

Incidental Purpose
Story and Screenplay by:
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Montage:

FADE IN:

INT. CHICAGO - 1957 - AFTERNOON

Aerial view from helicopter. Slowly flying towards downtown Chicago. As it gets close to the shore it lifts up over the buildings. When it gets over Taylor Street it zooms in on a two story brick building.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A woman in her early 40's is being brutally SLAPPED by her husband as her young son watches. He starts hitting the child then locks him in the closet.

(SHOT FROM INSIDE OF THE CLOSET)

The child should be terrorized, but he's angry and gritting his teeth.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO - LATE AFTERNOON

1969 ON SCREEN

Music ERIC BURTONS "WE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS PLACE"

Same child now grown up

His name is Frankie DeLarusa. He is handsome with shoulder length hair. Well groomed and muscular. He has the mannerisms of a jungle cat, agile and balanced, a capable man with hidden violent tendencies.

He is stealing a motorcycle and it belongs to an outlaw motorcycle club. He's pushing it up a ramp into a van. He ties it down and gets in the drivers seat.

He drives away through Chicago's streets.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. JOEY'S WAREHOUSE

Joey pulls to the back of a warehouse and beeps his horn. The overhead door opens and he backs into the building.

The DOOR CLOSES.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

FRANKIE

Come on Joey help me get this fucking thing out. I've got one more score today.

A man is welding at a table. He stops and takes off his welding hood.

WELDER

I got it. I'm almost done with this one. I'll start on the other one tomorrow.

FRANKIE

Don't forget you got two bikes to deliver too.

WELDER

There picking them up in an hour. I got it covered.

The warehouse is FULL of HARLEY'S

He WALKS OVER towards a desk

The PHONE RINGS (O.S.)

He picks it up

FRANKIE

Yeah.

WOMAN (O.S.)

I've got two more addresses for you. Am I going to see you tonight?

FRANKIE

Sorry baby, but I've got shit I have to do tonight. Give me a call tomorrow and I'll make it up to you.

He hangs up the phone

A man walks into the warehouse

His name is ANTON. He is 23 years old and of ITALIAN descent. He is very well dressed thin and very calm. His hair is jet black and slicked back. He's carrying a box.

ANTON

I got your shit. They said the other stamps will be here in a week. The factory is adding a cute little metallic frame sticker. I picked some up from our guys in Milwaukee.

Anton stops and pulls out an envelope.

He hands it to Frankie.

ANTON (CONT'D)

You know you really got some people pissed off. I talked to one of the Turks and he said you snatched one of his brother's scooters.

FRANKIE

Parts is parts. Besides I was in a hurry and didn't check the fucking thing for a club sticker.

ANTON

Louie wants to talk to you tonight.

FRANKIE

No problem. Tell him meet me at Rocco's at about ten.

Pan in on CLUB STICKER on stolen bike

Frankie goes into the desk and pulls out a "45" automatic an extra barrel and firing pin.

ANTON

(very nonchalantly)
You might need this.

Anton throws Frankie an extra clip. Frankie takes a rag and wipes it down and puts it in in his back pocket. He changes his Jacket to a black leather jacket and exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCCO'S - THAT EVENING

Rocco's is a bar and pizza parlor. It is own by Frankies Uncle Alberto.

Frankie pulls up in a car. As he's getting out Louie is pulling up on a Harley to the rear of the bar.

He is flying the TURKS club patch

A car drives up slowly towards Louie and a man in the back rolls down the window.

He raises a shotgun.

Frankie sees him and runs to the car pulling out his 45. He shoots the man holding the shotgun in the head.

FRANKIE
(yelling at Louie)
Get the fuck down!

The driver tries to GET AWAY as Frankie UNLOADS his clip at the him.

The man manages to GET AWAY.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
You're a lucky white mother fucker.
Let's get the fuck out of here.

Louie starts his Harley and roars away. Frankie runs and gets in his car and drives way covering his face with his hand.

A group of people run out of the bar. By that time Frankie is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. TURKS CLUBHOUSE - LATER

Louie walks into his clubhouse.

There's another biker sitting at the bar. He has long hair and is wearing club colors. He looks and is very dangerous.

GRAVEYARD
What did that motherless fuck say?

LOUIE
I need a fucking drink.

Louie walks behind the bar and grabs a bottle of whiskey. He pulls off the spout and takes a large guzzle. He turns up the juke box and sits next to Graveyard.

He leans over and whispering his ear.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANKIES WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He takes the "45" apart

Taking a rosebud torch he heats the barrel and pounds it out of round and breaks the firing pin.

He changes the license plate on the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNK YARD - LATER

Frankie pulls up in the car. A man opens the door and Frankie gets out. The man takes the car and puts it in a crusher. Frankie gets in a waiting car and they drive off.

OPENING CREDITS

CUT TO:

INT. ROCCO'S - NEXT DAY - MORNING

Frankie walks into the bar.

His uncle waves and motions Frankie to come the back where he's sitting drinking espresso.

<p><i>ALBERTO is in his 70's and is stocky with a rough complexion. He's ITALIAN and a Associate to the CHICAGO OUTFIT. Docile, but deadly. He is also VERY PROTECTIVE of Frankie.</i></p>
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ALBERTO

Get yourself an espresso and turn up the jukebox.

Frankie does as his uncle asks and returns.

FRANKIE

I didn't have a choice.

ALBERTO

I know. I saw it from upstairs. The cops don't know nuttin. They found both of them punks on the west side dead this morning. Seems they had an accident.

FRANKIE

Who were they?

He hands Frankie the paper.

(PAN TO PAPER)

HEADLINE "Two major heroin dealers found dead on west side in what is believed a drug turf war."

ALBERTO

We put the skag in the car. Nice touch ea kid? Anyway you got to be a little more careful about the company you keep.

FRANKIE

You got it. I've got to get to work. I'll stop over Sunday for dinner.

He kisses his uncle and leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. TURKS CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT - DAYS LATER

Weekly meeting and there are fifty plus Harley's parked in front of clubhouse. Several members are sitting outside. Frankie pulls up on a new Harley and gets off.

He bends over like he's checking his bike. He adjusts a gun tucked into his pants.

He walks over to the group.

FRANKIE

I need to talk to Louie.

A dingy Biker takes out a key and opens the front door. Frankie goes in and the group follows him locking the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Louie greets Frankie

LOUIE

Have a seat Frankie. Let me buy you a drink.

FRANKIE

Sounds good. I'll have a shot of Jack and a beer.

GRAVEYARD

(very angry)

I want my mother fucking bike back!

LOUIE

(stepping next to Graveyard)

Relax brother! Let the man have a drink for Christ sakes.

Louie gives Frankie his beer and shot. Frankie throws back the shot and takes a sip of beer.

He turns to Graveyard.

FRANKIE
(nonchalantly)
What bike are you talking about?

Graveyard jumps from the stool and grabs Frankie by the shirt.

Frankie jumps up pushing Graveyard's arm away.

GRAVEYARD
The one you stole out of my garage
mother fucker!

Frankie smiles ... INFURIATING Graveyard.

Louie gets in-between and separates the two of them.

LOUIE
Well ... what the fuck Frankie! Did
you steal it or what?

FRANKIE
Are you sure it's missing?

GRAVEYARD
(really excited)
You're pushing your luck mother
fucker.

FRANKIE
When's the last time you checked
your garage?

GRAVEYARD
Louie you better have a talk with
this mother fucker.

LOUIE
What's the deal Frankie?

FRANKIE
I think if he fucking looked in his
garage his bike is exactly where he
left it.

LOUIE
You mean you broke into his garage
again --- right?

GRAVEYARD

You're a crazy little mother fucker.
You know that?

Frankie reaches in his vest and takes out a set of keys. He THROWS them to Graveyard. He pulls out a wad of cash and slams it on the bar.

FRANKIE

Drinks are on me tonight. Pour everyone a shot I want to make a toast.

Three probationary members fill the bar full of shots.

Frankie RAISES his glass.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Garage-key! Something you open up a garage door with besides a crowbar.

The room bursts out laughing. The juke box starts blasting.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

(TWO YEARS LATER ON SCREEN)

Inside the strip club sit Frankie and Louie.

They own the joint. FRANKIE is also in the TURKS motorcycle club now.

Girls are dancing and suckers are giving them money.

LOUIE

You're uncle's want ten grand this month. This shit's getting out of hand.

FRANKIE

Sometimes you're a cheap fuck -- you know that? You put a hundred grand in your pocket last month. You're sniveling to the wrong dog here.

LOUIE

Can't you talk to him?

FRANKIE

About fucking what? You use his junkyard. He pays off the screws so we can work.

(MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

We use his connections for everything else. Nothing for nothing brother, but ten "g" is cheap.

A stripper walks up to Frankie and whispers in his ear.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Fuck! Are you sure?

STRIPPER

That's what he told me.

LOUIE

Now what?

FRANKIE

Crazy and Fix just got shot.

LOUIE

By fucking who?

FRANKIE

The cops set them up in an ambush. I told those two stupid fucks to slow down. They were robbing another God-damn bank.

LOUIE

Are they alive?

FRANKIE

I have no idea. We need to make a call and find out.

Frankie and Louie go into the office.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Frankie makes a call

FRANKIE

It's Frankie. What's going on.

MAN (O.S.)

Fix and Crazy got capped. They're both dead. The Fed's set them up. They waited till they came out of the bank and caught them in a cross fire. They didn't have a chance.

FRANKIE

We'll meet you at the clubhouse.

He hangs up.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

They're both fucking dead. Mother
fucker! Son of a bitch! Let's go.

CUT TO:

EXT. FUNERAL PARLOR - AFTERNOON - THREE DAYS LATER

Bikes are parked everywhere. The Fed's are taking pictures
and copying licence plates.

A Fed walks up to Frankie while he's standing alone.

FED

You know Frankie were on to you and
your brothers. It doesn't get any
better from here on out.

FRANKIE

I ain't into shit and that's a fact.
I supply entertainment to grown men
and sell them booze. Last time I
checked that was legal. If you had
me on anything you would have already
busted me. So why don't you show a
little respect and leave us to bury
our brothers that got killed.

FED

We know you're in bed with your
uncles. We know plenty more than
you think. We been sitting back
waiting for you to fuck up. It's
just a matter of time Frankie.

FRANKIE

You want to know what I think? You
need to let us bury our brothers
before this fucking crowd gets worked
up and something stupid happens.

A group of Bikers walks towards Frankie and the Fed.

The Fed winks at Frankie and walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - NOON - NEXT DAY

The brothers are LOWERING the caskets into the ground. The
Fed's are in cars parked in sight of the service taking
pictures.

The Bikers raise their guns and shoot in a salute.

The Fed's don't do anything, but keep taking pictures.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. FRANKIE'S STRIP CLUB - MONTHS LATER - DAY

A black caddy pulls up. A stocky sinister man steps out and goes inside the club.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The club is in full swing.

Frankie gets up and walks over to him.

FANKIE

Gino what brings you here?

GINO

Your uncle wants to see you.

FRANKIE

Tell him I'll come over to see him
later today.

Gino STEPS BACK TURNING ... LOOKING at the stage.

Twenty seconds later he WALKS BACK up to Frankie.

GINO

(cracking his neck
side to side)

Okay Frankie ... it's later now.
Let's go.

Frankie follows Gino out of the club.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Gino opens the rear door and Frankie gets in.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCCO'S - LATER

The Caddy pulls up at Rocco's. Frankie gets out and Gino drives away.

He walks the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE ROCCO'S - CONTINUOUS

In the back are his two uncle's and Alberto.

CARMINE is late in his 60's. Heavy set and very rough around the edges with a MEAN STREAK. TONY is a few years younger, thin and a LITTLE CALMER than CARMINE, but just as DANGEROUS.

ALBERTO

Your two uncles got a problem with your business associate ... which means you got a problem.

CARMINE

The Fed's are watching your club.

FRANKIE

Who told you that?

CARMINE

Our fucking lawyer did and that's not all. If they are we still want our twenty grand a month.

FRANKIE

What do you guys want from me?

CARMINE

Twenty grand a month. Are you fucking deaf?

FRANKIE

When are they moving on me?

ALBERTO

Could be a day, could be a fucking year. So talk to Louie and get your shit in order.

TONY

And tell that brother of yours that's selling the speed we need to talk to him. Half of your so called brother's are speed freaks because of that fuck. I got half a notion to take that piece of shit out right now.

