1 EXT. DAY.    WASHINGTON, D.C.
An AERIAL VIEW of the nation's capital, MOVING IN on the stolid limestone box of FBI HEADQUARTERS. Supered below:
FBI HEADQUARTERS.   WASHINGTON,
D.C. 1981.

CUT TO:

2 INT. DAY.    FBI HEADQUARTERS
A spacious corner OFFICE. American flag, FBI seal, and a plush carpet-- Federal blue.
CLENDON HOGUE, 40s, barrel chest, shrewd eyes over half-moon glasses,
PRESIDES behind a vast desk. The impressive mien of earned authority. Before him:
JULES BONOVOLONTA, late 40s, Green Beret veteran, SUPERVISOR, 140 pounds of pugnacity and gristle. Ex-street agent cramped by headquarters.
PAT MARSHALL, late 30s, a CASE AGENT, compulsively organized, with haunted choirboy's eyes.
CLARENCE LEBOW, early 40s. Assistant SECTION CHIEF. Brooks Brothers, heavy starch.

LEBOW
It's going down tonight.
JULES
Says who? A fucking wire.
LEBOW
A reliable wire.
JULES
A fiction writer.
Hogue peruses SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS of Sonny Red and Sonny Black.

Then reads the INFORMANT'S REPORT.
MARSHALL
is that the 209, sir?
LEBOW
There's going to be a war between
Sonny Red and Sonny Black--it's all over the streets.

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

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

MARSHALL
Sonny Black goes, everyone with him goes.

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

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

JULES
Fuck you, Clarence.

LEBOW
Hey I'm a Mormon

HOGUE
You have some objection to these guys killing each other?

MARSHALL
It's just that--one of them's one of us.

HOGUE
An informant?

JULES
An agent. Undercover.

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

JULES
Three weeks.

MARSHALL
Three weeks and two days.

HOGUE
He checks in every three weeks?

MARSHALL
He checks in when he checks in, sir.

JULES
We had to make up the rules as we
HOGUE
My predecessor started this?

JULES
His predecessor.

LEBOW
It's been five years.

MARSHALL
Five years and three months.

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

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

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

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

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

HOGUE
And how many cases do we have?

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

HOGUE
Which one?

JULES
The truth is we don't know.

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

(more)
CONTINUED: (3)

HOGUE (Cont'd)
I've been on the job one fucking week. And it's my fucking decision? How the hell did this happen?
Awkward looks and foot shuffling all around.

MARSHALL
What time's the wedding?

LEBOW
Eight o'clock tonight.

THE CLOCK
.on the wall reads *9:36."

HOGUE
Who is this fucking guy?

DISSOLVE TO:

3 INT. NIGHT. BAR--WASHINGTON (1975)

CLOSING ON --

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

5.

3 CONTINUED:

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

MARSHALL
Who knows? We never tried anything like this.

LEBOW
What does that tell you?

MARSHALL
The Director thought it would be too corrupting.

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

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

JULES
(shrugs)
It's six months.

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

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

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

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

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

JULES
Here you go, Joe.

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

(CONTINUED)

6.

3 CONTINUED: (2)

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

JULES
Put it onl
Against his will, Joe puts on the hat. More laughter from the group.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. DAY. SUBURBS
Three exuberant TOMBOYS play football on the front lawn of a modest split-level home: TERRY, 13, rebel in a hurry; KERRY, 10, the good girl; and SHERRY, 8, the baby. Terry hikes the ball, drops back to throw...
A PASS spirals up into the air...where it's INTERCEPTED by Joe, who appears out of nowhere.

SHERRY
Daddy, Daddy!
Joe feints, tries to dodge the girls...Then sidesteps...

JOE I'm out of bounds. Stop! This-- look-- this is out of bounds!
They tackle him anyway. Grab his legs till he TOPPLES in a laughing heap.

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

CUT TO:

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

MAGGIE I swear to God, Joe, I have to spray you with Scotchgard every morning.
Joe embraces her from behind.

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

(Continued)

7.

5 CONTINUED:

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

MAGGIE
Illegal holding.

His hands go back to groping. She smacks them.

... 

JOE
Roughing the passer.

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

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

MAGGIE
You're kidding! You got transferred?

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

MAGGIE
My God! When did this all happen?

JOE
Just today.

MAGGIE
What aren't you telling me?

JOE
Nothing.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

(2)

5 CONTINUED:

JOE
This is different. It's undercover.

MAGGIE
What does that mean, undercover?

JOE
Undercover. You know, undercover.

MAGGIE
Will you come home at night?

JOE
It's a good opportunity.

MAGGIE
Undercover in what?

JOE
An FBI wife doesn't ask, Maggie.

MAGGIE
Will you be home on the weekends?

JOE
It's just six months.

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

JOE
I want you to say, 'It's okay'. 'It's great'. 
MA GGIE
You finally got to headquarter? and now you're going back on the street.

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

( CONTINUED )

9.

5 CONTINUED: ( 3)

MA GGIE
You're as smart as they are.

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

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

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

JOE
(unison)
...you're in for a big ad venture.'

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

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

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

BERADA (V.O.)
'To Director: Surveillance and informant contacts to date have
been negative...'

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

BERADA (V.O.)
'. ...regarding being able to penetrate the conveyance of stolen property by La Cos a Nostra...'

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

(CONTINUED)

10.

(4)

5 CONTINUED:
D-0-N-A-L-D  B-R-A-S-C-O

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

--An FBI COMPUTER prints out a "yellow sheet" of his prior arrests for burglary -- "a.k.a. DON TH E J EWE LER"...
--In the jewelry district, a HASIDIC JEW tutors Donnie, who looks at a diamond through a loupe... Donnie surveys a small APARTMENT with a REALTOR... Donnie opens a BANK ACCOUNT...

BACK TO PRESENT DAY
--Hogue reads down the BUDGET for the operation...

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

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

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

--Donnie enters his apartment, sparsely furnished with a bed, TV, weight bench and weights... Gets on the phone... STEVE BURSEY, 30s, Donnie's wiry and wild-eyed CONTACT AGENT, on the "hello phone" at the FBI office in New York.

BURSEY (to phone)
Hello?

CROSSCUTTING
Donnie at a PAY PHONE.

(CONTINUED)

1.

5 CONTINUED:

DONNIE (O.C.)
Is this Bursey?
Bursey cradles the phone on his shoulder, TYPES...

BURSEY (V.O.)
To the file: Contact with UCA on July 7, 1976...
BACK TO PRESENT DAY
--Hogue reviews SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS of Donnie in Carmelo's...In the Rainbow Room.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

--Donnie opens a carton of WATCHES...

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

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

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (6)
He hands them to...Jilly. Who inspects them. Takes the carton. Peels off bills to Donnie.

BACK TO PRESENT
--Hogue, with headphones on, stubs out a cigarette...

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

BURSEY (V.O.)

... UCA reported no significant contacts...

BACK TO PRESENT

--Hogue opens a BUDGET FOLDER...

BERADA (V.O.)

, New York office requests an extension of six months due to...

FLASH BACK

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

BERADA

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

DONNIE

Same budget?

BERADA

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

DONNIE

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

BERADA

Do me a favor. Just get one bastard.

Donnie READS from the file.

DONNIE

(frustrated)

'... no significant contacts...' (CONTINUED)

BERADA

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

DONNIE

What?

BERADA

They want you to shave the mustache.

DONNIE

I'm undercover.

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

CUT TO:

6 INT. DAY. CASA BELLA
WINTE R--fo g o n t he win dows . D ISC O p lay s on th e j uke box . Dr ink ing
DEMITASSE in the late afternoon:
BENJAMIN "LEFTY" RUGGIERO, early 50s, gaunt and raspy-voiced,
SWITCHED-ON with nerves, testy and restless. He lights up an
English
Oval.
Sitting around him:
DOMINIC "SONNY BLACK* NAPOLITANO, middle 40s. Fireplug muscles,
dyed
black hair. Sle e py as a l ion after a big mea l. Don't f uck with the
lion.
NICHOLAS "NICKY" SANTORA, late 30s, teddy bear paunch. Plays the
fool.
JOHN -BOOBIE" CERASANI, early 40s, gun-metal hard. All business.
Nobody's fool. Supered below:
CASA BELLA RESTAURANT. LITTLE
ITALY. 1976.
LEFTY
You can't say to me a Lincoln is better than a Cadillac.
NICKY
It's the better automobile, no question. Head and shoulders.
LEFTY
Geddadaheah. Geddadaheah before you make me mad.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:
SONNY
Lefty, how you gonna be mad at Nicky?
LEFTY
I ain't mad at him. I'm mad at his stupidity.

AT THE BAR
A man sits, unfolds a newspape r. The ba rtender lo oks up--it' s Donnie.
DONNIE
Coffee.
BACK ON --T A B LE
LEFTY
Ain't no comparison. Cadillac got more acceleration, more power, more-- better handling, better looking, more legroom for your legs, more power--

BOOBIE
You said that.

LEFTY
Said what?

BOOBIE
More power.

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

NICKY
I' ll tell you one thing--the Lincoln is longer.

LEFTY
Longer what?

BOOBIE
Whaddaya talkin' about? Longer wheelbase?

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

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

(CONTINUED)

15.

6 CONTINUED:

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

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

NICKY
The one's longer gets there first. That's scientific fact. (to Sonny)

What's better, a Lincoln or a Cadillac?

LEFTY
Why're you asking him?

NICKY
I 'm asking him.

LEFTY
Why don't you ask me?

NICKY
I asked you already.

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

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

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

JU DY app roac hes --th e W AIT RESS , e arl y 2 0s. NEW to th e j ob. Son ny takes her hand, KISSES it.

SONNY
Angel, how about some pastries for the table?

LEFTY WATCHES DONNIE
sipping coffee at the bar. Leans over to Nicky.

(CONTINUED) 16, 6

6 CONTINUED:

LEFTY
Who's that?

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

LEFTY
Jilly Four Eyes?

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

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

NICKY
What--you got a thing to lay off?

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

NICKY
Whaddayou got to lay off?

SONNY WITH JUDY
as he punctuates his order with KISSES of her hand.

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

JUDY
We're out of sfogliatelli.

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

She giggles, kisses Sonny on the cheek.

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

SONNY
What makes you think we're wiseguys?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

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

They all look at each other.

NICKY
We could be cops.

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

CUT TO:

7 EXT. LATER. LITTLE ITALY
Lefty RUMMAGES in the trunk of his Cadillac. Takes out several DESIGNER DRESSES, on hangers. Two cartons of TUNA FISH. Two large STEREO SPEAKERS. Rummages some more. Finds A JEWEL BOX

CUT TO:

8 INT. LATER. CASA BELLA
Donnie sips his coffee at the bar/ reads the paper. The restaurant is otherwise DESERTED--Sonny and the other guys have left. Lefty approaches him.

LEFTY
You Don the Jeweler?

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

**A FIVE-CARAT DIAMOND RING**

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

Donnie looks it over. Gives it to Lefty.

**DONNIE**
Give it to your wife.

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

**DONNIE**
You got a girlfriend?

(Continued)

---

**8 CONTINUED:**

**LEFTY**
Yeah. Louise.

He returns the diamond to Lefty.

**DONNIE**
Marry her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

**BARTENDER**
Here, Left, have a spritzer.

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

**DONNIE**

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

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

(Continued)

19.

**CONTINUED:** (2)

8

**BARTENDER**

On the arm.

**LEFTY**

Fugazy. Fugazy my fucking ass.

CUT TO:

9 **EXT. LATER. CASA BELLA**

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

CUT TO:

10 **INT. LATER. JEWELER**

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

**JEWELER**

It's a fake.

