

EXT. THE BOWERY, NEW YORK CITY - 1865 - LATE NIGHT

Welcome to the Bowery, the most dangerous neighborhood in the city-- hell, the whole damn country-- and one of the poorest.

The SOUNDS of HEATED ARGUMENTS and CRYING BABIES come from cramped, ramshackle tenement buildings.

Residents are dressed for the early winter weather... a DRUNK staggers across the street... a COUPLE has sex in a dark alley... a lone POLICE OFFICER walks his beat.

WE HEAR THEM before they round the corner: THE GRADY GANG (six guys, 16-20), in matching blue suspenders, hair slicked back. They joke around and rough-house as they pass SAL'S FISH SHOP, closed up for the night, and head down the alley.

BEHIND SAL'S FISH SHOP

The gang approaches TWO BOUNCERS. One BOUNCER admonishes them as he opens the back door.

BOUNCER

You ain't gonna start any fights
tonight, you hear?

The LEADER of the gang gives a sarcastic salute as they enter.

INT. BACK OF SAL'S FISH SHOP - CONTINUOUS

They pass butcher blocks still bloody from fish guts. ANOTHER BOUNCER moves a rack of smoked fish, revealing a door into--

THE AFTER HOURS CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The gang enters a low-rent lounge serving liquor and bar food. Cheap decor. Spirited crowd. Flirty waitresses.

The gang passes the bar, where COLM MCCLEARY (30, Irish, nice suit, boyish smile), SINGS an IRISH PUB SONG with his FRIENDS. He's liquored up and in a great mood.

Colm waves over the BARKEEP. He holds up FOUR FINGERS. The barkeep nods and grabs four pint glasses.

Colm discretely pulls an ENVELOPE OF CASH from his jacket to pay. The barkeep NOTICES the cash-- before Colm tucks it away.

GIUSEPPE "SONNY" MORELLO (early 20s, runs the place, manages to make his cheap suit look good), moves through the club like the host of a party. He NOTICES Colm and his spirited friends.