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By the Gun

By Emilio Mauro

Where you been?
Sorry, Jerry.
Is Sal still here?
You were supposed to
be here an hour ago.
Now he's at the produce.
When Sal tells you to be somewhere,
you fucking be there.
Think you could
give me a ride?
Fucking A, Nicky.
Go!
- Go! Go!
- All right.
Man,
I need my own fucking wheels.
Yeah, you do.
You should have kept that Chrysler, man.
That was a good car.
Hmm.
My brother needed some money for school,
you know?
Will you please
leave it on one station?
Fuck you.
\$86. Fuck,
I told Vito I'd stop by with some dough.
Man, we need a good fucking rip.
You got anything?
Things been kind
of cold lately.
I got a Vic up north.
It's a home invasion.
Like a drug deal or something?
Nah. Straight guy. He owns two
sports bars up in New Hampshire.
Wife, two kids.
250K in his mattress.
I got a tip from
his financial advisor.
Financial advisor?
Yeah, I sell the guy coke and
steroids from time to time.
That sounds like a guy you

can trust with your money.

No. What else?

I got a...

I got a number for a bookie,
big fish kind of guy.

Figured I'd throw in some high numbers,
see what happens and...

With your fucking Irish luck,
no fucking way.

- That has nothing to do with luck.

- Next.

- What are you talking about?

- Next!

Jesus, Nicky, let me see what else
I got on the fucking lot for you.

Uh, Big Victor. I've been waiting
for that to get ripe for a while.

Probably get him for
25 grand this week.

Big Victor.

I don't know, man.

We'd have to give him a beating.

So what?

What we need is
our own fucking crew.

- Our own crew...

- Come on, man.

...and we won't be up against
the ropes all the fucking time.

You know what? You watched the first
half of Goodfellas too many times.

Those days are dead, man.

Nowadays,

a crew makes you hot.

Your friends in the North End?

Just a bunch of old guys now
that fucking play gangster
so they can fucking sell ziti and
fucking cannolis to tourists.

What the fuck are
you talking about?

Sal fucking

runs the North End.

Sal ran the North End

20 years ago.
Have you looked
around recently?
It's like a guinea
minstrel show over there.
It's like a dago Disney World.
Trust me. Those guys are geriatric
rats on a fucking sinking ship.
You don't know what the fuck
you're talking about,
all right?
Will you please hurry up?
Sal's gonna kick my fucking ass.
Fuck Sal.
We load and lock.
This one's filled up.
Yeah, why don't you grab it?
You send me that number?
Yeah, we're good.
Hey, Angelo.
Hey, Nick, how's it going?
Okay. Well, can you
let me know by next week
which way you want
to go with this thing?
Otherwise I just
got to proceed.
Wait here for me. All right?
Come here.
- Sal, I...
- Get over there.
I'm so sorry
that I'm late, Sal.
Why?
I could smell the pussy coming
off you halfway down the hallway.
I got a call last night
from Tony Matazano.
What happened?
I get a call yesterday
afternoon from my cousin Eric.
Something about
Tony's daughter
chewing him out at the hair

salon that he works at.
She was bitching about him
smoking too close to the door
or something stupid like that.
Anyway, he called her a name.
She got pissed.
Tony sends his fucking goons down
there to rough up my cousin.
He's a kid, Sal.
He was shitting in his pants.
So I call Tony,
try to calm things down.
Did you tell him you were
going to track him down
and put a bullet in his eye?
He started in on me
with all this tough guy shit.
Like, "I'm gonna kill you.
I'm gonna kill your family." I mean...
Eric is a kid.
And he's family.
Tony is a prick.
All I was trying to do was apologize.
That's it.
Well, now you have to
go down there and apologize.
In person.
And to his daughter.
In person.
Tony's protected. Nick.
He makes us a lot of money.
You know that he's
holding out on you.
He's running all this shit on the
side you don't even know about.
I bet he never even...
Hey, Mickey Mouse.
Wait outside.
You really want to associate
with people like that?
He came out of
his mother's ass.
I never would have survived them three
years up in Shirley without George.

Get your ass
over to his place.
And watch your
fucking mouth with me.
If you want in, you better listen
more than you don't listen.
And don't take everything
so fucking personally.
You got a lot of heart, Nick.
Don't let it go to your head.
Whatever I got
to do, I'm ready.
You know, Ginsberg,
the lawyer that just left...
- You know...
- Sure. Good guy.
Listen, Nick.
With the old timers dying,
one by one,
and the Feds and the rats and the chinks
and the fucking Albanians up my ass,
I got no choice
but to go legit
or be the last man standing.
We're like an island. Capisce?
There's not many of us left.
Whatever you want
me to do, I'm ready.
I never was one of those guys
who just let anybody in
who'd come through the door.
But I paid the price. I know.
I see something in you.
The day you see it yourself is the day
things will go right with this family.
You're a good boy, Nick.
Your time's coming.
And bring
the girl some flowers.
Vito.
What's up, Nicky?
How are you, brother?
What's up, Georgie?
Vito, when are you gonna