**LEFTY**

This's a fake?

**JEWELER**

Nothing is what it seems.

Lefty takes the fugazy back. Pockets it.

**LEFTY**

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

**JEWELER**

It's a very good fake.

**LEFTY**

That's what I'm saying. I
thought it was a fake. That's what I thought.
Lefty takes the fugazy back. Pockets it.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. DAY. NEW JERSEY--SUBURBS
Donnie drives the big station wagon, Maggie alongside him. The girls in back.

(CONTINUED)

20.

11 CONTINUED:

SHERRY
Daddy, will you be home Easter?

MAGGIE
Don't ask Daddy those questions.

SHERRY
Mommy, will Daddy be home Easter?

TERRY
You still believe in the Easter bunny?

KERRY
You're such a snot, Terry.

MAGGIE
(to Terry)
He'll try his best.

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

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

MAGGIE
What'd you tell her?

SHERRY
None of her beeswax.

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

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

TERRY
Jes us . L ig ht en up . T ha t' s n ot
the point.

**KERRY**

Shut up, Terry.

**CUT TO:**

---

**EXT. LATER. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE**

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

**MAGGIE**

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT. DAY. ACERG, INC.**

A storefront for fenced goods. WISEGUYS play cards, smoke ci gar et et es. The P A Y P H O N E r i ngs . J ill y p icks it up .

**CUT TO:**

**INT. SAME TIME. FBI SAFEHOUSE**

A phone line patched into a reel-to-reel TAPE RECORDER among rows of tape rec order s. VO ICE- ACTIV ATED-- it cl icks on, UNSPO

**JILLY (O.C.)**

Hello?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MORNING. CASA BELLA**

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

**LEFTY**

He's okay?

**PHONE (O.C.)**

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

**RACK FOCUS**

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

**FLASH CUT TO:**

**INT. THE PRESENT. FBI HEADQUARTERS**

Hogue listens o n headpho nes.

**LEFTY (O.C.)**

Where's he from?

**PHONE (O.C.)**

Cali for nia . H e's a j ewe l g uy.

(Continued)
16 CONTINUED:

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

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

THE CLOCK reads "10:25*.

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

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

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

MATCH SOUND

17 EXT. THE PAST. CADILLAC
The SCREECH of rubber and THE CADILLAC LOGO as Donnie pulls away from the curb in a screaming-yellow Coupe de Ville. Lefty lights an English Oval.

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

DONNIE
What happened with that fugazy?

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

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

DONNIE
School me in what?

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

Donnie powers his window back up.

(CONTINUED)
Yeah. I got it.

**LEFTY**
You don't raise your hands to a
wise guy. You don't mess with his
woman---wife or girlfriend or
daughter. Just keep your mouth
shut---don't put business on the
street.

**DONNIE**
Follow the rules.

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

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

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

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

**DONNIE**
Like the Army.

**LEFTY**
What?

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

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

(CONTINUED)

(2)

17 CONTINUED:

**DONNIE**
I mean the same principle.

**LEFTY**
Ain't the question, Donnie. You
see, that's why I gotta school
you. Because otherwise you get everything upside down.

(beat)
You got a girl?

DONNIE
Yeah. In California.

LEFTY
Good. Let her enjoy herself in California.

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

LEFTY
Donnie, catch up with that cocksucker.

DONNIE
Which cocksucker?

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

Donnie SPEEDS up, chases the cab...Lefty opens the GLOVE COMPARTMENT.

Hits a BUTTON and the TRUNK pops OPEN.

A RED LIGHT
The cab stops. Lefty JUMPS out of the Cadillac...

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

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

view mirror.

LEFTY
What's fucking wrong with you?
Hah ? The re's no fuckin g etiquette of the road with you?

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

LEFTY
Fuck wh o? Fuc k m e?

(Continued)
hard on the windshield. From INSIDE, a spider's web of shattered glass.

**DONNIE APPROACHES**
Worry on his face. The Passenger FLEES down the block.

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

**DONNIE** -
Left, c'mon. En ough.
Donnie grabs Lefty, trying to pull him off. A DRIVER heckles from a passing car.

**DRIVER**
Fuck youl

**DONNIE**
Hey, fuck youl

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

**ON-- T HE ACCE LERATO R**
as the Cab bie SLAMS his foot down. The light tur ns RED. Th e cab
FISHTAILS through crossing traffic...The Cabbie trembles with fear,
looks in his rear-view mirror as he speeds away.

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

**LEFTY**
These fucking guys. They come to this country, they flaunt the rules of t he road. T hey give the ' fuck you' sign to a man in the street... .

**DONNIE**
What kind of bullshit is that?

(Continued)
Donnie sits at a bar with a drink. Lefty listens to the Owner, looking, 30s, as he wriggles.

**LEFTY**
I just want what's owed.

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

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

**OWNER**
Who's this cocksucker?

Like LIGHTNING, Donnie slaps the owner hard--forehand, backhand. Grabs his collar and uppercut in the solar plexus. The Owner sags to his knees.

Nausea in waves. Donnie finds the Owner's wallet in his jacket pocket. Takes the money from the wallet. Peels off a five, stuffs it in the Owner's mouth.

**DONNIE**
That's for the drink.

**CUT TO:**

19 INT. LATER. CADILLAC
Cash as Lefty counts it out. Donnie drives through the Lower East Side waterfront.

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

**DONNIE**
Okay. I didn't know.

**(CONTINUED)**

19 CONTINUED:

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

Lefty catches himself--shouldn't have said that about the hits. Broods a beat.

**LEFTY**
Hey, Donnie, pull over. 

CUT TO:

20 INT. LATER. CADILLAC
TOOLS out on the front seat. Lefty UNSCREWS the dashboard. Donnie leans in.

LEFTY
Hand me them pliers.

DONNIE
The vise grip or the needle nose?

LEFTY
Fuggedaboudit. I'll get it myself.

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

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

LEFTY
You didn't hear that? That rattling?

DONNIE
I never had any trouble with this car.

LEFTY
Give me a hand with this.

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

LEFTY
(satisfied)
It's clean.

(CONTINUED)

28.

20 CONTINUED:

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

LEFTY
I ain't saying nothing, Donnie.

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

LEFTY
Did I say that?

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

LEFTY
You can't be too careful these
days. Even the ears have ears.

(beat)

C'mon. They need some bodies on
the street down at Toyland.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. DAY. TOYLAND--LITTLE ITALY
A car pulls up and two prosperous-looking SKIPPERS get out--

DOMINICK
"BIG TRIN" TRINCHERA, fat and fortyish, and PHILIP "PHILLY LUCKY"
GIACCOME, 40s, shrewd eyes behind glasses. They disappear into an
unimposing SOCIAL CLUB. WISEGUYS stand guard in the cold outside.
Lefty arrives with Donnie in tow.

LEFTY
Nicky/ this's Donnie.

(they nod)

How'd Minx's Magic do in the
fifth?

LI

WISEGUY #1

He lost.

LEFTY
How could he lose?

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

LEFTY
FuckI Now I gotta bet another
dime Sunday just to get to where,
I was yesterday.

(CONTINUED)

29.

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

LEFTY
(aside, to Donnie)

Fucking Sonny Red.
Sonny Red stops, confronts Lefty.

SONNY RED
(nods to Donnie)
Who's this?
LEFTY
This's Donnie, a friend of mine.

BRUNO
Just stand there and look
dangerous, friend.

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

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

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

DONNIE
He don't look so dangerous
himself.

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

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

LEFTY
The boss.

CUT TO:

30.

EXT. SUNSET. ROOF
Lefty tends to the PIGEON COOPS on his roof, Donnie alongside
him.

LOUISE, early 30s, a good-looking woman in stretch pants, brings
Lefty a SPRITZER.

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

DONNIE
No thanks, Louise.

LOUISE
You change your mind, I'm
downstairs.

She heads downstairs. Donnie turns back to Lefty.

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

**DONNIE**

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

**LEFTY**

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

**DONNIE**

Pretty good.

**LEFTY**

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

**DONNIE**

(off pigeon)

Did you know there used to be falcons in New York?

**LEFTY**

They got everything in this fucking city.

**DONNIE**

Peregrine falcons. They lived across the river.

**LEFTY**

In Queens?

**DONNIE**

In the Palisades,

(CONTINUED)

31.

22 CONTINUED:

**LEFTY**

The Palisades is Jersey, Donnie.

**DONNIE**

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

**LEFTY**

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

**DONNIE**

Those falcons could read a newspaper from a mile up.
LEFTY
A bird could read the newspaper?
DONNIE
I'm saying their eyesight.
LEFTY
Hey, Donnie--you got a couple hundred, Donnie? I got some things I gotta take care of.
Donnie reaches in his wallet.
DONNIE
What do you want/ two hundred?
Lefty leans over, PEERS into his wallet.
LEFTY
Whaddaya got there, three hundred? Gimme three hundred.
Donnie hands over the $300--EMPTIES his wallet. Lefty takes it, folds it into a ROLL. Puts the hundred on the outside...
LEFTY
Don't be carrying your money in a wallet no more. Wiseguy got his money in a roll, like this. Beaner on the outside.
DONNIE
You're the boss.
LEFTY
I'm not the boss, Donnie. The boss ends up dead or in jail.
Why the fuck would I want to be the boss?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUE D: (2)
DONNIE
It's just an expression.
LEFTY
And shave off that moustache. That's against the rules.
DONNIE
Hey, Left, if it's okay, I'm gonna run. I'll see you tomorrow.
LEFTY
Do I gotta school you in everything? Tomorrow's Mother's Day. Wiseguys don't work on Mother's Day.

CUT TO:

23 INT. NIGHT. THE COCKEYED CLAM
Donnie sits with Berada as he reads over some documents.
BERADA
Benjamin Ruggiero. a.k.a. 'Lefty,' 'Lefty Guns,' 'Lefty Two Guns.' A couple of bullshit cases, never did time.

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

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

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

FLASH CUT TO:

24 INT. THE PRESENT. FBI HEADQUARTERS
Hogue reads a memorandum. LeBow on the phone.

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

(CONTINUED)

33.

24 CONTINUED:

HOGUE
Berada's the guy who ran this?

JULES
I took over when he retired.

LeBow covers the receiver with his hand.

LEBOW
The surveillance is in place at the church hall.

CUT TO:

25 EX T. DAY. CHURCH HALL -- NEW JERSEY
A large RECEPTION HALL adjoining a Catholic CHURCH. Sounds of a BIG BAND tuning up inside. Up the block:
A MA BELL REPAIR VAN
parked by a telephone pole. FBI #1, in the guise of a telephone LINESMAN, climbs the pole...

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

27 INT. SAME TIME. FBI HEADQUARTERS
LeBow covers the phone, turns to Hogue.

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

JULES
Who?

LEBOW
I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

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

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

HOGUE
I want to talk to Berada.

FLASH CUT TO:

28 INT. THE PAST. PISTONE HOME
Donnie SHAVES his moustache in the bathroom. Sounds of the FRONT DOOR unlocking and then closing downstairs.

MAGGIE (O.C.)
Joe?

DONNIE
Up here.

ON MAGGIE
as she heads up the stairs...

MAGGIE
I had no idea you were coming home. I'm supposed to go to the movies tonight with the Grants. She enters the bathroom as he wipes the shaving cream off his face.

He looks up, half his moustache SHAVED OFF. Her face FALLS.

MAGGIE
Oh, Joe, don't--

(beat)
Forget it.

DONNIE
What's the matter?

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

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

MAGGIE
I want you to ask me.

DONNIE
You could've said something.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

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

DONNIE
That's not the point.

