

OUR THING

Written by

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EXT. INTERSTATE 495 NEW JERSEY - DAY

A Lucky Star Bus crawls through the morning traffic as it approaches the Lincoln Tunnel.

INT. LUCKY STAR BUS - DAY

The bus is packed with people. Sitting at the very back in a window seat is MIKE DEFINO (late 20s, babyface, cold eyes). He looks out the window without any emotion on his face.

START OPENING CREDITS MONTAGE

1. The bus enters the Lincoln Tunnel.
2. The bus emerges in Midtown Manhattan.
3. Mike looks out the window and takes in the city for the first time in his life.
4. The bus travels through the concrete jungle as it moves to its final destination in Chinatown.
5. The bus parks and everyone stands to get out. Mike grabs a large duffle bag.

EXT. BOWERY AND CANAL - DAY

Mike steps off the bus. He pulls out a piece of paper that has handwritten directions.

He scans the area to get his bearings. Pedestrians walk around him, annoyed at the tourist blocking the side walk.

EXT. J TRAIN SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Mike walks out of the station carrying his bag.

He looks around and sees a cell phone shop called "Cell U Link" across the street.

He checks his paper and confirms that the address and name match.

INT. CELL U LINK - CONTINUOUS

Mike tries to open the shop door but it's locked.

BUZZ

The door unlocks and Mike steps in.

It's small and cluttered. A handwritten sign advertises that they can unlock iPhones if you forgot the pass code.

A PAKISTANI MAN (50s) sits at the counter. He eyeballs Mike.

MIKE

I'm here to see Kristos.

PAKISTANI MAN

Who the fuck are you?

MIKE

Mike DeFino. Victor's friend.

The Pakistani Man stands up and walks to the back. After a moment KRISTO SPIROS (40s, male, Greek, pox scarred face) comes out from the back room.

KRISTOS

The ex-soldier.

Kristos shakes Mike's hand.

KRISTOS (CONT'D)

Can I offer you something to drink?

MIKE

No. But thank you.

Kristos looks him over.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Victor says you might have some work for me.

KRISTOS

He explain to you what it is?

MIKE

Yes.

KRISTOS

Show me your phone.

Mike takes out a cell phone that's not a smart phone.

Kristos glances at it. He pulls out an electric wand and scans Mike with it.

MIKE

What's this for?

KRISTOS

I can't afford to be careless with new guys.

MIKE

You think I'm recording you?

KRISTOS

I don't know you so I don't know what to think.

He moves on from Mike to his bag.

MIKE

We good?

KRISTOS

For now we are. Give me your ID.

Mike takes out his wallet and hands his driver's license to Kristos. It's from Texas.

Kristos goes to a computer printer and makes a copy.

MIKE

I thought this was off the books.

KRISTOS

You don't officially work for me but I prefer to know who I'm doing business with.

He gives Mike back his ID.

KRISTOS (CONT'D)

I'm a local businessman and most of my customers have credit accounts with me. Majority of them are good people or else they wouldn't have an account. But some are chronic fuck ups and others have a bad event in their lives that they can't dig themselves out of.

Mike nods.

KRISTOS (CONT'D)

You're going to be a freelance debt collector for outstanding accounts. You get a salary of five hundred a week plus commission from what you collect. Sound fair?

MIKE

I can work with it.

He writes a on a piece of paper and gives it to Mike.

KRISTOS

Vassily is expecting to meet you at this address in an hour. He'll show you the ropes until he tells me that you're okay to operate on your own.

Mike picks up his bag.

MIKE

Thank you.

KRISTOS

One more thing. All of the commission collected under your apprenticeship is his. It's Vassily's choice wither or not to give you a cut.

Mike nods.

BUZZ

Mike walks out the door.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Mike, still carrying his bag, walks into a trendy coffee shop that's full of hipsters. He scans the area. Everyone here looks like they're under 30.

VASSILY (O.S.)

Mike DeFino.

Mike turns around and sees VASSILY (40s, mean face, Russian accent).

MIKE

How did you know?

VASSILY

Kristos told me 'look for the baby faced guy carrying a large bag'.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS - LATER

Mike and Vassily walk down the street.

VASSILY

How the fuck do you come to New York City without having made arrangements for an apartment?

MIKE

I'll manage.

VASSILY

Either you don't give a fuck or you're an unprepared jerk off. Kristos doesn't associate with unprepared jerk offs so I think maybe you just don't give a fuck.

MIKE

Relax, dude. I give a fuck. I just didn't know if this thing would work out or how long I'd be here.

VASSILY

You're a soldier and they kicked you out. What did you do?

MIKE

Follow orders.

VASSILY

Someone fucked up and you took the blame, huh?

Mike doesn't answer.

VASSILY (CONT'D)

Silence? The mark of a stand up guy.

Vassily pats Mike's shoulder.

VASSILY (CONT'D)

I was a soldier once too.

Vassily resumes walking.

VASSILY (CONT'D)

No one gives a fuck about guys like us, Mike. The only person really looking out for you is you.

INT. OLD APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Vassily leads Mike down the hallway of an old pre-war building. They stop at apartment 4F.

Mike puts his bag on the ground. He looks at Vassily.

Vassily nods. Mike knocks on the door.

MIKE

Fedex.

The door opens. Mike steps out of the way and Vassily charges in.

INT. GREY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The apartment is a shit hole. Vassily tackles GREY (50s, skinny) to the ground.

VASSILY

Where's the fucking money, Grey?

He punches Grey in the face before the older man can answer.

Mike carries his bag and walks in. He looks around the apartment. There's no one else there.

Vassily turns to Mike.

VASSILY (CONT'D)

Put that fucking bag down and help.

Mike puts the bag down and walks over to them. Vassily gets off Grey.

Mike leans down and punches Grey in the face.

INT. PIZZERIA - DAY

Mike and Vassily eat in a booth. Vassily counts money. He slides a hundred to Mike.

MIKE

Thank you.

They pocket their money.

VASSILY

What we did this morning is pretty much the grind.

(MORE)

VASSILY (CONT'D)
Rolling over fucking losers before
they know what hit them.

MIKE
That guy got a gambling problem or
something?

VASSILY
It's only a problem when he loses.

Vassily studies Mike.

VASSILY (CONT'D)
What did you think of him?

MIKE
What do you mean?

VASSILY
I mean what's your opinion of him?

MIKE
I don't have an opinion of him. I'm
told to do a job and I do it.

VASSILY
Do you like or dislike it?

MIKE
I don't really have a choice.

VASSILY
Sure you do.

MIKE
I'm a dishonorably discharged
marine. My options are pretty
limited.

VASSILY
Hold yourself to a higher standard,
Mike. You can do better than this.

MIKE
We do what we have to do.

Vassily looks out the window.

VASSILY
This city is a giant pie and guys
like us are late to the party for
our piece. Kristos is late too.

He points to the street.

VASSILY (CONT'D)

We have borders for where we can operate. Across the street on Stillwell Avenue is the western border. Then we're bound by the water to the south and Avenue U to the North plus the park in the east. We can collect from anyone in these limits but we can't go outside or we offend someone.

MIKE

Who does across the street belong to?

VASSILY

The Italians. They're the fucking worst. Kristos won't lend to any of them anymore because they like to run and hide. This one guy, Angelo Comparetto, owes 200 grand. He's a big prize and I'm not allowed to walk over there and get him.

MIKE

He's mafia?

VASSILY

Only an associate so he's fair game.

MIKE

Point him out to me sometime. Maybe we can split the reward.

Vassily laughs.

VASSILY

Let's go.

Mike grabs his bag and they leave.

INT. DRY CLEANING SHOP - DAY

MR. KIM (asian, 60s, old bruises to face) is busy organizing his latest orders. He is alone. Vassily walks in. Mr. Kim becomes distressed.

MR. KIM

No!

VASSILY
Knock off your bullshit. I'm tired.
If you don't have the full amount
then give me something.

MR. KIM
Get out now.

Vassily walks to the counter.

VASSILY
Pay the fucking money, Mr. Kim.

Mr. Kim runs to the other end of the counter. He pulls out a 9mm handgun and points it at Vassily.

MR. KIM
Who's the fucking tough guy now,
bitch?

Vassily freezes.

VASSILY
You're in debt to Kristos. If it's
not me collecting then it will be
someone else.

MR. KIM
Then I'll kill him too.

Mike walks out of the backroom. His steps are silent.

Mike PUNCHES Mr. Kim in the head. Mr. Kim is out cold.

Vassily looks at Mike. He's a good guy to have around.

Vassily opens the register and takes all the cash.

VASSILY
Look at this slanty-eyed prick.
Rather than pay what he owes, he
buys a gun instead.

Vassily kicks Mr. Kim. He hands Mike a knife.

VASSILY (CONT'D)
Cut up the clothes. We need to send
him a message.

Mike is about to go into action but he stops.

MIKE
If we drive off his customers then
how is he going to pay us?

Vassily considers that.

VASSILY
You're right. Go find something
expensive looking and break it.
Ass hole should have insurance.

Mike retreats into the back.

Mr. Kim starts to come around. Vassily grabs him.

VASSILY (CONT'D)
Pulling a fucking gun on me?

Vassily hits him hard in the stomach.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS - DUSK

Mike and Vassily walk together after a hard day of work.

VASSILY
So you really don't have a place to
go to?

MIKE
I'm going to hit up a motel.

VASSILY
Save your money. You can stay at my
home tonight.

Vassily pats Mike on the shoulder. 'No' will not be an
accepted answer.

INT. VASSILY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mike and Vassily sit across from each other at the dining
room table which is on the edge of the living room in a very
cramped apartment. The table is set for dinner.

ANNIKA (girl, 10), PYOTR (boy, 9), CATHERINE (girl, 7), and
ILLYANA (girl, 4) all run around the living room screaming.

TATIANA (woman, 30s, hard face) is cooking in the background.

VASSILY
Have you ever had Russian food
before?

MIKE
No.

VASSILY
It's hearty. A bit bland but it
will put meat on your bones.

MIKE
Your kids seem like they have a lot
of energy.

VASSILY
All kids are like that. Where are
you from?

MIKE
Texas.

VASSILY
That's a long way from New York.

Tatiana comes to the table with a large bowl of stew.

TATIANA
(in Russian)
Dinner!

The kids stop playing and run to the table.

TATIANA (CONT'D)
(in Russian)
Does he drink vodka?

VASSILY
You want some vodka?

MIKE
I don't want to trouble you.

VASSILY
I am also drinking. You drink with
me.

MIKE
Okay then.

Tatiana goes back to the kitchen.

ILLYANA
She doesn't speak English.

MIKE
No?

VASSILY

Eight years in America and she's barely been beyond these four blocks.

Tatiana comes back with the vodka and two glasses. Vassily pours two drinks. He slides one to Mike.

MIKE

Thanks.

Vassily raises his glass to toast Mike.

VASSILY

To the American dream.

INT. VASSILY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mike lays on the couch with his eyes wide open. He hasn't slept and looks like shit. The vodka bottle on the table is almost empty.

Vassily enters and turns on the lights.

VASSILY

Time for work.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - MORNING

Mike and Vassily stand off to the side, scanning the faces of the commuters going to work.

Vassily taps Mike on the shoulder. He walks towards someone and Mike follows.

SAM (30s, skinny) sees Vassily and does an about-face. He runs.

Vassily and Mike chase after him.

Mike overtakes Sam and grabs him.

SAM

Please.

Mike drags Sam into an alley.

EXT. SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Mike slams Sam into a brick wall.

MIKE

Shut the fuck up and don't make a scene.

Vassily arrives. He shakes his head.

VASSILY

Sam.

SAM

I got it.

He reaches into his coat and produces an envelope. He gives it to Vassily who then gives it to Mike.

VASSILY

Should be three grand.

Mike starts counting.

VASSILY (CONT'D)

If you had the fucking money then why did you run?

SAM

You chipped one of my teeth last time.

Sam points to his mouth where part of a tooth is missing.

MIKE

It's good.

He hands the envelope back to Vassily. Vassily pockets it.

VASSILY

Stay away from card games.

He pushes Sam away. Sam runs.

