTLER
Of course.

CUT TO:

INT. EXAMINING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Vitti sits inert on the examination table.

BEN
You already did a neurological work-up?

DR. CUTLER
Yep. No tumors, no aneurisms, no sign of stroke --

13.

Ben slaps Vitti's face lightly a couple times.

BEN
Completely catatonic --

He pulls on Vitti's ears and nose. Vitti does not react.

BEN
Totally gone. Well, I don't think he's smart enough to be faking.
Street smart, yes, but we're talking about an I.Q. just north of a bedroom slipper.

Ben checks Vitti out of the corner of his eye. No reaction. Then Ben takes a sharp needle from an instrument tray.

BEN
So if I just stuck him with this needle, he probably wouldn't even respond.

DR. CUTLER
I don't know. Try it.
Ben hesitates for a moment to see if Vitti will crack, then

BEN
Okay --
He sticks the needle into Vitti's shoulder.

VITTI
(bursts into song)
'Boy, boy, crazy boy, keep cool, boy!
Got a rocket in your pocket, keep
cool-y cool boy -- '

CUT TO:
INT. SING SING - CONSULTATION ROOM - NEXT DAY
Vitti is sitting at a table facing Ben. Dr. Cutler observes from a chair in the corner.

BEN
Paul, we're going to give you some tests to assess your mental condition. There's no pressure -- just answer as best you can. Do I have your consent to share the results of these tests?

VITTI
Mommy's mad at me because I made a boom on the rug.

14.

BEN
I'll take that as a yes. Okay, I'm going to show you ten cards, each containing a picture of an inkblot. I want you to look at each card and tell me what you see.

VITTI
I see you. I see him. I see a table.

BEN
Focus, Paul. You haven't seen the card yet.
(hand him first card)
What does this look like to you? Take your time.

Vitti looks at the wrong side of the card. It's all white.

VITTI
It looks like snow.

BEN
No, Paul, the other side.
Vitti turns it over and makes a face.

VITTI
A bat. A big bat. Or a weasel.

BEN
(taking notes)
Bat or weasel. All right.
VITTI
And he's got a little girl -- no, it's a little boy -- in his teeth -- and he's shakin' him and shakin' him 'cause the kid didn't wipe himself good -- and the kid is screaming because the bat-weasel ripped out his throat and the blood is shootin' out of his neck vein.
(pointing)
That's the blood.
Doctor Cutler looks worried.

BEN
(skeptical)
See anything else?

VITTI
Just the pussy with the teeth.

15.

BEN
(making more notes)
Pussy with teeth. Next card.

CUT TO:
SHAPES TEST
Vitti is literally trying to pound a square peg into a round hole.

CUT TO:

VITTI AND BEN

BEN
Now try repeating the numbers backwards. For instance, if I was 1-2-3, you will say 3-2-1. Okay, 7-3-8.

VITTI
3-2-1.

BEN
Try again. 7-3-8.

VITTI
Blue.

CUT TO:

THEMATIC APPERCEPTION TEST
Vitti studies a vague and ambiguous photograph of a man standing beside a bed with a sleeping woman and child on it.

BEN
Just tell me what you think is going on in this picture.

VITTI
This is a picture of a guy -- nice, hardworking guy -- comes home and finds out his wife's been screwin' this midget while he was out of town.

**BEN**
(appalled, makes a note)
Screwing a midget. And how does the story end?

**VITTI**
I think he works over the midget for a while, then he blows 'em away.

**BEN**
The wife or the midget?

**VITTI**
(smirks)
Trick question, right? Both of 'em.

16.

**BEN**
Okay, Paul. Last test. In this one, I'm going to start a sentence and you complete it any way you want to. Ready? 'I get angry -- '

**VITTI**
Yes.

**BEN**
No, you're supposed to complete the sentence.

**VITTI**
I did. I said 'yes.'

**BEN**
I wasn't asking if you agreed or disagreed; it was more like, 'I get angry when -- '

**VITTI**
-- whenever.

**BEN**
Well, that about does it for me.

CUT TO:

**INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY**
Ben meets with RICHARD CHAPIN, the U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York.

**BEN**
Based on his symptoms and the test
results, I'd say brief psychotic disorder -- if it persists, possibly schizophreniform disorder. And Dr. Cutler agrees with my diagnosis.

CHAPIN

So he's crazy?

BEN

Dr. Cutler? No, he's annoying, but --

CHAPIN

Vitti.

BEN

Not crazy. At least not permanently. In certain people, continuous exposure to an extremely stressful situation -- soldiers in combat, for instance, disaster victims, a hostage situation, or being locked up in a maximum security prison with someone trying to kill you -- it can produce a temporary psychotic state.

CHAPIN

How temporary?

BEN

A day, a week, up to a month -- if the precipitating stressors are removed.

CHAPIN

(musing) Which means he's not going to get any better while he's still in the can.

BEN

He could get worse. He could deteriorate to the point where he'd be permanently schizophrenic.

CHAPIN

Then I'd say he's got a real problem, because he goes before the parole board in four weeks.

BEN

You think they'll let him out?

CHAPIN

Oh, yeah, I'm sure they'll want to release a major Mafia figure who's now totally deranged on top of it.

BEN

(thinks) Well, couldn't you release him to a halfway house or some place where he could get some decent treatment? Based on my earlier work with him, I don't think he's dangerous, and I
think he was making a real effort to reform himself.

18.

CHAPIN
You do, huh?
(thinks for a long moment)
Okay. Then I'll tell you what. I'm gonna release him into your custody.

BEN
Mine? Me? No, this is a bad time for me. My father just died -- and I've got this bulging disc in my neck -- and we're redecorating, which is a total nightmare. I can't --

CHAPIN
You want to see him killed in prison?

BEN
No, of course not.

CHAPIN
Or sent to a facility for the criminally insane.

BEN
No --

CHAPIN
Then he's all yours. I'm going to talk to the Bureau of Prisons and get you certified as a temporary federal institution.

BEN
(stricken)
What? I can't be an institution.

CHAPIN
(firm)
You've got thirty days to get him in shape for his parole hearing. That means sane, sober and gainfully employed. But let me warn you, Doctor. If he fucks up in any way -- if he flees, or if I find out that this whole thing was just a setup so he could get back on the street and return to a life of crime -- I will hold you totally responsible, and I'll see that you are stripped of your license and prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Are we clear?

BEN
(gulp)
Yes. We're clear.
CHAPIN
You still want him?

BEN
(long beat to decide)
Yes.

EXT. SING SING - FEW DAYS LATER
The gate opens and Ben coaxes Vitti outside. A guard watches them.

BEN
Okay, Paul -- this way.
Vitti comes out carrying an overnight bag, walking like a zombie. Ben leads him over to the car and opens the door for him. Vitti keeps walking, passing the car.

BEN
This way, Paul. Over here. Here we go.
Ben helps Vitti into the car. One of Vitti's legs is still outside.

BEN
Leg, Paul. Leg up.
Ben lifts Vitti's leg into the car and closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER
Ben STARTS the CAR and pulls away with Vitti still slumped in his seat. Once out of sight of the prison, Vitti straightens and turns on Ben, suddenly lucid.

VITTI
(angered)
You fucking son-of-a-bitch! Where the fuck do you get off sticking me with a needle?

BEN
I knew it! I knew you were faking!
You used me to get you out of prison!

VITTI
Took you long enough. I was singin' West Side Story for three fuckin' days. I'm half a fag already.

BEN
What are you talking about?

VITTI
I call you to say somebody's trying to kill me and you hang up on me?

BEN
I was at the funeral home!
VITTI
You're my fuckin' doctor!

BEN
My father died!

VITTI
Me me me me! He's dead! Get over it.

BEN
Are you hearing yourself?

VITTI
(perfunctorily)
I'm deeply sorry for your loss.

BEN
Yeah, I can see how touched you are.

VITTI
What's the difference? You hated him anyway.

BEN
I loved my father. I'm feeling a lot of grief right now.

VITTI
I'm not sensing it, but if you say so.

Ben nervously pops a pill and swallows it.

VITTI
(re: pill)
What's that?

BEN
Decongestant. I'm getting over a cold. All right, what's going on? Who's after you?

VITTI
I don't know -- take your pick. Could be my old family, or could be the Rigazzis. Ever heard of Lou Rigazzi -- Lou 'The Wrench'?

BEN
Why "The Wrench"?

VITTI
Because he twisted a guy's head off once.

BEN
Off?

VITTI
Off. Fuckin' Calabrese -- animals. And comin' from me you know that's a big compliment.

BEN
I'm sure they'd be flattered. So --

VITTI
The feds are really putting the
pressure on. The families are fighting each other again -- what's left of 'em. It's the fall of the fuckin' Roman Empire. It's World War Three out there.

**BEN**

So what does that have to do with you?

**VITTI**

They knew I was gettin' out soon and the last thing anybody wants to see is me getting into it on either side.

**BEN**

Maybe if you just explain to them -- that you're out of it now, that you're starting a new life --

**VITTI**

Yeah, they'll probably want to throw me a party and give me a gold watch. Trust me -- nobody's lookin' forward to me being out.

**BEN**

You are, aren't you?

**VITTI**

Me? Oh, yeah, my future looks real fuckin' rosy.

Ben can't believe what he's gotten himself into.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SOBEL HOUSE - LATER**

Ben and Vitti pull into the driveway and get out of the car.

**BEN**

Want to grab your stuff?

**VITTI**

I'm not gonna be here that long. Jelly's pickin' me up in an hour.

**BEN**

Paul! I don't think you understand. You're in my custody. I could get in a lot of trouble if you screw up.

**VITTI**

Don't worry about it. I'll call you tomorrow.

**BEN**

Oh, no. You want to go back to Sing Sing? Thursday's meatloaf night. I can have you back there in no time. The U.S. Attorney was very clear. You stay with me; therapy every day; you can't leave the area without permission --
VITTI
What are you, my father now?

BEN
And you have to get a job as soon as you're well enough, which is now. So are you coming in with me or do I have to make a phone call?

Vitti relents and grabs his stuff from the back seat.

VITTI
I'm comin'. Some fuckin' life this is gonna be.

He follows Ben up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - LATER
Chapin is conferring with another U.S. ATTORNEY, DAVIS, and Agents Miller and Cerrone.

CERRONE
You really think Vitti is crazy?

CHAPIN
Yeah, he's about as crazy as I am.

Think about it. Locked up, he was absolutely no use to me. But back on the street, Vitti's still powerful enough to pose a threat to both families. It's like throwing gasoline on a fire.

DAVIS
If we can use Vitti to escalate this war, we might just end up putting them all away.

MILLER
That's if he goes back to his old life.

CHAPIN
If? People like Paul Vitti don't change. This guy's been a menace to society since he was twelve years old. Being a criminal is all he knows. Trust me.

DAVIS
He's gonna head straight for trouble. Then all we have to do is sit back and pick up the pieces. We could get twenty, maybe even thirty indictments next time the grand jury convenes.

CHAPIN
(smiles)
You know, Giuliani started this way.
DAVIS
You running for mayor?

CHAPIN
Could happen. Just stick with Vitti.

CUT TO:

INT. SOBEL HOUSE - LATER
Ben and Laura are in the kitchen, cleaning up the dinner dishes. Ben is wearing an apron that says "To Heck with Housework!" and a pair of Playtex rubber gloves. Laura is angrily muscling dishes around.

LAURA
How could you? How could you bring him here? That --
(shuddering)
-- mobster -- in my home -- eating off my dishes.

(looking at the plate in her hand, disgusted)
Ewww.

She scrubs the plate with manic energy.

BEN
I didn't have a lot of choice.

LAURA
Oh, there's a law that says you have to bring a gangster home?

BEN
I told you. He's in my custody. I'm a federal institution.

LAURA
You should be in an institution. Why couldn't he just go home?

BEN
His wife and kids aren't here. They're in Ohio.

LAURA
Ohio! Sure. Everyone gets to be in Ohio except me.

BEN
His life was threatened and he didn't want to endanger his family.

LAURA
How thoughtful! What about endangering our family?
(worried)
I think my teeth are loose. Feel my teeth.

BEN
Honey, your teeth are fine. I know
it's an imposition, but what could I do? I didn't want him here. They -

LAURA
You didn't want him, I didn't want him, but here he is!

She looks up and jumps when she sees Vitti standing there.

LAURA
(covers, cheerful)
Here he is!

VITTI
Coffee?

LAURA
What?

VITTI
Somebody said something about coffee.

LAURA
That was you. You said you wanted some.

VITTI
So what's the holdup?

LAURA
(to Ben)
Why don't you make your friend some coffee. I'm going upstairs to take a long bath and hopefully drown. Laura smiles at the two men, then exits.

BEN
You'll have to forgive her. She's usually a great hostess.

VITTI
I understand. She's uncomfortable. The whole situation's a little awkward with me bein' here -- but let's face it, Emily fuckin' Post she's not.

BEN
Emily fuckin' Post. Well, that explains why she rarely used her middle name.

VITTI
Listen, I got a friend coming over. I didn't want you to be surprised.

BEN
What kind of friend? Because if it's 'The Wrench,' or 'The Power Drill' or any other kind of tool --

VITTI
Not that kind of friend. It's a
personal thing.

BEN
They won't stay late, will they?

VITTI
(stares at him)
Are you really that pussy-whipped?

BEN
I'm not -- this has nothing to do with Laura.

VITTI
I heard her busting your balls.

BEN
We were having a disagreement. A certain amount of conflict is normal in a marriage.

VITTI
Or?

BEN
Or what?

VITTI
Or you're pussy-whipped.

BEN
Paul --

VITTI
Good night, Whippy.

BEN
(calls after him)
Remember, this is only temporary.

VITTI
Oh, really? I didn't hear you the tenth fuckin' time.

He exits.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER
Ben knocks on Michael's door and walks in without waiting to be asked.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION
Michael is sitting up in bed reading.

