

DONNIE BRASCO

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

REVISED DRAFT

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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.

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

Heyl I'm a Mormon 1

HOGUE

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

MARSHALL

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

HOGUE

An informant?

JULES

An agent. Undercover.

HOGUE

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

(off awkward looks)

When's the last time you spoke to him?

JULES

Three weeks.

MARSHALL

Three weeks and two days.

HOGUE

He checks in every three weeks?

MARSHALL

He checks in when he checks in, sir.

JULES

We had to make up the rules as we

went along--

(CONTINUED)

3.

2 CONTINUED: (2)

HOGUE

My predecessor started this?

JULES

His predecessor.

LEBOW

It's been five years.

MARSHALL

Five years and three months.

JULES

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

LEBOW

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

JULES

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

LEBOW

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

JULES

(right back)

Making those cases is his life.

HOGUE

And how many cases do we have?

MARSHALL

(guessing)

A hundred, two hundred...

HOGUE

Which one?

JULES

The truth is we don't know.

HOGUE

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

(more)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (3)

HOGUE (Cont'd)

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

Awkward looks and foot shuffling all around.

MARSHALL

What time's the wedding?

LEBOW

Eight o'clock tonight.

THE CLOCK

on the wall reads *9:36."

HOGUE

Who is this fucking guy?

DISSOLVE TO:

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

C L O S E O N --

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, Valachi? Twenty

years?

MARSHALL

Who knows? We never tried anything like this.

LEBOW

What does that tell you?

MARSHALL

The Director thought it would be too corrupting.

JULES

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

LEBOW

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

JULES

(shrugs)

It's six months.

MARSHALL

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

LEBOW

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

JOE

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

LEBOW

Don't talk that way, Joe.

(beat)

Because, you know, you are just a dumb guinea.

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

JULES

Here you go, Joe.

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

(CONTINUED)

6.

3 C O N T I N U E D: (2)

LEBOW

If you already have one, you can return it.

JULES

Put it on!

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

CUT TO:

4 EXT. DAY. SUBURBS

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

A PASS

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

SHERRY

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

JOE

I ' m out of bounds. Stop! This--
look-- this is out of bounds!
They tackle him anyway. Grab his legs till he TOPPLES in a laughing heap.
MAGGIE PISTONE, a pretty, strong-willed blonde in her 30s, emerges at the front door. SMILES at the scene. Then FROWNS as she realizes--

CUT TO:

5 INT. LATER. LAUNDRY ROOM

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

MAGGIE

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

JOE

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

(CONTINUED)

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
That's two thousand more.

GS-13.

MAGGIE

My God!
happen?

When did this all
-

JOE

Just today.

MAGGIE

What aren't you telling me?

JOE

Nothing.

MAGGIE

I know enough about the Bureau
that no thing happens this
quickly, Joe. Especially if it
involves a raise.

JOE

Remember that guy I met at
Quintico, 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)

8.

(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 headqu arter?
and now you're going back on the
street.

JOE

Don't you understand? I b uy a
Brooks Brothers suit but th ere's
al ways a button that comes off or
a stain that won't come out ---it's
li ke the suit knows I don't
belong in it. I sit in a room
w ith 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
Ha r vard and it wouldn't matter--
I cannot win. To do something
th at's never been done, that they
sa y can't be done, that they
ca n't do-- don't you see? That's
th e 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, ki sses him.

M AGGIE

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

JOE

(unison)

...you're in for a big
ad venture.'

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

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

--Present day. The CLOCK a t 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
inf ormant contacts to date have
been negative...'

--Jo e 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.

BE RADA (V.O.)

'. ..regarding being able to
pe netrate 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:

(CO NTINUED)

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
fo r b urg l ary -- " 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, twoTOUGH 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 Yorfc.

BURSEY

(to phone)

Hello?

CROSSCUTTING

Donnie at a PAY PHONE.

(CONTINUED)

1.
1

(5)

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.)

. . . n o significant contacts...

--Donnie wanders the aisles at a drug store, searching for a GREETING

CARD. Selects one. MATCH CUT to Maggie opening the same card. Inside it reads, "MISS YOU, LOVE,"--and NO SIGNATURE.

--A TRUCK HIJACKING takes place on an access road to Kennedy Airport.

In a choreographed ballet, the DRIVER gives up the keys to a crew of TOUGH GUYS...Then Donnie and VINNIE THE FENCE help unload cartons of PERFUME from the truck...

BURSEY (V.O.)

...UCA purchased two dozen cartons Yves St. Laurent 'Eau My Sin' perfume...

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

BURSEY (V.O.)

...UCA was introduced to Giuliano Gr eca , a. k.a . J ill y.. .

--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)

12.

5 **CONTINUED: (6)**

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

BACK TO PRESENT

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

FLASH BACK

--Donnie sits in Hippopotamus...Casa Bella...An after hours

joint...The pieces on the backgammon board as they move
CLOSER...Donnie collapses heavily on his bed, amidst the spare
furnishings of his apartment...

BURSEY (V.O.)

. . . UCA reported no significant
contacts. . .

BACK TO PRESENT

--Hogue opens a BUDGET FOLDER...

BERADA (V.O.)

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

FLASH BACK

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

BERADA

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

DONNIE

Same budget?

BERADA

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

DONNIE

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

BERADA

Do me a favor. Just get one
bastard.

Donnie READS from the file.

DONNIE

(frustrated)

' . . . n o significant contacts...'

(CONTINUED)

13.

5 CONTINUED: (7)

BERADA

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

DONNIE

What?

BERADA

They want you to shave the
mo ust ache . . .

DONNIE

I ' m undercover 1

BERADA

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

CUT TO:

6 INT. DAY. CASA BELLA

WI NTE 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 epy 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)

1.
4

6 CONTINUED:

SONNY

Lefty, how you gonna be mad at Nicky?

LEFTY

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

AT THE BAR

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

DONNIE

Coffee.

BACK ON --TABLE

LEFTY

A in't no c ompar ison. Cadi llac
got more acceleration, more
power, more-- better handling,
better looking, more legroom for
yo ur legs , m ore po wer --

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.

(2)

6 **CONT INUED:**

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

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,

(3)

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 wise guys, right?

SONNY

What makes you think we're
wise guys?

(CONTINUED)

17.

(4)

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)

18.

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 dunsy.

LEFTY

(angry)

I ' m a dunsy? Let me tell you something, my friend--do you know who you're talking to?

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

BARTENDER

Here, Left, have a spritzer.

