

Lovers **Muggers** & Thieves



A MEMOIR

Written by

JONATHAN TUDAN

&

GINIA DESMOND

DURING OPENING CREDITS:

SUPER: The Combat Zone, 1969

Newspaper photos and headlines of Boston's red-light district.

FADE TO BLACK/FADE IN

INT. JONNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

JONNY (V.O.)
Before climbing into bed, I say a few prayers and petition forgiveness for any venial acts I may have enjoyed over the past 24 hours, my last night at home.

On the floor, an open suitcase stuffed full. JONNY TUDAN, 18, on his knees, prays at his bedside, crosses himself, climbs into bed.

SUPER: EARLIER SAME NIGHT

INT. HARTFORD DRUGSTORE - NIGHT

Jonny walks the aisles with a shopping list, drops a variety of medicinal products, including a thermometer, into a basket. He glances at his friend, PAULIE, behind the counter talking to an ELDERLY WOMAN.

He empties the basket on the counter for Paulie to ring up.

PAULIE
You plan on gettin' sick?

JONNY
Mom's idea, just in case.

Paulie leans in, out of range of the Elderly Woman.

PAULIE
(sotto voice)
Just in case, we got Benzedrine, Dexedrine, all kinds of study-aides.

JONNY
(whispers)
No thanks, but what about rubbers?

PAULIE

Rubbers!?

The Elderly Woman gives them a disapproving glare.

JONNY

Jesus, Paulie, could you speak a little louder? I don't think they heard you across the street!

PAULIE

Sorry. What kind you lookin' for?

JONNY

Umm...not sure, large?

PAULIE

I don't mean the size of your dick, asshole. Trojans? Sheik?

JONNY

(embarrassed)

Oh. ...Trojans?

PAULIE

Okay lover boy, get settled and drop me a line with your address.

JONNY

Give me a pencil, I'll give it to you now.

SUPER: HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

INT. BUS - DAY

Jonny at a window seat peers through a veil of drizzle to the wino convention across the street. Drunks pass around bottles in the shadow of the once elegant Union Station.

He leans back, closes his eyes. MISS AMERICA sits next to him, eyeing him with her suggestive smile. His arm drops to the empty seat beside him.

FAT MAN (O.C.)

Hey, kid, move your hand.

Startled awake, Jonny moves his hand as a FAT MAN lands with a thud, squeezes into position, kicks off his shoes, lights an unfiltered cigarette.

JONNY
 Sir...would you mind not smoking?
 It sorta--

FAT MAN
 Yeah? Would you mind minding your
 own fucking business?

SUPER: BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

EXT. BUS DEPOT - DAY

Jonny, backpack over his shoulder, among the passengers
 exiting the bus.

JONNY (V.O.)
 Up to this point, I've not had any
 bona fide eye-popping experiences
 that come with approaching
 adulthood. I've never been on an
 airplane, never owned a car, never
 got drunk in a bar, never been
 high, never gotten into a fist
 fight, never been laid, in fact,
 I've never seen a naked girl. The
 fact I've not yet experienced
 anything exceptional is not
 abnormal. I think I'm progressing
 rather nicely, I just don't have a
 fanfare of trumpets blasting in the
 background.

Clean cut conservative Jonny looks around in awe as people
 swirl around him.

He pulls a map from his back pocket, studies it. Passengers
 walk around him a bit irritated, he's taking up space with
 his suitcase and duffel bag, a bit lost.

SUPER: 9 MONTHS LATER

INT. NORMANDY LOUNGE - NIGHT

Walking through a shadowy foyer through doors that pivot on
 their hinges, Jonny, confident with a Paul McCartney haircut,
 enters the cavernous smoked-filled testosterone world of
 noisy white MALES ogling beautiful black KITTY, 35, on a
 10'x10' stage, dressed in pasties and a G-string.

He moves past these besotted souls at their drink filled
 tables horse-shoed around the stage, to a ringside seat even
 closer. In a fashionable dress shirt with French cuffs, he
 settles in. Kitty winks at him.

An ogler raises his drink to Jonny.

The COCKTAIL WAITRESS, nearly as scantily clad as Kitty, comes over, puts a beer down on his small table, makes sure her cleavage is as welcoming as her smile.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
On the house, Jonny.

SUPER: 9 MONTHS EARLIER

EXT. WENTWORTH INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY - DAY

Easily mistaken for an old shoe factory, STUDENTS mill around the quad on this all male college campus.

Jonny, in corduroy jacket, khaki slacks and penny loafers, joins students following signs to the architecture department. He finds directions to the freshman class.

INT. DRAFTING STUDIO CORRIDOR - DAY

The freshmen, 99.9% white, assemble in the corridor, all dressed khaki-polo shirt conservative, except for a tall guy leaning against a wall in plum colored bell bottoms, looking like a rock star, and not quite white.

INT. DRAFTING STUDIO - DAY

Names in block letters on each desk. Jonny finds his seat next to ROBERT VAN HELDEN, the rock star.

Past middle age, humorless, ruffled MR. PEDERSON enters, goes to the podium, glares at the students like he already has disdain for them.

JONNY (V.O.)
Jesus, who's this stooge?

MR. PEDERSON
(not welcoming)
Welcome to the Wentworth Institute of Technology. I'm Mr. Pederson. Today gentlemen, you are about to embark upon your career as technical experts in the built environment. This institute was founded in 1904 with a commitment to excellence.

(MORE)

MR. PEDERSON (CONT'D)
 Since that time we have sustained a
 worthy reputation for matriculating
 some of the top professionals in
 this field...

Most ignore him as he drones on. Some bored, slouch in their
 seats, others doodle on notepads, and others, yawning, fight
 to stay awake.

MR. PEDERSON (CONT'D)
 ...consequently, we graduate only
 the best of the best. Take a look
 at who's next to you, no doubt
 he'll be gone before the semester
 is over.

Jonny looks at Van Helden with a 'who does this guy think he
 is' expression. Van Helden's doodling.

PEDERSON
 You may have had it easy getting
 here, but by God, we make it very
 challenging for you to leave with
 that degree. You earn it through
 commitment and dedication. Work
 hard, play by the rules and you
 might still be here next spring.

Pederson takes no questions as students raise their hands. He
 turns and leaves abruptly, the door closes behind him.

INT. STUDENT UNION CAFETERIA - DAY

Jonny's eating lunch. A member of their class, ANDREUS
 THEODOKIS, 21, tall, good looking, Greek, grins ear to ear,
 carries his tray to Jonny's table.

Van Helden follows suit, sits down with his tray, nods at
 Jonny, who cheerfully makes room. Andreus shoots out his hand
 to shake.

ANDREUS
 (Greek accent)
 My name Andreus Theodokis, I come
 from Lemnos, a beautiful village in
 Greece, where they teach me to work
 like a horse.

