

FINN

EXT. LEFFERTS GARDENS, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

A bruised purple sky, dark as the city gets in Manhattan's glow. A working class neighborhood, apartment buildings and single-family homes behind postage stamp lawns.

INT. CREAN HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

JOHN CREAN sleeps spooning his wife BETH. In their 40's, they've slept like this for twenty years. John Crean is a working man, experienced, a face you trust.

Glass BREAKS off screen.

John Crean rolls over and opens his bedside drawer and puts his hand on a .38 REVOLVER inside.

Then he opens his eyes He looks at the clock-- 4:56 AM.

He listens. Glass GRINDS and SIFTS downstairs.

He pulls the .38 from the drawer, takes a KEY from a dish on his dresser and removes the trigger guard.

He kisses Beth's cheek without waking her.

INT. CREAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - SAME

John Crean descends creaking stairs as quietly as he can.

He moves towards the kitchen, gun down at his side. The off-screen POP and HISS of the cap pried from a bottle of beer.

Crean relaxes into disappointment and turns on the light.

FINNBAR CREAN straightens and squints at his father, bottle of Bud in hand. He's 22, drunk and handsome in a deadbeat kind of way. Grins at his dad.

START →

JOHN CREAN
Jesus Christ.

FINN
Hey, Dad.

John Crean pockets the gun and looks down at the BROKEN BOWL and EGGS on the floor. Finn takes a draw from his beer.

JOHN CREAN
Bit early in the day for a drink.

1/8

FINN
I haven't been to sleep yet.
Celebrating.

JOHN CREAN
Its Tuesday.

FINN
It's Friday somewhere.

Finn carelessly pulls shards of glass from the egg slurry
and throws them in the garbage.

FINN (cont'd)
I was gonna surprise you and mom with
breakfast. We could still make
something for mom.

JOHN CREAN
Let her sleep.

John Crean's watch alarm starts to BEEP. He silences it.

JOHN CREAN (cont'd)
And why aren't you in bed? What time
you gotta be at work?

FINN
That's what we're celebrating. I got
fired.

JOHN CREAN
Finnbar. Fucking hell. Don't tell me
you got fired from a hot dog stand.
Tell me you quit. Tell me it was in
front of your dignity.

FINN
"Affront."

JOHN CREAN
What?

FINN
I been downsized from the hot dog
industry.

John Crean shakes his head and mops up eggs with a rag.

FINN (cont'd)
Maybe, uh... You know, I could work
with you? Maybe the city needs
another dogcatcher?

2/8

END

FINN

9.

JOHN CREAN
She didn't get the hand.

TOPE
Show me.

John Crean shows him the hand. Tope looks at the palm, the knuckles, then pockets the Lethal Auto-Injector.

TOPE (cont'd)
Sorry.

JOHN CREAN
Don't be... Fuck.

TOPE
What?
(follows his gaze)
Oh. Fuck.

Reveal-- A naked 80-year-old WOMAN lying in fallen hair and blood.

TOPE (cont'd)
That's... That can't be...

JOHN CREAN
Vilhelmiina Tolk.

They look at her, slack jawed. This is very, very bad.

INT. MOONEY'S PUB, FLATBUSH AVE. - DAY

Finn ruminatively rolls the bottom of his empty beer bottle on the bar top.

START →

FINN
There's gotta be something. I mean, I can push a broom, bar back, whatever, you know, just until something real comes along.

He pinches the bridges of his nose, fighting a hangover.

The BARTENDER, pretty but picking up speed on her way downhill, puts a flirtatious hand on top of his.

BARTENDER
Aw, darling. You always land upright. All I can help with is company and that headache. Here.

3/8

She pours two shots of rye.

FINN
I shouldn't.

BARTENDER
Come on.

She clinks his glass. They both down them. Finn grimaces.

FINN
Thanks, Deb.

BARTENDER
On me.

She opens him another Budweiser, then looks past him--

BARTENDER (cont'd)
Hey. Get you something there, hon?

Finn looks over his shoulder, didn't hear ANDREW or the
LARGE MAN beside him coming. Finn smiles.

FINN
Andrew! Hey.

His friend remains standing, but the Large Man sits down
right next to him, too close.

LARGE MAN
You got coffee?

BARTENDER
I can put a pot on.

The Large Man nods and she gets to it. Finn looks between
Andrew and the Large Man. Andrew seems nervous.

FINN
Is this... a friend of yours?
(Andrew nods. To the
man-)
You're a friend of Andrew's?

LARGE MAN
I'm Jelly.

FINN
(laughing)
Your name can't be Jelly.

4/8

ANDREW

Uh. Finn, maybe you and I...

JELLY

(interrupting)

Says Roland on my ID. Some people
call me Rollie, then that became
Jelly Roll. Then just Jelly.

