

YONKERS JOE

by

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We hear crinkling of paper under furtive whispers.

JOE JR. (O.S.)
These are the titties... Don't forget to
suck them.

NEIL (O.S.)
Can I bite them?

A flashlight pans the darkness and settles upon a centerfold of a beautiful, naked WOMAN. Her name, 'Sara', is autographed at the bottom of the page.

JOE JR. (O.S.)
Nibble. Never bite.

The fingers head south, pointing at the crotch.

JOE JR. (O.S.)
This is the pubic mound. Pay attention.

NEIL (O.S.)
Can I bite it?

JOE JR. (O.S.)
First you rub it -- then you bite it.

The lights pop on, revealing a brightly painted life enrichment room. It has three stoves, three fridges, two sinks and shelves full of pots and pans.

SIMON, an orderly, enters the room. Three mentally challenged clients are sitting at a table, looking at a nudie mag.

JOE DUMA, JR. has slanting eyes, tiny ears, and protruding lips. He's wearing a hooded robe and looks like a boxer after a fight instead of a (20) year old with Down Syndrome.

The two other clients, NEIL (17) and MICHAEL (19), are dressed in oversized pajamas. Their eyes widen as Simon moves closer.

SIMON
Alright, boys, lights out was three hours ago. What is it now?

JOE JR.
(holds up magazine)
Sara.

SIMON
What are you planning to do with that?

NEIL

First you rub it, then you bite it.

Simon takes the mag, folds it, and slips it into his back pocket. He looks at Joe Jr.

SIMON

Let's see if they put up with this kind'a crap once you get to the group home.

Joe's face turns hard.

JOE JR.

I'm not going there.

Michael stands and grabs the nudie-mag from Simon's pocket. Simon catches it, but Michael won't let go. The magazine rips, sending Michael crashing back onto the chair.

Joe Jr. jumps to his feet and yanks the magazine away from Simon -- then hands it back to his friend. Simon grabs Joe Jr. by the arm -- tugging him hard.

SIMON

Let's go, Joe-Joe...

Joe wiggles out of his grasp and deftly places Simon in a wrestling hold.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Joe! That hurts...

When Joe Jr. sees the sharp pain in Simon's eyes he becomes alarmed and releases him. Simon grabs Joe by the collar and yanks him towards the door.

SIMON (CONT'D)

That's it! You're going to Santini.

JOE JR.

Fuck you, passion fruit!

Joe Jr. jerks away, then angrily plods after him. Neil and Michael stare wide-eyed as they watch their idol go.

2 EXT. LODI, NEW JERSEY - DAY

2

Cars line both sides of a narrow street in this run-down, blue collar neighborhood. Construction sites invade the area.

A neon sign atop a dive bar pumps red letters onto the sidewalk that reads: DEW DROP INN.

3 OMITTED

3

4 INT. BATHROOM - DIVE BAR - DAY 4

A trim, graceful man stands in a locked stall arranging playing cards on the tank of the toilet. He wraps the deck in a rubber band then conceals it in a hidden pouch sewn inside the flap of his jacket. This is YONKERS JOE.

5 INT. DIVE BAR - DAY 5

It's a shadowy, masculine joint -- somewhat eerie. The BARTENDER peruses a racing form while a few HARD-HATS play Joker Poker by the wall. Two hammer-faced THUGS sit quietly at the curve of the bar.

Yonkers comes out of the bathroom.

The two thugs eye him as he crosses the bar and enters another room.

6 INT. BACK ROOM - DIVE BAR - DAY 6

The room stores all the liquor and bar supplies. A poker table with six MEN seated around it sits in the middle.

MICKEY RUBIN (40s), a rough, Atlantic City pit-boss type, has just won a hand and is raking in the pot.

Yonkers takes his seat next to Mickey.

MICKEY

Whadda ya got a little hand action goin' on back there?

YONKERS

(feigns a smile)

Why don't you ask your two guys to come on back and join us?

MICKEY

Yeah, so that cocksucker Flip can moon-walk outta here before he sees me. They're good where they are.

STANLEY MINKOV (50s), whose cherubic face and bow-tie belie his crafty nature, steals a glance at Mickey.

STANLEY

Who's deal?

TEDDY OLIVER, a handsome, colorfully dressed man in his mid-thirties, slides the deck to Mickey.

Mickey picks up the cards and shuffles them.

MICKEY

What time that prick say he's gettin'
back?

Teddy chucks a matchbook at the closet door. He speaks with a slight Cajun accent.

TEDDY

Why don't you just deal the damn cards...

Mickey pushes the cards in front of Yonkers to cut.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

...I'm waiting on him -- same as you.

Yonkers cuts the deck and Mickey begins to deal.

MICKEY

One for you... One for you... and for
the little boy in the blue...

Mickey's winning and enjoys rubbing it in. The game is seven card stud. He finishes dealing and peeks at his cards. He has a pair of kings in the hole and another one showing -- three kings wired.

Yonkers has a ten up, Stanley shows a jack of hearts, and FITZ, a sixty-year old dude in a thirty year old suit, has the three of spades.

FITZ

Low card bets ten.

STANLEY

Call.

Stanley calls the bet.

YONKERS

I'll raise.

Yonkers doubles the pot.

MICKEY

I call.

Fitz, Teddy and the rest of the players fold, except for Stanley, who calls the raise.

Mickey continues dealing. He gives Yonkers another ten. Stanley catches the deuce of hearts and Mickey deals himself an off five.

YONKERS

Pair of tens bets a seventy.

MICKEY

Raisin cake!

Mickey doubles the pot.

Stanley peeks at his hole cards. They're both hearts, matching the two he already has showing on the table.

STANLEY

One-forty, huh...? I think you got me in a trap -- I'll call anyway.

Yonkers calls the raise and Mickey deals the third up card. Yonkers receives another ten. He now has three tens showing.

Mickey gives Stanley the ten of spades, killing Yonkers' fourth ten and Stanley's flush. He deals himself an off seven.

MICKEY

So much for your four tens.

YONKERS

Don't need it. Bet the pot.

MICKEY

I'll call.

Mickey pushes his chips in.

STANLEY

Can't do it, men.

Stanley folds.

Mickey picks up the cards and deals Yonkers a four, then gives himself a seven -- pairing them and making a full house. He believes he has the best hand because the card that can beat him, the fourth ten, has been discarded.

MICKEY

Your bet.

YONKERS

Check.

MICKEY

There's fourteen and change in the pot.

Mickey doesn't have enough chips to match the pot.

STANLEY

You can go all in, if you want.

Mickey sneers back at Stanley.

MICKEY

The game's pot limit, not table stakes...

I can go to my pocket.

(To Yonkers)

Will you take a check?

YONKERS

I can't beat three kings full.

MICKEY

I don't have three kings full.

Yonkers looks at the man for a long time.

YONKERS

Really.

Mickey fills out a check and chucks it into the pot. Then stares at Yonkers -- challenging him with his look.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

No guts, no glory.

YONKERS

All right... I'll call.

Yonkers counts out his chips and puts them into the pot. Mickey deals Yonkers and himself a last card.

MICKEY

(he peeks at his card)

I'm sorry, but I have to bet the pot.

YONKERS

There's over four thousand dollars in there. You sure you don't have three kings full?

Mickey scribbles his name over another check.

MICKEY

Now there's eight.

Yonkers looks at his last card.

YONKERS

Teddy, call the bet.

Teddy pulls a thick wad of cash from his pocket. He counts out four thousand dollars and lays it on the table.

YONKERS (CONT'D)
I'm just gonna call you.

Yonkers flips his cards over. He has three hidden aces to match his three tens.

YONKERS (CONT'D)
Aces, full.

Distrust outweighs the disbelief pouring from Mickey's face.

MICKEY
...You played that hand to catch an ace?

YONKERS
There were only two out and both were in my hand. You said you didn't have the full house.

Mickey looks at all the men around the table with growing suspicion. Then turns back to Yonkers and speaks in a low accusatory voice.

MICKEY
In all the years that I've been playing cards, I've never seen a hand like this. You sure there's nothing funny going on?

Mickey sees Yonkers eyes held straight to meet his.

YONKERS
Do you want your money back?

MICKEY
Huh?

YONKERS
You shuffled the cards and dealt them. I can't help the way the hand turns out. That's why they call it gambling. If you don't like it -- take your money back.

Mickey sits still, unsure and a little cautious.

YONKERS (CONT'D)
Go on... Take it.

Mickey doesn't answer. He looks at each player as if he were snapping a picture of them -- Suddenly he jerks up and points a crooked finger at Yonkers, shouting at him.

MICKEY

Just tell that filthy stink-pile, that
when I catch him -- his ass is FUCKED!

In an instant the two thugs from the bar charge in and take up positions next to Mickey. Yonkers looks at both of them, then turns back to Mickey.

YONKERS

Take your finger out of my face.

A beat, then Mickey lowers his arm and storms out of the room, with thugs in tow.

The men continue with the game until they hear Mickey's car drive off. Then Stanley puts his palm on his chest. It's the hustler's "George" sign -- meaning everything is cool.

When Fitz sees the "George" sign he throws his cards down. The rest of the shills do the same.

Stanley reaches for the checks but Teddy snaps them up first. Stanley shakes his head. Yonkers turns to Teddy.

YONKERS

I told you I didn't want no cover.

TEDDY

I didn't give you any cover.

YONKERS

What was that with throwing the matches?

TEDDY

Damn Flip, you can see him peekin'
through the crack like some big eyed bug.

FLIP (40s), slinks out of the closet -- he's been hiding in there the entire time. He's a bundle of nerves and energy.

FLIP

What was I gonna do? He showed up early.
If he saw me -- that would'a been it...
(to Yonkers)
Don't you think that cooler was a bit
strong?

STANLEY

The cooler's gotta be that way, otherwise
he ain't gonna make the last bet.
(to Yonkers)
How come you took down the hand? You
usually make me the hero.

YONKERS

I knew he'd steam at the end.

Yonkers gives Flip a reassuring look.

YONKERS (cont'd)
He'll cool off. He didn't see nothing.

FLIP
...I didn't see nothing! How the hell
did you make him deal the cooler?

Yonkers smiles. He opens his jacket and shows Flip the hidden pocket on the inside flap. He lifts a matching deck of cards from that pocket and clenches the edges of it between his pinkie and forefinger -- then presses the deck against the side of the table.

Teddy pushes the cards on the table before Yonkers to cut.

Yonkers slides the deck into his hand and allows it to drop between his legs -- simultaneously replacing it with the cooler deck already in his hand.

Flip's eyes flood with admiration. It looks like all Yonkers did was cut the cards.

FLIP
You came in on the cut... unbelievable.

Yonkers smiles graciously then turns to the men at the table.

YONKERS
All right -- who wants to go first?

Stanley looks at Teddy with suspicious eyes. Teddy returns the look.

The men all stand and remove their jackets. Each one goes through the other's pockets. They reveal the flaps of their trousers -- proving that they're empty. They raise their cuffs and show their socks. It's a ritual they perform after every score in order to keep each other honest. They think nothing of it.

7 EXT. DUPLEX APARTMENT - YONKERS, NY - MORNING 7

A baby-blue, Fleetwood Brougham sits in front of a two-story walk-up in this slow, residential neighborhood.

8 INT. APARTMENT - MORNING 8

Racing forms are stacked like newspapers next to a gigantic TV. The la-z-boy recliner and sofa sit too close to the screen.

Yonkers is seated at the kitchen table. He has a few of the forms and a sports sheet laid out neatly before him.

The phone is clutched between his shoulder and ear. He dials like a writer at the keyboard -- using all of his fingers.

YONKERS

Wayne, Joe from Yonkers. Did ya get the results from Belmont...? Yeah, I couldn't get back to you last night. Whadda ya showing on Boston...? Christ, you really moved that one... All right -- I call you right back.

He puts his finger over the receiver as he writes down the lines -- then lets go, and dials.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

Jeff, it's Joe. Whadda you showing on Boston... No room there... Lemme have the Knicks plus seven and a half, for a dime -- and gimme Othick's Revenge in the late Double at Hialeah -- fifty dollar box...

The call waiting beeps in -

YONKERS (CONT'D)

Lemme call you back.
(Clicks in call waiting)
Hello?

As Yonkers listens -- his look turns serious. The sun slants in through the windows, casting hard shadows across his face.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

...All right... I'll be there tomorrow...

He hangs up.

9 INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY 9

Yonkers' right hand comes off the steering wheel. He has a pair of casino sized dice comfortably concealed between his thumb and forefinger. He pushes his sunglasses up on the bridge of his nose without dropping or revealing the hidden dice.

10 EXT. DEVELOPMENTAL CENTER - WHITE PLAINS, NY - DAY 10

Yonkers pulls into a parking lot and passes a gate that reads: A.R.H.C. EAST HILLS.

11 INT. DEVELOPMENTAL CENTER - CORRIDOR - DAY 11

Yonkers walks alongside of IRENE SANTINI (40s), the chief administrator. She speaks with a heavy New York accent.

SANTINI

He participates. It's not that... The others love him -- he's always been a model client.

YONKERS

Then what is it?

SANTINI

As you know, he's very high functioning -- reads, writes, excellent comprehension... But his mood swings are... intense.

YONKERS

Mrs. Santini, what did he do?

SANTINI

It's not just one incident. His whole attitude is growing more and more hostile. In the twelve years he's been with us he's never used profanity like this -- he's acting out physically against our administrators, and...

YONKERS

What?

SANTINI

...He masturbates.

YONKERS

So do I. Is that against the rules?

Beat.

SANTINI

Ever since we told Joe he'd be leaving for the group home -- his behavior's become unbearable.

YONKERS

Okay, I'll donate more. Whatever it takes until he gets over this.

SANTINI

It's not a question of money. He turns twenty-one in three weeks. He must move on. But I can't authorize that kind of step if he doesn't want to go.

YONKERS

So what are you suggesting?

SANTINI

You need to come pick up your son next
Wednesday morning.

Yonkers stares back at her -- speechless.

SANTINI (CONT'D)

I know this comes as a shock...

YONKERS

Shock... I can't take him with me. It's
impossible. I'm a salesman -- you know
that. I'm on the road constantly.

She smiles, trying to put a positive spin on the situation.

SANTINI

But that's perfect. Joe loves to travel.
He takes buses and subways everywhere, by
himself. It's in his I.E.P.

YONKERS

Are you saying I should bring him to work
with me?

SANTINI

He can't stay here. He attacked an
employee. We have a 'no tolerance' rule
against that sort of thing. And I can
tell you now -- so will the group home.

YONKERS

What happens if I don't take him?

SANTINI

Then I'll have to refer you to some state-
run facilities.

YONKERS

Irene, you would do that...? You know
what those places are like.

SANTINI

I'm not the one who makes that decision,
you are.

YONKERS

Isn't there any other place -- until he's
ready for the group home?

SANTINI

Well, there's Golden Handles, a private
facility in Greenberg. But it's
expensive.

YONKERS

How much?

SANTINI

I don't know off hand.

YONKERS

You got a ballpark?

SANTINI

It's a great deal of money, Joe -- Plus there's a lot of red tape involved.

YONKERS

What... I gotta produce tax forms, work stubs -- that nonsense?

SANTINI

The whole nine.

Yonkers looks like he's just had the wind knocked out of him.

SANTINI (CONT'D)

Look, the logical step for Joe is the group home. It's where he belongs. He can get a job and live productively.

YONKERS

That's all I want.

SANTINI

Good. If you take him now, he'll see what it's like to be with family -- and in six months you can reapply for the next transitive training session.

YONKERS

Six months?! You'll be killing this kid if you put him with me for six months.

SANTINI

He was supposed to enter the program in three weeks, right after his birthday. But he's simply not ready.

YONKERS

He'll be ready... Just tell me exactly what he needs to do.

She sees the panic in his face -- and offers him a thin but encouraging smile.

SANTINI

If you can get him to agree to go to the group home on his own -- and stop cursing and fighting in the next three weeks... I'll take another look at him.

Yonkers nods gratefully.

12 INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

12

Three mats lay under the gymnasium roof supported by ten concrete pillars. A dozen CLIENTS are dressed in gym clothes, surrounding two beefy BOYS in singlets and headgear, clinched together on the center mat.

Mrs. Santini enters the gym with Yonkers. They stand at the door and watch from a distance.

The SUPERVISOR breaks up the boys and orders one of them to the 'down' position. It's Joe Jr.

Yonkers stares at his son. There's a rueful expression on his face, one of guilt and longing.

At the whistle, Joe Jr. explodes from the clutches of his opponent and escapes to a standing position. His friends cheer him on.

Joe Jr. spots his father. His face turns hard. He looks back at his opponent and rushes him -- slamming him onto the mat. The other wrestler lets out a groan. The supervisor jumps in and pulls Joe Jr. off.

Joe Jr. bends down in an apologetic manner and helps his friend up. Then he looks at his father defiantly, and throws his arms in the air -- making the victory gesture.