MAGGIE
I have to ask you about every frigging thing.

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

DONNIE
Maggie, I'll be two seconds.

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

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

MAGGIE
Why don't you come?

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

MAGGIE
I'm not cancelling.

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

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

MAGGIE
Joseph--I think I'd remember.
DONNIE
Well, they should be home anyway.
What time is it?

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

DONNIE
Where's Terry?

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

DONNIE
What boyfriend?

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

DONNIE
That's what I'm worried about.

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

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

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

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

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

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

MAGGIE
Leave my stuff alone.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

37.

(3)

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

CUT TO:

29 INT. NIGHT. PISTONE HOME--BEDROOM
Maggie sleeps. Donnie, WIDE AWAKE, stares at the ceiling. Hears an ENGINE. A car door. 

4:32 A.M.
on the clock. He gets up. Looks through the blinds. 
See his daughter Terry as she kisses her boyfriend good night. 

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

CUT TO:

30 INT. DAY. FBI HEADQUARTERS
Hogue looks up at the clock.  

12 NOON
A tape plays on the TAPE RECORDER...

LEFTY (O.C.)
Hello?

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

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

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

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

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

**LEFTY (O.C.)**

How come every morning you're reading the paper except this morning?

'

(CONTINUED)

---

30 CONTINUED:

**DONNIE (O.C.)**

I just woke up, Left.

**LEFTY (O.C.)**

Fuggedaboudit. You better fucking get down here.

Clickl and a DIAL TONE...

---

31 INT. DAY. CADILLAC

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

**RUBOUT**

Lefty folds the paper in disgust, lights an English Oval--even more

JUMPY than usual. Donnie drives Lefty's Cadillac across the Brooklyn Bridge.

**LEFTY**

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

**DONNIE**

Where're we going?

**LEFTY**

Brooklyn. I got sent for.

(mutters)

The boss gets whacked. Another thing I get left out of.

**DONNIE**

What does that mean, you got sent for?

**LEFTY**

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

**DONNIE**

Sonny Red?

**LEFTY**
Did I say Sonny Red? Not Sonny Red. Sonny Black.

(gestures)
And don't ride the brake,

(more)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

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

DONNIE
How do you know what he wants?

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

DONNIE
They should up you before they up Sonny Black.

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

DONNIE
I thought you and Sonny Black were friends.

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

DONNIE
I whacked a guy once.

LEFTY
When?

DONNIE
In an argument.

LEFTY
An argument don't count.

(derisive) An argument--you whack your wife in an argument.

DONNIE
I'm just saying.

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

DONNIE
It could be anything Sonny sent
for you for. (CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:  (2)

31  LEFTY
I got sent for, Donnie. With This
Thing, you go in alive and you
come out d ead. And t he o ne th at
kills you is your best fucking
friend.

Lefty lights another cigarette. Donnie powers the window down
a
cr a ck. L efty glar es at him. Donnie p owers the windo w b ac k up .

CUT TO:

32  E XT. DAY . TEE M OTION L OUNGE-- BROOKLY N

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

LEFTY
Anything happens, make sure
Louise gets the Cadillac.

CUT TO:

33  INT. DAY. MOTION LOUNGE

Nicky and Boobie play gin. Neil Diamond's "Love on the Rocks"
plays
o n the JUKE BOX. Left y enters.

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

BOOBIE

Left.

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

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

NICKY
'Love on the rocks, ain't no
surprise.'
BOOBIE
It ain't no fucking surprise neither.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

NICKY
(laying out cards)
Gin.

BOOBIE
Nicky, that ain't gin.

NICKY
Geddadaheah, that's gin.

BOOBIE
You got two sevens.

Boobie shows him his cards.

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

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

CUT TO:

34 EXT. DAY. MOTION LOUNGE
Donnie sits in the car. Drums his fingers on the wheel. THINKS...Then reaches behind himself--
UNSNAPS THE HOLSTER
strapped to his belt, holding his COMBAT KNIFE. Climbs out of the car. Up a couple of steps. And through the door...

CUT TO:

35 INT. MOTION LOUNGE
...into the Motion Lounge. Nicky and Boobie shoot wary looks at him.

Who's this? Lefty turns to them.

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

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

NICKY
You giving me credit for that?
Boobie slides him the scorepad.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

BOOBIE
Fine. You keep score.

NICKY
I don't know how.

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

NICKY
I'm a natural.

THE FLUSH OF A TOILET
as Sonny emerges from the bathroom, reading a slip of paper. Crumples it, throws it in the trash.

SONNY
(complaining)
Two hundred in action and we came out with 35. That" fucking Boots—he runs that book like an old lady. That 's gonna change.

(off Donnie)
Who's this fucking guy?

BOOBIE
He's with Lefty.

SONNY
(to Lefty)
C'mon. Let's go take a ride,

(to Donnie) You too.

Donnie and Lefty share a look of FEAR.

CUT TO:

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

LEFTY
(mutters)
What the fuck did I tell you?

Sonny unlocks the car.

SONNY
Hey, Left--ride up front with me.

CUT TO:

43.

37 INT. DAY. MERCEDES
Sonny drives on the Long Island Expressway. Lefty in the front seat, EDG Y. Bo obie and Nicky flan k Don nie i n ba ck. H e gla nces nervo usly at th em. Sizes them up.

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

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

**SONNY**
Which broad is this?

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

Sonny and Boobie MIME holding two big BREASTS.

**SONNY AND BOOBIE**
(unison)
Che men nel

**NICKY**
That's the one.

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

**SONNY**
Hey, Left, what'cha doing?

**LEFTY**
Just checking my part.

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

Lefty getting VERY NERVOUS...

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

**SONNY**
We all gotta go sometime.

(CONTINUED)

44.

37 CONTINUED:
Lefty, TERRIFIED, looks at Boobie again. Boobie nods. Donnie WATCHES this...Thinks: what to do?
They walk from the parked Mercedes toward a FREIGHT HANGAR. The scene is otherwise DESERTED. Lefty NERVOUS, lights a cigarette. Planes periodically ROAR overhead.

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

LEFTY
    Sonny, what is this? we glomming something?

Sonny opens the door.

SONNY
    After you.

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

CUT TO:

INT. HANGAR

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

LEFTY
    Christ. I think I shit my pants.

FREIGHT HANDLER
    It was supposed to go to some an ima l de al er. Fu ck h im . I' l l tell him it got lost.

SONNY
    Look, Left, he likes you.

The cub nuzzles and sniffs at Lefty.

LEFTY
    (to Lion)
    Get the fuck outta here.

(Continued)

CUT TO:

CONTINUED:

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

LEFTY
    That's why you sent for me?

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

NICKY
   (laughing)
What a pisser!

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

CUT TO:

40   EXT. NIGHT.   THE MOTION LOUNGE
Donnie, Lefty and the Lion pile into the Cadillac. Sonny, Nicky
and
Boobie wave as they drive off.

CUT TO:

41   INT. NIGHT.   CADILLAC
They drive back to Manhattan, the Lion GROWLING in the back seat.
Lefty turns around.

LEFTY
   (to Lion)
Jesus Christ--shaddup already!

DONNIE
He's hungry, Left,

CUT TO:

42   INT. NIGHT.   WHITE CASTLE
"Home of the Square Hamburger." Lefty and Donnie approach the
counter.

(CONTINUED)

46.

42   CONTINUED:

LEFTY
Forty hamburgers.

CUT TO:

43   EXT. NIGHT.   WHITE CASTLE
Donnie and a melancholy Lefty sit on the hood of the Cadillac,
throwing hamburgers to the Lion.

LEFTY
Thirty years, there ever was a
piece of work t o be done-- call
Lefty --I ne ve r c om pla in ed . B ut
do I get upped? They passed me
by. Sonny Black gets upped. I
don't get fucking upped.
DONNIE
At least you got Louise.

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

DONNIE
Yeah. I told you, in California.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

DONNIE
What do you mean, cancer of the prick?

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

DONNIE
I never heard of that.

LEFTY
I ain't a mutt--30 years busting my hump, f or what? S onny Black
they up to skip per. Do I get upped? I'm like Claude Rains--
I'm the Invisible fucking Man.

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

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

DONNIE
No.

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

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

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

DONNIE
Maybe I could help you out.

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

(CONTINUED)
LEFTY
I got Louise and I got you.
They toss hamburgers to the Lion, the White Castle beside them, lit
bright against the bleak urban landscape.

CUT TO:

44 INT. DAY. PISTONE HOME
A party for Kerry's CONFIRMATION. A PRIEST hobnobs with Donnie's extended family. UNCLE BOB arrives, looks for Kerry.

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

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

UNCLE BOB
Is Joe here?

MAGGIE
He's on the phone.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

49.

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

MRS. PISTONE
Who's bothering Joseph?

CUT TO:

45 INT. NIGHT. PISTONE BEDROOM
Donnie sleeps. Maggie lies awake.

MAGGIE
I want a divorce.

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

MAGGIE
I'm serious.

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

MAGGIE
will you see a therapist?

DONNIE
It's just another six months.

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

CUT TO:

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

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

(CONTINUED)

50,

46 CONTINUED:

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

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

DONNIE
That's for your own protection.

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

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

MAGGIE
No, why don't you just leave?
That's what you're good at.
BERGER
Please just listen without saying anything that's not the task for today. Otherwise you just replay the old pathology. (beat)
Maggie, you were talking about Joe's disappearances.

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

BERGER
So you resent him for expressing your autonomy needs?

MAGGIE
Yes, I resent him.

BERGER
For expressing your autonomy needs.

MAGGIE
(unsure)
Yes.

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

(CONtinued)

51.

46 CONTINUED: (2)

DONNIE
I ain't runnin' from nothin'.

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

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

DONNIE
I'm an undercover agent for the FBI!
MAGGIE
I didn't marry the FBI, Joe.
He writes on a pad. Donnie tries to peek at what he's writing.

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

DONNIE
What's that---an intimacy request?

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

CUT TO:

47 INT. EVENING. CADILLAC
Donnie drives. Maggie sulks, looks out the window.
(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

DONNIE
Can I ask you something?

MAGGIE
No.

DONNIE
How much is this costing?

Maggie doesn't say anything.

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

MAGGIE
A hundred dollars.

DONNIE
That was a hundred dollars?

MAGGIE
That's what I said, Joe.

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

MAGGIE
I don't know.

DONNIE
One hundred dollars.

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

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

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

DONNIE
(mincing)
'Will you rub my back'?

MAGGIE
You're an animal.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

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

Maggie starts to PUNCH him.

MAGGIE
You're an animal! Donnie tries to fend her off while he drives. The car swings wildly.

Approaching the opposite way:

A TRACTOR TRAILER

Donnie SWERVES. The car tumbles off the road onto a soft shoulder.

Maggie continues to hit at Donnie. He wrestles with her.

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

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

MAGGIE
(under her breath)
Do it.
But he's not buying.

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

MAGGIE
What?

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

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

(CONTINUED)

54.

47 CONTINUED:

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

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

She SLAMS out of the car...

OUT ON THE SHOULDER
with cars whipping by...Donnie chases after her.

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

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

DONNIE
You know what I'm doing.

MAGGIE
I don't know a goddam thing.
DONNIE
I'm doing the job. That's the job.

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

DONNIE
It's for your own protection.

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

CUT TO:

48 INT. NIGHT. PISTONE HOME
Maggie sleeps. Donnie lies awake.

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

MAGGIE
what? Go to sleep.

DONNIE
'Do it.' You never said that--'Do it'. You never talked that way before.

