

GIMME THE FINGER

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FADE IN

EXT. MANHATTAN/TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK - DAY

EUGENE GARFINKEL, 20s, cringes through the park, as if he might be hit by a brick at any moment.

So timidly nondescript as to be out of place here in the East Village, he carries a paper bag and a New York Times.

EUGENE'S P.O.V. - PARK BENCH

Eugene's darting eyes zero in on a bench, where a TRANSVESTITE sits.

His focus snaps to a HOMELESS MAN rummaging through a shopping cart of rubble in the bushes near the bench.

He watches the Transvestite stand, zooming in on the kidney-shaped sheen of butt-sweat left on the bench. He shudders.

His eyes dart to his left, where a SHRIVELLED WOMAN and her wee YAPPY DOG approach. He and the dog make eye contact.

BACK TO SCENE

Eugene executes a terrified hop as the Yappy Dog yelps at him.

EUGENE
Down, Cujo, down.

Finally reaching the park bench, he sits on the sports section from his paper and finally relaxes.

The Homeless Man rummaging in his cart of junk peers at Eugene.

Eugene removes a coffee cup and a croissant from his paper bag, and places both beside him on the bench.

While he fumbles with a Sharpie, he scans the front page of the Times: deaths in Afghanistan, a missing cadaver from NYU medical school, and a photo of Larissa Gofstein, 20s:

INSERT - NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

The headline reads: "MAYOR'S DAUGHTER KIDNAPPED" over a photo.

INT. MANHATTAN/FBI OFFICE - DAY

In the fluorescent-and-steel office, a TV newscast blares.

INSERT - TELEVISION SCREEN

The TV shows the same photo of the Mayor's daughter, a woman of unforgettable beauty, right down to the French manicured fingers held to her fiery red curls.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

Larissa Gofstein, pictured here the day she was abducted near NYU School of Medicine, where she is a student.

BACK TO SCENE

The broadcast continues while the ulcerous FBI DIVISION CHIEF fumbles for the TV remote.

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

Larissa is the daughter of New York City Mayor Noah Gofstein, whose war on organized crime has sparked a feud with Long Island's underground mob-

Muting the TV, he turns to AGENT LESLIE HANNIGAN, 30s, a spring-loaded man composed entirely of sharp edges. Hannigan is so into being an FBI agent that he wears his aviator sunglasses indoors.

Ill-at-ease, AGENTS GODFREY and TEMPLETON flank Hannigan. The lanky, bald Godfrey towers over the egg-shaped Templeton.

DIVISION CHIEF

I swear, if you make me regret taking you off your desks and sending you into the field...

HANNIGAN

Not a problem. I can handle him. Appreciate the opportunity, sir.

DIVISION CHIEF

I hope so. Don't make me shove that chip on your shoulder...
(indicates Agent Godfrey)
...up his pasty-white rectum.

AGENT GODFREY

One time, I bleach my anus. One time!

Agent Templeton snickers, then howls as Hannigan jabs a finger into his left eye. Templeton bobs up and down like a chicken, rubbing his eye socket.

AGENT GODFREY (CONT'D)

(explaining the bleaching)
I had a Groupon.

DIVISION CHIEF

Christ, it's the Three Stooges. I don't want any heroes. You're just observing. Anything happens, you bring it to me. Immediately.

HANNIGAN

Faster than a prom-night orgasm.

AGENT TEMPLETON

(his eye watering)
God damn, it still stings!

EXT. TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK - DAY

Eugene arrives at the crossword page in his newspaper.

The Homeless Man, now holding something, creeps toward Eugene.

Eugene yanks the cap from his pen and begins the crossword.

His fingers glide like a magician's. When a passing ROTWEILLER sniffs him, he doesn't even notice. Abruptly, he finishes, puts down his pen, and exhales.

The Homeless Man, very near now, looks down at his hand: he's holding a battered pocketwatch.

EUGENE

And that's how it all fits together.

HOMELESS MAN

Fifty-nine seconds.

EUGENE

Not bad for a Friday.

Eugene neatly tents the paper atop his untouched breakfast, stands, nods to the Homeless Man, and departs.

The Homeless Man sits in Eugene's spot to enjoy the coffee, croissant, and the New York Times.

INT. FBI SEDAN/OUTSIDE EUGENE'S BUILDING - DAY

Agent Leslie Hannigan sits at the wheel of a parked, black sedan, peering through sunglasses at Eugene shuffling to his building.

Agent Templeton sits beside Hannigan, applying eye drops, while Agent Godfrey lurks in the back seat, watching Eugene.

AGENT GODFREY

He looks like he'd shatter if you
blew on him.

Agent Templeton leans over Hannigan for a better view.

HANNIGAN

Templeton, I swear to God, your head
smells like my grandmother's ass,
and if you don't get it away from me
I'm going to tear it off, hollow it
into a mug, and drink your sickly,
piss-colored blood out of it.

AGENT TEMPLETON

Why do you know what your
grandmother's ass smells like?

Hannigan jabs him in the eye again.

AGENT TEMPLETON (CONT'D)

Ow, fuck's sake!

EXT. EUGENE'S BUILDING/FRONT DOOR - DAY

Eugene feels around in his pockets and finally claps his
hands twice. This activates his key-finder, which beeps
piercingly from his left hip pocket. He withdraws his keys.

INT. EUGENE'S BUILDING/ENTRY - DAY

As Eugene minces toward his ground-floor apartment door, he
sees ANGELINO BRUNO and LOUIE TWO-TOES chatting on the stairs.

Louie Two-Toes, 30s, with his pompadour, silk blazer, and gold-
ringed fingers, could have walked off a Sopranos casting call.

Angelino Bruno, early 30s, shares Louie's thuggish build, but
sports frosted hair, a flowery kimono, and a diamond earring.

Bruno winks at Eugene, who, confused, looks behind him in
case Bruno is winking at someone else. Thus distracted,
Eugene drops his keys.

LOUIE TWO-TOES

Thanks for the cannoli. And, uh, I
love what you done with the place.

Then, a SEXY WOMAN prances past them down the stairs.

Eugene, crouching for his keys, observes:

EUGENE'S P.O.V. - BRUNO AND LOUIE

Bruno and Louie ogle the Sexy Woman.

LOUIE TWO-TOES (CONT'D)
Get a load of that piece, hey?

BRUNO
Ah, I didn't like her shoes.

BACK TO SCENE

This remark, delivered in a voice half Long Island wiseguy, half flaming gay, unsettles Louie, and he limps toward the front door.

LOUIE
Yeah, well, see ya.

BRUNO
Hey, give my regards to Pattocci.

Eugene gets his door open and lunges inside, just as:.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
Hi, sweetie, my name's-

INT. EUGENE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Safely home, Eugene closes his door, engages four locks, and hangs his keys from a hook. He listens to Bruno returning upstairs to the apartment above his own.

Eugene's studio reeks of OCD, with color-coded books, programming code flickering on a computer, and a dozen crossword puzzles in process - not getting solved, but written from scratch.

Eugene presses an iPod and Rigoletto plays from his speakers.

He hears Bruno's garbage disposal, above him, grinding horribly.

EUGENE
("what the hell?")
What the chainsaw massacre?

He washes his hands in the kitchen sink. But as he dries, a drop of rusty water falls from the ceiling onto his white towel.

Eugene looks up to find a bruise-colored water stain in his ceiling, just starting to drip.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
Rain of terror!

Eugene grabs a bowl from his cupboard to put under the leak.

The drip pauses, but then something agonizes through Bruno's garbage disposal and the drip becomes a stream.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Aah! The rivers run red with blood!

INT. OUTSIDE BRUNO'S APARTMENT DOOR

Eugene now wears a Tyvek coverall suit, a dust mask, and dish gloves. He turns away twice, nervous, before he finally knocks.

Bruno opens the door, still in his silk kimono.

EUGENE

Doctor Livingstone, I presume?

BRUNO

Shit, is there an anthrax scare?

EUGENE

What? Oh, sorry.

Eugene pulls the dusk mask off his face.

BRUNO

Oh, sweetie, it's you! So good to meet you. I'm Angelino, but everyone calls me by my last name, Bruno. Am I being too loud? My disposal must have swallowed a diaper or something.

EUGENE

Are you feeding it infants?

BRUNO

You say that like it's a bad thing. Where's the superintendent? I just moved in, and my sink is a nightmare.

EUGENE

Case in point: the source of the Nile is dripping from my ceiling. FYI.

Bruno squeals and whirls to find water dribbling out from the cupboard beneath his sink.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Hence the "Doctor Livinstone" thing...

Bruno lumbers over, unspools his entire roll of paper towels, tears open his cupboard and dabs at the puddles of water.

EUGENE'S P.O.V. - SINK

Eugene peers in and assesses the problem in an instant.

BACK TO SCENE

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Your trap is clogged.

BRUNO

Honey, if this were a '69 Mustang or a pair of Manolo Blahniks, I'd be all over it, but plumbing?

EUGENE

That u-shaped pipe. It's plugged.

BRUNO

But I've been using the disposal to grind everything up.

EUGENE

Disposals clog. You shouldn't use a garbage disposal for garbage.

BRUNO

What's it for, then? A torture device?

EUGENE

I could...

BRUNO

Could you? Dearie, you're hovering on the stoop like my date. Either give me a corsage or come help.

INT. BRUNO'S APARTMENT

Eugene tiptoes in. An enormous wedding cake, half-frosted in process of being assembled, takes up most of the kitchen space.

EUGENE

You have a bucket? And a wrench?

Bruno hands over a plastic cake round, then presses a corner of molding on his kitchen wall and a secret cabinet opens.

EUGENE'S P.O.V. - HIDDEN CABINET

Within the hidden cabinet Eugene catalogs a shotgun, a crowbar, a bruised steel pipe, knives, a lavender bulletproof vest hanging from a pink satin hanger, and other implements.

BACK TO SCENE

Eugene gulps as Bruno hands him a pipe wrench from the arsenal.

Then, at ease with things that fit like puzzle pieces, Eugene removes the sink trap and dumps out a clog of muck.

Still crouched beneath the sink, something catches his eye. Eugene pokes at the clog and extracts a curious thing:

It is a severed human finger.

Marred by the garbage disposal, it is a woman's middle finger, with chipped pink nail polish.

Eugene shrieks, banging his head on the underside of the sink.

BRUNO

What, sweetie, what?

Eugene rises, his back to Bruno, staring open-mouthed at the finger and shrieking. He tries to shove the finger down the neck of his Tyvek suit, but it's tied too tightly.

Bruno grabs Eugene's shoulders to spin him around.

Desperate, Eugene shoves the finger into his mouth.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

What?! Darling, you're pale as a corpse dredged from the East River!

EUGENE

Mmmm! Mmmm! Mmmmmmm!

Eugene bolts. As Bruno's door swings closed, Eugene can be seen running first the wrong way, then back, and downstairs.

INT. EUGENE'S APARTMENT

Eugene bursts into his apartment and fastens all four locks before falling to his knees and spitting out the finger.

He yanks off one of his rubber gloves and vomits into it.

He places the glove on his kitchen floor, leaning it against his cupboard so that it doesn't spill, and collapses. He turns his head slowly until he's looking at the finger.

And then there's a knock on his door.

HANNIGAN (O.S.)

Open the fuck up, Garfinkel. Police.

HANNIGAN (CONT'D)

What are you, the Michael Jackson
of cow fisting?

EUGENE

I'm getting FBI'ed because I
haven't Facebooked you?

Hannigan hands Eugene a photo.

HANNIGAN

Larissa Gofstein.

EUGENE

The Mayor's daughter?

HANNIGAN

Who was kidnapped yesterday.

EUGENE

I haven't Facebooked her, either.

HANNIGAN

Good thing, or you'd be more of a
suspect than you already are.

EUGENE

Me? But that's the stupidest thing
I've ever heard!

Agent Templeton snickers, which irks Hannigan.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

I can think of a hundred better
suspects. The excavator who lost the
Second Avenue subway job? Or the VP
at Chase who botched the city's
municipal bonds contract? Heck, even
the gay Mafioso who lives upstairs—

HANNIGAN

And that's why we're here.

EUGENE

Why are you smiling? You never
smile. You look like a badger
choking on a toenail.

Agents Godfrey and Templeton giggle.

HANNIGAN

What do you know about Bruno?

EUGENE

We just met. Is he really a suspect?

HANNIGAN

Every gold-chain-wearing, hairy-penis-mole Mafia ass-monkey is a suspect. Which is why me and Tweedle Dipshits here got pulled off our desks and sent on a real assignment for a change.

EUGENE

Well you won't believe what I just found. Is he really in the Mafia?

HANNIGAN

Why do you ask like that?

EUGENE

Just, because he comes across as so, um, festive?

HANNIGAN

Say it: gay. You got that right: you can't be Mafia and have cum leaking from your pucker.

EUGENE

He struck me as more of a top.

Godfrey and Templeton snicker again, and Hannigan menaces them with his poking finger.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Anyway, that's weird, because he's on good terms with Don Pattocci.

HANNIGAN

And how the fuck do you know that?

Eugene reaches for his freezer door handle.

EUGENE

I overheard him earlier. But wait 'till you see—

HANNIGAN

You're right again. Bruno saved Pattocci's son's life. Before he turned gay. So he's a made fucking man, as much as his nancy ways make the Mafia want to bash apart his semen-filled husk like a piñata.

EUGENE

You talk like a Teaparty version of Andrew Dice Clay.

Agents Godfrey and Templeton snicker yet again, and Hannigan bristles at Eugene for undermining his authority.

AGENT GODFREY

He's kinda funny.

Eugene opens his freezer door.

EUGENE

Anyway I found a finger in Bruno's sink just now.

Agents Godfrey and Templeton, assuming Eugene is joking, chortle.

Hannigan jabs Eugene in the eye. Eugene crumples, howling.

HANNIGAN

Don't you fucking joke with me, Garfinkel! I got passed over three times because of you. Third time I wasn't nice to my C.O., and I had to settle for an honorable fucking discharge. Now, after two years pushing papers at a desk job, I have a shot at field work, and I won't have a fucking OCD taint-wart like you making fun of me!

Eugene crawls to his bathroom, and Agent Godfrey considerably closes the freezer door.

HANNIGAN (CONT'D)

He hasn't changed a fucking bit. And what are we listening to?

EUGENE (O.S.)

Rigoletto.

AGENT TEMPLETON

It's an opera.