He's still shaking Jonny's hand like cranking a well.

JONNY
 Well fuck a duck, welcome to
 Wentworth.

ANDREUS

Now I live in Framingham, I drive my Camaro to get here.

JONNY

I'm Jonny from Connecticut. Now I live in Mattapan, at my uncle's, and take a trolley to get here.

Andreas likes that, gives Jonny a thumbs up. Jonny looks at Van Helden, extends his hand.

JONNY (CONT'D)

And who are you?

VAN HELDEN

Who am I? I guess whoever I want to be.

Jonny, a bit taken aback, takes a moment.

JONNY

I think you're John Lennon.

Van Helden extends his hand, amused.

VAN HELDEN

Van Helden. Robert Willem Van Helden.

JONNY

What'd you think of Pederson's speech -- not encouraging.

Van Helden shrugs indifference.

EXT. MATTAPAN SQUARE STATION - NIGHT

Jonny jumps off the trolley, starts walking, book bag over his shoulder.

EXT. UNCLE ARNOLD'S DUPLEX - NIGHT

Jonny uses his key, opens the front door.

INT. UNCLE ARNOLD'S DUPLEX - NIGHT

Jonny quietly ascends the stairs.

UNCLE ARNOLD (O.C.)

Jonny! That you?

INT. ARNOLD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Resigned, Jonny comes in. UNCLE ARNOLD, 50s, bald, lies on top of his bed, face down in his pajama bottoms, waves a plastic bottle around.

UNCLE ARNOLD
I've been waiting for you, would you mind rubbing this lotion on my back?

JONNY (V.O.)
Damn right I mind. Would you mind if I run into the kitchen and grab a pair of oven mitts?

Grossed out, Jonny uncaps the container, squeezes out a big glob, covers every inch in three seconds flat, makes a beeline to the door.

JONNY
Gotta lot of reading, Uncle Arnold.
'Night.

INT. JONNY'S UNCLE ARNOLD BEDROOM - NIGHT

In pajamas, Jonny, at his desk closes his book, snaps off the light. His knees hit the hardwood floor as he plops down by the bed to pray. He makes the sign of the cross, whispers a short prayer, climbs into bed.

INT. UNCLE ARNOLD'S STAIRS/FIRST FLOOR - DAY

Arms crossed, Uncle ARNOLD, in his bathrobe, a Kent dangling from his lips with an inch of ash ready to drop, waits for Jonny, rushing two steps at a time down the stairs, book bag strapped over his shoulder.

UNCLE ARNOLD
What's all that thumpin' going on in your room?

Jonny startled, stops.

JONNY
Huh?

UNCLE ARNOLD
My bed's right below yours, ya know, and every night I hear thumps on my ceiling, ba-boom!

(MORE)

UNCLE ARNOLD (CONT'D)
 Whatever the hell you're doing up
 there, cut it out, okay?

Jonny nods okay.

UNCLE ARNOLD (CONT'D)
 I could use another back rub when
 you get home.

JONNY
 Sorry. ...I'm gonna be late
 tonight, got plans.

EXT. COPLEY SQUARE/SEÑOR PIZZA - DUSK

Jonny cups his hand over his eyes to peer through a window. The wildly dressed hippie clientele look nothing like him. Seeing his clean-cut reflection, he lets out a heavy SIGH, reluctantly ventures inside, book bag over his shoulder.

INT. SEÑOR PIZZA - DUSK/CONTINUOUS

Jonny spots Van Helden alone, absorbed in a newspaper, a cigarette dangles from his lips. Jonny winds through the eclectic crowd, comes over, kicks Van Helden in the foot.

VAN HELDEN
 Jonny!

They grin at one another like a couple of clowns, then Jonny drops his book bag to the floor, flops down on a chair.

VAN HELDEN (CONT'D)
 Good to see you. I wasn't sure
 you'd... anyway, here you are.

JONNY
 Yeah, going back to Uncle Arnold's
 was my other option for a Friday
 night.

Jonny looks around fascinated. Van Helden notices.

JONNY (CONT'D)
 So...what's up for tonight?

VAN HELDEN
 Gotta friend close by, Zippy, over
 on Marlborough. We're gonna kick
 back, do a little wine, some music,
 unless you have another idea.

JONNY
You shittin' me? I'd be jazzed if
you said let's stroll down Comm
Ave. and pick up litter.

Van Helden laughs, reaches for a smoke to replace the one he just extinguished, tilts the pack toward Jonny, who shakes his head, no.

Jonny notes everyone smoking up a storm, watches Van Helden light up, his smoke joins the haze that blankets the room.

JONNY (CONT'D)
What the fuck, give me one.

Jonny lights up, not good at it, tries to look cool.

EXT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Jonny and Van Helden walk up the front steps.

VAN HELDEN
Zippy's got a sweet deal here--
they made him the building super,
gave him an apartment, and all he
does is collect the rent and sweep
the halls.

JONNY
Where can I sign up?

INT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Jonny and Van Helden go up two flights of winding stairs to a dark corridor.

At the last door, Van Helden knocks 3 times, breathes in a pungent odor from inside, raises his eyebrows, smiles.

VAN HELDEN
Weed.

ZIPPY, 20, a hippy with Bozo-the-clown hair, cracks open the door, squints suspiciously at Jonny.

ZIPPY
Ahh...Van Helden. Who's this?

VAN HELDEN
Jonny. He's cool.

Zippy's not so sure, as he scans Jonny up and down, book bag and all.

JONNY (V.O.)
I'm cool? Cool. I like being
called cool.

INT. ZIPPY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

They walk into a room devoid of light...and furniture, except for a lamp table holding an amp and a turntable spinning "*Sympathy for the Devil*". Illuminated only by a streetlight through a window, 3 HIPPIES sit cross-legged in a circle on a rug, smoking off a hookah.

Jonny watches as they pass the stem with tribal serenity, drawing its smoke into their lungs, holding it in, then releasing it into a silver blue haze. The embers in the bowl burn red as watery bubbles gurgle from within.

The two join the circle. The stem is passed to Van Helden, who's obviously done this before. Jonny watches closely.

Van Helden passes the stem to Jonny, who closes his eyes, raises the tip of the stem to his lips and BLOWS.

Water bubbles inside the bowl, shoots up the stem into the shot-glass, extinguishing the embers and overflowing the contents onto the rug, a pool of soggy shit.

FIRST HIPPIE
Hey fuck face!

SECOND HIPPIE
Jesus Christ, what the hell?

Van Helden's amused.

INT. UNCLE ARNOLD'S DUPLEX - LATE SAME NIGHT

Jonny sneaks inside, shoes off.

UNCLE ARNOLD (O.C.)
Hey! That you? Get in here, I need
some help!

Jonny ignores him, dashes up the stairs.

