

BLUE COLLAR BOYS

by

Mark Nistico

© 2008 Mark Nistico PAu 3-371-424

Mark Nistico  
Silent Sea Productions  
26 Whitewood Place  
Old Bridge, NJ 08857  
(732) 935-3737

Titles: Inspired by True Events

1 EXT. WORKING CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

1

It's the late 1980s, two 8 year old boys, RED and NAZO, happily ride their bikes home while playing "got you last." As they turn the corner, they notice three POLICE CARS and an AMBULANCE parked in front of Nazo's house. NAZO speeds past RED as his father is handcuffed, lifted off the lawn, and shoved into a POLICE CAR. EMTs carry an unconscious man on a stretcher. A HYSTERICAL WOMAN cries between her children, a boy and girl aged 3 and 4. NAZO pedals as fast as he can in pursuit of the POLICE CAR which flees with his father. His father looks through the back windshield at him. NAZO cries out but the POLICE CAR turns the corner and speeds out of sight. NAZO continues to chase it. Tears stream down his cheeks.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

2

The cell blocks close one by one; it's the present day. We focus on a dimly lit cell. A single overhead bulb, accompanied by a streak of pale moonlight from a scant window above, casts shadows on the figure within. CHARLIE REDKIN, 27, tall, weathered, and spotted with a reddish hue, writes in a notebook. He is known as RED.

RED (V.O.)

Blood runs deep... That's some asshole didn't know shit put in some book nobody worth nothin ever read. It's the hate that runs deep. Burns hot in my gut. Hate for the families in their SUVs. The assholes took the prom queen home in daddy's BMW birthday gift. The queens with their painted nails, bullshit smiles and some queer's name stamped on a fancy pair of shoes. For the ones who wouldn't know a hard day's work lest they took it up the ass the end of my pickax at sunset. All swollen from me humpin at my everyday. Blood... Ain't no such thing. Cause the only brother I ever knew was nothing but a friend and his mother gave him nothing but guilt for ending her life as a dirty whore being born.

RED (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
The only blood he ever knew is his  
lust for it. And me... I got  
thirsty... Hunger, strife,  
necessity. That's how gangs are  
formed. It's hate... the hate  
runs deep.

The last block of cells closes with a CLASH OF STEEL which  
echoes to silence. The lights go out and leave only the moon.

3 EXT. CONDEMNED CHURCH CLUB - NIGHT

3

It's nine months earlier. Moonlight shines on a line of  
twenty somethings waiting outside of a run down church.  
Music is heard from within. A group of BOUNCERS wearing blue  
blazers and slacks filters patrons inside. We hear THE BOYS.

NAZO (O.S.)  
Look at these fuckin guys. Fuckin  
cocksuckers can go fuck themselves.

MASON (O.S.)  
Rich assholes come down from the  
city think they own the place.

SLIM (O.S.)  
What's with the coats. Fuckin  
Blue Blazers man.

NAZO (O.S.)  
Bullshit party what are we even  
doin here?  
(yells)  
What the fuck man? Let us inside.

RED stands at the front of the line, silent and annoyed. A  
BMW X5 pulls up. Two DUDES EMERGE followed by three SMOKING  
HOT BITCHES, all dressed to the nines. The driver hands over  
his keys and hugs the BOUNCERS. The group ENTERS the club.  
NAZO, 27, a dark haired beast with a compact build, notices.

NAZO  
The fuck man we've been here two  
hours.

BOUNCER  
VIP

MASON  
VIP my ass I used to go to this  
church.

MASON, 28, is a burly bear, jolly but dangerous. His wife MARISOL, 25, is a calm Costa Rican.

MARISOL  
Wait your turn.

NAZO turns to MARISOL with a glare of contempt and disbelief. SAMANTHA, 17, Red's sister, dressed in revealing clothing, stands behind MARISOL with two of her scantily clad FRIENDS. SLIM, 26, with the face and body of a weasel, flirts with SAMANTHA and her FRIENDS at the back of the group.

SAMANTHA  
Do you think we'll get in here?

SLIM  
Does the ID scan?

SAMANTHA  
I think so.

SLIM  
Yeah just play it cool.

4 INT. CONDEMNED CHURCH CLUB - CONTINUING

4

The place is packed. The pews have been removed. Strobe lights reflect off of the aged stained glass. Bartenders pour drinks from a make-shift bar on the alter. A DJ spins from the upper balcony. THE BOYS wait for drinks at the bar.

MASON  
Yo can we get a drink here?

The BARTENDERS ignore him so MASON turns to MARISOL.

MASON  
(continuing)  
Babe you want to show a little skin to this guy maybe we get some attention. Been here almost an hour.

NAZO  
Fuck this place. All these bitches everyone's gotta go out dress up nice cause it's new years. I'm fuckin sick of it.

SLIM  
Lot of tail here.

NAZO

Who cares. These bitches don't know shit. All they care about is money. Look at this one. Bullshit guys she's with. Look at this faggot dancing with her like that. Look at that. You think he can fuck. Any guy dances like a spick or a spade might as well be gay cause he don't fuck a girl right.

MARISOL

What the hell kind of bullshit is that? Spick or a spade. You're just jealous cause you know black men fuck better than you white boys.

MASON

What do you know about it?

MARISOL

Nah nothin baby I'm just sayin you know.

MASON

No I don't know. You got something you want to tell me about our dark skinned baby?

MARISOL

I'm just playin.

MASON drags MARISOL off.

SLIM

(to NAZO)

Fuckin dysfunctional.

NAZO has his back to SLIM. He is scanning the crowd.

NAZO

(to no one in particular)

I'm just waiting.

An awkward beat passes.

SLIM

Yo what's up with you Red? You ain't been saying much.

RED

Nothing to be said. I need a drink.

NAZO looks at RED. He can see the long, draining day in Red's eyes. NAZO grabs a fishbowl margarita off of an adjacent table where a group of GIRLS sit. He hands it to RED.

GIRL

What the fuck asshole that's my drink.

NAZO

Fuck off you dirty whore go grab an E pill.

GIRL 2

Fuck you you tiny prick. You can't do that.

NAZO

I just did.

NAZO knocks over the second girl's drink and it spills all over her. He laughs and THE BOYS EXIT.

5 INT. CONDEMNED CHURCH CLUB - CONFESSIONALS - CONTINUING 5

RED and Samantha's FRIEND sip on bottled beers in a isolated section of the church sparse with people. The confessionals are being used as bathrooms and havens for explicit behaviors. MASON and MARISOL argue in the corner nearby. RED watches as SAMANTHA and her other FRIEND flirt with the CLUB OWNER, a heavy-set guinea.

SAM'S FRIEND

Who's that guy? He's pretty cute.

RED

He's the owner and he's like forty.

SAM'S FRIEND

(enthusiastic and  
slutty)

Really!

RED

Go get my sister away from that scumbag.

Samantha's FRIEND weaves through the crowd towards the other girls. She competes for attention and bats her eyes at the CLUB OWNER. RED fumes as NAZO and SLIM approach from the edge of the crowd.

NAZO

Yo check it. I nabbed these from the well.

NAZO holds out two bottles of VODKA and RUM with a smile.

SLIM

Yeah no doubt. I distracted the bartender. He just reached behind her.

NAZO

Here.

NAZO hands the bottle of VODKA to RED. They clink bottles.

NAZO

(continuing)

Cheers.

THE BOYS take turns chugging from both bottles as a group of pale ass, rich, New York City GUINEAS and the GIRLS from the table INTERRUPT.

GUINEA

Yo you stole a drink from these girls.

NAZO

Oh fuck you. Who the fuck are you man?

GUINEA

I'm the guy gonna stand up for what's right.

NAZO

You're gonna stand up for what's right. What's right is you get the fuck outta my face. You're parents sell their house you get the fuck out of our town. This bitch opens her mouth for you I fuckin burn her house to the fuckin ground, her parents in it, they raised a disease infested whore.

GUINEA

Oh yeah we'll your gonna pay for her drink.

NAZO

Save it dick. That's your line you tryin to pick this girl up. Take a walk. I'll embarrass you.

GUINEA

You wanta see.

The GUINEA pushes NAZO, and before he can react...

MASON

You pushin my boy motherfucker?

BOOM. MASON cracks the guy square and both sides jump in. A scrapping ensues and the GIRLS fight to get out of harm's way. The BOUNCERS desperately try to maneuver through the of throng of spectators. MARISOL cracks one of the GIRLS in the mouth.

MARISOL

Motherfuckin bitch I got a kid at home.

6 EXT. CONDEMNED CHURCH CLUB - NIGHT

6

Rain falls and mixes with garbage and dirt to flow dirty water into a curbside sewer. THE POLICE fiercely shove THE BOYS into separate squad cars.

CUT TO:

BLACK

7 TITLES: BLUE COLLAR BOYS

7

8 INT. JAIL CELL - JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT

8

Two OFFICERS shove MASON into the furthest cell. The first OFFICER locks the cell while the second OFFICER leads SLIM into an adjacent cell. The boys are singing.

SLIM

Sha la la la la la la lahhh

MASON

Sha la la la, la la la, la lahhh

SLIM

Sha lala la, la I'm in love with  
a Jersey Girl.

MASON

Sha la la la la la lahhh

The first OFFICER locks the cell on SLIM while the second OFFICER EXITS past a third cell enclosing NAZO. He is a beast within his cage.

OFFICER

Get off the gate or I'll break  
your knuckles.



The first OFFICER takes out his billy club and warns NAZO, a monkey on the gate. NAZO attempts to stick his head through the bars and bursts into a cheerful verse, mockingly.

NAZO  
You know she thrills me with all  
her charms. When I'm wrapped up  
in my baby's arms.

The OFFICER grates the club against the bars and NAZO jumps down. All three boys loudly mock with drunken sha la la's.

SLIM  
My little girl gives me everything.

MASON  
I know some day she'll where my  
ring.

SLIM  
Not me.

NAZO  
(louder)  
Sha la la la, la la la, la lahhh

SLIM AND MASON  
Sha la la la, la la la, la lahhh

OFFICER  
You stupid punks.

The second OFFICER RETURNS with RED and encloses him in the fourth cell, nearest the door. RED immediately sinks into the cot in his cell. The first OFFICER locks him in.

NAZO  
Yo Red what's up.

NAZO waves his hands through the bars towards Red's cell. SLIM responds with a wave toward NAZO.

SLIM  
Yo NAZ what's going on.

NAZO  
Yo SLIM whad up dog.

NAZO and SLIM clasp hands as best they can.

SLIM  
Yo Mason.

MASON  
Yo dogz where you at?

SLIM  
I'm in jail man.

NAZO  
I'm in the zoo mother fucker.

NAZO climbs the bars to the ceiling and SLIM and MASON join in. The OFFICERS settle in the nearby booking area where a television broadcasts the New Year's Eve Countdown from Timesquare. The boys go wild.

SLIM  
Yeah mother fucker

OFFICER  
You fucking punks. You want to stay here all night.

RED stares at the ceiling. He can hear the final countdown broadcast on the television: "10, 9, 8, 7..."

NAZO  
You want to keep us here all night.

SLIM  
What's the big deal? It's New Year's.

OFFICER  
Shut the fuck up.

NAZO  
You shut the fuck up fucker. You faggot.

OFFICER  
Fuck you you little punk. You'll be here all day.

MASON  
Yeah what about them blue blazers? How come only us got locked up?

OFFICER  
You're the only ones stupid enough to get caught.

MASON  
That's bullshit they were in the cars when we left.

NAZO  
Yo fuck you you fuckin whores.

MASON  
Dumb fuckin pigs got paid off.

OFFICER  
Where's your credit card tubby?

MASON eyes the OFFICER with anger. SLIM and NAZO resume in song, even louder then before. RED closes his eyes. The broadcast continues: "3, 2, 1, Happy New Year!" The OFFICERS switch out the lights and close the door. Chaos ensues.

9 EXT. LARGE RESIDENCE - DAY

9

It's a bright, sunny day. A FORD F150, bearing the logo REDKIN CONSTRUCTION, turns into a neighborhood of large homes and stops in front of a stone house with a driveway full of LUXURY CARS. Red's father, DOUGLAS REDKIN, simply known as SENIOR, mid 50's, grayed, a hard working man with a calm face, EMERGES from the truck. He is neatly dressed in his Sunday clothes, and wears a brace over his right hand. SENIOR slowly walks up the driveway.

10 INT. LARGE RESIDENCE - CONTINUING

10

The house is immaculate, with high ceilings and posh furniture, but feels like a mortuary DR. STUART DICKSTEEN, formally dressed, entertains his GUESTS over wine at the dining room table. His wife SARAH leads SENIOR in from the kitchen.

DR DICKSTEEN  
Ah Doug Happy New Year. Gents  
this is Doug our contractor.

THE GUESTS donate a polite hello.

GENTLEMAN GUEST  
Oh Doug so I was thinking I might  
get an addition put on the  
backside of my house. I'd do it  
myself but I just don't have the  
time. Let me give you my card.  
Call me, we can go over price.

He hands SENIOR his card. An awkward beat passes.

SENIOR  
I'm sorry Dr. Dicksteen, I didn't  
realize you had guests. I called..

DR DICKSTEEN  
Nonsense I have the check right  
here.

DR. DICKSTEEN pulls a check from his dinner coat pocket and holds it out towards SENIOR. SENIOR reaches for it.

SENIOR  
Thank you.

SARAH  
Stu?

DR. DICKSTEEN withdraws.

DR DICKSTEEN  
Oh yes Sarah, amongst all this  
hoppaloo I almost forgot. Doug...  
could you do us a favor?

SENIOR straightens himself and pauses.

SENIOR  
Sure.

DR DICKSTEEN  
The pavers.

DR. DICKSTEEN points outside through the glass door. The grounds are broken from a newly installed pool, and muddy from the rain. A handful of decorative cement blocks is scattered adjacent to the walkway near the fresh landscaping.

DR DICKSTEEN  
(continuing)  
They aren't where they're supposed  
to be.

SARAH  
They we're moved.

DR DICKSTEEN  
Apparently they we're moved.

An awkward beat passes. SENIOR stands in silence. The group of yuppies look at him inquisitively.

SENIOR  
Sure. I'll move them.

SENIOR EXITS through the glass door as the party resumes.

DR DICKSTEEN  
So as I was saying...

Through the glass we watch SENIOR kneel down in the mud and struggle to retrieve a few pavers from the muck. He continues to carefully stack the blocks one by one as DR. DICKSTEEN continues his discourse. THE GUESTS politely listen but are fixated on SENIOR, especially the women. They whisper enchanted remarks as if watching a rare animal in the wild.

The house is dark, cold, and damp. GENE SCHLOSSER, a small man in his late 60's with a hunch, dressed in an aged, yet not ragged, bath robe embroidered with his initials, studies papers in front of the dwindling fire. He wears glasses and smokes a pipe. Gene's son IRA, in his mid 40's and casually dressed in a shirt and slacks, sips on wine and watches his father from an easy chair across the room. A long moment passes. IRA places the goblet on a nearby table where a picture of his mother rests.

IRA

Dad I'm going to head home.  
Laura's got the kids and she  
probably needs help with dinner.

GENE

Ira what were the figures we got  
from the planning board last week?  
You remember?

IRA

I don't but I have everything back  
at the office.

GENE

I can't make sense of these  
numbers.

GENE dives further into the paperwork.

IRA

Dad.

No response.

IRA

(continuing)

Dad?...

GENE calculates numbers under his breath but still does not respond.

IRA

(continuing)

Gene.

GENE looks up.

IRA

(continuing)

Why don't you come by and stay for  
dinner? Just for a few hours.

GENE

I can't.

IRA  
Why not? Laura's cooking white  
fish. The kids would love to see  
their grandpa.

GENE  
I've got too much to go through.

IRA  
It's New Year's dad. The  
paperwork can wait.

GENE  
The paperwork can't wait. I've  
got an inspection of the plans  
tomorrow with the town and the  
architect. I don't pay him, he  
doesn't bring the plans. I've got  
to squeeze out another three grand  
from somewhere.

IRA rises and approaches as GENE digs deeper into the books.  
He places a hand on his father's shoulder.

IRA  
I'll see you tomorrow pop.

GENE does not notice.

IRA  
(continuing)  
Happy New Year.

IRA EXITS.