LEFTY

(sputtering)

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

DONNIE

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

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

(CONTINUED)

19.

C O N T I N U E D : (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

Tha t's w hat I'm s aying . 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 i g h t en up . T h a t ' s n o t

the point.

KERRY

Shut up, Terry.

CUT TO:

21.

12 **EXT. LATER. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE**

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

MAGGIE

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

CUT TO:

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

A storefront for fenced goods. WISEGUYS play cards, smoke cigarett es. The PA Y P HON E ri ngs . J ill y p icks it up .

CUT TO:

14 **INT. SAME TIME. FBI SAFEHOUSE**

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

JILLY (O.C.)

Hello?

CUT TO:

15 **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:

16 **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)

22.

16 CONTINUED:

LEFTY (O.C.)

Where California? L.A.?

PHONE (O.C.)

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

THE CLOCK reads "10:25*.

LEFTY (O.C.)

Jilly--he's a stand-up guy,
Jilly?

PHONE (O.C.)

Look, Left, I said I knew him.
I didn't say I fucked him.

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

MATCH SOUND

FLASH CUT TO:

17 **EXT. THE PAST. CADILLAC**

The SCREECH of rubber and

THE CADILLAC LOGO

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

LEFTY

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

DONNIE

What happened with that fugazy?

LEFTY

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

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

DONNIE

School me in what?

LEFTY

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

Donnie powers his window back up.

(CONTINUED)

23.

17 CONTINUED:

LEFTY

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

DONNIE

Yeah. I got it.

LEFTY

You don't raise your hands to a wiseguy. You don't mess with his wome.n---wife or girlfriend or daughter. Just keep your mout h shut--don't put business on the street.

DONNIE

Follow the rules.

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

LEFTY

CocksuckerJ Motherfucker cutting you off. (resuming) You gotta have rules. Otherwise, what are w e? We're like anima ls.

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 u p the tab . wiseguy is always right-- even if he's wrong he's r ight. All the way u p the l ine. Conne cted 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)

24.

(2)

17 CON TINUED:

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!

Do n n i e --

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 fu ckin 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)

25.

(3)

17 **CONTINUED:**

DONNIE OUT

of the Cadillac, running toward Lefty... INSIDE the cab, a nervous

PASSENGER gathers her shopping bags...

SMASH 1

as the Cabbie's window CAVES IN...Lefty with the JACK... SWINGS down

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

DONNIE APPROACHES

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

THE CABBIE

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

DONNIE

Left, c'mon. En ough.

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

DRIVER

Fuck you!

DONNIE

Hey, fuck you!

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

ON--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 r ules 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)

26

17 CO NTI NUE D: (4)

LEFTY

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

CUT TO:

18 INT. DAY. RESTAURANT

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

LEFTY

I just want what's owed.

OWNER

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

DONNIE

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

OWNER

Who's this cocksucker?

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

BELTS HIM HARD

an uppercut in the solar plexus. The Owner SAGS to his knees.

NAUSEA in waves. Donnie finds the Owner's WALLET in his jacket

pockets. Takes the money from the wallet. Peels off a five, STUFFS

it in the Owner's mouth.

DONNIE

IE

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)

27.

19 CONTINUED:

LEFTY

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

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

LEFTY

Hey, Donnie, pull over.

CUT TO:

20 INT. LATER. CADILLAC

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

LEFTY

Hand me them pliers.

DONNIE

The vise grip or the needle nose?

LEFTY

Fuggedaboutit. I'll get it myself.

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

DONNIE

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

LEFTY

You didn't hear that? That rattling?

DONNIE

I never had any trouble with this car.

LEFTY

Give me a hand with this.

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

LEFTY

(satisfied)

It's clean.

(CONTINUED)

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

CUT TO:

21 EXT. DAY. TOYL AND--LITTLE ITALY

A CAR pulls up and two prosperous-looking SKIPPERS get out--
DOMINICK

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

LEFTY

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

r, . . .

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. BO DYGUARDS jump out of the
car. And

CARMINE "LILO" GALANTE, 69, fat and bald, huge CIGAR
emerges from

the Lincoln. AWESTRUCK, all watch as, surrounded by
WISEGUYS,

Galante disappears into the club. Lefty watches/ stubs
out his

cigarette. Turns to Donnie.

LEFTY

The boss.

CUT TO:

30.

22 EXT. SUNSET. ROOF

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

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

LOUISE

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

DONNIE

No thanks, Louise.

LOUISE

You change your mind, I'm
downstairs.

She heads downstairs. Donnie turns back to Lefty.

LEFTY

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

DONNIE

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

LEFTY

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

DONNIE

Pretty good.

LEFTY

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

DONNIE

(off pigeon)

Did you know there used to be falcons in Hew 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.

_ DO NN IE

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)

32

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? There's only
maybe 3000 made guys in the whole
fucking country.

BERADA

(smiles)

It means you're in, kid.

DONNIE

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

FLASH CUT TO:

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

BERADA (V.O.)

. . . In light of the above
contacts, we request an
additional six months. . .

(CONTINUED)

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 EXT. DAY. CHURCH HALL--NEW JERSEY
A large RECEPTION HALL adjoining a Catholic CHURCH. Sounds of a
BIG

BAND tuning up inside. Up the block:

A MA BELL REPAIR VAN

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

CUT TO:

26 INT. SAME TIME. SURVEILLANCE VAN
An FBI TECH TEAM monitors listening devices. An array of

SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS and MUG SHOTS as they're spread over a small table. TECH #1 looks with BINOCULARS through ONE-WAY GLASS.

TECH #1

(to phone)

...By tonight we'll have a guy inside...

CUT TO:

27 INT. SAME TIME. FBI HEADQUARTERS

LeBow covers the phone, turns to Hogue.

LEBOW

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

JULES

Who?

LEBOW

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

34.

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)

35.

28 CONTINUED :

MAGGIE

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

DONNIE

That's not the point.

MAGGIE

I have to ask you about every frigging thing.

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

DONNIE

Maggie, I'll be two seconds.

MAGGIE

They were supposed to pick me up five minutes ago.

DONNIE

You're going to the movies with the Grants?

MAGGIE

Why don't you come?

DONNIE

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

MAGGIE

I'm not cancelling.

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

DONNIE

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

MAGGIE

Joseph--I think I'd remember.

DONNIE

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

MAGGIE

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

DONNIE

Where's Terry?

(CONTINUED)

36.

(2)

28 CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

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

DONNIE

What boyfriend?

MAGGIE

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

DONNIE

That's what I'm worried about.

