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INT. SAINT AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH - DAY

The church is desolate. Sunlight shines through the multi-colored stained glass windows that line the walls on each side of the church. A long aisle made of green and white marble extends to the altar where a giant crucifix hangs between two paintings depicting the birth of Christ and the Resurrection.

A door can be heard opening. A man dips his fingers into a stoup of holy water. We see that the fingers belong to DOMENIC DEFRANCO, 21. He has an average build, broad shoulders, and very fine slicked back black hair. Domenic makes the sign of the cross, rubbing some of the water on the silver cross around his neck lying on his black t-shirt.

He approaches a confessional. The nameplate on the confessional door reads: Fr. Michael Loughlin.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - A MOMENT LATER

Domenic pushes aside a curtain and enters. He kneels down in the cramped space and makes the sign of the cross. The gated screen slides open. The shadowy, obscured face of FATHER LOUGHLIN, mid-forties, is behind the gate. We cannot see him. His baritone voice speaks.

FATHER LOUGHLIN (OS)  
Hello, Domenic.

DOMENIC  
How'd you guess?

FATHER LOUGHLIN (OS)  
I didn't. I looked at my watch.

Domenic laughs.

DOMENIC  
Yeah. Not too many sinners at four o'clock on a Thursday.

FATHER LOUGHLIN (OS)  
That's debatable. What's bothering you?

DOMENIC

Surprisingly, not too much.

FATHER LOUGHLIN (OS)

That's good. But I don't believe it.

Domenic sighs.

DOMENIC

Growin' up with this constant, I don't know, guilt, am I supposed to be scared my whole life?

FATHER LOUGHLIN (OS)

Scared of what?

DOMENIC

Of what's gonna happen when I die?

FATHER LOUGHLIN (OS)

You come here every week. Why do you have such a guilty conscience?

DOMENIC

I don't know. Work, Gianna, Family everything is like a big fuckin' contradiction.

FATHER LOUGHLIN (OS)

Domenic, your work, although not the best road to travel isn't going to put you in hell. And doing whatever it is you and Gianna do when the doors are closed are the least of your worries.

DOMENIC

The least?

FATHER LOUGHLIN (OS)

Your biggest sin is selling yourself short. There's more to the world than what you know.

Domenic's cell phone beeps.

DOMENIC

(looking at the phone)  
I guess you're right...Hmmm. You  
want the Sixers tonight?

FATHER LOUGHLIN (OS)  
Against who?

DOMENIC  
Cleveland. Gettin' ten.

FATHER LOUGHLIN (OS)  
No. I still owe you from the  
last time.

DOMENIC  
It's okay, Father. I absolve  
you from your sins.

Domenic makes the sign of the cross. They both chuckle.

INT. DOMENIC'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rap music blares as a party is in full swing. Scantly clad COLLEGE GIRLS dance provocatively with A FEW GUYS around the same age. Some of PARTYGOERS are playing a game of beer pong and filling their red cups at the keg in the back of

THE KITCHEN

JUSTIN 'JAY MACK' McCORMICK, 25, short and buff with spiky brown hair stands next to ANTHONY 'SIP' SCIPIONE, 22, tall, dark and handsome. They are each sipping their beers.

JAY MACK  
Where are Dom's parents?

SIP  
They're in A.C. for the weekend.  
He's an idiot for havin' this party  
though.

They look into the living room where Domenic is mingling and bobbing to the music holding his red cup.

JAY MACK

Why? The girls are hot and  
these stupid fuckin' college  
kids are like a gold mine.

Two PARTYGOERS, frumpy college kids in their late teens,  
approach Jay Mack.

PARTYGOER #1

Yo, man. I heard you got that  
good shit.

Jay Mack shrugs.

JAY MACK

What? Youse smoke?

PARTYGOER #2

(shaking his head)

Nah.

Partygoer #2 rubs his nose. Jay Mack grins. He sticks out his  
hand. Partygoer #1 hands him some cash. Jay Mack reaches into  
his back pocket and shakes hands with Partygoer #2. They walk  
away.

JAY MACK

(calling to them)

Tell your friends, that's Jay  
Mack's stuff.

(to Sip)

See what I mean?

SIP

Yeah...

(distracted)

Hey! Yo! Put that fuckin'  
statue down.

Sip walks over to a COLLEGE KID IN A BASEBALL cap and takes a  
Virgin Mary statue out of his hands and puts it on the counter.

