

AMERICAN BUFFALO

A screenplay by
David Mamet

Based on his play

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FADE IN:

A1 INT. CARD ROOM POKER MONTAGE (TITLE SEQUENCE) - NIGHT A1

Teachi, 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.

*
*
*

*
*

E1 (CONTINUED)

E1

DON

What do I care, Bob, if he came out or not? You're sposed to watch the guy, you watch him. Am I wrong?

BOB

I just went to the back.

DON

Why?

(PAUSE)

Why did you do that?

BOB

'Cause he wasn't coming out the front.

DON

Well, Bob, I'm sorry, but this isn't good enough. It ain't good enough, Bob. If you want to do business, if we got a business deal. It isn't good enough. I want you to remember this.

Don takes Bob by the arm and they walk through the market.

BOB

I do.

DON

Yeah, now... but later, what...? Just one thing, Bob. Action counts.

(PAUSE)

Action talks, and bullshit walks.

BOB

I only went around to see he's coming out the back.

DON

No. Don't go fuck yourself around with these excuses.

PAUSE

BOB

I'm sorry.

DON

Don't tell me that you're sorry. I'm not mad at you.

BOB

You're not?

E1 (CONTINUED)

E1

PAUSE.

DON

You see what I'm saying?

BOB

Uh, huh.

DON

The only thing I'm trying to teach you something here.

BOB

Okay.

DON

Now: you take Fletcher.

BOB

Fletch...

DON

Now: Fletcher is a stand-up guy.

BOB

Yeah.

DON

Am I lying to you?

BOB

No, Don.

DON

I don't give a shit. He is a fellow stands for something.

BOB

Uh huh.

DON

You take him, and put him down in some strange town, with just a nickel in his pocket, by nightfall, he'll have that town by the balls. This is not talk, Bob. This is action.

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
No. And Earl was here.

BOB
Uh huh.

DON
And Fletcher.

BOB
How'd he do...?

DON
He won four hundred bucks.

BOB
And who else won?

What? DON

BOB
Who else won last night?

DON
Ruthie. She won.

BOB
She won, huh?

Yeah. DON

BOB
She does okay...

Oh yeah. DON

BOB
She's an okay card player.

Yes. She is. **DON**

BOB
I like her.

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?

DON

Yeah. I did okay. Not like Fletch...

BOB

No, huh...?

DON

I mean, Fletcher, he plays cards.

BOB

He's real sharp.

DON

You're goddam right he is.

BOB

I know it.

DON

Was he born that way...?

BOB

Huh?

DON

I'm saying, was he born that way, or you think he had to learn it?

BOB

Learn it.

DON

Goddam right he did, and don't forget it. Everything Bobby....it's going to happen to you; it's not going to happen to you. The important thing is, can you deal wit it, and can you learn from it.

(PAUSE)

And this is why I'm telling you to stand up. It's no different with you than with anyone else. Everything that I or Fletcher know we picked up on the street. Huh? That's all business is: Common sense, Experience and Talent

BOB

Like when he jewed Ruthie out that pig iron.

DON

What pig iron?

E1 (CONTINUED)

E1

BOB
That he got off her that time.

DON
When was this?

BOB
On the back of her truck.

DON
That wasn't, I don't think, her pig iron.

BOB
No?

DON
That was his pig iron, Bob.

BOB
Yeah?

DON
Yeah. He bought it off her.

PAUSE.

BOB
Well, she was real mad at him.

DON
She was.

BOB
Yup.

DON
She was mad at him?

BOB
Yeah. That he stole her pig iron.

DON
He didn't steal it, Bob.

BOB
No?

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.

2 (CONTINUED)

2

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.

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)

Don and Bob enter the shop.

5 EXT. / INT. JUNK SHOP - DAY

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.

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?

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.

6 (CONTINUED)

6

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

 DON
 No.

Don crosses back inside shop.

 TEACH
 Fletch been in?

 DON
 No.

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?

*

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*...

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.

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.

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.

DON

Why?

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.

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?

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

Just like you. TEACH

What? DON

Like the shop. TEACH

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

PAUSE

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

Yeah. DON

It's a one-man show. TEACH

Uh-huh. DON

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...

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

DON
Good.

PAUSE

TEACH
Oh, yeah, she came by.

DON
Good.

TEACH
You want to tell me what this thing is?

DON
(PAUSE)
The thing?

TEACH
Yeah.
(PAUSE)
What is it?

DON
Nothing.

TEACH
No? What is it, jewelry?

DON
No. It's nothing.

TEACH
Oh.

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

TEACH
(Coins.)

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.

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.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

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.

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 shot. 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 siddown 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.

16 (CONTINUED)

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.

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
Huh?

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

TEACH
No?

BOB
He lives on Lake Shore Drive.

TEACH
He does.

BOB
Yeah.

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.

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.

DON
Yes.

 BOB
Oh.
 (PAUSE)
Okay. Okay.

 DON
You see what I'm talking about?

 BOB
Yes.

 DON
Like it never happened.

 BOB
I know.

 DON
So you see what I'm saying.

 BOB
Yes.
 (PAUSE)
I'm gonna go.
 (PAUSE)
I'll see you later.

 DON
Oh.

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

 DON
You got two fives?

 TEACH
No.

 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)

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.

20

INT. JUNK SHOP - DAY

20

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?

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*...

DON

No.

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?

