

13

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Based on the original film

13 TZAMETI

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FADE IN:

1

**EXT. MEXICO PRISON - NIGHT**

1

On a deserted street, the sound of a large truck echoes.

An enormous tractor trailer drives along the prison wall and stops near an entrance with a sign reading in Spanish: "Entrance PROHIBITED - Facility Vehicles ONLY"

A GUARD opens the window of the guard post to see THE DRIVER, who has stuck his head out of the cab. The guard seems to understand the reason for his arrival.

SUPER: Puente Grande Correction Facility - Outside Mexico City, Mexico

The gates moan on old gears, lift, and the tractor trailer passes under them, entering the prison courtyard as the guard grabs the phone and calls ahead.

GUARD (SPANISH W/SUBTITLES)

He's here.

The truck circles the big courtyard and stops at a service entrance. The driver turns off the engine and lights a cigarette.

2

**INT. PUENTE GRANDE PRISON - NIGHT**

2

The WARDEN is 50 and looks 60. He's accompanied by TWO GUARDS as they approach a prison cell. The warden steps aside as the guards open up the cell door.

In an 5 x 8 foot cell a man - PATRICK JEFFERSON - 40, tired and beaten - is sprawled out on something that used to be a cot. Surprised by the late night visit, he sits up.

The two guards throw him face down to the floor and cuff him.

JEFFERSON

What the fuck is going on? Where are you taking me?

One guard puts a bag over Jefferson's head.

JEFFERSON (cont'd)

Tell me, you little bitch!

WARDEN (SPANISH)

Shut him up and get him out of here.

The same guard places a gag in Jefferson's mouth



VINCE, young man, following in dad's footsteps and not liking where they lead. He finishes breakfast as Leanne finishes clearing the table in front of him.

OUTSIDE WE HEAR - HONK.

A HALLWAY DOOR OPENS and CARLA steps out in boxers and a tee shirt. She's late 20 something. Hair over her face.

CARLA

Oh that's just great.

She lights a cigarette as Leanne passes by and takes it from her mouth and flicks it into the sink where it sizzles in a bowl of dirty water.

LEANNE

Not before breakfast.

CARLA

Don't forget to be here before noon.

LEANNE

I'll be back in time. Don't worry.

HONK.

JENNY - 5 years old. Carla's daughter. Steps through the door from behind Carla, rubbing her eyes.

CARLA

Hold your fucking horses Dad, they're coming.

Vince on his way out. Stoops to kiss Jenny on the cheek

Bye sweetie.

and tells Carla...

VINCE

Good luck.

CARLA

Thanks.

Vince grabs his LUNCH BOX, HARD HAT, swings his tool belt over his shoulder and heads out.

Nick fires up a cigarette, then the 1995 Ford F250 pick up. He puffs a cloud of smoke as does the Ford, and Vince and Leanne pile in.

LEANNE

Nicholas, do you have to wake up the entire neighborhood with your honking every morning?

Nick laughs.

NICK

Early bird gets the worm.

LEANNE

Yeah, a lot of good it's doing us.

They pull out of the drive way and drive up the quiet neighborhood street.

9

**EXT. DINER - STREET - DAY**

9

The truck comes down the nearly desolate street in front of the diner and stops at the curb.

Leanne gets out and asks Nick through the open passenger side window

LEANNE

You're giving me a lift home at lunch, right? Carla has a job interview at noon and I have to watch Jenny.

NICK

Yeah, I'll be here.

LEANNE

Bye honey.

VINCE

Have a good one, Mom.

She leans in, kisses Vince on the cheek and walks away.

10

**EXT. SMALL APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

10

A WORK SITE. Scaffolding surrounds a three story apartment building being restored by a crew of ten men.

NICK AND VINCE are two of them.

11

**EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY**

11

A MAIL TRUCK stops at the curb and a mailman sorts mail into each box as

ON THE ROW OF MAILBOXES - for this small apartment building.



VINCE

Are you okay? Do you want me to call  
911?

AILEEN

No, could you please just help me get  
him back inside?

Vince struggles to lift the nearly limp William from the scaffolding. William mumbles from his borderline conscious state as he leans on the wall and the window sill.

17        **INT. CAR - DAY**

17

Rigalowsky is taking photographs of Vince carrying William across the scaffolding.

Aileen steps back through the window to help Vince from the other side.

As soon as they get William back inside, Rigalowsky steps out of his car.

18        **EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY**

18

Rigalowsky crosses the street, opens one particular mailbox, removes the mail, quickly pockets it. He then exchanges it with another stack of mail and closes the box.

THE NAME ON THE MAILBOX: HARRISON, is nearly faded completely.

RIGALOWSKY - checks to see if anyone has seen him, he casually crosses back to his car and gets in.

19        **INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - DAY**

19

Vince carries William on his back, upon arriving in the living room, he puts him down in an arm chair. William comes to.

WILLIAM

How old are you?

VINCE

Thirty-one.

WILLIAM

That's really something. Some people are thirty or thirty-five, twenty-three. But to be thirty-one...that's amazing. Absolutely amazing.

AILEEN

Thank you. I can manage now.





JASPER

Well, I guess that's good.

CUMMINGS

Even so, overall his condition is still borderline, Mister Bagges. To skip his medication, even for a day could be serious.

JASPER

Yes ma'am.

CUMMINGS

Just sign here and here for Ronald Lynn's release.

Jasper starts to sign the documents

He avoids eye contact with Cummings and finishes signing the forms.

28

**INT. CENTERSTONE HOUSE - COMMON AREA - DAY**

28

THIRTY RESIDENTS or so mill around near books, games, and a large television set.

Jasper stays at the door and looks through the monitoring window. He watches Doctor Cummings as she approaches a table where residents are playing chess. She speaks to a man who is about 45.

RONALD LYNN BAGGES is physically imposing. With quick-moving eyes and head movements, but slower body gestures. It is as though he experiences life largely in his head and the rest of his body catches up.

He gets up and follows Doctor Cummings.

29

**INT. CENTERSTONE HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY**

29

As Dr. Cummings and Ronald Lynn approach the entrance to the common area, Jasper steps away from the double doors.

JASPER

Hey there, Ronalynn.

As Jasper gets closer to Ronald Lynn he gives him a hug, steps back, and looks him over.

JASPER (cont'd)

Wow, look at you. I keep getting older, but it seems like you keep getting younger and younger.

RONALD LYNN

Well, I try to take care of myself.

JASPER

Yeah really? Okay then, we can leave whenever you're ready. I have a car waiting for us out front. No hurry though, take your time.

Cummings hands Ronald Lynn his CENTERSTONE ID Tag.

CUMMINGS

You'll be very careful, won't you, Ronald Lynn? I want you to have a good time and we'll see you in a few days.

Ronald Lynn smiles.

RONALD LYNN

Thank you Doctor Cummings.

30

**EXT. CENTERSTONE HOUSE - DAY**

30

THE BAGGES BROTHERS on their way to the car.

RONALD LYNN

This your new car?

JASPER

I rented it just to come get you. Do you like it?

RONALD LYNN

Sure.

Ronald Lynn gets into the car as Jasper fires up a cigarette and gets in the driver's seat.

31

**EXT. US/MEXICO BORDER - LAREDO STATION - DAY**

31

OUR TRUCK pulls to the side for inspection. The driver steps down and shows documentation.

THREE CUSTOMS OFFICERS come to meet him. They seem to know each other as one officer checks the papers.

OFFICER 1

Haven't seen you in a while. How you been?

DRIVER

Not bad, you?

The officer barely glances at the documents before handing them back to him.

OFFICER 1

You know, business as usual. Want to pop the back?



35 **INT. NELLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

35

VINCE'S CELL PHONE rings on the NIGHT STAND.

VINCE AND NELLIE are in bed. Nellie, early 20's, is attractive. The kind of girl who's looked like a woman since she was 14.

Vince, sleepy-eyed, reaches for the phone and checks the caller ID before answering.

VINCE

Yeah Mom.

LEANNE (PHONE)

Fatty just called. Your father needs a ride home again.

VINCE

Alright... I'm on my way. It's okay... Really.

He closes the phone. Sighs.

36 **INT. FERRO HOME - NIGHT**

36

Leanne hangs up the phone and sits at the kitchen table hunched over a stack of bills with a calculator and a pencil.

37 **EXT. FATTY'S BAR - NIGHT**

37

Pulling up in NELLIE'S CAR.

NELLIE

You want me to follow you back?

She stops the car. They kiss quickly.

VINCE

It's alright, we have to be at work in four hours anyway.

Vince gets out, and Nellie drives away.

38 **INT. FATTY'S BAR - NIGHT**

38

Vince opens the door.

A FEW SERIOUS DRINKERS are still left scattered around the place. They watch as Vince walks to his dad.

Nick is slumped in a chair nearly passed out. He spots Vince.

NICK

Oh jeez. I can make it on my own.

Vince pulls Nick's arm around him and hoists him to his feet.

VINCE

Let's go, Pop. Thanks Fatty.

NICK

You ain't gotta' worry about me.

And hauls him out the front door.

39

**EXT. FATTY'S BAR - NIGHT**

39

Vince has his arms around his dad and is helping Nick who leans on him with most of his weight.

NICK

Vince, I gotta' pee.

VINCE

Okay. Go ahead.

NICK

I can't do it with you holding me.

Vince lets him go but stays close. It's awkward. Nick laughs first. Then Vince. Nick gets it out and starts to whizz.

VINCE

You okay?

NICK

I could use another drink.

They laugh.

VINCE

Yeah, you look like it.

Vince helps Nick into the passenger seat.

Vince closes the door and walks around to the driver's side and gets in.

NICK

Sorry Vince.

VINCE

It's okay, pop.





William and Blarro continue.

BLARRO

Don't you need someone?

WILLIAM

No... and it's not my decision.

(beat)

I'm not even sure I'll make it.

BLARRO

At least put in a word for me.

WILLIAM

What, you want to go in my place? To tell you the truth, I'm not even sure they'll need me again.

BLARRO

Listen, I'm broke. I'm in the damn street.

Blarro sighs, looks away.

WILLIAM

Hey, I haven't forgotten what you did for me when I was away. If this thing works out I'll set you up. I promise.

BLARRO

How long will it take?

WILLIAM

One day.

BLARRO

Jesus, you're gonna' bring in that much cash in one day?

WILLIAM

If I make it.

BLARRO

You did last time.

WILLIAM

That was last time.

BLARRO

When do you go?

WILLIAM

They said a month ago they'd let me know. Should be any day now.





JEFFERSON (cont'd)  
 You go to Tepoztlan, a little town east of Cuernavaca just outside of Mexico City. I'll give you a map and a name, everything. You'll get your money and you'll let me go.

Drops of water run down his chin. The DRIVER takes the bottle of water away from Jefferson's lips and puts the top back on.

DRIVER  
 That's not going to happen.

JEFFERSON  
 I'm telling you it's real. On my mother's grave. Two million..Okay? I'm dead fucking serious.

DRIVER  
 What good is money going to do me against the people with enough power to get you out of a place like that? Huh?

The driver takes the gag and tries to put it back in Jefferson's mouth, but Jefferson struggles and fights to speak.

JEFFERSON  
 I don't even know who the fuck these people are. This has to be some kind of mistake.

The gag muffles his words.

59 **EXT. ST. AGNES HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

59

A CAR APPROACHES winding its way up the hospital drive and into the parking area. The car parks. Lights turn off.

Nellie gets out of her car, locks it and goes inside.

