

IRON

Based on the Impossibly True Story

Written by

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EXT. NEW YORK CITY. STREET CORNER. DAY

A NEWSPAPER with the headline: "1933. THE COLDEST WINTER NEW YORK CITY HAS EVER SEEN."

The newspaper blows away - REVEALING a WEATHERED MAN sprawled on a chaise of trash. He stretches, waking his companions - two other WEATHERED MEN.

They are a JAZZ TRIO. They get up and assemble their instruments - extensions of the Trio themselves.

A discolored TRUMPET. A gnarled STANDUP BASS. An ancient DRUM-SET.

Overcast skies. Snow on the ground. A dense cloud of white fog blankets the street.

An OPEN TRUMPET CASE slides out to the edge of the sidewalk.

1-2-3-4! A rolling SNARE - the Trio plays swinging music...

Slowly, a FIGURE emerges from the white...

A NICKEL is flipped at the case. It bounces off the back and lands spinning on the rim.

The jazz swings as the Nickel spins and spins...

A foot steps in front of the Trio. This is IRON MIKE MALLOY (late 50's), homeless, a scraggly beard, overall derelict appearance. He gazes at the Trio. They stare back.

Malloy grabs the spinning coin, bites it. He holds it up to the Trio, GRUNTS in thanks, then pockets the Nickel.

He trips and crumbles into the gutter, puking on himself. Groaning, he makes his way up to his feet.

He passes a GROUP OF PEOPLE standing in a bread line, bumping into a MAN whose pockets have never been full. He burps vomit on him upon impact--

EMPTY POCKETS
Hey! What the hell, asshole!?

Malloy staggers past Empty Pockets, never looking up.

EMPTY POCKETS (cont'd)
Hey! Come back here, you good for
nothin' piece of Irish shit!

His hailstorm of cussing dissolves as Malloy moves on.

Malloy passes a HOOVERVILLE - a metropolis of HUTS scrapped together from old wood and metal. JOBLESS PEOPLE mill about, hanging clothes, playing cards, reading the newspaper, and of course - drinking.

A mangy STRAY DOG gnaws on Malloy's sleeve, yanking him into a puddle before scampering off.

Malloy climbs back to his feet, wet and dirtier than ever.

He passes an alleyway, where a group of STREET KIDS are robbing an OLD GEEZER.

OLD GEEZER

Help! Somebody help!

The Kids run past, laughing. Malloy crosses the street without looking--

A LUXURY CAR careens past, barely missing him as it smashes into a CRUMMY CAR. A RICH COUPLE climb out of the luxury car, uninjured, screaming at an oblivious Malloy.

RICH MAN

Hey, you fucking bum! You going to pay for that!?

RICH WOMAN

Come darling, he's a poor. He doesn't have any money.

A POLICE OFFICER appears from the abyss. The Rich Couple's attitude softens instantly.

RICH MAN

Nothing to see here, officer. No trouble at all.

He swiftly makes with the cash, the cop waves them on, and the rich folk drive away as if nothing had happened at all.

EXT. JOE'S GROCERS. CONTINUOUS

Malloy stumbles up to a run down GROCERY STORE. The windows are covered with grime. A sign above the door is missing a few letters. It reads: "O GRO S." He enters--

INT. JOE'S GROCERS. CONTINUOUS

A single light-bulb illuminates a completely empty store. Dust covers everything. A VAGABOND sleeps on the floor. A large REFRIGERATOR stands against the back wall.

Malloy opens the door to the refrigerator, revealing--

INT. IL GONDOLIER. CONTINUOUS

A hidden speakeasy. Malloy walks to the BAR directly in front of him. Behind it, in a faded golden font on a dirty mirror that has long stopped showing reflections, is the name of the establishment: "Il Gondolier."

The speakeasy is in horrible shape. The single bar has eight decaying stools, of which only two are being used. Moldy pipes snake throughout the place, terminating at the BACK OFFICE/BATHROOM in the corner.

Malloy takes a seat at the bar.

The bartender, TOMMY "RED" DOLAN (50's), a paunchy, red-faced man, puts down the glass he was polishing, nods at Malloy, and serves him a drink.

Sitting at the table in front of the office door is the speakeasy owner, JOE LUPO (late 30's), an Italian-American, hair unkempt and sweat-stained clothes.

Joe is slumped over, carrying a heavy weight on his shoulders. He looks over PAPERWORK with a WHISKEY close by. A bold red STAMP on the top of the page: FORECLOSURE.

ROY WRIGHT (30's) is a handsome, well-dressed man - an ostentatious coat and tie distract from his otherwise thread-bare clothes.

A consummate performer, he uses the entire speakeasy as his stage. His eyes are glazed, a slight smile on his face.

ROY WRIGHT

And there I was, 300 miles off the coast of California in the middle of what many sailors have called the biggest hurricane the Pacific's ever seen. I'm talking 80-foot waves and 200-mile-an-hour winds - which, we later found out was a world record. Half the crew had come down with Colombian Scurvy - which, if you ask any sailor, is the worst kind of scurvy - and the captain wasn't fit to head a boat in his bathtub - which, if you didn't know, is the leader of a ship.

JOE LUPO

Mm.

ROY

We were all goners. I knew it was only a matter of time until we were shaking hands with ol' Dave Jones himself.

JOE

Mm.

ROY

Was I scared?

CRACKOW! Lightning STRIKES--

EXT. SHIP'S DECK. STORM. NIGHT

Roy holds the same faraway gaze as he stands on the DECK OF A SHIP caught in the clutches of a GARGANTUAN STORM. Rain pelts everything and high winds knock the SAILORS about.

ROY (V.O.)

Of course I was scared. I was ready to die. I was ready to make peace with the Lord, our God, but it turned out God had grander designs for me...

A small Mexican man, RODRIGO, approaches Roy.

ROY (V.O.) (cont'd)

...up came Little Rodrigo - our Mexican deckhand. His little Mexican body trembling, tears in his little Mexican eyes. He looked up at me and he said:

Rodrigo's mouth moves, but we hear Roy's voice--

ROY (V.O.) (cont'd)

(Roy as Rodrigo)

Señor Wright. I have a vision. From Mother Mary herself. She tell me that the only way we make it back to our families, is for you to become captain of this *barco*.

Joe has become a part of Roy's delusion. He sits at the same bar table, in deep focus, taping together a ONE DOLLAR BILL as the ship rocks back and forth, spraying him with water.

JOE

Mm.

ROY

(to Joe)

I know. I was shocked, too.
Positively stultified. I couldn't
believe what I was hearing. I said...

(to Rodrigo)

...Rodrigo, I don't know anything
about ships. I don't know anything
about sailing. I'm only a hyper
successful entrepreneur. I can't be
capitan.

Roy dramatically looks out over the crashing waves.

ROY (V.O.)

He put his little *Mehicano* hand on my
shoulder - and I'll never forget
this - he looked at me and he said:

Rodrigo puts his hand on Roy's shoulder. Roy dramatically
turns, looking Rodrigo in the eyes.

RODRIGO (ROY V.O.)

But Señor Wright, you must. You are
the only one who can.

CRACKOW! A LIGHTNING BOLT sheds the sky in white light.

ROY (V.O.)

So I did the only thing I could. I
shoved my fear aside.

Roy takes the wheel of the ship.

ROY (V.O.) (cont'd)

I took that wheel, and I got Rodrigo
home. To *Mehico*. To *Mehico* and his
little *niños*.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. CONTINUOUS

Roy continues staring off into space, the slight smile still
stuck to his lips.

MARCELLA LUPO (O.S.)

I'm sorry, why were you, the one
person on the ship who had no sailing
experience, the only one who could
captain the ship?

MARCELLA LUPO (late 30's), a sharp-dressed, meticulously put
together Italian-American, peeks through the blinds that
cover a BIG HOLE in the OFFICE WALL.

Marcella commands herself with grace, authority, and a distinct lack of humility. She applies mascara.

ROY

I don't know. Why don't you ask God?

MARCELLA

Have you ever even been on a boat?

ROY

It's a ship. And it wasn't about sailing the ship. It was about leading the ship. It was about standing up, taking charge, and delivering those beautiful little men back to their *casas*.

Marcella exits the office into the speakeasy.

MARCELLA

What were you doing on that ship, anyway?

ROY

Hey Joe, tell your wife that it's not about the destination, it's the journey. Which brings me back to my original point, which was... what was my point?

A beat. A BARFLY coughs.

Marcella grabs the paperwork from Joe--

MARCELLA

Joe, I've told you. It's hopeless. What are you going to do? Kill Rockefeller?

JOE

I thought Rockefeller was in oil..?

Marcella tosses more bills onto Joe's desk.

MARCELLA

The bank's closing this dump. Playing accountant isn't going to change that fact. We're broke. Just like everyone else in this shitty city.

ROY

We're not like everyone else. We're idiosyncratic.

JOE
And we're not broke. We're just...
financially insolvent.

FLUSH! A DRUNK PATRON exits the toilet in the office.

MARCELLA
Do you even know what that means? Or
did you read that in the *New Yorker*?

Joe slides a *New Yorker* under a stack of papers.

JOE
I heard Tony say it a few times...

MARCELLA
Joe, let's face facts: we're sinking.
Our bartender is a homeless man.

JOE
Hey, Red's a good employee.

ROY
Our customers are homeless men.

JOE
What do you mean *ours*? It's not
yours.

MARCELLA
Joe. We haven't made a dime on this
place in a long, long time. Hence,
the foreclosure.

ROY
And that was my point! If you let me
have a bigger stake in the business--

JOE
You have no stake--

ROY
We wouldn't be in such a pickle.

JOE
Stop saying "we!"

ROY
Just like I saved those sweet, sweet
Mexican men, I can save *us* from
drowning.

JOE

What do you want me to do? It's not like a thousand bucks is going to fall right into our laps.

Malloy falls off his stool.

Marcella does a double take. She looks at Roy.

INT. ROY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

A NEWSPAPER with the headline: 3 NIGHTS EARLIER

The newspaper is grabbed from a nightstand - Roy uses it to wipe his privates.

ROY

I think I love you.

He lies next Marcella in bed, sweating and panting from what one can assume was pure, adulterated sex. He tosses the soiled paper.

MARCELLA

Close your head.

ROY

No, really. I'm dizzy. You're a perfect being. A hecatomb of brilliance. A gift from the gods.

MARCELLA

You don't believe in God. Or gods.

ROY

Yeah, cause I ain't a sap. But if I did, I imagine I'd be a polygamist. Or a polytheist. Or whatever. I do know one thing. I'd be a famous hero.

A slight smile crosses his lips...

EXT. AMALFI COAST. DAY

The beautiful, ancient Amalfi Coast - or what Roy thinks the ancient Amalfi Coast looked like.

ROY (V.O.)

I'd be fearless Theseus...

Roy, as the ancient hero THESEUS, wearing flowing Greek robes, with a golden bough in his hair, stands heroically.

Sitting down, clutching his knee tenderly in a statue-esque pose of deferential affection, is Marcella, as ARIADNE, dressed in the same ancient Greek costume.

ROY (V.O.) (cont'd)
And you'd be my bride, Ariadne.

They both look out over the sea. On an island off the coast is the COLISEUM and the FORUM.

ROY
(as Theseus)
Together, we'd found Rome.

Marcella-as-Ariadne looks up quizzically at Roy-as-Theseus.

MARCELLA
(as Ariadne)
Don't you know how that story ends?

ROY
(as Theseus)
Yeah, we marry, we found Rome, and
we're beloved by everyone.

INT. ROY'S BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS

Marcella sits at the MIRROR, adjusting her makeup.

MARCELLA
Jesus Christ. Theseus leaves Ariadne
on the shores of Crete. His dad kills
himself because of Theseus'
narcissism. And, oh yeah, he
definitely didn't found Rome.

Roy cuddles up to her.

ROY
We should go to Rome. Have you ever
been?

MARCELLA
I've never left New York.

ROY
Let's go.

MARCELLA
Oh, are you going to pay for it?

ROY
Maybe I will.

MARCELLA

Ha. With all that money you got stashed away, right?

ROY

You don't know what you're talking about. I got money... I'm just discreetly affluent.

MARCELLA

Uh huh. And I'm happily married.

ROY

Hey now, Joe's my best friend.

MARCELLA

I can tell how much you care for him.

ROY

I want his wife to be happy. What's more selfless than that?

Roy kisses Marcella.

MARCELLA

I'm not happy.

ROY

Don't say that.

MARCELLA

If I could take back the last ten years of my life I would do it in a heartbeat.

ROY

Then you wouldn't have met me.

MARCELLA

I can live with that.

Roy snuggles closer.

ROY

That hurts. That hurts me.

MARCELLA

It hurts me to be in this dead-end life with a dead-end untrustworthy crumb.

ROY

Ouch. I think Joe's trustworthy. A crumb, but trustworthy.

MARCELLA

I'm talking about you, twit.

ROY

You don't trust me? Why don't you trust me?

MARCELLA

You give me a good reason to trust you and I'll trust you.

ROY

Trust that I know how to get out of tight spots. And trust that I know how to make bread.

MARCELLA

Do you?

Roy rummages in a tiny pantry.

ROY

I do. And trust when I say I have experience in what I'm about to tell you. But promise you won't spill it to anyone.

Roy puts his hands over the radiator, checking its heat.

MARCELLA

Who am I gonna tell? Tony?

ROY

I'm being serious.

Roy slaps a slab of BOLOGNA on the radiator.

ROY (cont'd)

Not a word until the time is right.

MARCELLA

Have you ever said anything without building it up beforehand? Spit it out.

ROY

It's simple, really. We find someone who's got nothing going for them. Someone no one will miss. Someone who we'd be doing a favor if they maybe had... an accident.

(MORE)

ROY (cont'd)

And we take out a life insurance policy on that someone, so when that someone kicks the bucket, we stand to make a fair bit of cabbage. And we leave this rat-hole forever.

MARCELLA

That's... wrong.

ROY

Look, I'm not saying we target someone in the prime of their life. I'm talking an old, loner-type that's in their twilight years, you know, someone who's already on their way out... and we...

MARCELLA

Kill them.

ROY

No... we just... help them... die a little.

MARCELLA

Wow.

ROY

Is that a yes?

MARCELLA

Nope. That's a no.

ROY

You're right, you're right. Let's just sit here, do nothing, and continue sinking.

MARCELLA

Joe's not gonna like it.

ROY

Who said anything about Joe?

MARCELLA

Roy, I've been married to the guy for fourteen years.

ROY

Fifteen.

MARCELLA

Fifteen years. Even with how much of a wetsock he's become, I can't just leave the guy. It'd be... wrong.

