

TRIBAL TOWN
by
Joe and Marla Marino
with Randy Steinberg

Based on real life events

Current Revisions Feb 24, 2021

Joe Marino
Joemarino57@gmail.com

1 **TRIBAL TOWN REWRITE (LOCATION AND NAME** 1 *
CHANGE) 2 *

2

2

*

FADE IN:

3

EXT. CONSTITUTION BEACH, EAST BOSTON - NIGHT

3

It's dark, late, but there's enough city light and traffic to illuminate the empty beach. By the color and crunchiness of some wind-whipped leaves, as well as frozen patches of sand, we can tell summer has long since passed. Behind the beach, we see stretches of typical "Eastie" housing: three deckers, brick apartment buildings, and the concrete jungle of public projects. So much for the atmosphere, where are the people? Here's where...

SPORTS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

There it goes...a long drive. If it stays fair...

CUT TO:

4

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

4

On an old antenna TV, we watch Carlton Fisk's legendary handwaving as he wills the ball to hug the inside of the foul pole.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER (ON TV)

Home run!!!!

Fenway Park, home of the Boston Red Sox, erupts. Fisk rounds the bases in triumph, pushing fans out of the way to get to home plate, as they mob the field.

SPORTS ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

The Boston Red Sox have won game
six of the 1975 World Series...

Watching the game amidst the pell-mell of a small apartment that houses ten people, is MR. MONTOURI, 50. Mr. Montouri, in the after-hours garb of a long shoreman, leaps up from his Archie Bunker-style chair and does his own dance of celebration. His CHILDREN follow suit, some yelling out the windows to friends and neighbors. In the tenement home, we see Catholic iconography competing with the emblems of Italy for space on the walls. Into the mayhem walks TOMMY MONTOURI, 18. He has black hair and blue eyes and sports hand-me down clothes. He holds a copy of The Record American.

TOMMY

Dad, did you see this?

Tommy holds out the tabloid which displays a headline, "Thieves Steal \$1 Million in Jewels." Tommy's father almost chokes on his Budweiser and swats away the paper.

MR. MONTOURI

Fer fuck's sake, Tommy! Sox just won game six, and yer showin' me the paper.

Tommy picks up the paper, clearly more fascinated with the story than baseball.

TOMMY

How'd they do it?

MR. MONTOURI

Fisk hit a home run.

TOMMY

I meant these jewel guys.

Mr. Montouri looks at his son with derision but manages...

MR. MONTOURI

At least I know you can fucking read.

Mr. Montouri turns his attention back to the television and his other kids who care only about the 'Sawks.'

5 EXT. NEWBURY STREET - DAY 5

YUPPIES and COLLEGE STUDENTS shop and stroll. Tommy paces in front of a watch store, feeling self-conscious. Should he go in or cross the Rubicon? His decision: hail Cesar!

6 INT. WATCH STORE - CONTINUOUS 6

It's not too busy, and a SALESMAN zeroes in on Tommy. The salesman wears a fine suit in contrast to Tommy who's in Eastie street kicks.

*

SALESMAN

Can I help you find something?

TOMMY

A present for my girlfriend.

SALESMAN
 Wonderful. Does she like watches?

TOMMY
 That's why I'm here.

The store phone rings. The salesman is hesitant to leave Tommy, but the phone won't let up.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 You can get it. Dont worry pal, I
 won't steal anything.

*

Tommy stares down the salesman.

SALESMAN
 Excuse me.

The salesman goes behind a counter to get the phone. He watches Tommy the whole time, but his conversation leads him to look away.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Yes. Let me check that.

He flips through a catalogue of some kind.

It's the moment Tommy needs to swipe a watch and put it in his pocket. When the salesman looks up Tommy is in the same position. He hangs up the phone and returns to Tommy.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)
 Now, where were we...a watch for
 your girlfriend.

TOMMY
 I don't know. Maybe I'll take her
 to Canobie Lake instead.

SALESMAN
 (surprised)
 Canobie Lake?

*

TOMMY
 Where you from?

SALESMAN
 Chicago.

TOMMY
 Oh God. I can't buy a watch from a
 Chicago guy.

SALESMAN

But sir--

Too late. Tommy's already gone.

7 INT. THE 1800 CLUB - THE NEXT NIGHT

7

"The 1800" is a tough bar filled with Italian national flags, a dart board with Judge Arthur Garrity's face on it and Bobby Orr and Frank Sinatra memorabilia. Overly-made up GIRLS sit at the bar along with grizzled LABORERS from the local. They are all glued to Game 7 of the World Series which plays on a wavy TV above the bar. IN THE BACKROOM: Tommy, the watch he stole on his wrist, does a line of cocaine with his friend NICK COSTA, also 18. If Tommy is thin and wiry, Nick is his opposite, with a square jaw and developed body--a Golden Gloves up and comer. Another friend, ANTHONY NAZZARO, who has the looks of an altar boy, is getting a blow job from a girl, DIANE. *

ANTHONY

(to Diane)

Hurry up, Diane. I want to see if they win.

DIANE

(pausing)

Hurry up yourself.

She goes back to work.

TOMMY

(to Nick; wiping coke from nose)

Fucking Sox...

NICK

You're like the only one who doesn't care.

TOMMY

You're here with me.

NICK

True.

With a grunt, Tommy finishes.

TOMMY

There he goes.

NICK
 Congratulations Mr. and Mrs.
 Cassetta.

KATE
 (wiping mouth)
 Fuck you, Nick.

Anthony zips up, passes Diane a baggie.

ANTHONY
 Here you go.

DIANE
 This better be good stuff.

ANTHONY
 It is.

Diane adjusts her large breasts, which can barely be contained by a tube top, yanks down her too short dress and leaves.

TOMMY
 (to ANTHONY)
 If you know who finds out you're
 dealin--

ANTHONY
 I'm not dealin'. That was trade.
 They all laugh.

BACK IN THE 1800's MAIN ROOM: it's deathly quiet. We understand why when we see the TV display "Cincinnati Reds World Series Champs." Tommy, Nick, and Anthony stare at the TV, beers in their hands. *

TOMMY
 There you go, Anthony. I knew
 they'd blow it.

