BIG MIKEY (V.O.)
I was charged with a death sentence for the killing of a federal informant, a RICO murder (explain RICO), a State murder and money laundering with the Colombian Cartel. I received 30 months for the cartel case. A not guilty for the State and a hung jury for RICO. And the death sentence I beat. My name is Michael Caserta and this is my story.

1 INT. SAINT LAZARUS CHURCH. EAST BOSTON 1994 - AFTERNOON 1

The Church has just emptied after an Italian Christening.

MICHAEL CASERTA (BIG MIKEY), late 40s, a rugged man wearing a beautiful suit. Despite his polished business demeanor, his weathered hands reflect a tougher past.

Big Mikey stands near the altar “settling up” with FATHER ANTHONY. A man at least 20 years older then Big Mikey.

FATHER ANTHONY
I remember you standing right here, getting ready to receive your First Communion.

Big Mikey looks toward the altar.

BIG MIKEY
That was a long time ago, Father.

FATHER ANTHONY
Then you didn’t come back for a couple decades or so.

Big Mikey looks at him. Father Anthony lets the smile widen.

They laugh.

BIG MIKEY
You noticed.

FATHER ANTHONY
I noticed when you came back, too.

The laughter settles.

Father Anthony rests a hand on his shoulder.

FATHER ANTHONY (CONT'D)
You straightened yourself out, Michael. Became a good man. A good father.

Big Mikey lowers his eyes.

BIG MIKEY
I'm trying.

FATHER ANTHONY
I know you are.

Big Mikey looks up at him.

FATHER ANTHONY (CONT'D)
I'm proud of you.

Father Anthony takes out a rosary and places it in Big Mikey's open hand. No pinky ring on BM's finger.

Big Mikey looks down at the beads, then back at Father Anthony.

He closes his hand around them.

BIG MIKEY
Thank you, Father.

Father Anthony draws him into an embrace.

FATHER ANTHONY
Welcome back.

Big Mikey holds him a moment before letting go and exiting the church.

2 EXT. SAINT LAZARUS CHURCH - SAME 2

DONNA, late 40s, Big Mikey's wife, is elegantly dressed.

Big Mikey's three daughters and his mother. JOSEPHINE, 10, cute as can be. She is wearing a skirt, sweater and tights. VIRGINIA, 8, has wavy hair. She is wearing her new gold earrings. MARIA, 14, spitting image of her mother. Big Mikey's mother, MA, 60s, Old Italian, is wearing a black dress.

MICHAEL CASERTA JR. (LITTLE MIKEY), 20, Big Mikey's son, is handsome and Italian-looking, with a hockey-player's build.

LENA, Little Mikey's wife, is an Italian beauty in her early 20s, wearing her big gold earrings. Money hungry. Lena holds their infant son, STEPHEN.

The family walks down the church steps and down Saratoga Street.

Little Mikey notices in the distance RICKY PUZZO, late 20s, stocky but solid, standing about 50 yards away.

FROM ACROSS THE STREET HE LOOKS LIKE LITTLE MIKEY.

LITTLE MIKEY
I'll be right back.

LENA
Mikey no, stay here!

Little Mikey runs up to Ricky. Big Mikey is furious. The family continues to walk. After a few minutes Little Mikey comes back to the family.

BIG MIKEY
A friend of yours?

Little Mikey ignores his father and coos at baby Stephen.

BIG MIKEY (CONT'D)
We need to talk.

Little Mikey's head gestures as if he has no idea what Big Mikey is talking about.

BIG MIKEY (CONT'D)
About him.

Little Mikey and Lena's daughter ANNA, 2, grabs his leg. Little Mikey touches the top of Anna's head and bends down to kiss it. Little Mikey quickly changes the subject. Big Mikey takes a moment, points at his son.

BIG MIKEY (CONT'D)
That Puzzo is no good. He's got many enemies because he's a snake.

Donna glances at Big Mikey. Gesturing for him not to go there. Little Mikey pulls out his wallet, and it's empty.

LITTLE MIKEY
I got to pay the bills.

BIG MIKEY
My construction company gives you more than enough.

Big Mikey does a double-take as he notices Lena's new gold necklace. Big Mikey gestures towards Lena's necklace.