ALBERTO

If I was you I'd think seriously about selling the place.

FRANKIE

Who do you know that wants to buy a club?

CARMINE

We sure don't want yours. It's too hot. Find some smuck and stick it to him. Tell your partner you're selling your half of the club. That will keep you flush until you set up something else.

FRANKIE

It might take a little time to get this done. I'll start working on it this afternoon.

CARMINE

Tell that partner of yours we still want ten grand a month from him. You can catch up after you sell that dive you own.

Frankie doesn't answer and walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB - SAME DAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Frankie walks through the door of his strip club. A club brother named Rings is sitting next to Louie.

RINGS

What's up my brother?

FRANKIE

We got to talk Louie. Let's go in the office.

They all walk into the office. Frankie turns up the music very loud.

FANKIE

The Fed's are going after the club. We need to sell this place.

LOUIE

Who told you that?

FRANKIE

I just had a sit down with my three uncles.

LOUIE

I ain't selling shit. You need to get a handle on your family. Tell those fuckers I'm staying put. If the Fed's are watching us it's because of them.

FRANKIE

Then you need to find a new partner because I'm out of here.

Rings winks at Louie when Frankie isn't looking.

RINGS

I'll buy your half. How much do you want for it?

FRANKIE

You ain't worked in five years. This maybe a hole, but it makes legal money and plenty of it. How the fuck are you going to buy it .. in cash? Why don't you just throw up a red flag for the Fed's.

LOUIE

I'll loan him the money and he can pay me back in cash. All we need is that fuck lawyer of yours to draw up the paperwork.

Frankie shakes his head at his two brothers in disgust.

FRANKIE

Did you understand anything I just said? The Fed's are watching this joint. This is serious fucking shit. They won't be happy until they find something, and if they can't they'll lay on us until the fucking cows come flying home.

LOUIE

Fuck the Fed's! Let them watch all they want. I don't give a flying fuck what they do. For your information they been watching us long before you showed up. Oh yeah Frankie, you can tell your relatives I ain't paying them no ten grand a month either.

FRANKIE

They told me to tell Rings he's fucking up too. What do you think I don't know what you two been doing. Look at your eyes. They look like dog piss in the snow. Every stripper in this town is strung out on that shit. It ain't going to take the Feds long to figure this one out.

RINGS

What we do is our fucking business. We been together long before you and your family showed up. I really don't give a fuck what anybody thinks. The only reason your uncles are pissed is because I ain't kicking any taxes to them. I ain't giving them one fucking thin dime. It's my fucking ass out there taking all the chances. Fuck that! I spent three years in Nam brother. I earn everything I take. This is an outlaw motorcycle club, not a country fucking club. There is two hundred of us. Most of us make a good living with this shit. So you do what you do and we do what we do.

FANKIE

The shit you're selling to everyone was meant for them, not us or our brothers. It's for citizens and making a living ... that's it ... no more. One of these speed freaks is going to get popped and the shits going to hit the fan. Don't think it ain't going to happen either. You guys are on your own. Don't say I didn't warn you. I'll call the lawyer. He'll take care of the rest.

CUT TO:

INT. VARIOUS SHOTS

CURTIS MAYFIELD live "THE PUSHER MAN"

Show Rings selling drugs in large amounts. Parties at club house everybody SNORTING speed and coke. Show Louie loading money into suitcases and boarding a private plane.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCCO'S - ONE YEAR LATER - MORNING

Alberto is SITTING DRINKING a cup of espresso and READING the paper.

Chicago AM radio is PLAYING.

Carmine and Tony walk through the front door and walk over to Alberto.

They sit down

CARMINE

We got a real problem.

TONY

(angry)

Those fucking jamokes got the Fed's looking at our clubs now.

ALBERTO

(calmly)

Did you talk to Frankie yet?

CARMINE

(very excited)

Fuck that shit! I don't need to ask his permission to whack those fucks. If he wasn't my nephew I'd whack him too.

ALBERTO

Tell Frankie I want to talk to him and both of you fucking relax.

CARMINE

(banging his hand on the table)

You know their selling speed out of their club. They've got half our strippers fucking doing that shit.

Alberto reaches into his jacket pocket and takes out two envelopes. He hands each of them a thick package.

ALBERTO

Ten grand each from your nephew this month. Let me handle this my way.

Show Carmine smiling as he looks inside the envelope.

CUT TO:

EXT. AFTERNOON - SYL FACTORY - CHICAGO SUBURB

Shipping dock of SYL industries.

Busy MANUFACTURING facility. On the dock is a truck LOADING boxes MARKED bedside lamps.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT OFFICE - SYL - CONTINUOUS

A secretary is BUSY doing paperwork.

A man in a cheap blue suit walks in and he shows the secretary his credentials.

DEA AGENT

I'm with the DEA. I need to talk to the owner.

SECRETARY

I'll get him for you.

She picks up the the phone.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Sir, there's an DEA agent here in the front office.

MAN

I'll be right there.

SECRETARY

He'll be right up sir.

DEA AGENT

Thanks.

Her Boss walks through the door. It's ANTON well dressed and sharply groomed.

ANTON

How can I help you?

DEA AGENT

I'm with the DEA. Do you have some place private we can talk?

ANTON

No problem. Follow me.

They walk it Anton's office.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ANTON

Have a seat.

The Agent sits and Anton walks behind his desk and sits.

ANTON (CONT'D)

How can I help you?

DEA AGENT

We're checking all the companies that are buying certain chemicals.

ANTON

Not a problem. How can I assist you?

The Agent opens his briefcase and pulls out a folder.

DEA AGENT

We noticed that you order a lot of phenol 2 propenol. The problem is it's used to make methamphetamine. What exactly are you using it for?

ANTON

We use a lot of it manufacturing our product line. We make little bedside lamps. It's a hardening agent that makes the plastics set up. I can show you if you like.

DEA AGENT

No thanks that's not necessary. We are just looking for anything out of the norm. If you notice anything unusual give me a call. Day or night it doesn't matter.

The agent takes out a card and hands it to Anton.

ANTON

If there is anything else you think of or you need my help with call me. Feel free to stop by whenever you're in the neighborhood.

DEA AGENT

You won't see me for a while. I've got fifty more places like yours spread out from here to kingdom come. You've got my number. Have a good afternoon.

Pan into the warehouse and show close up of ten drums of "P
2 P" in a cage locked up.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANKIES BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Frankie is laying in bed with a gorgeous woman.

*She has long red hair and a SLEEK shapely body. Her name is
BARBARA.*

The PHONE RINGS (O.S.)

Frankie picks it up.

GINO (O.S.)
Your uncle wants to talk to you.
I'll be there in ten minutes.

Frankie hangs up and gets of bed.

BARBARA
It's your uncle. I can tell by the
look on your face.

He puts on his pants as she watches.

FRANKIE
I'll be back to finish you later.

BARBARA
Promises ... promises.

She reaches over and grabs his ass ... he pulls away.

HONK --- HONK (O.S.)

FRANKIE
He's here. I got to go baby.

He blows her a kiss and walks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

He gets in the back and they drive away.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCCO'S - SAME DAY

Gino pulls up and drops Frankie off.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS - ROCCO'S - CONTINUOUS

Frankie knocks on the door.

Alberto opens it.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

ALBERTO

Sit down. We got a visit today. The
DEA was at your business.

Rubbing his eyes and shaking his head.

FRANKIE

What did they want?

ALBERTO

I got a message from Anton. A DEA
agent stopped by to let us know the
shipments are being monitored.

FRANKIE

At fifteen grand a gallon we'd take
a big hit. I probably should start
stocking up. I'll need to get some
purchase orders.

ALBERTO

Everything's already taken care of
kid. Take that little cutie of yours
on vacation for awhile. I'll take
care of this with Anton.

FRANKIE

I just got back from Florida. I'll
hang up here for the time being.

ALBERTO

By the way, when are you going to
stop paying your ex-partners tax
anyway? It looks weak. Let him step
up.

FRANKIE

Why? So Carmine can smoke him!

(MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

He's just got a hard head. Let's leave it alone for the time being. Let me worry about it. Besides we've been making a killing off him and he's none the wiser.

ALBERTO

He is causing a lot of unnecessary heat. That shit is turning their heads into mush and if you care about them you need to find a way to turn this around. These Fed's ain't going away until they get what they came for. We been dealing with this shit for thirty years. They ain't got nothing but time and money. I'm surprised they haven't already locked up the whole bunch of you. I want you to stay away from these fucks until we get a handle on this. You're a smart kid Frankie. Now go home and lay low.

Frankie gets up and gives Alberto a kiss.

FRANKIE

What a life. I love you Uncle Alberto.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE OUTFIT STRIP CLUB - DAYS LATER - NIGHT

Two bikers are getting fucked up drinking shots. Three dancers are talking to them.

Carmine and Tony walk in making their rounds.

CARMINE

(in Italian with subtitles)

Those motherless fucks got to go. I don't give a fuck where they go, as long as they get the fuck out of here. They're fucking up business.

TONY

(in Italian with subtitles)

They ain't long for this world anyway. Neither is our nephew if he don't straighten his ass out too.

CARMINE

I'll make em all disappear.

They walk through a door and go upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

They look down through a one way mirror.

They see a stripper snorting something the biker is holding out.

CARMINE

Dem mother fuckers. That's it, this
shit is over!

CUT TO:

EXT. DARK STREET - LATE NIGHT - WEEKS LATER

A residential neighborhood and the same two bikers GET INTO a car. They each take a SNORT out of a vile. One of them LIGHTS A JOINT and HANDS IT to the other.

FIRST BIKER

Fuck them Wop's. I told you we ain't
got shit to worry about.

He turns the ignition key. The car blows up lighting the sky up.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCCO'S - NEXT DAY - EARLY AFTERNOON

Carmine and Tony walk through the front door. Alberto is sitting at his table in the back.

They walk up to to Alberto.

ALBERTO

You two's sit down. We got to talk.

CARMINE

Talking time is over!

ALBERTO

The two of you got some balls. Look
at this shit in the paper.

He throws the paper at them.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)

This is out of fucking hand.

CARMINE

What's that got to do with us?

ALBERTO

(angry in Italian
with English subtitles)

Don't you two ever think I don't know! I think Mom dropped you on your heads. Since you two were kids I've been bailing you out. You could fuck up a wet dream ... you know that.

(back to English)

TONY

They're working our clubs. They're stealing our talent. What are we suppose to do with these fucks? Their selling dope to our girls.

ALBERTO

(angrily)

They ain't your fucking clubs. I don't see your two names on shit! And now I got to explain this stupidity.

CARMINE

We'll go with you and explain it ourselves.

ALBERTO

There ain't nothing to explain. You two better hope this shit don't come back on us. There's ways to do this shit right. We already got the DEA crawling up our ass. Now we got the ATF and FBI you two jamokes.

TONY

What do you want us to do?

ALBERTO

Getting the fuck out of here would be a good start! And you better hope that they understand that you two are harmless mental midgets.

They both get up and walk out not saying a word.

Alberto exits out the back door.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN - SAME AFTERNOON

A limo pulls up to a high dollar hotel. A man opens the door and Alberto gets out.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

He GETS INTO a elevator the door closes.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

He GETS OUT and he WALKS to the entrance of a steak house. A well dressed ominous man GREETES HIM.

MAN
(in Italian with
English subtitles)
They're in the back waiting for you.

Alberto walks to the back and knocks on the door. A man opens the door and nods.

The man leaves closing the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

In front of Alberto are the real owners of the strip clubs.

<p><i>CHRISTOPHER 85 years old and WELL DRESSED. DOMINICK, 80's DRESSED MODESTLY --- both men are ITALIAN.</i></p>
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DOMINICK
Exactly what the fuck are those two thinking?

ALBERTO
Thinking! There's not a brain between the two of em.

CHRISTOPHER
(leaning towards
Alberto)
What are you ...

Pointing his old manicured expenditure at Alberto.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
... going to do about this thing?

ALBERTO
The only thing they understand is
money. We'll tax the shit out of
em.

DOMINICK
That didn't work last time. They
ended up going on a crime spree for
Christ sakes.

ALBERTO
Then what?

The old man looks at Dominick and nods.

DOMINICK
They're banned from all our clubs
and tax them. That's our decision.

