

Mafia Fantasy Camp

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FADE IN:

INT. MULTIPURPOSE ROOM, SECAUCUS, NJ - MORNING

CLOSE ON CLOCK: "8:00"

We're in a room off the shop floor of a company that makes boat parts. Or maybe it's metal-plating.

LOU, PABLO and a half dozen other uninspired BLUE COLLAR WORKERS seat in chairs designed for smaller people.

TONY MANGRASSO, 30s, confident and pleasant, enters.

TONY

Good morning. My name's Tony Mangrasso and just so you know, I wish I wasn't here either.

LOU

So let's not do this then.

The room likes that idea. They start to go home.

TONY

Whoa, whoa. I also care how we interact as a society. And when a sensitivity trainer is called in, it means some of you aren't getting it. We're doing this.

Tony looks at his notes.

TONY (CONT'D)

It says a Ms. Garcia filed complaints about derogatory comments.

PABLO

Yeah. 'Cause she's a bitch.

TONY

Aannnd...we begin. You can't say that about a fellow employee.

LOU

Then stop being a bitch maybe.

MUMBLES of agreement. Tony points to Pablo.

TONY

What if he called you a name?

LOU

Like I give a squat what this spic says. Long as he stays clear of my daughter.

PABLO

That ain't hard to do.

The room LAUGHS as Pablo gets a round of high-fives.

PABLO (CONT'D)

How come the bitch don't have to be here too?

TONY

Can we stop using that word! Please?

PABLO

Cooz?

Tony takes a calming breath. It's gonna be one of those days.

TONY

We do not insult fellow employees. That's a basic rule. There's always gonna be someone we don't like but that doesn't give us permission to treat 'em badly.

LOU

Keep it to ourselves, you're sayin'.

TONY

Exactly.

PABLO

Even if it's true?

TONY

Sometimes truth has to take a backseat.

LOU

So we can lie? Blacks chicks don't talk at the movies.

The room LAUGHS. Others quickly yell out lies...

GUY #3

Korean dogs aren't scared.

GUY #4
I don't jerk off at stop signs.

The room goes silent.

GUY #4 (CONT'D)
Wait. I'm confused what we're yelling.

TONY
Okay, that obviously isn't what I meant. And all these jokes? Also unacceptable.

PABLO
But they DO talk in movies.

TONY
Not *all* of 'em! That's like saying all African-Americans like basketball.

PABLO
In Hillside they do. Brothers got a game going on every corner...

The room MUMBLES in agreement. Tony sighs and looks at the clock to see how long 'til the break.

CLOSE ON CLOCK: "8:03"

CUT TO:

INT. TONY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - MORNING, NEXT DAY

SFX: PHONE RING

PAN to reveal a recently divorced man's cave -- dishes left on the coffee table, remotes scattered about with their battery covers missing, clothing hanging over chairs... It's not a fire hazard and there's no rotting food but it's clear the inhabitant let things get away from him.

We hear the shower running in the adjacent room.

SFX: PHONE RING

INT. SHOWER - CONTINUOUS

Tony, in the shower, sings "Hit Me With Your Best Shot."

He suddenly stops. Is that the phone ringing?

SFX: FAINT PHONE RING

He sticks his head out the shower curtain to listen...

ANSWERING MACHINE

*This is Tony's dishwasher. His
answering machine can't come to the
phone right now.*

SFX: BEEP

WOMAN'S VOICE

(thru answering machine)
*It's Amy. Listen, I wanna pick up
my couch this week...*

INT. TONY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Tony, naked and soaking wet, rushes in but doesn't pick up the phone right away. He sits on the bed, composes himself and combs his hair with his hand.

AMY (V.O.)

*..a friend of mine at work has a
pickup truck. He can come by
whenever you want...*

Now calm and handsome, Tony push the speaker button.

TONY

(casually)
Who's this?

AMY (V.O.)

(thru phone speaker)
Oh. Hi.

TONY

Amy? I was in the shower. I tried calling again on Friday--

AMY (V.O.)

Listen, I wanna pick up my couch.

TONY

Can't be this week. Nathan's paying for us to go to Baseball Fantasy Camp--

AMY (V.O.)

Just leave it at the curb then.

TONY
I'm not gonna leave your couch on
the curb! Somebody might steal it.

AMY (V.O.)
I'll take my chances.

TONY
I miss you.

AMY (V.O.)
I'm gonna hang up.

TONY
Don't.

Beat.

TONY (CONT'D)
You didn't. See? That means
something...

CLICK. She hung up.

Tony starts to get dressed. A large WET SPOT is left on the
bed where he sat.

SFX: KNOCK ON DOOR

NATHAN (O.C.)
(thru door)
It's Nathan.

Tony crosses to the door and opens it to reveal NATHAN
SLAVIN, 30s. Throughout childhood Nathan got picked last when
they were choosing teams. Nothing has changed.

NATHAN
You're not dressed yet?

During the following Tony gets dressed and packs a bag.

TONY
Amy just called!

NATHAN
Did you pee in your bed?

TONY
Did you hear?

NATHAN
Yeah. Amy called. So you peed the
bed?

TONY

I was in the shower. I ran in to get the phone.

Nathan thinks about this.

NATHAN

If I wet the bed I'd make up the same story. Do you drink a lot of liquids at night?

TONY

Look at me. We've moved on from that.

(then)

I'm always the one calling. This time she called me!

NATHAN

(playing along)

What'd she say?

TONY

She wants her couch back.

(off his look)

Of course she's gonna come up with a reason! The point is now I have something concrete to measure against -- she doesn't hate me more than a couch.

NATHAN

Tony, we've been through this -- Amy's been gone 3 months. She's not coming back. Life gave you shit and your job now is to make lemonade out of it. Holding her couch hostage is not gonna change a thing nor is peeing on your bed. Anything with furniture. Understand?

Tony begrudgingly nods.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Finish packing. We're on a schedule.

CUT TO:

INT. NATHAN'S CAR, JERSEY TURNPIKE - SHORT TIME LATER

Nathan is driving while Tony gazes out at the industrial crust surrounding Newark.

TONY

Thanks for arranging all this. It's probably the most expensive gift anyone's ever gotten me.

NATHAN

Hey, you need some cheering up. This is what best friends do.

Tony takes a big cleansing breathe.

TONY

I've been so looking forward to getting away.

NATHAN

Busy at work, huh?

TONY

You wouldn't believe. It's a great time to be a sensitivity trainer. Everybody's afraid of being sued.

NATHAN

Hey, whatever happened with that girl? The baker. Ever insert your toothpick prick into her luscious behind?

TONY

Oh, c'mon! Guy talk? It's not even noon.

Silence for a few beats. They've been friends long enough that pauses in conversation don't bother them.

NATHAN

Think Amy's fucking other guys yet?

Tony shoots Nathan a look. Nathan can't help but laugh.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

C'mon! I'm just kidding with ya. We're not gonna spend the week wallowing in your sorrow. We're gonna have fun. What's the positive side of being divorced?

TONY

Here we go...

NATHAN

I'm serious. Name something good about your life now.

TONY

I lecture to idiots all day then
watch sports until I fall asleep.
I'm a chick magnet. How's that?

Nathan shakes his head as he exits off the interstate.

NATHAN

You really can't do it, can you?
How 'bout you get to go to baseball
camp without asking permission? How
'bout you no longer--

TONY

This isn't the way to the airport.

NATHAN

I have a surprise.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWARK - MOMENTS LATER

A deserted area near the back of Newark Airport.

TONY

We're picking up a shipment of
heroin? That's the surprise?

Nathan doesn't answer. He finds a street sign and turns.

TONY (CONT'D)

You booked us a private plane to
baseball camp, didn't you? How can
you afford this?

NATHAN

That's not it. Relax.

They see 3 GUYS with small travel bags waiting by a curb.
Nathan pulls over and parks a short distance away.

TONY

Who are they?

NATHAN

Okay, here's the deal -- when I
called to make reservations for
Baseball Camp I got a machine. Some
guy called back and said they were
sold out. He offered this in its
place. Ready? Italian Fantasy Camp.

TONY

Italian Fantasy Camp? What the hell is that?

(realizing)

It's not Mafia stuff, is it? I hate that shit--

NATHAN

(cutting him off)

I know, I know -- I love it, you hate it. It's not that. The guy said it'll be a week of "living the life of an Italian."

TONY

Why would I wanna do that? I already AM Italian.

NATHAN

That's what's so great! You love being Italian and it'll be a celebration of who you already are. Remind you of how good your life actually is.

Tony is still apprehensive.

TONY

What are we gonna be doing?

NATHAN

I don't know. Listen to Piccini, make pizza, play bachi ball... Italian stuff. You tell me.

Tony considers this and smiles.

TONY

Could be fun.

NATHAN

There we go! See, you're cheering up already!

They cross to where the other guys are gathered.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

How you guys doin'? I'm Nathan. This is Tony.

They shake hands with the other "campers" -- RICHARD EISENBERG (Jewish), NAGI BASTA (Egyptian) and CHRIS SYKES (African-American.) All 30s.

RICH
 I'm Rich. Nagi-- I get that right?
 And Chris. So what do you guys do?
 I'm a podiatrist.

In the BG we hear TIRES SKIDDING around a corner.

CHRIS
 (to Nagi)
 Foot doctor.

NAGI
 (strong accent)
 I know of the podiatrist. I am not
 stupid.

A WHITE VAN comes speeding around the corner.

CHRIS
 Relax, Hadji. I'm just kiddin'
 around.

TONY
 Excuse me. Clearly you didn't know.
 "Hadji" is actually a racist slur--

NATHAN
 Whoa, whoa...

The van is heading right towards them!

TONY
 What the...

The van SCREECHES to a stop only inches from them. The van's
 side door slides open and THREE GUYS jump out.

TONY (CONT'D)
 Run!

They grab all the campers and pull them in.

FADE TO:

INT. VAN - MINUTES LATER

The campers sit against the van's walls. Their hands are tied
 and a hood covers their heads. Tony shakes off his hood. Duct
 tape covers his mouth. He's clearly concerned -- this isn't a
 normal way to pick up guys for the first day of camp.

A set of hands puts Tony's hood back over his head.

FADE TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE, ELIZABETH N.J. - 1 PM

The place is completely empty except for folding chairs, a table and a blackboard. On the unpainted walls are posters of Mafia bosses.

Tony, Nathan and the others are lead in. Their hoods and duct tape are removed.

RICH

Yeah! How's *that* for a bus ride to camp!

Before Tony or Nathan can object to the harsh travel arrangements...

FRANKIE (O.S.)

Can I have all of you'z attention?

REVEAL FRANKIE, mid 20s. He's a Irish-looking guy dressed in "Mafia attire" right out of Central Casting. Next to him are JIMMIE, a Midwesterner and SAMMIE who is Puerto Rican.

FRANKIE

I am Frankie, your capo. That therez Sammie and Jimmie. Welcome to the Mafia.

TONY

(to himself)

You gotta be shittin' me.

Tony shoots Nathan a stare.

FRANKIE

We normally don't allow mooks like you in but today we'z gonna make an exception. Over the next 7 days we will teach you'z to take care of business if you know what I mean. Visit the ponies and pretend maybe to fix a race or two, collect some debts--

TONY

(interrupting)

Can I ask a question? Who wrote this sketch?

FRANKIE

Look at this guy, busting my balls.
He'll be sleeping with the fishes
tonight, huh Jimmie?

The FLASH goes off on Tony's cell phone camera.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

(to Jimmie)

Erase that.

(to all)

No pictures. They can be used as
evidence. There. You'z just learned
your first thing. We will start in
a minute.

Frankie exits to the office with Sammie. Jimmie holds out his
hand for Tony's phone. Tony pulls the phone away.

TONY

I can erase it myself just fine,
thank you.

Jimmie allows Tony to handle it and crosses out.

Tony looks at Nathan.

NATHAN

(gently)

I guess this *will* be Mafia stuff.

TONY

(skeptical)

You didn't know it would be this?

NATHAN

I didn't. I swear! The word Mafia
never came up.

TONY

(verifying)

They just called it *Italian Fantasy*
Camp?

Nathan nods and immediately realizes Tony is loading up to
preach political correctness and he just lit the fuse.

TONY (CONT'D)

This is exactly the kind of thing--
"Italian" is not a catch-all word
for Mafia.