ROY

I wasn't saying that at all. Joe's my best friend. All I was saying is that we should maybe start oiling the works without him.

MARCELLA

He's never going to agree to something like that.

ROY

Leave that to me. All he needs is the right assurance. A proof of concept, if you will. A paradigm of success.

MARCELLA

And where are you gonna find this "paradigm?"

Roy takes a hearty bite of overcooked bologna.

ROY

(mouth full)

You just gotta know where to look.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. PRESENT

Roy and Marcella share a look after noticing Malloy on the ground. Roy smiles.

ROY

Hey Joe, can I consult with you in the office for a sprightly second?

INT. IL GONDOLIER. OFFICE. MOMENTS LATER

Joe sits behind a wobbly desk in the decrepit office. Stacks of soiled papers cover the surface. The brick walls are old and smeared with stains. A TOILET in the corner.

On the wall, a PHOTO of Joe with his arms around Roy and Marcella in front of the bar. The MIRROR is clean and reflective, the stools are new and hole free, and behind, in crisp, fresh lettering: "Il Gondolier." They all look youthful, optimistic, and full of life.

Roy peeks out into the bar through the blinds that cover the HOLE in the office wall.

ROY

Hey, who is that guy out there?

JOE

That guy? Just some regular.

ROY

Does he have a name?

JOE

Malloy, I think. Why?

ROY

That's humorous, because I've never seen him before, and I'm in here daily. Must be one of those inconspicuous fellows you just don't notice.

JOE

I guess.

ROY

And this Malloy fellow, he dip the bill often?

JOE

(sarcastically)

No, he's a priest, he comes in here every day looking for converts. What are you getting at?

ROY

Has he got friends? Family?

JOE

Listen, all I know is he comes in here, drinks the hours away, and sometimes manages to stumble out, if it's a good night. Why?

ROY

And where does he go after he leaves? Does he have a procured dwelling?

JOE

I don't know! Why are you asking?

ROY

Now you're probably wondering why I'm asking.

(MORE)

ROY (cont'd)
I know you have money problems, Joe.
I want to help you with your money
problems - our money problems.

JOE
I don't need your help.

ROY
And I think our friend Malloy is the
answer to our money problems.

JOE
Stop saying "money problems."

ROY
Now these money problems--

Marcella sticks her head through the hole in the wall.

MARCELLA
If we take a life insurance policy
out on Malloy, and he kicks the
bucket, we make two thousand dollars.

ROY
Yes, that's what I was... yes.

JOE
No.

ROY
Before you say no, it's not like
we're gonna do anything that isn't
gonna happen anyway. Look at him.
He's got squat to live for.

Malloy is sprawled out, unconscious, snoring his head off.

JOE
No. Absolutely not.

ROY
Joseph, he's gonna go any day now. We
give him an open tab, and let
biological mechanisms run their
course.

Joe looks at Marcella.

JOE
You're okay with this? This all Jake
to you?

Marcella shrugs.

JOE (cont'd)
Have you two been talking about this
behind my back?

No. ROY

MARCELLA
Yes.

JOE
You're talking about killing someone.

ROY
For money! And it's not killing. It's
uh... hmm.

MARCELLA
We help him die a little. Let's be
rational about this, Joe. We do need
the money.

JOE
We don't need it enough to kill
someone!

ROY
We can't keep the speakeasy open if
something doesn't change. It's
fiscally... unsolvent?

JOE
It's not we. It's me and Marcella.
You are not involved. Applesauce! I'm
sick of you trying to butt in!

Joseph-- ROY

JOE
I'm not going to listen to any more
of this! I will not murder anyone. We
do not need money that badly.

A pipe BURSTS over Joe's head, spewing water right on him. He sits at his desk as he gets soaked.

ROY
I can fix that.

TITLE CARD: **IRON**

Based on the (Un)fortunate True Story

INT. IL GONDOLIER. LATER

Roy and Marcella sit at a table. Roy holds an open book: LEGENDS OF GREECE AND ROME, staring blankly, not reading, a far-off smile on his face.

Malloy, still out cold on the floor, wets his pants - to Marcella's disgust. Red is polishing glasses behind the bar.

The door to the office hangs open. Water still gushes onto Joe, who shuffles papers and organizes things on his desk, as if nothing were happening.

MARCELLA

You're right.

Roy is dressed as Theseus.

ROY

Huh?

MARCELLA

We don't need Joe.

Roy is dressed normally.

ROY

What?

MARCELLA

He's never gonna change. If we wait on him, we'll be waiting forever. Red, give our friend down there an open tab.

ROY

God, I love you.

Roy tries to kiss her. She pushes him away, motioning to the office, where Joe is drinking coffee, water pouring on him.

Joe goes to put his coffee down--

INT. INSURANCE OFFICE. DAY

A COFFEE CUP is put down on a desk.

ERIK DAHLBERG (40's), a balding, bespectacled, tedious man, tediously dressed, sits looking through papers - tediously.

Roy and Marcella sit across from him - impatiently.

ROY

Mr. Dahlberg, let me just say that Uncle Mike is a picture of perfect health, but he is advancing in years. We have always had a close relationship, what with him having no progeny of his own. He wanted to make sure that if anything unexpected were to occur, that he could make our lives easier with his passing.

MARCELLA

He's been like a father to us.

ERIK DAHLBERG

Yes. Well. Why are you here and not your uncle?

MARCELLA

Oh. He's abroad at the moment.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. FRONT ENTRANCE. SAME TIME

Malloy trips over the entrance, falling on his face.

INT. INSURANCE OFFICE. CONTINUOUS

MARCELLA

In Colombia. He's a very active sailor.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. FRONT ENTRANCE. SAME TIME

Malloy guzzles a beer.

INT. INSURANCE OFFICE. CONTINUOUS

ROY

Uncle Mike loves the sea.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. OFFICE. SAME TIME

Malloy pukes into the toilet.

INT. INSURANCE OFFICE. CONTINUOUS

Dahlberg cleans his spectacles.

DAHLBERG

Yes. Well. Without him being here,
you'll need a notarized signature to
prove his desire for health insurance
and designating you as the
benefactors.

ROY

Honey, did you--

Roy pats his body, looking for it.

INT. KRIESBERG & SONS FUNERARY HAUS. OFFICE. YESTERDAY

Roy and Marcella stand in front of PETER KRIESBERG (30's), a small and skinny man with a mouse-like demeanor. He wears an over-sized suit that gives him the appearance of a child. He hands Roy a folded PIECE OF PAPER.

PETER KRIESBERG

You owe me for this, Roy. Last time--

ROY

Shut up, Kriesberg.

INT. INSURANCE OFFICE. CONTINUOUS

Marcella gently touches Roy's shoulder. She hands Dahlberg a notarized signature.

MARCELLA

Right here, sweetie.

Dahlberg scrupulously looks over the note.

MARCELLA (cont'd)

That's my husband. So forgetful.

DAHLBERG

Yes. Well. You'll also need a
doctor's certificate proving that
your uncle is in excellent health.

ROY

Uncle Mike? He's the healthiest man
I've ever seen.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE. YESTERDAY

Roy props up a slumped-over Malloy in front of a DOCTOR.

DOCTOR

This is the unhealthiest man I have ever seen.

Malloy pukes on himself. Roy hands the doctor money.

INT. INSURANCE OFFICE. CONTINUOUS

Roy wears a massive smile on his face as he holds out the DOCTOR'S NOTE. A TWENTY DOLLAR BILL is attached.

Dahlberg takes the note and coyly slides the 20 in his pocket. He stands. Roy and Marcella follow suit.

DAHLBERG

Yes. Well. It was a pleasure to meet you, Mister and Missus Wright. I'll be in touch with you in the next couple of days.

ROY

The pleasure was all ours. Thank you for your help, Mister Dahlberg.

DAHLBERG

Please. Call me Erik.

ROY

Erik, I look forward to hearing from you, *Erik*. And I'll be sure to let Uncle Mike know he's in good hands.

The two shake hands.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. NIGHT

Joe enters a crowded, lively speakeasy, looking out over the packed bar as a A SINGER croons on a small stage under a bright spotlight. The Jazz Trio plays behind her.

He makes his way through the bar, shaking hands, patting shoulders, sharing his "hello's" and "how-ya-doin's" with everyone and anyone who crosses his path. It's clear: Joe is the king of this place.

Joe moves through the throng of friends to the bar. He nods to the bartender - Red, only suave, handsome and debonair - who slides him a drink. Joe takes it, turns and leans back.

Someone puts a CIGAR in his mouth. Another person lights it. Joe blows out a thick cloud of smoke.

He looks out over his Kingdom - one that will last forever.

Then he sees her. Marcella, soft, kind, mesmerizing.
Standing by the door, encapsulated in angelic light.
Everyone turns, but her eyes are for Joe only. She runs up
to him, kissing him, popping one foot in the air.

MARCELLA

Oh, Joe. I love you, Joe.

Passionate smooching. Smooch. Smooch.

MARCELLA (cont'd)

Oh, Joe. Joe. Joe.

Joe closes his eyes in bliss.

ROY (O.S.)

Joe. JOE!

The cloud of smoke disperses. Joe's--

INT. IL GONDOLIER. NIGHT

...back in the dim, dingy speakeasy. The bar is back to
normal - shitty. Empty.

Roy stares right at him.

ROY

JOE! Pal, earth to Joe. Good news.

Joe snaps out of his reverie. His face sinks. Behind Roy
stands Marcella and Peter Kriesberg.

MARCELLA

Jesus, Kriesberg, nobody cares.

KRIESBERG

Yeah, that's the problem. There's a
gap between Deutschland and America,
and I'm starting to wonder if
marrying her-- Joe!

Kriesberg waves at Joe through the hole in the wall. Joe,
confused, waves politely. He doesn't recognize him.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. OFFICE. CONTINUOUS

Kriesberg bursts into the office, Roy following.

KRIESBERG

Joe, my man! How are you? Long time
no see.

JOE

Who is this boob?

KRIESBERG

(laughing)

Good one, Joe. It's me, Peter
Kriesberg.

The Barfly flushes the toilet in the office and exits,
squeezing past Roy and Kriesberg.

KRIESBERG (cont'd)

We've met before. I was at your
wedding.

JOE

Uhhh...

KRIESBERG

Roy gave the best man speech...

JOE

Sure...

KRIESBERG

There were only ten people there...

JOE

Roy, what is this?

ROY

Remember that conversation we had the
other day? About the solution to our
fiscal insolvency... ness?

JOE

I do. And I also remember saying that
there's no way in hell I would do it.

ROY

Is that what you said? Either way, I
decided to be proactive about the
situation.

JOE

I'm out.

ROY

Kriesberg here is an undertaker. So that means that when our friend out there croaks, we've got a quick, painless, and most importantly, unassailable place to get rid of him before the fuzz can give a second opinion.

KRIESBERG

And once he's buried, they'll never find him again. That's my guarantee.

JOE

I'm. Out.

ROY

Joseph, I'm giving you a perfect plan that is not without its labors. I'm working my ass off to make sure that YOU and YOUR WIFE are taken care of--

JOE

You're not listening to me! I don't give a horse's hiney about how airtight your plan is, we're talking about MURDER!

ROY

Shhhhh... Jesus, Joe, you want the whole goddamn speakeasy to hear you? What happened to you? You used to be someone who was willing to take big risks and win big.

Joe hears the noises of the busy, flourishing Jazz Bar.

ROY (cont'd)

Now your own wife can't even look you in the eye.

JOE

That's not true.

Joe makes eye contact with Marcella at the bar. She looks away quickly. The noises fade...

ROY

I've got everything formulated past perfection! I've been through this a million times! From every angle. There is absolutely nothing that could go wrong! Nothing!

The shoddily-repaired pipe above Joe's head BURSTS - spraying water right onto him.

EXT. IL GONDOLIER. BACK ALLEY. MOMENTS LATER

Joe, soaking wet, wrings the water out of his jacket.

ROY
You're not convinced. And I know why.

JOE
No, you don't.

ROY
You need to know that this thing is flawless. That it's incontrovertible.

JOE
And it's murder. And I don't trust you.

ROY
And I'm not asking you to. Trust in the facts.

JOE
What "facts?"

ROY
Let me tell you a story - a parable, if you will - about a friend of mine who found himself in a similar situation.

INT. BAR. NIGHT. FLASHBACK

A NEWSPAPER with the headline: "1930. THREE YEARS PREVIOUS."

Roy folds the paper and sets it aside. He sits at a bar, drinking a beer, staring off into space, smiling slightly. The Trio plays music in the corner.

ROY (V.O)
This friend of mine, his life at the time was much like our own. Light on coin, no steady income, spent a lot of time in Gin Mills.

A WEATHERED MAN (30's), approaches the bar. A flash of his wallet - THICK WITH CASH. A light sparks in Roy's eye...

ROY (V.O) (cont'd)
One day, he was at one of his usual
joints when a young dame stumbles in.

Roy approaches the Weathered Man and introduces himself.

ROY (V.O.)
Now, it's obvious from the start that
this girl was in a bad way. Dirty,
drunk, constantly crying into her
booze. This girl was a wreck.

Roy sits next the the Weathered Man, close.

ROY (V.O)
So my friend asks her what's the
matter. She tells him she just moved
to the city. No friends, no family,
no job, no place to call home. My
friend's heart melts.

They both laugh. Roy's hand rests on the Man's leg.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT. FLASHBACK

Roy and the Weathered Man, arm in arm, laugh and stumble.

ROY (V.O)
My friend's no saint, but when he
heard this girl's tale, so desperate
and alone, he figured he should do
what he could to help. Like a good
Christian.

Roy shoves the man against the wall, making out with him.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. FLASHBACK

Roy opens the door and guides the Weathered Man inside.

ROY (V.O)
So he offered her a place to stay for
a while, just so she could get back
on her feet.

INT. ROY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. FLASHBACK

The Weathered Man and Roy go at it.

ROY (V.O)
She was beside herself with
gratefulness.

Roy and the Man lie in bed. Roy is trying to convince him of something. He shakes his head, but Roy is persistent.

ROY (V.O) (cont'd)
She wanted to give him something as
thanks, but of course, my friend said
no.

Roy pours two shots.

He clinks glasses with the Man, who takes the shot, while Roy tosses his over his shoulder.

The Weathered Man sways back and forth as he struggles to dress himself.

ROY (V.O) (cont'd)
She insisted though, and despite his
protests, she gave him the only thing
she had.

INT. INSURANCE OFFICE. DAY. FLASHBACK

Roy has his arm around the Man, who is nodding off. Roy's smiling, talking to an INSURANCE AGENT.