MAGGIE

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

DONNIE

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

MAGGIE

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

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

DONNIE

(angry)

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

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

MAGGIE

Leave my stuff alone.

DONNIE

I give you whatever I can give.
What I can't give you is a

moustache. I don't have a
choice. I have to shave the
moustache.

MAGGIE

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

(CONTINUED)

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 checking
in.

LEFTY (O.C.)

Where you been, Donnie? You
gotta check in.

DONNIE (O.C.)

That's what I said. I'm checking
in.

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)

38.

30 CONTINUED:

DONNIE (O.C.)

I just woke up, Left.

LEFTY (O.C.)

Fuggedaboutit. You better fucking get down here.

Clickl and a DIAL TONE...

CUT TO:

31 INT. DAY. CADILLAC

The FRONT PAGE of the New York Post--a PHOTOGRAPH of Carmine Galante,

his cigar still clenched in his teeth, sprawled bloody, DEAD in a Brooklyn restaurant. Under the headline:

RUBOUT

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

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

LEFTY

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

DONNIE

Where're we going?

LEFTY

Brooklyn. I got sent for.

(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)

39

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)

40.

31 CONTINUED: (2)

LEFTY

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

Lefty lights another cigarette. Donnie powers the window down
a
cra ck. L efty glar es at him. Donn ie p owers the windo w
bac k up .

CUT TO:

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

t
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**

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

NICKY

(sings)

'Love on the rocks, ain't no
surprise.' Looklt 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'1
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)

41.

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)

42.

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 c hange.

(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. Boobie and Nicky flank Donnie in back. He glances nervously
at them. Sizes them up.

SONNY

Ain't this beautiful, the ride on this?

NICKY

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

SONNY

Which broad is this?

NICKY

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

Sonny and Boobie MIMIC holding two big BREASTS.

SONNY AND BOOBIE

(unison)

Che munnel

NICKY

That's the one.

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

SONNY

Hey, Left, what'cha doing?

LEFTY

Just checking my part.

SONNY

(chuckling)

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

Lefty getting VERY NERVOUS...

NICKY

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

SONNY

We all gotta go sometime.

(CONTINUED)

44.

37 **CONTINUED:**

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

CUT TO:

38 EXT. DAY. KENNEDY AIRPORT

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

NICKY

(sings)

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

LEFTY

Sonny, what is this? we glomming something?

Sonny opens the door.

SONNY

After you.

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

CUT TO:

39 INT. HANGAR

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

LEFTY

Christ. I think I shit my pants.

FREIGHT HANDLER

It was supposed to go to some
an i m a l d e a l e r . Fu ck h i m . 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)

45.

39 CONTINUED:

SONNY

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

LEFTY

That's why you sent for me?

SONNY

Yeah, why? Whaddayou think, you

was gonna get whacked?
(laughing) Lefty thought he's
: gonna get whacked!

NICKY

(laughing)
What a pissers!

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
Lef ty --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 t o Lo uise. 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 h an ds . My d au gh te r, J an e t-- 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 h ours a day . A woman like Louise, I can't do right by her--l ain't got three bucks in my pocket. I got can cer of th e r ick. My ex -wife, sh e still Eives in the building. I see her on the stairs, I gotta have three spritzers just to calm down.

(CONTINUED)

47.

43 CONTINUED:

DONNIE

What do you mean, cancer of the prick?

LEFTY

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

DONNIE

I never heard of that.

LEFTY

I ain't a mutt--30 years busting m y 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 d o n ' t know.

DONNIE

I don't know 'cause you don't
tel l me. How co me yo u 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)

48.

43 CONTINUED: (2) . :

DONNIE

I don't know.

LEFTY

You don't?

DONNIE

I do?

LEFTY

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

DONNIE

You and me, Left.

LEFTY

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

CUT TO:

44 INT. DAY. PISTONE HOME

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

UNCLE BOB

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

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

UNCLE BOB

Is Joe here?

MAGGIE

He's on the phone.

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

DONNIE (O.C.)

I don't give a fuck, Left!...What
the fuck do you want me to
do?...I don't give a fuck what
that mothe rfuck er sa ys--y ou
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. He vacuums the entire
house. Do you know another man
who vacuums? It's abnormal. Of
course, he expects the girls to
drop their lives when he shows
u. . .

p

(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
w h a t h e ' s d o i n g--

DONNIE

That's for your own protection.

MAGGIE

Hal (to Berger) I know he's
ch e a t i n g o n m e--

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
a nyt hin g--t hat 's t he tas k f or
today. Oth erwise you just rep lay
the old pathology. (beat)
Maggie, you were talking about
Joe's disappearances.

MAGGIE

I nev er go o ut any mor e. What
couple wants to go out with a-
t hird whee l? Even wh en he's ho me
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
li fe yo u 'v e--

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 **SULK**s, looks out the window.

(CONTINUED)

52

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'?

Va'a'fonaool

MAGGIE

You're an animal.

(CONTINUED)

53.

(2)

47 CONTINUED:

D O N N I E

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! 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.

(3)

47 CONTINUED:

D O N N I E

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 Safe ty'. We h ave t hree
child ren, Joe--r emember t hem?
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 fr iggi ng
ironic that you'd think I ' m up to
s omet hing. My n ights 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:

55.

48 INT. NIGHT. PISTONE HOME

Maggie sleeps. Donnie lies awake.

DONNIE

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

MAGGIE

what? Go to sleep.

DONNIE

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

CUT TO:

49 INT. MORNING. PISTONE HOME

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

DOWNSTAIRS

Donnie compulsively vacuums the living room.

CUT TO:

50 INT. LATER. PISTONE BEDROOM

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

BURSELEY

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

Maggie flutters through wearing her SWEATSUIT.

MAGGIE

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

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

DONNIE

Tha t's a spe cial phone . You
d on't call on i t. Yo u don 't
answer it. Nobody touches that
phone under any circumstances.
Understood?

TERRY .

Jawohl, Herr Commandant!
Terry gives Donnie a NAZI SALUTE. Goosesteps out of the bedroom.
(CONTINUED)

56.

50 **CONTINUED:**

DONNIE

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

CUT TO:

51 **INT. MORNING. CADILLAC**

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

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

DONNIE TENSE

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

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

A YELLOW LIGHT

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

INSIDE THE OTHER CAR

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

MAGGIE

Fuck you. Fuck fuck fuck you.