12 INT. REDKIN RESIDENCE - DAY

12

The house steps up to the dining room, followed by a modest  
kitchen with a sliding glass door to the backyard. Light  
streams through the blinds accenting the silhouette of a  
spade shovel leaning against the back porch. RED and NAZO  
ENTER. Red's mother, PATTY, a secretary reminiscent of her  
youthful beauty but passed her years, seasons a ham on the  
stove top. SAMANTHA sets the table. NAZO notices the  
NOISEMAKERS that rest on the counter.

NAZO  
Happy New Year!

NAZO grabs a NOISEMAKER, the kind you blow into, and opens  
the sliding door. RED hugs and kisses PATTY.

NAZO  
(continuing; yelling  
outside)  
HAPPY NEW YEAR!

NAZO blows into the noisemaker.

PATTY  
Remember when you used to do that  
as kids.

RED  
Happy New Year Ma.

NAZO RETURNS and hugs PATTY.

NAZO  
Happy New Years Patty.

PATTY notices that RED and NAZO are dirty and scraped up.

PATTY  
Look at you two. What happened to  
you?

NAZO  
Ah we got in a fight; busted some  
guys up good.

PATTY  
Oh Jesus, Mary and Joseph on our  
day of the lord please protect...

RED  
Don't worry Ma we already served  
our time.

NAZO  
Yeah those pigs kept us there all  
night, we just got out.

PATTY  
(nervous)  
Jail. You just got out of jail?

NAZO  
Yeah but don't worry we deserved  
it. We got em real good.

NAZO acts out the motions of a fight with charm.

NAZO  
(continuing)  
I gave the first guy a right then  
a left. I came in on the chin.  
Pop.

NAZO gives her a love tap on the chin, grabs her and kisses  
her.

NAZO  
(continuing)  
You would have loved if you'd seen  
it.

PATTY  
I'm sure.

RED  
Where's Pop?

PATTY  
He went out. Something to do with  
a check.

RED and NAZO share a look of discontent. A long beat passes.  
PATTY places the ham in the oven.

PATTY  
(continuing)  
You guys better wash up. He'll be  
home soon.

NAZO  
I got the shower first.

NAZO races upstairs. RED slowly follows.

13 INT. RED'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING

13

Red's bedroom is adjacent to the bathroom and separated from  
Nazo's room by a narrow hallway. It is a tight, cluttered  
space with piles of books, guitar magazines, and painting  
supplies scattered about. RED ENTERS and flicks the switch of  
the lamp resting on the dresser. He empties his pockets  
placing his wallet and keys next to some screws, paint  
brushes and a wrench already resting there. He kicks off his  
shoes as NAZO ENTERS the doorway, towel in hand.

NAZO  
What's up with you dude?

RED  
Nah nothin. Nothin.

RED fiddles with the brushes and shrugs his shoulders.

NAZO  
You being a baby again?

NAZO whips RED with his towel. RED cracks an insincere  
smile. After a short beat, NAZO lifts his leg and farts.

NAZO  
(continuing; laughing)  
Come on dude what's going on?



RED  
I'm just sick of it.

NAZO  
What?

RED  
I'm tired of the way we're livin.

NAZO  
Hard to bang ass living with your  
parents.

RED  
I'm talking about my knuckles  
hurtin.

NAZO  
I hear you dude. The working man  
takes all the burden. But so  
what. The people on top just fuck  
everyone else.

RED  
Don't say on top.

NAZO  
Deadbeats. Fuckin scum. They  
never worked for it. They don't  
have the scars, the back pain, the  
busted up fingers.

RED  
They don't have to work outside in  
the snow digging ditches. They  
don't have to do that shit Naz.

NAZO  
They don't have to go to someone's  
house with their hand out for a  
paycheck on New Years.

RED  
Only days you can get these rich  
assholes on the phone.

NAZO  
Fuckin holidays. A guy's roof  
leaks you think we get to put our  
feet up. Fuck that. It's raining  
I'm tarping the damn thing.  
Fuckin hail? Screw you nigger fix  
it.

RED  
This shit's gotta stop.

NAZO

It ain't gonna stop dude. But so what.

RED

I'm talking about you.

NAZO

Me?

RED

Yeah I'm sick of this shit with you Naz. Everything with you's a game.

RED stands like a beacon; NAZO stares at him for a beat.

NAZO

(with a smile)

Get the fuck outta here.

RED

It ain't like high school when we we're shittin in people's hampers dude. We're 27. Going to jail now sticks with you man.

NAZO

So what. We can't have fun?

RED

My dad's 53 and he's still digging ditches.

NAZO

What's wrong with that?

RED

I don't want to be like that man.

NAZO

We'll what the fuck does that have to do with me?

RED

You can't be starting shit anymore.

NAZO

What I'm the reason we got locked up?

RED

You're always the reason.

NAZO

Fuck you. You didn't want to throw down with those yuppies.

RED

You gotta start thinking about the future.

NAZO

What future, we're workers and we're gonna to be workers. TRUE BLUE.

RED

Not me.

NAZO

(dismissive)

Yeah what are you gonna do?

RED

My father built this business from nothing, I'm gonna make it bigger. Fuckin jew bags like Gene subin out developments, treatin contractors like dirt. He never worked a day in the shit, don't know nothing about framing. And my dad, of all the trades in the development, he's just rocking and taping it. That's it. No way I'm settling for that. I'm going to build this shit up and do it right.

NAZO

(serious now)

You're gonna. Funny how you say that; you're gonna. I thought we were in this together.

RED

That ain't what I meant.

NAZO

Whatever dude.

RED

No, I'm serious. I was just sayin...

NAZO

Nah fuck it. It's cool.

NAZO EXITS. RED watches, then turns and opens the drawer to his dresser.

Mason's house is a run down ranch fixer-upper. His 1995 FORD ECONOLINE VAN is parked by the curb alongside a 1984 BUICK LeSABRE. A load of stones rests on a tarp in the driveway. MASON works under the hood of the LeSabre. MARISOL is cleaning up chalk on the driveway. Their son DANNY, 5, rides a big wheel on the sidewalk.

MARISOL

Danny only to the next driveway  
then you turn back.

MASON

Is it bucking or just putting?

MARISOL

It's been stalling at stop lights.  
The putting was months ago.

MASON

It's idling fine.

MARISOL

So what there's nothing wrong with  
it?

MASON

I didn't say that.

MARISOL

You should have done something  
months ago. But now it's worse  
and you can't even fix it.

MASON

I'm trying to figure out what's  
wrong.

MARISOL

I'm gonna be left stranded  
somewhere on the side of the road  
with your kid. That what you want  
you lazy asshole.

MASON

I'll fix it.

MARISOL

Look at the damn thing. You let  
your wife drive around in a  
shitbox, you're too cheap to buy  
a real car. I shouldn't've married  
a dumb wop.

MASON thinks about firing back but doesn't.

MASON  
(under his breath)  
I should of bagged it up.

A DODGE RAM VAN pulls up and parks. Marisol's parents, LUIS and ROSIE, approach MASON with trays of food. MASON drops his head deeper in the engine.

MASON  
(continuing)  
Hey Luis, Rosie.

LUIS  
How's that city job treaten you?

MASON  
Ah you know, it ain't bad.

LUIS  
You're not kidding. You can't  
beat union work.

LUIS looks under the hood.

LUIS  
(continuing)  
What's wrong with her?

MASON  
Stalling again.

LUIS  
You check the plugs?

MASON  
Yeah all new plugs and wires so  
I'm thinking it's the module.

LUIS  
Any crud on the connections?

MASON  
Clean. She's idling fine.

LUIS  
Pull out one of the plugs and let  
me get a listen at the idle.

MARISOL approaches.

MARISOL  
Hi Dad.

MARISOL kisses LUIS. LUIS hands her a tray of food.

MARISOL  
(continuing; in  
Spanish)  
Danny come say hi to grandma and  
grandpa.

MASON pulls up a spark plug wire and the LeSabre's idle  
improves. LUIS grabs the wire from him, removes the plug  
from it, and examines the plug.

LUIS  
These are the wrong plugs.

MASON  
You sure?

LUIS  
Sure I'm sure.

MASON  
Let me see.

MASON grabs the plug and examines it. MARISOL rolls her eyes  
and EXITS with DANNY and ROSIE.

MASON  
(continuing)  
They fit right.

LUIS  
Yeah but she's fightin them.  
What'd you order em from a  
catalogue?

MASON  
Nah the parts store down the road.

LUIS  
Let's take a ride.

MASON  
I doubt they're open.

LUIS  
Ah a ride never hurt. Let the  
women cook. Come on.

MASON shuts the hood.

15 EXT. WAREHOUSE WORKSHOP - DAY

15

REDKIN CONSTRUCTION houses their tools in an industrial  
warehouse enclosed by a steel plated garage door. Sunlight  
shines through a row of windows near the roof. Several  
electric saws and drills hang on the walls, and shelves are  
filled with hand tools, tubs of nails and screws, and various

(continued;)

tarps. A table saw lines the backside wall. A white board calendar is hung behind a makeshift table made of plywood and sawhorses and centered in the room. Loose lumber and a few REDKIN CONSTRUCTION SIGNS are scattered about the place.

SENIOR EMERGES from the shadows with two shovels and loads them into the bed of his pick-up. He is muddy and walks slowly and with pain. He shuts and locks the shop, then steps into his truck. He takes a deep breath, sinks into the seat, ponders his surroundings, then removes the check from his shirt pocket. SENIOR stares down at his calloused hands for a long moment, then secures the check in the sleeve of his BRIEFCASE and closes it. He fires up the meaty engine.

16 INT. REDKIN RESIDENCE - DAY

16

RED and NAZO, now fresh, sit across from each other at the dining room table. They pick at nuts, crackers, pepperoni and cheese. PATTY sits between the boys while SAMANTHA slouches adjacent to RED and furthest from her mother. The seat at the head of the table is vacant.

PATTY

(to her daughter)

I'll tell you why you're going to college. Joe left his check stub on his desk yesterday. Open for the whole world to see. I had to go into his office for something. You want to know how much the sunna-va-bitch brings home every two weeks? Guess.

SAMANTHA

I don't know mom.

NAZO

Thirty six hundred.

PATTY

Twenty-eight. Twice what I make. You believe that?

NAZO

That fat ass?

PATTY

I come home looking like death everyday he goes home and has the energy to make cannolis.

RED

(sour)

It's the schooling.

PATTY

Damn right it is. And that's why you're going to school Samantha. A woman needs to pull her weight this day and age and you can't work short of a secretary or waitress without an education.

SAMANTHA

We go through this everyday ma. I get it.

PATTY

You better get it. You don't want to be like me and your father struggling everyday just to put food on the table. Your father's worked everyday of his life for you kids and all we ever wanted...

The front door opens and SENIOR EMERGES. He passes everyone and places his BRIEFCASE on the countertop in the kitchen.

PATTY

(continuing)

You're a mess. What happened?

SENIOR sits and unties his boots.

SENIOR

Nothing.

PATTY

I thought you were picking up a check?

SENIOR

I did.

RED and NAZO share a look of disgust.

PATTY

Oh christ Doug look at those pants. Those the dockers I just bought you? Let me see. Let me get a warm rag on that.

PATTY ENTERS the kitchen and wets a dirty dish rag with warm water. SENIOR opens the sliding door and places his boots outside. PATTY attempts to dab out the mud on Senior's slacks but he resists.

SENIOR

It's alright. Let's just eat.

SENIOR heads to the dining room and takes his seat. PATTY follows and places a cold glass of water in front of him.



PATTY  
Samantha help me with the side  
dishes.

The women clear the cheese platters and travel back into the kitchen. As the men enter into a discussion, the women begin to bring in a hodgepodge of food dishes; potatoes, pasta, meatballs, veggies and such.

NAZO  
Where'd you go, dick-stains?

SENIOR raises his head with half hearted disapproval. A LONG BEAT of silence passes.

NAZO  
(continuing)  
Eagles Giants at 4 should be nice.

SENIOR  
(To Red)  
Where you headed tomorrow?

RED  
I thought we were loading Deer Run?

SENIOR  
No head over to Steiner.

RED  
Steiner's closed out.

SENIOR  
The deck didn't pass.

RED  
Why not?

SENIOR  
Inspector wants to reinforce it.  
Homeowners plan to put a hot tub  
off the south corner.

RED  
They couldn't let us know when you  
drew up the plans.

SENIOR  
We gotta rip up the decking.

RED  
What!

SENIOR  
Add two more footings; sister the  
joists.

RED  
Basically start from scratch.

NAZO  
Jew bags.

SENIOR peels back his hand brace with difficulty, yet hides the pain. He takes a large gulp of water.

SENIOR  
Nick you come with me to Deer Run  
finish the rock at 345.

RED  
I gotta rip that up my self?

SENIOR  
Try to salvage as much of the  
lumber as you can. Be careful  
they'll strip when you pull them  
up.

RED  
I know the drill pop.

SENIOR  
Get a box of deck screws.

RED  
I get it!

A brief pause.

SENIOR  
Tom Irish is gonna help ya.

NAZO  
Who?

SENIOR  
You remember he used to clean up  
for us a few years back.

RED  
You bringing him on?

SENIOR nods.

RED  
(continuing)  
We don't need another cleanup guy  
dad.

SENIOR  
He just got back from Iraq.

There is an unspoken tension in the air. SENIOR is a veteran.

RED  
Who's takin the load on 347?

SENIOR  
We're not loading it.

RED  
Why?

SENIOR  
Tom's good to learn a trade.  
He'll pick things up quick not  
like you're cousin.

NAZO  
Slim's a nightmare.

RED  
Why aren't we loading?

PATTY places the ham in front of SENIOR.

SENIOR  
There's no money to pay for the  
load.

NAZO  
(laughs)  
The prick ran out of cash? Good.

RED  
Where's that leave us?

A short beat passes. SENIOR begins to slice the ham.

SENIOR  
It leaves us with Steiner,  
Goldman, and Genova.

RED  
Genova was closed last month.

SENIOR  
You asked me about money.

RED scans over SENIOR, who focuses on the ham. NAZO scans over RED.

NAZO  
Your waitin on a check from  
Genova? Vince? I see that guinea  
prick every morning at Quikchek.

RED  
Are we hurting for money?

SENIOR is silent.

RED  
(continuing)  
We're five houses in on Deer Run.  
How are we hurting for money?  
(understanding)  
Gene didn't pay?

SENIOR  
This is the way these things work.

RED  
I know how things work pop, he  
should've paid in thirty days.

SAMANTHA eavesdrops while placing another dish on the table  
and becomes concerned. SENIOR notices and informs RED with  
a gesture.

RED  
(continuing; more  
quietly)  
What we rock and tape the things,  
he doesn't pay?

SENIOR  
We aren't loading another house.

RED  
Yeah but that shouldn't fly. He  
owes us at least for three houses.  
Work is work. He's got the money  
to pay for the load, he can't pay  
us?

SENIOR  
The loads came out of pocket.

RED  
That lying son of a... I'm  
gonna...

NAZO  
Skinny bagel cutter.

SENIOR interrupts the outbursts of the boys.

SENIOR  
Boys there's a lot more to this  
business than doggin at holes.  
You'll learn quick that in life  
the strong take from the weak, but  
the smart take from the strong.

SENIOR  
(continuing)  
Gene's a smart man.

NAZO  
Gene's a slimy ass log.

SENIOR  
He's a businessman who's screwed  
a lot of hard working men.

RED  
He ain't screwing us.

SENIOR  
No he ain't. But he's got a  
reputation. When he can't pay his  
bills he files bankruptcy.

RED  
That's bullshit.

SENIOR  
Regardless of what it is. It is.  
Robert's already made claims that  
the work we'd done ain't right.

NAZO  
That dildo? The homeowners loved  
the work.

SENIOR  
Gene's going to try to hold money  
cause he's run out.

RED  
He can't do that.

SENIOR  
He's already doing it.

RED  
Yeah but...

SENIOR silences them with a look.

SENIOR  
Just worry about Steiner.

RED is heated. A long, awkward silence lingers. PATTY and  
SAMANTHA return carrying the last dishes of food. They sit.

PATTY  
Alright that's all of it. Who's  
going to say grace this year?

SAMANTHA  
Fuck grace.

17 EXT. SLIM'S HOUSE - DAY

17

Slim's house is a modest bi-level, but easily the nicest house of all the boys. SLIM, shirt-less, washes his car, a tricked out, black PONTIAC GRAND PRIX, on the two-car, double tarred drive-way. A 1972, slate grey, BUICK SKYLARK pulls up. THADEUS, 30, a thugged out black, brick shit house gets out and leaves the tunes booming.

THADEUS  
Whad up dog.