VASSILY (CONT'D)

I'm hungry.

They walk back to the main street.

CLICK

From a roof top, a photo is taken of Mike and Vassily as they emerge from the alley.

INT. DELI - DAY

Mike and Vassily sit at a table drinking coffee and eating Bacon-Egg-and-Cheeses.

Vassily's phone rings.

VASSILY

Hello?

His face drops. He hangs up.

VASSILY (CONT'D)

We need to go now.

He leaves his food there. Mike does the same and follows.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS - DAY

Vassily almost runs. Mike makes an effort to keep up.

MIKE

What's going on?

VASSILY

Angelo Comparetto crossed the border.

MIKE

So what are we going to do?

VASSILY

Shake him down. The guineas always have a lot of cash in their pockets.

EXT. DIETER HEYRICH'S STEAK HOUSE - LATER

Mike and Vassily walk past the steak house trying to look normal. They scan the street looking for their guy.

VASSILY

That's him.

ANGELO COMPARETTO (40s, meat head, black trench coat, Russian fur hat, smoking a cigarette) stands in front of a newsstand shop.

Mike and Vassily keep walking.

MIKE

How should we do this?

VASSILY

We get to the end of the block and you wait on the corner. I'll walk around. When you see me coming, you come too and we block the bastard in.

They get to the corner. Vassily keeps walking as Mike waits.

Mike leans against a building as he tries to keep an eye on Angelo while not calling any attention to himself.

Mike scans the area around them. He suddenly does a double take.

Walking down the street is another ITALIAN MAN dressed exactly like Angelo.

Mike watches him and goes back to Angelo.

Angelo stomps out his cigarette and stays put. His eyes are on the steak house.

Mike looks back at the Italian Man. He has stopped walking and leans against the railing of a basement apartment.

Mike looks back at Angelo.

Vassily turns the corner and is back on the street.

Mike sees Vassily. Suddenly, a THIRD ITALIAN MAN dressed like the others appears behind Vassily.

Mike knows this isn't good. He walks as fast as he can to Vassily without drawing suspicion.

A FOURTH MAN dressed like the others emerges out of the Steak House's parking lot.

PETER AMUSO (50s, tougher than he looks) steps out of the Steak House with his driver MATTY SCALACI (30s, muscular) and SAL COLUMBO (40s, fat).

Amuso and Columbo shake hands and separate.

Angelo walks towards Amuso and Scalaci.

The Other Three Men start to converge on Amuso.

Mike tries to subtly get Vassily's attention but Vassily's focus is one hundred percent on Angelo.

VASSILY (CONT'D)

Hey Angelo.

Angelo turns and sees Vassily.

VASSILY (CONT'D)
Where's our fucking money?

Vassily looks like he's about to fuck him up. Angelo sees the threat and whips out a 9mm that was hidden in his jacket.

MIKE
Wait!

Angelo stays focused on Vassily.

BLAM. BLAM.

Vassily goes down.

Amuso sees the shooting. He looks around and sees the Other Men dressed just like Angelo. This is a hit.

Scalaci pulls out a pistol to defend his boss.

Mike tackles Angelo to the ground.

Scalaci fires and misses. Amuso ducks for cover.

Two of the Italian Men shoot at Scalaci. They're coming from different directions and quickly get him boxed in.

All the Pedestrians on the street run for their lives.

Angelo tries to fight Mike off. Mike punches him in the face. He grabs Angelo by the shoulders and smashes his head into the curb.

Angelo is knocked out. Mike hits him a couple for times out of anger.

Scalaci is cut down with bullets. Amuso stays where he is. The Three Hit Men slowly approach.

Angelo is a bloody mess. Mike grabs his gun.

Mike stands up.

The Fourth Man sees Mike and shoots but misses.

Mike fires. His bullet hits the Fourth Man right between the eyes.

The Other Two Hitmen see what has happened. They turn their focus to Mike.

Mike finds cover behind a parked car.

The Two Hitmen fire at him.

Mike jumps up and fires. The Italian Man takes two bullets to the chest.

The Third Italian Man fires at Mike.

BLAM. The back of Third Italian Man's explodes.

Amuso shot him with Scalaci's gun.

POLICE SIRENS can be heard in the distance.

Mike runs to Vassily. He's dead.

Amuso stands up. He walks over to Mike.

AMUSO

Sorry about your friend, kid.

The SIRENS are getting closer.

AMUSO (CONT'D)

Listen, if you don't want to get arrested then we need to get out of here now. I have a place where we can lay low.

Mike looks down at his dead mentor.

Amuso walks over to Angelo. He's groaning in pain.

Amuso shoots him in the head. Mike notices.

Amuso walks back to Mike.

AMUSO (CONT'D)

Time to get going. Are you with me?

Mike makes a decision. He gets up and they run.

INT. EMPTY APARTMENT - DAY

Amuso unlocks the door. Mike follows him inside.

There's no furniture except for a folding table with four folding chairs and three mattresses on the floor.

Mike studies the room. Amuso looks out the window. He's satisfied.

AMUSO

What's your name?

MIKE

Mike.

Amuso takes out his phone and writes a text message.

AMUSO

Michael what?

MIKE

What?

AMUSO

Your fucking last name.

MIKE

DeFino.

AMUSO

So you're Italian?

MIKE

My great-grandparents were.

AMUSO

On both sides?

MIKE

Yeah.

AMUSO

That's great. That was some fantastic shooting you did back there. Army?

MIKE

Marines.

AMUSO

A fucking marine. My brother was one. Semper Fi!

Mike's unsure of what to make of Amuso.

AMUSO (CONT'D)

What the fuck were you and the big Russian up to when he got killed?

MIKE

One of those hitmen owed our boss money. We were going to shake him down and didn't realize what was going on.

Amuso smiles to himself.

AMUSO

Some fucking luck I got for myself today, Michael. Who were you working for? Kristos?

Mike nods.

AMUSO (CONT'D)

That Greek can be a real ball busting prick. And you know, with the guy that owed him money now dead, he's going to be pissed and probably will take his anger out on you.

Amuso slaps Mike on the back. With a little more force than necessary.

AMUSO (CONT'D)

But in the larger food chain, that guy is a nobody. Just some greedy fucking Greek Jew. You're not jewish, right?

Mike shakes his head.

AMUSO (CONT'D)

Great. Not that all Jews are bad, I just stay away from certain groups. But in the end what do I care? Money is fucking money.

MIKE

Sure.

AMUSO

Anyway, Kristos is going to be angry about his money, even if he never had a fucking chance to get it back. But I can help you.

MIKE

How?

AMUSO

With the way I saw you fucking shoot I can use a guy like you as a contractor. I can put you on an exclusive retainer to be one of my guys. And when you're one of my guys; a small time hood like Kristos can't fuck with you.

Amuso looks out the window again.

AMUSO (CONT'D)
You're taking your time to respond.
I get it, you don't even know who
the fuck I am.

He extends his hand.

AMUSO (CONT'D)
Pete Amuso.

Mike shakes it.

MIKE
Nice to meet you.

AMUSO
What do you say?

MIKE
Look, Mr. Amuso--

AMUSO
Call me Pete.

MIKE
Pete, I'm not sure if this line of
work is right for me.

AMUSO
Right for you? You glanced at a guy
and shot him between the fucking
eyes. You have talent for this
shit.

MIKE
It's just that I kind of want to
get away from all that and start
new.

AMUSO
Start new as a fucking loan shark?

MIKE
I'm just trying to make a nice nest
egg and then move on.

AMUSO
It's simple, Michael. I give you a
nice but small salary to live on
and you do the occasional small job
for me. Then when I need you for a
big job you get a nice bonus.
Whatever nest egg you want, you'll
make it faster with me.

Amuso gets a text message.

MIKE

It's a very good offer, sir.

AMUSO

Let's go. My guys are outside.

Amuso walks to the door. Mike doesn't move.

AMUSO (CONT'D)

We're going to be together for a while until I know we're safe. My insistence.

Mike follows him out the door.

INT. AMUSO'S RESTAURANT DINING ROOM - DAY

The finishing details are very expensive and new. The place is empty except for Amuso and Mike sitting at a table. Mike eats penne alla vodka. Amuso sits there drinking wine. Mike has water.

AMUSO

How's the food, Michael?

MIKE

Wonderful.

AMUSO

There's a two month wait list for reservations here. A lot of rich and famous people that want to eat this food can't. You can because you know the owner.

Mike swallows his food.

MIKE

Thank you.

AMUSO

This is just one of a few businesses that I own. I barely spend any time here, it's an investment that other people run for me.

Amuso leans forward.

AMUSO (CONT'D)

When you're in the main business
I'm in, you can make a lot of money
that you can use elsewhere to make
even more money.

MIKE

How much we talking about?

AMUSO

You working for me; one thousand a
week for the retainer and five
thousand for every big job I give
you plus opportunities for
advancement and side business
growth.

MIKE

That's a lot of money.

AMUSO

It's nice work if you can get it.

Amuso takes a sip of his wine.

AMUSO (CONT'D)

What's your goal in life, Michael?

Mike freezes. He needs to think about this.

MIKE

To do better in life than my father
did.

AMUSO

He's dead?

MIKE

Almost ten years now.

AMUSO

Do better how?

MIKE

Financially. I grew up poor and
after he died we were poorer.

AMUSO

I'm guessing that your discharge
from the military wasn't honorable
otherwise you'd be going to college
to study for a high paying job
instead of busting heads on the
street.

MIKE

Something like that.

AMUSO

This fucking country. You put your life on the line for them, survive hell, and they fuck you over. The little guy always gets screwed while the one percent gets richer.

He takes another sip.

AMUSO (CONT'D)

This thing, our thing, it's good for guys like you. We're like a brotherhood where all are equals. Though not anyone can join. You need an invitation and that needs to be earned.

PAULIE (30s, tall) walks into the dining room and whispers into Amuso's ear. Amuso nods and Paulie walks off.

AMUSO (CONT'D)

We're clear for now. NYPD surveillance cameras were switched off on the street and no one knows we were there.

MIKE

So I can go?

AMUSO

What's the answer?

MIKE

About the work?

AMUSO

What the fuck else was I talking about?

MIKE

Can I think it over?

AMUSO

You can, but I'm starting to lose my fucking patience. What the fuck is it with you? To do what you did on the street you must have killed before. Probably a lot of people too judging from your skills.

MIKE

I have trouble sleeping.

AMUSO

Trouble sleeping? Look, the jobs I give will leave you with a clean conscience. No kids, no innocent people.

MIKE

I'll let you know.

Amuso hands him a business card.

AMUSO

I'll be expecting your answer soon.

MIKE

Thank you for the meal.

Mike gets up and walks out. Amuso glares at him.

EXT. DIETER HEYRICH'S STEAK HOUSE - EVENING

Mike returns to the scene of the crime and looks around. The street life has returned to normal. All that's left of as a reminder of the day's earlier carnage is a few chalk outlines on the street.

Mike looks down at the one that was traced around Vassily. All that's left of his friend.

INT. CELL U LINK - NIGHT

The door buzzes and Mike walks in. The Pakistani Man recognizes him and goes to the back.

Kristos immediately walks out.

KRISTOS

Mike!

Kristos walks up to Mike and embraces him.

KRISTOS (CONT'D)

You're not hurt?

MIKE

No.

Kristos lets go of him.

KRISTOS
Vassily is dead.

MIKE
What can I do to help his family?

KRISTOS
You can help them by helping
yourself.

MIKE
Kristos--

KRISTOS
Shut the fuck up. Angelo Comparetto
owed me that money and he's dead
thanks to you two.

MIKE
Comparetto was never going to pay
you back, Kristos. That money was a
lost cause.

KRISTOS
We'll never really know that now,
will we? Because you killed him.

MIKE
Technically it was the Italian
mafia that fired the fatal shot.

Kristos grabs Mike.

KRISTOS
You're going to get me my fucking
money. Shake down Comparetto's
family. He's got a brother in
construction.

Kristos points his finger at Mike.

KRISTOS (CONT'D)
Just remember that this debt is now
your responsibility to me and I
want results. Otherwise I'll take
it out on you and the ones you care
about.