ALBERTO
Understood. I'll make sure of it.

DOMINICK
Oh yeah --- make sure there ain't no
next time. Cuz this is over.

Alberto gets up and seems relieved. The old man walks up to
him and gives him a kiss on his cheek.

CHRISTOPHER
We've been together for a long time.
I've always admired you. Let's have
some dinner.

They walk out of the office into the restaurant and sit at a
corner booth. A waiter pours them each a glass of wine and
leaves.

Christopher raises his glass.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
Salute.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCCO'S - NEXT DAY - AFTERNOON

Carmine and Tony walk out of Rocco's and get in the back of
a waiting car.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE BACK OF CAR - CONTINUOUS

Carmine turns to Tony.

CARMINE

They got some balls. Well what they don't know can't hurt them.

TONY

Let's go collect some money. They want to tax us. We'll pay em, but I ain't taking a hit.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANADIAN BORDER - AFTERNOON - WEEKS LATER

A truck is being inspected by the customs.

(The truck says Kodak on the side)

The inspector is signing the bill of lading. The Driver gets in the cab and is waived through.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - LATER THAT DAY - EARLY EVENING

Same truck backs up to a dock. The Driver gets out and a biker meets him.

BIKER

How was the trip?

DRIVER

Enough chitchat! Get this shit off my fucking truck.

BIKER

All right, take it easy.

The Driver WALKS AWAY.

A forklift Driver starts unloading the truck.

SHOT OF PALLET ON FORKLIFT

A pallet with a fifty two 55 gallon drums MARKED PHENOL 2 PROPENOL.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. DETROIT CLUBHOUSE - AFTERNOON - SEVERAL MONTHS LATER

ROBIN TROWER "BRIDGE OF SORROWS" playing. This scene is showing the real underbelly of this life they have chosen.

Biker party at a Detroit clubhouse.

Louie wraps his arm around the other clubs president.

The Detroit club president whispers in Louie's ear.

CLUB PRESIDENT

We need to talk.

The party carries on and they manage to get alone.

LOUIE

We're fat my brother.

CLUB PRESIDENT

I hear you got problems.

LOUIE

Yeah. Frankie's family is putting a cramp on our style.

CLUB PRESIDENT

You need assistance with this thing?
I owe you one. If I can help with anything you let me know. I don't want anything interfering with our business.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO - AFTERNOON - MONTHS LATER

Carmine and Tony walk out of a bar.

TONY

I think we ought to make up some lost money.

CARMINE

What's on your mind?

TONY

We ain't got to deal with this shit. Let's let the girls take care of this. We'll sit back and watch.

CARMINE

Fucking right! Let's go.

They get in a Caddallic and drive off.

CUT TO:

EXT. MORNING - TWO DAYS LATER - CHICAGO NORTH SIDE

Tony and Carmine pull up to a three story brick apartment building. They get out and go into the entryway and PUSH a buzzer. The door buzzes and they go up to the top floor. The door opens and a beautiful long hair Italian woman greets them.

ROSA
Come on in gentleman.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE ROSA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

CARMINE
We need a favor.

She turns and walks away then turns to them.

ROSA
Want a drink?

TONY
I'll have an espresso and an Anisette.

CARMINE
I'll have the same.

ROSA
You know you're predictable.

She goes over to a small cove in the corner and pours two anisettes and an two espressos.

She puts them on a tray and returns.

ROSA (CONT'D)
I've been waiting for you. I know why you're here. I was wondering why it took you so long. It's going to cost you!

CARMINE
How much?

ROSA
Fifty grand and ten points.

CARMINE

It don't matter. Just get it done
and soon. Just keep your grandfather
out of this.

ROSA

You let me worry about my grandfather.
You two need to relax.

They walk out with a "SMUG LOOK" on their faces.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOUIE AND RINGS STRIP CLUB - AFTERNOON - DAYS LATER

Rosa and two beautiful women exit the limo.

They WALK to the door and a man opens it for them.

BOUNCER NAMED JACK

Good afternoon ladies.

ROSA

Did you forget my name Jack?

JACK

Of course not. I'm just glad to see
you. I don't see you often enough.
How is your Grandfather?

ROSA

Precious.

JACK

I have a table that's perfect for
you. Follow me ladies.

They walk in escorted by Jack to a "RESERVED SECTION" of the
club.

He seats them and leaves.

A tall Stripper comes with a bottle of "Dom" and opens it.
She pours three glasses of the bubbly. Rosa's Companion hands
her two one hundred dollar bills.

STRIPPER

It's on the house.

COMPANION

That's a tip sweetie.

STRIPPER

Thanks. Just wave if you need
anything.

ROSA
Tell her I'm here.

STRIPPER
She's on the way over.

Rosa takes out a smoke from a gold case. Her Companion lights it. The other companion gets up and goes behind the bar turning the music up.

A tall well dress good looking woman WALKS UP to Rosa's table.
Her name is TONI

ROSA
Sit.

TONI
Hi stranger. What's up?

ROSA
There is going to be some changes going on and you just got a promotion.

TONI
Leave the girls here. Let's go over there.

They walk over to the end of the bar and sit.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME STRIP CLUB - LATER - EVENING

Louie and Rings are sitting in the office.

LOUIE
Things have never been this good.

RINGS
Our brother in Detroit told me they have another ten pounds of shit.

LOUIE
I still can't figure out why we can't cook this shit ourselves?

RINGS
We can. We just need to get the chemicals. I've already found a cook.

LOUIE
Look into it. I'll put up the dough.

RINGS

I'll go up north and figure out how the Canucks do it. I know who to talk to.

CUT TO:

EXT. TORONTO - AFTERNOON - THREE DAYS LATER

Ring's, RIDING his Harley PULLS UP to a clubhouse.

He GETS OFF his bike and a Canadian biker MEETS HIM.

<i>His name is RISK. He's WELL GROOMED and WEARING a lot of BLING.</i>
--

RISK

Good ride A?

RINGS

I need a bump.

RISK

No problems. X Y Zed, I got something for your head. Let's go inside.

They go inside and Risk locks the thick steel door.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rings sits at the bar and Risk goes behind it and takes out a rock of speed the size of a golf ball. Rings flips out a buck knife and cuts off a piece.

He CRUSHES it up and MAKES SEVERAL LINES on the bar.

RISK

Don't hurt yourself. That's pure as shit.

Rings rolls up a hundred dollar bill and snorts a line. Risk does the same.

RINGS

(holding his stinging nose)

You want to make some money?

RISK

(his eyes are watering)

How?

RINGS

We want to make this shit back home.
Moving this shit from Detroit is
getting too dangerous. We just need
the chemicals. We already have a
cook. Believe me, we'll make it worth
your while.

RISK

I'll check it out. How long are you
staying?

RINGS

Till I'm done.

The DOOR BELL RINGS (O.S.)

Risk goes over and slides the peep hole open. He opens the
door. It's a tall beautiful Canadian Philly.

CUT TO:

INT. TORONTO HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON - THREE DAYS LATER

Risk is laying on a bed.

The PHONE RINGS (O.S.)

He picks it up as the same Philly walks away naked.

RINGS (O.S.)

Yeah!

RISK

Get rid of the girl.

FADE OUT:

Fade in:

INT. SAME HOTEL ROOM - 45 MINUTES LATER

KNOCK ON DOOR (O.S.)

Rings goes to the door and looks through the peep hole.

He he opens the door

Risk walks in

RISK

(looking around)
You alone?

RINGS

All alone.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

RISK

I can get everything you're going to need, but it's gonna cost you. Plus you got to pick the shit up here.

RINGS

You can't deliver it to us?

RISK

You know how hard it is to get this shit?

RINGS

I understand. How soon can we score?

RISK

I'll call you in a week or so and let you know.

RINGS

Good enough. I'll make you rich my man.

RISK

I'm all for that. There is one thing though.

RINGS

What's that?

RISK

No one, and I mean no one, can know that you get this shit from me.

RINGS

No problem. We got a deal.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO - AFTERNOON - THREE DAYS LATER

Rings pulls up to his strip club and goes inside.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

RINGS

We're done. We have everything we need to start.

LOUIE

I got us a farmhouse to use as a lab. When are we getting all the supplies?

RINGS

We have to pick everything up in Canada.

LOUIE

That sucks! But it is what it is.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - AFTERNOON - MONTHS LATER

A man is leaning into the rear window of a black Cadillac.

The man walks away

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

Carmine and Tony are sitting in the back.

CARMINE

Looks like we got money owed to us.

TONY

I can't believe they think that they can do this without a sit down.

CARMINE

It's tax time. Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. FARM HOUSE - SAME DAY - OUTSIDE CHICAGO

Two chemists are making a batch of speed. They are wearing protective clothing and masks. Two men are sitting on the porch with AK 47's.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUBHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON - SAME DAY

Rings and Louie are sitting behind the bar. They are both draped with gold and diamonds. Other club members are snorting speed and partying.

Rings looks at Louie and smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB - EARLY AFTERNOON - MONTHS LATER

Louie is sitting in the office.

Rings walks in.

RINGS

We got a Guinea out front that wants to talk to us.

LOUIE

Who is he?

RINGS

I never seen him before, but I'll bet Frankie knows him.

LOUIE

Tell him to come on in.

Rings walks back to the door and waves the man in.

An Italian man with a dark complexion wearing a silk suit walks in.

LOUIE (CONT'D)

How can I help you?

He hands Louie an envelope. He opens it.

LOUIE (CONT'D)

What's this shit?

MAN

It's an invoice for services rendered.

LOUIE

Who the fuck is A & R services?

MAN

I don't know. I just deliver em.

LOUIE

We ain't paying this shit.

(MORE)

LOUIE (CONT'D)

You tell em that we paid our dues.
What are they going to do -- kill
us. We spent three years in Nam.
We're already dead.

The man shrugs his shoulders.

He turns and walks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. STRIP CLUB - DAY - MONTHS LATER

Rings pulls up on his Harley and goes inside.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Louie is sitting and reading a sports sheet.

RINGS

You ain't going to believe this.
Our so called brothers are asking
five times the normal price for the
same amount of shit.

LOUIE

We had a fucking agreement!

RINGS

I told them that. They said it's out
of their hands. He wouldn't say
anymore. As a matter of fact he said
take it or leave it. You believe
that shit. We made these mother
fuckers rich in the first place.

LOUIE

We need to go see Frankie.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - LATER THAT DAY

Rings and Louie walk through the front door. Frankie is
sitting at the end of the bar by himself.

They walk up to him.

FRANKIE

What's so urgent?

LOUIE

Your uncles sent over a gumba and they tried to tax us.

FRANKIE

What's that got to do with me?

RINGS

(pissed)

It's your fucking family!

FRANKIE

This ain't club shit --- it's business. I'll be honest with you Louie. I've been paying your tax for years.

LOUIE

Bullshit!

FRANKIE

Why the fuck do you two think that they never visited your club before.

LOUIE

I guessed you been had by you're own blood.

FRANKIE

Maybe, but then I guess that's my business. Do what you want, you're going too anyway.

LOUIE

Fucking right. Let's get out of here Rings.

They turn and leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCCO'S - NEXT DAY - MORNING

Frankie pulls up in a new Lincoln and parks.

He GOES UPSTAIRS and is MET by Gino.

GINO

You uncles waiting for you.

He goes inside.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alberto is sitting at the kitchen table.

ALBERTO

Sit.

He pulls back a chair and sits.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)

(with a very serious
demeanor)

This is going to get messy. Schools
over kid. This next part is what we
know how to do best. Let us handle
this from here on out. This club
shit --- I never liked it in the
first place. Mind you, I never said
anything to stop you from this thing,
but this is serious.

FRANKIE

I told them, but they don't listen.

ALBERTO

It's going to get worse before it
gets better.

FRANKIE

I don't know what to do here.

ALBERTO

Do! Leave --- take a vacation.
Your uncle's just stole all their
strippers. Apparently they all work
for us now.

FRANKIE

When did this happen?

Alberto LOOKS at his watch.

ALBERTO

After last nights shift. I imagine
they're finding out right about now.

CUT TO:

INT. LOUIE'S STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Rings, Louie and two bouncers are SITTING in an EMPTY strip
club. No girls are SHOWING UP for work.

RINGS

I'm going over to them bitch's house
and see why they ain't here.

Rings WALKS OUT GRUMBLING.

