

CADILLAC MAN

by

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EXT. QUEENS - NEW YORK - MORNING

Tombstones roll on Queensborough hills across the East River from Manhattan's corporate towers to the Gods.

Under the criss-cross of the BQE and LIE Expressways dumping commuters into the CITY.

Yeah. NYC above and below ground.

CUT.

INT. CADILLAC ALLANTE - DAY

JOEY O'BRIEN behind the wheel. Late 30's. Intense.

He turns to the passenger seat - talks to us as he drives along Queens Blvd.

JOEY

How do I feel when I make a sale?

(beat)

Well... I feel good for the buyer, he got a good product. Paid what he was prepared to pay. Some buyers, price is important - I give 'em a break on price - doesn't mean much spread over 48 months - but it makes them feel good.

(thinks)

I guess I've sold - no bull - 400 units a year - 18 years - but every time it's like the first time - never gets old - I get a chill - a rush - I really do. And then I get this other feeling - can't describe it any other way - but a... a closeness with the buyer - like a friend.

(thinks)

And at that moment - at the point of sale - that's as close as I can get to another person.

(beat)

God. I love to sell.

CUT.

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREETS - DAY

Joey's striking black Allante parked at an expired meter. Three sneakered black teens loiter about it.

Ave. C's mixed with rotting tenements - burned out buildings - and seminal artist's graffiti.

Joey emerges from a tenement - and elderly woman on his arm. He escorts her to the Allante.

The black teens know Joey. Exchange a complex multi-move handshake with him.

Joey drives off. The kids watch the Allante go... Just love Joey's ride.

TITLES:

CADILLAC MAN

CUT.

EXT. MID-TOWN TUNNEL - QUEENS SIDE - DAY

The black Allante emerges into the sunlight. Joey dims the headlights.

They roll ahead on the overpass above the cemetery.

CUT.

EXT. MORTUARY - QUEENS - DAY

Joey drives up to the brick funeral home across the road from Catholic cemetery entrance.

CUT.

INT. MORTUARY - DAY

A coffin. A whole line of 'em. From the black marble, silver chrome, mother of pearl inlaid "Heavenly Sleep Sepulchre" model... to your:

nail-it-shut-drop-it-into-the-hole no name painted box.

For the examination of Joey and his MA, intense - 60's.

And the COFFIN SALESMAN. Black suit. Clasped hands. Death is serious business demeanor.

Stand by the velvet down ruffled final resting place inside the mahogany "Tranquil Sleep" model.

SALESMAN

This personally would be my choice.

MA

Why?

SALESMAN

Well, I think the sight of your 'body
resting so comfortably here will create
an eternal image of peace and joy for...
(turns to Joey)
your children.

MA

Would this make you happy, Joey.

JOEY

Whatever makes you happy, Ma, makes me
happy.

MA

(back to Salesman)

How much?

SALESMAN

Inclusive of our mortician services,
burial and legal work... for "Tranquil
Sleep", our price is \$4995.

MA

Would this make you happy, Joey?

JOEY

Whatever makes you happy, Ma.

MA

I don't wanna die and be a burden on
my boy.

JOEY

You're not dyin', Ma.

MA

I'll live longer, Joey, knowin' I'll
never be a burden to you.

Joey waves the Salesman over. Slips him a business card.

JOEY O'BRIEN SALES REPRESENTATIVE

PRESTIGE CADILLAC
21000 QUEENS BOULEVARD
718 245 5000

JOEY

Noticed that old hearse of yours out there - what is it - a '79?

(beat)

Now tell me, pal - think a client who's gonna shell out \$4995 for "Eternal Rest" wants his last ride in a '79? Or do they want it in an '90 Caddy?

The Salesman peruses the card. Dispenses his mortician's manner and swims with Joey - sharks from the same school.

SALESMAN

What've you got in mind?

JOEY

Cut me a deal on that mahogany number - say \$1595.

(beat)

And I'll put you into a state of the art '90 Caddy custom Hearse at dealer cost...

(beat)

Less 10.

And Joey smiles. A great smile. A one time offer smile.

JOEY

Whataya say? You look after me - I look after you.

CUT.

EXT. FLUSHING, QUEENS - DAY

Sad tenements of a gonnabe slum. Flushing goes down the toilet.

Joey drives up to a commercial clearing in the urban decay.

PRESTIGE CADILLAC

*

Queensborough's Finest Motor Cars

He pops out of the Allante - loves the old Art Moderne facade.

The showroom chevroned forward into the future. The glass front split in two like the windshield of the 1946 Caddy - the first model sold here.

INT. SHOWROOM - DAY

The hood insignia of a '90 Cadillac automobile. BUYER and SELLER reflected in the chrome and windows as they circle around the car.

BUYER

I don't know.

JOEY

What don't you know?

BUYER

I just don't know.

JOEY

What you don't know, that's what I'm here for.

(smiles)

If you knew everything I know, you'd be in the driver's seat of this Caddy on your way outta here.

(beat)

So what don't you know?

BUYER

I don't know... well, okay, one thing I don't know is...

JOEY

(quieter)

You don't know if you can afford a Cadillac? Right? Well, that's okay, you got a lot of friends there, jeez, I don't know if I could afford one.

(beat)

This is a 25,000 dollar automobile.

Joey rotates around a yellow Seville with a yellow canvas custom top. Buyer moves with him. Gets to see the Caddy from all angles.

JOEY

25,000 dollars, that's a lot...

(beat)

But here's what I know that you don't. You can afford this car.

Joey smiles. A sincere smile. A practiced smile. A smile he can't say no to.

JOEY

C'mon, let's take it for a spin.

CUT.

INT. SEVILLE - TEST DRIVE

Buyer drives. Joey talks.

JOEY

You're gonna buy a car - and you need a big car, a power car - a Prestige car - or you wouldn't be shopping Caddy - so you're prepared to pay - 16,000, 19,000 maybe more - and don't get me wrong - you're gonna get yourself a good car - an American car - a Ford, a Chrysler, - a Chevy - good car, Chevy - GM makes 'em - but let's face it - not a Caddy -

Buyer's got a heavy foot. Stands on the gas too hard - runs up on the car ahead of them - then stands on the brake too hard - throwing Joey against his seat belt.

JOEY

Easy - in a Cadillac - you let the car do the work...

(not missing a beat)

So now you're ready to go to the bank - end up with payments - \$300 even \$400 - that's what you've been thinking...

Buyer can only nod. Exactly what he's been thinking.

JOEY

Okay. Here's what stands between you and this Caddy -

(beat)

100 dollars. 100 dollars a month.

Buyer holds the wheel - lightly. He hasn't bought it in his mind yet. It still belongs to someone else.

JOEY

Don't know what you make - don't have to know - but I do know you wouldn't be in here if 25 dollars a week - 25 dollars a week is going to keep you out of your Cadillac.

Buyer holds the wheel. Firm. If you can't smudge your own Caddy wheel with your own fingerprints, what the hell!

Joey smiles.

CUT.

INT. SHOWROOM - JOEY'S DESK

Buyer sits across from Joey. Stares down at the sales contract on Joey's desk.

JOEY

Only one more thing you gotta know.
Something goes wrong - anything - you
don't like the way it's sounding - you
call me - bring it in - because your
problems are my problems - your car is
my car -

(beat)

You and Joey O'brien - and I take this
serious - we got a relationship here for
life.

Buyer puts his John Hancock on the bottom line of the sales contract.

CUT.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - ON THE TV - DAY

FACE

You've seen 'em - lined up in front of
the best hotels - the driveway of the
biggest house on the block. You've seen
the rich and famous - movie stars,
presidents riding in 'em...

The face is big and large and oh so friendly.

FACE

But did you ever see yourself in one?
Did you ever dream you could own a...

The image widens: Face stands before a sparkling --

FACE

CADILLAC!

A whole line of 'em. Long. Sleek. Black. Leathered.
Broughamed. Shiny.

FACE

I'm Big Jack Turgeon and for one day only, this Sunday, I can make your dream come true!

Behind Face. A line of 5 Men and 1 Woman.

FACE

Because my people will stop at nothing to make sure you drive home in the car of your dreams.

Behind the line of salespeople. The aging, chevroned glass facade of:

PRESTIGE CADILLAC

*

Queensborough's Finest Motor Cars

Big Jack's voice is replaced by a slick Announcer's.

ANNOUNCER

Yes. Prestige is closing their doors after 45 years in one location and has to sell its entire inventory before moving to its new home on Manhassatt's Miracle Mile.

An artist's rendition of smiling suburban yuppies browsing Caddies in front of a monument of chicarie consumerism -

HEARD: A WOMAN MOANS pleasurably. A dog YAPS frantically.

As the faces of the Salespeople fly by one at a time:

BENNY

I'm Benny and I'm going to sell you a Cadillac.

Benny's 66. A gray mustache. Balding head covered with a countable number of strands. A big gold pinky ring.

DAVE

I'm Davey and I'm going to sell you a Cadillac.

Davey's 27. Dark curly hair. Tall and easy. A kid any Mom'd love to have.

FRANKLIN

I'm Franklin and I'm gonna sell
you a Cadillac.

Franklin's 52. Black. Built like the former Fordham U.
offensive lineman he was. Plus a few dozen pounds.

HENRY

(Chinese)

I'm Henry Lee and I'm going to sell
you a Cadillac.

Henry's Chinese. Sharp Hong Kong threads. 45.

MOLLY

I'm Molly. And I'm going to sell you a
Cadillac.

Molly's blond. At 31, an icon of corporate sexuality.

JOEY

I'm Joey --

Joey's Joey.

JOEY'S REAL VOICE

(unsynched with the picture)

And I'm gonna kiss you until you
break --

Mmmmm goes the WOMAN. Yapyapyap goes the dog.

INT. NO TELL MOTEL - SAME TIME

Across the room from the chained down TV.

Joey loves a WOMAN under the sheets in the motel bed.

Her 24K ankle bracelet reads:

J O Y

As a hairless Mexican Chihuahua in a doggie sweater:
embroidered:

T O Y

scoots around the bed rabid with hysteria.

Until it positively can take no more - and hurls itself
right onto the bed -

lands on Joey's ass - YAPYAPYAP - and begins humping it's little body -

Joey whirls - a swat of his hand.

JOEY
Horny little shit -

T O Y goes flying -

CUT.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Joey half dressed - dries his hair - examines for loss.

JOY MUNCHAK comes out of the bath. Towels herself. Nice looking. Mid 30s. Spots a few too many pounds in the mirror. Including a prominent diamond wedding ring.

JOEY
Will you stop thinkin' that.
You look great.

JOY
How do you know what I'm thinking?

JOEY
Ever since you read you lose 900
calories an hour fuckin', I catch you
lookin' at yourself in the mirror after
we make love.

JOY
You think I sleep with you to lose
weight?

JOEY
I used to be your love machine
now I'm your exer-cycle.

Joy snaps Joey's ass with the towel. He catches it. Uses it to pull her toward him. Embrace.

Women, this woman like the feel of Joey.

YAPYAPYAP goes T O Y around their legs.

CUT.

INT. CADDY - DAY

Joey drives the Cross Island Parkway to Brooklyn.

Joy close on the leather buckets. T O Y stands on her lap, stupid little bald head stuck out the side window set to be blasted to doggie heaven by a tire propelled pebble. If they were moving any faster in the traffic...

JOEY

Christ, people drive like they've got forever to live.

Joey hangs on the horn. Doesn't like slow drivers. Joy touches his arm...

JOY

Joey...
Harry's going to Florida.

JOEY

You going with him?

JOY

Maybe. You care?

JOEY

Do I care? Of course I care.
(beat)
I love you.

She holds tighter on his arm.

JOEY

So how long we got this time?

JOY

A long time.

JOEY

C'mon on move it -
(hits the horn)
A long time Joy, what's that?

Joy takes out a cigarette. Depresses the Caddy's lighter.

JOY

Joey. Harry's sold the business.
He's moving to Palm Beach.
To live.

Joey looks at her. Lowers his head on the steering wheel.

JOEY

Jesus Joy...

CUT.

INT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS ANTIQUE GALLERY - DAY

Full of Louie the this, Louie the that.

JOY

I've got to know, Joey. I'm not
going to divorce Harry unless
I know I'm taken care of.

Joey looks away a moment. Catches himself in an ornate
lead crystal mirror of the Italian Baroque.

VOICE

Nice piece, isn't it, sir?

Joey turns. A Salesman steps forward over T O Y. Thin in
a striped suit with carefully done gray curls tickling his
forehead.

JOY

It is beautiful.

SALESMAN

Part of a matched pair. If you're
interested I could bring the other piece
out.

JOY

No thank you, really... but can you tell
me about this -

"This" being a black lacquer screen in the Chinese style.

SALESMAN

Oh yes. One of my favorites.

He saunters over with Joy. Joey, T O Y follow.

SALESMAN

It came in on an estate sale. English
craftsman copying a Chinese design.
It's signed 1822.

JOY

It really is in excellent condition,
isn't it?

SALESMAN

Oh yes.

(beat)

Would you like me to price it for you?

Joy nods. On the tag is a code number. The Salesman checks the ticket number. And saunters off.

JOY

(back to Joey)

So what about it?

JOEY

C'mon Joy, look at you buyin' here...

(beat)

You know I'll ever be able to do for you what Harry can. I don't have his kind of money. I got family responsibilities. My girl's goin' to college soon --

JOY

I don't mean financially, Joey.

I'll be okay, financially.

(beat)

I mean taken care of emotionally.

JOEY

You know how I feel Joy.

The Salesman comes back. He won't mention the price. He's written it on a slip, which he slips covertly to Joy.

She's intrigued. Joey takes the slip from her.

JOEY

3 thousand bucks?

Joy and the Salesman look at him - NO ONE says numbers out loud here.

Joey takes Joy aside.

JOEY

You really like this, Joy, you want to buy it.

JOY

Yeah, I do.

Joey turns to the Salesman.

JOEY

You said this was bought in an estate sale?

(beat)

How about you show us your invoice?

SALESMAN

I can assure you of the authenticity -

JOEY

I'm not askin' about the authenticity, I'm askin' about the mark up.

SALESMAN

Sir?

JOY

Joey. Please don't.

(to Salesman)

I think I want it.

SALESMAN

Very good.

JOEY

She wants it.

(beat)

For \$2,000.

SALESMAN

That's impossible, sir.

Joey puts an arm around the Salesman. Walks him from Joy.

JOEY

I see a lot of shit lyin' around here with dust on it. You don't make money holdin' on to inventory.

Salesman knows he's with one of his own...

JOEY

What's your vig here, pal - 200 \$? You gotta turn out great at 2 thou. You know it. I know it.

(smiles)

Write it up -

CUT.

EXT. BQE/INT. CAR - DAY

Antique in the trunk. Joey behind the wheel. T O Y
YAPPING at passing cars out the window. Joy FURIOUS.

JOY

It was so embarrassing -

(beat)

And then trying to sell him a car,
Joey...

JOEY

I save you a grand and you're pissed.

JOY

That's not the point.

JOEY

What? You hate Harry so much you wanna
throw his money away.

JOY

The bastard likes when I spend his
money -

Joy simmers. Joey shuts up.

CUT.