A laborer gives Tommy the evil eye.

NICK
 Keep your voice down. I can't take
 'em all.

TOMMY
 We got your back.

NICK
 (rolls eyes)
 I feel a lot better. Tommy shows
 the watch.

TOMMY
It was too easy.

NICK
How much you think it's worth?

TOMMY
I don't know. Maybe a few hundred.
We can do better.
(to ANTHONY)
When is that kid coming by?

NICK
What kid?

ANTHONY
Any minute. Let's go outside.

They head for the exit. Tommy raises his beer to the lovable loser Sox before leaving it on a table. This earns more harsh looks but nothing else happens.

8 EXT. THE 1800 CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

8

The guys stand outside, blowing in their hands. It's getting a little cold.

TOMMY
Where is this fucking kid?

ANTHONY
I said any minute.

NICK
What's this about?

TOMMY
It's about doin' better.

Soon enough a 12-year old kid named PUCKY, disheveled and dirty, comes along.

NICK
This him?

ANTHONY
Yeah.

PUCKY
Hi Anthony.

ANTHONY
Pucky.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

You got it?

Pucky nods, produces a wallet. Tommy takes it, begins to thumb through it.

PUCKY

Hey.

Nick looms menacingly over Pucky who quiets down. *

TOMMY

Where'd you get this?

PUCKY

I pick pocketed a guy near City Hall.

ANTHONY

He's good. I told you.

Tommy plays it cool it through some building excitement.

PUCKY

So?

TOMMY

(to ANTHONY)

Pay him.

Anthony passes Pucky some crumpled bills.

ANTHONY

(to Pucky)

You done good, kiddo. *

PUCKY

Can I hang with you guys?

The guys laugh. *

TOMMY

You done good, but you ain't that good. Now, beat it.

Somewhat disappointed, Pucky walks off counting his money. When he's gone Tommy does a little jig.

NICK

What?

TOMMY

Little fucker doesn't even know it.

ANTHONY

What?

TOMMY

This is the Mayor's wallet!

NICK

Kevin White?

TOMMY

Fuck ya. Better starts right now!

They all take a look at it and roar with laughter, start dancing some more. The bar is beginning to empty, and they draw a little notice.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Come on.

They begin to walk away down the street.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You know what I'm thinking?

NICK

Joey D's?

ANTHONY

Suffolk Downs?

TOMMY

(beat)

Road trip...on the mayor.

He holds up the wallet. They laugh more as they disappear into the cold, East Boston night.

9 EXT./INT. LINCOLN AUTOMOBILE - DAY

9

Nick, Anthony, and Tommy ride in a certified pimp-mobile. The spires of New York City are getting closer. Nick, driving, wears a Red Sox hat.

TOMMY

(in the passenger seat)

You better take that off.

NICK

What, because they lost?

TOMMY

No, because there were only ten assholes at the 1800.

(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

In New York there are five million who will stomp the piss out of you over that thing.

Anthony, in the back seat, silently agrees. Nick wisely removes the hat.

NICK

Should I write the Mayor and thank him for the rental car?

Tommy snorts.

TOMMY

Make sure to add a room at the Ritz and three suits from Brooks Brothers.

The guys laugh.

NICK

What do we need suits for?

TOMMY

Gotta look the part if we're gonna take it up a notch.

ANTHONY

How long before that card is cancelled?

TOMMY

Not long, but long enough.

NICK

Long enough for what?

Tommy smiles secretively.

10

INT. HOTEL ROOM AT THE RITZ - LATER

10

For three kids who grew up in the projects, this room is almost too much. They enter and walk around like it's a museum. Anthony sits gingerly on a bed.

TOMMY

No ass like yours has ever been on that bed.

ANTHONY

I might have to sleep on the floor.

TOMMY

That what Joe got you doing?

ANTHONY

(angering)

Fuck off and die.

NICK

Low blow, Tommy.

TOMMY

All right. Sorry. Come on, let's get into these.

Tommy holds a travel bag that contains suits.

11 INT. RITZ BATHROOM - LATER

11

The guys stare at themselves in the mirror, dressed in the Brooks Brothers suits. They are nice but not tailor made and, like the hotel room, probably don't belong on these hooligans' bodies.

NICK

Feels like we're going to a wake. Jeeze, this wouldn't fit my little brother.

TOMMY

Sorry...didn't have time to get your measurements, your honor.

Tommy adjusts the watch he stole.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

When I took this thing the guy knew what I was about. Now, we're goin' for something bigger, and we gotta act the part. They don't gotta be perfect fits...

Tommy helps Anthony with his tie.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

...but we can't walk in there lookin' like hoodlums.

ANTHONY

Where is there?

12 INT. BERGDORF GOODMAN'S DEPARTMENT STORE - LATER 12

The guys stand at the entrance, getting into character.

TOMMY

You remember what you're gonna do?

Nick and Anthony nod.

Tommy splits off from them, and he wanders over to a display laden with high-priced jewelry. A CLERK notices Tommy inspecting the items. This time there is no suspicion.

CLERK

See anything you like?

TOMMY

(without any traceable
accent)

Very much. That ring would be perfect for my fiancée. She loves sapphire. Diamonds too.

CLERK

You have a good eye.

TOMMY

May I?

CLERK

Of course.

The clerk takes it from the case and lays it on a velvet pad. Tommy leans in to inspect it. OVER IN THE SHOE DEPARTMENT: Anthony sits before an effeminate SALESMAN who helps him on with a pair of wingtip loafers.

ANTHONY

(struggling more with fake
accent)

Did youz...you...just tickle my foot?

The salesman is baffled.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

(to NICK)

Did you see that?

NICK

Yes. What kind of establishment is this?

SALESMAN
 Sir, I would never--

ANTHONY
 You know you did.

Anthony jolts up, grabs the salesman by the collar.