Kristos gets in Mike's face.

Mike pushes Kristos and punches him in the face.

Kristos goes down. Mike stomps Kristos.

MIKE

Some fucking tough guy you are now,
motherfucker.

CLICK

The Pakistani Man appears at the counter holding a shot gun.

Mike stops his attack.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I don't work for you any more. I'm
with Pete Amuso now.

Kristos and the Pakistani Man know that name. The Pakistani Man looks at Kristos for guidance.

Kristos shakes his head. The Pakistani Man hits the buzzer for the door.

Mike walks out.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Mike walks away from the shop. He takes out the card Amuso gave him and calls the number with his cell phone.

He disappears into the crowd.

INT. NYPD ORGANIZED CRIME TASK FORCE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

SARGENT SHIRLY JOHNSON (30s, black, athletic) and DETECTIVE IAN DEBKOWSKI (20s, reckless) stand and review the evidence they have from the mafia shoot out that morning.

On the white board are dozens of handwritten notes along with photos that are tacked on.

LIEUTENANT FRANK SASSO (40s, probably does steroids) enters carrying a folder.

SASSO

No more ordering lunch from
DiPrimas. I just had the worst
fucking Chicken Parm in my life. It
tasted like they decided to stop
changing the fryer oil.

DETECTIVE DEBKOWSKI

I thought you've been avoiding
fried food.

SASSO

It's an occasional guilty pleasure treat that those fucktards ruined for me today.

He puts his file down.

SASSO (CONT'D)

Was anyone able to find Amuso?

SARGENT JOHNSON

No, but I spoke with his lawyer. He claims Amuso wasn't at the shoot out and he wasn't even in the city as he is at his country house relaxing.

SASSO

Bull fucking shit. One of the
(makes air quotes as he
says the next word)
Victims was his driver. How the fuck can his driver be there without him?

SARGENT JOHNSON

They say that they have the easy pass receipts to prove it and they'll be in touch when he returns.

SASSO

Fucking prick. Any updates on the street cameras and how they were conveniently turned off?

DETECTIVE DEBKOWSKI

I'm looking in to see who could have made that happen on our end and where they were when it happened.

SASSO

Good luck. Where does the dead Russian fit in with this? Wrong place at the wrong time?

SARGENT JOHNSON

Vassily Ivanov. Small time loan shark enforcer for Kristos Papaloys.

SASSO

So a bad guy in the wrong place at the wrong time or one of these dead guidos owed money and he didn't know what he was walking into.

Sasso stands up and looks at the photos from the shooting. Inspiration strikes.

SASSO (CONT'D)

Wait. I've seen that guy before.

He walks to a file cabinet and opens it. He finds an envelope dated March 4 and opens it. Inside are photos. He flips through them and finds the one of Mike and Vassily walking down the street.

He slams the photo on the table.

SARGENT JOHNSON

That's our dead Russian.

SASSO

Who's the baby faced kid with him?

No one answers because they don't know.

SASSO (CONT'D)

Find out for me.

Sasso walks out the door. Johnson and Debkowski exchange looks.

DETECTIVE DEBKOWSKI

We can give the photo to the facial recognition technicians to see if they can manually add him to the system?

SARGENT JOHNSON

We only have one angle of his face. That's not enough for the system to be accurate. There will be hundreds of false positives.

She grabs her coat.

SARGENT JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Only way to work this now is the old fashion one.

INT. MIKE'S NEW APARTMENT - DAY

Paulie leads Mike into an empty apartment in a large complex. Mike drops his duffle bag on the floor.

PAULIE

You'll be staying here with your rent paid for by our mutual benefactor. But because of that, don't expect any privacy. You're here to work.

MIKE

It's very generous of Pete.

PAULIE

Don't speak his name. From now on I'm your contact between you and anyone else. And you don't call me. I call you.

MIKE

Understood.

PAULIE

Your first week's retainer.

He reaches into his pocket and hands Mike cash wrapped in a rubber band.

Paulie heads to the door.

PAULIE (CONT'D)

You're on payroll as a real estate broker at Amuso-DaMato Estates. Anyone asks you where you work, you tell them that.

Mike nods.

PAULIE (CONT'D)

Do yourself a favor and get some furniture. I'll call when you're needed, Tex.

MIKE

Tex?

PAULIE

You're from Texas so that's your new name. Could be worse.

Paulie walks out. Mike takes in his new studio apartment.

INT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Detective Debkowski and Sargent Johnson knock on a door. It opens revealing Tatiana. Sargent Johnson carries the photo of Mike and Vassily together.

SARGENT JOHNSON
Mrs. Ivanov?

She nods. They flash their badges.

DETECTIVE DEBKOWSKI
We're sorry to hear about your
husband.

Tatiana doesn't respond.

SARGENT JOHNSON
We have some questions about one of
your husband's associates.

Still no reaction.

SARGENT JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Do you speak English?

TATIANA
No English.

Sasso and Shirley Johnson look at each other.

SARGENT JOHNSON
Call for an interpreter.

Illyana pops her head out the door. She sees the photo.

ILLYANA
That's my dad with Mike.

TATIANA
(Russian)
Shut up and go inside.

SARGENT JOHNSON
(bending down)
Can you help us speak to your
mother?

TATIANA
Go!

She pushes Illyana in and slams the door.

DETECTIVE DEBKOWSKI

Mike.

Sargent Johnson looks at him.

DETECTIVE DEBKOWSKI (CONT'D)

A lead is a lead, right?

SARGENT JOHNSON

When we get back you can check that
guy's photo against every Mike in
the city and see if that's helpful.

She walks away.

DETECTIVE DEBKOWSKI

You still want me to call the
interpreter?

INT. MIKE'S NEW APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Mike stands at his door as TWO DELIVERY MEN carry a couch
inside. A THIRD DELIVERY MAN carries a new TV. They go into
his apartment.

MIKE

Over there is fine.

They walk out. Mike hands each of them ten bucks and watches
them go to the elevator.

The door to the apartment across from his opens. LYDIA (early
20s, Latina, pretty and petite) steps out in a t-shirt and
sweat pants. She's holding a garbage bag.

She notices Mike, the new neighbor, and smiles at him. Mike
smiles back.

LYDIA

Hi.

MIKE

(a little shy)

Hi.

LYDIA

Just moved in?

MIKE

Yeah. Got here today.

LYDIA

Welcome to the neighborhood.

She walks down the hallway to the trash room.

MIKE

Thanks.

MIKE'S PHONE RINGS. He goes inside.

INT. MIKE'S NEW APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mike closes the door. He picks up the phone.

MIKE

Hello?

Someone talks but we can't hear them. Mike writes down an address.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'll be there.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mike stands on the street waiting. His CELL PHONE RINGS. He picks it up.

VOICE (O.S.)

(via phone)

Black Honda Accord in front of the
deli at the corner of 9th and 36th.

Mike turns. He sees it and walks towards the car.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

That you?

MIKE

Yeah.

Mike gets to the car. The doors unlock and he gets in the front seat.

INT. CARMINE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mike settles in. CARMINE (40s, skinny with large nose) is in the driver's seat.

CARMINE

I'm Carmine.

He extends his hand. Mike shakes it.

MIKE

Mike.

CARMINE

(confused)

Paulie told me your name was Tex.

MIKE

He made that up. No one calls me that.

CARMINE

Did he tell you any details about this job?

Mike shakes his head. Carmine hands him a piece of paper.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Buy everything on this list, exactly as it's listed. No off brand shit or smaller sizes. It needs to be exact. If your store doesn't have it then go to another one.

Mike nods and takes the list. Carmine takes out another piece of paper and a key.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Bring everything to this address in Brooklyn. There will be a pick-ax and shovel.

Carmine flips the paper over.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Here at X you're going to dig a hole. It should be more than 4 feet deep. You get bonus points for going lower than that.

Mike takes the paper and key.

MIKE

Understood.

CARMINE

This all needs to be done tonight before nine. When you're done, go home and wait for my phone call.

Mike nods.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

That's it.

Mike opens the door.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Mike steps out of the car. Carmine pulls away. Mike looks over the list and starts walking.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

There are a few plastic bags full of house hold cleaners and chemicals next to the wall.

Mike is at the edge of the space, chopping away at the concrete floor with a pick ax.

INT. BODEGA - EVENING

Mike walks around a cramped bodega. He's visibly covered with dirt. He carries a shopping basket with some basic home items and searches through the canned food section.

LYDIA (O.C.)

Splurging on the groceries?

Mike turns around and sees Lydia. She's holding a plastic bag in her hand.

MIKE

Huh?

LYDIA

The canned food. Looks like you're on a budget.

MIKE

More like an unpredictable schedule. I hate throwing away uneaten food when it spoils.

LYDIA

One of the values you learn when you grow up poor. I'm Lydia by the way.

MIKE

Mike.

LYDIA

I think you moved into the
apartment across from mine.

MIKE

Oh yeah. You look familiar.

Mike puts a can of tuna fish in his basket.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I think that about does it.

LYDIA

Want someone to walk home with?

Mike looks at her.

MIKE

Sure.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - LATER

Mike and Lydia walk at a slow pace. The neighborhood has seen
much better days.

LYDIA

I never understood people's
fascination with coming here to
live. It's crowded and dirty.

MIKE

I know. I'd rather have a big piece
of land to call my own with no view
of the neighbors.

LYDIA

So what brought you to the city?

MIKE

A job opportunity from one of my
buddies in the marines.

LYDIA

What do you do?

MIKE

I'm a real estate broker.

LYDIA

And you chose to live in this
neighborhood?

MIKE

I'm still learning the market.

They get to their building and walk in.

INT. MIKE'S NEW APARTMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mike and Lydia step out of the elevator.

LYDIA

It was nice getting to know you.

MIKE

You haven't scratched the surface.

She unlocks the door to her apartment.

LYDIA

Well don't be a stranger.

Mike gets to his door.

MIKE

Thanks for the walk home.

LYDIA

See you around.

She steps inside. Mike goes into his place.

INT. MIKE'S NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mike is laying on the couch in his underwear. He's trying to sleep but can't.

There's an empty 200ml bottle of vodka on the floor next to him.

His CELL PHONE RINGS.

MIKE

Hello?

CARMINE (O.S.)

Be at the same spot from this afternoon in twenty minutes.

Carmine hangs up. Mike sits up.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mike stands alone at the corner. There's a couple taxis cruising down the street.

Carmine's car pulls up and Mike gets in.

INT. CARMINE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Carmine pulls away.

CARMINE
You bring a tool with you?

MIKE
No one told me to.

Carmine pulls over.

MIKE (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

CARMINE
Get out.

Mike isn't sure if he is being fucked with.

CARMINE (CONT'D)
Now.

Mike opens the door and steps out.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Carmine also steps out. He's got a handgun pointed at Mike.

CARMINE
Against the car like you're under
arrest.

Mike leans against the car. Carmine frisks him. Nothing.

CARMINE (CONT'D)
Take out your phone and open it.

Mike does as he is told. Carmine looks through his phone.

MIKE
What is this all about?

Carmine is satisfied. He hands the phone back to Mike.

CARMINE

I don't know you so I want to make sure I'm not being recorded. Get back in.

Mike and Carmine get back in the car.

INT. CARMINE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Carmine pulls away.

CARMINE

I understand that it was never clearly spelled out but you do understand what work you've been hired to do, right?

MIKE

I have a pretty good idea.

CARMINE

Then why would you show up to your job without your tools?

MIKE

No one told me to do that. I'm new here.

CARMINE

(chuckles)

I can tell. You're about as green as they come. I'll lay down the basic rules for you. Don't carry your tools when you're not working. Limit your legal liabilities.

Mike nods.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

When you are working, take your tools with you only when necessary. The ideal situation is to visit the job site before the job so that your tools are already there when you have to work. Not having your tools with you at first can make the nails you hit with your hammer feel more at ease. And that's the best time to swing.

MIKE

I got it. Maybe we should drive back to my place so I can get them?

CARMINE

Don't worry about it. I'm just breaking balls. Paulie told me you were new so I brought an extra hammer. Look on the floor in the back.