JOE JR.

Joe Duma, the winner!

Santini gives Yonkers a sympathetic look.

13A EXT. YONKERS RACEWAY - YONKERS - NIGHT

13A

To establish.

13 INT. YONKERS RACEWAY - YONKERS - NIGHT

13

Yonkers is seated, overlooking the track, he looks as if his entire world is crashing in on him. Stanley is next to him.

STANLEY

They got a few pieces down but no craps -- BJ, Carib, some wheels.

(MORE)

STANLEY (cont'd)

The Rabbi's with it, so you'll be
pitching right out of the synagogue...
You'll grab a day's pay but you're gonna
have to deal from a shoe.

YONKERS

What happened with that other spot?

STANLEY

The main guy went off big in Atlantic
City.... He wants to cool it for a while.

Yonkers shakes his head in exasperation.

YONKERS

...I used to have three spots a night.
Now I can't get a five and ten dollar
poker game, cause these fuckin' casinos
got the entire planet broke.

STANLEY

Everything is "comped" with these pricks.

YONKERS

You know we could take'em off at the
craps table...

STANLEY

Take what -- the casino? There's mirrors
on every table, spotters everywhere, and
a fuckin' Eye in the Sky every twelve
feet apart. Whadda ya gonna take -- a
walk around the block?

YONKERS

The mirrors are on the sides of the
table. All I have to do is stand at the
end. We can never get away with using
tops, right?

Stanley nods.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

But a slight load would be impossible to
make on the switch. You know my move.

STANLEY

Your move's the best -- but the casinos put something in their craps to prevent anyone from switching them.

YONKERS

What're they using?

Stanley shrugs.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

We need to grab a pair of their dice.

STANLEY

It won't do you no good. They mark them on the premises. Then destroy them when they're through.

YONKERS

How come I never heard of this?

STANLEY

It's a Federal beef, Joe... Bumpsy did three and change for trying something at a casino -- and he's still on paper.

A beat, then Yonkers sips his coffee. Stanley rises.

STANLEY

My daughter's in town.... Don't worry. I'll get us something... Whadda ya gonna do about your kid?

YONKERS

I dunno... I dunno...

Stanley nods, then heads down the aisle towards the exit.

14 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 14

A hot sun swells over a river of asphalt. Heat ripples distort the oncoming vehicles.

15 INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY 15

It's Wednesday. Yonkers is driving. Joe Jr. is seated in the passenger's seat wearing a white, three piece suit. His suitcase and backpack are in the back.

Yonkers struggles for something to say.

YONKERS

Nice suit.

JOE JR.
It's white.

YONKERS
Yeah, I can see that... Joe, I'm sorry I haven't been around much... I've been traveling -- doing work things. I got your letters though... Thanks... I'm not much of a letter writer...

Joe Jr. has no reply.

YONKERS (CONT'D)
Whadda ya so worried about, you'll be back with your friends before you know it.

JOE JR.
(Lights up)
I can go back?

YONKERS
Yeah, to the new place.

JOE JR.
I'm not going there.

YONKERS
Listen, kid... ya gotta go. I mean, we'll talk about it more later -- but let's be realistic...

Joe Jr. gets a sly look in his eye.

JOE JR.
I know a girl...

A beat, then Yonkers gives him a suspicious look.

YONKERS
Oh yeah...

JOE JR.
She's pretty.

YONKERS
Is that right?

JOE JR.
She likes me very much.

Now Yonkers smiles.

YONKERS

Who can blame her... A nice kid like you.

Joe Jr.'s eyes glare out at his father.

JOE JR.

She showed me her clit! It's pink and very sensitive. Sometimes it hides on you and you have to find it with your tongue -- like this...

Joe Jr. flicks his tongue at him -- then turns silent and looks out the window. Yonkers shakes his head and ponders the impossible plight before him.

16 EXT. YONKERS' APARTMENT - DAY 16

Yonkers pulls up in front of his duplex and parks. Joe Jr.'s eyes play over the neighborhood -- He grabs his suitcase, along with his backpack and gets out of the car.

17 INT. YONKERS' APARTMENT - DAY 17

They enter.

YONKERS

You haven't been to this one. I like it here. Nobody passes any remarks or complains about what time I come in....

Joe Jr. scans the living room.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

See, these are some of the nice things about being on your own.

Joe Jr. removes a disheveled notebook from his backpack and reads from his own handwriting.

JOE JR.

288 Harrison Avenue. You take the one train and transfer to the number seven bus -- it stops at Tibbits Road. You walk two blocks and you're here.

Yonkers looks impressed.

YONKERS

Is that right? I didn't know that... Good for you.

Joe Jr. pulls a toothbrush from his back pocket and starts to scrub his teeth.

(MORE)

YONKERS (cont'd)

Why don't you throw your bags into the
first room.

Joe Jr. lifts his suitcase and heads down the hall.

18 INT. KITCHEN - LATER

18

A green felt is spread over the table. Yonkers picks up a pair of dice and drops them -- each time they change color (from red to white). He looks up and sees Joe Jr. watching from the hallway.

YONKERS
How's that robe?

Joe Jr. eyes are glued to the dice. He's wearing his father's robe and still damp from the shower.

JOE JR.
...It itches.

Yonkers turns his hand over revealing a hidden pair of dice.

YONKERS
It's a switch -- called a 'hop.' Come on, sit down -- I'll show ya something...

Joe Jr. remains standing.

Yonkers opens a new deck of cards and shuffles them up good. When he turns the cards over -- they're still in perfect order. It's an astonishing false shuffle, but Joe Jr. seems more interested in the dice.

YONKERS (CONT'D)
Do you remember this?

Yonkers demonstrates the second deal. He turns the top card over and uses his thumb to peel out the cards beneath it.

YONKERS (CONT'D)
You probably don't remember, but I used to deal deuces like this in front of you when you were a kid.

A thin smile curls the corner of Jr.'s lips. He remembers.

YONKERS (CONT'D)
See if you can catch me. Tell me when I'm pulling a second...

Yonkers flips the top card back over and continues to deal -- slowly turning the cards off the deck.

JOE JR.
There! You just took the second one.

YONKERS
That's good. You're right. Ya got me.

Joe Jr. pulls up a chair and sits. He likes the game.

YONKERS (CONT'D)
Keep your eyes on me -- I'm kind'a fast.

Yonkers deals. Joe Jr. watches closely.

YONKERS (CONT'D)
Joe, Mrs. Santini tells me that you're
giving them a hard time over there...

Joe Jr. doesn't answer.

YONKERS (CONT'D)
Is anybody bothering you there?

JOE JR.
No. They're my family.

YONKERS
What about the people you live with...
are they nice to you?

JOE JR.
Flip -- flip the cards over...

Yonkers stops dealing and sets the cards down.

YONKERS
Joe, we gotta talk about this. No more
cursing and fighting, okay? Otherwise
you'll never get into that group home.

JOE JR.
I'm not going there.

YONKERS
Whadda ya mean you're not going? It'll
be great. Nobody telling you what to do,
you'll get a job -- make new friends...

JOE JR.
I said NO...!

Joe Jr. sweeps the discarded cards off the table and sends them flying. He stands up -- sheds his father's robe and storms out of the apartment, naked. Yonkers looks aghast.

19 EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

19

Joe Jr. comes down the stairs and walks away from the apartment. NEIGHBORS see him and shoot back into their homes.

Yonkers races down the steps and throws the robe around him.

YONKERS

What the hell's wrong with you?! Nice people don't act this way...

Joe Jr. gives his father an icy stare.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

That's right -- stare at me. Stare in these eyes and see how much I like this! You better learn whatever the hell they want you to learn and go wherever the fuck they want you to go! Because it's them or me. And it ain't gonna be me.

A long beat. Joe Jr. maintains a defiant gaze.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry... I didn't mean it like that.

Joe Jr. scowls and continues walking. Yonkers stays with him.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

I know you're mad cause I wasn't always there and all -- but I'm a phone call away. Your mother was never there.

Joe Jr. stops abruptly and his robe falls off.

JOE JR.

My mother's dead!

Yonkers quickly scoops the robe off the ground and wraps it around Joe -- tying the cloth belt securely around him.

YONKERS

She's not dead. I don't know why you say that. She took off. What was I gonna do?

Yonkers brushes the dirt off of his shoulder. Joe Jr. backs away angrily.

JOE JR.

Hands Off, Fruity Pebbles!

YONKERS

Look, I've got no idea what to say to you, except let's see if we can get through this thing. Okay...?

Joe Jr. doesn't respond. Yonkers tries a smile.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

Listen, whadda ya say maybe I get some tickets to those wrestling matches. Would you like that?

JOE JR.

I wrestle Greco-Roman.

YONKERS

Who's he?

Joe Jr.'s brows wrinkle.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

I'm just kiddin'. I know Roman Greco is a way of wrestling... I'll tell you what - - tomorrow I'm gonna take you somewhere nice. Whadda ya think about that?

Joe Jr. looks back at him curiously.

JOE JR.

Nice...?

YONKERS (CONT'D)

Yeah -- don't you like nice?

Joe Jr. nods his head slowly.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

Good. C'mon...

Yonkers starts back in. A beat, then Joe Jr. follows.

DISSOLVE TO:

A tangerine-tinted image of Yonkers and Joe Jr.

20 INT. ATLANTIC CITY CASINO - DAY

20

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL this image as a reflection off a huge pair of DICE on display in a glass casing at the center of the casino's lobby. Yonkers peers down at his watch.

YONKERS

Joe, if anybody asks you what I do -- whadda ya tell them?

JOE JR.

Nobody asks me.

Yonkers takes a beat, then they head into the gaming area.

21 INT. A.C. GAMING AREA - DAY

21

Joe Jr.'s eyes light up. He marvels at the lights, the spinning numbers, and the sounds of the coins dropping.

Yonkers checks out a black ball that is the Eye in the Sky. Dozens more line the ceiling of the casino. Then his eyes instinctively fall upon several suspicious looking CHARACTERS who may be SPOTTERS. He digs into his pocket for money.

YONKERS

Take this, in case I go broke. We're gonna need to get ya some clothes, toothbrush -- all that jazz...

Joe Jr. takes the money. Yonkers eyes the craps tables.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

...No matter what I say, don't give me this money back. And if anybody asks you -- tell them I sell watches.

Joe Jr. nods -- he's drawn to the sound of the slots and wonders towards them.

Yonkers moves with him, he notices the furtive glances some PLAYERS give his son as they pass the gaming tables.

22 INT. A.C. GAMING AREA - SLOTS - DAY

22

Joe Jr. comes to a halt in front of a glitzy slot machine and pulls out the money his father gave him.

YONKERS

What're you doing? I didn't give you that money to gamble with.

JOE JR.

I'm good at this.

YONKERS

You're good at this...? When did you ever play this?

JOE JR.

Where I live -- on the computer. I'm the 'Best in the West'...

YONKERS

Yeah, well... this is the east. C'mon, let's go to the craps table... This game's for apples.

Yonkers looks over his son's shoulder and notices a SECURITY MAN speaking into a wireless mike. He's standing at the far end of the gaming area, wearing a polo shirt and slacks.

JOE JR.

Progressive Jackpot's my game.

Joe Jr. is about to slide money into the machine, but Yonkers stops him, and slides his own money in instead.

YONKERS

Progressive Jackpot... whadda ya live on a reservation? What happened to bingo night?

Yonkers jams the buttons on the slot machine and the numbers spin. When they stop... Joe Jr. looks down at the coin tray. It remains empty.

JOE JR.

(Smiling)

You lost.

YONKERS

You like that, huh?

Yonkers casually glances back at the man in the polo shirt -- who is now speaking to a BURLY MAN, with a name tag pinned on his sports coat. He sticks another twenty into the machine and turns to his son.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

Go ahead, you give it a try.

Joe Jr. gives a big smile and hits the buttons. He eyes the spinning numbers without a blink.

The numbers stop spinning and a few coins spill onto the tray. This doesn't surprise Joe Jr. at all. He slides onto the chair and hits the buttons again.

A FLOOR MANAGER walks by and looks Joe Jr. over -- Yonkers challenges him with a look. The floor manager smiles, then continues off.

Yonkers sneaks another peek at the security men -- two more MEN have joined them. His eyes follow the path of their gaze to a craps table in the gaming area next to them.

YONKERS

I gotta use the toilet.

JOE JR.

Number one or number two?

YONKERS

Number one, wise guy. Have fun, but don't leave this chair. Understand?

Joe nods.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

Good. Here's a shot for you to be on your own for a while.

Joe Jr. gives him a smile -- Yonkers nods and moves away from the slot machines.

23 INT. A.C. GAMING AREA - CRAPS TABLE - CONTINUOUS

23

Yonkers arrives at the craps section near the end of the pit. He scans the PLAYERS at the craps table next to him.

Then looks back at the security men -- trying to determine the object of their concern.

The shooter is a WOMAN. She has pushed back hair and light rimmed glasses. She cups her hand over the dice and throws them similar to the way we saw Yonkers switching them earlier. She checks her back, then fidgets with her purse. It's a suspicious movement but the DEALER is weak.

24 INT. A.C. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

24

ON THE MONITORS: We see a monochrome image of polo shirt and the other security men on the casino floor. An adjacent MONITOR shows the woman picking up the dice.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

three TECHNICIANS sitting at separate stations in front of switchboards that control a mountain of screens. Standing behind them is TOM VINCENTI -- the head piston in a well-oiled machine.

The technician picks up a clipboard and shows it to Vincent.

TECHNICIAN #1

Swing-shift, table six... They're going in and out.

Vincent checks the ID numbers on the dice against the section ID numbers on the clipboard. They match. We notice that the dice are glowing in some odd fashion.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Looks okay...

Another technician tries to match the woman's face in the computer.

TECHNICIAN #2

She's not in the book.

TECHNICIAN #1

(eyes flare up)

Look...

The video camera follows the dice until they settle on the other side of the table.

TECHNICIAN #1 (CONT'D)

...they're out again.

Vincent stares at the monitor. The dice are no longer glowing. He picks up the phone and hits three buttons.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Go...

25 INT. A.C. GAMING AREA - CRAPS TABLES - CONTINUOUS 25

Yonkers sees the four security men advancing towards the table. He hurries along side of the woman.

YONKERS

You got made.

WOMAN

Excuse me?

YONKERS

Clean up...

WOMAN

What're you talking about...

It's too late. SECURITY is upon her. They surround the table. The one in the polo shirt looms over the woman. His eyes are locked on her hands. The PLAYERS at the table look on stunned.

POLO SHIRT

(to the woman)

Would you come with us, please.

She turns her hands up -- there's nothing in them.

WOMAN

Why?

26 INT. A.C. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 26

Vincent studies the body language between Yonkers and the woman. He grabs his jacket then ejects a tape from a VCR.

VINCENT

Tell them to grab the 'beard' too.

The technician nods and Vincent hurries out of the room.

27 INT. A.C. GAMING AREA - CRAPS TABLE - CONTINUOUS 27

Polo Shirt puts his hand over his ear piece, listening. He looks at Yonkers. Yonkers turns away.

POLO SHIRT

You too, sir. Come with us. Please.

YONKERS

My son's at the slots.

Polo shirt gives him a cold nod.

POLO SHIRT

That's okay... We won't be long.

The men escort Yonkers and the woman away from the table.

28 INT. A.C. GAMING AREA - SLOT MACHINES - CONTINUOUS 28

Joe Jr.'s eyes are glued to the slot machine. The same floor manager is next to him, whispering a joke in his ear. Joe seems uninterested -- he pulls out the money his father gave him and slides it into the machine.

29 INT. A.C. GAMING AREA - CONTINUOUS 29

The men direct Yonkers and the woman through the gaming area. They arrive at a set of double doors -- and move inside.

30 INT. A.C. VESTIBULE - DAY 30

They come into a airy vestibule surrounded by steel framed doors and stand before the elevator -- once inside the mood becomes much more ominous.

WOMAN

Where are you taking us?

POLO SHIRT

Shut the fuck up. No one said to talk.

The woman freezes, her nervous eyes dart back and forth. Yonkers shakes his head but remains silent.

A side door opens and Vincent enters. We see a long, narrow hallway behind him. He looks Yonkers over for a beat -- then stares directly at the woman.

VINCENT

Take them to DGE.

Philip, the man with the polo shirt looks at Vincent curiously. Vincent holds up the tape.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

We've got her. I can give you them both.

Philip smiles slyly as Vincent leads them through the same door.

31 INT. A.C. CASINO - HALL - DAY

31

They move through the eerie hall -- very little casino traffic. No one speaks.

32 INT. DIVISION OF GAMING ENFORCEMENT - CASINO - DAY

32

The door opens, and Yonkers and the woman are pushed inside.
A MAN on the other side instantly snaps their picture.

Vincent, Philip and the security team walk in behind them.

