

Gravediggers

By

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FADE IN:

SUPER: MO

EXT. PIG FARM - DAY

SUPER: FIVE YEARS AGO.

A deserted road leads to the farm. A black Le Sabre kicks up plumes of dust as it drives toward two men that guard the gates.

Bobby, Italian, early thirties talks to the car's OCCUPANTS, opens the gate. The car continues toward a building just past a herd of pigs.

The two men close the gates. The Guard, a large man in his late twenties, turns to Bobby

GUARD

Hey Bobby. I heard you got a date with Marcie tonight.

BOBBY

No, I ain't got no date with Marcie.

GUARD

That ain't what she told me.

BOBBY

Look, there's nothin' between Me and Marcie. And there never was. She's been telling everybody this shit. Even my wife thinks I'm havin' an affair.

GUARD

Ain't ya?

A wry smile from the Guard.

BOBBY

NO! Look, I've killed plenty of people in my time, I sell drugs...I even feed dead guys to these damn pigs, but I never cheated on my wife.

GUARD

But you said you was meeting Marcie tonight.

BOBBY

I'm meeting her at the docks...

The Guard smiles again.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY (CONTD)

...To talk! And by the time I'm finished talking She's gonna be in no doubt that the only woman I love is my wife. And to stay the hell away from me.

EXT. PIG FARM - CONTINUOUS

The car pulls up next to a machine that looks like an industrial wood chipper. A FARMHAND takes a body, wrapped in blankets, from the car's trunk and drags it to the machine's hopper.

MO MALVOLIO, late twenties, slim with noticeable Italian ancestry, walks past the car with his cousin DONNY, 30's, the kind of guy you'd cross the street to avoid.

Donny points to the Men at the gate.

DONNY

Mo? I've gotten word that Bobby has a meeting with Marcie tonight at the docks.

Mo follows Donnie's gaze.

DONNY (CONTD)

...Go to the docks at eight tonight. Make sure that Bobby doesn't lose his temper. Make sure that no-one gets hurt. Okay?

Mo looks over at Donny.

MO

Don't worry Donnie. I've got this.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

Mo clambers on to a platform and leans against a control panel.

Bobby stands at the edge of a loading platform, a hundred yards or so away. He lights a cigarette and stares out over the dark water.

Mo squints and leans forwards. His elbow nudges a lever and a crane begins to slowly swing a huge metal container toward Bobby. Mo notices the container.

MO

(under his breath)
Oh my God. Bobby! Look out for the container...

(CONTINUED)

It continues to swing in Bobby's direction.

MO(CONTD)
...Shit, Bobby. Look out.

Mo can take it no longer. He puts his hands to his head and screams.

MO(CONTD)
...BOBBY!!!

Without Mo's elbow, the crane stops.

Bobby looks around. He sees Mo waving his arms, frantically.

BOBBY
Mo?

The container continues to swing slowly from its heavy steel cable. It clips Bobby and sends him on a fall of thirty feet to the jetty below.

Mo has climbed from the platform and sprints to the jetty.

Bobby's broken body lays by the water.

MO
BOBBY!

Mo squats down over Bobby. Bobby grips Mo's shirt. he uses it to pull himself to Mo's face.

BOBBY
Mo. I know that you didn't mean to do this. I know it was an accident.

MO
It was. It was, Bobby.

Marcie, mid-twenties and very pretty, pulls up in her car. She notices Mo and Bobby and scurries over.

BOBBY
I need you to do me a favour, Mo.

MO
Anything.

MO(CONTD)
(under his breath)
Reasonable.

BOBBY
Mo. I want you to tell my wife that the only woman I ever loved was...

Marcie appears over Mo's shoulder.

BOBBY(CONTD)
...Marcie!

Bobby falls back to the ground.

Mo folds Bobby's arms on his chest.

MO
Don't worry Bobby. I've got this.

EXT. CHURCH YARD - DAY

Bobby's funeral is in full swing. BOBBY'S WIFE, early thirties, dressed from head to toe in black, stands and sobs at the graveside.

Mo approaches her.

WE ARE TOO FAR TO HEAR THE WORDS, BUT MO SAYS SOMETHING TO THE WIDOW:

Bobby's wife becomes hysterical.

Some family members shield her from Mo.

FADE TO BLACK:

SUPER: BOB

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - MORNING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

The building has a refurbished look to it. It has a huge stained glass window at the front that would look more at home in a cathedral, and a large sign above it that says "Jimmy's"

INT. NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUOUS

The first floor is built like a large doughnut, so patrons can look over the railings at the dancers below.

Dancing girls mix with workmen. It's a hive of pre-opening activity.

BOB GREBERT, late twenties, unkempt, stocky, but with a similar facial appearance to Mo, stands and talks to JIMMY, late twenties, a real spiv, with slick-backed hair. Jimmy sits in a chair, chews gum. He scans a piece of paper.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

So, How's my cousin Bob?

There is a note of hostility in Jimmy's voice. No offer for Bob to sit down is made.

BOB

I'm okay thanks Jimmy.

JIMMY

So, how did the collection go?..

Bob looks uncomfortable.

JIMMY(CONTD)

...Well?

BOB

I didn't get the money, Jimmy.

Jimmy looks up from his piece of paper.

JIMMY

You didn't get the money?

Bob slowly shakes his head.

JIMMY(SHOUTED)

We currently collect protection money from over twenty businesses throughout this city. I start you off with the easiest collection we have. This guy has never missed a payment...

Jimmy stands.

JIMMY(CONTD)

...So how do you come back without the fucking money, Bob?

BOB

I saw the state of Mr. Chen's restaurant. He's barely making ends meet. We were taking almost every dollar he made this week.

Jimmy takes a breath to shout some more but inhales his gum instead.

Bob tries to slap him on the back but Jimmy sits and Bob just slaps Jimmy in the back of the head.

Jimmy stands up, pushes Bob to the floor. He spits out the gum. He coughs for a few seconds.

JIMMY

I gave you this chance because
your mom insisted. And you fucked
it up. Just like we all knew you
would. Why don't you and that
other fuck-up Mo go find
yourselves...

Jimmy makes the inverted commas sign with his fingers.

JIMMY(CONTD)

...New careers.

Bob storms off. He calls back over his shoulder.

BOB

I am not a fuck-up Jimmy! Me and
Mo are not fuck-ups!

Bob pushes the double doors in a bid to burst through
them. A dancer opens them from the other side. Bob's hands
go straight through and he grabs her breasts.

Bob immediately backs up. This combined with a hefty slap
sends Bob backwards over the railings.

BOB

Whoa!

He grabs the end of a banner that reads "GRAND OPENING".
He breaks its mounts and it swings him right across the
dance floor and out through the stained glass window.

Bob lands on the sidewalk grazed and dazed.

Jimmy storms out after him. He freezes when he sees the
window.

JIMMY

I got that from Father Santo when
they tore down the church. I paid
him twenty grand for that window.

Bob lays on his back on the sidewalk. He fakes an innocent
smile at Jimmy.

FADE TO BLACK:

SUPER: TWO DAYS LATER

EXT. JIMMY'S CLUB - DAY

Jimmy and Bob stand on the sidewalk.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Why did you call me over?

JIMMY

The collection from Mr. Chen. My window.

BOB

Look, about the window. I'll pay...

JIMMY

These are the two latest incidents on a long list...You weren't cut out for this line of work Bob...

Jimmy gestures down the street. A black limousine pulls out and draws up next to them.

JIMMY(CONTD)

I've had a long chat with aunt Valene.

BOB

Mama?

JIMMY

We've got connections in Annendale.

BOB

Minnesota?

JIMMY

We think it's for your own good...And for our own good.

(beat)

Get in the car Bob...

Bob looks lost. He stares in to space, opens the car door. He looks back over at Jimmy.

JIMMY(CONTD)

...Your bags are in the trunk...We think it's for the best...

Bob gets in to the car.

JIMMY(CONTD)

...Bob...

Bob stops.

JIMMY (CONTD)

...Your Mama fought hard to keep you here. I just thought you should know that.

Bob's facade doesn't change. He gets in to the car.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Bob closes the door. He notices someone next to him. He spins in his seat.

BOB

Mo?

MO

I guess we're going to be working together.

EXT. JIMMY'S CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The black limo pulls away from the curb and cruises off in to the distance.

FADE TO BLACK:

SUPER: Present Day.

EXT. CEMETERY ANNANDALE MINNESOTA - DAY

A narrow stretch of smooth blacktop winds it's way through neatly mown lawns. Willow trees filter the early-morning sun and rustle in the light breeze.

Mo, now early thirties, strolls down the pathway. His long black coat flaps in the breeze. His umbrella and bowler hat give him a distinguished appearance.

As Mo approaches a bend, he leaves the path and heads towards a collection of newly erected graves.

EXT. GRAVE PLOT - CONTINUOUS

Bob, now also in his early thirties, is in one of the plots. He digs away at the ground beneath him. He notices Mo as he approaches.

BOB

Morning Mo.

Mo hangs his hat and umbrella on a branch. He takes off the coat to reveal the same overalls as Bob wears. Mo grabs the shovel that leans against the tree and jumps in to the hole to start work.

(CONTINUED)

Bob looks at his watch.

BOB
Thank you for joining me by the
way.

MO
I had car trouble.

BOB
You don't have a car.

MO
That's the trouble.

Mo laughs, he looks to Bob for approval but finds none.

MO(CONTD)
...What's up?

BOB
I got a message from my family
today.
(beat)
It's my mom.

MO
Is she okay?

BOB
She died, Mo...

Mo puts a hand on Bob's shoulder.

BOB(CONTD)
...I'm going back to New Jersey.

MO
Why?

Bob lets his shovel fall. He stares at the floor.

BOB
We've been here for five years.
We're supposed to be mafia.

Mo picks up Bob's shovel.

MO
We're not good at being mafia,
remember?

BOB
So *they* say.

MO
A lot of them said it though...

MO(CONTD)
...It's not so bad here.

Bob looks up at Mo.

BOB
We didn't even put up a fight
when they sent us out here.

MO
There was no point. They were
right, we did screw things up.

BOB
We're not screw-ups, Mo. I'm
going back to prove that to them.
I know that mama is still
watching over us, and I'm gonna
prove it to her.

MO
How?

BOB
Because I'm going to be the one
to bury her.

MO
YES! That's a fantastic idea.
We've got this.

EXT. HIGHWAY 55 - DAY

The road is fairly quiet. Just a few cars here and there.
A fairly nondescript 1985 black Lincoln Town car cruises
along the blacktop.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Bob drives, Mo sits with a smile on his face. He looks out
the window at passing vehicles and buildings. He turns to
Bob.

MO
Wow, a road trip. I've always
wanted to do something like this.

Bob switches his concentration from the road to Mo.

BOB
Let's not forget why we are doing
this.

(CONTINUED)

Mo straightens his tie and shifts in his seat to regain a straighter posture.

MO
Of course...Sorry.

BOB
Thank you...

Bob can't keep up the somber facade any longer and breaks out in to a smile of his own.

BOB(CONTD)
...You're right, it is fun though.

EXT. HIGHWAY 55 - CONTINUOUS

The Lincoln takes a right hand turning.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Both men grin like little kids on their way to Disneyland.

BOB
Did you pack everything?

MO
Yep, I packed your shovel, my shovel, our wet weather gear and condoms.

Bob's smile quickly turns to a look of disgust.

BOB
We're heading for a cemetery.

Mo still has his perky grin.

MO
I know.

BOB
Then why the condoms?

MO
We've got a long way to go, we might get lucky on the way.

Bob lets out a sigh of relief.

BOB
Thank God for that.

MO

What?

BOB

Never mind.

Mo looks perplexed. His demeanor changes back to a more childish one. He points to a building.

MO

Hey there's a place to eat. Can we stop?

BOB

We've only been on the road for a half hour.

MO

I know, I was hungry before we left.

Bob slides a look at Mo.

BOB

This is going to be a long trip.

EXT. HIGHWAY 55 - CONTINUOUS

The Town Car swings off the road and pulls up in front of a restaurant. The two men enter the building.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

The restaurant has a bar that runs the length of the front wall, with a few tables near it and several booths along the back wall. The whole place is dimly lit and smokey.

Mo gives Bob a nervous look, but Bob leads them to a table near the bar. The two men sit and a young, uninterested waitress saunters over. She chews gum loudly.

WAITRESS

Welcome to La Porca Miseria restaurant, home of the lunchtime super-special.

Both men perk up.

BOB

What's the super-special?

WAITRESS

It's a 32oz steak, cooked just the way you like it, served with garlic bread, fries and onion

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WAITRESS (cont'd)
rings, and served with a pot of
the chef's award winning sauce.

MO
Wow! that sounds great, I'll have
that.

BOB
Me too.

WAITRESS
The special's off today.

BOB
Then why? Never mind. I'll have
the burger.

MO
Make that two.

The waitress's face becomes partly obscured by a big pink
bubble that POPS and is SUCKED back in to her mouth.

WAITRESS
I'll be back in a jiffy.

The waitress disappears through a door behind the bar.

Mo surveys the restaurant.

Five men occupy a large booth at the back wall. They talk
and smoke cigars. There is a lone guy at the end of the
bar. Other than that the place is empty.

Mo's attention is quickly taken by ANGELINA who heads in
their direction. She is pretty, mid-twenties, and although
she is dressed slutty and wears far too much makeup, she
has an air of authority about her.

