Live by Night

by

Ben Affleck

Based on the novel Live by Night

By Dennis Lehane

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BLACK

***Daguerreotype photographs.*** Macro.

FACES.

Young soldiers. World War I.

We hear a voice. Slight Boston accent.

JOE (V.O.)

I was in the great war-- where

they told us if we captured we

couldn’t be prosecuted because if

you’re a soldier, it’s legal to

kill the enemy.

Trenches. Prisoners. Death.

JOE (V.O.)

Nine million people died. It

achieved nothing. Ended nothing.

It was a lie and the rules we

lived by were lies, meant to march

men to their death. The day I came

home, all I knew was how to shoot

and that the rules don’t apply to

those who make their own-- and are

smart enough to get others to play

by them.

K street manors. The nice part of South Boston.

JOE (V.O.)

I picked up a gun and believed

that whatever life I wanted had to

be taken. But the day that made

the most difference in my life was

when I met Emma Gould.

Title: **Part I. South Boston. 1927-1929.**

INT. GAMING ROOM, SOUTH BOSTON SPEAKEASY - EARLY MORNING We see EMMA GOULD (20’s) as she serves drinks. She has

winter eyes and skin so pale you can almost see underneath.

JOE (V.O.)

We were told it was a bunch of

Greeks who were harmless and would

hand over the poker money without

a problem.

Joe (30’s) and the BARTOLO BROTHERS, faces MASKED by kerchiefs and low drawn HATS, trade a look and SMASH OPEN THE DOOR-- entering the room.

(CONTINUED)

2.

CONTINUED:

We reveal EMMA serving FIVE MEN who are playing cards at a table, drinking Canadian whiskey in front of a mound of cash.

JOE (VO)

None of them were Greek. And none

of them were harmless.

The guys RAISE THEIR WEAPONS. No one, including Emma, looks impressed.

CARD PLAYER #1

You know whose fucking place this

is?

We see BRENDAN LOOMIS, a hulking GUN THUG among the card players.

JOE

Do as you’re told and no one gets

hurt.

LOOMIS

I asked if you know whose game

this was, you fucking dunce. You

ever hear of Albert White?

Dion PISTOL WHIPS Loomis.

Keep talking.

Joe turns to the girl.

DION

JOE

Come over here miss.

She crosses to Joe as the Bartolo brothers relieve the thugs of their weapons.

EMMA

You want a drink to go with your

robbery?

She is close to Joe, seeming utterly nonplussed. He throws the bags on the table.

JOE

Just the money.

She crosses to the table, SWEEPS the money into the bags. Emma walked back to Joe. She hands him the money, looking

through him.

JOE

What’s your name?

(CONTINUED)

3.

CONTINUED:

EMMA

Emma Gould. What’s yours?

He pulls a SOCK from his bag--it is being used as a gag and the Bartolos have almost finished putting them on the GUN THUGS.

EMMA

You’re gonna put a sock in my

mouth?

Yes.

A sock.

(beat)

In my mouth.

JOE

EMMA

JOE

Never been used before. Wouldn’t

lie to you.

EMMA

That’s what all the liars say.

Joe PUSHES THE SOCK IN HER MOUTH and wraps it with twine.

Let’s go.

JOE

INT. CAR ZOOMING TOWARD SOUTH BOSTON - MOMENTS LATER The three guys take their masks off and look through the

money. Paulo drives.

DION

You ask the fucking girl her name?

JOE

Making conversation.

PAULO

I seen her before.

Where?

JOE

PAULO

I don’t know but I seen her.

JOE

(to Paulo)

Why don’t you slow down and stop driving like we did something?

DION

I know where he seen her.

(CONTINUED)

4.

CONTINUED:

Where?

JOE

DION

At the Shoelace. She came in with

Albert.

PAULO

Jesus. She’s Albert White’s

girlfriend.

JOE

So what’s she doin’ serving drinks

at a card game?

PAULO

She’s a party girl. What else is

she gonna do? Retire? He’s

married.

Joe looks out the window.

DION

She’s Albert’s girl.

JOE

It’s his place, too. What’s he

gonna do? Kill us twice?

INT. SHOELACE SPEAKEASY - NIGHT

The place is booming with customers.

An AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN sings. We see Joe at a table, alone, surveying the place. He doesn't share the festive mood.

ALBERT WHITE (50’s) enters the bar, a couple of BODYGUARDS with him. He walks effortlessly through the place like he owns it--which he more or less does.

Albert approaches Joe. We can’t tell if it’s deliberate.

ALBERT

You got a light?

Joe lights his cigarette. Albert smiles and nods.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - NIGHT

Joe walks the streets.

JOE (V.O.)

The next night I played a hunch.

One of the few places that would

hire a woman for a decent wage was

Gillette.

5.

EXT. GILLETTE FACTORY - NIGHT

Women getting off work pour out of the factory. Some head toward South Station, others toward a barge turned speakeasy down on the dock.

JOE (V.O.)

Somehow I already felt connected

to her. She was Albert White’s

girl--but still I thought it might

be fate.

EMMA emerges from the crowd of women. Joe follows her.

JOE (V.O.)

Then fate proved me right.

EXT. SOUTH STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Joe follows Emma into South Station and onto a train. INT. TRAIN, TRAVELING THROUGH THE CITY - CONTINUOUS

It clacks along. Joe looks at Emma from afar. She gets off at her stop--SAVIN HILL, DORCHESTER.

JOE (V.O.)

Savin Hill. No wonder she hadn’t

gotten rattled with a gun pointed

at her. Over here they stirred

their coffee with the barrel of a

.38.

EXT. DORCHESTER STREETS - LATER

Joe follows her from a discrete distance. She turns into the doorway on the LOWER LEVEL OF A BUILDING.

Joe observes a SLAT OPENING and she says something he can’t make out. The door opens and she is let in.

Joe comes to the door, knows he can’t get in without whatever code word she said, the place is clearly a speakeasy.

Joe HIDES NEXT TO THE DOOR and waits.

Along comes a disheveled looking man to the door. The slat opens.

DISHEVELED MAN

(into slat)

Blacksmith.

The door opens.

(CONTINUED)

6.

CONTINUED:

Joe waits a beat, looks both ways, seeing no one he approaches the door and knocks. The SLAT OPENS. A BALD MAN WITH A CAULIFLOWER NOSE appears.

What?

Blacksmith.

BALD MAN

JOE

The door opens.

INT. SPEAKEASY - CONTINUOUS

This is an unfinished basement with a wood bar in the center of a dirt floor. Joe sits down at the bar.

Pulling a kerchief over her head, EMMA EMERGES FROM THE BACK.

EMMA

You want a beer?

Yeah.

JOE

She pulls out a beer. They don’t seem to have anything else. The place is a dump.

EMMA

(gives him beer)

Who told you about the place?

Dinny Cooper.

JOE

Joe instantly regrets that poor choice of first name.

EMMA

Dinny?

(squints)

Don’t know him.

JOE

He’s from Everett.

(beat)

Said you served good beer.

EMMA

Now I know you’re lying.

JOE

Because he said the beer was good?

EMMA

Butter doesn’t melt on your

tongue, does it?

(CONTINUED)

7.

CONTINUED:

JOE

I’m not lying miss, but if you want me to leave it’s not a problem.

EMMA

Now I’m supposed to be impressed that you said you’ll leave and put you as a clear-talk-Charlie?

Nope.

Come here.

JOE

EMMA

She beckons him closer and talks in his ear.

EMMA

See those guys over in the corner? They’re my cousins. Know what they do for work?

Nope.

JOE

EMMA

They find guys like Dinny Cooper

and beat the life out of ‘em. Then

they throw them in the river.

JOE

Nice occupation.

EMMA

Beats robbing poker games.

Joe is frozen.

EMMA

Say something clever. About

putting things in my mouth.

Joe is still not moving, assessing the situation now.

EMMA

They’re watching us right now. If

I pull my earlobe you don’t make

it out the door.

JOE

What if I pull this trigger?

We see Joe has produced a GUN and is holding it between them.

She holds her look to him for a nice long while.

(CONTINUED)

8.

CONTINUED:

EMMA

I get off at midnight.

INT. EMMA’S APARTMENT - LATER

Joe and Emma make out in a rather ordinary working class flat in 1927.

JOE (V.O.)

As soon as I kissed her, there was

nothing I wouldn’t do.

MONTAGE Joe and Emma-

Joe and Emma have sex in the closed speakeasy.

JOE (V.O.)

When I wasn’t with her, all I

could think about was when I would

be.

Emma with Albert, at a table with a bunch of men.

JOE (V.O.)

The other nights she was with him.

Which, quickly became intolerable.

Joe and Emma out at a bar.

JOE (V.O.)

We only went out in public when he

was out of town.

Her crummy apartment --they have sex

JOE (V.O.)

When her parents and sister were

out of the apartment they

shared...

In the car.

In the car.

JOE (VO)

In a stand of trees on a hill.

JOE (V.O.)

On a freezing hill by the Mystic River.

They make love on a beach in Dorchester.

JOE (V.O.)

On the beach by Savin Hill.

(CONTINUED)

9.

CONTINUED:

Close on them, inside, moving through positions, wrapping around one another, hard to tell who is who and what is what.

JOE (V.O.)

Inside, outside. If we had an hour

together we filled it with as many

tricks as we could find. If we had

a few minutes, a few minutes would

do.

Close on his face, in love past all reason.

JOE (V.O.)

She was caged in a way that kept

who she was locked inside her. But

in those moments her eyes would

open and I could see whatever

dreams she had get free from those

dark walls.

Lovemaking over.

JOE (V.O.)

And then it was gone...

He lies with her.

JOE

I finally knew who I wanted to be.

I wanted to be that man that Emma

Gould put all her faith in.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. TIM HICKEY’S BOARDINGHOUSE CASINO - DAY

TIM HICKEY

You got a girl, kid?

Joe is talking to TIM HICKEY (50-65). He is a trim man with a fine head of white hair and the sad, helpless eyes of a death row chaplain.

TIM HICKEY

You been out every night this

week.

Joe doesn’t see the point in lying.

I do. Yeah.

She nice?

JOE

TIM HICKEY

Joe nods.

(CONTINUED)

10.

CONTINUED:

TIM HICKEY

You got yourself a blood sticker,

huh?

Mimes putting a needle in his arm.

TIM HICKEY

I can see it. You don’t get very

many shots at the good ones. Not

in our line.

Joe nods.

TIM HICKEY

You all set on the Pittsfield

thing.

JOE

Long drive. You don’t have

anything else?

TIM HICKEY

This one’s prime as they come. And

easy. Trust me.

JOE

I trusted you last time.

TIM HICKEY

Be careful if you start

mistrusting me. The first termite

that gets into a house is just as

much to blame as the last.

EXT. BROOMFIELD HOTEL - NIGHT

Snow falls lightly outside this stately hotel.

JOE (PRE-LAP)

Dad, this is Emma Gould.

INT. VENETIAN GARDEN RESTAURANT, BROOMFIELD HOTEL - NIGHT Joe and Emma meet THOMAS (60) Joe’s father.

THOMAS COUGHLIN (60), Joe’s father, shakes hands with Emma.

Thomas takes her hand.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

A pleasure, Miss Gould.

(beat)

Where are you from?

Dorchester.

EMMA

(CONTINUED)

11.

CONTINUED:

Joe looks over at his father.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

No, I mean before you came here. You’re clearly Irish. Do you know where your ancestors are from?

EMMA

My grandmother is from Cork.

Thomas’ interest sparks.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Really? What’s her maiden name? Your grandmother.

I don’t know.

EMMA

THOMAS COUGHLIN

You don’t *know?*

She’s dead.

EMMA

THOMAS COUGHLIN

But it’s your heritage.

She doesn’t react.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

How long have you known my son?

Few months.

EMMA

Thomas lights a cigarette.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

So what is it you do?

EMMA

I work at Papadakis furniture.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Did my son pilfer a couch? Is that

how you met?

Emma lights a cigarette. Some tension. She looks around.

EMMA

This is a real swank place.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

I’m aware of how my son earns a

living.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12.

CONTINUED:

Joe rises.

THOMAS COUGHLIN (CONT'D)

I can only assume that if you’ve

come into contact with him it was either during a crime or in an establishment populated by rough

characters.

(beat)

Are these questions making you

feel uncomfortable?

EMMA

I don’t know what you’re on about

and to be honest, I don’t really care.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

I’m on about you being the type of lass who consorts with criminals.

The fact that the criminal is my

son isn’t the issue. It’s that my

son is still my son and I have feelings that cause me to question the wisdom of consorting with the type of woman who knowingly consorts with criminals.

(coffee down)

Did you follow all that?

Bye, Dad.

JOE

EMMA

My uncle mentioned a copper on his payroll, name of Coughlin. That you?

THOMAS COUGHLIN

This uncle would be your uncle Robert--who everyone knows as

Bobo.

(beat)

The police officer you refer to is Elmore Conklin. He’s stationed in Savin Hill and collects shakedowns from illegal establishments like Bobo’s. I rarely get over to Dorchester but as deputy superintendant I would be happy to take a greater interest in Bobo.

She holds his look. No one says a word. Then:

EMMA

I need to powder.

She rises and steps away from the table.

(CONTINUED)

13.

CONTINUED:

Thomas removes his PRIZED WATCH from his pocket and idly flips through it.

JOE

Was that necessary?

THOMAS COUGHLIN

I didn’t start the fight, Joseph.

So don’t criticize how I finished

it.

(beat)

I’ve been a police officer for

thirty seven years. If I’ve

learned one thing above all, do

you know what it is?

JOE

Crime doesn't pay. Unless you’re a

cop.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

No, what I’ve learned is that

violence procreates, Joseph,

violence breeds violence. What you

put out in this world will always

come back to you.

(beat)

But it never comes back how you

predict.

JOE

I’m sure it doesn't.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Yes, confidence you haven't earned

always has the brightest glow.

Thomas sees Emma hand her ticket to the COAT CHECK GIRL.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

She’s quite easy on the eyes.

(beat)

Outside of that, I fail to grasp

what you see in her.

JOE

Because she’s from Dorchester?

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Well, that doesn’t help. Her

father was a pimp and her uncle

killed two men. But I could

overlook all that Joseph if she

weren’t so...

What?

JOE

(CONTINUED)

14.

CONTINUED:

Dead inside.

Thomas rises to go.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

JOE

She’s not dead, she just doesn’t

pretend to be something she isn’t.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Maybe she’s just asleep.

Emma returning with their coats.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Whatever it is, son, it never

wakes up again.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Snow falls lightly as Joe and Emma walk to their car, both preoccupied.

JOE

You could have been a bit more...

What?

Social.

EMMA

JOE

EMMA

Maybe you should climb under his covers tonight.

What?

JOE

EMMA

He looks at me like I’m trash?

She stands on the sidewalk, shaking. Tears fall from her eyes.

EMMA

We’re not people. We’re just the

Goulds from Dorchester. We tat the

lace for *your* fucking curtains.

He reaches out to her.

What is this?

JOE

EMMA

Don’t fucking touch me. (beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15.

CONTINUED:

EMMA (CONT'D)

My whole life I got the high hat and the icy mitt from people like your father. We’re not less than you.

JOE

I didn’t say you were.

He did.

EMMA

He wraps her up in his arms, the rest of the tears trickle down. He doesn’t know what to say except:

I love you.

JOE

EMMA

You think love is easy.

It can be.

JOE

EMMA

(wiping eyes)

I don’t cry in front of people.

JOE

You can with me.

(beat)

What do you want?

EMMA

For things to be different than

they are.

EXT. BARBER SHOP, DORCHESTER - NEXT MORNING

Brendan walks in. TIM HICKEY is getting a shave. Loomis stands over him.

JOE (V.O.)

The last termite came for Tim

Hickey the next day.

Loomis BLOWS HICKEY’S SKULL ALL OVER THE BARBER SHOP. Loomis stands there for a beat. Turns around and walks out.

INT. BILLIARDS ROOM OFF CASINO - MORNING

Joe shoots pool alone. In walks ALBERT WHITE and BRENDAN LOOMIS. They head straight for Joe. He rises from his crouch over the table.

(CONTINUED)

16.

CONTINUED:

JOE (V.O.)

I’ve found that when you think your life is about to end, you suddenly feel very calm.

ALBERT

You must be Joe.

He extends his hand.

JOE

Joe Coughlin, nice to meet you.

ALBERT

Good to put a face to the name. (turns to Brendan)

This is Brendan Loomis. Friend of mine.

Loomis shakes Joes hand.

ALBERT

(looking him over)

I’ve seen you before.

JOE

Don’t think so.

ALBERT

Bren have you seen him before?

Loomis’ dead eyes.

No.

Albert sobers.

BRENDAN LOOMIS

ALBERT

I run this house now.

Albert pours himself a drink from Tim’s decanter.

ALBERT

You’re too smart for the stuff you been pulling. Nickel and diming

with two dumb guineas. They’re

your friends but they’re stupid

and they’re WOPs and they won’t

live to see forty. Take your time. But you can’t work on your own.

Not in this town.

Joe watches them go.

EMMA (PRE-LAP)

We could leave...

17.

INT. EMMA’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Emma and Joe can see their breath, no heat. The apartment’s only virtue is being empty tonight.

And go where?

JOE

EMMA

Somewhere warm.

JOE

My brother Danny’s out in California.

Where?

EMMA

JOE

I haven’t seen him in ten years.

EMMA

I’d go to California.

JOE

I don’t know much about honest work.

EMMA

Who says it needs to be honest? We do what we want to do. Go where we want to go. Sleep by day, live by night.

He looks at her, won over.

JOE

We got this job on Saturday. You free Saturday?

To leave?

Yeah.

EMMA

JOE

EMMA

I have to see you-know-who on Saturday.

Fuck him.

JOE

EMMA

That’s the idea.

Quiet.

(CONTINUED)

18.

CONTINUED:

EMMA

What’s the alternative. You want me to end up in the Charles?

Joe says nothing.

EMMA

I’m supposed to meet him at the Statler on Saturday. Turns him on to see me when his wife’s on his arm. After that he’s going to Detroit for a week. Can you clean yourself up and get to the Statler by seven?

JOE

I should be done by then.

Sure?

EMMA

JOE

(smiles)

I wouldn’t lie to you.

EXT. PITTSFIELD BANK - SATURDAY MORNING

The Bartolo Brothers come CRASHING OUT THE DOOR TO THE BANK and jump in Joe’s waiting GETAWAY CAR.

JOE (V.O.)

It’s true I was thinking about

her. But I was always thinking

about her-- so it’s possible I

would have fucked up, anyway.

Joe tries to put it in drive but instead BACKS UP and SMASHES INTO A LAMPPOST.

Fuck!

DION

Joe drives FORWARD as a GUARD emerges from the bank. He extends his arm and Joe can see it jumping in the rear view.

The side mirror SHATTERS and the glass falls to the dirt street.

Joe picks up speed. Turns east into an alley and turns again parallel to the railroad tracks.

Joe crosses the tracks and pulls up to a burned out FOUNDRY. TWO CARS ARE WAITING.

19.

EXT. FOUNDRY - CONTINUOUS

The guys all jump out. Dion TURNS ON JOE, GRABS HIM.

DION

What the fuck is wrong with you?

JOE

Get your hands off me.

DION

You’re fucking up.

Joe takes the HATS and KERCHIEFS AND GUNS and puts them in A BAG. He puts the bag in the back of the ESSEX COACH.

I know.

JOE

FOUR POLICE CARS EMERGE FROM A WALL OF BROWN WEEDS behind the foundry revealing a SMALL TENT COMMUNITY behind them.

Joe jumps into the Essex and takes off. The Bartolo brothers take off in the Cole, back end sliding as they hit dry dirt.

