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# Brooklyn Rules

By Terence Winter

Now we're reading  
from the letter of St. Paul  
to the Philippians.  
Brothers and sisters,  
as long as in every way,  
whether in pretense or in truth,  
Christ is being proclaimed...  
In catholic school,  
they taught us that Jesus died  
for our sins.  
With his blood,  
he made the ultimate sacrifice:  
Giving his life.  
In Brooklyn...  
we learned of another sacrifice...  
Heads.  
Taking a life.  
I guess you can call this my confession,  
Except I'm not asking for forgiveness.  
That's Bobby,  
one of my two best friends,  
the sweetest guy in the world  
but a legendary cheapskate.

**This is Carmine:**

but incredibly vain, even as a kid.  
This, of course, is me.  
Okay, I know what you're thinking.  
How could I steal  
from a church collection plate?  
Well, I knew stealing  
was supposed to be a sin,  
but I learned to live  
by a different set of rules.  
Whoa.  
Get up!  
Get up. You hear me?  
And god fuckin' help you, Donny,  
if I find out you lied to me!  
Boo!  
What's your name?  
Carmine Mancuso.  
Your mother Italian?  
Yes, sir.

I gotta go take a leak, all right?  
All right.  
Don't get lost.  
Man, these uniforms suck.  
They should let us wear  
bell-bottoms.  
What, like Keith Partridge?  
Nah, that guy's a queer-  
Him and that redheaded kid.  
Oh, man.  
Guys! Come here!  
Carmine! Michael!  
Hurry up!  
Oh, fuck.  
Whoa.  
Whoa.  
Let me see.  
No way, man.  
It's mine.  
Hey, puppy.  
Aw, look.  
You okay?  
He's cute.  
Ooh, sharp teeth.  
what should we do with him?  
Nothin'.  
I'm keepin' him.  
Well, you're a spunky one, aren't you?  
This is creepy, guys.  
Let's get out of here.  
Bobby did end up keeping the dog,  
and Carmine kept the lighter.  
As for me, you can bet your ass  
I kept that gun.  
By 1985, we were all grown up  
and still close as ever.  
Carmine had fallen in love  
with himself.  
I mean, if you told the guy  
to go fuck himself,  
he'd actually consider it.  
Bobby was still a sweetheart,  
Living at home and cheap as ever,  
throwing quarters around

like they were manhole covers.  
Come on, Sparky.  
As for me, despite the fact  
that I was basically  
a neighborhood fuck-up,  
I had somehow managed  
to scam my way into Columbia-  
Me, a jerk-off from Brooklyn,  
in the Ivy League.  
And don't get me wrong.  
I'm not saying I was stupid.  
I loved to read and was  
a pretty good writer too.  
For me, school was a way out  
of the neighborhood,  
a chance to be something.  
I figured, with my natural  
ability to bullshit  
and near-total lack of conscience,  
I should be a lawyer.  
My plan was to buy a big house  
in Westchester,  
where I'd play tennis and water polo  
and shit like that.  
Hey! What are you, fuckin' blind?  
But in my neighborhood,  
it was better to keep ambitions  
like water polo to yourself.  
What the fuck already?  
Just valet it.  
You cheap cocksucker.  
I'm not cheap.  
Please, if you saw a sign that  
said "free slaps in the face, "  
you'd be the first on line.  
Oh, my god.  
Oh, my god. Whoa.  
We gotta park.  
Park? They got valet right here!  
I'm not valeting. It's a rip-off.  
Look at that ass over there.  
That's a guy, Bobby.  
Come on.  
Ha, ha, ha, ha.

That's not a guy.  
Pretty good, Bobby,  
we're like 19 miles away.  
So we'll get some exercise.  
I don't need exercise.  
I did 200 push-ups today.  
- Oh, was he happy?  
- Was who happy?  
The guy underneath you,  
was he happy?  
What are you laughing at  
with those fucking shoes?  
What?  
They're penny loafers.  
Yeah, I know what they are.  
My grandfather has the same ones.  
It's called a classic look, asshole.  
Classic?  
Meaning, it never goes out of style  
like that sweater's gonna do  
in about 20 minutes.  
Cardigans are back, my friend.  
Please, you look like  
the Italian Fred MacMurray.  
You know, before my three sons,  
Fred MacMurray  
used to be in movies.  
Who gives a shit?  
Nah, double indemnity,  
it's a good movie.  
You should see it.  
Fuck Fred MacMurray, okay?  
Mike, you got a 20  
you could lend me, please?  
Till Tuesday, come on.  
I'll give you another excuse till Wednesday.  
Come on, please?  
Bobby never passed a church  
without saying a prayer,  
a habit beaten into him  
by overzealous nuns.  
Fuckin' hump.  
Apparently, they hadn't beaten  
Carmines hard enough.

In the name of the father,  
the son, and the holy ghost,  
Hail mary, mother of god.  
I know this is asking a lot, but please,  
do you think  
you could help these two losers  
get laid tonight or what?  
That's really fucked, Carmine.  
Yeah, you're praying  
to a virgin to get us laid.  
You know you're both going to hell?  
Both of yous, hell.  
Father Canzoneri.  
In our neighborhood,  
Pastels was the place to hang.  
Jesus Christ, look at all these broads.  
It is like the museum of pussy in here.  
Petey.  
Hey, Carmine.  
What's up?  
Is your sister here?  
Yeah, she's down there.  
Hey, nice sweater.  
You know, Fred MacMurray  
used to be in the movies.  
Don't listen to him.  
I thought you were going to call me.  
I was, and I lost your phone number.  
But I'm going to call you; I promise.  
Right.  
"Come on, man, " what?  
Huh?  
What, huh?  
Hey, hey, get off him!  
Get your fucking hands off me.  
You know who I'm with?  
I don't give a fuck who you're with.  
- Yeah, you don't care?  
- No.  
What the fuck are you looking at, huh?  
What the fuck are you looking at,  
you fuckin' douche bag?  
Come here.  
The back of the club was the vip section,

Vip being a euphemism for wise guy.  
By the mid-'80s,  
Caesar was a captain  
in the Gambino family  
and the man who controlled  
our neighborhood.  
It was common knowledge  
he was a ruthless motherfucker.  
Look at that suit.  
Look at that fuckin' suit he's wearing.  
It's a \$2,000 suit.  
Brioni, it's nice.  
Legend had it  
that Caesar once killed a guy  
for giving him a bad haircut.  
For me, that always explained  
why Carmine worshipped him.  
He's calling me over.  
Mike, he's calling me over.  
He's calling me over.  
How's my hair look?  
How's your hair?  
It ain't enough you kiss his ass?  
You're going to go fuck him too?  
Fuck you.  
Hey, look who it is.  
Sit down over here.  
How's your mother?  
Oh, she's really good.  
Thank you for asking.  
You know Philly Cabrese?  
Hey.  
Carmine Mancuso.  
I heard some good things about you.  
This kid, back in the fucking little league  
over there at St. Columbus,  
caught a piece of the ball,  
Look the fuck out.  
Good with a bat, huh?  
That's a good skill to have.  
You two should get to know each other.  
Yo, we gotta talk to him.  
- Who?  
- Who? Carmine.

This wise-guy shit,  
He's getting too involved with these guys.  
He's a big boy.  
Mike, I'm serious.  
All right, we'll talk to him.  
Hey, what do you think  
of the one in pink?  
The fat one?  
She's not that fat.  
All right, she's a little fat.  
But you wouldn't fuck her?  
I don't know, Mike. I don't know.  
Eh, fuck you.  
You're half a fag anyway.  
Mm, oh, yeah.  
Unh, yeah.  
Ah, don't stop. Ah.  
Ah, don't fuckin' stop.  
Mike!  
What was that?  
Don't worry about it.  
They said your name.  
There's a lot of Mikes around.  
Don't stop.  
Ah.  
Jesus!  
Hurry up and come already!  
Come on, I'm starving to death.  
That's not funny.  
Your friend's an asshole.  
Come on; come on.  
Take that thing  
out of her head; let's go.  
Watch the seats.  
You couldn't have waited five more minutes?  
Give me a break.  
We did you a favor.  
Yeah, seriously, Mike.  
I'm just saying,  
I mean, a girl that fat,  
You put your cock in her mouth,  
it could be dangerous.  
Look, she was ugly, Mikey.  
Come on.