Roy guides the Man's hand along some paperwork, helping him write his signature.

The insurance agent and Roy shake hands as Roy hands him a TEN DOLLAR BILL.

ROY (V.O)
Her inheritance.

INT. WEATHERED MAN'S HOME. NIGHT. FLASHBACK

A door opens. A silhouette of Roy and the Weathered Man in the winter night.

Weathered Man is thrown on the bed, barely conscious.

Roy ransacks the home. Pocketing anything of worth.

The Man is passed out. Light glints off stolen RINGS on Roy's fingers as he smokes a cigarette, staring...

ROY (V.O.)
They got close. Maybe that's why he
still hoped she'd get better. But she
never did.

Roy takes a big swig of whiskey.

ROY (V.O.) (cont'd)
He did all he could to help her.

Roy pushes the bed against the window.

ROY (V.O.) (cont'd)
Gave her a place to sleep.

He strips him and the bed.

ROY (V.O.) (cont'd)
Bought her new clothes to stay warm.

Roy takes a BUCKET OF ICE WATER and POURS it on the Man.

ROY (V.O.) (cont'd)
Tried to keep her safe.

Roy opens the window - a strong wind blows the curtains.

ROY (V.O.) (cont'd)
But none of it worked.

He puts on his coat and leaves, stomping out his cigarette.
The Weathered Man lies motionless in the bed.

ROY (V.O.) (cont'd)
One night my friend found her in bed,
frozen stiff. The poor dame had been
so corked she left the window open in
the middle of winter. He didn't even
need to check. She was gone.

Roy talks to detectives. He's crying, shaking his head.

He looks up and sees Kriesberg, prepping the body to be
taken away. They nod at each other.

ROY (V.O.) (cont'd)
Of course, my friend is distraught by
the whole mess. Inconsolable.

INT. INSURANCE OFFICE. DAY. FLASHBACK

Roy smiles, shaking hands with the insurance agent.

ROY (V.O)

And then he remembered her one wish:
that he get a little compensation for
helping her in her hour of need...

INT. BAR. NIGHT. FLASHBACK

Roy buys a round for everyone. He laughs. He slaps Kriesberg on the back. Joe sits at the bar in his present day clothes.

JOE

So you want to freeze Malloy? Alive?

EXT. IL GONDOLIER. BACK ALLEY. PRESENT

Roy snaps out of his reverie.

ROY

What? No. The point is, is that if we
get him drunk enough, it's only a
matter of time. It's easy dough.
Really, we'd be imbecilic not to.

JOE

I'm not gonna do it, so why don't you
stop being so pushy about it?

ROY

Hey, pal, I'm leveling with you--

JOE

Roy, what is this? Feeding me lines.
We used to be friends.

ROY

Joe, you're my best friend. We're
best friends.

JOE

Once upon a time.

ROY

Once upon a-- Would you stop with the
dramatics? I'm just trying--

JOE

You're "just trying" to do
everything, Roy. Stay out of my
beeswax. For once.

Joe walks down the alley.

ROY
Come on, Joseph. I'm worried about
you, pal!

Joe flips him the bird.

INT. JOE AND MARCELLA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. LATER

Joe and Marcella lie in a crummy, worn-down BED, seemingly sharing the same bed.

MARCELLA
You awake?

JOE
Yes.

MARCELLA
What are you thinking about?

JOE
Nothing.

MARCELLA
Come on. You're thinking about
something.

JOE
Just trying to sleep.

MARCELLA
It's cold in here.

JOE
Yep.

MARCELLA
I forgot to tell you, Tony said--

JOE
You know what, I just don't
understand.

MARCELLA
What?

JOE
This doesn't seem like the Marcella I
know.

MARCELLA
Can I come in, Joe? I'm cold.

Marcella gets up out of HER BED. She walks across the room where Joe lies in a smaller, SEPARATE BED.

Joe turns toward the wall in an attempt to put up his own wall. She climbs in anyway.

MARCELLA (cont'd)
Remember when we first moved here all those years back? All we had were two suitcases and a jar half-full of cash.

JOE
You hated it.

MARCELLA
Yeah. I did. I still do. This place is a dump.

Joe scoffs.

MARCELLA (cont'd)
But...

Joe turns and looks at her expectantly.

MARCELLA (cont'd)
I can trust you, Joe... that-- And *that*...

Marcella stares at the ceiling for inspiration.

MARCELLA (cont'd)
That's more important than anything else. Through it all, for the last fourteen years--

JOE
Fifteen.

MARCELLA
Fifteen years, you've been the one constant that kept us up. I know that if I fall, you're gonna be there. My beautiful safety net.

JOE
We had it all once.

The far-off JAZZ MUSIC of Joe's Dream-Bar echoes.

MARCELLA
Did we?

JOE
We did, didn't we.

MARCELLA
We need to get out of this dump, Joe.
We can leave that stinking trash-pile
of a bar behind...

The jazz music evaporates...

JOE
Leave the bar?

MARCELLA
We can leave Roy and Red and all
those deadbeats, and get out of New
York forever.

JOE
Out of New York? Where would we go?

The ROMANTIC SOUNDS of a FRENCH ACCORDION arises.

MARCELLA
France. Paris. Doesn't matter. You
and me, free from this hellhole. Free
to live our lives the way we want,
however we want. Free to breathe
again. Freedom. Can you put a price
on freedom, Joe?

A beat as Marcella waits to see if it worked...

JOE
It does seem like Malloy could go any
day now...

Marcella tenderly touches him - *check*.

JOE (cont'd)
I just... I don't know. Something
feels wrong. I don't know.

MARCELLA
I do know. Me and you. Forever.

Marcella kisses him - *checkmate*.

JOE
I love you, Marcella.

Marcella forces a smile back.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. DAY

Roy slams an INSURANCE CARD with Malloy's name on it on the bar in front of Marcella, Joe, and Kriesberg.

Kriesberg picks it up and inspects it.

KRIESBERG

Ooh, neat card stock. Thick. Bold.
Official.

ROY

Shut up, Kriesberg. Now, Joe, I know
you don't want to be part of this--

JOE

No, no. It's... okay.

ROY

What?

JOE

I'm in. Let's do this.

ROY

Wha-- Joseph! I changed your mind!?

JOE

Sure.

Joe winks at Marcella.

ROY

I gotta say, great to have you on
board, pal.

Roy winks at Marcella.

JOE

So what now?

ROY

...that's a thoughtful inquiry...

MARCELLA

Malloy's been on an open tab for the
past week, and he seems to be
relishing it.

JOE

He's been on an OPEN TAB!?

MARCELLA

He's a booze hound, so we thought the easiest way is for Malloy to drink himself into a Chicago overcoat.

RED

He's up to-- to two bottles of whi-- whiskey a day.

JOE

TWO BOTTLES A DAY!?

KRIESBERG

I know a guy. We could whack him.

ROY

Shut up, Kriesberg, you do not know a guy.

MARCELLA

Okay. It's clear that Malloy's immune to alcohol.

ROY

So the next step would obviously be...

Everyone scratches their heads.

JOE

We could poison him?

INT. HARDWARE STORE. DAY

Joe, Marcella, and Roy stand in front of a WALL OF SHELVES, filled with many different COLORED BOTTLES. Joe reads the ingredients on the back of one.

JOE

Hmm. Wood alcohol. Highly toxic. This one's got five milliliters of methanol. Is that enough?

MARCELLA

How should I know? Do I look like a carpenter?

ROY

I don't know who uses this stuff.

Joe grabs another bottle.

JOE

This one's got eight milliliters. But this one's five cents cheaper, and its got seven milliliters. I'll be honest, all these numbers are making my head spin.

MARCELLA

That one's green.

ROY

Green is the color of poison.

Marcella grabs a bottle from the shelf.

MARCELLA

This one's a buck, and its got six milliliters.

JOE

What about taste, you think taste means anything?

MARCELLA

The man downs hootch like it's water, I don't think he's going to notice a few drops of wood alcohol.

ROY

What about smell?

Roy pops open a bottle. The trio lean in and smell it.

JOE

Applesauce!

ROY

It smells like a stiff.

JOE

How do you know what a stiff smells like?

MARCELLA

Let's just make a choice.

JOE

This good with you?

MARCELLA

Yeah, I'm good with it.

ROY

Aces.

Roy and Marcella book it out the front door.

Joe is slow on the uptake. He hesitates for a second, grabs a few bottles and shoves them in his jacket. A few more fall on the floor and shatter. He runs out the door.

EXT. STREET. MOMENTS LATER

Joe tries to keep up with Roy and Marcella - not looking where's he's going--

SLAM! Joe runs into a massive, hulking frame--

Tony "TWO GUNS" ALLEGRI (40's) is a colossal Italian-American with a permanent five o'clock shadow, hair matted back with pomade. Two guns hang off his chest in a shoulder holster, proving his nickname is no metaphor. He probably doesn't know what a metaphor is...

TONY "TWO GUNS" ALLEGRI
What the shit, Joe? Forgot howta walk?

JOE
Tony. Hey! Uh--

Marcella and Roy run back - glass rattles in their coats.

MARCELLA ROY
Tony! What are you doing-- Tony. Always swell to see--

TONY
How's business?

JOE
Tony. Business? Swell. Real swell.

MARCELLA
Jake, Jake. Hitting on all eight.

ROY
Well, I wish we could stay and chat but, speaking of business, we're in the middle of a prolific endeavor--

TONY
What's in the coats?

ROY
Coats? Nothing--

A bottle falls at their feet - shattering. Everyone stares at each other...

MARCELLA

Okay - see you next week for the delivery.

ROY

Bye, Tony.

JOE

Bye, Tony.

They all run off.

ROY

(sotto - to Marcella)

I fucking hate your cousin.

Joe looks over his shoulder--

Tony pensively watches their escape...

INT. IL GONDOLIER. DAY. LATER

Roy, Marcella, Kriesberg, Joe, and Red stare at the BOTTLE OF WOOD ALCOHOL.

In the corner of the bar, the Trio sets up their instruments.

Marcella grabs the bottle and fills up a glass a quarter way full. Red fills the rest with whiskey.

Roy walks it over to Malloy.

ROY

Malloy, is it? How ya doing?

Malloy grunts in response.

ROY (cont'd)

Swell, swell, nifty to hear. I just wanted to come over and say thank you for frequenting our establishment. These are tough times for all of us, and yet, you somehow manage to come in here every day and perpetuate the local economy via your patronage. Here's a special drink that we prepared for only our most esteemed clientele, in appreciation for your continued business. From the bottom of our hearts - thank you.

Roy sticks out his hand to shake. Malloy leans forward slowly to reciprocate - and coughs up a planetary MASS OF PHLEGM into Roy's face.

Roy walks back to the group.

MARCELLA
(sarcastically)
Nice work.

ROY
(sincerely)
Thanks. I think he bought it.

They watch anxiously as he brings the shot to his lips...

...The Trio begins to play...

...Malloy takes the shot...

...Nothing happens.

JOE
Nothing's happening. Is something
supposed to happen?

KRIESBERG
Wood alcohol is highly toxic. It
should take effect instantaneously.

MARCELLA
Should we pour him another?

ROY
Just to be safe.

Marcella fills another shot glass half way. Red fills the rest with whiskey. He takes it down to Malloy.

Malloy takes the shot. This time, he reels a little...

He breathes heavily... he heaves... he looks like he might vomit...

He burps. Loudly.

Malloy's gaze wanders over to the gang. The gang quickly tries to look busy. Roy raises his glass. Malloy grunts.

RED
He see-- seems fine.

ROY
Yes. He does seem fine. And I feel
like he shouldn't be.

KRIESBERG

He's drinking methanol. He should be going blind.

ROY

Where were you when we were buying this?

KRIESBERG

I wasn't invited.

Roy snatches the wood alcohol and pours a full shot. He smells it and cringes.

Red brings the shot over to Malloy.

JOE

He's gonna notice. This is a mistake.

ROY

Pipe down. He won't. Look at him.

MARCELLA

Quiet! Quiet!

Malloy puts it to his lips. He sniffs the concoction; his nose crinkles in repulsion. He takes the shot.

His body convulses...

His breathing becomes shallow and erratic...

He wobbles on his stool... teeters onto his feet...

His body sways wildly as he tries to walk it off, like a wounded beast in its last moments of life...

He CRASHES to the floor face-up.

The gang sits in disbelief...

JOE

Applesauce... is he..?

ROY

Kriesberg, go check him.

KRIESBERG

What? Why me?

ROY

You're the mortician.

KRIESBERG
Right, I'm not a doctor.

MARCELLA
Can it, Kriesberg, and see if he's
breathing.

Kriesberg puts his finger under Malloy's nose. He looks back
at the gang with a surprised look.

Did they do it? Is he dead?

Malloy VOMITS on Kriesberg's face.

KRIESBERG
Gahhhh!

Malloy snores.

ROY
How the hell is this guy still
alive!?

TONY (O.S.)
The hell's goin' on here?

Tony stands behind them, observing the chaos.

ROY
Tony! Hey! How long have you been--

TONY
What's with him?

ROY
Oh, bums, you know? Always coming in
here, creating a quandary of
cleanliness. Throwing up on
Kriesberg. You know how it is.

KRIESBERG
(spitting)
It's in my mouth!

TONY
You seem upset.

ROY
Upset? Who's upset? Are you upset?

MARCELLA
I'm not upset. Are you?

JOE
I'm fine. Peachy.

TONY
You all was shoutin' and friggin'
cursin' like a buncha drunk Micks.

JOE
Whoa, Tony, okay. We've got a big
Irish clientele.

TONY
Oh, you're gonna tell me what I can
and can't say? Get outta my fuckin'
face.

JOE
Uh huh. Heard. Marcella?

Joe retreats behind Marcella.

MARCELLA
Tony, don't cast kittens over this.
We were kicking this drunk out; he
puked all over Kriesberg. That's all.

Tony looks at them. One. By. One.

TONY
You all look suspicious...

MARCELLA
Everyone looks suspicious to you,
Tony. Now let's get this drunk out of
here and have a few drinks.

KRIESBERG
I'll have a shot.

TONY
Can it, puke-boy.

Everyone laughs.

EXT. IL GONDOLIER. BACK ALLEY. THAT NIGHT

Joe locks the door of the speakeasy.

He walks down a silent street.

He rounds a corner - when suddenly he's grabbed by SOMEONE
and shoved up against a wall. It's Tony.

TONY
What the shit are ya up to?

JOE
Please don't hurt me.

TONY
What's with the homeless guy?

JOE
What homeless guy?

Tony SMACKS him.

JOE (cont'd)
Oh, you mean Malloy?

TONY
Why'd'ya want him dead?

JOE
Who?

