

THE DEAD SEA BAR AND GRILL

Written by  
Raul HERNANDEZ

CONTACT: [NOTEBOOKVENTURA@gmail.com](mailto:NOTEBOOKVENTURA@gmail.com)

FADE IN:

EXT: EMPTY STREET WITH PARKED CARS IN NEW YORK CITY — COLD NIGHT

A WHITE ON BLACK TITLE APPEARS IN THE LOWER LEFT HAND CORNER OF THE SCREEN:

**NOVEMBER, 1972**

Neon sign blinking over the entrance of the Dead Sea Bar and Grill.

INT. DEAD SEA BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

In the back of the dimly lit bar, FRANKIE FINCH, enormous black man with graying hair, is sitting alone on table. He is wearing a fedora and playing with a deck of cards.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE BAR — MOMENTS LATER

Old car screeches and stops in front of bar. Two men, LARRY THE LOON, and GEORGINO THE WOP are inside the car. Larry gets out. He palms his hair back, spits out his gum and takes out his gun from his waistband. He takes a deep breath, bends down and looks at the car's side mirror.

LARRY  
(To Driver)  
Do I look gangster enough?

GEORGINO  
(Angry)  
Go!

Larry pulls down his ski mask and is about to walk away. He turns around walks back to car.

LARRY  
(Meekly)  
I forgot my glasses. Do me a favor. Check the glove compartment.

Angrily, Gregorio checks the glove compartment. Throws stuff out.

GREGORIO  
There ain't shit here.

LARRY  
Check under the seat.

GREGORIO  
No! Go! Just go, moron!

Larry leaves and kicks open the bar door open, walks in, looks around and spots Frankie sitting in a corner table. He takes aim and begins blasting away. Bar patrons scream, dive under the tables or go behind bar. Liquor bottles, mirrors and neon signs shatter. Larry runs out of bullets.

Frankie continues to calmly play with the cards. Unscathed, Frankie glares at the wide-eyed Larry who is terrified. Larry hurls gun at Frankie and bolts out the door. Frankie flicks his toothpick. He takes off his brown fedora. There is a bullet hole on it. Seconds later a bullet falls from the hat and rolls next to his shoe. Frankie bends down and picks it up. He snarls and reaches into his pocket, takes out his huge gun and calmly limps toward the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE BAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Larry and Georgino screech the tires as they drive away. Car goes a short distance. Engine sputters and stops. Georgino tries frantically to start the engine. Larry looks back. Frankie walks towards them.

GUNMAN  
(Looking back)  
Holy shit! Come on, come on! Let's go!

DRIVER  
The fucking engine is flooded.  
(Speaking to engine)  
Come, Baby, come on. Oh, please, Gawd.  
(looking at rearview mirror)  
Shit!

Two blocks away, Frankie is approaching. The car engine starts. The car burns rubber, fishtails and tears down the street. Frankie stands in the middle of the road. He fires his gun and hits the gasoline tank, which catches fire.

The car turns the corner and explodes. A fireball goes up in the sky.

Frankie calmly lowers the weapon, wipes the gun with a handkerchief, picks up the bullet casings and puts them in his pocket. He tosses the gun up to the roof. He slips a toothpick into the corner of his lip. He goes to an alley, urinates and begins humming. Big Explosion.

DISSOLVE TO:

WHITE ON BLACK TITLE APPEARS IN THE LOWER LEFT HAND CORNER OF THE SCREEN: TWO YEARS LATER

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT OF OLD CHURCH - DAY

Frankie is sitting on the edge of a cot in a one bulb basement. He is eating a ham sandwich and drinking wine. A gun is lying on the bed next to him. Upstairs, a church choir is SINGING off-key, disjointed organ music is playing loud. Feet are STOMPING the floor. Bits of ceiling fall down.

PASTOR ERASMUS JENKINS (O.S.)

Shout out! Shout loud unto the  
Lord. Bust open the gates of hell  
wide open! Let the devil know  
you've arrived! Bust 'em wide open!  
Wide open!

CLOSE - Boxing gloves

Frankie's eyes are glued to a pair of boxing gloves. A large poster advertising the Joe Louis v. Rocky Marciano fight is next to the gloves.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT: FLASHBACK- MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

CROWD roars. Ringside bell is CLANGING. Sweating, Frankie is dancing around the ring with his gloved hands raised. ANNOUNCER in the middle of the ring. Defeated opponent BUSTER "BIG DOG" BRAXTON trying to be revived by his trainer.

CROWD (O.S.)

Frankie! Frankie! Frankie! Frankie!

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

By way of knockout. In two minutes  
of the third round! Still  
undefeated! The pride of Harlem and  
heavyweight contender Frankie  
Frankensteiiiiin Finch!

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANKIE RUNNING DOWN NEW YORK CITY STREET - FLASHBACK -  
CONTINUOUS

A young Frankie breathing hard is jogging down the street  
training for the heavyweight championship fight. FRED MCDOLE,  
a rookie cop, stops his patrol car and takes out his weapon.

MCDOLE

(To Frankie)  
Freeze! Police! Stop! Freeze!

Frankie doesn't hear him. McDole fires. Frankie goes down and  
holds his leg.

MCDOLE (CONT'D)

(Hovers over Frankie)  
Next time, you'll take a dive when  
you're told, Sambo.

Frankie closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - BACK TO PRESENT

Frankie with gun pointed to his head. He swallows hard,  
closes his eyes and pulls the trigger. We HEAR Gun CLICK.  
Nothing happens. Another click. We HEAR footsteps come down  
a wobbly spiral metal staircase. It is BUTCH BADOVICH.

BUTCH (O.S.)

Fuckin' dark down here. Damn.

Frankie slides the gun under a pillow before Butch sees it.

Butch who is wearing a Panama hat and yellow suit is a pint-  
size pimp. He is smoking a cigar. Eyes darting.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

I don't think any self-respecting  
bat would take a dump down here.

FRANKIE  
What the fuck you want?

BUTCH  
I'm not here on a social call.  
Consider this a business  
opportunity. I got a job offer.

FRANKIE  
I don't unload trucks no mo'.

BUTCH  
This ain't about unloading trucks.

FRANKIE  
I ain't wrestling another goddamn  
bear either.

BUTCH  
It ain't that. I need a collector.  
And, someone to watch my back.

FRANKIE  
I'm listening.

BUTCH  
It's no secret. You limp and took a  
lot of head shots. So your brain is  
rattled a bit. But I ain't looking  
for a CPA.

Butch eyes the poster of Joe Louis and Rocky Marciano posing  
in front of it.

BUTCH (CONT'D)  
Joe Louis and Rocky Marciano. What  
a pair. An incredible fight.

BUTCH notices the gloves are signed. He takes a closer look.

BUTCH (CONT'D)  
Who signed the gloves?

FRANKIE  
Joe. He signed.

BUTCH  
Joe Louis? The champ?

FRANKIE  
Yeah.

BUTCH  
No, shit. It ain't a forgery is it?

FRANKIE

No. Joe was still young when he showed up at my locker room that night. I had just beaten Buster Braxton.

BUTCH

Big Dog? I remember. Retired after losing to you.

FRANKIE

Yeah. Joe signed the gloves. Said some nice things and left. Never saw him again.

BUTCH

Hell of a story...Sad, but Joe couldn't put two sentences together after he retired. Worked in Vegas greeting people. They'd let tourists take pictures of him like he was this race horse.

FRANKIE

Joe did what he had to do to survive.

BUTCH

Sure but they robbed him of his pride. Dignity. Worse than losing the title.

Upstairs, PASTOR JENKINS preaching.

JENKINS (O.S.)

Lord have Mercy. Yes, Jesus! Can I get a witness! Let's all stand and sing my favorite hymn.

Congregation starts singing, "This Little Light of Mine."

BUTCH

(Looks around)  
Sunlight ever find its way down here?

FRANKIE

Did once. But they had an ant problem so they bricked up the window.

BUTCH

This place is one big fuckin' perk.

Paster Erasmus' congregation is clapping and dancing upstairs.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

(Looks up)  
How long have you been working for  
Pastor Houdini upstairs?

FRANKIE

Two years. Erasmus. His name is  
Erasmus Jenkins.

BUTCH

I know who he is. Does the parole  
board know he opened up another  
religious crazy house and is  
sheering the sheep, again? They  
shut his ass down in Jersey.

FRANKIE

I just clean up this place. Don't  
ask questions. Don't pay rent.  
Don't bust things up when I drink,  
so I can stay as long as I want.

BUTCH

What a deal. Catching rats,  
unclogging toilets, spreading  
buckets to catch the rain. That  
ain't tough guy work. It's no  
better than being some schmuck  
greeter in Vegas.

FRANKIE

My tough-guy days are over.

BUTCH

You still got your bazookas, right?

Frankie raises his fists.

FRANKIE

I can bust up a Jersey toll booth  
with these.

BUTCH

That's talent. God-given talent.  
Pure power. And, right now, it's  
just going to waste. Little Zero  
from the Bronx said you still have  
a solid rep on the street.

FRANKIE

Little Zero talks too much.



BUTCH

Everybody knows what you did to Georgino the Wop and his cross-eyed punk, Larry the Loon. The explosion. The fireball lit up the night.

FRANKIE

Georgino was shaking loaded dice. So I sent him to the ER. When he got out, he shows up with Larry the Loon at the Dead Sea.

BUTCH

Well, here's my predicament. I got creeps and shut-ins who owe me money. My girls service them, they run up credit and don't pay. I need muscle.

FRANKIE

(Raising fist)  
What if I accidently kill someone with these?

BUTCH

Mistakes happen. So what. Chalk it up to the cost of doing business. Besides, none of the losers who owe me money get Christmas cards. So who'd fuckin' miss them?

FRANKIE

I don't know. Who?

BUTCH

Maybe, the Korean liquor store owners or the two Ukrainian loan sharks on the corner...So are you in?

FRANKIE

I got to think about it.

BUTCH

Sure. Let Anthony at the Bar and Grill know. He takes my messages.

FRANKIE

I'll do that.

Butch starts to leave. He looks around the room.

BUTCH

(Joking)  
You haven't started naming the rats  
down here, have you?

FRANKIE

(Serious)  
Can't name them or they'd be hard  
to trap and kill. I don't want that  
on my conscience.

BUTCH

Yeah...Okay...I guess.

Butch walks out. Frankie picks up the gun and closely  
examines it.

CUT TO:

INT. ERASMUS' CHURCH OFFICE — TWO DAYS LATER

Erasmus is counting money and listening to religious music.  
There is a KNOCK on the door. Erasmus puts away the money.

ERASMUS

Come in.

Frankie, holding two suitcases, opens the door. The gloves  
signed by Joe Louis are over his shoulder. He limps into the  
room.

FRANKIE

I'm leaving. Need my pay.

ERASMUS

(Scoffs)  
Leaving? Yeah, right. Go empty out  
the rat traps. Clean the toilets.  
I'm busy. Get out.

FRANKIE

Give me my fuckin' money.

ERASMUS

What? You're serious. Where you  
going to go? To that God-forsaken  
place, that Dead Sea Bar?

FRANKIE

It's called the Dead Sea Bar and  
Grill. They're got a grill.

(MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
Liquor and a grill. But where I go  
is none of your goddamn business.

Erasmus takes out a wad of cash from his desk. He peels off some money and tosses it on the table. Frankie scoops it up.

ERASMUS  
You'll be back. You'll see.

Frankie scoops up money and leaves the room.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNSTAIRS CHURCH SERVICE - MOMENTS LATER

ORGANIST is playing the organ as an old and aging congregation is singing. Frankie toting his suitcases and gloves walks down the aisle. The organist and singing gradually stop. Frankie stands in front of the congregation.

FRANKIE  
Erasmus Jenkins ain't a preacher,  
never was. He's a con man. He waves  
the Bible, slings scriptures and  
steals from good people. Leave,  
leave now before he takes what's  
left of what you got.

Frankie leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY NEIGHBORHOOD - COLD NIGHT

A WHITE ON BLACK TITLE APPEARS IN THE LOWER LEFT HAND CORNER OF THE SCREEN:

September, 1978

Bundled up, Frankie is standing underneath a streetlight waiting for Butch to show up.

A yellow, suped-up Volkswagen races from around the corner, zooms past Frankie, hits trashcans near alley, slams brakes, backs up and stops in front of Frankie. The door opens.

BUTCH  
Get in.

Frankie squeezes inside.

BUTCH (CONT'D)  
Ever try getting eight-foot chain  
in this city.

FRANKIE  
Can't say I have.

BUTCH  
It's a bitch.

FRANKIE  
Vinnie Primello left word at the  
Dead Sea. Wants to talk.

BUTCH  
Yeah, he's concocting a con. One  
with balls the size of King Kong.

FRANKIE  
When did he make parole?

BUTCH  
Last month. He wants to lay low  
until the heat dissipates.

FRANKIE  
Mutt and Jeff been snooping around  
the Dead Sea. Asking about Vinnie.

BUTCH  
I hate those two pricks.

CUT TO:

INT. AN APARTMENT IN A FLOPHOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

LUTHER ROLOSHINSKI, a tattooed man, is stretched out in an old brass bed. He is reading a girlie magazine. Naked, bare-breasted girls are plastered all over the apartment walls and ceiling. A house cat named PUMPKIN is sitting on a window sill licking his paw. We hear the THUDS of footsteps approaching.

Luther suddenly jerks his head up and looks at the door. He slowly puts away the girlie magazine. Pumpkin runs under the bed.

Luther sits up. He opens drawer and takes out a switchblade. The switchblade CLICKS open. It's 12-year-old SONNY SANCHEZ at the door.

LUTHER  
Who's there?

SONNY (O.S.)  
Sonny. Sonny Sanchez. Leo sent me.

LUTHER  
Leo Balswick?

SONNY (O.S.)  
Yeah. Skin Daddy.

LUTHER  
How come Leo didn't send Ramon?

SONNY (O.S.)  
The Honduran?

LUTHER  
Yeah.

SONNY (O.S.)  
Leo caught him skimming. Broke his jaw. Can't sell shit with a wired jaw. Besides Leo is having him deported as an undesirable.

LUTHER  
Where does Leo have his warehouse?

SONNY (O.S.)  
The Bronx. Moved it from Queens because of the raids. Recently hooked up with Hammerhead down in Miami. Opened a shop there. What else you want to know?

LUTHER  
Just checking, kid. Got to be careful. Real careful What else you got?

SONNY (O.S.)  
Some new stuff from Brazil, Amsterdam. I got it all here. Oh, a new magazine, just out, featuring Dutch girls with big knockers. Black guys with Chinese cheerleaders, and a Mexican midget in a sombrero. Oh, and an elderly man with a German helmet hot tubing with college dorm chicks.

LUTHER  
Slip me a sample.

A girlie magazine is slipped under the door.

SONNY (O.S.)  
That's the latest. Leo said you  
like nudist volleyball.

Luther thumbs through the magazine.

SONNY (CONT'D)  
So what's it going to be? I ain't  
got all day. I got customers backed  
up tonight.

LUTHER  
Shut up, punk! You hear me! Don't  
crowd me, you hear. Just don't do  
it. Don't you dare.

SONNY (O.S.)  
I'm not crowding you, Mr. Luther.  
I'm just on commission. Know what I  
mean? Got to earn a buck.

LUTHER  
Do you have Babe Land?

SONNY (O.S.)  
Yeah, but I ain't slipping you  
another sample. That's it.

LUTHER  
You goddamn little shit! Keep  
pissing me off and I'll have Leo  
put you on a slow boat with Ramon.  
You hear!? Did I ask you for a  
sample?

SONNY  
No, sorry. I didn't mean no  
disrespect, sir. Swear to God. Leo  
said you're a good customer.

LUTHER  
Damn right, I'm a good customer.  
Been buying from Leo for years.  
Hundreds of dollars.

SONNY  
Wow. How about a good word with Leo  
for me?

LUTHER  
What? Am I a referral service?

