

FADE IN:

INT. CURLY'S BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

The guitarist starts a killer intro to a familiar rock tune. The drummer kicks in the beat. We pull back from the stage to reveal a dance floor packed with hot babes and guys trying to impress them.

The lead singer belts out his vocals. As we pull away from the dance floor, we see a couple making out in the corner. This place is a total meat market.

A waitress, PENNY, bobs and weaves through the crowd, holding a tray of drinks above her head.

Shot glasses are raised in the air, beer bottles are clanging and there's a line for the bathroom. It must be Saturday night.

The waitress makes her way to a quieter area of the bar where there are three booths. All of them have folded cards marked "reserved."

A nervous young man, JOEY, sits alone in the middle booth.

The waitress stops by and sets down a plate of fresh brownies on the table. She whispers something in Joey's ear.

PENNY

Joey, honey, Curly taped a gun
under the table, just in case.

There is a crowd of BOUNCERS gathered at a nearby entrance. One of them, RANDY, whistles at Joey to get his attention.

Joey looks up in anticipation. Randy nods, as the rest of the bouncers stand back from the door.

The doors to the club swing open. Randy's eyes are fixed on the dark, suited figure coming through the door. No cover charge. They let the man right in. This is definitely SAL RUSSO.

We get a better look at Sal. He is pure Sicilian blood. He could be carrying anything in that large overcoat he's wearing. Nobody pats him down. He is feared and he knows it. His eyes are already locked on Joey.

Joey finishes the brownie.

Sal approaches the booth, and while never taking his eyes off Joey, slides in and makes himself comfortable.

We see under the table from the side view. We see Sal's very calm legs stretched out and Joey's knees shaking like leaves.

We take a closer look, and sure enough, there's a small revolver lightly taped underneath the table.

Sal reaches inside his jacket. Joey closes his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

BLACK AND WHITE:

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A black Cadillac waits in front of an apartment building with its engine running and headlights on.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Joey, who is only eight years old, sits in a reclining chair watching television. We hear the sobs of a young woman crying. Joey hears her and turns around. Standing behind his chair is DEBBIE.

Debbie is in her thirties, but tonight she looks much older. There are bags under her eyes, her hair is a mess and her hands are trembling, but she still manages to smoke a cigarette.

We notice that while Debbie is very Italian, Joey has blondish hair and fair skin. It is obvious he looks more like his father.

JOEY

Why are you crying, Mommy?

DEBBIE

Daddy's been bad, Joey.

JOEY

Where is he?

Suddenly, LARRY, also in his thirties and of Irish-German descent, runs down the stairs with a suitcase in hand. Debbie tries to stop crying and wipes her eyes.

Joey jumps out of his seat and hugs his father's leg. Debbie reaches out and hugs the rest of him.

LARRY

I'm sorry. You know I love you both.

Joey tugs on his father's pant leg.

JOEY

Where are you going, Daddy?

LARRY

I have to go away for a while.
You'll see me again someday. I
promise.

Larry kisses Debbie as if for the last time.

DEBBIE

Let me know if anything changes.

LARRY

It won't.

Joey runs to a window and pulls the curtain open. He sees the headlights of the black Cadillac.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Larry hurries out the front door with the suitcase. He looks back once. He sees Joey in the window. Larry smiles and waves, then climbs into the backseat of the car with the suitcase.

We get a closer view of Joey standing at the window. There are tears in his eyes.

The Cadillac slowly drives off into the darkness. Joey closes the window curtain.

FADE TO:

OPENING CREDITS: "THE GOOD LIFE" - BACK TO COLOR: