

# AMERICAN BUFFALO

A screenplay by  
David Mamet  
Based on his play.

Shooting Script: 16 May 1995  
Blue Revisions: 26 May 1995  
Pink Revisions: 29 May 1995  
Yellow Revisions: 31 May 1995  
Green Revisions: 15 June 1995  
Gold Revisions: 21 June 1995

FADE IN:

- A1 INT. CARD ROOM POKER MONTAGE (TITLE SEQUENCE) - NIGHT A1  
Teach, Don, Fletch, Ruthie, Earl, and Grace all play cards.
- B1 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE DON'S HOUSE - NIGHT (PRE-DAWN) B1\*  
DONNY DUBROW, a man in his fifties, dressed in rough clothing, exits his house, zipping up his jacket against the cold. \*
- C1 EXT. STREET NEAR RIVERSIDE - NIGHT (PRE-DAWN) C1\*  
Don rounds the corner and continues down a darkened and deserted street. \*
- D1 EXT. RIVERSIDE - NIGHT (PRE-DAWN) D1\*  
Don arrives at the Riverside diner, where he stop and waits. A bus appears and wipes frame. Don is gone. \*
- E1 EXT. FLEA MARKET - NIGHT (PRE-DAWN) E1\*  
The bus pulls up. Don steps off. BOBBY, a slightly built kid around twenty, has been waiting for him and now approaches. \*

DON  
So? So what, Bob?

BOB  
I'm sorry, Donny.

DON  
Uh huh. Alright.

BOB  
I'm sorry, Donny.

DON  
Alright. Yeah.

BOB  
Maybe he's still in there?

DON  
If you think that, Bob, how come you're here?

BOB  
I came in.

E1 (CONTINUED)

E1

DON

You don't come in, Bob. You don't come in until you do a thing.

\*  
\*  
\*

BOB

He didn't come out.

\*  
\*







1 (CONTINUED)

1

BOB

He's a real good card player.

DON

You're fucking A, he is, Bob, and this is what I'm getting at. Skill.

They step off the curb onto the street.

2 INT. SHOE SHINE PARLOR - DAY

2

Don is getting his shoes shined while Bob is reading a magazine.

DON

Skill, and talent, and the balls to arrive at your own conclusions.

(PAUSE)

The fucker won four hundred bucks last night.

BOB

Yeah?

DON

Oh yeah...

BOB

And who was playing?

DON

Me.

BOB

Mm.

DON

And Teach.

BOB

How'd Teach do?

DON

Not too good.

BOB

No, huh?



E1 (CONTINUED)

E1

DON

Fuck. I like her, too. There's nothing wrong in that.

\*  
\*

BOB

No.

\*  
\*

DON

I mean, she treats you right...

\*  
\*

BOB

Uh huh. How'd she do...?

\*  
\*

DON

She did okay.

\*  
\*

BOB

You win?

\*  
\*

DON

I did alright.

\*  
\*

BOB

Yeah?

\*  
\*





E1 (CONTINUED)

E1

DON  
No.

BOB  
...she was mad at him.

DON  
Well, that very well may be, Bob, but the fact remains that it was business. That's what business is.

BOB  
What?

DON  
People taking care of themselves.

BOB  
(following Don)  
...huh.

DON  
'Cause there's business and there's friendship, Bobby. There are many things, and when you walk around you hear a lot of things, and what you got to do is keep clear who your friends are, and who treated you like what, or else the rest is garbage, Bob, because I want to tell you something.

BOB  
Okay.

DON  
Things are not always what they seem to be.

3 INT. THE RIVERSIDE DINER - DAY

3

At the counter, TEACH, a rough-looking man in his forties, pays his check.

BOB (VO)  
I know that, Don.

DON (VO)  
I hope to tell you, cause there's lots of people on this street, Bob, they want this, and they want that, do anything to get it. You don't have friends, this life.

Teach gets his change from the CASHIER and glares at the restaurant in general.

2 INT. SHOE SHINE PARLOR - DAY -- BACK TO SCENE

2

DON

You want some breakfast?

BOB

I'm not hungry.

DON

Never skip breakfast, Bob.

BOB

Why?

DON

Breakfast... is the most important meal of the day.

BOB

I'm not hungry.

DON

It makes no earthly difference in the world. You know how much nutritive benefits they got in coffee? Zero. Not one thing. The stuff eats you up. You can't live on coffee, Bobby, and, I've told you this before, you cannot live on cigarettes. You may feel good, you may feel fine, but something's getting overworked, and you are going to pay for it. Now: what do you see me eat when I come in here every day?

BOB

Coffee.

DON

Come on, Bob, don't fuck with me. I drink a little coffee, but what do I eat?

BOB

Yogurt.

DON

Why?

BOB

Because it's good for you.

DON

You're goddam right. And it wouldn't kill you to take a vitamin.

BOB

They're too expensive.

DON

Don't worry about it. You should just take 'em.

BOB

I can't afford 'em.

DON

Don't worry about it.

BOB

You'll buy some for me?

DON

Do you need 'em?

BOB

Yeah.

DON

Well, then, I'll get you some. What do you think...?

BOB

Thanks, Donny.

DON

It's for your own good. Don't thank me...

BOB

Okay.

DON

I just can't use you in here like a Zombie.

BOB

I just went around the back.

DON

I don't care. Do you see what I'm telling you?

They exit the shoe shine store.

4 EXT. STREET - DAY

4

Don and Bob exit shoe shine parlor and walk by the entrance of the diner.

4 (CONTINUED)

4

PAUSE

BOB

Yeah.

DON

Well, we'll see.

BOB

I'm sorry, Donny.

DON

Well, we'll see. C'mon, let's open up. \*

Teach comes blasting out of the diner.

TEACH

Good morning.

BOB

Morning, Teach.

The three of them walk up the street towards Don's junk shop.

TEACH

Fuckin' Ruthie, Fuckin' Ruthie, Fuckin' Ruthie, Fuckin'  
Ruthie, Fuckin' Ruthie.

PAUSE

DON

...what?

TEACH

Fuckin' Ruthie.

DON

...yeah...?

TEACH

I come into the Riverside to get a cup of coffee, right? I sit  
down at the table Grace and Ruthie.

DON

Yeah.

TEACH

I'm gonna order just a cup of coffee.

DON

Right.

TEACH

So Grace and Ruthie's having breakfast, and they're done. Plates... crusts of stuff all over... So we'll shoot the shit.

DON

Yeah.

TEACH

Talk about the game...

DON

...yeah.

TEACH

...so on. Down I sit. "Hi, hi." I take a piece of toast off Grace's plate...

DON

...uh-huh...

TEACH

...and she goes "Help yourself." Help myself. I should help myself to half a piece of toast it's four slices for a quarter. I should have a nickel every time we're over at the game, I pop for coffee... cigarettes... a sweet roll, never say a word. "Bobby, see who wants what." Huh? A fucking roast-beef sandwich.

(to Bob)

Am I right?

(to Don)

Ahh, shit. We're sitting down, how many times do I pick up the check? But (No!) because I never go and make a big thing out of it — it's no big thing — and flaunt like "This one's on me" like some bust-out asshole, but I naturally assume that I'm with friends, and don't forget who's who when someone gets behind a half a yard or needs some help with (huh?) some fucking rent, or drops enormous piles of money at the track, or someone's sick or something...

Don unlocks the door to the shop.

DON

(to Bob)

This is what I'm talking about.

4 (CONTINUED)

4

Don and Bob enter the shop.

5 EXT. / INT. JUNK SHOP - DAY

5

Don and Bob set up merchandise outside of store. Teach follows them as they walk in and out of the shop.

TEACH

Only (and I tell you this, Don). Only, and I'm not, I don't think, casting anything or anyone; from the mouth of a Southern bulldyke asshole ingrate of a vicious nowhere cunt can this trash come.

(to Bob)

And I take nothing back, and I know you're close with them.

BOB

With Grace and Ruthie?

TEACH

Yes.

BOB

(I like 'em.)

TEACH

I have always treated everybody more than fair, and never gone around complaining. Is this true, Don?

DON

Yup.

TEACH

Someone is against me, that's their problem... I can look out for myself, and I don't got to fuck around behind somebody's back, I don't like the way they're treating me. (Or pray some brick safe falls and hits them on the head, they're walking down the street.) But to have that shithead turn, in one breath, every fucking sweet roll that I ever ate with them into *ground glass* (I'm wondering were they eating it and thinking "This guy's an idiot to blow a fucking *quarter* on his friends"... ) ...this hurts me, Don. This hurts me in a way I don't know what the fuck to do.

PAUSE

DON

You're probably just upset.

TEACH

You're fuckin' A I'm upset. I am *very* upset, Don.

5 (CONTINUED)

5

DON

They got their problems, too, Teach.

TEACH

I would like to have their problems.

DON

All I'm saying, nothing *personal*... they are probably, uh *talking* about something.

TEACH

Then let them talk about it, then. No, I am sorry, Don, I cannot brush this off. They treat me like an asshole, they are an asshole.

(PAUSE)

The only way to teach these people is to kill them.

PAUSE

DON

You want some coffee...?

TEACH

I'm not hungry.

DON

Come on, I'm sending Bobby to the Riverside.

TEACH

Fucking joint.

DON

...yeah...

TEACH

They harbor assholes in there.

DON

Yeah. Come on, Teach, what do you want? Bob?

BOB

Yeah?

DON

(to Teach)

Come on, he's going anyway.

(to Bob, as he hands him a bill)

Get me a Boston, and go for the yogurt.

BOB

What kind?

DON  
You know, plain. And, if they don't got it, uh, something else. And get yourself something.

BOB  
What?

DON  
Whatever you want. But get something to eat, and whatever you want to drink, and get Teacher a coffee.

BOB  
(turning back)  
Boston, Teacher?

TEACH  
No.

BOB  
What?

TEACH  
Black.

BOB  
Right.

DON  
And something for yourself to eat.  
(to Teach)  
He doesn't want to eat.

TEACH  
You got to eat. And this is what I'm saying at the Riverside.

\*  
\*

PAUSE

BOB  
Black coffee.

DON  
And get something for yourself to eat.  
(to Teach)  
What do you want to eat? An english muffin...?  
(to Bob)  
Get Teach an english muffin.

\*  
\*  
\*

TEACH  
I don't want an english muffin.

DON  
Get him an english muffin, and make sure they give you jelly.

TEACH  
I don't want an english muffin.

DON  
What do you want?

TEACH  
I don't want anything.

BOB  
Come on, Teach, eat something.

DON  
You'll feel better you eat something, Teach.

PAUSE

TEACH  
Tell 'em to give you an order of bacon: real dry, real crisp.

BOB  
Okay.

TEACH  
And tell the broad if it's for me she'll give you more.

BOB  
Okay.

DON  
Anything else you want?

TEACH  
No.

DON  
A cantaloupe?

TEACH  
I never eat cantaloupe.

DON  
No?

5 (CONTINUED)

5

TEACH  
It gives me the runs.

DON  
Yeah?

TEACH  
And tell him he shouldn't say anything to Ruthie.

DON  
He wouldn't.

TEACH  
No? You're right. I'm sorry, Bob.

BOB  
It's okay.

TEACH  
(PAUSE)  
I'm upset.

BOB  
It's okay, Teach.

PAUSE

TEACH  
Thank you.

BOB  
You're welcome.

Bob starts down the street. Don calls after him.

DON  
And the plain, if they got it.

BOB  
(turning back)  
I will.

Teach and Don watch him walk down the street for a moment.

DON  
He wouldn't say anything.

Don turns back into the store. Teach follows.

6 INT. JUNK SHOP - DAY

6

Don crosses into the card room and begins to straighten up. Teach enters and paces.

TEACH

What the fuck do I care. Cunt. You know, there's not one loyal bone in that bitch's body.

DON

How'd you finally do last night?

TEACH

This has nothing to do with that.

DON

No. I know. I'm just saying: for talk.

TEACH

Last night...? You were here, Don.

PAUSE.

TEACH

How'd you do...?

DON

Not well.

TEACH

Mmm.

DON

The only one won any money, Fletch and Ruthie.

TEACH

...cunt had to win two hundred dollars.

DON

...she's a good card player.

TEACH

She is not a good card player, Don. She is a mooch and she is a locksmith and she plays like a woman.

(PAUSE)

Teach sits on the couch.

TEACH (CONT'D)

Fletcher's a card player. I'll give him that. But Ruthie... I mean, you see how she fucking plays.

DON

Yeah.

TEACH

And always with that cunt on her shoulder.

DON  
Grace?

TEACH  
Yes.

DON  
Grace is her partner.

TEACH  
Then let her *be* her partner, then. (You see what I'm talking about?) Everyone, they're sitting at the table and then Grace is going to walk around... fetch and *ashtray*... go for coffee...this... and everybody's all they aren't going to hide their cards, and they're going to make a show how they don't hunch *over*, and like that. I don't give a shit. I say the broad's her fucking partner, and she walks in back of me I'm going to hide my cards.

DON  
Yeah.

TEACH  
And I say anybody doesn't's out of their mind.

Don exits the shop with an awning pole in his hand. Teach gets up and follows him out.

7 EXT. JUNK SHOP - DAY

7

Don rolls out the awning. Teach paces.

TEACH (CONT'D)  
We're talking about money for chrissake, huh? We're talking about cards. Friendship is friendship, and a wonderful thing, and I am all for it. I have never said different, and you know me on this point. Okay. But let's just keep it *separate* huh, let's just keep the two apart, and maybe we can deal with each other like some human beings.

(PAUSE)  
This is all I'm saying, Don. I know you got a soft spot in your heart for Ruthie...

DON  
...yeah?

TEACH  
I know you like the broad and Grace and, Bob, I know he likes 'em too.

DON  
(He likes 'em.)

TEACH

And I like 'em too. I know... I know... I'm not averse to this, I'm not averse to sitting down, I know we will sit down. These things happen. I'm not saying that they don't. And yeah, yeah, yeah, I know I lost a bundle at the game and blah blah blah... But all I ever ask, and I would say this to her face. Is only she remembers who is who, and not to go around with this attitude: The Past is Past, and this is Now, and so Fuck You. You see?

DON

Yes.

TEACH

So. What's new?

DON

Nothing.

TEACH

Same old shit, huh?

DON

Yup.

TEACH

You seen my hat?

DON

No. Did you leave it here?

TEACH

Yeah.

DON

You ask them over at the Riv?

