

**HARLEM NIGHTS**

**BY**

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1 ESTABLISHING SHOT

1

EXTERIOR - NIGHT

Pan down from clock on side of bank. The clock reads 4:00 AM. A young boy wearing an applejack hat and knickers is running down the sidewalk carrying a paper bag. The streets are wet and empty. He turns up an alley and midway through knocks on a door. We see the peep hole open. An eye looks straight out and squints with bewilderment, then looks down and sees the young boy. The peep hole shuts and the door opens. The boy walks in and looks up at a huge black man who's looking down at him with an unpleasant scowl.

BOY

I got Mr. Raymond's cigarettes.

MAN

(a beat) Go on in back.

CUT TO

2 INT - DARK HALLWAY - NIGHT

2

The boy makes his way through the dark where some men pass by arguing. An overweight hooker sits on a stool chewing gum and staring at the boy. A drunk man is asleep and snoring quite loudly in the corner. Despite the surroundings, there's more of a look of amazement than fear in the boy's eyes. He pushes aside the makeshift felt curtain at the end of the hall and walks into a small, smoke-filled room.

3 INT - SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

Huddled around a small crap table beneath a sign that reads "RAY'S PLACE", are six men gambling intensely. One of the men is RAY. He notices the kid.

RAY

C'mon in and give me my cigarettes.

TOOTHLESS BLACK GAMBLER

What the hell that little boy doing in here? Get the hell outta here boy, 'fore I whip yo' ass!

RAY

He's alright. He runs errands for me.

3 CONTINUED:

3

TOOTHLESS

BLACK GAMBLER

I don't give a damn who he is!  
 I don't want no kid around me  
 when I'm shooting. Get the hell  
 outta here, 'fore I whip yo' ass!

*kid: you gotta bring some comin-  
 Sam-*

RAY

I said he's okay. Now, shoot or  
 pass the dice you three-tooth  
 motherfucker.

TOOTHLESS

I ain't passing shit. These are  
 my dice and I ain't shooting with  
 no kids in the room. Kids gimme  
 bad luck. I hate them mother-  
 fuckers. Get the hell outta here  
 boy, 'fore I whip yo' ass.

The other GAMBLERS grumble. A series of "C'mon man,"  
 "I ain't got all night, motherfucker," etc...

RAY

Shoot man, or leave.

Shaking dice.

TOOTHLESS

To hell with it. I better not  
 crap out. C'mon six. I been  
 waiting all night. This is the  
 money shot.

GAMBLER

C'mon man! Shoot 'em!

Shaking dice.

TOOTHLESS

Oh, I'm gonna shoot 'em and send  
 everybody in this raggedy mother-  
 fucker home.

Shoots dice.

TOOTHLESS

Stand up six!

## CLOSE ON DICE

We see the dice roll up sevens. The man has crapped out. The other gamblers cheer. TOOTHLESS is livid.

TOOTHLESS

Goddammit! I told you kids bring me bad luck. Shit. Why you got that kid in here, man?

RAY

This is my place. I have whoever I want in here. Now pay up brother.

TOOTHLESS

Hell no! I ain't paying nothing. I'm shooting again and you puttin' that boy out.

RAY

Look. You shot and you lost. Now pay up and put up another bet or pass the dice and go home and brush your tooth.

All at once, the big toothless gambler grabs RAY and pulls him over the table and puts a knife to his throat.

TOOTHLESS

Alright motherfucker! I told you kids gave me bad luck, but you didn't want to listen. Now you got to pay me my money, plus all you made tonight, you smooth-talkin' son-of-a-bitch.

We see RAY'S hand reaching under the table, but the man is holding him too tight and he can't reach "the gun" he keeps stuck under the table in case of shit like this. (The boy sees the gun and knows the deal.)

TOOTHLESS

Now you tell that old dude over there to go in the back and bring me out all the money or I'm stickin' you, him, and this little bad luck motherfucker here.

*I'm already  
gonna stick  
the bad luck*

Still reaching for gun.

RAY

Well, you gonna have to stick  
us man, 'cause I ain't giving  
you shit.

He feels the edge of the mechanism that holds the gun up,  
thinking he's within reach.

RAY

But, before you stick me, I wanna  
tell you something.

His hand is groping for the gun that's not there. He gets  
a confused look in his eyes.

TOOTHLESS

Yeah, what's that.

We hear the sound of a bang and a bullet hole appears in  
the middle of TOOTHLESS' forehead, who's face is right  
next to RAY'S. He stares, in shock, at the person who  
shot him.

We see the young boy standing there, gun in hand, still  
smoking. TOOTHLESS falls to the floor. RAY is in shock  
as well.

RAY

I guess he does have bad luck  
with kids.

RAY calls to the old man in the corner.

RAY

Bennie, get rid of this guy  
for me. And clean up this  
place, okay.

BENNIE nods yes. He's staring at the kid as well.

RAY

Okay guys. Let's call it a night.  
I gotta get this kid outta here.

RAY takes the gun out of the boy's hand and starts to head  
him out.

3

CONTINUED:

BOY

That man was going to stab us,  
so I shot him.

RAY

Yes. I see now we gotta take  
you to your mother.

BOY

My momma's dead.

RAY

Well then, we'll go to your  
father.

BOY

My father's dead too.

RAY

....Did you kill 'em?

BOY

No. They just dead.

RAY

Well, where do you live?

BOY

I don't live nowhere.

A beat.

RAY

Well, you can stay at my place  
'til we figure out what to do  
with you.

*Ray: Give Siva*

*BOY: I ain't giving you  
shit*

CYRON READS - TWENTY YEARS LATER

We hear the sound of big band music.

CUT TO

4

INT - CLUB SUGAR RAY'S - 1938 - NIGHT

A glittered, fancy sign that reads CLUB SUGAR RAY'S. The shot widens to show that we are now in the ritziest, fanciest club in Harlem. It's 1938 and Harlem is alive. Sugar Hill it's called, and CLUB SUGAR RAY'S is the premier after-hours club. Booze, gambling, entertainment, prostitution - you want it - SUGAR RAY'S has it. Tonight, like every other

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

night, the place is packed. "The joint is jumpin'." The place reeks of class. Black ties and gowns. The band is cooking and the dance floor is packed.

We see RAY sitting at a table with QUICK, who's grown now. It's his 27th birthday. These guys are on top of the world. The band stops and the people applaud.

RAY (standing)  
Beautiful. Beautiful. You've been listening to the King Blue Orchestra, the best band in Sugar Hill. Let's give them another round of applause.

Everyone applauds.

RAY

Raising his glass.

And I'd like to propose a birthday toast to my son. Well, he ain't my son, but I raised the motherfucker and he's mine.

Scattered laughter.

RAY

Happy Birthday, Quick. I love you.

They sip their champagne.

RAY

And in honor of my son's birthday and because I love all of y'all and appreciate your business, the bar is open.

Everyone applauds loudly and the band kicks back in. RAY makes his way over to QUICK'S side of the table, sits down and hugs him.

QUICK

Sugar, why'd you open the bar up?

RAY

'Cause I feel great tonight.  
I mean look at our place. It's  
beautiful. Everything is  
beautiful, plus I'm a little  
drunk. I feel like giving.  
I wanna give. Everyone has  
given us so much. I wanna  
give something back.

QUICK

Yeah. Well, why didn't you  
give everybody a piece of cake  
or something, 'cause these  
niggers are gonna get drunk and  
before the night's out, I'm  
gonna have to give somebody a  
foot in their ass. And besides,  
nobody gave us nothing. This  
is business. We provide a  
service and they pay. Sounds  
like we even to me.

RAY

Well, they don't have to come  
here. We ain't the only after-  
hour place in Harlem.

---

5 A man comes over and whispers in RAY'S ear. RAY looks around. 5

RAY

Where?

The man points.

CUT TO - ENTRANCE

Two huge Black men and the most beautiful mulatto woman ever.

RAY

Looks like the competition come  
by to check us out. That's Tommy  
Smalls. He runs the Pitty Pat Club.

QUICK

I know that's Smalls, but who's the  
girl? She's a bad motherfucker!



RAY

That lady happens to be the mistress of a big-time mobster by the name of Bugsy Calhoun.

QUICK (in shock)

That's Calhoun's girl? I heard about her. What a waste. That big, fat, greasy, stink, sweaty, cigar-puffing, bloated, fat pig crawls in bed with that?! That's a damn shame.

RAY

Check 'em out.

Fixing his tie.

QUICK

Right.

RAY

And Quick, she's dangerous. Don't mess around.

QUICK

Okay. I'm just gonna check 'em out.

RAY

Quick!

QUICK

Alright!

QUICK walks up to the trio, staring right into the eyes of the woman.

QUICK

Can I be of some assistance?

SMALLS

No, not at all Mr. Quick. Just enjoying the night out.

QUICK

You boys ain't open tonight?

SMALLS

Oh yeah. We're open. We just wanted a change of atmosphere. Surely you understand.

QUICK

Oh, surely.

To woman.

Excuse me, we haven't been introduced. My name is Quick.

WOMAN

My name is Dominique LaRue, Mr. Quick. Charmed to make your acquaintance.

QUICK

LaRue. Are you French?

DOMINIQUE

Creole. Born and raised in Louisiana.

QUICK

Is that right...

RAY enters frame. He interrupts.

RAY

Mr. Smalls, how are you?

They shake hands.

RAY

Hello man. How are you?  
Can I get you a table?

RAY calls to WILLIE.

RAY

Willie. Can you get these nice people a table?

They leave with WILLIE.

5 CONTINUED:

5

RAY

I told you not to mess with her, man. That's Bugsy Calhoun's woman. You trying to get us killed in here.

QUICK

I just said hi!

RAY

Well, hello was too much. They wouldn't even be in here unless something was up. Keep an eye on 'em.

A woman employee walks up.

WOMAN

Ray, you better go to the crap table. A lot of people are complaining about Bennie.

RAY

What's the problem? I got him his glasses yesterday.

WOMAN

He won't wear 'em. Says he doesn't need them.

CUT TO

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6 Crap table. BENNIE "SNAKE EYE" WILSON, the same Bennie from the early days, is the head croupier. He's about 80 years old now and doesn't see very well. The dice roll.

6

BENNIE

That's a five. A no field five. Five is the point.

People around the table in unison.

PEOPLE

That was an eight man! C'mon! Shit!

BENNIE

Oh yes, eight. That was an eight.  
My mistake. Eight. Eight. Eight.  
Eight is the point.

CLOSE ON DICE

The dice roll up a four.

BENNIE

Yo, eleven. Eleven. Eleven.

PEOPLE

That was a four! Blind mother...  
damn! C'mon!

BENNIE

Oh, I beg your pardons. I meant to  
say four. Four. Four. Four.

RAY walks up.

RAY

Bennie, how's it going? Willie,  
take over for a second.

BENNIE

Good. Good. It's going good.

RAY

Yeah. Well, we've been getting  
some complaints about how you  
callin' 'em.

BENNIE

That's just them suckers that lost  
their money. I'm Bennie "Snake Eye"  
Wilson. I can call 'em before they  
finish rollin'. I been doin' this  
shit for forty years.

RAY

I know Snake Eye. But do me a  
favor, please, and put on your  
glasses.

BENNIE

I don't need no damn glasses.

6 CONTINUED:

RAY

I know. I know. But just do it  
for me...please.

SNAKE EYE gives in.

BENNIE

Okay. But I don't need 'em.

BENNIE puts on his glasses. They're at least three inches  
thick.

RAY

Thanks, Bennie.

BENNIE

I don't feel no different.

CUT TO

7 INT - BUGSY CALHOUNE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A highrise apartment with a magnificent view of Manhattan.  
BUGSY CALHOUNE, the head of the Manhattan chapter of the  
underworld, is playing chess with his ever-silent assistant,  
JOSEPH LEONI. One of CALHOUNE'S many employees, TONY, is  
also in the room.

TONY

I tell you, it just don't make  
sense.

CALHOUNE

Concentrating on the game as he speaks to Tony. He moves  
one of his pieces.

Checks...What's that Tony? What  
don't make sense?

TONY

Business ain't that great, but  
the last couple of weeks the  
crowd don't seem no less. But  
we ain't clearing what we used  
to.

\*

(CONTINUED)

CALHOUNE

(Looking at game)

It makes a lot of sense. Smalls is skimming off the top.

TONY

Tommy don't have the balls to do something like that, Bugs.

CALHOUNE

(Still watching game)

Don't underestimate Tommy. He's got huge balls, big fuckin' balls. But he's stupid. I been watching him for the last month. He's done a lot of petty and stupid things. All toll, he beat me for about five grand last month.

TONY

Bugs, are you sure? I'm telling you, Smalls wouldn't do that. I hand picked him myself.

CALHOUNE

(Still watching the game)

Yeah, well you made a mistake on him...big mistake. And you hand picked him, huh? I guess that kinda makes you responsible.

CU on TONY'S face. There's a worried look on it.

CALHOUNE

(Still looking at the chess game)

Now, tell me about this Sugar Ray's.

TONY

He's moving about ten to fifteen a week.

CALHOUNE

Does he run it alone?

TONY

No, his son runs it with him. His name is uhm, uh...Quick.

TONY

He's the one who kinda takes care of the muscle part of the business. He's supposed to be pretty smart. He's got a big mouth and he's really fast to fight, which usually results in somebody getting shot.

CALHOUNE

(Looking at chess game)

Checkmate.

(Looking up for the first time.)

Is that right? Well listen, have Cantone pay Mr. Sugar Ray a visit and kinda feel him out. We're gonna have to get rid of his establishment. It's hurtin' my business.

TONY

It's done. I'll call Cantone right now.

(Starting to leave)

CALHOUNE

(Getting up)

Wait a minute...Now about this Tommy Smalls thing. You did bring him to me, so that makes the money I lost kinda your fault. Now don't get me wrong; it was only five grand.

(Walking over to a huge grand piano.)

(Continued)

CALHOUNE (Cont'd.)  
But it coulda been worse. And it  
all woulda been due to your bad  
judgement. Come here...

The man walks over to him petrified. The lid to the piano is  
up, being held by a wooden bar.

CALHOUNE (to Tony)  
Put your hand on the edge.

Tony swallows deeply and slowly lifts his hand.

TONY  
Right or left?

CALHOUNE  
Are you right-handed or left-handed?

TONY  
Right.

CALHOUNE  
Well, put your left up 'cause I'm  
gonna need you to do something later.

TONY slowly puts his hand on the edge.

CALHOUNE

(Cold as ice.)

Nobody steals from me. The next  
time you bring somebody crooked  
into my organization I'll kill  
you. Do you understand?

TONY

(Swallowing again.)

Yes.

All at once CALHOUNE hits the bar and the piano top comes  
crashing down on TONY'S hand. BUGSY turns away and starts  
to make himself a drink.



7 CONTINUED:

CALHOUNE

Go over and let Joe have a look  
at it.

Tony walks over to Joe who starts to examine his hand.  
It is clearly broken.

CALHOUNE

Hey, Joe, is it broke?

JOE

Yeah, it's broke pretty good.

CALHOUNE

How's your right hand? Is it  
okay?

TONY

(in a lot of pain)

Yeah, it's okay.