SLIM  
Yo Thadeus what's the word.

THADEUS  
Look at you. High noon sun you  
blaring you're neons. What you  
tryin to pick up twelve year olds  
like you the ice cream man?

He leans in for a hug. The two hit a manly embrace followed by a fist pound.

SLIM  
Nah it ain't like that.

THADEUS  
Don't you know nobody can see them  
neons during the day?

SLIM  
Nah I know. I just, you know. I  
like em.

THADEUS  
Yeah... True.

A beat passes. THADEUS scans the suburban block.

SLIM  
Yo you want to check out my new  
subs I'm about to put in?

THADEUS  
Nah dog I gotta be out. You know  
it's family. But uh I wanted to  
let you know if we'z still gonna  
do that thing...

SLIM  
Oh yeah yeah. Nah it's cool. I  
just got to talk to my cousin.

THADEUS

A'ight well. You let me know.  
Cause... If we'z still gonna do  
it, than it gots to go down soon,  
and we need a van.

SLIM

Yeah yeah. I know. I'll let you  
know.

THADEUS

A'ight then... You wanna roll?

SLIM

Nah. Just an ounce.

THADEUS and SLIM head into the garage. SLIM exchanges a wad  
of cash for an ounce of MARIJUANA. THADEUS glances over the  
box of speakers.

THADEUS

A'ight dog you let me know.

SLIM

I will.

THADEUS

You need help gettin that box in,  
give me call.

SLIM

No doubt.

THADEUS

Word.

SLIM ponders as THADEUS drives off, then returns to his work.

18 INT. WAREHOUSE WORKSHOP - NIGHT

18

Moonlight shines down on RED, alone in the warehouse. He  
sands the edges of a newly fabricated cabinet. A text message  
beeps on his phone. He reads it- MASON: "Don't worry we'll  
figure it all out." RED is confused, frustrated, and  
vulnerable. The wheels are spinning in his head. His eyes  
boil as frustration turns to hate. He sands harder.

DISSOLVE TO:

19 EXT. DEER RUN DEVELOPMENT - MORNING

19

Dump trucks, pick-ups, and tractor cats are scattered as men  
frame several houses at the top of the block. Fully  
fabricated homes stand behind paved driveways and shrubs at  
the opposing end of the street. NAZO, covered in spackle,

(continued;)

reaches into his truck, a 2001 FORD RANGER, and grabs a pack of cigarettes. He is tapped on the shoulder by COUNCILMAN GEORGE.

GEORGE  
Hello sir. Councilman George  
Foster. How'd you do?

NAZO is standoffish.

NAZO  
Hey.

GEORGE  
Working hard I see. Well let me  
tell you I'm in tune with the  
working man. I worked a job in  
construction one summer back when  
I was nineteen. So I get it.  
Here take one of these.

GEORGE hands NAZO a pamphlet.

GEORGE  
(continuing)  
And come November, remember George  
Foster is for the working man.

GEORGE slaps NAZO on the back and begins to solicit other nearby workers. NAZO unhappily stares at a MERCEDES that passes him traveling up the block. The MERCEDES pulls behind a 2007 HONDA ODYSSEY MINI-VAN parked in front of a TRAILER resting roadside near the corner. GENE gets out followed by IRA. NAZO burns holes through them as they ENTER the TRAILER.

20 INT. TRAILER OFFICE - DAY

20

A phone rings. GENE and IRA ENTER and shut the door. GENE immediately peeks out of the blinds on the window closest to him. IRA maneuvers behind a desk cluttered with paperwork and answers the phone. He takes off his coat. A larger desk rests deeper in the room. A yearly calendar and several zoning maps hang on the walls.

IRA  
(on phone)  
Schlosser Developing. Yeah this  
is Ira. Oh hi Jack, no everything  
is great with the baby thanks for  
asking. How are things with you?  
Glad to hear it. Did you speak to  
Gloria at the office? She sent you  
here, I understand. No Gene's not  
here.



IRA glances at GENE.

IRA

(continuing)

Hey Jack I know we're behind and I appreciate the call but just give me two weeks and I'll get the check to you I promise. Thanks Jack, I appreciate it. I'll talk to you soon. Bye now.

IRA hangs up the phone.

GENE

(immediately,  
speaking with a  
stutter)

Fucking shitass bastards. We're six weeks behind.

IRA

We're alright dad I took a look at the numbers.

GENE

We're alright, look at this.

GENE picks up a stack of invoices from IRA's desk.

GENE

(continuing)

How many of these have been paid?

IRA

It's a large project; the vendors have been patient.

GENE

They always are, it's the government that gets you. The city contracts, how many are behind?

IRA

Things are slow on the new library and they haven't broken ground on 2200 Plaza.

GENE

Fuck. We're spread too thin.

GENE

(continuing; pointing  
outside)

Have we paid the property tax on these lots yet? How many have we sold?

IRA  
Susie signed on three lots.

GENE  
Those sons of bitches better quick  
dragging their asses. We got  
lucky on the weather so far but  
that ground's going to freeze over  
soon.

A LONG BEAT of SILENCE.

IRA  
We're still at a stand still with  
Cottrell.

GENE  
God damned hard nosed mick. He's  
barely living off that farm. What  
did George say about rezoning?

IRA  
The town is reluctant. It's  
historical and so is his name.

GENE  
Fucking bureaucrats. They'll  
build the shoppes at town centre  
over his cider house but I can't  
buy out his farm. Fuck. Get me  
George on the phone.

IRA  
Don't be irrational.

GENE  
Just get me him on the phone.

IRA searches through the rolodex, then dials. GENE hangs his  
coat on the coat rack near the door, then sits at the larger  
desk.

21 EXT. STEINER RESIDENCE - DAY

21

A dumpster sinks into the ripped up backyard. A section of  
the fence has been removed. The deck extends from a first  
floor sliding glass door. RED pulls up the platform faces  
with a flat bar and his hammer. A BEAGLE howls at him from  
beyond the glass. TOM IRISH, veiny, of medium height with a  
boxer's build and war tattoos, carries a load of 5/4 decking  
over his shoulder and neatly stacks them into a pile near  
RED. He smokes a cigarette, walks with his head down silent,  
and heads for another load.

RED

That's enough of those for now.  
Do me a favor, start banging out  
the nails in these, see if we  
can't save a few.

RED points to the removed decking nearby. IRISH picks up a  
piece and unsheathes his hammer. He begins to strip the  
nails from the wood but RED quickly grabs it from him.

RED

(continuing)

Here, let me get that. Only the  
good ones. See this one here,  
forget it. I splintered it. If  
they look like this just chuck em.  
Bang the nails through from the  
other side, then pull em. Like  
this.

RED demonstrates to IRISH on the splintered wood.

RED

(continuing)

But forget em if they look like  
this.

He lobbs the wood into the dumpster and gets back to work.  
They work silently for a few long beats.

RED

(continuing)

So how long were you over there,  
you don't mind me asking?

IRISH

Two tours.

RED

I thought you left in 03?

IRISH

Yeah.

RED calculates it in his head but it doesn't add up. He  
returns to his work. An awkward silence lingers as RED  
carefully contemplates his next words.

RED

Where've you been?

IRISH finishes a piece of decking and stacks it with the  
fresh 5/4.

IRISH

Traveling

RED  
Oh yeah, any place fun?

IRISH  
No.

RED returns to his work for a beat.

RED  
Any girls?

IRISH  
Some.

RED  
Yeah me too. I seen too many to  
worry about one...

IRISH does not respond. There is an awkward beat.

RED  
(continuing)  
So hey we all meet at Finnegan's  
every night for some brews. You  
should stop by, meet the boys.

IRISH  
I got a poker game.

RED  
Cool, we play too. Come after.

IRISH  
Alright.

RED focuses on IRISH who is deep in his work. The sounds of  
metal scraping metal are piercing his brain. A BUILDING  
INSPECTOR ENTERS without notice.

BUILDING INSPECTOR  
You Charlie?

RED snaps out of it.

RED  
Red.

BUILDING INSPECTOR  
Say's here I'm looking for a  
Charlie

RED  
Yeah that's me.

The BUILDING INSPECTOR hands RED a UPS box.

BUILDING INSPECTOR  
This was left out front for the  
homeowners.

RED accepts the box and lays it to the side.

RED  
Yeah I'll get it to them.

BUILDING INSPECTOR  
I assume they're not home.

The BEAGLE continues to bark.

RED  
No. Why what's up?

BUILDING INSPECTOR  
Building department. They called  
in an inspection.

RED  
Today?

BUILDING INSPECTOR  
That's what it says here.

RED  
We just got here.

BUILDING INSPECTOR  
That's alright I just have to look  
at your footings.

RED  
Yeah but we didn't put them in  
yet. I still gotta rip all this  
up.

BUILDING INSPECTOR  
Wait a minute you're ripping this  
up.

RED  
Yeah the deck was finished but now  
we got to add two footings. It's  
bullshit.

BUILDING INSPECTOR  
Sure but I mean you can't just add  
two footings after the support  
beams are in. They're already  
fastened to the house. This  
wasn't on the plans?

RED

No. You told us to add another footing to support a hot tub.

BUILDING INSPECTOR

I never said that.

RED

Then it must have been another guy.

The BUILDING INSPECTOR inspects his plans. He points to the corner where the new footings need to be added.

BUILDING INSPECTOR

Is this where they plan to put the hot tub.

RED confirms.

BUILDING INSPECTOR

(continuing)

Does the architect know this?

RED

Yeah, it's my dad.

BUILDING INSPECTOR

Well he's got to draw up new plans. This whole deck has to be shifted if that's the case.

RED

Are you serious? It's not a big deal. We'll dig em in here and sister the joists. It'll be fine.

BUILDING INSPECTOR

Is that what he told you to do? Jesus, let me get him on the phone.

RED

Come on man. Don't be a dick.

BUILDING INSPECTOR

Don't be a dick?

RED

Yeah man the deck's two feet off the ground what's the big deal.

BUILDING INSPECTOR

You're talking about going against code. These footings have to be four feet apart.

RED

The deck will hold the tub without  
the extra footings.

BUILDING INSPECTOR

You don't know that.

RED pounds his fist into the deck.

RED

This thing is solid. You could  
put a tank on this. Come on man.  
This is gonna to set us back two  
weeks.

BUILDING INSPECTOR

I'm sorry, I can't allow it.

RED

Dude everyone's having rough times  
all I'm asking is for you to turn  
your head. You know how much this  
is going to cost my father?

BUILDING INSPECTOR

You know how much it's going to  
cost him if this deck collapses in  
a year? Just get him on the phone.

RED

Are you serious. Come on man.

BUILDING INSPECTOR

Get him on the phone.

RED

Fuck. This is bullshit.

RED removes his cell phone in frustration.

22 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

22

PATTY and SENIOR wait in an examination room. SENIOR talks  
on his cell phone.

SENIOR

Right. I understand Ron. We'll  
take care of it. Thank you.

SENIOR hangs up.

PATTY

What was that all about?

SENIOR  
Nothing. Just a building  
inspector.

PATTY  
Everything alright?

SENIOR  
Sure.

The DOCTOR ENTERS with a chart.

DOCTOR  
Doug, Patty, good to see you.

PATTY  
Hi Dr. Zanger how is your wife?

DOCTOR  
She's fine but let's talk about  
him.

SENIOR  
Hey Doc.

DOCTOR  
How's the hand?

SENIOR  
Same.

DOCTOR  
Hurts?

SENIOR confirms with a nod.

PATTY  
He's in so much pain, he won't  
show it. But I can tell.

DOCTOR  
Have you been working with it?

SENIOR  
Just drafting.

DOCTOR  
No labor?

SENIOR  
The kids have been good.

PATTY  
He's been under so much stress.



DOCTOR  
Yeah, aren't we all. And you've  
been wearing your brace?

SENIOR nods. DR. ZANGER jots a note in Senior's chart.

DOCTOR  
(continuing)  
Well the good news is we got back  
the results from your MRI.

A beat.

DOCTOR  
(continuing)  
The bad news is the insurance  
company says there's not enough  
damage to justify surgery.

PATTY  
Not enough damage? What does that  
mean? My husband's in pain. He  
can barely use his hand. What do  
you mean they won't justify  
surgery?

DOCTOR  
Unfortunately this is just how  
things work. In a case like this  
the surgery might not even help.

PATTY  
So what, they're just going to  
wait till it gets worse?

DOCTOR  
We'll continue to treat with the  
therapy and our hopes are that it  
will get better.

PATTY  
And what if it doesn't my  
husband's going to lose his hand.  
What then?

DOCTOR  
No nothing like that is going to  
happen I assure you of that Patty.

SENIOR  
Forget about the insurance doc,  
just be straight with me. What  
exactly is causing the pain?

DOCTOR  
In layman's terms Doug you're  
dealing with bone rubbing on bone.

DOCTOR ZANGER places the MRI of Senior's wrist under the light.

DOCTOR  
(continuing)  
You see this gap in your wrist here. You've lost all the cartilage in that joint.

PATTY  
What causes that? Is it hereditary? Is it going to spread?

DOCTOR  
No, it's just a case of overworking through the years. Your body's just catching up to itself.

PATTY and SENIOR exchange a look of inevitability.

DOCTOR  
(continuing)  
This type of thing is common in men in your field.

PATTY  
So it's not going to get any worse?

DOCTOR  
Sure it is. Every time he overworks it. The bones are rubbing against each other. They're grinding each other down.

PATTY looks devastated. She rubs Senior's back, then lowers her head.

DOCTOR  
(continuing)  
The therapy could help.

A long beat passes. PATTY grabs Senior's hand and looks up.

PATTY  
Is there anything else you can give him for the pain?

Beat.

DOCTOR  
Sure.

Mason's VAN rests outside of a standard middle class home. Several buckets of asphalt driveway sealant are stacked inside the VAN. MASON and SLIM spread sealant over a worn down driveway. Many homes on the block have gotten the same treatment, and caution tape blocks their driveways. The homeowner's wife, MRS. STONE, mid 60's, nicely dressed, EXITS the home.

MRS. STONE

Michael?

MASON puts down his push broom and walks over.

MRS. STONE

(continuing)

I'm leaving to meet some friends for dinner, but I wanted to give you the payment now so we don't hold you up. 200 cash right?

MASON

I can wait for Frank Mrs. Stone.

MRS. STONE

Oh nonsense he won't be home for hours. Here you go.

She hands MASON the cash.

MASON

Thank you.

MRS. STONE

Thank you. You guys have done a beautiful job. I'm going to let the rest of the block know.

MASON

Thank you, I really appreciate that.

MRS. STONE

Frank usually does it himself but nowadays he needs the rest. He works so hard.

MASON

Oh I'm sure of it. How many years does he have left at the plant?

MRS. STONE

Three more can you believe that. They work you like a dog.

MASON  
Don't I know it.

MRS. STONE  
Few more hours till the weekend.  
Don't you love these holiday's  
that break up the week.

MASON  
(trying to be sincere)  
Sure do.

MRS. STONE pats MASON on the back.

MRS. STONE  
Well anyway Michael, it was good  
to see you and I'm going to let  
all my friends know.

MASON  
We've already hit up a few of them.

MASON gestures to the caution-taped driveways.

MRS. STONE  
Oh you boys work so hard. Bye bye  
now.

MRS. STONE gets in her OLDSMOBILE 88, and drives off. MASON  
takes out a wad of cash and secures the payment with it. He  
picks up his broom and resumes his work.

SLIM  
How much we got so far?

MASON  
Couple grand.

SLIM  
This is crazy. Where'd you get  
this stuff?

MASON  
Don't worry about it.

SLIM  
Yeah I get it, but seriously is  
this from the street work on 516.  
That's been takin you guys almost  
six months.

MASON confronts SLIM.

MASON  
One day that mouth of yours is  
going to get you in trouble. Look  
around you. You don't think.

TWO HOUSEWIVES jog down the street.

MASON

(continuing)

Remember why we're doing this.  
We're talking about another man's  
dollar. You don't fuck with that.  
You keep your mouth shut and don't  
ask questions. We can be pullin  
this all over town.

SLIM smiles and gets back to work.

24 EXT. GENOVA RESIDENCE - EVENING

24

From inside his truck, NAZO stares at a group of young children playing football on the lawn of the house in front of him. Something is eating him alive. A child catches a pass but is tackled just before scoring a touchdown.

The children begin to argue over it. MRS. GENOVA opens the front door and calls to the children.

MRS. GENOVA

Dylan, Thomas, time for dinner.

