

DONNIE BRASCO - DONNIE & LEFTY -  
HOSPITAL

DONNIE

Hey what's going on Lefty?

LEFTY

Donnie.

What are you doing here? You belong in Florida.

DONNIE

Yeah I know, I checked in with Annette and she  
said something about...

LEFTY

...What? You called her from Florida?

DONNIE

No, I was up here.

I had a few things to take care of, so I...

LEFTY

...no, Donnie, you've got to go back.

You've got to go back.

Come on.

DONNIE

What happened to him? Is he going to be alright?

LEFTY

What do I know? They've got 200 fucking diplomas  
on the wall, they can't tell you a fucking thing.

Forget about it.

When Tommy gets out of this fucking Bellevue,  
he's going right back to fucking... uh...

DONNIE

What did he do? He overdose?

LEFTY

That ain't the question.

A plastic pipe in his mouth... he's got 5 million  
tubes... they've got a machine breathing for him...

DONNIE

Who's the fucking doctor? You want me to go talk  
to him for you?

LEFTY

You going to talk to the doctor? What are you  
going to do? You going to break his legs?

DONNIE

I'm saying, you want me to do something.  
I'm here, you know?

LEFTY

Yeah, I want you to go back down to Florida.  
You belong to Sonny now.  
Donnie.  
Believe me...

DONNIE

Look, I came here to be with you, I wanna help you  
out.  
You're my man, I'm here for you...

LEFTY

...I don't want you here, Donnie! You and Tommy,  
you'se both peas in a fucking pod, you don't listen.  
You got your own ideas.  
You do what you want to do up on your high  
horses, everything is a joke.  
You go on to Laguardia.  
Get back.  
Get back to Florida.  
Get on the plane.

DONNIE

Come on, I ain't going.  
Forget about it.  
I ain't going.  
Come on!

*Lefty pushes Donnie.*

Hey look, I'm going to stay here with you, you want  
to kick the shit out of me, I'm going to be right  
here.  
All right?

LEFTY

Twenty-eight years.  
That's what we've got on this birth certificate.  
Bellevue Hospital.  
Now he's back.  
In there, and I'm out here, worried to my fucking  
death.  
And he's asleep in there, same as twenty-eight  
years ago, with the same expression.  
He's made no progress.

DONNIE

He ain't got no fucking respect.  
None.

LEFTY

He's my son.  
His heart stopped.  
Like a watch.  
That's what the doctor said.  
Just like a watch.  
Got to wind it back up.  
Who knows, maybe next time, they can't.

*Lefty cries.*

DONNIE

Hey.  
He's going to be all right.  
He's going to be all right, pal.  
He's going to be all right.

LEFTY

I love you Donnie.