EXT. WENTWORTH INSTITUTE QUAD - DAY

Jonny and Van Helden cross the quad each shouldering old army ammo satchels, T-squares strapped to their backs. Jonny's in bell bottoms, and a dungaree jacket over a cowhide vest. With buckskin moccasins and longer hair, he resembles Van Helden, with sideburns also fashionably long.

INT. DRAFTING STUDIO - DAY

DEAN BOELLER, 50s, paunchy, enters, disheveled in a cheap blazer, travels down the rows, not speaking. Looking closely at each student's head, he taps Van Helden and Jonny on the shoulder, along with DANNY RONCIOLI, 18, a short, scruffy Italian, sporting long sideburns.

DEAN BOELLER
You three, come with me.

EXT. DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Over the door, a plaque: 'DEAN BOELLER'. Boeller holds the door open for all three to enter.

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY/CONTINUOUS

Jonny and Van Helden stand stiffly, Roncioli slouches, waiting for the Dean to clue them in. Boeller circles them before speaking.

DEAN BOELLER
You gentlemen were aware of the dress code when you enrolled at Wentworth?

Jonny and Roncioli nod slightly. Van Helden? No response.

DEAN BOELLER (CONT'D)
Mr. Roncioli, step forward.

Roncioli steps up. Dean Boeller sizes him up, takes a pencil, inserts the eraser end into his ear, holding it parallel to the floor.

Boeller squints.

DEAN BOELLER (CONT'D)
Mr. Roncioli, your sideburns must be above the mid-point of your ear. Trim them.

Roncioli nods, doesn't look at Boeller, who shifts his attention to Jonny.

DEAN BOELLER (CONT'D)
Cut your hair.

JONNY
What?

DEAN BOELLER
You heard me, get it trimmed above the collar. I want to see the top of your ears.

Not waiting for a response, Boeller glares at Van Helden, standing erect, emotionless.

DEAN BOELLER (CONT'D)
Mr. Van Helden, I don't know where to start. Everything about you is wrong. Tell me you understand what you must do to be enrolled here.

VAN HELDEN
I'll think about it.

Jonny's taken aback as Van Helden stares Boeller down.

EXT. WENTWORTH INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY QUAD - DAY

Jonny and Van Helden walk across the quad.

JONNY
Did you check out Boeller's crop of nose hair? Someone ought to stick a pencil up his fat honker. Trim *that*, you motherfucker!

VAN HELDEN
I didn't come to college to have some clown tell me how to look.

JONNY
Boeller has a real hard on for us. What the hell you gonna do now??

VAN HELDEN
How' bout lunch? We're near my dorm.

JONNY
Sure, what about the haircut?

VAN HELDEN
I got scissors.

EXT. HUNTINGTON AVENUE - DAY

They stop outside Van Helden's dorm. The sign above the entry reads BASHFORD HALL.

VAN HELDEN
We're here. It sucks, but I have a
decent view of the Fenway.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Impeccably neat, just big enough for bunkbeds, a pair of dressers, two desks, two chairs, and a double window.

One wall has Marimekko textiles flanking a peace sign poster. A tennis racket's in the doorless closet, where streetwear of fashionably unconventional hippy elegance neatly hangs.

Van Helden drops his ammo bag on the desk, as does Jonny, who goes to the window, looks out.

JONNY
Yeah, I dig your view.

He sits on the bottom bunk. Adjusting a pillow, something pink pops up. Pink panties! Delightfully surprised, Jonny holds them up, waves them at Van Helden.

Van Helden, busy, hasn't noticed.

JONNY (CONT'D)
What have we here?

VAN HELDEN
Oh shit, she forgot her panties.

JONNY
She?

VAN HELDEN
From Señor Pizza. I snuck her in
last night.

JONNY
No shit? You do that a lot?

VAN HELDEN
What's a lot?

Van Helden opens 2 cans of tomato soup, plugs a heating stick into the wall, drops the stick-end into a can.

Both sit on the bottom bunk enjoying their soup.

JONNY

Maybe this chick 'forgot' her
panties for an excuse to come back?

VAN HELDEN

Hope not. I got lucky this time.
The two big don'ts here are no
cooking and no girls. If I'm
caught, I'm a dead man.

JONNY

At least you'll die satisfied.
...You savin' 'em case you see her
again?

VAN HELDEN

Yeah, I'll just pull them out of my
pocket if I bump into her. ...Gonna
toss 'em...unless you want them.

JONNY

No thanks, pink's not my color.

Van Helden chuckles.

Jonny gets up, drops his empty can into the trash bin.

JONNY (CONT'D)

You outdid yourself. Thanks.

VAN HELDEN

I try.

Van Helden stands, drops the panties into the trash along with his soup can.

JONNY

Break out those scissors.

Jonny takes a chair. Van Helden drapes a towel over his shoulders, studies him. He takes this job seriously, snaps the scissors in the air.

VAN HELDEN

(deep voice)

What did you come in for today,
young man? A crew cut, or something
more Ivy League, frat-boy style?

JONNY
Just change the oil and clean my
spark plugs.

They laugh as Van Helden combs through Tudan's thick locks,
trimming carefully.

JONNY (CONT'D)
When did you leave Amsterdam? Or
was it Indonesia?

VAN HELDEN
I was born in Indonesia, but we
moved to the Netherlands when I was
three. My dad's Dutch, Mom's
Indonesian. We came here when I was
twelve.

JONNY
Cool.

Van Helden steps back to assess his work. Satisfied, he takes
the towel off Jonny's shoulders.

VAN HELDEN
Looks pretty good.

JONNY
Thanks. You're next.

VAN HELDEN
Fuck no.

EXT. UNCLE ARNOLD'S DUPLEX - DAY

Jonny, ammo bag over his shoulder, approaches the front door,
sees a package addressed to him...from Paulie! Jonny beams a
huge smile directly into the camera.

INT. UNCLE ARNOLD'S DUPLEX - DAY

Jonnie bolts up the stairs, makes a beeline to his room.

INT. JONNY'S UNCLE ARNOLD BEDROOM - DAY

Sitting on his bed, he tears off the butcher-paper. It's a
shoe box. He smiles as he flips the lid off to see shiny,
black rubber shoe covers!

JONNY
(dejected, sotto voice)
Paulie, you fucker.

Curious, he slips on one of the rubbers over his shoe, or tries to. Something's wrong. He reaches inside, pulls out a package of Trojans wedged in the toe.

JONNY (CONT'D)
(chuckling)
Paulie, you fucker

INT. WENTWORTH CAFETERIA - DAY

Having lunch are Jonny, Van Helden, Andreus and fellow student, LARRY PORTMAN, 20. Jonny's hair and sideburns trimmed. Van Helden looks the same.

LARRY
I hear some kid in Mechanical Engineering is suing Wentworth over the hair thing, filed an injunction to stop all this dress code shit.