EXT. QUEENS BLVD - UNDER THE EL - DAY

Parking meters under the arches of the BMT subway. Joey's
Allante pulls in beside an '87 El Dorado.

Joy gets out. Keys the trunk of her car. Joey grabs the
antique out of his...

JOY

I'm not saying you have to marry me,
Joey...

(beat)

but I won't share you with other women.

Joey lays the antique inside her trunk... looks up.

JOY

Including Tina.

JOEY

Tina? We're divorced, you know that.

JOY

You still see her, Joey.

JOEY

(beat)

It's - y'know, the kid - I don't see her - maybe some other guy does - then maybe I don't get to see the kid so much...

JOY

Joey...

JOEY

Okay, I know what you're saying. I hear what you want. It's fair, I know what you're asking is fair...

(beat)

And I'm gonna make it work, so we can be together, so you can have this emotional thing you want...

(beat)

I just need a little time... to see how to work it out...

JOY

Joey...

JOEY

What do you want from me. I told you I'm gonna work it out.

JOY

Then tell me to leave Harry. Tell me we'll go somewhere and call him right now. Together.

Joey turns his head.

JOEY

I got this sale tomorrow. My god-damn job is on the line.

Turns back to her.

JOEY

I never bullshitted you, Joy. You know about Tina. You know about my whole life. When I tell you I'm gonna take care of you, you know I'm gonna take care of you.

He pecks her cheek.

JOY

I hope so, Joey...
It's been the nicest thing in my life
spending all these Saturday mornings
with you.

JOEY

I just want you to be happy, Joy.

JOY

So, we're going to call Harry?

Joey gets into his car. Looks back...

JOEY

Jesus Joy... I gotta get to work - I'm
already late -

(beat)

Soon, we'll call him soon.

He takes a deep breath. Backs out. Blows her a kiss.

She watches him go.

CUT.

EXT. BAYSIDE QUEENS - DAY

Joey drives his black Allante a tree shrouded street to a
split level. He's smoking and he's alone.

Coupla plastic pink flamingos pretend to nibble grass on
the front lawn. An older Coupe De Ville in the drive.

Joey gets out. Hates them fuckin' birds. Keys the door.
A last puff - dumps the butt in the dirt before going in.

CUT.

INT. SPLIT LEVEL - DAY

60s time piece masculine black leather furniture. In good
shape - but nobody's bought anything new here for 15 years.

Except little things - flowers - curtains - woman's things.

Joey walks around without pulling the shades. He could
walk around in the dark. He knows it so well.

JOEY

Tina?

(beat)

Lisa?

Silence.

He moves through bookcases of vases, gift plates memories -

An 16 year old wedding pic of a long haired mustached Joey and a bombshell of a dark haired bride.

He climbs the stairs two at a time into the master suite.

Bed's unmade. He checks it. A depression of a single head on the pillow.

He sniffs the sheets. Reassured by a familiar odor.

Then moves out - past a bath - to a smaller room - powder blue walls spiced with:

crotch thrusting posters of BON JOVI and AXL ROSE (GUNS AND ROSES) lording it over the bed (and some worn stuffed animals)

Joey checks the bed. It's warm. Been slept in.

Satisfied - he's back down the stairs. And gone.

CUT.

EXT. PRESTIGE - DAY

A banner hangs over the show lot:

OPEN 7AM SUNDAY SALE DAY!!!

Prestige's workers, hose down the Caddies for their big day.

Joey parks - gets out. Examines the Caddies like a Buyer will. Not a smudge anywhere. He nods at the workers.

JOEY

Hey Rickey, Jose, Luis...

How's by you, Frankie -

FRANKIE being this one white kid, 17 maybe, curly black rock and roll hair. Sullen to the max.

FRANKIE

Juz great Joey, whah you think.

(beat)

Like my tat?

Frankie rolls up his sleeve - reveals a fresh tattoo:
crossed guitars (like swords) captioned - "DEATH ROCKS".

Joey kinda winces. Moves on to the other guys.

JOEY

Whataya say guys...

RICKEY

They're lookin' for you inside, Joey -

Joey shrugs - moves on.

LUIS

I tell you what I say, Joey. I say this
sucks man, I say after Sunday I ain't
got no job, Man.

JOEY

The Jacks cut you loose, no way.

LUIS

Oh I got the job, but they're ain't no
subway out to this Man- what ever the
place it is- they're goin' to.

(beat)

I can't afford to get to work, man.

Joey moves closer. Out of the other's earshot.

JOEY

Hey... if it gets tough, if you and
Maria need a little something to get you
by... you come to me first.

Luis nods thanks. Joey moves to the showroom.

CUT.

INT. SHOWROOM - DAY

Caddy models centerpieced by an '65 El Dorado showpiece.

A truly tricked out time piece of American motoring.
Chrome on black on black. Not a beat missed in this 6,500
pound pavement blasting beast.

Joey runs his hand over the long front hood. "TAPPING" - -

Little Jack - Big's kid - mid 30s in a sharp dark suit -
is "tapping" his watch -

LITTLE JACK

What's it this time, Joey?

JOEY

Really, I was takin' care of biz -

LITTLE JACK

Yeah, I know what kind of biz you're
takin' care of -

JOEY

No shit - sold a hearse - custom job.

Little Jack shakes his head - he's heard every one but this
one -

LITTLE JACK

Chrissake - you just damn well be on
time tomorrow -

Joey, hand to his heart, swears he will - and moves on to
his desk. 1 of 3 on each side of the showroom.

LITTLE JACK

(after Joey)

And by the way the "Doctor" called.
(smiles)

3 times.

Joey sighs. Little Jack goes towards his private office.

They both take a sec to eyeball a SECRETARY piling the
desks with blank sales contracts --

DONNA'S 27 tightly packed years in a leather skirt - kinda
rides up her thigh as she walks.

Okay - she's a little trashy - but so what --

JOEY

Whataya tryin' to do - dressing like
that - break my heart?

DONNA

You don't like it?

JOEY

You wouldn't wear it if I didn't like it.

She kinda features her hips.

JOEY

Gonna break me down, Donna, then what's gonna happen?

DONNA

You tell me...

JOEY

We'd do it once and regret it forever.

DONNA

I kinda bet you wouldn't...

She smiles. Joey takes a breath.

JOEY

Here I try and be a nice guy, and you make it so hard.

(beat)

I don't mean like that - you know how I mean -

(coughs)

Anyway - what's his name - that guy - your husband - Gary?

DONNA

Larry.

JOEY

Yeah, what's with him - it turn him on knowin' his old lady's gonna make all the guys bust outta their pants?

DONNA

Wish somethin' would...

And she pushes on. Joey sits at his desk. In his big leather chair. Cracked with age.

Plaques on the wall. Sales awards date to '67. If it was a shooting war, GM woulda given Joey the Medal of Honor.

On his desk. Photos of a pretty teenage Girl; of Joey shaking hands with a Catholic Bishop; of Joey with New York Met star Tom Seaver in front of a just sold '73 Caddy.

A gold clock with vintage Cadillac models at each hour.

A gold and leather pen set for the big SIGNATURE.

Joey leans back in his chair like he musta done a thousand times. Pumps a number he knows by heart.

JOEY

Hiya "Gorgeous" --

(listens)

Yeah, I just can't get you out of my mind... but who wants to.

(listens)

C'mon what say we stay in tonight - do a little home cooking.

(listens)

Serious. I got a big day tomorrow - a night with you alone - that'll set me up right.

(listens)

No, never heard of it - where is this place?

(listens)

All the way in the city...

(listens)

Is it that important to you?

(listens)

Hey, who you talkin' to. I can handle it... then I'll handle you.

(whispers)

No part of your great body I ain't gonna handle - gorge -

(listens)

Mmmm - can't wait.

(laughs)

ll - you bet. I'm just here to make you happy.

He listens. Pops the phone with a kiss.

Joey closes his eyes. For a moment the lids are lead. He opens the drawer - reaches for a cigarette.

VOICE

Yeah, we're just here to make you happy --

Henry and Benny are at Joey's desk. Pop satiric kisses to each other.

Joey's eyes flash open. Smiles for the boys.

JOEY
So many Women, so little time.

BENNY
Big's here.

JOEY
Big? No shit? Where?

CUT.

INT. CHINESE DIM SUM PARLOUR - DAY

A rickety cart rattles towards a big round table -

Big Jack with a cigar at the head. No matter the shape -
Big Jack's always at the head.

Says he's 66 but he's 76. He's had two heart attacks. He
drinks, smokes. Thinks he'll live forever.

The gang sits around - Joey, Benny, Henry Franklin and Davey -
smokin' cigarettes - eatin with their hands - downing Tsing
Tau beer.

HENRY
- A 51 Studebaker! On a flat bed! No
tires! No engine - no nothin'! And he
wants a new DeVille straight up -
STRAIGHT UP!

The Dim Sum girl hawks her wares:

CART GIRL
Shu Mai - pawk? Shimp?

BIG
(points)
Let's have some of those -

CART GIRL
Thwee maybe yes.

BIG
Two sweetheart - I ain't gonna buy you
out so easy...

She lifts the cover off another plate - duck's feet!

BIG

(to guys)

Works on a commission - she'd sell you the soles off her feet.

He pats her on the ass. She moves on mumbling Cantonese.

HENRY

(translating)

She says your ancestors were dung suckers - and hopes your children have pointed heads.

BIG

What I say 'bout my customers, Darlin'.

The guys laugh. Knowingly.

JOEY

My fave - Priest in my chair - collar - whole deal - with a 60 somethin' Impala trade in - can't lie - shows me all the dings - worn tire tread - a whole confession - so I feel sorry for the Father - cut him a real good deal - he can't believe it - does everything but kiss my hand...

(beat)

He signs the contract - so excited - screams he can't wait to get home and take the WIFE for a drive! The Wife!

Joey lets it sink in...

JOEY

I tell him, don't worry, God might send him to hell for impersonatin' a priest - but he'll get there in his own Cadillac.

They all laugh. Big Jack puffs.

BIG JACK

When I started - just a kid - tell you how long ago that was --

Joey mouths along --

BIG JACK

"All the cars were black."

A big laugh from the guys. Joey lights a cigarette.

BIG JACK

It was right after the big war - after I went and took it to the fuckin' Nazis right on their own backyard -

(breath)

Came back - and I tell you what, I saw - GIs - boys who made it through the depression - gave 5 years to big war - I saw MEN wanted a house away from the tenements - in the boroughs - where they'd need a car - a good car.

(breath)

Guys who had enough crap for a lifetime... guys who damn well earned the best damn car money could buy -

(beat)

So I drove to Detroit - right to GM - walked in there - and THEY didn't know Jack Turgeon from the fuck in fuck you -

Chinese kids go runnin' through restaurant like it was their own.

BIG JACK

but I told 'em - I'm gonna sell Cadillacs to GIs - and THEY said GIs couldn't afford 'em and I told 'em not now maybe - but these guys'd work their butts off for the best car American dollars could buy - and me - Jack Turgeon - I'd sell them that car - and Detroit looked at me - and THEY said, "Jack - we believe in you. We're gonna give you a dealership." -

Joey takes a long puff. His eyes light up. The old man is a marvel. HONKING -

Eyes dart out the window. Drivers bang their horns - at Donna sashaying across the street.

BIG JACK

I hope somebody's treatin' her right.

Henry, Davey look at each other. Share a snicker.

HENRY

Yeah, little Donna's really sellin' it today, ain't she?

JOEY

She's a married woman, guys.

BENNY

So's my wife, but she don't go
dressin' like that.

JOEY

She don't advertise 'cause she
ain't got nothin' to sell.

BIG JACK

Yeah boys:
Fancy cars and any kind of pussy.

The guys laugh. Stop abruptly as Donna comes in.

DONNA

You boys been talkin' dirty, ain't you?

The guys smirk. She hands Big Jack an inventory of cars.

BIG JACK

(waves it)

Boys - you wanna keep eatin' these
lunches on me - you best bring in every
client you ever sold - and sell every
damn car on this list.

CUT.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Joey's religious. He treads lightly. Kneels alone before
an icon of the crucified Christ. Crosses himself.

CUT.

INT. RECTORY - DAY

Joey hosted by a jovial Monsignor. Lotsa high tech
electronics on his desk. Computer. Video. Audio.

The price of his Father's toys.

JOEY

I come to you first, Father, because
this is such a special event - almost
like charity what we're doing with these
cars -

Joey slows. The Father is playing with a computerized date
book...

FATHER

...actually, we've been thinking of making a switch.

Joey's eyes betray him. Never his mouth.

JOEY

Someone offering you a better deal, Father, I can beat it.

FATHER

...actually, the Bishop... well he wants to go to... Mercedes.

JOEY

I think the Church of all people should set an example by buying American.

FATHER

Joey, I'm sorry - the fact of the matter - is we've already bought it...

(beat)

Maybe if you'd had come around a week or two earlier...

CUT.

EXT. BAYSIDE STREET - DAY

Joey drives up. Parks along a wall. Ten feet high. Video cameras scan the sidewalk.

Joey lights a cigarette. One puff. Stamps it out. Walks to an iron gate. A Steel Jaw on the other side knows Joey.

STEEL JAW

He's waitin' for you, Joey.

JOEY

Yeah.

CUT.

INT. BRICK HOME - DAY

Joey waits in a foyer. More video cameras. Joey looks at a painting - something modern.

VOICE

Joey -

TONY DIPINO. 40s. Soft sweater. Slacks. He puts an arm around Joey's shoulder. Walks him into the kitchen.

TONY
How's your love life?

JOEY
I ain't complaining.

TONY
I bet.
(beat)
What can I get you, Pal?

He opens one of the glass doored sub-zeros -

TONY
You're one of those guys, Joey, every time I see you, I'm unhappy in my marriage - most single guys - their lives suck - but I see you - I get the feeling like I was young - all those girls out there I should be screwing -
(beat)
Diet okay?

JOEY
Sure.

Tony pulls two Diet Cokes from the fridge.

TONY
Don't get me wrong - I love Marie - she's the best thing ever happened to me.
(smiles)
but I see you, Joey - and all I can think about is pussy.

JOEY
Guess I need a Marie.

TONY
Just not mine.

Tony laughs. But it's pointed.

TONY
How's those cars of yours movin'?

JOEY

Why I came over - wanted to see if you
or any of the boys were lookin'... we're
havin' a sale.

TONY

Sure, I'll pass the word along...
(weighted pause)
But no more money, Joey.

JOEY

I'm not asking.

TONY

20 Gs. We go back. Back to
grade school...
(beat)
But I'm not your personal bank.

JOEY

You've been great, Tony, a real friend.

TONY

Other guys out 20Gs - other guys I fix.
(pointed)
Just don't make me wait after Christmas,
Joey. I don't wanna start the new year
with bad accounts.

Tony puts an arm around Joey. Moves him out of the kitchen
towards the front door.

TONY

The women ain't worth ruining your life
over, Joey.

They're at the door. The Steel Jaws look at Tony - like a
word from him and they'd break Joey's bones.

But Tony just walks Joey through.

JOEY

Thanks for passin' on the word - about
the cars. I appreciate that.