ANGELINA
Hi, I'm Angelina. This is pretty
much a regulars only restaurant
these days. It's nice to see some
fresh faces.

Mo and Bob shake her hand as she offers it.

BOB
We're just passing through on our
way to Jersey.

ANGELINA
I have family in Jersey. It's a
beautiful place.

BOB/MO

REALLY?

Angelina laughs.

ANGELINA

No, not really.

(beat)

So what takes you guys to Jersey?

Bob leans in and speaks quietly.

BOB

Er, we bury people for a living.

Angelina's eyes widen.

ANGELINA

Really?

Mo straightens his tie.

MO

We're professionals.

BOB

We're on our way to Jersey to do
a personal job.

The waitress returns with Mo and Bob's burgers. She dumps
them down on the table and lopes away.

ANGELINA

Well, I'll leave you guys to your
food. It's been a real eye
opener.

MO

Nice talking to you too...

Angelina sashays away to talk to the guy at the end of the
bar.

MO(CONTD)

...I'm definitely in there.

BOB

What?

MO

Did you see the way she looked at
me?

BOB

Look at her, Mo...

They look over at the scantily clad Angelina.

(CONTINUED)

She finishes her conversation with the man and disappears behind the bar.

BOB(CONTD)

...I bet she looks at every guy like that. She's out of both of our leagues.

PAOLO NALBONE is a slim, well dressed, attractive Italian in his mid-twenties. He is seated so the light from the bar is behind him, obscuring his face.

PAOLO

HEY! You two...

Mo and Bob stop dead. With mouths full of food, they stare motionless at the shadowed figure.

PAOLO(CONTD)

...I want a word with you.

Mo and Bob share a look. Mo swallows the partly chewed burger hard. They slowly walk over.

Mo speaks timidly.

MO

You wanted to speak to us?

PAOLO

I got a job for you two.

BOB

That's very kind of you to think of us, but we are on our way to...

PAOLO

It won't take very long for a couple of professionals like you guys...

Mo straightens up at the recognition of Mo and Bob as professionals.

PAOLO(CONTD)

...I assume from what I heard you telling Angelina that you guys are used to burying people?

MO

Yes sir, that's our profession.

PAOLO

Excellent.

BOB

Just to reverberate what I said,
it's very kind of you to think of
us but...

Mo gets between Bob and Paolo.

MO

Reiterate.

BOB

What?

MO

It's reiterate what I said, and
lets hear the man out.

PAOLO

See I got this problem. My cousin
died a couple of days ago and I
need to get him buried.

MO

Well that's straight forward. Any
funeral home can do that for you.

PAOLO

I can't go to no funeral home.
See my cousin, well, he was an
illegal immigrant. And I ain't
got no I.D. for him. Apart from
the paperwork it's all legit. I
got a plot of land that I own to
bury him in. I just need a couple
of pros to do the burying.

BOB

What about a coffin?

PAOLO

I ain't got time to get all that.

BOB

So you basically want to dig a
hole in the ground and throw him
in?

Paolo looks annoyed.

PAOLO

Hey, a little respect. We are
talking about a family member
here!

Mo slaps Bob's shoulder.

MO

Yeah!..

MO(CONTD)

(to Paolo)

Could you give us a minute
please?

Mo takes Bob a little way down the bar.

MO

I think we should bury the guy.
It would be good practice for
when we get home.

BOB

We bury people every day.

MO

Okay, so we do it just to do this
gentleman a good turn.

They both turn to look at Paolo.

Paolo smiles pleasantly at them.

BOB

I don't know if we can trust this
guy. We don't even know if the
body really is his dead cousin.

MO

Of course it is. Why would he lie
to us? He doesn't even know us.

BOB

That actually makes sense in some
strange way.

PAOLO

I'll give you twenty five grand.

BOB/MO

WE'RE IN!

Paolo smiles and raises his glass to toast Mo and Bob. He
hands them a piece of paper.

PAOLO

Meet me here at midnight tonight.

Mo takes the paper and they head for the exit.

INT. VITORI AGOSTINO'S OFFICE - EVENING

VITORI AGOSTINO is a slim, greasy little man in his early 60's. He has a golden tan and slicked back gray hair.

Vitori sits at a large desk. There is a KNOCK at the door.

VITORI

Come!

Paolo walks in. He stops at Vitori's desk.

PAOLO

Don Agostino.

Vitori stands and offers his hand. Paolo takes it and kisses the ring on his finger.

VITORI

Take a seat.

Both men sit.

PAOLO

How are you Vitori?

VITORI

How am I?..

This question noticeably agitates Vitori. He sits at the edge of his chair, his fists on the desk.

VITORI (CONTD)

...Two days ago we took a spur of the moment opportunity to kill my opposite number in the only other organization in this area, Eddie Sabatini...

FLASHBACK:

EXT. ABANDONED QUARRY - NIGHT

Eddie Sabatini, mid fifties, tall and powerfully-built, stands next to his car. Another car pulls up, a FIGURE dressed in a long coat gets out. A hat, and the darkness, hides the Figure's face. They stand and talk for a moment.

A rifle barrel parts the bushes at the edge of the quarry. There is a flash and a CRACK that is muffled by a silencer.

Eddie Sabatini's body falls to the floor. The figure returns to its car and drives away.

BACK TO SCENE:

(CONTINUED)

VITORI(CONTD)

...If I can't think of a good way to get rid of his body we'll have started a full scale fucking war...

Vitori now stands.

VITORI(CONTD)

...HOW DO YOU THINK I FUCKING AM?

Paolo remains seated, and calm.

PAOLO

Vitori please, sit...

Vitori calms himself and sits.

PAOLO(CONTD)

...I have the answer to our problems.

VITORI

I'm listening.

PAOLO

I found these two guys. They think that Sabatini is my dead cousin. Were gonna pay 'em twenty five grand, and they're gonna meet me tonight up around mud lake.

VITORI

Two guys?

PAOLO

Get this. They're grave diggers.

VITORI

Go on.

PAOLO

The Sabatini's kill us, we kill them. But for a Don they're gonna want closure.

Paolo pours himself and Vitori a drink.

VITORI

That isn't news to me. I could fucking tell you that.

PAOLO

So when the guys start to dig, I'm gonna leave 'em with the body. I've arranged for our guy

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PAOLO (cont'd)
in the police to come along and
catch them burying him...

Vitori smiles.

PAOLO(CONTD)
...They go to prison. The
Sabatini family can have 'em both
capped while they're inside and
we've got rid of the Don that has
beaten us to the punch on almost
every deal in the last ten years.

VITORI
That rat-bastard.

PAOLO
And we have averted a war.

VITORI
What about my money?

PAOLO
I go down to the station and get
the money back from Detective
Harrigan who takes it when he
arrests 'em.

They clink glasses and drink.

VITORI
Make sure it goes off okay.

PAOLO
Don't worry. They're
professionals.

EXT. HIGHWAY 51 - NIGHT

The black Town Car cruises up an otherwise deserted road.

It turns off on to a narrow dirt track, lined by large
trees and bushes.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mo and Bob are dressed in their black wet weather gear.

Bob checks his watch.

BOB
It's almost midnight.

(CONTINUED)

MO

Why are we wearing wet weather gear?

BOB

Because it's black. I don't want to get spotted.

MO

I'm starting to have second thoughts about this.

Something rustles the bushes next to the car.

Mo spins in his seat. He scans the darkness through slitted eyes.

MO

What was that?

BOB

I don't know, probably a deer.

Mo turns back to Bob.

MO

What kind of deer?

BOB

I don't know. What difference does it make?

Mo peers back at the bushes.

MO

It might make all the difference.

BOB

Deer don't eat people.

MO

That you've heard of.

BOB

Mo, that guy from the bar will be here any minute. Are we doing this or are we not doing this?

Mo looks back at Bob.

MO

I don't know. That deer startled me. I'm rattled.

BOB

If it even was a deer.

Mo stares in to the darkness again.

(CONTINUED)

MO
Oh, it was. I know it.

BOB
Mo. FOR GOD'S SAKE.

MO
Okay, okay. Give me a second.

A car pulls in further up the lane. Its lights flash.

BOB
Time's up. Are we doing this or not?

MO
Yes. We've got this. Let's go.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The three men meet halfway between the two cars. Mo and Bob with their shovels.

PAOLO
Hey, glad to see you guys showed up. Help get him out of the trunk huh? We gotta be quick 'cos I need to get going.

MO
You're not stopping?

PAOLO
Nah, I've gotta go console my aunt. She's all broken up about this guy.

MO
Oh of course. Our condolences.

BOB
Where do you want him buried?

Paolo points to a clearing in the trees.

PAOLO
Over there. Here's the money.

Paolo hands Mo an envelope. Mo tucks it in his pocket.

MO
Thank you very much. It's a pleasure doing business with you.

Paolo gets in his car and drives off. As the car's engine fades away, quietness fills its place. The only light is from the Lincoln's head lights.

(CONTINUED)

Bob drags the body to the:

CLEARING

Mo's eyes widen. He looks all around.

MO

This place gives me the creeps.

Bob stands up and faces Mo.

BOB

WE'RE FUCKING GRAVE DIGGERS!

MO

So! That doesn't mean that I have to like creepy places.

BOB

For once will you please help me?

Bob picks up the two shovels and hands one to Mo.

MO

What do you mean, for once?

BOB

Just dig.

The men begin to dig.

EXT. DIRT ROAD. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CLEARING -
CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE HARRIGAN a large, weathered-faced man in his late forties Pulls his Ford up with its headlights off.

INT. HARRIGAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS.

Harrigan, pulls a cell phone from his pocket. He dials a number and whispers in to it.

HARRIGAN

It's Harrigan. I'm in position.
Give the word and by one o'clock
they'll be processed and in a
holding cell.

EXT. PAOLO'S CAR - CONTINUOUS.

Paolo's car heads back towards town.

INT PAOLO'S CAR - CONTINUOUS.

PAOLO
 Good. I'm heading back in to town. Do it now. Call me when they are in custody.

EXT. DIRT ROAD CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Mo and Bob dig the shallow grave.

A SNAP comes from the other end of the clearing as Harrigan steps on a branch.

Both men stop and listen.

MO
 What was that?

BOB
 I don't know.

MO
 Maybe that deer came back.

Bob puts a hand to his forehead.

BOB
 Not again with the deer. Look. Let's just get this done quick and get out of here. Okay?

They dig frantically.

Suddenly Mo stops.

MO
 SHIT!

BOB
 What?

MO
 I just cut one of his fingers off.

Bob stops digging.

BOB
 You did what?

MO
 I was digging as fast as I could. I slipped with the shovel and cut his middle finger off.

Mo retrieves the digit and waves it at Bob.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Never mind. Just keep digging.

HARRIGAN

HOLD IT!..

Mo and Bob spin around.

Harrigan stands with a gun pointed at them.

HARRIGAN(CONTD)

...Hold it right there.

Mo and Bob stand frozen to the spot.

MO

Who are you?

Harrigan opens his jacket to reveal his badge.

HARRIGAN

My name is detective Harrigan.
You men are under arrest for the
murder of Eddie Sabatini.

BOB

We didn't kill him.

MO

We were just burying him.

Harrigan moves in a bit closer.

HARRIGAN

Well isn't that nice of you two
fellas. You were just out for a
drive in the countryside, in the
middle of the night, saw a dead
body and decided it would tidy
the place up a bit if you buried
him.

MO

No, You've got it all wrong. You
see this guy back in town...

Mo realizes that any explanation is futile.

HARRIGAN

Yeah. That's what I thought.
MOVE!

Harrigan gestures with his gun for them to come over to
him.

MO

Bob. Suddenly that guys whole story about his cousin sounds preposterous.

BOB

Yeah, I'm beginning to think that we're just a couple of escape goats. Mo? We're going to go down for this.

Mo looks over at Harrigan, then back to Bob.

MO

I don't think that will persuade him.

BOB

No. I mean we're going to prison.

MO

I can't go to prison! What are we going to do?

Bob thinks for a second.

Harrigan moves in a bit closer.

HARRIGAN

What are you two Whispering about. I said move!

Bob grabs Harrigan's gun and forces Harrigan's arms straight up.

Mo grabs his shovel.

Harrigan struggles with Bob and manages to cap off a round. Mo's shovel gets in the way and the bullet ricochets off, but the force sends the shovel back and it WHACKS Mo in the face and knocks him to the ground.

Bob and Harrigan spin around in circles.

Harrigan squeezes off another shot. It hits the dead body square in the chest.

Bob pushes Harrigan away from him. Harrigan trips over Mo, whacks his head on a branch and is out cold.

Mo drags himself up. He holds his nose.

MO

What happened?

BOB

RUN!

Mo looks down at Harrigan.

MO

Oh, shit!

They sprint back to their car and SCREECH off before the doors are closed.

EXT. TOWN CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Paolo's car now sits in a parking lot in an otherwise deserted town center.

INT. PAOLO'S CAR - CONTINUOUS.

Paolo is on the phone to Vitori.

PAOLO

I don't know Vitori. Harrigan should have called me by now...
Yes Mr. Agostino, I'll let you know as soon as I hear anything.

Paolo hangs up. He dials a number, frowns and slams his phone down.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS.

Mo and Bob's Lincoln is almost back in to town. It coughs and splutters then the engine cuts out.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS.

BOB

We're out of gas.

MO

We can go in to town and get some in a Jerry can.

BOB

Okay.

Bob lets the car roll to the edge of the road.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT.

Mo and Bob walk through the town. A police SIREN wails in the distance.