Larry points to Jonny's head.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Nice haircut!

JONNY
Blow me.

They laugh, except Andreus, who's serious.

ANDREUS
Larry, my brother Lykos? He live here very many years, a big businessman. Very successful. He owns many many beautiful buildings in Boston.

They're all listening.

ANDREUS (CONT'D)
(to Larry)
...and now he looks for a building manager for one of them. This could be very good job for you, live in nice building, pay no rent. And a telephone, also free.

LARRY

Me? Why me?

ANDREUS

You are married. You have family. You are a responsible and trustworthy person. I notice this about you. You like this job?

LARRY

What's the place like?

ANDREUS

Beautiful. You'll love it.

LARRY

Hmm. Let me talk to my wife.

ANDREUS

Sure. Talk. Tomorrow night I pick you up and take you there? Okay?

INT. LATE MODEL CAMARO/COMBAT ZONE - NIGHT

Driving Washington Street, Andreus, at the wheel, eats a donut. Larry's next to him. PAULA, Larry's 19 year old wife is in the back with their baby. They're both in shock taking it all in driving past strip clubs, bars, x-rated peep-shows. The sidewalks crowded with white men...mostly young, black men...dressed outrageously, and prostitutes, barely dressed.

In a white shirt and tie, with neatly combed hair, looking like a vice-principal, an EVANGELIST holds a placard: "Do I condemn you? Go and do not sin again. John 8:11" as he intones penance and salvation, ignored by the passing crowd.

EVANGELIST

Jesus loves you!

A DRUNK staggers by, holding a whisky bottle in a sack, takes a sip, raises his arm at the Evangelist.

DRUNK

Whiskey loves you!

Andreus turns onto La Grange Street, parks at the rear entrance of the CLOUD NINE APARTMENTS, a narrow, 6-story dilapidated brick building with the windows blacked out. A rusty fire escape runs up the facade.

Andreus, indifferent to his surroundings, donut crumbs on his face and jacket, smiles broadly at Larry. Both Larry and Paula in disbelief. Their baby's crying.

ANDREUS

Here we are!

Andreas opens his door, Larry starts to open his, but Paula dives over the seat, stops him.

PAULA

Don't you dare go in there!

LARRY

Honey, I wanna check it out.

PAULA

Andreas, take us back! Now!

Two PROSTITUTES come over, don't see Paula.

PROSTITUTE #1

(her cleavage in Larry's face)
Hey cutie, you looking for a little
somethin? Hmm?

He looks at Andreas.

LARRY

I guess we won't be going in.

INT. WENTWORTH CORRIDOR - DAY

Jonny, Van Helden, and Larry weave through the throng on their way to class. Andreas catches up.

JONNY

(to Larry)

When you moving to your new digs?

LARRY

We're not.

Larry looks at Andreas, still smiling.

LARRY (CONT'D)

What the big guy here failed to mention is that his brother's friggin' building's in the heart of the Combat Zone.

JONNY

What's that?

LARRY

Mondo bizarro! Strip clubs, bars, whore heaven.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)
 Paula wants to kill me. His
 brother's 'beautiful' building
 looks like someone took a dump and
 placed an address on it.

They keep walking.

VAN HELDEN
 Sounds pretty bad.

LARRY
 Nasty.

JONNY
 ...I'll do it.

VAN HELDEN
 You'll do what?

JONNY
 I'll take the job.

They all stop at the classroom door.

ANDREUS
 Larry, you don't want the job?
 Good! We give it to Jonny!

They open the door and go in.

INT. SEÑOR PIZZA - DAY

Jonny and Van Helden share a pizza and cokes. Like before,
 the place is hazy with smoke and hopping with hippies.

JONNY
 I don't have to do this alone.
 Think about it, we can do it
 together. You get your ass out of
 the dorm, besides, the semester's
 almost over. You need a place, I
 need a place...perfect timing.

VAN HELDEN
 I'm thinking of dropping out. They
 treat us like shit here.

JONNY
 Whoa, you kidding me?

VAN HELDEN
 This place is a joke, worse than
 high school.

Jonny chews on his pizza, takes a swig of Coke.

JONNY
You don't have to leave town, do ya? Stay, get a job and live rent-free in the heart of Boston! We can't pass this up.

Van Helden chews his pizza, contemplates.

VAN HELDEN
Okay, shit, why not--

JONNY
Say, is 'pink panties' here?

He looks around, Van Helden's amused.

EXT. BOSTON COMMON/BREWER FOUNTAIN - NIGHT

Jonny and Van Helden, suitcases, backpacks and duffels at their feet, impatient.

JONNY
Where's that dip shit?

Andreas rolls up in his Camaro, rolls down his window.

ANDREUS
Hello my friends! Get in.

INT. CAMARO - NIGHT

Jonny up front, Van Helden in the back as they screech off.

ANDREUS
This a good night to move in. We walk to all the rooms, and collect the week's rent. Lykos, my brother, will come meet you. He very good man, very smart.

EXT. BEHIND THE CLOUD NINE APARTMENTS - NIGHT

The Camaro stops at the curb, it's dark, very few functioning street lamps.

ANDREUS (O.C.)
I like to park in the back.

The trunk is popped open, everyone gets out. Jonny and Van Helden take it all in, as they get their gear. Larry got it right. Andreus grabs a flashlight.

JONNY

Jesus...

ANDREUS

We walk to the front, okay?

He walks off, Jonny and Van Helden loaded down, they catch up.

Cloud Nine sits between a strip club and a rowdy saloon. A miserable looking diner takes up its first floor. Across the street, an X-rated movie house borders another strip club.

As they approach a back door, Jonny turns to Van Helden.

JONNY

Welcome home, brother.

Andreus fumbles for the right key, finally opens the door to the foyer, lets the boys in first.

INT. CLOUD NINE FOYER - NIGHT

A fluorescent tube hangs low from the ceiling, buzzing like an angry bee, the only light in this narrow, dingy space.

They follow Andreus down a skinny corridor that dead-ends at an ancient elevator shaft.

Andreus presses the call button. An elevator the size of a phone booth descends, groaning with old pulleys and gears, hitting the ground with a bang.

They all squeeze in, shove their things where they can.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

ANDREUS

There no stairs up front. If
elevator not work, you come in back
door, a stairway is in the back.

He smiles.

ANDREUS (CONT'D)

The buzzers don't completely work.
If someone buzzes you, you come
down to let them in.

JONNY

Sounds like a major pain in the
ass. You gonna fix it?

ANDREUS

Of course, anything broken, we fix.

He smiles.

Groans and creaks from the elevator shaft abruptly stop. The cage opens and they squeeze out into the hallway with their stuff.

INT. 6TH FLOOR - NIGHT

The empty corridor is flanked by open staircases. Fluorescent tubes hang from the water stained ceiling, spreading white light across grey walls and the dingy linoleum floor.