Tony PUNCHES him square in the nose.

JOE (cont'd)
D'oh GOD!

TONY
Tell me what's goin' on, Joe, or I'll
give ya a shattered kneecap to go
along with that nose.

JOE
I didn't want to be a part of it in
the first place, but Marcella and
Roy, they said he's gonna die any day
now so they said that if he's gonna
die, why not net some clams, so Roy
got an insurance policy on him and
now we're feeding him wood alcohol
and I'm so tired and sad and--

TONY
Okay. Just. Can it. I want in.

JOE
Well, um...

SMACK!

JOE (cont'd)
You're in! Roy and Marcella might--

TONY

I'll take care a' them. Now you be a good lil' boy and keep ya yap shut about this.

JOE

But what about my nose?

Hands him a dirty rag.

JOE (cont'd)

No, what do I tell people?

TONY

I don't give a fuck. Ya fell down some stairs. Beat it.

Joe stumbles down the street as Tony watches.

TONY (cont'd)

And get a new jacket. Ya look like a goddamned pigeon.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. DAY

Joe, Marcella, Roy, and Red enter the bar. Joe has a deeply bruised nose, covered by a BLOODIED BANDAGE.

ROY

You look all wet, Joe.

MARCELLA

How many stairs was it?

JOE

Lots.

TONY (O.S.)

Good mornin'.

Tony is sitting at one of the tables.

MARCELLA

What are you doing here?

TONY

Oh, ya know, I was in the neighborhood and I thought I'd check in on my favorite cousin.

MARCELLA

You've checked. Now scram. We're closed.

ROY
How'd you even get in here?

TONY
Let myself in.

A wind blows through a newly BROKEN WINDOW.

MARCELLA
You broke that window? You gonna pay
for that?

TONY
Why should I? You guys are comin'
inta some substantial spinach soon,
ain't cha?

MARCELLA
I don't know what you're talking
about.

ROY
We have money.

The toilet in the office flushes - making a sickening
choking noise. The Barfly exits the office.

BARFLY
John's fucked.

TONY
You plan to off that Malloy fella.

ROY
Who's Malloy? Never heard of him.

Malloy stumbles in. He forces his way between them and
shuffles to a seat at the bar.

TONY
Here's the deal. Ya gonna cut me in.

JOE
I think that's a great idea--

Marcella punches Joe in the arm.

MARCELLA
Dry up! Tony, you're talking bunk.

TONY

Oh, so ya mean ya didn't take an insurance policy out on this guy, Malloy, and ya not tryin' to poison him with wood alcohol?

Marcella looks at Joe, who is standing sheepishly off to the side, staring at the ground.

MARCELLA

Goddammit, Joe! You wetsock.

ROY

No. No way. There's already too many people involved.

TONY

Well now ya've got one more. Plus, I'm a good asset to the team. I'll shoot the guy right friggin' now.

Tony pulls out a gun and aims it at Malloy.

KRIESBERG

Neat!

MARCELLA

Jesus!

Marcella shoves the gun aside. It goes off - **BANG** - hitting the PIPE above Joe. Water sprays all over him.

ROY

Dear. Lord. All we're saying is, we have to make it look like an accident. That's the whole point. If he drinks himself to death, it's an accident. If you shoot the guy, it's murder!

TONY

And alcohol is gonna kill him?

ROY

Well, it's poison, so. Yes.

TONY

You're da big cheese, Roy. Just happy to be parta the team.

JOE

I think that calls for a celebration. Red?

Red nods from behind the bar, pours Malloy a shot of wood alcohol, brings it to Malloy, who takes the shot, grunts, and slams the empty glass down onto--

A NEWSPAPER with the headline: "3 DAYS OF POISONING MALLOY LATER"

The group stands around, perplexed.

KRIESBERG

His stomach's made of iron... Iron Mike Malloy! Neat nickname, huh guys? Should we call him Iron Mike Malloy!?

ROY

Shut up, Kriesberg.

TONY

Let's shoot the prick.

ROY

Goddammit, Tony, this is working. I urge patience.

TONY

All I see is a Mick sittin' down there at the enda the bar, perfectly fine. In fact, he seems less juiced than when he came in this mornin'.

MARCELLA

He does seem to be building an immunity to the poison...

JOE

It doesn't really seem to affect him, does it?

KRIESBERG

Classic Iron Mike.

TONY

If he don't die soon I'm gonna have ta shoot somebody.

Tony stares at Roy. Roy points to Kriesberg.

JOE

What about the oysters?

INT. IL GONDOLIER. MOMENTS LATER

A rusted CAN OF OYSTERS sit on the bar.

MARCELLA

How long have we had these?

RED

Four years.

MARCELLA

And why didn't you throw them away?

RED

I di-- didn't kn-- know if you wanted them.

MARCELLA

You didn't know if we-- Whatever, just open 'em up.

Red forces the can open. Oyster juice explodes - everyone pulls back in horror. Joe - too slow - gets splashed.

ROY

Oh, this is perfect. These oysters might kill us just from the smell.

TONY

This is subtle? The guy's gonna know he's eatin' a poison sandwich.

Malloy puts down the SANDWICH after taking a hearty bite - a revolting blob of moldy bread and decaying green oysters. He chases it down with a shot of wood alcohol.

ROY

Dear. Lord.

MARCELLA

It looks like he's enjoying it.

ROY

We have to think of something else. What the hell are they talking about?

Tony and Joe sit at a table, watching.

TONY

(whispering)

We haveta thinka somethin' else. What the shit are they talkin' 'bout?

JOE

(whispering)

I don't know.

TONY

Let's put some lead into Iron Mike.

JOE

I don't know...

TONY

Come on, Joe, we're perfect for this.
Me. You. We're like Leopold and Loeb.

JOE

Aren't those guys serial killers?
Child serial killers?

TONY

Tomato, tomato. My brains, my brawn,
and your...

Joe smiles expectantly.

TONY (cont'd)

Either way, we make a great team.

JOE

Wow, Tony. I'm honored. But... I
don't know. I'm not sure I'm cut out
for this...

TONY

Leave that up to me.

JOE

Alright. Should I have a gun?

TONY

No friggin' way.

JOE

Okay.

TONY

Don't say nothin' to Roy and Marcella
'bout this. They can't be trusted.

JOE

I can't tell Marcella?

TONY

You wanna be able to breath out your
nose the rest of your life?

JOE

Yeah...

TONY

Then don't tell Marcella. For her own good.

JOE

For her own good..?

TONY

And wash your friggin' shirt. Ya smell like a rottin' barge.

Tony smiles and waves at Roy and Marcella.

ROY

(whispering)

I'm sensing duplicity from those two.

MARCELLA

(whispering)

No shit. Joe was controllable, but with Tony here, there's no guarantees.

ROY

We'll just have to keep a close eye on them. A very close eye. Vigilance is a virtue.

Both groups smile and wave at each other. Tony gets up.

TONY

Better be goin'. See ya dummies tomorra.

MARCELLA

Bye, Tony.

ROY

Bye, Tony.

They watch Tony go. They look at Joe. Joe waves awkwardly.

JOE

Ooo, ouch. My nose is really killing me. I should probably go home and saw some logs. You guys mind locking up?

ROY

Yeah, we'll lock up, pal. Sure.

MARCELLA

Joe, be careful. Don't take any wooden nickels.

JOE

What are you talking about? I'm just going home.

Joe slips.

MARCELLA
I'm serious, Joe, watch out out
there. You could get hurt...

JOE
Don't worry. I'll be fine. I love
you, Marcella.

MARCELLA
Goodnight, Joe.

ROY
Goodnight, Joe.

JOE
Goodnight, Roy. Goodnight, Marcella.

MARCELLA
Goodnight, Joe.

JOE
Goodnight.

Joe exits. Roy and Marcella slump down on the bar.

MARCELLA
They're up to something.

ROY
It's copacetic. Me and you, we're in
control. We're steering this ship. As
long as we are here, we can make sure
that Malloy stays in the bar, and as
long as Malloy stays in the bar,
we're copacetic. Right, Malloy?

Malloy's empty bar stool spins...

ROY (cont'd)
Shit.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT. LATER

The Trio plays jazz on the sidewalk as Malloy stumbles by. A
PIGEON sits on the drummer's kick drum.

It's snowing hard. A PASSERBY slips. Malloy passes a crashed
car on the side of the road.

EXT. ROOFTOP. CONTINUOUS

Joe stands on the corner of the roof facing the street.

A PIGEON pesters him; he shoos it away.

Below, he spots Malloy walking toward him.

He runs across the rooftop and CAWS like a bird.

EXT. ALLEYWAY. CONTINUOUS

Tony stands in an alley. He sees Joe on the opposite roof.

TONY
I told him no friggin' bird calls.

Tony takes out his GUN, and slowly approaches the street...

EXT. ROOFTOP. CONTINUOUS

Joe runs back to the corner facing the street to watch Malloy. TWO MORE BIRDS harass him.

JOE
Get outta here! Shoo!

EXT. ALLEYWAY. CONTINUOUS

Malloy turns and walks down the alley...

EXT. ROOFTOP. CONTINUOUS

MORE BIRDS have joined in on Joe, now caught up in a STORM OF FEATHERS.

EXT. ALLEYWAY. CONTINUOUS

Tony rounds the corner. Malloy stops in front of him.

Tony raises his gun--

EXT. ROOFTOP. CONTINUOUS

Joe fights an ARMY OF PIGEONS. He SWIPES THE AIR with all of his might...

Loses his footing...

JOE
Applesauce!--

And PLUMMETS over the edge of the roof--

EXT. ALLEYWAY. CONTINUOUS

Tony pulls the hammer on his gun as--

Joe SLAMS into the pavement in front of Tony.

A beat. Tony, stunned, looks down at what's left of Joe.

TONY
 Shit.

He looks up. Malloy's gone.

TONY (cont'd)
 Shit.

EXT. KRIESBERG & SONS FUNERARY HAUS GRAVEYARD. NEXT DAY

Roy stands in a dreary graveyard. The SOUND of a shovel hitting dirt.

ROY
 Shit.

The remaining gang stand around as Red digs Joe's grave.

An open COFFIN sits next to the hole. They're all bundled up tightly. Red is wearing EARMUFFS.

No one says anything. Red continues to dig. Finally--

TONY
 I know ya mad at me, and sure, I
 mighta been a little rash, but at
 least I was doin' somethin'.

MARCELLA
 Joe is dead.

TONY
 Right. And I'm pretty sure I said I
 was sorry. But it's clear that he
 wasn't cut out for this kinda thing.

ROY
 You just had to be the tough guy.
 Tony "Two Guns" Allegri.
 (MORE)

ROY (cont'd)
Some tough guy you are. Can't even
off a homeless drunk.

TONY
I could off you.

ROY
Look out, Kriesberg, he's gonna try
and kill me. He'll probably get you
instead.

TONY
Please, if I wanted to off Kriesberg,
I woulda done it already.

KRIESBERG
Well-- I-- uh--

TONY
Don't get mad at me 'cause I'm the
only one here who ain't a spineless
piker.

ROY
It's not spineless to USE YOUR
FUCKING HEAD.

TONY
Fuck you--

ROY
No, fuck you--

MARCELLA
CAN YOU TWO JUST SHUT THE FUCK UP!?

A silence falls.

Red slides the coffin into the hole. It CRASHES into the
grave, breaking, Joe's corpse spilling out. Red piles dirt
on the grave.

TONY
We still needa plan.

ROY
Thank you! Tony Allegri, everyone.
Albert Epstein over here.

KRIESBERG
I think it's Einstein?

ROY
Shut up, Kriesberg.

TONY

Be as funny as ya want, Roy, we still needta get ridda this mope.

ROY

Let me guess, you want to shoot Malloy in the street?

TONY

No. We shoot him in the bar.

ROY

Are you insane? In the bar? As in the bar of which we are the proprietors? Do you know how many fingers are going to be pointed at us?

Roy looks to Marcella for help - she's not here. Staring at Joe at the bottom of the hole.

KRIESBERG

Well, we have been trying to poison him at the bar.

TONY

Thank you, Kriesberg.

ROY

Shut up, Kriesberg. How many times do I have to tell you, Tony? The coroner might notice something if he's missing a chunk of his skull. Marcella, back me up here.

MARCELLA

This isn't working.

ROY

Yes! Wait, what?

TONY

What are ya sayin'? Ya backin' out?

MARCELLA

That's not what I'm saying.

TONY

You havin' second thoughts?

MARCELLA

That's not what I'm saying.

TONY

Then what are ya sayin'?

ROY

We have to bump this guy. Not for the salad. But for Joe.

Marcella watches the dirt cover Joe's dead face.

MARCELLA

The way to respect Joe would be to see this thing through.

ROY

Exactly.

MARCELLA

But this isn't working.

ROY

I'm confused. What are you saying?

MARCELLA

If we can't figure this out, we're going to end up right here.

She points to Joe at the bottom of the hole.

MARCELLA (cont'd)

I refuse to let that happen.

TONY

We need somebodies who can get us outta this jam. Professionals.

ROY

Once again, Tony. I'm not giving up any more of my cut. It's not about the money, but...

It's about the money.

TONY

I know two somebodies.

MARCELLA

Not them, Tony.

TONY

You said we gotta figure this out. We're runnin' outta options, Marcella.

MARCELLA

Yes, but they are not an option.

TONY

They are an option. A very viable option.

ROY

Would everyone stop saying option. What is going on here?

KRIESBERG

Yeah, I'm confused.

TONY

It's a family thing.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE. DAY

SILVIA ALLEGRI (20's), a beautiful Italian woman, walks down the street in high heels, with a CADRE OF DOGS on a leash. Men turn their heads as she walks by.

TONY (V.O.)

Silvia Allegri. Our cousin. Ever since we was kids, she was good at gettin' what she wanted.

MARCELLA (V.O.)

She was always an attention hog.

Silvia passes a CRANE. She winks at the man in the operating box, a calm, charismatic black man, GEORGE WINTERS (30's).

He smiles and starts moving the crane. Behind him in the booth is a MAN KNOCKED OUT.

TONY (V.O.)

Silvia met George Winters when we was teenagers. They hit it off right away - they both had... similar interests.

Silvia stops in front of the construction site.

MARCELLA (V.O.)

They started off with petty thuggery. Robbery, fraud, embezzlement. Stuff that doesn't require any real brains.

A FOREMAN stoops down to pet a dog. They make eye contact, and Silvia smiles at him.

TONY (V.O.)

They quickly moved onto much more serious fare.

FOREMAN

Pretty dogs.

SILVIA ALLEGRI

Oh, thanks. They're not mine. They're loaners.