CALHOUNE

Well, as soon as possible I want  
you to take care of Tommy Smalls.

TONY

You want us to fix him with a  
phone call?

CALHOUNE

No. It is too good for that  
scum. I want you to take your  
good hand and cut Tommy's throat  
from here...

(indicating with  
with his finger)

...to here.

CUT TO:

8 INT. CLUB SUGAR RAY'S - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

The guys are tallying up the night.

RAY

So we did \$700 on the bar.  
Thirteen hundred on the crap  
table. What did we do in cover?

WILLIE

'Bout three hundred on the door,  
and Vera hasn't handed in the  
girls' money yet.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

8

QUICK

Somebody tell Vera come here. \*

One of the employees leaves. \*

RAY

What happened with Smalls?

QUICK

I put Jerome on him.

JEROME

Nothing much happened. They had a couple of drinks, dropped about 200 on the table, made a phone call and left.

QUICK

I don't think it's anything to worry about, Sugar.

RAY

I'm not worrying. I just think it's a little strange. I mean, Calhoun's woman and his number one boy snooping around. It just makes me get a little uncomfortable.

JIMMY

I heard the Pitty Pat ain't shit no more. They doin' in a week what we do in a day. \*

RAY

Y'all just stay on your toes the next couple of days.

9

The door blasts open and a woman about sixty years old comes marching into the room. She's dressed to the "T", and although she's quite hippy and weighs at least 200 pounds, you can see she was pretty hot in her day. She has a sweet grandmother face and a mouth like a sailor. 9

RAY

Vera, you know we tally up at 4:00. What's the problem?

(CONTINUED)

VERA

Kiss my ass, Sugar. I got to watch my girls 'til the last trick is gone. And I ain't about to make no customer roll over so I can punch a goddamn clock. Now, I know this is your place, but I'm in charge of the girls. So, kiss my ass.

SUGAR, putting on the charm and wrapping his arms around her. (They've had this conversation a hundred times.)

RAY

Alright. Alright. Calm down.

Kisses her on the cheek. VERA half smiles - half resists.

VERA

Sugar, don't be kissing all over me.

RAY

How much money we do tonight?

VERA (warming up)

Oh, I don't know. I think maybe about two hundred.

QUICK

Two hundred! The girls were busy all night. How y'all only make two hundred dollars?

VERA

Kiss my ass, Quick! Now, I don't never say nothing when the bar or crap table seem short.

QUICK

'Cause the bar and crap table don't ever turn up short--only the girls.

VERA

What are you trying to say?

RAY

Vera, calm down.

VERA

Kiss my ass, Sugar. I wanna know what you trying to say, Quick.

QUICK

I ain't trying to say shit. I'm saying the girls are always short-- even when the place is packed. And you in charge of the girls. So, either you or them might have a problem adding correctly.

VERA

You trying to say I'm stealing.

BENNIE

Vera, the boy didn't say you was no thief. Now, shut up and sit down.

VERA

Shut the hell up, Bennie. I'd tell you to kiss my ass too, but you probably can't find it, you blind motherfucker.

VERA

Me and you gotta step out back, Quick.

RAY

Hey, please! It's just a little misunderstanding.

VERA

Hell no, it ain't. I understand just fine. Quick accused me of stealing and I'm gonna kick his ass out back. That ain't hard to understand. Now, I know this is your place, Sugar, but if you gonna take Quick's side on this we can all be some fighting motherfuckers in here tonight. Let's go Quick.

9 CONTINUED:

9

QUICK

Alright, dammit. You wanna go outside. Fine. Let's go.

VERA walks out, taking off her beaded hat and jewelry, and mumbling obscenities.

QUICK (to Sugar)

Don't worry. I won't hurt her. I'll just scare her a little.

He winks.

RAY

You better watch your ass.

CUT TO

10 EXT - ALLEY BEHIND CLUB SUGAR RAY'S - NIGHT

10

A couple of guys stand around. VERA is taking off her shoes and mumbling. QUICK walks up taking off his jacket and rolling up his sleeves smiling.

QUICK

Now, Vera, you wanna talk about this?

VERA

I ain't got nothing to say. Quick, you insulted me and I got to whip your ass now. Afterwards, I don't want no hard feelings either.

She walks up and punches QUICK right in the mouth. The guys burst out in laughter. QUICK is in shock.

QUICK

Hey! What the fuck is wrong with you?!

There's blood trickling down his mouth.

VERA

Nothing wrong with me. What's wrong with you, accusing me of stealing. The only thing I'm stealing tonight is to your face.

On the word "face" she punches QUICK again. This time it's in the eye.

QUICK (fed up)

Hey bitch!

QUICK hits her with a stiff jab that she just rides and turns back to him, smiling.

VERA

Yeah. That's what I'm talking about. Let's go sucker.

QUICK is in shock. He starts to dance around a la Ali.

QUICK

Okay. You wanna fight - let's fight.

*Right Quick*  
The fight ensues. It's your typical John Wayne big movie fight scene, except it's with a guy and a sixty-year-old woman who happens to be pretty tough and can dish it out just as well as she can take it. The two box and exchange blows. The guys are cheering. VERA starts to get the best of QUICK. Combination after combination, she talks to him and taunts him. From left field, the biggest left hook sends QUICK to the ground. VERA jumps on top of him to beat him some more, while still talking. This is one tough old lady. While sitting on QUICK'S chest, she accents every sentence with a punch.

VERA

You gonna have to learn...

Pow!

How to respect me...

Pow!

And the next time...

Pow!

you accuse me of stealing,  
I'm gonna kick your ass again.

QUICK finds the lid to a garbage can, which is right next to his hand and on VERA'S last word, he creams her with it. She rolls off him and gets up. He picks up the garbage can and throws that on top of her. QUICK'S standing there breathing hard and bleeding. And much to his surprise, VERA gets up.

10 CONTINUED:

10

VERA

Okay. You wanna hit people with  
garbage cans, huh...

VERA reaches into her bra.

VERA

Now I got to cut you.

She pulls out a straight razor. QUICK can't take any more  
of this. He pulls out his revolver.

QUICK

Okay, Vera. This has gone far  
enough. Put the razor away and  
let's call it a night!

VERA

Oh. You gonna pull your gun on  
me. You must be outta your mind,  
to pull a gun on me.

QUICK

Vera, put the razor down or I'm  
gonna shoot you in the foot.

VERA

Oh, you gonna shoot me in my foot.  
Well, go ahead, Quick!

VERA sticks her foot out and taunts him.

VERA

Take your best shot. I dare you.  
Shoot. Go ahead. Shoot.

QUICK looks down and shoots VERA in the foot.

VERA (screaming)

Oh, Lord! This nigger done killed  
me. You killed me! You killed me!

CUT TO

11 INT - SWEET SHOP - NIGHT

11 \*

RAY locking the door to SUGAR RAY'S, But instead of being

11 CONTINUED:

11

outside, they're in another room...Sugar Ray's Sweet Shop. The shop is stocked to the gills with the finest confections. Sugar Ray's Sweet Shop is the storefront of Club Sugar Ray's.

12 EXT - SUGAR RAY'S SWEET SHOP - NIGHT

12 \*

The boys walk through to the car out front, a chauffeured Rolls Royce limo.

13 INT - LIMO - NIGHT

13 \*

RAY, QUICK and BENNIE

RAY

I still don't see why you'd have to shoot the woman in the foot.

BENNIE is laughing hysterically.

QUICK

(Tending to his bruises.)

Hey, Sugar. She was trying to kill me.

RAY

No she wasn't. She was just trying to scare you.

QUICK

Bullshit. She pulled out a razor on me, man. Now, I'd usually kill somebody over something like that, man. I don't even wanna talk about it anymore.

The limo pulls up in front of a ritzy brownstone.

14 EXT - RITZY BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

14 \*

RAY hops out, bending to the window.

RAY

You just gotta stop over-reacting, Quick.

QUICK

Overreacting!

RAY

Yes, man. Look, I don't care what she did to you. You don't go around  
(Continued)



14 CONTINUED:

14

RAY (Cont'd.)  
shooting sixty-three-year-old  
grandmothers in the foot. It just  
ain't right.

BENNIE  
Sugar, if there was ever a grand-  
mother who deserved somebody to  
pop a cap in her foot, it was  
Vera. She was running her mouth  
too much and acting like she run  
the place.

RAY  
Yeah. But Bennie...a bullet in  
the foot? You don't think that's  
too much?

BENNIE  
Hell no, Sugar. You know Quick.  
Don't shoot nobody, less they  
got it comin'. Now, it was just  
her foot. Even Vera said she's  
willing to forget about it. She  
said she lost fair and square.

RAY  
I don't know man. Just don't  
seem right.

Getting out of the car.

I'll see you later on tonight.

Bending back down.

She said she lost fair and square?

BENNIE  
Mmm hmm.

RAY  
That's a tough old lady.

RAY walks up the steps of his building and opens the door.

---

15 INT - RITZY BROWNSTONE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

15 \*

We faintly hear the sound of a radio. This alarms RAY, since  
he lives alone. Somebody's in his place. RAY cautiously inches  
(Continued)

15 CONTINUED:

15

his way down the hallway of his house, taking out a pearl-handled revolver. He makes his way to the living room, where the sound is coming from. He braces himself in the doorway, poised to put the drop on whoever's in his house.

16 INT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

16 \*

He steps quickly around the corner to find a middle-aged white man sitting and listening to the radio. The man is obviously a cop. The trench coat, the fedora, etc...he's SARGEANT CANTONE.

CANTONE

Hello, Raymond. How are you?  
My name is Sargeant Phil Cantone.

RAY

What are you doing in my place?

CANTONE

I needed to speak with you, Ray.  
And I know you wouldn't want me  
standing around outside in this  
neighborhood. I mean a fella  
could get hurt around here. And,  
please, put the gun away, Ray.  
Colored guys with guns make me  
nervous.

RAY (playing along)

How can I help you Mr. Cantone?

CANTONE

Jesus...that's a beautiful suit.  
What is that...Macy's?

RAY pours a drink and has a seat.

RAY

No. This is tailor made, to order.  
If you'd like, I'll give you his  
number.

CANTONE is a disheveled mess.

CANTONE

No, I buy off the rack.

RAY

Really? You could never tell,  
your clothes fit so well.

Knowing how bad he actually looks, CANTONE bursts into laughter.

CANTONE

That's funny. That's really funny. My clothes fit me well. What are you? Used to be a night club comic or something?

RAY

Nope. I've been in the candy business for the past twenty years.

CANTONE

Candy business. Are you serious?

RAY

Twenty years.

CANTONE

Well, that's strange. 'Cause somebody told me you run an after-hours place called Club Sugar Ray's... hottest spot in Harlem. Told me you could gamble, drink, fuck, dance, everything there. And that you owned the place. Aren't you that Sugar Ray?

RAY

No, sir. I own a sweet shop.

CANTONE

Oh, I'm sorry. I'm in the wrong place. I thought you were a different Sugar Ray. Oh well... a candy store, huh? That's just great. So you live in a great place like this and wear tailor made suits from selling candy.

RAY (laughing)

That's right. Candy business is something else!

CANTONE (laughing)

I'll say. Must not be a nigger on the street with a healthy tooth in his mouth... Oh well. See you later, Sugar Ray.

CANTONE starts to leave and then turns around in the doorway.

CANTONE

Hey, maybe I should go into the candy business. I'd like to wear nice suits and live in a place like this. I know a lot about candy too...you looking for a partner, Ray?

RAY

No, I don't think so.

CANTONE

Oh well...candy business huh? Sugar/Phil's Candy Store. I like that. Oh well. Maybe I'm just dreaming. I'm a cop for Christsake. I'll see you later, Ray.

He walks out of the apartment.

A beat.

RAY

I bet you will...shit.

CUT TO

17 INT - HARLEM NEIGHBORHOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

17 \*

SUGAR, QUICK, BENNIE and their dates sit around a table. Next to RAY is ANNIE. She's RAY'S girlfriend and she's drop-dead gorgeous.

QUICK

So you think that Bugsy put this cop on us.

RAY

I know he did, but it was inevitable. Something had to happen sooner or later. We been riding too high and too long.

ANNIE

But why would Bugsy Calhoun even care about your club, when he owns almost every after-hour spot in the city?

RAY

I guess he wants to own all of 'em. But this kind of shit happens all the time. We just gonna have to relocate.

ANNIE

Baby, I don't wanna leave New York.

RAY

Me neither, but we can't fuck with Calhoun.

A big man walks into the restaurant with a beautiful woman on his arm. He has two bodyguards behind him. One of the patrons yells out.

PATRON

Hey, it's the champ!

The restaurant breaks out in applause. The big man is JACK JENKINS, the heavyweight champion of the world. He's out for a night on the town. He waves to everyone and notices SUGAR and QUICK. He walks over to the table. He has a very bad stuttering problem.

JACK

H..H..Hel..lo. H..how y'all doin' tonight, gentlemen?

RAY

Great. How you doin'? You ready for next week champ?

JACK

Rrrrready. Sh..sh..shit. Yeah, I'm rrrrready.

QUICK

I'm gonna have a lot of money on you Jack.

JACK

Well, you gggggetting ready t..t..  
t..to get rich nnnnnnigger. 'Cause  
next wwwweek, I'm knocking ssssome-  
body th..the fuck out.

Everyone laughs...series of "awrights," "right ons," and "I heard thats."

RAY

Awright Jack.

RAY gets up and gives JACK a hug. QUICK does the same.

QUICK

Good luck man.

JACK leaves and goes to his table.

BENNIE

That nigger gonna kill that white  
boy. I saw that boy fight a hun-  
dred and thirty-nine rounds once.

RAY

And we gonna clean up. 'Cause a  
lot of people think that white  
boy's got a shot.

BENNIE

Oh...he gonna get a shot...in his  
ass.

QUICK

With them three-to-one odds, we  
stand to make a killing next week.  
'Cause everybody who's white and  
has some money is gonna put it on  
that white boy.

RAY

Gambling is where the money's at. If we do move, we should stop all the bootlegging and the joy houses and concentrate on that.

QUICK

I think we jumpin' the gun. We ain't heard nothing yet. All we got is Smalls coming by the club and a cop comin' to your house. And we already got your bags packed. That cop might not even be working for Calhoun.

ANNIE

He's right, baby. Maybe it's all just a coincidence.

QUICK

Besides, leaving New York should be a last resort. I ain't afraid of going up against Smalls or Calhoun.

RAY

Well, that's because you're young and full of life and vigor and... ignorant. Because Calhoun don't give a fuck about nobody and can have your ass killed by popping his fingers.

QUICK

I don't think so.

RAY

You better slow down man. There's a whole 'nother world outside Sugar Hill. And we are the very, very little league. And the only way we stay in the game is not mess with nobody. And when the big league wants to play where you been playin'...you just find another place to play.

QUICK

But that's bullshit. Why should we build up a market, just so somebody can come along and put us out... especially when all this shit is illegal. I'm just not afraid of Calhoun. I mean...shit. I got a gun too.