60 **INT. WILL COUNTY GENERAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

60

THE FERRO FAMILY is nervous in the waiting area. Leanne is filling out a stack of paperwork, as

Nellie - walks in and rushes over to them. Vince greets her with a hug and then pulls her off to the side.

NELLIE  
 How is he?

Vince gesturing to a stack of documents.

VINCE

We don't know yet. All we know is his  
blood alcohol level was really high.  
That's it.

Nellie looks worried.

NELLIE

So?

VINCE

The insurance isn't going to cover it.

Nellie goes to sit with the family as Vince paces the room.  
Then

THE DOCTOR arrives. He greets the family with nods and  
gestures and calmly informs them.

DOCTOR

Nicholas has a transverse process  
fracture and collateral ligament  
damage.

LEANNE

What does that mean?

DOCTOR

It means with time, he may walk again.  
We can't be sure just yet. I'm sorry.

Carla leans on Vince who holds her. Leanne, ever the  
optimist wraps her arms around them both.

LEANNE

We're going to get through this.

61

**INT. BAYMONT HOTEL - PEORIA - DAY**

61

ROOM NUMBER 31

THE PHONE RINGS. Jasper answers.

JASPER

Yeah?

WOMAN'S VOICE (PHONE)

Yes, this is Sunshine Escort Service.  
Your date is on her way and should be  
there in about fifteen minutes.

JASPER

Great. Thanks.

Jasper hangs up. He takes out his gun from his jacket and stashes it between the mattresses of the bed.

CUT TO:

62

**INT. BAYMONT HOTEL - DINER - DAY**

62

A WAITRESS approaches Ronald Lynn's table and sets a plate of breakfast down in front of him.

Jasper - slides into the booth across from him.

JASPER

You sleep okay?

RONALD LYNN

Yep.

JASPER

Great. Because I got a surprise for you, a two-legged surprise and you're gonna' need your energy. Eat up. Do you remember how to handle this sort of thing?

RONALD LYNN

Yeah. I remember.

Ronald Lynn - continues eating, looking distant.

Jasper - digs some cash out of a pocket. Counts out around a hundred and fifty bucks and as he does, he guesses what might be bothering Ronald Lynn.

Ronald Lynn is in another zone.

A THIRTY YEAR OLD BOTTLE BLONDE - walks in and looks around. Little trashy but hot in a vulgar way. Jasper waves her over.

JASPER

Here she comes.

She stands crotch level at the table.

MISS JANE

Are you Ronald Lynn?

JASPER

That's him.

MISS JANE

(to Ronald Lynn)

Hello, I'm Miss Jane.

RONALD LYNN

You want to have a seat? Something to drink maybe?

MISS JANE

Sure.

JASPER

I'm going to leave you two alone. Check you later, Ronald Lynn.

Jasper leaves. Miss Jane smiles. She's on the clock.

MISS JANE

You're a morning kind of guy, huh?

Ronald Lynn lifts his head and looks at her then takes another bite of food.

63 **EXT. JJ'S BAR - DAY**

63

Jasper gets out of a cab and walks past someone reading the newspaper outside on a bench.

64 **INT. JJ'S BAR - DAY**

64

TWO GUYS at the bar.

FOUR in the back near a pool table. One of them is FRANK - 55, face like a bag of hammers.

As Jasper walks in, one of the guys from the bar gets up and stops him from behind. Pats him down quickly.

JASPER

Hi ya Frank. How you doing?

FRANK

I'll be a lot better when I get this back. Here.

He slides a case full of money over to Jasper who opens it. Stacks of neatly arranged 100's.

FRANK (cont'd)

One point two million. I get one point five back in three days.

JASPER

A week or so would be better.

FRANK

I'll give you five days or go fuck yourself, Jasper.

JASPER

I'll take 'em. Thanks Frank. You won't regret it.

FRANK

I better not..Or you will.

Jasper, not intimidated, snaps the case shut.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 3**

The workers are back on the job as

The mailman arrives, delivering the mail in the boxes as

Rigalowsky - is across the street in his car and sees

William Harrison - exit his apartment building in his bathrobe and call to the workers.

WILLIAM

How much longer, you guys?

BRYANT

Another week or so, sir.

WILLIAM

You're killing me, you know that? I used to be able to sleep in the morning.

BRYANT

Sorry sir.

Bryant goes back to work as William heads for the MAILBOX.

WILLIAM

Sorry my ass.

Vince glances at William. Vince's eyes are red. He hasn't slept.

Rigalowsky picks up his camera and ZOOMS IN on William as he reaches the mailbox and focuses

ON WILLIAM'S HAND

William takes the mail from the box. Pauses. Frozen for a moment. HIS FACE falls. Fear. He holds a STRIPED ENVELOPE.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. Rigalowsky takes photos. William's arm blocks his view.

William closes the mailbox and walks back toward the apartment building.













MULLANE (PHONE)

You heard their conversation or you're speculating?

AILEEN

I heard everything.

MULLANE (PHONE)

Thank you, Mrs. Harrison.

They hang up. Rigalowsky takes his cell phone from Aileen and pockets it. They leave the bedroom and walk into

88

**INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 4**

88

Rigalowsky's pacing, looking for details.

RIGALOWSKY

Where were you when your husband was speaking with Mr. Blarro?

AILEEN

Just there. In the hall.

RIGALOWSKY

And you could hear everything?

AILEEN

Yes. Of course.

Just then Rigalowsky spots what's left of the hole in the roof near the chimney.

89

**INT. NELLIE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

89

Vince sits in the bathroom chair in a tee shirt with his head down as

Nellie snips his hair with scissors. She's done this before.

A LOCK OF HAIR - drops to the floor among others gathered at Vince's feet. Vince lifts his head now with shorter hair.

HOLD ON VINCE - looking at himself in the mirror.

90

**INT. TRAIN STATION - DUSK**

90

Small local station. Ten benches and colonial architecture. A bit run down.

Rigalowsky sits on a bench with the morning paper and watches as



RONALD LYNN

And I can have your legs removed from  
your body for the fun of it.

CONDUCTOR

Are you crazy?

RONALD LYNN

Fuck off or I'll toss you out the  
window.

Suddenly the automated doors open and Jasper appears.

JASPER

What's up?

RONALD LYNN

He wants my ticket but won't move his  
fat ass.

JASPER

Come on, I'll show it to you.

The stunned conductor briefly hesitates, then follows  
Jasper into the car.

Vince stands staring out the window for a second, then  
turns around and looks Ronald Lynn up and down, and heads  
back to his seat.

93      **EXT. CHICAGO - AMALFI HOTEL - NIGHT**      93

A taxi stops in front of the hotel. Vince gets out and goes  
inside.

94      **INT. CHICAGO - AMALFI HOTEL - NIGHT**      94

As Vince checks in at the front desk

A MAN - let's call him MACPHERSON - presumably another  
detective, sits in a nearby chair glancing down at A  
PHOTOGRAPH OF VINCE in his hands.

CLOSE ON THE PHOTO and we see it is of VINCE on the  
scaffolding carrying WILLIAM.

95      **INT. CHICAGO - AMALFI HOTEL - VINCE'S ROOM - NIGHT**      95

ON THE ALARM CLOCK reading 4:05 AM.

LIGHT from the city outside pushes through curtains  
dappling the room in shadows and neon.

ON VINCE - as he sleeps peacefully until

Suddenly, the telephone rings.

Vince wakes up, abruptly turns on the light, and picks up the phone.

VINCE

Hello.

VOICE (PHONE)

Mr. Harrison?

VINCE

Yes?

VOICE (PHONE)

Tomorrow at noon, go to the lockers at Union Station. In locker number 103 you will find a train ticket and further instructions. The locker code is 319#0.

(beat)

It is very important that you exit the train one stop before the destination printed on your ticket. Don't forget, one station before.

The caller hangs up the phone and so does Vince. He sits up in the bed.

VINCE

Fuck.

Exasperated, he places his head in his hands.

96

**INT. UNION STATION - LOCKERS - DAY**

96

Vince walks through a corridor full of lockers and soon finds locker 103.

He punches in the code, opens it and finds only A ONE PACKET ENVELOPE INSIDE which he also opens.

INSIDE WE SEE

A ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL

A SQUARE PIECE OF CARDBOARD WITH THE NUMBER 13 ON IT

A 3X5 NOTE CARD WITH A TYPED ADDRESS

97

**INT. UNION STATION - PLATFORM 31 - DAY**

97

Vince walks towards Platform 31.

98 **INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY**

98

MacPherson - enters the train car followed by a conductor. When the man walks past Vince, he nods to the conductor cluing him in.

The conductor approaches Vince.

CONDUCTOR  
Ticket please.

Vince hands it over.

The conductor studies the ticket carefully, validates it, and hands it back.

The conductor moves on, checking the other passengers.

MacPherson sits two rows behind Vince, keeping an eye on him.

99 **INT. TRAIN - DINING CAR - DAY**

99

Detective Mullane - and OTHER DETECTIVES dressed in street clothes stand around a table.

The door opens and the conductor who checked Vince's ticket approaches their table.

CONDUCTOR  
He's getting off at Macomb.

MULLANE  
At what time do we arrive?

CONDUCTOR  
5:10 PM, anything else?

MULLANE  
No, thank you.

The conductor leaves. Mullane tells his partners.

MULLANE (cont'd)  
We need two unmarked cars at Macomb Station. 5:00 PM.

One of the three detectives, takes out his cell phone and dials.

100 **EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

100

THE TRAIN - speeds under us into the distance.



105      **INT. TAXI - DRIVING - DAY - LATER**      105

The TAXI makes its way down a country road in the middle of nowhere.

Vince - is in the back seat blankly staring out the window.

106      **EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - LATER**      106

The taxi reaches an intersection of six rural roads radiating like spokes on a wheel in opposite directions.

THE TAXI STOPS.

107      **EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - INTERSECTION - DAY - SAME**      107

Vince gets out of the taxi, takes several steps and stops on the shoulder of the road.

The taxi makes a U-turn and drives back in the direction from which it came.

The taxi driver takes one last look at Vince in the rear-view mirror as he drives off leaving

Vince standing on the side of the road alone waiting in silence for no apparent rhyme or reason.

108      **EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - ONE OF THE SIX ROADS - DAY - LATER**      108

A CAR - appears moving fast and slows as it reaches the intersection, stopping a few feet away from Vince.

The driver is JACK, early 30's, lively eyes, short hair, GOATEE.

Jack - looks Vince over from head to toe.

Vince - nervously stands still as Jack reaches into his pocket.

Jack takes out a piece of cardboard identical to the one Vince found in the locker and shows it to Vince who does the same with his.

BOTH SHOW THEIR NUMBER 13 CARDS.

Satisfied, Jack motions Vince to get in the car.

Vince takes a deep breath, crosses the road that separates him from the car, opens the back door and gets in.

The car speeds off, following a different road from which it came.



PAUL (cont'd)  
What the fuck is this? Are you crazy?

VINCE  
(faking it)  
I'm sorry. I forgot.

Paul smiles then throws the phone against the wall where it shatters then grinds the biggest piece into the floor with his heel.

PAUL  
Take off the rest.

Vince takes off his shirt, then his shoes, pants and strips to his underwear.

Paul takes Vince's shoes, looks inside, then first with a knife and then with his hands, rips off the heels from the shoes and throws them in a pile of other heels in the corner of the room.

Once the search is complete Paul simply tells Vince

PAUL (cont'd)  
Get dressed.

112      **EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY**      112

Paul opens the back door of the waiting car, Vince gets in and Paul slides in beside him.

Dennis gets behind the wheel.