LENA
IS it precious what he bought me?

Big Mikey shakes his head in disappointment. Lena is holding baby Stephen with one hand and touching her thick gold necklace with the other. Lena giggles.

LITTLE MIKEY
Dad, you've never even met Ricky.

BIG MIKEY
I heard about him and that's enough!

Little Mikey does the "don't know reaction."

LITTLE MIKEY
Relax, will ya.

BIG MIKEY
You know he spent time in the nut house?

Little Mikey is super aggravated he looks exasperated.

LITTLE MIKEY
Of course, there is!

CHANGE OF TOPIC

BIG MIKEY
Donna and I don't want ANGELA at the baby's Christening PARTY.

Donna feels she must interject. Donna nods her head "no".

DONNA
Michael stop! Please, enough!

Big Mikey looks at Donna and nods his head. Then turns back to Little Mikey.

BIG MIKEY
She's still got that East Boston mindset and is involved in all that shit.

LITTLE MIKEY
You married her, not me. That's not my fault! What the fuck, Dad? She's Angela!

BIG MIKEY
Watch your mouth. It's fuckin' Sunday. And I do know. And she's not my wife.

LITTLE MIKEY
No, but she's my mother and has a right to be there!

Big Mikey gives an exhausted look and takes a deep breath. Big Mikey retreats from the confrontation.

BIG MIKEY
We can talk about this later, it's Sunday. Common' it's time to go eat. I'm sure you'll do the right thing.

LITTLE MIKEY
I'll try, Dad. I really wish things were different.

BIG MIKEY
Believe me son, I do too. Let's go home.

Big Mikey walks over to Donna. Ricky walks towards Little Mikey.

DISSOLVE TO:

3 EXT. EAST BOSTON EVENING - CAFE DELLO PARKING LOT 3

The Cafe Dello Sport is a nondescript building on East Boston's main thoroughfare. A white van with NH plates is parked in the dark corner of the parking lot next to a blue unmarked American car.

4 EXT. CAFE DELLO SPORT PARKING LOT 4

Ricky struts out of the side door to the car with a wad of cash in hand and a smile. Ricky never notices the white van as he tries to fit the envelope into his pocket.

5 INT. RICKY'S CAR 5

Little Mikey watches the CAFE DELLO SPORT from fifty feet away. He keeps checking his watch. He waits, nervously biting his fingernails.

LITTLE MIKEY
(to himself)
Where the fuck is he?

The Bruins game is on the radio. He looks down at Ricky's cigarettes and wants to smoke a cigarette but decides not to. He notices the bulging envelope as Ricky enters the driver's side.

RICKY
Fucking money. I told that Joey Sacco 25 large next time. Fucker! Guy's a bully.

LITTLE MIKEY
What?

Little Mikey shakes his head. Ricky starts up the car.

RICKY
You know last week at your Christening.

LITTLE MIKEY
Ya.

RICKY
No disrespect, but your mother's fuckin' hot!

LITTLE MIKEY
Oh my fucking God.

Little Mikey looks at his watch.

LITTLE MIKEY (CONT'D)
Give me my cut, I wanna' get home!

RICKY
Ya ok.

Ricky smirks.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Let's go to the North End. I got coupla' broads on Charter Street.

LITTLE MIKEY
Are you serious? We did what we had to do.....Home!

Ricky's annoyed at the statement. Ricky thinks for a second, and backs his car up, out of sight.

LITTLE MIKEY (CONT'D)
Whattah' you doin'?

Ricky puts his hand on the ignition key and shuts it off.

RICKY
Let's wait.

LITTLE MIKEY
Wait for what?

RICKY
A couple of weeks ago, my girl was in there, and Sacco's friend Nicky Juice broke her balls.

LITTLE MIKEY
Ya so? And....

Little Mikey's right knee starts nervously moving up and down.

LITTLE MIKEY (CONT'D)
So what?

Silence. Ricky's eyes are darting. Ricky shuts off the radio. Silence again.

He punches the dashboard. Tension fills the air. Little Mikey gives him an odd look. Ricky notices Little Mikey's hand on the door lever.

RICKY
Where the fuck do you think you're going?

LITTLE MIKEY
I'm gettin' the fuck outa' here.