You fucking assholes.  
Well, if it isn't the last  
of the big spenders.  
Yes, please,  
um, a big stack of pancakes  
And a cup of decaf.  
Just coffee, please.  
So what comes with this  
"Give me liberty, or give me eggs"?  
Three eggs, toast,  
and two pieces  
of bacon or sausage,  
Exactly like it says right there.  
Okay, I'll have that.  
Yes, please.  
How would you like them, moron?  
Oh, well, um, scrambled?  
Bacon or sausage?  
Can I have one piece of each?  
I suppose.  
Oh, and a lemonade, please.  
Thank you.  
Give me liberty, or give-  
Why do you always have to order  
something so fucking stupid?  
What's with the lemonade?  
I like lemonade.  
Can I have water?  
Is that all right?  
So?  
What's new with murder incorporated?  
What do you mean?  
You were over there a long time.  
Caesar introduced me to some people, so what?  
So why are you getting involved  
with these guys?  
Why are you breaking my balls?  
Why don't you give me a break?  
Christmas is coming.  
I need a score.  
You want a score?  
I got a scam for you, can't miss.  
Oh, yeah?  
You go down to Macy's;

you fill out an application,  
Loading dock or some shit.  
First week, you show up,  
do your job; everything's great.  
End of the week,  
they give you a paycheck.  
Now, you put that aside.  
Next week, same thing:  
you show up,  
Do your job.  
End of that week,  
they give you another check.  
What's the scam?  
Well, that's it.  
It's called a fuckin' job.  
Very funny.  
Very funny.  
I'm sure your fat girlfriend  
found you very amusing.  
Shut up, douche bag.  
- She's a big girl, Mike.  
- Aw, shut up.  
She's a big girl.  
After the Hamilton house,  
we'd usually split up.  
Carmine would head back to Pastels  
and pick up a girlfriend...  
for the night...  
Ho-Ho-Ho-Ho, watch the hair.  
Come on.  
Sorry.  
Don't be sorry; just don't  
touch my fuckin' hair.  
While Bobby'd pick up Amy,  
his girlfriend for life.  
They met at a video store.  
They were both trying to rent  
the only copy of Brigadoon.  
Hey, I guess people have gotten  
together for dumber reasons.  
Between work and school,  
I didn't have time for a relationship,  
At least that's what I told myself.  
Okay, people.

This midterm counts for 50% of your grade,  
So answer fully and completely.  
You may begin now.  
Remember I told you earlier  
how I loved to read?  
Well, that's true,  
except for one minor detail:  
I hated reading schoolbooks.  
It was weird.  
In some ways,  
I liked being unprepared.  
It was like this incredible challenge:  
Me against the system.  
Of course,  
sometimes I failed to meet that challenge,  
like right now.  
An "f" now would have killed me.  
I was six months away from graduating,  
Applying to law schools,  
And dead in the fucking water.  
But I wasn't about to let that stop me.  
Okay, people.  
Time's up.  
Pencils down, please.  
Hand in your blue books,  
please, right here.  
B&B meats was where  
I worked after school:  
Good pay and all the cold cuts I could eat.  
Come on.  
Go sweep up for me, all right?  
Evenin'.  
You the boss?  
Night manager.  
Help you?  
Earl Webber.  
I'm in waste disposal.  
Now,  
I know what you're thinking.  
You already deal with  
a private sanitation company,  
But what would you say if I told you  
I could cut your rates in half?  
You're obviously not from around here.

Son, stop right there.  
You know what this is?  
It's an ear.  
I cut it off a gook in Vietnam.  
I'm impressed.  
What's your point?  
That if I can deal  
with the VC,  
I sure as shit can deal  
with the boys around here.  
Now, you give your boss  
my card; you tell him  
Earl Webber's  
at his disposal.  
You all have a good evening.  
This guy was obviously a mental case.  
In New York, private sanitation  
was controlled by the wise guys.  
Invent a better mousetrap here,  
You got a mousetrap stuck up your ass.  
Temple Sinai was a local shul  
that occasionally ran a "Las Vegas night"  
To raise money for Israel...  
At least that's what they told the cops.  
The truth was that its rabbi  
was a degenerate gambler  
into his bookie for 50 grand.  
Come on. Again.  
Jesus Christ!  
The result was,  
every night was Las Vegas night,  
Our own neighborhood casino,  
run by Caesar.  
The fuck is wrong with you?  
Ah, yes.  
Here he is, Carminuch.  
Hey, Billy, what's going on?  
My buddy Michael.  
Michael, Billy.  
How's it going?  
Listen, come by Butterfingers.  
Let me talk to you  
about that thing, all right?  
All right, yeah.

Listen, play nice.  
Don't hurt yourselves.  
What's that,  
like, the ninth fucking time?  
Shocking.  
Right there, that's what I'm talking about.  
Montana and that donkey McMahon,  
they all got that stuff.  
Shocking.  
Everybody lose.  
Everybody lose!  
Come on, put me out of my misery.  
Come to poppa.  
You bring a face card right now.  
No, it's not a cocksucker.  
It's good.  
Aces, split.  
- Yeah?  
- Yeah.  
I have no money.  
I can't.  
Split? Yes?  
I have no money.  
Go ahead.  
His credit is good.  
Go ahead.  
Split the aces.  
N- No, I-  
I don't want to do that.  
You don't want to split aces?  
I do. I just...  
don't want credit.  
You don't want credit?  
Oh.  
Okay, what do you say  
I give your friend here credit,  
And you owe him the money?  
I can't do that.  
- Mikey.  
- Hmm?  
I'm starting to get a little complex here, kid.  
I don't mean any disrespect, really.  
It's just-  
I'd rather not.

So are you gonna stay on 12?  
Uh, hit me.  
Still 12.  
Come on, nine or less.  
Ooh, the suicide king, huh?  
That was fuckin' genius, kid.  
Suicide king.  
Mr. Martinez.  
Nice job. Nice job.  
Miss Frazen, hmm,  
Showing your leftist leanings, I see.  
Miss Deutsch, very, very nice.  
Okay, folks, take a moment  
to look over your papers.  
Then I'd like to continue  
the discussion we started last time  
on veto powers.  
Uh, excuse me, professor?  
- Mm-Hmm?  
- I didn't get my test.  
I didn't give it back to you?  
Uh, no.  
Huh.  
Well, this has never happened to me before.  
Well, you didn't lose it, did you?  
Well, I mean, I suppose  
I might have misplaced it someplace, but I-  
I don't believe this.  
Are you sure that you handed it in?  
What's that supposed to mean?  
Well, um,  
I'll make arrangements  
for you to take a makeup exam.  
A makeup-  
I'm already studying for the final.  
This is bullshit.  
You lose my exam, and it's my fault?  
How do you think that you did?  
Frankly, sir, it's not how I think I did.  
I know I got an "A".  
I ain't never studied so hard in my life.  
Well, how about this?  
Um...  
If it doesn't turn up,

We'll let the final count for your entire grade.

All right, but do me a favor.

When you're grading the final, bear in mind

I got an "A" on your midterm.

Hm.

Hey!

- Hi.

- Hey.

- How you doin'?

- Good.

Michael.

We're in poli-sci together.

Right, sure.

I'm Ellen.

Yeah, I know.

So Foster lost my test.

Do you believe that?

Incredible, huh?

So you live in the city?

East side.

What about you?

Brooklyn for right now,

But I'm thinking of moving,

the village, maybe.

Cool.

I love it down there.

Hm.

Listen,

would you like to have a drink?

What, like, right now?

I was thinking this weekend, you know,

Saturday, maybe.

But now is good too.

Actually, my birthday is this weekend.

Oh, hey, happy birthday.

Thanks.