HANNIGAN

I fucking know! Artard.

Meanwhile, Agent Godfrey puts his folder down on the kitchen counter, and notices the dishwashing glove on the floor.

Curious, he picks it up, and vomit spills out onto his stomach and down his trousers.

AGENT GODFREY

What the--? Yuck!

Overcome with revulsion, Agent Godfrey himself vomits into the glove, balances it on the kitchen counter, and uses some of Eugene's paper towels to clean himself up.

HANNIGAN

If you could not fuck things up for one second, it would be a goddamn Christmas miracle.

AGENT TEMPLETON

Seriously, how do you know what your grandmother's ass smells like?

HANNIGAN

Jesus, you're like a dog that won't stop chewing its hemorrhoids.

AGENT TEMPLETON

But seriously...

HANNIGAN

If you must know, it's because I wiped it every day for a year while she was dying of bone cancer.

AGENT TEMPLETON

Oh, shit, Leslie, I didn't know. I'm so sorry. I feel like such a dick.

Eugene emerges from the bathroom, his eye red and weeping.

EUGENE

Your grandmother died yelling at Jeopardy in her living room while you were at summer camp.

HANNIGAN

My other grandmother.

EUGENE

She died giving birth to your father.

AGENT TEMPLETON

That's so *Little House on the Prairie*. And you made me feel like a dick for nothing?

HANNIGAN

(to Eugene)

Christ. You and your idiotic memory.

EUGENE AND AGENT GODFREY

(correcting him)

Eidetic memory.

HANNIGAN
 (to Agent Godfrey)
 Fuck you.

Agent Godfrey hastily puts on his sunglasses before Hannigan can poke him in the eye. So Hannigan pokes Templeton instead.

AGENT TEMPLETON
 Christ! What was that for?

HANNIGAN
 Don't call me "Leslie."

EUGENE
 Whatever you're here for, I've decided I don't want to help.

HANNIGAN
 That's what you think.

Hannigan snaps, and Agent Godfrey hands him the folder on the counter, knocking over the glove and spilling more vomit.

HANNIGAN (CONT'D)
 Christ's sake!

AGENT GODFREY
 Sorry! I'll get that.

HANNIGAN
 Someday I'll ask why you had a vomit-filled glove in your kitchen. But for now, look at these.

Hannigan opens the folder: crossword puzzles.

HANNIGAN (CONT'D)
 We both know you can't resist a puzzle. Still writing crosswords?

EUGENE
 My masterpiece is running in the Times tomorrow—

HANNIGAN
 Wow, really! Is it a good one?

EUGENE
 Like you wouldn't believe. There's a secret to it—

HANNIGAN
 No shit? Here, suck my dick while I tell you how much I care.

(MORE)

HANNIGAN (CONT'D)

Clues are appearing in crosswords around the country. And me, I thought, "Who do I know that's really good at crosswords?"

EUGENE

Why not just get the solutions from the newspaper editors?

HANNIGAN

(sarcasm)

Oh, fuck my eye socket, why didn't someone at the FBI do that? You must think I'm an idiot. Go ahead, call me stupid.

EUGENE

I so don't want to do this. Why not just use the FBI intel team?

Hannigan scowls at Agents Godfrey and Templeton, who are wiping at vomit with paper towels.

HANNIGAN

All the best code monkeys work in Silicon Valley now. I'm saddled with these cupcakes. So I need you to do what you do best: find any patterns we might have missed.

EUGENE

Hey, I was trying to help you five minutes ago, but now, I won't do it. Please, just leave me alone.

Hannigan seizes Eugene wrist in a painful Aikido grip.

HANNIGAN

I'll never leave you alone, you little prick. You owe me. Want to know who else you owe?

EUGENE

Please don't go there. Ow!

HANNIGAN

Anthony Bellasco. Michael Cader.

Hannigan increases the pressure of his grip and Eugene howls.

HANNIGAN (CONT'D)

Owen Hayes. Timothy Nance.

EUGENE

Please. Please stop.

HANNIGAN

Freddy Norveld. Thomas Trilby.

EUGENE

Stop! I'll do it! I'll do your
crosswords! I'll do it.

HANNIGAN

Oh, that felt good. Though probably
unnecessary. Hell, I could have just
left these crosswords here and you
couldn't resist. You're like terrier
with a rubber dildo in its jaws.

EUGENE

Thank you for saying "jaws."

Eugene applies Purell as Hannigan beckons to Agents Godfrey
and Templeton, who hold vomit-soaked paper towels.

HANNIGAN

And that's all. You're doing
puzzles, not solving the Mayor's
daughter case. I know how you are:
don't fucking get obsessed.

LATER

Eugene is obsessed. He has completed the crosswords, taped
them all over his walls, and marked them with highlighters,
while La Traviata plays on his speakers.

There's a knock on his door, which Eugene opens to reveal
Bruno, in a silk kimono and holding a plate of tiramisu.

EUGENE

Please, I don't know anything! I
don't want to be found without a
head on the tracks of the L-Train!

BRUNO

You'd think you never saw a gay man with
pastry. I just wanted to thank you.

EUGENE

No, not at all. You're welcome. Now go.

BRUNO

I was so emotionally unavailable
earlier! Here, I made you tiramisu.

Bruno enters.

EUGENE
You're coming in? Why, why, why...

Bruno fixes him with a stare.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
...should that be a problem?

BRUNO
You look tighter than a Chelsea twink.

Bruno pats Eugene's shoulder with his free hand.

EUGENE
Oh, great, you're a toucher.

BRUNO
Here, this will calm you down.

Bruno raises a fork-full of tiramisu toward Eugene's mouth.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
Pretend it's a dick. Made of chocolate.

Eugene reluctantly opens his mouth, and Bruno spoon-feeds him.

EUGENE
This is really good. Are you a chef?
I saw the wedding cake upstairs.

Eugene takes the plate and keeps eating.

BRUNO
I've had a recent career change. So
what do they call you?

EUGENE
Eugene Garfinkel.

BRUNO
Pretty name. Are those crosswords?

EUGENE
I write them. So retirees in
Bermuda will have something to do.

BRUNO
God, I hate Bermuda. I used to go
all the time. Have you been?

EUGENE
No, but aren't the beaches nice?

BRUNO

I can't swim. Never learned. You really write these things?

EUGENE

My masterpiece is running in the Times tomorrow.

BRUNO

("shut the fuck up")
Shut the front door. The New York Times? Are you some sort of genius?

EUGENE

It's just the way my brain works. I like to make things fit.

Bruno notices the code on Eugene's computer screen.

BRUNO

What the hell is that?

EUGENE

I debug computer code for a living. It pays the bills.

BRUNO

Code for what?

EUGENE

Security system stuff, usually.

BRUNO

Man, I'd give my left nut to be smart like you.

EUGENE

Just the left nut?

BRUNO

Hey, it's the largest of the three.

EUGENE

What's in tiramisu, anyway?

BRUNO

Espresso and zabaglione in a bed of ladyfingers.

At "ladyfingers," Eugene regurgitates his mouthful back onto the plate and scrapes his tongue with the fork.

Bruno doesn't notice because there's a knock on the door. As Bruno opens it, Eugene shovels the tiramisu down his sink.

The door opens to Hannigan, who carries a briefcase, flanked by Agents Godfrey and Templeton.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

Well, hell-lo!

Hannigan blanches when he recognizes Bruno, then enters.

HANNIGAN

Didn't know you swung bent, Garfinkel.

BRUNO

I wish. My gaydar pegged Eugene as straight from moment-one. You, though, you tall drink of Fresca ... I feel like I've fallen and I can't get up.

HANNIGAN

If you've fallen and you can't get up, maybe it's time you fucking die.

BRUNO

You kiss your grandma with that mouth?

HANNIGAN

I dunno.

(to Eugene)

Garfinkel? You keep tabs on my grandmothers.

(to Bruno)

Excuse us.

BRUNO

Why?

HANNIGAN

I need to speak to Garfinkel. Privately.

BRUNO

What about?

Hannigan lowers his sunglasses and glares at Bruno, and Bruno kisses Hannigan on the cheek and sashays out.

Hannigan wipes his face while Eugene secures all four locks. Just to annoy Eugene, Hannigan unlocks one of them.

HANNIGAN

You're fucking friends with him?

(sees all the crosswords)

Look at this shit. You went all Beautiful fucking Mind.

EUGENE

You said to do crosswords!

HANNIGAN

But not obsessively cross-reference them like a blood-splatter scene. Tell me you found something.

EUGENE

Actually, nothing. It's just insults. Here, this one spells "FBI ARE IDIOTS," diagonally.

HANNIGAN

But all the clues?

EUGENE

There's no pattern, no intel. Nothing about the Mayor's daughter.

HANNIGAN

This is a total clusterfuck. Are you saying it's a coincidence?

EUGENE

That would be statistically insane. There must be an explanation, but I need more info if I'm going to help, um, uncluster this fuck.

HANNIGAN

Fuck. Fuck fuck fuckity fuck.

EUGENE

I cringe before your eloquence.

HANNIGAN

All right, make yourself marginally more useful than a hard-on in a geriatric ward and get Bruno out of the building for an hour.

EUGENE

Why?

HANNIGAN

So we can bug his apartment.

EUGENE

How?

HANNIGAN

How? Fucking radio transmitters—

EUGENE

No, how do I get him out?

HANNIGAN

Who cares? He seems to have taken a shine to you. Ask him to coffee.

EUGENE

I don't drink coffee. But I do buy it every morning from this lovely-

HANNIGAN

For fuck's sake, use that encyclopedia of a brain to come up with something. Here, carry this.

Hannigan opens the briefcase, which is full of surveillance equipment, and hands Eugene a nondescript metal coin.

Eugene opens it like a locket to reveal electronic circuitry.

EUGENE

A tracking device?

HANNIGAN

Oh, so that idiotic memory is good for something.

Hannigan holds up a finger before anyone can say "eidetic."

HANNIGAN (CONT'D)

Besides, it will help us find your skull-fucked corpse if Bruno figures out you're helping with the Mayor's daughter case.

Eugene withers as Hannigan unlocks the door.

Eugene claps for his key-finder, takes the beeping keys from the door hook where they always are, and darts into the hall.

Hannigan snaps at the vulture-like Agent Godfrey.

HANNIGAN (CONT'D)

You, Voldemort. Tail them. And someone turn off this fucking music.

INT. OUTSIDE BRUNO'S APARTMENT DOOR

As Eugene hesitates outside Bruno's door, ANGELINA "ANGIE" BRUNO, 20s, opens the door, and startles to find Eugene there. She has overdone hair, long, red nails, and fierce eyes. She speaks with an acidic Long Island drawl.

ANGIE

Oh, it's you! I mean, you scared me! What do you want?

Eugene gapes at her, open-mouthed.

BRUNO (O.S.)

Who is it, Angie?

ANGIE

Some mute, Jewishy guy. I think he wants to give you a blow job.

EUGENE

No, no, I live downstairs.

ANGIE

Too much noise? I swear, Angelino walks like he's the one wearing cement galoshes. Ironic, huh?

Bruno comes to the door.

BRUNO

Oh, sweetie, what a surprise! Eugene, this is my sister, Angelina.

ANGIE

Good to meet you, E-Dog.

Angie pumps Eugene's hand with gum-smacking vigor before he can resist. Out comes the hand sanitizer.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

What, do I have a disease?

EUGENE

Statistically improbable. I just have a phobia about touching.

Bruno scoops Eugene up in a bear hug.

BRUNO

Don't worry, I'll break you of that.

EUGENE

Please don't break me! Wait, you're named Angelino, and you're Angelina?

Bruno releases Eugene, who applies more Purell.

ANGIE

Call me Angie. What can I say, the folks weren't the sharpest.

BRUNO

True dat. I dunno where Ange got her brains from. But look at her now: NYU Med School, this one.

Bruno affectionately tousles his sister's hair.

ANGIE

Quit it, you fucking mook!

BRUNO

She's been cutting up cadavers all morning. I coulda taught her that.

Eugene again applies hand sanitizer, just for the hell of it.

ANGIE

Crap, now I'm late.

BRUNO

You have class on Fridays?

ANGIE

Gotta drop off those papers at the Veterans' Psych Center.

EUGENE

The one down on fifth?

BRUNO

She volunteers there.

EUGENE

Say hi to Doctor Ames for me.

ANGIE

Sure. Will do. Nice meeting you, E.

Angie bounces down the stairs, with Eugene staring after her.

BRUNO

So, Angie mentioned a blow job?

INT. MUDSPOT CAFÉ - DAY

Eugene and Bruno wait in line at the café amid other PATRONS. Eugene gazes at Korean-American barista LIZ KIM, 20s.

EUGENE

Not her, not her, not her...

BRUNO

What are you mumbling? You know her?

EUGENE
No, but I get coffee here every day.

BRUNO
You drink lots of coffee, so what?

EUGENE
(extremely jittery)
I don't drink it. Makes me jittery.

BRUNO
You buy it, but don't drink it?

Suddenly, it's their turn, and Liz Kim greets them.

LIZ KIM
What'll it be, boys?

BRUNO
Double nonfat mocha with nutmeg.
(to Eugene)
E-Dog?

Eugene just stares, his tongue making a faint clucking sound.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
He'll have the same.

Liz whirls to prepare their coffees, and Bruno grins at Eugene.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
Oh. My. God. You have a crush on her.

EUGENE
What makes you think...? I don't
even ... statistically speaking...

BRUNO
So have you asked her out?

Honey! You're shy! Wait, is this the
first time you've ordered from her?

Bruno yanks out his cell phone and speed dials.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Ange. I need a bombing run at Mud
Café, stat. You know the drill.

EUGENE
That didn't sound menacing at all.

BRUNO

You buy coffee every morning, but not from her, in the hopes that she'll somehow notice you?

EUGENE

That's pretty much it, yes.

BRUNO

You're like a super-pacifistic John Hinkley, Junior. Okay, play it cool. I'll give you a nice setup.

Liz Kim places their coffees before them.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

Oh, hi. This is my straight friend Eugene. He has the biggest penis I've ever seen on a human.

Eugene, horrified, drops to the floor like a bag of anvils.

INT. FBI SEDAN/ACROSS THE STREET FROM MUD CAFÉ - DAY

Agent Godfrey watches Eugene and Bruno through binoculars, talking to Hannigan on the phone.

AGENT GODFREY

No, boss. Just getting coffee. Eugene is crawling away, or something.