NATHAN

Look, I know this isn't your cup of tea but don't make a scene--

TONY

I mean, if they named it Mafia Camp at least you'd know what you're getting...

NATHAN

Stay calm. It's just a little role-playing. Like Cowboys and Indians.

TONY

Yeah, well, the Indians don't particularly like that game either. The Mafia are not to be celebrated! They kill people!

NATHAN

They do!
(then; reeling him back)
They don't ONLY kill people though-- Where you going?

Tony heads towards the office.

TONY

To tell 'em what I think of their business model.

NATHAN

Tony, don't do this.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The office consists of a few chairs and a desk left by a previous tenant. Sammie talks to Frankie when Tony enters.

TONY

We have to talk.

FRANKIE

Just walks in, starts speaking. Seems a little disrespectful, Sammie. Whatdoya think?

SAMMIE

Little disrespectful.

TONY

If you think I'm gonna talk in character, you're mistaken. Whomever my friend spoke with on the phone--

FRANKIE

That would'z been me.

TONY

Would'z?

FRANKIE

(satisfied with word)
Would'z.

TONY

You told him this was gonna be "living the Italian life". Italians are not just the Mafia.

FRANKIE

Never said they was. But they are Mafia too, last I checked. Am I right, Sammie?

SAMMIE

Last you checked.

Tony just stares, unamused.

FRANKIE

What? Wanna go home? Missing your mommy?

Sammie and Frankie share LAUGH.

TONY

Actually I do miss her. She's dead. You didn't know that, obviously, which is why you shouldn't make those kinds of jokes--

FRANKIE

You believe this guy? AGAIN he's busting my balls. Marone!

Tony's had enough.

TONY

Okay, stop it. This whole pretending to talk Italian thing. Stop it.

FRANKIE

That's the way Italians talk.

TONY

No, see, it's not how we talk.

FRANKIE

I think it is.

TONY

You're not even Italian! This whole camp is offensive. Don't you see that? Why not Slave Camp? People can walk around in blackface saying 'Yes, Massa'. You think African Americans would consider that just having a little fun with their heritage?

FRANKIE

Who'd even sign up for that camp?

TONY

Just..call me a taxi, okay? I'm not staying.

FRANKIE

Mafia can't help you leave the Mafia. That's a big rule of ours.

SAMMIE

Try the FBI. Maybe they got a Camper Relocation Program.

Frankie and Sammie LAUGH.

TONY

Fine. I'll call. What's the address here?

Tony waits but they just stare. Clearly they're not gonna help. Tony walks out in defeat.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jimmie sets up 5 chairs in front of the BLACKBOARD. Tony renters from the office.

RICH
You missed it. We just got our
Mafia names. I'm Rich "Horse Track"
Eisenberg.

TONY
(can it get worse?)
They assigned Mafia names?

RICH/HORSE TRACK
(pointing to Nagi)
"Fat Boy"
(re: Chris)
"Fingers"
(re: Nathan)
"Extra Cheese" and you're "Tony".
Would'a gotten confusing if any of
us took that one.

TONY
(to Nathan)
I'm not staying.

NATHAN
You're leaving me here alone?

TONY
You can come with me.

NATHAN
I don't wanna leave. Look, I admit
I messed up. This wouldn't be your
first choice. Or second. Or 20th.
But we're here now. Give it a
chance.

Tony shakes his head.

TONY
I appreciate the gift. I really do.

Tony starts towards the door.

NATHAN
(calling after him)
So you're just gonna abandon me?
You have the week off. What are you
gonna do, go home and sit by
yourself?

He's gone.

CHRIS/FINGERS
Your girlfriend lacks some serious
social skills.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAMP, DOCKS, ELIZABETH, NJ - MINUTES LATER

It's hot. Saudi Arabia hot.

Tony looks at the front of the building to find the address but there's no numbers or markings. A few towering dock cranes could maybe act as landmarks but there's no street signs to establish his exact location.

He pulls out his cell phone. No signal. Shit! He can't call a cab anyway.

The interstate looks to be a good 2 hours away. He starts to walk.

A few steps later the weight of this decision becomes too much. He can't abandon his friend.

He heads back towards the door.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The blackboard has "WHAT KNOTS TO LIKE" written on it.

Jimmie is tied up on the ground in front of the "class" of 4 remaining campers. Sammie stands over him.

SAMMIE
Everybody look how I tied up
Jimmie. Wrapped the cord around his
wrists twice, not just once. See
that? All of you'z need to know
this.

TONY (O.S.)
'Cause Italians always tie up
people. Yeah, that's not offensive.

The guys turn and see Tony standing in the back of the room.

SAMMIE
I thought you'z left.

TONY

I'z* *decided to stay and point out everything offensive you guys say.

SAMMIE

You are such a mook.

TONY

Ding!

Frankie crosses in from the office.

FRANKIE

(to Sammie)

Let's do this first.

Sammie unties Jimmie and gives Frankie the floor. Frankie turns the blackboard around and starts to draw a floorplan in chalk.

While he's drawing...

NATHAN

Why'd ya change your mind?

TONY

I couldn't abandon my best friend. Besides, when life hands you shit you suck it in and make some lemonade, right?

NATHAN

(knowing)

Too hot to walk home?

Tony doesn't admit anything. Nathan doesn't care. He's happy Tony is staying. But he has one concern...

NATHAN (CONT'D)

You're not really gonna keep pointing out things you find offensive, are you?

TONY

I'll try and keep it to a minimum.

NATHAN

We're here to enjoy ourselves, Tony. I know you. Don't sabotage the experience--

TONY

I said I'll keep it to a minimum. Who's not making lemonade now?

Touche. Nathan backs off.

Frankie is done drawing the floor plan.

FRANKIE

Tonight we have a reenactment for you'z. You'z gonna pretend to rob a chink factory--

TONY (O.S.)

Ding!

Frankie doesn't know why Tony did that. He lets it pass this one time and continues.

FRANKIE

You'z will enter through this door and make your way'z to the office where you will find a suitcase. You will take the suitcase. Now, there will be guys pretending to work there. You will overpower them and tie them up. But not too tight. Remember, these are actors who work for us. You will then bring the suitcase to a motel to be disclosed to you'z at a later time.

FINGERS

A handoff.

FRANKIE

That is correct.

FINGERS

(proud)

I know how this shit works.

FRANKIE

Any questions?

TONY

Where's the best place to get piano wire?

Nathan shoots Tony a look - he said he'd keep it to a minimum.

FRANKIE

(annoyed)

In my office, Jersey Boy. Let's have a sit down.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

FRANKIE

It'd be to everybody's best interest if you shut your trap.

TONY

Just the two of us, yet you're still doing the accent, huh?

FRANKIE

Maybe we can work something out. How's a kickback of half your enrollment fee sound?

TONY

Tempting. The thing is though, Mr. Fake Italian Man, if I shut up, who'd point out all the politically incorrect things you're doing? No, I think Society will be better served if I keep my mouth open.

Tony smiles a shit-eating grin. Revenge is sweet.

FRANKIE

So you're gonna fuckin' ride ours asses the rest of the fuckin' week? Is that what you'z sayin'?

TONY

Couple of things -- One, there's no z on the end of the word "you." And two, cursing doesn't make you sound tougher.

FRANKIE

Get the fuck outta the office.

MUSIC UP

BEGIN MONTAGE

-- Jimmie wears a tuxedo. Sammie shakes Jimmie's hand then crosses out. Jimmie reveals a folded 20 DOLLAR BILL Sammie stuck into his hand. The guys are impressed -- So THAT'S how to slip the Maire'd a tip! Tony stands in the back, shaking his head at the silliness of the lesson.

-- Sammie shows the guys how to put a gun in the waistband of their pants so it doesn't slip out. They all try. Nathan's gun falls down the inside of this pant leg and gets stuck.

He has to undo his pants and reach down to pull it back out. Tony stands in the back and clips his fingernails to pass the time.

-- Sammie shows them how to put duct tape over Jimmie's mouth. They all try on each other. Fat Boy mistakenly tapes his hand onto Finger's head. Tony makes origami animals.

-- Jimmie shows them the "Mafia walk" -- a slow, cool strut to let everybody around know you're the Cock Of The Walk. Tony lays on his back and counts the warehouse's broken windows.

-- The campers hold glasses.

JIMMIE
(toasting)
Salute.

The guys raise their glasses and touch them to each other.

ALL
Salute!

SAMMY
No. Do not bump glasses unless youz
looking into their eyes. Again.

The guys try again while Tony plays a homemade game of miniature golf -- rolling a marble he found into a glass laying on its side.

END MONTAGE

MUSIC ENDS

INT. VAN - 10PM

Jimmie drives them to the factory they'll pretend to rob. The guys are in mid-conversation.

HORSE TRACK
Seriously? Tommy Soprano? Not Tony?

NATHAN
They changed the name only days
before they started filming.

FINGERS
Damn. My Man here's like a Sopranos
expert.

NATHAN

Did you know Ray Liotta's not actually Italian?

HORSE TRACK

That I knew. Adopted by Italians but he's not by blood. Sure looked Italian in GOODFELLAS though. That was a great movie.

Tony gives a loud sigh. The guys look at him.

NATHAN

He hates everything Mafia related.

FINGERS

Than why you here?

TONY

I didn't know it'd be this. I was lead to believe we'd be doing more real-world Italian things.

FINGERS

Like what? Singing Sinatra and making pasta and shit?

TONY

Something like that.

FINGERS

I think you want Gay Fantasy Camp.

The guys LAUGH. Except Tony.

TONY

Because gay people like to cook?

NATHAN

It was a *joke*, Tony! Come on.

TONY

(not backing down)

A joke based on a stereotype. Just like those movies are based on stereotypes. They're nothing but rehashed cliches.

HORSE TRACK

The Mafia controls Hollywood. They wouldn't release 'em if they weren't realistic.

TONY

Who told you the Mafia controls
Hollywood?

HORSE TRACK

I heard it on T.V.

TONY

By the Jews who control the media?

HORSE TRACK

I don't know if that's true. And if
it is I don't think they'd want me
talking about it

TONY

If the Jews really DID control the
media, don't you think the first
thing they'd do -- the very first
thing! -- would be to have
everybody announce that the Jews
didn't control the media?

Horse Track has no answer to that.

FADE TO:

EXT. FACTORY PARKING LOT - SHORT TIME LATER

The van stops at the far end of an empty parking lot in a
small business district. Few lights can be seen in any the
nearby buildings.

Jimmie opens the van's side door and the campers spill out.

JIMMIE

Drop off is here'z.

Jimmie hands a PIECE OF PAPER to Nathan then reaches into a
sack and hands them each a realistic WOODEN GUN. Except Tony.

TONY

I don't get one? And by the way,
there's no "z" at the end of the
word "here."

Jimmie gives Tony a dirty look.

JIMMIE

Give me sec.

Jimmie crosses back to the van to get another.

HORSE TRACK
These look real.

FINGERS
Never held a real gun, have ya?

HORSE TRACK
Only a 22 rifle at cub scout camp.
They were real bullets though.

SFX: TIRES SKIDDING ON BLACKTOP

The van speeds away.

TONY
(yelling at van)
Hey! I didn't get a gun!

FINGERS
He's just messin' with ya. He'll be
back.

TONY
You think?

FINGERS
(gotcha)
Hell no! That's dude's GONE. Those
motherfuckers hate you.

They start the walk along the parameter towards the factory
door. Tony takes up the rear and watches them get into
character...

- Horse Track practices pulling the gun out like a cowboy.
- Nathan practices knots they learned with a piece of rope.
- Fat Boy fires his pretend gun at imaginary villains
complete with GUN FIRING NOISES.
- Fingers puts his gun in different places along his
waistline, looking for the most comfortable spot.

Tony shakes his head in pity -- how silly they all look.

Horse Track points to a SECURITY CAMERA.

HORSE TRACK
Camera. Should we take it out?

TONY
With your fake guns? Yeah. Shoot
some fake bullets at it.

Nathan stops and stares at Tony.

NATHAN

Quit it.

TONY

(Shakespearian)

Forgive me, My Role-Playing Lord.

HORSE TRACK

Guard!

They push themselves flat against the wall to not be seen and watch as an Italian-looking GUARD has come out the side door.

The guard lights a cigarette and sits on the steps.