TONY

Not a problem. Thanks for givin' my kid
the summer job - Frankie - the lazy
little shit - see that fuckin' tattoo -
(shakes his head)
Thinks he's gonna be some kinda rock and
roll star. Let him wash a few cars, eh Joey?

JOEY

No big deal.

(beat)

We go back, Tony.

CUT.

INT. BAYSIDE SPLIT LEVEL - DAY

Front door opens. Joey let's himself in. Pockets the key.

Drawn to the kitchen by the whirrrr of something - and a LOUD Woman's voice "singing"...

"Stayin' alive... stayin' alive"

Joey dumps his jacket. Goes to the kitchen.

JOEY

What --

No point finishing - cause she ain't gonna hear.

Cause TINA is riding a "bio-cycle" with a computer animation of the country road ahead of her. She's got a walkman on her ears. And she's singing...

"Staying alive, I'm stayin' alive."

Tina sees Joey, pulls the Walkman down.

TINA

You don't do that, Joey, comin' in here when I'm not home -

(beat)

You don't live here, you know.

JOEY

I know. I just pay for it.

(beat)

Anyway, how'd you know?

TINA

You smell. You smell of cigarettes.

JOEY

I'm quittin'.

Tina's heard that before.

Joey goes to the fridge. It's full of protein drinks.
Vitamins. Bran and oat flake capsules.

JOEY

This is all you got to eat,
this chemical shit --

(beat)

Lisa's got to have real food.
She's growing.

TINA

She's grown. Anyway, I get her
food, she's never here to eat it.

JOEY

(alarmed)

Why not, where is she?

TINA

She's 15, thinks she's her own boss.

(beat)

Thinks she doesn't even gotta go to
school.

JOEY

She's ditchin'? Why didn't you
tell me, Tina?

TINA

It's her new friends, Joey, that's what
I think.

JOEY

What kind of friends, do you know
these friends?

TINA

Some of them.

JOEY

She's not into drugs, or like that --

TINA

She really needs a Dad - I tell her
anything, it's automatically bullshit.

JOEY

I'll go talk to her.

TINA

You gotta find her first.

JOEY

You don't know where she is?

TINA

I got an idea.

JOEY

What? Am I 'sposed to guess? This is my daughter we're talkin' about here.

Tina gives him a look. Hops off the bike.

She's really put together. Taken care of herself. A physical match for Joey.

TINA

She's in Bay Park - and I don't need any money, Joey -

JOEY

Bay Park... by the bridge?

TINA

But it wouldn't hurt if you put some cash away for Lisa's college like you keep talkin' you are.

JOEY

Ah C'mon Tina, you oughta see how I live - two lousy rooms, the garage here is bigger.

(beat)

I live like a fuckin' cabbage seller - like my old man did.

TINA

Because you spend it on whores instead of your daughter's education.

JOEY

My lady friends are not whores.

TINA

So marry one.

JOEY

You couldn't afford me to.

(beat)

You'd God forbid have to get a job.

TINA

I got a job, Joey. Remember - I had to get it cause you were so lousy with the alimony -

JOEY

Doin' your friend's nails ain't a real job, Tina -

They argue, but move closer. Undeniable attraction.

JOEY

Okay, I'll put 500 a month away for Lisa - that make you happy?

She kisses him - briefly - then pulls away.

TINA

Why you here, Joey? Just to talk to me about Lisa? That'd be news.

Tina goes to her concoction of chemicals. Puts them in the blender with a hunk of chocolate. Unabashedly.

JOEY

Your Uncle Marty.

TINA

What about him.

JOEY

You want Lisa goin' to college - I gotta better sell some cars, okay...

(beat)

I can get Marty a deal on an '90 - we got a sale tomorrow.

TINA

Aunt Rose wants a Honda.

JOEY

A Honda? What the Christ does -- Marty can't even get into a Honda --

TINA

You don't have to sell me.

JOEY

What's Marty's number?

TINA

You got it, Joey. So what do you really want?

They look at each other. He moves to her. Kisses her. Touches her body all over like it was the first time.

JOEY

You know what they say about the first girl you fall in love with, don't you?

TINA

You ever gonna grow up?

JOEY

They say it's never the same again.

He tries to take her down right there in the kitchen.

TINA

You know, you'd make a much better lover than you ever were a husband.

Then she pushes him off.

TINA

But you ain't either.

CUT.

EXT. TENEMENT - EAST VILLAGE - DAY

Avenue C and 6th St. A new immigrant address for 100 years of ethnics making the city theirs.

Blighted with rusted wrecks, crack dealers on every curb - burned out buildings - rat infested brick strewn lots.

Apocalypse here and now. Dotted with the odd graffiti art like a flower in a junk heap.

Some black teens flow to Joey's Caddy as he gets out.

JOEY

Yo Dough-man --

Joey signifies with the biggest kid - a complicated swirl of handshaking.

DOUGH-MAN

Yo car-man -

JOEY

Yo Pat Ewing - yo Mark Jackson.

DOUGH-MAN

Yo Knicks.

JOEY

Yo. Take care of my ride.

He flips Dough-man 20 Washingtons. Who splits it with the other kids.

Then Joey walks Dough-man away. Hands him a 100 buck bill.

JOEY

And take care of my Ma.

DOUGH-MAN

Yo Ma.

Joey opens his trunk. Bags of groceries.

CUT.

INT. TENEMENT APT. - DAY

Ma pushes an old upright vacuum cleaner in front of her - whirring, but not sucking up anything.

Joey follows through a tiny living room - 50s furniture studded with a new SONY XBR TV "someone" bought her.

Down the narrow hall - to miniature bedrooms - one Ma's - the other:

Joey's. Unchanged since he left - single bed. Freshly Made. A record player circa 1962. New York Mets banner.

Only thing different: the window to the fire escape's been barred and boarded up. The room's like a tomb.

Joey looks at it. It gets him every time. Ma's back - the vacuum stopped at Joey's feet. He looks at it.

JOEY

(loud over vacuum)

Ma. Bag's -

MA

What?

Joey turns the vacuum off.

JOEY

Bag's full. It ain't doin' shit, Ma.

MA

It's my exercise, Joey.

JOEY

Jesus, when are you gonna let me get you out of this crap house, Ma?

(beat)

You can't even go out for a walk.

MA

I don't wanna live with you, Joey. I'll drive you crazy. Then you'll put me into a home.

JOEY

I'm talking about a new apartment out on the Island. Manhassatt. You got trees out there -

(beat)

And cable TV - Ma.

MA

I like it here.

JOEY

Whataya like, Mom? Gangbangers runnin' up an down your hall sellin' crack -

MA

They don't bother with an old woman.

JOEY

Old woman, my ass!

(beat)

You worried about the money it's gonna cost. Don't worry. I'm doing great.

(kisses her)

Really Ma. Really I am.

CUT.

TENEMENT SMALL KITCHEN - DAY

Joey doesn't eat the pasta fagioli heaped in bowl before him. Displeasing Ma.

MA

Why you unhappy, Joey?

JOEY

I'm happy, Ma, I just ain't hungry.

MA

That's bullshit, Joey. Don't bullshit your Ma. You can bullshit the girls, but don't bullshit your Ma.

JOEY

All right, I'll eat.

He eats. She counts the bites. Suspicious.

JOEY

Look Ma. I'm eating. Okay.

MA

(beat)

You ever talk to your daughter?

Joey looks at her - how'd she know...

MA

Tina calls me, but Lisa - probably too busy with her friends for talkin' to an old woman - never calls me no more.

JOEY

I'm gonna have a talk with her.

Ma walks around Joey. Talks from behind him as he eats. Must'a done it a million times when Joey was growing up.

MA

Lisa needs a regular family, Joey... like you had with Tina.

JOEY

You always hated Tina, Ma, you danced when we got divorced...

(beat)

Now you want us to get together?

MA

I'm not perfect, Joey. Tina's not either. That's okay.

JOEY

Who is, Ma?

MA

You are, Joey. You're perfect.

CUT.

EXT. QUEENS PARK - EVENING

White teens mingle. 50 or so. Cigarette lighters flick on and off all over like lightning bugs.

Black leather jackets. Black jeans, T-shirts.

A constant roar. Above: the Throg's Neck Bridge launches a hundred thousand cars a day on and off Long Island.

Joey puffs a cigarette. Watches kids smoke dope. Others bent over in conspiratorial little circles...

Mostly it's beer - teens' drug of choice. Cans litter the ground. Even 8PM Sat. night, kids are staggering.

Joey stops - watches a very thin, edgy teen girl. Dark, oh-so lovely. Heartbreaker with a Marlboro.

Lotsa bracelets, skin tight leggings. Blowsy sweatshirt hangs just below her buns, showing lots of leg.

She goes and takes the eyes of the boys right with her. One puts an arm around her. Whispers in her ear.

Joey's seen enough. He stubs out his cig. Moves to them. Girl straightens right up when she sees him.

GIRL

My Dad.

The Boy straightens up too. Over six feet. He eyes Joey like he were a cop. And slinks away.

JOEY

C'mon, take a walk with your old man.

(beat)

And put that damn thing out - it's bad for you.

She stubs it under her sneaks. They walks to a fenced in concrete, basketball court.

JOEY

Wanna talk to you, kid.

She hates when he calls her that.

JOEY

I missed you at the house...

(beat)

Which isn't such a hard thing to do
these days... according to your Mom.

LISA

She knows I'm here - it's no big secret.

Joey looks around...

JOEY

You ever spend any time thinking about
college?

LISA

I only just finished 10th grade...

JOEY

It counts now. So you got to be
thinking.

LISA

Okay. Maybe Santa Barbara or like that.
Colorado's sposed to be fun...

JOEY

Fun? That supposed to be the main
thing? How much fun you're gonna have.

LISA

Why are we talking about this now?

JOEY

I hear you've been ditching.

LISA

So? Like I suppose you never did?

JOEY

The point is you're old enough to be
taking responsibility for your life.

(beat)

You know in my time you were lucky if
you didn't have to work right out of
school - the last thing anyone worried
about was whether they were gonna have a
good time.

LISA

Joey... I saw movies of what they did in
your time - droppin' acid, marching in
the streets, going to love-ins.

(smiles)

You go to any love-ins?

JOEY

You think you're pretty cute.

LISA

Yeah.

(beat)

So did you?

JOEY

Can you see your Mom at a love-in?

LISA

What about before Mom.

(beat)

So did you?

JOEY

You're fresh too.

LISA

What d'ya think I'm gonna do - have -
what'd you use to call it - free sex?
with all the guys 'cause you told me you
went to a love-in.

(beat)

So did you?

JOEY

Your dad was a good Catholic boy.
The Nuns wouldn't let me.

LISA

So what is it, Dad, Mom send you
over here to check up on me?

JOEY

Yeah.

He presses 20 bucks into her hand.

JOEY

Get yourself something good to eat for
your old man....

LISA

We done?

JOEY

No.

(beat)

You better call your Grandma once in a god-damn while or I'm gonna get heavy with you. I don't wanna get heavy with you.

LISA

I'll call her. Okay? I promise.

Joey nods. She starts back to her friends -

JOEY

Hey - you and that kid... ?

LISA

Louie?

JOEY

Louie. You're not havin' a love-in, are you?

LISA

Joey.

JOEY

Are you?

LISA

No.

JOEY

You know about AIDS.

LISA

Yeah.

JOEY

You can't trust those condoms he's using.

LISA

He's not.

JOEY

What?

LISA

Not using condoms because WE'RE NOT DOING IT.

Joey looks at her. Checks her eyes for the truth.

JOEY

Okay. Just the way things are, I'm not around much, so I gotta take my shots when I can.

LISA

I swear.

(beat)

Feel better?

JOEY

My girl.

He starts to her for a hug. Not cool. He can see it in her eyes. And he backs off.

CUT.

INT. TINY STUDIO APT. - REGO PARK - QUEENS - NIGHT

Joey can't keep his hands off LILA'S nice creamy skin where it ain't covered with a black lacy bra or tight leather skirt.

Lila's tall, techno-blond, 25. Not put-off perfect. But accessible-sexy to guys. To Joey.

LILA

Don't.

JOEY

Why?

LILA

You'll mess me up.

JOEY

I could never mess you up, Gorge.

Lila's place shows a lack of organization. Too many collectibles and clothes in too small a space. Spill out of drawers, closets. Onto the floor. Bed.

Somethin' sexy about that too.

LILA

How's your day, Joey?

JOEY

Been a drag, Gorge - till you.

LILA

I tell you what a drag is? A drag is standin' on your feet all day, chasin' people all over Bloomies, sprayin' goopy smellin' cologne on them whether they want it or not, hopin' they don't just...

(stops)

See my black pumps anywhere?

Joey grabs her. Pulls her on him. Something she feels against her makes her squirm. And smile.

LILA

Joey...

(beat)

I thought you were gonna be tired.

JOEY

You got me up.

She smiles. Hot. Pushes him away. Dives under the bed.

Finds black pumps. Slaps them on her feet. Taller. Hotter.

Joey just-sits back. Loves her show.

LILA

Joey? Do me something, okay?

JOEY

Whatever Gorge.

LILA

Don't wear that jacket.

She looks at Joey's natty soft black leather jacket.

JOEY

I just got this. 600 bucks it cost me.

LILA

It's okay.

(beat)

But there's gonna be celebs there tonight... there's gonna be paparazzi. I wanna get shot in W or Interview... so you gotta look right too, Joey.

(smiles)

LILA (cont)
 I borrowed somethin' - from the store.
 (beat)
 Special.

CUT.

EXT. 59TH STREET BRIDGE - NIGHT

Joey's black Allante steams into the CITY. Joey "special" behind the wheel all right -

in Kenzo-mania horizontally striped jacket and vertically striped pants -

Listenin' to early 70s LITTLE RASCALS - Lila pops out the tape - pops in one of her own -

RATATAT RAP - Yellin'-drums-scratches - easy to see Joey can't stand it -

LILA
 Listen to it a bunch of times - you get to like it -

JOEY
 For you, Gorge -

Traffic stops. Joey drifts to the star lights twinkling at him from ritzy Sutton Place co-ops.

HOOONNNNKKK! Joey's brought back to the reality of traffic moving again.

He turns - gestures "fuck you" at the HONKING car behind.

The driver gestures a "fuck you too" back at Joey. And HOOOONNNNNKS again. Really sits on it.

Joey bolts out of his Caddy -

LILA
 Whataya doin', Joey -

He's storming over to the car behind him.

JOEY
 Not enough FUCKIN' NOISE in this fuckin' city! YOU GOTTA MAKE MORE! Fuckin' moron!

The driver sits stock still. Scared to even look at Joey in his outrageous outfit -

Joey's gotta smile. Taps the windshield.

JOEY

Hey, it's okay, man... just lettin' off some steam.

CUT.

INT. NELL'S - LATE NIGHT

Lower west side dance-chic downstairs. Neo gas light sitting room upstairs. Too loud to think.

Cross-crowd. 1 AM. Dark bodies dancing flirting rubbing.

Hey maybe Bowie there! Nah. Close. Hey maybe Madonna here. Nah. Close. Hey maybe --

Definitely Lila! Drinking double martinis. Shaking her blond hair wild dancin' alone -

Joey's in mouth to ear conversation with an obvious bridge and tunnel person -

JOEY

Allante - Caddy from Italy - does a buck forty - blow the fenders of a 928 --

Lila's standing there.