RICKY
No you're not! What are you a fuckin' pussy? Stay in the fuckin' car.

Silence again. Little Mikey thinks. He shakes his head.

LITTLE MIKEY
No fuckin' way, I'm done.

Little Mikey jumps out of the car and leaves, slamming the door behind him. Sweating from being nervous, he walks a 100 yards and speeds up. He can't get away from there fast enough. Ricky drives and screeches up beside him. He taunts him as he follows him in the car. Little Mikey finally stops. Ricky's resigned to the fact Mikey's not going to be a part of it.

RICKY
Alright, already get in the fuckin' car. Get in. I'll get him another time. Fuck'm'.

LITTLE MIKEY
(demanding)
We going home?

RICKY
(sarcastically)
Ya, now get in!

Little Mikey takes a deep breath and gets back into the passenger seat. Once the door closes, Ricky peels away, heading towards a guy who is walking. Ricky almost hits him.

LITTLE MIKEY
(breathing heavy)
What the fuck was that?

CUT TO:

6 EXT. EAST BOSTON SARATOGA ST. DAY? TIME? SAME SCENE?? 6

MOMENT BEFORE?

Ricky's car slices through the heavy mist that blankets the cold streets. City lights flicker and dance in the chilly night air. A white van subtly follows in the background.

7 INT. RICKY'S CAR 7

Ricky is pissed and driving like a madman. He's wired and out of control. Ricky pulls out a Vicks nasal inhalant from his pocket and takes a huge sniff of cocaine from his makeshift bullet.

LITTLE MIKEY
Put that fucking shit away!

Ricky gags.

RICKY
Relax kid! I always need a little something after a visit.

LITTLE MIKEY
So how'd' it go?

RICKY
Fucking Sacco's a pussy. He knows better now. Cash is gonna' be rolling in, North End here we come.

LITTLE MIKEY
Get me home, what the fuck is wrong with you.

Ricky engulfs the car with hysterical laughter. He is amused by Mikey's actions.

RICKY
Fuckin' relax.

Suddenly, the car lurches. The front tire is flat. Ricky tightens his grip on the steering wheel.

LITTLE MIKEY
What the fuck was that?

The car shifts from left to right.

LITTLE MIKEY (CONT'D)
Oh fuck! Pull over! You gotta pull over!

Ricky gets crazy.

RICKY
No, no, no, no. We gotta keep driving. We gotta get outta here! Cunt, cunt cunt!

Ricky punches the dashboard.

LITTLE MIKEY
Please pull the fuck over. Now!

Ricky looks through his rearview mirror with a calculated stare and sees a hamburger place in front of him.

8 EXT. LANZILLI'S PARKING LOT 8

The car swerves out of traffic and into the old parking lot.

9 INT. RICKY'S CAR 9

The drizzle hides the sweat coming from Little Mikey's face. Little Mikey takes a deep breath and is relieved.

LITTLE MIKEY
Fuck me. You gotta' spare?

RICKY
In the trunk. Michael, do me a favor. Fix it...please?

Ricky folds his hands in prayer.

LITTLE MIKEY
Yup, I got it.

Ricky shakes his head.

RICKY
I'm goin' to fuckin Burger King. I'm fuckin' starvin'. You alright...right?

Ricky lights a cigarette, puts his collar up and gets out of the car. Little Mikey nods in agreement as if he's defeated.

10 EXT. LANZILLI'S PARKING LOT 10

Little Mikey gets out of the car and pulls out a new large cell phone. He leaves a message on the answering machine.

LITTLE MIKEY
Dad, you were right. I'm sorry.

He walks back to the trunk to pull out the spare when he notices something sparkle in the front tire. He walks to the front of the car on the passenger side, bends down to inspect the tire, and notices a screw on the sidewall. It had to be deliberately done. He wipes the sweat from his eyes and squints to get a better view.

LITTLE MIKEY (CONT'D)
(to himself)
What the fuck. What is this?

INTERCUT:

A gloved hand tightening a screw into rubber. Slow and deliberate.

BACK TO SCENE.

A white van with New Hampshire plates pulls into the parking lot and stops. A rugged-looking man is wearing a Celtics hat, white Adidas sneakers, and a green Adidas sweatsuit. He has latex gloves on. Little Mikey pauses as he notices a figure in his peripheral vision.