They stand against the wall, each waiting for the other to give the signal. Tony chuckles at their inaction.

Tony's chuckle forces Fat Boy into action...

FAT BOY

Let us show them who is the daddy.

(yelling)

Hands in air, Mr. Guard!

Fat Boy waves his gun wildly and rushes towards the guard.

It's on! The others jump into action. The guard is taken by surprise. Before he can stand up and react, Fingers and Horse Track clumsily wrestle him back to the ground.

Fat Boy pulls out duct tape and covers the guard's mouth as Horse Track and Fingers tie him up. Fat Boy keeps wrapping the tape around and around the guard's head.

HORSE TRACK

Whoa. He's not a leaky pipe.

Fat Boy stops. They stand back and examine their work -- The whole episode took 20 seconds and the guard is now tied up and gagged. They did good!

FAT BOY

(yelling into doorway)

Who is next that we do this to?

They head into the door and disappear. Tony looks down at the guard with sympathy.

TONY

I'd untie you but they'd get mad.

Tony steps over the guard and moseys into the building.

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE COOKIE FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

No one is around. The factory is closed for the evening. Fortune cookie-making equipment is everywhere.

Our guys explore, hitting poses as if they were in an action movie.

Horse Track picks up one of the fortunes laying around.

HORSE TRACK

"The journey of a thousand miles
begins with travel insurance."

Horse Track smiles, enjoying that more than most folks would.

FAT BOY

(yelling out)

Hello? We're here to rob this
factory. Anybody?

Suddenly an EMPLOYEE, clearly Italian, rushes in.

EMPLOYEE

Who the hell--

The employee goes for his gun but Fingers BUTTS him with the wooden gun from behind. He falls to the floor -- knocked out!

FAT BOY

We were not to hurt!

FINGERS

My "street" came out. It was
instinct. It's like when your
people see a polluted river and
start taking a bath. Can't help it.

FAT BOY

My people do not--

FINGERS

I'm just jokin' with ya.

FAT BOY

You are the comedian now. I will
tell Mr. Arsenio Hall not to worry
for his job. So you see, I too can
give the insult.

Tony catches up with them and sees the downed employee.

TONY
They couldn't hire Asian actors?

FINGERS
How you know he's not Asian?

TONY
Uh, his eyes?

FINGERS
All Asians have slanted eyes. Yeah,
that's not racist.

Suddenly SAL, another Italian employee, rushes in. Nathan points his gun at him.

NATHAN
Freeze or I blow your WOP head off!

Sal freezes with his hands above his head.

TONY
(appalled)
Nathan!
(to Sal)
I apologize for the language.

SAL
You mooks have any idea who you're
stealing from?

Fingers puts the gun to the side of Sal's face.

FINGERS
(ala Scarface)
Say hello to the litt'l friend.

Sal's bravado vanishes. Fear fills his eyes.

Horse Track quickly gets behind Sal and ties him up. Sal feels the barrel of the gun on his cheek...

SAL
Is that wooden? That's a friggin'
wooden gun!

It's too late to fight back. He's already tied up. Fat Boy puts duct tape over Sal's mouth so he can't talk.

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE COOKIE FACTORY OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Nathan, Fingers, Horse Track and Fat Boy search the office.

HORSE TRACK

(to Fingers)

The quote is actually, "Say hello to "my" litt'l friend." Not "the" litt'l friend.

NATHAN

(to Horse Track)

Did you know they kept giving that film an X rating cause the violence was too graphic?

HORSE TRACK

Yeah. De Palma finally brought in narco agents to testify it's really like that.

You know that moment during your first day at summer camp when you realize that somebody is probably gonna be your new best friend?

NATHAN

You're pretty versed in these movies also.

HORSE TRACK

I've seen a few.

FINGERS

Why don't you guys get a room?

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE COOKIE FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

Sal is tied-up and gagged, unable to do anything but listen.

TONY

My friend shouldn't have used the W word but that doesn't warrant saying mook. Mook is a slur also. I'm sure you know that. I can understand that maybe you need the money but, as an Italian yourself, you really shouldn't be a part of these reenactments...

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

HORSE TRACK

Found it!

Horse Track pulls out a SUITCASE from under the desk.

HORSE TRACK (CONT'D)

This puppy's heavy.

CUT TO:

INT. FORTUNE COOKIE FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

As we left them.

TONY

I bet you didn't know, "All men are created equal," came from one of us. Filippo Mazzei was a friend of Thomas Jefferson...

Horse Track and the other guys quickly parade though on their way to the factory exit.

HORSE TRACK

Got it.

It's time to go. Tony finishes up with Sal...

TONY

Take what I said to heart, will ya? Don't belittle our heritage by acting in these things.

Tony follows the guys out.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - FEW MINUTES LATER

Nathan, Fingers, Fat Boy and Horse Track are on top of the world. They pulled off their mission! An extra spring is in their steps.

HORSE TRACK

Yeah, baby! We made 'em an offer they couldn't refuse.

FAT BOY
 (Italian accent)
 ForgetAboutIt.

They all LAUGH.

NATHAN
 (to Tony)
 You have to admit that was fun.

Tony is not admitting anything.

FAT BOY
 Next we are to ditch the guns.
 (Italian accent)
 KnowWhatIMean?

Tony takes Fat Boy's gun and tosses it away as if he's annoyed.

TONY
 There. Ditched.

Finger has had enough. He steps into Tony's face.

FINGERS
 We'll all gettin' tired of your Wet
 blanket Italian ass.

TONY
 Why was "Italian" a part of that
 sentence?

FINGERS
 Alright, your Hawaiian ass.

Tony isn't scared. Nathan steps between them.

NATHAN
 Whoa. Go to your corners.

Fingers walks away.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
 (to Tony)
 You said you weren't gonna do this.

TONY
 (contrite)
 You're right.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 203, STARBRITE MOTEL, ROUTE 9, NJ - 2 HOURS LATER

This is the type of motel where they're always shorthanded because the maids are constantly called downtown to look at mug shots.

They've been waiting hours, passing time as best they can...

Fat Boy watches GILLIAN'S ISLAND on TV. (The one where they almost get off the island.)

Fingers sits with the BIBLE. He crosses out an entire page with a pen, turns to the next page and does it again. Again and again, slowly making his way through Deuteronomy.

Horse Track and Nathan sit at the round table under the hanging lamp with the power cord threaded through the chain.

Tony just paces.

HORSE TRACK

And what movie did DeNiro base that character on?

NATHAN

MOB BOSS. 1990. Directed by... wait...

HORSE TRACK

Fred Olen Ray.

NATHAN

I knew it!

HORSE TRACK

No you didn't.

NATHAN

I did. I just couldn't remember it.

HORSE TRACK

(teasing)

Oh, you couldn't remember it.

FINGERS

When I said, "Get a room", I meant without the rest of us in it.

Tony opens the door to let some air in.

TONY

It's been two hours already. Where are they?

Tony notices the room number hanging on the door.

TONY (CONT'D)
 (to nobody in particular)
 Amy and I spent our honeymoon in
 room 203. Thank God it wasn't THIS
 room 203.

FAT BOY
 Who is Amy?

TONY
 My wife.

NATHAN
 (correctly him)
 Ex.

TONY
 Right. Ex. I'm still trying to get
 used to saying that. I'm also still
 trying to figure out why she left.

Tony knows nobody want to hear his problems.

TONY (CONT'D)
 Or why we're sitting here so long!

Tony can't take the boredom any longer. He picks up the phone
 and dials 411.

TONY (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 The number for Italian Fantasy
 Camp... Yeah, that's what I said...
 Nothing? You sure?... No, Mafia
 Fantasy Camp would not be another
 way to say it... Because the Mafia
 is not-- You know what? Try it...
 No? Thanks.

He hangs up. Now what?

TONY (CONT'D)
 We're definitely in the right room?

Nathan, annoyed, takes out Jimmie's paper.

But then something grabs Tony's attention. He opens the door
 and looks at the motel sign.

TONY (CONT'D)
 God-damn it!

The guys cross to the door to see what Tony sees.

TONY (CONT'D)
 (re: paper)
 One one seven two.
 (re: sign)
 One SEVEN ONE two. We're at the
 wrong motel!

Nathan chuckles.

TONY (CONT'D)
 This is funny?

NATHAN
 Oh, come on! What are the odds?

TONY
 We're on Route 9! Every fuckin'
 building's a fuckin' motel!

FINGERS
 Cursing don't make you sound
 tougher.

TONY
 I know!

Horse Track picks up the suitcase.

NATHAN
 (wearily)
 Let's call a cab and get to the
 right one.

TONY
 They're not gonna be there. After 2
 hours? They gave up on us. They're
 back at the camp already, searching
 for new slurs on Google.

NATHAN
 Well, I say we go to the other
 motel and check first. Who agrees?

Everyone but Tony raises their hands.

FINGERS
 That's what they call a shutout, My
 Brother.

They start to exit. Fingers is carrying the bible he was
 marking up earlier.

TONY
You're taking that?

FINGERS
When they shoot porno in here later
they're gonna need space in the
drawer for props anyway.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - LATER

The guys are now driving around the docks of Elizabeth, NJ. The driver is nervous being in such a deserted area so late at night.

NATHAN
I'm not saying you weren't right,
I'm saying it was a guess. You
didn't actually *know* they weren't
gonna be there.

Tony is looking at the cranes, trying to get his bearings.

TONY
(to driver)
It's near the base of that red
crane somewhere. Try down there.

The taxi turns down another one of the empty streets.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE WAREHOUSE (CAMP) - MOMENTS LATER

They found the camp. He pulls to a stop. The guys get out. Fat Boy comes around to pay the driver.

DRIVER
What is this? Underground club?

FAT BOY
We are a Mafia crew. We have just
robbed a factory and this is our
hideout.

DRIVER
I didn't see anything! Ride's on
me!

The cab speeds away.

Horse Track tries the door -- locked.

HORSE TRACK
(knocking)
We're back. Hello?

Horse Track looks through the window.

HORSE TRACK (CONT'D)
Not good.

HORSE TRACK'S POV: The room is completely empty! The posters have been taken down and their bags are gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKS, ELISABETH, NJ - 3:30 AM

The guys have been walking out of the deserted docks for hours. Tensions are strained.

HORSE TRACK
(to Fat Boy)
Tell us again why you told the driver we were in the Mafia.

FAT BOY
I have told of the story twice now.

HORSE TRACK
Yeah but we still have time to get mad at you some more.

They turn a corner. A GREEK DINER is not far away. They've finally reached civilization!

CUT TO:

INT. GREEK DINER - 4AM

The diner is half-filled with interstate TRUCK DRIVERS and PEOPLE taking "lunch" on the graveyard shift. A TV hangs above the register tuned to LOCAL NEWS.

Our guys enter, grab some menus and cross to a booth.

TONY
I wonder if they'd let me order a bucket of coffee to soak my feet.

NATHAN
 (re: menu)
 They have moussaka!

FINGERS
 I ordered that moose cocka once. I
 can't believe you like that taste.

NATHAN
 It's pronounced mouSSaka.

Beat.

FINGERS
 I think we might be talking about
 different things then.

ON TV SCREEN:

REPORTER
*Police say the robbery took place
 sometime around 11 PM last night.*
 These shots were taken by the
 building's surveillance cameras...**

ANGLE ON TABLE

FINGERS
 Hey Hadji, your brother robbed
 someone.

FAT BOY
 (eyes in menu)
 You could not be talking to me
 because that is not my name.

HORSE TRACK
 Holy crap! It DOES look like you.

ON SCREEN: Surveillance shot of Fat Boy robbing the factory.

TONY
 This is bad.

ON SCREEN: Surveillance shot of Horse Track.

TONY (CONT'D)
 This is very bad.

ON SCREEN: Surveillance shot of Fingers.

They all get the same idea -- they quickly hold up their
 menus to hide behind.

REPORTER

(on screen)

...Federal Authorities say the factory, although Chinese owned, has connections to the Bolidaire Crime Family...

NATHAN

Oh... shit...

FAT BOY

They think we really stole! We did not really steal!

FINGERS

You don't have to convince us. We were there too.

HORSE TRACK

This doesn't make sense. When you rob a place you take something.

They realize they DID!

All eyes turn to the SUITCASE. Nobody wants to speak next.

Finally...

HORSE TRACK (CONT'D)

Open it.