The office has a bunch of monitors that are tied into the surveillance cameras -- allowing DGE officers to keep an eye on the cashiers pit, gaming tables and the other sensitive areas in the casino.

The camera man scurries out of the room. Philip locks the door and begins to search Yonkers. Vincent stares directly at the woman.

VINCENT
Were you cheating?

WOMAN
What?!

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Were you cheating?

The woman's lips quiver into a speaking position, but before she can utter a word, Yonkers intervenes.

YONKERS
No!

The woman remains silent, now a bit defiant. Vincent nods balefully then empties the woman's purse. Her money, makeup and some chips fall out. He searches every crevice of the purse, but all he finds are some business cards.

Yonkers notices a pair of dice on a metal rolling table.

WOMAN
I'm a cosmetics distributor.

VINCENT
I bet you are.

Philip finishes searching Yonkers.

PHILIP
This one has nothing on him.

YONKERS
I've got plenty on you though -- don't I kid?

Vincent turns to Yonkers.

VINCENT
Mister, you have no idea of the trouble you're in. Cause if you did -- you'd shut the fuck up!

Vincent hands the video tape to a DGE OFFICER.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Rewind the tape. Find table four and zoom in on the third base.

(To woman)

It'll go a lot easier for you and your man here -- if you just come clean.

She points at Yonkers.

WOMAN

I don't even know him.

YONKERS

You don't have to say anything...

Polo shirt shoots an uppercut into Yonkers' gut, buckling him.

WOMAN

Hey! You can't do that!

VINCENT

(To Philip)

Get the hammer.

WOMAN

Hammer? This is insane. I want a cop here, now!

Yonkers straightens up slowly, dazed and embarrassed.

PHILIP

I am a cop.

Philip leaves -- and Vincent turns towards the monitors.

The Officer zooms into a CU of the woman cupping her hand over the dice. She shoots -- then uses the same hand to go to her purse.

VINCENT

Freeze it. What're you doing there?

WOMAN

Getting my makeup. I can't do that?

Vincent nods contemptuously.

VINCENT

Where's the dice?

WOMAN

What...

VINCENT

Lady, we know our equipment. Now where's the dice?

Before the woman can reply Philip walks back into the room with HAMMER, a shrewd-looking, elderly woman. She's a spotter -- an ex-cheat hired to catch hustlers.

VINCENT

Hammer, come look at this.

The old woman moves to the monitor. As she watches, she takes a cigarette from her pocket and breaks it in half then puts the other piece back. She turns to Yonkers with a hint of recollection in her eyes.

HAMMER

You got a light?

YONKERS

Sorry.

Hammer hands Yonkers her lighter. Behind her, he sees a craps table on another screen and notices that the dice are glowing in some odd fashion. He lights her smoke.

Hammer turns back to the screen. The dice on this monitor aren't glowing in the same way.

VINCENT

They went out on her roll.

HAMMER

Any big winners at the table?

Vincent shakes his head.

HAMMER

You find anything on her?

Vincent gives her a heated look -- then points at Yonkers.

VINCENT

What about this guy? Do you know him?

HAMMER

I've seen him before... At the tables --
losing his money.

(Looks at the woman)

May I see your hands, honey?

The woman raises her hands -- her palms are red and sweaty.

HAMMER (CONT'D)

Where's the dice?

WOMAN

I don't have any dice.

HAMMER

I know you don't.

(To Vincent)

Where's the dice from the game?

Vincent scoops the dice off the rolling table and hands them to her. She rubs the surface of the cubes then shows Vincent the red tint on her thumb.

HAMMER

Rouge.

VINCENT

Rouge...

Vincent cringes and glares at the woman.

PHILIP

What does that mean?

HAMMER

It means that without any money lost or
anything found on them...

Hammer offers the woman a comfortable smile -- then turns back to Vincent.

HAMMER (CONT'D)

...no harm done.

Vincent picks up the woman's makeup kit and opens it. He rolls his fingers over the rouge then stares up at the woman.

VINCENT

Very cute... My bosses are bean counters. They need proof. I don't need it. I don't give a fuck what you do down the street -- but don't fuck me! Now, get the hell outta here, and don't come back.

He stuffs the makeup kit into his pocket. The woman grabs the rest of her things, shoves them in her purse and hurries out of the room. Vincent turns to Yonkers.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Maybe it's a fluke that you come running over like the white knight at the last second -- but I don't think so. I'm at this job too fuckin' long. Consider yourself lucky... Fuck off!

Hammer stops Yonkers before he leaves.

HAMMER

How 'bout that lighter?

Yonkers acknowledges her with a respectful nod. He hands her the lighter and leaves. As soon as Yonkers walks out, Philip turns to Vincent.

PHILIP

Rouge...?

VINCENT

It's talc and oil... The 'Eye' sees it as ultra-red and shoots back at us -- like a mirror. That's why we couldn't see through them.

Philip still looks a little confused. Vincent turns to one of the guards.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Make sure they find their way outta here.

The security guard nods and goes out after them. *

33 INT. A.C CASINO - HALL - DAY

33

*

The guard moves into the hallway and follows Yonkers to the elevator -- where the woman is still waiting. All three stand silently until the elevator arrives -- then they go in. *

34 INT. A.C. CASINO - ELEVATOR - DAY

34

*

The doors close. Yonkers and the woman look straight ahead. The guard is standing behind them. *

*

The woman glances at Yonkers. He doesn't say anything. She
turns away. The door opens.

*
*

35 INT. A.C. CASINO - LOBBY - DAY 35 *

They come out of the elevator and enter the lobby. As the woman exits the casino, Yonkers turns to the guard. *

YONKERS
My son's inside. *

The stone-faced guard nods, okay. *

36 INT. A.C. GAMING AREA - SLOTS - DAY 36

Yonkers walks back to the slots, followed by the guard. Joe Jr. has a plastic bucket filled with coins on his lap.

JOE JR.
Look, da, I won!

Joe Jr. is so excited he jumps up and hugs his father. It's an awkward moment for Yonkers. He gives Joe a mechanical pat on the shoulder, then turns away from him. Joe Jr.'s smile disappears -- he looks offended.

When the guard sees Yonkers' reaction, he gives Yonkers a dirty look.

Joe Jr. grabs his bucket and walks away from his father.

Yonkers trails after him -- with the guard following closely behind.

37 EXT. GAMING SUPPLY OUTLET - YONKERS - DAY 37

Supply trucks are parked along a narrow side street. Yonkers is carrying a black valise case. Joe Jr. is beside him as they walk into the warehouse.

38 INT. GAMING SUPPLY OUTLET - FACTORY - DAY 38

The room is set up like a carpenter's workshop. A few gaming tables are being constructed on wooden horses by separate CARPENTERS. Craps, blackjack and roulette tables are pushed to the side. Wires, batteries, peep cameras, tiny ear pieces, dice and cards are stored neatly about the room.

Yonkers and Joe Jr. enter. The carpenters acknowledge them as they head towards the office.

39 INT. OFFICE - GAMING SUPPLY OUTLET - DAY

39

Stanley sits at a desk with a case of cards in front of him. He uses a special cutting apparatus to shave off a sliver of the card. Once finished, he places the cards back into their packages and seals the plastic wrappers with a hot iron.

He looks up at Yonkers and Joe Jr. as they enter.

YONKERS

This is my kid, Joe.

Stanley forces a smile -- then turns to Yonkers.

STANLEY

I'm making belly strippers for thirty years -- I get twelve dollars a deck. Some half-assed hustler's gonna make a big score with this paper -- and I get twelve dollars a deck.

On some of the shelves are antique chess sets and board games. It isn't long before Joe Jr. is touching the pieces.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Hey! Don't touch that...

As Joe Jr. spins around -- a chess piece falls from his hand and breaks on the ground. He sneers at Stanley, then bends down to pick up the broken pieces.

YONKERS

Joe, tell Stanley you're sorry.

JOE JR.

Tell his mother to eat a bowl of cocks!

Yonkers' eyes flare up.

STANLEY

My mother's been dead for a long time, kid.

JOE JR.

Let's dig her up and fuck her skeleton.

Yonkers cringes.

STANLEY

(through a laugh)
Believe me kid, if I thought there was any money in it...

(MORE)

STANLEY (cont'd)
(to Yonkers)
I like him.

YONKERS
(to Joe Jr.)
No good, Joe... This sewer talk gotta
stop. You ain't kid no more, understand?

Joe Jr. remains silent.

YONKERS (CONT'D)
Tell me you understand what I'm saying.

JOE JR.
I understand what you're saying.

A beat, then Yonkers turns to Stanley.

YONKERS
I need a full line of 'tops' for the bake
tomorrow.

STANLEY
Whadda ya need?

YONKERS
Eleven-sixteenths, tangerine -- gimme a
sand finish. Those polished you gave me
were too slippery.

Stanley nods to a drawer marked 11/16. Yonkers begins
rummaging through the drawer filled with dice. He pulls a
pair of dice from the drawer -- then gives them to Joe Jr.

YONKERS
Here -- I'll give you twenty bucks if you
can make a seven with these.

Joe Jr. takes the dice and drops them on the desk -- making a
ten, then a six, then a two. He keeps rolling even numbers.

Yonkers sees Joe Jr. becoming frustrated -- he picks up the
dice and opens his hand -- the dice are gone.

Joe Jr.'s jaw drops. Stanley looks impressed until the dice
slip and tumble from the back of Yonkers' hand. Stanley
winces. Yonkers picks up the dice and shows them to Joe Jr.

YONKERS
These are tops. They don't have five's
or threes on them... See, no aces
either. We get by because you can only
see three sides of the cube at once....

Joe Jr. takes the dice back and looks at them more closely. Then he gives a big smile and starts rolling them again.

STANLEY

I might have found something good. Two guys out of Miami. They got a ton of money -- perfect for the 'turn.'

YONKERS

(shakes his head)
...These double-cross moves always come back to haunt you.

STANLEY

Joe, these guys are a couple of rank suckers that go off big in Vegas. We can take down some serious numbers.

YONKERS

I don't mind robbing these guys -- I don't mind robbing anybody, but I don't do it with my mouth, I do it with my hands, you know that...

The sound of Joe Jr. banging the dice is irritating Stanley.

STANLEY

I think you're making a mistake.

YONKERS

Maybe...

STANLEY

Not maybe, definitely.

YONKERS

Maybe we don't have to go that way.

STANLEY

Whadda ya mean?

YONKERS

The casinos in Atlantic City... whadda they use to make the dice glow -- make the center light up?

Stanley takes the dice away from Joe Jr., stopping the noise. Joe Jr. glares back at him angrily.

STANLEY

Blacklight gel. You can only see it through an ultraviolet lens or filter... like the Eye in the Sky.

YONKERS

Can you get any of this stuff?

Stanley doesn't answer. Yonkers takes dice from the drawer and places them into his keester (the black valise).

YONKERS

How much for the tops?

STANLEY

We're even.

YONKERS

What a mensch... As long as you're in such a good mood, gim'me a couple of hundred... I'll give it to you after the bake tomorrow.

STANLEY

What happened to the scratch we grabbed the other day? I didn't get paid on that.

YONKERS

If those checks turn out good -- I'll do flips.

STANLEY

Fuckin' Teddy... Every time that cocksucker has a spot we don't get paid.

YONKERS

Hey, watch... I'm trying to teach him...

Joe Jr. grabs the dice back from Stanley.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

Joe!

STANLEY

Let him keep them.

Stanley digs into his pocket, pulls out money and gives it to Yonkers. Yonkers peels off a twenty and hands it to his son.

YONKERS

This is for trying to make that seven...
C'mon, let's go.

Joe Jr. smiles smugly and waves the twenty dollar bill at Stanley as he follows his father out.

40 EXT. CONDO COMPLEX - NEW ROCHELLE - DUSK 40

A new community of condominiums sit comfortably off the Long Island Sound -- all identical.

41 INT. CONDO - DUSK 41

The place is well preserved. There are silk flower arrangements hanging in mirrored vases in the living room. Cosmetics samples are lined up against the dining room wall.

The door bell rings and Janice rushes into the room. We recognize her as the same woman from the casino. Her hair is done up, her makeup is on and she's wearing a wraparound towel.

She opens the door and sees Joe Jr. standing next to Yonkers. She looks stunned for a moment, but immediately covers it with a smile. When she turns to Yonkers her smile fades.

Joe Jr.'s eyes widen at the sight of her. Yonkers puts his arm around Joe Jr. and forces a smile.

YONKERS

This is big Joe.

Janice turns back to Joe Jr. and her smile returns.

JANICE

Hi, Joe.

She kisses him gently on the cheek. Joe Jr. blushes. Yonkers holds up the bag he's carrying as if it's a peace offering.

YONKERS

We brought lobsters.

She softens a bit but remains cool toward Yonkers.

JANICE

Come in... I'm still getting ready.

She goes back into the bedroom. Joe Jr.'s eyes follow her every inch of the way.

JANICE (O.S.)

Joe, can I see you for a second?

Joe Jr.'s eyes light up. He starts for the room.

YONKERS

I think she means me. I'll be right back.

Yonkers hands him the bag and goes into the bedroom. Joe Jr. sits on the sofa and listens.

JANICE (O.S.)
Why didn't you tell me they were going to be so rough?

YONKERS (O.S.)
I told you to be there at three o'clock. What were you doing there so early?

JANICE (O.S.)
You told me to ignore you...

She comes back into the room dressed in jeans and a low-cut sweater. Yonkers walks out behind her. Joe Jr. stands and holds up the bag.

JANICE
Thank you, sweetie. Come with me.

She takes the bag and heads into the kitchen.

42 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

42

JOE JR.
I have to go to the bathroom.

JANICE (CONT'D)
Sure sweetie... it's right down there.

Yonkers enters as Joe Jr. heads into the hallway.

JANICE
Well...?

YONKERS
Stanley was right -- they're marking the craps.

JANICE
Did you see it?

He nods.

JANICE (CONT'D)
That's terrific because I'm not used to getting treated like that.

YONKERS
C'mon, Jan, how was I supposed to know they were gonna back-room us...

JANICE

You knew.

YONKERS

Jan...

JANICE

You knew.

YONKERS

Jan, Stanley said they were marking the craps. So, I figured you smear them a little and make a few false move -- see how they'd react. The worst that should'a happened is that they ask us to leave -- which they did.

JANICE

No, they threw us out -- after they snapped our pictures. Don't you think they're gonna pass those pictures to the other casinos on the boardwalk?

YONKERS

They don't need to. They got us on tape.

JANICE

(cringes)
...So, this casino thing over?

Yonkers doesn't answer. He hears the toilet flush and gives her an worried, flustered look.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

You gotta help with this kid... I need to convince him about the group home.

JANICE

I don't know what the problem is. He seems so sweet.

YONKERS

Sweet? He beat the shit out of an orderly and told Stanley to go eat a bowl of cocks.

JANICE

(through a laugh)
Stanley needs to eat a bowl of cocks.

YONKERS

I got him for six months if he ain't ready for this joint in a few weeks.

JANICE

It's not the end of the world...

YONKERS

Jan, I spent my whole life being inconspicuous -- there's nothing inconspicuous about this kid. He's got to go.

JANICE

Inconspicuous? Joe, he's your son.

Yonkers has no reply. Joe Jr. comes back into the room and gazes at Janice with affection.

JOE JR.

What's the address here?

She whispers it in his ear -- he gives a big smile and writes in his notebook -- then becomes distracted by the shiny ring hanging from a chain around Janice's neck.

JANICE (CONT'D)

That's my high school grad. ring.

She holds it out for him to look closer, but catches him looking down her sweater. She takes a step back.

JANICE (CONT'D)

I understand you'll be graduating soon -- from the place you live... That's so great.

Joe Jr. doesn't answer. She takes his hand.

JANICE (CONT'D)

C'mon, let's sit down and eat.

She leads him into the dinning room.

43 INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

43

Joe Jr. sits and goes right to work on the basket of bread sticks and butter. Janice looks at Yonkers.

JANICE

We better hurry. 'Jason's Shot' is running tonight.

YONKERS

I can't make it tonight.

JOE JR.

Da...

JANICE

Are you kiddin'?! I've been waiting six months for this horse. He's a mudder and it's about to rain.

JOE JR.

Da...

YONKERS

The problem is, you make grocery money and I go for my entire bankroll.

JANICE

Who says you have to bet every race?

YONKERS

I can't bet one race. I'm broke.

JOE JR.

Da!

Yonkers turns to his son and Joe immediately goes into the joke the floor manager at the casino told him. It's filthy and Yonkers disapproves, but Joe goes on. This charms Janice even more. Joe stumbles at the punchline and Janice says it, stunning them both. Joe laughs so hard that food spills from his mouth. Janice wipes it up -- she's not repulsed at all.

Yonkers gazes over them -- taking it in. It's like they've been together all their lives.

44 INT. YONKERS' APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

44

Joe Jr. is sitting on the bed in his underclothes. Music is blasting from the TV as he watches his favorite movie -- "Saturday Night Fever." Travolta is dancing in his white, three-piece suit.