FLASH CUT TO:

52 **EXT. THE PRESENT. FBI HEADQUARTERS**

A HELICOPTER whips across the familiar face of Washington, D.C.
Lands

on the roof of FBI headquarters. FBI MEN, including Marshall,
rush

to 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
Florida, Fred Calvin--I got 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 n n i e . C a l l m e D o n n i e -- I d o n ' 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
t h r e e y e a r s -- t h r e e a n d a h a l f
years.

BERADA

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

DONNIE

Fuggedaboutit.

BERADA

Now what the hell's this about
porno tapes?

(CONTINUED)

58

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.

H O G U E

(r e a d i n g)

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

CUT TO:

56 INT. THE PAST. THE COCKEYED CLAM

DONNIE

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

BERADA

NO.

DONNIE

Why not?

BERADA

How'm'I gonna explain that to
Washington?

(CONTINUED)

J

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)

60.

57 CONTINUED:

HOGUE

(with documents)

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

CUT TO:

58 INT. THE PAST. THE COCKEYED CLAM

DONNIE

Santo Trafficante--how long's he been the boss of Florida? You could put his head on your wall.

(Berada thinks)

If I go down to Florida and vouch for this jerkoff, whatever his name is--

BERADA

Fred Calvin.

DONNIE

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

BERADA

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

DONNIE

Donnie.

BERADA

Joe.

DONNIE

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

Berada mulls it over a beat.

BERADA

You really think we could get Trafficante?

Donnie gets up. Turns.

DONNIE

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

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

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

CUT TO:

59 INT. THE PRESENT. FBI HEADQUARTERS

Berada stares at Hogue, stone-faced.

BERADA

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

CUT TO:

60 EXT. THE PAST. MOTION LOUNGE

A LION IN WINTER. Lefty in his overcoat, the Lion on its leash. A

cold DRIZZLE falls. The Lion stops, sniffs at an AUTOMOBILE.
Lifts

a leg:

PEES ON THE TIRE

Lefty, embarrassed, looks around. NEIGHBORS watch from
windows--

some amused, some disapproving. The Lion moves to the next car.
Sniffs. Pees on the tire. And then to the next:

SONNY'S MERCEDES

The Lion sniffs. Lefty tugs on the leash. The Lion resists,
sniffs

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

on the leash--the Lion ROARS. Lefty DRAGS the Lion into the
Motion
Lounge.

CUT TO:

61 INT. DAY. MOTION LOUNGE

Donnie takes a football bet on the pay phone.

DONNIE

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

INSIDE

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

Nicky, Boobie and other WIS EGUYS --including BOOTS and
LEGS-- pore

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

NOTEBOOK. Donnie joins them.

(CONTINUED)

61 CO NTI NUE D:

BOOBIE

We ha d tha t loa d of jean s--
remember? Two hundred grand on
that. . .

The Lion shakes its mane, SPRAYS WATER over everyone.

NICKY

Va'n'aool'. all over everything!
L efty--how'm I gonna read this?

LEFTY

That'll teach you to improve your
penmanship.

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

BOOTS

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

DONNIE -

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

NICKY

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

BOOTS

We're doing a dime a week.

WHAM!

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

SONNY

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

BOOTS

I ain't ho lding out. It's ten
g ra nd a w ee k. Th a t ' s i t. -

SONNY

It should be 25.

(to Boobie)

You ever off that load of
sunglasses?

Boobie nods, gives thumbs up.

NICKY

Bullshit, Boobie.

(CONTINUED)

(2)

61 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

W hat about Florida? I know a g uy down there, he has some vending machines he's trying to move.

LEFTY

Let him move them to New York.

(CONTINUED)

6 4.

61 C O N T I N U E D : (3)

DONNIE

Plus he has a club down there.
He's looking for partners that

can give him peace of mind.

SPNNY

You know this guy?

WHAM!

A look a nother ba ng at the parking me ter. Left y GLOWERS at Donnie .
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?

(more)

(CONTINUED)

61 C O N T I N U E D : (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

table.

SONNY

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

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

BOOBIE

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

Then Sonny RETURNS. Pale and shaken.

SONNY

I can't even imagine it. What
kind of people--in broad fucking
dayli ght-- what kind of a worl d--

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:

6 6.

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. ' : ' " . - ' nw

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)

64 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 d eg re es h er 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

Fuggedaboutit. All over the world I'm known.

(getting an idea)

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

DONNIE

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

LEFTY

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

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. Bobbie rubs suntan oil on

himself. Nicky reads his paper. Lefty and Donnie arrive
in their
street clothes.

SONNY

(morose)

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

BOOBIE

Sonny, fuggedaboutit. It's over.

SONNY

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

(CONTINUED)

66 **CONTINUED:** .

NICKY

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

SONNY

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

LEFTY

Don't equate Louise with them
broad, 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)

66 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. It's called self-flagellation. They think it'll bring them closer to God.

BOOBIE

I'd like to bring them closer to God.

SONNY

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

NICKY

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

LEFTY

Nicky, why'd I wanna go to Iran?

NICKY

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

LEFTY

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

NICKY

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

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

SONNY

(to Lefty)

Everything check out with the

club?

LEFTY

Yeah.

(to Nicky)

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

(CONTINUED)

73.

(3)

66 CONTINUED:

NICKY

Fuggedaboutit.

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

Fuggedaboutit, 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 wants something special to show off for Trafficanta.

BURSEY

Anything else?

DONNIE

Yeah. What happened to my

expense check? It's gotta be
three months already.

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

JULES

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

(CONTINUED)

74

67 CONTINUED:

DONNIE

Donnie. Call me Donnie.

(to Jules)

I gotta get reimbursed, Jules.
It's fucking ridiculous.

JONES

We're missing bits and pieces on
a lot of these cases. On the
lo a ns ha rk in g--

DONNIE

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

JONES

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

Bursey covers the phone.

BURSEY

Does Sally Paintglass report to
Nicky?

DONNIE

Not Nicky. Nicky Cigars.

BURSEY

(to phone)

Not Nicky. Nicky Cigars.

DONNIE

Kiss Jones, how many do I have
solid?

JONES

Indictments? I don't know.
F i ft y . Si x ty .

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 CONTI NUED:

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
t hat other inve stiga tion--
wha tcham acall it. B ig f uckin g

yacht.

DONNIE

Perfect.

(CONTINUED)

76.

(3)

67 **C O N T I N U E D :**

BURSEY

(laughing)

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

CUT TO:

68 **EXT. NIGHT.**

MARINA

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

LEFTY

Five grand for that bucket for one day?

