

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM- DAY

• Frankie stands in line with other seniors as they take turns walking to the stage

FRANKIE (V.O.)  
June 17<sup>th</sup>, 1994. Graduation rehearsal.  
What a blast. It was running late and I  
had to be out of here by 2:00PM.

Frankie turns his head, peers over the student behind him to see the clock,  
2:05PM.

EXT. SCHOOL

Seniors exit through the front doors. Frankie shuffles through the crowd.  
Hauls ass down the block.

FRANKIE (V.O.)  
It was Uncle Fee’s big wedding day and Uncle Lou was picking  
me up at 2:30PM.

INT. HOME

Frankie enters in a hurray, looks at the clock: 2:22PM

He races to the—

BATHROOM

Frankie sitting on the bowl.

FRANKIE (V.O.)  
Eight minutes to shit--

CUT TO:

SHOWER

Frankie rubbing soap all over his body.

FRANKIE (V.O.)  
Shower--

CUT TO:

BY THE SINK

Frankie runs a razor across his chin

FRANKIE (V.O.)  
Shave--

CUT TO:

BEDROOM

Frankie throws on his tux.

FRANKIE (V.O.)  
And get into my tux.

Frankie fixed his bow tie in the mirror as a horn sounds outside.

EXT. FRANKIE’S HOME

Frankie exits his house fixing his eyes on--

His uncle Louie, sitting in an idle Iroc Z pumping the Jerky Boys on the  
radio.

RADIO (V.O.)  
--Should I bring my fuckin’ tools?

INT. IROC Z

Frankie hops in and Louie hands him a cold Bud, takes a swig of his own  
and peels out.

FRANKIE (V.O.)  
I could see the party was starting early. Louie  
had been at the Ranger parade all morning  
getting sauced. It was their first Stanley Cup Championship  
since 1940 and he wasn’t missing this  
for the world. He didn’t care who was getting married.

LOUIE  
You believe these fuckin’ Rangers? Whew, it’s about fuckin’  
time. Won about Five Hunge too.

Louie cracks a slanted smile and steers the Iroc.

FRANKIE (V.O.)  
Lucky Louie the Clammer, bartender by  
night, full time clam digger by day. He’d  
shuck eight hours on the Long Island  
sound, pack his trunk full of stolen spill-  
over, and sell the swag to the wise guys  
at the Fulton Fish Market.

Frankie sniffs the air, squinting.

FRANKIE  
The hell’s that smell?

LOUIE  
Got a few sacks in the trunk for  
cocktail hour. You like little necks?

FRANKIE  
Ah, no.

RADIO (JERKY BOYS)  
You buy this fuckin’ car or I break your  
Fuckin’ head--I could tone it down a bit, maybe just  
just choke a few people.

INT. CHURCH

Packed with people. The priest at the altar stands flanked by Fee and his  
bride to be, SUGAR.

PRIEST  
You may kiss the bride.

Fee kisses Sugar. Frankie looks on.

EXT. ALLEYWAY- RECEPTION

Louie stands by the trunk of his Iroc with Frankie and another guy JERRY.

Louie pops the trunk open and pulls out 4 sacks of little necks and a TV set.

LOUIE  
Give me a hand, will ya?

Frankie and Jerry grab the sacks and walk into the reception through the  
kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

The place is in full swing. Pots boiling, cooks sweating over hot stoves and  
burners.

Frankie, Louie, Jerry, and the owner ANGELO stand talking amidst the  
controlled chaos.

Angelo bends down, cuts open the sacks, and inspects the little necks.

ANGELO  
Nice. Very nice.

Louie takes a toke of a joint and passes it to Angelo.

ANGELO (CONT’D)  
Also very nice.

FRANKIE (V.O.)  
Uncle Louie had it planned out in advance.  
He brought the TV so he could catch the  
Knick game. He was friends with  
Angelo so he could pretty much do what-  
ever he wanted.

Jerry sets up the TV and plays with the antenna.

Angelo hands the joint to Jerry.

Jerry tokes up and passes to Frankie.

JERRY  
Hit this junior.

Frankie takes the joint, thinks for a moment, and takes a pull.

INT. DANCE FLOOR- BALLROOM

The party is underway and the guests are all on the dance floor.

Frankie walks through the crowd in a daze, his eyes bloodshot and his mouth  
frozen in a shit-eating grin.