I'm having a party on Saturday.

You're welcome to come.

It's at addiction in tribeca.

Yeah, yeah, sure.

I go there all the time.

Great margaritas.

Right.

Excuse me.

So I'll see you on Saturday then?  
Any time after 9:00 is good.  
Yeah, great.  
Happy thanksgiving.  
Thanks. You too.  
This is Bobby's house,  
But for all intents and purposes,  
It was mine too.  
I never really knew my dad,  
and my mom died when I was 17.  
The Canzoneris were like family.  
That's Bobby's mom,  
hands-down the worst cook in Brooklyn.  
Compared to her lasagna,  
a bowl of shit would taste like Haagen-Dazs.

**Aunt Louise:**

The most depressing woman in the world.  
She wouldn't be happy  
sitting in the lap of Jesus.

**Bobby's dad:**

though he was born and raised  
right here in Brooklyn,  
this man has done more  
to mangle the English language than ebonics.  
It's march of the wooden soldiers.  
Change it back.  
Friggin' dog, get up!  
- Teresa!  
- What?  
He's pissin' the carpet again.  
He's incompetent!  
It's incontinent, John.  
Oh, who gives a shit?  
Bless us, o lord,  
for these five gifts  
which we are about to receive  
from thy boundaries,  
through Christ, our lord.  
Amen.  
Those kids,  
the ones in the stolen car...  
Yeah, it's terrible.



Now they're dead.  
Some thanksgiving for their families.  
See what happens you don't wear a seat belt?  
Ma, they were driving,  
like, 100 miles an hour.  
Irregardless.  
I bet you wear your seat belt.  
Well...  
Who says I don't?  
Die in a stolen car?  
You'd probably go to hell.  
This is delicious, Mrs. Canz.  
It's great.  
Where the hell is Carmine?  
Maybe somebody let the air  
out of his pompadour.  
All right, here.  
Check this out.  
Let me know what you think.  
\$8. 73 an hour.  
Are you gonna be a mailman?  
A mail clerk.  
See, that way, if it rains,  
you get to stay inside.  
It's federal, so if you fuck up,  
they can't fire you.  
How can you possibly  
fuck this up?  
I don't know.  
I'm just saying.  
What do you think?  
It's good.  
You know, you're happy; I'm happy.  
When's the test?  
I just sent out for the application.  
What's up?  
Holy...  
What's so funny?  
What?  
So the mafia's hiring  
bullfighters now?  
Seriously, Carmine,  
You gotta be fucking kidding.  
Yeah, all right, why don't you

check out GQ this month?  
'Cause this is the next big thing.  
Where, Guadalajara?  
Funny.  
Very funny.  
Go shine your penny loafers  
so we can go.  
We ready now, please?  
Mm-Mm, he's going over to Amy's.  
You can knuckle her any time.  
That's it.  
Now none of you's the best man.  
You're gonna marry the girl.  
You're gonna see her every day  
for the rest of your life.  
Not if I can't afford a ring.  
It's a movie, you fuckin' chiseler.  
Okay, how about  
Kiss of the Spider Woman?  
How about you kiss my fucking asshole?  
How about that, huh?  
Then I'm not going.  
Ugh, fine, we'll go without you.  
Come on, Zorro.  
Motherfucker.  
Be quiet!  
My parents are sleeping.  
Michael J. Fox comes back  
at the end, right?  
How come his parents, they're over here;  
They don't recognize him  
as the kid from the beginning?  
Doesn't make any sense.  
Well, maybe time travel  
screws with your memory or something.  
But they didn't time travel; he did.  
Doesn't make any fucking sense.  
I wouldn't overthink it, you know?  
I'm just saying.  
Fuckin' pig.  
Give me a napkin, would you?  
Yeah.  
- What's this?  
- Nothin'.

Some redneck came in the store,  
Tried to get me to hire him  
as our new garbage company.  
Get the fuck out of here.  
He's got a necklace  
With a fuckin' ear on it.  
He cut it off some gook in the war.  
Send him after that blackjack dealer  
is what you should do.  
Hey, what did Philly want  
to talk to you about that night?  
"Come see me about the thing. "  
Um, nothing, you know, he's...  
Got something going down  
at the airport.  
Ever heard of John Gotti?  
No.  
He's with the Gambinos in Queens.  
Philly's in with some of his crew, so-  
Why are you fucking around  
with these guys?  
I don't know, Mike.  
What do you think?  
Maybe I should  
sign up for college, maybe,  
start hanging out in the city, huh?  
What's that supposed to mean?  
I don't know.  
Sometimes you act like we don't come  
from the same place.  
What are you talking about?  
What am I "talking" about?  
What am I talk-- That.  
You sound like Thurston Howell.  
Excuse me for not wanting  
to sound like a moron.  
Oh.  
You know what I mean.  
Don't you ever want  
to get out of this hellhole?  
Where am I gonna go?  
The whole world's crazy.  
Not like here, it isn't.  
Not I-

They shot the fuckin' pope, for chrissakes,  
right in the Vatican.  
Most accidents happen  
within two blocks of your house.  
Look, it's just-  
Philly,  
Those other guys,  
I worry about you, that's all.  
Tired of being a bust-out, Mick.  
So get a straight job.  
What? What?  
A straight job with some bullshit company?  
works in some bullshit company.  
I'm not them.  
You understand? I'm not them.  
Okay? I want respect in life.  
That's it.  
You know what?  
You can say what you want  
About Philly and about Caesar,  
all right, the rest of those guys,  
but they get their money,  
and they get fuckin' respect.  
There's a big difference  
between fear and respect,  
Carmine.  
All roads lead to Rome, Mikey.  
All roads lead to Rome.  
Just be careful, okay?  
I don't want to find you dead  
with two in the pompadour.  
See you later, buddy.  
Yeah.  
Hey, you forgot your jacket.  
No, I didn't.  
Keep it, you fuckin' hump.  
We're closed!  
Michael, I'm sorry.  
Come here. What's wrong?  
Come here.  
Hit the lights.  
You close the gates.  
Hey.  
It's nice to see you again.

By the way, I'm Caesar.  
You're...  
- Michael.  
- Michael, right.  
This is the piece of shit  
that tried to get you to hire him, right?  
Ungh!  
H- He didn't really-  
Yes or no.  
It's not your fault.  
Oh, all right.  
Look, you're a good kid.  
You don't want to get involved.  
I understand.  
Hey, scumbag!  
Foghorn leghorn, let's go!  
On your feet!|  
I'm talking to you, asshole.  
Fuck you!  
Oh!  
Now, did you try to get him to hire you?  
What are you lookin' at him for?  
He can't fuckin' help you!  
It's not the end of the world.  
I just want to know.  
Now tell me.  
Did you or did you not?  
You tell me the truth, I'll let you go.  
Yeah.  
Is that a yes?  
That wasn't so hard, was it?  
You okay?  
You all right?  
I'm sorry I was rough with you.  
I lost my fucking temper.  
I should learn how to count to ten.  
Needles and pins or some fuckin' thing.  
Ah!|  
I heard you got that  
as a souvenir in Vietnam.  
I never made it over there myself,  
One of the biggest regrets of my fuckin' life.  
Let me tell you.  
A real fuckin' shame.

I would have liked to have had  
one of those for myself.  
But you know something?  
I think maybe I'll make one right now.  
No! No! No!  
Cocksucker, come on.  
Turn that thing on!  
- Come on! Turn it on!  
- Please! No!  
You think you're going  
to take money out of my pocket?  
You think you're going to take  
money out of my pocket,  
you fucking scumbag?  
- Come on! Yeah!  
- No! No! Please!  
The fuckin' Van Gogh  
garbage company now.  
Cash...  
'Cause I know you don't like credit.  
Sorry about the mess.  
Are you out of your fucking mind?  
I said I was sorry;  
How many times  
do you want to hear it, Mike?  
I didn't tell you about this guy  
so you could score points  
with fucking Caesar!  
I mean, he cut the guy's ear off!  
Look- What did you think  
you were going to get?  
Mafia employee of the month?  
You know what?  
If you would shut the fuck up  
for two seconds,  
I could tell you what happened!  
Just let him talk.  
All right?  
Listen to me.  
I was at Butterfingers with Philly.  
- We had a drink.  
- Now, who's Philly?  
Caesar's guy.  
We had a drink.