CUT TO:

EXT. GIRLS HOUSE - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Rings PULLS UP in a car. Two girls are GETTING INTO a limo.
He FOLLOWS the limo.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOB STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The limo PULLS UP to the strip club.

The Driver GETS OUT and GOES AROUND letting the girls out.
Rings GETS OUT of his car and WALKS UP to the girls.

RINGS

Where the fuck do you think you're
going bitch.

He GRABS one of the girls by the arm. She manages to GET
LOOSE.

The Driver GRABS Rings ... Rings PULLS OUT an revolver. The
driver starts WRESTLING with him and the GUN GOES OFF.

Rings DROPS, he's DEAD, the girls SCREAM.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCCO'S - MINUTES LATER

Gino WALKS INTO the kitchen and WHISPERS into Alberto's ear.

He TURNS and LEAVES THE ROOM.

ALBERTO

Who knows you're here?

FRANKIE

Just you and Gino. Why?

ALBERTO

Rings just got killed.

FRANKIE

How?

ALBERTO
 Not how ... it's where. He pulled a
 gun out at one of our clubs and got
 dead quick.

FRANKIE
 Fuck me!

ALBERTO
 (in Italian with
 english subtitles)
 Gino come in here.

Gino COMES IN the room.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)
 You're taking the kid to the airport.

POINTING at Frankie.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)
 You're going on vacation. It ain't
 safe here no more.

GINO
 Let's go.

Frankie WALKS OVER to his uncle and KISSES him.

ALBERTO
 I'll let you know when to come home.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB OFFICE - ONE HOUR LATER

Graveyard WALKS IN.

GRAVEYARD
 They killed Rings.

LOUIE
 Who killed Rings?

GRAVEYARD
 Frankie's fucking relatives. That's
 who.

LOUIE
 Are you sure?

GRAVEYARD
 They shot him at one of their clubs.

LOUIE
 Let's go. Fuck Frankie! He's a
 dead mother fucker.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANKIES HOUSE - AFTERNOON - SAME DAY

Four club members PULL UP to Frankie's house.
 They GO to the door and KICK IT OPEN.

Frankie's NOT there, but his COLORS are HANGING by the door.

They TAKE the vest and LEAVE.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - TWO DAYS LATER - AFTERNOON

Louie and Graveyard are TALKING to two club hit men. They
 don't look like Bikers, but DO LOOK very dangerous.

LOUIE
 Ten grand each. That's what I'll
 give you for Frankie's ass.

BIKER
 (protective of Frankie)
 You lost your grip? You're telling
 us you want Frankie dead. This is
 your brother you're talking about.
 What the fuck is on your mind.
 Frankie saved your life. He's one
 of your closest brothers.

LOUIE
 So was Rings.

SECOND BIKER
 (pointing at Louie)
 We know the truth, and as far as
 we're concerned Frankie ain't done
 shit wrong. We know what happened
 at that club. We talked to the girls.
 Rings blew it ... he pulled a gun.

FIRST BIKER
 We're out ... you're on your own.

They GET UP and WALK OUT of the bar.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICO - DAY - ONE WEEK LATER

Frankie is SITTING at a pool bar.

A man WALKS UP to him.

MAN

Mr. Frankie you have a telephone call. You can take it at the end of the bar over there.

FANKIE

Thanks.

He WALKS to the end of the bar and PICKS UP the phone.

ANTON (O.S.)

They put a hit on you.

FRANKIE

Who?

ANTON (O.S.)

Graveyard and Louie. As far as I can tell they spread some real lies. They got half the club looking for you.

FRANKIE

I'm coming home.

ANTON (O.S.)

That ain't such a good idea right now.

FRANKIE

I want them to hear my side of this shit.

ANTON (O.S.)

It's a little late for that.

FRANKIE

I should have never left in the first place. I'm coming home.

ANTON (O.S.)

Just stay put. I'll call you back.

Frankie PUTS the phone DOWN and WALKS INTO the hotel.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCCO'S - MORNING - TWO DAYS LATER

Gino GETS OUT of his car. He is CARRYING a box of doughnuts and a paper. A car SLOWLY PULLS ALONG SIDE of him. Graveyard is SITTING in the back seat.

He has a shot gun.

He POINTS it out the window and BLASTS Gino point blank. Gino FLIES through the air dead.

They SPEED OFF.

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO MIDWAY AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

Frankie is EXITING a plane. He WALKS through the airport to a rental counter.

FANKIE

I'd like to rent a car.

AGENT ONE

I'll need a drivers license and a credit card.

Frankie TAKES OUT his license and a credit card.

AGENT

How long will you need the rental?

FRANKIE

Just a couple of days.

AGENT

Do you have a preference of cars.

FRANKIE

A full size will do.

She FINISHES the paperwork and has Frankie SIGN IT.

AGENT

Thank you for choosing us today sir. Just exit out that door and walk across the street. Your car is in spot D 4.

FRANKIE

Thanks.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO - LATER

Frankie is DRIVING down a street. A block behind him a black sedan is FOLLOWING him. He PARKS the car and GOES INSIDE a house. The black sedan is PARKED and the agents are WATCHING him.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAME HOUSE - LATER

Frankie COMES OUT and GETS INTO rental.

The black sedan PULLS UP behind him and PUTS ON flashing lights.

Frankie TAKES OUT his gun and SLIDES it under the seat.

Two Fed's WALK UP to the car.

FED

Remember me?

FRANKIE

What can I do for you?

FED

Get out of the car real slowly and put your hands on your head.

FRANKIE

What did I do?

FED

We just want to have a little talk with you. Now get out.

Frankie GETS OUT SLOWLY.

FED (CONT'D)

Put your hands on the car Frankie.

He FRISKS Frankie.

The other Fed starts SEARCHING the car.

He FINDS the gun.

Show AGENT SMILING at Frankie.

FED (CONT'D)

Well it looks like you got a little problem here Frankie. You got a permit for this?

FRANKIE

That ain't my gun. The rental agency needs to clean their cars a little better.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - LATER

Frankie is SITTING in an interrogation room.

The Fed WALKS INTO the room and THROWS a stack of pictures on the table.

It's pictures of Gino LYING on the ground dead.

FED

You recognize him?

Frankie DOESN'T ANSWER him.

He TURNS AWAY.

FED (CONT'D)

We need your help Frankie. We can make the gun charge disappear.

FRANKIE

I want to talk to my lawyer.

FED

Don't say we didn't give you a chance.

The Fed WALKS OUT.

CUT TO:

INT. ALBERTO'S HOME - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

The PHONE RINGS (O.S.)

Alberto PICKS IT UP.

It's Frankies attorney.

ATTORNEY (O.S.)

They picked up your nephew. He's in the Federal building.

ALBERTO

Leave him sit. He's safe there.

ATTORNEY (O.S.)
I understand.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR - AFTERNOON - SAME DAY

Graveyard WALKS OUT.

Two men walk up to him guns in hand and get him into a waiting car.

They DRIVE OFF.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE WAREHOUSE - LATER

He is sitting in a chair. Two zips WALK UP to him and UNLOAD their guns point blank INTO HIM. He falls out of the chair. One of the men SHOOTs him directly in the face several times.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NEXT DAY - MORNING

A garbage truck is PICKING UP a dumpster. The man operating the controls STOPS when he SEES a dead body dump into the truck.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOUIE'S HOUSE - NEXT DAY - MORNING

A delivery truck PULLS UP.

The Driver GETS OUT with a box in his hand. He gets to the front door and RINGS the bell.

Louie LOOKS OUT the side window.

He OPENS the front door.

DRIVER
I've got a package for you. I need
you to sign on the line for me.

Louie SIGNS and the driver leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He TAKES the box and OPENS IT with a buck knife.

LOUIE

Fuck me!

It's Graveyards severed hand with his club ring on it.

Louie FLOPS on the couch.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUBHOUSE - CANADA - LATE AFTERNOON - DAYS LATER

Risk WALKS IN.

The biker from the warehouse is WAITING for him with a well dressed sinister Italian man. Both men are draped in gold.

RISK

What's up ... A?

BIKER

We need to go to the warehouse.
I've got an order to fill.

RISK

No problem. Let's go.

They EXIT the clubhouse.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE CLUBHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They GET INTO a van that has dark tinted windows.

The van DRIVES OFF.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SAME DAY - LATER

The van PULLS UP at the warehouse.

They EXIT and GO INSIDE.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

BIKER

We need to count everything.

Risk's face TURNS PALE and he STARTS TO PANIC.

RISK

I didn't know we were going to do this today. I've got a meeting in an hour with Crutch.

The sinister Italian HITS him in the back of his head with the butt of a 45 Colt automatic.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

Risk WAKES UP duck taped to a chair. Crutch is facing him taped to a chair. He's beat up badly ... but still ALIVE.

BIKER

(taking off his jacket)
You little fuck! You think we wouldn't figure this shit out?

RISK

(freaking out)
I needed the money bad. I'm your fucking brother for Christ sakes. I was going to pay you back.

BIKER

(totally pissed off)
With what ... my own fucking money! You're a lying worthless prick. You ain't worth the time of day to me anymore. Just to let you know, that car of yours is being parked at the airport right now.

The Biker TURNS and WALKS behind Crutch.

He FLICKS OPEN a buck knife and he POINTS to Crutch.

BIKER (CONT'D)

(smiling)
His car is parked at the Detroit airport. By the time anyone realizes what's really happened it will be in 20 years or so. I really don't think I'll be around to find out.

RISK

(pleading)
You can't kill me without a sitdown at Church. Other brothers in the club are making money too. You know the rules.

BIKER

Exactly! I helped write the club laws and you're fucked. We already had that meeting and you two got voted out. Times up .. A! X, Y, Zed you're fucking dead.

He REACHES AROUND Crutch and SLITS his throat. Blood BUBBLES and GURGLES OUT of the slit.

He WALKS directly in FRONT of Risk.

BIKER (CONT'D)

(big grin on his face)

He was lucky.

(O.S.) The SOUND OF A CHAINSAW.

BIKER (CONT'D)

It's the rules. You know the deal. Both hands are the price you pay for stealing from your brother's and business partners.

The Italian man WALKS BEHIND the chair. He starts CUTTING off Risk's hands. First one ... then the other.

Risk SCREAMS then PASSES OUT.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANADIAN WILDERNESS - LATE NIGHT - SAME DAY

(PAN DOWN)

Two men are COVERING UP the remains of the two dead bodies.

CUT TO:

EXT. DETROIT - DAY - ONE WEEK LATER

The Canadian Biker PULLS UP on his Harley to a Detroit house. He GETS OFF and WALKS UP to the front door.

A Biker OPENS THE DOOR.

The Canadian HANDS him a note and PUTS his FINGERS to his lips.

CANADIAN

Let's take a putt.

CUT TO:

EXT. DETROIT FREEWAY - LATER

On their Harley's they get to 70 MILES AN HOUR and the Canadian PULLS UP NEXT to the Detroit biker.

CANADIAN

(loudly)

Did you know about this shit? If you did then we got a problem.

DETROIT BIKER

Welcome to America. Wake up brother. My family has been in business with Frankie's family for twenty years. Of fucking course I know. We got to fucking talk. Pull over in the next rest area.

They PULL OFF and WALK into the trees.

DETROIT BIKER (CONT'D)

(shaking his head)

You have no idea. It's the way things work here. This doesn't have anything to do with Frankie. This shit is between the Wops and they live in Toronto and get this shit from the crew in Chicago. If Frankie gets hit this is all over.

CANADIAN

Why haven't you ever told me this?

DETROIT BIKER

Let's just say that it wasn't me that wanted to make all these long dollars. Our best days were when we didn't have a fucking dime between us. We made this decision together. We're to blame as much as anybody.

CANADIAN

What do we do about Frankie?

DETROIT BIKER

He's slammed in the triangle downtown Chicago. The Feds are sitting on his ass and from what I gathered his uncle wants him there until they settle this. I got a call when you were straightening out your end. That fucking Wop with the chainsaw was suppose to take you out too.

(MORE)

DETROIT BIKER (CONT'D)

Don't ever question me like that again. I stopped it and you better get a grip on this shit.

CANADIAN

I had to take out two of my own brothers. That sucked!

DETROIT BIKER

They stole from you. They're gone. If he had half a chance he would of fucked your old lady. You did the right thing. So let it go.

