

INT. BROOKLYN PUB - DUSK

A well worn mahogany bar with ivory railings, black and white pictures depicting generations of patrons contrasted with several modern TV screens and a large projector displaying various sports channels.

BAR PATRONS hover over a myriad of simple drinks, some engaged in animated conversation, others blearily staring at the screens above.

TOM, 30s caucasian waiter is seen talking to MARTA 20s, cute gothic bartender.

MARTA

You're too nice, Tom. I would tell my teacher to fuck off if they ever asked that of me.

TOM

Well it's part of the process, I guess.

MARTA

Okay, okay. But if you need me to throw some bows you just let me know.

Toms laughs but it's cut short.

DANA (O.S.)

JC!

DANA, 30s, short and loud Italian American pointing towards a set of double doors leading to an outside patio.

TWO MEN can be seen arguing outside.

JC, 20s Argentinian barback, goatee and long hair sprints toward the double doors. He is followed quickly by TOM, 30s caucasian waiter, kind eyes, handsome.

COMMOTION grows outside as the two exit the bar onto...

EXT. PUB PATIO - DUSK

A simple enclosure with fading lime green picnic tables.

ROSS, 30s caucasian, local rugby team captain and overgrown frat boy is measuring up JOEY, 30s, bald Italian American man, chest puffed out to offset his short stature.

Both are flanked by their perspective "crews".

<p>JOEY ...see you talking to my wife one last time, I'll break your fucking neck...</p>	<p>ROSS ...sit down and shut the fuck up. She started talking to me in the first place...</p>
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JC steps between the two, attempting to spread his long arms outward to separate them. Tom joins focusing on pushing back Ross, while JC keeps Joey at bay.

<p>JC It's okay, calm down.</p>	<p>TOM Hey, come-on guys, take it easy.</p>
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<p>JOEY This piece of shit thinks he can hit on my fucking wife right in front of me? Are you fucking kidding me?</p>	<p>ROSS No one was hitting on your wife, bro. You need to chill the fuck out.</p>
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Joey starts aggressively pushing JC trying to get to Ross.

<p>JC Hey! Stop! Calm down, man.</p>	<p>ROSS (CONT'D) Yeah? You want to come at me? I dare you, bro!</p>
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<p>JOEY I'll fucking kill you, you fucking fat faggot.</p>	<p>TOM Let's take this outside the bar, guys. Please.</p>
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Dana emerges from the double doors.

DANA
Joey, you need to leave, now!

Joey backs off a little.

JOEY
This little faggot needs to fuck
off before he ends up in the
fucking dirt.

ROSS
Ain't nobody hitting on your wife,
bro, chill the fuck out.

JC gestures towards the bar.

JC
Come-on, let's go. Take this
outside.

Joey throws up his hands.

JOEY
 Fuck this place. Let's go, babe.
 Get your shit.

JOEY'S WIFE and his group of friends move back into the bar heading towards the front door.

Tom keeps Ross in check, creating as much distance between the two as possible, but Ross can't keep his mouth shut, pushing back into...

INT. BROOKLYN PUB - DUSK

JC is moving Joey toward the front door followed by Joey's crew of Italian American friends and wife.

Other bar patrons look on, some stand and move out of the way as the commotion continues.

ROSS
 Fucking asshole. This is our bar,
 bro.

JOEY
 Your bar? This is my fucking neighborhood. You're lucky I don't fucking put your skull into a fucking wall you piece of shit.

TOM
 Guys, please. Outside, please. There's other people here.

Joey starts knocking beer glasses off high top tables.

JOEY (CONT'D)
 Come on motherfucker. Just you and me, let's see who ends up fucking dead on the fucking floor.

ROSS
 Keep talking, bro. Go home and take your skank ass little wife with you too.

Joey lunges toward Ross, JC holds him back with all his strength. Ross pushes into Tom, squeezing him between Joey's larger friends.

TOM
 Cut it out!

DANA
 Joey! Take it outside before I call the cops!

