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Under Hellgate Bridge

By Michael Sergio

God... has created us.
But only God
truly knows
why we make the choices
that we do.
And sometimes life
leads us down a road
where there can be
no happy ending.
We make small choices that...
Later on in life
have consequences
that we could
never have foreseen.
We seek out pleasures
that very often
are tools for the destruction
of our souls.
Without God as our guide,
we wander unprotected
through this valley
of the shadow of death.
By our very natures,
we are weak.
Let those of us who
have gathered here today
reach down into
our own understanding
and there find a place
of forgiveness in our hearts.
So let us not judge our brother
James Richard Daniels.
Instead,
let's join together
with his loving wife Marsha
and his brother Edward
in remembrance.
And let's learn
from Jimmy's life,
and from the tragedy
of his final years.
Though confused and lost,
with God's grace
and mercy,

Let's pray
that Jimmy's soul
has made its way
to God's holy place.
And let's take with us
the clear understanding
that there, but for
the grace of God, go I.
I'm sorry Marsha
for your loss. Can I help?
Thank you Father, no.
I've had time to prepare for this.
It wasn't exactly
unexpected.
Maybe if you'd stuck around,
we wouldn't be here today.
Who are you
to point at me?
Eddie, let's get
out of here.
- At least I was there for him.
- Y eah, that was the problem.
Marsha, are you all right?
Edward, are you all right?
No. Haven't you
noticed, Father?
I'm not.
Ryan?
Eddie, what happened
to Jimmy?
What, that's it?
Just like that?
"What happened
to Jimmy? "
You do two years in prison
without letting anybody visit you,
wouldn't even accept the letters
that Jimmy fucking wrote you, man.
Disappeared for two more years,
nobody hears nothing from you.
You just show up and you wanna
know what happened to Jimmy?
I heard he got himself clean.
I heard he had it licked.

How could you hear that?
You ain't been around.
You don't know
what it's been like.
- How you doing?
- You know me, I do all right.
Stabilized.
You clean?
How could you ask me that?
I'm fine.
I just wanna know
how you're doing.
I guess I'm doing
about as good as I can do
without having my big brother
around to watch over me.
Eddie, I'm sorry.
You know, about being
away so long.
This whole thing
with Jimmy.
Really, I'm- I'm sorry.
Yeah...
Well...
I'm sorry too.
(honking)
Sal!
Hey, Eddie. I'm sorry
to hear about Jimmy.
He was a nice kid.
Nice kid.
Ryan.
Hey, Sal.
It's a lucky thing,
you coming back just now, huh?
I mean, in time for
the funeral and everything.
Yeah. Lucky thing.
I guess you're gonna be
a comfort to your brother.
You know,
like the old days.
Listen, uh...
I want you to have

a drink on me.
I mean for Jimmy, huh?
Thank you, Sal.
This is very generous.
Yeah.
Very generous, Sal.
Very generous!
Eddie, sorry about your brother.
That's a tough break.
Mike, a couple drinks
on me for Eddie boy.
Already been taken care of,
compliments of Big Sal.
Well, I'll be damned.
Look who's here.
- It's a free country.
- Yeah?
Vincent might not
think so.
Not today, Mike,
not today.
All right,
for Jimmy's sake.
God rest his soul.
Keep loverboy outta sight.
Asshole.
To Jimmy.
Did you see Carla?
I almost didn't
recognize her.
She looks cold.
Don't start with
that shit, all right?
Vincent, though...
Vincent looks the same.
Vincent's making
lots of money for people.
Big Sal gave his blessings
to work this whole neighborhood,
- so stay out of his way.
- Eddie?
I need to talk to you.
Not right now,
okay, Doreen?

Eddie, you shouldn't
have left me back at the-
- at the cemetery.
- Come here.
Sorry about that.
She's really cool,
but she's a little fucked up
right now, you know?
So, tell me
about the joint.
When I got there,
I didn't shit for five days.
Oh fuck.
I can't remember
much of the first year.
T ook me that long to get
my head straight, you know?
And then all I could
think about was Carla,
what she did to me.
You should've seen that look in
her eyes when they took me away.
Look Ryan, everybody knows that
Vincent made Carla set you up.
I know.
That's what I can't
get out of my head.
Stop. Just stop
right there.
Carla is Vincent's property now.
Right after you got sent up,
he put her in rehab,
he married her, they had a kid,
now she's a regular
Suzie Homemaker.
So get it fucking straight-
he will fuck you up again
if you even look at her.
Yeah, I'll tell him.
That was Charlie over
at the Skillman Lounge.
He said Vincent just left,
he's looking all over for Ryan.
Thanks Mike,