Dozens of maps and colognes are sprawled out on the floor along with pictures of him posing in wrestling gear.

He's holding a wrinkled map and writing in his notebook. The dice he took from Stanley are cupped in his palm.

The top of the page reads "Janice's House" (spelled incorrectly). Below it, he has the timetables of the buses in that area. We can barely hear the PHONE RINGING under the music.

45 INT. KITCHEN - YONKERS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

45

Yonkers picks up the phone.

YONKERS

Hello.

SANTINI (O.S.)

Mr. Duma, it's Irene Santini.

Yonkers speaks over the music.

YONKERS

Hi, Irene.

SANTINI (O.S.)

I wanted to let you know that I spoke to the administrators at the group home...

YONKERS

Oh yeah...

46 EXT. SANTINI'S OFFICE - DEVELOPMENTAL CENTER - CONTINUOUS 46

INTERCUT

Santini is sitting at a desk with the phone to her ear.

SANTINI (CONT'D)

...They've done everything they can, but they've filled their quota. It won't be possible to take Joe Jr. on. Not in the time we discussed.

YONKERS (O.S.)

What...

SANTINI

I'm sorry...

Yonkers sinks into his chair.

YONKERS

But, he's doing good now. He's not swearing or anything.

SANTINI (O.S.)

The filing's done and it's too late to begin the process...

YONKERS

What do I do now?

SANTINI (O.S.)

The next session for the group home begins in the fall...

YONKERS

I told you I can't keep him that long.

SANTINI (O.S.)

At this point there's really no other option.

YONKERS

What about that other place -- the Golden Gates?

SANTINI (O.S.)

You mean Golden Handles? As I mentioned, it's a great deal of money...

Yonkers' head drops -- he looks towards Joe Jr.'s room.

YONKERS

...If I pay'em off in one shot, for the year -- they still gonna look to bust my chops about the paperwork?

SANTINI (O.S.)

You're going to have to show them something, but if that's what you really want to do -- I'll pass on my recommendation. You should be fine.

YONKERS

Yeah, thanks....

47 EXT. PARK - DANBURY, CONNECTICUT - DAY 47

Within a huge picnic area a banner reads: STEAMFITTERS OF WEST DANBURY ANNUAL CLAMBAKE

The open grounds have several hundred men eating, playing cards, throwing horseshoes and drinking tap beer from union-issued plastic cups.

48 EXT. PARKING AREA - DAY 48

Yonkers is bent over the trunk of his car -- going through one of the many black valise cases (keesters).

Joe Jr. watches intently as his father selects a dozen red dice, pairs them off carefully, then places them into each of his pockets -- including the hidden ones sewn inside his pants and the flaps of his jacket.

Yonkers shuts the trunk and pushes a spare key under the tire.

YONKERS

If you see me do this...

Yonkers makes a tight fist and places it over his chest.

YONKERS

This is the 'Tom' sign. It means that no matter what you're doing -- you drop it and come back here. Understand? You take that key under the tire and use it to get into the car. Just lock the doors and wait there -- If you see me do this...

(fist over his chest)

Okay?

They head towards the grounds.

JOE JR.

Janice kissed me.

YONKERS

I saw the kiss.

JOE JR.

I think I can do it with her.

Yonkers stops and gives him a heated glare.

YONKERS

Hey! What'd I say about that mouth?!

A beat, then Joe Jr. recoils.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

Remember, if I give you the office...

(fist over chest again)

Let me see you make the 'Tom' sign.

Joe Jr. puts up his middle finger. This catches Yonkers by surprise and he laughs. Joe Jr.'s eyes sparkle and his face brightens. He laughs along with his father.

YONKERS

You think it's funny to flip your old man the bird?

Joe Jr. nods. It's a nice, unexpected moment between them.

Stanley and Teddy are arguing by a gigantic log barracks where the food is being served.

STANLEY

You're supposed to get here early. Now you went and fucked up the entire play.

TEDDY

Where were you, napping? How was I supposed to know they were gonna change them this year?

Yonkers and Joe Jr. walk into the scene. Teddy eyes Joe Jr.

TEDDY

This your boy... Whaddy ya say there, little Joe?

Joe Jr. looks at Teddy and points at his father.

JOE JR.

He sells watches.

A big, silly grin steals across Teddy's face.

TEDDY

He sells watches like I sell rainbows... You something special, ain't ya?

Stanley gives Yonkers a gesture that incriminates Teddy.

STANLEY

Your pal's got something to tell you.

TEDDY

Hey Stanley, you couldn't pour piss from boot if it had a hole in the toe.

YONKERS

What happened?

TEDDY

We can't get behind their fronts. They're green drugstore dice. Either five-eighths or eleven-sixteenths.

YONKERS

We can't match those?

TEDDY

They're chipped and a little bit worn.

Yonkers shakes his head.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Is it my fault that they changed them?

YONKERS

How many pieces on the table?

STANLEY

Five.

YONKERS

We'll have to switch them all.

STANLEY

How we gonna do that? They've already started up the game.

YONKERS

I'll blow them in.

STANLEY

I don't know, Joe. This is a rough spot and that's a tough move. Maybe we should just brush.

YONKERS

We're here, let's check it out. If we can't do nothing -- we'll get outta here.

TEDDY

Darn right pragmatic. That's my Yank... Always using the northern part of the body.... I prefer the southern part myself.

Joe Jr. laughs hard. Teddy's mixture of silliness and charm works for him.

YONKERS

Ted, go get me the green fronts and the ace, tray, fives tops...

Yonkers unloads the red dice from his pocket and gives them to Teddy.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

Put these back -- and bring me the odd busters too.

(To Joe Jr.)

Joe, show Teddy where we parked the car.

Joe Jr. nods, and he and Teddy walk back towards the parking area. Yonkers and Stanley head for the craps game.

STANLEY

Joe, I know he's your kid, but you bring him here?

YONKERS

It's all right. As soon as we start up
I'll 'Tom him out'
(fist over chest)
He'll go wait in the car.

Stanley nods.

YONKERS

Let me ask you something about this
blacklight gel. How do we know the other
casinos are using it?

STANLEY

If they're not -- then they won't be
looking for it, will they?

YONKERS

You're right. Smart.

Stanley shrugs off the compliment.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

They grabbed my picture at the casino.
Janice's too -- they got us on tape.

It doesn't take long for Stanley to connect the dots.

STANLEY

That's how you discovered the gel...
What'd you play the smear...? Don't
matter. They got tape on you -- you're
fucked.

YONKERS

They got us on tape doing nothing... She
was picking up the dice and throwing them
-- that's it. The tape is proof of that.
I can walk into any casino -- I just
can't take down the money.

STANLEY

Joe, if you're thinking about going back
to Atlantic City...

YONKERS

Vegas.

Stanley looks stunned.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

...There's still a few old time casinos
out there that'll pay big money.

STANLEY

It don't matter if it's the Bellagio or
the Horseshoe. Vegas is a whole other
ball of wax. Security is tougher too.

YONKERS

Which means if Atlantic City is using something -- Vegas got it first.

STANLEY

You better believe it.

YONKERS

So why not make the move in a spot where we can grab more money?

STANLEY

What move? Even if you can get the dice into the game -- how are you gonna get them back out again? When that table gets hot, every rat spotter and high-line surveillance device is gonna be on you. On top of that they've got it all on tape. No one can overcome that. No one.

Yonkers takes in his sober advice.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Why fuck around? Let's just turn these two suckers from Miami. It's a sure thing, and we don't take no chances.

YONKERS

It's not a sure thing and I need money now... You get that gel -- I'll come up with something.

Stanley nods as they continue towards the craps game.

50 EXT. PARKING AREA - DAY

50

Teddy is standing at the trunk going through a keester filled with shiny, green dice. He opens a large, glass jar filled with dirt and pebbles and drops five of the dice in -- then shakes it up. Joe Jr. looks on curiously.

TEDDY

Your daddy's gotta set, lemme tell ya -- monkey balls... He's gonna knock all five of these levels into the game -- in one shot...

Joe Jr.'s brow furrows.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Levels or Fronts are square dice, which means there's nothing wrong with them -- but we need to get them in, so your daddy can match'em up with the tops...

(MORE)

TEDDY (CONT'D)
(bright smile)
The tops is what gets us the money.

Joe's not really sure what he means -- but he smiles anyway.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Never-mind... We gotta dirty them up.
C'mon, give ol'Ted a hand...

Teddy gives Joe the jar and he and shakes it up good. Then Teddy takes the jar back. He removes the dice and brushes them off.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
You see, that's better -- now they look more like the ones they're using... You stick with Teddy and you'll learn plenty. Here, watch this...

Teddy spits on the ground.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
That's what you do when you hear the name Stanley.

51 EXT. PARK - CRAPS GAME - DAY

51

The space around the table is three-deep with GAMBLERS. This is rough and tumble craps -- a far contrast from the casino game. There are no stickmen or dealers, and the shooters must move to the head of the table when it's time to shoot.

Stanley wiggles through the CROWD and takes a position next to the shooter.

52 EXT. OUTHOUSE - DAY

52

Teddy walks behind the outhouse with Joe Jr. Yonkers is waiting there. Joe Jr. watches Teddy hand Yonkers the green tops. Yonkers pairs them off and slips them into his pockets.

YONKERS
Gimme have the levels.

Teddy hands Yonkers five 'levels' (legitimate dice). Yonkers looks them over and gives Teddy a nod, 'good job.'

TEDDY
The kid did the work.

Teddy pats Joe Jr. on the back and Joe Jr. gives a big smile. Yonkers shoves the 'levels' into the left side of his jacket.

53 EXT. CRAPS GAME - DAY

53

Loose cash dangles from the hands of the players as they dance in delight and despair to the sound of the craps tumbling towards the verdict.

Teddy arrives at the table with Joe Jr. One player throws up his hands in disgust -- it's Mickey the sucker from the poker game. The same two goons are gambling along side of him.

Stanley looks at Teddy as if to say 'what the fuck?'

Teddy shrugs -- he had no idea.

Yonkers makes his way through the crowd towards the back corner of the table. Standing next to him is old man Fitzzy.

The hairs stand up in Mickey's arms when he sees Yonkers.

MICKEY

Look who's here, aces full.

Mickey notices Stanley and Teddy at the table also. Teddy cuts into him in a flash.

TEDDY

Whadda ya say, Mickey -- I hope you brought your check book.

Mickey gives him a heated glare.

TEDDY

I'm just jackin'. What brings you here?

MICKEY

Me? What the fuck are you guys doing here?

STANLEY

I bought a row of tickets off of Benny -- I do it every year. Gotta support the local.

MICKEY

Benny, who's Benny?

YONKERS

You guys wanna flirt -- find a dance floor. Who's fading the middle? Looks like a hundred's open...

Mickey stares at Yonkers.

JOE JR.

Da... I'm a very good dancer...

MICKEY
(he looks at Joe Jr.)
Who's he?

YONKERS
That's my son.

MICKEY
(with a smirk)
Look just like you.

Yonkers stares back at Mickey.

Stanley brushes his sleeve with his hand -- 'the brush' which means it's time to go.

Yonkers holds his position -- he places an open hand over his chest (the 'George' sign) signaling his men to get ready.

Teddy bellies up to the side of the table as Fitzzy positions his body to cover Yonkers. Stanley shakes his head.

The shooter pulls back some of his bet and tosses the dice.

TEDDY
Seven away!

Mickey gives a big smile and scoops up his cash. He's a wrong better.

MICKEY
I'm layin' it!

Yonkers give Stanley a look and he reluctantly takes up the shooter's spot. Stanley slaps a chunk on money on the table.

STANLEY
Who's fading the middle?!

MICKEY
I'll take a hundred...

Yonkers digs into his jacket and swallows all five levels in the palm of his left hand.

As Mickey and the players divide up the rest of Stanley bet, Yonkers reaches over the table and grabs all five dice with his right hand. He brings both hands to his mouth and BLOWS - - then tosses the dice from his left hand onto the table while slipping the player's dice into his jacket pocket.

Joe Jr. watches the dice roll down the table. The players are unaware of the switch.

Stanley scoops up two of the cubes and fires them up the table. Fitzzy calls the point.

FITZY

Eight! The point is eight...

Fitz and Teddy search for side action while Stanley tries to pump up his bet.

Now it's time to switch in the tops. Yonkers slides his hand into his pants pocket, concealing the 'tops' in his palm -- then he picks up the dice on the table and throws them back to Stanley. He makes the switch beautifully. It looks like he's throwing back the same dice.

Joe Jr. follows his father's moves with fascination. Stanley picks up the tops and shoots. He makes a six.

FITZY

Six -- looking for an eight.

This time Fitzy grabs the dice and throws them back to Stanley. The crew operates with military precision. Their main concern is that the players DO NOT touch the dice and Yonkers only handles them when it's time to make a new switch.

Stanley shoots the winning number eight.

MICKEY

Fuck!

Now Yonkers switches the levels back into the game -- so Stanley can roll his next point. Joe Jr. taps his father on the shoulder.

JOE JR.

Da, I gotta use the toilet.

Stanley looks at Joe Jr. and points to the outhouse.

STANLEY

Tell'em Stanley sent you -- you'll get a good seat.

Joe Jr. spits on the ground when he hears Stanley's name then heads into the outhouse.

TEDDY

I like this kid.

Stanley gives Teddy a sour look then shoots the dice again. It's a four. Stanley throws more money on the table.

STANLEY

Bet it!

Mickey covers most of Stanley's bet. Teddy and Fitz are covering all the side action they can get.

This time Yonkers goes into another pocket, for a different set of tops to make Stanley's new point. As smooth as silk, he picks up the levels and moves these new tops into the game.

54 INT. OUTHOUSE - DAY

54

It's empty and stinks of beer piss. Joe Jr. is peeing into the trough.

A BOY (12), comes in and stands at the other end. He fumbles with his zipper and begins, stealing a glance at Joe -- Joe gives him a big smile.

JOE JR.

Hi...

The sight of Joe holding himself and smiling proves too much for the kid. He takes off running.

55 EXT. OUTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 55

The boy runs out of the bathroom zipping up his pants. When he gets to a safe distance -- he shouts towards Joe Jr.

BOY

Fuck you, Retard!

56 EXT. PARK - CRAPS GAME - CONTINUOUS 56

Yonkers looks over and sees the boy zipping up -- then catches Joe Jr. coming out of the outhouse.

Stanley shoots again.

TEDDY

Six! The point in six...

Yonkers turns back to the game. Distracted by Joe Jr., he's in and out of his pocket quickly. He grabs the dice and switches in the tops.

Stanley's eyes widen as the dice roll down the table. Yonkers has overlooked a pair of red dice in his pocket and has now switched them for the green. Stanley quickly snatches up the dice and throws them back to Yonkers.

STANLEY

(under his breath)

Out... Get'em out...

Yonkers, now aware of his mistake, immediately switches the green levels back into the game. The move is quick and smooth -- none of the players have noticed. But Mickey looks around befuddled...

MICKY

Wait a second...

Trouble. His eyes replay the path of the dice and settle on Yonkers' hand.

Teddy sees Mickey burning Yonkers and throws a fifty on the table before him.

TEDDY

Why don't you break that up for me?

Mickey's eyes turn to Teddy -- only for an instant but that's all the time Yonkers needs. In a flash, he dumps the dice into his pocket then leans over and changes Teddy's fifty -- proving an empty hand.

Mickey looks confused -- his eyes moving around the table.

Yonkers and his men brace for the blow -- they know it's coming.

FITZY

(to Yonkers)

Clean up...

Yonkers shields himself against the backboard.

Mickey looks at Stanley then back at Yonkers.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

That cocksucker's got RED dice!

Yonkers jiggles his hand inside of his pocket.

Mickey whips around the table and positions himself in front of Yonkers.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

What's in your pocket!

He grabs Yonkers' wrist. Yonkers pulls away.

YONKERS

Get your fuckin' hands away from me!

Yonkers gives Mickey a good shove and starts in the opposite direction. A HEFTY MAN steps in front of him. Yonkers turns away, but a RED FACED guy blocks his escape.

MICKEY

That son of a bitch has extra dice!

Yonkers puts his fist over his chest when he sees Joe Jr. moving towards him. Joe Jr. pauses, his eyes dart around -- he's momentarily disoriented.

Stanley slowly backs away from the table then hauls ass out of there.

Mickey goes for Yonkers' hand. Yonkers opens his hand and shows him there's nothing in it.

YONKERS

Whadda you, fuckin' crazy or something?

MICKEY

I'm telling ya this guy's a cheat -- and these other guys are with him...

Mickey looks around for Stanley. Teddy shakes his head and looks at the other players.

TEDDY

I bet he's afraid to go to sleep at night, thinkin' somebody's gonna steal his shoes.

Mickey goes for Yonkers' jacket.