DYLAN

Come on mom just five more minutes

MRS. GENOVA

No let's go, your father's almost  
home.

A charcoal 2004 JEEP GRAND CHEROKEE pulls into the driveway and VINCE GENOVA, middle aged, dressed in a softball uniform gets out. He retrieves a bag of gear from the hatchback as his two sons run over to him. The other children depart.

DYLAN

Hey Dad I scored two touchdowns  
and we won against Justin and Dave.

NAZO gets out of his truck and walks over. VINCE notices.

VINCE

That's great guys. Hey why don't  
you go inside with your mother.  
I'll be right in. Hey Nick how  
you doing?

NAZO

Not as good as you I guess. Must  
be nice.

VINCE notices his wife and children watching.

VINCE

Why don't we go around back.

VINCE leads NAZO into the backyard where a new HOT TUB has just been installed. The gate shuts behind them.

VINCE

(continuing)

So what's up?

NAZO

Are you honestly asking me that?  
I should knock you out in front of  
your kids.

VINCE

Now calm down Nick I know you're  
here for the money I owe, but  
honestly I don't have it.

NAZO

Are you serious? What kind of man  
are you? You came to Senior and  
asked if he could work with you  
and look at this, a hot tub.

VINCE

It's for my wife. She has back  
problems.

NAZO

Is that our problem? We did work  
for you, good work.

VINCE

The work was great.

NAZO

(louder)

And you take advantage of Senior's  
kindness...

NAZO notices MRS. GENOVA looking out from the back porch door above. He pulls VINCE closer and lowers his voice.

NAZO

(continuing; softer)

Now come on Vince, I shouldn't  
have to tell you this. I  
shouldn't have to be here right  
now.

VINCE

I know, I know, and I'm sorry.

NAZO

You're sorry. Don't give me that shit Vince. How can you honestly go on knowing someone is waiting for money and you have the balls to play softball? Are you serious? How can you look at yourself? You make me sick.

VINCE

I know, I know, I don't know what to say.

NAZO

(interrupting, loud  
again)

You know Senior for years and yet you can do this. I was a...

NAZO catches himself and lowers his voice again.

NAZO

(continuing; softer)

I was any younger I lay you out right here, go inside and fuck your wife the eight grand you owe. We need that money to pay our lumber loads, our dumpsters, to put food on our family's plates. Yet Senior puts you on a payment plan... You're a scumbag Vince.

VINCE

I know, I...

NAZO

(interrupting )

You say I know again I swear...

NAZO battles against his instinct to snap.

NAZO

(continuing)

Just get us the money.

VINCE

Alright. I will.

NAZO

I shouldn't have to be here.

VINCE

I know, I...

NAZO takes a deep breath.

VINCE  
(continuing)  
I'll put a check in the mail  
tomorrow I swear.

NAZO stares at VINCE for a moment, then turns and leaves.  
The gate slams shut. VINCE turns to his wife who looks down  
on him from above.

25 INT. FINNEGAN'S STEER AND SPIRITS - NIGHT

25

NAZO and SLIM sit adjacent at the bar. MASON and IRISH throw  
spades at a side table. The bar is scattered with locals,  
mostly older blue-collar types. TWO UTILITY WORKERS drink a  
few stools down.

SLIM  
I introduce myself to the broad,  
remember she was like forty, I'm  
on the phone. I go to shake her  
hand, she's carrying a bottle of  
water. She spills the water.

NAZO  
So?

Beat.

SLIM  
I make em nervous. That's what  
kind of man I am.

NAZO  
The bitch was married.

SLIM  
(recovering)  
Yeah?

NAZO  
That's why she was nervous.

SLIM  
Yeah but it's not like I was  
fucking her.

NAZO  
Yeah Red was, limp dick. Chick  
was fucking around on a guinea  
husband. Any new face makes her  
nervous.

SLIM  
Whatever.



NAZO  
(mocking)  
Yeah whatever.

RED ENTERS, agitated. He passes the bartender, PYPER  
FINNEGAN, a lanky, odd looking fellow, and settles between  
NAZO and SLIM.

RED  
Hey Pyper.

PYPER  
Hey Red what's up.

RED  
Pabst

PYPER  
Sure.

PYPER opens a can of Pabst Blue Ribbon and lays it on the bar.

RED  
(to Slim)  
What's up with your no show for  
work today?

SLIM  
I went on a job with Mason.

RED  
What job?

MASON  
Ah just a few driveways. I was  
waiting for you. Here.

MASON extends a yellow envelope to RED.

RED  
What's this.

MASON  
Just a little something.

RED  
What?

MASON  
Open it.

RED looks inside the envelope, finds a stack of cash, then  
lobs it back to MASON.

MASON  
(continuing)  
It's for Senior.

RED  
He ain't going to take this.  
Where's it from?

SLIM  
We earned it.

RED  
(to SLIM)  
There's two grand in there. You're  
telling me you earned two grand in  
a day.

SLIM  
Yeah.

RED  
Bullshit. I couldn't stand I  
worked my back for two grand a  
week. You're here drinkin?  
(to MASON)  
Who'd you hit for this?

MASON  
Nobody I swear. We earned it for  
real doing driveways over in  
Stratford.

RED  
Two grand doing driveways.

MASON  
Two grand plus.

SLIM  
(matter of fact)  
Ten driveways Red?

RED  
Ten driveways? Look at you,  
talking like you know what work  
is. There's no way ten driveways  
made you this money.

MASON  
Hey Red, just give Senior the  
cash, from me. I want him to have  
it. I got my hands on some extra  
barrels I was foreman on a street  
job last week. Got enough to make  
a week's worth of work out of it,  
you're interested.

RED  
You sure you should be talking  
like this in here.

RED motions towards the other bar patrons.

MASON

Yeah whatever. You got Joe Mover  
and Daultry Dry Wall over there.  
Who gives a shit.

JIM DAULTRY

Hey, keep it down over there.

MASON

Hey blow me.

JIM DAULTRY

Yeah you bunch of faggots.

MASON laughs.

MASON

I love those guys.

RED is cautious but debates with himself for a long beat.  
NAZO nudges the can of Pabst toward RED.

NAZO

Tell him it's from Genova.

RED

Genova?

NAZO

You know I went by there today.

RED grabs his beer and swigs it. Genova is a burden weighing  
heavy on Red's chest and THE BOYS know it.

RED

Can you believe this guy? A guy't  
knows my father for years.

MASON

Jews?

NAZO

Nah just normal people.

RED

He should be working two jobs to  
pay off that debt.

NAZO

Not playing FUCKIN SOFTBALL of all  
things.

RED

Is that where he was?

RED smiles in disbelief.

MASON

You lay em out?

NAZO

Nah, just questioned him in front  
of his wife. Obviously he would  
of said something off color...

NAZO punches his fist into his other hand. RED swigs.

RED

I don't know what the fuck this  
guy's deal is but one way or  
another something's gonna happen.

MASON

True.

RED chugs half of what's left of his beer. After a beat,  
Slim's cell phone RINGS.

SLIM

Yo Thadeus what's up. Yeah I  
turned it over.

SLIM turns his back on THE BOYS and continues on his cell  
phone. RED shakes his head in disgust.

NAZO

What about Gene?

RED

What the fuck man? Why you  
bringing up all this shit trying  
to piss me off.

NAZO

Fuck you motherfucker I'm just  
saying.

RED

Yeah well... ... Fucking Gene.

RED finishes his beer.

MASON

Ira.

RED

Fuckin IRA, would you ever name  
your kid IRA?

NAZO

If you were named Ira you'd be a  
pussy.

MASON  
If I was named Ira, I'd kill  
myself.

THE BOYS laugh except RED who simmers.

NAZO  
Fuckin jews.

Now RED is a fire; he can't stand still. NAZO feeds him  
kindling while speaking to MASON.

NAZO  
(continuing)  
You know that prick Robert's doing  
his father's dirty work.

MASON  
I didn't know Robert was Gene's  
son too. I thought it was just  
Ira.

RED  
He's not his son.

NAZO  
Gene treats him like he was.  
Gives that kid whatever he wants.

MASON  
Fuckin Ira must be pissed.

NAZO  
Shit name and a shit stick.

MASON and NAZO laugh.

NAZO  
(continuing)  
He's tellin Gene the homeowners  
are complaining.

MASON  
Bullshit.

NAZO  
Yeah, THE WORK AIN'T DONE RIGHT.

RED  
The work's done fine. Robert's a  
fucking dick. Don't try to pin it  
on us.

NAZO  
Yeah well.

RED

What?

NAZO

Something should be done that's all.

RED

Don't fuckin tell me something should be done. I know something should be done NAZ. But what the fuck we gonna do. The guys got us by the balls. You heard my dad.

NAZO

I spoke to Vince.

RED

(angry)

I don't even want to know what you did to Vince. Always settling shit with your hands. That was stupid. Senior's going to be fucking pissed he hears about that.

NAZO

Senior's not going to hear about shit.

RED quickens his speech.

RED

Yeah well we can't just go around threatening real people. This is heavy shit. We're talking about my father's reputation.

A lime wedge, thrown by the UTILITY WORKERS, hits RED in the shoulder.

NAZO

(immediately)

What the fuck motherfucker. You throw this at us?

UTILITY WORKER 1

It's just a lime man.

NAZO

I don't give a fuck. You throw this at my friend?

UTILITY WORKER 2

(the bigger one)

No man it was an accident. We were just fucking around.

NAZO

We'll fuck you dickhead you hit him.

UTILITY WORKER 1

No it didn't. It hit the bar.

NAZO

Don't fuckin tell me what it hit I got eyes genius.

RED

It didn't hit me Naz.  
(to the workers)  
It's cool man.

The first UTILITY WORKER turns with a smile.

NAZO

No it fuckin ain't cool Red.  
These pricks are laughing at us.  
You're gonna fuckin die you little bitch.

NAZO explodes knocking into SLIM, who recovers on his cell phone. RED grabs NAZO and holds him back. The UTILITY WORKERS stand up, on guard. IRISH and MASON watch from the table. The first with a curious grin, the latter with a consuming smile.

SLIM

Oh shit Thad, I think they're gonna fight. I gotta go man.  
Yeah, we're gonna get into a fight. I gotta go.

PYPER

Guys not here man. My dad.

UTILITY WORKER 2

Yo man we don't want no trouble.

RED

Naz it's cool man. We're cool.

NAZO

No fuck them.

RED

Yo it's no big deal.

UTILITY WORKER 2

Yo we're all the same here man.  
Nobody's laughing at you bro.  
We're all cool. Jimmy, tell him we're cool.

UTILITY WORKER 1  
Yo man we're cool.

RED  
(to NAZ)  
Yo, we're cool. Are you cool?

After a beat, NAZO nods his head.

NAZO  
Yeah.

RED  
(to the workers)  
Yeah don't worry man he's cool.

RED releases NAZO and extends his hand to the UTILITY WORKERS. He shakes hands with both as NAZO watches.

RED  
(continuing)  
Yo come on Naz. Let's put it  
behind us.

RED motions for NAZO to shake the first Utility Worker's hand, but NAZO hesitates. The UTILITY WORKER extends his hand.

RED  
(continuing)  
Come on man.

After a beat, NAZO grabs the Utility Worker's hand, pulls him into a left cross, and clocks him out. MASON and IRISH quickly rise.

UTILITY WORKER 2  
Yo what the fuck. You caught my  
boy off guard. That ain't right.

NAZO shrugs. The second UTILITY WORKER scans the bar for friendlies, but finds none. He faces THE BOYS.

UTILITY WORKER 2  
(continuing)  
Oh now you got five strong you're  
ready to fight. You guys are  
fucking assholes.

MASON  
(loud)  
Yo pick up your boy and get the  
fuck out.

The second UTILITY WORKER picks up the first and supports him.



UTILITY WORKER 2  
Yo fuck you guys, I'll be seeing  
you.

MASON  
Yeah you'll be seeing a lot of us.

The second UTILITY WORKER carries the first out the back  
door. THE BOYS scan the place and find PYPER disappointedly  
staring at them.

PYPER  
Come on guys. You scare the  
crowds away you do these things.

RED  
Dude PYPER I'm sorry man.

PYPER  
You know my dad's losing business  
as it is. These yuppies come into  
town.

MASON  
Who wants to go to those places  
anyways Pipe. This here's a man's  
bar.

NAZO  
Yeah sorry Fins, I only know how  
to settle things with my hands.

RED glares at NAZO who chugs his beer.

MASON  
(laughing)  
Yo NAZO, you're a fucking dick  
man. Come on, let's play some  
cards.

NAZO crosses in front of RED to the table as IRISH shuffles  
the cards.

26 INT. DEER RUN DEVELOPMENT- FINISHED HOME - MORNING

26

The job is at the final inspection. The home is complete,  
pastel painted, with new white carpets, appliances installed,  
and the homeowners are ready to buy. ROBERT, 24, the working  
foreman, good-looking and conceded but with the frame of a  
man who never swung a hammer, conducts the final walk through  
as a LABORER touches up a few odds and ends.

ROBERT  
(placing blame)  
These guys don't know how to  
caulk. Look at that.

The LABORER does not agree but nods anyway. It's obvious ROBERT does not know what he is doing, because the caulk is fine, but the LABORER pushes an insignificant amount of caulk out of the gun to appease the boss.

ROBERT  
(continuing)  
So anyway I'm pounding this chick,  
fuckin her real good, you know  
doing all kinds of shit to her.  
You know the blonde, the one  
that's moving in here. Anyway,  
so...

RED ENTERS. The mud on his boots leaves a trail behind him.

ROBERT  
(continuing)  
Hey Red.

RED  
(calmly walking)  
Hey.

ROBERT looks down at the carpet. SPLAT, SPLAT, SPLAT!

ROBERT  
Oh my god. What are you doing?  
Stop, stop, stop.

RED continues towards ROBERT.

ROBERT  
(continuing)  
Stop stop stop.

RED grabs ROBERT by the throat and puts him into the wall.  
The LABORER does nothing.

RED  
Fuckin asshole. If my father  
doesn't get paid I will fuckin  
kill you. I swear to God I will  
kill you.

ROBERT, flanked by studs, struggles to pull out his cell  
phone and dial.

ROBERT  
Stop stop stop.

LABORER  
Red relax.

ROBERT  
Stop stop, I'm calling Gene.  
Here. I'm calling him.

RED

There's no way you're stiffin my  
dad for this money. No way in  
hell.

ROBERT

Gene? Yeah Red's here, Doug's  
son. Apparently Doug hasn't been  
getting paid. Red's pretty angry  
right now, he wants to...here here

ROBERT offers his cell phone to RED. After a long beat, RED  
calms and grasps it, but keeps one hand pressed on ROBERT.

RED

Hello.

GENE feeds bullshit to RED over the phone. RED listens with  
apprehension. His expression matures from contempt to  
immediate regret.

RED

(continuing)

Alright. You know just...

RED feels the weight of consequence. He hands the phone back  
to ROBERT but doesn't move. RED lowers his head in loss and  
reflects for a beat.

ROBERT

He said your dad's a good man and  
he likes the work you guys have  
done here. Everything's fine Red.

RED EXITS carefully trying to retrace his footprints.

ROBERT

(continuing)

He said the check's in the mail.

27 EXT. DEER RUN DEVELOPMENT - CONTINUING

27

RED closes the door to his 2008 DODGE RAM and fires the  
engine. He notices ROBERT EMERGE from the home in the  
rearview mirror. ROBERT continues to speak on his cell  
phone. RED moves the truck into gear and pulls out.

28 EXT. REDKIN RESIDENCE - LATE MORNING

28

RED pulls up to the house while drinking a coffee. He finds  
SENIOR standing, hands in his pockets, on the driveway. RED  
stops the truck by the curb and hesitates before turning off  
the engine. He is firing on all cylinders now, contemplating  
what his play is. SENIOR watches as RED slowly approaches.

RED

Hey Dad.

SENIOR looks at RED for a beat.

SENIOR

Where were you?

RED

At Wawa.

SENIOR

Where were you?

RED

(defensive)

Dad I was at Wawa, I got a  
coffee... What?

Beat.

SENIOR

Did you just go to Deer Run?

A long beat passes. RED looks at SENIOR and almost fights a  
laugh. He puts his head down, not sure how to handle it.

SENIOR

(continuing)

I want to thank you.

RED raises his head.

RED

Why?

Another long beat.

SENIOR

Because you just lost us Deer Run  
and you lost us Fox Chase too.