Andreas leads the way to 6C.

INT. APARTMENT 6C - NIGHT

Andreas goes in, snaps on a light. Jonny and Van Helden enter, ready to unload. This room, maybe 20 x 14, is devoid of furniture, a scummy kitchenette's in the corner. The whole place is scummy.

Jonny and Van Helden manage to maintain a look of indifference. Andreas flaunts his usual grin.

With every breath, steam pours from their noses.

JONNY

Jesus Christ, you can hang meat in
here.

Andreas goes to the radiator, turns the knob. Warm steam hisses from the pipes.

Van Helden turns on the kitchen faucet, out pours brown water.

ANDREUS

Let's find you furniture. We go to
empty apartments. Many choices I am
sure.

Van Helden checks out the bathroom, comes out, shaking his head.

ANDREUS (CONT'D)
 Like I said, this very good timing
 to collect rents tonight, the
 tenants at home--

In walks LYKOS, early 30s, a sleazebag dressed in Brooks
 Brothers, his diamond pinky-ring is hard to miss. Impatient,
 he paces, jingling change in his pant's pocket.

ANDREUS (CONT'D)
 Jonny, Van Helden, this my brother,
 Lykos--

LYKOS
 (no Greek accent)
 How you like your apartment? It's
 the best in the building.

Jonny and Van Helden have no words.

LYKOS (CONT'D)
 Only half the units are occupied,
 so we'll rent them out after you
 clean 'em up. You just gotta sweep
 the floors and wipe down the
 kitchens and bathrooms. That's
 pretty much it. And do some
 dusting.

He looks like he disapproves of their work already.

LYKOS (CONT'D)
 The tenants here? They like to play
 tricks. Sometimes they won't answer
 the door when you come to collect.

He pulls a shiny brass key from his pocket, turns it between
 his thumb and forefinger as if to perform a magic trick,
 glares at Van Helden.

LYKOS (CONT'D)
This, your master key, opens every
 damn door, so never, ever misplace
 it. Don't fucking drop it, or lend
 it to anyone. Don't leave it out
 for people to see. It costs \$5,000
 to replace. Guard it with your
 life. Understand?

VAN HELDEN
 Yessir.

Now he shifts his glare to Jonny.

JONNY

Yessir.

LYKOS

When you go to collect the rent,
but the tenants play hide and seek?
Use the key, look inside. You'll
get an eye-full, in bed or some
shit. They always pretend they
don't have the money. Some pretend
to cry.

As he speaks he wanders the room, looks out the window, comes
back over.

LYKOS (CONT'D)

And they're always complaining
about nothing. This is an old
building, things go wrong. They
don't understand. They think you
just wave a magic wand and things
get fixed. You're college boys,
right? Just use psychology. You
know psychology?

JONNY

Yessir.

VAN HELDEN

Yessir.

Lykos heads for the door.

LYKOS

Good! You'll get your phone
tomorrow.

He uses his pinky-finger to mimic a phone to his mouth.

LYKOS (CONT'D)

Then I will call you.

He walks out, Andreus steps up.

ANDREUS

Let's find some furniture, and then
we meet your new neighbors and
collect rent! You got your magic
key?

INT. VACANT APARTMENT 6TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Van Helden, followed by Jonny and Andreus, walk into a mess.
A broken chair lies atop papers strewn across the floor.

On closer inspection, many sport animal poop. No other furniture in the room.

Van Helden bends down for a closer look.

VAN HELDEN
I would guess, from the size, a
Chihuahua. What do you--

JONNY
Not sure, maybe a giant rat?

ANDREUS
(not smiling for once)
You come back tomorrow to clean,
okay?

Jonny walks the filthy room wondering what he signed up for, looks at Van Helden apologetically. Van Helden, amused watching Andreus looking for somewhere to put the pooped up papers he's holding.

MONTAGE:

The three of them walk out of various apartments hauling a variety of useable objects to sit in, eat at, and sleep on, dragging them into 6C. Nothing stellar, but doable.

INT. APARTMENT 6C - NIGHT

Furnishings piled in the middle of the room include a vinyl couch with a pull-out mattress for Van Helden. For Jonny, a twin bed. There's a formica table decorated with cigarette burns, three mismatched wooden chairs, a couple of mismatched end tables, two porcelain lamps etched with a Chinese dragon motif, a baby-blue wooden dresser, and a radio!

Andreus is exhausted.

ANDREUS
Decorate later, now come with me.

EXT. TREMONT STREET ENTRANCE TO CLOUD NINE DINER - NIGHT

The three approach a busy diner on the ground floor of the building. Jonny perks up.

ANDREUS
Food pretty good here.

Jonny opens a menu.

JONNY

The chow here's pretty cheap.

Van Helden sniffs the air.

VAN HELDEN

And greasy.

Andreas ever smiling, opens the door.

INT. CLOUD 9 DINER - NIGHT

Jonny and Van Helden follow Andreas past an array of DINERS at the counter, to the rear where a couple of young Greek COOKS, sweating in their filthy aprons, fill orders. They look up, nod to Andreas.

Andreas stops a moment, speaks to them in Greek then walks to a back door, opens it, waves Jonny and Van Helden over.

They see the stairs to the basement.

ANDREUS

This where you enter the cellar.
You will never need to, but you
must know how everything works,
right? All the power for our
building down there.

He turns to leave.

JONNY

We're not going down?

ANDREUS

Why we do that? Not important. You
just need to know where to go. Now
we collect rent, that's important.

JONNY

Aren't we here to eat?

EXT. CORRIDOR/APARTMENT 2A - NIGHT

Andreas knocks on 2A's door. Jonny and Van Helden give him space.

ANDREUS

Raymond very nice. Always pay on
time. He is waiter at fine hotel--

RAYMOND, 35, opens the door. His smile goes well with his Howdy Doody haircut. He's dumpy, nobody's dreamboat. Pulling some bills from his pants pocket, he smiles affably, until... his eyes go wide--he backs up.

Andreas turns around just as BARRY, furious, a big, black 20 year old, descends on him, presses his nose in Andreas' face.

BARRY

Where's my fucking heat, man!

ANDREUS

You owe for last week.

BARRY

You ain't gettin' a dime 'til I get my heat.

ANDREUS

Last week you have heat, pay me for last week! Tomorrow I send someone. Turn on oven, open the door--

BARRY

Open my fucking oven door? I need heat--

ANDREUS

Meet your new building managers, Jonny Turdan and Robert Van Helden--

JONNY

Tudan, not Turdan--

Barry shoots them a look, doesn't offer his hand.

BARRY

Do you two fuck-wads know what the fuck you're doing?

Barry backpedals toward the elevator before Jonny or Van Helden can answer.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Tomorrow, Andreas! Or you get nothin'!

Barry gone, Andreas takes Raymond's cash, writes out a receipt, with his usual big grin.