SONNY

No, sir. Leo said to take care of you good and give you the discount plus five percent.

LUTHER

I want the discount plus 20 percent.

SONNY

Fifteen.

LUTHER

I said 20 percent or Leo will lose my business. And, I'll make sure you loose your job. Understand!?

SONNY

Twenty it is.

LUTHER

Wait a minute.

Luther unlocks the deadbolt locks and cracks open the door and sees Butch, Frankie and Sonny. He is terrified and starts to close the door, which is being kept from completely opening by the chain-link locks.

FRANKIE puts his fist through the door. Luther runs to get his switchblade that is inside the nightstand drawer. He falls. Frankie kicks the door open. Luther reaches inside the drawer. Butch slams the drawer shut on Luther's hand. Luther screams. He drops on the floor clutching his hand.

BUTCH

Been avoidin' us, prick?

Butch's foot on Luther's neck.

LUTHER

(Crying)  
I was gonna pay, I swear. Swear on my mother's grave that I was.

BUTCH

You couldn't find your mother's grave if your life depended on it.

LUTHER

She was a saint. I loved her, Butch.

BUTCH

Right. Rumor has it that you buried her at the pet cemetery, next to two pit bulls.

LUTHER

I had her cremated.

BUTCH

Where? At the city landfill?

Sonny's eyes are plastered on Luther's nude pinups on the ceiling and walls.

SONNY

Woow.

Butch eyes Sonny. Luther is moaning.

BUTCH

(To Frankie)  
Give the kid a five.

SONNY

Bullshit! We said ten. I help you bust into this dump, and I get ten bucks. That was the deal.

BUTCH

Give this little shit a ten, Frankie.

Frankie nods and gives Sonny ten dollars.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

You ain't seen nothing, either.

SONNY

My memory tape is erased.

Sonny walks up to Luther.

SONNY (CONT'D)

This place smells like a garbage truck.

BUTCH

(To Sonny)  
Get out of here!

Sonny frowns and leaves. Luther is on the floor groveling.



LUTHER

I ain't got no money, Butch.

BUTCH

Lying sack of shit. You were going to lay out some cash to buy girlie magazines.

(Gazes up into the ceiling)  
How much did you pay to wallpaper this dump?

FRANKIE

I'd say a couple of grand.

LUTHER

Leo gives me credit.

BUTCH

We send Maggie to service you, and expect payment on time. But you miss payments, avoid and make us come out here in the cold, in the dead of night.

LUTHER

Times are tough. I got a bad ticker, old-man hives and haven't had a good bowel movement in weeks.

BUTCH

I don't give a shit. I want my money. Do you think I'm here to rubber glove you? Stick a thermometer up your ass?

Butch steps on Luther's neck. Luther SCREAMS.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Shut the fuck up!

LUTHER

I can't breath.

BUTCH

Shut yer yap.

Pumpkin the cat comes out from under the bed.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Awww, a kitty cat.

Butch picks up the cat.

LUTHER

Please don't hurt Pumpkin. Please.

Butch is holding up the cat which is showing its fangs, hissing and trying to claw him.

BUTCH

My family had a cat when I wuz a kid. My old lady served it up with yams and cranberry sauce. They've tasty critters. But they'll give ya gas.

LUTHER

Please, Butch. Pumpkin is like family.

BUTCH

We're all family here. Frankie, put the cat out. Maybe, he wants to play with his feline friends or catch a fat rat.

Frankie grabs the cat and toss him through the glass window. Glass SHATTERS.

LUTHER

Noooo! Not my cat!

BUTCH

Frankie, Luther wants to go for a walk with Pumpkin.

Frankie grabs Luther like a piece of luggage.

LUTHER

In the mattress! Look under the mattress!

Frankie drops Luther and throws the mattress across the room. There is a plastic bag full of money. Butch snatches the bag.

BUTCH

I'm crushed, Luther. Did you know that liars don't go to heaven?

LUTHER

Don't take it all, Butch. I got a sure thing on a horse.

BUTCH

Speak to me, prick.

LUTHER

Epic's Warrior. He's running in the third race. Joe Mandetta said the mob is pumping him with chemicals. The horse is a long shot.

BUTCH

Third race?

LUTHER

Yeah. He's gonna run like a cheetah on octane. Nobody suspects nothing.

BUTCH

You lie, and I'll be back with my pocket knife and turn you into one of them bag ladies with the shopping carts and saggy tits.

Butch takes out a twenty-dollar and tosses it at Luther.

LUTHER

(Groveling)

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

Butch and Frankie start to exit. Pumpkin staggers into the room.

BUTCH

That's one sturdy fucking cat.

FRANKIE

A very sturdy feline.

BUTCH

(Looks around)

Turn off the light, Frankie. We don't want to spook the roaches. Goodnight, Luther.

Luther whimpers.

CUT TO:

EXT. LITTLE ITALY, NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Fat BUTT LOUIE ZAFFINO sadly looks inside Jovani's Bakery. Louie is holding two shopping bags. Inside the bakery, JOVANI is stuffing pastry with assorted jellies and creams. Jovani smiles and beckons Louie to come inside. Louie looks at one bag and another and shakes his head.

LOUIE  
 (Mouthing)  
 Tomorrow, my friend.

Louie as he walks across the sidewalk. Butch appears with a board in his hand runs across the hoods and roofs of parked cars. He jumps on the sidewalk in front of Louie.

LOUIE (CONT'D)  
 Butch! Wait! Please! Noooo!

BUTCH  
 Where is my money, pig face!

Louie drops the bags and bolts. Butch runs after him swinging the board.

BUTCH (CONT'D)  
 I'm gonna bust you up, cocksucker!

Butch chasing Louie down the street. Louie finally squeezes through the cars, tumbles on the sidewalk and dashes down the street. He ducks into the alley. Butch is hitting a driver who almost struck him with his car.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Louie runs down the alley. He crashes into a real large box. Louie SCREAMS and covers his head.

LOUIE  
 Pleeeeease, Butch. Don't hurt me.  
 I'll pay. I'll pay next week. I'm  
 broke.

HOMELESS MAN  
 Who's Butch?...Give me a dollar.

LOUIE  
 (Angry)  
 Fuck you. Get away, prick.

HOMELESS MAN  
 You smashed my house, asshole! You  
 owe me ten bucks!

LOUIE  
 Get lost. Fuckin' bum.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Louie pokes his head inside the stairwell of his apartment building. There is soft music coming out of one of the apartments. Slivers of light are coming from the bottom of the doors.

Louie cautiously makes his way up the stairs. We HEAR his heart BEAT.

Louie cautiously makes his way up the stairs. He turns to go up a third flight of stairs. Frankie clobbers him with a board. We HEAR loud THUDS as Louie hits the floor and rolls down some steps. Butch turns on a Bick cigarette lighter.

Frankie and Butch are around Louie.

BUTCH

Good work, Frankie. We bagged him.

FRANKIE

(Disappointed)

I busted my board.

BUTCH

Don't worry I'll get you another one at the lumberyard.

Butch looking down at Louie.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Flip him Frankie.

Frankie calmly flips Louie over on his back.

Butch struggles to pluck Louie's wallet from his pocket. He tugs hard, and Louie lets out a BOOMING fart.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Ohhhhh, gawd. Shiiiiit.

Butch takes out his handkerchief and puts it over his mouth and nose. Frankie uses his fedora like a gas mask. They hurry out of the building with Frankie dragging Louie.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Frankie and Butch, eyes watering and coughing, hover over Louie who is laying next a gutter.

BUTCH

Nice work, Frankie. I almost suffocated in there.

Butch uses his handkerchief to wipe his eyes.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

My eyes are burning, Jesus.

Butch finally pries Louie's wallet out of his back pant pocket. He rummages through the billfold. Frankie is holding a small flashlight.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Shit, nothing. A few tens, a twenty. Food coupons. A dozen recipes. More food coupons. This fat fuck is addicted to food. Eating his way to an early coronary. I wonder how Paula could have banged him for so long?

FRANKIE

Who knows.

Butch takes out a slip of paper from Fat Butt's wallet and unravels it. Frankie shines the light on it.

BUTCH

Look at this. Epic's Warrior. Wow. The name is circled. It says, "running in the third."

FRANKIE

Same horse Luther told us about.

BUTCH

Yeah. Luther and Fat Butt are betting on the same horse. What are the odds?

FRANKIE

Louie rarely goes to the track.

BUTCH

This isn't a coincidence. It is an omen from God. A sign. Do you believe in God, Frankie?

FRANKIE

Only when I'm out of options.

BUTCH

Well, this is a divine intervention here. Tomorrow night, go down to the track. Be there when they open the windows. We're betting the farm on Epic's Warrior. The safe money.

FRANKIE

All of it?

BUTCH

Everything. Every dime. It's gonna make us a small fortune.

CUT TO:

INT. DEAD SEA BAR AND GRILL BAR – NIGHT

The bar is crowded. It's a hangout for thugs, thieves, social misfits, hustlers, Mafia associates. Butch walks into the bar and sits down on a bar stool. ANTHONY JR. is the bartender.

BUTCH

(To Anthony Jr.)  
Johnny Walker Red and water.

ANTHONY JR.

(Glaring)  
You know the rule. How many times do I have to explain the rule, numb nut?

BUTCH

Fuck you.

ANTHONY JR.

(Points to sign)  
It says, in big bold letters. No leisure suits. No Credit, and my third rule. The golden rule. The one that applies to you. It says, "this bar don't serve midgets."

Everyone around the bar burst out laughing. Butch is pissed.

BAR CUSTOMER

Why no midgets? They're harmless.

ANTHONY JR.

Most. But, even so, I'm liable if someone steps on the little boogers. Some sleazy downtown lawyer will sue, and I lose the bar. Midgets get stuck to your soles like gum.

A roar of laughter.

BUTCH

Fuck you, Anthony. Prick.

ANTHONY JR.

Relax pal. I'm just busting your balls.

BUTCH

Get me a scotch and water, asshole. When are you going to take that sign down, huh?

ANTHONY JR.

When people stop asking me for credit.

BUTCH

Funny, prick. Rosie been in?

ANTHONY JR.

Back booth. Same one she uses.

He hands Butch a piece of paper.

ANTHONY JR. (CONT'D)

From your pal, Vinnie.

BUTCH

(Reads Note)  
Thanks

Butch slips paper into his pocket. He walks back with his scotch and water to a back booth where ROSIE is counting money and making entries in a ledger while chewing gum and wearing gaudy jewelry. Butch sits next to Rosie.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Anthony Jr. pulls that shit on me every time I walk up to the bar. Asshole.



ROSIE

Don't let 'em spoil your day.  
They're degenerates. How'd you and  
Frankie do?

BUTCH

We got three hundred and sixty  
dollars. Nothing. Three hours in  
the cold chasing delinquent  
cocksuckers.

ROSIE

Three hundred and sixty dollars is  
better than nothing. It's  
something.

BUTCH

Something is better than nothing.  
Nothing is nothing. We got  
something but we ain't got nothing.

ROSIE

Well, our overhead is low. The IRS  
doesn't have its hand in our  
pockets, and the girls get paid.

BUTCH

Wow, I can start planning my  
retirement.

ROSIE

What's the matter with you? Why are  
you so uptight tonight?..Eat  
something, you'll feel better.  
Order the bar special.

BUTCH

The grease burger and fries?

ROSIE

You always have the bar special.  
Order it, another drink and relax.

BUTCH

Alright.

Butch nods and stands up.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Anthony! Anthony! Yo, jerk off!

Anthony Jr. goes over to Butch's table.

ANTHONY JR.

What?

BUTCH

The house special.

ANTHONY JR.

You got it, pal.

Anthony Jr. leaves.

BUTCH

(Looking at his watch)  
Where the fuck is Frankie?

ROSIE

Where he usually is. At the gym  
seconding smokers with Hector.

BUTCH

He's at the track.

ROSIE

Where?

BUTCH

At the track.

ROSIE

(Chuckling)  
Doing what? Jockeying?

BUTCH

Bettin'. Betting everything. The  
safe money. Everything. Every penny  
we got is riding on Epic's Warrior.

ROSIE

What are you talking about?

BUTCH

The safe money.

ROSIE

You can't be serious...You pissed  
away the safe money on a damn  
horse. Ohhh, my gawd.

BUTCH

It's a sure winner, Rosie. We're  
gonna make thousands of dollars.

Anthony Jr. walks to the booth with a burger and fries. Butch smells and inspects the food. Rosie is glaring at Butch.

ANTHONY JR.

House special with extra crispy fries, extra mayo and hold the pickles. Like you like it.

BUTCH

How about holding the grease this one time?

ANTHONY JR.

(Grinning)

The grease is free, pal. Bon appetite. You still pissed caused we busted your balls?

ROSIE

(To Anthony Jr.)

Guess what this moron did?

ANTHONY JR.

What? Invested in a time share at the housing projects.

BUTCH

(To Anthony Jr.)

You're a regular comedian, you know that, asshole?

ROSIE

Our safe money is riding on a horse. Twenty thousand tax-free dollars on a horse.

ANTHONY JR.

Daaaamn. That takes balls.

BUTCH

It's a sure thing.

ROSIE

You little shit. Did you consult with me? Huh? No. You never do. You just send Frankie to the track. Never said a word.

ANTHONY JR.

Who gave you the tip?

BUTCH

Luther got it from Joey Mandetta. Joey got it from a mob associate. Fat Butt confirmed it.

ANTHONY JR.

Joey Mandetta, the guy from Yonkers  
who smells like paint thinner?

ROSIE

(Eye roll)

Tall, skinny guy with floppy ears  
and a bad haircut? Plays the  
clarinet?

BUTCH

Yeah, that guy.

ANTHONY JR.

(Laughing)

Does he still talk to his imaginary  
friends?

ROSIE

(To Butch)

You fucking idiot!

ANTHONY JR.

Joey gave me a tip once. The nag  
had a seizure at the starting gate  
and died. They carted the animal  
away in a forklift.

ROSIE

(To Butch)

Bumbling little shit!

BUTCH

Shut up.

Rosie puts everything in her purse.

ROSIE

We lost everything, moron.

Rosie storms off.

ANTHONY JR.

What's the horse you're betting on?

BUTCH

Epic's Warrior.

ANTHONY JR.

(Burst out laughing)

I wouldn't bet a dime on that  
carcass. A three-legged jackass  
dragging a dead cow has a better  
chance.

BUTCH  
The tip is solid.

ANTHONY JR.  
Right. You better pray that maybe  
Frankenstein forgot where they put  
the track and got lost.

BUTCH  
Shut the fuck up!

BOOM. Door opens. All eyes on the entrance where a huge dark  
image appears.

ANTHONY JR.  
(To Butch)  
It's Frankie.

Frankie walks to the booth where Butch is sitting.

ANTHONY JR. (CONT'D)  
Did you find the track,  
Frankenstein.

Frankie glares at Anthony Jr.

BUTCH  
How bad did he lose?

FRANKIE  
(Calmly)  
Didn't. Won by ten lengths. Record  
time. Paid Ninety thousand. The  
chemicals worked.

Butch lets out a jubilant scream. He jumps up on the table,  
picks up the burger bun, dances like he just scored a  
touchdown and slams the bun on the table.

BUTCH  
Yeeeeahhhhh!  
(To Anthony Jr.)  
What were you saying, bug brain  
bitch.

Anthony Jr shows a reluctant, toothy grin.

ANTHONY JR.  
You did good, Butch. I eat my  
words, curse my dead Aunt Maureen  
who said you are nothing but a  
worthless barfly. And, I pay ya  
homage.

BUTCH

Apology accepted. Now, fix me and Frankie something special. No grease burgers. Something nice.

ANTHONY JR.

You got it.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT -BAR BOOTH - AN HOUR LATER

Butch and Frankie are dining on T-bone steaks. There is a bottle of Chivas Regal and a long-stem candle on the table. Sonny Sanchez is shining Frankie's shoes while eating a cheeseburger.