RED is frozen and ashamed.

SENIOR

(continuing)

We have no money coming in... I  
don't even know if I'm going to  
get paid now.

SENIOR is full of disappointment; not only in his son, but in  
himself. He can barely look at RED.

SENIOR

(continuing)

So we lost the development.

A long, awkward moment passes. RED attempts to defend his behavior but SENIOR interrupts.

RED  
I just had...

SENIOR  
You get more with sugar than you  
do with salt.

Another long moment passes. RED isn't sure what to say but he understands. SENIOR knows the lesson has been learned.

SENIOR  
(continuing)  
So what do you have planed for  
today?

RED  
(somewhat in  
disbelief)  
Uhh, I don't know go to the bank,  
maybe wash the truck. See what  
Naz is up too. What about you?

SENIOR  
I'm going to straighten up the  
shed a little. Make some room for  
the patio furniture. I figure the  
snow's held off all it can, we're  
due for a storm.

RED  
Yeah.

SENIOR walks up the driveway towards the backyard. RED watches with admiration as SENIOR disappears behind the gate. RED remains in the driveway, alone.

29 EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

29

MASON leads SLIM through the catacombs of a local junkyard while IRISH hangs caboose smoking a cigarette. Heavy machinery crushes cars in the background. The boys traverse a narrow strip of dirt flanked by stacks of beaten up cars from the 60's and 70's. They meander through the decades towards contemporary cars and SUVs.

SLIM  
So I'm in Nordstroms the other  
day..

MASON  
(interrupting)  
Nordstroms? What the hell you  
doin there?

SLIM

I don't know, I was returning some  
gift this broad got me, I had no  
use for.

MASON doesn't buy it.

SLIM

(continuing)

Anyway this cashier broad, same  
thing, big tits hanging out her  
shirt. Nice skin. All over me;  
giving me the eye... and you know  
she's only seventeen.

IRISH

What's the point?

SLIM

The point is... she's only  
seventeen man it's ridiculous.  
These girls nowadays they're  
brandish.

MASON

Brandish?

SLIM

Yeah brandish.

MASON

What does that mean?

SLIM looks a little surprised.

SLIM

You know, they go for what they  
want.

MASON

So.

SLIM

I don't know, don't you think it's  
crazy all these young girls  
banging in high school.

MASON

No I don't. There's nothin  
different man. I banged Marisol  
when we were in high school. This  
shit's been going on since the  
beginning of time.

SLIM

Yeah but I mean come on. These pigs nowadays think telling you they only banged five guys is a good number. And I'm talking eighteen year olds.

MASON

What are you doing talking to eighteen year olds anyway? Fuckin Red's sister's seventeen.

SLIM

Bro I'm just saying.

MASON

No man that's your problem right there.

SLIM

What.

MASON

Find a chick your own age.

SLIM

Whatever, I have man. I bang all ages, thirties, forties... fifties.

SLIM laughs.

MASON

You wouldn't bang a fifty year old.

SLIM

If she was hot I would.

MASON

Bullshit.

SLIM

Hell yeah, cougars man.

MASON

That ain't no cougar bro that's a fucking mountain lion or whatever those dead things are.

They both laugh. MASON continues to scan the cars. A long, silent beat passes.

SLIM

Sabretooths.

MASON

What?

SLIM  
They're called Sabretooths.

MASON  
What is?

SLIM  
The prehistoric cats. Sabretooths.

MASON  
Whatever.

MASON hides his grimacing face. He begins to study the cars.

SLIM  
What are we looking for anyway?

MASON  
1984 LeSabre.

SLIM  
LeSabre, what kind of car is that?

MASON  
(angry)  
It's a fuckin BUICK, you know the box.

SLIM  
Yeah I know but, what's it look like?

MASON  
Marisol's car man, fuckin Marisol's car. They're fucking square.

SLIM  
Oh yeah yeah... Well what do you need from it?

MASON  
Module.

SLIM  
Oh for the spark plugs?

MASON  
Yeah.

SLIM  
You try the dealer?

MASON  
Just look for any BUICK made in the eighties alright.



SLIM

Alright. I'm just making small talk.

IRISH

You talk too much.

An awkward silence hovers as MASON quickens his gait.

SLIM

So I can probably move a few more ounces and get some cash to Red that way.

MASON

Oh jesus christ Slim you think Senior's going to take drug money. You're a fucking asshole man.

SLIM

What, nobody needs to know. It can be done.

MASON abruptly stops and turns to SLIM.

MASON

You're not fucking doing it. You understand me. And you better stop dealin out of your fuckin house. It's your mother's house, you moron. Have some respect.

MASON turns his back on SLIM.

SLIM

What, I'm just pushin an ounce a month for Thadeus. It's no big deal.

MASON returns with haste, collars SLIM, and slams him against the grill of a van.

MASON

Shut the fuck up. I don't want to hear another word out of you the rest of the day or I swear I'm gonna break your fuckin nose. Nobody wants you dealin. Thadeus or not. You're going to fuck up everything for everyone that's good around you. You've a fuckin college degree over here and you can't even push a broom.

SLIM is shaken up. MASON notices IRISH approach so he backs off.

MASON  
(continuing)  
Without your family you got  
nothin. You remember that.

MASON walks on.

MASON  
(continuing)  
Start thinking with your head not  
your cock.

30 EXT. DEER RUN DEVELOPMENT - DAY

30

SENIOR waits on the dirt in front of the trailer office. A TOYOTA TUNDRA marked DAULTY DRY WALL rests in the lot across the street and a few LABORERS carry sheet rock into the house. Gene's MERCEDES pulls up and GENE and IRA EMERGE. They approach the trailer.

SENIOR  
Hey Gene, hey Ira. Thanks for  
seeing me.

GENE walks past SENIOR.

IRA  
Hey Doug come inside.

They ENTER the trailer.

31 INT. TRAILER OFFICE - DAY

31

GENE throws his coat over a vacant chair already cluttered with papers. He and IRA sit behind their desks. SENIOR stands.

GENE  
(smug)  
What can I do for you doug?

SENIOR  
Well Gene I just want to apologize  
for what my son Charlie did.

GENE  
(interrupting)  
I already heard your apologies  
Doug, but sorry doesn't pay the  
bills now does it.

SENIOR  
No it doesn't.

GENE  
So what can I do for you?

SENIOR surveys the situation and collects his thoughts.

SENIOR

I'd like to see about getting my  
guys back on this job.

GENE

Getting the job back? Your  
bottlerocket son almost cost me a  
700,000 sale. You know what that  
is in this market?

SENIOR

I'm well aware of what it cost you.

GENE

We'll are you well aware that the  
damage he caused's coming out of  
your payment.

SENIOR

I wasn't aware I got paid Gene.

GENE becomes flamboyant. His stutter worsens as he  
gesticulates towards IRA.

GENE

Oh well, that's what we're dealing  
with. We're dealing with a  
radical here Ira. Did you know  
that?

IRA

Dad.

GENE

I thought you came here to talk,  
but maybe you're here to collect  
money from me. You going to beat  
it out of me? Here, here use  
this. Beat the money I ain't got  
out of me.

GENE offers SENIOR a PAPERWEIGHT.

SENIOR

I'm not here to make threats.

GENE

It sure sounds like it.

SENIOR

I just want to come to an  
agreement and get back to work.

IRA

Daddy calm down.

GENE

Calm down, the man's threatening my life for money we don't have and you want me to calm down. Who can remain calm this thing we're in here. You Ira? My son? Then you deal with this monstrosity.

IRA

Doug we just can't do it. Robert's scared out of his mind what will happen next.

SENIOR

(interrupting)

Robert's at fault for the whole damn thing.

GENE

Don't you talk about Robert that way.

SENIOR

You and I both know Robert cost you more with his escapades than my son ever did.

IRA

That's not the issue.

SENIOR

Forget what's the issue Ira. We just want to finish the job. We'll pay for the damages, just let my guys finish what they started.

IRA

We can't have Red working with us Doug.

SENIOR rubs the back of his neck in contemplation.

SENIOR

Then the rest of them without my son.

IRA turns to his father. GENE leans back in his chair and turns his back on them both.

SENIOR

(continuing)

You have my word he won't step foot on site again.

GENE

Why do I need you now Doug, I  
already got Daultry to finish the  
job.

GENE pulls at a section of the blinds to reveal the DAULTRY  
LABORERS working across the street.

GENE

(continuing)

And THEY work on Saturdays.

SENIOR feels the vice clamp down on him.

SENIOR

What you payin em?

GENE

2/3 what I was paying you.

SENIOR

We'll do it for 2/3 then.

GENE

You want on you do it for half.

SENIOR

My guys work twice as fast and  
twice as clean as Daultry and you  
know it.

GENE

Well considering the set back your  
son put me in, that's a good  
point. Daultry finishes the day  
out. Your guys, minus your son,  
finish the block in three days.

SENIOR

Three days! That's impossible.

GENE

Three days and half the price,  
that's the deal.

SENIOR

Gene you know it can't be done.  
I had an army I can't finish those  
houses in three days.

GENE

You don't want it, can't say I  
didn't offer.

SENIOR contemplates for a long beat.

SENIOR

Three days. We finish the work,  
you pay us everything a week's  
time. No thirty day bullshit.

GENE

I'm sorry, are you making demands.

SENIOR

I'm telling you I went out on a  
limb for you for three months. I  
ain't got the cash to pay my guys  
you don't pay me. I'm tellin you  
you owe me as much.

GENE

Oh I owe you.

SENIOR

Yes Gene, you do.

SENIOR attempts to stand strong as GENE sizes him up. GENE  
becomes confident that SENIOR will fail. He smiles at SENIOR.

GENE

Fine. You finish the work we'll  
pay you.

SENIOR

And you pay us the normal rate for  
the work we already done.

GENE

Minus the damages.

SENIOR

Minus the damages.

GENE

Deal.

SENIOR

Ok.

GENE extends his hand to SENIOR.

SENIOR

(continuing)

Pardon me if I don't shake hands.

GENE

Fair enough.

SENIOR nods at IRA and turns toward the door.

GENE

(continuing)

So Doug, I never got around to asking you, how's your property coming along anyhow? You break ground yet?

SENIOR

Not yet.

GENE

You said you got yourself about ten lots over there don't you.

SENIOR

Twelve.

GENE

Twelve. Twelve's a whole street.

SENIOR

Soon to be if I'm lucky.

IRA

Good for you Doug.

SENIOR

Only took ten years.

IRA

Some dreams take longer.

SENIOR

Some take less.

GENE

What's holding you up Doug?

SENIOR eyes them both, then smiles.

SENIOR

(as if they don't know)

Money.

SENIOR EXITS. The wind slams the door shut.

32 EXT. GOLDMAN FOUNDATION - DAY

32

RED and NAZO dig a trench outside the freshly cemented foundation of the future Goldman residence. The site rests on the corner of a highway and a moderately busy street.

RED

The whole thing's so fucked up man. I don't even know what to do.

NAZO

What can you do? Senior's the final word. Just sit in it. Let it ride out.

RED

The thought of him going over there and making a deal with that fucking cocksucker Gene, it just fuckin. It's fucking eating me alive man.

NAZO

You're running deep man. That's why we're diggin.

RED

I got to clear my head.

NAZO

(gesticulating to his surroundings)

Fuckin Goldman. What's this going to be his fourth house? Good thing he's not putting on the pressure.

RED

Like we need that.

A short beat passes. RED continues to dig.

NAZO

This fucking Gene thing's impossible.

RED

It fuckin kills me my dad's got to get back on the job. His fuckin hand.

NAZO

He'll be fine. He's an ox.

RED

He's a man of men. Here's a man whose son just costs him thousands of dollars, thousands... and he couldn't even get mad at me for it... ...

NAZO

He cares about his family.

RED

He'd sacrifice anything for us.



NAZO looks at RED like a soldier to his captain.

NAZO

I know.

RED

It's a good feeling knowing that.

NAZO's eyes darken.

NAZO

Yeah.

THE BOYS continue to dig as a SPORTS CAR filled with two couples turns the corner. RED and NAZO stare as their contemporaries enjoy the weekend. The girls notice, laugh, and the car passes out of sight. A short beat passes.

RED

Pass me the pick axe.

NAZO chucks a pick axe to RED then continues to chop his spade into the soil. RED begins to separate the frozen clay.

NAZO

This whole fucking town's changing man. You never saw that five years ago.

NAZO points in the direction of the car that just passed.

RED

The whole country's changing.

NAZO

It ain't good.

RED

Nothing's good.

NAZO

NOTHING.

RED

Nobody cares.

NAZO

Yeah nobody. You can't even get a good sandwich anymore. You remember Honest Joe's Deli.

RED

That guy made a sandwich.

NAZO

Yeah those fresh rolls.

RED  
A lot of meat.

NAZO  
Sure but the bread. The bread  
makes it.

RED  
You don't get that anymore.

NAZO  
No you don't.

RED  
Everywhere's a fucking chain.

NAZO  
And young kids.

RED  
None of them care.

NAZO  
Joe made sure he knew you. What  
you liked. I walked in, he knew,  
stack the meat.

RED  
These fuckin kids, they don't even  
want to be there.

NAZO  
Hey you don't want to be there  
ain't my problem just stack the  
meat.

RED  
We were in high school, we were  
diggin holes on the weekend. They  
act like someone owes them  
something cause they got to work  
at wawa.

NAZO  
That ain't even work. You want me  
to stack subs, I'll stack subs.  
I'll stack subs all day.

RED  
It's getting worse.

NAZO  
It ain't getting better.

RED  
That's because their parents give  
them everything they want.

NAZO

Fuckin princess gets a beemer for her birthday.

RED

I'm tired of it Naz. I can't even look at anyone anymore. I just wanna hit people.

NAZO

Beat some sense into them.

RED

They wouldn't listen if we did.

NAZO

They're stupid.

RED

THEY'RE SELFISH. Greedy, there's no more loyalty. Look what they did to the church. Who does that? Who buys out a church?

NAZO

These fuckin New York guineas that's who.

RED

It ain't just them.

NAZO

No it's everybody.

RED

Everybody's just fending for themselves. That's the problem.

NAZO

Or the solution. I mean we're in it to survive.

RED

Yeah but that's what makes it worse. Back in the day people stuck together. They helped each other out. You needed some extra cash to pay a bill. You could go to your boss. He'd extend a hand.

NAZO

Now they shake your hand and push you out the door.

RED

Yeah look at what happened to Scott Bailey, Jennie's dad, two years from retirement they let him go.

NAZO

It ain't right, but what's the sense. Nothing's going to change.

RED

That's fuckin bullshit Naz. It's the people that think like that that got us into this mess. You see something wrong, you fix it. That's what they did in the 60's. You don't let things go to shit.

NAZO

The 60's didn't do jack man. It all went to shit anyway.

RED

That's because corporations are taking over everything. They're buying everything out and destroying everything that was good.

NAZO

What are we going to do stop them from tearing down the old buildings. We're builders Red. That's how we make money.

RED

What am I a child? You don't think I know that? And we're making money? You making money Naz? My father's making money?

NAZO

We're living.

RED

Nobody's making money but the rich assholes. They make money off the sweat of others.

NAZO

I don't want to be rich Red. I don't care about money.

RED

That's bullshit everybody cares about money.

NAZO

I don't. You talk about wanting things. I don't want anything Red. I don't like anything. I wake up and I got to dig, so what. That's my life.

RED

You're going to tell me you don't want to beat the fuck out of those assholes in that car cause they got it better than us.

NAZO

(pointing)

Those assholes, sure. I see them on the street I pummel them. But it ain't because I'm trying to change things. I just fucking hate em. I hate everybody Red. Rich, poor, black, white, fucking jew. I hate them all. I ain't got nobody Red. I got you, your family, and the boys. That's it. And I don't give a shit about anything else.

NAZO grabs the pick axe and starts to chop. RED stares at him for a long beat.

RED

I'm just sick of it that's all.

RED picks up the spade and continues to work.

33 INT. REDKIN RESIDENCE - EVENING

33

A pot roast cools on the stove top. PATTY stirs the side dishes while her family crams around her in the tiny kitchen. SENIOR and RED are close, while SAMANTHA boils on the outskirts. NAZO sits at a corner of the table in the middle of the room.

PATTY

(irate)

I don't believe this. How could you do that?

SENIOR

I had no choice.

PATTY

Oh don't give me that. There's always a choice Doug. Your own son we're talking about here.

SENIOR

We've got to get money. I have to get paid.

PATTY

What's more important your family or the business?