We started talking.  
It came up in conversation.  
When you were trying to impress him  
about how big a tough guy you are?  
Okay, you know what?  
Fuck you.  
Fuck you;  
I apologize 26 times,  
and now you can go fuck yourself.  
What are you gonna do, cut my ear off?  
No, I'm gonna give you a fuckin' beatin'.  
How about that?  
Come on! Enough! Enough!  
I feel like Mills Lane here!  
You two are my best friends,  
with all due respect,  
I'm not going to stand by and watch  
while he beats the shit out of you.  
And as for you, I don't care  
how this thing started.  
You're just an asshole.  
What happened?  
I was talking to Philly, all right, and I admit,  
I stupidly brought up the sanitation moron.  
Next thing I know, fuckin'  
Caesar's standing there.  
Philly tells him the story;  
Caesar turns purple.  
And that's it.  
That's it, Mike.  
A half an hour later,  
he's pummeling the shit out of the guy.  
And we're here.  
That's it.  
Jesus Christ, Carmine.  
Michael, please.  
I apologize.  
I did not know that this was going to happen.  
Did you just get off  
of a fucking spaceship?  
What the fuck did you think  
was going to happen?  
That's the point:  
I didn't think.

I didn't think.  
Look, it's over.  
Please, Mike, it's over;  
don't worry about it.  
Caesar likes you.  
Well, I don't want him to like me.  
Look, you want to fuck around  
with these guys,  
that's your business,  
but I want to go through life  
without caesar Manganaro knowing I exist.  
You gotta get away from these guys.  
Please?  
I'm sorry.  
I'm sorry.  
Come on.  
- Thank you.  
- Yeah.  
I just don't understand how you do that.  
Do what?  
You're supposed to put mustard on hot dogs.  
So?  
In England, they put mayonnaise  
on french fries.  
Oh, does this look like  
fuckin' England to you?  
How about I squirt this in your face?  
Hey, that's that guy  
who had the fight  
with the busboy that night.  
- What busboy?  
- At pastels.  
Philly knows that kid.  
He's with the Bonannos,  
supposed to be a real maniac.  
What are you, like,  
The official gossip columnist  
for the mob now?  
I like to stay on top of things, all right?  
Speaking of fucking,  
are we going out tomorrow night, or what?  
I don't know.  
This girl at school invited me to a party.  
And?



What?  
And we're not invited?  
Of course.  
It's just going to be  
a lot of college assholes, though.  
Oh, what, like you?  
Yeah, exactly like me.  
Look, all I'm saying...  
you guys might not be comfortable; that's all.  
Are you embarrassed of us, Mike?  
What the hell are you talking about?  
You know, there was  
a little bit of hesitation there, Mike.  
Get the fuck out of he-  
Look, if you want to come, come.  
If you don't, go fuck yourselves, okay?  
The car's all right here?  
Yeah, sure.  
Why not?  
It's the city.  
What do I know?  
What's up, man?  
Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha!  
Hey, Todd.  
How you doin', man?  
Todd?  
Fuckin' re-Todd.  
He's all right.  
He plays on the lacrosse team.  
I'm sorry to hear that.  
Hey.  
Wow, you made it.  
Well, of course. It's your birthday.  
Hey, these are my friends.  
Excuse me.  
What's the problem?  
I don't know.  
He won't let us in.  
Do I look like I play fuckin' tennis?  
They're called sneakers.  
Uh, Ellen, these are my friends.  
This is Bobby.  
- Hi.  
- How are you?

- This is Carmine.  
- Hello.  
How you doin'?  
Okay?  
I don't want any trouble, all right?  
Now, if you want to stay, that's fine,  
But your friends, they don't belong here.  
Ooh. What's that supposed to mean?  
Back up. Hey, don't put your  
fuckin' hands on me, all right?  
You understand?  
Yeah, take a walk.  
I'll be right back.  
What's this guy's problem?  
I don't know.  
Look, he's an asshole.  
Why don't you go tell him  
We're on the lacrosse team, huh?  
I'm sorry.  
That is bullshit.  
And since when do you  
wear sneakers anyway?  
What fuckin' difference  
does it make what I'm wearing, huh?  
It's all right.  
Go with your girl.  
Go.  
Seriously, go.  
It's fine.

**Tell you what:**

I'll meet you there.  
It's not a big deal.  
Mike, listen.  
I got somewhere I gotta be  
anyway, all right?  
Go have fun.  
Go get laid.  
Look, fuck this guy.  
We'll have a good time.  
All right. Go.  
We'll meet you around back.  
Two minutes.  
Right around the side.

All right.  
Go ahead.  
Hey, asshole!  
Give me a call sometime!  
We'll go play tennis, all right?  
Carmine.  
Bobby!  
Hi.  
Hi.  
Is everything all right?  
Yeah, they had something to do,  
so they just left.  
Can I get you something to drink?  
A blue margarita.  
Blue margarita, shot of jack.  
You look nice.  
Ah, don't let the clothes fool you.  
You don't look so bad yourself.  
So...  
- Happy birthday.  
- Thanks.  
So your friends, are they from Brooklyn too?  
Switzerland, olympic yodeling team.  
Eh-Heh.  
It's funny, the whole Brooklyn thing.  
Funny?  
Well, like in class, I always sensed  
there was something off about you.  
Off?  
Um, edgy, you know.  
It's a compliment.  
Edgy's good.  
Okay, I'll quit while I'm ahead.  
Do you want to get out of here,  
go someplace we can talk?  
Yeah.  
Ah, this is great.  
How romantic.  
Whoa.  
So...  
Don't I take you to the classiest joints?  
It's great.  
You know what?  
It's not great.

It's actually terrible.  
Would you like to go back inside?  
No, I want to stay.  
Really?  
All right.  
So that was pretty slick last week.  
What was?  
What you did with the poli-sci test.  
I saw you slip it in your jacket.  
I-  
I can explain that.  
Relax.  
I'm not a stool pigeon.  
It's funny; your friends  
look like they'd be scam artists, but you...  
That's exactly why I'm so effective.  
Yeah, it's the innocent face,  
plus the fact that you seem so smart  
when you talk in class.  
I am smart.  
Then how come I caught you?  
Hmm.  
Maybe I let you catch me.  
What?  
Hmm, just trying to get a handle on you.  
I mean, on the outside,  
you're this cute, preppy guy,  
but on the inside,  
you're obviously the devil.  
Hm.  
Do you always analyze people?  
I do minor in psych.  
Ah, okay, I get it.  
I'm a psych experiment then.  
No, you are not.  
Yeah.  
Great view.  
Yeah, it's beautiful.  
I was talking about you.  
What?  
Do lines like that ever actually work?  
Uh-|  
Apparently not on women who minor in psych.  
Okay, you have one more shot.

I'll try and make it good.  
I'm glad you invited me.  
Yeah, me too.  
What I didn't know was,  
while I was getting to know Ellen,  
Carmine was out in Queens,  
getting to know his new friends.  
Get down.  
Come here. Come here.  
Get up, fuck.  
What have you got back there?  
- Anything good?  
- I don't know.  
Huh? What about-  
What about those video games?  
You got those ataris?  
I'm telling you, I don't know.  
I think it's cabbage patch dolls.  
Cabbage patch dolls, yeah?  
Good.  
Get the fuck against that fence.  
If you turn around,  
I'll chop your fuckin' head off.  
Turn around again.  
Turn around again, you stupid fuck.  
That lying cocksucker.  
What the fuck are we gonna do with these?  
We're gonna sell 'em.  
No, Philly, these are great.  
These are great, the quiz king.  
You don't know this?  
We can sell these for ten bucks a pop.  
Yeah, but the cabbage patches,  
those are like fucking gold.  
Is that the president  
and Mrs. Reagan  
Will spend the day touring the city...  
They're right there.  
Here, you go.  
Yes, I'm in.  
Go.  
Hey, Mikey, what happened last night?  
Did you fuck that girl or not?  
Whoa, no good.