Dirt covers Joe’s windshield. When he leans out to wipe it off he feels a BITE on his ear. When he leans back into the car he reaches up to feel that his EAR HAS BEEN NICKED. Blood starts to run down his jacket.

PINGS and THUNKS hit the back window. The WINDSHIELD BLOWS OUT.

From inside a cruiser a TOMMY GUN SHOOTING OUT.

The cruiser on his right TURNS TOWARD HIM, hits something and RISES UP LIKE LIFTED BY A GUST and lands on its side.

The cruiser behind RAMS HIM. He sees a BOULDER in front of him.

Joe CRASHES INTO THE BOULDER and is THROWN FROM THE CAR. He SLIDES FIFTY FEET ACROSS CONCRETE, passing out.

Joe lies there, covered in glass and pine needles and

blood. SMOKE rises through the trees, black and oily.

He sees the CRUISER lying on its side.

Joe comes across a SERIES OF BURNING TREES. He follows along with them and comes to a POND.

EXT. POND - CONTINUOUS

He see steam curl along the edges. The POLICE CRUISER had ENTERED THE POND ON FIRE.

(CONTINUED)

20.

CONTINUED:

It now sits in the middle of the pond, water up to the windowsills, the rest of it charred, flames still dancing on the roof.

The DRIVER hangs out his door. The only thing not charred black about him are his eyes.

Joe approaches the car. Looks in. No one else there. He turns and sees behind the car THE OTHER POLICEMAN. Charred and dead, halfway crawled out from the pond. His arm reaches out.

JOE (V.O.)

He pointed at me like an

accusation. The last termite.

EXT. K STREET, SOUTH BOSTON, COUGHLIN FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

JOE (V.O.)

I stole a car in Lenox and

replaced it with a Dodge 126 I

found in Dorchester. Drove it to

my childhood home and considered

my options.

The Coughlin home is stately. Joe furtively gets out of a car and walks toward it.

JOE (V.O.)

A woman once asked me how I could

come from such a magnificent home.

I told her, I came from a

magnificent house, not a

magnificent home.

CLOSE ON: NEWSPAPER HEADLINES:

3 MASS OFFICERS BRUTALLY SLAIN

3 SUSPECTS, next to which are startlingly accurate renditions of Joe and the Bartolo brothers.

JOE (V.O.)

It was in all the late editions.

INT. COUGHLIN FAMILY HOME, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Joe PUTS DOWN THE NEWSPAPERS on a piece of furniture.

JOE (V.O.)

The real reason those cops were

dead was that one of them had been

stupid enough to fire a Tommy gun

bouncing across open ground.

Joe heads upstairs. In a series of shots we see him:

(CONTINUED)

21.

CONTINUED:

CHANGING

WASHING

PUTTING ON A NEW SUIT

JOE (V.O.)

The third dead cop was a trooper

who pulled someone over near the

state forest. Shot once in the

stomach and twice in the skull.

Had to be Dion.

INT. THOMAS COUGHLIN’S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Joe enters goes right for a PLACE ON THE FLOOR. He PULLS UP THE RUG.

JOE (V.O.)

My father would have seen the

pictures by now. He would have

seen his son. Party to a cop

killing.

Joe opens the safe. We reveal BRICKS AND BRICKS OF MONEY.

JOE (V.O.)

Years of kickback and graft. My

father was more of a criminal than

I would ever be. I let him know: I

knew where the money was--but I

wouldn’t take it.

Instead Joe STUFFS his ragged dirty clothes in the safe, closes it and rises.

EXT. ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON - NIGHT

Joe pulls up, gets out of his car, leaving it. The streets are full, the downtown set out on the town.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS, ALLEY BEHIND HOTEL - NIGHT

Joe moves through an alley toward an OPEN DOOR that is the EMPLOYEES ENTRANCE. He heads into the building.

INT. STATLER HOTEL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The contrast is immediate. The place is bright and TEEMING with people. What seem like HUNDREDS of KITCHEN WORKERS stream in and out. Joe heads into the flow toward the lobby.

22.

INT. STATLER HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The Statler was the first hotel in the world to offer in- room radio. It has an extraordinarily baroque lobby. Champagne flows from a fountain in the lobby. The lobby is filled with every dignitary Boston has to offer.

Joe sees ALBERT WHITE and his WIFE. EMMA is just below them, scanning the crowd subtly. She sees him and her eyes light up. She TILTS HER HEAD toward the side of the lobby. Joe heads there immediately.

He LOSES her in the crowd. And a guy with a HERALD EXAMINER BADGE seems to recognize Joe as he passes him moving through the crowd.

REPORTER

(to Joe)

Excuse me. Excuse me!

At the bottom of the stairs he MEETS UP WITH EMMA. It’s all he can do not to wrap her up in his arms.

Keep going.

JOE

They walk more intently now, pushing their way through.

EMMA

There’s a service elevator up

here.

(beat)

I can’t believe you came.

JOE

What else was I gonna do?

Run.

Where?

EMMA

JOE

EMMA

I don’t know. It’s what people do.

JOE

It’s not what I do.

They turn the corner, from lobby into the SERVICE AREA. INT. STATLER HOTEL SERVICE AREA - CONTINUOUS

More waiters and workers moving quickly. Joe and Emma make their way through.

Left, left.

EMMA

(CONTINUED)

23.

CONTINUED:

They go a few more steps and reach the entrance to the service elevator.

EMMA

(pushing buttons)

1. hit, shit, shit.
2. he door finally opens and they get in the elevator. INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

As soon as the doors close they grab one another, kissing groping, releasing of all the fear and pent-up energy.

He sees tears coming down her face.

JOE

Why are you crying?

EMMA

Because I love you.

Then smile.

I can’t.

JOE

EMMA

THE ELEVATOR HAS STOPPED. Joe is confused, then it dawns on him.

No--

JOE

The door is PULLED OPEN BY BRENDAN LOOMIS who yanks JOE OUT BY HIS TIE and REMOVES HIS GUN.

Brendan starts HITTING JOE IN THE FACE so mercilessly

it’s hard to watch.

CRUNCH, we hear Joe’s nose break. Loomis keeps hitting him.

He drops Joe on the floor and KICKS HIM IN THE STOMACH repeatedly, the he walks around behind him and KICKS HIM IN THE BALLS.

Joe vomits, lying there helpless. He looks up to see ALBERT WHITE.

ALBERT

I’m sure as you die you’ll tell

yourself you did it for love. No,

you feel guilty about what you do.

So you spent your life hoping

someone will punish you for your

sins. Well... here I am.

(CONTINUED)

24.

CONTINUED:

Albert smiles. Joe rolls on his side in broken agony. When he looks up, he sees something that he wishes he hadn’t: EMMA GOULD on the arm of ALBERT WHITE.

EMMA

(whispers)

I’m sorry.

ALBERT

She’s sorry. We’re all sorry.

(gestures to someone)

Take her out of here.

EMMA

(being escorted)

You said you wouldn’t kill him.

Albert says nothing.

EMMA

Albert, that was the deal.

Don’t worry.

ALBERT

EMMA

I would never have brought him here if I--

Albert SMACKS EMMA ACROSS THE FACE.

ALBERT

You think I’m going to be humiliated by a whore? You been replaced. Get me? Someone comes to me, says this asshole’s putting horns on my fucking head? You’re lucky I didn’t cut your tits off and put you in the fucking dump.

(indicates)

Put her in the fucking car, Donnie. Now.

She kicks and scratches at Donnie’s head.

Joe I’m sorry!

EMMA

And she’s gone. A moment of silence.

JOE

Who told you about us?

ALBERT

You should be more worried about what I’m going to do with you.

JOE

What about her?

(CONTINUED)

25.

CONTINUED:

ALBERT

With her? Fuck do you care. She

just sold you down the river.

Loomis picks up Joe, they make their way to the DOOR.

ALBERT

I told her if she delivered you to

us, I wouldn’t kill you. But we

both know I have to kill you,

don’t we Joe.

(beat)

And then I’m gonna kill her too.

They open the door.

EXT. STATLER HOTEL ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Light floods the alley. WHITE KLEIG LIGHTS from police cars.

Loomis DROPS JOE.

ALBERT

SHIT! GO! GO GO!

We are with Joe in his POV, crashing to the ground, lights flashing, hearing the sounds of the police.

The SOUNDS OF ALBERT’S CREW ESCAPING. SHOTS, TIRES SCREECH.

Quiet.

THOMAS walks toward Joe, a confident silhouette.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

So, you’re a copkiller now,

Joseph?

JOE

I didn’t kill anybody.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Looks like your accomplices were

about to take you on the dead

man’s drive.

Some of the POLICEMEN have already REMOVED THEIR BILLY CLUBS.

JOE

They’re gonna kill her.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Well, *we* won’t kill you, Joseph.

But some of my co-workers would

like a word.

(CONTINUED)

26.

CONTINUED:

JOE

Dad listen to me, she’s--

Thomas SPITS IN HIS FACE.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

(to his men)

He’s all yours.

Thomas walks away.

JOE

1. he’s in the car with Donnie!
2. he first BLOW from a truncheon quiets Joe, the second is to his temple and, mercifully, knocks him out.

BLACK

JOE (V.O.)

I was in a coma for two weeks.

When I came out they said they

didn’t know what my skull was made

of but it wasn’t bone.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Thomas Coughlin and Jack Jarvis wait outside Joe’s room. It is guarded by a patrol man.

JARVIS

I can’t get him off.

How long?

THOMAS COUGHLIN

JARVIS

Ten years would be my guess.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

There’ll be nothing left of him.

A DOCTOR exits Joe’s room, approaches Thomas.

DOCTOR

No cranial bleeding. No loss of memory or speech disability. His nose and half his ribs are broken and it will be a long time before he doesn’t see any blood in the bowl but...

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Thank you doctor.

The doctor nods. Thomas turns to Jarvis--

(CONTINUED)

27.

CONTINUED:

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Give us five minutes.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Light streams through the windows. Joe’s looks terrible. Thomas stands by the bedside. The conversation is in

progress.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

They caught up to Paulo Bartolo in

St. Albans, ten miles from the

border. A number of officers gave

chase. He was struck by at least

fourteen rounds. Low for a cop

killer.

JOE

What about Dion?

THOMAS COUGHLIN

1. t’s possible he made the border.
2. oe tries not to show his relief.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Donnie Gishler’s car went off the

road and into the ocean at nine

twenty.

Silence.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

An officer from Bevery dove in

looking for them and was in the

hospital a week with hypothermia.

JOE

No body, she might not be dead.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

She is son. There are no bodies

from the Titanic but those poor

souls are no longer with us.

JOE

I don’t believe it.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

She was Albert White’s moll. She

betrayed you.

She did.

And?

JOE

THOMAS COUGHLIN

(CONTINUED)

28.

CONTINUED:

JOE

I’m crazy about her.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Crazy isn’t love.

JOE

I saw your marriage for eighteen years. That wasn’t love.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

No. It wasn’t. But either way, she’s gone. As dead as your mother, God rest her. She’s gone.

No. She’s not.

JOE

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Listen to yourself.

He looks at his son, battered.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

I was wrong. And sure there’s no

excuse for it.

(beat)

I should have done it myself.

JOE

If you did it I might be dead.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

You were the child that was

supposed to fix the distance

between me and your mother. Were

you aware of that?

JOE

I was aware of the distance.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

People don’t fix each other. And

they never become anything but

what they’ve always been. All we

get, sometimes, is a little luck.

Don’t waste yours pining for a

dead girl.

JOE

You make your own luck.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Sometimes. And sometimes it makes

you.

The DOOR OPENS and Thomas nods to Jack Jarvis who enters.

(CONTINUED)

29.

CONTINUED:

Afternoon.

Who are you?

JARVIS

JOE

THOMAS COUGHLIN

He’s your lawyer.

John Jarvis.

JACK JARVIS

JOE

How am I doing?

JACK JARVIS

Your father and I have discussed

the what the likeliest outcome is

in court. I think we might be wise

to work some back channels first.

(turns to Thomas)

Thomas, you know the state

prosecutor, don’t you?

INT. CALVIN BONDURANT’S OFFICE, KIRBY STREET - DAY Thomas is in a luxurious, old-world apartment sitting

across from Bondurant.

CALVIN BONDURANT

If he pleads to reckless

endangerment and robbery I’ll

recommend twelve.

Five.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

CALVIN BONDURANT

There are three dead police officers.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

And he didn’t kill them. Five.

No chance.

CALVIN DURANT

THOMAS COUGHLIN

If I were you, I would reconsider.

CALVIN BONDURANT

Let me disabuse you of a notion or two, Deputy Superintendant.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Chief Inspector. I was demoted yesterday.

(CONTINUED)

30.

CONTINUED:

A glint of a smile in Bondurant.

CALVIN DURANT

Then we can leave unsaid the

notion I was going to dispel for you.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

I have no illusions. I’m a

practical man.

Thomas REMOVES A PHOTOGRAPH from his pocket.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

That photograph is of a door with

a number on it. It is the door to

a row house in back bay. Where

you have been keeping time with a young man of Mexican descent.

(look)

If you move the location of you liaisons I’ll know within the

hour.

Bondurant looks at the picture for a long while.

CALVIN BONDURANT

I’ll see what I can do.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

*Seeing* what you can do is of

little interest to me.

I’m one man.

Five years.

CALVIN BONDURANT

THOMAS COUGHLIN

EXT. SUFFOLK PRISON, ANCIENT AND FOREBODING - DAY

We see the old jail and the city in a grey, misty fog.

JOE (V.O.)

I pled guilty to abetting armed

robbery and received a sentence of

five years and four months.

EXT. OCEAN OFF NORTH SHORE - DAY

A fisherman PULLS IN HIS NET, looks twice.

JOE (V.O.)

A fisherman found a femur in his

net. The coroner said it came from

a white woman in her twenties.

31.

INT. SUFFOLK PRISON, HALLWAY - LATER

Joe walks the halls, handcuffed, escorted by two OFFICERS and his father, who gives him his parting wisdom, sotto voce.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Someone will threaten you the

first week. You’ll see what he

wants in his eyes. Someone else

will stand up for you. He’ll back

the other man down and offer you

protection. That’s the man you

hurt. You hurt him so he can’t

gets strong enough to hurt you.

JOE

And then they leave me alone?

No.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

JOE

When will it stop?

Thomas looks straight ahead. Avoiding Joe.

Never.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

JOE (V.O.)

The next day I would be

transferred to the most notorious

prison in the country.

INT. PRISON BUS - DAY

The bus rambles along. Four PRISONERS are shackled to the floor. A fat RUSSIAN, a BLACK MAN, Joe and a SOFT KID named NORMAN who talks out loud, nervous.

NORMAN

I been reading the Bible and it

says there’s good in even the

lowest man so I wouldn’t be

surprised to find more good behind

these walls that outside but I--

The bus PULLS INTO THE GATES OF THE PRISON. The bus stops and a GUARD, MR. HAMMOND gets on and begins unshackling the men.

MR. HAMMOND

My name is mister Hammond. You will all be housed in the east wing except the nigger who will be in the south with his kind. Never look a guard in the eye.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

32.

CONTINUED:

MR. HAMMOND (CONT'D)

Never touch yourselves or others in an unwholesome manner--

Norman starts to shiver and bubble, tears rolling off his face like sweat.

Don’t do that.

JOE

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON CORRIDOR - LATER

Joe walks down a row in the worst prison you’ve ever seen. We see DEGENERATES in their cells as Joe passes by. He reaches his cell and the GUARD opens the door.

We reveal three CELL MATES: OLIVER, EUGENE and TOOMS.

JOE (V.O.)

Oliver and Eugene were stickup men

and we knew enough people in

common not to try to turn me out

to make a statement.

Joe looks around as his cell mates stare, puts his stuff on a lower bunk. Sits, it sags. He sees a BUCKET FULL OF PISS AND SHIT.

JOE (V.O.)

Tooms was one of those, you let

him be and hoped he did you the

same.

Tooms staring blankly at Joe, then turns away.

EXT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON YARD - DAY

Joe walks through the yard. Hundreds of CONVICTS mill around. They entirely avoid Joe. Whoever he walks towards moves off in another direction.

He sees NORMAN approaching. Both his eyes are black and his nose looks broken. Joe is about to say something to him when Norman ATTACKS.

He throws a punch to Joe’s neck. Then another and another. It becomes a full out brawl.

JOE (V.O.)

My ribs were still broken and

every shot they took it felt like

fire.

Above we see guards with rifles watching.

Norman hits Joe again in the ribs. Joe brings his foot down on Norman’s knee and turns it at an odd angle.

(CONTINUED)

33.

CONTINUED:

Joe brings in down on his knee again and the whole yard hears it CRACK. Norman lies there crying and wailing.

JOE (V.O.)

I could have helped him up but

that would have been seen as

weakness.

We see other convicts eyeing Joe.

JOE (V.O.)

Norman was nothing. Norman was a

warm up.

INT. JOE’S CELL CHARLESTOWN PRISON - LATER

Joe returns to his cell to find it EMPTY. He turns to the guard.

JOE

Where’d they go?

They went.

GUARD

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON, SHOWER LINE - DAY

Joe is standing in line with a bunch of other inmates when he sees a KID come toward him. When he gets close he reveals a POTATO PEELER that he carries in his right hand.

He SWINGS IT at Joe and STABS HIM in the thigh. Pulling it out he goes for the groin. Joe grabs the kids HEAD and SLAMS IT AGAINST THE GRANITE THREE OR FOUR TIMES. No one else reacts.

JOE (V.O.)

I’d never seen the kid before in

my life.

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON CAFETERIA - DAY

Joe, bandages on his thigh, stands in line for food.

Joe hears a VOICE from behind him.

MASO

Do you ever think they’ll run out

of men to fight you?

The man, MASO, bald, a bit of silver on the sides.

JOE

I doubt it. Lot of candidates.

(CONTINUED)

34.

CONTINUED:

MASO

Won’t you get tired?

JOE

Sure. But I’ll go as long as I can.

MASO

You’re very fast.

JOE

I’m fast. I’m not *very* fast.

MASO

I’ve seen both your fights. You’re so fast those men don’t even know you’re protecting your ribs.

JOE

I’m not protecting shit.

MASO

1. n another life, I promoted a few boxers. I know when a man is protecting his ribs.
2. oe smiles.

JOE

Few months ago I broke six ribs.

MASO

Leaves you a few months.

That right?

JOE

MASO

Broken ribs are like broken hearts. Take six months to heal. What do they call you?

Joe.

Never Joseph?

JOE

MASO

JOE

Just my father.

Maso exhales a stream of smoke.

MASO

This is such a hopeless place. It eats men. Doesn’t even spit them back out.

Joe gets his food and moves on.

35.

EXT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON YARD - DAY

Again, Joe is walking the yard alone. A BIG CONVICT comes toward him. We see on Joe’s face that this might be his last fight. He TIGHTENS his shirt around his ribs as the guy approaches.

He takes a swing that Joe DUCKS but the next one hits him square in the body. And another. Joe sees stars. He tries to fight defensively but another SHOT from the big guy staggers him back. The big guy approaches when he is BLIND SIDED.

Two HUGE ITALIANS hit the big guy high and low. Six or seven shots make short work of him. They walk off as if nothing happened.

Joe is panting, barely on his feet.

Joseph?

Joe.

MASO

JOE

MASO

My name is Thomas Pescatore but

everyone calls me Maso.

He puts his ARM AROUND JOE. People in the yard clock this.

MASO

1. onsider yourself under my care.
2. o you know who I am?

JOE

Maso Pescatore. You run the North

1. nd and liquor coming up from
2. lorida. Your only real rival is

Albert White.