MAN (O.S.)
Hey RICKY, looks like you gotta flat.

Little Mikey's perplexed. He squints as he see's a shadow of a man.

LITTLE MIKEY
Whatcha' just say?

Little Mikey tries to get a better view the man. The man pulls out a Glock handgun and fires. The bullet hits his cheek. BOOM! The wet pavement shows the reflection from neon sign filled with blood.

MAN
So long, Ricky...fuck face!

11 BIG MIKEY LISTENS TO THE MESSAGE. 11

12 BIG MIKEY GETS THE NEWS. 12

13 INT. MASS GENERAL HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT 13

Big Mikey enters the chaotic emergency room. He catches sight of Donna and Lena. They are huddled together and their faces are etched with terror and tears. Their fear chokes the air around them.

BIG MIKEY
(murmuring)
Must be that cocksucker, Ricky...

LENA
Michael, my Mikey.

Lena hugs Big Mikey.

DONNA
He’s in surgery now, Michael. They... they don't know... they don’t know if he's going to pull through.

Big Mikey is visibly shocked. He digs his fingers into the cold, sterile wall before slamming his fist against it. Donna is crying as she reaches out attempting to offer him comfort. Big Mikey turns to Lena to try to resume control. In comes ANGELA, 38, Big Mikey's ex-wife and Little Mikey's biological mother, beautiful but worn, and her sister CAMILLE, 40, Little Mikey's maternal aunt, darker skinned. They're crying. Donna hugs them, Big Mikey doesn't.

BIG MIKEY
Did he say anything before he left?

LENA
No, no... He said he was going for a ride and he'd be back in about an hour.

BIG MIKEY
With who?

LENA
I don’t...

Lena shrugs her shoulders while sobbing.

BIG MIKEY
You don't know who your husband was with? What the fuck is wrong with you?

DONNA
Michael stop!

Big Mikey takes a deep breath. The doctor comes out of the operating room. DOCTOR CARROLL, 30's is wearing glasses with heavy worry lines and sweat-drenched scrubs. He slowly approaches Big Mikey and Donna with the nurse.

DOCTOR CARROLL
Mrs. Caserta?

BIG MIKEY
Doctor speak to me. I'm his father!

ANGELA
(Italian Accent)
I'mma' hissah' mother!

Big Mikey gives Angela a killer look. Doctor Carroll looks directly at Big Mikey with sorrowful eyes.

DOCTOR CARROLL
I'm very sorry Mr. Caserta. We did everything we could, but he... didn't make it. The bullet was lodged...

Angela wails, pulls on her hair, circling the room, her sister tries to comfort her. Donna screams and sinks to the floor. Lena is in shock as tears stream down her face.

Big Mikey looks at the doctor in shock and gasps for air. The air has grown thick with silence and Donna's screams sound far away. Big Mikey's rosary drop to the floor. Voices echo in Big Mikey's head. He is in shock.

Donna grabs his legs and screams out Big Mikey. Angela feels like she is drowning. The doctor grabs Big Mikey's arm so he would not fall.

DONNA
Bullet? No.

Big Mikey tries to pull Donna up. She is crying uncontrollably.

DOCTOR CARROLL
(to the nurse)
Get me oxygen and 20 milligrams of Diazepam.

BIG MIKEY
(calmly)
Thank You. Now when can I see him?

DOCTOR CARROLL
You can see him sir, but he's passed.

Voices are normal again in Big Mikey's head.

DOCTOR CARROLL (CONT'D)
He's passed away.

BIG MIKEY
Ya, but I need to talk to him about the ..... You know, his car business.

DONNA
Michael, Michael, he's gone. He's gone. Michael, do you hear me?

Big Mikey is in complete shock and cannot gather his thoughts. He lets out a terrible wail. Donna is holding onto his legs as the doctor administers oxygen. He slowly sinks to the floor, where he and Donna hold one another.

DISSOLVE TO:

14 EXT RUGGERIO'S FUNERAL PARLOR - NIGHT 14

Many people are waiting to come into the funeral parlor.

