

# **THE TOMATO PATCH**

*by*

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# The TOMATO PATCH

J.J. Fontana is forty-seven years old ... he works for the mob. It's the only work he knows ... anything the big boss needs, J.J. gets the call, from collecting loan shark money, hustling floating crap games to playing undertaker for the mob's in-house killer, Pete "The Wop".

J.J. lives with his mother in a modest home in Hoboken. He has a keen sense of duty to family and with the profits of his enterprise, has put his younger brother through medical school and payed all the household bills. J.J. has them both fooled into thinking that their father left a healthy insurance. Mama has no idea what he does or where he goes when he leaves the house and stays out all night ... she's forever yelling at him and calling him a "vagabondo" .... "why don't you get a job like your brother Anthony", she tells him "he's a doctor" and is forever nagging him for not helping her with her vegetable garden.

J.J. loves the variety of his job but what he can't stomach is the necessary but sickening job of burying the bodies. On these occasions he fortifies himself with hefty amounts of any 90 proof helper he can come by.

As J.J. is busy breaking in Guido, a new man who looks up to him like a God, the big boss gives J.J. the bad news -- Pete has been arrested and has threatened to tell the cops where the bodies are buried unless the big boss gets him out of jail before the Feast of Santa Lucia, which is a week away.

J.J.'s habit of boozing before each burial has come back to haunt him. He doesn't remember where he buried the bodies. What he does remember is that Pete kept a diary of them and as far as J.J. could surmise, the only place it could be was at Maggie's, Pete's girlfriend. He contacts her and manages to con her out of the diary and in doing so, falls in love with her.

J.J. and Maggie have a torrid affair. She tries to help him in his task of finding and relocating the bodies, but when J.J. hears that a local detective has been asking questions about her, he unceremoniously dumps her for her own protection. She is devastated.

Finally the bodies have been accounted for ... all except one, the body of "Fats" Blumetti. The idea of exhuming Blumetti gives J.J. the sweats. "Fats" is resting peacefully in J.J.'s backyard under his mother's prize tomato patch ... J.J. would rather face a couple of firing squads than to touch one of those sacred plants.

J.J. and Guido have come up with some very crazy schemes to outwit the five foot tall mother they have nicknamed "Rambo-Lina", but all for naught ... they have run out of time. The Feast of Santa Lucia has started and Pete has kept his word, he has spilled to the cops.

Police dressed in riot gear with picks and shovels enter J.J.'s house and handcuff him. They start digging up the tomato patch. The mother goes nuts. Her beautiful tomato plants loaded with prize winning tomatoes are being plucked out of the ground. She spews out every Italian curse word at them. The cops have plucked out every plant and dug to China but the answer is clear ... no "Fats" Blumetti.

J.J. is shocked ... apologetically, the cops fill the hole again and leave.

As the gardening book had suggested, Mama had tried rotating her crops this year for a higher yield. So where the tomatoes had been last year she planted corn and where the corn had been she put tomatoes. Yes, "Fats" was still there wrapped in a hefty 3 ply plastic bag and resting easy under the corn ... and some nice fat corn at that.

J.J. is now free to make up with Maggie and ask her to marry him, but when he tracks her down at the dress shop where she works, she calls him a "garlic snapper" and "spaghetti bender" and tells him to drop dead. As Maggie tries to hide, J.J. searches for her frantically among fat, screaming, half-dressed women in the dressing rooms. Maggie makes a mad dash out the door and into her car. With J.J. in pursuit, he follows her in his car in a comical car chase through alleys, passing red lights, etc. Maggie runs out of asphalt, the Feast blocks her street, she abandons her car and with J.J. trying to keep up with her, they run through the crowd. J.J. knocks over a man who is filling balloons with helium. The tank, with its valve open, rolls crazily on the ground blowing skirts all over the place. J.J. is not in shape, but she is as she heads for her apartment. She makes it to the elevator. J.J. does not as the elevator door closes on his face ... out of breath, he takes to the stairs each step seems to be made of sand as he huffs and puffs to the fourth floor. The elevator stops on every floor, a funny incident takes place on each floor, they manage to reach the fourth floor at the same time. As she opens her door, the completely breathless J.J. falls into her apartment on his hands and knees ... begging and puffing and pleading. She gives him tongue lashing and as she walks into her bedroom, she turns to hear him yell that he loves her ... she looks at him and asks "show me how much". J.J. still on his hands and knees follows her like a puppy dog into her bedroom to show her how much.

FADE IN

EXT. EMPTY LOT JERSEY CITY PRESENT TIME NIGHT

It's nighttime. The full moon is out illuminating an empty lot in a rundown section of Jersey City.

The lot is sandwiched between two boarded up houses and protected by a fence constructed from discarded old wooden doors. The houses nearby are mostly patched up two family homes that have been snubbed by the changing times.

The few cars that are parked on the streets are old and on their last legs. A few have been abandoned and left to the mercy of Mother Rust.

J.J. and PETE THE WOP, are silhouetted against the moonlit sky. As they head toward the back of the lot J.J. and PETE are having trouble carrying a heavy plastic garbage bag.

J.J. is in the prime of life and dressed for it. He's wearing Gucci loafers, a dark blue suit with an open white shirt and a large white silk handkerchief in his jacket pocket.

One look at J.J. tells us he's as loose as a bushel full of minnows.

J.J.

Couldn't you have parked closer? This bag is heavy.

J.J. staggers under the weight of the bag. He stops, pulls out a mickey of Wild Turkey and finishes off the bottle.

PETE

With all that booze in you, I'm surprised you feel anything.

PETE ("THE WOP") LIPARDI, is about forty five with a slightly receding hairline, a rugged prizefighter's face and a mouth with a hair trigger that might explode into crazy laughter at any minute.

He's wearing a black suit that looks like he bought it from a pushcart vendor.

They finally make it to the freshly dug hole, and as they begin to lower the bag, the end breaks open and a foot wearing a man's shoe pops out!

J.J.  
Oh shit! The bag's coming apart.

PETE  
Why the hell do you buy this  
cheap crap?

J.J.  
I didn't. My mother bought them.  
I told her to get the Hefty 3-ply  
bags but she said, "these are on  
sale!"

They dump the body into the makeshift grave. The stiff  
lands with an unceremonious thud.

J.J. grabs a nearby shovel and begins filling the grave  
with dirt. He turns to PETE.

J.J.  
Maybe you should say a prayer or some-  
thing over this guy?

PETE  
You were an altar boy J.J., why don't  
you say something?

J.J.  
You shot him. You should do it.

PETE  
Okay, if it makes you feel better.

ANGLE ON a CLOSE UP of PETE as he looks at the heavens  
and makes the sign of the Cross.

PETE  
"Our Father who art in Heaven...

As the CAMERA PULLS BACK WE SEE that PETE is looking up at  
the sky praying, and at the same time, pissing on the  
grave, while J.J. pats down the dirt with his shovel.

FADE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

ROLL HEAD CREDITS

EXT. MAIN STREET JERSEY CITY DAY

This is a turn-of-the-century neighborhood that was spruced up with aluminum siding and imitation brickwork back in the Sixties. It is a street of three and four story buildings with the ground floor used for commercial space.

The tallest building in the neighborhood is the bank - that's where the LEGAL sharks operate.

The local businesses are all Italian. The butcher shop still has white enamel display cases and a big roll of paper. The greengrocer is not Korean.

Between the cheese stores and the pizzerias, there are storefront "Social Clubs" and shops that sell plaster Madonnas and paintings of the Scared Heart on black velvet.

The usual hustle and bustle of the street is augmented by the clamor of workmen erecting sausage and zeppoli stalls, carny roustabouts setting up mechanical rides, and local businessmen stringing up lights from lamppost to lamppost.

A large banner stretching across the beginning of the street announces the coming of the "SANTA LUCIA FESTIVAL."

There is that air of excitement that always accompanies a prospectively profitable enterprise...

CUT TO

EXT. MAIN STREET JERSEY CITY ANOTHER ANGLE DAY

A red, 1985 El Dorado convertible rolls down Main Street and pulls into a gas station.

CUT TO

EXT. GAS STATION DAY

GUIDO, the driver is a young guy, cool, fond of himself and the figure he cuts. He enjoys playing the toughy.

He's sporting a moderate duck ass hairdo, double-breasted black blazer with high Dean Martin shirt collar open to expose his chest, and a gold necklace with oversized gold lucky horn.

He gets out of the car and heads for the gas station office passing DONALD, the teenage boy who is going to service his car. He slaps the kid on the ass.

GUIDO  
All the way Donald and check the oil.  
Where's Goose?

DONALD  
He's inside.

CUT TO

INT. GAS STATION OFFICE DAY

GOOSE MAC EVOY, about fifty years old, belly, cigar in his mouth and granny reading glasses, sits at a desk with a ledger and spike loaded with receipts and a couple of piles of money and a mound of change.

He's about to begin tearing his hair out and cursing the saints at the accounting confusion around him. He looks up as GUIDO enters.

GOOSE  
You're early Guido.

GUIDO  
(smiling)  
Which pile is mine, Goose?

GOOSE  
(reaching in his pocket)  
None of them. I got yours in my pocket. The last payment.  
(beat)  
Shakespeare should've called Shylock the 'Dago,' not the Jew.

GUIDO scoops up the money and puts it in his pocket, takes a quarter from GOOSE's change pile and puts it in the peanut machine.

GUIDO  
I wonder if Shylock the Jew would get up in the middle of the night and bring ten thousand dollars to jail to bail out a drunken gas station owner who buys twenty thousand gallons of stolen gasoline and pays for it with a check?

GOOSE lays back on his chair and removes his glasses.

GOOSE  
My accountant told me I should pay  
everything by check ... the fuck.

GUIDO  
(turns knob on peanut  
machine)  
Only two peanuts?

GOOSE  
Be glad. They're fattening.

DONALD  
(walking in)  
Seventeen dollars, Guido, oil is  
okay.

GUIDO  
(handing DONALD a twenty  
dollar bill)  
Keep the change, Donald. So long  
Goose.

GOOSE gets up from his chair and walks GUIDO to the door.

GOOSE  
Thanks Guido, you were there when I  
needed you. I won't forget that.

GUIDO  
(smiling as he  
goes out)  
I'll be back for the rest of my  
peanuts.

CUT TO

INT. KITCHEN DAY

The kitchen is typical Italian, enough room to eat in and to meet in. The table is covered with an oil cloth, and the walls are papered with a mural of the Italian Riviera.

There are braids of garlic and red onions hanging over the sink. On one wall is a large print of the Last Supper. The back of the kitchen has a window and a door leading to the back porch and MA's pride and joy; her vegetable garden.

MA is about sixty eight, very short, lovable, but capable of hitting the roof at the drop of a garlic clove. Her whole world is her home, her kitchen and her vegetable garden.

She's in the kitchen washing off the dirt from a pile of freshly picked broccoli. Her little body is swaying to the singing of Mario Lanza's "Santa Lucia."

This peaceful world is jolted by the honking of a car horn outside. The sound of the horn is familiar to her. She curses under her breath as she wipes her hands and heads for the front room.

CUT TO

INT. LIVING ROOM DAY

MA opens the window and sees GUIDO sitting on his horn.

She waves her arm for him to stop while she shouts:

MA  
Stop with the horn, "cafone" (lowlife),  
stop with the horn!

GUIDO waves back "Hello." MA shuts the window in disgust and looks up toward the second floor. She heads upstairs.

CUT TO

INT. J.J.'S BEDROOM DAY

CU of two huge framed black and white photos of Joe Di Maggio and Joe Louis.

The CAMERA pulls back and WE SEE J.J. in bed wrapped in the sheets like a mummy, tossing and turning in his sleep.

On his dresser is a framed photo of J.J. and his brother ANTHONY. Over the dresser on the wall is a large crucifix. The sun is shining through thin white curtains. His clothes are scattered around, with one shoe on his bed.

J.J.  
(mumbling in his sleep)  
Mamma, don't make me wear short pants.  
Don't make me go to school with short  
pants.

MA opens the door, fire in her eyes, and begins to shake J.J.

MA  
What are you talking about? Wake up,  
J.J.!

J.J. tries to open his eyes but clearly the weight on his head holds his eyelids down. MA pulls the covers off him with one sweep.

J.J.  
Don't Ma. I just got to bed.

He might just as well be talking to a runaway train. The covers continue to come off.

MA  
(shouting)  
Get up, you bum, get up!

J.J.  
Please Ma, what time is it?

MA  
What time? It's afternoon, that's what time. Such a beautiful day, you should be helping me in the garden, like Freddie helps his mother next door.

J.J.  
(pulling the covers  
back over his head)  
Godammit Ma, let me sleep a couple  
of hours!

MA uses the palm of her tiny hand like a baseball bat across J.J.'s ear.

MA  
Don't curse in front of me, you bum!  
Let you sleep! You stay out all night  
with your bum friends and you wanna  
sleep all day.

J.J.  
Please Ma, don't call me a bum.

MA  
And while we're talking of bums, the  
other bum is waiting for you.

J.J.  
(looking up)  
Guido is here?

J.J. attempts to get out of bed but he is trapped by the sheets wrapped around him.

J.J.  
(rubbing his eyes)  
I must have swum the English Channel.

MA  
You were dreaming and twisting  
around like a crazy person.

J.J.  
Yeah.  
(he tries to sit up)  
Now I remember the short pants.