I owe you one.
You don't owe me shit.
It's my place I'm worried about.
No problem. You got it.
Listen, about that talk
you were gonna have
with Big Sal about me,
you set that up yet?
Hey, asshole,
forget about Sal.
You're already overextended
all over the street.
Nobody wants to deal with you.
Just get Ryan outta here.
All right... but talk
to Big Sal! Don't be a hard-on.
Come on, there's gonna be
a taste in it for you.
Take a hike!
(salsa music playing)
Hey, "paysan. "
I can't believe this,
twice in one day.
First I bump into you
at church, and now here.
This is nice,
am I right, huh?
You know what?
This calls for a celebration.
Eddie, run across the street
and go get us some beers.
Peanuts always make me so dry.
Do they do that to you, Mitch?
- Yep.
- Vince, Ryan and I were-
Eddie, I got
a real thirst here.
Thank you.
We're only gonna be
a couple of minutes.
We might even be
quicker than that.
So how you been?
Now look at you,

you're still
dressing in rags.
Your tastes were always
more expensive than mine.
Sometimes expensive tastes
get you expensive things.
Things that are real warm,
real comfortable.
I don't know-
things that fit real good.
If you don't mind that another man
wore them before you.
Peanut?
Wait, wait- let me see
if I can remember.
That's right, you've always been
a lover not a fighter, right, Romeo?
You never did know how to play
your hand and it seems like
the game ain't exactly
going your way right now.
You knew what
would happen if-
if I ever saw you again.
You knew.
You know what?
All that can wait.
Today is a day of celebration-
of old friends getting together.
And today
we have peanuts...
and now we have beer.
So, Ryan, you take
a couple of days,
and you mourn
your dead junkie brother,
and then you go away.
And then what?
If my old friend here
isn't out of Astoria
very, very soon then...
Let the games begin.
Oh and, Ryan...
I'll be watching,

my friend,
I'll be watching.
Mitch, what are you doing?
What I was told to do.
Yeah?
Now I'm telling you
to get out.
He ain't gonna like that.
Mitch, I said get out.

- **Ryan:**

- **Woman:**

Well, I'm here.
Seem to have done
real well for yourself.
Everything has its price.
And everyone?
- Did he hurt you?
- What do you care?
You know me
better than that.
I knew a lot of things
till you set me up.
- H e made me do that.
- Did he put that look in your eye
when they dragged me
out of our bed?
I was high and I was scared.
And I needed help
and Vincent was there.
Nobody could get you
to marry him-
not if you
didn't want to.
There are so many things
you don't understand.
All I know is
my brother's dead.
- I'm sorry about Jimmy.
- Y eah?
You can't feel too sorry-
even though you got clean,
that outfit,

those earrings, this car
were paid for by that shit
Jimmy shot into his arm.
And it all comes
from Vincent.
So tell me,
when you're with him
and you're alone in his bed,
and you're playing
the submissive little housewife,
do you still feel sorry or are
the perks too fucking good?
I hate you.
I hate you.
Tell your husband I got
a few things to take care of,
and then I'll be gone.
He came to the stopover
on 14th Street,
just rolled over and nodded out
right on the passenger seat.
The truck was right in
the middle of the intersection.
The doors were locked,
"Freebird" playing on the radio,
engine running.
Some psycho took out a bat
and started smashing it
on the side of the truck.
Cops had to smash in the windows,
they pulled him out.
They gave him a DWI
right on the spot.
Jimmy said, "They had to get
a tow truck for my tow truck. "
Jimmy could never
keep a job.
Yeah. After that,
nobody'd hire him.
Marsha left him and...
Jimmy had nothing.
Hi.
Come here.
Come here.

Come here.
He kinda
looks like Jimmy.
Yeah, Jimmy and I
took after our mother.
Ryan and I are
just hanging out.
Well, I-I'll go
into the bedroom and-
Why don't I leave you two
alone for a while?
Why? Come on, it's early.
It's all right.
I'll see ya later.
All right.
Here, use my keys.
Thanks.
Do you think
I scared him off?
No. It's okay.
It's all right.
We okay?
No.
Go ahead.
I love you, baby.
I love you.
I love you too.
Hey, Champ.
Your eggs look like
someone murdered 'em.
They're bleeding
all over the place.
They got shot like what happened
to that man where you work.
Boom-boom-boom, you're dead,
I got you, you're dead.
Who could've told you that nice
little story, huh? I wonder.

It's 8:

and he's just getting in.
(speaks Spanish)

Carla:

I'll fix you
something to eat.
You see how nice
Mommy talks to Daddy?
Maybe if T eressa is nice,
she might become
a mommy too one day.
So how'd it go?
Couldn't be too concerned,
if you stayed out all night.
Why? Should I be
concerned?
- No.
- No, what?
No, Vincent, you shouldn't
be concerned.
T eressa, take Tyler
out to the park.
Daddy wants to talk with
Mommy for a minute, okay?
Give me five.
All right!
(alternative rock music playing)
~ The first time
is always the best ~
~ Y eah... ~
~ Sit back, relax
and don't resist ~
~ Resist, resist ~
~ Now you're
on the other side ~
~ Resist, resist... ~
So how'd it go?
I conveyed your message,
he's leaving and that's it.
That was all?
We spoke, and now he's leaving.
What else can there be?
- I don't know, you tell me.
- Vincent, there's nothing there.
Then tell me.
Say it.
What else?
You know what else.

T ell me.

T ell me.

Come on, pussycat,
tell me.

- That you're my man?

- Mm-hmm.

Who takes care of me,
and I take care of him?

- And I'm his.

- Yeah.

Huh? Isn't that what
you wanna hear, baby?

Hmm?

You mean
everything to me.

You know that,
don't you?

If I even thought
for a second-

- Hi, Father.

- Ryan. How are you?

It's been hard.

I just- I wanted
to thank you for
calling me about Jimmy
and the words you said
at the funeral.

He always loved
this place.

What is it, Ryan?

Father, it's Eddie.

I'm worried about him.

I just don't know enough
about what's going on.

Sometimes I can help.

- Come inside.

- No, I can't.

Come inside
the confessional.

I can help.

(heavy breathing)

Yes...

Ryan!

I knew you were

gonna be here.

Hey.

Jimmy and me used to come up
here, you could never find us.

Bullshit, I knew
where you were.

I just didn't wanna
spoil it by finding you.

- You can see Manhattan from here.

- Yeah, there's more past that.

Not for me. Not anymore.

- What about Jersey?

- Oh, Jersey! Ew!

Come on, pack your bags,
get your shit, we'll just go.

- Hey, come on, stop that!

- Hey, Ryan's rules are back!

I'm your big brother.

I'm supposed to watch out for you.

You were supposed to look out
for me and Jimmy.

- That was your job.

- It's not too late.

- Jimmy might think so.

- (beeper sounding)

- Gotta go.

- Is that Vincent?

Hey, you see this?

Some people make it outta here
and some people don't.

You did it the hard way
but you made it out.

I didn't. I'm still here.

This is my world. And I like it.

He's calling me,

I gotta get back to it.

Do you, Eddie,

I mean, do you really?

Yeah.

Eddie, come on,

I'm still your big brother.

Yeah... you're still

my big brother.

Hey.

I'd invite you in,
but you know how she is.
Um, this is some
of Jimmy's stuff.
There wasn't much left.
He just about sold everything.
You sure you don't
want any of this?
I'm sorry, but I gotta
walk away from this.
I feel like I've been
hit by a freight train.
It's been hard on me.
It's been really hard.
Oh, uh... these are...
Jimmy's letters
that you returned unopened.
It hurt him that
you wouldn't read them,
but he wrote you
all the time.
He just stopped
mailing them. I guess-
he didn't want you to know
he was in trouble.
Didn't want to bother you
with that stuff.
He wrote up until the end
and towards the end
he was just- well, you wouldn't
have recognized him.

Woman:

I gotta go, Ryan.
I gotta go.
You know, when we were
all growing up,
you three brothers
were really something.
You were really
something.
What happened, Ryan?
What happened
to all of us?

Mitch, what exactly
did he say to you?
He said he'd be here.
Where is the little prick?
Three times I paged him,
nothing.
That whole fucking family was always
just one big piece of shit.
We'll find him.
I want him out
on the street now.
And no more fuck-ups.

Doreen:

Eddie! Get up!
Eddie!
Get up!
What happened! What did he have?
What'd you give him?
What did he take?
What did he take?
Eddie, come on,
breathe, Eddie. Breathe.
Doreen, call an ambulance.
Doreen, call an ambulance.
Eddie, come on.
Eddie, come on.
Roll over, cough it up,
cough it up.
Come on, come on,
breathe, Eddie.
Breathe, Eddie.
Come on, don't fall asleep.
Don't fall asleep,
Don't fall asleep!
Eddie, don't fall asleep!
come on, come on!
Doreen, call an ambulance!
Call an ambulance!
Eddie... no more, okay?
No more.
Hey...
finally a companion
for life.

Who else will marry you
looking like that?
Whoever she is,
she'll be a satisfied woman,
that's all I can say.
By the mere fact that
a woman knows I'll be
her brother-in-law,
that's enough to satisfy her?
It might
if you weren't
so damn ugly.
Can I help it if my brother
got the good looks?
Nope.
Go on... say it.
Okay.
You're in a lot
of trouble here.
- You're out of control.
- What are you doing?
- I'm not a kid anymore.
- Then stop acting like one.
Listen, I want you to go
into a program and get clean.
Why? It ain't
like before.
I'm just chipping now.
That's exactly
what I used to say.
It ain't like that.
I swear.
I swear on Jimmy's soul,
I swear.
- Where's Eddie?
- Oh, uh
Listen to me,
where is Eddie?
Eddie?
No, Eddie! Eddie, no!
No, Eddie! Come on!
Jesus, you swore!
You son of a bitch!
You swore on Jimmy's soul!

You want this shit, huh?
You want this shit?!
Go ahead, go after it!
Ryan, don't! Come on!
You want it?!
That shit Vincent will
fucking kill me!
Go ahead, go down after it!
You want it?
Don't! God damn it.
No, don't!
He's gonna fucking
Eddie! Eddie, I'm sorry.
I fucked up. I'm sorry.
I fucked up with you and Jimmy.
I'm sorry. I fucked up
with you and Jimmy. I'm sorry.
No, leave it. Leave it!
- No!
- Come on, get the fuck out.
No, he'll kill us. No!
Come on, we're getting
the fuck outta here.
- No!
- We're getting the fuck outta here.
Enough's enough.
Doreen, get out.
Get the fuck out.
Get out! The fuck out!
- You're fucked, Ryan.
- You wanna fuck around?
Come on,
give me some, old man!
- Oh yeah?
- Give me some! Fuck you!
Old man? I'll show you
who's an old man.
- Fuck you.
- I'll fuck you.
Let's go, out.
Let's go! Out!
Shoot me, old man.
I'll show you old man.
Come on, do it,

you fucker.
Go ahead. No more
of this shit.
No more! T ell fucking
Vincent, you hear?!

You can't come in here and fuck
around with people's business.
T ell him what I said,
"Fuck him and fuck you!"

Look at him,
he's a big shot, huh?
Come a long way.
I owe it all to you, Sal.
You put in the word,
you brought me along.
You're a good earner.
And you got
great taste in women.

- Is he treating you okay?
- Yeah, Sal.

I mean, if there's anything
you need, anything at all,
you should give me a call,
'cause Vincent won't mind.
You won't mind,
will you, Vincenzo?
What about me, Sal?
There's plenty of me
to go around, honey.
Salut.

What's wrong?
Don't worry, I'll say goodbye
to loverboy for you.
No, you promised me.
You promised me.
Sal, I'm sorry, I gotta go.
Something just came up.

- Can't it wait?
- No, the natives are restless.
You know how it is.
It's a little street thing
but I gotta take care
of it personally.
Oh. The personal touch

always works.

- Put Carla in a cab for me?

- Absolutely.

Go ahead.

You take care of your little street thing, okay?

And

make sure it don't interfere with business, because you know how I feel about that.

And Vincenzo

you be careful,

'cause you never know who's behind things.

Look before you leap.

You understand?

Ryan, we ain't eight years old, and this ain't the playground.

Ain't gonna be little Tommy Murphy coming through that door.

Why don't you get outta here?

I don't want you here!

- Go, leave!

- I'm not leaving without you.

Come on with that bullshit look.

I can deal with Vincent.

- Just let me handle it

- I'm fed up with your shit!

God damn it,

we can make up a story.

- No more stories!

- Let me damn it!

Vincent, Ryan's sorry

You fucking prick,

get over there!

- Don't touch him!

- Take this Irish bitch with you.

And shut her the fuck up!

I hear one sound from either of you then you'll be next.

You understand?

Not a word.

Not a sound.

Just watch.
You like it when
people watch?
Let's give them a show.
Motherfucker.
This is gonna be fun, Ryan.
Eddie and me are walking outta
here or you can kill us.
Either way,
we're free of this game.
You want a fucking game?
I'll give you a game.
Mitch.
I'm not gonna
let you leave...
I'm not
gonna let you die...
No...
I'm gonna teach you
once and for all
not to touch...
what I own.
Vincent, don't do it.
Carla, it has nothing
to do with you.
- Listen to me.
- Get outta here, Carla.
No, we made a deal.
I'm yours.
And I've given you
everything I have.
And I've given it
only to you.
But if you
do this thing,
if you touch him
with that,
then you'll have broken
your word to me,
and we will have nothing.
Is that what
you want, Vincent?
Is that what you want?
Or do you just want me?

Just me, giving you
everything that I have?
Hey, what about Eddie?
He's still mine. I want him
back out on the street.
Get the fuck out of here.
So what did you expect?
Did you think that things
would really be different?
No.
Once that shit gets
underneath your skin,
once it runs through your veins
and gets inside your head,
it never lets you go.
It waits,
until you hurt inside,
until you are really
needy and confused,
and then it
whispers to you.
Oh God.
Jimmy thought
he'd kicked it.
So many times he thought
he was free.
But then something
would happen, some thing
that would make him listen
to that voice inside his head.
And I'd come home,
and I'd find him laying
there on the floor,
rolled up in a little ball,
sometimes the needle
would still be in his arm.
And I'd wait...
I'd wait for him
to come down.
And then
I'd just hold him.
I'd just rock him
like a little baby.
And then he'd cry and

he'd beg me to forgive him
and swear that it was
the last time, but it never was.
Because that shit
was inside of him
hidden in his mind,
waiting, whispering.
(rumbling)
Look, Ryan, that voice
is still inside Eddie
and it's still inside you.
I know you think about it,
about getting high.
Just one little taste,
one last time.
Jimmy used
to feel that way.
He'd fight it.
Then he'd wake up in the middle
of the night covered in sweat.
How do you sleep, Ryan?
How are your nights?
Does it whisper to you
in your dreams?
Get out... Ryan.
Get the fuck out.
Otherwise you're gonna
end up dead
in some alley
or on some rooftop,
or right under
Hellgate Bridge
just like your brother.
Father, I just really...
wanted to talk to someone.
I'm listening.
I'm not sure
anymore about
what's right or
what to do.
I have these
feelings, but, uh
I gotta do something.
Why do you have

to do something?
Because every
everyone that I
that I love is in pain.
You blame yourself?
Y eah.
Do they blame you?
They- they- they say
that they don't but I-
they have to.
And that's what
hurts you the most?
It's not my hurt that-
that concerns me.
Then what is
your confusion?
If I stay here, it may
cause them more trouble,
but if I go, I can't live
with what might happen.
Why have you come here?
I told you.
I needed to talk.
It sounds like
the ones you love
are the ones you need
to talk to, to work things out.
What if they
won't listen?
Well, at least
you would've tried.
There's no
good way out of this.
Sometimes we have to choose
the lesser of two evils.
We all have to face that.
Hi- hi, it's me.
Vincent could've
killed you.
You gotta get
away from this.
If I could do it,
if I could get you
and the kid outta here,

would you go?
Ryan...
I've given my word.
And besides...
I'm his wife now.
- You weren't always.
- No, I wasn't.
But that was
a long time ago.
It's not that long.
There are so many
other things.
It doesn't matter.
None of that matters.
I had to do things
in prison to survive.
Things happened to me too.
Things I'm not proud of.
And it almost destroyed me.
But always...
always I thought
about you,
and what happened
between us.
And sometimes,
I would just imagine...
us together
just like we are now.
I'd close my eyes
and I could block it all out.
But, Ryan,
I have Tyler now.
I have to think about him,
about his well-being.
And you just don't walk away
from a guy like Vincent.
Even Vincent wouldn't
hurt his own kid.
- Carla-
- No!
Don't you say it.
Don't you fucking say it.
Isn't this hard enough?
I can't let all

those feelings back in
and then have
to live like this.

Carla, I love you.

- No... no.

- I love you.

What?

You and Mitch have
a hard day at the office?

Oh, you know me too well.

Actually, I was...

playing in a card game
over at City Highland,
and I started losing.

And you know how

I feel about losing.

At the end, there was just
three of us left in the game.

So I took it easy.

I watched every move
they made.

How they were
playing their cards.

How they were working
the table.

How they looked
at each other.

I just waited-
until everyone was
real relaxed...

and at ease.

And then...

Tyler, come sit
with Daddy.

Come here, sporto.

I love you.

And then?

Well, when you gamble,
you gotta be ready
for almost anything.

Sometimes you win.

Sometimes you lose.

But that's what makes
the game so exciting.

The possibility that
you could lose it all.
Especially the one thing
you love the most.
But then,
gamblers know that.
Daddy, Mommy was
trying to make me
eat more meatloaf
but I didn't want to.
Mommy just wants
to see you
grow up to be
big and strong,
because Mommy loves you.
And Mommy loves Daddy too.
Don't you, Mommy?
Don't you love Daddy?
(knocking on door)
Hold on.
I said, hold on!
Hold on.
What do you want?
Vincent wants
to see you.
What? Haven't the two of you
had enough fun for one week?
Well, Vincent's uh-
very emotional, very sensitive.
And I think this whole thing
is getting way out of hand,
so why don't you come down
to the bar, have a few drinks,
we straighten this whole thing
out, and we'll be done with it?
Straighten it out?
Y eah. Vincent,
he ain't a bad guy.
Ryan, come in.
Pour yourself a drink
and have a seat.
Make yourself at home.
The night is young
and love is in the air.