Mike turns and looks. He picks up a 9mm handgun.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Nice, right?

MIKE

Sig sauser. Same as the secret service.

CARMINE

These are only for emergencies. Our orders are to make someone disappear and to succeed at that there can't be any blood.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

Carmine's car crosses into Brooklyn.

EXT. QUIET BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT

Carmine's car pulls up to the curb. This is a low-rise formerly industrial neighborhood.

INT. CARMINE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Carmine kills the ignition.

CARMINE

Third building down is a place where one can do some neighborhood gambling if they didn't feel like leaving the city and going to a real casino. You're going to knock on that door and ask for Cody Cotter. They're not going to know you so they're going to tell you to fuck off. You're going to insist because you feel good about a horse or some bull shit. Make up whatever will keep the man at the door focused only on you.

Mike nods.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

When they finally slam the door on you and make threats then you pretend to leave and come around the back to help me load our new friend into the trunk. Any questions?

MIKE

I got it.

Carmine opens the door. Mike follows and they get out.

EXT. QUIET BROOKLYN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Carmine splits away from Mike. Mike walks up to the front door.

EXT. BOOKIE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Mike rings the doorbell. There's no sound. He knocks on the door.

He blows into his hands. It's cold for March.

The door opens. FRANCESCO (slick backed hair and thin mustache) stands in front of Mike.

FRANCESCO

What the fuck do you want?

MIKE

I want to make a bet.

FRANCESCO

You got the wrong place.

MIKE

I don't think I do.

FRANCESCO

Go home.

Francesco closes the door but Mike sticks his foot in and blocks it.

MIKE

This is Cody Cotter's place, right?

FRANCESCO

Never heard of him.

MIKE

Come on, man. I got a good feeling about the Knicks.

FRANCESCO

Then it looks like I'm doing you a favor.

MIKE

Cody's going to want to hear the tip I have.

FRANCESCO

I'm starting to lose patience with you.

MIKE

Then let me make my bet.

Francesco swings the door back and slams it with full force. Mike moves his foot away just in time.

MIKE (CONT'D)

That's no way to treat a veteran.

FRANCESCO (O.S.)

You make any more noise and you're going to regret it.

Mike steps away from the door.

EXT. QUIET BROOKLYN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Mike crosses the street and walks in the shadows. He walks about ten feet and then crosses the street to head back to the bookie hall.

EXT. BEHIND BOOKIE HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Mike arrives at the back door. It's unlocked and open. He hugs the wall and hides off to the side.

AGHHH

Someone screamed. Cody or Carmine? Mike thinks about what to do next. He takes out his gun and enters the building.

INT. BOOKIE HALL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Mike cautiously moves down the corridor. He hears people talking.

FOOT STEPS are getting close. Mike ducks into an empty room.

The foot steps are Francesco's. Francesco goes to the door Mike just entered from.

Mike steps out of the room.

Francesco locks the door. He turns around and his face connects with Mike's fist.

Francesco is dazed. Mike quickly moves behind him and puts him in a headlock. SNAP. His neck is broken.

Mike drags Francesco into the empty room. He emerges and moves back to the voices.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Carmine is tied to a chair and gagged while SERGIO (40s, hairy chest sticking out of his top shirt button) and CODY COTTER (three degrees below sleazy) take turns punching him in the face.

CODY

Fucking WOP scumbag thinks he can sneak into my place to teach me a lesson? Now I'll teach you a lesson, ass hole.

Mike walks into the room. Cody and Sergio do a double take.

CODY (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

MIKE

I got a scoop on the Knicks and need to place a bet.

CODY

Francesco!

Mike walks right up to Cody. Sergio grabs him and swings.

Mike punches right back. The two men begin a brutal fight.

Cody grabs a pool stick off the wall and snaps it in half. He tosses one end to Sergio.

Cody beats Carmine with the pool stick as Mike and Sergio fight.

Sergio beats Mike with the pool stick. Mike's taking a beating. His offense turns into constant defense.

Mike grabs a pencil off the desk. As Sergio pulls back for another swing, Mike jabs him in the eye.

Sergio is frozen in shock. Mike grabs his head and pushes the pencil in as far as it goes.

Sergio collapses dead.

Mike pulls out his gun and aims it at Cody.

MIKE

Get away from him.

Cody freezes.

CODY

Who the fuck lets someone kick
their ass when they got a gun?

Mike pistol whips him in the top of the head. Cody falls.

MIKE

Someone that doesn't like blood.

Mike rips a lamp off the desk and expertly wraps the cord around Cody's neck.

He looks at Carmine as he strangles Cody. Carmine is passed out. He got fucked up pretty good, like he should visit the emergency room.

Cody collapses dead.

Mike walks over to Carmine and almost trips. There's a duffle bag full of cash on the ground.

INT. CARMINE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Mike drives and Carmine is passed out in the front seat. Cody and Sergio's corpses are sitting up right in the back with seatbelts strapped in. The duffle bag is between them.

Mike is making a phone call.

MIKE

Paulie?

INT. AMUSO'S RESTAURANT BAR - CONTINUOUS

Paulie is at the bar. He steps away. The scene is intercut between their conversation.

PAULIE

Tex? I thought I said you're not supposed to call me.

MIKE

It's Carmine. He got fucked up pretty good. Like emergency room pretty good.

PAULIE

Are you a doctor?

MIKE

No.

PAULIE

Then take him to one to get his professional opinion. It's on Staten Island. I'll text you the address. He's on exclusive contract with us.

MIKE

All right. I'll head to the bridge.

PAULIE

How'd everything else go?

MIKE

Everything that needed to get done got done.

PAULIE

Good. Take care of Carmine and he'll take care of you.

Paulie hangs up.

INT. CARMINE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mike puts his phone down and drives. He gets to a red light and stops.

An NYPD patrol car pulls up behind him. Mike sees him in the mirror.

Mike glances back at Cody and Sergio. They look like they're sleeping.

It feels like an eternity for the light to turn green.

DING: The address from Paulie is received.

Green light. Mike gently hits the gas.

The whole street is now a row of green lights.

Mike drives at just the speed limit. The police car stays behind him.

Mike's getting uneasy. The cop's not even switching lanes.

The lights ahead start turning yellow. Mike puts his blinker on and switches lanes to turn right.

He doesn't get to the intersection before it goes from yellow to red. He hits the brakes, not wanting to run a red light in front of the police.

Cody's corpse slumps forward. Now he looks more dead than asleep.

The police car pulls next to Mike. The POLICE OFFICERS inside are having a deep conversation.

Mike nonchalantly moves his arm to the back and pushes up Cody. Fucker is heavier than he looks.

Cody falls back and then slumps on Sergio. Still doesn't look natural.

Fuck. The light seems to be taking forever. Mike keeps his eyes forward and away from the cops.

The light turns green. Mike turns and the cops keep going straight.

EXT. STRIP MALL - NIGHT

Mike pulls into a strip mall. He drives up to a Dermatologist's office.

DR. HOFFMAN (50s, male) steps out of the office. Mike gets out of the car.

DR. HOFFMAN
Which one is he?

Mike opens the front door. They pull Carmine out and bring him inside.

MIKE
Ignore the others.

INT. DOCTOR PATIENTS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mike and Dr. Hoffman lift Carmine onto the examination table.

MIKE
How bad is it?

DR. HOFFMAN
I don't know yet.

Mike's CELL PHONE RINGS.

MIKE
I need to take this.

Mike answers the phone.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Paulie?

INT. PAULIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The scene is intercut between their conversation.

PAULIE
You get him there okay?

MIKE
Yeah, but the doctor isn't sure how
he'll be yet.

PAULIE
You did your part. Leave him and
the money there. Go finish the rest
of the job. Other guys will be
there soon to help Carmine.

MIKE
Okay.

PAULIE
I don't have to spell out what
needs to be done still or are you
smart enough to figure it out?

MIKE
It will get done and it will get
done right.

PAULIE

It better. You don't want to disappoint the old man. Call me when you're done.

INT. DOCTOR PATIENTS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Paulie hangs up on Mike.

DR. HOFFMAN

A lot of trauma to the head and rest of the body. No cuts but most likely internal bleeding and a concussion.

MIKE

I have to bring something from my car in here and then I need to leave. Someone else will be here soon.

DR. HOFFMAN

Do what you need to do, kid.

EXT. STRIP MALL - MOMENTS LATER

Mike walks out of the office and looks at the corpses on the back seat of the car.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The garage is open. Mike drives in, gets out, and pulls the chain to lower the door.

He gets back in the car and drives up to the hole he dug.

Mike turns off the car, gets out, and opens the trunk. Francesco's corpse is in it.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

All three corpses are in the hole. Mike pours the chemicals he purchased on them. He tosses the empty bottles on the floor and starts shoveling dirt back in.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The hole is filled with dirt. Mike mixes concrete in a large and shallow metal pan.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Mike is using a float to smooth over the concrete he poured back into the hole. He tries his best to make it look flawless.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

All of the displaced dirt and empty chemical bottles are in the trunk of Carmine's car. The bottles are all in plastic bags.

Mike calls Paulie. This time we only see Mike's end of the conversation.

MIKE

It's done.

(beat)

MIKE (CONT'D)

Yeah. I did all that. How is he?

(beat)

MIKE (CONT'D)

And the car?

(beat)

Paulie hangs up on Mike.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Mike parks and an attendant gives him a ticket. Mike opens the trunk and takes out the bag of empty chemical bottles.

He walks home and puts an empty chemical bottle in every garbage can he sees.

INT. MIKE'S NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mike enters. He goes to the bathroom to wash up and stares at himself in the mirror.

INT. MIKE'S NEW APARTMENT - LATER

Mike is asleep on his couch. He tosses and turns.

Mike suddenly wakes up in a panic. It takes him a moment to remember where he is now.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - NIGHT/ EARLY MORNING

Mike jogs through the city at night.

CLANK

Mike looks over and sees FOUR GREY SHIRTS (black teens) beating the shit out of a WHITE GUY (blue jacket, 20s)

Mike jogs up to them.

MIKE

What's going on?

GREY SHIRT 1

Get the fuck out of here.

MIKE

I think you kicked his ass enough.

The Grey Shirts move their aggression to Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Let me guess. He's wearing the wrong colors in the wrong neighborhood?

GREY SHIRT 1

So are you.

MIKE

Ask me if I really give a shit.

The Grey Shirts surround Mike. The White Guy runs away.

GREY SHIRT 1

You will.

Grey Shirt 2 pulls out a switchblade and charges Mike. Mike gracefully steps out of the way.

Mike punches Grey Shirt 3 in the throat. The other Grey Shirts pull out knives.

Grey Shirt 1 stabs at Mike. Mike grabs his arm and forces him to drop the knife.

Grey Shirt 2 charges Mike. Mike pulls Grey Shirt 1 in front of him. Grey Shirt 2 stabs Grey Shirt 1.

MIKE

Some shitty friend you are.

Grey Shirt 4 charges Mike. Mike blocks the knife and punches him in the head.

Mike grabs a knife off the ground. He stares at Grey Shirt 2 waiting for him to make a move.

Grey Shirt 2 runs away.

Mike looks down at the 3 remaining Grey Shirts on the ground.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Tonight was strike one. Strike two is going to be wheel chairs. And strike three should be self-explanatory, shit heads.

Mike jogs away like nothing ever happened. He smiles to himself. He enjoyed that.

INT. MIKE'S NEW APARTMENT HALLWAY - MORNING

Mike steps out of the stairwell. Lydia is waiting for the elevator.

MIKE

Hey.

LYDIA

Hey.

MIKE

Going to work?

LYDIA

Going to class.

MIKE

How old are you?

LYDIA

Twenty-four. I take classes at CUNY.

MIKE

What do you study?

LYDIA
Accounting.

MIKE
Nice.

The elevator door opens.

LYDIA
See you later.

Mike takes a deep breath. He runs to the elevator and sticks his hand in as the door closes. It reopens.

MIKE
Do you want to have dinner with me tonight?

LYDIA
You know where you can pick me up.

The door closes. Mike's impressed with himself.