FINGERS

YOU open it. I ain't even here.

Tony peeks out of their menu fort. They're not being watched. He pries open the suitcase with a fork.

CLOSE ON: BUNDLES OF \$20 BILLS fill the suitcase.

NATHAN

200 thousand!

TONY

You made up that number.

NATHAN

About 20 bunches, 5 inches thick.
200 grand.

(then)

Guess I did take away something from those movies.

Tony gives Nathan a look -- you're gonna mine for Brownie points now!

FAT BOY
We stole from the mafia!

TONY
Why don't you say that louder?

FAT BOY
If I say it louder-- oh, sarcasm.
This is not the time please.

NATHAN
(realizing)
Oh my god. It's brilliant.

They all turn to Nathan.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Frankie wanted to rob the real
Mafia but he knew they'd come after
him...

TONY
(catching on)
..so he tricked US into doing it
for him. We're patsies!

HORSE TRACK
He was probably waiting at the
other motel to take this money.

NATHAN
And kill us.

TONY
I don't know if I'd go *that* far.

NATHAN
He would have. I know how these
guys think.

TONY
Just 'cause you learned an
accounting trick from watching some
movies doesn't mean you know how
criminals think.

HORSE TRACK
So what do we do?

TONY
What do you mean, what do we do? We
go to the police.

Tony closes the suitcase and starts to get out of the booth.
Nathan holds him back.

NATHAN

If we go to the cops the Mafia
won't get this money back.

TONY

Boo hoo.

NATHAN

They think WE stole it.

TONY

And when they read our story in the
paper they'll understand we didn't.

NATHAN

We were tricked by some guys we
can't find who ran a camp we can't
prove even existed? That story?

FINGERS

I don't even believe that story.
And I was there. I say we get the
fuck outta Dodge.

NATHAN

Run from the Mafia?

They all realize that's a bad idea.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

(deciding)

We gotta give this money back
before we go to the cops.

Nathan gets out of the booth and starts towards the exit. Fat
Boy takes the suitcase and he, Fingers and Horse Track
follow. Tony reluctantly brings up the rear.

As they make their way to the exit, Fingers, unseen by the
employees, grabs a waiting steak from the kitchen window and
sticks it into a to-go bag.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Nathan makes his way between the parked cars, trying door
handles to find one that's unlocked.

TONY

Can we talk about this? I'm not convinced your give-the-money-back idea's the way to go here-- What are we doing?

NATHAN

We need a a car.

TONY

We're gonna steal a car! That's illegal!

Nathan finds a car that opens.

NATHAN

Anybody know how to hot-wire?

Fingers gestures he does. He slips into the car and goes down under the dashboard.

TONY

That factory was surrounded by cops. They'll see us give the money back.

NATHAN

We're not going to the factory.

Before he can elaborate, the car starts. Fingers gets out.

FINGERS

I did my part. Ain't driving too.

FAT BOY

I have taxi license.

Fat Boy hops into the driver's seat.

TONY

(to himself)

Is anything tonight not gonna be a stereotype?

HORSE TRACK

If we need money for tolls, just know now, I don't have any.

Tony dies a little bit more inside.

The guys all get into the car. Tony hesitates.

NATHAN

You gonna stay here with the Mafia
AND the cops looking for ya?

Tony begrudgingly gets in.

CUT TO:

INT. STOLEN CAR - SHORT TIME LATER

Fat Boy is driving. Fingers eats steak from the to-go bag.

TONY

I'd like to go on record -- I did
not support the decision to steal
this car.

FAT BOY

Where am I to go?

NATHAN

Bolidaire's social club in
Brooklyn.

Fat Boy nods. He knows the way.

TONY

Wait. Salvatore Bolidaire?

NATHAN

Yeah. They said the factory was
connected to him.

TONY

He runs, like, the biggest crime
family in New York!

NATHAN

(correcting)
Entire east coast.

TONY

And we're just gonna drive to his
hideout and ring the doorbell?

NATHAN

He doesn't hide out but, yeah.
(suddenly realizing)
Shit. I just thought of something.
He might think we made up this
story cause we got scared and
changed our minds. He might kill us
either way.

FINGERS

Gettin' the fuck outta Dodge don't sound so bad no more, does it?

TONY

(re: steak)

How can you eat now?

FINGERS

This don't work, we going to Purgatory, Mothafucker. I'm eaten' ribeye while I can.

Nathan suddenly realizes something else...

NATHAN

(to Fat Boy)

Change of plans. Go to Hoboken. We'll take the PATH train to Brooklyn.

TONY

We just committed grand theft auto. You wanna jump turnstiles and go for fare evasion now also?

NATHAN

This car might've been reported stolen. They have license plate cameras at the tunnels and bridges.

TONY

How do you know that?

NATHAN

You'd know it too if you watched more Mafia movies.

FADE TO:

EXT. PATH STATION, HOBOKEN, NJ - SHORT TIME LATER

The guys come through the turnstiles and walk past...

A NEWSSTAND. The front page of the NEW YORK POST reads: "Robbers Disrespect Mafia" over their surveillance shots.

Tony does a double-take and points it out. They continues to walk to the platform but now cover their faces behind their hands.

FADE TO:

EXT. SUBWAY STATION EXIT, BROOKLYN - LATER

The guys walk up the subway stairs to the street.

They now wear TOURIST ATTIRE to hide their identities -- oversized plastic sunglasses, a hat saying I HEART NY, a sombrero, TIME SQUARE scarfs wrapped around their necks...

They pass a NEWSSTAND displaying the same NEW YORK POST. Nobody will recognize them from the pictures now.

FADE TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET CORNER - DAY

Down the block is Bolidaire's SOCIAL CLUB -- an unadorned wall with a plain door and a sign: "Italians Only". The door is manned by a big Italian DOOR GUARD eating a SUB SANDWICH.

TONY

You'd think a mob chief would have a nicer place.

NATHAN

Boss.

TONY

Whatever.

FINGERS

Call him chief. See how much whatever it is.

UNDERCOVER COPS sit in UNMARKED CARS monitoring the club. So many that you can't help but notice. Many shops along the street have signs in their windows: "Surveillance supplies", "Discounts for NYPD", "binocular repair"...

NATHAN

These cops will make us if we all walk up.

(to Fingers)

I think you should do this.

FINGERS

What's this -- the movie GLORY?
Send the black guys in first?

TONY

C'mon. Suggesting that had nothing to do with your race.

NATHAN

Actually it did. Lots of black guys are on the street. He won't attract attention.

FINGERS

Give me the money. I wanna get away from both ya'all.

Fingers takes the suitcase and crosses the street.

EXT. BOLIDAIRE'S SOCIAL CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Fingers walks along the sidewalk towards the club entrance.

The GUARD takes another bite of his SUB SANDWICH, barely done swallowing his last bite.

FINGERS

Sup' Big Man?

The door guard is taken by surprise. Who's sneaking up on him! He drops the sandwich. Fingers thinks he's going for a gun.

FINGERS (CONT'D)

Whoa, whoa--

Fingers ducks and the guy keels over onto him, choking and grabbing at his own chest. He wasn't going for a gun, he's having a heart attack!

Fingers wiggles out from under him and runs away as...

An ITALIAN comes out the door and sees his associate is down.

ITALIAN

(yelling inside)

Hit!

He gives chase to Fingers.

The cops realize something is going down. They jump out of their various cars and head to the door.

SOME COPS give chase to Fingers and the Italian chasing him.

MORE ITALIANS appear from inside and see the OTHER COPS approaching the club door.

MORE ITALIANS

Raid!

They draw their guns and the cops respond by drawing theirs.
It's a Mexican stand-off.

CROSS FADE TO:

EXT. ALLEY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Our guys come around a corner and stop, totally exhausted.

HORSE TRACK
(trying to catch breath)
I think...I think..we lost 'em.

Everybody struggles to catch their breath...

TONY
I..don't understand why we..just
didn't stop and...give the money
to...the guy chasing us.

NATHAN
The cops were..right behind him...
They'd have confiscated it.

Fingers takes a swig from a water bottle.

FAT BOY
Where'd...you get that?

FINGERS
Korean fruit stand...Grabbed it as
I ran by.

FAT BOY
You stole!
(then)
May I have some?

Fat Boy takes a swig from Finger's water.

HORSE TRACK
(to Nathan)
What about Macario's?

Nathan considers this.

NATHAN
That could work. Tomorrow IS
Thursday.

Tony looks lost.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Bolidaire eats at Macario's
Restaurant every Thursday. We can
try and intercept him there when he
walks in.

TONY
You want to try this again!

NATHAN
Unless you got a better idea.

TONY
Just...mail it to him. I don't
know.

NATHAN
Great idea! We'll just get a
tracking number and insure it for
200,000 dollars.

TONY
The sarcasm didn't help your
argument one bit.

NATHAN
(deciding)
Our best bet's intercepting him
when he goes into Macario's.
Everyone agree?

They all nod. Tony abstains.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
We need a place to crash until
tomorrow. Our homes are definitely
being staked out by now.

TONY
Definitely. You know how these guys
think.

Nathan looks at Tony.

TONY (CONT'D)
(feigning innocence)
I'm agreeing with you.

HORSE TRACK
There's lots of hotels around here.

NATHAN

They're gonna want ID and the cops
will be monitoring our credit
cards.

HORSE TRACK

I got a sister with a house in
Queens.

NATHAN

Call her.

HORSE TRACK

I think it'd be better if we just
show up.

FADE TO:

EXT. 45TH STREET, LONG ISLAND CITY - LATER

The cab drops them off and drives away. They walk across the
front lawn and up the porch steps to...

EXT. GLORIA'S PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Horse Track rings the doorbell.

GLORIA (O.S.)

I'm watching Rikki Lake! You better
be fuckin' bleeding!

GLORIA, Horse Track's sister, opens the door. If there was a
prize for the Most Lovable Person, she'd shit in a paper bag
and leave them on the judge's porch.

HORSE TRACK

Hey, Gloria.

GLORIA

Why are you here? Who are these
losers?

HORSE TRACK

We need a place to stay tonight.

GLORIA

(to Fat Boy)
You a Paki?

FAT BOY

I am Egyptian.

GLORIA

My ass crack you're Egyptian. I fucked a lot of guys from Pakistan and the babies I gave up looked like you. Why you lying?

HORSE TRACK

Gloria! Relax.

GLORIA

Don't tell me how to act. This is MY house. Remember?

(then)

Ain't this sweet? You need something from me this time.

(to Fat Boy)

You eyeing me, Pac Man? Think you're getting a piece of this sweet meat?

TONY

Pac Man?

HORSE TRACK

(to guys)

Let me talk to her in private.

TONY

When you're done I'm gonna talk to her also.

Nathan ushers Tony away.

NATHAN

Don't lecture her. Please?

TONY

You're not bothered by what she just called Nagi?

NATHAN

Who's Nagi-- Oh. Fat-Boy. I *am* but--

TONY

...but we shouldn't stand up for him?

NATHAN

We should. But not right now. Right now we really need her help.

Horse Track crosses over to them.

HORSE TRACK

We can stay in the garage.

GLORIA

(yelling from porch)

I catch you peeing on my plants I
put your balls in a meat grinder.
And don't think I don't have a
frickin' meat grinder!

She goes inside.

Fat Boy spots a NEW YORK POST on the lawn -- the one with
them on the cover from this morning.

FAT BOY

We probably do not want her to be
seeing that.

HORSE TRACK

Good eye. Grab those also.

Fat Boy and Fingers pick up additional newspapers on the
neighboring porches and throw them into a GARBAGE CAN.

NATHAN

What about TV? We'll probably be on
the news tonight.

Horse Track nods. He goes around the side of the house, finds
the CABLE TV WIRING and yanks the cable until it breaks.

From inside the house...

GLORIA (O.S.)

Middle of Rikki Lake? Fuck you,
Time Warner!

CUT TO:

INT. GLORIA'S GARAGE - NIGHT

The garage has been turned into a rec room years ago -- some
couches, a carpet and a TV that probably doesn't work.

Horse Track found some old blankets and pillows in a storage
box. The guys sit around some open pizza boxes and plan.

FAT BOY

But what if we can not get to Mr. B
on the street?

Nathan and Horse Track share a look. They need to plan accordingly.

NATHAN

Well, then...we'll hand off the suitcase to Tony. He'll have to take it inside.