(beat)

And I didn’t ask to be under your

care.

MASO

How many things, good or bad, come

to us whether we ask for them or

not?

He removes his arm, Joe sees cunning in Maso’s eyes.

MASO

Call me mister Pescatore from now

on, Joseph. And give this to your

father.

Maso walks away leaving Joe looking down at the paper. It reads: ***1417 Blue Hill Ave.***

36.

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON VISITING ROOM - DAY

Joe sits across from his father, obvious discomfort.

What happened?

THOMAS COUGHLIN

JOE

Guy stabbed me in the leg.

Joe SLIDES HIS HAND ACROSS THE TABLE. Thomas sees the PIECE OF PAPER in it. He covers it with his own hand. He takes the piece of paper and places it in his own pocket.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

1. ’m to do someone’s bidding?
2. oe looks up at his father.

JOE

Maso Pescatore ’s.

Thomas squints.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

You’re asking me to get under the

thumb of a bunch of Dagos one step

removed from a cave.

JOE

They said its a one time thing.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

I would be wedded to the Pescatore

mob for life. A people that had

brought to the shores of this

country anarchism and bombings--

and who had overtaken by force the

business of illegal liquor. I’m

supposed to work for them? Kiss

their Dago rings?

EXT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON - LATER

Thomas makes his way out the gates. Smoke rises from factory stacks.

JOE (V.O.)

My father knew. You went in a man

and left a beast. If you left at

all. 1417 Blue Hill was a storage

center for the Jew mobs who worked

for Albert White in Mattappan.

Maso wanted them destroyed.

37.

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON VISITING ROOM

Joe looks out the window while he is shackled for his return to the cell.

EXT. K STREET, SOUTH BOSTON, COUGHLIN FAMILY HOME - DAY Thomas is up on a ladder, fixing some shutters on the

second floor of the house.

A BLOND FELLOW strolls down the street. He stops at the base of Thomas’ ladder and puts his hand on it.

BLOND MAN

1. orry. I’m a bit lost.
2. homas’ instincts tell him something isn’t right. He sees the man’s HAND holding the ladder.

BLOND MAN

Do you know where the bathhouse

is?

Thomas can see the bathhouse from his vantage, it’s a block away.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

End of the street.

BLOND MAN

Thanks. Sometimes I can’t get out

of my own way. You know what I

mean?

Thomas waits, holding the look.

BLOND MAN

They won’t kill him.

Excuse me?

THOMAS COUGHLIN

BLOND MAN

They’ll make him wish they did,

though. Every day of his life.

(beat)

He’ll think about suicide. But

they’ll keep him alive by

promising to kill you. And every

day they’ll think of a new thing

to try on him.

(beat)

Afternoon.

And he strolls away, leaving Thomas to look after him.

38.

INT. K STREET, SOUTH BOSTON, COUGHLIN FAMILY HOME - DAY Thomas is on the phone, holding the PAPER. We don’t see

the other side of the conversation.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

1417 Blue Hill Avenue. Supposed to

be a warehouse for gaming parlors.

(beat)

To the last bottle.

EXT. MATTAPAN LIQUOR WAREHOUSE - DAY

POLICE STORM IN, SMASHING HUNDREDS OF BOTTLES OF LIQUOR. The workers stand by and watch it happen. The violence segues to:

EXT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON - NIGHT

A FULL SCALE RIOT is taking place under the aegis of a protest. Signs: “free Sacco and Vanzetti” and crowds roar.

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON JOE’S CELL - SAME

Joe lies in bed. He can hear the throng. Then the lights DIM and CRACKLE and SNAP OFF on a number of tiers.

Over Joe’s V.O. we see:

1. An inmate getting jumped and having someone STUFF MATERIAL IN HIS EYES.
2. A dead inmate, riddled with stab wounds, hung up like a crucifixion.
3. A young man running like a terrified rat, two LARGER men corner him.

JOE (V.O.)

The penitentiary spilled blood on

itself that summer. A guy stabbed

so much they perforated his

liver.. Another had shards of

glass stuffed in his eyes. And you

could hear the rapes upstairs at

night.

These images play *along with the voice over.*

1. Albert White, running his empire.
2. Rum trucks burn like Viking funeral boats.
3. A man has a shotgun put to his jaw-- the trigger is pulled.

(CONTINUED)

39.

CONTINUED:

1. A GUARD sits on a park bench, throat slit. Frozen in a death mask.
2. A BUTCHER SHOP EXPLODES, taking the buildings next door with it-- a hairdressers and a haberdashery.
3. A man is HURLED FROM THE ROOF of a building.

JOE (V.O.)

There was a war going. Over rum.

Albert White, deiced to go after

Maso while he was in prison. It

was the deadliest summer in the

history of Boston. They shot it

out in town and along the Canadian

border. One of White’s drivers

sassed one of Maso’s guys and they

blew off his jaw at the hinge.

White’s gang set fire to trucks.

One night a guard on Maso’s

payroll went home with a girl no

one had seen before. Maso

responded by taking care of

Albert’s butcher shop front on

Morton street.

(beat)

No winner. Just a lot of mess.

EXT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON ROOFTOP - DUSK

The sun is setting and we see an orange moon, as big as the sky itself, is on the rise over the factory smokestacks and fields of ash and black poison.

Joe and Maso walk across the roof, Maso’s privilege is to walk the rooftops in the evening-- a small measure of quiet. Joe is his guest tonight.

Maso HANDS JOE A PIECE OF PAPER. Joe takes it and furtively tucks it into his coat.

Open it.

MASO

Joe looks at him. Takes the paper out. Reads it. There are two words: ***Brendan Loomis***.

MASO

He was arrested last night. Beat a

man. They both wanted the same

coat. He’s Albert’s right hand. I

don’t want it returning to

Albert’s right wrist.

I know him.

JOE

(CONTINUED)

40.

CONTINUED:

You hate him?

Yes.

MASO

JOE

MASO

Good. Give that note to your father.

No.

THOMAS COUGHLIN (PRE-LAP)

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON VISITING ROOM - DAY Joe sits across from Thomas.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

I don’t do murder for hire, Joseph.

JOE

That’s not what they’re asking.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

If they give you the name of a man in police custody, they want him found hanging in his cell or shot in the back trying to escape.

(beat)

Joseph I need you to hear exactly what I have to say.

Joe senses a change come over his father.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

I will not take the life of another without cause.

Even a killer?

Even a killer.

JOE

THOMAS COUGHLIN

JOE

He’s responsible for the death of the woman I loved.

THOMAS COUGHLIN

I thought she was still alive.

JOE

That’s not the point.

(CONTINUED)

41.

CONTINUED:

THOMAS COUGHLIN

No, the point is, I don’t engage in murder, certainly not for that Dago devil you’ve sworn your allegiance to.

(beat)

Will they kill you?

Yes.

JOE

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Then I’ll die of a broken heart.

But I won’t murder for you. Kill

for you, yes. Murder, never.

JOE

I guess that’s all there is to

say.

Thomas reaches in his pocket and removes a FANCY WATCH.

No.

JOE

THOMAS COUGHLIN

Take it. Buy your life. You hear

me? You give it to that Dago devil

and buy your life.

Joe closes his hand over the watch, still warm from his father’s pocket.

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON CAFETERIA - DAY

Joe sits with a couple of minor Pescatore figures, ERNIE ROWLAND and HIPPO FASINI.

The guys suddenly MOVE ASIDE and MASO SITS DOWN in their place.

MASO

Joseph, when will it happen.

Just this slightest of hesitations.

This week.

JOE

MASO

This week when?

JOE

This week. That’s all I know.

Maso holds his look for a beat and then they all eat in silence.

42.

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON JOE’S CELL - LATER

Joe walks down the corridor and turns into his cell. What he sees makes him STOP.

The beds are gone and all the mattresses are on the floor. Three men play cards on the floor. Two are grungy nobodies and the third is BASIL CHIGGIS (30).

JOE (V.O.)

The guy in the middle was named

Basil Chiggis. He ate the fingers

of a kid he killed in Weymouth. He

would die in prison. The other two

I’d never seen before.

The men are playing poker with CHICKEN BONES boiled white. “Raise” and “fold” are accompanied by the click- clack of the bones.

Lights out!

GUARD

CHUNK! The lights go out in the cell.

Each man lies on his mattress. They lie there, *breathing.* As Joe’s eyes adjust to the dark, he can see all three

men STARING AT HIM.

JOE (V.O.)

Even if I had a shank I couldn’t

kill all three of them. If I said

anything I would be begging. And

they would just laugh before they

killed me.

In a flash the three of them move toward Joe, producing SHANKS and holding him down. Knives to his throat. Joe doesn’t move.

The door to the cell opens and EMIL LAWSON comes in.

JOE (V.O.)

Emil Lawson. He was the ringleader

of the rape parties upstairs.

EMIL LAWSON

(to Joe)

They said you were pretty.

He looks down at Joe, frozen with a shank to his neck.

EMIL LAWSON

What’s your daddy supposed to do?

Joe is silent.

(CONTINUED)

43.

CONTINUED:

EMIL LAWSON

Answer me or I’ll pluck out an eye

and feed it to Basil.

A long beat.

JOE

Brendan Loomis.

EMIL LAWSON

You’re gonna tell the first

Pescatore hood that you know when

Loomis is going to be taken care

of and he also found out where

Albert White is sleeping. And you

got the address but you only want

to give it to him. Face to face.

Emil Lawson handed Joe something wrapped in an oilcloth. He unwraps it to reveal a long SHANK.

EMIL LAWSON

When you get close enough to

Pescatore, you drive that through

his fucking brain.

JOE

I thought you worked for him.

EMIL LAWSON

I did some jobs for him but now

someone else is paying.

Albert White.

JOE

EMIL LAWSON

He’s my boss. And now he’s your

boss, too.

EXT. K STREET, COUGHLIN HOME, BACK YARD - DAY

Thomas walks through his garden and takes a seat in his chair. He looks out over the things that have grown in his garden. He feels something and sets down his drink.

EXT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON YARD - DAY

Joe has found Hippo on the yard. His English is bad.

JOE

He gave me an address.

Whose?

HIPPO

(CONTINUED)

44.

CONTINUED:

Albert White.

JOE

HIPPO

So give it to me.

JOE

Tell Maso I’ll bring it to the

wall tonight.

Hippo looks at him and Joe walks away across the yard. INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON JOE’S CELL - LATER

Joe is now alone in his cell. He THROWS UP.

JOE (V.O.)

I had the shank tied to my arm and

was supposed to move it to between

my ass cheeks for the search.

We hear a GUARD come to the cell.

GUARD

Coughlin. You have a visitor.

Who?

JOE

GUARD

Said he was your brother.

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON VISITING ROOM - LATER

Joe’s brother, DANNY (mid 40’s), enters the room. He wears a battered three piece suit and looks like a man who had been on the road a while. He sits.

DANNY

You look like shit.

JOE

I’m in prison. What’s your excuse.

DANNY

Still beat your ass.

JOE

I don’t know. Learned how to fight

dirty in here.

Danny has a small smile, he HUGS HIS BROTHER. These men clearly love one another very much.

GUARD

SIT DOWN, NO CONTACT!

(CONTINUED)

45.

CONTINUED:

Danny sits back down. Holds a look at Joe. Exhales.

He’s gone Joe.

DANNY

Joe knows who but he asks anyway.

Who?

JOE

DANNY

Dad. He’s gone.

How?

Heart attack.

JOE

DANNY

JOE

Were you there?

I found him.

DANNY

JOE

Sure there was no...

DANNY

Foul play? What the fuck are they doing to you in here? No, Joe, it was a heart attack.

JOE

How do you know?

DANNY

He was smiling.

A moment of quiet.

Nora?

JOE

DANNY

We’re still together.

Kids?

JOE

DANNY

You think I’d let you walk around an uncle without me telling you?

JOE

I haven’t seen you once in ten years. I don’t know what you’d do.

(CONTINUED)

46.

CONTINUED:

DANNY

Me and Nora have been in California.

JOE

I know. We got your one postcard. It was a big hit. Didn’t say what you were doing.

Making shows.

Shows?

DANNY

JOE

DANNY

Movies, flickers. That’s what they call them.

JOE

You work in movies?

DANNY

Nora started it. She got a job with this company Silver Frame. Jews but they’re decent guys.

JOE

You work in movies?

DANNY

It gets better. I met one of her bosses and he asks me if I ever did stunts.

JOE

Fuck are stunts?

DANNY

You see an actor fall off a horse? It ain’t him. It’s a stunt man. Guy like me.

JOE

How many movies have you been in?

DANNY

I’m guessing seventy five.

Holy shit.

JOE

DANNY

Even wrote a few of the shorts.

JOE

You wrote? How many?

(CONTINUED)

47.

CONTINUED:

DANNY

Five so far but Herm thinks I got a knack for it. Wants me to become a scenarist.

JOE

What the fuck is a scenarist?

DANNY

Guy who writes movies, genius.

JOE

So where’s Nora?

DANNY

California. I just came back to see Dad. Hell, I didn’t know when I’d see you again.

JOE

I’m happy for you.

DANNY

You should come.

What?

JOE

DANNY

When you get out of here. Come join us. I’m serious. Fall off a horse. Pretend to get shot for money. Swim in a pool.

(beat)

1. t’s only a two week train ride.
2. oe laughed, picturing it.

DANNY

I could train you. It’s honest work.

I know.

JOE

DANNY

You could stop looking over your shoulder all the time.

JOE

It’s not about that.

DANNY

What’s it about?

JOE

The night. Got it’s own set of rules.

(CONTINUED)

48.

CONTINUED:

DANNY

Day’s got rules, too.

JOE

Oh, I know. But I don’t like them.

DANNY

I don’t understand.

JOE

I know you don’t. You buy into all the stuff about good guys and bad guys. A loan shark breaks a guy’s leg--banker throws him out of his house. You think there’s a difference. The banker should be where I am now. I don’t mind the loan shark because he doesn’t pretend to be anything else. I’m not gonna live some life where I pay my fucking taxes, fetch the boss lemonade and die at my fucking desk.

DANNY

But that’s life.

JOE

That’s *a* life. You want to play bu those rules, go ahead. I say there are no rules but what a man makes for himself.

DANNY

Wow. Did you ever grow up.

JOE

Didn’t have much choice.

Pity.

DANNY

Joe looks at the clock on the wall.

JOE

I gotta go, Danny.

DANNY

You got somewhere to be?

Joe looks at the SHANK ON HIS WRIST.

JOE

Something like that.

Joe rises.

49.

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT

We start TIGHT ON THE TOP OF THE CRACK OF JOE’S ASS. A SHANK BOBBING BACK AND FORTH, HELD THERE WHILE HE WALKS.

Joe is being led by the same GUARD, who seems in a hurry and keeps getting ahead of Joe.

He sees each cell being mopped by a CONVICT-TRUSTEE.

JOE (V.O.)

I started wondering where all the

guards were. On nights when Maso

walked the walls they kept it

light up here but not every guard

was on Maso’s payroll.

We see a CLOSER LOOK AT THE CONVICT-TRUSTEES. They are the KILLERS who attacked Joe in his room.

JOE (V.O.)

Basil’s pointy head tipped me. And

the guy pushing the bucket in the

tenth cell was Don Pulaski, who

burned his wife and kids alive in

their fruit cellar.

At the end of the hall Joe encounters MASO’s MEN, Hippo and Naldo Aliente.

NALDO

Hands up. I gotta frisk you.

He pats Joe down. We see the HANDLE OF THE SHANK peeking up. Nalso GRAZES it. Doesn’t seem to notice.

He’s clean.

NALDO

Joe goes to pass Hippo, who stops him.

HIPPO

Your life goes as the old man’s

goes. Understand?

JOE (V.O.)

Whatever happened to me and

Pescatore, these men were in the

final moments of their life, right

now.

Naldo opens a door, behind which is a SPIRAL STAIRCASE. EXT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON ROOF - NIGHT

Joe emerges from the trap door. He raises an ARM. The spotlight scans him, then goes left, then goes right. All clear.

(CONTINUED)

50.

CONTINUED:

Joe sees Maso twenty feet away. He transfers the SHANK into his hand.

Joe walks up to Maso who is smoking a cigarette and looking away from him.

MASO

I’m sorry about your father.

This stops Joe cold.

JOE

What are you sorry about?

MASO

No man should ever be asked to do

what’s against his nature. Joseph.

Even to help a loved one. But

what’s fucking fair in this world?

He took a long drag on his cigarette.

MASO

I won’t ask anything so hard of

you or your father again. I

promise you that.

JOE

Sure you will, Maso.

MASO

Mr. Pescatore, Joseph.

My apologies.

JOE

With that Joe GRABS MASO’S ANKLES, FORCING MASO OUT OVER THE LEDGE.

JOE

You scream, I drop you.

He stops struggling.

JOE

Do you have any weapons on you?

Yes.

How many?

Just one.

MASO

JOE

MASO

Joe DROPS him a little. Maso WAVES HIS ARMS like he’s going to take flight. Then he whimpers.

(CONTINUED)

51.

CONTINUED:

Two.

Where?

MASO

JOE

MASO

Razor at my ankle, nails in my

pocket.

Joe yanks the razor out and tosses it. He pulls a set of BRASS KNUCKLES WITH NAILS out of Maso’s pocket.

JOE

Maso, if I open my fingers, you’re

just another dead Guinea.

MASO

I...I saved you.

JOE

So you could get to my father.

MASO

What do you want?

His voice is starting to flutter from lack of oxygen.

JOE

You ever hear of Emma Gould?

No.

MASO

JOE

Albert White killed her.

MASO

I never heard of her.

He PULLS Maso up and flips him on his back. Maso lies there, panting.

JOE

My father died today. Heart

attack. I blame myself. I blame

you, too though.

So kill me.

MASO

JOE

That’s what they want me to do.

Who?

MASO

(CONTINUED)

52.

CONTINUED:

JOE

Lawson. He’s got Basil, Chiggis, all his carny freaks. Your guys are tits up by now.

MASO

You think they’ll let you live?

JOE

I know Albert. This was his peace offering. Kill Maso and get back on the team.

Why don’t you?

MASO

JOE

I don’t want to kill you. I want to kill him.

MASO

You have my blessing.

Don’t need it.

JOE

MASO

So, how do we get back down there?

JOE

Any of the tower guards faithful

to you?

MASO

The one above us. The other two

are faithful to the money.

JOE

All right. Let’s do it the dirty

way.

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON AREA, NEAR STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Emil and his guys smoke and bullshit. We see the BODIES of MASO’S GUYS piled near the stairs. We hear a BANGING coming from up top.

JOE

(calling down)

It’s done.

You hurt?

BASIL CHIGGIS

JOE

No. Gonna need clean clothes though.

(CONTINUED)

53.

CONTINUED:

They laugh.

Come down.

BASIL CHIGGIS

JOE

I need help carrying him.

Christ.

BASIL CHIGGIS

They move toward the stairs.

EXT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON ROOFTOP, BY TRAP DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Joe lies on the ground near the trapdoor. We see MASO LYING PRONE in the distance.

Polaski CLIMBS OUT.

JOE

Hurry, it’ll take more of you to

drag him. My ribs are busted.

Polaski calls back down.

Two more guys.

POLASKI

Up comes Basil Chiggis, followed by a WEASELY FELLOW.

BASIL CHIGGIS

Where’s the body?

When Joe POINTS, GUNFIRE ERUPTS. It is coming from the towers, HIGH POWERED RIFLES tear apart the three men standing.

After a beat, Maso WAVES and gets up. Joe rises as well. The light SNAPS OFF.

MASO

Wipe your face. It’s a mess.