FOREMAN

I was gonna say, you're much too young to be a mother.

They chuckle as George maneuvers a STEEL BEAM over the Foreman's head.

TONY (V.O.)

As it happens, they had a knack for makin' murders look like accidents.

SILVIA

Oh, I'm just trying to scrap together some extra dimes. What with my dead-beat husband and all.

FOREMAN

Beautiful and good with money. A deadly combination.

SILVIA

You're sweet. Wait a second, have we met before?

FOREMAN

I-- I don't think so.

Silvia takes a step back.

George maneuvers the steel beam right above him.

SILVIA

You look so familiar. Stay right there.

She takes another step back and looks him up and down. He tries to show his good side.

TONY (V.O.)

And some people are willin' to pay big bucks for that skill.

FOREMAN

Where do you think you recognize me from?

SILVIA
Dutch Schultz showed me your
photograph.

Fear crosses his face. The steel beam CRUSHES him. Silvia
SCREAMS dramatically.

A CROWD of people rush toward the scene.

SILVIA (cont'd)
HELP! HELP! OH MY GOD! HE'S DEAD!

Silvia disappears into the crowd and escapes out the back,
walking the dogs, her composure completely regained.

George meets her on the street. He tosses away his hard hat.
She takes a jacket out of her bag and hands it to him. She
releases the dogs, who sprint away. George lights her
cigarette, they hold hands, and walk down the street.

TONY (V.O.)
Like I said. Professionals.

EXT. KRIESBERG & SONS FUNERARY HAUS GRAVEYARD. PRESENT

Marcella stares at the grave, as Red pats the dirt on top.

ROY
Professionals...

Marcella fixes her hair, a far off stare...

MARCELLA
Let's get outta here.

She walks off without waiting.

TONY
Yeah, I could use a drink. I'm
freezin' my nuts off out here.

ROY
First intelligent thing you've said
all day. Red, come on, let's beat it.
Red. RED! Jesus, those goddamned
 earmuffs.

Roy reaches over and pulls Red's earmuffs off.

ROY (cont'd)
Hey, Red, leave it! It's fine.

Red tosses the shovel down and saunters off with the rest of the crew. The grave looks awful.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. OFFICE. NIGHT

Marcella fixes her makeup in a DIRTY MIRROR. Roy leans back, his feet kicked up on the desk.

Kriesberg talks to Red at the bar. His incessant chattering can be heard in the background.

ROY

Two professionals... I hope they don't want a substantial cut. Although I suppose they would as professionals. Don't all professionals want a big cut? Let me check the numbers.

He checks the numbers.

ROY (cont'd)

Damn. Not what I want. Unsatisfactory. Should we take it from Kriesberg's cut?... we should take it from Kriesberg's cut.

MARCELLA

Is it possible for you to clamp your yap for two goddamned minutes?

ROY

Whoa, what's eating you?

MARCELLA

I don't know. My husband just died.

ROY

You didn't even like the guy.

MARCELLA

What do you know? I was married to the guy for fourteen years.

ROY

Fifteen.

MARCELLA

I loved Joe. I loved him. And now he's gone.

Roy walks up behind her, wraps his arms around her.

ROY

We all loved Joe. Joe's death was a shock... I'm shocked.

MARCELLA

And now Silvia. That bitch.

ROY

I'm sensing you two don't get along.

EXT. PLAYGROUND. FLASHBACK. 20 YEARS AGO

Young Marcella (12) and Young Silvia (8) wail on each other, in the dirt, full on fists and kicking. Kids cheer, circling around the brawl. Like any good fight, they chant "fight."

INT. SCHOOL. FLASHBACK. 15 YEARS AGO

Teenage Marcella and Teenage Silvia - chomping down on a cigarette - wail on each other on a basketball court, full on fists and kicking. Teenagers cheer and chant "fight."

INT. ALLEGRI HOUSE. FLASHBACK. 10 YEARS AGO

Adult Marcella and Silvia wail on each other on the dinner table, full on fists and kicking. The Allegri family, including Tony, cheer - you guessed it - "fight."

INT. IL GONDOLIER. OFFICE. PRESENT

MARCELLA

I haven't seen her in over 10 years...

ROY

I haven't seen my younger brother for, like, 20 years. He could be dead. Fuck if I know. Fuck if I care.

She stops applying makeup. A vacant stare into the mirror...

ROY (cont'd)

Marcella. Remember who you are. Ariadne. And I'm Theseus.

Marcella sees herself as Ariadne in--

EXT. AMALFI COAST. DAY

Marcella looks out over the Mediterranean Sea from a palace. She weaves a BALL OF GOLDEN YARN. Below her, a labyrinth stretches out as far as the sea itself.

ROY (V.O.)
I need you to lead us out of this
labyrinth with your ball of yarn. The
ball of yarn that is your mind.

From the heavens, A GOD-LIKE HAND lifts her from the palace window onto a TRAIN of which she is the only passenger, which chugs across the Mediterranean Sea...

ROY (V.O.) (cont'd)
So we can kill the Minotaur and leave
this island forever.

Marcella watches the island recede, Roy standing on the shore, oblivious, until it disappears over the horizon.

EXT. PARIS. CONTINUOUS

The train pulls into the station in front of the Eiffel Tower. Marcella, dressed to the nines - in the latest FRENCH FASHION - exits the train to an idyllic version of the city.

She takes an ELEVATOR up...

ROY (V.O.)
You and me, baby. Together.

At the top, a SERVANT brings her champagne as she looks out over the sparkling lights of Paris. Above it all.

MARCELLA (V.O.)
I see that.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. OFFICE. PRESENT

Roy kisses her on the cheek.

MARCELLA
(still far off)
It's beautiful.

ROY
They're here.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. CONTINUOUS

Tony enters with Silvia and George. Silvia blows out a big cloud of smoke.

SILVIA

Very nice. Isn't it nice, Georgie?

GEORGE WINTERS

Yeah, yeah. Feels like a clip joint.
A real "if you let your guard down,
you might get stabbed" kinda joint.

SILVIA

My favorite part is the choking smell
of poison in the air. And hey, look,
they've even got two customers.

TONY

Actually, he's one of ours.

Kriesberg waves and springs to his feet, nearly falling.

KRIESBERG

Peter Kriesberg. Undertaker
extraordinaire. I'm sort of Tony's
right hand man.

TONY

Die in a fire, Kriesberg.

KRIESBERG

Classic Two Guns.

Silvia sits down at one of the tables and kicks her feet up.
She lights another cigarette.

George pours himself a drink from behind the bar.

RED

Hey!

GEORGE

Easy, big fella. I'm thirsty.

RED

That's my-- my job.

TONY

George, this is Red. Our bartender.

Roy appears out of the back office.

ROY

That's a veteran you're messing with.
Don't want to trigger his shell
shock. Red's capable of anything...

RED

I pour the drinks.

GEORGE

(ignoring Roy)

I'm just razzin' ya, mac. You pour
the next round, how 'bout that?

George takes a shot and winces.

GEORGE (cont'd)

Woo! This your varnish, Tony? Damn!

TONY

That's the lasta the stuff. Bottoma
the barrel.

MARCELLA (O.S.)

So that's why no one comes in here.

Marcella stand in the doorway of the office.

SILVIA

Marcella! Long time no see.

MARCELLA

That was intentional.

SILVIA

You look good. Old. But good.

MARCELLA

That's a laugh, I thought New York
had solved their rat problem... but
here you are.

SILVIA

Oh, that's a shame. You were so much
more clever when you were younger.
And you must be Joe.

Silence.

ROY

I'm Roy, actually. Roy Wright. You
must be Silvia.

They shake hands.

SILVIA
Strong handshake.

It's flirtatious. Marcella bristles - Roy puffs his chest.

SILVIA (cont'd)
Alright, handsome. Let's get down to it, then. Who's the maroon you want us to bump?

GEORGE
And more importantly, what's the take?

ROY
Whoa, whoa, whoa! Just one-- uh. Malloy? Hey, Malloy.

Roy approaches Malloy.

ROY (cont'd)
Malloy, old pal. You wanna go outside for a bit? Here, take your drink.

Roy shepherds Malloy--

ROY (cont'd)
Take. Take your drink. Yes. Yes. You can drink that outside. Now. Take it. Stand up. Yep. There we go. And now. Take it. Outside. Okay. Yep. You can take your drink outside. Okay.

--Out the door.

ROY (cont'd)
Aces.

TONY
We're offerin' ya one hundred dollars.

Silvia and George laugh.

SILVIA
Oh, you're serious. Double it.

TONY
Silvia, you know I can't double that.

SILVIA
Then you know we're gonna ankle outta here.

TONY

One thirty and that's the highest I go.

SILVIA

George?

TONY

One forty.

SILVIA

One seventy. Since you're family.

TONY

Family would go one forty-five, tops.

ROY

Can I just stop this charade for two seconds and ask why the hell we should be giving you this much green?

GEORGE

This is what we do.

TONY

How about one fifty and we call it square?

SILVIA

One sixty-five.

MARCELLA

No. We're not paying you one sixty-five. We're not paying you one fifty. We set all this up, and we're the ones that the fuzz'll come after. It's my speakeasy and it's my name on the insurance, so if anything happens, it's all coming back to me.

TONY

Marcella--

MARCELLA

No, Tony. The highest we go is one hundred and that's it.

Silvia crushes her cigarette.

SILVIA

Well then. I guess this was a trip for biscuits.

MARCELLA

I guess so.

SILVIA

Lotta people freezing in the streets
tonight, Marcella.

They stare each other down.

GEORGE

Come on, Silvia. Let's beat it.

George takes one last shot, pats Red on the back and follows
Silvia out.

TONY

Ya Dumb Dora, what the shit was that?

MARCELLA

We're not gonna be held ransom by
Silvia.

Tony, cussing under his breath, grabs his coat and storms
out after Silvia and George, leaving the door open...

The cold air blows in... Roy shivers.

Marcella SCREAMS in frustration, snatches a chair and HUCKS
it, almost hitting Kriesberg. SMASH! She throws glass after
glass - CRASH! Tables, chairs, anything she can get her
hands on, she uses as an outlet for her rage.

The PHOTO of Joe, Roy, and Marcella CRASHES to the floor,
shattering...

MARCELLA (cont'd)

We don't need them. We DON'T! You
think I did the wrong thing, Roy?
That why you're not saying anything?
Well, just come out and say it, Roy.
Tell me I did the wrong thing!

Silence as Marcella breathes. Roy stares at the open door...

KRIESBERG

Should I... go..?

ROY

Shut up, Kriesberg, I have a plan.
Yeah. This could work. This could
actually work. I can't believe I
didn't think of this earlier.

MARCELLA

What is it?

ROY

Red, grab a bucket, fill it with water, and meet me at the front. Kriesberg, get your coat.

KRIESBERG

You got it, boss!

ROY

Don't call me boss. Actually, do call me boss.

KRIESBERG

You got it, boss!

Kriesberg and Red rush out of the bar.

MARCELLA

Where are you going?

ROY

Just get some rest, Marcella. You look like you need it.

Marcella slumps in a chair. She pulls out a small compact and examines her face in the mirror.

INT. JOE'S GROCERS. NIGHT

Kriesberg and Roy walk out through the refrigerator.

ROY

We need to find Malloy.

Roy trips over Malloy lying face down.

KRIESBERG

Found him.

Red comes around the corner with a BUCKET.

ROY

Grab his ankles.

Kriesberg takes the bucket from Red. Red grabs Malloy's ankles. Roy picks up his arms. They carry his limp body.

EXT. STREET. CONTINUOUS

They drag Malloy past the Trio setting up in an alley.

EXT. PARK. NIGHT. LATER

An empty park. Snow falls.

Roy and Red drag Malloy through the snow as Kriesberg follows with the bucket.

The Trio plays next to a STATUE in the middle of the park. The music is disjointed; The Trio is crippled by the cold.

Roy and Red hoist Malloy on a bench by the statue.

They strip him of his clothes.

Kriesberg hands Roy the bucket.

He dumps the water over Malloy, causing immediate shivering.

Snow falls on his body, nude and shaking.

They stand over him for a moment. Then solemnly walk away.

Malloy lies on the bench as snow accumulates.

The Trio slows down... each instrument drops off one by one, until the band has stopped playing.

Malloy has stopped moving. Everything is still...

INT. IL GONDOLIER. DAY

A NEWSPAPER PHOTO: The exact same image - a man lying in the snow. The HEADLINE reads: "DOZENS DIE IN COLDEST NIGHT IN NEW YORK CITY HISTORY"

Roy lowers the NEWSPAPER in disbelief - Malloy lies face down on the floor.

KRIESBERG

Unkillable. Iron Mike's unkillable.

ROY

How is this possible?

MARCELLA

What did you do?

KRIESBERG

I told you guys. He's immortal.

TONY

He's not immortal, ya just don't know
what ya doin'.

KRIESBERG

We froze him. We literally froze him.

ROY

And he didn't die.

MARCELLA

Jesus. Christ.

Marcella looks at Tony - resigned.

INT. GEORGE AND SILVIA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Silvia, George, Marcella, Roy, and Tony sit at a table full
of Italian cooking. The apartment is clearly nicer than any
of the group's slums.

Marcella looks around with disgust. Tony slurps spaghetti.

MARCELLA

Do you have to smoke while we eat?
It's a disgusting habit.

Silvia blows smoke in Marcella's direction.

SILVIA

Yes. Yes, I do.

MARCELLA

It ages you considerably.

SILVIA

Marcella. I ain't a tomato. I smoke
Parliament Lights.

TONY

Pasta's friggin' rippin', cousin.

SILVIA

That's Georgie. He's the Darb in the
kitchen.

GEORGE

I'm good with my hands.

He nudges Roy playfully.

SILVIA
Oh Georgie, stop it. We got company.

TONY
Fine guitar ya got there, George.

SILVIA
Georgie, you have to play for them.

GEORGE
Naw, naw. I don't wanna bore 'em.

SILVIA
No, you have to. George is a very talented guitarist.

George stands and walks over to the GUITAR.

GEORGE
They don't wanna hear me play.
They're just tryin' to have a nice dinner.

SILVIA
You must, Georgie. You're all gonna love this.

George picks up the guitar and tunes it.

GEORGE
Naw, I shouldn't. I really shouldn't.

SILVIA
Ah, come on. Play a little something.

GEORGE
I couldn't. I wouldn't even know what to play.

George plays an UPBEAT SONG. Marcella boils...

He SINGS, wailing a soulful melody. As he plays--

EXT. STREET. SAME TIME

Malloy falls flat on his face in the snow. People pass, ignoring him until--

A PASSERBY cautiously approaches. She looks unsure, then helps Malloy up.