TEACH

I left it here.

DON

You left it here. When?

TEACH

Last night.

DON

Well, you left it here, it's here.

TEACH

You seen it?

7 (CONTINUED)

7

No. DON

Don crosses back inside shop.

TEACH  
Fletch been in?

No. DON

Teach gets up and enters the shop.

8 INT. JUNK SHOP - DAY

8

Don is standing behind the counter.

TEACH  
Prolly drop in one or so, huh?

DON  
Yeah. You know. You never know with Fletcher.

TEACH  
No. That's absolutely true.

Teach switches on the display machine and watches it turn.

DON  
He might drop in the *morning*...

TEACH  
Yeah.

DON  
And then he might, he's gone for ten or fifteen days you never know he's gone.

TEACH  
Yeah.

DON  
(turning off the machine)  
Why?

TEACH  
I want to talk to him.

DON  
(PAUSE)  
Ruth would know.

TEACH

You sure you *didn't* see my hat.

Teach paces around the room moving towards the back corner.

DON

I didn't see it. No.

(PAUSE)

Ruthie might know.

TEACH

(*Vicious dyke.*)

DON

Look in the john.

TEACH

It isn't in the john. I wouldn't leave it there.

DON

Do you got something up with Fletch?

Teach crosses back towards the counter.

TEACH

No. I just have to talk to him.

DON

He'll probably show up.

Teach restarts the display machine looking at several objects which are marked "1933".

TEACH

Oh yeah...

Don stops the display machine.

TEACH (CONT'D)

(PAUSE; indicating objects inside)

What're *these*?

DON

Those?

TEACH

Yeah.

DON

They're from 1933.

TEACH

From the thing?

8 (CONTINUED)

8

DON  
Yeah.

PAUSE.

TEACH  
Nice.

DON  
They had a whole market in 'em. Just like anything. They license out the shit and everybody makes it.

TEACH  
Yeah? (I knew that.)

DON  
Just like now. They had *combs*, and *brushes*... you know, brushes with the things on 'em...

TEACH  
Yeah. I know. They had... uh... what? Clothing too, huh?

DON  
I think. Sure. Everything. And there's guys they just collect stuff.

TEACH  
They got that much of it around?

Teach sits in the chair. Don pulls things out of the case as he talks to him.

DON  
*Shit* yes. (It's not that long ago.) The thing, it ran two years, and they had (I don't know) all kinds of people every year they're buying everything that they can lay their hands on that they're going to take it back to Buffalo to give it, you know, to their aunt, and it mounts up.

Don is holding a compact.

TEACH  
What does it go for?

DON  
The compact?

TEACH  
Yeah.

DON  
Aah... (You want it?)

Don starts to throw it to Teach.

TEACH

No.

DON

Oh. I'm just asking. I mean *you* want it...

TEACH

No. I mean somebody walks *in here*...

DON

Oh. Somebody walks *in here*... (This shit's fashionable...)

TEACH

(I don't doubt it.)

DON

...and they're gonna have to go like fifteen bucks.

TEACH

You're fulla shit.

DON

My word of honor.

TEACH

No shit.

DON

Everything like that.

TEACH

(A bunch of fucking thieves.)

DON

Yeah. Everything.

TEACH

(snorts)

What a bunch of crap, huh?

DON

Oh yeah.

TEACH

Every goddam thing.

DON

Yes.

TEACH

If I kept the stuff that I threw *out*...

DON

...yes.

TEACH

I would be a wealthy man today. I would be cruising on some European yacht.

DON

Uh-huh.

TEACH

(Shit my father used to keep in his *desk* drawer.)

DON

(My father, too.)

TEACH

(The basement...)

DON

(Uh-huh.)

TEACH

(Fuckin' toys in the backyard, for chrissake...)

DON

(Don't even talk about it.)

TEACH

I don't even want to talk about it...

\*

Don gets up and opens the cash register.

TEACH (CONT'D)

(PAUSE)

You want to play some gin?

DON

Maybe later.

TEACH

Okay.

(PAUSE)

I dunno.

(PAUSE)

Fucking *day*...

(PAUSE)

Fucking *weather*...

8 (CONTINUED)

PAUSE

DON  
You think it's going to rain?

TEACH  
Yeah. I do. Later.

DON  
Yeah?

TEACH  
Well, *look* at it.

TEACH'S POV

Bob walks up the street carrying a bag with coffee and foodstuffs in it.

9 INT. JUNK SHOP - DAY

TEACH  
Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, Bobby.

Bob enters and carries the food to the desk.

BOB  
Ruthie isn't mad at you.

TEACH  
She isn't?

BOB  
No.

TEACH  
(stands)  
How do you know?

Don moves to the desk to distribute the food.

BOB  
I found out.

TEACH  
How?

BOB  
I talked to her.

TEACH  
You talked to her.

9 (CONTINUED)

9

TEACH

Yes.

TEACH

I asked you you weren't going to.

BOB

Well, she asked me.

TEACH

What?

BOB

That were you over here.

TEACH

What did you tell her?

BOB

You were here.

TEACH

Oh.

Teach looks at Don.

DON

What did you say to her, Bob?

BOB

Just Teach was here.

DON

And is she coming over here?

BOB

I don't think so. *(They had the plain.)*

DON

*(to Teach)*So? *(This is alright.)**(to Bob)*

All right, Bob.

He looks at Teach.

TEACH

That's all right, Bob.

*(to himself)**(Everything's all right to someone..)**(to Don)*

You shouldn't eat all that shit.

Why?  
DON

TEACH  
It's just I have a feeling about health foods.

DON  
It's not health foods, Teach. It's only yogurt.

TEACH  
That's not health foods?

DON  
No. They've had it forever.

TEACH  
Yogurt?

DON  
Yeah. They used to joke about it on "My little Margie."  
(to Bob)  
(Way before your time.)

TEACH  
Yeah?

DON  
Yeah.

Don sits at the desk.

TEACH  
What the fuck. A little bit can't hurt you.

DON  
It's *good* for you.

TEACH  
Okay, okay. Each one his own opinion.  
(PAUSE. To Bob)  
Was Fletcher over there?

BOB  
No.

Don looks into the paper bag.

DON  
Where's my coffee?

Bob rakes the paper bag, looks into it, empties it, the receipt flutters out. He puts the bag down.

(CONTINUED)

BOB  
It's not there?

DON  
No.

PAUSE.

BOB  
I told 'em specially to put it in.

DON  
Where is it?

BOB  
They forgot it.  
(PAUSE)  
I'll go back and get it.

DON  
Would you mind?

BOB  
No.

PAUSE

DON  
You gonna get it?

BOB  
Yeah.

DON  
What, Bob?

BOB  
Can I talk to you?

PAUSE. Bob pulls Don to the other side of the column to speak in private.

DON  
What is it?

BOB  
I saw him.

DON  
Who?

BOB  
The guy.

DON  
You saw the guy?

BOB  
Yes.

DON  
That I'm talking about?

BOB  
Yes.

DON  
Just now?

BOB  
Yeah. He's going somewhere.

DON  
He is.

BOB  
Yeah. He's puttin' a suitcase in the car.

DON  
The guy, or both of 'em?

BOB  
Just him.

DON  
He got in the car and drove off??

BOB  
He's coming down the stairs...

DON  
Yeah.

BOB  
And he's got the suitcase...He gets in the car...

DON  
Uh-huh...

BOB  
He drives away.

DON  
So where is she?

(CONTINUED)

BOB

He's goin' to pick her up.

DON

What was he wearing?

BOB

Stuff. Travelling clothes.

DON

Okay. Now you're talking. You see what I mean?

BOB

Yeah.

DON

All right.

BOB

And he had a coat, too.

DON

Now you're talking.

BOB

Like a raincoat.

DON

Yeah.

(PAUSE)

Good.

PAUSE.

BOB

Yeah, he's gone.

Don stands up and both move back into the main room.

DON

Bob, go get me that coffee, do you mind?

BOB

No.

DON

What did you get yourself to eat?

BOB

I didn't get anything.

9 (CONTINUED)

9

DON

Well, get me my coffee, and get yourself something to eat,  
okay?

BOB

Okay. (Good.)

Bob exits. Don follows him out the door.

10 EXT. JUNK SHOP - DAY

10

Don sits in his chair.

DON

(to himself)

Yeah, yeah...yeah...

Teach appears in the doorway, eating his bacon.

DON

How's your bacon?

TEACH

Aaaahh, they always fuck it up.

Teach starts to pace around.

DON

Yeah.

TEACH

This time they fucked it up too burnt.

DON

Mmmm.

TEACH

You got to be breathing on their neck.

DON

Mmmm.

TEACH

Like a lot of things.

DON

Uh-huh.

TEACH

Any business...

Yeah. DON

TEACH  
You want it run right, *be* there.

Yeah. DON

TEACH  
Just like you.

DON  
What?

TEACH  
Like the shop.

DON  
Well, no one's going to run it, I'm not here.

PAUSE

TEACH  
No.  
(PAUSE)  
You have to be here.

DON  
Yeah.

TEACH  
It's a one-man show.

DON  
Uh-huh.

PAUSE.

Teach comes over and stands by Don.

PAUSE.

TEACH  
So what is the thing with the kid?  
(PAUSE)  
I mean, is it anything, uh...

DON  
It's nothing... you know...

10 (CONTINUED)

10

TEACH

Yeah.

(PAUSE)

It's *what*...?

DON

You know, it's just some *guy* we spotted.

TEACH

Yeah. Some *guy*.

DON

Yeah.

TEACH

(Some *guy*...)

DON

Yeah.

(PAUSE)

What time is it?

TEACH

Noon.

DON

(Noon.) (Fuck.)

Don gets up and enters the shop. Teach follows.

11 INT. JUNK SHOP - DAY

11

Don holds the phone as if he is about to make a call. Teach enters.

TEACH

What?

PAUSE

DON

You parked outside?

TEACH

Yeah.

DON

Are you okay on the meter?

TEACH

Yeah. The broad came by already.

PAUSE

11 (CONTINUED)

11

Good. DON

PAUSE

TEACH  
Oh, yeah, she came by.

Good. DON

TEACH  
You want to tell me what this thing is?

DON  
(PAUSE)  
The thing?

TEACH  
Yeah.  
(PAUSE)  
What is it?

Nothing. DON

TEACH  
No? What is it, jewelry?

DON  
No. It's nothing.

Oh. TEACH

DON  
You know?

TEACH  
Yeah.  
(PAUSE)  
Yeah. No. I don't know.  
(PAUSE)

Who am I, a policeman... I'm making conversation, huh?

Teach crosses into the card room, pacing.

DON  
Yeah.

TEACH

Huh?

(PAUSE)

'Cause you know I'm just asking for talk.

DON

Yeah. I know. Yeah, okay.

TEACH

And I can live without this.

DON

(reaches for the phone)

Yeah. I know. Hold on, I'll tell you.

TEACH

Tell me if you *want to*, Don.

DON

I want to, Teach.

TEACH

Yeah?

DON

Yeah.

PAUSE

TEACH

Well, I'd fucking *hope* so. Am I wrong?

DON

No. No. You're right.

TEACH

I *hope* so.

DON

No, hold on; I gotta make this call.

Teach stands in the doorway.

TEACH

Well, all right. So what is it, jewelry?

DON

No.

TEACH

What?

Coins. DON

(Coins.) TEACH

DON  
Yeah. Hold on, I gotta make this call.

Don hunts for a card, dials the telephone.

DON  
(into the phone)  
Hello? This is Donny Dubrow. We were talking the other day. Lookit sir, if I could get ahold of some of that stuff you were interested in, would you be interested in some of it?

(PAUSE)  
Those things... old, yeah.  
(PAUSE)  
Various pieces of various types.

(PAUSE)  
Tonight. Sometime late. Are they *what...!!??* Yes, but I don't see what kind of a question is that (at the prices we're talking about...)

(PAUSE)  
No, hey, no, I understand you...

(PAUSE)  
Sometime late.  
(PAUSE)

One hundred percent.  
(PAUSE)  
I feel the same. All right. Good-bye.

Don slams the phone down.

DON  
Fucking asshole.

TEACH  
Guys like that, I like to fuck their wives.

DON  
I don't blame you.

TEACH  
Fucking jerk...

DON  
(I swear to God...)

TEACH  
That guy's a collector?

DON  
Who.

TEACH  
The phone guy.

DON  
Yeah.

TEACH  
And the other guy?

DON  
We spotted?

TEACH  
Yeah.

DON  
Him, too.

TEACH  
So you hit him for his coins.

DON  
Yeah.

TEACH  
--And you got a buyer in the phone guy.

DON  
(Asshole.)

TEACH  
The thing is you're not sitting with the shit.

DON  
No.

TEACH  
The guy's an asshole or he's not, what do you care? It's  
business.

PAUSE

DON  
You're right.

TEACH

The guy the suitcase, he's the mark.

DON

Yeah.

TEACH

How'd you find him?

DON

In here.

TEACH

Came in here, huh?

DON

Yeah.

TEACH

(No shit.)

PAUSE

DON

He comes in here one day, like a week ago.

TEACH

For what?

12 INT. CARD ROOM / BALCONY - DAY

12

Don crosses in and Teach follows at a distance.

DON

Just browsing. So he's looking in the case, he comes up and with this *buffalo-head* nickel...

TEACH

Yeah...

DON

From *nineteen*-something. (I don't know. I didn't even know it's there.)

TEACH

Uh-huh...

DON

...and he goes, "How much would that be?"

TEACH

Uh-huh...

DON

So I'm about to go, "Two bits," jerk that I am, but something tells me to shut up, so I go, "You tell me."

TEACH

Always good business.

DON

Oh yeah.

TEACH

How wrong can you go?

DON

That's what I mean, so then he thinks a minute, and he tells me he'll just *shop* a bit.

TEACH

(stares out the window)

Uh-huh...

DON

And so he's shopping.

(PAUSE)

...What?

TEACH

Some cops.

Teach walks warily toward the front of the window.

DON

Where?

TEACH

At the corner.

A12 EXT. STREET - DAY -- TEACH'S POV

A12

Through the junk in the window, a COP CAR, slowly moving down the street.

12 INT. CARD ROOM/BALCONY - DAY -- BACK TO SCENE

12

Teach at the front of the store, Don in the card room, watching.

DON

What are they doing?

TEACH

Cruising.

PAUSE

12 (CONTINUED)

12

DON  
They turn the corner?