BUTCH

This is life. Succulent steaks.  
Good booze and a nice ambience.

FRANKIE

Meat is tender. Delicious.

Sonny finishes shining Frankie's shoes. We HEAR him CLICK his fingers.

SONNY

Done. Six bucks, Frankie.

BUTCH

Bullshit. We said four.

SONNY

Six. We said six. Right, Frankie?

FRANKIE

We did. We said six. I wear size fourteen Florsheims. Big shoes.

BUTCH

(Grudgingly)  
You little creep. You're always trying to rip me off. Pay him, Frankie.

Frankie peels off a ten-dollar bill and gives it to Sonny.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Bring back my change. I got change coming.

SONNY

Sure. Will you take a check?

BUTCH

Get out of here!

SONNY

See you at the steps, Frankie.

Frankie nods. Sonny leaves.

BUTCH

Why do you like that little creep?

FRANKIE

He's got nobody. The streets claimed him long ago and banged him up. His mother is kicking a drug habit. So he does what he has to do to survive.

BUTCH

What's that? Beating somebody out of a buck?

FRANKIE

He shines shoes. Mando lets him do some work cleaning the bodega. And, I owe him. Owe him big time.

BUTCH

(Sarcastically)  
I know, I know. He dragged your drunk ass into a building after you passed out on a sidewalk in a snow storm.

FRANKIE

I could have froze to death. He saved my life. I'll never forget that. Never.

BUTCH

Well, mark my word. That kid is going to screw you big time. Stab you in the back. You watch.

FRANKIE

It'll never happen.

BUTCH

Well, I don't trust him. He's always trying to size me up.

FRANKIE

(Smiling)  
Everybody on the street is.  
Everybody wants to know how you  
went from driving cabs to running a  
third-rate escort service.

BUTCH

(Upset)  
Funny. You should team up with  
Anthony Jr. You two would be a  
regular Sammy Davis Jr. and Dean  
Martin act.

FRANKIE

Heard from Vinnie?

BUTCH

Yeah. He not much for details. He  
just said it's an oil scam  
involving high price models.

FRANKIE

Why isn't he hooking up with his  
mob connections?

BUTCH

The mob don't need the wiretaps and  
search warrants that Primello will  
trigger.

FRANKIE

Is Jennifer in?

BUTCH

Not yet. I'll talk to her.

FRANKIE

What if Primello cons us?

BUTCH

That's always in the back of my  
mind. He's a weasel but it's worth  
the risk.

We HEAR gunshots BOOM, BOOM, BOOM. Heads turn toward door.

SMASH CUT TO:



## INT. BAR ENTRANCE

Two detectives, FRED MCDOLE and KIKI RAMOS, are standing side-by-side. Ramos has his weapon up in the air. McDole kicks the jukebox. It stops playing.

BUTCH

(To Frankie)  
It's fucking Mutt and Jeff.

MCDOLE

(To bar customers)  
Well, well, well. What have we got here? The Dead Sea Bar and Grill. Know what lives in the Dead Sea, Kiki?

RAMOS

Nothing.

MCDOLE

Right. No plants. Just pond scum. Dead shit. That's why it's called the Dead Sea. The lowest point on the face of the earth.

ANTHONY JR.

What do you two assholes want?

RAMOS

We want you to shut the fuck up.

MCDOLE

What do you think we want, moron? Think we're here to sell tupperware? Hovers? We are NYPD cops, dip shit.

McDole looks around the bar.

MCDOLE (CONT'D)

Where's Butch?

BUTCH

(Loudly)  
Back here. Trembling.

McDole and Ramos walk to the booth where Butch and Frankie are sitting. They look at the long stem candle and the Chivas Regal bottle on the table.

MCDOLE

Look here, Kiki What have we got here? The days of wine and roses.

RAMOS  
Pimp business thriving, Butch.

BUTCH  
Yes, indeed. Fourth-quarter profits exceeded our expectations.

MCDOLE  
I'm amused.

BUTCH  
So what brings you two pricks here? Chasing a shoplifting suspect or did the donut shop close early?

FRANKIE  
They're undercover They fooled my ass. I can't tell them apart.

RAMOS  
Shut up. Fuckin' clowns.

McDole reaches into his coat pocket and takes out a chain. He tosses it on the table.

MCDOLE  
Recognize this?

Butch picks it up and carefully examines the chain.

BUTCH  
Links. Little steel links. I'll go out on a limb and say it's a chain. Frankie, what do you make of this?

FRANKIE  
Chain.

BUTCH  
It's unanimous.

MCDOLE  
Where were you two ass clowns last night around ten?

BUTCH  
I was in the middle of ballet lessons at the Y. But I'd have to look at my appointment calendar. I could have been at a stockholders' meeting. Frankie was here.

RAMOS

(To McDole)  
These pricks think this is a  
fucking game. Let's bust their  
asses.

BUTCH

For what!?

MCDOLE

Kidnapping. Assault and extortion  
for starters.

RAMOS

Pimping ugly, fat and repulsive  
humans to creeps and shut-ins.

BUTCH

You ain't got shit on me.

MCDOLE

Is that right? Witnesses said they  
saw a car fitting the description  
of your vehicle take Jimmy  
Colquick, the handicap cripple, up  
to Stiff Top Hill.

RAMOS

You two latched that chain to his  
wheelchair, hauled him up the hill  
and turned him loose. Jimmy went a  
couple of miles screaming before he  
disappeared into a manhole.

MCDOLE

It was ugly. Jimmy has a rat  
phobia.

BUTCH

That is so sad. Frankie remind me  
to sent Jimmy one of them Hallmark  
cards and a fruit basket.

MCDOLE

Witnesses said they saw a big spook  
and a midget inside a yellow  
Volkswagen with a souped-up engine.

BUTCH

That's crazy. Frankie can't fit  
into Volkswagens. Can you, FRankie?

FRANKIE

I doubt it.

RAMOS

Heard Jimmy owed you money. Heard your girl, Maggie, services his crippled ass.

BUTCH

Is that what you heard? Well, me and Frankie were here all night. And we got witnesses.

(Butch waves his finger across the bar)

All these wonderful people will vouch for us. And, Frankie could round up more.

FRANKIE

(To McDole)

How many more you need?

MCDOLE

You're a wise ass, Butch. I'm gonna nail you. You and your broke-ass gorilla. Put you two away until you can't get hard ons anymore.

RAMOS

(To Frankie)

Still cleaning toilets, catching rats, collecting rain buckets on the side? Doing tough guy work?

BUTCH

Know what, Frankie? If some people didn't have guns or badges, they'd have no balls. None. Zero. Zilch.

RAMOS

(Angrily)

Fuckin' prick.

Ramos raises his hand to strike Butch. Frankie stops it in mid-air. Frankie brings Ramos down to the table. McDole takes out his gun and puts it on Frankie's head.

MCDOLE

Let him go, Frankenstein. Let go or I'll blow a hole the size of China through your skull.

Frankie lets go of Ramos. Ramos gets up and is about to go after Frankie. Bar patrons break some bottles and pool sticks to use as weapons. McDole stops Ramos.

RAMOS

I'm gonna catch you on the streets,  
Frankenstein. Nail your balls to a  
telephone pole.

BUTCH

(To Ramos)  
Back off.

MCDOLE

(Glaring at Frankie)  
I should have aimed higher twenty  
years ago. Still limping?  
(To Butch)  
Watch your back. Both of you.

FOLLOW Ramos and McDole slowly as they edge their way toward  
the door with guns drawn.

MCDOLE (CONT'D)

Nobody move. Anybody makes sudden  
hero lunges, and we'll wallpaper  
this bar with assholes.

Ramos accidentally backs into the juke box. We HEAR "I'M YOUR  
BOGGIE MAN" by KC and the Sunshine Band. McDole and Ramos  
slowly exit and slam the door shut. A bottle hits the door  
and we HEAR glass SHATTERING.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Butch is staring at the ceiling Rosie is quietly counting the  
racetrack winnings.

ROSIE

I'm gonna get me a perm. A nice  
fifty-dollar one. Manicure  
too...Buy a three-piece suit,  
Sweetie. When does the next  
hijacked truck arrive at the Dead  
Sea. They always have a good  
selection.

BUTCH

How in the fuck do I know? It  
arrives when it gets there. It's  
not like they post a schedule.

ROSIE

Why don't you get the Chinaman to  
make you a suit. A gray one, maybe.  
What's the Chinaman's name?

BUTCH

Walter. How would I know? All 'em people are named Kim or Kwang or Wong Pac Do?

ROSIE

I think it's Do Pac Wong or Wong Pac Duck or something like that. Anyway, those people are so good with a pair of scissors or a wok...I know. We gotta get Frankie a new fedora. That bullet hole on his old one is getting bigger.

BUTCH

Forget it. Frankie ain't giving up his lucky fedora.

ROSIE

Well, he'll look nice in a porkpie hat and -

BUTCH

- He loves the hat. Thinks its got strange powers. Some kind of Voodoo shit or something that brings him luck. Stops bullets.

ROSIE

Well, I want to give the girls a few extra bucks for all their hard work.. A Christmas bonus or frozen turkeys, maybe.

BUTCH

I run an escort service. Not Morgan Stanley.

ROSIE

Why are you so irritable?

BUTCH

Got a lot of things on my mind.

ROSIE

(Cheerful)  
Well, I'm just proud of you. You went on a hunch and bet on that remarkable horse, American Warrior.

BUTCH

Epic's Warrior. The horse's name is Epic's Warrior. Not American Warrior.

ROSIE

Epic's Warrior. What a sweet name for a horse. When is he running again?

BUTCH

He ain't. He accomplished his purpose in life and now is probably being shipped to France. French love to eat horses, frogs and snails. Shit like that. So he'll be some French Frog's menu.

ROSIE

That's so sad. A waste of a good horse.

BUTCH

(Sarcastically)  
I'm crushed...Life is bitch.You win a race, serve your a purpose in life, and they ship you to France.

Rosie continues counting the money.

ROSIE

Well, with nature nothing is wasted.

BUTCH

Yeah, I guess.

CUT TO

INT. APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Frankie is sitting on the edge of his bed. He is moaning because of pain in his stomach.

Rat waddles across the room. Frankie tosses clock at the rat who dashes away. He MOANS and COUGHS violently. He puts a handkerchief over his mouth. He examines it and sees the blood. He reaches inside a drawer and takes out a photograph out of it.

CLOSE shot of photograph of a young Frankie and his ex-girlfriends SOPHIE standing in front of a restaurant.

FRANKIE (O.S.)  
I still miss you, Sophie.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. NEW YORK TENEMENT — 1962

Young Frankie is dancing on the sidewalk with Sophie Walker on a sidewalk beneath the stairs leading to entrance of tenement. A white radio on top of a car hood is playing. We HEAR the song "I Only Have Eyes for You," by the Flamingoes. There is a full moon.

FRANKIE  
It's gonna be tough with you gone.

SOPHIE  
Oh, I'll be back. Soon as my mother gets better I'll come back.

FRANKIE  
I win the Braxton fight, and there will be many moons to dance under.

SOPHIE  
Life is sweet. Precious.

FRANKIE  
Every night I see the moon I will try to find your smile, your heart.

SOPHIE  
I will look for your eyes. I love you, Franklin Benjamin Finch.

FRANKIE  
I love you too.

CONTINUE FLASHBACK:

EXT: BUS STATION — NEXT DAY

Close of Frankie's big hand pressed against the passenger's window of Greyhound Bus. Sophie's hand is on the other side of the glass. Watery-eyed, Sophie is inside the bus. Throws a kiss at Frankie who barely manages a smile.

SOPHIE  
(Mouths)  
I love you.

FRANKIE  
(Nods, mouths back)  
Love you back.



The bus slowly pulls away. Sophie waves at Frankie who has a sad smile and waves back.

BACK TO PRESENT

Frankie takes a few gulps of a bottle of wine. Leans the photograph against the radio. Stares at it, looks up at the ceiling, closes his eyes and falls back. He is asleep.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - VICE SQUAD ROOM - DAY

The squad room is bustling with activity. A black janitor, MERRILL, is sweeping the place. He is kicking up dust in the room with his broom. McDole is using the phone. Ramos is reading a file.

MCDOLE

(Puts phone down)  
Holy shit! Who the fuck is rearranging the dust, here. Damn.

RAMOS

Numb nut over there.

MCDOLE

Merrill. Hey, Merrill, give it a rest. This dust is choking the air.

Merrill ignores them.

MCDOLE (CONT'D)

The negro dust bunny is deaf.

McDole waves Ramos over.

MCDOLE (CONT'D)

Check this out.

McDole puts a piece of paper on the desk.

MCDOLE (CONT'D)

Lifted it from Butch's table at the Dead Sea.

RAMOS

Who is Tom Dinafore?

MCDOLE

It's an alias. One used by Vinnie Primello.

RAMOS  
Primello is out?

MCDOLE  
He been out a few weeks. Served  
four years for running scams on  
businesses. Stole half-a-million.

RAMOS  
Why is the alias Tom Dinafore  
circled? There is also a question  
mark at the end of it.

MCDOLE  
I don't know. But Primello is up to  
something.

RAMOS  
How do you know?

MCDOLE  
A fat hunch.

RAMOS  
A hunch, huh?

MCDOLE  
A fat hunch? I've known this weasel  
for years. I can smell his scent,  
from a mile away, and I'm on to it.

RAMOS  
That is one slick, prick. Knows IRS  
laws better than the feds. A silver  
tongue. Fenced jewelry for the mob.  
Kept their books.

MCDOLE  
Primello and Butch are up to  
something.

RAMOS  
(Surprised)  
What? Naaaaw. What would Primello  
want with Butch and his crippled  
gorilla?

MCDOLE  
Primello is setting up a con. Butch  
is in on it. I don't know what it  
is. I have nothing. No informant.  
Nothing. Just a big fat hunch.

RAMOS  
 Seriously? It don't make sense.

MCDOLE  
 Right but you have to think like that weasel. He needs to lower his profile. Become invisible.

RAMOS  
 But what does Butch got that Primello needs? Fat, wrinkled ass. Skinny ugly whores with attitudes. Ever seen Joan? She looks like one of them insects. A prayun' something.

MCDOLE  
 Mantis

RAMOS  
 Yeah.

The phone RINGS. McDole picks it up.

MCDOLE  
 (On Phone)  
 Where? Yeah. Okay. Got it.

McDole puts down the phone.

MCDOLE (CONT'D)  
 An informant. Ray Ray is in the 'hood making the rounds.

Ramos grins.

RAMOS  
 Beautiful. Let's go.

McDole and Ramos quickly exit the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - EVENING

Frankie walking on the sidewalk. We HEAR SOBBING coming from the alley. He goes to examine. Sonny, wearing altar-boy garb and sporting a red bruise under his eye, is sitting between two garbage cans.

FRANKIE  
 What happen to you?

SONNY

I'm okay.

FRANKIE

Who did you tangle with?

SONNY

(Shakes his head)  
I'll take care of it.

FRANKIE

I know you will. But a friend needs to know. Maybe, you need to talk about it.

SONNY

It was Maurice.

FRANKIE

Who?

SONNY

The landlord.

FRANKIE

Why'd he put his hands on you?

SONNY

He's a fucking scumbag.

FRANKIE

What did I tell you? Those words are too big for a boy's mouth

SONNY

Well, I'm pissed, Frankie.

FRANKIE

What happened?

SONNY

Angela didn't have the rent money, and he calls her a whore. She calls him a gutter rat and he smacked her. I punched him, and he hit me in the face. Kicked my back and pushed Angela on the ground.

FRANKIE

Stay here. I'm gonna get you some ice for your pretty face, Okay?

SONNY

I don't need ice, Frankie. I'm okay.

FRANKIE

We need to get the swelling down.

SONNY

Angela might be a junkie, Frankie. But she is my mom. And, I got feelings. A mom is a mom. You know what I mean?

FRANKIE

Yeah. I had a mom. Listen, go to Baby D's and get us some burgers and fries. Meet me here.