SALESMAN
 Sir--

Anthony gives him a slap. All attention in the store is drawn to the commotion. SECURITY, along with a MANAGER, rushes over. BACK AT THE JEWELRY COUNTER: the clerk drifts away to see what's happening. At this moment, Tommy pockets the ring and departs the store.

13 EXT. FIFTH AVE - MOMENTS LATER

13

The guys move at a quick pace but not too quick. Anthony slips in the loafers.

TOMMY
 What the hell?

ANTHONY
 I didn't think I was walking out with them.

TOMMY
 It's a nice score. \$150k.

NICK
 What about that ring?

TOMMY
 We'll take it to Lou the Jew when we get back.

They ROUND A CORNER where Tommy stops.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 Shit, we got a problem. They had cameras. We're gonna get made.

*

NICK
 I thought you knew what you were doin'.

TOMMY
 I did...until the camera part.

NICK
 What the fuck do we do now?

TOMMY
 First thing. Get rid of this.

He produces Mayor White's credit card, kisses it, and throws it down a street drain.

ANTHONY
 Tommy!

TOMMY
 If we get pinched, we can't have it on us.

Anthony sees the logic in it.

NICK
 What next?

TOMMY
 Get back to the hotel and ditch these clothes.

NICK
 That's no problem. I think I ripped the ass.

It's true. There's a big, gaping hole in the rear of the pants. The guys laugh but also put some pep in their step.

14 INT. HOTEL ROOM AT THE RITZ - LATER 14

The guys tear off the suits and throw them down. Quickly, they change back into the clothes they came in: Jordache Jeans, gold chains, crucifixes, Ray-Ban sunglasses--full on Eastie.

TOMMY
 Let's get to the car.

15 EXT. HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER 15

The guys emerge to see some COPS coming toward the entrance. They move in the opposite direction and turn a corner.

16 AROUND THE CORNER... 16

TOMMY
 Fuck the car.

ANTHONY

What do we do?

TOMMY

Split up. Get back to Boston anyway
you can. Train. Bus. Hitch hike.

NICK

Fuck.

TOMMY

It'll be worth it. If we can fence
this...

He shows the ring.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

It'll be good times.

Nick and Anthony are in nervous agreement.

They walk down the street, soon going different ways.

17 EXT. PENN STATION - NIGHT

17

Tommy heads toward the large rail station but stops when he
sees COPS by the entrance. He's paranoid. He grabs a quick
glance at the ring, sees a nearby storm drain. But no, he
won't give up. He turns away from the station.

*

18 INT. NIGHTCLUB - LATER

18

It's a disco dance type of place with YOUNG MEN and WOMEN,
drinking, mingling, and doing the hip-bump. Tommy roams the
crowd, watching and listening. Soon, he spots a group of
GIRLS...his kind of girls.

TOMMY

You guys from Boston?

One of the women, DARIA MONTESANTI, 18 or 19, a dark beauty
suggesting Italian heritage, speaks up.

DARIA

Guys?

TOMMY

Ladies.

DARIA

How did you know?

TOMMY
 (playing up his accent)
 Because we both sound like this.
 The girls laugh, Daria too.

DARIA
 Busted I guess.

TOMMY
 What are you doing here?

DARIA
 Just a little fun in the Big Apple.

TOMMY
 Charlestown?

DARIA
 Don't embarass me, the North End. I
 don't even have to ask...Eastie.

TOMMY
 What gave it away? She looks him up
 and down.

DARIA
 Don't make me answer that.

They giggle.

DARIA (CONT'D)
 You here with friends?

TOMMY
 Yeah, they're somewhere around. Can
 I get you a drink?

DARIA
 Sure.

They smile at each other longingly.

CUT TO:

19 INT. DARIA'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

19

Tommy and Daria have sex. This isn't the Ritz and probably
 the best Daria can do. A FRIEND, in the next bed, tries to
 sleep but finds it difficult for obvious reasons. Soon, Tommy
 and Daria finish and lie next to each other.

FRIEND
Can I go to sleep now?

TOMMY
No one's stopping you.

DARIA
You gonna call me back in Boston? *

TOMMY
Even better. I'll come visit you.

DARIA
Really?

TOMMY
Sure.

He rises.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
I'm just gonna go to the bathroom.
Then I'll let you
guys...ladies...rest.

He gives Daria a quick kiss before getting up.

20 INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER 20

Tommy searches the bathroom frantically. In a moment or two, he has what he's looking for in a travel bag; a hair dryer. He pops the side open and stuffs the ring into it. He puts the dryer back together and returns it to the bag. Then, he leaves the bathroom.

21 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 21

Tommy's back in the main room. Daria and her friend are passed out. He smiles and quietly exits the room.

22 INT. PENN STATION - LATER 22

Tommy is about to board a train bound for Boston. Some COPS come along and confront him.

COP
Hands up. Feet out.

Tommy obeys. Another cop pats him down thoroughly.

TOMMY
What's this about?

COP
Shut the fuck up.

OTHER COP
He's clean.

COP
Not exactly.

Tommy is nervous.

OTHER COP
What are you talkin' about?

COP
Little creep's got a nice watch here.

The one Tommy had stolen dangles from his wrist. Oops.

OTHER COP
Why don't you run him in.

COP
Yeah. Or could just take the watch.

OTHER COP
What do you think kid?

TOMMY
Take it.

The cop takes the watch off of Tommy, and they shove him aside before moving along.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Thanks, officer.

Tommy chuckles, a small price to pay, and boards the train.

MATCH CUT TO:

23 EXT. AQUARIUM STATION - ANOTHER DAY

23

Tommy steps off a train, but we're not in NYC anymore. It's an MBTA train in downtown Boston. He's dressed to impress and charm, as he walks up the platform he buys flowers from a vendor.

*
*

24 EXT. NORTH END APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER 24

Tommy presses a buzzer, and the door unlocks. Before he goes in, he messes up his hair.

25 INT. DARIA'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 25

Daria opens the door, and Tommy holds out the flowers. She greets Tommy with a huge smile and a kiss. She has on a pair of tight chic jeans and a baby blue angora sweater.

