

Untitled Andrew Dominik Project

Based on the novel
'Cogan's Trade'
by
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1st Draft

EXT. CITY STREETS. DAY.

America. Now. A place of economic collapse. We're hemmed in by wires and poles, like the background of a Robert Crumb cartoon. Smokestacks of abandoned industry crumble in the distance. The sky hangs low and grim over us. Wind-borne garbage blows through sullen streets. America as Chernobyl.

A skinny young man in a denim jacket buttoned against the cold wanders through this devastation, taking it all in with his abused sensitive eyes. This is Frankie, strangely sweet and innocent, a born victim.

EXT. SQUARE. DAY.

He stands in the square, in his filthy clothes, huddled behind his lit cigarette for warmth. Waiting.

How long is he gonna have to wait? He's starting to get frustrated.

Eventually he is joined by another guy, who has a bunch of purebred dogs on multiple leashes. This is Russell, he wears an army-green poncho, a gray sweatshirt and dirty jeans. And he's itching and scratching, shitfaced on smack. They pantomime an inaudible argument:

Frankie is like 'where the fuck were you? You're late.'

Russell is like 'I don't give a fuck, get out of my face.'

EXT. AMATO'S DRIVING SCHOOL. ESTABLISHING DAY.

INT. OFFICE - AMATO'S DRIVING SCHOOL. DAY.

JOHNNY AMATO, a middle-aged Italian, overdressed in his gray suit, sits at his desk and stares.

AMATO

I got to give it to you. You're a great-looking couple of guys. Come in here about four hours late, you look like shit and you stink. The fuck, you look like you just got out of jail.

Frankie and Russell sit across from him.

FRANKIE

His fault. He was late. I stood around there and waited for him.

RUSSELL

I hadda get my dogs in. I got fourteen dogs, there. I can't just go off someplace, leave them dogs out. I just got out, I haven't got your advantages, Squirrel, nice business waiting for me, all that good shit.

AMATO

Johnny. You can call me Johnny. Most of the help calls me 'mister', but you can call me 'Johnny'. That'll be alright.

RUSSELL

(smiles)

I'll work on that Squirrel, I really will.

AMATO

You couldn't've gotten somebody else? This item looks like shit and he don't have no manners. I got to put up with shit like this?

FRANKIE

You asked me to get someone that was all right. Russell here, he's kind of a wise ass, but he's all right if you can stand him.

RUSSELL

Sure, and a guy like you, wants something done, hasn't got the balls to do it himself, I think he ought to try pretty hard to.

AMATO

I really don't like this prick. He's too fucking fresh for my blood.

FRANKIE

Russell, shut the fuck up and stop jerking the guy's chain. He's trying to do us a favour.

RUSSELL

I didn't know that. I thought he wanted us to do him a favor. That the straight shit, Squirrel? You tryin to do me a favor?

AMATO

(hot)

Get the fuck out of here.

RUSSELL

Hey, that's no way to talk to people. You sell people driving lessons, you talk to em like that?

AMATO

This thing I got in mind, the two guys I get to do it're gonna cut up about thirty, I figure. Thirty K. Shitbirds like him, Frankie, shitbirds like him I can buy eighty cents a dozen, they throw in another free. Get me somebody else, Frankie. I'm not gonna put up with this kinda shit.

Stalemate. Frankie thinks:

FRANKIE

Remember the time that big coon come after me.

AMATO

Long Tall Sally.

FRANKIE

I dunno what his name was. We didn't have no nice conversation or anything. He was just trying to get my pants off and I was just trying to stop him from getting my pants off. Fuckin' guy. He had white lipstick on.

AMATO

The next night he wasn't there.

FRANKIE

The next night he was in the hospital.

AMATO

Good. I hope he fuckin' died.

FRANKIE

Nope, but I seen him. He was missing about three feet of skin off his fuckin' head.

AMATO

Hey.

FRANKIE

(nodding toward Russell)

Him.

AMATO

No shit.

FRANKIE

Peeled him like a fuckin' orange.

RUSSELL

More like pulling bark off a fuckin' tree. Guy had skin like nothing I ever seen.

FRANKIE

That's how come. He's a prick but he's got all the moves.

AMATO

He clean? Both you guys clean?

RUSSELL

Frankie? You been using something?

FRANKIE

Shut the fuck up, all right, Russell? I haven't had nothing but booze since I get out. Not that much booze, either. Mostly beer.

AMATO

You're on pills. You're in, you're on pills. I seen you, don't forget. You were beating the hell out of them yellow jackets.

FRANKIE

John, the yellow jackets were there. I didn't see nobody serving no beer up there.

AMATO

(re: Russell)

How about him?

RUSSELL

Gee, Squirrel. I probably had one or two dime bags once or twice, but it's not like I was using something.

(MORE)

RUSSELL (cont'd)
I go to Cub Scouts, you know? And they pat you down there, they teach you how to tie them knots and everything.

AMATO
(to Frankie)
Smack.

Frankie shrugs.

AMATO (CONT'D)
I ask you to find a guy for me and this is the best you can do: A fuckin' junkie. You guys are gonna go in there, and once and for all you're gonna fuck it up, a job that's never gonna come around again in a million years. I don't want to have a whole lot of fun with this thing, you know, I want the god-damned money. That's what I need.

FRANKIE
He'll be all right, John.

AMATO
Maybe he'll be all right. Maybe he won't be. Maybe you won't be. We picked a wrong guy for something once, you remember that? Remember the Doctor? And I knew, I just knew, that this was a wrong guy. But I take him anyway. And I'm in the can almost seven years, and my kids're growing up and my business, it's not doing as good as it should be, and now, I can't get that back, you know? So from now on, I'm taking my time, and that's all there is to it. I had my last fuck-up. Call me Thursday. Thursday I'll know.

CUT TO:

A super appears: Thursday

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

FRANKIE waits. Again. He looks up at someone's off-screen approach:

FRANKIE

All right. You're here. We going out there or what?

Russell enters and leans against one of the pillars. He has a miniature pinscher under his arm.

RUSSELL

Depends.

FRANKIE

Don't depend on me, It's Thursday. You coming or not?

RUSSELL

Man, fuck that guy. He's a dick. He doesn't know if he wants me or not. Fine, I don't need him. I got this thing going on with Kenny and the dogs. We're snatching these purebreeds and selling them down in Florida. I got about five grand in the kick now, and when I get seven, I'm gonna buy an ounce and start dealing. And just this afternoon I gotta girl I can go fuck, so it's a choice between fucking the girl or going to the meeting, so I'm thinking; fuck Squirrel, I'm gonna go fuck the girl. If he wants me in, whatever, let me know.

FRANKIE

Oh man. You gotta girl to fuck? When I was in the joint I woulda fucked a snake, if I coulda got some guys to hold it down for me, and I thought, boy, when I get out of this fuckin' place, they just better lock up all the women in town that day. But I'm on my sister's couch and you know what I do? I sleep all the time. Just sleep and sleep and sleep. And I got no where to go, where I can take a girl. I got no car, I got less than thirty bucks. That's why, this thing, I dunno what his idea is, but at least he's got an idea, you know? I don't. He come out and the day he come out, he was looking around.

RUSSELL

Yeah, yeah. How much time d'ya do the last time he got something set up for you? About six years, am I right?

FRANKIE

Five and a half. That wasn't his fault. He did time too, don't forget.

RUSSELL

Forget nothing. He was the guy that set the thing up, wasn't he? And now he's got another bright idea. And now you're gonna go out and get caught again.

FRANKIE

I didn't meet you at the ball park. Keep that in mind. You're already pushing your luck again, and you could get grabbed too.

RUSSELL

For what I'm doing?

FRANKIE

Stealing dogs, for Christ sake. What've they got over you?

RUSSELL

Year and a half.

FRANKIE

Plus what they give you for the dogs. And all the guys, they'll be shitting all over you, stealing dogs, for Christ sake.

RUSSELL

You know something? I bet they wouldn't even violate me for that. I bet they wouldn't. And Jesus, it's gotta be the easiest thing a guy ever did.

He gives the Min-pin a scratch.