SONNY

On the steps?

FRANKIE

Yeah.

He digs into his pocket and gives Sonny a twenty-dollar bill.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Go, go get the burgers.

SONNY

(Smiling)  
And, the chess board. Get it too?

FRANKIE

Yeah, set it up.

Sonny grins, gives him a stiff thumbs up and bolts. He runs down the alley and turns the corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - LATER

CHILDREN are playing kickball in front of tenement building. MAURICE, the landlord, is fumbling through his pockets for his car keys. Ball is kicked and slams on the side of Maurice's car.

MAURICE

Get that damn ball outta here!

Children laugh and scatter.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
Little rats.

Frankie rounds the corner and casually walks up to Maurice.  
Maurice smiles as Frankie approaches.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
Pleasant day, Mister Frankie.

Frankie grabs Maurice by the neck and throws him against the  
windshield. Window shatters. Blood squirts out of Maurice.

FRANKIE  
Don't ever touch Sonny or his  
mother, again. Got it?

MAURICE  
Yeah, yeah. I won't. I won't.

Frankie takes out a roll of money, peels off hundred-dollar  
bills and flings them Maurice.

FRANKIE  
The rent is paid for three months.

Maurice whimpers. Children laugh and applaud as Frankie walks  
away.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEPS OF TENEMENT BUILDING - MUCH LATER

Frankie and Sonny are sitting on the steps. Both are eating  
burgers and fries, sipping on sodas.

SONNY  
(Makes quick chess move takes  
Queen.)  
Bam, Frankie. Got your lady

FRANKIE  
Good move. You're getting good.

SONNY  
Learned from the master.

FRANKIE  
So, how much you got saved up?

SONNY  
Four-hundred and eighty bucks. But  
I also got a job collecting numbers  
for Teddy G. So, I'm good.

FRANKIE

Teddy G. is a punk. A punk who'll cheat you. Cheat you blind. Why are you partnering up with Teddy?

SONNY

Gotta eat, Frankie.

FRANKIE

Watch your back. If he gives you problems, I want to know.

SONNY

Okay.

FRANKIE

Your mom working

SONNY

Yeah. She's waiting tables for a Syrian. She's been clean for a year. Ain't on the streets.

FRANKIE

Good. Stay strong for her.

SONNY

I'm doing it...Me and You go back a ways, huh?

FRANKIE

Two years to be exact.

SONNY

(Smiling)  
I'm glad we're friends.

FRANKIE

(Grinning)  
Me too. Your move.

Sonny goes back to studying the chess pieces. Frankie looks over his shoulder and down the street.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - TWO YEARS EARLIER - SNOWING HARD

Sonny is walking down the sidewalk with his shoeshine box. He spots Frankie passed out drunk on the steps leading to the entrance of a tenement building where Frankie lives.

Sonny goes over and starts dragging Frankie into the building to get him out of the snow.

CONTINUE FLASHBACK TO:

INT. INSIDE FIRST-FLOOR HALL OF TENEMENT BUILDING - LATER

Frankie is passed out. Sonny is rummaging through Frankie's pockets. Sonny takes out keys to Frankie's apartment. He runs up the stairs.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. INSIDE HALL OF TENEMENT BUILDING

Frankie sleeps with a pile of blankets, towels and coats on him to keep him warm.

Sonny is asleep on the second floor steps with blankets wrapped around him. His shoeshine box is sitting on a step.

Frankie slowly opens his eyes and sees the sleeping Sonny. Frankie slowly closes his eyes and goes back to sleep.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. INSIDE HALLWAY - LATER

Frankie slowly opens his eyes. Sonny is gone There is a pile of blankets on the steps.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STEPS LEADING ENTRANCE - BACK TO PRESENT

Frankie and Sonny playing chess.

SONNY

Checkmate, Frankie. Hey! Checkmate.

FRANKIE

(Rudely nudged from day dream)  
What?

SONNY

Checkmate.

Frankie looks at chess board and laughs.



FRANKIE

Good move. I didn't see that coming.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

McDole and Ramos are sitting in an unmarked police car waiting for RAY RAY, the pimp. The radio is on and we HEAR the "A FIFTH OF BEETHOVAN," by Walter Murphy and the Big Apple Band.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

That's a little bit of Beethoven. The Fifth of Beethoven by Walter Murphy and the Big Apple Band. Speaking of all the masters, the red-hot Yankees beat the Kansas City Royals six runs to two yesterday. The Yankees came through. Guidry tossed a three-hitter to lead the Yankees to victory. Get this. Some 56,230 fans showed up to the game. A record Yankee crowd. And, in the National League playoffs, the Dodgers are in Philadelphia.

Ramos turns off the radio.

RAMOS

Reggie's bat is hot.

MCDOLE

(Grumbles)

A hot, cocky spook with a bat. Most have no brains and big fuckin' mouths.

RAMOS

I bet when you were a boy, a black kid pissed on your Roy Rogers lunchbox? Or stole your white girlfriend or beat your white ass and took your milk money? What was it?

MCDOLE

It's irritating when they get a little money, a little fame and want to act like white people. It ain't natural.

(MORE)

MCDOLE (CONT'D)  
 Disrupts the rhythm of things. The  
 pecking order of life.

RAMOS  
 (Laughs)  
 White people. That's a crock of  
 shit. Ignorant racist shit pulled  
 out of your racist ass.

MCDOLE  
 Screw you, asshole...I guess Ray  
 Ray is a no show.

Ramos using binoculars spots Ray Ray walking down the side  
 walk.

RAMOS  
 Wrong. Here comes the Sugar Plum  
 Pimp.

MCDOLE  
 Beautiful.

Ray Ray stops and gives an elderly couple some cash. The  
 couple grin and accept it.

MCDOLE (CONT'D)  
 (Using binoculars)  
 The motherfucker is generous with  
 our money.

RAMOS  
 Yep. Time for a little thump  
 therapy. Read him his rights.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT: MOUTH OF AN ALLEY - DAY - LATER

Ramos rams Ray Ray's beaten face against a wall. McDole  
 punches him in the kidneys. We HEAR Ray Ray SCREAM. He falls  
 on the ground.

MCDOLE  
 Work our streets, pay a tax. A  
 gratuity tax. You know the game,  
 prick.

RAMOS  
 Ten-percent tax. And, you owe four  
 grand.

RAY RAY  
Four thousand, why?

MCDOLE  
Fines and late fees.

RAY RAY  
Shit, you guys are fuckin' crazy.

McDole kicks Ray Ray in the stomach.

RAMOS  
Four grand tomorrow, piss ant, to  
play in our neighborhood.

MCDOLE  
Don't incur anymore late fees.

McDole Kicks him again.

RAY RAY  
Okay, okay!

McDole rummages through Ray Ray's wallet and takes out a  
stack of money. He searches his coat and finds more.

MCDOLE  
Next time, we'll send you to the  
morgue.

McDole and Ramos walk out of the alley. McDole is counting  
the money. Ray Ray manages to lift his head up and passes  
out.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - MORNING

Rosie and Butch are sitting at the kitchen table eating  
breakfast. JULIO, the parrot, is watching.

BUTCH  
Vincent Primello is concocting a  
con.

ROSIE  
When did they let that snake-  
charming prick out?

BUTCH  
A few weeks ago. He's connected to  
a congressman who owes him a favor  
from the mob days.

(MORE)

BUTCH (CONT'D)

The guy is going to introduce him to some very fat pigeons. Oil guys. Filthy rich guys, including an Arab, with thousands of oil wells.

ROSIE

What does all this have to do with us?

BUTCH

He asked about Jennifer. He needs her to pull it off. She knows the modeling business.

ROSIE

Jennifer is too smart to be involved with Primello. I hope you told him to fuck off.

BUTCH

No, I didn't.

ROSIE

What did you tell him?

BUTCH

That I'd back him. Back his con with our racetrack money. Everything we got

ROSIE

(Shocked)  
What!? OUR money!? Giving it to that weasel!? Are you crazy!? Or just plain fuckin' stupid!

BUTCH

Watch your mouth...I'm an entrepreneur. Businessman. I know the risks. I calculated them.

ROSIE

I get an itch, and you get some pie-in-the-sky scheme. I scratch, and your get-rich cost us money.

BUTCH

We pull this off, and we get out of the cold and head for Arizona. Decent air. A lot of sun.

ROSIE

The fruit stand, right? The world revolves around you selling bananas off a desert highway in Arizona.

BUTCH

Fruit, selling fruit. I'm not sticking around and freezing to death every winter.

ROSIE

Give Primello a dime, and I walk! You hear, little shit!

BUTCH

Yeah! Well, walk, walk! Walk! I don't care, walk!

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE BUTCH'S APARTMENT - LATER

There is a cab waiting for Rosie to get inside. Butch is following her as she huffs and walks down the stairs with two suitcases.

BUTCH

Rosie, listen to reason.

ROSIE

Reason? Gift-wrapped bullshit. Primello just scammed you, moron.

BUTCH

Rosie, you leave, and I swear, I'll never speak to you, again.

ROSIE

Goodbye, asshole.

BUTCH

Fine! I'm gonna go to Arizona by myself. But first, I'm gonna pluck out Julio's feathers and feed him to an alley cat.

She ignores him and gets into cab.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

I'm gonna slash my wrist. I swear I will, Rosie.

Cab drives away.

BUTCH (CONT'D)  
I'll pour Draino down my throat!  
Rooooosiiee! I'll strangle Julio!

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Butch is sitting in the kitchen table writing a letter, drinking a beer and eating greasy onion rings. He runs out of ink and throws the pen against the wall.

BUTCH  
(Looking around, grumbling)  
Where did Rosie put the pens? Shit!

CUT TO:

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY - THREE DAYS LATER

Rosie is sitting in a pew, looking up and staring at statue of Saint Peter. She turns to the side and sees Anthony Jr. He waves and sits next to her.

ROSIE  
What are you doing in this place?

ANTHONY JR.  
Drove my sister Edna for confession. They're remodeling Mother Queen of Light in Brooklyn. Putting in new carpet and those cushy pews. Drapes. Stain glass.

ROSIE  
Well, Butch is at it again. Another crazy plan, different angle.

ANTHONY JR.  
Butch goes through plans like I go through Fruit of the Looms. He's still talking moving to Arizona and opening a fruit stand.

ROSIE  
Almost nonstop. Won't let it die. So here I am praying he comes to his senses. You religious?

ANTHONY JR.

I dabble a little. Here and there. My Uncle Jake brought me here to ask God to help me. I was a fat, freckle-faced shy kid with no friends. I needed a friend.

ROSIE

Did it work?

ANTHONY JR.

Half-ways. Cured me of shyness. I met Butch. He came here with his father Al. That was a package. Butch and his cranky old man.

ROSIE

He said Al brought him here after a good day of recycling.

ANTHONY JR.

Pretty much. Al. He was a prick with a mean streak. (Makes sign of the cross) May be rest in peace. He made Butch wash his feet with alcohol and clip his toe nails. He'd smack him with a newspaper if Butch disturbed his bunions.

ROSIE

He never told me that.

ANTHONY JR.

Well, that might explain why some wires are loose in Butch's head.

Anthony Jr.'s eyes dart around the church.

ANTHONY JR. (CONT'D)

Who are you sending your prayers to?

ROSIE

God.

ANTHONY JR.

God don't want nothing to do with Butch. He's got more important things on his plate. Go through a middleman. My father Big Anthony had an epiphany here.

ROSIE

Didn't he get wacked by the mob.

ANTHONY JR.

Yeah...Two days before my twelfth birthday.

ROSIE

So what was the epiphany?

ANTHONY JR.

One day he came in here because he was going to open a bar. He said God, in a clear voice, said Jesus wanted him to name the bar after the lake where Jesus caught fishes to pay the tax collectors. The Dead Sea. So he named it the Dead Sea Bar and Grill.

ROSIE

Ohhhh, that's a wonderful revelation. The Dead Sea Bar and Grill what a vision.

ANTHONY JR.

Ain't it. Well, my father said not to change the name or the bar would be cursed. The roof would cave in or toilets back up or other things.

ROSIE

Don't the toilets back up?

ANTHONY JR.

Yeah. But the roof is still intact, and toilets have only backed up twice this year.

ROSIE

Wow, God works in mysterious ways.

ANTHONY JR.

Listen, air out everything with God. Everything. Edna says confessin' is like cleaning your pipes that are clogged up with sins. But send your prayers to Saint Jude.

ROSIE

Why?

ANTHONY JR.

Look around. Who's got the most candles?



ROSIE  
Saint Jude.

ANTHONY JR.  
Right, That's who you send up your prayers to because that who God is favoring right now. It's like a racetrack around here.

ROSIE  
Makes sense.

ANTHONY JR.  
The good thing is that Saint Jude is the patron saint of losers and lost causes like Butch. Saint Jude is like the Green Beret of Heaven.

ROSIE  
Fascinating.

Anthony Jr. looks back.

ANTHONY JR.  
Looks like Edna is through confessing. Got to go Rosie.

ROSIE  
I'm glad I bumped into you. You should be a priest with all the religion you know.

ANTHONY JR.  
Came close. I served mass with Butch when we were kids.

ROSIE  
Incredible. Butch was an altar boy?

ANTHONY JR.  
Well, sort of. Until he as caught with his hand inside the poor box.

ROSIE  
He picked up on bad habits early.

ANTHONY JR.  
Well, I got to go.

ROSIE  
Bye, Anthony.

ANTHONY JR.  
Take care, Rosie.

CUT TO:

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT IN NEW JERSEY - DAY

Butch looks up at a cage hanging under a wrought iron ornament. Inside the cage are two exotic birds. Jennifer is sitting Indian-style on a sofa and watching him from across the room.

BUTCH  
What did you name the birds?

JENNIFER  
Uncle Butch and Aunt Rosie

BUTCH  
Mickey and Roger.

JENNIFER  
What?

BUTCH  
You should have named them Mickey and Roger. Two of the best Yankee ballplayers that ever lived.

JENNIFER  
One of the birds is a female.

BUTCH  
(Bending body, and gazing up at cage)  
How can you tell which is the broad?

JENNIFER  
(Rolling eyes)  
The feathers. Male feathers are brighter. That attracts the females.

BUTCH  
Figures. Women love the glitz and glamor. And charm, of course.

Jennifer closes eyes and rubs her temples.

BUTCH (CONT'D)  
Yankees are in the playoffs.

JENNIFER

Are you going to the playoff?

BUTCH

Naaaw.

JENNIFER

Why? You are a big Yankee fan like Al.

BUTCH

It ain't the same anymore. Baseball lost its shine...Baseball was about stealing bases. Totting around with the bags with your head held high. Fans going wild.

JENNIFER

(Puzzled)

Seems like nothing has changed.

BUTCH

Greed changed the game. Fat contracts and greed. Then all the drama that gets in the way. Reggie is fighting with Billy Martin. A soap opera there. Then, they have the gall to sell a working stiff a beer for six bucks. There are no more cheap seats.

JENNIFER

Do you still go see Al?

BUTCH

I stopped going.

JENNIFER

Why?

BUTCH

I was working myself up. You know, walking up and down his grave. I just lost it. I started cursing like a pirate. It got really loud. The gravediggers asked me to leave.

JENNIFER

Gravediggers kicked you out of the cemetery?

BUTCH

I know. What's the big deal, right? Like who's going to complain? There were no funerals either.

JENNIFER

Did you love Al?

BUTCH

We were as close as you can get to an ignorant, broke alcoholic who adored the Yankees and had the scruples of a goat.

Butch walks to a window and looks out.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Love? Maybe. But it's like going to the pound and adopting a mutt nobody wants. You take it home and soon you fall in love with it, and it becomes family. I guess I was Al's mutt. He took a lot of mental muggings and gave some to me.

Butch goes and sits near Jennifer.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

(Cheerfully)  
Did you get my letter, Sweet Pea?

Jennifer nods.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Well, what's your answer?