INT. MIKE'S NEW APARTMENT - EVENING

Mike steps out of the bathroom. He's well dressed in new clothes (the tags are on his kitchen counter). He checks himself in the mirror and steps out.

INT. MIKE'S NEW APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mike knocks on Lydia's door. She answers it.

LYDIA
Give me a minute.

She shuts the door. Mike waits. After a moment it reopens.

Lydia steps out. Mike's not sure about what she needed that extra minute for but she looks even more gorgeous.

MIKE
You look great.

LYDIA
You too.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Mike and Lydia eat a very nice meal. We don't hear their conversation but they're both very into each other. He says something and she bursts out laughing.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - LATER

Mike and Lydia walk together. Mike carries their doggy bags.

MIKE

I dunno. Everything just seemed like it was so much cooler before we were born. Music, movies, life in general.

LYDIA

Give me an example.

MIKE

In the town where my mom grew up there used to be an arena. Took years to build and it was the big stadium for the area. Kennedy and Nixon had rallies there in 1960, sports teams played there, and some of the best rock bands to ever exist had concerts there. Led Zeppelin, The Who.

LYDIA

Sounds pretty dope.

MIKE

It was. Then it became outdated and they tore it down to build a shopping center.

LYDIA

Everything in life and this world is always changing and we shouldn't fear it. Even the air we breath into our bodies is constantly changing.

MIKE

That's deep.

LYDIA

I wrote that.

MIKE

Wow.

LYDIA

I'm lying. Marcus Aurelius wrote that. Or something a lot similar.

MIKE

Who is he?

LYDIA

A Roman emperor known also renowned for being a famous ancient philosopher. Ever see the movie Gladiator?

MIKE

A while ago.

LYDIA

When Joaquin Phoenix kills his father, that character was Marcus Aurelius.

MIKE

Wasn't Joaquin Phoenix's character a bit of an idiot?

LYDIA

The murder victim was Marcus Aurelius. The old man.

MIKE

Oh.

LYDIA

He wrote a famous book called 'Meditations'. It's considered an important work regarding stoicism.

MIKE

Like putting one foot in front of the other and sucking up whatever life gives you?

LYDIA

That's a good summary.

MIKE

I wrote it.

Lydia laughs.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Did you read that book in college?

LYDIA

I did. Yeah.

MIKE

Maybe I should read it sometime. It sounds interesting.

LYDIA

I'll let you borrow mine.

MIKE

Thanks.

LYDIA

So if you don't like the city life so much, why did you move here instead of going back to Texas?

MIKE

There's nothing to go back to. My family used to have a farm but after some bad luck and the death of my father, we lost it. Forced sale for less than what we owed on the mortgage.

LYDIA

Where's your mother and sisters now?

MIKE

Still there. Working for a little more than minimum wage while renting a shit hole.

LYDIA

Is it better than your place?

Mike chuckles.

MIKE

Nope. Anyway, I just want more from my life than what I can get in west Texas. A friend had a job opportunity for me in New York, so here I am. Working on building a nest egg so I can go somewhere with fresh air and start over right.

LYDIA

I've never been out of the tri-state area before.

MIKE
You should travel outside of it
sometime. We have a beautiful
country.

Mike's CELL PHONE RINGS.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Sorry.

He picks it up and takes a few steps away from her.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Hello?

PAULIE (O.S.)
Meet me at the loading dock at the
restaurant now. And bring the car.

MIKE
All right.

Paulie hangs up. Mike walks back to Lydia.

LYDIA
Everything okay?

MIKE
Yeah. Just a work thing I need to
do.

LYDIA
So you have to leave now?

MIKE
I should, but I couldn't end this
without properly walking you home
first.

They continue walking.

INT. MIKE'S NEW APARTMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mike and Lydia walk up to her door.

LYDIA
I had a great time. Thank you for
the dinner.

MIKE
Thank you for the company.

They look at each other and wait. It's that awkward first date moment when...

Mike leans in and they kiss softly on the lips. There's a definite attraction between them.

LYDIA

I have to go.

MIKE

Good night.

She unlocks her door and steps in. Mike waits for it to close.

CLICK

Mike runs to the stairwell.

EXT. AMUSO'S RESTAURANT'S LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

Paulie stands on the loading dock smoking a cigarette. Mike pulls up and gets out of the car.

PAULIE

It should have took you ten minutes to get here from your apartment, Tex.

MIKE

The fucking parking garage took forever to release the car.

Paulie shakes his head.

PAULIE

You clean up after yourself all right?

MIKE

Everything is all good. I tried my best with making the floor's concrete look seamless. How's Carmine?

PAULIE

Getting better.

Paulie studies Mike.

PAULIE (CONT'D)
He put in a good word for you. You performed pretty well considering you had to act on your own.

MIKE
Thank you, sir.

PAULIE
The big man thinks you might be ready to act solo. He's got a new assignment for you. This one is a piece of action and not a piece of work like the last assignment. Understand the difference?

Mike nods but doesn't appear confident.

PAULIE (CONT'D)
It means you don't go all the way.

Mike understands. Paulie hands him a piece of paper.

PAULIE (CONT'D)
Victor Mahaffey. He's a degenerate gambler that's behind on his payments. You won't take his money but you'll send a message that needs to be humiliating.

Mike looks at the paper. There's a name and address.

PAULIE (CONT'D)
That's where he lives with his mother. Fucking loser never moved out.

Paulie looks Mike in the eyes to emphasize how serious this is.

PAULIE (CONT'D)
Give me the car keys and get to work.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS - NIGHT

Mike hides himself in the shadows of a vacant lot. He's watching an apartment building across the street.

Mahaffey steps out of the apartment building and crosses the street.

Mike follows him and keeps a wide berth.

They approach a dark part of the street where there are more vacant lots.

Mike picks up his pace.

Mahaffey turns into...

EXT. VACANT LOT - CONTINUOUS

Mike is on his tail.

Mahaffey pulls out a gun.

BANG. BANG.

He fires blindly and completely misses Mike (though it's very possible his stray bullets could kill someone far away).

Mike hits the brakes on his feet.

Mahaffey keeps running.

Mike runs in the opposite direction.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Mike gets back on the street and runs in the direction Mahaffey was running.

Mike turns down the next street. He sprints fast.

Mike gets to the corner. He cautiously approaches it.

He peeks down the street and sees Mahaffey walking. Mahaffey tucks his gun in his waist when SOMEONE gives him a look.

Mike slinks back into a doorway, away from the view of anyone walking down the street.

Mahaffey gets to the corner and looks to make sure he is not being followed. He doesn't see Mike and his confidence rises.

Mahaffey keeps walking.

Mike emerges from his hiding spot. He pulls out a blackjack (metal weapon covered in leather).

He cautiously picks up speed and catches up to Mahaffey.

Mahaffey looks back to check if he's safe.

Mike hits him in the face.

Mahaffey is dazed. Mike grabs Mahaffey's gun.

MIKE

There. There.

No one on the street seems to notice them.

Mike grabs the back of Mahaffey's neck and marches him back towards the empty lot.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I ought to shoot you right here for taking shots at me.

MAHAFFEY

What the fuck is this all about?

MIKE

You're a dead beat that doesn't pay back the money you borrow.

MAHAFFEY

I can explain.

MIKE

That deadline is over.

MAHAFFEY

Talk to Pete. He'll vouch for me.

MIKE

Let's not waste each others time.

EXT. VACANT LOT - CONTINUOUS

Mike pushes Mahaffey into a dark spot.

MAHAFFEY

You kill me and Pete is going to be angry.

MIKE

Shut up.

Mike throws him to the ground.

Mahaffey gets up and runs.

Mike chases after him and tackles him to the ground.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Fucking piece of shit.

Mike pistol whips him. Again and again. He keeps it up.

Mahaffey gets pretty bloody. He starts crying.

Mike snaps out of his rage. He's not allowed to kill the guy.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Crying like a fucking little girl?

Mike punches him in the stomach.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You're a real tough guy with a gun,
huh? Let's see how fucking tough
you are now.

Mike unload the magazine from the gun. He pops the bullet out of the chamber.

Mike pulls down Mahaffey's pants.

MAHAFFEY
What the fuck are you doing?

Mike shoves the gun up Mahaffey's ass.

MAHAFFEY (CONT'D)
AGGGAHHHHHHHH!

MIKE
Dare me to shoot?

MAHAFFEY
No!

Mike pulls the trigger.

CLICK.

MIKE
Next time it won't be empty.

A police car pulls up to the street at the lot.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Make your fucking payments on time.

Mike gets up and runs.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)
Hey!

Mike doesn't look back.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Mike runs through a crowd of people, almost knocking some people down.

The POLICE OFFICER runs out of the vacant lot. He's in good shape. Mike can't gain any distance and it's hard for him to maintain what little he has.

A POLICE CAR drives from the opposite direction. Mike is about to get boxed in.

Mike runs into a subway station.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

Mike practically jumps down the stairs.

He runs up to the turnstile and swipes his metro card. He passes through and runs.

A MTA COP sees him running and gives him a glance but thinks nothing of it. People are always running late.

There are about a DOZEN other people entering the turnstile.

The POLICE OFFICER runs down into the station. He scans the area.

RUMBLE

A train is pulling in. The Police Officer knows he lost Mike.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Mike catches his breath as he sits.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Victor Mahaffey lays on a bed. A DOCTOR is finishing stitching up his ass.

The curtain is pulled back revealing Lieutenant Sasso.

He examines the situation.

SASSO

So he shoved your gun up your ass?

MAHAFFEY

Not my gun. His.

Sasso motions for someone off screen to come over. It's a FORENSICS TECHNICIAN.

SASSO

Examine his fucking fingers for gun powder residue and take his prints. We'll compare it with what was on the trigger.

MAHAFFEY

Hey! I'm the fucking victim here.

The Doctor finishes his task. The Technician gets to work.

DOCTOR

Will this be long? We need the bed.

SASSO

Can I take him to jail?

MAHAFFEY

Taking me to jail?

DOCTOR

He'll be fine. But I need to give a prescription for painkillers.

SASSO

He doesn't need it.

MAHAFFEY

I didn't do anything.

SASSO

The cops that rescued you were responding to shots fired. One of those bullets went through an apartment window and could have killed a child. If it was your gun and you who fired the shots. Then that's on you.

MAHAFFEY

Come on, dude.

SASSO

Don't dude me. I'm Lieutenant Sasso from the Organized Crime Task Force. I'm not here to take a statement or register your case of assault and battery. I'm here because I know who you are.

MAHAFFEY

You have me mistaken for someone else.

SASSO

You're a shit stain, Mahaffey. But you owe money to Peter Amuso. I'm going to go out on a limb and guess that this incident tonight had something to do with that.

MAHAFFEY

Never heard of the guy.

Sasso grabs Mahaffey off the bed.

MAHAFFEY (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing?

SASSO

We're going somewhere else. The doctor needs this bed.

He pushes Mahaffey out of there.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sargent Johnson and Detective Debkowski are waiting for Sasso.

SARGENT JOHNSON

We have a lead.

Sasso pushes Mahaffey to Debkowski.

SASSO

He's getting charged with attempted murder.

MAHAFFEY

Fucking bull shit.

Debkowski leads him away. Johnson shows Sasso a photo of a screen shot. It's of Mike running down the street.

SARGENT JOHNSON

We know who assaulted him.

SASSO

Mike the mystery man. Get an ID yet?

SARGENT JOHNSON

We're still working on that. His face isn't in the state's database. But now that we have him on our videos the techs can make a profile and put an alert out for his face.

Sasso grins.

SASSO

The next time he's on camera we'll get an alarm.

Sasso smiles like a dangerous animal dreaming of its attack.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mike gets off the elevator and walks to his apartment.

The door to Lydia's apartment opens. Mike turns and sees her.

LYDIA

Was everything okay?

MIKE

Yeah, it was simple. Just a pushy client that couldn't wait until the morning. You're up late.

LYDIA

You're home late.

MIKE

Duty calls.

LYDIA

I couldn't sleep.

MIKE

I know that problem.

LYDIA

I had a really great time tonight with you.

MIKE

We could end it properly with a night cap.

He opens his door.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Care to see the palace?