INT. JOE'S GROCERS. CONTINUOUS

With effort, she drags him in. She puts her SHAWL around his shivering shoulders. She digs into her threadbare pocket, gives him a SAUSAGE. She doesn't have much.

She pats his arm one last time, turns and heads out.

EXT. STREET. CONTINUOUS

She walks past the Jazz Trio, shoving her hands in her pockets from the cold. Her eyes go wide.

There's CASH in there that wasn't there before.

She checks another pocket - more CASH.

Confused, she backtracks--

INT. JOE'S GROCERS. CONTINUOUS

Malloy is gone. The room is empty.

INT. GEORGE AND SILVIA'S APARTMENT. SAME TIME

George finishes and Silvia and Tony clap. Roy claps reluctantly. Marcella doesn't move.

SILVIA

Oh, that was beautiful, Georgie, it really was.

TONY

Not bad.

GEORGE

Thank you. Thank you.

ROY

Swell.

MARCELLA

Okay, now can we--

SILVIA

Play another one.

GEORGE

If you insist...

George starts playing another song--

MARCELLA
CAN WE JUST GET DOWN TO BUSINESS?

George stops.

SILVIA
Golly Marcella, that's a little
gauche, don't ya think?

GEORGE
Very gauche.

MARCELLA
We're willing to do one forty.

SILVIA
Tony. How much?

TONY
We've decided to offer ya one forty.

Silvia lights a cigarette, taking her time.

SILVIA
Two hundred.

TONY
One fifty.

SILVIA
Two hundred.

TONY
One seventy.

SILVIA
Two hundred.

TONY
One seventy-five.

Silvia looks at George.

SILVIA
You got yourself a deal.

TONY
Peachy! Should we drink to it?

GEORGE
Now you're talkin'.

They all raise their glasses--

SILVIA

To family.

They drink.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. DAY

The gang looks at a MAP OF NEW YORK CITY. Malloy sleeps at the bar. The Trio plays in the corner.

GEORGE

Just to bring us up to speed,
y'all've now tried to off our dear
friend Malloy three different ways:
hooch...

A DIAGRAM OF MALLOY'S BODY--

One: alcohol entering his bloodstream and circulating. An "X" appears over it.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Poison...

Two: poison entering his bloodstream and circulating. His body turns green, then returns to normal. An "X" appears over it.

GEORGE (V.O.) (cont'd)

And hypothermia.

Three: snow covering his body, turning him blue, then returns to normal. An "X" appears over it.

GEORGE

While I applaud ya'll for your
creativity, there's one factor here
that all these share: a lack of
physical force. The human body is
very resilient.

ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE of people being injured in the 1920's: A jockey falls off his horse, someone's beamed with a baseball, in a factory - someone's sleeve gets caught and they are pulled toward the machine, etc.

GEORGE (cont'd)

It can survive any number of
environmental dangers when really put
to the test. If anything, I think
ya'll've been too creative.

ROY

Thank you.

GEORGE

Let me ask you froggies, what's the most common way to croak in New York these days?

KRIESBERG

Stabbings?

INT. KRIESBERG'S DINING ROOM. DAY

A portly woman, MRS. KRIESBERG, stabs him in the arm with a butter knife. Kriesberg shrieks.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. PRESENT

GEORGE

The automobile.

ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE of 1920's car crashes.

GEORGE (cont'd)

There ain't much you can do when you got two thousand pounds of iron and steel hittin' you at thirty miles an hour.

ROY

So we just hit the guy with a tin can?

GEORGE

To put it bluntly, yes. There's dozens of hit and runs every week in this great city of ours. Malloy would just be another number. All we gotta do is find the right street, late at night, and make sure we hit him dead on.

MARCELLA

So what's the right street?

GEORGE

This one, right here. 22nd.

EXT. 22ND STREET. COUPLE YEARS BACK

A ROARING FIRE erupts from the window of a BRICK BUILDING.

GEORGE (V.O.)
Couple years back, big fire broke
out. Spread to all the buildings on
the block...

The whole block's in flames. FIREFIGHTERS rush to put it out
while stunned FAMILIES gawp, clutching their last remaining
belongings.

GEORGE (V.O.) (cont'd)
So ain't no one living there now.

A wind blows through the burned out husk of this
neighborhood. It's completely empty.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. CONTINUOUS

George leans back for dramatic effect.

GEORGE
Which means no witnesses.

SILVIA
Even better, there's a bunch of bums
a couple blocks down. Ipso facto, no
surprise to the fuzz when they find a
dead hobo on 22nd.

GEORGE
It hits on all eights.

ROY
That's not bad.

TONY
Sounds aces to me.

KRIESBERG
It's simple. It's genius.

MARCELLA
Whose car are we using?

Everyone looks at Silvia and George.

SILVIA
We don't have a car.

MARCELLA
What are you talking about? Your
whole plan is based around a car.

GEORGE

Look, Mrs. Grundy, ya'll hired us to come up with a plan. This is the plan. Ya'll didn't say nothin' 'bout no car.

MARCELLA

We didn't say anything about a car because we didn't know we needed one!

ROY

Swell, so none of us have a car, so this plan is functionally inoperable. Good job.

SILVIA

Oh, and your plans are so perfect?

Marcella clenches her fists...

MARCELLA

You think you're so smart...

Silvia clenches her fists...

SILVIA

Smarter than you, you old bitch.

KRIESBERG

We should all just calm down. Take a few deep breaths, maybe a shot.

SILVIA

Shut up, Kriesberg!

MARCELLA

Shut up, Kriesberg!

ROY

Where the hell can we get a car?..

TONY

Let's just jack one.

Everyone looks at Tony.

EXT. STREET. THAT NIGHT

The whole group stands shivering on the sidewalk watching--

A FOPPISH DANDY and his FLAPPER WIFE exit an EXPENSIVE AUTOMOBILE and enter an expensive restaurant.

Marcella locks eyes with the Flapper Wife, who gives her a dismissive look of superiority. Marcella's eye twitches.

TONY

That's the one.

ROY

Why not something less...
Ostentatious?

TONY

If we're gonna filch somethin', we
might as well be comfortable.

ROY

It *is* a paragon of vehicular beauty.

Everyone mumbles their agreement.

TONY

Jake. Now's our chance. Go ahead,
Kriesberg.

KRIESBERG

What?

ROY

What? I thought you were going to do
it?

TONY

Why would I do it?

MARCELLA

It was your idea.

TONY

Exactly why I shouldn't hav'ta do it.

SILVIA

Man's gotta point. Hop to it,
Kriesberg.

KRIESBERG

I can't do it. I don't even know how
to drive.

Everyone grumbles.

ROY

Then how do we decide?

GEORGE

Fate.

EXT. STREET. MOMENTS LATER

George holds SIX MATCHSTICKS, one broken in half, in his outstretched hand. He closes his fist and everyone chooses.

Roy draws the short stick.

ROY

Shit.

EXT. STREET. MORE MOMENTS LATER

Roy tries to look casual as he walks over to the vehicle. He hits the glass with his fist. It doesn't break. He looks over to the group. They urge him on.

He hits the glass again, this time hurting his hand.

He reels back for a BIG PUNCH, slips, loses his footing, grabs the handle of the car as he falls--

The door opens. It appears it was unlocked...

EXT. STREET. EVEN MORE MOMENTS LATER

The car speeds down the snowy street.

INT. EXPENSIVE AUTOMOBILE. CONTINUOUS

The entire gang is packed into the car. Marcella and Roy sit in the front seat.

Malloy is squashed in the back under everyone's feet.

The mood is tense.

EXT. 22ND STREET. NIGHT. LATER

A STRONG WIND blows snow around. They pile out of the car.

GEORGE

Let's mark a good spot.

Tony, Roy, and Kriesberg nod and follow George. Malloy, still heaped in the car, snores loudly.

Silvia and Marcella follow shortly behind. Marcella grabs Silvia's arm--

MARCELLA

Silvia. If this doesn't work, I want you to know--

SILVIA

You got some nerve, huh? I know you've been stuck in this prison you call a life. But I've been out, living. Doing.

Marcella reels. She tries to compose herself.

MARCELLA

Silvia, what I'm trying to say is I know we've had our differences--

SILVIA

Marcella. Don't bother. I'm here to clean up your mess, and after that, we'll go our separate ways. Good for you? Good. Now fuck off.

Silvia crushes her cigarette and walks away. Marcella stares at the smoldering butt... her fists clench...

EXT. 22ND STREET. MOMENTS LATER

George holds SIX MATCHSTICKS, one broken in half, in his outstretched hand. He closes his fist but--

MARCELLA

I'll drive.

Everyone looks at her, shocked. Marcella, not waiting for an answer, turns and walks toward the car. Over her shoulder--

MARCELLA (cont'd)

Let's get this over with.

A FIERCE WIND is roaring, whipping snow around. Everyone looks at each other and shrugs.

Silvia and George drag Malloy to a spot a few meters down the street, past the Trio, who stand on the sidewalk.

When they drop Malloy, the band begins a BLITZKRIEG JAZZ.

Roy, Tony, and Kriesberg trudge to the corner to keep watch.

Silvia and George, in the center of the street - backs to the car and Marcella - put the I.D. card in Malloy's pocket.

The car starts. VROOM!

KRIESBERG
Why's she revving the engine?

ROY
I don't... know...

Tony squints.

Marcella accelerates.

KRIESBERG
Why's she going? Why's she going,
Roy!? They're still in the way!

ROY
I. Don't! KNOW!

Roy and Kriesberg run toward George and Silvia, shouting at the top of their lungs to get their attention.

Marcella GUNS it at George and Silvia who don't see nor hear the car coming through the wind and snow.

Silvia looks up, blinded by headlights--

SILVIA
That bitch--

The car SMASHES into Silvia and Malloy, clipping George, who flies back.

Roy and Kriesberg stop dead in their tracks.

George, dazed - his arm crippled, his face bloody - climbs to his feet.

GEORGE
Silvia? Silvia!

George limps over to her. He SCREAMS in agony.

Silvia is dead. Her body is completely mangled, her face is disfigured.

Malloy lies face-down in the street - blood pooling.

Marcella clutches the steering wheel. Breathing heavily. Knuckles white.

ROY
Okay, George, let's take it easy...

GEORGE
 You piece of shit! You killed her!
 You did it on purpose! You bitch!

George pulls a KNIFE and stalks toward Marcella.

ROY
 Easy, George, easy. Let's solve this
 with words.

KRIESBERG
 Oh, jeez! Oh, jeez! Oh, jeez!

George steps right up to Marcella--

ROY
 Words, George! Words!

GEORGE
 I'm gonna kill you! You evil--

BAM! Tony SHOOTs George in the head. The gun shot echoes. No
 one moves.

TONY
 Let's make ourselves scarce.

Tony slings Silvia over his shoulder and dumps her in the
 trunk of the car.

TONY (cont'd)
 Roy. Kriesberg. Grab him.

Roy and Kriesberg don't move.

TONY (cont'd)
 Roy! Kriesberg! Ya wanna get pinched?
 Grab him.

Roy and Kriesberg grab George. Tony climbs in the passenger
 seat and looks at Marcella, who stares straight ahead.

Roy and Kriesberg shove George in the trunk. The lovers
 stuffed together in a final embrace...

They speed off. The only sound left is the wind...

EXT. KRIESBERG & SONS FUNERARY HAUS GRAVEYARD. NIGHT

The gang stands silently around a hole. Red buries Silvia
 and George. Next to the open plot is Joe's unkempt grave.

ROY
What happened?

MARCELLA
...

ROY
Seriously, Marcella, what the fuck?

MARCELLA
...two less people.

ROY
What? Two less--

Roy thinks about it. Everyone does. *It is more money...*

Red takes off his earmuffs.

RED
Wh-- Where's Malloy?

EXT. 22ND STREET. NIGHT. LATER

The car screeches to a halt. Everyone scrambles out.

Only blood remains; no body.

ROY
This is... not ideal.

Tony reaches down and picks up Malloy's I.D. CARD -
spattered with blood.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. OFFICE. DAY

Roy, Marcella, and Tony are in the office. Kriesberg enters.
Everyone sits up.

KRIESBERG
No luck.

TONY
Well, we knew he wasn't just goin' to
check himself into no hospital.

ROY
Worth a look.

KRIESBERG
Now what?

ROY
Well, first of all--

The pipe above them bursts.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. MOMENTS LATER

Everyone is sitting in the bar, soaking wet.

ROY
Well, first of all, we hope the fuzz
didn't apprehend his person.

KRIESBERG
What?

MARCELLA
We'd know if they picked him up.

KRIESBERG
How?

ROY
Maybe he'll come back.

KRIESBERG
Why?

MARCELLA
If he's not dead somewhere else.

KRIESBERG
Where?

ROY
Shut up, Kriesberg.

A beat. Everyone thinks...

MARCELLA
We have his I.D. card...

TONY
So we do have Malloy.

ROY
No, we don't. Were you listening?

TONY
We have his identification card,
numbnuts. So we got Malloy.

ROY

..?

MARCELLA

We find some sap that looks like Malloy. We plant the I.D. card on him. Boom - we've got Malloy.

ROY

That's... genius! Why didn't I think of that?

TONY

'Cause you're a half-portion.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. NIGHT

Four HOMELESS MEN that look like Malloy sit at the bar. The gang stands off to the side, surveying them.

KRIESBERG

Ya know, I like the third one. He's got that same... rustic air to him.

ROY

Shut up, Kriesberg. I like the middle guy. He can barely enunciate.

TONY

My guy's a pure Irishman. He's practically the same guy.

MARCELLA

Let's talk to the middle guy.

Roy walks over to the MIDDLE GUY.

ROY

Hey pal, how's it going?

Middle Guy burps in his face.

ROY (cont'd)

Aces. Enjoying yourself?

MIDDLE GUY/PAT MURRAY

Patmurray. Patmurray's the name. I'm rich. I'm fuckin' rich.

ROY

Swell. My name's Roy--

PAT MURRAY
Bill. You know somethin', Bill? I
like you. Real straight shooter,
Bill. 'Nother shot?

ROY
Of course you can have another shot,
Pat Murray.

Red pours him another shot.

PAT MURRAY
Thanks, Bill.

BARFLY
I'll take a shot.

ROY
We're closed. Get the fuck out.

He shoos the three other homeless men away.

ROY (cont'd)
Get! Get!
(cheery)
Now, Pat, shall we drink to
something?

PAT MURRAY
To Bill.

ROY
Oh, come on, Pat. How about we drink
to you? To Pat Murray and his health.

PAT MURRAY
You're a good man, Bill.