CUT TO:

49 INT. MORNING. PISTONE HOME
Kerry wakes up to an odd groaning and whining noise...

DONNIE

CUT TO:

50 INT. LATER. PISTONE BEDROOM
Bursey INSTALLS a special BLACK PHONE. The girls WATCH with Donnie.

BURSEY
This is a New York number--it patches through to here. Maggie flutters through wearing her SWEATSUIT.

MAGGIE
I 'm sorry to run out, honey. I have an aero bics class. Take care of yourself.
She gives him a peck on the cheek, exits. Donnie turns to the girls.

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

TERRY
Jawohl, Herr Commandantl

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

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

DONNIE
Hey. Heyl

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

CUT TO:

51 INT. MORNING. CADILLAC

Donnie drives through a driving RAIN. Looks in the REAR-VIEW MIRROR.

Gets suspicious. Turns. A car turns with him...FOLLOWING' him.

DONNIE TENSE

He turns again. Again, the carFollows. Donnie looks again in the rear-view mirror. Something FAMILIAR about that car...Turns again.

A scowl of RECOGNITION plays across Donnie's face. And he goes COLD...Approaching an intersection:

A YELLOW LIGHT

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

INSIDE THE OTHER CAR

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

MAGGIE

Fuck you. Fuck fuck fuck you.

FLASH CUT TO:

52 EXT. THE PRESENT. FBI HEADQUARTERS

A HELICOPTER whips across the familiar face of Washington, D.C. Lands on the roof of FBI headquarters. FBI MEN, including Marshall, rush to me et it. Eme rgi ng fro m th e c hop per --
IT'S BERADA

Indomitable black eyes burn in a face grey with illness.

CUT TO:

53 INT. DAY. FBI HEADQUARTERS
Berada, surrounded by suits. Hogue paces with DOCUMENTS.

(CONTINUED)

57

53 CONTINUED:

HOGUE
. . . $ 9 , 0 0 0 for miscellaneous--miscellaneous what?...A $22,000 car...$40,000 for X-rated videotapes?

FLASH CUT

TO:

54 INT. THE PAST. THE COCKEYED CLAM
Donnie meets with a younger Berada.

BERADA
. . . I got an agent down in Florid a, Fred C alvin--I go t my finger in the dike and he's got his thumb up his ass. A million bucks in it and Calvin's got nothing.

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

BERADA
joe--

DONNIE
(correcting him)
Do nn ie. C al l m e Don ni e-- I d on 't wanna get confused.

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

DONNIE
I supervise my prick. Not even three year s--thr ee an d a h alf years.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

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

BERADA
Forty grand for porno tapes?

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

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

FLASH CUT TO:

55 INT. THE PRESENT. FBI HEADQUARTERS
Berada addresses Hogue from his wheelchair.

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

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

CUT TO:

56 INT. THE PAST. THE COCKEYED CLAM
DONNIE
You take out the firing pin. The guns don't work. What the fuck are you worried about?

BERADA
NO.

DONNIE
Why not?

BERADA
How'm'I gonna explain that to Washington?
59.

56 CONTINUED:

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

BERADA
There's no procedures for this.

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

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

FLASH CUT TO:

57 INT. THE PRESENT. FBI

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

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

BERADA
What does Joe say?

MARSHALL
We don't know where Joe is.

BERADA
What do you mean--you lost him?

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

CUT TO:

INT. THE PAST. THE COCKEYED CLAM

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

BERADA
Fred Calvin.

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

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

DONNIE
Donnie.

BERADA
Joe.

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

Berada mulls it over a beat.

BERADA
You really think we could get Trafficante?

Donnie gets up. Turns.

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: Donnie exits. Berada WORRIES that this is getting out of hand.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PRESENT. FBI HEADQUARTERS
Berada stares at Hogue, stone-faced.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PAST. MOTION LOUNGE
A LION IN WINTER. Le fty in hi s overcoat , the Lio n on its l
eash. A
cold DRIZZLE falls. The Lion stops, sniffs at an AUTOMOBILE.

Lifts
a leg:
PEES ON THE TIRE
Lefty, embarras sed, looks .around. N EIGHBORS watch from
windows--
some amused, some disapproving. The Lion moves to the next car.

Sni ffs. Pees on t he ti re. A nd th en to the next :
SONNY'S MERCEDES
The Lion sniffs. Lefty tugs on the leash. The Lion resists,

sniffs
some more. Lefty tugs harder. The Lion lifts its leg...Lefty

YANKS
on the lea sh--the Lio n ROARS. L efty DRAG S the Lion into the

Motion

Lounge.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. MOTION LOUNGE
Donnie takes a football bet on the pay phone.

DONNIE
.. .We got the Colts giving two-
and-a -half. Yea h, (writ ing)
Nickel on the Colts.

INSIDE
Sonny presides over a BOARD MEETING of the Sonny Black
Corporation.

Nic ky, B oobie and othe r WIS EGUYS --incl udin g BOO TS an d
LEG S-- po re

over crumpled scraps of paper. Sonny makes notes in a little

spiral
NOTEBOOK. Donnie ;joins them.

(CONTINUED)
BOOBIE

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

The Lion shakes its mane, sprays water over everyone.

NICKY

Van'aool'. all over everything!

LEFTY--how'm I gonna read this?

That'll teach you to improve your penmanship.

Lefty lays a parking meter on a card table. Picks up a sledgehammer.

BOOTS

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

DONNIE--

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

NICKY

Sixty cents a piece. I think it's 60. Is it 60?

BOOTS

We're doing a dime a week.

WHAM!

An echoing clangor as Lefty whacks at the parking meter with the sledge hammer.

SONNY

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

BOOTS

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

SONNY

It should be 25.

(to Boobie)

You ever off that load of sunglasses?

Boobie nods, gives thumbs up.

NICKY

Bullshit, Boobie.

(CONTINUED)
BOOBIE
I did so, Nicky.

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

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

Sonny writes in his notebook.

WHAM!
another deafening smash at the parking meter.

SONNY
Will you stop it with that?

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

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

LEFTY
Ain't the question.

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

LEFTY
A score's a score.

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

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

LEFTY
Let him move them to New York.

(CONTINUED)
can give him peace of mind.

SpNNY

You know this guy?

WHAM!
a nother ba ng at the parking me ter. Left y GLOWERS at Donnie .

A look

that says: SHUT UP.

DONNIE

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

SONNY

Where in Florida? The Beach?

DONNIE

Tampa.

LEFTY

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

LEGS

Santo Trafficante.

LEFTY

Thank you.

NICKY

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

BOOBIE

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

LEGS

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

NICKY

Hey, Sonny, maybe we could do something with Disneyworld down t here. Wis eguy Mount ain. Wiseguys of the Caribbean. Everybody fucks Minnie Mouse up t he a ss. C an yo u ima gine?

(continues)

61 CONTINUED: (4)

NICKY (Cont'd)

(gestures) You grab her by those big fuc kin g e ars --

Uproarious LAUGHTER from the group. Then suddenly--

SONNY EXPLODES

In a RAGE, he stands up, THROWS HIS CHAIR, knocks over the card
SONNY
You think this is a fucking joke?
Hah? One day I'm gonna die, and
I'm gonna be in this same fucking
room, with these same fucking
guys, talking about these same
fucking scams that never amount
to anything, and that's how I'll
know I got sent to fucking Hell.

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

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

Then Sonny RETURNS. Pale and shaken.

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

NICKY
What happened?

SONNY
They stole the Mercedes.

CUT TO:

62 EXT. DAY. MOTION LOUNGE
The guys file out. STARE at the EMPTY SPACE where the Mercedes
used to be.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. NIGHT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT
From the runway, as a JETLINER takes off...

CUT TO:

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

LEFTY
(sotto)
Donnie?

DONNIE
What?

LEFTY
Why'd you inject that, Donnie,
with Florida?
DONNIE
I didn't inject anything, Left.

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

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

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

DONNIE
I know.

LEFTY
(flaring)
That's the problem is, you don't know.

DONNIE
You don't explain it to me.

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

DONNIE
Snake in the grass,

(CONTINUED)

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

DONNIE
I was agreeing with you.

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

DONNIE
What are you so upset for? This could be great.
LEFTY
I die wit'cha, you understand?
You walk on a chalk fucking line,
Don nie. I got two gren ades at home-- I ' d blow up Mulberry
Street, you did something wrong.

DONNIE
I ' m not gonna do nothing wrong.

CUT TO:

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

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

DONNIE
(to phone)
I'm in Florida.

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

DONNIE
What do you thi nk I'm doi ng? I'm
working.

DONNIE 'S POV
as a Dancer bends over, waggles her bare butt...

(CONTINUED)

DO

65  CONTINUED:  .

MAGGIE (O.C.)
It' s tw el ve de gre es her e.

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

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

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

CALVINO
Napolitan'.
(resuming)
Banquet room, six tennis courts,
swimming pool in the back...

**LEFTY**
You gonna put any money in this?

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

Lefty shoots him a withering look.

**LEFTY**
Wait here.

**INSIDE THE PHONE BOOTH**
Donnie watches Lefty approach.

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

**DONNIE**
No, I didn't forget.

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

(Continued)

69.

(2)

65 CONTINUED:

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

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

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

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

**DONNIE**
I love you.
...into a DIAL TONE. Lefty lights an English Oval as Donnie
emerges.

**DONNIE**
So whaddaya think?

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

**DONNIE**
Lik e any body else . I k new h im
ten years ago, he was okay then.
LEFTY

What kind of man begrudges his wife?

DONNIE

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

Lefty looks around. SMILES.

LEFTY

You imagine—we have our own joint down here?

DONNIE

It's up to you, Left.

LEFTY

I just gotta sit down with the man down here.

DONNIE

You know him? Trafficante?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: ' ( 3 )

65

LEFTY

Fuggedaboudit. All over the world I'm known.

(getting an idea)
Like a yacht. We gotta take him out on a yacht, have a drink, relax, then he knows these are men of men he's dealing with.

DONNIE

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

LEFTY

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

Calvino joins them.

CALVINO

Hey--who's the best looking guy in Florida?

He slaps a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL to his forehead.

CALVINO

Mel

He laughs, puts his arm around an unamused Lefty.

CUT TO:

66  EXT. DAY.  THE TAHITIAN

Sonny broods by the motel pool. Judy and the other girlfriends sit across the way. QUIET in the heat. Boobie rubs suntan oil on
NICKY
Ever since they got rid of the death penalty, the whole fucking society's going down the tubes. Like I'm watching the news last night--

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

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

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

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

SONNY
Isn't she spunky?

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

LEFTY
Who?

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

SONNY
Lot of broads into that.

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

NICKY
Donnie, am I right?

DONNIE
What?

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

(Continued)

CONTINUED: (2)

NICKY
You just said you never heard of
it.

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

DONNIE
It's like part of their religion,
Left. I t's ca lle d se lf-
flage llation. T hey think it'll
. bring them closer to God.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LEFTY
Yeah.

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

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

NICKY
Fuggedaboudit.

SONNY
The man down here says okay?

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

SONNY
He knows who you are?

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

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

NICKY
You are not known in Iran.

and another freeze frame. Boobie gets up, dives in the pool

ZZZZH!

and another FREEZE FRAME.

ZZZZH!

CUT TO:

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

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

BURSEY
Anything else?

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

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

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

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

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

Bursey covers the phone.

BURSEY
Does Sally Paintglass report to Nicky?

DONNIE
Not Nicky. Nicky Cigars.

BURSEY
(to phone)
Not Nicky. Nicky Cigars.

DONNIE
Kiss Jones, how many do I have solid?

JONES

BURSEY
(calling out)
Who's Nicky Glasses?

DONNIE
Nicky Glasses. Little Nicky.