CANADIAN

How's this going to play out. I'll take the heat on my end. No problem A. We all took a vote and they lost. I covered my end like always. Ain't nobody at home going to say shit.

DETROIT BIKER

I'm leaving for Chicago now. Be smooth mother fucker. I love you brother. Stay safe.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEXT DAY - BARBARA'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

The Detroit biker PULLS in front of Barbara's house. He GETS OFF his bike and WALKS to the front door.

He RINGS the bell.

Barbara ANSWERS THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE BARBARA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He WALKS IN and they GO INTO the front room.

Barbara TURNS the music up.

She WALKS BACK and SITS next to the Biker.

BARBARA

His uncle wants him sitting tight, but he wants out.

BIKER FROM DETROIT

I brought his bond, but you didn't get it from me. Take him to Cabo and keep him there. That's the deal.

BARBARA

Let me handle Frankies family. As long as he's gone his uncles won't care. Make sure you stay low profile. I'll take care of my baby.

DETROIT BIKER

You were always the best thing that ever happened to Frankie. I trust you with my brothers life.

BARBARA

You need to get ... and watch your ride home. The Feds are watching us as we speak.

DETROIT BIKER

I was sure of that when I left my house in Detroit. Be good and take care of him.

He gives her a HUG and WALKS OUT the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

He STARTS his bike and LEAVES. A block away a car STARTS UP and FOLLOWS HIM.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK INSIDE THE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Barbara PUTS ON a jacket. She PICKS UP her purse and WALKS outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARBARA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She GETS INTO her car and BACKS OUT of the driveway.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

Barbara PULLS UP and GETS OUT.

A black sedan PARKS at the end of the lot with two Feds inside.

She GOES INTO the building.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

SECRETARY

He's waiting for you. Go right in.

She WALKS IN and SITS in a large leather chair.

LAWYER

His uncle wants him to sit tight.

She OPENS her purse and HANDS him an inch thick envelope.

BARBARA

That should cover you and that little cutie up front. Let me handle Frankies family. I'm taking him to Cabo. I have a condo there. You have the number on the paper to reach him at. His passport is in order and they can do whatever.

LAWYER

Be careful and safe. I'll get him out, but you two need to be gone tomorrow.

BARBARA

Don't worry. We're already there.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEXT DAY - MORNING - FEDERAL BUILDING CHICAGO

There is a limo SITTING outside the Federal building. Out of the front door WALKS Frankie and his lawyer.

His lawyer STOPS.

LAWYER

She's a good girl. Your uncle already knows. He wants you to relax and be careful. She'll fill you in.

They WALK UP to the limo. The lawyer OPENS the door for him.

Barbara is inside.

He GETS IN and the DOOR CLOSES.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE LIMO - CONTINUOUS

BARBARA
Have a drink daddy.

She HANDS him a scotch. He BELTS it down.

FRANKIE
I want to go to moms before we leave.

BARBARA
Okay, but we need to get to the
airport in three hours. We're already
packed.

FRANKIE
Whatever. Give me another drink.

She makes him another drink and HANDS it to him. Then she
SLITHERS DOWN in front of Frankie.

BARBARA
Baby just relax.

(FULL SHOT)

She PULLS DOWN his zipper.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANKIES MOMS HOUSE - LATER

The limo PULLS UP and Frankie GETS OUT. He WALKS UP to the
house and TAKES OUT a key.

He OPENS THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

There are NO lights on and the house is DARK.

FRANKIE
Mom it's me! Where are you at?

There is NO answer.

He goes upstairs and WALKS INTO his Moms room.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She is SITTING in the dark LOOKING OUT the window.

He TURNS on the light.

She SPEAKS in a HEAVY ITALIAN accent.

MOM

Shut the lights off Frankie.

He WALKS UP next to her and KNEELS DOWN.

FANKIE

(he puts his hands on
her knees)

Oh no Mom!

Her face is BEAT to a PULP and her LIP IS SPLIT.

FRANKIE

Where is he?

MOM

Let it be. God will have his
vengeance.

FRANKIE

You're right Mom. You need to go to
aunt Mary's house. Get your stuff
together. Come on I'll help you.

He HELPS her PACK.

She TAKES a crucifix and a baby picture of Frankie as they
WALK OUT.

They EXIT THE HOUSE.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He WALKS her to the limo and OPENS the door for her.

She GETS IN.

Frankie GETS IN behind her and CLOSES THE DOOR.

BARBARA

(taken back)

Are you okay Mom?

She DOESN'T ANSWER.

FRANKIE

Barbara I want you to stay with Mom tonight at aunt Mary's. We'll leave tomorrow instead.

BARBARA

What ever you want Frankie!

She PUTS her arm AROUND mom and COMFORTS HER.

The limo DRIVES OFF.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANKIE'S AUNTS HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

The limo PULLS UP.

Frankie HELPS his Mom and Barbara OUT of the limo.

He NODS at Barbara and KISSES his Mom.

FRANKIE

Barbara is going to stay with you until I get back.

MOM

Where are you going Frankie?

FRANKIE

I've got to go to the bank. I'll be back in a couple of hours.

BARBARA

(she puts her arm around Mom)

Be real careful Frankie. I'll take care of Mom. I'll see you in a little while.

FRANKIE

Be good little girl. I'll see you soon.

Barbara HELPS Mom to the house.

Frankie GETS BACK in the limo. They watch from the porch as the limo DRIVES OFF.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE THE LIMO - MOMENTS LATER

Frankie LOWERS the privacy divider between himself and the driver.

FANKIE

Take me the back way to the car lot
on western.

DRIVER

You got it.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR LOT - LATER

The limo PULLS UP and the driver STOPS the limo.

The privacy divider LOWERS.

DRIVER

You know I've got to tell your uncle
about this shit.

FANKIE

Go fuck yourself. Tell him hell is
just a stop on the way to the end.
You know what mother fucker ... you're
lucky I just don't leave you here!

DRIVER

What do you want me to do? You're
holding the trump card here. I'm a
pawn in your world. If I don't tell
your uncle I'm dead. Either way I
can't win.

FRANKIE

How much gas you got in this fucking
thing?

DRIVER

It's full.

FANKIE

Drive around until this piece of
shit is empty. Then you can tell my
uncle.

DRIVER

You got it Frankie. But I got to
tell him the truth. Otherwise I'm
dead.

FRANKIE

Just do it. I'll call my uncle and
cover your ass.

Frankie EXITS the limo.

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO SIDE STREET - LATE AFTERNOON - SAME DAY -
INSIDE CAR VIEW

Frankie is PARKING a new Lincoln on a side street. He TAKES OUT a Colt 45 automatic and CHECKS the chamber.

He EXITS the car and starts WALKING down the street.

As he's WALKING Anton is WALKING in the OTHER direction towards him.

They DON'T MAKE EYE CONTACT.

ANTON

He's in the back with some sleazy
bar tramp.

Frankie WALKS BETWEEN two building to the parking lot BEHIND the bar.

It is EMPTY except for a few cars.

His Father is getting a BLOW JOB in the front seat. He WALKS DIRECTLY to the car TAKING OUT his gun. He HIDES it behind his back.

His Father SEES him and LOWERS the window.

FATHER

What the fuck do you want?

FANKIE

I want you to die mother fucker!
That's what I want ... you piece of
shit!

The girl GIVING him head LOOKS UP.

FATHER

Shut the fuck up boy.

He GRABS the girl by the hair and JAMS her face BACK into his lap.

FATHER (CONT'D)

(angrily at the girl)
Who told you to stop!

FANKIE

I may have your blood running through
my veins, but I'm not your son.

His Father SMILES and CLOSES his eyes.

Frankie TAKES OUT his gun and SHOOTS the girl in the back of the head.

She's SPLATTERED on his lap.

He HITS his Father too, it's a leg wound and he SCREAMS OUT in pain.

FATHER
You piece of shit!

FRANKIE
Rot in hell you son of a bitch.
You'll never touch Mom again.

Frankie BLASTS him in the head BLOWING his brains all over the car.

He TURNS and WALKS AWAY quickly.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCCO'S - ONE HOUR LATER

Carmine and Tony WALK in the front door.

They GO IN the back where Alberto is SITTING.

CARMINE
Nino's dead. He got whacked behind a bar a couple of hours ago.

ALBERTO
I know. I want you two's to tell Marie. She's at Mary's house.

TONY
Who did it?

ALBERTO
Knowing that fucking degenerate, it could of been a dozen people.

CARMINE
If I find out who the fuck did this I'm whacking the mother fucker where I find him.

TONY
And I'm helping him. He was our brother.

ALBERTO

When's the last time you even seen him. For that matter, when's the last time you two even talked to him. Now go tell Marie.

They TURN and WALK OUT.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

A car PULLS UP and PARKS.

The DOORS OPEN and Carmine and Tony GET OUT.

They WALK to the front door and Tony PUSHES the door bell. The DOOR OPENS and their cousin Mary is STANDING in FRONT of them.

CARMINE

Is Marie here?

She ANSWERS in ITALIAN.

ENGLISH SUBTITLES ON SCREEN

MARY

Wipe your shoes and come in.

They WIPE their feet and ENTER the house CLOSING the door behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BACK TO ENGLISH

MARY

She's resting. I'll wake her.

Barbara WALKS IN the room.

CARMINE

(surprised)

What are you doing here?

BARBARA

I'm taking care of Mom.

CARMINE

Does she already know?

BARBARA

Know what?

CARMINE

Nino's been killed.

Mary GASPS and puts her HANDS OVER her mouth.

MARY

I don't want to wake her for this.

TONY

Nobody asked you what you wanted.
Where's she at?

BARBARA

She's in the bedroom sleeping. I'll
see if she's awake. She's been under
the weather, so if she's not up I
can wait and tell her later.

Barbara LEAVES THE ROOM.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Room is dark and Mom is SITTING UP in the bed.

MOM

I heard them. It's Frankie I know
it. You can't let them see me like
this. They'll kill Frankie.

SUDDENLY the room light COMES ON.

They SEE her face.

CARMINE

(angrily)
Where's Frankie?

BARBARA

He just left about twenty minutes
ago.

TONY

Yeah ... then where did he go?

BARBARA

He didn't say. If I knew I'd tell
you. Look at mom for Christ sake.
Please find out where he's at. Mom's
worried about him.

TONY

You're a lying fucking bitch. You know exactly where he is you fucking douche bag.

MOM

Both of you leave. Frankie has been here all night. Ever since he found me he's been at my side. Now go both of you before Christ strikes you dead!

BARBARA

She's telling you the truth. I picked him up when he got bonded out and he's been with us ever since.

TONY

If you're lying ... he's fucking dead. Got it bitch?

In ITALIAN with ENGLISH SUBTITLES on screen.

MOM

You two are truly evil. Leave us alone and go!

Tony and Carmine WALK OUT of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCCO'S - SAME DAY - HOURS LATER

A black four door sedan PULLS INTO Rocco's parking lot.

Two FBI Agents GET OUT.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCCO'S - CONTINUOUS

They WALK to the BACK where Alberto is SITTING alone READING the paper.

ALBERTO

And how can I help you ?

FBI AGENT

There's a lot of shit going on in your world lately Alberto. We can help you out if you like.

ALBERTO

Is that right?

FBI AGENT

Let's put it this way. Before this mess gets any worse, why don't you let us clean it up for you?

ALBERTO

What mess is that?

FBI AGENT

Before a few days ago we haven't heard a peep out of your crew. Lately it seems there are bodies showing up all over the place. It ain't like we aren't watching you.

ALBERTO

If you was watching me that close then why ain't you caught Gino's killers?

FBI AGENT

We didn't have to catch them. They all showed up dead.

ALBERTO

That should of made your day. But what's that got to do with me?

FBI AGENT

Where's your nephew?

ALBERTO

If I knew I wouldn't tell you anyway. If you're watching me so close you should know. You got these phones tapped and you're watching us so close you should be telling me shit.

FBI AGENT

We've got a witness that saw Frankie parking a car a couple of blocks from where they found your brother.

ALBERTO

My brother was getting a blow job by some smuck's wife. You're barking up the wrong tree. He was a degenerate that got had by some jealous husband. Maybe it was her girlfriend. Who the fuck knows? Maybe it was you guys starting shit again.

FBI AGENT

Those two brothers of yours are burying you. They've been real busy lately. Word is that they are shaking down half the city. They aren't a very smart duo.

