

## The Wetworker

FADE IN:

INT./EXT. A BLACK CAR IS DRIVING ERRATICALLY THROUGH TRAFFIC -- NIGHT

A man is driving in great distress.

His face is pale.

Sweat is pouring from his temples and down his neck.

He is clutching at his heart.

He fumbles in his pockets, searching for his NITROGLYCERINE TABLETS.

He gets them out and tries to open the pillbox,

And drops his pills on the seat of the car.

He reaches for them ...

And looks up to see that his car has moved into the wrong lane.

He SWERVES his car wildly to avoid a head on collision, and CRASHES into a parked car!

The thin man CRASHES HEAD FIRST THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD.

A brown SUITCASE comes flying through the broken windshield after him.

The man rolls over the hood of the car and lands in a heap on the sidewalk.

The impossible angle of his head and neck tell us he must be dead.

The SUITCASE sails over his head and lands on the street in front of the car.

It BREAKS OPEN as it lands.

Revealing...

... A plastic bag filled with BODY PARTS.

ROLL CREDITS:

EXT. THE BUTCHER SHOP -- MORNING

The front of an old fashioned, Italian butcher shop.

The Sign reads: VICTORRIO'S FINE ITALIAN MEATS.

Sausages and hams are hanging in the window.

INT. THE BUTCHER SHOP -- MORNING

VICTORRIO GAMBINI arrives for work.

A large, ponderous man, he enters his butcher shop and turns on the lights.

He places a record on an ancient hi-fi record player.

(V.O) ENRICO CARUSO SINGS "VESTI LA GUIBBA".

Victorrio puts on his apron and goes into the BACK ROOM.

He goes to the freezer and throws a huge slab of RIBS on his shoulder.

He takes this back into the room and drops it onto the cutting table.

He pauses a moment with eyes closed, listening to the great tenor sing his aria.

Then, as if gaining inspiration from the music, he pulls out a huge MEAT CLEAVER, and swaying to the music, he goes to work.

Quickly and professionally, he cuts up the meat, stacking it neatly on the side of the table.

It is clear we are watching an *artisan* at work.

Each cut is smooth, precise, perfectly executed.

Again he pauses, using the bloody meat cleaver he conducts an unseen orchestra.

He then puts down the cleaver, pulls out some wax paper, and begins wrapping the meat.

As The Great Caruso's aria reaches it's crescendo, Victorrio walks over and turns the sign on the front door from closed to open.

END CREDITS

EXT. THE SOCIAL CLUB -- DAY

A typical Brooklyn street. The sign on the front of the club reads: "ITALIAN AMERICAN SOCIAL CLUB OF BENSONHURST".

SUPERIMPOSITION: "BROOKLYN, NEW YORK"

JOEY (V.O.)

A rat is the lowest form of life  
on earth.

INT. THE SOCIAL CLUB -- DAY

A dimly lit room. There is a small card table in the center of it. A single light bulb hanging above the table is the only illumination. It is a small room, claustrophobic, the back room of the club. Although it is daytime outside, no sunlight makes it into this room.

JOEY PROVOLONE is TIED TO A CHAIR behind the card table. The single light bulb casts an ominous shadow upon the rest of the room. Because of the shadows, Joey is the only person visible, yet he is not alone.

JOEY

Rat! That's what you think I am?  
A fucking rat? No fuckin  
way. That ain't me. Never would I  
turn rat. Least of all on  
you, Vinny! Do I have "dumb fuck"  
tattooed on my forehead? I hate  
rats. Nasty little  
creatures. Slimy. I'd give  
myself an enema with drano before  
I ever ratted on my friends!

At that, VINNY "faint Vinny" TESTI steps out of the shadows. Vinny is the quintessential Italian hood. Slicked back hair, gold cross, tattoos.

VINNY

Don't give me no ideas. Besides, We  
got you dead to rights. Frankie  
here was eating some linguini at  
"The Clam House" the other  
night. Saw you get in a car with  
some officer types. Ain't that  
right, Frank?

FRANKIE (O.S.)

That's right, Vinny.

FRANKIE FALCONE and PETE NUNZIATTA step out of the shadows behind Joey's chair. Frank is a large, overweight individual. Pete is the exact opposite, a small, nervous type.

FAT and SKINNY.

Frankie adjusts his pants and leans down with a malicious grin to Joey's ear.

FRANKIE

Saw him gettin into a car with that fed, looks like an undertaker, what's his name?

JOEY

Got no idea.

FRANKIE

Looked real buddy, buddy. Like a couple of *paisons*.

PETE

(leaning in to joey's other ear)

That ain't good.

FRANKIE

I don't need no help, Pete.

PETE

Okay, Frank.

JOEY

This is freakin ridiculous. Vin, you gotta believe me. This is a mistake.

VINNY

You got that right. You made a big mistake. Could be fatal.

EXT. A PRESS CONFERENCE ON THE STEPS OF CITY HALL -- DAY

It is a typical MEDIA CIRCUS.

The Chief of Police is there, as is the Police Commissioner, and THE FORMER D.A.

THE MAYOR is at the podium speaking.

Standing next to him is the newly elected District Attorney, MOE SCHWARTZ. Moe is a high-strung little man in a rumpled suit. What he lacks in stature he makes up for in personality. He's a powerhouse.

The Mayor is wrapping up his introduction. He's obviously been speaking for some time. Some of the gathered media appear to be NODDING OFF on their feet.

THE MAYOR

-- without further ado, it is my great pleasure, my honor, to introduce with pride --

Moe reaches to shake his hand ...

... But the Mayor is not done.

THE MAYOR

-- a man of vision, determination, and unsurpassed zeal --

Moe smiles and reaches for his hand ...

THE MAYOR

-- and with, I might add, zero tolerance for organized crime --

Moe folds his hands and waits.

THE MAYOR

-- The newly elected District Attorney of New York City, Moe Schwartz.

Moe grabs The Mayor's hand and starts pumping it.

MOE

Thank you your honor! It's not everyday that a man gets a welcome like that! I am deeply moved by your warm introduction. And I sincerely hope that I can prove to you, and this fair city, that your confidence in me is warranted.

The Mayor smiles and reluctantly surrenders the podium.

MOE

Ladies and gentleman. It is a

great honor that you have entrusted me with the office of district attorney. As you know, I've run on a platform of zero tolerance for organized crime. Unlike my predecessor

(he glares at the former DA)

Who made the same promise, I intend to keep mine. I say to you all here and now, I am declaring war on the Mafia! War! Too long has the dredges of society held this city in it's foul grip! Too long has the honest working man been victimized by the lowest scum on the earth.

(he's starting to foam at the mouth)

As I speak the bodies are piling up...

INTERC  
UT:

EXT. THE WAREHOUSE DISTRICT -- DAY

Two burly mobsters are carrying a dead body, riddled with bullets.

A third mobster is nearby standing lookout.

GOON 1

You want we should put these with the others, boss?

THE BOSS

No, I want you should invite him to tea. Throw him on the pile!

The two goons carry the body over to the side of the warehouse where several other bodies are STACKED UP.

With a "heave ho" the two goons throw the body onto the pile.

BACK TO  
MOE'S  
SPEECH

MOE

... casualties of a gang war that never seems to end. As I speak, bodies are washing up on the banks of the East River, to possibly be stumbled upon by playing school children!

INTERC  
UT:

EXT. BANKS OF THE EAST RIVER -- DAY

Two young children in school uniforms are playing tag along the banks of the River.

They both suddenly stop short

Seeing

A ROTTING CORPSE washed up on the bank!

Their faces freeze in expressions of extreme horror.

BACK TO  
MOE'S  
SPEECH

MOE

... Listen to me denizens of the underworld, purveyors of sin, wagers of wickedness, today the fun is over. If after today, I should find one more body or body part, if one more floater is discovered in the East River...

(he's ready to  
explode)

I will come down on the perpetrators like the hounds of hell! I will hunt you down and prosecute you to the full measure of the law. I will lock you up and throw away the key! I have no wife, no children, no distractions. I don't care about money, I can't be bribed. Unlike some of those who have gone before me...

(Another glare

at the FORMER  
DA)  
... I AM FOR REAL.  
(he regains his  
composure)  
A Mafia Task Force is already in  
place. We will be working  
directly with the FBI on this.  
Thank you ladies and  
gentleman. That's all for now .

And with that, oblivious to a hundred questions from the  
gathered media, he turns on heel and marches from the podium.

CUT  
TO:

INT -- A CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

INSERT-A TELEVISION SET

ON THE SCREEN: MOE MARCHES FROM THE PODIUM.

BACK TO SCENE

A fat hand, with many rings, reaches out and turns off the  
television.

THE CAMERA PANS BACK.

And we find ourselves in a conference room. In the center of  
the room is a large, ROUND TABLE, seated at which is an assembly  
of MAFIA CHARACTERS fresh out of a Damon Runyon novel.

It is, in fact, no less than a meeting of "THE COMMISSION"  
of MAFIA BOSSES.

TONY" Fat Tony" GAMBINI is the owner of the hand that turned  
off the television.

TONY

Mafia Task Force! Who's he think  
he is, Elliott Ness? I told you  
that little prick will be the end  
of us all.

(he turns to his  
*consigleri*  
seated behind  
him)

Yo Tommy, gimme a rolaid will ya.  
(he eats lot's  
of these)

I got indigestion.

TOMMY RUCCO ,his *consigleri*,reaches into his pocket and hands him a packet of rolaids.Tony takes the rolaids and sticks 4 or 5 of them in his mouth.

TONY

I swear that little S.O.B think's  
he's serious.Who the hell does  
he think he is?

MICKEY "the ferret" FRASCO is seated across the table from Tony.There is little love lost between them.

MICKEY

He's the goddamn DA , that's who  
he is.And he's got a stick up his  
ass with our name on it.

FREDDIE "fearless Fred" RICO, Mickey's *consigleri*, smirks at this witticism.

Tony doesn't like Mickey's tone.

TONY

Yea, well maybe if I stick your  
head up his ass, he'll see the  
light.

At this Mickey is on his feet,followed much more slowly by Tony.Both their *consigleri's* also rise.

MICKEY

Listen, ya fat prick --

And now PHIL "the pill" CANDOLOSSI, another serious player at the table, is also on his feet.

PHIL

Gentlemen,let's try to contain  
ourselves,eh? We got serious  
problems to discuss.Maybe we can  
put our personal differences  
aside for a few minutes,no?

MICKEY

Yea, well maybe if the fat prick  
can be more civil --

TONY

See what I'm sayin --

PHIL

Easy boys, easy. Like I said, we got bigger fish to fry. This new D.A. looks like he's going to be a real pain in the ass. So maybe we can sit down and try to put our heads together and figure out what to do about all this.

Tony and Mickey are glowering at each other. Their *consigleri's* look as if they are about to draw their guns. The tension is palpable.

Finally, Mickey sits down.

After a pause so do the others.

MICKEY

So what have you got in mind?

PHIL

Well, for starters, no hits. Nothing draws heat like a bunch of dead bodies lyin around. The press just love gettin pictures of our family differences.

Everyone in the room looks back and forth between MICKEY and TONY. Their families have been involved in a turf war for months.

TONY

That may not be possible.

MICKEY

See, what I tell ya.

TONY

I ain't talkin about you, you hothead.

(to phil)

I got some *internal* problems. There's some stuff in the works that it may be to late to call off.

PHIL

Well, maybe you better try. Until we figure out what to do.

Tony gives a nod to his *consigleri*, Tommy.

Tommy stands and walks briskly out the door.

PHIL  
Anybody else?

The gangsters in the room look at each other.

Several of the bosses signal their henchman who stand and leave the room quickly.

They all have last minute phone calls to make.

PHIL  
(sighing)  
Okay, boys. This is gonna take a while. Lets break for lunch.

INT. A SURVEILLANCE ROOM -- DAY

It's a small room with lots of paraphernalia. Tape recorders, mixing boards, various kinds of sound equipment.

Two FBI types, one WHITE, one BLACK, are seated at a table wearing headphones.

Agents SMITH and JONES have been working this case together for years. It seems that this might be their lucky day.

Standing nervously between them is rookie agent MIKE FALLON. He has no headphones.

PHIL (V.O.)  
Okay, boys. This is gonna take a while. Lets break for lunch.

SMITH  
(He's the white one)  
Can you believe this shit?

JONES  
Our ship has finally come in.

FALLON  
What's happening? What are they saying?

SMITH  
(To Jones, ignoring Fallon)

How does S-A-I-C ,New York City,  
sound to you?

JONES  
(Sounding it  
out)  
Special -Agent -In -Charge,New  
York. Not bad.But where are you  
going to go?

SMITH  
Oh,I don't know.Washington  
,maybe.

They exchange high fives.

FALLON  
C'mon guys.What gives? What are  
they saying?

SMITH  
Easy, kid. All in due time.Allow  
us to savor the moment.We've been  
waiting for this day a long time.

JONES  
A *long* time.

FALLON  
Yea? We got something good?

SMITH  
Kid, we got the cats meow.

INT. THE SOCIAL CLUB -- DAY

Joey is pleading for his life.He is sweating profusely, his  
voice higher pitched.

JOEY  
Vinny,Vinny,listen will ya? I  
didn't get in no car with no  
cops --

VINNY  
I think he's callin you a  
liar, Frank.

FRANKIE  
You calling me a liar?

JOEY

No! I mean, I mighta got into a car with some guys, just they weren't no cops.

Vinny reaches into the waistband of his pants and extracts a .38 CALIBER REVOLVER. He places this on the table. The business end of the gun is facing Joey.

VINNY  
Ever play Russian Roulette?

JOEY  
I'm not a gambling man.

PETE  
That ain't what I heard.

VINNY  
Ready to play?

Vinny picks up the REVOLVER from the table. He turns his back so that Joey can't see what he is doing. He looks over his shoulder at Joey with a predatory grin. Then he turns to face Joey, revolver in hand.

VINNY  
Feelin lucky?

JOEY  
I ain't never been lucky.

Vinny shakes his head.

VINNY  
You gotta very unhealthy attitude.

JOEY  
If it wasn't for bad luck, I wouldn't have no luck at all.

With a quick motion, Vinny points the gun at Joey's head, turns his head, AVERTING HIS EYES, and pulls the trigger. A METALLIC CLACK SOUNDS as the firing pin hits an empty cylinder.

Joey flinches.

JOEY  
What the fuck!!!

VINNY  
See that. Maybe your luck's

changin.

FRANKIE

(nervous)

I can do that for ya, Vin.

VINNY

Ya know what I never understood, Frank?

FRANKIE

(Still nervous, shifting from foot to foot)

No, what's that, Vin?

VINNY

When you do this Russian roulette thing, and you hit an empty cylinder, do I spin the cylinder so his odds stay the same? Or do I just pull the trigger again as is, decreasing his odds proportionately?

FRANKIE

I don't know boss.

(reaching for the gun)

Here, gimme the gun will ya? I'll take care of this for you.

With a quick move Vinny points the gun at Joey and fires again. This time, just as he pulls the trigger, HE CLOSES HIS EYES. Again, an empty clack.

JOEY

(shrieks)

Stop that, will ya!

(to Frankie)

Why is he closing his eyes?

Before Frankie can answer...

VINNY BANGS HIS HAND ON THE TABLE

and leans forward, nose to nose with Joey.

VINNY

You got somethin to say, you say it to me motherfucker! Watch this

you fuckin rat.

Vinny reaches into his pocket, retrieves the remaining BULLETS, and starts loading them back into the gun.

VINNY

I'm tired of this game.  
(he flips the  
cylinder  
closed. The gun  
is now fully  
loaded.)  
You better spill your guts...  
(Aims the loaded  
gun at his head)  
...Or I'll splatter your brains.

JOEY

Vinny, please! I always liked  
you. I don't want to die.

VINNY

I never liked you.

He takes the gun away from Joey's head, AIMS IT IN THE AIR, and pulls the trigger.

In the small space of the tiny room, the

RETORT OF THE PISTOL

is loud enough to shatter an ear drum.

JOEY

(screaming)  
Vinny! I swear to fucking  
Christ --

VINNY

Fuck you, rat. What did you tell  
the cops?

And again he points the gun in the air and pulls the trigger.

But this time as he fires ...

... the bullet SHATTERS THE SINGLE LIGHT BULB,  
the room's only illumination.

The room is plunged into absolute blackness.

All hell breaks loose.

CURSING, SCREAMING, GUNSHOTS, AND THE CRASHING OF FURNITURE

.

A SCREAM from Pete after one particular GUNSHOT.

And then silence.

PETE (V.O.)  
(after a long  
pause)  
Vinny?

VINNY (V.O.)  
Yea?

PETE (V.O.)  
You shot me in the leg.

VINNY (V.O.)  
Sorry, Pete. I couldn't see.  
Yo, Frank!

FRANKIE (V.O.)  
Yea, Vin?