TONY

Wait. What?

NATHAN

The restaurant is Italians only.

TONY

You want ME to-- No. No way. I can't. Get one of these guys.

NATHAN

They only let in Italians. Weren't you listening?

TONY

First off, they can't do that. It's discrimination--

NATHAN

Tony, it's a Mafia joint. What are we gonna do, call the cops on 'em? Look, it's probably not gonna come to this anyway--

TONY

Well if it does I can't do it. I tense up. You know me. We gotta find another Italian. Recruit one. Gangs do it all the time.

NATHAN

If you have a better idea...

TONY

You gotta stop staying that. When you say that I can't win the argument.

FAT BOY

This is fun. We are coming up with the plan like the real crew.

CUT TO:

INT. GLORIA'S DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Tony exits the garage and stands by a tree to pee. The moment he starts he hears the side door of the house open. Assuming it's Gloria and her meat grinder, Tony rushes to hide, getting pee all over his legs.

TONY

Son of a...
 (looking to heavens)
 Gonna be another one of those days?
 (adding)
 As long as we're chatting, keep me
 out of that restaurant. Amen.

Tony peeks out and sees that Gloria has come outside with TWO GUYS IN SAILOR SUITS. She kisses them goodbye and they exit.

Tony accidentally steps on some leaves and she spots him.

GLORIA

You spying on me, Greaseball?

Before Tony can respond, Horse Track and the others come out of the garage.

HORSE TRACK

Hey, Gloria. We're gonna leave for
 a couple of hours.

GLORIA

Do me a favor. Pick up a bucket so
 I can use it to collect all the
 shit I give.

She gives Tony the stink eye and heads back inside the house.

CUT TO:

INT. LAWRENCE AND MEL'S TAILOR SHOP (QUEENS) - DAY

MEL, 72, reads a newspaper and LAWRENCE, 74, plays solitaire until lunch when they can have soup.

Our guys enter.

NATHAN

We need to buy a suit.

LAWRENCE

You are in luck. We are out of
 skateboards. Only suits left.

Lawrence points to a rack of 4 or 5 suits.

NATHAN

This is your whole selection?

LAWRENCE

Had we known you were coming we
wouldn't have sold so many.

The guys sort through the selection. Nathan picks out the closest suit to Tony's size and Tony crosses to the mirror area to try it on.

FINGERS

Damn. I know pimps that would wear
these.

(getting idea; to Nathan)

Lemme have Girlfriend's suit when
we're done. Maybe I can barter for
some services.

Lawrence examines the suit on Tony. He pinches the shoulders,
holds in the waist...

LAWRENCE

I will have to work miracles.
Miracles cost money.

TONY

Not the ones in the Bible.

LAWRENCE

The Bible did not lease retail
space in Queens. 300 dollars
including the suit. You want I sew
in Pierre Cardin labels, one
hundred more.

NATHAN

That's a lot of money.

LAWRENCE

Okay then. No labels.

NATHAN

That's the best you can do?

LAWRENCE

I just took of a hundred dollars.
You want I throw in my sewing
machine too?

NATHAN

Okay. But we need it by 3 o'clock.

Lawrence struggles and struggles... finally...

LAWRENCE

25 extra.

Nathan nods. Lawrence takes the suit and the guys exit.

MEL

Lawrence, kum do.

["Come here" in Yiddish]

Mel holds up his newspaper from that morning with the pictures of our guys on the cover.

LAWRENCE

You say, "Lawrence, come here," but not, "Get money up front"?

CUT TO:

INT GARAGE - SAME

Gloria is snooping through the garage. She picks up a pillow, smells it and puts it back. You read that correctly.

She comes across the suitcase with the money and opens it.

GLORIA

Eat my Ben Vereen!

She whips out her cell phone and dials 911 as she pockets one of the bundles of money.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

No, I will not hold! My piece-a-shit brother's selling drugs. I wanna turn him in.

CUT TO:

INT. BEN'S BEST DELI, QUEENS - DAY

A classic Jewish deli on Queens Blvd.

The guys (except for Horse Track) eat at one of the long communal tables with OLDER JEWISH CUSTOMERS.

They are disguised in fresh TOURIST ATTIRE so as not to be recognized -- an I HEART QUEENS T-shirt, NYC ski cap, Manhattan skyline jacket, huge plastic sunglasses with "Empire State Building" on the rims...

A NICE OLD LADY leans in...

NICE OLD LADY
Are you boys from around here?

ANGLE ON TAKE OUT COUNTER

Horse Track finally gets his tray of food and heads over to join the others. He passes the magazine and newspaper KIOSK inside the restaurant and sees the NY POST with their pictures on the cover. He buys all the copies.

He joins the others at the table, placing the newspapers facedown.

HORSE TRACK
How is it? Best kasha varnishkes
this side of Jackson Ave, I'm
tellin' ya.

FINGERS
Know why you Jews never win the
marathon? This food weighs too
much.

Fingers drops a knish onto the table. It makes a THUD.

An OLD GUY sees Horse Track's stack of newspapers.

CUSTOMER
Excuse me, son. May I?

Horse Track puts his arm on them so they can't be picked up.

HORSE TRACK
I'm reading 'em.

OLD GUY
I just want to check a ball score.

HORSE TRACK
Sorry.

OLD GUY
(180 degree turn)
You should find bacon in that
kasha.

The old guy crosses out, pissed.

FINGERS

Hey Hadji, pass me some of those
pickled whatever-they-ares.

Fat Boy passes the table's communal bowl of green tomatoes.

TONY

Why do you keep calling him that?

FINGERS

I'm just teasing. He knows that.

TONY

You really should stop.

FINGERS

And why's that?

TONY

Don't play stupid.

FINGERS

'Cause it's rude? Yeah, well, you
know what else is rude? Telling
folks you barely know how to
behave.

Fingers reaches over onto Tony's plate, grabs his pickle and
eats it.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE TAILOR SHOP

Nathan is in front of the group as they return to the tailor.
Through the front window he sees A COP inside.

NATHAN

Hold up. Police are in there.

The guys stop before passing in front of the window.

HORSE TRACK

Think that tailor recognized us?

TONY

Does it matter?

NATHAN

Yeah, it does. It means they're
searching for us around here. I
don't think we should stay out.

HORSE TRACK
What about his suit?

NATHAN
I guess we scratch Plan B.

TONY
Damn.

CUT TO:

EXT. GLORIA'S FRONT YARD - LATER

The guys walk back from the tailors. A DETECTIVE CAR is in Gloria's driveway.

They quickly sneak to the side of the house to get out of view of the windows.

They hear talking in the backyard and continue back...

EXT. SIDE OF GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The guys look through the garage's side window and see...

A DETECTIVE takes notes as Gloria shows him the suitcase.

HORSE TRACK
They found the suitcase! What now?

They all turn to Nathan.

TONY
Thank God there was probably a Sopranos episode that dealt with this.

NATHAN
Now? Really? You're gonna poke the tiger now?

Nathan thinks about what to do...

FLIP TO:

INT. GLORIA'S LIVING ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Gloria and the detective are tied to chairs. Duct tape covers their mouths. Gloria frantically curses under the duct tape but we only hear MUMBLES.

TONY

(to Gloria and Detective)
I want to go on record that this was not my idea. In fact, when this is over I'd like to take you guys to lunch. Or perhaps a donation to a charity that's dear to you--

HORSE TRACK

Tony. Come here.

Horse Track is standing at the entrance to the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. GLORIA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Horse Track brings Tony into the room and slides open the doors to Gloria's closet.

HORSE TRACK

My sister schtoops a lot of guys. One must've snuck out in the middle of the night and left a suit behind.

TONY

I don't need a suit anymore, remember?

HORSE TRACK

Just help me search these boxes.

Tony figures it's easier to play along than argue.

They both search through different parts of the closet.

TONY

What's she do for a living?

HORSE TRACK

Gloria? Public relations.

TONY

Not a vet? 'Cause there's cattle insemination equipment in here.

Horse Track makes a face and shrugs. He doesn't want to know.

They go back digging through the closet...

TONY (CONT'D)
 They still print nudist
 magazines?... Must be a Rush
 Limbaugh fan.

Tony holds up a semi-deflated Rush Limbaugh blowup doll.

HORSE TRACK
 He has a...

There's a large protruding dildo at the hips. It's a sex
 doll! Tony tosses it away as if it was hot.

TONY
 (to himself)
 How am I ever gonna wash that image
 out of my head?

HORSE TRACK
 (finding a suit)
 Bingo!

CUT TO:

INT. GLORIA'S LIVING ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Tony and Horse Track return from the bedroom. Tony is
 begrudgingly wearing the suit.

HORSE TRACK
 What's this?

A side table now sits between the tied-up Gloria and the
 detective. On it there's JUICE, CHIPS and a CHECKERBOARD.

FAT BOY
 It will look like they are playing
 the checkers when neighbors come.
 So as not to have it so
 embarrassing. The knots we have
 learned came in handy!

FINGERS
 Brother needed something to do. It
 was either this or see if they were
 ticklish.

Gloria is beet red from cursing into the duct tape.

NATHAN
 Okay. So. Let's do this.

TONY
 (to Gloria)
 You have a lovely house. Thank you
 for opening it up to us.

Gloria continues to curse under the tape.

They start to exit but Horse Track remembers something. He
 takes the detective badge off the detective's shirt.

HORSE TRACK
 We'll return this later.

CUT TO:

EXT. GLORIA'S FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

The guys come out of the house and start to get into the
 detective's car.

TONY
 Whoa. We already stole a car
 yesterday. Let's do only new
 things.

NATHAN
 Get in.

TONY
 We'll be going through the Brooklyn
 Tunnel. They have cameras in the
 tunnels.
 (to Nathan)
 See? I CAN learn these things
 without those movies!

ALL
 Get in!

CUT TO:

EXT. MULBERRY STREET, LITTLE ITALY - EVENING

A busy block in Little Italy.

Tony and Nathan stand on a corner, looking down the street at
 the entrance to MACARIO'S RESTAURANT.

In the distance they can see Horse Track close to the
 restaurant entrance, blending in with the various PASSERSBY.

TONY

What if he doesn't show up?

NATHAN

He'll show up. If Bolidaire breaks his routine it'll look like he's scared. He can't show weakness.

Tony considers this. Makes sense. He waits for Nathan to gloat. But Nathan doesn't.

TONY

Thanks for not pointing out you learned that from a movie.

NATHAN

It took all I had not to.

In BG a limo pulls up to the entrance.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

That's gotta be his limo. Look at the plate.

CLOSE ON: limo's license plate - "FU NYPD"

NATHAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)
That's him.

INTERCUT:

HUGE BODYGUARDS emerge from the limo followed by BOLIDAIRE and a group of HENCHMEN. They head into the restaurant.

HORSE TRACK

Mr. Bolidaire--

In less than a second Horse Track is GRABBED and WHISKED OUT of frame by the bodyguards.

BODYGUARD

No autographs!

HORSE TRACK

(yelling)
Mr. Bolidaire, I have your money!

Bolidaire and his henchmen are already through the doors.

BODYGUARD

The boss does business during business hours.

HORSE TRACK

You don't understand. Tell him I
have his money--

BODYGUARD

No, YOU don't understand. Get lost
or they'll be steam-cleaning your
brains off the sidewalk.

Horse Track slinks away.

Nathan and Tony can't hear anything from so far away but
Horse Track still holds the suitcase so it's clear he failed.

Shit. Nathan turns to Tony.

NATHAN

Looks like you're up.

Tony's face turns ashen.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car is parked on the street, down from the restaurant.
Fat Boy is behind the wheel. Fingers share a bag of chips.

FAT BOY

These are good. What are these
called?

Fingers hides the bag so Fat Boy can't verify his answer.

FINGERS

Porch Monkeys. They only carry 'em
in black-owned stores. Usually
behind the counter. You have to ask
for 'em.

FAT BOY

Porch Monkeys.

FINGERS

Right.

SFX: PHONE RINGS

Fingers answers.

NATHAN (O.S.)

(through phone speaker)

We're going with plan B. Stand by.

CUT TO:

EXT. MULBERRY STREET, LITTLE ITALY - CONTINUOUS

Tony and Nathan walk towards the entrance to Macario's.

NATHAN

Okay, there will definitely be
bodyguards all around him--

Tony stops.