Yonkers exposes the flaps of his jacket, proving that they're empty. Then he pulls out his pants pockets, showing that they're empty too.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

There's nothing there -- including my money. You guys broke me. If somebody's cheating, I'd like to get my money back.

MICKEY

This cocksucker's got extra dice on him!

YONKERS

He's nuts.

All the players around the table are watching them. Joe Jr. sees his father being hassled. He begins pacing and his movement becomes animated.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

Hey, somebody wanna call the committee? I came here -- I lost my money, now I want to leave.

MICKEY

You ain't going nowhere!

He grabs Yonkers. As soon as Joe Jr. sees this, he charges Mickey and places him in a wrestlers hold -- then takes him down.

Two two goons grab Joe Jr. Yonkers grabs the goons.

Stanley returns with FOUR COMMITTEE MEN and a bunch of GROUND WORKERS -- who immediately begin to break it up.

Joe Jr. yanks away from the goons and throws his arms in the air.

JOE JR.

Joe Duma ! The winner!

The men look at him strangely.

COMMITTEE MAN #1

Who's he belong to?

Yonkers takes Joe Jr.'s arm and walks away from the game.

COMMITTEE MAN

That's it, game's over. Everyone go home.

Slowly the men begin to disperse -- leaving Mickey alone at the table.

57 EXT. CLAMBAKE - PARKING AREA - DAY

57

Yonkers approaches his car -- he has Joe Jr. by the hand. Teddy, Stanley and Fitz trail behind them. Joe Jr. grabs the key from under the tire and gives it to his father.

Yonkers opens his car door and steps behind it. Without having to be told, Teddy, Stanley and Fitz form a half circle around him, shading him.

Yonkers unbuckle his pants. A nylon stocking is sewn to the side of his right pocket where a two inch slit is cut into the seam. The other end of the stocking is safety-pinned to his briefs. The dice are hidden inside the stocking, under his crotch. He rips out the sock and hands it to Fitz.

Fitz takes the sock and heads towards his car. Stanley keeps a keen eye on the surroundings. Teddy smiles and pats Joe Jr. on the back.

TEDDY

We've got us an awful lot'a man, here...
The kid's strong as a bull. That damn
knocker didn't know what hit him.

YONKERS

That's right, encourage him...

Yonkers glares at his son with chilling authority.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

What were you doing with that kid in the
bathroom? Dirty things?

Joe looks at his father, perplexed.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

Don't gim'me that look. I just hope to
Christ you weren't bothering that kid.
Because if you were -- that's the kind of
shit that will get you locked up... Now
get in the car.

Joe glares at his father with venom and pain in his eyes.

JOE JR.

I wish you was dead instead of my ma!

Teddy looks shocked.

 TEDDY
Hey, kid, don't say that...

 YONKERS
Get in the car, Joe...

 JOE JR.
I'm going home!

 YONKERS
Yeah, what home?! You've got no home.
That place is all done with you. Now get
in the fuckin' car!

 JOE JR.
Fuck your MOTHER!

Yonkers turns red with rage. He goes after Joe but Teddy and Stanley hold him back.

 YONKERS
Yeah... I fucked yours and look what
happened!

Joe Jr. puts up his hands to fight.

 STANLEY
Joe, this is no good. Not here.

 TEDDY
Let me take him... Kid, come with me.
C'mon, I'll take you home...

Yonkers nods, and Teddy takes Joe Jr.'s hand and leads him off the lot. Yonkers points at Stanley.

 YONKERS
Ready up those Miami guys. I'm done with
this shit.

Stanley nods. Yonkers gets into the car and dives off.

61 INT. YONKERS' APARTMENT - JOE JR.'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 61

Joe Jr. packs his belongings into his backpack. He holds his notebook under his arm and walks out of the room.

62 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 62

Joe Jr. sees his father sleeping on the la-z-boy. He gives him a scowl -- then quietly slips out the door.

63 EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

63

A bus pulls up to the stop and Joe gets off. He looks at his map and begins walking.

64 INT. JANICE'S CONDO - NIGHT

64

Janice is sitting on a chair sipping coffee. Joe Jr. is seated on the sofa. His maps are spread out before him.

JOE JR.

You take the New Haven Line and exit at New Rochelle, Mamaroneck Road. Then you have to walk four blocks and catch the number 35 to New Main Street -- and walk the rest of the way.

JANICE

You should have called. I would have come and got you.

JOE JR.

Back in the bunk. That's where I live. I gave it that name because it sounds cool. Now everyone calls it that. My friend Brian, he can only take the bus when he's with me. They trust me there because I'm never late. Brian had reconstructive surgery on his eyes and his lips.... He's still ugly.

Janice doesn't react to this, until Joe Jr. begins to laugh. She seems relieved, she gets up and sits down next to him.

JANICE

You like it where you live -- don't you?

JOE JR.

Yes, in the morning when the sun comes a certain way, in my mirror -- my face looks good.

JANICE

I think your face is beautiful -- all the time...

She lifts a few strands of hair that are hanging over his eyes and brushes them back with her hand. He blushes.

JOE JR.

Today I hurt someone. I hurt him good. He was trying to hit my da.

JANICE

He told me what happened today. That was very brave. But I don't think it's a good idea to hurt anyone, no matter what.

JOE JR.

I'll do it again, if they make me go to that place where no one comes back from.

JANICE

I think the reason no one comes back is because they like it so much.

He gives her a curious look.

JANICE (CONT'D)

(after a pause)

Joseph, did something happen today at the clambake -- with someone in the bathroom?

JOE JR.

Yonkers Joe has dirty eyes. He thinks I wanted to do it with that kid. He's sick! I'm no fig. I'm going back to the bunk.

JANICE

Your father really cares for you. He just has a hard time showing it.

JOE JR.

Does he care for you?

JANICE

(after a long pause)

He told me about your wrestling medal...

Joe Jr. smiles.

JANICE (CONT'D)

He came to the track one day and showed it to me. You should have seen his face when he started bragging about how you won. First place, heavyweight division.

JOE JR.

I have very powerful legs. Yonkers Joe is not much of a letter writer.

JANICE

No he's not -- but he said when he gets old and gray and can't walk anymore -- he knows that he has a son who can help him up the stairs.

(MORE)

JANICE (cont'd)

I know he acts like a jerk sometimes, but it's only because he's different from other people -- a lot like you.

Joe looks back in earnest.

JANICE (CONT'D)

I want you to know that you can stay here anytime you want, and for as long as you want. Do you understand?

JOE JR.

Yes... I have a very good build...

He flexes. Janice smiles and feels his muscles.

JANICE

I'll try to control myself.... Let me get you a pillow and blanket. You can sleep out here tonight.

She gets up and leaves the room. When he sees she's gone, he flexes again and touches his muscles proudly.

SMASH CUT TO:

65 A EXT. GULFSTREAM PARK - HALLANDALE BEACH, FL - DAY 65 A

The muddy hooves of the THOROUGHBREDS race towards the finish line.

65 INT. GULFSTREAM PARK - CONTINUOUS 65

Mobs of spirited GAMBLERS are rooting for their horses. One MAN whips himself with a racing form -- while another angry LOSER runs along side of the horses screaming at the JOCKEYS.

The race ends and the results pop up on the tote board.

66 INT. GRANDSTAND - SECOND LEVEL - CONTINUOUS 66

Joe Jr. jumps off his seat.

JOE JR.

I won!

Yonkers tears up his losing tickets, but he's happy for Joe.

JANICE

You shouldn't have been greedy and bet the exacta. We bet to win -- and we won.

JOE JR.

I'm gonna get my money.

Joe Jr. heads for the escalator.

YONKERS

You know where to go, right?

Joe Jr. nods and steps onto the escalator. Janice strokes Yonkers' shoulder -- she's happy to see Joe Jr. so thrilled.

JANICE

He's doing better -- don't you think?

Yonkers nods -- but he doesn't look convinced.

YONKERS

Thanks for coming down here, Jan, the kid really likes you.

A beat, then she gives a thin smile.

67 INT. RACETRACK - MOMENTS LATER

67

Yonkers scans the racing form as they ride the escalator down. Janice sees Stanley waiting at the bottom with two MEN.

JANICE

Oh goody -- your shadow. You didn't tell me he was gonna be here?

Yonkers looks up but avoids her gaze. They get off the escalator.

STANLEY

(to Yonkers)

We were just bragging about you. This is Bam and Dino from New York. They live here now.

Yonkers shakes hands with the men -- then introduces Janice.

YONKERS

...My wife, Janice.

Janice stares back at him. Yonkers gives her a guarded smile as they all move towards the grandstand.

STANLEY

Bam and Dino did business with Carmine from Waterbury.

BAM

We were supposed to be part of those British junkets to London.

Yonkers shakes his head.

YONKERS

You missed a hell of a score.

DINO (CONT'D)

I know all about it -- you're top of the line. We heard what you did on Gibraltar too... They actually signed the casino over to you?

YONKERS

I'd hardly call it a casino.

Bam and Dino laugh out loud.

DINO

We've been around mechanics for years... Hell, Bammy here fucks with the snappers himself...

YONKERS

Is that right?

BAM

I can hold up a crap -- and I got a little bump shot going...

STANLEY

That'll get the money.

They arrive at the plastic seats that look out onto the track. Yonkers peers around, looking for Joe Jr.

YONKERS

(to Janice)

When you see him -- wave him over.

Janice nods. Yonkers turns back to the Miami guys.

YONKERS

Are you men sure you wanna do this?

STANLEY

They just wanna go over a few details.

DINO

We're not a hundred percent convinced about the Eye in the Sky... How are you going to block it -- even for a second?

YONKERS

I'm not.

Bam and Dino stare back curiously.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

I want the Eye watching me. I want them
all watching me...

Yonkers pulls a pair of cheery colored dice from his pocket and shows it to the men.

YONKERS

Open up your hands, palms up.

Bam holds out both his hands. Stanley positions his body to block out the passersby's. Janice is growing perturbed because she doesn't know what's going on.

Yonkers places the red dice on Bam's left palm -- then picks them up and lays them on his other palm -- they're WHITE.

Bam and Dino nod, impressed.

BAM

Do it again.

Yonkers makes the move again, reversing the action. They turn back to cheery red.

DINO

Fuck -- I'm looking right at him -- I can't see a thing!

BAM

It's a good switch. Where's the leak?

YONKERS

Leak?

BAM

Every move has a leak -- an angle where you can spot the other dice in your hand.

YONKERS

There's no other dice in my hand.

BAM

I know the move -- the dice are under your thumb.

Yonkers snaps his hand open -- there's nothing in it. All we see is his empty, open palm.

The Miami guys go white. Janice's eyes widen.

BAM

That's impossible...

STANLEY

You got the 'backhand palm.'

Yonkers smiles proudly.

CU - BACK OF YONKERS' HAND

We see the dice hidden between his pinky and forefinger.

BACK TO SCENE

As he turns his hand to show Bam and Dino -- the dice slip out and crash on the floor. The Miami guys look stunned.

YONKERS

I spilled...

As Yonkers bends down to pick up the dice -- he sees Joe Jr. out on the track. He's in the winners circle with the JOCKEY, OWNER and the rest of their ENTOURAGE.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

Let's not talk here. We'll meet up in the clubhouse...

Yonkers excuses himself and moves away from them. The men look at Stanley.

DINO

Spilled?

STANLEY

He's just pullin' your prick a little...

Stanley goes after Yonkers. They turn to Janice.

DINO

What, are they getting hot horses?

Janice feigns a smile -- but is steaming inside.

JANICE

They're all hot to Joe.

68 EXT. RACEWAY - DAY

68

Yonkers gets his hand stamped as he leaves the grandstand and moves outside. Stanley calls to him.

STANLEY

Joe!

Stanley catches up and hands Yonkers a pair of dice.

STANLEY

Here's the works. It's a dead ace-deuce splitter. The weight is perfect.

Yonkers feels the weight as he continues walking. He nods approvingly then hands the dice back to Stanley.

YONKERS

Give them to me upstairs -- so the men can see them.... They feel good though.

STANLEY

I couldn't get the blacklight gel.

YONKERS

What?

STANLEY

C'mon, Joe, let's be realistic. We've got a better shot of moving tops on the President than beating a casino in Vegas. Even with the gel. Which, by the way -- they're not just handing out.

Yonkers is becoming more annoyed with Stanley but eager to get his son out of the winners' circle.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

We can still turn these guys. They know you're capable... All you gotta do is show them the weight.

YONKERS

I gotta go pull him out of there.

Yonkers moves away from him, towards the winners' circle. Stanley heads back into the grandstand.

69 EXT. WINNERS CIRCLE - DAY

69

Yonkers takes Joe Jr. by the hand. He shares awkward glances with the folks in the circle as he pulls his son out.

YONKERS

What the hell are you doing in the winner's circle?

JOE JR.

I won!

YONKERS

You're not the only one who wins. A lot of people win.

(MORE)

YONKERS (cont'd)

That's for the owners and the jockeys.
You cash your tickets at the window.
C'mon.

Joe Jr. waves at the jockey as he follows his father out.

70 INT. RACEWAY - CONTINUOUS

70

Yonkers places his hand under the blacklight and he moves back inside. He stops for a moment and looks down at the invisible stamp on his hand -- then he watches Joe Jr. put his hand under the light.

Janice is standing at the entrance, waiting. Long lines are forming at the windows behind her. Yonkers walks up to her.

YONKERS

C'mon, let's not get shut out. I've only got one play today -- and this is it.

They head for the windows. Yonkers turns to Joe Jr.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

On the other side is where you cash your tickets. Cash them and come back. We'll be on line.

Joe Jr. nods 'okay' and hurries off. Yonkers and Janice get on the betting line. Her patience is wearing thin.

JANICE

You wanna tell me what's going on?

Yonkers shakes his head and sighs.

YONKERS

...These guys are two half-ass hustlers -- they think they're 'with it' -- but don't know they're alive... Stanley wants to put'em through.

Yonkers shouts at the players ahead of him.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

Let's move!

All the GAMBLERS on line begin yelling at the PLAYERS ahead of them to 'hurry up.'

YONKERS

This is ridiculous. If these sick degenerates didn't bet every horse in the goddamn race -- we'd be down already.

JANICE
What's going on, Joe?

YONKERS
Stanley wants to turn these guys. That's why we came down here.

JANICE
Turn...? What does that mean?

YONKERS
He wants to take them to Vegas and play it on the square, you know... take a shot with their money.

JANICE
Why would you do that?

YONKERS
Why not? They think I'm gonna move in loaded dice. We let them know ahead of time that you can still lose with loads -- there's no guarantee. So, I just pretend to move. Meanwhile, they're putting up the money. If we win, great. If we lose, well, it don't cost us nothing.

JANICE
Pretend to move...? What advantage does that give you? You'll be gambling on the square.

YONKERS
Wouldn't you like someone to give you a hundred G's to go gamble with? That's what they're coming up with, a hundred grand.

JANICE
That still doesn't mean you're gonna win.

YONKERS
Stanley will go off with half that bankroll in chips if the dice don't go our way. We'll get the money.

Janice has no reply -- Yonkers sees the disdain in her face.

YONKERS
I don't like it either -- but I'm fed up with all this shit... Stanley -- these fuckin' guys... And neither one of us is qualified to handle this god damn kid.

There's one gambler left in front of them when the BUZZER goes off -- shutting them out. The line dissolves and the gamblers scatter, cursing.

Joe Jr. shows up with his winnings -- he's all smiles. Janice gives Yonkers a thwarted look and he lowers his eyes. She leads Joe Jr. away from him.

Yonkers walks away from the betting window and slumps down onto a chair -- hard shadows cut across his face.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. POOL - GRAND PLAZA HOTEL - LAS VEGAS - DAY 71

Groups of CHILDREN splash about in the water. Exquisite WOMEN sporting dark tans sit and converse by the edge of the pool while their HUSBANDS play cards inside fancy cabanas.

72 INT. PLAZA - LOBBY - DAY 72

The lobby is crowded. Bam and Dino are on the INVITED GUESTS line -- checking in.

73 INT. PLAZA - RESTAURANT - DAY 73

Stanley is sitting at a table fingering through a newspaper -- he spots Teddy in the lobby. Teddy teases him with a wink. Stanley shakes his head in exasperation.

74 INT. PLAZA - LOBBY - DAY 74

Yonkers, Janice and Joe Jr. enter the lobby. Suddenly, we see a flash and realize their picture has been taken. An ATTENDANT welcomes them as a PHOTOGRAPHER gets ready to snap another picture.

ATTENDANT

Welcome to the Grand Plaza...

YONKERS

What's with the camera?

ATTENDANT

We would like nothing more than for you to remember your stay. There's no obligation to buy... the prints will be at the counter.

YONKERS

We'll take our own pictures.

Yonkers moves Janice and Joe Jr. away from the photographer. Teddy joins them at the elevator.

75 INT. PLAZA ELEVATOR - DAY

75

They're riding up.