VINNY (V.O.)  
How about some light.

FRANKIE (V.O.)  
Just a second. The emergency  
generator should --

And as he speaks, after a false start or two, the emergency generator starts up, bathing the room in an eerie glow.

FRANKIE  
-- Kick on.

The three mobsters survey the room. The table has been knocked over, pieces of broken glass from the light bulb are lying on the floor. The chair that contained Joey is shattered, the rope that held him laying next to it.

The door to the room is open.

JOEY IS GONE.

PETE  
(groaning)  
My freakin leg!

(he pulls his  
hand away from  
the wound on his  
leg, revealing  
blood)

Shit! I'm bleedin all over.

Before he can look away, Vinny see's the blood and gets wobbly. He turns away quickly staggers, and faints into Frankie's arms.

FRANKIE

What the fuck, Pete! You know  
Vinny can't stand the sight of  
blood!

PETE

Well shit, Frank! I got shot. What  
the fuck you want me to do?

VINNY

(weakly)  
Get that motherfucker out of  
here, Frank.

FRANKIE

(To Pete)  
You better go get that looked  
at. Go see that Mick  
doctor, Cambell. He knows how to  
keep his mouth shut. Just make  
sure he's sober when he treats  
ya.

PETE

Yea. Okay , Frank.

He starts limping toward the door. When he gets to the broken chair he stops and looks down.

PETE

I new we should have gotten a  
stronger chair.

THE PHONE RINGS.

The three gangsters freeze.

THE PHONE RINGS AGAIN.

VINNY

You better get that, Pete.

PETE  
Why me ,Vin?

VINNY  
Get the freakin phone!

PETE  
Okay,boss.

The phone rings a third time.

Pete limps over and hesitantly picks it up.

PETE  
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PAY PHONE IN A HOTEL LOBBY - SAME TIME

TOMMY  
Who's this? Where's Vinny?

PETE  
Who wants to know?

TOMMY  
You tell that boss of yours that  
Tommy's on the phone and I need  
to talk to him.

PETE  
Oh, yea sure Tommy...

Vinny, hearing the name, starts waving his hand and shaking his head frantically.

PETE  
I'll see if he's here --

Vinny emphatically shakes his head.

TOMMY  
You'll see if he's here? Listen,  
wiseass, you better put him on  
now or you might not be here,  
*capice?*

Pete's nerve runs out.

PETE

Yea, sure Tommy. Oh, wait, here  
he comes now!

He hands the phone to Vinny like a hot potato.

Vinny glares and takes the phone.

VINNY

Hey, Tommy. Sorry, I just walked  
in.

TOMMY

This ain't no time to play around  
Vinny. The shits really hitting  
the fan. What's happenings with  
that package we talked about?

VINNY

Package?

TOMMY

Yea, the rat poison. The package  
of rat poison. You get rid of it?

Vinny looks down at the rope and remains of the chair.

VINNY

Oh, that. We seem to have  
misplaced the package.

A long pause.

Tommy stares at the phone in his hand.

Vinny braces himself.

TOMMY

Okay. That's okay. I'm gonna come  
see you at the spot tomorrow  
around noon. Make sure your there.  
And don't do nothing until you  
speak to me, you got that?  
Nothing.

VINNY

Uh, yea sure T. No problem. But  
I don't get it...

CLICK. THE LINE GOES DEAD.

WIPE CUT  
TO:

INT. -- A CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

The mobsters are all sitting at the conference table.

The remains of various kinds of takeout are strewn around the tables. All of the men appear preoccupied, lost in their own thoughts. Ties have been loosened, hats cocked back, the atmosphere now is informal.

They have obviously been sitting like this for some time.

MICKEY

Let's whack him.

TONY

Whack who?

MICKEY

The DA. Let's whack the DA.

They all look at each other incredulously. There is a moment of silence. All the heads of family in the room contemplate the implications. Tony bursts out laughing.

TONY

You gotta be freakin kiddin me.

MICKEY

Why?

TONY

Because it just ain't done,  
that's why.

LOUIE "sharp louie" CANOLI ,stands up .He's the loudest,sharpest dresser in the room. His "Family" deals mostly in prostitution.

LOUIE

We ain't havin this conversation.  
(To Mickey)  
It ain't never been done.It  
brings too much heat.You don't  
just whack a DA.

MICKEY

(standing)  
Say's who? The Gods of the  
Underworld? The Founding  
Fathers?  
(He stands and

looks around the  
room)

Just cause it ain't never been  
done before, don't mean it ain't  
the right move now.

(To Louie)

And as for bringin too much heat,  
we already got heat. Shitloads of  
it. You all heard the little prick  
of a D.A. He's gonna nail our balls  
to the wall. He declared war on  
us for fuck's sake!

Phil, who's been sitting quietly listening to all this, now  
speaks.

PHIL

He's got a point. We already have  
heat. That guys out to get us no  
matter what we do. Maybe this does  
call for drastic measures.

All the mobsters in the room begin to shift uneasily. They  
are uncomfortable with the direction this is going.

Louie collapses back into his chair.

LOUIE

This can't be happening. We are  
actually talking about killing  
a DA.

PHIL

Well, it seems to me that we ain't  
gonna reach a decision here  
today. So I recommend that we come  
up with a temporary set of  
guidelines for our operations in  
the meantime. Until we reach a  
consensus on what to do about this  
Schwartz guy. Agreed?

TONY

Yea. So what are these guidelines?

PHIL

Well, like I said before, no hits.  
And definitely no floaters. You  
heard what this prick of a D.A.  
said in his speech. If he finds  
one body or body part he's gonna  
bust our balls from now till

doomsday. That much heat is bad  
for business. And we are all  
business men, are we not?

He looks pointedly at Tony and Mickey.

The mobsters around the room nod in affirmation.

Tony and Mickey just glare at each other.

Finally, Mickey leans back in his chair.

MICKEY

Suppose that there are no  
floaters?

TONY

Now what the hell is he talkin  
about.

PHIL

I don't know. What you gettin at,  
Mickey?

MICKEY

Just that. No floaters. No bodies  
get found. We gotta make em  
disappear, is all.

TONY

(Catching on)  
I get ya. Just gotta clean up your  
own mess, *capisco*.

MICKEY

Yea, something like that. You  
whack somebody, you chop em up  
and make him disappear. That is,  
if you think you got enough  
control over that mob of yours  
to do that.

TONY

Don't you worry about me. I'll  
clean up my side of the street. You  
just take care of your own.

MICKEY

You whack em', you bag em'. No  
muss, no fuss. No evidence.

TONY

Fine by me.

PHIL

(Resignedly)

I think that's the best we are gonna do right now. We will all sleep on this a few days, and reconvene here in a week or two with a more definitive plan of action.

Everyone starts to get ready to leave.

PHIL

But ...

Everyone stops to look at him.

PHIL

If anyone breaks the rules, if anyone gets sloppy, I am gonna recommend that the other members of this commission come down on them hard. Real hard. Everybody agree to that?

Nods around the room. Tony and Mickey glare at each other.

PHIL

Good. Then I guess this meeting is adjourned. We'll meet again in a couple of weeks. Until then, *ciao*.

INT. A SURVEILLANCE ROOM -- DAY

Smith and Jones are listening through their headphones.

PHIL (V.O.)

We'll meet again in a couple of weeks. Until then, *ciao*.

Smith turns off the tape recorder.

He is wearing a ridiculous looking kids PARTY HAT.

He looks at Jones, who is also wearing a party hat, and produces a PARTY FAVOR, which he blows at Jones with a shit eating grin.

Jones produces his own PARTY FAVOR, which he blows back at Smith. He too is grinning ear to ear.

Fallon is watching from the sidelines. He has no party hat or favors.

Smith and Jones embrace each other, and begin dancing around the room.

SMITH  
(delirious with  
joy)  
Tell me I'm not dreaming.

JONES  
Your not dreaming!

SMITH  
Tell me this is for real.

JONES  
This is for real!

SMITH  
Then we have just hit the big  
time!

JONES  
Broadway!

SMITH  
I gotta hear this again.

He walks over to the table, hit's the rewind button on the tape recorder, and begins playing back snatches of incriminating conversation from the just ended meeting.

MICKEY  
Just that.No floaters.No bodies  
get found. We gotta make em  
disappear, is all.

After this particularly incriminating statement, Smith puts his hand to his ear and makes clucking sounds, shaking his head.

SMITH  
Very bad boys. Gonna have to spank  
you.

JONES  
(all business  
now)  
Okay.Let's get this shit packed  
up and turned in.Then we can

celebrate proper.

He walks over to the table and begins to pack up their things carefully.

FALLON  
(rushing over to  
the table)  
Hey, lemme do that for you. I been  
feelin downright useless.

And before Jones can react or object, he leans his full weight on the table to reach for the microphone.

The TABLE COLLAPSES with a loud crash.

The water glasses that were on the table douse the delicate electronic equipment with liquid,

causing...

A small PUFF OF SMOKE to flare up from the tape recorder.

Smith and Jones are momentarily stunned .They stare at the smoke with horror.

FALLON  
(now in full  
panic)  
Oh MY GOD! What have I done!

And with that he rushes to a nearby table to retrieve A WATER PITCHER.

SMITH  
NOooooo--

JONES  
Wait!!!

But too late.

He SPLASHES the equipment with the full contents of the water pitcher.

This causes a full on ELECTRICAL FIRE.

The equipment, and THE TAPE ,begin to burn in earnest.

SMITH  
The tape!

And he runs to pull the burning tape off of the recorder.

His coat sleeve now CATCHES FIRE.

SMITH  
AHHHH! Put me out!

Jones takes of his sport coat to smother the flames on Smith.

The TAPE has now BURNED completely away.

And now the rooms SPRINKLER SYSTEM engages, putting out the flames and leaving the room and it's occupants in a soggy, miserable state.

The three agents look at each other.

Smith slowly sinks to the floor and begins to sob quietly.

Jones just stares at Fallon with his mouth agape.

They both look down at the burnt tape, and the ruins of their equipment.

FALLON  
(holding out an  
old doughnut box  
to Jones)  
Donut?

INT/EXT. THE CLAM HOUSE -- DAY

INSERT : A PLATE OF LINGUINI, HOT OUT OF THE OVEN, IS PLACED ON THE COUNTER NEXT TO TWO OTHER STEAMING PLATES OF FOOD.

BACK TO SCENE

A WAITER picks up the plates and stacks them on his arm.

We follow the waiter as he expertly weaves his way through a busy Italian restaurant at lunchtime.

After many near collisions, the waiter makes his way out of a side door onto the PATIO, finally arriving at a table populated by Vinny Testi and his crew.

As the food is placed before them, all three hoods place their napkins in the front of their shirts, bib style, and begin to eat.

VINNY

You'se better eat fast.Tommy  
R.should be here any minute.

FRANKIE  
(while chewing  
a huge mouthful  
of food)  
You think this is it? You think  
they're makin you a Captain?

Pete sits up. Both he and Frankie look at Vinny expectantly.

VINNY  
Who knows? Anything is possible.

He smiles slightly,enjoying the thought.

VINNY  
But I kinda doubt it.Not after  
the fiasco with the snitch.

They look at each other apprehensively.

A BLACK LINCOLN TOWN CAR pulls up to the curb.

Tommy Rucco jumps out of the Lincoln,followed by NICK, his  
bodyguard.

Vinny gets up from the table and goes to meet him,followed  
by Frankie and Pete.Pete grabs an UMBRELLA from under the  
table on the way out.He's LIMPING.

TOMMY  
Hey, Vinny. Your uncle sends his  
regards.

VINNY  
Hey, Tommy!

The two men hug. Pete opens the umbrella and holds it over  
the men to shield them from the bright sunshine.

Tommy jumps back.

TOMMY  
Cancel that one, chief.  
(to vinny)  
Walk with me.Alone.

VINNY  
Sure, Tommy. Put that thing  
away, Pete! Take point.

Sorry, Tommy.

TOMMY

No problem. C'mon. We got some things to discuss.

VINNY

Sure, T.

The five men start to walk slowly down the sidewalk. Pete is limping in the lead. After a long gap, Vinny and Tommy. Frankie and Nick bring up the rear.

CLOSE ON: VINNY AND TOMMY

TOMMY

So, what's doin with this rat of yours?

VINNY

(nervous)

We are trying to find him. Don't worry, we know where to look. He's a degenerate gambler. He'll turn up.

TOMMY

That's just it. He can't. *Turn up*, that is.

VINNY

Your losin me. I told ya, were gonna find him.

TOMMY

And then he can't be found.

VINNY

Huh?

TOMMY

What, I gotta spell it out? After you find him, he can't be found. He's gotta disappear. And he's gotta disappear to more than one place. *Capice?*

VINNY

(the light suddenly

dawning)  
That ain't exactly my line. I can drop him out on the Island, or Jersey. But if you want him chopped up, I mean, that sounds like work for "The Knife". I don't do wetwork.

TOMMY  
You do now. There ain't no "Knife". He died last night.

INTERC  
UT:

INT. /EXT. A BLACK CAR IS DRIVING ERRATICALLY THROUGH TRAFFIC -- NIGHT

"THE KNIFE" SEE'S THE HEADLIGHTS OF OPPOSING TRAFFIC COMING RIGHT AT HIM.

CLOSE ON: "THE KNIFE'S" EYES WIDENING IN HORROR.

HIS CAR SWERVES TO AVOID THE ONCOMING TRAFFIC.

IT HITS A PARKED CAR!

FREEZE ON: "THE KNIFE" CRASHES THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD!

BACK TO SCENE

Vinny stops dead. All the other men stop, except for Pete, who walks on obliviously.

VINNY  
No freakin way! How'd it happen?  
Somebody whack em?

TOMMY  
Heart attack. He died in the middle of a job. Made a big mess.

INTERC  
UT:

EXT./INT. A BLACK CAR -- NIGHT

"The knife" continues his trip through the windshield.

A brown SUITCASE follows him out, landing in front of the car. It BREAKS OPEN as it lands revealing

A PLASTIC BAG FILLED WITH BODY PARTS.

BACK TO SCENE

VINNY

Holy shit.

They all start walking again. Pete is gone around the corner.

TOMMY

(all business  
now)

Now listen to me. This comes from  
the top. We are all takin a lot  
of heat on this. No floaters.

He stops again.

VINNY

No floaters?

TOMMY

That's the deal. No lose  
ends. Everything tied up and  
packaged nice and neat. The  
family needs a new wetworker, and  
your it.

Vinny gets very uneasy.

VINNY

I don't know, Tommy. I don't know  
if I got the talent.

Tommy doesn't seem to hear his objection.

TOMMY

You do this right, you make  
captain. If you do it wrong...  
(frowns)  
... let's just say it could be  
you who wakes up dead.

VINNY

Dead.

TOMMY

Yea, dead. As in no longer  
alive. *Capice?*

VINNY

*Capisco.*

TOMMY

(lightening up)

But don't worry, just do it right  
and everybody's happy. Besides,  
your Tony's favorite nephew.

VINNY

That makes me feel better.

(forcing a  
smile)

I'll just have to give it the old  
college try.

TOMMY

Yea. Too bad neither one of us made  
it outta tenth grade.

They both laugh.

The tense moment is gone.

They all turn and start walking back. Pete is gone.

VINNY

I'll just have to get creative.

TOMMY

Now your talkin.

He slaps Vinny on the back.

TOMMY

Maybe you better get some  
practice first, eh?

Vinny stops again.

VINNY

Whadda ya mean?

TOMMY

Just that you might want to  
perfect your technique before you  
do it for real. On somebody you  
know, that is.

Tommy starts walking. The whole caravan moves with him.

VINNY

You mean like on a cadaver?

TOMMY

Yea, but fresh cadaver's are hard to come by.

(winks)

Unless you make em' yourself.

VINNY

I don't get ya.

TOMMY

I'm sayin like make a cadaver. Somebody random. Somebody that no one can trace back to you. Then you can practice on him, perfect your technique. When you get it down and your ready for prime time, well, there ya go. See what I mean.

VINNY

I think I read ya now.

TOMMY

There it is. But don't take too long. Time is money.

They arrive back at the black Lincoln.

VINNY

Okay, Tommy. I'm on it. Send my Uncle my regards.

TOMMY

You got it, kid. C'mon Nick. Let's blow.

Nick walks over to the rear passenger door of the town car and opens the door for Tommy.

TOMMY

Just remember to choose your meat with care, Vinny.

He gets in the car. Nick gets in the front and the car drives off, leaving Vinny and Frankie standing at the curb.

FRANKIE

What he mean by that?

VINNY

I'm totally screwed. Dead. I'm

floating down the East River with no paddle. He want's me to be the new Wetworker. "The Knife" had a heart attack last night.He's dead.

FRANKIE

No shit!

(frankie digests this)

But why you? Don't they know ... about your problem?

