

BINGO HOLLABOUTH

By
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NOTE: During the 19th and 20th centuries, human zoos were public displays of people, usually people of color deprived of their human rights.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR ISLANDS - FORT WARREN - NIGHT

One after another, out of thin air, high-heeled shoe prints crunch the snow, which timelessly covers everything --

OLD MAN (V.O.)
(snores)

KID (V.O.)
Gramps, wake up! You sound like a
butchered pig.

The steps stomp along the American Civil War bastion --

OLD MAN (V.O.)
Oh did I scare you, Little One?

The shoe prints veer away from the granite wall towards the dirty snowy grass --

KID (V.O.)
Nope, can you make other animals?

OLD MAN (V.O.)
Not when I'm awake I'm afraid,
though I once met a person who
became a lion.

KID (V.O.)
No way!

And stop at the edge of the isle:

OLD MAN (V.O.)
For realsies, name's Bingo. Bingo
Hollabouth.

The ocean, clear as the sky --

INT. NURSING HOME - PLAY ROOM - DAY (1929)

The sky, clear as the ocean -- a window frame --

ELDERS at various round tables, among them: the OLD LADIES' table and the VETERANS' one.

A toy box on a square desk, next to it --

A Black man holds a ring microphone. Wears a silver pendant: its bottom under his shirt. It's MILO HOLLABOUTH, 27.

MILO
Seems like the veterans' table took
lady luck's bunker today.

Milo's voice comes out as an indistinguishable pond of words from the speaker set on the wall.

Pimples on his cheeks, hands on the toy box: YOUNG SIGISMUND VOLPETTI, 21, his life's as shy as it gets.

MILO (CONT'D)
If luck don't show up no worries,
Sigismund's got the best
consolation treat here.

Sigismund opens the box --

Milo picks one paddleball from it --

Their hands touch -- they intently look at each other --

Milo turns to the tables --

MILO (CONT'D)
Who's in the mood for paddleballs?
Tokens in hand for the last number.

Veterans chant "IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY" a cappella.

MILO (CONT'D)
Let's not get started with that.

They stop singing.

A wall telephone rings --

Original piece of music {BINGO'S BIRTH} --

Sigismund takes the telephone handset with one hand and combs his tuft with the other.

YOUNG SIG
(to Milo)
From the hospital.

MILO
Announce the last number, Sig.

Sigismund nods -- Milo brings the phone handset to the ear.

Sig rotates the urn handle: a storm of white balls in it --

A black ball rolls out: a carved horizontal "8".

YOUNG SIG

Eight.

A veteran puts a red token on the bingo board -- five tokens put diagonally one next to the other meaning the table wins.

Veterans cheer up: one raises a wooden walking stick -- another points a gun at the ceiling: Young Sig runs away.

The veteran pulls the trigger, which doesn't work -- checks with an eye on the gun barrel.

Milo keeps listening to the phone -- takes out the rest of the pendant from his shirt: a tiny crucifix.

Veterans limp to the desk for a toy box assault --

Milo turns around still at the phone -- notices a Veteran.

VETERAN

(labial)

Bingo!

Milo kisses the silver cross in his hand -- smiles.

INT. BOSTON CITY HOSPITAL - DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

Cracked walls -- a trembling bed --

On it: MISSY BONAVENTURE, 24, screams for all the pain -- her pregnant belly under the hospital sheet --

BERNADETTE PIGBEE, 37, dabs the sweat on Missy's forehead --

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK ZOO, BOSTON - MAIN GATE - DAY (1931)

Missy wipes the sweat from her forehead --

2-YEAR-OLD BINGO whines in Missy's arms --

A paddleball in a pocket of her rugged coat --

She amicably talks with 27-YEAR-OLD BERNARD OLMSTED, who shows her the way in.

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK ZOO - HUMAN SECTION CAGE - LATER

Olmsted pushes her into the open cage --

She manages to stand: her hand clings around a cage bar --
 2-Y.-Old Bingo cries in the cradle of her other arm --
 Olmsted punches her fingers on the cage bar --
 She lets go -- Olmsted shuts the cage door.

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK ZOO - DAY (1934)

5-YEAR-OLD BINGO performs an exotic dance inspired by African folklore in sync with Missy --

All around the fenceless area, delighted WHITE FOLKS enjoy Bingo's movements. Some even clap.

INT. ZOO CAGE - NIGHT

5-Y.-Old Bingo's face behind bars --

On his back: campfire light from the b.g.

Deprived of clothes, Missy lies curled up on the dry topsoil by the fire --

Next to her, Bingo grasps a twig from the topsoil --

Draws a semicircle in the sand -- grabs a second twig with which he sketches a door within the semicircle --

The drawing resembles a stylized igloo --

Bingo plays some more with the two twigs, handles them as a pair of chopsticks.

INT. ZOO CAGE - DAY

5-Y.-Old Bingo wakes up --

Climbs the bars of his cage --

Shows his teeth to the attentive lion behind the bars of the other cage in front of him --

Little Bingo tries to read a board tied to the bars --

He can only see the wooden back of the board --

Jumps down on the topsoil towards Missy --

Grabs a twig and teases her arm with it --

Her unresponsive body lies down with eyes shut --

His shocked eyes realize she won't wake up...

The front of the tied board reads "NO FEEDING".

INT. ZOO CAGE - LATER

A ZOOKEEPER drags Missy's body out of the cage --

Bingo's hands clasp the topsoil, soaked below his rainy eyes.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - NIGHT

Milo waves his balance back and forth at the edge of the quay, empty-eyed -- a net full of red bricks in his arms.

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK ZOO - DAY

Little Bingo performs the usual exotic dance, this time without Missy, under the pouring rain --

Visitors pass by, Bingo increases the grit of his movements --

Closes his eyes, his body executes the routine on the wet terrain.

24-YEAR-OLD FRANK O' FURTY, the only visitor left in sight, nears Little Bingo, who opens his eyes under Frank's shadow --

Little Bingo looks up: Frank's four-leaf-clover-shaped cufflinks, and a full popcorn bag in his hand --

Bingo stretches his palm to Frank, who looks down at the kid and empties the bag on the muddy terrain.

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK ZOO - DAY

LION'S CAGE

The lion inside forwards one paw on a bar.

BINGO'S CAGE

5-Y.-Old Bingo stares at the facing lion's cage --

Mirrors the animal by putting one palm on a bar.

I/E. ZOO CAGE - DAY (1939)

10-YEAR-OLD BINGO holds a chowder bowl in his hands --

TITUS HOLLABOUTH, 64, as the number of punches he provides if you dare to stare at him for more than a second --

Holds Olmsted by the neck, the same neck in the lion's cage door -- the lion's paw flays Olmsted's skin from his face --

Titus shuts the cage, drops Olmsted outside of it --

Titus' shadow covers Bingo, who drops the bowl.

INT. DINER - LATER

10-Y.-Old Bingo's observant eyes over the flat paddle he holds -- and the small purple rubber ball laced to it.

Before the cash desk, Titus grunts at the sound of Bingo playing with the paddle ball.

The rubber ball bungee jumps down the paddle --

The bartender, 29-YEAR-OLD RAYMOND MASTROTUNNO, holds a cone with two chocolate balls on --

The shadow of Ray's spoon on the chocolate ice cream basket.

10-Y.-OLD BINGO

More!

TITUS

Quit the rhapsody, Little Fool.

10-Y.-OLD BINGO

But I can eat all cocoa I want, mom promised!

Titus startles at Bingo's words.

TITUS

Your mom... You got fudge in your brains if ya think you can eat all you want!

29-Y.-OLD RAY

Well, our chocolate's really tasty.

TITUS

How 'bout my recipe for a cup full of whipped cream and bullets?

Ray swallows in fear.

TITUS (CONT'D)
Ain't I seen your Adam's apple
nodding yes just now?

Little Bingo smiles at Titus.

29-Y.-OLD RAY
Not at all, Sir.

TITUS
(re: ice cream balls)
Don't lose those balls now.
(to Bingo)
Deal's you eat what I say if you
wanna play with the horse later.

Titus widens his arm to Ray --

A holster with a gun under Titus' jacket.

All sweat, Ray hands him the cone --

Titus gives Bingo the ice cream.

10-Y.-OLD BINGO
Thanks Gramps!

Ray trembles -- Titus takes out the wallet --

Angrily stares at Ray and --

Puts a five-dollar bill on the desk --

TITUS
How you like working here?

Ray fixes the printed Lincoln.

29-Y.-OLD RAY
Oh, it's groovy.

A banknote with President Grant drops on Lincoln's face.

29-Y.-OLD RAY (CONT'D)
Frankly, Sir, it could be better.

Titus writes on a napkin.

TITUS
Time for you to join this little
Civil War reunion then.

23-YEAR-OLD BRAXTON BURLEY, a police officer, pushes the glass door -- a coin-operated horse behind the wide window.

29-Y.-OLD RAY
Uhm, I don't know what to say.

TITUS
Guess your arms can do the talking.
Just some help at the harbor.

Ray puts the napkin in his apron.

Bingo notices Braxton's scarred hand and cries --

The officer's hand lands on Bingo's Afro'd hair --

Braxton turns to Ray.

23-Y.-OLD BRAXTON
Howdy.

Bingo frees his head from Braxton and stains his uniform with chocolate while rushing to Titus.

Ray puts some loose change on Titus' palm.

Titus hands 10-Y.-Old Bingo the few cents and tips his hat to Braxton, left with the angriest expression.

The ice cream cone head-down on the B&W checkered floor.

Two keys, each hangs on different wall hooks -- the left hook reads "WHITE", the one on the right "COLORED" --

Titus takes the toilet key below the latter sign -- exits hand in hand with 10-Y.-Old Bingo.

INT. DINER TOILET - MOMENTS LATER

Teary-eyed, Titus pees in the colored section.

EXT. DINER ALLEY - NEXT

Titus opens the toilet door, as does Braxton with the white section toilet door.

23-Y.-OLD BRAXTON
Seems like the chocolate stains
ain't leaving my pants.

10-Y.-Old Bingo between the two closing their distance.

TITUS

Nasty stain, my grandson wanna
apologize 'bout that. Tell the
officer you're sorry, Little Fool.

Bingo inserts the loose change into a coin-operated horse.

10-Y.-OLD BINGO

I ain't.

The horse engine sways with Bingo on top --

He rides the machine horse like a proper cowboy...

A gunshot sound --

Titus drops on the tarmac.

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK ZOO, BOSTON - MAIN GATE - DAY (1945)

16-Y.-OLD BINGO stops before the gate in torn dirty clothes --

His hand squeezes what's left of his paddleball: the purple
rubber ball, an antistress pumping out his labored breathing.

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK ZOO - DAY

Dazed, 16-Y.-Old Bingo stares at the cage where he used to be
trapped, enslaved, with his mother --

Two lion cubs play in it.

41-YEAR-OLD BERNARD OLMSTED gives him a broomstick --

Bingo sweeps the leaves on the ground outside the cage...
Sweeps --

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK ZOO - NIGHT

And sweeps -- he stops --

"TIGER MAN" by Elvis Presley --

Takes a bucket --

His action arouses the curiosity of the cubs.

He sprinkles some nutmeg powder in the bucket --

Dives his hand in it -- throws two raw steaks at them.

Observes the cubs as they devour their dinner --

Smiles for the first time --

And yawns --

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK ZOO - LION PIT - DAY (1958)

The jaws of two lions open wide towards a wheelbarrow full of raw meat --

Next to it, a Black man's back in a zookeeper uniform --

An open copy of *The Boston Daily Globe* in his hands --

INSERT NEWSPAPER HEADLINE: "KINGPINS TERRIFY STREETS" -- two pics printed below: RAYMOND "MOBY DICK" MASTROTUNNO, now 48, and FRANK O' FURTY, now 52.

The man spills a few more seconds on the page --

Puts the paper in his pants --

His hand ascends -- the lions subside, and not to his khaki clothes --

Lionheart, he craves power as a never-satiated toddler near milk-pregnant tits: BINGO HOLLABOUTH, now 29.

BINGO

T'night's the night y'all! I'm'a
feed you real good once I strike my
deal. A day with no meat for you, a
life full of feast for us. You'll
see, we gon' eat this city alive,
they all gon' taste my appetite!
You gon' be the only ones not to
call me boss. For Ma, for Daddy,
for Titus. What y'all say, you with
me?

The two lions roar at him --

INT. QUEN HENG CLUB, BOSTON - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Munch's *The Scream* framed on a red brick wall --

A 1958 calendar next to it: October 8th circled --

Bingo in black boots -- orange leather pants -- braided belt with two dices engraved in its steel buckle -- dark polka-dot shirt -- mustard breeches -- turquoise rings --

Two chopsticks crossed in the back of his Afro'd hair --
Trails the sticks out of his shrub -- right on a rice ball.
Chinese triad boss WONG KEE FONG, 60, smokes an opium pipe.
The two face each other cross-legged on the floor.

BINGO

Here comes my motto, let bodies be
bygones. You kill yar foes, I feed
'em to my lions. Bin-go's body
disposal service, at your service.

WONG KEE

Mh, that's good.

BINGO

Plus some extra cash for hairy
corpses, my felines got a choosy
palate.

Wong Kee observes his own hairy hands -- as does Bingo.

BINGO (CONT'D)

You sure got a good manicure.

Wong Kee's mannequin stare. Blows smoke on Bingo, who coughs.