He lights a cigarette.

MASO

Think I was going to kill you?

JOE

Crossed my mind.

MASO

I’m a low end WOP from Endicott

Street. I don’t know what fork to

use but I never double cross.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

54.

CONTINUED:

MASO (CONT'D)

I come right at you just like you came at me.

Joe indicates bodies.

JOE

We double crossed them pretty good.

MASO

They had it coming.

Maso brushes himself off.

MASO

What if I told you I could get you out of here? Make some money on the outside?

JOE

I’d say it depends what I have to do.

MASO

Albert White is making a run at our rum operation in central Florida. I need someone who is committed to putting an end to Mr. White.

JOE

I’d say you found your man.

MASO

Your duty would always have to be to the Pescatore family first and yourself second. Can you abide that?

JOE

If that’s what it takes.

Maso extends his hand.

Okay, then.

MASO

Someone calls up from below.

Mr. Pescatore?

PESCATORE THUG

MASO

Coming.

(to Joe)

Let’s go, Joseph.

(CONTINUED)

55.

CONTINUED:

JOE

Mr. Pescatore, it’s Joe. Only my father calls me Joseph.

Maso starts heading down the ladder.

MASO

Funny thing about fathers. You can go out and be king of the United States-- you’ll always be in his shadow. And you can’t escape it.

Joe following.

Don’t want to.

JOE

INT. CHARLESTOWN PRISON JOE’S CELL - DAY

We come up on Joe, alone in his cell. We can see it is NICELY FURNISHED NOW.

JOE (V.O.)

Officially, Albert White’s three

soldiers were shot on the roof

trying to escape.

1. A man is STABBED IN THE YARD.

2 A MAN IS HURLED FROM A TIER

JOE (V.O.)

Maso consolidated his power.

Mickey Baer was shanked and a

White bookmaker took a suicide

throw and his head busted open

like a watermelon.

EXT. CEDAR GROVE CEMETERY, DORCHESTER - DAY

A LARGE FUNERAL PROCESSION lays Thomas Coughlin to rest. There are DIGNITARIES in abundance and miles of cops.

Blue hats and blue uniforms fill this graveyard along the banks of the Neponset river.

JOE (V.O.)

They buried my father in

Dorchester. Two ex-mayors, a

governor and hundreds of cops from

as far away as Delaware were

there.

56.

INT. JOE’S CELL CHARLESTOWN PRISON - DAY

Joe sits in a chair. Maso is opposite him, flanked by two thugs. We see Joe’s STUFF IS PACKED.

JOE (V.O.)

It took Maso three months but he

managed to buy out my sentence.

MASO

It’s hot down there.

JOE

I don’t mind hot.

MASO

You ain’t never felt hot like this

hot. But judges don’t come cheap.

You have to work that off.

JOE

Why don’t we call it even for not

killing you?

Maso narrows his eyes.

MASO

Our friend Mr. White is in Miami.

He wants the whole state. I want

to take it back from him. I want

you to get the rum running again

and get a piece of the narcotics.

Starting in Tampa.

JOE

Lou Orimo runs Tampa.

MASO

He’s gonna decide he doesn’t need

the headache.

JOE

When’s he gonna decide that?

MASO

Ten minutes after you get there.

JOE

Look, I need someone I can trust

down there.

Who?

Joe looks at Maso.

You sure.

MASO

MASO

(CONTINUED)

57.

CONTINUED:

JOE

I’ll vouch for him.

Maso takes a beat. Considering... okay.

Where is he?

MASO

JOE

Montreal is what I heard.

Maso nods.

MASO

You go down there, make it right, spend the rest of your life living like a king.

JOE

So, if I take over are we equal partners?

No.

MASO

JOE

But Lou Orimo’s an equal partner.

MASO

Look what’s gonna happen to him.

JOE

I want thirty percent.

Twenty.

MASO

JOE

Okay. Twenty five.

MASO

You know there’s only two ways to fuck this up. Get killed or try to get funny and get killed.

JOE

I’m the most loyal guy you’ll ever have. ‘Cause even if you make me hate you, I’ll always hate him more.

(beat)

You live with an Irishman in your crew?

MASO

I’m in prison. I’ve lived with worse.

58.

EXT. CEDAR GROVE CEMETARY, AUTUMN - DAY

The cemetary is now completely empty, in contrast to the multitude of mourners we saw before. Joe stands quietly before a stone we can’t read.

JOE (V.O.)

My father was gone. And I was no

longer a son.

BLACK

TITLE: **Part II. Ybor. 1929-1933**

EXT. TAMPA UNION STATION - DAY

We can feel the SWELTERING HEAT. People on the platform are covered in sweat.

JOE steps off the train. He looks around.

He sees an incredibly beautiful woman (GRACIELA) walk past him, she is an exquisite mix of ethnicity-- Latin and Afro-Cuban.

JOE (V.O.)

Maybe it was the two years in

prison but I was slower than usual

and she caught me looking.

She sees him and then looks away.

JOE (V.O.)

I wanted to tell her she had

nothing to fear from me. I was out

of the heartbreak business.

Joe is LIFTED in the AIR, spun around and put down. He knows who it is before he lands.

Dion.

JOE

There stands his old partner, Dion, wearing a lavender shirt and a three-piece suit.

Joseph.

DION

Dion SQUEEZES him again-- so hard Joe fears for his spine.

DION

(whispered)

Sorry about your father.

JOE

Sorry about Paulo.

(CONTINUED)

59.

CONTINUED:

Thank you.

DION

Dion grabs Joe’s bags and they head toward the parking lot.

DION

When Lefty Downer found me in

Montreal and told me the

Pescatores wanted me to come work

for them I thought it was a

straight bamboozle.

Joe smiles.

DION

Then I thought if anyone could

charm the devil, it was my old

partner.

(slaps Joe’s

shoulder)

Good to have you back.

JOE

Good to be out.

DION

Was it what they say?

JOE

It’s like the war. I don’t think

about it and I’m not too big on

going back.

They get to a MARMON 34. Dion opens the door for Joe.

JOE

Get the fuck out of here...

DION

I work for you now. Boss Joe

Coughlin.

Joe sits in. Dion gets in the driver’s side.

DION

Reach under your seat and you’ll

find a friend.

Joe REACHES DOWN AND DISCOVERS A GUN UNDER THE SEAT-- a Savage .32 Automatic.

EXT. YBOR CITY STREETS - DAY

Joe and Dion cruise Ybor City. Florida is striking for how empty it is.

(CONTINUED)

60.

CONTINUED:

Streets that will one day be filled with strip malls and choked with traffic now look almost like uninhabited jungle by comparison, though the white sky is smeared by factory smoke.

DION

Cigars built this place.

He points to brick buildings with smokestacks.

DION

What you’re smelling now is

probably *bolos* or *empanadas.* Rest

of the city leaves us alone. Far

as they’re concerned we’re a bunch

of dirty spics and wops and we can

fuck off and do what we need to do

if we leave them alone.

They turn on to 7th avenue, a main street. Clapboard sidewalks and second stories with wrought iron.

DION

You’d think we’d all get along but

it don’t work out that way. The

Italians and the Cubans keep to

themselves. But the black Cubans

hate the white Cubans and the

white Cubans look at the nigger

Cubans like they’re niggers and

the both of ‘em high hat everyone

else. All Cubans hate the

Spaniards and the Spaniards think

all Cubans are uppity coons who

forget their place since America

freed them in ‘98. The Cubans *and*

the Spanish look down on the

Puerto Ricans and everyone shits

on the Dominicans. The Italians

only respect you if you came off

the boat and the white people

think anyone gives a shit what

they think.

The pull up to a PORT.

Port of Tampa.

DION

EXT. PORT OF TAMPA - MOMENTS LATER

Dion and Joe walk toward some nondescript buildings. They reach a door and Dion puts his hand on a beam. He

pushes on it and it gives way.

Dion knocks. A voice from inside replies.

(CONTINUED)

61.

CONTINUED:

Who is it?

Fireplace.

VOICE

DION

The door opens to reveal a SKINNY COWBOY WITH A SIX GUN. He waves at them as they move past.

INT. NARROW SPEAKEASY CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Joe walks behind Dion down a corridor so narrow, their shoulders touch the walls. The ceiling drips and the floor is little more than mud.

He opens the locks and throws back the bars.

INT. DISTILLERY - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Dion step in, looking around. It’s empty of people but full of fermenters, extractors, Bunsen burners, beakers, vats and skimming utensils.

Who owns this?

Ormino did.

Did?

JOE

DION

JOE

DION

You didn’t read the paper? Ormino sprung a few leaks the other day.

Dion walks by some THERMOMETERS.

DION

Best money can buy. Gotta keep it at 186 Fahrenheit. Like to keep people from dying when they drink your hooch.

JOE

We made a lot of toilet booze in prison. And I don’t see the two things that are essential for making rum.

Which are?

DION

JOE

People and molasses.

(CONTINUED)

62.

CONTINUED:

DION

Yeah, we got a problem.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Dion and Joe come through a door and enter a kitchen bustling with activity.

DION

Our distributor is coming up

empty.

JOE

I can see that. Why?

DION

Boats have been sinking.

JOE

Who’s the distributor again?

Gary L Smith.

DION

They come into the dining room of the restaurant. INT. RESTAURANT DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Dion walk in.

Gary Ellsmith?

JOE

DION

No. L Smith. Its a middle initial. He wants people to use it. It’s a southern thing.

JOE

Not just an asshole thing?

Both.

DION

JOE

Where does Gary L. live?

INT. GARY L. SMITH’S OFFICE - LATER

Joe and Dion are entering Gary’s office. MISS ROE, the secretary closes the door. The room has plantation shutters and is cast in a bourbon glow.

GARY L. SMITH

(to secretary)

Thank you, Miss Roe.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

63.

CONTINUED:

GARY L. SMITH (CONT'D)

(to Joe)

So, you’re Maso’s new find?

Gary dresses the southern gentleman; white suit, white shirt, black tie. He pushes a HUMIDOR across to them.

GARY L. SMITH

Help yourselves.

Joe waves them off but Dion takes FOUR CIGARS, putting three in his pocket and biting the tip off the fourth.

GARY L. SMITH

What brings you by?

JOE

I’ve been asked to look over Lou

Ormino’s affairs for a little bit.

GARY L. SMITH

Well, I hope that’s not permanent.

No offense.

JOE

None taken. Why is that?

GARY L. SMITH

Folks around here like dealing

with who they know. And no one

knows you.

JOE

I see. Who would you suggest?

GARY L. SMITH

I have no ambitions for it but to

keep continuity I would consider

doing it for a term.

JOE

That’s not a bad idea.

GARY L. SMITH

Only if you think I could be right

for the job.

JOE

We need to know why the last three

supply runs were hit.

GARY L. SMITH

Bad luck, best I can figure.

JOE

Why have the boat runs been so

erratic.

(CONTINUED)

64.

CONTINUED:

GARY L. SMITH

Oh that’s the Cubans. You’ve got various suppliers, they might be dealing with a sugar supplier who had himself a strike. Guy who drives the boat gets sick...

JOE

Then you go to another supplier.

GARY L. SMITH

Not that simple.

Why?

JOE

GARY L. SMITH

Because they’re all paying tribute

to the Suarez family.

JOE

The Cubans who own the Tropicale

on seventh?

Gary nods.

JOE

We’re gonna need to meet with

them.

GARY L. SMITH

I’m afraid you don’t understand

how things are done here. I deal

with Mr. Suarez and his sister.

Joe reaches into his pocket, pulls out his cigarettes, his father’s watch and his .32.

Gary picks up the phone, dials and says a few words in Spanish.

GARY L. SMITH

You have a table for nine o’clock.

JOE

Thank you. Now, Gary, are you

working *directly* for Albert White

or is there an intermediary we

should know about?

What?

GARY L. SMITH

JOE

We marked your bottles.

You what?

GARY L. SMITH

(CONTINUED)

65.

CONTINUED:

JOE

If you distilled it, we marked it.

(beat)

All those supply runs that didn’t

make it? Just about every one of

them ended up in Albert White’s

speaks. Can you explain that?

GARY L. SMITH

I don’t understand.

JOE

I had Dion drive me by your place

on the way over here. You got a

nice house.

Joe scratches his head with the .32.

JOE

You’re gonna have to pack it up.

Send the stuff wherever you’re

going.

Smith tries to maintain the illusion that he has some control. He laughs a little laugh.

GARY L. SMITH

Where am I going?

JOE

You fucking her?

What? Who?

GARY L. SMITH

JOE

(points to door)

Miss Roe.

*What??*

GARY L. SMITH

JOE

He’s fucking her.

DION

Without question.

JOE

I bet that’s nice.

(reaches into pocket) Here are two train tickets. I don’t care who you take, but you’re gonna be on the eleven o’clock Seabord tonight, Gary L.

Gary laughed a short laugh.

(CONTINUED)

66.

CONTINUED:

GARY L. SMITH

1. don’t think you--
2. oe SLAPS HIM VERY HARD ACROSS THE FACE so hard he leaves his chair and bangs his head on the radiator.

They wait for him to get off the floor. He rights his chair. All the blood is gone from his face.

JOE

You either put yourself on that

train, Gary L -- or we’ll put you

under it.

They get up and go.

INT. GARY L. SMITH HOME - CONTINUOUS

As they make their way to the front door, pulling with them, under his breath Dion mutters:

DION

If he doesn’t get on the train,

you prepared to kill him?

This irks Joe.

JOE

No. Men who work for us will. What

am I, a fucking field hand?

A beat of silence.

DION

When did you mark the bottles?

JOE

I haven’t gotten around to it.

Smile.

EXT. TAMPA STREETS - LATER

Joe rides while Dion drives. They are baking in a CONVERTIBLE.

A sign on a store reads, “NO DOGS OR LATINS.” Another reads, “NO DAGOS.”

JOE

You must be popular.

They pass a SKINNY JUNKIE.

DION

You need any heroin? Morphine?

(CONTINUED)

67.

CONTINUED:

JOE

Gave ‘em up for Lent.

DION

Well, me and you are about the

only ones.. Tampa, Florida--

illegal narcotics capital of the

South.

JOE

How’s the Sheriff feel about that?

DION

You can ask him.

(turns)

He wants you to come to him so he

won’t have to come to you.

JOE

What’s he like?

DION

Well, he’s a copper, so he’s an

asshole. Beyond that he’s okay.

The car pulls to a stop.

INT. CHIEF FIGGIS OFFICE, TAMPA POLICE HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Close on: PHOTOGRAPHS

A middle aged man, a wife, a son and a daughter. They have beautiful, fresh scrubbed faces.

Joe is looking at the photos while Dion stands by. We see we are in the office of the Sheriff.

Sheriff IRVING FIGGIS (50s) enters. He keeps his grey hair trimmed to his scalp.

CHIEF FIGGIS

Please sit down.

Joe and Dion sit.

CHIEF FIGGIS

I won’t insult you by asking the

nature of your business. So you

won’t have to insult me by lying.

Fair?

Joe nods.

CHIEF FIGGIS

True you’re a police captain’s

son?

(CONTINUED)

68.

CONTINUED:

Yes, sir.

JOE

CHIEF FIGGIS

Serve overseas?

France.

JOE

CHIEF FIGGIS

(a salute)

Tell it to the Marines.

This was a popular propaganda slogan. Joe nods.

JOE

Yeah. They told it to us.

CHIEF FIGGIS

I fought in Cuba. How I come to

settle here. I was a soldier and

then a US Marshall. I’ve killed

seven men in my lifetime.

(beat)

I killed them because it was my

job. Truth be told, their faces

haunt me most nights. But if I had

to kill an eighth tomorrow to

protect this city I would do so

with a steady arm and clear eye.

Chief Figgis rises and goes to a map on the wall.

CHIEF FIGGIS

If you keep your business north of second, south of twenty seventh

and east of Nebraska, you and I

will have little in the way of discord.

Sounds good.

JOE

CHIEF FIGGIS

I have no illusions. I know we

live in a fallen world. But just

because I breathe corrupt air and

rub elbows with corrupt men--

never make the mistake of thinking

I am corruptible.

JOE

1. won’t make that mistake.
2. ust then the OFFICE DOOR OPENS. Joe and Dion RISE as LORETTA FIGGIS, the Chief’s (21) year old daughter walks in. She is as stunning as she is innocent.

(CONTINUED)

69.

CONTINUED:

LORETTA FIGGIS

Oh father I’m sorry. I thought you were alone.

CHIEF FIGGIS

That’s all right, Loretta. These gentlemen were leaving. Your

manners?

LORETTA FIGGIS

Yes, father. I’m sorry.

She does a little curtsy to Joe and Dion.

LORETTA FIGGIS

Miss Loretta Figgis, gentlemen.

JOE

Joe Coughlin, miss. Pleasure to meet you.

CHIEF FIGGIS

Loretta is taking the train on a long journey today.

DION

(under his breath)

That’s going around...

California.

Is that right?

CHIEF FIGGIS

JOE

CHIEF FIGGIS

Going to be a star in Hollywood.

Though he isn’t one to approve of ‘Hollywood’ he can’t hide how proud he is of his daughter.

LORETTA FIGGIS

Oh, Daddy, It’s only a screen

test.

(false modesty)

We had a screen agent who came and

picked a few girls.

JOE

That’s swell. My brother’s out

there.

LORETTA FIGGIS

Your brother’s in Hollywood?

JOE

Last I heard. Falling off horses.

Joe smiles at Loretta and she smiles back, CUT TO:

70.

EXT. VEDADO TROPICALE - NIGHT

This restaurant/nightclub is alive inside and out. It is a warm evening and the streets are full.

This way.

ESTEBAN (PRE-LAP)

INT. VEDADO TROPICALE - CONTINUOUS

ESTEBAN SUAREZ, slim and unblemished, tea-colored skin wearing a dinner jacket and black silk bow tie. His eyes are pale yellow and his hair is slicked back.

This is a back area with a small table surrounded by four high wingback armchairs. On the table is a BOTTLE OF RUM and several glasses.

ESTEBAN

Please, sit down.

He passes a glass of rum to Joe and Dion.

ESTEBAN

I never agreed with the Spanish

that the lighter rums were

superior. Of course, we Cubans

went along because of our

obsession that lighter is better

in all things.

GRACIELA (the woman from the train depot) enters. Joe and Dion SHOOT up out of their chairs.

ESTEBAN

Dion and Joseph, this is my sister

Graciel--

We’ve met.

GRACIELA

JOE

Have we? I’m not sure--

GRACIELA

Yes you are. Sit down.

Joe and Dion share a furtive look and sit back down. Graciela sits.

JOE

This rum is incredible.

Dion takes a sip.

DION

Be nice if we could sell it up

north.

(CONTINUED)

71.

CONTINUED:

GRACIELA

When you’re country treats you

like adults.

JOE

No hurry. We’d be out of a job.

Small laughter. Joe notices the walls are COVERED IN BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS. Graciela follows his gaze.

GRACIELA

My brother takes them.

ESTEBAN

The working people of Miami. It’s

a hobby.

They’re good.

JOE

ESTEBAN

Maybe someday I’ll photograph you, Mr. Coughlin.

JOE

Afraid I’m with the Indians on that.

Esteban laughs.

ESTEBAN

Speaking of captured souls, my friends tell me that mister Gary L. Smith was seen boarding the Seabord Limited with his wife in one Pullman and his *puta maestra* in the other.

JOE

Sometimes a change of scenery gives a man a new lease on life.

GRACIELA

And you, is that why you came to Ybor? For a new life?

JOE

I’ve come to distill and distribute the demon rum. But I’m going to have a hard time doing that with an erratic import schedule.

GRACIELA

We don’t control the tides.