MO
Shit. Do you hear that?

BOB
It's just a siren. And it's blocks away.

MO
No, it's a police siren. And who do you think they're after?

Bob thinks for a second

BOB
They're not coming for us.

MO
Are you sure?

BOB
No!

They break in to a run. They round a corner and are in the town center. They see Paolo's car and head toward it.

Paolo sees them in his mirror and gets out.

Mo and Bob run towards him.

When Paolo sees that they are not with Harrigan he draws his gun.

BOB/MO
SHIIIIIT!

As they get close Mo throws Sabatini's finger at Paolo.

Paolo drops his gun to catch the finger.

PAOLO
What the fuck?

Paolo bends down to pick up his gun.

Mo and Bob disappear down a side street.

Paolo can only stand by his car and look at all the streets they could have gone down. He looks up to the heavens.

(CONTINUED)

PAOLO
FUUUUUUCK!

INT. VITORI AGOSTINO'S OFFICE - MORNING

Vitori sits at his desk. On the other side sit a dejected Paolo and Harrigan. Harrigan has a large band-aid on his temple.

VITORI
Well gentlemen, thank you for a
MONUMENTAL FUCK-UP LAST NIGHT!

Paolo tries to calm Vitori.

PAOLO
Vitori, we've dealt with worse
things than this. This is nothing
to get bent out of shape about.

Vitori gets increasingly angry as he speaks.

VITORI
What? Last night these two bozos
breezed in to town, took me for
twenty five grand, left me with a
dead body that still isn't buried
and worst of all...

Vitori picks the severed finger off his desk and holds it up to Paolo.

VITORI (CONTD)
...THEY GAVE ME THE FUCKING
FINGER!

PAOLO
Vitori, calm down.

VITORI
NOBODY GIVES ME THE FINGER!
(beat)
I want you to find these guys,
and I want you to kill them. I've
got Frustrating Tony waiting
outside. Take him with you.

Harrigan screws up his face.

HARRIGAN
You're using Frustrating Tony?

VITORI
He's the best hitman we have.
(to Paolo)
Call Morbid Ronny. Get him to
work on finding these guys. You
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VITORI (cont'd)
and Tony can pick him up
en-route.

PAOLO
Morbid Ronny is the most
miserable guy in the world.

VITORI
I don't give a shit. Ronny is
like a bloodhound. He can find
anybody.

PAOLO
(under his breath)
He gives me the creeps.

VITORI
You got something to say?

Paolo pulls out his phone.

PAOLO
No. I'm calling Ronny now.

VITORI
Good.

Paolo taps a few times on his phone screen then holds it
to his ear.

PAOLO
(in to the phone)
Hey Ronny it's Paolo, how are
you? Wow, never mind. Look we got
a job for ya. These two guys
ripped Mr. Agostino off for
twenty five grand. They were last
seen in the center of town last
night, and they're driving a
black Lincoln town car. Get your
ear to the ground okay?

VITORI
You tell him to find them TODAY!

PAOLO
Mr. Agostino says you find them
today.

VITORI
And you tell him that if he
doesn't find *them* I'm gonna find
him, and when I do I'm gonna
stick my balls up his ass!

PAOLO
(to Vitori)
Boss I'm not gonna say that.

Vitori gets very angry and rises from his desk.

VITORI
YOU FUCKING TELL HIM!

PAOLO
(in to the phone)
Ronny? Mr. Agostino says that if you don't find them he's gonna...Stick his balls in your ass...Yeah I know. I know it doesn't. Yeah okay. I'll talk to you later.

Paolo puts his phone away and looks over at Vitori.

Vitori looks happy with himself.

EXT. A DITCH IN A FIELD - DAY

Bob lays on his side in the mud. Mo lays behind Bob and spoons him. Mo's arm is around Bob's waist.

Bob's eyes flicker, then slowly open. He pauses, moves slightly then his eyes widen and he jumps up.

BOB
Man, get off me!

Mo, who had still been asleep jumps up on reflex.

MO
He only had nine fingers, please don't kill me.

BOB
What?

Mo shakes himself awake.

MO
Nothing. Where the hell are we?

BOB
You said that we need to lay low last night remember? So you led us to this field.
(beat)
Come on, we need to get this gas back to the car.

Mo and Bob haul themselves, and the fuel can, over a stony wall and head down the grassy lane towards the road.

(CONTINUED)

Mo peers around a tree at the edge of the roadside, then back to Bob.

MO
Okay, it's all clear.

Bob joins Mo. He scans the road left then right as he speaks.

BOB
Which way?

When Bob looks right, he stands up straight. Their car is parked just up the road.

BOB
That's our car. We spent last night in a ditch when our car was only fifty feet away...

Bob grabs Mo by the lapels and shakes him.

BOB(CONTD)
... WE COULD HAVE SLEPT IN THE DAMN CAR! WE COULD HAVE DRIVEN TO A MOTEL!

MO
Hey that's assault.

Bob lets go of Mo and storms off.

MO
It wasn't my fault. I don't know the lay of the land. I'm from out-of-town.

BOB
Shut up Mo. Or they'll find you back in that ditch with a Jerry can shaped dent in your head.

Mo quietly gets into the passenger seat. He looks out the windshield Like a scorned dog.

INT. VITORI AGOSTINO'S OFFICE - MORNING

Vitori, Paolo and Harrigan sit around Vitori's desk.

VITORI
Harrigan, go and show in Tony.

Harrigan goes to the door. He opens it and beckons in the man outside.

FRUSTRATING TONY is in his late forties, slim, well dressed with a happy, personable demeanor.

(CONTINUED)

HARRIGAN
Hey Frustrating Tony.

Tony Frowns.

TONY
Just Tony, Harrigan.

HARRIGAN
Sorry, Tony.

Tony shakes Paolo's hand

TONY
Paolo, how are you? Okay?

PAOLO
Yeah, I'm okay.

TONY
You okay?

PAOLO
Yeah I'm okay.

TONY
Okay...

Tony turns to Vitori.

TONY (CONTD)
...Mr. Agostino.

VITORI
I'm Fine!

TONY
Okay. So you want me to kill
these two guys, No?

VITORI
Yes.

TONY
Yes?

VITORI
What?.. JUST GO AND KILL THESE
FUCKING GUYS!

Paolo and Tony head for the door.

TONY
(to Paolo)
Gee, Mr. Agostino is wound up a
bit tight. Don't you think? Yes?

Paolo smiles at Tony.

(CONTINUED)

PAOLO

Yes.

EXT. TOWN CENTER - DAY

Mo and Bob cruise through the center of town.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Bob is at the wheel.

MO

Right, let's just get to Jersey
and put all this unpleasantness
behind us.

BOB

Amen to that.

EXT. TOWN CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The black Lincoln cruises past a parking lot.

MORBID RONNY, a tall, gaunt, pale man in his late fifties,
dressed all in black watches the car pass. He gets out his
cell and taps away at it.

(Whenever Ronny speaks it's lifeless and totally deadpan.)

RONNY

I was retracing your steps last
night. I'm at the place that you
parked up. A black Lincoln with
two guys in it just past me. They
were heading for the interstate.

INT. DODGE RAM - CONTINUOUS

Paolo and Tony sit in the black Dodge Ram. Paolo drives.
Paolo talks to Ronny on his cell.

PAOLO

That's great. Good work Ronny.
Stay where you are. We are gonna
pick you up, catch these guys up
and ram 'em off the road. Then
we're gonna blow their fucking
brains out.

EXT. TOWN CENTER - CONTINUOUS

RONNY

Or, when we ram them our cars get fused together. We can't get apart from them and they pull us in the path of a seventy foot Freightliner, killing us all instantly.

INT. DODGE RAM - CONTINUOUS

Paolo pulls his phone away from his head and stares at it for a moment before continuing the call.

PAOLO

Just stay there.

Paolo stares at his phone in disbelief before he puts it away, then stares at Tony then out the windshield.

PAOLO

This is gonna be a long journey!

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The black Lincoln cruises down the road.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mo yawns and rubs his eyes.

MO

I'm hungry. Can we stop for breakfast?

Bob checks all the mirrors.

BOB

Let's just put some miles between us and that town before we pull over okay?

MO

Okay. Good idea. I hope we never run into those guys again.

BOB

A-men to *that*!

MONTAGE:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Lincoln drives past lakes, fields and through small towns.

A hitchhiker stands by the side of the road with his thumb out.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mo sees the hitchhiker and puts his thumb up to him. Mo and Bob laugh like hell.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Town Car speeds past the hitchhiker, who makes the "tossing off" gesture then returns to his thumb-out stance.

The car passes through a small town. A group of people wait in line at the movie theater. As the Lincoln drives past Mo opens his side window and moons the crowd.

The on-lookers are all shocked. Mo and Bob laugh hard.

The car passes through another town. This time Bob sounds the horn as Mo moons them. The town's people look suitably unimpressed and annoyed.

The third town, and again Bob sounds the horn, Mo hangs his ass out the window. A large group of people have assembled. As the car passes, a banner comes in to view.

INSERT BANNER: MONROEVILLE HONORS IT'S POLICE DEPARTMENT.

All the people that turn around to see Mo's moon are cops.

Mo slides back in and Bob floors it.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Lincoln sits parked by the side of the road. A cop car sits behind it.

Mo and Bob stand side-by-side with their heads bowed. The cop shouts at them. They nod solemnly. The cop gestures for them to go.

END MONTAGE:

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - DAY

Mo and Bob are back to their old selves again. They sit and talk as though the attempted burial of the mafia boss never happened.

MO
We must have done hundreds of miles. Can we pull over for something to eat now?

Bob checks the odometer.

BOB
We've done seventy eight miles.

Mo looks at him in disbelief.

MO
No way!

BOB
Honestly, seventy eight.

MO
Well, let's agree to disagree.

Bob rolls his eyes.

BOB
Whatever. I could use some food though.

Mo points to a shopping mall.

MO
We can eat there.

Bob swings the Lincoln in to the mall's parking lot.

EXT. DODGE RAM - CONTINUOUS

The pickup cruises through the town.

INT. DODGE RAM - CONTINUOUS

RONNY
There. At the mall.

Paolo spots them and pulls the truck over a few hundred yards away.

PAOLO
Well spotted Ronny...

Paolo swivels in his seat to face into the truck.

(CONTINUED)

PAOLO(CONTD)

...Right. Split up. I'm going in the side entrance. You two park in the main lot. Find different ways in. It's a big mall so we've got a lot of ground to cover. And remember, only kill them if you have to.

TONY

But you said to blow their brains out.

PAOLO

Yeah? Well I changed my mind. I want to bring them back to Vitori alive...

Paolo looks from Tony to Ronny and back.

PAOLO(CONTD)

...Any problems with that...

Tony and Ronny remain silent.

PAOLO(CONTD)

...Right. Then let's do this. And Ronny. Be careful with my truck.

Paolo gets out and takes his phone from his pocket and strides off across the road.

Ronny gets behind the wheel. The truck speeds off.

Ronny SCREECHES in to the mall parking lot.

Mo and Bob spot the truck.

BOB

Oh no, it's the bad guys.

MO

How do you know? He could just be a bad driver.

The doors of the pickup open and Tony and Ronny step out.

Tony shouts over.

TONY

FREEZE!

BOB

RUN!

(CONTINUED)

TONY
No. FREEZE!

Mo and Bob run in to the mall.

Tony and Ronny in pursuit.

INT. SHOPPING MALL. FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The MALL bustles with people.

Mo and Bob burst in. Bob points to an escalator.

BOB
Up there.

The two men run up to the second level.

INT. SHOPPING MALL. SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

MO
What now?

BOB
I don't know. Let me think...

Bob spies a map of the mall on the back wall. He looks at his clothes, and at Mo's. Then points to a store.

BOB(CONTD)
...Mo, go in to that store. We need to change our appearance.

MO
Why?

BOB
So we aren't so easy to recognize from a distance. I'm going to see if I can find a back way out on that map.

MO
Okay. I'll meet you back here in five.

The men go their separate ways.

Bob examines the map, while watching his back. He sees a suitable route out and returns to the meeting point.

Mo is already there. He delves in to the bag as Bob joins him.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Good work Mo. What did you get?

Mo pulls out a pair of fake glasses with a big fake nose and puts them on.

MO

And I got these for you.

He pulls out an Abe Lincoln hat and fake beard.

BOB

What the hell is wrong with you?..

Bob points again to the clothing store.

BOB(CONTD)

...I said go get something that changes our appearance.

MO

Firstly, these do change our appearance. And secondly, I thought you were pointing there.

Mo points to the novelty store next door.

Bob sees Ronny, and he has spotted them. Bob grabs Mo's arm.

BOB

Run!

Mo and Bob enter the FOOD COURT. They duck around the corner by a fresh fruit vendor.

MO

Any suggestions?

Bob spies a BANANA.

BOB

Use a banana.

MO

What?

BOB

A banana. Use a banana.

MO

Oh. I see.

Mo grabs a banana and as Ronny rounds the corner Mo pokes him in the eye with it.

(CONTINUED)

RONNY

Ahhhhh!

Ronny stands and holds his eye.

Bob stands open-mouthed. He stares at Mo.

BOB

You know, you're really starting
to worry me.

MO

What did *I* do?

BOB

Never mind. Come on.

Mo puts the glasses on Ronny and Bob does likewise with
the hat. They run off.

Paolo runs up an escalator to the second level. He heads
toward the food court.