BEN
(oblivious)
Mike, can we talk for a second?

MICHAEL
Sure. What?
BEN
I know the last few weeks have been kind of tough with Grandpa -- dying and everything -- and it might've felt to you like I didn't have time for you or I didn't care about how you feel.

MICHAEL
No, it didn't.

BEN
Good. Because I want you to know that you can talk to me about stuff and that I can really listen and understand what you're going through.

MICHAEL
I do, Dad.

BEN
And if I seemed a little hard on Grandpa, it's just that your grandfather was a hard man in a lot of ways. He wanted everything done his way and sometimes I just felt like nothing I ever did was good enough. I don't want it to be that way with us.

MICHAEL
It's not.

BEN
And you know, at times like this we all might start questioning our own mortality and you might be thinking how devastated you'd be if I died. Right?

MICHAEL
No. Not really.

BEN
That's good. Good talk. And I realize it's all a little hectic right now, but this Paul Vitti thing is only temporary, okay?

MICHAEL
Oh, really? I didn't hear you the tenth fuckin' time.

BEN
That's not funny. Good night, Michael.

MICHAEL
Good night, Whippy.

Ben exits, shaking his head.
The moment he's gone, the rumpled blankets next to Michael shift, and a CUTE, PUNKY 16-YEAR-OLD GIRL emerges from hiding under the comforter.

    CUTE GIRL
    I gotta get home. What was that about?

    MICHAEL
    I have no idea. Parenting stuff.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOBEL HOUSE - NIGHT
The suburban street is dark and quiet and all the lights are off in the house.

    WOMAN (V.O.)
    Ohhhhh! Ohhhhh, Paul!

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - SAME TIME
The room is dark. We PAN UP the foot of Ben and Laura's bed and find them both wide awake staring straight up at the ceiling, listening.

    WOMAN (O.S.)
    Ohhhh, God! Oh, oh, oh, oh!

    BEN
    This has to be some kind of record, don't you think? It's been like forty minutes.

    LAURA
    How long are you going to let them go on?

    BEN
    Let them? How much longer can he go? Another twenty minutes, I'm either breaking it up or calling the Guinness Book of Records.

The MOANING shifts into low gear, more guttural and bestial.

    LAURA
    Oh, give me a break. She's got to be faking. Nobody sounds like that.

    BEN
    (suggestively)
    That's not entirely true.

    LAURA
    Okay, sometimes you do sound like that.

The O.S. MOANING kicks up another notch. Laura rolls over and jams her pillow over her ears. Ben growls, exasperated.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - SAME TIME
Michael's girlfriend is gone. He has his bedroom door open a
crack and he's standing there holding a small tape recorder and smiling broadly.

WOMAN (O.S.)
(high-pitched now)
Ah, ah, ah, ah...!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME
Agents Cerrone and Miller sit in a sedan with a small, sophisticated-looking microphone trained on the Sobel house just down the street. They hear the high-pitched MOANING. Miller gives Cerrone a look.

CERRONE
Oh, come on. Nobody sounds like that.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER
Ben takes a deep breath and knocks sharply on the guest room door. The heavy MOANING STOPS. After a moment, Vitti appears wearing only a bathrobe. Ben can see the beautiful SHEILA sitting naked on the bed.

VITTI
What?

BEN
(indignant)
I have a 17-year-old son.

VITTI
So let him get his own fuckin' girl.

BEN
Can I talk to you, please?

VITTI
Actually, I'm right in the middle of someone.

Sheila starts to light a cigarette.

BEN
Miss? Excuse me. There's no smoking in this house.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - SAME TIME
Michael freezes, about to light a cigarette himself.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENT LATER
Ben comes down the stairs with Vitti.

BEN
What do you think you're doing?

VITTI
Minding my own fuckin' business, like you should be doin'.
BEN
Well, it's a little hard with the live sex show going on in the guest room.

VITTI
I've been in prison for two and a half years. What am I supposed to do?

BEN
Go to a hotel.

VITTI
That's what I wanted to do, but you told me I had no choice -- it was either here or Sing Sing.

BEN
I'm not trying to punish you. These aren't my rules, but I have a responsibility here. Besides, I thought you might like a nice home-cooked meal after being in prison that long.

VITTI
Yeah, that's what I've been jerkin' off about for eight hundred consecutive nights -- a nice home-cooked meal.

(making a jerking motion)
Ohhhh, tuna casserole.

BEN
That girl is not staying here.

VITTI
I think you're jealous.

BEN
Oh, yeah, I'm really jealous.

VITTI
I didn't hear nothin' comin' out of your room.

BEN
We don't think it's necessary to wake the neighbors every time we have sex.

VITTI
Hey, if you're really quiet, you might be able to do it without even wakin' up your wife.

SHEILA (O.S.)
(moaning)
Ohhh. Ohhh.

Ben looks curiously at Vitti.
VITTI
I told her if I wasn't back in two minutes to start without me. I gotta go.

Vitti heads back upstairs.

BEN
This is not a good start, Paul.

INT. DINING AREA - NEXT MORNING
Laura and Ben are hosting a brunch for the out-of-town relatives. Laura offers a basket of bagels to a seated, older woman.

LAURA
Aunt Ester, I'm so sorry we had to put you up at the hotel. We wanted you here with us, but we had an unexpected house guest.

She glares at Ben.

AUNT ESTHER
(sighs)
Your father always had room for us.

BEN
I'm sorry.
(mutters to Laura)
Next time I lose a parent, I'll be sure to reserve the guest room.

A DOOR SLAMS somewhere, then Sheila storms into the room sobbing, her hair askew, tucking her blouse into her skirt.

SHEILA
(screaming)
Go to hell, Paul! You just go to hell!

VITTI (O.S.)
Go ahead! Get out of here, you crazy fuckin' whore.

Vitti charges into the room, his robe open. From the reactions of everyone in the room, it's clear he's not wearing anything under it.

VITTI
Go back to turning tricks in Jersey for all I fuckin' care.

Sheila exits and slams the front door. Vitti sees everyone staring at him. He closes his robe.

VITTI
How's it goin'?
(sees buffet)
Oh, we got food. Good.
Vitti heads for the buffet.

**LAURA**

(smiling)

Ben?

**BEN**

(quickly)

Paul?

Vitti bellies up to the buffet, stepping between an older couple. He eyes the food disdainfully.

**VITTI**

Oh, great. Jew food. Who do you have to fuck to get some bacon around here?

The woman reacts in horror.

**VITTI**

Not you, I'm guessing.

**BEN**

(snags Vitti's arm)

Why don't we go to my office? I'll make you a plate.

CUT TO:

**INT. BEN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Ben and Vitti enter. Vitti still in his robe.

**VITTI**

What is it with your relatives? They tend to overreact quite a bit.

**BEN**

I know. All you did was flash everybody in the dining room.

**VITTI**

So? From the look of 'em, some of those broads haven't seen the old salcicc' in a long time. It's good for them.

**BEN**

Well, when the paramedics revive my Aunt Goldie, I'll be sure to ask her.

Sit.

Vitti starts for Ben's chair.

**BEN**

Ah ah ah!

He points Vitti to the sofa and takes his own chair.

**BEN**

So what are you going to do, Paul?

**VITTI**

What do you mean?

**BEN**

With your life.
VITTI
First I'm gonna find out who's tryin' to kill me. I'm a target. Somebody could shoot right through that window -- blow my fuckin' head off.
Ben sees that he's in the line of fire, gets up and moves out of the way.

BEN
Okay, that's a priority. Have you thought about what you're going to do for work?

VITTI
Yeah. I'm too big for a jockey so I was thinkin' maybe a hairdresser. They'll call me Mr. Paul.

BEN
Come on. There must be something you like to do.

VITTI
I like hitting a guy on the head with a baseball bat.

BEN
Oh, sporting goods. We'll check the want ads tomorrow but don't get your hopes up. Anything else?

VITTI
Shylocking, bookmaking, unions, the usual --

BEN
Who are you?

VITTI
Who am I? I'm the guy who's paying you $150 an hour to play these stupid fuckin' games. You know who I am.

BEN
I know that. I mean what are you?

VITTI
What do you mean, 'What am I'?

BEN
I just want to know how you see yourself.

VITTI
You're making me very fuckin' nervous.

BEN
Just answer the question. What are you?

VITTI
(shrugs)
I'm the boss.

**BEN**
Really? The boss of what -- Jelly? You're not the boss of me. So what are you the boss of?

**VITTI**
You, you're good. I see what you're doing here.

**BEN**
What am I doing, Paul?

**VITTI**
You're pissing me off is what you're doing. Look at me. It's starting again, the anxiety.

**BEN**
I understand.

**BEN (CONT'D)**
You've spent your whole life becoming who you are and now you can't be that anymore -- that's gotta be scary. If you're not Paul Vitti the mob boss, who are you?

Vitti is at a loss.

**BEN**
Well, let's think. When you were a kid, What did you want to be?

**VITTI**
I don't know. Who remembers that stuff?

**BEN**
You must've wanted to be something when you were little -- fireman?

**VITTI**
No.

**BEN**
Baseball player?

36.

**VITTI**
No.

**BEN**
Astronaut?

**VITTI**
No.

**BEN**
Al Capone?

**VITTI**
Yeah, maybe. What did you want to be?

_BEN_

We're not talking about me.

_VITTI_

I am.

_BEN_

Fine. I wanted to be a philatelist.

_VITTI_

You wanted to look up people's assholes all day?

_BEN_

No, Paul, I believe you're thinking of a proctologist. I wanted to collect rare and unusual stamps.

_VITTI_

You must've been a lot of laughs when you were a kid. Lonely, huh?

_BEN_

Oh yeah. Big time. So what did you want to be?

_VITTI_

It's stupid.

_BEN_

You afraid to tell me?

_VITTI_

Yeah, I'm afraid.

_BEN_

Then tell me. I'm not here to judge you.

37.

_VITTI_

(a beat)

Okay. When I was really little -- like seven or eight -- maybe I wanted to be a cowboy.

_BEN_

A cowboy. Really?

_VITTI_

Yeah. My father gave me a cowboy suit -- you know, the vest, the chaps, the cap guns -- the whole thing. And he used to take me up to my uncle's farm in New Jersey and lead me around on this pony. Yippee-i-o. You happy now?

_BEN_

So you watched cowboy movies and TV shows with your father.

_VITTI_

Everybody. The whole family. My father loved 'Gunsmoke.'
BEN
Sheriff Dillon.

VITTI
(corrects him)
Marshal Dillon.

BEN
Marshal. So who were your favorite cowboys?

VITTI
This is so fuckin' retarded.

BEN
Paul!

VITTI
All right. Gene Autry, Roy Rogers, the Lone Ranger --

BEN
Interesting. They're all good guys.

VITTI
Yeah, I guess.

BEN
No, that's important. You didn't want to be the bad guy. You wanted to be the hero.

VITTI
Yeah, so?

BEN
So what happened?

VITTI
I don't know. Nothing happened.

BEN
So why didn't you become a cowboy?

VITTI
I lived in East Harlem! I joined a street gang when I was 12 and that was it.

BEN
Something else happened when you were twelve.

VITTI
What?

BEN
(prompting)
Something that made you very sad?

VITTI
The Dodgers moved from Brooklyn to L.A. Everybody took it pretty hard.

BEN
Something else.

VITTI
We playin' a guesssing game here?

BEN
Paul! Your father was murdered!
Right in front of you. Remember?

VITTI
Do I remember? I think about it every
fuckin' day of my life. What's that
got to do with it?

BEN
It's got everything to do with it. He
gave you the cowboy suit. With a
white hat. He was in the mob, but he
wanted you to be a good guy, didn't
he?

Vitti starts thinking about his father and starts to weep.

39.

VITTI
Yeah. He did.

BEN
He didn't want you in the gang life.
He only did it himself so you wouldn't
have to. He was trying to buy you a
better life than his.

VITTI
(crying harder)
He always said he wanted me to go to
college. I didn't even finish high
school.

He really starts sobbing now.

BEN
Well, Paul, this could be a great
opportunity for you. You're right
back where you were when you were
twelve. You've got some big choices
to make.

Vitti fights to regain control.

VITTI
Okay. Okay. That's enough of that
shit.

BEN
It's not shit, Paul. My point is,
when you're a child, you think
anything is possible. Wouldn't it be
great to think like that now?

VITTI
(retreating back into
his cynicism)
Yeah, just sprinkle some fuckin' fairy
dust on me.
BEN
I'm just saying you've got to keep an open mind and explore some new possibilities. Try some different things -- maybe you'll connect with one of them. There's a career counselor I work with. I can call him for you. He may be able to help you find a job.

VITTI
You mean working for somebody? I'm supposed to take orders from some guy who used to get me coffee?

(starts sweating and breathing hard)
I can't do that. It's not right. It's not me.

BEN
How do you know unless you try?

Suddenly one of the WINDOWS behind Vitti SHATTERS. Ben dives for cover. Silence -- then another RAP on the window. Ben looks out and sees JELLY in the back yard, tossing stones at the window.

JELLY
(calls out)
Hiya, Doc. Sorry about the window.

Ben waves him around to the side door.

CUT TO:
INT. DINING AREA - MOMENTS LATER
Jelly is loading up a plate of food from the buffet, talking to the elderly relatives. Laura stares at him.

JELLY
I love lox and bagels. I dated a Jewish woman once. Actually, she might have been the love of my life, but my mother broke it up.

JELLY (CONT'D)
She was always hockin' me a chinick about the madels. A wonderful woman, my mother, but she fuckin' hates the Hebes.

LAURA
Really.

(noting mountain of food on his plate)
More smoked salmon? Don't be shy.

Ben enters.

BEN
Jelly -- what are you doing here?

**JELLY**

Makin' new friends. How's it going, Doc? I brought some clothes for Mr. Vitti.