113      **EXT. SIX POINTS INTERSECTION - DAY**      113

THE TAXI and two unmarked cars arrive with Mullane in the front.

THE CARS STOP and all get out.

TAXI DRIVER  
As I did a U-turn, he walked over there.

Mullane looks up the road and then to his right...

MACPHERSON  
Didn't you think it seemed a little strange that he stopped here?

TAXI DRIVER  
People can stop wherever they want.

Mullane sighs and looks at the signs at the intersection indicating directions and distances to multiple towns and cities. Then out to the horizon.

114

**EXT. CAR - FOREST - DUSK**

114

Dennis drives Vince and Paul deep into the forest on a private road covered in leaves and ridged with what's left of the snow.

A faded sign reads: PRIVATE PROPERTY

They catch up to a car in front of them and follow it to

AN ENORMOUS COUNTRY ESTATE MANSION

Georgian. Overgrown with vines. Peeling paint. A ghost of its former self.

The car in front of them stops among other exotic cars parked in front of the mansion.

A man - SCHLONDORFF - white hair, 80 or so, gets out of the car with a briefcase in one hand and a cane in the other. He travels with TWO LARGE BODY GUARDS who get out and attempt to help him, but he refuses them with a wave of his hand.

VINCE'S CAR pulls over and parks nearby.

115

**INT. MANSION - HALLWAY - DUSK**

115

On one side of the hallway is a row of rooms, there are numbers on each door and all the doors are closed.

In the BACKGROUND WE HEAR a bee hive of activity. Voices. Other men milling about. This is an active place.

A guy wearing SHOES WITH NO HEELS, like Vince, walks down the hall followed by A LARGE MAN -- We'll call him LEON.

Leon is forty and about a hundred pounds over weight. Mouth always open for air after walking three steps. Short hair. Perpetual five o'clock shadow. He opens the door of room NUMBER 3 and they both enter.

Vince follows Paul who stops in the hallway in front of the room marked: 13

Paul opens the door and gestures Vince inside.

116 **INT. MANSION - ROOM #13 - DUSK**

116

An old bedroom. Sparsely-furnished with nothing on the walls but faded paint. A bottle of water is offered on a small table in the center of the room.

PAUL

Have a seat. They'll come for you when they're ready.

He exits the room leaving the door open behind him.

117 **INT. MANSION - HALLWAY - DUSK**

117

TWO MEN, both about 60 years old, approach from the end of the hall.

The smaller one is JOE and the other is MARK.

Paul is a few feet away from the door, he greets the two men with a nod.

PAUL

(respectfully)

He's here.

Joe - nods in recognition and both enter the room.

118 **INT. MANSION - ROOM #13 - DUSK**

118

They step into the room and Vince gets up from his chair. Both men carefully look Vince over from head to toe. Joe looks like he's seen a ghost as he asks

JOE

Who's that?

VINCE

I can explain.

JOE

Shut up.

Speaking to Mark.

JOE (cont'd)

Get Jack.

Mark heads to the door.

119 **INT. MANSION - HALLWAY - DUSK**

119

Mark steps out of the room and sees Paul. At the end of the hallway, Ronald Lynn and Jasper arrive.

MARK  
 (to Paul)  
 Go get Jack.

Paul walks away. Mark goes back into the room.

The BAGGES BROTHERS walk down the hall. As they walk past room #13 Jasper stops, glances at Vince, nods to Joe, then walks down the hall to room #6 and follows Ronald Lynn inside.

120

**INT. MANSION - ROOM #13 - NIGHT**

120

Joe and Mark devour Vince with their stares, but say nothing.

Schlondorff enters.

SCHLONDORFF  
 Hello Joe.

He stops in front of Vince and looks him over, borderline pervy.

SCHLONDORFF (cont'd)  
 So this is the young man who's going to play?

JOE  
 Yes, that's him.

Vince stands frozen in front of Schlondorff.

SCHLONDORFF  
 Courageous.

He looks Vince up and down again and then moves slowly over to Joe.

SCHLONDORFF (cont'd)  
 There's only seventeen of us, not many. In Istanbul, we were forty-two. Now that was a big game. The opening bet was five hundred grand. How much do you think it will be here?

JOE  
 If it's under two hundred, there's no point.

SCHLONDORFF  
 Exactly. It's not worth the trouble. Well, I'm going to wait downstairs.

With a sleazy smile on his face, Schlondorff shoots another perverted glance at Vince, then leaves.

Vince is completely confused and noticeably afraid.

121      **INT. MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT**      121

Schlondorff runs into Jack in the doorway as he leaves the room. Jack lets him pass and then enters

122      **INT. MANSION - ROOM #13 - NIGHT**      122

As Jack enters, he asks

JACK  
What's going on?

JOE  
(re: Vince)  
Who's he?

JACK  
What do you mean? The guy I picked up at the intersection, he had the number.

JOE  
He's not who I was expecting.

VINCE  
Harrison is dead.

Silence.

JOE  
What are you talking about?

VINCE  
He OD'd.

Joe steps up to Vince and stares a bullet through him.

JOE  
Well who the fuck are you?

Vince takes out his driver's license and hands it to him.

Joe checks it out as

Jack closes the door.

JOE (cont'd)  
Did he tell you about this?

VINCE  
I knew that he was waiting for a letter and that there could be a lot of money. I found it and followed the instructions.

JOE  
How did you know him?

VINCE  
I was working on his house. I  
overheard him talking.

JOE  
Show me your hands.

Joe examines Vince's hands.

JOE (cont'd)  
Do you know what this is about?

VINCE  
I have no idea.

Joe and Mark look at each other for an instant, then Joe steps away from Vince and walks to the window, thinking long and hard. Eventually Mark walks over to him for a private conversation. Suspicion blankets their voices.

MARK  
You think the cops sent him?

JOE  
Doubt they'd take a risk like this.

MARK  
Maybe they didn't tell him?

JOE  
Then they made a mistake. They  
couldn't have followed him all the way  
here. It's impossible.

MARK  
Still, maybe we should get out now.  
Just in case.

JOE  
If we leave and the cops show up the  
others will think we ratted. We'd be  
dead men.

They're silent for a moment.

MARK  
We could call Harrison, make sure.

JOE  
No, it's too late now.

Suddenly the door of the room opens on

TONY DRIZER - 40's, short hair and rumped suit, scraggly beard.

Drizer is already working hard today, and the four lines of blow he nailed an hour ago aren't improving his patience.

DRIZER  
Is your man here?

JOE  
Yes, no problem.

DRIZER  
He had a cell phone. You know the rules. That's a ten grand fine.

JOE  
Yeah right. Sorry. No problem.

DRIZER  
We're about to start.

JOE  
We'll be right down.

Drizer steps out and closes the door. Joe walks up to Vince and gives him a hard cold stare.

VINCE  
(scared)  
Listen if you don't want me here, I can leave.

Joe gives Vince a wry smile. Vince sweats.

JOE  
It's too late.

VINCE  
And what if I don't want me here?

JOE  
You have to play now.

They stare each other down. It is clear to Vince he's not going anywhere any time soon.

123

**INT. MANSION - MONEY ROOM - NIGHT**

123

A few guys mill around a enormous horse shoe of banquet tables, one of which is stacked with briefcases.

ON ANOTHER - there is row of bank cash counting machines flickering through stacks of cold hard cash.

IN THE BACKGROUND - about sixty men mill about, most in suits, some with drinks and cigarettes, and a few waiting their turn with their briefcases. All looking like they're at the funeral of a dear friend.

MAHIMA, a Japanese man, 40's - completely dressed in black - steps into the room, he greets a few of the men and then quickly heads for one of the tables.

TWO MONEY MEN - are at this table, one of them has a moustache and greets Mahima with a nod of the head.

MAHIMA  
650,000 dollars please.

MONEY MAN  
On what number?

Mahima - takes stacks of one hundred dollar bills out of his briefcase and sets them on the table.

MAHIMA  
7, number 7.

124

**INT. MANSION - SMALL ROOM - NIGHT**

124

TWO GUARDS - set boxes on the table surrounded by about thirty gamblers and their partners. Among them are

Vince along side Jack observe the other men around the table.

Ronald Lynn and Jasper stand close to

Drizer - who appears to be the PIT BOSS, instructing the guards and others, and ensuring things proceed properly.

The door opens and a guard brings Jefferson into the room. He looks stressed as he looks around curiously.

There is a noticeable strategy of organization.

MONEY MEN - manage the money.

GAMBLERS - gamble the money.

GUARDS - guard the money and guns.

PLAYERS - play for the money.

AND HANDLERS - handle the players playing for the money.

A COUPLE OF HANDLERS - open the boxes and take out dark grey T-shirts, all of different sizes.

DRIZER  
Start over there and go one by one.

The guard speaks to a man about fifty years old in the crowd.

GUARD  
Your size, sir?

PLAYER  
I don't know.

DRIZER  
Give him a large.

The guard picks out a T-shirt and throws it to.

DRIZER (cont'd)  
Put it on.

The man takes off his sweater and puts on the T-shirt.

A HANDLER - walks up to him with a roll of BLACK ELECTRICAL TAPE in his hand.

HANDLER  
Number?

PLAYER  
Sixteen.

THE HANDLER - tears off several pieces of electricians' tape and sticks them on the back of the T-shirt crudely forming the number 16.

Vince throws on a T-shirt, A HANDLER sticks on pieces of tape forming the NUMBER 13.

A MAN, 55, with reading glasses and long hair, arrives in the room obviously late and accompanied by a guard.

DRIZER - seems to know him.

DRIZER  
Give him a shirt.

The guard complies.

The man with the reading glasses walks up to the men wearing T-shirts and stretches out his hand.

RILEY  
I'm Johnny Riley. Nice to meet you.

The others in T-shirts shake his hand without speaking and barely acknowledge him.

JOHNNY RILEY - puts on his T-shirt. He is NUMBER 2.

They hand a T-shirt to Jefferson who puts it on nervously.

JEFFERSON  
(to himself)  
What the fuck is this shit?

The guard tapes the number seventeen on his shirt.

Ronald Lynn is NUMBER 6.

125

**INT. MANSION - GAMBLERS' ROOM - NIGHT**

125

There is a well-stocked bar, a bar tender and tables.

Schlondorff - crosses through the room and heads down the stairs to the first floor, leaving us with

Joe and Mark have found a couple of chairs off to the side. They smoke and nervously discuss their options.

MARK

How much we laying down on the first round?

JOE

I don't know. What do you think?

MARK

Got me. We don't even know this guy.

Joe thinks for a moment.

JOE

I'm going to start with the minimum. Then we'll see what happens.

126

**INT. MANSION - GAME ROOM - NIGHT**

126

CLOSE ON A SUITCASE - as it is opened and Drizer takes out several revolvers of different makes and similar calibers.

No high speed rounds. A few .38's and .38 Specials. Snub nose. Old cop guns. A fairly ratty untraceable collection. The guns are handed out quickly and we reveal we are in

A LARGE RING - which has been installed in what might have been an old parlor, or ballroom back when people still lived here.

THE RING or PIT - is rather like a boxing ring without the ropes, raised up on a half meter platform.

Seventeen men in T-shirts are in the ring. They all have revolvers with cylinders in their hands, none of them have heels on their shoes.

Vince is sweating, unaware of what to do with his revolver, he stares at the floor and then at the other men in the T-shirts.

Johnny Riley walks up to a HANDLER and tells him.

JOHNNY RILEY

The cylinder is sticking a bit.

A HANDLER - checks it as

A HUNDRED MEN trickle in from the bar, the gamblers' room and other places, forming a gallery along the walls.

Jefferson - checks his handgun, it's obvious he knows his way around guns.