A cookie falls from the floor table between the two.

Wong Kee's bodyguard BAI ENG, 29, a big mole on his cheek,
his eyes sharp as his katana blade -- unsheathes half of it --

Wong Kee raises his palm --

Bai sheathes the katana back in.

BINGO (CONT'D)

Your men gotta do some ditching all
the time, fact is, it takes time.

Bingo sips from a teacup.

WONG KEE

That green tea's mine.

Cup on its way back to the floor table -- Wong Kee picks the
cookie from the floor -- plucks hair from it.

Bingo's disgusted expression.

The Scream's expression on the wall.

WONG KEE (CONT'D)
Mister Hollabouth, I thank you for
the gift.

Flies dance around the wheelbarrow full of raw meat.

WONG KEE (CONT'D)
But see, almond eyes or cocoa arms
have a tough life below the
organized white clouds upon this
city already.

Bingo, confused and mesmerized by Wong's words.

BINGO
They got guns a'right, I got lions
to make anybody disappear after
your goons do the bloody duty.

WONG KEE
They certainly don't have your wild
spirit of initiative.

Wong Kee takes a voracious bite.

BINGO
So whatcha sayin'?

Wong Kee chews the biscuit.

WONG KEE
We use pigs for your kind of job.

Bingo mistakenly gulps down Wong Kee's green tea --

WONG KEE (CONT'D)
What's your occupation, Mister
Hollabouth?

Puts the teacup back on the tiny table and ahhs in delight
before a deadpan Wong Kee.

BINGO
Naw, we in business together now,
call me Bingo.

WONG KEE
We're not, what do you do for a
living?

BINGO
Bingo's just fine.

Wong Kee raises his pinkie.

BINGO (CONT'D)
What's that mean?

Bai unsheathes the full katana -- an inch from Bingo's neck.

WONG KEE
Who are you with, the Irish?

BINGO
Yeah, I hide secret red freckles.

Bingo and Wong Kee's unafraid stares meet.

BINGO (CONT'D)
Your pinkie still up man.

WONG KEE
When my pinkie goes down, your neck
falls on the carpet. Did the
Italians send you to do me?

BINGO
Do you? The who? I ain't with any
mafia, I freelance.

WONG KEE
One last time Mister Hollabouth,
what's your job here?

The katana's edge caresses Bingo's neck --

BINGO
Woh woh, I ain't got no job here!

Shaves a beard line on Bingo's jaw --

BINGO (CONT'D)
Yoo, easy-peasy.

Bingo's cocksure grin.

BINGO (CONT'D)
The Franklin Park Zoo, that where
my lions' at. I'm the zookeeper.

BAI
He says that like it's cool.

BINGO
You two ain't fools, you gotta
believe ma lips!

WONG KEE
Yeah, he says that like it's cool.

BINGO
That's what he just said.

Bai looks at Wong Kee, who lowers his pinkie --

Bingo glances at the katana -- on his Adam's apple.

EXT. QUEN HENG CLUB - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Bai throws Bingo in the mud next to a fence --

Pigs grunt behind it.

The grip of Bingo's hand in the snow.

Bai rushes down the backdoor steps -- points the katana at
Bingo on the ground.

One cheek in the snow, Bingo stares at a close-distance fire
surrounded by HOBOES with their hands stretched around it...

The sound of a clean katana cut descending on Bingo's hand --

Bingo's armless bloody hand in the muddy snow.

A hobo with a toothpick in his mouth kneels before Bingo:

LAKEITH "LUCKY" LOCKWOOD, Black, 34, his bony features
haven't seen a mirror in the unnoticed streets of his life --

Turns around -- no other hobo joins him -- pulls out a knife.

Bingo's numbed face glances at his handless right arm, its
arterial blood spray on the snow, then at the knife --

Lucky cuts a sleeve from his shirt with it --

Wraps the sleeve around Bingo's wrist to stop the blood loss.

Bingo's half-open eyes -- slowly shut.

EXT. BOSTON'S CHINATOWN - OXFORD STREET - NIGHT

Bingo's eyes shut -- they flash half-open.

He focuses on the sight of his handless arm, which drips a
blood trail on the snow --

Plods next to a town bulletin board posted on a brick wall --

A brown Boston city map surrounded by job notices on it --

His wounded wrist draws a blood-tinged vertical line among the paper streets...

Bingo's about to lose consciousness --

Punches the city map to keep standing --

Original piece of music {FORGET IT, BINGO, IT'S CHINATOWN} --

His wrist detaches from the map, leaves a round blood dot below the vertical line: a bloody exclamation mark in the middle of the printed Boston streets --

Bingo's gaze fixed on the map...

A VIOLINIST and a DOUBLE BASSIST pinch cords in a pizzicato style on a balcony --

A round puddle pierced by the rain reflects the back of Bingo's standing figure still facing the board --

The view widens up on the street --

On another balcony: a TRUMPETER with a purple rose in his coat lapel joins the two musicians.

Bingo pulls out the missing bloody hand from his coat and holds it in the one left --

Waves the hand as if to salute himself --

Throws it in the puddle --

The water splashes: a drum sound adds up to the rhythm --

Bingo veers off to a barbershop --

A Chinese BOY retrieves the hand from the puddle --

Rushes into the red door of a Chinese restaurant --

I/E. BARBERSHOP - NEXT

Music amplifies indoor: a DRUMMER plays red drums and joins the outer melody --

The back of yellow letters from MAIN TITLE varnished on the wide glass window --

An ARMED CLIENT points a gun at the BARBER, who pulls out a knife and stabs the Armed Client's bladder --

A CUSTOMER runs away from the door -- loses his hat --

Bingo collects it -- puts it on -- stops at the center of
MAIN TITLE's front view --

Slowly tips the hat to the musicians as the Barber cuts 'n'
hurls the now-unarmed Client against the window --

Stripes of blood splatter on the glass behind Bingo --

The purple rose falls from the balcony at Bingo's feet --

Bingo picks it up -- sticks it in his newly-found hat.

INT. BENTLEY - DAY

A pigeon crashes against the rolled-up driver's-side window --

CLARENCE "CLEARANCE" FOGLIETTI, 43, precision isn't an
opinion in his hands. Stares impassively at the road ahead as
he parks the car.

RAYMOND "MOBY DICK" MASTROTUNNO, 48, Italian mafia boss with
power-carved eyes.

A set of majolica cups, a coffee pot, and a folded copy of
The Boston Daily Globe on the veneered tray table before him.

FATIMA MASTROTUNNO, 25, high fashion makes out with her H24.
She's in the leather seat next to her father --

MOBY DICK
Got something for you.

Fatima looks out of her window.

FATIMA
I just don't get why a stinky zoo.

Moby Dick takes out a Beretta pistol from his coat --

She still watches in the opposite direction.

MOBY DICK
Sometimes you gotta do it yourself.

Fatima turns to him as he points the gun at her.

MOBY DICK (CONT'D)
Take it.

Fatima puts her index on the gun barrel, lowering it.

FATIMA
We said my way.

Fatima adjusts the gown belt a little bit up her waist.

MOBY DICK

We said your way but don't forget
our family's first rule.

She sighs.

FATIMA

Good business is an open door with
a gun cocked not at your cheek.

Moby Dick proudly caresses his daughter's cheek --

MOBY DICK

That's right, the Irish's gonna
knock to see if these streets want
their pissy whiskey.

Admires the pistol in his hand.

MOBY DICK (CONT'D)

First year of production, in Sicily
they call her Puma. And where are
pumas?

FATIMA

In a savannah?

MOBY DICK

Exactly, in this zoo. You think
it's a coincidence?

Moby Dick grabs and sniffs the printed journal -- unfolds it.

FATIMA

Pa, no worries, I'll help you keep
things sorted out 'til Tony --

MOBY DICK

Nah, you've got bigger meatballs
than him. You can handle this area.

Moby Dick's eyes go back to the news.

FATIMA

I'm sure he'll come back.

The Boston Daily Globe quickly becomes a crumpled-up paper
globe via Moby Dick's angry hands.

MOBY DICK

Your brother abandoned our family
just after we set on a war footing
against those shamrock eaters!

Moby Dick grasps the coffee pot -- pours some coffee --

FATIMA

He already fought one war, couldn't
you slice him some peace footing?

The cup trembles on the ceramic saucer as he slams the
coffeepot on the little walnut table.

MOBY DICK

Come on, take the damn Beretta.

Fatima takes the Beretta -- opens the car door.

Moby Dick looks at her like it's her first school day.

MOBY DICK (CONT'D)

Don't forget your bullets.

He hands her a box of bullets from under his seat.

FATIMA

Shoot, I don't have room in my
purse for that.

Moby Dick opens her purse -- pours all the bullets out of the
box in it.

MOBY DICK

Bye now.

Fatima closes the purse -- exits the car.

CLARENCE

Everything all right?

Moby Dick stares at the empty bullet box.

MOBY DICK

Yeah, I'm -- who'd we put to watch
her back?

CLARENCE

The Dunno brothers, Boss.

Moby Dick breathes relieved -- car engine starts.

Raymond rolls down the car window -- the high heels of a
BLACK-DRESSED YOUNG LADY cross the street, his sight on her.

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK ZOO, BOSTON - MAIN GATE - NEXT

Fatima enters the gate under construction -- swiftly checks her hips.

BERNARD OLMSTED, now a 55-year-old zoo manager, outstretches his hand to her --

She smiles and shakes hands with Olmsted, who looks interested in staring at her gown.

OLMSTED
Missus Mastrotunno, isn't it? Let
me show you in.

He rushes ahead as they walk --

A bullet drops from her purse...

She crouches down -- Olmsted turns around without checking what's on the ground.

OLMSTED (CONT'D)
No bother, Ben Franklin jumps out
of my pockets all the time.

He kneels on the ground a moment before her to pick it up.

OLMSTED (CONT'D)
Let me -- pick...

Fatima jumps back up.

FATIMA
I'm so -- this, this is --
embarrassing, that's what it is.

Olmsted holds the bullet.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
I've never bought a holed purse.
Not very ladylike, my apologies --

OLMSTED
Mister Olmsted.

FATIMA
Mister Olmsted.

Fatima grabs the bullet.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
My kid must've slipped it in.

Olmsted's rigid expression.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
Now, I'd very much like to see the
animals.

He bows his head, shows the direction with an open palm --
makes her go ahead.

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK ZOO - LION PIT - DAY

Dressed in khaki uniform as an exemplary zookeeper, Bingo
carries a garbage cart losing straw strands in its trail --

Stops -- takes off his peaked cap -- swipes the handleless
forearm on his sweated forehead -- pushes the cart --

Brown suit and black tie: HEYWOOD DUNNO, 34, Moby Dick's
goon. Kneeled, fastens his left shoelaces --

HEYWOOD
Then you reach a point where you
ask yourself, why's it called Cobb
salad?

Black suit and brown tie: STANLEY DUNNO, 35, Moby Dick's
goon. Stanley ties his left shoelaces kneeled next to his
brother --

STANLEY
How can it be so delicious?

Stanley goes on lacing his right shoe --

HEYWOOD
It's only a salad.

So does Heywood.

STANLEY
THE salad.

The two rise up in sync --

HEYWOOD
I mean, it's the salad name to be
successful, not whoever mixed the
ingredients.

The Dunnos stroll.

STANLEY

That way the cook could've been a crook.

Bingo gets a bucket.

HEYWOOD

You must be a crook if you create that and then fly the coop.

STANLEY

Who said he flew the coop?

Bingo throws dead rabbits from the bucket into the pit.

HEYWOOD

That way he got away with anonymity, that's a real success.

The sound of roaring lions.

STANLEY

Success or not, he sure can taste it in every American diner.

Fatima and Olmsted stop before the Dunnos.

FATIMA

Unbelievable, what are you two doing here?

HEYWOOD

Here you are, this the manager?

BINGO

Mornin' y'all.

Olmsted's reproachful eyes to Bingo --

Bingo clenches his grip on the bucket handle.

OLMSTED

Uh, did he cause you any trouble? The ones raised in the human section are usually more docile, as the zoo manager I --

Stanley grabs Olmsted's leg, Heywood the other.

STANLEY

The zoo's ours now, capeesh?!

They keep him head down over the pit fence.

OLMSTED
Please, I got no kids yet!

Fatima moans and punches Heywood's back.

FATIMA
I told Pa I could've done it
myself!

Heywood borrows Bingo's bucket --

HEYWOOD
You lack the strength for this.

Slams the bucket on Olmsted's head.

OLMSTED
She's right, she's got a gun!

Stanley takes a gun out of his pants.

BINGO'S IMAGINATION - SAME

Infatuated, Bingo stares at Fatima punching Heywood -- each
hit the sound of a church bell.

Doves fly up from the edge of the pit as Mr. Olmsted gets
shaken up and down --

Fatima steals the bucket from Heywood's hand -- refrains from
hitting him --

She screams enraged: the angelic chant moves Bingo.

PRIEST (V.O.)
Now you can kiss the --

Bingo's got a heavenly grin.

A gunshot sound!

BACK TO REALITY.

Bingo's same heavenly grin.

OLMSTED
The bribe! I'll take the bribe!

Stanley's gun barrel on Olmsted's smoking pants -- his butt
bleeds on Stanley's hand.

STANLEY
Goddamn, I forgot the gloves.

Fatima stops her fists -- moves away.

