

DONNIE BRASCO

8 INT. LATER. CASA BELLA

Donnie sips his coffee at the bar/ reads the paper. The restaurant is otherwise DESERTED--Sonny and the other guys have left. Lefty approaches him.

LEFTY

You Don the Jeweler?

Donnie looks up to the Bartender. The Bartender nods. Lefty reaches in his pocket, produces
A FIVE-CARAT DIAMOND RING

LEFTY

That's a beauty, eh? That's some beautiful thing.

Donnie looks it over. Gives it to Lefty.

DONNIE

Give it to your wife.

LEFTY

How'm I gonna give it to my wife?
I ain't married.

DONNIE

You got a girlfriend?

(CONTINUED)

18.

8 CONTINUED:

LEFTY

Yeah. Louise.

He returns the diamond to Lefty.

DONNIE

Marry her.

LEFTY

Are you for real? I'm asking if you want to middle a diamond here. All I want for my end's eight thousand.

DONNIE

I ' m saying give it to somebody don't know any better. It's a fugazy.

LEFTY

How can you say it's a fugazy? You looked at it two seconds.

DONNIE

Go ahead, try and sell it, you wanna be a dunsky.

LEFTY

(angry)

I ' m a dunsky? Let me tell you something, my friend--do you know who you're talking to?

The Bartender, SCARED--he knows what Lefty's capable of. Quickly mixes a SPRITZER.

BARTENDER

Here, Left, have a spritzer.

LEFTY

(sputtering)

My family, my children--my mother
can hold her head up in any
neighborhood in the city when she
walks down the Clock. In all the
Five Boroughs I'm known,
fuggedaboutit--I'm known all over
the world. You ask around--ask
anybody about Lefty from Mulberry
Street.

DONNIE

I'm sorry. It was just a
misunderstanding. Okay?

Donnie backs off, EXITS. Lefty takes the diamond out, looks at i-
FUMES. The Bartender slides the spritzer over.

(CONTINUED)

19.

C O N T I N U E D : (2)

8

BARTENDER

On the arm.

LEFTY

Fugazy. Fugazy my fucking ass.

DONNIE BRASCO (2)

In the distance, a TRANS AM pulls up near the boat they're watching,

Bruno emerges. Locks his car. Climbs onto the boat...

DONNIE

C'mon, that's him.

LEFTY

Florence what, Donnie?

DONNIE

Hey, Left--what do you care,
Florence what? Florence Italy.

LEFTY

Don nie--why do you want to lie to
me, D onnie? Did I ever li e to
you once all these years about
the time of day?

DONNIE

I ' m not lying.

LEFTY

How many fucking times did I have
you over for dinner at my fucking
h ous e? Y ou f uck ing rat b ast ard --

DONNIE

Hey, Left--that's the problem?
Are we gonna whack this guy or
what?

LEFTY

I went on the fucking record with
you, D onnie. Yo u could wa lk on
the street and punch any man in
the mouth because I stood up for
you. ' . , , . .

DONNIE...

What is tne fucking problem?

Lefty reaches in his pocket. A piece of paper, folded, torn from

"Newsweek*. The headline:

ABSCAM: FBI 'SHEIKS* STING CORRUPT LAWMAKERS

Beneath the headline, a PHOTO of the "sheiks* partying ona yacht--

"THE LEFT HAND*. Donnie looks up from the article. Sees

A GUN

in Lefty's hand.

(CONTINUED)

121.

(2)

112 CONTINUED:

LEFTY

That's a fucking Federal boat,
Donnie. That's our boat.

D9NNIE

Hold on a minute, Left. The boat
with Trafficante? That ain't the
same boat.

LEFTY

Don't tell me that ain't the same
boat, Donn iel That' s a fuckin g
Federal boatl That's a Taiwan-
made boat, there's only, five like

that in the world.

DONNIE

I really don't think that's the same boat, Left.

LEFTY

Lookit that. You see that? 'The LeftHand.' That's like my name.

DONNIE

Maybe her brother's a fucking agent . How would I know? I thought he was in real estate.

LEFTY

Ain't the question, Donnie. You still ain't answered me why we're fucking on a fucking Federal fucking boat!

DONNIE

You're right, Left. I'm a fucking rat.

LEFTY

You're a rat?

DONNIE

I met your girls. I talked to Tommy for you I don't know how many fucking times. I don't know how many times I had dinner with you and Louise. I lived with you, Left-- partners. Five fucking years, I ever had a hundred bucks in my pocket, I gave you half. And the whole time I was a fucking rat. You're right.

LEFTY

Donnie--did I say you was a rat, Donnie?

(CONTINUED)

122.

112 CONTINUED: (3)

DONNIE

You'd have to be the biggest fucking mutt in the history of the Mafia.

LEFTY

You fucking laxed, Donnie. Don't get on your high horses.

DONNIE'S POV

as Bruno emerges from the boat. Lights a cigarette. Looks around,

DONNIE

Shit. He's up again.

LEFTY

How the fuck am I supposed to explain this to Sonny?

DONNIE

You ask me it's the funniest fucking thing in the world. Those fucking agents could scam

Senators and Congressmen and
meanwhile we had a party on their
boat and they didn't get a
fucking thing on us. Sonny'll
laugh his ass off.

LEFTY

Where is the joke, Donnie?

DONNIE

We outsmarted the agents. We got
a higher Z .Q. than the fuckin g
Congressmen.

LEFTY

You got so many black marks on
you now, Donnie, a fucking
Einstein couldn't count them.

DONNIE

What black marks?

LEFTY

That time with the luggage and/
uh, uh...the other time.

DONNIE

Are we gonna whack this fucking
guy or not?

LEFTY

I ain't no fucking mutt, Donnie.
Donnie checks the action on his gun...

(CONTINUED)

123.

112 CONTINUED: (4)

D O N N I E

How the fuck did I know it was a
fucking Federal boat?

LEFTY

I die wit'cha. I ' m your best
friend, Donnie.

Donnie opens the door, climbs out/ gun in hand.

DONNIE

That's right, Left--you're my
best friend.

"Your best friend is the one who kills you." Donnie FREEZES. Lefty
looks at him.

LEFTY' S GUN

pointed at Donnie's back...As his finger moves toward the trigger.

Then su dde nly --

LIGHT EXPLODES

from police cherrytops. . . SWARMS of FBI MEN in blue windbreakers with
big wh ite lette rs-- "FBI"-- descend o n the car, guns draw n. They G RAB

Donnie and Lefty. Jules hustles Donnie away.

LEFTY

(calling)

Donnie, don't say nothing. Don't
say nothing to them.

JULES

Congratulations. It's over, Joe.

DONNIE

What do you mean, it's over?

JULES
You're coming out.

DONNIE
What the fuck--? Nobody--. I'm
not coming out.

JULES
It's over, Joe.

DONNIE
It's not over. I'm too close!
Donnie starts to run. FBI MEN are on top of him, wrestling him down.
Donnie STRUGGLES, exchanges a look with Lefty as he's dragged away.
(CONTINUED)

124,

(5)

112 CONTINUED:

LEFTY
Donnie, don't say nothing!