SIP

You got any respect at all?

(to Jay Mack)

Where's Dom?

They look into the living room and Domenic is gone.

INT. DOMENIC'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

The room is small and the walls are decorated with posters from 'The Godfather,' 'Raging Bull,' and 'Goodfellas.' A crucifix hangs above the doorway. The door swings open. Domenic stumbles while locked in an embrace with GIANNA SANTINI, 21, curvy and brunette. She is wearing a mini-skirt and a tight black tank-top. She and Domenic kiss passionately. He shuts the door and presses her against the wall. He kisses her neck and runs his hand up her thigh and under her skirt.

He pulls away and grins at her.

DOMENIC

A little presumptuous don't you think?  
Not even a thong?

He laughs and she pushes him, giggling.

GIANNA

Fuck you.

DOMENIC

I'm tryin'.

Gianna pushes him onto the bed and jumps on top of him. They continue to make out. Domenic reaches in his pocket and pulls out a bright blue condom wrapper.

INT. DOMENIC'S LIVING ROOM - A MOMENT LATER

The party is still going strong. The front door opens. RICHIE VESPA, mid-fifties and impeccably dressed in a beige suit, enters. He makes his way to

THE KITCHEN

Sip and Jay Mack are talking to an obviously drunk, cute BLONDE GIRL.

SIP

(shaking the girls hand)  
Anthony Scipione, but everybody  
calls me Sip. I'm in finance.

BLONDE GIRL

Really? You don't look like you'd do that.

JAY MACK

What about me?

BLONDE GIRL

You're a personal trainer or something.

JAY MACK

Yeah. Somethin' like that. You got any friends here wit ya?

BLONDE GIRL

Just those two guys.

She points to the Partygoers. Sip and Jay Mack look at each and smirk. Suddenly, there is a hand on Jay Mack's shoulder.

RICHIE

Well, this looks like some party.

Jay Mack rolls his eyes and turns to face Richie.

JAY MACK

Richie! Hey!

They hug. Sip does the same.

RICHIE

Where's Domenic?

They shrug.

BLONDE GIRL

You're friend throwing the party? I saw him go upstairs with some girl.

SIP

Gianna?

JAY MACK

Yep.

INT. DOMENIC'S BEDROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Domenic and Gianna are having sex, still fully clothed. Gianna is on top of him, moaning with pleasure. She moves faster and faster and the bed shakes.

GIANNA  
(moaning)  
Oh. Fuck. Oh my God.

There is a loud knock on the bedroom door.

DOMENIC  
Shit. Go away!

SIP (OS)  
Dom, come on. It's important!

DOMENIC  
Not right now!

Gianna hasn't stopped.

JAY MACK (OS)  
Dom! Richie Vespa's downstairs.

DOMENIC  
Fuck.  
(pause)  
Gimme a minute.

GIANNA  
Don't fuckin' stop.

Domenic grabs her hips and bounces her up down a few times. He winces, grunts, and sighs heavily. Gianna falls on top of him on rolls off of him.

GIANNA  
Asshole.

Domenic gets up and zips his pants. Gianna turns over on her side and looks away from him. Domenic opens his bedroom door. Jay Mack and Sip stand in front of him.

DOMENIC

This better be important.

INT. RICHIE'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

Richie is driving, Domenic is slouching in the passenger seat.

DOMENIC

What are we doing?

RICHIE

Teaching you how to handle your business.

Richie stays focused on the road. Domenic rolls his eyes.

RICHIE

Don't roll your fuckin' eyes at me. Joey Loche owes you a G for three weeks now.

DOMENIC

He was gonna start payin' me tomorrow.

RICHIE

Start? This ain't fuckin' Macy's. You ain't ready to start dealin' with the vig.

DOMENIC

Yeah, 'cause it's real hard.

RICHIE

Oh, I'm sorry. Who's been doin' this for thirty years? Just keep your smartass comments to yourself and follow me.

INT. DOMENIC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The party is still raging. Sip is talking to the blonde girl.

BLONDE GIRL

Where's your buddy with the coke?



A goofy drunk smile comes across his face and he drapes his arm over the girl's shoulder.

SIP

Come on, baby. Is that all you want is the coke? He's upstairs.

INT. BATHROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Jay Mack is standing at the over the toilet taking a piss. He whistles and bobs his head to the rap music which can be heard faintly through the walls. The bathroom door opens. Jay Mack keeps his back to the door.