TEDDY

Hey Janice, you're looking awfully good today... Whadda ya say you cancel that Yankee's contract and spend some time with a real American?

She looks at Yonkers.

JANICE

He has a little time left on that option.

Yonkers smiles and gives her the 'George sign.' Joe Jr. takes it all in.

76 INT. SUITE - DAY

76

They enter the room. The suite is furnished in a hip, contemporary style. Joe Jr. happily spots a complimentary fruit basket and goes for it. Janice moves towards the master suite.

77 EXT. TERRACE - DAY

77

She comes onto the terrace and looks over the magnificent grounds. A warm breeze blows past her. Yonkers walks out and stands by the railing.

JANICE

These guys must really want to impress you.

Yonkers looks at her.

YONKERS

Thanks for helping out with the kid.

JANICE

Yeah... you mentioned that already.

78 EXT. FREMONT STREET - LATER

78

The promenade is busy with traffic. TOURISTS are walking -- taking it all in.

Joe Jr. and Teddy walk by a hair salon. Joe peeks inside. The place is empty except for the GIRLS that work there. They're young and in minis, spandex and heels.

TEDDY

...C'mon, let's get you a haircut.

79 INT. SALON

79

Teddy and Joe Jr. walk in and approach the COUNTER GIRL.

TEDDY

Whadda ya' say, little lady, you think you can give my man a trim and not fall in love? He's awfully pretty -- and damn good with a buck.

COUNTER GIRL

(smiles)

Okay, you can go back and Cynthia will shampoo him.

TEDDY

Go get shampooed, my boy. I'll wait here.... Don't forget to tip the lady.

Teddy looks at the counter girl and flashes a devious smile.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Did you treat your husband good last night?

COUNTER GIRL

I don't have one of those.

Teddy's smile brightens. Joe Jr. moves apprehensively to the sink, where CYNTHIA, a tiny sexpot, is waiting.

CYNTHIA

Hello.

JOE JR.

My name is Joe Duma, Jr.

CYNTHIA

Okay Joe Duma, Jr. I'm Cindy.

He sits and she wraps the plastic protective garment around him. Soon Joe's in heaven as Cynthia goes to work rubbing his head. Her breasts bounce above him. Her crotch lightly rubs his shoulder. Joe is almost delirious. She finishes -- then towel dries his hair.

Joe Jr. stands and reaches into his pocket. We notice a bulge under the apron. He gives her a dollar and she leads him to another chair to get his haircut.

Joe takes a seat and gazes at all the girls. One of the girls, FRANCINE, gets up and walks over.

FRANCINE

Hi, I'm Fran. I'll be cutting your hair.

Joe checks her out. She's wearing low-cut jeans with the string of her thong showing over a curvy hip -- her breasts bounce perfectly under a belly shirt.

Joe closes his eyes and begins to melt away as she touches his hair and cuts. She moves about him, occasionally rubbing against him -- her titties an inch away from his mouth.

We notice that he's touching himself beneath the garment. Francine senses something and stops cutting. Joe stops.

She walks around the chair to pick up the electric clippers and Joe begins again. His body is bouncing slightly and his face becomes more intense. Francine notices at the same time as Teddy.

FRANCINE

Hey! Is he...

TEDDY

Joe! Whadda ya doing there... Stop that.

Joe Jr. freezes. His eyes dart around -- paranoid.

FRANCINE

My boyfriend's a cop, ya know.

Teddy takes out some money and pays Francine.

TEDDY

Here, we're finished.

He grabs Joe and pulls him out of there -- the towel and apron dropping to the floor as they make a hasty exit.

80 EXT. FREMONT STREET - SUNSET

80

Teddy and Joe Jr. hurry out of the salon.

TEDDY

What the hell you doing in there,
jackin'?

Joe Jr. zips up his pants. He has a tense look on his face. Teddy shakes his head -- but a smile peeks through.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

C'mon, I'll get'cha a bottled water -- to
pour on your head.

81 EXT. PLAZA - SUNSET 81

Swing music can be heard from inside the hotel's lobby. The VALETS hustle about the parking lot.

82 INT. SUITE - SUNSET 82

Yonkers is sitting on a chair practicing the 'backhand palm' and looking over the racing form -- the dice slip from his hand, onto his lap. He picks them up and tries again.

Janice comes out of the bedroom wearing the hotel robe over a revealing black teddy.

JANICE

Whadda ya think of these egg rolls?

YONKERS

Not much.

JANICE

What...?

YONKERS

Does nothing for me.

Janice looks pissed. She moves across the room and sits on the arm of the chair -- then grabs the racing form.

JANICE

'These Egg Rolls' has dropped from a forty-thousand dollar allowance to a claimer. He should win going away.

YONKERS

Look at this one. It's a four thousand dollar claimer. He wins race after race and nobody claims the horse. He's in good shape according to his time. It looks like they're gonna shoot him in for another win.

JANICE

I know he's consistent -- but my horse is the class in the race.

YONKERS

He's also the favorite. He's got the best weight, fastest time and everyone picks him... He can't possibly win.

JANICE

You are the worst handicapper I know.

She tries to lift a few strands of hair that are hanging over his eyes -- but he's uncomfortable with her initiating the tender gesture and gets up. She sits in his place -- looking a bit rejected.

YONKERS

Let me ask you something -- You saw those monitors in Atlantic City?

She nods.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

The camera can get so close to the shooter, it sees the dice in their hands. But, how can they be close on every player at the table at the same time?

JANICE

Why would they want to?

YONKERS

That's just it, they wouldn't... What if someone else makes the move, not the shooter? If the shooter makes the move he's gonna get made...

JANICE

How can anyone else make a move, Joe? The shooter's the only one who's allowed to touch the dice.

Yonkers moves to the bar and pours himself a water. Janice follows him over. *

JANICE *

I think we should focus more on Joe Jr. He needs to know that you really care about him -- so he does well at the group home.

YONKERS

The group home's not gonna take him...

Janice looks shocked.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

The woman who runs the place told me about this other spot -- it's like the Taj Mahal for his kind of people. But, it's big money... *

*

JANICE
(after a pause)
Has it really been that bad -- the time
he's spent with us? Why don't you just
let him stay awhile?

YONKERS
...Jan, let's be realistic.

JANICE
He's your son, Joe -- your blood. What's
more realistic than that?

*

He looks at her deeply.

YONKERS
Do you believe in God, Jan?

She gives him a curious look.

YONKERS (CONT'D)
Do ya?

JANICE
Yeah...

YONKERS
So do I.

She looks surprised.

YONKERS (CONT'D)
Nancy and me were both healthy -- we were
young. I don't care what any doctor
says, she was pregnant... I didn't push
her but she fell because we were going at
it like two stupid jerks, like animals...

JANICE
...That's not the reason he turned out
that way.

YONKERS
How does a mother take off and leave her
kid? How does a woman do something like
that?

JANICE
I don't know...

YONKERS

It's payback for what I do.

JANICE

What?

YONKERS

Of course, I'm in my head, always figuring, figuring -- and his don't work. Fuckin' perfect.

JANICE

His head in fine -- and if you believed that you should have quit a long time ago.

*

YONKERS

I have to eat -- I have to live. This is what I do... No one gets a pass, Janice, and this kid is my sentence.

Beat.

JANICE

You're an asshole.... You've got a kid who loves you -- who needs you, and because a whatever the fuck up reason -- you won't let him in. You won't let anyone in. You know why?

Yonkers looks back perplexed.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Because you've got no balls, Joe. You're so scared, you can't even see.... You know what, I'm gonna leave... Yeah, I'm gonna go home... This is...

She starts away -- he grabs her arm.

YONKERS

It's not true what you're saying...

*

JANICE

It is true.

She moves away again and he grabs her harder -- her robe swings open. He peers down at her.

JANICE (CONT'D)

What're you looking at?! You can't see me -- so why are you looking?

He tries to speak but she stops him.

JANICE

This isn't about us, Joe, not anymore...
It's about him -- your son. You have to
help him.

YONKERS

Jan, I ran this thing through my head a
thousand times -- and all I can come up
with is putting him in a better place
with people he likes -- is gotta be the
best thing for him...

(beat)

What am I gonna do -- take him to
clambakes?

*
*
*
*

She stares back with without a reply.

*

83 INT. PLAZA - NIGHT

83

Teddy and Joe Jr. walk into the lobby.

TEDDY

Go on up -- I'm gonna grab a paper.

Joe Jr. heads towards the elevator as Teddy goes into the
lobby convenience store.

84 INT. PLAZA HALLWAY - NIGHT

84

Joe Jr. comes off the elevator and heads down the hall.

85 INT. SUITE - NIGHT

85

Yonkers faces Janice.

YONKERS

Listen, we're gonna work this out -- It's
gonna be all right...

She fidgets with the graduation ring hanging around her neck.

*

Yonkers takes hold of her with his eyes -- and kisses her softly.

*

ANGLE DOOR

We see Joe Jr.'s huge eyes peering through a chink in the door. He looks upset and excited at the same time.

86 EXT. FREMONT - NEXT DAY 86

PEDESTRIANS swarm in and out of the casinos, while OTHERS move along the busy walkway.

87 INT. PLAZA - GAMING AREA - CONTINUOUS 87

Yonkers is leaning against a craps table watching the action.

A PLAYER picks up the dice and shoots -- one cube slips from his hand and drops in front of him. The other cube flies across the table and bangs off the backboard.

Yonkers stares at the dice... A tiny, spark of inspiration appears in his eyes -- when he looks up his entire face is beaming.

90 INT. SUITE - DAY 90

Janice spreads the curtains -- allowing the sun in. She picks up a magazine, moves to the sofa and plops down on it.

91 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 91

Joe Jr. finishes brushing his teeth -- then spays on cologne.

92 INT. PLAZA - LOBBY - DAY 92

Bam and Dino approach Yonkers as he comes into the lobby.

BAM

Hey, Joe...

YONKERS

What's up, men?

DINO

We just wanted to let you know that we went on record with our guys in New York -
- for this play.

YONKERS

What does that mean?

BAM

You know what it means... This money don't belong to us. There's gonna be a problem if you're not on the up and up.

The men exchange heated looks, then move off into the lobby -- Yonkers follows them with his gaze.

93 INT. SUITE - DAY

93

Joe Jr. comes out of the bathroom with a gift wrapped in tissue paper. He sits on the sofa next to Janice and gives it to her.

JANICE

What's this?

JOE JR.

A present... A present for you.

She peels off the paper. It's the picture of herself with Yonkers and Joe Jr. entering the hotel.

JANICE

Joseph... How did you...

She's touched by the gift.

JANICE (CONT'D)

C'mere, sweetie...

She reaches over and kisses him on the forehead -- putting her arms around him in a motherly fashion. His eyes travel to her cleavage, where her soft, perky mounds form a slit. His face becomes intense -- his arms tighten around her.

JANICE

Okay, honey...

Joe doesn't let go and she realizes this is getting out of hand. Her voice takes on a serious, deliberate tone.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Joseph...

She tries to get up but he pulls her back down and presses his lips on hers -- the same way he saw his father do it. His hand slides up the curve of her waist to her breast.

JANICE

(pushing him)

Joe... stop it! STOP IT!!

She can feel the crunch of his body upon hers. Her legs are stretched and sealed beneath his weight. Sounds like words are heard from Joe until...

WHACK! Yonkers' first punch catches Joe at the base of the skull. It's not a chosen blow -- more of a reaction. Joe Jr. looks up in shock, his thick tongue bulging, his nose running.

YONKERS

What the fuck is this...!

Yonkers begins slapping his son, his rage guiding every blow.

Joe Jr. tumbles onto the carpet and grabs his father's leg -- pulling him to the ground. Yonkers struggles for control, but Joe Jr.'s hold is firm.

JANICE

Stop it!!

Janice tries to pull them apart.

Yonkers gets a grip on Joe Jr.'s collar and spins him around, then pins him to the carpet.

YONKERS

This is so fuckin' bad...

Joe Jr. looks past his father and sees a teary Janice peering down at him. When he realizes how frightened she is -- his body goes limp and his arms fall to the side.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

...You ain't never gonna change.

Joe Jr. turns away and begins to weep. Yonkers rises off of him -- and looks to Janice.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

Are you all right?

She nods.

Suddenly Joe Jr. leaps up and bolts out of the room. A beat, then Yonkers takes off after him.

94 EXT. BACK OF PLAZA - DAY

94

Joe Jr. books from the rear of building. Train tracks floating over miles of desert are within his reach. He tears at the fence.

Yonkers races up from behind -- he grabs Joe and spins him around.

Joe Jr. looks trapped, doomed -- lost in his deepest despair. He lets out a horrible WAIL!

JOE JR.
JANICE...!

He buckles over. Yonkers grabs him and holds him in place.

JOE JR.
JANICE...!!

YONKERS
Stop it! Look at me... LOOK at me!

Joe peers up at his father.

YONKERS (CONT'D)
What you did is inexcusable... Let's face it, Joe... You hurt someone who cares a lot about you -- who loves you!

JOE JR.
Janice loves you... Everybody loves you... Just let me go home! I'll be right again. You don't have to see me -- you don't have to write me. Just let me go back to the bunk!

YONKERS
Don't you think I would if I could?! I know how bad you wanna be there. But, there's no going back -- not to that place...

Joe looks like he going to WAIL again.

YONKERS (CONT'D)
Hey!

JOE JR.
Fuck you! FUCK you good! You turned your back on me and that's a mother fucker thing to do to.

Yonkers has no reply. The hard wind blows sand on Joe's face.

JOE JR. (CONT'D)
JANICE...!

YONKERS
C'mon, kid...

Yonkers put his hand on Joe's shoulder but he slaps it away.

JOE JR.
I shouldn't of done that... I don't
belong here! I have three chromosomes --
you have two... That's why my head is so
fuckin' big!

He accuses his father with his look.

JOE JR. (CONT'D)
...No one will ever love me.

YONKERS
That's not true, Joe. There's something
out there for you -- believe me... We
just gotta find it. I ain't gonna turn
my back on you, no way...

Joe looks deeply at his father.

YONKERS (CONT'D)
You're going through some shit -- so
what... Every man has problems -- and
you're a man, right?

JOE JR.
I wear Musk for men.

Joe holds his wrist up for Yonkers to smell.

YONKERS
Yeah, smells good... Listen, we're gonna
work this out, you and me. You're not a
bad guy, you're not ugly, you're fine.
But right now you're gonna go upstairs
and apologize to Janice -- because that's
what a man would do...

Yonkers steps back to give him space. Joe points at the
desert.

JOE JR.
What's that way?

YONKERS
There's nothing that way, Joe, just
desert.

Joe looks out at the desert and train tracks for a long beat
then head back into the Plaza. Yonkers follows him in.

Janice has the hotel robe wrapped around her when they come back into the room.

Joe Jr. looks scared and nervous. He shuffles towards her. She tightens her robe as he gets closer. He stops in front of her and lowers his eyes. *

He leans in closer but she backs away. Joe senses this and begins to cry. Her eyes well up too. *

YONKERS
 Sit down, Joe.
 (to Janice)
 Joe's got something to say to you. *

JOE JR.
 ...I'm sorry... *

JANICE
 I want to forgive you, Joe. But, you have to understand -- you can never act that way, to anyone... ever. *

JOE JR.
 I'm sorry... I'm very sorry, Janice... You're my friend -- I shouldn't have done that... *

She sits down next to him. *

JANICE
 You're my friend too, Joe -- you'll always be my friend -- but that's not the way to show affection a woman... *

YONKERS
 (to Janice)
 You should've seen him -- he was out there screaming your name... He knows he did wrong -- he's sick about it... *

Joe Jr. nods -- Janice embraces him. Suddenly, a KNOCK at the door. Janice turns startled. *

YONKERS
 You okay? *

Janice nods. Yonkers moves to the door. *

YONKERS
 Yeah, who is it? *

STANLEY (O.S.)
It's me. Open up.

*

Yonkers cracks the door open. Stanley moves in -- he senses tension.

*

STANLEY
Is everything all right?

YONKERS
Let me talk to you later.

STANLEY
Joe, we got two apples bellied up to the table downstairs. We gotta move now.

YONKERS
Not now. I'll be down in a minute.

*

*

STANLEY

You're gonna put me in a hell of a jackpot with these guys...

YONKERS

You put yourself in a jackpot. I came up with something -- but I can't talk about it now.

STANLEY

You came up with something?

YONKERS

Yeah, something good -- we don't need to turn these guys. I'll go over the whole thing with you later.

Yonkers tries to shuffle him out the door. Stanley resists.

STANLEY

Why not now?

YONKERS

Gimme a couple of minutes -- I'll be right down

JANICE

It's okay, Joe, I'd want to hear it too.

Yonkers turns to her and she give him a reassuring look. He pauses for a beat -- trying to put his thoughts together -- then moves Stanley into the room.

YONKERS

All right...

He removes a set of dice from his pocket and drops them on the couch. He turns to Stanley.