do something about that haircut?
The pompadour died with Elvis.
Fuck you.
What's up, Eric, you dumb ass?
You know I got to go deal
with your shit right now?
What shit?
You're the one with
the big fucking mouth.
Bitch wanted to fuck
and I just wouldn't play.
This kid couldn't get pussy
from a dead whore. Shut up.
Suck a dick, Vito.
What trouble? What do you got?
Don't worry about it.
Here you go. Take this.
No. Nick, you're not
even supposed be here.
Where is he?
He's in the house.
I can't take that.
What, you don't got to eat?
You don't want
to go to college?
He gets a fucking job,
he can bitch about getting free money.
I'm gonna go talk to him.
No, he don't want you here.
You cause problems for me
every time you come.
- I got to deal with him.
- Hey, hey, hey.
This is my house, too.
Ma would want me here.
It's 80 fucking dollars.
Take.
Relax, will you?
It's gonna be beautiful.
All right,
don't let that big fat cock
scare the neighbors, all right?
- King Kong.
- All right.

Hey, Nicky,
can I have some money, too?
Pearls before swine,
you fucking pig.
You're fucking pitiful.
It's gonna be beautiful.
Let's get out of here.
Here, let me borrow that.
Yeah, just give me a second.
Hey, Tony,
what's with the spandex?
Don't you want the back
of your ball bag tanned?
What's up?
Who's there? Who's that?
It's the guy Sal sent over.
Oh, the big mouth.
Hey, big mouth.
You better hope my
kid don't catch cancer
from your dumb fuck cousin's
cigarette fumes.
Come here.
Come on, a little closer.
- Don't be shy.
- I'm fine right here.
Come back, finish me later.
I'm going mobile with this.
Pretty girl gives you
a tan in your home...
...and sucks you off.
Good idea?
Sure. Whatever you say.
Whatever I say?
Whatever I say.
I say
you're a dirt bag.
That's what I say.
What do you say?
- I say you're right.
- You're right I'm right.
Say, aren't you here
to get down on your knees
and suck my dick?

Is that right?

I'm just kidding.

Not really.

I'm here because you and I,
we got mutual friends.

And out of respect for those friends,
I've come here to apologize.

So there you go.

There you go.

Okay, pretty boy. One...

We don't have mutual friends.

You, you're just a wannabe
punk for Salvatore Vitaglia.

You don't got your button,
so quit pretending.

Not yet.

Not... Not yet?

I think I heard the sound of a
little piece of shit talking to me
without a sincere apology.

Sincere... You hear
a sincere apology, Joe?

This is Joe.

Joe don't talk much,
except with his eyeballs.

What his eyeballs say,
blow your mind.

You ever have your mind blown, Nick?
Ever?

Look, Tony, I come here to
apologize to you. All right?

What else do you want from me?

You know,

I like cocaine very much.

I like ladies with big tits
rubbing them all in my face.

I like Italian cars.

I like Irish whiskey.

I like things all men like
but are afraid to admit to
their girlfriend or their wife
for fear she'll make
him sleep on the couch.

I like the couch.

It's relaxing.
I don't need a man cave
in the basement
with flat screen TV,
video game,
hiding out like
some fucking mouse.
I don't need a fucking man cave
because the whole fucking world,
that's my man cave.
You have a man cave, Nick?
No.
Nick, come here.
Come on, come on.
Just come on.
I want you to tell me
what you think of me.
The truth. You seem like a guy
who tells the truth. Come on.
Come on, Nick. Blow my mind.
The truth?
I think...
I think today if you're
rich and you're Italian,
that makes you a gangster.
Like on some TV show.
What?
You mean, I'm a TV show?
I'm a TV show?
I'm a TV show?
Apologize for insulting me,
you fucking asshole!
Mr. Matazano, I am sincerely
sorry for acting so out of line.
I meant you no disrespect.
Please accept my
sincerest apology.
Get out of here. Go on.
You tell that dipshit
mongoloid cousin of yours,
if he fucks with my daughter again,
I'll rip his fucking throat out.
You... Hey! I fucking
saw that, cocksucker!

All right, let's go! Let's go!
Start the fucking car, George!
- Come on, George!
- What?
We gotta fucking go!
What the fuck is
the matter with you?
They're right behind me. Can we go?
- Who them? Man, I'm fucking...
- Drive the fucking car! Do your fucking job!
When you fucking bug out...
Fuck you!
Why are we stopped?
Swear to God, George.
Why are we fucking stopped?
You know, Nicky,
you're the only guy I know
who goes into a titty bar
to suck a fucking cock.
What? You think that
I wanted to go do that?
I had to, all right?
You didn't have to.
You fucking chose to.
Look, you wanna be
a part of that whole thing
and eat a plate of shit every time
these guys fucking serve it up to you?
Go right ahead.
Just don't expect me to be sitting there
with a fork and knife next to you.
And I'll tell
you another thing.
If that fuck crosses me again,
- I'll fucking bury him.
- All right, all right, all right.
- Fucking apple face.
- All right, all right.
Look, I know. All right?
But don't worry about it.
Sal's gonna make...
Sal's gonna what?
Is that your new mantra?
"Sal's gonna"?

