

25th Hour (2002)

In late 2002, it is Monty Brogan's last day of freedom before he begins serving a 7 year long sentence for dealing drugs. He plans to spend his last night of freedom at a club with his childhood friends Jacob Elinsky and Frank Slaughtery, his girlfriend Naturelle, and his father, James. Frank, his best friend since they were both three, is an investment banker on Wall Street. Jacob is a quiet, dorky high school teacher who comes from a privileged background.

Monty sells drugs for Uncle Nikolai, a Russian mobster, along with his partner Kostya. Kostya tells Monty it might have been Naturelle, who lives with Monty and knows where he hid his drugs and money, who tipped the cops. Monty began selling drugs to pay protection on James's bar.

At a night club, Jacob runs into one of his students, Mary, who goes with them into the club. Monty and Frank discuss what will happen to him in prison, and Frank promises him that they'll open a bar together once he is released. Frank and Naturelle also discuss how Monty got to this position, but Frank accuses her of not doing anything because she got used to the life his drug money afforded. He then insinuates that she might have been the one who tipped off the cops. Monty and Kostya then go to speak to a group of Russian mobsters, run by Uncle Nikolai, who gives Monty some advice on how to survive in prison. Then it is revealed that it was Kostya who sold Monty out. Nikolai asks Monty to kill Kostya in exchange for protecting his father's bar. Monty decides to leave, asserting that he will never come back, leaving Kostya at the hands of the gangsters.

While all this is happening, Jacob kisses Mary, but her stunned reaction shows Jacob that making a move on her was a mistake. He leaves, shellshocked. They all leave the club and go to a park, where Monty gives Doyle, his dog, to Jacob. Monty then admits that he is terrified of being raped in prison, and asks Frank to beat him up, saying if he goes in looking ugly he might have a chance at survival. Frank refuses to do it, even after continued verbal goading by Monty, until Monty feigns an attack on Jacob. Frank reluctantly beats up Monty, giving him a black eye, broken nose, and a lot of cuts and bruises to his face. Monty then leaves his friends for the last time, as Jacob comforts a hysterically sobbing Frank.

Back home, Monty's father arrives and says that he will take him to Otisville. As his father drives him to the prison, he offers to drive him far away into hiding, giving Monty one last sight of freedom. Together, they envision a future where he escapes imprisonment, reunites with Naturelle, starts a family, and grows old. As this fantasy ends, we see the car they are in has skipped the turn that the fantasy began with.

Cast

Edward Norton	as	Monty Brogan
Philip Seymour Hoffman	as	Jacob Elinsky
Barry Pepper	as	Frank Slaughtery
Rosario Dawson	as	Naturelle Riviera
Anna Paquin	as	Mary D'Annunzio
Brian Cox	as	James Brogan
Tony Siragusa	as	Kostya Novotny
Levan Uchaneishvili	as	Uncle Nikolai (as Levani)
Tony Devon	as	Agent Allen
Misha Kuznetsov	as	Senka Valghobek
Isiah Whitlock Jr.	as	Agent Flood

Michael Genet	as	Agent Cunningham
Patrice O'Neal	as	Khari
Al Palagonia	as	Salvatore Dominick
Aaron Stanford	as	Marcuse

Memorable quotes (with notes on difficult vocabulary)

Monty Brogan: Champagne for my real friends, and real pain for my sham friends.
sham = falso

Jakob Elinsky: I kissed her.

Frank Slaughtery: You what?

Jakob Elinsky: My student. I, I kissed her.

Frank Slaughtery: Who are you trying to be... R. Kelly?

R. Kelly è un cantante compositore e rapper americano

Phelan: Uhm, Sally's looking for a high number... two hundred and eighty thousand is their call.

Frank Slaughtery: Fuck Salamon Brothers.

Phelan: Fuck, uh... fuck Salamon Brothers?

Frank Slaughtery: Yeah, fuck Salamon Brothers... they're hedging their bets, they want everybody on their side of the fence.

Phelan: Uhm, what's the big deal with the unemployment number anyway?

Frank Slaughtery: Fellan...

Phelan: It's, uh... Phelan.

Frank Slaughtery: Whatever, look... more jobs means fewer people looking for work, means it's harder to find good people to fill those jobs, means you gotta raise wages to get them, means inflation goes up. You got it?

Phelan: Yeah.

Frank Slaughtery: No, I didn't think so. That's why I'm doing what I'm doing and you're handing out junk mail.

to hedge one's bets = limitare i rischi o le perdite (lasciandosi aperte varie possibilità); **to handle** = (qui) distribuire; **junk mail** = posta spazzatura (pubblicità, ecc.)

Uncle Nikolai: This is my advice to you: When you get there, figure it out who's who. Find the man nobody's protecting. A man without friends. And beat him until his eyes bleed. Let them think you are little bit crazy, but respectful, too. Respectful of the right men.

to bleed = sanguinare

Mary D'Annunzio: I wanted to know why I got a B minus on my paper.

Jakob Elinsky: You got what you earned.

Mary D'Annunzio: Nobody else in that class can write! You know it! I know it! Everyone knows it!

Jakob Elinsky: Don't worry. You're not competing with them.

Mary D'Annunzio: Yeah. But I am. Okay. I am competing with them. When you apply for college, you might have heard of this, they look at these things called grades and if your grades aren't good enough...

Jakob Elinsky: Your grades are going to be fine.