JONES
Joe--

**DONNIE**

Donnie. Call me Donnie. I don't wanna get confused.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

75.

(2)

67 CONTINUED:

**DONNIE** (Cont'd)

to Jules

What about the club? When's it gonna be ready?

**JULES**

It'll be ready when you come back down.

**DONNIE**

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

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

**BURSEY**

You want some coffee, Joe?

**DONNIE**

(correcting him)

Donnie.

**JONES**

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

**DONNIE**

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

**JULES**

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

**JONES**

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

**DONNIE**

Just get me that fucking boat, okay?

Bursey rejoins them, stirring his coffee.

**BUPSEY**

They got that boat down here on that other investigation-- what ch'am acall it. Big fuckin'
yacht.  

DONNIE

Perfect.  

(CONTINUED)

76.

(3)

67  CONTINUED:

BURSEY

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

CUT TO:

68  EXT. NIGHT.  MARINA

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

LEFTY

Five grand for that bucket for one day?

CAPTAIN

Just listen to me--

LEFTY

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

CAPTAIN

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

Lefty looks up.  DOUBLETAKES.

LEFTY'S POV

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

LEFTY

(sotto)

What the fuck is he up to?

CUT TO:

69  EXT. MORNING.  TAMPA AIRPORT

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

SONNY

Left, you wanna take care of the
Sonny heads inside with Nicky and Boobie. Lefty looks around.

**LEFTY**
Where's that fucking redcap?

(CONTINUED)

---

69 CONTINUED:

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

**CALVINO**
(aside)
Oh, Jesus--that's Hollman, Joe.
"Joe." RAGE flickers almost imperceptibly in Donnie's eyes.

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

**CALVINO**
He'll make us for sure. He was the USD A w ith --

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

Lefty rejoins them.

**LEFTY**
Now listen to me, Fred--you listening to me?

**CALVINO'S POV**
Hollman helps his wife out of the car. Shuts the door...The **REDCAP** shows up. Starts ticketing the bags.

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

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

**LEFTY**
Mulberry Street. Ask for Lefty.

**CALVINO**
Okay, Left.

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

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

HOLLMAN
(to Lefty)
Excuse me—he needs your tickets.
And then he...RECOGNIZES Donnie.

HOLLMAN
Joe?
Donnie ignores him.

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

HOLLMAN
(persisting)
Joe Pistone?
Lefty's SUSPICION rises. Hollman moves to take Donnie by the
elbow.
And Donnie WHIRLS on him.

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

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

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

HOLLMAN
That's my wife.

MRS. HOLLMAN
C'mon, honey.

DONNIE
Hah? with his fucking pencil
prick?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

HOLLMAN
(ironic)
My mistake.
She draws him away. They move toward the terminal.

DONNIE
(after them)
'Cause if he ain't fucking you, 
honey, come up to First Class.
We got two toilets up there.
Calvino gives the bag to a REDCAP. Looks in his wallet.

DONNIE
Fucking guy pissing up my leg.

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

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

CALVINO
(to Lefty)
You got change for a twenty?
Lefty takes the twenty, gives the REDCAP two dollars. KEEPS the twenty.

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

CALVINO
Sounds good to me. (about the 
twenty^ 5ey Left'--
But Lefty's already on his way inside. Donnie lingers a beat.

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

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

CUT TO:
80.

INT. NIGHT. PISTONE HOME--MINNESOTA
The door unlocks, and Donnie tiptoes into the house. The middle of
the night. Goes into the kitchen for a snack. Opens the 
refrigerator.
A BIRTHDAY CAKE
half-eaten, with the elided legend, "HAPPY SWEET SIXTEEN, TERRY."

He missed the party.  

DONNIE

Shit.

CUT TO:

71 INT. NIGHT. TERRY'S ROOM

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

DONNIE

Terry? You awake?

TERRY

Yeah.

Donnie goes to her. Sits on the bed.

DONNIE

I'm sorry I missed your party.

TERRY.

It's okay. Uncle Bob flew in.

DONNIE

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

TERRY

That's what Mom said.

DONNIE

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

TERRY

That's between you two.

DONNIE

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

TERRY

She was worried something happened to you.

(CONTINUED)

81.

71 CONTINUED:

DONNIE

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

TERRY

Look, I understand. It's your job.

DONNIE

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

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

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

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

DONNIE
You have a father, Terry.

TERRY
That's not what I meant.

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

TERRY
I know that, Dad.

DONNIE
It's just another six months.
"Another six months." That phrase. Like a knife in her heart.

TERRY
Whenever. It's no big deal.

DONNIE
Come here. Give me a hug.

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

And loses.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (2)

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

He takes this like a blow. Hugs her tighter.

CUT TO:

72 INT. MORNING. PISTONE HOME
Donnie convenes a FAMILY MEETING over breakfast. Terry, Kerry and
Maggie sit, sullen, around the kitchen table. Sherry runs down
the stairs, sits down.
SHERRY
Sorry I'm late.

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

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

TERRY
I'm not moving.

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

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

SHERRY
'Anderson'? Yeeccch..

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

DONNIE
That language is unacceptable, young lady. You sit down. Terry gets up, walks out. Maggie gets up, too.

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

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

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

KERRY
What about our friends?

DONNIE
You'll make new friends.

SHERRY
We're not in the FBI, Dad.

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

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

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

DONNIE
What's this?

(CONTINUED)

84

72 CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE
The IRS. We got audited.

CUT TO:

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

NICKY
Left, that's some fucking boat.

SONNY
Cozz'. that's beautiful.

Judy gives Lefty a kiss. He blushes.
Sonny--lookit what the name is. That's like my name.

Sonny looks at the stern. Emblazoned across it: "THE LEFT HAND"

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

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

BOOBIE
What is that, half a million?

LEFTY
Fuggedaboudit. There's one thing I know, it's boats. This'8 gotta be a million dollars, this boat.

(lefty gestures toward boat)

G o a h e ad . G et c o m fo rt a b l e . I' m gonna wait for the man.

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

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

(continued)

73 CONTINUED:

DONNIE
Sonny Red and all them big puffers.

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

DONNIE
Hey, Left.

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

LEFTY
That's him. That's Trafficante.

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

DISALVO
You Lefty?
LEFTY
Nice to meet you, Mr. Trafficante.

DISALVO
This's Mr. Trafficante.

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

He and Lefty shake hands.

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

Trafficante peers down the dock through thick prescription SUNGLASSES.

TRAFFICANTE
Which one's Sonny Black?

FLASH CUT TO:

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

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:
OVER THIS taped dialogue from the group in the stern, with seagulls, surf, and the sounds of a party...

C CLOSE ON-- HOGUE as his face turns grim...

H OLD ON-- SURVEILANCE PHOTO as Donnie shakes hands with Trafficante.

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

JULES
Score one for our side.

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

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. THE PAST. BOAT
Sonny and Donnie stand in the bow, look out over the water.

SONNY
You can live your life like a man d own here. I bet if you took m y blood pressure right now it'd be down o ne hundre d per cent . Sonny Red's got Jersey and we got Florida, and Florida's better than Jersey, right?

DONNIE
He can stick Jersey up his ass.

SONNY
This is a great idea I had, Florida.

DONNIE
Once Lefty arranged it with Trafficante--

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

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

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

DONNIE
Simple arithmetic.

SONNY
Like wit h jea ns, who h ad th e idea with ^eans and now look how much money they're making?

DONNIE
Some young guy.

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

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

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

**DONNIE**
Fuggedaboudit. Be a made guy? That would be unbelievable.

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

CLOSE ON--DONNIE
as he calculates the advantages and dangers of his new offer...

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

(Continued)

(2)

**BOOBI E**
Can I ask you something? Did you get this boat or did Donnie get this boat?

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

**BOOBI E**
He knows a lot of broads, Donnie.

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

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

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

Boobie drinks, takes a beat.

**BOOBIE**

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

Lefty thinks a beat.

---

76  **INT. NIGHT. TAHITIAN**

Donnie takes off his cowboy boots. Takes the Nagra out of his boot.

Rewinds the tape. Plays it.

**DONNIE (O.C.)**

I just got some things I gotta take care of, back in the city.

**SONNY (O.C.)**

When you come back, you represent me in Florida.

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

---

77  **INT. DAY. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT**

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

**LEFTY**

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

**DONNIE**

How long's he gonna stay down there?

**LEFTY**

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

Donnie FLARES at the word "cocksucker."

**THEIR POV**

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

**LEFTY**

Donnie--that's my bag, Donnie.

Don nie --

**DONNIE**
Nobody calls me cocksucker. Understood?

LEFTY
You get that fucking bag.

DONNIE
I'm not getting it.

LEFTY
Pick it up.

DONNIE
NO.

LEFTY
Pick up the fucking bag.

DONNIE
No fucking way, Left.

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

(CONTINUED)

90,

77 CONTINUED:

DONNIE
That's got nothing to do with it.

LEFTY
Now you're on your fucking high horses.

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

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

DONNIE
Nobody calls me cocksucker.

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

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

DONNIE
You're the fucking cocksucker.
H uh? Yo u f uck ing coc ks ucker r--h ow does it feel?.

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

Lefty's chases after the suitcase...
DONNIE
Go ahead, Left. Fucking whack me. Stab me. Right in the fucking baggage claim.

LEFTY
You pick up that bag, Donnie.

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

LEFTY
You can't call me cocksucker, Donnie.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

DONNIE
I ain't picking up the bag.

LEFTY
You pick it up.

DONNIE
I ain't.

LEFTY
You pick up that bag, Donnie.

CUT TO:

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

DISSOLVE TO:

79 INT. NIGHT. PISTONE HOME--MINNESOTA
Terry and Kerry and their new BOYFRIENDS make out on their parents' bed. Limbs writhing in adolescent lust. Then a RING...

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

KERRY
Terry

CUT TO:

80 INT. NIGHT. LEFTY'S APARTMENT
Lefty SLAMS the phone down. Sits with a huff in his chair. Louise brings him a spritzer.

LOUISE
Here you go, Bennie.

**LEFTY**

Did Donnie call today?

**LOUISE**

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

**LEFTY**

Shut up, Louise.

(CONTINUED)

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80  **CONTINUED:**

On Louise, hurt--Lefty doesn't talk to her that way. She exits.

Lefty, frustrated, turns on the TV.

**CUT TO:**

81  **INT. NIGHT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT**

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

**MAITRE D'**

Good evening. Please step this way.

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

**NICKY**

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

The Maitre d' stops them.

**MAITRE D'**

Please to remove your shoes.

**DONNIE'S COWBOY BOOT**

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

**DONNIE**

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

**NICKY**

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

**DONNIE**

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

**MAITRE D'**

I'm afraid is necessary.

**S9NNY**

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

**BOOBIE**

What's the big deal?

*(CONTINUED)*

**DONNIE**

Hey, Boobie, who won the fucking war?

**SONNY**

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

**DONNIE**

I ain't doing it.

**SONNY**

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

**MAITRE D'**

Is house rule.

**DONNIE**

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

**MAITRE D'**

Is house rule.

**SONNY**

I wanna fucking eat, Donnie.

**MAITRE D'**

Rule of house.

The moment of truth.

**DONNIE BLOWS**

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MEN'S ROOM**

Donnie and the Maitre d' go at it. . . The little guy's game, quick and tough. Then the other SWA RM inside. And the MASSACRE begins. **FISTS AND KICKS**

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

CUT TO:

83  INT. THE PRESENT.    FBI
Hogue listens to the tape. . . Donnie's hard breathing...The
Maitre d' s
screams...The THUDS of Donnie's kicks...

