

TOOLBOX

Written by

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EXT. SHIPPING PORT - DAWN

Sliver of sun arising on a bleak, overcast day. Cranes and ships extend out for miles, astray on the water. Between these ships, a MAIN DOCK, twenty feet in width, that continues through the port.

SILHOUETTES SPEAK to one another *sotto voce*:

VOICE #1

I'm not going through that again.

VOICE #2

I never said you would have to.

VOICE #1

Jesus, Morris ...

A beat. One silhouette turns away from the other.

VOICE #1 (CONT'D)

Me, standing across from you right now... that's saying I would have to. And I don't fucking want to.

EXT. BAY - DAWN

The two silhouettes are now illuminated by the shimmer of the water. MORRIS wears black and a hat which leaves his face vague, indecipherable. ANTHONY is overdressed: suit jacket, shoes shined, a grinning white. They are on a smaller BOAT headed out into the bay, turned away from each other again. Tall pines on the shore engulf them. Low fog hangs in a thick layer over the water.

MORRIS

What makes you so hostile to it?

ANTHONY

It's not much that I'm hostile. I'm inhospitable to it. I have kids now.

MORRIS

Oh, yeah.

The BOAT turns a corner, and we see another distant DOCK ahead.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Tell me, Tony. What the fuck did you ever need kids for?

ANTHONY

(rage)

And what the fuck did I ever need
you for?

MORRIS chuckles.

MORRIS

Money, for one thing. Power, for
another. Identity, for a third.
Things kids won't give you. Things
kids will take from you, in fact.

The BOAT, continuing towards the dock ahead...

ANTHONY

You wouldn't know about it.

MORRIS

What?

MORRIS turns from the front of the boat, back at ANTHONY.
Fear reddens ANTHONY's face.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Tony. I'm not thirty
anymore, I'm an old man now. If I
heard --

ANTHONY

Listen --

MORRIS

-- if I heard correctly, you are
telling me I never had kids.
Telling me that if I did ever want
kids, that nobody would have a kid
with me. Sterile. Unbecoming.
That's what you think about me?

ANTHONY

Morris.

MORRIS WHACKS ANTHONY across the face; though with an open
hand, it registers more like a club. Anthony falls back on a
cooler of ice, then gets back up.

MORRIS

Tired of talking. Cat got your
tongue?

ANTHONY remains silent. The boat continues toward the dock
ahead.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

I tell you, this is no easier than when you were first around. Kids certainly don't change that.

ANTHONY

I have a new life.

MORRIS

No. There you go again, mixing up your words. Fucking with the english language. No, what you mean to say is, you want a new life. You want to forget. I would want to forget too, if I were you. But I don't. I can't.

MORRIS moves toward ANTHONY, who braces and winces; instead, MORRIS moves past him, opens up the cooler.

A FINGER, lone, bare, cold, lays atop the sheet of ice.

ANTHONY

Oh god, oh shit, Morris!

MORRIS

You don't recognize her?

ANTHONY

What the fuck?

MORRIS

Marianne. Husband to The Caligula. Don Tazzio. That was August of '98, and that was your pliers did that. You.

MORRIS closes the cooler. Point made, then taken. The boat continues toward the dock ahead.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Like I say, I can't forget.

ANTHONY, rendered speechless again.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Funny thing about your kids. When you mentioned them, I thought of that finger.

ANTHONY

You wouldn't.

MORRIS

Hurt your kids. I wouldn't. I'm saying, Ton: you can't make with what you don't have.

ANTHONY

Why can't you call someone else? Guarantee there's forty guineas willing to do your work right now. Staten Island, Hoboken alone.

MORRIS

I would say upwards fifty or sixty, nowadays. But that's not the point. Of course, I could always reach into my toolbox, pull out a wrench, a screwdriver. Anytime I like.

ANTHONY

Why don't you?

MORRIS

I don't ask for a fucking wrench. I need my *hammer*.

Silence. ANTHONY lowers his head, but MORRIS stands tall, almost smiling.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

No one ever did it like you.

EXT. DOCK - CONTINUOUS

By now, the BOAT moves up to the DOCK in front of it. We see THREE STANDING MEN on the dock, and a KNEELING, HOODED FIGURE beside them.

MORRIS

... nobody ever will.

ANTHONY sees the dock. Registers instantly.

ANTHONY

Please.

MORRIS gets up on the DOCK by the men, motions a frightened ANTHONY to join him.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Please, don't.

MORRIS looks to the standing men.

MORRIS
Al, Pink, Chambers... Anthony
Cardini.

The three men nod to Anthony. Morris gives a motion with his hands, and they grab the hooded figure, screaming muffled.

MORRIS (CONT'D)
Tony... my brother...

ANTHONY is shaken. After a moment, he slowly moves toward MORRIS, stepping on to the dock. MORRIS hands ANTHONY a revolver.

MORRIS (CONT'D)
... my brother. For old time's
sake.

ANTHONY takes the gun. Al, Pink, and Chambers move the screaming hooded body to the edge of the dock.

MORRIS (CONT'D)
My brother.

ANTHONY
Morris...

MORRIS
My hammer.

ANTHONY pulls the trigger. Screaming stops. Birds scatter overhead. A moment, then the body falls into the water. Blood pours down from the dock to the water.

MORRIS (CONT'D)
Boys. Let's move fast. The morning
light will beat us.

The three men and MORRIS stride back into the boat. Anthony throws the gun to the water, and stands on the dock. *What just happened.* The boat begins to move out and away from the dock.

MORRIS (CONT'D)
You don't have it, Tony. The
ability to walk away. The desire to
dishonor. The gall, the audacity to
rebel against your family, with us.
You don't have the heart to turn me
away, your only brother, your life
link. You don't have the heart.

The boat continues to move further away from ANTHONY, still frozen on the dock.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

And like I say, you can't make with
what you don't have. Welcome back,
Ton'.

MORRIS and his men are now gone, the bow of the boat
disappearing into the fog.

As the morning reaches, there is enough light to fully see
ANTHONY, alone on the dock. He falls onto his knees. Sobs.

The sun is out from behind the clouds, but there is a
sinister darkness in it.

END