You know, I don't gotta join a club to know who my friends are. It's not about fucking friends. It's about business. All right? No, it's about business with me. With you, who knows what the fuck it's about? You got all these fucking big ideas. You know what I got? I got little ideas. And they keep me fed and not dead. Can you please get me the fuck out of here? Hey. Ali here? What can I get for you? Let me get a whiskey sour. \$6. Keep the change. You Ali? Who's asking? I'm Nick. Okay. What's up? I heard from your father there was some kind of problem with my cousin at the hair salon you were at the other day. I'm here to apologize for him. You're apologizing for him? Well, I don't have a problem with you. It's your little shit cousin that called me a cunt. And who cares, anyway? I care. The person I work for, he cares. It was an insult to you and to your father. I'd like to try

to make amends.
My father's insultable.
What are these?
They're for you.
They're flowers.
What am I
supposed to do with them?
I don't know.
Put them in water.
Wait. Look. Okay.
I know there are
better flowers.
Oh, really?
Why didn't you bring them, then?
Next time.
Next time.
What was your name again?
Nick. Nick Tortano.
Okay, Niccolo.
You go back and you tell your
boss that everything's fine.
You'll live to
see another day.
Whoa, whoa... Just...
Hang on. Hang on.
You gotta let me
do this the right way.
Miss Matazano,
I am sincerely sorry my cousin was
acting so disrespectful and out of line.
It was
completely inappropriate.
I hope you can accept
my sincerest apology.
Okay.
Thank you.
That was really nice.
And thank you for the flowers.
Hey.
You wanna go out with me?
Not in a million years.
What's up, brother?
I thought you
were coming alone.

You gonna bust my balls?
I'm not allowed to have
a friend in the world?
It's me. Let me in, Victor.
All right, come in.
Fucking asshole.
Victor, you know Nick? No?
Yeah, yeah,
we met a couple of times.
- How you been?
- Good.
Yeah?
You wanna line of coke?
No, thanks, I'm good.
Are you sure?
This shit's cut
with creatine, man. It's fire.
Well, if you don't mind,
I'm gonna do a line.
Ooh.
Hey, Victor, where's Blackie?
He don't live with you no more?
What was that? Huh?
I said, where's Blackie?
He don't live with you no more?
No, no. Not since
he got sent upstate.
It's all right, though.
He's too into himself,
you know what I mean?
A real narcissist.
I can't be surrounding myself
with people like that anymore.
Fuck! Where are my manners?
Do you guys want a beverage or something?
I'm good, I'm good. Thanks.
But Blackie, you should've
seen him when he got arrested.
The fucking guy started
crying like a little bitch.
Fucking idiot.
Now, he's in the union.
Fucking union job.
Who wouldn't want a union job?

Like I don't want a union job?
I'd love a union job.
Making 1,800 a week.
I'd never fuck that up.
He's full of it.
Always talking big talk.
I fucking... I never understand
guys like that, you know?
They go on and on and on
about nothing at all.
It's crazy.
He's in the union.
Shit don't make no sense.
What am I doing?
It's all good, right?
Of course it's good.
Of course this shit's good.
I know it's all here.
I'll be right back.
You know what else?
Like, what's he thinking?
The cops ain't gonna fucking bust him
'cause he's banging hammers
and pounding nails and fucking running
wires on the weekends?
Fucking crazy.
Like,
"Oh, I got a W-2, Officer.
Please, leave me alone.
Don't arrest me."
He got sent upstate to Shirley for,
I think, two years or something.
I haven't talked to him.
It's crazy how you can be
best friends with someone
and then five minutes later
you're fucking enemies. Right?
It's crazy because...
What the fuck, George?
- Nicky, are you serious?
- Get down on the floor.
Fuck, Nicky.
You heard the man.
On the floor.

Victor, you know I'll do it.
Get the fuck down.
What are you doing?
What the fuck, man?
Jesus Christ.
I thought we were friends,
Georgie.
I been setting this up
since I've known you.
George, we met two years ago.
Exactly.
He's good, huh?
Fuck!
Fuck you!
You fuckers!
Cocksucker.
It's fucking frozen.
Guess I know
where he hides it.
Hey, Nicky.
When are you gonna take me out
and do something?
How old are you?
Hold on, Nicky.
Melissa, I don't pay
you to talk. All right?
Go get dressed.
We open in an hour.
You hire relatives, that's what you get.
All they wanna do is chit-chat.
She's a good kid.
I'll see you.
Whoa, Nicky. Where are you going?
What's your rush?
I got to go. I'm late for Sal.
I'll talk to you later.
Sal and Jerry were in here last night.
The place was packed.
Yeah. Yeah, I noticed.
You're doing real well for yourself.
You're really expanding here.
On that note, um, I hate
to bother you with this,
but do you have

that grand you owe me?
I'm sorry, Michael,
I don't have it.
Things been pretty slow.
You know?
Slow. Yeah, I hear you.
You know, if you want,
I can get you a job down at the deli
or I can give you a couple of
hours over here in the kitchen.
You could pay me back,
work it off.
Don't bust my balls,
all right?
I ain't that guy.
You ain't that guy?
I ain't that guy.
Which guy?
The guy who doesn't pay?
The guy who doesn't work?
Or are you the guy
that wants to make trouble?
Do me a favor, Nicky.
Give me the money
when you have it, please?
And say hi to Sal for me.
You got it.
- Thank you, Nick.
- Thank you.
- All right.
- All right.
Hey. Nicky, how are you?
I'm here to see Sal.
Oh, yeah.
You got an address.
Now, take care of it.
You got to know,
there's a guy on that paper,
ain't gonna show up
nowhere never again.
Capisce?
Yeah.
Get this shifted.
Just move the boxes onto the trolley there.