JOE

The tides haven’t slowed the boats to Miami.

(CONTINUED)

72.

CONTINUED:

GRACIELA

We know nothing of the boats to

Miami.

JOE

No. Nestor Famosa does. And he

assures me the seas this summer

have been calm.

ESTEBAN

And you use Senor Famosa’s name so

I worry you could overtake my

supply routes.

JOE

I want to deal with you directly.

For that you can raise the price.

GRACIELA

What would we receive?

JOE

I have Lou Ormino’s cops and

judges-- most of whom won’t talk

to you because you’re Cuban. What

you receive is access to them.

ESTEBAN

You would want exclusive access to

our molasses?

JOE

No. But you can’t sell to the

White operation.

ESTEBAN

Albert White is a good customer.

JOE

Can he offer you what we’re

offering?

ESTEBAN

It’s possible this could bring

bloodshed.

JOE

It will definitely bring

bloodshed.

EXT. JOE’S HOTEL - LATER

A bottle SMASHES into the porch.

Reveal it was thrown by Dion, who walks next to Joe. Joe still has some rum left in his and he swings up onto the porch and sits in a chair.

(CONTINUED)

73.

CONTINUED:

Joe hears something moving under the netting just off the porch.

Reptiles.

DION

We see ALLIGATORS moving in the dark. Joe is transfixed.

JOE

What the fuck are we doing in a

place with alligators?

DION

They’re everywhere. Waiting for

some fucking dumb Yankee to take a

dip.

There is a beat. Joe senses Dion STARING at him. He looks back.

Neither of them says a word but Joe feels an entire conversation pass between them.

DION

How’d you know it was me?

JOE

Who else could it be?

DION

Could’ve been my brother.

JOE

Rest his soul but your brother

couldn’t double cross a street.

Dion looks out. The rain has stopped falling and the dragonflies have returned.

DION

You get me down here from

Montreal.... For what?

JOE

Why’d you do it?

A moment passes, something aching in Dion.

DION

She just had you so fucked up. You

were gonna get us into something

we couldn’t get out of and my

brother was gonna be the one to

die. Because he was slow.

Tears roll down his face in beads.

(CONTINUED)

74.

CONTINUED:

JOE

It occur to you Albert might kill me?

DION

I was gonna tell you after Pittsfield. Make sure you had time to split town.

JOE

You ever think he might kill her?

DION

He was more sprung than you were. He just would have put a lock on her.

JOE

Still work for him?

No.

DION

JOE

Why would you tell the truth?

Dion removes a switchblade from his boot. He puts in on the table and follows it with TWO .38 LONGBARRELS and a SNUB NOSE .32 Then adds a LEAD SAP and BRASS KNUCKLES.

DION

After I’m gone, ask around about a

guy named Brucie Blum. Used to

work for Albert. Now he shuffles

around with a cup, talks funny,

pisses himself. Last thing he did--

comes up to me and says, “Albert

needs to talk to you or else,

see?” I chose ‘or else’ and beat

his fucking head in. So no, I

don’t work for Albert. Just ask

Brucie Blum.

Joe sips his rum.

DION

You gonna do it yourself or get

someone else?

JOE

I’ll kill you myself.

Okay.

If I do it.

DION

JOE

(CONTINUED)

75.

CONTINUED:

DION

I appreciate if you make your mind up about it.

JOE

Don’t give a fuck what you’d appreciate.

Now Dion is silent.

JOE

Emma’s dead. My father’s dead. Your brother’s dead. You’re the only person I know anymore.

DION

You still miss her?

Every day.

JOE

DION

Jesus. Once she came into the picture you were gone. I’ll never understand it. She wasn’t no different than a *million* other dames.

She was.

How?

JOE

DION

JOE

Before I met her there was a hole

right in my chest--

(touches his chest)

She filled it.

DION

From where I was sitting, she was

the hole.

INT. JOE’S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Joe enters to see several white SLIPS OF PAPER on the floor. He picks them up and looks at them. Moves to the phone. Picks it up.

JOE

Four one oh two oh four.

He waits.

76.

INT. MASO’S HOUSE, NAHANT, MASSACHUSETTS - SAME Maso picks up the phone.

It’s me.

JOE

Intercut as necessary between the two.

MASO

You get your answer?

Yeah.

And?

JOE

MASO

JOE

It wasn’t Dion who told Albert. It

was his brother.

Maso takes a beat. The silence seems to suggest consent.

MASO

I keep hearing how much powder is

coming through there. Are we

getting our piece?

JOE

Don’t worry. We’ll get our piece.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Joe and Graciela, Esteban and Dion take a ride on a BOAT. They travel down an exquisite marsh that becomes a beach, and then a marsh again. Wild animals are in abundance; herons, cranes, alligators, flamingoes and dolphins. It’s extraordinary, wild land.

JOE

(to Dion)

Maybe we should buy some land down

here?

DION

Who the fuck would buy land in

Florida?

The boat slows as they approach a waterside speakeasy/dance club/restaurant Cuban dance hall.

ESTEBAN

(to Joe)

This, I think you will enjoy.

TIME CUT TO:

77.

INT. CUBAN DANCE HALL - LATER

Men and women are DANCING. The music is loud, night is falling outside.

Esteban is an incredible dancer, he dances on the floor. Dion watches from a corner, unmoving and overdressed.

Joe watches Graciela. She dances and smiles but there is a seriousness to her that he is struck by.

She takes a break, walks out onto the dock. Joe gets up and follows her.

EXT. DOCK OUTSIDE CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Graciela walks out to get some air. Joe behind her.

GRACIELA

If you corner the rum market. You

will be a king.

JOE

Still gotta deal with Albert

White.

GRACIELA

Is this what you’ve always wanted?

JOE

No. But it’s what I want now.

GRACIELA

Well, then, congratulations.

(beat)

But how will you hold the power

when you have it.

JOE

Think I’m not strong enough?

GRACIELA

I don’t know if you’re cruel

enough.

(beat)

And if you are, then that will be

sad.

JOE

Powerful men don’t have to be

cruel.

GRACIELA

But they usually are.

(beat)

Who is she?

(CONTINUED)

78.

CONTINUED:

Who?

JOE

GRACIELA

The woman you love.

She’s gone.

She left you?

She died.

JOE

GRACIELA

JOE

She waits a beat. Maybe he is putting her on? No.

I’m sorry.

GRACIELA

JOE

I’m told liquor is only your side business.

Is that so?

GRACIELA

JOE

Some people say you give it all away. Some in Cuba...

GRACIELA

Do you think that’s foolish?

JOE

No. It’s just not my cause.

GRACIELA

What is your cause?

JOE

Rum. And that no man should rule another’s life.

GRACIELA

You do not want to be a good person?

JOE

I’ve seen good in bad people and bad in good and seen ‘em both die in the mud.

GRACIELA

Do you think there is such a thing as a noble man?

(CONTINUED)

79.

CONTINUED:

JOE

I got nothing against noble people. But they rarely live past forty.

GRACIELA

Neither do gangsters.

JOE

Well then I’ve got a few more years. Plus, I’m not a gangster. I’m an outlaw.

GRACIELA

Do you know what my favorite poem is?

(beat)

“We can make our lives sublime and in departing, leave footprints on the sands of time.”

JOE

You write that?

No.

GRACIELA

JOE

But you want to be noble?

GRACIELA

My nobility is that I love my

country. Simple.

JOE

I love my country too, but...

GRACIELA

Yes. But your country is something

you see out your window. My

country is something inside of me.

And I love it like you love that

dead girl.

INT. CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Dion watches Esteban dance as Joe and Graciela return.

DION

I never seen anyone move like

that.

GRACIELA

He was a professional dancer in

Havana. Very good.

Dion throws Joe a furtive look.

(CONTINUED)

80.

CONTINUED:

DION

(under his breath)

I knew it.

She pulls Joe’s hands, urging him toward the dance floor.

GRACIELA

Tonight, everybody dances.

Joe smiles and RELENTS.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. CLUB - LATER

1. ion is dancing with TWO WOMEN simultaneously, swinging them over his broad back and under his stubby legs-- not without dexterity.
2. steban, covered in sweat, dances with elegance.

Joe and Graciela collapse into a booth. After a beat.

GRACIELA

We will never be lovers.

Why’s that?

JOE

GRACIELA

We love other people.

JOE

Well, mine’s dead.

GRACIELA

Mine may as well be.

Oh.

JOE

GRACIELA

He lives in Cuba. He is not a noble man.

JOE

Where does that leave us?

GRACIELA

We both love ghosts.

Yes.

JOE

GRACIELA

Which makes us ghosts.

(CONTINUED)

81.

CONTINUED:

You’re drunk.

JOE

She laughs and points across the table.

*You’re* drunk.

No argument.

GRACIELA

JOE

GRACIELA

We will not be lovers.

You said that.

JOE

CUT TO:

INT. GRACIELA’S HOUSE - LATER

Joe and Graciela come crashing into frame, kissing, pulling at one another’s clothes.

When he moves inside her, she bites down on his shoulder. Love like a car crash.

DISSOLVE

EXT. GRACIELA’S HOUSE - SUNRISE

Joe sits in a chair looking out at the sunrise. Graciela sleeps across his body.

GRACIELA

(quiet)

It will be an arrangement.

JOE

An arrangement?

GRACIELA

We will fill this need in each

other until such time...

JOE

Such time? That’s very good. Such

time as what?

GRACIELA

As I return to my husband in Cuba.

No one says anything for a moment or two.

JOE

Okay. You return to the husband.

What do I get?

(CONTINUED)

82.

CONTINUED:

GRACIELA

You get to be the King of Tampa.

JOE

That’s like the world’s tallest midget.

GRACIELA

The prince of Tampa.

That’s worse.

JOE

GRACIELA

You can be my outlaw prince.

That’s good.

JOE

We start a slow push on them and after a moment we hear Joe’s V.O.

JOE (V.O.)

She never mentioned a husband

again. For a year I lived better

than I ever had. We cornered the

rum market and lived like kings.

Banks collapsed, jobs dried up but

vice, it seemed, was depression

proof.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - DAY

Trucks STREAM down the road, full of BOOZE.

JOE (V.O.)

The Suarez Coughlin partnership

created a rare stability.

EXT. ROADSIDE, DUSTY - DAY

A group of depression era, Dorthea Lange type, MEN mill on the side of the road. A GANGSTER’S CAR pulls up. The men gather around the passenger window. We see envelopes being passed out.

JOE (V.O.)

We paid every dixie gang on the

road from Tampa to Miami. They

paid off the local laws and

arrests dropped by seventy

percent.

The GANGSTER CAR pulls away.

83.

EXT. FLORIDA BUSH - DAY

Joe, Dion and PORFIRIO DIAZ stand around. Porfirio is gesturing with energy. Speaking Spanish.

JOE (V.O.)

We made so much money, guys

started getting carried away.

DION

He wants to get a plane.

JOE

He wants to *buy* a plane?

DION

To spot the Coast Guard.

Most gesturing and talking from Porfirio.

DION

He thinks we can put a machine gun

in the plane.

JOE

Is that what he thinks?

(beat)

Ask him if we should get a tank.

(to Porfirio)

Go home.

DION

(to Porfirio in

Spanish)

He says maybe.

EXT. RITZ HOTEL - AERIAL

As the sun sets on east Florida, we see a half finished hotel, alone on a pristine beach.

JOE (V.O.)

Maso sent down his son, Digger, to

take a look at the casino option I

was working on. Digger was one of

the dumber sacks of shit but he

was the boss’ kid so everyone

pretended he knew what the fuck he

was talking about.

EXT. RITZ HOTEL - SUNSET

Joe and Dion walk towards a bluff that overlooks the casino. DIGGER PESCATORE, large and dumb, stands with them as well as FOUR BODYGUARDS.

(CONTINUED)

84.

CONTINUED:

JOE

The Volstead Act won’t last forever. When it’s over, what do you do? Gambling. We use the connections we put together to get it legalized and we’re the only ones in place to run it.

This is it?

DIGGER

JOE

That’s it. Ritz Longboat Key, I

sat down with the owners in

Sarasota.

DIGGER

Why do they let us in?

JOE

Because they can’t get gambling

legal and they can’t run a casino.

They own the property, we run the

casino. Fifty fifty chop on

profits.

DIGGER

Do we have a magic stick for

changing laws?

(grin)

I hear you got Bingo legal.

JOE

It’s a prerequisite. You can’t get

gambling legalized without--

DIGGER

Good. Your grandmother can come

down and play in the church.

A few subtle looks exchanged acknowledging what an idiot Digger is.

JOE

I got bagmen buying inspectors in

Tallahassee and Sarasota. We got

men going after Senators and IRS

agents who gamble. We get gambling

legal we’re rich and legit for the

long fucking haul.

Digger MEAN MUGS Joe, then breaks into a smile.

JOE (V.O.)

We were lying to Maso about the

drugs but the casino thing was

square.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

85.

CONTINUED:

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Men were desperate for jobs all over the US and we had a six million dollar a year business. So what Maso thought didn’t bother me. What did bother me is that we hadn’t heard a thing from Albert.

INT. SPEAKEASY - NIGHT

The place is half full, mostly African-Americans of Latin descent. There is a small window on the door to the outside. It catches Joe’s attention as it starts to GLOW RED. Joe and Dion head outside.

EXT. SPEAKEASY - NIGHT

Joe walks out to see a CROSS BURNING and several KU KLUX KLAN riders in white robes, riding horses and adorned with red and white emblems. They all hold rifles.

Joe steps forward into the light of the burning cross. Slowly puts his hand in his waist.

KLAN MEMBER (RD PRUITT)

Ya’ll been warned!!

And the gallop off, leaving Joe in the glow of the burning cross.

INT. BODEGA, TWENTY SEVENTH ST. - DAY

It’s a small speakeasy where a HOLD UP is in progress. A man wearing a mask (RD PRUITT 36) is gesturing with a GUN for everyone to get on the ground.

RD PRUITT

1. it on the floor!
2. e reaches in and RIFLES THROUGH THE TILL. He takes what money there is. Starts to go.

RD PRUITT

We all be watchin’. So we best not

see no law!!

He makes a dash for the door.

EXT. BODEGA, TWENTY SEVENTH ST - LATER

Joe and Dion walk and talk in the robbed speakeasy.

JOE

Who the fuck would call the cops

when a speakeasy got robbed?

(CONTINUED)

86.

CONTINUED:

Dion shakes his head.

JOE

Can’t we just find this asshole and put him down?

DION

He’s in the Klan.

JOE

Who gives a shit? So are five million other guys in this country.

DION

The Klan has a lot of juice.

JOE

They’re a bunch of inbreds with fourth grade educations.

DION

Not the bosses. They got twelve cops, a *ton* of newspaper men...

JOE

They’ll love me. Catholic who works with Latins and Niggers and lives with a Cuban.

DION

Bigger problem is RD’s brother in law.

Who’s that?

Chief Figgis.

JOE

DION

INT. TROPICALE ON SEVENTH - DAY

Chief Figgis looks out over seventh street and sips his coffee. There is something off about him.

Joe and Dion sit opposite him at a table.

CHIEF FIGGIS

You hear the Perez factory is

closing?

JOE

Shit, that’s got what, four

hundred workers?

(CONTINUED)

87.

CONTINUED:

CHIEF FIGGIS

Five hundred people. No jobs. Five hundred idle hands waiting to do the devil’s handiwork.

Shame.

Damn shame.

JOE

CHIEF FIGGIS

They drink. The door JINGLES and they look up. RD PRUITT walks in the door wearing a tan knicker suit with wide lapels and two tone oxfords. He approaches their table.

Joe looks up. Dion’s hand slides under the table. Figgis stiffens but RD just calmly walks over to the table and sits down. Joe offers his hand.

RD PRUITT

Don’t shake hands with Papists. No

offense.

JOE

Help if I said I hadn’t been in

church half my life?

RD chuckled and shook his head.

CHIEF FIGGIS

Now, RD, word is you’re causing

trouble down here in Ybor.

He looks at his brother-in-law, eyes wide and innocent.

How’s that?

RD PRUITT

CHIEF FIGGIS

We hear you’re sticking up places.

RD PRUITT

What kind of places?

Speakeasies.

CHIEF FIGGIS

RD PRUITT

Oh. Mean them places that don’t exist in a law-abiding town?

CHIEF FIGGIS

That’d be them, yeah.

RD PRUITT

I don’t know a damn thing about that.

RD lets out an odd sigh. Then:

(CONTINUED)

88.

CONTINUED:

RD PRUITT

I’m just playin’ with you. You all know that!

CHIEF FIGGIS

RD, this is a businessman who is here to do business. I suggest you do it with him.

RD PRUITT

(points at Joe)

This man is a bootlegger and a fornicator with niggers. He is to be tarred and feathered, not done business with.

(looks at Joe,

breaks)

I’m just playin’! You take a joke, right?

JOE

I can take a joke.

RD PRUITT

Long as you don’t become one, right?

Joe scans RD for a longish beat.

JOE

I hear you like the Parisian?

And if I was?

RD PRUITT

JOE

I would cut you in on ten percent of the house take?

You’d do that?

Sure.

RD PRUITT

JOE

RD PRUITT

Well, I ought to be worth more than ten percent.

JOE

What were you thinking?

RD PRUITT

I was thinking sixty.

JOE

You want sixty percent of one of the most successful clubs in the city?

(CONTINUED)

89.

CONTINUED:

That’s right.

RD PRUITT

JOE

For what, exactly?

RD PRUITT

My friends might look on you less kindly.

JOE

Who are your friends?

Sixty percent.

RD PRUITT

JOE

Son, I’m not giving you sixty percent.

RD PRUITT

Ain’t your son. Ain’t nobody’s son.

JOE

That’ll save your father some embarrassment.

What’s that?

RD PRUITT

JOE

Fifteen percent.

RD PRUITT

(whispered)

I will beat you to death.

What?

JOE

RD PRUITT

You know, that does sound like a fair arrangement. You go to twenty?

JOE

I think fifteen’s about as good as it gets for a job you don’t even have to show up for.

RD PRUITT

Well, that’s a fair deal. And I’m pleased to agree to it.

He smiles.

RD PRUITT

How do I pick up my cut?

(CONTINUED)

90.

CONTINUED:

JOE

At the Parisian, second Tuesday at seven.

He SLAPS the table and rise. Tips his hat.

RD PRUITT

A pleasure Mr. Coughlin. Irv. (turns back)

One more thing, that girlfriend, folks seen you with. Is she light nigger or dark spic?

He smiles and turns back to go.

Never mind.

RD PRUITT

He exits. A beat.

INT. ESTEBAN’S PLACE - NIGHT

A PHOTO is hung on the wall-- in contrast to the ones at the Figgis’, this one is like Dorthea Lange in Miami.

Reveal Esteban hanging it while Joe watches.

ESTEBAN

You have a confused woman on your

hands.

This I know.

JOE

ESTEBAN

Do you know why she is confused?

JOE

No. She can have anything she wants, go to the best restaurants--

ESTEBAN

--that allow Latins.

JOE

There’s nothing for her to worry about. We can grow old together.

ESTEBAN

Perhaps you will.

JOE

She won’t divorce Shithead.

(CONTINUED)

91.

CONTINUED:

ESTEBAN

I could live a thousand years and never understand the hold that pendejo has over her.

JOE

Have you seen him?

ESTEBAN

Every time I walk down the worst block in Havana, he sits there in one of the bars, drinking her money.

Our money.

JOE

ESTEBAN

I would reconsider.

What?

JOE

ESTEBAN

Killing him. Better, perhaps, that

he does it himself. If you did it,

some part of her would never

forgive you.