JAY MACK

Be done in a minute, pal.

Someone is up against his back. Jay Mack's eyes widen.

JAY MACK

I hope that isn't what I think it is.

PARTYGOER #1

Don't move. I'll shoot. Gimme the money and the coke.

JAY MACK

Okay. Okay.

Jay Mack starts to reach for into his pocket. He turns around quickly and grabs Partygoer #1's index finger that he was using as a gun. Jay Mack breaks his finger and then levels him with a left hook. Partygoer #1 is bleeding and trying to crawl away.

JAY MACK

Next time get a real fuckin' gun!  
(draws a revolver from  
his waistband)  
Like this one!

Jay Mack points it at Partygoer#1.

PARTYGOER #1

Please, I'm sorry. Don't shoot me.

Jay Mack looks down to see that Partygoer #1 has soiled himself. Jay Mack laughs and then kicks him in the stomach. He keeps the gun pointed at him.

JAY MACK

Now gimme *my* fuckin' money.  
And *my* coke.

Jay Mack bends down and reaches in his pockets.

SIP (OS)

Yeah. He's right up here...

Jay Mack looks up and sees Sip at the top of the stairs. Sip's jaw drops and he is wide-eyed. The blonde girl stands on her toes to look past Sip. She sees her friend on the ground and Jay Mack's gun. She shrieks.

BLONDE GIRL

Oh my God!

The music stops. She runs downstairs. The PEOPLE AT THE PARTY try to look upstairs, but Sip blocks their view. Jay Mack hides frantically hides his gun in his waistband, stashes the drugs and money in his pocket, and gets Partygoer#1 to his feet.

SIP

(making his way downstairs)

All right! Party's over!  
Get out!

Partygoer #1 scurries behind Sip. Domenic's bedroom door opens. Jay Mack turns to see Gianna standing in the hallway.

GIANNA

Where the fuck is Domenic?

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The street is lined by row homes on each side. A black Mercedes double parks under a street light. The car turns off. Richie and Domenic exit.

DOMENIC  
(to himself)  
He parks under a street light.  
(to Richie)  
You gonna put the flashers on  
too?

Richie gives him the finger. They approach one of the row homes.

DOMENIC  
What are we doin'? He's got  
powertools. You know that?

RICHIE  
Shut up for five goddamn  
seconds. We're gonna sit down  
with the man.

They get to the front door. Richie, jittery, motions toward the doorbell. Domenic sighs and rings it. There is an awkward silence between them. Domenic hums. Richie claps his hands together a few times.

RICHIE  
Ring it again.

Domenic rings it twice. The door swings open. JOEY LOCHE, a bald man in his early forties stands in the doorway. He is wearing a stained wife-beater and his gut hangs over his jeans. He looks at Domenic and Richie.

JOEY  
Psssh. What the fuck do you  
want?

RICHIE  
Why thanks, Joey. Of course we'd  
like to come in.

Richie pushes past him and walks into the house. Joey stares at Domenic.

JOEY

You think this shit scares me?

Domenic crosses his arm and shrugs. Joey motions for him to come inside. Domenic walks past him. Joey slams the door behind them.

INT. DOMENIC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jay Mack is on his knees scrubbing the rug. Gianna stands over him.

GIANNA

Circles. You gotta scrub in circles. That's not gonna get it out. Where's the Oxi-clean? I told you to get the Oxi-clean.

JAY MACK

(still scrubbing)

I told you, I couldn't find any.

GIANNA

Jay, he uses it to clean his sneakers.

JAY MACK

(stops scrubbing)

G, I couldn't find it. I get it, you're a bitch. Now can you help a little bit?

Gianna storms away.

JAY MACK

(to himself)

Cunt.

A high heeled shoe slams into his face and makes a small cut. He looks up just as Gianna slams Domenic's bedroom door.

INT. DOMENIC'S BEDROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Gianna flops on the bed and smirks.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Sip is walking around with a gigantic trash bag, cleaning up the cups and beer cans scattered around. Jay Mack enters rubbing the side of his face.

SIP

Fuckin' suburban kids, huh?

(looks up at Jay Mack)

What the hell happened to your face?

JAY MACK

Gianna.

Sip laughs. Jay Mack follows him and helps with the cleaning.

JAY MACK

Sip, let me ask you somethin'. You ever wonder why Domenic fucks her? I mean, not for nothin', she ain't got that much goin' on except for the body.