LILA

Joey...

Joey hands B&T a card -

JOEY

Call me - I'll make you a deal -
(to Lila)

Havin' a good time, Gorge? Cause I always want you to have a good time.

LILA

Do you always gotta be doin' that - sellin' all the time?

He shrugs... what's he gonna say.

CUT.

EXT. NELL'S - LATE LATE NIGHT

Paparazzi flash on celebs splittin'. Pose as she might -
vamp as she might - Lila doesn't get snapped.

Joey watches them shoot some somebody he don't know - grabs
one of the photogs -

JOEY

C'mon man - take a shot of her -
(points to Lila)
Look at her - whataya blind?

PAPARAZZI

I ain't gonna waste film on her - who
the hell is she?

Lila just melts - and Joey slips an arm around her. Walks
her down 14th - makes her feel special in his touch.

CUT.

INT. LILA'S STUDIO APT. - LATE LATE LATE NIGHT

Joey and Lila in bed - kisses her...

She's drunk and sad and unresponsive...

JOEY

C'mon, it's only a matter of
time for you. I know.

LILA

(lil' sloshed)
Cause I don't want to be juss another
chick, Joey.

Joey sits up. Talks sense to her.

JOEY

Gorge - you're the hottest thing in New
York. Hotter than the girls in the
magazines you got all over the place - I
look at them, I look at you - I know
who I wanna be in the sack with...

LILA

Is it gonna happen for me, Joey.
Sometimes I'm so scared...

She grabs on to Joey. Holds him so tight.

JOEY

It's gonna happen. I know value. I know what sells. And Gorge, you got a great product. It's just a matter of the right opportunity walkin' through the door. And when it does, Gorge, opportunity ain't gonna walk out the door without you.

LILA

I'm not a loser...

JOEY

Would I waste my time on a loser?

She kisses Joey.

JOEY

Losers don't look like you - losers don't wanna make me do what you do, Gorge - make me just wanna -

Joey's just gotta make love to her. And she lets him -
Give her his hope and energy and optimism...

CUT.

INT. LILA'S TINY STUDIO APT. - DAWN

Lila still curled up on Joey's chest. Asleep. Lookin' like the kid she's not far from.

Joey's eyes are wide open. He reaches for a cigarette. Thinks about lighting it - Lila stirs -

LILA

Joey...?

JOEY

Morning already, Lisa...

He yawns... let's his eyes close.

LILA

Joey... who's Lisa?

Joey's eyes open.

JOEY

Musta heard me wrong...

LILA
You just said Lisa, Joey.

JOEY
Musta been Lila.

LILA
You're not seeing some Lisa are you?

JOEY
I swear. You just heard me wrong.

LILA
I know the diff between Lisa and Lila,
Joey - are you fuckin' a Lisa?

JOEY
Lisa? You crazy? I'm not fuckin' any
Lisa.

She looks at him. Unsure. He sits up. Smokers cough.

LILA
You okay?

JOEY
Sure...

LILA
You don't look so good.

JOEY
I feel okay.

LILA
You're coughin' ...

He is. Again.

LILA
So you okay?

JOEY
You don't gotta worry.

Well. She just fucked Joey a little while ago, and he's
wheezing like he's gonna drop dead.

LILA
Joey?

JOEY

I'm only here to make you happy,
Gorge. That's all you gotta know.

Joey finds a reassuring smile and gets up.

JOEY

Now I gotta go make the bucks -

CUT.

EXT. PRESTIGE - SUNDAY MORNING

Red, white and blue banners wave to the wind.

Joey drives his Allante round the back. Parks under a
paint protecting awning. Next to a double wide space:

"Reserved for Mr. Turgeon"

Over filled with a Fleetwood limousine. Black on black.

JOEY

Legend. Lover. Salesman...

Joey laughs. Gets out and walks in.

There's Benny - Salesman under a Sales Banner - literally
rubbing his hands in anticipation.

He sees Joey. Thumbs up... Joey thumbs up back. And
walks into the dealership.

Where young Frank languidly pushes a broom.

JOEY

Gonna be a great day.

FRANKIE

Barf on this, man, whata I gotta do this
shit for. Barf on it.

CUT.

INT. PRESTIGE SHOWROOM - 750AM

Joey corners Molly -

JOEY

You and me. Time we got something
going.

MOLLY

I'd rather eat worms and die.

Joey looks at his chest - as if just shot - and looking for blood from the wounds --

JOEY

I'm really hurt... a very unkind thing to say.

MOLLY

Cut it out. We both know you're a pig, Joey. And a Chauvinist. You don't have any respect for women.

JOEY

I respect the hell out of women.

(beat)

Tomorrow night. Dinner. C'mon just gimme the chance.

Molly rolls her eyes - moves on.

CUT.

INT. PRESTIGE SHOWROOM - 8:30 AM

The Salesmen and Molly sit in a semicircle. Big Jack faces them from in front of the '65 El Dorado.

Next to him is his kid, Little Jack, though 6 inches taller - he'll always be little Jack.

BIG JACK

I've been sellin' my Caddies through JFK, through LBJ, through Richard Millhouse Nixon, and when the boys came back from Vietnam, we sold 'em through Gerry - even through that Carter and his fuckin' oil embargo -

(hardens)

And when no one wanted our caddies - and I carried you - paid you - cause I had faith in America - in Cadillac - and I knew we'd come back - but...

Big Jack pops a few nitro pills.

BIG JACK

You've let me down... you've let Caddy down...

Big Jack sits.

Little Jack emerges from his father's shadow.

LITTLE JACK

What Dad's saying - is that when the dealership moves to the Island, we're gonna with a remodeled sales force on the floor -

BENNY

Jackie, c'mon - you owe us to shovel it straight - we've been here too long.

LITTLE JACK

Okay, after the sale, Dad and I will review your work and... a decision will be made as who's coming.

HENRY

Jesus, how many of us?

LITTLE JACK

Well... Molly is going to be retained -- and maybe one or two more...

Joey's eyes glance at Molly's legs under her short skirt and black stockings. Wonder.

BENNY

That's kinda cheesy...

Big Jack stands, glares at the sales force.

BIG JACK

It's what it is.

(breath)

You don't like it - go out there and sell some cars.

(beat)

We're 'bout givin' 'em away today.

CUT.

INT. LITTLE JACK'S OFFICE - 8:51 AM

"SALES MANAGER" it says on the door.

Joey comes in. Little Jack's sleeves are rolled up. There's an old tatoo of a peace symbol above his wrist.

JOEY

It's bullshit, Jackie.

LITTLE JACK

Yeah, I know... but what can I do? It's the old man's idea.

JOEY

Benny, Franklin, Henry - me for Christ sakes - we worked our whole lives making this place.

LITTLE JACK

Dad made this place. And he made you. He taught you how to sell. He made you rich and you'd still be rich if you didn't blow it on the babes all the time.

JOEY

Yeah, yeah, yeah...

LITTLE JACK

I don't gotta tell you - you been puttin' in 20 hours - 25 max on the floor - that don't get the job done.

JOEY

I sell on the street - you know -

LITTLE JACK

I know the babes of New York ain't complainin' - but Big is.

(beat)

Used to sell 25 - 30 units a month - Joey. When's the last time you even did 20?

Joey takes a long breath... nods.

JOEY

Believe me, I'm gonna get back to it.

LITTLE JACK

Yeah? Then you better close 10 - 12 sales if you wanna make an impression on the old man -

JOEY

Today?

LITTLE JACK

One day. Today.

Donna walks in between them. Drops some papers on his desk. Little Jack can't help himself. He's got to put his hand on her behind on her way out.

JOEY

The power of ass...

(shakes head)

But you shouldn't be so obvious, Jackie -

LITTLE JACK

Everyone's doin' her -

JOEY

Not everyone -

LITTLE JACK

You sound like the guy who didn't get any pie at the party.

JOEY

Sometimes, you do better not steppin' into a muddy puddle.

CUT.

INT. JOEY'S DESK - 9 01 AM

The phone's RINGING. Joey runs in. Grabs it.

JOEY

Tina - WHAT? Slow down...

(listens)

She didn't!? All night! Jesus, where is she then?

Joey on his feet. Agitated.

JOEY

Where'd she call from? What'd she say?

(listens)

I can't - I can't leave. Not today - it'd blow my job - no shit, Tina...

(beat)

Look - she called - she's all right - just - just call me when she gets home... okay Tina?

Joey listens. Then sets down the phone slowly... and reaches for a cigarette...

CUT.

EXT. PRESTIGE/INT. SEDAN DEVILLE - 9:17 AM

TEST DRIVE!

Joey and a Sikh. An American Sikh. Former white bread or rye bread who went Sikh in the 60s and stuck.

American Sikh with rolexes and:

A TURBAN. Which he ducks down and nearly sticks Joey's eye as he gets into the car.

He settles in. The turban crushes against the roof.

Joey maintains demeanor -

JOEY

I told you I had the car for you - now
I'm gonna show you why.

Joey reaches across - finds a rocker switch on the driver's side door panel - hits it!

And with a little buzz - down goes the seat - down goes the turban - smile goes the Sikh.

JOEY

Max headroom.

CUT.

INSERT - SALES CONTRACT - JOEY'S DESK

Sikh signs on the bottom line: "Stanley Singh".

CUT.

INT. PRESTIGE - SHOWROOM - 9:45AM

Sharpie in a designer sweats saunters in. Digs right for an Allante - knows what he wants -

Joey from the left - Benny from the right - bumpin' into Molly - gettin' her eye-daggers -

Descend on target like MX missiles - then both stop.
Objectified in each other's eyes -

JOEY

He's my "up", Benny.

BENNY

Mine Joey -

JOEY

What about that guy came in here bout
two seconds ago -

BENNY

He was just wantin' to use the can -

JOEY

It was your "up" Benny - you coulda sold
him -

Joey looks at Benny - thin gray hair mussed into bald-dom
from his collision with Molly - and doesn't even know it -

JOEY

What the hell - go ahead.

He backs off. And leaves the automatic customer to Benny.

CUT.

INT. PRESTIGE - SERVICE BAYS - 10:07

Joey and a MOM. With twins in a double stroller. Crying
kids. Lookin' at a four door Seville.

All around - white robed "technicians" pour over Caddies.
Place just screams: SAFETY!

JOEY

Absolutely - a single Mom - I hear what
you're saying - you absolutely can not
deal on safety. I have a kid myself.
Safety is non-negotiable.

Joey smiles at the kids. They cry. So what.

JOEY

Those imports - sure - they'll give a
custom paint job - what don't they talk
about, - safety.

(beat)

We start with safety.

Joey bangs the solid metal fenders.

JOEY

I don't gotta tell you there's a lotta drunks and crazies on our roads - and God-forbid somethin' happens - you better be in a car built to take it - take it and protect your family -

Kids cry. So what.

CUT.

INSERT - SALES CONTRACT - JOEY'S DESK

Mom signs: Ms. Gloria Petulski -

CUT.

EXT. PRESTIGE - CUSTOMER'S PARKING LOT -10:56 AM

Joey and an old man. Just retired by the new gold watch
Joey catches on his wrist.

JOEY

Brougham, good choice Brougham...

(beat)

Used to a big car Mr. Maroni?

Maroni's eyes drift to his '79 Toyota... Joey takes it in.

JOEY

Been a while since you bought a car...

MARONI

As a matter of fact...

Joey puts an arm around the older man's shoulder -

JOEY

Did you ever think... well, you should be looking somewhere else, Mr. Maroni?

MARONI

Are you saying -

JOEY

I'm just saying it's been a while since you purchased a car - Cadillac is a very exclusive automobile and priced that way. You may be in for a bit of what we call "sticker shock".

(beat)

Maybe you should consider shopping for

JOEY (cont)
something less in an auto -

MARONI
(coughs)
I know what a Cadillac costs.

Without missing a step - Joey shoves the door open and leads to the Brougham - gotta grin where Maroni can't see.

CUT.

INSERT - SALES CONTRACT - JOEY'S DESK

Maroni signs: "Seamus Maroni".

CUT.

INT. PRESTIGE - 11:23 AM.
Benny inside Little Jack's office.

LITTLE JACK
We're doin' okay - sold 23 units, but we can do better, so I'm gonna allow another 200 bucks off without prior approval -

BENNY
Jack - how many cars I sell?

LITTLE JACK
Two, Benny. Just two.

BENNY
And Molly?

LITTLE JACK
Six Benny.

BENNY
Six? Shit.
(beat)
How 'bout Joey?

LITTLE JACK
Three Benny.

BENNY
I'm not gonna keep my spot on the floor, am I?

As Joey walks in with Maroni's completed sales contract.

LITTLE JACK

The day's not over -

BENNY

Today don't matter if I'm not going to
keep my spot - I wanna know, Jackie.

The phone RINGS. Little Jack grabs it.

LITTLE JACK

(into phone)

No - yeah. He's here.

(to Joey)

Doctor's on the phone.

JOEY

Say I can't come now -

LITTLE JACK

(grins)

You rat -

(into phone)

I'm sorry. Mr. O'Brien is with a
customer. He's a very busy man.

BENNY

We were talking - Jackie -

LITTLE JACK

I told you --

BENNY

I'm not selling any more unless you tell
me I got a spot at the new place.

Little Jack puts the phone back to his ear - grins.

LITTLE JACK

Joey - "doctor" says it's an emergency.

(into phone)

What kinda "emergency" -

BENNY

Jackie, damnit - I'm trying to talk with
you here.

Joey takes the phone.

JOEY

Hello. This is Joey.

(listens)

Jeez Lila - okay - what's the emergency
- I'm real busy here - an agent? What
kind of agent?

BENNY

(to Little Jack)

Stop listening to Joey on the phone -
answer me.

LITTLE JACK

There's no guarantees, okay - no
guarantees in life - you know that - you
don't sell - what can I do, your job for
you?

JOEY

(into phone)

Press agent? Why? - No. I don't mean
you're not - what'd you say - intriguing
- I mean you're already great -
intriguing - just how's a press agent
gonna make you more intriguing -

BENNY

I'm gonna leave. Fuck you and fuck
your Dad.

LITTLE JACK

Fuck you.

JOEY

(into phone)

Okay, okay - I understand - but how
would I know a press agent - sure I know
a lot of people - important people, yeah
- so what - not that kind of people - I
don't know publicity - okay, okay...

(beat)

just tell me how much -

Joey watches Benny give Little Jack an up your ass --

BENNY

How many cars you ever sell, Jackie.

Benny walks out past Joey - nods back at Little Jack.

BENNY

The little shit.

Little watches Benny go. Turns to Joey.

LITTLE JACK
Washed up old fart.

JOEY
(over phone)
\$5,000 for 3 months!? What's this guy
gonna do for you - Christ 5 grand for 3
months - that's robbery, Lisa - LILA, I
said Lila - I don't know a Lisa - I told
you -

Molly comes in with a sales contract for Little Jack to
sign off on. She passes Joey. Swings her hip --

JOEY
What - I didn't hear that - no somebody
was... showing me something --

Molly looks back at Joey.

MOLLY
(to little Jack re: Joey)
Do you believe him...

LITTLE JACK
Yeah.
(checks contract)
Offer him custom striping and tinted
windows.

