

Script: Donnie Brasco ROLE: DONNIE, MALE 20's

INT. PISTONE HOME - DAWN

Donnie tiptoes through the house. Pictures on the fridge show his once happy family. He glances briefly at them, then turns and starts -- It's Maggie.

MAGGIE

Do you want to tell me what's going on?

DONNIE

Nothing. Just go back to sleep. I just had to pick something up.

MAGGIE

That's not going to work anymore, Joe.

He goes past her to the closet. Opens it. Looks inside.

DONNIE

Maggie, where is it?

MAGGIE

What's going on, Joe?

DONNIE

Where is the bag, Maggie?

MAGGIE

There's three hundred thousand dollars in that bag, Joe. I counted it.

DONNIE

(Angry)

You shouldn't know about that.

MAGGIE

It's in my house. Who would ever believe I didn't know about it?

DONNIE

I didn't do nothing wrong.

MAGGIE

We could both go to jail. What about our children, Joe?

(CONTINUED)

DONNIE
Shut up. You don't know what you
are talking about.

MAGGIE
I know FBI men don't walk around
with three hundred thousand dollars
in a bag, Joe.

DONNIE
Tell me where that bag is, Maggie.

MAGGIE
You're becoming like them.

DONNIE
Where's the bag, Maggie?

MAGGIE
The Bureau was here.

DONNIE
What did you tell them?

MAGGIE
You're right, you miserable prick.
I sold you out.

DONNIE
What did you tell them, Maggie? Did
you tell them about the money?

She gives him a defiant look. Then turns, rummages in a
hiding place. Returns with the bag. Shoves it at him.

MAGGIE
Do you wanna know how I get through
my days? Do you know how I do it? I
pretend you're dead. Then I'm a
widow--I can do that--with the
pictures and the medals and the
scrapbook and the memories...
(breaking down) Now just go away
and stay away.

DONNIE
I can't.

MAGGIE
Then come home. Please.

(CONTINUED)

DONNIE

I can't.

MAGGIE

You're killing me.

DONNIE

I can't, Maggie.

MAGGIE

Why? Why do you hate me? Why? I love you so much. What did I do?

DONNIE

It went too far. I was supposed to be better than them. I was supposed to be different. The man in the white hat, the fucking Untouchables. Meanwhile the minute I come out from under everybody gets whacked--one guy already got whacked, dead--because of me--as good as if I put two bullets in his head myself. I got a contract right now to kill a guy I don't even know. So you tell me, Maggie, you tell me what's the difference? Where's the right and wrong? I'm not becoming like them--I am like them. I spent all these years feeling so fucking superior, laughing at them behind my fucking mask. Who's laughing now?