RUSSELL

I got this one today, beautiful girl, tail going wag, wag, wag, happy as a pig in shit because she's getting her ears rubbed.

(MORE)

RUSSELL (cont'd)

This dog loves my ass. And I'll sell her in Florida next week for two hundred without even pushing a guy.

FRANKIE

Two hundred? John's talking about ten apiece.

RUSSELL

Yeah, but he didn't say how we're gonna get it, and he's too chickenshit scared to do it himself, so he just sits back there and takes his piece without doing nothing. I didn't hear him say nothing about that. He just decided to get all pissed off because somebody might've used something or something.

FRANKIE

If he says it's there, it's there. And if the guy's worried about something, well, he doesn't want to go and fuck it up, is all.

RUSSELL

Yeah, yeah. He's so careful. But you give me another week with Kenny and we'll have ourselves about twenty good dogs, and I guarantee you, the ounce'll be there and I'll be where the ounce is and I'll have the money and I am on my fuckin' way. One month from today I got no shit from anybody.

A silver train pulls in, a clatter of noise and squealing brakes.

FRANKIE

I'd like to see this girl, the kind of girl you can screw off an ad inna paper. Beautiful. Probably got a couple handfuls of broken glass in there.

RUSSELL

These girls, okay, you wouldn't want to rape them if you saw them. But they got the fuckin' plumbing.

FRANKIE

So I guess you're not coming, then.

RUSSELL

Look, go and see the guy. See if you can get him to tell you something about it. You find out what it is, you're still interested, all right, I'm in. He still wants me out, I'm out. I'm not gonna waste the whole afternoon on it, though. That I'm not gonna do.

INT. OFFICE - AMATO'S DRIVING SCHOOL. DAY.

FRANKIE

He's getting laid. He had a choice between coming down here and getting laid, and he decided to get laid.

AMATO

Can't blame a guy for that. Somebody put one like that up to me today, I probably wouldn't be here myself. So, I assume you're still in for it, who else're we gonna get? You think of somebody?

FRANKIE

I didn't. He said if you wanted him to come in on it, okay, he'd come in on it. And if you didn't, okay, no hard feelings, he's doing all right.

Beat.

AMATO

Frank, I just don't like the guy, you know? I just don't like him.

FRANKIE

He's all right. He comes on kind of strong at first, but he's basically all right. And he's very, very stand-up.

AMATO

Which, after the Doctor, we could both use.

FRANKIE

Yeah. I wouldn't mind running into that son of a bitch some time again when I felt good.

AMATO

I don't think you're gonna. Nobody's seen the Doctor for a while, the way I get it.

FRANKIE

Oh.

AMATO

This was Dillon, I get this from. He knows a guy. Dillon don't look good. He don't look good at all. All white around the gills.

FRANKIE

Dillon's getting old.

AMATO

We all are. Look at me, the way I let that little shitbird of yours get to me the other day? I never would've done that before.

FRANKIE

Russell'd get to anybody. It's the way he is.

AMATO

Yeah, but the way I used to be, I wouldn't've cared if he could piss off everybody inna world, you know? He couldn't piss me off. All I would've been thinking about is, is he right for the job, and if I thought he was right, that'd be it.

FRANKIE

Well, you change your mind or something?

AMATO

I dunno. I been asking around about him. You know, not too many guys and all, I don't want it to seem like maybe I had something in mind. But, well, nobody knows this guy, and I'm afraid, I'm afraid he's not the kind of guy we oughta have in on this.

(MORE)

AMATO (cont'd)

These people, these're not the kind of people, that're around a bank or something, they expect maybe someday a guy's gonna come in and rob them and, it's not their money. They're not that kinda people at all.

FRANKIE

Heroes.

AMATO

Heroes. Somebody comes in there that's not absolutely cool, that they can see right off doesn't know what he's doing and they're liable, some of them, to go right off their ass and start making trouble and then you got to fuckin' shoot somebody, for Christ sake. And I don't want that. There's no reason for that, you know? You hit somebody, you're not gonna get any more money or anything. It don't make no sense.

FRANKIE

You're not gonna promote that armored car thing to me again, are you John?

AMATO

The Brinks? Nah, this's different. When I start thinking about the Brinks, I know I'm not thinking no more.

FRANKIE

I been hearing about that job since I was fourteen.

AMATO

My daughter's fourteen.

FRANKIE

Jesus. It don't seem that long.

AMATO

Yup. She's fourteen years old. And the other day, she left her stuff out on the dresser? I go in and I look. She's onna Pill.

FRANKIE

No shit.

AMATO

I couldn't fuckin' believe it. Connie tells me: "So what? They're all on it." I said to her: "Whaddaya mean, they're all on it? Who're they? What the hell's she doing on it? I don't care about the rest of them." Oh, so that makes me the automatic bastard. "You'd probably rather she gets pregnant or something." I couldn't, I just couldn't believe it. "Connie," I said, "she's fourteen years old, for Christ sake. Fourteen. That's kind of early, I think.

FRANKIE

I think so too.

AMATO

Yeah. So, you know what she says to me? "You don't like certain things? Okay. You talk to her, Mister Big Deal Father, that's spending six or seven years in prison while she's growing up. You tell her what a bad girl she is." Shit. There's nothing you can do anyway. It pisses me off, is all. Just pisses me off.

FRANKIE

Look, I don't mean nothing, all right? At least you got something.

AMATO

Still come up dry, huh?

FRANKIE

You know what I did? I went down the Probation. Like I actually believe all that shit they're always handing out, there. "Here's something for you. Place in Holbrook needs assemblers. One thirty a week. Four to midnight. Steady work and it'll keep you out of trouble. Beautiful. I'm living in Somerville. How the hell'm I supposed to get to Holbrook in the middle of the afternoon?

(MORE)

FRANKIE (cont'd)

Never mind, for Christ sake, how the fuck I'm supposed to get home inna middle of the night. "Buy a car." With what? I haven't got no money. What am I gonna buy a car with? Why the fuck they think I need a job inna first place? "Maybe you can get a ride," they tell me. Right. Hang around the Square every day, I find somebody that just happens to be going down to Holbrook. Just at the right time, too. Assholes. Then I see Russell. He's coming right along. He'll probably buy a hotel or something in a couple weeks or so.

AMATO

Not on dogs.

FRANKIE

He's just doing that. He's gonna use that to buy some stuff, soon's he gets enough.

AMATO

He's gonna get grabbed. He better go inna drugstore and get himself a new toothbrush. He's gonna need one.

(beat)

See, that's your main problem you got today. Guys know nothing about having no fuckin' brains. They do the first thing they see that looks good to them. Only, five hundred guys already did it before and everybody knows what's going on, so they're watching for you and they get you. You got to think of a different angle, something nobody else thought of. Everything else's a waste of time, and it's dangerous, too, because you're gonna do time.

FRANKIE

Okay, you're the guy with the angle. Tell me what the angle is.

AMATO

You think Doglover there can handle a card game?

FRANKIE

Shit. Those fuckin' things. Those things're protected. You can't do them unless you're so fuckin' dumb you actually like having everybody going around tryin' to off you.

AMATO

There's one you can do.

FRANKIE

There's ten I can do, John. I know of at least ten I can do. But then after, I'm gonna have at least eight hot ginzos out looking for me.

AMATO

Uh uh. Not this one. Because the minute it fuckin' happens, they're gonna know right off, who did it.

FRANKIE

For some reason, that don't make me feel better, you know, John?

AMATO

No. Not us. They're not even gonna think it might be us. They're gonna pick one guy, right off, and go find him and whack him out and that'll be it. And we cut up about forty, fifty thousand dollars. No fuckin' sweat.

FRANKIE

I don't know's I go for setting somebody up.

AMATO

You're not setting him up. He set himself up. Markie Trattman runs this game. This's the second game Markie's had. The other game got knocked off. And it was Markie who did it.

FRANKIE

Ah.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT. (FLASHBACK)

Pull back from Markie Trattman, watching the busy room, chips being exchanged for cash, cash being put into Samsonite suitcases full of more cash.