HEYWOOD

Where? You had 'em in the car.

STANLEY

In the glove compartment.

HEYWOOD

Where else could they be?

Bingo matches Fatima's fast-paced walk.

BINGO

Wait, you seen the penguins
already?

Fatima stops -- hands Bingo the bucket --

Bingo dries up some forehead sweat with his arm --

FATIMA'S IMAGINATION - SAME

She fixes her eyes on Bingo's slooow movement --

Every drop of his sweat shines bright like a crystal
chandelier hit by the sunlight.

BACK TO REALITY.

FATIMA

You don't have any pumas, do you?

BINGO

Just lions I'm afraid. I mean, I
ain't.

FATIMA

Damn, Pa'll be pissed.

Olmsted's screams continue.

STANLEY (O.S.)

It's called glove box for a reason!

FATIMA

They're helping me on my first day
of work.

BINGO

I had to eat a raw steak my first
day here.

FATIMA
Why'd you do that?

BINGO
To get the lion philosophy.

FATIMA
The lion philosophy?

BINGO
Yeah, to show 'em some respect. You
ain't got nothing to fear after you
earn a lion's respect.

Fatima glances at Bingo's handless wrist.

FATIMA
You think I'd have something to
fear?

BINGO
It gets dangerous when you gotta
feed 'em.

She nears her hand to Bingo's wrist bandage.

FATIMA
Dangerous ah? Can I?

Bingo places his wrist on Fatima's palm.

Electricity abounds, ladies and gentlemen.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
My brother told me about how hard
the field can get.

BINGO
Hard to clean sometimes, yeah.

FATIMA
I'm sorry they made you clear it of
the bodies.

BINGO
That's what I wan' do, no biggie. I
could help.

Bingo proudly looks at the lion pit.

FATIMA
Why'd you wanna go back to the
battlefield?

BINGO
Battlefield? Damn I ain't gonna if
we get dinner first.

Bingo's crazy idea makes Fatima smile.

FATIMA
My father would kill you first.

BINGO
Dangerous ah?

Their eyes cross-examine each other.

BINGO (CONT'D)
I know who he is, I don't just pick
up lion turds with the newspaper
pages.

Fatima smiles again. Fuck, now it's attraction.

FATIMA
Guess if you work for my family we
might have an excuse.

BINGO
Hell yeah, I love a good excuse.

Fatima's hand pokes around in her purse -- a lipstick among
the bullets.

FATIMA
Now run before my associates try to
kill you.

She jots down her telephone number on Bingo's bandage.

BINGO
What you gon' tell 'em?

FATIMA
That I like the steak well-done.

The two give each other a knowing look.

BINGO
Quen Heng Club, tonight at seven.

The high sun in the sky above them looks like --

INT. OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON - DAY

A host in steady hands raised to a ceiling made of wood beams and stained glass windows --

The hands descend: a PRIEST, late 50s, sips Communion wine --

Puts hosts in black-dressed CATHOLICS' mouths as they mechanically march in line --

Bingo impatiently awaits his turn in a mustard coat --

His sight hoops on an ALTAR BOY sifting through bible pages --

The page turns with the sound of an unsheathing katana --

The Priest hands Bingo a host.

BINGO
Gimme a chalice of wine.

Bingo grabs the host and eats it --

PRIEST
Wine's for the celebrating priest
only.

Bingo's tongue dances to remove the host from his palate.

BINGO
It's fuckin' stuck.

BERNADETTE PIGBEE, now 66, covers her ears.

PRIEST
He will provide what you seek.

BINGO
Yeah, yeah you raised the wine too,
you showed it to us Brother.

PRIEST
I'm your father in here.

BINGO
You ain't.

PRIEST
Other people are in need of the
lamb of God, Son.

BINGO
These? My witnesses? What if they
wanna sip some of his blood too?

The Priest makes the sign of the cross.

BINGO (CONT'D)
You messed up the mass.

PRIEST
Ego te absolvo a peccatis tuis.

BINGO
I ain't confessed anything, I'm a professional. Know what?

PRIEST
Son, can you stand aside?

BINGO
You never been starving and I'm superior to all this.

Bingo bows with folded hands to the Priest -- turns around -- bows to the Catholics as he walks away.

PRIEST
This isn't a dojo.

BINGO
Titus told me you knew my father,
you stood at that altar mumbling
your nursery rhymes the day he sunk
himself into the Atlantic. So
c'mon! Call me son one more time!

The Priest stays silent. Angered, Bingo reaches the exit --

BINGO (CONT'D)
You'll see who starves last when I
get this fucking city on my knees!

Tries to one-handedly slam the central wooden door -- too heavy -- attempts with one of the two smaller doors: SLAM!

BINGO (CONT'D)
Rest good on Sundays, Sludges!
Peace.

INT. MASTROTUNNO MANSION - OFFICE - NIGHT

Moby Dick stirs his hair before his birthday cake --

Clarence lights up the last of forty-nine candles --

ITALIAN GANGSTERS lined up like a church choir.

GANGSTERS

(singing)

For he's a jolly good boss, which
nobody can deny!

Moby Dick proudly chuckles.

MOBY DICK

That's 'cause we kill 'em all.

The gangster choir intones a boisterous forced laugh.

BRUNO PIZZOMUNNO, 32, kneels at the side of Moby Dick's chair
-- Bruno raises his arms: a party hat on his palms.

Moby Dick eyes the party hat, grabs it --

MOBY DICK (CONT'D)

For me?

Bruno nods.

MOBY DICK (CONT'D)

(to Clarence)

Where is she?

Moby Dick puts the hat on his desk.

CLARENCE

I brought her the sparkling dress
you bought, maybe it doesn't fit.

MOBY DICK

She's got the figure of her mother,
it'll fit like a golden watch.

Moby Dick gets up from the chair -- stares at Bruno.

All in silence.

Moby Dick hugs Bruno, then faces everyone else --

MOBY DICK (CONT'D)

Take Bruno as an example, only with
this spirit of initiative we'll
conquer what's left of Boston.

Plants his fists on the desk, the cake in between --

MOBY DICK (CONT'D)

That's how we keep our territory,
what's ours.

Blows out the candles -- a candle stays lit --

Head bowed, his eyes glance at the gangsters -- all serious --
 Moby Dick pinches the candle top -- smoke from his fingers --
 All gangsters cheer and applaud.

MOBY DICK (CONT'D)
 (to Clarence)
 How many calories?

Clarence whispers in his ear.

MOBY DICK (CONT'D)
 Good, good. What about the chef?

A grandfather clock pendulum swings behind the thin chef
 SANTUCCIO "UCCIO" BENTIVOGLIO, 37.

UCCIO
 That'd be me, Boss.

MOBY DICK
 You're no compaesano, wanna know
 why we hired you?

Moby Dick's eyes meet Clarence, nodding.

UCCIO
 Certainly, glad to be of service
 for your family.

Moby Dick takes the party hat from the desk --

MOBY DICK
 (re: cake)
 They tell me you make the best
 millefoglie in town.

And wears it.

CLARENCE
 Two of ours kept an eye on him in
 the kitchen, he's clean.

Uccio contemplates the floor, where Moby Dick's steps arrive
 in his direction.

MOBY DICK
 You call me boss, I appreciate the
 respect.

Moby Dick nears Uccio and puts a candle wick in the flame of
 a lighter he holds in the other hand.

MOBY DICK (CONT'D)
The same two men saw you in the
Irish district too.

Raises the candle between his profile and Uccio's.

MOBY DICK (CONT'D)
You blew away your cover. And
what's more important you gave away
your precious recipe to my men, so.
(re: candle)
Who blows on it first wins.

Uccio stutters.

MOBY DICK (CONT'D)
You're a family man, and that I
always respect.

Moby Dick takes Uccio's hand -- gently sticks the candle
among the trembling fingers --

MOBY DICK (CONT'D)
But I prefer apple cakes.

Takes off the party hat -- puts it on Uccio's head...

The grandfather clock strikes the hour.

Clarence's knife slides through Uccio's throat.

MOBY DICK (CONT'D)
We gotta fix that clock. You said
she took the dress?

EXT. QUEN HENG CLUB - NIGHT

The Chinatown red-brick meanders sweaty of rain -- Bingo
waits in the alley shadows.

Fatima and her open umbrella arrive, her sparkling dress red-
lit by the Quen Heng Club neon lights.

Bingo crosses the street -- Bai Eng exits the club --

Bingo takes Fatima's hand with his only hand, and kisses it
in front of Bai's sight in the close distance.

FATIMA
(re: rain)
You probably smooched more water
than me, wanna eat here?

Bingo's arm hooks Fatima's arm.

BINGO

Naw, food's no good here.

Bai frowns as the two stroll in the opposite direction under the same umbrella.

INT. LEBANESE RESTAURANT, BOSTON - LATER

The Little Syria aesthetic touch of the interior overlaps with the Chinatown details of the street corner beyond the windows --

Syrian and Lebanese dishes cohabit on the table where Bingo and Fatima sit --

The WAITER pours some wine in their glasses next to Bingo's joyful look.

BINGO

(re: wine)

We didn't even ask for it.

FATIMA

Lovely to be on neutral ground,
isn't it?

Bingo's attention dispersed above the rainbow of spices on meat and rice, stuffed veggies, tabbouleh.

BINGO

Neutral ground? There ain't a dandy
thing like that in all America.

Bingo sips some wine.

FATIMA

Look, I know we're at our first
pomegranate juice but --

BINGO

This ain't wine?

FATIMA

Listen, I don't want you to become
a feast for flies.

BINGO

What makes ya think that of me? How
can you already picture me with
flies in my mouth?

FATIMA
I didn't say they were gonna be in
your mouth or even around those
wonderful lips.

Bingo catches the sparkle, they kiss.

BINGO
We can still ask for a bottle of
wine and hit my den.

FATIMA
You wanna run my father's
operation, dontcha?

Bingo touches Fatima's lips.

BINGO
You got damn beautiful lips too.

FATIMA
Maybe. What's sure is I can't let
Pa see you with me.

BINGO
Holy khakis, whattya want me to do,
move to Cali to start my operation?
It don't feel right to tickle other
towns with my two Boston globes.

FATIMA
I'm not sayin' you should leave
town, but Pa'll make you eat steel
if he finds out about us.

BINGO
I won't be hungry.

Fatima looks convinced.

FATIMA
Stick to Pa's expansion plan,
follow my orders, and keep your
tongue away from his throne. That
clear?

Bingo takes her hand.

BINGO
I promise.

FATIMA
Then I can slip in a good word for
you in the family business.

BINGO
What word?

FATIMA
A word that'll keep him away from
killing you.

BINGO
Aight.

FATIMA
Oh, almost forgot, you got work to
do tonight.

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK ZOO - LION PIT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Leaning against the Chevy, Heywood smokes a pipe --

Stanley opens the car trunk --

From which Bingo collects a dead body in a sack --

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK ZOO - SAME

The lion pit, the Chevy, and the trio in the b.g.

E./I. FRANKLIN PARK ZOO - BENTLEY - NEXT

Clarence parks the car --

The backseat window rolls down:

Moby Dick, unnoticed, observes Bingo from the distance.

MOBY DICK
She hired that zookeeper to play my
nerves like spaghetti.

CLARENCE
Maybe she's not using him.

Moby Dick's face, full of rage, turns to Clarence.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)
Why's she using him like that,
Boss?

MOBY DICK
I don't need an answer.

Beat.

CLARENCE
Tonight?

MOBY DICK
Not tonight.

CLARENCE
Tomorrow?

MOBY DICK
Nah, I gotta do him myself.

Pregnant beat.

CLARENCE
Ah, what about Sunday?

A tic of Moby Dick's lips.

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK ZOO - LION PIT - SAME

Bingo carries the sack on his shoulders --

Moby Dick's screams echo.

MOBY DICK (O.S.)
Who'd kill on a Sunday? We gotta go
to church, you schmuck!

Bingo turns around to the Bentley in the b.g. --

During his movement, the sack hits the Chevy.

Moby Dick's eyes meet Bingo's from afar.

Their shared unflinching stare could erupt any second --

Bingo respectfully nods -- arterial blood sprays from the
corpse in the sack towards the Chevy --

Bingo's eyes tail the Bentley driving away in the shadows.

EXT. HAWES BURYING GROUND, BOSTON - DAY

A stone grave reads "TITUS HOLLABOUTH -- FATHER OF MILO --
BORN APRIL 23, 1875 -- KILLED JULY 4, 1939" --

Bingo's fingers amble over to the edges of his hat --

Tucked in it, the purple rose found in Chinatown --

Takes it off -- places it on the grave --

Sits cross-legged before it --

Not too many tombstones away --

IRISH GANGSTERS shovel dirt on a coffin, some play bagpipes.

FRANK O' FURTY, the Irish boss from the newspaper. The kind of man that eats fried eggs, white bread, and white supremacy for breakfast.

Deadpan, Frank clutches a dirty cloth handkerchief.

KEITH "DOLLY" DOYLE, 39, Frank's goon, jogs towards him in the b.g. --

CARLETON "PORSCHEY" SHEA, 27, Frank's goon, grabs Frank's handkerchief and swaps it with a clean one.

Keith stops to take deep breaths a few feet from Frank.

FRANK
(to Porschey)
Those spaghetti biters'll pay the
saltiest bill.

Keith reaches Frank's side -- gives him a letter.