**LAURA**

(indicating the door)

Ben?

**BEN**

That's great, Jelly. I'd love to catch up with you -- outside.

**JELLY**

(rising)

You got it.

(to Laura)

Thanks, Mrs. S.

(to others)

So long, everybody. Ess gesunterhait.

Jelly and Ben exit.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SOBEL HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Ben and Jelly walk out to the driveway where Jelly's Buick is parked.

**JELLY**

So. Long time no see. You look good, Doc.

**BEN**

(trying to be pleasant)

And you, Jelly -- you look --

(can't find words for how he looks)

Did you get a haircut? I thought you were in prison.

**JELLY**

It would appear not.

**BEN**

How'd you get out?

**JELLY**

New trial. The evidence in my first trial was, you know, tainted. Turns out two of the witnesses against me changed their minds -- and the third one, he died after a short illness.

**BEN**

What did he have?

**JELLY**

Gunshot wound to the head.
BEN
That's not an illness.

JELLY
Yeah, but it is short.

Vitti, now dressed, comes out of the house and crosses to the car.

BEN
(to Vitti)
Where are you going?

VITTI
I got stuff to do.

BEN
What kind of stuff?

VITTI
(as he gets into the car)
Calm down. I'll be back.

BEN
You can't leave without my permission.

VITTI
Oh, yeah? Watch me. Drive, Jelly.

Jelly STARTS the CAR and slowly backs out of the driveway.
Ben runs after the car, talking to Vitti through the open window.

BEN
That's it, Paul. I forbid you to go.

VITTI
Stop sweating, Doc. I'll be back.

Vitti puts the window up.

BEN
(shouts anxiously)
If you screw this up, Paul -- Paul!

The car pulls away.

BEN
(angrily)
Shit! Shit, shit, shit!

Ben turns and sees his Aunt Goldie on the porch.

AUNT GOLDIE
So, the fat one -- he's single?

INT. KNIGHTS OF PALERMO SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

Soldiers lounge at the bar, keeping a respectful distance from the capos seated at a table in the rear. All eyes turn as the door opens and Vitti enters.

SAL MASIELLO, Vitti's old consigliere rises and warmly but warily welcomes Vitti back into the fold.
MASIELLO
Paulie, great to see you! You're lookin' good, kid. Lookin' very good. Jelly, how are ya?
Vitti embraces him and they sit down with the others.

MASIELLO
So, Paul, we heard you had some trouble while you were away. Some 'mental' problems.

VITTI
No, I'm okay. It was an act. I had to pretend I was nuts. There were people watching me all the time.

MASIELLO
Little people?

VITTI
Doctors. They never woulda let me out if they thought I was normal.

MASIELLO
So you ain't crazy?

VITTI
You want to see crazy? Just tell me who's trying to kill me. I'll show you crazy.

MASIELLO
We're in a war, Paul -- nobody's safe right now. The Rigazzis are walkin' all over us. We got next to nothing coming in, and I don't have to tell you, you don't buy a lot of muscle without money these days. We need you, Paul. The family needs you.

VITTI
I can't do it, Sal. I'm out of it.

MASIELLO
Come on, Paulie. Nobody used to do the big jobs like you. Air France-- they're still talkin' about it.

VITTI
Sal, even if I wanted to -- the feds

MASIELLO
After your father died, I always treated you like my own son. You know that.

VITTI
I know.

MASIELLO
He was a good man. I still miss him.

VITTI
Yeah, I do too.

MASIELLO
So you'll think about it. For me, Paulie?

VITTI
Yeah, okay, I'll think about it.

MASIELLO
(brightening)
Hey, what is this -- a fuckin' funeral here? You just got back from college for Chrissakes. We should be havin' a party for you.

(to bartender)
Hey, Nino, give everybody a round here. We gotta drink to Paul.

VITTI
I can't, Sal. I gotta go talk to the boss.

MASIELLO
I understand. No problem. It's good to have you back, Paul.

(embraces him)
Don't forget what I said. We're countin' on you.

Vitti gives his old friend a pat on the back and exits.

EXT. LOPRESTI HOUSE - SAME MORNING
Jelly pulls up, Vitti gets out and strides up to the front door of a nice home on Staten Island and RINGS the BELL.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRY HALL - CONTINUOUS ACTION
The door is opened by EDDIE DEVOL, early thirties, dark and sullen.

EDDIE
Yeah, what?

VITTI
'Yeah, what?' That's how you answer the door?

EDDIE
You got a problem with that?

VITTI
Yeah.

Vitti punches Eddie in the mouth, sending him sprawling back into the living room. Several other bodyguards are watching television, caught off guard by Vitti's sudden entrance.
Where is she?

**PATTY (O.S.)**
(calls out)
In the kitchen, Paul.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PATTY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS ACTION**

Vitti enters. **PATTY LOPRESTI**, mid-forties, still sexy even in an apron, is mixing cake batter in a bowl with an electric mixer.

**PATTY**
Paul -- what a nice surprise.

**VITTI**
How's it goin', Patty?

**PATTY**
Good. It's good. Give me a kiss, you.

Patty hugs and kisses him, taking the opportunity to pat him down for a weapon or a hidden wire.

**VITTI**
Sorry to hear about Carmine. He was a good man.

**PATTY**
Yeah. You live with a person twenty-one years, then one day they're

pulling his torso out of the river. It's hard.

**VITTI**
I'll bet -- especially with all the talk about you being the one who put him there.

**PATTY**

(screaming to ceiling)
Michelle! Teresa! It's ten-thirty! Stop fucking around and get ready for ballet!

(to Vitti)
It's hard being a single parent and a career woman.

**VITTI**
Yeah, I'm sure you're very busy.

**PATTY**
The pressure -- it's awful. For instance, a lot of people think, now that you're out, you're going to try and take the family back from me. But I said, no, Paul would never do that.

(smiling)
By the way, how are Marie and the
kids? Still in Ohio? In Shaker Heights? At 1356 Locust?
Vitti explodes, reaches across the counter and grabs her by the shoulders.

**VITTI**
(angered)
You even go near them, you crazy bitch --

**PATTY**
(quietly)
Don't make me call my guys in. You may need the shit kicked out of you, but not in here. I just mopped.

Vitti lets her go.

**PATTY**
(smoothing clothes, flushed and a little excited)
Wow. Have you been working out?

**VITTI**
Yeah, I been workin' out who's trying to kill me. I'd love to hear your thoughts on that.

**PATTY**
It's a dog-eat-dog world out there. Nobody's gonna be safe unless we can end this thing with the Rigazzis.

**VITTI**
So then you didn't have nothin' to do with it.

**PATTY**
(hurt)
Oh, Paul. You actually think I would kill you? All the years we've known each other -- the Christmas parties, the fun times at the beach. It wouldn't be right. I want us to be friends.

(smiles demurely)
Who knows? Maybe we'll be more than friends. Want to lick my beaters?

She holds the beaters out to him.

**VITTI**
(declining)
Thanks. I gotta see a guy about a business thing.

**PATTY**
What kind of business? You know, if you get something going, we would expect some kind of consideration -- a
little taste.  

**VITTI**  
No, this is a legitimate business.  

**PATTY**  
(shudders)  
Oh, Paul. I just got a chill.  

**VITTI**  
I just want to be left alone. Put my life back together -- straight up this time. Put the word out, will ya? Nobody's got nothin' to worry about from me.  

**PATTY**  
Sure, Paul. I understand.  

He heads for the door.  

**PATTY**  
(calls after him)  
Don't be a stranger!  

After Vitti leaves, Eddie enters from the other door.  

**PATTY**  
(turning to Eddie)  
Watch him like a hawk. If he steps out of line, it would break my heart, but shoot him in the fuckin' head.  

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. PARK AVENUE AUDI DEALERSHIP - LATER**  
Vitti is trying to sell an $80,000 Audi to the MacINERNYS, an upscale middle-aged couple. Vitti opens the trunk.  

**VITTI**  
Look at the size of that trunk. You could fit three people in there.  

(off their shocked looks)  
Not people -- suitcases. It's a joke.  

The MacInernys laugh uncertainly.  

**VITTI**  
So what are you driving now?  

**MR. MacINERNY**  
We have a Lexus.  

**VITTI**  
(nods)  
It's a fancy Toyota, right? The Japs make good cars, but I ain't that quick to forget Pearl Harbor.  

The MacInernys look doubtful.  

**CUT TO:**
INT. MORETTI'S STEAK HOUSE - NIGHT
A crowd of well-heeled New Yorkers surround Vitti at the captain's station. Vitti, the new host, greets a prominent sports figure who embraces him like an old friend.

VITTI
(signals the MAITRE D')
Mario, put Mr. Torre at table five.

JOEY BOOTS, an old acquaintance of Vitti's, enters with a couple of his cronies.

JOEY BOOTS
Paul, I heard you were out.

VITTI
Hey, Joey.

JOEY BOOTS
All dressed up for dinner, huh?

VITTI
Yeah.

The Maitre D' crosses away and waves at Vitti.

MAITRE D'
Paul, that table for six is ready.
You can send them back.

JOEY BOOTS
You're working here?

VITTI
(dying)
Nah -- not really. It's like -- I'm on parole, so I just -- I come in, I greet people.

Joey and his friends nod condescendingly.

JOEY BOOTS
Okay. I get it. Nice seein' you, Paul. Don't want to hold you up. You got people to seat.

Joey and his guys walk away, they turn back and glance at Vitti, then whisper something in audible to each other and laugh.

Vitti burns, humiliated.

CUT TO:
FLASH PHOTO
Vitti poses for a picture with some notables.

CUT TO:
ANOTHER PHOTO
Vitti with some Broadway actors.
Vitti poses grimly with a BUSINESSMAN and his friends.

BUSINESSMAN
Thanks, Paul. Appreciate it.

Vitti moves to leave.

BUSINESSMAN
Hey, could you get us a big bottle of Pellegrino and another round of drinks?

He slips Vitti a couple of bills.

VITTI
You want more bread?

He takes a small loaf from the breadbasket on the next table, stuffs it into the Businessman's mouth and walks off.

VITTI
I'll get your drinks now.

INT. IMPERIAL DIAMONDS - DAY

Two Hassidim are in the back of a 47th Street jewelry store, sorting through a huge pile of diamonds. Behind the display counter, Vitti stares at the diamonds, breathing hard, starting to perspire. His customers, a thirty-ish YOUNG MAN and his FIANCEE, study the diamond engagement ring on her finger.

YOUNG MAN
This stone is supposed to be a 'G' color, but it looks kind of yellow, doesn't it?

VITTI
(distracted)

He starts instinctively casing the store.

QUICK CUT TO:

ARMED SECURITY GUARD

BACK TO FIANCEE

FIANCEE
I thought fluorescent light makes everything look blue?

CUT TO:

FANTASY - SECURITY GUARD
bound and gagged.
END FANTASY.

BACK TO VITTI

VITTI
(sweating)
What am I -- Edison? I'm telling you, it's a 'G.'

He glances at the surveillance cameras.

YOUNG MAN
Can I look at it with a lens?

CUT TO:

FANTASY - SPRAY-PAINTING
the camera lens and clipping the alarm wires.
END FANTASY.

BACK TO VITTI

VITTI
(completely distracted)
What?

FIANCEE
A lens. Do you have a lens?

CUT TO:

FANTASY - SAFE
in the back as it BLOWS UP.
END FANTASY.

OWNER
Ben's cousin, approaches Vitti who is now hyperventilating.

OWNER
Are you all right?

VITTI
I'm gonna do us both a big favor. I quit.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY
The MacInernys are trembling.

VITTI
You want to see the manager?
(grabs his crotch)
Here's the manager. Now take a hike, you fuckin' deadbeats.
The MacInernys rush out of the showroom.

VITTI
(calls after them)
Get a Hyundai!
CUT TO:

DREAM SEQUENCE – INT. BEN’S OFFICE – NIGHT

Vitti is on the sofa. He's wearing a shiny, silk, short-sleeved shirt with the sleeves turned up, tight, black chino pants and short, black, pointy-toed boots. His hair is oiled and coifed like early Frankie Avalon.

**VITTI**

(distraught)

I can't deal with this shit. My grades suck, I'm gettin' in fights every day, and if I get suspended again my mother's gonna fuckin' kill me -- if the nuns don't kill me first.

**BEN**

is listening to Vitti, but dressed as Sigmund Freud.

**BEN**

(nodding)

Eins, zwei, drei!

**VITTI**

What?

VITTI'S MOTHER is sitting next to him.

**VITTI'S MOTHER**

(elbows him)

Sit up straight! Pay attention when the doctor talks to you. This is costing money.

Ben (Freud) has a large TAXI METER TICKING away beside him.

**VITTI**

Ma? What are you doin' here?

**BEN (FREUD)**

(snorts some cocaine)

Acht gemacht gehunden nicht.

**VITTI'S MOTHER**

I tell him the same thing.

Suddenly, the WINDOWS are SHATTERED by GUNFIRE.

**DOOR**

BLASTS open, flying off the hinges. Jelly enters, pushed into the room by a gang of thugs, led by Patty LoPresti, Eddie DeVol and his guys, all at least ten-feet-tall and all holding huge guns.

**VITTI**

leaps to his feet and reaches for his gun, but instead pulls out a long sword. Confused but desperate, he holds up the sword to menace the intruders, but the sword suddenly goes limp. He tries to make the blade stand up, but it just keeps
dropping like a piece of soft rope. Patty, Eddie, and the thugs laugh contemptuously at Vitti, while Jelly looks on with an incredible stream of tears pouring from his eyes.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

CUT TO:

INT. GUEST ROOM - NEXT DAY
Vitti is back in bed in his robe, still asleep. The door opens and Laura enters with an interior decorator who has fabric samples over her arm.

LAURA
Now in here, I thought we'd get rid of the wallpaper and maybe put in some wainscoting --
She sees Vitti and quickly steers the decorator back outside.