B12 EXT. STREET - DAY -- TEACH'S POV

B12

The cop car turns the corner.

12 INT. CARD ROOM/BALCONY - DAY -- BACK TO SCENE

12

As he turns back to Don.

TEACH  
(waits)  
Yeah.

PAUSE

Don relaxes and walks up the stairs.

DON  
...And so he's shopping. And he's picking up a beat-up  
*mirror... and old kids toy... a shaving mug...*

TEACH  
...right...

DON  
Maybe five, six things, comes to eight bucks. I get 'em and  
put 'em in a box and then he tells me he'll go fifty dollars for  
the nickel.

TEACH  
No.

DON  
Yeah. So I tell him, (get this), "Not a chance."

TEACH  
(Took balls.)

DON  
(Well, what-the-fuck...)

TEACH  
(No, I mean it.)

DON  
(I took a chance.)

TEACH  
(You're goddamn right.)

12 (CONTINUED)

12

PAUSE

DON

(shrugs)

So I say, "Not a chance," he tells me eighty is his highest offer.

TEACH

(I knew it.)

DON

Wait. So I go, "Ninety-five."

TEACH

Uh-huh.

DON

We settle down on ninety, *takes the nickel, leaves the box of shit.*

TEACH

He pay for it?

DON

The box of shit?

TEACH

Yeah.

DON

No.

PAUSE

TEACH

And so what was the nickel?

DON

I don't know... some rarity.

TEACH

Ninety dollars for a nickel.

Don leans on the railing.

DON

Are you kidding, Teach? I bet it's worth five *times* that.

TEACH

Yeah, huh?

DON

Are you kidding me, the guy is going to come in here, he plunks down ninety bucks like nothing. *Shit yeah.*

PAUSE

TEACH

Well, what the fuck, it didn't cost you anything.

DON

That's not the point. The next day back he comes and he goes through the whole bit again. He looks at *this*, he looks at *that*, it's a nice *day*...

TEACH

Yeah...

DON

And he tells me he's the guy was in here yesterday and he bought the buffalo off me and do I maybe have some other articles of interest.

TEACH

Yeah.

DON

And so I tell him, "Not offhand." He says that I could get in touch with him, I get some in, so I say "sure," he leaves his card, I'm s'posed to call him anything crops up...

Don heads down the stairs with the book.

TEACH

Uh-huh.

DON

He comes in here like I'm his fucking doorman.

TEACH

Mmmm.

DON

He takes me off my coin and will I call him if I find another one.

Don puts the book on his desk.

TEACH

Yeah.

(PAUSE)

Some people never change.

12 (CONTINUED)

12

DON

Like he has done me this big favor by just coming in my shop.

TEACH

Uh-huh. (You're going to get him now.)

DON

(You know I am.) So Bob, we kept a lookout on his place, and that's the shot.

TEACH

And who's the chick?

DON

What chick?

TEACH

You're asking Bob about.

DON

Oh yeah. The guy, he's married. I mean (I don't know.) We *think* he's married. They got two names on the bell... Anyway, he's living with this chick, you know...

Don picks up a trash can and heads out the back door. Teach follows.

13

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

13

Teach stands in the doorway. Don throws out the garbage and looks through the dumpster.

TEACH

What the hell.

DON

...and you should see this chick.

TEACH

Yeah, huh?

DON

She is a knockout. I mean, she is *real* nice-lookin', Teach.

TEACH

(Fuck *him*...)

DON

The other day, last Friday like a week ago, Bob runs in, lugs me out to look at 'em, they're going out on bicycles. The ass on this broad, un-be-fucking-lievable in these bicycling short sticking up in the air with these short handlebars.

13 (CONTINUED)

13

TEACH  
(Fuckin' fruits...)

PAUSE

DON  
So that's it. We keep an eye on 'em. They both work...  
(Yesterday he rode his bicycle to work.)

TEACH  
He didn't.

DON  
Yeah.

TEACH  
(snorts)  
(With the three-piece suit, huh?)

DON  
I didn't see 'em. Bobby saw 'em.  
(PAUSE)  
And that's the spot, Earl gets me in touch the phone guy,  
he's this coin collector, and that's it.

TEACH  
It fell in your lap.

DON  
Yeah.

Don turns and heads back inside.

14 INT. JUNK SHOP - DAY

14

Teach holds the door open as Don enters with the stuff he took out of the dumpster.

TEACH  
You're going in tonight.

DON  
It looks that way.

TEACH  
And who's going in?

PAUSE

DON  
Bobby.  
(PAUSE)  
He's a good kid, Teach.

14 (CONTINUED)

14

Don walks down the stairs to the basement.

15 INT. BASEMENT - DAY

15

Don fiddles with the dumpster things. Teach lags at the top of the stairs.

TEACH

He's a great kid, Don. You know how I feel about the kid.

(PAUSE)

I like him.

DON

He's doing good.

TEACH

I can see that.

(PAUSE)

But I gotta say something here.

DON

What?

Teach comes down the stairs.

TEACH

Only this -- and don't think I'm *getting* at anything --

DON

What?

TEACH

(PAUSE)

Don't send the kid in.

DON

I shouldn't send Bobby in?

TEACH

No. (Now, just wait a second.) Let's sid down on this.

What are we saying here? Loyalty.

(PAUSE)

You know how I am on this. This is great. This admirable.

DON

What?

TEACH

This loyalty. This is swell. It turns my heart the things you do for the kid.

DON

What do I do for him, Walt?

15 (CONTINUED)

15

TEACH

Things. Things, you know what I mean.

DON

No. I don't do anything for him.

Don crosses back upstairs. Teach follows.

16 INT. JUNK SHOP - DAY

16

Don grabs his paper and sits down at his desk.

TEACH

In your mind you don't, but the things, I'm saying, that you actually *go do* for him. This is fantastic. All I mean, a guy can be too loyal, Don. Don't be dense on this. What are we saying here? Business. I mean, the guy's got you're taking his high speed blender and a Magnovox, you send the kid in. You're talking about a real *job*... they don't come in right away and they know they been *had*... You're talking maybe a safe, certainly a good lock or two, and you need a guy's looking for valuable shit, he's not going to mess with the stainless steel silverware, huh, or some digital clock.

(PAUSE)

Teach picks up the paper.

TEACH (CONT'D)

We both know what we're saying here. We both know we're talking about some job needs more than the kid's gonna skin-pop go in there with a *crowbar*...

Don gets up and grabs the paper from Teach's hand.

DON

I don't want you mentioning that.

TEACH

It slipped out.

The two stand near the counter.

DON

You know how I feel on that.

TEACH

Yes. And I'm sorry, Don. I admire that. All that I'm saying, *don't confuse business with pleasure*.

DON

But I don't want that talk, only, Teach.

(PAUSE)

You understand?

TEACH

I more than understand, and I apologize.

(PAUSE)

I'm sorry.

DON

That's the only thing.

TEACH

All right. But I tell you. I'm glad I said it.

DON

Why?

TEACH

'Cause it's best for these things to be out in the open.

DON

But I don't want it in the open.

TEACH

Which is why I apologized.

Teach picks up the gambrel.

PAUSE

DON

You know the fucking kid's clean. He's trying hard, he's working hard, and you leave him alone.

TEACH

Oh yeah, he's trying *real* hard.

DON

And he's no dummy, Teach.

A customer enters the shop and browses. Don crosses behind the counter.

TEACH

Far from it. All I'm saying, the job is beyond him. Where's the shame in this? This is not jacks, we get up to go home and we give everything back. Huh? You want this fucked up?

(PAUSE)

All that I'm saying, there's the least *chance* something might fuck up, you'd get the law down, you would take the shot, and you couldn't find the coins *whatever*: if you see the least chance, you cannot afford to take that chance! Don? I want to go in there and gut this motherfucker. Don? Where is the shame in this? You take care of him, *fine*. (Now this is loyalty.) But Bobby's got his own best interests, too. And you cannot afford (and simply as a *business* proposition) you cannot afford to take the chance.

TEACH (CONT'D)

(PAUSE)

What is this?

DON

That?

TEACH

Yes.

DON

It's a thing that they stick in dead pigs keep their legs apart  
all the blood runs out.

Teach nods. PAUSE.

TEACH

Mmmm.

PAUSE.

DON

I set it up with him.

TEACH

"You set it up with him."... You set it up and then you told  
him.

LONG PAUSE

DON

I gave Earl ten percent.

TEACH

Yeah. For what?

DON

The connection.

TEACH

So ten off the top: Forty-five, forty-five.

PAUSE

DON

And Bobby?

TEACH

A hundred. A hundred fifty... we hit big...*whatever*.

DON

And you what?

TEACH

The *shot*. I go, I go *in*... I bring the stuff back (or wherever...)

PAUSE

DON

And what do I do?

TEACH

You mind the fort.

PAUSE

DON

Here?

TEACH

Well, yeah... this is the fort.

The customer exits the store.

PAUSE

DON

(You know, this is real classical money we're talking about.)

Teach paces.

TEACH

I know it. You think I'm going to fuck with Chump Change?

(PAUSE)

So tell me.

\*  
\*

Don crosses to his desk.

DON

Well, hold on a second. I mean, we're still talking.

TEACH

I'm sorry. I thought we were done talking.

DON

No.

TEACH

Well, then, let's talk some more. You want to bargain? You want to mess with the points?

\*  
\*

DON

No. I just want to think for a second.

## TEACH

Well, you think, but here's a helpful hint. Fifty percent of some money is better than ninety percent of some broken *toaster* that you're gonna have, you send the kid in. (Which is providing he don't trip the alarm in the *first* place...) Don? You don't even know what the *thing* is on this. Where he lives. They got alarms? What *kind* of alarms? What kind of *this*...? And what if (God forbid) the *guy* walks in? Somebody's nervous, whacks him with a table lamp -- you wanna get touchy -- and you can take your ninety dollars from the nickel shove it up your ass -- the good it did you -- you wanna know *why*? (And I'm not *saying* anything...) because you didn't take the time to go first-class.

\*

## 17 INT. JUNK SHOP - DAY

17

Bob re-enters, holding a bag. He brings it to the desk and gives Don the coffee. Bob takes his pie and soda and sits at the counter.

## TEACH (CONT'D)

Hi, Bob.

## BOB

Hi, Teach.

PAUSE.

## DON

You get yourself something to eat?

## BOB

I got a piece of pie and a soda.

\*

Teach sits on the couch.

## DON

Did they charge you again for the coffee?

## BOB

For your coffee?

## DON

Yes.

## BOB

They charged me this time. I don't know if they charged me the last time, Donny.

## DON

It's okay.

17 (CONTINUED)

17

PAUSE

TEACH  
(to Bob)  
How is it out there?

BOB  
It's okay.

TEACH  
Is it going to rain?

BOB  
Today?

TEACH  
Yeah.

BOB  
I don't know.

PAUSE

TEACH  
Well, what do you think?

BOB  
It might.

TEACH  
You think so, huh?

DON  
Teach...

Teach moves in on Bobby.

TEACH  
What? I'm not saying anything.

BOB  
What?

TEACH  
I don't think I'm saying anything here.

PAUSE

BOB  
It *might* rain.  
(PAUSE)  
I think *later*.

17 (CONTINUED)

TEACH  
How's your pie?

BOB  
Real good.

Teach holds up the dead pig leg spreader.

TEACH  
You know what this is?

PAUSE

BOB  
Yeah.

TEACH  
What is it?

BOB  
I know what it is.

TEACH  
What?

BOB  
I know.

PAUSE

TEACH  
Hub?

BOB  
What?

TEACH  
Things are what they are.

DON  
Teach...

TEACH  
What?

DON  
We'll do this later.

BOB  
I got to ask you something.

TEACH  
Sure, that makes a difference.

BOB  
We'll just do it later.

TEACH  
Sure.

BOB  
Uh, Don?

DON  
What?

Bob moves over to Don's desk.

BOB  
I got to talk to you.

DON  
Yeah? What?

BOB  
I'm wondering on the thing that maybe I could have a little  
bit up front.

PAUSE

DON  
Do you *need* it?

BOB  
I don't *need* it...

DON  
How much?

BOB  
I was thinking that maybe you might let me have like fifty or  
something.

(PAUSE)  
To sort of *have*...

TEACH  
You got any *cuff* links?

DON  
(turns angrily to Teach)  
Look in the case.  
(to Bob)  
What do you need it for?

Nothing. BOB

Bob... DON

You can trust me. BOB

It's not a question of that. It's not a question I go around trusting you, Bob... DON

What's the question? BOB

Procedure. TEACH

Hold on, Teach. DON

I got him all spotted. BOB

PAUSE

Who? TEACH

Some guy. BOB

Yeah? TEACH

Yeah. BOB

Where's he live? TEACH

Around. BOB

Where? Near here? TEACH

No. BOB

No? TEACH

BOB  
He lives on Lake Shore Drive.

He does. TEACH

Yeah. BOB

TEACH  
(PAUSE)  
What have you got, a job cased?

BOB  
I just went for coffee.

TEACH  
But you didn't *get* the coffee.  
(PAUSE)  
Now, did you?

BOB  
No.

TEACH  
Why?

DON  
Hold on, Teach, Bob...

BOB  
What?

DON  
Come here a minute, will you?

BOB  
Okay, Donny.

18 INT. CARD ROOM - DAY

18

Don and Bob walk up to the back door and stand in the doorway.

DON  
Bob.

BOB  
What?

DON  
You know what?

BOB  
No.

DON  
I want to tell you something.

BOB  
Alright.

DON  
I was thinking, you know, we might hold off on this thing.

PAUSE

BOB  
You wanna hold off on it?

DON  
I was thinking that we might.

BOB  
Oh.

Don ushers Bob outside.

DON  
And, on the money...

19 EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

19

Don and Bob stand next to each other in the alley.

DON  
I'll give you...forty, you owe me twenty, and, for now,  
keep twenty for spotting the guy.

(PAUSE)  
Okay?

BOB  
Yeah.  
(PAUSE)  
You don't want me to do the job.

DON  
That's what I *told* you. What am I telling you?

BOB  
I'm not going to do it.

DON  
Not *now*. We aren't going to do it now.

BOB  
We'll do it later on?

DON  
(shrugs)  
But I'm giving you twenty just for spotting the guy.

BOB  
I need fifty, Donny.

DON  
Well, I'm giving you forty.

BOB  
You said you were giving me twenty.