KEITH
Boss, we found Elmer's suicide note
where he says goodbye to his
beloved son Saint Patrick Junior.

Frank looks around him --

The other gangsters pay attention.

Those playing the bagpipes stop.

Frank takes his golden Zippo lighter out of his suit.

FRANK
What'd I tell ya, must've been the
Italians.

Frank clears his throat -- burns the paper --

The foreground flame cloaks Bingo, who stands in the b.g.

AROUND BOSTON - MONTAGE

A) EXT. FRANKLIN PARK ZOO - LION PIT - NIGHT

Bingo and the Dunno Bros lit by car tail lights --

Heywood and Stanley are about to dump a full body-sized sack.

Bingo halts them -- widens the string at the sack bottom --

Digs out a pair of feet from the sack -- sprinkles nutmeg powder in it with a condiment shaker.

An extra of nutmeg on the feet -- he puts them back in the sack -- the Dunnos toss the sack in the pit.

B) EXT. BOSTON COMMON - DAY

Bingo and Fatima eat in picnic fashion on the park grass --

FATIMA (V.O.)
And how'd you get out?

BINGO (V.O.)
Gramps freed me when I was ten.

She searches for something on the checkered blanket --

Bingo takes the nutmeg shaker out of his pocket -- jiggles it up and down on her dessert.

Fatima opens the picnic basket between her and Bingo --

He pulls a customized wooden hand out of it.

C) EXT. LONGFELLOW BRIDGE - SUNSET

Fatima strolls hand in wooden hand with Bingo.

Bingo's hands on the guardrail, his eyes on the water below.

Bingo lingers on his reflected silhouette on the water surface, where the reflection of Fatima's hands wrap his chest from behind.

Their faces play with kisses -- their movements mirrored in the peaceful turquoise waters.

END MONTAGE.

INT. BINGO'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bingo tries turquoise rings on his wooden fingers -- lies in bed absorbed in thought -- closes his eyes.

EXT. ZOO CAGE - NIGHT (1934)

5-Y.-Old Bingo's hand on a bar of his cage.

A truncheon clangs along the bars -- stops:

"AFRICAN SAVANNAH" carved on a wooden sign --

The clanging sound back on the bars -- gets closer to --

Bingo's hand, which slips back inside the cage.

INT. BINGO'S BEDROOM - SUNSET (PRESENT)

Bingo's scared eyes open before the spinning shadows of the ceiling fan -- the clanging sound gradually fades out.

He raises his arm to the room ceiling -- glimpses at the wristwatch on his wooden hand -- jumps out of bed.

EXT. ORPHEUM THEATRE, BOSTON - NIGHT

Bingo darts in a sequined shirt to the box office, the mustard coat in his arms --

Bingo reaches Fatima in an antsville of MOVIEGOERS.

Fatima's neckline enchants Bingo.

BINGO

You gon' make Liz Taylor envy that
dress t'nite.

FATIMA

Oh, this was mom's.

Fatima's index twirls the meanders of her hair ringlet.

INT. PHONE CABIN - NIGHT

Porschey's on the rotary phone --

FRANK (V.O.)

How's the black cuckoo clock?

PORSCHEY
We'll get it fixed tonight.

FRANK (V.O.)
Make sure the damn lil bird'll twit
all we gotta know.

Porschey hangs up --

Bingo and Fatima enter the Orpheum Theatre in the b.g.

INT. ORPHEUM THEATRE - RESTROOM - NIGHT

Fatima licks white powder from her index -- passes the finger
on her teeth -- looks at herself in the mirror --

FATIMA
Cheer up, you got this.

Takes another bite of a powdered sugar doughnut --
Glimpses at a vase full of yellow roses in the mirror.

INT. ORPHEUM THEATRE - SCREENING ROOM - LATER

Bingo sips a Kia-Ora -- Fatima takes a seat --
Hands Bingo a yellow rose --

FATIMA
Got this for you.

BINGO
You gon' shoppin'?

Bingo sticks the rose stem in his boot.

Fatima puts her hand in Bingo's popcorn basket --

FATIMA
Can I touch your hair?

BINGO
A'right.

Fatima takes her hand out of the popcorn box.

The two intensely stare at each other --

FATIMA
You look so proud.

The on-screen MGM lion roars --

BINGO
Ma mind's flippin'.

She massages Bingo's hair.

FATIMA
Why?

BINGO
(re: MGM lion)
That was Leo, the seventh lion they
got for the roar. First talkie I
see with him in the logo.

Fatima binge-eats popcorn.

FATIMA
How'd you know?

BINGO
Was on a maggie.

On-screen countdown numbers --

FATIMA
Your hair's like sea foam.

The clock sweep projected on Bingo's tranquil face.

INT. CHEVY - NIGHT

Driver's seat: Stanley tries the car keys -- flooded engine --
Heywood knits a purple sweater -- his brother observes it.

STANLEY
Aunt Millie?

HEYWOOD
Aunt Millie.

In the rear-view mirror: Bingo and Fatima exit the cinema --

EXT. ORPHEUM THEATRE - SAME

Theatre marquee: signage of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* --

Fatima's hands lost in Bingo's Afro'd hair:

Their kisses would make any French proud --

Their tongue dance attracts Moviegoers.

INT. CHEVY - NEXT

Stanley absorbed into the reflected kissing couple --

His face gets very serious, and saddened --

Bingo holds Fatima's hand in the car mirror:

Stanley's fist hammers the dashboard --

Heywood stops knitting -- the car engine starts.

EXT. ORPHEUM THEATRE - NEXT

Unlit cigarette between lips under the shade of an Army beret -- TONY "PONYTAIL" MASTROTUNNO, 27, WWII combats have smoked most of his emotions, his smile exhales sex.

Tony shakes a Zippo lighter, which doesn't work --

Then nears Bingo and Fatima --

TONY
(re: lighter)
This devil's running out of fire.

BINGO
Don't have a cow now.

Tony and Fatima intimately stare at each other --

Without Bingo realizing it.

Fatima looks away -- Bingo takes a pack of matches out of his coat -- lights one on his wooden hand --

TONY
Thanks.

Serves it to Tony's cigarette covered by the wooden hand --

Tony smokes his way out -- wrapped in the smoke, Bingo turns to Fatima's eyes full of affection.

BINGO
My favorite lion's Tanner anyhow,
got a bite of nostalgia for him.

FATIMA
Nostalgia, ah? The untamable beast.

They stroll.

BINGO

What's the biggie? Course it ain't
all sunshine all time, the world's
nastier than a garbanzo bean.

FATIMA

Why's that?

BINGO

Those beans look like tiny peeled
butts.

FATIMA

They look like little hearts to me.

BINGO

Point is, I'm trynna be the black
stallion in my ranks.

FATIMA

You work for me, Bin.

BINGO

Tell you one thing, I'm'a stop
being the unicorn no one sees in
town. Then we'll go places, where
you wanna go?

FATIMA

I...

BINGO

C'mon, where? Spill the beans,
unless it's garbanzo. Fuck that
shit.

FATIMA

The Arctic.

BINGO

A'right, got some ice in the fridge
let's go.

FATIMA

I mean the uncharted ice, the smell
of adventure.

Bingo scratches his nose with the wooden hand.

BINGO

Gotta finish my business in town
before, I'm'a smell that though.

FATIMA
You're gonna smell that for me?

BINGO
'Sides I could use a lil break in a
land with no fences.

FATIMA
You can build your own there.

BINGO
This city sure ain't gon' miss a
few bricks.

Bingo drives his wooden hand along a red brick wall.

INT. PHONE CABIN - NIGHT

Stanley holds the receiver -- smokes.

STANLEY
Right, a beret. Another thing.

INT. MASTROTUNNO MANSION - RAYMOND'S BEDROOM - SAME

A copy of Herman Melville's *Moby Dick* on Raymond's lap.

MOBY DICK
What's it about?

INTERCUT phone convo.

STANLEY
That Hollabouth.

MOBY DICK
What about him?

STANLEY
I reckon I've seen him with your
daughter.

MOBY DICK
After your errands then, not in
front of her.

STANLEY
Tonight?

Stanley awaits a reply -- coughs.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Boss?

MOBY DICK (V.O.)

I'm nodding yes.

Stanley looks at the receiver -- hangs up.

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON - NIGHT

Bingo and Fatima hand in wooden hand.

FATIMA

You must've been the cutest coffee bean.

BINGO

My ma used to call me like that.

FATIMA

Like what?

BINGO

Nothin'. Time to build yo' own business, Coffee Bean. She kept repeating that.

FATIMA

And you?

BINGO

I said, I said... Ma, I ain't gon' open no coffee place with no nickname o' mine on a neon sign. My reputation gon' be my neon sign.

The two chuckle. Fatima with pig-like laughter.

BINGO (CONT'D)

That was before the war, guess before I got to clean cages so good.

Fatima tightens the grip on her purse.

The Chevy tails the couple -- spotlights them.

FATIMA

Pop's all about business, he doesn't even notice me. He probably thinks a ghost flushes the toilet at night.

BINGO

He the white whale in town, wait
'til I'm'a make deals with him.

FATIMA

You're gonna do what? He'd smoke
you like a salmon.

BINGO

Naw, only if I...

FATIMA

Yeah, we must keep this a secret.

BINGO

Whatta fuck's you talking 'bout?

FATIMA

You gotta stay out of his way.

The Ford spotlights rush from the opposite side of the Chevy.

BINGO

Know what? Keep outta mine then.

FATIMA

Don't say -- fine, so what? You're
dumping me?

BINGO

That's my darn life now, dig? I
dump people!

The Ford brakes -- Porsche jumps on Bingo -- gags him with a
sock -- pulls him in the car that speeds away.

INT. FORD - NEXT

The car turns a corner -- Bingo ends up on top of Porsche.

KEITH

The fuck you gagged him for, we
gotta question him!

PORSCHY

Where's he gonna be tomorrow?!

Porsche ungags Bingo.

BINGO

The fuck you gagged me for?

PORSCHEY
The fuck is that, you turned on?

BINGO
I get my bing-ons with my lady,
a'right?

KEITH
She a classy chassis eh.

BINGO
Say what, muffacka.

Bingo punches the backseat.

KEITH
Woh woh, we only wanna have apple
butter with ya.

PORSCHEY
So next time we don't take your
lady friend instead.

Bingo calms down.

KEITH
Your boss, know his whereabouts?

BINGO
Hell naw, he on my list too.

Keith chuckles.

PORSCHEY
Lay dead, you gotta kill Moby Dick?

KEITH
What if you tell us what you hear.

BINGO
Y'all crazy y'all.

PORSCHEY
We're not gonna be the woodpeckers
at your lady's door if you do.

Bingo scratches his wooden hand.

BINGO
You said tomorrow?

PORSCHEY
Tomorrow morning.

BINGO
I mighta heard something.

KEITH
Good, something like what?

BINGO
The Celtics ain't gon' win the
finals next year either.

Porsche crosses Keith's eyes in the rear-view mirror --
The Ford brakes.

EXT. OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON - NEXT

The Ford door widens -- Porsche tosses Bingo out --
Bingo cleans his bleeding mouth.

INT. OLD SOUTH CHURCH - NIGHT

Bingo stares at the giant crucifix: Jesus' bloody hands on
the cross. Empty pews except for Bingo and OLD BERNADETTE
"NADETTE" PIGBEE.

BINGO
(to Jesus)
Giddy up Jeez, c'mon, make me do an
ark where all folks are welcome to
kill me! This city got enough red
bricks for it! Whattya waitin'
for?! I'm here!

OLD NADETTE
Pssst.

BINGO
(to Jesus)
Gimme the power to split the
fuckin' white sea! Come on!!

OLD NADETTE
Silence!

BINGO
I ain't gon' stay silent today!

OLD NADETTE
You scream every day I come to
pray. Kid, these walls know how
much you love that girl already.

A tear sprints down Bingo's cheek.

BINGO
I ain't a kid!

Bingo takes a revolver out of the back of his pants -- points it at the crucified resin Jesus.

Old Nadette dashes outside -- Bingo's hand trembles --

His handless arm drips blood despite the bandage --

The bullet magazine comes out of the gun, right on his boot.

BINGO (CONT'D)
Son of a virgin.

Bingo throws the bullet magazine at the altar -- rushes out.

EXT. OLD SOUTH CHURCH - NEXT

The Chevy approaches Bingo --

Stanley notices Bingo's sequined shirt.

STANLEY
Nice spangles you got there, how
was Elizabeth Taylor?

Bingo looks chin down at his shirt.

BINGO
Yeah, hell of a tailor.

Stanley frowns.

HEYWOOD
She had a good time?

BINGO
Who, the chick in the flick?

STANLEY
You know who we're talking about,
come on.

The car stops -- Stanley exits --

BINGO
Oh yeah, she went home.

Opens the rear seat door for Bingo.

HEYWOOD

Jump in.

BINGO

I ain't a good jumper, what you
guys got in mind?

Bingo tucks his shirt into the back of his pants --
Touches his handgun.

INT. OLD SOUTH CHURCH - SAME

Holy organ music -- Old Nadette holds the bullet magazine
next to the altar -- collects it in her purse.

EXT. OLD SOUTH CHURCH - NEXT

The thought of the thrown-away bullet magazine solidifies on
Bingo's face.

HEYWOOD

The zoo, a job for you, the stars.

STANLEY

The stars?