RAY

Yeah. But he got his gun and his boys have their guns and his cops have their guns. And he got judges on the payroll. And all you got is your gun. That's about 100 people with guns against you and your gun. Now I know you think you's a bad motherfucker, but don't that make you feel a little uncomfortable?

QUICK

It's not how many you shoot. It's who you shoot.

RAY and QUICK'S eyes lock. RAY'S worried about this kid.

BENNIE

How am I supposed to enjoy my food, with all this talk about shooting people?

ANNIE (to Ray)

Amen, Bennie. Look, baby. Stop worrying please and let's enjoy a nice meal, and I'll make everything better later.

ANNIE kisses RAY on the cheek...who's still looking at QUICK, who's reading his menu.

RAY (to Annie)

Awright baby.



17 CONTINUED:

17

ANNIE (reading menu)  
What are you having, Bennie?

BENNIE  
I'm having veal parmesan.

ANNIE  
Veal parmesan! This is an American restaurant. Where do you see veal parmesan on this menu?

BENNIE points to menu.

BENNIE  
Right here.

ANNIE (puzzled)  
That says meatloaf.

BENNIE  
Oh yes, yes. Meatloaf. That's what I meant to say. Meatloaf.

CUT TO

18 INT - RITZY BROWNSTONE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

18

Beautiful, lavishly decorated bedroom of RAY. He's lying in bed staring at the ceiling. ANNIE enters in a beautiful nightgown. She is drop-dead gorgeous.

ANNIE (climbing in bed)  
Are you still worrying about the club?

RAY  
No, I'm worried about Quick. He's got a hot head. It's like I can't talk to him.

ANNIE  
He's just young, baby. He'll calm down.

RAY  
You know, he shot Vera in the foot.

ANNIE

What? Well, if ever there was an old woman who deserved a bullet in her foot...it's Vera.

RAY (laughs)

That seems to be the overall consensus. But it ain't just Vera. It's everything. He's just too ambitious.

ANNIE

Well baby, ain't nothing wrong with ambition.

RAY

It is in the wrong circles.

ANNIE

So, Sugar Ray. Are we gonna talk about your son all night or are you gonna make love to me?

RAY crawls on top of her.

RAY

Well, what if we made love and talked about my son in the morning?

ANNIE

What if we made love all night and then made love all morning and all afternoon?

RAY

Well, what if we just make love real hard for thirty five minutes and then drop off into a deep, coma-like sleep?

ANNIE

Can you meet me half way?

18 CONTINUED:

18

RAY  
I'll give it a shot.

They kiss as we FADE.

CUT TO

---

19 EXT - HOSPITAL - HARLEM - DAY 19

Establishing shot. RAY'S Rolls is parked out front. \*

---

20 INT - VERA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY 20

VERA (loudly)  
I am not shittin' in no goddamn  
tray.

ORDERLY  
Miss Walker, you're supposed to  
be restricted to bed. You have  
a bad foot wound.

VERA  
That's my foot, ain't nothin'  
wrong with my ass. I can work  
this good foot to the bathroom,  
but I ain't shittin in no tray.

CUT TO

---

21 INT - HOSPITAL - HARLEM - HALLWAY - DAY 21

SUGAR, BENNIE, JEROME, WILLIE and JIMMY are walking down the hall \*  
with flowers and candy, etcetera, looking for VERA'S room. They  
hear a stream of obscenities come from a room.

BENNIE  
This must be Vera's room.

---

22 INT - VERA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY 22

SUGAR and the boys enter.

RAY (mock charming)  
Hello, Miss Walker.

VERA  
Kiss my ass, Sugar.

RAY

Kissing her on the cheek.

Oh, come on, be nice. How you feeling?

VERA

I'm fine, but this boy won't let me go to the bathroom.

RAY (to orderly)

Why not...why can't she go to the bathroom?

ORDERLY

She's not supposed to leave the bed, sir. We've supplied her with bed pans, but she refuses to use them.

BENNIE

Picking up a bed pan and looking at it.

You put this little pan under Vera's big ass, you'll never see it again.

VERA

Kiss my ass, Bennie, you nearly blind son-of-a-bitch. You probably can't see it no how...

BENNIE

Go to hell...you...Vera, you better be quiet. You been shot once this week already.

RAY

Breaking up the argument.

Alright, alright. Listen, we just wanted to stop by and give you our love and tell you to  
(Continued)

22 CONTINUED: 1

22

RAY (Cont'd.)  
take it easy, and don't worry  
about nothing. I'll take care  
of everything.

VERA  
Where's Quick?

WILLIE  
He was out late last night, but he  
sends his love.

VERA  
Oh, the nigger gonna pop a cap in  
my foot, then he can't come down  
and wish me well in person. Sugar,  
that boy of yours ain't shit.

RAY  
Well, he's just been under a lot  
of pressure lately.

VERA  
Well, you better talk to him. I  
damn near raised that boy and he  
gonna accuse me of stealing, and  
then shoot me in my foot. That  
sounds like more than pressure to  
me. He needs to slow his ass down.

RAY

CLOSE ON RAY

Yeah, I know.

CUT TO

---

23 INT - CLUB SUGAR RAY'S - RAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

23

It's nearly evening and the club's in preparation for the  
night's events. RAY'S behind his desk and BENNIE is sitting  
on the edge of the desk. QUICK bursts into the room.

QUICK  
I knew it. I knew it!

BENNIE

Knew what?

QUICK

I knew that girl the other night had it for me. Look at what came in the mail today.

He pulls out a telegram and reads aloud.

QUICK

"Dear Mr. Quick. I couldn't help but acknowledge the obvious electric attraction between the two of us. Perhaps we should have dinner later and talk. Please respond, Evergreen 2 - 0304. Signed... Truly, Miss Dominique LaRue." See there, Sugar, her and Smalls coming in here the other night didn't have nothing to do with that cop that came by your place. She made that chump Smalls run her through here 'cause she wanted to meet me. She probably seen me on the boulevard or at the picture show. Been wanting to meet me since.

RAY

Didn't I tell you to leave that girl alone?

QUICK

Hey, Sugar. She came after me. Plus, how we know she's still down with Bugsy? The least I'm gonna do is find out.

BENNIE

Dominique LaRue! Where she get that French name?

QUICK

She's Creole.

BENNIE

Hey, man. You don't wanna mess  
(Continued)

23

CONTINUED:

23

BENNIE (Cont'd.)  
with no Creole woman. You'll  
fuck around and get a root put  
on your ass.

\*

QUICK  
What's a root?

BENNIE  
It's a voodoo curse - all them  
Creole girls know how to do it.

QUICK  
Get outta here.

RAY  
He's serious. Tell 'em Bennie.  
Who was that guy who's dick  
shrunk up?

BENNIE  
Wallace Walcott. Was messin'  
with a Creole girl and played  
her dirty and his dick shrunk  
up to the size of a cocktail  
weenie.

*mysterious* / x

\*  
\*  
\*

QUICK  
That's bullshit.

RAY  
Awright. When you have a little  
boy's nuts and your asshole falls  
out, don't say we didn't warn you.

QUICK  
You guys gotta get out the jungle  
with that witchcraft jazz.

RAY  
I don't like it Quick.

QUICK  
I just wanna see if she's still  
seeing Calhoun. And as far as  
this voodoo stuff goes, that's  
y'all's thing.

(CONTINUED)

QUICK walks out of the office. BENNIE calls after him.

BENNIE  
They can bury your draws in the  
yard and you won't be able to  
leave the house neither.

CUT TO

---

24 INT - CLUB SUGAR RAY'S - NIGHT

24

The club is in full swing again. RAY is making his rounds.  
He stops by the crap table.

BENNIE  
Nine...nine...a no field nine.

GAMBLERS *four*  
C'mon man. That was a ~~three~~.  
Three!

BENNIE  
Oh yes. Little Joe.

RAY  
Hey Bennie. Your glasses.

BENNIE  
I was gonna put 'em on. I had  
something in my eye.

BENNIE puts on his glasses and the gamblers applaud.

CUT TO

---

25 INT - CLUB SUGAR RAY'S - DOORWAY TO CRAP TABLE - NIGHT

25

QUICK enters and walks up to SUGAR.

RAY  
So, what's up? She still with  
Calhoun?



25 CONTINUED:

25

QUICK  
She wouldn't say. Said she  
didn't wanna talk about it  
on the phone. How we doin'  
tonight?

\*

RAY  
Great.

CUT TO

26 INT - CLUB SUGAR RAY'S - DOORWAY - NIGHT

26

SERGEANT PHIL CANTONE is walking into the club.

RAY (seeing Cantone)  
Well, we were doing great 'til  
two seconds ago.

QUICK  
Who's that?

RAY  
That's the cop I told you met  
me at my place.

CANTONE looks around and spots RAY and QUICK. He smiles  
and walks over to them.

CANTONE  
Hey Ray. The candy man!

RAY  
Sargeant Cantone...I'd like you  
to meet a friend of mine, Mr. Quick.

\*

CANTONE  
Hello Mr. Quick. You know, Ray,  
I'm kinda mad at you.

RAY  
Why's that Sarge?

CANTONE  
Well...you lied to me, Ray.  
(Continued)

26 CONTINUED:

26

CANTONE (Cont'd.)

You told me you were in the candy business and it turns out you were the Ray I was looking for.

RAY

So what. Am I under arrest?

CANTONE

No. I'm not gonna arrest you. I wanna talk business. Where can we talk?

RAY

Let's go to my office.

They walk off, as employees watch them go to the back.

CUT TO

27 INT - CLUB SUGAR RAY'S - RAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

27

RAY, CANTONE and QUICK walk in.

CANTONE

This is nice.

He sits behind the desk and puts his feet up.

CANTONE

Okay, Ray. Here's the deal. I got a call from a friend of mine by the name of Bugsy Calhoun. Gave me a call about you guys. It seems you boys got a little gold mine here. Now, don't get me wrong. I know there's gonna always be after-hour spots, and we pretty much leave them alone...when the money's really not that significant. But you boys are doing about ten to fifteen thousand a week. That's serious cake, and to be honest, Mr. Calhoun and myself want a slice.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

RAY

What about the Pitty Pat and all the other clubs Calhoun owns. Aren't they making money?

CANTONE

Pitty Pat's not doing so well, and that's because of you guys. I mean all the jigs know Bugsy owns the place and Smalls' a front. So they all come here. But the other clubs are doing great.

QUICK

So, why are you fucking with us?

CANTONE

I'm not fucking with you Mr. Quick. If I was fucking with you, I'd arrest you or kick your ass or something. I wanna be in business with you.

RAY

How much money you talking about?

CANTONE

Well, if you guys are doing fifteen a week, let's say our cut is ten thousand.

RAY

That's a lot of money man. You're robbing us.

\*  
\*  
\*

CANTONE

You guys are robbin' the system, Ray. What do you want? Sympathy, from me? You're criminals for Chrissake! I think that deal's pretty good. I wanted to take more, but Bugsy thought that was fair. He's a real softy, Bugsy. I mean, honestly, if it were  
(Continued)

27 CONTINUED:

27

CANTONE (Cont'd.)  
up to me, I'd give you jigs just  
enough money to function. What's  
that old saying, that "All niggers  
want is a warm place to shit and  
comfortable shoes." I think that's  
it. Well, I believe that. So when  
I see you guys with the fancy  
clothes and cars, nice houses -  
and I'm living in a fucking hovel -  
that bothers me. So, what do you  
say Ray? We got a deal or what?

RAY  
Can we get back to you?

CANTONE  
No, I'll get back to you.

He gets up to leave.

CANTONE  
Oh, guys. Do you mind if I take  
a box of chocolate hearts? It's  
the wife's birthday.

RAY  
Oh, not at all. Help yourself.

CANTONE  
Ray, you are a nice jig...thanks.

He leaves.

RAY  
(to Quick)  
Close the club and get everybody  
back to my house in an hour.

QUICK  
Hey, Sugar. Fuck this, man. He  
can't just walk in here and take  
our place over. Don't tell me  
we're gonna run. *from this guy*

RAY  
We gotta run. But we're gonna  
kick him in the nuts first.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO

28 INT - RITZY BROWNSTONE - DINING ROOM TABLE - NIGHT

28

WILLIE, JEROME and JIMMIE are there sitting around the table. \*  
VERA'S there as well.

RAY (addressing the boys)

Now, we've known for a long time  
that we were the only club in the  
city Calhoun didn't run. And  
I've been expecting him to try to  
squeeze us for some time now.  
Calhoun wants two-thirds of our  
profits.

Guys around the table comment...a series of "Oh shit," "C'mon  
man," "That's bullshit," etc.

RAY

*Calhoun's demands*  
I feel the same way. But if we  
stay in business here, we'll have  
to do it. There's no way we can  
fight Calhoun. I mean we got  
the heart, but we just don't have  
the muscle. Now, if we give in to  
Calhoun's demands, everybody's  
salary is gonna decrease by two-  
thirds.

VERA

Well, Calhoun can kiss my ass,  
'cause me and my girls ain't  
paying him shit. I say we re-  
locate.

QUICK

We know a lot of y'all have  
families and it ain't as easy  
as that to just up and leave.  
But y'all know you can't live  
on a third of what you're  
making right now.

Guys around the table comment..."You ain't lying," "You got  
that right," etc.

RAY

So, fellas. I have a way we can all make some heavy money. 'Cause we have to relocate. But if we do everything the way I plan it, all of you can make about fifty thousand dollars a piece. And with that, you'll have the money you need to relocate. Or, if you wanna go legit, you can do that too...and start a little business of your own.

\*  
\*

WILLIE

Hey, Sugar, how we gonna make fifty grand?

\*

RAY

Well, everybody knows the big fight is this week. And there's gonna be over three-quarter of a million dollars in the booking houses on Friday night.

\*

JIMMY

That sounds to me like Bugsy Calhoun is gonna make a lot of money. He owns all the booking houses 'cept ours. So how we gonna make fifty grand a piece?

\*

RAY looks at QUICK and nods.

QUICK

We're gonna rob Bugsy Calhoun.

JEROME

How we gonna do that if you said we didn't have the muscle to fight him? How we gonna take his money?

RAY

Well, if everything goes the way I want it...by the time he realizes he's been hit...we'll be a day gone already. Another thing we have to do is get all the cash we got and

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED:

28

RAY (Cont'd.)

put it on that white boy to win  
the fight.

WILLIE

But Jenkins is gonna kill that boy.

RAY

Exactly, Calhoun knows we know  
Jenkins and everybody knows he's  
gonna kill that boy. So, if he  
sees us betting on the white boy  
to win he'll think that we talked  
Jenkins into taking a dive. So  
we can win some extra money when  
we leave town to help us live  
happily ever after.

BENNIE

Oh, I get it--he'll put his money  
in with all the other money and  
it don't matter who wins cause  
we hittin' all the money anyway.  
You sugar sweet smart motherfucker!

RAY

There's no way we can lose. You'll  
either move with us or drop out  
the scene with fifty G's and do  
what you want. I say we go for it.  
Y'all with me?

We pan down the table - everyone is nodding yes. Deadpan.  
RAY looks at QUICK and smiles.

RAY

Good. Great. Perfect.

As everyone gets up and leaves, RAY gets up and pulls QUICK to the  
side.