DON  
No, Bob, I did not. I said I was giving you forty, of *which*  
you were going to owe me twenty.

(PAUSE)  
And you go *keep* twenty.

BOB  
I got to give back twenty.

DON  
That's the deal.

BOB  
When?

DON  
Soon. When you got it.

PAUSE

BOB  
If I don't *get* it soon?

DON  
Well, what do you call "soon"?

BOB  
I don't know.

19 (CONTINUED)

DON

Could you get it in a... day, or a couple of days or so?

BOB

Maybe. I don't *think* so. Could you let me have fifty?

DON

And you'll give me back thirty.

BOB

I could just give back twenty.

DON

That's not the deal.

BOB

We could *make* it the deal.

(PAUSE)

Donny? We could *make* it the deal. Huh?

DON

Bob, lookit. Here it is: I give you fifty, next week you pay me back twenty-five.

(PAUSE)

You get to keep twenty-five, you pay me back twenty-five.

BOB

And what about the thing?

DON

Forget about it.

BOB

You tell me when you want me to do it.

DON

I don't know *that* I want you to do it. At this point.

(PAUSE)

You know what I mean?

PAUSE

BOB

No.

DON

I mean, I'm *giving* you twenty-five, and, I'm saying forget the thing.

BOB

Forget it for me.

Yes. DON

Oh. BOB

(PAUSE)  
Okay. Okay.

DON  
You see what I'm talking about?

Yes. BOB

DON  
Like it never happened.

BOB  
I know.

DON  
So you see what I'm saying.

Yes. BOB

(PAUSE)  
I'm gonna go.

(PAUSE)  
I'll see you later.

Oh. DON

Don turns to call Teach and sees him standing in the doorway.

DON  
You got two fives?

No. TEACH

DON  
(to Bob)  
I got to give you... thirty, you owe me back thirty.

BOB  
You said you were giving me fifty.

DON  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, Bob, you're absolutely right.

He gives Bob the remainder of the money.

19 (CONTINUED)

19

PAUSE

BOB

Thank you.

(PAUSE)

I'll see you later, huh, Teach?

TEACH

I'll see you later, Bobby.

BOB

I'll see you, Donny.

DON

I'll see you later, Bob.

BOB

I'll come back later.

DON

Okay.

Bob walks away. Don watches him go.

TEACH

See you.

PAUSE

Teach is still standing in the doorway.

TEACH

You're only doing the right thing by him, Don.

(PAUSE)

Believe me.

(PAUSE)

It's best for everybody.

(PAUSE)

What's done is done.

(PAUSE)

So let's get started. On the thing. Tell me everything.

DON

Like what?

TEACH

...the guy... where does he live...

DON

Around the corner.

Teach joins Don outside.

TEACH

Okay, and he's gone for the weekend.

DON

We don't know.

TEACH

Of course we know. Bob saw him coming out the door, the kid's not going to lie to you.

DON

Well, Bob just saw him coming *out*...

TEACH

He had a suitcase, Don, he wasn't going to the A&P...  
He's going for the weekend...

(PAUSE)

Don, (can you cooperate) Can we get started? Do you want to tell me something about the coins?

PAUSE

DON

What about 'em?

Don turns and heads back inside. Teach follows.

INT. JUNK SHOP - DAY

Don shuts and locks the door.

TEACH

A crash course. What to look for. What to take. What *not* to take (...this they can trace) (that isn't *worth* nothing...)

(PAUSE)

What looks like what but it's more *valuable*... so on...

DON

First off, I want that nickel back.

TEACH

Donny...

DON

No, I know, it's only a fuckin' nickel... I mean big deal, huh? But what I'm saying is I only want it back.

TEACH

You're going to get it back, I'm going in there for his coins, what am I going to take 'em all except your nickel? Wake up, Don, let's plan this thing out. The *spirit* of the thing?

20 (CONTINUED)

20

Don crosses into the main room. Teach follows.

TEACH (CONT'D)

Let's not be loose on this. People are *loose*, people pay the price...

Don fiddles with things on the shelves.

DON

You're right.

TEACH

(And I like you like a brother, Don.) So let's wake up on this.

(PAUSE)

All right? A man, he walks in here, well-dressed... (With a briefcase?)

DON

(No.)

TEACH

All right...

...comes into a junk shop looking for coins.

(PAUSE)

He spots a valuable nickel in a pile of shit. He farts around, he picks up this, he farts around, he picks up that.

DON

(He wants the nickel.)

TEACH

No shit. He goes to check out, he goes ninety on the nick.

DON

(He would have gone five times that.)

Don crosses up to the front window.

TEACH

(Look, don't kick yourself.) All right, we got a guy knows coins. Where does he keep his coin collection?

DON

Hidden.

TEACH

The man hides his coin collection, we're probably looking the guy has a *study*... I mean, he's not the kind guy to keep it in the *basement*...

No. DON

TEACH  
So we're looking for a study.

DON  
(A den.)

TEACH  
And we're looking, for, he hasn't got a *safe*...

DON  
Yeah...?

TEACH  
...he's probably going to keep 'em... where?

PAUSE

DON  
I don't know. His desk drawer.

TEACH  
(You open the middle, the rest of 'em pop out?)

DON  
(Yeah.)

TEACH  
(Maybe.) Which brings up a point.

DON  
What?

TEACH  
As we're moving the stuff tonight we, we can go in like gangbusters, huh? We don't care we wreck the joint up. So what else? We *take* it, or leave it?

DON  
...well...

TEACH  
I'm not talking *cash*, all I mean, what other stuff do we take... for our *trouble*...

PAUSE

DON  
I don't know.

Don crosses to his desk.

TEACH

It's hard to make up the rules about this stuff.

DON

(You'll be in there under lots of pressure.)

TEACH

(Not so much.)

DON

(Come on, a little, anyway.)

TEACH

(That's only natural.)

DON

(Yeah.)

TEACH

(It wouldn't be unnatural I wasn't tense. A guy who isn't tense, I don't want him on my side.)

DON

(No.)

TEACH

(You know *why*?)

DON

(Yeah.)

TEACH

(Okay, then.) It's good to talk this stuff out.

DON

Yeah.

Teach crosses up to the desk.

TEACH

You *have* to talk it out. Bad feelings, misunderstandings happen on a job. You can't get away from 'em, you have to deal with 'em. You want to quiz me on some coins? You want to show some coins to me? *List prices... the blue book...?*

DON

You want to see the book?

Sure. TEACH

Don reaches into his desk drawer and pulls out the book. He hands it to Teach who takes the book and sits on the couch with it.

DON  
I just picked it up last week.

TEACH  
Uh-hum.

DON  
The values aren't *current*...

TEACH  
Uh-huh...

DON  
*Silver*...

TEACH  
(looking at book)  
Uh-huh...

DON  
What's a rarity...

TEACH  
Well, that's got to be fairly steady, huh?

DON  
I'm saying against what *isn't*.

TEACH  
Oh.

DON  
But the book gives you the general idea.

TEACH  
You've been looking at it?

DON  
Yeah.

TEACH  
You got to have a feeling for your subject.

DON  
The book can give you that.

\*

TEACH

That is what I'm *saying* to you. One thing. Makes all the difference in the world.

DON

What?

TEACH

Knowing what the fuck you're talking about. And it's so rare, Don. So rare. What do you think a 1929 S Lincoln-head penny with the wheat on the back is worth?

Don starts to speak.

TEACH (CONT'D)

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! We got to know what *condition* we're talking about.

DON

(PAUSE)

Okay. What condition?

Don crosses and sits on the couch.

TEACH

Any of 'em. You tell me.

DON

Well, pick one.

TEACH

Okay, I'm going to pick an easy one. Excellent condition 1929 S.

DON

It's worth... *about* thirty-six dollars.

TEACH

No.

DON

(More?)

TEACH

Well, guess.

DON

Just tell me is it more or less.

TEACH

What do you think?

DON  
More.

TEACH  
No.

DON  
Okay, it's worth, I gotta say... eighteen-sixty.

TEACH  
No.

DON  
Then I give up.

TEACH  
Twenty fucking cents.

DON  
You're fulla shit.

TEACH  
My mother's grave.

DON  
Give me that fucking book. (*Business.*) Go beat that.

Teach stands up.

TEACH  
This is what I'm saying, Don, you got to know what you're talking about.

DON  
You wanna take the book?

TEACH  
Naaa, *fuck* the book. What am I going to do, leaf through the book for hours on end? The important thing is to have an *idea*...

DON  
Yeah.

TEACH  
What was the other one?

DON  
What other one?

TEACH  
He stole off you.

20 (CONTINUED)

DON  
What do you mean what was it?

TEACH  
The *date*, so on.

DON  
How the fuck do I know?

TEACH  
(PAUSE)  
When you looked it up.

Don slams the book shut, gets up, and crosses to his desk where he lights a cigarette.

DON  
How are you getting into the house?

TEACH  
The house?

DON  
Yeah.

TEACH  
Aah, you go in through a *window* they left open, something.

DON  
Yeah.

TEACH  
There's always something.

DON  
Yeah. What else, if not the window.

TEACH  
How the fuck do I know?  
(PAUSE)  
If not the window, something else.

DON  
What?

Don crosses by Teach and goes to the front window. He sits in the chair.

TEACH  
We'll see when we get there.

DON  
Okay, all I'm asking, what it *might* be.

TEACH

Hey, you didn't warn us we were going to have a quiz!..

DON

It's just a question.

TEACH

I know it.

DON

What is the answer?

TEACH

We're seeing when we get there.

DON

Oh. You can't answer me, Teach?

TEACH

You have your job, I have my job, Don. I am not here to smother you in theory. Think about it.

DON

I am thinking about it. I'd like you to answer my question.

TEACH

Don't push me, Don. Don't front off with me here. I am not other people.

DON

And just what does that mean?

TEACH

Just that nobody's perfect.

DON

They aren't.

TEACH

No.

PAUSE

Don exhales and puts out his cigarette.

DON

I'm going to have Fletch come with us.

Don stands up and crosses to his desk.

TEACH

Fletch.

Yes. DON  
TEACH  
You're having him *come* with us.

Yes. DON  
TEACH  
Now you're kidding me.

No. DON  
TEACH  
No? Then why do you say this?

With Fletch? DON  
TEACH  
Yes.

DON  
I want some *depth*.  
TEACH  
You want some *depth* on the team.

Yes, I do. DON  
TEACH  
So you bring in Fletch.

Yes. DON  
TEACH  
'Cause I don't play your games with you.

DON  
We just might need him.

TEACH  
We won't .

DON  
We might, Teach.

Don picks up the phone and dials.

TEACH

We don't need him, Don. We do not need this guy.  
What? Are you *calling* him?

DON

(hangs up)  
It's busy.

TEACH

He's probably talking on the phone.

DON

Yeah. He probably is.

TEACH

We don't need this guy, Don. We don't need him. I see your point here, I do. So you're thinking I'm out there alone, and you're worried I'll rattle, so you ask me how I go in. I understand. I see this, I do. I could go in the second floor, climb up a drainpipe, I could *this...*

Don dials the phone again.

TEACH (CONT'D)

He's talking, he's talking, for chrissake, give him a minute, huh?

Don hangs up the phone.

TEACH (CONT'D)

I am hurt, Don.

DON

I'm sorry, Teach.

TEACH

I'm not hurt for me.

DON

Who are you hurt for?

TEACH

Think about it.

DON

We can use somebody to watch our rear.

TEACH

You keep your numbers down, you don't *have* a rear. You know what has rears? Armies.

DON

I'm just saying, something goes *wrong*...

TEACH

Wrong, wrong, you make your own right and wrong. Hey, Biiig fucking deal. The shot is yours, no one's disputing that. We're talking business, let's *talk* business: you think it's good business call Fletch in? To help us.

DON

(stands up)

Yes.

TEACH

Well then okay.

(PAUSE)

Are you sure?

DON

Yeah.

TEACH

All right, if you're *sure*...

DON

I'm sure, Teach.

TEACH

Then, all right, then. That's all I worry about.

(PAUSE)

Teach paces.

TEACH (CONT'D)

And you're probably right, we could use three of us on the job.

DON

Yeah.

TEACH

Somebody watch for the cops... work out a *signal*...

DON

Yeah.

TEACH

Safety in numbers.

DON

Yeah.

TEACH  
Three-men jobs.

DON  
Yeah.

TEACH  
You, me, Fletch.

DON  
Yeah.

TEACH  
A division of labor.  
(PAUSE)  
(Security. Muscle. Intelligence.) Huh?

DON  
Yeah.

Don sits down at his desk.

TEACH  
This means, what, a traditional split. Am I right? We get ten off the top goes to Earl, and the rest three-way split. Huh? That's what we got? Huh?

DON  
Yeah.

TEACH  
Well, that's what's right.  
(PAUSE)

Teach pulls over the stool and sits next to the desk.

TEACH (CONT'D)  
All right. Lay the shot out for me.

DON  
For tonight?

TEACH  
Yes.

DON  
Okay.

PAUSE.

DON (CONT'D)  
I stay here on the phone.

TEACH  
...yeah...

DON  
...for Fletcher...

TEACH  
Yeah.

DON  
We meet, ten-thirty, 'leven, back here.

TEACH  
(Back here, the three...)

DON  
Yeah. And go in.  
(PAUSE)  
Huh?

TEACH  
Yeah. Where?

DON  
Around the corner.

Don picks up the newspaper.

TEACH  
Yeah.

PAUSE

TEACH (CONTD)  
Are you mad at me?

DON  
No.

TEACH  
Do you want to play gin?

DON  
Naaa.

TEACH  
Then I guess I'll go home, take a nap, and rest up. Come  
back here tonight and we'll take off this fucking fruit's  
coins.

Teach gets up and starts for the door.

Right. DON

TEACH  
I feel like I'm trying to stay *up* to death...

DON  
You ain't been to sleep since the game?

TEACH  
*Shit* no (then that dyke cocksucker...)

DON  
So go take a nap. You trying to kill yourself?

TEACH  
You're right, and you do what you think is right, Don.

DON  
I got to, Teach.

TEACH  
You got to trust your instincts, right or wrong.

DON  
I got to.

TEACH  
I know it. I know you do.  
(PAUSE)  
Anybody wants to get in touch with me, I'm over the hotel.

DON  
Okay.

TEACH  
I'm not the *hotel*, I stepped out for coffee, I'll be back in a minute.

DON  
Okay.

TEACH  
And I'll see you around eleven.