INT. MIKE'S NEW APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

They walk in. Lydia immediately notices how empty it is.

LYDIA
Not much furniture.

MIKE
I'm slowly settling into the place.

He closes the door, walks to the kitchen counter, and picks up a bottle of vodka.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Vodka?

LYDIA
Do you have anything to mix it with?

Mike opens the fridge and pulls out a half-full bottle of coke.

MIKE
This work?

She nods. He pours her the drink. He makes one for himself but instead of coke he adds water.

LYDIA
You enjoy the taste of it?

MIKE
No, but if drinking isn't good for your health then it seems fine to me that it shouldn't taste good either.

LYDIA
You have a strange way of looking at things.

MIKE
I can't help it. I'm one in seven billion.

Lydia looks around the apartment.

LYDIA
Seeing your place really doesn't tell me anything new about you.

MIKE

I told you, I'm making a fresh start.

LYDIA

Any hobbies?

MIKE

I enjoy working with my hands to make things. What about you?

LYDIA

Ballet. Been doing it since I was five.

MIKE

That's great. I'm not much of a dancer.

LYDIA

No one is when they first start. Come on, I'll show you how.

She takes her phone and plays a song. It's slow.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Ballroom is always easy to start with.

She takes his hand.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

I'll lead.

Mike smiles.

MIKE

You'll lead.

She puts her arm on his waist.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I hold your waist or shoulder?

LYDIA

Shoulder.

They dance.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

You're better than you let on.

MIKE

I guess I have a good teacher.

He looks into her eyes. He leans in and they kiss.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lydia opens the door and steps out of Mike apartment. Her hair is a little out of place.

MIKE

You sure you don't want to stay longer?

LYDIA

My mom will freak out if she wakes up and I'm not home.

Mike nods.

MIKE

You want to go out for breakfast in the morning?

LYDIA

I have an eight A.M. class.

MIKE

How's about I walk you there?

Lydia smiles.

LYDIA

Sure. I'm leaving at seven fifteen.

MIKE

You better get to bed. That's in four hours.

LYDIA

Good night.

MIKE

Night.

She kisses him. He watches her go into her apartment.

INT. MIKE'S NEW APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mike closes the door, walks to the counter, and pours himself another drink.

He goes to his window and looks down at the city. The apartment has a nice view.

INT. NYPD INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Victor Mahaffey sits at the table with one arm handcuffed to it. He is asleep.

The door opens and Sasso enters. He throws a file on the table. Mahaffey wakes up startled.

SASSO
Resting well, sleeping beauty?

MAHAFFEY
Fuck no.

SASSO
Your print came back positive on the trigger. So now I got you for illegal possession and attempted murder.

MAHAFFEY
How can it be attempted murder if I was firing in self-defense?

SASSO
So the gun is yours?

MAHAFFEY
I didn't say that.

SASSO
Yes, you did.

MAHAFFEY
Man, I don't even think I should be talking to you without a lawyer. You're just going to twist my words around to fuck me.

Sasso smiles and nods.

SASSO
You're right. I am.

Sasso sits down across from him.

SASSO (CONT'D)

Would you like me to give you a reach around?

MAHAFFEY

What the fuck is the matter with you?

SASSO

I can book you on the gun charge but I can forget about attempted murder if you're able to do something for me.

Sasso waits for a response but Mahaffey stays silent.

SASSO (CONT'D)

The man who set you up to get hurt. Peter Amuso. I want him.

MAHAFFEY

Like I said. I never heard of him.

SASSO

What about the guy who attacked you? You think you could identify him?

MAHAFFEY

I didn't get a good look at him.

Mahaffey gives Sasso a smug look. Sasso stares at him waiting for the bluff to fail. It stays.

SASSO

You're going to regret this. I'll make sure of that.

Sasso gets up and walks out.

INT. MIKE'S NEW APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Mike knocks on Lydia's door. LYDIA'S MOTHER (50s, plump) answers.

MIKE

Hi, I'm Mike. I live across the hall.

LYDIA'S MOTHER

Nice to meet you.

MIKE
Is Lydia home?

Lydia's Mother closes the door but doesn't shut it. Mike waits for a beat and the door opens again.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Hey.

LYDIA
Get any sleep?

MIKE
As much as I could. You ready to go?

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - LATER

Mike and Lydia walk. He carries her bag. There are surveillance cameras all over the street.

They pass an NYPD Surveillance camera. From the Camera's POV there is a clear shot of Mike's face.

LYDIA
Did you take the day off from work today?

MIKE
I'm on call right now. Which class are you going to?

LYDIA
Calculus.

MIKE
Damn. You're really good at math.

LYDIA
I am when I need to have it as a general requirement for graduation. This is the hardest class I ever--

A POLICE CAR pulls up in front of them. A SECOND ONE pulls up behind them.

Lydia looks confused. Mike hands her back her bag.

MIKE
Go to your class. I'll talk to them.

LYDIA
Did you do something?

MIKE
No. I'm sure this is all just a
misunderstanding.

A unmarked police car pulls up next to Mike. Sasso and
Sargent Johnson get out.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Go.

Lydia starts to walk away.

SASSO
Miss.

Lydia turns.

SASSO (CONT'D)
What's in the bag?

LYDIA
School books.

Sasso takes the bag from her. He opens it, looks inside, and
hands it back.

SASSO
Get out of here.

She looks at Mike worried. Mike nods to her. She leaves.

SASSO (CONT'D)
She's pretty. Your girlfriend?

Mike shrugs. Sasso pushes him against the car and frisks him.
He takes Mike's wallet and opens it.

SASSO (CONT'D)
Michael DeFino.

MIKE
There something I can do for you?

SASSO
Yeah. You can come down to my
office and we can talk.

MIKE
What's wrong with here?

SASSO
We have a lot to go over.

MIKE
I'm busy.

Mike walks away. Sargent Johnson blocks him.

SARGENT JOHNSON
You're a person of interest in an active murder case.

MIKE
I don't know anything about that.

Sasso grabs Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)
The fuck are you doing?

SASSO
Proper English would be: what the fuck are you doing? And what I'm doing is not taking no for an answer.

He slaps handcuffs on Mike.

MIKE
I want a lawyer.

INT. NYPD INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Mike sits alone in the room with one arm handcuffed to the table, just like Mahaffey was.

Sasso and Sargent Johnson walk in.

SASSO
Innocent people get nervous and squirly when they're in this room. But the guilty ones. They act just like you are right now.

MIKE
Lawyer.

SASSO
I haven't charged you with anything yet.

MIKE
Then I should be free to go.

He looks at his handcuff, knowing that he is not free to leave.

SASSO

You get out of that handcuff on your own and maybe I'll let you walk out of here.

MIKE

I need to use the bathroom.

SASSO

I can hold you for twenty four hours before I need to either charge you or let you go.

MIKE

May I please go and take a piss?

Sargent Johnson throws the photo of Mike outside of Mahaffey's apartment building on the table.

SASSO

I have you on camera stalking a victim before you assaulted them along with footage of you resisting arrest.

MIKE

Resisting arrest?

SASSO

You fucking ran, didn't you?

Mike doesn't react. He sits back.

Sargent Johnson throws down the photo of Mike with Vassily.

SARGENT JOHNSON

We also find it odd that we saw you with a known criminal shortly before he was murdered.

They pause to wait for a reaction from Mike. He remains calm.

SASSO

Did you kill him too? Act like his buddy one day and then shoot him in the back the next?

SARGENT JOHNSON

He died in a street shootout. We know that two people walked away from it. We think one of them is you.

SASSO

You fucked up that guy pretty good when you shoved his gun up his ass. I can charge you with attempted murder. You get a lawyer, we plead it down to first degree assault and you go away for five years.

Sasso gets in Mike's face.

SASSO (CONT'D)

I looked at your record. Seven years in the marines with a dishonorable discharge. That's rough.

Sasso gets close to Mike's ear and speaks in a low voice.

SASSO (CONT'D)

But if we go this way, you'll be over thirty when you're out of prison. With no skills and nothing to show of your life. You really want to waste anymore time and become a loser?

Mike doesn't give either a reaction. His face is stone.

SARGENT JOHNSON

You got anything you want to say?

Mike stays quiet.

SASSO

Innocent people can explain themselves. Sometimes we make mistakes. It happens.

SARGENT JOHNSON

Tell us why we're wasting our time, Michael.

MIKE

Lawyer.

SASSO

After you're charged. Maybe you can save yourself some money on their fees and we can clear this up right now.

MIKE

Can I assume that while I'm in this room, video with sound is being recorded?

SARGENT JOHNSON

Whatever is said in here. We can keep it between us.

MIKE

Okay.

SARGENT JOHNSON

What were you doing outside of Mahaffey's apartment, Michael?

MIKE

But there is an official record of what is said in here, right?

SARGENT JOHNSON

Yes.

MIKE

Good. Then for the record, I'm not saying shit to you both without a lawyer present.

Sasso and Sargent Johnson exchange looks.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Is that clear enough?

INT. NYPD ORGANIZED CRIME TASK FORCE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sasso and Shirley Johnson walk out. Sasso waits for the door to completely close.

SASSO

I took him into custody at seven thirty six this morning. Have him brought into holding. We'll cut him loose tomorrow morning.

SARGENT JOHNSON

You're not going to charge him for the assault?

SASSO
I got a better idea.

Even though they're on the same team, the word 'idea' coming from Sasso's mouth makes her nervous.

INT. HOLDING CELL - TIME-LAPSE

Mike sits on a bench. A time-lapse quickly shows the day as detainees are shuffled in and out throughout the day but Mike stays in his place.

The time-lapse slows down when we reach the next morning. Mike is finally allowed to leave.

EXT. MIKE'S NEW APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Mike walks up to the building. He looks exhausted.

Paulie appears between Mike and the front door.

PAULIE
We've been looking for you, Tex.
You were gone for a while.

Paulie leads Mike to an Escalade that's parked on the street. Mike is led to the front seat.

INT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

Mike gets in the car. Paulie sits down in the back behind Mike. Next to Paulie is Pete Amuso.

The DRIVER (30s, steroid user) pulls away from the curb.

Paulie reaches over the seat and pats Mike down.

PAULIE
Cell phone.

Mike takes it out.

PAULIE (CONT'D)
Open it.

Mike unlocks the phone. Paulie looks through it.

PAULIE (CONT'D)
He's clean.

He passes it to Amuso.

AMUSO

Where the fuck have you've been,
Michael?

MIKE

I was--

AMUSO

Shut up. I pay for this fucking
apartment you're staying in and
when I go looking for you, you're
not home. You don't answer the door
when we knock, you don't take our
phone calls. I got to admit, I feel
insulted. The way you acted was
pretty fucking rude.

MIKE

Mr. Amuso--

AMUSO

Didn't I fucking tell you before to
call me Pete?

MIKE

Pete. I'm sorry but the
circumstances were out of my
control.

AMUSO

Explain to me. Tell me everything.

MIKE

I got picked up by the cops. Some
ass hole named Sasso. He wanted me
to talk about the shooting where we
met.

AMUSO

And you told him what?

MIKE

I told him shit.

AMUSO

If you didn't say anything then how
did he connect the two of us?

MIKE

The guy I roughed up. Victor
Mahaffey. Sasso knew about what I
did and tried to use that as
leverage to get me to talk.

The Escalade merges onto the West Side Highway. They drive north.

PAULIE
Choose your next words wisely, Tex.

AMUSO
(puzzled)
Tex?

PAULIE
He's from Texas.

Amuso shakes his head.

AMUSO
This don't make sense to me. If they got you on that then there's no way they would let you out without bail. So don't lie to me and be very clear. What happened at the police station?

MIKE
They picked me up, tried to get me to talk about you, and threatened to send me to jail for five years because I shoved a gun up that guy's ass.

Paulie chuckles. Amuso shoots him a dirty look and his smirk goes away.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I told them I wanted a lawyer and they threw me in a holding cell. After twenty-four hours they let me go because they didn't charge me with anything.

AMUSO
I pay you a decent amount of money, Michael. And I know that prick Sasso. It's not in his nature to release someone he doesn't like without charging them with something. The guy loves to fuck over people like us.