All the boxes. Okay?
Hey, Nicky.
When you're young,
you got options.
Later on, you don't.
Enjoy the sunshine, Nicky.
Be winter before you know it.
What's going on with my
chatty friend over there?
I never heard you so quiet.
You want some air or something?
You want me to roll the window down?
Yeah.
You know, you don't have to
do this if you don't want to.
We can go get
something to eat.
The first one is hard.
After that, it's...
I'm just leaving
the office right now.
I'll be home in
about a half an hour.
I love you, too.
Excuse me.
Easy.
Easy.
Good to see you.
- Sal.
- Nick.
A big day for you.
Yes, sir.
Excuse me.
In honor of the family,
the family is open.
I, Niccolo Emilio Tortano...
...want to enter
into this organization...
...to protect
my family...
...and to protect my friends.
Our thing you
wish to be a part of,
it's a wonderful thing.

The greatest thing in the world.

Do you feel this way as well?

Yes, I do.

And wish to be a part of it
for the rest of your life?

Yes.

You agree

to be a soldier,

follow the rules and

obey our code of omerta

until your dying breath?

Yes.

Jerry, will you be

Niccolo's compare?

Proud of you.

As this saint burns,

so will my soul burn.

I live and die

by the gun and the knife.

I swear never to betray the

secrets of this thing that we have

and to obey with

love and omerta

the Sicilian code of silence.

This family,

we help each other

because our people

became outlaws.

What took place here today,

only the Ghost knows, by God.

He who is blind,

deaf and mute lives 100 years of happiness.

Which finger do you use

to pull the trigger?

Mr. C.

Hey, Nicky.

Thank you for seeing me, sir.

Hey. My pleasure.

Got those credit card numbers

we talked about?

Yeah, yeah.

Hey, I wanted to tell you,

it was a stroke of genius.

Coming up with this idea.

- You want a drink?

- Sure.

Mikey,

get him a drink, please.

These numbers ain't never been run by you,
right?

No. That's the way

you wanted it, right?

Yeah, that's the way I wanted it,

but you had these over a month, right?

Nicky,

I double-check 'em myself.

If I say they're over a month,

you can go to bet on it.

I'll see you next time.

- Thank you, Mr. C.

- Okay.

Nicky.

Congratulations.

Thank you.

Don't forget, you're in to

Michael for a grand, too, right?

- Oh, that fucking prick.

- You owe a lot of people money, man.

- Fuck that cocksucker.

- You gotta chill with that shit.

I work in his fucking deli, my ass.

What a bitch.

So go get him.

He knows everybody by name.

He knows everybody in the neighborhood.

He'll go crying to Sal

like a big fucking baby.

So what? You're a made guy.

This guy's a fucking blowjob.

What am I missing?

Oh, yeah.

Listen, no more free ziti with

meatballs and Italian subs. All right?

What's going on here?

What's the problem?

What's the problem?

The problem is you've opened four of
these stores in the last three years.

How much money can you really be making
selling fucking mortadella and prosciutto?

- Seriously? You're serious.

- What else are you doing?

Why are you asking
all these questions?

You're driving around
in a brand new Mercedes.

You wouldn't fucking
lie to me, would you?

I see.

You got your button now. You bring
your baby gorilla here to scare me?

You know what? Why don't you tell Jerry to
give me a call. We'll settle this, okay?

Hey, wait. That's not...

That's not how it's gonna go.

That's no way to talk to me.

You're a gangster now?

No disrespect,

Nick, but fuck you.

I ain't paying you shit.

Shh, shh, shh.

All right?

How many accounts
receivable you got?

How many people
haven't paid you?

- You're asking me this?

- I'm asking you.

Ten, 20, too many.

Stand up.

Come on, get up.

Stand up.

Listen to me. All right?

Listen to what this is.

I take care of you.

You take care of me.

Anybody who don't take care of you
is also not taking care of me.

I gave your brother Vito
a job when he was a little kid.

And now it's
time to repay the favor.

Yeah, let's go take
a look at your books.
I'm gonna take care of
everything, all right?
What are you
fucking busting my balls for?
It's 32 grand in there.
I got 12 coming in from
Freddy Charles in Lynn.
Also, you know, Tony's running
them Slavic girls on the side.
Don't worry about Tony.
Don't worry about Tony.
And don't worry about his daughter either.
Call isuckcock.com
if you get lonely.
No, you can't call them.
The Feds know about that, too.
What?
- Suckcock.com?
- Yeah.
Whoa, whoa, whoa.
What the fuck do you want?
We, uh...
We heard you been running
Ukrainian girls out of here.
Pimping them out
to high-end clients.
Yeah?
You better start feeding your rat some
better fucking cheese. All right?
'Cause there ain't no
Ukrainian broads here.
These are local girls.
- Hmm?
- Oh, yeah.
Mmm-hmm.
Where're you from, sweetheart?
Rhode Island.
We know from
a certain hotel off Boylston
these girls are making \$1,000
a night outside the club.
Can you