HEYWOOD

Can't I have the stars on my mind?

BINGO

Cool, got someone in the trunk?

HEYWOOD

You think we're hula-hooping with
ya?

BINGO

Naw, I'm ready to --

INT. CHEVY - LATER

Bingo in the backseat.

STANLEY (O.S.)

Eat something.

Stanley parks at a diner.

HEYWOOD

You did good for us kid.

Heywood's hand reaches for his shoe.

BINGO
Got something in your socks?

Stanley puts his hand in his jacket --

STANLEY
Yeah, just a taste of who we are.

Bingo closes his terrified eyes.

HEYWOOD (O.S.)
If he keeps his eyes closed there's
no taste.

STANLEY (O.S.)
Be a man, you gotta be proud.

Bingo opens an eye.

HEYWOOD
What's he, half-proud now?

Stanley takes out a fat stack of hundred-dollar bills in a
band with the Italian flag colors, white, red, and green.

Bingo and all his greed grab the cash.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Bingo sips his milkshake -- a Cobb salad on the table.

BINGO
You guys, I'm speechless.

HEYWOOD
You can be speechless later.

Heywood shakes some nutmeg powder on Bingo's salad.

STANLEY
See, we're trying to come up with
our recipe.

HEYWOOD
A little survey from you'd be of
grand help.

Bingo eats a forkful of salad.

BINGO
Yum-yum.

HEYWOOD
Whaddya mean?

BINGO
It's yummy.

STANLEY
Yeah but yummy how?

BINGO
It's a good Cobb salad.

HEYWOOD
No it's not!

STANLEY
Point is the nutmeg makes it a
whole new salad.

BINGO
Wish my lions could eat salad, they
go nuts for nutmeg.

HEYWOOD
Yeah we know, we're trying to
patent it.

STANLEY
The Dunno salad, what you think?

Bingo looks over the glass window at the Dunno's car.

BINGO
I'd buy it.

Heywood turns to Stanley.

HEYWOOD
What'd I tell ya? Everybody loves
nutmeg.
(to Bingo)
We've got another recipe too.

STANLEY
Calm down Hey, I'm not sure he
wants to taste that.

HEYWOOD
Come on Stan, why can't he --

BINGO
What about tonight's kill?

HEYWOOD

Ah.

Stanley leans toward Bingo over the table.

STANLEY

We caught a mole.

Bingo shakes along with his sequined shirt.

BINGO

Forreal? You get so many, lucky me
I ain't gotta worry about it.

STANLEY

You truly should.

Bingo munches his salad.

BINGO

Where'd that be this time, on your
ass?

Heywood drops his sandwich.

BINGO (CONT'D)

Moles can be hairy muthafuckass.

STANLEY

I wouldn't know about that.

BINGO

We colored folks ain't got probs
with moles, that's some heritage we
left on you though.

HEYWOOD

What's he talkin' about?

BINGO

Some stains you ain't gon' clean up
in a whities' restroom.

STANLEY

Is this some sort of trick?

BINGO

Naw, an age disease for whities for
what I know.

STANLEY

Quit rhapsodizing now.

BINGO
Never heard of white moles popping
up on folks like me.

Stanley bangs his hand on the table.

STANLEY
Hey!

The shadow of a police officer on the table: BRAXTON BURLEY,
now 42.

BRAXTON
Everything in order here?

Heywood puts his hands in the salad bowl.

STANLEY
Evening Officer, I was just
addressing my brother Heywood about
supper manners.

Bingo stares at Braxton's boots on the checkered floor.

HEYWOOD
Right, I always get my hands dirty.

BRAXTON
You should use knife and fork next
time, Sir.

STANLEY
He'll do that Officer, he's just a
little cuckoo if you know what I
mean.

BRAXTON
They always start misusing cutlery.
My wife works in a facility that
might help.

Braxton's scarred hand on his holster.

STANLEY
Oh yes, I hear they scalp the bad
brains good nowadays.

Bingo recognizes Braxton's scarred hand from when he was a 10-
year-old.

BRAXTON
One ice pick up his nose and
problem solved.

STANLEY

Never too old to be an alumnus at
the old asylum, that's what I say.

Bingo and Braxton study each other.

HEYWOOD

I don't like ice picks up my nose.

BRAXTON

Are you two back from Congo?

STANLEY

He watches Heywood when I'm away.

BRAXTON

Talking about problems.

Braxton's firmer grip on his truncheon.

BRAXTON (CONT'D)

I'd keep another eye on my brother
if I were you, carry on.

Braxton's shadow moves away from the table.

Bingo exhales relieved --

HEYWOOD

Let's get a cheesecake.

Looks behind the diner's window.

BINGO

I reckon the mole you got still
breathes.

A thump from the Chevy trunk.

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK ZOO - LION PIT - NIGHT

The Chevy trunk lifts up --

Bai curled up and cuffed in it.

Heywood looks down at him.

HEYWOOD

What about we squeeze a little
ketchup out of that brain, ah?

Stanley taps his revolver on the car window --

In the rear seat: Bingo's hand stops part of his sequined shirt from shaking -- steps out.

STANLEY

Never enjoyed cooking a murder with
a full bladder.

Stanley steps into the bushes --

Bingo sides Heywood, who caresses Bai's head.

HEYWOOD

No worries, here's a pal of mine.

Bingo and Bai recognize one another.

Heywood ungags Bai, the big mole on his cheek shows up.

BAI

You motherfucker!

Bingo gags Bai again.

BINGO

A mole with a mole ah.

Heywood throws Bai on the ground --

HEYWOOD

Why'd you do that for, he gotta
spill some beans.

Sleepy lions in the pit below.

HEYWOOD (CONT'D)

You're so lucky.

BAI

I'm dead lucky then.

Bingo presses Bai's mole.

BINGO

Tell us what we wanna know. What we
wanna know, Hey?

BAI

You'll be dead like a fried hen.

HEYWOOD

Shut that rat trap, just tell us
about your boss' hideout.

Bai glances at Bingo.

Heywood takes a cellophane-wrapped piece of cheesecake out of his jacket --

HEYWOOD (CONT'D)
But first you'll get to try the
geezcake.

Unwraps it.

BINGO
That the cheesecake we bought?

HEYWOOD
Wrong, it's a brand-new recipe by
the Dunno Brothers.

Heywood takes his wooden pipe out of another pocket.

HEYWOOD (CONT'D)
Take this, I can't seem to find...

Bingo grabs the pipe and puts it in his pants --

Heywood takes hosts out of a third pocket --

Kneels next to Bai.

Crouched, Stanley shits in the bushes.

HEYWOOD (CONT'D)
Ah! Found 'em.

Bingo startles --

BAI
They'll kill you too!

Bingo checks the bushes from the distance: no sight of Stanley --

Heywood puts the hosts among the cake layers --

Stretches his hand next to Bingo's pants.

HEYWOOD
You know what I want now.

Bingo, still standing, looks down at Heywood's hand.

BINGO
Gotcha.

Bingo grabs a tiny nutmeg shaker from his pants pocket --
passes it to Heywood, who spices up the piece of cake.

Bingo swiftly walks back to the Chevy --

Opens the dashboard: a gun.

Heywood takes a cake bite -- hands the "geezcake" to Bai.

HEYWOOD

Try it, really takes you to heaven.

Heywood holds the nutmeg shaker in Bingo's direction, who catches it as he sticks the gun barrel on Heywood's back.

BINGO

(to Bai)

What's your name brother?

BAI

Bai.

Bingo cocks the gun.

BINGO

Run now, understood?

Bai stands up -- bows to Bingo, who bows back at him.

Heywood turns around to Bingo.

HEYWOOD

The fuck are you --

A gunshot sound!

Bai's shoulder bleeds --

Stanley's revolver smokes --

Bingo jumps on the ground --

Shooting, Stanley closes the distance --

BINGO

Run, Bai, run!

Bingo frenetically fires in Stanley's direction --

Bai runs, jumps down the lion pit wall --

BINGO (CONT'D)

Not there!

Heywood rolls on the ground holding his bleeding thigh --

Bingo runs out of bullets --

Bingo flings the gun at Stanley, who dodges --

HEYWOOD
(to Stanley)
You hit me, motherfucker!

Bingo runs -- leaps over the pit edge --

Stanley slaps his brother.

STANLEY
You think mom's happy from above
about what you just said?

HEYWOOD
Sorry, she'd have loved the
geezcake.

Lions roar as Bingo and Bai cling to a root entangled in the
pit soil wall -- they dramatically look at each other --

BAI
Good luck.

Rains --

BINGO
What?

Despite the cuffs, Bai climbs up the pit with monkey agility.

BINGO (CONT'D)
Where you goin'?! I just saved your
life!

Stanley squeezes the bullet out of Heywood's wound.

Bingo climbs as well... unsuccessfully.

BINGO (CONT'D)
Handcuffed like you I'd do that
too, understood?!

Bai jumps out of the pit, kicks Stanley's face with a
somersault, and runs away -- Stanley drops, stunned --

Heywood limps to the pit, looks out over it: finds Bingo.

HEYWOOD
You thought you'd have lived after
dating our boss' daughter?

BINGO
Yeah!

HEYWOOD
You're lucky, Moby Dick wants to
kill you personally.

BINGO
Tell him he can come visit the pit.

Bingo loses his left-hand grip from the root --

HEYWOOD
So you didn't like the salad?

The wooden fingers of Bingo's other hand hold on to it.

Bai taps on Heywood's shoulder --

BINGO
It was yummy a'right!

Heywood turns around:

Bai shakes nutmeg in his eyes and pushes him into the pit --

Heywood rolls past Bingo down the soil wall -- a lion roars
before Heywood as Bai stretches his hand towards Bingo.

INT. MASTROTUNNO MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rain kicks on the window --

FATIMA (O.S.)
That's how we broke up I think.
Well, maybe we didn't.

A Kleenex commercial on the TV screen --

FATIMA (CONT'D)
Then he got kidnapped anyhow, you
think that was his way to dump me?

Fatima's face falls on her father's shoulder.

MOBY DICK
Come on darling, I'm sure he
wouldn't die like that.

A glass of water shutters in his hand --

FATIMA
That's... Thanks, Pa.

Moby Dick pulls some Kleenex tissues out of a box --

FATIMA (CONT'D)
I talked with Tony at the theatre.

Moby Dick gives Fatima a tissue and sighs --

MOBY DICK
Remember when I told you about the
drug rule in our business?

Fatima scrunches up the tissue.

FATIMA
Selling snow doesn't mean our
family has to hide snowballs in the
house, yes.

Moby Dick sweeps a tear from her cheek with another Kleenex.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
Why're you asking me that?

Fatima takes her face off his shoulder.

MOBY DICK
You know, all those restroom runs.

FATIMA
I'm no addict Pa.

Fatima scooches away from him.

MOBY DICK
Darling I know, I'm sayin' this for
the future.

FATIMA
Oh really, our business future or
mine?!

MOBY DICK
I'm a little concerned, that's all.
You said you saw Tony.

FATIMA
I talked with him, I didn't just --

MOBY DICK
Snow can get addicting.

FATIMA
You kill people Pa.

MOBY DICK

So what, they don't get addicted to
being killed.

Fatima dashes out.

ON THE TELLY

An egocentric SIGISMUND VOLPETTI, now 50, steps fearless on
high-set steel beams of an under-construction skyscraper --

SIGISMUND

For a decade "Volpetti and
associates" has been lifting your
city expectations.

Sits on a beam -- his legs dangle --

SIGISMUND (CONT'D)

Let's see what else we can lift for
you.

Seated at his side, a CONSTRUCTION WORKER with a lunch bag --

A hand enters the TV frame holding a plate with a silver dish
dome on it --

Sigismund substitutes the lunch bag with the covered plate.

SIGISMUND (CONT'D)

Hundreds of families await having
their dinner served wrapped in this
marvelous view as my friend here
builds your new standard.

The Worker raises the silver dome from the plate -- a dish of
various-height mini skyscrapers on it.

SIGISMUND (CONT'D)

My firm's the chef helping that
future of yours taste delicious.

The Worker licks his lips.

Sigismund gives the lunch bag to the hand as it exits the
screen -- looks up --

SIGISMUND (CONT'D)

And keep in mind, the sky's our
apprentice.

Sigismund's broad smile.

A cartoon cloud smiles back at him and blinks.

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK ZOO - LION PIT - NIGHT

Pouring rain. Two lions tear Heywood's clothes to shreds as he makes the final effort in underwear near the edge --

HEYWOOD

You gotta say when it's number two.

Stanley pulls Heywood out of the pit.

STANLEY

I don't do quick poo. I ain't fast
like you, happy now?

Heywood, disgruntled in wet underwear.

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK ZOO - MAIN GATE - MOMENTS LATER

Bingo's Afro'd hair camouflaged among the bushes --

Sticks his head out -- peeps at the Chevy as Stanley and Heywood run to it.

E/I. CHEVY - NEXT

Heywood leaps into his seat -- Stanley at the wheel --

The car springs forward --

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK ZOO - MAIN GATE - SAME

Bingo steps out of the bushes.

INSERT - CHEVY REAR-VIEW MIRROR

Bingo saunters in the opposite direction.

EXT. FRANKLIN PARK ZOO - MAIN GATE - NEXT

The smoking Chevy reverses -- Heywood throws the car door open holding his gun -- runs in underwear to Bingo --

Heywood strips Bingo of his coat -- Bingo resists --

BINGO

Keep yoh hands off me muffacka!