DARIA

I didn't think you'd come so soon.

TOMMY

(looking her up and down)
How could I resist?

Happy as ever, she ushers him in.

26 INT. DARIA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 26

The walk into the apartment.

DARIA

Can I get you anything?

TOMMY

Can I use your hairdryer? Look at this mop.

Daria gives him an awkward look but nods.

DARIA

It's under the bathroom sink. She points the way, and he goes in.

27 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 27

Tommy pulls stuff out from under the bathroom sink, making a lot of noise.

TOMMY

(to himself)
What the fuck. Where is it?

Tommy emerges from OUT OF THE BATHROOM to see Daria standing right there.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 (awkward)
 I didn't see it.

Daria's MOTHER, a paisan born in the old country, comes out of her bedroom.

MOTHER
 Whattsa the racket?

TOMMY
 Who's that?

DARIA
 My mother.

TOMMY
 She lives here?

Before Daria can answer, the mother starts speaking in Italian to Daria.

DARIA
 (to the mother)
 Dah ya. Ma this is my friend Tommy.

*

The mother is a bit suspicious.

TOMMY
 Pleased to meet you, m'am.
 Bonjorno.

Tommy garbles some rudimentary Italian, and this seems to make the mother happy.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 (to Daria)
 My hair is still a mess. He runs a hand through the brambles.

MOTHER
 Whattsa he want?

TOMMY
 The hair dryer m'am.

DARIA
 It should be there--

MOTHER
 It no work. I throw down the trash.

Tommy bites his hand. Veins pop out of his neck.

TOMMY

I gotta go.

DARIA

What?

Tommy rushes out of the apartment without saying anymore.

MOTHER

Questi ragazzi sono pazzi!

DARIA

I know ma, I Know.

28

INT. BASEMENT OF APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

28

Tommy enters the trash room to see a garbage chute that feeds into a dumpster. The dumpster is full and gross. It smells, and swill leaks and oozes out of every broken bag.

TOMMY

Fucking pigs.

Tommy vaults the side into the dumpster and begins to rummage. Across the room a swarthy, heavy-set janitor named DMITRI, who Tommy had not seen, sits alone in the dark. After watching Tommy for a few moments, he approaches.

DMITRI

(Russian accent)

What's the matter with you? You got problem? Dmitri will help you.

TOMMY

My grandmother threw out something she thought was trash but it's not.

DMITRI

It must be important.

TOMMY

Dmitri, you have no idea.

DMITRI

What you do to help me? Silence and stench fills the air.

TOMMY

Are you serious? Ok, I'll come back tomorrow and make it worth your while.

Dmitri and Tommy shake hands. Dmitri grabs a ladder and gets into the dumpster.

DMITRI
What am I looking for?

TOMMY
(not wanting to give it
away)
Something...

DMITRI
(getting angry)
What am looking for?

TOMMY
(giving in)
A hair dryer.

Dmitri, more comfortable in this Death Star-like garbage masher, digs around and finds the item.

DMITRI
This?

TOMMY
Yes.

They both climb out, covered in swill. Before Tommy can wipe himself off, Dmitri retreats into the dark corner where he was sitting.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Where you going?

DMITRI
It is broken. I fix.

TOMMY
Don't worry pal.

DMITRI
Not your pal!
(beat)
Why do you want so bad? In Moscow
people hide drugs in such things.
Is drugs in here?

TOMMY
You fat fucking piece of shit.

Tommy is quick as a cat and Dmitri as slow as a sloth. Tommy snatches the hair dryer and runs.

Dmitri chases Tommy around the dumpster room but to no avail. Dmitri slips and goes down as Tommy is at the door.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Forget about tomorrow. Sorry,
Dmitri.

He leaves laughing, as Russian curses pelt him but do no damage.

29 INT. EASTIE APARTMENT - EVENING

29

Unlike Tommy's abode, this place is a little nicer. More room, better furnishing and appointments. What's the same is the Italian gaudy decor and devotion to Christ and St. Anthony. [warns him about drugs, the crew he's running with] [admits at end maybe he misjudged] THERESA (45), Anthony's mother, a beautiful woman with blue eyes and golden blonde hair, puts food on the table. Three TEENAGE GIRLS join Anthony and another man who needs no introduction. But he does, so let's say hello to JOE FAMOLARE, 50, who's balding with pushed back hair, a initialed "JF" diamond pinky ring, and wears a tight black sweater. He's handsome with a cocky look, but he's everything there is to know about East Boston in this era. Macaroni with gravy (sauce) is what's for dinner. The mood is light, everyone laughing and telling jokes. Theresa puts a plate of brownies in front of Joe. *

JOE
Nice.

Joe gives Theresa a look of approval and grabs one. He munches away, seeming pleased all the while staring at Anthony. Then he looks back to Theresa.

JOE (CONT'D)
You know your son's been hanging
with a bad element.

Theresa thinks her son is a saint.

THERESA
Oh...Joe. They're just boys.

JOE
You just love him too much.

She does. Stops next to Anthony and kisses him on the head. Joe shrugs, starts eating another brownie. Anthony thinks he's on safe ground.

ANTHONY

You love those brownies, Joe.
Aren't you afraid of getting a
little pouch.

Anthony pats his stomach, and everyone laughs. Joe stops eating the brownie, gets up from the table, and spits the brownie into the sink. His hands are on the cast iron sink squeezing the metal. Theresa stares at Anthony and eye motions him to take a walk.

JOE

What the fuck did you just say to
me?

ANTHONY

It was a joke.

JOE

You little cocksucker.

Joe throws food and glasses on the counter to the floor.
Anthony stands up.

JOE (CONT'D)

I heard what you've been up to.

ANTHONY

You're not my dad.

JOE

No I ain't, but you're mother can't
protect you. I paid for this place
and this is my town. No one deals
in Eastie...you know that.

ANTHONY

I don't deal.

Joe strolls to a kitchen draw. He pulls out a large butcher knife. The girls start screaming along with Theresa. Anthony runs out of the kitchen, Joe not far behind.