MA  
You still dream of the short pants.  
That was forty years ago. You must be  
doing something bad at night. That's  
why you got nightmares.

J.J.  
Yeah, yeah.

MA  
God is punishing you.

J.J.  
Alright Ma, please get out of my room,  
so I can get dressed.

MA  
So you can go bumming around, God  
knows where.

J.J.  
Please, Ma.

MA  
Why don't you get a job like your  
brother Anthony? Doctors don't  
sleep all day.

J.J. holds his head. It feels as if an elephant is doing the Polish hop on it.

J.J.  
Oh, Jesus Christ! Anthony again!

MA slaps him across the head one more time.

MA  
Don't you take the Lord's name  
in vain, you vagabondo.

J.J finally gets loose from the sheets.

J.J.  
Please Ma, get out of here.

J.J. watches wearily as the five foot Rambo walks out of the room. As she leaves she takes a final swipe at J.J's aching head by slamming the door. J.J. walks to the bedroom window and looks out.

CUT TO

EXT. J.J.'s HOUSE DAY

J.J.'s house is a single family dwelling with white clapboard sidings and a front porch with a set of well worn rattan chairs. There are dozens of climbing roses intertwined between the spindles of the porch.

On the front lawn is a statue of Saint Anthony with a bird feeder at his feet and a brick walk across the front lawn to the sidewalk.

GUIDO leans out of his car and waves at J.J. who stands in the bedroom window.

CUT TO

INT . J.J.'s BEDROOM DAY

J.J. climbs into his pants as he gives GUIDO the sign that he's coming down.

CUT TO

INT. BACK STAIRS J.J.'s HOUSE DAY

Taking the steps two at a time, J.J. dresses as he tries to leave by the back door. He opens the door and WE SEE FREDDIE talking to MA.

FREDDIE is a middle-aged nerd in a cardigan. His glasses are constantly slipping down on his nose and he wears clip-on, flip-up shades on them.

FREDDIE and MA are standing in the tomato patch deep into their favorite subject; gardening.

J.J. quickly closes the back door.

CUT TO

EXT. J.J.'s HOUSE DAY

J.J. sneaks out of the front door pulling on his jacket.

CUT TO

INT. GUIDO'S CADDY DAY

J.J. leaps into the car.

GUIDO floors the Caddy leaving a cloud of burning smoke and rubber in his wake.

CUT TO

INT. GUIDO'S CADDY DAY

GUIDO

Your ol' lady again?

J.J.

Yeah. If I don't leave the house with a lunchpail, I'm a bum.

GUIDO

(laughing and mimicking  
MA)

"Why can't you be like your baby brother. He's a doctor."

J.J.

It's not funny.

GUIDO

Sure it is, John John. You paid your brother's way through medical school so he could be a doctor. He saves people and you kill them.

J.J.

I don't kill them, I just bury them.

GUIDO

You and Pete the Wop were quite a combination.

J.J.  
Combination? Bullshit. I did two jobs  
with him and cut out. He was too hard  
to work with.

GUIDO  
In what way?

J.J.  
The fuck was playing with half a deck.  
Anybody that enjoys stopping somebody's  
clock has to be whacked out.

GUIDO  
He was thorough John John, you got  
to admit that.

J.J.  
That he was. He'd put the first bullet  
in the balls, the second in the belly  
button, and the third in the forehead,  
two minutes apart. You're right, he was  
thorough.

GUIDO  
That must have been messy for you.

J.J.  
You'd better believe it. Imagine  
handling a stiff with three running  
spigots.

The black Caddy passes a church with a small playground  
right next to it where an ELDERLY NUN is minding about a  
dozen third graders.

She sees J.J. and waves.

J.J.  
Stop the car!

CUT TO

EXT. CHURCH DAY

GUIDO double parks and J.J. trots across the street to the  
NUN, narrowly avoiding a few passing cars.

J.J.  
(taking her hand  
in his)  
Top o' the mornin' to you, Sister  
Bridget. Have I told you I love  
you lately?

NUN  
(Irish brogue)  
Go on now with your Italian blarney.  
Have ye been going to confession  
like ye promised me?

J.J.  
After my last confession, the good  
Father Dolan punched me in the mouth.

NUN  
(smiling)  
My little John John will never change.

J.J. takes out a hundred dollar bill and puts it into her  
hand.

J.J.  
Candles for the lost souls in  
Purgatory or ice cream for the  
children. I leave it up to you,  
Sister.

NUN  
(surprised)  
A hundred dollars! That's more than  
enough to make them both happy. God  
bless you, J.J.

J.J.  
(kisses her hand  
and waves goodbye)  
So long, Sister. Light a candle  
for me.

CUT TO

INT. GUIDO'S CAR DAY

J.J. gets back in the car. He searches his pockets for his cigarettes as GUIDO drives.

J.J.  
I forgot my cigarettes. Stop  
at a 7-11.

GUIDO  
(pulling a pack from  
his shirt pocket)  
Here, smoke mine. We ain't got  
time to stop again. We're in a  
rush.

J.J.  
I don't like menthols. It feels  
like I'm puffing on a cough drop.  
Now, do as you're told.

CUT TO

EXT. 7/11 STORE DAY

GUIDO pulls into a small 7/11 parking lot.

They're greeted by loud rock music coming out of a 1975 Mustang convertible loaded with teenagers who are hanging out.

Some are sucking back Cokes while others are smoking cigarettes. GUIDO gets caught up with their music and begins to tap time with his hands on the steering wheel as J.J. gets out.

CUT TO

INT. 7/11 STORE DAY

A bored TEENAGE GIRL with teased black hair and long green fingernails is waiting on a BLACK MAN. Behind him is a CONSTRUCTION WORKER with four six packs and behind him is MAGGIE MC CALL, a gorgeous, sensual woman in her thirties. She is well dressed to show off her long shapely legs.

MAGGIE has a great smile and her eyes tell us that she's lived a lot - and enjoyed it. There is a sense about her of ripeness and maturity and also of vulnerability. Right now, as she sees J.J., it's the vulnerability that shows.

She turns her back to him not wanting to be recognized. J.J. picks up a paper and joins the line behind MAGGIE, not even seeing her.

A moment passes and he looks up from his paper and recognizes her.

J.J. smiles, no come on, just being a gentleman.

J.J.  
Maggie, Maggie McCall, how are you?

MAGGIE  
Fine John John.

J.J.  
Er...er too bad about Pete.

MAGGIE puts her six pack of Cokes, a loaf of bread and a magazine on the counter in front of the clerk.

MAGGIE  
Yeah, too bad.

The TEENAGE GIRL takes her money and gives her change and hands her the bag.

MAGGIE  
Well, nice seeing you.

J.J.  
Yeah, take care.

J.J.'s eyes follow her out the door. He's holding up the line. The TEENAGE GIRL scowls and the OLD LADY in back of J.J. pokes him in the ribs.

J.J.  
(apologetic)  
Oh, yeah. Gimme a carton of Camels.

CUT TO

INT. GUIDO'S CAR DAY

GUIDO has his head out the window oggling MAGGIE's legs as she walks to her car. J.J. exits the 7/11 and gets into GUIDO's car.

GUDIO  
(as MAGGIE drives off)  
Did you clock the legs on that broad? Madonna Mia!

J.J.  
(opening carton)  
I didn't notice. I'm a tit man.

CUT TO

EXT. GUIDO'S CAR STREETS DAY

The Caddy pulls out of the 7/11 and zooms along the streets. The car careens along, running red lights and leaving numerous pissed off motorists in its wake.

GUIDO obviously has his own set of traffic rules which no one else on this planet is privy to.

J.J.(V.O)

Why does the old man want to see us?

GUIDO(V.O.)

All I know is that he's got the rag on.

J.J.(V.O)

Listen, Baldy's always has a bug up his ass. I gotta get out of this crummy business.

GUIDO(V.O)

Sure, John John, like you're gonna be an airline pilot or maybe a movie star, or better yet...

J.J.(V.O)

Shut up, twat mouth, I'm in no mood for comedy and watch where you're driving or somebody'll be burying us!

CUT TO

EXT. NICK'S HOUSE DAY

The red Caddy pulls up to the curb of NICK's house.

It's a large Cape Cod house that dwarfs everything else on the block. A Lincoln town car is parked in the driveway adjacent to the house.

J.J. and GUIDO leave their car, and walk to the side entrance leading to the basement.

GUIDO pushes the doorbell and from inside comes chime music. The middle chime is a little off key.

CUT TO

INT. NICK'S BASEMENT DAY

AUGIE opens the door. He's about fifty, short and bald with a face that shows a lifetime of being a gangster gofer.

GUIDO and J.J. step down to the kitchen part of the finished basement.

It's a large room with a waist high wall divider along which are planters full of artificial flowers and ivy. One side of the divider is a living room with leather couches and a large coffee table.

On the rear side is a full eat-in kitchen with an oversized oilcloth covered table and chairs. There are a few framed pictures of racehorses on the wall.

AUGIE

The Boss'll be down in a minute.  
Help yourself to coffee.

GUIDO opens one of the wall cabinets, takes out two mugs and puts them on the oilcloth covered table and pours two steaming cups of coffee.

GUIDO

Augie, why don't you open some windows?

J.J.

Yeah, Augie. This place smells like you've been boiling skunks.

AUGIE

That's why the windows are closed.  
A skunk climbed in through the opened window this morning and pissed on everything.

GUIDO's face wrinkles and he pushes the coffee cup away.

AUGIE

He didn't piss in the coffee.

GUIDO

Smells like he did. Everything in here smells like skunk piss.

AUGIE

That's why the Boss is upstairs.  
It's the third shower he's taken today.

GUIDO

Don't tell me?

AUGIE

Yeah. It sprayed the Boss just before he killed it.

There is the sound of elephant feet on the stairs.

NICK BALDY's fat legs protrude out of a mini Japanese kimono and his sausage shaped fingers clutch a can of Glade. Each step down is accompanied by a spray from the aerosol can.

NICK is in his early sixties but the extra linguine in his face stretches the wrinkles and makes him look much younger.

GUIDO

Is that Lemon Blossoms or Heavenly Gardenia?

NICK

Shut up.

(from behind the mist)

Is John John here?

J.J.

I'm here, Nick.

NICK

Good. Augie, get lost while I talk to my favorite boy.

AUGIE

I'll go get the car washed, Boss.

NICK

Why, did the skunk squirt the car too?

Little AUGIE doesn't answer as he goes out the door.

NICK

Guido, pour me a cup of coffee and sit with me and John John.

As NICK sits down his fat belly pops out of the five sizes too small kimono. He spreads his elbows on the table.

NICK

J.J., we got trouble. Bigga, bigga trouble.

J.J.  
What kind of trouble?

NICK  
Pete the Wop.

J.J.  
But he's locked up.

NICK  
Yeah, but his mouth ain't.

J.J.  
Pete won't talk, Nick. He's a professional.

NICK  
Yeah, a professional cocksucker.

J.J.  
What's Pete done?

NICK lets out a couple of squirts from the Glade and turns to J.J.

NICK  
It's not what he's done, John John, it's what he sez he's gonna do if I don't get him out of the coop.

J.J.  
Jesus Christ and his Apostles can't get him out, Nick. He's got more counts on him than a punch drunk fighter.

NICK  
I told him that J.J. but he turned a deaf ear. He said either I make him as free as a bird or he's gonna sing like one, and the tune he's been rehearsing is "Where the Bodies are Buried."

GUIDO  
Holy shit!

J.J.  
(turning to GUIDO)  
And what are you Holy shittin' about? You're not involved.



NICK

(yelling)

Visiting hours at the County Jail  
are three to five, so on the way,  
Guido, take another crack at the  
Snake.

The red Caddy pulls out of the driveway.

J.J. (V.O)

Don't tell me you haven't collected  
that ten thousand from the Snake?

CUT TO

INT. GUIDO'S CAR DAY

GUIDO

I can't nail him, J.J. I mean,  
I know I'm green at this but it's  
as if the fuck smells me coming.

J.J.

Brain damage gives off an odor.

GUIDO

And I suppose that you can do  
better? Listen, if you can find  
the Snake and collect from him,  
I'll kiss your ass.

J.J.

Only if you put on lipstick, Miss  
Guido. What time is it?

GUIDO

One forty-five.

J.J.

That means he's stopped taking  
action on baseball. Right now he's  
probably at the Rag Doll Lounge  
settling with his two runners.  
Let's go for it, wheel man.

CUT TO

INT. RAG DOLL LOUNGE DAY

The Rag Doll Lounge might have been a cute idea if it hadn't been decorated so cheaply. The little girls play-room motif comes across as grotesque in this run-down setting, like an old blowsy whore wearing a white communion dress and Mary-Janes.

J.J. walks in alone. He scans the room and as sure as bears jerk off in the woods, there is the SNAKE with his two stooges.

Like two lovers across a crowded room, J.J.'s eyes meet the SNAKE'S but instead of running into J.J.'s arms, the SNAKE bids his friends a quick goodbye and, like a poised and sophisticated bookmaker, he makes a dash in the direction of the back door.

J.J. stops, lights a cigarette, and approaches the two stooges.

J.J.

If you don't want your short  
hairs singed, I'd stay out  
of this.

They both nod. J.J.'s eyes go back to the SNAKE just in time to see him open the back door, and slowly back into the room again.

GUIDO has the nozzle of his .38 embedded in the SNAKE's crotch.