15 INT. EAST BOSTON - FUNERAL PARLOR - EVENING 15

Little Mikey's casket lies at the center of the funeral parlor, surrounded by mourners. Big Mikey and his family sit in the front row, weeping. The Whole family. Out of focus behind him is the painting Storm of the Sea. Angela is screaming at the top of her lungs, lying on the closed casket.

ANGELA
Figlio mio, figlio mio. My baby, my baby boy.

Men dressed in black suits. Everyone from politicians to friends enter the funeral parlor and make their way toward Big Mikey to pay their last respects. The line waiting to get in goes out the door and on for blocks.

BIG MIKEY
(to passerby)
Thank you.

Two men walk in they look a out of place. Not Italian.

They say a prayer at the casket, get up and walk to Big Mikey in line. Big Mikey's eyes are full of hate.

FRANK SALEMI, 60, strong.

JOEY SACCO, 30s, Irish-looking and wiry.

FRANK SALEMI
Sorry about this.

Big Mikey squeezes his hand, Frank doesn't react.

JOEY SACCO
My condolences, Michael.

Big Mikey squeezes his hand harder, Joey winces in pain. The men quickly leave.

MARIO, late 30s walks up to Big Mikey, whispers in his ear.

MARIO
Fucking cocksuckers.

Hate is coming out of Big Mikey's eyes.

DONNA
(to Donna)
Who was that?

Big Mikey shakes his head and doesn't respond.

In comes DON PEPPINU ISABELLA, LATE 60s, an old-world mobster and a father figure from Big Mikey's past, looks like an Italian baron. PINKY RING?

SONNY, Big Mikey's old friend from his criminal days, close as a brother. PINKY RING?

A MAN in his 50s hurries up to Don, eager to shake his hand. He’s wearing gloves. Just before reaching Don, the man quickly pulls off his gloves, then extends his bare hand. Don shakes it.

MAN
Much respect Don Peppi.

DON PEPPINU
(Italian accent)
Thanka' you.. fora' taking offa' your gloves.

Don bows his head in respect. Big Mikey's eyes are wide when he sees Don Peppinu. Sonny makes room for Don to cut the line. Don motions to Sonny to help him kneel for a prayer. All eyes are on Don. Big Mikey looks surprised to see him. His eyes well up with tears, both happy and sad. Big Mikey lovingly looks at Don.

BIG MIKEY
Don Peppinu.

Big Mikey puts his head on Don's chest and they embrace. Don rubs his back.

DON PEPPINU
Figlio mio. ni scurdamu mai dâ famigghia, puru si cercanu di scurdàrcci. Mi dispiaci, Micheli.
(captioned)
My son. We don’t forget family, no matter how hard they try to forget us.I'm sorry, Michael.

BIG MIKEY
Grazia....Don Pe....

The Old Don softly shushes him with a comforting touch.

DON PEPPINU
(whispers)
Shh. Parramu doppu.
(captioned)
Shh. We'll talk later.
(English)
Nobody justah' leaves this.

Big Mikey bows his head and they share a warm hug before Don Peppinu departs. Don Peppinu nods and moves along to allow others pay their respects. Big Mikey watches him with great respect as he walks away slowly and holding Sonny's arm.

16 INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - NEXT DAY????? COMBINE? 16

Family and friends say their goodbyes and file to their cars.

FATHER ANTHONY, Big Mikey's priest and a voice of conscience in his life, gives a final blessing over the casket and then walks up to Big Mikey and does a small sign of the cross on his forehead. Big Mikey and Father Anthony hug.

Father Anthony walks out of the room, leaving eight men standing around the casket. Big Mikey addresses them. Don Peppinu comes out of the shadows.

DON PEPPINU
Michael fici bonu ppi tutti li nostri famigghi. Sia ca stavi vivu ppi ricurdatillu o no. U picciri! ! u Mikey era tantu tu frati quantu era u figghiu di Michael. Mi dispiaci ca li cosi cangiaru. Pò èssiri nu signu di Gesù Cristo.
(captioned)
Michael has done good for all of our families. Whether you were alive to remember it or not. Little Mikey was as much your brother as he was Michael's son. I'm sorry things have changed. It may be a sign from Jesus Christ.

Don Peppinu motions for Big Mikey to come close to him. Big Mikey gets very close.

