The refined\_Sreenplay Act 2 of 'Live\_by\_Night\_Novel\_docx':

[Act 2-Scene 1]:

EXT. TUGBOAT'S DECK - MORNING

The morning sun glances off the choppy Gulf waters, creating a chaotic dance of light across the tugboat's deck. JOE COUGHLIN (30s, rugged with resolve) stands, glancing nervously at ALBERT WHITE (40s, suave, dangerous). The air is thick with tension, saltwater spray stinging Joe's face, blending with the scent of oil and brine.

CRASHING WAVES slap against the hull, a rhythmic backdrop to Joe’s racing heart as he weighs his choices like a damning scale. He senses every vibrational jolt of the tugboat’s engine beneath his feet, a constant reminder of impending peril.

JOE

(urgently, his voice trembling with fear)

Sell her out? Do you even know who you’re talking to? I’ll never betray her!

ALBERT

(smirking)

Oh, Joey, you know you’ve wanted this life—now you get to see how it truly plays out.

Joe swallows hard, his fear palpable, clutching the rail as he gazes out at the horizon. Memories of past violence—street fights, flickering images of blood and desperation—flood his mind, igniting his fierce determination to escape.

JOE

(voice low, animating)

Every choice has a consequence. You can’t just hunt me like an animal.

ALBERT

(breezy)

But that’s what makes it fun, my friend. You, the mouse...and me, the cat.

Albert prowls around Joe, circling him like a predator, whispering conspiratorially as he leans in close to Joe's ear.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

“Your little world can shatter in an instant, Joey.”

He gestures dramatically, emphasizing the threat, sending a shiver down Joe's spine. Albert leans closer, their faces almost touching, the air thick with hostile electricity.

JOE

(fierce)

You think I’d betray her? You don’t know me at all.

The distance closes decidedly. Albert's expression darkens, the playful smirk fading as his gaze locks onto Joe’s.

ALBERT

Just remember, Joe. In this deadly game we play, every wrong move has its price.

Suddenly, Joe’s expression shifts as he feels an impending chaos in the air. The moment hangs heavy, tension building like a coiled spring.

JOE

(worried)

I’ve got to act fast; I can feel something big coming.

A booming sound echoes from the distance, rapidly growing louder. Both men stop, startled; Joe's eyes dart around.

ALBERT

(smirk returning)

Looks like the mouse may have friends.

Suddenly, a sleek runabout emerges from the fog like a ghostly apparition, moving fast toward them. Joe’s heart races, the vision igniting a flicker of hope.

JOE

(gritting teeth)

What do you really want from me, Albert? I’m not your pawn!

The sound of the boat engines rumbles; a chaotic symphony intertwines with the distant cries of GULLS overhead. Joe internally battles fear and determination, his thoughts racing—will this be the moment he can escape, or will it seal his fate?

JOE (CONT'D)

I can’t let this moment pass; I have to act now.

ALBERT

(amused)

You think they’ll save you? Trust me; they’ll be swimming with the fish before they know what’s coming.

As the runabout closes in, gunmen stand at the ready, weapons drawn. The scene erupts as GUNSHOTS ring out, shattering the morning calm.

JOE

(yelling, his voice tinged with panic)

Get down!

Joe dives low, adrenaline surging, as bullets whip over his head. Chaos erupts: men shout, frantically searching for cover. The tugboat crew scrambles as feet thunder across the deck.

Joe glimpses Albert, who pushes himself against the wall, the color draining from his face.

JOE (CONT'D)

(breathless)

You think this is the end for me? You’ll see I won’t go down without a fight!

With unwavering resolve, Joe rises to his feet, his surroundings morphing into a blur of violence. His heart pounds, fueled by the haunting memories of survival clashing with the present terror.

CUT TO:

The approaching runabout, brimming with armed men, transitions into a swirling chaos as all hell breaks loose.