RAY

You know, Quick, it might not be  
a bad idea for you to meet with  
Tommy Smalls tomorrow night.

QUICK

For what?

(CONTINUED)

RAY

Well, the brother can't be a total coon. Meet with him and run down some of that "we all brothers" shit to him. He might slip and tell some of what Calhoun has up his sleeve.

QUICK

You think Smalls is that stupid?

RAY

Yes, Smalls is very stupid. And you know what else you should do? Call that LaRue girl and make a dinner date with her and see if you can find out anything about Calhoun or Cantone that can be of some help.

QUICK

Now, that I can do!

RAY

Just dinner, Quick. You meet with this girl more than once, it might fuck things up.

QUICK

Alright.

CUT TO

29 INT - TOMMY SMALLS' APARTMENT BUILDING ELEVATOR

29

Elevator door opens. TOMMY SMALLS is smiling his biggest smile and there's a beautiful woman on his arm. As the door opens, SMALLS looks up and is punched square in the mouth. He hits the floor. SARGEANT CANTONE and TONY with the broken hand stand over him.

(CONTINUED)



CANTONE

Taking out his badge and showing it to the lady.

I'm Sargeant Phil Cantone. Are you with this gentleman?

LADY

No, I'm not. And I've already forgotten your name and face sir.

CANTONE

Pressing the elevator button and dragging Smalls out.

(To lady.) Have a nice day.

The door closes.

CUT TO

---

30 INT - TOMMY SMALLS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

30

CLOSE ON TOMMY SMALLS' face. He's still out cold. CANTONE is trying to revive him by patting his cheek.

CANTONE (between pats)

Hey c'mon Tommy. Tommy, wake up.

SMALLS is coming around.

TOMMY (Groggily)

What's going on?

CANTONE

You awake Tommy?

TOMMY

Opening his eyes. He's awake now.

Yeah, I'm awake. What's going on?

CANTONE

You alright now?

30 CONTINUED:

30

TOMMY (getting angry)  
I said I was alright. Now what  
the hell is going on?

CANTONE  
It's time to pay the piper, Tommy.

TOMMY  
What piper? What the fuck you  
talkin' about?

TONY  
The five grand you lifted last month.

TOMMY  
Five who lifted last what? Hey man,  
I don't know what y'all are talkin'  
about. Listen, if it's a problem,  
let's go talk to Calhoun and work  
it out.

CANTONE  
We already spoke to Mr. Calhoun.  
He wanted us to tell you how pissed  
off he was at you for stealing from  
him. Oh yeah, and there's one other  
thing...

CUT TO

---

31 INT - TOMMY SMALLS' APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT 31

JANITOR sweeping the hallway outside the apartment door,  
whistling.

BACK ON

---

32 INT - TOMMY SMALLS' APARTMENT 32

CANTONE is pointing his gun and firing four shots.

BACK ON

---

33 INT - TOMMY SMALLS' APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY HALLWAY - NIGHT 33

JANITOR standing still by the door. We hear two more shots.  
The JANITOR pauses a beat then starts to whistle again, con-  
tinuing to sweep down the hallway.

CUT TO

CANTONE and TONY are standing over SMALLS who is sitting in a chair, dead.

TONY

Bugsy said I was supposed to cut his throat.

CANTONE (a beat)

Then cut it.

CUT TO

BUGSY CALHOUNE is sitting wrapped in a towel by himself, with his back to the wall. Enter PHIL CANTONE fully dressed. He walks over to BUGSY and sits beside him.

CALHOUNE

So, what's what?

CANTONE

(Sitting down next to Calhoun)

It's done. Our friend is a memory. But you know, the strangest thing just happened.

CALHOUNE

What's that?

CANTONE

One of Sugar Ray's people just made a 200,000 bet on the fight.

CALHOUNE

Well, it's three-to-one odds. I guess they're trying to pick up a little extra cash 'cause they know they gotta close down. They won't make that much. Everybody knows that jig's gonna kill Kirkpatrick.

~~one to three~~ ?

CANTONE

Yeah, I know, but they're not betting on Jenkins. They put the money on Kirkpatrick at three-to-one they can make six hundred grand if he wins.

CALHOUNE (having a revelation)

Those sneaky bastards, they put the fix on. Jenkins is gonna throw the fight.

CANTONE

It makes sense.

CALHOUNE

Of course, it makes sense. They know Jenkins. He knows if he loses the fight he can get a rematch. They take all the money they got, put it on Jenkins to lose, make six hundred thousand and disappear. Jenkins gets his rematch, gets his title back and helps out his buddies as well. Jesus, ain't the champ a wonderful guy (laughing at himself).

CANTONE

So, what do you do now?

CALHOUNE

Well, I don't see why they should be the only ones to benefit from Mr. Jenkins' generosity. So what I'm gonna do is put about five hundred thousand on Kirkpatrick and pick up a little extra cash (laughing at himself still). And I suggest you put all your extra cash together and do the same thing.

(They both snicker then burst into laughter.)

CUT TO

SCENES 36 AND 37 OMITTED

★

37 OMITTED

\*

38 INT - TOMMY SMALLS' APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

38

A hand goes down the apartment list and stops on the name "SMALLS." (Camera pulling back to reveal QUICK pressing the buzzer.) He waits a beat then presses again--still no answer. He walks over to the DOORMAN.

QUICK

(to doorman)

You sure Smalls is up there?

DOORMAN

He came in about 7:00. I been down here since. He hasn't left. Sometimes them buzzers don't work that good. What did you say your name was?

QUICK

(taking out twenty dollars)

Quick. I'm an old friend. Alright if I go up and knock on the door?

(CONTINUED)

The DOORMAN takes the money and presses the buzzer for QUICK to enter.

---

39 EXT - SMALLS' APARTMENT DOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

39

QUICK rings the doorbell. There's no answer. He rings again. Still no answer. He knocks on the door and it creeps open about two inches. (This wierds QUICK out.)

QUICK

(Peeking in door and calling out.)

Hey Smalls! Hey Smalls, it's Quick.  
You home?

He pushes the door open a little more, poking his head inside.

QUICK (calling)  
Yo Tommy, you home?

---

40 INT - TOMMY SMALLS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

40

He surveys the room. Nothing is disheveled. He looks down and notices a trail of splattered blood leading to another room. (This really wierds him out.) He takes out his revolver and starts to follow the path. It leads into the bedroom. There is a man sitting in front of the window with his head back.

QUICK

(Walking over slowly, calling)

Hey Smalls! Hey Smalls, you ain't  
dead, are you? Yo Smalls, you dead?

He walks in front of the man to see that it is SMALLS, whose throat is cut from ear to ear, and he's been shot six times.

QUICK (to Smalls)  
I guess that's a pretty stupid question,  
huh? Shit, somebody fucked you up  
pretty bad. I think I better leave.  
You probably wanna be alone and think  
about who you pissed off.

CLOSE ON - The bloodied face of SMALLS.

Excuse me. QUICK

CUT TO

---

41 INT - TOMMY SMALLS' APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT 41

The DOORMAN is behind a desk. He sees QUICK.

DOORMAN  
Was he up there?

QUICK  
Yeah, but he feelin' a little  
under the weather. He's got  
a sore throat.

DOORMAN  
Maybe I should send out for some  
soup or something.

QUICK  
It couldn't hurt.

(Looking at his watch)

Well, gotta run. Got a dinner  
engagement. You have a nice night.

DOORMAN  
You too.

CUT TO

---

42 EXT - TOMMY SMALLS' APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 42

QUICK comes out.

CUT TO

---

43 EXT - TOMMY SMALLS' APARTMENT - BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT 43

A black sedan pulling up across the street.

CUT TO

---

44 INT - BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT 44

Three black men. One notices QUICK.



MAN 1 (in sedan)  
Hey, ain't that that nigger, Quick?

MAN 2  
Yeah, that's him.

MAN 1  
What the hell he doin' comin'  
out my brother's house?

QUICK gets into his car and drives off. The three men get out of the sedan and cross the street to the apartment building.

CUT TO

---

45 INT - TOMMY SMALLS' APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

45

DOORMAN  
Hello Mr. Smalls...gentlemen.

MAN 1  
Hey Charlie, who was that  
guy just here to see?

DOORMAN  
He just visited your brother, sir.  
Said he was an old friend.

The men walk over and get into the elevator.

DOORMAN  
  
(Calling off to them)  
  
He said your brother's not feeling  
so well.

CUT TO

---

46 INT - TOMMY SMALLS' APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

46

Elevator doors closing.

CUT TO

47 EXT - CALHOUNE'S ON THE PARK RESTAURANT - NIGHT

47 \*

CALHOUNE'S ON THE PARK is a very swank restaurant. Limos pull up \* and drive off.

CUT TO

48 INT - CALHOUNE'S ON THE PARK - NIGHT

\*

Head waiter is standing at a reservations podium. QUICK enters the restaurant dressed immaculately, holding flowers and a box of chocolates.

HEAD WAITER

Yes. May I help you, sir?

QUICK

Yes. I'm supposed to be dining with a Miss Dominique LaRue here.

HEAD WAITER

Oh yes, of course. Follow me please, sir.

They walk through the restaurant to a table in the back.

HEAD WAITER

Miss LaRue. Your guest has arrived.

Sitting at the table is DOMINIQUE LA RUE, and to her side there are two white men. QUICK is a little confused.

DOMINIQUE

Hello, Mr. Quick. I'd like you to meet Mr. Bugsy Calhoun and his assistant, Joseph Leoni.

QUICK is confused, but trying not to show it. He shakes their hands.

QUICK

Uh, hello, sir. Nice to meet you.

BUGSY

Have a seat. Have a seat.

QUICK sits down.

BUGSY

So, are those flowers and candy  
for me?

QUICK

Well...no. Uhm...I brought them  
for the lady.

BUGSY

Well, give 'em to her for Chrissake.  
She loves flowers and candy!

DOMINIQUE

(Taking the flowers from QUICK.)

Thank you, Mr. Quick.

BUGSY

So, how's business, Mr. Quick?

QUICK

Excuse me?

BUGSY

Business over at Sugar Ray's.

QUICK

Oh, it's alright.

BUGSY

Alright? I hear you guys are doing  
great. Dominique told me the place  
was packed last Monday night. Nobody  
does business on a Monday. You guys  
packed 'em in on a fucking Monday.  
You must be doing great! What do  
you move? Fifteen - twenty thousand  
a week?

QUICK

Uh, I don't do the books.

BUGSY

C'mon. You're the one that built  
that club to what it is. You

(Continued)

BUGSY (Cont'd.)  
telling me you don't look at the  
books? That's pretty stupid,  
Quick.

QUICK  
Yeah, well I trust Ray.

BUGSY  
That's pretty stupid too. In  
this business, never trust any-  
body. Everybody in this business  
is a criminal. How're you gonna  
trust a criminal?

QUICK  
(looking at Dominique)  
Well, I think I'm gonna head  
back home now.

BUGSY  
What's your rush? Stay a second.  
Have some wine.

Pours him a drink.

BUGSY  
Mr. Quick, did a Sargeant Phil  
Cantone come by your place the  
other day?

QUICK  
Yeah, he came by.

BUGSY  
And he told you about my business  
proposition?

QUICK  
I wouldn't exactly call it a  
business proposition, but he  
told us what your offer was.

BUGSY  
But, it was business, Quick.  
(Continued)

BUGSY (Cont'd.)

I don't make offers. I make business propositions. And I got a good one for you, Quick. I want you to come work for me and run the Pitty Pat Club with Dominique here.

QUICK

I don't think so.

BUGSY

It's a lot more money in it.

I mean after Sugar pays us,

→ you cut ain't gonna be what it used to be. I could really use you at the Pitty Pat. You can turn it into a really hot spot. I mean, you understand your people and you know how to run a club. Either way, you'll be working for me...for peanuts where you're at...or, for good money at the Pitty Pat.

QUICK

Why are you asking me? What about your boy, Smalls?

BUGSY

Oh, I had to fire Smalls. He had a bad problem with arithmetic. So, we had to let him go. But, you're smarter than that, Smalls. You wouldn't make mistakes like him. Look... don't give me an answer now. Sleep on it.

DOMINIQUE

Mr. Quick. It will be to all of our advantages if you were to join Mr. Calhoun's organization.

QUICK (standing)

What do you guys take me for?  
(Continued)

48 CONTINUED:

48

QUICK (cont'd.)  
You think I'll stab my friends  
in the back?

BUGSY  
Mr. Quick...it's really no need  
for you to be upset. This is  
business here. Look, you go  
home and think about it. Miss  
LaRue will be in touch with you.  
Joey, you wanna show Mr. Quick  
to his car?

QUICK  
I found my way in, I can find  
my way out.

He leaves. CLOSE UP on BUGSY sipping his wine.

CUT TO

---

49 EXT - CALHOUNE'S ON THE PARK - NIGHT

49 \*

Shot of QUICK coming out of restaurant and getting into his  
car. Across the street a black sedan watches QUICK pull  
off.

CUT TO

---

50 INT - SEDAN

50

Four guys are putting clips into sub-machine guns. One of the  
men is crying.

CRYING MAN  
Let's kill that bastard now! Let's  
do it for Tommy.

The car pulls off behind QUICK'S. Immediately, he knows he's  
being followed.

CUT TO

---

51 INT - QUICK'S CAR - NIGHT

51

QUICK (to himself)  
Now, what the hell is this shit about?  
He reaches between his seats and brings up one pistol and puts it  
(Continued)

in his left underarm holster. He reaches down and does the same thing on his right side with another gun. He then reaches down and brings up the gun from his leg holster and holds it in his right hand.

BACK ON

---

52 INT - BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT

52

The driver has a revolver in his right hand and is steering with his left. The other three men sit pensively with machine guns on their laps.

CLOSE UP on CRYING MAN.

CRYING MAN

On right side in the back.

Pull up to his bumper and we'll take  
the back of his head off.

Everyone's fingers are ready on the trigger.

The sedan speeds up. QUICK notices and does the same. All at once, QUICK slams on his brakes and ducks simultaneously. The sedan crashes into the back of QUICK'S car, sending the hit men lurching forward and the guns accidentally going off. The man on the front passenger's side gets three in the back of the head, and the driver gets one in the shoulder. Everyone is screaming.

DRIVER

Gaining control of the car.

Oh shit, man! I'm hit! I'm hit!

CRYING MAN

Shut up and drive!

MAN BEHIND DRIVER

Holding a bleeding nose.

My nose is broke!

DRIVER

Still not realizing the man on his right is dead.

Junior, you okay? Hey Junior...

Sees the blood.

Oh shit, we shot Junior! Oh man,  
he's fucked up! He's dead! He's  
dead man!

CRYING MAN

Shut up, it was an accident! Pull  
up next to the motherfucker!

The sedan pulls up next to QUICK.

---

53 EXT - QUICK'S CAR - STREET - NIGHT

53

QUICK rams his car into the side of the sedan and jumps out of the passenger side of the still-moving car. He rolls into on-coming traffic, looks up at a car speeding toward him. He rolls out of the way of the car that misses him by inches and must roll again to avoid another that misses him just as closely. He gets up and runs toward the sidewalk toward a store front window. Pulling his coat around his head, he jumps in the fetal position, through the window, shattering it, and ducks down behind the waist-high wall, guns readied for battle.