TONY

I can't do this. I can't. I only
said yes cause you talked me into
it. What if I say the wrong thing--

NATHAN

Listen to me. Calm down--

TONY

(panicking)

I can't go in there alone! I can't
role-play. Don't make me do this!

NATHAN

Okay. Shhhhh.

Nathan puts an arm around Tony's shoulders to steady him.
Tony is really shaking. It's not an act.

Not good. Nathan starts to pace inside his head, looking for
a solution. There's not other option...

NATHAN (CONT'D)

What if I go in with you?

TONY

But you said--

NATHAN

I know what I said! Look, if I'm
there next to you, will that calm
you down?

TONY

I don't know...

NATHAN

This is the best I can do, Tony!
C'mon! Work with me here!

(into phone)

Change of plans. We need 2 names.

INTERCUT WITH CAR

FINGERS
(into phone)
Two?

NATHAN
(into phone)
Yeah. I'm going in also.

FINGERS
But how--

NATHAN
I don't know! I'm gonna wing it.
Just worry about your part.

Nathan spots TWO GUYS in suits a little further down the street walking towards the entrance.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Try those guys in dark suits.
Passing the stoop. See 'em?

INTERCUT

The detective car pulls up alongside MR. PANNALOTTI and MR. ROMAN. Fingers rolls down the passenger window.

FINGERS
Hey, scumbags. You headed to
Macario's?

The guys look at other. Time to kick some ass.

PANNALOTTI
Yeah. We're going there. Right
after you get out of the car.

Fingers holds up the COP BADGE.

FINGERS
How 'bout you get in?

Seeing the badge takes away their bravado. But only a bit.

PANNALOTTI
There a problem, Detective?

FINGERS
Look at that. Knows a detective
badge from a beat cop's. Ain't that
curious?

Fingers opens up the back door. They stay put.

PANNALOTTI
We're meeting somebody.

FINGERS
(firm)
Get in.

PANNALOTTI and ROMAN begrudgingly get in. Fingers closes the door and the car drives away.

INT. DETECTIVE CAR - CONTINUOUS

FINGERS
State your names for the record.

ROMAN
You don't know who we are! What is
this crap?

Fat Boy slams on the brakes!

PANNALOTTI and ROMAN slam their heads into the back of the front seats.

PANNALOTTI
What the hell!

FAT BOY
Do not argue with officers.

FINGERS
(good cop)
We need to call into the station.
Make sure they pull the proper
files. Now, what's your name?

ROMAN
Marcelo Roman.

FINGERS
Yours?

PANNALOTTI
Frank Sinatra.

Fat Boy slams on the brakes again.

Again they slam their heads into the back of the seats.

PANNALOTTI (CONT'D)
You're nuts!

FINGERS

He's gonna keep doing that. What's
your name?

(short beat)

Too slow.

Fat Boy slams on the brakes. Again they bang their heads.

PANNALOTTI

God-DAMNIT! Gino Pannalotti.

FINGERS

That's better.

(into phone)

We're bringing in Gino Pannalotti
and Marcelo Roman.

CUT TO:

INT. MULBERRY STREET, LITTLE ITALY - SAME

They walk towards the restaurant entrance. Tony is trying his best to hold it together. Nathan hangs up the phone.

NATHAN

Your name is Marcelo Roman. Who are
you?

TONY

(weakly)

Marcelo Roman.

NATHAN

No!

(forceful)

"I am Marcelo Roman. You got a
problem with that? I didn't think
so!" Like that. You have to tell
THEM what the truth is. Can you do
that?

TONY

(weakly)

Yes.

They reach the entrance to Macario's. Nathan picks up the suitcase next to a wall where Horse Track placed it. Off to the side, Horse Track looks surprised to see Nathan is going to try to walk inside also.

Nathan holds the door open for Tony to enter.

NATHAN
I'll be right beside you. Eye of
the tiger.

INT. HOST STAND, MACARIO'S RESTARANT - CONTINUOUS

THE HOST, dressed in a tuxedo, stands guard at the podium. He commands all he sees and then some.

Nathan hangs back, facing away so hopefully the host won't notice him too much.

TONY
Hi. Uh..we have a reservation.
Marci Romaine.

The host looks at the book, keeping one eye on Nathan.

HOST
Marcelo Roman?

TONY
That's it.

The host looks at Nathan again.

HOST
And Mr. Pannalotti, I take it?

TONY
What? Oh. Yes.

HOST
(leaning in)
Forgive me but Mr. Pannalotti does
not appear to be of the Italian
persuasion.

TONY
(unconvincing)
No. He is. He's a lot Italian.

Nathan can hear that Tony is about to blow this. He walks up to the host stand and takes control.

NATHAN
(overly Italian; forceful)
'Cuse me. I couldn't help but
overhear.

(MORE)

NATHAN (CONT'D)

I get hacked up in a turf war in Philly -- don't ask -- a bunch of doctors from Slovenia or Slovakia or whatever backwaters fuckin' 'venia they were from, reconstruct my face so now I am no longer Italian? Is that what you'z suggestin'?

The host didn't see THAT coming. He's taken aback.

HOST

I didn't mean to--

NATHAN

Sounded like you was meaning to.

HOST

I apologize--

NATHAN

Apology accepted. Now get us our table 'fore we eat down the street.

HOST

(delicately)

There is the issue of your attire.

NATHAN

My attire? This shirt costs more than you mother's house.

HOST

Jackets and ties are required. We have a policy.

NATHAN

He has a policy. Listen to this guy. Mr. Bolidaire set up a meeting with us tonight. Why don't you go get him so we can all discuss this policy.

HOST

Mr. Bolidaire has requested not to be interrupted.

NATHAN

(mad)

Gimme your name.

(to Tony)

Write down this prick's name.

(MORE)

NATHAN (CONT'D)

(back to host)

Tomorrow I'm gonna tell Salvatore
that you personally decided to
cancel our meeting.

(to Tony)

Get his height too. Sallie's gonna
need that when he orders the
casket.

(to host)

You're dead to me. Dead!

Nathan turns and storms back towards the door. Tony just
stands there in shock.

HOST

Mr. Pannicotti! Wait!

Nathan stops.

HOST (CONT'D)

Again, I apologize. I'm sure we can
round up a jacket and tie for you.

NATHAN

His tie.

HOST

Excuse me?

NATHAN

I want *his* tie.

Nathan points to a SEATER standing near the host.

The host whispers something to the SEATER. The seater takes
off his tie and hands it to Nathan as ANOTHER SEATER crosses
in with a house jacket.

The first seater escorts them to their table.

Nathan shakes the host's hand as they walk past, slipping him
a tip. Just like he learned in "class" yesterday.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

(sotto to Tony)

And that's the way it's done.

INT. MAIN ROOM, MACARIO'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

The room is very busy. And noisy. Mostly LARGE MEN in suits
at tables covered with checkered tablecloths.

WAITERS scurry about with large blocks of imported Parmesan to grate over freshly-made pastas.

Nathan and Tony are brought to a 4-top at the far end of the room. Nathan carries the suitcase.

NATHAN

There he is. Table in the corner.

Nathan hands Tony the suitcase.

TONY

Eye of the Tiger.

NATHAN

Stop saying that.

Tony nervously heads towards Bolidaire.

A HENCHMAN at a surrounding table intercepts Tony.

HENCHMAN

Wrong way.

TONY

I have to give this to Mr.
Bolidaire--

HENCHMAN

Go back to your seat.

Tony makes the mistake of trying to squeeze past.

TONY

Mr. Bolidaire--

ANOTHER HENCHMAN immediately stands and they both grab Tony and push him back down the aisle.

TONY (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Mr. Bolidaire!

The room is so noisy that Bolidaire (and everyone else) didn't hear or notice.

The henchmen continue to escort Tony past the table Nathan is at, all the way into the back room.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ROOM, MACARIO'S RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Nathan finds Tony sitting at a new table, clearly shaken. The henchman left.

TONY
They said this is my table now.
They also said if I get near him
again...

Tony's voice peters out. It's too awful to say.

NATHAN
If you get near him again what?

Tony just shakes his head and tries not to cry. Finally he manages to get out...

TONY
I need *both* my nuts.

Nathan sits and considers their options.

NATHAN
Gotta go with Plan C.

TONY
There is no Plan C.

NATHAN
Actually there is. We worked it out
after you fell asleep.

TONY
You made a plan without me--

WAITER (O.S.)
Buona sera.

A WAITER floats in with a basket of bread and menus.

WAITER
Vino, gentlemen?

NATHAN
A glass of Amarone.

TONY
You're gonna drink?

WAITER

For fish tonight I have a spigole
cooked in white wine and capers.
Also a Fettuccine de palmito 'a
Carbonara. Nice.

The waiter floats away. Nathan looks at the menu.

NATHAN

Their pastas are supposed to be
amazing.

TONY

What are you doing?

Nathan takes a piece of bread and dips it in some olive oil.

NATHAN

What do you mean, what am I doing?

TONY

(frantic whisper)
You're gonna order food?

NATHAN

We're here. Do you know how many
non-Italians ever taste-- Wow! Try
that.

Tony stares at him.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

You really have to learn to make
the best of a situation.

TONY

I'll remember that while I'm
scrubbing feces out of my
underwear. What's Plan C?

NATHAN

Oh. Right. Gimme your phone.

Nathan dials.

INTERCUT WITH

EXT. MULBERRY STREET, LITTLE ITALY - CONTINUOUS

Horse Track looks over the Macario's menu in the display case
outside the restaurant.

SFX: CELL PHONE RING

HORSE TRACK
 (into phone)
 Yeah?

NATHAN
 (into phone)
 We're gonna go with plan C.

HORSE TRACK
 (into phone)
 Rodger that.
 (re: display menu)
 How's the food? The mozzarella
 appetizers look great.

NATHAN
 (into phone)
 They do, don't that? They have a
 spigole special tonight.

TONY
 Hang up.

HORSE TRACK
 (into phone)
 That's Branzino, right?

NATHAN
 (into phone)
 Yeah. But I heard that pastas are
 that way to go--

Tony grabs the phone away from Nathan and hangs it up.

TONY
 Tell me what Plan C is!

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Fat Boy and Fingers are driving around with the guys near the
 Brooklyn Bridge.

SFX: CELL PHONE RING.

FINGERS
 (into phone)
 Cops...
 (obvious)
 What's that, Sargent CODE at the
 station? New PLAN? I SEE.

Fingers hangs up. Fat Boy nods that he understood the code.

FINGERS (CONT'D)
We're going to a different station.

ROMAN
(suspicious)
How come you're not using the
radio?

FINGERS
It's broken.

ROMAN
It's turned off.

FINGERS
Yeah. 'Cause it's broken.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ROOM, MACARIO'S RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Nathan just finished describing what Plan C is.

TONY
And Adderall makes you pee?

NATHAN
That's what Horse Track says. He's
the doctor. He's picking up some
now.
(re: bread and oil)
This is unbelievable. They must've
baked this 2 minutes ago--

WAITER (O.S.)
Gentlemen?

The waiter has returned. He holds pen to pad.

NATHAN
Penne Arrabiata.

TONY
Order. Right. Uh...

Tony looks at the menu for the first time.

CLOSE ON MENU: It's all in Italian.

Tony points to something at random.

TONY (CONT'D)

This.

WAITER

Il Contorno? You'll have "Side dishes"?

NATHAN

(over-the-top Italian)

He wants a plate of the side dishes. That a problem?

WAITER

Of course not, sir. Very good.

The waiter crosses out. Tony looks at Nathan -- do you really have to do the over-the-top accent?

NATHAN

It works. Does it work or not?

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE CAR - CONTINUOUS

They are driving across the Brooklyn Bridge.

FINGERS

Sorry about the wrong turn. When we get to Brooklyn we'll circle back. Happens.

Roman and Pannicotti are getting annoyed.

CUT TO:

INT. PHARMACY - CONTINUOUS

A PHARMACIST is arguing with Horse Track.

HORSE TRACK

No. Again, my spouse wrote this. I'm just picking it up.

PHARMACIST

It's unethical to write a prescription to yourself.

HORSE TRACK

Are you suggesting I'm not gay and don't have a wife who's also named Richard Eisenberg? The fact he took BOTH my names shows you how much we love each other.

PHARMACIST

(calling out)

Gale. Come here a sec.