DON  
*O'clock.*

TEACH  
*Here.*

Right. DON

TEACH  
And don't worry about anything

DON  
I won't.

TEACH  
I don't want to hear you're worrying about a goddamned thing.

DON  
You won't, Teach.

TEACH  
You're sure you want Fletch coming with us?

DON  
Yes.

TEACH  
All right, then, so long as you're sure.

DON  
I'm sure, Teach.

TEACH  
Then I'm going to see you tonight.

DON  
Goddamn right you are.

TEACH  
I am seeing you later.

DON  
I know.

TEACH  
Good-bye.

Teach crosses to the door and pauses.

DON  
Good-bye.

TEACH  
I want to make one thing plain before I go, Don. I am not mad at you.

DON  
I know.

TEACH  
All right, then.

DON  
You have a good nap.

TEACH  
I will.

Teach exits.

21 EXT. THE SHOP - DAY

21

Teach comes out of the door, looks around, turns up the collar of his jacket, and starts down the street.

20 INT. JUNKSHOP - DAY -- BACK TO SCENE

20

Don sits, looking out the window.

DON  
Fucking business.

22 EXT. FLOP HOUSE - DAY

22

Teach enters the flop house.

23 INT. FLOP HOUSE STAIRWELL - DAY

23

Teach walks up the stairs.

24 INT. FLOP HOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

24

Teach walks down the hall to a room and opens the door.

25 INT. FLOP HOUSE ROOM - DAY

25

Teach enters and lies down on the bed.

A26 EXT. JUNKSHOP - MAGIC HOUR

A26

Donny closes up the shop, putting away the items that sit outside.

DISSOLVE TO:

26 EXT. THE RIVERSIDE CAFE - NIGHT

26

The neon sign blinks on, saying "RIVERSIDE. EAT HERE OR TAKE OUT". It blinks off. It blinks on. Through the window we see a couple of people eating at the counter.

DISSOLVE TO:

27 EXT. THE STREET ACROSS FROM DON'S RESALE SHOP - NIGHT 27

The street is dark. A Chicago BUS chugs by.

28 INT. DON'S RESALE SHOP - NIGHT 28

The counter. The gambrel, the telephone cradle with no receiver.

ANGLE CU DON

Shaking his head. He brings the receiver into the frame, to his ear.

DON

Great. Great great great great.

(PAUSE)

(Cocksucking fuckhead...)

(PAUSE)

This is greatness.

Don hangs up the phone. He paces through the dark junk store. He looks at his watch. Camera follows him back to his seat at the counter. He picks up the phone, and sits, he is about to dial when he sees something.

Don looks at the sweep of headlights from a passing car, and sees Bobby, standing outside, looking in the shop window.

Don walks up to the door, unlocks it, and joins Bobby outside, shutting the door behind him.

A28 EXT. JUNKSHOP - NIGHT

A28\*

Don and Bob stand on the sidewalk.

DON

What are you doing here?

BOB

I came here.

DON

For what?

BOB

I got to talk to you.

DON

Why?

BOB

Business.

DON

Yeah.





DON  
What? What *date* it is? That don't mean shit.

BOB  
No?

DON  
Come on, Bobby? What's important in a coin...

BOB  
...yeah?

DON  
What *condition* it's in...

BOB  
(Great.)

DON  
...if you can (I don't know...) count the hair on the Indian something. You got to look it up.

BOB  
In the book?

DON  
Yes.

BOB  
Okay. And then you know.

DON  
Well, no. What I'm saying, the book is like you use it like an *indicator* (I mean, right off with *silver* prices... so on...)  
(he hangs up the phone)

Shit.

BOB  
What?

DON  
What do you want for the coin?

Don turns and walks quickly back into the shop.

B28 INT. JUNKSHOP - NIGHT

Don heads directly for the phone; Bob follows.

B28

BOB  
What it's worth only.

DON  
Okay, we'll look it up.

28 (CONTINUED)

Don crosses to the front window.

BOB  
But you still don't know.

DON  
But you got an idea, Bob. You got an idea you can *deviate* from.

PAUSE

BOB  
The other guy went ninety bucks.

DON  
He was a fuckin' sucker, Bob.  
(PAUSE)  
Am I a sucker? (Bob, I'm busy here. You see?)

BOB  
Some coins are worth that.

DON  
Oddities, Bob. Freak oddities of nature.  
What are we talking about here? The silver? The silver's maybe three times face. You want fifteen cents for it?

BOB  
No.

DON  
So, okay. So what do you want for it?

BOB  
What it's worth.

DON  
Let me see it.

BOB  
Why?

DON  
To look in the goddamn... Forget it. Forget it. *Don't* let me see it.

BOB  
But the book don't *mean* shit.

DON  
The book gives us *ideas*, Bob. The book gives us a basis for *comparison*. Look, we're human beings. We can *talk*, we can negotiate, we *this*... you need money? What do you need?

PAUSE

BOB

*I came here...*

Don crosses to the desk.

DON

What do you need, Bob?

PAUSE

BOB

How come you're in here so late?

PAUSE

Don grabs the box of chips and puts them on the card table.

DON

We're gonna play cards.

BOB

Who?

DON

Teach and me and Fletcher.

Sound of the front doorbell jingling. Don and Bob look toward the door.

ANGLE THEIR POV

Teach, in a black leather coat, pausing at the front door.

DON

What time is it?

TEACH

Fuck is *he* doing here?

DON

What fucking time is it?

TEACH

Where's Fletcher?

(PAUSE)

Don crosses up to the desk and sits down.

TEACH (CONT'D)

Where's Fletcher?

BOB  
Hi, Teach.

TEACH  
(to Don)  
What is he doing here?

BOB  
I came in.

DON  
Do you know what time it is?

TEACH  
What? I'm late?

DON  
Damn right you're late.

TEACH  
I'm fucked up since my watch broke.

DON  
Your watch broke?

TEACH  
I just told you that.

DON  
When did your watch break?

TEACH  
The fuck do I know?

DON  
Well, you look at it. You want to know your watch broke,  
all you got to do is look at it.

PAUSE

TEACH  
I don't have it.

DON  
Why not?

TEACH  
I took it off when it broke. (What do you want here?)

DON  
You're going around without a watch.

TEACH

Yes. I am, Donny. What am I, you're my *keeper* all a sudden?

DON

(throws newspaper at Teach)

I'm paying you to do a thing, Teach, I expect to know where you are when.

TEACH

Donny. You aren't paying me to do a thing. We are doing something together. I know we are. My watch broke, that is my concern. The *thing* is your and my concern. And the concern of Fletcher. You want to find a reason we should jump all over each other all of a sudden like we work in a *bloodbank*, fine. But it's not good business.

(PAUSE)

Teach picks up the newspaper and places it on the desk. He then crosses to the window.

TEACH (CONT'D)

And so who knows what time it is offhand? Jerks on the radio? The phone broad?

(PAUSE)

Now, I understand nerves.

Don walks back to his position behind the counter.

DON

(stands up)

There's no fuckin' nerves involved in this, Teach.

TEACH

No, huh?

DON

No.

TEACH

Well, great. That's great, then. So what are we talking about? A little lateness? Some excusable fucking lateness? And a couple of guys they're understandably a bit excited?

Don sits down and dials the phone.

DON

I don't like it.

TEACH

Then *don't* like it, then. Let's do this. Let's everybody get a writ. I got a case. You got a case. Bobby -- I don't know what the fuck *he's* doing here...

DON  
Leave him alone.

TEACH  
Now I'm picking on him.

DON  
Leave him alone.

TEACH  
What's he doing here?

DON  
He came in.

BOB  
I found a nickel.

TEACH  
Hey, that's fantastic.

BOB  
You want to see it?

TEACH  
Yes, please let me see it.

Bob starts to take a grey cloth from his pocket, he unwraps it.

BOB  
(hands nickel, wrapped in cloth, to Teach)  
I like 'em because of the art on it.

TEACH  
Uh-huh.

BOB  
Because it *looks* like something.

TEACH  
(to Don)  
Is this worth anything?

BOB  
We don't know yet.

TEACH  
Oh.

BOB  
We're going to look it up.

TEACH  
Oh, what? Tonight?

BOB  
I think so.

DON  
(hangs up the phone)  
Fuck.

TEACH  
So where is he?

Teach crosses to card room and paces.

DON  
How the fuck do I know?

TEACH  
He said he'd be here?

DON  
Yes, he did, Teach.

BOB  
Fletcher?

TEACH  
So where is he then? And what's he doing here?

DON  
Leave him alone. He'll leave.

TEACH  
He's going to leave, huh?

DON  
Yes.

Teach walks up behind bobby and puts his hands on his shoulders.

TEACH  
You sure it isn't like the bowling league, Fletch doesn't show up, we just suit up Bobby, give him a shot and he goes in?

(PAUSE)

Aaah, fuck, I'm sorry. I spoke in anger. I'm sorry, I'm sorry. (everybody can make mistakes around here but me.) I'm sorry, Bob, I'm very sorry.

BOB  
That's okay, Teach.

28 (CONTINUED)

TEACH

All I meant to say, we'd give you a fuckin' suit, like in football...

(PAUSE)

And you'd (you know, like whatever...) and *you'd* go in.

(PAUSE; to Don)

Teach crosses away from Bobby.

TEACH (CONT'D)

So what do you want me to do? Dress up and lick him all over? I said I was sorry, what's going on here. Huh? In the *first* place. I come in, I'm *late*... *he's* here...

PAUSE

DON

Bobby, I'll see you tomorrow, okay?

Don picks up the phone and dials. Bob crosses to the door, but hesitates there.

BOB

I need some money.

TEACH

(digging in his pockets)

What do you need?

BOB

I want to sell the *buffalo* nickel.

TEACH

I'll buy it myself.

BOB

We don't know what it's worth.

TEACH

What do you want for it?

BOB

Fifty dollars.

TEACH

You're outta your fuckin' mind.

PAUSE

Teach goes to Bobby and hands him some bills.

TEACH (CONT'D)

Look. Here's a fin. Get lost. Okay?

PAUSE

BOB  
It's worth more than that.

TEACH  
How the fuck do you know that?

BOB  
I think it is.

PAUSE

Teach ushers Bobby to the door.

TEACH  
Okay. You keep the fin like a loan. You *keep* the fuckin' nickel, and we'll call it a loan. Now go on.

DON  
(hangs up the phone)  
Fuck.

BOB  
I need more.

Teach ushers Bobby to the desk. Then goes back to the door himself.

TEACH  
(to Don)  
Give the kid a couple bucks.

DON  
What?

TEACH  
Give him some money.

DON  
What for?

TEACH  
The nickel.

PAUSE

BOB  
We can look in the book tomorrow.

DON  
(to Teach)  
You bought the nickel?

TEACH

Don't worry about it. Give him some money. Get him out of here.

DON

How much?

TEACH

What? I don't care...

DON

(to Bob)

How much...

(to Teach)

What the fuck am I giving him money for?

TEACH

Just give it to him.

DON

What? Ten?

PAUSE

Don digs in his pocket, hands a bill to Bob.

DON

How is that, Bob?

(PAUSE; he hands more bills to Bob)

Okay?

BOB

We'll look it up.

DON

Okay. Huh? We'll see you tomorrow.

BOB

And we'll look it up.

DON

Yes.

Bob walks to the door which Teach is holding open for him where he pauses.

BOB

(to Teach)

You should talk to Ruthie.

Teach closes the door.

TEACH  
Oh, I should, huh?

BOB  
Yes.

TEACH  
Why?

BOB  
Because.

PAUSE

TEACH  
I'll see you tomorrow, Bobby.

BOB  
Good-bye, Teach.

TEACH  
Good-bye.

DON  
Good-bye, Bob.

BOB  
Good-bye.

PAUSE

Bob exits. Teach closes and locks the door behind him.

29 INT. JUNK SHOP - NIGHT

29

Teach and Don.

DON  
Fuckin' kid...

TEACH  
So where is Fletcher?

DON  
Don't worry. He'll be here.

TEACH  
The question is but when. Maybe his watch broke.

DON  
Maybe it just did, Teach. Maybe his actual watch broke.

29 (CONTINUED)

29

Teach crosses to the desk.

TEACH

And maybe mine didn't, you're saying? You wanna bet? You wanna place a little fucking wager on it? How much money you got in your pockets? I bet you all the money in your pockets against all the money in my pockets, I walk out the door right now, I come back with a broken watch.

PAUSE

DON

Calm down.

TEACH

I am calm. I'm just upset.

Teach crosses into the card room.

DON

I know.

TEACH

So where is he when I'm here?

DON

Don't worry about it.

TEACH

So who's going to worry about it then?

DON

(Shit.)

Don hangs up the phone again, slamming it down. He crosses to the bathroom passing Teach who is crossing forward into the main room.

TEACH

This should go to prove you something.

DON

It doesn't prove anything. They guy's just late.

TEACH

Oh. And I wasn't?

DON

You were late, too.

Teach sits down on the stool, facing the door.

TEACH  
You're fuckin' A I was, and I got bawled out for it.

DON  
He's late for a reason.

TEACH  
I don't accept it.

DON  
That's your privilege.

TEACH  
And what was Bob doing here?

DON  
He told you. He wanted to sell me the nickel.

TEACH  
That's why he came here?

DON  
Yes.

TEACH  
To sell you the buffalo?

DON  
Yes.

TEACH  
Where did he get it?

Teach turns and faces Don who is exiting the bathroom and crosses toward the desk.

DON  
I think from some guy.

PAUSE

TEACH  
Who?

PAUSE

DON  
I don't know.

TEACH  
Where's Fletcher?

29 (CONTINUED)

29

DON  
I don't know. He'll show up.

Don picks up the phone and dials.

TEACH  
He'll show up.

DON  
Yes.

TEACH  
He's not here now.

DON  
No.

TEACH  
You scout the guy's house?

DON  
The guy? No.

TEACH  
Well, let's do that then. (He's not home. Hang up.)

Don hangs up the phone.

DON  
You wanna scout his house?

TEACH  
Yeah.

DON  
Why? Bob already saw him when he went off with the suitcase.

TEACH  
Just to be sure, huh?

DON  
Yeah. Okay.

Teach gets up from the stool and starts to pace.

TEACH  
You bet. Now we call him up.

DON  
We call the guy up.

29 (CONTINUED)

29

TEACH  
Yeah.

PAUSE

DON  
Good idea.