VINNY

If they find out that I get sick,that I faint at the sight of blood, it may be me they find floating up on the river bank.

FRANKIE

That would be bad.

VINNY

Like I said, I'm screwed.I'm a freakin liability.

They both stand there looking at their feet.

Suddenly, Frankie looks up.

FRANKIE

Maybe your not screwed.

VINNY

What the hell you talking about?

FRANKIE

I'm talking about that cousin of yours,the butcher. What's his name?

Vinny looks at him in amazement.

VINNY

Victorrio?

FRANKIE

Yea, that's it.

VINNY

You gotta be freakin kiddin me. No freakin way! The guy's a

civilian. Always's was, so was his father. A disgrace to the family.

FRANKIE

Yea, well he's got the skills we need. We need some people chopped up, and he know's how to do it. Meat is meat. Ain't like he needs to whack nobody. Just help with the clean up is all.

VINNY

He'd never do it.

FRANKIE

Suppose we put some pressure on him?

Vinny considers.

VINNY

Nah, square as he is, he's still family. I can't touch him, he's my cousin for crissakes!

FRANKIE

I don't mean that. I said pressure, not muscle.

VINNY

Your starting to get on my nerves, Frank. What are you talkin about?

FRANKIE

He loves that butcher shop. We burn it down --

VINNY

Easy there, Frank. I told you, he's family.

FRANKIE

Yea, well it sure would be a motivation for him to try something else. Besides, he got insurance don't he? We'd be doin him a favor.

VINNY

Yea, and supposing we did it. We burn down his butcher shop, then

what? How do we turn a square like that into a half assed wiseguy? It's quite a stretch from choppin up beef to butchering an actual human being.

FRANKIE

I don't know. He's your cousin. I didn't say I had all the answers. But I thought you said you was desperate.

VINNY

He's got a sick mother. She needs medicine, medical etc...

FRANKIE

There you go.

VINNY

We burn down his shop, I offer to help him finance a new one. I lend him some money for his sick mother --

FRANKIE

Your a hero. And now he owes you.

VINNY

He owes me.

FRANKIE

Desperate times call for desperate measures.

The two men stare at each other.

VINNY

Who does the job?

FRANKIE

Me and Pete could do it.

VINNY

Ah, what the hell. He'll thank me in the long run. That butcher shop is a dead end anyway.

FRANKIE

Absolutely.

VINNY

Be just like making a geek.

FRANKIE

What's a geek?

VINNY

A geek is the guy at carnival's that does the dirty act. Bites the heads off chickens, shit like that.

Frankie makes a face of disgust.

FRANKIE

Okay, I'll bite. How do you make a geek?

VINNY

You find some old wino, tell him you'll give him three squares, a bottle every night, and a warm place to sleep it off. You say he don't really have to bite the heads off the chicken's, just pretend to.

FRANKIE

And then what?

VINNY

After a month or two, the guy's used to the good life, likes his bottle every night, you tell him you got to let him go.

FRANKIE

Why?

VINNY

Because you found somebody who will really bite the chicken's heads off.

FRANKIE

You got yourself a geek.

VINNY

Yea, you got yourself a geek. Or a wetworker.

(he cocks a thumb at the clam house)

I'm sick of this joint, let's beat it. Where's that mook, pete?

FRANKIE

Here he comes now. A day late and a dollar short. Yo, Pete. Where ya been?

Pete limps up out of breath.

PETE

I was walkin ahead like Vinny said.

VINNY

I told you to take point. Not to explore the new world.

PETE

Yea, sorry Vin. I just was --

VINNY

Forget it, Pete. Don't strain the brain. Just get the car, I want to take a ride.

PETE

Okay, Vin.

He limps off to get the car. Vinny and Frankie watch him go.

FRANKIE

Look's like a crippled valet parking guy.

VINNY

Yea. All he needs is the bow tie.

EXT. THE BUTCHER SHOP -- EVENING

The front of the butcher shop.

The Sign reads: "VICTORRIO'S FINE ITALIAN MEATS".

Sausages and hams are hanging in the window.

INT. THE BUTCHER SHOP -- EVENING

JORGE RIVERA, a Puerto Rican man of indeterminate age, is behind the counter.

He is waiting on the last customer of the day, a heavysset,

elderly Italian women.

JORGE

Here you go. A half pound of provolone, half of mozzarella, and a quarter of ham. Anything else, Mrs. Canazarro?

MRS. CANAZARRO

(sadly)

I'm afraid that's all, Jorge. Now that I'm only cooking only for me, well, I can't eat much.

She is almost 300 pounds and looks as if she could eat a horse.

JORGE

(sympatheticall  
y)

I know. I'm so sorry about Mr. Canazarro. And such a young man.

MRS. CANAZARRO

Yea. He never even made 90. I thought for sure he would. His older brother is 93 and still goin strong.

(dabbing at her  
eye with a  
handkerchief)

Well, I guess I better get going.

She reaches over and gives Jorge a pinch on the cheek.

He grimaces in pain, but quickly turns it into a smile.

MRS. CANAZARRO

Your such a nice boy, so understanding.

And she gathers up her things and heads out the door.

Jorge walks to the door, still rubbing his cheek, and turns the sign from OPEN to CLOSED. He is about to lock it when...

The DOOR FLY'S OPEN, and ROSE MARIE DIPIERRO bursts upon the scene.

Rose Marie is a good looking woman in her 30's. She's wearing a bit too much makeup, and suffers from BIG HAIR SYNDROME.

Still, she's quite a dish and she knows it.

ROSE MARIE  
Hey, what's up, Jorge? Where's  
your boss? Where's Victorrio?

She begins to touch up her makeup, looking in the mirror on  
the wall.

JORGE  
(checking out  
her ass while  
she does her  
makeup)  
He's in the back doin the books.  
Want me to get him?

ROSE MARIE  
Nah, that's alright. I'll go back  
and surprise him.

She shuts her compact and heads for the back room.

JORGE  
(continuing to  
check out her  
ass as she goes)  
Okay, babe. Whatever you say.

INT. BACK ROOM OF BUTCHER SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

VICTORRIO sits at his desk. He is counting some cash and  
sticking it into a deposit envelope. He does this slowly and  
methodically (like he does everything), keeping a running  
tally on a calculator on the desk.

It is obvious by his body language and demeanor that Victorrio  
is less than pleased with the days take.

He looks up startled as Rose Marie barges into the room.

ROSE MARIE  
Hey, handsome. How's it hangin'?

She walks around the desk and plops herself onto his lap. She  
wiggles a bit to get herself comfortable.

VICTORRIO  
It's hangin just fine, but it  
ain't gonna be *hangin* for long  
if you keep wiggling like that.

Rose Marie wiggles a bit more and breaks out the compact. A

quick touch up, snap, back in her bag.

ROSE MARIE

Well, whatever.

(She looks at  
the cash on the  
table)

I like a man with cash for the  
kitty.

She throws her arms around his neck and snuggles.

VICTORRIO

(gathering up  
what's left of  
the cash and  
sticking it into  
the deposit  
envelope)

Sorry, kitty. This is cash for the  
bank, cash for the rent, and cash  
to buy more stock for the  
shop. There ain't gonna be much  
left for play today.

He gently takes her arms from around his neck and stands up.

ROSE MARIE

(pouting)

You said you was takin me out  
tonight.

VICTORRIO

I know baby, I'm sorry. And on  
top of everything else, Mama's  
sick again and I gotta go get her  
some medicine. We are gonna have  
to take a raincheck.

ROSE MARIE

Yea, well you better hope it don't  
rain too long. Women like me don't  
grow on trees.

She sticks her tongue out at him and sashays out the door.

VICTORRIO

Cmon, baby. Don't be that way.

Victorrio just sighs as he stares out the door behind her.

INT. THE D.A'S OFFICE -- EVENING

We are watching a SLIDE SHOW.

Currently an unflattering image of Mike "the knife" Napoli is on the screen. He is at a restaurant, his mouth wide open ready to take a huge mouthful of spaghetti.

MOE (V.O.)

And this is the famous WETWORKER,  
now deceased. One of the most  
ruthless killers in *la cosa*  
*nostra*, a true sociopath.

Moe Schwartz steps from the old fashioned projector and flips on the light.

The room's other occupants are a familiar trio:

SMITH , JONES and FALLON.

FALLON

Excuse me, sir. Why do you call  
him The Wetworker?

Jones rolls his eyes. Smith smirks.

MOE

(patiently)

This is a term that is used among  
mobsters. It describes one that  
is skilled at body dismemberment.  
This obviously can get rather  
bloody, or wet.. hence the term  
"Wetwork".

He looks at Fallon.

MOE

Okay?

Fallon nods.

MOE

Now then. What we have to figure  
out --

FALLON

Excuse me Mr. Schwartz.

MOE

Yes?

FALLON

You used the term, *la cosa nostra*?

MOE

Yes. This is the term that *mafioso* use to describe their organization. It means: "This thing of ours".

FALLON

Yea, I know. That's what confused me. You said before that Mike "the knife" Napoli was one of the most ruthless killers in *la cosa nostra*.

MOE

Yes, so what?

FALLON

Yea, well, you said that *la cosa nostra* means this thing of ours. But you're not in the Mafia. So it should be this thing of theirs. I don't know how to say that in Italian, but, you see what I mean --

MOE

YES! Point taken. May I continue now?

FALLON

Yes, sorry sir.

MOE

Okay!

(taking a  
breath)

Anyway, the point is, that after the death of their wetworker,  
(he shoots  
Fallon a look)  
they will need a replacement.

Smith and Jones look at each other.

SMITH

That's right. They will. They surely will.

JONES

Wetwork isn't for the squeamish.

MOE

No, it isn't. In fact it takes certain skills.

JONES

Not everyone has the stomach for body dismemberment.

MOE

So all we have to do is watch and wait. When the new Wetworker surfaces --

JONES

We catch him on the job.

SMITH

We nail him with the goods. The meat.

MOE

The evidence.

(looking at  
Fallon)

Something that we are rather short on. Evidence, that is.

They all look at Fallon.

MOE

Okay. Get on it. I want Gambini and his whole crew under surveillance. Particularly Vinny Testi.

FALLON

I wonder what happened to the old wetworker.

CUT  
TO:

EXT. AN OLD NEW YORK TENEMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

ANGLE ON

A third floor window, well lit.

SUPERIMPOSE: "42 HOURS EARLIER"

INT. A SMALL ONE BEDROOM APARTMENT -- NIGHT

FRANK ARGANO, a massive man, over 300 pounds,  
is sitting down for dinner.

He tucks a napkin into his dirty tee shirt, smiles, and begins  
to devour a huge meal of spaghetti and meatballs.

It is to be his last meal.

OVER FRANK'S SHOULDER

framed in the doorway to the living room, is the silhouette  
of a dark figure.

Dressed in black, lean as the edge of a dagger, the visage  
of MIKE "the Knife" NAPOLI slowly comes into focus.

His face is expressionless as he regards his prey.

Silently, he slowly closes the distance to his oblivious  
victim.

He now stands over him, behind his chair, and reaching into  
his dark clothing, he produces a long, wicked looking KNIFE.

He pauses for a minute, and regards his victim with what could  
almost pass for a look of compassion.

And then with one smooth move, he pulls Frank's head back  
and

SLITS HIS THROAT.

A thin line of BLOOD appears on his neck.

Frank gags and reaches for his throat.

His eyes roll back.

He falls face first into his spaghetti.

HE IS DEAD .

"The Knife" checks the dead man's pulse.

Satisfied, he pauses a moment, and then walks into the dead  
man's bathroom.

With a quick move he RIPS the SHOWER CURTAIN from it's

moorings, and brings it back into the kitchen.

He lays it out on the floor next to Frank's chair.

He regards the huge body once again.

THE KNIFE

You coulda made my life easier  
and eaten a little less pasta, no?

He grabs a hold of the body and grunting with the effort ,  
he pulls it out of the chair and drops it on the shower curtain  
with a thud.

THE KNIFE

Well, you won't be eating anymore  
spaghetti now , will ya?

And, once again, he leaves the room and returns with a medium  
size black suitcase.

He puts it down next to the body, open's it , and begins laying  
out the tools of his trade.

A HATCHET

A HACKSAW

CARVING KNIFE

and various other grisly instruments are laid out beside the  
body.

He stands and rolls up his sleeves.

Then he notices the spaghetti.

THE KNIFE

Looks like this is gonna take  
awhile and I'm working up quite  
an appetite.No use lettin a nice  
plate of spaghetti go to  
waste, eh?

He picks up the unfinished plate of spaghetti and begins to  
lift a fork full to his mouth.

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INT. A SMALL ONE BEDROOM APARTMENT -- LATER

"The Knife" is cleaning up.

He replaces a MOP in the broom closet.

The floor has been WAXED and POLISHED.

THE BODY HAS VANISHED.

He looks around carefully and nods with satisfaction.

It is time to go.

He walks into the bedroom and over to the window.

Next to the window are

FOUR SUITCASES

standing neatly in a row.

"The Knife" pulls back the blinds revealing a FIRE ESCAPE outside the window.

THE KNIFE

Okay, here we go.

He grabs the first suitcase and with a jerk and a swing, he tosses it out the window and onto the fire escape.

It takes a great effort, the suitcase isn't light.

THE KNIFE

Shit! The fat bastards gonna be  
the death of me.

INT. MRS.SULLIVANS APT. -- EVENING

Mrs.Sullivan is preparing for bed. She is an old widow on the dark side of eighty.

She is now at her dresser putting her false teeth in a glass.

Over her shoulder outside her bedroom window we see

"THE KNIFE"

laboriously dragging one of the suitcases down the FIRE ESCAPE.

HE STOPS.

He looks in the window.

Then convinced that she hasn't seen him he continues to lift/drag the suitcase past her window.

Mrs. Sullivan is now taking off her brassiere.

EXT. A FIRE ESCAPE -- NIGHT

It was the last suitcase.

All four of them are now assembled on the landing of the fire escape, just past Mrs.Sullivan's window.

"The Knife" is not doing well. His clothing are in disarray, he's huffing and puffing, sweat is pouring down his forehead and neck.

At the moment he is perched with one leg over the railing of the fire escape.

Below him is a

BLACK CAR

with an open trunk.

He is gauging the distance to the trunk of the car.

Twelve feet.

He pulls the nearest suitcase up and over the railing.

HE ALMOST FALLS.

For a sickening moment he is perched precariously over the railing, straining furiously against the weight of the suitcase.

He DROPS the suitcase, which lands with a thud in the trunk of the car.

He frantically swings his leg back over the railing and collapses there panting on the landing.

INT. MRS.SULLIVANS APT. -- NIGHT

Mrs.Sullivan has now changed into her night dress.

She's brushing her hair , looking at herself in the mirror on the dresser.

On her dresser is a picture of her long departed husband .

She picks this up and stares lovingly at it for a moment.

At this moment we hear (O.S)

A LOUD THUD

Which is the sound of one of the SUITCASES dropping into the trunk of the car.

She pauses for a minute to listen.

Unseen by her

"THE KNIFE"

Peers in her window to see if he's been heard.

She turns to the window just as "The Knife" disappears.

She sighs and goes back to brushing her hair.

EXT. A FIRE ESCAPE -- NIGHT

"The Knife" is looking over the fire escape railing.

One suitcase remains on the landing next to him.

It is obvious that the remaining suitcase cannot be dropped into the trunk. There is no room.

"The Knife" is debating what to do.

Finally he shrugs and grabbing the last suitcase he swings it over the railing.

THE KNIFE

Fuck it.

He drops the suitcase which lands with the loudest thud yet.

He pulls out a KNIFE and waits.

CUT

TO:

INT. MRS.SULLIVANS APT. -- NIGHT

At the EXACT MOMENT the last suitcase lands outside,  
Mrs.Sullivan turns on her old transistor RADIO.

She adjusts the sound, which is turned up RATHER LOUD.

She sits on her bed

URNS OFF THE LIGHT on the night stand

She lay's her head on her pillow and departs for the dream  
worlds of the innocent.

EXT. A FIRE ESCAPE -- NIGHT

"The Knife" see's the light in Mrs.Sullivan's window go out.

He SHEATHS THE KNIFE and swings over the fire escape and drops.

He lands on the suitcase which couldn't fit in the trunk.

He muffles a grunt of pain.

HE LIMPS quickly to the trunk of the car, and SLAMS it closed.

He is now past caring about the noise.

The last suitcase he drags over and throws into the BACKSEAT  
of the car.

Walking to the drivers side he grabs a PARKING TICKET

off the windshield ,and throws it on the floor of the STOLEN  
CAR .

He gets behind the wheel and drives off into the night.

BACK TO  
PRESEN  
T

EXT. BACK ALLEY OF BUTCHER SHOP/INT. PETE'S CAR -- NIGHT

Pete's old ford mustang slowly cruises through the alley  
with it's headlights out.