JOEY
 That's fucking it, you fuck, you're fucking dead, you fucking, fuck. I'll fucking kill you, you fuck.

ROSS
 Okay, okay. Whatever tough guy. Keep talking shit. See who gets hurt.

At this point Joey starts pushing over high top tables. One table slams into a patrons low top knocking food all over the floor.

Dana on her phone inaudibly panicking.

TOM

Come on, dude. I gotta clean that up...JC lets just...get him out, please.

JC gets more aggressive, pushing the smaller Joey to the front door until suddenly Joey slips around and pushes JC out instead, his friends piling out behind him.

Outside you can see Joey grab a METAL CIGARETTE DISPENSER from in front of the door and swings it at JC.

JC dodges and runs chased by Joey and his friends.

DANA

JC!!

EXT. SIDEWALK - DUSK

Bursting out the front door, Tom, still with his half-apron around his waist screams after the men.

TOM

Whoah, whoah, whoah! Stop!

Tom rushes down the sidewalk, PEDESTRIANS stopping in their tracks to watch the chaos.

TOM (CONT'D)

JC!! Hey, stop, guys!

In an instant, Joey's largest friend turns, pulling a right-hook directly into Tom's brow, sending him reeling onto the concrete, blood spraying.

A dazed Tom reaches up to his brow, blood pushing through his fingers, a large gash from one end of his left eyebrow to the other.

MARTA (O.S.)

Shit, Tom!

Marta kneels down beside, Tom.

MARTA (CONT'D)

Grab some towels!

DANA

I called the police. Is he okay?

MARTA

You okay? Fucking assholes.

TOM

I'm okay. I'm okay. Not the first time I've been knocked on my ass.

POLICE SIRENS are heard in the distance.

MARTA

Just sit. We've got some ice coming.

HECTOR, 20s a Mexican American cook kneels beside Tom with a hand full of towels wrapped around ice.

HECTOR

You okay, man? Fucking hell, man.

Tom grabs the towel and presses it to his brow, it quickly soaks with blood.

TOM

Thanks man. Fucking assholes didn't even tip I bet.

Tom chuckles, always light hearted. Marta and Hector can't help but laugh.

We hear a POLICE SIREN approach and stop. Sounds of RADIO CHATTER as we..

FADE TO BLACK.

INSERT WORKING TITLE

FADE IN:

INT. BROOKLYN PUB BASEMENT OFFICE - DAY

TWO DAYS LATER

Cramped, exposed dusty brick, a small desk littered with papers. Tom, left eye swollen shut, a string of stitches in his brow sits across from REUBEN, 40s, Columbian American, twitchy and fast talking bar manager.

REUBEN

I'm sorry, it's not possible.

TOM

But this happened while I was on the clock. How could that not be covered by workers comp?

REUBEN

It's like I said, you were outside the bar when it happened. We're not liable.

TOM

Reuben, man. My hospital bills are over ten grand. I can't afford to pay that. I barely make \$400 a week here and with school I'm already topped out with loans.

Reuben gets up.

REUBEN

I wish I could help, but I can't.

Tom stands.

TOM

Are you kidding me? That's it?

Reuben walks out without another word.

INT. BROOKLYN PUB - DAY

A FOOTBALL GAME echos around the room. Tom waits at the end of the bar, deflated.

Marta passes two beers to Tom from behind the bar.

Out of focus in the back is DANNY, 40s loud, cocky Puerto Rican.

DANNY

Marta! Hey Marta! Lemme get a Bud!

Marta gives Tom a supportive look. Tom smiles despite himself. She squeezes his arm before walking away

MARTA

Keep your shirt on, Danny.

It's game day and the bar is crowded with PATRONS. Tom weaves through the small crowd towards a table of HIPSTER types.

TOM

Two IPAs?

BEARDED HIPSTER

Yup!

He drops them off then moves back towards the POS station in the the corner. LARRY LOVE, 50s, hair slicked back, mustachioed, diamond pinky ring, Italian American stops him and points to his empty martini.