YONKERS

Sit down over there.

Stanley sits.

YONKERS

The Eye in the Sky will be on me, because I'm the shooter. What if I can pick up the dice with an open hand and show I have nothing in it?

STANLEY

C'mon, Joe, how ya gonna make a move with nothing in your hand?

Yonkers picks up a chair and shoves it against the end of the couch.

*
*

YONKERS

You're the expert. When a player shoots
and the dice are in the air -- can you
see them?

STANLEY

What...

YONKERS

Can you see them?

STANLEY

There's no reason to even look at them
when they're in the air. As long as they
hit the backboard and nobody touches them
-- what does it matter?

Yonkers leans a pillow against the back of the couch.

*

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Are you saying you can switch the dice in
mid-air?

*

Yonkers moves to Joe Jr., he whispers in his and he leads him
to the chair

*

*

Joe Jr. looks bewildered -- but sits.

*

Janice and Stanley watch closely as Yonkers plucks a cube off
the bed and hands it to Joe Jr. -- then whispers something in
his ear. Joe Jr. gives a big smile and squeezes his eyes
shut.

Yonkers whips around to the other side of the bed and scoops
up a pair of dice with a wide open hand. He shakes them and
shoots!

We hear the hit off of the pillow and see both dice roll to a
stop. Yonkers smiles at Joe Jr.

YONKERS

Good job, son.

Joe Jr. is beaming with pride. Yonkers opens his hand and
shows them a single cube in it. Janice looks confused.

JANICE

I don't understand... What happened?

YONKERS

It couldn't be more simple. When I shoot
-- I'm only gonna let go of one die...

(to Stanley)

I'm gonna whip it fast -- so as soon as
you hear it hit your side of the table,
let go of the load... You don't even
have to look. All you have to do is let
it drop out of your hand -- like Joe just
did.

(back to Janice)

You'll be on my right side -- so I can
clean to you after.

Stanley is having a hard time grasping the simplicity of it.

STANLEY

But, that's still only one die. What
about the other one?

YONKERS

You do it twice. You never made two
moves before?

Stanley's face twists into a smile, revealing how impressed he is -- but the smile quickly fades.

STANLEY

It still won't work. We don't have the blacklight gel.

YONKERS

I've got it.

STANLEY

You've got it?

YONKERS

Yeah, but we gotta go home. We can be back in two days.... And one more thing -
- Teddy remains.

STANLEY

That fuckin' goofball! You weren't supposed to bring him here.

YONKERS

Stanley, you treat the guy like an imbecile and expect me to go along with it.

STANLEY

I put this play in motion. Whadda we need him for?

YONKERS

The Miami guys are green. They don't know what to do. That's why I want you and Teddy at the table guiding them. We'll get eight or ten rolls before the heat comes down. That's all we need, but every bet counts. We can't afford to wake them up with any bad money plays.

Stanley looks at him -- weighing up his assessment.

STANLEY

How are you gonna get the loads back out of the game?

YONKERS

I'll move them out. All you do is drop them in and you're clean. You've got nothing on ya.

STANLEY

What about the money? If you take a blow -- those guys will lose it all.

YONKERS

Now you're worried about the money? At
least the works will be on the table.
Whatever happens, happens.

(to Janice)

We ain't bullshittin' nobody.

Janice gives a him a proud smile. Stanley stares back
nonplussed. Joe Jr. scoops up the dice and drops them again.

96 INT. YONKERS RACEWAY - YONKERS - MORNING 96

The WORKERS are setting up for the afternoon meet. Yonkers
hands a PINKERTON GUARD money -- and collects a container of
blacklight stamping die. Joe Jr. is beside him.

97 INT. GAMING SUPPLY OUTLET - YONKERS - DAY 97

A blacklight shines upon the hands of a master craftsman
pouring liquid celluloid-acetate into a plate of dice molds.
Once finished -- he moves to another bench where a rough,
solid, ruby colored cube waits under a drill.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Stanley drilling the holes deep enough to tweezer in tiny
platinum slugs. He quickly fills the holes with white paint.

The paint hardens instantly and he sands off the excess.

He locks the sharp edges of the cube in a balancer and spins
it. The center glows under the blacklight -- and when the
weight takes hold we see the Grand Plaza Hotel insignia
engraved upon it.

Yonkers, Joe Jr. and Teddy are watching in the background.

STANLEY

It's a trey-four splitter. Combine it
with the ace-deuce and we'll knock out
the sevens.

TEDDY

That combo is gonna make a lot of low
numbers.

STANLEY

Yeah, mostly fours, fives.

Stanley shows the cube to Yonkers.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

I reversed the deuces on the weight -- so
you can identify them.

(MORE)

STANLEY (CONT'D)

The spots will go from right to left,
when the six is on top. See.

Yonkers nods.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

I have to admit -- the gel looks good.

YONKERS

Did you have any problems?

STANLEY

None. I just melted it down -- perfect.

Yonkers nods approvingly. Stanley stares back apprehensively.

YONKERS

What...?

STANLEY

I can't make the drop. I thought it over
for a long time. If I get made, I'm
ruined. I'll blow my business, my
license to sell, everything. It's a
great idea... But I can't do it.

YONKERS

The only way there can be a problem is if
you don't drop the dice. I've seen you
make much harder moves for less money.

STANLEY

Joe, even if we do get by -- this is
Vegas! When they get wind of my business
they'll know I'm around mechanics. I
don't mind a lumps for trumps, but we
could wind up in the can here.

Yonkers tries to remain calm as Stanley continues.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

I still think our best bet is to turn
these Miami guys. They're so fuckin'
ripe they'll do anything you say. Let's
stick to the original plan.

YONKERS

That was never my plan.

Yonkers looks at Teddy.

TEDDY

Damn, Joe, I'm a helluva lugger and a
pretty good take down man. But I ain't
never been much of a mover.

YONKERS

What mover!? We're talking about opening your hand and letting the dice drop out.

Teddy lowers his eyes.

STANLEY

Joe, with your past it ain't gonna be like Bumpy -- they'll throw in a conspiracy charge and you'll do a dime over this... Is it worth ten years of your life?

Yonkers doesn't answer.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

There is something that may work.

Yonkers looks at him.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

The kid... Let him do it. We already know he can.

YONKERS

How's that?

STANLEY

I seen him do it with my own eyes and it got by me... Plus if something happens, what are they gonna do to? They'll take one look at him -- slap him on the hand and throw him out.

Joe Jr. perks up and gazes at his father excitedly.

JOE JR.

I can do it! I'm good at this...

TEDDY

It could work, Joe.

YONKERS

The skies will fall from the fuckin' heavens before I involve my kid in this.

STANLEY

Then whadda ya want to do...? These guys are waiting in Vegas with a hundred large -- cash. Do you wanna watch that money walk out the door?

JOE JR.

Da, I can help you. I can drop the dice.

Yonkers looks at his son and smiles ruefully.

YONKERS

That's not why you're here.

STANLEY

What're we doing? Let's just get back there and 'turn' these two shmucks. Because if we don't -- they're gonna blow every dime of that fuckin' money.

TEDDY

He's right, Joe. Is it better we let the casino get it?

A beat, then Yonkers turns to his son.

YONKERS

Let's go, Joe.

They leave. Stanley and Teddy exchange awkward glances.

98 EXT. FREMONT STREET, LAS VEGAS - MORNING 98

Yonkers sits slouched on a bench that overlooks the promenade. Joe Jr. is seated on the other end. The "Grand Plaza" looms over them in the background.

99 INT. PLAZA - LOBBY - MORNING 99

Hustle and bustle -- PEOPLE checking in. There are signs about the lobby displaying menus and activities.

100 INT. PLAZA - GAMING AREA - MORNING 100

The floor is packed with hopeful GAMBLERS. There's a common element to all these joints, from the rustic clambakes to the sophisticated casinos: the siphoning of all races, creeds and genders into a one dimensional reality -- winners and losers.

101 INT. PLAZA - CRAPS TABLE - CONTINUOUS 101

The dice tumble across the felt -- busting up stacks of chips until they crash into the backboard and finally settle.

Yonkers leans up against the table and cases the action -- he stares at the ID number on the dice.

102 INT. GUEST ROOM - LATER 102

Joe Jr. is hanging his clothes in the closet.

Yonkers stands over the room table in his shirtsleeves, his jacket is draped over the chair behind him.

Janice watches as he opens a brown box -- and lifts out a heavy, iron device with a metal arm attachment.

Yonkers stares back at her pensively -- then places a loaded die under the metal arm. He sets it to the same ID number he saw earlier and pushes down on the plunger, stamping the die.

Joe Jr. looks on curiously.

JANICE

Why are you doing all this -- if you're not gonna make the move anyway?

YONKERS

These guys ain't complete suckers. They may wanna see the dice after.

Joe goes to his father and takes hold of the plunger. Yonkers steps away and allows him to stamp the other cube.

JANICE

I knew Stanley would dog it.

Yonkers inspects the cube -- then smiles at his son. Joe Jr. watches him place the dice into his jacket pocket.

103 EXT. FREMONT STREET - DAY

103

Yonkers is holding his jacket over his arm as they walk along the busy strip. Joe Jr. is carrying the box.

JANICE

Why put yourself through this...? You don't wanna turns these guys... Just fold the play, and let's go home.

Yonkers doesn't answer her. He looks back at his son.

YONKERS

You want me to carry that?

Joe Jr. shakes his head 'no'.

JANICE

I still don't understand why you're marking dice you're not going to use.

Yonkers lifts his head to speak but she talks over him.

JANICE (CONT'D)

And don't give me that bull about 'they want to see them after' -- cause I'm the one who's supposed to get rid of them.

She stares at him. He avoids her gaze. Suddenly her eyes match the depth of her realization. She stops him in front of a small diner.

JANICE (CONT'D)

You're going to make the move yourself -- aren't you?

YONKERS

You're crazy.

JANICE

Joe, you can't do it. Not alone...

Joe Jr. eyes travel back and forth -- listening to them.
Yonkers pulls her aside.

YONKERS

I've got the gel. All I gotta to do is
get the dice in the game. Then I'm
clean... You get out of there -- They've
got nothing.

JANICE

Nothing?! The bad dice will still be on
the table.

YONKERS

So?

JANICE

They'll find them.

YONKERS

That's right.

She eyes him incredulously.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

How they gonna prove it's me?

JANICE

That's crazy... I'll do it -- I'll make
the drop.

Joe Jr. inches in closer -- listening carefully.

YONKERS

No. I have to clean to you.

JANICE

Then I'm not going in... I'm not going
to help you -- It's nuts.

Yonkers looks at her steadily then takes her by the arm and
moves her out of Joe Jr.'s earshot.

YONKERS

You'd take six more months of this --
after what happened to you?

Joe Jr. steps towards them.

JANICE

Especially after what happened.

Yonkers is at his wits-end -- he looks uncertain... He begins to slip on his jacket -- struggling with an arm. Joe Jr. places the box on the ground and helps his father.

JOE JR.

I can help you, da...

He slinks his hand into his father's jacket while helping him on with it. Yonkers grabs hold of his wrist.

YONKERS

Whadda ya doing?

JOE JR.

I can help you...

Yonkers clenches Joe Jr.'s wrist tightly until Joe Jr. opens his hand -- revealing the dice from the jacket. Joe Jr. gives him a crucial look.

JOE JR. (CONT'D)

I can make the drop, I can help you, da.

Yonkers stares at his son. The weight of Joe Jr.'s gesture comes down hard on him.

JOE JR. (CONT'D)

...I can drop the dice.

Joe Jr. squeezes his eyes shut, the same way he did during the demonstration. Yonkers stands there for a long time, staring... a spectrum of emotion races across his face -- finally he releases his son's wrist.

YONKERS

All right....

JANICE

Joe...!

Yonkers looks at his son and points at the diner.

YONKERS

This is Duffy's. As soon as you make the drop -- get out of the casino. Don't even make one bet. Just walk out, and come back here. Understand?

Joe Jr.'s face lights up.

JOE JR.

I can do that.

He picks up the box and heads for the casino.

YONKERS

Hey, not yet... Sit down over there.
I'll be right over.

Joe Jr. goes to a bench and sits. Yonkers turns to Janice.

JANICE

You're not serious?

YONKERS

He won't freeze up and you can't pressure him. And if anything happens, I take the blow, me... not him.

JANICE

And if you do take a blow? What happens to him...?

Yonkers stares back at her.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Forget about it -- it's a bad idea. And you can't take the casino -- not by yourself.

Yonkers gazes at his son.

YONKERS

I've been alone all my life, and I'm never lonely until I look at this kid...

He turns back to her.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

All he wants to do is help me. I've never done nothing for him, and all he wants to do is help. He's caught every bad break a human being can get, and he don't complain. He just wants to help.

JANICE

Joe...

YONKERS

Well, let him -- let him help me, Jan... Let him know that we're behind him -- that he's not alone... He can do it... So can I.

Slowly... a soft smile appears her face.

JANICE

Maybe it's not such a bad idea.

He nods back at her -- then stops suddenly and stares at the ring hanging around her neck -- touching it.

104 INT. PLAZA - LOBBY - DAY 104

PEOPLE are coming in and out of the gaming area as Janice enters the lobby. She hears dance music coming from the casino cafe and goes inside.

105 INT. PLAZA - CAFE - DAY 105

A twenty-four hour gin-mill; PEOPLE are dancing in casual attire. Janice steps up to the bar.

JANICE
Ice coffee?

The bartender nods and moves to the counter. He fills a glass tumbler with ice and pours the coffee inside -- then returns with her drink. As she stirs the coffee, he sees her hand shaking.

BARTENDER
You sure you don't want a drink instead?

Janice doesn't answer. She pays him -- without waiting for her change, she takes the glass and exits the bar.

106 INT. PLAZA - GAMING AREA - CONTINUOUS 106

Janice enters the gaming area and goes straight to the craps table. She sees the crew mixed in with the PLAYERS.

Bam and Dino are leaning over the backboard -- betting small. Stanley is shooting. Teddy is pretending to ogle a WAITRESS.

Both dealers are occupied, collecting chips.

Yonkers is leaning on both elbows over one end of the table. He places a minimum bet on the passline. The music can be heard faintly from the lobby. *

Janice inches into a spot next to Yonkers. She sets her glass on the ledge behind the table's backboard and places a chip on the table.

Stanley begins to increase his bets when he sees her -- so does Teddy. Bam and Dino nervously follow along.

107 INT. PLAZA - CASINO ENTRANCE - DAY 107

Joe Jr. struts into the gaming area wearing his white, three piece suit. He has both hands jammed in his pockets as he moves to the music.

108 INT. PLAZA - CRAPS TABLE - CONTINUOUS 108

Joe Jr. arrives at the table. He glides around some of the players and positions himself at the far end -- directly across from his father.

Yonkers shakes his head when he sees the suit. Teddy and Stanley go wide-eyed at the sight of Joe Jr. -- then quickly look away. A new SHOOTER throws the dice.

STICKMAN
Seven. Winner.

The dealers pay the passline -- then the stickman slides the dice back to the shooter. He shoots again.

STICKMAN (CONT'D)
Eight. Mark it.

Stanley gives Yonkers a 'what's up' look. Yonkers doesn't look back, he just scratches his chest -- gesturing the 'George' sign.

STICKMAN (CONT'D)
Seven out!

The dealers scoop up the losing players chips, then the stickman pushes the dice to Yonkers, who is the next shooter.

Yonkers glances at his son across the table. Joe Jr. catches his father's gaze and closes his eyes. He removes a hand from his pocket and leans it over the backboard.

Yonkers reaches for the dice with an open hand so the Eye in the Sky can see that it's empty.

Teddy and Stanley steadily increase their bets. Bam and Dino are trying their best to keep up with them. Janice maintains her minimum wager.

The BOXMAN looks at the PIT BOSS, then turns towards Bam and Dino. The pit boss nods and picks up the phone.

PIT BOSS
I've got two guys on craps nineteen,
second base. They can both bet it up.
They're here with the Miami junket. Put
them up for me.

Yonkers plucks two die from the bowl and shakes them up good.

109 INT. PLAZA SURVEILLANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 109

There are five SECURITY PEOPLE in this particular room -- all watching the screens monitoring the casino and gaming area. On one of the screens we see the cameras zoom in on Bam and Dino. On another -- we see Yonkers shaking the dice.

Yonkers shoots. His hand opens wide. The security camera follows the motion of his hand -- PANNING across the table until they spot one die hit the backboard. We barely see it glow before the camera ZOOMS OUT to empty space around it -- searching for the other cube.

110 INT. PLAZA - CRAPS TABLE - CONTINUOUS 110

Yonkers' eyes find the other cube rolling on the table. It stops and settles. The stickman calls the point.

STICKMAN

Four's the point. Little Joe!

Joe Jr. has a smile from ear to ear. No one has noticed the drop. Yonkers looks relieved.