CAPTAIN

Just listen to me--

LEFTY

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

CAPTAIN

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

Lefty looks up.

DOUBLETAKES.

LEFTY'S POV

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

LEFTY

(sotto)

What the fuck is he up to?

CUT TO:

69 **EXT. MORNING.**

TAMPA AIRPORT

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

SONNY

Left, you wanna take care of the

bags? We'll be in the lounge.
Sonny heads inside with Nicky and Boobie. Lefty looks around.

LEFTY

Where's that fucking redcap?

(CONTINUED)

77.

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
c a r e o f i t . -

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
ir
her pocketbook for the tickets. . .

LEFTY

Mulberry Street. Ask for Lefty.

CALVINO

Okay, Left.

REDCAP

(to Lefty)

Excuse me, sir--your tickets?

(CONTINUED)

78.

69 CONTINUED: (2)

LEFTY

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

HOLLMAN

(to Lefty)

Excuse me^-he needs your tickets.
And then he...RECOGNIZES Donnie.

HOLLMAN

Joe?

Donnie ignores him.

DONNIE

(to Calvino)

Help this fucking guy put the
bags up on the cart. You got the
tickets, Left?

HOLLMAN

(persisting)

Joe Pistone?

Lefty's SUSPICION rises. Hollman moves to take Donnie by the
elbow.

And Donnie WHIRLS on him.

DONNIE

(angry)

Hey, buddy--what the fuck are you
selling?

HOLLMAN

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

DONNIE

(to Lefty)

Get a load of this g uy. 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)

69 CONTINUED: (3)

HOLLMAN

(ironic)

My mistake.

She draws him away. They move toward the terminal.

DONNIE

(after them)

'Cause if he ain't fucking you,
honey, coine up to First Class.

We got two toilets up there.

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

DONNIE

Fucking guy pissing up my leg.

LEFTY

Relax. You're gonna bust a blood
vessel.

DONNIE

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

CALVINO

(to Lefty)

You got change for a twenty?

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

LEFTY

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

CALVINO

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

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

CALVINO

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

DONNIE

(sotto)

You ever call me Joe again I'll
cut your throat.

CUT TO:

80.

70 INT. NIGHT. PISTONE HOME--MINNESOTA

The door unlocks, and Donnie tiptoes into the house. The middle
of

the night. Goes into the kitchen for a snack. Opens the
refrigerator.

A BIRTHDAY CAKE

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

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 awak e?

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

W ha t' d s he sa y-- sh e w an ts 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 le t it. Okay ?

TERRY

Look, I understand. It's your job.

DONNIE

I ' m doing the right thing. I know i t's a sac rifice. 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)

82.

71 CONTINUED: (2)

TERRY

(so b b in g)

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 t alk a bout. I kn ow 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 dictatorsh ip. And that's my decision. It's getting too dangerous.

MAGGIE

Well, I don't want to move eithe r, Joe. Mo ve 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)

83.

72 CONTINUED:

DONNIE

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

SHERRY

'Anderson'? Yeecch..

TERRY

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

DONNIE

That language is unacceptable, y oung 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.

LEFTY

Sonny--lookit what the name is.
That's like my name.
Sonny looks at the stern. Emblazoned across it:
"THE LEFT HAND"

SONNY

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

LEFTY

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

BOOBIE

What is that, half a million?

LEFTY

Fuggedaboutit. There's one thing
I know, it's boats. This'8 gotta
be a million dollars, this boat.
(gestures toward boat)

G o a h e a d . G e t c o m f o r t 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 y o u i m a g i n e t h i s ? I ' m g o n n a
sit down with the boss . R e m e m b e r
that day when we were freezing
our nuts off, watching all of
them going to sit down with the
boss?

<

(CONTINUED)

85.

73 **CONTINUED:**

DONNIE

Sonny Red and all them big
puffers.

LEFTY

In New York I never sat down with
t h e b o s s i n m y l i f e . T h i s w a s 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)

86.

74 CONTINUED:

OVER THIS

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

C LOSE ON-- HOGUE

as his face turns grim...

H OLD ON-- SURVEILLANCE PHOTO

as Donnie shakes hands with Trafficante.

HOGUE

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

JULES

Score one for our side.

HOGUE

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

FLASH CUT TO:

75

EXT. THE PAST. BOAT

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

SONNY

You can live your life like a man
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

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

(CONTINUED)

87.

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
l iving in our day. C apeesh?

DONNIE

Simple arithmetic.

SONNY

Lik e 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, the thing with him is. . . he's trying to help you but he hurts you. He gets those two or three wines in him...

DONNIE

You just gotta take it with a grain of salt.

SONNY

The books open up in December, I'm gonna propose you. You know

<

what that means?

DONNIE

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

SONNY

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

CLOSE ON--DONNIE

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

IN THE STERN

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

(CONTINUED)

88.

(2)

75 CONTINUED:

B O O B I 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.

BOOBIE

He knows a lot of broads, Donnie.

LEFTY

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

BOOBIE

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

LEFTY

He uses them broads like Kleenex.

He won't spend a dollar to take
a lady out.
Boobie drinks, takes a beat.

BOOBIE

You ever notice Donnie'll buy
guns from you, if you're offering
guns, but you never see him be
the one offering guns?
Lefty thinks a beat.

CUT TO:

76 INT. NIGHT. TAHITIAN

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

DONNIE (O.C.)

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

SONNY (O.C.)

When you come back, you represent
me in Florida.
He SNAPS it off. Hides it back in his cowboy boot.

CUT TO:

89.

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
m y e y e s , D o n n i e . I w a t c h y o u '
s i d i n g u p t o S o n n y B l a c k .

(CONTINUED)

90,

77 **CON TINUED:**

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 u c k i n g c o c k s u c k e r -- h o w
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)

91 .

(2)

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

Terry1

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)

9 2.

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)

: 9.
3

81 CONTINUED:

DONNIE

Hey, Boobie, who won the fucking war?

SONNY

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

DONNIE

I ain't doing it.

SONNY

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

MAITRE D'

Is house rule.

DONNIE

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

MAITRE D'

Is house rule.

SONNY

I wanna fucking eat, Donnie.

MAITRE D'

Rule of house.

The moment of truth.

DONNIE BLOWS

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

CUT TO:

82 INT. MEN'S ROOM

Donnie and the Maitre d' go at it. . The little guy's game, quick and

tough. Then the other 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:

94.

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...

CLOS E ON--DO NNIE

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 i nspects th em.

OVER THIS

the tape plays...