MOLLY
Why screw it up - he's ready to write -
giving shit away makes people nervous.

JOEY
(into phone)
Lila, Gorge, me Joey, I'm not sayin'
you're not worth it - of course, you're
worth it. 5 thou, 10 thou, whatever,
you're worth it, you're the best -

Little Jack signs Molly's deal contract.

Molly walks out past Joey - stalls his conversation one
more time. Joey covers the phone.

JOEY
(to Molly)
Tomorrow night?

MOLLY
Get off it, will you?

She goes. Joey nods at Little Jack.

JOEY
She needs it, man.
(back into phone)
My boss - just talkin' to my boss -
(beat)
Yeah, I heard, 5 gs, I don't know if I
got 5 gs - of course, I got it, I mean I
don't know if I got it cash - ready cash
- no - no baby - I love you more than 5
gs - 5 gs is nothing compared to our
love --

CUT.

INT. BIG JACK'S OFFICE - 12:03 PM

Leather walls. More plaques. This guy musta invented the
car fer Chrissakes. Cigars. Lotsa cigars.

But you get the feeling he doesn't spend a lot of time here
any more. Dust.

Big's leaned back in his chair. Joey across from him.

JOEY
I got something to ask, Big. I never
asked you anything before - but I got
some personal problems - expenses comin'
up -

BIG JACK
Joey... Joey...
(puff puff)
Whata I tell you...
(beat)
A salesman who can sell never needs
nothin' from nobody.

CUT.

INT. PRESTIGE - MEN'S ROOM - 12:32PM

Joey steals a few puffs - a long inhale - catches himself
in the mirror over the sink -

He pulls his eyelids down. Blood shot.

He takes the cigarette and tosses it in the can -

CUT.

INT. PRESTIGE - 12:36 PM

Coffin Salesman comes in. Joey rushes over - gladhands him like an old friend.

JOEY

"Something in black"?

COFFIN

You don't look so good -

JOEY

It's gettin' to be a long day -

CUT.

INT. PRESTIGE - SHOWROOM - 12:58 PM

Joey with a Soviet emigre and his Wife who have struck it materialistic. Full of the power of owning things.

SOVIET

I own fleet of cabs. -7 years. I have 19 taxi.

JOEY

And now you want a Cadillac for yourself. I can understand that.

WIFE

We buy American. Only American.

JOEY

You have kids?

SOVIET

Kids no.

JOEY

Then you ought to take a look at our Allante -

(checks watch)

Right over there - check it out - maroon - beautiful - be right back -

Joey rushes to his office.

Coffin's filling out his sales form. Slowly. So he can steal looks at Donna's legs as she waits on the signatures.

JOEY

(dials phone)

Tina. Joey. She home?

(beat)

Christ Tina- maybe you try callin' this Louie -

(listens)

How the hell do I know his last name - I tell you one thing - I find out - I kill him - I tell you that.

(listens)

What kind of question is that - what kind of a day am I having? I'm having a shit day - a total shit day -

Coffin, Donna glance at Joey. Joey don't care -

JOEY

(into phone)

- My little Girl's out missing doing God knows what - we're all gonna lose our fuckin' spots - I'm hocked up to my ass and everyone's askin' money - and I gotta sell 7 more cars...

(breath)

So the day's total shit - S - H - I - T - and it could not get worse -

(stops cold)

Oh shit... no -

Joey stares through the doorway into the showroom:

YAPYAPYAPYAP - a stupid little hairless Chihuahua runs amok among the cars - where:

perusing cars is a couple. A Man - maybe 60, gray at the temples. Oozing wealth.

And his mate - with the ankle bracelet - J O Y

Davey's "up". He moves to them... self effacingly.

JOEY

(into phone)

No - uh - I - uh...

(beat)

Just call me, Tina - the second she comes home -

He drops the handle down. Misses the phone.

JOEY

Joy... why you doin' this to me, Joy...
today -

Joey takes off -

DONNA

(to Coffin)

He's not really like this, y'know.

Joey slices through the showroom - cuts Davey at the pass.

JOEY

I... got a previous relationship with
these buyers.

And he straightens his tie. Approaches Joy and the Man.

The Soviet gets to him first -

SOVIET

Mr. Salesman - for this "Atlantic" -

JOEY

Yeah, uh, one moment - I'll be -

YAPYAPYAP - T O Y attacks Joey familiarly. Begins humping
his leg. Joey brushes him down.

JOEY

(under his breath)

Horny little shit -

(smiles at Joy)

Mrs. ... uh... Munchak???

Joy picks up T O Y. Smiles.

JOY

Think he likes you.

Joey turns to Mr. Munchak.

JOEY

Mr. Munchak.

Joey O'brien. Sold you a car - maybe
three years... '87 El Dorado, wasn't it?

MUNCHAK

Ah yes, Mr. O'brien. My relationship
for life.

JOEY

Has it run well for you, Mr. Munchak.

MUNCHAK

I bought it for my wife. She's 'doesn't seem to have had any complaints.

JOEY

Glad to hear that.

JOY

No complaints at all, Mr. O'brien. It's been a pleasure to drive. A real pleasure.

JOEY

My pleasure to have served you.

(to Mr.)

Well what can I do for you, today sir?

MUNCHAK

I thought I'd get my wife a new Cadillac - as she's been so happy in her old one.

(smiles at her)

We're moving into a new place and she wants a new car to go with it...

JOY

(turns to Joey)

So you are ready to continue our relationship for life, Mr. O'brien?

Munchak looks at Joy. Her tone of voice...

MUNCHAK

(to Joey)

Uh... yes my Wife was thinking, maybe a Allante convertible - black...

(back at Joy)

Is that what you want, darling?

JOY

I saw one just like that... maybe Mr. O'brien knows what I'm talking about...

MUNCHAK

Well Mr. O'brien? Do you think you can help us?

Joy smiles where her husband can't see.

JOEY

I... uh. Sure -

The Russians are back.

SOVIET

Pleeeeeease - thees El Donuto. What kind deal you make me on this - cash okay?

Joey stands in middle of a sale. In the middle of a triangle with Joy and Munchak.

SOVIET

Cash - I ask you how much - in cash -

JOEY

Uh... base price is... is...

MUNCHAK

Mr. O'brien - I believe you were serving us -

JOY

That's right, Mr. O'brien -

A rumble. Maybe it's Joey's stomach. He touches it.

SOVIET

I am waiting - Mr. Salesman -

MUNCHAK

Mr. O'brien -

The RUMBLE becomes louder.

A CRASH!

It's all confusion. Glass flying. People diving.

An alarm is whining.

One woman is screaming. Then another.

Men are cursing out.

Munchak suddenly dives to the floor.
The Russians are nowhere.

T O Y has jumped down, hidden under the 65 El Dorado.

But Joey is looking at Joy...

VOICE

ALL YOU BASTARDS ARE GONNA DIE! YOU HAD
YOUR GOOD TIME - NOW YOU'RE GONNA DIE!

Joey whirls. In the middle of the showroom. A motorcycle
has crashed through the window.

A man in a leather jacket is waving an AK 47. He is the
only one moving.

The motorcycle is on it's side. Explosive looking things
are strapped to the underside.

The front of AK 47 finds Joey.

MAN

Are you one of them - you look like one
of them.-

JOEY

..."one" what?

The Soviet springs to his feet. On the dead run to the
door. Maybe he thinks he's "one".

A moment. Like a wave everyone moves after him.

TAT TAT TAT Bullets spray in front of Soviet .

He dives down. Screams. Blood.

He's cut his hand on the glass on the floor.

He sits up. Holds his bleeding hand.

The man whirls his gun back at the room.

Everyone is caught frozen. Ridiculous in their moment of
fear or flight.

There's Little Jack. Out of his office. 3 steps towards
the exit. An envelope full of cash under his arm. Hundred
dollar bills waft to the floor.

There's Henry and Davey. Half crouched behind the '65 El
Dorado. Mouths open.

There's Molly. Lying on the floor. Scared speechless. In
mid crawl. Her impeccable clothes dragged with dust.

There's Franklin with a pair of customers. Keeping them
between himself and the gunman. Glaring. But not moving.

There's Big Jack. At the door to his office. Hands on his hips. Like Nazis just landed on his private beachhead.

There's young Frankie. Trying to look cool with a cigarette trembling in his mouth.

There's the Coffin Salesman. Holding his new car contract so tightly - it's pinched through to the carbons.

There's Henry - having taken off so fast - he's literally run out of his loafers -

And there's Donna. The only one moving.

DONNA

Larry...

She approaches the gunman. Tight skirt riding up her ass.

DONNA

What the hell you doin' Larry?

LARRY

I wanna know, Donna.

DONNA

You gone crazy -

LARRY

Tell me - who all did you do?

DONNA

Whataya talkin'?

LARRY

Tell me who you fucked here, Donna.
I gotta know.

DONNA

Whataya gonna kill everyone, Larry.

LARRY

I wanna know -

DONNA

You gonna kill 'em Larry?

LARRY

Who!

DONNA

Whataya?

LARRY
Fuckin' who!

DONNA
Whataya -

LARRY
Tell me!

DONNA
Whataya wanna know - everyone - okay! I
fucked 'em all -
(beat)
I fuck and fuck and fuck -

Larry's gun goes off. At Donna's head. She goes right down.

LARRY
Shit... Donna.

Larry's eyes are red intense little balls.

LARRY
Over there - everyone NOW!

He points to the wall behind Joey's desk - Everyone MOVES -

LARRY
No! Just the guys!

The women thankfully stop in their tracks. The guys line up - Larry scans their faces:

Davey. Benny. Franklin. Henry. Little Jack. Big Jack.
Joey. Coffin. Munchak. Soviet -

SOVIET
Pleeeze - I just come to buy -

LARRY
Shut up -

And he continues scanning the faces - Ending on... Frankie.

LARRY
You. Little tough guy with the tattoo -
you been doin' Donna? Ain't you.

The cigarette falls from Frankie's mouth. It's long out.

LARRY

Answer me, you little shit.

He levels the gun at Frankie. Too scared to even eek out a no...

LARRY

Stick your little toy dick in there, did ya?

FRANKIE

I - I - I - oh God - please -

Frankie's jaw's shaking so hard - everyone can HEAR teeth chatter -

JOEY

Jesus Larry - don't do that - he's just a kid -

LARRY

What's your problem - asshole -

The business end of Larry's gun finds Joey - finger quivers on the trigger -

Joy SCREAMS!

JOY

Not Joey - please no -

MUNCHAK

(at Joy)

Not Joey??? "JOEY!" Joy... ?

But Joy can't help herself. She moves towards Joey -

JOEY

Joy. Stay where you are. You listen to me, now.

Munchak looks at Joy and Joey - the way they're lookin' at each other... it sinks in.

MUNCHAK

Joy - you've been - been - been... with with this - this - Salesman???

POW!!!

Larry fires off a shot. In the air.

LARRY
EVERYBODY FUCKIN' SHUT UP! This is my
thing, damnit!

He looks at Joy and Joey. He looks at Donna and then
every guy in the place.

LARRY
This is some fuckin' joint here - open
season on anyone's woman - huh?

He whirls the gun around. All the guys, Big, Little, all
'em shrink away.

Then Larry finds Frankie again -

LARRY
So you had your little fun, didn'tya -
DID YA!? -

He sticks the gun under Frankie's neck - gonna kill him -

LARRY
Now you pay - little shit -

JOEY
Me -

A moment. Joey turns from Joy to Larry...

JOEY
It was me.

Larry leaves Frankie. Who collapses in a thankful ball on
the floor...

and the gun finds Joey again.

LARRY
You? What?

JOEY
Me and Donna.

LARRY
You.

JOEY
Yeah me.

Joey turns to Joy. Fear turns to fury.

JOY

You shit, Joey.

She looks at Joey. At what he's just admitted. And she starts to sob -

JOEY

Joy... please -

Munchak looks at Joey under Larry's gun.

MUNCHAK

You're something O'brien - I hope to hell this guy does kill you.

Larry looks at Munchak.

LARRY

I'm doin' the talkin -

(back at Joey)

You, okay. Now who else? The Kid?

C'mon. Talk!

As Joey faces the gun. Something calm comes over his face.

JOEY

Okay Larry. Kill me if you want to kill me... but it was just me.

LARRY

Yeah? Prove it.

JOEY

Larry, what am I crazy - why would I lie to you about something like this - you got a gun - you're pointing it at me - and you're gonna kill me for tellin' you this - so why would I lie - I'd be an asshole to lie to you.

(beat)

It was just me. Nobody else.

Larry looks at Joey. This notion is doing serious damage to his belief system.

LARRY

Yeah, well - what about all her crap - "I fuck and fuck and fuck" -

JOEY

So maybe she was tryin' to mess with your head...

Larry hesitates. A NOISE.

Little Jack - sneaking out the back to the service bays -

Larry whirls. FIRES -

Little Jack dives to the floor. Hands over his head -
kneeling - begging -

YAPYAPYAP T O Y streeeeaks out from under the El Dorado -
little feet trampling right over Little Jack's face - and
out the door Little Jack was aiming for.

Big Jack turns red. Slumps. But it's fear not his heart
attacking him.

JOEY

Larry. C'mon we were talkin'.

Larry turns back to Joey.

LARRY

Yeah - so how much did you fuck her,
man?

JOEY

What's it matter now. She's dyin' on
the floor there, Larry.

LARRY

One time? 20 times?

JOEY

Less.

LARRY

10 times?

JOEY

Jesus, c'mon.

LARRY

More'n ten?

Joey looks over at Joy. The other Gals...

JOEY

Why don't you let the chicks go. I don't wanna talk things like this in front of 'em.

(beat)

C'mon, I mean whataya got against them? They didn't do nothin' with Donna.

LARRY

I don't know, man.

JOEY

Let 'em go.

LARRY

Tell me first, man - how many times? I swear I'll kill you.

JOEY

(beat)

Okay. Go ahead -

Joy moves to Joey - ready to forgive him before he's gonna die. But Munchak grabs her -

Joey keeps looking right in Larry's eyes.

JOEY

-but kill me and you never know the whole thing with me and Donna.

SIRENS are blaring outside. Red flashing lights of police cars and ambulances spin through the dealership.

Larry looks outside. Looks at Joey. He's wavering.

JOEY

C'mon Larry, be a guy. Let the chicks go.

A MOAN. Donna rolls over. Her head is bloodied. But doesn't have any holes in it.

She's stunned. Not dead.

JOEY

Lookit Larry. Look at Donna. See you ain't killed anyone yet.

Donna sorta sits up. Joey starts to her -

LARRY

Whataya doin' -

She droops over, dizzy.

JOEY

(back at Larry)

Nothing. I'm doing nothing -

(beat)

You just gonna let her die to death on the floor?

LARRY

What if I do, huh? She deserves it.

(beat)

Okay, pick her up.

Joey lifts her into his chair -

JOEY

(to Donna)

Whatever you hear - shut up -

LARRY

Yeah bitch - better listen to your boyfriend here -

Donna focuses on Joey - what Larry just said -

DONNA

Joey? You think I'm fuckin' Joey... jerk.

Larry's lookin' confused - Joey whirls at him -

JOEY

You shot her in the head - she's out of it. She don't what she's saying.