THE GALLERY - in the viewing area surrounding THE PIT. All are excited. Whoever they are, they are pros who take this private club seriously.

Joe and Mark are among them and

SITTING SIX FEET ABOVE EVERYONE - atop a faded, paint-chipped ladder Life Guard stand from the pool is

HENRY - THE GAME BOSS. Henry's around 50 or so. Bitter. Sweating. The permanent scowl on his face would crack off if he ever smiled. Henry is ALL BUSINESS inside this room. He feels the need to YELL angrily nearly every time he speaks, and wants to know

HENRY

What's going on?

HANDLER

His piece is fucked up.

HENRY

So change it. Let's go.

Henry scans the room.

HENRY (cont'd)

Attention! The first round is about to begin.

As the handler changes out the gun we notice

A LIGHT BULB - suspended from the ceiling and hanging precisely in the center of the ring, it's turned on, and then off to test.

HENRY (cont'd)

One bullet to each player.

Three handlers step into the ring giving one bullet to each player.

Schlondorff is near the front of the gallery, talking to a man about thirty years old who is standing right next to Vince.

MEET HANS - NUMBER 11. Hans is Schlondorff's player, and doesn't seem entirely pleased to be here. Schlondorff tries to psych him up.

SCHLONDORFF

We are born only once, we die only once. Be philosophical about it, Hans. You are a descendant of Schopenhauer.

But Hans remains unconvinced. In fact, worried.

HENRY

Anyone who is not a player please step back. Mr. Schlondorff you'll have to retire to the viewing area please. Back up.

SCHLONDORFF

I'm going, I'm going  
(to Hans)  
Schopenhauer. Philosophical. You can do it.

Schlondorff glances at Henry and moves along out of the way of the players and joins the many men stepping back from the ring and into

SILENCE.

HENRY

Players, load your weapons.

Ronald Lynn is the first player to open the cylinder of his revolver, he puts the bullet in and closes it. Jasper is in the crowd, his stare fixed on his brother.

The other men load their revolvers.

Vince is bewildered.

HENRY (cont'd)

What's going on thirteen? Number thirteen, do you have a problem?

Vince with his hands trembling attempts to open the cylinder but can't.

HENRY (cont'd)

What is the problem number thirteen?

Jack steps into the ring.

HENRY (cont'd)

No. No. No. No one gets up in the ring. I'm asking you to step down immediately.

JACK

He doesn't know how to load his gun.

Jack steps closer to Vince and takes the weapon from his hands. He opens the cylinder.

JACK (cont'd)

Give it to me. Pay attention, you open it like this, got it? Wake up.

Vince responds by nodding his head mechanically.

Jack shoves the gun back in his hand and leaves.

HENRY

Take your places.

THE PLAYERS - all in their numbered gray T-shirts group closer together and form a circle.

HENRY (cont'd)

Raise your weapons.

All the men raise their gun hands.

THE GUARDS AND HANDLERS - take their positions at the bottom of the ring.

HENRY (cont'd)

Spin your cylinders.

Vince sees the others reaching up with their free hands, spinning their gun cylinders and does the same.

All cylinders clickclickclick furiously like a swarm of metallic insects.

HENRY (cont'd)

More.

ON THE FACES IN THE GALLERY - as tension washes over the gamblers. Eyes widen in anticipation.

ON THE FACES IN THE PIT - All the PLAYERS are terrified except Ronald Lynn and Johnny Riley.

HENRY (cont'd)

Stop.

The men stop rolling their cylinders immediately.

SILENCE AGAIN.

HENRY (cont'd)

Take aim.

Each player levels his revolver at the base of the skull of the man in front of him in a horrible circle.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Cock your hammers.

A menacing series of ECHOED CLICKS as each man does so.

Vince hears the hammer cocked behind his head and can't take it. He looks back at the man aiming at him.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Number thirteen. No turning around.

Vince snaps his head around to face the man in front of him as we

CUT or MOVE from one face to another. One man's head to another with a gun at the base of his neck. One life threatened after another. In theory all could be dead in the next moment. But this is a numbers game, and that is why we are here.

Vince can feel the barrel of the revolver on the back of his head. He sees in front of him the back of HANS' head.

Jefferson grinds his teeth together and holds his breath as he waits for the next command.

MOVING slowly ON THE LIGHT BULB - which has been TURNED OFF, with Henry in the background we see and hear him tell us

HENRY (cont'd)  
As soon as the bulb lights up, you shoot. All players keep your eyes on the bulb.

Total silence.

MOVING LOW - along EACH PLAYER with his gun aimed at the base of the skull of the man before him, and his face turned toward the center of the circle at the LIGHT BULB.

Moving. Turning. THE BULB. FACES. THE BULB. FACES. FEAR. THE BULB. FACES. TENSION.

A security person near the switch awaits the signal from Henry.

Henry gives him a hand signal, and with one quick motion, the security person flips the switch.

The large light bulb WHITES THE SCREEN and

Four shots ring out, four bodies fall one after the other. HANS KILLS JOHNNY RILEY who slumps lifeless at his feet.

THE GALLERY - screams with joy or disgust depending on their bets.

A handler near Vince gives a CUT THROAT GESTURE to HENRY and indicates Vince. Henry quiets the room by screaming at the top of his lungs

HENRY (cont'd)  
Careful, nobody move. Number thirteen did not shoot.

The entire crowd turns and stares at Vince.

JOE  
What the fuck are you doing? Pull the trigger.

Vince's entire body is shaking but he still doesn't pull the trigger.

Hans trembles but he keeps his composure.

Drizer gets up into the ring, pulls out a gun and aims it point-blank at the base of Vince's head.

Henry is infuriated.

HENRY  
Mister Joe Gerber, if your man does not shoot, we WILL and you will be fined. I'm going to count to three.

JOE  
Shoot, you son of a bitch.

Ronald Lynn looks at Vince with no expression.

HENRY  
One.

Everyone is silent, all are staring at the three men.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Two.

In a fraction of a second Vince snaps out of it and squeezes the trigger.

CLICK.

Hans lets out a scream, then a quick sigh as he lurches forward and stumbles down from the ring.

Vince looks down at the four bodies sprawled across the ring around him. The other players step down and into the gallery.

Guards recover their weapons as

HENRY (cont'd)  
Everyone out of the pit.

GAME HANDLERS - step into the ring with WHITE PLASTIC SHEETING and start to cover up the bodies.

JACK

Get down.

Vince stumbles down. Emotionally spent. He hands someone his gun and is cut off by Joe and Mark.

MARK

You done with your little drama?

VINCE

Fuck off.

JOE

That's the last time you try any bullshit, you get me?

Jack guides Vince past them and back to his room as Joe and Mark stay behind.

127

**INT. MANSION - PLAYERS' ROOM - NIGHT**

127

A large space sectioned with small cots, café chairs and small tables. Nothing fancy. More like a bunker than a house.

THE PLAYERS - all in their Tee Shirts try to get comfortable as they scatter themselves around the room. Some in chairs. Some in cots. One is shaking. One passed out.

Jack brings Vince into the room and sits him down near a table.

JACK

Why didn't you shoot? Huh? You have to shoot.

But Vince can't answer. He's sweating, trembling.

JACK (cont'd)

You want some morphine?

VINCE

No.

JACK

They all do it. It's okay.

VINCE

I said no.

Drizer - is in the doorway, and hears the conversation.

DRIZER

Who didn't get their dose?

JACK

Over here.

DRIZER

So come and get it.

MOVING WITH JACK - as he heads over for a load from Drizer and we SEE several players shooting up in their cots. Some just pound whiskey. A few do both as

ED CHASE - 55, glasses, crappy suit, takes a seat across from

Ronald Lynn - who sits in a chair nearby. As it turns out ED CHASE is the unluckiest gambler in this game and everyone knows it.

ED CHASE

I want to put four hundred on you.

Ronald Lynn - looks him square in the face, then away.

ED CHASE (cont'd)

I already talked to your brother and he's fine with it if you are. I'm thinking eighty/twenty your way for round two, then--

Ronald Lynn gets up, and Ed Chase rises from his seat, dwarfed by the hulking Ronald Lynn.

RONALD LYNN

Fuck off.

Ronald Lynn lumbers toward Chase, then quickly lunges to scare him. It works. Chase - flinches and simply leaves Ronald Lynn to slowly sit in the chair.

128

**INT. MANSION - PLAYERS' ROOM 2 - NIGHT**

128

Jefferson is sitting on a cot, his handler, JIMMY, 40's, who's been standing there the entire time sits in a chair. Jefferson talks in a low voice so only Jimmy can hear.

JEFFERSON

Listen to me man, Tell me how much they're paying you to be my watch dog, huh? Tell me.

JIMMY

What the fuck is it to you?

JEFFERSON

Because I'll pay you fifty times what you're getting to help me sneak out of here.

Jimmy seems surprised.

JIMMY

(unconvinced)

If you've got that kind of money, then why the fuck did you come here?

JEFFERSON

I didn't exactly volunteer. I was kidnapped and delivered to this hell hole.

JIMMY

I can't do anything for you so don't even think about it.

JEFFERSON

I'll pay you two million dollars to get me out of this nightmare. That's a lot of money.

Jimmy doesn't speak for a moment.

JIMMY

It's impossible.

Jimmy gets up and walks away.

JEFFERSON

Where are you going, man? Get back here.

129

**INT. MANSION - GAMBLERS' ROOM**

129

THE GAMBLERS - mill about talking shop, drinking and smoking at tables and the bar.

Mark - brings two drinks to a table where Joe is sitting in a chair against the wall having a smoke.

The Japanese Gambler - Mahima approaches.

MAHIMA

My man is out. I want to bet on yours.

Joe glances at Mark.

JOE

Sure. I take fifty points of the top.

Mahima thinks for a moment. Stone-faced.

MAHIMA

Okay.

JOE

And just for this round.

Mark hands a glass of water to calm him down.

MAHIMA

Okay.

JOE

Put your name on number thirteen.

Mahima takes his suitcase to

130 **INT. MANSION - MONEY ROOM**

130

The money machines flipping bills, verify sums.

About thirty men are gambling at the tables. The bookies are registering their bets and arranging the stacks of cash. A skinny man slips between the tables and examines the list of bets as

Mahima sets down his briefcase. Nervously wipes his nose and tells the money man

MAHIMA

Five hundred on number thirteen.

131 **INT. MANSION - PLAYER'S ROOM**

131

Hans - sits on a bed with his head in his hands, petrified barely notices Vince as

We follow Vince slowly walking through the archway to THE SECOND HALF OF THE LARGE ROOM.

We move with Vince as he walks past A PLAYER seated in a low chair, tying off.

OVER THIS WE HEAR - an out of tune upright piano being played by Leon - number 3.

Another guy is trying to read. All basically distracting themselves from the inevitable, except for

Vince who nervously walks past them all to

132 **INT. MANSION - HALLWAY**

132

Vince makes his way down the hall, the sound of the piano muffled in the distance. He checks over his shoulder as he

Vince quickens his pace, he runs into the hallway with the numbered rooms, and another GUARD appears at the end of the hall.

Vince attempts to open the door of the first room in vain, he tries a second room, it's room NUMBER 9, the door opens and Vince darts in.

133      **INT. MANSION - ROOM #9**

133

Vince runs to the window, opens it and gets one leg out when he notices

TWO GUARDS - down below with guns drawn.

The guards in the hallway burst into the room.

GUARD

It's over. Come on.

Jack - out of breath steps into the room.

JACK

Were you trying to run, you son of a bitch? Nobody leaves here.