GALE, 22, a tattooed "Suicide Girl" employee crosses in. She's sexy and dirty and looks like she's willing to do anything.

PHARMACIST (CONT'D)

This guy.

GALE

Another dare?

(considers)

I've sucked off old guys before.

Why not?

(to Horse Track)

Out back or you wanna wait 'til tonight and do it upstairs at Santos?

It's everything Horse Track can do to mutter...

HORSE TRACK

I...don't like that from girls.

GALE

(winks)

I got a new stud in my tongue.

Wanted the practice. Shame.

The pharmacist isn't convinced but Horse Track *did* pass the test. The pharmacist hands over the bottle of Adderall.

CUT TO:

EXT. MULBERRY STREET, LITTLE ITALY - SAME

Horse Track walks through the crowd towards the restaurant.

HORSE TRACK

(into phone)

Meet me outside. 3 minutes.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ROOM, MACARIO'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Nathan hangs up the phone.

NATHAN

He's outside. I'll be right back.

Nathan exits.

A moment later MARCO and CARMINE, mid 20s, cross in.

MARCO

You Pannalotti or Roman?

TONY

Who are you?

MARCO

Oh. Sorry. I'm Marco, this is Carmine. Joey Pinecone said to check in with you guys before we, you know, do the thing. Is the other guy com'in?

Tony is clueless. He says the first thing that comes into his head.

TONY

(forceful)

I am Marcolo Roman. There a problem?

They take this to mean that only HE matters and that they should've known that.

MARCO

No. No problem.

Tony keeps looking over their shoulders, hoping that Nathan will return before they finish any more sentences.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENTRANCE, MACARIO'S RESTAURANT- CONTINUOUS

Horse Track meets Nathan and gives him the Adderall.

HORSE TRACK

Add it to the water but not too much. Couple of drops.

NATHAN

Got it.

HORSE TRACK

Think we'll have time to hit a club later tonight?

NATHAN

Probably not. Why?

HORSE TRACK

No reason.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN ROOM, MACARIO'S RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Nathan stands in the doorway and sees Bolidaire hold up his empty glass to signal the waiter for more water.

NATHAN

(to himself)

How perfect is this?

Nathan tips the Adderall bottle into a WATER PITCHER on the nearby WAITER STAND but he's BUMPED by SOMEONE passing behind him. All the Adderall falls into the pitcher.

A moment later a BUSBOY picks up the over-spiked pitcher and makes his way towards Bolidaire's table. Nothing Nathan can do.

Unseen by Nathan, the busboy refills other water glasses on his way to Bolidaire.

INT. BACK ROOM, MACARIO'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Tony is just how Nathan left him except his head is in his hands. Their food sits on the table.

NATHAN

This smells good! You won't believe how easy-- What happened?

TONY

(mumbling)

There were two guys... and they said.. but I couldn't say no cause...

NATHAN
 You're mumbling.
 (tastes food)
 Wow! This is great.

TONY
 (softly)
 I authorized a hit.

Nathan stops eating.

NATHAN
 Come again?

TONY
 I authorized a hit!

NATHAN
 Really? Roman and Pannicotti must
 be pretty high up the food chain.
 (flabbergasted)
 You authorized a hit?

Tony nods, ashamed.

After a beat...

NATHAN (CONT'D)
 (daring to say it)
 That's kinda cool.

TONY
 It's not cool, Nathan! It's not
 cool to kill people!

Beat.

NATHAN
 You better--

TONY
 (mad)
 I know!

Tony gets up and heads to the men's room. The suitcase
 remains with Nathan.

Nathan takes a bite of Tony's food.

NATHAN
 (to himself)
 I like mine better.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

A DINER enters. From one of the stalls he hears...

TONY (O.S.)
 (to himself)
 Fuck me... Fuck me...

He shakes his head in disgust and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Fat Boy, Fingers and the 2 guys are still driving around the boonies of Brooklyn. Fat Boy turns down a side street.

ROMAN
 Dead end! You morons don't even
 know where you're going, do ya?

Fat Boy slams on the brakes and they hit their heads again.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
 GOD-DAMNIT!

FAT BOY
 We will not be morons! You will get
 out now!

PANNALOTTI
 What!

FINGERS
 Get out!

ROMAN
 You guys aren't cops.

Fingers pulls out his wooden gun.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
 Okay, okay!

They get out of the car. Fingers and Fat Boy speed away.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM STALL - EVENING

Tony sits in his stall waiting.

The door opens and Tony looks out from under the stall.

TONY'S POV

A pair of beat-up BLACK DRESS SHOES walk to the urinal.

A moment later a pair of scuffed BROWN SHOES enter and stand behind the black ones, waiting for them to finish their business.

BROWN SHOES (O.S.)
Can you hurry? I gotta pee like a
racehorse.

Within seconds, 8 to 10 MORE PAIRS OF SHOES enter the men's room. The Adderall must have kicked in.

ANOTHER PAIR (O.S.)
Christ! It's rush hour in here.

Tony watches this parade of shoes under the stall walls. He can't figure out if one of these pairs is Bolidaire or not.

Then a pair of SHINY, POINTED ALLIGATOR LOAFERS enter.

TONY
Mr. Bolidaire!

BOLIDAIRES (O.S.)
Who's that?

BACK TO NORMAL POV

Tony exits the stall.

TONY (O.S.)
I've been trying to get to you--

HENCHMAN #1
Hit!

THREE HENCHMEN grab Tony and pin him against the wall.

TONY
No! I want to give your money back.

BOLIDAIRES
You're one of the scumbags who
stole from me?

TONY
Yes. No! Not really please take the
guns away from my head!

BOLIDAIRE
(to henchmen)
Hallway. I gotta pee first.

They shuffle Tony into the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY / STORAGE AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Boxes of restaurant supplies are stored on shelves. Tony is already there when a HENCHMAN enters with Nathan and the suitcase.

NATHAN
(to Tony)
Told you this idea would work.

Bolidaire exits the men's room and joins them.

BOLIDAIRE
My gnocchi's getting cold. You got one minute.

NATHAN
I hear the gnocchi is good here.

Bolidaire and Tony give Nathan a look.

TONY
We didn't know the money was yours. We were set up. We there was this camp. A Mafia Fantasy Camp--

BOLIDAIRE
What an offensive idea!

TONY
That's what I said! Anyway, it wasn't a real camp. They made us think it was but--

BOLIDAIRE
Who's they?

TONY
The counselors. They tricked us into robbing you. See, we thought it was all make-believe--

BOLIDAIRE
 (end-gaming it)
 So you're saying you DID rob me but
 you were patsies?

TONY
 Exactly!
 (to Nathan)
 He understands. See? I told you
 he'd understand.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENTRANCE, MACARIO'S RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Bolidaire, his henchmen, Tony and Nathan exit as the limo
 pulls up. Bolidaire points to Horse Track standing nearby.

BOLIDAIRE
 He's with 'em. I saw him holding
 this suitcase on the way in.

The henchman grabs Horse Track.

BOLIDAIRE (CONT'D)
 Get in. All of you'z.
 (off their hesitation)
 I'm gonna count money on the
 street?

NATHAN
 We can wait here. We trust your
 count.

Bolidaire gives a look to the henchmen. They show their guns.
 Our guys get the message and get into the limo.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - SHORT TIME LATER

The limo is moving now. Bolidaire counts the money as Tony,
 Nathan and Horse Track sit nervously.

TONY
 This reminds me of my prom night.
 'Course we didn't have all this
 alcohol in decanters. We had cans
 of soda. Driver wanted to charge us
 three bucks a can. Rip-off,
 right?--

BOLIDAIRE
I'm counting.

TONY
Sorry. It should all be there. If
not we'll pay the VIG. It's called
the VIG, right? By the way, Nathan
here knows an accounting trick--

Bolidaire stares at Tony and he immediately shuts up.
Bolidaire goes back to counting.

NATHAN
(aside to Tony; sincere)
It IS called the VIG. Good for you.

Horse Track secretly tries the door handle. He catches the
eyes of Tony and Nathan and shakes his head -- locked.

CUT TO:

INT. HIDEAWAY - LATER

Tony, Nathan and Horse Track are tied up and sitting on the
floor against the wall.

Bolidaire sits at his desk nearby, doing busy work.

NATHAN
If we wanted to steal from you,
why'd we give it back?

BOLIDAIRE
You didn't count on the cameras.
Soon as you saw your pictures in
the paper you changed your minds
and made up the patsy story. I'm
Italian, not a Polack.

NATHAN
Didn't I say he'd think we made up
the story? I was right, wasn't I?

TONY
(to Nathan)
How low is your self esteem?
(to Bolidaire)
Polish is the correct term. You
know that, right?

A henchman enters.

HENCHMAN

Paul and the guys are outside.
They're parking.

Tony looks to Nathan for more info.

NATHAN

The crew he contracted to kill us.

Tony looks at Horse Track -- tell me he's wrong. Horse Track
nods a confirmation -- Nathan is right.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Top guy usually doesn't do it
himself. If they find our bodies
they won't be able to link us to
him. Of course, the movies could be
just cliches.

Tony doesn't take the bait.

TONY

(for Bolidaire's ears)

I think Mr. Bolidaire is going to
surprise us. You both assume he's a
cold-hearted killer but I suspect
he wants to do the fair thing and
let us go. Of course we'd have to
promise not to tell anybody but I'm
willing to do that.

Tony gives them looks -- help me out here.

HORSE TRACK

(playing along)

Me too. I'm willing.

NATHAN

Sure.

Bolidaire keeps working, unmoved. Nathan makes a face at Tony
-- What was that?

TONY

Do YOU have a better idea?

HORSE TRACK

(to Tony)

Nicely played.

Frankie, Jimmie and Sammie enter.

FRANKIE

Sorry we're late. There was traffic
in the tunnel.

TONY

Frankie!

Frankie, Jimmie and Sammie turn and see the guys. They do
their best not to react.

TONY (CONT'D)

They ran the camp! These guys!

BOLIDAIRE

These are the guys?
(chuckles)
They're not even Italian.

TONY

That's what I said!

FRANKIE

These the ones we're gonna whack?

TONY

Yeah, we're the ones, FRANKIE!

FRANKIE

Why's he keep calling me that?

TONY

Like you don't know, FRANKIE. And
JIMMIE. And SAMMIE.

BOLIDAIRE

They say you ran a fake Mafia camp.

FRANKIE

Mafia camp? That's offensive!

BOLIDAIRE

That's what I said!
(to our guys)
Paul, Miguel and Les have done jobs
for me for years. Nice try.

HORSE TRACK

(remembering)
Wait a sec. He has a picture!

TONY

I do! On my phone.

FRANKIE

Can we go in the other room? It's
hard to talk with them
interrupting.

Bolidaire looks at Frankie. He senses that something isn't
right. He keeps staring.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

What?

BOLIDAIRE

(to henchman)
Get the phone.

FRANKIE

You're gonna dignify this?

The Henchman gets the phone and tries to turn it on.

HENCHMAN #1

It's dead.

TONY

There's a picture on it! I swear.

FRANKIE

(to Jimmie and Sammie)
Get 'em up.

Jimmie and Sammie go to help the guys stand.

BOLIDAIRE

Wait.

(to henchman)
There's a charging cord in the
drawer.

FRANKIE

We're gonna wait for a phone to
charge? This is stupid.

The henchman looks in the drawer. It's filled with cords.

HENCHMAN

Is the iPhone a 4 or a 5? The
connectors are different.

BOLIDAIRE

It's a 4.

HENCHMAN

(searching)

That's for a Blackberry... Look at
this - an old Firewire cable... Ah!
Here we go.

He connects the phone and plugs it into an outlet near our
guys. Frankie, Sammie and Jimmie sneak scared glances at each
other.

BOLIDAIRE

(realizing)

You guys work for Soros a lot,
don't ya?

FRANKIE

Sometimes. If you need him to vouch
for us he will--

BOLIDAIRE

(putting it together)

Maybe that's how you knew we when
had drop-offs at the factory--

SFX: START-UP TONE

The cell phone has enough juice to start up.

The henchman picks up the phone and finds the picture. He
nods and hands the phone to Bolidaire.

HENCHMAN

It's Paul.

FRANKIE

Screw you! That isn't me!