(right to Donna)

Got amnesia, right!

DONNA

I oughta know who I fucked - and who I didn't -

Joey stares at Donna -- hard.

JOEY

It's no use bullshittin' him - he knows everything - EVERYTHING! go lyin'- who knows what shit'll go down -

(beat)

You gotta trust me here -

Donna looks around the room - Little Jack, Davey, Henry, Frankie... all scared shitless...

She gets who's carrying the ball...

DONNA

Sure... Joey whatever you say...

SIRENS LOUDER.

Joey goes back to Larry...

JOEY

We were talkin' about the other chicks. Whata they got to do with it?

A moment...

JOEY

Whataya say Larry? Make things simple - be a guy.

LARRY

Yeah... why not.

Larry waves the chicks to the door with his gun. Cuts them loose.

The Russian Wife splits. Fast.

The women customers split.

Molly walks out. Slowly. Stops at the door.

Every look she had for Joey, had no use for him.

But now. She's impressed. Her lips purse. She sends Joey a message - And is out the door.

And Joy. She looks at Joey. Confused.

JOEY

C'mon Joy. What's here for you? Nothin'. I can't do for you... I can't. Okay?

JOY

Joey - I told you that doesn't matter -

JOEY

Get outta here, Joy!

She turns and looks at her Husband. Right now a miserable scared sack of shit... with money.

JOY

Harry I... I'm sorry...

She turns and runs out. Covering her face.

Now it's just the guys... And Donna.

LARRY

(to Joey)

All right, man - now you tell me. How many times you do her?

JOEY

(eyes Donna; quieter)

You really wanna talk 'bout this here -

LARRY

And I wanna know wherē.

JOEY

Where...?

LARRY

Where you did it with her. And how.

(beat)

Or maybe I kill everyone.

It ain't just Larry looking at Joey. It's all the guys.

This is an important sale to the dealership.

JOEY

You really want me to do that? Talk personal shit in front of all these people?

Larry thinks a sec...

JOEY

It's your WIFE we're talkin' about.

Larry takes a breath. Maybe... Joey leads him across the room - as far from Donna's hearing range as possible -

When a VOICE blasts through a MEGAPHONE into the room --

COP

(over PA)

YOU INSIDE! YOU ARE SURROUNDED.
YOU HAVE NO HOPE OF ESCAPE.
SURRENDER IMMEDIATELY!

Larry whirls. Panicked. Sees a ream of cops out there --

And FIRES a WARNING SHOT high over their heads.

It loudly SHATTERS a pane of glass.

JOEY

Shit...

(beat)

GET DOWN! EVERYBODY!

THEY DO!

A shower of return police warning shots SMASH ten times more glass - in a display of their superior FIRE POWER.

If Larry wants to send a message. The Police'll send a MESSAGE back.

Larry FREAKS. Crawls over to Joey.

LARRY

What'sa matter with them, they fuckin' nuts or what!

Larry sticks the end of his gun in Joey's ear.

And using him as a shield - forces Joey up and over to a hole in the shattered glass.

LARRY

Tell 'em to stop or I'll blow this place and half the fuckin' block to hell.

Joey looks out. A dozen police guns and shotguns are pointed right at him.

Larry's gun is pointed in his ear.

JOEY

(out to cops)

HE SAYS - STOP SHOOTING OR HE'LL BLOW THIS PLACE AND HALF THE BLOCK TO HELL.

COP
(over megaphone)
YEAH? WITH WHAT?

Joey turns to Larry?

JOEY
Yeah, with what?

Larry points to the stuff strapped to the bike.

JOEY
(out to cops)
HE'S GOT STUFF STRAPPED TO HIS BIKE -

COP
(over megaphone)
SO WHAT - SO'S MY LITTLE KID -
(beat)
WE WANNA KNOW WHAT IT IS -

LARRY
(in Joey's ear)
M2 Plastique.

JOEY
(out to Cops)
M2 PLASTIQUE.

A moment... Then.

COP
(over megaphone)
YEAH? WHERE'D HE GET THAT - WE DON'T
BELIEVE HIM.

LARRY
(into Joey's ear)
Harlem. I got it in Harlem.

JOEY
(out to cops)
SAYS HE GOT IT IN HARLEM.

A moment. The cops conference.

Joey can see a crowd of people forming across the street.

And the cops trying to keep them back, stringing yellow
tape at the ends of the block -

But then what NYer listens to the cops - lots of shoving and shouting...

A minivan roars up. The telescoping remote antenna of EYEWITNESS NEWS.

The honcho cops finish their conference.

MEGAPHONE

OKAY. MAYBE WE'LL TALK. WHAT'S HE WANT?

Joey turns to Larry.

JOEY

Whataya want me to tell 'em?

Larry uh... well, Larry hasn't given this a lot of thought.

They back away from the shot out window.

JOEY

You don't want me to tell 'em the truth, do you? I mean the news is here. You don't wanna be washin' your you dirty laundry in front of the whole city, do you?

LARRY

Yeah. Yeah. I mean no...

JOEY

Okay, okay.

LARRY

So whata I tell 'em?

Not that Joey's given this situation any pre-thought.

JOEY

You could - I guess - tell 'em - you'll talk to 'em - but over a phone - where no one else is gonna hear...

Makes sense...

LARRY

Maybe...

JOEY

Sure. Give us a chance to talk, y'know about Donna -

Joey notices the way Larry is looking at him. Trust..

JOEY

Should I tell 'em that, Larry?

LARRY

Yeah. But don't think I ain't gonna kill you. And all these assholes.

JOEY

No man. I'm not thinkin' that.

Larry checks the room. No one's thinking that.

JOEY

Okay, c'mon, put the gun to my head - we'll go talk to 'em -

Larry puts the gun back to Joey's head. They shuffle to the blown out window.

Cops seem to be springing out of the ground full born. And armed.

There's dozens of 'em. And TWO minicam crews.

And THUMP - A - THUMP - A Police Chopper circles the block.

JOEY

(out to cops)

OKAY! WHO ARE WE - I MEAN HE - WHO'S HE TALKIN' TO HERE?

COP

(over megaphone)

NYPD.

JOEY

(out to cops)

YEAH, NO SHIT. NYPD WHO? C'MON - GIVE HIM A NAME - IT'LL MAKE THINGS EASIER.

A moment.

JOEY

HE WANTS A NAME - WHATAYA GONNA LET HIM KILL US CAUSE YOU WON'T GIVE HIM A LOUSY NAME!?

A moment.

A Detective steps forward. Bulky in a bullet proof vest. Carries a megaphone.

DETECTIVE

I'm Walters.

JOEY

Okay Walters. Here's the deal.

Click. Click. Click. News photographers' strobes blink on and off. Even in the daylight it blinds.

WALTERS

What kind of deal?

JOEY

He don't wanna talk out here - he wants to talk on the phone - okay?

WALTERS

What's his name. Can't he talk for himself?

Joey turns to Larry. The gun stuck in his neck kinda hard.

JOEY

(to Larry)

C'mon... easy with that. You don't gotta stick it through my neck to kill me, y'know.

Larry withdraws the gun a bit.

LARRY

Sorry.

JOEY

Now - whataya want to tell him?

LARRY

I'm sure as hell not gonna tell him my name.

(beat)

Then they'll know who I am.

JOEY

Yeah. Good thinkin'...

(beat)

So look, make up some name - what'll they know.

LARRY
What kind of name?

JOEY
Up to you. Whataya like?

WALTERS
(over megaphone)
WE'RE WAITING HERE - - WHATAYA THINK, WE
GOT ALL DAY?

JOEY
C'mon - anything, it don't matter.
They're gettin' antsy out there.

LARRY
Okay... uh Smith.

JOEY
Ah c'mon Larry, they'll know that's
bullshit - give 'em a first name.

LARRY
Chip.

JOEY
Chip?

LARRY
Like from Charles - Chip.

JOEY
Why not Charlie?

LARRY
You don't like Chip?

JOEY
Chip's okay. I think they'll take a
"Charlie" more serious. Chip's kinda,
y'know -

Joey waffles his hand effeminately.

LARRY
(nods)
Okay. Tell 'em Charlie. But I don't
wanna talk to them.

JOEY
(out to cops)
HIS NAME'S CHARLIE.
(beat)
AND HE WON'T TALK TO YOU UNLESS IT'S
OVER THE PHONE.

Walters walks back. Confers with other cops.

Larry looks out the window... sighs - turns to Joey.

LARRY
Sure ain't workin' out like I thought it
would...

DONNA
Yeah, cause you gone and screwed up like
you always do...

LARRY
What was I 'sposed to do, just sit
around while you fuck this guy and
anythin' else that moves - what kinda
man would I be - just sittin' around
with my cock in my hands -

DONNA
About the only place it's been -

POW! Larry fires off a shot above her head!

JOEY
Oh Jesus Donna - don't say shit like
that to him NOW --

POUNDING FOOTSTEPS!

3 Cops with shotguns behind shields. Respond to the SOUND
of Larry's SHOT at Donna by rushing the dealership -

Larry whirls - FIRES A BURST AT THE COPS

THEY COULD FIRE BACK -

JOEY - LARRY - DONNA - FRANKIE - BIG JACK all in the line
of sight - All staring down those double NYPD barrels --

Thank God. The Cops DO THE RIGHT THING.

They turn and run...

Frankie faints right to the floor.

Joey lets out a low whistle -

Larry LAUGHS -

LARRY

Jesus look at 'em - look at that -

And POW! POW! POW! Impressed with his power Larry FIRES at the departing tails of New York's finest.

And one of the Cops FALLS. Struck in the back of the calf.

He struggles to his feet. Hobbles off.

SCREAMING like a little boy fallen off his bike.

A dozen other Cops charge at their fallen buddy -

Larry freaks - raises his automatic -

Gonna fuckin' start WIIII -

Gonna blow the cops to hell --

Gonna get everyone killed -

Gonna -

But Joey SHOVES the barrel DOWN before he can fire --

JOEY

Boy - you got a real need to wanna screw this up, don't you?

DONNA

As usual --

JOEY

Shut up, Donna!

The Cops take their fallen buddy and retreat.

The phone RINGS and RINGS and RINGS and RINGS

LARRY

You -

(at Joey)

Get it -

Joey picks it up.

JOEY
(into phone)
Walters yeah?
(listens)
Well what do you think - we're in here
with this jerk - nut - GUY with a goddamn
gun - whataya think - he's fuckin' playin'
games with us? - He is DANGEROUS and we are
SCARED SHITLESS - Okay?
(listens)
I don't know - hold on.

Joey turns to Larry.

JOEY
You wanna better talk to Walters - he's
angrier than fuck -

LARRY
The guy... the one I hit... how is...

JOEY
(into phone)
How's the guy... Lar -er Chip - CHARLIE!
shot. Charlie wants to know how he is.
(listens; turns to Larry)
He ain't gonna die.
(listens to phone;
back to Larry again)
Walters wants to know what you want.

LARRY
Shit, I don't know - what am I gonna
tell him -

JOEY
(into phone)
He's confused. C'mon Walters give him a
few minutes - let him figure it out.
(listens)
Whataya sayin' 1 minute - what right you
got to fuck with our lives in here - you
saw what he did - he shot a cop, a COP!
You start orderin' him around - what's he
gonna do to us -

LARRY
Yeah - tell him that - tell him I don't
know what the hell I'm gonna do.

JOEY
(to Larry)
They got the idea, Larry...
(listens to phone)
Okay, that's better - yeah I'll call
you back.

Joey slams down the phone.

JOEY
Putz.

Larry's looking at Donna. She's standing close to Little Jack. Larry looks at them together.

LARRY
What about it, pretty boy...

Larry turns back to Joey.

LARRY
I bet this pretty boy's been poppin' her
too - behind both our backs...

LITTLE JACK
No... no. You gotta believe -

Donna looks at him. Obviously he's fucked her. Or tried.

DONNA
He wasn't nothin', Larry -

Larry thinks. Doesn't rate killing. Turns back to Joey.

JOEY
Let's talk. I said we'll talk. We'll
talk - but... you gotta get everyone
over there.

Joey points to the side with the blown out windows -

JOEY
And no shit from you - Donna.

CUT.

INT. DEALERSHIP SHOWROOM - FEW MINUTES LATER

Big Jack, Little Jack, Henry, Frankie, Munchak and the rest
of the males plus Donna sit with their backs to the shot
out front facade of Prestige.

Their backs also to the Cops. A shield between them and:
Joey and Larry leaning against the tricked out El Dorado.
Larry's gun pointing all the while at the hostages.
Larry pulls out a cigarette - offers one to Joey.

JOEY

Just one - I'm tryin' to quit.

LARRY

Yeah - me too.

They light up...

JOEY

So, by the looks of things, it ain't been so good with you and Donna?

LARRY

What's it to you, man, I mean if were goin' good - you wouldn't be boffin' her.

JOEY

You think boffin' her is such a deal, more important than the happiness of two people??? C'mon think I'd be doin' it if... if I thought it was fuckin' with your happiness?

LARRY

Yeah sure, then why'd you do it with her?

JOEY

Well, how am I supposed to know - maybe you're out boffin' lots of chicks, boffin' chicks all over the place -

LARRY

I'm not, man -

JOEY

But you could. A good lookin' guy like you - I could see that -

(beat)

Way Donna talked about you being a sexy guy and all - I could see how you'd be out there partying all the time.

LARRY

Sexy? She didn't say nothin' like that.

(beat)

She's a lyin' bitch whore's all.

JOEY

She didn't not say it - anyway, I mean listen to yourself there, Larry, callin' her a "lyin' bitch whore" - what's that supposed to be - the foundation for a good relationship.

LARRY

Well... she is.

JOEY

What was she when you married her - a bitch whore? - you married a bitch whore, c'mon.

LARRY

I didn't know her too long.

JOEY

That's not good - marryin' someone you don't know.

(beat)

I did that.

LARRY

No shit, huh?

JOEY

I gotta tell you?

(beat)

Anyway, we had a kid. And split up.

LARRY

So was she... y'know, like Donna - a bitch?

JOEY

(breath)

It's tough, man. Believe me, women are always tough.

Larry lowers his head a moment. Thinkin' just how tough women are.

And his gun lies lazily in his hand.

Joey's eyes glance at it.

He could grab it - right now - grab Larry's gun - and he reaches --

The phone RINGS and RINGS and -

Larry's hands tighten on the gun. He stubs out his cigarette. Stares at the phone.

JOEY

Let it go. They'll wait.

LARRY

How you know?

JOEY

I don't know how I know, Larry - I just know.

LARRY

You know a lotta things?

JOEY

I know people. Sellin' - you get to know people - sometimes I think I want another job - where you don't gotta know people so good - but better the devil you know, right?

LARRY

I don't know people so good...

JOEY

So whataya do Larry?

LARRY

I used to fix jet planes for Eastern. A mechanic over at La Guardia.

A moment.

JOEY

...that's a good job, Larry, lotsa responsibility.

LARRY

Yeah, but I got laid off. Ain't worked in a year - why Donna had to --

Larry darkens. Looks over at Donna.

LARRY

A man's gotta work...

Joey looks at Larry. An unlikely source of wisdom.