AMATO (V.O.)

See: Four years ago, Markie was running this game, and he sees all the cash flying in and out of the room and he thinks Geez two guys with shotguns and stocking masks could come in here and really clean up. So he thinks 'what the fuck' and he does it.

The door is kicked open, and two guys enter with stocking masks and shotguns.

EXT. MOTEL. NIGHT. (FLASHBACK)

The two guys walk quickly down the exterior stairs. One carries the Samsonite suitcases.

AMATO (V.O.)

Now, all the games have to shut down and it's a real pain in the ass, total economic collapse, everyone is pissing and moaning, no one's got any money, everyone is really upset.

EXT. MARKIE TRATTMAN'S HOUSE. DAY(FLASHBACK)

Dillon, (aged, stone-faced enforcer) and Kenny Gill (young, dumb, and full of come) get out of a car, and approach Markie's front door.

AMATO (V.O.)

They send Dillon out to find out who did it, and he interrogates Markie and Markie holds up under questioning.

INT. MARKIE TRATTMAN'S HOUSE. DAY(FLASHBACK)

Kenny Gill has Markie on his knees. Dillon has a gun in his mouth. Dillon looks tired.

AMATO (V.O.)
They can't work it out. Who did it.
So they think; what the fuck? It's
just one of those things.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT. (FLASHBACK)

A bruised Markie back watching the game...

AMATO (V.O.)
So eventually the games start up
again. Everything gets back to
normal, everyone is making money
again, everyone is happy.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. ANOTHER NIGHT. (FLASHBACK)

The players are gone, everything is packed away, the guys sit
around a table drinking.

AMATO (V.O.)
One night they're all sitting
around and they're talking about
'remember the time when all the
games were shut down, and everyone
was hearing footsteps, and what a
fucking drag.' Pissing and moaning.

Markie's shoulders start to shake...

AMATO (V.O.)
And Markie starts laughing, he
can't help himself, he tells them
it was him that robbed his own
game. And everyone thinks it's
funny.

On the guys, laughing.

AMATO (V.O.)
What the hell? It wasn't really
their money that was stolen, and
everyone loves Markie, so they give
him a pass.

On Markie, laughing.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. OFFICE - AMATO'S DRIVING SCHOOL. DAY.

AMATO

But if it happens again, if
Markie's game gets knocked over,
they're straightaway gonna know it
was Markie and Markie is gonna take
the fall for it.

FRANKIE

All right. I'm in. Now, what about
Russell?

CUT TO:

INT. CHRYSLER 300F (MOVING)- NIGHT.

RUSSELL in the passenger seat:

RUSSELL

This's really a great car, isn't
it? It's like riding in your
fuckin' bedroom, but it's still a
great car.

Frankie drives:

FRANKIE

I wish you could still get a car
like this.

RUSSELL

Keep this one.

FRANKIE

Just what I need, a nice, hot car.

RUSSELL

You're not gettin' any still, are
you?

FRANKIE

Tomorrow night I'm getting some.
This goes all right, this's my last
night, a priest. I'll take care my
own hog.

RUSSELL

Well, you had the practice.

FRANKIE

That's nice talk, guy like you that
was sticking it in Goat-ass's
satchel. Very nice talk.

RUSSELL

That's the first rule, a clean old man. I didn't see no broads around, up there.

FRANKIE

Who said Goat-ass was clean?

RUSSELL

That's the second rule. If there's no clean old man around, take the dirty one.

FRANKIE

I should've had them get you a goat. I had some clout with the keepers. You sure you're not fooling around with them dogs?

RUSSELL

Dogs're liable to bite. Lemme give you some advice, Frank: stay away from the dogs. You can get nipped, and what I hear, that hurts. Stick with broads. If you can find one.

FRANKIE

You know? I'm not sure I can.

RUSSELL

There's broads. Just like us. There's always broads. They're just as crazy as we are. That broad I was with? She's crazy. She's beautiful but she's crazy.

FRANKIE

Gimme the number. Don't go back there. I wouldn't want you hanging around with no nutty women. Just gimme the number.

RUSSELL

She lives up onna Hill, right? I go up there, she opens the door, she's naked. Right there. Kind of threw me. She is a really good-looking girl. And she says: "We're gonna fuck, right? You gonna stand there all day?" So I go in and I bang her. Great. And then we're lying there and she says she's gonna kill herself.

FRANKIE

They all say that. It's the first thing they think of to say, a lot of them. It don't mean anything.

RUSSELL

This broad, this broad means it. You can tell. She's gonna do it, and the guy that's with her, he's gonna have some explaining to do and I can't do that. You can't either. She needs a good leaving-alone.

FRANKIE

I can make up my own mind.

RUSSELL

Okay, I'll tell her. She's supposed to call me. See, you can't call her, because the guy's apparently there some times. So she has to call you.

EXT. ROAD. NIGHT.

Tall bare oaks line the road.

To the right, a small white sign, in script, says: INNISHAVEN.

The Chrysler turns into the driveway.

INT. CHRYSLER 300F (MOVING)- NIGHT.

Russell looks out the window:

RUSSELL

Jeez, what a shithole.

FRANKIE

Yeah, they rent these rooms by the hour.

EXT. INNISHAVEN MOTEL

The Chrysler moves around the two-story motel into the parking lot at the rear.

It is poorly lighted.

The Chrysler parks at the front of the driveway, with the nose pointed toward the exit.

The headlights shut off.

INT. CHRYSLER 300F - NIGHT.

Russell reaches into the back seat to get a Stop and Shop bag. He takes out two wool ski masks and hands one to Frankie. He pulls the other one over his head.

He produces yellow rubber dishwashing gloves. He hands a pair to Frankie and puts on the other pair.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Fuckin' things're too thick.

RUSSELL
Look, you take what you can fuckin' get, all right? They got none of that light stuff around. Fat shits're all washing dishes and stuff, this's what they want. Do the best you can.

Russell hands Frankie a sawed-off Stevens double-barreled 12-gauge shotgun. Frankie looks at it: The gun is 11 inches long. The front of each green shell sticks out a quarter-inch from the sawed-off muzzles.

FRANKIE
Jesus.

RUSSELL
You said you wanted a sawed-off.
The guy told me he hadda sawed-off
for me like I never saw. This's it.

Russell takes a Smith and Wesson thirty-eight from the bag and puts it in his belt.

He zips his jacket shut over it and gets out of the car.

EXT. PARKING LOT.

Frankie gets out of the car, sticks the shotgun into his belt, and zips his jacket shut over it.

RUSSELL

One thing we could do. Instead of going in there and everything, we could just wait out here and grab the guys when they come out.

FRANKIE

Yeah, and get ourselves a lot of Papermates and Zippos off the losers. Fuck that.

He closes the car door.

TRACKING WITH FRANKIE AND RUSSELL AS...

They walk at a regular pace across the parking lot to the stairs that lead to the second deck of the motel.

They climb the stairs, they make very little noise.

On the second deck there is light from the rooms, filtering through blue curtains.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Fourth one.

The jalousied door of Room 26 is slightly ajar.

Frankie removes the shotgun from under his jacket and carries it at waist level.

Russell takes the thirty-eight out of his belt. He smooths the ski mask at his neck.

Russell kicks the door open and goes quickly into

THE MOTEL ROOM.

Frankie comes in fast behind Russell. He kicks the door shut and steps back against it.

There are fourteen men in the room. The men sit motionless at the tables, holding playing cards in their hands. There are four men at one table; five men sit at each of the other two tables.

Frankie nods toward the bathroom door, closed, beside Russell. Russell walks silently towards it.

A thin man, sitting at the center table, takes his cigarette from his mouth and puts it in the ashtray. He puts his cards very carefully, face down.

THIN MAN

Oh-oh.

In the silence, George Bush can be heard on the television, addressing the nation:

GEORGE BUSH (ON T.V.)

...many Americans have felt anxiety about their finances and their future. I understand their worry and their frustration...(continues through scene)

The bathroom door opens and Mark Trattman emerges, combing his long gray hair. His head is tilted to the right and he is looking at the aquamarine carpet as he combs.