EXT. CORRIDOR APARTMENT 2C - NIGHT

Andreas knocks.

ANDREUS
This guy, Dominick Delmonti, drives
a cab all night, hard to catch at
home. He owes three weeks!

He knocks three times, no answer.

ANDREUS (CONT'D)
(to Van Helden)
Use your key.

INT. APARTMENT 2C - NIGHT

The three walk into the dark apartment, look around, leave.

EXT. CORRIDOR APARTMENT 2C - NIGHT

ANDREUS
You guys track him down tomorrow,
get the rent, okay?

JONNY
We have class.

ANDREUS
Figure it out. It's your job.

EXT. APARTMENT 3A - NIGHT

ANDREUS
This a piece of cake as you
Americans like to say.

Andreas chuckles as he knocks.

BYRON, 20, opens, a bit annoyed. His open tuxedo jacket
reveals a pale pink chest, mostly covered by a saffron scarf
around his neck.

In the B.G. JAMIE, 17, tall and willowy, shirtless in tight
leather pants, rocks back and forth on the balls of his feet.

Two girls stand next to one another, red head ROBIN, 18,
chubby but cute and SUZY, 21, not cute, her dark hair a
tangled mess, her pale white skin her best feature.

BYRON
Andreas! What a pleasant surprise.
Are these your new boyfriends?

ANDREUS
Byron, meet your new managers,
Jonny and Van Helden, Robert Van
Helden.

Jamie comes over, his hand out to shake.

JAMIE
Hi, I'm Jamie. You're our new
Supers? ...SUPER!

Robin gets close to Jonny and Van Helden, flirty.

ROBIN
Hi, Super-boys--

ANDREUS
Rent's due.

BYRON
No problem dude.

He takes a wad of cash out of his pants pocket, counts out what they owe. Andreus writes out a receipt.

Robin strokes Van Helden's arm. He's surprised, but doesn't mind. Smiles at her until Suzy steps in, irked.

SUZY
Either of you know how to fix a
toilet?

ANDREUS
What you throw down it?

Van Helden's arm still being stroked by Robin. He's amused.

VAN HELDEN
I didn't get your name.

ROBIN
(think Betty Boop)
Me? I'm Robin. And...

She points a dainty finger toward Suzy.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
...this is my sweet sister, Suzy.

SUZY
Fix the goddamn toilet, Andreus!

EXT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Andreas hits the call button for the elevator, they HEAR it make its way up.

ANDREUS
 Keep good records, very important.
 Always give receipt when you take
 money. If they say they pay
 already, ask for proof.

The elevator arrives. Andreas hands the receipt book to Van Helden, slides back the gate and steps inside.

The elevator makes its descent.

ANDREUS (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 Good luck my friends!

INT. APARTMENT 6C - NIGHT

Van Helden plugs in the radio, dials in a rock station. Then they go at it.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

Quick scenes of trying this, that and everything, before settling on placement they both agree on.

Jonny sits on his bed, done in.

Van Helden goes to the kitchen, finds cleaning stuff under the sink, throws a rag at Jonny.

VAN HELDEN
 (mimics Lykos)
 "How you like your apartment? It's
 the best in the building."

SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS

They wash down, sweep up, dust, make their beds.

After all the cleaning and sweeping, they plop down on the sofa. Van Helden pulls out cigarettes, takes one and offers it to Jonny, who takes one.

They lean back, light up with a shared match and stretch their legs.

JONNY

Damn. We need a coffee table. Where the hell are we supposed to put our feet?

Suddenly there's POUNDING on their door, it doesn't stop.

Van Helden goes to the door, waits for Jonny, getting a baseball bat from his duffle bag.

VAN HELDEN

WHO'S THERE?

The door continues to vibrate with each pounding blow. Van Helden grabs his tennis racket from the closet, holds it by his side like an axe, squints through the door's fish-eye.

Jonny's grips the bat up over his shoulder, ready!

JONNY

(to Van Helden)

Go on.

Van Helden opens the door to ALL the tenants they just met! Byron, Barry, Jamie, Robin, Suzy and MORE with a cacophony of demands...

BYRON

Fix the Intercom!

SUZY

The toilet's stopped up!

BARRY

Fix the fucking heater!

VAN HELDEN

Okay, we hear you, we'll--

THE TENANTS

(chant)

FIX IT, FIX IT, FIX IT, FIX IT!

Jonny stands tall, spreads his arms wide, like Merlin, and holds the pose. He smiles mysteriously, the tenants go quiet, curious, watch as he waves the baseball bat over their heads like a magic wand.

JONNY

Poof! It's all fixed. You can go back to your rooms now. Nothing is broken, it's all okay.

He lowers his arms, looks at them.

SILENCE. Some bemusement here and there as Jonny quietly closes the door.

Drained, he leans against the door, looks at Van Helden.

VAN HELDEN
What was that?

JONNY
Psychology.

LATER SAME NIGHT

A shaft of light comes through the window, otherwise it's dark. They're both in their 'new' beds.

JONNY (CONT'D)
How's your bed?

VAN HELDEN
Smells weird, but it's okay, I guess. You?

JONNY
I'm so beat I could sleep on rocks.
But yeah, it's okay, I think.

They lie in peace and quiet for a moment.

VAN HELDEN
Are you praying?

JONNY
I'm thinking about it.

They HEAR fireworks outside. It's not fireworks.

VAN HELDEN
What the fuck! Gun shots?

They rush to the window facing La Grange.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

Parked cars block their view, but a MAN in black is visible each time he pops up behind a dark Buick to fire his gun, then ducks down to avoid returning fire.

More SHOTS from up the block, a separate shootout?

The Man makes his move, sprints off, his retreat halted by the crack of a gun and a bullet to his back. He falls to the street, face down.

Two WHITE GUYS emerge, guns pointed at the lifeless body. SIRENS are HEARD approaching. People gather around the body, some from Cloud Nine. The white guys are nowhere in sight.

Soon POLICE CARS are everywhere, and an ambulance.

The new Supers look at one another, as the descending wail of a siren follows the boys back to their beds.

Jonny, in bed, stares at the ceiling.

VAN HELDEN (CONT'D)

You okay?

JONNY

I don't know.

VAN HELDEN

You think we did the right thing?

Jonny makes the sign of the cross.

JONNY

I don't know.

SUPER: 3 MONTHS LATER

INT. JONNY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jonny's studying at the table. A KNOCK at the door. He shuts his book, reluctantly answers.

JONNY

(mumbles)

Now what?

He opens to Kitty and immediately changes his demeanor, puts on a big smile at this gorgeous black woman in a sequined jump suit, hands on her hips.

KITTY

(French accent)

Hello child. I hear you have rooms available to rent?

JONNY

(with a confident smile))

Yes we do. Thirty dollars a week, cash in advance. We have several I can--

KITTY

I only need one, darling.