JOEY

Yeah, I always thought that... thought everything came from work - money, power - even your sexual attraction - know what I mean -

LARRY

Yeah - you're sayin' a guy without a job is like a guy without a dick -

(beat)

Thanks...

JOEY

Don't mean that, Larry, c'mon - just mean it's in your head - not your head - everyone's head - you know what their work is -

(beat)

Never mind - ain't important -

CUT.

INT./EXT. NEWS CHOPPER - ABOVE THE DEALERSHIP - SAME TIME

Prestige is an island surrounded by police on all sides.

Traffic's blocked and detoured. Bystanders kept far to the side.

Inside the chopper a REPORTER does a live remote.

REPORTER

- At least a dozen hostages still remain held by a gunman. His identity and purpose remain unknown. Negotiations continue between the police and one of the hostage salesman - Joseph O'Brien.

INT. PRESTIGE SHOWROOM

The phone RINGS. RINGS. RINGS. Larry looks to Joey.

JOEY

I'll get it.

Joey puts out his cigarette. Takes the phone.

JOEY

(into phone)

I thought we were gonna get cut a little slack here.

(whispers)

Look - I think I can handle this here -

(listens)

Whataya mean who am I -

(louder)

I'm here - that's who the hell I am -
who the hell are you? - and where's
Walters - I was talkin' to Walters -
who's this?

Joey takes the phone and goes a little to the window.
Larry follows. Gun firmly back in hand.

JOEY

(into phone)

Okay, Captain Mason. Let me look at
you.

Mason steps out. A tall black guy. Can't miss him.

But Joey's not looking at him. He's looking at something
else.

JOEY

Oh shit... Oh shit...

Gettin' out of a cab. Dressed to the absolute nines - in
faux-furs - like a movie star at Cannes...

is LILA!

LARRY

What is it, what's wrong?

The phone's still dangling in Joey's hand.

MASON'S VOICE

(over phone)

You there? Hello -

Joey watches Lila argue with the cops - point inside - beg
to go in - put on a real show -

And she does got the cops staring at her.

Also staring at her... sitting at the curb, attended to by
a female Officer is...

Joy.

JOEY

Shit. This is really shit, Lila.

LARRY

Who's "Lila"? What're you talkin' 'bout?

MASON'S VOICE

(over phone)

What's goin' on? Talk to us - or we're
comin' in -

JOEY

(into phone)

Jesus, just hold on, will ya.

(turns to Larry)

Whata we gonna do, man?

LARRY

How do I know.

(morose)

I'm fucked. If I'm fucked we're all
fucked.

This admission goes over real well with the hostages.

JOEY

Don't talk crazy, you're not fucked yet
- whataya want to do, panic? You're in
charge here - act like it.

Larry looks up.

JOEY

C'mon cut some of these people loose, I
mean a lotta 'em couldn't've popped
Donna, they just walked in here to buy a
car, c'mon cut 'em loose...

(beat)

Give the cops somethin' to think about.

(beat)

C'mon, be a guy, Larry. Do it.

A moment.

MASON

(over phone)

What's goin' on -

JOEY
(into phone)
We're talkin' -
(to Larry)
Be a guy!

Larry sucks it up. Points along the row of Men - past the Jacks, Big and Little, settles on Coffin -

LARRY
Okay you -

Coffin gratefully gets up. Takes a look at Big Jack... then slides his business card to Little Jack...

COFFIN
If you ever need my services...

Coffin starts out - looks at Larry - then Joey.

COFFIN
And that coffin - it's yours - on the house -

LARRY
Boy, that's a hell of a thing to say to you, ain't it?

Coffin straightens his suit and walks out the front door. Hands held high.

About half way, Cops rush and yank him to "safety" so hard they nearly rip his arms off.

SOVIET
Me - I am only customer - demand right to go free too - please Mr.

LARRY
Oh sure, why not -

Soviet beats it out of there like a Soluz rocket - lucky he isn't killed by the jumpy cops.

Davey, Henry point out the other buyers. They split -

Leaving only... Munchak. He and Joey eye one another.

JOEY
C'mon Larry, cut him loose.

LARRY

I don't thinks so, not him.

MUNCHAK

Why not me?

LARRY

He's bangin' your wife too, right?

MUNCHAK

Yes. But -

LARRY

So... it's like, you and me, we're in this together, like brothers.

The Industrialist. The out of work sack of shit bum.

Harry and Larry both thinkin' Joey's fucked their old ladies.

JOEY

C'mon Larry, it's ain't really fair punishin' this guy for his wife's affair.

MUNCHAK

That's right.

LARRY

Well how the hell do you think I feel? I can't walk out of here either can I?

MUNCHAK

Look, we don't have anything against each other... why don't I give you something to let me out...

(beat)

Twenty five thousand dollars?

LARRY

25 gs?

MUNCHAK

That not enough? Tell me what you need.

(beat)

I'll write you a check right now.

Larry stares.

LARRY

You think I'm some kinda idiot?

MUNCHAK

I wouldn't cancel it - I swear -
(points at Joey)
He's a witness -

LARRY

No man, c'mon - if I took your money -
know what that'd be - extortion - I know
what that is - I ain't no extortionist -

MUNCHAK

What difference - you're already a
kidnapper and --

Joey shoves his hand in Munchak's face -

JOEY

Shutup. Money don't make you smart,
you're proof of that -
(back to Larry)
C'mon, just let him go -

Larry looks at Munchak in his fancy duds...

LARRY

Nah...

SCREAMING from outside -

There's LILA - having tossed off her faux-fur right over
the yellow police tape -

Running in - her cleavage bouncing out of a low cut evening
dress - her blond hair flaming wildly -

as CLICK CLICK CLICK -

The news photographers capture every detail... and the cops
can only watch...

Her dress flying around her legs ala Marilyn Monroe.

Larry, Munchak, the Jacks... all stare.

LILA

(calling out)

Joey... Joey... I gotta see you - are
you all right - I love you -

Joey appears - on the other side of the shattered glass.

JOEY
You crazy, Lila - don't come in here -

LILA
I don't care what happens to me... I
have to be with you...

Larry comes over behind Joey.

LARRY
Who is she?

Lila sets eyes on Larry. On his gun for the first time...

LILA
I'm Joey's girl.

LARRY
(to Joey)
Is she?

Joey nods...

LILA
I love you, Joey. And when I heard on
the news - I just knew I had to be with
you - you'd be with me - if like this
happened to me - I know it.

Munchak comes up behind Joey -

Munchak
...screwing her too? And my wife and
his wife..
(shakes his head)
How the hell do you got time to make a
living...

Joey shrugs. Good question.

LILA
Joey, what's he talkin', Joey? This true?

A laugh - Big can't help himself...

BIG JACK
You ain't kidding, sister.

Lila begins a slow burn -

But Joey's looking off past Lila...

Someone else arrived at the scene. TINA - now arguing LOUDLY with the cops about something.

And the news people are SCREAMING at the cops - I mean if "THAT BROAD COULD RUN IN THERE WHY CAN'T WE!

Yeah, it's all very confusing...

LILA

Joey - this since you been seein' me -

MUNCHAK

He's been a busy boy, your Joey, a very busy boy.

LILA

(stares)

Joey?

He can't/won't deny it.

LILA

Oh... how could you...

(cries)

I... I hate you.

And seething - turns round tail and runs back behind the police barricades.

CLICK CLICK CLICK go the photogs.

WHIRL WHIRL WHIRL go the video cameras.

Joey stands. Turns to Munchak.

JOEY

You didn't have to do that - tell her all that...

(turns to Larry)

He didn't.

LARRY

You fuck a lot of girls...

Joey shrugs.

LARRY

It's easy for you?

JOEY

It ain't easy. It's never easy.

Outside a white stretch LIMO pulls in. Right past the barricades. Is given royal treatment by the Queens NYPD.

Tony and his Steel Jaws. Tony's MAD at the cops too.

The phone is RINGING again. Joey and Larry look at each other. Joey picks it up -

JOEY
(into phone)
Grand Central Station, hello.
(listens)
Just a joke.
(listens)
No. I don't know this is a serious situation - what the hell do you take me for, you imbecile!

Joey's eyes settle on Frankie. Coming to.

JOEY
(into phone)
Hold on.
(turns to Larry)
He says, is there anything you want?
Food. Booze?

LARRY
Not now, thanks...

JOEY
He says not now -
(listens)
Tina???

He looks out the window. Across the way he sees Tina on the other end of the line.

JOEY
(into phone)
No, I'm all right, fine.
(listens)
Uh... it's 'cause of a domestic dispute, I guess you could call it that.
(listens)
I... uh... he...
(listens)
...well...uh...
(listens)
Right. I was fucking his wife.

Joey holds the phone away from his ear a bit. Tina's YELLING.

JOEY
(into phone)
Well maybe I do. Okay, maybe I deserve
this - but what about these other
guys...
(listens)

Joey turns to Larry. Points to the phone.

JOEY
Tina, my wife - wants to talk to you.

LARRY
Shit - you got a wife too -

JOEY
Ex - ex-wife.
(beat)
C'mon talk to her - for me?

Larry picks up the phone.

LARRY
Hello?

CUT.

EXT. PRESTIGE - SAME TIME -

Tina on a police mobile phone -

TINA
(into phone)
You know he's got a daughter - you know
that - you think about anything but
yourself - you think about us - you
think about his family -

CUT.

INT. PRESTIGE - SAME TIME -

Larry listens. And listens...

JOEY
What's she sayin'?

LARRY

(to Joey)

Your girl - she might be in trouble.
And I'm an asshole and a selfish prick
for holding you in here - when you
oughta be out lookin' for her.

(beat)

I'm sorry man, I really am...

JOEY

That's okay, you didn't know.

Larry listens to Tina some more.

JOEY

What's she sayin' now?

LARRY

(to Joey)

Your Mom - she's been watchin' on the
TV. She's real upset. She wants you to
call her. To say everything's gonna be
all right.

(beat)

How old's your Mom?

JOEY

Old enough. Whataya gotta know, Larry,
she's an old broad, okay - this ain't
doin' her any good...

LARRY

You gotta call her.

JOEY

Whataya want me to say to her?, "Bye Ma,
this guy's gonna kill me now."

Larry lowers the phone...

CUT.

EXT. PRESTIGE - SAME TIME

TINA'S VOICE

(yelling into phone)

I ain't finished yet... you don't hang
up on me - didn't your Mother teach you
any manners, god-damnit -

INT. PRESTIGE - SAME TIME

Larry looks at Joey. The steam's gone out of him.

LARRY
I guess I ain't gonna kill you.

JOEY
You gonna kill anyone?

Larry slouches...

LARRY
Don't know... myself maybe -

JOEY
Don't talk like that, Larry - that's
suicide - you don't do that. It ain't
right.

Larry nods okay.

JOEY
Okay then, I'll call my Ma.
(beat)
Gimme the phone.
(puts it to his ear)
Tina - Joey. Yeah, listen - yeah okay -
get off - I'm gonna call Ma.

CUT.

EXT. PRESTIGE - SAME TIME

TINA
(into mobile phone)
Joey - you listen to me - you take care
of yourself now -

INT. PRESTIGE - SAME TIME

JOEY
(into phone)
Yeah, Tina, you too.

Joey sets the phone down slowly. Dials another number.

JOEY

(into phone)

Me Ma. No, no, everything's fine,
really. I'm not bullshittin' you - no,
it's gonna be okay -

(listens)

Sure - we'll go pick out a new place for
you - together - I promise - we'll talk
about it tomorrow night Ma - you and me
- cook anything you want...

(beat)

I love you, Ma.

Joey sets down the phone. Turns to Larry.

JOEY

She's okay.

(beat)

How're you doin'...

Larry don't look so good...

LARRY

I'm feelin'... tired.

JOEY

Yeah...

(beat)

We gotta get you outta this...

Larry sighs.

JOEY

Easier gettin' in here than gettin'
out...

(beat)

Lemme call the cops.

(dials; then into phone)

Mason, that you? Okay, listen - Charlie
here wants to know what's gonna happen
to him -

Joey listens...

JOEY

(into phone)

Yeah, yeah... we all heard that before -
that don't mean nothing.

Joey hangs up. Turns to Larry.

JOEY

They want you to give up - they can't
promise anything -

LARRY

That'd be stupid - I'm not gonna do
that.

Joey looks out. Looks back at Larry. Touches his
shoulder.

JOEY

Listen -

Larry's listening -

JOEY

The deal is - first you let everyone go
- 'cept me and... Harry here - okay?

LARRY

Even Donna?

JOEY

Yeah, it's part of the plan.

LARRY

What plan?

JOEY

A plan. I got a plan.

(beat)

Go with me on this, Larry.

LARRY

I don't know... Donna?

JOEY

Man, you scared her half to death -
nearly shot her head off -

(beat)

Look it's not like she killed you. She
just went around on you a little.

(beat)

You gotta get this in proportion, know
what I'm sayin'?

Larry nods. Joey waves at the people.

JOEY

Go on. Say thanks to Larry here, and
get the hell out -

They do. Out through the broken glass and into the street.
Henry, Franklin, Davey - who taps Larry's shoulder -

DAVEY
Good luck to you -

And then the Jacks, Big and Little. Little without looking back. Big looking at Joey...

JOEY
Frankie - c'mon - move it, kid -

Frankie goes out. Weak in the knees.

Cops rush to cover the hostages - but Tony's Steel Jaws wrap Frankie up and take him to the white limo -

Now the dealership is quiet. Large and quiet with only 4 people inside: Joey, Larry, Munchak and... Donna.

LARRY
Do I gotta -

JOEY
You gotta. It's the plan.

Larry's having a hard time letting go -

JOEY
Time to cut her loose, man. C'mon -
(beat)
There's plenty more where she came from
- I know what I'm talkin' about.

Joey can read a "yes" in Larry's eyes. Like reading when a buyer goes for a car - he turns to Donna.

JOEY
You know, you got a real good guy here
in Larry -

Joey stares at her. She's got enough sense to keep her mouth shut and get out.

Harry Munchak isn't pleased to be left.

LARRY
Joey? What's the plan?

JOEY
Hang on a sec there, Larry.

Joey goes to Munchak...

JOEY

You listen to me here, Harry. We're all in this together - know what I mean... you, me, Larry - we're all in this together.

MUNCHAK

What do you want me to do.

JOEY

Larry's gonna need a lot of help to beat this thing - the kinda help you can give - money - whatever it takes - - you help him out.

Munchak nods.

JOEY

I got your word.

MUNCHAK

I get out of here in one piece, you have my word.

JOEY

All right. Go over there and shake Larry's hand. Tell him that.

Munchak goes over. He and Larry shake hands.

MUNCHAK

You have my word. I won't abandon you.

They keep shaking. Then Munchak turns and leaves.

It's only Joey and Larry.

LARRY

So what's the plan?

Joey picks up the phone.

JOEY

(into phone)

Gimme Mason -

(listens)

Mason - we're comin' out soon - no funny business - or you can screw the whole thing up...

Joey hangs up the phone.

JOEY
Okay, here's the plan.
(beat)
You give up.

A moment.

LARRY
What kinda plan is that - that's a lousy
plan -
(morose)
I thought you were gonna help me...