believe this motherfucker?
Look, kid.
Tony ain't
gotta give you shit.
All right? Just 'cause you're made,
that don't mean nothing to us.
- Really?
- Yeah, especially me.
Really.
Tell Tony we
just want our cut.
It's that simple.
Hey.
Flowers again, huh?
What do you want?
It's next time.
Better flowers.
Thank you.
What...
What are you doing now?
Going home.
I could walk with you.
I'm okay. I can walk myself.
It's just a few blocks away.
I can walk with you.
My car's in the shop, but I like to walk.
It's a Cadillac.
- What?
- My car. It's a Cadillac.
Three hundred horsepower.
Leather seats.
It's a real comfortable ride.
I could give you a lift home sometime.
Yeah. Sure. Leather seats.
What, you don't like
leather seats?
What's wrong
with leather seats?
"You don't like leather seats?
"Who don't like leather seats?
Leather seats."
That's how I sound? I sound like that?
That's the way I sound to you?
You know what?

I'm gonna keep my mouth shut.
I'm not gonna say nothing else
the whole walk home.
Oh, yeah. I bet.
Okay, then.
You may speak now.
Okay.
Vow of silence still?
Okay.
Okay.
Good night.
You wop greaser.
Good night, you stupid guinea.
Open your yapper.
Okay.
You just gonna keep
bringing me flowers, huh?
Are we gonna go to the prom?
Oh.
I see. Ahem!
You're embarrassing yourself.
Come on, say something.
Tell me...
Tell me some more about your
horsepower and your gold chains
and your Virgin Mary.
Tell me...
Tell me how much you love
your I-talian mother.
I'm a woman you can love.
Be careful.
And you couldn't see
this coming a mile away?
It's a setup.
Look at the patterns
he was rifling in.
Nickel A and R.
Dime, dime, dime, dime tease.
Nickel A and R. Maxes out every bet.
Bets every game.
One day, hockey and basketball,
the next day football.
Come on!
He takes

the favorite in every game.

We pay this guy for
the past three weeks?

- Yeah.

- How much?

- 10,000.

- 10,000!

And he's down now, what?

25,000?

And you didn't cut him off?

I thought he was good for it.

Okay.

Mmm-hmm.

Who is this guy?

All I have is a phone number.

You're letting

people take action,

and you don't even know their faces,

you fucking moron?

What the fuck are you

doing about it, Joe?

What am I supposed

to do about it, huh?

If I knew who the guy

was or where he was,

- I'd break his fucking legs.

- Mmm-hmm.

I call him. He says

he ain't got the money.

And he fucking hangs up, Tony.

What do you want me to do?

- It's this fucking punk's fault.

- Joe...

Get him

the fuck out of here!

We have no idea

who this guy is.

Why not?

All I got is a number.

What do you mean,

you just have a phone number?

You're the fucking agent!

This is a fucking setup

and you're all in on it.

Jesus. Fuck!
I'll do it myself.
What's the number?
Come on,
give him the fucking number.
What are you doing?
I just texted it to you.
Why don't you just fucking
tell me the fucking number?
Jesus! Fuck!
Get out there.
Waste more of my time.
Come on.
Come on. Come on, you fucking moron.
Get out of here.
What are you,
a fucking dickhead?
You trying to get me
in fucking trouble?
Seriously?
Hey.
Hey.
Go make a buck.
What do you think,
this is a dumb slut convention?
My God!
You two are depressing.
Is this F-4?
Come on, man,
don't be such a fucking jerkoff.
You owe me 25,000.
It's been three weeks.
I'm gonna beat you.
I'm gonna fucking rape you in a body bag.
Oh. Oh...
Oh, I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I had no
idea your life was so fucking hard.
Yeah.
Yeah. I know the place.
Do you got my fucking money?
Okay. I'll meet you there now.
Fuck you, by the way.
Hey.
Hey. Hey.

Joy Luck Club,
go shake your rice cakes,
I got bills to fucking pay.
Yeah, don't think
I didn't see that.
I see everything!
Hey.
Nice hat.
Yeah? You like it?
I do, I do. I like the hat.
Thanks. Just got it.
So, what do you want to do?
You want to go to the movies or something?
It's freezing.
How do you know my father?
What?
I don't talk to him.
He's an asshole.
Nick.
I stay away from him and the
people he hangs out with. So...
Really?
'Cause he seems
like such a sweetheart.
Look.
I like you. All right?
I didn't like you at all.
Hey.
Hey.
- See you.
- Bye.
Vito!
Hey.
You know, you don't
got to smoke out here.
Mom ain't here to
tell you any different.
Are you gonna say hello to me?
"Hey, Nick.
How are you, Nick?"
If you're not
gonna talk to me,
give this to Vito
for me, will you?