Finn keeps laughing. Jelly's six foot six, proportioned like
a toddler and built for violence. He's smiling.

FINN

You know Jelly Roll means pussy,
right? Like in old blues songs. Like
jelly in a...

Finn makes a sort of vagina-shape with his hands.

JELLY

Aw, man, that's hilarious. You should
come up to the Bronx and tell all my
friends and family that so we could
all laugh together.

Alllll the mirth drains from his voice while he's talking,
Jelly ends the speech staring at Finn with dead eyes.

A beat. The huge man staring at Finn, Andrew looks like he's
trying not to piss in the background.

FINN

Um. Andrew. Is this about the money I
owe you?

ANDREW

I'm sorry yeah I didn't know how...

JELLY

Don't apologize.

FINN

Andrew. Jesus. You didn't have to
bring... fucking Jelly into this.
It's only two thousand doll...

JELLY

It's four.

FINN

Jesus Christ, Andrew!

S/8

ANDREW
(whining)
You wouldn't pay.

JELLY
It was two in March. It was three
last week. Now it's four.

FINN
We're friends, man. You can't...

Andrew won't meet his eyes.

JELLY
Friend? He's your drug dealer. What
the fuck you think's gonna happen you
borrow money from your drug dealer?

FINN
We're friends. Come on, Andrew. A
little weed sometimes doesn't erase
us being tight. I mean-- fucking
confirmations class. We both felt up
Gina Gaglione. I can get you two
thousand dollars by...

Jelly THUMPS his hand on the bar and SCRRRRRIT, opens the
blade on a BOX CUTTER. Finn dries up, looks at the blade.

JELLY
It's four, man.

EXT. TOLK HOUSE, DITMAS PARK, BROOKLYN - DAY

END

Establishing. A 1920's house just shy of a mansion, the lawn
impeccable. Cars in the driveway, more parked on the street.

A few sad-looking Caucasians of the KVELD-ULF people smoke.
They're fair-skinned, blue collar, hard living.

INT. TOLK HOUSE, VILHELMIINA'S ROOM- DAY

Vilhelmiina Tolk lies in bed, an IV bag feeding her arm. A
half dozen more Kveld-Ulf hovering around the old matriarch.

CAROL HOLMLUND sits at Vilhelmiina's bedside, along with her
ten-year-old daughter, Wilamina, called MINA.

Carol is in her early thirties, business attire, young but
ambitious, the picture of responsibility.

FINN
 (to Shannon)
 Sorry-- I gotta talk to him, but are
 you gonna be here later?

He climbs off his stool.

SHANNON ISEDAL
 Probably. I... Uncle Martin?

MARTIN LEVY
 Oh, Jesus. What are you doing here,
 Shannon?

She lifts her emptied glass by way of explanation. Martin
 shakes his head.

MARTIN LEVY (cont'd)
 You should go home.
 (to Finn)
 Let's take a walk.

EXT. KENSINGTON - NIGHT

Martin walks fast. Finn keeps up.

FINN
 You know that girl?

MARTIN LEVY
 My niece. She's a mess. Don't.

FINN
 Don't what?

MARTIN LEVY
 Just don't, is all.

Martin lights a cigarette. Finn waves smoke from his face.

MARTIN LEVY (cont'd)
 So your friend says you're some kind
 of genius at lifting cars.

FINN
 He really said that?

MARTIN LEVY
 I need to get my car back. Outside
 official channels.

START →

7/8

FINN
But it's yours?

MARTIN LEVY
Legally it's mine. My ex-wife has it.
If I get into it with lawyers and
courts and shit, I'm out thousands of
dollars and weeks of my life and not
even sure I'll get the car. You know?

FINN
You for real, man?

Martin pulls an envelope from his back pocket and lifts the
flap so Finn can see the pile of CASH inside.

MARTIN LEVY
Thousand bucks up front. A thousand
more when the car's in my drive. That
Mercedes means a lot to me.

Finn looks at the cash, near-salivating.

EXT. QUEEN RESTAURANT, COURT STREET - NIGHT

Establishing. 1960's Italian, all the shutters drawn.

INT. QUEEN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dinner's just over. Carol, seated at a table between Mina
and William. The restaurant is filled with about fifty
KVELD-ULF, the heads of the families.

CAROL
Vilhelmiina should be here. They have
to know she supports me.

WILLIAM
She's not well enough. That's why
you're taking control. This is your
night.

He squeezes her hand and she nods, gets in character, then
stands up. William TAPS his glass with a knife.

The Kveld-Ulf stop their conversations and look up from
their ports and espressos. Carol stands.

CAROL
Thank you all for coming tonight. I
wish it was under better circumstances.

END

8/8