TRATTMAN

Okay, you—

Russell sticks the barrel of the thirty-eight in his face.

Trattman looks up, slowly. He looks beyond Russell and the thirty-eight, into the room. He sees Frankie.

TRATTMAN (CONT'D)

Well, I hope you guys know what you're doing. I'll get it.

Russell looks to Frankie.

Frankie nods.

Russell lowers the thirty-eight.

Trattman walks to the closet and opens the louvered doors.

Trattman takes two Samsonite attache cases out of the closet and puts them on the nearest bed.

TRATTMAN (CONT'D)

Can I sit down now?

Russell looks at Frankie.

Frankie nods.

Russell looks back at Trattman. Russell nods.

Trattman sits down on the second bed. He clasps his hands between his legs.

Russell goes to the bed. He opens each of the cases with his right hand. They are full of currency.

Russell closes one case but leaves the other open. He steps back, and nods to Frankie.

Frankie steps forward to the nearest table. The first man wears a light blue turtleneck. Frankie holds the shotgun close to his face.

TRATTMAN

You guys, don't do that. You've got all the money.

FRANKIE

What you got in your pockets. Put it onna table.

TRATTMAN

Leave the poor bastard alone.

Russell moves forward. Frankie steps back, covering the other men in the room.

TRATTMAN (CONT'D)

They'll get you for this.

Russell comes up close to Trattman.

TRATTMAN (CONT'D)

I don't care, they'll-

Russell hits Trattman with the barrel of the thirty-eight, using a chopping motion that catches Trattman at the base of his neck, at the collar.

Trattman groans but succeeds in keeping himself upright on the bed.

Frankie steps forward again. He shoves the shotgun back into the face of the man in the blue turtleneck. The man leans forward in the chair, takes out his wallet, removes the currency, and puts it on the table.

Frankie swings the shotgun to point at the next man. That man reaches for his wallet.

FRANKIE

Now there's two ways of doing this. There's the easy way and there's the hard way.

(MORE)

FRANKIE (cont'd)

The easy way's for all you guys to just do what these guys're doing. The hard way's to make us come around and all, which's gonna make him nervous.

Frankie gestures towards Russell with the shotgun.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Now, you can sit there and act like you haven't got it in your sock or something, but after, me and my nervous friend're gonna come around and make sure. And the guys that didn't remember everything, we're gonna knock every last one of their teeth out. How's that, huh?

None of the men say anything.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Good. That's the way I feel, too. The less guys that get hurt, the better. So, don't fuck around. Just give it all up and keep quiet and nobody gets hurt. It's only money.

The rest of the men get out their wallets and put money on the tables. Two men remove loafers, with brass hardware on the insteps, and take money out and put it on the tables. One man, in a blue plaid shirt, removes his belt, opens a zipper compartment on the inside and takes out four fifty-dollar bills, folded once in a half lengthwise. He puts them on the table in front of him. Throughout this George Bush can be heard on the television:

GEORGE BUSH (ON T.V.)

...I faced a choice, to step in with dramatic government action or to stand back and allow the irresponsible actions of some to undermine the financial security of all...

Russell moves from table to table, collecting the money. He puts the money in the open attache case. He shuts the case and puts the thirty-eight in his belt. He picks up one case in each hand. Frankie steps forward, Russell passes behind him and opens the door.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I changed my mind. He's too nervous, he wants to leave. I never fuck with this guy.

(MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

You been very smart. Stay smart.
Nobody's dead. Don't try to follow
us.

EXT. MOTEL DECK. CONTINUOUS.

Russell walks quickly on the deck to the stairs. He sets down the bag in his right hand and uses the hand to remove the ski mask. He puts the mask in his pocket and picks up the bags. He goes down the stairs quietly, with the two cases.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Frankie moves the shotgun back and forth slowly, covering the room. He waits. None of the men move.

EXT. MOTEL DECK TO PARKING LOT. CONTINUOUS.

Frankie backs through the door and shuts it. He moves quickly down the deck, removing his mask as he goes. He goes down the stairs and across the parking lot, putting the shotgun under his coat. Frankie gets in the car on the passenger side and Russell starts the engine.

The Chrysler, without lights, travels quickly and quietly down the drive, under the oaks, into the dark.

CUT TO:

TRACKING BEHIND A SILVER TORONADO... (DAY)

...as it moves through an urban wasteland, passing listless scenes of squalor, a little clutch of people watching a Sheriff's eviction, posters for Obama, promising 'Change We Can Believe In' House after house boarded up, foreclosure notices as far as the eye can see.

INT. TORONADO. CONTINUOUS.

Behind the driver.

EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL PARK. DAY.

The Toronado pulls up behind a Mercedes S series, parked in the middle of nowhere.

Jackie MacHeath, in a pilled suede coat, gets out of the Toronado, drops his Salem on the sidewalk, steps on it, and walks toward the Mercedes.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Jackie opens the passenger door. The driver wears a light gray suit.

DRIVER

They told me, when they heard, that if Dillon wasn't available I was to talk to the fellow he sent.

(beat)

Is that you?

JACKIE

I don't see nobody else that might be here to meet you. Do you?

The Driver doesn't answer. Jackie gets in.

JACKIE

Hang a right and go a couple blocks.

The driver puts the car in gear. As they travel we hear the sounds of panic issuing from the radio:

'...today we are taking decisive actions to protect the US economy. We regret these actions, these actions are not what we ever wanted to do. But unless we act, the financial system in this country, in the world, will collapse...'

DRIVER

They were very concerned. When I told them I called Dillon and Dillon said to see you, they were very concerned. How is the fellow?

JACKIE

He's not good. I saw him yesterday. Says it feels like somebody stuck a knife in his chest.

DRIVER

He probably won't be able to handle anything for a while, then.

JACKIE

He sure can't right now. I think, personally, the guy's in very bad shape.

(MORE)

JACKIE (cont'd)
(he points)
Go down there and you can park.

EXT. ABANDONED BRIDGE. DAY

The Mercedes pulls into the shadow of a disused viaduct and parks.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Beat.

DRIVER
Mark Trattman's game got hit a
couple nights ago.

JACKIE
I heard that.

DRIVER
Two kids.

JACKIE
Yeah.

DRIVER
You or Dillon heard anything about
two kids?

JACKIE
You hear lots of things. I heard
they had masks on, for one thing.

DRIVER
Correct.

JACKIE
So, maybe they're not kids.

DRIVER
Well, they were dressed like kids.
They had dungarees on and they
smelled like animals, Trattman
said.

JACKIE
Trattman said.

DRIVER
Trattman also said, the one that
talked had a voice like a kid.

JACKIE
Trattman said.

DRIVER
So far's I know, there's nothing
wrong with Trattman's hearing, or
his nose or anything.

JACKIE
Nope. Nothing I ever heard about,
anyway.

DRIVER
Well, where do we go from here?
What do you think?

JACKIE
It could've been Trattman. He
could've decided; do it again,
nobody'd ever think he's dumb
enough to do it twice. But I know
Markie and he's not that dumb, so I
figure it's some other smart guys,
knew he did it before. But either
way, we need to whack Trattman
today.

DRIVER
Now, wait a minute.

JACKIE
I'll wait a week if you want.

DRIVER
I don't understand. I thought you
believed him.

JACKIE
My friend, I do.

DRIVER
You told me yourself, You think
it's these other guys.

JACKIE
I think it is. Trattman didn't have
nothing to do with it. But the
Games're closed, right?

DRIVER
Grant's Tomb.

JACKIE
People're losing money.

DRIVER
A fair inference.

JACKIE
They don't like losing money.
We gotta hit Trattman now and get
things started so people can get
back to doing what they're supposed
to be doing.

DRIVER
They wanna find out if he did it
first.

JACKIE
It doesn't make a bit of difference
if he did it or not. If people
think he did it and he's walking
around town, card games are going
to keep getting knocked over and
the economy will continue to
collapse.

DRIVER
Everyone loves Markie.

JACKIE
I like Markie too. So lets make it
easy on him. I'll kill him softly.
He won't know what hit him.