The car scrapes against the alley wall before coming to a  
stop near the back door of the butcher shop.

Pete is driving. He looks quite stoned. Riding shotgun is Frankie.

FRANKIE

Jesus Christ, Pete. Watch where you're going!

PETE

(slurring his words)

Easy, Frank. These painkillers are kicking my ass.

FRANKIE

Yea, well let's get moving. The butcher's gonna be at work in less than an hour. We're cutting it close. We wouldn't have had this problem if you wasn't two hours late picking me up.

PETE

I told you, it's the painkillers. I overslept.

FRANKIE

So you told me. Let's go.

He tries to open his door but it hits the alley wall.

He looks at Pete who has nodded off.

He leans over close to Pete and screams in his ear.

FRANKIE

Yo, Pete!

Pete pops up, startled.

PETE

What's wrong with you, Frank! Why are you screaming in my ear?

FRANKIE

Because you're falling asleep. Now move the car so I can get out. I'm not as skinny as you. Why don't you turn it around so we can make a quick exit if we need to.

Pete nods and puts the car in gear. He starts maneuvering the car to get it turned around. Because of his less than pristine

condition, it takes many more moves than it should.

He finally get the car facing the other way and parks it near the opposite wall.

Frankie try's to open the door, but once again the car is too close to the wall.

FRANKIE

Pete! Will you leave me some freakin room!

PETE

Sorry, Frank. My depth preconception must be off.

Pete pulls the car forward and parks it an awkward angle. But Frankie at last can lift his considerable bulk out of the car.

FRANKIE

Okay, Pete. I got the crowbar, you get the gasoline. Let's get this done.

He grabs a crowbar off the floor of the car.

Pete limps around to the trunk of the car to get the gasoline.

He lifts a five gallon container of gas out of the trunk with considerable difficulty and follows Frankie over to the back door of the butcher shop.

A simple, cheap padlock is all the security the back door has.

PETE

Guess this guy has never been robbed.

FRANKIE

Probably not. Don't forget who his uncle is.

He puts the crowbar in the padlock and with one mighty heave, it is open.

PETE

That was easy.

FRANKIE

Let's go.

With a last look around they both enter the shop.

INT. BACK ROOM OF BUTCHER SHOP -- MOMENTS LATER

Frankie is just finishing dowsing the shop with gasoline.

FRANKIE

With all this cheap wooden  
furniture this place should go  
up like a torch.

PETE

Should I grab some cold cuts  
before we go? A shame to waste  
all this good meat.

FRANKIE

Pete, I could stick your brains  
in a thimble and still have room  
for my thumb. Just get over by  
the door, will ya?

Pete walks over to the door. Frankie joins him and takes out  
a book of matches.

FRANKIE

Okay, Pete. Be ready to move in  
a hurry. This place is gonna go  
up fast.

They both brace themselves to run out the door. Frankie peels  
off several matches and lights them.

FRANKIE

Okay, here goes.  
One...two...three...go, Pete!

Frankie throws the lit matches into the gasoline, both  
gangsters run out the back door.

The lit matches land in the gasoline.

NOTHING HAPPENS. The matches flare and go out.

After a pause...

FRANKIE (O.S.)

What the hell. Pete, go take a look.

Pete sticks his head cautiously into the shop.

FRANKIE (O.S.)

What's happening, Pete.

PETE

Nothing, Frank.

FRANKIE (O.S.)

What do you mean, nothing.

PETE

I mean nothing, Frank. It ain't burning.

Frankie pushes past him into the shop.

FRANKIE

That's impossible. There should have been an explosion.

He scratches his head.

FRANKIE

Okay, maybe the matches went out before they hit the gas. Let's try again. Come on outside. I'm going to throw the whole matchbook in. This time I want to watch it hit the gas.

They both exit.

After a moment the FLAMING MATCHBOOK comes flying into the shop and lands, clearly burning, in the gasoline.

Again, NOTHING HAPPENS.

Both gangsters walk back into the shop.

Pete picks up what's left of the matchbook and examines it.

PETE

Maybe there's something wrong  
with the matches.

He sniffs them.

FRANKIE

Matches are matches. Where did  
you buy the gas?

PETE

At the Arab's. His is the  
cheapest.

FRANKIE

That's because he waters it down!  
(thinking)  
But it still should have  
exploded. Unless...what kind of  
gas did you get, Pete?

PETE

I don't know. Diesel was the  
cheapest --

FRANKIE

No goddamn way! Why the hell did  
you do that, Pete! What possessed  
you to do something like that?

PETE

I told you, it was the cheapest.  
What's the problem, Frank?

FRANKIE

The problem is that diesel don't  
burn like regular gas. It burns  
from combustion. We could drop  
matches in it all day and it won't  
burn. Vinny's going to kill us.

PETE

Well, why can't we go get some  
regular gas?

Frankie finally loses it completely.

FRANKIE

Because there ain't no time!  
Because you were two hours late!  
Because the damn butchers going  
to be here any minute, and he's

good with a knife. Now find us some mops and rags so we can clean this shit up. I think I can replace the padlock when we leave. Maybe the smell of gas will evaporate, but I doubt it.

PETE

Maybe he'll think he had a gas leak.

FRANKIE

Yea, maybe. And give me the keys to your car, I'm driving.

PETE

You know the rules, Frank. Nobody drives my car but ...

Frankie turns and shoots him a look that would melt steel.

PETE

Okay, Frank. You can drive.

He hands him the car keys.

EXT. OUTSIDE A PIZZA PLACE -- DAY

The sign reads: "JOE'S PIZZA" .

SUPERIMPOSITION: "SEVERAL HOURS LATER"

INT. A PIZZA PLACE -- DAY

Pete is at the counter waiting to order.

THE PIZZA GUY is twirling a pizza.

With each twirl he throws the pizza higher and higher.

He is totally absorbed in his work. He seems not to notice Pete.

PETE

(impatiently)

Hey, buddy. How about some service?

The pizza guy continues to twirl the pizza.

THE PIZZA GUY

Hold your horses there, chief.

Can't you see there's an artist  
at work?

PETE

If I was looking for art, I'd go  
to a movie. I just need a few  
slices.

THE PIZZA GUY

(still  
twirling)

Take it easy, chief. Hey, Antonio!  
Stop jerkin off and get out here  
, you lazy fuck. We got an  
important customer. Can't wait 2  
seconds for the best pizza in  
town.

An old Puerto Rican man comes out of the back room wiping  
his hands on a dirty rag.

OLD PUERTO RICAN

What do you need?

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PIZZERIA -- CONTINUOUS

Vinny and Frankie are leaning on a parked car.

A flashy Monte Carlo with chrome wheels.

VINNY

Well, you guys really fucked up  
last night. I got another call  
from Tommy this morning. He's  
really on my ass about our rodent  
problem. Want's to know when  
we're gonna take care of it.

FRANKIE

What did you tell him?

VINNY

What could I tell him. I said we  
would take care of it in the next  
couple of days.

FRANKIE

Shit.

VINNY

Yea, shit is right. We don't find  
that rat and whack him, their

liable to whack me.

FRANKIE

Would they really do that? I mean, with your uncle and all...

VINNY

Business is business, and they are getting downright paranoid.

FRANKIE

Shit, Vinny.

VINNY

You said that already. We got no choice. We got no time to work on Victorrio. We have to take care of this ourselves.

Frankie spits on the sidewalk.

FRANKIE

So, what's the plan?

VINNY

We do what Tommy say's. We do a practice run on some random Joe.

FRANKIE

Back to square one. We make a cadaver?

VINNY

We have to. We do it on Joey and screw it up, it get's traced back to me... Then I'm dead for real. They'll whack me to keep *me* from turnin rat.

FRANKIE

Then I guess we got to make a cadaver.

VINNY

Yea. But where the hell are we gonna get a cadaver? It ain't like we're gonna find any volunteers.

FRANKIE

That's for sure. Here comes the waiter.

Pete limps over carrying the pizza and soda's. He is balancing it all rather precariously.

VINNY

(taking his  
slice and drink  
gingerly)

Easy does it there, Pete. Don't  
go spilling nuthin on me.

He places his pizza and soda on the hood of the nice Monte Carlo.

Frankie takes his food and does the same.

They are having a picnic on the hood of the car.

FRANKIE

Hey, Pete. Wanna volunteer?

PETE

For what?

FRANKIE

We need a cadaver. So's we can  
practice our wetwork.

He laughs so hard he nearly chokes on his food.

Vinny snorts.

PETE

Very funny. I don't think we are  
gonna find no volunteers.

At this precise moment

THE PIZZA GUY comes running over. He is livid with rage.

THE PIZZA GUY

Are you guys fuckin nuts!!!

FRANKIE

What's the problem, chief?

He ignores Frankie, who is rather large, and starts shaking his finger at Vinny.

THE PIZZA GUY

That's my car!

VINNY

Easy, pal.  
(stroking the  
car)  
We ain't hurtin it. And besides,  
this is your food. We're your  
customers. You ain't got no  
outdoor tables.

THE PIZZA GUY  
A real wiseguy.

VINNY  
That's right.

THE PIZZA GUY  
Well, listen. You don't get that  
shit off my car in five seconds,  
your gonna have big problems.

Vinny is intrigued.

VINNY  
Yea? And why is that?

THE PIZZA GUY  
Because I'm connected. I Know  
People.

VINNY  
That so?

THE PIZZA GUY  
(less sure of  
himself)  
Yea.

Vinny looks him in the eye.

VINNY  
Yea? I am People. And I don't know  
you.

The pizza guy starts to tremble.

THE PIZZA GUY  
Hey, sorry eh? No hard feelins?  
Relax, take your time.

VINNY  
Thanks, pal.

THE PIZZA GUY

In fact, come and have a slice  
on me. A soda too.

VINNY

Very, generous. But we're just  
about done.

THE PIZZA GUY

Another time, then.

He leaves quickly.

Vinny and his crew watch him leave.

PETE

That guy's a real  
prick. Disrespected me when I was  
tryin to order.

Frankie and Vinny look at each other.

FRANKIE

Looks like we got ourselves a  
volunteer.

VINNY

Looks like.

INT. THE BUTCHER SHOP -- EVENING

The scene opens with a black screen.

( O.S. )

The disturbing sound of a CHAINSAW striking bone.

We find ourselves in the back room of Victorrio's store.

A macabre scene greets our eyes.

What is left of THE PIZZA GUY is laying on one of the tables.

Frankie and Pete are dressed from head to toe in RAIN GEAR,  
including RAIN HATS and GOGGLES.

They are covered in blood.

Vinny stands off to the side facing away from the carnage.

He is covering his nose and mouth with a handkerchief, and  
looks like he is about to be ill.

As Pete and Frankie go about their grisly task , A HUMAN HAND falls off the table and land's with a splat on the floor.The MIDDLE FINGER sticks out of the hand in an eternal fuck you.

Frankie stops the chainsaw.

Frankie and Pete stare at the hand.

PETE

Guy had balls. Last gesture in his life is to throw us the finger.

FRANKIE

Pick that up, will ya, Pete.

PETE

I didn't drop it.

FRANKIE

I didn't say you did.

PETE

Then why should I be the one to pick it up?

Vinny peeks over to see what happened, get's wobbly, and looks quickly away.

VINNY

Jesus, you guy's are making a freakin mess.

Frankie raises his blood splattered goggles to look at Vinny.

FRANKIE

Not for nuthin, Vinny. But if you think you can do better --

VINNY

Did I say that? I didn't say I can do better. I know I can't do better. But this ain't workin.

PETE

Besides, Frankie. You know Vinny can't stand the sight of blood.

Vinny turns to him in a rage.

VINNY

Who asked you? Did I ask to hear

from you?

PETE

No, Vinny. I was just sayin --

VINNY

Don't say nuthin! Shut your trap!  
I want any shit outta you, I'll  
squeeze your head. Just keep  
workin.

FRANKIE

Easy, Vin. We're all a bit  
stressed out, is all. He didn't  
mean nuthin.

VINNY

Yea, well I didn't ask for no  
peanuts from the peanut gallery.

FRANKIE

(changing the  
subject)

Nice of your cousin to lend us  
his shop, eh?

This gives Vinny some amusement.

VINNY

You kiddin? If Victorrio found  
out about this, he'd burst a blood  
vessel.

FRANKIE

Surprised he didn't have anything  
to say about us trying to burn  
his shop down. He must of smelled  
the gas, even though I was able  
to close the padlock when we left.

VINNY

That guy's so naive, probably  
thought he had a gas leak. I'm  
tellin you, he's a real square.  
A trusting soul. Now chop him up  
and bag him. This ain't working.  
You guy's don't have the talent.  
I got to think of something else.

The scene ends with the chainsaw starting back up and Vinny  
staring into space, "thinking".

EXT. THE BUTCHER SHOP -- MORNING

Victorrio arrives for work.

He enters his butcher shop, turns on the lights.

INT. THE BUTCHER SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

Victorrio begins his morning ritual by placing a record on an ancient hi-fi record player.

(V.O) ENRICO CARUSO SINGS "VESTI LA GUIBBA".

Victorrio puts on his apron and goes into the BACK ROOM.

He goes to the freezer and throws a huge slab of RIBS on his shoulder.

He takes this back into the room and drops it onto the cutting table.

He pauses a moment with eyes closed, listening to the great tenor sing his aria.

Then, as if gaining inspiration from the music, he pulls out a huge MEAT CLEAVER, and swaying to the music, he goes to work.

Quickly and professionally, he cuts up the meat, stacking it neatly on the side of the table.

It is clear we are watching an *artisan* at work.

Again he pauses, using the bloody meat cleaver he conducts an unseen orchestra.

He then puts down the cleaver, pulls out some wax paper, and begins wrapping the meat.

As The Great Caruso's aria reaches it's crescendo, Victorrio's eyes roll up, and then down.

And he see's

A SEVERED HUMAN HAND

laying on the floor by the table.

The music stops, everything stops.

Victorrio reaches down and picks up the hand by the extended MIDDLE FINGER.

He looks at it puzzled , his eyes search the room, he looks at the meat on the table, and back to the hand.

Although he's confused, his reaction is surprisingly cool.

He continues to squint at the appendage.

Slowly realization dawns.

His eyes harden, his face grows stern.

He picks up the old rotary phone on the desk and dials a number.

VICTORRIO

(after a pause)

Jorge? Yea, it's me. Listen, I need ya to come in early today. I got some things I need to take care of.

(pause)

No, everything's fine.

(pause)

No, I don't smell no gas.

(pause)

Yes! I'll get a better lock.

(pause)

Just get here as soon as you can.

(hanging up the  
phone)

I gotta go see my cousin, Vinny.

INT. HARRIET'S BEAUTY SHOP -- MORNING

Rose Marie Dipierro is getting a manicure/pedicure.

A pretty Asian woman is working on one foot, the other is SOAKING IN WATER.

Harriet, the shop owner, is doing her hands personally.

Rose Marie, as usual, is in a bad mood.

ROSE MARIE

I don't know what I'm still doing with the bum, he hasn't taken me out nowhere in over a month. And the last time was for a damn baseball game!

HARRIET

(soothingly)

Yea,well boys will be boys, you know how it is.Besides, I don't know how much that butcher shop is rakin in.Everybody goes to the big chains now, it's cheaper.

ROSE MARIE

Yea, no shit. I keep telling him to find another line of work. But he's a freakin hardhead.

She splashes the Asian girl angrily with her foot.

ROSE MARIE

Hey, you! How's about changin the freakin water? My freakin feet are freezin!

The Asian girl gives her a dirty look and goes to refill the water.

HARRIET

Sorry,Rosie. The girls new.

ROSE MARIE

And did you see the look she gave me? What goddamn nerve!

HARRIET

Nah, she didn't mean nuthin.She's Chinese or somethin. They always look like that.

(she leans forward)

Now that we're alone.Why don't you tell Victorrio to talk to Vinny? About gettin him some work? My Pete's been with him for years.He always got dough.Takes me out every Saturday night.And church on Sunday!

ROSE MARIE

Yea,well I can do without the church,but I'll take the Saturday night!

HARRIET

Your so bad! Anyway,why don't Victorrio talk to Vinny? After all, they are cousin's and all.

ROSE MARIE

You don't know Victorrio.He's a  
real square.He thinks playin the  
lottery is gambling!

The Asian girl returns with a new bucket of water. She starts  
to put Rose Marie's foot in it.

ROSE MARIE

Well, anyways. Vic is so square  
he--ahhhh!

(She pulls her  
foot violently  
out of the  
water)

ARE YOU CRAZY!!!

ASIAN GIRL

I'm sorry, Ma'am. Water too hot?  
(she smiles  
sweetly)

I can change it.

Rose Marie looks at her foot. It is quite red.

She starts to stand up.

ROSE MARIE

(To harriet)

She did that on purpose!