INT. SHOPPING MALL. SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Ronny stumbles out from behind the fruit stand.

RONNY

Paolo!

Paolo spins around to see Ronny in the silly glasses, fake
nose and the Abe Lincoln hat.

PAOLO

Ronny?

RONNY

Yes.

PAOLO

What are you doing?

RONNY

They got the drop on me.

Paolo knocks the hat off.

PAOLO

Which way did they go!

Ronny points towards the first floor.

INT. SHOPPING MALL. FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Mo and Bob look left and right.

To their right is a cordoned off Coffee Shop. The building is currently being extended.

Bob spies the coffee shop. Grabs Mo's arm.

BOB

Come on.

They run through the tape towards the side of the store that is under construction.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP EXTENSION - CONTINUOUS

The extension is currently nothing more than a skeleton. Wooden studs covered by tightly stretched plastic.

At one end of the plastic is an opening for the construction workers to enter and leave through.

Mo stops Bob at the opening.

MO

We can't just go in there uninvited.

BOB

Why?

MO

What if the construction guys are in there? I don't think members of the public are allowed to just wander in to construction sites.

Bob sticks his head inside.

BOB

HELLO? ANYBODY HOME?..

No response.

BOB (CONTD)

(to Mo)

...Okay?

MO

I don't know.

Bob sees Paolo and Ronny get off the escalator.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Let me put it this way... If we don't get out of sight right now, we are going to die.

Mo barges past Bob and in to the structure.

Bob follows, but he notices that Paolo and Ronny have now been joined by Tony.

As Bob enters he sees that the men have spotted them and now run towards them.

INT. COFFEE SHOP EXTENSION FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The interior is full of scaffolding, benches and tools. There is a partially built second floor with a scaffolding rig and ladders at one end.

Bob bursts in.

BOB

SHIT! They've seen us.

Mo runs left, stops. Runs right, stops. Runs away, stops.

MO

SHIT, SHIT, SHIT...

He runs back to Bob.

MO(CONTD)

...What now?

BOB

Hide!

Mo runs off toward the far end of the structure.

Bob heads up to the second floor.

Paolo is the first in. Closely followed by Tony and Ronny.

PAOLO

Okay boys, put your guns away.

Both men look at Paolo in confusion.

RONNY

Why?

Paolo gestures to the tools.

PAOLO

Look around you.

Tony quickly catches on.

(CONTINUED)

TONY

Ah, I see. Plenty of tools around to make it look like an accident. Two guys break in, start messing around, bam. I like it, Yeah?

PAOLO

Remember, only if you have to. Split up.

Paolo heads off towards the back.

Tony and Ronny for the scaffolding and the second floor.

INT. COFFEE SHOP EXTENSION SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The second floor has a long bench that runs the length of it.

Tony rounds the far corner and immediately sees Bob crouching at the other end of the bench.

Bob looks up at Tony.

BOB

You know, there are less places to hide in here than you think.

Tony looks unimpressed. He starts towards Bob.

Bob gets to his feet and charges Tony.

Tony punches Bob in the face. The punch sends Bob backward and to the ground. Bob reaches out behind him to steady his fall. His hand goes in to a bucket full of plaster.

Bob stands up, with the plaster bucket stuck to his hand.

Tony starts toward him again.

Bob swings the bucket around and around like a windmill.

BOB

Stay away, or I'll knock your head off with this thing...

Tony stops.

BOB(CONTD)

...Yeah, that's right. I've KILLED people with buckets before, mother-fucker!

Tony gives Bob a "What the hell?" look. He starts towards him again.

(CONTINUED)

There is a loud SQUELCH. The bucket frees itself from Bob's hand, turns in the air, and the open end hits Tony in the face.

TONY

Aaagghh!

Tony clutches the bucket and stumbles backwards. His head hits the top of a ladder, and he falls to the ground unconscious.

INT. COFFEE SHOP EXTENSION FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The second floor is almost exactly the same as the first floor, only the first floor is nearer completion.

Mo stands at one end of a work bench, behind a post.

He spots a nail gun. This now takes all his attention. He stands and stares at it.

Want takes over and Mo breaks cover. He picks up the gun.

Paolo comes from nowhere. He forces Mo's free hand up behind his back and Paolo puts his other arm around Mo's neck in a choke hold.

PAOLO

You and your buddy are coming
with us...

Mo manages to look down. Paolo's foot is right by his. Mo slowly lowers the nail gun.

PAOLO(CONTD)

...You shoot me with that thing
and I'll break your neck...

Mo drops the gun.

Paolo forces him forward.

PAOLO(CONTD)

...Let's find your friend shall
we?

Upstairs, Tony's head hits a ladder. The ladder, freed from it's mounting, swings like a pendulum. It hits Mo in the stomach, lifts him and Paolo and puts them through the partition wall and in to the coffee shop's storage room.

INT. COFFEE SHOP EXTENSION SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Bob walks warily towards the guy with the bucket on his face. He stops a short distance from him.

Bob takes a deep breath and releases it.

A chisel WHIZZES past Bob's head and sticks in a stud behind him.

Bob looks in the direction the chisel came from.

Ronny stands the other side of the room.

BOB
Whoa, shit.

Out of sheer panic, Bob picks up a large wooden mallet and hurls it at Ronny.

Ronny bends to the right. The mallet WHOOSHES past his head.

Ronny straightens back up, he shakes his head at Bob.

The mallet bounces off the tight plastic wall and knocks Ronny out cold on its way back.

Bob looks at the two men, he raises an eyebrow.

BOB
You boys should be careful, it's dangerous on construction sites...

Bob looks down to the first floor.

BOB(CONTD)
...I don't suppose anybody saw and heard that. I was just pretty cool up here. Hello?

Bob shakes his head. He walks over to where the ladder was.

INT. COFFEE SHOP STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mo lies on top of Paolo.

Mo comes-to. He pulls himself to his feet, stands and holds his head in a daze. He turns around. Paolo is still out cold.

Mo's frown of pain dissolves.

Mo stares at Paolo.

(CONTINUED)

Two arms come through the hole in the wall. They grab Mo and yank him back through.

Mo is face to face with Bob.

BOB
You okay?

Mo stares at Bob for a second.

MO
Yes...Yes I'm okay. Thanks. You?

BOB
Yeah, I'm fine.

MO
I'm a little rattled, but I'm okay.

Bob smiles.

BOB
Then let's get the hell out of here!

The two men walk out from the mess.

INT. VITORI AGOSTINO'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Vitori sits at his desk. The phone rings and he answers.

INTERCUT: VITORI AT HIS DESK AND PAOLO, WHO STANDS ON A SIDEWALK, ON HIS CELL.

VITORI
Yeah.

PAOLO
Vitori, it's Paolo.

VITORI
Gimme some good news.

PAOLO
I'm afraid they gave us the slip.

VITORI
What happened?

PAOLO
We caught up to them in a shopping mall, but they got away...

Paolo shoots an evil look at Ronny who stands next to him.

(CONTINUED)

PAOLO(CONTD)

...And because Ronny left my
Dodge parked next to a fire
hydrant it got towed.

Vitori quickly becomes enraged and begins to shout.

VITORI

What?.. You got the best tracker,
the best hitman and you're
supposed to be my right-hand-man,
AND YOU CAN'T CATCH THESE TWO
FUCKING BOZOS?!

Paolo holds the phone away from his ear as Vitori shouts.
When Vitori's rant is over Paolo continues.

PAOLO

We'll catch them.

VITORI

YOU'D BETTER! 'COS IF YOU DON'T,
I'M GONNA KICK YOU OUT THIS
FAMILY, OUT OF THIS ORGANIZATION
AND THE ONLY JOB YOU'RE GONNA BE
ABLE TO GET IS SCRAPING
MOOSE-SHIT OFF SIDEWALKS!

PAOLO

Vitori, nobody gets paid to clean
moose-shit off sidewalks.

VITORI

DON'T FUCKING ARGUE WITH ME. JUST
GET THE JOB DONE!

PAOLO

Don't worry. Tony's renting us
another car right now.

INT. CAR RENTAL - CONTINUOUS

Tony stands in line, he waits to be served. The person in
front of Tony finishes the rental and leaves.

Tony strides to the counter with his usual happy demeanor.
The RENTAL REP, a chirpy woman in her forties, smiles
warmly back at Tony.

RENTAL REP

Good morning. May I help you?

TONY

Good morning yourself. You okay,
yes?

(CONTINUED)

RENTAL REP

Yes. Thank you.

TONY

Have you guys got a car for me to rent, yes?

RENTAL REP

Yes.

TONY

You got a fast one, no?

RENTAL REP

Yes.

TONY

Yes?

The Rental Rep becomes agitated.

RENTAL REP

YES!

TONY

Okay, I'll take it.

The Rental Rep shoves some forms at Tony.

RENTAL REP

Fill these out please.

TONY

Okay, you got a pen, yes?

RENTAL REP

No...Just a second.

The Rental Rep retrieves a pen and Tony starts to fill out the forms.

EXT. CAR RENTAL - CONTINUOUS

Paolo and Ronny wait outside for Tony.

PAOLO

Where the hell is he?

(beat)

Oh, perfect.

Tony drives out in a small Japanese sedan. He parks in front of the two men and beams up at them.

They get in. Paolo rides shotgun, Ronny in the back.

INT. JAPANESE SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

PAOLO

What the hell is this?

TONY

Hey. This is a fast car. The girl behind the desk, who has major anger issues by the way, said that this is the fastest car they got. It's got a turbo on it.

(beat)

So, were gonna pull back on to the interstate, catch these guys up, kill 'em and be back home so fast we'll meet ourselves leavin'. No?

RONNY

Or, because of the turbo, you'll pull in to traffic faster than you thought and we'll be T-boned by something big, killing us all instantly.

Paolo and Tony turn to Ronny.

PAOLO / TONY

Shut the fuck up!

PAOLO

DRIVE!

INT. COFFEE SHOP EXTENSION FIRST FLOOR - DAY

The site FOREMAN stands with a sandwich in his hands. His work force do likewise. He looks around at the mess and the hole in the wall.

FOREMAN

We were gone for twenty minutes!
What in the name of God happened here?

A worker approaches the foreman with a bucket. He holds it up.

WORKER

Maybe this guy knows.

INSERT: THE PLASTER IN THE BUCKET HAS A PERFECT IMPRINT OF TONY'S FACE SCREAMING.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - EVENING

Bob drives.

BOB

It's obvious now that we're not gonna get away from these guys.

MO

What do you mean?

BOB

When they found us back there, that was no accident. They're not going to stop chasing us. These guys are mafia, and we know what that means better than anyone. They're going to have people in every town around this area looking for us. We need to figure out what to do. Help me out here...Two heads are better than none.

MO

One!

BOB

What?

MO

Two heads are better than one! How can you have no head?

BOB

Whatever. Think.

The car falls silent as they think.

MO

I've got it. Why don't we paint the car...to change its appearance.

BOB

What, like we disguised ourselves?

MO

Well, that was hurtful. The Abe and fake nose disguise might have worked. I was trying my best.

Bob lets out a sigh.

(CONTINUED)

BOB
I'm sorry, Mo. I know you were.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Lincoln plows on through the darkness. It veers to the right and is pulled back in to line.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Bob's eyes are heavy. He widens them but they fall straight back to half mast.

BOB
Mo, I need to rest. We've been driving all day.

MO
We can't. If those guys catch us we're dead.

BOB
If those guys catch us. If I carry on driving we're *definitely* going to die. We need to rest and figure out what we're going to do.

MO
Fine. I'll drive.

BOB
You've been awake for as long as I have. We need to sleep.

Mo looks thoughtful.

MO
Okay. We passed a place a couple of miles back.

EXT. JAPANESE SEDAN - NIGHT

The headlights of the sedan cut through the dark countryside.

INT. JAPANESE SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Tony drives. He and Paolo scan side roads and turnings as they go.

(CONTINUED)

TONY

This is ridiculous. I can't see nothing. No?

PAOLO

Yeah. It's so dark out here, if they had their lights turned off they could be fifty feet away and we wouldn't see them.

Paolo's phone RINGS. He answers it on speaker phone.

PAOLO

Paolo.

HARRIGAN

This is Harrigan. As expected, you assholes couldn't get this done without my help!

TONY

We don't need your help Harrigan. Yeah?

HARRIGAN

You couldn't take a shit without my help. Frustrating Tony.

TONY

Fuck you Harrigan.

Tony makes a grab for the phone, but Paolo snatches it away and puts it to his ear.

PAOLO

What do you want?

HARRIGAN

One of my informants has spotted them checking in to the Hilton hotel in Pittsburgh.

PAOLO

That's not far from us. Tell your guy to meet us in the hotel lobby...

Paolo ends the call and shoves the phone in to his pocket.

PAOLO(CONTD)

(to Tony)

...Get us there...FAST.

EXT. HILTON HOTEL PITTSBURGH - NIGHT

The hotel is a huge structure that dominates 6th street. The Japanese sedan swings in to the parking area.

The three men exit the sedan and head for the hotel. Ronny spots a black Lincoln town car.

RONNY

Look.

He points to the car and the other two join him there.

TONY

That's them. Let's go.

The men break in to a run.

INT. HILTON HOTEL. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The hotel lobby bustles with people. Paolo, Tony and Ronny burst in. They recognize the INFORMANT, a tall, nondescript, but well-dressed man in his mid fifties, at the far end of the lobby and head toward him.

INFORMANT

Paolo?

PAOLO

Harrigan told us you'd spotted them.