This one's off limits.  
This one's-  
Hold on a minute.  
Hold on a minute; you ditch us,  
and we don't have the right  
to know if you got laid?  
I didn't ditch you. You left.  
So you fucked her?  
What'd I just say?  
I'm not gonna  
talk about her like that.  
Oh, so he didn't fuck her.  
Read the question, asshole.  
All right, this one's for a peg.  
The last peg.  
Kiss your money good-bye. Remember.  
You gotta answer exactly.  
All right. Come on.  
"What's the name  
of the largest railroad station in the world?"  
Grand Central.  
Uh-Uh.  
What do you think?  
No, more specific.  
Grand central station.  
- Wrong.  
- What do you mean, wrong?  
Grand central terminal.  
Get outta here.  
- That's what it says.  
- I don't care what it says.  
It's wrong. I'm sorry;  
those are the rules.  
Give me that money.  
Stop.  
It wasn't right.  
You answered-  
Ho-Ho-Ho. Shut up.  
Shut up. Shut up. Listen.  
Aniello Dellacroce died today of cancer.  
Dellacroce, allegedly second in command  
under Paul Castellano,  
was an underworld figure  
with ties dating back...

Holy shit, this is big.

Why?

What's the matter?

Dellacroce, he's, like,  
Gotti's godfather or something.

So?

So Philly tells me  
that Gotti hates Castellano,  
And with this guy gone,  
who knows what could happen?

Well, we'd better call Luca Brasi,  
'cause we might have to go to the mattresses.

You're both very funny, amusing, all right?

But I would not be surprised  
if this causes some serious problems.

Yeah, I got my own problems...

Like, that's my fuckin' money!

No, it's not.

You answered wrong.

Would you stop?

Over the next few days,  
it seemed like every wise guy in New York  
turned out for Neill Dellacroce's wake-  
Everyone but the boss, Paul Castellano,  
a fact that did not go unnoticed by John Gotti.  
As for us, Dellacroce's death  
resulted in a windfall...

Here comes your sister, Carmine.

Because every wise guy in the Gambino family  
had to attend Dellacroce's wake...

Ladies.

So?

...Philly found himself  
with six Sinatra tickets he couldn't use.

So we dressed to the nines,  
picked up our dates,  
and got ready for a night to remember.

If you were a guy  
from any kind of neighborhood,  
you had a special place  
in your heart for Frank.

Come on, come on, you three old whores,  
let's take the picture.

All right?

Scrunch up.

And if you were from any kind of neighborh  
Beautiful.

This song gave you the chills.

Unfortunately, the news was  
that the tickets were counterfeit.

All dressed up and no place to go,  
we ended up at the Hamilton house.

How was I supposed to know?

You're telling me that doesn't look real?

These say "Hank" Sinatra.

Okay, that's enough, please.

Are you ready to order yet?

Yeah, I'm gonna get the cheese melt.

You mean the grilled cheese.

No, actually, it's a little different.

You see, you toast the bread first;  
Then you let the cheese melt on top of it.

A cheese sandwich on toast.

Yeah, more or less.

So why don't you just say that, doofus?

'Cause I call it a cheese melt.

What's the difference?

Amy, how do you put up with him, huh?

I think he's adorable.

So do I.

So, Angela, what do you do?

I'm in school, fingernail technology.

- Ah, that's nice.

- Oh, yeah.

And how long have you guys all known each other?

Kindergarten.

Yeah, but Bobby was in the-  
special-retard class.

Hey, leave my baby alone, Carmine.

What are you doing?

What are you wasting time for?

Will you make her

an honest woman already?

Please?

Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha, don't rush me.

Who gets the cherry lime ricky?

Right here.

The cheese melt.



Thank you.  
Nothin', I'm gonna go wash up.  
Comb my hair for about 20 minutes.  
Uh, excuse me.  
That seat's taken.  
I know, asshole.  
I just took it.  
Nah, I mean someone's using it.  
He's in the bathroom.  
Oh, well, when he comes out,  
tell him to go fuck himself.  
Hey, what's your problem?  
Bobby.  
No, this isn't right.  
Baby.  
What'd you say?  
I said, what's your problem?  
Why'd you take our chair?  
Our friend's using that one.  
'Cause I fuckin' felt  
like taking' it, all right?  
Hey, hey, hey, hey.  
We don't want any trouble.  
No trouble, I'm just  
gonna slap the shit out of you  
and your faggot friend here.  
- Watch your mouth.  
- What?  
I said, don't talk to my friend that way.  
Why? What are you gonna do?  
Good question.  
The guy was a stone-cold psycho.  
What could I do?  
Except that.  
You motherfucker,  
you're fucking dead!  
I'll break your fuckin' neck.  
Get off him, you motherfucker. Bobby!  
Come on, fellas, break it up!  
Oh, Jesus!  
You motherf-  
Woo-  
Call the police!  
Have a seat.

Fuck!

You don't know who you're fucking with!

You're fucking dead!

You hear me, you fuck?

- What'd he say?

- Nothin'.

Would you look at this shit?

This cocksucker pulled my hair out.

I'm gonna look like Frankenstein

for the rest of my life,

and he's worried about his fuckin' hair.

Where's, uh... thing?

Angela.

Right, Angela.

She left.

Yeah, there's a big emergency

Over at the, uh, beauty academy.

Someone tore a cuticle.

You ready? Let's go.

You know, actually, I'm a little hungry.

I could go for a cheese melt.

How about you?

Hey, fuck you, all right?

Michael.

Okay?

Sorry.

Can I borrow your keys?

I gotta get this thing stitched up.

Yeah, put gas in it, all right?

Of course.

Good night.

So, uh...

I'll call you tomorrow.

Okay.

Everything all right?

Yeah, I'm fine.

'Cause you hardly said a word

at the hospital, the drive home.

I'm just a little shaken up.

I've never seen anything like that.

You've never seen a fight?

I grew up in Connecticut, Michael.

People don't have fights in restaurants there.

Well, what do they--?

What do they do,  
correct each other's grammar?  
You could have been killed.  
Okay.  
I understand,  
but you're acting like  
I did something wrong.  
Hey, hey, hey, hang on.  
Hang on. Hang on.  
W- Wait a minute.  
Wait a minute. Come here.  
Now, you don't think this is my fault?  
You should have let him take the chair.  
We were using the chair.  
Well, that was worth a scar.  
What about insultin' Bobby?  
I've heard you and Carmine  
say worse things to Bobby.  
That's-It's different.  
We love him.  
Oh, that's how you show love,  
by insulting each other?  
In a twisted way, yeah.  
Yeah, that is twisted.  
Hey.  
Don't let a couple of psych classes  
go to your head.  
We're just from a different world.  
Yeah, and if you plan to live in it,  
Then you'd better open your eyes.  
What makes you think I want to?  
Well, let's see, uh, the preppy clothes,  
applying to law school.  
It's all a big act.  
It's bullshit.  
How about treatin' you with respect  
and not like some fuckin' whore?  
You think that's an act too?  
I don't know what to think.  
You are so fuckin' impressed  
with yourself, aren't you,  
with your rich parents  
and your brother in med school?  
You really think you're better than me, don't you?