HARRIET

Easy,Rosie.I told you she's new.  
Mia, tell her it was an accident.

MIA

(expressionless  
)

Sorry. It was an accident.

The two women have a stare down. Finally , Rose Marie sits  
down.

ROSE MARIE

(tightly)

Warm water please. Not hot, not  
cold.

MIA

Yes, ma'am. Coming right up.

She walks away with the water bucket, a small smile on her

lips.

ROSE MARIE

That girl has it in for  
me. Anyway, what was I sayin'?

HARRIET

Victorrio's a square.

ROSE MARIE

And how! Lectures his mother  
about playin' bingo on Friday  
nights!

HARRIET

I don't get it. I mean, look at the  
rest of his family. Don Tony's his  
uncle for crissakes! You'd think  
that somewhere he's got the gene!

ROSE MARIE

I know. It's depressing. In a way,  
he's royalty. Instead, he's a  
royal pain in the  
ass. Yet, sometimes, he seems to  
get riled up. Some guy said  
somethin' to me a few months  
ago. Vic took him apart in a heart  
beat. I had to pull him off the  
guy.

HARRIET

Maybe there's hope for him yet.

ROSE MARIE

One can away's hope.

HARRIET

Maybe you should talk to Vinny. If  
Vic won't do it himself.

ROSE MARIE

And say what?

HARRIET

I don't know. Ask him if there is  
any work for Victorrio. Something  
on the fringes, maybe. After all,  
he is family.

ROSE MARIE

(thinking)

Well, now that you mention it,  
I used to date that jerk, Vinny,  
in junior high. Son of a bitch took  
my virginity! That ought to be  
worth something!

HARRIET

You think!

ROSE MARIE

(reaching a  
decision)

You know what, you talked me into  
it. Hurry up and finish me. I'll  
go talk to that prick Vinny right  
now .

Mia comes back with the water.

MIA

I think that this time it will  
be perfect.

ROSE MARIE

Good. Then maybe you can take a  
bath in it. I'm done here.

EXT. THE CLAM HOUSE -- DAY

Vinny and the boys are seated at their table on the patio  
of the Clam House.

They are drinking cappuccino's and looking very dejected.

VINNY

You guy's are sure you cleaned  
everything up? We didn't leave  
nuthin?

FRANKIE

Yea, don't worry.

PETE

Everything's covered.

VINNY

Including our friend, I hope.

FRANKIE

Yea.

VINNY

You dug a deep enough hole?  
Nothing can be found?

FRANKIE

Not by anything human. Think  
wormfood.

Vinny relaxes back into his chair.

VINNY

Okay. Now what? That was a  
complete wash out. I felt like  
a freakin ghou. We just ain't got  
the talent.

PETE

Your cousin Victorrio does.

VINNY

Will you stop. I told you, That's  
over.

FRANKIE

He is a Gambini.

VINNY

Yea. And so was his Father. When  
everyone else in the family was  
makin their bones, Victorrio's  
pop was makin cold cuts. Vic's  
useless, just like his father.  
Too bad, wasted talent.

FRANKIE

Speakin of talent, here comes  
some now.

They all look to see Rose Marie making her way across the  
street toward them.

VINNY

Oh, no. Trouble on  
stiletto's, headin this way.

PETE

God save us.

INT. A NEW SURVEILLANCE ROOM -- DAY

It is a small apartment directly across from 'The Clam House'.

It has all the same type of equipment as the previous

surveillance room.

This time the reel to reel TAPE RECORDER is alone on a table in the middle of the room.

There is a RED CIRCLE drawn in chalk around the table.

Agent Jones is looking through a pair of BINOCULARS.

Smith is standing over his shoulder. He also has binoculars.

Fallon is across the room fidgeting in a chair. He has no binoculars.

SMITH

(looking  
through his  
binoculars)

Oh, boy. Here she comes, the love  
of my life.

JONES

(looking  
through his  
binoculars)

Not bad. Her lips are a little too  
big, though.

SMITH

You nuts? Her lips are beautiful!

JONES

Fish lips.

SMITH

Your crazy.

JONES

Last time I saw lips like those  
they were on a hook.

(pause)

Nice ass, though.

SMITH

Now that's a little too big.

JONES

That's impossible.

SMITH

A tad too large, her ass.

Jones puts down his binoculars and looks at Smith.

JONES  
You honkies just don't get it.  
Only way to improve a woman's ass  
is make it bigger.

They both laugh.

SMITH  
I wonder what she's doin here?

EXT. THE CLAM HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Vinny and the crew watch Rose Marie approach. She stops just outside the entrance to the patio and touches up her make up.

VINNY  
This can't be good.

FRANKIE  
Trouble with a capitol T.

Rose Marie walks up to the table.

VINNY  
(Smiling)  
Rosie, baby! How's my old  
childhood love? To what do we owe  
the honor of your gorgeous  
presence.

Rose Marie gives him a haughty look.

ROSE MARIE  
So, you gonna ask a lady to sit  
down, or what?

VINNY  
Of course. Pete, give Rosie your  
chair and go find another.

PETE  
Okay, boss.

He gets up, and without bothering to ask permission, grabs a chair from an OCCUPIED table nearby. The people at the table look like they want to object, but say nothing.

VINNY  
So what brings you to see me after

all this time?

ROSE MARIE

Victorrio.

Vinny and his boy's exchange looks.

VINNY

(surprised)

What about him?

ROSE MARIE

Victorrio's a good man.

VINNY

The best.

ROSE MARIE

Things have been hard at the butcher shop. The big chains are stealin all his customers. He ain't been makin much money.

VINNY

Yea. That's a real shame. Money is funny. What's this got to do with me?

ROSE MARIE

I thought maybe you could help him out. For old times sake.

VINNY

Help him? Like how? I'm not the salvation army.

ROSE MARIE

I don't know. Maybe you can find something for him to do. He's a man of many talents.

VINNY

No doubt.

PETE

Don't look now. Speak of the devil, and he appears.

The all look to see Victorrio making his way across the street toward them.

ROSE MARIE

Oh, god! Hide me!

She lifts the table cloth and ducks under the table.

VINNY

Oh,shit! Pete,run interference!

Pete jumps up and limps over to intercept Victorrio.

PETE

Victorrio! Good to see ya!  
Listen, Vinny's in the middle of  
a ...

Victorrio shoves the much smaller man aside and WALKS TO THE TABLE.

He is carrying a SMALL BOX under his arm.

VINNY

(remaining  
seated)

What's up, Couz? I been thinkin  
about you.

Victorrio sets the BOX down on the table in front of Vinny.

VICTORRIO

I think maybe this belongs to you.

Vinny looks down at the box.

Frankie and Pete look nervously over his shoulder.

Vinny lifts the lid slightly and they all peer into the box.

INT. A NEW SURVEILLANCE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Smith and Jones are standing.

They are both looking through their binoculars.

SMITH

Shit! I can't get an angle.We  
gotta see what's in that box!

JONES

I can't see either!

SMITH

Hey, Fallon! Make yourself  
useful! Grab me a chair!

Fallon is listening through the recording equipment. He takes off the headphones.

FALLON  
Sorry, sir. I'm trying to hear  
what they're saying.

SMITH  
Quick! Give me your chair!

Fallon is anything but quick.

FALLON  
Sir?

SMITH  
Bring me your chair! ASAP!

Fallon jumps up and runs over with his chair.

Smith puts it down near the open window and stands on the chair.

SMITH  
Hold the back of my belt.

He picks up the binoculars and standing on the chair looks out the window.

JONES  
Careful there!

SMITH  
I almost got the angle. Don't let  
me fall ...

And with that, HE FALLS FORWARD OUT THE WINDOW.

Jones and Fallon GRAB HIM as he goes.

He winds up HANGING UPSIDE DOWN over the windowsill.

His binoculars slip off his neck and clatter to the street below.

SMITH  
Don't drop me!

JONES  
Easy, we got you. Pull him  
in, Fallon.

EXT. THE CLAM HOUSE -- MORNING

Vinny and the boys are peering into the box.

Inside the box is the SEVERED HUMAN HAND throwing the perpetual finger.

Vinny see's the bloody hand and get's dizzy.

Frankie steadies him.

OVER VICTORRIO'S SHOULDER

AGENT SMITH is pulled back inside the window of the surveillance room across the street.

Vinny, averting his eyes, closes the box.

Frankie and Pete sit back in their seats.

Vinny shoots a death look at Pete, who looks away.

Then, composing himself, he RAISES BOTH HIS HANDS to show Victorrio.

VINNY

Well, I don't know where this came from. But as you can see, it ain't mine.

Frankie and Pete, taking their cue, show Victorrio their hands too.

Victorrio is not amused.

VICTORRIO

Well, I hope it don't belong to anybody we know. And I'd appreciate it, if in the future, you do your dirty work somewhere else. Not in my store. How'd you get in, anyway?

PETE

It wasn't hard.

Vinny shoots Pete another look.

VINNY

(to pete)  
What I tell you about talkin?

VICTORRIO

We had a break in a few nights earlier. Smelled like somebody tried to burn my shop. Smelled like gasoline.

Vinny and the crew exchange puzzled looks and try to look innocent. They are rather unconvincing.

VICTORRIO

That's what I thought. Don't know nothing, eh? Well, I can't prove anything, and I can't imagine why you'd want to burn my shop. But I would think you'd show more respect for your own flesh and blood.

Victorrio turns on heel and walks off.

The hoods watch him leave.

VINNY

Nice fuckin cleanup!

PETE

I don't know how we missed it.

VINNY

How you missed it? If I moved your plate of pasta two inches you'd starve to death.

Rose Marie pops her head out from under the table.

ROSE MARIE

Is he gone?

Vinny almost jumps out of his seat.

VINNY

Shit, Rosie! I forgot all about you. Yea, coast clear.

Just as Rose Marie starts pulling herself out from under the table

THE WAITER APPEARS.

He does a double take, seeing Rose Marie come out from under the table, hair and clothes in disarray.

WAITER

Sorry, Mr. Testi. I was comin to see if you needed anything. Sorry if it's ... a bad time.

ROSE MARIE

(taking her seat, adjusting her clothes)

It's not a bad time and get that smirk off your face before I smack it off. I could use an espresso.

WAITER

No problem, sugar. Comin right up.

He moves off.

ROSE MARIE

Well, I couldn't hear what you guys were talkin about. But now you owe me double, Vinny.

She reaches under the table and brings out

AN ELECTRONIC RECORDING DEVICE.

Vinny holds up the recording device in amazement.

They all look at each other in confusion.

Rose Marie starts retouching her makeup.

ROSE MARIE

Looks like your a popular guy, Vinny.

VINNY

Well, I'll be damned. How about that shit? I wonder how this got here?

CUT  
TO:

INT. A NEW SURVEILLANCE ROOM -- DAY

SUPERIMPOSITION: "Two Day's earlier"

We are watching the action through binoculars.

We see the Black Lincoln Town Car pull to the curb in front of the Clam House from the vantage of the third floor window of the new surveillance room. Tommy Rucco jumps out and is greeted by Vinny and his crew. Pete does his bit with the umbrella. It is the scene where Vinny was asked to be the new wetworker.

JONES

Well, look who we got here.

Smith raises his binocular.

SMITH

Looks like Tommy Rucco's car. Why would a big shot like that be visiting Testi's motley crew?

JONES

Don't know. Must be important.

SMITH

Can you make out what they're sayin? Read their lips?

Jones puts down the binoculars and stares at him.

JONES

These honkies? You gotta be kiddin me. First of all they talk with so much food in there mouths it's amazing they don't choke to death right there.

Fallon laughs nervously from across the room.

Smith and Jones both eye him coldly.

JONES

Second of all, they speak so bad I couldn't understand them if I was standing in front of them. These guys lips are unreadable.

Jones raises the binoculars and looks out the window.

SMITH

Sure wish we knew what they were saying.

JONES

Nothing. A big, fat nothing.

(to fallon)  
Hey, kid. How bout some of that  
coffee?

FALLON  
Sure, no problem.

He gets up and pours some coffee from a coffee pot on a side  
table.

He starts to bring the cup to Jones.

Smith and Jones watch him carefully.

JONES  
Careful!

Fallon conspicuously walks around the RED CIRCLE drawn in  
chalk.

He does not cross within the BORDERS of the circle.

Within this circle is the table containing the TAPE RECORDER.

FALLON  
Here you go ,sir.

Jones takes the coffee. Both he and Smith relax.

JONES  
Thanks, kid. See that wasn't so  
hard.

FALLON  
No,sir.

SMITH  
We need to plant a microphone at  
the table.

FALLON  
What table?

SMITH  
The table that Testi and his crew  
eat at. That's the only way we're  
gonna get anything useful. They  
always sit at the same table.

Jones considers this.

JONES

Could work. Who's gonna plant the bug?

They both look at Fallon.

JONES

Well, kid. Looks like you get a chance to redeem yourself.

BACK TO  
PRESENT  
:

EXT. THE CLAM HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Vinny examines the listening device. He looks at the device in his hand and starts looking around for hidden enemies.

VINNY

We're probably being watched right now.

INT. A NEW SURVEILLANCE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Smith and Jones pull back on both sides of the window.

SMITH

Hey, Fallon! Kill the light! He found the bug.

JONES

(to smith)

I don't think the light makes much difference in the daytime. Think he can see us?

SMITH

Don't know.

Fallon reaches for the light switch when

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN

the three men freeze like deer in the headlights and

MOE SCHWARTZ waltzes in.

Moe takes in the three musketeers.

MOE

What the hell's going on here?

SMITH  
(still cowering  
by the side of  
the window)  
Testi just found our listening  
device.

MOE  
Your shittin me. How the did that  
happen?

JONES  
Bad luck, Sir. Just plain, old  
fashioned, rotten luck.

EXT. THE CLAM HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Vinny drops the ELECTRONIC BUG on the table.

He appears to come to a decision.

VINNY  
Frankie, find out anything you  
can about that thing. Then get  
rid of it. Pete, make sure Rosie  
gets home okay. I gotta go do  
somethin.

He starts to walk away.

ROSE MARIE  
Hey! What about our conversation?

VINNY  
Gotta go, Rosie. I'll talk to Vic  
and see if we can work something  
out. Don't worry. I need him more  
than he needs me.

ROSE MARIE  
What do you mean by ...

He walks away almost at a run, taking the box containing the  
hand with him.

Rose Marie stares after him with her mouth open.

INT. A NEW SURVEILLANCE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Moe Schwartz lowers the binoculars.

MOE

What was Rose Marie Dipierro  
doing there?

SMITH

Who's that?

MOE

That's the girl that you told me  
was just hiding under the damn  
table. The one that found the bug!

SMITH

You know her? We didn't think she  
was a player.

MOE

She's a player ,alright. And that  
goddamn, Testi. Got the luck of  
the Irish and he ain't even Irish.

JONES

His luck will run out.

Moe looks intensely at the three men in the room.

Once again his temper is barely under control.

MOE

Now you listen and listen good.  
I want something on Testi. I don't  
care what you gotta do, what means  
you need to use. I want  
Testi. Understood?

The three men nod silently.

SMITH

We'll get him, sir.

Moe walks out and slams the door.

JONES

He sure hates Testi.

SMITH

Yea. Almost like it's personal.

EXT. THE FRONT OF AN OLD THREE STORY TENEMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Victorrio walks up the stairs of the front stoop.

He is about to open the door to the entrance when a thin,

nervous man in a grey suit almost bumps into him coming out of the building.

MAN

Sorry, didn't see you.

VICTORRIO

No problem, pal.

The man passes him and is about to go down the stairs when he seems to realize something and turns back to Victorrio.

MAN

Mr. Gambini?

Victorrio turns back to him.

VICTORRIO

(suspiciously)

Do I know you?

MAN

Not yet, but your about to. I just came from seeing your mother.

Victorrio is all ears now.

VICTORRIO

About what?

The man appears to be uneasy.

MAN

Mr. Gambini, I'm from the Internal Revenue Service. It seems you and your mother owe us a great deal of money.

VICTORRIO

For what? I pay my taxes.

THE TAXMAN

You do. But unfortunately your father didn't. For many years, up until his death, shall we say, he was creative with his bookkeeping. It took us a while to find out, but in the end, we always do.

VICTORRIO

What's this got to do with me?

My father's been dead almost three years.

THE TAXMAN

Yes, but the accounting problem occurred while he owned your butcher shop, and since the fraud directly concerned that business --

VICTORRIO

How much? How much did he owe?

THE TAXMAN

Well we don't have an exact figure yet, but somewhere in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

VICTORRIO

Oh my God! And we can lose the shop? If we don't pay?

THE TAXMAN

You certainly can. And your mother could lose her apartment as well. Everybody has to pay their taxes, Mr. Gambini.

VICTORRIO

I don't understand. Why would we lose the apartment? My shop is definitely worth more than a hundred and fifty grand.