SIP

You don't know that.

JAY MACK

You're his best friend. He don't say nothin' to you about it?

SIP

You can't talk to him about her.

Jay Mack looks at him, waiting for more. Sip drops the trash bag and stops cleaning.

SIP

Jesus. Okay. Listen. What does Dom like more than anything in the world?

Jay Mack humps the air.

SIP

Exactly. And we've seen her.  
She's gorgeous. Not to put  
Domenic down, what's she gettin'  
out of it?

JAY MACK

That's messed up. Maybe he's  
got a, ya know...

Jay Mack holds his hands apart as if to say "this big." Sip chuckles.

SIP

I wasn't goin' there. Think  
about Gianna and what she likes.  
Those three hundred dollar handbags  
And outfits don't grow on trees,  
cuz.

INT. DOMENIC'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Gianna lies in bed. She has tears in her eyes and mascara streaked on her faced. She rolls over and looks at a vent in the floor. Sip and Jay Mack's voices are coming through the vent.

JAY MACK (OS)

If that's the case, then he's  
an idiot. At least they're both  
using each other though.

Sip starts cleaning again.

SIP (OS)

Yeah. Or they're in love.

INT. JOEY LOCHE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The living room is dimly lit by a small lamp with a green shade and the fluorescent light coming from the kitchen. Domenic stands by the door. Richie is sitting on a green sofa. Joey paces in front of him on the hardwood floor.

JOEY

I don't understand all this,  
Richie, honestly. You never came  
to my house like this before.

RICHIE

You never owed the kid a  
thousand bucks before neither.

JOEY

Come on, I'm gonna pay him.

RICHIE

I don't know that, he don't  
know that. I think Mario's done  
a lot for you. Paying Domenic is  
the least you could do for him.

JOEY

The least I could do? Every time I  
do some work for one of you  
greaseballs I always have to work  
out a deal. I could get double off of  
some Jew on the Main Line.

Richie is fiddling with a picture frame, not looking at Joey.

RICHIE

I don't see you doin' that though.  
Go get the money, and pay him.  
Watch that fuckin' greaseball talk  
too. Don't forget about your good half.

Joey shakes his head.

JOEY

I ain't got it. Let me get ya a  
drink and we'll work it out.

Joey walks into the kitchen.

RICHIE

Jesus Christ.

Richie looks at the picture of KELLY LOCHE, attractive in her  
mid-40s with light skin and blonde hair. Joey can be heard  
fixing drinks in the kitchen.

RICHIE

Hey, Joe, Kelly home?

JOEY (OS)

You kiddin' me? She heard youse  
down here this late, she'd  
be bustin' heads.

RICHIE

(laughing)

Yeah. She's one tough Irish  
broad.

Joey returns carrying two glasses of scotch on the rocks. He  
hands one to Domenic.

JOEY

I only got J and B back there.

Joey approaches Richie. Richie reaches for the glass, but Joey  
throws it in his face. Joey reaches in his back pocket for a  
hammer.

DOMENIC

Shit.

Domenic drops his glass on the floor. He grabs Joey's arm and  
Joey drops the hammer. Richie stumbles to his feet, rubbing his  
eyes. Domenic holds Joey in an arm lock.

JOEY

Let me go!

RICHIE

You son of a bitch.

Richie picks up the hammer.

RICHIE

Hold him, Dom.

JOEY

No, no, no...

Richie drives the claw of the hammer into Joey's thigh. Joey  
screams in pain. He pulls it out and does it again. Domenic lets  
Joey fall to the floor. Richie stands over him with the hammer.



RICHIE

Tell me where the fuckin' money is, or I'm puttin' this in your skull.

Joey is wincing, holding his leg.

JOEY

In the table by the door.

Domenic walks over to the table and opens a drawer. He pulls out a thick wad of cash and puts it in his pocket.

RICHIE

Now, was that hard?

Richie picks up the ice cubes that spilled on the floor. He drops them on Joey.

RICHIE

Put some ice on it, cry baby.

INT. MERCEDES - LATER

Domenic is at the wheel, smoking a blunt. Richie is slumped in the passenger seat, noticeably high. He counts the cash from Joey.

RICHIE

Damn, kid, I ain't done this shit since before you were born.

Domenic laughs. Richie finishes counting.

RICHIE

Exactly a thousand. Must've knew we were comin'. Here's two hundred.