Then he sees Angie storm into the café and head for Eugene.

AGENT GODFREY (CONT'D)

Uh oh. It's the sister.

INT. MUDSPOT CAFÉ - DAY

Angie bursts in like an attack leopard.

ANGIE

You!

She hoists Eugene to his feet and thrusts a finger at his face.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

You think you can give me the best sex of my life and not call? Just because you have the biggest penis I've ever seen on a human—

As Patrons watch the spectacle, Bruno turns to Liz Kim and makes a "what did I tell you" gesture.

INT. FBI SEDAN - DAY

Agent Godfrey flusters, juggling the phone and binoculars.

AGENT GODFREY
 (into phone)
 I can't tell. I think maybe
 Eugene's been made. I'm going in!

INT. MUDSPOT CAFÉ - DAY

Agent Godfrey can be seen, through the window of the café, unfolding his body from the sedan and lurching across the street.

ANGIE
 I bet you think your Kama Sutra
 "tornado-of-daggers" climax is
 really something, don't you?

Eugene gawks, his eyes welling, his lower lip trembling.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
 Are you crying? Awww...

Angie melts at Eugene's beaten-puppy expression.

BRUNO
 (to Eugene)
 There's no crying in bombing runs!
 (to Angie)
 Hit him, or something.

Angie slaps Eugene and exits, just as Godfrey reaches the door.

EXT. OUTSIDE MUDSPOT CAFÉ - DAY

To avoid Angie, Agent Godfrey snatches a newspaper from a HIPSTER sitting on the café bench, sits in the Hipster's lap, and holds the paper over his face.

HIPSTER
 (annoyed at Godfrey)
 Dude!

The Hipster shoves Godfrey away, leaving him exposed just as Eugene and Bruno exit the café.

Agent Godfrey turns to run, failing to notice that the café's basement receiving doors are open. He knocks his knees against the steel door, and tumbles into the basement storeroom.

EXT. TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK - DAY

Bruno lounges on a park bench beside a traumatized Eugene, who applies hand sanitizer to the red slap mark on his face.

BRUNO

And that's what we call a bombing run.

EUGENE

It was even worse than the ones in Afghanistan. Why'd you do that to me?

BRUNO

Trust me, that barista chick will be thinking about you all day.

EUGENE

It won't matter. She has a boyfriend.

BRUNO

Oh yeah? And where does he live?

EUGENE

323 East 8th, Apartment 4G. Why?

INT. BOYFRIEND'S APARTMENT - DAY

Liz Kim's BOYFRIEND, 20s, pulling on his jeans, approaches his studio apartment door to the sound of urgent knocking.

His SKANKY MISTRESS hastily hides their stash of cocaine.

The Boyfriend unlocks the door and turns the knob.

EUGENE (O.S.)

(yelling to warn Boyrfriend)

Don't open the door! Danger! Danger!

But it's too late: the doorknob has been turned, and at Bruno's forceful kick, the door flies open.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE BOYFRIEND'S BUILDING - DAY

Agent Godfrey, with his suit torn and holding a bag of ice to his forehead, drives up in the FBI sedan.

He verifies on the sedan's GPS screen that he's at the same location as Eugene's radio transmitter.

INT. BOYFRIEND'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Boyfriend reels back as Bruno storms in.

BRUNO

Oh, sweetie, sorry. I get excited.

BOYFRIEND

What the fuck, dude!

BRUNO

Gonorrhoea police. Your swab came up positive.

(to Skanky Mistress)

Beat it, cum-bag. You're discharged.

EUGENE

Wait, was that a really clever pun?

The Skanky Mistress grabs her clothes and flees.

The Boyfriend seizes a golf club and swings it.

Bruno snatches away the club and shoves the handle a full inch up the Boyfriend's nose.

The Boyfriend stares cross-eyed at his distended nostril.

BRUNO

Here's how this is gonna go: you call -

(to Eugene)

-what's her name?

EUGENE

Liz. Liz Kim.

BRUNO

You call Liz Kim right now and break up with her-

BOYFRIEND

You dick - owww!

Bruno hoists the Boyfriend off his feet by his nose.

EUGENE

Oh, sweet heaven, this is horrible!

BRUNO
(to Eugene)
Relax, I know what I'm doing. How many people have you killed?

EUGENE
Only thirteen.

INT. FBI SEDAN/OUTSIDE BOYFRIEND'S BUILDING - DAY

Agent Godfrey, watching from the sedan, sees a fourth floor window open and the panicked Boyfriend pushed partly out.

AGENT GODFREY
What the hell?

INT. BOYFRIEND'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bruno, one meaty fist closed around the Boyfriend's ankle, dangles the Boyfriend out the window.

BRUNO
(to Eugene)
Find his cell phone.

Eugene bobs about the apartment like a pigeon, searching.

EUGENE
I don't use phones. I hate phones. Had a bad experience on a phone, once-

BRUNO
Fine, then, just gimme it.

Eugene grabs the phone with his handkerchief and hands it over.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
What's her number?

Bruno dials the phone with his free hand as Eugene speaks and applies hand sanitizer.

EUGENE
Seven one eight, five five five...

EXT. DANGLING OUTSIDE THE WINDOW - DAY

Bruno leans out and hands the phone down to the Boyfriend.

BOYFRIEND
Help! Help! Somebody help-

Bruno gives the Boyfriend a menacing shake.

BRUNO
 Want me to drop you? Makes no diff
 to me; same result either way.

INT. FBI SEDAN/OUTSIDE BOYFRIEND'S BUILDING - DAY

Agent Godfrey yammers into his cell phone, watching the window.

AGENT GODFREY
 (into phone)
 I think Bruno's going to kill someone!

EXT. DANGLING OUTSIDE THE WINDOW - DAY

The Boyfriend, still hanging upside down, yells into his phone.

BOYFRIEND
 (into phone)
 Breaking up, Lizzie! We're breaking
 up! Oh, sweet Jesus!
 (beat)
 What's that?
 (to Bruno)
 Why am I breaking up with her?

BRUNO
 Jesus Christ, do I have to think of
 every- "you're fat, you're kind of a
 bitch, and going down on you is like
 opening a grilled cheese sandwich."

BOYFRIEND
 Dude, that's hard-

Bruno gives him another shake.

BOYFRIEND (CONT'D)
 (into phone, hurriedly)
 Because you're fat, you're kind of-

INT. FBI SEDAN/OUTSIDE BOYFRIEND'S BUILDING

Agent Godfrey yells at Hannigan on the phone.

AGENT GODFREY
 I can't just watch! Darn my cover!

Agent Godfrey tries to leap from the car, but he's still
 wearing his seat belt and nearly strangles himself.

EXT. DANGLING OUTSIDE THE WINDOW - DAY

The Boyfriend finishes his desperate soliloquy.

BOYFRIEND

...opening a grilled cheese sandwich!

The Boyfriend pulls the phone from his ear, and we hear an unintelligible shriek coming from the other end of the line.

Bruno gives one last shake, and the Boyfriend drops the phone.

Bruno hooks the cuff of the Boyfriend's jeans over the pigeon spikes on the window sill, leaving him hanging there.

INT. BOYFRIEND'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bruno gives a "thumbs-up" to Eugene, who whimpers in a corner.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BOYFRIEND'S BUILDING - DAY

Agent Godfrey dashes across the street, nearly getting run over.

BOYFRIEND

(yelling from the window)

Hey, hey buddy! Call the cops!

Just as Godfrey climbs the steps to the entrance, he sees, through the glass of the door, Bruno and Eugene approaching. He leaps off the steps into a pile of garbage bags, landing on a CAT.

AGENT GODFREY

Oh, no! Oh, kitty!

Eugene and Bruno emerge, Eugene pale and shaking.

EUGENE

So now what do we do with our last hours as free men?

BRUNO

We hurry.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE MUDSPOT CAFÉ - DAY

Liz Kim sobs on the bench outside the Café as Eugene and Bruno scamper up.

BRUNO

Now, go.

EUGENE

By "go," do you mean "flee with her to a country with no extradition?"

BRUNO

You know, console her.

EUGENE

Maybe Croatia? Or Bhutan?

Just then, ANOTHER BARISTA, bursts from the café.

ANOTHER BARISTA

Lizzie, babe, I just heard-

Bruno flying-tackles Another Barista, and Liz Kim looks up to see Eugene standing rigidly before her.

INT. BOYFRIEND'S BUILDING/OUTSIDE APARTMENT 2F

Agent Godfrey knocks on an apartment door. In his arms he holds the yowling, hissing Cat he landed on minutes earlier.

The Shrivelled Woman whose Yappy Dog terrorized Eugene in the park that morning opens her apartment door.

AGENT GODFREY

Sorry to bother, ma'am, but is this your cat? I think I broke its leg.

SHRIVELLED WOMAN

That filthy stray? Get it out-

Just then, her Yappy Dog scents the Cat and bursts out barking.

The Cat shrieks, attaches all ten claws to Agent Godfrey's face, and bites his left eyelid, tugging it away from Godfrey's eyeball.

Godfrey screams, tries in vain to dislodge the cat, then, as a last resort, draws his pistol and fires.

The Shrivelled Woman recoils, bathed in a spatter of cat blood.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE MUDSPOT CAFÉ - DAY

Eugene stares as Liz Kim babbles through her tears.

LIZ KIM

...I know it's for the best. My boyfriend was into drugs, and he liked to kick pigeons...

Bruno sneaks up to Eugene and whispers:

BRUNO

You're doing awesome. Hang on, I'm gonna take you somewhere more private.

EUGENE

What? No, I don't—

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE MUDSPOT CAFÉ

Just then, Agent Godfrey, his face a welter of cat scratches, drives slowly up.

Bruno runs over, yanks open the door, and pulls Agent Godfrey out.

AGENT GODFREY

Gol dang it! I've been made! I've—

BRUNO

Sorry, honey, I need to borrow your towncar for a few minutes.

AGENT GODFREY

But you can't do that!

BRUNO

You chauffeurs always complain. I'll bring it right back here in two shakes. Go get some ass.

Bruno slips a hundred dollar bill into Agent Godfrey's pocket, leaps into the driver's seat, and pulls up before Eugene.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE MUDSPOT CAFÉ

Bruno rolls down the window and beckons to Eugene.

BRUNO

Get in, both of yous. I'll take you to this joint I know on Mulberry.

EUGENE

I don't do cars. Not ever. Never!

BRUNO

Had a bad experience with cars, too?

EUGENE

A Humvee, technically, but yeah.

Bruno sighs and backs the car up to Agent Godfrey, who gapes in the street. Bruno gets out and hands Godfrey another C-note.

BRUNO
See? Back in two shakes.

LIZ KIM
...and this one time, he took all the tips out of my purse and got a hand-job from one of those junkies who play chess in Tompkins Square...

Over her rant, Eugene can just overhear, out of view, an altercation between Bruno and a PEDICAB DRIVER.

BRUNO (O.S.)
Just twenty minutes, sweetie.

PEDICAB DRIVER (O.S.)
Dude, get off me!

BRUNO (O.S.)
Please don't make me get ornery.

PEDICAB DRIVER (O.S.)
Back off - holy shit! Gun! Gun!

Then, Bruno furiously pedals up in a pedicab.

BRUNO
Now will you get in?

EXT. PEDICAB/MOTT STREET - DAY - TRAVELING

Bruno sweats like a fountain as he pedals. Eugene cowers in the back seat of the pedicab, while Liz Kim rambles on.

A CAB DRIVER, unable to pass the pedicab, honks relentlessly.

LIZ KIM
...what does that even mean, "opening a grilled cheese sandwich?"

EUGENE'S P.O.V. - THE CAB

Eugene analyzes the dimensions of the cab and the street.

BACK TO SCENE

EUGENE
He can pass, he's got seventeen inches of extra space.

BRUNO
How do you know that?

EUGENE
It's just the way my brain works.

CAB DRIVER
(thick Russian accent)
Get out of road!

Bruno, fed up with the honking, stops the pedicab and gets out.

BRUNO
Hang on just a sec, lovebirds.

Bruno grabs a piece of rebar from a trash pile and advances.

CAB DRIVER
Bozhe moi!

Bruno smashes the cab's headlight, windshield, and driver's side window before the cab careens backwards down the street.

BRUNO
That's right, drive away!

Bruno returns and mounts the pedicab.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
Fuckin' towel-head.

EUGENE
I think he was Russian.

BRUNO
They don't have towels in Russia?

INT. ROCCO'S KARAOKE JOINT - DAY

Bruno leads Eugene and Liz Kim into the garish karaoke lounge.

A BOUNCER demands IDs, and Eugene holds out a passport.

BRUNO
A passport?

EUGENE
I don't drive. Ergo, no license.

Liz Kim peers inside, where two thickly-accented JAPANESE TOURISTS struggle to sing Chicago's "Hard to Say I'm Sorry."

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Karaoke?

BRUNO

Oriental love karaoke.

EUGENE

"Orientals?" Please tell me this festival of irony isn't lost on you.

BRUNO

Festival? You lost me.

EUGENE

You've brought an American of Korean descent and a tone-deaf Jew to an Italian lounge featuring karaoke, a Japanese cultural staple.

LIZ KIM

Let's do "Friday" by Rebecca Black!

Bruno raises an eyebrow while Liz Kim scampers to the DJ.

EUGENE

Topping it off, two Tokyo tourists are singing "Hard to Say I'm Sorry."

BRUNO

Yeah, great song.

EUGENE

They're Japanese! It really is hard for them to say "I'm sorry!"

BRUNO

Why are you busting my balls, E? I hung a guy out a window and sweat my favorite pink shirt to death biking you here, so you could have a date with this chick you've been crushing on for God knows how long...

EUGENE

Six months, four days, two hours...

BRUNO

There you go! The moment I met you, you know what went through my head? That's the loneliest kid I've ever seen. He could sure use a friend.

EUGENE
(distracted by the singing)
I'm solly. I mean sorry!

BRUNO
Was I wrong?

Eugene ponders this, becoming touched by Bruno's effort.

EUGENE
No. You've been ... nice to me. I can't
remember the last time that happened.

BRUNO
I love not being wrong.

EUGENE
Thank you.

Bruno gently slaps Eugene, Mafioso style, on the cheek.

BRUNO
Don't mention it. Now have fun, and
I'll see you back at the apartment.

INT. BRUNO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hannigan puts the finishing touches on the bugs and wire-taps
he has installed in Bruno's apartment.

INT. EUGENE'S APARTMENT

Agent Templeton, at the window on lookout for Bruno's return,
is engrossed in one of Eugene's crossword puzzles.

He munches fish sticks from a plate. Eugene's fish sticks box
- the one containing the finger - sits on the counter.

Agent Templeton looks up to ponder a clue, notices Bruno
entering the building, and spits out a mouthful of fish stick.

AGENT TEMPLETON
Oh, crap, he's back! Hannigan is
gonna kill me.

Agent Templeton drops his phone behind the couch. As he yanks
the couch away from the wall, a fold-out bed explodes from the
couch frame, guillotining him.

INT. BRUNO'S APARTMENT

Hannigan takes headphones from an equipment case set on Bruno's kitchen table.

He studies the wedding-cake-in-process on Bruno's counter, then dips his fingers into the frosting and licks them.

HANNIGAN

(into a bugged lamp)

Check. One, two.

(newscaster voice)

The Mayor's daughter, last seen leaving her anatomy class at NYU medical school, was rescued this afternoon in a daring operation led by FBI Agent Leslie Hannigan.

Hannigan pretends the lamp is an award for bravery.

HANNIGAN (CONT'D)

I'd like to thank the city of New York, the Motion Picture Academy, and the sheer enormity of my swollen, bloated-

Then he hears Bruno's keys in the lock.

HANNIGAN (CONT'D)

You've got to be fucking kidding me.

Hannigan dives behind Bruno's laundry hamper as Bruno enters.

BRUNO

Oh, fuck me, what a day.

Fortunately, Bruno, engaged in peeling off his sweat-soaked shirt, fails to notice Hannigan.

Bruno tosses the sodden shirt at the hamper, where it splats onto Hannigan's horrified face.

Through the armhole of the shirt, Hannigan regretfully witnesses Bruno wriggle out of his trousers and underwear and toss them, yes, onto Hannigan, who shudders with revulsion.

The damp underwear slide slowly down Hannigan's face, and he is treated to a view of Bruno, naked in front of an electric fan.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

(singing to himself)

Cool breeze on my hot, sweaty junk
... hm, is that a blister?

Then Hannigan notices that he left his surveillance equipment case on Bruno's kitchen table.

HANNIGAN
(whispering)
Fuck fuck fuckity fuck.

Bruno heads straight for the bathroom and turns on the shower.

Hannigan shakes the sweaty clothing from him and creeps toward the briefcase. But then:

A furtive knock on Bruno's door, and Hannigan has just time to hide in Bruno's tiny closet as Bruno bounds from the bathroom.

BRUNO (O.S.)
Coming!

INT. BRUNO'S APARTMENT/CLOSET

The closet brims with silk shirts and an arsenal of sex toys. Hannigan finds himself pressed against a rack of dildos.

INT. BRUNO'S APARTMENT

Bruno, naked, opens the door to reveal a distraught Eugene. He beckons Eugene in.

BRUNO
Sweetie! Where's Ling Ling?

EUGENE
Liz! Liz Kim! I left her singing
"Bohemian Rhapsody."

BRUNO
Oh, great song.

EUGENE
She's insufferable! What do I do?

BRUNO
Honey, aren't you glad you figured out what a minge she is before you had a wedding, kids, and a house in the Hamptons you can't afford?

EUGENE
No! I had my whole routine neatly arranged, and now she doesn't fit anymore, and there's a gaping hole in the crossword puzzle of my life.

BRUNO

So you find someone better for you.
Hell, E, you need a dame who's
smart. And feisty.

EUGENE

It's not that easy. If you change one
line in a crossword, you have to
change every word it touches, and
everything those words touch, and it
all cascades into a chaos of effort.

BRUNO

What I'm beginning to understand is
the extent of your neurosis. Why
don't you sit down a sec-

EUGENE

Oh my stars, you're not wearing
clothes! Is that a blister?

Eugene rubs his hands over his head as if to wipe off his
memories.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Erase! Erase! Erase!

BRUNO

Fine, I'll put something on!

Bruno opens his closet door, but before he reaches in for a
robe, he turns back to Eugene.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

Lemme just say this out of love:
have you considered therapy?

EUGENE

I had months of it when I was
discharged just to get where I am-

With Bruno still facing away from the open closet, Eugene sees
Hannigan therein wearing a look of panic amid the dildos.

Eugene screams and charges the closet, slamming it closed.
Hannigan squeals as the door crushes him into the dildos.

BRUNO

Santa Maria! What?!

EUGENE

(struggling for an explanation)
You're right, I need to get accustomed
to more naked men in my life.

BRUNO
Honey, if that's what you want, the
Russian Baths are just up the street.

EUGENE
(not wanting to go)
Okay, let's go!

BRUNO
What, now? Right now?

EUGENE
No time like the present. And what
could be more of a present than the
distended genitals of a dozen
perspiring Russians?

BRUNO
If this is you after months of
therapy, I'd hate to see you before.

Eugene pleads with a sad puppy face.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
Okay, but I need something to wear.

Bruno tries to reach around Eugene to open his closet.

EUGENE
Why? You'll just get naked again.

BRUNO
You want I should walk five blocks all
a-dangle? I'm a homo, not a nudist.

EUGENE
I'll pick something out for you! Go
stand over there.

BRUNO
I've always wanted a fashion
consultant. Remember, I'm a Spring.

INT. BRUNO'S CLOSET

Eugene cracks open the closet and slaps Hannigan in the face.

HANNIGAN
Gaah!

BRUNO (O.S.)
What's that?

EUGENE
I said, "Ahah!"

Hannigan yanks clothes off hangers and into Eugene's hand.

HANNIGAN
(whispering)
I'm going to sodomize you with
every fucking dildo in here until
you choke on purple glitter cock!

INT. EUGENE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Eugene and Bruno can be seen through the window as they depart.

Hannigan flings open the door to Eugene's apartment.

HANNIGAN
Bilbo fucking Faggins, if you fall
asleep on the job again, I'll floss
your urethra with barbed wire!

Hannigan sees Agent Templeton struggling beneath the couch-bed.

HANNIGAN (CONT'D)
For fuck's sake. What happened?

Hannigan extracts Templeton from the couch frame.

AGENT TEMPLETON
His couch molested me.

HANNIGAN
God forbid we get attacked by anything
that isn't fucking inanimate.

Templeton holds the box of frozen fish sticks to his bruised head.

Just then, Agent Godfrey enters, filthy, sweating, covered in
cat scratches and blood, and nearly in tears.

HANNIGAN AND AGENT TEMPLETON
What happened to you?

AGENT GODFREY
I miss my desk job. Where's Eugene?

INT. THE RUSSIAN BATHS - DAY

Eugene and Bruno lie in a steam room, getting massages from
burly, naked RUSSIAN MEN. Bruno enjoys himself vocally.

BRUNO

Oh, Vlad! This is better than a blow
job from a toothless midget, right, E?

Eugene, being flogged with soapy oak leaves, struggles not to look
at his masseur's hirsute penis that bobs jovially at eye level.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE EUGENE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Eugene and Bruno enter their apartment building, Bruno
looking revived. Eugene looks like a drowned weasel as he
applies hand sanitizer to every exposed part of his body.

BRUNO

Don't you feel like an angel has been
dancing on your testicles?

EUGENE

No more testicles.

BRUNO

What a day, huh? Hey, I'm sorry if
I wrecked your routine or whatever.
I know I joke around a lot, but I'm
murder-serious when I-

EUGENE

No murder, please no murder.

BRUNO

-say that I think you're an amazing
guy. You're a real stand-up fella, I
mean that. I'm glad we're friends.

EUGENE

Really?

BRUNO

We should drop a few balls sometime.

EUGENE

Please let that be a euphemism for
pool.

ANGIE (O.S.)

There you fucking are!

Angie storms down the stairs.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I been waiting an hour for you!

BRUNO

Oh, we had reservations at Maialino!

ANGIE

Get your ass upstairs and changed,
you big fag! Hey, Eugene.

EUGENE

Hi, Miss Bruno.

ANGIE

Angie. Jesus. But our first name
basis don't mean I'm not pissed at
you for keeping him out so long.

INT. EUGENE'S APARTMENT

Eugene enters and screams, startled that the FBI are still here.

HANNIGAN, GODFREY, AND TEMPLETON

What happened to you?

EUGENE

(to Hannigan)
Out of the closet, I see.

AGENT TEMPLETON

I knew it!
(to Agent Godfrey)
You owe me twenty bucks!

Hannigan whirls on Agent Templeton, who claps both hands over
his eyes and runs, and promptly trips over a chair.

HANNIGAN

(to Agent Godfrey)
Thank you, at least, for betting on
me being straight. You fucking homo.

Suddenly, Bruno bursts in, followed by Angie.

BRUNO

I heard a scream! Oh. It's a party!

ANGIE

I swear to God, Bruno, I will
goddamn emasculate you if you don't
shower and get dressed!
(to Hannigan)
Who the fuck are you?

HANNIGAN

Excuse me, your ladyship.

EUGENE
(to Hannigan)
What are you still doing here? I just
want to be alone for like ten seconds.

HANNIGAN
Then take a shit. But don't be
long, because he—
(pointing at Godfrey)
—leaks after a botched bleach-job.

AGENT GODFREY
One goddamn time!

BRUNO
You think bleaching is bad, try
waxing down there. Sweet Baby Jesus.

AGENT GODFREY
It was a Groupon!

EUGENE
Please, just leave me alone.

HANNIGAN
Yeah, about that, here's the thing...

EUGENE
Oh, no, I hate it when people say
"here's the thing."

HANNIGAN
Oh, really? Sorry, Garfinkel, here
I am, a guest in your house, and
don't I feel like a tool.

EUGENE
It's okay.

HANNIGAN
So here's the thing—

ANGIE
What is your problem?

HANNIGAN
My problem?

ANGIE
Why are you such a dick to him?

HANNIGAN

A dick? If you knew how I fantasize about hiring billy goats to chew the skin off his scrotum and then drag him through a lemonade factory on fucking Christmas, you'd know the effort it takes to be this civil.

ANGIE

What did he ever do to you?

HANNIGAN

Do you really want to know, your royal fucking highness of Aqua Net?

ANGIE

Fuckin'-A, I want to know.

HANNIGAN

Then gather 'round, retards. This festering turd was in my squad in Afghanistan, as chief fucking statistical dingleberry-counter.

BRUNO

Hang on: in the military?

HANNIGAN

No, in the goddamn faggot tour of Mary fucking Poppins.

BRUNO

Those seem equally unlikely.

EUGENE

I was ROTC. It was the only way my dad would let me go to college.

HANNIGAN

I worked my ass off to make Lieutenant. And then they figure out this ROTC brat has an aptitude for codes and forecasting enemy movements, and he's Warrant Officer within six weeks.

Eugene shrinks into a corner as tensions mount.

HANNIGAN (CONT'D)

Then one day, I'm in the field talking on a sat-phone to Rain Man here and he gets something wrong and sends us into a goddamn Little Big Horn ambush, and...

BRUNO
 ...and thirteen men were killed.

HANNIGAN
 (to Eugene)
 You fucking told him?

But Eugene has his hands pressed to his ears, silently weeping.

HANNIGAN (CONT'D)
 Stop fucking crying!

ANGIE
 Back the fuck off!

HANNIGAN
 (to Angie)
 Shut your pie hole, Snookie!

BRUNO
 Hey, watch it, that's my sister.

HANNIGAN
 (to Eugene)
 Watch a platoon cut to pieces, then
 you can cry, you saggy, leaking pussy!

Angie punches Hannigan full in the face.

Hannigan spins from the blow, his sunglasses flying off, but even as he pirouettes he whips out his Glock.

Bruno moves even faster, and snatches the gun from Hannigan.

As Agents Godfrey and Templeton reflexively reach for their own firearms, Bruno points the Glock at them and they freeze.

HANNIGAN (CONT'D)
 (at Godfrey and Templeton)
 You're both fucking useless as
 goddamn tits on an anvil!
 (at Bruno)
 And you, Brooklyn-

BRUNO
 Long Island.

HANNIGAN
 -are so deep in trouble you're going
 to have to go up to go underground.

BRUNO
 So why is an ex-Marine dressed like a
 Mormon carrying a concealed Glock?

Realizing Bruno is close to perceiving he's FBI, Hannigan calms.

HANNIGAN
Old habits.

Bruno calmly hands the gun back to Hannigan, who holsters it.

Hannigan picks up the box of frozen fish sticks from the counter and holds it to his swelling eye.

EUGENE'S P.O.V. - HANNIGAN

Eugene looks up, realizing the threat is over, but his vision zooms in on Hannigan holding the box of fish sticks.

BACK TO SCENE

EUGENE
Oh my fucking God!

Eugene snatches the box and thrusts it into his freezer, then leans on the freezer door as if the fish sticks might escape.

HANNIGAN
Did you just fucking swear at me?

Eugene realizes that everyone is staring at him.

EUGENE
You can't let fish sticks thaw.

INT. AFGHANISTAN/MILITARY HUMVEE - DAY - (EUGENE'S DREAM)

A younger Eugene, in military gear, sits in a Humvee juggling maps and a satellite phone in his hand.

The DRIVER, also in fatigues, speeds across the countryside.

EUGENE
(into phone, desperate)
We're heading toward their location!

The Humvee rounds bend and halts.

EXT. AFGHANISTAN/OUTSIDE HUMVEE - DAY - (EUGENE'S DREAM)

A younger Hannigan, soaked in blood, carries a WOUNDED SOLDIER on his shoulders and half-drags a STUMBLING SOLDIER.

DRIVER
What the hell happened out there?

INT. HUMVEE - DAY - (EUGENE'S DREAM)

Eugene grows frantic.

EUGENE
(into phone)
Yes, there are casualties!
(to Hannigan)
Where's everyone else?

HANNIGAN
This is it, Garfinkel. We're it!
What the fuck were you thinking?

Eugene opens the door to the Humvee and vomits into the dust.

INT. EUGENE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Eugene starts awake, bathed in sweat.

Agent Godfrey is on duty in Eugene's wee studio, manning the surveillance equipment arrayed on Eugene's kitchen table.

AGENT GODFREY
Good morning, sleepy-head.

EUGENE
Oh, not the dreams again.

AGENT GODFREY
What's that?

EUGENE
Nothing. So, how's Bruno?

Agent Godfrey rolls his eyes and taps his headphones.

AGENT GODFREY
He's either been masturbating all night or whipping a lot of eggs.