INT. STUDIO 3B - NIGHT

Kitty follows Jonny in, he flips on a light, it's small, but clean, even has basic furniture. She glances around.

KITTY

This is fine.

Kitty barely thinks about it, pulls out the cash, hands it to Jonny. As he writes up her receipt, she pulls articles and photos from her purse of her stripper self, shows Jonny.

KITTY (CONT'D)

This is me. I am famous. I dance at the Normandy Lounge. Come see me sometime.

EXT. BOSTON'S WENTWORTH INSTITUTE - DAY

Jonny in turtle neck sweater and jeans, his army-surplus bag over his shoulder, a T-Square strapped to the back, glances at his watch as he rushes to the entrance.

JONNY

(to himself)

Damn.

INT. DRAFTING STUDIO - DAY

Quietly drawing at their drafting tables, the students are buried in their work.

Mr. Pederson, in his usual drab ill-fitting suit, walks between them, his hands behind his back, looking over their shoulders. He sports a bald head save for a ring of thick, black hair looping between his big ears.

He stops in his tracks behind Jonny, surprised, watches Jonny sketch the facade of a building that has the look of a Cubist abstract painting.

PEDERSON

Not bad.

Jonny pauses, looks at his work without acknowledging Pederson. Pederson looks at his watch, moves on.

The bell RINGS. Jonny rolls up his drawing, rubber-bands it, slips his drafting tools into the ammo bag festooned with peace signs and colorful graffiti. He straps the T-square to its back, heaves it over his shoulders.

He's the last out of the room. Pederson's in the hall waiting.

PEDERSON (CONT'D)

Mr. Tudan.

Jonny comes to a halt. Looks at him.

PEDERSON (CONT'D)
You were late. Again. You know the
rules.

JONNY
Yessir.

Pederson walks away.

INT. WENTWORTH CAFETERIA - DAY

Jonny joins Andreus and Larry for lunch, hands Andreus an envelope full of cash, Andreus happily starts counting.

JONNY
We had a good weekend, Andreus,
rented two apartments. A pretty
white chick, named Karen, took 2A.
5A went to Pamela, who seems pretty
street wise, both in their
twenties.

ANDREUS
What do they do?

JONNY
I don't know. Karen looks like a
school teacher or a secretary
maybe. Pamela says she works in the
Zone, maybe a bartender, I don't
know.

Andreus cups his hands beneath his chest.

ANDREUS
Nice bodies?

He winks at Larry.

ANDREUS (CONT'D)
Good job.

INT. TROLLEY CAR - DUSK

Jonny bounces along the crowded car in his own world.

INT. CHINATOWN SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Dark, quiet, except for the noise from the trolleys. Pedestrians shuffle through this miserable place. Jonny takes the stairs, exits.

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - NIGHT

JONNY (V.O.)

During the day I feel safe here, no different from most areas of Boston. But at night, life in the Zone becomes a bizarro Disneyland. It's like going through a looking glass, you're upside down and in another dimension. Anything can happen and often does.

Jonny's smack dab in the vibrant cacophony of adult entertainment. Discordant sounds of an organ and snare drums spill out from a bar. He walks past marquees displaying triple-x movies and strip clubs.

A Boston police car slowly rolls by the packed sidewalk.

Jonny navigates around GUYS in line in front of an x-rated movie house. One of them flips a cigarette butt at his shoe. Laughing, he waits for Jonny to react, Jonny keeps going.

He approaches La Grange Street, where two young, white PROSTITUTES, dressed for work, approach a waiting car. They give Jonny a wink and a smile as he rounds the corner.

EXT. LA GRANGE ST. - NIGHT

Jonny walks down La Grange Street, the sidewalks lined with spillage from trashcans. At the back door of his building he pulls a key from his pocket, unlocks, goes in.

INT. APARTMENT STAIRS AND CORRIDORS - NIGHT

In the dark, Jonny trudges up an old, narrow staircase to the SECOND FLOOR, walks down its narrow hall. He HEARS *Everyday People* coming from one of the rooms.

Two overly made-up young women, smoking in a doorway, dolled up in banana curls and satin jumpsuits watch Jonny coming toward them.

YOUNG WOMAN #1

Hard day at school, Jonny?

YOUNG WOMAN #2
 Can you come out and play?
 (pouts)
 Or you got too much homework?

Jonny smiles, keeps going to the next stairs.

On the THIRD FLOOR he glimpses through the open door, sees a blowup between a young WHITE GAL and an older BLACK DUDE. Jonny and the Dude make eye contact. The Dude shuts the door.

On the FORTH FLOOR a bluesy beat floats out an open door from THREE MUSICIANS, one white, two black, all in their 20s.

Lulled a bit by the music, Jonny makes it to the FIFTH FLOOR, unprepared for the line of men queued up at apartment 5A. One slimy, acned STUD stretches his leg across the bannister, his shiny, pointed-toed shoe blocks Jonny's path.

SLIMY STUD
 Who the hell are you? Ain't no room
 in line for--

JONNY
 I'm the Super, that's who the hell
 I am. All of you assholes out of
 here in two minutes, or I'm calling
 the Heat.

The pointy shoe hits the floor, Jonny continues on.

SLIMY STUD
 (to his friend)
 That twerp? Is he bullshitting?

Jonny stops, turns around. Holds up two fingers.

JONNY
 Two minutes.

He walks off, stops when he HEARS a woman's SCREAMS from inside 5A. He gives the doorknob a frantic jiggle, then POUNDS. The screaming continues.

JONNY (CONT'D)
 Angel! Angel!

The Master Key does its job. Jonny throws open the door to TIMMY, early 20s, his back to Jonny. His naked butt bent over ANGEL, 21, on her knees, screaming. He has a fistful of her hair, yanking her head back and forth.

TIMMY
 You ain't laughing at me now, are
 you bitch!

Jonny grabs Timmy with both arms, lifts him off the floor. Timmy's pants, around his ankles fall off. Jonny twists his arms behind his back. Timmy goes limp.

The Slimy Stud runs in.

SLIMY STUD
 Jesus Timmy, what the fuck!

JONNY
 This piece of shit a friend of
 yours?

SLIMY STUD
 We're just having a little fun.
 It's his birthday. He won't--

JONNY
 Get the fuck outta my building!

Jonny closes the door, looks at Angel with bruises on her face and arms. He lifts her to a sitting position. Done in, she leans against him, grateful.

JONNY (CONT'D)
 What happened here? Are you okay?

She starts to chuckle, then LAUGHS while wiping her tears.

ANGEL
 The asshole wanted a blow job.
 Fine. But his dick is so tiny, he
 couldn't get it up and I started
 giggling so he started slapping me.

JONNY
 Fuck.