DRIVER
They just want you to talk to him.

JACKIE
'Talk to him?' What does that mean?

DRIVER
Talk to Trattman and see what he
says.

JACKIE
'Talk to him?'

DRIVER
Really talk to him. You can't do
anything else, that I can see.

JACKIE
A beating?

The driver shrugs. Jackie sighs.

JACKIE
How badly do they want him beaten?

DRIVER
Shove him around if you want, but
don't hurt him too badly. They
don't want him hurt.

JACKIE
Ah, come on, of course you do.

DRIVER
All right.

JACKIE
Quit shittin' me, all right?

DRIVER
All right.

JACKIE
But why, what's he going to do?
Fold under questioning? If he does,
they'll kill him. If he doesn't,
they'll figure he's lying like last
time, and kill him anyway. Either
way, Markie's dead, so why put the
poor bastard through a beating?
It's a waste of time, not to
mention a really unpleasant
experience for Markie. Let's just
put him out of his misery. Poor
bastard. What's their problem?

DRIVER
It's murder. They're squeamish.

JACKIE
Oh, for fuck's sake. Who's running
things?

The Driver rolls his eyes.

DRIVER
You've got no idea. No decision
makers. You have to take them by
the hand and walk them through it
slowly like they're retarded
children.

JACKIE
They? What is it? A committee?

DRIVER
Total corporate mentality.

JACKIE
Christ sake, this country is
fucked. I'm telling you, there's a
plague coming.

DRIVER
Who's going to do it, you?

JACKIE
Do what?

DRIVER
Talk, have this little talk with
Trattman.

JACKIE
I could, but Markie knows me. He
sees me coming, he'll know what's
coming, and it'll get touchy-feely,
and I don't want to deal with his
fuckin' feelings. No. I'm getting
Oompa-Loompas.

DRIVER
That kid Kenny?

JACKIE
No. Kenny is a super low-
functioning humanoid, can only
follow very simple instructions.
This one requires multi-step
directions. I'm getting the
brothers. Steve Caprio and his
brother Barry.

DRIVER
They dont want anyone going
overboard.

JACKIE
Hence the brothers.

DRIVER
I don't know if they'll spring for
two guys.

JACKIE
It's a beating. It's a two man job.

DRIVER

The games are shut down. They're hurting for money.

JACKIE

Are you kidding me? The beating is a waste of time anyway. We need to proceed directly to murder. A beating? What kind of message does that send? You hit a game in this town, and it's big money, and the worst they do, they beat you up. There's lots of guys that'd drink milkshakes for a year, if they got caught, for that kind of dough. There's no two ways about it, Counselor. Trattman's gotta be hit.

DRIVER

Look, I think I can swing the brothers for you. But I can tell you right now, they're not going to okay anything major. They're not going to want anybody going overboard on this.

JACKIE

Sure.

DRIVER

I mean it, now.

JACKIE

Oh sure. I know that. You guys always mean it. You gotta mean it. I understand that.

INT. DINER OPPOSITE LOBSTER TAIL - NIGHT

STEVE CAPRIO joins his brother BARRY in a booth with a view of the Lobster Tail.

STEVE

Trattman's gonna die.

BARRY

Yeah, but not tonight, right Steve?

STEVE

I haven't got no inside information. I just got a job to do.

BARRY

Don't gimme that. I didn't sign up for that, I want you to tell me, Trattman's not gonna go to sleep tonight.

STEVE

Not by us.

They look across the street at Markie Trattman, visible through the restaurant window.

BARRY

Okay. I just wanna be sure. Because I always liked Markie.

STEVE

Everybody did. You, you mostly like the blonde.

BARRY

What blonde?

STEVE

Oh come on, the blonde he used to have at the game, remember? The game he knocked over himself.

BARRY

We're lucky he didn't have us there for that one.

STEVE

Oh, for Christ sake, sometimes you're too fuckin' dumb for words, you know that, Barry? I gotta have a talk with Ma. I know it now, she was fuckin' the milkman. Maybe the milkman's horse. You embarrass me, you know that? You stupid fuckin' ginzo.

BARRY

Why? The game got knocked over. We was there, we would've been inna shit, we didn't do something about it.

STEVE

Why the fuck you think he didn't have us there?

BARRY

That's what I mean. That was nice of the guy. He knows he's gonna do something, he lets us out.

STEVE

He didn't wanna pay us. He didn't wanna share no dough with us. So he told us not to show up. He's not nice. He's just cheap. You dumb shit.

Barry looks over at the T.V: INSERT:

SENATOR KAPUR (ON T.V.)

'High financial crimes have been committed and now congress is being asked to bailout the culprits. These criminals have so much political power they can shut down the normal legislative process.'

BARRY

I still liked the guy.

STEVE

You liked the blonde. Come on, Barry.

BARRY

She was a nice girl. I did like her.

STEVE

She hadda great big ass. That's all you think about, a great big ass.

BARRY

She did. Still, not a bad girl at all. She was a good kid to talk to.

STEVE

Yeah, right. Talk. Remember that night she come out there inna pink pants?

BARRY

Yeah.

STEVE

That was the biggest pink thing I ever saw.

BARRY

She was a nice girl.

STEVE

You wanna be careful. Some night I'll get drunk and I'll call Ginny up and tell her, you're scoutin' strange tail alla time.

BARRY

I'm gonna break your long fuckin' nose for you, Steve. I don't care if you are my brother.

STEVE

Oh, for Christ sake, I was just hacking around.

BARRY

Not on that. Not me and Ginny. Ginny's sacred to me.

(beat)

I'm not gonna do this. I haven't got nothing against Markie. He's not a bad shit.

STEVE

No, he's not. He's just an asshole when it comes to the broads.

BARRY

I still like him.

STEVE

So do I. I said that to Jackie; 'I don't want to do this, you know? Markie's not a bad shit. We used to work for the guy now and then. Me and Barry. He always treated us all right.'

BARRY

What'd Jackie say?

STEVE

He said: 'I know you like Markie. Everybody does. He's a great guy. Gets more ass'n a toilet seat.' That's what Jackie said.

BARRY

Well, that's him all right. He's got one on the go in there.

(MORE)

BARRY (cont'd)

He was right next to her before I could even get a dime inna box to call you. He don't waste any time.

STEVE

He knows what he's doing. Half the gash went into that place, looking to get laid, they ended up inna rack with Markie. And he gives them what they're looking for, too. They all, you know something? They don't even know who he is.

BARRY

Whaddya mean?

STEVE

Onna one-night stand, he don't give his right name.

BARRY

Who's he say he is?

STEVE

Well he know us, right? And he knows a lot of guys. So the thing is, there's probably four or five broads, come in some place one night all pissed off at their husbands, that think they fucked us.

BARRY

That cocksucker.

STEVE

Hey, you got to give the guy credit.

BARRY

Sure, and suppose Ginny finds out, huh? Then I'm in the shit and I didn't even do it.

STEVE

Here he comes now.

Trattman emerges from the Lobster Tail with a girl on his arm, as the valet pulls up in his Coupe De Ville

BARRY

Oh my God, look at that girl he's with.

The girl, impossibly beautiful, an angel, a rose, every inch a winning thing, is escorted by Markie to the passenger door in extreme slow motion.

Water from a fire hydrant cascades in the air behind her, each drop is like cut glass, falling softly through space in trembling satellites.

The Brothers, forgetting to breathe, are transfixed by this vision...

CUT TO:

INT. LTD HARDTOP (MOVING). NIGHT. (UNDER-CRANKED)

In accelerated motion now, the Brothers, in an LTD hardtop, follow Markie's Coupe De Ville through night streets...

EXT. STREETS, LTD FOLLOWING CADILLAC. NIGHT. (UNDER-CRANKED)

...Light streaks by in fluorescent slashes, the world a candystore of electric color...

INT. LTD/EXT. TERRACE HOTEL. NIGHT.

The Brothers watch the Cadillac ahead, U-turning into the forecourt of the Terrace Hotel.

EXT. STREET OPPOSITE THE TERRACE HOTEL. NIGHT.

Steve pulls the LTD over and parks.