EUGENE
If I ever ask again, I beg you not to tell me.

AGENT GODFREY
Hey, how about what's-her-name - Bruno's sister - hauling off on Hannigan like that, huh?

EUGENE
Yeah. She hit me yesterday, too. Strong as an ox, that one.

AGENT GODFREY

Wow, what did you do to her?

EUGENE

Something about a Kama Sutra
tornado of daggers. Anyway, I'm as
scared of her as of the Lieutenant
- I mean Agent - I mean Hannigan.

AGENT GODFREY

Want to know a secret?

EUGENE

Absolutely not.

AGENT GODFREY

When someone scares me, I make a
list of horrible things about them
and carry it around. It helps.
Here, this is Hannigan.

Agent Godfrey unfolds from his pocket a page that is crammed
to the margins with tiny script.

EUGENE

That sounds scientific.

AGENT GODFREY

My web-therapist swears by it. Want
to make one for what's-her-name?

EUGENE

Angelina Bruno. And no, no I don't.

But Agent Godfrey grabs one of Eugene's yellow pads.

AGENT GODFREY

I'll start.

(writing)

Angelina ... Bruno. Okay. She has
big hair. Scary fingernails.

EUGENE

Her accent sounds like someone
sawing through a screech owl.

AGENT GODFREY

Got it. Oh: she swears a lot.

EUGENE

She's a hitter.

Suddenly, they hear Bruno yelling from upstairs, and Godfrey
goes back to his headphones.

BRUNO (O.S.)

Fuuuuuck!

A knock on Eugene's door. Eugene opens it to Hannigan, who storms in, sporting a brutal black eye from Angie's punch.

HANNIGAN

Merry fucking Christmas.

EUGENE

Goody. Just what I wanted.

HANNIGAN

Any news?

AGENT GODFREY

He's on the phone.

HANNIGAN

Tell me it's good.

AGENT GODFREY

His date flaked on him, I think.

HANNIGAN

Holy fuck, call HQ and tell them Bruno will be whacking off all night again. Christ, I just need one tiny jizz-spray of evidence, before they send me back to that goddamn desk!

EUGENE

Um...

HANNIGAN

What?

EUGENE

If I give you some intelligence, will you all just leave me alone?

Eugene opens his freezer and reaches for the fish sticks.

HANNIGAN

Intel? What? That you're no help in the Mayor's daughter case? That you wish your pathetic life had a scrap of meaning? That you don't have a friend in the world? Big fucking news!

Hurt, Eugene slowly replaces the fish sticks.

EUGENE

I do so have a friend.

HANNIGAN

How much do you pay him? So what's this fucking intel, Quasimodo?

EUGENE

I'm composing a list of things I hate about you.

Agent Godfrey gives Eugene a thumbs-up.

HANNIGAN

Oh really? Are you going to pass it around in study-hall, so I have to eat lunch all by myself? Boo hoo!

Then they hear Bruno's door slam, and heavy footsteps stomping down the stairs.

HANNIGAN (CONT'D)

That had better not be-

Furious kicking on Eugene's door.

Godfrey and Hannigan try to cram themselves into Eugene's closet. They won't fit, so they instead open the closet door and hide behind it, out of view from the entry.

Eugene opens the front door to admit Bruno.

Bruno enters, wearing a flamboyant suit and carrying his now-completed wedding cake, which he sets down on Eugene's counter. The cake is adorned with spun sugar that resembles cotton.

EUGENE

Looks like you've been whipping a lot of eggs.

Eugene casts a look at Agent Godfrey beside the closet door.

BRUNO

I need your help, sweetie. I hate to ask, but my date just bailed.

EUGENE

Before you explain, can I just unequivocally say no?

BRUNO

Don Pattocci's son is getting married today. I need you to come with me and hold the cake.

EUGENE

No. Absolutely-

Hannigan gives him an enthusiastic "yes" sign.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
-not. Under no circumstances-

Hannigan draws his gun and aims it at Eugene.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
-and now I'm going to go with "yes."

BRUNO
You are my hero. We're late.

EUGENE
What, right now?

BRUNO
A-S-A-Please get dressed. You have
a suit, right?

EUGENE
No, why?

BRUNO
You have to be my date. You can't
show up without a suit. Are you sure?

EUGENE
I'm sure ... hang on ...

Hannigan nods vigorously. He sizes up Agent Godfrey, who is six-foot-six, and realizes Godfrey's suit will never fit Eugene.

So Hannigan starts to strip.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
Oh, no. Oh, dear God, no.

Hannigan whispers to Godfrey, who reluctantly draws his own gun and points it at Eugene. And the ammo clip falls out.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
Fine, if you hold a gun to my head,
I have a suit.

BRUNO
Put it on! Put it on!

EUGENE
Can't I shower-

BRUNO
Have you ever known anyone who was
late to an Italian wedding?

EUGENE

No.

BRUNO

That's because they're all dead.

EUGENE

Oh ... just turn away for a second.

Hannigan holds out his trousers, and Eugene climbs into them, but not before slathering his legs with hand sanitizer.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Oh, ew-ew-ew, the butt is sweaty!

Agent Godfrey snickers, and Hannigan jabs him in the eye.

Agent Godfrey howls silently.

Hannigan's shirt is next, and Eugene pulls it on. Hannigan is taller and more athletic than Eugene, so the clothes fit poorly.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Okay.

Bruno turns around to look at Eugene.

BRUNO

You look ... great. I'm taking the cake out front. Meet me at the car.

EUGENE

Car?!

BRUNO

We're not taking the Long Island Railroad with this masterpiece!

Bruno hoists the cake into his arms and departs.

Hannigan, in only his underwear, puts his tie around Eugene's neck while Godfrey helps Eugene with his shoes.

HANNIGAN

Don't fuck this up, or I'll get so mad you'll wish your mother ate her young!

Eugene gathers his wallet and passport and claps twice to signal his key finder. Agent Godfrey confidentially slips the list they made about Angie into Eugene's coat pocket.

AGENT GODFREY

Here, in case Angie's at the wedding.

Hannigan hands Eugene another tracking device coin, which Eugene slips into his trouser pocket as he's on his way out the door.

HANNIGAN

If anyone mentions the Mayor's daughter, you call me!

EUGENE

Cars and phones?

HANNIGAN

And brown paper packages tied up with fucking strings.

AGENT GODFREY

Is that a Sound of Music reference?

HANNIGAN

Fuck off.

AGENT GODFREY

I'm just going to ask this once: are you or are you not gay?

INT. BRUNO'S CADILLAC - DAY - TRAVELING

Eugene has the cake in his lap in the passenger side of Bruno's Cadillac. He sees everything on the road as a menace.

EUGENE

Oh, the death. Oh, the death.

EUGENE'S P.O.V. - TRAFFIC

Eugene watches all the other cars like a hawk, obsessively measuring the distance between them.

BACK TO SCENE

Bruno tries to drive gently through New York traffic.

BRUNO

What do you think? Of the cake?

EUGENE

This spun sugar looks a little like my Uncle Mort's whiskers.

BRUNO

(yelling at a honking cab)
Hey, fuck you, I gotta cake here!
(to Eugene)
Oh, and we gotta pick up the Bishop.

EUGENE

Is that a gay euphemism for something?

BRUNO

No, we really gotta pick up the Bishop.

EUGENE

Why are they all honking!

INT. BRUNO'S CADILLAC - DAY - TRAVELING

When Bruno pulls off the turnpike in Long Island, Eugene, still cradling the cake, is drenched in sweat.

EUGENE

Look out! That car!

BRUNO

Is fucking parked! Relax, I've been driving since I was twelve.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE BISHOP'S RECTORY - DAY

The BISHOP, 70s and doddering, with thick glasses, downy mutton-chop sideburns, and Catholic regalia, sees Bruno's car approach.

INT. BRUNO'S CADILLAC - DAY - TRAVELING

Another car passes and cuts in front of them, honking.

EUGENE

Oh, God! The death! The death!

Fed up, Bruno turns to Eugene...

BRUNO

Would you shut up for one second,
for the love of Christ?

...and, taking his eyes off the road, fails to notice that the Bishop has stepped into the street.

EUGENE

Look out!

The Cadillac plows into the Bishop, who glissades, white robes a-flapping, over Bruno's Cadillac and plummets like a broken kite into a sacramental heap, his miter hat rolling in a slow circle.

Eugene, of course, face-plants into the cake as Bruno brakes.

BRUNO

Holy fuck!

Eugene peels his face out of the cake. He looks like a clown.

EUGENE

I'm no Catholic, but that has to be
a sin!

Bruno leaps from the car, but instead of going to the Bishop he races to open the passenger door and take the cake from Eugene.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BRUNO'S CADILLAC - DAY

Bruno struggles to repair the cake on the hood of his car.

BRUNO

Oh my God, oh my God.

EUGENE

Cake? Cake?! No, Bishop! Bishop!

Bruno opens his trunk and removes a can of Fix-a-Flat. He tosses Eugene his phone, which is in a glittery, pink case.

BRUNO

Here, call 9-1-1.

EUGENE

No, no phones!

Eugene absently slips Bruno's phone into his trouser pocket and hastens to the fallen Bishop's side.

Bruno expels Fix-a-Flat like whipped cream over the cake.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

I can't tell if he's breathing! Oh,
we're going to be sodomized in hell
by demons with scorpion penises!

BRUNO

I've fixed the cake, thanks be to God.

EUGENE

Is that all you care about?

BRUNO

Hell no. Get his hat thingy.

Bruno effortlessly picks up the Bishop and tosses him into the trunk of the Cadillac. He yanks off the Bishop's robes.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
 You want the good news or the bad
 news first?

Eugene shakes his head, his face still covered in frosting.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
 The good news is that you don't have
 to pretend to be my date.

EXT. CHURCH/ENTRY - DAY

Bruno leads, holding the cake, while Eugene hobbles after.

Eugene is dressed as the Bishop, though a tire-track runs across the white robe. Bruno has applied the spun sugar from the cake to Eugene's cheeks to mimic the Bishop's sideburns.

EUGENE
 ...reason forty three: I can't see
 through these glasses.

BRUNO
 What do you need to see for? Just
 act like a Bishop.

EUGENE
 Reason forty four: I'm Jewish.

BRUNO
 So "goy it up" a bit. Hey, Don,
 Pattocci! Look who I brought.

DON PATTOCCI, 60s, the head of Long Island's Mafia, greets them. He wears dentures, which frequently come loose, making his teeth look as if they are trying to escape. In one hand he carries a purple inflatable hemorrhoid donut. In the other, the seeing-eye-dog harness for his half-blind DOG.

DON PATTOCCI
 Bishop Cantolinoso! How are you?

Don Pattocci kisses Eugene on both cheeks, emerging from the encounter with smears of cake frosting on his face.

EUGENE
 Fine, thank you. Touch of the croup-

BRUNO
 (whispering)
 Goy it up!

EUGENE

—and I caught my foreskin in my zipper this morning. Oy! I mean, ow!

DON PATTOCCI

Hey, you're a man of God, what do you need your pecker for? Come, Your Excellency, I wanna talk to you.

BRUNO

(whispering to Eugene)
You're doing great.

EUGENE

I made him look like a mime!

BRUNO

Yeah, you have to stop sweating or your whiskers will fall off.

EUGENE

Please, can I just go home now?

BRUNO

You're neck-deep, sweetie. If anything goes wrong from here on ... they'll kill you.

EUGENE

What?!

INT. CHURCH/SITTING ROOM

Don Pattocci takes Eugene by the arm — at which Eugene flinches — and guides him into the room. Bruno follows.

Don Pattocci hands Eugene his hemorrhoid donut, which Eugene takes with reluctance. He rubs it with hand sanitizer.

DON PATTOCCI

My hemorrhoids chafe like there was vampires living in my ass. You'd think I had worms, like my dog.

Don Pattocci kneels by his Dog, takes a suppository from a bottle, spits on the pill, and slips it into the Dog's anus.

DON PATTOCCI (CONT'D)

This little fella took a bullet in the eye for me. Me and my son, we got attacked, and I'll be damned if he didn't leap in front of the gun.

Don Pattocci stands and, with the same hand that applied the suppository, guides a disgusted Eugene to a chair.

DON PATTOCCI (CONT'D)
 (indicating Bruno)
 He was there, too. Took the bullet
 meant for my son.

BRUNO
 No need to go into that, silly.
 Hey, I gotta go put down this cake.

EUGENE
 You're leaving me here?!

BRUNO
 I'll be back. Your Excellency.

DON PATTOCCI
 And thank you, Bruno, for making
 the cake for my son's wedding.

Don Pattocci takes a dog biscuit from his pocket and waves it.

DON PATTOCCI (CONT'D)
 (about the dog)
 He's a retard now, and half blind,
 from the steel plate they put in his
 skull, which is why this harness.
 (coaxing the dog)
 Treat! Treat!

Finally, the Dog snaps up the biscuit and laboriously swallows it.

BRUNO
 Oh, I almost forgot! Don Patti, I
 have something for you, in my right
 coat pocket here.

His hands full, Bruno leans toward Don Pattocci, who pulls an opaque glass cigar tube from Bruno's pocket.

DON PATTOCCI
 Oh, Bruno. Where did you find this?
 (shows Eugene)
 A Gurkha Black Dragon.

BRUNO
 Smoke it after the ceremony for me.

Bruno departs, leaving the quaking Eugene alone with the Don.

DON PATTOCCI
 I'm gonna kill that faggot.

EUGENE

Oh my God, what?!

DON PATTOCCI

And the Bride's father, too, the way they scrimped on this wedding. There's no reason for that. Their family made a fortune.

EUGENE

In what?

DON PATTOCCI

In money.

EUGENE

No, I mean, in what field?

DON PATTOCCI

Let's call it "collections." And what other problems I got, with the FBI up my ass like one of his-
(i.e., the Dog's)
-butt-pills about this whole Mayor's daughter kidnapping...

EUGENE

Do you, um, know anything? About that?

DON PATTOCCI

Are you wearing a wire?

EUGENE

...what...?

DON PATTOCCI

Kidding!

Eugene presses a sideburn back into place as Louie Two-Toes and Angie Bruno enter.

The Dog leans on Eugene's knee and drools on the Bishop robes.

DON PATTOCCI (CONT'D)

Hey! I love seeing you two together. When are you going to make an honest woman of her, Louie?

LOUIE TWO-TOES

I keep asking, she keeps refusing.