HEYWOOD

Quit the Disney dance Cinderella.

BINGO
Wanna see my darn shoe in your
face?!

Stanley opens the trunk: a rope --

Heywood pushes Bingo to the trunk --

The Dunnos put Bingo in it --

BINGO (CONT'D)
Lemme talk with Moby Dick, a'right?
We darn sure can find a compromise.

The Dunnos wrap Bingo with the rope.

INT. CHEVY - MOMENTS LATER

Mario Lanza's "NESSUN DORMA" plays on the radio --

Stanley drives lyrically in tune --

Heywood in Bingo's coat -- takes his pipe out of it.

Bingo screams in the trunk.

BINGO
Quit it!

Stanley turns the radio volume up --

Heywood lights his pipe --

The Dunno Bros blatantly sing the opera song innuendo --

Bingo curled up in the trunk, the singing irks him --

Bingo glances at the yellow rose in his boot -- his hands
tied with the rope --

His chin closer to his knee -- bites the yellow petals --

Pulls the rose out of his boot --

Starts sawing the rope with the thorny stem --

The rose falls from Bingo's bleeding mouth --

An abrupt braking: his head hits the trunk.

EXT. NEWSPAPER ROW, BOSTON - NEXT

Snows. A street sign reads "NEWSPAPER ROW" --

Heywood opens the trunk of the parked Chevy --

BINGO

Boys, hold the sun a sec.

Blood on the frayed rope around Bingo's hands --

Bingo makes a frenetic effort to free his wrists --

Stanley picks the rose with blood on the thorns 'n' petals.

STANLEY

Trynna be romantic all by yourself,
ah?

A green traffic light turns red --

BRAXTON (O.S.)

You look far from your pad, Fellas.

Behind the Dunnos, Braxton points his gun at them.

BRAXTON (CONT'D)

Step aside now, come on.

Bingo's breaths speed up their pace.

The Dunnos raise their arms.

STANLEY

Officer we --

BRAXTON

(re: arms)

No need to stick up your branches.

Braxton lowers his gun at Bingo's wide eyes --

The city sounds fade --

Braxton's irate stare at Bingo's terror-sealed eyes...

A Datsun car speeds by the Chevy -- Wong Kee at the wheel --

Bai pulls the trigger of a submachine gun:

Through the snow, a bullet rain points at Braxton and the
Dunnos -- Heywood jumps on Stanley --

The yellow rose flies up --

Some blood sprays on the rose in mid-air.

Bai throws his katana at the Chevy.

In the red traffic light atmosphere:

Bingo's profile is stuck to the trunk -- blood fountains spill on him from Braxton's bullet-drilled body.

EXT. STREET CORNER - SAME

Sigismund's Hudson stops at the red traffic lights --

The Datsun darts at the intersection.

EXT. NEWSPAPER ROW - NEXT

Braxton's optic nerve tail and the body of his eye in Bingo's ear --

The katana pierced in the gasoline hole -- Bingo's head emerges above the car trunk line.

Braxton's lifeless one-eyed corpse on the sidewalk -- from it a blood river down the street gutter --

Bingo uses the katana blade to cut the rope around his hands.

Heywood stares in shock at the broken glasses of the skyscraper ground floor --

Bingo's gets out of the trunk --

Bingo's boots touch the asphalt --

"THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKIN'" by Nancy Sinatra --

Bingo's hands sift the police uniform -- he finds a gun --

His eyes linger at the sight of Braxton's eyeless holes.

Chest down, Stanley lies in a sidewalk square of fresh tar --

Bingo runs on the sidewalk -- puts Braxton's gun in his pants

-- Heywood rises with his gun to the sky in the b.g. --

Three aimless shots at Bingo --

HEYWOOD

I trusted you with my pipe!

Bingo stops, swallows -- Heywood trudges towards him.
Heywood's hand stops trembling -- takes a good aim at Bingo.
Bingo turns around...

INT. OLD SOUTH CHURCH - NIGHT

Alone, Fatima sits in a pew chair --

The Priest, the same that talked with Bingo, asks her with a gesture if he can sit next to her -- she nods --

PRIEST
What troubles you, Dear?

FATIMA
Nothing, Father. I needed some time
away from my father.

PRIEST
What'd he do?

FATIMA
I fear he's gonna have my lover
killed.

PRIEST
Well, there's only one way to
prevent it. Pray.

Fatima stares at her palms.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
I'll keep your lover in my prayers
too, what's his name?

FATIMA
Bingo.

She turns to --

Well, nobody: the Priest's not next to her anymore --

She looks around in other directions: the church's empty --

She folds her hands in prayer.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Traffic lights turn red -- Sigismund's Hudson brakes.

Sigismund looks up at the snowy breeze around the creaking scaffolding of the half-built skyscraper --

Takes heed of Bingo turning to Heywood --

A twenty-foot steel beam pulps Heywood below it.

EXT. NEWSPAPER ROW - NEXT

Hudson door wide open -- dismayed, Sigismund sides Bingo.

BINGO

Darn he's on cloud nine now, you in shock or somethin'?

SIGISMUND

I, you don't look in shock Sir.

BINGO

Naw, oh, yeeah! You that salesman on the telly!

SIGISMUND

Yessir, he just...

BINGO

That your car?

The Hudson screams away down the street.

SIGISMUND

Indeed that's -- see, this, this is one of the buildings I co-own.

BINGO

(re: Hudson)

They gon' run far with that.

Sigismund in shock.

BINGO (CONT'D)

Ain't gon' rattle your cage no more a'right, seems you got 'nough sheep on yo' mind.

SIGISMUND

You're a, we, you're a witness.

BINGO

Witness?

Sigismund glances at the gun in Bingo's pants.

SIGISMUND
May I hold that for you?

BINGO
Hell naw, you cruisin' for a
bruisin'?

The blood flood knocks on Sigismund's shoe.

SIGISMUND
He shot and he, the beam was shot,
anything I can do for -- are you
injured? For you? To, say, forget?

Bingo looks at Sigismund's shoe.

BINGO
You gotta clean your shoe.

Sigismund glances at the shoe --

Bingo runs in the street -- Sigismund chases him.

SIGISMUND
Wait!

The Hudson squeals before Bingo --

Bingo bangs his hands on the car hood --

Behind the wheel: Tony Ponytail.

TONY
Whatta -- you two still here?

BINGO
You back like a boomerang, kinda
thief's you?

Sigismund taps on the car window.

SIGISMUND
Hello sir, could you step out of my
vehicle?

Bingo jumps in the front seat.

TONY
Look man I'm local, my den's just
across the street.

BINGO
Cut the gas, scorchers gon' be here
any minute. Soup up, c'mon!

Sigismund sticks his index pointed at Tony on the windscreen.

SIGISMUND

Don't go!

Sigismund bangs his fists on the car roof.

TONY

He's gone ape.

BINGO

Why's you kingkonging yoh own car?

SIGISMUND

Please don't leave!

BINGO

You own that muffacka tower, go nap
now Bundie.

SIGISMUND

Wait, I didn't pay for the tower
safety plan!

BINGO

A'ight, we keep our mouth shut and
you keep yar uninsured ass out of
yo' car.

SBAM! All tarred, Stanley slams his palms on the car window --

STANLEY

What'd you do to my brother?!

Bingo screams as the tar-leaking hand crawls down to open.

Sigismund jumps in the car, whose engine roars!

BINGO

Punch the darn pedal!

The rear wheels wrapped in exhaust gas skid forward --

Rolling police siren lights through the smoke, as it clears
on Stanley's tarred face --

Clarence sides Stanley in police uniform -- they look in the
Hudson direction.

EXT. BOSTON STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The Hudson bolts along the closed shops, reflected on their
windows -- hits a pedestrian.

INT. HUDSON - NEXT

The pedestrian is stuck in the broken windshield --

Bingo recognizes him -- it's Lucky Lockwood, the hobo who helped Bingo at the Quen Heng Club, now unconscious.

TONY

Toss him!

BINGO

He ain't a coin! No more of that
shit, no more tossing!

TONY

What you blabbin' about?

Bingo laughs, elated.

BINGO

Fuck my job, I quit! I quit!
Hollabouth out!

TONY

You're out of your goddamn mind!

Bingo softly slaps Lucky, still unconscious.

BINGO

Wake up, you got some livin' to do,
wake up!

EXT. BLACK HERITAGE TRAIL, BOSTON - ALLEY - NIGHT

The Hudson slows down.

BINGO (O.S.)

Nice seats, this real leopard skin?

EXT. AFRICAN MEETING HOUSE, BOSTON - BACKYARD - NEXT

The oldest US Black church: a simple red-brick edifice --

In the snow rain, Tony turns off the Hudson headlights --

The three open the car doors among clotheslines full of
hanging garments --

Bingo and Sigismund put Lucky on the ground --

Bingo snatches a blanket from a clothesline --

Covers Lucky with the blanket.

TONY

What you said about Mister Confetti
here, that true?

Bingo steals a coat, wears it.

BINGO

As a goddamn sock-stealin' monster.

SIGISMUND

It's Volpetti.

BINGO

You were ready to grab my gun, and,
who knows, shoot me!

Wrapped in the blanket, Lucky stands up without the three
noticing him, like a ghostly presence in the snowy b.g.

TONY

You were ready to commit a felony,
isn't that right, Mister Spaghetti?

SIGISMUND

Why does he talk like that?

BINGO

Yeah, why's you making the king's
jive?

TONY

You don't watch Perry Mason?

Lucky checks under the car seats --

Bingo spots Lucky in the car.

Lucky opens the glove box: an Elvis Presley pic and a bible --

BINGO

Remember me? I owe you.

Lucky takes a quick look at Bingo's hands.

LUCKY

Name's Lucky, and you're lucky you
can count to five seen how you
drive.

Lucky sneezes --

BINGO

Don't you die on me, you gon' be
all right.

Astounded, Sigismund glances at Bingo and Lucky.

SIGISMUND

Holy heaven, could you leave my car
alone?

TONY

Nobody'll know it was your car.

Tony hastily takes his neck chain off --

A folding knife and his army dog tag hang from it --

Tony presses on the knife, which clicks open, cuts his palm
in half, and falls into the snow.

SIGISMUND

Geez Louise, you okay?

BINGO

Ease up, Soldier.

Bingo steals a handkerchief from a clothesline --

Sigismund knocks on the house backdoor --

Looks like nobody's inside.

Tony observes Bingo's wooden hand as the latter ties the
handkerchief up around Tony's palm.

Tony holds a snippet of gratitude on his face.

Lucky opens the car trunk --

BINGO (CONT'D)

What's you lookin' for?

LUCKY

Why rich fools go 'round in cars
and no food in 'em?

Bingo glances at a toothbrush and a toothpaste box in the
trunk.

BINGO

Why you keep toothpaste in your
trunk? You a sicko, ain't you?

SIGISMUND
That's for telly emergencies.

LUCKY
(re: Sigismund)
Cuzzin' that a whitey with a fat
city of money. Ain't you in need of
gritty green?

BINGO
Lemme-- fuck, you're right. I'm in.

Bingo glimpses at Sigismund.

SIGISMUND
Please I won't tell anyone about my
car, I'm a silent citizen.

TONY
You're all over Boston in your TV
commercials.

SIGISMUND
You like my ads?

TONY
(re: Sigismund)
If we kill him we're gonna have all
the police biting our asses around
town. I'm ready to take the risk.

BINGO
Cool off your guns y'all.

SIGISMUND
Nobody's got any gun.

Bingo's pants and Braxton's gun, the one Bingo took from
Braxton's corpse, drop on the snowy soil.

TONY
Fuck, he's got a gun!

Bingo picks up the fallen gun --

Sigismund raises his arms towards Bingo.

SIGISMUND
All is well, take my car.

BINGO
(re: Bingo's cock)
Hell naw, you seen my pendulum. Now
you gon' die.

Bingo puts his pants back on --

SIGISMUND
Wait wait, I've got more!

LUCKY
You got some food?

The gun barrel hole, stuffed with snow, pointed at Sigismund.

BINGO
Razz my berries.

SIGISMUND
My contractor controls all the city
business, any sum you like's yours.

BINGO
And that muffacka gon' need you for
makin' the telly magic, that right?

SIGISMUND
Right.

Bingo nears his gun to Sigismund's forehead.

BINGO
You gon' help us make some green.

Bingo lowers the gun -- a spit of snow slips down from it.

INT. GRAND LODGE OF MASONS - MASTER MASON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The walls scream gold all over --

JASON THE MASTER MASON, 36, sits at his fancy desk -- blush
on his cheeks, phone handset between shoulder and ear.

His butler PHILIP BOUGHTLIPS, 61, stands behind him.

A big golden Fabergé egg in a sumptuous display cabinet.

Jason gets his nails done with a nail clipper --

JASON
(on phone)
Of course. Of course, I'm so
pleased you called, you missed a
few orgies.

INT. AFRICAN MEETING HOUSE - CORRIDOR - SAME

Tony keeps Sigismund's neck at knifepoint.

Bingo nears his ear to Sigismund's phone handset --

BINGO

(re: Jason)

What's he mumblin'? A'ight, time to make some deals. Say man, why's he got shiny golden eggs and I only damn bite chicken wings?

INT. GRAND LODGE OF MASONS - MASTER MASON'S OFFICE - NEXT

Jason rings a tiny bell on his desk.