The two guards take Vince by the arms and close the window.

134      **INT. MANSION - GAME ROOM**

134

Henry is sitting on top of his ladder, excited.

HENRY

Gentlemen, put the bullets in their chambers. Two bullets.

The players comply. Thirteen men in Gray T-shirts all click two rounds into two chambers.

Vince is drenched with sweat but somehow seems more assured.

The gamblers and gallery grow silent.

Jasper Bagges stands in the front row of the onlooking gamblers.

HENRY (cont'd)

Raise your weapons.

Thirteen arms and guns are raised nearly at the same time.

HENRY (cont'd)

Spin your cylinders.

The sound of steel insects fills the air.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Keep it up.

The faces in the gallery look on pensively.

Ronald Lynn makes a quick eye contact with his brother.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Aim.

Each one points his revolver at the back of the head of the man standing in front of him in the perfect circle.

ON HENRY'S FACE.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Cock your hammers.

CLICKS ALL AROUND.

ON VINCE - as THE GUY BEHIND HIM, NUMBER 16 - cocks his hammer. Vince flinches and looks behind him again at the angry, drugged face of the guy who tells Vince

NUMBER 16  
Don't look me in the eye.

Vince looks away.

BACK TO HENRY

HENRY  
When the bulb lights up, you fire. All eyes on the bulb.

HIGH ON THE BULB - in the foreground MOVING slowly past the faces of the shooters in the background with their gazes fixed on the bulb.

Moving again past the faces of the onlookers. Hoping.

HENRY - gestures to A MAN beside the light switch. He turns it on and

THE LIGHT BULB LIGHTS and GUNS FIRE and BODIES FALL on each shot. BAM. ONE DROPS and rolls off the platform like a clubbed seal. BAM. Another. BAM.

ON RONALD LYNN - firing BAM. The guy in front of him DROPS OUT OF FRAME.

Smoke dissipates from the muzzle blasts.

HANS DROPS the man in front of him, as an exuberant Schlondorff yells for joy.

Jefferson - looks coldly at the body that falls in front of him. He breathes heavily and flashes a brief malicious smile.

ANOTHER PLAYER - shot through the side of his skull is still alive. Standing, wobbling, dazed, a bleeding red river from his burst skull above his right ear. He crumbles to one knee, and turns his head like a prize fighter trying not to go down.

HENRY (cont'd)

Take him out.

As a guard pulls a gun.

MR. TAYLOR - 40, breaks from the gallery and comes to help.

MR. TAYLOR

Wait. He's still alive. He can still play.

The guard aims at the dazed, bleeding player.

HENRY

He can no longer continue.

MR. TAYLOR

What the fuck you are talking about?  
Look at him.

(to the Player)

James, you can still play right?

JAMES - looks past the side of his bleeding head at the gun of the guard and knows what awaits him.

JAMES

I can still play.

Mr. Taylor - indignant.

MR. TAYLOR

You see? He said that he can still play.

HENRY

He's been shot in the FUCKING head.  
That disqualifies him from the next round. You know the rules Mr. Taylor.

(to the Guard)

Now take him out.

MR. TAYLOR

No, Wait. What the fuck --

THE GUARD - simply and immediately plugs James in head.

Vince stands petrified in the ring, while the other players step down.

One of the guards who had stepped into the ring bends over and takes the weapon from the man who has been killed by Ronald Lynn and opens the cylinders.

GUARD

(to Vince)

You're pretty lucky. The bullet is in the chamber. He didn't have time to shoot.

Ronald Lynn - being congratulated by Jasper and others as he pushes through the crowd.

Now Vince knows the routine. Hands his gun to a handler and steps through the bodies of four men as they are quickly covered with plastic sheets.

Jack signals for Vince to come down.

Hans is squatting in the ring, he is completely terrified, he doesn't even hear the words of

Schlondorff - encouraging him.

SCHLONDORFF

Very good Hans. Hans?

When a guard approaches Hans and tries to take him by the arm, Hans freaks out, screams, shoves the first guard away but two others pounce on him, take his weapon and drag him by his arms toward the players' room.

135

**INT. MANSION - MONEY ROOM**

135

THE MONEY BOSS - an older man in a dark jacket is confronted by Ed Chase.

ED CHASE

I lost my player.

He refers to the tally board.

MONEY BOSS

He's not lost, he's in the pile at the bottom of the stairs. It says so right here.

ED CHASE

But no one will let me bet on another player. They think I'm bad luck.

MONEY BOSS

What can I do about it?

GAMBLER

Don't you run things here?

The money boss doesn't admit to it. Shakes his head and shrugs.

MONEY BOSS

Even if I did, they're all adults,  
they make their own choices.

ANOTHER BOSS - steps in. He's clearly from MANAGEMENT.

ED CHASE

I came all this way to lay down the  
entire two million in this case, which  
is in your best interests, correct?

But the manager isn't impressed. The buck definitely stops  
at this man.

MANAGER

You knew the rules. We don't force  
anyone into this shit.

Ed Chase pissed, knocks over a row of briefcases which  
topple like dominoes.

136

**INT. MANSION - PLAYERS' ROOM**

136

Ronald Lynn - paces in the background smoking a cigarette.

Jack sits across a small table from Vince, having a drink.

JACK

You know, if you make it to the end,  
you're going to make some big money.

Vince snarls his answer to Jack.

VINCE

Why the fuck should you care?

At that moment guards drag Hans into the room with  
Schlondorff following close behind.

The guards throw Hans on the bed.

SCHLONDORFF

(to Hans)

When you start something, you must see  
it through to the end. No one forced  
you to be here.

Hans - terrified, doesn't respond.

SCHLONDORFF (cont'd)

Besides, you're two for two so far.  
You're doing great.

137

**INT. MANSION - MONEY ROOM**

137

The money counters click as

GAMBLERS - set their briefcases making bets.

Jasper - speaks with Mr. Taylor away from the money tables for a moment.

JASPER

I can't do better than thirty percent.  
That's what I'm giving everybody else  
who bets on my brother. Take it or  
leave it.

MR. TAYLOR

I tell you what, you do fifty and I'll  
bet a million.

Jasper thinks for a moment, and then nods his head.

JASPER

Alright.

Jasper steps up to one of the tables with his briefcase.

JASPER (cont'd)

How much did we win from the first two  
rounds?

One organizer examines his paperwork.

MONEY MAN

Right now you are at two point nine  
million.

Jasper smiles.

JASPER

Well then, I'd like to bet it all plus  
an additional one point two.

He begins to take the money out of his briefcase.

MONEY MAN

A win would move you to the top of the  
board, sir. Good luck.

JASPER

All the big fruit is out on the limb,  
right?

The organizer extends a bowl with pieces of folded paper.

Jasper pulls out the folded piece and opens it, indicating

JASPER (cont'd)  
 We'll be standing behind number  
 thirteen.

The organizer takes note of it.

Jasper leaves the gambling room passing

Joe and Mark who are in discussion with Mahima.

138

**INT. MANSION - PLAYERS' ROOM 2**

138

Jefferson sits in his usual spot drinking whiskey as Jimmy  
 smokes a cigarette.

JEFFERSON  
 Think about it, man!

JIMMY  
 You'll finish the game and you'll  
 leave peacefully. In any case there's  
 no way you can escape.

JEFFERSON  
 Are you fucking with me? When's the  
 last time somebody offered you three  
 million dollars? Change your life  
 forever, man. Let's get the fuck outa'  
 here, and tomorrow you'll have the  
 cash in hand. I swear to fucking god.

JIMMY  
 Where do plan on getting all this  
 money?

JEFFERSON  
 (expecting the question)  
 About six months ago I held up an  
 armored car from a bank in Mexico. My  
 two other colleagues were killed but I  
 got away and didn't get caught until  
 the next day. I stashed the truck and  
 the money. The judge gave me life and  
 then two days ago someone decided to  
 blindfold and gag me and stuff me in  
 the back of a fucking truck in the  
 middle of the night, and here I am.  
 But I've got the money. A lot of  
 fucking money.

JIMMY  
 Sorry, I can't do anything for you.

Jefferson is desperate. He knows his options are limited.

JIMMY (cont'd)

We wouldn't get out the front door before they blow our brains out. You have a better chance of surviving in the ring.

Jefferson agrees with a nod of the head, he doesn't insist.

JEFFERSON

Give me something to write with.

Jimmy hands him a pen. From the table, Jefferson tears off a piece of paper and starts to write.

139

**INT. - MANSION - PLAYERS' ROOM**

139

Jasper crosses to Ronald Lynn sitting at a table.

RONALD LYNN

If everything works out Jasper, I want my share right away.

JASPER

Of course, Ronald Lynn, but the important thing is that you go all the way.

Jack - observes the two brothers from a distance.

JACK

(to Vince)

That's fucked up isn't it? Those two are brothers.

Vince tries to ignore him.

Jasper takes the unfolded piece of paper out of his pocket.

Ronald Lynn - takes it, opens it, and suddenly becomes irate.

RONALD LYNN

I hate that fucking number.

He takes an ashtray from the table and flings it past

Vince's head where it hits the wall behind him and Vince wheels around.

JACK

Forget about it. Just let it go.

Vince fearlessly stares into RONALD LYNN's eyes.

Ronald Lynn raises his hand, pretending to hold a gun, aims it at Vince and then pretends to pull the trigger. Complete with muffled sound effects.

Vince doesn't flinch at Ronald Lynn's glare.

JACK (cont'd)  
I said, let it go.

Vince turns away.

140

**INT. MANSION - PLAYERS' ROOM 2**

140

JEFFERSON - finishes writing, he rereads what he wrote and then in a very serious and determined tone

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)  
I wrote down the exact location of the money along with a map. I don't want it to gather dust, it would be a waste. I have a daughter who's about seventeen now. I never wanted her because I don't like kids and I've only seen her once. She was an accident. Also written down is where she can be found. Now, I'm gonna put this piece of paper in my pocket. If I don't make it out of here alive, take the money and split it with her fifty-fifty... is that a deal?

JIMMY  
(pauses before  
answering)  
Okay. You got it.

Jefferson pockets the paper and finishes his glass of whiskey.

141

**INT. MANSION - MONEY ROOM**

141

Schlondorff - is at one of the tables, setting stacks of money from his briefcase on the table as

A MONEY MAN - feeds them into the money machines for a count.

MONEY MAN  
You know if he shoots three you get a bonus?

SCHLONDORFF  
That would be marvelous.

Schlondorff finishes stacking money and closes his briefcase.

142 **INT. MANSION - PLAYERS' ROOM**

142

Henry stops in the doorway, claps his hands and yells to the players

HENRY

Gentlemen, time for the third round.  
On your feet. Now.

The men in the room get up slowly. No one is really in a hurry. Jack stands and tells Vince.

JACK

Come on, let's move.

Ronald Lynn and Jasper - get up from their chairs in the back of the room as all of the players file out like sheep to the slaughter.

HANS - SCREAMS in defiance as TWO HANDLERS quickly grab his legs and a third slams him down onto the bed.

143 **INT. MANSION - GAME ROOM**

143

The room is packed with gamblers, guards, players and handlers.

Vince, Ronald Lynn and A FEW OTHER PLAYERS are ready in the middle of the ring.

Drizer is in the center with a short list in his hand as he calls each player up one by one before placing each in the correct spot.

DRIZER

Number eight.

NUMBER 8 - steps up into the ring, a guard hands him a revolver, Drizer indicates his place is in front of Vince.

DRIZER (cont'd)

Number three.

Leon - has a hard time walking his heavy frame and especially getting up into the ring. His handler helps him up into the ring and even aids him to his place in front of number 8.