---

54 INT - SEDAN - NIGHT

54

Everyone is in hysterics.

DRIVER

He jumped out! The nigger jumped out!

---

55 EXT - QUICK'S CAR - NIGHT

55

QUICK'S car crashes into some parked cars.

---

56 INT - SEDAN - NIGHT

56

CRYING MAN

Stop! Stop! STOP GODDAMMIT, STOP!

The car stops.

C'mon, let's go get this sneaky  
bastard.

They get out of the car a mess.



---

57 EXT - STREET - NIGHT

57

One guy's nose is bleeding, the other's arm is bleeding, and the other is crying as they advance.

CRYING MAN

Quick! I'mma kill you, Quick. You made me shoot one of my boys in the head, Quick! And I know you had something to do with what happened to my brother.

---

58 INT - STORE FRONT - NIGHT

58

QUICK

(Still ducking and ready)

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

---

59 EXT - STREET/STORE FRONT - NIGHT

59

CRYING MAN

(Still advancing)

That's bullshit, man. You know what I'm talking about.

---

60 INT - STORE FRONT - NIGHT

60

Fires a round into the wall QUICK is behind.

---

61 EXT - STREET/STOREFRONT - NIGHT

61

MAN WITH BROKEN NOSE

You broke my nose, man!

---

62 INT - STORE FRONT - NIGHT

62

QUICK

I'm gonna say it one more time. I don't know what you boys are talking about. (Pause) Now I suggest y'all let me go on my way.

---

63 EXT - STREET/STORE FRONT - NIGHT

63

CRYING MAN

Oh really?! Well, I suggest you kiss my ass, Quick. 'Cause the only way you leaving here is shot!

64 INT - STORE FRONT - NIGHT

64

QUICK (to himself)  
Fuck this.

QUICK takes aim and shoots three times and ducks. He pauses and looks up. All three men are dead. He cautiously climbs from inside the store front and runs off into the night.

CUT TO

65 INT - CALHOUNE'S ON THE PARK - NIGHT

65 \*

BUGSY CALHOUNE looks up and sees a PHIL CANTONE in the doorway of the restaurant. They make eye contact and CANTONE motions with his head and walks off into the restroom.

CALHOUNE (to Dominique)  
Excuse me a moment please.

He gets up and walks to the bathroom.

66 INT - CALHOUNE'S ON THE PARK - BATHROOM - NIGHT

66 \*

CALHOUNE enters. There's no one inside. He looks under the stalls and sees the feet of CANTONE. He gets in the stall next to him and he sits down. They speak to each other through the wall.

CANTONE  
We got a problem.

CALHOUNE  
What do you mean, we got a problem?

CANTONE  
Well, for some reason that I can't figure out yet, right before they found Tommy Smalls dead, Quick was seen coming out of his apartment.

CALHOUNE  
So how's that a problem? That should take the heat off us and put it on Quick. Once Smalls' crazy ass brother finds out Quick was seen coming out of Tommy's, he'll go nuts.

CANTONE  
He already knows.

CALHOUNE  
So, what happened.

CANTONE  
Right after he left here tonight, Smalls' brother caught up with  
(Continued)

66 CONTINUED:

66

CANTONE (Cont.d)  
him and went nuts, and now Smalls'  
brother and three of his men are  
dead too.

CALHOUNE  
What happened, some of Quick's guys  
tail him here and hit Smalls first?

CANTONE  
No...Quick did it.

CALHOUNE  
How the hell does one guy kill four  
in a hit? I mean, who the fuck is  
this guy, Super Jig?!

CANTONE  
I don't know---you tell me.

CALHOUNE  
That son-of-a-bitch. I guess this  
is gonna be a little harder than I  
thought. I'll call you later.

He gets up and comes out of the stall and looks around.

CALHOUNE  
(looking around)  
There's nobody here. You can come out.

CANTONE  
I'm really taking a dump.

CUT TO

66A INT - CALHOUNE'S ON THE PARK - NIGHT

\* 66A

Bugsy comes back in from the bathroom and goes back to his  
table with Dominique and Joey Leoni, who are still dining.

\*  
\*

BUGSY  
(sitting and staring at Dominique)  
So tell me what you think of  
Mr. Quick.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DOMINIQUE  
What do you mean?

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

66A CONTINUED:

\* 66

BUGSY

You know, do you like him; do you  
think he's someone you might want  
to....fuck?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DOMINIQUE

(a beat) ....Yes.

(She continues eating)

\*  
\*  
\*

BUGSY

(smiling)

Good.

\*  
\*

CUT TO

67 INT - CLUB SUGAR RAY'S - RAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

67

SUGAR is in his office with BENNIE and VERA. JEROME pokes his  
head in the door.

JEROME

Quick just pulled up in a cab.

SUGAR

A cab! What's he doin' in a cab?

(CONTINUED)

RAY (Cont'd.)

Ring me back here when that call comes in.

QUICK enters.

RAY (Jokingly)

What you doin' riding in cabs, that's not your style.

QUICK

I had a little fender bender.

RAY

You alright?

QUICK

Yeah, I'm alright. I just need a few minutes to get my head together.

RAY

You find out anything from Calhoun's girl?

QUICK

No...um, I'm not sure what I found out...Where we at with this other stuff?

Phone rings.

RAY

Sugar...Alright...Okay. You're sure now. Okay, later...What? No shit! I wonder what that's about. Oh well, better him than me.

(He hangs up the phone.)

Okay. The guy that's gonna do the pick up is the same as last year's big fight - a Mr. Richie Vento. Vera, I want you to put someone on him tomorrow so that come fight night, he's doing whatever she wants.

VERA

Alright Sugar.

67 CONTINUED:

67

RAY

You got somebody that can turn him out?

VERA

I got a girl who is so good, if you threw her pussy in the air it would turn into sunshine.

RAY

Well, I don't even wanna know who that is. Just put her on him. And a moment of silence, if you will, for our former fellow club runner, the late manager of the Club Pitty Pat, Tommy Smalls.

\*

EVERYONE

What...Tommy dead? What?...etc.

QUICK

Tommy Smalls is dead?

\*

RAY

(raising his glass)

Max just told me they found him with one in the forehead, two in the necktie, and three in his left lapel. So, I take it Smalls has died and gone to heaven or hell. But you can rest assured, wherever he is, he's kissing somebody's ass.

(toasting)

To Tommy Smalls, a two-faced, backstabbing, low-life Uncle Tom, ass-kissing son-of-a-bitch.

BENNIE

Hey, come on now Sugar. The man is dead, let him rest in peace.

RAY

Rest in peace? Shit, we need to send

(CONTINUED)

RAY (Cont'd.)  
somebody down to take the pillow out  
his coffin. 'Cause that boy wasn't  
shit.

Phone rings.

RAY  
Sugar...Just a minute, he's right  
here.

(To Quick)

Dominique LaRue.

QUICK  
Hello, yeah...yeah, I can meet you.  
Just you, right? Okay, give me a  
half hour.

He hangs up.

QUICK (to Ray)  
Can I borrow your car?

RAY

(Throwing the keys)

Yeah, sure. She got something?

QUICK  
I don't know. I'll see you later on.

He leaves.

CLOSE UP on SUGAR. He knows something's up.

CUT TO

---

68 EXT - CLUB SUGAR RAY'S - NIGHT

68

QUICK exits and gets into SUGAR'S Rolls. As he pulls out, he  
sees in his rear view mirror another black sedan pull out  
behind him.

QUICK (to himself)  
Oh shit, here we go again.

He drives up the street and waits for the car to get right behind him and slams his breaks again, making the car crash into his. He jumps out of the passenger's side, guns out, and runs to the sedan. He sticks his gun in the window, only to find an elderly couple (about 100 years old) sitting there in shock. The woman's nose is bleeding.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
I think my nose is broken young man.

ELDERLY MAN  
Was I following you too close boy?

QUICK (embarrassed)  
Uh...sorry about that.

CUT TO

---

69 EXT - TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

69

QUICK'S car pulls up. He gets out and goes up to front door. QUICK knocks. DOMINIQUE opens the door. She is drop dead gorgeous..

DOMINIQUE  
Do come in, Mr. Quick.

He comes in.

---

70 INT - TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

70

QUICK  
Thank you. This is a beautiful place.

DOMINIQUE

Taking his coat.

Is Quick your real name?

QUICK  
No, my real name is...my real name is Vernest. Vernest Brown. But that's not the coolest name, so I kinda go by Quick. This is really some place here.



70 CONTINUED:

70

DOMINIQUE

It doesn't belong to me, it belongs to Mr. Calhoun, and I stay from time to time.

QUICK

So then, it's true.

DOMINIQUE

What is that, Vernest? \*

QUICK

That you're Calhoun's woman.

DOMINIQUE

I work for Mr. Calhoun.

QUICK

And exactly what does your job entail?

DOMINIQUE

Whatever it is that's required.

QUICK

And your interest in me, is it for business or is it personal?

DOMINIQUE

Both.

CUT TO

71 INT - TOWNHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

71

DOMINIQUE and QUICK standing next to her bed kissing feverishly. DOMINIQUE pulls away.

DOMINIQUE

I have to go change. Take off your things.

She leaves and goes into the bathroom. QUICK starts to take off his things and takes off his left gun, putting it under the pillow. He takes off his right gun and lifts the other pillow. There is already a pearl-handled gun there. He smiles.

QUICK (to himself)  
That's cute. We got a lot more in  
common than I thought.

CUT TO

72 INT - TOWNHOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

72

DOMINIQUE is in a knock-out of a nightgown now. She's staring pensively into the mirror.

QUICK

Calling off camera.

Hey, what are you doing in there?

DOMINIQUE turns off the light and walks into the bedroom.

QUICK

My god...look at you!

73 INT - TOWNHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

73

She gets into the bed and kisses him first on the neck, then the lips, then the forehead, then the lips again. The fall back and begin to make love. It's quite passionate. Both are very vocal and the scene is very erotic and elaborate. DOMINIQUE is on top of him. She climaxes.

QUICK

Oh...oh, Jesus, you're unbelievable.

DOMINIQUE

So are you, Mr. Vernest Brown.

QUICK (laughing)

Vernest Brown, huh. Only you can call me Vernest Brown and make it sound good. So, was this for business or was that personal?

DOMINIQUE

Kissing him.

Both. It was personal for me and business for Mr. Calhoun.

QUICK (laughing)

Mr. Calhoun, is he here?! I thought I felt another hand on my ass (laughing).

*Know I was wrong... was being done - but -*

DOMINIQUE

Reaching her hand under the pillow.

No, he's not here.

QUICK

Pulling her hand to his cheek.

Well, where is he?

DOMINIQUE

Putting her hand beneath the pillow again.

You needn't worry. He rarely comes here. He's with his wife.

QUICK

Pulling her hand to his chest this time.

Calhoun has a wife. And you still fuck him. What's the attraction?

DOMINIQUE

Pauses a beat.

He's a very brilliant man and he's taught me a lot.

QUICK

Puts his hands behind his head.

Oh, really. Like what?

DOMINIQUE

Well, about business.

QUICK

What about business?

DOMINIQUE

Puts her hand beneath the pillow again. This time QUICK lets her.

*mak. - Lequins*

DOMINIQUE (Cont'd.)  
Well, he taught me never to trust  
anybody in this business and that  
everybody in this business is a  
criminal.

She takes out the gun and points it in his face.

And how are you ever going to trust  
a criminal?

QUICK

(A beat)

So, you're supposed to kill me.

DOMINIQUE  
Yes.

QUICK  
And you'd make love to me and shoot  
me afterwards.

DOMINIQUE

(still pointing the gun)

I'm sorry Vernest, it's only business.

She pulls the trigger, the gun clicks...QUICK has taken the  
bullets out.

QUICK

(Pulling his hand from beneath his pillow with his gun and  
speaking at the same time)

And this is personal!

BANG!

CUT TO

74 INT. - BAR - NIGHT

74

The patrons are all white with the exception of one very beautiful black girl, SUNSHINE, who's sitting at the end of the bar with her date, a white man -- At the other end of the bar, Richie Vento sits with two friends.

ANGLE ON SUNSHINE AND DATE

Sunshine does not appear to be interested in her date. Her date, Max, is not pleased.

MAX

What's the matter with you? I bring you to a decent place and all you do is look at every guy in the joint except me.

SUNSHINE

I ain't lookin' at every guy.

MAX

Well, pay attention to me, will you? I'm your date, remember?

SUNSHINE

You ain't got enough money for me to mess with you.

MAX

(angry)

I what?

SUNSHINE

You heard me. I'm gonna get me a real man. ~~You ain't get enough balls either.~~

MAX

(getting up)

Yeah? Well I got enough sense to get the fuck away from you.

(takes her drink and  
pours it in the sink  
behind the bar)

Buy your own drinks from now on.

Max leaves.

ANGLE ON RICHIE AND HIS FRIENDS

MAN #1

I tell you, Richie, that girl has been staring over here ever since she sat down. She wants something.

(CONTINUED)

74

CONTINUED:

74

MAN #2

What'd she get rid of that guy  
for? That's what I wanna know.

\*  
\*

MAN #1

I think she wants us. I think  
she wants the three of us,  
Richie.

\*

RICHIE

Naa. She looks too classy for  
that. She's fuckin' beautiful.  
I tell you, theoretically, I  
don't usually look at colored  
women, but she's fuckin'  
gorgeous deah.

MAN #2

Hey, Richie. She smiled at you.

CUT TO

75

ANGLE ON SUNSHINE

75

Sunshine says something to the BARTENDER who walks down the  
bar to the three guys.

\*  
\*

ANGLE ON RICHIE AND FRIENDS

\*

BARTENDER

(to Richie)

The lady at the end of the bar  
would like to buy you a drink.

MAN #1

I told you. I told you she was  
hot. She wants to fuck. What  
she say about us? She wanna buy  
us a drink, too?

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER

(Placing drink in front of Richie)

She just said this gentleman.

MAN 2

Richie, you lucky bastard.

RICHIE (to his boys)

Lookit. You guys get outta here.

(To the bartender)

Tell the lady I'll accept her offer  
only if she'll come sit with me.

The bartender walks back down and relays the message. The woman gets up and walks down to sit with RICHIE. Every eye in the place is on her. She is the sexiest woman in existence. She sits down next to the man.

WOMAN (very sexily)

Did you notice me watching you?

RICHIE

(Trying to play it cool)

No, I can't say I did deah.

WOMAN (very sexily)

Well, I was. I'm new in town and I haven't any friends. And you look quite...friendly. So, would you like to be my friend?

RICHIE (melting)

Well, lookit. Sure, I'd love to be my friend. I mean, be your friend. My name is Richie, Richie Vento. And what's your name, darling deah?

WOMAN

...Sunshine...

CUT TO

76 INT - RITZY BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

SUGAR sleeping. We hear the sound of a buzzer. SUGAR wakes up.

SUGAR  
Who the fuck can that be...

Buzzer again...

Just a minute!

He opens door. It's QUICK.

SUGAR (still asleep)  
Hey, how was your date?

QUICK  
I killed her.

SUGAR  
To' the pussy up huh?

QUICK  
No man, I killed her.

SUGAR  
What are you talkin' about?

QUICK  
I shot her, man.

SUGAR (still half asleep)  
Was the pussy that bad?

QUICK  
She tried to kill me! That's the only reason she was on me. Calhoun tried to use her to take me out. The mother-fucker tried twice tonight.

SUGAR  
What else happened?

QUICK  
I think he made Smalls' people think we fingered Smalls. They tried to  
(Continued)



QUICK (Cont'd.)  
snuff me right after I met with  
Dominique for a dinner that turned  
out to be an invitation by Calhoun  
to be his new boy.

SUGAR  
Why didn't you tell me this earlier?

QUICK  
I was putting it all together. That  
fat fuck is trying to kill me. But  
it ain't gonna be no third time.  
'Cause now I'm looking for him!

SUGAR  
Hey Quick, don't be stupid. Let's  
just figure out what we do next.

QUICK  
I told you what I'm gonna do Sugar.  
I ain't no goddamn punk. You try  
to kill me, I try to kill you.

SUGAR  
Hey, Quick, you ain't no gangster, man.  
We're not...we're club owners. We run  
a dance hall. Being a punk has nothing  
to do with it. This man is a cold,  
hard gangster who can have your ass  
killed. And you a lot easier to get  
to than him. Now, the man probably  
don't know about LaRue yet. Come  
morning, he's gonna really want you  
dead, so we better find some place to  
lay low 'til we can run the scam and  
step.

QUICK  
You sayin' I should hide?

SUGAR  
No, I'm telling you you're gonna hide  
'cause if you don't hide, you're gonna  
die, Quick.

76 CONTINUED:

76

SUGAR

And I didn't come this far with you  
 so you could wind up dead just to  
 prove you ain't no punk. What they  
 gonna put on your tombstone, "Died  
 at 27, but he wasn't no punk." Ain't  
 nothing cool about dying young, Quick.  
 You know who's cool? An 89 year old  
 motherfucker who dies in his sleep  
 with all his children and grandchildren  
 around him. That's the cool one. I'd  
 rather die a happy 89 year old punk  
 than be a dead tough 27 year old. I  
 won't let you do that to yourself.  
 And I'm not gonna let you do that to  
 me. 'Cause I wanna be 89 one day and  
 I won't make it if he kills you.  
 They'll have to kill me too, 'cause  
 I'm killing him.

CUT TO

77 INT - CLUB SUGAR RAY'S - NIGHT

77

The club is in full swing. The band is jumpin'. BENNIE has on  
 his glasses and is calling 'em right. SUGAR is sitting at the  
 table with heavyweight champ, JACK JENKINS, and some ladies.

SUGAR (toasting)

To Jack Jenkins, the pride of Harlem.  
 May you knock that white boy senseless. \*

JACK (stuttering)

Uh Uh Oh, I'mmo knock him out alrrrright.  
 You can believe thththat shshit.

CUT TO

78 INT - CLUB SUGAR RAY'S - DOORWAY - NIGHT

78

CANTONE and POLICE in doorway.

CANTONE

(Walking through room)

Alright now, everybody, this is a  
 (Continued)

78 | CONTINUED

78

CANTONE (Cont'd.)  
fuckin' raid. Anybody try to leave,  
I pump one in your ass. Everybody  
is under arrest. Please cooperate  
with the arresting officers so we  
can get this one done as quickly and  
easily as possible.

Stopping at SUGAR'S table.

CANTONE  
Hey Jack Jenkins, my kids love you.

Shaking his head.

What are you doing here? You're  
supposed to be training. You gonna  
be ready for the fight? \*

JACK  
I'll be fffine.

CANTONE  
Hey Sugar, let's go talk in your  
office. Can Jack come too? \*

SUGAR gets up. CANTONE motions to JACK.

C'mon Jack.

CUT TO

---

79 INT - CLUB SUGAR RAY'S - RAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

79

CANTONE  
Hey Sugar, where's that guy Quick that  
works for you?

SUGAR  
Oh, Quick? Quick's on vacation. Is  
there anything that I'd be able to  
help you with?

CANTONE  
Well, Sugar, this girl who just so  
happened to go out with a friend of  
mine was found in my friend's apart-  
ment with her head all over the bed-  
room. Word is the last person with  
(Continued)

79 CONTINUED:

79

CANTONE (Cont'd.)  
her was your boy, Quick. I wanted  
to ask what he knew.

SUGAR  
Well, I can assure you Quick had  
nothing to do with that...God, I  
wish I knew where he was so we  
could straighten this out.

CANTONE (half laughing)  
Hey Jack, can I have your autograph?

JACK  
I dddon't sign autoggggraphs.

CANTONE  
Oh sure you do, Jack, or I take you  
downtown with the rest of these Jigs  
and you miss your fight.

SUGAR nods yes to JACK. He picks up paper and starts to write.

JACK  
Who I sign it to?

\*  
\*

CANTONE  
Make it "To my good friend, Phil."  
You know Sugar, I'm not gonna take  
you down tonight 'cause I want you  
to try and get in touch with Mr.  
Quick for me. But your place is  
closed for the night.

(Looking at autograph)

Hey Jack, Phil is with a "P", not  
an "F". Ah, what the hell difference  
does it make to you. As long as  
you're knockin' 'em out, heh Jack.

Leaving.

If you hear anything, let me know,  
Sugar.

They all leave.

JACK  
PPPPunk motherfffff....

CUT TO

80 EXT - SUGAR RAY'S SWEET SHOP - NIGHT

80

SUGAR and JACK JENKINS exit.

JACK  
Fuck ttthat mmm....

RAY  
Yeah, I know.

JACK  
You nnneed a rrride?

RAY looks over and sees a man standing by a black sedan.

RAY  
No, I think I have a ride.

JACK  
(concerned)  
YYYou want mmme tto fuck somebody  
up?

RAY  
No, go on home and get some rest.  
I'll be alright.

JACK  
Okay man...T,T,T,I...

RAY  
Taxi!

JACK  
Thanks.

A cab pulls up.

RAY  
Good night champ.

JACK leaves. SUGAR walks up to the car and looks inside.  
BUGSY CALHOUNE sits alone in the back.

RAY  
Mr. Calhoun, how are you?

CALHOUNE  
Get in Ray.

RAY gets in the car and it drives off.

CUT TO

81 INT - BUGSY'S SEDAN - NIGHT

\*

\* 81

CALHOUNE

Where's your boy, Quick?

RAY

I really don't know, man. Quick's nerves are messed up from people trying to kill him, so I gave him some time off to relax.

CALHOUNE

Quick's nerves are fucked up from people trying to kill him?! I personally know that Quick killed off at least four people last night; One of whom happened to be a very pretty girl I know. Now, you wouldn't know anything about that, would you?

RAY

I don't know anything about that. Where'd you hear that?

CALHOUNE

I hear a lot of things, Ray. I hear you guys are hurtin' my business with your club. Then I hear you don't wanna go into business with me. Then I hear you guys go out and buy a bunch of guns and bombs and shit. I hear all these things and I start to add them up, and you know what I come up with? I come up with a smart old man who's been in this game long enough to know when his run is finished and that it's time to leave. And I come up with a dumb young hothead son-of-a-bitch who thinks he's tough and might wanna start some shit instead of just letting things take their natural course. That's what I come up with--a young dumb fuck who's gonna fuck around and make it two less jigs in the world--one old and one young. Now, when you see Quick, I suggest you guys just make plans

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

CALHOUNE (Cont'd.)  
to go elsewhere, 'cause I'm tired of  
playing around with you jigs. And  
the next time, they might not miss.

(to driver)

Stop the car.

(to Sugar)

Now, get the fuck out.

82 EXT - STREET - NIGHT

82

He lets SUGAR out of the car and he steps up on the curb. He  
takes a cigarette out of his holder, lights it, takes a drag  
and hails a taxi.

RAY  
Taxi! (never losing his cool)

He gets into the cab and rides off.

CUT TO

83 INT - POLICE PRECINCT - FRONT DESK - NIGHT

83

SUGAR is talking to the desk sargeant.

RAY  
I'd like to post bail for these people  
on this list.

DESK SARGEANT  
It's 125 people here...you posting  
bail on 125 people?

RAY  
Yes, sir. Is there a problem?

SARGEANT  
Just a minute.

The SARGEANT goes in the back.

84 INT - POLICE PRECINCT - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

84

SARGEANT (to three other cops)  
There's some guy out here who wants  
(Continued)

84 CONTINUED:

84

SERGEANT (Cont'd.)  
to post bail on everybody busted at  
that after hours place.

COP 1  
Well, who is he?

SERGEANT  
I don't know, some fancy colored guy.

COP 2  
He's probably some nut. Tell him what  
it'll cost him and he'll probably run  
off scared.

The SERGEANT comes back to the front desk.

---

85 INT - POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

SERGEANT  
Okay, let's see...125...on a class  
A misdemeanor, will cost you about  
seventy-five hundred dollars.

RAY  
Really, seventy-five hundred  
dollars, huh?

SERGEANT (smiling)  
Yes, really, seventy-five hundred  
dollars.

RAY  
Can I use the phone?

SERGEANT  
Be my guest.

RAY (dials a number)  
Yes, this is Sugar. How ya doin'?  
Good. Listen. Can you have about  
30 limousines outside the 5th pre-  
cinct to pick up some friends in  
an hour? You can? Thanks.

SERGEANT  
Hey, what the fuck are you trying  
to do? Didn't I tell you it would  
(Continued)



85 CONTINUED:

85

SERGEANT (Cont'd.)  
cost you seventy-five hundred dollars  
to bail all your people out?!

RAY

Lifting his briefcase and putting it on the counter, opening it.  
(It's filled with neatly stacked hundred dollar bills.)

Can I have a receipt?

CUT TO

---

86 EXT - POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

86

All the people bailed out are getting into the limousines. There's a series of "Thanks, Sugar," as they enter their limos. The cops are standing around dumbfounded. SUGAR, VERA and BENNIE get into the last limo. RAY holds the door for VERA.

BENNIE (to police)  
Have a nice day gentlemen.

He gets in and closes the door. VERA rolls down the window.

VERA (to police)  
Kiss my ass.

They pull off.

CUT TO

---

87 BENNIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

87 \*

BENNIE, SUGAR, QUICK and VERA are talking. BENNIE is proudly explaining how cool SUGAR just was.

BENNIE  
Oh Quick, you shoulda' seen it! Thirty limos full of niggers riding off into the sunset. Them white boys didn't know what to do with themselves.

VERA  
Well, you know we can't open up no more. They'll bust us every night behind that shit.

BENNIE

And dig this: In every car, Sugar had a box of candy with a note, "Sorry for the inconvenience." Good lord (to Sugar), you's a cool, sweet motherfucker, Sugar. I love to see shit like that.

VERA

You love to see anything, you blind motherfucker.

Getting up.

What you got to eat in the kitchen?  
I'm hungry as hell.

BENNIE

Go in and look. I know it's a couple of cans of hash in there. Why don't you make us some hash and eggs?

VERA (getting up)

Ya'll want something?

QUICK

I'm okay.

RAY

I'll have some coffee.

VERA (leaving)

Alright.

QUICK

So, everybody's looking for me, huh?

RAY

Yeah, but we'll be outta here soon enough. We'll pull this thing and step.

QUICK

Everything's set?

RAY

Man, they ain't even gonna know what  
(Continued)

RAY (Cont'd.)  
hit them. By the time they realize what happened, we'll be in Jersey counting the money. We split it up and hit the parkway and say goodbye to New York.

QUICK  
How's Sunshine doin' on the pick-up man?

BENNIE  
He done proposed to her four times already. Said he'd leave his wife and kids and convert from Catholic to Baptist. Now, you know that's some mean pussy that make you change gods.

VERA (O.S.)  
Bennie, where is the hash?

BENNIE (Calling off)  
In the middle cabinet on the third shelf.

VERA (O.S.)  
That's not hash, it's tuna fish.

BENNIE  
Well shit, make some tuna fish then!

VERA (coming in)  
You got to do something about them eyes, Bennie. You got my mouth all ready for hash and eggs and you ain't got no hash. You can't fuck with me that way!

BENNIE  
Oh bitch, please!

VERA

(Going back into kitchen)

(Continued)

VERA (Cont'd.)  
"Bitch, please," my ass! You want  
a sandwich?!

BENNIE  
If it's not too much trouble.

VERA (O.S.)  
Don't get smart.

(Off camera, we hear VERA grumbling about there not being any  
hash throughout the scene.)

RAY (smiling to himself)  
She's a sweet old lady. Did you  
ever apologize to her?

QUICK  
For what?

RAY  
For shooting her.

QUICK  
I heard she said she has no hard feelings  
about that.

RAY  
Yeah, but I still think she was a little  
hurt.

BENNIE  
She still is. I know she don't show  
how she feels much, but deep down inside  
she's really a sweet old woman.

VERA (O.S.)  
Bennie, why'd you put this orange  
juice in the refrigerator with just  
a swallow left in the container?

BENNIE  
Oh, Vera, leave me the hell alone!

VERA (O.S.)  
But that don't make no sense. You  
shoulda' just finished it. Don't  
(Continued)

87 CONTINUED:

87

VERA (Cont'd.)  
put it back in the refrigerator with  
just a swallow in the container. I  
get my mouth all set for some orange  
juice and it's just a swallow in the  
container.

BENNIE  
Well, swallow it and shut the fuck up!

VERA (O.S.)  
You blind motherfucker!

BENNIE  
You fat bitch!

(to QUICK)

You really should go talk to her. Tell  
her you're sorry.

QUICK looks at RAY.

RAY  
Go ahead man.

---

9 INT - BENNIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

88 \*

QUICK gets up and goes into the kitchen. VERA is making the  
tuna fish.

VERA  
You want a sandwich, Quick?

QUICK  
No, I'm okay. You okay?

VERA  
Mmm hmm. I just can't stand silly  
shit like this.

(Pouring about a half inch of orange juice into a glass.)

Now, why didn't he just finish that  
off?

(Putting glass on the table)

QUICK

You know, Vera, I never told you.  
Well, I never told nobody I was  
sorry for anything, but I really  
wish what happened never happened,  
and I appreciate everything you've  
ever done for me. And I'm sorry.

There is a silent beat. VERA hides any emotion she might be feeling

VERA

Well, take your sorry ass back in  
the living room then and tell  
Sugar to send somebody to get some  
orange juice.

QUICK (smiling)

Yeah, I love you too.

He leaves. VERA smiles to herself.

CUT TO

89 INT - RICHIE VENTO'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

89

RICHIE VENTO lying in a bed and staring at the ceiling. Sunshine  
is in the bathroom getting dressed.

RICHIE

I think I'm falling in love with  
you.

SUNSHINE

Oh, Richie.

RICHIE

No, really, Nobody's ever made me  
feel the way you have. These last  
couple of days have been the happiest  
in my life. I'll do anything for  
you. I'll leave my wife and kids.  
I'll give you everything I own. Just  
don't ever stop doing what you've  
been doing to me.