JASON

(on phone)

Siggy, look, there's no reason to chicken out in front of a money problem. I'm your hen, I'll lay the egg for you. Consider it done, just come by with them. Yes, bye-bye.

Jason rings the bell again --

PHILIP

Already behind you, Grand Master.

Jason gives Philip the phone handset --

JASON

Philip, cancel the half-past three orgy.

With a hanky, Philip cleans the handset -- puts it down.

INT. AFRICAN MEETING HOUSE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sigismund puts down the receiver -- Bingo next to him --

BINGO

So this Fabergé fella got a golden egg?

SIGISMUND

The man is my construction contractor, the golden egg he'll give you to save me is gonna make you rich.

BINGO
Thousands you said?

SIGISMUND
As soon as you sell it.

BINGO
You sure you wanna walk away after
the deal? We could kidnap you some
more, ain't gon' put pressure on
you. Your choice.

SIGISMUND
Yeah, no, I'll be all right.

BINGO
A'right, I'm'a get this one-time
deal and spend the bread to buy my
office. You can come visit.

SIGISMUND
I'll be fine, good luck with your
business.

BINGO
Take it easy, I made up my mind.
With the green I get from this deal
there's no more zoo shit on me. No
more shitty jobs at all. Your
kidnapping changed my life, I
appreciate you big time.

Sigismund steps away with Tony --

Bingo's fingers dial numbers on the corded telephone --

Notices the framed images of Black people on the wall.

A black cat licks its paw on the floor.

Bingo's wooden hand on the glass window follows the shapes of
the snowy tree branches outside --

He punches the window, which shatters letting the snow in --

Saddened, Bingo breathes.

INT. MASTROTUNNO MANSION - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Fatima with a hand on her stomach -- the rotary phone rings.

INT. AFRICAN MEETING HOUSE - CORRIDOR - SAME

Bingo curls the phone cord.

BINGO
You there forreal? These things is
only in the talkies.

INTERCUT phone convo.

FATIMA
I was on my way to brush my teeth.

INT. MASTROTUNNO MANSION - OFFICE - NIGHT

Moby Dick fixes a tiny napkin in his collar, an *Amaro Lucano*
bottle on the desk --

Bruno Pizzomunno in a chair before him.

BRUNO
What's in the sack, Boss?

Moby Dick gulps the Italian liquor --

Some squirts down his mouth -- Bruno observes.

MOBY DICK
Remember the storehouse we needed
for the Pervitin loads?

Moby Dick wipes his lips with the napkin -- Bruno nods.

MOBY DICK (CONT'D)
Our friend in the city planning
commission got us a fort.

Weak knock on the door -- Moby Dick's consenting look --

Bruno goes to open it --

Some tar residues still on his clothes, Stanley limps in --

Drags Bingo's coat across the room --

Moby Dick slices a piece of birthday cake with a knife --

MOBY DICK (CONT'D)
Is this about my son?

Tightens his grip on the knife --

As does Stanley with Bingo's coat.

STANLEY
Not exactly.

MOBY DICK
Whattya mean?

Stanley drops Bingo's coat on the chair before the desk.

STANLEY
Coffee bean's got friends.

MOBY DICK
(to Bruno)
Tell Clarence to fetch me
Hollabouth.

BRUNO
Consider it done, Boss.

MOBY DICK
I wanna hear his ass still
breathing, that clear?

INT. AFRICAN MEETING HOUSE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Bingo cuddles the black cat.

BINGO
(on phone)
That clear? I'm'a consider livin'
with you and the penguins, a'right?

INT. MASTROTUNNO MANSION - CORRIDOR - SAME

Fatima crouched with her hand on the stomach.

FATIMA
(on phone)
There's something I gotta tell you,
Bin. I love... penguins.

INTERCUT phone convo.

The cat hisses -- scratches Bingo's hand.

BINGO
You furry bitch!

FATIMA
What'd you say to me?!

The cat jumps away.

BINGO
Nothin', a cat's buzzin' 'round ma
nerves.

FATIMA
Sweet, I was gonna say...

BINGO
C'mon, I know, they ain't flyin'
high but I love penguins too. Gotta
go now, bye.

Bingo hangs up the phone -- as does Fatima.

INT. MASTROTUNNO MANSION - OFFICE - NEXT

Fatima's steps stop at the edge of the ajar door --
Pushes it -- gasps incredulous: Bingo's coat on the chair --
She recognizes the coat --
Car motors mutter down the street --
She tosses herself to the window --

EXT. MASTROTUNNO MANSION - MAIN GATE - NEXT

Amidst the car procession -- Moby Dick glimpses at Fatima
from the distance, then gets in the Bentley --

The cars depart.

EXT. MASTROTUNNO MANSION - OFFICE - NEXT

Nobody: Fatima's handprint on the condensed window glass.

INT. AFRICAN MEETING HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bingo opens the freezer -- fishes a box of chocolate ice
cream out of it --
Searches for a spoon in a drawer, and finds it --
Places the box on the table to defrost it --
Takes something out of his pocket and holds it in his fist.

BINGO

Grampa. I'm'a become boss o' ma squad, you'll see, I'm'a rule this fuckin' city, you hear? I'm'a get my office at the harbor, right where yours is. Right there, no darn mafia gon' burn it this time, you hear? The one who killed you, he, listen, he dead. Got that, Grampa? That muffacka's dead.

Opens his fist:

Bingo's bitter-sweet eyes fall on the now-worn-out purple rubber ball he's had since he was a kid.

INT. HUDSON - NIGHT

Bingo, Tony, Sig, and Lucky hop in. Tony starts the car.

Bingo turns on the radio: Chuck Berry's voice joins them --

Sigismund sighs -- their still bodies, their eyes blink --

The African Meeting House shrinks in the rear windscreen --

Their shoulders slightly jiggle.

INT. GRAND LODGE OF MASONS - MASTER MASON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A skull-like pot full of candies on the desk -- Jason sits.

Frank lights a ciggy with his Zippo lighter --

Observes the Halloween decorations --

FRANK

Nice knick-knacks.

Takes off his bowler hat.

Jason pulls out his hand from a carved pumpkin on the desk --

Holds a paper-knife.

JASON

Oh don't make me blush.

Frank detects Jason's cream foundation brush on the desk.

Jason fixes up a wick into the pumpkin.

INT. HUDSON - NIGHT

The dancing bodies of Bingo, Tony, Sigismund, and Lucky are in raptures under Chuck Berry's rock 'n' roll spell --

Singing along, the four drum with their tuned hands, and crush 'em on the seats and the dashboard.

INT. GRAND LODGE OF MASONS - MASTER MASON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Frank hands his Zippo lighter to Jason --

JASON
What's the deal, Frank?

Jason lights the wick.

FRANK
We're talking church-held
neighborhoods.

Jason puts the lighter next to the paper-knife and --

JASON
Those are Moby Dick's waters, want
some candy?

Unwraps a candy.

FRANK
The Italians won't be a biggie.

JASON
So you intend me to be the shepherd
between the two herds in town?

Jason pops the candy in his mouth.

FRANK
Not quite, full absorption of the
Italian territory. We got a tip on
where to find Moby Dick.

Jason moves the candy pot towards Frank.

JASON
Sure? They're good candies.

Impassible, Frank puts his hat back on.

FRANK

One last thing. You're still the commissioner in that city planning business of yours, aren't ya?

JASON

Only a formality for people like us, you know that Frank.

Frank borrows a proud grin --

The two briskly shake hands --

FRANK

The fort you granted to the Italians to store the Pervitin and your drugged candy loads don't sound like a formality to me.

Frank doesn't seem to let go of Jason's hand.

EXT. TREMONT STREET - GRAND LODGE OF MASONS - NIGHT

Sigismund's Hudson approaches a police-held crime scene --

Red and blue lights roll on Bingo, who looks down where --

Jason's corpse lies splattered on the asphalt --

Clarence, in police uniform, keeps the Hudson at gunpoint.

POLICEMEN side Clarence to support him in his action --

CLARENCE

Boys, I got us the suspects of the Newspaper Row shooting.

Police siren lights on Lucky, Sigismund, and Tony --

Bingo can't stray his eyes from Jason's bloody body.

INT. GRAND LODGE OF MASONS - MASTER MASON'S OFFICE - SAME

The snowy wind moves the curtains of the open window overlooking the street --

The untouched Fabergé egg in the display cabinet.

EXT. TREMONT STREET - NEXT

Two Policemen escort Lucky away --

Clarence cuffs Bingo --

Policemen bend Tony and Sigismund down into a police car --

As does Clarence with Bingo.

INT. CLARENCE'S POLICE CAR - NEXT

Clarence in the driver's seat --

Turns to Bingo in the backseat, puts a sack on his head --

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR ISLANDS - MOTORBOAT - DAY

A Policeman takes off Bingo's sack, holding other two sacks --

Bingo turns to his sides: Tony and Sigismund --

All three still cuffed, the Boston skyline behind them.

The boat speeds among the hazy islands: Clarence at the helm.

CLARENCE

Smell the ocean before it smells
you, Hollabouth.

SIGISMUND

(to himself)
Hollabouth?

Sigismund stares at Bingo's profile --

INT. NURSING HOME - STORAGE ROOM - DAY (1929)

Milo Hollabouth's profile lovingly kisses Young Sigismund --

Their hands on each other's neck.

EXT. GEORGES ISLAND PIER - MOTORBOAT - DAY (PRESENT)

Mist and snow all around Sigismund and Bingo.

SIGISMUND

Milo.

Bingo winces at the sound of the name.

BINGO

That was my father's name.

SIGISMUND

I remember the day you were born.
Milo and I worked in a nursing
home. We... he was a good man.

BINGO

A good man doesn't abandon his
family.

SIGISMUND

He looked for you and your mother
for years, he --

BINGO

Yeah.

Bingo's sight gets lost in the waves breaking against the
docking pilings.

Clarence's gun gestures the trio to get off the motorboat --

The Policeman fastens a line to a pole, the others hike to --

EXT. GEORGES ISLAND - FORT WARREN - LATER

Bingo, Tony, and Sig enter the snowy star-shaped bastion,
tailed by Clarence's pointed gun.

EXT. FORT WARREN - EMPTY PARADE GROUND - NEXT

Moby Dick's submachine gun barrel points down to the ground.

The escorted trio stops in the distance.

MOBY DICK

You gonna run our business either
you want it or not, let us be
pharaohs and reign side by side!

BINGO

Cool, forreal?

MOBY DICK

Go fly a kite, I ain't talking to
you.

TONY

You're dead! A pharaoh next to a
mummy like you, forget it!

MOBY DICK

Your mommy's swell, she got a new room at the asylum. Why you ask?

BINGO

Mommy?

TONY

Pop you can't make me stay in town.

BINGO

Wait, whaaat?

TONY

Yeah, he's my pop. Pop, these are my friends. Don't put holes in 'em.

SIGISMUND

Friends?

BINGO

(to Tony)

That mean... wait, I fuck you' sista, that a'right?

TONY

Fuck, you really wanna be a colander?

MOBY DICK

What'd he say? Come closer, I can't hear!

Clarence tilts his gun --

EXT. FORT WARREN - TOWER - DAY

Bruno Pizzomunno, the lookout at the tower top, spots a ferry nearing the pier in the b.g.

EXT. FORT WARREN - EMPTY PARADE GROUND - DAY

Bingo, Sigismund, and Tony advance towards Moby Dick.

MOBY DICK

Be a good son, our cocaine department's opening.

TONY

Pop, you're sweet, but I wanna get outta Boston.

MOBY DICK

How're you gonna do that? You ain't even got a car!

Sigismund sighs.

MOBY DICK (CONT'D)

Remember when I used to buy you Popsicles and you let 'em melt under the sun?

TONY

Yeah, it was the fucking coldest winter and you didn't let me play.

MOBY DICK

'Cause I waited for the Popsicles to melt in your hands all goddamn afternoons! That was a lesson for our business.

BINGO

You fellas ain't workin' in the afternoon?

MOBY DICK

The Popsicle top's the first to melt sometimes, but it sticks on your hands. That's family, that's our legacy.

Bingo glances at his wooden hand.

TONY

Sorry, Pop. I didn't get it, I was fucking five.

MOBY DICK

Come back, I got plans.

TONY

I don't like your plans, I already told ya when you wanted to kidnap that Hitchcock fella, but you don't listen to me.

MOBY DICK

I ain't a dull donkey, Son, I heard ya. I went to the talkies.

TONY

How'd you like it?

MOBY DICK
Yeah, it gave me some ideas for
hiding corpses.

BINGO
Who's the muffacka with the ideas?
He gon' make me run outta business.

Moby Dick raises his gun at Bingo.

MOBY DICK
That reminds me.

TONY
Pop, wait!

MOBY DICK
He's bad blood for your sister.

FATIMA (O.S.)
You're right!

Fatima runs towards Bingo --

FATIMA (CONT'D)
He's my sweet bad blood.

Bingo swipes his thumb on her teary cheek.

Moby Dick's menacing gaze.

Bingo digs in Fatima's purse.

Moby Dick's gun fires -- exhausts all its bullets --

Moby Dick lowers the gun to the snowy grass --

Blood drips on the grass from his arm.

FATIMA (CONT'D)
What'd you do to him?!

BINGO
I ain't don' nothin', I was
loookin' for a hankie for ya.