DRIZER (cont'd)

Number eleven.

Drizer - looks at the crowd standing down by the ring but he doesn't see number 11.

DRIZER (cont'd)

Number eleven.

144 **INT. MANSION - PLAYERS' ROOM**

144

The guards still hold Hans down on the bed as

THE THIRD GUARD - kneels on Hans' head with a syringe in his hand and administers a shot in his neck.

Hans melts into cooperation. He is hoisted to his feet and dragged to the game room as

Schlondorff - follows in their footsteps.

145 **INT. MANSION - GAME ROOM**

145

Henry - sits on top of his ladder, screaming.

HENRY

Three bullets for each player. Three bullets.

The Guards distribute the bullets.

Leon - is completely out of breath, leaning against a wall for support with his empty hand, and having difficulty standing up.

Hans is sitting down next to the ring in a chair as a guard gives him a bottle of water as Schlondorff nods encouragement.

HENRY (cont'd)

Mister Schlondorff, why isn't your player in the ring?

Schlondorff - shrugs him off.

SCHLONDORFF

He's coming.

Joe and Mark are standing right behind Schlondorff.

MARK

What's wrong with him?

SCHLONDORFF

Just a case of the runs.

Schlondorff - then turns to the handlers.

SCHLONDORFF (cont'd)

Get him up there please.

HANDLERS - grab the nearly limp and compliant Hans by the armpits and lift him into the ring where

Drizer - places him behind Ronald Lynn and hands him a gun then leaves with all but the players on the stage.

Ronald Lynn - raises his revolver and taps Vince on the back of the head with the barrel.

Vince, sweating profusely, turns around with piercing eyes.

RONALD LYNN  
You're going down.

Vince shoves Ronald Lynn who punches him in retaliation. He hits the floor hard, clearly dazed.

Joe - turns towards Jasper who has an evil smile across his face.

JOE  
What the fuck was that? He'd better calm down.

Jasper just snickers at him.

A guard helps Vince to his feet.

Leon - is still slumped, propped up against the wall.

Vince sweats and twitches his fingers nervously.

A GAMBLER - 60 or so, approaches Henry's ladder.

GAMBLER  
Excuse me, could a chair be given to our player? He's not well.

HENRY  
Please return to the viewing area.

The gambler dares not respond and quickly returns to the others.

Henry - waves a hand to a HANDLER.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Get him a chair.

THE HANDLER - gives a chair to Leon who immediately sits down and thanks Henry with a gesture of his head.

HENRY (cont'd)  
I'm asking the gamblers to move back to the viewing area. Back up gentlemen. Back up.

As the gamblers move back, one of them

A SWEATING, HYPERVENTILATING DRUNKARD, faints and smacks his head on the floor.

NEARBY GAMBLER  
Oh Jesus. Now what?

TWO GUARDS - push through the crowd to him.

HENRY  
What's wrong with him?

GUARD  
He's doped up.

HENRY  
Get him out of here.

The guards take the passed out gambler and exit the room.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Load your cylinders.

THE PLAYERS - start to load their revolvers.

Silence descends on the room.

Vince has no expression.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Raise your weapons.

The arms of the players go up.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Spin your cylinders.

Cylinders are spinning.

HENRY (cont'd)  
More.

MOVING - past the anxious expressions on the gamblers' faces.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Aim.

The death circle is made up of nine players.

Vince feels the barrel of Ronald Lynn's revolver grinding into the back of his skull, he turns his head back to look at him.

Ronald Lynn - has a cold and determined air about him.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Number thirteen face the bulb.

Vince does.

HENRY (cont'd)  
All of you, eyes on the bulb. As soon as it lights up, you fire.

Henry - is really getting into it now. It is as though the previous rounds were merely business, but this is getting exciting.

The nine players who make up the circle have their eyes fixed on the light bulb.

The guard at the switch tensely waits for the signal from Henry.

Henry - suddenly gives the signal, and

The bulb lights up and three shots ring out.

Hans drops dead. Killed by Leon who's startled by the shot and jumps in his chair.

Two other bodies collapse in the ring.

SCHLONDORFF

Shit.

The gamblers cheer or jeer depending on their luck.

Vince gasps. Searching for a breath as

Jefferson - screams for joy as if he's just been reborn. He makes eye contact with Jimmy who is standing in the crowd smiling.

Ronald Lynn is the first to step down from the ring the other survivors follow him, the guards collect the revolvers.

Once Vince catches his breath he leans back against the wall.

Leon - helped by the guard, passes in front of Vince as

Jack - steps closer to the ring.

JACK

Come here.

Vince steps down from the ring with Jack close behind as

THE HANDLERS - cover the bodies.

Vince stumbles into the room and flops down on the bed. Breathing heavy, he stares at the ceiling, then closes his eyes.

Ronald Lynn is sitting in the back of the room smoking a cigarette.

TWO GUARDS - have room to relax now and are sitting at a table with drinks and magazines.

Leon is sitting at a table wiping his face with a handkerchief.

147

**INT. MANSION - MONEY ROOM**

147

The room is packed, all the gamblers are here. Some clear as

A GUARD - carries a small table to the middle of the room.

Henry - is in conversation with three of the organizers.

Another guard approaches the small table in the middle, he holds a small bag in his hand, he takes out

SIX BALLS WRAPPED IN ALUMINUM FOIL and sets them on the table, being careful to leave some space between each of them. He then leaves.

One of the three organizers leaves the conversation and walks over to the small table.

ORGANIZER

Gentlemen. We are at the last stage of our game. The duel. With three bullets in the cylinder.

The room is completely silent.

ORGANIZER (cont'd)

On the table are five balls, three are white and two are black, the black balls designate the duelists. I call the gamblers representing numbers one, six, nine, fifteen, thirteen, and seven.

Joe, Jasper, and the three other gamblers approach the table and stand around it.

ORGANIZER (cont'd)

I'm going to ask that you unwrap the balls well over your heads so everyone can see. Good luck.

The six men around the table each take a ball wrapped in aluminum foil. Then raise their arms and begin to peel of the foil.

Joe is the first to reveal a BLACK BALL. He happily advances through the room, displaying it for all to see.

THREE OTHER GAMBLERS - turn facing the room and show everyone white balls.

Jasper - turns around, smiling, he shows everyone a black ball.

The last gambler, without enthusiasm shows the room his white ball and steps back from the table.

ORGANIZER (cont'd)

Number six, and number thirteen.  
Gentlemen, please place your bets.

The money room becomes very agitated, the majority of the gamblers surround Jasper to begin discussing the percentages of the bets.

JASPER

I'm not accepting any offers under eighty-five percent, and nothing less than three hundred thousand.

The skinny organizer steps close to Jasper with paper and a pen and begins to register the margins that Jasper is starting to negotiate one by one.

148

**INT. MANSION - BAR IN FRONT OF MONEY ROOM**

148

Schlondorff - approaches Joe and Mark's table. He sits down and sets his briefcase between his legs.

JOE

Our player has no experience.

SCHLONDORFF

How much does he need?

Joe cracks a slight smile.

JOE

I want eighty percent.

SCHLONDORFF

That's a bit much.

JOE

The two brothers aren't offering much better.

SCHLONDORFF

And if I bet more than five hundred thousand?

JOE

(shaking his head)

It won't matter, besides we're a long shot at five to one. Everyone's betting on them.

Schlondorff pauses. Nods. He stands and walks into the money room.

149 **INT. MANSION - PLAYERS' ROOM 2**

149

Jefferson is anxiously sitting on his bed. Jimmy approaches and sits close to him, glad to share the news.

JIMMY

The game is over for you. You weren't selected for the draw.

Jefferson stands and breathes a deep sigh of relief.

JEFFERSON

Holy shit, so now I can leave?

JIMMY

No one leaves until the game is over. After the duel, you'll get your money and then you're free to go.

JEFFERSON

How much did I win?

JIMMY

I don't know but I'm sure it's a nice chunk of change.

JEFFERSON

Hey man, I'll throw some your way.

JIMMY

Don't worry about it, it's your money. You earned it.

150 **INT. MANSION - PLAYERS' ROOM**

150

As Jasper approaches, Ronald Lynn is deep in thought. Jasper sits down next to him.

JASPER

It's almost over Ronald Lynn.

Ronald Lynn reflects.

RONALD LYNN

If everything goes well Jasper, I want my share.

Jasper appears uncomfortable to have this conversation.

JASPER

Honestly, there's not a lot betting on us. I don't think we'll make that much money.

Suddenly Ronald Lynn jumps up from the bed and throws a punch at Jasper but stops with his fist just a hair away from Jasper's face.

RONALD LYNN

Shut the fuck up, I know you.

The brothers look deep into each others eyes, Jasper remains silent.

RONALD LYNN (cont'd)

If I'm fucked up, you know why.

Ronald Lynn continues staring at Jasper and then takes a step back.

RONALD LYNN (cont'd)

I've been thinking a lot lately.

Finally, Jasper loses his cool.

JASPER

What are you talking about?

Ronald Lynn sits in a chair nearby and grabs a glass of whiskey, he takes a sip.

RONALD LYNN

When mom and dad died, they left you more than enough money so you could take care of me. But you spent it all and then locked me up in that fucking hospital.

JASPER

That's not true, that hospital costs me a lot of money.

RONALD LYNN

I'm sure it costs you a lot less than what you've made bringing me here to play this sick and twisted game for all these years.

(moment)

I was supposed to die but I didn't. It screwed up my fucking head, so you put me away at Centerstone. Just wasting away for all this time. The only time you take me out is to play this fucking game.

JASPER

That's horse shit, Ronald Lynn.

Ronald Lynn shakes his head to let him know that he's not mistaken.

RONALD LYNN

I'm not going back to Centerstone. And  
I want my share.

Ronald Lynn takes another sip of whiskey and sets the glass on the table. He casts a look at Vince, who's been lying on his bed, listening to their conversation the entire time.

151

**INT. MANSION - GAME ROOM**

151

Impatience ripples through the gallery.

A big leather suitcase, filled with revolvers, is on a chair in the middle of the ring in front of

Drizer - with

Vince and Ronald Lynn - standing on either side of him.

Drizer - takes out a revolver and hands it to Vince.

Vince is stone-faced and staring at Ronald Lynn.

DRIZER

Against the wall.

Vince steps back with the revolver in his hand.

Drizer - takes out a second revolver, and hands it to Ronald Lynn.

Ronald Lynn - opens the cylinder, checks the hammer, and hands it back to Drizer.

RONALD LYNN

It's a piece of shit. Give me another  
one.

DRIZER

They're all the same.

Ronald Lynn - chooses a revolver. Checks it out then goes and stands against the wall facing Vince.

The two men stare each other down.

GUARDS - clear the ring. One takes the suitcase filled with revolvers and the other takes the chair.

Drizer - steps forward in the ring towards the gamblers and invites Joe, Mark, and Jasper to join him.

DRIZER (cont'd)

Gentlemen.

Joe and Mark step into the ring and walk over to Vince as Jasper heads over to Ronald Lynn.

TWO GUARDS hand THE PLAYERS three bullets each.

The guard takes Vince's revolver, opens the cylinder, displays it for Joe and Mark so they can see, and begins to load the chambers.

GUARD  
One...two..three.

Joe nods, approvingly.

The guard shuts the cylinder and hands the revolver to Vince.

Joe and Mark step down from the ring.

The second guard puts the last bullet in the cylinder of Ronald Lynn's revolver.

GUARD (cont'd)  
...three.

He shows it to Jasper.

JASPER  
I'm okay with it.