He puts the cash in Domenic's lap.

DOMENIC

No, Richie, I can't-

RICHIE

Please, Dom, you did enough.  
This eight-hundred is mine,  
not Mario's. We're good.

(pause)

Just pass that over here.

Domenic laughs and hands him the blunt.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - LATER

Large row homes with driveways sit around the cul-de-sac.  
Richie's Mercedes pulls into a driveway.

INT. MERCEDES - A MOMENT LATER

Richie is asleep. Domenic puts the car in park and turns the keys. He nudges Richie to wake him up. Richie opens his eyes and looks around, flustered. Domenic drops the keys in Richie's lap.

RICHIE

What are we doin' here?

DOMENIC

You're goin' home, Rich.

RICHIE

Nah, nah. Let me drive you home.

DOMENIC

Rich, it's only a few blocks.  
I'm fine.

Richie extends his hand. Domenic shakes it.

RICHIE

Thanks a lot for tonight, Dom.  
I mean that.

DOMENIC

No problem. What about Joey?  
Is there gonna be anything  
with that?

RICHIE

What? Like a problem? No. I'll tell his wife about his cashier that blows him on her lunch break.

DOMENIC

Melissa?

RICHIE

Yeah.

DOMENIC

Holy shit. We went to grade school together. Why's his wife gonna believe you?

RICHIE

Number one, 'cause it's true.  
Number two, 'cause I fuck her.

There is an awkward silence and then they burst into laughter.

DOMENIC

You're somethin' else, Richie.

RICHIE

What can I say, kid? That's just the way it is. I don't trust nobody in this fuckin' neighborhood because if they're not fuckin' your girlfriend, they're thinkin' about it and if they're not thinkin' about it, they got their hands in your pockets.

Domenic nods in agreement. Richie gets out of the car. He tosses the keys inside.

RICHIE

Bring it back tomorrow.

He slams the door shut.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - A MOMENT LATER

Domenic starts the Mercedes and begins backing out of the driveway.

INT. MERCEDES - LATER

Domenic glances at the clock. It is five-thirty in the morning. He looks out the window and notices the orange glow of the sun coming up. Church bells are ringing in the distance.

INT. SAINT AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH - EARLY MORNING

Domenic sits in a pew toward the back of the church. The CONGREGATION, made up of a few mostly elderly men and women, is scattered in different pews. Father Loughlin's voice echoes from the pulpit.

FATHER LOUGHLIN (OS)  
 Blessed are they whose ways  
 are blameless, who walk according  
 to the law of the Lord.

Domenic responds along with the elderly people.

CONGREGATION  
 Blessed are they whose ways  
 are blameless, who walk according  
 to the law of the Lord.

FATHER LOUGHLIN (OS)  
 How blessed are those who observe  
 His testimonies, who seek Him with  
 all *their* heart. They also do no  
 unrighteousness. They walk in His  
 ways.

Domenic's eyes are intense as he responds.

CONGREGATION  
 Blessed are they whose ways  
 are blameless, who walk according  
 to the law of the Lord.

EXT. CHADWICK STREET - LATER

The sky is orange at dawn. Church bells ring not so far away. Domenic walks down the street, stopping at his house and walking up the steps.

INT. DOMENIC'S HOUSE - A MOMENT LATER

Domenic enters. Sip and Jay Mack are sprawled across different parts of the blue leather sectional sofa. The glow of the television shines on them. An infomercial quietly plays. Domenic laughs to himself and flops on the couch next to Sip.

Sip starts to wake up. He opens his eyes and looks up at Domenic.

SIP

Yo.

DOMENIC

Yo. Thanks for cleanin' up.  
How'd everything go?

SIP

Quiet.

DOMENIC

Yeah. I know that's a lie.

Sip grins at him and closes his eyes again before turning his head away. Domenic picks up the remote and turns off the television.

JAY MACK

(groggy)

Leave it on.

Domenic looks at him still sleeping and turns the television on.

INT. DOMENIC'S BEDROOM - LATER

The room is dark. Domenic enters. He turns on the light. Gianna is sleeping in his bed. He takes his money out of his pocket and lays it on the dresser. He does the same with his watch and chain on the dresser. Gianna's Gucci bag sits on the edge of the dresser. Domenic sighs. He takes two hundred dollars bills from

his cash and slips it into the purse. He turns off the light and quietly slides into bed.

Gianna moves over immediately and they cuddle.