No, Michael, you think I'm better than you.  
- Yeah, right.  
- Of course you do.  
That's why you cheat.  
Don't you know that?  
No, but you obviously know  
every fucking thing about me.  
No, hardly anything, but I know that much.  
You're afraid to compete on a level playing field  
because deep inside, you think  
you're not good enough.  
And if you don't play by the rules,  
you never have to find out  
it might be true.  
Yeah, where'd you read that, psychology today?  
No, it was written all over your face  
the night of my party.  
Yeah, all right.  
I think we're done here.  
Yeah, I guess we are.  
I wouldn't want to open up your cut.  
Fuck you.  
What the fuck are you lookin' at?  
As much as I tried,  
I couldn't stop thinking about what Ellen said.  
Actually, it should have been easy,  
since the Hamilton house incident  
was turning out to be a serious problem.  
the guy I had the fight with  
was a major sore loser,  
and I broke his nose.  
For a guy like that,  
being on the short end  
of a fight with a college kid  
was an embarrassment  
with only one remedy.  
He was looking to kill me.  
Ho.  
Jesus.  
Easy with that Roscoe, killer.  
Put it away, please.  
Fuck.  
Everything's taken care of.  
You got nothin' to worry about.

Well, that's fucking great.  
How'd you pull that off?  
Uh, I had to go to Philly and them.  
Mike, Mike, come on.  
I had no choice, all right?  
This kid's a killer.  
Philly's gonna talk to Caesar  
about squashing him.  
So that's it?  
Not exactly.  
What do I have to do?  
They want you to take a dive  
In your next fight against Hagler.  
I'm serious, Carmine.  
You don't have to do anything, okay?  
We're going to go  
for a sit-down; that's it.  
Jesus Christ.  
Would you relax?  
Look at you.  
Bay Ridge Lanes was like  
a wise-guy family annex,  
A neutral place where a lot  
of sit-downs were held.  
After hearing our side of the story,  
Caesar agreed to intervene  
on behalf of me and Carmine.  
The psycho, whose name was Gino,  
was represented by Jimmy Baggs,  
a captain with the Bonannos.  
So the way I understand this,  
Your guy was the first to raise his hands.  
That's the way I understand it too.  
Well, we can't have that, Caesar.  
You know, granted, things got a little out of hand  
That night, with the chair and all that,  
But this kid's got a broken nose,  
and he wants his revenge.  
You done?  
Go ahead.  
All right, first of all, Jimmy,  
and with all due respect,  
This kid's a fuckin' struggs.  
Come on.

Ho, ho.  
Shut your fuckin' mouth.  
I'm sorry, Caesar.  
Go ahead.  
He walks into my club,  
and he starts dukin' it out  
With a fuckin' busboy,  
and I can't even tell you  
all the other fuckin' stories I heard.  
Yeah, but he didn't throw  
the first punch here.  
I understand that, Jimmy;  
my guy threw the first punch  
but after your guy insulted his friend.  
So my guy's supposed to take  
a beatin' for that?  
I would have given him a beating  
if he didn't stand up for his friend.  
You fuckin' look at me  
when I'm talking to you.  
You make me sick.  
You know that?  
You're the type of kid kicks a dog,  
then calls animal control  
when it fuckin' bites you.  
Your good fortune  
is that it was him  
and not somebody else that night.  
If that had been me  
when I was his age,  
You would have left there  
in a fuckin' body bag.  
Jimmy, this is a good kid.  
He works.  
He goes to college.  
And he's done right by me.  
I don't want him touched.  
That means no looks, no phone calls.  
You see him coming down the street, you nod.  
You say hello like a gentleman,  
Or you cross to the other side.  
You hear me?  
Ho, he's talking to you.  
I hear you.

So we all understand each other?  
It's squashed.  
Now, that's it.  
Now, I don't want to hear  
nothin' more about this.  
You go tell all your friends the same thing.  
I don't want to hear this again.  
It's over.  
Now, get outta here.  
Go and make some fuckin' money.  
Go ahead.  
Real fuckin' cowboy, this kid.  
What are you gonna do?  
I was sorry to hear about Neill.  
We all were.  
Not from what I hear.  
Big Paul didn't show up?  
His choice.  
He's the boss.  
Yeah, but even still,  
a little respect, no?  
I mean, the guy's sick.  
He got the insulin shots twice a day.  
Yeah, well...  
Give my regards.  
You take care of yourself.  
Caesar.  
I don't know what to say.  
Thank you.  
Don't mention it.  
Don't mention it.  
We're gonna have to call you  
"Mikey Dukes" from now on.  
That was a pretty good shot  
you hit him with, right?  
Well, I was lucky.  
Hey, Mike, do me a favor.  
Go check on my car for me, would you?  
Yeah, sure.  
Hey.  
You ever find that guy's ear?  
Sit down here.  
He's a good kid,  
your friend, stand-up guy.

Yeah, Mikey-  
Mikey's the best.  
It's good to remember  
who your friends are, huh?  
So Philly told me  
about the toy thing.  
So you guys are like  
the fuckin' grinch.  
I heard you handle yourself good.  
I'm glad to hear that.  
Thank you, Caesar.  
That means a lot coming from you.  
This life, it's not for everybody.  
There's easier ways to make a buck:  
Wall street, college, whatever.  
Things are a little tense  
with Neill dying and all,  
So let's you and I stay in touch, huh?  
A few months from now,  
we'll see what's what.  
Great, thank you.  
It's just a regular application.  
What's the problem?  
Nothing.  
I just want to make sure I filled it out right.  
You know, you're supposed  
to color in the circles  
That correspond  
to the letters in your name.  
No, I did.  
Yeah?  
When did you change your name  
to Rokdad Calmanexja?  
Ugh!  
How is it you know every Oscar winner  
back to the stone age,  
yet you can't handle an application  
for the post office?  
I'm not good with forms, okay?  
What?  
Nothin'.  
I know we fuck around a lot.  
It's just-  
I want you to know, I think it's great,



You taking this test.  
I'm proud of you.  
I'm serious.  
What?  
I don't know, Mike; it sounds like  
you're trying to hit me in the seat.  
Aw, fuck you, all right?  
I'm trying to be nice.  
All right, you tight bastard,  
This is for all the marbles, okay?  
You feel loose?  
You ready?  
Yeah, I feel good.  
I feel good.  
'Cause these aren't amateurs  
you're dealing with.  
These guys are killers.  
It's okay.  
Gimme a name.  
Uh, Wernick's.  
Wernick's, Wernick's.  
All right, let's do it.  
All right.  
I mean, it's nice,  
but there's no way  
I'm paying three grand.  
It's a beautiful ring.  
I'm not saying it isn't.  
It's the highest quality, vvs.  
We're giving it to you  
at 2% above wholesale.  
Two?  
Hm.  
What?  
Is something wrong?  
Oh, no, I'm just trying to see  
if someone wrote the word  
"asshole" on my forehead.  
Sir.  
Nah, vvs, cvs, come on, huh?  
If you want, we take the ring  
down the block.  
We get it appraised.  
By who, your cousin?

Do you believe these guys, Mike?  
All right.  
Forget three grand.  
Look, I don't want  
to be here all night, okay?  
For the 50th time,  
you know and I know  
this ring is barely worth  
a thousand bucks.  
This is a Debeers diamond.  
So I'll give you \$1,200.  
Ridiculous.  
Forget it.  
Okay.  
I tried.  
Thanks.  
We'll go back to Wernick's.  
Thanks anyway.  
Wait.  
Wernick is a thief.  
And what are you guys?  
Come on back.  
Let me see something here.  
Save the calculator show  
for the hicks from Long Island, all right?  
\$1,200 or I walk.  
Plus tax.  
No tax and it includes the setting.  
Oh, all right.  
Give me a nice box too?  
Over the next few days,  
things got back to normal...  
Happy holidays.  
Actually, they were better than normal.  
It was right before christmas.  
The semester was almost over,  
And I got a letter that changed my life.  
I was going to law school.  
I always said  
if you really want to know  
who a person's close to,  
just look at who they share  
their good news with...  
What's the matter?