GUIDO

(as J.J. reaches them)  
Don't you hafta go to the toilet,  
Snake?

SNAKE

I was gonna call you guys. I swear  
...I have the money.

J.J.

(pushing the SNAKE into  
the men's room)  
Let's go for that pee pee.

CUT TO

INT. BATHROOM DAY

SNAKE

Okay, okay. You can put that piece away. This ain't no fuckin' gangster movie.

J.J. bounces the palm of his hand off the back of SNAKE's bald head.

J.J.

We make the jokes.

GUIDO

Look in his side pockets, J.J.  
Each one has a hard on.

GUIDO takes out a roll of bills from one of the SNAKE's pockets and hands it to J.J.

SNAKE

Hey, hey, hold on. There's thirteen thousand there... All I owe you is ten.

J.J.

That's all I'm taking, snake eyes.

J.J. counts out ten G's and puts them in his pocket.

SNAKE

All right, you got your money. Give me the rest back.

J.J.

(handing GUIDO the  
three thousand)

No way, slimey one. This three thousand goes in the bank. Here, Guido, make a deposit in the name of Andrew "The Snake" Petrone.

SNAKE

What the hell are you talking about?

GUIDO takes the money, drops it in the toilet bowl and flushes it.

SNAKE

You're fuckin' crazy!

He moves toward the bowl, but J.J.'s fingers around his belt insist he remain a spectator.

SNAKE

Geezus!

The SNAKE watches the whirling faces of Benjamin Franklin going to their watery grave.

The bowl, satisfied with its expensive gourmet meal, burps to signal the end of the transaction.

The SNAKE's eyes are glued to the white clear water at the bottom of the bowl.

SNAKE

I can't believe you did that.

(beat)

I can't fuckin' believe it.

GUIDO

(reaching into the  
SNAKE's other pocket)

Wanna see it again?

SNAKE

(clamping his hands  
down on his pocket)

No! No!

J.J.

Now beat it. I've got some unfinished  
business here with Doubting G. Thomas.

The SNAKE slithers out as J.J. turns to GUIDO.

J.J.

Well?

GUIDO

Er ... what shade of lipstick do  
you want me to put on?

DISSOLVE TO

EX. COUNTY JAIL DAY

GUIDO's car stops in front of the County Jail.

It is a cold featureless white brick building, artlessly executed and set in immaculately manicured grounds. If it wasn't for the steel grills on the windows and the razor ribbon on the roof, it might be a government office or school.

J.J. exits the car. GUIDO stays inside, reading a newspaper.

CUT TO

INT. COUNTY JAIL DAY

J.J. goes up to the guard site at the front desk, signs the book and enters through a set of gates. There he's frisked and allowed to go through another set of gates where a GUARD and a DETECTIVE shoot the breeze.

J.J. hands the GUARD a form from the front desk and the GUARD points to a wooden door.

GUARD

Wait in that room.

LIEUTENANT DUGAN, a beefy, florid-faced Irish cop with the height to prove it, and a wardrobe that reflects his color-blindness as well as his bad taste, walks over to J.J.

DUGAN

Goin' to visit your other half,  
ginzo?

J.J.

(cool, very cool)

The name is John J. Fontana. Drop  
the ginzo till our second date.  
Who are you?

DUGAN

I'm the guy who nailed the first  
half of the puzzle. I'll bet you  
my jockstrap that you're the other  
half.

J.J.

I'm Italian. Your jockstrap is too  
small for me.

J.J. turns from DUGAN and walks into the visiting room.

CUT TO

INT. VISITING ROOM DAY

A small private room with a desk and two chairs. On the opposite side of the room is another door. J.J. sits down to wait for PETE. He doesn't like the look of this special visiting room.

The door opens and the GUARD ushers PETE in. He stands staring at J.J. until the GUARD leaves.

J.J.

Hi, Pete.

PETE sits down.

PETE

Fuck you, J.J. and that goes double for the hippo.

J.J.

I drove all the way for that greeting, Pete? I thought we were friends.

PETE

I'm crazy J.J., but I ain't fuckin' stupid. I know why you're here. All you're gonna get is a message for that tub of elephant shit.

J.J.

But Pete...

PETE

Don't "But Pete" me! Today's Wednesday and Friday's the feast of Santa Lucia.

(beat)

All of you will be dancing in the streets, eating calzone and sausage and peppers and boozin' it up while I'm here eating slop and drinkin' mud...

J.J.

But ... but, Pete ...

PETE

But ... but your ass. You tell that fat, quivering afterbirth, that if I'm not sprung by the time the Feast starts, I'm going to squeal on everybody, and I mean everybody, including Mr. Fitzpatrick.

J.J.

Mr. Fitzpatrick? Our grammar school teacher? What the hell did he ever do to you? He's the only teacher that gave you good marks!

PETE sits back in his chair, crosses his arms and looks away.

J.J.

C'mon Pete, why Mr. Fitzpatrick?

PETE turns to J.J., his eyes closed.

PETE

He fondled me in the sixth grade.

J.J. looks at PETE. Silence. He realizes there's very little hope of getting through to him. J.J. stares at PETE and then decides on an emergency procedure - he begins to beg.

J.J.

Look, Pete, I know how you feel about things, but why drag me down with you? I never did anything to you.

PETE THE WOP jumps up and grabs the edge of the table.

PETE

I go down, everybody goes down!

JJ. looks like he's just run into a brick wall.

CUT TO

INT. GUIDO'S CADDY DAY

GUIDO

How did it go, J.J.?

J.J.

Not too good.

GUIDO

What do you mean?

J.J.

We talked in a private visiting room which means one thing. He's already sung a few bars with a promise of more to come.

GUIDO

I hope your name wasn't in the lyrics, J.J.

J.J.

He said he'll wait till the Santa Lucia Festival begins and then he'll really start to sing.

GUIDO

But that's in two days!

(beat)

How's about we stop for a drink?

J.J.

Yeah, you're right. I could use one. Make a left at the next light, we'll go to the "cornuto's place."

CUT TO

EXT. LUIGI'S BAR DAY

They pull into the guzzle place. The sign in the front says LUIGI'S BAR AND GRILL.

LUIGI'S BAR is as old as the city itself. The shingles of the two storey house have not seen a paint brush since LUIGI inherited it from his father.

GUIDO

How come the sign says "Luigi's Bar and Grill" and everybody calls it the "Cornuto's Place?"

J.J.

Jesus, didn't any of you second generation ginnies ever learn the language?

CUT TO

INT. LUIGI'S BAR DAY

The interior of Luigi's bar was ancient when Caruso was playing the Met. and not much has been done to it since.

The wooden booths creak and sections of the tin ceiling are sagging. The long bar has been polished by countless elbows and the walls are a glazed yellow from too many cigarettes to count.

A body to end all bodies walks toward J.J. and GUIDO.

It is LUIGI's wife, IRENE, age unguessable, very well put together and showing it off.

She ushers them to a special table. GUIDO can't take his eyes off her ass.

GUIDO  
(whispers to J.J.)  
Marrona! Look at that ass!

They slide into the booth while IRENE bends over the table and begins to wipe it, making sure that her cleavage takes center stage.

IRENE  
(to J.J.)  
Wild Turkey on the rocks for you  
and what about your drooling  
friend here?

GUIDO  
(gulps)  
I'll have the same.

GUIDO looks down embarrassed as his eyes follow the killer of men walking away.

GUIDO  
I'll bet every guy that comes in  
here wants to jump her frame.

J.J.  
And they usually do.

GUIDO  
Come again?

J.J.  
They do that too.

GUIDO  
Uh...you're pulling my chain, J.J.

J.J.  
No, I'm not. Every time Luigi goes fishing, business booms around here.

GUIDO  
Number one, what's a cornuto?  
Number two, can I play too?

J.J.  
Numero uno, a cornuto is Italian for cuckold, and that means that his wife is cheating on him. Numero due, the answer is no. She only likes men over forty.

GUIDO  
You mean I gotta wait ten years. Ten years of thinking about that ass.

(his hand adjusting  
his crotch area)  
I 'll go blind.  
(beat)  
J.J., did you cornutorize her?

J.J.  
No, Guido, I didn't, and I wouldn't. Luigi is a friend of mine.

GUIDO  
I don't know him, but he's no friend of mine...in fact, I think I hate him.

IRENE comes back with the drinks. She struts her stuff for GUIDO but her eyes are for J.J. She heads back to the cash register.

GUIDO  
(under his breath)  
The husband fishes for trout while his wife catches the eels.

J.J.  
Very funny, Guido. Gulp down your drink and let's go back to Nick with the bad news.

GUIDO

What's the rush, J.J.? I'd like to take another look at that beautiful ass.

J.J.

Nick's ass is just as big. Use your imagination.

As J.J. starts to get up, he sees MAGGIE walking in with her GIRLFRIEND, GINNY, blonde, twenty five and beautiful. They walk to a table across the room.

J.J. settles down in his seat again and stares at MAGGIE. She catches him staring, acknowledges him, and turns away.

J.J.

You're right. Nick can wait. Relax and finish your drink.

GUIDO follows J.J.'s stare and spots MAGGIE.

GUIDO

Madonna Mia. It's those legs again. I swear this place is giving me blue balls.

ANGLE: MAGGIE and GINNY have just given the waiter their order.

GINNY

Those two guys are staring at us.

MAGGIE

The older one is J.J., a good friend of Pete's.

GINNY

(surprised, like  
'wow' smile)

He's one of them? How exciting.

MAGGIE

Too exciting, like dancing with a time bomb.

GINNY

(excited)

Let's invite them over for a drink.

The WAITER brings them their drinks, Wild Turkey on the rocks for MAGGIE and a sloe gin fizz for GINNY.

MAGGIE

I'm Pete's girl. It wouldn't look right if I invited him over. He'd lose respect for me.

GINNY

But you broke up with Pete a couple of weeks ago.

MAGGIE

True, but J.J. doesn't know that. Pete went to jail a couple of days after the breakup.

ANGLE: J.J. and GUIDO.

J.J.

C'mon, Guido, let's go.

GUIDO

Make up your mind.

J.J.

I just did. Move.

They go toward the register. IRENE is there. J.J. hands her the cash for the drinks. She gently closes his fingers around the money and squeezes his hand with both of hers.

IRENE

It's on me, J.J.

J.J.

You said that the last time, Irene.

IRENE

(smiling)

Someday you'll pay me back in trade.

GUIDO

I'll be back in ten years.

CUT TO

EXT. NICK'S DRIVEWAY DAY

J.J. and GUIDO exit the car and head for the side door. They ring the doorbell.

NICK (V.O)  
I'm in the backyard.

CUT TO

EXT. NICK'S BACKYARD DAY

Dressed in red shorts, NICK looks like a Macy's parade balloon, fully inflated and ready to float. His huge flabby body is hiding the chaise lounge underneath him.

GUIDO  
You're gonna get a bad burn, Boss.  
You'd better get out of the sun.

NICK  
I know, but I'm stuck in this fuckin'  
chair and I can't get up. Both of  
you help me up.

GUIDO grabs one hand and J.J. the other. They bury their heels in the grass and pull.

Two popped hernias later NICK's feet touch the ground and slowly the rest of him stands up.

GUIDO  
Jesus! We made it.

NICK  
Come inside. Tell me how you  
made out with Pete.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. NICK'S BASEMENT DAY

NICK  
Alright. We're back to the shovels.  
We got two days, John John.  
(beat)  
I hope you remember where you buried  
those bodies.

J.J.  
Geez, Nick that was over a year ago.  
Who the fuck can remember the exact  
spots?

GUIDO

How come Pete the Wop remembers and you don't?

J.J.

Because, Mr. Hump, Pete is a sicko that enjoyed his work and a fuckin' sicko like that likes to remember the good times. So's not to forget, he kept a little diary.

GUIDO

That's it.

J.J.

What's it?

GUIDO

Get the diary.

J.J.

We're here. The Wop is in the can, how the hell do we get the diary?

GUIDO

Don't you see, J.J. Pete can't possibly have it in the coop. The Mickey Mouse don't have it, otherwise you'd be in there with him, so it must be someplace else.

J.J.

Where, Guido P.I.?

NICK

It can't be in his apartment. The cops ripped it apart.

J.J.

Hey wait a minute.  
(thinking)  
Artie Shaw must have it.

NICK

The clarinet player?

J.J.

No, Nick. Artie Shaw is the nickname the Wop gave his girlfriend 'cause she was a great blow job.

NICK  
You think she has the diary?

J.J.  
I've bet on longer shots.

GUIDO  
Do you know her, John John?

J.J.  
Sure, I do. Her name is Maggie  
McCall. You know her as "Madonna  
Mia! What legs."

GUIDO  
Her? Oh God, have mercy.

NICK  
What's with him?

J.J.  
Blue balls.

NICK  
How well do you know her, J.J.?

J.J.  
A coupla times Pete and me'd  
go over and pick her up at  
the dress shop where she worked.  
Then we'd eat at his place.

GUIDO  
I think you should tune up your  
clarinet and go see her.

NICK  
Guido is right. Get on it.

J.J.  
It's the only shot we've got.  
I'll nail her at the dress shop  
at closing time tomorrow.

GUIDO  
You still wanna shoot craps  
later?

J.J.  
Sure, pick me up at midnight.

CUT TO

INT. J.J.'s KITCHEN DAY

J.J. enters, his mind working overtime. FREDDIE, the neighbor and MA are sitting at the table, looking over some seed catalogs.