A slight grin curls around the corner of Teddy's lips until his whole face is beaming -- he murmurs.

TEDDY

I love this kid.

YONKERS

One more time -- just like that...

Joe Jr. places his loaded fist back over the ledge and closes his eyes again.

As the stickman pushes the dice towards Yonkers, the pit boss steps up to table -- leaning over Joe Jr.'s shoulder.

Yonkers cringes. Janice tenses up. Stanley's hand tightens around his chips.

PIT BOSS

How you doing today?

JOE JR.

I sell watches...

TEDDY

Hey! Leave the kid alone.

The pit boss gives Teddy a dirty look.

Yonkers scoops up the dice and SHOOTs! Joe Jr. opens his hand wide. The dice crash and bounce -- then hit the layout spinning.

When the dice settle -- the stickman calls the number.

STICKMAN

Six! Soft... Looking for a four.

The dealers begin to payoff the players who bet the six.

PIT BOSS

Hey kid, no kiddin'... Get away from the table.

He give Joe a condescending look. Yonkers takes note of it.

Joe Jr. lifts his hand and waves at a few players -- including Janice, and they wave back. Then he reaches into his pocket and flips a chip onto the table, as a 'tip' -- and strolls away from the game.

The pit boss moves back into the pit. Stanley sighs in relief. Teddy looks delighted.

Yonkers gazes at his son as he leaves the casino. It's hard to measure his reaction. Janice tries to give him a smile but he avoids her look and picks up the dice -- then whips them across the table.

STICKMAN

Five! Fever!

The dealers payoff the five. The stickman slides the dice back to Yonkers and he shoots again.

DEALER

Five! No field five.

The dealers payoff. Yonkers shoots!

STICKMAN

Five! Five... is still alive.

New PLAYERS arrive at the table. Stanley and Teddy have the max going on every number. Bam and Dino are sweating to keep up. Stanley closes his eyes and whispers.

STANLEY

Not another five...

Yonkers shoots the dice again.

STICKMAN (O.S.)

Five! Looking for a four.

Stanley cringes. The stickman shakes his head. He's run out of sayings for five. A dealer takes a deep breath and continues paying off.

111 INT. PLAZA - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY 111

The TECHNICIAN zooms in on the dice. They're glowing just as they should be. Everything is status-quo.

112 INT. PLAZA - CRAPS TABLE - DAY 112

Yonkers throws the dice. The stickman calls the point.

STICKMAN

Four! Winner!

The stickman looks at one of the dealers.

DEALER

At least it wasn't a five.

The dealers pay off. Yonkers shoots again.

STICKMAN

Five!

The stickman gives Yonkers a dirty look. Yonkers picks the dice up and shoots -- making a four. The dealers payoff the four.

The players continue to bet heavy. Yonkers shoots and makes the winning number 'five.' The table goes WILD.

The dealers shake their heads, but are genuinely glad to see a streak. They continue the arduous process of paying off.

More PLAYERS are trying to find space at the hot table. Teddy has a rack of high denomination chips before him. Bam and Dino couldn't be happier, they're betting the max and winning. The rest the players are betting heavy.

Yonkers shoots and makes another number. The dealers look exhausted.

Stanley picks up his winning chips and places them in the full rack he has in front of him. The stickman pushes the dice back to Yonkers.

Two more DEALERS arrive at the table with additional chips, followed by the same pit boss -- who stands off to the side watching.

Stanley spots him eyeing Yonkers.

Yonkers shoots and wins again. Stanley mumbles.

STANLEY

Out... Get'em out.

Teddy also begins to mutter.

TEDDY

Out... Out...

Janice whispers.

JANICE

I think you should take them out now.

YONKERS

Don't whisper.... That's how you wake up the dead.

Yonkers picks up the dice and shoots.

STICKMAN

Six! Soft six.

The dealers break into the new chips and payoff the winners. The pit boss continues to burn Yonkers.

Yonkers can feel the man's eyes all over him. He places a new bet on the table. The stickman pushes the dice back to him.

PIT BOSS

Hold up the dice a moment.

The stickman reaches for the dice but Yonkers CUPS his hand over the cubes and tosses them back himself.

The pit boss doesn't follow the roll of the dice. His eyes stay glued on Yonkers' hand -- which is now resting in a closed position on the table's ledge.

The stickman scoops the dice off the table and gives them to the pit boss -- who remains staring at Yonkers, anticipating his next move.

Yonkers looks up. He sees the pit boss glaring at him -- his eyes boring a hole in Yonkers' closed hand.

PIT BOSS

Would you mind opening your hand, sir.

The players stop what they're doing and stare. Teddy cringes. Stanley's eyes fill with dread.

PIT BOSS

Open your hand, please.

We hold a beat. Then Yonkers extends his arm -- pushing it over the table. Behind the backboard Janice slides the coffee cup into another position -- closer to him.

The rest of the players stand quiet. The pit boss stands waiting. Tension is building -- ready to explode...

Then Yonkers snaps his hand open -- there's nothing in it. All we see is his empty, open palm.

The players looks confused. Bam and Dino are bouncing nervously of their feet. The pit boss continues to glower at Yonkers.

CU - BACK OF YONKERS' HAND

We see the dice hidden between his pinky and forefinger -- and shielded by the backboard.

BACK TO SCENE

The pit boss grabs the phone -- his eyes never leave Yonkers.

PIT BOSS

Put up craps nineteen -- make sure they're ours.

He holds the dice up to Eye in the Sky.

In one continuous movement, we see:

- A) Yonkers reaching for a new chip off the top rack.
- B) Behind the backboard, he drops the dice into Janice's cup.
- C) He leans over and places the new chip on the table. His hands are open and clean -- Perfect.

But there's still a problem -- Janice has a live bet working -
- which means she's stuck at the table. To pick up the glass
and leave before a decision is made would be very suspicious.

113 INT. PLAZA - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 113

The technician fingers his keyboard and studies the screen,
looking closely at the dice the pit boss is holding -- then
checks the sheets in front of him... He zooms in on the
three remaining dice in the bowl -- they're all glowing.

114 INT. PLAZA - CRAPS TABLE - CONTINUOUS 114

TECHNICIAN (O.S.)
Looks good.

The pit boss walks away from the table -- still holding the
dice and phone. The players are becoming annoyed.

TEDDY
Hey! Quit cock blocking, I'm on a streak!

115 INT. PLAZA - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 115

The technician strikes the board until the tape reverses and
stops at Yonkers. He studies it carefully -- the monitors
reveal nothing. Yonkers' hand is open and empty.

TECHNICIAN
Shooter's clean.

PIT BOSS (O.S.)
These two clowns from Miami haven't
booked a win in five years -- suddenly
they're magicians...

116 INT. PLAZA - CRAPS TABLE - CONTINUOUS 116

The pit boss hangs up and moves back to the table. He gives
the dice to the stickman, allowing him to resume the game.

Teddy and Stanley both sigh in relief. The players are
anxious to continue. The pit boss whispers to the boxman.

PIT BOSS
Get rid of those dice. Put five new ones
in.

BOXMAN

In the middle of a roll?

PIT BOSS

Just get them out of there. Tell them they're chipped.

The pit boss moves back into the pit.

117 INT. PLAZA - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY 117

The technician watches the tape of Yonkers shooting his last shot. He sees Yonkers cup his hand over the dice. He rewinds the tape, leans in and watches it again -- then punches some keys and the screen divides. A still PICTURE of Yonkers pops up on the other side. He grabs the phone.

118 INT. PLAZA - CRAPS TABLE - DAY 118

The boxman scoops all five dice off the table and puts them in the bowl -- then turns to the stickman.

BOXMAN

Get five new ones. These are chipped.

TEDDY

What kind of shit is this?! Nobody changes the dice when I'm losing!

The crowd ROARS! They all agree with Teddy.

The pit boss sees the light flashing on the phone and picks it up. As he listens to the technician -- his eyes find Yonkers.

Yonkers picks up the dice and shoots.

STICKMAN

Nine.

Yonkers cringes -- a decision still hasn't been established. Janice is still trapped at the table.

The pit boss hangs up the phone and approaches the table. He whispers in the boxman's ear and boxman looks up at Yonkers.

Teddy and Stanley brace for the blow. Janice turns to one of the dealers.

JANICE

Take my bet off, please. You shouldn't have changed the dice when I was winning.

The dealer hands Janice back her the chips. Teddy quickly follows her lead.

TEDDY

Take me down, too.

As more angry players remove their wagers -- Janice picks up the glass and moves away from the table.

Yonkers doesn't look at her. The stickman pushes the dice back to him. He steals a quick glance at the pit boss -- then shoots.

The dice tumble and roll; when they settle, the dealers immediately begin paying off. The players HOOT and HOWLER. Yonkers is still making numbers.

119 INT. PLAZA - GAMING AREA EXIT - DAY 119

Janice heads for the exit. A SECURITY GUARD steps in front of her -- preventing her from leaving the casino.

GUARD

Excuse me, ma'am...

Janice pauses.

GUARD (CONT'D)

You can't go out with the glass.

120 INT. PLAZA - CRAPS TABLE - CONTINUOUS 120

Yonkers sees that she's being detained. So do Teddy and Stanley. Yonkers pushes the dice to the dealer.

YONKERS

Pass the dice.

The dealers look stunned -- so do the players. Stanley bows his head and shakes it.

STANLEY

...Not in the middle of a roll.

Yonkers heads for Janice. The pit boss grabs the phone.

121 INT. PLAZA EXIT - CONTINUOUS 121

Janice stares back at the guard. It's a gut-wrenching moment -- an instance in time where reaction and evaluation work simultaneously. She can't give up the glass nor can she walk away.

GUARD

Ma'am, may I have the glass please?

She spots Yonkers moving towards her. Her grip tightens around her glass. Her eyes stare out like a deer caught in headlights -- right before the panic sets in.

She puts the glass to her lips and sucks down the remainder of the contents. Then hands the empty glass to the guard.

Yonkers passes her, as if on cue -- and continues out of the gaming area, trying to hide his relief.

The guard gives Janice a nod as she walks past him -- taking a different route out of the casino.

122 INT. PLAZA - CRAPS TABLE - CONTINUOUS 122

Teddy picks up his racks of chips and heads for the cashier's window. Stanley turns to the dealer.

STANLEY

Color me up -- I'm done.

123 INT. PLAZA - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 123

Yonkers moves through the lobby. Two SECURITY MEN show up behind him -- following him.

124 EXT. PLAZA - CONTINUOUS 124

Janice comes out of the casino and mixes in with a CROWD. She discreetly swipes the dice from her mouth and shoves them in her purse -- then heads for Duffy's Cafe.

125 INT. PLAZA - HOLDING AREA 125

The room has a video camera on a tripod facing a wooden bench with a pair of handcuffs attached to it.

A Nevada Gaming Enforcement OFFICER stands next to the two security men, watching Yonkers place his things back into his pockets. The CASINO MANAGER walks into the room.

CASINO MANAGER

Look, he was good enough to get them in --
he's good enough to get them out -- Let
me talk to this guy.

The officer and the two security men leave. The casino manager gives Yonkers a cold, hard look.

CASINO MANAGER

I know you're the guy. Those monkeys who took off the money are nothing -- anyone could do it. You were throwing the dice! You got'em in -- you got'em out... You don't have the dice on you and the money's gone -- so now I'm fucked. But I guarantee you this -- by nine o'clock tomorrow you won't be able to make a ten dollar bet in any casino without someone watching. Your face is marked at the head of the Griffin book. And you'll never play where I work again.... I'm done talkin'.

Yonkers puts on his jacket and leaves the room.

126 INT. PLAZA - CASHIER'S WINDOW 126

Teddy walks away from the window shoving cash in every pocket. He sees Stanley on another line holding racks of chips over his chest. Without stopping -- Teddy gives him a smile. Without looking -- Stanley smiles back.

127 EXT. PLAZA - DUSK 127

Yonkers emerges from the casino. He moves along the busy strip. A bright smile steals across his face as he spots Janice in front of the cafe.

128 EXT. DUFFY'S CAFE - FREMONT STREET - DUSK 128

Janice hurries to meet him.

YONKERS

That was some move you pulled...

JANICE

Joe Jr.'s gone. I talked to them and they said he never came in.

YONKERS

Whadda ya talking about?

JANICE

I walked up and down the strip...

YONKERS

Stay here in case he shows.

JANICE

Where you going?

YONKERS
I gotta find him.

JANICE
Don't go back into the casino.

YONKERS
Where else am I gonna go? He's doesn't
know his way around here.

JANICE
All right -- just don't panic.

YONKERS
I won't panic!

Yonkers moves away from her and heads back up the promenade.

129 INT. PLAZA - CONTINUOUS 129

He enters the casino and moves through the lobby.

130 INT. PLAZA HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 130

He comes off the elevator and rushes towards the room.

131 INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS 131

He comes into the room, but there's no trace of his son.

132 EXT. PLAZA - CONTINUOUS 132

Yonkers comes out of the hotel. He looks past the VALETS into the wide open parking lots. He scans the PEOPLE, and the CROWDED strip... He looks horrified, as mumbles his son's name. But as the crowd melts away, he spots a lone figure in a white suit standing at the bus stop.

EXT. BUS STOP - DUSK

We see a soft, tangerine-tinted image of Joe Jr. The image is a reflection off a huge pair of DICE painted on a display casing at the bus stop waiting area.

Joe Jr. has his backpack rolled over his suit and a wrinkled map in his hands. Yonkers comes up along side of him. Joe turns to meet his father's gaze.

JOE JR.
You take the shuttle bus to Las Vegas
Depot. Greyhound will take me all the
way to Grand Central Terminal in New York
city... then I walk east -- two blocks
and get on bus 'twenty-two'...

Joe Jr. shows him the directions scribbled over his map.

JOE JR. (CONT'D)

It leaves me at Arby's roast beef in Yonkers -- I take the seven to Route 100 and it brings me to home...

YONKERS

C'mon, kid, whadda talkin' about...

JOE JR. (CONT'D)

I called Mrs. Santini -- you have to dial one first. She said Janice sounds very nice. I told her I was sorry and I want to come back to the bunk.

YONKERS

That Greyhound's gotta be a three-day ride...

Joe pulls a crumpled bus ticket from his pocket and shows it to his father.

JOE JR.

Two days, ten hours, fifty minutes... I told Mrs. Santini that every man has problems and I'm a man and I have problems... but my da says the group home is a nice place -- and I believe him...

*

Yonkers has no reply.

JOE JR. (CONT'D)

She said I can come home until the group home is ready -- and in six months... they'll need me very much.

YONKERS

I need you very much...

A bus pulls up at the stop and the automatic doors open.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

I want you to stay with me...

Yonkers shoos away the BUS DRIVER. But before the doors press closed, Joe Jr. hops on the bus. He turns and looks back at his father.

JOE JR. (CONT'D)

I'm going to the group home and get a job -- make new friends... and you can write, write me letters... if you like to.

YONKERS

Okay, but let's go home together... you,
me and Janice -- on the plane. When we
get back -- we'll work it out...

Joe Jr. turns to the bus driver and holds his hand up to
wait. He gets off the bus and faces his father.

JOE JR.

I love you, da...

Joe hugs his father tightly. This time Yonkers returns a
heartfelt embrace. Joe Jr. pulls away gently.

JOE JR. (CONT'D)

I love you very much...

YONKERS

(with eyes welling)

I know...

Yonkers shoves a wad of bills into his son's pocket.

YONKERS (CONT'D)

Call me when you get there... I'll be
waiting for you.

Joe Jr. twists his lips into a bright smile -- then gets on
the bus. When he boards he turns and gives his father the
'George' sign.

A beat, then Yonkers puts up his middle finger.

Joe Jr.'s eyes sparkle and his face brightens. He begins to
laugh. He looks at the bus driver, and gives him the
'George' sign.

The driver thinks Joe is showing off his threads and gives
him a smile. He pulls the doors closed.

Yonkers watches his son make his way to the back, as the bus
pulls away. From the rear window, Joe Jr. raises his arms in
his familiar victory gesture.

Yonkers smiles ruefully and watches the bus drive off.

134 INT. DUFFY'S CAFE - FREMONT - DUSK

134

Janice is sitting in a booth.

Yonkers comes in and slides into the seat across from her.

JANICE

What happened? Did you find him?

YONKERS

Yeah, I found him.

JANICE
Where is he?

YONKERS
He went back to that place he likes.

She looks stunned.

JANICE
You let him go?

A beat, then Yonkers shakes his head.

YONKERS
He let me go.

Janice reaches across the table and takes his hand. As we see him explaining -- the CAMERA DOLLIES BACK through the storefront window. They share a smile. She lifts a few strands of hair that are hanging over his eyes and brushes them back with her hand.

135 EXT. FREMONT STREET - DUSK

135

CAMERA SWEEPS BACK, over the TOURISTS and coffee shop -- then rises above the vintage gambling joints that loom over a world-weary Boulevard.

-END-