SENIOR

The business is my family. I'm doing this for my family. Everything is for you.

RED

Dad I understand but why didn't you stick up for me.

SENIOR

You've done this to yourself.

RED

That's bullshit that fuckin guy...

SENIOR

Watch your mouth.

PATTY

Oh fuck it Douglas the guy's a scuzbucket.

SENIOR

You don't seem to understand that there's no money here. You see this. You see this pot roast. That's it. That's going to be the end of it. We're coming to the end here.

PATTY

I am so sick and tired of all I ever hear about is money, money money...

RED

Mom shut up he's right

SENIOR

You don't talk to your mother like that.

PATTY

You don't talk to me like that. How dare you say that to me. I'm your mother. You don't say that to me.

RED

Mom I'm sorry but I'm just saying

PATTY

I don't care what you're saying  
you don't talk to me like that.

RED

Alright I'm sorry but all I'm  
saying is we need the money.

PATTY

(interrupting)

YOU DON'T TALK LIKE THAT!

SAMANTHA

Mom just let him speak. Jesus.

PATTY

(to Samantha)

Who are you to raise your voice to  
me?

SAMANTHA

You're not letting anyone talk.

PATTY

This is my house. I will not have  
my children speak to me this way.

SAMANTHA

Why doesn't everybody just fuckin  
calm down and discuss things like  
a real family instead of always  
yelling.

PATTY

Oh we're not good enough for you.

RED

Mom she's not saying that.

SENIOR

Patricia enough already.

PATTY

Oh I understand. Your father and  
I put a roof over your head all  
these years but we're not good  
enough for you.

RED

Mom.

PATTY

No Charles. This isn't good enough for you. You're better than us. Fine. You don't like it. Fine. I don't have to cook. I don't have to clean. I don't have to do all the things I do for you two. You don't like the food.

PATTY picks up the pot roast and throws it to the floor. She stomps her heel in it.

PATTY

(continuing)

There. You don't have to eat it no more.

SENIOR

Jesus Christ Patty.

PATTY

You don't appreciate the work I do for you. This is what you'll get. You want to eat. Eat that. And don't you Patty me. You would do your job as a father they wouldn't talk like this.

SAMANTHA

He does his job. It's you. All you do is sit around and complain.

PATTY

All I do is sit around. Was I sitting around yesterday when I brought you to Megan's house? How about Saturday when you OH SO BADLY needed to get a gift for Joey at the mall. How about then, was I sitting around then?

SAMANTHA

That's what a mom's supposed to do.

PATTY

Oh really how do you know that? Is that what all your friend's moms do?

SAMANTHA

You're a psycho.

PATTY

You don't like me, then get out!



SAMANTHA

Fine I will. I'll stay at Joey's,  
his family's not crazy.

SAMANTHA storms out of the kitchen, down the stairs, and to  
the front door. PATTY pursues her.

SAMANTHA

(continuing)

I'm tired of all of you. I don't  
need you anyway.

PATTY

You leave this house now you're  
never coming back. You hear me.  
You're never coming back.

PATTY fails to catch SAMANTHA before she EXITS. PATTY begins  
to cry as she slams the front door on her already departed  
daughter. SENIOR, RED and NAZO look at the pot roast smashed  
on the floor. A beat passes.

SENIOR

Nick, call Mason and Tom Irish  
tell them to meet us at Deer Run  
at 7.

PATTY

Wait a minute you're starting  
tomorrow on a Sunday. What about  
church?

PATTY rushes up the stairs.

SENIOR

(cutting his wife off  
loudly)

We're going there tonight.

PATTY

Tonight!

SENIOR

(louder)

Yes tonight!

The silence echoes for a beat. PATTY is frozen a few feet  
outside of the kitchen.

SENIOR

(continuing)

Nick you grab as many work lights  
as you can; load them up with the  
propane heaters.

RED

I'm in, I'm coming too.

SENIOR  
You're not going anywhere.

RED  
Why?

SENIOR  
Because I said so.

RED  
If we're starting tonight I can  
work till the morning. Gene's not  
going to be there.

SENIOR  
And what if he shows up...then  
what.

RED  
He won't.

SENIOR  
No. You're staying here.

RED  
Come on dad this is ridiculous you  
need me there.

SENIOR  
You're staying here and that is  
final. I gave the man my word.

NAZO  
You want me to call up Slim.

SENIOR  
My nephew?

SENIOR thinks about it.

SENIOR  
(continuing)  
Yeah call him up, he can work with  
you. Mason and Tom work the  
second house. I'll rock the third.

RED shakes his head in disbelief.

NAZO  
Alright.

PATTY ENTERS and embraces SENIOR. She tears up.

PATTY  
I'm sorry, I just can't deal with  
all this anymore. It's too much.

SENIOR  
I know. But it'll get better, I  
promise. It'll just take time.

A dramatic beat passes.

NAZO  
So what's it going to be? KFC?

A laugh breaks Patty's tears.

CUT TO:

34 MONTAGE OF SHOTS

34

The moonlight shines across the windshield of Red's truck as RED drives aimlessly.

SLIM and IRISH help SENIOR unload tools and lights from his truck while MASON and NAZO hump drywall into the house.

SAMANTHA and her friends drink heavily and hang on boys at a house party. SAMANTHA smiles yet there is sadness in her eyes.

PATTY worries alone in bed. The television blares.

MASON reaches through a second story window as IRISH launches an extension cord to him. He begins to rig the power as IRISH walks towards the VAN. IRISH notices work lights blaring through the second story windows in the house across the street where Senior's truck is parked. He glances a house down at Nazo's truck backed into the driveway.

NAZO and SLIM stand together on a bench and struggle to fabricate the ceiling. NAZO angrily shoves SLIM off the bench and shoulders the dry wall himself.

SENIOR works efficiently in a semi-finished room. He tapes the creases of the ceiling off of a ladder.

RED finishes a can of PABST at Finnegan's as PYPER lays down another. PYPER notifies RED that JIM DAULTRY and his HELPER purchased the round. They raise their beers to RED. He nods.

MASON and IRISH respectively nail and spackle two walls, but the house is far from being finished.

The winter wind bites through the plastic barrier as SENIOR struggles to lift and nail a new sheet of the ceiling. He falters while climbing the ladder.

RED jeers at PYPER as PYPER cuts him off. He stumbles off his stool then EXITS leaving PYPER and JIM DAULTRY concerned.

The sun radiates on the DEER RUN DEVELOPMENT and warms the frozen trucks and van.

SLIM snores on the plywood floor as NAZO gulps from a quart of Iced Tea and sands down a clump of spackle.

SAMANTHA lies awake on the floor as her FRIENDS cuddle with a guy in bed.

PATTY awakens, glances at the clock, then turns over. She is troubled by the empty spot adjacent to her on the bed.

END MONTAGE OF SHOTS

35 EXT. STEINER RESIDENCE - DAWN

35

RED wakes up in his truck. He is hung-over. He begins to unload his tools and walks across the street to the STEINER RESIDENCE. Before he hits the driveway, his phone rings.

RED

Hello.

PATTY

(frantic)

Where are you?

RED

I'm at Steiner. Why?

PATTY

Did you hear from your father?

RED

No, why?

PATTY

He's not answering his phone.

RED

It's no big deal they're just working. How's Sam?

PATTY

You've got to go over there Charlie. He never came home last night. I know something happened.

RED

Mom just calm down, nothing happened. They said they were going to work through the night. It's the only way they'll finish. Did you hear from Sam?

PATTY

No, have you?

RED

No.

A silent beat passes.

PATTY

(interrupting)

Just go over there and see for me  
ok.

RED

Mom if I go over there and Gene's  
there Dad's going to kill me.

PATTY

And what happens if something's  
wrong?

RED

I'm just saying. I already cost  
them the job once.

PATTY

Charlie please just go over and  
see.

RED

Alright I'll go but don't blame me  
when he's pissed.

PATTY

Good... So when are you coming  
home?

RED

I don't know.

PATTY

Alright, well get milk.

RED

Alright, I'll see you later.

RED hangs up his phone, looks at the STEINER RESIDENCE, then  
down to the tools at his feet. He debates with himself.

RED

(continuing)

Ah fuck it.

RED returns the tools to the bed of his truck and pulls away.

36 EXT. DEER RUN DEVELOPMENT - CONTINUING

36

Red's truck pulls into the DEER RUN DEVELOPMENT and stops in  
front of the house where Senior's truck rests. NAZO smokes

(continued;)

a cigarette on the second floor of the house across the street. Up the street Gene's MERCEDES is parked outside of the TRAILER OFFICE. NAZO notices RED walking towards the first house. He chases after him.

37 INT. SEMI-FINISHED RESIDENCE - CONTINUING

37

RED APPROACHES from an adjacent, unfinished room and pulls a layer of plastic from the doorway. He notices SENIOR collapsed on the floor.

RED

Dad!

RED struggles through the plastic and rushes to SENIOR.

RED

(continuing)

Dad. Are you alright? What happened?

SENIOR can barely breathe and fights for words. He has had a heart attack.

RED

(continuing)

Help!

SENIOR

(slowly)

Look at me.

RED

Dad, dad don't talk. It's ok don't talk.

SENIOR

(struggling)

I used to..

RED

Help!

NAZO RUSHES in.

RED

(continuing; NAZO)

Call 911.

NAZO dials 911 on his cell. Senior's phone and keys lay beside a jug of water and cooler of food near Nazo's feet. RED looks down at SENIOR who has fear in his eyes.

SENIOR

I used to be a piece of iron.

RED  
Don't talk dad. Just stay still.  
Just stay still. It's going to be  
alright.... It's going to be  
alright.

38 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

38

Hours have passed. PATTY, SAMATHA, RED and THE BOYS sit vigil inside the hospital waiting room. RED sits between PATTY and SAMANTHA, who's consoled by JOEY. IRISH and SLIM hang by the nurses station nearby. MASON sits with MARISOL and DANNY. NAZO paces in the corner alone.

The overhead television blares a news broadcast reporting on the national unemployment rate. A YOUNG COUPLE canoodles a row of seats away. NAZO glares at them.

The nervous tension peaks with a CLASH as the corridor doors open.

Everyone turns as a family of illegal Mexicans EMERGE and approach the nurses station.

NAZO  
(breaking)  
How long's it gonna take already?

A beat of silence.

MARISOL  
(to Mason)  
I'm going to take Danny to the  
vending machines. You want  
anything?

MASON  
No.

MARISOL  
Anyone want anything?

Everyone is content so MARISOL EXITS with DANNY. A beat passes. The COUPLE kiss and NAZO boils over.

NAZO  
You want get a fucking room  
already.

RED  
Naz.

NAZO  
No fucking it's a fucking hospital  
man. No one wants to see this.  
Get a fucking room!

The COUPLE stop in fear as the DOCTOR ENTERS. He focuses on PATTY; she braces herself. He takes a moment to find his words.

DOCTOR  
I'm sorry.

The women erupt in tears while the men stand strong.

DOCTOR  
(continuing)  
We just didn't get to him quick enough. The heart muscle sustained considerable amounts of stress. It was just too much. I'm sorry for your loss.

The DOCTOR turns to leave. Nazo's eyes are lasers of hatred burning through the DOCTOR as he EXITS.

CUT TO:

BLACK

39 INT. RED'S BEDROOM - LATE MORNING

39

NAZO knocks on RED'S door and walks into the darkness. RED is under the covers depressed.

NAZO  
Come on dude get up.

NAZO pulls up the blinds and sunlight streams onto RED'S face. RED turns to NAZO but hesitates.

NAZO  
(continuing)  
Come on. Let's get a coffee.

RED gets out of bed.

40 INT. NAZO'S TRUCK - CONTINUING

40

RED holds his coffee with a blank stare. NAZO angrily drives while TEXT MESSAGING MASON.

41 EXT. DEER RUN DEVELOPMENT - CONTINUING

41

Nazo's truck pulls into the development and approaches the lot where SENIOR collapsed. The DAULTRY DRY WALL TRUCK is parked out front. RED bolts out before Nazo's truck can stop.



RED EXPLODES into the room where he previously found his father. He spots JIM DAULTRY and his HELPER finishing the dry wall.

JIM DAULTRY

Red I'm sorry to hear...

CRACK! RED lays into JIM DAULTRY and doesn't stop. NAZO ENTERS and almost simultaneously pounds Daultry's HELPER into the wall. Chaos ensues.

RED

(at his peak of anger)

You motherfucker. Scabben work from my father. You piece of shit cocksucker. You're sorry, don't fucking say you're sorry. You're not sorry you fucking scumbag.

When the smoke clears, THE BOYS leave DAULTRY and his HELPER bleeding on the floor.

RED and NAZO EXIT the residence and beeline toward the TRAILER OFFICE. Gene's MERCEDES is parked in front of the HONDA ODYSSEY MINI-VAN. Mason's VAN pulls up and IRISH, SLIM and MASON EXIT. THE BOYS follow RED inside. SLIM carries a PIPE.

GENE and IRA sit behind their desks. COUNCILMAN GEORGE, dressed in a cheap suit, sits in a chair adjacent to GENE. Together they scan over a contract.

GEORGE

I just don't think the people will be ok with this.

GENE

Fuck the people I'm offering you ten percent.

GEORGE

I understand that Gene but if this should get out it would ruin my hopes of reelection next fall.

IRA

The contract's just between us George. You'll have no ties whatsoever to the rezoning.

GEORGE

Then why do I have to sign it. I mean who's to say you don't hold this over my head.

GENE

How long I've known you George about fifteen years? You think I'd do something like that?

A brief beat passes.

GEORGE

Yeah Gene I do.

GENE

The hell with you then. If not you we'll get someone to sign off their vote.

IRA

George just be reasonable here. It's a very profitable venture.

GEORGE scans over the contract as the DOOR BUSTS OPEN and topples the coat rack. RED, NAZO, IRISH, and MASON ENTER. SLIM IDLES on the steps just outside the door.

IRA

(continuing)

Red I'm sorry.

RED

(interrupting)

Don't say a fuckin word.

RED steps on Gene's coat while approaching the desk. IRISH is quick to pick up the coat, as well as the coat rack, off of the floor. He hangs Gene's coat and returns his hands to his pockets. RED grabs the contract from George's hands.

RED

(continuing)

What the fuck is this? More dirty business?

RED scans over the contract.

RED

(continuing)

Fuckin scum.

RED spits on the contract and drops it back on the desk.

RED

(continuing)

So this is how you get all this  
then isn't it Gene. My father  
struggled ten years to get land  
for one development. But you,  
some fuckin scumbag signs off and  
takes a man's life away.

GENE

I've got the checkbook.

RED

Shut the fuck up. I didn't come  
to hear you talk.

GENE

You don't know real business  
you're just a child.

RED slaps GENE across the face. MASON turns toward NAZO with  
uncertainty. RED irately gestures around the room as he  
speaks.

RED

I used to wish for this all for my  
father... cause I knew that's what  
he wanted. But now I know why he  
never got it. He was honest.

GENE

You're father was a gentleman.  
You should be proud of that.

RED snatches the PAPERWEIGHT off of Gene's desk and throws it  
past George's head. The PAPERWEIGHT smashes into an aged  
picture of GENE knocking it off the wall.

GEORGE

(nervously)

I think it might be best if I  
leave now.

MASON

Sit the fuck down.

GEORGE surveys the room in despair, then settles in his  
chair. RED'S vulnerability builds as the memories of his  
father churn up hatred and unease. He makes a feeble attempt  
to conceal his emotions by playing with the blinds.

RED

Who's land you taking away now  
Gene? Better yet, who's fuckin  
land is this we're standing on?

GENE remains silent. After a beat RED turns to GEORGE.

RED  
(continuing; to  
George)  
You're in bed with this  
cocksucker. What's he promising  
you half of nothing cause he owes  
everyone in town money.

GENE  
Fuck you. Your father died or not  
you don't come in here and...

RED hammers his fists on Gene's desk and accosts GENE.

RED  
You killed him! You killed my  
father. You're the reason he's  
dead right now, you feel that?

There is a long, anxious silence in the room.

RED  
(continuing; tearing  
up)  
I want the money you owe my father.

GENE turns away.

RED  
(continuing; louder)  
I want the money you owe my father.

GENE  
Well you're not getting it.

RED flips over Gene's desk. IRA plunges into the bottom  
drawer of his desk and removes a checkbook.

IRA  
Red I'll cut you a check right now.

GENE  
No you won't Ira...

GENE freezes IRA with a stare then returns to RED.