FREDDIE  
Hello, John John, I've been giving your Mom some tips on gardening.

MA  
Thank God for Freddie. I'm finally growing big tomatoes again.

FREDDIE  
It was a simple problem. I told her to...

J.J.  
Tell me some other time, Freddie. I've got things to do.

MA  
Sure, sure, what do you care about my garden?

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. PIER WAREHOUSE NIGHT

J.J. and GUIDO park the car and walk over to the warehouse door. A large sign above the door says "Smoked Fish Warehouse."

A small dim bulb lights up a man sitting on a wooden box.

This is CHARLEY CAZZOPICCOLO. A line in his face for every time he's tapped out at a crap game. He's about sixty years old, plastered back white hair. Hes peering out into the gloom.

J.J.  
Hi, Charley, playing lookout tonight?

CHARLEY  
Naw. The stink in there is curling my hair. I gotta come out every few minutes to breathe.

J.J.  
How's the game going?

CHARLEY  
Pretty good. There's about twenty heavyweights in there. The usual crowd. There's a new face, a black one. He's got a mean streak.

GUIDO  
He's got a chip on his shoulder?

CHARLEY  
A chip? This eggplant's got a log.

GUIDO and J.J walk into the fish-smelling version of the Golden Nugget.

CUT TO

INT. WAREHOUSE NIGHT

LORENZO is at the backboard of the makeshift dice table running and controlling the game. He's a short powerfully built guy with black hair and a Sphinx-like smile.

Above the table is a billiard-type light picking up some of the familiar faces; LEERY SCADUTO, "BAGGY ASS" PANETO, and next to him, AMOS, the newcomer CHARLEY had described.

What CHARLEY failed to mention is that AMOS is one big muscle with eyes.

LORENZO  
Make some room for J.J.

"ONE EAR" JOHNSON  
Take my place. I gotta go out and puke. This fish stench is terrible.

GUIDO and J.J squeeze in "ONE EAR's" spot and watch for a few minutes.

JOSE "I NO SPIC GOOD" SANCHEZ is on J.J.'s left and shooting. His point is five with four thousand riding.

JOSE is a well known pusher from Spanish Harlem. He's known for eating scrap iron and shitting out nails. He shakes the dice in his fist and throws them.

LORENZO  
Seven and out! Next shooter!

LORENZO pushes the dice to J.J.

LORENZO  
You're at bat, J.J.

J.J. picks up the cubes and lays five hundred on the table.

J.J.  
Shoot a nickel.

AMOS  
Hey, Jose. That fuck face with the dice hates Spics.

JOSE looks at J.J. His two eyebrows become one and the words that come out sound like a Spanish machine gun. He peels off five bills from his horse choking roll and throws them on top of J.J.'s five hundred.

J.J. waits until everyone has their side bets down and then lets the bones fly.

LORENZO  
Seven, the winner.

J.J.  
(picking up the  
dice again)  
Let it ride.

AMOS  
Hey, Jose. J.J. says that Spics eat shit.

JOSE gives J.J. another dirty look and few more well chosen words in Spanish and covers his bet.

LORENZO  
All bets down. Let 'em roll.

JJ. blows into the dice a few times.

AMOS  
I love the way you blow on those  
bones. Sooo sexy. How about an oil  
change after the game?

LORENZO  
(as J.J. shouts)  
Eight from Decatur.

The point is eight. The side betting among the other  
players is heavy. J.J. turns to JOSE for additional  
action.

J.J.  
Want anything on the side, Jose?

Before JOSE can make up his mind, AMOS butts in.

AMOS  
If the Spic is too yellow, I'll  
bet you four dimes you don't  
make the eight.

JOSE  
(putting up  
his hands)  
I take.

JOSE counts out out four thousand and lays it on the  
table.

J.J.  
(to GUIDO)  
Lend me four thousand.

GUIDO counts out four G's and hands the money to J.J. In  
the transaction J.J. slips him the dice in exchange for a  
loaded pair.

J.J. puts the four G's on top of the SPIC's money and gets  
ready to throw.

LORENZO  
All bets are down, roll 'em.

J.J. throws the cubes and comes up with a five. He throws them again and it's a four.

J.J.  
C'mon, Mama. Bring home the pasta.

J.J. rattles the cubes, throws them and pronto!

LORENZO  
(rolling the dice toward J.J.)  
Eight is the winner.

J.J.  
There's eight dimes there. Shoot all or part of it.

AMOS  
I'll take the eight.

SPIC  
No! Me take all.

The SPIC puts eight thousand on top of J.J.'s money.

AMOS  
What the hell is goin' on? I want a piece of the middle.

LORENZO  
Shoot, J.J.

J.J. bangs the cubes off the backboard. When they finally stop dancing LORENZO calls out,

LORENZO  
Eleven, the winner.

LORENZO pushes the money to J.J.

J.J.  
Sixteen dimes...shoot it all.

AMOS  
Leave me some, you Spic faggot.

JOSE's eyes almost explode as he makes a move for the man with the log on his shoulder, but a couple of LORENZO's family members hold him back.

LORENZO  
I'm telling you for the last time,  
Amos. You cut that shit out or  
you gonna be pickin' pier splinters  
out of your ass.

JOSE reaches inside his jacket and comes up with another roll of bills. One eye is counting out sixteen thousand, the other is throwing knives at AMOS.

JOSE lays down the sixteen G's as J.J. gets ready to throw the dice.

AMOS  
Shoot, motherfucker.

J.J.  
I didn't know you were watching us.  
Your mother assured me that you were  
asleep.

AMOS  
(struggling to  
get J.J)  
I'll rip your head off.

The three guys who have AMOS in arm locks look at LORENZO.

LORENZO  
Throw him out.

AMOS  
I'll be back, garlic snapper. Your  
white ass is gonna be mine. I'll  
be back.

LORENZO  
When you do, bring manners.

Everyone waits until AMOS has been guided out the door and  
the game resumes.

LORENZO  
You're covered, J.J...., throw  
the bones.

J.J. blows on the cubes and rolls.

LORENZO  
Eleven...school is out.

LORENZO pushes the pile of money to J.J.

J.J.  
How much do you want of it,  
Jose?

J.J. gets ready to shoot again.

SPIC  
No mas...no mas.

GUIDO  
How about giving my four thousand  
back?

J.J.  
Sure Guido.

J.J. counts out the four G's and gives GUIDO the money  
while exchanging the dice.

LORENZO  
It's still your turn.

J.J.  
I've had enough of the fish smell.  
I'll pass.

LORENZO  
Sorry about the disturbance, J.J..  
Be careful when you leave. The  
eggplant may be laying for you.

J.J.  
Don't worry. Guido here will  
dazzle him with footwork.

CUT TO

EXT. WAREHOUSE PIER DAWN

The sound of the dice hitting the backboard is the last thing J.J. and GUIDO hear as they leave the fish stench behind and face the cool fresh morning breezes coming in from the ocean.

GUIDO  
We did pretty good tonight. I  
figure about thirty big ones.

They reach the car and get in.

CUT TO

INT. GUIDO'S CAR DAWN

J.J.  
as he pulls  
out roll)  
You're pretty close. Give  
or take a grand or two.

GUIDO  
Half of that ain't bad for little  
ol' me.

AMOS (O.S.)  
A third is all you're gonna get.

ANGLE: GUIDO turns around to see

ANGLE: AMOS sitting up in the back seat, looking mean.

GUIDO  
J.J., do you mind if I shit  
my pants?

J.J.  
Dazzle him with footwork, Guido.

ANGLE: All three men stare at one another for a moment and then

ANGLE: AMOS locks eyes with GUIDO.

ANGLE: AMOS' mean look suddenly turns in to a smile.

ANGLE: J.J. starts to make three piles of bills on the dashboard.

J.J.  
Meet our partner for the evening,  
Amos Smith, an old and close friend  
of mine.

GUIDO's head rotates from AMOS back to J.J. and back again. Each eye is asking a different question.

GUIDO  
But... but...

AMOS  
You heard of the main attraction?  
(smiling)  
Well, I'm the main distraction.

CUT TO

EXT. WAREHOUSE PIER DAWN

As the red Caddy peels away with a screech of tires the sun is just coming up and washing the whole scene with pink light.

Wild laughter echoes from the car as it turns and disappears behind the silhouetted warehouses.

FADE OUT

INT. BEDROOM DAY

It's late afternoon when J.J. stirs. It all comes back to him slowly, - it's Artie Shaw day.

He shits, showers and shaves. Looking over his selection of after shave lotions, he picks one that's right for diary hunting, and applies a liberal amount.

He combs his hair, walks to the closet and picks out his best wooing suit and his black Gucci loafers.

He checks himself out in the mirror. He likes what he sees. As he straightens out his collar he tells himself:

J.J.  
Yeah, like a million after taxes.

CUT TO

EXT. DRESS SHOP DAY

J.J. parks his car in front of the shop. Through the store window he SEES MAGGIE waiting on a customer. The small sign on the door says " Open 10AM -6PM"

J.J. looks at his watch. It is five fifteen.

CUT TO

EXT. COFFEE SHOP DAY

J.J. walks across the street to the coffee shop.

CUT TO

INT. DRESS SHOP DAY

It's an expensive dress shop with a fancy interior lined with racks of dresses.

There are several customers, some browsing, some talking to the salesgirls.

The front door opens and a well dressed portly lady walks in. She is met and greeted by GINNY, MAGGIE's friend who we saw before.

GINNY  
May I help you?

MRS. FELDSTEIN  
Yes. Please tell Maggie that Mrs. Feldstein is here.

GINNY  
She's in the fitting room with  
another customer. Can I help you?

MRS. FELDSTEIN  
No, I'll wait.

GINNY smiles and shows her to a seat.

CUT TO

INT. DRESS SHOP FITTING ROOM DAY

MAGGIE is attending to a customer, MRS. PUCCIO, a lady in her middle fifties, expensive hair-do, heavy set with an oversized ass.

MAGGIE  
(stepping back as if  
appraising a painting)  
No, Mrs. Puccio, that dress does  
nothing for you. I can't put my  
finger on it but it's just not you.

MRS. PUCCIO sad, disgusted, grabs her own ass with her two hands and sort of throws it up to MAGGIE.

MRS. PUCCIO  
I can put my finger on it.  
Oh, Maggie, do I have to live  
the rest of my life in a muu muu?

MAGGIE  
Nonsense! I have just the dress for  
you. It arrived today from Milan.  
I'll be right back.

MRS. PUCCIO starts to take the dress off.

MRS. PUCCIO  
Maggie, I don't know what I'd do  
without you.

CUT TO

INT. DRESS SHOP DAY

GINNY  
(walking toward MAGGIE)  
Another butterball just rolled in,  
a Mrs. Feldstein. She's waiting  
for you.

MAGGIE  
Thanks, Ginny. I've been expecting  
her. I ordered a special size for  
her.

GINNY  
(laughing)  
From who? Omar the tentmaker?

MAGGIE puts her arm around GINNY and takes her to one  
side, out of earshot.

MAGGIE  
The ladies who have figures have no  
money. Those with the money have no  
figures. Our salary depends on no  
figures, understand?

GINNY  
It figures.

CUT TO

INT. COFFEE SHOP DAY

J.J. drinks two cups of coffee watching the dress shop  
through the window. He pays the check and leaves.

CUT TO

EXT. DRESS SHOP DAY

J.J. reaches his car just as MAGGIE exits the dress shop.

MAGGIE  
John John?

J.J. looks in her direction acting surprised.

J.J.  
Maggie? What a nice surprise. What  
are you doing in this part of town?

MAGGIE  
(pointing to  
dress shop)  
I work in that dress shop. Don't  
you remember.  
(beat)  
What are you doing here?

J.J.  
I had to shake up a guy in the  
coffee shop.

MAGGIE

Still at it, J.J.?

J.J.

It's the only thing I know.

MAGGIE

You look great, J.J., real great.

J.J.

You ain't nothing to sneeze at.

MAGGIE

I've put on a few pounds  
since Pete was arrested.

J.J.

You miss him?

MAGGIE

Not the way you think, but he  
was a warm body.

Her mouth just opened the door so J.J. puts his foot in.

J.J.

Are you in a rush?

MAGGIE

What did you have in mind?

J.J.

Nothing much, maybe sit in a  
booth and have a drink, a couple  
of pretzels.

MAGGIE

That sounds nice. There's a place  
around the corner, unless you...

J.J.

No, no Maggie, around the corner is  
fine. On the rocks is on the rocks  
no matter where. If I remember right,  
that's the way you like it.

MAGGIE

You have a good memory, J.J.

CUT TO

EXT. THE VINEYARD RESTAURANT EVENING

The Vineyard is about as upscale as it gets in blue collar Jersey City. What it doesn't have in design, it makes up for in fake grapevines which are liberally festooned around the window and entrance.

ANGLE: MAGGIE and J.J. enter, they don't notice

ANGLE: LT. DUGAN driving by in an unmarked car. He is the Irish detective we saw at the county jail. He parks across the street and watches them enter. We can see the wheels in his mind start to turn.

CUT TO

INT. VINEYARD RESTAURANT DAY

Inside there are even more grapevines draped over every available surface.

Each booth has a cluster of Chianti bottles hanging on the wall and a vase with three carnations, a red, a white, and a pink.

J.J. maneuvers MAGGIE to the last booth.