30

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

30

Anthony comes barreling out, as Joe chases him. NEIGHBORS watch but if ever questioned they never saw a thing.

After half a block, Joe gives up and throws the knife at Anthony, just missing him. Anthony picks up the knife...

ANTHONY
(yelling at Joe)
Too many brownies.

Joe is enraged, but he won't catch Anthony who takes off. Joe huffs and puffs and goes back to the stoop of the apartment. Anthony is gone, and Joe displays grudging respect for the kid.

31 INT. PARIS ST. GYM - DAY

31

"The Paris" is an all purpose training area for young and experienced boxers. Nick goes through a workout. He hits the heavy bag, the speed bag. He weaves around and strikes the two-ended bag with great precision. Sit ups, push ups, skipping rope. He spars in THE RING, decking an OPPONENT. A COACH rings the bell, and Nick comes over for a water break.

COACH
Looking good. Keep that jaw down.
Tends to pop up when you move
forward. It only takes one lucky
swing to tag you.

NICK
Got it, coach.

On the other end of the gym, Tommy enters. Nick sees him and waves.

COACH
You still hangin' with him?

NICK
Sure...why?

COACH
He's trouble. You could do well,
but not if you go down that road.

NICK
I've known him since I was seven.

COACH
Just sayin'.

The coach turns his attention elsewhere, while Nick climbs down from the ring.

TOMMY
You made it back okay?

NICK

We took the subway to the Bronx and then caught a bus. No problems. What about you?

TOMMY

Long story, but I got it. Now we need to sell it.

NICK

Where?

TOMMY

I was thinking Lou the Jew.

NICK

In Charlestown? Your shitting me, right?

TOMMY

You afraid of the Townie harps over there? *

NICK

(annoyed but maybe)

No.

TOMMY

It's not ideal, but I don't think we should go local.

NICK

Okay.

Tommy mimics a punch, which Nick easily swats away. They start play boxing. The coach watches and shakes his head.

32

EXT. MAIN ST. CHARLESTOWN - EVENING

32

Tommy and Nick wait on the street. Anthony comes along, looking disheveled.

TOMMY

What the hell happened to you?

ANTHONY

Slept at the Y. Trouble with Joe. *

*

NICK

Fuck. You stay with me until it blows over.

ANTHONY
Thanks, Nick.

TOMMY
Come on. Let's do this.

The guys walk toward a bar where two OLD GUYS sit on worn beach chairs, even though it's November.

OLD GUY
What do you want?

TOMMY
Here to see Lou the Jew.

OLD GUY
He don't like that name.

TOMMY
Lou.

OLD GUY
Go on.

He nods that they should enter, and they walk inside...

33 INT. CLOVER LOUNGE BAR - CONTINUOUS

33

It's not that different in look and feel from the The 1800, but this is alien turf. As the guys enter, they see MEN playing cards, drinking. No one greets them, just offer harsh stares. *

MAN PLAYING CARDS
He's in the back.

TOMMY
Lou the...? I mean, Lou?

MAN PLAYING CARDS
Yeah, I just fucking said that.

They walk through the haze to a back room. IN THE BACK ROOM: they find LOU "THE JEW" SALVAGGIO, 50, 5'-3," pock marked face and darting green eyes. He's got a Napoleon complex but neither the strategic ability or the intelligence of Bonaparte. To compensate he shows off an initalled "LS" diamond pinkie ring.

LOU THE JEW
Whatta ya think?

TOMMY
Who'd you take it off of?

LOU THE JEW
It was my father's.

TOMMY
You don't say.

LOU THE JEW
I did say.

Lou recognizes Anthony.

LOU THE JEW (CONT'D)
How's Joe?

Anthony shrugs.

LOU THE JEW (CONT'D)
You give him my regards.

ANTHONY
Sure.

LOU THE JEW
(to Tommy)
Whatta ya got for me?

Tommy shows the ring. Lou inspects it but not too closely.

LOU THE JEW (CONT'D)
Where'd you get this?

TOMMY
Wouldn't you like to know.

LOU THE JEW
Whatta ya want for it?

TOMMY
Don't you want to look more
closely? Wanna use my loupe?

LOU THE JEW
No thanks. I got a guy.

TOMMY
Maybe you want to show it to him.

LOU THE JEW
I don't need him. I know my shit.
Whatta ya want for it?

TOMMY
 Thirty thousand.

Lou the Jew would laugh if he wasn't so insulted.

LOU THE JEW
 If you had made me a fair offer I
 might have bargained. Five grand.

TOMMY
 Five? No fucking way. Forty
 thousand!

*

LOU THE JEW
 (beat)
 What, get the fuck outta here, you
 fucking punks.

*

TOMMY
 Fine.

NICK
 (to Lou)
 Come on. We came here. That's all
 you're gonna say?

LOU THE JEW
 Yeah, that's all I'm gonna say.

NICK
 Some Jew. Doesn't even know how to
 negotiate.

Lou the Jew rises sharply.

LOU THE JEW
 Don't call me that! Jocko!

A BOUNCER (presumably Jocko) appears.

LOU THE JEW (CONT'D)
 Show these pricks out.

TOMMY
 Pricks?

LOU THE JEW
 Yeah, you Eastie prick.

TOMMY
 You were born there, so what does
 that make you, fucking turncoat.

LOU THE JEW

It makes me mad. Now get the fuck out!

*

A few more GUYS have now appeared. If Tommy wants to start something it won't end well. Tommy, Nick, and Anthony back out.

34 EXT. MAIN ST. CHARLESTOWN - LATER

34

The guys walk away from the Clover.

TOMMY

Fucking rat bastard.

ANTHONY

What should we do with it? Maybe I can ask Joe.

TOMMY

Fuck that. We can't let that, pintsized, crater face get away with that. He treated us like...like...

NICK

Like pricks.

TOMMY

Yeah, but I'll show him...the rat bastard.

35 EXT. MAIN ST. CHARLESTOWN - THE NEXT NIGHT

35

The Clover is a half a block away. Tommy, Nick, and Anthony peer at it from the safety of a dark alley. Tommy wears a pair of thick rubber gloves. From under his coat he pulls out 6" x 8" metal cage.

