

INT. EVENING. PISTONE RESIDENCE

Donnie is looking for the bag of money trying to be as quiet
as possible to no avail.

M/F
Maggie
Donnie

MAGGIE

Do you wanna tell me what's going on?

DONNIE

Naw, go back to bed. I'm looking for something, alright. I'll be right in.

MAGGIE

That's not going to work anymore.

DONNIE

Where is it?

MAGGIE

There's three hundred thousand dollars in that bag.

DONNIE

How do you know what's in that bag?

MAGGIE

I, uh, I counted it.

DONNIE

Yeah? You counted it?

MAGGIE

Yeah. I counted it.

DONNIE

What do you mean you counted it! That's none of your business!

MAGGIE

It's none of my business! It's in my house, don't tell me it's none of my business, Joe.

DONNIE

I want that fucking bag, Maggie.

MAGGIE

FBI men, do not walk around with three hundred thousand dollars in a bag. Joe, you can go to jail for this.

DONNIE

~~There's~~ Nobody's going to jail!

MAGGIE

Nobody's going to jail? Did you think about your children? Did you even stop and think about your children for a second?

DONNIE

Maggie, you have no idea what you're talking about first of all...

MAGGIE

I don't. I don't have any idea...

DONNIE

The bag belongs to someone else.

MAGGIE

Somebody who? What's his name? Who's bag is it.

DONNIE

Just some guy, some fucked up guy.

MAGGIE

Some fucked up guy needs three hundred thousand dollars?

DONNIE

Yeah, that's right. Now where's the ~~bag~~ bag?

MAGGIE

You're becoming like them, you know that?

Donnie regards her for a second, then back hands her. Realizing what he's done he turns away in frustration.

She goes to get the bag.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Do you ever ask yourself how I make it through my days? Huh? I pretend I'm a widow. With medals and scrapbooks and memories. I pretend your dead. That's how my life makes sense to me. Just go away. Stay away from us.

Donnie picks up the bag.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Why do you hate me, when I love you so much?

DONNIE

You think I hate you? I don't hate you. This job is eating me alive. I can't breathe any more. And if I come out this guy Lefty dies. They're going to kill him, because he vouched for me. Because he stood up for me. I live with that every day. That's the same thing as if I put the bullet in his head myself, do you understand? I've spent all these years, trying to be the good guy, you know? The man in the white hat. For what? For nothing? I'm not becoming like them, Maggie, I am them.

He starts to leave and stops. He looks at her, her back to him. Ponders a moment, then steps up behind her and kisses her head before walking off.