They sit there feeling awkward for a moment until J.J. spots the vase with the three carnations.

On impulse, he takes the pink carnation from the vase and gives it to MAGGIE who is touched. She's not used to being treated this way.

MAGGIE

Thank you, J.J.

MAGGIE breaks the stem off and puts it in her lapel.

WAITRESS

What'll it be?

J.J.

Two Wild Turkeys on the rocks.

They look at each other. MAGGIE plays with the carnation. They're both a little shy and surprised that they are.

They both go to talk at the same time, stop and laugh.

The WAITRESS saves them by arriving with the drinks.

MAGGIE  
(takes a long  
sip and smiles)  
That felt good.

J.J.  
The first sip is the best, Maggie,  
after that the ice kills it.

MAGGIE  
Why don't you order it straight up,  
J.J. that way the kick is always  
there.

J.J.  
You're right, I always say I'm  
gonna do it and when the waiter  
comes, I forget.

MAGGIE  
(laughing)  
You don't have such a good memory.

J.J.  
Someday when you got the time  
I'll tell you all about the  
trouble I get into because I  
forget to remember.

MAGGIE  
(looking at him)  
I have time, J.J.

J.J. takes a good look at MAGGIE.

She looks pretty good.

She takes another sip and from behind the glass her eyes  
tell J.J. she's going to break the evening wide open.

J.J.  
Don't eat the pretzels. We'll  
go someplace and have a nice  
steak

MAGGIE  
I have a better idea.

J.J.  
What's that?

MAGGIE

Let's have a bite here and then  
go to my place and play some Gin  
or watch tv.

J.J.

I like that. What's good in this  
place?

MAGGIE

Steaks.

J.J. calls the WAITRESS over.

J.J.

Another round of drinks and two  
steaks. Medium rare for me. How'd  
you like yours?

MAGGIE

I'll have mine the same and bring  
his bourbon straight up.

J.J.

See what I mean? If you weren't  
here, I'd be getting it on the  
rocks again.

MAGGIE puts her hand on J.J.'s.

MAGGIE

You need a Mommy, J.J.

J.J.

Jesus, Maggie, a Mommy is the last  
thing I need.

MAGGIE

(putting the other  
hand on his)  
What do you need, J.J.?

J.J. gulps. This is going too fast.

He's supposed to drive and now she's making him the  
passenger. He tries to take the wheel again.

J.J.

(laughing)  
I can't remember.

MAGGIE joins in the laughter.

MAGGIE

You're fun to be with.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING NIGHT

As J.J. and MAGGIE head to the front door WE SEE that preparations for the Santa Lucia Festival are building up.

All the colored lights are now in place and twinkling merrily. Booths are being erected and games are being set up while in the background a large Ferris wheel is being tested.

A bandstand is being constructed and sausages and buns are cooking on an open grill.

MAGGIE

This feast seems to get bigger every year. Do you think they'll finish it in time, J.J.?

J.J.

Oh sure, they have tomorrow left.

MAGGIE

That ain't much time.

MAGGIE walks in the front door with J.J. behind her.

J.J. stops and looks over his shoulder at the working men. He thinks of PETE THE WOP.

CUT TO

INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT HALL NIGHT

MAGGIE puts the key in the lock of the apartment door.

MAGGIE

That was a nice treat tonight. So unexpected.

J.J.

I like unexpected things, too. Like tonight, I never thought I'd run into you.

CUT TO

INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT FOYER NIGHT

It's a comfortable and homey place with many overstuffed chairs, a glass coffee table and framed prints on the wall. Very feminine.

MAGGIE takes off her blazer and hangs it in the closet.  
J.J. sees MAGGIE in all her female splendor for the first time.

The blazer has been hiding one hell of a body. There is no more room in her blouse and it looks like everything is gonna bust out of it.

She has a tiny waist like the old time pictures of women in tight corsets.

J.J.

You look good, Maggie, real good.

MAGGIE

About five pounds too good.

J.J.

You don't see yourself from where I'm standing.

MAGGIE

How do you see me, J.J.?

J.J.

Jesus, you're built real good, you got nice legs. I never noticed your legs before.

MAGGIE

Nobody does. Their eyes stop at my chest.

J.J.

You don't like your boobs?

MAGGIE

It's not easy shopping for clothes, John John. Designers don't make clothes for bodies like mine.

J.J.

That's 'cause they're all queers.

MAGGIE

(laughs)

Take your jacket off, and relax while I make us a drink.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. LIVING ROOM NIGHT LATER

The cushions are heaped down one end of the sofa and there is a bottle of Wild Turkey on the coffee table that's nearly empty. Soft music plays in the background as J.J. leans back onto the cushions and nurses his drink.

J.J.  
Have you visited Pete?

MAGGIE  
No. He didn't put me on the visitor's list.

J.J.  
You're kidding, I thought your name would be on top.

MAGGIE  
We split up a couple of weeks before he was arrested.

J.J.  
I never knew that. How come?

MAGGIE  
I just got tired of his bullshit and his whoring around.

J.J.  
He was whoring on you? I can't understand why, I mean, look what he had here.

MAGGIE  
What he had here, he couldn't handle.

J.J.  
What do you mean?

MAGGIE  
Strong in the lip, and weak in the hip.

J.J.  
Oh!

MAGGIE fills up J.J.'s glass and sits down on the chair opposite him.

MAGGIE  
How about you, J.J., have you  
visited him?

J.J.  
Er ... er no. He didn't put my  
name on the list either.

MAGGIE  
That's strange, I thought you two  
were close.

J.J.  
Nobody gets close to Pete. We  
did a couple of jobs together  
and everybody thinks we were a  
team.

MAGGIE  
That's what I thought.

J.J.  
I'm into anything that makes a  
buck, but there are certain things  
that I don't have the stomach for.

MAGGIE smiles as she crosses her legs and takes a sip of  
Wild Turkey.

MAGGIE  
I know.

J.J.  
You know? You know what?

MAGGIE  
That before you did those certain  
things, you had to booze up.

J.J.  
Pete's got a big mouth, but it's  
true. I couldn't do those things  
unless I was zonked out of my skull.

The trace of a smile never leaves MAGGIE's face. She is  
forever catching J.J.'s eyes bouncing from her legs to her  
boobs and back.

Want to play Gin?                   MAGGIE

Sure.                                   J.J.

MAGGIE bends over and opens the coffee table drawer.

                                  MAGGIE  
Here's a new deck, J.J. Shuffle  
them while I change and get a pad  
and pencil.

J.J. breaks the seal on the box and starts to shuffle as  
MAGGIE goes into the bedroom.

The minute he's sure the coast is clear, he begins to look  
around the room for the diary.

He walks around, shuffling cards and opening drawers. His  
ear is to the bedroom and his eyes are searching every-  
where.

CUT TO

INT. MAGGIE'S KITCHEN    NIGHT

J.J. walks into the kitchen and pours himself another  
glass of Wild Turkey from a new bottle.

He opens the counter drawer as he pours the drink. No  
luck, no diary.

He's beginning to think she might not have it.

                                  J.J.  
                                  (yelling to MAGGIE)  
Do you want a refill, Maggie?

                                  MAGGIE (V.O)  
Please.

J.J. takes the two drinks and walks into the living room  
just as MAGGIE is coming out of the bedroom. She has  
changed into a black silk robe. The ice in the glasses  
starts to jump around.

CUT TO

INT. MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM NIGHT

MAGGIE

(smiling)

John John, your hands are shaking.  
You're going to spill the drinks.

As J.J. puts the glasses down on the coffee table, some of the bourbon spills.

MAGGIE

Sit down. I'll get a napkin  
and wipe it up.

The black silk robe is having its effect on J.J. He's never seen boobs trying to burst out of silk before. They are beautiful

J.J. goes back to shuffling the cards. MAGGIE returns with a napkin and bends down to wipe the table.

MAGGIE

Don't get the cards wet.

J.J.'s eyes go to her cleavage.

J.J.

(under his breath)

Oh, my God.

MAGGIE

Let's cut for a deal.

MAGGIE takes the cards, cuts them a few times and stares into J.J.'s eyes. She is smiling again.

MAGGIE

John John?

J.J.

Yes, Maggie.

MAGGIE

Would you rather play cards  
first or...

J.J.

Or what?

MAGGIE  
Or would you rather read the  
diary?

J.J. looks at her. The smile is still there, like she has just caught him wiping his shoes on her best towel.

J.J. feels like a piece of dog shit. He picks up his drink and tries to bring it to his mouth.

MAGGIE  
Or...

MAGGIE opens her robe and lets it drop to the floor. J.J. sinks deeper in his chair.

J.J. seems to be getting smaller and smaller, while MAGGIE is getting bigger and bigger. She looms over him, a beautifully proportioned woman.

Her waist so small, her breasts so large, so beautiful. Her smile is gone.

MAGGIE  
The diary is in the cabinet over the  
sink.  
(she turns and  
walks away)  
I'll be in the bedroom.

Her beautiful legs force her ass to dance as she goes into the bedroom.

J.J. is in a state of shock. His eyes stare at the cabinet over the fridge, as another part of his body points toward the bedroom.

He has to make a choice.

The diary loses out as J.J. takes off his shoes and walks into the bedroom.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM NIGHT

A night light outlines MAGGIE's body. She is laying on her side, facing the open window. J.J. removes his clothes and lays down on the bed. Her back is to him.

She puts his hand on her shoulder, her body slowly begins backing into him. She takes his hand and lays it on her breast, forcing his fingers deep. Her body never stops moving.

MAGGIE's body is slowly searching, searching, until finally, her body meets his. The slow rocking continues to the music of her moans. Her hand holds onto his wrist, the journey is long, and finally her fingers relax and her hand goes limp.

They lay there motionless for a few minutes, then she begins to rock again. They are moving together, her body picks up momentum, her moans grow louder, a muffled scream, then silence.

She puts J.J.'s fingers in her mouth and kisses them.

MAGGIE

Rest.

(she slowly leaves  
the bed)

I'll be back.

J.J. lays there thinking of what just happened.

MAGGIE

What are you smiling about,  
John John?

J.J.

I haven't gone two rounds since I  
can't remember when.

MAGGIE is back with two glasses in her hands. She kneels next to the bed and hand him his drink. He raises himself up on one elbow and takes a sip.

J.J.

You're right, Maggie, straight up  
is the only way to go.

MAGGIE puts her lips on his, her hand is holding her drink, the other begins to explore, touching, feeling, moulding, until finally her fingers are rewarded.

Her lips leave J.J.'s.

Her mouth joins her busy fingers. His legs straighten, his head goes back.

He can feel the cold Wild Turkey spilling on his chest. Each nerve in his body set fire to the other until finally the bell rings.

ANGLE: J.J.'s face looking at the ceiling, amazed.

J.J.  
Oh my God ... three rounds.

MAGGIE (V.O)  
God had nothing to do with it.

MAGGIE sits up as J.J. lays his head back. He feels MAGGIE's head sink onto the pillow next to him.

Two people looking at the ceiling in their own private worlds. She turns her face to him.

MAGGIE  
I don't want to lose you, J.J.

J.J. puts his arm around her and pulls her close to him. His voice breaks a little as he tells her.

J.J.  
You won't, Maggie, you won't.

MAGGIE snuggles into his shoulder and they both sink deeper into the pillow.

J.J. sighs in complete satisfaction as sleep pulls the curtain down on a very hard day.

FADE OUT

INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM MORNING

A comfortable, brightly decorated room with a big quilt and many patterned cushions. Designed for comfort.

J.J. wakes up alone to the filtered rays of the morning sun coming through the window. He hasn't slept so well in years.

J.J.  
(yelling)  
Maggie!

MAGGIE (V.O)  
I'm in the kitchen.

J.J. lights a cigarette and looks at the empty, almost unslept bed. There have been no nightmares.

CUT TO

INT. MAGGIE'S KITCHEN DAY

MAGGIE is in a bathrobe at the stove. She looks tousled and relaxed.

MAGGIE  
That's the most beautiful night  
I've ever had, J.J.

J.J.  
I feel good, Maggie, real good.

She walks over to the coffee table, opens a drawer and takes out a small box.

MAGGIE  
Here, John John.

J.J. opens the box and inside is a key.

MAGGIE  
It works every minute, every hour,  
twenty-four hours a day. No  
reservation required. You read  
the diary and I'll make the coffee.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. MAGGIE'S KITCHEN LATER DAY

J.J. is reading the diary. A cup of coffee sits before him, untouched.

J.J.  
Jesus, Maggie, have you read this?

MAGGIE  
No, J.J., Pete's outside activities  
never moved me.

J.J.  
I'm looking for two specific jobs he  
did with me.

(beat)  
How did you know I was looking for  
this diary?

MAGGIE  
Pete got word to me to burn it, and  
when you dropped out of the sky un-  
expected I put two and two together.

J.J.

I guess I owe you an explanation. Pete told me he's going to tell the cops about the two stiffs we buried. So, now I gotta move them. But I can't remember where we planted them. So that's why I came after the diary.

MAGGIE

(interrupting him)

One of those dates was October fifteenth.

J.J.

How do you know that?

MAGGIE

It was my birthday. Pete stood me up, and the next day he told me he had been with you on a job.

J.J.. flips the pages to October fifteenth.

J.J.

You're right, Maggie, here it is. Eddy Tresh. He shot him in Hoboken and we buried him in an empty lot between four hundred seventeen and four hundred twenty-one Webster Avenue.