GENE  
(continuing)  
We're not giving this kid  
anything. The work wasn't  
finished, he doesn't get paid.

RED sizes up GENE, then glances out the window and smiles.  
NAZO grins but MASON is concerned. RED rips down the blinds  
and goes ape-shit on the office. THE BOYS and the men watch  
with disbelief as RED angrily tears apart the place,  
punching, kicking, and ripping at everything in sight. Like

(continued;)

a cyclone with nothing left to destroy, RED steams out of the office. IRISH hands something to NAZO and they follow. MASON shovels a bundle of papers off the floor, then EXITS.

45 EXT. DEER RUN DEVELOPMENT - CONTINUING

45

RED pushes past SLIM, who is quick to catch up. As they walk toward the street RED notices the PIPE in Slim's hands.

RED  
Give me that.

RED snatches the PIPE and runs at the MINI-VAN. He pipes the passenger window and it shatters.

SLIM  
Ohhh Shit!

NAZO, IRISH, and MASON ENTER from behind, surround the MINI-VAN, and join in. They smash the headlights, the grill, and kick the sides in. RED swings the pipe into the windshield and bats off the side view mirror. NAZO stomps on the bumper until it falls off. IRISH punches the driver side window with his bare fists. GENE, IRA, and GEORGE EMERGE and are dumbfounded.

GEORGE  
That's my car. What are you doing  
to my car?

MASON climbs up the hood and stomps into the roof. IRISH throws the bumper through the windshield. An ENGINE TURNS OVER and out of the chaos NAZO pulls Gene's MERCEDES up on the lawn. He throws his keys to RED, eyes GENE through the passenger side window, and guns the MERCEDES over the curb with a demonic laugh. RED bolts to Nazo's truck amid a mixture of elation and panic. MASON and IRISH climb into the cab of his VAN while SLIM hops in the back. They PEEL OUT. GENE, IRA and GEORGE survey the destruction.

46 EXT. WAREHOUSE WORKSHOP - AFTERNOON

46

NAZO drives Gene's MERCEDES up the dirt road leading to the WAREHOUSE WORKSHOP and parks it around the back. RED and THE BOYS park in front of the garage door. They ENTER.

47 INT. WAREHOUSE WORKSHOP - AFTERNOON

47

THE BOYS celebrate, except RED who removes paperwork from Senior's BRIEFCASE. NAZO ENTERS to a joyous embrace from MASON and SLIM. RED approaches the huddle.

RED  
(with a smile)  
You crazy son of a bitch.

THE BOYS laugh and NAZO and RED hug.

SLIM  
Holly shit man I can't believe you  
did that. Did you see Gene's face  
when you pulled up on the lawn?

RED  
What about when he pulled away.

MASON  
Oh shit yeah. I don't know what  
he was more pissed about, you  
driving away in his car, or the  
way it ripped up the lawn when you  
peeled out. It was a classic.

They laugh.

NAZO  
Fuck em.

RED  
Yeah fuck em.

They celebrate. IRISH appears from the darkness and lights  
a cigarette.

IRISH  
What now for the car?

Reality settles in and everyone looks at RED.

RED  
(to NAZO)  
Any ideas?

NAZO  
I don't fuckin care. Let's drive  
it into a ditch somewhere.

SLIM  
(like a little boy)  
Yeah yeah blow it up like a fuckin  
movie man.

MASON  
We can't exactly do that you know.  
The guy knows we stole his car.

NAZO  
Fuck em. I don't give a shit.  
Serves him right.

MASON

We should probably give it back.

RED

We're not giving it back.

NAZO

No way we give it back.

A long beat passes.

MASON

Yeah well he's going to call the cops.

RED

He ain't gonna do shit. It's his word against ours and he ain't got no proof.

MASON

No proof what are you talking about Red his car's right outside.

RED

Irish grab a few of those tarps over there and go cover the car.

IRISH scoops two tarps off of a shelf and EXITS.

MASON

Red this is crazy man. We can't fucking keep this guy's car.

RED

Why the fuck not. The guy owes my father over thirty grand. The way I see it the car's mine now.

MASON

It doesn't work like that Red.

NAZO

Fuck yeah it does.

MASON

Naz come on let's be serious.

RED

I am being serious. This fuckin asshole's going to steal a man's farm cause he wants to build a house on it. He gets away with it? Why, cause he's rich? Fuck it. If they can do it so can I. And we need the fuckin money MASON. Look at this.

RED lifts a pile of invoices from Senior's BRIEFCASE.

RED

(continuing)

These are fuckin bills man. A  
shit load of them.

We're in over our heads and I  
can't do it. We've got to get  
fuckin money man. We've got to  
get money.

SILENCE lingers. THE BOYS avoid each other, except NAZO, who  
stares into RED. NAZO focuses on the veins bulging from  
Red's temples and feels Red's anguish.

MASON

Well I can grab a few barrels a  
week, we can do the driveway thing.

SLIM

I can branch out, deal to a few  
more people.

RED

(to Slim)

No. Fuck you. I am not going to  
be your excuse for that. You  
shouldn't be doing that shit  
anyway. And what the fuck MASON,  
you're going to make thirty grand  
up doing driveways.

MASON

Don't get fuckin cunty with me  
Red. I'm trying to help you here.

RED

I'm talking about my family's  
livelihood. Now that my father's  
gone it's me. The burden rests on  
me.

NAZO becomes a furnace empowering the gears of a giant  
machine.

SLIM

Red I've been waiting for the  
right time to bring this up to  
you, but you know Thadeus.

RED

Don't bring up that nigger's name.

SLIM

Whoo Red, what the fuck man  
Thadeus is cool. That ain't right.



RED

I don't give a shit what he is.  
He sells coke to little kids makes  
him and asshole in my book.

SLIM

Red I'm just saying he's got  
something planned, it's big and  
there's room for us.

RED

I am not getting involved with  
that guy. And what the fuck Slim  
what are we talking about here  
pulling fucking heists and shit?  
What do you think this is?

SLIM

I'm just saying we need money you  
know so...

MASON

Red.

RED turns to MASON.

MASON

(continuing)

Let's get back to the car for a  
second... My uncle knows a guy up  
north around Jersey City. He can  
take care of this car. We can get  
9, 10 grand for it easy... That  
should hold the company over for  
a couple weeks until we figure  
things out.

RED contemplates, then looks toward NAZO who nods.

RED

Well, that seems like a good  
start. We'll just have to come up  
with a few more things.

IRISH (O.S.)

I've got a couple ideas.

IRISH ENTERS silhouetted in the doorway. He pulls down the  
garage door behind him.

CUT TO:

48 MONTAGE OF SHOTS

48

Sunlight spills into the CHOP SHOP as the garage door opens.  
A LATINO TEEN drives the MERCEDES inside while A LATINO MAN  
hands MASON an envelope of cash. They shake hands.

(continued;)

NAZO uses a power saw to cut a piece of trim in the STEINER KITCHEN while IRISH removes the old cabinets. MRS. STEINER hovers over them as they work. Nazo's mind drifts elsewhere.

RED unsuccessfully negotiates a bill over the phone. He slams the phone down and strikes the vendor's name on a handwritten list. He shuffles through the pile of invoices on Senior's desk.

SLIM is flanked by THADEUS and Thadeus' CREW in a booth within a smoky lounge. They discuss plans as THADEUS attempts to persuade SLIM. SLIM reluctantly agrees.

A street-light shines down on RED, NAZO, SAMANTHA and her FRIENDS who huddle across the street from the CONDEMNED CHURCH CLUB. RED commands SAMANTHA, who angrily disagrees. She attempts to leave, but NAZO catches her and attempts to calm her down.

Samantha's FRIENDS seduce the CLUB OWNER inside his office. They unbutton his shirt and rub their knees on his cock. He persuades them to kiss each other, so they listen. GWEN removes a VIDEO CAMERA from her purse as ASHLEY gets down on her knees and spreads the Club Owner's legs.

Outside of the entrance to the CONDEMNED CHURCH CLUB, RED and NAZO are held back by TWO Bouncers. IRISH and MASON jump THE Bouncers from behind. SLIM dips the girl at the door and the BOYS ENTER.

ASHLEY looks the CLUB OWNER in the eyes. He grabs a handful of her hair. GWEN looks towards the door as the CLUB OWNER begins to unzip his pants. She tries to stall him by unbuttoning her shirt but he grabs Ashley's head and shoves it between his thighs. The door breaks open and THE BOYS ENTER. The CLUB OWNER is in shock.

RED  
You're going to jail you  
cocksucker.

MASON  
You like to fuck little girls?

GWEN throws the camera to NAZO.

NAZO  
We own you, you little bitch.

SAMANTHA, GWEN, ASHLEY and a group of their FRIENDS wear sexy outfits and sell TEST TUBE SHOTS to the crowd. The CLUB OWNER, surrounded by THE BOYS, watches from a booth above.

RED ENTERS FINNEGAN'S where JIM DAULTRY and his HELPER sit. He hands an envelope to PYPYR and EXITS. PYPYR opens it and reveals a wad of cash.

(continued;)

He turns toward JIM DAULTRY with disbelief.

Inside the WAREHOUSE WORKSHOP RED counts stacks of money and signs checks on the work table while IRISH, SLIM and MASON play cards. NAZO writes plans on the whiteboard: "insurance scams, shot girls, sealant work"

Mason's VAN stops at a home where SLIM seals a driveway. RED opens the sliding door, unloads three barrels, and slams it shut. The VAN pulls away.

RED analyzes blueprints with a CONTRACTOR at the drafting table inside Senior's office. They agree with each other so the CONTRACTOR signs a contract and hands RED a check.

VINCE GENOVA enjoys lunch with some suits inside a quaint diner. MASON and NAZO ENTER and pull him out by the collar. MASON throws VINCE against the wall and NAZO begins to beat him. Bystanders notice as they put the boot to VINCE.

MARISOL screams at MASON in the kitchen as DANNY watches from the nearby couch. She hits him continuously with a wooden spoon. MASON attempts to restrain her but Marisol's anger builds out of control. He smacks her across the face, then grabs the keys to her car, and walks out. DANNY fixates on MASON as he leaves.

Marisol's car parks on a dark street and MASON steps out. He stashes the keys under the tire as Slim pulls up in his neon blaring PONTIAC. MASON gets in, and they drive off.

THADEUS and his crew pull up to the WAREHOUSE WORKSHOP. EVERYONE shakes hands except RED who snubs THADEUS and EXITS. THADEUS turns to leave, but SLIM and NAZO plead with him to stay. He agrees and EVERYONE huddles over the table. THADEUS opens the blueprints for a warehouse and lays them on the table. They formulate a plan.

It's a dark, wet night. Mason's VAN pulls up to a warehouse full of trucks. THE BOYS step out, wielding bolt cutters and crowbars, followed by THADEUS and his CREW.

RED overlooks the dance floor of the CONDEMNED CHURCH CLUB and watches as the GIRLS sell shots. He chugs from a bottle of whiskey. THE BOYS drink and fondle whores at a booth nearby. SAMANTHA is drunk. She sells a round of shots to a group of shirt and tie wearing guys and includes one for herself. She clinks shots with an OLDER GUY in the group, downs it, then pulls him by the tie towards the bathrooms. RED bolts for the stairs. NAZO and IRISH notice and follow.

RED busts open the door of the MENS ROOM. SAMANTHA is bent over the sink while the GUY unzips his pants. RED glares at her with drunken despise then slugs the GUY. THE BOYS ENTER and beat the shit out of the GUY. SAMANTHA watches and laughs.

RED stumbles into Senior's office and reaches for a bottle of whiskey resting near the drafting table. He fumbles with the bottle and it falls spilling what's left of the whiskey over what's left of Senior's plans. RED sardonically laughs, then collapses to the floor.

END MONTAGE OF SHOTS

49 EXT. WAREHOUSE WORKSHOP - MORNING

49

It's a few days later. RED and MASON load freshly stained CABINETS into the bed of Senior's truck.

MASON

So I hit her.

RED

What?

MASON

I didn't mean it. It just happened.

RED

That's some heavy shit.

MASON

Yeah I know. It was in front of the kid too so... you know.

RED shows disappointment.

MASON

(continuing)

I mean I'm sure she's ok, but I don't know Red. I can't look at myself.

RED

Have you been over there since?

MASON

Nah, I've been staying with Irish.

RED

Well what the hell are you going to do?

MASON

I don't know.

RED and MASON retrieve another cabinet from the WORKSHOP.

RED

That's some heavy shit.

MASON  
Yeah I know.

They load the cabinet in the bed.

MASON  
(continuing)  
Yo these cabinets came out good  
Red.

RED  
Thanks man. I been working on  
them a few weeks.

RED and MASON retrieve the last cabinet and notice an  
unmarked POLICE CAR drive up the dirt road.

RED  
(continuing)  
Oh shit. What the fuck!

MASON  
Just play it cool. They don't  
know shit.

MASON and RED load the last cabinet as the POLICE CAR parks.  
The sun blares off the windshield obstructing their view.  
RED begins to secure the cabinets with ratchet straps as  
DETECTIVE REILLY approaches, followed by LUIS.

LUIS  
That's good you got your dad's  
truck on the road again. Glad to  
see it.

RED  
Yeah

MASON nervously eyes DETECTIVE REILLY.

LUIS  
(to Mason)  
How's my daughter?

MASON hesitates. LUIS knows what happened.

MASON  
I don't know. I'm gonna go by and  
check on her.

LUIS  
Good...

LUIS nods to DETECTIVE REILLY.

LUIS  
(continuing)  
Boy's this is Detective Reilly.  
He wants a few words with you.

REILLY  
How you boys doing?

RED and MASON nod their heads.

MASON  
Alright.

REILLY  
Good... Well boys, I want to start by saying, so we can get passed all the bullshit, I'm not here as a cop, I'm here as a friend. A friend to your father-in-law Michael, and so a friend to you. Now we understand what you guys are doing. And I can respect it. But as a friend, I'm going to let you know, you guys are getting in too deep. Gene pressed charges, we've got nothing now, but it's just a matter of time... You've got to settle it down.

RED  
You know, if we're speaking like friends here, I don't know if I want to settle the boys down. That fucking cocksucker owes my family a lot of money.

REILLY  
I understand and I've been there. We've all been screwed over by assholes that got their foot in the door. But this ain't the way.

RED  
You're wrong.

REILLY turns to LUIS.

LUIS  
(interrupting)  
Charlie, you remember when I used to work with your father?

RED  
Sure.

LUIS  
Man I was a hot head back then.

RED smiles and listens.

LUIS

(continuing)

One time we do this job, real big job too, for this uh... loan business or something or the other. Nice chunk of change, we work for months. Well at the end of the job this guy he tells us we're not going to get paid. He has no money coming in, something to do with interest rates, what have you. Can we set something up? ... Well anyways, your father, like always, he remains calm. Yeah I'll work with you he says. Then I catch the scumbag paying out the other subs behind our backs. I go ballistic on the guy. F this I'm going to break that, use your imagination...

RED and MASON smile.

LUIS

(continuing)

You know that guy went out of business that year... It took your father nine months... but everyday he showed up and waited for him. He made a point of it, just like he said. Somedays the guy didn't show. Somedays he showed and didn't say a word to your father, but everyday your father showed up and waited. And when there was money, the cocksucker paid.

RED is astonished, and full of pride.

LUIS

(continuing)

You know in the end your father got 90 percent of our money... He killed him with kindness Charlie.

RED wells up with tears.

RED

Well I'm not my father. I tried that man, and I can't fuckin do it. You know my father dies, and it's because of that cocksucker Gene. And he just sits there in his office. Like a fucking king.

RED

(continuing)

He doesn't even care. Doesn't even care. I ain't going to watch him win. I can't. I can't let him win. He might have gotten the best of my dad, but he ain't getting the best of me. None of those pricks are. We're going to get them all. The assholes that tore down the church, we're going to get them. Fucking big swinging dicks that move into town and take away good family owned businesses. Somebody's got to hit em hard. Cause it ain't right.

(to RIELLY)

You hear. It ain't right and somebody's got to make it right. I'm tired of fighting just to live and watching guys walk around with money that don't deserve it. They come in here and take away from us. I'm tired of it. I can't do it anymore. I can't take it... I can't. I won't.

RED struggles to regain his composure.

LUIS

Life's hard boys. And a lot of times, it just plain sucks. But hating on the haves when you're a have not... it don't make it better.

RED

Yeah well taking from the haves does.

LUIS

Does it?