FLASH CUT TO:

84  INT. THE PAST.    MEN'S ROOM
Nicky takes a roll of quarters. Holds it in his fist, PUNCHES
hard
across the Maitre d's brow. Blood TORRENTS from the
gash...Blinded
by the blood, the Maitre d' swings wildly...
**BOOBIE SLIPS**
on the blood and falls into the PUDDLE. . . Sees the STAINS on
his
slacks...In a rage now...Boobie grabs a GARBAGE CAN, swings it at
the
Maitre d' , who sinks in a heap, unconscious. The guys continue
to
KICK at him...
**CLOSE ON--DONNIE**
as he backs away, APPALLED by the explosion of violence--and his
part
in it.

FLASH CUT TO:

85  INT. SAME TIME.    FBI
PHOTOS of the Maitre d' , bloodied and bruised, taken at the
hospital
afterwards. Hogue inspects them.
OVER THIS
the tape plays...

**BOOBIE (O.C.)**
How many times I gotta tell you,
Nicky? The head bleeds like a
motherfucker.

**NI CKY (O.C.)**
Try club soda. Sometimes that
works, club soda.

**BOOBIE (O.C.)**
Goddam Brioni suit.

**HOGUE**
This is what the FBI does?
You're telling me this is the
fucking FBI?
BERADA
You think Joe went over to the other side?

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

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

BERADA
Ask him the fuck yourself.

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

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

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

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

BERADA
Joe's a seducer. He seduced them.

HOGUE
Well, maybe he fucking seduced you.

THE CLOCK
on the wall reads "9:30." The phone RINGS. Jules grabs it.

Listen a beat. Turns to the others.

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

CUT TO:

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

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:
AT THE TABLE
Our guys, dour and nervous, sit with their wives. Donnie with a blonde BIMBO.

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

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

SONNY RED
I heard you was down in Florida.

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

SONNY RED
You got friends in Florida?

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

Sonny Red pinches Sonny's cheek.

SONNY RED
Nice color you got. Red

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

SONNY
I gotta go to the John.

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

SONNY RED
watches them from his table. Then looks up.

SONNY RED'S POV
of the FBI "busboy" as he clears the salad dishes...Sonny Red whispers something to Bruno.

CUT TO:

87 INT. SAME TIME. FBI HEADQUARTERS
Hogue turns to LeBow.

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

LEBOW
The hit's going down tonight.

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

HOGUE
(to phone)
Anything from the guy inside?

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

NICKY
I heard the zips went in with Sonny Red.

BOOBIE
The only ones in with us is us.

(CONTINUED)
watching.

**LEFTY**

Christ, Sonny--what'd you eat for lunch?

**SONNY**

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

**PHILLY LUCKY**
holds his hands up, palms up.

**PHILLY LUCKY**
Where's Sonny?
The toilet FLUSHES. Sonny emerges. Looks to Philly Lucky.

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

**CUT TO:**

89  **INT. LATER. FBI HEADQUARTERS**
Hogue looks at the clock: "11:10". Looks at Jules. Gets back on the phone.

**HOGUE**
(to phone)
What's going on?

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

**CUT TO:**

90  **EXT. SAME TIME. CHURCH HALL**
Sonny hands his car keys to his wife.

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

(CONTINUED)

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

**CUT TO:**

91  **INT. SAME TIME. FBI HEADQUARTERS**
Hogue covers the phone. Turns to the others.

**HOGUE**
They're putting the wives in a separate car.

**JULES**
Just get that van out of there.

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

MARSHALL
Seems like a false alarm, thank God.

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

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

MARSHALL
You have to make a decision, sir.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

JULES
(right back)
Then make the fucking call. Either you trust him or you don't. That's what it's always been with this. Either you trust Joe or you don't. Hogue thinks a long beat. Gets back on the phone.

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

(CONTINUED)

92 EXT. NIGHT.    CHURCH HALL
Sonny, Boobie, Lefty, Nicky and Donnie walk toward the cars. Lefty and Nicky split off toward Lefty's Cadillac.

SONNY
Donnie--ride with us.
Nicky and Lefty climb into Lefty's Cadillac. Sonny, Boobie and Donnie approach Boobie's Cadillac. Donnie reaches for the back door.

SONNY
(to Donnie)
Why don't you sit in front? A sudden chord of TERROR plays up Donnie's spine. Donnie looks to Lefty for help...For some indication...But his eyes are DEAD.

They all climb in Boobie's Cadillac.

THE SURVEILLANCE VAN
ulls away from the curb, drives off...Boobie pulls out of the lot in his Cadillac, drives off in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

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

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

LEBOW
He's never been wrong before,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOGUE
What exactly did the informant say?

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

HOGUE
Did he say a hit on Sonny Black?

LEBOW
A hit. There's a war between Sonny Red and Sonny Black--they're both at the wedding--I in ter pola ted th at--

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

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

HOGUE
Goddamit!
Hogue frantically dials the phone.

LEBOW
What?

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

LEBOW
I just assumed---

MARSHALL
Oh my God.

CUT TO:

94 INT. LATER.  BOOBIE'S CADILLAC
Boobie drives, Donnie beside him. The menacing QUIET of the open
road. Past PROSPECT PARK...

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

(Continued)

94 CONTINUED:

BOOBIE
I whipped your ass many a time.

SONNY
Fuggedaboudit.

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

SONNY
Oh, yeah? Pull over.

BOOBIE
Fuggedaboudit. I whipped your
ass. Your day is done.

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

Boobie pulls over. They pile out of the car.

CUT TO:

95 EXT. NIGHT.  PROSPECT PARK
Boobie and Sonny crouch at an imaginary starting line.

SONNY
Okay. We're running to the fountain.

BOOBIE

Okay.

SONNY

You remember the fountain?

BOOBIE

I remember the fountain.

SONNY

Donnie--you do the 'on your marks'.

DONNIE

On your marks. Get set. Go!

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

DONNIE PEERS

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

(CONTINUED)

SONNY AND BOOBIE RUN

huffing and puffing. . .They disappear into the darkness .. .And Donnie realizes that he's ALONE IN THE DARK

Turning, around and around... A RAT with no place to hide...

THE RACE CONTINUES

Boobie looks over at Sonny, pulls away...

DONNIE IN TERROR

Adrenaline rushes through him. As 'he turns, and turns, and WAITS... For the bullet that will kill him...

BOOBIE RUNS

Sonny yards behind him. Then Sonny STOP S. Reaches into his waistband. And pulls out A PISTOL

Boobie running FREE in the night. . .Reaches the fountain, holds up his arms in victory. Leans over, hands on knees, WHEE ZING. Turns, smiling. And his smile FRACTURES.

DONNIE FLEES

Jogs a couple of steps to find some cover... Then hears A DISTANT GUNSHOT as it echoes through the park. Donnie crouches by reflex. From the shadows, a man STAGGERS toward Donnie -- it's Boobie, bleeding
profusely from a head wound... Sonny chases him... The champagne POP!
of more GUNSHOTS...

SONNY AIMS
fires... His .45 JAMS...

SONNY
Fucking son of a bitch! Donnie, get 'im!
Boobie STAGGERS, bleeding from three wounds now... Running toward his
car... Donnie runs toward him... The CRUNCH of wet grass...

DONNIE TACKLES HIM
Boobie falls heavily... BLOOD belches out of his mouth...

BOOBIE
Help me...

(CONTINUED)

104.

95 CONTINUED: (2)
Sonny catches up. Grabs his .45 by the barrel and savagely
SMASHES
Boobie in the head. A thick sound--like a melon falling off a shelf.
Again and again... Blood EVERYWHERE... Donnie backs off, looks up, as

LEFTY ARRIVES

SONNY
Pull his car around, I think he has a bag in the trunk.

CUT TO:

96 INT. LATER.
LEFTY'S APARTMENT
Lefty pours Donnie a Scotch. Sits down with a spritzer.

LEFTY
He was holding out on him. Fucking coke deal Boobie was running down in Florida.

DONNIE
Sonny found out about it?

LEFTY
Do I still gotta school you after whatever fuckin' yeahs? That's the worst thing you could do to a man like Sonny Black. You could pull his cock before you could take a dollar out of his pocket.

DONNIE
How'd he find out?

LEFTY

Who?

DONNIE

Sonny.

LEFTY

Why the fuck are you asking so many fucking questions, Donnie?

DONNIE

I don't know, Left. Boobie was a friend, of all of us.

LEFTY

Boobie wasn't no friend to you/Donnie/ believe me.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

DONNIE

What are you talking about?

LEFTY

Ain't nobody gonna give you a pass no more, Donnie. You walk on a chalk fucking line from now on.

CLOSE ON--DONNIE

as he realizes that Lefty sold out Boobie to save him.

DONNIE

You told Sonny that Boobie was holding out?

LEFTY

Ain't the question.

DONNIE

Because of me? What was Boobie saying?

LEFTY

Ain't the question, Donnie.

Lefty finishes his spritzer. Gets up to make another.

LEFTY

I don't know what made you think I'd give you up. I had too many fucking disappointments in my life. Never in the fucking end of the earth will I give you up.

CUT TO:

97 INT. NIGHT. DONNIE'S APARTMENT

Donnie holds the Nagra in his hand. The SOUNDS of the murder as it plays....

BOOBIE (O.C.)
(on tape)

Help me... Then the CRUNCH as Donnie tackles him. Donnie rips the tape out of the Nagra, throws it in the sink. BURNS it.

CUT TO:

98  INT. DAY.  THE MOTION LOUNGE
Donnie watches "The Today Show" on the TV over the bar. The guys plan gin.

(CONTINUED)

106.

98  CONTINUED:  JOHN PALMER (O.C.)
. . . In other news an FBI sting has resulted in the arrests of over 100 state and Federal officials...

ON THE SCREEN
Surveillance images of FBI "SHEIKS" dressed in flowing caftans... Then the image cuts to VIDEO of the same "sheiks" partying with CONGRESSMEN on a docked YACHT...

PALMER (O.C.)
. . . Known as ABSCAM, it was the largest such operation in the Bureau's history...

Donnie peers more closely at the TV.

CLOSE ON -- T HE S TE RN
with the name "The Left Hand" emblazoned on it.

SONNY
Donnie, pull up a chair. Donnie takes a last look at the TV. Joins Sonny, Nicky and Lefty at the card table as Nicky shuffles the cards.

NICKY
(to Donnie)
You know how to keep score?
A moment of recognition that BOOBIE'S GONE

CUT TO:

99  EXT. DAY.  PISTONE HOME
Donnie mows the grass. Row after precise row. RAKES the clippings into identical, evenly spaced PILES. Fills up TRASH BAGS, piles them neatly on the curb.

IN THE DRIVEWAY
A STATION WAGON parked next to Maggie's CORVETTE. Donnie notices that the station wagon is filthy. RUNS a finger through the dirt on the hood.

DONNIE CLEANS the pile of TRASH in the well of the car—McDonald's wrappers, Tampax wrappers, a copy of Mademoiselle, a lipstick, a basketball.

DUMPS it. Pulls out the ASHTRAY. Something that makes him suspicious...

(CONTINUED)

107.

99 CONTINUED:

DONNIE RUBS THE ASHES between his fingers. RECOGNITION. . .He DIGS into the space between the seats. Finds a quarter. A paper clip. And then:

A SEED

CUT TO:

100 INT. DAY. PISTONE HOME

Terry stumbles down the stairs in her bathrobe, half-asleep. She hears Donnie CRASH inside, and something tells her it's about her.

ABOUT FACE into the bathroom...

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Donnie hears the bathroom door upstairs CLICK, locked. Turns as Maggie enters from the kitchen.

DONNIE

Where's Terry? She still asleep?