ALBERTO

You're telling me. Then you guys know that they're on their own. Why don't you take it up with them if their fucking up that bad. They ain't got nuttin to do with me or us here. But you already know that cuz you been watching me. Right?

FBI AGENT

We're not saying that we want you. If you want things to go back the way they were. This shit better stop. You know, dead bodies, shake downs, the extortion. Otherwise my friend, no more parlay cards, no more strip clubs. No more nothing!

ALBERTO

Look, I make a decent living selling espresso, liquor and pizza. I pay my taxes and you know that. So as far as I can see this conversation is over.

FBI AGENT

Thanks for your time Alberto. I'm sure we'll be talking again.

ALBERTO

Next time I'll have my people call your people and we'll do lunch.

FBI AGENT

Alberto you are a dying breed. You're what ... seventy two? Let's face it you had a good run. You've never spent a day in jail. Hell you barely have a record. With any luck you'll drop dead playing bocha ball after church. But what are you leaving behind .. a big mess? You tell me. You got a chance to go out right. To make amends for all the shit that you've been through. Hell you deserve that much.

ALBERTO

I've already got that. I guess you haven't been watching everything as close as you thought. So again this conversation is over ... capishe?

They TURN and start WALKING OUT.

The Agent STOPS and TURNS.

FBI AGENT

We'll be talking soon.

ALBERTO

I'll be right here.

They LEAVE.

A man COMES UP to Alberto.

He WHISPERS in the mans ear.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

An old woman WALKS PAST the Feds SITTING in a car.

She WALKS across the street and ENTERS Rocco's.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE ROCCO'S - CONTINUOUS

She SITS on a stool. The bar tender BRINGS her a glass of wine. She takes a SIP.

Minutes later the bartender SETS a pizza box in front of her. She REACHES in her purse and TAKES OUT her billfold and PAYS HIM. She finishes her wine and PICKS UP the pizza.

She WALKS OUT.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS

She WALKS PAST the two Feds and SMILES at them. They SMILE BACK.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

She SETS the pizza in front of a man SITTING at the table.

*He's in his FIFTIES, muscular and wearing a white DAGO TEE.
He's definitely ITALIAN.*

MAN

Gracia.

She EXITS.

He OPENS the box and TAKES a piece out. As he's EATING he LIFTS the crust and TAKES OUT a piece of paper. He READS IT and TAKES OUT a lighter and BURNS IT DROPPING it into an ashtray.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Same man gets DROPPED OFF on a downtown corner.

He WALKS UP to a newspaper stand and PICKS UP a paper. He PAYS the man and WHISPERS into his ear.

The man NODS.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME AFTERNOON

A black Cadillac PULLS UP and a man GETS OUT.

He WALKS UP to the building and GOES IN.

The BUZZER RINGS (O.S.)

He GOES UP the stairs.

An apartment door OPENS and Frankie is STANDING there.

FRANKIE

Come on in.

The man HANDS Frankie an envelope.

He OPENS IT and WALKS AWAY TURNING his back to the man.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANKIE'S AUNTS HOUSE - SAME AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Barbara BACKS OUT of the driveway.

She DRIVES OFF.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE BARBARA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

She LOOKS IN her rear view mirror, a car is FOLLOWING her.
He FLASHES his lights and PULLS HER OVER.

He GETS OUT and WALKS UP to her front window.

She ROLLS IT DOWN.

MAN

Get out. We need to talk to you.

She can SEE a revolver in a holster when he is bent OVER.

She GETS OUT.

MAN (CONT'D)

You're as smart as you are good
looking.

BARBARA

I know.

They WALK to his car and he PUTS her in the front seat and
CLOSES the door.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME DAY - FRANKIE'S AUNT'S HOUSE - LATER

Frankie WALKS through the front door.

MOM

She left hours ago Frankie. I'm
worried. She was only going to be
gone a couple of minutes. I know
your uncles are blaming you.

She STOPS and put her hands on Frankie's shoulders.

LOOKING him directly in his eyes.

MOM (CONT'D)

Did you do this thing?

Frankie SMILES and KISSES her forehead.

FRANKIE

We're both better off this way Mom.
I talked to Father Joseph and made
all the arrangements for dad. Don't
worry about Alberto's brothers. He
won't let them harm us.

She WRAPS her arms around Frankie.

MOM

You need to find Barbara. I can't rest until I know she's safe. Find her Frankie.

FRANKIE

She'll be fine Mom. Don't worry she's a smart cookie. We'll both be safe. I know where she goes.

MOM

Be careful Frankie.

He WALKS OUT of the house.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE THE CAR IN FRONT OF HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Frankie TURNS the key and STARTS the car.

He has a FLASHBACK of his FATHER BEATING him.

He SMILES and DRIVES OFF.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEAR BARBARA'S PARKED CAR - MINUTES LATER

Frankie SEES Barbara's car PARKED at an angle.

He STOPS and JUMPS OUT. He REACHES the car and SEES the keys still in the ignition and the door locks open.

He RUNS BACK to his car and SCREECHES AWAY.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE A DARK BAR - NIGHT -SAME DAY

A detective in a trench coat WALKS IN this bar. He SEES Alberto SITTING in the back alone.

He WALKS to Alberto and SITS DOWN.

DETECTIVE

They think it was Frankie that killed your brother. They've got a witness that saw him getting out of a car and walking towards the bar. I'm sure the guy doesn't know who Frankie is or who you are.

ALBERTO

I got a job for you.

DETECTIVE

I figured that much. This ain't going to be easy. The Feds got a crew on this guys house. It's going to cost big this time.

ALBERTO

Since when have you been cheap?

DETECTIVE

It's going to be harder than usual.

ALBERTO

How much?

DETECTIVE

Twenty grand ... plus expenses.

ALBERTO

I don't want this witness motherless fuck screwing shit up. Make him disappear. Oh yeah, there is one other thing. This fuck biker Louie has got to go too.

DETECTIVE

Same way or what?

ALBERTO

No! I've got something else in mind for that piece of shit. I don't want him dead. That's way too easy.

Alberto LEANS OVER WHISPERING into his ear.

The Detective NODS.

Alberto HANDS him a thick envelope.

DETECTIVE

That will be hard, but I will get it done. I got somebody in the evidence room. I'll have to pay him, but he's dependable and if necessary he can go too.

ALBERTO

There is a little extra bonus in that envelope. Just don't let it come back or we got real problems.

DETECTIVE

After all we been through in the last thirty years I think I can handle this one.

ALBERTO

Yeah ... you got plenty of practice at this shit, but if you get had you're on your own. Get with the old woman and she'll take care of her part.

DETECTIVE

Like always, it's been a pleasure doing business with you.

ALBERTO

The old woman will meet you at the museum of Science and Industry when the time is right.

DETECTIVE

Then what?

ALBERTO

She'll let you know. I don't have time for fuck ups at this point. Just get it done and then take a vacation.

Alberto GETS UP and WALKS OUT the back door.

The Detective LOOKS in the envelope and SMILES.

He TAKES OUT a hundred dollar bill and WALKS UP to the bar.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOLL WAY OASIS - LATER THAT NIGHT

Frankie PULLS IN the Toll Road oasis where Anton is waiting for him. Frankie PARKS next to him and GETS OUT.

He GETS INTO the car with Anton.

ANTON

They've got Barbara at the trucking warehouse. By now she's probably dead. Your uncles snatched her up. Alberto wants to handle this himself. Leave it alone. We'll take care of it.

FRANKIE

This is personal. I'm going there myself and kill both those mother fuckers if they laid a hand on her.

ANTON

I've been with you through thick and thin. Leave this to us. We'll take care of it. That's what your uncle wants and he made me promise to keep you out of this thing.

FRANKIE

It's a little late for that. Fuck that shit! This is my problem Anton. You have been a good friend, but enough is enough.

ANTON

And what am I suppose to tell Alberto?

FRANKIE

Tell him that I don't want him involved. This is all on me.

Frankie REACHES OVER and TAKES the keys OUT of the ignition.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Tell him I put a gun to your head and stole your keys.

ANTON

You're really putting me in a worse position than I'm already in. For Christ's sake let us handle this.

FRANKIE

You're out of this as of right now. This is something that I need to handle myself. So leave it at that and I'll work it out with my uncle. He'll understand.

ANTON

You're going to get us killed! You know that?

FRANKIE

Let's just leave this exactly where it's at and I'll straighten this out. You're my best friend. Do you think I would let you go down? There's no way he would touch you anyway.

ANTON

This is going to get serious real fast. They are both made men. They'll whack you as soon as they find you.

FRANKIE

I've never put you in harms way and
I'm not going to start today.

ANTON

You're fucking totally oblivious.
You're a real piece of work Frankie.
Thanks for nothing.

Frankie DRIVES OFF.

Anton GETS OUT of the car and RUNS to a phone booth. He
finishes the call and while he's WALKING to the car he TAKES
his wallet out. He REMOVES an extra key.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE STREET - NEAR TRUCKING COMPANY - LATER

Frankie PULLS UP and PARKS.

The TRUCKING company is CLOSED.

Frankie JUMPS the fence and WALKS towards the front door.
As he's SNEAKING towards the door he GETS HIT in the back of
his head.

FADE OUT:

INT. INSIDE WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Frankie WAKES UP duck taped to a chair.

Carmine and Tony are STANDING in front of him. Barbara is
in the chair next to him. She is BEATEN and her face is
very bloody.

CARMINE

We been waiting for you ... ya little
fuck. You're fucking predictable
just like this douche bag next to
you. Too bad she has to die. Ya
know the bitch didn't give up shit.

TONY

We kept her alive just so she can
watch you die.

FRANKIE

Let her go! You got me ... just let
her be.

Carmine WALKS UP to Frankie and BREAKS his nose.

Blood SPURTS OUT of his nostrils.

TONY

I don't think you understand the gravity of this situation. You ain't in no position to be bargaining with this bitches life.

CARMINE

You're the one who put her here! Now you want us to let her go! Fat chance you piece of shit! You should of thought of that before you killed our brother.

FRANKIE

I didn't kill Nino. You're both whacked.

TONY

What do you think, we're stupid! Fucking punk kid ... I'll whack this bitch right now.

Tony WALKS OVER to Barbara and REACHES DOWN and GRABS her crotch.

Her head FLOPS to one side ... she's LIFELESS.

TONY (CONT'D)

She'd be getting wet with anticipation right about now, but I think she's dead. I'm a little disappoint in your girl here Frankie. I wanted to kill you in front of her.

FRANKIE

I'm your fucking blood. You two need to think this out. You both know it could of been anybody that whacked Nino. Fuck! He was my Father. No way I would kill my dad.

CARMINE

You're good at this lying shit you smuck. You think we don't know? You're a real jag off. You know that?

Door SLAMS in the BACKGROUND (O.S.)

It's Alberto and Anton.

Alberto WALKS in FRONT of his brothers.

ALBERTO

Enough you two.

CARMINE

Fuck that! He's got to go.

ALBERTO

Since when did you start running
this families business? Both of you
are out of line.

Carmine gets right next to Alberto SHOVING his chest out
BUMPING him.

GUNSHOT (O.S.)

Carmine DROPS like a bag a pennies.

Tony BACKS UP.

Anton WALKS in FRONT of him and SHOOTS him in the head.
Tony FLIES backwards HITTING the floor dead.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)

This is over. Cut Frankie loose.

Anton TAKES OUT a knife and CUTS Frankie loose.

Frankie GRABS the knife from Anton. He starts CUTTING
Barbara's binding.

She MOANS.

Blood GURGLES OUT of her mouth and she's BLEEDING from both
ears.

FRANKIE

You'll make it baby. Hang in there.
I'll take you to the hospital.

ANTON

You can't leave her like this.

FRANKIE

Fuck both of you! She'll be fine.

ALBERTO

You can't leave her this way. She's
already dead. If you really love
her you'll do the right thing.

Anton WALKS UP to Frankie and HANDS him the gun.

ANTON

It is, what it is. Do what's right
brother. But if you truly love her,
don't let her suffer any longer.

FRANKIE
Get out of here! Leave us alone.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Alberto is GETTING IN to the passenger side of a Cadillac.

GUNSHOT (O.S.)

Anton LOOKS OVER the car at Alberto then GETS IN.

The car DRIVES OFF.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNKYARD - LATER

Anton PULLS UP with Alberto.