Don takes out his wallet. Removes a sheaf of cards. He selects one, then dials the phone.

DON (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
We can do this...

TEACH  
This is planning... this is preparation. If he answers...

Don shhhhs Teach.

TEACH (CONT'D)  
I'm telling you what to do if he answers.

DON  
What?

TEACH  
Hang up.

Don starts to hang up the phone.

TEACH (CONT'D)  
No. Don't hang up. Hang up now. Hang up *now!*

Don hangs up the phone.

TEACH (CONT'D)  
Now look: If he *answers...*

DON  
...yeah?

TEACH  
Don't arouse his fucking suspicions.

DON  
All right.

TEACH  
And the odds are he's not there, so when he answers just say you're calling for a wrong fucking number, something. Be simple.

(PAUSE)  
Give me the phone.

29 (CONTINUED)

29

Don hands Teach the phone.

TEACH (CONT'D)

This is his number?  
121-7834?

DON

Yeah.

Teach, holding the card, picks up the telephone.

TEACH

(snorts)

All right, I dial, I'm calling for somebody named June, and we go interchange on number.

(PAUSE)

We're gonna say like, "Is this 121-7834?"

DON

...yeah?

TEACH

And they go, "No." (I mean "-7843." It is -7834.) So we go very simply, "Is this 121-7843?" and they go "No," and right away the guy is home, we still haven't blown the shot.

DON

Okay.

Teach picks up the phone and dials.

TEACH

(into the phone)

Hi. Yeah. I'm calling... uh... is June there?

(PAUSE)

Well, is this 121-7843?

(PAUSE)

It is? Well, I must of got the wrong number. I'm sorry.

(he hangs up; to Don)

(This is bizarre.) Read me that number.

DON

121-7834.

TEACH

Right.

(he dials, listens)

Nobody home. See, this is careful operation...check and recheck.

(PAUSE; he hangs up)

You wanna try it?

DON  
No.

TEACH  
I don't mind that you're careful, Don. This doesn't piss me off. What gets me mad, when you get loose.

DON  
What do you mean?

DON  
You know what I mean.

DON  
No, I don't.

TEACH  
Yes you do. I come in here. The kid's here.

DON  
He doesn't know anything.

TEACH  
He doesn't.

DON  
No.

TEACH  
What was he here for, then?

DON  
Sell me the buffalo.

TEACH  
Sell it tonight.

DON  
Yeah.

TEACH  
A valuable nickel.

DON  
We don't know.

PAUSE

TEACH  
Where is Fletch?

DON  
(picks up the phone and dials)  
I don't know.

TEACH  
He's not home. He's not home, Don. He's out.

DON  
(into the phone)  
Hello?

TEACH  
He's in?

DON  
This is Donny Dubrow.

TEACH  
The Riv?

DON  
I'm looking for Fletcher.  
(PAUSE)  
Okay. Thank you.

Don hangs up. Teach paces around the room.

TEACH  
Cocksucker should be horsewhipped with a horsewhip.

DON  
He'll show up.

TEACH  
Fucking Riverside, too. Eighty-seven cents for take-out coffee...)

DON  
(picks up the phone)  
Yeah.

TEACH  
A lot of nerve you come in there for sixteen years. This is not free enterprise.

Teach paces in the card room.

DON  
No.

TEACH  
You know what is free enterprise?

\*

29 (CONTINUED)

DON  
No. What?

TEACH  
The freedom...

DON  
...yeah?

TEACH  
Of the *Individual*...

DON  
...yeah?

TEACH  
To Embark on Any Fucking Course that he sees fit.

DON  
Uh-huh...

TEACH  
In order to secure his honest chance to make a profit. Am I  
so out of line on this?

DON  
No.

TEACH  
Does this make me a Commie?

DON  
No.

TEACH  
The country's *founded* on this, Don. You know this.

DON  
Did you get a chance to take a nap?

TEACH  
Nap nap nap nap. Big deal.

DON  
(PAUSE)  
Yeah.

TEACH  
Without this we're just savage shitheads in the wilderness.

DON  
Yeah.

TEACH  
(throws poker chips)  
Sitting around some vicious campfire. That's why *Ruthie*  
burns me up.

DON  
Yeah.

TEACH  
(Nowhere dyke...) And take those fuckers in the  
concentration camps. You think they went in there by  
*choice*.

DON  
No.

TEACH  
They were *dragged* in there, Don...

DON  
...yeah.

Teach comes and stands by the desk.

TEACH  
Kicking and screaming. *Gimme* that fucking phone.

Teach grabs the phone, listens, hangs up.

TEACH (CONT'D)  
He's not home. I say *fuck* the cocksucker.

DON  
He'll show up.

TEACH  
You believe that?

DON  
Yes.

TEACH  
Then you are *full of shit*.

Teach crosses and sits down on the couch.

DON  
(stands up)  
Don't tell me that, Teach. Don't tell me that I am full of shit.

Teach lights a cigarette.

TEACH

I'm sorry. You want me to hold your hand? This is how you keep score. I mean, *we're* all here...

DON

Just, I don't want that talk.

Teach walks around the other side of the couch and grabs an ashtray.

TEACH

Don... I talk straight to you 'cause I respect you. It's kickass or kissass, Don, and I'd be lying if I told you any different.

DON

And what makes you an authority on life all of a sudden?

TEACH

(sits)

My life, Jim. And the way I've lived it.

PAUSE

DON

Now what does that mean, Teach?

TEACH

What does that mean?

DON

Yes.

TEACH

What does that *mean*?

DON

Yes.

TEACH

(lies back)

Nothing. Not a thing. All that I'm telling you, the shot is yours. It's one night only. Too many guys know. All I'm saying. Take your shot.

DON

Who knows?

TEACH

You and me.

DON

Yeah.

TEACH

Bob and Fletcher. Earl, the phone guy. Grace and Ruthie, maybe.

DON

Grace and Ruth don't know.

Don gets up and crosses to the window.

TEACH

Who *knows* they know or not, all that I'm telling you, a fact stands by itself. Don't go fuck yourself over with appearances. It's not always so clear what's *going on*. Like Fletcher that time and the pig iron.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DON

What was the shot on that?

TEACH

He stole some pig iron off Ruth.

DON

(I *heard* that...)

Don sits in the front window. Teach sits up.

TEACH

That's a fact. A fact stands by itself. And we must face the facts and act on them. You better wake up, Don, right now, or things are going to fall around your *head*, and you are going to turn around to find he's took the joint off by himself.

DON

He would not do that.

TEACH

He would. He is an animal.

DON

He don't have the address.

Don gets up and crosses to the other window.

TEACH

He doesn't know it.

DON

No.

TEACH  
(lies down again with head at other end)  
Now, that is wise. Then let us go and take what's ours. \*

DON  
We have a deal with the man.

TEACH  
With Fletcher.

DON  
Yes.

TEACH  
We had a deal with Bobby.

DON  
What does that mean?

TEACH  
Nothing.

DON  
It don't.

TEACH  
No.

DON  
What did you mean by that?

Don crosses back to the couch and leans over towards Teach.

TEACH  
I didn't mean a thing.

DON  
You didn't.

TEACH  
No.

DON  
You're full of shit, Teach.

TEACH  
I am.

DON  
Yes.

TEACH

Because I got the balls to face some facts?

(PAUSE)

You scare me sometimes, Don.

DON

Oh, yeah?

TEACH

Yes. I don't want to go around with you here, things go down, we'll settle when you're done. We have a job to do here. Huh? Forget it. Let's go, come on.

Teach sits up. Don crosses to his desk.

DON

We're waiting for him.

TEACH

Fletcher.

DON

Yes.

TEACH

Why?

DON

Many reasons.

TEACH

Tell me one. You give me one good reason, why we're sitting here, and I'll sit down and never say a word. One reason. One. Go on. I'm listening.

DON

He knows how to get in.

PAUSE

Teach gets up and heads for the door.

TEACH

Good night, Don.

DON

Where are you going?

TEACH

Home.

DON  
You're going home.

TEACH  
Yes.

Teach opens and unlocks the door, but hesitates in the doorway.

DON  
Why?

TEACH  
You're fucking with me. It's all right.

He exits and closes the door behind him.

30 EXT. STREET / INT. CAR - NIGHT

30\*

Teach is sitting in his car. Don comes out and joins him.

DON  
Hold on. You tell me how I'm fucking with you.

TEACH  
Come on, Don.

DON  
You asked me the one reason.

TEACH  
You make yourself ridiculous.

DON  
Yeah?

TEACH  
Yeah.

DON  
How about that?

TEACH  
What's the the question?

DON  
Teach knows how to get in.

TEACH  
"Get in." That's your reason?

DON  
Yes

TEACH  
What the fuck they live in, Fort Knox? ("Get in.")  
(he snorts)  
You break in a *window*, worse comes to worse you kick the  
fucking *back door* in. (What do you think this is, the Middle  
Ages?)

DON  
(crosses to Teach)  
What about he's got a safe?

TEACH  
Biiiiig fucking deal.

DON  
How is that?

TEACH  
You want to know about a safe?

DON  
Yes.

TEACH  
What you do, a safe, you find the combination

DON  
Where he wrote it down?

TEACH  
Yes.

DON  
What if he didn't write it down?

TEACH  
He wrote it down. He *didn't* write it down. You know  
he forgot it.

DON  
What happens he doesn't forget it?

TEACH  
He *gotta* forget it, Don. Human nature. The point being  
even he *doesn't* forget, *why* does he not forget it?

Why? DON

TEACH  
'Cause he's got it *wrote* down.  
(PAUSE)

That's why he *writes* it down.  
(PAUSE)

Huh? Not because he's some fucking turkey can't even remember the combination to his own *safe*... but only in the event that (God forbid) he somehow *forgets* it... he's got it wrote down.  
(PAUSE)

This is common sense.  
(PAUSE)

What's the good keep the stuff in the safe, every time he wants to get at it he's got to write away to the manufacturer.

DON  
Where does he write it?

TEACH  
What difference? Here... We go in, I find the combination fifteen minutes tops.  
(PAUSE)

There are only just so many places it could be. Man is a creature of habits. Man does not change his habits overnight. This is not like him. (And if he does, he has a very good reason.) Look, Don. You want to remember something (you write it down). Where do you put it?

PAUSE

DON  
In my wallet.

PAUSE

TEACH

Exactly!

(PAUSE)

Okay?

DON

What if he didn't write it down?

TEACH

He wrote it down.

DON

I know he did. But just, I'm saying, from another instance. Some made-up guy from my imagination.

TEACH

You're saying in the instance of some guy.

DON

(Some other guy.)

TEACH

...he didn't write it down?

PAUSE

DON

Yes.

TEACH

Well this is another thing.

(PAUSE)

You see what I am saying?

DON

Yes.

TEACH

The guy, he's got the shirt in the safe, he

DON

Yes.

TEACH

How do you know he didn't write it down?

DON

(I'm, you know, making it up.)

PAUSE

TEACH

Well, then, this is not based on fact.

(PAUSE)

You see what I am saying?

I can sit here and tell you *this*, I can tell you *that*, I can tell you any fucking thing you care to mention, but what is the point? You aren't telling me he didn't write it down. All that you're saying, you can't find it. Which is only natural as you don't know where to look. All I'm asking for is his trust here.

DON

I don't know.

Don gets out of the car and crosses back into the street.

31 INT. JUNKSHOP, NIGHT

Don crosses purposefully through the store and up into the balcony.

TEACH

Then you know what? Fuck you. (A.D. Don you're a fuckin' Ruthie Christ.) What am I standing here convincing you? What am I doing demeaning myself standing here pleading with you to protect your best interests? I can't believe it. Don. Somebody told me I'd do this for you. (I mean for anybody.) I'd call him a liar. (I'm coming in here to convince myself.) I am not Fletch. Don, see, that you should damn God and fall down. I'm not. (You're coming in here at the time that He's so good it hurts.) He's in a good mood. Don. He's in a good mood. Fletch is the only one who's in for it.

He checks

TEACH

Nothing. He does.

What's the point of this?

(PAUSE)

You're full of shit, Walt. You're saying Fletch cheats at cards.

Don stands up and starts to come down the stairs.

TEACH

(The whatchamacallit is always the last to know.)

DON

Come on, Walt, I mean, forget with the job and all.

TEACH

You live in a world of your own, Don.

Don crosses up to the card table.

DON

Fletch cheats at cards.

TEACH

Yes.

DON

I don't believe you.

TEACH

Ah, you can't take the truth.

DON

No, I am sorry. I play in this fucking game.

TEACH

And you don't know what goes on.

Don crosses to his desk and sits down, but does not face Teach.

DON

I leave Fletcher alone in my store... He could take me off any time, day and night. What are you telling me, Walt? This is nothing but poison, I don't want to hear it.

PAUSE

TEACH

And that is what you say.

DON

Yes. It is.

PAUSE

TEACH

Think back, Donny. Last night. On one hand. You lost two hundred bucks.

PAUSE

You got the straight, you stand pat. I go down before the draw.

Yeah. DON

He's got what? TEACH

A flush. DON

That is correct. How many did he take? TEACH

What? DON

How many did he take? TEACH

PAUSE

One? DON

No. Two, Don. He took two. TEACH

PAUSE

Yeah. He took two on that hand. DON

He takes two on your standing pat, you kicked him thirty bucks? He draws two, comes out with a flush? TEACH

Yeah? DON (PAUSE)

And spills his fucking Fresca? TEACH

Yeah? DON (turns to Teach)

Oh, you remember that? TEACH

Yeah. DON (PAUSE)

TEACH  
And we look down.

DON  
Yeah.

TEACH  
When we look back, he has come up with a king-high flush.  
(PAUSE)  
After he has drawn two.

Teach gets up, crosses to his desk and then paces.

TEACH (CONT'D)  
You're better than that, Don. You *knew* you had him beat,  
and you were right.

PAUSE

DON  
It could happen.

TEACH  
Donny...

DON  
Yeah?

TEACH  
He laid down five red cards. A heart flush to the king.

Don gets up, stands in the doorway and looks at the card table.

PAUSE

DON  
Yeah?

TEACH  
I swear to God as I am standing here that when I threw my  
hand in when you raised me out, that I folded the king of  
hearts.

PAUSE

DON  
You never called him out.

TEACH  
No.

DON  
How come?

PAUSE

Teach is standing at the door.

TEACH  
(He don't got the address the guy?)

DON  
I told you he didn't.  
(PAUSE)  
He's cheating, you couldn't say anything?