Roy and Pat take a shot. Pat sways a bit on his stool,
tumbles off and lands passed out on the floor.

Roy smiles winningly back at his companions.

EXT. 22ND STREET. NIGHT. LATER

The gang arrives in their stolen car. They dump Murray out.

TONY
I'm drivin' this time.

Marcella gets out of the car without protest.

Roy and Kriesberg drag Pat a few meters away. Roy slips the I.D. in Pat's pocket and pats him on the head.

ROY
Nice knowing you, Pat. Thanks for all
your help.

Roy runs over to the rest of the group on the sidewalk. He gives Tony the signal.

Tony GUNS IT and NAILS Pat.

ROY (cont'd)
Kriesberg.

Kriesberg checks his breathing. He gives two thumbs up.

Everyone celebrates quietly for a moment.

They all rush back to the car.

VR000ooom!

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING. 22ND STREET. SAME TIME

A VAGRANT looks out the window. He sees the gang drive away.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. NIGHT. LATER

The gang bust into the bar, shaking hands, slapping each other on the back and cheering.

EXT. 22ND STREET. SAME TIME

A POLICE CAR rolls up, where several police officers and medical professionals have set up a crime scene.

Two DETECTIVES exit the car. CHRIS CARROLL (50's), a handsome, stoic man, and HOWARD FOLEY (40's), a small, stout man.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. SAME TIME

Red slams down a bunch of shots on the bar. Everyone puts them back, laughing.

EXT. 22ND STREET. SAME TIME

Carroll pulls a FLASK away from his lips, slips it inside his jacket, and kneels down to inspect Murray's bashed body.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. SAME TIME

The gang dances in celebration. Old tensions are laid to rest; everyone is relieved to have finally finished the job.

EXT. 22ND STREET. SAME TIME

Foley scribbles notes while the Vagrant tells his story.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. SAME TIME

Marcella and Roy slow dance.

EXT. 22ND STREET. SAME TIME

Pat Murray is hauled off on a stretcher.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. SAME TIME

The gang laughs, dances, drinks.

EXT. 22ND STREET. SAME TIME

Pat Murray is put into an ambulance. The doors slam shut.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. SAME TIME

Tony bursts from the office with a BOTTLE OF OLD CHAMPAGNE. He blows the dust off the bottle.

EXT. 22ND STREET. SAME TIME

The ambulance kicks up a cloud of snow as it speeds away.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. SAME TIME

Roy pops the bottle of champagne - the cork beams into the water pipe. Everyone waits for water to burst... Nothing happens.

They cheer! Roy pours champagne into a glass--

EXT. 22ND STREET. SAME TIME

The flame from Foley's Zippo shoots up as he lights a cigar.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. SAME TIME

Roy stands contentedly with his arm around Marcella as they watch the gang celebrate.

EXT. 22ND STREET. SAME TIME

Carroll and Foley watch the ambulance drive off.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. SAME TIME

Roy, drunk and jubilant, teeters, then falls backward - dream-like... onto--

EXT. AMALFI COAST. DAY

His head lays on white sand. Waves crash, seagulls sing. A smile broadens across his face... his eyes close...

INT. IL GONDOLIER. NEXT MORNING

Roy - still asleep. A NEWSPAPER lands on his face. The headline reads: "THE FOLLOWING MORNING"

Roy groggily wakes and pulls it off.

Marcella stands over him, worry plastered on her face.

ROY
Morning, sexy.

MARCELLA
They know.

Roy sits up. Around him Kriesberg sleeps on a passed out Tony. Red polishes glasses behind the bar, oblivious.

MARCELLA (cont'd)
They know.

ROY
What are you--

He sees the front page: "MISSING BANKER SAVAGELY ATTACKED IN VICIOUS HIT & RUN, PERPETRATORS STILL AT LARGE"

Roy frantically scans the article.

FLASHES of text: "ANONYMOUS INFORMANT SEES RUTHLESS ASSAILANTS..." "WEALTHY FAMILY SPARING NO EXPENSE TO FIND CULPRITS..." "MURRAY RECOVERING IN CALVARY HOSPITAL..."

ROY (cont'd)

Oh fuck. He's a banker?! Oh fuck!!!

Roy's shrieks wake Tony.

TONY

What the shit?

ROY

We're fucked! We're so fucking fucked!

Tony pushes Kriesberg off of him, waking Kriesberg.

TONY

The shit are you talkin' 'bout?

(To Marcella)

The shit is he talkin' 'bout?

MARCELLA

They know.

ROY

He's a fucking banker!

Roy throws the newspaper at Tony, who reads it, his face going pale. Kriesberg reads over his shoulder.

KRIESBERG

Oh jeez, oh jeez, oh jeez.

ROY

We're pinched. We're pinched, aren't we pinched?

TONY

No. We ain't pinched.

ROY

We gotta split, right? We gotta split.

MARCELLA

I'll go pack now.

KRIESBERG

Oh God! I can't leave. I've got a family to take care of. A loving family. They'll be destroyed if I disappear!

INT. KRIESBERG'S DINING ROOM. FLASHBACK. DAY

Kriesberg sits at a table, staring straight ahead. THREE RAMBUNCTIOUS KIDS cause chaos in the background. Mrs. Kriesberg SHOUTS at him in German.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. PRESENT

Roy frantically grabs random objects, moving from behind the bar to the office.

TONY

We're not leavin'.

ROY

Speak for yourself, we're buried.

MARCELLA

He's a banker.

ROY

A banker! We. Are. Fucked. We're fucked!

TONY

Murray.

ROY

What?!

TONY

We bump Murray, they got squat.

ROY

I don't understand. What are you saying?

(To Marcella)

What is he saying?

MARCELLA

He's saying we kill Pat Murray.

ROY

What? Am I following? Are you actually saying we actually sneak into an actual hospital and actually kill him?

TONY

Actually, I'm sayin' *one of us* sneaks into an actual hospital and actually kills him.

A beat.

MARCELLA

I'm on board.

ROY

What!?

MARCELLA

If Murray never wakes up, they don't have anything.

ROY

Okay, but this isn't some drunk Mick. This is a connected, wealthy individual.

MARCELLA

An individual who, while alive, can mark us.

TONY

A dead pig can't squeal.

KRIESBERG

And we can all attest to everyone else's alibi.

MARCELLA

Kriesberg's right.

ROY

What? What!?

MARCELLA

It's the best option we have.

Roy takes a second to think... tries to breathe.

ROY

Red, get me a shot.

Red slides him a shot. He downs it.

ROY (cont'd)
Red. Get me another shot.

Red slides. Roy drinks.

ROY (cont'd)
Okay. Okay. Let's say you do this.
How the hell do you do this?

TONY
Why ya lookin' at me?

KRIESBERG
Yeah, why you looking at him?

ROY
It's your plan!

Tony gets in Roy's face.

TONY
The fuck ya just say to me.

ROY
I--

MARCELLA
Let's leave it up to fate.

Roy looks at Marcella, stunned. Marcella meets Roy's gaze.

MARCELLA (cont'd)
Fair's fair.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. MOMENTS LATER

Marcella holds the MATCHSTICKS.

KRIESBERG
So who goes first?

MARCELLA
Same time.

Everyone pulls a stick. The gang opens their hands...

Roy holds the BROKEN ONE. He stares at it in shock.

ROY
...

TONY

Tough break, Roy. No time to feel sorry for yaself. Murray's gotta blow by tomorrow mornin'. The good news is, it ain't Kriesberg.

KRIESBERG

Yeah. Yeah.

ROY

...

Roy looks at Marcella, crestfallen. She meets his gaze. And walks out.

EXT. IL GONDOLIER. DAY. MOMENTS LATER

Marcella stands staring at a SKYSCRAPER being built. Roy comes out.

ROY

I'm having second thoughts.

MARCELLA

We have to do this. You have to.

ROY

Let's beat it. Let's go. Right now.

MARCELLA

No, we can't run from this. You said it: Malloy's the key to our cage.

ROY

We could get caught. *I* could get caught.

MARCELLA

Theseus, Roy.

ROY

What?

MARCELLA

You. You're my Theseus. And Malloy's your Minotaur. There's a reason we couldn't kill him. Because we need our Theseus to realize who he is and seize his destiny. You. You're our Theseus.

Roy is dressed as Theseus--

ROY
What about us?

Marcella is dressed normally.

MARCELLA
Once you slay the beast and found
Rome, you'll come back for me, right?
Your Ariadne. I'll be waiting for
you. Then we can run.

He's back to normal.

ROY
I love you, Marcella.

He kisses her. Marcella's eyes are open...

A BEAM from the skyscraper SLAMS into the ground across the
street.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. DAY. MOMENTS LATER

Roy and Marcella enter holding hands.

ROY
Okay, listen up. I'm headed to
Calvary, and I'm going to conclude
this saga. The five of you, do not
exit this establishment. That's
quintessential. I must reiterate: Do
NOT leave the bar. It's imperative we
have a solid alibi. Understood?

TONY
Yeah. We know.

ROY
I'll see you all this afternoon. And
when I get back, we're going to drink
like Prohibition is over. Keep the
place warm for me.

KRIESBERG
Yeah!

ROY
Now I'm gonna go kill a homeless man.

EXT. AMALFI COAST. DAY

Bright, sunny blue sky, filled with HOT AIR BALLOONS. Roy, as Theseus, reclines on the BODY OF A FALLEN MINOTAUR.

He sips a tropical drink, using the MINOTAUR'S SEVERED HEAD as a cup holder. He smiles big, nods to himself in victory. He puts the drink down--

EXT. BACK OF CALVARY HOSPITAL. DAY

--Roy puts a flask back into his coat. He wears doctor's scrubs and stands near a dumpster, staring off into space, a slight smile on his face.

A PIGEON lands on his shoulder, waking him up out of his reverie. He shoos it away.

He applies a FAKE MUSTACHE and a WIG. He picks up a BROKEN MIRROR off the ground, looks at himself in the shattered glass and smiles.

He jumps up and down a few times to shake out some of the nervous energy, and walks confidently through the doors.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. DAY

Marcella, calmly, painstakingly, applies make-up.

Tony, anxiously, stands behind the bar, taking shots.

Red, obliviously, stands next to him, polishing glasses.

Kriesberg, pointlessly, paces around the bar.

TONY

What time is it?

KRIESBERG

Four forty-two.

TONY

He's late. I knew I shoulda done it myself.

He takes a shot. Quickly pours himself another.

TONY (cont'd)

I knew Roy was too soft to do the job. I knew it.

Tony takes another shot. Pours another.

KRIESBERG

He wouldn't run off. He wouldn't.

TONY

Like hell he wouldn't. I shoulda done this myself.

MARCELLA

I have to go.

TONY

What!?

KRIESBERG

Okay.

KRIESBERG (cont'd)

Yeah, what!?

MARCELLA

I have to go.

TONY

What the shit--

MARCELLA

I'm going to the hospital to see if I can find Roy.

TONY

Why would ya do that?

KRIESBERG

Okay.

KRIESBERG (cont'd)

Yeah, why would you do that?

MARCELLA

Change of heart. I can't let him face this alone.

TONY

This is fuckin' stupid, Marcella.

MARCELLA

You two stay here, wait until Roy and I come back.

TONY

You gonna risk your ass for that asshole?

Marcella smiles for the first time since Silvia showed up.

MARCELLA

Every Ariadne needs a Theseus.

Marcella leaves.

TONY
The fuck is she yappin' about?

INT. CALVARY HOSPITAL. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY. DAY

Roy walks down the corridor of the hospital. He nods at doctors as he passes by.

ROY
Doctor. Doctor. Doctor.

They give him weird looks and keep walking.

Roy stops at the bottom of the stairs. A sign reads: SECOND FLOOR, ROOMS 200-250.

ROY (cont'd)
God, if you exist, you're a real prick.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. SAME TIME

Tony paces, drinking. Kriesberg downs a shot, his leg shaking.

KRIESBERG
Tony?

TONY
What. What do ya want?

KRIESBERG
I gotta piss.

TONY
So fuckin' piss! Why you askin' me for?

KRIESBERG
The toilet's clogged.

TONY
So piss outside! Fuck.

Kriesberg nods effusively, and heads out.

EXT. IL GONDOLIER. BACK ALLEY. CONTINUOUS

Kriesberg walks to a wall, unzips his pants and pees. He takes out a picture of his family.

KRIESBERG

Don't worry, *Kinders*. Daddy's coming home. Everything is going to be *güt*.

Something catches his eye--

A FIGURE in blue crosses the street quickly, hands held together in front.

Kriesberg tilts his head in curiosity.

Another figure crosses. And another.

One peers up from behind a mailbox.

Kriesberg squints.

Another from behind a parked car.

It's obvious. They're COPS.

KRIESBERG (cont'd)

Oh shit.

Kriesberg fumbles with his zipper, peeing on himself--

KRIESBERG (cont'd)

Oh fuck!

Kriesberg runs back--

INT. IL GONDOLIER. CONTINUOUS

Kriesberg slams inside.

KRIESBERG

Tony! Tony! The fuzz are here!
They're here!

Tony's face goes pale.

TONY

How many?

KRIESBERG

Lots.

Tony thinks. Takes a shot. Then grabs both his guns.

TONY

Kriesberg. I ain't goin' back to the clink. If I kick the bucket...

He grabs Kriesberg by the throat.

TONY (cont'd)
Do a better job buryin' me than ya
did Joe.

Tony spins and kicks the back door open--

EXT. STREET. SAME TIME

Marcella walks down the cold pavement, hood up.

FOUR COP CARS, sirens wailing, head toward the speakeasy.

Marcella can't help but gape at them as they pass by.

Then she books it in the direction of the hospital, tossing
SOMETHING behind her, into the snow...

INT. CALVARY HOSPITAL. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY. SAME TIME

Roy walks heroically down the hall.

He passes a linen cart and grabs a PILLOW off it, clutching
it tightly, in preparation for what he's about to do...

Roy stops at ROOM 237. The door is closed.

Grabs the pillow tight. Takes a deep breath.

He opens the door--

EXT. IL GONDOLIER. BACK ALLEY. SAME TIME

BLAM! BLAM! Tony fires both pistols. He takes one to the
shoulder, grits his teeth.

TONY
Ya motha fuckas!

BLAM! BLAM!

Another to the gut. He stumbles. BLAM!

Another to his thigh. Falls to his knees, still firing -
BLAM!

TONY (cont'd)
Ya know who ya messin' with!

BLAM! BLAM!

TONY (cont'd)
Tony "Two Guns" Allegri!

BLAM!

TONY (cont'd)
And I'm the fuckin' king--

BLAM!--

INT. CALVARY HOSPITAL. ROOM 237. SAME TIME

Roy stands frozen in the doorway, pillow raised.