INFORMANT

They just headed for the elevators.

Before anyone can utter another word Tony is off.

Paolo makes a grab for him but within a second or two Tony is gone.

INT. HILTON HOTEL. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Tony rounds a corner and sees the two men who wait patiently for the elevator. He slides silently up behind them. He reaches in to his jacket for his gun.

TONY

I got a message for you two.
Nobody gives Mr. Agostino the
finger.

Tony grips the handle of the gun and starts to draw it.

One of the HOTEL PATRONS turns to the other.

(CONTINUED)

HOTEL PATRON #1
(very camp voice)
Who did you give the finger to?

The other Hotel Patron looks shocked.

HOTEL PATRON #2
I didn't give anybody the finger.

HOTEL PATRON #1
You said what happened in Mexico
was the last time!

HOTEL PATRON #2
Don't you go accusing me of being
unfaithful. I'm a one-guy guy.

Tony slowly puts the gun away and backs off.

HOTEL PATRON #1
Well, apparently you fingered
some guy called Agogstinus.

HOTEL PATRON #2
I did no such thing...

Hotel Patron #2 puts the fingers of his right hand to his
chest.

HOTEL PATRON #2
...Oh, it's the mistrust that
hurts the most!

Hotel Patron #1 turns around.

HOTEL PATRON #1
(to Tony)
And how do you know what he did?
Hey. Where did he go?

INT. HILTON HOTEL. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Tony rejoins his compatriots. The Informant has gone.

TONY
It's not them.

Paolo looks exasperated.

PAOLO
You're kidding me.

TONY
I wish I was. yeah?

Paolo calls Harrigan.

INTERCUT. PAOLO / HARRIGAN PHONE CALL:

PAOLO

Harrigan. It's Paolo. It was the wrong fucking guys.

HARRIGAN

Are you sure? That informant has never been wrong before... You, Tony and Ronny on the other hand.

PAOLO

Screw you Harrigan. You dragged us to this hotel for nothing.

HARRIGAN

Yeah? Well, if you fucking empty suits did your jobs you wouldn't have needed my help.

PAOLO

We didn't! Next time we meet you'll regret talking to me like that.

(beat)

There's no point carrying on now. Tell Mr. Agostino that we'll pick up the chase in the morning. We're gonna check in here for the night.

EXT. THE SEVEN TERRACES MOTEL - NIGHT

The motel is on the outskirts of Pittsburgh. The exterior is shabby and unkempt.

The Lincoln pulls in to the parking lot.

Mo and Bob make their way to the motel reception.

INT. THE SEVEN TERRACES MOTEL. RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

The inside has the same dingy appearance as the outside. The MOTEL OWNER is a fat, greasy man, in his late forties, with a comb-over.

Mo and Bob approach the counter.

MO

Hi...

The man just stares at him.

Mo glances out the window at the block of rooms.

(CONTINUED)

MO(CONTD)

...I can see one terrace. Where
are the other six?..

Again, no response.

MO(CONTD)

It looks like a nice place
though.

MOTEL OWNER

It's a shit hole.

BOB

We need a room.

The owner looks them up and down.

MOTEL OWNER

You want a double?

BOB/MO

No!

MO

No. I can assure you, it's
nothing like that.

BOB

Two singles.

MOTEL OWNER

I only got a double left.

MO

Oh. Well then, a double please.

The owner looks them up and down again.

MOTEL OWNER

Yeah, I thought so...

Mo and Bob share a confused look.

MOTEL OWNER(CONTD)

...Forty bucks...

Mo opens his wallet. The condoms he packed fall out on to
the counter.

The three men stare in silence at one another.

Mo stuffs the condoms away and produces forty bucks.

The owner slaps down a key.

(CONTINUED)

MOTEL OWNER (CONTD)
...You're in seven.

BOB
Thank you.

They head for the door.

MOTEL OWNER
Keep the noise down.

EXT. THE SEVEN TERRACES MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Mo and Bob make their way to the room.

BOB
I'm exhausted.

MO
I'm starving. I need to get
something to eat.

INT. HILTON HOTEL. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Paolo, Tony and Ronny sit in a booth in the dining area.

A young, slim WAITER of around twenty years old approaches them.

WAITER
Good evening gentlemen. Are you
ready to order?

PAOLO
Yeah. Give me the steak, rare.
Fries and garlic bread. And bring
us a bottle of the seventy eight
Chateau Rouget.

WAITER
Very good sir...

The waiter turns to Ronny.

WAITER (CONTD)
...And for sir?

RONNY
I don't know.

WAITER
May I suggest the steak?

Ronny touches his lower stomach

RONNY

Bowels.

WAITER

The salmon?

Ronny grasps his throat.

RONNY

Bones.

WAITER

The southern fried chicken?

Ronny puts his hand to his chest.

RONNY

Cholesterol.

Ronny is noticeably trying the Waiter's patience.

WAITER

Then what would sir like?

RONNY

Have you got any crackers?

WAITER

Yes. What would you like on them?

RONNY

Nothing.

WAITER

You just want plain, dry
crackers?

RONNY

Yes.

WAITER

Very well. And for dessert? I can
recommend the profiteroles.

RONNY

Diabetes.

WAITER

Let's just skip dessert. To
drink, sir?

RONNY

Water.

The Waiter is fit to explode. He turns to Tony.

(CONTINUED)

WAITER

And for sir?

TONY

Yeah, hi there. Is the salmon good? No?

WAITER

Yes

TONY

Yes?

WAITER

YES! Excuse me. Yes. Would you like the salmon?

Tony looks back at the menu.

TONY

I'm not sure. No?

Paolo holds a hand up to the waiter and one to Tony.

PAOLO

Hold on! Tony. Did what I order sound good to you?

TONY

It did Paolo. Yeah?

PAOLO

(to the waiter)

Bring us two of what I ordered.

WAITER

(to Paolo)

Thank you sir. Really. Thank you.

The Waiter turns to walk away.

RONNY

Hold the crackers.

EXT. THE SEVEN TERRACES MOTEL - NIGHT

All is quiet on the highway outside the motel. A few of the neon letters blink on and off.

INT. THE SEVEN TERRACES MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Mo and Bob lay in bed, their backs together.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Wow. Two bags of potato chips and a candy bar. I'm stuffed.

MO

It's all I could find in the vending machines. Or would you rather go out to eat and take the chance of being spotted by those psychos that are trying to kill us?

BOB

Don't worry about those guys. I think that after that construction site they realize who they're dealing with.

MO

What do you mean?

BOB

Well, I've been thinking. I took two of them out single handed. I think they realized that just because I don't dress the part I can still rumble with the best of them... I'm a wolf in cheap clothing.

Mo rolls his eyes.

MO

Sheep's.

BOB

What?

MO

Sheep's clothing.

BOB

Whatever. I don't think we need to worry about them again.

Bob clicks the lamp off and plunges the room in to darkness.

EXT. HIGHWAY 76 - DAY

It's early morning and the sun hasn't fully finished its ascent. A small Japanese sedan cruises along the asphalt.

INT. JAPANESE SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Paolo drives. Tony rides shotgun, Ronny in the back.

Tony lets out a yawn and rubs his eyes as he scans the road.

RONNY

Stop!

Paolo slams on the breaks. He pulls the car to the side of the road.

Both Paolo and Tony turn in their seats, but Ronny is already gone. Paolo and Tony join Ronny thirty feet in front of the car

PAOLO

What is it Ronny?

RONNY

They turned around.

TONY

What, you mean they doubled back.
No?

RONNY

Yes.

PAOLO

How do you know...

Ronny points down by his feet. Tire tracks can be seen in the dirt as a car left the road. They follow Ronny's finger as he moves it in a wide arc to show the path of the car. From the tires exiting the road, over flattened scrub-brush, to the other side of the road and more tire tracks.

PAOLO(CONTD)

...How do you know it was them.
That could be anybody's tires...

Ronny walks a few feet to his right. He paws at a bush, picks out a shiny piece of metal and holds it up.

It's a hub cap.

TONY

Hey, that's from a Lincoln
Towncar. yeah?

PAOLO(CONTD)

...Son of a bitch.

The men run back to their car.

EXT. THE SEVEN TERRACES MOTEL - DAY

Although early in the morning, most of the cars out front have gone.

INT. THE SEVEN TERRACES MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The shades keep the morning sun from brightening the room.

The bed covers move and Mo's head appears. He sits up, which pulls the covers off Bob.

Bob takes his watch from the bedside cabinet and squints at it.

BOB

I guess it's time to get up then.

Mo stretches his arms out wide.

MO

It sure is. That was the best night's sleep I've had in ages.

BOB

I noticed that. I swear that if we ever sleep in the same place together and you end up spooning me again, I'm going to strangle you.

MO

Sorry...

Mo motions toward the bathroom.

MO(CONTD)

...I'm going to take a shower. Oh, unless...?

Bob sits bolt upright.

BOB

Unless what?

MO

Calm down. I meant unless you wanted to go first, I would wait.

Bob sighs with relief.

BOB

No. You go.

Mo walks in to the bathroom. He turns on the SHOWER.

(CONTINUED)

MO(O.S.)

You know, the reason I slept so well is because of what you said last night.

Bob is out of bed.

BOB

Oh, what was that?

MO(O.S.)

That you took two of these guys out yesterday. That's got to make them think twice...

Bob parts the drapes and looks outside. Nothing but a few cars in the lot. He lets the drapes fall closed.

MO(CONTD)

...Or they drove straight past here last night and just kept on going. Either way I bet those guys aren't within a hundred miles of us right now.

EXT. HIGHWAY 76 - CONTINUOUS

The Japanese sedan cruises toward a motel.

INSERT SIGN: THE SEVEN TERRACES MOTEL

Ronny points to the parking lot.

RONNY

There.

Paolo sees the Lincoln and quietly parks just over from it. Silently they close their doors and head for the reception.

INT. THE SEVEN TERRACES MOTEL. RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

Paolo, Tony and Ronny enter. The Motel Owner stands at his usual spot behind the counter.

Paolo approaches him.

MOTEL OWNER

Yeah?

PAOLO

That Lincoln outside.

(CONTINUED)

MOTEL OWNER

What about it?

PAOLO

It had two men in it.

MOTEL OWNER

I know that.

Paolo frowns at the man.

PAOLO

I'm asking you where they are.

MOTEL OWNER

What are you, their mother?

Paolo loses it. He pulls his gun and sticks it in the Motel Owner's face.

PAOLO

Where the fuck are they?

MOTEL OWNER

I own a motel on highway 76. I've had more guns pointed at me than your mother's had cocks.

Paolo cocks the gun.

PAOLO

It's eight thirty in the morning and I'm already having a bad day. Tell me where they are or I'll kill you.

MOTEL OWNER

Seven.

Paolo looks over at Tony, who doesn't need to be told what to do. Paolo calls after him.

PAOLO

Remember, ALIVE IF POSSIBLE!

(to Ronny)

Ronny, go around back. I'm gonna stay here with Mr. Funny man. In case he decides to call the cops.

Tony carefully makes his way along the terrace toward room seven. He stands outside the door with his gun in his hand.

INT. THE SEVEN TERRACES MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Mo emerges from the bathroom. He wears a towel around his waist.

Bob is dressed. He stands at a full length mirror and admires himself.

BOB

You know, I should have taken care of those two fools yesterday.

Mo laughs.

MO

Okay Scarface. Anything you say.

BOB

I mean it. I should have smoked 'em. Given 'em a concrete overcoat. Put my cap in their ass.

MO

Or even popped a cap in their ass.

BOB

Whatever. You know what I mean.

Mo frowns at Bob.

MO

You're serious?

BOB

Yes. I should have taken one of their guns and BAM!

MO

Bob. You're not a killer.

BOB

I could be. If I wanted to be.

MO

No you couldn't. That's why our families exiled us. Because we don't have that killer instinct.

BOB

You speak for yourself. Yesterday I got the job done. And I could have finished it if I needed to.

(CONTINUED)

MO

Bob. You're kidding yourself. I know it. Our families knew it. And deep down you know it.

Bob becomes angry.

BOB

Yeah? Well that's where you're wrong. I don't know anything!

Mo looks confused.

Bob snatches his keys from the bed and makes for the door.

EXT. THE SEVEN TERRACES MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Tony raises his leg and kicks at the door. Just as he does, Bob opens the door and he kicks Bob straight in the groin.

Tony staggers in to the room, off balance.

INT. THE SEVEN TERRACES MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Tony stands just inside the doorway in a moment of shock.

Bob is doubled over in pain.

Mo seizes the moment and throws his towel in Tony's face.

Bob manages to pull himself together. He punches Tony in the face and knocks him out.

Bob stares at Tony's gun. He picks it up. He points it at Tony.

MO

Go on Bob... You said that you could do it...Do it!..

Bob looks at Mo, then back to Tony.

MO(CONTD)

...You would stop this. Once and for all. Kill him...

Bob cocks the gun.

MO(CONTD)

...Pull the trigger...

The gun shakes in Bob's hands.

(CONTINUED)

MO(CONTD)
...FINISH HIM!..

Tears well in Bob's eyes. He eases the hammer back down. He tosses the gun on the bed.

Mo walks over and puts an arm around Bob's shoulders.

MO(CONTD)
...It's okay.

BOB
Get off me Mo.

MO
No. I'm your friend. I'm here for you.

BOB
You're naked! Get off me!

Mo looks down at himself.

MO
Oh, sorry.

Mo grabs his clothes and heads for the door.