INT. PARISIAN SPEAKEASY - SEVEN PM

RD Walks in and picks up an ENVELOPE from a WOMAN AT THE BAR. He leaves and envelope of his own. The woman picks it up.

JOE (V.O.)

It was addressed to Sir Joseph

Coughlin, nigger fucker.

She opens it.

JOE (V.O.)

Inside was a two word note: ***Sixty***

***percent.***

Just then a BOMB COMES THROUGH THE WINDOW AND EXPLODES. Smoke and damage...

JOE (V.O.)

Wasn’t much of a bomb but it

didn’t have to be. A drummer lost

his hand and never played again

and a waitress hired the week

before got killed.

92.

EXT. YBOR CITY STREETS - DAY

Joe’s guys crawl through the neighborhood in new cars, looking out windows.

JOE (V.O.)

I sent out crews day and night to

find him. But he went hard to the

ground.

INT. EAST SIDE SPEAKEASY - NIGHT

An active club, filled mostly with black Cubans, is in full-swing. Musicians play, people drink and laugh.

RD walks in and starts SHOOTING PEOPLE AT RANDOM. He shots FOUR PEOPLE, the crowd fleeing and screaming. He turns around, PUTS A NOTE ON THE BAR, and walks back out the door.

JOE (V.O.)

Same note. Same message.

EXT. CHIEF FIGGIS HOME, FRONT PORCH - DAY

Joe, alone, sits on the porch opening and closing his father’s watch.

Chief Figgis pulls up, gets out and heads up his walk towards Joe.

CHIEF FIGGIS

Want a beer? It’s near beer but it

ain’t bad.

Love one.

JOE

Figgis goes into the house, Joe waits, he comes back out with a beer.

JOE

I need to get to RD.

CHIEF FIGGIS

I expect you would feel that way.

JOE

You know how this ends if you

don’t help me?

No. I don’t.

CHIEF FIGGIS

(CONTINUED)

93.

CONTINUED:

JOE

More bodies. More writing about cigar city slaughter and you get pushed out.

You, too.

Maybe.

CHIEF FIGGIS

JOE

CHIEF FIGGIS

Difference is, when you get pushed out, someone does it a bullet to the back of your ear.

JOE

If he goes away, the war ends.

CHIEF FIGGIS

1. ’m not selling out my wife’s brother.
2. oe looks out on the street.

JOE

I don’t want to do this.

Do what?

CHIEF FIGGIS

JOE

What you’re about to make me do.

CHIEF FIGGIS

I’m not making you do anything.

Yeah. You are.

JOE

Joe removes a BATCH OF PHOTOS. Figgis looks at Joe, then quickly down at the photos and then back up.

JOE

She didn’t make it to Hollywood.

She only made it to Los Angeles.

Figgis looks at the second photo then shuts his eyes tight. We see a glimpse of some *pornography* in the photo.

CHIEF FIGGIS

That’s not right.

Then he puts his hands over his face.

JOE

We’ve got her with a special

doctor.

(CONTINUED)

94.

CONTINUED:

He lowers his hands, revealing red eyes.

CHIEF FIGGIS

What kind of doctor?

JOE

Kind that gets people off Heroin, Irv.

CHIEF FIGGIS

Do not ever call me by my Christian name. You will call me Chief Figgis for whatever years or days remain in our acquaintance, are we clear?

JOE

I didn’t *do* this to her.

CHIEF FIGGIS

Name your price. For telling me where my daughter is.

He turns and looks at Joe.

JOE

In a clean facility.

(beat)

I can’t tell you where.

Until?

CHIEF FIGGIS

Joe holds his look. Figgis gets up slowly and GOES INSIDE. From outside we HEAR:

CHIEF FIGGIS

(on phone)

RD, you’re gonna meet with this

boy again and there ain’t another

discussion be to had on the

matter.

(beat)

Yeah, I’ll come too.

(beat)

Longboat key, by the Ritz tonight

at ten.

He walks back out.

CHIEF FIGGIS

When do I get her location?

JOE

When I walk out from this meeting

alive.

Joe gets up and walks to his car.

(CONTINUED)

95.

CONTINUED:

CHIEF FIGGIS

Do it yourself.

What?

JOE

CHIEF FIGGIS

If you’re going to kill him be man

enough to pull the trigger. Ain’t

no pride in having other people do

what you’re too weak to do

yourself.

JOE

In my experience, you don’t have

to be much of anything to pull a

trigger.

Joe walks down, gets in his car and drives away.

JOE (V.O.)

The thing about this business was

that every time you sold a piece

of yourself the easier it got.

EXT. RITZ HOTEL - NIGHT

The Hotel is still being assembled, construction halted at night. The place takes on an eerie, abandoned air.

And the last shot reveals JOE, walking toward camera in the night.

We see his POV: RD and TWO MORE MEN stand waiting for him. A bit of an OK corral feel. The two men are SHINE RUNNERS for RD. They have short ties on short collar shirts and wool trousers held up by suspenders.

Hey, RD.

JOE

RD PRUITT

Where’s my brother in law?

JOE

He didn’t come.

RD PRUITT

(calls to his guys)

Boys, this the one here is rat tricky. Take your eyes off that pea shooter, I promise it’ll be in his hands.

Shine runner #1 holds a rifle on Joe.

Not likely.

SHINE RUNNER #1

(CONTINUED)

96.

CONTINUED:

RD PRUITT

(to Joe)

You a man of your word?

JOE

Depends on who I give it to.

RD PRUITT

So you ain’t come alone like I ordered?

JOE

No. I ain’t come alone.

RD laughs.

RD PRUITT

We been waitin’ out here.

JOE

Trust me. I’m not alone.

RD walks a little to his left.

Where they at?

RD PRUITT

JOE

Shit, RD. That would spoil the fun.

(beat)

You know this could be the biggest casino in the United States. Once prohibition ends--

RD PRUITT

It ain’t gonna end prohibition in a God fearing country.

JOE

Yes it will. Whole country’s in the tank, banks going under, cities are bankrupt--

RD PRUITT

‘Cause we got a communist President--

JOE

Lost too much money in taxes on liquor-- and that’s why they’ll allow this state to legalize gambling. And you can be part of that, RD--

RD PRUITT

I don’t want to be part of nothin’ with you.

(CONTINUED)

97.

CONTINUED:

JOE

How much is he paying you for this?

Who?

RD PRUITT

JOE

Albert White. How much is he

paying you. I hope it’s a lot,

considering all the work you’ve

done for him shooting up my

speaks.

RD considers this, then gives in.

RD PRUITT

Yeah. I took his Catholic money.

Do you know why? ‘Cause I’d a done

it for free. You are a pestilence.

You and your nigger whore

girlfriend and your dirty dago

friends. I’m a take the Parisian.

Not sixty percent. The whole

thing. I’m a take *all* your clubs.

I’m a take everything you got.

Might even go by your house and

tear off a piece of that nigger

girl ‘fore I cut her throat.

He laughs a little, getting emboldened.

RD PRUITT

You ain’t got this yet but you

leavin’ town, boy. You just forgot

to pack your bags.

JOE

(looks them over)

All right. Go ahead.

JOE PULLS HIS GUN AND FIRES. The others FIRE BACK.

DINO AND A COUGHLIN THUG STEP FROM A CONCEALED PLACE AND RIDDLE RD AND HIS MEN WITH MACHINE GUN FIRE.

Dion and the Gun Thug, step forward and inspect the dead Klansmen. One seems to be moving. Dion FIRES A ROUND IN THE MAN’S HEAD.

We see Joe.

JOE

I hope I didn’t interrupt you

guys.

DION

You said wait ‘till you gave us

the sign.

(CONTINUED)

98.

CONTINUED:

Joe FALLS DOWN unceremoniously on his ass. Dion and the Gun Thug run over.

Joe’s FACE IS WHITE. He looks down at his abdomen, which is covered in blood.

Shit.

JOE

DION

1. t’s all right. We’ll get you to a doc.
2. oe falls back, starting to get faint.

JOE

Fuck. It hurts.

DION

1. t hurts but it’s not gonna kill you.
2. oe is fading.

JOE

I shouldn’t have shown him the pictures.

What?

Figgis.

DION

JOE

DION

Christ. We had to put this prick

down.

JOE

It’s gonna make a great casino.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Joe lies in a hospital bed, asleep but alive.

JOE (V.O.)

Five weeks in a hospital bed.

We see KLAN RIDERS OUTSIDE, it’s night.

We see DION smoking in a car outside, out of focus TORCHES off in the distance.

JOE (V.O.)

When they left Dion sent men to

follow them home.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

99.

CONTINUED:

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And just before dawn, unknown assailants broke into eight homes and beat those men nearly to death.

Various HOME INVASIONS, where masked men break in, beat and pistol whip a series of KLANSMEN.

JOE (V.O.)

That effectively ended the power

of the KKK in Tampa.

Smoke rising the next day. Dion standing, watching.

JOE (V.O.)

The bullet had been deflected by

my father’s pocket watch, so it

missed my kidney.

Joe gingerly walks up the steps to Graciela’s home.

JOE (V.O.)

Shellfish, nuts, Cuban food,

alcohol and sex were forbidden.

INT. GRACIELA’S HOUSE - LOW SUN

Sun coming up (or going down)--Joe lies in Graciela’s arms on a love seat overlooking the view.

GRACIELA

(Spanish)

*There will never be another.*

What’s that?

JOE

GRACIELA

(Spanish)

*Man. You are my man until death.*

JOE

What about your husband?

GRACIELA

(Spanish)

*Adnan is not a man. You, my love, are a man.*

JOE

But you’ll always be married to him.

In name only.

GRACIELA

JOE

What’s in a name?

(CONTINUED)

100.

CONTINUED:

(laughs)

Agreed.

GRACIELA

Tears are forming at the corners of her eyes.

GRACIELA

You are my husband. Siempre.

INT. JOE’S HOUSE - ANOTHER DAY

Light streaming into the house, Graciela carrying champagne and a bag of food.

JOE (V.O.)

And when the doctors cleared us.

We closed the shutters, filled the

icebox with food and champagne and

confined ourselves to the canopy

bed for two days.

Joe and Graciela make love-- more careful and self aware than the lovemaking scenes with Emma Gould.

The two of them are naked but not in an exploitative way, vulnerable.

They lie in the red dusk, shutters re-opened with the ceiling fan cooling their bodies.

EXT. UNION STATION - DAY

Chief Figgis takes LORETTA off the train, she is SHROUDED HEAD TO TOE IN BLACK.

JOE (V.O.)

That was the summer Loretta

returned to Tampa.

We see the FIGGIS HOME. Slowly push on it.

JOE (V.O.)

Irv’s wife moved out and took

their son with him. No one saw

Loretta for the whole season.

Inside the FIGGIS HOME. Loretta in on her knees, in front of a bed. He father WHIPS her backside, unrelentingly. A fervor in his eyes.

JOE (V.O.)

Irv taught her to pray on her

knees. He made her a supplicant

and beat the devil from her

morning to night.

Loretta in so much pain, she is nearly in a trance.

101.

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

Joe is in the tub, scars almost healed. Graciela comes in, slips off a robe and gets in across from him. He looks at her.

GRACIELA

Can I take your name?

JOE

You want to marry me?

GRACIELA

I cannot marry you in a church.

Okay.

JOE

GRACIELA

We are married, are we not?

Yes.

JOE

GRACIELA

So I would like to call myself by your surname.

JOE

Graciella Isabella Lunes Martes

Miercoles Jueves Coughlin.

She laughs, splashes water at him.

GRACIELA

I don’t have that many names.

He kisses her.

JOE

Graciella Coughlin?

GRACIELA

I would be honored.

They kiss.

GRACIELA

I have bought some buildings.

JOE

(smiles)

You bought *some* buildings? We get married, right away you start spending my money?

He is teasing. She looks at him innocently.

(CONTINUED)

102.

CONTINUED:

GRACIELA

Three. By the Perez factory.

JOE

Oh, so just three buildings?

GRACIELA

I would like to give shelter there

to abandoned wives and their

children.

JOE

What happened to Cuban politics

for a cause?

GRACIELA

I fell in love with you. You

restrict my mobility.

EXT. FLORIDA BUSH, AERIAL - DAY

We come off the ocean over a jungle--- and arrive at a small cluster of CASITAS built by Graciela.

EXT. CASITAS - DAY

Graciella walks Joe through the tent city, teeming with extremely POOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

GRACIELA

The men go up to get milk, they

hear a rumor of work and they

never come back. Without men to

protect them, these women--

She gestures around her.

GRACIELA

Are raped or turned to basement

prostitution. The children enter

the streets and news that returns

of them is seldom good.

Joe looks out over the dismal scene.

GRACIELA

This can be a model of good to the

rest of the world--

JOE

I’ve seen some of the world. No

one was looking for good.

GRACIELA

Men can be good and just in this

world. Why not?

(CONTINUED)

103.

CONTINUED:

Greed.

JOE

She looks at him, not understanding.

JOE

Look how we live.

GRACIELA

Yes. I have become like those who

my parents worked for. But we

give back. Look what you gave the

Suarez clinic.

JOE

They saved my life.

GRACIELA

You built a library the year

before.

JOE

So I could learn to read.

GRACIELA

The books are in Spanish.

JOE

Learn to read Spanish.

GRACIELA

Your Spanish is abominable.

JOE

I guess we need another library.

She smiles. They walk farther along. It’s not all wide- eyed innocents, many of the people look rough.

JOE

Do you think, if you had nothing,

any of these people would take you

in?

GRACIELA

(genuine)

Why does it matter?

JOE

I don’t know. It does to me.

GRACIELA

I would like to leave some

footprints in the sand.

JOE

I know you do. Look you want to rescue these women and their kids? Good. I love you for that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

104.

CONTINUED:

JOE (CONT'D)

But some people aren’t gonna want to let them go.

GRACIELA

I know that. That’s why I’ll need a couple of your men.

My men?

JOE

GRACIELA

Four for starters. But, mi amado,

(smiles at him)

they have to be the toughest ones

that you have.

INT. SMALL CHURCH - DAY

Loretta, dressed all in white, preaches to a small congregation while a PASTOR looks on approvingly.

JOE (V.O.)

Loretta found God. She spoke at

local churches.

LORETTA FIGGIS

(in a quiet voice)

We must remove, if we want to live

close to god, the temptation--

that is likely to tease the sinner

in each of us. Alcohol releases

those guards we’ve built against

our lesser selves, the narcotic

eats at the soul.

She BARES HER TRACK MARKS. A few inspired calls from the congregation. Calls of encouragement ring out.

LORETTA FIGGIS

And what are the rolling dice but

the idolatrous tumbling of a false

god, the allure of a fast road to

the rewards that God tells us only

come from hard work. It is when

the gambler’s children are

starving, and the drunkards, that

they see the sinfulness in which

they have marinated themselves.

The only road to salvation is

through repentance.

JOE (V.O.)

The show was a hit. Which wouldn’t

have been a problem except it

seemed her visions of Tampa burned

black by sin didn’t include a

casino. That and she kept getting

more popular.

105.

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - NIGHT

A large rally led by Loretta. Throngs of people have turned out to hear Loretta preach, while she wears a nearly see-through dress, exposing her silhouette.

Dion and Joe, semi-camouflaged among farmers and various workers, listening rapt.

LORETTA FIGGIS

In my darkest hours I know I’m too

weak. The siren song of sin preys

on that which is most appealing to

you. Life is full of pain and

sinfulness is a false balm to

soothe it. But the only true

healing comes from God. It is not

enough to have the demon rum

flowing in our cities, now men

would seek to build a house of

gambling on our waterfront. Is our

virtue that cheap?

Dion and Joe look at one another. He rubs his forehead. This isn’t going to go away.

DION

My virtue’s always been pretty

cheap.

What virtue?

JOE

DION

Sarasota is going to fucking hate

this.

JOE

Let me deal with it.

DION

They don’t need this shit. Casino

is two percent of their business

they don’t need to be the people

turning white Christians into

junkies.

JOE

Just let me deal with it.

INT. REVIVAL TENT, BACKSTAGE - LATER

Joe and Dion enter. Loretta is there, along with a small retinue of others. There is an, “after the show,” concert feel.

She notices them come in. Smiles broadly.

(CONTINUED)

106.

CONTINUED:

Mr. Coughlin!

Joe takes her hand.

LORETTA FIGGIS

JOE

Ms. Figgis. Great show tonight. I appreciate you taking the time to talk.

LORETTA FIGGIS

Of course. What can I do for you?

JOE

Well, we’d like to talk about the Ritz.

She smiles with a hint of condescension.

LORETTA FIGGIS

My father says there was once a good man in you.

JOE

I wasn’t aware he’d departed.

LORETTA FIGGIS

You do quite a bit for the people here but we both know your good works are mitigated by your evil deeds.

How’s that?

JOE

LORETTA FIGGIS

You profit from the illegal

addictions of others-- their

weakness and sloth and libidinous

behavior. But you can free

yourself of that.

JOE

I don’t want to.

LORETTA FIGGIS

Of course you do.

JOE

Miss Figgis, you seem like a

lovely woman and I hear the flock

is up threefold since you took

over.

A PASTOR holds up *five* fingers. It’s quintupled.

(CONTINUED)

107.

CONTINUED:

JOE

I sell a product people enjoy so much that an amendment to the US constitution will be overturned

within a year.

PASTOR

That’s not true.

JOE

More booze was drunk in the last ten years than ever before in this country. Because people didn’t want to be told they couldn’t do it.

LORETTA FIGGIS

The same could be said of fornication. People want it and they don’t want to be told they can’t have it.

JOE

Nor should they.

I’m sorry?

LORETTA FIGGIS

JOE

If people want to fornicate I see no reason to stop them, Miss Figgis.

LORETTA FIGGIS

And if they wish to lie down with animals?

Do they?

I’m sorry?

JOE

LORETTA FIGGIS

JOE

Do people want to lie down with animals?

LORETTA FIGGIS

Some do. And their sickness will spread if you have your way.

JOE

I’m not sure I see a correlation between drinking and lying down with animals.

LORETTA FIGGIS

There is a correlation across all sin.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

108.

CONTINUED:

LORETTA FIGGIS (CONT'D)

It is all against the wishes of

God and thus all equally

offensive.

JOE

We hoped maybe you would be

amenable to omitting the casino

issue in your sermons- so we can

go forward with a business that

will bring a lot of jobs, which

will reduce the sinfulness that comes with poverty and idle hands-- and we would be willing to give to the church generously, hell we’d even build some churches.

LORETTA FIGGIS

Roman soldiers gambled for Jesus’ bloodied robes at the crucifixion. What does that tell you? If God re- writes the bible to cast gambling as virtuous, I will refrain from speaking against it, until then-- we don’t get to pick our sins, Mr. Coughlin.

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS, EMPTY AUDIENCE AREA - LATER

Joe and Dion walk through the rubbish left from the show; hay, paper cups, general trash-- but few people around.

DION

I like how you dealt with it.

JOE

Yeah. I’m good.

DION

She’s gotta go.

JOE

You don’t think I’ve thought about

it?

DION

It’s not thinking about it. It’s

getting it done.

(quiet) I can’t do it.

JOE

DION

She’s gonna fuck up the whole deal.

JOE

I know. And no one touches her.

(CONTINUED)

109.

CONTINUED:

DION

That’s a mistake.

No shit.

JOE

EXT. SARASOTA, LONGBOAT KEY - DAY

Joe and Dion walk out of a building and toward their car, they slow to appreciate the water as it glistens.

JOE (V.O.)

Two days later the boys in

Sarasota told us they were gonna

hold on to the Ritz, wait out the

dip in the economy. Climate wasn’t

right.

JOE

It would have been a great casino.

DION

You’ll have another chance. Things

swing back around.