It's spunky.  
...and their bad news.  
When you're a kid and your dog dies,  
it's like losing a friend.  
But when you're an adult  
and you lose a dog you had as a kid,  
it's like losing a part of yourself.  
You believe it?  
That's a long time.  
Remember when we found him here?  
Seems like it was just yesterday, right?  
I guess he had a good run.  
Good run, come on.  
It was like fuckin' rasputin, that dog.  
Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha-Ha.  
That's true.  
He survived it all:  
mob hits,  
BB gun,  
he got bit by a squirrel once.  
Your mother's cooking.  
Ho-Ho-Ho-Ho.  
Wait a minute.  
Wasn't your mother  
cooking lasagna when we left?  
So?  
So that's it;  
he probably committed suicide.  
Nah.  
Spunky would never  
take the coward's way out.  
Definitely would have left a note. Aw.  
Don't worry about it, my friend.  
He's in a better place.  
Yeah, dog heaven,  
Where it's all bones, cats, and fire hydrants.  
I thought you didn't believe in god.  
I never said I didn't believe.  
I just think he's got  
a fucked-up sense of humor.  
To spunky.  
Take care of my dog.  
The final exam for my poli-sci class  
turned out to be a breeze:

Three essays on the constitution  
that I was actually prepared to answer.  
It's amazing what a little studying will do.  
Ellen.  
- Hi.  
- Hi.  
- Can I talk to you?  
- Yeah.  
How'd you do?  
Pretty good, I guess. You?  
Good, good.  
You'd have been proud of me.  
I actually studied.  
How did it feel?  
Uh, different.  
How's the...?  
Ah, it's good.  
I hardly even feel it anymore.  
That's good.  
So...  
I got into law school.  
Congratulations. That's great.  
Yeah, it's Fordham,  
so it's pretty good.  
Ellen, I'm really sorry  
about what happened.  
No, I'm sorry too.  
I said a lot of things  
that I shouldn't have.  
It's okay. I'm glad you did it.  
Hey.  
Maybe we should start over.  
Yeah.  
Come here.  
What?  
Nothing.  
I was just wondering what you were like  
as a little boy.  
I don't know.  
Shorter.  
And a real smartass, I bet.  
Nah.  
Is that your dad?  
Yeah, before I was born.

How old were you when he died?

- Seven.

- My god.

What happened?

Car accident.

We bought this place upstate.

He was driving home from fixin' it up,

Getting ready to move us up there.

He was in a coma for a month.

He died the day before

my first communion.

I'm sorry.

You wanna watch tv?

Yeah, if you want.

What time is?

It's five after 8:00.

Oh, wow.

What? What's wrong?

Nothin', I just almost forgot.

Bobby's poppin' the question tonight.

It's their two-year anniversary.

That's so sweet.

Yeah, it's great.

I just hope she says yes.

Of course she'll say yes.

I don't know.

So when he got down on one knee,

I didn't even know what he was doing.

She thought I dropped my fork.

And then I saw the ring.

Come on, let's see.

Ooh.

Oh, it's beautiful.

- Congratulations.

- Thank you.

I finally have a daughter.

Moutai chteau.

The best.

All right, everybody, a toast. Mike.

To the happy couple.

What we didn't know was,

at the same time in Manhattan,

a different type of party was going on.

The murder of the most powerful

crime boss in the country  
has touched off a struggle for power  
in the shadowy world of the mafia,  
and there is talk tonight  
of an all-out mob war.  
The dead godfather, Paul Castellano,  
and his bodyguard were gunned down  
as they stepped from their limousine  
outside a popular New York steakhouse.  
As Brian Rausch reports tonight,  
authorities believe the brutal process  
of succession is already underway.  
As Castellano stepped from a limousine  
in front of a Manhattan steakhouse,  
he was shot down by three men...  
Aside from the tension  
that gripped the neighborhood  
following the Castellano shooting,  
that christmas was shaping up  
to be the best one in a long time.  
On christmas day,  
Ellen went with her family to Connecticut,  
and I stayed in Brooklyn with mine.  
Very touching, Carmine.  
I can see you put a great deal  
of thought into this.  
You should have bought three of these,  
So then we could all look like douche bags.  
At least I didn't get them at gunpoint.  
You're the one that got robbed.  
Ungrateful cocksuckers.  
Unbelievable.  
Van Halen, 1984.  
What?  
You said you wanted that.  
Nah, I did; you should have got me the album.  
Oh, Jesus.  
Trust me.  
In two years, they won't even make albums anymore.  
Well, that sucks.  
What's the difference?  
So you gotta re-buy CDs  
of albums that you already have.  
- It's a conspiracy.

- A conspiracy?  
Oh, god, don't get him started.  
He was on the phone with Angelo's  
for 20 minutes the other night,  
Arguing about the delivery fees.  
That's another scam.  
You still gotta tip the guy. Baby.  
Relax, okay?  
Okay, that's enough.  
Can we go now, please,  
have a drink or something?  
Let's go to the temple,  
play some blackjack.  
Temple's closed.  
Everybody's layin' low  
with this Castellano shit.  
- I thought that was over.  
- Over?  
It's only the beginning.  
Fuckin' Cannoli in my hair  
I gotta go fix.  
Then we'll go.  
As it turned out, Carmine was right.  
Over the next few months,  
wise guys perceived as disloyal  
To Gotti's new regime  
were taken out all over town.  
Castellano's murder was just the tip  
of a very bloody iceberg.  
After what seemed like an endless winter,  
spring finally came.  
Take care of yourself.  
Thanks. Bye.  
There he is.  
Oh, hey, how you doin'?  
Let me get a pack of smokes.  
Yeah.  
That year, it seemed like  
not a month went by  
Without a mob hit.  
Keeping that blade sharp, Mikey?  
But the truth is, it never really affected me.  
What the fuck?  
That is, until this guy got it.

Now, I won't lie  
and say that deep down  
Caesar was a nice guy  
or had good qualities  
or some other bullshit.  
The fact is,  
he was a horrible man, a killer.  
But as long as I'm being honest,  
I have to say this:  
His death shook me up.  
And though he wouldn't admit it,  
I know it really shook up Carmine.  
Hey.  
How'd you do?  
I think I fucked it up.  
It's the post office test.  
What'd you do, forget your crayons?  
They ask some tricky questions.  
Like what?  
I- I don't know, like addresses and shit.  
When do they let you know?  
A couple of weeks.  
I need to pass this, man.  
This is big for me and amy.  
I'm sure you did fine.  
Well, if it isn't the Cartwrights.  
Nothin' for me.  
Just a couple scrambled eggs,  
a cup of decaf.  
What's the eggs Benedict Arnold?  
Eggs Benedict with bacon instead of ham.  
Oh, so the bacon is, like, being a traitor?  
That's funny.  
Yeah, I think I'll have that,  
Please, and a glass of tomato juice.  
Echh, god's sake,  
you're giving me cancer already.  
Gotta die from something.  
All right, look.  
I need to talk to you guys.  
It's about the wedding.  
What did I say?  
I knew it. Amy's a guy.  
Besides that.



I know we've been  
joking around about this  
our whole lives, but I really need  
to pick a best man.  
All right,  
I know you're having a hard time  
with this choice,  
so I'm gonna  
let you off the hook,  
and I mean this  
from the bottom of my heart.  
I should be the best man.  
Fuck him.  
I'm serious.  
My modeling career  
is over because of him.  
Would you look at this shit?  
The guy made me a mutant.  
You can't even see it anymore.  
All right, this is what we'll do.  
This'll be totally fair.  
Saturday night, stroke of midnight,  
Flip a coin.  
Heads, it's Michael.  
Tails, it's Carmine.  
May the best man win.  
All right, so what's up  
with the bridesmaids?  
I don't know.  
That's Amy's department.  
Well, don't let her pick  
any fucking skanks.  
Please?  
You understand?  
To two of the best friends a guy ever had.  
Now if I could just make  
a couple of friends like that...  
Salud.  
Salud.  
Wrgah!  
That shit is nasty.  
We should just do a shot of gasoline.  
Yeah, then we could  
save money, you cheap prick.