The guard snaps the cylinder closed and hands the revolver to Ronald Lynn as Jasper steps down from the ring.

Drizer - steps forward in the ring towards the gamblers.

DRIZER  
Silence. Please Gentlemen. Silence.

The noise subsides.

DRIZER (cont'd)  
Thank you.

Henry - sits atop his step ladder, nervously biting his nails.

Silence.

Vince and Ronald Lynn stare.

Vince sweats. His face trembles.

Ronald Lynn is stone-faced.

HENRY  
Will the players please step forward?

ON THE GAMBLERS - their faces register the moment.

Vince and Ronald Lynn step forward slowly, towards each other. Ronald Lynn hasn't stopped staring at Vince.

Stepping to the middle of the ring both men stop, face to face, directly underneath the light bulb.

The two guards squat down, one squatting on Vince's side and the other on Ronald Lynn's side.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Raise your weapons.

Vince and Ronald Lynn raise their arms.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Spin your cylinders.

THE THREE SURVIVING PLAYERS - off to the side stare at the guns in the air. None have seen the game from this perspective before.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Again.

Vince spins his cylinder faster and faster. White fear and cold determination.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Take aim.

The two men extend their arms and point their revolvers, point-blank range at the forehead of the other.

The two men stare eye to eye.

HENRY (cont'd)  
When the bulb lights, you shoot.

SILENCE.

No one moves.

Time stops. Then...

Henry gives the hand signal.

The guard turns on the switch.

The bulb lights up.

Ronald Lynn is the first to squeeze the trigger.

CLICK.

Vince pulls his trigger.

CLICK.

Both men sigh, eyes locked on each other.

Jasper wipes his brow.

Jefferson smiles.

Vince and Ronald Lynn return to their walls.

HENRY (cont'd)  
 Attention. The duel will continue.  
 Four bullets in each cylinder. I want  
 an additional bullet in each cylinder.

The guards quickly step into the ring with Jack and Jasper.

The guard opens the cylinder of Vince's gun and shows it to Jack.

GUARD  
 One, two, three, and four.

He inserts a fourth bullet in the cylinder, shuts it, and hands it to Vince.

Jack nods in agreement.

Jack and Jasper step down from the ring at almost the same time.

Silence.

HENRY  
 Players. Please step forward.

The two men advance to the middle of the ring, stopping eye to eye beneath the bulb.

HENRY (cont'd)  
 Raise your weapons.

They do.

HENRY (cont'd)  
 Spin your cylinders.

They do.

A COUPLE OF GAMBLERS - at the back of the room stand on chairs to get a better view.

Jasper cracks his knuckles in nervous tension.

HENRY (cont'd)  
 Stop.

The two men lower their weapons.

Vince's entire body is shaking, he clenches his teeth.

HENRY (cont'd)  
 Take aim.

Vince is the first to take aim at Ronald Lynn with his trembling hand, he's shaking and breathing heavily.

Ronald Lynn seems more concerned than scared.

HENRY (cont'd)  
When the bulb lights up, you shoot.  
Eyes on the bulb.

Drizer - and the two guards look at the players faces and the guns at their heads.

Silence.

Henry gives the signal.

THE SWITCH IS THROWN.

The bulb lights up.

Ronald Lynn squeezes the trigger first.

CLICK.

Vince squeezes his trigger almost simultaneously.

BAM!

Ronald Lynn drops out of frame and crumbles to the floor like an imploded building.

SCREAMS. CHEERS. SWEARING. As the gallery breaks into smaller groups.

Vince is shocked, pleased, surprised and traumatized. His face trembles. Sweat runs down his face.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Silence, gentlemen, silence. It's  
over. The game is finished.

Vince takes a step backward on weak knees and lowers his revolver.

Jasper shocked, enraged, terrified. His world exploding. Puts fists to his eyes, squats against the wall and sobs.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Gentlemen, the game has ended. The  
winner is number thirteen. Well done  
thirteen. Well done.

The reactions of the gamblers varies from winner to loser, but there are clearly more losers as the crowd scatters.

A few coldly congratulate Joe and Mark, while others direct stares and profanities at Vince and their bad luck. Others merely take it in stride.

Schlondorff - grins from ear to ear.

Vince remains in the ring for a moment as Drizer recovers his revolver and simply, coldly tells Vince.

DRIZER  
Congratulations.

The guard near the light switch lights up a cigarette. Takes a puff and turns off the bulb.

BLACK OUT.

CUT TO:

152      **INT. MANSION - GAMBLERS' ROOM - BAR**      152

Vince accompanied by Jack. About fifty of the gamblers are getting one last drink. They shoot a few stares at Vince who follows Jack to

153      **INT. MANSION - MONEY ROOM**      153

Schlondorff - collects his winnings at a table as

Joe and Mark speak with the game director as behind them two of the survivors are collecting their winnings accompanied by their handlers.

Jack leads Vince over to Joe and Mark.

JOE  
(to The Director)  
The winner.

The director scowls at Vince, then extends his hand.

DIRECTOR  
Congratulations.

Vince shakes his hand.

JOE  
Go get your money.

Vince turns and takes a few steps toward

Schlondorff - has finished collecting his money in a large black bag and tosses a stack of C-notes on the table as a tip to the organizers who casually nod their gratitude.

Schlondorff - closes his briefcase and leaves the table, bumping into Vince.

SCHLONDORFF  
Thank you sir. Well done.

Vince acknowledges him, then takes his place at the table.

ORGANIZER  
Yes, congratulations.

MONEY MAN  
One million, eight-hundred and fifty  
thousand.

The organizer begins to count the stacks and place them in Vince's backpack.

Schlondorff approaches Joe.

SCHLONDORFF  
Thanks to you I broke even.

Schlondorff shakes his hand.

JOE  
It was a long shot but he came home on  
top for all of us.

Schlondorff shakes the director's hand and leaves.

The organizer fills Vince's large backpack.

When he's done, he slides the bag towards Vince.

JACK  
Give them a stack.

Vince takes a stack out of the bag and throws it on the table.

ORGANIZER  
Thank you.

MONEY MAN  
Do you realize how lucky you are? Your  
opponent had already won three duels.

Vince takes his backpack and stumbles away from the table.

Jack follows close behind him.

JACK  
What about me?

Vince stops stares at Jack, looks him up and down, then takes a stack out of the bag and tosses it on a little table near the exit and leaves the room.

Joe and Mark are at the bar and Mark waves Vince over.

Vince passes Leon who is drenched in sweat from having walked up the stairs and heads toward the money room with his handler.

JOE  
Are you satisfied?

Vince nods and Jack walks up.

JOE (cont'd)  
If you want, we can give you a ride.

Vince thinks about it for a moment.

VINCE  
Where?

JOE  
Doesn't matter, we'll drop you off at the nearest train station if you like.

Beat.

VINCE  
Yeah. I'll get dressed and wait downstairs.

MARK  
Something to drink?

VINCE  
No.

Vince heads towards the stairs and Jack starts to follow.

JOE  
(to Jack)  
Where are you going?

Jack turns around, we sense that he's up to something.

JACK  
I'm going with him.

Joe is suspicious as he tells Jack to

JOE  
Go get our coats in the room.

Jack stops for a moment, pauses but says nothing. He takes one more look at

Vince who is halfway down the staircase, then takes off in the direction of the numbered rooms.



JACK

Where?

The guard shrugs. Jack leaves quickly.

160 **EXT. MANSION - FRONT COURTYARD - NIGHT**

160

Joe, Mark and Jack exit the mansion, with briefcases full of money.

Jack - searching around.

JOE

Can you open the trunk?

Jack does. Joe puts the briefcases inside, closes it and then gets in the backseat.

Mark gets in the front passenger side as

Jack steps up to Joe's window.

JACK

I'm going to ask around for him.

Jack takes off. The last few gamblers get into their cars and head out.

161 **INT. CAR - IN FRONT OF THE MANSION - NIGHT**

161

Mark lights up a cigarette. They're happy.

JOE

We're lucky he showed up at all.

He digs out a cigarette, lights it, and takes a nice long drag.

162 **EXT. MANSION - YARD - NIGHT**

162

Jack checks around the mansion.

JACK

(calling out)

Vince? Vince, let's go. We're leaving.

He searches.

JACK (cont'd)

Vince?

No answer.

JACK (cont'd)  
 (to himself)  
 Son of a bitch.

Pissed, he spits and leaves.

CUT TO:

163      **EXT. SAME - NIGHT**      163

Jack walks by Mahima on his way back to the car.

164      **INT. CAR - NIGHT**      164

Jack gets in.

JACK  
 I couldn't find him.

165      **EXT. FOREST - NIGHT**      165

Vince is running. He's completely out of breath as he makes it to a dirt road.

In the distance, headlights cut shafts through the tree line.

Vince quickly crosses the road and hides behind a tree.

The first car speeds down the road and past Vince disappearing quickly in the darkness ahead. BUT...

THE NEXT CAR SLOWS DOWN. Vince gasps.

AS THE CAR STOPS RIGHT NEXT TO VINCE'S TREE - the back door opens and SCHLONDORFF steps out.

Schlondorff - takes several steps to the rear of the vehicle while unzipping his pants and takes a leak behind the car.

Vince peeks little by little around the tree and sees Schlondorff.

Vince notices the license plate on the car, Connecticut plates: **GBS 1313**.

Relieved, Schlondorff turns towards the car, zips up his pants, and gets back in the car.

SCHLONDORFF  
 Let's go.

As soon as he shuts the door the car speeds off.

166 **EXT. TRAIN STATION - GALESBURG - ENTRANCE - EARLY MORNING** 166

Vince - exhausted - stumbles to the entrance of the train station.

SEVERAL TAXIS - parked at the entrance.

Vince walks past them and

THE TAXI DRIVER who took him to the intersection the day before recognizes him, gets out of his cab and watches as

Vince walks into the train station.

The Taxi Driver makes a call on his cell phone.

167 **INT. TRAIN STATION - GALESBURG - DAY** 167

Vince is standing at the ticket window. The ATTENDANT gives him his ticket and his change.

168 **INT. TRAIN STATION - GALESBURG - DINER - DAY** 168

Vince enters the diner, which is rather large.

He walks across the dining room and slides into a booth. He sets his backpack next to him and starts to look over a menu. A WAITRESS comes over.

WAITRESS

Hello, how are you doing this morning?

VINCE

Good.

WAITRESS

What can I get started for you?

Vince is notably fatigued and slow to speak as his eyes don't leave the menu.

VINCE

Well...I'll have the scrambled eggs with cheese, give me extra bacon, a tall stack of pancakes, a double order of hash browns and a side of toast...Also, can I get a large glass of orange juice and a water?

The waitress looks at him surprised.

WAITRESS

Sure.

She walks away.

169 **EXT. TRAIN STATION - GALESBURG - ENTRANCE - DAY** 169

TWO POLICE CARS - arrive and park close to the entrance.

TWO POLICE OFFICERS get out, one out of each car.

The taxi driver greets them.

TAXI DRIVER

He's in the diner.

The police officers walk into the train station, the taxi driver follows.

170 **INT. TRAIN STATION - GALESBURG - DINER - DAY** 170

Vince spots the police officers before they come into the diner.

He watches as they enter. He has to think fast. He rapidly looks around and realizes there's no way to escape. He starts to tremble. He quickly grabs his backpack and throws it to the floor. With his feet, he shoves the bag under his seat of the booth as far as it will go.

The officers walk towards Vince.

One stops in front of Vince and the other officer stands off to the side.

POLICE OFFICER

Excuse me sir. Calmly place your hands, palms down, on the table in front of you and then slowly begin to stand. Slowly.