RED feels ashamed and lowers his head.

LUIS

(continuing)

You don't think there's days when I just want to give up. Just say forget it and quit life. Sure there is. But you can't. You can't boys. You're here for the long hall and you're here to take the burden cause you're men. And that's what men do. And when you think you've got it bad, just remember...



LUIS  
(continuing)  
there's always someone  
out there who's got it worse.  
You know what your father said  
to me the day I left him and went  
on my own. He says, "Luis, when  
it gets hard and you're wondering  
why the hell am I doing this.  
Build something. When it's  
finished, step back, and take a  
moment just to look at it. To  
look at what you've done.

LUIS motions to the cabinets. RED wipes his eyes.

LUIS  
(continuing)  
Cause that's it fellas. That's  
all we have.

LUIS pats RED on the shoulder.

LUIS  
(continuing)  
Anyways... you boys will figure it  
out.

LUIS motions to REILLY and they depart. LUIS hesitates  
before getting into the POLICE CAR.

LUIS  
(continuing)  
Hey Michael. I ever tell you  
about that guy I stole your mother-  
in-law away from in high school?

MASON nods.

MASON  
Yeah.

LUIS  
That's Frank here. He wasn't much  
of a fighter back then.

REILLY  
Bullshit I wasn't.

They smile and get into the POLICE CAR. RED and MASON watch  
them leave.

MASON  
I think I'm going to go see Marisol

RED  
You should.

They close the tailgate of Senior's truck.

50 INT. TRAILER OFFICE - DAY

50

GENE and IRA sit at their desks. COUNCILMAN GEORGE sits beside GENE and JIM DAULTRY stands near the door.

GEORGE

I don't want the cops involved  
Gene, but I want to get these  
bastards back.

GENE

You don't have much of a choice  
George. We already filed a  
complaint.

GEORGE

But if they find out about the  
kickbacks...

GENE

You think you're the first  
politician to take kickbacks. Get  
off it already and let's take care  
of this.

JIM DAULTRY

I'm tellin you Gene those kids got  
something going on and it's  
bringing in some real cash.

IRA

How do you know?

JIM DAULTRY

I saw them make a payout at  
Finnegan's the other night, but it  
kind of seemed like a handout.

GENE

So what are you saying?

JIM DAULTRY

I'm saying I think you'll find a  
cooperative business owner if you  
search into this bar thing.  
Somebody's getting fucked here.

GEORGE

What does he mean, cooperative  
business owner?

GENE

These kids destroyed your car  
George, we're going to hit them  
hard, where it hurts most.

GEORGE

But I'm not sure I'm understanding  
what there is that we can do?

IRA rises, approaches, and hovers over GEORGE.

IRA

We draft an ordinance in  
cooperation with the D.E.P. which  
you will sign off on. It will  
affect a significant amount of  
land that borders the wetlands.  
Here, take a look.

IRA unfolds a site survey depicting town elevations and  
offers it to GEORGE. GEORGE reviews it.

IRA

(continuing)

In order for it to pass we'll need  
some prominent business owners  
whose interests will also be  
affected by this to support it.  
It will be completely legit and  
you'll be put in a positive light  
as a councilman who has a genuine  
concern for the environment.

GEORGE

But I'm still not sure I fully  
understand what the purpose of all  
this is.

GENE

You don't have to understand. You  
just have to sign it.

GEORGE hesitates.

IRA

George, it's probably better if  
you don't know the specifics.

IRA places a hand on George's shoulder.

IRA

(continuing)

Then you won't have to lie.

GEORGE scans the room and notices that he is cornered.

The CABINETS are fully installed. NAZO and IRISH seal between the backsplash and countertops. SLIM sweeps up while RED and MRS. STEINER go over the punch-list.

RED

So with the new cabinets and countertops I think that will do it. I have to tell you. In my opinion what this kitchen really needs is a new floor.

I mean we could pick out some new tiling that would really accent the stain of the cabinets. Maybe bring in a little of those greens from the countertop.

MRS. STEINER

Is that why you scratched up my floor so bad, so you can sell me a new one.

RED glances at the floor and notices a few dim scratches.

RED

Oh those are just from the cardboard. They'll come out when you wash it.

MRS. STEINER

They better.

An awkward beat passes.

RED

So how'd you like the job?

MRS. STEINER

Outside of the deck not being finished?

THE BOYS can't believe it, but RED stands like a beacon.

RED

Yeah I mean, well sure but uh.. Well how about the kitchen? Do you like the cabinets?

MRS. STEINER

Ehh. They're alright I guess.

RED

Well I mean, they're right to specifications. Ummm. What about the corners?

RED

(continuing)

How do you like the way we cut the corners? Kind of gives it an oriental type of feel don't you think?

MRS. STEINER

I didn't notice.

A long beat passes. RED is insecure.

RED

So what the guys are putting on now is more or less just a sealant for the joints. Give it about a day or so to settle and then your husband can just scrape what's left over with a wet rag.

MRS. STEINER

Aren't you going to be here to finish the deck?

RED

Yeah absolutely.

MRS. STEINER

Well then you can do it can't you?

RED

Of course. No problem.

MRS. STEINER

Good because this whole project has been nothing but a nightmare for me. I told my husband just to go through Home Depot, but no he had to save some money. And after all this hard work, to be left unsatisfied is just leaving me with a very sour taste in my mouth.

RED is surprised and befuddled.

RED

Well is there anything I can do to... you know uhmn...fix

MRS. STEINER

Yeah you can start by cleaning up all the mess your guys tracked in on my carpet.

RED looks down at a throw rug near the sliding door. There is sawdust tracked deep into it.

RED

Sure.

RED kneels and begins to collect the sawdust with his fingers. NAZO is a loaded shotgun; he blows a hole through MRS. STEINER. THE BOYS scowl at her.

MRS. STEINER

(frightened)

I'll go get you the vacuum.

MRS. STEINER quickly EXITS. NAZO grabs RED by the collar, and attempts to lift him off the floor.

NAZO

Get up.

RED

What?

NAZO

You're not getting on your knees for this bitch.

RED

No Naz it's ok. It's just a little sawdust.

NAZO

Yeah well you know she can clean it up herself. You don't have to do that.

RED

Yes I do.

RED remains on his knees. NAZO turns to THE BOYS, then kneels and offers aid. THE BOYS follow.

52 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

52

A few days have passed. RED and NAZO walk the strip of what looks to be a ghost town. TRASH blows in the wind between vacant buildings. The only remnant of this once booming business district is the succession of stoplights now pulsing amber.

NAZO

How's your sister?

RED

It ain't good.

NAZO

I'll talk to her. We'll work it out.

They pass a boarded up HARDWARE STORE.

RED

Shit's getting pretty heavy man.

NAZO

Yeah I know. So what do you think about this Thadeus thing? I think he could be a good asset.

RED

I don't know anymore man. I'm thinking all this stuff's got to stop.

NAZO

Stop! Are you fucking crazy? We're at the start of something big man. This Thadeus thing could put us over the top.

RED

Yeah I know. That's why it's got to stop here.

NAZO

No that's bullshit Red it doesn't have to stop. We're doing something good.

RED

Are we?

NAZO

Yeah. We're helping people out.

RED

That's all it is?

NAZO

We're taking care of the business and banking some cash. What's the problem with that?

RED

We ain't taking care of shit man.

NAZO

We're taking from the haves and giving to the people who need it. Just like we always said.

RED

No dude. It ain't right. Doing this shit we become just as bad as the people we hate.

NAZO

You're fucking wrong man. People are starting to notice us. Fin's dad, he's fucking happy what we did.

RED

Yeah well my father wouldn't be.

NAZO

What the fuck Red. You're going to fucking bail now.

RED

I'm not bailing I'm telling you it's over.

NAZO

You're tellin me? What are you my boss now or something?

RED

Yeah I am Naz. And the business is starting to suffer man. What the fuck were you thinking when you laid the trim at Steiner? You couldn't cut that shit outside?

NAZO

Are you blaming me for that?

RED

I'm just saying you know better than that man.

NAZO

Don't fuckin blame me for that bitch being a bitch.

RED

Your mind's all wrapped up in this heist shit. You're thinking about cash instead of the work. What happened to true blue Naz?

NAZO

Fuck you man. I been with you on everything since we were kids. Whatever you wanted, I was in. For the first time in my life man I'm tellin you I'm really into something, it feels good and where the hell do you go? Where are you to back me up?

RED

It's wrong.



NAZO

I don't care man. I found my place. This shit rings clear with me and it does with you too. I don't give a shit what you say.

RED

It doesn't.

NAZO

Well fuck you then. I'm going through with Thadeus with or without you.

RED

Yeah well I'm out.

NAZO is shocked.

NAZO

I can't believe this. This is fucking bullshit. We started this shit for YOU. Now what the fuck?

RED

Think what you want to think. I'm out Naz. And Mason's out with me. That's the end of it.

NAZO

You know you're right Red. You have become the people we hate. You're a fuckin selfish prick.

RED

Yeah well my father never liked thieves.

NAZO

He was my father too! Remember that Red. He was my father too!

NAZO punches a NO PARKING SIGN and prowls off. RED receives a text from PATTY: "Gene called wants you to go over."

RED watches NAZO kick over a GARBAGE CAN and turn the corner. RED dials his phone and crosses the street towards his truck.

53 INT. REDKIN RESIDENCE - DAY

53

NAZO ENTERS and SLAMS the door. PATTY sits at the table alone and disheveled.

NAZO

Where is he?

PATTY  
What's wrong?

NAZO  
Where's Red?

PATTY  
He went over Gene's why?

NAZO  
What?

PATTY  
Yeah Gene called here, said he  
wanted to talk, so Red went over.

NAZO  
Who did he go with?

PATTY  
I don't know.

For the first time, NAZO shows fear. He rushes out the door.  
PATTY chases after him.

PATTY  
(continuing)  
Where are you going? Nicky?...

NAZO slams his truck in gear and peels out.

PATTY  
(continuing)  
Be careful.

54 EXT. DEER RUN DEVELOPMENT - DAY

54

RED, MASON, IRISH and SLIM march to the TRAILER OFFICE. They notice two POLICE CHASERS parked out front. RED falters, but ROBERT opens the door.

55 INT. TRAILER OFFICE - DAY

55

THE BOYS ENTER. GENE, IRA, and GEORGE are clustered deep behind TWO POLICE OFFICERS, JIM DAULTRY, his HELPER, the CLUB OWNER, and the TWO BOUNCERS. A vacant chair rests in the center of the room. ROBERT shuts the door.

GENE  
Red, boys thanks for coming. It's  
good to see you. Don't mind the  
officers we just brought them  
mainly for our own protection.  
Please, have a seat.

RED  
I'd rather stand.

GENE  
Fair enough. How's my car drive?  
She's a beauty ain't she?

GENE smiles at the OFFICERS.

RED  
What's this all about Gene?

GENE  
Boys I'm not sure if you've been  
keeping up with town resolutions  
lately but just in case you  
haven't we've made you a copy.  
Ira.

IRA hands RED a LEGAL DOCUMENT. RED skims over it.

IRA  
What it states is that as part of  
a new environmental initiative  
that some of our GREEN business  
owners in town have endorsed. The  
town will be passing a new  
ordinance mandating the immediate  
discovery and preservation of  
state wetlands within the town  
limits.

RED  
(motions towards GENE)  
My father used to like you Ira.  
Now you're a cocksucker just like  
this one.

IRA  
(smiling back)  
Like father like son I guess,  
except, well, in your case.

MASON  
(interrupting)  
Cut the bullshit. What's it have  
to do with us?

IRA  
That's a good point fat man. What  
it has to do with you, if you can  
grasp the concept, is that all  
land that falls within the newly  
determined wetland zoning, unless  
previously zoned for business or  
residential use and continually  
inhabited, or structures

IRA

(continuing)

historically grandfathered in,  
will be considered open space, and  
therefore default to state  
property thereby prohibiting the  
development of such land.

RED

Does the Cottrell farm fall within  
those boundaries?

GENE

Fortunately enough for Herbert  
Cottrell, it doesn't.

RED

You're a piece of shit Gene.

GENE

Why pardon me, but I thought I was  
about to offer you a deal.

RED

I don't want any part of your  
deals.

GENE

Oh I think you might. George.

GEORGE reads from a BINDER.

GEORGE

According to town records. Your  
father Douglas Redkin purchased  
land bordering the wetlands five  
years ago at a price of 600,000  
dollars.

GENE

I'm prepared to offer you 350,000  
for those acres.

RED

Fuck off.

GENE

Ok, ok I understand, it was a low-  
ball figure, but think about what  
you're doing to your family here.  
Your father put up his business  
and the house that you live in to  
get that money. Think about what  
happens when you default on that  
loan. That's all I'm saying.

IRA  
350's a good price Red think about  
it.

RED  
350's shit and I don't deal with  
Jews.

GENE  
375 that's my final offer.

RED  
Why the fuck are you doing this?

GENE  
The town ordinance won't fully  
pass for three to six months. As  
long as the lots are fully built  
on before then, there will be no  
problems.

RED  
So you want to buy the lots from  
me so you can make money off them.

RED shakes his head and smiles.

RED  
(continuing)  
I don't believe this shit.  
(towards the cops)  
You're going to let this happen?

The POLICE OFFICERS remain silent.

IRA  
Red there's no way you'll be able  
to get those houses up in time and  
then you're going to lose them.  
Think logically here.

A long beat passes. RED uselessly searches for a way out  
then turns to MASON and smiles.

GENE  
Think about your father's dream  
Red.

RED turns back to GENE.

RED  
I am.

BOOM. RED knocks out GENE as MASON wails into IRA. IRISH  
and JIM DAULTRY scrap and SLIM hits ROBERT square in the  
mouth. RED goes ballistic on GEORGE before the OFFICERS  
wrestle him to the floor. EVERYONE jumps in and THE BOYS get

(continued;)

bombarded. They take a heavy beating.

56 EXT. DEER RUN DEVELOPMENT - DAY

56

Nazo's truck screeches around the corner. He spots lights flashing in the distance and slows down. FIVE POLICE CHASERS block the street and POLICE wrestle with THE BOYS. TWO OFFICERS handcuff RED and heave him from the dirt. NAZO helplessly witnesses; he foots the break.

CUT TO:

57 INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

57

A streak of sun shines through the window. RED gathers TEXTBOOKS on his cot.

RED (V.O.)

I never could tell the reason for fights. Crack a beer, smoke a cigarette, pick a fight. There was no reason, just for a high. The common man with calloused hands. Fuck everybody else. Beat into everybody else, like it was a game. But doing time makes you think. What's right, what's wrong that sort of thing. I thought the time would figure things out, rehabilitate me. But in the end, we didn't do shit, I still don't know, and my father's still dead. So fuck right and wrong.

A CORRECTIONS OFFICER trudges the cell block carrying KEYS. IRISH does knuckle push-ups within his cell as the cell door opens. He rises. MASON stares at a picture of his family on the cot within his cell. The cell door opens so he files the picture in a shoebox full of letters. SLIM, bops to a rap verse and waits for his cell to open. He combs his hair. RED stands as KEYS JINGLE.

CORRECTIONS OFFICER

Today's the day.

RED

Yup.

The CORRECTIONS OFFICER opens the cell and RED STEPS OUT. He leaves his NOTEBOOK behind.

RED (V.O.)

Maybe I'm not smart enough for that sort of thing...

RED (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
or maybe I'm still angry.

RED and THE BOYS meander through the loins of the COUNTY PRISON. They ENTER SALLY PORT and sign for their belongings. An ARMED GUARD behind protective glass BUZZES a control panel and the EXIT DOORS OPEN.

58 EXT. COUNTY PRISON - CONTINUING

58

GUARDS overlook THE BOYS as they traverse through a series of gates.

RED (V.O.)  
My father always said the strong  
take away from the weak, and the  
smart take away from the strong.  
  
I guess we had to wise up. In a  
world that doesn't let the working  
man strive, I know there's a  
better way.

THE BOYS reach the outermost gate and notice NAZO waiting beside a VINTAGE MUSTANG. To his right, THADEUS leans on the hood of his BUICK SKYLARK. A BUZZER sounds and SALLY PORT slowly opens. MASON, IRISH, and SLIM EXIT. RED and NAZO exchange a look.

RED (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
All this talk of men and  
morals...in the end we were just  
boys...

RED EXITS and the gates close behind him.

RED (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
Blue Collar Boys.

CUT TO:

BLACK on the sound of an iron hammer hitting an anvil.

THE END