JOEY
I am. I am.
(beat)
You gotta go with me here, Larry, follow
real close what I'm sayin' - you
listenin'?

LARRY
I'm listenin' -

JOEY
Okay. You turn yourself in.

LARRY
You're crazy, man.

JOEY
No. You're crazy, man - C R A Z Y.

Larry stares at him.

JOEY
Get it? Donna made you crazy. You were
crazy when you came in here - out of
your head - crime of passion - not
responsible - crazy.
(beat)
I'll testify to that - Harry'll testify
- he'll make a good witness - we'll all
testify you were crazy. And we'll get
you a lawyer - the best lawyer -
Harry'll pay for that - we'll get that
sharpie Mike Tyson got to go after his
bitch - we'll get him -
(beat)
You with me, Larry? Good - so now we're
in the court, right? - and this lawyer's

JOEY (cont)

good - he's got you a jury of guys, all
guys - hear what I'm saying - all guys!

Joey smiles at him...

JOEY

Now you tell me - what kinda guy is
gonna blame you for what you did? No
kinda guy - unless it's a fag or
somethin' and this killer lawyer - right
- he's too smart to have any fag on your
jury - so you're off - free - gone - out
of there.

LARRY

You think so...

JOEY

There ain't no guarantees in life,
Larry. But one thing I can guarantee is
that me - Joey O'brien, I'm gonna go
through this thing with you every step
of the way.

(beat)

Gettin' this lawyer - makin' sure
Harry's gonna pay him - and bein' there
with you in the courtroom every day.

(beat)

Your problem is my problem, Larry.

A moment. The phone RINGS again.

JOEY

Whataya say?

RING.

JOEY

We've done okay, so far, most of it,
anyway...

RING.

JOEY

Time to be a guy, Larry.

LARRY

(beat)

Okay.

Joey picks up the phone.

JOEY
(into phone)
Mason? We're comin' out - no monkey
business.
(listens)
Your word?

Joey nods. Sets down the phone.

JOEY
Okay, let's go.

Larry's got the gun in his hand.

JOEY
Maybe you oughta put that thing down
now.

LARRY
I don't know...

He looks out at the cops - at the news cameras -

LARRY
Everybody's watchin' - I mean... I don't
wanna look like a wimp, Joey...

JOEY
You really think so...

LARRY
They won't respect me without a gun...
they're cops -

JOEY
I don't know, Larry - goin' out there
with the gun's gonna make them nervous -
gonna make me nervous.

LARRY
Yeah... I don't wanna do that - your
Ma, she's watching on the TV - and your
Kid - what if somethin' happened to you
- like the gun goes off... I don't want
that...

JOEY
That's really nice, Larry, thinkin'
about me now - that really means
somethin'...

LARRY

Guess I could take the bullets out -

Larry removes the cartridge. Starts to dump the shells into his own pocket -

JOEY

Uh... Larry. You wanna give me that?

LARRY

The shells, whataya want 'em for?

JOEY

... Souvenir.

Larry nods. Gives the ammo to Joey. Then replaces the cartridge.

JOEY

This is crazy Larry...

LARRY

I'm supposed to be - it's the plan, ain't it?

JOEY

Yeah. I guess so.

(beat)

C'mon...

LARRY

Joey...

JOEY

Yeah.

LARRY

It was... thanks for talkin' to me.

JOEY

Not a problem.

(beat)

You wanna point the gun at me -

LARRY

Why'd I do that?

JOEY

Better you point it at me than the cops, Larry.

(beat)

Anyway it's unloaded, ain't it?

They walk to the shot out windows.

Seems like a lot of people looking back at them.

From the windows of buildings down the boulevard. From the Dim Sum parlour across the block. From behind the police barricades.

From TV sets all through the city. As this drama is beamed live Sunday afternoon.

EVERYONE that is - but -

THREE WOMEN. Huddled in a little ball. Talking a mile a minute and all at once.

CUT.

EXT. PRESTIGE - SAME TIME

TINA - JOY - LILA aren't lookin' at Prestige...

But at each other. Fascinated!

Tina at Joy; Lila. Joy at Tina; Lila. And Lila at these two "older" women somewhat disbelieving.

JOY

Saturday mornings - that was our regular -

LILA

And he'd see me Saturday nights -

TINA

And he's got the nerve to come to me Saturday afternoons -

And then they stop looking at each other.

And then all three of them look at... Donna.

CUT.

INT. PRESTIGE - SAME TIME

LARRY

What's the matter?

JOEY

My life. That's what the matter is.

LARRY

Yeah? I'll trade with you.

JOEY

You don't wanna.

(beat)

You'll probably get outta this -
I won't.

A moment. Joey looks back...

JOEY

That crap you got nailed to your bike
there - that plastic shit - it gonna be
safe?

LARRY

Oh yeah. It's okay -

JOEY

Cause this whole plan goes down the
drain y'know if some cop gets blown-up
tryin' to defuse that thing.

LARRY

It's okay. It ain't real.

JOEY

All that stuff - you got it in Harlem -
that was all bull?

LARRY

Yeah...

JOEY

Pretty funny, Larry.

Joey knocks him in the shoulder.

JOEY

When we get across the street - you give
me the gun, okay Larry - you do that -
I'll take care of things..

Larry nods.

JOEY

Stick that think in my back and let's
go.

They start walking. Close - or the gun'll lose contact
with Joey's back -

They break out into the lot - between a lot of Caddies gone unsold on the big sale day.

Across the way: cops lined up in an endless single file.

In the middle: Mason with the megaphone.

MASON

(hyper-amplified)

I'm ordering you - RELEASE YOUR CAPTIVE!

Larry freezes.

LARRY

Jesus...

Joey keeps going - not scared of the empty gun behind him .

A space between them.

Joey loses the feel of the gun in his back - He turns -

JOEY

Larry, c'mon - keep up, willya -

KAPOW! kapow!

One echo. Shuts everyone and everything up.

Some cop - some "marksman" - one bullet -

Has taken Larry down. Or tried.

'Cause the bullet only slammed into Larry's shoulder.

He staggers. Doesn't fall.

JOEY

NOOOOO!!!

Larry looks kinda dazed. His gun wavers in his hand.

Joey whirls at the army of cops - shows them the shells from his pocket.

JOEY

IT AIN'T LOADED - YOU STUPID FUCKS - IT
AIN'T -

Larry confused - waves his gun about -

Where it aims - people dive -

JOEY
LARRY! DROP THE -

Too late.

Several more cops FIRE at him --

Larry goes down.

Joey sinks to a knee.

A SCREAM.

Donna comes running out. Falls over Larry. Crying.

Then the cops. A nickel late - dime short - burst through
in a sea of confused blue.

Joey's grabbed. Moved out. Even though he's not moving
his feet.

Cops are SCREAMING something about the "BOMB!"

A tank like vehicle. The bomb squad. Rolls up.

Drives right through some Caddy models popping 'em like
pinballs.

And SMASH into the showroom. SMACK into the old beautiful
El Dorado.

JOEY
There's no bomb... you idiots...
no bomb... no bullets... nothin'...

No one's listening to Joey now...

He's talking to himself.

Sitting on the curb.

Ignored.

Familiar hands massage his shoulders. Joey looks up. It's
Tina.

TINA
How you feel, Joey?

JOEY
Tired.

TINA

I was proud of you. You did good, Joey.

A moment. Joey looks into her eyes -

SMACK!

A hand SLAPS Joey's cheek. Lila stands over him. Hands on her hips -

LILA

I risked my life for you!

She stares. Full of anger. And stalks off.

CLICK! Someone takes her picture - and she's got a smile on before the shutter can close.

Now several men in trousers walk over to the curb.

Part. For another man in trousers.

TONY'S VOICE

Hiya Tina. Long time.

TINA

Long time, Tony.

Tony kneels down next to Joey.

TONY

My kid, Frankie told me what you did for him in there.

JOEY

It was nothin', Tony.

TONY

Nothin'. Sure.

(beat)

But all the same - Frankie's my kid and you took care of him like he was yours - I don't forget that -

JOEY

Nothin' Tony.

TONY

Nothin' Joey.

(beat)

That's what you owe me now, nothin'.

He pats Joey on the back.

Joey looks up. Nods... Tony gets up.

A police ambulance pulls up.

They roll Larry past on a gurney.

Doctors shoot hypos into his arm. Nurses stick an O2 mask over his mouth and nose. Pressure applied at the wounds to slow down his bleeding.

Joey gets up, goes over. A moment, his eyes and Larry's meet.

JOEY

I'm gonna see this through with you, no
matter what.

Before he can respond Larry is lifted into the ambulance and driven off.

A half block beyond - there's Joy and Munchak - she's crying on his shoulder. T O Y in her arms.

She looks Joey's way a sec - eyes meet -

Joey kinda smiles -- then he kinda freaks -

A phalanx of media attackers - microphones pointed!

"THERE HE IS!" And questions fly incomprehensibly

REPORTERS

How's it feel to be a hero -

Did he tell you why he did it -

Are you going to right a book -

Can you spell your name -

Joey's the center of media attention - not lost on Big and Little Jack --

He turns away from the press... to Tina.

JOEY

Lisa! Jesus - she call - you hear from
her, Tina?

Tina shakes her head -

REPORTERS

Were you ever scared -

What'd you say to save everyone -

Tina pushes between Joey and the press -

TINA

WHY DON'T YOU GET OFF HIS ASS -
YOU LEACHES -

The cops get between her and the reporters. Turn her away.
She and Joey start walking towards the dealership.

JOEY

Thanks.

TINA

I still think you've been a jerk...

A moment.

JOEY

And where the hell is she, your
daughter?

TINA

My daughter?

JOEY

Who the hell she live with? Who the
hell's supposed to be takin' care of her
for Christ's sake! Who the hell did the
Judge say was gonna take care of her!
Who the hell's god-damn lawyer told the
Judge that my lifestyle was a fuckin'
poison example for my daughter!

TINA

Why are you yellin' at me, Joey?

A moment.

JOEY

I'm sorry.

Big Jack... followed by Little Jack come over. Little Jack
extends his hand at Big's prodding.

LITTLE JACK

Joey... we uh... want you to know... Dad and I... well, we think you really did the dealership proud.

JOEY

Yeah. Thanks.

LITTLE JACK

And... look, one thing you don't gotta worry about - no matter where this dealership goes --

BIG JACK

You got a spot on the floor. As long as I'm here - you're here.

JOEY

Yeah...

Big Jack proffers a check. For 5 grand.

LITTLE JACK

Dad wants you to have this on account till we get rollin' over at the new house.

Joey looks at the check. Doesn't reach for it.

JOEY

You guys'll do all right... it's a great house.

They stare at him.

JOEY

You'll sell lotsa cars - even without me -

LITTLE JACK

No - we want you - we need you -

JOEY

You want me because I'm gonna be all over the news. And that's gonna sell cars -

BIG JACK

And make you big commissions -

JOEY

Maybe.

(beat)

Look - it's simple. You want me - you
take Benny - the whole gang.

Big and Little look at each other -

JOEY

You know it ain't been all us... it's
this old place. The new house'll give
us new blood. We'll sell - we're pros -

LITTLE

Maybe... we'd take Benny -

JOEY

It ain't a negotiation, guys, I ain't in
the mood for negotiation - all or
nothing.

LITTLE

I don't think -

BIG

Shut up -

(to Joey)

Okay, everybody -

Joey suddenly pushes forward. Right through Little and Big
Jack still talking -

Cause standing there is: LISA with Louie and his arm around
her.

LISA

Hi Dad.

LOUIE

Hey Mr. O. Looks like we missed all the
fun.

LISA

We heard all about it - it was on the
rock radio. Everyone was listening.

Joey stares at them standing there prepubescently in the
shambles that was Prestige.

Joey stares at them. And then he goes and rips Lisa right
out of Louie's arms.

JOEY
(to Lisa)
You are... grounded.

LISA
You can't -

JOEY
For a month.
Lisa whirls - suddenly caught up in nothing but herself.

LISA
You can't order me.
(beat)
You're not even around - it not's fair.

Joey looks past Lisa at Tina.

TINA
She's right.
(beat)
Whataya gonna do about it?

JOEY
What am I gonna do about it?
(beat)
I tell you what I'm gonna do about it.

He goes to Lisa.

JOEY
I'm gonna move back with your Mom a
while -
(to Tina)
All right?

TINA
All right. But no girls, Joey - no more
women, chicks, ladies, nothin'.

JOEY
Nothin' Tina, really.

Joey turns back to Lisa.

JOEY
So I'm gonna be home, okay.
C'mon now, let's go.

LISA
No.

Lisa doesn't move.

JOEY

No? Are you serious, no?

LISA

It's bullshit, Joey. You're not selling me. No matter what you say, you're a fuck-around. You can't help it.

(beat)

I'm a fuck-around too.

A moment.

First Joey fixes on Lisa - on her body. As if evaluating her sexual potential for the first time.

Her skin's soft. Her body's got some curves. It's definitely possible what she's saying.

Then he flashes on Louie - sticks a finger into his chest.

JOEY

Whata you still doin' here!

LOUIE

I -

JOEY

Get a little respect. Piss off.

Louie turns and splits. Doesn't even look back.

Joey turns back to Lisa.

JOEY

So you think you're pretty... well pretty grown up?

LISA

You're sellin' me.

JOEY

And you lied to me.

LISA

So what. You lie. You lied to Mom about your girl friends. You're not foolin' anyone. Everybody knows it.

Joey looks to Tina for support. Finds none.

JOEY

(back to Lisa)

Well... that's no excuse for doing what
you've been doin'.

LISA

So whataya gonna do, Dad. Move in a
coupla weeks - lecture me a lot - till
you feel better or get bored with Mom?

Joey looks at Lisa. At Tina.

At the mess of Prestige. At the blood on the floor -

And back at Lisa and Tina...

JOEY

Whataya wanna hear? You wanna hear me
say a lot of bullshit? I don't feel
like bullshit right now.

TINA

You know what she wants to hear.

Joey looks at Lisa... Yeah.

JOEY

So okay - you want me to say it, I'll
say it - no problem - I can say it - here
listen -

(beat)

So okay Tina... wanna marry an old car
salesman?

(beat)

Again.

She looks at him.

JOEY

Whataya say?

She looks at him.

JOEY

I'm talkin' about a relationship for
life here.

Joey looks at them. His Daughter. His ex ex-wife.

And he smiles. A great smile. A one time offer smile.

A smile impossible to say no to...

They kiss. Lisa watches approvingly.

TINA

Okay, get your car, Joey... we'll see you home.

Mother and Daughter walk off towards their car behind the police barricades.

Joey watches his family go. Could almost cry...

Then he walks towards the Prestige lot and his Allante.

Someone steps in his way.

Molly. Smilin' at Joey - a smile he knows all too well...

MOLLY

Joey -

JOEY

Yeah?

MOLLY

Couldn't believe how you handled that in there...

(beat)

I'd like us to get together.

Joey looks at her. Looks at her long wonderful legs...

MOLLY

Okay Joey?

Joey takes a breath. A long breath...

JOEY

I... uh, no... I'm really... no sorry.

He turns away.

JOEY

Shit...

He takes a breath walks to his car. Gets in behind the wheel. Turn to passenger seat. Talks to us.