ANTHONY

(nervously)

You think we should?

Inside the cage is a large squealing RAT with newspapers around it, scratching and biting at the cage to get out. There's a noise from a roof top and they glance up. The wind, probably.

TOMMY

We can't get pushed around like that. Come on.

Nick agrees and pulls Anthony along.

36 EXT. BACK ENTRANCE OF CLOVER LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER 36

No one has seen them as they approach the back door.

NICK

You really meant it when you said
he was a rat bastard.

TOMMY

That's not the best part.

ANTHONY

What do you mean?

Tommy takes a small container out of his pocket.

NICK

What's that?

TOMMY

Lighter fluid.

He squirts it through the cage all over the rat. If the thing
was pissed before it's apoplectic now.

NICK

I can't believe this.

Tommy, rubber gloves in place, reaches into the cage and
takes hold of the rat. It thrashes and bites.

TOMMY

Too bad I got waste this, baby.
Anthony, light a cigarette or
something.

Anthony whips out a smoke, and lights up.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You ready?

ANTHONY

I don't know. Poor thing.

NICK

The rat didn't do nothing to
anybody.

TOMMY

It's gonna do a lot to me if I let
it go now. Open the door and light
the fucking thing!

Nick opens the door, while Anthony touches the burning cigarette to the lighter-fluid covered rat. It starts to burn with a whoosh, and Tommy throws it through the door. The aflame rat is like a chicken with its head cut off (sorry to mix metaphors) and doesn't know where to go. It runs into some curtains which catch on fire.

Soon, the Clover is half on fire with screams and yells and curses emanating from within. The guys, despite their doubts, love this and laugh as GOONS begin to throw water on the flames and try to avoid the rat, which wants to take anyone down with it before it dies. They are so busy watching Lou the Jew and his guys scream like girls they don't think to run. A couple TOUGHS see them in the alley and come out.

TOUGH

(to Tommy)

I know you. Get him.

The goons start to lurch for them. Nick gets into a boxer's stance. But before any punches can be thrown, Anthony takes out the butcher's knife Joe threw at him and waves it in the toughs' faces.

TOUGHS

Whoa!

ANTHONY

How do you like that?

TOMMY

What the fuck!

The toughs back off.

NICK

Let's get the fuck outta here.

They turn and run.

TOUGH

We know where you live!

As they are running, they laugh more, but Anthony has to admit...

ANTHONY

We're in trouble now. Joe's going to kill me.

NICK

You...what about us?

It starts to sink in as they continue to run away.

37

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE TOMMY'S HOUSE - DAY

37

Tommy pushes a a girl, his sister CATHY, 12, down the street in a wheel chair. She suffers from Cerebral Palsy.

TOMMY

That was a nice walk, huh Cathy?
Cathy nods yes.

They reach the apartment building. Tommy is able to get the wheel chair over the curb, but then there's the stairs. This is life before handicap building codes. At the stairs, he stops and goes to pick Cathy up to climb the stairs. At this moment, two GOONS come along.

GOON #1

Can we help you?

GOON #2

I'll get the chair.

TOMMY

Who're you guys?

GOON #1

Good samaritans, that's all.

They do in fact seem to be helping, folding up the chair and walking with Tommy, who carries Cathy.

GOON #2

(affectionately)
Who's this pretty young lady?

She can't really reply but seems happy to be called pretty.

TOMMY

It's my sister.

GOON #2

A lovely, young lass. Cathy can't get enough.

38 INT. APARTMENT VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS

38

Once out of site, the nice guy act vanishes. The goons throw the wheel chair down and corner Tommy. He can't run. He can't even put his sister down. She is oblivious, but he knows the score.

GOON #1

You're lucky you're with her.

GOON #2

By yourself you're a dead man.

GOON #1

Or maybe not.

GOON #2

Maybe she's the one who gets it.

GOON #1

Or both of youz.

TOMMY

You guys are with Lou the Jew?

GOON #1

He don't like to be called that.

TOMMY

So I've heard.

They don't have to beat him. It's torture enough for him to keep holding Cathy without dropping her or embarrassing both of them by placing her down. The goons enjoy his predicament.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I brought him a good piece of merchandise--

GOON #2

Don't know nothing about that.

TOMMY

So what then?

GOON #1

You got to pay him for what you done.

TOMMY

With what? I ain't got nothing.

GOON #1
How 'bout that piece of
merchandise?

TOMMY
I thought you didn't know nothing
about it.

GOON #1
How 'bout it?

TOMMY
I don't got it now.

GOON #2
You bring it by the weekend.

Tommy is really struggling.

GOON #1
You got to lift more weights, kid.

TOMMY
Ok.

GOON #1
Ok what?

TOMMY
I'll bring it.

GOON #2
See ya.

They finally leave. Tommy sinks to the ground, still holding his sister. He has spared her humiliation, and she is none the wiser.

39 INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - LATER

39

Another modest flat with more devotion to the Saint Anthony and Italy. Nick and Anthony sit with Tommy, eating cold macaroni.

NICK
I knew it would come back on us.

TOMMY
He's not as tough as he seems.

NICK
Then why are you here?

TOMMY

I had my sister. What could I do?

NICK

If you hadn't had her? You got 8 other brothers and sisters, your Uncle Mickey who just got out.

TOMMY

He's got Uncle's too.

ANTHONY

I think they're dead.

TOMMY

What about his father's ring?

ANTHONY

You know that was shit.

NICK

Maybe you should just give it to him. Call it even.

TOMMY

That ain't nowhere close to even.

NICK

You can't take them on.

Tommy sees the truth in this, and they are stumped for the moment.

ANTHONY

What about Joe?

NICK

What about him?

ANTHONY

I could set something up.

NICK

You're hiding here from him. Now you're gonna go to him with your prick in your hand?

ANTHONY

He's my step-father...I guess. And I'm not going to him with my dick. We've got a valuable piece of merchandise. It's a good deal.