INT. LTD. NIGHT.

They watch Markie open the passenger door and help the girl out. They watch him whisper something in her ear.

STEVE

He's telling her what he's gonna do to her now.

BARRY

You wanna grab him now?

STEVE

Nah, it's Markie. Let the guy get his rocks off.

BARRY

Great, the guy's gonna get laid and we're gonna wait around all night for Christ sake.

They watch Markie and the girl disappear inside.

STEVE

Nah, he don't say out late. He gets what he wants and then he goes home. Never stays out past one.

INT. LTD. LATER.

The brothers, bored, listen to the radio drone:

'Why aren't we asking Wall street to clean up it's own mess? Why aren't we helping American families faced with bankruptcy? Is this the United States congress or the board of directors at Goldman Sachs?...'

BARRY

Jesus, it takes this fucker long enough, don't it?

STEVE

Well, you got to allow the guy a certain amount of time, you know.

BARRY

I still think it's kind of nice of us, letting the guy get his rocks off like this. Probably how he stays in such good shape.

STEVE

He's a fairly smart bastard.

BARRY

Not tonight he's not gonna be.

STEVE

There he is.

The Coupe De Ville pauses at the hotel exit and then peels off to the west. Steve starts the LTD.

BARRY

You're sure he's going home.

STEVE

Yup. He's just too fuckin' cheap, take the Turnpike.

Steve puts the LTD in drive and goes east. In the rearview mirror the taillights of the Cadillac recede into the opposite direction.

EXT. OUTSIDE TRATTMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Steve parks the LTD and shuts the ignition off.

INT. LTD. NIGHT.

STEVE

All right. It's the third brick one down there on the left.

Barry contemplates Trattman's house.

BARRY

What do you think about the guy?
Think he knows?

STEVE

Nah, he oughta, but he probably doesn't. I don't think so, no.

EXT. OUTSIDE TRATTMAN'S HOUSE - LATER

The Cadillac appears at the end of the street and parks behind the LTD.

EXT. OUTSIDE TRATTMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Trattman locks his car and walks up the Street, as he reaches the rear bumper of the LTD, Barry and Steve get out.

STEVE

Get inna car, Markie.

Trattman stops. He frowns.

TRATTMAN

You guys, you guys...

Steve points a thirty-eight Chiefs Special, two-inch barrel, at Trattman.

STEVE

Get inna fuckin' car, Markie.

TRATTMAN

Steve, you guys, I didn't do nothing.

STEVE (CONT'D)

The car, you got to get inna fuckin' car, Markie. You're gonna get inna car and you know you're gonna get inna car, so get inna car, for Christ sake.

Trattman looks at Steve.

STEVE

Barry, put him inna fuckin' car.

Barry grabs Trattman by the collar and flings him against the LTD.

INT. LTD. (MOVING) NIGHT.

Steve drives, Barry is in the passenger seat, pointing the gun toward Markie in the back.

TRATTMAN

You guys know me. Why're you guys doing this? I thought, you're doing all right, Steve, for Christ sake. Why're you doing something like this?

STEVE

A guy asked me to talk to you, Markie. You know, talk? Didn't you used to have me and Barry around in case you wanted us to talk to somebody?

TRATTMAN

Sure. That's why I can't understand this; why you guys're doing this to me.

STEVE

For the same reason we used to do it for you. Only this time, we're doing it for somebody else.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Steve opens the backdoor on the driver's side.

STEVE

Get outta the car, Markie.

TRATTMAN

Please, you guys, lemme talk this over, all right?

Steve puts the revolver in Trattman's face.

STEVE

Get outa the car. Now, Markie.

TRATTMAN

I didn't do nothing.

BARRY

Why you gotta do this Markie? This is hard for us too, you know. Why you gotta make it hard for us?

TRATTMAN

Coz I didn't do nothing.

STEVE

Move, Markie, you fuckin' little prick. You tryin' to make me shoot you, for Christ sake?

Trattman pulls himself forward and gets out of the LTD. Barry gets out quickly behind him. Trattman stands next to the car, his arms by his sides. He faces Steve.

TRATTMAN

Honest to God. Steve, may my mother get cancer, I had nothing to do with it. Honest to God, Steve, can't you tell them that? I know how it looks. I know, But honest to God, Steve, I didn't.

BARRY

He didn't do it. That what you were gonna ask him, Steve?

STEVE

Yeah, Markie. This thing, you didn't have nothing to do with?

TRATTMAN

Steve.

STEVE

What thing was that, Markie?

TRATTMAN

Steve.

(his voice breaks)

Steve, did I ever lie to you? I
never told you anything, did I?

BARRY

Now?

STEVE

Uh huh.

Barry strides toward Trattman, closes his fist, and punches him in the groin. Trattman doubles over and Barry brings his knee up fast.

Trattman's head snaps back. There is a cracking sound.

Barry grabs the lapels of Trattman's coat and pulls him up. Trattman spits blood and pink material from his mouth. He raises his head. He has his eyes closed.

STEVE

Who're the kids, Markie?

Trattman slowly shakes his head.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Can't hear you, Markie. Who're the
kids?

Tears come from his closed eyes. He shakes his head.

BARRY

He still says he don't know
nothing.

STEVE

Jesus, maybe he doesn't after all.

BARRY

Better ask him again?

STEVE

Yeah.

Trattman screams softly through his bloody lips

Barry hits Trattman very hard, twice, in the pit of the stomach.

Trattman falls forward on the pavement and vomits half-digested steak and pink matter, and blood.

STEVE

Better give him another minute or so. He might have some more in him.

Trattman expels more vomit from his mouth.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Give him a try now.

Barry steps forward. He picks Trattman up by the collar of his coat, and leans him against the side of the LTD.

Steve walks up to Trattman and bends over him.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Markie, you sure?

Trattman moans.

STEVE (CONT'D)

About the kids. You sure you don't know who those kids are? You really sure?

Trattman moves his head slightly.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Because I got to be sure. I really got to be, Markie. You make me stay here all night, making sure, I'm not gonna like it. And it's gonna be an awful long night for you, Markie.

Trattman vomits suddenly, some of it spatters Steve's shoes and the wide cuffs of his pants.

STEVE (CONT'D)

You bastard.

Steve steps back quickly.

STEVE (CONT'D)

You cocksucker.

He steps forward and starts kicking Trattman. Ribs crack. Jaw snaps.

BARRY

Whaddaya think, Steve?

Holding his foot at an angle, Steve wipes his shoes on the skirt of Trattman's coat. Trattman gasps and moans and sighs.

STEVE
Get inna car. Strikes me right,
I'll back over the prick.

Steve watches Trattman laying in the mist and darkness,
breathing loudly and moaning from time to time.

The LTD starts up in the background.

INT. LTD - NIGHT

Eastbound.

BARRY
Think we oughta get the car washed?

STEVE
I'm gonna. Just be onna safe side.

BARRY
Whaddaya think, though, about the
guy? Think he knows?

STEVE
I don't think. Who the fuck wants
to think about him? He's just a
shit.

BARRY
Well, I mean, I worked him over
pretty good.

STEVE
Probably, he probably knows.

BARRY
He stood up pretty good, then. If
he does, I mean.

STEVE
He's gotta stand up pretty good. He
knows what's gonna happen to him,
he doesn't.

Music in: Something joyful...

CUT TO:

FRANKIE at the wheel of:

A DARK GREEN GTO CONVERTIBLE

Cruising through the City Streets. Hood scoops. Racing stripes. The whole deal.

EXT. BUS TERMINAL - DAY

Russell waits outside the Bus Terminal. He is absolutely filthy. He carries an Army Duffel bag. Frankie parks in front and gets out. He wears tan flared corduroy jeans over Dingo boots, a white turtleneck and a double-knit gray blazer. Russell smiles:

RUSSELL

Well, the hair's a little better.
You got too much of that spray on
it there, though.

FRANKIE

I don't spray it. I ain't no
fuckin' queer. That's gel on it.
The guy that cut it gave me the
stuff.

RUSSELL

Find another guy, next time. Also
got yourself something to drive
around in, I see.