54.

LAURA
(to decorator)
Don't look, don't look.

She comes back in, closes the bedroom door and confronts Vitti who is still groggy from his troubling dream.

LAURA
Do you realize it's almost noon?

VITTI
Really? Do me a favor, honey -- make me a sandwich.

LAURA
You want a sandwich? Make it yourself. I'm not afraid of you, Mr. Oh-I'm-A-Great-Big-Mobster Man. I want you out of my house.

LAURA (CONT'D)
I've had it with the bathrobe and the skulking around and the girlfriend who, I'm sorry, is so obviously faking it's not even funny. Enough!

VITTI
Coulda had that sandwich made by now.

LAURA
(tries new tack)
Okay. You don't like me and I don't like you. We can at least agree on that, right?

VITTI
Okay.

LAURA
I'm going to be honest with you -- I'm
a very anxious person --

VITTI

Hey! Me, too.

LAURA

We have so much in common. Anyway, this is not helping me, it's not helping my marriage, and I know Ben really needs some alone time. So I'm asking you -- as a human being -- could you please leave?

(off Vitti's look)

Yes, I'll make you a sandwich.

55.

VITTI

Ham, cheese, lettuce, tomato, mayonnaise, no onion.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOBEL FRONT PORCH - LATER

Jelly comes out the front door with Vitti's suitcases as Ben pulls into the driveway. He gets out of the car holding a small bag from the drugstore and sees Vitti coming out the front door. Ben stops him on the porch.

BEN

(concerned)

Where are you going?

VITTI

Where am I going? The orphanage found my real parents. They want me back.

(to Jelly)

Put those in the car.

(to Ben)

I'm goin' to Jelly's.

Jelly carries the luggage to his car parked in the driveway.

BEN

(to Vitti)

The hell you are. You're supposed to be in my custody. We have therapy today.

VITTI

For what? The more we talk the worse I get. I had that dream again.

BEN

The one where you're Mussolini?

VITTI

No, the other one.

BEN

The limp sword dream?

JELLY
I probably shouldn't be listening to this.

VITTI
So don't!

JELLY
Sorry.

BEN
(to Vitti)
Do you think this dream might be sexual?

VITTI
I know what you're thinkin'. The sword is my cock and I can't get it up, but that ain't it. I saw Sheila last night and I had a hard-on you could swing from.

BEN
(wincing)
I don't want to know that.

VITTI
You coulda hung wet towels on it.

JELLY
(calls out)
He's like a racehorse in that area.

BEN
Okay! I get it.

VITTI
(to Jelly)
Wait in the car!

(to Ben)
So what does it mean?

Ben sits on the wicker divan.

BEN
Sex can represent a lot of things. In your case I think it's about performance anxiety. Trying to find a job that fits.

VITTI
Doc -- nothing's gonna fit. That nine-to-five bullshit -- I'll fuckin' kill myself if I have to do that for the rest of my life. You know they take taxes out of your check? What the fuck is that? I'm doomed. I'm gonna end up selling hot dogs on the street.

(starts breathing hard
and sweating)
Look at me. I'm havin' a fuckin'
panic attack here. My heart's beatin'
like a rabbit.

**BEN**

You're hyperventilating.

He empties the drugstore bag and hands it to Vitti.

**BEN**

Breathe into this.

Vitti sits on a wicker chair.

**VITTI**

(speaks through bag)

This is your fault.

**BEN**

Excuse me?

**VITTI**

Tellin' me I have to get a job like
I'm some fuckin' nobody. It was
humiliating! Thanks a lot.

**BEN**

(jumps up, in a
total rage)

Hey, I'm doing the best I can!   If you
can't appreciate that, or if my   best
isn't good enough for you, then   maybe
you should find somebody else to   talk
to, you selfish prick!

Ben breaks down and cries what amounts to one racking sob,
then quickly pulls himself together.

**BEN**

Sorry.

**VITTI**

What the hell was that?

**BEN**

I'm fine.   I'm grieving.   It's a
process.

Ben takes a pill bottle out of his pocket and pops a couple
of pills.

**VITTI**

Now what are you takin'?

**BEN**

Echinacea and goldenseal. Do you know
the TV show 'Little Caesar'?

**VITTI**

Yeah, I know it.

**BEN**

The producer of that show is a man
named Raoul Berman. A mutual friend told him I knew you and Mr. Berman called me this morning. He wants to meet you.

VITTI
For what?

BEN
Meet him and find out.

CUT TO:

EXT. NOGO RESTAURANT - NIGHT
Ben and Laura walk up to a trendy Japanese restaurant in Chelsea. Ben is really keyed up.

LAURA
We finally got him out of the house -- why are we having dinner with him? I mean, how professional is that?

BEN
This is not social. Paul's meeting a television producer who might have a job for him. He's nervous and wants me here as a buffer. I'm a buffer, that's all.

LAURA
He's a grown man. I don't see why he needs a chaperone.

BEN
He doesn't. He needs a buffer. I'm here in buffer capacity only.

LAURA
Ben, if you say 'buffer' one more time --

Ben pops a couple of pills.

LAURA
Didn't you just take two of those?

BEN
No, that was something else.

LAURA
Well, you better not drink anything. You know what happens.

BEN
Laura? I'm a doctor? I think I know what I'm doing.

Ben opens the door and motions for Laura to enter.

BEN
(quietly, behind her back)
Buffer.                      CUT TO:

INT. FBI CAR - SAME TIME
Cerrone and Miller watch the front of the restaurant.

MILLER
(into radio)
They're all inside. We're going to
get something to eat. We'll be back
before they finish dinner.

They drive off.

INT. NOGO RESTAURANT - LATER
Seated at a table are Ben and Laura, Vitti and Sheila, Jelly,
and the producer RAOUl Berman and his uptight, downtown
GIRLFRIEND. Jelly inspects a piece of raw octopus, while
Raoul gushes over a platter of sushi and sashimi.

RAOUL
I adore this place. Best sushi in
town. Have you tried the yellowtail,
Paul?

Raoul picks up a floppy piece of raw fish with his
chopsticks.

VITTI
(makes a face)
No. We gettin' any real food? This
is like eatin' fuckin' bait.

Raoul chuckles and glances uncomfortably at his girlfriend.
Ben laughs loudly to cover the awkward moment. He's
suffering from some reaction between the pills and the booze
and he's oddly thick-lipped.

BEN
Bait! That's funny. Honey, did you
hear what Paul just said? He said
this is like eating bait.

LAURA
(not amused)
I heard him. And I think it was
'effing bait.'

60.

VITTI
Why you talkin' like that?

BEN
Like what?

VITTI
Like a fuckin' retard.

BEN
(pointing to his lower lip)
Oh -- this? I took a couple ibuprofen
before we got here -- I shouldn't have
had the saki. I'll be fine. It only
lasts a couple hours.

(to Raoul)
Rah-oo. Row. Rowl. I guess you need
both lips for that name. You know
what I love about Paul? He
was born without a filter. He
says exactly what he's thinking --
just lays it right out there. He
doesn't edit himself.

VITTI
(quietly)
You wanna shut the fuck up?

BEN
See? He just told me to shut the fuck
up. No filter. I love that.

(to Raoul)
Isn't he great?

LAURA
(aside to Ben)
Too much buffering. Way too much.

RAOUL
(eyeing Ben oddly)
Yes. Paul, I'm such a huge fan of
yours -- not a fan, but you know, an
admirer.

VITTI
Don't admire me too much.

RAOUL
Is there any chance you might be
interested in working on 'Little
Caesar' as a consultant? Give us
technical advice, coach the actors,
make sure the dialogue rings true --

BEN
Wow. That would be incredible. Did
you hear that, Paul? Raoul wants to
know if you'd be interested in working
on his show as a consultant. You
know, give technical advice, coach the
actors --

VITTI
(quietly to Ben)
In two seconds I'm gonna put a fork in
your eye.

BEN
(suddenly cowed)
Got it.

**RAOUL**
So what do you think, Paul?

**VITTI**
Yeah, sure, whatever.

**RAOUL**
Fantastic!

**SHEILA**
This is so exciting. Mr. Berman, I love your show. Anthony Bella, the guy who plays Nicky Caesar -- I think he grew up in Bensonhurst next door to my cousin's friend's husband.

**VITTI**
That's her claim to fame.

(to Sheila)
I hate to bust your bubble, but he's not from Bensonhurst. He's a professional Italian. He grew up in Connecticut or something like that.

**SHEILA**
Well, wherever he's from, I think he's a wonderful actor.

**JELLY**
Yeah, I bet he gets a lot of pussy.

Laura chokes on her drink.

**VITTI**
What's the matter with you? We got women at the table.

**JELLY**
You said 'fuckin'.'

---

**VITTI**
That's different. It's colorful.

**BEN**
Hey, speaking of colorful -- this peacock walks into a bar --

**LAURA**
Oh, my god.

(to a passing waiter, rising her half-empty drink)
Could I get another one, please?

**BEN**
And one for me.

**LAURA**
No. No more for the Buffer. She glares at Ben as the table descends into silence.
VITTI
(tries a desperate save)
So. I see in the paper where
Oklahoma! might win the Tony award.

Vitti's eyes suddenly go wide.
VITTI
(shouts)
Down!!!

He grabs Sheila and pulls her down as GUNFIRE rakes the wall
behind them. Everybody else at the table hits the floor.
Other diners scream in terror. Jelly pulls a GUN and SHOOTS
back.

A LONE GUNMAN
runs from the restaurant. After a long beat, the frightened
patrons start to get up and chatter nervously.

BEN'S TABLE
Nobody's hurt. Vitti helps Sheila to her feet.
BEN
(to Vitti)
What the hell was that?
VITTI
I think somebody's got it in for
Raoul.

Raoul crawls up from behind the table.
RAOUL
(wide-eyed)
Holy fucking shit.
(grinning)
That was phenomenal!

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDTOWN STREET - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jelly stands in front of an apartment building parking
garage. A guy comes walking up the ramp toward him. As he
comes nearer, we see that the guy is the Gunman from the
restaurant.

JELLY
Hey, pal -- got a light?
The guy stops, pulls out a Zippo and lights it for Jelly.
GUNMAN
Where's your cigarette?
JELLY
I'm trying to cut down.
The Gunman recognizes Jelly and desperately reaches for the
gun in his pocket, but Jelly hauls off and whacks the guy
across the back of the head with a sap. As he slumps into
Jelly's arms, Vitti steps out of a doorway and Jelly drags
the gunman into the garage.

CUT TO:

INT. SOBEL HOUSE - SAME TIME
Ben and Laura are getting ready for bed.

LAURA
I don't know why you feel you have to save this man.

BEN
It's my job. He needs me.

LAURA
So that automatically means you have to help him? You're always doing this -- putting other people's needs ahead of your own, like you're this martyr or saint or something. It's like living with Mother Teresa.

BEN
Actually, I hear she was tough to live with. Lot of parties, loud music -- lepers.

LAURA
You don't need this in your life -- especially not now. You really need to be grieving for your father.

BEN
I am.

LAURA
Really? I haven't seen it.

BEN
Well, you know, it's a process. I mean, we had issues -- there's some anger -- but I'll work it out.
Laura goes to Ben and embraces him.

LAURA
It's okay, honey. You can let it go.

Ben almost starts to break, but he holds it back.

BEN
No, I'm -- it's okay.

Ben sits heavily on the bed.

BEN
It's just a confusing time. I became a therapist because he was a therapist, so obviously his approval was very important to me. But is that the only reason I did it? I don't know. And now that he's gone, why do
I keep doing it? Is this what I really want?

She sits next to him and takes his hand.

LAURA
I just want you to be happy.

She kisses him.

BEN
Maybe you're right.
(kisses her)
Maybe it's time I started focusing on me, and, you know, satisfying some of

my desires.

He looks at her expectantly.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - LATER THAT NIGHT

Vitti and Jelly stand with the Gunman on the roof of the parking garage, four stories above the ground. The guy's arms are bound. Jelly ties a rope around his ankles.

VITTI
I'm gonna ask you once nicely. Who you working for?

GUNMAN
Fuck you.

VITTI
Fuck me? Fine. Jelly?

Jelly shoves the guy to the parapet at the edge of the roof, grabs him by the legs and hangs him over the side of the building. The guy screams.

VITTI
I'll ask you again. Who you working for?

The guy keeps screaming.

JELLY
He's screamin' too loud. Hold on a second.

Jelly swings the guy against the building, hitting his head and dazing him momentarily.

JELLY
Go ahead.
VITTI
Who are you working for?

GUNMAN
Nobody!

VITTI
Drop him, Jelly.

GUNMAN
Okay! Okay! Rigazzi! I'm working for Rigazzi!

VITTI
Pull him back up.

Jelly drops the guy.
The Gunman plunges three stories and lands heavily in a dumpster full of garbage.

VITTI
What's the matter with you?

JELLY
You said drop him.

VITTI
I said pull him back up.

JELLY
That's not what I heard.

VITTI
You heard what you wanted to hear.

JELLY
Okay, you got me there.

EXT. RIGAZZI PLUMBING AND HEATING - NEXT MORNING
A "family" business in Jersey.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ROOM - NEXT MORNING
The light from outside barely penetrates the painted windows of the shabby office.
LOU RIGAZZI, aka "Lou the Wrench," the aging boss of the Rigazzi family, sits in the half-light as a couple of his soldiers enter with the battered and hobbling Gunman between them.

RIGAZZI
What the hell happened to you?

GUNMAN
Vitti threw me off a roof.

RIGAZZI
Vitti? You talked to Vitti? What did you say to him?

GUNMAN
Nothing. I didn't tell him anything.
Mr. Rigazzi, can I
go -- I think my leg's broken.

RIGAZZI
That must hurt.
Rigazzi pulls out a GUN with a silencer and SHOOTS the Gunman.