BOOBIE (O.C.)

How many times I gotta tell you,
N ic ky ? T h e h e a d bleeds like a
motherfucker.

N ICKY (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)

95.

85 CONTINUED:

HOGUE

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

BERADA

Ask him the fuck yourself.

HOGUE

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

JULES

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

LEBOW

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

JULES

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

BERADA

Joe's a seducer. He seduced them.

HOGUE

Well, maybe he fucking seduced you.

THE CLOCK

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

JULES

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

CUT TO:

86 INT. SAME TIME. CHURCH HALL

FBI #2, in the guise of a BUSBOY, pours water. Keeps an eye on our

i
guy's at a remote table, amidst several hundred GUESTS.

(CONTINUED)

96.

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!

look Bruno and Big Trin laugh uproariously. They move on as our guys 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)

97.

87 CONTINUED:

HOGUE

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

LEBOW

The hit's going down tonight.

JULES

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

HOGUE

(to phone)

Anything from the guy inside?

JULES

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

LEBOW

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

HOGUE

(to phone)

If they leave/ stay with them.

JULES

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

CUT TO:

88 INT. SAME TIME. BATHROOM

Boobie and Donnie enter first, hands ready by the guns in their
cummer bunds. Check all the stalls. Nicky pos ts himself by the
door
and Sonny enters with Lefty. Sonny goes into the STALL. Cl oses
the
door behind him.

NICKY

I heard the zips went in with
Sonny Red.

BOOBIE

The only ones in with us is us.

(CONTINUED)

98.

**88 CONTINUED:
VILE NOISES**

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

watching.

LEFTY

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

SONNY

Judy.

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

PHILLY LUCKY

holds his hands up, palms up.

PHILLY LUCKY

Where's Sonny?

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

PHILLY LUCKY

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

CUT TO:

89 INT. LATER. FBI HEADQUARTERS

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

HOGUE

(to phone)

What's going on?

TECH #1 (O.C.)

They're coming out.

CUT TO:

90 EXT. SAME TIME. CHURCH HALL

Sonny hands his car keys to his wife.

SONNY

You go home with Irene. We're going out bouncing.

(to Boobie)

C'mon. We'll take your car.

(CONTINUED)

99.

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)

100,

91 CONTINUED:

JULES

(right back)

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

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

HOGUE

(to phone)

Okay. Wrap it up and get out of there.

CUT TO:

92 EXT. NIGHT. CHURCH HALL

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

SONNY

Donnie--ride with us.
Nicky and Lefty climb into Lefty's Cadillac. Sonny, Boobie and
Donnx e approach e 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
g is Cadillac, drives off in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

93 INT. SAKE TIME. FBI HEADQUARTERS

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

JULES

I told you that wire was a
fucking fiction writer.

LEBOW

He's never been wrong before,

(CONTINUED)

101

93 CONTINUED:

HOGUE

What exactly did the informant
say?

LEBOW

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

HOGUE

Did he say a hit on Sonny Black?

LEBOW

A hit . There's a war bet ween
Sonny Red and S onny 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)

102.

94 CONTINUED:

BOOBIE

I whipped your ass many a time.
SpNNY
Fuggedaboutit.

BOOBIE

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

SONNY

Oh, yeah? Pull over.

BOOBIE

Fuggedaboutit. 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 yo ur ma rk s. Ge t s et . 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)

103.

95 CONTINUED:

SONNY AND BOOBIE RUN

huffing and puffing. . .They disappear into the darkness .. .And Donnie

realizes that he's

ALONE IN THE DARK

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

THE RACE CONTINUES

Boobie looks over at Sonny, pulls away...

DONNIE IN TERROR

Adrenaline rushes through him. As 'he turns, and turns, and WAITS... For the bullet that will kill him...

BOOBIE RUNS

S onny yard s behind h im. Then Sonny STOP S. Reaches into his w aistb and. And pulls out

A PISTOL

Boobie running FREE in the night. . .Reaches the fountain, holds up his

a rms in vic tory. Lea ns over, h ands on k nees, WHEE ZING. Turn s,

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 **CO N T I N U E D : (2)**

Sonny catches up. Grabs his .45 by the barrel and savagely SMASHES

Boobie in the head. A thick sound--like a melon falling off a shelf.

Again and again...Blood EVERYWHERE... Donnie backs off, looks up, as

LEFTY ARRIVES

in his Cadillac. Nicky beside him. Sonny tosses Boobie's keys to Donnie.

SONNY

Pull his car around, I think he has a bag in the trunk.

CUT TO:

96 **INT. LATER. LEFTY'S APARTMENT**

Lefty pours Donnie a Scotch. Sits down with a spritzer.

LEFTY

He was holding out on him.
Fucking coke deal Boobie was running down in Florida.

DONNIE

Sonny found out about it?

LEFTY

Do I still gotta school you after w hatever fu cking yea rs? That's the worst thing you could do to a m an li ke So nny 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)

105.

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.

C LOSE O N--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.

CL O S E O N --T H E S T E R N

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. A sleep 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 e a t i n g--

MAGGIE

That would apply to every teenager in America.

(CONTINUED)

108,

100 CONTINUED:

DONNIE

Don't tell me my business. Do you know what this is? He holds out the marijuana seed. Maggie peers at it.

DONNIE

This is a marijuana seed.

MAGGIE

Where did you find that?

DONNIE

Maggie, I am an FBI agent. That's who I am. I am out there risking my life, 18, 20 hours a day, weekends, Christmas--

MAGGIE

You don't have to tell me, Joe.

DONNIE

Well, what do you think I ' m doing it for? I am spending my life to put away the guys that make money off this shit, and I'm damned to hell if I ' m gonna have it in my house.

MAGGIE

You know, Jules called me this wee k. Do you know they 're looking for you?

DONNIE

Don't change the subject.

MAGGIE

I'm not changing the subject. You're the subject, Joe. You're becoming like them.

DONNIE

I'm not the fucking pothead.

MAGGIE

You don't see it.

Donnie turns, heads up the stairs, Maggie following.

DONNIE

Geddadaheah. Go weigh yourself or something. Sleeping Beauty

and I are going out to the
woodshed.

(CONTINUED)

109.

(2)

100 CONTINUED:

M A G G I E

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
m a r i j u a n a s e e d --

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

Sh e l o o k s u p a t h i m . N o t h u r t . B u t d e v a s t a t e d . D o n n i e
m o v e s t o
c o m f o r t h e r , t o a p o l o g i z e . . . M a g g i e

SMACKS HIM BACK

\ . .