THE TAXMAN

Well that has yet to be determined. We are going to send an auditor to your shop soon. But... the figure I quoted was for the principle. That doesn't include any penalties that accrued over the years.

VICTORRIO

How did my mother take this? She's been sick you know.

THE TAXMAN

Yes, well she didn't take it very well, Mr. Gambini. You may want to go comfort her.

Victorrio grabs the taxman by the lapels of his coat and pulls him in close.

VICTORRIO

You listen to me. You got anything else to say, you come to me. You leave my mother out of this, understand?

The taxman nods his head vigorously.

THE TAXMAN

There is no reason to get angry at me. I'm just doing my job! Please release me, Mr.Gambini!

Victorrio releases him.

VICTORRIO

I'll get you your money. Just leave my mother alone.

He turns and goes into the building. The taxman runs down the stairs and hurries away.

INT. VICTORRIO'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Mrs. Gambini is seated at the kitchen table crying softly.

She is a heavysset woman in her mid eighties.

She holds in her hand an official looking letter from the Internal Revenue Service.

The tears are flowing freely as she looks at a picture of her late husband.

MRS.GAMBINI

Oh Vic, Vic , what is the world coming to? Your son is an honest man, just like you were. And what do we have to show for it? This!

She holds up the letter to the picture for her late husband to see.

MRS.GAMBINI

An honest man can't even make a living in this day and age.Shit!  
(she holds her  
hand to her

mouth, crosses  
herself)  
Sorry, Vic! I know you never let  
me curse! Forgive me!

She picks up the picture and kisses it.

The door opens and Victorrio walks in.

Mrs. Gambini quickly dries her tears and tries to hide the letter, but Victorrio sees it.

VICTORRIO  
Momma! Are you okay?

He gently takes the letter from his mother and reads it.

MRS. GAMBINI  
God help us!

VICTORRIO  
I know. I just talked to the  
little weasel.

MRS. GAMBINI  
Oh, Victorrio! The butcher shop  
is the only thing your father left  
us. That and this apartment. We  
may lose both.

Mrs. Victorrio picks up the picture of her dead husband and clutches it to her breast sadly.

Victorrio walks up to her and hugs her.

VICTORRIO  
Not if I can help it.

MRS. GAMBINI  
Oh, Victorrio. Your poor father,  
rest in peace, he had a gambling  
problem.

VICTORRIO  
I know, momma.

Mrs. Gambini momentarily stops crying.

MRS. GAMBINI  
You knew?

VICTORRIO

Yes. But papa, rest in peace, is  
beyond the cares of this world.  
It is we, the living who must go  
on. And we will mamma, we will.

He kisses her. A look of determination is now on his face.

Mrs. Gambini notices this.

MRS.GAMBINI

I've seen looks like that on your  
fathers face. Usually before he  
did something foolish. What's  
going on in that little mind of  
yours?

Victorrio's face softens. He smiles.

VICTORRIO

Nothin, Momma. Don't worry.  
Everything's gonna be fine.

He picks up his coat.

MRS.GAMBINI

Where are you going?

VICTORRIO

Going to see a man about some work  
on the side. I'll be back  
soon. Don't worry.

He walks out the door.

MRS.GAMBINI

(to her husbands  
picture)

It always worries me when they  
say don't worry.

INT. THE D.A'S OFFICE -- DAY

Moe Schwartz is alone in his office. He is sitting in the  
dark watching a slide show.

At first he is clicking quickly through images of VARIOUS  
MOBSTERS.

Then he comes to a shot of VINNY TESTI.

He pauses, a look of hate on his face.

He starts moving through the slides more slowly.

All of them are now of Vinny.

He has obviously separated the images of Vinny for some reason.

And then, more strangely still, he comes to an image of Rose Marie Dipierro.

His faces changes immediately.

The look of hate is replaced with one of yearning.

He slowly moves through several slides of Rose Marie.

It is unclear how he came by them or why.

They apparently hold great emotion for him, for suddenly, with a strangling sound, he buries his head in his arms.

When he looks up again, a single tear is dripping down his cheek.

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FLASHBACK:

INT. A JUNIOR HIGH CAFETERIA -- DAY(1946)

Eleven year old Moe Schwartz is seated at a table.

He has braces on his teeth, and pimples on his face.

Next to him is his best friend ,JIMMY RILEY,a skinny,buck-toothed kid with glasses.

Young Moe is apparently in a trance, staring at something at the next table.

THE CAMERA PANS down the length of the table, an eleven year old ROSE MARIE DIPIERRO is seated with her friends.

Even at this tender age, she is doing what she does best, touching up her makeup.

JIMMY RILEY

Hey, Moe! Earth to Moe, wake up!

Jimmy snaps his fingers in front of Young Moe's face.

Moe comes back down to earth.

YOUNG MOE

Easy, will ya! You can give me a heart attack!

JIMMY RILEY

That will be the least of your problems if Vinny see's you makin eyes at his girl! Besides, she's way out of your league.

YOUNG MOE

A guy can dream, can't he? Anyway, you never know. Girls are weird. Especially the beautiful ones.

JIMMY RILEY

Yea, well you better get a grip. Here comes Vinny now.

And sure enough, YOUNG VINNY TESTI, is making his way across the cafeteria.

Smooth and handsome, eleven year old Vinny is wearing a huge gold cross and a devilish smile.

He is looking right at Moe as he approaches.

YOUNG MOE

Shit! Right on time as usual.

Vinny walks up and puts his arm around Moe's shoulder.

YOUNG VINNY

Hey, pal. You know what day it is?

YOUNG MOE

Tuesday?

YOUNG VINNY

Payday!

(the smile  
leaves his face  
and his eyes  
harden)

I hope you got my "fin". I

promised Rosie I'd take her to  
the movies after school.

Moe reaches into his pocket and hands Vinny a five dollar  
bill.

YOUNG MOE  
Easy come, easy go.

YOUNG VINNY  
(taking the  
bill, deftly)  
Thanks, sport.  
(he looks at  
Jimmy)  
I'll see you, tomorrow.

JIMMY RILEY  
I'll look forward to it.

Vinny walks away. The boys watch him as he walks over to Rose  
Marie and puts his arm around her.

He whispers something in her ear and shows her the five dollar  
bill.

The both look over at Moe, smirking.

Vinny winks at Moe and waves.

Moe smiles and waves back.

YOUNG MOE  
(through  
clenched teeth)  
I'll get even with that bastard  
if it's the last thing I ever do.

END FLASHBACK

INT. THE D.A'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Moe is summoned back from his reverie by a knock on the door.

MOE  
Enter!

Moe's secretary pokes her head in the door.

SECRETARY  
There's some guy named Frankie  
here to see you, sir. He won't

give his last name.

Moe sits up and turns off the projector.

MOE

Give me one second and send him  
in.

SECRETARY

Yes, sir.

She leaves.

Moe quickly closes all open folders and composes himself.

Moments later FRANKIE FALCONE strides into the room .

He is sweating profusely and carrying a brown paper bag.

FRANKIE

(wiping his  
forehead with a  
handkerchief)

Shit! When are they gonna fix  
the elevator? The stairs are  
gonna kill me!

MOE

Welcome to Government work. Why  
are you comin here? I thought  
we agreed it's too risky?

FRANKIE

Everything is risky these days.

He opens the paper bag and takes out the LISTENING DEVICE.

MOE

Shit.

FRANKIE

Yea, shit is right. What the fuck?  
You trying to get me killed?

MOE

You probably can do that all by  
yourself, and you will if you keep  
coming to see me here.

FRANKIE

Yea, well we had a deal. I told  
you from the beginning, no wires

and no surprises.

MOE

Yea, well you haven't exactly been burnin the house down with evidence. You haven't given me a thing in months!

FRANKIE

Yea, well I would have given you a body, if that damn Vinny would have shot Joey P. instead of poor Pete. He's still limp.

MOE

Does Vinny still think Joey's the snitch?

FRANKIE

Yea, I told him I saw him gettin in a car with some of your guys.

Moe contemplates this.

MOE

Okay, first you have to locate Joey Provolone. Next you take him to Vinny. You tip us off before hand. Vinny whacks Joey. We come in and make the bust. Vinny goes down. And you turn states evidence with full immunity, and the witness protection program.

FRANKIE

And a hundred grand. Let's not forget that little detail.

MOE

Almost slipped my mind.

FRANKIE

(getting up to  
leave)  
Very funny.

He heads for the door.

MOE

Two things, Frankie.

FRANKIE

What are those?

MOE

First, make sure that Vinny, not you, makes the hit.

FRANKIE

Yea. And the other thing.

MOE

If anyone ever asks , I was supposed to arrive before the hit went down. Very important point.It can't appear that I allowed the hit to take place.

Frankie nods.

FRANKIE

Just make sure you got my hundred grand.

INT. THE SOCIAL CLUB -- DAY

Vinny is seated at the table in the back room of the club.

Seated across from him is what appears to be a homeless man.

The man is almost a caricature of what a bum should look like.

Long, matted, unkempt hair under a filthy hat.

A dirty overcoat.

VINNY

Well, Fallonetti. Or should I say, Agent Fallon. You saved my ass, that's for sure.

The bum takes off the hat and wig.

What is left is a very dirty AGENT FALLON.

Fallon/Fallonetti scratches his head.

FALLON/FALLONETTI

Yea, well if we wasn't related, you could *forgetaboutit*,paisan.

Fallonetti lights a cigarette.His demeanor, accent, body language, has changed dramatically.Gone is the bumbling junior agent.

VINNY  
God bless family.

Vinny grabs two beers out of a small fridge near the table.  
He hands one to Fallonetti, who raises it to Vinny.

FALLONETTI  
*Salud!*

They both chug their beers in one long gulp, crush their cans,  
and shoot them into a nearby wastebasket.

VINNY  
Okay, down to business.

FALLONETTI  
This guy Schwartz really got it  
in for you. You know him?

VINNY  
Went to grade school with him.  
I didn't want no one to know. It  
might count against me. I'm still  
tryin to make Captain.

FALLONETTI  
Yea, well what the hell did you  
do to him.

VINNY  
He was one of my clients in grade  
school. I protected him. From  
myself, of course.

FALLONETTI  
Yea, well it's comin back to haunt  
you.

VINNY  
How was I to know he would grow  
up to be the D.A.?

FALLONETTI  
Just lucky I guess.

Vinny smiles at fallonetti.

VINNY  
Lucky I got you.

FALLONETTI

You could say that again.

VINNY

Lucky I got you.

(he leans back)

Anyway, that's why we pay you the big bucks.

FALLONETTI

Yea, well we gotta give Moe somebody to get him off your back.

VINNY

I was thinkin about that. I got a plan.

INT. A DINGY STUDIO APARTMENT -- DAY

Joey Provolone and his girlfriend,GINA are seated at a filthy table.

They are both obviously completely smashed. They look like they haven't showered in a few days.

Scattered around the apartment are the remnants of a hard night (and day) of serious partying.

BEERCANS,PIZZA BOXES, an almost empty bottle of JACK DANIELS.

They are currently fighting over the division of the last two lines of COCAINE.

GINA

(squinting as she holds the mirror up to eye level)

These lines ain't even. But I'll take this one.

She puts the mirror down and prepares to snort a line with a rolled up ONE DOLLAR BILL.

JOEY

Hold on there, shortstop! Lemme see that again. You say they ain't even?

GINA

(laughing with stoned glee)

I'm fuckin, kiddin! Take it easy!

She gets ready to snort from the mirror.

JOEY  
(grabbing the  
mirror right out  
from under her)  
Hold your horses. Not so fast.

Gina grabs at the mirror and they have a short TUG OF WAR with it.

The mirror turns over spilling it's contents onto the carpeted floor.

Gina screams.

GINA  
Now look what you made me do, you  
dumb shit!

She takes the rolled up bill down to the carpet to snort up what she can.

Joey empties his pockets looking for a bill, but can't find one.

He grabs a piece of paper off the table and rolls it into a makeshift straw.

He goes down to join Gina snorting on the carpet.

After snorting around for a moment they both give up.

JOEY  
Well, that's the end of that.

He grabs the bottle of Jack and downs the remainder with one gulp. Gina barely notices.

GINA  
(crying  
pathetically)  
Ah, what are we gonna do now?

She's sitting on the floor weeping, her mascara running down her cheeks.

Joey staggers to his feet.

He grabs his coat, and starts headin for the door.

JOEY

I'll be back.

GINA

Where do you think your going?

JOEY

Somebody got to get us some money.

He stops and looks at her hopefully.

JOEY

Unless your up for turnin a trick  
or two?

GINA

Are you nuts? Look at me! Who  
would want me like this? Besides,  
I'm too fucked up to move.

JOEY

That's what I thought. I'll be  
back.

He walks out the door.

GINA

Loser! You get any money you  
better not waste it gambling. You  
better use it for drugs!

And she goes back to her crying.

INT. THE SOCIAL CLUB -- DAY

VINNY

So, you like my plan?

FALLONETTI

Could work. Or it could get us  
all whacked.

VINNY

Well, nuthin comes from nuthin.  
You pay your money and take your  
chances. You only live once.

FALLONETTI

Which is why I'd like to make life  
last awhile.

He puts back on his hat and wig.

VINNY

You look beautiful.

FALLONETTI

This damn wig itches like hell.  
Alright, we'll give it a shot,  
no pun intended.

VINNY

Be careful, goombah. Your the  
golden goose. The only made guy  
to ever infiltrate the FBI. A lot  
of time and money went into your  
education. And identity.

FALLONETTI

Anything for Uncle Tony.

VINNY

I'll send him your regards. I told  
him about how you destroyed the  
tapes. Electrical fire! Very  
slick.

FALLONETTI

I have my creative moments.

There is a knock on the front door.

VINNY

Shit! You better get movin. Go  
out the back. Let me look first.

Vinny opens the back door and peeks outside.

VINNY

Okay, see ya later.

FALLONETTI

Tah, Tah.

He disappears out the door.

There is another knock on the front door.

VINNY

Hold your horses!

Vinny checks his .38 revolver and walks to the front door  
and looks through the peephole.

He opens the door and VICTORRIO walks in.

VICTORRIO  
Cousin, Vinny.

VINNY  
Boy, it's like old home week  
around here.

VICTORRIO  
Yea? How's that?

VINNY  
Nevermind. Come on in the back  
and have a *demitasse*.

VICTORRIO  
Don't mind if I do.

He follows Vinny into the back room of the club.

Vinny goes over to an espresso machine and starts making two cups of espresso.

VINNY  
So what can I do for you, cous?

He continues to work as he speaks, taking out a lemon he slices off two small pieces of lemon skin and puts them in the cups.

VICTORRIO  
Actually, I was wondering what  
I can do for you. I need some big  
money fast.

Vinny hands Victorrio a cup of espresso and takes a sip of his own.

He sits down at the table, as does Victorrio.

VINNY  
Well, Cousin. I just might have  
some work for you. I thought you  
would never ask.

EXT. OUTSIDE A BAKERY SHOP -- DAY

JOEY PROVOLONE pulls up in front of the bakery in his old, rusted out FORD FAIRLANE.

He sits there in front of the bakery with the motor running.

He's really *tweaking* now, scratching and licking his lips.

He has a dilemma, he wants to rob the bakery, but he needs a weapon.

He's looking around for something to use.

Next door to the bakery an OLD BLACK MAN is watering his weed infested lawn.

Joey stops his scratching and starts squinting forward to see through the filthy windshield of his car.

Something about the old mans WATER HOSE has caught his attention.

INSERT : CLOSE UP ON THE HANDLE OF THE WATER HOSE. IT IS THE KIND THAT IS SQUEEZED AND SHOOTS A POWERFUL STREAM OF WATER. IT IS SHAPED SOMETHING LIKE A GUN.

BACK TO SCENE

Joey smiles with stoned inspiration.

The old man finishes his watering and goes inside his house.

Joey jumps out of his car. He slams the door, leaving the motor running, and runs on to the old mans lawn.

He unscrews the HANDLE OF THE WATER HOSE.

Armed with this he runs into the bakery, nearly knocking over an old woman leaving the shop.

INT. A BAKERY SHOP -- DAY

Joey's on a roll now.

He runs over to the old woman behind the counter.

He has chosen his victim well.

She is wearing THICK GLASSES.

Joey points the WATER HOSE HANDLE at her like it's a GUN.

JOEY

Empty the cash register into the bag! Do it fast, I don't want to hurt you!

The old woman just stares at him.

OLD WOMAN

What bag?

Joey looks around. He doesn't have a bag.

JOEY

Any bag! This is a bakery. You have a bag.

The old woman shrugs. She's been through this before.

She walks over and grabs a bakery bag off the counter.

She opens the cash register and starts transferring it's contents into the bag.

OLD WOMAN

Coins too? Or just the bills?

Joey thinks this over.