GIANNA

You didn't have to do that.

DOMENIC

You don't miss a trick. I  
wanna do it. Go to sleep.

He leans over and kisses her forehead. He closes his eyes.

A FEW HOURS LATER

Domenic moves around. Sip and Jay Mack's voices are coming through the vent.

JAY MACK (OS)

How do you not have orange  
juice?

Sip laughs.

JAY MACK (OS)

Seriously. How the fuck do  
you start the day without a  
glass of orange juice?

SIP (OS)

I dunno. Hand me the milk  
though. Think he'll get up  
any time soon?

JAY MACK (OS)

Who knows?

Domenic smiles. He looks at the clock. It reads 11 AM. He nudges Gianna.

DOMENIC

Come on. Breakfast.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Bacon and scrambled eggs sizzle in different frying pans. Sip is standing at the stove putting his plate together. Jay Mack is at the table feasting on bacon and eggs, drinking a glass of water.

Domenic enters and sits down with a yawn. Sip notices him and cracks a few more eggs into the bowl.

DOMENIC

Somebody must've drank all  
the orange juice yesterday.

Jay Mack looks up at him, surprised. Gianna enters wearing one of Domenic's t-shirts that almost reaches her knees. She sits down.

JAY MACK

Huh?

Domenic motions to the glass of water. Sip slides Domenic and Gianna their plates and goes back to the counter.

JAY MACK

I'm not that loud. Am I?

DOMENIC

Nah. It's the vent in my  
room. I can hear everything.

Sip sits down and raises his eyebrows in reaction to Domenic's statement. He quickly glances at Gianna. She stares at him, unflinching. He looks away and picks at his food. Domenic and Jay Mack are still babbling about the vent.

JAY MACK

What vent?

DOMENIC

In my floor. I'm right above  
the kitchen, dude. It comes  
through that one right there.

Domenic points to a vent on the lower part of a kitchen wall.

JAY MACK

Oh.

(takes a bite)

Is it clear?

GIANNA

Like you wouldn't believe.

Sip looks up at her. She snaps a crisp piece of bacon with her teeth and winks at him while she chews.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The sun is shining. Domenic and Sip walk down the street.

DOMENIC

I can't believe I have to see this guy today.

SIP

Is it that bad?

DOMENIC

I'd be surprised if he can walk.

They get to the corner store and walk up to the door.

INT. LOCHE HARDWARE - SAME TIME

Chimes ring as the door opens. Domenic and Sip enter. The store is small - two aisles jammed with shelves jammed with nails, tools, industrial glue and everything anyone would need for do-it-yourself home repair.

No one is behind the counter.

DOMENIC

Joey?

Sip is fiddling with rubber stoppers on a shelf.

SIP

I am thoroughly shocked that people still shop in this store.

(looks at a tube of wood glue)

Madone, he is rippin' people off left and right.



DOMENIC

I know.

(getting closer to  
the counter)

Joey?

Sip slides the tube of glue into the pocket of his shorts and keeps touching the items on the shelf.

Domenic reaches the counter.

DOMENIC

Hey! Joey!

The muffled voices of a man and woman can be heard coming from the backroom. Joey emerges, red-faced, through a beaded curtain that hangs in the doorway to the backroom. He adjusts his shirt and wipes the sweat from his forehead.

JOEY

(out of breath)

Jesus, Domenic. I'm takin'  
lunch. Whattaya want?

Domenic grins.

DOMENIC

Richie needs a new doorknob  
for the barbershop. It must  
be hot back there.

JOEY

(calling to the back)

Melissa!

(back to Domenic)

Huh?

DOMENIC

You're sweatin'.

JOEY

Yeah. Yeah. I was workin'.

Joey picks up a pencil and scribbles something on a small piece of paper.

DOMENIC

Wow. Even on your lunch break?  
You are a busy man, Joey.

JOEY

(annoyed)  
Don't be a jerkoff, Dom.

MELISSA, 22, baby-faced and slightly plump with jet black hair emerges on from the back.

MELISSA

What's up, Joe? Oh, hey,  
Dom.

DOMENIC

Hey, Meliss. How ya doin'?

She shrugs and smiles.

JOEY

(hands her the paper)  
Go get Domenic this model  
doorknob from the back.

She looks at the paper and goes in the back.

DOMENIC

Wow, Joey. Even on your  
lunch break.