MAGGIE

I think so. What's the matter?

DONNIE

Asleep? Perfect. She's asleep at 12 noon. It all fits the profile.

MAGGIE

What profile? Joe, you're scaring me.

DONNIE

The twelve warning signs. Our daughter Terry is a drug user.

INSIDE THE BATHROOM

Terry listens by the door.

TERRY

Shit.

BACK—IN THE LIVING ROOM

as Donnie counts off the "warning signs" of drug addiction.
DONNIE
Oversleeping. Short attention span. Hostility to authority.
B i n g e a t i n g--

MAGGIE
That would apply to every teenager in America.

CONTINUED:

DONNIE
Don't tell me my business. Do you know what this is?
He holds out the marijuana seed. Maggie peers at it.

DONNIE
This is a marijuana seed.

MAGGIE
Where did you find that?

DONNIE
Maggie, I am an FBI agent. That's who I am. I am out there risking my life, 18, 20 hours a day, weekends, Christmas--

MAGGIE
You don't have to tell me, Joe.

DONNIE
Well, what do you think I'm doing it for? I am spending my life to put away the guys that make money off this shit, and I'm damned to hell if I'm gonna have it in my house.

MAGGIE
You know, Jules called me this week. Do you know they're looking for you?

DONNIE
Don't change the subject.

MAGGIE
I'm not changing the subject. You're the subject, Joe. You're becoming like them.

DONNIE
I'm not the fucking pothead.

MAGGIE
You don't see it.
Donnie turns, heads up the stairs, Maggie following.

DONNIE
Geddadah. Go weigh yourself or something. Sleeping Beauty
and I are going out to the woodshed.  

(continued)

109.

(2)

100 continued:

**Maggie**

In my next life I'm gonna marry a Jewish doctor.  

**Donnie**

In the fucking car that I make the payments on, in the fucking driveway of the house that I pay the fucking mortgage on--a goddam marianas seed--

**Maggie**

(defiant)

How do you know it isn't mine?

Donnie stops a beat. RAGE drumming up inside him, rage that CRESCENDOES as he SMACKS HER BACKHAND

She looks up at him. Not hurt. But devastated. Donnie moves to comfort her, to apologize...Maggie SMACKS HIM BACK

...Then storms out of the house. Donnie BROODS, looks up to the landing as Sherry and Kerry come out from their rooms. From outside, SOUNDS of Maggie as she SLAMS into her Corvette andzooms out of the driveway, engine ROARING and tires SQUEALING...

**smash cut to:**

101 int. day. hospital

Donnie BANGS through swinging doors, past ORDERLIES in white coats, his face tight with anxiety, his skin green in the cold fluorescent light.  

**at the desk**

He bulls past two waiting GUESTS, accosts the NURSE.  

**Donnie**

I'm looking for my wife. Mrs. Anderson. Maggie Anderson. She was in an accident? I'm her husband.

The Nurse gives him a form on a clipboard.  

**Nurse**
Here you go. You're Mr. Anderson?

DONNIE

Where is she?

(CONTINUED)

110,

101 CONTINUED:

NURSE

Only the immediate family is allowed in ICU. Do you have a driver's license?

He gives her his driver's license.

DONNIE

Is she okay?

NURSE

Excuse me. This says, 'Donald Brasco'.

DONNIE

Christ. Let me just see her. She'll tell you who I am.

NURSE

We can't do that.

DONNIE

If I could see her we could clear this whole thing up.

NURSE

I'm sorry, sir. We need proof of ID.

DONNIE

I need ID to see my fucking wife? I'm her husband! Who the fuck else would I be?

A DOCTOR, cold-blooded, 30s, arrives.

DOCTOR

Mr. Anderson?

CUT TO:

X-RAY ROOM

102 INT. NIGHT.

The DOCTOR shows Donnie the X-rays.

DOCTOR

Collapsed lung. Broken wrist, collarbone. ^Multiple lacerations from the glass. The most serious injury was from her contact lenses— they smashed into her corneas. They're torn up pretty badly. She may lose an eye.

DONNIE

Can't I see her?
102 CONTINUED: 

DOCTOR
We'll see if she stabilizes in a couple of hours.

CUT TO:

103 EXT. LATER. WAITING ROOM
Donnie sits, anxious. The girls sit alongside him.

KERRY
We had a family meeting, Dad. You have to quit.

DONNIE
Look, Mom's gonna be okay.

TERRY
This isn't a democracy. This is a dictatorship.

KERRY
A dictatorship of us.

DONNIE
I know how you're feeling. But it's just--

SHERRY
Just another six months.

DONNIE
Maybe just a few more weeks.

KERRY
Forget it, Dad. It's the job or us.

TERRY
End of discussion.

Kerry stares him down. Terry looks away. Donnie puts his arm around her. She shrugs it off.

CUT TO:

104 INT. NIGHT. INTENSIVE CARE
Maggie lies in bed, eyes BANDAGED, her face a web of GASHES. Wrist in a cast. A thick TUBE runs from a LUNG MACHINE into her mouth. Donnie takes her hand. She holds his HARD.

(CONTINUED)

112.

104 CONTINUED:

DONNIE
The doctor says you're gonna be
okay. We just have to get you into rehabilitation as soon as we can. You'll be as good as new before you know it.

The lung machine whirs and wheezes...

DONNIE
Maggie, listen to me, Maggie, because this is what it is. The minute I come out from under all these guys I'm with, they will all be killed--because of me. Because they trusted me.

(beat)
I gotta go back.

Maggie pulls her hand back. Turns away from him. He can tell she's not buying.

DONNIE
I have a chance here to become a made guy--an FBI agent a made guy in the Mafia. It's gonna happen the end of the year. And then I'll come out. Then it'll all be over. You'll have me for the rest of your life.

Maggie waves him away. Turns away from him. A Nurse enters and Donnie, with sadness but no regrets, exits.

CUT TO:

105 INT. NIGHT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT
Donnie dials at a pay phone, cradles the receiver while it rings.

DONNIE
Louis e? It's Donnie.

CUT TO:

106 INT. NIGHT. LEFTY'S APARTMENT
Louise on the phone in the kitchen.

LOUISE
What is it--Tuesday? I haven't seen him since Sunday. I thought he was with you.

CUT TO:

107 INT. SAME TIME. AIRPORT
Donnie pumps a quarter into the pay phone. Bursey picks up at the other end.
BURSEY (O.C.)
Hello, Bursey.
DONNIE
Look, I think that sitdown's tonight. I can't find Lefty.
BURSEY (O.C.)
Why didn't you go?
DONNIE
Only made guys can go to a sitdown.
BURSEY (O.C.)
So what do you want me to do?
DONNIE
I don't know. Listen to me--I'm worried.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. NIGHT. BIG TRIN'S HOUSE
Big Trin drives Philly Lucky, Sonny Red and Anthony Bruno in his big Lincoln.

SONNY RED
All my fucking life I hadda be Sonny Red. Sonny Red and Sonny Black. I gottupped. Then he gottupped. Finally the night has come. Tomorrow morning I can just be 'Sonny'. Not Red. The one and only. 'Sonny'.

BRUNO
Where you got the guns?
BIG TRIN
Relax. They're in the basement.
BRUNO
The basement of your house?
BIG TRIN
Hey, Sonny, my jacket's losing its crease. Will you tell your kid to stop breathing on me?
BRUNO
I wanna get there in time to set 'up.

(CONTINUED)

114.

108 CONTINUED:
Big Trin pulls into his driveway.
SONNY RED
The sitdown's in two hours. I waited my whole life, Bruno, you
can wait two hours.
They climb out of the car. Philly Lucky stays put.

**BIG TRIN**
What the hell's wrong with you?

**PHILLY LUCKY**
I ain't going in your fucking basement. You got spiders all over that basement.

**BIG TRIN**
He's scared of spiders. What a piece of work.

**PHILLY LUCKY**
Leave me the keys. I wanna play the radio.

Big Trin flips him the keys.

**TWO WOODEN DOORS**
alongside the house, leading down into the basement. With a groan,

Big Trin bends, pulls them open. Flips a LIGHT SWITCH. On. Off.

Nothing.

**BIG TRIN**
Shit. Bulb must be out. Watch your step.

Sonny Red and Anthony Bruno follow him down...

**INSIDE THE CAR**
Philly Lucky starts the oar. Turns on the radio. Frank Sinatra sings "Nice Work If You Can Get It." And PULLS AWAY.

**DOWN THE STAIRS**
go Big Trin, Sonny Red and Anthony Bruno, down into the dark, damp concrete and sawdust in their nostrils.

**BIG TRIN**
Where's that fucking flashlight?

**BANG!**
and the flash of a SHOTGUN firing. BANG! BANG! as shotguns EXPLODE. By the light of the flashes we see Sonny, Lefty and Nicky

**BANG! and another flash. BANG! BANG!**

(Continued)

115.

108 CONTINUED: (2.)
Then a pause. Nicky reaches up, screws in the light bulb. Lights on. Revealing the blasted corpses of Sonny Red and Big Trin...

**BRUNO**
Jumps out from behind a cabinet, RUNS out the door. Sonny wheels,

**FIRES. The stairs SPLINTER as the blast lands just under Bruno's**
escaping feet. Lefty moves to chase him.

S9NNY
Fuggedaboudit, Left. We'll give the contract to Donnie.

Nicky takes out a Hefty bag and a long-bladed BUTCHER KNIFE...Sets to carving up the bodies...

CUT TO:

109 INT. NIGHT. DONNIE'S APARTMENT
Carrying his mail, Donnie enters a DARK room. MOONLIGHT filters through the blinds. He closes the door. Flips the light switch. NOTHING
Instantly, he falls into a fighting crouch, knife at the ready.

His hand trembles with adrenaline. He moves with his back to the wall, straining to see into the black room.

TO THE KITCHEN
He pivots in a combat stance-- nobody. Then pivots again. His free hand fumbles in the kitchen drawer. Finds a FLASHLIGHT. The beam SWEEPS across the room. Donnie moves on cat feet to the bathroom.

The shower curtains drawn shut. Donnie tears them back, THRUSTS the knife...Into air.

Donnie thinks a beat. Snaps the flashlight back on. Ruffles through his mail. Rips open THE ELECTRIC BILL reads by the light of the flashlight

DISCONNECT NOTICE: NON-PAYMENT OF BILL

Donnie, a dimly-seen dervish of RAGE...He hurls the flashlight...Throws a chair and it SPLINTERS...Grabs the bar from his weight bench and starts to swing...

SMASE1
and an electric sizzle as the television implodes. Donnie drops the bar and throws a bookcase to the ground. PUNCHES at the wall...Again and again and again...Then sags to the ground...Weeping...Or LAUGHING...

(CONTINUED)
DONNIE
The electric bill...I can't get
over it...The fucking 'B' didn't
pay the fucking electric bill!

CUT TO:

110  INT. DAY.  HOSPITAL
Maggie convalesces—her wounds have begun to heal and she's no
longer
intubated, although her eyes are still bandaged. Jules enters,
sits
down beside her. Takes her hand.

JULES
It's Jules, Maggie.

MAGGIE
I could hear your cheap shoes all
the way down the hall.

JULES
How're you feeling?

MAGGIE
S ca re d. Al one .

JULES
Did you see Joe?

MAGGIE
You mean did Joe see me?

JULES
The 'B' wants him to come out.

MAGGIE
He'll never come out.

JULES
Y ou don't believe the shit that
c omes up. I have to argue with
t he man that he hasn't gone over to
t he other side.

MAGGIE
Joe? He wouldn't have the
imagination. I wish he'd become
a gangster—at least we could pay
our frigging bills.