MAGGIE

Do you remember now?

J.J.

It's coming back to me. Eddy Tresh was six foot six. I had to use two plastic bags on him.

J.J. keeps reading the diary. He is looking hard for something.

J.J.

Holy Christ, Maggie this guy sure was a workaholic. Stick ups, beating, arson. Hey! Listen to this, March tenth, Maria Salvi, a waitress, he raped her in his car.

MAGGIE

Rape?

(she laughs)

The best he could do is munch on her spinach.

J.J.

That bad, Maggie?

MAGGIE

It would come out of hiding every three months. If it didn't see its shadow, it would hide for another three months.

J.J.

Here it is, March nineteen. Manny "The Head" Blumetti, shot him three times in Bayonne and buried...oh, my God...now I remember...oh, my God!

MAGGIE

What's wrong John John, you're turning white.

J.J. puts his head in his hands.

It all slowly begins to come back to him.

J.J.

I must have been really stoned.

MAGGIE

(shaking J.J.)

J.J., what's wrong? Talk to me.

J.J.

Maggie, we buried Manny Blumetti in my back yard under my mother's tomato patch.

MAGGIE

You're joking.

J.J.

No I'm not. I remember Pete saying it was the softest spot in the yard. We buried him on March nineteen, and my mother always waits 'til May fifteen to plant her tomatoes 'cause of the frost.

MAGGIE

Alright, J.J., tonight you dig up the body and move it someplace else.

J.J.

Are you kidding, Maggie? I'd rather face a three hundred pound queer in heat than tangle with my ol' lady.

MAGGIE fills a cup of coffee and hands it to J.J.

MAGGIE  
Drink this J.J. and relax. We've  
got to figure this out.

J.J.  
What's to figure out? There's nothing  
to figure out. I'm fucked.

MAGGIE stands over J.J., her fist clenched, looking down  
at him.

MAGGIE  
Get dressed, J.J, first we're going  
to check out that lot in Jersey City.

J.J.  
We?

MAGGIE  
Yes, we. I'm going to help you get  
out of this mess and then you're  
getting out of this rotten business.

J.J.  
And do what? Sell pretzels on the  
corner?

MAGGIE  
We'll worry about that later. Maybe  
open a dress shop.

J.J.  
A dress shop?

MAGGIE  
I'll be ready in five minutes, J.J.  
you'd better be dressed and ready  
to drive.

J.J.  
(beat)  
Why are you getting involved,  
Maggie?

MAGGIE  
I like what I found, J.J., and  
I ain't giving it back.

CUT TO

EXT. CAR DAY

MAGGIE reads the street map and J.J. drives to Jersey City.

MAGGIE

Here's Journal Square, J.J. Make a right at the next corner and a left at the block after.

CUT TO

INT./EXT. CAR DAY

MAGGIE

Here's three hundred ninety, J.J., keep going. The numbers are going up.

MAGGIE keeps counting the numbers.

MAGGIE

There it is, four hundred nineteen.

They stop in front of newly constructed building. Workmen are completing the finishing touches. It's a beehive of activity.

J.J.

We must have the wrong address, Maggie, there's no empty lot here.

MAGGIE

There's a new building on it.

TWO WORKMEN come out of the building carrying large green globes which they fit over two large standing lampposts.

MAGGIE

With two green lights, J.J.

J.J.

That's right, Maggie it's got two green lights in the front.

At the same moment they both realize the significance of the two green lights

MAGGIE

J.J.!

J.J.

Holy shit, Maggie it's a new police station!

At this point we see SEVERAL high ranking POLICE OFFICERS and CITY OFFICIALS come out of the cop shop, smiling and congratulating each other on their new police station.

MAGGIE  
Let's go back home, John John, this  
one we don't have to worry about.

J.J.  
The builders must have dug up the  
stiff when they put in the  
foundations.

MAGGIE  
This is Jersey City, John John,  
if the cops investigated every body  
that was dug up, they wouldn't have  
any time left to shake down the book  
makers. Forget it, J.J. Let's go to  
your house. I'd like to meet your  
Mom.

J.J.  
Okay.

CUT TO

INT. CAR DAY

Driving back J.J. feels like he's just won the first half  
of the daily double. The second race however, is coming up  
against big odds - the Santa Lucia Festival, his deadline,  
and his mother.

As he reaches Main Street his fuel guage gets lonesome for  
GOOSE so he pulls into the gas station.

CUT TO

EXT. GAS STATION DAY

DONALD, the gas jockey, is there to greet him.

J.J.  
The works, Donald.

DONALD  
Hi, J.J. Goose was askin' if I'd  
seen you.

J.J. gets out of the car and turns to MAGGIE.

J.J.  
I'll be right back.

J.J. walks toward the office.

CUT TO

INT. GAS STATION OFFICE DAY

GOOSE is drinking a cup of coffee.

J.J.  
Hey, Goose. Donald tells me you  
were lookin' for me.

GOOSE  
Yeah, I was gonna call you.

J.J.  
You're not fuckin' with hot gas  
again?

GOOSE  
No, J.J., I learned my lesson.  
(beat)  
There's something you should know.  
A tall red nosed Detective was  
askin' questions.

J.J.  
About me?

GOOSE walks to the window and looks at MAGGIE sitting in  
the car.

GOOSE  
(pointing to MAGGIE)  
About her... he saw you two at  
the Vineyard Restaurant. Guess  
he figures you two are mixed up  
in something no good.

J.J.  
Damn it!  
(beat)  
She's not involved...

J.J. sees GOOSE looking at him and decides it's better to  
stop there.

GOOSE  
Involved in what, J.J.?

J.J.  
Nuthin' Goose, nuthin'.

EXT. GAS STATION DAY

CUT TO

J.J. pays DONALD and drives out of the gas station.

CUT TO

INT. CAR DAY

Deep down J.J. knows that MAGGIE is the girl he's been searching for all his life but he's not about to get her into trouble.

A diplomat he's not, so he's figuring on hitting her right between the eyes with the bad news.

J.J.  
We're not going to my house.  
I'm taking you home.

MAGGIE  
Why J.J.?

J.J. doesn't answer. He just keeps driving and looks at the road straight ahead.

MAGGIE  
J.J. for the first time in my life  
I feel alive. Don't shut me out.  
I want to be part of you, the good  
and the bad.

J.J. looks straight ahead and doesn't answer.

MAGGIE  
I'm talking to you, J.J., answer  
me.

J.J.  
(losing it)  
You want an answer? You're all alike.  
One night of riding the matresss  
and you make plans. Well, baby,  
nobody makes plans for me. I make them  
and right now you're not in them.

Silence. The ride back is painful. Occasionally J.J. sneaks a look at MAGGIE and sees she is on the verge of tears.

CUT TO

EXT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING DAY

The car pulls up and MAGGIE gets out without saying a word.

J.J.'s eyes follow her as she walks away. He feels like shit.

Preparations for the feast are going on.

The band is practising on the bandstand, peppers and sausages are being delivered, the Ferris wheel is whirling around with much screaming and whooping and the P.A system crackles as it is tested by a couple of young guys who are laughing and joking.

J.J. sadly watches as the statue of Santa Lucia is carefully unloaded from a truck and set in the place of honor.

The festivities are in stark contrast to his unhappiness.

He gets back in the car and floors the gas pedal to ease his pain and confusion.

CUT TO

EXT. J.J.'s HOUSE DAY

J.J. parks the car and goes around the back to the vegetable garden where he can hear his mother working and singing.

CUT TO

EXT. VEGETABLE GARDEN DAY

MA

You were out all night again.  
Do you have another mother some-  
place else?

JJ. decides to try reverse English on her.

J.J.

(smiling)

No, Ma, there's room for only one  
Mom in my heart.

MA

Do you feel well, talking like that?

J.J.

I feel fine Ma, and you're right.

MA

I'm right? What about, I'm right?

J.J.

Everything, Ma, everything.

MA

Maybe you should see your brother  
Anthony for some craziness medicine.

J.J. puts his arms around his Mother, lifts her off the floor and kisses her on the cheek.

J.J.  
After you fix me a nice lunch,  
I'm gonna join you in the backyard  
and help out.

MA  
I better not say anything.  
(beat)  
It might wake me up.

J.J. puts his Mother down. He has short-circuited the little dynamo.

Dazed, MA walks to the house.

MA  
What would you like for lunch, bambino?

J.J.  
Surprise me, Ma, I'll go upstairs  
and change my clothes.

CUT TO

INT. BEDROOM DAY

J.J. picks up the phone and dials.

J.J.  
It's me, Guido, you're coming here  
to help out in the garden.  
(beat)  
Shut up. I'll explain later.

J.J. hangs up the phone and changes clothes. He looks out the back window and surveys the yard.

MA is right, he's never showed any interest in her garden.

It seems like he's seeing it for the first time. The corn patch, the pepper patch, and the tomato patch with its rows of large plants heavy with luscious, red fruit.

CUT TO

EXT. THE VINEYARD RESTAURANT DAY

MAGGIE walks toward the entrance.

She hesitates in front of the restaurant but finally goes in.

CUT TO

INT. THE VINEYARD RESTAURANT DAY

The HOSTESS walks toward MAGGIE but MAGGIE ignores her and heads directly for the last booth, the same one she'd sat in with J.J.

MAGGIE sits there staring straight ahead. Her eyes mist over. She turns her head slightly and sees the vase with the three carnations ... she takes the pink one and puts it in her lapel.

WAITRESS

(breaking her  
reverie)

Can I get you something?

MAGGIE

Yes, Wild Turkey on the rocks.

(beat)

No ... make that straight up.

CUT TO

INT. J.J.'S KITCHEN DAY LATER

J.J. is finishing up his meal. He wipes his dish with the last piece of bread as GUIDO walks in.

GUIDO

Guido the toiler is here, where do I start?

J.J.

Follow me to the garage first, we'll get the hoe and rake.

CUT TO

INT. GARAGE DAY

J.J. opens the door to the garage and puts his finger to his lips.

J.J.

Keep it low, Guido, I don't want her to hear.

GUIDO nods his head.

J.J.

Manny Blumetti is buried under the tomatoes.

GUIDO's eyes look like the TV cartoons when their eyes spring out of their sockets.

GUIDO

What?

J.J. reaches up on the wall of the garage and takes down an old car antenna.

GUIDO

What are you going to do with that, duel your mother?

J.J.

Stop with the fuckin' wisecracks, this is serious.

GUIDO

Okay, so you're not gonna duel with your mother. What are you going to do with it?

J.J.

While we're pulling out weeds, you poke down into the soil with the antenna and try to locate Blumetti's body.

GUIDO nods.

CUT TO

EXT. GARDEN DAY

MA

(yelling from an upstairs window)

Start weeding the pepper patch first. Leave the tomatoes until last.

J.J.

Okay Ma.

(beat)

Let's work fast, so we can get to the tomatoes.

CUT TO

EXT. VEGETABLE PATCH DAY

Through a series of jump cuts WE SEE over a period of time that whenever MA walks away from the window, GUIDO runs to the tomatoes, pokes a few times and comes running back.

GUIDO

So far I can only push the antenna about a foot deep.

J.J.

We've got to find the area where  
the whole antenna sinks in.

GUIDO begins to laugh.

J.J.

What the hell are you laughing at?

GUIDO

What if I accidentally poke  
Blumetti's eye out?

J.J.

I'm gonna shove that antenna alla  
way up your ass and poke your eye  
out from the inside if you don't stop  
with the jokes.

As they talk, MA joins them.

MA

I'll rake the leaves into a pile.

GUIDO

(whispering)

That's the end of poking.

J.J.

Slow down, Guido, we'll stretch the  
weeding 'til dark.

(beat)

Ma?

MA

Yes, John John.

J.J.

Guido and I are goin' in for a cold  
drink, we'll be out in a few minutes.

MA

Good idea. You and Guido take a break.

CUT TO

INT. J.J.'s LIVING ROOM DAY

GUIDO  
Is Scotch good for thinking?

J.J.  
Don't think, just help me drag  
this out 'til dinner time. Then  
I'll talk her into making pasta  
for us.

GUIDO  
Right. While she's busy cooking,  
we'll poke the shit out of the  
tomato patch.

J.J. reaches for the Scotch and pours two drinks while  
GUIDO stretches out on the couch.

GUIDO  
Pulling weeds is tough work,  
John John.

J.J.  
Tough work? Wait 'til we start  
with the shovels. You'll wish  
you were back pulling weeds.

GUIDO  
When are we gonna start digging?

J.J.  
Once we find the exact area, we'll  
mark it and during the night, dig  
the stiff out.

GUIDO  
Is she a sound sleeper?

J.J.  
Don't worry, every night she has a  
glass of Dago red with her dinner.  
Tonight, I'll add a couple of shots  
of hundred proof bourbon and she'll  
sleep like a bambina.

GUIDO  
I feel like a rat.

J.J.  
That's normal for you.

GUIDO  
I mean it, J.J. Fucking up those  
beautiful plants. Did you notice  
the size of those tomatoes?

J.J.  
It can't be helped.

GUIDO  
Blumetti makes good fertilizer.

J.J.  
He should, the fuck weighed about  
two fifty.

The door bell rings.

CUT TO

INT. J.J.'s FOYER DAY

J.J.  
(opening door)  
Come in, Freddie.