RIGAZZI
I hate to see people in pain.
(to soldiers)
Get him out of here.
SOLDIER
What about Vitti?
RIGAZZI
(musing)
He's a hard man to kill. But he's not immortal. Our time will come.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK-YARD SWIMMING POOL - DAY
A big, family barbecue is going on in a back yard in Queens. Several children are splashing in an over-sized, above-ground swimming pool. Oddly, the children appear to be shouting and laughing but make no sound.
At the barbecue, Nicky Caesar is watching his friend MELLO turn Italian sausage on the grill.

CAESAR
I like mine burnt.
MELLO
I don't know how you like your sausage? Twenty fuckin' years we been doin' this. So you got the money?
The wind shifts and blows the smoke from the barbecue in their faces.

CAESAR
(coughing, eyes watering)
Not all of it. I'm still light about fifteen large.
(blinded by smoke)
Can we cut? This is ridiculous.

RAOUL (O.S.)
(shouts)
Cut! Can you do something about the fucking smoke?

We PULL BACK to reveal the set of "Little Caesar." Assistant directors and production assistants echo the director:
"We're cut!" "Reset!" "Effects!"
Vitti observes the action sitting in a director's chair, still brooding over the previous night's events. Raoul sits
next to him.

RAOUL
(to Vitti)
This is the problem with shooting on location. But it's worth it for the authenticity.

VITTI
Yeah, this is real authentic.

RAOUL
(calls out)
Tony! Come here a second.
(to Vitti)
Anthony Bella. He plays Nicky Caesar.

VITTI
I know who he is. They used to watch the show up at Sing Sing.

RAOUL
(delighted)
Are you shitting me?

ANTHONY BELLA joins them.

RAOUL
Tony, this is Paul Vitti.

TONY BELLA
(Australian accent)
You don't have to tell me who he is.
(shakes Paul's hand)
It's a pleasure, mate.

VITTI
(reacting to accent)
Mate? I don't believe this! You're an English guy? You ain't even Italian.

TONY BELLA
Australian-Italian. We got some paisans down under.

VITTI
Down under what?

RAOUL
(to Tony Bella)
How incredible is this? Paul tells me they watch the show in Sing Sing!

TONY BELLA
Fantastic! That's so fuckin' great.

VITTI
I wouldn't wet my pants over it. They watch 'Supermarket Sweep,' too.

Raoul laughs hard.
VITTI
You laugh too much.

TONY BELLA
So, Paul, you going to join us?

Vitti looks around, his future plans now beginning to form.

VITTI
Yeah. You got a good setup here.

TONY BELLA
Great. See you later then.

He exits. Vitti turns to Raoul.

VITTI
Coupla things, though. I don't know who makes these decisions, but some of this, it don't look right.

RAOUL
(concerned)
I sensed it myself. Which elements strike you as wrong?

VITTI
The people mainly. I mean, you got a boss who speaks Australian. What the fuck is that? And I'm guessing your background is -- what?

RAOUL
The theater, mostly.

VITTI
Yeah, the theater. So how about if I bring in some guys that I know -- you know, more 'authentic.'

RAOUL
I would be eternally grateful. Anything else?

VITTI
(thinks)
Yeah. One of those trailers like the stars have.

RAOUL
(slight hesitation)
Done.

(shakes his hand)
I'll put that in the works right now.

He hurries off to talk to his assistant. Jelly comes up to Vitti.

JELLY
You really gonna do this?

VITTI
No fuckin' way. I've had it with this job bullshit. A week of this and I'd
either shoot myself or shoot Raoul. But it's good cover while I figure out my next move. Call the guys.

**JELLY**

You got it.

**CUT TO:**

**MONTAGE**

Jelly and Vitti's old crew, MO-MO, BIGS, TUNA, EDDIE COKES, and eight or nine other wiseguys walk en masse into base camp. Vitti's guys go to the front of the lunch line, forcing the crew aside. A big, pop-out trailer labeled "Mr. Vitti," guarded by three of his guys. Tuna brings a lunch tray and knocks on the door. Jelly opens the door and takes the tray. Vitti conferring with Raoul and Tony Bella on the script, ripping out whole sections. Vitti in the makeup trailer getting a haircut and manicure while he smokes a cigar and talks on his cell phone.

Vitti with the costumer, approving and nixing various wardrobe choices, while Jelly steals an expensive watch in the b.g. Vitti in a massage chair getting a backrub from a masseuse. A PRODUCTION ASSISTANT approaches him.

**P.A. (PRODUCTION ASSISTANT)**

They're ready to start shooting, Mr. Vitti.

**VITTI**

Yeah, ten minutes, tell 'em.

Eddie Devol, Patty LoPresti's guy, watches Vitti from a safe distance.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY**

Ben comes out of the market carrying several grocery bags and a small prescription bag. Two Mafia SOLDIERS step up beside him and urge him toward a big stretch LIMO IDLING at the curb.

**SOLDIER**

Walk this way.

**BEN**

There must be some mistake. I didn't order a limo.

**SOLDIER**

Get in the car.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. KNIGHTS OF PALERMO - LATER**

Ben enters timorously, still carrying his groceries. Patty LoPresti, Masiello and a couple of other heavyweights
are sitting at the table, all except Patti smoking cigars. Ben immediately recognizes their status and grasps the gravity of their mood.

    BEN  
    (nervous, but trying  
    to keep it light)  
    Hello. I'm Ben Sobel. And you are -- ?

The Soldier sits Ben down. The other soldier takes his groceries. Ben looks at Patty, trying to gauge her role.

    MASIELLO  
    You're the shrink who's taking care of  
    Paul Vitti?  
    BEN  
    Yes, sir. That's right.  
    (to guy with groceries)  
    Could you be careful, because I think  
    they put the eggs on the bottom.  
    He drops the bags heavily onto the bar.  
    MASIELLO  
    So? Is he nuts or what?  
    BEN  
    Who?  
    MASIELLO  
    Paulie. Is he nuts?  
    BEN  
    I can't discuss a patient's case with anyone --  
    MASIELLO  
    Discuss it.  
    BEN  
    I'd say he's still suffering from  
    chronic anxiety and --  
    He hesitates.  
    MASIELLO  
    And what.  
    BEN  
    We call it Antisocial Personality  
    Disorder. Sociopathy.  
    MASIELLO  
    Meaning what?  
    BEN  
    (very carefully)  
    Meaning -- he -- fails to conform to  
    societal norms with respect to --  
    lawful behavior.  
    MASIELLO
I'm getting a fuckin' headache here.

What are you saying?

**BEN**
He's got a -- criminal temperament.

**MASIELLO**
(stares at him)
He's a criminal? This is news? And for that you need a doctor degree? So what are you doin' with him?

**BEN**
Well, I'm trying to at least show him the possibility of change --

**PATTY**
Wrong. You do not want him to change.

Ben looks at her, sensing her command of the group.

**BEN**
We haven't really been introduced --

**MASIELLO**
This is Mrs. LoPresti.

**PATTY**
Patty.

**BEN**
Ben Sobel.

Ben offers his hand but she ignores it.

**PATTY**
Ben, Paul Vitti is important to this family. We don't want to see you turn him into a stromboni.

**BEN**
A stromboni? That thing they clean the ice with at hockey games?

**MASIELLO**
That's a Zamboni, asshole. Stromboni.

**PATTY**
It's a bull with his balls cut off.

She reaches under the table and grabs Ben's balls. He winces in pain.

**BEN**
(squeezed)
No, we don't want to do that.

**PATTY**
Not unless you want to be one, too.
BEN
(in pain)
Me? No. I'm very attached to my balls. As you can probably tell.

PATTY
(lets go)
Then do the right thing, understand?

BEN
(greatly relieved)
Yes, I understand completely. May I go now? I have perishables --
He takes his groceries and edges away.

CUT TO:
INT. "LITTLE CAESAR" SET - DAY
Vitti is sitting at a table with Jelly and some of his main guys. From a distance it looks like they're playing cards. Up close it's a different story.

VITTI
We're gonna need a grapple or a crane with maybe a fifty-foot boom.

MO-MO
I seen one -- in Bayonne -- but I'll call around.

VITTI
See what you can come up with. And we're gonna need a city bus.

JELLY
I got a guy in the Transit Authority. He owes me. Just let me know when.

PATTY (O.S.)
Paul! Hello!
Vitti turns to see Patty, Eddie Devol and his men heading across the set.

PATTY
I guess everybody's gone Hollywood, huh?

VITTI
How you doin', Patty.

PATTY
Jelly -- you're working here, too?

JELLY
I'm an extra.

PATTY
An extra what?

JELLY
A supernumerary. An 'atmosphere.' It ain't bad. You just stand around all
day waitin' for them to shoot and they pay you eighty bucks.

PATTY

Eighty bucks? For standin' around all day? You used to sneeze eighty bucks. How much you make shootin' craps?

JELLY

Today? About eight hundred maybe.

PATTY

And how about bookin' bets for the Teamsters and the crew?

JELLY

Another grand. One of the producers really likes the ponies.

PATTY

So eighteen hundred bucks.

JELLY

Plus eighty --

PATTY

I know -- extra.

They all laugh.

An ASSISTANT DIRECTOR approaches the group.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

This is a closed set. We're about to start shooting.

EDDIE

Yeah? So am I.

Eddie grabs the Assistant Director and walks him away.

CUT TO:

EXT. "LITTLE CAESAR" BASE CAMP - SAME TIME

The trucks and trailers are arranged on a parking lot. A car pulls up and Lou Rigazzi gets out with his bodyguards.

DRIVER

Should I wait here, Mr. Rigazzi?

RIGAZZI

No, pull the car up your ass and wait there.

CUT TO:

EXT. SET - SAME TIME

Patty takes Vitti's arm and walks with him.

PATTY

I heard you had some more trouble.

VITTI

One of Rigazzi's guys took a shot at me.

She stops at the extras' makeup table and starts primping in the mirror.

PATTY
I don't have to tell you, Paul. Alone on the street you don't stand a chance. That's what the family's all about. Since the old days, when the grandfathers first came over. That's not something you just walk away from.

VITTI
Yeah, I know. When you're a Jet, you're a Jet all the way.

PATTY
So you want to tell me what's going on here? It looks like you got your whole crew back together.

VITTI
Nothing's going on. They're actors.

PATTY
Don't bullshit me, Paul. You're planning something. I'm feeling very left out.

VITTI
(quietly)
Okay. Something big is going down, but you're getting a cut. My hand to God.

PATTY
You're a good friend, Paul. And I would never think of insisting on this, but I'd feel better if you brought in Eddie and some of my guys to help with the job.

VITTI
I don't think so.

PATTY
Then I'll have to insist.

VITTI
Whatever.
Raoul approaches and eyes Patty disdainfully.

RAOUL
Oh, dear God. First of all, sweetheart, we're not shooting the hooker scene until tomorrow. And the hair -- please, what is that?

PATTY
Excuse me?

VITTI
Raoul, this is a friend of mine. Patty LoPresti.
Raoul freezes, recognizing the name.
RAOUL
Mrs. LoPresti -- I am so very, very
Raoul wheels on a production assistant who happens to be passing by.

RAOUL
How dare you not inform me Mrs.
LoPresti was on the set. You're fired!
(to Patty)
Enjoy your visit with us. If there's anything I can do --
PATTY
Go fuck yourself.
RAOUL
Immediately.
Raoul moves away quickly. Patty turns back to Vitti.
PATTY
It's good to have you back, Paul.

(kisses Vitti on the cheek)
We'll be in touch.

She exits.
CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER
As Patty and her men walk away down one aisle of trucks and campers, Rigazzi and his men walk down the next aisle heading for the set. They narrowly miss seeing each other.
CUT TO:

EXT. BASE CAMP - MOMENTS LATER
Ben arrives looking for Vitti. He freezes, then quickly ducks behind a nearby truck, shielding his crotch. Patty and her men pass by. Ben waits until they hurry on.
CUT TO:

EXT. BACK-YARD SET - SAME TIME
A mildly-distraught Raoul is huddled with Vitti.
RAOUL
I mean, tell me -- was she angry? Am I in any danger?
VITTI
No, you're fine. But you might want to have somebody else start your car the next couple of weeks.
RAOUL
I'll have Brian do it. He's new.
Rigazzi and his men join them.
RIGAZZI
(to Vitti)
Could I talk to you for a second?

RAOUL
(eyeing Rigazzi)
Oh, what is this now, the bus and truck tour of Guys and Dolls?

VITTI
This is Lou Rigazzi.

Raoul freezes.

RAOUL
(a horrified whisper)
'The Wrench.'

RAOUL (CONT'D)
(taking Rigazzi's hand)
Please, forgive me. I'm on painkillers -- half the time I don't know what I'm saying.

Raoul kisses Rigazzi's hand. Rigazzi yanks it away.

RIGAZZI
Get lost.

RAOUL
Certainly.
(as he exits)
Brian! Get my car!

RIGAZZI
(to Vitti)
I need a couple minutes.

VITTI
(nodding)
This way.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRAFT SERVICES TABLE - MOMENTS LATER
Vitti and Rigazzi stand at the table. Rigazzi's soldiers are nearby.

RIGAZZI
The guy who shot at you -- he was acting on his own. I never gave an order.

VITTI
Is that right?

RIGAZZI
And he's been taken care of. There won't be another incident. Unless you're thinkin' of workin' for Patty LoPresti.

VITTI
Me? No.
RIGAZZI
Good. Then I got no beef with you.

VITTI
Thanks. I'll sleep much better.

RIGAZZI
Because that would not be the way to go. You want to back a winner, which is gonna be me. It only makes sense. You come work for us. I'll treat you right.

VITTI
I don't think so.

RIGAZZI
(a beat)
Well, so much for sleeping better. Rigazzi smiles and pats Vitti's cheek, then exits with his soldiers.

CUT TO:

INT. EXTRAS HOLDING TENT - SAME TIME
Ben walks in and sees Vitti's guys sitting around.