Look at that Spanish chick.  
Look at that.  
Oh, you should have worn  
your bullfightin' outfit.  
Jealousy.  
Jealousy can be so ugly.  
Get 'em.  
I'm gonna go take a piss.  
That'll be nine dollars.  
For tequila?  
Nine dollars.  
Can I see the bill?  
Hey, buddy.  
How you doin'?  
Good.  
Sorry to hear  
about your guy, Caesar.  
Thanks.  
End up fucking dead like that,  
that's a shame.  
You gotta be careful  
who you cross in this town.  
Know what I mean?  
Yeah.  
Take care, now.  
We need to talk.  
Ho, Mikey.  
- This is Rosie.  
- Yeah, hi.  
I need to talk to you now.  
Can you give me  
one second, please?  
Please, one second?  
Are you kidding me?  
- That maniac is here.  
- Who, what maniac?  
Gino.  
Aw, you're fucking kidding me.  
What should we do?  
Nothin'. Fuck him.  
The kid's a fucking piece of shit.  
He's not going to do anything here.  
I don't know, Carmine.  
All right, maybe you should go.

Maybe you should go.  
Grab Bobby. Get out of here.  
Go ahead.  
I'm not going to leave you here alone.  
I'll be fine, please.  
I'm going to go home with that girl.  
Some of Philly's guys  
are in the back anyway.  
I thought you were done  
with those guys. I am done with them.  
I'm just saying.  
It's fine. Go.  
- You're sure?  
- I'm positive.  
Come on.  
All right.  
All right. Go ahead.  
Call me later.  
- I will.  
- Call me.  
I will.  
Come on, let's get out of here.  
We just got here.  
I know. I know. Let's go.  
Is everything all right?  
It's fine. I'm just tired. Come on.  
Excuse me.  
What's the matter?  
I must be drunk.  
I can't believe I let you  
talk me into the valet.  
I can get in myself, all right?  
What the fuck is wrong with this car?  
You're still in neutral there,  
Mr. Andretti.  
You know what? Let me drive.  
I'm fine.  
You're shitfaced. Let me drive.  
Ow. Fuck.  
It's almost midnight,  
when we were supposed to flip  
for best man.  
All right, we'll do it in the morning.  
Uh, pull over.

I want to say a prayer.  
- Do it from the car, okay?  
- Okay.  
All right, let's get this over with.  
Make it fast, all right?  
Oh.  
I still look for my crucifix.  
Ah!  
Oh, Jesus!  
Just hang on, man.  
Bobby!  
Jesus Christ.  
Call an ambulance!  
Bobby, you'll be okay.  
Call a fuckin' ambulance!  
Bobby?  
Stay with me, Bobby.  
Bobby.  
It's gonna be okay.  
Bobby, Bobby, Bobby.  
Stay with me, man.  
Come on, Bobby.  
It'll be okay.  
Jesus Christ.  
What happened?  
Bobby.  
Bobby, look at me, buddy.  
Come on. Look at me.  
Open your fuckin' eyes.  
You're not gonna die on me.  
He's not dying.  
Don't you die.  
Don't you fucking die!  
I can't.  
Come on, you're all right.  
You can't what?  
I can't.  
Call a fucking ambulance!  
Come on!  
Amy.  
Bobby, what are you looking at?  
Come on, man.  
Stop fuckin' looking at her.  
Look at me.

Bobby.

Look at me, Bobby.

Come on. Amy.

Amy's fine; she's gonna come  
see you in the hospital.

Come on, buddy.

Look at me. Look at me.

I can't. I'm sorry.

Just hang in there.

I'm sorry.

No, no, no.

It's okay.

No, no, no, no, no.

It's okay.

Bobby?

Come on.

You're all right, buddy.

Bobby.

Come on.

Bobby!

What are you doin'?

The fuck are you doing,  
buddy? Come on!

...earth to earth,  
ashes to ashes, dust to dust,  
In sure and certain hope  
of the resurrection  
Unto eternal life  
through our lord Jesus Christ  
And whose coming  
in glorious majesty  
To judge the world,  
and the earth and the sea  
Shall give up their dead  
And the corruptible bodies  
of those who sleep in him  
Shall be changed  
And made like unto his own  
glorious body,  
According  
to the mighty working,  
Whereby he's able  
to subdue all things  
Unto himself.

In the name of the father,  
and of the son  
And of the holy spirit, amen.  
Maybe it was denial,  
or maybe it was a callousness  
you develop growing up on the street,  
but whatever it was,  
it allowed me and Carmine  
to watch our best friend get buried  
and not shed a single tear.  
Coffee's fresh, anybody wants.  
Can I get you anything?  
No, thank you.  
I cannot believe that they buried him  
in that fuckin' suit.  
Ah, it looked okay.  
Single-breasted, he looked like you.  
He looked like-  
Looked like an accountant.  
It's good his-  
At least his hair looked nice.  
That's good. Made me happy.  
It's just the mail.  
Post office test.  
Should we open it?  
Yeah, all right, man.  
I don't fuckin' believe this.  
He failed.  
How is that possible?  
I don't know.  
I mean, have you seen the imbeciles  
that they got working down at that place?  
Mental patients. Monkeys.  
There are monkeys who could  
literally pass this test.  
He was a genius with some stuff.  
Like what?  
Movies?  
Wheel of fortune.  
Pac-Man, he was good at pac-  
I know.  
He was like an idiot savant.  
Yeah, an idiot savant,  
A little heavier on the idiot part, I think.

Don't start, okay?  
Let's not do this.  
and he's negotiating the price  
of a blow-job.  
I thought they were going to throw us  
right the fuck out of that place.  
Well, he did  
get the price down, though.  
Yes, he did.  
Hey, how about that time  
we were garage hopping?  
Oh, and he fell through the fuckin' roof.  
I thought I was going to piss myself.  
Stupid fuck.  
Ah.  
He was the best.  
You got that right.  
I didn't even say a prayer  
for him at the wake.  
I just kneeled there.  
I couldn't do it.  
He'd understand.  
When my father was in the hospital,  
I prayed for him every day.  
He fuckin' died anyway.  
Have you talked to that detective again?  
Yeah. You?  
Yeah, what'd you say?  
Same as before, nothing.  
What about you?  
Nothin'.  
You know, we...  
We could just tell him the truth.  
Yeah.  
We could.  
Yeah.  
Those were my bullets, Carmine.  
Yeah, I know.  
I know that, Mike.  
Where do you think he is?  
I don't know.  
He's in heaven.  
How the fuck do I know where he is?  
Not him, Gino.

Oh.  
Philly knows where we could find him.  
You know, he never got to pick a best man.  
It's a coin toss, you know.  
It could have been either one of us.  
You free tomorrow night?  
I'll tell Ellen something came up.  
So we are talking about the same thing?  
You know, for all the times  
we broke his balls,  
we never told him we loved him.  
He knew we did.  
He knew.  
I fuckin' hope so.  
Yeah.  
Hey!  
Clank!  
You ready?  
How about you, you fucking  
cocksucker, you ready?  
Come here.  
Get up. Get up.  
Pick your fuckin' head up.  
I said pick it up!  
You're sure you want  
to do this?  
Yeah.  
For the best man.  
Heads, it's me.  
Tails, it's you.  
Heads.  
What the fuck did you do?  
It was me.  
Come here.  
It was heads.  
Calm down, Mike.  
Listen to me.  
Listen to me, Mike.  
Listen to me.  
They got law schools  
in California, all right?  
Get the fuck out of here.  
All right?  
Take that little girl and go, Mike.



Get the fuck outta here.  
Me here.  
In a strange way,  
I felt angry at Carmine,  
like he cheated me  
out of avenging Bobby's death.  
I eventually came to realize  
it was the most selfless thing  
he had ever done.  
Until that night,  
I never really thought I'd leave Brooklyn.  
I could never imagine  
being apart from my friends.  
But that summer,  
I moved to California with Ellen.  
Carmine and I kept in touch,  
but we didn't see each other for years.  
Then one day, I got a call.  
O, give thanks to the lord, for he is good.  
His steadfast love endureth forever.  
The lord is my strength and my song.  
Do you have the ring?  
You may kiss the bride.  
Though years had passed  
and we were thousands of miles  
away from each other,  
in church that day, I realized something.  
When you have friends, real friends,  
it doesn't matter if they're here or there,  
living or dead.  
No matter where you go,  
you always take them with you  
in your heart.