JENNIFER

No. I'm not going to get involved in a con. No way. Especially one that has anything to do with Vinnie Primello.

BUTCH

It's not like we're going to snatch purses from old ladies.

JENNIFER

It's still illegal. Vinnie Primello is a despicable human being.

BUTCH

I ain't adopting him. I'm just doing a con with him. Besides, these are oil creeps.

(MORE)

BUTCH (CONT'D)

They jack up oil prices or cut off the oil. People have to push cars to gas stations. Pay more at the pump.

JENNIFER

A con is a con.

BUTCH

Well, I'll just say this. Your Aunt Rosie is not getting any younger. She is toughing out the winters. Poor woman...Remember, Miss Gilford's cat, Freddie?

JENNIFER

Yeah, such a sweet kitty cat. We were best buds.

BUTCH

Well, I hate to break the news to you but he froze to death.

JENNIFER

Ahhhhh. That's sad.

BUTCH

That's not the worse part. The rats took him down into the sewer. I saw it happen. I never told the old lady because it would have broken her heart, and I love cats.

JENNIFER

(Suspicious)  
Right.

Butch peers over to Jennifer.

BUTCH

Food for thought, here. Just mull this over, okay. I'm just saying what if that happens to your Aunt Rosie?

JENNIFER

(laughs)  
Freezing to death like the cat and the rats dragging her away?

BUTCH

No, I didn't mean that. Just freezing to death or catching pneumonia. Pneumonia would be a death sentence with her sinus issues.

JENNIFER

You're laying guilt trip on me?

BUTCH

No, I just trying to get you to mull things over a little bit. That's all. Just a little bit.

JENNIFER

Sure...Would you like some hot tea with chocolate-chip cookies?

BUTCH

That would be nice.

Jennifer goes into the kitchen

Butch picks up a photograph on the coffee table and studies it carefully.

CLOSE photograph of Jennifer, Butch, Rosie and Frankie.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

This photo brings back a lot of memories.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Which one?

BUTCH

Your high school graduation photo. We were all there.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Oh, yeah. Beautiful day.

BUTCH

Remember when we first saw you at the Greyhound Station?

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Yeah.

BUTCH

Frankie and I showed up just in time to keep Ray Ray the Pimp from snatching you up. How old were you?

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Sixteen.

Long awkward quiet.

BUTCH

On your graduation day, Frankie wore his lucky fedora. Rosie strings of fake pearls. White gloves. Loaded with turquoise.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Yeah, and you rented a tux. Had a yellow bow tie and Panama hat.

BUTCH

We all looked like royalty, huh?

JENNIFER (O.S.)

We did. How many sugars do you want?

BUTCH

Four. I'm telling you this is going to be the con supreme. Get us all out of New York City.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

I model in New York City. Why would I want to leave?

BUTCH

Catch all that sun in Arizona. Breath clean air. Desert sunrises. Get away from the freezing cold. Primello's con is incredible.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

No. Absolutely not.

BUTCH

Think about it. No pressure. Maybe, you'll change your mind.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

No, way. End of conversation.

CUT TO:

INT. SONNY'S BEDROOM IN A RUN-DOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sonny is sitting on the bed in a dark room and staring out the window at the empty street. AD LIB chatter from SONNY'S MOTHER ANGELA floats from an adjacent bedroom. MAN coughs and laughs. Suddenly, there is O.S. SOUND OF squeaky noises from mattress, MOANING and GROANING as passionate sex erupts. Sonny is sobbing, tears coming down his face.

CUT TO:

INT. FLYING FRENCHMAN RESTAURANT IN NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Primello and Butch are eating at a table near the window. Primello holds up wine glass to the light and sniffing the wine.

PRIMELLO

It's impossible to get a good bottle of Chardonnay.

BUTCH

What is it about wines that intrigues you, Vinnie? Wine and French food.

PRIMELLO

Wine, ladies and the opera, and of course, Impressionist art. Life, Butch, is much more than Cuban cigars, cheap scotch and those cheeseburgers that you wolf down at that dive.

BUTCH

(Mouthful)  
The Dead Sea burgers ain't bad if you catch Anthony Jr. on a good night.

PRIMELLO

I'm sure.

BUTCH

What about Patty Whitehammer? She worked cons with Pontiac Pete in Brooklyn.

PRIMELLO

(Shakes his head)  
If Jennifer is out, it's over. Patty and Pontiac Pete did ordinary dime-store cons. The Pigeon Drop Game, Bank Teller Flimflam.

(MORE)



PRIMELLO (CONT'D)

Patty is a fiddler in the world of mind magic.

BUTCH

So who do you suggest?

PRIMELLO

For this con, I need a concert violinist like Jennifer. Frankie taught her well, and she knows the modeling business backwards and forwards.

BUTCH

Hey, I know. What about Mickey Chong's daughter, Mia? She and Stevie Schwartz ran real estate cons on Japanese businessmen.

PRIMELLO

(Scoff)  
Mia? Are you serious?

BUTCH

Yeah...She's got a degree from Columbia. One of these public relations degrees that taught her how to blow smoke up people's asses.

PRIMELLO

It'll never work.

BUTCH

Why?

PRIMELLO

For starters, she found Jesus, and He told her no more cons.

BUTCH

Nooo, shit. Wow, I didn't know that. I bet if we try, we can convince her to do one more con before she gets really deep into this Jesus thing.

PRIMELLO

Did I mention that word on the street is that she is engaged to a cop.

BUTCH

That's a problem...It'll take time  
but we can get somebody else.

PRIMELLO

No. I go back to prison, and the  
next time, I come out will be right  
after rigor mortis sets in. I can't  
risk it.

BUTCH

This con is sweet. We can't just  
walk away.

PRIMELLO

It's a masterpiece. In prison  
that's all I thought about. I  
mapped out every detail even the  
precise exits and entrances. I  
spent hours, days on this.

BUTCH

Let me find another face, a  
beautiful face, another model.

PRIMELLO

(Chuckles)  
A face? I need a model with a  
convincing smile and razor sharp  
wit. Jennifer. I need her.

BUTCH

(Angry)  
Listen, Vinnie, I ain't giving you  
a dime. Nothing. You ain't conning  
me.

PRIMELLO

(Smiling)  
Conning you out of a few thousand  
dollars. Your money is simply an  
investment. Jennifer and Frankie  
were a package deal. Keep your  
money, Butch. If I don't have a  
good supporting cast, show's over.

Primello puts money on the table and leaves.

PRIMELLO (CONT'D)

Have a good day.

BUTCH  
(Mutters)  
Prick.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE CHURCH - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Sonny is asleep on a church pew that is near the statue of Jesus Christ that has its hands outstretch. There are candles flicking under the statue. Sonny's shoeshine box is on the floor near him.

CUT TO:

INT. MCDOLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

McDole is sitting on his living room sofa, watching T.V., drinking beer and eating cheese and crackers. We HEAR McDole BURP. A young, female prostitute comes out of the bedroom. She leans down and kisses him. He brushes her away, keeps eyes glued to TV and gives her \$100. She leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST RIVER - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Ramos is drinking whiskey and shooting at rats along the river and near some abandoned buildings.

RAMOS  
Freeze, muthafucker. Freeze!  
NYPD! Freeze!

Ramos laughs and fires several shots at the rats.

CUT TO:

INT. DEAD SEA BAR AND GRILL BAR - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Anthony Jr. is behind the bar. There is a large crowd. He makes eye contact with Primello who is sitting alone in a booth and nods. Primello smiles and nods back. Finishes his drink and leaves the bar.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTAL PARK, NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Frankie wearing his fedora is sitting on a park bench looking at the pigeons. Jennifer walks up to him and smiles.

JENNIFER  
Solomon ever come back?

FRANKIE  
Solomon done booked. Ain't coming back. He's smarter than the rest of them.

JENNIFER  
Where do you think he went?

FRANKIE  
(Chuckles)  
Headed south. Warmer weather. Probably, Miami.

She sits on the bench and gives him a gift.

JENNIFER  
Happy Birthday, Uncle Frankie.

FRANKIE  
Thank you, Sweet Pea.

JENNIFER  
Gorgeous day.

FRANKIE  
Beautiful day just to sit on a bench.

JENNIFER  
How are you doing?

FRANKIE  
Okay. The liver is still shot.

JENNIFER  
There's always hope. Treatment. A liver transplant.

FRANKIE  
(Laughs)  
Why would anyone want to give an old black man a liver? I'll just ruin the new one...Did you talk to Butch?

She nods.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Are you in?

JENNIFER

(Shakes head)

I love you and Uncle Butch but I can't. I just can't. It's a con. It's dishonest and illegal.

FRANKIE

I understand.

JENNIFER

Why would you want to get involved with a con concocted by Vinnie Primello?

FRANKIE

Just helping Butch...Least I can do. Long ago, Butch gave me a place to go eat bird on Thanksgiving. Spend Christmas. He gave me a family.

JENNIFER

It's about his crazy dream. The fruit stand in the Arizona desert. In the desert!?! Of all places.

FRANKIE

(Chuckles)

He said he'll put a neon signs on the stand so cars on the highway can see it at night.

JENNIFER

That is surreal.

FRANKIE

Butch's mind isn't wired like normal people. But it's his dream. He laid it all out a long time ago. It was in his head when he was driving cabs. He laid claim to it.

JENNIFER

Well, I just don't trust Vinnie Primello.

FRANKIE

Nobody does...I had a friend. Big Mouse.

(MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

He was a sparing partner who ended up living in an abandoned building. He had this dream like Butch. A wild, crazy dream.

JENNIFER

A fruit stand?

FRANKIE

No..Big Mouse wanted to win the lotto so he could go live in the Grand Canyon.

JENNIFER

Seriously, in the Grand Canyon? Why the Grand Canyon?

FRANKIE

He saw it on a travel brochure he found in the trash. He fell in love with it. He said there is this incredible beauty that runs forever. He once told me that he came close to winning the lotto. He got four numbers right -

JENNIFER

- And, he only needed two more.

FRANKIE

Right. He wanted me to go with him to Chicago after he won the lotto to find his mother. Then, he said we'd go to the Grand Canyon.

JENNIFER

Did he find his mother?

FRANKIE

His mother died when he was a little boy. I later got word that he killed himself inside an abandoned building in Chicago.

JENNIFER

That's so sad.

FRANKIE

Yeah, but for him winning the lotto was his dream. Gave him hope to keep trudging through life.

(MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

He claimed this dream, put it in his heart like Butch. I wasn't going to douse his hope. Take it from him.

JENNIFER

Well, it's getting late. I need to go. I got a photo shoot tomorrow.

FRANKIE

(Nods)  
Thanks, for the gift.

JENNIFER

(Kisses his check)  
Goodbye, Uncle Frankie.

FRANKIE

Bye, Sweet Pea.

JENNIFER

If Solomon flies back, tell him I said hi.

FRANKIE

Sure will...As soon as he shows up.

She smiles and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. BUTCH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Butch is sitting at the kitchen table. He is in deep thought, spinning a souvenir baseball, smiling.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - NEW YORK CITY - 1957

Fourteen-year-old Butch is walking several yards behind his father, Al. Al is pulling a large wagon full of scrap metal. Butch is carrying some of the scrap metal in his arms.

AL

Hurry up, will ya! They close the recycler in half an hour. Ballgame starts in an hour.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - YANKEE STADIUM - LATER THAT DAY

Al and Butch are sitting in the cheap seats. Al is drinking beer. Butch munches on a hotdog. The Yankees are playing the Detroit Tigers.

TONY KUBECK is playing second base. We HEAR the CRACK of the bat as it hits the ball.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Grounder to Kubek. Kubek stretches, snags the ball, tags second, fires to first! Double play!

We HEAR the ROAR of the crowd.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Tony Kubeck! Incredible catch and pivot throw to first after the stop! Wooooow! The speed, agility of Tony Kubek is unbelievable.

AL

(Yelling to Kubek)  
Tony, ya bum, you're beautiful.  
What a catch and throw! (To Butch)  
Did you see that?

Butch grins and nods.

AL (CONT'D)

When Tony was born, they handed him second base and a ball glove. Guy's a ballerina, poetry in motion.

Al gulps down some beer.

AL (CONT'D)

I'd give my left nut if I had a kid who could play for the Yankees.

Butch drops his eyes, lowers his head and slowly chews his hotdog.

AL (CONT'D)

Didn't mean anything by it. Kubek's just a good ballplayer. That's all.

Al takes out some cash.

AL (CONT'D)

(To Butch)  
Here. Go get me a pack of Camels.

Butch takes the money.



AL (CONT'D)  
 Listen, we got enough. Buy another  
 hotdog or a coke. You earned it  
 today.

Butch walks away.

AL (CONT'D)  
 Hurry, I need a smoke!

Butch nods.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Butch is closely examining baseball.

BUTCH  
 (Smiling)  
 They made it back to the top, Al.  
 The Yankees.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

Frankie and Sonny are playing chess on the entrance steps to  
 the tenement.

FRANKIE  
 Your two moves from losing.

SONNY  
 Do I look worried?..You'll come to  
 visit me in Florida, right.

FRANKIE  
 Plan on doing that.

SONNY  
 Promise?

FRANKIE  
 Promise.

SONNY  
 Angela will like Florida. Beaches  
 and ballparks everywhere.

FRANKIE  
 What about your friend, Alicia?

SONNY

I'll keep in touch. Write to her every day. She'll come to Florida, one day, when she gets old enough.

FRANKIE

She's a beautiful young lady.

SONNY

I know..She's a fox like your friend the model, Jennifer....Do you still have her picture, Frankie?

Frankie nods and pulls out a Vanity magazine cover where Jennifer is posing. Sonny looks at it.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Wow. She have a boyfriend?

FRANKIE

Did. But he broke her heart.

SONNY

Sad. She's too beautiful to get her heart broken...Alicia could be on a magazine cover someday, huh, Frankie.

FRANKIE

(Nods)  
Definitely.

SONNY

I bought her chocolate the other day 'cause she gave me half her sandwich. A Hershey bar. You said the ladies like chocolate and poetry.

FRANKIE

I did. And, Roses too. Don't forget that. Ladies love roses.

SONNY

I got to tap my heart to knock out a poem, Frankie. I'm not good at poetry writing. You ever had a lady that you loved?

FRANKIE

I did. Her name was Sophie.

SONNY

Pretty name. Did you write her poem?

FRANKIE

Wrote her a poem, gave her roses. Chocolate.

SONNY

What happened to her?

FRANKIE

She got on a bus one day left and never came back. Broke my heart. But life is unpredictable and full of regrets.

SONNY

You ever think about her, still?

FRANKIE

I do. All the time.

SONNY

What was she like?

FRANKIE

It was a long time ago. Someday, I'll tell you all about it. Concentrate on the game...Your move.

SONNY

(Studying board)  
Checkmate.

FRANKIE

(Smiling)  
I taught you well.

SONNY

Too good.

High fives go up.

CUT TO:

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jennifer is sitting on the sofa and starting at the photograph of herself, Frankie, Butch and Rosie. She is drinking a glass of wine.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - NEW YORK GREYHOUND BUS STATION - DAY

Jennifer, 16, is walking around, confused and toting two old suitcases. Ray Ray sitting a chair, spots her and walks over.

RAY RAY

Hello, and welcome to the Big Apple.

Jennifer smiles nervously and ignores him.

RAY RAY (CONT'D)

My name is Ray Collins. Friends call me Ray Ray...Where are you from?

JENNIFER

I'm really busy.

RAY RAY

You don't even know what I'm offering and -

JENNIFER

- Please, I'm tired.

Ray Ray hands her a phony business card. She glances at it.

RAY RAY

I'm a registered agent. My firm Markham International represents models. Our clients are on magazine covers on international fashion show runways.

JENNIFER

I'm not interested. Thank you.

RAY RAY

Okay, but I'm tell. Your face says Kansas, wholesome living and a fresh, squeaky clean look. It's a lucrative job, and I know you need work.

JENNIFER  
I'll give it some thought.