Anton GETS OUT and WALKS towards the rear of the car. A man WALKS UP and OPENS Alberto's door. Alberto TURNS to get out and the man SHOOTs him in the head with a "22" automatic that has a silencer on it.

Alberto SLUMPS DOWN in the seat.

The man REACHES IN and EMPTIES the clip. He RUNS AROUND the car and GETS IN.

He DRIVES it to the crusher. He GETS OUT and GOES UP to the picker pulpit and STARTS IT UP. He lifts the car and drops it in the crusher.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Anton WATCHES as the crushers does it's thing.

He GETS INTO a car and DRIVES OFF.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY - AFTERNOON - MONTHS LATER

The old Italian woman is STANDING in front of a locker.

She REMOVES a package and PUTS IT INTO a bag.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK to Frankies Fathers MURDER SCENE.

Frankie is WALKING down the alley. He TURNS the corner and a car PULLS UP to him as he's crossing the street.

It's Anton.

He HANDS him the gun and KEEPS WALKING.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOUIE'S HOUSE - MORNING - NEXT DAY

Several Chicago unmarked squads PULL UP and PARK. Four detectives GET OUT and WALK UP to the front door.

The detective that works for Alberto is STANDING in the back.

Louie LOOKS out his side window.

Seconds later he OPENS the door.

LOUIE

What do you guys want?

DETECTIVE

We have a search warrant.

LOUIE

I ain't got nothing to hide.

DETECTIVE

Then you don't have anything to worry about ... or do you?

They WALK IN.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE LOUIE'S HOUSE. - CONTINUOUS

He CLOSES the door.

LOUIE

Do whatever. You're going too anyway.

DETECTIVE

Now you're catching on. Why don't you have a seat. We shouldn't be too long.

They start TEARING the house up.

Alberto's man WANDERS into the bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He PEEKS to make sure no one can WALK IN on him. He TAKES some clothes OUT of the closet. Then OPENS all the drawers. He PULLS OUT a bottom drawer completely.

He LOOKS UP to make sure no one is LOOKING. He TAKES OUT the "45" that Frankie used and STANDS UP.

DETECTIVE

What do we have here.

He WALKS INTO the front room where the others are at.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK IN FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE

Looks like you have a gun here Louie.
Aren't you a convicted felon?

LOUIE

(furious)

That's bullshit! That ain't mine
god dam-it. I don't own no forty
five.

DETECTIVE

You can tell your story down at the
precinct. Let's go. Cuff him.

LOUIE

You mother fuckers put that gun in
there. You fucks are as crooked as
the day is long.

DETECTIVE

I don't think you should say any
more until we read you your rights.

LOUIE

This is a fucking set up and you
know it.

DETECTIVE

The only thing I know is you're going
to need a lawyer.

As the Detective handcuffs Louie from behind he takes the gun and gets a good finger print without anyone noticing including Louie.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRST DISTRICT CHICAGO POLICE DEPARTMENT - SHORTLY
THERE AFTER

They WALK UP to booking desk and START PROCESSING Louie.
Alberto's man WALKS PAST Louie with an evidence envelope.

DETECTIVE

You guys paper him. I'm taking this
to ballistics.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. FRANKIE'S AUNT'S HOUSE - MORNING - NEXT DAY

Mom is SITTING at the kitchen table with Mary.

The DOORBELL RINGS (O.S.)

FRANKIE

I'll get it.

He COMES OUT of the bedroom and LOOKS through the peep hole.
It's the FBI Agent that BUSTED him, with his partner.

Frankie OPENS THE DOOR.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

What do you want?

FBI AGENT

Your coming with us Frankie. Your
two uncles were found dead this
morning and your uncle Alberto is
missing. Where have you been the
last couple of days?

FRANKIE

What's this got to do with me?

FBI AGENT

We can do this the hard way or we
can do this the easy way.

FRANKIE

You guys are grabbing at straws.

FBI AGENT

Maybe ... maybe not. Either way
let's go.

FRANKIE

I want to call my Lawyer.

FBI AGENT

We'll give him a jingle from the
Federal building.

Frankie's Mom is UPSET and WALKS OVER to the Feds.

Frankie STOPS HER.

FRANKIE

Don't worry Mom. Call my lawyer and
tell him I'm being arrested and
they're taking me to the Federal
building downtown.

MOM

Frankie had nothing to do with this.
He's been here with me for two days.
Ask Mary she'll tell you.

MARY

She's right. He's been here with us
for two days.

FBI AGENT

Then he doesn't have anything to
worry about does he. Now lets go.

They LEAVE and mom GETS ON the phone.

She CALLS ANTON.

MOM

The FBI just took my Frankie away.

ANTON (O.S.)

Don't worry I'll take care of your
baby boy.

MOM

You're a good boy Anton. You have
him call me.

ANTON (O.S.)

You got it Mom. I'll have him call
you. I'm going to go so I can call
his Lawyer.

MOM

Thank you Anton.

ANTON (O.S.)

You're welcome Mom.

She HANGS UP the phone and SIGHS.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

The car with Frankie in it PULLS IN next to the entrance inside the lower parking at the Federal building.

The Agents GET OUT and OPEN Frankies door. An agent spots the car and WALKS OVER to the other agents.

AGENT ONE

The Boss wants to talk to you in his office right now.

ARRESTING AGENT

Now what?

POINTING at Frankie.

AGENT ONE

His lawyer is in the office. There's no telling.

ARRESTING AGENT

Great!

They LEAD Frankie to the elevator and GET IN.

The DOORS CLOSE.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

ARRESTING AGENT

How the fuck did your lawyer get here before us.

FRANKIE

I guess we pay our phone bill.

ARRESTING AGENT

Fucking smart ass.

The elevator DOOR OPENS.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

ARRESTING AGENT

Take him to a room. I'm going to see what the fuck is going on.

He WALKS one way and they go the OTHER WAY.

CUT TO:

INT. HIS BOSSES OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

He WALKS IN.

ARRESTING AGENT

You wanted to see me.

BOSS

We've dropped the gun charge and the Chicago police have taken over this case.

ARRESTING AGENT

You're kidding ... right?

BOSS

The gun charge is not a Federal offense. As far as we're concerned this is a local jurisdiction matter.

ARRESTING AGENT

This is bullshit. What about his two dead uncles? Alberto's still missing.

LAWYER

What about him? Probably gone on family business. As for the gun charge, you didn't have probable cause to bust him in the first place.

BOSS

Just go get him and release him to his lawyer.

ARRESTING AGENT

I don't understand this shit anymore!

BOSS

The Chicago police are coming over to pick up the evidence. I appreciate it if you would assist them in any way you can. Now go get Frankie.

He LEAVES the room.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Agent WALKS IN.

Frankie is SITTING at a table.

ARRESTING AGENT

I don't know how you did this, but you better believe this is not the end of this.

FRANKIE

Whatever.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT DOORS OF FEDERAL BUILDING - LATER

Frankie and his lawyer are WALKING OUT the front doors.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING EVIDENCE ROOM - SAME DAY - COUNTER

CHICAGO COP

I have a slip here to pick up an envelope.

The agent TAKES the slip and READS IT.

FED

I've been expecting you guys. I'll be right back.

He LEAVES and WALKS AWAY.

He RETURNS in a less than a minute and PUTS a sealed package on the counter.

FED (CONT'D)

Here you go. I just need your signature.

He SIGNS the document.

CHICAGO COP

Thanks. I've got to get going so I don't get caught up in rush hour traffic.

FED

I know what you mean. I live in Cicero. Traffic really sucks going up 55.

CHICAGO COP

I don't envy you. I only have to drive to Bridgeport. Have a good one buddy.

FED

You too.

He TURNS and WALKS OUT of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - FIRST DISTRICT - NEXT AFTERNOON

Louie is SITTING at a table with his lawyer.

The D.A. WALKS in with Alberto's Detective.

LOUIE'S ATTORNEY

Unless you're charging my client
with something I want him released.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

We got the ballistics report back on
the gun they found in your clients
house. His prints are all over a
weapon that was used in a double
homicide.

LOUIE

That's bullshit! They planted that
gun in my house.

The D.A. OPENS a folder and HANDS IT to the attorney.

He PUTS a picture of Frankie's father and the girl in front
of Louie.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Do you recognize either of these
two?

Louie SHAKES his head NO.

LOUIE

I've never seen either one of them
before.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

That's strange. Look again. Are
you sure?

LOUIE

(shrugging his
shoulders)

Positive.

DETECTIVE

You're a lying son of a bitch.
(MORE)

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

This girl used to work at your club and the other one is your ex-partners father.

LOUIE'S ATTORNEY

We're not saying any more. I'm advising my client to remain silent at this time.

LOUIE

No! This is bullshit and they know it. I had no reason to kill either one of them.

DETECTIVE

Word on the street is you tried to put a hit on Frankie. When you couldn't get him, you capped his father. The girl ... well she was just in the wrong place at the wrong time.

LOUIE'S ATTORNEY

What are the formal charges?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Double homicide. Listen this is a slam dunk case. There is no way you can win. We've got a motive and the weapon.

LOUIE'S ATTORNEY

I want a formal hearing so we can get bond set.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

I'm afraid your client is a flight Risk. He's got a pretty extensive record going back twenty years. I'm going to ask the Judge to hold him with no chance of bond.

Louie PUTS his head in his hands.

LOUIE

This is a fucking nightmare. I can't believe this shit.

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO EVIDENCE ROOM - LATER

Alberto's detective WALKS UP to the counter.

The Officer WALKS UP to him.

ALBERTO'S DETECTIVE
I need to sign this in.

OFFICER
I'll need you signature.

ALBERTO'S DETECTIVE
No problem. You got a package for me?

OFFICER
Sure do! I'll go get it.

He TAKES a pen out and LOOKS around the room.

He PRETENDS to SIGN the book but DOES NOT.

The officer RETURNS and PUTS a package on the counter.

ALBERTO'S DETECTIVE
That makes us even. Right?

OFFICER
Pleasure doing business with you.
Hey, you coming over for poker tomorrow.

ALBERTO'S DETECTIVE
How else am I going to get my money back from you.

OFFICER
We'll see said the blind man.

ALBERTO'S DETECTIVE
Exactly.

They SMILE at one another as Alberto's man TURNS and WALKS AWAY.

CUT TO:

INT. COURT ROOM - MORNING

Frankie is SITTING at the defendants table with his lawyer.

The D.A. STANDS UP.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
Your Honor the people would like to proceed with the charges and set a trial date.

JUDGE

Do you have any problem with that Mr. Carson?

FRANKIES ATTORNEY

I would like to see the states evidence if it pleases your Honor.

JUDGE

Bailiff if you would please bring the evidence to my bench.

The Bailiff BRINGS the package from the states table.

The Judge OPENS the envelope and PULLS OUT a snub nose "38".

JUDGE (CONT'D)

My paperwork says that he was arrested with a colt "45" automatic. What is this?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

There must be some kind of mistake.

JUDGE

This envelope has the defendants name on it, and the transfer sheet says it was picked up by your staff prior to this hearing. I'm sorry, but if you can't produce the weapon that the defendant was arrested with I have to dismiss this case.

FRANKIES ATTORNEY

Your honor, due to the circumstances I move that the charges against my client be dropped.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

I would like an investigation into this matter. Apparently someone has switched this weapon with the original.

JUDGE

That's another matter. If you can't produce the weapon that the defendant was arrested with ... I have no choice but to dismiss this case. This case is dismissed.

FRANKIES ATTORNEY

Thank you your Honor.

Frankie and his attorney GET UP and Frankie SHAKES his hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE STREET - NEXT DAY - NIGHT

The evidence room officer PULLS UP and PARKS his car.

The streets are EMPTY.

A man WALKS UP to the drivers window and POINTS a gun with a silencer at his head. He SHOOTS him 6 times ... he TURNS and calmly WALKS AWAY.

CUT TO:

EXT. IN FRONT OF WITNESS HOUSE - DAY

Two FBI Agents are SITTING in a car WATCHING the house.

AGENT ONE

He hasn't been out of his house for two days. I think we better check on him.

They GET OUT of car and WALK UP the steps to the house.

They RING the bell SEVERAL times.

FBI AGENT

I'm going around the back. You stay here.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK DOOR - MINUTES LATER

The agent LOOKS through the window and SEES the man SLUMPED on the table.