Vince does. The officers help him out of the booth. They search him thoroughly from head to toe, being very detailed as they do. They don't find anything.

POLICE OFFICER (cont'd)

Come with me please.

He takes out some handcuffs and put them on Vince.

VINCE

Why? What did I do?

He leads Vince back to the car.

171 **EXT. GALESBURG POLICE STATION - DAY** 171

A FEW POLICE CARS - parked in front of the small police station near

A FEW COPS - talking, smoking cigarettes.

AN UNMARKED CAR - arrives and parks in front of the entrance of the building and

Detective Mullane gets out, climbs the stairs and heads inside.

172 **INT. GALESBURG POLICE STATION - DAY**

172

The two cops from the train station open the door of a cell to Vince is sitting on the cot.

POLICE OFFICER

Let's go.

Vince follows them out of his cell and down a long hallway.

173 **INT. GALESBURG POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY** 173

The door of the interrogation room opens from the inside where Mullane is standing next to the wall.

The cop delivers Vince.

MULLANE

Thanks.

The police officer shuts the door and leaves.

Mullane stares at Vince.

Vince looks at him blankly, exhausted.

Mullane takes a step towards him.

MULLANE (cont'd)

Where'd you hide the money?

Vince thinks, never taking his eyes off Mullane.

VINCE

What money?

Mullane smirks.

MULLANE

You're lucky to be back alive.

VINCE

I don't know what you're talking about.

MULLANE

Sit down.

Vince doesn't move, the detective grabs him by his coat shoves Vince toward the table.

MULLANE (cont'd)  
I said sit down.

Vince sits.

MULLANE (cont'd)  
You're not under arrest, Vincent, and  
you won't be if you tell me what  
happened back there.

Vince exhausted seems to concentrate as to conserve his  
last bit of energy.

Vince  
Where?

MULLANE  
You know what I'm talking about.

VINCE  
I don't know what you mean.

Mullane calms down. Takes a breath. Paces. He's done this  
before with those tougher than Vince.

MULLANE  
You stole the envelope from a dead  
junkie, Vincent, then took off without  
knowing what the hell you were getting  
into. You then spent the night in at  
The Amalfi Hotel in Chicago and the  
next morning you took the train to  
Macomb. Only you didn't get off at  
Macomb, did you?

Vince remains silent.

MULLANE (cont'd)  
You got off at Galesburg and took a  
taxi to a drop point and then got a  
ride to the middle of fucking nowhere.  
Right?

Vince seems to collect his thoughts.

VINCE  
That's right.

MULLANE  
You need help talking?

VINCE  
If you know everything, why you  
talking to me?

MULLANE  
Because you were there and I wasn't.

Vince doesn't answer.

VINCE  
I never made it.

MULLANE  
Don't bullshit me.

VINCE  
I'm telling you the truth. When they saw that I wasn't Harrison, the whole situation went to shit.

Mullane takes a moment to reflect.

MULLANE  
You made it back which means they trust you, otherwise you'd be dead.

Mullane stays in control.

MULLANE (cont'd)  
Why did they pick you up at the intersection if they were looking for Harrison?

VINCE  
The driver didn't know Harrison. When he drove up I flashed the signal.

MULLANE  
The signal?

VINCE  
A piece of cardboard with a number.

MULLANE  
Where did you get it?

VINCE  
In the second envelope they left for me.

MULLANE  
The one in the locker.

Vince nods his head.

VINCE  
That's right.

MULLANE  
How'd you know where to pick it up?

VINCE  
They slipped me a note at the hotel with directions telling me what to do.

Mullane sits down in front of Vince, facing him.

MULLANE

What kind of car came for you?

VINCE

A black Benz.

MULLANE

What did you and the driver talk about?

VINCE

Nothing.

MULLANE

You weren't curious?

VINCE

I tried to talk to him but he wouldn't say anything. He said his job was just to get me there.

MULLANE

Where did he drop you?

VINCE

Somewhere in the forest.

MULLANE

What forest? What happened?

VINCE

I don't know. There were two more guys waiting with another car.

MULLANE

What did they want?

VINCE

When they saw me, I knew I was screwed. I told them that Harrison was dead and that I was going to take his place but they didn't go for it. Maybe they didn't believe me or whatever, but they didn't want me there. When I saw one of them reach for a gun I reacted. I just ran and I kept running.

MULLANE

They didn't chase you?

VINCE

Of course. They chased me and shot at me but I just kept running. I ran so hard that I lost the heels on my shoes.

Vince raises his foot and shows Mullane his heelless shoes.

Mullane stares at Vince for a second then asks.

MULLANE

If you saw them again, would you be able to identify them?

VINCE

Of course.

MULLANE

Could you take me to that place in the forest?

VINCE

I was in a panic, running like crazy for hours, it was dark. How can you expect me to remember?

MULLANE

But from the intersection, you'd get you bearings, right?

Vince breathes deeply.

VINCE

The driver blindfolded me.

MULLANE

You're lying.

They stare each other down without saying a word.

Vince is blank, his face fatigued, cold and determined.

Mullane paces.

VINCE

That's it. That's all I know.

Mullane approaches Vince, puts his face close to Vince's and looks into his eyes.

MULLANE

You told me nothing. Bits and pieces that don't add up to squat. I had a plan. If you had gotten off at Macomb, at least I would've been able to arrest those waiting for you and make them talk. But now...now I don't have shit.

The detective stares a bullet through Vince.

VINCE

What do you think all this is about?

MULLANE

It's about murder and money. And it's a lot bigger than you, Vincent.

Vince thinks for a moment. Makes his offering to Mullane.

Vince

In the forest, there was another car, one of theirs. I remember the license plate.

Mullane shifts his posture.

Vince (cont'd)

Connecticut GBS 1313.

MULLANE

What kind of car was it?

VINCE

Dark Beemer. 7 Series. Trust me, that's all I have.

Mullane jots down the license plate number.

174      **EXT. TRAIN STATION - GALESBURG - STREET - DAY**      174

Vince stumbles up to the train station. He's out of breath and unable to run, but walking as fast as he can.

175      **INT. TRAIN STATION - GALESBURG - DINER - DAY**      175

When Vince enters the diner, the place is PACKED WITH PATRONS, especially compared to before. Almost every table is full.

Vince approaches one of the booths, thinking it's the one he was sitting at earlier.

AN ELDERLY COUPLE, 60's, are in the booth, eating.

VINCE

Excuse me.

Vince falls to his knees and starts to look under the seat. He finds nothing.

Sweat begins to form on his forehead.

Suddenly he regains his composure, looks around, and walks over to the next booth.

This time, without a word, he starts to search under the seat, while AN ENTIRE FAMILY is eating.

FATHER

What the hell?

Vince finds nothing.

His entire body is shaking when he moves on to the third booth. He slides his hand under the seat, and grabs the backpack.

He sighs with overwhelming relief and stands.

Vince sees the faces of THE FOUR PEOPLE sitting at the booth. They stare back at him with confusion and surprise.

VINCE

Excuse me.

He walks away, staggering as he exits the diner.

176

**INT. POST OFFICE - DAY**

176

Vince opens a large cardboard box, he tries to remain inconspicuous.

SEVERAL PEOPLE are filling out forms nearby, TWO WOMEN are at the counter getting postage.

Vince empties his backpack into the box and we watch as

STACKS OF 100 DOLLAR BILLS fill the box halfway.

Vince quickly closes the box. He writes an address on the small form. Steps to the counter and sets the box on it.

THE POSTMAN weighs it.

POSTMAN

Twenty-two dollars please.

Vince hands him a hundred.

The postman gives him his change, and a receipt for certified mail.

Vince thanks him with a nod, takes the receipt in his hand and stares at it for a moment, reassuring himself that there are no mistakes. He puts the receipt in the right pocket of his jacket, and leaves.

177

**INT. FERRO HOUSE - DAY**

177

The phone rings in Leanne's bedroom.

Leanne is still in bed, she picks up.



VINCE  
I told you, soon.

LEANNE  
Why don't you just bring it yourself  
then?

VINCE  
It's better this way. Trust me.

LEANNE  
You're scaring me, Vincent, are you in  
trouble?

VINCE  
Everything's fine.

LEANNE  
You don't sound fine.

VINCE  
Just make sure somebody is home.

Vince hangs up.

180 **INT. FERRO HOUSE -DAY**

180

Leanne - remains puzzled for a moment then hangs up the phone. The door of her bedroom opens, it's Carla, having just woken up.

CARLA  
Was that Vincent?

LEANNE  
Yes.

CARLA  
I told you there was nothing to worry  
about.

Carla leaves the room yawning.

Leanne doesn't seem reassured.

181 **EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

181

HIGH AND WIDE ON THE TRAIN as it cuts a silver streak through the barren brown trees along the Hudson River.

182 **INT. TRAIN - DAY**

182

The CONDUCTOR walks through the car validating tickets. He approaches Vince, who's asleep in his seat.

CONDUCTOR  
Excuse me, sir? Ticket please.

Vince wakes up, taking a few seconds to get his bearings.

VINCE  
Sure.

He hands the conductor his ticket. The conductor examines the ticket and then attentively looks at Vince.

CONDUCTOR  
Sir, are you going to Chicago?

VINCE  
Yes.

CONDUCTOR  
Sir, you're on the wrong train. This train is going to Cleveland.

Vince sits up.

VINCE  
Shit.

The conductor briefly contemplates.

CONDUCTOR  
What you'll need to do, is get off at the next stop. There, you'll be able to find a direct connection back to Chicago.

He writes, making a note on Vince's ticket and hands it back.

183     **EXT. TRAIN STATION - TOLEDO - PLATFORM - DAY**     183

The train pulls into the station and stops at the platform.

VINCE exits the train, and walks along the platform leading into station.

184     **INT. TRAIN STATION - TOLEDO - DAY**     184

Vince stands at the checkout of a sandwich shop. He pays for a couple of sandwiches and a bottle of water, puts them in his backpack and leaves.

185     **INT. TRAIN STATION - TOLEDO - PLATFORM - DAY**     185

As Vince walks under the PLATFORM DESTINATION SIGN beside the waiting train and we



The reality of the moment sinks in for Vince and this time it's Jasper who looks away, appearing almost thoughtful.

190     **EXT. TRAIN - DAY**     190

The countryside races by in a blur.

191     **BACK INSIDE:**     191

Vince stares out the window not knowing what to do as

The train starts to slow.

CONDUCTOR

Next stop Elkhart. Elkhart next stop.

The train slows and grinds its wheels as it comes to a stop.

Jasper - stands and calmly steps over, now standing directly in front of Vince, who rises abruptly to face Jasper but without noticing

THE GUN IN JASPER'S HAND.

JASPER FIRES THREE QUICK ROUNDS into Vince's chest and stomach.

Vince is frozen in terror.

Jasper slips the gun back into his belt, snatches Vince's backpack and runs for the exit.

Vince staggers and slouches down into a seat.

192     **EXT. TRAIN STATION - ELKHART - PLATFORM - DAY**     192

Jasper jumps from the train. Running as fast as he can with Vince's backpack tightly in his grasp, his silhouette growing smaller as he runs farther away.

THE STEEL WHEELS begin to turn and the train begins to roll out of the station.

193     **INT. TRAIN - DAY**     193

VINCE - leans his head on the window.

All expressions leave his face.

His jaw slackens.

His breath shallow, fading to stillness.

His heart counts down, letting him go.

His eyes watch the blur of the landscape without seeing.

THE STEEL WHEELS OF THE TRAIN CHURN ONWARD.