LARRY LOVE

Hey, Tom, lemme get another.

TOM

You got it, Larry.

Tom stops at the POS and starts punching in orders.

In the background behind him through the front door steps PATTY GUIDO, 40s, bald, heavyweight Italian tough guy, leather jacket. He starts weaving his way towards Tom.

PATTY

Hey, pal.

Tom turns. Patty is overly friendly in a slightly aggressive way.

PATTY (CONT'D)

You the guy?

TOM

Excuse me?

PATTY

The guy that got hit?

Tom can't help himself from pointing to his swollen eye.

PATTY (CONT'D)

Patty.

TOM

Tom.

They shake hands.

PATTY

You got a sec?

Tom looks back inquisitively.

PATTY (CONT'D)

Can we talk for a sec? I need to talk to you. Won't take, but a minute.

TOM
I've got to take care of some
orders first-

Patty puts his large hand on Tom's shoulder and grins making
Tom uncomfortable.

PATTY
Won't take, but a sec.

TOM
Okay.

PATTY
Let's talk outside. It's too loud.
Won't take but a sec.

Patty gestures towards the double doors leading to the patio.

EXT. PATIO - DAY

Tom takes a seat across from Patty. They're alone. Patio is
closed to patrons.

PATTY
It's my understanding you got mixed
up in some misfortune last night.

Tom nods.

PATTY (CONT'D)
You went to the police?

TOM
They took a statement in their car.

PATTY
Then what?

TOM
I went to the hospital to get
stitches. What's this about?

PATTY
You ID anyone?

TOM
I'm sorry?

PATTY
ID. Did you identify anyone from
last night?

Tom stays silent.

PATTY (CONT'D)

I'll get to the point. The guy they picked up last night for questioning, he's a good kid. That rugby guy was being a piece of shit. The point is my friend has two strikes against him already. He can't get a third. He just had a kid. Did you know this?

TOM

No.

PATTY

He's a good kid. He can't go to jail. You understand me?

Patty leans forward, his massive frame shadowing Tom.

TOM

Look, I'm not trying to make anyone go to prison. I'm just trying to make sure my hospital bill gets taken care of. Ruben said he wouldn't cover it-

PATTY

How much?

Patty sits back and stares at Tom, sizing him up.

TOM

Look I don't want anyone to get into trouble. Especially someone with a kid. I just gotta take care of myself that's all.

PATTY

You let me handle that. We can take care of you and then some, as long as you promise not to press charges.

Tom hesitates. Patty leans in again.

PATTY (CONT'D)

You want us to help. Trust me.

TOM

Okay...

PATTY

Great. We have a deal?

Patty holds out his fat sausage hand.

Tom takes it and Patty grins.

PATTY (CONT'D)

You're doing the right thing.
Gimmie a couple days and I'll send
a guy by with an envelope.

TOM

Okay, which day, cause my schedule-

PATTY

Don't worry about it. We'll take
care of it.

Patty stands. Tom follows his lead.

PATTY (CONT'D)

You're doing the right thing. I'll
check back in a few days after my
guy comes through. You're doing the
right thing.

Patty moves around the table and claps Tom on the shoulder
before heading back into the bar. Tom takes several deep
breaths slightly shaking.

TOM

Fuck me...

FADE OUT.

ONE WEEK LATER

INT. BROOKLYN PUB - DAY

Tom is working behind the bar. His swelling has gone down
allowing him to see out of the once shut eye. BRIAN, 50s, a
neighborhood drunk, his face already flushed red from too
many drinks, sings along with Sinatra over the bar playlist.

BRIAN

Let me see, another star. Let me
see what life is like on, Jupiter
and Mars...

Tom finishes pouring a Dewers into a rocks glass before
topping it off with water and sliding it over to Brian.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
You're beautiful.

Brian smiles big, singing to himself and rocking back and forth.

PATTY (O.S.)
Told me that Brad Pitt was gonna be
in it, but they fucked that all up.