Mary D'Annunzio: Vincent Phiscalla writes a story about his grandmother dying and you give him an A plus. And meanwhile, the night of the funeral, you wanna know where Rhodes Scholar Vince is? Getting smashed at a basketball party and slapping girls asses. I mean, what is that? A charity A+? You wanna know why everybody always writes about their grandmothers dying? It's not because it's so traumatic. It's because it's a guaranteed A+! And you sit there all sentimental "Oh, Vince it was very powerful, very moving." No, it wasn't. You didn't care. Nobody cared. That's what grandmothers do. They die!

Jakob Elinsky: Sometimes, guys have a hard time showing their emotions.

Mary D'Annunzio: So, slapping my ass is a way of mourning his dead grandmother?

Jakob Elinsky: [*points to Mary's stomach*] What did your mother say when you got that?

Mary D'Annunzio: Um, she said, "Where did you get the money for that?"

Jakob Elinsky: And?

Mary D'Annunzio: What did I say or did I get the money?

Jakob Elinsky: What did you say?

Mary D'Annunzio: I said, "He likes me."

Jakob Elinsky: Does he?

Mary D'Annunzio: No. Why do you care so much?

Jakob Elinsky: Just curious.

Mary D'Annunzio: So, you're not gonna change the grade?

Jakob Elinsky: No, I'm not going to change the grade.

Mary D'Annunzio: Great! You know what, this was a big waste of my time!

Jakob Elinsky: Wait!

B minus: i voti in inglese si esprimono in lettere. A è il più alto, F è insufficiente; **grade** = voto; **to slap** = schiaffeggiare, sculacciare

Jakob Elinsky: [*about the poem*] To his coy mistress.

Mary D'Annunzio: Well, it's not real deep or anything. The guy wants to get laid and he's telling her to give it up.

coy = timido; qui **coy mistress** richiama il poema metafisico "To His Coy Mistress" di Andrew Marvell

Monty Brogan: [*from deleted scene*] Y'know, people think I was after the money... and I was in a way. I mean, let's face it, money gets you nice things. I like... Italian shoes and a fast car like anybody else, but I don't need 'em. It's not like I grew up poor. I wasn't chasing the money, I was chasing a feeling. What I hungered for... was *sway*.

Kostya Novotny: Sway... helps you make money. And money... helps you make sway. But sway is not money. *This* is sway.

Naturelle Riviera: Sway is walking into the Import Warehouse in Brooklyn... all the clothes from Europe straight off the boat, still wrapped in plastic... Gucci, Prada, YSL... You can pick out what you want... because everybody knows your boyfriend, and everyone owes him a favor.

Jakob Elinsky: Sway is walking into the best five-star restaurant in the city, without a reservation, and being seated... right away.

Frank Slaughtery: Sway? Ha ha ha. That's making a phone call in the morning, and having courtside seats, Madison Square Garden, that evening. Lakers vs. Knicks, Kobe and Shizzaq in the hizzouse!

Mary D'Annunzio: Sway is entering a club through the staff entrance, so you can skip the line, the cover charge... and the metal detector.

Monty Brogan: Sway is locking eyes with an undercover cop on the subway. You know what he is, and he knows what you are, and you *wink* at him... because he drives a battered Buick and you

drive a vintage muscle car, and he can. Not. Touch. You. That, my friends, is sway.
sway = influenza, potere

Agent Flood: You don't read the papers much, do you smart guy? In New York? We've a wonderful thing called the Rockefeller laws. Let me educate you. You had a kilo in your sofa. That kind of weight makes it an A1 felony. 15 years to life minimum for a first offense. Now with that much spread in the sentencing guidelines, the judges take their cues from the prosecutors. So if the prosecutors wife busted his chops that morning, you're fucked. You're gone for good. If you get lucky? Really lucky? And let's say he got some good trim the night before. Maybe he'll plea you off to an A2. But that's still 3 to 8 for first time, minimum. How much of that stretch you pull is all up to the mood of the prosecutor. And he's gonna ask us, "Did he play ball?" So, why don't you tell us about your friend, Nikolai? Let us make it easy on you.

Monty Brogan: [to Agent Cunningham] Can I ask you one question?

Agent Cunningham: Sure.

Monty Brogan: When you have your dick in his mouth, does he just keep talking like that? Cause it seems to me he just never shuts up. I'm just curious does that get annoying? You know, you're fucking a guy in the mouth and he just won't shut up?

Agent Cunningham: Look here, you vanilla motherfucker. When you're upstate, takin' it in the culo by a buncha guys callin' you Shirley, you'll only have yourself and Governor Rockefeller to thank for the privilege.

felony = reato grave (ad es. l'omicidio); **to plea sb off** = fare istanza perché il reato venga ridotto a un reato meno grave

Kostya Novotny: I pick her out special just for you.

Monty Brogan: The last girl you picked out special for me had three teeth, all in the back.

Kostya Novotny: Funny you should say that.

[laughs]

Monty Brogan: Why? Why is it funny I should say that?

Kostya Novotny: What you say, it was funny.

Monty Brogan: Kostya, you can't... when you...

Monty Brogan: It's an expression. If you say that...

Frank Slaughtery: It's a, uh, euphemism, right?

Monty Brogan: Can you explain this? You're the English teacher.

Jakob Elinsky: Uh...

Jakob Elinsky: I think what he means, Kostya, is that when you say, "Funny you should say that," that means that it reminds you of a funny story.

Monty Brogan: Exactly.

Kostya Novotny: No, no. It was funny what you say... "Funny you should say that."

Monty Brogan: It still makes no fucking sense. This is what I deal with.

funny = (qui) strano

<http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0307901/>

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/25th_Hour