JOEY

Just the bills. Hurry up!

OLD WOMAN

Easy, sonny. I work cheap.

Finally ,the old woman has finished transferring the cash registers meager contents. She hands the bag to Joey.

Joey looks in the bag and frowns.

JOEY

That's it? That's all you got?

OLD WOMAN

Unless you want some donuts.

JOEY

Very funny. Okay, I'm leavin now. Don't do anything rash.

OLD WOMAN

I haven't in years.

Joey runs out the door.

EXT. A BAKERY SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

Joey runs out of the shop and turning to his right, he runs

off down the street and TURNS THE CORNER.

ANGLE ON:

JOEY'S CAR, STILL DOUBLE PARKED WITH THE MOTOR RUNNING IN FRONT OF THE BAKERY.

After a long pause, Joey comes back around the corner and running over to his car he finds it locked.

JOEY

Shit!

He's really panicked now, pulling frantically on the handle of the car.

He's looking around terrified.

Finally he remember his "gun" and starts smashing it against the drivers side window.

It isn't heavy enough.

He looks around and finds a brick lying on the ground.

With a mighty heave he breaks the drivers side window with the brick.

He reaches through the broken window, opens the door, and jumps into the drivers seat.

Home free!

With a sigh of relief he puts the car in drive and screeches away.

He doesn't get far.

With a sputter and a cough THE CAR STALLS OUT.

It won't start!

IT'S OUT OF GAS!

JOEY

Just my damn luck!

Joey grabs a screwdriver out of the glove. He jumps out of the car and UNSCREWS THE BACK LICENSE PLATE.

Taking the license plate with him he starts to run off down the street.

He stops short.

He has FORGOTTEN THE BAG OF MONEY!

He runs back and grabs the paper MONEY BAG off the front seat.

He again takes off at a dead run.

It finally looks as though he might make good his escape.

At this moment a BLACK VAN pulls up alongside him as he runs.

It matches speed for a moment , then slowly pulls forward of him.

At the first space between the parked cars, it suddenly SLAMS A RIGHT TURN onto the sidewalk directly in front of Joey.

Joey hasn't got a chance, he's running too fast to stop.

Just before Joey runs into the side door of the van, the DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

Joey runs and trips right through the side door and into the van.

PETE is driving, FRANKIE is sitting in the back of the van.

Joey tries to roll up but Frankie places a huge, meaty hand on his back.

He puts a REVOLVER to the side of Joey's head.

FRANKIE

Easy there, champ. Just relax and  
enjoy the ride.

Joey looks up at Frankie like a cornered rat.

At last he goes limp, resigned to his fate.

JOEY

This just ain't my day.

INT. ANOTHER SOCIAL CLUB -- EVENING

Mickey Frasco is playing poker with his crew in the back room of his club.

Seated at the table is his *consigleri*, Freddie, and other assorted gangsters from Mickey's crew.

The men have various amounts of CASH in front of them.

Not surprising, Mickey has the most cash, followed by Freddie.

They are currently involved in an intense hand with a large pot.

MICKEY

What do you say, Lou? Shit or get  
off the pot.

Lou, a large gangster in a baggy suit, takes a puff on his  
cigar.

LOU

I raise. A hundred more.

SAM "the man" SPINETTI, folds.

SAM

Too rich for my blood. I think  
you pissed him off, boss.

LOU

Just playin my hand, is all.

There is a knock on the door.

MICKEY

Get that, will ya Lou?

Everybody looks at Lou.

LOU

Can't Sam get it? He's out of the  
hand.

MICKEY

I asked you.

LOU

Sure, boss. Whatever you say.

He hesitates. Obviously unwilling to leave his winning hand  
and cash unguarded. He's in rough company.

Finally, he puts his cards down and covers them with the  
ashtray holding his cigar.

He gets up to get the door.

Sam "the man" snickers.

SAM

What the matter, Lou? Don't ya trust us?

LOU

As far as I can throw ya.

Lou walks over and peeks through the peephole.

MICKEY

Who is it?

LOU

It's Pinky Ring. He's got that *moolie* from Ave.B.with him.

MICKEY

Let em in.

Lou opens the door and "PINKY RING" RINALDI enters the room.

He is accompanied by a loudly dressed BLACK GUY.

Pinky Ring, needless to say, is sporting a large diamond on his little finger.

PINKY RING

How you doin, Mr.Falcone. This is the guy I was tellin you about. The guy with the info.

MICKEY

So you tell me.  
(he looks at the  
black guy)  
Okay. Spill it.

The black man hesitates.

PINKY RING

Go ahead, Smitty. Answer Mr. Falcone.

SMITTY gathers his nerves and launches into his *spiel*.

SMITTY

Well, this comes from a brother I know across town.He delivers meat to this butcher shop owned by a guy named, Victorrio.

Mickey sits up a little.

MICKEY

Victorrio *Gambini*? Did you get the last name.

Smitty thinks.

SMITTY

Yea. I think that was it.

MICKEY

Okay. Continue.

SMITTY

Yea, anyway this guy, the brother, he arrives to make his delivery early last week. He does that, he likes to arrive early sometimes, kick back, maybe smoke a bone--

MICKEY

Yea, I got it. Cut to the chase.

SMITTY

Well, he see's these guys come out the back of the shop lookin suspicious. The shop is closed mind you. And these guys don't work there. And they are carrying these weird lookin bags. Big bags. Look heavy.

MICKEY

What's this got to do with me?

SMITTY

Well, he recognizes one of these guys. This guy named, Vinny.

Mickey leans forward.

MICKEY

Go on.

SMITTY

Well, I know that you and Vinny are not the best of friends. That's the word on the street anyway. And the brother

told me something this Vinny guy  
said that might interest you.

Mickey is all ears now.

MICKEY

What's that?

Smitty, a natural salesman, sets the hook.

SMITTY

The brother says he heard the guy  
say: "We'll get that fuck Mickey  
next".

All conversation in the room stops. The gangsters mutter  
angrily. All eyes are on Smitty now.

MICKEY

That so? The little prick, just  
like his uncle.

Smitty is on a roll now.

SMITTY

Well, needless to say, I knew this  
would be of interest to you, and  
maybe worth something,  
financially that is.

(he winks)

So I gave the brother a twenty  
and told him to let me know if  
anything else suspicious  
happens.

MICKEY

And?

SMITTY

(speaking just  
above a whisper)

The brother looked me up a few  
hours ago. Said there is a regular  
convention at the butcher shop  
tonight. A van showed up with some  
guys dragging a very unwilling  
dude in there. Looks like maybe  
he's the guest of honor, if you  
take my meaning.

A moment of silence.

MICKEY

I do.

He stares intently at Smitty. Smitty doesn't blink.

MICKEY

Okay, you did good.

Mickey looks around.

He walks to the table and GRABS ALL THE MONEY currently in the pot. He walks over and hands it all to Smitty.

LOU

Boss! I was gonna win that pot!

Mickey gives him the evil eye.

MICKEY

Guess we'll never know.

(to smitty, who  
grins big)

You now need to forget this ever happened. Understand?

Smitty understands.

SMITTY

Yes, sir.

MICKEY

Pinky, escort the man out.

PINKY RING

Sure, boss.

He opens the door for Smitty.

SMITTY

Lemme know if there is ever anything I can do.

MICKEY

You got it, chief.

Smitty leaves.

FREDDIE

(standing)

What now, Mick?

MICKEY

We pay Vinny a little visit.

FREDDIE

You think that Smitty guy is on the level?

MICKEY

Who cares? Gives me all the excuse I need. I been wantin to stick it to the fat bastard for ages. How better than to whack his favorite nephew.

The gangsters in the room start taking out and checking their weapons, getting ready for action.

FREDDIE

Good strategically, as well. Takin out Vinny and his crew will weaken Tony.Vinny's a comer. Would have made captain.

MICKEY

Yea, well now he made captain of the titanic. About to go down with the ship.

INT. THE BUTCHER SHOP -- EVENING

IN THE BACK ROOM

Joey Provolone is HOGTIED, hands and feet bound together behind him.

He is lying on a GURNEY in the center of the room.

He is gagged with his mouth wide open, a red plastic ball with straps attached, the kind used in cheap S&M videos.

He is visibly distressed, but is only able to express it with muffled grunts and squirming. He is securely bound.

Standing around the gurney ,watching his struggles with amusement,are VINNY AND THE BOYS.

FRANKIE

I say we do him now and get it over with. We wasted enough time with this dope fiend.

This illicit's some grunts and squirming from Joey.

VINNY

It seems our Joey disagrees with you. Besides, I told you, we're waiting for Victorrio. He should be here soon.

FRANKIE

Not for nuthin, Vin. But why wait? I thought Victorrio was just gonna help with the cleanup. And packaging.

Joey is silently following this conversation, his eyes wide with horror.

VINNY

Why must I always spell everything out for you muggs, eh? I want Victorrio fully involved, get it? If he is going to be a member of the team, he's gonna have to make his bones. Why not tonight? Victorrio's doin the job on Joey here. I want his hands good and dirty. Time to make a geek.

PETE

(to Frankie)

What's a geek?

FRANKIE

Never mind.

Joey struggles violently.

Frankie PULLS OUT HIS GUN and puts it to Joey's head.

FRANKIE

You don't stop struggling, I'm gonna do you here and now. Get it?

Joey stops struggling.

VINNY

I told you to wait, Frank.

FRANKIE

No offence, boss. But you sure that's a good idea?

Vinny gives him a dangerous look.

VINNY

Wait for Victorrio, Frank. Don't  
make me say it again.

There is a series of light taps on the door, 'Shave and a  
haircut, two bits'.

Everyone looks at each other.

FRANKIE

Well, he's got a sense of drama.

The back door opens and VICTORRIO enters.

VICTORRIO

Sorry I'm late. Momma's sick  
again.

He stops and looks at Joey on the gurney.

VICTORRIO

I thought he was supposed to be  
already dead.

VINNY

Well, here's the thing. Change  
of plans. This is gonna have to  
be your show. Your doin the deed.

VICTORRIO

That wasn't the deal.

VINNY

New deal, Cousin. This is the way  
it's gotta be. Either your in or  
out. No in between. That's the  
way it's always been.

The two men stare at each other.

VICTORRIO

Then I'm out.

Vinny shakes his head.

VINNY

I lied. Your in too far to be out.  
(he nods at Joey  
on the gurney)  
It's you or him, Vic.

Time stands still. Everyone in the room is caught up in the drama of the moment. Even Joey is motionless.

Victorrio sighs.

VICTORRIO

Okay, what do I have to do?

Joey starts struggling and grunting.

Vinny grabs a PLASTIC BAG AND ROLL OF DUCT TAPE that was waiting on a nearby table.

He hands it to Victorrio.

VINNY

Just pull the bag over his head  
and tape it tight. Nothin to it.

Victorrio looks at Joey struggling on the table.

VICTORRIO

Hold him down.

Frankie and Pete hold Joey tight.

He is fighting in earnest now.

Victorrio, the decision made, walks quickly over to Joey and pulls the plastic bag over his head.

He wraps the tape several times around his neck pulling the bag tight.

Then he steps back and watches dispassionately as Joey struggles futilely.

VINNY

Well I'll be a monkey's uncle!  
(he slaps  
Victorrio on the  
back)  
Your a Gambini after all! I'm  
proud of you!

Joey is starting to turn blue. His struggles are becoming less energetic.

VICTORRIO

Yea, well a man's got to do what  
a man's got to do. You have to

eat.

Vinny nods philosophically.

VINNY

True enough.

With a last spasm, JOEY'S STRUGGLES CEASE. He lays still.

His face is frozen under the plastic in a comical grimace of death.

Slowly Vinny begins to clap quietly.

He is joined by Frankie and Pete.

Frankie smacks Victorrio on the back.

FRANKIE

Congratulations! Your cherries  
been popped. Your no longer a  
virgin.

VINNY

That's right, Cousin. You made  
your bones!  
(he looks down  
at Joey)

And now we gotta make his. Lets  
go, fella's. We got work to do.  
Get that plastic off his head and  
get that damn ball out of his  
mouth. I feel like some kind of  
degenerate.

The crew starts moving, pulling the bag off of Joey's head.

Pete takes the gag out of his mouth, and REMOVES THE ROPES  
binding him.

Frankie starts GOING THROUGH HIS POCKETS.

FRANKIE

Let's see if he's carrying  
anything good. You took the money  
in the bakery bag ,Vinny. Let me  
get the rest.

VINNY

Go ahead. But make it quick.

Frankie continues to rummage through Joey's pockets.

He throws most of the SORDID CONTENTS onto the gurney next to the body.

He comes to the rolled up dollar bill, used for snorting coke.

FRANKIE

Big spender! Snorts with a one dollar bill!

VINNY

Let's go, Frank! We ain't got all day.

Frankie pulls out the WATER HOSE HANDLE Joey to rob the bakery.

FRANKIE

Jesus! These dope fiends are weird! What the fuck is this?

He throws the water hose handle to the side.

He pulls out Joey's WALLET and goes through the contents.

No cash, just papers and business cards.

Then he comes across several OTB RACING TICKETS.

He looks at these and starts to laugh.

VINNY

Want to share the joke, Frank?

FRANKIE

The mope had this new horse, SECRETARIAT, to win in yesterdays race! Well, it won! I know cause I kicked myself for not betting it. Won by five lengths. The dumbell's robbing bakeries for peanuts when he has a few hundred bucks in winning tickets! Probably too stoned to remember!

VINNY

I'll take those tickets.

EXT. BACK ALLEY OF BUTCHER SHOP -- NIGHT

Parked inconspicuously, a few hundred feet from the back door of the Butcher Shop, is an UNMARKED CAR.

Inside we find MOE SCHWARTZ and the G-MEN:

SMITH ,JONES, AND FALLON.

Moe is fidgeting nervously.

MOE

Fallon, where the hell is  
S.W.A.T.?

FALLON

They should be here any minute,  
Sir.

MOE

Damn,, this waiting is killing  
me.

(to Fallon)

Kid, go watch the front of the  
store. I doubt they'd go out that  
way, but you never know.

FALLON

Yes,Sir.

Fallon turns to go.

MOE

And, kid.

FALLON

Sir?

MOE

Like Lucky Luciano was fond of  
sayin, 'be inconspicuous'.

FALLON

No problem.sir.

He turns and starts walking down the alley, making every  
effort to blend into the shadows.

The three men watch him go.

SMITH

What does he think he is, a *ninja*?

JONES

He's being inconspicuous.

The two agents start chuckling quietly.

They are silenced with a look from Moe.

Fallon gets to the end of the alley and is about to turn the corner.

He suddenly stops, and flattening his back against the alley wall, he peeks around the corner.

SMITH

This guy is too much.

But Fallon has obviously seen something disturbing.

He turns and starts running back up the alley toward the unmarked car.

He runs up to Moe's window out of breath.

MOE

Jesus, Fallon. What gives?

FALLON

The plot thickens. You'll never guess who just went in the front door of the shop.

CUT  
TO:

INT. THE BUTCHER SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

FRANKIE

Boss, you said I could have what's in his pocket.

VINNY

That's before I knew he had winning OTB tickets. Hand them over.

FRANKIE

Ah, boss ...

The argument is interrupted by the sound of the front door of the shop opening and closing.

The men start covering up the body as best they can with an apron. Needless to say, it is inadequate.

VINNY

(whispering)  
Shit! Who could that be, Vic?

VICTORRIO  
(also  
whispering)  
There's only three people besides  
me with a key. Jorge, Momma, and  
...

ROSE MARIE walks into the room.

She is carrying a large, CARDBOARD BOX with her.

The men maneuver themselves in front of the gurney to block  
Rose Marie's view.

The apron is somewhat covering the top half of the body.

VICTORRIO  
-- Rosie Marie! What a nice  
surprise!

VINNY  
Hey, Rosie.

Rose Marie looks around the room suspiciously.

ROSE MARIE  
What the fuck is this? A meeting  
of "The Knights of Columbus"?

She drops the box down in the middle of the room.

ROSE MARIE  
(to Victorrio)  
I was hoping to catch you alone.  
But I'm too far gone to care. This  
box contains all the 'gifts' I  
have gotten from you in 5 years.

She starts pulling things out of the box.

ROSE MARIE  
A five and dime store necklace,  
tiny fake pearl earrings! I told  
you I like big jewelry,  
chunky, not tiny! And my favorite,  
a plastic rose! You couldn't  
afford the real thing?

VICTORRIO

Rosie, this is really not the best  
time for --

ROSE MARIE  
-- Your a freakin Bum! Pete was  
able to get Harriet a diamond  
ring! A diamond!

PETE  
Only a few carats --

ROSE MARIE  
What you get me?  
(she pulls a  
ring out of the  
box)  
A mood ring! It's quits! I'm done  
with your cheap ass! I'm gonna  
find myself a man who appreciates  
me!