JELLY
Hey, Dr. Sobel?

BEN
Jelly, hi.

Jelly, hi.

(recognizing some of the others)

Hey! Yo-Yo!

JELLY
It's Mo-Mo.

BEN
Right. I was thinking of the cellist. How's it going?

MO-MO
Goin' good. I did a 'Law and Order' last week, I had a line on 'Sex and the City' --

TUNA
I'm up for a recurring on 'NYPD Blue.'

BEN
That's great. Have you seen Paul?

JELLY
Yeah, I think he's in his camper.

BEN
His camper.

CUT TO:
INT. VITTI'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER
There's a loud KNOCK on the door and Ben storms in.

VITTI
(surprised to see him)
Hey, Doc. What are you doing here?

BEN
No, what are you doing here? I came to tell you we have a preliminary meeting with your parole officer and who do I run into? Patty LoPresti.

VITTI
Patty who?

BEN
What is this -- a knock-knock joke? Patty-who-kidnapped-me-and-threatened-to-cut-off-my-balls. Stop lying to me, Paul. Your whole gang is here.

VITTI
Who says I'm lying? I finally get a straight job and start putting my life in order and you come in here and start accusing me! That's how much you trust me?

BEN
(off balance)
It's not that I don't trust you, I just don't -- trust you. Are you lying to me? Because I know you, Paul. You'll say or do anything to get your own way.

VITTI
This is what's so hard about being an ex-con. You make one little mistake in your life and people never let you forget it.

BEN
Oh, so now you're the victim? I want the truth.

VITTI
Wait a second. Say that again.

BEN
Say what?

VITTI
'I want the truth.' Say it -- like you did just now.

BEN
I want the truth?
VITTI
No, strong, like before.

BEN
(forceful)
I want the truth!

VITTI
Yeah, that's good!

BEN
Paul --

VITTI
No, I'm serious. That had power. I believed it. You could be an actor.

BEN
I'm not an actor --

VITTI
Hey, you're as good as most of the bums I see around here. They have this part. You could do it.

BEN
Actually, I did The Music Man in tenth grade.

VITTI
Of course. I'm gonna talk to Raoul.

BEN
About being on the show? I couldn't --

VITTI
No, this part you could do. It's perfect. Believe me.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY (LATER)
The camera rolls.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
We're rolling.

SOUNDMAN
Sound speed.

RAOUL
(shouts)
Action!

ON ROOFTOP

Jelly and Tony Bella drag Ben kicking and screaming to the edge of the roof and hang him over the edge. On the ground, Raoul and Vitti look up, watching the action.

RAOUL
(doubtful)
Does that screaming sound real to you?
VITTI
Oh, yeah. That sounds real.

CUT TO:

INT. BEN'S CAR - LATER
Ben drives, pissed off. Vitti chuckles to himself.

BEN
It's not funny! There was no safety harness or anything. They could have dropped me.

VITTI
Hey, if you didn't want to do it, why didn't you say something?

BEN
I know exactly what that was about. You resent the fact that you've been put in my custody, so you passively-aggressively arranged things to make me look like a fool.

VITTI
Come on -- you were great.

BEN
(turning on a dime)
Really? I was scared at first, but on the second take, I think I found some good stuff. I was able to texture the screaming --

84.

Vitti is laughing.

BEN
Oh, screw you, Paul. Just screw you.

He pops two pills.

VITTI
What, are you self-medicating again? And don't give that decongestant multi-vitamin bullshit.

BEN
Don't worry about me. Just worry about what you're going to say to this parole officer. What are you going to say? That you've moved out of my house. That you've got your old gang back together. For what, a high school drop-out reunion?

VITTI
I'm gonna say that's none of his fuckin' business.

BEN
It's my business. I want to know.
I'm a federal institution.

VITTI
(cheks side-view mirror)
You recognize that car?

BEN
Which car?

VITTI
The one that's been following us the last mile and a half.

Ben jerks his head around to look and sees a black Mercedes behind him.

VITTI
Lose 'em.

BEN
What do you mean, 'lose 'em'?

Vitti stomps his foot down on Ben's, flooring the accelerator.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOBOKEN STREET - CONTINUOUS ACTION

85.

Ben's car speeds up suddenly. The black Mercedes behind him speeds up, too, as does a third car that has joined the chase.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Ben is on the edge of panic.

BEN
Maybe I should just pull over. It could be the F.B.I.

VITTI
No, they're two cars back. You gotta be a little more observant, Doc. Turn left.

Ben executes a hard, SKIDDING left. The Benz stays right with him.

BEN
What if we just stop and get out? They're not going to shoot us in broad daylight.

VITTI
Broad daylight's the best time. You can see better. Take a right. Now!

EXT. HOBOKEN STREET - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Pedestrians scatter as Ben makes a sudden turn into a bank drive-thru. He over-steers and wipes out an ATM machine, sending up a cloud of bills that flutter down like confetti.
INT. CAR

BEN

Sorry!

MERCEDES follows right behind him, then the bystanders run to pick up the cash, blocking the drive-thru, forcing Miller in the FBI car to stop.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. HOBECK STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Two police officers are parked at the curb. They hear a HORN HONKING, and turn just as Ben's car comes flying past them. The cops start to pull out but stop short as the Benz blows by, swerving to avoid hitting them. The cops take off in hot pursuit.

CUT TO:

INT. BEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

BEN

(frantic)

We can't do this, Paul! We have to stop! This is a lease!

GUNFIRE SHATTERS the rear WINDOW of the car.

BEN

(shouting back at the Mercedes)

It's a goddamn lease!

VITTI

(looks back)

Move over. I'll drive.

BEN

Move over? Where?

Vitti puts his left foot on the gas pedal and his left hand on the wheel.

VITTI

Backseat. Now!

Ben tries to launch himself into the backseat but is stopped by his seat belt.

BEN

Seat belt.

He releases the belt, then twists and crawls over the top of the driver's seat into the back, while Vitti slides into the driver's seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Ben's car races past an industrial area with the Mercedes right on its tail.
EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - MOMENTS LATER
Ben's car bounces over some railroad tracks and sails into a warehouse complex on the river with the Mercedes still only a few car lengths behind.

CUT TO:
INT. BEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Vitti drives down the narrow lane between two big warehouses.

VITTI
(determined)
Hang on.

BEN
It's gonna get worse?

CUT TO:
EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Vitti rockets out from between buildings and races through a parking lot toward the river with the Benz on his tail.

CUT BACK TO:
INT. BEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

BEN
They're right behind us!
(shouts at them)
Get away!

He starts whipping things out the shattered back window -- a tennis racket, sneakers, an empty Macy's box.

CUT TO:
INSERT - TENNIS RACKET
is crushed under the Mercedes' wheels.

CUT BACK TO:
INT. BEN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Ben picks up the only thing left -- the New York Times. He starts leafing through it.

VITTI
What the fuck are you doing?

BEN
I wanted to save the crossword.

VITTI
Throw it!

Bent throws the paper out the window.

CUT TO:
BENZ DRIVER'S POV
The Times hits the windshield and one double-page sticks, totally OBSCURING the driver's VIEW.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS ACTION**

Vitti throws a 180, SKIDDING to a stop just inches from the river's edge. The Benz, with the newspaper covering the windshield, sails past them and right off the embankment. It seems to hang in the air for a long time, then lands with a big splash and starts to sink almost immediately.

**BEN AND VITTI**

They jump out of the car and watch the Mercedes disappear under the water.

**BEN**

(aghast)
You think they'll get out?

**VITTI**

Yeah, that's James Bond and the 'Sea Hunt' guy in there, so they got a pretty good shot.

They hear POLICE SIRENS APPROACHING. Vitti starts walking away quickly. Ben follows after him.

**BEN**

Where're you going?

**VITTI**

I gotta take care of something.

**BEN**

But your parole officer --

**VITTI**

Send my regrets.

**BEN**

I'm warning you. If you leave now --

**VITTI**

So long, Doc.

Vitti takes off running, ducking behind the rows of parked cars.

**89.**

**BEN**

(calling after him)
That's it! I'm finished! You're on your own now, pal! I'm --

POLICE CARS and the FBI CAR SCREECH into the parking lot and surround Ben.

**BEN**

(quietly)
-- screwed.

**CUT TO:**
EXT. RIVERBANK - LATER
Police divers search for the sunken Mercedes in the middle of the channel.
On shore, Ben leans against a government car looking tired and distraught while Chapin berates him.

CHAPIN
Where is he, Dr. Sobel?

BEN
I wish I knew.

CHAPIN
Well, considering that he's in your custody, that's not quite the answer I was looking for. He's got something big in the works. You want to tell me what you know?

BEN
I don't know anything. As far as I can tell, he's making a real effort to go straight.

CHAPIN
Yeah, that's why I've got two corpses at the bottom of the river.
He reaches through the open car window into his briefcase and pulls out a file of photographs.

CHAPIN
Here. Vitti with Sal Masiello. Vitti with Patty LoPresti. Vitti with Lou Rigazzi. Let me know -- I can order some wallet size for you. I've got more than enough to put him away again without these. Violation of parole, second-degree murder here. When I really start digging, it'll be amazing what I come up with. You have twenty-four hours to find him and deliver him to me. Otherwise you're looking at obstruction of justice, and accessory to felony manslaughter. And trust me, Dr. Sobel, if you don't like me now, you really don't want to see me in court.

BEN
I'm getting that. Can I go now?

He starts for his car.

CHAPIN
You can't take your car. We're impounding it as evidence.

BEN
(exasperated)
Then can somebody give me a ride home?

CHAPIN

Yeah, the government runs a limousine service. The number is 1-800-Fuck Off.

Chapin walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. VITTI'S TRAILER - DAY

Vitti is hurriedly collecting his stuff, talking to Jelly and a few of his old gang.

VITTI

I don't have a lot of time. They're probably gonna come lookin' for me, so we'll go over everything later, okay?

JELLY

Paul, not that I'm questioning, but what do we want with Eddie DeVol? Guy's a fuckin' scumbag.

VITTI

Look, I'm not happy about it, but if it keeps Patty off my back, so be it. They're meeting us at the club. Let's head out.

(as they all get up)

Not all at once. I gotta tell you everything?

A PRODUCTION ASSISTANT KNOCKS and sticks her head in the door.

P.A.

Mr. Vitti? Mr. Bella asked if you could meet him in the makeup trailer.

VITTI

No, I gotta go.

P.A.

He said it was important.

VITTI

(annoyed)

I'll talk to him tomorrow.

He hands the P.A. some money.

VITTI

Here -- tell him you couldn't find me.

Vitti exits. The P.A. looks at the money.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAKEUP TRAILER - LATER

Vitti makes his way past the trailers, heading for his car. As he passes the makeup trailer, the door opens and Tony Bella sticks his head out.
TONY BELLA
Paul! Excellent!

VITTI
Can't really talk right now, mate. Headin' out.

TONY BELLA
Two seconds. Please, Paul. It's really important.

Vitti looks pissed.

CUT TO:

INT. MAKEUP TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER
Vitti watches impatiently while the makeup artist touches up Tony Bella.

TONY BELLA
(script in hand)
I'm looking for something to do when my character finds out he's being indicted. I was thinking of punching the wall, but I did that when they killed Uncle Lenny, and I did it again when Franny left me. Oh, and I punched a car, a van actually, when Peezee screwed up the big drug deal. So I'd like to find something different, that doesn't involve, you know, punching anything.

VITTI
Try kickin' something. Let me know how it works out.

Vitti starts for the door.

TONY BELLA
Wait, Paul. That's interesting. Like what?

VITTI
(impatient)
I don't know. You could kick a guy in the face.

TONY BELLA
Who?

VITTI
(irritated)
Just some guy! You knock him down, give him a couple quick kicks in the head while he's on the ground.

TONY BELLA
Why?

VITTI
Why not? Because he's there and you're pissed off.
TONY BELLA
You've done that?

VITTI
Maybe once or twice. Look, I got people waiting.

TONY BELLA
(thinks about it, decides not)
My character wouldn't do that. What else?

VITTI
(at a loss, getting angrier)
I don't know. You could yell real loud?

TONY BELLA
Yell real loud? That's original.

VITTI
(pops)
Or keep your fuckin' mouth shut! Who gives a shit what you do, for cryin' out loud?

Tony Bella likes something about Vitti's inflection.

TONY BELLA
(imitates him)
Who gives a shit what you do, for cryin' out loud?

VITTI
What are you doin'?

TONY BELLA
What are you doin'?

VITTI
(irritated)
Okay, you can cut that shit out right now.

TONY BELLA
Okay, you can cut that shit out right now.

VITTI
(menacing)
Hey, I'm serious, asshole!

TONY BELLA
Hey, I'm serious, asshole!

CUT TO:

EXT. MAKEUP TRAILER - MOMENT LATER
The door flies open and Tony Bella comes flying out of the trailer backwards, hitting the pavement hard. Vitti charges out of the trailer and storms away. Tony wipes blood from under his nose.
TONY BELLA

That was good. My character could do that.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOBEL HOUSE - LATER
A cab pulls up to the house, and Ben gets out.

He walks up the driveway and sees Jelly's car parked at the back door and a big man in a dark suit and tie wiping the windshield.

BEN
(irritated)
Jelly! Where's Paul?
The guy in the suit turns. It's Michael.

BEN
Michael? What are you doing?

MICHAEL
Working.

BEN
(pleasantly surprised)
You got a job? That's great. Look how handsome you look in that suit. What's the job?

MICHAEL
(reluctantly)
I'm working for Mr. Vitti. I'm his driver.

BEN
Oh, no, you're not!

MICHAEL
You keep telling me to get a job!

BEN
I meant making sandwiches at the Subway, not driving a getaway car!

MICHAEL
He's paying me twenty dollars an hour.

BEN
I don't care if he pays you two hundred an hour, you're not doing it.