Before Bolidaire can look, the phone goes dead again. It only
had a few seconds of juice. Bolidaire tosses it back to the
henchman who plugs it back in.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Some picture looks like me so I
told 'em to steal a suitcase of
your money? This is nuts!

BOLIDAIRE

How'd you know the money was in a
suitcase?

Caught.

Frankie, Jimmie and Sammie go for their guns but Bolidaire's henchman are quicker and put guns to their heads. They drop their weapons.

TONY

"Pictures of your crew might be used as evidence." That was the first thing we learned.

They start to escort Frankie and his guys out of the room.

TONY (CONT'D)

Wait! How'd you get our phone numbers to invite us in the first place?

Before Frankie can answer...

NATHAN

They broke into the baseball camp offices and stole the answering machine. I get it right?

Frankie nods.

TONY

Okay, that was just a wild guess.

They exit. Only Bolidaire and our guys remain.

BOLIDAIRE

You guys like baseball, huh? Mets fans?

HORSE TRACK

Mets suck. Cowgill's dropping half the balls into right field.

TONY

He's only played 3 games this season. He'll come around.

BOLIDAIRE

They paid too much for Bonilla. He's unreliable. I fix a lot of Mets games. Last thing I need are players who are unreliable.

TONY

Met games are fixed?

BOLIDAIRE

Braves next week? They're gonna throw it in the final innings.

One of the henchman returns.

HENCHMAN

(re: Frankie and crew)
They're tied up in the front.
What's the plan?

BOLIDAIRE

I gotta find somebody to kill them
too, don't I?
(deciding)
Those guys we used on the Rhode
Island thing.

The henchman nods and exits. Back to baseball...

BOLIDAIRE (CONT'D)

I saw Santana throw his no-hitter
against the Cardinals--

TONY

You said "too." Gotta kill them
too.

HORSE TRACK

I heard it also.

BOLIDAIRE

(isn't it obvious?)
I can't let you live. You snitched.

NATHAN

On guys who stole from you!

BOLIDAIRE

Snitching is snitching.

TONY

No! It's not. Snitching is not
snitching. Only snitching is
snitching.

BOLIDAIRE

The average soldier on the street
won't be able to parse that out. I
gotta keep things black and white.

TONY

No! Grey is good too. Everybody
loves things that are grey --
battleships, elephants, Grey
Goose...

HORSE TRACK

Joel Grey.

TONY

Joel Grey! Everybody loves Joel Grey!

Bolidaire considers it again.

BOLIDAIRE

Sometimes snitching IS okay,
sometimes it's not...

(deciding)

Sorry. Too confusing.

TONY

Hey, here's an idea! I can teach them the difference. We'll hold classes. It's what I do!

HORSE TRACK

(jumping in)

I'll take care of their feet.

Bolidaire puts up his hands -- silence. He's made his decision. He starts to exit.

TONY

Mr. Bolidaire, you are going to do the right thing. You are going to let us live. You are not going to kill us.

Bolidaire and the henchmen are now gone.

TONY (CONT'D)

That Jedi mind-control is bullshit.

A moment later the door reopens.

TONY (CONT'D)

Maybe not!

Fat Boy and Fingers, tied up, are brought in.

NATHAN

They got you too!

FINGERS

We followed the limo. I wanted to call the cops but my man here started honking outside, talkin' some shit about "the team" and they grabbed us.

FAT BOY

When the team loses, the whole team loses.

TONY

Wait. So you got caught on purpose!

Tony gives them a look of disbelief.

FINGERS

Don't be looking here! We listened to me, we'd all be the fuck outta Dodge right now.

(then)

They gonna kill us?

Tony, Nathan and Horse Track nod.

FINGERS (CONT'D)

(to Fat Boy)

Told you!

Tied up on the floor, they all go quiet.

TONY

Well, this turned out to be a massive shit-fest. I never thought the last two days of my life would be the worst two.

Beat. Nathan shakes his head sadly.

NATHAN

You're ungrateful.

Tony is thrown.

TONY

I thanked you twice for this gift. And FYI, given our death sentence, I'm not sure those thank yous are still warranted.

NATHAN

That's not why. Forget I said it. Doesn't matter now.

TONY

No, no. Don't play this little passive aggressive game. What should I be grateful for?

NATHAN

How are we gonna die?

TONY

You're the expert. Bullet to the head?

NATHAN

At the hands of The Godfather!

Tony realizes what Nathan has been getting at and now he's officially annoyed.

TONY

Okay, this whole glass-half-full thing? Gettin' a little much.

NATHAN

We ate food tonight that 99.999 percent of people will never taste. We stole a police car, for Christ's sake! You ever think you'd know what it felt like to steal a frickin' police car!

TONY

Okay, so therefore--

NATHAN

I know what you're gonna say! No. Those things don't balance out being killed. Of course not. But these 2 days weren't a TOTAL shit-fest. Some good things were mixed in there and you don't appreciate 'em at all. That's what I mean by ungrateful.

The others take stock in their past two days.

HORSE TRACK

I did have had fun robbing that factory.

FINGERS

The steak in that stolen car tasted good.

FAT BOY

I dumped 2 assholes in an abandoned neighborhood. Every taxi-man's fantasy.

TONY

Hold on, guys. I think I'm gonna shit a rainbow.

NATHAN

You're right, Tony. The world does suck. But you know what? It doesn't ONLY suck.

TONY

When'd I say the world sucks?

NATHAN

It's pretty obvious. All your waking hours are spent fighting to change it. How's that been working out?

TONY

Hey, if it was up to you, everyone could say whatever they want. Racist comments, stupid stereotypes... You'd just let it go. I fight for the people on the other side of those comments.

FINGERS

Girlfriend's got a point.

TONY

Excuse me. Private conversation.

FINGERS

I was agreeing with you! Jeez!

NATHAN

You're not fixing the world, Tony. You're just fighting it. Know why I like Mafia movies? 'Cause I'll never be The Man in real life. But for a couple hours I can fantasize. I become a goodfella -- someone others fear. Whether that's healthy or not isn't the point. It's what I do. And then my best friend comes along and shits all over it. Tells me the thing that makes me happy has no value. How's that making the world better? It's not making *my* world better.

TONY

I should like everything you like?

NATHAN

No! Just...don't hate it so much in front of me. First job of a salesman is to get people to like you. Being negative all the time just drives 'em away.

TONY

All the time? So now I'm negative "all the time?"

FINGERS

I'll answer that.

TONY

(re: interrupting)
You know what? Again...

NATHAN

You are, Tony. In fact, I don't think positive stuff even registers with you anymore.

TONY

Okay, now you're just being insulting.

NATHAN

Name something good from the past two days.

TONY

The past two days?

NATHAN

The camp was offensive, the Mafia sucks..we got all that. Now name something good.

Tony decides to play along but to his surprise nothing pops into his head.

TONY

The food in the restaurant.

NATHAN

I already said that. Come up with your own.

TONY

The camaraderie.

NATHAN

That's bullshit general stuff.
Something specific. C'mon.

Tony really tries and realizes he can't pin anything down.
Nathan might actually be right.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

See? It's hard when your antenna's
been turned off, isn't it?

Tony doesn't know how to respond.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

That's the way people see you,
Tony. As someone who only sees the
good that's missing, not the good
that's already there.

Tony goes quiet. It's a lot to think about.

FAT BOY

In India they believe the soul is
reincarnated. You will come back to
get another chance.

FINGERS

Ha! You're not from India.

FAT BOY

Yes! And now you have said that.
Forget kicking assholes out of a
car, I have new favorite moment.

They all go quiet again, thinking about their lives.

After a few beats...

HORSE TRACK

What was the name of Bill Macy's
character in ANALYZE THIS?

NATHAN

I don't feel like playing.

TONY

(staring forward)
Dr. Isaac Nobel. Don't ask me how I
know that.

Beat.

HORSE TRACK
 (correcting)
 Sobel.

SFX: CELL PHONE STARTUP TONE

The phone has juice again!

FINGERS
 Call the cops!

Tony is the only one close enough to reach it. With his hands behind his back, he grabs the charging cord and pulls the phone to him.

He pauses for a beat, thinking...

HORSE TRACK
 Don't waste juice! Dial 911!

Tony punches out a full phone number.

HORSE TRACK (CONT'D)
 That was more than 3 numbers.

SFX: RING.

AMY (V.O.)
 (on answering machine)
As they say in Dental School -- You know the drill.

SFX: BEEP

FAT BOY
 That is not the cops!

TONY
 Amy. It's me. Some really bad stuff happened and I might never talk to you again so I just wanted you to know that I understand why you left me now. I mean I *think* I do. I only focused on bad stuff. And I'm sorry. I should've mentioned the good stuff more -- the way you made french toast with cream cheese inside. Those were really great. And the way-- Oh! I DID notice your hair was different when we went to Shakespeare In The Park. You were beautiful that night. I should've told you that--

AMY (V.O.)
 (thru phone speaker)
 Hello?

TONY
 Amy! Were you listening? I'm really
 sorry-- Hello?... Amy?...

The phone ran out of juice.

They are all looking at him.

TONY (CONT'D)
 (defensive)
 It's MY phone.

Bolidaire reenters.

He turns to his henchman and signals to get Tony on his feet.

TONY (CONT'D)
 I'm first huh? At least I won't
 wait in line at the Pearly Gates.
 (surprised; to Nathan)
 Look at that. I saw a positive
 side.

The henchman pulls him to his feet.

NATHAN
 I'm sorry, Tony. What I said
 shouldn't be the last thing you
 hear before you die.

TONY
 No. It was the truth. The truth
 should never take a backseat.

BOLIDAIRE
 Turn around.

Bolidaire takes out a switchblade.

SFX: SWITCHBLADE OPENING

Tony turns around and takes his last breath.

TONY
 (realizing)
 You know what? Being killed by The
 Godfather IS sorta cool.

Tony closes his eyes.

Bolidaire cuts Tony ropes.

His hands are now free.

BOLIDAIRE
(to henchman)
Untie the rest of 'em.

TONY
I don't understand.
(quickly)
Not that I question the decision!

BOLIDAIRE
One's life can be cut short but the
memory people have of you will last
forever. You knew that, in the
grand scheme of things, saving your
reputation is more important than
saving your life.

TONY
You heard my call?

BOLIDAIRE
I purposely put up thin walls to
hear what people are saying when
they think I'm away.** **We're a
lot alike, you and I.

TONY
We're alike? I'm not sure I'd--

NATHAN
Tony.

Tony catches himself.

TONY
I'm not sure I'd disagree with
that.

BOLIDAIRE
'Course it's a little harder for me
to please everyone. My family has a
lot more polacks in it than yours.
Am I right?

TONY
Polacks are so friggin' stupid.
Marone!

Tony and Bolidaire share a LAUGH.

TONY (CONT'D)

Let Frankie go. We need 'em alive to prove to the cops we didn't make up the story.

BOLIDAIRE

I need them dead to make a lesson.

TONY

If you kill 'em it's just one lesson. It's a GOOD one, I'm not saying it's not! But if they're in the slammer you can have your guys on the inside beat 'em up every day. Every day the lesson gets taught again.

Bolidaire thinks about it. He smiles. Then...

BOLIDAIRE

The slammer? You've been watching too many of those Hollywood movies. They're all just rehashed cliches.

TONY

Ray Loita played a pretty good Italian in GOODFELLAS. You gotta admit.

(adding)

You know, for a mook.

Bolidaire laughs again.

BOLIDAIRE

I'll make sure Frankie and them get put away. If there's ever anything you guys need, a favor or whatever--

NATHAN

(jumping in)

We're good!

(aside to Tony)

Trust me on this one. Please?

CROSS FADE TO:

EXT. FRONT OF POLICE STATION - DAY

The guys have been cleared and come out the front door of the station. They walk down the steps.

They pass Frankie, Jimmie and Sammie in handcuffs being lead inside.

Tony pulls out his cell phone and dials.

TONY

Dwayne. Listen I want to place bet on the Braves against the Mets this weekend... I know they're a long shot but I got a hunch. Hey, you know anybody who sells couches?... No, not for me. I want to buy someone a new one. A good one.

ANGLE ON the other guys.

HORSE TRACK

I feel like we're forgetting something.

Fingers reaches into his pocket and finds the detective badge. Their eyes all go wide!

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gloria and the detective are still tied up. Gloria is beet red and continues to yell under the duct tape.

FADE TO BLACK

END