MO
We need to go.

BOB
Aren't you getting dressed first?

MO
There were three of them before.
We don't have time. I'll get dressed on the way.

INT. THE SEVEN TERRACES MOTEL. RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

Paolo still has his back to the windows and his gun in the Motel Owner's face.

The Motel Owner looks past Paolo.

One of the men who checked in last night is now naked and runs down the stairs toward the parking lot. The other man follows behind and holds his groin.

The Motel Owner shakes his head.

MOTEL OWNER
I thought as much.

Paolo looks over his shoulder. He sees Mo and Bob as they get in to their car.

(CONTINUED)

PAOLO

SHIT!

Paolo runs for the door, and outside.

EXT. THE SEVEN TERRACES MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Paolo runs from the reception building as the Lincoln SCREECHES away.

Paolo stands in the middle of the parking lot. He looks up to the heavens.

PAOLO

FUUUUUUCK!

INT. VITORI AGOSTINO'S OFFICE - MORNING

Vitori sits with Harrigan. Harrigan ends a phone call and stuffs his cell in to his jacket.

HARRIGAN

That was Paolo. They lost them again...

Vitori shakes his head.

HARRIGAN(CONTD)

...What now?

Vitori stands, paces as he talks.

VITORI

I had a guy do some diggin' on these two. Turns out they've got mafia connections. So I've been working on a plan B.

Harrigan looks over at Vitori with interest.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Lincoln cruises along the highway. It passes a sign.

INSERT SIGN: HARRISBURG.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Bob sits behind the wheel. Mo is now fully clothed.

Mo clutches his stomach.

(CONTINUED)

MO

Arrgh. My stomach. I think it's the ladder that hit me yesterday.

BOB

Or it could be the two breakfast burritos with extra chillies that you had a few miles back.

MO

That wasn't my fault. That guy we met said they were the best in town.

BOB

He was the guy selling them!

Mo clutches harder.

MO

Seriously Bob. I need to get something for this.

Bob looks over at Mo and relents as he sees Mo's discomfort.

BOB

Okay. We'll find a drug store.

EXT. BRIDGE OVER THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The black Lincoln mixes in with the other traffic as it flows over the bridge. It takes a slip road and heads in to town.

EXT. STREET UNDER THE SUSQUEHANNA BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The street is quiet, except for a few passing cars. The Lincoln rounds the corner.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mo taps at his cell phone screen.

MO

I can't get a signal down here.

BOB

This could take forever to find a drug store.

Mo points over at a HOMELESS MAN.

(CONTINUED)

MO

Pull over, we'll ask this guy.

Bob pulls over.

Mo puts down his map and rolls down the window.

MO

Excuse me. Could you tell us where to find a drug store.

HOMELESS MAN

Yeah. There's one just down there...

He points to the end of the street.

HOMELESS MAN

...at the corner of fuck- you.

MO

Thank you.

Mo rolls his window back up.

MO

He seemed really sincere. Was he just being unhelpful? Or is there actually a street in this town called fuck-you?

BOB

Mo, nowhere has a street called fuck-you.

Mo points to his map.

MO

There's a place only about fifty miles away called intercourse.

BOB

I don't think that's quite the same.

Mo clutches at his stomach.

EXT. STREET UNDER THE SUSQUEHANNA BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The Lincoln rounds a corner and is confronted with signs for a hospital. Bob points to the sign.

BOB

There's a hospital up ahead. That will do fine.

EXT. BRIDGE OVER THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The Japanese saloon of Paolo, Tony and Ronny weaves through traffic.

INT. JAPANESE SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Paolo talks with Vitori Agostino on his cell phone. He has the phone positioned so all three men in the car can join the conversation.

VITORI

Where the fuck are you?

PAOLO

We're in Harrisburg Mr. Agostino.

VITORI

Why aren't these guys dead? I gave you three idiots one simple task, make these guys dead. At least tell me, you know where they are.

Paolo looks awkwardly at Tony. The car falls quiet.

A monotone voice from the back seat breaks the silence.

RONNY

They're down there.

Tony looks in the back and follows Ronny's gaze.

Tony shoots an arm right in front of Paolo's face and points to a street below the bridge.

TONY

Jeez, he's right Paolo. There they are, no?

Paolo, who now can't see the road, slaps Tony's hand away. When he has steadied the car, Paolo looks out of the window and sees the Lincoln heading towards the hospital.

PAOLO

Mr. Agostino? We know exactly where they are.

VITORI

Right. You listen to me and you listen good. You catch up to these guys and you kill the fuck outta them! understand?

(CONTINUED)

PAOLO
Yes Mr. Agostino. We're on it.

Paolo ends the call and puts the phone away.

INT. VITORI AGOSTINO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Vitori rises from his chair. Harrigan does likewise.

VITORI
It's time for plan B. Me and you
are gonna take the chopper and
catch them up. I've arranged a
meeting in Jersey. After we take
care of the two mother-fuckers
that took my money and gave me
the fucking finger...

Vitori holds up the finger and waves it at Harrigan.

VITORI (CONTD)
...We're gonna take care of those
three useless pieces of shit.

Harrigan smiles.

HARRIGAN
Yes Mr. Agostino.

EXT. HOSPITAL - ESTABLISHING SHOT.

The hospital is a large building. Many people come and go
from the main entrance and the area in front is busy with
traffic.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

The reception area bustles with people.

A large screen that hangs over the reception desk shows a
news broadcast.

A POLICE OFFICER stands with a FELON who has a gash on his
head and is handcuffed.

The reception desk has a number of people behind it and
two RECEPTIONISTS.

Mo and Bob burst in. Mo walks up to a Receptionist.

MO
Excuse me. Can you tell me where
I can get some drugs.

The Police Officer looks over at Mo.

(CONTINUED)

Mo smiles broadly at the Officer and he and Bob slink off down a corridor.

BOB

Way to go Einstein.

MO

Hey. I'm in a lot of discomfort.
The cop and the receptionist
weren't exactly catching me at my
best.

Bob rolls his eyes.

BOB

Let's just get what we need and
get out of here.

Mo struts off. He points at a sign overhead.

INSERT SIGN: DISPENSARY.

Bob scurries after him.

EXT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Paolo, Tony and Ronny walk from the parking lot to the main entrance. As they reach the doors Paolo spots the Police Officer and stops the other two.

PAOLO

Shit. The five-o. Just follow
me...And don't make eye-contact.

Paolo walks through the automatic doors, closely followed by Ronny. As Tony walks in he makes eye contact with the Officer. The Officer nods at him.

TONY

Morning officer. It's a lovely
day, no?

POLICE OFFICER

Yes.

TONY

Yes?

POLICE OFFICER

What?

The Officer frowns and turns to face Tony.

Paolo has doubled back. He grabs Tony.

(CONTINUED)

PAOLO

Sorry officer. We're bringing him here for treatment...

Paolo smiles and drags Tony down a corridor.

PAOLO(CONTD)

...What the hell was that? I said don't make eye-contact and you're chatting about the fucking weather!..

Paolo slaps Tony in the head.

PAOLO(CONTD)

...Come on. Split up and find these guys.

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

The Police Officer stands with the Felon. They watch the news broadcast.

INSERT: TV.

The BROADCASTER is a pretty woman in her thirties.

BROADCASTER

Police in Pittsburgh are investigating a case of vandalism at a coffee shop just outside Monroeville. A police spokesman said that they suspect a group of men broke in and smashed a wall down causing thousands of dollars worth of damage before making their escape. Police have managed to reconstruct one of the offenders faces from a plaster cast that the offender himself left behind.

A picture of a Plaster of Paris mold of Tony's face screaming comes on the screen.

The Officer stares at the screen, then at the corridor that Tony went down, back to the screen, back to the corridor. Then shakes his head.

POLICE OFFICER

Nah.

INT. HOSPITAL DISPENSARY - CONTINUOUS

Mo and Bob arrive at the dispensary only to find it deserted.

Bob calls out behind the counter.

BOB
Hello? Anybody home?

No answer.

MO
Shit...

Mo starts to climb over the counter. Bob grabs him.

BOB(CONTD)
...What the hell are you doing?

MO
It's not like I'm stealing
methadone to sell. I'm just
trying to find some pepto bismol.

BOB
Stealing is stealing.

MO
If I find any, I'll leave some
money okay?

Bob thinks for a moment, lets him go.

BOB
Hurry up before someone comes.

Mo disappears out back. He calls back to Bob.

MO
Just keep a lookout.

Bob walks out in to the corridor to keep watch.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Tony walks down a corridor. Turns in to another, and another. Nothing. He stands with his arms outstretched in despair.

Ronny also has had no luck.

Paolo vigorously searches the corridors, but to no avail.

Tony turns in to another corridor and sees Bob. Bob stands with his back to Tony.

(CONTINUED)

Tony slowly makes his way towards Bob, he spies a blood pressure cuff laying on a bench. He picks it up and continues towards his mark.

TONY
(whispered)
Nobody escapes me when I'm hired
to do a job, no?

Tony reaches Bob. He wraps the cuff around Bob's neck and pumps it for all he's worth.

Bob pulls at the cuff but Tony also has a firm grip around him to keep him still.

TONY
Die you motherfucker.

HISS, HISS, HISS as Tony quickly pumps the cuff up.

Mo comes out from the store cupboard with a bottle of pepto bismol.

MO
Hey, look what I...

He sees the struggle and drops the bottle. He climbs over the counter and looks around for a weapon. He sees a heart defibrillator. He grabs the paddles, places them on Tony's ass-cheeks and presses the button.

Tony shoots forward a few feet up the corridor and SCREAMS in pain. He drops to the floor.

Mo rips the cuff from Bob's neck.

Bob coughs and splutters, he turns around. His face is bright purple and his eyes bulge.

Mo takes a step back.

MO
Jesus!

BOB
What?

MO
Nothing... You look good.

Bobs face returns to normal and he catches his breath.

BOB
Come on. We've got to get out of
here.

They both run away from Tony.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Ronny turns a corner and sees Tony on the floor. He runs to him.

RONNY
Tony. Are you okay?

Ronny helps him to his feet.

TONY
Yeah, but my ass is killing me...
(beat)
...And I've got a woody that
won't go away.

Tony turns around to show the tent-peg in his slacks.

RONNY
Whoa!..

Ronny shakes his head, trying to shake out the image.

RONNY (CONTD)
...Come on. They can't have
gotten far.

Ronny trots off. Tony limps behind him.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Mo and Bob take turn after turn through the corridors in a blind panic. Bob grabs Mo's arm and stops him.

BOB
If we don't start heading in one
direction we're going to end up
running straight back in to those
guys.

Mo catches his breath.

MO
You're right. What do you
suggest?

Bob takes stock of their surroundings.

BOB
Um, I don't know...Help me think.

INT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

The morgue has the usual autopsy slab and surgical instruments that you would expect. Further down there is racking housing cadavers and a freezer.

The CORONER, a smartly dressed woman, in her late fifties, examines a body down one of the isles.

She has the body of a very pretty, large breasted blond, in her mid twenties on the examination table. She examines the girl's face under a powerful lamp.

The Coroner's BEEPER sounds. She rummages in her pocket and retrieves it.

CORONER

What now?

She checks the beeper, then makes for the exit.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The Coroner emerges from the door and marches off.

Just as she leaves Mo and Bob appear from the other end of the corridor.

Tony and Ronny's VOICES and the CLACK of their shoes can be heard as they run down the adjoining annex.

Mo and Bob panic again. Bob sees a sign above a door.

INSERT SIGN: MORGUE.

Mo follows Bob's gaze.

MO

The morgue?

BOB

We've handled dead bodies at work tons of times. We're more used to this than they are, it might throw them off their game...

Bob tries the door.

BOB(CONTD)

...It's unlocked.

Mo looks back towards the VOICES.

MO

Okay. Let's go.

They burst in to the morgue.

INT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

TONY(O.S)
THERE. THE MORGUE!

Mo and Bob look back at the door. As the FOOTSTEPS approach, Mo and Bob duck in to the racks.

They turn left and right down the isles. When they reach the end of an isle, they stop.

MO
Now what?

BOB
Hold on. Give me a minute.

MO
Okay. I can give you a minute...
I can't give you any more than a
minute because I don't think
we're going to be alive beyond
that!

Bob looks around at the dead bodies. He smiles and looks back at Mo.

BOB
Yes we are...

Mo had also been looking at the bodies and has now completely fixated on the beautiful, large-breasted blond.

BOB(CONTD)
...Am I boring you?

He follows Mo's stare. They now both stand and stare at the girl.

BOB/MO
Holy shit!

Bob shakes Mo out of it.

BOB
Listen. This is what we're going
to do.

INT. MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

Tony and Ronny are at the far end of the racks. They split up and enter the isles.

After a few turns, Ronny sees Bob. Bob leans nonchalantly against the end of the racks.

Ronny stops and waits a few seconds. Bob doesn't move.

(CONTINUED)

Ronny runs up to Bob and starts to strangle him.

Mo walks out from behind one of the racks.

MO

Bob. Why was this a good idea?

Bob answers through the gurgles of being strangled.

BOB

Urrgh. I thought that he'd think I'd dressed a dead body in my clothes urrrgh. and he'd run straight past us urrrgh.

Mo hunches over to match Bob's position.

MO

He didn't though. He's strangling you.

BOB

Urrgh. I can see that...HELP!

Mo runs behind Ronny.

MO

What shall I do?

BOB

Urrgh. HIT. HIM! Urrgh.