RAY RAY  
Sure. Give it some thought. But in  
the meantime, here is a hundred  
dollars.

JENNIFER  
I can't take that.

RAY RAY  
Oh, it's not free. It's a loan. Pay  
me back when you get on your feet.  
You have my card.

Jennifer takes the card.

JENNIFER  
I don't even know you.

RAY RAY  
Take it. My phone is on the card if  
you change your mind.

JENNIFER  
I could use a job. I've never been  
to New York. I'm from Idaho.

RAY RAY  
Let me take you to a hotel. Get you  
a room. You're tired. Pay me back  
when you get you land your first  
assignment.

JENNIFER  
Well, okay. I guess I could do that.

Jennifer takes the money and is about to pick up her  
suitcases. Butch and Frankie show up.

BUTCH  
Beat it Ray Ray.

RAY RAY  
This is my ticket, Butch.

FRANKIE  
Man said to beat it.

RAY RAY  
This could get nasty, Butch.

FRANKIE

Leave or get your face rearranged.

RAY RAY

This ain't over.

Ray Ray leaves. Jennifer glares at Butch and Frankie.

JENNIFER

(ANGRY)

Who in the hell are you two?

BUTCH

I'm Butch. This is Frankie.

JENNIFER

I'm impressed. You two cost me a job. Mister Collins was -

BUTCH

- Ray Ray is a pimp, sweetheart. In a week, he'd have you selling your young ass to corporate freaks, perverts and other weirdos. But first, he'll use heroin to suck up your soul. If you refuse to do tricks, he'll beat you with a coat hanger or fists, careful not to mess up your face. Damage his merchandise.

JENNIFER

(Upset)

Who am I suppose to trust?

BUTCH

Nobody.

FRANKIE

We're not perfect, just okay people.

BUTCH

You have two choices here. Us or what's left of the pimps buzzing around the bus station like flies.

JENNIFER

(Sobbing)

I'm so scared.

BUTCH

You'll be okay. Rosie will be here soon. You'll like her.

(MORE)

BUTCH (CONT'D)  
 She's different. Knows things about women's plumbing and emotions that have baffled me and Frankie all our lives.

FRANKIE  
 Rosie's heart is sweet.

JENNIFER  
 I'm a runaway. Left a foster home. I wasn't wanted there.

BUTCH  
 Don't worry about it. We're all run aways. Running from something or someone or ourselves.

CUT TO:

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - BACK TO THE PRESENT

We HEAR phone RING. Jennifer glances at the clock it is 10:30 a.m. She picks up the phone.

JENNIFER  
 Hello...  
 (Angry)  
 What!?!..Go away. No, there is nothing to talk about. Absolutely, nothing!

She hangs up. Gulps down the wine. Phone rings again.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
 Listen, stop calling. I don't care what you have to say. I have to go to work tomorrow...Meet you where?...No. No way. Absolutely not. Oh, hell no.

She hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. CORKY'S CAFE - EARLY MORNING - NEXT DAY

Jennifer and ELLIOTT DOMINICK are having coffee. Jennifer is barely awake. Elliott, eyes downcast, nervously playing with sugar packet.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

(Upset)

Well, say what you have to say so I can leave.

ELLIOTT

I'm sorry. Sorry about everything.

JENNIFER

(Yawns)

Is that it? I have to go. I'm going to be late.

ELLIOTT

Please wait. You should know why I left. It was the embarrassment, shame.

JENNIFER

Ooooh gawd, Elliott, I don't really care. I know you blew \$15,000 we had saved for our wedding. Even lost the wedding ring. Uncle Frankie told me everything.

ELLIOTT

I almost had a royal flush.

JENNIFER

You're an idiot. It was a rigged game. What were you doing in that God-forsaken bar by yourself?

ELLIOTT

Looking for Butch. He said he could get me Cuban cigars for the bachelor party. He wasn't there.

JENNIFER

So you ended up in the back. In a rigged poker game?

ELLIOTT

It was legit.

JENNIFER

Oh, really?

ELLIOTT

I was sitting at the bar next to this guy. He was waiting for a cab. We struck up a conversation. He said he was a judge.

(MORE)



ELLIOTT (CONT'D)

Showed me a bundle he won playing there. He said he busted the bank. I asked about the players. He said amateurs with wads of money.

JENNIFER

It was Judge Roland King.

ELLIOTT

Who?

JENNIFER

The guy was Roland King. A municipal judge. They let him rake in big pots. Then, two days later, they took back their money, made him promise to fix some tickets issued by health inspectors against Anthony Jr., the bar owner, and quash a couple of subpoenas.

ELLIOTT

Seriously?

JENNIFER

Yes.

ELLIOTT

I know the angles, read the tell signs. The odds. I played in the college poker finals. I'd know if a game is rigged.

JENNIFER

Really?

ELLIOTT

(Nods)  
It was just bad luck.

JENNIFER

Was there a guy at the poker table with a glass eye?

ELLIOTT

Yeah.

JENNIFER

That was Walter. On his right, an old fat guy with a crooked nose and chipped tooth.

Elliott nods.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Mario. The black guy with the bad stutter was Clyde...Walter was using his phony glass eye to read the marked cards. Clyde was communicating with all of them, mostly Mario and the guy with the sports cap, Kite.

ELLIOTT

Clyde? I don't think so. I could barely understand what he said.

JENNIFER

It doesn't matter. They are synchronized like a fine-tuned watch. All four know the moves, signals and the exact words with the precision. They took turns losing to you. Built up your confidence and then, pounced. Then, they split the money, and pawned the ring.

ELLIOTT

Wow.

Jennifer reaches into her purse and pulls out the ring.

JENNIFER

(Tossing ring)

Here. Uncle Frankie got your ring back. The money was used to pay for a wedding that never happened.

ELLIOTT

I felt so bad.

JENNIFER

You've said that. Finished?

ELLIOTT

I just wanted you to know I went to Alaska. Worked on a commercial fishing boat. The Red Sunset.

JENNIFER

Fishing. How nice. Catch anything?

ELLIOTT

I earned back every cent I lost.

He reaches into his pocket and takes out thousands of dollars.

ELLIOTT (CONT'D)  
Here is the money I owe you.

Jennifer takes it and tosses it back.

JENNIFER  
(Coldly)  
Keep it.

ELLIOTT  
Please -

JENNIFER  
- I don't want your money. Do you understand? It's that simple...I have to go.

As she is sliding out the booth to leave, she stops.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
(Watery eyed and angry)  
You think you can just dangle money and a sad story in front of me and everything is back to normal.

ELLIOTT  
Jennifer, I -

JENNIFER  
- No stop...Every morning, every night, I prayed to God that you were okay. You just disappeared. No postcard, letter. Nothing.

ELLIOTT  
I just wanted to make things right.

JENNIFER  
Whatever...Well, guess what? I ran out of tears and prayers. Ran out of feelings for you. So goodbye, Elliott...And, never, ever call or try to contact me again. You got that?

ELLIOTT  
Yeah.

JENNIFER  
Have a nice life.

She leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEAD SEA BAR AND GRILL BAR -NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Butch is sitting on a bar stool looking at his gloomy face in the mirror. Few customers are there. Anthony Jr. is behind the bar.

                  ANTHONY JR.  
You okay, pal?

Butch nods.

                  ANTHONY JR. (CONT'D)  
Listen, if you need an ear to lean  
on, I'll be over there...Okay?

                  BUTCH  
Thanks, Anthony.

                  ANTHONY JR.  
You got it.

Anthony Jr. walks to the other end of the bar. We HEAR coins going into a jukebox. Jennifer walks up to Butch whose is staring at his drink.

                  JENNIFER  
Excuse me. May I have this dance?

Surprised, Butch turns around and grins.

                  BUTCH  
Of course. Sure.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEALTHY SUBURBAN NEW YORK NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A limousine rolls into view at the entrance of a mansion. SANDY COLE, a real estate agent, is standing in front of the mansion. Frankie Finch dressed like a chauffeur gets out and opens the limousine door. Vinnie Primello steps out of the vehicle.

                  PRIMELLO  
Miss Cole. Sandy Cole.

                  SANDY  
Mister Myers. Pleasure to meet you.

                  PRIMELLO  
Call me Edward. May I call you  
Sandy?

SANDY

Of course.

PRIMELLO

(Looking around)  
Quite an estate. Tremendous possibilities.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION - DAY - LATER

SANDY

As I said, the mansion was built in the 1930s. Originally designed by Otto Herman Kahn who planned New York City's Central Park.

PRIMELLO

(Looking around)  
Magnificent architecture. Well -

SANDY

- Oh, by the way, your clients, will appreciate the two rare Baron de Rede chandeliers.

PRIMELLO

I'm sure. But my clients just want to lease this place.

SANDY

What?

PRIMELLO

Leasing. Leasing this place for five days.

SANDY

(Nervous laugh)  
You jest, right?

PRIMELLO

I'm drop-dead serious.

SANDY

Leasing is totally out of the question. You're not a serious buyer are you?

PRIMELLO

Serious? One of my clients can swipe his American Express and buy you and I and this place.

SANDY  
I'm impressed but -

PRIMELLO  
- No, you're not. I understand But  
just listen okay? Please I -

SANDY  
- The owners aren't -

PRIMELLO  
- Listen. Just please listen. Can  
you keep a secret?

SANDY  
Secret? I don't have time for  
secrets.

PRIMELLO  
Hear me out.

SANDY  
I'm busy. And quite frankly a bit  
annoyed that we are even having  
this conversation.

PRIMELLO  
(Holding up five fingers)  
Five, just five minutes of your  
time, please. Let's go outside for  
some fresh air?

CUT TO:

EXT. DUCK POND ON MANSION GROUNDS - LATER

Primello and Sandy are sitting on a bench facing a duck pond.

PRIMELLO  
You must promise. That what I'm  
about to say will never go beyond  
these grounds.

SANDY  
(Glances at watch)  
Okay. But please be succinct.

PRIMELLO  
Absolutely...Oil prices.

SANDY  
Oil, what?

PRIMELLO

Oil prices.

SANDY

I'm in the real estate business. I sell Exclusive and properties, and I -

PRIMELLO

- I need a meeting place. A group of gentlemen, rich beyond our wildest imaginations, are going to meet and fix the price of oil.

SANDY

And, they need a meeting place?

PRIMELLO

Yes. Have you ever heard of the American Petroleum Institute?

SANDY

Vaguely.

PRIMELLO

It's a powerful group of people who control the world's oil spigot. They can raise prices. Lower them. They can send economies into a tailspin. Collapse Third-World countries. Build financial empires.

SANDY

So just raise oil prices. No big deal. Wall Street will applaud.

PRIMELLO

They want to lower oil prices.

SANDY

What? Why on God's earth would they lower prices?

PRIMELLO

To keep the oil books closed. Let me explain. President Carter and the country are upset, very upset, at this group because of the oil embargo and high oil prices. Word has it that the Justice Department wants to look into their accounting practices. This means poking into the oil books.

SANDY

So what's wrong with that?

PRIMELLO

Everything. There are things that my clients don't want the world to know.

SANDY

Shady deals. Greedy practices.

PRIMELLO

Yes. And, well, my clients wouldn't survive in prison cells.

SANDY

Why would I want any part of this?

Primello opens his briefcase. There is ten -thousand dollars inside.

PRIMELLO

This, a down payment for your troubles. Ten thousand now, and twenty thousand after the meeting ends. A five-day lease.

SANDY

This is illegal.

PRIMELLO

Yes, but only if the authorities find out. My clients will be like ghosts, and security will be tight and clandestine. That's a prerequisite.

SANDY

I don't know I..A week is -

PRIMELLO

- Okay, a three-day lease. We'll be in and out, and I'll even double our offer. Twenty thousand now, and twenty after the meeting ends.

SANDY

It's a hefty sum.



PRIMELLO

Yes, and we'll all be happy.  
President Carter, the feds,  
Americans who are getting hosed at  
the pump. More important, for my  
clients, the oil books remain  
closed and grand jury subpoenas  
never see the light of day.

SANDY

I'm concerned that -

PRIMELLO

- Wait Here is the bonus. Do you  
own stock?

SANDY

No.

PRIMELLO

My advice is this. Listen very  
carefully, Sandy. As soon as this  
goes down, I will give you a tip on  
which oil stocks to buy. The stocks  
will soar. You'll make a small  
fortune.

SANDY

(Smug smile)  
I think the estate can go off the  
market for three days. Only three  
days, and that's it.

PRIMELLO

Yes, of course.

SANDY

It's a deal.

CUT TO:

INT. LUXURIOUS OFFICE IN HIGH RISE BUILDING - DAY

Jennifer, looking stunning, is sitting behind a large desk.  
SHEIK HABID SHAMIR looking at a photo album full of models.  
GEORGE WALLS is sitting on the couch with a notebook. Vinnie  
Primello is sitting on a sofa chair.

SHAMIR

American roses. Beauties.

JENNIFER

Our girls are also Europeans,  
mostly German, and of course,  
Asians. All vetted and trained.

PRIMELLO

Congressman Brodie wants his  
distinguished guests to enjoy their  
stay with the company of beautiful  
ladies.

WALLS

Five-hundred thousand dollars is a  
steep price.

JENNIFER

Twelve girls for a week...Five  
hundred thousand. If you are  
looking for red-tag sales, rent a  
pickup truck got to Times Square.  
Load up on the penicillin.

PRIMELLO

(To Walls)  
Would you like to call Congressman  
Brodie? Explain to him that the  
escort service he uses when he  
comes to New York City isn't good  
enough for his friends.

WALLS

I want every dime buried in the  
books. No trace of this.

PRIMELLO

Bury it under everything else.  
Catering, a week-long lease,  
transportation. Financially mix and  
match and do some creative  
shuffling. The IRS will never find  
it.

JENNIFER

Let me note. Our girls are working  
in London, Singapore and Hong Kong.  
Our Japanese clientele want girls  
for the Sony convention in Tokyo  
next month.

SHAMIR

(Eyes glued to photo albums)  
Amazingly smooth, long legs, nice  
firm backsides and divine breasts.

(MORE)

SHAMIR (CONT'D)  
 ...Blonde ladies? More blonde  
 models?

JENNIFER  
 Oh, yes. Of course.  
 (On phone)  
 Cathy, please bring the Danish,  
 Canadian and Russian portfolios.

CATHY (O.S.)  
 (On Phone)  
 Yes, Miss Bosley.

PRIMELLO  
 Quality and beauty like fine wine  
 cost money.

We HEAR a KNOCK at the door.

JENNIFER  
 Come in.

Cathy, a stunning blonde, enters with photo albums. Walls' jaw  
 drops. She puts books down on Jennifer's desk and leaves.  
 Jennifer picks up albums and gives them to Shamir.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
 Some of our more experienced models  
 come with a higher price tag.

SHAMIR  
 That's understandable.

WALLS  
 Cathy. Is she a model?

JENNIFER  
 She models part-time. Maintains an  
 impeccable filing system. Excellent  
 office skills. Why?

WALLS  
 I need an office assistant for a  
 week to keep track of the venue.

JENNIFER  
 Of course, Cathy is your girl. She  
 is a business major too.

WALLS  
 That'll work.

SHAMIR  
 Miss Bosley, will you be available.

JENNIFER

Sorry, I stay on the business side of things.

SHAMIR

Price is of no concern or consideration for your elegant company.

JENNIFER

I command a very, big price tag.

SHAMIR

For a goddess, no problem.

JENNIFER

I'll be available then.

SHAMIR

Wonderful.

CUT TO:

EXT: STEADHAM MANSION - DAY

Butch and ROGER, the sheik's bodyguard, are walking down the stairs.

BUTCH

Security will be airtight. Six security guards on duty twenty-four, seven. We'll be like ghosts.

ROGER

Good. I still need a security plan.

BUTCH

Absolutely, I'll have it.

ROGER

No fuck ups.

Butch's two-way radio goes off.

BUTCH

(To Roger)  
Excuse me.  
(on walkie talkie)  
Yeah.

