Donnie Brasco
Donnie Meets Lefty

[Donnie’s sitting in a bar when Lefty enters]

**Lefty:** You Don the Jeweler? [*Pulls out a ring*] That's a beauty, eh? That's some beautiful thing.

**Donnie:** [*Looks it over for a moment then hands it back*] Why don’t you give it to your wife.

**Lefty:** My wife. How am I gonna give it to my wife? I ain't married.

**Donnie:** You got a girlfriend?

**Lefty:** Yeah I got a girlfriend yeah.

**Donnie:** So marry her.

**Lefty:** Hey are you for real? I'm asking if you want to middle a diamond for me here. Now all I want for my end's eight thousand.

**Donnie:** And I 'm saying to you is that you should give it to somebody that don't know any better. Because it's a fugazy.

**Lefty:** It's a fugazy. How do you know it's a fugazy? You looked at it two seconds.

**Donnie:** Fugazy’s a fake.

**Lefty:** Yeah I know what a fugazy is.

**Donnie:** Hey pal you want to see something. Let me show you something. [*Shows him an envelope of diamonds*] Here you go. That something. Look at it, that’s a beautiful thing.

**Lefty:** Yeah that’s a beautiful thing but it’s not my thing. [*Referencing his*] what about this?
Donnie: What do you want me to say. Go ahead, try and sell it, you wanna be a dunsky. Give it a shot.

Lefty: Dunsky? You calling me a dunsky? You know who you're talking to my friend?

Donnie: You wanna go embarrass yourself with this thing go ahead

Lefty: Embarrass myself…

Donnie: What do you want me to say

Lefty: My family, my children--my mother can hold her head up in any neighborhood in the city when she walks down the block. In all the Five Boroughs I'm known. Fuggedaboudit--I'm known all over the fucking world. Anybody ask—ask anybody about Lefty from Mulberry Street. You pissing up the wrong tree.

Donnie: I didn’t mean no disrespect. It’s a misunderstanding. Right? [Gets up to leave]

Lefty: [Stops him] where are you going? Sit down there. Where do you… you gonna walk out on me? You don’t walk out on me. I walk out on you. You got a car?

Donnie: Yeah I got a car.

Lefty: Well let’s go get your car, c’mon.

[They leave]

END