ANGIE

Don't hold your breath, Don Patti. What's that stuff on your face?

Angie wipes the frosting off Don Pattocci's cheeks.

DON PATTOCCI
I don't know. Probably dog shit.

LOUIE TWO-TOES
I keep telling you to let the vet
put those things in his ass.

DON PATTOCCI
That dog saved my life. The least I
can do is take care of his worms.
Oh, fuck, where are my manners.
Bishop Cantolinoso, may I introduce—

Angie turns to Eugene and instantly recognizes him.

ANGIE
Holy mother of fuck!

DON PATTOCCI
What! Christ, what!

Eugene pleads with his eyes for Angie not to reveal him as
fumbles over the Bishop's long, Italian name.

EUGENE
I'm Bishop Cattilicosso! That's my
name! Bishop Can-Can-in-the-Ox-
House! Can-Do-Barbossa! Bishop!

ANGIE
Oh, Jesus, I'm sorry! I thought that,
uh, you were the ghost of my father.

Louie Two-Toes tries to comfort her, but she swats him away.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
Could I borrow the Bishop for a sec?

LOUIE TWO-TOES
What for?

ANGIE
I need a confession.

EUGENE
Oh, God.

DON PATTOCCI
Of course, doll. Louie, stay.

As Angie leads him out, Eugene overhears their conversation.

DON PATTOCCI (CONT'D)
 (to Louie Two-Toes)
 Is he here?

LOUIE TWO-TOES
 There, in the Mercedes.

EUGENE'S P.O.V. - THE SHADOWY FIGURE

Eugene follows Louie's gesture and looks out the bay windows to see a SHADOWY FIGURE sitting in a parked Mercedes.

BACK TO SCENE

Don Pattocci silences Louie with a gesture.

DON PATTOCCI
 Shush. Tell him to meet me in the stall right after the ceremony.

And then Angie drags Eugene out the door.

INT. CHURCH/ENTRY

Angie whirls on Eugene and shoves him.

ANGIE
 Are you insane? Do you know what they'll do to you if you're caught?

EUGENE
 Right now, I almost hope that happens.

ANGIE
 What does that mean?

EUGENE
 Look, I didn't have to do this. But Bruno's date flaked, and I had to hold the cake, but then we hit the Bishop, so between shock-therapy for my car-phobia and impersonating high-ranking clergymen and you scaring the snot out of me, it would almost be a relief to get shot in the head.

Angie softens as all this sinks in.

ANGIE
 You did all that? For Bruno?

EUGENE

He's the first person in ages, other than a therapist, who was nice to me.

ANGIE

All that for my brother?

EUGENE

Look, I kind of like him. I mean, not in that way...

Angie's face was very close while she was yelling at him, but now she swoons at Eugene's sweetness and looks into his eyes.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Um ... are you going to kiss me?

ANGIE

What? No. Don't be an idiot. My God, you're sweating like a con artist at a cop convention.

EUGENE

I'm wearing maybe a hundred layers.

ANGIE

Here, you better shed some of them before your make-up runs and you look like Pagliaccio.

Angie helps Eugene slip his suit jacket out from under his Bishop robes. She hangs it from a hook near the door.

EUGENE

Pagliaccio?

ANGIE

Oh, it's an opera thing.

EUGENE

I know! I love—

But then Louie Two-Toes emerges from the church sitting room.

LOUIE TWO-TOES

Excellency? Don Patti wants a word.

EUGENE

Oh, yes. My son.

As Eugene goes, Angie notices a sheet of paper sticking out of the pocket of Eugene's coat she's just hung from the peg. Curious, she unfolds it to find the list of her unseemly qualities made by Eugene and Agent Godfrey. Her face falls.

Louie Two-Toes, closing the door on Eugene, approaches her.

LOUIE TWO-TOES
 You okay? You look like you just
 found an ear in your ziti.

INT. CHURCH/KITCHEN

Bruno primps the wedding cake. Really, he's staring out the window at the Shadowy Figure in the Mercedes.

EXT. CHURCH/SIDE PARKING LOT - DAY

Bruno approaches the Mercedes and taps on the window.

The Shadowy Figure lowers the window, now revealing the steely eyes of the HITMAN.

BRUNO
 (extra gay)
 Sweetie, oh honey, could you help me?

HITMAN
 Sorry.

The window rolls up, but Bruno inserts his hand and squeals as the window closes on it. The window lowers again.

BRUNO
 Please, hon, I just need to move the
 wedding cake and it's a two-man job-

HITMAN
 If I have to say no again, you
 won't like the way I do it.

BRUNO
 Fine, but if I drop the cake I'm
 telling Don Patti you wouldn't help.

With a growl, the Hitman reluctantly exits the car.

INT. CHURCH/KITCHEN - DAY

Bruno holds the door to let the Hitman enter first.

The Hitman regards the cake, but also notices a roll of black plastic sheeting and a coil of rope hidden behind it.

Instantly, the Hitman whirls, drawing a snub-nosed .38.

Bruno, surprised in the act of pulling a blackjack from his pocket, instinctively grabs at the gun with his free hand.

The two struggle, and the gun fires once, twice.

INT. CHURCH/NAVE

Mafiosi WEDDING GUESTS gather in the church. They hear the gunshots, pause for a moment, then shrug, and resume chatting.

INT. CHURCH/KITCHEN

Bruno and the Hitman fight savagely. Bruno finally knocks the gun away, but the Hitman grabs a cast iron pan and swings it.

Bruno ducks, but the pan destroys a layer of the wedding cake.

BRUNO

Are you effin' me up the poop chute?

INT. CHURCH/SITTING ROOM

Don Pattocci stands and gestures toward the church hall.

DON PATTOCCI

Well. About ready, Your Excellency?

EUGENE

For what?

INT. CHURCH/NAVE

The Wedding Guests are seated, and Don Pattocci, with his dog harness in his free hand and his hemorrhoid donut under his arm, leads Eugene down the aisle to an ornate altar.

EUGENE

I'm officiating the wedding?!

DON PATTOCCI

I donate fifty grand to the diocese for some priest to do my son's ceremony?

EUGENE

Right now?

DON PATTOCCI

No, no, of course not.

EUGENE
Oh, thank God.

DON PATTOCCI
You're saying mass first.

INT. CHURCH/KITCHEN

Bruno, victorious, wraps the Hitman's corpse in plastic sheeting.

Louie Two-Toes peeks into the kitchen.

LOUIE TWO-TOES
Jesus, there you are. We're starting!
(noticing the body)
What the hell you doing?

BRUNO
We're playing doctor.

LOUIE TWO-TOES
Yeah? That guy looks dead.

BRUNO
Doctor Kevorkian.

INT. CHURCH/NAVE

Eugene stands at the altar, blinking through the Bishop's glasses.

EUGENE'S P.O.V. - BOOK OF MASS TEXT

The book of mass text is in Italian.

BACK TO SCENE

The only sound in the church is the overburdened squeaking of Don Pattocci's inflatable hemorrhoid donut.

Bruno hurries in and takes his seat just behind Don Pattocci.

EUGENE
(quavering in awful Italian)
In nome del padre e del figlio...

Bruno leans forward to whisper into Don Pattocci's ear.

BRUNO
I want out.

DON PATTOCCI
Eh? What?

BRUNO

I want to move on with my fabulous,
gay life. I want out of The Business.

DON PATTOCCI

You don't just get out, Bruno.

BRUNO

As a gesture of good faith, I have
an offering. Meet me after the
ceremony at our spot by the docks,
and I'll give you what will get the
FBI off your back.

DON PATTOCCI

And what's that?

BRUNO

The Mayor's daughter. But I need
your word that I'm out.

DON PATTOCCI

Angelino Bruno, after tonight, you
won't ever need to worry about me or
any Family Business. Ever again.

BISHOP (O.S.)

Imposter!

Everyone turns to see the Bishop, bruised, wrinkled, sagging,
and in his underwear.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Seize that heretic!

Amid the bafflement, Angie charges and throttles Eugene.

ANGIE

What have you done to our Bishop?!

(whispered)

Run!

EUGENE

Sorry, did you say—

ANGIE

Run!

Angie feigns a swoon to block a charging Louie Two-Toes.

INT. CHURCH/HALLWAY

Eugene flees, with a dozen MAFIOSI on his tail.

EUGENE

What? Sorry, I think you—

DON PATTOCCI

No chit chat. And I don't want no one to see your face. That's why we're meeting in the crapper. Here.

Don Pattocci slips a photo under the stall divider.

INSERT - PHOTO

It's a picture of Bruno.

BACK TO SCENE

Eugene nervously takes the photo.

DON PATTOCCI (CONT'D)

This is the guy. Enzo's refueling station down by the docks.

EUGENE

Yes?

DON PATTOCCI

That's where he'll be.

EUGENE

And?

DON PATTOCCI

And? Do it to him there.

EUGENE

Sorry, are you asking me to have sex with him?

DON PATTOCCI

What? No! Sick! Just rub him out.

EUGENE

Does that mean a hand job?

DON PATTOCCI

What's the matter with you? Make him a stiff. Tits up. Bite the big one. Ride a pale horse. Whack him.

EUGENE

This gets more sexual by the moment.

DON PATTOCCI

He needs to assume room temperature.

EUGENE
Oh, kill him!

DON PATTOCCI
You said it, not me. The Mayor's kid
will be with him. Leave her to me.

EUGENE
She will? Wait, you'll be there, too?

DON PATTOCCI
I'll be in hiding. I want to watch
that guy axed. You just do your thing.

Don Pattocci hands a brick of hundred dollar bills under the
stall divider to Eugene.

DON PATTOCCI (CONT'D)
Then get outta town. You was never
here.

Sounds of toilet paper unrolling, and Don Pattocchi wipes.

DON PATTOCCI (CONT'D)
Ah, fuckin' hemorrhoids!

Eugene pulls his keys from his pocket and detaches the key-finder.
He waves the key-finder in front of the Dog's face.

EUGENE
(whispered)
Treat! Treat!

The Dog sniffs, then snaps up the key-finder in one gulp.
Don Pattocci flushes, lifts his trousers, and exits with the Dog.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
Fuck, fuck, fuckity fuck!

INT. EUGENE'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Hannigan, in only his underwear and shoulder- and ankle-
holsters, works on Eugene's crossword in the Saturday Times.

HANNIGAN
Don't see what's so brilliant about
Garfinkel's masterpiece crossword.

He stands, opens the freezer, and removes the box of fish sticks.
He takes one out. Without heating it, he bites down. And frowns.

It's not a fish stick he's eating, but the severed finger.

Hannigan leaps like a startled cat, so high into the air that he hits his head on Eugene's kitchen light fixture.

HANNIGAN (CONT'D)
Mother fucking hell!

EXT. STREETS EN ROUTE TO THE DOCKS - DUSK

Eugene sprints toward the waterfront and passes Louie Two-Toes, who waits in the driver's side of his parked Cadillac.

INT. THE DOCKS/WAREHOUSE - DUSK

The loading doors of the warehouse stand open on both ends, the street on one side, the Long Island Sound on the other.

Barrels of marine diesel, pumps, ropes, buoys, and spooky bits of refueling equipment lie about.

Eugene charges in, gasping and frantic.

EUGENE
Bruno! Bruno!

After a momentary silence, Bruno steps from the shadows.

BRUNO
What's the matter, you?

EUGENE
You have to get out of here! Don
Pattocci sent me to kill you!

BRUNO
That's crazy. I'm a made man.

HANNIGAN
Nobody move a muscle!

Eugene and Bruno whirl to find Hannigan, dressed in Eugene's ill-fitting clothing, Glock drawn and aimed at them.

BRUNO
Oh, hi!

EUGENE
Oh, God, Lieutenant, you scared me.
Are those my sweatpants?

HANNIGAN

"Oh, hi?" No, none of this friendly bullshit. You've both been fingered.
(chuckle)
I fucking crack myself up.

EUGENE

Uh oh.

BRUNO

Uh oh?

EUGENE

We've got digital problems in an analog world.

Hannigan holds up the finger from Eugene's freezer.

HANNIGAN

I gotta admit, you even told me that you had Gofstein's finger. And me, I thought you were joking.

EUGENE

We don't know it belongs to the Mayor's daughter.

HANNIGAN

You finding a finger the day after the kidnapping in an ex-Mafia-hitman's sink is pretty convincing.

BRUNO

What? Why didn't you tell me?

EUGENE

I wanted to figure it all out so I wouldn't have to accuse you.

BRUNO

Aw, sweetie, cute!
(to Hannigan)
All right, Ohio-

HANNIGAN

Iowa.

BRUNO

All right, Iowa, gimme the finger.

HANNIGAN

Are you totally insane? You both get jail time, I get a promotion!

EUGENE

But it doesn't make sense.

HANNIGAN

What's not to make sense?

EUGENE

Bruno can't have kidnapped the Mayor's daughter.

HANNIGAN

And why not?

EUGENE

Because it doesn't fit!

HANNIGAN

Doesn't fucking fit? If it looks like a turd and smells like a turd...

EUGENE

No, Bruno's changed careers. He's not in the Mafia anymore. It's like those crosswords you wanted me to solve: there must be an answer that isn't an obvious one!

HANNIGAN

So, what, it's someone else's finger?

EUGENE

I don't know. Maybe the other guy who was visiting Bruno yesterday-

BRUNO

Louie Two-Toes?

EUGENE

-maybe he planted it in the sink.

HANNIGAN AND BRUNO

Why?

EUGENE

Maybe they needed someone to take the fall for the kidnapping. Bruno's gay, and you said yourself they'd want to get rid of him.

HANNIGAN

That sounds plausible.

EUGENE

Really?

HANNIGAN

Fuck no! Tell it to the judge.
Bruno, you're under arrest for
dismembering. Garfinkel, you're an
accessory. Hands up.

Eugene reaches for the sky.

EUGENE

Wait! Why not ask Don Pattocci?

HANNIGAN

Oh, sure. Like I can get anywhere
near him. Tell you what, you produce
Don Pattocci, I'll interrogate him.

Eugene claps his raised hands over his head.

Sure enough, they hear his key-finder nearby in the shadows,
though muffled for being inside a dog. The Dog barks.

DON PATTOCCI (O.S.)

What the fuck?

HANNIGAN

You, into the light, hands up!

Reluctantly, Don Pattocci and his Dog step from the shadows.

HANNIGAN (CONT'D)

It's my lucky fucking day! They'll
suck my dick down at HQ for this.