Mo looks at his hands, rules them out. He looks around, sees the beautiful blond.

Ronny grits his teeth and applies as much pressure as he can. There is a light, almost polite, tap on his shoulder.

Ronny stops strangling Bob, stands up straight and turns to see who tapped him.

A pale, but very pretty, naked blond stands before him. She has her head tilted right back.

Mo headbutts Ronny as hard as he can, using the cadaver.

Ronny falls to the ground. Mo throws the body down on him.

Mo grabs Bob and pulls him back up the isle.

At the far end of the racks Tony rounds a corner and sees Ronny on the floor.

Bob coughs and splutters as he runs.

MO

We've got to get out of this hospital. Or we're going to be the next ones on that slab.

The door opens and the Coroner walks in.

CORONER

Who are you? What are you doing in here?

MO

We were just leaving.

CORONER

You've got no right to be in here. Get out before I call the police.

Bob stops.

BOB

Hey, listen lady...

Bob puts his finger and thumb about an inch apart in her face.

BOB(CONTD)

...I've come this close to being a client of yours today. I've been strangled twice since I've been in this hospital. I've got as much right to be in here as you.

CORONER

GET OUT!

Mo grabs Bob and pulls him out of the door.

The Coroner hears a NOISE from the end of the racks. She goes to investigate.

At the end of the racking, Ronny starts to come-to. He wrestles the body on to her side.

The Coroner turns a corner and sees a man, rolling around on the floor with a large-breasted dead body, while another man with a huge erection stands and watches.

Tony looks up to see a look of pure shock on the woman's face.

TONY

UH-HO!

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

A small, but fast, helicopter flies flat-out in a direct line to Harrisburg.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Detective Harrigan flies and Vitori sits in the seat next to him.

VITORI

Can't this heap of shit go any fucking faster?

HARRIGAN

Don't worry. I've spoken to Paolo on the phone. He's going to wait for us at the edge of town. We'll get there. Just relax.

VITORI

RELAX? RELAX? I'll fucking relax when every body that's fucked with me is pushing up daises I'll fucking relax.

(to himself)

Telling me to relax over here.

HARRIGAN

Who are you talking to?.

Vitori points at Harrigan using the severed finger.

VITORI

NEVER MIND WHO I'M TALKING TO.
JUST DRIVE THE FUCKING
HELICOPTER!

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Mo and Bob run from the hospital to the parking lot.

Tony and Ronny emerge from the hospital just in time to see the Lincoln SCREECH away.

Another SCREECH grabs their attention. They look up to see the Japanese saloon with Paolo at the wheel. The saloon tears out of the hospital grounds in pursuit of the Lincoln.

Tony jumps up and down.

TONY

Yeah Paolo, kill those mother-fuckers...

(CONTINUED)

Tony realizes where he is, and that everyone has stopped to stare at him. He calmly turns to Ronny.

TONY(CONTD)
...Find another car rental will
you? We need to meet Mr.
Agostino, Yeah?

EXT. STATE GAME LANDS 145 - DAY

Near the edge of a large expanse of forest is a clearing. Vitori Agostino and Detective Harrigan stand by the helicopter.

A SMART CAR trundles up the pathway towards the helicopter. The car parks, Tony and Ronny get out.

TONY
Hey, Mr. Agostino. You okay,
yeah?

VITORI
Don't start that shit again...

Tony gives Vitori a puzzled look.

VITORI(CONTD)
...Where's Paolo?

RONNY
He took off after the two guys,
outside the hospital.

Vitori looks over at Harrigan.

VITORI
Maybe there's hope for Paolo
yet...

This statement clearly annoys Harrigan.

RONNY
What's up Mr. Agostino?

VITORI
Let me ask you two a question.
Have you ever seen my office?

TONY /RONNY
Yes.

VITORI
I like my office, it's a nice
office...

Tony and Ronny look at each other, confused.

VITORI(CONTD)

...The reason that I got a hitman and a tracker is so when I want someone dead, I DON'T HAVE TO LEAVE MY FUCKING OFFICE TO DO THE JOB MYSELF. THAT'S WHATS UP!..

Vitori looks at the smart car.

VITORI(CONTD)

...TRY and catch them up. Nothing for you guys has changed. If you get the chance...Kill 'em...

Vitori walks up to Tony. Gets right in his face.

VITORI(CONTD)

...And Tony. I'm still expecting you to be the one who kills these guys. And if you don't I'm gonna kill you, then I'm gonna kill your family. Got any pets?

TONY

I got a dog, yeah?

VITORI

Then I'm gonna kill your fucking dog. You understand me?

Tony gives Vitori a cold look.

TONY

I understand you, no?

VITORI

You understand me, *no*?

TONY

Yeah.

Vitori looks around at Ronny and Harrigan.

VITORI

I give up. Does he fucking understand me or not?

HARRIGAN

He understands you Mr. Agostino.

VITORI

Then get out there and kill these fucks...

Vitori checks his watch.

(CONTINUED)

VITORI (CONTD)

...I've got a meeting to get to.
How do you like that? I've got to
meet with fucking low-lives to
cover your fuck-ups!

Harrigan stares coldly at Tony.

Vitori walks back to the helicopter.

Tony doesn't break his gaze from Vitori until Vitori is at
the helicopter door.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Mo and Bob emerge from the small gas station.

MO

You've done most of the driving
so far...

BOB

No, I've done *all* of the driving
so far.

MO

Okay, how about I drive from
here.

Bob hands Mo the keys.

Paolo steps out from behind the pumps, with a gun
discretely pointed at them.

PAOLO

Got room for a passenger?

(A BEAT)

MO

No?

PAOLO

Get in the car.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mo drives, Bob in the passenger seat and Paolo in the
back.

MO

Where are we going?

(CONTINUED)

PAOLO
There's a motel up ahead. You see
it?

MO
Yes.

PAOLO
Pull in there.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT

The Lincoln swings in to a space. The three men get out. Paolo gestures for them to head towards one of the rooms.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

The room is nothing special, a chair, a TV and a bed. But on the bed casually sits Angelina.

MO
Hey. You're the girl from the
diner.

BOB
Yeah, I remember you. Did this
guy kidnap you too?

Angelina laughs softly.

ANGELINA
No.

PAOLO
Sit down.

Mo sticks his chest out and holds his head high.

MO
No. I want to get it standing up.

Paolo lowers the gun.

PAOLO
I'm not going to shoot you.

Mo lets out a big sigh of relief.

MO
Thank God for that.

Bob turns to Mo.

BOB

That was pretty brave though. I thought he was going to shoot us.

MO

Thanks. I was actually shitting myself, but I thought if I'm gonna go then I want to go with some dignity.

BOB

You sure would have done. You couldn't have looked back and not have been proud of that.

MO

Thanks. I did pee myself a bit though.

BOB

That's understandable...

Bob looks at Mo's crotch.

BOB(CONTD)

...It doesn't show.

PAOLO

WILL YOU TWO SHUT UP FOR A MINUTE!..

Paolo looks over to Angelina.

PAOLO(CONTD)

...I'm starting to change my mind about killing them.

Angelina lets out another laugh.

ANGELINA

Please guys. Sit down.

Mo and Bob do as requested.

PAOLO

I haven't been trying to kill you. I've been trying to save you from being whacked by Tony and Ronny.

BOB

Why?

ANGELINA

Let me explain. You guys were hired to bury Eddie Sabatini. My name is Angelina Sabatini. Eddie was my brother.

(CONTINUED)

Mo and Bob share a look of shock.

MO

We're sorry for your loss.

ANGELINA

Don't be. I'm certainly not. My brother was a horrible, vile man.

FLASHBACK:

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The nightclub is in full swing. People everywhere. They dance and drink. Music THUMPS loudly.

Eddie Sabatini sits in a booth. He is surrounded by prostitutes. One of them has her breasts out and they are both covered in white powder which Eddie sucks from them.

ANGELINA(V.O.)

We own dozens of nightclubs. Which as well as being legitimate businesses are also fronts for other, illegal operations. Eddie took every penny we made for his own twisted pleasures. He snorted and pissed away hundreds of thousands of dollars.

INT. SABATINI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Eddie sits at his desk in an office that is similar to that of Vitori Agostino's. He sips a whiskey.

Angelina stands with him.

ANGELINA

Eddie. I need to talk to you.

Eddie stares in to his drink and smirks.

EDDIE SABATINI

Why? You get yourself knocked-up? I knew it was only a matter of time. una bella donna come te.

ANGELINA

We need to talk about you...

Angelina gently takes the glass from his hand and places it on the desk.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELINA (CONTD)
...The drugs, the drink, the parties.

Eddie picks the glass back up.

EDDIE SABATINI
So I like to enjoy myself. Blow off a little steam.

ANGELINA
You're tearing this family apart.

Eddie stands up, fast. He grabs Angelina by the throat and pins her to the wall.

EDDIE SABATINI
Who the hell do you think you are talking to? stupida cagna! This is my family. This is my money!..

He throws her to the floor.

EDDIE SABATINI (CONTD)
...Know your place, WOMAN.

Eddie polishes-off the whiskey in the glass and slams it down hard. He storms out. Angelina lays, weeping, on the floor.

ANGELINA (V.O.)
It went on like that for years. Something had to give. So I set Eddie up, with a fake drug deal.

EXT. ABANDONED QUARRY - NIGHT

Eddie, now a few years older, stands by his car.

The other car arrives and the figure gets out, just as we saw earlier. Now we are closer and as the figure moves in to the glow of the cars headlights we can see that the figure is Angelina. Her eye is bruised.

EDDIE SABATINI
What are you doing here?

ANGELINA
You are driving our businesses in to the ground to support your lifestyle. You're turning our family name in to a joke.
(a beat)
And you've hit me for the last time.

(CONTINUED)

In the bushes, a long way in the distance, a rifle barrel sticks out. A small flash and a soft CRACK and Tony looks up from the sight.

As before, Eddie's body slumps to the floor, and Angelina drives away.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Mo and Bob sit and stare, wide-eyed, at Angelina.

ANGELINA
And Paolo arranged the hit.

Bob gestures at Paolo.

BOB
You're Paolo?..

Paolo nods.

BOB(CONTD)
(to Angelina)
...So how does Paolo fit in to this?

ANGELINA
We've been seeing each other for years.

Mo looks disappointed.

MO
Oh.

BOB
Told you.

ANGELINA
With us being from opposing families, if anyone found out about us we would be in real trouble.

PAOLO
It's a classic case of forbidden love. We got a real Romeo and Juliet thing going on...

Mo and Bob shrug and shake their heads.

PAOLO(CONTD)
...Tony and Maria?..

Again, shrugs and head shakes.

PAOLO(CONTD)
...Princess Fiona and Shrek?

BOB/MO
Oh, Okay.

Bob stands and points at Paolo.

BOB
Wait a minute. You were going to
frame us for her brother's
murder.

ANGELINA
We didn't know you then...

Angelina shifts to the edge of the bed, inches from Mo and Bob.

ANGELINA(CONTD)
...When we met you at the
restaurant we didn't know how
tenacious and resourceful you
are.

Mo and Bob smile at Angelina, then at each other.

PAOLO
Yeah, we just thought you were a
couple of wise-guys that we could
use.

Mo and Bob frown in unison at Paolo.

ANGELINA
But you certainly proved us
wrong.

The two men smile at Angelina again.

PAOLO
Now we've got a new plan. The
truth is that Vitori Agostino is
never going to stop chasing you.
We want him gone. You need him
gone.

ANGELINA
With Vitori out the way Paolo
would take over the family. And
with me as the head of my family
we can put an end to all the
pointless gang violence. Stop
using the business as fronts for
organized crime and go
legitimate.

Mo and Bob look confused.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Legit? Really?

PAOLO

Between us we would own dozens of restaurants, nightclubs, casinos, spa's and hotels. Financially we haven't needed to extort money or fix gambling events for years. We'd be one hundred percent legit business men.

Angelina walks over to Paolo.

ANGELINA

And if you guys help us we'd like to offer you a place in that new organization.

Paolo puts an arm around Angelina's waist.

PAOLO

Right at the top, with us.

Mo's eyes widen.

MO

We'd be real mafia?

PAOLO

Kind of.

ANGELINA

Without the violence.

(beat)

But we need your help with Vitori to make it happen. What do you say?

BOB

When you say *our help*?

PAOLO

I'll take care of his demise. It's what comes next that we need you two for.

Bob stands next to Mo.

BOB

It sounds a bit dangerous.

ANGELINA

No more so than you've been facing.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Sorry lady, me and Mo don't do danger.

MO

Hold on Bob.

Mo turns to face Bob, who reciprocates.

BOB

Mo, this is gonna get us killed. That guy chasing us is a God-damned maniac!

MO

You said yourself that you hated our lives. And when our families sent us away we didn't even put up a fight. We just ran...

Mo looks at the floor.

MO(CONTD)

...From our families. From who we *should* have been. From the lives we *should* have had.

BOB

Because we didn't want to hurt and kill people.

Mo points at Paolo and Angelina.

MO

With these guys we don't have to. We get the lives without the bad parts.

BOB

I don't know Mo.

MO

I do! The first thing we did when we got in to trouble this time was run. We're at the end of our journey and I'm not going to run anymore. Jersey is just a few miles down the road. This guy is on our turf now and we're going to help these guys bring him down. And do you know why?

BOB

Why?

Mo taps his chest with his index finger.

MO
Because WE'RE FUCKING MAFIA!..