JULES
Maybe you could talk to him.

MAGGIE
Do you know what this is about,
J ules? Thi s is about a
promotion.

(CONTINUED)

117.

110  CONTINUED:

JULES
I talked to him about that.
MAGGIE
Not from you--from them. He wants to be a made guy.

CLOSE ON--JULES
as he hears this...He knows that this has gone too far.

MAGGIE
For years I tried to figure out what made Joe tick. And then I finally figured it out--there's nothing ticking. He's got his rules and he's gonna live by his rules. The job is the job. Start what you finish. When he's in the FBI he wants to be the best and when he's in the Mafia he wants to be the best--like it's all some frigging basketball game.

(disdainfully)
Men.

JULES
Maggie...Maybe this is none of my business, but--

MAGGIE
Don't worry--I'm not gonna leave him. I didn't have him when I had him. Now that it's almost over I'm goddamned if I'll let someone else have him.

CUT TO:

111   INT. NIGHT.    LEFTY'S APARTMENT
Christmas decorations, and a tree. Lefty watches a NATURE PROGRAM on TV. A leopard moves stealthily...

NARRATOR (O.C.)
...Cloaked by the high grasses of the African savanna, the stalking leopard moves stealthily...

Louise enters with Donnie.

LOUISE
Bennie, Donnie'8 here.

(continuation)

118

111 CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (O.C.)
...Separated from the herd/ the gazelle senses danger...
Lefty RAPT in his easy chair...
LEFTY
Bennie loves animals.

ON THE SCREEN
The leopard charges...Teeth tear at the gazelle...And soon the leopard and her family feed on a bloody carcass.

NARRATOR (O.C.)
...Hunter and hunted, predator and prey--the endless cycle of nature, repeated once again...

LEFTY
Mino*1 You see that?

LOUISE
I'll be inside if you need me.

LEFTY
We're going out, Louise.

Louise exits inside. SATISFIED, Lefty snaps off the show with his REMOTE CONTROL. Turns to Donnie.

LEFTY
They found Bruno. He's shacking up with a broad down City Island.
On a boat.
He opens up a drawer. Takes out a GUN. Loads it with bullets...

LEFTY
You know what this means, don't you? You're gonna get straightened out. You become a made guy/ Donnie, you can lie, you can cheat, you can steal, you can whack out whoever you want and it's all completely legitimate. Being a made guy's the greatest thing in the world.

Lefty reaches into the drawer. Hands another gun to Donnie.

CLOSE ON--DONNIE
as he looks at the gun in his hand.

CUT TO:

119.

112    EXT. NIGHT.    MARINA--CITY ISLAND
Donnie and Lefty sit and wait in Donnie's Cadillac. Lefty smokes.

DONNIE
Maybe he ain't gonna show.

LEFTY
He'll show.

DONNIE
I'm just saying--maybe we should forget about it, pop him tomorrow night.
LEFTY
We can't pop him tomorrow night, for your information. Tomorrow night we got the wake for Big Trin.

DONNIE
I forgot.

LEFTY
Fuggedaboudit—it's better this way anyway. Wait when nobody's around.

DONNIE'S POV
of the deserted marina...

DONNIE
That's some boat this broad has.

LEFTY
Fuggedaboudit. There's one thing I know, it's boats.

DONNIE
What is that—a hundred grand?

LEFTY
Donnie—Where'd you get that boat down in Florida?

DONNIE
I told you. That was this girl I used to see down there, it's her brother's.

LEFTY
What's her name?

DONNIE
Florence.

LEFTY
Florence what?

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

DONNIE'S POV
In the distance, a TRANS AM pulls up near the boat they're watching, Bruno emerges. Locks his car. Climbs onto the boat...

DONNIE
C'mon, that's him.

LEFTY
Florence what, Donnie?

DONNIE

LEFTY
Donnie—why do you want to lie to me, Donnie? Did I ever lie to
you once all these years about
the time of day?

DONNIE
I'm not lying.

LEFTY
How many fucking times did I have
you over for dinner at my fucking
house? You fucking rat bastard --

DONNIE
Hey, Left--that's the problem?
Are we gonna whack this guy or
what?

LEFTY
I went on the fucking record with
you, Donnie. You could walk on
the street and punch any man in
the mouth because I stood up for
you. . . . .

DONNIE...
What is the fucking problem?
Lefty reaches in his pocket. A piece of paper, folded, torn from
"Newsweek". The headline:
ABSCAM: FBI 'SHEIKS* STING CORRUPT LAWMAKERS
Beneath the headline, a PHOTO of the "sheiks" partying on a
yacht--
"THE LEFT HAND". Donnie looks up from the article. Sees
A GUN
in Lefty's hand.

(CONTINUED)

121.

(2)

112 CONTINUED:

LEFTY
That's a fucking Federal boat,
Donnie. That's our boat.

DONNIE
Hold on a minute, Left. The boat
with Trafficante? That ain't the
same boat.

LEFTY
Don't tell me that ain't the same
boat, Donnie That's a fucking
Federal boat! That's a Taiwan-
made boat, there's only five like
that in the world.

DONNIE
I really don't think that's the
same boat, Left.

LEFTY
Lookit that. You see that? 'The LeftHand.' That's like my name.

DONNIE
Maybe her brother's a fucking gent. How would I know? I thought he was in real estate.

LEFTY
Ain't the question, Donnie. You still ain't answered me why we're fucking on a fucking Federal fucking boat!

DONNIE
You're right, Left. I'm a fucking rat.

LEFTY
You're a rat?

DONNIE
I met your girls. I talked to Tommy for you I don't know how many fucking times. I don't know how many times I had dinner with you and Louise. I lived with you, Left-- partners. Five fucking years, I ever had a hundred bucks in my pocket, I gave you half. And the whole time I was a fucking rat. You're right.

LEFTY
Donnie--did I say you was a rat, Donnie?

(DCONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (3)

DONNIE
You'd have to be the biggest fucking mutt in the history of the Mafia.

LEFTY
You fucking laxed, Donnie. Don't get on your high horses.

DONNIE'S POV as Bruno emerges from the boat. Lights a cigarette. Looks around,

DONNIE
Shit. He's up again.

LEFTY
How the fuck am I supposed to explain this to Sonny?

DONNIE
You ask me it's the funniest fucking thing in the world. Those fucking agents could scam Senators and Congressmen and meanwhile we had a party on their boat and they didn't get a fucking thing on us. Sonny'll laugh his ass off.

**LEFTY**
Where is the joke, Donnie?

**DONNIE**
We outsmarted the agents. We got a higher Z.Q. than the fucking Congressmen.

**LEFTY**
You got so many black marks on you now, Donnie, a fucking Einstein couldn't count them.

**DONNIE**
What black marks?

**LEFTY**
That time with the luggage and/uh, uh...the other time.

**DONNIE**
Are we gonna whack this fucking guy or not?

**LEFTY**
I ain't no fucking mutt, Donnie.

Donnie checks the action on his gun...

**DONNIE**
How the fuck did I know it was a fucking Federal boat?

**LEFTY**
I die wit'cha. I 'm your best friend, Donnie.

Donnie opens the door, climbs out/ gun in hand.

**DONNIE**
That's right, Left--you're my best friend.

"Your best friend is the one who kills you." Donnie FREEZES.

Lefty looks at him.

**LEFTY' S GUN**
pointed at Donnie's back...As his finger moves toward the trigger.

Then suddenly --
LIGHT EXPLODES
from police cherrytops... SWARMS of FBI MEN in blue
windbreakers with
big white letters-- "FBI"-- descend on the car, guns drawn.
They G RAB

Donnie and Lefty. Jules hustles Donnie away.

LEFTY
(calling)
Donnie, don't say nothing. Don't say nothing to them.

JULES
Congratulations. It's over, Joe.

DONNIE
What do you mean, it's over?

JULES
You're coming out.

DONNIE
What the fuck--? Nobody. I'm not coming out.

JULES
It's over, Joe.

DONNIE
It's not over. I'm too close!

Donnie starts to run. FBI MEN are on top of him, wrestling him
dover.

Donnie STRUGGLES, exchanges a look with Lefty as he's dragged away.

(CONTINUED)

124,

(5)

112 CONTINUED:

LEFTY
Donnie, don't say nothing!

CUT TO:

113 INT. DAY. MOTION LOUNGE
PHOTOS OF DONNIE
at the FBI Academy at Quantico, then with Berada, LeBow and other FBI
MEN, as Marshall and Jules show them to Sonny/ Nicky and Boobie.

MARSHALL
You know this guy as Donnie Brasco. He's an FBI agent. We just wanted to tell you.

CUT TO:
EXT. DAY. MOTION LOUNGE
Sonny, Nicky, Lefty, Legs and Philly Lucky watch as the FBI men drive off. They stand on the street corner—DEATH and disbelief written in their faces.

SONNY
You believe that fucking guy? There's no fucking way Donnie could be an agent.

NICKY
The culliones on him, bluffing us like that.

LEGS
You think they got him?

ON A ROOFTOP
A TECH TEAM aims a PARABOLIC MICROPHONE and a TELEPHOTO LENS. The whir of an autowindex and a FREEZE FRAME as they stand outside.

SONNY
No way he could be an agent.

LEGS
Nowadays they can doctor a picture any fucking way they want.

PHILLY LUCKY
It still don't explain that boat.

NICKY
Fuggedaboudit, Philly.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:
Lefty listens. Says nothing. He knows the truth. ZZ Z HL and another FREEZE FRAME.

SONNY
That boat was a set-up. Then we think Donnie's a rat and we get scared and fuggedaboudit.

NICKY
Maybe they brainwashed him. Like in that movie, with Sinatra?

ZZ ZH! a no t he r s ho t . Z ZZ HL

PHILLY LUCKY
They say he's an agent, I say he's a fucking agent.

SONNY
You're talking through your ass.

NICKY

125.
You didn't know him.

SONNY

You didn't know Donnie, Philly.

CLOSE ON -- LEFTY

as he listens. Says nothing.

CUT TO:

115 INT. NIGHT.  LEFTY'S APARTMENT

Lefty sits, BROODS, watches TV. The phone rings.

LEFTY

Hello? (listens)  Yeah, okay,

Nicky. Okay.

He hangs up. Th inks a beat  As he looks into his open

ingrave...Takes  it in a drawer. Then the

gold watch, sticks  CROSS he wears

off his GOLD watch, sticks  a round his neck. The KEYS

to his CADILLAC. C loses

the drawer as

Louise enters.

LOUISE

Who was that?

LEFTY

Nicky. I'm going out.

He gives Louise a kiss.

LEFTY

Don't wait up for me.
De sits at his desk, preparing his testimony., Marshall drops some SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS off.

MARSHALL

They just took these yesterday.

Donnie picks them up.

DONNIE'S POV

Photos of Lefty's rooftop. As the PIGEON COOPS are dismantled.

JULES

in his office. Donnie ducks in. Jules looks up, sees Donnie struggle
a beat with his emotion. Then the mask descends again.

DONNIE

You can stop looking for Lefty.

PROSECUTOR
The government calls Special Agent Joseph D. Pistone.

CLOSE ON--DONNIE
as he takes in the proof of his accomplishment. With the knowledge
of what it has cost him.
FREEZE FRAME. A final CRAWL runs over this*
The evidence collected by "Donnie Brasco" led to over 200 indictments.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

After testifying. Special Agent Joseph D. Pistone left the FBI. He lives with his wife under an assumed name in an undisclosed location.
There is an $500,000 open contract on his head.
The FBI denied him a pension. The IRS assessed him $7,000 in back taxes and penalties.

FADE TO BLACK:

CREDITS ROLL