ANTHONY JR.(V.O.)  
 Mister Bates. Urgent message on  
 Lloyd Clifton package from  
 Humphrey.

BUTCH  
 (On PHONE)  
 Thank you, Jamison.

ANTHONY JR. (V.O.)  
 Yes, sir.

Butch clicks off the two-way radio.

BUTCH  
 Excuse me, Roger, while I make a  
 quick call.

Roger nods. Butch goes over and uses the phone.

BUTCH (CONT'D)  
 (On Phone)  
 Dietrich, Bates here.

ANTHONY JR. (V.O.)  
 (On Phone)  
 You are a devious prick, Butch.

BUTCH  
 (On Phone)  
 That's correct...Just make sure the  
 diamonds are numbered..What?...No,  
 listen...Call Mister Clifton and  
 tell him the package is fully  
 insured and being sent through our  
 personal courier...Make certain he  
 signs the forms after he inspects  
 the items. Use ID numbers to cross  
 reference. Also make sure he signs  
 off on delivery...Yeah. I have to  
 go.

ANTHONY JR. (V.O.)  
 (On Phone)  
 Is he buying the bullshit?

BUTCH  
 (On Phone)  
 Yes..I have to go so make sure  
 everything goes smoothly. Any  
 glitches, call me back.

(MORE)

BUTCH (CONT'D)  
 One more thing, make sure Mister  
 Clifton is keep abreast on the  
 status of his  
 package....Okay...Goodbye.

Butch hangs up.

BUTCH (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry. Where were we?...Oh,  
 yes. A detailed security plan will  
 be provided to you on the very  
 first day of the meeting. Can we go  
 outside?

ROGER  
 Sure.

BUTCH  
 We got it covered. Two posted at  
 the entrance. Two roaming grounds  
 at all times.

ROGER  
 Good.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY BAR - NIGHT

Rosie sitting at THE bar watching on TV Game 2 of the New  
 York Yankee vs. Dodgers World Series 1977.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER KEITH JACKSON (V.O.)  
 The ball game is over and the Los  
 Angeles Dodgers have pulled even  
 with the New York Yankees. And, the  
 Dodgers defeat the Yankees by a  
 score of six to one in the second  
 game. So the series will move to  
 the West Coast.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SUBWAY - DAY

Sonny is shining Primello's shoes. Primello is reading a  
 newspaper.

SONNY

(Looks up)  
Done. Five bucks.

Primello lowers newspaper and looks at his shoes. He gives Sonny a ten-dollar bill. Primello folds up the newspaper and hands it to Sonny. Sonny cautiously puts it in his shoeshine box. Primello walks away. Sonny walks away.

Ramos is nearby disguised as a homeless person and pretending to be asleep. He is spying on Primello and Sonny.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN NEW YORK CITY STREETS - LATER

Sonny is walking down the street. McDole is in an unmarked police car following him. Sonny spots him and runs. McDole gives chase. Long chase, Sonny slips between two building, loses McDole who is on the other side. Sonny is taunting McDole when a hand reaches and grabs him.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Sonny, McDole and Ramos enter the police station. Ramos has Sonny by the collar. COP #1, COP #2, COP #3 who are in the room watch the action.

SONNY

(Angry)  
Let go, prick!

RAMOS

Shut the fuck up, runt.

COP #1

Wow, good collar, Ramos.

COP #2

Checked for priors? Weapons?

COP #3

He could have a gun in his waist band or a crowbar.

Cops laugh.

RAMOS  
All of you can kiss my ass.

CUT TO:

INT. COP INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Door opens Sonny and his shine box fly across the room. All his shoe shine items and rags are spilled on the floor. Ramos and McDole step inside. Sonny starts picking his stuff up.

SONNY  
My lawyer is gonna be pissed.

MCDOLE  
Shut up!

SONNY  
I want a lawyer!

RAMOS  
People in hell would like a snow cone machine. But they ain't getting one.

MCDOLE  
Spit out the gum.

SONNY  
Fuck you.

McDole grabs Sonny by the neck and squeezes hard.

MCDOLE  
Spit it out, now. Spit it out.

Sonny grimaces but finally spits out the gum.

MCDOLE (CONT'D)  
Sit down...I said sit or a smack your ass across the room.

Sonny reluctantly sits.

RAMOS  
(To Sonny, sarcastically)  
Do you need a time out, young man?

SONNY  
Screw you, prick.



RAMOS

(Laughs)  
Ouch.

McDole tosses a newspaper on a table.

MCDOLE

(Tossing envelope on table)  
Look what I found inside the  
newspaper.

McDole counts the money.

MCDOLE (CONT'D)

Three-thousand.

SONNY

It's mine.

MCDOLE

Not anymore. Where'd you get it?

RAMOS

Shoe shine business booming?

SONNY

I went to the track and got lucky.

McDole takes out a note and hands it to Ramos.

MCDOLE

Read it.

RAMOS

(Reading note)  
Take the Arab's big boy, Roger, for  
a joy ride. Buy him a nice meal and  
a big-ass blonde. Be his buddy,  
grease his psyche. Stroke his  
ego...It has the letter V with a  
circle around it.

MCDOLE

(To Sonny)  
Is V for Vinnie Primello?

SONNY

How the hell do I know. Don't know  
any Vinnie Primello.

MCDOLE

Bullshit. What's Vinnie up to?

SONNY

You tell me. You went to cop school. I'm don't have a clue.

MCDOLE

(To Ramos)  
I'm going to lock his ass up.

SONNY

(Calmly)  
I'm petrified.

RAMOS

What if word got back to Father Norbert that you're running with thugs, punks, con men and pimps like Frankie and Butch. Do you think that he'd let you serve mass?

SONNY

Ooooh yeah. But if he saw me with you two pricks, he'd have me excommunicated.

MCDOLE

(To Ramos)  
This little shit is really pissing me off.  
(To Sonny)  
I'm done playing head games!

McDole stomps and crushes the shine box.

SONNY

You low-life prick! That's my livelihood.

MCDOLE

Shut up! Wanna play, huh? Play tough guy with me? I'm getting an arrest warrant to haul's Angela's ass in here.

SONNY

For what!?

MCDOLE

Prostitution. Child neglect. I can get creative.

SONNY

That's bullshit.

MCDOLE

No. We can lock her up for drugs.

SONNY

My mom's clean!

MCDOLE

Well, maybe not.

Ramos takes out and holds up a small plastic bag with cocaine, grins. He waves it.

RAMOS

Exhibit A. There is enough coke here to send her to the pen for a few years. She'll miss your high school graduation, birthdays.

SONNY

You can't do that!

RAMOS

Sure we can. We're NYPD. We have magical powers. All sorts of powers. We can get a judge to sign legal papers to put a wire up President Jimmy's ass. We own the DA and the courts. The city.

SONNY

I ain't a snitch.

MCDOLE

Fine. Go get Judge Denton to sign a warrant for Sonny's mom. We'll go pick her up. Tell the DA we saw her and her pimp at a street corner using drugs.

RAMOS

(Waving cocaine bag)  
I got the evidence right here.

SONNY

I don't know shit.

MCDOLE

(To Ramos)  
Go get the warrant. I'm done.

Ramos walks toward the door.

SONNY

Wait..Wait, okay..What do you want to know?

CUT TO:

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

Sandy is suspiciously looking at Primello's business card that he gave her. She dials the telephone number on the card. It is an answering service.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)

Good afternoon, Myers, Kelton and Harrington International Finance.

SANDY

Edward Myers, please.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

I'm sorry. Mister Myers is not in today. Can I take a message?

SANDY

No. I'll call him back..

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

Thank you.

SANDY

Is Mister Myers on vacation?

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

Oh, no. He's in Washington D.C. on business. Returns tomorrow.

SANDY

Thank you. I'll call later.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

Yes ma'm.

CUT TO:

INT. BUTCH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Butch is playing solitaire, upset at the cards he is getting and listening to the radio. Singer Elton John and Kiki Dee are playing on the radio. Julio the Parrot quietly eating.

RADIO DISC JOCKEY (V.O.)  
 That's Elton John and Kiki Dee.  
 Don't Go Breaking My Heart...Well,  
 well, well. After this six to one  
 thrashing by the Dodgers in the  
 second game of the World Series,  
 Reggie Jackson criticized Yankee  
 skipper Billy Martin. Jackson  
 questioned Martin's use of pitcher  
 Catfish Hunter.

Butch turns to the radio and members curse words.

RADIO DISC JOCKEY  
 Martin told reporters that Jackson  
 had enough trouble playing right  
 field without second-guessing  
 Martin. Meanwhile, Yankees' Thurman  
 Munson, Craig Nettles and Mickey  
 Rivers expressed a desire to play  
 anywhere but New York City. They  
 said they were tired of all the in-  
 fighting. Well, the drama -

Butch turns off the radio.

BUTCH  
 (To Parrot)  
 Those idiots are going to kill each  
 other, Julio. They're losers.  
 They're going to blow the series.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL ITALIAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Primello enters the restaurant and nods at the RESTAURANT  
 OWNER who is behind a cash register. The owner nods once.  
 Primello sits in a booth. JOEY STARLIGHT and LEWIS come into  
 the restaurant and sit with Primello.

CUT TO:

INT. DEAD SEA BAR AND GRILL - DAY

Bar is closed. Butch is sitting at table with SAMMY, RED, BIG  
 JAKE and RED.

BUTCH  
 Two hundred now. Two hundred after  
 for one night's work. Easy money.

BIG JAKE  
Why the clown suits?

BUTCH  
Wear it one night. It won't kill  
you.

SAMMY  
Last time I wore a suit, it was for  
my First Communion. Had to do it or  
I'd get my old man's backhand.

WALDO  
I wear a suit. I need five hundred.

BIG JAKE  
Me too.

Sammy and Red nod in agreement.

BUTCH  
(Reluctantly)  
Okay, five hundred. But everybody  
shows up and knows their lines.

WALDO  
Piece of cake.

Sammy, Red and Big Jake nod.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLYING DUTCHMAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Butch and Primello walk out of the bar. A couple of blocks  
away Ramos and McDole are sitting in a car where they staked  
out the restaurant.

RAMOS  
Bingo. Just like the kid said.  
Butch and Vinnie are working on a  
con.

MCDOLE  
We got them by the balls. Easy  
money. Kid said nearly a million.

CUT TO:

EXT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

A limousine pulls up. Primello opens the door. Jennifer steps inside.

CUT TO:

INT. STEADHAM MANSION - NIGHT

Butch and Roger are standing on the balcony overlooking the front entrance. Butch takes out a penlight and turns it off and on.

BUTCH

This place is airtight.

Penlights at the entrance go off and on.

BUTCH (CONT'D)

Two security guards at the entrance, twenty-four-seven. The three other guys you met will be roaming the grounds.

ROGER

Where's the plan? The security plan.

BUTCH

You' ll have it tonight.

ROGER

Good. I need to see it.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM OF THE STEADHAM MANSION - NIGHT

Sheik Shamir, George along with eight other powerful Arab and American oil businessmen are milling around, smoking cigars and drinking alcohol. Primello enters.

PRIMELLO

(Banging glass with a fork)  
Gentlemen. Excuse me, please, gentlemen...Hope everyone is finding the accommodations satisfactory for this successful endeavor.

There is applause and grins go up.

PRIMELLO (CONT'D)  
 Let me introduce you to our  
 chefs..Chefs Milo Birkfield and  
 Jonathan Montclair.

JOEY STARLIGHT, who is playing Milo Birkfield, and LEWIS who  
 is Jonathan Montclair, enter the room. More applause.

PRIMELLO (CONT'D)  
 What's on the menu, Chef Birkfield  
 are-

Starlight looks around and grins.

LEWIS  
 - Pizza..We just ordered from pizza  
 from Stefano the Sicilian in  
 Brooklyn

Lewis is cackles. Everybody else is not amused.

PRIMELLO  
 (Whispers into Lewis' ear)  
 Say the goddamn lines I taught you.  
 Fucking moron. Stick to the script  
 (To people in room)  
 Jonathan is a joker but an  
 excellent pastry chef...Chef  
 Birkfield, menu, please.

STARLIGHT  
 (To People in Room)  
 Yes of course. Gentlemen, we will  
 dine on green, red and hand-cut  
 linguine with spicy Dungeness crab  
 and roasted escarole. Spit-roasted  
 chicken stuffed with ricotta and  
 herbs with turnips, watercress and  
 fried artichokes. And for dessert,  
 Chief Montclair will make his new-  
 crop hazelnut pasticcini with  
 candied orange peel.

PRIMELLO  
 I am sure each of you are anxious  
 to begin this wonderful evening as  
 soon as our beautiful, young guests  
 arrive shortly.

Applause, grins and clicking of glasses.

CUT TO:



INT. POLICE PRECINCT ROOM - NIGHT

McDole, Paco and four other detectives are arming themselves with rifles, bullet-proof vests and side arms. The mood is somber.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEADHAM MANSION ENTRANCE - NIGHT - LATER

Limousine drives up. Jennifer gets out, stunning and elegantly dressed.

CUT TO:

INT. STEADHAM MANSION LIBRARY - LATER

Walls opens a briefcase, then another and shows the cash inside to Frankie who is dressed like Primello's chauffeur.

WALLS

(Drinking alcohol)  
It's all there. The rest of the money. Eight hundred thousand dollars.

FRANKIE

(Nods)  
Thank you, sir. Everything checks out. Mr. Myers said that Cathy will be here shortly.

CUT TO:

EXT. INSIDE CAR FULL OF COPS - MOVING - NIGHT - LATER

Two carloads of armed, somber cops driving along the highway on the way to the Steadham mansion.

CUT TO:

INT. STEADHAM MANSION - NIGHT LATER

Primello is going upstairs to the library while Frankie is going down the stairs with two suitcases full of cash.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION BALLROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Jennifer enters the ballroom. All eyes in the room turn toward her.

JENNIFER

(Huge smile)  
Good evening, gentleman. Sorry,  
we're running a little late. The  
ladies will be here soon. And, I  
will have to step out for a minute  
to check on the ladies.

SHAMIR

(Whispers to Jennifer)  
My room is the second upstairs  
bedroom.

JENNIFER

(Whispering)  
Great. I'll go freshen up.

SHAMIR

Wonderful.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE CAR - MOVING - NIGHT - LATER

McDole, Ramos and other cops with grease paint on faces going down the highway.

MCDOLE

(To Ramos and others in car)  
We hit the place hard, take the  
loot, meet at my place and split it  
up.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Roger is looking out a second-floor window as a carload of people pulls up and stops at the entrance.

ROGER

(On radio)  
Bates..Bates...Bates

BUTCH (O.S.)

(Radio)  
Yeah, go ahead...

ROGER

(Radio)  
Who just arrived?

BUTCH (O.S.)

The ladies. Second carload. Third carload in fifteen minutes.

ROGER

No screw ups

BUTCH (O.S.)

It's airtight, everything.

ROGER

Where is the security plan?

BUTCH(O.S.)

In my briefcase.

ROGER

Need it. Need it now.

BUTCH (O.S.)

Ten-four.

CUT TO:

EXT: MANSION - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

McDole kicks down the door. McDole, Ramos and four other cops enter the mansion. There are screams and chaos from PEOPLE inside, including OLIVER ODOM.

MCDOLE

Everybody freeze! Freeze! Now! Shut the fuck up!

RAMOS

Everybody down, now! Down! On the floor!

There is a large banner on the ballroom that reads: Happy Anniversary Councilman Oliver and Martha Odom, Best Wishes, Congressman Brodie.

ODOM

What the hell is going on here!

RAMOS

I think the kid lied, Mac.

MCDOLE

No shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIMO PULLS UP STEADHAM MANSION - NIGHT - LATER

Roger is looking out the window, using a penlight to signal guards at the mansion's entrance. Guards signaling back. Limo slowly pulls up. A group of people dash out of the mansion and pile into the limo.