Tom turns his attention to Patty at the end of the bar talking big shit to another NEIGHBORHOOD GUY who eggs him on.

NEIGHBORHOOD GUY
No shit.

PATTY
Needless to say my cousin was
fucking pissed. That's fucking
Hollywood for you though. Bunch of
fucking crooks.
(to Tom)
Two more for me and my friend.

Tom nods and snags two more Budweisers from the ice bin behind the bar and slides them over to Patty and his new friend.

PATTY (CONT'D)
Thanks, pal.

Tom hesitates.

TOM
Hey...Patty?

PATTY
What's up, pal?

Tom hesitates again.

TOM
(lowers his voice)
Do you know when your guy is
supposed to come by?

Patty pauses in his chair before responding. His smile dropping.

PATTY
He didn't come?

TOM
No.

PATTY

You sure?

TOM

Pretty sure.

PATTY

Huh. Funny. Pretty sure he came by.

TOM

Not to me. Maybe he gave it to Ruben or Danny? I asked them to help keep an eye out.

PATTY

I told him to give it directly to you.

Patty regards Tom.

PATTY (CONT'D)

Funny.

A long beat.

PATTY (CONT'D)

I'll check with my guy.

TOM

Sure. Just wanted to check. No rush.

Patty puts his smile back on.

PATTY

No problem. I'll call him. Make sure he comes by.

Tom nods and quickly moves off.

TWO WEEKS LATER

INT. BROOKLYN PUB - NIGHT

RONNY, 40s, barrel chested with a sleeping infant strapped into a bjorn lays down a hundred dollar bill on top of his \$20 tab.

RONNY

Thanks, Tom.

Ronny waves as he exits.

The bar is empty except for one quiet patron scrolling through his phone in the corner, a quarter of a beer sitting in front of him.

Tom, behind the bar waves back watching Ronny disappear down the sidewalk, smiling at the generous tip. The swelling in his eye has receded considerably, leaving only a yellowish bruising behind.

He turns to the register, depositing the cash. The sound of the DOOR OPENING. He turns, his face dropping quickly.

Patty Guido enters followed by FRANK, heavysset like Patty, but stockier, with a cold unmoving expression.

PATTY

Tom! Get me and my friend here a
bourbon would ya?

Patty puts down a twenty.

TOM

Sure, Patty.

Tom moves off to pour the drinks as Patty and Frank take a seat at the end of the bar.

As Tom pours the drinks he notices them both scanning the bar. They look towards the lonely patron then to Tom. Patty leans to Frank and whispers something low and inaudible.

Tom moves back to the pair and sets down the drinks.

PATTY

Tom, this is my friend Frank.
Frank, this is Tom.

TOM

Nice to meet you.

Frank stares right through Tom. No expression.

TOM (CONT'D)

Enjoy fellas.

Patty grins and holds up his drink.

PATTY

Salute.

Tom starts to move off.

PATTY (CONT'D)

I talked to my guy.

Tom stops in his tracks, turns, trying to look casual.

TOM
Yeah?

PATTY
Yeah. He said he dropped off the envelope.

TOM
Oh?

PATTY
You never got it?

TOM
No, Patty, I swear. I never got it. Maybe he gave it to Ruben or Danny? I asked them to be on the lookout. Did he say?

PATTY
Strange.

Tom doesn't know how to respond. As if saved by the grace of God, a new patron walks into the door with a friend.

TOM
Hey. Welcome. What can I get you guys?

PATRON 1
Just water to start. Is your kitchen still open?

TOM
No it closed at 11.

PATRON 1
Damn.

PATRON 2
Let's just get a quick drink. I'm tired anyway.

They sit. Tom pours them water and glances back over to Patty and Frank who are talking close and staring back at Tom. Tom's hair stands up on the back of his neck.

TIME PASSAGE

The last two patrons walking out the front door.

TOM
Thanks, guys.

Tom turns to Patty and Frank.

PATTY
...had to beat that motherfucker
stupid. You should have seen the
look on his face.
(to Tom)
Tom, let's get another.