DON PEPPINU (CONT'D)
Staiu cuntattandu lu nostru amicu a Danbury.
(captioned)
I'm contacting our friend in Danbury.
(to Michael)
Tu canusci lu nostru amicu.
(captioned)
You know our friend?

Big Mikey nods yes.

DON PEPPINU (CONT'D)
Non sulu pi Little Mikey, ma puru pi fari na mossa supra tuttu chistu. Avissi vulutu èssiri trent anni cchiù guivini.
(captioned)
Not just for Little Mikey but to make a move on all this. I wish I were thirty years younger.

Big Mikey hugs Don Peppinu.

BIG MIKEY
Grazie, Cento Anni. Don Peppinu. Cento anni.
(captioned)
Thank you. One hundred years.

Don Peppinu straightens his perfectly tailored suit and tie and then fixes the rose on his lapel.

DON PEPPINU
Prego. Stu gruppi è cu Michael, quarsiasi cosa dici è comu si parrassi iu. Stasira facìmu la storia nta sta COSA NOSTRA. Comu si dici, stu vuotu ca li frati Giannello lassaru, cincu anni fa, e' sun...comu si dici?
(captioned)
You're welcome. This faction stands with Michael; whatever he says is like me talking. Tonight, we make history in this THING OF OURS. The, come si dice,

Don Peppinu looks at Sonny for the words.

DON PEPPINU (CONT'D)
A deepah' hole. We're closing it.

Big Mikey is stunned.

BIG MIKEY
With all due respect, the books haven't been opened in years?

Sonny is astonished.

SONNY
You're straightening people out tonight?

DON PEPPINU
Stasira. Tonight. But to finish this, you must go to Danbury and talk to our friends.

There is a hush and then murmuring between the men. They place their hands on the casket one by one, solidifying their determination to help Big Mikey.

BIG MIKEY
Today we bury my son. Tonight we bury who's responsible. If you want out, leave now, and with all due respect, you can leave with no hard feelings. If you're in, place your hands on the casket.

SONNY
We're with you, Michael.

BIG MIKEY
We meet at the war room tonight. I got to go think.

Big Mikey walks away. Unbeknownst to him, Donna is watching him. He removes a shiny ring and his rosary beads from his pocket, then puts on his MC pinky ring and puts down the rosary beads. Donna watches him, shocked.

CUT TO:

17 INT. BIG MIKEY AND DONNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 17

Big Mikey stands at the dresser, buttoning his shirt.

His old pinky ring is back on his hand. The rosary beads lie on the dresser.

Donna stands in the doorway.

She watches him reach for his jacket.

DONNA
Where are you going?

BIG MIKEY
Out.

DONNA
Look at me.

He stops. Keeps his back to her.

DONNA (CONT'D)
I know where you’re going.

BIG MIKEY
Then don’t ask.

Donna steps into the room.

DONNA
We already lost Little Mikey. We can’t lose you too.

He pulls on his jacket.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Mikey.

He finally turns.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Think of me. Think of the girls.

BIG MIKEY
I have.

DONNA
Then take the jacket off.

He looks at her. For a moment, neither moves.

Donna reaches for his jacket. Starts to ease it off his shoulder.

He catches her hand.

Gently. But he stops her.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Stay here. You don’t have to say anything. Just stay here with me.

His grip loosens. She keeps hold of his hand.

BIG MIKEY
Donna...

He tries to continue. Can’t.

DONNA
I’m right here.

BIG MIKEY
When Little Mikey died... the part of me that loves you and the girls died too.

Donna searches his face.

DONNA
Don’t tell me that.

His eyes lower.

DONNA (CONT'D)
You’re holding my hand.

He looks down at their hands.

She tightens her grip.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Whatever you’re feeling, we can get through it. But you have to be here.

Big Mikey raises her hand to his lips. Holds it there a moment.

BIG MIKEY
I’m sorry for leaving you.

DONNA
Then don’t.

He looks at her.

BIG MIKEY
But I’m already gone.

Donna’s hand goes slack.

He releases it.

She stands beside the dresser as he walks to the door.

DONNA
And what am I supposed to tell the girls?

He stops in the doorway.

He has no answer.

Then he leaves.