SUNSHINE

(Finishing up and getting ready to leave)

Well, we'll see baby.

She bends over and kisses him on the face and runs her tongue up his cheek.

RICHIE

When can I see you again?

SUNSHINE

I'll be free after the fight tomorrow night.

RICHIE

Oh, tomorrow night's bad. I got something to do.

SUNSHINE (kissing him)

All night?

RICHIE (getting weak)

Between eight and ten.

SUNSHINE

(Kissing him and speaking between words)

Well, why don't you do what you have to do, then after you're finished, pick me up.

Stopping as if she just realized something.

Oh wait. I'm finished with my work at 9:30. I'll have to stand outside in the cold for a half hour with all that stuff in my bag.

RICHIE

What stuff? Hey, what kinda work do you do anyway?

SUNSHINE (acting ashamed)

I don't know if I should tell you. I don't want you to think different of me. I want to always seem special to you.

RICHIE

There's nothing you could say or do  
(Continued)

89 CONTINUED:

89

RICHIE (Cont'd.)

that would make you not special to me. What is it?

SUNSHINE

Well, I, I don't know if...

RICHIE

Oh, come on. Don't be afraid. What is it?

SUNSHINE

Well, every month I do a numbers pick-up at one place and I drop it off at another the next day. And I get paid for it.

RICHIE

You're a pick-up girl?

SUNSHINE (mock shame)

I knew you'd hate me. Maybe I should just leave.

RICHIE

Hey, don't be ridiculous...one day I'll tell you what I do and we'll both sit back and laugh about this.

SUNSHINE

I'm so glad you're not angry. You know, I really shouldn't stand on the corner for a half hour by myself with all that stuff. Maybe we should just get together some other time.

RICHIE (thinking to himself)

Well listen, where will you be at 9:30?

SUNSHINE

Well, my pick-up is on Lenox Avenue.

RICHIE

Well, you meet me at 9:30 on the corner of Lenox and 110th Street.



SUNSHINE

What about what you had to do  
between eight and ten o'clock?

RICHIE

Don't worry about it. I'll pick  
you up along the way.

SUNSHINE

Oh, will you?!

Jumps up and starts kissing him.

RICHIE (loves it)

Okay, okay.

SUNSHINE

And you know what I do and you  
still want to see me?

RICHIE nods yes.

SUNSHINE (hugging him)

Oh, Richie, I'm so happy. You  
know, I have to admit I was  
intimidated by you when I first met  
you and when we made love I held  
back. But, now that I've opened  
up to you and told the truth about  
myself, I just want to be completely  
free and do any and everything you  
want me to.

She kisses him passionately.

RICHIE

Oh god.

SUNSHINE (kiss)

I'll see you tomorrow.

RICHIE (kiss)

Nine-thirty.

SUNSHINE (kiss)

Lenox and 110th.

\*

She stands and walks to the door, then turns to him.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

SUNSHINE

I think I'm falling in love with  
you.

She wipes away an invisible tear and walks away.

RICHIE sits up on the bed and picks up the phone. He dials a  
number. We hear the sound of a phone ringing and a child's  
voice says hello.

RICHIE

Hello, it's daddy.

VOICE

Hi, daddy.

RICHIE

Hey darling, put mommy on the phone.

FEMALE VOICE

Hello.

RICHIE

Yeah Barbara, Richie. Yeah, lookit,  
I ain't never comin' home no more.

CUT TO - EARLY MORNING

90 INT - BUGSY CALHOUNE'S PENTHOUSE - EARLY MORNING

90

BUGSY CALHOUNE'S penthouse is high above Manhattan. BUGSY is  
getting his fingers and hair done while his house boy is  
serving coffee. CALHOUNE is meeting with PHIL CANTONE.

CANTONE

He bailed out everybody we busted.  
And then the son-of-a-bitch had cars  
chauffer everybody home.

CALHOUNE

What about Quick? Still hasn't  
been seen, huh?

CANTONE

No, he hasn't been on the streets  
at all, but he'll turn up eventually.  
(Continued)

90 CONTINUED:

90

CANTONE (Cont'd.)

But for the time being, Sugar Ray's  
is closed down. \*

CALHOUNE

I want it closed down permanently.

CUT TO

91 EXT - SUGAR RAY'S SWEET SHOP - DAY

91

Fire trucks line up the street. The shop is smoking from the  
fire that's just been put out. SUGAR'S car pulls up. RAY  
hops out and looks at his place. He goes inside.

CUT TO

92 INT - CLUB SUGAR RAY'S - DAY

92

The place is ruined. Everything is burned. Water drips  
everywhere. RAY is standing in the middle amidst the burnt  
building. Never losing his cool, he takes out a cigarette  
and lights it. Just as he does, PHIL CANTONE walks through  
the door.

CANTONE

What the hell happened here?

Walking toward RAY

(Continued)

What, you guys have a little fire  
or something? Jesus, I hope  
nobody was hurt. You alright, Ray?

RAY

Oh, I'm fine...just...just got a  
lot on my mind...Well, Mr. Officer  
Cantone, tell your friend he won.

CANTONE

You don't think my friends had  
anything to do with this, do you?  
No, you just had some bad luck,  
that's all. This has been a  
bad luck week for you, Ray. Your  
place gets busted and then it  
burns down all in the same week.  
I'll leave you alone. I don't  
wanna bother you while you're  
thinking. (Continued)

What sign  
are you?

92 CONTINUED:

92

CANTONE  
(Continued)

(Leaving)

Oh, thank the champ for that auto-graph and wish him luck for me tonight, okay...Hey...Sugar, okay?

RAY  
(distracted)

Okay.

(Waving him on.)

Okay.

CUT TO

93 INT - RITZY BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

93

RAY, QUICK, VERA, SUNSHINE, BENNIE, WILLIE, JEROME, and JIMMY are around the table in the dining room.

RAY  
So, what's what?

SUNSHINE  
He'll pick me up at the corner of 110th and Lenox at nine-thirty.

\*

RAY  
Jimmy, can you do the light on that corner?

JIMMY  
Yeah, that's no problem. We just don't wanna hold it up too long. The cop'll show up for sure.

RAY  
We'll have the car there as soon as it happens. Then you can put traffic back to normal. How we doin' on the police car?

JEROME  
We converted the Ford perfect. Only person that could tell it was a fake is a real cop.

\*

93 CONTINUED:

93

QUICK

And everything is set to go on  
Calhoun's club too.

BENNIE

Good. Everybody meets on Route 9  
in Jersey at the Holiday Suites,  
Room 108, at ten-thirty. And  
we'll do the split there.

EVERYONE IN ROOM

Hey, double check that. Don't  
have us at the wrong place. You  
sure that's what it says, Bennie?  
(Etc...)

VERA

It's right. It's right. He  
memorized it this time.

---

94 EXT - MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (1938) - NIGHT

94

ESTABLISHING SHOTS OF MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

CUT TO

---

95 INT - MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

95

It's fight night. The place is packed. BUGSY CALHOUNE is  
sitting ringside with goons on each side of him.

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, and now for the  
main event. Fighting out of Ireland,  
weighing in at 250 pounds, the Irish  
Iron Man, Michael Kirkpatrick!

---

96 Shots of the crowd.

96

The crowd, which is predominantly white, bursts into a  
thunderous applause.

---

97 B.O. ANNOUNCER

97

ANNOUNCER

And fighting out of Harlem, New York,  
weighing in at 220 pounds, the heavy-  
weight champion of the world, Jack  
Jenkin!

98 B.O. CROWD

98

The crowd sits motionless. About three or four people out of the 20,000 attending can barely be heard clapping.

ANNOUNCER

Let's get ready to rumble!

Thunderous applause again.

CUT TO

98 EXT - CLUB PITTY PAT - NIGHT

99

People are entering.

CUT TO

100 INT - CLUB PITTY PAT - NIGHT

100

The club's in full swing. Two black men are standing by the crap table. One is looking at his watch, the other is holding a briefcase. The time reads 9:15. He pulls his pistol and fires it into the ceiling four times as the other man pushes his briefcase under a crap table. The people are running out of the club like mad men. The two men run out as well.

CUT TO

101 EXT - CLUB PITTY PAT - NIGHT

101

People are running out of the front door.

SUDDENLY

102 EXT - CLUB PITTY PAT - NIGHT

102

There is a huge explosion blowing the windows out of the building.

SLASH CUT TO

103 INT - MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

103

IRISH IRON MAN being crashed in the face.

CUT TO

104 BUGSY CALHOUNE grimacing.

104

104 CONTINUED:

104

CALHOUNE  
It don't look like he's tryin' to  
throw this thing to me!

CUT TO

105 EXT - CALHOUNE'S ON THE PARK - NIGHT

105

Explosion.

SLASH CUT TO

106 EXT - A BUGSY NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

106

Explosion.

SLASH CUT TO

107 OMIT

107

CUT TO

108 INT - MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

108

IRISH IRON MAN'S face is full of blood and JACK JENKINS is  
relentlessly beating the shit out of him.

CUT TO

109 BUGSY - NIGHT

109

BUGSY  
What the fuck is going on?

CUT TO

110 EXT - ALLEY - NIGHT

110

RICHIE VENTO is sitting in a black sedan with his trunk open.  
The car is running. A huge goon comes out and puts a duffel  
bag in the trunk and closes it. He signals to RICHIE, hitting  
the back of the car, and RICHIE drives off. He looks at his  
watch, it's nine-twenty.

RICHIE  
(to himself)  
Sunshine!

CUT TO

110A EXT STREET - NIGHT

110

We see Richie's car come out of the alley. It turns and heads off down the street.

110B ANGLE ON ANOTHER SEDAN

110

A nondescript car is parked on the street as Richie passes.

110C INT. CAR - NIGHT

110

It is Cantone. He watches Richie come out of the alley and drive past. He puts out his cigarette, smiles to himself, STARTS the CAR and follows him.

110D EXT. STREETS OF HARLEM - NIGHT

110

We watch as Richie drives to his rendezvous with Cantone cautiously following.



CUT TO

111 EXT - LENOX AVENUE & 110TH STREET - NIGHT

111

SUNSHINE on street corner with a duffel bag looking drop-dead gorgeous across the street. At the other corner, we see QUICK and SUGAR sitting in the fake police car.

CUT TO

112 EXT - LENOX AVENUE - NIGHT

112

RICHIE VENTO turning onto Lenox Avenue.

CUT TO

113 INT - MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

113

JACK JENKINS is still doing massive work on Kirkpatrick.

CUT TO

114 EXT - LENOX AVENUE AND 110TH STREET - NIGHT

114

RICHIE VENTO seeing SUNSHINE on the corner. She waves. He pulls up.

RICHIE  
Hello, darling deah.

SUNSHINE  
Hey, sweet daddy.

RICHIE  
(motioning to bag)  
That's a lot of numbers deah, baby.

SUNSHINE  
I know. Throw them in the trunk  
for me daddy.

RICHIE gets out of his car and opens the trunk and throws the duffel bag in the back, right next to his duffel bag. He opens the door for SUNSHINE and starts to drive through the intersection.

CUT TO

115 EXT - INTERSECTION - NIGHT

115

JIMMY watching the whole thing take place. The traffic light is green. He looks over at VERA and BENNIE and nods. Just before RICHIE hits the intersection, JIMMY presses the button on the small box in his hand. The light goes red and BENNIE and VERA broadside RICHIE'S car.

RICHIE

What the fuck!

RICHIE sees the police car on the corner.

RICHIE

Oh, Jesus deah!

QUICK and SUGAR pull up and get out of the car. VERA is screaming. BENNIE is bitching. Between the accident, the screaming, and the realization that there are numbers and half a million dollars in his trunk - not to mention the cops (QUICK and SUGAR) - RICHIE is pretty flustered.

QUICK (to Richie)

You're in a lot of trouble buddy.

RICHIE

That light was green, officer.

RAY

No sir, the light was red. But running that light and crashing these people is the least of your problems.

RICHIE

What do you mean?

QUICK

You know who you just picked up?

RICHIE looks at SUNSHINE.

RAY

That's the biggest heroin trafficker in Harlem. We've been tracking her all night. She just put forty pounds of smack in your trunk.

\*

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

11

RICHIE

Heroin?!

QUICK

Step out of the car, sir.

RICHIE

But...

RAY

Step out of the car, please.

They begin to frisk them both.

SUNSHINE

(to Richie)

I'm sorry, I'm sorry Richie.

QUICK

Yep! Lady Heroin, we finally got  
your ass and your boy too. Well,  
y'all are both going away for a  
very very long time.

RICHIE

Hey, wait a minute. Wait a minute.  
I'm not her boy! I just met her  
this week!

RAY

Yeah, right, right. You have the  
right to remain silent....

RICHIE

(whispering)

Wait a minute man. Do you guys  
work under Phil Cantone?

QUICK

You mean Sargeant Cantone?

RICHIE

(momentarily relieved)

Yeah. He's a friend of mine.

RAY

We don't give a shit. He ain't  
nothin' in this precinct.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

RICHIE  
(scared)

Yeah, but...

QUICK

We're gonna take your ass in,  
now. Cantone or no Cantone.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

QUICK goes behind the car, opens the trunk and looks into the duffel bag. It's filled with neat stacks of hundred dollar bills. He takes the bag out and walks back up to the front of the car to RAY. They start to handcuff RICHIE when the flashing lights and SIREN burst from another cop car stops them. RAY and QUICK exchange a look.

ANGLE ON SECOND POLICE CAR

The new cop car swings around and stops directly in front of RAY and QUICK and RICHIE. Two white detectives step out and approach them.

DETECTIVE HOGAN  
(flashing his badge)  
Whaddya got, Officer?

RAY  
(nervous)  
Big score with Lady Heroin and her  
boyfriend here.

DETECTIVE SIMS  
(looking at Richie)  
This guy?

RICHIE  
(happy to see white cops)  
Listen. Please. Could I talk to  
you for a second, Detective?

DETECTIVE HOGAN  
What is this, confession?

QUICK  
Everything's under control, Detective.  
I think we can handle it.

DETECTIVE SIMS  
(to Quick)  
Relax, boy. You're a little out of  
your territory here, so just cool it.

Sims takes a couple of steps to the side. Then he turns and waves Richie over to him.

DETECTIVE SIMS  
(to Richie)  
C'mere.

ANGLE ON RICHIE AND SIMS

Richie breaks Ray's hold on him and moves over to Sims.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

11

RICHIE  
(whispering)  
You know Cantone, right?

DETECTIVE SIMS  
Of course. We work under Cantone.

RICHIE  
(relieved)  
Then tell these jigs to get the  
fuck outta here. I'm makin' a run  
for Bugsy, for chrissakes.

DETECTIVE SIMS  
(nonchalant)  
Why didn't you say so?

ANGLE ON RAY AND QUICK AND DETECTIVE HOGAN.

Sims walks back to the group ahead of Richie.

DETECTIVE SIMS  
(pointing to Hogan)  
Detective, we're gonna take the  
girl in. Let this guy go about  
his business.

QUICK  
(getting hot)  
Excuse me, Detective. First of  
all, this is our collar. And  
second of all, he's an accessory.  
Now we're gonna...