FRANKIE

(popping the trunk)
Eighteen hundred. Plus the fuckin'
sales tax, of course. It's in
pretty good shape.

RUSSELL

(dumping his bag)
Things're a little better.

FRANKIE

Things're a lot better. I was out
last night, had this girl, had a
place to take her and a car to take
her in.

Frankie slams the trunk shut.

CUT TO:

INT. RUSSELL'S ROOM. DAY.

A needle goes down on the vinyl groove of a spinning record.

Repetitive, slow-motion, tracking shots float away from Russell and Frankie as they tie off and hit up. The action is water-falling, slightly overlapping, creating the feeling of the drug enveloping the body, cocooning the user in a blissful state of isolation from all anxiety...

Russell, super stoned, his voice constricted in the junkie's rasp, scratches at his face and tells the story as if from a great distance.

RUSSELL

It was fuckin' beautiful. We leave inna middle of the night, for Christ sake. All the way to Florida, we're in this fuckin' rainstorm, and them dogs're all pissing and farting and shitting in there, and we can't leave the windows down, we don't want to drown.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK: INT. CAR (MOVING) NIGHT.

It's a madhouse in there: Rain lashes at the windshield, Russell and Kenny are half crazy from the god-awful din of dogs in the back.

RUSSELL (V.O.)

It was awful. It was like riding in a shithouse. After, we went over to Orlando, burn the fuckin' car.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK: EXT. ORANGE GROVE. NIGHT.

(Action as per voice over:)

RUSSELL (V.O.)

Kenny sticks a rag down the gas tank, and lights it off. And, he left it in gear, you know?

The car explodes, jumps into reverse, and knocks Kenny right on his ass. Kenny gets to his feet, disgruntled.

RUSSELL (V.O.)
Kenny, he didn't have no eyebrows
left, not much hair, and no sense
of humor, either.

BACK TO SCENE:

RUSSELL
I thought dogs was an easy way to
make money. I was half right.

FRANKIE
You look all beat to shit.

RUSSELL
Yeah, and the hell of it is, I been
up for about a week, you know? And
I got to keep moving till I finish
this thing off.

FRANKIE
You haven't dumped the stuff?

RUSSELL
Dump it, Christ, no. I didn't hit
it yet. I know where it is. I can
get it, but I haven't got it on me.

FRANKIE
Down the bus station.

RUSSELL
Never mind. I know where it is.

FRANKIE
You're just an asshole. You know
that, you asshole? The chances
you're taking.

RUSSELL
Talk to me about that when I get
the dough.

FRANKIE
Unload, Russ, for Christ sake. Let
somebody else do a hundred years or
so, they catch him with it.

RUSSELL
Not till I hit it. Look, I put it
to a guy, fast, I'm gonna get, no
more'n fifteen, sixteen.

(MORE)

RUSSELL (cont'd)

I take it up a step, I can move it to two guys and get twenny-five.

FRANKIE

It's stupid. It's fuckin' stupid. That's a thousand dollars a year.

RUSSELL

You're just as dumb as I am. Maybe you still think we were smart, doing that other thing. But we were dumb. I'm though doing dumb things for guys. I do dumb things for me, and then, I get grabbed, at least I get to keep all the fuckin' money. I don't have to give Squirrel nothing for being smart enough to see I'm stupid anymore.

FRANKIE

That worked out beautiful.

RUSSELL

Sure, fuckin' cheesecake. Of course there's a contract out on us and all, but it worked beautiful.

FRANKIE

The fuck're you talking about?

RUSSELL

You, me, and the Squirrel. There's a contract out on us, I hang around here too long, I'm gonna be as dead as you guys are. I'm gonna go to Montreal.

FRANKIE

For what?

RUSSELL

Cut the shit, for the Trattman game. The fuck's the matter with you?

FRANKIE

What the fuck's the matter with you? Where're you getting this fairy story? You flying or something?

RUSSELL

Frankie, I can add and subtract.
There's gotta be a contract. Has to
be one.

FRANKIE

Nobody knows we did it.

RUSSELL

I think they do.

FRANKIE

They went for it.

RUSSELL

That's good. You go ahead and
believe that. It'll make you feel
better while the guy's catching up
with you. Who's the guy that does
the work? Tell him when he sees
you, sorry I couldn't wait around.

FRANKIE

Russell, Trattman's practically
dead. They beat him shitless. You
didn't know that, did you?

RUSSELL

Shit, of course I knew that. Kenny
told me that.

FRANKIE

Kenny?
(the penny drops)
Is this Kenny Gill we're talking
about?

RUSSELL

Right.

FRANKIE

Kenny Gill works for Dillon.

RUSSELL

So what?

FRANKIE

You're talking to a fuckin' guy,
that works for fuckin' Dillon.

RUSSELL

So fuckin' what?

FRANKIE

Yeah, and what'd you say, case
Dillon didn't have the whole story
before?

RUSSELL

I didn't say shit.

FRANKIE

You horse's cock.

RUSSELL

I didn't say fuckin' shit. The guy
told me something. I listened. You
think I was gonna say something?
Shit, all I could think about was
not saying anything, and getting
out of there.

FRANKIE

You better not've. John's gonna be
mad as hell about this.

RUSSELL

Oh, big fuckin' deal. I got the
Squirrel mad. I'll probably have to
go to bed without no fuckin'
supper. Fuck him.

INT. GTO (MOVING). DAY.

Frankie drives. In a panic. The sound of panic on the radio:

'The bailout package was defeated today, voted down in the
house of representatives. The stockmarket plunged to the
single greatest point loss in one day ever...'

INT. - AMATO'S PLACE

AMATO

You think he did?

FRANKIE

John, I know he did. Him and
Kenny're in that car for three
days. Non-fuckin'-stop. He must've
spilled his guts. He was trying to
warn me, that we're all inna shit.

AMATO

So's he.

FRANKIE

Not in Montreal. In Montreal he's as clean as he can be.

AMATO

There's guys in Montreal, too, you know.

FRANKIE

I know it, and you know it. But apparently he don't.

AMATO

You brought him in. You said he was all right. Remember that?

FRANKIE

I didn't know he was gonna go to Confession to Kenny Gill.

AMATO

You used to hand me a good deal of shit about the Doctor. Remember? He was all my fault.

FRANKIE

Tell you what, we get this straightened out? You can give me all the shit you want.

AMATO

You're sure about this Gill kid.

FRANKIE

Kenny? Kenny works for Dillon. He'd do anything Dillon told him, Dillon said: 'Kenny, cut your dick off,' Kenny'd take it right out and start chopping away.

AMATO

It don't matter what anybody did for Dillon. I seen him myself, don't forget. Dillon's gonna die.

FRANKIE

You remember Callahan?

AMATO

No.

FRANKIE

Sure, the lawyer, there. Used to work for the man some times. Car blew up.

AMATO

Right.

FRANKIE

Kenny Gill did that. Six sticks in the fire wall.

AMATO

That's an awful way to do a guy.

FRANKIE

Callahan'd agree with you, lost most of his stuff in that. Blew his ass off, for one thing. Would've gotten all of him if he had the door all the way closed.

AMATO

I better have Connie start the car inna morning?

FRANKIE

That's an idea, and if it don't go off, have her drive over and start mine for me.

AMATO

Nah, they wouldn't do it, not the way things're going right now. Too much noise.

FRANKIE

They'd do it.

AMATO

No, nope, I can't figure it. Trattman's game got hit. Trattman got beat up. They think: Trattman. They're not looking for us. Nobody's even thinking about that thing anymore.

FRANKIE

John, look, I hope you're right. I wanna live a long time. Just got started and I like it.

AMATO

I am right.

FRANKIE

Why are you so relaxed? What happened? Did you win for a change?

AMATO

Yeah. I kind of liked it too. Broke even about, the first part of the week. Then last night, another twenty-five onna Knicks. Knicks're gonna take it, this time.

FRANKIE

Yeah. John, you told me it was gonna snow in the winter, I'd go out and bet against it, you know that?