MIKE
Then I don't know why he let me go. I never saw him again after they threw me in the cell. No one came to talk to me again.

AMUSO

I don't like this. There has to be a reason why he let you out. You agreed to hurt me for him. Is that it?

MIKE

No, Pete. I'm telling you the truth.

PAULIE

(to Amuso)

Maybe Sasso's trying to get you to do his dirty work?

AMUSO

What the fuck are you talking about?

PAULIE

Like he's fishing to charge you for murder by setting up this kid to be on your bad side.

AMUSO

You think he's got someone watching us now?

Paulie looks back.

PAULIE

Only way to see if we're being followed is to do some fancy driving.

AMUSO

It doesn't matter. They got cameras everywhere. Keep going.

MIKE

You don't have to punish me for anything, Pete. I told you the truth. I kept my mouth shut.

Amuso takes out a burner cell phone and dials a number.

AMUSO

Debkowski? It's me. What happened with Mike Defino?

(beat).

AMUSO (CONT'D)

Uh huh.

(beat).

AMUSO (CONT'D)

You know, you really need to work on your communication skills. I got the first part of your information yesterday but you didn't give me any updates. I feel like I'm being manipulated.

(beat).

AMUSO (CONT'D)

I guess time will tell.

He hangs up.

AMUSO (CONT'D)

(to Driver)

Get off at the next exit.

EXT. WASHINGTON HEIGHTS STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The Escalade pulls over.

INT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

Mike stays seated waiting for Amuso's permission to leave.

AMUSO

No hard feelings, Michael.

MIKE

Pete, you need to know I will never rat out you or anyone.

AMUSO

A lot of people have made that promise and broke it before. I can't afford to be careless.

MIKE

Yes, sir.

AMUSO

But we do have a serious problem right now. I need to put your specialized work on hold for now.

MIKE

Why?

AMUSO

Because you're on Sasso's radar and he's a bad cop. He's not corrupt but he'll frame you if he thinks you're guilty. If he has it out for you he will find a way to make you hurt. I can't put you in the situation where he gets something on you.

PAULIE

Maybe he can do work outside of the city?

AMUSO

I'll think about it. In the meantime, get creative and think of other ways you can get money. You kick up to me and you get my protection. You kick up consistently and you'll get a good reputation that will open a lot of doors.

Mike takes his words in.

MIKE

I appreciate your advice.

AMUSO

We got somewhere to be or we'd drive you back.

Amuso pulls out a twenty dollar bill.

AMUSO (CONT'D)

Take a cab home on me. Go on. You're dismissed.

Mike gets out of the Escalade and walks away.

AMUSO (CONT'D)

I want him watched at all times.

PAULIE

You think he was lying?

AMUSO

No, but I'm not taking the chance.

PAULIE

If that's the case, doesn't it make more sense to take care of this now while we have the advantage?

AMUSO

That guy was more professional than any professional I've ever seen. If he's with us then it will give me a huge advantage when the political situation upstairs changes.

PAULIE

I'll take care of it, Pete.

INT. MIKE'S NEW APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Mike steps off the elevator.

LYDIA (O.S.)

(screaming)

No!

Lydia is being dragged away by TWO NARCOTICS DETECTIVES as her mother looks on crying. She's in handcuffs.

Mike is shocked. Sasso appears behind him.

SASSO

She's a big time college ecstasy dealer.

Mike turns and sees Sasso.

SASSO (CONT'D)

An anonymous tip to our narcotics unit led to a search of her backpack where we found some pills. Then that led to a warrant for her apartment where we discovered a class B felony amount.

Mike uses every ounce of self-control he has to not hit him.

SASSO (CONT'D)

Incredible how that panned out, right? You never really know about some fucking people.

Sasso walks to join the other cops but stops suddenly.

SASSO (CONT'D)

Oh wait a minute. Now I know why she looked so familiar. You were walking with her on the street. She's your girlfriend maybe?

MIKE

You know she's not a fucking drug dealer.

SASSO

Their evidence says differently.

He walks back over to Mike.

SASSO (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what, Michael. I am willing to use my influence to help this go away. But you're going to have to do something for me first.

Sasso walks away.

SASSO (CONT'D)

Think it over.

Mike watches Sasso and the cops leave.

INT. MIKE'S NEW APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mike enters and runs to the window. He watches as Lydia is put in the back of one of the cars. They drive off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIKE'S NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mike sits in the dark, still looking out the window. The streets are much less busy, but they're still active

Mike gets up and grabs his coat.

EXT. MIKE'S NEW APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Mike walks out the door. He's being watched by BIG VIC (40s, short), who stays in the shadows.

Big Vic waits until Mike is thirty-feet away and follows him.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

The subway car has a few people in it. Mike sits at one end.

Big Vic sits at the other, secretly watching him.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Mike gets off the train. Big Vic follows him.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Mike walks out of the station and heads to Police Plaza.

Big Vic walks up the stairs. He stops when he sees where Mike is headed.

Mike walks into Police Plaza's doors.

INT. NYPD INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER

Mike sits alone in the room. The door opens and Sasso walks in.

SASSO

You better not be wasting my time because I was fucking sleeping when they called.

MIKE

Well I'm sorry to inconvenience you on the same day you planted drugs on an innocent person and sent them to jail.

Sasso turns to walk out.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm interested in making a trade.

Sasso stops.

SASSO

What can you offer me?

MIKE

Myself.

SASSO

You're a fucking nobody.

MIKE

Then what do you want?

SASSO

The guy you work for. Peter Amuso.

Mike doesn't have a reaction.

SASSO (CONT'D)
Fuck you and your girlfriend then.

Sasso walks to the door.

SASSO (CONT'D)
It's a shame that you're going to ruin her life for that piece of shit. That mafia bullshit of Omerta doesn't really exist. Amuso is a scumbag that's coordinated with the police before to take down rivals.

Sasso leans in.

SASSO (CONT'D)
He'd sell out your ass if it benefitted him.

MIKE
Amuso is a rat?

SASSO
He's a piece of shit. That's what the hit on him outside the steak house was about. Retaliation from someone he tried to set up.

MIKE
You want me to tell you what I know about him?

SASSO
No. I want you to wear a wire and get a recording of him ordering you to commit murder.

MIKE
That's going to be hard to do.

SASSO
I know it will be. But you'll do it because your a stand up guy and you don't want Lydia to have her life messed up because of you.

Mike tries to weigh his options.

SASSO (CONT'D)
Don't ruin this girl's life because you're a coward.

MIKE

You're the one that brought her into this.

SASSO

No, you did by working for a mafia scumbag. This shouldn't be a hard choice for you. Your mind was made up when you decided to come here and talk. It's an extra step but it's not much farther than confessing.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - NIGHT

Mike walks down the street by himself, deep in thought. The streets are mostly empty.

EXT. AMUSO'S RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Mike leans against a building and watches Amuso's restaurant.

Mike reaches into his coat pocket and pulls something out. A digital recording device with a wire microphone.

Mike holds it in his hand and looks down at it.

He walks over to a trash can and freezes.

Across the street, Detective Debkowski gets out of a cab and walks into the restaurant.

Mike pockets the wire device and retreats into a dark corner where he can get a good view of the building.

INT. AMUSO'S RESTAURANT DINING ROOM- NIGHT

Amuso sits at his table drinking a glass of red wine. The place is open and a late night crowd is there.

A Waiter leads Debkowski to his table.

AMUSO

Have a seat.

DETECTIVE DEBKOWSKI

Your information was right. He was at police headquarters earlier and met with Sasso.

AMUSO
By his own choice?

DETECTIVE DEBKOWSKI
Yes. I don't have much info right now but he walked in on his own and left on his own.

Amuso sighs.

AMUSO
Anyway to find out?

DETECTIVE DEBKOWSKI
Sasso's a hot head. If he catches or suspects me of overstepping--

AMUSO
Just see what you can figure out. I got a general big picture in my head but I'm someone that sleeps better when I know details.

DETECTIVE DEBKOWSKI
Understood. I don't want any misunderstandings like before. You're a good guy that's always been very generous.

Amuso takes out his phone.

AMUSO
Come in any time for a meal on me.

DETECTIVE DEBKOWSKI
I'm going to leave if that's okay with you.

Amuso nods and Detective Debkowski leaves. Amuso calls Mike.

EXT. AMUSO'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Mike watches the restaurant from his spot. His phone RINGS. He answers and the scene cuts between them.

MIKE
Hello?

AMUSO
I need to put you back on active duty. An emergency job came up.

He checks his watch. It's just after midnight

MIKE

When do you need me?

AMUSO

6753 North 6th Street in
Williamsburg. Technically it's
happening today at 10pm sharp.

MIKE

I'll be there.

AMUSO

We'll provide you with the tools
for the job so you don't have to
bring your own.

Amuso hangs up.

Mike looks back at the restaurant. Detective Debkowski walks
out.

Mike's got a bad feeling.

EXT. FLYING ACES SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

Mike walks up to a crumbling two-story building in an old
industrial neighborhood that's been converted into mostly
loft apartments that will be redeveloped soon. He's carrying
his duffle bag.

A sign on the door says 'Members Only'. Mike scopes it out.

EXT. FLYING ACES SOCIAL CLUB BACK - MOMENTS LATER

Mike climbs over a fence and jumps into a small yard that
belongs to the building.

He examines the door. It has a pretty heavy duty alarm on it.

He looks up.

EXT. FLYING ACES SOCIAL CLUB ROOF - EVENING

Mike uses a hand saw and cuts open a section of the roof.

INT. FLYING ACES SOCIAL CLUB STORE ROOM - EVENING

Mike drops in through the hole.

INT. FLYING ACES SOCIAL CLUB MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

There's a bar, pool table, cabinets, and furniture.

Mike searches through the bar and cabinets. He finds nothing.

He goes to a couch and flips a sofa cushion. There's a hand gun.

He flips the other cushions and finds three more.

Mike releases the magazines and takes the bullets out.

INT. FLYING ACES SOCIAL CLUB BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mike enters the bathroom. The toilet is very old with the cistern mounted on the wall like in 'The Godfather'.

Mike takes out a bulletproof vest and stuffs it behind the cistern.

He turns the toilet's water supply off and flushes it.

He checks the cistern to make sure it's empty and not refilling.

He takes out two handguns and puts them inside. He takes the wire device Sasso gave him and stuffs it in there too.

INT. FLYING ACES SOCIAL CLUB MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mike carries the empty duffle bag and a sawed off shot gun.

He stuffs them under the bar.

EXT. FLYING ACES SOCIAL CLUB ROOF - EVENING

The sun has almost set. Mike climbs out of his hole and gets out of there.

EXT. FLYING ACES SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

Amuso, Paulie, Big Vic, CHARLIE EYES (30s, handsome, pale blue eyes), and RICK (40s, skinny) walk to the closed up social club.

BIG VIC

I'm just saying that you may have
been a little too bullish on
Buffalo this season.

(MORE)

BIG VIC (CONT'D)

Sure it's the kid's second season as quarterback and he's got promise but he's unproven.

PAULIE

The fuck you talking about? Making these bets now gets me in at the ground up. This is what an opportunity looks like.

RICK

How much debt you in for from your past bets, Paulie?

PAULIE

Fuck you.

AMUSO

Everyone shut the fuck up.

They get to the front door. Amuso uses a remote to turn off the alarm.

AMUSO (CONT'D)

You prepped the place?

PAULIE

It's prepped.

AMUSO

This kid is no fucking joke. No one takes any chances.

PAULIE

We should have killed him when we had the chance.

Amuso shoots him a look. Paulie drops it.

AMUSO

Back then he wasn't guilty. Now he is. That's the difference.

PAULIE

You're right, Pete. You know that you don't need to be here either. Me and the boys can.

AMUSO

I brought him into this. It's only right that I bring him out of--

PAULIE

Pete.

Amuso turns. Mike is approaching them.

AMUSO
(very warm and friendly)
Mikey.

MIKE
Hey Pete.

AMUSO
I told you ten.

MIKE
You also said don't be late. I was
in the neighborhood and figured
what's the point of going home in
the city just to come all the way
back to Brooklyn.