JOE

Not all things.

DION

Farucco still thinks we should get

a plane.

JOE

I got enough problems without

crazy Farucco Diaz putting a

machine gun in an airplane.

DION

He just thinks be better at

spotting the coast guard.

JOE

Jesus Christ. You want to buy a

fucking plane, Dion? Go ahead. You

won’t need it too long.

EXT. RUSTIC FLORIDA HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

They drive home in a GANGSTER’S CAR through a Florida so rural, so rustic, so empty and so beautiful, it is unrecognizable to the modern eye.

JOE (V.O.)

They announced it on the radio,

just when we got back.

110.

EXT. YBOR CITY STREETS - SUNSET

FIREWORKS! A street party, people running, exultant. A city celebrates in the streets. Openly drinking under the flickering candles exploding in the sky.

Everyone is thrilled except Joe. On him, 48 fps as he is the only stoic face among celebrants.

JOE (V.O.)

President elect Roosevelt promised

to sign the Cullen-Harrison act

the minute he was elected;

effectively ending prohibition.

(beat)

No booze. No casino. It was over.

INT. NINO’S COFFEE SHOP - NEXT MORNING

Joe walks across the street and enters the diner.

He turns and sees LORETTA FIGGIS sitting there.

LORETTA FIGGIS

Mr. Coughlin please, sit.

JOE

You’re not wearing white?

LORETTA FIGGIS

It’s almost white.

She gives a small, vulnerable smile.

LORETTA FIGGIS

Why does my father hate you so

much.

JOE

(shrugs)

I’m a criminal. He’s chief of

police.

LORETTA FIGGIS

No he liked you. He said you were

the mayor of Ybor.

He said that?

There is a longer pause.

How was it?

What?

JOE

JOE

LORETTA FIGGIS

(CONTINUED)

111.

CONTINUED:

JOE

Women's National Hospital for

Inebriates and Opium Eaters.

LORETTA FIGGIS

It was a hospital room. It was clean.

(beat)

What did you do?

JOE

I paid for the room.

To him.

Quiet, then, simply:

LORETTA FIGGIS

JOE

We had photographs.

LORETTA FIGGIS

And you showed them to him?

JOE

I showed him two.

LORETTA FIGGIS

How many did you have?

Dozens.

JOE

She looks into her saucer.

LORETTA FIGGIS

We’re all going to hell.

JOE

I don’t think you are.

LORETTA FIGGIS

Without those of us who bought the drug and banished the liquor, where would you people be?

JOE

We created and destroyed one another, it seems.

LORETTA FIGGIS

You know what I’ve learned, as I’ve been thrusting my soul out to God?

No.

JOE

(CONTINUED)

112.

CONTINUED:

LORETTA FIGGIS

This is heaven. Right here. We’re

in it now.

JOE

Then how come it looks like hell.

LORETTA FIGGIS

Because we fucked it all up.

She smiles at his small reaction. She’s seen and said and done worse.

LORETTA FIGGIS

After my...trials, I slept in the

bed of my childhood. I felt it

again. The way I felt as a child.

That I would always have my mommy

and my daddy and the world would

look just like Tampa and everyone

would know my name and wish good

things for me. I felt certain

again. And I had missed it, more

than any drug. I missed it more

than the god who bequeathed it to

me. Certainty, Mr. Coughlin, is

the most gorgeous lie of all.

A refill comes.

LORETTA FIGGIS

My mother passed away last week,

did you know that?

JOE

I hadn’t heard, Loretta, I’m

sorry.

LORETTA FIGGIS

She told my father he didn’t love

God. He loved the idea of being

special to him.

A bell tinkles as a couple enter the store.

LORETTA FIGGIS

I don’t know if there is a God. I

certainly hope there is. And I

hope he’s kind. Wouldn’t that be

swell Mr. Coughlin?

I’d say so.

JOE

LORETTA FIGGIS

You seem not to despair, Mr. Coughlin. Do you have a secret?

(CONTINUED)

113.

CONTINUED:

JOE

No. Just my wife. I hope there’s a

God as much as you-- but if there

isn’t, she’s enough.

LORETTA FIGGIS

But what if you lose her?

Joe isn’t going to address that.

JOE

What are you going to do now?

LORETTA FIGGIS

What do you mean?

JOE

You beat me. You stopped the

casino. The law couldn’t do it.

The Klan couldn’t. But you did.

LORETTA FIGGIS

(smiles)

I didn’t get rid of alcohol.

JOE

No, but you killed gambling and

before you came along it was a

lock.

She looks up with an actual smile.

LORETTA FIGGIS

I did do that, didn’t I?

JOE

And what’s your father going to

do?

LORETTA FIGGIS

Sit in his chair. Blind with rage

that men touched his daughter the

way he used to touch his wife. And

worse.

She rubs some sugar on the table with her index finger.

LORETTA FIGGIS

He walks around the house

whispering one word over and over.

What word?

JOE

LORETTA FIGGIS

Repent.

(beat)

Repent. Repent. Repent.

(CONTINUED)

114.

CONTINUED:

JOE

Well...Give him time.

We watch her, stirring her coffee, looking out over the budding boulevard.

JOE (V.O.)

She went back to wearing white.

Kept packing them in. Added some

new tricks, spoke in tongues.

Frothed at the mouth. I saw a

picture of her in the paper and

almost didn’t recognize her. But I

wasn’t prepared for it when I

heard.

ESTEBAN (PRE-LAP)

She killed herself.

INT. ESTEBAN’S PLACE - AFTERNOON

Joe and Esteban in the darkened back area of his club. Esteban’s PHOTOS line the walls.

Who?

JOE

ESTEBAN

Loretta Figgis.

Joe is taken aback, wind gone out of him.

Why?

Who can say?

How?

JOE

ESTEBAN

JOE

ESTEBAN

It must have taken, really, tremendous fortitude. Strength.

What?

JOE

ESTEBAN

She cut out her vagina. And then cut her windpipe.

(beat)

Can you imagine what it would take to castrate yourself?

No.

JOE

(CONTINUED)

115.

CONTINUED:

ESTEBAN

I am too much of a coward.

JOE

Where did she do it?

ESTEBAN

In her father’s bed.

My god.

JOE

ESTEBAN

Do you blame yourself? She went

west, as so many girls do. And she

was preyed upon. And not by you.

JOE

No. But by men like us. The booze

pays for the girls and the girls

pay for the drugs. We give the

drugs to the girls so we can pimp

them out. That pays for the booze

and one hand washes the other.

ESTEBAN

We’re not our brother’s keeper. In

fact, it’s an insult to our

brother to imagine that we are.

Esteban rises and points to some of his photos on the wall.

ESTEBAN

Look at these people, if this man,

say--

He points to an old man in the photo.

ESTEBAN

Dies from drunkenness is it our

fault?

Joe doesn’t respond.

No?

ESTEBAN

JOE

When was that picture taken?

A month ago.

You’re sure?

ESTEBAN

JOE

(CONTINUED)

116.

CONTINUED:

ESTEBAN

I took this photograph myself a

month and three days ago. Why?

He points at the picture.

JOE

Because that woman died in 1927.

We see in the photo three quarters of a face, a woman standing next to TWO WORKING MEN. There is no question. It’s EMMA GOULD.

Title up: **Part III Tampa 1933-1935**

EXT. FLORIDA BEACH - AFTERNOON

Joe watches Graciela from afar. She walks through the shallow water. Waves lap over her feet as they break softly on the sand.

EXT. FLORIDA BEACH - LATER

Graciela sits in front of Joe. His arms are wrapped around her. Clearly deep in thought. He says, quietly in her ear:

JOE

There has never been anyone like

you in my life.

Almost.

GRACIELA

INT. TROPICALE - DAY

The place is closed, intimate. Dion looks at a PICTURE. Dion looks at a photograph in silence. It’s the one of

Emma.

DION

You sure it’s her.

He doesn’t answer.

DION

You tell Graciela?

No.

Why not?

JOE

DION

(CONTINUED)

117.

CONTINUED:

JOE

You tell your women everything?

DION

I don’t tell ‘em shit. But you’re more of a Nance than me.

(smiles)

Just say, look, sorry hon’. That girl I been bent out of shape over for a decade, she’s not dead. She’s in Miami. Don’t make a big fucking thing out of it.

He starts laughing, heartily. Then slows--

DION

When you going?

Going where?

JOE

DION

You found out this girl you used

to be bugs for is sixty miles

away. When are you going?

JOE

When the meeting with Maso is

over.

DION

Good. Give you something to live

for.

INT. DISTILLERY TUNNELS - DAY

Joe and Dion walk through the narrow tunnel, ultimately arriving in the distillery.

JOE (V.O.)

Whenever they wanted to kill you,

there was always a tell. It was

always a break in routine.

DION

Him and his guys are taking over

half a train to get down here.

That’s a big entourage.

JOE

We do eleven and a half million.

From a fucking *cow* town. And

that’s just rum. I know he’d cut

my throat for a nickel but there’s

no percentage in killing me. All

we’ve done is sent bags of money

up to his mansion in Nahant.

(CONTINUED)

118.

CONTINUED:

DION

I just don’t like the signs.

JOE

What fucking signs?

DION

We lost the casino. We never moved

on narcotics... and you’re Irish

in a world where there ain’t much

of a shortage in guineas.

Joe thinks this over. He’s right.

DION

You’re walking into a building

where he bought up every room. I

can’t hide a weapon, nothing.

You’re going in blind and we’ll be outside.

INT. JOE AND GRACIELA’S HOUSE - DAY

JOE

I need you to go to Miami for a while.

She feels both stung and as if she expected this.

GRACIELA

For how long do you want me to go

for a while?

JOE

Not long. But I want you to go.

And I don’t want you to tell me

where you are. Tell Dion. He won’t tell anyone but me.

GRACIELA

So you can find out if you are as cruel as you need to be.

Yeah.

JOE

GRACIELA

Joseph, even if you win today’s battle, there is so much violence in what you do, it must come back to you.

He says nothing.

GRACIELA

Don’t leave me to raise a child on my own.

(CONTINUED)

119.

CONTINUED:

A look on Joe’s face. Is she pregnant? Is she talking about a theoretical future. He doesn’t ask. He doesn’t want to know.

EXT. FLORIDA ROADS - DAY

Joe and Dion cruise in an incredible gangster car along a stretch of highway. Just open road.

EXT. ROMERO HOTEL, ESTABLISHING - DAY

Joe and Dion pull up. A BELL HOP hops to. Gets their keys.

INT. ROMERO HOTEL, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Dion are being escorted by ADOMO and GINO VALOCCO.

JOE (V.O.)

I knew Gino from back home. His

brother Adomo was a gun monkey for

Maso. They weren’t muscle and they

weren’t brains. They were killers.

JOE

Where you living now?

Naponset.

GINO

JOE

You settled down?

GINO

Two kids. Whole thing. You got any?

No.

JOE

GINO

There’s never a right time.

JOE (V.O.)

Italians. Four guys walking to an elevator. Two with machine guns

asking about the wife and kids.

They get to the elevator and leave the Vacco brothers behind.

120.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

They get on and are greeted by an OPERATOR, ILLARIO NOBLE.

JOE (V.O.)

Illario Nobile. Yellow from the

hep and he can put a rifle shot

through a flea’s ass in a solar

eclipse.

EXT. TENTH FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The elevator doors open. Joe and Dion are greeted by FAUSTO SCARFONE. He wordlessly escorts them down the hall.

INT. MASO’S SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

The DOOR OPENS TO REVEAL MASO.

MASO

How are you, my son?

Fine.

JOE

MASO

Fausto, see if Dino needs

anything.

This is a way of saying Dino waits outside. Joe walks in. INT. GASPRILLA SUITE - CONTINUOUS

This is the nicest suite in the hotel. Maso kisses Joe on both sides. Kisses his forehead. Pats his back, an elaborate show.

Maso moves over to a table and chairs. Pours Joe a cup of coffee.

Salud.

Salud.

MASO

JOE

MASO

How’ve you been?

Good, you?

JOE

MASO

More good days than bad.

(CONTINUED)

121.

CONTINUED:

Joe sees DIGGER, silently standing off to the side in the room.

Maso looks out the window onto the water. We can hear waves crashing in the far off distance.

JOE (V.O.)

For such a violent business it was

populated with a surprising number

of guys who were just putting food

on the table.

Digger pops an orange slice.

JOE (V.O.)

Digger wasn’t one of those guys.

Maso produces a NEWSPAPER. The cover of which reads DEATH OF A MADONNA. There is a photo of Loretta Figgis.

MASO

This the philly who fucked up the

whole casino thing?

Yeah.

JOE

MASO

Why didn’t you clip her then?

JOE

Too much blowback.

MASO

That’s not it.

(beat)

You’re not a killer, Joseph. And that’s the problem.

Since when?

JOE

MASO

You’re not a gangster. You’re a bandit in a suit. That’s why you didn’t kill that *puttana pazo.* Now I hear you’re thinking of going legitimate?

JOE

Thinking about it.

MASO

Then you won’t mind if I replace you down here?

(CONTINUED)

122.

CONTINUED:

JOE

When I got here this outfit did a million a year. You know where we are now?

MASO

Yes, but that’s all rum. You neglected the girls and the narcotics.

Bullshit.

Excuse me?

JOE

MASO

JOE

I focused on the rum because it was the most profitable but I added four houses since in my time here.

MASO

Yes but you could have added more. And the girls claim they are rarely beaten.

Maso, I--

JOE

MASO

--Mr. Pescatore.

Joe lets out a smile sigh. He sees the road turning.

MASO

I’m making a change. I want

Italians and only Italians down

here now.

JOE

I ran Ybor. I ran all of Tampa.

Did you ever have a problem?

MASO

You did more than that. You ran

the whole coast. You boxed out

Albert, put him in a little piss

corner of Miami. I been through

the books. You made us a force

down here.

JOE

But now no Irish need apply? What

can I be?

Digger pipes up.

(CONTINUED)

123.

CONTINUED:

DIGGER

What I fucking tell you to be. Before you get a fucking pop in the mouth.

Maso gives Joe a *don’t mind him* look.

MASO

1. *onsigliere.* You teach Digger the ropes. Meet people. Teach him to fish.
2. igger stares at him.

MASO

But you need to take a haircut.

JOE

What kind of haircut?

MASO

Digger gets your take.

JOE

Maso, I think Digger taking over is a great idea. We’ll run Florida and take over Cuba. But my cut needs to stay close to what it is now. And there’s no power in being crew boss and shaking down longshoremen.

DIGGER

You ever think maybe that’s the point?

JOE

I built this. You need me.

MASO

We could use you. But I’m sensing a lack of gratitude.

So am I.

DIGGER

MASO

You work for me. Not the spics and niggers you hang out with. If I tell you to clean the shit out of my toilet, guess what you do?

Maso smiles, his voice soft.

MASO

I’ll kill your cunt girlfriend and burn your house to embers if I feel like it.

(CONTINUED)

124.

CONTINUED:

He pats Joe’s face.

MASO

So you want to be crew boss or clean the shit out of my toilet? I’m accepting applications for both.

(smiles)

Crew boss.

JOE

MASO

(patting him)

My boy.

They rise.

JOE

Dinner tonight? We have a few nice spots set aside.

MASO

Wonderful. And make sure your friend is dead by then.

What?

The heavy one.

JOE

MASO

JOE

He hasn’t done anything.

MASO

You lied to me, Joseph. It wasn’t

his brother who ratted you out. It

was him.

This catches Joe off guard.

MASO

There’s a disrespect. It needs to

be answered for.

The door behind him opened and ALBERT WHITE WALKES INTO THE ROOM.

The first thing Joe notices is that Albert looks older. The second was is he has a THOMPSON in his hand. It has a grove worn in near the trigger.

JOE (V.O.)

Sal Urso’s gun. His wedding ring

wore a groove in the side. There

was no possibility that someone

else had his weapon and he was

still alive.

(CONTINUED)

125.

CONTINUED:

Albert approaches Joe.

ALBERT

You see my fortunes have changed a

little bit. Me and Maso patched

things up. Just made sense. Then

I’m telling him a funny story

about how you got beat to within

an inch of your life because Dino

told me you were screwing around.

Little bit of a shock. Turns out

you are the lying prick everyone

thought you were. He always gave

you the benefit but now-- you

can’t expect Mr. Pescatore to work

with someone he can’t trust.

Albert REMOVES JOE’S WEAPON FROM HIS WAIST.

MASO

The thing about Mr. White that you

probably should have grasped is

that he knows Tampa.

DIGGER

Which means nobody needs you, dumb

fuck.

Oddly, Albert, Maso and Digger keep turning toward the window.

Albert raises his gun, admires it, looks to Joe.

ALBERT

Nice piece. I understand you know

the owner.

JOE

(a trace of sadness)

1. did.
2. ust then, Joe’s guy SAL FLIES BY THE WINDOW, NOOSE AROUND HIS NECK. The noose PULLS TAUT, BREAKING SAL’S NECK. He dangles a story below their window.

JOE (V.O.)

They fucked up the length of the

noose. They wanted Sal to hang

right in front of me. But Sal had

the last word.

ANOTHER BODY FALLS INTO FRAME OUTSIDE THE WINDOW. It’s another Coughlin crew member, LEFTY. He dangles in front of them for a good fifteen seconds before he dies.

JOE (V.O.)

They got the length right with

Lefty.

(CONTINUED)

126.

CONTINUED:

Out the windows, down on the street GUNFIRE RANG OUT. They look down to see MASO’S MEN CHASING AND GUNNING DOWN JOE’S CREW. Shooting them in the street like rabid animals. Some of Joe’s men seem to ESCAPE.

Albert steps a bit closer to the window, looking concerned. The PESCATORE men are looking around, a bit confused.

ALBERT

Where’s the rest of them?

MASO

Joseph. Tell me.

JOE

Don’t call me Joseph.

Maso SLAPS him across the face.

MASO

What happened to them?

Joe looks Maso in the eye. Takes a beat:

MASO

Where the fuck are they!!?

ALBERT

Shit. The fucking tunnels.

What tunnels?

MASO

ALBERT

The ones running underneath this neighborhood. Its how they get the booze in.

DIGGER

So put men in the tunnels.

Albert restrains himself.

ALBERT

No one knows where they are. (points to Joe)

This asshole’s a genius, right.

He raises his gun.

Not anymore.

ALBERT

He brings his gun down with savage strength on JOE’S HEAD.

BLACK

(CONTINUED)

127.

CONTINUED:

Slowly sound comes up. A motor, the slap of waves on a hull. The black slowly lifts to reveal some detail, very close on woven burlap. He is wearing a hood. We hear:

PESCATORE THUG

He’s awake. Someone get Albert.

The hood is PULLED AWAY.

EXT. TUG BOAT AT SEA ON THE GULF OF MEXICO - DAY

Joe is tied to a chair. He is on the deck of a TUG BOAT. Hoods wander the deck, armed with weapons. Albert approaches Joe.

Joe is blinded momentarily by the sun. The first thing he sees is his father’s WATCH, which Albert is holding up.

TWO MEN DRAG A TUB OVER TO JOE.

JOE (V.O.)

The first thing I thought was,

“God, I wish there was some beer

in that fucking tub.”

But it isn’t filled with beer. Just CEMENT.

The guys DROP JOE’S FEET IN THE CEMENT.

ALBERT

Takes longer than you would think

to get hard. Like me.

He laughs. Genuinely happy. He takes out JOE’S FATHER’S WATCH, checks it. Shakes his head.

ALBERT

(re: watch)

Slow. Costs all the money in the

world. Can’t keep the time right.

Piece of shit.

He THROWS IT IN THE OCEAN.

ALBERT

We don’t get in this game to place

second. Back the wrong horse...