FRANKIE (V.O.)  
I was cooked. When I walked my feet  
felt like giant pancakes.

VERA, a hot brunette, grabs Frankie and dances with him.

FRANKIE (V.O.) (CONT’D)  
Vera Rubinowitz. Hottest Jew in the  
neighborhood. She was a bit older than  
me but that just fueled the fantasy. I had  
a crush on her for years. Now, here I am,  
grinding with her to C&C Music Factory.  
Yeah, I’ll make you sweat Vera. Goodness,  
I’m harder than Chinese arithmetic. I  
may have to pole vault out of here.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY

Frankie makes out with Vera against the wall.

FRANKIE (V.O.)  
Rumor had it she was stripping at a club  
downtown. Some said she even made a  
porno after she broke up with her step  
Dad. I know, don’t ask. She had a dirty  
reputation but she was hot. And I was  
baked, horny, and fearless. Her tits  
were staring me in the face. So I  
grabbed them.

Vera slaps Frankie across the face and walks off.

Frankie holds his cheek.

FRANKIE (V.O.) (CONT’D)  
How’d that taste. You got to be kidding me.

Frankie turns and sees the valet guys sitting in a car listening to the radio.

OFF FRANKIE’S STONED LOOK

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Frankie busts in, sees Louie, Jerry, and a CREW OF GUYS watching the  
Knicks on Louie’s TV.

FRANKIE  
OJ is dead!!!

Everybody turns. Deadpan.

LOUIE  
What? Where’d you hear that?

JERRY  
You smoked too much of that shit  
kid.

FRANKIE  
The valet guys told me.

Louie grabs the remote and the Knick game flashes to a white Bronco  
cruising down the freeway, being tailed by dozens of patrol cars.

GUS  
What the fuck. Put the Knicks on.

BOBBY  
What the fuck is he doing?

LOUIE  
He’s gonna off himself.

GUS  
Go Juice, you murdering prick!

MARTY  
He ain’t doing shit. Put the game on.

LOUIE  
I bet he plugs one in his head before he  
gets to Mexico.

MARTY  
Show me the cash.

GUS  
I’m in for \$50. Juice is going all the way.

A pile of cash builds on the table.

FRANKIE (V.O.)  
This was incredible. OJ Simpson being  
chased by the entire California Police  
Department and these guys had over  
\$700 in action on whether or not he’d  
kill himself. All I knew was I’d never  
look at “Naked Gun” the same way.

LOUIE  
You want in kid? I’ll spot you.

FRANKIE  
Why not?

FRANKIE (V.O.)  
I was the only one who thought it would  
go into the night with OJ alive at the end.

Louie tosses more money on the table.

CRASH!

An old lady, MABEL, smashes a hammer over the TV set breaking it wide  
open.

Everybody freezes in their tracks.

MABEL  
You get your asses out on the dance  
floor right now or I start breaking  
kneecaps.

The guys jump up from their seats and make their way to the ballroom.

FRANKIE (V.O.)  
Sugar’s grandma Mabel was one tough  
cookie. During the Great Depression she  
was the women’s bare-knuckle street  
fighting champion of Coney Island.

Mabel herds the crowd, holding the hammer in the air as Gus cautiously  
moves away.

MABEL  
Move it piss-ant!

GUS  
I’m going. I’m going.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM

The dance floor is packed as Frankie stands off to the side near the bar.

FRANKIE (V.O.)  
By the end of the night I was toast.

LOUIE  
You okay kid?

FRANKIE  
I have a lovely red pencil box.

LOUIE  
Yeah, me too kid. Only mine’s green.

Fee jumps in front of the spotlight, grabs the microphone, and the music  
stops.

Everyone quiets down.

FEE  
I want to thank you all for coming  
tonight. We hope you had as much  
fun as Sugar and I.

(BEAT)

And now the moment we’ve been  
waiting for. Knicks cover, 91-86!!!

Guys go wild.

FEE (CONT’D)  
And OJ was arrested just under 1:00AM.  
The winner of \$765 is Frankie Morelli!

FRANKIE  
I won?

LOUIE  
Fucking guy didn’t eat a bullet  
afterall.

Frankie stumbles up to Fee and pockets his cash.

FRANKIE (V.O.)  
What a night. My first taste of action  
and I was hooked. It was better than  
sex with Vera Rubinowitz. -- At least  
I think it was.

END ON FRANKIE’S FACE