Paolo, Angelina and even Bob smile broadly.

MO(CONTD)
...And professional gravediggers.

INT. JIMMY'S NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The nightclub is deserted except for one table.

Vitori sits next to Harrigan. The other side sits Bob's cousin Jimmy.

JIMMY
Welcome to my club Mr. Agostino.

VITORI
Thank you for your hospitality.

JIMMY
So I understand that you guys are after Bob and Mo. What did those two little fuck-ups do now?

HARRIGAN
They stole twenty five grand from Mr. Agostino.

Vitori pulls the finger from his pocket and waves it at Jimmy.

VITORI
And they insulted me. NOBODY...

Vitori calms himself. Puts the finger away.

VITORI(CONTD)
...Excuse me. Nobody takes my money, insults me and lives. Nobody.

Jimmy takes a sip of his drink.

JIMMY
You know that Bob's my cousin, right?

Vitori sits back in his chair. He surveys the club.

VITORI
You know, you have a very nice place here. I like what you've done with it.

Jimmy smiles.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Thank you. I love my nightclub.

Vitori sits forward again. He rests his elbows on the table and stares straight at Jimmy.

VITORI

Owning a nightclub is nice.
Owning lots of them is even
nicer.

Jimmy matches Vitori's position.

JIMMY

I'm all ears.

VITORI

I own many nightclubs. I think I
might be looking to take on a
partner in a few of them.

Harrigan leans in.

HARRIGAN

Call it recompense. For the loss
of your cousin.

Jimmy pauses, to ponder the deal.

JIMMY

What do you want me to do?

VITORI

Just help us set them up.
Detective Harrigan here will do
the rest.

Harrigan smiles a hard, cold smile.

Jimmy smiles and offers his hand to Vitori who gladly shakes it.

Jimmy pulls out his phone.

JIMMY

I'll call Bob now.

HARRIGAN

Do you serve champagne here?

Jimmy calls over towards the bar.

JIMMY

KATIE? Some champagne for my new
business partners.

HARRIGAN
(to Katie)
Lots of champagne!

JIMMY
Bring us two bottles.

HARRIGAN
HELL. Bring us two magnums. We're
celebrating!

JIMMY
(to Vitori and Harrigan)
...The club is about to open.
Please stay as long as you like,
as my guests.

EXT. NEW JERSEY. WASTELAND - DAY

The piece of wasteland lays just behind a housing estate.
There is scattered rubble from buildings that have been
torn down.

Harrigan stands on a slab of concrete that was once the
base for a building.

Mo and Bob approach Harrigan.

MO
There he is.

BOB
Thanks. Because my eyes don't
work.

MO
I'm nervous, okay? I'm rattled.

Bob looks over at Mo, who is clearly terrified.

BOB
It's gonna be alright. Just keep
it together.

Harrigan stands, steely faced. He takes out his phone.

INSERT HARRIGAN'S PHONE SCREEN: VITORI AGOSTINO

Harrigan clicks the call button and holds the phone to his
ear. Harrigan's hard face wrinkles to a frown. He clicks
the phone off and puts it back in his pocket.

BOB
(to Harrigan)
Jimmy said you'd be here. This
ends *here, today.*

(CONTINUED)

HARRIGAN

You got that right. Give me Mr. Agostino's money, you fucks.

MO

You promise to call off the chase.

HARRIGAN

THE MONEY!

Bob takes a manila envelope from his inside pocket. He throws it to Harrigan.

Harrigan picks it up.

Mo and Bob exchange a look of anticipation.

Harrigan opens the envelope and flicks through the bills.

HARRIGAN

Twenty five grand. Very good.

MO

So you call off the chase, right?

Harrigan stuffs the envelope in his coat pocket.

HARRIGAN

Mr. Agostino told me not to kill you while he was here...

Harrigan reaches inside his coat.

HARRIGAN(CONTD)

...But Mr. Agostino 'aint here.
IS HE?

Harrigan pulls out a gun. He takes a silencer from another pocket and screws it in place.

Mo and Bob run for their lives.

Harrigan gives chase.

MO

You know? Having people trying to kill you wears really thin after a while. We had those two goons with Paolo. And now this psycho. I'll be glad when I've had enough!

BOB

Don't talk while you're running. You'll lose your breath faster.
(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOB (cont'd)

Mo?

Bob stops and turns around.

Mo is slumped against a lamp post. He breaths hard and fast.

Bob returns to him.

BOB

Come on. Pull yourself together,
or we're both dead.

Harrigan rounds the corner at the bottom of the road and takes aim.

A bullet PINGS off the lamp post.

Bob spots an alley.

BOB

Down there.

The two make good their escape.

The alley leads in to a maze of twists and turns that lead through the inner city housing projects.

Mo and Bob duck down one spur-off after another before they emerge at the end of a long street. They run down the sidewalk.

Halfway down the path Bob grabs Mo's arm. The two come to a stop. They gasp for breath as they talk.

BOB

Mo? I'm lost.

MO

But this is *your* neighborhood.

BOB

Five years ago this was my neighborhood. It's changed since I was last here.

MO

Well you'd better find your bearings quickly. I don't know about you, but I get the distinct impression that if that guy kills us he would actually have us stuffed and put in his living room...

Mo grabs Bob and shakes him.

MO(CONTD)
...I DON'T WANT TO END UP A
STUFFED HEAD ON A WALL!

Bob no longer pays any attention to Mo. Instead he stares straight up.

Mo follows Bob's gaze. There is a sign above them.

INSERT SIGN: JIMMY'S

They look at each other. Then notice Harrigan emerge from the alley.

BOB
I hope this is a good idea!

Bob bursts through the doors and in to the first floor of the nightclub, closely followed by Mo.

Across the street Harrigan holsters his gun and strolls towards the club.

INT. JIMMY'S NIGHTCLUB. FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The first floor of the nightclub has a quiet, eerie, stillness.

Mo and Bob make straight for the stairs.

As Mo and Bob burst through the doors at the top, Harrigan kicks open the doors downstairs.

Harrigan notices the doors upstairs swing closed and runs up after them.

INT. JIMMY'S NIGHTCLUB. SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The second floor is almost completely dark except for a table about thirty feet to the right of the doors, at which Jimmy sits. A desk lamp illuminates him.

Mo and Bob look left and right before they notice Jimmy. They run over to him.

HARRIGAN(O.S)
Hold it right there...

They stop a few feet short of Jimmy and turn around to face Harrigan.

HARRIGAN(CONTD)
...Did you really think that you
could escape from me? You're not
dealing with those three

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARRIGAN(CONTD) (cont'd)
dumb-fucks that Mr. Agostino sent
after you now.

MO
We had a deal.

HARRIGAN
Mr. Agostino doesn't make deals
with pieces of shit like you.
I've killed lots of people for
Mr. Agostino over the years, but
I've never enjoyed it like I'm
gonna enjoy this.

Harrigan reaches for his gun.

Mo and Bob turn to Jimmy.

BOB
Jimmy?

Harrigan laughs loudly. Mo and Bob turn back to face him.
Behind them, Jimmy stands.

HARRIGAN
You can forget about that. Jimmy
and us have got an understanding.
Right Jimmy?

Jimmy walks around to Bob's side.

JIMMY
Not exactly.

Harrigan's face drops.

HARRIGAN
We had a deal.

JIMMY
Blood's thicker than champagne
motherfucker.

BOB
And we don't make deals with
pieces of shit like you! Jimmy
phoned us again the minute he
left last night.

Harrigan's face hardens again.

HARRIGAN
Fine. Three deaths instead of
two.

Jimmy raises a finger.

JIMMY

Ah Ah, not so fast.
(in to the darkness)
KATIE!

The lights go up to reveal the pretty waitress over by the switch; Paolo, Angelina, Tony and Ronny who stand behind Jimmy's table and three POLICE OFFICERS who stand behind Harrigan.

Once of the Police Officers steps forward, takes the gun from Harrigan and begins to cuff him.

OFFICER #1

Detective Harrigan, you are under arrest for the murder of Eddie Sabatini and, by your own admission, multiple other murders.

HARRIGAN

I didn't kill Eddie Sabatini.

MO

Eddie Sabatini's body is in a field off highway fifty one. We can show you where.

BOB

Yeah. And if you examine the body you find a bullet from Harrigan's gun in it.

ANGELINA

And another bullet from a rifle that he also owns.

MO

And if you check his pockets, you'll find the twenty five grand that Vitori Agostino payed him to do it.

The Police Officer searches Harrigan's coat and pulls out the money.

OFFICER #1

Okay. I've seen and heard enough...

He gestures to the other Police Officers for help to take Harrigan away. They oblige.

OFFICER #1(CONTD)

...You're coming with us.

(CONTINUED)

HARRIGAN

Wait. Mr. Agostino can clear
me...

The Police Officers manhandle Harrigan out the door.

Harrigan shouts back as he goes.

HARRIGAN (CONTD)

...Where's Mr. Agostino? Where's
Mr. Agostino?

Mo, Bob, Paolo, Angelina and Ronny all turn to Tony.

PAOLO

Where *is* Vitori Agostino?

Tony smiles.

FLASHBACK:

INT. JIMMY'S NIGHTCLUB - THE PREVIOUS NIGHT

Vitori sits with Harrigan in a booth. SCANTILY DRESSED
GIRLS dance for them.

Harrigan finishes another bottle of champagne. He calls
over to Katie.

HARRIGAN

MORE CHAMPAGNE OVER HERE.

Vitori puts his glass down. He is clearly inebriated.

VITORI

That's enough for me. I need to
get some sleep, I'm all fucked-up
over here.

Vitori pulls himself up. Harrigan stands.

HARRIGAN

You want me to go with?

Vitori gestures for him to sit.

VITORI

No you stay. Enjoy yourself.

Harrigan returns his stare to the dancers.

Vitori makes his way to the exit.

EXT. JIMMY'S CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Vitori stumbles in to the dark evening. He walks around to the parking lot and towards his car. As Vitori reaches the car Tony comes from behind it.

Vitori spins around in surprise. He is nose to nose with Tony.

There is a jolt. Vitori winces as the blade goes in. He begins slowly to slide down.

TONY

You shouldn't have threatened to kill POOGIE Mr. Agostino.

VITORI

Who the fuck is Pogie?

TONY

He's my dog, yeah?

VITORI

WHAT?

TONY

You threatened to kill my dog, no?

VITORI

Yeah.

TONY

Yeah?

VITORI

WHAT?..

Vitori pulls himself back up to Tony's face.

VITORI (CONTD)

...God you're frustrating!

Vitori slumps to the floor.

BACK TO SCENE:

Mo, Bob, Paolo, Angelina and Ronny share Tony's smile.

TONY

Good riddance to bad rubbish, yeah?

Paolo puts a hand on Tony's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

PAOLO

Yeah.

The arresting Police Officer approaches Mo and Bob.

OFFICER #1

We're going to need to speak to you all.

MO

We'll tell you all you need to know.

The Police Officer turns to go.

OFFICER #1

Don't leave town.

Bob's smile fades.

BOB

Don't worry Officer. We've got some important business here.

EXT. HOLY SEPULCHRE CEMETERY. NEW JERSEY - DAY

The cemetery is peaceful despite the amount of people present.

Everyone is loosely assembled around a plot towards the back of the cemetery.

All present at the nightclub, except Harrigan and the police, are here.

They are all dressed in expensive smart suits.

Paolo and Angelina approach a somber Mo and Bob.

Paolo gestures towards the plot.

PAOLO

Nice job guys.

MO

Thanks.

Bob gives Mo a cold look.

PAOLO

How are you guys holding up?

BOB

We're okay.

Angelina gently hugs Paolo.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELINA

We started making plans to bring our families together today. We both called an end to all illegal activities. And we are almost ready to start going legit...

Mo and Bob smile at Paolo and Angelina.

ANGELINA(CONTD)

...And we owe a big part of it to you guys.

She leans in and gently kisses them both on the cheek.

Mo beams at Bob.

Bob rolls his eyes but smiles back at Mo.

MO

You all do realize that we framed Harrigan for a murder that he didn't actually commit though, right?

They all look at one-another.

Ronny brakes the silence.

RONNY

Fuck-it. That dick-head had it coming.

They all let out stilted laughs.

PAOLO

You come and see me when this is over and we'll discuss you two joining us and heading up a few of our businesses. Okay?

Mo pats Paolo on the back.

MO

Okay.

Mo and Bob turn to face each other. Mo smooths the front of his suit.

MO

We did it my friend. We're back where we belong.

BOB

Yep. I guess every cloud has a silver lion.

Mo smiles at Bob.

(CONTINUED)

MO

Yeah.

The PRIEST, a tall, slim man in his fifties, interrupts.

PRIEST

Can you all gather round please?

Everyone gathers around Bob's Mother's grave. The coffin is ready to be lowered.

While they wait for a few people to assemble at the graveside, Angelina leans in to Mo and Bob.

ANGELINA

By the way, I meant to ask you guys a question. I mean, nobody actually answered it last night.

BOB

What?

This gets Paolo's, Tony's and Ronny's attention too, and they all lean in.

ANGELINA

Harrigan's question. Where *is* Vitori Agostino?

Mo and Bob smile at each other.

As the Priest begins to speak we move towards the grave, past Bob's Mother's coffin. Deep in to the grave and to a false bottom, past the false bottom. Shored up with wood is a tomb that contains Vitori Agostino's body, still with an angry snarl on his face...And Eddie Sabatini's finger stuffed up his nose.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.