DETECTIVE HOGAN  
(cutting him off)  
...You're gonna do nothing. We'll  
take it from here. Thank you very  
much, Officer.

RAY  
(apparently nervous)  
But she's got a bag full of heroin  
in the back of his car. Why don't  
you let us...

SIMS  
(very strong, to Ray)  
Take off, pal. Narcotics division  
will handle this. Go write  
parking tickets uptown where you  
belong.

ANGLE ON WHITE COPS

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

With Ray and Quick looking on helplessly, Hogan takes Sunshine and the duffel bag from Quick. Richie gets back in the car. They then put Sunshine and the duffel bag in the white cops' car.

ANGLE ON RICHIE

RICHIE

Oh Jesus, thanks. You guys saved my ass on this one.

DETECTIVE HOGAN

Just get outta here, and stay outta trouble.

RICHIE

(bringing him closer)

Listen, maybe you ought to give the jigs something to...

He reaches into his pocket and takes out a hundred dollar bill.

DETECTIVE HOGAN

(taking the bill)

Whaddya crazy? They should be happy they got a fuckin' blue suit to wear. Don't worry about it.

Richie STARTS the CAR and drives off.

ANGLE ON WHITE COPS' POLICE CAR

Hogan walks back to their car.

DETECTIVE HOGAN

(to Ray and Quick)

Sorry, boys. That's the way it is.

QUICK

(pissed)

Shit.

The white cops drive off in their car.

ANGLE ON RAY AND QUICK

Ray and Quick are standing there with nothing to show for the whole set up.

QUICK

Now what.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

RAY

(cool)

We fold our tent and leave like  
thieves in the night.

QUICK

(going to the car)

Shit!

ANGLE ON VERA

Vera backs up her car and puts it into first gear.

VERA

You guys were beautiful.

BENNIE

(from inside the car)

Shut up, Vera, and drive. And  
don't hit nobody.

VERA

I'm not blind like you mother  
fucker. I can see.

ANGLE ON RAY AND QUICK'S CAR.

Ray and Quick get into the car. They back it around and head  
for the west side.

HIGH WIDE ANGLE OF INTERSECTION

The CAMERA PULLS BACK as Ray and Quick drive off. We see  
Cantone's car sitting halfway up the block. He has been  
watching the whole thing. He STARTS his ENGINE, turns on his  
lights, and pulls out. He slowly drives off after Ray and  
Quick's car.

115A INT. RAY AND QUICK'S CAR - NIGHT

115A

Ray and Quick are proceeding west.

QUICK

Ray, I don't like the cops taking  
Sunshine and the money.

RAY

I told you. Stay cool.

QUICK

Yeah, okay.

RAY

Don't worry. We're gonna do it my  
way. Now keep cool.

(CONTINUED)



CUT TO

115A EXT - ALLEY - NIGHT

115A

The police car turns into the alley and drives down to a door midway. The sign above the door reads "BANK." SUGAR and QUICK look around, fumble with the door a little, open it, and enter.

BACK ON

ENTRANCE OF SAME ALLEY

CANTONE'S car drives up and parks behind the police car. He gets out, looks at the sign, takes out his gun and goes in.

CUT TO

INT - BANK - NIGHT

CANTONE cautiously walks into the room, looks around and sees the bank vault door...it is open. He walks up to the door and steps into the room, gun extended. He finds QUICK and SUGAR standing and looking at him.

CANTONE  
(smiling)

Maybe you guys can clear something up for me. I mean, I thought you might pull something, that's why I followed Vento tonight. And I gotta tell ya, the whole thing was going pretty cute til some real boys showed up and spoiled it for you guys. You did the right thing just letting them go and not trying to start any shit. But the one thing I can't figure out for the life of me is why the fuck you guys would break into a bank that's been closed for five years.

QUICK looks at RAY.

QUICK  
(to Ray)

May I?

RAY

Please do.

QUICK  
Well, first of all, we knew with Richie doing such a big pick-up Bugsy would have his number one boy tailing him just to make sure nothing

(CONTINUED)

115A CONTINUED:

115A

QUICK

happened. And the cops that stopped us, you win some, you lose some. But as far as us breaking into the bank that's been closed for five years, we're not making a withdrawal, we're making a deposit.

CANTONE

What's that supposed to mean?

RAY

It means put the gun down.

CUT TO

CANTONE'S FACE

We hear the sound of guns being cocked behind him. He turns around, only to see SUGAR'S boys pointing the guns at him.

JIMMIE, WILLIE, JEROME

(in unison)

Surprise!!! (A la surprise party)

CUT TO

INT - BANK VAULT - NIGHT

CANTONE is tied to a chair in the center.

RAY

We'll call the police on Monday and let them know you're in here.

CANTONE

Hey Sugar, these things don't have that much air in them!

RAY

Oh, don't worry. Jimmy estimates that you can stay in here a couple o' days before you run out of oxygen. You're estimate's pretty accurate isn't it Jimmy?

JIMMY

Give or take a couple of hours.

(CONTINUED)

115A CONTINUED:

115A

RAY

(To Cantone as he and the boys  
are leaving)  
See, give or take a couple o' hours.

CANTONE

(Just as Ray gets to the door)  
Hey Ray, I might see you again.

RAY

Could be....Goodnight.

Vault door closes in CANTONE'S face.

116 INT - MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

116

IRON MAN KIRKPATRICK hitting the canvas.

CALHOUNE

Knockout! A fuckin' knockout!!!  
With the money I lost tonight  
I'm not gonna win shit. After  
I pay off these bets, I'll be  
even money. Shit, what the hell  
was that about?

A man walks up to BUGSY and whispers in his ear.

CALHOUNE

What?!

CUT TO

117 INT - BUGSY'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

117

BUGSY is sitting around with some of his boys.

CALHOUNE

I wanna know who ordered this hit.

TONY

We spoke to the other families.  
Everybody is claiming they know  
nothing about it.

LEONI

What about the club owner, Sugar Ray,  
and his guys?

CALHOUNE

What, are you fucking crazy?!  
He's a fuckin' dance hall runner.  
Somebody hit all of my places at  
the same time! And it weren't no  
fuckin' jig! And where the hell  
is Cantone when I need him?!

A man pokes his head through the door.

MAN

Bugs, Richie's here.

CALHOUNE

Let him in.

The man leaves.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

CALHOUNE

I wanna get to the bottom of this thing tonight.

RICHIE VENTO comes in holding the bag.

RICHIE

Hey, what's with all the sad faces?

CALHOUNE

Just give me the money and get the fuck out.

RICHIE walks over and hands him the bag. CALHOUNE looks in and slaps RICHIE.

CALHOUNE

What the fuck is this?

RICHIE

What?

CALHOUNE

Where's my money?

He pours the contents of the bag on the table.

RICHIE

(sees the packets)

They took the wrong bag!

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

TONY

What'd they look like?

RICHIE

It was two colored cops first,  
and then two of Cantone's men  
showed up. They're the ones who  
have the bag.

\*

TONY

It don't make sense.

CALHOUNE

I wanna know what's going on.  
The same people that hit my spots  
probably hit Richie. Someone get  
Cantone on the phone right away.

One of the guys picks up the phone and begins to dial.

TONY

Yeah, but it don't figure. Why  
would they steal your money and  
leave this dope behind? Why  
wouldn't they take the heroin?

CALHOUNE

You gave a million dollars of  
my money to a couple of cops for  
a bag of heroin?!

\*

Slaps him again.

CALHOUNE pokes his finger in the bag and tastes the powder.

CALHOUNE

This isn't heroin...it's sugar.

He looks at Tony.

RICHIE

Sugar?!

CALHOUNE

That son-of-a-bitch.

MAN ON PHONE

(to Calhoun)

There's no answer, he must not be  
in.

The DOORBELL RINGS and CALHOUNE motions for one of the guys to  
answer it.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

ONE OF CALHOUNE'S BOYS  
It's a woman named Vera. Says she  
works for Ray.

CALHOUNE

Let her in.

VERA comes into the room. She appears very upset.

VERA

Mr. Calhoun, I'm so sorry. I  
just want you to know I had  
nothing to do with any of this.

CALHOUNE

Why don't you have a seat?

VERA

(sitting down)

I would have warned you, Mr.  
Calhoun, but Sugar would have  
killed me. His son shot me  
once you know.

CALHOUNE

Yes, I understand, Miss...

VERA

Walker. Vera Walker.

CALHOUNE

(to one of his boys)

Hey, Mick, get Miss Walker  
something to drink.

VERA

I just wanted you to know I had  
nothing to do with it. I ain't  
no thief. I'm an honest ho and  
all my hos is honest and we  
didn't want no parts of this  
thing from the beginning. But  
they made us keep quiet. I  
tell you, I would've warned you,  
but I know they would have killed  
me. I don't want no trouble.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

TONY

There's not gonna be any trouble,  
Miss Walker. Nobody's gonna get  
hurt.

CALHOUNE

No, nobody is gonna hurt you. In  
fact, you might be of some assis-  
tance to us.

VERA

Well, anything I can do to help  
I'll do, 'cause I don't want no  
trouble.

CALHOUNE

Well, all of this didn't happen  
too long ago. Maybe you could  
help us locate Mr. Ray and Mr.  
Quick.

VERA

They're at Ray's house. But  
please don't tell them I told  
you. I don't want no more  
trouble. I just wanna go about  
my business. I don't want to  
have nobody after me. I'm an  
old woman. I can't take all  
this fighting and shooting and  
mess no more.

CALHOUNE

Well, don't worry, ma'am, you  
did the right thing. We'll see  
to it you have no more problems.  
In fact, Tony, write my number  
down. If you ever have any  
problem, you call me. You see,  
you do right by us--we do right  
by you.

VERA

(getting up)

Well, thank you, sir.

(to Calhoun)

And thank you, sir.

CALHOUNE

Someone show Miss Walker out.

(CONTINUED)



117 CONTINUED:

117

VERA  
(leaving)

Good night.

CALHOUNE  
(putting on his jacket)  
Why don't we pay Mr. Ray and  
Mr. Quick a visit.

TONY  
You know, I was just going to  
make the same suggestion.

---

117A EXT. RAY'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

117

Calhoune's limo pulls up in front of Ray's brownstone. After some henchmen get out and see that the coast is clear, Bugsy gets out of the car and they go up to the door.

---

117B INT. RAY'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

117

Bugsy's men gain easy access to the brownstone. Once inside, the place appears to be empty except that they hear a RADIO coming from the living room on the second floor.

---

117C INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

117

Bugsy and his men cautiously make their way to the living room door. It is ajar.

ANGLE ON DOOR

Bugsy pushes the door open, the RADIO is ON and the room is empty. They go in.

---

117D INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

117

At the far end of the room Cantone appears to be seated in a chair listening to the radio.

TONY

Hey, boss, it's Cantone.

BUGSY

(calling to him)

Phil!

ANGLE ON CANTONE

There is no response. Bugsy indicates that one of his men should go over and check it out. When they do, they see that it is only Cantone's hat and overcoat propped up in the easy chair.

BUGSY

This is a setup. Cantone's dead.

CLOSEUP - PHONE

The PHONE RINGS. Tony is about to answer it.

BUGSY

(yelling)

No! We rigged that phone, you jerkoff.

The PHONE CONTINUES to RING. Leoni steps out into the hall to check the rest of the house.

(CONTINUED)

117D CONTINUED:

117

BUGSY  
Nobody touch anything. I gotta  
figure this out. I gotta figure  
out the right move.

Bugsy walks over to the phone and inspects it.

ANGLE ON PHONE

He sees a wire coming out of the phone and disappearing  
under the rug.

ANGLE ON ROOM

Bugsy follows the path of the wire until it reappears from under  
the rug and leads to the doorjamb.

ANGLE ON DOOR

Bugsy sees that the door is rigged, not the phone. At that  
moment Leoni comes back into the room and closes the door.

BUGSY  
(terrified)  
No! Don't close...

Leoni closes the door before Bugsy can warn him.

---

117E EXT. RAY'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

117

The BROWNSTONE BLOWS UP.

---

SCENES 118 THROUGH 121 OMITTED.

---

121 EXT. HOLIDAY SUITES - NIGHT

121\*

Establishing shot

A122 INT. - HOLIDAY SUITES, ROUTE 9, NEW JERSEY - NIGHT

A122\*

Everyone is sitting around, worried.

BENNIE

You think something went wrong?  
It's twelve o'clock.

There is a knock at the door. Sunshine is standing there with the two white police officers. There is a strange moment and everyone exchanges looks.

COP #1

(his serious face  
suddenly warming up)  
Sorry we're late.

COP #2

Got caught in traffic.

One of the cops hands Sugar Ray the duffel bag.

RAY

How'd it go?

COP #2

We just dumped the cop car a  
half hour ago. It couldn't  
have been smoother.

Everyone applauds.

RAY

Alright, alright. Let's split  
this stuff and pat ourselves on  
the back tomorrow.

CUT TO:

EXT- HOLIDAY SUITES, ROUTE 9, NEW JERSEY - NIGHT

PARKING LOT

WILLIE, JEROME, and JIMMY are driving off. SUGAR is giving his farewells. ANNIE is sitting in the back of SUGAR'S car.

(CONTINUED)

WILLIE

(in his car)

Hey Sugar, where you gonna go?

SUGAR

I don't know. We ain't made up our minds yet.

WILLIE

Well, listen man, I'm going south. Let me give you a number...

SUGAR

No man, no numbers. I don't wanna know where any of y'all are...case anybody needs to find you. Are you hip?

WILLIE

(understanding)

Yeah man, I'm hip. Hey man, y'all take care of yourselves.

Off camera we hear VERA's voice.

VERA

Sugar, let's go!

SUGAR

I'm comin'.

He gives his friend a pound (slaps him five) and Willie drives off.

SUGAR walks over to his car. BENNIE and QUICK and the WHITE COPS are standing on the driver's side. VERA is walking up from the hotel bickering. ANNIE is in the back seat.

SUGAR

(to white cops,  
shaking their hands)

Thanks a lot guys. Don't spend it all in one place.

WHITE COPS walk off.

VERA

Shit. Let's get moving y'all, before somebody comes limping up here looking for us.

QUICK and BENNIE are looking at the New York skyline from where they're standing. At this point, BENNIE, QUICK, SUGAR and VERA are all standing by open car doors.

SUGAR (looking at the city)  
I'm sure gonna miss that place. Y'all  
know we can't never come back.

QUICK  
New York ain't the only city in the  
world. We'll just start all over again.

RAY  
Yeah, but there ain't nothin' like  
Harlem.

BENNIE  
You ain't lying, Sugar. (turning around)  
Let me look at it one more time.

VERA (Getting in the car)  
Don't waste your time. Get your  
blind ass in the car.

BENNIE (getting in the car)  
Bitch, I'll kick your ass.

We hear BENNIE and VERA bickering.

QUICK (to Ray)  
So where you wanna go, Pop?

RAY  
Well son, we got a tank full of gas...

QUICK  
And a trunk full of money. That sounds  
like a sweet combination to me.

RAY  
Yep, sweet as sugar....

They exchange smiles, get in the car, and head down the highway  
as we roll credits and go to the mother fuckin' bank.