FREDDIE  
I noticed you were weeding out there.  
I have something to do, but I'll  
come back and help if you need me.

J.J.  
No, no, Freddie. Guido and I are  
almost finished.

GUIDO  
Besides, we need the exercise.

J.J.  
I don't know what advice you gave  
my mother but those tomato plants  
are beautiful.

FREDDIE  
It was a simple farming technique  
I read about.

J.J.  
The last few years, her tomatoes  
have been getting smaller and  
smaller, so what you did couldn't  
have been that simple.

FREDDIE  
It was. I just...

MA  
Hello, Freddie. How about something  
to drink?

FREDDIE  
No, thanks. My mother is waiting  
for me to take her shopping. Maybe  
when I get back.

MA walks FREDDIE to the door.

MA  
Say hello to your mother for me.

FREDDIE  
Will do. Bye.

CUT TO

INT. LIVING ROOM DAY

J.J.  
Mom, I was telling Guido about  
your spaghetti sauce.

GUIDO  
Yes, Mrs. Fontana, J.J. is always  
bragging about your sauce.

MA  
All sons brag about their mother's  
cooking.

GUIDO  
I don't. My mother gets it out of  
a jar.

MA  
A jar? Povero bambino!

GUIDO  
What's "povero bambino," J.J.?

J.J.  
"Poor baby," Guido. It's starting to  
get dark out.

(to MA)  
Guido and I will finish pulling the  
rest of the weeds out while you make  
dinner.

MA  
It'll be ready in about an hour.

GUIDO and J.J. exit out the back door.

CUT TO

EXT. VEGETABLE PATCH DUSK

GUIDO  
I just thought of something.

J.J.  
What?

GUIDO  
What are we going to do with  
Blumetti when we dig him out?

J.J.  
We'll put him in your car.

GUIDO  
In my car?!!! Jesus, J.J., he'll  
stink it up.

J.J.  
You wanna call a cab?

GUIDO  
Why not your car? It's your stiff.

J.J.  
'Cause I got a Jap cigar box, you  
got a Caddy.

GUIDO  
Okay, okay, so we put him in my  
car, then what?

J.J.  
We'll drive him to the back of the  
supermarket and stuff him in the  
dumpster.

GUIDO  
What about the garbage guys finding  
him in the morning?

J.J.  
So what. They won't know who put  
him there, right?

GUIDO  
Right, John John.

J.J.  
It's dark, Guido, start in with the  
poking.

CUT TO

EXT. VEGETABLE PATCH DUSK

GUIDO is still pushing the antenna into the dirt.

GUIDO  
Jesus, J.J., I've covered over  
half of this patch, and all I've  
gotten is blisters on my hands.

J.J.  
Oh, you poor bambino, does that mean  
you'll have to cancel your piano  
lessons tonight?

GUIDO  
Now who's making with the funny?

J.J.  
Give me that fuckin' antenna.  
Maybe you're not pushing hard  
enough.

J.J. pushes and pushes until he's pretty much covered the  
area. Still no soft spot.

J.J.  
You know what this means, Guido?

GUIDO  
Yeah, J.J., it means we have to  
dig up this whole goddam patch.

J.J.  
Thirty feet of it, Guido.

GUIDO

In one night, J.J.? You're fuckin' nuts.

J.J. picks up the tools and walks to the back porch.

J.J.

Jesus Christ and all the saints, Maggie is right. I gotta get out of this business and open a dress shop.

GUIDO

A dress shop?

J.J.

Yeah, a dress shop, so's I can get away from all of this.

GUIDO

J.J., the only thing you know about dresses is how to lift them.

J.J.

All kidding aside, Guido, I'm pissin' against the wind. I can't think of a way out, and tonight is the start of the feast.

MA (V.O)

Dinner is ready.

CUT TO

INT. J.J.'s KITCHEN DUSK

MA puts a beautiful dish of pasta in front of J.J. but his heart isn't in it. He toys with it like a seven year old kid.

Meanwhile GUIDO's mouth is going like a vacuum cleaner.

J.J. finally lifts a forkful of pasta to his mouth just as a loud burp comes out of GUIDO.

GUIDO

(wiping his mouth)

Oh Lord, that was good.

MA

I'm happy you enjoyed it.  
I made extra sauce for you to take home.

J.J. digs the fork into his pasta and starts to twirl it.

The door bell goes.

MA

It's Freddie. Eat John John, I'll  
get the door.

GUIDO

Why don't you give this fuck a key?

MA(O.S.)

Come in, Freddie, sit down and have  
a glass of wine with us.

FREDDIE

Thank you Mrs. Fontana, that  
sounds good. I picked up this book  
on gardening for J.J. to read.

GUIDO

Does it have anything on fertilizer?

FREDDIE

Oh sure, but the most important  
topic in this book is what I told  
Mrs. Fontana to do to improve her  
tomatoes.

J.J.

Yeah, Freddie, you started to tell me  
the other day but you never finished.

FREDDIE

Well, the most important thing  
about farming is...

The door bell goes.

GUIDO

Probably someone wants to know  
if this is Grand Central Station.

J.J.

I'll get it Ma.  
(he gets up)  
It must be the paper boy.

CUT TO

INT. J.J.'s FOYER DUSK

J.J. opens the door.

Someone is standing there. He's over six feet tall with a paper in his hand, only it isn't the "Daily News."

It is LT. DUGAN, the Irish detective. He's looking very pleased with himself.

DUGAN  
You are Giovanni Fontana?

J.J.  
Yes, I am.

DUGAN  
Lieutenant Dugan from Homicide.

J.J. looks as if his balls just dropped down to his ankles. The fuckin' Wop has kept his word, right on time.

DUGAN  
I have here a search warrant.

J.J.  
For what?

DUGAN  
For a specific area in your back yard.

MA(V.O)  
Who's at the door?

J.J.  
Police, Ma.

MA  
Police?

GUIDO  
Police?

MA  
What do they want here?

GUIDO  
Yeah, there's no more pasta left.

DUGAN  
We're not here for pasta, ginzo.

J.J.  
Well?

DUGAN

I have a detail of men with picks and shovels. We're going prospecting in the area specified in the search warrant as the "tomato patch." We have aerial photos of said "tomato patch" as being about thirty feet by ten feet.

MA

What is he saying, J.J.? What is this strunzzo saying?

J.J.

Easy, Ma, just take it easy.

MA

I won't take it easy. Mussolini is dead. This is America. They can't dig up my tomatoes.

The rest of the Mickey Mouse brigade, a collection of large red faced guys wearing heavy crepe soled boots and overalls and carrying picks, rope, lamps and enough shovels to dig to China, file through the house and into the backyard.

MA

John John.

(she sees the picks  
and shovels)

I'm going to have a heart attack.

She sits down unsteadily on a chair helped by FREDDIE.

MA

I wish I had a "mitraglia tricia."

GUIDO

What's that?

J.J.

An Italian machine gun.

MA

I'm alright, Freddie. Just let me walk around.

GUIDO lets her go and she walks to the window facing the yard.

MA can't believe her eyes. There are about a dozen fascists treating her lovely tomato plants like they were weeds, pulling them up by their roots and throwing them into a pile.

There are battery operated spot lights being set up on each corner of the tomato patch. The Irish Mussolini DUGAN, is yelling orders to the men with the picks and shovels.

MA

Look at all those spotlights.  
What must the neighbors think?  
Oh, my God, they're pulling up  
my tomato plants like weeds. My  
beautiful tomatoes. I could kill  
the butanas.

GUIDO

What's a butana?

J.J.

Whore.

J.J. joins MA at the window.

POV J.J. There is a fierce amount of digging and shovelling, tomato plants, earth and leaves flying all over the place.

One of the COPS has plucked one of MA's prized tomatoes and taken a big bite out of it.

COP #1

We should have bought a salt shaker.

COP #2

(laughing)

Borrow one from the little old lady  
inside.

MA

Look at the nerve of the "facia  
di merda," eating one of my tomatoes.

J.J.

(to GUIDO)

Shit face.

LIEUTENANT DUGAN orders one of his men to handcuff J.J.

MA looks as if she might kill DUGAN but J.J. gives her a look to stay cool.

FREDDIE

(filling the  
coffee cups)

Let's sit and relax.

J.J.  
Put milk and sugar in mine, Guido.

GUIDO looks at J.J.'s handcuffs and smiles.

GUIDO  
I guess you want me to stir it too?

J.J.  
That would be nice, "faccia di merda."

MA  
I finally get beautiful tomatoes  
and these fascists do this  
terrible thing.

She sits down again holding her head in her hands.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. TOMATO PATCH NIGHT ONE HOUR LATER

The sound of picks and shovels is getting fainter as they dig deeper into the hole.

The thirty foot tomato patch is now a thirty foot hole.

The men in the hole are no longer visible. Flood lights pick up the shovelled dirt that is coming out of the hole at a slower rate now, It is a huge mound that dwarfs the rest of the garden.

LIEUTENANT DUGAN is shouting orders to the men below.

CUT TO

INT. J.J.'s KITCHEN NIGHT

GUIDO  
They go any deeper J.J., and  
you'll be an oil baron.

J.J. gets up to look out the window.

DUGAN  
(warningly)  
You stay cuffed 'til we're  
finished.

MA  
Why don't you put the chains on me,  
big shot?  
(yelling)  
They're my tomatoes!

DUGAN

The tomatoes are yours, Mrs. Fontana, but what's under them is his.

MA

What's under the tomatoes, stupito, buried treasure?

FREDDIE coaxes MA to sit down.

DUGAN

I've posted a man outside the front door and one by the rear door, so just stay put.

(beat)

We're not leaving here until we find what we came for.

J.J.

It's gonna be a long night.

CUT TO

EXT. TOMATO PATCH LATER

The COPS are now deep into the hole when WE HEAR a shout. One of them swings his pick and gets a surprise as he hits something solid.

COP #1

Hey, Lieutenant, I think I hit something!

LT. DUGAN stands at the lip of the hole, arms akimbo. There is victory in his deep throated command.

DUGAN

Lower the ladder.

CUT TO

INT. J.J.'S KITCHEN NIGHT

The table is covered with empty coffee cups and GUIDO is sleeping on the sofa propped up next to the still handcuffed J.J.

The COP on guard dozes at the door.

GUIDO and J.J. are startled to hear DUGAN's shout of victory. GUIDO looks at J.J. with trepidation. He whispers to J.J., his voice tinged with fear.

GUIDO  
Holy shit, J.J., I think they found  
Blumetti!

J.J. looks at the cuffs and then stares apprehensively toward the window. He's so nervous he's almost shaking.

MA looks at him, praying under her breath. She doesn't know what's going on but she knows her J.J. is in big trouble.

J.J. swallows hard. He's about to become the fall guy and it's not a position he likes.

CUT TO

EXT. TOMATO PATCH NIGHT

LT. DUGAN starts down the ladder and roughly pulls the pick out of the COP's hands.

DUGAN  
Give me that pick.

A huge victorious smile covers DUGAN's face as he takes a powerful swing with the pick which makes contact and bounces back, sending painful vibrations up his hand and arm. His entire body vibrates like a tuning fork.

COP #1  
It's a fuckin' rock.

COP #2  
(laughing)  
Hit it again, Lieutenant.

DUGAN  
Shut the fuck up. Everybody  
climb out. There's nothing down  
here...

LT. DUGAN looks around at the huge pile of earth and the begrimed and sweaty faces of the COPS.

He looks toward the house and narrows his eyes

DUGAN  
Fill in the hole.

CUT TO

INT. KITCHEN NIGHT

J.J. and GUIDO have been glued to the window. As they hear DUGAN, J.J.'s legs turn to jello. He slides down onto the floor. GUIDO follows suit.

They sit there stunned for a moment and then slowly turn to face one another. A large smile begins to spread over J.J.'s once ashen face.

J.J.  
Did I hear right, Guido?

GUIDO  
I was gonna ask you the same question.

FREDDIE  
I just made a fresh pot of coffee.

J.J. gets up off the floor and numbly goes over to the table. As he picks up his cup he notices the book that FREDDIE wanted him to read.

"ROTATE CROPS FOR BIGGER YIELD."

J.J. picks it up and looks at FREDDIE.

He runs his hands nervously through his hair. GUIDO notices something is up and joins them at the table.

J.J.'s eyes are as big as saucers, his mouth is agape as FREDDIE nonchalantly tells them his best gardening tip.

FREDDIE  
That's the secret of gardening,  
J.J.

(beat)  
You keep switching the corn and  
the tomatoes. You know, plant the  
corn where the tomatoes were the  
year before, ....

GUIDO is no longer listening to FREDDIE's lecture on horticulture.

He cups his hands over his mouth and whispers in J.J.'s ear.

GUIDO  
Blumetti is under the corn.

J.J. grabs the book and without being seen, shoves it into GUIDO's pants.

GUIDO is taken aback for a New York minute but doesn't get a chance to say anything before DUGAN comes into the kitchen and begrudgingly unlocks J.J.'s handcuffs.

DUGAN

We were given the wrong information.  
I want to apologize to you Mrs.  
Fontana for disturbing your garden.

GUIDO holds MA's wrists as she faces LIEUTENANT DUGAN.

MA

Disturbed!? Is that what you did?  
Disturbed? Struzzo, tu si strunzzo,  
strunzzo, strunzzo!!

GUIDO

What did she say, J.J.?

J.J.

Turd. You are a turd, turd, turd.