BRUNO

I knew you had a little gay in you!

HANNIGAN

Shut it, Guido. You, Pattocci, over
there with those ass-tards.

Don Pattocci slinks over to stand beside Eugene.

DON PATTOCCI

(to Eugene)

I want my money back.

Hannigan approaches Don Pattocci, gloating.

HANNIGAN

You think you're so clever, dodging
the FBI all these years. Guess what?
We've already coded the Mayor's
daughter's DNA using samples from her
hairbrush. If this finger matches...

Hannigan waves the finger. The Dog follows it with its good eye.

EUGENE
(quietly)
Treat! Treat!

The Dog snaps up the finger in its jaws, and darts off.

HANNIGAN
Fucking fuck!

Hannigan fires on the Dog.

DON PATTOCCI
Not my dog, you dick!

Don Pattocci punches Hannigan, and Hannigan loses his gun.

Hannigan spins and draws a revolver from an ankle holster. Don Pattocci draws a Beretta, and Bruno draws a silver-plated .38.

Eugene drops and crawls, snatching Hannigan's fallen Glock.

HANNIGAN
Nobody fucking move!

BRUNO
(to Hannigan)
Two Guineas against one WASP. You'd better give it up.

DON PATTOCCI
No, one Guinea, one WASP, and one Faggot. Sounds like a dirty limerick.

BRUNO
You won't even take sides with me against the G-man?

DON PATTOCCI
(to Bruno)
Look, even your gun is prissy.
(to Hannigan)
What say we let Bruno here take the fall? You get your promotion, I get rid of Bruno, everyone wins.

BRUNO
Everyone?

HANNIGAN
Upon reflection, I could go along with that.

DON PATTOCCI
Nab the dog before he swallows.

EUGENE
Everybody simmer down, or the
finger gets it!

Eugene has caught the Dog and wrested the finger from its jaws.
He holds the finger hostage, pointing at it with the Glock.

HANNIGAN
All right, Garfinkel, don't do
anything stupid. Gimme the finger.

EUGENE
I said simmer down! I've got the
finger now, and without it, you
don't have any evidence, so—

The Dog, eager to recover the finger, barks. Eugene starts,
and accidentally fires Hannigan's gun.

The blast vaporizes the finger, spraying Eugene with a mist
of finger chum. The pink fingernail sticks to his cheek.

Eugene retches, flinging the gun away and wiping desperately
at the splatter on his face and hands.

Then Louie Two-Toes, his own gun drawn, enters.

LOUIE TWO-TOES
You okay, boss? I thought I heard—

Louie Two-Toes, believing Don Pattocci in danger, shoots.

Hannigan fires, but Louie's bullet hits him and he crumples.

Don Pattocci aims at Bruno, but Bruno grabs his hand and directs
it toward Louie. The Don's shot hits Louie in the chest.

As Louie falls, still firing, his bullets ignite a diesel barrel.
The rubble of the warehouse erupts into flames.

DON PATTOCCI
You son of a bitch!

Don Pattocci elbows Bruno, and Bruno drops his gun and reels
backward into the flames. Don Pattocci takes aim after him.

EUGENE
No!

Eugene grabs a plank and clubs Don Pattocci, who falls, stunned.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Bruno! Bruno!

Eugene picks up Bruno's silver gun, just as a shape leaps at him through the smoke. Reflexively, Eugene fires.

It's Bruno, and Eugene's bullet hits him in the sternum.

Through a spray of blood, Eugene sees Bruno plunge out the warehouse doors into the water.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

No! No!

Eugene drops the gun to rush after Bruno, but Hannigan grabs him.

HANNIGAN

Forget him, he's gone.

EUGENE

He can't swim!

HANNIGAN

Swimming is the least of his worries.

EUGENE

Wait, Lieutenant? You're all right!

HANNIGAN

Heh, I've fallen and I can't get up.

EUGENE

I've got you.

HANNIGAN

It's no good, Garfinkel.

EUGENE

I said I've got you! Move it, soldier!

Eugene helps Hannigan to his feet.

The Dog barks furiously over the prone form of Don Pattocci.

With a great effort, Eugene hoists Don Pattocci's unconscious body to his shoulders and half-drags the stumbling Hannigan.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Looking much like the bloodied young soldier Hannigan carrying wounded to the Humvee outside Kabul in Eugene's dream, Eugene hauls Hannigan and Don Pattocci to the FBI sedan.

Eugene slings Don Pattocci into the back seat. The Dog follows.

Eugene helps Hannigan into the passenger seat.

Eugene pops the trunk and gets a first aid kit and a tire iron.

He tears open gauze packets and holds them to Hannigan's wound, which is just below his right clavicle.

EUGENE

Keep pressure here.

HANNIGAN

Just like old times. Why the tire iron?

Eugene hands the tire iron to Hannigan.

EUGENE

If Don Pattocci wakes up, hit him.

INT. HANNIGAN'S FBI SEDAN/LONG ISLAND - NIGHT - TRAVELING

Eugene drives, badly.

EUGENE

Where's the nearest hospital?

HANNIGAN

No. Get me to headquarters downtown.

Eugene slams on the brakes; a yellow cab is double-parked.

EUGENE'S P.O.V. - YELLOW CAB

Eugene assesses the clearance: he cannot pass.

BACK TO SCENE

Eugene leans on his horn.

The same Russian Cab Driver from yesterday yells out his smashed driver's side window.

CAB DRIVER

Go around! *Otvali!*

EUGENE

I can't go around! There are only 70 inches of space to get past you! This car is 76-inches wide. So move it!

CAB DRIVER

What inches wide? How you know this?

EUGENE

I know how things fit, it's just
the way my brain - oh, fuck it.

Eugene grabs the tire iron from Hannigan's hands.

EXT. LONG ISLAND STREET - NIGHT

Eugene charges the cab and smashes tail lights and windows.

EUGENE

Move this fucking car, or I'll turn
your fucking skull into fucking
oatmeal and feed it to your fucking
children for Seder!

CAB DRIVER

Eto piz dets!

The cab careens off down the street.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS/DEBRIEFING ROOM - MORNING

A spartan debriefing room at the FBI headquarters, with
chairs, a metal table, and a television in the corner.

Eugene, still wearing Hannigan's shirt and pants, recounts
events to Agent Templeton and a video camera. Eugene's eidetic
memory makes this a long process, and Agent Templeton snores.

The Dog snoozes at Eugene's feet.

EUGENE

...six barrels of marine diesel, and two
hundred and two feet of jute maritime
rope. This concludes the summary of the
contents of the dock warehouse. I was
still carrying the tracking device...

Eugene removes the tracking device coin, holds it up before
the camera, and places it on the table before him.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

...which presumably is how Agent
Hannigan was able to locate me.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS/INTERROGATION ROOM

Agent Godfrey and an INTERROGATOR work over Don Pattocci, who
holds an ice pack to his head.

DON PATTOCCI

I'm telling you, I don't know nothing.

Hannigan enters the room, his arm in a sling, now with two black eyes after the punch he took from Don Pattocci.

HANNIGAN

All right, ass faces, fill me in.

AGENT GODFREY

Sorry, without the finger, we can't tie Don Pattocci to the kidnapping.

HANNIGAN

Don't say that in front of him! You fucked my bad-cop routine. Christ.

Smugly, Don Pattocci pulls from his pocket the glass cigar case Bruno gave him just before the wedding.

DON PATTOCCI

Can I help it if you guys run a looser ship than a steamboat brothel?

Don Pattocci breaks the seal on the cigar tube, removes the cap, and shakes the cigar into his open palm.

But it's not a cigar that emerges from the tube.

It's another finger, pink nail polish and all.

DON PATTOCCI (CONT'D)

Fuck my life.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS/DEBRIEFING ROOM

Eugene finishes talking while Agent Templeton snores.

EUGENE

...that's about all I can remember.

Eugene shrugs, and turns on the TV to a news broadcast.

NEWSCASTER

...two bodies found in the fire. The first has been identified as Louis "Two-Toes" Mazzorano, believed to be a high-ranking Mob official. The second corpse is described as missing its teeth and two fingers. No word from authorities yet as to whether this could be Larissa Gofstein, the Mayor's daughter.

The TV screen shows the same photo of the Mayor's daughter, taken the day of her kidnapping, with her French-manicured hand pushing a fiery red curl from her face.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

In other news, the cadaver missing from NYU medical school...

Eugene frowns. His brain starts to churn.

EUGENE'S P.O.V. - PUZZLE PIECES

Eugene envisions yesterday's New York Times, and visualizes drawing a connecting line between the front page articles about the missing NYU corpse and the Mayor's daughter.

But then, Hannigan enters. He snaps his fingers under Agent Templeton's nose, and Templeton starts awake.

AGENT TEMPLETON

What time is it? Christ, this guy really does have an idiotic memory.

HANNIGAN

Eidetic. Go brush your teeth, you smell like you just ate a hobo.

Agent Templeton departs, and Hannigan sits opposite Eugene.

EUGENE

Why'd they remove the corpse's teeth?

HANNIGAN

To make it harder to identify. Can't use dental records, and fingerprints are burned off, so it has to be DNA.

EUGENE

And? Have you run the tests?

HANNIGAN

It's the Mayor's daughter, all right. Matches samples from her hairbrush.

(beat)

I did your crossword. Wasn't that hard.

Hannigan hands Eugene a solved copy of his Saturday puzzle.

EUGENE

I completely forgot about this. Has there been any mention in the blogs?

HANNIGAN

Fuck, and here's me so busy being shot that I forgot to check the nerd web sites! Fuck me!

EUGENE

I'm sorry—

HANNIGAN

No, no, shut up a second.
(struggling for words)
Thanks. For saving me. I probably wouldn't have, if I were you.

EUGENE

Yeah, I don't know what came over me.

HANNIGAN

Fuck, that was harder to get out than a kidney stone. What's wrong?

EUGENE

I shot Bruno. I killed another innocent man, and it's all my fault—

Eugene starts to sob, gasping for air.

HANNIGAN

Look, Garfinkel—
(notices the video camera)
—is that fucker still on?

Hannigan disables the camera.

HANNIGAN (CONT'D)

Look, it wasn't all your fault. Bruno came at you through the smoke, I would have done the same thing.

EUGENE

But in Afghanistan ... Hayes and Bellasco and Trilby—

HANNIGAN

Jesus, Garfinkel.
(gritting his teeth)
Dispatch switched a coordinate.

EUGENE

No. No. I went over the dispatch record a thousand times.

HANNIGAN

Yeah, I knew you would. I corrected the manifest before you got to it.

EUGENE

What? But why?

HANNIGAN

Because I signed off on your intel. I would've looked like shit for not verifying your sources.

EUGENE

You changed the manifest?

HANNIGAN

For all the good it did. I know, it was a dick move.

EUGENE

That means it wasn't...

HANNIGAN

What?

EUGENE

It wasn't my fault! I've been going over that day for two years! I couldn't see how I got the pattern wrong.

HANNIGAN

There was no pattern. Sometimes it's all just stupid, human behavior.

EUGENE

No, there's always a pattern. Sometimes you just can't see it.

Eugene calms himself and wipes his nose on his sleeve.

HANNIGAN

Hey, that's my shirt you're snotting all over. And where's my jacket?

EUGENE

Oh. It must be back at the church.

HANNIGAN

Whatever. It was a crap jacket. I want you to have something.

Hannigan holds out a military medal.

EUGENE
That's your Purple Heart.

HANNIGAN
You were the only one in our platoon
who wasn't wounded that day, but I
think you sustained the most damage.

Hannigan pins the Purple Heart to Eugene's shirt.

EUGENE
No, I can't-

HANNIGAN
Don't fucking whine or I'll staple it
to your skin. Let me not be an asshole
for like ten seconds, can't you?

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FBI HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Stepping out into the daylight, Eugene shields his eyes with
the hand not holding the Dog's harness.

Hannigan hands him a pair of sunglasses, which Eugene dons.

HANNIGAN
Come on, I'll take you home.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE EUGENE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Eugene, with the Dog and Hannigan, fumbles for his keys.

HANNIGAN
...and out of the cigar case pops
another finger. Can you believe it?

Eugene hears noise from upstairs.

INT. BRUNO'S APARTMENT

Eugene steps into Bruno's apartment to find three FBI
FORENSICS AGENTS. The Dog and Hannigan follow.

FBI FORENSICS AGENT #1
Sorry, sir, this is a restricted-

EUGENE
No! Can't you let Bruno rest for
one second? Out! Get out!

HANNIGAN

It's all right. Give us a minute.

FBI FORENSICS AGENT #1 starts to object, but Hannigan pokes him in the eye and he yowls.

FBI FORENSICS AGENT #1

Jesus! Who does that?

Eugene looks around, miserable, while the Agents withdraw.

HANNIGAN

(to FBI Forensics Agent #1)

Find anything?

FBI FORENSICS AGENT #1

No. Asshole.

Eugene presses on the kitchen wall and the secret panel opens.

Hannigan glares at the Forensics Agents for having overlooked the weapons cache, and they shrug.

Everything is still there, except for the lavender bulletproof vest, which is gone from its pink hanger.

Eugene picks up a disk made of cotton and electrical tape.

EUGENE

What the hell is this?

HANNIGAN

Huh. Looks like a squib.

Hannigan lifts a box with a switch from the secret shelf, and takes the squib from Eugene.

HANNIGAN (CONT'D)

(to FBI Forensics Agent #1)

Here, hold this.

Hannigan presses the switch on the black box, and the squib explodes, spraying FBI Forensics Agent #1 in fake blood.

HANNIGAN (CONT'D)

Oh, that was so JFK!

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. THE DOCKS/WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Eugene relives the memory of Bruno's chest spraying blood when Eugene pulls the trigger of Bruno's gun.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. BRUNO'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Hannigan snaps his fingers under Eugene's nose.

HANNIGAN

Hey, it's just a cheap Hollywood special effect. Don't be a pussy.

Eugene touches the pink hanger where the bulletproof vest used to be. Then he begins snooping.

EUGENE

This doesn't fit.

On Bruno's desk he finds a PADI SCUBA certification badge.

Eugene finds a new edition of a Bermuda guidebook. He opens it to a dog-eared page, where the Angelina Hotel is circled.

Nearby are several complex books on international banking laws.

HANNIGAN

Hey, Bruno did your crossword, too.

Hannigan holds up, cut from the Times, the completed crossword.