EXT. STUDIO APARTMENT 6C - NIGHT

Going to his apartment, he hears voices. The door's open.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT 6C - NIGHT

Jonny walks into his room with a dozen tenants waiting. Sitting on his bed is Kitty, dressed to kill in stiletto heels, and Barbie Doll JULIE, 28, in a golden fleece wig, talking to Van Helden.

JONNY
 What the fuck! I didn't know you
 were throwing a party--

VAN HELDEN
 We got a problem--

Everyone's talking over everyone.

KITTY
 Thanks Jonny, but cops are coming tonight to--

VAN HELDEN (CONT'D)
 It's the hookers, someone--

CHARLES, a young black musician, chimes in.

CHARLES
 (to Kitty)
 Yeah, someone here's talking! A
 couple of dumb ass bitches--

Charles and JASPER, also a young black musician, both in satin suits, look around for a place to sit. Jasper's white girlfriend, DIANNE, 21, hangs on tight to him. All three flop down on Van Helden's bed.

JONNY
 What are you guys talking about?

VAN HELDEN
 I'm not sure, Kitty says cops are--

CHARLES
 Yeah, the fucking cops plan to
 close this place down tonight! They
 be kickin' us to the street!

Handsome black MARVIN, 25, in the only comfortable chair. On its arm sits girlfriend WINKY, 19, petite, black, beautiful.

Marvin's younger brother, DONNY, has the jitters, can't sit still, bobs back and forth.

Jonny drops his backpack on his bed next to Kitty, watches JACKIE, 21, Donny's redhead girlfriend, looking for a fight. She takes angry drags off her cigarette, strides around in her tight, bright mini-skirt.

Clearly pissed, Marvin nods his head in Jackie's direction.

MARVIN
Get rid of her...run her ass out
with the rest of them whores. No
whores, no cops. End of story.

Jackie storms over to Marvin, gets in his face.

JACKIE
I ain't goin' nowhere you chicken
shit asshole!

DONNY
(pleading to the Boys)
She don't do her business here!

CHARLES
The dumb ass bitches I'm talking
about are Kitty and Sam, shootin'
off their fat mouths to--

SAM, 21, white, attractive, comes in the door--a gum chewer
with attitude.

SAM
Did I just hear my name? What's up?

CHARLES
The cops are shuttin' our building
down tonight.

SAM
You don't say.

She walks over to Jackie, looks her in the eye, chews her gum
as Jackie blows smoke in her face. Not friends.

SAM (CONT'D)
I suggest Jackie girl, you take the
night off.

JACKIE
I suggest you mind your own
bizness, Bitch!

SAM
Jonny, Van H, you boys gonna do
somethin' about this?

CHARLES
We don't need no trouble, you two
just give Lykos a call, tell him to
tell the cops to back off.

JONNY

How's that gonna happen?

CHARLES

You know how to dial a phone? You work for the man, so call 'im. We all know how Lykos makes his bread. Shit, he owns the police, if he say keep away from this building, they do it.

SAM

This place has a shitty rep. When I walk through the front door at night, there ain't a guy out on the sidewalk who doesn't think I'm a hooker! That's not okay, 'specially if I'm with a guy I want to bring upstairs. He starts lookin' at me strange, like the trip to my place could cost him twenty bucks! So I say let the vice squad do its job.

MARVIN

(in Sam's face)

What you think the police will do when they come knockin'? You don't know 'em the way I do. You look at 'em sideways? Don't say, "Yes sir, no sir, please and thank you", give 'em any excuse to bust my head, they do it. And here we are opening the goddamn door, lettin' 'em in?

SAM

The police will come, but not because we invited them. They'll be here because it's no secret where the hookers are in the Zone. Fuck it Marvin, stop being so paranoid.

MARVIN

You ain't gotta clue. I ain't being paranoid, I'm being real!

CHARLES

Yeah, cuz of this dumb bitch.

He points to Kitty, who's off the bed ready to confront him, but Julie dives in-between them.

JULIE

Hey asshole, I talked to the police, too--

JASPER

Ya know, I still like it here, and I don't get in nobody's business, but comin' home with my ole lady seein' them white dudes lined up in the hall lookin' like they wanna kill me...all I can say is things gonna get bad some night.

JULIE

Things gotta change around here, we can't keep livin' like this.

Sam walks over to the window, looks down.

SAM

It's no secret where the hookers are in this town. You wanna change your life? ...Change your address.

Jonny goes to the window, looks down.

INT. THROUGH THE WINDOW - NIGHT

Lights glitter on colorful signs: GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS! The streets are busy. Street Walkers swarm around cars, doing what it takes to entice, as drunks stagger out of bars.

EXT. VIEW FROM THE STREET - NIGHT/SAME

Jonny stares out the window, to the street, worried.

Match/cut

FLASHBACK

EXT. VIEW OF A DIFFERENT WINDOW - DAY

Jonny, nearly a year younger, looks out his window, worried.

SUPER: HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, SUMMER 1968

INT. JONNY'S BEDROOM - DAY

On his wall a poster of Robert Kennedy and a crucifix above his bed. Little-league trophies, model cars fill the shelves, a typical middle class teen's room.

Jonny, in T-shirt and jeans, stares out the second story window to the back yard.

Colorful balloons float over a party table. Friends and family wait for him, including older brother JERRY, 21. He spots Jonny looking down.

JERRY
(shouts)
Hey Bro! We're all waiting! What
you still doing up there?

JONNY
Thinking.

JERRY
About what?

JONNY
Tomorrow. Next week. Next year...

JERRY
Well, bro, think about now! It's
not everyday you turn 18.

EXT. JONNY'S BACKYARD - DAY

Jonny joins the party. His FATHER turns down the Rock & Roll music on the radio as his SISTERS and FRIENDS surround him at the picnic table. His MOTHER proudly lights the candles on the homemade birthday cake.

The GROUP sings Happy Birthday.

This much attention is embarrassing. He closes his eyes, blows out the candles, looks appreciative. Everyone CHEERS including his buddy, Paulie.

Paulie and his brother spread out under an apple tree with cake and ice cream. Jonny joins them.

PAULIE
What'd you wish for?

JONNY
Nothin'.

PAULIE
I know what you wished for, you
want to nail some coed bitch when
you hit Boston.

JONNY
It's not a coed school, just guys.

JERRY
Naw, I know my little brother. He
wants Miss America to pop his
cherry. Right, Jonny-boy?

JONNY
You're both wrong, I wished to make
it through my first semester.

EXT. BUS STATION, HARTFORD - DAY

Jerry gives Jonny a good-bye hug on this grey, rainy day, the
bus idles nearby.

JERRY
Make us proud, Mr. Architect.

JONNY
Don't get drafted, big brother.

JERRY
Mom said to remind you to go to
Confession.

JONNY
I got nothing to Confess.

JERRY
You will soon...if you're lucky.

FADE OUT