Donna remains beside the rosary beads.

DISSOLVE TO:

18 EXT. EAST BOSTON PIERS - NIGHT 18

The decrepit, water-soaked piers cast ominous shadows on the sand. The entire City of Boston skyline moves over them like an overnight anchor. The tide is still low and just starting to come in.

Joey Sacco is in the trunk. Joey, gets pulled out of the car's trunk and leveled against the car by Sonny and Mario, solid and wild, with a body to stop a clock. Mario lights a cigarette right by Joey's face. Big Mikey watches.

BIG MIKEY
I'm your worst nightmare kid. I'm Michael Caserta. Did you fucks know whose son he was?

JOEY SACCO
(nervous)
Why? Why are you doing this to me? I didn't kill him.

Big Mikey looks at his watch. Sonny opens his switchblade. Big Mikey is now choking Joey.

BIG MIKEY
I wanna' know who killed my son. Who killed my son?

Big Mikey gives SONNY the nod to go ahead. SONNY puts Joey's hand against the car's metal and pries his fingers open. Sonny cuts off a finger. Joey lets out a scream. He chokes and gasps for air.

JOEY SACCO
No, no, please! Your son stayed in the car when that fuckin' nut Ricky came in. He was extorting money from my bookmaking.

The men see a police car slowly driving the area. Sonny covers Joey's mouth so hard his body goes limp and his head droops. They look at each other like they killed him and try to hold back laughter. Big Mikey and his crew go silent. Big Mikey puts his hands up, a "what the fuck" moment.

BIG MIKEY
Did you just kill him?

SONNY
How the fuck do I know. Who do you think I am Doogie fuckin' Howser?

Big Mikey slaps Joey a few times with no response.

MARIO
He's dead. Yup, he's fuckin' dead.

Sonny feels his neck for a pulse.

SONNY
Fuck, should we leave him here?

They panic just as Joey abruptly wakes up and pukes. Joey is trying to scream but can't. SONNY doesn't wait a moment longer and cuts off another two fingers. Joey lets out a blood-curdling scream.

JOEY SACCO
No please! They'll kill me.

Mario slaps Joey.

JOEY SACCO (CONT'D)
They're all stone-cold killers.

BIG MIKEY
Tell me who then!

JOEY SACCO
Richey Devlin, Joey Souza and David Clark...

Silence. Joey pauses as he almost vomits. They're waiting. Mario slaps him again.

SONNY
Who they wit'?

JOEY SACCO
Salemi and...

SONNY squeezes his hand with no fingers, Joey screams again.

JOEY SACCO (CONT'D)
Rossani!

Big Mikey looks at Sonny and Mario. They look troubled.

SONNY
I fucking knew it! They're bad, wicked bad cocksuckers. They're bad people.

Big Mikey punches Joey square in the face this time breaking his nose and teeth. Joey's spitting out blood and teeth. Big Mikey changes his mood and speaks softly while he caresses Joey's shoulder. Joey looks into Big Mikey's eyes. Big Mikey's eyes are sympathetic.

BIG MIKEY
It's ok son, try again. I know you're not a strong-arm.

JOEY SACCO
Joey...Joey Souza.

SONNY pulls his gun out and puts a bullet in each leg. Joey screams and faints from pain. They leave Joey THERE TO DIE.

Big Mikey turns and stares out into the ocean, looking at the Mystic Bridge, his face a mask of pain and anger.

BIG MIKEY
(Voice Over)
Through me, today, my son Mikey speaks from his grave. I am his father, and I am his voice. He will be heard, and I will not rest until these wrongs are made right. A report from a federal evidentiary hearing revealed that the FBI's use of protected murderers as informants directly resulted in the death of my beloved son, Michael Caserta Jr. That report was withheld from my defense. Had it been disclosed, it could have proven my innocence—and I would not be standing here today. I believe the responsibility reaches from the men who planned the murder and pulled the trigger to government officials who protected them and concealed the truth. To them, Little Mikey was merely collateral damage—the price of doing business. But he was not collateral damage.
(MORE)

BIG MIKEY (CONT'D)
He was my twenty-year-old son. A husband. A father. Everyone responsible must be held accountable. Little Mikey will be heard—and justice will be done.