But then he notices another crossword underneath the first.

HANNIGAN (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Hannigan regards the two crosswords, one in each hand.

EUGENE

Don't tell me—

HANNIGAN

(his right hand)

This is your crossword that I solved.

(his left hand)

This one is the same crossword, but—

EUGENE

With an entirely distinct answer set.

HANNIGAN

There are two different answer keys to the same crossword puzzle?

EUGENE

I told you it was my masterpiece.

HANNIGAN

That's fucking incredible.

EUGENE

What's incredible is that Bruno solved it. I mean, both of them.

(beat)

It doesn't fit.

A phone rings in Eugene's trousers. He withdraws Bruno's pink phone, which he absently pocketed after they hit the Bishop.

Eugene moves toward the hall and nervously answers the phone.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Hello?

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)

This is an automated confirmation from Bermuda's Finest Seaplanes Tours, of your booking for tonight-

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE EUGENE'S BROWNSTONE - MORNING

Eugene, dragging the Dog, runs to the street.

A taxi screeches to a stop, denting its bumper on the Dog's metal skull, and Eugene winds up with his hands on its hood.

It's the same Russian taxi driver, who recognizes Eugene-

CAB DRIVER

Oh, fuck.

-and reverses away at top speed.

EUGENE

...Taxi...

INT. JFK AIRPORT/DELTA AIRLINES COUNTER - MORNING

Eugene, still wearing Hannigan's sunglasses, works with a TICKET AGENT.

TICKET AGENT

...next flight to Bermuda ... sorry, only first class is available, for fifteen-hundred and twelve dollars.

EUGENE

Holy highway robbery!

TICKET AGENT

I have coach seats later tonight.

Eugene digs his passport out of his pocket. With it comes the wad of hitman cash given to him by Don Pattocci. He grins.

EUGENE

First class is fine.

TICKET AGENT

Any luggage?

EUGENE

Just, um, a dog.

TICKET AGENT

I'm sorry, but you can't bring—
 (notes the dog's harness)
 —oh, I'm sorry, I didn't realize it
 was a seeing eye dog.
 (sees Eugene's Purple Heart)
 And you're a veteran. Where were
 you stationed?

EUGENE

Oh, right. Afghanistan.

EXT. BERMUDA/L.F. WADE AIRPORT/TAXI STAND - DAY

Dodging TRAVELLERS in gaudy shirts, Eugene cuts to the front of the taxi line. A SUNBURNED TOURIST objects.

SUNBURNED TOURIST

Hey, mate—

Eugene jabs the Sunburned Tourist in the eye and dives in the cab.

EUGENE

Downtown. Angelina Hotel.

INT. TAXI CAB/APPROACHING HAMILTON, BERMUDA - DAY - TRAVELING

Eugene and the CABBIE wait in traffic. Eugene sees why:

WORKMEN have torn up half of the main road, leaving only a narrow strip of pavement. Traffic is diverted to side streets.

EUGENE

(musing)
 You could almost make it past the
 construction in this cab.

INT. BERMUDA/ANGELINA HOTEL/A HOTEL ROOM DOOR - DAY

Eugene, with the Dog, knocks forcefully on a hotel room door.

LARISSA GOFSTEIN opens the door. The Mayor's Daughter. Unmistakable, with her dazzling beauty and cascade of red curls.

Eugene gapes at her: not what he was expecting.

EUGENE
Whaaaat...?

LARISSA
(calling over her shoulder)
You were right. He's here.

Eugene grabs her hands and counts her French manicured fingers.

EUGENE
One, two, three, four, five, six...

As Eugene gets to nine, he notices a diamond engagement ring.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
...seven, eight, big rock, ten.

Bruno comes to the door and puts an arm around Larissa's waist. He has replaced his flamboyant clothing with a tasteful linen suit. His speech has completely lost the gay affectation.

BRUNO
You made it! Faster than I expected.
(introducing)
Eugene, Larissa. Why the dog?

LARISSA
A pleasure. I've heard a lot about you.

Eugene throws his arms around Bruno.

BRUNO
Hah! Good to see you, too, buddy.
Angie! You ready?

Angie emerges from the bathroom. She behaves coldly to Eugene.

ANGIE
What, already?

BRUNO
Let's go.

Bruno picks up two empty duffel bags and heads out.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
(to Eugene)
You have it all figured out?

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

Eugene's mind races as they head to the elevator.

EUGENE
So I see you two—
(i.e., Bruno and Larissa)
—are engaged. You must have met
through Angie, since you're both—
(i.e., Angie and Larissa)
—NYU Med School students.

BRUNO
So far, so good.

EUGENE
Of course, your families wouldn't let
a Catholic Mob thug — no offense —

BRUNO
Hey, it's a point of pride.

EUGENE
— marry the daughter of a Jewish,
anti-Mafia Mayor.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR

Eugene continues.

EUGENE
You couldn't elope; the Mayor would
hunt you down. So you hatched this
incredible plan. Pretended to be gay,
so the Mafia would want you dead. And
wrote a lot of crosswords, which is
how the FBI got me involved.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Eugene rattles on.

EUGENE
You stole a corpse from Med School
and planted its hair in Larissa's
hairbrush for DNA evidence. And cut
off two fingers.
(MORE)

EUGENE (CONT'D)

One to frame Don Pattocci, the other
to suck me in, since I can't rest
until I've solved a puzzle.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ANGELINA HOTEL - DAY

And Eugene goes on.

EUGENE

At the wedding, you substituted me
for the hitman, so I'd lead the FBI
to the docks. Then I shot Bruno with
his own gun, which was rigged with
blanks to trigger fake blood squibs.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BANK OF BERMUDA

Bruno leads them toward the bank entry.

EUGENE

The Med-School corpse was burned in the
fire, but its DNA matched the hair in
Larissa's brush, and voilà, you staged
your own deaths and are free to marry.

BRUNO

(to Larissa)
I told you he was good.

LARISSA

Pretty kick-ass, E.

INT. BANK OF BERMUDA/LOBBY - DAY

Larissa talks with the BANK MANAGER in the bank lobby.

EUGENE

Heck, solving puzzles is easy.
Writing them, that's hard. How...?

BRUNO

A lot of things have two independent
solutions. In one, we die in a fire. In
another, we live happily ever after.
Tell me, when did you first suspect?

EUGENE

The news ran a photo of Larissa the
day she was kidnapped. French
manicure. That finger in your sink?

BRUNO

Yeah?

EUGENE

The nail polish was the wrong color.

INT. BANK OF BERMUDA/SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT

The Bank Manager leads them into a vault and leaves.

EUGENE

But how could you know I'd
participate like I did?

BRUNO

We've studied you for a long time.

EUGENE

Of course! Angie volunteers at the
NYU Veterans' Center, where I had
therapy after my discharge.

BRUNO

It took quite some time to find
someone who could help us with this.

Bruno gestures around them, and Eugene realizes that the four
of them, and the Dog, are alone in a safe deposit vault.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

(to Larissa)

Tell him.

LARISSA

My father, famed "war-on-crime" Mayor
of New York City, has been taking
payoffs from the Mafia for years.

EUGENE

Shut the front door.

LARISSA

I know, right? He can't deposit bribes
in B-of-A checking, so he keeps his
Benjamins in this safe deposit vault...

Larissa holds up an electronic USB stick.

LARISSA (CONT'D)

...which can only be opened when this
unique key is inserted into the lock
and a twelve-digit code entered into
that computer over there.

BRUNO

Now you know why we need you?

EUGENE

I debugged this bank's software system. So I know all its code.

ANGIE

Good for fucking you.

BRUNO

So, get hacking.

EUGENE

But robbing your own father?

LARISSA

My father is an abusive, philandering criminal who didn't pay for my mother's cancer treatments.

BRUNO

And it's Mob money anyway, not some city pension fund.

Eugene ponders for two seconds.

EUGENE

Sure, that sounds fair.

Eugene sits at the computer and starts typing.

INT. BANK OF BERMUDA/LOBBY - DAY

Eugene exits the bank with the Dog, Angie, Larissa, and Bruno. Bruno hefts one enormous duffel bags stuffed with cash, and Eugene staggers under the other.

The Bank Manager talks earnestly on the phone. Suddenly:

BANK MANAGER

Stop them!

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BANK OF BERMUDA - DAY

The four race outside, but POLICE descend upon them.

Eugene takes Don Pattocci's wad of cash from his pocket and hurls it into the sky in a cloud of fluttering bills.

In the ensuing tourist MOB of greed, they dart into a garage.

The Policemen finally clear the Mob and approach the garage.

Suddenly, a tiny Fiat bursts through the garage entry, scatters the Policemen, and careens down the street.

INT. THE FIAT - DAY - TRAVELING

Bruno drives, recklessly dodging through traffic, with police cars in hot pursuit. Larissa sits beside Bruno in the front.

Eugene, Angie, and the Dog are crammed into the tiny back seat.

More police cars approach from another direction.

BRUNO

Where do these cops keep coming from?

EUGENE

(to Angie)

Can I ask you something?

ANGIE

It's a free country.

EUGENE

You're less, um, energetic. Than usual.

ANGIE

Why do you think that is,
Puzzlemaster?

EUGENE

I have a dozen or so guesses, but
none of them really fits.

Bruno skids around a corner and an unmarked police car with a portable police light joins the chase.

ANGIE

(to Eugene)

Maybe this will help.

Angie holds up the list of her unpleasant qualities that Eugene made with Agent Godfrey.

EUGENE

Oh. Oh! Oh.

ANGIE

Oh?

EUGENE

I feel like I should explain—

ANGIE

Nothing you can say will make you seem less like a dick right now.

EUGENE

I got to wondering how someone smart, pretty, and successful, like you, could be interested in a mess like me. See, the problem is I find you so incredibly beautiful that I had to try to stop myself. Because otherwise...

Bruno, though an expert driver, is outnumbered by police.

BRUNO

Not going well, here!

Eugene looks around, and realizes that they're near the construction site he passed en route from the airport.

EUGENE

Wait, turn here!

BRUNO

I can't! Construction detour!

EUGENE

No, turn! Turn!

Bruno smashes through the barrier and sees the ditch in the road.

BRUNO

Fuck! I told you—

EUGENE

You can make it! Fiat wheel-width: 52 inches. Pavement ahead: 59 inches.

Bruno guns it and scrapes against the guardrail as Workmen dive for cover, but drives past the ditch without falling in.

Not so the police cars following, which tumble into the hole.

The unmarked car, however, skids to a stop and reverses.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Bermuda police car: 64 inches.

BRUNO

I could kiss you right now.

LARISSA

Hey! No more of the gay thing.

BRUNO

But where are these cops coming from?
It's like they know how to find us.

EUGENE

What did you say?

Bruno edges the car onto the shoulder to avoid an oncoming pig truck that takes up most of the road.

Eugene frowns, looking down at his shirt. Then:

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Stop the car!

INT. UNMARKED BERMUDA POLICE CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

The Bermuda CHIEF OF POLICE drives the car. Beside him sits Hannigan, looking at a laptop screen.

HANNIGAN

This way! Left here!

The car skids onto the country road. The pig truck approaches.

HANNIGAN (CONT'D)

There! Stop that truck!

EXT. BERMUDA COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The police car swerves to block the pig truck, and the Chief of Police leaps from the car, gun drawn.

CHIEF OF POLICE

Out of the truck! Now!

Hannigan rushes to the truck to find it full of squealing pigs.

A sheet of burlap covers the far end of the truck cargo bed.

HANNIGAN

(yelling)

Jig's up, Garfinkel.

(no response)

You don't want me to come back there.

Hannigan climbs onto the truck cargo bed and makes his way to the far side, ankle-deep in pig feces.

HANNIGAN (CONT'D)

Fucking disgusting. You're paying
for new shoes, Garfinkel!

Hannigan yanks the burlap, revealing only hay bales. Except:

Pinned to one of the hay bales is Hannigan's Purple Heart. But it's not really a Purple Heart; the medal has been pried open, revealing tracking device circuitry within.

What's more, a hastily-drawn crossword puzzle has been stuck to the hay bale by the fake Purple Heart's pin.

HANNIGAN (CONT'D)

Fuck, fuck, fuckity-

Hannigan kicks at a pig in rage, but misses, loses his balance, and sprawls in the pig shit.

EXT. BERMUDA HARBOR/SEAPLANE DOCK - DAY

The Fiat halts at the dock, where a seaplane awaits them.

INT. SEAPLANE - DAY

The four of them, plus the Dog and the duffels of cash, sit in the seaplane as it takes off from the Bermuda harbor. They all applaud, which activates the key finder in the Dog.

Angie leans over and kisses Eugene.

EUGENE

I thought you weren't going to do that.

ANGIE

I didn't want to spoil the surprise.

INT. FBI JET - NIGHT

Hannigan sits, filthy and reeking, in the FBI jet, assessing the hastily-written crossword puzzle taken from the pig truck.

There are only a dozen clues, and Hannigan has solved them all. They include words like "MAFIA" and "BRIBE."

Hannigan circles three answers that spell out: "AUDIT THE MAYOR," and chuckles.

HANNIGAN

Son of a bitch, Garfinkel. Okay, if this pans out, I'll leave you alone.

INT. ISLAND OF MALLORCA/VILLA/EUGENE'S BEDROOM - DAY

The tasteful bedroom overlooks a balcony over the Mediterranean. The Dog, wearing a post-surgery cone, sits on the balcony.

Eugene, in a linen suit, watches a news report on his laptop.

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN

The screen shows THE MAYOR escorted from his office in handcuffs.

NEWSCASTER

...with the arrest of New York City Mayor Noah Gofstein on charges of embezzlement and bribery. The FBI agent in charge of the investigation, Leslie Hannigan, had this to say...

The screen shows Hannigan ascending to a press podium.

BACK TO SCENE

Angie, in a beautiful sundress, her hair elaborately styled, enters from the bathroom and touches up her lipstick at a vanity. Clearly, this is her bedroom, too.

ANGIE

You ready?

EXT. ISLAND OF MALLORCA/VILLA/GARDEN - DAY

Eugene, Angie, and the Dog approach a wedding chuppah.

Bruno and Larissa stand there, dressed as bride and groom.

A Flamenco GUITARIST plays beside them. A PRIEST and a RABBI await.

Eugene and Angie approach and stand to one side as witnesses.

PRIEST

Dearly beloved...

Angie puts her arm around Eugene, and he leans his head against her shoulder.

FADE OUT