Joey is embarrassed. He doesn't utter a word. He and Domenic don't take their eyes off each other. Melissa comes through the curtain and hands Joey the package containing the doorknob. She winks at Domenic and goes into the back again.

Joey puts the package in a plastic bag.

JOEY

That'll be eighteen-fifty.

Domenic smirks and slides the bag closer to himself. He takes a claw hammer hanging by the counter and holds it up.

DOMENIC

Richie needs one of these  
two.

Domenic drops in the bag and picks it up.

DOMENIC

See ya, Joey.

Domenic and Sip exit. Joey watches them walk out. He sighs deeply and rest his head on his hand.

EXT. SAINT AUGUSTINE CHURCH - DAY

Domenic and Sip walk on the sidewalk that is shaded by the trees in front of the church. Sip plays with the tube of glue.

SIP

Dom, I'm not gonna lie,  
that shit was cold.

DOMENIC

He deserves everything he  
gets.

SIP

True. Can you picture Melissa  
just slobbin' it?

Sip mimicks giving a blowjob.

DOMENIC

I'd really rather not.

They laugh. Sip studies the glue.

SIP

Industrial strength. Damn.  
This'll kill somebody.

DOMENIC

Yeah. But you'll still sniff  
it. Idiot.

SIP

You don't gimme any credit,  
Dom-O.

Sip tosses the tube on the ground. Domenic stops walking. Sip follows.

SIP

What?

DOMENIC

(motioning to the  
Church)

A little respect?

Sip rolls his eyes and makes the sign of the cross mockingly before picking up the glue. He tosses it into the street. They start walking again.

SIP

Dom, what's the deal with  
you and church?

DOMENIC

There is no deal.

SIP

Nobody goes to church anymore,  
but you're in there twice  
a week. What's that priest  
tellin' you?

DOMENIC

We talk.

SIP

What could you possibly  
talk about? Your life, and  
don't take any offense,  
consists of work, school,  
sex, and, uh, more sex.

DOMENIC

Guess that's why I need  
confession.

EXT. MARIO'S BARBERSHOP - DAY

The barbershop sits unassumingly on the corner of a wide street. There is a large plate glass window on the front of the building. Cars are double-parked and PEOPLE shuffle along the avenue.

Domenic and Sip approach the shop. Richie steps out of the shop and stands on the step.

RICHIE  
Yo! How long's it take  
to get a fuckin' doorknob?

They reach Richie and AD LIB greetings.

RICHIE  
I'm gettin' a screwdriver  
and puttin' youse to work.

He goes inside. Sip leans against the wall. Domenic paces.

DOMENIC  
Sip? What do you think  
about Gianna?

Sip is taken aback.

SIP  
Well...

DOMENIC  
I guess that answers it.  
Hmmm.

SIP  
Dom, come on. You wouldn't  
ask me that question if you  
weren't thinkin' something  
bad yourself.

DOMENIC  
I asked because I see how  
you are around her.

SIP  
And how's that?

The barbershop door swings open.

RICHIE (OS)  
Catch!

Domenic catches the screwdriver and the door slams shut.

DOMENIC

You don't trust her.

SIP

Do you?

DOMENIC

She's been one of my best friends since we were twelve.

SIP

You didn't answer me. Do you really think what you're doin' for her is the best thing?

Sip holds up his hand and rubs his fingers together.

DOMENIC

Don't worry about my fuckin' financial situation. Be happy that I found someone I care about.

SIP

Dom, it wouldn't be the first time you had your heart broken.

Domenic takes the doorknob out of the package and walks to the door.

SIP

Is that all? You don't wanna talk anymore?

Domenic kneels down and starts unscrewing the old doorknob. He places the package on the ground.

DOMENIC

I have no idea what she does with that money, but what am I gonna do? Her dad ain't there.

Sip moves closer to him and picks up the screws from the ground.

SIP

Why you think they need a  
new doorknob?

DOMENIC

I dunno. This one's not  
shiny enough I guess.

They laugh.

INT. GIANNA'S ROOM - DAY

Everything is decorated in pink and leopard. Gianna enters. She drops her purse on the bed. She opens her dresser drawer and takes out a bank envelope. She flops on her bed and reaches into her purse. She pulls out a wad of cash and puts it in the envelope.

Gianna stands up and walks over to the dresser. She opens the drawer. She drops the envelope on top of her socks. Written on the envelope in black marker is:

DOMENIC

She closes the drawer.

THE END