Teach paces.

TEACH  
It's not my responsibility, to cause bloodshed. I am not  
your keeper. You want to face facts, okay.

DON  
I can't believe this, Teach.

TEACH  
(Friendship is marvelous.)

DON  
You couldn't say a word?

TEACH  
I tell you now.

Don turns to cross back into the main room and sits at his desk.

DON  
He was cheating, you couldn't say anything?

TEACH  
Don. Don, I see you're put out, you find this guy is a  
cheat...

DON  
According to you.

Teach stands at the desk.

TEACH  
According to me, yes. I am the person it's usually according  
to when I'm talking. Have you noticed this? And I'm not  
crazed about it you're coming out I would lie to you on this.  
Fuck this. On anything. Wake up, Jim. I'm not the cheat.  
I know you're not mad at me, who are you mad at? Who  
fucked you up here, Don? Who's not here? Who?

DON  
Ruth knows he cheats?

TEACH  
Who is the bitch in league with?

DON  
Him?

TEACH  
Oh yes. Don. Oh yes. You know how much money they  
took from this game?

\*  
\*

DON  
Yeah?

Teach grabs the coin book and crosses to the green chair.

TEACH  
Well, I could be wrong.

DON  
Don't fuck with me here, Teach.

TEACH  
I don't fuck with my friends, Don. I don't fuck with my  
business associates. I am a businessman, I am here to do  
business, I am here to face facts.

\*

Teach sits in the green chair and starts flipping through the book.

TEACH (CONT'D)  
(Will you open your eyes...?) The kid comes in here, he has  
got a certain coin, it's like the one *you* used to have...the  
guy you brought in doesn't show, we don't know where *he*  
is.

\*

PAUSE

TEACH (CONT'D)  
Something comes down, some guy gets his house took off.

(PAUSE)

Fletcher, he's not showing up. All right. Let's say I don't  
know why. Let's say *you* don't know why. But I know  
that we're both better off. We are better off, Don.

\*

(PAUSE)

What time is it?

DON  
It's midnight.

PAUSE

TEACH

I'm going out there now. I'll need the address.

Teach reaches in his waistband, and brings out a small black revolver. He reaches in the pocket of his coat and takes out a handful of shells. He starts to load the revolver.

DON

What's that?

TEACH

What?

DON

That.

TEACH

This "gun"?

DON

Yes.

TEACH

What does it look like?

DON

A gun.

Teach turns on the light.

TEACH

It is a gun.

DON

I don't like it.

TEACH

Don't look at it.

DON

(stands up)

I'm serious.

TEACH

So am I.

DON

We don't need a gun, Teach.

Don turns off the light and crosses to the counter.

TEACH

I pray that we don't, Don.

DON

We don't, tell me why we need a gun.

TEACH

It's not a question do we *need* it... *Need*... Only that it makes me comfortable, okay? It helps me to relax. So, God forbid, something inevitable occurs and the choice is (and I'm saying "God forbid") it's either him or us.

Teach turns on the light again.

DON

Who?

TEACH

The guy. I'm saying God forbid the *guy* (or somebody) comes in, he's got a knife... a cleaver from one of those magnetic *boards*...?

Don turns off the light.

DON

Yeah?

TEACH

...with the two *strips*...?

Teach turns on the light again.

DON

Yeah?

Don unplugs the light.

TEACH

And *whack*, and somebody is bleeding to death. This is all. Merely as a deterrent.

(PAUSE)

Teach gets up, crosses to the door and unlocks it. He waves the gun around.

TEACH (CONT'D)

All the preparation in the world does not mean *shit*, the path of some crazed lunatic sees you as an invasion of his personal domain. Guys go nuts, Don, *you* know this. *Public officials*... *Ax* murderers... all I'm saying, look out for your own.

DON

(grabbing the gun)

I don't like the gun.

31 (CONTINUED)

31

Don crosses back to his desk.

TEACH

It's a personal thing, Don. A personal thing of mine. A silly personal thing I just like to have it along. Is this so unreasonable.

DON

I don't want it.

TEACH

I'm not going without it.

Teach locks the door again.

DON

Why do you want it?

TEACH

Protection of me and my partner. Protection, deterrence. (We're only going around the fucking corner for chrissake...)

DON

I don't want it with.

TEACH

I can't step down on this, Don. I have to have it with. The light of things as they are.

DON

Why?

TEACH

Because of the way things are.  
(he looks out the window)  
Hold on a second.

DON

Fletcher?

TEACH

Cops.

32 EXT. THE SHOP - NIGHT

32

A POLICE CRUISER, moving slowly down the street, the shop behind it.

31 INT. THE SHOP - NIGHT - BACK TO SCENE

31

DON

What are they doing?

31 (CONTINUED)

31

Cruising. TEACH

PAUSE

DON  
They turn the corner?

Hold on. TEACH

PAUSE

ANGLE CU TEACH

He's looking intently out the window.

A32 ANGLE TEACH'S POV

A32

Through the window and the junk, the CRUISER turning the corner.

31 INT. THE SHOP - NIGHT -- BACK TO SCENE

31

Teach crosses from the front window back through the card room to the bathroom.

TEACH  
Yes. They have the right idea. Armed to the hilt. Sticks,  
Mace, knives... who knows *what* the fuck they got. They  
have the right idea. Social customs break down, next thing  
*everybody's* lying in the gutter.

33 INT. CARD ROOM - NIGHT

33

A knocking is heard at the door. Teach and Don both turn toward the door.

TEACH  
Get down. Douse the light...

Teach unplugs the light. Don crosses towards the door.

DON  
Lemme see who it is...

Teach starts walking down the basement stairs.

TEACH  
Don't answer it.

The knocking continues.

BOB (OS)  
Donny...?

33 (CONTINUED)

33

Don looks toward the door.

Don? BOB (OS)

Teach walks back up a few steps.

(Great.) TEACH

(It's Bobby.) DON

(I know.) TEACH

Donny? BOB (OS)

PAUSE

TEACH  
(Don't let him in.)

DON  
(He knows we're in here.)

TEACH  
(So let him go away, then.)

BOB  
I got to talk to you.

Don looks at Teach and then opens the door a crack.

DON  
(to Bob)  
What is it?

BOB  
I can't come in?

TEACH  
(Get him outta here.)

PAUSE

Bob... DON

Yeah? BOB

33 (CONTINUED)

33

DON  
We're busy here.

BOB  
I got to talk to you.

Don looks at Teach.

TEACH  
(Is he alone?)

DON  
(I think.)

TEACH  
(PAUSE)  
(Hold on.)

Teach crosses to the door, opens it and pulls Bob outside.

34 EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

34

Don remains standing in the doorway as Teach takes Bob out into the alley and tries to prevent him from getting next to Don.

TEACH (CONT'D)  
What, Bob? What do you want? You know we got work to do here, we don't need you to do it, so what are you doing here and what do you want?

BOB  
To talk to Don.

TEACH  
Well, Don does not want to talk to you.

BOB  
I got to talk to him.

TEACH  
You do not have to do anything, Bob. You do not have to do anything that we tell you that you have to do.

BOB  
I got to talk to Donny.

Bob breaks by Teach and gets to Don.

BOB (CONT'D)  
(to Don)  
Can I talk to you?... I came here...

\*

DON  
...yeah?

BOB  
...The Riverside?

DON  
Yeah?

BOB  
Grace and Ruthie... he's in the hospital. Fletch.  
(PAUSE)

I only wanted to, like, *come* here. I know you guys are only playing *cards* this... now. I didn't want to disturb you like *up*, but they just I found out he was in the hospital and I came over here to... tell you.

PAUSE

TEACH  
With what?

BOB  
He got mugged.

TEACH  
You're so full of shit.

BOB  
I think some Mexicans. He did. He's in the hospital.

TEACH  
You see this, Don?

DON  
He's mugged?

BOB  
Yeah, Grace, they just got back. They broke his jaw.

TEACH  
They broke his jaw.

BOB  
Yeah. Broke.

TEACH  
And now he's in the hospital. Grace and Ruthie just got back. You thought that you'd come over.

BOB  
Yeah.

TEACH

Well, how about this, Don? Here Fletch is in Masonic Hospital a needle in his arm, huh? How about this?

DON

How bad is he?

BOB

They broke his jaw.

DON

What else?

BOB

I don't know.

TEACH

Would you believe this if I told you this this afternoon?

DON

When did it happen, Bob?

BOB

Like before.

DON

Before, huh?

BOB

Yeah.

TEACH

How about this, Don?

BOB

We're going to see him tomorrow.

DON

When?

BOB

I don't know. In the morning.

DON

They got hours in the morning?

BOB

I guess so.

TEACH

Hey, thanks for coming here. You did real good in coming here.

BOB  
Yeah?

Teach heads inside leaving Don and Bob behind.

TEACH  
(to Don)  
He did real good in coming here, huh, Donny?  
(to Bob)  
We really owe you something.

BOB  
What for?

TEACH  
Coming here.

BOB  
What?

TEACH  
Something.

BOB  
Like what?

Don puts his arm around Bob and escorts him inside.

35

INT. JUNK SHOP - NIGHT

35

Teach is waiting for them in the main room. Don and Bob come forward and Don closes the card room door as he comes through.

DON  
He don't know. He's saying that he thinks we owe you something, but right now he can't think what it is.

BOB  
Thanks, Teach.

TEACH  
It's okay, Bob.

Bob heads for the door and unlocks it.

TEACH (CONT'D)  
Stick around.

BOB  
Okay. For a minute.

Bob pauses.

TEACH  
What? You're busy?

BOB  
I got, like, some things to do.

TEACH  
Whaddaya got, a "date"?

BOB  
No.

TEACH  
What, then?

BOB  
Business.

PAUSE

DON  
Where did they take him, Bob?

PAUSE

BOB  
Uh, Masonic.

DON  
I don't think that they got hours start 'till after lunch.

BOB  
Then we'll go then. I'm gonna go now.

TEACH  
Hold on a second, Bob. I feel we should take care of you  
for coming here.

BOB  
That's okay. I'll see you guys.

Bob starts to go again.

DON  
Come here a minute, Bobby.

Don grabs him and escorts him to the desk where he sits him down. Teach locks the door.  
Don sits down on the edge of the desk. Teach crosses to the bathroom.

BOB  
What, Donny?

DON  
What's going on here?

BOB  
Here?

DON  
Yes.

BOB  
Nothing.

DON  
I'm saying what's happening, Bob?

BOB  
I don't know.

DON  
Where did you get that nickel from?

BOB  
What nickel?

DON  
You know what nickel, Bob, the nickel that I'm talking about.

BOB  
I got it off a guy.

DON  
What guy?

BOB  
I met downtown.

Teach remains standing in the card room.

TEACH  
What was he wearing?

BOB  
Things.

DON  
How'd you get it off him, Bob?

BOB  
We kinda talked.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

35 (CONTINUED)

PAUSE

DON  
You know what, you look funny, Bob.

BOB  
(gets up)  
I'm late.

DON  
(sits him down again)  
It's after midnight, Bob. What are you late for?

BOB  
Nothing.

DON  
(very sadly)  
Jesus. Are you fucking with me here?

BOB  
No.

DON  
(Bobby.)

BOB  
I'm not fucking with you, Donny.

PAUSE

DON  
Where's Fletcher?

PAUSE

BOB  
Masonic.

Don reaches for the telephone.

DON  
(into the phone)  
For Masonic Hospital, please.

BOB  
...I think...

DON  
(to Bob)  
What?

BOB  
He might not be Masonic.

DON  
(into the phone)  
Thank you.  
(hangs up; to Bob)  
Now, what?

BOB  
He might not *be* there.

DON  
You said he was there.

BOB  
Yeah, I just like, I *said* it. I really don't remember what they said, Ruthie.

TEACH  
(Ruthie.)

BOB  
...so I just... *said* Masonic.

DON  
Why?

BOB  
I thought of it.

PAUSE

DON  
Uh-huh.

Don picks up the phone.

DON  
(into the phone)  
Yes. I'm looking for a guy was just admitted. Fletcher Post.

He crosses around so the cord goes around Bob's head.

DON (CONT'D)  
(PAUSE)  
Just a short time ago.  
(PAUSE)  
Thank you.  
(PAUSE; to Bob and Teach)  
She's looking for it.

Don sits down.

DON (CONT'D)  
(into the phone)

No?

BOB  
(I told you...)

DON  
You're sure?

(PAUSE)

Thank you.  
(hangs up; to Bob)  
He's not there.

BOB  
I told you.

TEACH  
(What did I tell you, Don.)

DON  
Where is he?

BOB  
Somewhere else.

Don stands and crosses to the counter.

DON  
(This makes me nuts...) Bobby...

BOB  
Yeah?

(PAUSE)  
They broke his jaw.

DON  
Who?

BOB  
Some spics. I don't know.

Teach snorts.

BOB (CONT'D)  
They did.

DON  
Who?

35 (CONTINUED)

TEACH  
Yeah.

DON  
Who is this "they," Bob, that you're talking about?

TEACH  
Bob...

BOB  
...yeah?

TEACH  
Who are these people you're talking about?

BOB  
They broke his jaw.

TEACH  
They took it in them all of a sudden they broke his jaw.

BOB  
They didn't care it was him.

Teach crosses into the main room closing the door behind him.

TEACH  
No?

BOB  
No, Teach.

TEACH  
So, who is it takes him out by accident. Huh? Grace and Ruthie?

BOB  
They wouldn't do that.

TEACH  
I'm not saying they would.

BOB  
(to Don)  
What is he saying, Donny?

Teach picks up the newspaper and lightly taps Bob on the face and shoulders as he speaks.

TEACH  
Bob, Bob, Bob... what I'm saying...

PAUSE

DON  
Where's Fletch, Bobby?

BOB  
Hospital.

TEACH  
Aside from that.

BOB  
All I know, that's the only place he is, Teach.

TEACH  
Now, don't get smart with me, Bob, don't get smart with me, you young fuck we've been sweating blood all day on this and I don't want your smart mouth on it (fuck around with Grace and Ruthie, and you come in here...), so all we want some answers. Do you understand?

(PAUSE)  
I told you: Do you understand this?

DON  
You better answer him.

BOB  
I understand.

TEACH  
Then let's make *this* clear: Loyalty does not mean *shit* a situation like this; I don't know what you and them are up to, and I do not *care*, but only you come clean with us.