ROGER

(Frantically, using radio)  
Bates..Bates, are you  
there...Bates, where are you.  
Baaaaates!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MANSION BALLROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

MAGGIE, ELSA, PAULINE enter ballroom. Sheik Shamir and other oil businessmen are shocked.

PAULINE

Who ordered the escorts?

ELSA

It's party time, boys!

MAGGIE

When do we eat? I'm starving.

CUT TO:

INT. DOOR OF UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Sheik Shamir is knocking on bedroom door.

SHAMIR

(Grinning)  
Miss Jennifer, it's Sheik Shamir.  
Can I come in? Miss Jennifer. Open  
up my dear. Let's see that body.

He knocks again. Butch's hooker SHIRLEY is humming.

SHAMIR (CONT'D)

Such a beautiful voice, my dear.

SHIRLEY

Come in.

Shamir enters and sees Shirley sitting on the bed wearing a sexy negligee. He is shocked.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Hi Big Boy. Want a big piece of Shirley?

She slaps her big ass. Shamir runs out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE LIMO - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The limo driven by Frankie speeds away. Butch, Jennifer, Joey Starlight, Lewis and Primello.

Roger runs out of the mansion and jumps into his car to go after them. He goes a few yards and the back wheels fall off.

PRIMELLO

(Watching from rear window.)  
Nice work, Frankie.

FRANKIE

Thanks.

BUTCH

Bust out the champagne!

PRIMELLO

Wait! Not just yet...Shhhhhh.

Primello uses the limo phone and calls George Walls.

PRIMELLO (CONT'D)

(To George Walls)  
Hello, George...It's Edward Myers.  
Cathy can't make it...Calm down,  
George...George, George,  
George...Listen and shut your trap.  
This is all you need to know. Six.  
There are six cameras throughout  
the mansion...See the pen on the  
desk next to the green lamp. Look  
underneath the lamp. I'll wait.  
(Pause)

WALLS (O.S.)

(Inaudible cursing, followed by  
scream)

Walls picks the phone.

PRIMELLO

Shut up. Now, take a deep breath...Listen very carefully, George. You or anyone of your cretins go to the cops, and I assure you that everything on the cameras along with what was picked up by the mikes will end up at the New York Times. I know an investigative reporter there who is a bulldog. The entire world will then know what you and your buddies tried to pull. Chalk it up to experience...Yeah.Goodbye, George.

BUTCH

Bust out the champagne!

PRIMELLO

Wait! One more call.

Primello calls Congressman Brodie.

PRIMELLO (CONT'D)

Congressman. Everything went well, yes...The financial records along with the damaging photos of you and our friends in the mob are in the mail..What?...Ooooooh, yeah. Well, I donated your cut to Father Primello's Feed Farm for Wayward Politicians...Calm down. Look at it this way, I saved your ass from a long prison sentence. So we're even...Bye, congressman.

Primello hangs up the phone, winks and raises a thumbs up.

BUTCH

Champagne!

PRIMELLO

Frankie, please stop at a mailbox.

FRANKIE

You got it boss.

Frankie pulls over to a mailbox. Primello opens the window and drops a package.

BUTCH  
(To Primello)  
What's in the package.

PRIMELLO  
Video. It shows Ramos and McDole  
savagely beating Ray Ray. Mailed it  
to my friend at the New York Times.

BUTCH  
How'd you get the video?

PRIMELLO  
Merrill the janitor at the cop  
station. Wonderful fellow. I did  
his taxes for free. He, in turn,  
feeds me bits and pieces of cop  
conversations, which endeared me to  
the mob.

BUTCH  
Nice.

FRANKIE  
Butch, check this out.

Frankie turns up the limo radio.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
If you just arrived from China, let  
me repeat, the New York Yankees  
have won the World Series.

Cheering, applause, and whistling breaks out inside the limo.  
Butch rolls down the window and sticks his head out.

BUTCH  
(To his father Al, screaming)  
We won, Al! We Did it! The Yankees  
are back!

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK CITY DINER - NIGHT

Rosie is drinking coffee and watching the TV showing Yankee  
fans celebrating the World Series win.

ROSIE

(To Butch's father, Al)  
Yankees did it, Al...Your boy, he's  
still a hardcore Yankee fan Has  
Yankee pin-stripes wrapped around  
his heart. Just like his old man.

She wipes away a tear.

CUT TO:

INT. DEAD SEA BAR AND GRILL BAR - LATE NIGHT

Anthony Jr. smoking a cigar. The bar is nearly empty.

ANTHONY JR.

(On phone)  
Maggie, you and the girls drop by  
tomorrow. Butch left what he owes  
you ladies and some. Said he's  
heading West...Yeah, the fruit  
stand thing..I know, but he'd don't  
think like normal people. His mind  
is warped. What can I  
say?...Arizona. Yeah, that's where  
they keep the Grand Canyon.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - LATE NIGHT - LATER

Sonny Sanchez running down the sidewalk and up the steps  
leading to Frankie's apartment.

CUT TO:

INT: INSIDE APARTMENT STAIRWELL - LATE NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Sonny opens the door the building and starts to run up the  
stairs when he comes face to face with Detective McDole who  
is in a rage.

MCDOLE

(Grabbing Sonny)  
Hello, Sonny. You screwed me big  
time.

SONNY

Let go!

McDole's hand is around Sonny's neck. McDole pulls out  
switchblade and puts the blade near Sonny's face.



MCDOLE

Shut the fuck up. I'm gonna butcher  
you and feed you to the rats.

McDole butts Sonny with his head. Sonny screams.

MCDOLE (CONT'D)

You ain't as tough as you think,  
huh, little shit?

McDole raises the switchblade up in the air. Frankie snatches  
it and hits McDole and knocks him out. Sonny picks himself up  
from the floor and hugs Frankie.

SONNY

(Sobbing)  
I was so scared, Frankie.

FRANKIE

(Hugging Sonny)  
It's okay. Nobody is going to hurt  
you.

SONNY

Primello said to lay low. That's  
why I didn't come around.

FRANKIE

I know. Primello told me  
everything. How much did he give  
you?

SONNY

(Smiling)  
A whole grand.

FRANKIE

(Mutters)  
That prick.

Reaches into coat pocket and takes out a bag full of cash.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

This is yours.

SONNY

Woooow.

FRANKIE

It's my share -

SONNY

- Frankie, I already got a grand  
and -

FRANKIE

- It's yours, Little Man. Go to Florida with your mom. Go and don't look back. Ever. You hear?

SONNY

(Nods)  
Will you visit?

FRANKIE

Yeah, as soon as I can, I'll be there. But I've got to check out of here for a while.

SONNY

Where are you going?

FRANKIE

Alabama to see a lady friend. Leaving tonight. So don't come looking for me. Leave messages with Anthony Jr. if you need anything.

SONNY

Okay. I'm gonna miss you, Frankie.

FRANKIE

You'll be alright. I want you to do me a favor.

SONNY

Anything. Name it.

Frankie hands Sonny another bag of money.

FRANKIE

Give this to Jennifer in Jersey. Her address is on the bag. In the morning, take the subway and then a cab. Can you do that?

SONNY

Sure.

FRANKIE

Good. Go. I'll see you when I see you, okay.

Sonny starts to leave but hesitates.

SONNY

Florida is beautiful, Frankie. I saw it on postcards. You'd like it.

FRANKIE  
I'll be there sooner than you  
think. I promise.

Sonny nods and walks away.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
Hey.

SONNY  
What?

Frankie takes off his lucky fedora and puts it on Sonny's head.

FRANKIE  
It's yours.

SONNY  
But it's your lucky fedora.

FRANKIE  
I'm oozing with luck. So, take it,  
and take care of it. It's been good  
to me. It'll bring you luck too.

Sonny hugs Frankie.

SONNY  
Thanks, Frankie.

FRANKIE  
God bless you, boy. Bless you like  
a hard rain.

SONNY  
He has Frankie. He made you my  
friend.

FRANKIE  
Yes, he did. Well, I'll see you  
when I see you.

Sonny nods, hugs Frankie, and runs out the doors.

Frankie starts to go up the stairs to get packed. McDole wakes up, gets his gun and fires. He strikes Frankie who runs up to the roof. McDole goes in pursuit to the roof where cages of pigeons are kept, searches for Frankie, spots him and fires several times. Frankie gets away. He is finally cornered. McDole pulls the trigger but is out of bullets.

Badly wounded, Frankie beats McDole and uses all this strength to pick him up and toss him off the roof. Bleeding, Frankie goes into his apartment and falls on the bed.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I'm busted up bad, Lord. Life threw me one curve too many...Watch over Butch and Rosie and Jennifer. Most of all, the Little Man. His heart is tender, and he's alone on the streets. Keep an eye on him...I hope Sophie finds another good dance partner, and a lot of moonlights.

He looks up at the ceiling, We HEAR the CLANGING of bells. LAUGHTER. He jerks his head toward the door.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Champ? Is that you, Joe? Joe.

RING ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

By way of knockout in two minutes of the third round! Steal undefeated! The pride of Harlem, Frankie, Frankensteiiiiiiin, Finch!

Frankie smiles, closes his eyes and dies.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK SUBWAY - EARLY MORNING - NEXT DAY

Sonny riding on the subway wearing Frankie's fedora, a loud tie. His bouquet of flowers is on the adjacent seat.

CUT TO:

INT. JENNIFER'S APARTMENT - DAY - LATER

With bouquet of flowers, Sonny knocks on Jennifer's door. She opens it.

JENNIFER

Hi.

SONNY

Hi. I'm Sonny. Sonny Sanchez. Frankie's friend.

JENNIFER

Ooooh, yes. Nice to meet you.

SONNY

Wow, you're beautiful. Those magazine pictures Frankie has don't look as pretty as you.

JENNIFER

Thank you. Uncle Frankie told me about you too...Is that his fedora?

SONNY

Was. Last night, he gave it to me. It stops bullets and brings luck...Oh, here.

Hands her flowers.

JENNIFER

(Smells flowers)  
Thank you. Never heard that it stopped bullets.

SONNY

It does. Frankie said so. Hey, do you like pizza?

JENNIFER

Yeah. Why?

SONNY

There is this pizza place near my street run by Mario. I'd love to take you there just so I can walk around the block with you a few times and watch guys drop dead from envy.

JENNIFER

Yeah, but what about Alicia?

SONNY

Frankie told you about Alicia?

JENNIFER

Oh yeah. He also said you had your heart set on going to Florida.

SONNY

I'm heading that way. Yeah...Oh, Frankie said to give you this.

Sonny takes out and hands Jennifer the bag of cash.

JENNIFER

Thank you. Want to come in?

SONNY

Naw. I'm in a hurry. Got to do a lot of things today.

JENNIFER

I understand.

SONNY

So, what about pizza tomorrow before I leave? What do you say?

Elliott Dominick appears with a basketball and stands behind Jennifer.

ELLIOTT

I say take a hike. We're going to shoot some hoops.

SONNY

Who's this chump?

JENNIFER

(Teasing)  
A friend. More or less.

ELLIOTT

A guy who is grateful for second chances.

SONNY

(To Elliott)  
You are one lucky dude.

ELLIOTT

Most definitely.

SONNY

Well, I think Frankie and Butch might even get to like you if they got to know you.

ELLIOTT

You think?

SONNY

Yeah, and they don't take to too many people especially Butch...Well, I better go.

JENNIFER

Take care, Sonny. Oh, by the way, I love your coat. It matches the fedora. That's an interesting tie too.

SONNY

The tie is a birthday present from Frankie. I only wear it on special occasions. I hate ties. In the streets you've got to maintain your tough-guy composure. A tie don't help. Know what I mean?

JENNIFER

Perfectly.

SONNY

I got to go. Bye, Jennifer.

JENNIFER

Bye.

ELLIOTT

Bye, Sonny.

Sonny nods, smiles, waves and leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW JERSEY STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS - MINUTES LATER

Sonny is walking down the street eating a hot dog. Jennifer comes running towards him. He finishes hot dog.

JENNIFER

Sonny! Sonny!

Sonny stops, turns around and waits for Jennifer to catch up.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

(Hands him gym bag full of cash)  
Here. It's a lot of cash.

SONNY

But Frankie told me -

JENNIFER

- No, no. It's my share. It's all yours. All of it. Get a place near a ballpark or a beach. Hold on to it tight.

SONNY

I will. Wow. Thanks. Listen, if you and your friend Elliott are ever in Florida, drop by. Frankie said he's going to visit too.

JENNIFER

I will. Yes...Sonny Sanchez, you are a gentleman dude like Uncle Frankie.

SONNY

I try. Try real hard...I really do.

JENNIFER

(Kisses Sonny on the cheek. Wipes tear)  
Go. Go, before you make me cry.

He nods. She watches him walk away and turn the corner.

ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Sonny walks a couple of block and slips into an alley. He takes a deep breath, goes into a fetal position and sobs uncontrollably. He abruptly stops. He takes a deep breath, dusts himself off, puts the fedora on top of his head, straightens his tie and walks back into the street. Head held high.

SONNY

(Talking to himself)  
Frankie, guess what? I bet you'll never guess. Jennifer kissed me. Yeah. She has a new boyfriend. His name is Elliott. She also gave me this gym bag. Guess what was in it? I bet you'd never guess. Not in a million years.

CUT TO:

INT: NEW YORK CITY STREET AS BUTCH'S VOLKSWAGEN DRIVES AWAY - DAY - VERY EARLY IN MORNING

Butch, Rosie and Julio the Parrot are inside. The vehicle is towing a U-Haul.

BUTCH (O.S.)

This place is like an addiction. The asphalt and concrete. The smell. All the crazy noises. Strange faces. Everything is addictive.

ROSIE (O.S)

Having second thoughts.



BUTCH (O.S.)  
Aching, a bit inside. But it's  
time. Time to go. Leave this place.

ROSIE (O.S.)  
Want to stop and say goodbye to  
Frankie?

BUTCH (O.S.)  
Naw, Frankie ain't about long  
goodbyes. Never was.

ROSIE (O.S.)  
Heard it's nearly a hundred degrees  
in Tucson.

BUTCH (O.S.)  
The sun is always shining..Anthony  
Jr. said Frankie got another letter  
the other day. Hasn't picked it up.

ROSIE (O.S.)  
Whose writing to him? He never gets  
letters.

BUTCH (O.S.)  
Some lady from Mobile, Alabama  
named Sophie Walker. After he read  
the first letter, he couldn't stop  
smiling.

ROSIE (O.S.)  
Those Frankie smiles ride in on  
toothpicks on the corner of his  
lips.

BUTCH (O.S.)  
I left two-hundred dollars with  
Anthony Jr. so Frankie can buy  
himself a new fedora.

ROSIE (O.S.)  
Are you kidding? Frankie isn't  
going to give up his lucky fedora.  
To nobody, no matter what. They're  
going to bury him with it.

BUTCH (O.S.)  
When we get to Arizona, I'm going  
to buy him one of those  
refrigerator magnets. A roadrunner  
magnet. So every time he goes and  
gets wine, he can be reminded of  
us.

ROSIE (O.S.)  
People like us are hard to forget.

BUTCH (O.S.)  
Hard to forget and hard to figure  
out. Turn on the radio.

Rosie turns on the radio.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
It's cold out there, New Yorkers.  
Bundle up. The city is doing back  
flips. Yes, sir! Reggie and company  
came through. The Yankees won the  
first, third, fourth and sixth game  
of the best of seven against the  
Dodgers. What about Reggie's  
performance!? Jackson broke or tied  
eight World Series records. Most  
home runs in a series - five. Most  
runs scored in a series - ten. Most  
total bases in a series - twenty  
five. Phew! That's enough! What an  
accomplishment! No surprise that  
Reggie was named the most valuable  
player of the Series. But the big  
news. Reggie and Billy Martin have  
kissed and made up. We got some  
winners in the Big Apple! New  
Yorkers love their Yankees! It's a  
great day to be a New Yorker. Yes  
it is! Here is some Barry White  
coming your way. "Can't Get Enough  
of Your Love."