MICHAEL
Dad --

BEN
He had no right to ask you without my permission. Where is he?

MICHAEL
I can't tell you.

BEN
What do you mean you can't tell me?

MICHAEL
I promised I'd never repeat anything I heard in the car. I took an oath.

BEN
You took an oath! Oh, my God! Was there blood involved?

MICHAEL
Dad, I gave my word.

Laura comes out of the house.

LAURA
Ben? Where've you been? What happened to you?

BEN
(minimizing)
I was in a car chase. There was a little shooting -- not that much really -- then they drove into the river. It wasn't as bad as it sounds.

LAURA
When is this going to end?

BEN
Tonight, I hope. I just have to find him and --

LAURA
Why? A few days ago you weren't even sure you still wanted to be a therapist. Now you're going to risk your life again for that lout.

BEN
Yeah, but he's an amazing lout, isn't he? I can't quit now. You know that.

LAURA
(relents)
Go. Just don't get shot -- please?

BEN
I love you.

They kiss. Then Ben turns to Michael.

BEN
All right, where is he?

MICHAEL
I can't.

LAURA
(pops)
You tell your father right now or I'll give you such a smack it won't even be funny!

MICHAEL
(surprised)
Okay! I dropped him at the club.

BEN

What club?

MICHAEL
Little Darling's in Queens.

BEN
Okay, Mafiaboy, give me your car keys.

MICHAEL
I'm grounded?

BEN
No, I'm borrowing your car.

He kisses Laura again and takes off.

CUT TO:

EXT. LITTLE DARLING'S - LATER THAT NIGHT
Several limos are parked outside a family-owned nightclub in Queens.
Ben pulls up, leaning way back in the driver's seat of Michael's, half-painted, modified '82 Honda Civic with the BUBBLING MUFFLERS.

CUT TO:

INT. CIVIC - CONTINUOUS ACTION
Ben takes out a bottle of pills. He tries to remove the child-safety cap but his hands are shaking so badly he can't do it. Frustrated, he tries to bite the cap off, then gives up and throws the bottle away.

CUT TO:

EXT. LITTLE DARLING'S - SAME TIME
Ben enters the club.
A moment later, Cerrone and Miller cruise by in an unmarked car and park at the end of the block.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB ENTRANCE - MOMENT LATER
Ben enters the nightclub and starts moving through the crowd, looking for Vitti.
He pushes through and sees Jelly and a few of the guys watching an exotic dancer, a beautiful young blonde in a skimpy costume, standing on a platform grinding in mock ecstasy.

BEN

Jelly!
JELLY
(yelling over music)
Hey, Doc. What are you doin' here?

BEN

Where's Paul?

Jelly tucks a few bills into her G-string. She looks at Ben and winks suggestively.

JELLY
I think she likes you, Doc. Give her a couple of bucks.

Ben reluctantly digs in his pocket and holds out a bill to the stripper.

BEN
Can you break a twenty?

The stripper sensuously fingers the top of her G-string, and Ben gingerly sticks the twenty in it.

BEN
Do I just make my own change?

He tentatively reaches for some smaller bills in her G-string but she dances away.

BEN
(calls to her)
A ten and five ones -- when you have the chance.

He turns around to talk to Jelly, but he's already gone. Ben finds Jelly at a table with Vitti.

BEN
Okay, Paul, what's going on?

98.

VITTI
(keyed up)
What are you doing here?

BEN
I could ask you the same thing.

VITTI
What's it look like? We're just blowin' off a little steam. What's the big deal?

Eddie DeVol enters, flanked by his main guys, AL PACINO and ENORMOUS BOBBY.

EDDIE
How's it goin', Paulie? You know my guys -- Enormous Bobby and Al Pacino?

VITTI
(looks at him)
Al Pacino? That's your real name?

AL PACINO
No. People call me that because I
look like Al Pacino.

(beat)
The actor.

VITTI
Anybody ever call you Carol Burnett?

AL PACINO
No. Why?

VITTI
'Cause you look about as much like
Carol Burnett as you look like Al
Pacino.

Ben laughs. Al Pacino glares at him.

BEN
I do see a little Pacino there --
around the eyes.

EDDIE
So we're all here. Let's do it.

He heads for the back of the club with his guys. Vitti and
Jelly start to follow.

BEN
(stops Vitti)
Let's do what?

VITTI
You better get out of here.

BEN
(lays a hand
on his arm)
I'm not going until you tell me what's
going on here.

Vitti violently shakes off Ben's hand.

VITTI
(menacing)
Don't make me hurt you. Get the fuck
out of here.

He walks away leaving Ben frozen.

Ben watches as they disappear through a door leading to the
back of the club. He starts toward the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Vitti is seated at a big table in the crowded, smoke-filled
room. Jelly sits at his side. He's surrounded by his crew,
about a half-a-dozen guys, and Patty's man, Eddie DeVol.
Several street maps and diagrams are spread out on the table.

VITTI
Okay, this is big and we only get one
shot at it; and there's only about a
million ways this fuckin' thing can go
bad, so listen up.

Vitti pulls a street map to the center of the table and taps
a spot downtown.
VITTI
The Federal Gold Depository in Lower Manhattan. Three times a year a shipment of gold bars goes in a heavily-guarded armored truck from the Depository to the vault at the Federal Reserve to hold for foreign governments that trade in bullion. At three o'clock in the morning -- eight hours from now -- we're gonna hijack that truck.

CUT TO:
INT. LITTLE DARLING'S - SAME TIME
Ben enters the back room of the club, looks around, and starts down the stairwell leading to the basement.

100.

CUT TO:
INT. BASEMENT STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER
Ben makes his way down the cramped, dimly-lit stairway and approaches the door to the basement room. He raises his hand to knock, then hesitates and stands there for a moment listening to the MUZZLED VOICES inside. Suddenly he is grabbed from behind and slammed up against the door by Enormous Bobby. Bobby slams him against the door a couple of more times, using Ben's head as a doorknocker. The door is opened by someone inside and Enormous Bobby shoves Ben into the room.

CUT TO:
INT. BASEMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION
Ben hits the floor to a chorus of surprised reactions from the guys. Enormous Bobby pulls Ben off the floor by his lapels.

EDDIE
What the fuck is this?

ENORMOUS BOBBY
I found this guy listening at the door.

BEN
(dazed)
Hey, guys. How's it going?

EDDIE
Who is this guy?

BEN
(not looking at Eddie)
Ben Sobel. Sorry, I can't move my head to the right. Boy, I hope that's not permanent.
EDDIE
Get rid of him.
Al Pacino puts his gun to Ben's head.

BEN
(still dazed)
Hi, Carol.

AL PACINO
You're a dead man, asshole. Let's go.

He starts muscling Ben to the door.

VITTI
What are you doing?

EDDIE
What do you think? He can make every guy in this room.

BEN
Oh, I'm not into that, fellas.

VITTI
Get your fuckin' hands off him! He's with me.

EDDIE
What, on the job?
Vitti hesitates.

EDDIE
(impatiently)
Either he's in, or he's dead. Which is it?

BEN
I think in is better.

VITTI
(reluctantly)
He's in. He's my responsibility.

EDDIE
(to Vitti)
Okay, no more surprises. And from this moment on, no one leaves my sight. Got it? Now go through it one more time.

VITTI
Okay -- everybody listen up.

BEN
Wait!
(sits)
Okay. Go ahead.

CUT TO:

EXT. LITTLE DARLING'S - LATER THAT NIGHT
Agents Cerrone and Miller watch the front of the club from their car parked across the street.
CERRONE
(yawns, checks watch)
I wonder what it costs to keep that many limos waiting for three-and-a-half hours.

THEIR POV
A dozen men looking like Vitti and his crew come out of the club and get into the limos.

MILLER (O.S.)
Everybody stand by. They're leaving.
The limos drive off.
At the corner, the FBI car pulls out and follows at a discreet distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUEENSBOROUGH BRIDGE - NIGHT
The FBI car follows the limos across the bridge into Manhattan.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - LATER
The limos pull up at the WWF Restaurant. The FBI car stops up the block.

CERRONE (V.O.)
(over radio)
312, all units. W.W.F. Restaurant.
Times Square.
The limo doors open and the passengers get out -- all nondescript nobodies.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI CAR - SAME TIME
Miller watches intently.

MILLER
Where's Vitti? I don't see Vitti.
Cerrone stares with the growing awareness that they've been had.

CERRONE
Damn it!

(grimly, into radio)
Call it off. We lost them.

CUT TO:

INT. MANHATTAN WAREHOUSE - MIDDLE OF NIGHT
Vitti's guys are dressed like construction workers as they load their gear into two trucks. Vitti supervises while others work on a New York City bus.
Eddie DeVol, Al Pacino and Enormous Bobby stand guard over the whole scene, in case anyone is thinking of defecting. Ben is wearing heavy dungarees and an oversized plaid shirt, struggling to lace his work boots. Jelly approaches him and tosses a bulletproof vest on the table.

**JELLY**
Here. See if this'll fit under your shirt.

**BEN**
(exremely nervous)
I could fit you under my shirt. Don't they have anything smaller?

**JELLY**
This ain't Bloomingdale's. Nobody knew you were comin'. You're lucky you're alive, Doc.

He glances at Eddie DeVol.

**BEN**
(hisses)
Nobody's going to be alive when this is over. What kind of plan is this? It's crazy. It's stupid!

**JELLY**
Watch it. It may be crazy but it ain't stupid. If you want to stay alive, just keep your mouth shut, do everything I tell you and try not to pee in your pants.

(quietly)
Can you handle an M-16?

He holds up an automatic rifle.

**BEN**
You mean shoot it?

**JELLY**
No, I mean twirl it like a fuckin' baton. How about an A.K.?

He holds up another rifle.

**BEN**
(exasperated)
Jelly --

**JELLY**
(rummaging through pile)
Kalashnikov, MAC-10, Uzi -- stop me if I hit one you like.

Ben sees Eddie watching him and gingerly picks up a 9mm handgun.
BEN
Couldn't I just take this?

JELLY
Yeah, that's a good one. That gun
brings back a lot of fond memories.
Use it in good health.

Ben puts the gun into the waistband of his dungarees, but it
slips through and drops into his pants.

BEN
(wincing)
Ooh, cold -- cold.

He jams his hand down the front of his pants and starts
searching around in there. Eddie and Enormous Bobby stare at
him as they walk by.

BEN
(explaining)
My gun -- fell down in my --

He shakes his leg and the gun drops out of his cuff and
clatters onto the floor. He smiles weakly and picks it up.

Vitti approaches. He looks agitated but under tight control.

VITTI
(to Jelly)
Check the bus.

Jelly exits.

VITTI
(quietly, to Ben)
If we can, I'm gonna get you out
before the real shit goes down. Just
don't flip out on me, okay?

BEN
You are making a huge mistake. You
know that, don't you?

VITTI
You said it yourself. It's my nature.

BEN
It's not your nature! You have a
choice.

VITTI
What are you, fucking Jiminy Cricket?
I don't know what planet you live on,
but here on Earth it's 'might makes
right.' Read the papers. The guys
with the guns make the rules.

BEN
(holding up the pistol)
So I guess that makes me a real man
now. What happened to the white hat,
Paul? Your father wasn't wrong. You could be one of the good guys.

VITTI

Enough. Say one more word about my father and I'll break your fuckin' head.

BEN

(quietly)

Okay.

Vitti walks off.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Vitti comes in, locks the door and has a full-blown panic attack -- gasping for breath, sweating, whimpering, trying to stifle his panic. Then he sees his tortured face in the mirror and starts pulling himself together.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - FEW MINUTES LATER

The guys are getting into the trucks. Ben keeps letting everybody go in front of him, then starts to back away, but Eddie and Enormous Bobby come up behind him and push him up into the truck.

EXT. MANHATTAN WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The big doors open and two trucks roll out carrying Vitti, Ben and the crew.

CUT TO:

INT. LEAD TRUCK - SAME TIME

The guys are sitting on the floor in the back of the truck, lined up along the sides like paratroopers waiting to jump. Ben is sitting next to Jelly and across from Vitti who is just staring intently.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST SIDE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The trucks make their way past the aircraft carrier Intrepid heading downtown.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT (LATER)

Vitti, Ben, and Eddie DeVol stand next to the treads of a giant crane.

VITTI

(checks his watch)

I have five to three. They should start movin' any minute.

BEN

(looking at his watch)
I have three-o-six.

**VITTI**

Let's see your watch.

Ben slips it off and hands it to him. Vitti smashes it on a rock with the butt of his gun, then tosses it back to Ben. Vitti's RADIO SQUAWKS and the spotter's voice is heard.

**SPOTTER (V.O.)**

(filtered)

They're moving!

Vitti keys his radio twice as a signal and holds up his clenched fist to alert the guys on site with him.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - NIGHT**

A CONVOY of vehicles emerges from the bowels of the building and turns onto the street. In front and back are specially-equipped SUVs, full of heavily-armed federal marshals; an armored truck in the middle carries the gold.

107.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ANOTHER STREET - SAME TIME**

The convoy RUMBLES past a block-long, high-rise construction site, totally enclosed by a plywood wall around the perimeter.

**VITTI**

He can hear the convoy passing outside the wall.

**SPOTTER**

He looks down on the convoy from a vantage point on a scaffold high above the street. When the trucks are in the right position, he waves to Vitti on the ground.

**VITTI**

sees the signal.

**VITTI**

(on walkie)

Go!

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS ACTION**

A forty-foot, flat-bed trailer truck loaded with cement conduit backs across the street and stops, blocking the path of the convoy. The lead SUV HONKS. The truck doesn't move. The CAPTAIN of the marshals gets out and walks up to the truck. The driver has slipped out the other side and disappeared. Suddenly, a huge steel claw drops down from above and closes around the top of the armored truck, its sharp points crunching into the metal sides. Then the truck starts rising off the pavement. A couple of determined marshals jump out of their vehicles, race over and grab onto the bumpers as the
armored truck is lifted off the ground. 