BOB  
He might of been a different hospital. \*

TEACH  
Which one?

BOB  
Any of 'em.

DON  
So why'd you say "Masonic"?

BOB  
I just thought of it.

TEACH  
Okay. Okay... Bob?

BOB  
...yes?

Teach sits in Don's chair.

TEACH

I want for you to tell us here and now (and for you own protection) what is going *on*, what is set *up*... where *Fletcher* is... and everything you know.

DON

(sotto voce)  
(I can't believe this.)

BOB

I don't know anything.

TEACH

You don't, huh?

BOB

No.

DON

Tell him what you know, Bob.

BOB

I don't know it, Donny. Grace and Ruthie...

Teach swings the gambrel at Bob's head, knocking him off his chair. Teach steps over him to cross to the window where he sits.

TEACH

Grace and Ruthie up your ass, you shithead; you don't fuck with us, I'll kick your fucking head in. (I don't give a shit...)  
You twerp...

PAUSE near the end of which Bob starts whimpering. Don sits on the couch and Bob crawls around the counter.

TEACH (CONT'D)

I don't give a shit. (Come in here with your fucking stories...)

(PAUSE)

Imaginary people in the hospital...

Bob starts to cry.

TEACH (CONT'D)

That don't mean shit to me, you fruit.

BOB

Donny...

DON  
You brought it on yourself.

TEACH  
Sending us out there... who the fuck knows what...

BOB  
He's in the hospital.

DON  
Which hospital?

BOB  
I don't know.

TEACH  
Well, then, you better make one up, and quick.

Don gets up and moves to Bob.

DON  
Bob...

TEACH  
(Don't back down on this, Don. Don't back down on me, here.)

DON  
Bob...

Don kneels down near Bob.

BOB  
...yeah?

DON  
You got to see our point here.

BOB  
(whimpering)  
Yeah, I do.

DON  
Now, we don't want to hit you...

TEACH  
(No.)

BOB  
I know you don't.

TEACH  
No.

DON  
But you come in here...

BOB  
...yeah...

DON  
...the only one who knows the score...

BOB  
Yeah... (My ear is bleeding. It's coming out my ear.) Oh,  
fuck, I'm real scared.

DON  
(Shit.)

BOB  
I don't feel good.

Teach gets up, crosses to the couch,

TEACH  
(Fuckin' kid poops out on us...)

BOB  
Don...

TEACH  
(lying down)  
Now what are we going to do with this?

DON  
You know we didn't want to do this to you, Bob.

BOB  
I know...

DON  
We didn't want to do this.

The phone rings.

TEACH  
...great...

Don moves to the phone. Picks it up.

DON  
(into the phone)  
What? What the fuck do *you* want?

TEACH  
(It's the guy?)

DON  
(It's Ruthie.)  
(into the phone)  
Oh yeah, we heard all about that, Ruth.

TEACH  
(*She's got a lot of nerve...*)

DON  
(into the phone)  
From Bobby. Yeah. We'll *all* go.  
(PAUSE)  
I thought he was at Masonic? Bobby. Well, okay, that's  
where we'll go then, Ruthie, we aren't going to go and see  
him at some hospital he isn't even *a...*  
(PAUSE)  
Bobby's not here. I will. Okay. I will. Around eleven.  
Okay.

He hangs up and dials the phone.

TEACH  
(to Bob)  
And you owe me twenty bucks.

DON  
(into the phone)  
For Columbus Hospital, please. \*

TEACH  
(Fuckin' medical costs...)

He turns to gaze at the "JOIN THE NAVY" poster of the ship.

DON  
(into the phone)  
...thank you...

TEACH  
(singing softly to himself)  
"...and I'm never ever sick at sea."

DON  
(into the phone)  
Yes. For Fletcher Post, please, he was just admitted?  
(PAUSE)  
(MORE)

35 (CONTINUED)

35

DON (CONT'D)

No. I only want to know is he all right, and when we go to see him.

(PAUSE)

Thank you.

TEACH

What?

DON

(to Teach)

She's looking.

(into the phone)

Yes? Yeah. Thank you very much. Yes. You've been very kind.

He hangs up the phone.

TEACH

What is he, *in* there?

DON

Yeah.

TEACH

And they won't let us talk to him?

DON

His jaw is broke.

Don sits down.

BOB

I feel funny.

TEACH

Your *ear* hurts.

Don gets up, crosses to Bobby and kneels down beside him.

DON

Bob, it hurts, Bob?

TEACH

I never felt quite right on this.

DON

Go tilt your head the other way.

TEACH

I mean we're fucked up here. We have not blown the shot, but we're fucked up.

\*

DON

We are going to take you to the hospital.

Don helps Bobby into the chair by his desk. Don then sits next to him and uses his handkerchief to wipe up the blood coming from Bob's ear.

TEACH

Yeah, yeah, we'll take you to the hospital, you'll get some *care*, this isn't a big deal.

Teach gets up, takes the bullets and heads for the door.

DON

Bob, you fell downstairs, you hurt your ear.

TEACH

He understands?

DON

You understand? We're going to take you to the hospital, you fell downstairs.

TEACH

This fucking rain.

Teach paces around the room.

DON

You give 'em your right name, Bob, and you know what you can tell 'em.

He reaches in his pocket, thrusts money at Bob.

DON (CONT'D)

You hold on to this, Bob. Anything you want inside the hospital.

BOB

I don't want to go to the hospital.

TEACH

You're going to the hospital, and that's the end of it.

BOB

I don't want to.

DON

You got to, Bob.

BOB

Why?

Teach crosses to behind the counter.

TEACH  
You're fucked up, that's why.

BOB  
I'm gonna do the job.

DON  
We aren't going to do the job tonight, Bob.

TEACH  
You got a hat or something keep my head dry? \*

DON  
No.

BOB  
I get to do the job.

Teach crosses in front of the counter.

TEACH  
You shut up. You are going in the hospital.

DON  
We aren't going to do the job tonight.

BOB  
We do it sometime else.

DON  
Yeah.

TEACH  
He ain't going to do no job.

DON  
Shut up.

PAUSE

Teach crosses to Bobby.

TEACH  
Just say he isn't going to do no job.

DON  
It's done now.

TEACH  
What?

DON  
I'm saying, this is over.

TEACH  
No, it's not, Don. It is not. He does no job.

DON  
You leave the fucking kid alone.

Don gets in Teach's face. He then crosses into the card room to rinse out his bloody hankerchief.

TEACH  
You want kids, you go have them. *I am not your wife. This doesn't mean a thing to me. I'm in this. And it isn't over. This is for me, and this is my question:*

(PAUSE)  
Where did you get that coin?

BOB  
What?

TEACH  
Where'd you get that fucking nickel, if it all comes out now.

(PAUSE)  
He comes in here, a fifty dollars for a nickel, where'd you get it?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BOB  
Take me to the hospital.

PAUSE

TEACH  
Where did you get that nickel? (I want you to watch this.)

Don crosses back into the main room.

PAUSE

BOB  
I bought it.

TEACH  
(Mother Fucking Junkies.)

DON  
Shut up.

TEACH  
What are you saying that you bought that coin?

\*

Yes. BOB

Where? TEACH

A coin store. BOB

PAUSE

You bought it in a coin store. TEACH

Yeah. BOB

PAUSE

Why? TEACH

Go get your car. DON

What did you pay for it? TEACH  
(PAUSE)  
What did you pay for it?

Fifty dollars. BOB

You buy a coin for fifty dollars, you come back here. TEACH  
(PAUSE)  
Why?

Go get your fucking car. DON

Why would you do a thing like that? TEACH

I don't know. BOB

Why would you do a thing like that? TEACH

For Donny. BOB

PAUSE

TEACH  
You people make my flesh crawl.

Teach paces near the door.

DON  
Bob, we're going to take you out of here.

TEACH  
I can not take this anymore.

DON  
Can you walk?

BOB  
No.

DON  
Go bring your car around back.

TEACH  
I am not your nigger, I am not your wife.

Don gets his coat and crosses to the edge of the desk.

DON  
I'm through with you today.

TEACH  
You are.

DON  
Yes.

TEACH  
Why?

PAUSE

DON  
You have lamed this up real good.

TEACH  
I did.

DON  
Real good.

TEACH  
I lamed it up.

BOB

He hit me.

Don crosses back to Bob.

DON

I know, Bob.

TEACH

Yes, I hit him. For his own good. For the good of all.

DON

Get out of here.

Don puts his arm around Bob and they walk back into the card room.

TEACH

"Get out of here"? And now you throw me out like *trash*? I'm doing this for you. What do I have to wreck this joint *apart*. He told you he bought that in a *coin store*.

DON

I don't care.

TEACH

You don't *care*? (I cannot believe this.) You *believe him*?

DON

I don't *care*. I don't *care* anymore.

Don sits Bob down on the Pony ride and turns to address Teach.

TEACH

You *fake*. You fucking *fake*. You fuck your friends. You *have* no friends. No *wonder* that you fuck this kid around.

DON

You shut your mouth.

TEACH

You seek your friends with *junkies*. You're a joke on this street, you and him.

DON

Get out.

TEACH

I do not go out, no.

Teach sits at the desk.

BOB  
(I eat shit.)

DON  
You get out of here.

TEACH  
I am not going anywhere. I have a piece of this. \*

DON  
(advancing on Teach)  
You have a piece of *shit*, you fucking lame.

Don gets up and crosses quickly towards Teach.

TEACH  
(This from a man who has to buy his friends.)

Don moves toward the desk and Teach gets up as Don approaches. They fight as Don chases him around the store.

DON  
(still advancing)  
*I'll* tell you friends, *I'll* give you friends...

BOB  
(Oh, fuck...)

DON  
The stinking deals you come in here...

TEACH.  
You stay away from me...

DON  
(hitting Teach)  
You stiff this one, you stiff that one... you come in here,  
you stick the poison in me...

Bob gets up and crosses slowly through the card room. Teach moves behind the counter as Don pushes things, including the cash register, at him.

TEACH  
(Oh, Christ...)

BOB  
(I eat shit.)

TEACH  
(Oh, my God, I live with madmen.)

DON  
All these years...

BOB  
(A cause I missed him.)

DON  
(advancing again)  
All these fucking years...

TEACH  
(You're going to hit me.)

Bobby has managed to drag himself to the doorway and leans up against it.

BOB  
Donny...

DON  
You make life of garbage.

DON  
Donny!

TEACH  
(Oh, my God.)

BOB  
I missed him.

DON  
...what?

BOB  
I missed him.

DON  
(stopping)  
What?

BOB  
I got to tell you what a fuck I am.

DON  
What?

BOB  
I missed him.

DON  
Who?

BOB  
The guy.

DON  
What guy?

BOB  
The guy this morning.

DON  
What guy?

BOB  
With the suitcase.

DON  
(PAUSE)  
You missed him?

BOB  
I eat shit.

DON  
What are you saying that you lied to me?

Don crosses to Bob and sits him down at the desk.

BOB  
I eat shit.

TEACH  
What is he saying?

PAUSE

DON  
You're saying that you lied?

TEACH  
What is he saying?

DON  
You're saying that you didn't see him with the suitcase?

TEACH  
The kid is hysterical.

DON  
You didn't see him?

TEACH  
He's saying that he didn't see him?

DON

When he left this morning.

TEACH

He's saying that he lied?

BOB

I'm going to throw up.

Teach paces.

TEACH

He's saying he didn't see the guy?

(PAUSE)

When he came out. I was in here. *Then* you saw him.

When he had the suitcase.

(PAUSE)

Then.

(PAUSE)

You saw him *then*.

Teach walks to the gambrel and picks it up. He starts swinging and destroying the various displays of the store.

TEACH (CONT'D)

My Whole Cocksucking Life. The Whole Entire World.  
There Is No Law. There Is No Right And Wrong. The  
World Is Lies. There Is No Friendship. Every Fucking  
Thing.

He swings at the overhead light and destroys it.

TEACH (CONT'D)

Every God-forsaken Thing.

An exhausted Don sits down on the corner of the couch.

DON

Calm down, Walt.

TEACH

We all live like the cavemen.

DON

(Siddown.)

Teach begins to pace again.

TEACH

I went on a limb for you.

(PAUSE)

You don't know what I go through. I put my dick on the  
chopping block.

(MORE)

TEACH (CONT'D)

(PAUSE)

I hock my fucking watch...

Teach puts the gun down on the counter.

TEACH (CONT'D)

(PAUSE)

I go out there. I'm out there every day.

(PAUSE)

There is nothing out there.

ANGLE TEACH'S POV

The dark street, and the rain.

TEACH (CONT'D)

I fuck myself.

PAUSE

DON

Are you all right?

TEACH

What?

DON

Are you all right?

TEACH

How the fuck do I know?

DON

You tire me out, Walt.

TEACH

What?

DON

I need a rest.

TEACH

This fucking day.

DON

(PAUSE)

My shop's fucked up.

TEACH

I know.

DON  
It's all fucked up.  
(PAUSE)  
You fucked my shop up.

TEACH  
Are you mad at me?

DON  
What?

TEACH  
Are you mad at me?

PAUSE

DON  
Come on.

TEACH  
Are you?

DON  
Go and get your car.  
(PAUSE)  
Bob?

TEACH  
(PAUSE)  
Tell me are you mad at me.

DON  
No.

TEACH  
You aren't?

DON  
No.

PAUSE

TEACH  
Good.

DON  
You go and get your car.

TEACH  
You got a hat?



TEACH  
I'm going to get my car.

DON  
You gonna honk?

TEACH  
Yeah.

DON  
Good.

TEACH  
I'll honk the horn.

PAUSE

DON  
Good.

TEACH  
(PAUSE)  
This fucking day, huh?

DON.  
Yeah.

TEACH  
I know it. You should clean this place up.

DON  
Yeah.

PAUSE

TEACH  
Good.

Teach exits.

DON  
Bob.

BOB  
What?

DON  
Get up.

(PAUSE)  
Bob, I'm sorry.

BOB  
What?

DON  
I'm sorry.

BOB  
I fucked up.

DON  
No. You did real good.

BOB  
No.

DON  
Yeah. You did real good.

BOB  
Thank you.

DON  
That's all right.

PAUSE

BOB  
I'm sorry, Donny.

DON  
That's all right.

36 EXT. FRONT OF JUNK SHOP - NIGHT

36 \*

It is raining outside. Teach's car is waiting as Don helps Bobby into it. They drive off.

FADE OUT