Isn't that right,
pussycat?
Oh, Carla, this is Ryan.
And Ryan,
this is my wife- Carla.
Why did you do this?
Don't do this shit-
Carla seemed to be missing
the good old days so much,
I thought I'd give her
a little reminder.
Mitch, make sure that
Ryan is comfortable
and see that
he doesn't leave.
And make sure
he pays attention.
Ryan, did you know
that from time to time...
my wife does me
little favors?
Little things to keep
the relationship exciting.
You know, games.
Oh, it works wonders
to rekindle the old passions,
to spice up
those long evenings.
But then, I'm lucky.
Because you have
to admit that...
even after all these years,
my wife is still
quite the looker.
And having my child certainly
hasn't hurt her figure.
In fact, all this music,
this dancing-
this champagne-
has put me in a very
romantic mood.
A very romantic mood.
Don't you do it!
Don't you fucking do it!

Ryan, hasn't life
taught you
not to interfere
between a husband...
his wife...
and the little games
they play, huh?
Don't you fucking do it!
- Shut up.
- No, Mitch, don't hurt him.
Just make sure
he pays attention.
I'm sure that my wife's
desire to demonstrate
her undying love
and devotion to me-
will be painful enough
for my good friend.
Won't it, Ryan?
No, don't look away, Ryan.
Ryan-
this is the best bit.
You see, Ryan...
she's mine.
And always will be.
Should anyone or anything
try to change that...
there'll be
a lot more pain.
It's up to you.
You understand?
Throw him out, Mitch.
24 hours a day, I want Louie
keeping an eye on her.
And I want everybody watching
the streets for anything,
anything at all.
Consider it done.
So... you want me
to tap a little deeper
into that private source
of mine?
- I'm kinda in the mood.
- Sure, knock yourself out.

- One more thing.

- What?

Get the word to Eddie
that Mikey needs to see him.
Why, what's going on?
Oh, nothing new.

- **Ryan:**

- **Father:**

He's left me
with no alternatives.
Either way I turn,
I'm damned.
There are always alternatives.
You're just confused.
No, there's-
there's no confusion.
It's finally-
it's clear to me.
It's- it's what
I'm gonna have to do.
No, no, it's man's confusion
that blows the will of God,
man's separation
from God's grace,
and then he can't see
the alternatives
that faith and absolution
can make very clear.
But, Father,
I'm only a man. I can only-
I can only make
choices as a man.
I'm afraid- not for myself
but for everyone else
that I've put into this situation,
that I've placed in pain.
Ryan, you must have faith,
you must believe.
Will you pray for me, Father?
Will you pray for my soul?
Ryan, what is it,
what happened?

It's not what happened,
it's just-
it's what I've gotta do.
Fast horses-
they make you a lot of money.
Speed- he finishes first,
finishes first.
This horse is slow.
We don't want him.
- This one's a pocket of gold.
- Sweetheart, come here.
Louie, I told you-
stay away from my son.
Sorry.
I need your help.
Please, there's
no one else I can trust.
- (phone rings)
- Take this to him.
Hello. Who is this?
Who is this?

Marsha:

You're up to something.
You getting high without me?
What are you trying to cut me out of?
No, it's just business.
Look, maybe later,
we should talk
about some things.
Here. Take this,
go back to the apartment.
I'll meet you in a couple hours.
Go-go-go-go. Go.
I can't believe
you're making a scene
- with that junkie in my place.
- I'm sorry, Mike. I'm sorry.
I should have my head examined,
you're too nickel-and-dime shit.
- This is out of your league.
- What? I can do this.
Fuck this.
After what your asshole brother

pulled in here the other day,
I gotta get somebody else
to handle this.
Maybe I can get
Ralph or Frankie.
No, no, come on,
I'm your man.
I do right on this,
you tell Big Sal.
I'll be there and back
in under an hour and boom,
you got play for the late night crowd,
and you won't let Vincent down.
All right.
All right, but straight there
and straight back,
just pick up the package
and get outta there.
These are
dangerous people.
You fuck up, and nobody's
gonna back you up on this.
There's a lot of cash
in this envelope.
Don't fuck up.
Trust me, Mike.
Trust me.
You want one?
They're good.
I guess not, huh?
Mitch-
it's time.
- Mitch!
- Yeah?
Teresa, come on,
Teresa, come on, stop.
Stop, stop, stop, stop!
- Hmm?
- Stop, stop, stop.
Stop, stop.

Mitch:

to dinner tomorrow.
Eddie?

Doreen:

Vincent. Shit.

Vinny, come on, Vinny!