You're a big shot now.
Big tough guy, huh?
Excuse me?
What do you got?
What do you got here?
Wow, look at that.
Throwing it around.
Hey, who wants a hundie?
There's a 50
right there for you.
Take a 20, huh? Big shot.
Smells like blood to me.
It's college money.
It stinks.
You haven't had
a job since Mom died.
Take the money.
If she knew what
you were doing...
If your mother knew what you were up to,
she'd be sick.
You'd kill her all over again.
There's 2 grand right here.
Get it out of my sight.
I think Vito could use it.
Don't you?
Over my dead body.
I'm begging you.
What do I got to
say to you, huh?
What do I got to do?
What do I got to do
to get through to you?
My boy. Beautiful boy.
If your mother were alive,
she'd say, "Tu aviadu morde."
You say that to me?
I'm your son, Pa!
I have a son.
Get that out of my house.
Jesus Christ, George.
What the fuck?
I missed, like, nine calls
from you last night.

I stayed over at
Tony's daughter's house.
Sal's gonna be pissed, so keep your
fucking mouth shut about it, all right?
Anyway, I got your message with
some fucking address up in Lynn.
I guess I'll be there
in, like, an hour.
Fuck! Tony.
Hey! Look who it is.
Merry fucking Christmas.
Look at this guy, huh?
- What the fuck?
- Yeah.
He got fucked up.
What the fuck
did you do, George?
I couldn't
avoid this here.
- What the fuck?
- A bit complicated.
- What the fuck?
- He looks fucked up, doesn't he?
It's fucked up
how it happened.
You want to hear the story?
I was rifling
into this big book
that a friend of mine had put
me on with a few weeks back.
I think I told you about it.
Anyways, must have
been beginner's luck.
Because right out of the fucking gate,
I'm hitting everything.
I won 10 grand.
First couple of weeks.
But what do I
know about football?
I don't know
shit about football.
Eventually,
I started missing some bets.
Actually, the third week,

I fucking missed everything.
I mean, I got fucking buried.
I was losing
everything I put in.
Went down 25,000.
So I tried to be scarce.
Fall off the radar a minute.
I tried to avoid these pricks.
Honest to God, I did. I did.
But they kept
calling
and harassing
and calling
and harassing my friend,
until eventually he caved in.
He coughs up my phone number.
So, yesterday I'm sitting at the house,
I'm waiting for this broad to call me up,
and I see
a number I don't know.
I think it must be her.
And I pick up the phone.
You know whose voice
I hear on the other line?
My handsome friend,
right here.
I mean,
what are the fucking chances?
It was fucking unbelievable.
I couldn't believe it. I mean...
We just saw this prick
a few weeks ago.
Fucked me all up.
Of course, right away,
he starts with the tough talk.
The beatings and the body bags and the...
Real fucking wise prick.
I mean, this is one
disrespectful fuck!
I gave him a bullshit story.
I told him
I have half his money.
"I got half of
your money, Tony.

"I got half."
Comes into my neighborhood.
And once he got
out of his car,
I fucking tased him.
Threw him in
the back of my car.
Well, I think you can deduce the
rest of the story from there.
You set him up?
What are you? Fucking stupid?
You're gonna get us both killed.
You got to let him go.
I don't got to do shit!
George.
I didn't even
know it was his book
until I heard his fucking
retarded voice on my phone.
I do know one thing, though.
See, to me, you know what this seems like?
It seems like fate.
I mean, Nick,
I think they call it kismet.
Fucking stop, George!
Oh, shit!
Hey! Hey! Hey! Jerry!
Jerry. What's up, huh?
You don't return
our fucking calls?
You can't leave a voicemail?
Cut the shit, man.
Tony's missing.
Yeah, he don't return our
calls either. That's not like him.
Something's up.
You know where he is?
What do I look like,
the fucking lost and found?
Hey, you don't want me to tell you
what you look like. All right?
You better not know
where my fucking boss is.
I know what I'd like to do to your boss.

But we got money on him.
Whoa. Wait a minute. We?
What do you mean, "we"?
All I see is one guy standing
in a fucking empty loading dock.
There ain't no more "we."
Okay? It's us.
All right? From here on out.
Don't think I don't know what
the fuck's going on around here.
Hey. You know why they call me
"daylight," right? Hmm?
You wanna find out?
Hey, get out of here,
you fucking project trash.
Fuck you!
Uh...
I didn't mean for this to happen.
I'm sorry. All right?
You got to believe me.
I'm sorry.
They're fucking
with Sal's business.
You got no idea
what you're into.
You're in so far
over your head.
Hey, hey, hey.
That mark, got you made,
he was on the up.
He was just in our way.
You clueless... Fuck!
You don't talk to me
like that. All right?
I'm a fucking made guy.
You might be protected,
but Sal made me, all right?
So shut your fucking mouth.
Mr. Made Guy.
You got no idea the wrath
Sal's gonna bring down.
Fuck this greaseball, Nick.
Fuck this greaseball fuck.
Untie him, George.

We're letting him go.
What?
I said untie
the motherfucker, now.
I ain't fucking untying him.
What's done is done.
What do you think is going to happen
when Sal sees him like this anyways?
Let him go, George.
Can't send him
back to Sal like that.
Look at him.
- Hey, listen.
- Fuck.
You're gonna die out here,
you fuck.
George.
You're gonna die ugly.
You're gonna die, you fuck.
You hear me?
You're gonna fucking die.
George!
George!
I said let him go now!
Oh, yeah?
Yeah.
Yeah.
- That's how it's gonna be?
- That's how it's gonna be.
That's right, Nick. Shoot him.
Shut up!
Kill him, Nick. Shoot him.
Go ahead, shoot me.
Kill him.
Go on. Shoot him, Nick.
Let me tell you
something, Tony.
Nick here, he ain't a shooter.
It ain't in his DNA.
Don't you fucking
test me, George.
Yeah, Sal was gonna kill
this fuck no matter what.
Huh?