GUIDO

Me?

J.J.

(pointing at DUGAN)  
No, Guido, him.

J.J. grabs his jacket and heads for the door. Everyone stares at him as if he's totally lost his marbles.

GUIDO

Where are you going?

J.J.

Shopping for a dress store.

No one understands what he's talking about, but before they can ask him, he's vanished out the door leaving them all standing there.

CUT TO

EXT. CAR/STREETS NIGHT

J.J. jumps into his Japmobile and looks at his watch.

As he drives, he bangs his fists impatiently on the steering wheel as if to make the traffic go faster.

CUT TO

EXT. DRESS SHOP CLOSING TIME

J.J. opens the door to the dress shop and walks in just before closing time at 10:00 pm on a Friday night.

CUT TO

INT. DRESS SHOP NIGHT

J.J. feels the eyes of the customers and salesgirls upon him. None of the faces are MAGGIE's.

He looks around - maybe she's not there.

GINNY, the pretty salesgirl, recognizes J.J. from the "cornuto's place" ... she's excited to be meeting a real gangster face to face.

GINNY  
Can I help you?

J.J.  
Where's Maggie?

GINNY  
She's in the fitting room  
finishing up with a customer.

J.J. goes past her and heads for the back of the store.

J.J.  
Which room is she in?

GINNY runs after him.

GINNY  
Wait! You can't go in there.

J.J. looks around for the fitting rooms.

J.J.  
The hell I can't!

The CUSTOMERS and SALESGIRLS have huddled into an excited and curious cluster as they watch this tornado in action.

J.J. opens the door to one of the fitting rooms and is met with a scream.

A lady in panties and bra desperately searches for a place to hide.

J.J.

Oh shit!

J.J. closes the door and opens another and like a kid finding a prize in his crackerjack box, his face lights up with joy.

His eyes see only MAGGIE and not the half naked customer screaming and running behind MAGGIE for protection.

MAGGIE holds a couple of dresses and looks at J.J. first with shock, then with anger.

MAGGIE

What the hell are you doing here?  
You're crazy. Get out of here!

J.J. walks toward her, a big smile on his face,.

J.J.

Maggie, I've got good news.

MAGGIE moves away from him while the frightened CUSTOMER stays behind her.

MAGGIE

(angry, real angry)  
Shove the good news up your ass!  
I'm not interested. Get out of  
here before I call the looney squad!

J.J.

I love you, Maggie!

MAGGIE

Shove that up your ass too!

J..J. moves closer to her trying to embrace her but MAGGIE wants no part of him. She throws the dresses she's holding at his face, and as he tries to untangle himself, MAGGIE bolts out the door.

The CUSTOMER who has lost her shield screams hysterically.

CUSTOMER

Maggie, don't leave me alone with  
him!

J.J. runs into the showroom after MAGGIE.

The WOMEN in the store are hugging the walls, shocked and frightened.

LADY #1

That man is crazy!

LADY #2

My husband should be that crazy!

MAGGIE is almost out the front door as she passes the bewildered GINNY.

MAGGIE

Take care of Mrs. Sorensen in the fitting room.

GINNY

I'd rather take care of him.

J.J. sees MAGGIE going out the front door and runs after her.

J.J.

Maggie, wait, I gotta talk to you...

As J.J. sidesteps GINNY, he loses his balance and runs into a clothes rack ... falling head over heels entangling himself in dresses.

GINNY goes to his aid. She props up the dress rack and smiles at him.

GINNY

Hi. I'm Ginny.

J.J. gets up, kicks the last dress away from him, and heads for the door.

CUT TO

EXT. DRESS SHOP NIGHT

Just as J.J. exits he sees MAGGIE's car pulling away in a cloud of smoke, her hand out the window giving him the finger.

Now he's mad. He jumps in his car and leaves a trail of melted rubber behind him.

CUT TO

INT. CAR NIGHT

J. J. smiles as he sees MAGGIE's car approaching a red traffic light ahead.

The smile quickly vanishes as MAGGIE floors the gas and runs the red light.

A COP standing on the corner pulls out his ticket book and pencil and steps out into the street to write down MAGGIE's license number.

As he puts pencil to paper, J.J.'s car roars past him almost running him over. His pencil and ticket book go flying as he curses at J.J.'s exhaust.

CUT TO

EXT. CAR NIGHT

J.J.'s car is gaining but suddenly MAGGIE cuts her wheel at high speed and disappears down a narrow alley.

J.J. just about manages to negotiate the impossible turn.

CUT TO

EXT. NARROW ALLEY NIGHT

TWO WINOS are sharing a gallon of wine. One WINO is sitting against the wall with his legs stretched out on the street, while the other WINO is on his knees, taking his turn drinking from the gallon jug.

The sitting WINO sees MAGGIE's car coming and in a lightning move pulls his feet in as MAGGIE's tires go over the spot where his feet had been.

The WINO who was drinking is yelling after the fleeing MAGGIE and waving the gallon jug in a menacing gesture, only to have it shattered by J.J.'s car as it goes racing by leaving only the sad WINO holding the top half of the gallon jug.

The WINO's face is splattered with red wine. He looks at what's left of the gallon jug.

WINO

Sonofabitch!!

CUT TO

INT. J.J.'S CAR NIGHT

J.J.'s windshield is spattered with wine. He puts his windshield wipers on and pulls a sharp left keeping hot on MAGGIE's trail.

A weary smile comes across J.J.'s face as he swerves out of the alley onto the street to see that it is blocked by the Santa Lucia Festival.

The death defying drive is over. He's got her now.

J.J. sees MAGGIE abandon her car at the end of the street and run into the crowded Festival.

CUT TO

EXT. STREET NIGHT

J.J.'s left with no choice but to duplicate her moves. He abandons his car and runs after her.

The Santa Lucia Festival is in full swing. There is music and plenty of food; drunken revellers weave around stalls laden with prizes and games.

There are the multitudinous sounds of eating, drinking and general merriment.

A procession wends its way down the middle of the street singing hymns and walking behind a FAT GUY who carries the statue of Santa Lucia.

As J.J. parts the crowd to keep MAGGIE in sight, he realizes that MAGGIE's gorgeous shape is in shape and his shape is not.

He marvels at her beautiful broken field running, but J.J. soon realizes he is not O.J., as his wind begins to fail him.

His progress is impeded by stupid, uncaring people who are too busy having fun to worry about his plight.

As he tries an O.J. move on a group of people who are in his way, he fails and runs into a BALLOON MAN, who's holding a cluster of balloons.

The BALLOON MAN in turn, knocks over his ASSISTANT who is filling the balloons from a large helium tank.

The three of them including the tank, hit the dirt, while the cluster of balloons floats away above their heads.

The helium tank with its valve open, is crazily rolling around the street, blowing unsuspecting lady's dresses and exposing all sizes and shapes.

J.J. picks himself up and helps the BALLOON MAN who is cursing and pointing to the balloons heading heavenwards.

J.J. reaches in his pocket and gives the guy a large bill and continues his chase.

CUT TO

EXT. STREET ANOTHER ANGLE NIGHT

MAGGIE has a long lead on J.J. who by now has figured that she must be heading to her apartment.

CUT TO

INT. MAGGIE'S BUILDING LOBBY NIGHT

MAGGIE runs toward the elevator door which is starting to close.

MAGGIE

Hold the door!

A SHAPELY GIRL with a POODLE holds the door open.

MAGGIE

Thanks.

MAGGIE impatiently pushes the "Close Door" button and the doors start to close again, but not before a MAN's voice is heard.

MAN #1

Hold that door! Hold that door!

The SHAPELY GIRL pushes the "Open Door" button as TWO HEAVY MEN push a piece of furniture on a dolly toward the elevator.

They squeeze themselves and their cargo aboard. MAGGIE is ready to kill as she bangs the "Close Door" button with her thumb.

As the door starts to close, J.J., panting and out of breath, comes running into the lobby, sees MAGGIE in the elevator and yells.

J.J.

Wait, Maggie, wait!

The love of his life answers his request with an indecent gesture with her left hand and right arm.

As the elevator doors shut her from view J.J. calls out

J.J.

You speak Italian!

He leans against the wall out of breath and ready to collapse. He sees the stairs and goes for them.

CUT TO

INT. MAGGIE'S BUILDING SECOND FLOOR NIGHT

The elevator door opens on the second floor. The TWO muscle MEN have difficulty in getting the dolly with the piece of furniture, to roll out of the elevator.

The TWO MEN are out in the hall pulling on the dolly rope but the rear wheels of the dolly are stuck on the lip of the elevator entrance.

CUT TO

INT. MAGGIE'S BUILDING STAIRCASE NIGHT

J.J. puffs and struggles up the stairs.

CUT TO

INT. MAGGIE'S BUILDING ELEVATOR

She puts her back against the elevator wall and plants the bottom of her right foot against the furniture and puts all her anger and strength in one push.

The dolly with its payload, goes flying out of the elevator knocking the two surprised men for a loop.

MAN #1

Wanna job, lady?

As the door begins to close, the SHAPELY GIRL exits but the poodle has other plans and stays in the elevator.

Smoke is now coming out of MAGGIE's ears. She doesn't have a twelve guage shotgun but she does have a beautiful right leg with a pointed designer shoe at the end of it.

Finally she's had it.

She pulls back her leg for a place kick...

CUT TO

EXT. MAGGIE'S BUILDING ELEVATOR NIGHT

The poodle comes flying out of the elevator as the door closes.

CUT TO

INT. MAGGIE'S BUILDING THIRD FLOOR NIGHT

J.J.. is about to reach the third floor. He swears the last flight of steps are made out of sand.

He finally reaches the third floor and opens the door to MAGGIE's hallway. He desperately needs to rest but he sees MAGGIE putting the key in her lock.

His gas tank is empty and strictly on fumes, he breaks the sound barrier, and just makes it into her apartment before she has a chance to give him a face full of door.

CUT TO

INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT NIGHT

He closes the door and leans against it for support but finally slides down and comes to rest on his butt, fighting for air.

MAGGIE

Don't die here, spaghetti bender.  
I don't have any plastic garbage  
bags.

ANGLE: MAGGIE is in no mood for J.J.'s apologies.

ANGLE: J.J. knows he's got quite a job on his hands. Between gasping for air, he goes for broke.

J.J.  
(stuttering)  
M...Maggie....I

ANGLE: Just the sound of J.J.'s voice makes MAGGIE blood boil. She let's him have it broadside.

MAGGIE  
Catch your breath and get out  
of here.

ANGLE: Still panting, J.J. looks at her pleadingly.

J.J.  
I've got to talk to you.

ANGLE: J.J. looks like he's hit a brick wall.

ANGLE: MAGGIE remains unmoved.

ANGLE: J.J. remains planted on her foyer floor, his mind working in overdrive.

MAGGIE  
I don't want to hear anything you  
have to say. I'm tired of being  
humped and dumped.

ANGLE: J.J. realizes he's losing ground quickly. He can sense MAGGIE's mounting fury aimed at him.

J.J.  
But... but...

ANGLE: MAGGIE doesn't even hear him, she's telling it like it is.

MAGGIE  
I opened my heart to you and you  
paid me back with a golden shower.  
It's over, bambino, finuto!

ANGLE: J.J. tries to get up but his legs won't let him. He slides back down onto the floor.

J.J.  
Please listen to me. Please.

ANGLE: MAGGIE takes off her blazer and kicks her shoes across the room. She's furious.

MAGGIE

No! You listen to me. I've had a rough day.

(beat)

I'm going to get out of my clothes, and relax in the tub, so pick up your carcass and leave.

ANGLE: J.J. pleading from the floor.

J.J.

Maggie. Please, I ... walked out on you to protect you. I didn't want you to get hurt, honest I didn't.

ANGLE: MAGGIE unbuttons her blouse, and takes it off revealing a black lace trimmed bra. If looks could kill, J.J. would be receiving the last rites.

MAGGIE

You're wasting your breath.

ANGLE: MAGGIE walks toward her bedroom, turning her back to J.J. She takes off her skirt and kicks it away.

J.J.

You've been on my mind and in my dreams. I can't live without you I don't want to live without you...

ANGLE: MAGGIE sits on a chair, rolls down her stockings and throws them at the wall.

MAGGIE

Then blow your brains out.

ANGLE: J.J.'s struggles harder to find the words to say what is truly in his heart.

J.J.

You're not like anyone I've ever known. I'm empty without you.

ANGLE: MAGGIE stands up, undoes her bra and throws it away.

The colored lights from the Santa Lucia Festival play on her large beautiful breasts.

MAGGIE

Bullllllshit!

ANGLE: J.J. collapses on his hands and knees and crawls toward MAGGIE and raises his right hand to the towering beauty in front of him.

J.J.

On this feast day of Santa Lucia,  
I swear on her sainthood that...

(beat)

I love you more than anything  
else in this whole world.

ANGLE: MAGGIE walks toward the bedroom. She stops at the doorway, removes her black lace panties and looks over her shoulder at J.J.

MAGGIE

(seriously)

Show me.

ANGLE: MAGGIE disappears into the bedroom.

ANGLE: J.J. remains motionless on his hands and knees, surprised. Fireworks from the festival begin to explode washing the room in flashes of color.

The band begins playing and music and laughter filter in from the festivities outside.

J.J. on his hands and knees, follows MAGGIE into the bedroom to show her how much.

FADE OUT

ROLL CREDITS