Then storms out of the house. Donnie BROODS, looks up to the
landing
as Sherry and Kerry come out from their rooms. From outside,
SOUNDS
of Maggie as she SLAMS into her Corvette and zooms out of the
driveway, engine ROARING and tires SQUEALING...

SMASH CUT TO:

101 INT. DAY. HOSPITAL

Donnie BANGS through swinging doors, past ORDERLIES in white
coats,
his face tight with anxiety, his skin green in the cold
fluorescent
light.

AT THE DESK

He bulls past two waiting GUESTS, accosts the NURSE.

DONNIE

I'm looking for my wife. Mrs.
A n d e r s o n . M a g g i e A n d e r s o n . S h e
w a s i n a n a c c i d e n t ? I ' m h e r
h u s b a n d .

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?

(CONTINUED)

11
1.

102 CONTINUED:

DOCTOR

We'll see if she stabilizes in a couple of hours.

CUT TO:

103 EXT. LATER. WAITING ROOM

Donnie sits, anxious. The girls sit alongside him.

KERRY

We had a family meeting, Dad. You have to quit.

DONNIE

Look, Mom's gonna be okay.

TERRY

This isn't a democracy. This is a dictatorship.

KERRY

A dictatorship of us.

DONNIE

I know how you're feeling. But it's just--

SHERRY

Just another six months.

DONNIE

Maybe just a few more weeks.

KERRY

Forget it, Dad. It's the job or us.

TERRY

End of discussion.

Kerry stares him down. Terry looks away. Donnie puts his arm around her. She shrugs it off.

CUT TO:

104 INT. NIGHT. INTENSIVE CARE

Maggie lies in bed, eyes BANDAGED, her face a web of GASHES. Wrist

in a cast. A thick TUBE runs from a LUNG MACHINE into her mouth. Donnie takes her hand. She holds his HAND.

(CONTINUED)

112.

104 CONTINUED:

DONNIE

The doctor says you 're gonna be

okay. We j ust have to get you
into rehabilitation as soon as we
can. You'll be as goo d 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 th e Mafia. I t's gonna happen
the en d of the year. And then
I'll come out. Then it'll all be
o ver. You' ll ha ve 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 Do nnie.

CUT TO:

106 INT. NIGHT. LEFTY'S APARTMENT

Louise on the phone in the kitchen.

LOUISE

W h a t is i t -- Tu e s d a y? I h a v e n ' t
seen him since Sunday. I thought
he was with you.

CUT TO:

113.

107 INT. SAME TIME. AIRPORT

Donnie pumps a quarter into the pay phone. Burse picks up at
the
other end.

BURSEY (O.C.)

Hello, Burse.

DONNIE

Look, I think that sitdown's tonight. I can't find Lefty.

BURSEY (O.C.)

Why didn't you go?

DONNIE

Only made guys can go to a sitdown.

BURSEY (O.C.)

So what do you want me to do?

DONNIE

I don't know. Listen to me--I 'm worried.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. NIGHT. BIG TRIN'S HOUSE

Big Trin drives Philly Lucky, Sonny Red and Anthony Bruno in his big Lincoln.

SONNY RED

All my fucking life I hadda be Sonny Red. Sonny Red and Sonny Black. I got upped. Then he got upped. Finally the night has come. Tomorrow morning I can just be 'Sonny'. Not Red. The one and only. 'Sonny'.

BRUNO

Where you got the guns?

BIG TRIN

Relax. They're in the basement.

BRUNO

The basement of your house?

BIG TRIN

Hey, Sonny, my jacket's losing its crease. Will you tell your kid to stop breathing on me?

BRUNO

I wanna get there in time to set 'em 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 car. Turns on the radio. Frank Sinatra
sings "Nice Work If You Can Get It." And PULLS AWAY.

DOWN THE STAIRS

go Big Trin, Sonny Red and Anthony Bruno, down into the dark,
damp
concrete and sawdust in their nostrils.

BIG TRIN

Where's that fucking flashlight?

BANG!

and the flash of a SHOTGUN firing. BANG! BANG! as shotguns
EXPLODE. By the light of the flashes we see Sonny, Lefty and
Nicky

BANG! and another flash. BANG! BANG! BANG!

(CONTINUED)

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

Fuggedaboutit, 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 c om b a t s t a n c e-- nob o d y. Th e n p i v o t s a g a i n.
H i s f r e e

h a n d f u m b l e s i n t h e k i t c h e n d r a w e r. F i n d s a F L A S H L I G H T .
T h e b e a m

S W E E P S a c r o s s t h e r o o m. D o n n i e m o v e s o n c a t f e e t t o t h e
b a t h r o o m.

T h e s h o w e r c u r t a i n s d r a w n s h u t. D o n n i e t e a r s t h e m b a c k, T H R U S T S
t h e

k n i f e . . . I n t o a i r.

D o n n i e t h i n k s a b e a t . S n a p s t h e f l a s h l i g h t b a c k o n.

R i f f l e s t h r o u g h

h i s m a i l . R i p s o p e n

THE ELECTRIC BILL

r e a d s b y t h e l i g h t o f t h e f l a s h l i g h t

**DISCONNECT NOTICE: NON-PAYMENT OF
BILL**

D o n n i e, a d i m l y - s e e n d e r v i s h o f R A G E . . . H e h u r l s t h e
f l a s h l i g h t . . . T h r o w s a c h a i r a n d i t S P L I N T E R S . . . G r a b s t h e b a r
f r o m h i s

w e i g h t b e n c h a n d s t a r t s t o s w i n g . . .

SMASE1

a n d a n e l e c t r i c s i z z l e a s t h e t e l e v i s i o n i m p l o d e s. D o n n i e d r o p s
t h e

b a r a n d t h r o w s a b o o k c a s e t o t h e g r o u n d. P U N C H E S a t t h e
w a l l . . . A g a i n

a n d a g a i n a n d a g a i n . . . T h e n s a g s t o t h e g r o u n d . . . W e e p i n g . . . O r

LAUGHING . . .

(CONTINUED)

16.

109 CONTINUED*

DONNIE

The electric bill...I can't get
over it...The fucking 'B' didn't
pay the fucking electric bill

CUT TO:

110 INT. DAY. HOSPITAL

Maggie convalesces--her wounds have begun to heal and she's no longer intubated, although her eyes are still bandaged. Jules enters, sits down beside her. Takes her hand.

JULES

It's Jules, Maggie.

MAGGIE

I could hear your cheap shoes all the way down the hall.