She starts throwing the trinkets at Victorrio who jumps out  
of the way

revealing

Joey's feet peeking out from under the apron.

VICTORRIO  
Easy, Rosie. Let's you and me go  
get a bite to eat.

ROSE MARIE  
Victorrio! What have you got  
under that apron!

She starts trying to push the men out of the way.

CUT  
TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY OF BUTCHER SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

MOE  
Damn! Rose Marie's in there?  
(he wipes the  
sweat off his  
forehead)  
This is bad. We have to go in now.

FALLON  
Backup should be here shortly.

SMITH

Yes, sir! We should wait for backup.

JONES

I'm with that, sir. Going in ourselves is too dangerous.

MOE

And by the time the cavalry arrives, Rosie could be dead. Or our guys could shoot her in the confusion. That's too dangerous.

(he starts to  
get out of the  
car)

Wake up the two uniforms in the chase car. We're going in.

The men get out of the car.

Fallon goes over to a SECOND UNMARKED CAR in back of their's.

He raps on the window. Two heads appear. Fallon signals them to get out.

TWO UNIFORMED POLICEMAN get out of the car.

One of them reaches into the rear of the car and brings out a BATTERING RAM.

UNIFORM 1

Help me with this ,Joe. It's heavy.

(to Moe)

We're ready, sir.

INT. THE BUTCHER SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

Rose Marie is still trying to push her way to the gurney.

VICTORRIO

C'mon, honey! You don't need to see this.

Rose Marie ducks under one of Victorrio's arms and catches a better view of the foot, sticking out from under the apron.

ROSE MARIE

Oh, My God! You got a body under there! Victorrio! What's wrong

with you!

VICTORRIO

You wanted me to work for  
Vinny. What did you think I'd be  
doing? Social work?

THE BACK DOOR BURSTS OPEN.

The two uniformed cops come spilling into the room with their  
battering ram.

Behind them, guns drawn, comes the three agents, Smith, Jones  
and Fallon.

SMITH

(waving his gun)  
FBI! Hands in the air!

JONES

Up against the wall! Do it now!

Fallon and the two cops also have their guns drawn.

ROSE MARIE

Oh, My God! We're being arrested!

VICTORRIO

Easy, Rosie.

The officers herd the gangsters, along with Rose Marie and  
Victorrio, over to the side of the room.

SMITH

That's it. Keep your hands where  
we can see them.

(to the  
uniformed cops)

Check the rest of the place. Make  
sure there's no one else.

UNIFORM 1

Yes, sir. C'mon, Joe.

The two uniforms quickly start checking out the rest of the  
store.

JONES

You folk's just take it easy.

VINNY

I think maybe some explanation

is in order.

Jones looks at the body on the gurney.

JONES  
This I gotta hear.

The two uniforms come back in.

UNIFORM 1  
The place is clean ,sir.

SMITH  
Good job.

He walks over to the back door.

SMITH  
All clear, sir.

In walks MOE SCHWARTZ.

Moe takes in the room, shaking his head sadly when he see's Rose Marie.

Then he see's the body on the gurney.

He walks over and pulls the apron off the body.

He looks directly at Vinny and smiles like the cat that ate the canary.

MOE  
Friend of yours?

VINNY  
Never seen him before in my life.

Moe just smiles.

MOE  
Gottcha, wiseguy. This time your going away for keeps. Your luck has finally run out.  
(he look down at the body)  
And this guys luck has definitely run out.

Joey COUGHS.

Everyone in the room freezes.

All eyes are fixed in amazement on Joey.

And slowly, one finger at a time, his hand starts moving.

The hand moves up to his forehead.

He GROANS.

ROSE MARIE

Oh my God! He's comin back to  
life!

And he is. He's slowly reviving.

The color is returning to Joey's face, his eyelids start  
fluttering.

Moe Schwartz looks like he's about to cry.

MOE

I don't believe it. I'm cursed!

JOEY ABRUPTLY SITS UP

several of the rooms occupants GASP involuntarily.

ROSE MARIE SCREAMS.

Joey looks around the room, rubbing his head.

JOEY

Where the fuck am I?

Everyone just stares. A moment of silence.

Vinny is the first to recover.

He walks over to Joey and starts patting him on the back.

VINNY

Easy, Joey. Don't strain  
yourself. Me and the boys saw you  
collapse out on the street.

(winking at Moe)

Must of O.D. We brought you in  
here to revive you. Thank god we  
were in time! We thought we might  
have lost you.

JOEY

I don't remember nuthin. Got the

worst headache of my life.

PETE

You must got abnesia.

JOEY

Who are you?

VINNY

He's a friend, Joey. Like the rest  
of us.

Vinny looks at Moe in triumph.

THE BACK DOOR BURSTS OPEN.

MICKEY FRASCO and his crew pour into the shop ,guns drawn.

Everyone is pointing guns at everyone else.

There is a 'WHOSE GOT THE DROP ON WHO' situation.

Mickey's crew outnumber the cops.

They also have SUBMACHINE GUNS.

MICKEY

Okay, drop the weapons!

SMITH

You drop em!

MICKEY

We got the heavier fire power. Be  
smart, copper. Drop your weapon.

SMITH

How'd you know I'm a cop?

MICKEY

You kiddin me?

(he points his  
weapon at Rose  
Marie)

Drop your weapons, or the broad  
get's it.

Rose Marie gasps.

Moe steps in front of Rose marie.

He's SHIELDING HER BODY with his own.

MOE

Easy, pal. Don't do anything  
rash.

Mickey stares in amazement at the D.A.

He hadn't noticed him until now.

MICKEY

The D.A. himself! This must be  
my lucky day.

(his face  
hardens)

Now tell your men to drop their  
weapons. Or I'll blast that broad  
behind you!

MOE

Over my dead body.

Rose Marie looks at Moe and smiles. He smiles back.

After all these years, she has finally noticed him.

MICKEY

Okay. If that's the way you want  
it.

(he raises his  
weapon)

THE BACK DOOR OPENS AGAIN.

A SEA OF BLUE UNIFORMS, bearing all forms of weaponry, push  
into the overcrowded room.

S.W.A.T has arrived at last.

Another complicated scenario of

'WHO'S GOT THE DROP ON WHO'.

Everyone WAVING THEIR GUNS at everyone else.

This time the advantage clearly rests with the police.

MOE

Okay, toughguy. Now I'll tell you  
to drop your gun. And have your  
men do the same.

Mickey looks around the room.

The situation is hopeless and he knows it.

He drops his gun and raises his hands over his head.

MICKEY

Okay, boys. Do what the man say's,  
drop em'.

Mickey's crew all DROP THEIR WEAPONS.

They raise their hands.

The officers round them up and line them up against the  
opposite wall from Vinny and his crew.

Rose Marie looks over apologetically at Victorrio.

ROSE MARIE

He was willing to die for me.

She walks over and stands next to Moe.

Moe acknowledges this with a slight smile.

Victorrio looks at Vinny.

VICTORRIO

Easy come, easy go.

VINNY

Ain't it the truth.

Moe Schwartz is all business now.

He looks from one gang to the other.

He has a decision to make.

Fallon walks over to him.

FALLON

Well, sir.

(he nods toward  
Vinny)

You may have lost a soldier, but  
you nailed a General. Vinny Testi  
is a small fry compared to Mickey  
Frasco here.

Mickey just glares at him.

Moe looks at Rose Marie who smiles at him.

Then he looks at Vinny.

MOE

I guess you got a point there,  
kid.

(To the SWAT  
guys, indicating  
Mickey's crew)

Okay, take these guys downtown  
and book them. I'll file the  
charges later. They'll be plenty,  
Attempted Murder, False  
Imprisonment, Weapons. I'm sure  
I'll come up with plenty more.

SWAT COMMANDER

Yes, sir.

The officers lead off Mickey's crew in handcuff's.

Moe turns to Smith and Jones.

MOE

Why don't you fella's hop a ride  
downtown with the SWAT Guys.  
Fallon here can drive me home in  
the other car. You guys did  
good. I'll put in a word to your  
superiors down at the bureau. May  
even be a promotion in it for you.

SMITH

On behalf of myself and my  
colleague, thank you, sir.

MOE

No problem.

Smith and Jones head out the door.

JONES (O.S.)

Who made you the spokesman for  
this team.

SMITH (O.S.)

Somebody has to speak up for us.

JONES (O.S.)

Maybe it should be the smart one.

Their voices fade away.

Fallon lingers by the door.

FALLON

Anything else you need, sir?

MOE

No. Just pull the car up front  
and wait for me.

FALLON

Okay. Meet you out front.

He exits out the back door.

Moe looks at the only cops left in the room, the two uniforms  
that had broken in the door earlier.

He indicates Joey to them, still sitting on the gurney looking  
lost.

MOE

I'd appreciate it if you men can  
take Joey here to the emergency  
room.

(he looks  
pointedly at  
Vinny)

He seems to have taken a nasty  
fall.

UNIFORM 1

Can do, sir.

The two officers help Joey off the gurney and walk him out  
the door.

Moe walks over to Vinny.

MOE

This don't make us buddies you  
know.

VINNY

God forbid.

MOE

I catch you spittin on the  
sidewalk, your busted.

VINNY

Got it.

He looks at the rest of the men.

MOE

Keep your noses clean.

With a last look at Rose Marie, he heads for the door.

ROSE MARIE

Hey, Mr. Schwartz.

Moe stops and turns.

MOE

Moe, call me Moe. God knows you  
know me long enough.

Rose Marie smiles her best smile.

ROSE MARIE

Can you give a girl a ride home?

Moe looks at Victorrio.

VICTORRIO

We never were compatible.

MOE

Sure. Come on.

He walks out the door.

With a last look at Victorrio, Rose Marie follows him out.

This leaves only Victorrio, and Vinny's crew.

VINNY

Well that didn't seem to bother  
you much.

VICTORRIO

Are you kiddin? It's a blessing  
from God. You should know, you  
dated her.

VINNY

She's high maintenance, you'll  
live longer without her.

VICTORRIO

This way I can spend more time

with you and the boys.It's  
safer.By the way, since Joey's  
alive,does this mean I'm still  
a "virgin"?

Vinny thinks this over.

VINNY

Good question.

(after a pause)

Ah,what the hell, it's the  
thought that counts.You did  
everything right. We'll give you  
credit. You still made your  
bones.Now let's talk about  
important stuff. Got anything to  
eat?

SUPERIMPOSITION:

"THREE WEEKS LATER"

INT. THE SOCIAL CLUB -- DAY

Vinny is having an espresso.

Seated across the table is FALLON/FALLONETTI.

Once again he is in his HOMELESS GUY DISGUISE.

VINNY

Your gonna have to stop wearing  
that damn disguise. We'll all  
catch fleas.

FALLONETTI

That's the least of my problems.

He scratches violently.

VINNY

Well, I owe you big time.

FALLONETTI

You sure do. Your gonna owe me  
more. I'm in like flynn with Moe  
Schwartz. I think I'm his  
*protege*.

Vinny whistles.

VINNY

Gettin pretty fluent with the big words, I see. Yea, well that is good news. You're definitely the inside man.

FALLONETTI

Anyway, he seems to have lost his hard on for you. Rose Marie must be keepin him busy.

They both laugh.

VINNY

That was a brilliant piece of work, gettin that black guy, Smitty.

FALLONETTI

He deserves an academy award for that performance. Could easily of backfired, though.

VINNY

Nah, I had a backup plan.

Fallonetti raises an eyebrow.

FALLONETTI

Yea, what was that?

VINNY

I had a guy planted on Mickey's crew. Push came to shove, we would have made out okay.

FALLONETTI

Now you tell me. I was shittin in my pants!

VINNY

Unfortunately, my man got arrested with the rest of Mickey's crew at the butcher shop. His name is Sam Spinetti, think you could do anything for him?

FALLONETTI

Probably not.

VINNY

Didn't think so. Well, Sam's a

stand up guy.He'll just have to take the fall.Besides,I need somebody up the river to run things at the joint for me anyway.

FALLONETTI

You ain't got nobody up at "The Castle On The Hudson"?

VINNY

Nah,my man at "Sing Sing" just got paroled.I need a new guy up there.

FALLONETTI

See, everything happens for the best.

There is a knock on the back door.

VINNY

Okay, out there! Hold on a minute! You better get goin,Mike.Out the front this time.

FALLONETTI

Yea, I never know whether I'm comin or goin around here. What about the other problem? The fatso problem?

VINNY

Fatso is gettin his fat trimmed tonight.

FALLONETTI

I don't want to know. I had to tell you,though. It must be tough.Frankie's been with you a long time.

VINNY

A rat's a rat.  
(he sips his  
espresso)  
And I'm the cat.Later for you.

FALLONETTI

Later.

Fallon/Fallonetti replaces his hat and wig and heads out the FRONT DOOR.

Vinny takes a peek and opens the BACK DOOR.

In walks PETE and JOEY PROVOLONE, carrying bags of food.

VINNY

Hey, boys. Get everything?

PETE

Yea, boss. Or should I  
say, captain.

Vinny just smiles as Pete and Joey lay out the hero sandwiches. Pete suddenly looks confused.

PETE

Hey, Joey. You was supposed to  
get three sandwiches.

JOEY

I did.

PETE

No you didn't. There's only two  
here.

JOEY

Well, I ordered three! The guy  
must of fucked up.

PETE

Victorrio don't fuck up. If you  
ordered three sandwiches, we  
would have three!

VINNY

Easy, fella's. I'm in a good mood,  
don't ruin it. I'm not even  
hungry, you'se can have mine. In  
the meantime, let's have a drink  
to celebrate my promotion.

He walks over to the liquor cabinet and takes out a bottle  
of Johnny Walker.

He brings it to the table and pours three shots.

VINNY

And besides Joey, if Victorrio  
hadn't tied that bag around your  
neck so loosely, you wouldn't be  
here to drink my health.

PETE

You think Victorrio tied it loose  
on purpose, Vin?

VINNY

What do you think? Victorrio's  
a butcher, not a hangman. But, in  
light of new information...

(he winks at  
joey)

... all's well that ends well.

Vinny hands a shot to each of his comrades.

PETE

Thanks, boss.

JOEY

Thanks, boss.

Vinny looks at the two hoodlums with affection.

VINNY

Well, you're ain't rocket  
scientists, but your loyal. And  
loyalty is what it's all about.

(he raises his  
glass)

*Salud!*

PETE

(raising his  
glass)

Here's to Captain Vinny!

The three men raise their glasses.

EPILOGUE

INT. THE BUTCHER SHOP -- EVENING

JORGE RIVERA is getting ready to close the shop.

He is waiting on the last customer of the day, MRS. CANAZARRO.

JORGE

(handing her a  
bag of cold  
cuts)

Here you go, Mrs. Canazarro.  
Enjoy.

MRS.CANAZARRO

Thank you ,Jorge. Your such a nice boy.

She reaches across the counter to pinch his cheek but he intercepts her hand, and kisses it gently.

JORGE

Thank you,Mrs.C. Have a nice night.

MRS.CANAZARRO

Where is that Victorrio? He hardly ever comes out anymore.

JORGE

He's been busy.

MRS.CANAZARRO

Yea, I noticed that business has been pickin up. I had to wait on line the other day! Imagine that!

JORGE

Yea, well Victorrio's cousin Vinny has bought into the business.He know's lot's of people. A real good business man.

MRS.CANAZARRO

I'm sure he is. I know Vinny since he's a baby.

(she winks)

Well, okay. See you later.

JORGE

Good night.

She leaves. Jorge locks the door behind her.

Victorrio walks out of the back room with Jorge's jacket.

He hands it to Jorge.

VICTORRIO

Okay, Jorge. I'll take it from here. You go on home.

JORGE

You sure, Vic?

VICTORRIO

Yea, I just got in a big side of  
beef. I want to chop it up and  
listen to The Great Caruso.

JORGE

You sure love that old school  
shit. Well, to each his own.

He walks to the door.

VICTORRIO

See you, *manyana*.

Jorge turns around.

JORGE

Yea, see you tomorrow.  
(he looks at  
Victorrio)  
Be careful, Vic.

Victorrio smiles.

VICTORRIO

Always am.

Jorge leaves.

Victorrio locks the door behind him and turns the OPEN SIGN  
TO CLOSED.

He walks slowly into the back room and puts on his apron.

Lined up on one of the counters are various KNIVES and  
HATCHETS.

He picks up a particularly long and nasty looking knife and  
starts to sharpen it on a hand held sharpener.

Turning around, still sharpening, he walks over to the gurney.

FRANKIE FALCONE is lying on it. He is QUITE DEAD.

Victorrio looks down at the body.

VICTORRIO

A real big side of beef. It's  
going to be a long night.

He goes to the old VICTROLA and puts on his favorite record.

(V.O.) Enrico Caruso sings "VESTI LA GUIBBA".

FADE  
OUT