NICK

Anthony--

ANTHONY

Tommy's right. He was playin' us for punks, and that ain't right.

NICK

But Joe...?

TOMMY

You think he'd go for it?

ANTHONY

I don't know, but maybe it will get him off my back too.

Seems like the best option for the guys at the moment, and they are in agreement.

40 EXT. GENEVA STREET GARAGE - DAY

40

We've been used to bars and pubs as gangster hangouts so far, but Joe is smarter than that. He's set up shop at a garage where you can get your brakes done out front and other stuff done (or done to you) in the back. Tommy, Nick, and Anthony walk up to the front.

A MECHANIC working on a car on a lift doesn't even look at them. They walk past him to...

41 INT. GENEVA STREET GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

41

The sound of drill zaps fade, as the guys make their way toward a back office. Standing guard by the office is BIG JACK LAMATTINA, 35. He's got a nasty scar on his eye and an even nastier disposition. Tommy walks up to him.

TOMMY

Supposed to meet Joe.

Big Jack doesn't even look at him. He eyes Anthony only, then finally gazes at Tommy.

BIG JACK

Your fucking late. No way you'd get this meeting without him.

Big Jack means Anthony.

TOMMY

You're right.

BIG JACK
Don't be wise. It's not healthy.

Tommy shuts up.

BIG JACK (CONT'D)
Go in. Just you two. You...

He means Nick.

BIG JACK (CONT'D)
...stay here.

Nick stands put, while Tommy and Anthony enter the office. Nick and Big Jack size each other up, perhaps some mutual respect there.

42 INT. GENEVA STREET GARAGE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

42

In this pitifully dumpy office, Joe holds court. Bruins calendar on the wall. A few torn, nude girl pictures, too.

Joe sits in a squeaky office chair, wearing a black leather jacket, black turtle neck and black pants. His hair is greased back, is wearing a scally cap. He examines Tommy, ignoring Anthony.

JOE
Aren't you related to Aneillo
Montouri?

TOMMY
Yes.

JOE
Poor Aneillo. Did some time with
him. He always went around saying--

TOMMY
"The trick of life is to want for
nothing and succeed in getting it".

JOE
That's right. Cute.
(beat)
You won't burn any rats in here.

TOMMY
Lou the Jew sent guys to threaten
my sister. She's got cerebral
palsy.

JOE

So do you, your a stupid fuck,
pulling off a stunt like that.

Tommy is offended, but what's he going to do: take on Joe?

TOMMY

I brought him a good piece of
jewelry and he wanted to stiff me.

JOE

That sounds like Lou. He don't like
the Jew part.

TOMMY

I heard that.

JOE

He's a prick.

Tommy smiles but wipes it away before Joe can see.

TOMMY

I coulda taken it to the Southie
but--

JOE

Motherfucker...what did you say?

No jokes anymore. Tommy looks back to Anthony. It gets very
quite.

JOE (CONT'D)

He isn't going to save you. He got
you in here, but that's all.

(beat)

Show me the fucking thing. *

Tommy takes out the diamond ring. Joe inspects it. *

JOE (CONT'D)

What did you offer Lou?

TOMMY

Five thousand.

JOE

I could just take it.

TOMMY

I know that.

JOE

I'll give you 20.

TOMMY

Joe, I need 30 it's a total of five carats. Each diamond is FL-IF clarity.

*

JOE

I'll give you 26. I gotta tax you for all the trouble you caused. Wouldn't look good, 'specially cause of him.

He means Anthony. Anthony looks at the floor.

TOMMY

Ok....26.

Some tension seems to go out of the room.

JOE

(calling out)

Jack!

Big Jack appears.

JOE (CONT'D)

Bring me 26.

BIG JACK

Joe?

*

Big Jack is disappointed but won't argue.

JOE

Nothing goes to the Southie, not a fucking thing! There's nothing Anthony will ever be able to do for you if you go to those fucking harps.

TOMMY

What about Lou? Charlestown?

JOE

I'll see him. We got other business.

Big Jack returns with the \$26,000.

JOE (CONT'D)

You ever seen this much cash?

TOMMY

No.

The money is grubby, may not be usable. But to him and Anthony it shines like gold. Joe grabs Tommy by the neck and gives him a friendly cuff of the head.

JOE
Come back here next week.

BIG JACK
And don't be fucking late.

Tommy, pockets bulging with cash, and Anthony begin to walk away.

JOE
You stay.

He means Anthony.

BIG JACK
You heard him.

Anthony remains while Tommy leaves.

JOE
(to Anthony)
Let's go for a ride.

Anthony is afraid but what choice does he have?

43 EXT. PORTER STREET GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

43

Nick and Tommy stand outside and watch as a car with Joe, Big Jack, and Anthony pulls out. Another car, filled with SOLDIERS follows.

NICK
What the hell is happening?

TOMMY
I don't know.

NICK
Is he going to be okay?

TOMMY
I don't know.

NICK
You don't think...and don't say I don't know.

TOMMY

I can't believe that.

Tommy pulls out the money Joe gave him, suddenly feeling like *
 Judas and his 30 pieces of silver. *

44 EXT. CLOVER LOUNGE BAR - LATER

44

Joe's small caravan pulls up to the Clover. He, along with *
 Big Jack, and Anthony walk to the lounge and his other crew *
 member wait in the car. *

Joe talks to one of the old guy's in the beach chairs.

JOE

That you, Fitzy?

Joe hugs him in his chair. *

OLD GUY

Joe? Everything ok? *

Joe nods. The old guy (Fitzy) is a little wary, tries to *
 rise. *

JOE

Don't get up on account of me.

OLD GUY

Ok.

Joe reaches out to shake his hand.

JOE

Lou here?

OLD GUY

Sure. Go on in.

JOE

(beat) *
 I don't need your permission.

OLD GUY

'Course not.

JOE

Good to see you, Fitz.

OLD GUY

You too, Joe.

Joe releases Fitzzy and goes inside with his crew. Fitzzy wipes a drop of sweat from his brow.