Get the fuck

outta here, Vince-o.

Eddie? Eddie?

Eddie!

Eddie!

Eddie.

Eddie... Ryan!

Ryan!

- Eddie.

- What happened?

He's been hurt bad.

- What happened?

- ... Me and my dope.

Go upstairs.

Eddie, sit up, sit up.

- Can you walk?

- I don't know.

- Let me see. Let me see!

- What am I gonna do?

Eddie, you gotta
go to the hospital.

- No! Fuck-

- All right, take it easy.

- We'll put you in bed.

- I'm scared, Ryan.

Get upstairs. Easy.

He's gonna kill me.

He's gonna fucking

kill me, Ryan.

You know he never

stops talking about you.

He's got tons of stories about

when you guys were little.

You're his big brother.

He actually told

the whole neighborhood

that someday you'd come back

and take care of him and Jimmy.

He actually believed that.

For a while, at least.

Some story, right?
Yeah, some story.
It's been tough
on him with you gone.
He just really
sort of has me.
And we have our problems,
you know?
Sometimes we get
too fucked up and stuff.
But at least
we have each other.
I'm glad you were
there for him, Doreen.
Eddie told me
when you guys were little,
it was you who first
turned them on...
You know?
Got them both high.
He said it was great.
It's hard to shake once
you've been in it for too long.
It's lucky for you-
you got out.
Yeah, I was lucky.
Wish I knew what
he was doing out in Brooklyn.
The only time he ever
went out there was with Vincent.
When they were doing some-
well, you know-
business.
Once like...
a month ago,
and then last week-
when Jimmy overdosed.
Eddie was with Jimmy
the day he died?
Yeah.
Eddie went with Vincent.
He was gonna hook up
with Jimmy.
- Then they were coming here.

- Doreen, this is important.

Are you sure that was
the day Jimmy died?

Yes.

I was waiting
here for them.

And then Eddie
showed up alone
and he seemed really
worried about something.
Then we both got high...
and passed out.

And later that night,
we heard that Jimmy died.

And it was just
a whole fucked up day-
and everything.

Eddie didn't say anything about
what he was doing tonight?

No.

He was just
talking to Mike...
and then I followed him
out to Brooklyn.

I'll be back
in a little while.

If anything happens to Eddie,
call an ambulance
or get him to
a hospital. Okay?

Okay.

But where are you going?

To watch out
for my little brother.

Salvadore.

Charlie.

How's Uncle Dominic?

He's getting old.

But we're all getting old.

It feels like rain.

Maybe you can put in
a good word.

There are some things that
are simply out of our hands-

and there are some things
that aren't.
That's why you've come,
isn't it?
Your man,
he's out of control.
Come inside, we'll talk.
Hey...
don't start that shit.
Hey, we're closed.
You hear me?
We are closed,
come back tomorrow.
Look who it is.
What the fuck do you want?
It's all right, Mitch.
I'm sure Ryan is just looking
for a little action.
After all, this is
the best game in town.
I think it's time
for me to take a leak.
I'll be right back.
You just missed a group
of nice Latino gentlemen
who were here
looking for Eddie.
Apparently he was
a very bad boy tonight.
Very bad.
Not only did he rip off
a kilo of their pure heroin,
but he put
quite a few holes
in a number of their
most-valued employees, huh?
And you know how hard it is
to get good help these days.
But the best part is that
he stole 60 Gs from me.
60,000 of my
hard-earned money,
so he's suddenly
very popular.

We both know Eddie
didn't rip anybody off.
You'd be surprised at what
some people will do
for that much
money and drugs.
I mean, do you even
know what 60,000
and a kilo looks like, huh?
He doesn't have a clue.
He doesn't know his ass
from his elbow.
Go around
behind the bar.
Go on,
Mitch won't bite you.
Go on, take a look.
Take a look
in the ice maker.
Latinos aren't stupid.
They'll figure this out.
Maybe I'll point 'em
in the right direction.
I think it's a little
too late for that.
They're probably
over there right now,
sort of-
working things out.
Go on, call him up.
Call him up, asshole.
You see, Eddie's probably
entertaining guests right now.
And you know how those Latinos
love to party, huh?
(growling)
I know you're hit.
I just don't know
if you're alive.
Fuck you.
Good. Good,
you're still there.
That's more than
I can say for poor Mitch.

Vincent:

Mike, are you all right?

Mike:

Are you all right?

Yeah, I'm fine.

Listen to me,

go get Sal,

bring him here

so he can take care

of this little situation.

Then we'll pay

Eddie a visit,

see if he's still

in one piece.

Mike:

Vincent? Vincent!

Mike, just go.

Just go,

do what I tell you.

