PROUD MARY Start

DANNY Scene 1

ONE YEAR LATER

Over which, we hear the pre-lapped sound of KNOCKING...

INT. HALLWAY - BACK BAY MANOR - DAY

The door opens to reveal a ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD BOY standing in the hallway. We recognize him from the photograph.

He is taller now, but very skinny, his face a patchwork of small scratches and grime. He wears a dirty hooded sweater and filthy jeans, two sizes too big. Hanging off his shoulder -- a BLACK BACKPACK.

This is DANNY.

DANNY

You Jerome?

JEROME (mid 30s, jittery) stands on the other side of the door, wearing a bathrobe, looking like he hasn't showered in months.

JEROME

You Uncle's boy?

Danny nods. Jerome checks the hallway for sightseers, then steps aside, letting him in. He slams the door SHUT.

INT. JEROME'S APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT

Danny follows Jerome into the squalid apartment.

JEROME

Have a seat. Make yourself comfortable.

Trying to hide his nerves, Danny circles for a bit then takes a seat at a KITCHEN TABLE.

JEROME (CONT'D)

You hungry? You want something to eat?

DANNY

What've you got?

Jerome digs through the cabinet, there's not much.

JEROME

How 'bout some Frosted Flakes?



DANNY

Okay.

Jerome grabs the milk from the fridge. He sets the milk and cereal down in front of Danny then finds a "clean" bowl and spoon and brings it back.

Jerome watches Danny prepare the cereal.

JEROME

Don't feed you much over at Uncle's, do they?

Danny can't respond, mouth full of food.

JEROME (CONT'D)

You bring the music?

DANNY

In the backpack.

Jerome leans over and reaches for Danny's BLACK BACKPACK. But Danny stops him -- grabbing the bag himself.

Watching Jerome, Danny unzips the bag and retrieves TWO BRICKS of cellophane wrapped <u>brown powder</u>, sliding them across the table toward him.

As Jerome starts to unwrap one of the bricks --

DANNY (CONT'D)

Money first.

JEROME

I gotta test it.

DANNY

For what?

JEROME

The hell you think? For purity.

Jerome sticks his FINGER in the powder, then takes a bump.

DANNY

We good?

JEROME

(gets up)

Wait here.

Jerome moves off into the BEDROOM. A moment later, he comes back with a ROLL OF CASH. Drops it in front of Danny.

-> CON'T

2/4

Nang Nayer Casting

Danny unfastens the rubber band and starts to count. Jerome looks on nervously. After a beat, Danny glances up --

DANNY

You're five hundred short.

JEROME

What are you talking about? The deal was for twenty-five.

DANNY

The 'deal was three.

JEROME

No fucking way, nephew. I know what the deal was and it was twentyfive. Call Uncle.

DANNY

Uncle knows it's three. You call him.

Jerome cocks his head; he can tell the kid is new at this, not broken in yet, still a bit soft.

JEROME

You think you're some kinda hard ass, don't you? Looking at me like that. But I know better.

He <u>stands</u>. Out of nowhere, hopped-up Jerome lurches in Danny's direction, pointing at him:

JEROME (CONT'D)
The deal was twenty-five ---

Feeling threatened, Danny FASTBALLS the cereal bowl into Jerome's face, busting his cheek open. The bowl shatters when it hits the ground, milk exploding all over him and the kitchen floor.

Jerome stumbles back, stunned. In a rage, he hurtles forward, throwing the table out of the way as he charges at Danny.

Danny recoils, pulling a GLOCK 39 from his waistband. Clearly unsteady with the qun, he levels it at Jerome.

Jerome stops in his tracks and slowly puts his hands up, trying to diffuse the tension.

JEROME (CONT'D) Whoa, whoa... easy with that.



DANNY

I started with easy, asshole. But you made me go rough. So how rough you want it? Now. YOU. Owe. Another. Five.

JEROME

There's a stack of cash in the freezer, next to the microwave pizzas. It's a thousand. Take the five.

Danny inches over to the FREEZER, keeping his gun trained on Jerome. He opens the freezer door, takes the entire stack of cash -- the full thousand.

JEROME (CONT'D)

You little shit!

DANNY

'Cause you lied.

Jerome's eyes narrow as he clocks the pistol shaking a bit in the boy's hand. As Danny backs out of the room --

JEROME

No need to trip, little man. I'll get that discount next time.

Danny quickly exits. Off Jerome, looking at the spilled milk and cereal all over the floor as we CUT TO--

End.

PROUD MARY Start

Danny Scene 2

INT. BENNY'S RESTAURANT - UPSTAIRS BACK ROOM OFFICE - DAY

Benny's face etched with worry. He takes a sip of his drink as Danny APPEARS in his doorway--

BENNY

Danny Boy!

Danny. Standing in front of him. Body trembling.

BENNY (CONT'D)

Where's Mary...?

DANNY

I came alone.

BENNY

How is she? Tom said she was hurt, I'm worried about her.