ROY
Must have the wrong domicile.

Six POLICE OFFICERS await Roy, guns drawn. Detective Foley lies on the bed, smoking. Detective Carroll sits upright in an armchair. Foley blows smoke toward Roy.

DETECTIVE FOLEY
Hiya, Mr. Wright.

INT. MARCELLA'S BEDROOM. SAME TIME

Marcella stuffs clothes in a duffel bag.

She looks up in the mirror and sees her makeup is running. She shoves the mirror over, SMASHING it.

INT. IL GONDOLIER. SAME TIME

The back door busts open. Tony stumbles in, bloody, bottom jaw hanging loosely.

KRIESBERG
Tony! You're alive!

Tony falls flat on his face. Dead.

KRIESBERG (cont'd)
Scheisse.

EXT. IL GONDOLIER. MOMENTS LATER

Kriesberg and Red SLAM out of the front entrance, dragging Tony's corpse.

They pass blood covered snow and way too many dead cops.

KRIESBERG
Shit. Oh shit.

They stuff Tony's body messily into the trunk of their car.

A terrified WOMAN looks out her window--

KRIESBERG (cont'd)
It's all Jake, miss. He's just had
one too many. Go back inside, please!

Kriesberg continuously slams the trunk down, which doesn't latch; Tony's limbs are in the way.

INT. CAR. MOMENTS LATER

Red in the driver's seat, Kriesberg in the passenger.

KRIESBERG
Step on it, Red.

RED
I c-- can't.

KRIESBERG
What do you mean you can't?

RED
I-- I don't know how.

KRIESBERG
Scheisse. Looks like Kriesberg has to
save the day, once again.

EXT. STREET. MOMENTS LATER

SMASH!

Kriesberg, now driving - barely - peels out, SLAMMING into every parked car along the street. CRASH!

A leg protrudes from the trunk, dragging along the asphalt as the car screams away from the crime scene.

INT. CAB. SAME TIME

Marcella sits in the backseat, leg gently tapping. Makeup running down her face.

EXT. STREET. CONTINUOUS

The cab zooms by. In the snow, we see what Marcella threw: A BROKEN MATCHSTICK. She cheated...

EXT. KRIESBERG & SONS FUNERARY HAUS GRAVEYARD. DUSK. LATER

Red digs a grave, wearing his earmuffs. Tony's body lies next to the hole, a trail of blood leading from where Red and Kriesberg dragged him.

INT. KRIESBERG & SONS FUNERARY HAUS. OFFICE. SAME TIME

Kriesberg paces back and forth. He hears SIRENS and looks out his windows through slatted blinds. A CARAVAN of POLICE CARS - lights flashing.

KRIESBERG

Oh, shit. SHIT! How'd they find us?

Kriesberg starts tossing paperwork in a waste-bin. He grabs wood stripper from his desk and pours it everywhere. He grabs a pack of matches and lights the waste-bin on fire.

He flips a PICTURE of his family down on his desk.

KRIESBERG (cont'd)

Daddy's not coming home tonight.
Guten Nacht, Kinders.

He thinks for a second, then resets the picture to its original place.

KRIESBERG (cont'd)

Wait, no. It's better if they think
I'm a family man.

Kriesberg rushes out the door--

EXT. KRIESBERG & SONS FUNERARY HAUS GRAVEYARD. CONTINUOUS

Kriesberg runs toward Red - gesticulating wildly.

KRIESBERG

RED! RED! FUZZ! GODDAMMIT, RED!

Red pushes Tony's body into the grave.

KRIESBERG (cont'd)

WE GOTTA SPLIT!

Red starts piling dirt back on the grave.

Kriesberg gets right behind Red--

KRIESBERG (cont'd)
RED! REEEEEEDDDDDDD--

Red wheels around quickly, accidentally SMACKING KRIESBERG IN THE FACE with his shovel.

Kriesberg is knocked out immediately. He falls into the grave on top of Tony.

Red is oblivious. He looks out at the landscape. He sees the glow of a fire in the office.

Red continues shoveling frozen dirt into the hole, SIRENS he can't hear and LIGHTS he can't see quickly approaching...

Kriesberg's hand, lying on top of Tony's hand, is slowly buried in the dirt.

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION. DUSK

The cab drops Marcella off.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION. TICKET KIOSK. MOMENTS LATER

Marcella rushes to the window.

MARCELLA
One ticket to Canada, please.

CASHIER
Okay. Where in Canada?

Marcella turns. A GANG OF POLICEMEN rush toward her.

MARCELLA
Wherever, just hurry.

CASHIER
Okay. We have a train to Halifax, but it's leaving right now.

MARCELLA
Yeah. That's perfect. Here.

Marcella shoves a bunch of money through the slot as the police get closer.

POLICEMAN

Hey! You!

CASHIER

Okay. Here's your ticket--

Marcella is gone.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION. MOMENTS LATER

Marcella is in a FULL SPRINT toward the train. The police in pursuit. She drops one of her bags.

POLICEMAN

Freeze!

Marcella throws her other bag back - the Policeman slips on it, flipping head over heels.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION. TRACKS. MOMENTS LATER

Marcella gets on the platform as the train chugs away from the station.

More police are in pursuit.

She sprints alongside the train. She sees her reflection in the windows. Her makeup is smeared and running...

She reaches out and grabs the handle to the train, just as it's leaving the station. She pulls herself up.

Marcella watches as the policemen give up, receding away...

INT. TRAIN CAR. MOMENTS LATER

Marcella settles into a window seat.

She looks out at the passing scenery, takes a deep breath, and closes her eyes.

DETECTIVE CARROLL (O.S.)

Ever been to Canada?

Marcella opens her eyes. Detective Carroll's in the aisle seat next to her.

MARCELLA

Uh, no. Never been outside New York.

Smoke pours out behind Marcella. Detective Foley leans over the back of her seat, smoking his cigar.

FOLEY
Ah, that's too bad, you woulda loved it.

Carroll shows his detective's badge.

CARROLL
It's beautiful this time of year.

INT. MARCELLA'S JAIL CELL. NIGHT

The iron door SLAMS shut in front of a stone-faced Marcella.

There's a commotion as a door opens at the end of the hall. There's shouting, the sounds of BULBS and LIGHTS flashing.

FOLEY (O.S.)
That's enough! You'll get your chance at the trial. Let us through!

The sound of the door closing brings a deathly silence. Smoke creeps into the corridor as--

Roy is ushered past by Foley and Carroll.

ROY
Marcella? Hey. Can I just say something to her, please?

Foley looks at Carroll.

CARROLL
Make it quick.

ROY
How are you holding up?

MARCELLA
...

ROY
Same. You know you can't blame yourself for this. It wasn't a trip for biscuits. We did it for the right reasons. We did it for us. And hey, we made the front page of every paper in New York. That's something, right?

MARCELLA
...

ROY

Right?

MARCELLA

Goodbye, Roy.

Roy gets pushed away, craning his neck for one last look at Marcella.

She recedes from his view... just another cell in a seemingly infinite corridor of iron bars...

INT. ROY'S CELL. MOMENTS LATER

Roy takes a look around as the door SLAMS shut. He stands on the bed and looks out the window--

EXT. JAILHOUSE. CONTINUOUS

A throng of REPORTERS and SPECTATORS desperate to get a look at the famous criminal. A look at him.

INT. ROY'S CELL. CONTINUOUS

A slight smile creeps over Roy's lips. He sits down slowly, takes a deep breath, and stares back out through the window.

Silence. Then--

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Gunshots down the hall!

Roy stands.

The door to the holding cells is SMASHED OPEN! A long SHADOW spills out into the corridor between the cells.

The Shadow steps in front of Roy.

ROY

What the hell are you doing here?

Red (But not the Red we know. Red if he were a hero from a pulp novel) is in front of Roy, Tony's guns in his hands.

RED

Breaking you out, kid.

ROY

Horse feathers! I can't believe this, Red! I never took you for the... doing type.

RED
You never asked.

ROY
What happened to all the... shocked?

RED
Come on. We don't have much time.

BLAM! Red blasts the lock on the cell door. He yanks the door open and places a gun in Roy's hand.

RED (cont'd)
You know how to use one of these?

ROY
Aim and pull the trigger, right?

RED
That's my boy. Now let's move.

Red makes way for the door. Roy follows him for a few strides, then stops.

ROY
You seem... different.

RED
Wait. What about Marcella?

Roy, as Theseus, thinks - biting his lip...

He looks down the hall where Marcella went, then back at the light flowing from the door that Red holds ajar...

Roy turns back to Red, dressed normally.

ROY
No time.

EXT. PORT. DAY

A CAR screeches as it comes to a stop by a busy port. Roy and Red get out.

ROY
Now what?

RED
This is it. This is your ticket to freedom.

ROY
What about you?

RED
Don't worry about me, I'll be just fine.

ROY
Red... thanks.

RED
Don't mention it. It woulda been a shame to see a bright young man such as yourself go down like that. Take care of yourself, kid.

Red salutes him. Roy salutes back.

Roy snakes through the flurry of dock activity, looking for an opportunity to sneak onto a ship. And then he sees it--

THE ARGO. A beautiful ship - Titanic-esque.

A group of dockworkers hoist crates onto the deck...

Another worker nails opened crates shut...

Roy's eyes light up.

INT. ARGO HOLD. LATER

It's dark. Cargo stretches on endlessly.

A dull THUD. Followed by another. And another... until Roy SMASHES through the crate. He climbs out.

He sees a ladder, at the top of which is the white outline of the ship's deck.

He heads toward it, but clumsily knocks over a crate. It shatters when it hits the deck--

BARS OF GOLD spilling out...

EXT. ARGO DECK. DAY. LATER

Roy opens the door and peeks out. Empty...

He comes into the light, his arms filled with gold bundled in his coat. They're in the middle of the ocean.

SAILOR (O.S.)

HEY!

Roy seizes up. A SAILOR comes stalking up toward him.

SAILOR

What the hell do you think you're doing?

ROY

I was just, uh...

SAILOR

You know the rules. Nobody's allowed on deck without a uniform.

ROY

Sorry, I, uh-- forgot. Mine was dirty, just sent it down to wash.

SAILOR

Ah, I know what you mean. I sweat through my whites in an hour out here. Hey, between you and me, they keep extra uniforms on the 3rd deck on the port side. But don't tell no one I told ya.

ROY

Right. Port side. Thanks. Hey - where are we by the way?

SAILOR

You kiddin' me? Italy, baby!

Roy turns, looking out. His eyes well with tears.

ROY

I made it...

The beautiful AMALFI COAST.

A NEWSPAPER flies on the sea breeze, smacking Roy in the face. He peels it off.

The headline reads: "YOU MADE IT. THE AMALFI COAST."

EXT. AMALFI PORT. DAY

Roy, wearing a SAILOR UNIFORM, walks out onto the gangplank as all the men disembark.

At the base of the gangplank is a UNIT OF HEAVILY ARMED SOLDIERS. They stop every sailor that goes by.

Roy scans for another way to escape...

He peers down over the edge of the ship - 70 feet, easily.

Roy is pushed onto the gangplank, desperately searching for an escape route.

He is forced to the checkpoint with no way out.

The CHECKPOINT SOLDIER looks him up and down, stares intently into his eyes... then focuses on the jacket he has in his arms, hiding the gold...

Roy sweats bullets. It's surely all over now...

SOLDIER

Nice coat.

ROY

Oh... thanks.

SOLDIER

You're good to go.

Roy walks on, smiling. As his feet hit solid ground, he erupts in a gleeful LAUGH.

EXT. AMALFI COAST. BEACH. DAY

A NEWSPAPER headline reads: "ROY WRIGHT, SUCCESSFUL ENTREPRENEUR, DARINGLY ESCAPES MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON; ADMIRERS GATHER IN TIMES SQUARE TO PETITION THE RETURN OF THE WRONGLY ACCUSED HERO."

Roy, in a low-sitting chair, tosses the paper. He's wearing sunglasses and swim trunks, drinking a TROPICAL DRINK with an umbrella. The sun reflects off his gaudy jewelry.

THE JAZZ TRIO, dressed in HAWAIIAN GARB, plays ISLAND STYLE MUSIC in the background.

THREE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN attend to Roy. One of them caresses his hair. Another rubs his arms and his legs with baby oil. The third one kisses his cheek as she dabs his sweaty forehead with a sponge.

He smiles contentedly at how his life has turned out, beauty and success snatched from the depths of despair and defeat.

He's--

INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER. NIGHT

Sitting in the electric chair.

He wears the same smile on his face, his eyes glazed over, staring emptily into the distance...

The three women are actually THREE GRUFF MEN: one dabs his forehead with a sponge, the second straps him in, and the third affixes the metal bucket to his skull.

All strapped in, the three men stand back. One nods. Another throws the switch.

Electricity courses through Roy.

Sparks shoot into the air...

INT. CAFETERIA. FEMALE PRISON. DAY

A NEWSPAPER with the headline: "1934. ONE YEAR LATER."

The newspaper is crumpled and used to blow an INMATE'S NOSE. The Inmate discards the "tissue" directly onto a plate of prison SLOP.

Marcella peels the snot-covered newspaper from her lunch. She sits by herself at a sterile, silver table. CHATTER and LIFE fill the room. Marcella sits alone.

Something on the back page catches her eye--

Her mugshot. She looks like shit.

And underneath: "ONE YEAR AGO TODAY, NEARLY FORGOTTEN CREW OF WOULD BE CRIMINALS VOTED WORST IN NY HISTORY."

Someone clears their throat. Marcella lowers the paper--

Four HULKING INMATES stand in front of her. The cafeteria has gone quiet...

EXT. FEMALE PRISON YARD. LATER

The first snow of winter dances down onto a bleak snow-covered landscape.

Marcella leans against a fence, looking out into a white fog. Black eye, lip cut open, nose crusted and turned ninety degrees. She looks like shit.

She fumbles a cigarette to her mouth and lights it.

Prisoners stand in circles in the yard - chatting, gambling.
No one pays her any attention.

Marcella takes a drag, looking out over the lake just beyond
the fence.

JAZZ MUSIC can be heard faintly...

Malloy comes out of the fog... a free man.

As he comes into clarity, the music increases until it's at
full volume. The Jazz Trio plays next to the fence.

Marcella and Malloy lock eyes.

Malloy grunts and moves on.

She watches as he stumbles to the lake - walking on its
surface. *Is it water? Or ice?*

A single TEAR freezes against Marcella's numb cheek.

The jazz music fades as Malloy disappears into the white
abyss...

THE END.