45 INT. CLOVER LOUNGE BAR, BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 45

Lou the Jew sits with some of his BOYS, laughing and shooting the shit, eating Drakes funny bones. Joe enters, and the jocular mood is gone. *

LOU THE JEW
J.F....?

JOE
You havin' a party? Why wasn't I invited. Tell your clowns to take a hike. *

Lou's men give Joe a dirty look, but understand this is the real deal. Lou's boys leave the back room. *

LOU THE JEW
It's not a party, but--

JOE
Relax Louis.

Lou the Jew tries to relax.

LOU THE JEW
but yeah...no...

Lou's disheveled, knocking over betting slips to the floor. Big Jack is pacing which in turn makes Lou nervous. *

JOE
I hate nicknames. Always have. I'll never call you Lou the Jew.

LOU THE JEW
I appreciate that.

Anthony edges into the room behind the protective shield of Big Jack. Lou scowls in his direction. *

JOE
Heard you had a small fire.

LOU THE JEW
It was nothing.

JOE
No, not nothing. Here's four grand for damages.

Joe hands over \$4,000 in cash. Lou takes it.

LOU THE JEW
That's generous, Joe.

JOE
Yeah, it is.

Joe turns to Anthony.

JOE (CONT'D)
Front and center.

Anthony steps forward sheepishly.

JOE (CONT'D)
Whatever's going on between you and
his friends, it's over.

LOU THE JEW
They threw a burning rat in here--

JOE
You said it was nothing.

LOU THE JEW
It's not about the money, Joe. *

JOE
You're right. I hear you been
cozying up to the guys in Southie.

LOU THE JEW
(beat)
Some business. Only business. You
deal with them too.

JOE
That's right. I do. You don't.
(beat)
You know that old expression?

It's a rhetorical question, and Lou is smart enough to let
Joe answer.

JOE (CONT'D)
(turns to Anthony)
As long as you don't steal it in
Eastie it's not stealing. *
(back to Lou)
And Charlestown ain't far enough
away to count.

LOU THE JEW
 But what if--

 JOE
 I got a long arm, Louis.

Lou considers his choices.

 LOU THE JEW
 Okay, Joe. It's over.

He reaches out to shake Anthony's hand. Joe nods, and Anthony accepts the gesture.

Joe motions to Big Jack to close the door. A concerned look overcomes Lou the Jew. With speed Big Jack duct tapes Lou's mouth and hold his arms down on the chair. Joe directly behind Lou pulls out a 12" hunting knife, he slices deep into his jugular, blood gushes down Lou's right arm. Joe drops the knife to the floor. Big Jack strength is easily holding him.

Joe walks to the front of the desk, Lou's shocked eyes follow him. Joe bends over the desk and looks Lou square in his eyes.

 JOE
 Fucking traitor.

A minute passes, Lou is all but dead. Anthony's horror is on his face, but tries to hold his feelings.

Joe motions it's time to go.

 JOE (CONT'D)
 Take the funny bones, leave the money!

Big Jack laughs. They leave the back office.

 JOE (CONT'D)
 (to men playing cards)
 Goodnight gentlemen. Lou's making some calls and wants to be left alone.

Joe and his gang depart. Lou's party is over.

EXT./INT. CAR - LATER

Big Jack drives. Joe and Anthony are in the back seat. Anthony's skintone is pure white, he vomits out the open window. Like nothing happens Joe talks in a clear relaxed voice.

JOE (CONT'D)

This is not because of your mother,
you understand?

ANTHONY

What's it about?

JOE

This whole thing was an
opportunity. Smart businessmen look
for opportunities. Lou, that
pipsqueak, was getting too big for
his little girl britches. This was
a good chance to make sure he knows
where he stands.

ANTHONY

I think he knows where he stands.

*

JOE

Do you? Another day, another
situation, things might have gone
different for you...and your
friends.

(beat)

But you came to me with that deal,
and that took guts. You got
promise. Your friends too. Maybe I
was wrong about youz.

Anthony only nods.

JOE (CONT'D)

How 'bout a roast beef sandwich?

ANTHONY

Sure.

JOE

Not too pudgy, huh?

He pats his stomach and offers Anthony a look that could
kill.

JOE (CONT'D)

Don't worry, kid. Not today.

Anthony relaxes as Joe offers a genuine smile. Joe taps Big
Jack on the shoulder.

*

*

JOE (CONT'D)

Jack, let's go to Kellys.

*

BIG JACK
 You said it. I'm Fucking starvin.

*
 *

He hits the accelerator, and the car zooms off.

46 INT. THE 1800 CLUB - LATER

46

Tommy and Nick sit at the bar. There are beers in front of them, but they are barely touched as Tommy and Nick appear very concerned. Soon, Anthony enters with a large Kellys bag of sandwiches. He approaches his friends and plops the bag on the bar.

*

TOMMY
 What's that?

ANTHONY
 Kellys...courtesy of Joe.

NICK
 He bought you a sandwich? We thought he was gonna put a bullet in your head.

ANTHONY
 He bought us all sandwiches. Come on.

Anthony takes the sandwiches out.

TOMMY
 I don't have much of an appetite.

NICK
 I gotta keep my weight up.

Nick unwraps a sandwich and eats.

TOMMY
 I'm sorry I got you guys into this.

ANTHONY
 Sorry?

TOMMY
 Yeah...sorry.

ANTHONY
 It was a helluva ride.

TOMMY

Doesn't have to end. Which reminds me.

Tommy takes the money out of his pocket and begins to count it on the bar. A HOOD sees all the money and inches closer.

Nick puts down the sandwich and stands up, wiping off his hands. The hood weighs his options and backs off. Tommy passes out the money.

NICK

I got get used to this.

ANTHONY

Yeah.

*

47

EXT. CONSTITUTION BEACH, EAST BOSTON - LATE EVENING

47

We are back on the beach. Same time, same kind of weather. This time, however, the beach is not empty. Tommy, hiked up collar of his Black leather jacket, smoking a cigarette, stands near the water looking toward Logan Airport. He stares at it for a while before turning and looking back at Eastie.

FADE OUT.