TEACH

Sure.

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.

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.

*

*

*

20 (CONTINUED)

DON
Yes.

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

DON
Yes.

TEACH
Now you're kidding me.

DON
No.

TEACH
No? Then why do you say this?

DON
With Fletch?

TEACH
Yes.

DON
I want some depth.

TEACH
You want some depth on the team.

DON
Yes, I do.

TEACH
So you bring in Fletch.

DON
Yes.

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, Biiiig 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 (CONT'D)

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.

DON

Right.

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.

A28 (CONTINUED)

A28

BOB
I need some money.

DON
What for?

BOB
Nothing. I can pay for it.

DON
For what?

BOB
This guy. I found a coin.

DON
A coin?

BOB
A buffalo-head.

DON
Nickel?

BOB
Yeah. You want it?

PAUSE

DON
What are you doing here, Bob?

BOB
I need money.
(PAUSE)
You want it?

DON
What?

BOB
My buffalo.

DON
Lemme look at it.

Don holds out his hand, Bob does not move.

PAUSE

DON (CONT'D)
I got to look at it to know do I want it.

A28 (CONTINUED)

A28

BOB

You don't know if you want it?

DON

I probably *want* it... what I'm saying, if it's *worth* anything.

BOB

It's a buffalo, it's worth something.

DON

The question is but what. It's just like everything else. Like every other fucking thing.

(PAUSE)

Were you at the Riv?

BOB

Before.

DON

Is Fletch over there?

BOB

No.

DON

Teach?

BOB

No. Ruthie and Gracie was there for a minute.

DON

What the fuck does that mean?

PAUSE

BOB

Nothing.

(PAUSE)

Only that they were there.

(PAUSE)

I didn't *mean* anything... my nickel.

(PAUSE)

I can tell you what it is.

(PAUSE)

I can tell you what it is.

A28 (CONTINUED)

A28

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

B28

Don heads directly for the phone; Bob follows.

B28 (CONTINUED)

B28

BOB
What it's worth only.

DON
Okay, we'll look it up.

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?

28 (CONTINUED)

28

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.

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.

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)

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.

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.

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?

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 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
Then answer him.

TEACH
What is 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's *gotta* write it down! What happens
he forgets it!

DON

What happens he doesn't forget it?

TEACH

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

DON

Why?

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 fun. (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

Yeah.

TEACH

Well this is another thing.

(PAUSE)

You see what I am saying?

DON

Yeah.

TEACH

...another instance. The guy, he's got the shit in the safe, he
didn't write it down.

(PAUSE)

DON

Yeah.

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 a little trust here.

DON

I don't know.

Don gets out of the car and crosses back into the store. Teach follows, after a beat.

31

INT. JUNKSHOP - NIGHT

Don crosses purposefully through the store and up into the back room. Teach waits behind.

TEACH

Then you know what? Fuck you. (All day long, Grace and 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 that Don. Somebody told me I'd do this for you. (For anybody) I'd call him a liar. (I'm coming in here to efface myself.) I am not Fletch, Don, so, and you should thank God and fall down I'm not. (You're coming in here all the time that He's too good at cards.) The man is a cheat. Don. He cheats at cards. Fletcher, the guy you're waiting for.

DON

He cheats.

TEACH

Fucking right, he does.

DON

Where do you get 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

TEACH
He's got what?

DON
A flush.

TEACH
That is correct. How many did he take?

DON
What?

TEACH
How many did he take?

PAUSE

DON
One?

TEACH
No. Two, Don. He took two.

PAUSE

DON
Yeah. He took two on that hand.

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

DON
(PAUSE)
Yeah?

TEACH
And spills his fucking Fresca?

DON
(turns to Teach)
Yeah?

TEACH
Oh, you remember that?

DON
(PAUSE)
Yeah.

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

TEACH
Cruising.

PAUSE

DON
They turn the corner?

TEACH
Hold on.

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. Dowse 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...?

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

(Don't let him in.) TEACH

(He knows we're in here.) DON

(So let him go away, then.) TEACH

I got to talk to you. BOB

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

(to Bob) DON
What is it?

I can't come in? BOB

(Get him outta here.) TEACH

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.

*
*
*
*

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.

35 (CONTINUED)

35

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?

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)

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.

*

35 (CONTINUED)

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?

*
*
*
*
*

*

BOB
Yes.

TEACH
Where?

BOB
A coin store.

PAUSE

TEACH
You bought it in a coin store.

BOB
Yeah.

PAUSE

TEACH
Why?

DON
Go get your car.

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

BOB
Fifty dollars.

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

DON
Go get your fucking car.

TEACH
Why would you do a thing like that?

BOB
I don't know.

TEACH
Why would you do a thing like that?

BOB
For Donny.

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?

No. DON

TEACH
Do you have a piece of paper?

DON
Bob...?

Teach takes a piece of paper and starts making himself a paper hat.

TEACH
He's all right?

DON
Bob?

TEACH
Is he all right?

DON
Bob...?

BOB
(waking up)
What?

DON
Come on. We're taking you the hospital.

*

Teach puts on the paper hat and looks at his reflection in the window, the Navy poster behind him on the wall.

TEACH
I look like a sissy.

Teach stands near the counter.

DON
Go and get your car.

PAUSE

Teach crosses into the card room towards the back door.

TEACH
Can you get him to the door?

DON
Yeah.

PAUSE

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