(snaps)

That’s it. Thought you would be

eating tomorrow? Looking at the

fucking sun? You won’t. So take a

last look. Because you die now.

JOE

Albert, listen to me. I have

something. If you don’t see it,

you will regret it your whole

life.

(CONTINUED)

128.

CONTINUED:

Albert considers this.

ALBERT

Go ahead uncuff him. He’s not

going anywhere.

Joe removes a PHOTO from his pocket and hands it to Albert. At first Albert’s smug grin remains on his face as he searches the picture. It slowly gives way to something between shock and fury.

Some of the men notice a DISTANT TRIANGLE SHAPE far away on the horizon.

Albert staring at the photograph.

She’s dead.

ALBERT

JOE

She look dead to you?

Where is she?

ALBERT

JOE

In the fucking picture, Albert.

ALBERT SLAMS HIS FIST INTO JOE’S HEAD. He topples. Gino Valocco points to something off the starboard bow

and calls out. A second BOAT appears, emerging from a spoil bank four hundred yards away.

Where is she?

ALBERT

JOE

Love to tell you. Love not to

drown more.

ALBERT

It’s an old one. You just folded

up an old one.

JOE

Yeah I thought that, too. But look

at the guy in the corner.

The MAN IN THE PHOTO holds a NEWSPAPER. Although the paper is upside down, we can make out the headline: PRESIDENT-ELECT ROOSEVELT SURVIVES ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT.

JOE

That was last month.

The two boats are now within 350 yards.

(CONTINUED)

129.

CONTINUED:

ALBERT

(seeing boats)

They’re half our size and we have

the high ground. We’ll kill every

fucking one of them.

Albert’s men KNELT ALONG THE GUNWALES, WEAPONS DRAWN. They await the coming boats.

He raises his gun at Joe.

ALBERT

Tell me where she is, I’ll make it

quick.

Ilario and Fausto pull up a TRIPOD and mount a .30-.06 -- a massive MACHINE GUN. As Ilario pulls our rolls of ammunitions, Fausto pulls from the crate a 1903 GATLING gun and rests it on the rail.

Just tell me.

ALBERT

The MEN BEGIN SHOUTING, changing positions as the runabouts began to MOVE ERRATICALLY.

ALBERT

(whispers, desperate)

Please. I love her.

JOE

I loved her, too.

ALBERT

Like you love that woman?

Yeah.

JOE

ALBERT

Is she nigger or spic?

Both.

JOE

ALBERT

And that doesn’t bother you?

JOE

Why does it matter?

ACTION STARTS

There is a tremendous amount of fire back and forth-- reminiscent of a seventeenth century cannon battle between warships-- but these are lined with machine guns.

(CONTINUED)

130.

CONTINUED:

Ilario and Fausto man the now FULLY MOUNTED MACHINE GUNS, bands of ammunition across their laps like a blanket-- looking every bit the Spanish-American war veterans that they are.

ALBERT

(gun forward)

Tell me.

JOE (V.O.)

No one heard the fourth engine

until it was too late.

A small AIRPLANE comes in high but dives fast. It’s FARUCCO DIAZ’S plane. The side door in open-- wherein we see DION HOLDING A MACHINE GUN.

Ilario turns to his left and bullets pass though his ear and INTO HIS NECK like a scythe.

Bullets strike Fausto. His arms dance in the air by his head and he tips over, spitting red.

The men all start SHOOTING AT THE PLANE. It BANKS UPWARD, STEEP. The men keep shooting, STEEPER after the plane-- until they are shooting almost STRAIGHT UP. They stop as the plane gets too far away and after a beat ALL THE BULLETS RAIN BACK DOWN-- tearing up the deck, striking men, causing panic.

The SMALLER BOATS with JOE’S MEN are now close enough to be fired upon but all of ALBERT’S GUNNERS HAVE TURNED THEIR BACKS TO SHOOT AT DION’S PLANE.

JOE’S MEN ON THE APPROACHING BOATS OPEN FIRE. Gunshots rip into Albert’s men, taken completely off guard, hitting the hips and knees and abdomen of a third of the men on the boat. They make the kind of noises men make when they are shot in the hips and abdomen and come slapping the floor.

The PLANE RETURNS FOR A SECOND PASS, Dion is working the machine gun like a fireman’s hose. Men fire from the boats. One man puts his hand on the machine gun barrel, which is so HOT the skin on the man’s hand SLIDES OFF.

The boats exchanging fire while the plane returns several times to strafe-- and absorb fire itself. The churning, shredding of wood, overheating of metal and the way men react when shot should feel uncomfortably real. Both thrilling and offering a terrible view of what violence is like between men of brutality when it reaches its climax.

When the dust settles, literally, we see several of JOE’S GUYS board the boat. PETER WALLACE and CARMINE set to work on the CEMENT with AXES. The cement hadn’t hardened completely-- a combined six swings FREES JOE.

(CONTINUED)

131.

CONTINUED:

The plane has LANDED IN THE WATER and it TAXIS TO THE TUG. Dion gets off, along with several more soldiers, and he approaches Joe.

How you doing?

DION

JOE

I told you not to get that fucking

plane.

Joe’s men begin the process of KILLING ALBERT’S WOUNDED SOLDIERS. We hear them BEG FOR THEIR LIVES, MOANING AND CALLING OUT until their voices are silences by sporadic CRACKS.

Dino and Joe stand on the deck, neither speaks, watching the men go methodically through the boat.

Fassani flips over Gino (Maso’s guy who walked Joe into the hotel). He is gurlging and crying.

JOE (V.O.)

I wondered what they would tell

his son.

Gino holds his hands in front of his face.

Wait!

GINO

Fasani shoots him in the heart. Kicks him into the gulf.

DION

(sees Joe thinking)

They would have killed every last

one of us. Hunted us down. You

know that.

(Joe doesn’t respond)

They didn’t expect to see old age.

Neither do I.

Carmine steps to a WOUNDED MAN who BEGS FOR HIS LIFE IN ITALIAN. Carmine fires, silencing the man. He looks around.

CARMINE

(in Italian)

That’s it.

It never ends.

No.

JOE

DION

JOE

Starting to wear me out.

(CONTINUED)

132.

CONTINUED:

I can see it.

DION

Fasani and Wallace drag ALBERT WHITE ACROSS THE DECK. They dump him in front of Joe.

Albert is long gone. Half his face is missing. A black crevice around where his upper left torso should be.

Joe looks at him.

JOE

(to Dion)

I had a thing I was gonna say to

him. “You thought you were gonna

get me but I got you.” But I

thought it might be too corny.

Dion looks at Joe’s pocket, where the watch should be.

DION

What happened to your watch?

Gone.

JOE

(looking at Albert)

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - LATER

The BOATS make their way back to shore. The plane BUZZES them and peels off.

On one boat, Joe stands by Dino, wind whipping past them.

JOE

(to Dion)

Either he’s north on 41 or it’s a

train. That’s the problem when you

make an enemy out of a son. He

knows you too well.

EXT. UNION STATION ESTABLISHING SHOT - EVENING

We see the train station from above.

EXT. FIELD NEAR UNION STATION - LATER

Digger and Maso are in the back seat of an Auburn sedan in a field just west of Union Station.

From the car we can see the red brick and white trim of the station, five tracks emerging from the back and splaying out like veins, aiming to carry cars all over the country.

A DRIVER/BODYMAN is in the front seat.

(CONTINUED)

133.

CONTINUED:

MASO

Should have gotten into fucking railroads, when there was still a chance back in the teens.

We got cars.

DIGGER

MASO

You don’t think they’ll notice a bunch of WOPS with swell cars and black hats driving through the fucking orange groves?

Go at night.

DIGGER

MASO

By now that Irish cocksucker has

roadblocks on every road all the

way to Jacksonville.

DIGGER

Well, they’re sold out on the

train pop-- I can get a plane out

of Orlando--

MASO

I ain’t gonna fly on one of those

fucking deathtraps.

DIGGER

Pop, they’re safe. They’re safer

than--

MASO

--than trains??

Just then we hear a DISTANT BOOM. Digger takes a stab at what it might be.

Duck hunting?

Maso takes a minute.

DIGGER

MASO

It’s a hard thing when a man this stupid is your smartest child.

(beat)

You see any ducks around here?

So what is it?

DIGGER

MASO

He just blew up the tracks. (to driver)

The hotel.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

134.

CONTINUED:

MASO (CONT'D)

(to Digger)

You get your retard from your mother, by the way. Woman couldn’t win a game of checkers against a bowl of fucking soup.

INT. TAMPA HOTEL, TENTH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Maso, Seppe and Joe get off the elevator and walk down the hall and are met by ANTHONY SERVIDONE, another soldier.

MASO

(to Anthony)

You clear the room?

ANTHONY

Everything. Whole floor.

MASO

Okay.

(to Seppe)

Give it another look.

Seppe goes into the room. Anthony has something to share.

ANTHONY

They spotted Coughlin down at the

Romero with a bunch of his guys.

MASO

He even get a scratch?

ANTHONY

Cut on the head.

MASO

I don’t suppose we can wait for

him to die of blood poisoning?

DIGGER

I don’t think we got that kind of

time.

Maso closes his eyes. Digger heads down the hall.

Seppe emerges from the room.

SEPPE

All clear, boss.

Maso heads into his room, calling over to the two men--

MASO

I want you covering the door and

the elevator like fucking

centurions.

(CONTINUED)

135.

CONTINUED:

They nod their assent.

INT. TAMPA HOTEL, TENTH FLOOR, MASO’S ROOM - CONTINUOUS Maso walks in. Walks over to a RADIO and turns the dial.

It SQUELCHES and some music starts.

He walks over to some crystal liquor bottles on a tray and starts to pour a drink.

JOE (O.C.)

Pour me one, will ya?

Reveal JOE, sitting in a chair, holding a silenced .32 Maso isn’t surprised. Not even a little.

MASO

Where were you hiding?

Hiding?

JOE

MASO

When Seppe cleared the room?

JOE

I was sitting on the bed right there. I asked him if he wanted to be working for someone who would be alive tomorrow.

MASO

That’s all it took?

JOE

It took you wanting to put a dunce like Digger in charge. We had a good thing here. And you fuck it up in one day.

MASO

That’s human nature isn’t it?

JOE

Fixing what ain’t broke?

(beat)

You know how many people died because of you. You and your simple wop bullshit?

MASO

Maybe someday you’ll have a son and you’ll understand.

JOE

What will I understand?

(CONTINUED)

136.

CONTINUED:

It’s not something Maso can put into words.

How is my son?

Dead.

MASO

JOE

Maso does very little but we feel the echoes of grief come from somewhere inside him.

JOE (V.O.)

He pictured his son lying

facedown. A bullet in his head,

blood pooling in the carpet. He

was surprised how fast the grief

overtook him.

MASO

I always wanted you for a son.

JOE

Funny. I never wanted you for a

father.

JOE (V.O.)

The last thing he saw was his own

blood falling in a glass of

anisette.

Joe SHOOTS Maso and the bullet goes through his NECK. As promised, a few drops fall into his drink and he looks down and he topples over onto the floor.

Joe stands up and shoots Maso one more time through the top of the head. Just to be sure.

INT. TAMPA HOTEL, TENTH FLOOR, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER Joe walks out the door, sees Seppe. Neither says a word.

Joe turns to Anthony Servidone. Joe’s men APPEAR.

JOE

I don’t want to kill anyone. You

want to die?

ANTHONY

No, Mr. Coughlin.

Dion exits Digger’s room. More file out.

Anyone?

JOE

Solemn head shakes. No one wants to die.

(CONTINUED)

137.

CONTINUED:

JOE

If you want to go back to Boston

you have my blessing. You want to

stay down here where the sun is,

where the girls are pretty, we got

some jobs for you.

(he looks around)

But I’m finished. If you want the

boss, go to him.

Joe indicates Dion.

JOE

He runs things now.

Dion doesn’t know what to say. There is a moment between these two old friends-- seeing that this is where the road divides.

Any confusion?

JOE

Mumbled assent. He HANDS DION HIS GUN.

Dion hands Joe the ADDRESS OF GRACIELA’S SAFE HOUSE.

Joe walks down the hall, leaving them behind. Men with machine guns watch him move past them down the hall.

He moves down the hall past all the

JOE (V.O.)

I never saw Dion again. He ran the

crew for eight years. He didn’t

see old age.

EXT. MIAMI FLORIDA, AERIAL/VFX - MORNING

The sun comes up and we glide over Miami in the 1930’s. EXT. MIAMI STREET, WHOREHOUSE - DAY

Joe smokes a cigarette. His suit is rumpled, bandages on the cut over his eye. It’s almost over.

The reverse reveals a WOMAN.

The years haven't been horrible to her but they haven't been kind, either. She looks like a beautiful woman whose vices have failed to love her back. She has crow’s feet and lines on her face. Her hair is brittle, even in the humidity.

We now recognize EMMA GOULD. She sprays the street and, still looking down:

(CONTINUED)

138.

CONTINUED:

EMMA

Say what you have to say.

JOE

You want to look at me?

She tilts her head up a bit but keeps her eyes down.

JOE

So what? You had the wreck and

thought you’d make the best of it?

She shakes her head.

No.

Then what*?*

EMMA

JOE

EMMA

Once the coppers started chasing me I told the driver the only way to get away was to drive off the bridge but he wouldn’t listen.

So?

JOE

EMMA

So I shot him. We went in the water and I swam out. I ran to the closest house with a light on. He was a fisherman and he was happy to take me in.

JOE

You didn’t want to reach me?

EMMA

If I put my head up they would have killed me.

(beat)

I didn’t owe you.

I loved you.

JOE

EMMA

Try being a girl in this world. I

had to get out from under or live

that way forever.

Joe is taken aback. This is not what, in all the versions of this encounter he imagined, was even a possibility.

JOE

My apologies. For being in love

with you.

(CONTINUED)

139.

CONTINUED:

EMMA

You didn’t love me. You wanted to own me. Like a nice suit. Show off to your friends. Ain’t she a dish. I ain’t a fucking dish. And no one owns me. I own.

JOE

I mourned you. For years.

EMMA

Tell me how bad I’m supposed to feel for you.

(beat)

You think you ran your own game. Maybe if I had a police chief father from a nice part of Ireland but I just had to make do.

JOE

What about the body parts they found?

EMMA

Remember Albert talking about how he got himself a new girl?

Not really.

JOE

EMMA

Well, he did. She was in the car. Never got her name.

JOE

You kill her, too?

EMMA

Her head hit the back of the front seat. I don’t know when she died but I didn't stick around to find out.

JOE

Did you ever love me?

EMMA

We had a laugh, Joe. There were moments. But you had to make it something it wasn’t.

JOE

Which was that.

EMMA

A lie. Like love was easy. We’re not God’s children. Not fairy tale people in a true love book.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

140.

CONTINUED:

EMMA (CONT'D)

We dance like motherfuckers so the grass can’t grow underfoot.

She lights a cigarette.

EMMA

You don’t think I know who you are

now? You don’t think I’ve been

wondering? Either you show up

here, or its a guinea in a suit

doing it for you.

(smiles)

I’m free, Joseph. You want to come

by now? You got an open

invitation. We always had a lotta

laughs.

This is the saddest part of all. Does she mean it? Is she prostituting herself to him? Does she know the difference anymore?

JOE

I don’t want to be free.

EMMA

That’s all we ever wanted.

JOE

That's what you wanted. And now

you have it.

(turns)

Good bye, Emma.

DISSOLVE.

INT. MIAMI, SAFE HOUSE - LATER

Joe sits at a table, light like a Vermeer painting bisects his face.

Graciela enters and sees him. She crosses to him and holds him. He lets go.

Title card: **South Florida, 1935.**

EXT. CASITAS - DAY

JOE (V.O.)

No matter how fast we built

casitas over the next few years,

we never ran out of women who

needed a place to stay.

Joe sits walks through another development. Graciela walks with him along with their son, toddling along, his features and her skin color.

(CONTINUED)

141.

CONTINUED:

JOE

Tomás, ven aca por favor.

Tomás, Spanish for Thomas. His father’s name.

The kid keeps wandering. Graciela scoops him up. Clotheslines draped with laundry flutter in the wind.

INT. JOE AND GRACIELA’S MIAMI HOME - DAY

Tomás runs across a wood floor, past Graciela, leading us to Joe. He leans over to pick something up and looks out the window, when he looks back one of the panes POPS. Then something else BREAKS, and there the sound of more GLASS BREAKING.

Joe is stunned. The next SHOT is accompanied by a louder BANG and we and Joe realize simultaneously that someone is SHOOTING INTO THE HOME.

Joe falls to the ground, moves across the floor to a CABINET in the hall. He awkwardly struggles opening it. He reaches in and retrieves an EAGLE RADOM PISTOL Wz .35 and puts in the clip.

We hear YELLING from outside.

CHIEF FIGGIS

(from outside)

Repent!

Joe opens the front door. He sees FIGGIS, looking twenty years older. Figgis sees him and starts firing. Despite his promise of a steady arm and clear eye, his shots are wide to the right.

Joe FIRES while walking toward Chief Figgis who gets more intense.

CHIEF FIGGIS

(screaming, eyes of

rage)

1. epent! Repent! Re--
2. ilenced by a shot to the heart. One more to the head. Two more to the body. Figgis falls over and Joe empties the rest of the clip into him. Joe stands over his body, chest heaving. Fifteen seconds ago he was playing with his son...

Joe turns back to look at the house.

INT. JOE AND GRACIELA’S MIAMI HOME - CONTINUOUS

Joe enters. Walks across the floor, broken glass crunches under foot.

(CONTINUED)

142.

CONTINUED:

Low angle on Joe, booming up as he approaches. Something in his face tells us that the reverse is---

GRACIELA LIES DEAD ON THE FLOOR. An errant round entered her skull above the eye, killing her instantly.

Tomás walks in.

Mama.

TOMÁS

On Joe.

Joe’s son starts to cry.

DISSOLVE

Title: **Miami, 1939**

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

Mist settled onto the sea, shrouding the horizon. Silhouettes of two figures, a man and a SIX YEAR OLD boy. Walking slowly, the boy animated, the man slow and deliberate.

JOE (V.O.)

When they talked about me in Ybor,

it was said I had grown old very

fast. Or that I walked with a

limp, though I had no injury. Most

agreed I had become dead inside.

EXT. MIAMI STREET - YEARS LATER

Joe stands in a line of people, slowly shuffling forward. He is now FORTIES. His holds his son by the hand, though by now, at eight, it isn’t necessary-- but he keeps him close.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - LATER

Joe, and Tomás sit in the theater, watching.

A NEWSREEL comes up. Hitler on the march.

JOE (V.O.)

There was talk about this little

guy in Europe who was going to

threaten the peace we built. I

didn’t think so. There was no

percentage in it.

The main feature, RIDERS OF THE EASTERN RIDGE comes up. ***Screenplay***

(CONTINUED)

143.

CONTINUED:

***Daniel Coughlin***

Joe is stunned.

JOE

(barely aloud)

My brother.

His son sits rapt and hasn’t heard him.

We watch Joe and his son as the light from the movie plays across their faces.

We see the 1930’s western. Shoot outs. Heroes.

JOE (V.O.)

My son loved the show. It was

about an honest sheriff in a dirty

town. All he could talk about was

getting a six belt when he grew

up.

EXT. WHARF VISTA ONTO THE SEA - SUNSET

From behind we see Joe fishing with his son.

JOE (V.O.)

We fished at sunset when the snook

and the redfish would bite.

Sometimes he would ask me if we

could see where his mother came

from. I always said the same

thing, “almost.”

He puts his arm around Tomás, leans in to his ear. Points out to sea.

THE END