PAULIE
What were you doing in this
neighborhood, Tex?

MIKE
Visiting a girl I know.

AMUSO
Mike, meet Big Vic, Charlie Eyes,
and Rick. You already know Paulie.

RICK
How you doing?

MIKE
Hey.

Mike checks out the guys. They get a creepy vibe off him.

Amuso unlocks the door.

AMUSO
Let's get down to business.

INT. FLYING ACES SOCIAL CLUB MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amuso enters first, followed by Mike.

The Four Thugs exchange looks with each other. Mike's early
arrival has thrown off the plan.

They all enter while Rick waits outside.

Amuso turns on the lights.

AMUSO

Hands up.

Mike does as told. Paulie frisks him. Feels the chest too.

MIKE

What's this all about?

AMUSO

Don't get your panties in a bunch.
I'm just being careful. Got a tip
one of my guys flipped. He's your
next piece of work.

Amuso walks to the bar.

AMUSO (CONT'D)

You want a drink?

MIKE

I'm fine. Thanks.

Amuso stops where he is. Mike's early presence has them all uneasy.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Actually I need to use the
bathroom.

Amuso points to the door.

AMUSO

Right there.

Mike enters.

Amuso looks at his crew. Show time.

INT. FLYING ACES SOCIAL CLUB BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike takes a deep breath. He grabs the vest, takes off his shirt, and puts it on. He puts his shirt back on.

He grabs the guns and checks the magazines. All are full.

He reaches into the cistern and pulls out the wire device Sasso gave him. He puts it in his pocket.

He turns on the sink, cups water with his hand and takes a drink.

He gets his guns ready. MUSIC FADES UP.

Mike opens the door.

Amuso, Paulie, Big Vic, and Charlie Eyes all have guns pointed at him.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. BANG.

Mike takes a bullet to the chest. Fortunately he has a vest.
Looks like he missed a gun when he was there earlier.

AMUSO
(to Paulie)
I thought you fucking prepped?!

PAULIE
I did.

Charlie Eyes aims his gun again. Mike found the one he missed.

BLAM. Mike kills Charlie Eyes.

Paulie and Big Vic rush him. Amuso grabs the loaded gun that Charlie Eyes had.

BLAM. Big Vic is dead.

Paulie tackles Mike.

They wrestle over Mike's gun. They hit and punch each other.

BANG. BANG.

Amuso takes shots at Mike.

Mike manages to get control of the gun for a second.

BLAM. He shoots at Amuso. Amuso retreats for cover.

The lights go out.

Paulie gets Mike's gun. BANG. BANG. Amuso shoots at Mike.

Mike pulls out another gun and shoot back. BLAM. BLAM.

Mike is now pinned down in the bathroom.

AMUSO (O.S.)
Come on out, Mike. It's over.

Mike tries to judge where the voice is coming from.

AMUSO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You put up a good fight, but it's
done. Just accept your fate and
face it with honor.

Mike glances in the mirror. The room is dark but he sees something moving. Most likely Paulie coming towards him to flank him.

Mike gets his gun ready.

AMUSO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Why'd you do it, Mikey? I didn't
take you to be a piece of shit rat.

Mike has an idea of where Amuso is.

BLAM. BLAM.

Mike leaps out of the bathroom.

INT. FLYING ACES SOCIAL CLUB MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BLAM. BLAM. BLAM.

Mike fires at Paulie.

BANG. BANG.

Paulie shoots back.

Mike finds cover behind a couch. The room is silent.

The floor CREAKS.

Mike spring up and fires. BLAM.

He hits Paulie in the chest. Paulie falls.

Mike spins around expecting to see Amuso but nothing happens.

The room is empty and the front door is wide open.

Paulie is severely wounded. He uses all his strength to try to lift his gun. But it's too heavy now.

Mike SHOOTS Paulie in the head. He SHOOTS Big Vic and Charlie Eyes in the head as well.

Mike runs outside.

EXT. FLYING ACES SOCIAL CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Mike sees Amuso running down the street. He's about 20 feet away.

Mike runs.

BANG. Mike falls to the ground. He's been shot in the back.

Rick runs to him with a gun drawn.

Mike aims his gun.

BANG. Rick fires and misses.

BLAM. Mike kills Rick.

Mike stumbles back to his feet. The bullet ripped his shirt but hit the vest.

Mike jumps into a sprint.

Amuso runs as fast as he can but he's not in Mike's shape. Mike gains on him.

BANG. Amuso shoots and misses.

BLAM. Mike misses too.

BANG. Amuso fails.

BLAM. Mike hits him.

Mike runs up to the wounded Amuso.

AMUSO

You fucking goddamn rat.

MIKE

I'm no rat, Pete.

AMUSO

Fuck you. I know that Sasso flipped you.

MIKE

Who told you that shit?

Amuso mimes zippering his lips.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Yeah. I know who.

Amuso summons his strength to lift his gun.

BLAM. Mike shoots him in the head.

Mike breathes. THE MUSIC FADES DOWN.

Mike hears POLICE SIRENS. He looks down at the dead Amuso.

Mike lifts up Amuso's shirt. He takes out the wire and quickly plants it on the mafia captain.

Mike pulls down the shirt and runs.

The SIRENS GET LOUDER.

Amuso lays there with his frozen expression.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. FLYING ACES SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

Sasso stands over Amuso's corpse.

A COP lifts the shirt and shows the wire.

CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHERS and ONLOOKERS snap photos.

Sasso shakes his head and chuckles to himself.

INT. NYPD ORGANIZED CRIME TASK FORCE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Sasso and Sargent Johnson have photos from the recent crime scene taped to the board.

KNOCK KNOCK. Mike is there.

SASSO

Give us a minute.

She registers Mike and walks out. Sasso closes the door.

MIKE

You got a leak in here.

SASSO

There's a lot of leaks. Too many people walking these halls and seeing too much.

MIKE

One of your guys told him about our meeting.

SASSO

One of his guys could have been watching you too.

MIKE

Or maybe you ordered your guy to go visit Amuso?

SASSO

Hey fuck you, pal. I might be unorthodox but I have limits. I don't leak or help slime-sucking scumbags.

MIKE

No. You only fuck over innocent citizens.

SASSO

Sometimes. I have a hard job and need to make trade offs for the good of the big picture.

Mike wants to strangle him but holds back.

SASSO (CONT'D)

Which of my guys are you even fucking talking about?

MIKE

I don't know his fucking name but I've seen him here. Younger white guy with brown hair.

Sasso opens the slots on the blinds revealing an open space office full of desks and cops.

SASSO

Where?

Mike sees Debkowski sitting at his desk.

MIKE

That's the guy.

SASSO

I'll deal with him.

MIKE

How? Give him a fucking warning?

SASSO

How I run my people is none of your fucking business.

MIKE

It is my business when he's telling the mob that I'm working with the cops. He almost got me killed.

SASSO

You don't have to worry about him anymore. I'll fucking handle it.

He looks Mike in the eyes. Mike doesn't blink. They stare at each other.

Sasso backs off and closes the blinds.

SASSO (CONT'D)

Great move with the wire. Everyone is going crazy thinking Amuso was a rat.

MIKE

Who are they saying killed him?

SASSO

Speculation is on a guy called Big James. But no one wants to push it because of the wire. It really was a genius move on your part.

Mike nods.

SASSO (CONT'D)

No one is going to trust anyone and they'll all turn on each other.

MIKE

And Lydia?

SASSO

What do you know? Warrant had major typos and is tainted. She's free to go without a record.

Mike walks to the door.

SASSO (CONT'D)

Michael.

MIKE

I go by Mike.

Sasso smiles.

SASSO

Mike. Let's be straight with one another for a moment before you leave, shall we?

Mike stops to listen.

SASSO (CONT'D)

One. You know what I am capable of.
Two. I know what you are capable of.

Sasso pauses for that to sink in.

SASSO (CONT'D)

Three. Who you are is my inside man. I keep my secrets shut, you tell me yours, and if this arrangement is broken, then the shit you saw me do earlier is only a tiny sample.

Mike processes this.

SASSO (CONT'D)

We got an understanding?

Mike slightly nods and walks out. He closes the door.

Sasso smiles. Pleased with himself.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Lydia steps out of the front door. Mike is waiting for her.

MIKE

You're free.

LYDIA

Where's my mom?

MIKE

I haven't seen her.

She walks away from Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

LYDIA

I just spent the last two nights in jail for shit I didn't do.

Mike walks with her.

MIKE

I know, but you're out now.

LYDIA

Why do I think that the reason they took me was because of you?

MIKE

You're right. They did. And I'm sorry about that.

LYDIA

Who the hell are you?

Mike tries to think carefully for his next words.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Forget it. I don't want to know.

MIKE

Lydia.

He grabs her arm. She recoils and pulls it back.

LYDIA

Touch me again and I'll scream.

MIKE

This whole thing was just a misunderstanding.

LYDIA

Are you fucking serious? Just a misunderstanding? I was in fucking jail because of you.

MIKE

But you're out now.

LYDIA

Stay away from me, Mike.

She storms off. Mike watches her go.

EXT. MIKE'S NEW APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Mike walks with his head down.

Mike notices Carmine standing next to the newsstand. He's staring at them. His car is parked behind him on the street. He approaches.

MIKE
How you healing?

CARMINE
You hear about Pete?

MIKE
I know he's dead.

Carmine studies him.

CARMINE
He was a rat.

MIKE
Pete Amuso? No fucking way.

CARMINE
He had a wire under his shirt when they found him on the street.

MIKE
Does anyone know who did it?

CARMINE
Not yet. But I know he called you last night to meet him at the place he was killed at.

MIKE
He asked you to be there?

CARMINE
No, but people talk.

MIKE
What else do they say about me?

CARMINE
What I'm saying is that you were summoned for a meeting and they're dead while you're still here.

MIKE
Yeah. He told me to be there at ten. I got there around nine forty-five and the place was already a crime scene.

Mike waits for a reaction. He doesn't get one.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I don't know anyone else besides Pete and Paulie so what could I do?

CARMINE
And you didn't see anyone there
that might have done it?

MIKE
I would have told you by now.

Carmine thinks it over.

CARMINE
All right, let's go.

MIKE
Where?

CARMINE
We got a job to do. Straight from
the top man.

Mike looks up at his apartment building like it's the last
time he'll see it.

He follows him to his car and gets in.

EXT. CLOSED DOWN COMMERCIAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Carmine's car pulls up the a boarded up commercial building
in the suburbs.

Carmine and Mike get out.

CARMINE
There's a least six inside but if
we move with stealth, they won't
know what hit them.

He pops open the trunk. There is a bag with guns and bullets.
He hands a 9mm to Mike. Mike loads it.

Mike seems distracted.

CARMINE (CONT'D)
Something wrong?

MIKE
No.

CARMINE
You seem nervous.

MIKE

I was just thrown off with how you showed up out of nowhere the day after Pete's killed when I was supposed to meet him.

CARMINE

You got something to feel guilty about?

MIKE

No.

CARMINE

Then forget about it and move on like everyone else. If I was bringing you out here to kill you I wouldn't give you a gun. Now get your head in the game.

Mike nods.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Mike and Carmine kick a door open. MEN WITH GUNS jump in surprise. Mike and Carmine cut them down.

MONTAGE BEGINS

Mike and Carmine are in various locations killing more dangerous people.

Mike holds flowers and knocks on Lydia's door. No one opens.

Mike does mafia missions on his own without Carmine.

Mike gets introduced to new mafia members. He starts to socialize and hang out with them.

Debkowski enters his apartment. Mike sneaks up behind him and strangles him.

At some social gatherings men bring their wives. Mike is alone.

END MONTAGE.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Mike (wear a suit) stands with THREE MEN IN SUITS. JOHNNY D (70s but big and tough enough to kick the shit out of men in their 20s) is presiding over a ceremony and a COUPLE DOZEN MEN IN SUITS (various ages) surround them.

Mike holds a burning card with Saint Peter's image in his hands.

Mike stares at the burning card while Johnny D speaks words that we the audience don't get to hear.

FADE TO BLACK.