TOM
Sorry guys, we're closing up.

PATTY
Come on. Just one more.

TOM
(lying)
Ruben already text me and told me
to close up.

PATTY
One more. Won't hurt. Don't make me
beg.

Patty smiles that fake smile while Frank stares on,
expressionless having said barely two words all night.

TOM
Sure. One more, then I have to
close up.

PATTY
No problem.

Tom pours two more drinks before sliding them over.

TOM
On me.

PATTY
Salute.

Tom starts counting his register and calculating his sales as
quickly as he can while Patty cackles and moves from one
story to the next, while Frank just regards him with a nod,
catching a glance towards Tom here and there.

PATTY (CONT'D)
This girl was at least a 9. I'm
talking the whole package.
(MORE)

PATTY (CONT'D)

I took her to Frankies, spent almost a grand on this broad and not even a handjob. Nothing.

Patty shoots his drink.

Frank follows suit.

PATTY (CONT'D)

Just one more over here, Tom.

TOM

Please guys, I told you I have to close up.

Patty leans on the bar.

PATTY

I said one more.

Tom freezes at the tone then nods and prepares the drinks before sliding them over.

Patty's cheerful demeanor returns instantly.

PATTY (CONT'D)

Salute.

Patty sips his drink and glances at Tom.

PATTY (CONT'D)

I'm going for a smoke. I'll be back to finish that.

Patty gets up and steps out the front door with Frank following.

Tom watches.

Outside they light up, talking closely with each other, occasionally looking back through the window at Tom.

TOM

(under his breath)

Fuck. Fuck.

Tom continues to work in the foreground while Patty and Frank smoke outside. After what feels like an eternity they put out their cigarettes and walk back inside.

PATTY

Getting fucking cold outside. Looks like New York's skipping fall again.

Patty and Frank take their seats. Both sipping their drinks. The tension palpable.

Suddenly Tom makes a quick decision.

TOM
I just gotta run down stairs and
wrap up and then I gotta close up.
You guys good?

Patty just stares.

Tom hurries through the back of the bar.

INT. BASEMENT PREP ROOM - NIGHT

Tom shuffles through the prep room full of stainless steel surfaces, large white freezers and boxes of beer, wine and supplies. He's searching frantically until he stops suddenly at the sight of something.

TOM
Fuck it.

He reaches into a mass of kitchen utensils pulling out a LARGE KITCHEN KNIFE. He looks at it and shakes his head before hiding it down the back of his pants.

INT. BROOKLYN PUB - NIGHT

Tom emerges from the backroom trying to act casual.

TOM
Okay guys. Gotta wrap it up. Thanks
for coming in.

Patty and Frank don't move. They just stare at Tom in silence.

Tom forces a smile.

TOM (CONT'D)
Just gonna hit the lights.

Tom shuts down the POS and flicks the bar lights off. An eerie darkness settles over the room. Patty and Frank don't move.

Tom grabs his book bag from behind the bar and moves toward the door, stopping about ten feet from it. He pulls his keys out.

TOM (CONT'D)

Sorry guys, but Ruben's orders.
Gotta get outta here. I got class
in the morning anyway.

Patty and Frank stare at him for a long uncomfortable moment before Patty's fake smile returns to his face.

PATTY

Sure, pal.
(to Frank)
Let's go.

They both get up but don't move toward the door.

Tom makes a decision and then moves quickly to the door, keeping his body open towards the pair, afraid to turn his back. He opens the front and steps backwards outside, holding the door open for them.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Patty and Frank step slowly out the door and stop just outside on the sidewalk. Tom locks the front door, keeping his body at an open angle.

TOM

Well you two have a good night. See
you next time.

Patty and Frank just stare.

Tom takes a few steps backwards before turning and walking away, the cold steel of the knife pressing against his back. His pace quickens before taking one last look behind him.

Patty and Frank still standing there. Staring. Unmoving.

CUT TO BLACK.