FATIMA
In my purse?!

A few gunshot sounds!

TONY
Run inside!

Shots rumble from behind Bingo and Tony --

The shots come from the trees --

Clarence answers fire with fire --

Seagull crap plops on his eyes, bullets drill his body.

EXT. BOSTON ALLEY - DAY

Lucky lies on the ground, covers his blood-tinged head with his arms --

The Two Policemen who escorted Lucky away from the crime scene now kick him --

A katana shadow surges in front of the cops --

A clean katana strike cuts off both cops' heads --

On the brick wall, the shadows of the cops' standing bodies lose their heads --

Bai sheaths his katana --

Holds his hand out to Lucky, who grabs it and gets up.

EXT. FORT WARREN - BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Gunshots coming from the trees thunder through the gateless ruins of the Civil War fort entrance --

Bruno brings Moby Dick inside the open-ceiling fort --

Bingo and Fatima scatter behind the columns of a cement arch and take cover --

Bruno gets shot thrice at his back --

Sigismund crawls in the snow, feverishly seeks shelter from the bullet storm --

Moby Dick throws an ammo crate open and takes some --

Lifeless, Bruno lies face down in the snow --

Squadrons of Italian mobsters rush down cocking their guns --

Speechless, Tony stares at his father.

EXT. FORT WARREN - EMPTY PARADE GROUND - NEXT

Frank's shoes step over Clarence's corpse --

Frank's fingers spin a shamrock --

He snaps his fingers --

Next to him, an Irish gangster plays a bagpipe: a war tune.

EXT. FORT WARREN - BATTLEFIELD - NEXT

Bingo peeps over the column:

Everything wrapped by the bagpipe skirl --

A horde of Irish gangsters engulfs the gateway --

Italian gangsters collide with the Irish in a massive shooting -- Frank crosses the gateway arch --

Frank grabs an Italian by the collar -- Frank's gun points at the unfortunate victim: a clean shot!

Frank drags the Italian victim as a human shield --

Frank shoots Italians with surgical precision.

Bingo spots a Civil War cannon.

BINGO

(to Fatima)

The Irish's got a nasty dynasty but
I know who to kill to stop it. You
gon' stay safe right here, you dig?

Fatima takes Bingo's neck, kisses him --

Bingo lunges to the cannon --

Moby Dick readies a machine gun at Frank --

A bullet bites into Moby Dick's forearm, his gun drops --

Frank notices the opportunity, fires at Moby Dick's legs.

Bingo rolls a cannonball on the snow, which becomes a snowball four feet away from the cannon.

BINGO (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Petrified, Bingo stops -- slowly turns around:

Moby Dick points his gun at Bingo from the distance --

Bingo stands in Moby Dick's direction, then points to his own heart with a finger: it's where he wants Moby Dick to shoot --

Moby Dick closes one eye to take a better aim at Bingo --

Bingo, still with the pointed finger on his chest, can only look in one direction -- at Fatima.

Moby Dick frowns, ready to release all the anger from his finger to the trigger --

A single gunshot sound echoes...

Blood all over Bingo's chest --

Bingo still stands, with the finger pointed to his heart.

An Irish gangster's dead body lies on the top of a low granite wall over Bingo's shoulder:

Drilled by Moby Dick's bullet, the Irish gangster's head sticks out the wall edge, and pours blood on Bingo's chest --

A gun falls from the dead Irish gangster's hand --

Fatima notices her father and Bingo studying each other --

Moby Dick's finger points to Fatima --

Bingo stares at Moby Dick, and vice versa:

There's utter respect in their eyes.

An Italian goon falls from the fort tower, and splatters on the battlefield -- Tony takes the dead Italian goon's gun --

Tony aims at Frank's head --

Frank kicks Moby Dick's submachine gun away --

Tony pulls the trigger at Frank -- no bullets.

Moby Dick turns to Tony from the distance.

Frank drops his gun, and puts brass knuckles on.

FRANK

You shoulda checked the weather
forecast, they reported Celtic
thunders.

Bingo lights the cannon piston.

MOBY DICK'S IMAGINATION - NEXT

Frank lies on the ground. Moby Dick stands, spots a trail of high-heeled shoe prints ahead -- follows it --

MOBY DICK
Fatima?

He stomps on the snow, without leaving any footprints...

The high-heeled shoe prints stop before a granite descent of stairs -- Moby Dick looks down -- at the murky bottom:

A Black-Dressed Young Lady's silhouette looks up at him.

BACK TO REALITY.

EXT. FORT WARREN - BATTLEFIELD - SAME

Livid bruises on Moby Dick's passed-out face --

Frank repeatedly punches Moby Dick --

Frank delivers his last blow on Moby Dick's face --

A cloud of dirt reaches Frank and Moby Dick from the crumbling gateway arch --

The cannon tip still points at the arch.

Dead Irish gangsters under the rubble --

In the dust cloud: Tony eyes his rock-trapped legs.

Frank's brass knuckles fall: realizes he has no more allies.

The eyes of Bingo and Frank meet --

FRANK
You fuckin' did this?!

Bingo hides behind the cannon -- Frank grabs a gun --

Frank's volley of bullets on the cannon.

A gunshot sound: a hole in Frank's shoulder vomits blood.

Bingo's frightened expression:

BINGO
(muffled by gunshots)
Away!

Grief-clouded, Fatima aimlessly empties her Beretta at Frank, who runs away.

Bingo hops over the cannon -- runs towards Fatima...

"OH! MY PAPA" by Eddie Fisher --

Fatima kneels, holds her lifeless father's head on her lap.

Her desperate cry -- Bingo reaches her --

Bingo stands in silence at her side --

FATIMA
How'd they know?!

Bingo envelops Fatima in a hug -- she shrieks.

BINGO
C'mon, we gon' be a'right.

FATIMA
(to herself)
How'd they know he was here?

Tears drip from her jaw.

BINGO
Sorry...

Fatima tilts her head to Bingo's jaw.

BINGO (CONT'D)
I ain't gon' lie to you.

FATIMA
I... I told you about this place.
You already did, you already lied.

Fatima punches Bingo's chest --

Bingo's chin trembles.

BINGO
They was gon' kill you, there ain't
no other ways to save you. I --

Sounds disappear --

Fatima's forehead spews brain fluid --

Bingo's wrapped arms around her collect her blood --

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - GEORGES ISLAND - SAME

Aerial view of the island:

FATIMA (V.O.)
Your hair's like sea foam.

The sound of ocean waves bashes around its edges.

EXT. GEORGES ISLAND - FORT WARREN - NEXT

Utterly shocked, Bingo breathes on her windy hair --

Each convulsive exhalation gradually increases the sounds around him --

Bingo's powerless forehead touches Fatima's...

Frank drops the smoking gun on the snow --

The echo of Frank's running steps munching the snow around --

Bingo's vengeful face rises: his forehead dyed in her blood --

His wooden hand seals her eyelids.

INT. FORT WARREN - PRISONS - MOMENTS LATER

Bingo leaps down the granite stairs --

His face in turmoil -- prison grates and darkness --

BINGO
She wasn't supposed to be here!
Just like my mommy wasn't supposed
to be at the zoo!

Bingo spots a warm light on the ground at the end of the corridor --

BINGO (CONT'D)
Think I didn't know? You was the
zoo tour guide. You came at night.
With that cop. You woke her up.

Growls of rage -- nears the light source --

Frank surges in from the dark of an open prison cell --

Fastens a black chain around Bingo's neck --

Frank's four-leaf-clover cufflinks, the same he had in 1934, when Bingo was 5.

FRANK

You tipped off my men to do the
Italians, didn't'cha? And you
played the Italians to do me.

BINGO

Yeah, to flip you in hell!

The flame of Frank's Zippo wavers on the stone pavement.

FRANK

You knew our rules, you knew I had
to kill Moby Dick myself!

BINGO

Naw, now I got the rule.

FRANK

Whadya sayin'?

Bingo can't breathe anymore --

Slowly closes his eyes --

BINGO

Hell's a zoo.

Bingo plunges back --

Frank's bleeding shoulder hits the wall --

Frank's hand loosens the grip on the chain --

BINGO (CONT'D)

And it makes sure you use your
hands.

Bingo slips his wooden hand between Frank's neck and the
chain -- the turquoise rings pulp Frank's clear eyes.

Frank screams like he's already breathing the hell flames.

EXT. FORT WARREN - MOMENTS LATER

Bingo ascends from the stairs into the light --

Drags the chained and eyeless Frank.

A rifle barrel pointed at Sigismund's head.

Emotionless, Bingo stops.

Stanley stands next a kneeled Sigismund --

Stanley kicks Sigismund to the ground --

Bingo limps towards them --

His wooden hand skinned by the chain.

Stanley tilts his rifle at Bingo --

Bingo trudges forward in Stanley's direction --

Stanley treads with a firm grip on the gun --

The rifle barrel meets Bingo's forehead --

Bingo drops a whimpering Frank.

BINGO

C'mon, what's you waitin' for?

STANLEY

You loved her?

The rifle barrel between Bingo's eyes: they look down.

Stanley lowers his rifle -- points it at Frank --

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Yeah, me too...

BANG!

A pond of blood from Frank's head expands at their feet --

Bingo puts his hand in a pocket, takes out Heywood's pipe --

Gives it to Stanley and strides towards the crumbled gate --

Sigismund lies on the ground, raises Milo's silver crucifix, the one he's kept for all these years, to the only cloud in the sky -- and blinks.

Bingo stands by with his wooden hand stretched towards Sigismund, who gives him the tiny cross --

Bingo toils forward, as pipe smoke soars into the air from Stanley's back in the b.g.

Half of Tony's dead body below the boulder --

Bingo gives him the army salute.

EXT. GEORGES ISLAND - LATER

Bingo stares down at the ocean.

UNDERWATER - NIGHT (1934)

Milo closes his eyes -- the net full of red bricks tied around his ankle drags his body deep.

EXT. GEORGES ISLAND - NEXT (PRESENT)

Bingo takes a deep breath --

Closes his eyes -- dives in the ocean.

PRE-LAP: "SHAKE A HAND" by Little Richard.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - DAY

The harbor in clouds of fog --

Bingo gives the stack of cash wrapped in the Italian tricolor band, the same Stanley and Heywood gave him, to Wong Kee --

Bingo's face looks freed from all greed.

Bai hands Bingo fake ID and travel documents --

The two shake hands.

Bingo, and Lucky on crutches, share a knowing glance.

I/E. BOAT - SUNSET (1963)

TITLE: "ARCTIC, 5 YEARS LATER".

A toothpaste box on a shelf --

Bingo's five fingers push the door --

Bingo exits the cabin with a toothbrush in his mouth --

Nods at his Indigenous guide, INUKSUK, 41, who smiles: fully decayed teeth. Bingo brushes his teeth --

The boat veers towards the frozen coastal view.

EXT. ARCTIC SHORE - NIGHT

Bingo drags sacks from the anchored boat to the icy ground --

LUCKY'S GRANDSON (KID, V.O.)
Tell me more stories of when you
were poor, Grandpa Lucky.

Inuksuk holds an oil lamp and lights Bingo's way --

OLD LUCKY (OLD MAN, V.O.)
All right, all right.

Bingo drops the last heavy sack on the ground --

LUCKY'S GRANDSON (V.O.)
What's that?

Takes the toothpaste box out of his coat --

OLD LUCKY (V.O.)
Where?

Hands it to Inuksuk.

LUCKY'S GRANDSON (V.O.)
That thing behind the glass, it
looks like a hand.

Bingo opens a sack full of red bricks --

OLD LUCKY (V.O.)
That? That's just a tree branch.
Sometimes it knocks on the window
with the wind.

LUCKY'S GRANDSON (V.O.)
Waa! I've never seen a wind that
strong.

Lays the first bricks on the snow under the northern lights.

E/I. BRICK IGLOO - DAY

An igloo made out of red bricks in an expanse of snow.

A jar full of weed buds on the floor --

Bingo puts a pot full of lentils on the crackling fire.

INT. BINGO'S CAGE - NIGHT (1934)

5-Y.-Old Bingo contemplates the flame illuminating the arid ground where the shadow of the fire dances --

Original piece of music {CLAIR DE LIBERTÉ} --

He turns to the empty lion's cage.

INT. BRICK IGLOO - LATER (PRESENT)

A plate with only a dirty spoon and a lentil in it.

EXT. BRICK IGLOO - NEXT

Bricks of the arched door move forward -- Bingo crawls out with a lit joint in his fingers -- nears it to his lips --

Observes an incoming blizzard with the joint between his teeth -- the strong wind blows it away --

Fatima's silhouette appears between Bingo and the blizzard.

Bingo's eyes close -- he pulls the tiny shiny cross around his neck out of his coat --

His deep breath, this time with a deep smile --

The blizzard reaches her silhouette, erases it...

His eyes slowly open: sound of bending steel bars.

Bingo's bodiless boot prints trample on the snow --

And stop before the joint, then run 'til they disappear --

A lion's roar rises in the pale horizon of the snowstorm.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. ARCTIC - DAY

Purple sky -- "UNCHAINED MELODY" by Todd Duncan --

Fatima's bodiless high-heeled shoe prints eat the snow, then stop next to Bingo's bodiless wooden hand planted in the snow.

THE HAND.

"YOU DON'T KNOW ME" by Ray Charles over ROLLING CREDITS.