JULES

How're you feeling?

MAGGIE

S care 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 comes up. I have to argue with them that he hasn't gone over to the other side.

MAGGIE

Joe? He wouldn't have the imagination. I wish he'd become a gangster--at least we could pay our frigging bills.

JULE S

Maybe you could talk to him.

MAGGIE

Do you know what this is about, Jules? 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's here.

(CONTINUED)

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 shacki ng 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

Fuggedaboutit--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

Fuggedaboutit. There's one thing
I know, it's boats.

DONNIE

What is that--a hundred grand?

LEFTY

Donn ie--Wh ere*d you ge t that boat
dow n i n Fl orid a?

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)

120.

112 CONTINUED:

DONNIE'S POV

In the distance, a TRANS AM pulls up near the boat they're
watching,

Bruno emerges. Locks his car. Climbs onto the boat...

DONNIE

C'mon, that's him.

LEFTY

Florence what, Donnie?

DONNIE

Hey, Left--what do you care,
Florence what? Florence Italy.

LEFTY

Don nie--why do you want to lie to
me, D onnie? Did I ever li e 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
hous e? Y ou f uck ing rat b ast ard --

DONNIE

Hey, Left--that's the problem?
Are we gonna whack this guy or
what?

LEFTY

I went on the fucking record with
you, D onnie. Yo u could wa lk on
the street and punch any man in
the mouth because I stood up for
you. ' . , , . .

DONNIE...

What is tne 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, Donn iel That' s a fuckin g
Federal boatl 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 a ge nt . H o w wo u ld I kn o w? I thought he was in real estate.

LEFTY

Ain't the quest ion, Donni e. You still ain't answered me why we're fucking on a fucking Federal fucking boat!

DONNIE

You're right, Left. I'm a fucking rat.

LEFTY

You're a rat?

DONNIE

I met your girls. I talked to Tommy for you I don't know how many fucking times. I don't know how many times I had dinner with you and Louise. I lived with you, Left-- partners. Five fucking years, I ever had a hundred bucks in my pocket, I gave you half. And the whole time I was a fucking rat. You're right.

LEFTY

Donnie--did I say you was a rat, Donnie?

(CONTINUED)

122.

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 fuckin g
Congressmen.

LEFTY

You got so many black marks on
you now, Donnie, a fucking
Einstein couldn't count them.

DONNIE

What black marks?

LEFTY

That time with the luggage and/
uh, uh...the other time.

DONNIE

Are we gonna whack this fucking
guy or not?

LEFTY

I ain't no fucking mutt, Donnie.
Donnie checks the action on his gun...

(CONTINUED)

123.

112 CONTINUED: (4)

D O N N I E

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 su dde nly --

LIGHT EXPLODES

from police cherrytops. . . SWARMS of FBI MEN in blue
windbreakers with
big white letters-- "FBI"-- descend on the car, guns drawn.
They GRAB

Donnie and Lefty. Jules hustles Donnie away.

LEFTY

(calling)

Donnie, don't say nothing. Don't
say nothing to them.

JULES

Congratulations. It's over, Joe.

DONNIE

What do you mean, it's over?

JULES

You're coming out.

DONNIE

What the fuck--? Nobody--. I'm
not coming out.

JULES

It's over, Joe.

DONNIE

It's not over. I'm too close!

Donnie starts to run. FBI MEN are on top of him, wrestling him
down.

Donnie STRUGGLES, exchanges a look with Lefty as he's dragged
away.

(CONTINUED)

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:

114 EXT. DAY. MOTION LOUNGE

Sonny, Nicky, Lefty, Legs and Philly Lucky watch as the FBI men drive off. They stand on the street corner--DEATH and disbelief written in their faces.

SONNY

You believe that fucking guy?
There's no fucking way Donnae could be an agent.

NICKY

The culliones on him, bluffing us like that.

LEGS

You think they got him?

ON A ROOFTOP

The A TECH TEAM aims a PARABOLIC MICROPHONE and a TELEPHOTO LENS. whirl of an autowindex and a FREEZE FRAME as they stand outside.

SONNY

No way he could be an agent.

LEGS

Nowadays they can doctor a picture any fucking way they want.

PHILLY LUCKY

It still don't explain that boat.

NICKY

Fuggedaboutit, Philly.

(CONTINUED)

125.

114 CONTINUED:

Lefty listens. Says nothing. He knows the truth. ZZ ZH! and another FREEZE FRAME.

SONNY

That boat was a set-up. Then we think Donnie's a rat and we get scared and fuggedaboutit.

NICKY

Maybe they brainwashed him. Like in that movie, with Sinatra?
ZZ ZH! a no t h e r s h o t . ZZ ZH!

PHILLY LUCKY

They say he's an agent, I say he's a fucking agent.

SONNY

You're talking through your ass.

NICKY

You didn't know him.

SONNY

You didn't know Donnie, Philly.

CLOSE ON --LEFTY

as he listens. Says nothing.

CUT TO:

115 INT. NIGHT. LEFTY'S APARTMENT

Lefty sits, BROODS, watches TV. The phone rings.

LEFTY

Hello? (listens)

Yeah, okay,

Nicky. Okay.

He hangs up. Thinks a beat
grave...Takes

. As he looks into his open

off his GOLD WATCH, sticks

it in a drawer. Then the

CROSS he wears

a round his neck. The KEYS

to his Cadillac. Closes

the drawer as

Louise enters.

LOUISE

Who was that?

LEFTY

Nicky. I'm going out.

He gives Louise a kiss.

LEFTY

Don't wait up for me.

(C

ONTINUED)

126.

115 CONTINUED:

LEFTY

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CUT TO:

116 INT. DAY. FBI HEADQUARTERS

i
n
o

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.

CUT TO:

117 INT. ANOTHER DAY. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE--MANHATTAN

Under heavy guard, Donnie walks up a b ack stairca se
. Up a marble
hallway. Doors open and he enters the courtroom. A
HUSH falls as
the MAFIA DEFENDANTS, lined up in the docks--all f ac
es we've seen
earlier, including Sonny, Nicky, Legs, and Philly L
ucky--turn and
look at him.

PROSECUTOR

The government calls Special
Agent Joseph D. Pistone.

CLOSE ON--DONNIE

as he takes in the proof of his accomplishment. With the
knowledge

of what it has cost him.

FREEZE FRAME. A final CRAWL runs over this*

The evidence collected by "Donnie Brasco" led to over 200
indictments.

(CONTINUED)

127.

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