He BREAKS a pane of glass and OPENS THE DOOR.

Next to the man is a OPEN bottle of NITROGLYCERIN. The man is DEAD.

CUT TO:

INT. SIX MONTHS LATER - COURTROOM - DAY

Louie's SITTING next to his lawyer.

The D.A. STANDS UP.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

At this time your honor the state wishes to call a new witness to the stand.

LOUIE'S ATTORNEY

(excitedly)

I object your honor. We were not informed about this witness.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

This witness just contacted us. When she found out the other witness passed away she came forward. She was afraid to say anything before due to the gravity of the offense.

LOUIE'S ATTORNEY

Your honor I object.

JUDGE

Due to the heinous nature of this crime and considering all the circumstances, I will allow this witness to take the stand.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

At this time I wish to call Mrs. Alvano to the stand.

The rear door of the courtroom OPENS.

Alberto's old woman WALKS IN.

She WALKS UP to the rail and the Bailiff OPENS the gate for her.

JUDGE

Step forward and be sworn in.

She WALKS UP to the stand and GOES BEHIND it.

BAILIFF

Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God.

MRS. ALVANO

I do.

BAILIFF

Please be seated.

She SITS and the D.A. APPROACHES HER.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY
State your name for the record.

MRS. ALVANO
My name is Margaret Alvano.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY
Why did it take so long for you to
come forward?

MRS. ALVANO
I was afraid of this man.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY
Can you tell us what made you come
forward now?

MRS. ALVANO
I talked to my priest and he told me
that it was my duty.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY
Can you tell us what you saw that
day?

MRS. ALVANO
I was on my way to mass and I was
taking a shortcut through the alley.
I saw a man shooting into a car and
then he ran away.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY
Do you see that man in this court
room?

MRS. ALVANO
Yes I do.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY
Can you point him out for us?

MRS. ALVANO
Yes. It's that man sitting over
there.

She POINTS AT LOUIE.

LOUIE
That's a lie! I wasn't anywhere
near there that day.

JUDGE
If you can't keep your client quiet
I'll cite him for contempt of this
court.

LOUIE

She's lying through her teeth. I wasn't anywhere near this murder.

JUDGE

Bailiff please remove this man from my court room.

Louie is SCREAMING obscenities at her as they DRAG him from his lawyers side and TAKE HIM OUT of the room.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

Mrs. Alvano I want to thank you for being so forthright. It took a lot of courage to come forward today.

He WALKS BACK to his table and LOOKS at the defense attorney.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

Your witness.

LOUIE'S ATTORNEY

Mrs. Alvano you are absolutely positive that the man you pointed out is the man you saw that day? I mean if he was running past you how can you be sure that he was the man.

MRS. ALVANO

I'll never forget his face. I'm positive. It is the man that is sitting in this room.

LOUIE'S ATTORNEY

Mrs. Alvano ... a mans life is at stake here.

MRS. ALVANO

I know this. I prayed for many days to do the right thing. I am absolutely positive that he's the man I saw that day.

LOUIE'S ATTORNEY

Are you absolutely positive? Let's face it, he was running. Is it possible that you are a little confused?

MRS. ALVANO

No! I'm positive it was him.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

Your Honor he is badgering this witness. She has no reason to lie and it took a lot of courage for her to come here today. If the defense has any questions that are new and pertinent to this witness, then he should say it. If not, then I think that your honor should dismiss the witness.

JUDGE

Well do you have any new questions for this witness?

LOUIE'S ATTORNEY

No your Honor. The witness is dismissed.

JUDGE

Thank you Mrs. Alvano you can step down.

She LOOKS at the Judge and SMILES. She LOOKS at the jury and SMILES as she WALKS OUT of the room.

The Bailiff OPENS the gate and let's her through.

She WALKS out of the courtroom.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

I am instructing the jury to be excused to deliberate. This court is adjourned until they hand in a verdict. This court is dismissed.

They room STANDS and the jurors SHUFFLE OUT.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME COURT ROOM - NEXT DAY - AFTERNOON

The courtroom audience STANDS UP as the Judge WALKS IN the room.

Louie is SQUIRMING next to his lawyer.

JUDGE

Would the foreman please stand.

The Foreman STANDS.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Has the jury reached a verdict?

MAN

Yes we have your Honor.

JUDGE

Bailiff please bring me the verdict.

The Bailiff WALKS OVER and TAKES the paper from the man.

He TURNS and WALKS to the Judge and HANDS HIM the paper.

He READS IT and HANDS it back.

The Bailiff TAKES IT to the foreman.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Will the defendant please rise.

Louie and his lawyer RAISE.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Foreman please read your verdict to this court.

MAN

We the people find the defendant guilty on two counts of first degree murder.

JUDGE

The jury is dismissed. I want to thank you for your service to this court. As for the defendant ... I sentence you to two life sentences without the possibility of parole. You are to be remanded to the Illinois Department of Corrections.

He BANGS his gavel.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

This court is adjourned.

Louie is SCREAMING at the top of his lungs.

They DRAG him out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANKIE'S MOMS HOUSE - NINE MONTHS LATER - AFTERNOON

The PHONE RINGS (O.S.)

Frankie PICKS IT UP.

ANTON (O.S.)
Are you ready to go?

FRANKIE
Pretty much. When are you going to be here?

ANTON (O.S.)
I'm right down the street. I'll be there in about five minutes.

FANKIE
Okay.

Frankie HANGS UP and WALKS INTO the front room.

Mom is SITTING saying a Rosary.

FRANKIE
I'm going Mom. I'll keep in touch with you.

MOM
You be careful Frankie. I'll pray for you.

He WALKS UP to her and KISSES her.

She has TEARS in her EYES.

FRANKIE
Don't cry Mom. I'll be fine. I'll let you know where I'm at. Besides it's not like I'm leaving you forever. Anton will stop over and check on you.

MOM
You be careful and stay away from all those people.

The DOORBELL RINGS (O.S.)

Frankie PEEKS OUT the side window.

He OPENS the door and Anton WALKS IN.

ANTON
We're going to be late. We need to get a move on.

MOM
Anton you take care of my Frankie. You hear?

ANTON

Haven't I always taken care of Frankie Mom?

MOM

You've always been a good boy Anton. Make sure you come and see me.

ANTON

I'll stop over. Don't worry Mom.

He GOES OVER and GIVES her a HUG.

ANTON (CONT'D)

We have to go Mom. I'll come over sunday. Okay?

MOM

Okay. You come over and we'll have dinner.

ANTON

It's a date. I'll call you Sunday morning.

FRANKIE

Mom we've got to go. I'll call you soon.

They WALK OUT the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL WHERE CHRISTOPHER'S STEAKHOUSE IS - LATER

Limo PULLS UP and the doorman OPENS the door.

Anton and Frankie GET OUT.

They GO inside and GET INTO an elevator.

The DOOR CLOSES.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Anton HANDS Frankie a card and an envelope.

ANTON

He wanted to see you before you leave. Here is a card for him. You can sign it upstairs.

FRANKIE

Thanks. I didn't even think about that.

ANTON

You got a lot on your mind. I understand.

The elevator STOPS and the DOORS OPEN.

They WALK OUT.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF STEAKHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

FANKIE

I'm going to sit and write something on the card.

ANTON

I'll see you inside.

FRANKIE

I'll be there in a few minutes.

Anton WALKS INTO the steakhouse.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE STEAKHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It is packed for CHRISTOPHER'S 85th birthday party.

Anton SPOTS Rosa. She SEES him and their eyes LOCK like lovers.

They WALK towards one another and MEET in the center of the room.

She WRAPS her arms around him and NUZZLES to his ear.

ROSA

Well it's about time you got here good looking.

ANTON

I told you I had to go pick up Frankie.

ROSA

Where's Frankie?

ANTON

He'll be right here.

ROSA

You know your grandfather has been asking where you've been.

ANTON

You could of told him sis.

She LAUGHS loudly and PULLS AWAY.

Frankie WALKS IN the room and SPOTS them and WALKS OVER.

ROSA

It's been a long time Frankie.

FRANKIE

You look beautiful Rosa.

ROSA

I know.

FRANKIE

Same old Rosa.

ROSA

You never complained when we went out.

FRANKIE

We were sixteen years old for Christ's sake.

ROSA

You'd be surprised what I've learned since I was sixteen.

FRANKIE

Actually ... I'm on a need to know basis.

ANTON

Knock it off Rosa! Come on Frankie let's go see my grandfather.

They WALK AWAY.

Frankie TURNS and Rosa BLOWS him a KISS.

FRANKIE

Your sister's a brat.

ANTON

If you only knew the half of it.

FRANKIE

I think I'm better off the way it is.

ANTON

He's in his office.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE CHRISTOPHER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

They WALK IN and two men at the door LEAVE CLOSING the door behind them.

Christopher has a big SMILE on his face.

CHRISTOPHER

My favorite grandson.

ANTON

I'm your only grandson.

Christopher's facial expression CHANGES. He DAWNS a SERIOUS look.

CHRISTOPHER

Sit ... both of you.

They SIT in front of him.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about all this business Frankie. If there was another way I would of done it. I didn't take any pleasure in this thing.

FRANKIE

I know.

CHRISTOPHER

You have a good friend in my grandson. He made me promise not to hurt you. The others, well they were afraid of revenge.

FRANKIE

You can assure them there will be no revenge by me.

CHRISTOPHER

I know that Frankie. You always stayed out of this thing. I've always admired you for that.

(MORE)

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

It would of been easy for you, but
then if you were part of all this
you wouldn't be sitting here today.

Frankie HANDS Christopher the card.

He SMILES and OPENS IT.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

That's very thoughtful of you. Now
both of you let's not keep everybody
waiting. After all, this is a
celebration.

They get up and WALK OUT of the door.

CUT TO:

INT. PENITENTIARY - CONTINUOUS

Louie is in his cell with the DOOR OPEN.

Two biker looking types WALK UP.

BIKER #1

You use to be the president of the
Turks ... right?

LOUIE

That's right. Why?

BIKER #1

Nothing really. We Bikers just stick
together in here.

LOUIE

That's a good thing.

BIKER # 2

Hey you want to get high?

LOUIE

Sure! Why not?

BIKER # 2

I got some good smoke. We got to
get out of here to smoke it though.

LOUIE

Where we going?

BIKER #1

Around the corner.

BIKER # 2

We got to blow the smoke out of the window so the hacks don't smell it.

LOUIE

Let's go ... I'm in. I could sure use a buzz.

They WALK AROUND the corner and GET NEXT to the window.

They HAND Louie a joint and give him a LIGHT.

LOUIE (CONT'D)

Thanks bro.

BIKER #1

Blow it out the window.

Louie PUTS his head OUT the window. One biker GRABS him and the other STABS him repeatedly.

Louie FALLS to the floor GASPING for his last breath.

He LOOKS UP.

BIKER # 2

You fucked over the wrong person.
The day you put the hit on Frankie
you signed your own death warrant.
How's it feel to be a two time looser?

He FALLS OVER DEAD.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK AT THE STEAK HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Christopher is BLOWING OUT the candles on his cake.

A man WALKS UP to Anton and WHISPERS into his ear.

Anton TURNS TO FRANKIE.

ANTON

It's done.

FRANKIE

Let's go. I have to catch my flight.

They WALK OUT of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDWAY AIRPORT - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

The limo PULLS UP and Frankie GETS OUT.

He LEANS BACK into the limo.

FRANKIE

I'll call you when I get there.

ANTON

Be careful and just relax. You'll
be back before you know it.

He TURNS and WALKS into the airport.

CUT TO:

INT. CHECK IN AT GATE - MOMENTS LATER

Frankie HANDS the woman his ticket.

WOMAN

You're flying first class. Go on
and board sir.

FANKIE

Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE PLANE - MOMENTS LATER

Frankie SITS in his assigned seat.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Sir would you like to have a drink?

FRANKIE

Sure. I'll have a scotch and soda.

WOMAN (O.S.)

I think you need a double Frankie.

IT'S BARBARA.

FRANKIE

You know you're not bad looking for
a dead woman.

BARBARA

The only thing that's dead around
here is the past.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE PLANE - LATER

The jet FLIES OVER downtown Chicago.

Barbara LEANS her head on Frankie's shoulder.

STEVIE RAY VAUN playing "LIVING LIFE BY THE DROP"

THE END