Looks like we got ourselves

a little Mexican stand-off here.

You're hit. I'm hit.

And you got a gun,

I got a gun.

I can't get at you

and you can't get at me.

I think there's three

things you're missing.

What's that,

pretty boy?

First of all, I think you're hurt

a lot worse than I am.

In fact, I think

you're bleeding to death.

You can't get to your feet,

otherwise you'd have

been over the top

of this bar already.

And what's number two?

I got your kilo

and 60 grand.

Y eah sure,
till Sal gets here.
And what's three?
I got a telephone.
Oh, great.
Let's order
some pizza, huh?
How many we're gonna get
for 60,000, you dumb fuck?
Carla, it's me.
Carla, hang up the phone!
Yeah, he's here.
You wanna talk to him?
- Vinny, wanna talk to Carla?
- Fuck you.
Vinny's in
one of his moods.
I'll tell you.
I'll tell you-
I'll tell you
I love you.
I love you.
Yeah. What's your answer?
I know, baby, so am I.
So am I.
Come on now.
Go ahead, you-
you tell me.
You hear that, you asshole,
she loves me.
Now listen you-
you wake up-
wake up Tyler and-
and take nothing.
You just- put on your coats
and you get in a cab
and meet me on the corner of
Eddie's block, understand?

Vincent:

fucking kill you.
I'll kill you both.
I'll find you.
And then I'll kill you.

I'll kill all...
I'll kill both of you.
I could kill you
right where you lay.
You better do it.
You better fucking do it.
Pray to God that I don't
get up off this floor, Ryan.
You better
go to that priest,
and pray to him
that I don't get up.
You know,
next time I see Father,
I am gonna thank him-
because he told me
some things.
He told me all about you-
and Eddie and Jimmy-
and some things about
Carla you don't even know.
That's when I realized there's
only two things I owe you.
One...
thanks for
taking care of my son.
And number two-
Eddie.
Oh, Jesus, Eddie.
Oh, Eddie.
I gotta call a hospital.
I gotta get you an ambulance.
Doreen.
Where's Doreen?
It's all right.
Don't worry about it.
Don't worry
about Doreen.
Gotta talk to you
about Jimmy.
Eddie, it's all right.
Don't worry about Jimmy now.
I did it to him.
I did it.

I know, Eddie. I know.
I give him that shit.
I knew it was poisoned.
I told him not to do it.
I went out to cop
something good.
But then Doreen and I...
got high and I forgot him.
I forgot Jimmy.
I killed him.
I killed Jimmy.
I gotta call you
an ambulance.
Ryan, don't leave me.
Please-
They broke the phone.
I gotta go outside.
I gotta get you
to a hospital, make the call.
You should've been
watching out for me.
- You should've been here.
- I'm gonna make one call.
Don't worry.
I'll be right back.
- Don't worry.
- I'm ready, Ryan.
Help me up.
I'm gonna go.
I'm ready. I'm scared.
I'm so scared.
It's Eddie, he's upstairs.
He's hurt real bad.
- I gotta get him to the hospital.
- I'll go with you.
No, I'm not sure about Sal.
He could show up.
- You gotta go.
- What about Vincent?
H ere. H ere.
What is this?
That'll keep you going till
you get settled somewhere.
What are you

talking about?

- You're coming, aren't you?

- Yeah.

Now there's a bus
leaving for Miami.

I want you to go to
the Ocean View Hotel, okay?

You'll be safe there.

Is my daddy
coming with us?

No, uh...

your daddy can't
come with you-
right now.

Your daddy
loves you, though.

Your daddy loves you
very, very much.

You promise
you'll meet us?

Port Authority, okay?

They got a bus to catch.

Mommy, who was
that man?

Come on.

Eddie?

Eddie, come on!

I'll take you down-
to the stairs...

Eddie?

Eddie, come on.

No, Eddie,
come on, wake up.

Eddie, Eddie.

Come on, Eddie, please-
Please, Eddie.

Come on, Eddie,
wake up for me.

Please, wake up
for me, please.

Come on, I told you

I'd come back. Come on.

I told you I'd come back,
you son of a bitch.

Come on, wake up.
I'll do anything,
you son of a bitch! Fuck!
I can't stop you.
You have to make
that decision for yourself.
But I lost you once and I
don't wanna lose you again.
Oh God.
No!
He's dead, Sal.
Vincent's dead, shot right
through the head, point blank.
Should we go after Ryan?
What should we do, Sal?
Peanuts always
make me thirsty.
- They do that to you, Mike?
- Come on, Sal.
This whole thing
with Vincent and Ryan-
shouldn't we get even
for Vincent?
Shouldn't we do something?
No.
This one, we leave alone.