DANNY

She's gonna be fine.

Benny stares at Danny, studies him, senses something's up--

BENNY

That's good ...

(then)

So. Something on your mind?

DANNY

Yes...

BENNY

Well then...let's hear it.

Danny struggles to calm himself to appear tough--

DANNY

You gotta...let her go. She told me Tom said you're...you're never gonna let her go. But...you gotta.

BENNY

(takes a deep breath)
Danny. These are family matters.
Better you avoid getting mixed up
in things you don't understand.

DANNY

I understand fine. I'm not like stupid or anything.

Benny's eyes sharpen, his patience waning...



BENNY

Well, now that I know you're not "stupid or anything" -- here's what you're going to do. You're gonna run back home and tell Mary I'd like to see her. And if she's hurt...we'll arrange for her to receive proper medical attention.

Danny LIFTS his SHIRT, grabs his GUN with both hands. Benny trails off, seeing the chrome Beretta in Danny's hands...

DANNY

I don't think so.

Benny, taken aback--

BENNY

Oh...you don't?

DANNY

Nope. So...listen up...here's how it's gonna go--

Danny takes a moment, speechless and nervous. Then, suddenly, he musters all of his strength, as he remembers PRECISELY what Mary "said" to Uncle, word for word--

DANNY (CONT'D)

Benny...

BENNY

Yesssss...

A pregnant pause...

DANNY

Benny.

BENNY

Yes, Danny...

Danny, sweat dripping down his face, grasps the qun tight--

DANNY

It's Mary...

Danny hesitates--

BENNY

What about Mary...?

Danny then raises the gun, points the gun right at Benny, just like Mary did to Uncle-- and looks him right in the eyes. He is trembling and scared--

DANNY

She doesn't work for you anymore...she's gonna be stayin' with me now.

Benny raises a brow--

DANNY (CONT'D)

So. . .

(gun trembling)
You've got two choices: Choice #1.
Let Mary go--or--Choice #2. Your
family comes to visit you in the
morgue tonight. YOU decide.

Benny holds back a smile--

BENNY

You're a brave boy. I can see that. But you're making a mistake.

Danny just stares him down, holding the gun trained on Benny.

BENNY (CONT'D)

Can I tell you a story, Danny?
Would you like to hear a story?
 (off Danny's silence)
Let's see...I guess it was about a year ago, I sent Mary out on a contract in Jamaica Plain. This particular mark was a bookie in debt to one of my clients for over a hundred thousand dollars. Mary did the job. But as she was leaving, the Mark's wife came home unexpectedly. In all assignments there are variables that compel us to improvise. So...Mary was forced to kill the woman. Jessica Miller.

Danny's eyes go wide.

BENNY (CONT'D)
Michael and Jessica Miller.

Danny's face registers hurt and betrayal.

BENNY (CONT'D)
Is it all starting to make sense?
Mary didn't "find" you, Danny

Mary didn't "find" you, Danny Miller. She was following you.

DANNY

You're lying.

BENNY

Really? None of this is sounding familiar?

(off his look)

I thought so. You're upset. That's understandable. But put the gun down.

Danny doesn't budge.

BENNY (CONT'D)

You can put it on the floor, if you like. Or I can come over there and take it from you.

Danny. Still no movement. But his hands start to tremble as he struggles to hold the pistol. Intimidated by Benny's imposing presence. Benny moves toward him...

BENNY (CONT'D)

It's okay. I understand. You love Mary. I love her, too. We all do.

Benny is now right in front of the boy. Danny aims the trembling qun at Benny's chest.

BENNY (CONT'D)

But she's not what you think she is. She's only looking after you because she feels guilty. And how could she not? She made you an orphan. You're her cross to bear. You realize that's true now. Don't you?

Danny's hands continue to shake. He wants to squeeze the trigger, but he can't, he starts to cry.

Slowly, Benny takes the gun from him, checks the chamber.

Benny touches Danny's shoulder--

BENNY (CONT'D)

Shhhh. It's all right. It's all right...



PROUD MARY

Nancy Nayor Casting

Danny sobs as Benny puts his arm around him, attempting to comfort him. But Danny doesn't see that Benny slowly <u>raises</u> the <u>pistol</u>, aiming it at the boy.

BENNY (CONT'D) Everything's going to be fine. No need to cry.

Benny presses the barrel against Danny's temple as the boy realizes this and Benny suddenly pulls him closer and tighter as--

We sense Benny is about to pull the trigger:

MARY (O.S.)

Let him go.

Benny looks up. Mary stands in front of him, pale, sweating, her HANDGUN with SILENCER trained at Benny's head.

Benny releases the boy. Danny runs to Mary. She tosses him the CAR KEYS.

MARY (CONT'D) Wait in the car. Lock the doors.

Danny stares at her. Hesitates for a second, freaked about what Benny told him about his parents and Mary.

MARY (CONT'D)

Go! NOW!!

Danny exits in a hurry. Mary and Benny square off.

End.