Save yourself, Nick.

Shoot him.

Shoot him. Come on, kill him.

Go ahead, shoot me, Nick.

Hey, did you tell Tony
about you and his daughter?

- George. Shut your mouth.

- Oh!

- George.

- Oh, you didn't know?

Shut your fucking mouth.

Oh, he didn't know.

- This is beautiful. It's fucking beautiful.

- Shut up.

- Yeah. Hey, Tony.

- Shut up.

- Guess who's fucking your daughter?

- Fuck you, George.

Yeah?

Yeah.

That apology,

- it went real well.

- Kill him.

She accepted it,

I think. Yeah.

- Shoot him.

- Shut up!

Do it!

- He's fucking piping her.

- I swear to God, George!

- Fucking do him. Shoot. Dead already.

- Shut up!

- Shut up!

- Kill him!

- Why don't you tell Mr. Matazano...

- Kill him.

- ...how you got made?

- Nick.

Why don't you tell him

how you got made?

You know how he got made?

Who do you think made that hit for him?

- George.

- Who did it for him?

I fucking did
that hit for him.
He was too afraid to pull the trigger.
It's not in him.
I fucking made you!
I made you!
Shoot him, Nick.
Kill him, Nick. Do it.
You don't have
it in your heart.
Shoot him.
Kill him. Shoot him!
You know what?
Maybe we should untie him.
- Nick. Nick.
- Maybe we should untie him.
'Cause I want Sal and
everybody else to know...
- What?
- ...exactly who you are.
- Nicky.
- What?
Look, my daughter...
I could give a fuck, man. Okay?
Your secret, don't worry.
- Your secret's safe with me.
- You ain't a shooter.
- Your secret's safe with me.
- Shut your mouth.
- Shoot him.
- You don't have the fucking heart to do it.
- Shoot me! Go ahead.
- Nick, shoot him.
Come on, please.
You ain't a shooter.
- Shoot him. Nick.
- You're not a shooter.
Do it! Yeah, shoot him.
- Shut up! Shut up!
- Shoot him. Shoot him.
That's the fucking spirit!
I knew you had it in you.
I knew you had it in you.
How's that feel?

Where are you going?
Hey, where are you going?
This is your mess to clean up.
I brought
the fucking contracting bags.
It was that kid from Dorchester.
Nick's boy. Georgie Mullins.
You sure that's the guy
that owed Tony the 25?
Yeah. We finally found that agent.
The one that's running the books.
He said it was Mullins.
Tony went to go talk to him,
and that's the last time I heard from him.
I mean, add it up.
Nick don't answer.
Look, we've been looking
for Tony everywhere.
I know those two motherfuckers
know something.
I'll look into it.
Look, Sal.
We've been good to you. You know?
I'll decide whether
you've been good to me.
I told you I'll look into it.
- Tried his cell.
- Let's go find this prick.
Tried his cell phone, house phone.
Even called his father.
Yeah?
Nicky, where the fuck
have you been?
I've been...
I've been busy.
Where are you right now?
What?
Sal's looking for you, Nicky.
We need to see you now.
Tony's missing
and they got wind
that crazy mick of yours was
the last one that seen him.
They've gone over to your folks' house,

looking for you.

Nicky,

do the right thing here.

Nick here?

No. Nick don't live here.

Who are you?

You his brother? Look, Nick's in deep shit.

Where the fuck is he?

Why don't you go fuck yourself?

Come back later.

What? Hey! Hey, hey.

Don't fucking close the door on me.

- What are you doing?

- What the fuck are you doing?

- Hey, hey, hey, hey.

- I got this. Dad, I got this.

- Just calm down.

- Get in the house. Please.

- Come on, what are you gonna do?

- Get in the house.

- You got a problem here?

- Yeah. Fuck you! Look...

This is private property.

- Get the hell out of here.

- I don't give a fuck.

You tell your brother

Joe came by.

Okay? And I'm gonna find him,

so you might as well tell me where he is.

We wouldn't tell you where he

was even if we knew. Let's go.

Come on. Get... Get off...

- Get off my...

- Don't put your fucking hands on me.

This is

private property.

Get your fucking

hands off me.

Don't put your

fucking hands on me.

- Fuck you!

- This is private property.

What are you gonna do?

You got a fucking problem?

Get out of here!
Don't put your fucking hands on me again,
old man. You hear me?
Listen, your son's
a fucking punk, all right?
He did the wrong thing
to the wrong fucking people.
You're a punk.
I'm a punk?
He's gonna pay the fucking price.
Vito, no!
Hey, Vito!
Get back!
Vito! Get out of here!
Go home, guys! Vito!
- Get the fuck off me!
- Just go home!
You want to fuck with me?
Here you go!
- Motherfucker!
- Vito!
- No!
- Come on!
Dad?
Come on. Let's go.
Come on. Come on.
Come on! Get in the car!
Let's go! Tom, get in the car!
What the fuck?
My brother's gonna
fucking kill you!
You're okay. Come on. You're okay.
Please, Pop.
Can you hear me, Pop?
Can you hear me?
Get him in the car.
Help me get him in the fucking car.
- Help me get him in the fucking car!
- Nicky, Nicky. Nick. Nick.
Fuck!
Fuck!
I gotta talk to Sal.
Where is he?
He ain't gonna see you, Nicky.