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS ACTION
A hundred-foot tower crane lifts the truck straight up. The marshals hang on as long as they can, then prudently let go and drop heavily to the street. Two marshals are still clinging to the truck as it rises to a height of thirty feet, then swings silently over the perimeter fencing.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE
A bank of arc lights is switched on illuminating the site as the truck is lowered to the ground. Heavily-armed gangsters in ski masks surround the truck and herd the driver, the shotgun guard and the frightened marshals into a construction shack, while men with acetylene torches attack the back doors.

Vitti pulls down his ski mask and taps Ben.

BEN
Paul, it's not too late. Don't do this.

VITTI
Let's go.

He strides off to take charge. Ben pulls down his mask and hurries after him, but runs right into a pole.

BEN
Shit! Ow!

He raises his mask and scampers after Vitti rubbing the painful bump on his forehead.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME
The marshals run around, frantically searching for a way into the construction site.

CUT TO:

VITTI
Totally in charge, he strides up to the armored truck just as his men finish cutting through the steel plate doors. Vitti yanks the doors open.

Vitti and Ben stare in awe at the exposed contents of the truck -- a fortune in gold bars.

VITTI
(shouts)
Get the ramp!

Eddie and his guys run up with a long, narrow track with metal rollers and set it up at the rear of the gold truck.

EDDIE
(very excited)
You know, this might just fuckin' work.
BEN
You're gonna get in so much trouble.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME
The marshals are trying to climb over the construction site wall, but they're stopped by rolls of razor wire and SUPPRESSING FIRE from inside the site.

LIEUTENANT
They can't get over the wire.

CAPTAIN
Then knock down the gates!

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE
The guys take the heavy bars out of the armored truck and run them quickly along the rolling track into the bus.

INT. BUS - SAME TIME
Jelly is pulling on the hat and jacket of a transit authority bus driver. The floor boards of the bus have been lifted out and the guys are laying the gold bars in the hollow under the floor.

VITTI
(pops his head in)
Forty bars. That's all we need.

BEN
How much is that?

VITTI
$350 an ounce, 16 ounces in a pound, 90 pounds in each bar -- do the math.

JELLY
(a beat)
Actually, gold is measured in troy ounces. 14.6 ounces to the pound. That would be... $18,396,000.

BEN
Really?

JELLY
Give or take.

He hears a LOUD CRASH and all eyes turn to the gates.

BEN
Well, so much for not peeing in my pants.

Eddie goes off to help transfer the gold.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME
The marshals back up one of the SUVs and run it into the gates again.

CUT TO:

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE
The big, wooden GATES SHUDDER but Vitti's men roll two enormous earthmovers up to reinforce the gates.

BEN
You know what you said about not flipping out?

VITTI
Yeah?

BEN
Sorry.

(flipping out)
What did I do? What did I do? I had a perfect life, I threw it away.

VITTI
Don't do this.
Vitti drags him off toward the building structure.

BEN
I can't help it! My life is over! I'm going to jail. Some people can handle prison -- I'm not one of them. I have delicate features. I'm small. I'll be way too popular!

VITTI
Calm down.

BEN
I can't calm down! I'm gonna die!

Inside the structure, Vitti spins him around and shakes him.

VITTI
You're not gonna die!

BEN
I can't breathe! I'm suffocating!

VITTI
(shaking him)
For Chrissake, get hold of yourself!

BEN
I can't! I'm dying! We're all going to die!

Suddenly, he slaps Vitti hard across the face. They both freeze.

BEN
Did I just hit you?

VITTI
Yeah. Feel better now?

BEN
(breaking down)
I'm sorry, Paul. I blame myself for this. I wanted to help you. I wanted to be there for you. But I just wasn't good enough.

VITTI
You were good. It isn't your fault.

BEN
No, it is. Since my father died --
  (starts crying)
I've lost my way. I don't know anything anymore. I mean, what's the point? I didn't think it would hit me so hard --

VITTI
Would you just shut up about your father!

BEN
I'm grieving, goddammit! Have a little respect!

VITTI
He was an asshole -- you said it yourself. What are you grieving for?

BEN
I'm grieving for myself, you fucking idiot!

Ben lets it all go, sobbing for all the years of pain.

VITTI
(surprised, shrugs)
Jeez, I'm sorry.

BEN
Now I know how you must have felt when your father was killed.

Vitti looks at him.

BEN
(crying more)
I mean, it had to be ten times worse for you -- being murdered right in front of you. And you were so young --

VITTI
We don't have time for this.

BEN
(really sobbing)
It must've been so painful!

VITTI
(eyes filling with tears)
I'm warning you -- don't do this --

BEN
I mean, it's like all his hopes for you died with him. And that's so sad.

VITTI
(starting to cry)
There I go. You happy now? You see what you're doing here?

Both men are crying now.

BEN
Your father really loved you.

VITTI
I loved him, too. I did.

BEN
(hugs him)
I know. I know.

Jelly comes around the corner and sees the two men in a weepy embrace.

JELLY
Oh, boy. This is bad.

Another huge CRASH as the marshals ram the gates again, this time tearing loose one of the big hinges.

JELLY
Maybe we oughta should go.

Vitti, Ben and Jelly run to the bus, but Eddie pulls a gun and stops them. Al and Bobby cover Jelly and the rest of the crew. Vitti backs away slowly.

EDDIE
Did you really think you were gonna live through this?

VITTI
I had my hopes.

EDDIE
Yeah, well, nice work. Mr. Rigazzi will be very grateful.

BEN
(to Vitti)
Rigazzi? I thought he worked for Patti LoPresti.

VITTI
That's what Patty thought, too. This scumbag's been playin' both sides against the middle.

EDDIE
There's only one side as far as I'm concerned. Mine. What did you think? I was just gonna stand by and let some fuckin' has-been move back in? So long, Mr. Vitti.
He cocks the gun and is about to pull the trigger when Ben suddenly roars and slams him in the head with his gun. Vitti and Jelly quickly cover Al Pacino and Enormous Bobby.

**BEN**

(beating the shit out of Eddie)

I can't take it anymore! That's what I hate about you fucking sociopaths! You just keep changing the rules to suit yourselves. Well, not this time, you anti-social asshole. You fucked with the wrong shrink!

Sitting on Eddie's chest, he presses the gun against Eddie's nose.

**BEN**

Don't you read the papers? The guy with the gun makes the rules.

**VITTI**

Yeah, what?

They shove Eddie, Enormous Bobby and Al Pacino into the back of the armored truck, Vitti gives a signal and the crane lifts it off the ground.

**EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS ACTION**

The armored truck comes down fast and drops heavily to the street. Federal MARSHALS swarm the truck and find Eddie, Al, and Bobby sprawled in the back.

**CAPTAIN**

(screaming)

On the floor! Face-down! Now!

**AL PACINO**

(to Eddie)

Nice goin'. Good plan.

**ENORMOUS BOBBY**

What's a sociopath?

The marshals handcuff them. Suddenly, the marshals hear AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE coming from the next block. Uniformed SWAT COPS come running from that direction and shout to the marshals.

**SWAT LEADER**

They're escaping out the back! Get over there! Move it!

The marshals rush toward the sound of the GUNFIRE and disappear around the corner.

**CUT TO:**

**NEXT BLOCK**
As the marshals round the corner, they see a police shoot-out in progress.
Wiseguys are FIRING AUTOMATIC WEAPONS at cops who are pinned down behind police cruisers.
The Captain of the marshals FIRES a warning SHOT in the air.

**CAPTAIN**
(on a bullhorn)
Freeze! Drop your weapons!

The head wiseguy, Anthony Bella, turns in surprise.

**TONY BELLA**
What the hell is this?

**RAOUL (O.S.)**
(on his own bullhorn)
Cut, cut, cut! What the hell's going on?

Raoul strides out into the street, furious, still talking through his bullhorn.

**RAOUL**
(to the Captain)
Who are you? What are you doing in my shot?

The Captain and the marshals look around and see that they're on the set of "Little Caesar."

**CAPTAIN**
What are you doing on my street?
The Captain walks toward Raoul until they are almost face to face, shouting at each other through their BULLHORNS.

**RAOUL**
I have a permit!

**CAPTAIN**
I don't give a shit about your permit!
The ASSISTANT DIRECTOR addresses the TV crew.

**ASSISTANT DIRECTOR**
All right, people. Back to one and let's try it again!
(into his walkie-talkie)
Release the traffic and reset for another take.

On the perimeters of the set, the PA's signal the off-duty cops who work the set to release the real traffic they've been holding on the cross streets.

A city bus passes behind Raoul and Tony Bella who are still screaming at the Federal Marshal.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. 11TH AVENUE - MINUTES LATER**
In mid-block, SWAT cops step into the street and wave the bus to a halt.
INT. BUS - SAME TIME

Ben is sitting in the back with Vitti as the helmeted SWAT cops board the bus.

BEN
(sees them coming)
That's it. We're screwed.
The cops walk toward the back and confront Ben.

LEAD SWAT
You!

BEN
Yes, Officer?

LEAD SWAT
You're one tough shrink.
The cops unmask. It's Mo-Mo, Cokes, and Tuna. They laugh and slap hands with Vitti and Ben.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS ACTION
The bus pulls out and joins the flow of traffic heading downtown.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - MINUTES LATER
All the guys are looking pretty happy with their score. Ben turns to Vitti.

BEN
Feeling pretty good, huh?

VITTI
I felt worse.

BEN
So what now? You go on the run for the rest of your life? Back to Sing Sing? Or you turn up dead in an alley?

VITTI
Those are my choices? What happened to lying on a beach in Costa Rica for the next twenty years? You can't let me enjoy this for five fuckin' minutes?

BEN
Five minutes? And then what?

VITTI
And then what? I'll show you.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIGAZZI PLUMBING AND HEATING - NEXT MORNING
A Rigazzi company van is forced open by a team of FBI agents led by Agent Miller. Stacked inside are forty gold bars. Agent Cerrone comes out of the building with Lou Rigazzi and several associates in handcuffs. U.S. Attorney Chapin makes a statement to the media.

**CHAPIN**
Acting on intelligence we developed in the last few days, the Justice Department and the F.B.I. took very aggressive action to recover the stolen gold and bring the perpetrators to justice. I'm happy to tell the people of New York that the streets are safe again.

**EXT. PATTY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME**
Vitti knocks on the front door. Patty answers it in her robe.

**PATTY**
Hi, Paul. How'd it go?

**VITTI**
Not so good.

**PATTY**
Yeah, I heard. It's all over the television. I never should've trusted Eddie. But, you know, a woman alone in the world is very vulnerable.

**VITTI**
Yeah, I know.

**PATTY**
At least I don't have to worry about the Rigazzis no more. Thanks to you.

**VITTI**
I told you -- I just want to be left alone.

**PATTY**
I know. I'll make sure. How about some breakfast? I could make you some waffles and -- whatever else you want. She adjusts her robe, providing Vitti a quick peek.

**VITTI**
Can't do that.

Patty smiles and shrugs.

**PATTY**
Well, if you ever change your mind -- (kisses him)

Good luck, Paul.

**EXT. EAST RIVER BOARDWALK - LATER MORNING**
Ben is leaning against the railing gazing at the water when Vitti walks up.

**BEN**
Did you see Patti?

**VITTI**
Yeah.

**BEN**
(ruefully)
Did she grab your balls?

**VITTI**
What kind of question is that? She's cool. She's just happy to have 'the Wrench' out of the way.

**BEN**
Well, I talked to the U.S. Attorney.

**VITTI**
Did he grab your balls?

**BEN**
No, Paul, he did not grab my balls. He thanked me for tipping him off about the gold. And he said he won't be coming after you if you stay out of trouble. So what do you think?

**VITTI**
I'm gonna go to Ohio -- get Marie and the kids -- then we'll probably disappear for awhile -- figure out all this future stuff -- away from all the pressure.

**BEN**
Good idea. Change is hard, Paul. But you did the right thing.

**VITTI**
Yeah, you, too. You hung in there. That took a lot of guts.

**BEN**
Well, I just --

**VITTI**
No, you were like an animal back there.

**BEN**
I just vented my displaced aggression

**VITTI**
No. I'm telling you. You're a monster. I saw the beast in you.

**BEN**
I'm not a beast. I can handle myself if I have to --

**VITTI**
Handle yourself? You were fuckin' John Wayne.

**BEN**

Well, I wrestled a bit in high school -- 122 pounds.

**VITTI**

Yeah, I could tell. You're good, you.

**BEN**

I'm not --

**VITTI**

Paul, I just --

**VITTI**

No. You are good. You got a gift, my friend.

Ben gives up.

**BEN**

Fine. I have a gift.

**VITTI**

So -- happy ending, huh?

120.

**BEN**

Well, I think so. Don't you feel better now?

**VITTI**

Are you kidding? I feel like shit.

All that work for nothing. 20 million bucks.

**BEN**

You're grieving -- it's a process.

**VITTI**

Take it easy, Doc.

**BEN**

You, too, Paul.

They embrace. Then Vitti starts to walk away toward Jelly who has been waiting at a respectful distance. Vitti stops and turns.

**VITTI**

Hey, Doc!

(sings)

'There's a place for us -- '

**BEN**

(sings)

'A time and place for us -- '

**JELLY**

(joins in)

'Hold my hand we're halfway there -- '

**ALL TOGETHER**

'Hold my hand and I'll take you there.'
(belting)
Somehow, someday, somewhere.'
The ORCHESTRA SWELLS as we CRANE UP TO the Brooklyn Bridge and Lower Manhattan beyond.

DISSOLVE TO:

FADED 8MM COLOR HOME MOVIE FOOTAGE
A little boy in a cowboy suit sitting on a pony as his father leads him around the ring.

FADE OUT.

THE END