Don't fuck with me, Jerry.
Where are they?
I'm gonna fucking kill him!
That Joe is a fucking dead man.
No, no. You're not.
We're gonna take care of things now.
You need to
fucking relax, Nicky.
They killed my father, Jerry.
I'm sorry, Nicky.
Things are a mess right now.
They found Tony up in Lynn.
In a fucking bag.
And that guy in
the parking garage.
He was straight,
though, wasn't he?
He got in the way.
People get in the way.
In the way.
In the way of what?
Doesn't matter.
You didn't kill him, did you, Nick?
I told Sal to bring you in.
I put myself on the line for you.
Your own father didn't care
if you was alive or dead.
- It's not fucking true.
- Here's what's true!
Get out of town.
Forget this girl.
Forget Sal. Forget this.
- Forget this, this thing we have.
- Jerry.
Jerry.
Look...
Hey, man, I'm so sorry.
Look.
This is what we gonna do.
We find them all one by one
and then murder those fucks.
No reaction to that?
What's the matter?
- No emotion?

- Shut up, George.
Nick, they killed
your fucking father.
I said shut
the fuck up, all right?
You having second thoughts about
what needs to be done here?
Why?
Is it because you're
banging that whore?
That clown's fucking daughter?
Or is it because your boss,
Sally Jane Fungulo, might get mad?
You're afraid of that?
Nick, we had to kill Tony.
How many times
did he disrespect you?
Disrespected your friend?
You listen to me.
What happened the other night
never happened, all right?
I know you, George.
You got a big fucking mouth.
A few weeks go by.
You get 10 deep in some bar.
And suddenly
everyone in Southie
gets the idea that what never happened,
happened.
Who are you talking to?
You talking to me?
I run my fucking mouth?
You're an ungrateful fuck.
It wasn't enough that I saved your
fucking pretty ass in Shirley?
That's not enough?
It ain't enough that I'm fucking
cutting you in on all my action
just so you can kick it back to
these filthy fucking guineas?
It ain't enough?
It ain't enough that I
gotta drive you around
to suck all

the dicks you gotta suck?
Guys like Joe?
That's what bullets were invented for.
Kill that fucker.
You gotta kill him.
You ain't like me.
You ain't nothing like me.
You're a fucking wannabe.
A fucking wannabe.
Talking about all that
"restoring order to the North End" shit.
You never had it in you.
You're a fucking poser.
You never had it in you!
You're a fucking fraud.
You shut your mouth.
Everything you say is a lie.
Everything you think
is a fucking delusion.
You shut your fucking mouth.
Everything you believe
is a fucking delusion.
I said shut your fucking mouth!
You hear me?
You know who knew you were
a fraud more than anyone?
Your old man.
Nice fucking friend I have.
Nice fucking friend I have.
You know who your friends are?
Big fucking mafioso man!
Look at you.
You're a made man now.
You're a made man!
Where are your friends now?
Where are your
fucking friends now?
I can count
mine on one finger!
Hey.
I've been calling you.
Can I come in?
I have to go to work soon.
You all right?

Yeah.

Yeah.

Listen, some guys came around
asking where my father is.

Oh, yeah?

Yeah.

Do you know
anything about that?

I have to go away for a while.

What do you need?

Do you know
where my father is?

Nick.

Would you go away with me?

Nick.

Would you?

Where's my father?

Fuck you!

What the fuck is
wrong with you?

Why did you do that?

Why did you do that?

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

I'm sorry.

I'm so sorry.

He's with the girl?

Get rid of him.

What are you doing?

I'm dropping this off for you.

That's for you.

Where you going?

I gotta take
care of some stuff.

Let me go with you.

That's for you.

Hey!

Fuck you.

Don't fucking follow me.

Move over.

Let's take a drive.

I'm not surprised
to see you, Niccolo.

It's done.

This thing

that you have.
This
family.
It's all I ever wanted.
But it's done.
Why don't you put that down?
You destroyed
everything I ever cared about.
And now, I'm going
to fucking kill you.
What the fuck have you done?
What have I done?
I've done what I needed to do.
Yeah?
You let those guys go over to my house.
My fucking house.
Killed my father. My girl.
Your father didn't care
if you was alive or dead.
You might as well
have been an orphan.
I gave you something
and you threw it away.
You do all that,
start killing people in cold blood
so he finally approves of you?
Like he's looking down
from heaven all proud?
Let me tell you something. Oh.
He ain't looking down
on you from nowhere.
You're gonna have to
kill all of us, Nick.
There ain't many left.
But there's enough for you.
Let me ask you
a question, Sal.
You ever been in love?
Of course.
Who hasn't been in love?
Sal. I need a pick-up.
Need a lighter.