AMATO

Nice when you win, though. I figure after what I been through, I'm gonna be winning pretty good when I start. Frankie, get as nervous as you like. We did it and we're in the clear.

EXT. AMATO'S DRIVING SCHOOL. DAY

Amato sees Frankie out.

Close on Amato as he continues to soothe Frankie's anxiety, his self-satisfied expression, all is right in his world. There is no live sound. We hear Jackie in voice over:

JACKIE (PRE-LAP)

I know the guy. He's a moron. He thinks he's a gambler. What he really is is a jerk...

CUT TO:

INT. MERCEDES 'S' SERIES, PARKED UNDER DISUSED VIADUCT. DAY

Jackie in the passenger seat:

JACKIE (CONT'D)

...He don't gamble, he bets on everything. He's got a good business, too.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Good for at least forty, fifty a year on that business, there's always gonna be kids coming along that want to drive. And it's not enough for him. Asshole.

DRIVER

Can't live on fifty thousand.

JACKIE

My friend, Squirrel couldn't live on ten million. If he got it, he'd lose it. That time he was in the can, you know he just got out the can, practically?

DRIVER

What'd he do?

JACKIE

Robbed a bank. It was the same thing. He robbed the same bank twice. Actually got away with it the first time. Sends in this bunch of ham-and-egggers and he goes down the Bahamas. Only, of course, they're as dumb as he is, they miss about sixty and get out with no more'n thirty and he only got about five, he had so many guys in it with him. And of course he dropped close to seven while he was away. So he sets it up again...

INSERT: Bank Surveillance footage, 'America's Dumbest Criminals' style:

JACKIE (V.O.)

...and those dummies go back in, the people in the bank're starting to think they're gonna be regular customers or something.

BACK TO SCENE:

JACKIE

So they're about three minutes out of the box, you ever hear of the Doctor? Eddie Mattie?

INSERT MUG-SHOT: Mattie, Edward.

BACK TO SCENE:

DRIVER

Yes, as a matter of fact, I have.

JACKIE

Okay, Mattie's one of them. Now there's only one thing wrong with Mattie, and that's that he's fuckin'-A-number-one stupid. So he robbed a bank, right? And he's in a school zone or something, is he being very careful and everything? Not him.

INSERT: Traffic Camera footage, 'America's Wildest Car Chases' style:

JACKIE (V.O.)

He's doing close to ninety and they got this lady cop there that's kind of against that, and she waves him down. And the dumb shit stopped.

BACK TO SCENE:

JACKIE

She hasn't got no cruiser, she hasn't got no gun, and he's got this car they're gonna find out got clouted in Plymouth three days before, and he stopped.

INSERT: Police photograph of the evidence...

JACKIE (V.O.)

And there's the gun and the dough in the trunk,

INSERT: Police interview footage of Mattie confessing.

JACKIE (V.O.)

and he decides, he's gonna save himself. And he blabs and he blabs and he blabs.

BACK TO SCENE:

JACKIE

So the Squirrel and them did eight or ten. I think they should've done more, myself.

DRIVER

What'd the Doctor do?

JACKIE

Three to five. He was as pissed off as they were. Thought he was gonna get the street, for tipping them in.

DRIVER

Good deal for the Doctor. He must've gotten out some time ago, then.

JACKIE

Three or four years ago, I guess.

DRIVER

He wasn't in on this.

INSERT: Pop! Eddie Mattie takes a head shot.

BACK TO SCENE:

JACKIE

No.

DRIVER

You're sure of that.

JACKIE

I'm pretty sure, yeah.

INSERT: Pop! Pop! Jackie, revealed as the triggerman, putting a couple more in his skull.

BACK TO SCENE:

JACKIE

Now, aside from the Squirrel, we got the two kids. One of them's a guy that Squirrel had on the bank robberies. The other one is the motor-mouth: Drove to Florida with Kenny, Kenny Gill, our Kenny, a guy he knows works for Dillon, and starts bragging about how he's a big time operator; 'he just knocked over this guy's game for a hundred thou'

DRIVER

Are you serious?

JACKIE

I don't know what it is with these guys, they can't keep their mouths shut about anything. Kenny's just as dumb, the way I found out was, this guy's investing his money in a couple of ounces of smack. Wants Kenny to come in with him. Kenny comes to me, wanted to know what I thought about that. I guess these guys, they want to go to jail. Probably feel at home there.

DRIVER

Should we move now? Or, do you want to wait.

JACKIE

I talked to Dillon and we both think: Now. We oughta whack Trattman, get the games started up.

DRIVER

Trattman? What brings Trattman into this? You just told me it's this Squirrel fellow and his friends.

JACKIE

It is. Plus I had Trattman talked to, and I'm sure.

DRIVER

You ought to be. Your boys went a little bit overboard there. They damn near killed the man.

JACKIE

Wasn't my idea. 'Waste of time' I said. 'Why put Markie through it?' I said.

DRIVER

He called me up. I had trouble understanding him, hell, I had trouble calling him back, he got my secretary the first time, and she couldn't understand him, the numbers he left. He's got a broken jaw.

JACKIE

I heard that.

DRIVER

He's also got broken ribs, a broken nose, three or four broken teeth, and there's some question about his spleen he said. He was in the hospital when I talked to him. He's out now, I understand.

JACKIE

Must be his spleen's okay then.

DRIVER

He's not happy, though.

JACKIE

Sorry to hear that. We aim to please.

DRIVER

Is that what I'm supposed to tell them?

JACKIE

Tell them anything you want. It's not gonna make any difference anyway. We gotta hit Trattman and they know it.

DRIVER

I don't understand that.

RUPERT

Do I have to explain this twice? Once before, Trattman did something, right? And he was lying. He was blowing smoke up the man's ass.

DRIVER

Correct.

RUPERT

This time, Trattman didn't blow no smoke. And we're sure. We're sure, this time.

DRIVER

Correct.

RUPERT

But what about the guys on the street? Whaddaya think they think, huh?

DRIVER
I've got no idea.

RUPERT
They think, they think: Trattman.
He did it before and he did it
again. And all he got was beat up.

DRIVER
If that's what they think.

RUPERT
Counselor, take my word for it:
that's what they think.

DRIVER
Ahhh. But still, he really didn't
do anything.

RUPERT
It's his responsibility. He did it
before and now it happened again.
So he's responsible for what guys
think. On the street it's Trattman,
nothing but Trattman. There's no
two ways about it. Counselor,
Trattman's gotta be hit. He made a
mistake.

DRIVER
A long time ago. He made a mistake
a long time ago.

RUPERT
He made two mistakes. The second
mistake was making the first
mistake, like it always is. That's
all you get, two mistakes. Tell
them.

DRIVER
I see what you mean. The public
angle an' all. If they agree with
you, assuming that. You can hit
Trattman?

JACKIE
Yeah.

DRIVER
How about this Squirrel fellow? He
seems like the leading candidate to
me.

JACKIE

He's right up there. Not yet,
Wait'll we do Trattman. It'll make
him easier, we do that. But sooner
or later, yeah.

DRIVER

Can you handle?

JACKIE

Probably not. I need Mickey for
that one.

DRIVER

Mickey? New York Mickey? Why can't
you handle?

JACKIE

Cos Squirrel knows me. Didn't I say
that already? He needed something
done once, and Dillon couldn't do
it, so I did it, so he knows me.
He's gonna figure, if he's waiting
for someone, he's waiting for me or
Dillon.

DRIVER

So what?

JACKIE

You ever kill anyone?

DRIVER

No.

JACKIE

It can get touchy-feely.

DRIVER

Touchy-feely?

JACKIE

Emotional. Not fun. Lot of fuss.

INSERT: Eddie Mattie, in a basement, trussed up like a
turkey, making a scene.

JACKIE (V.O.)

They cry, they plead, they beg,
they piss themselves, they call for
their mothers.

ON JACKIE: His face says it all: 'What a drag'

JACKIE (V.O.)
Gets embarrassing...

BACK TO SCENE:

JACKIE
I like to kill em softly. From a distance. Not close enough for feelings. Don't like feelings. Don't like to think about them. We need Mickey. What's the problem?

DRIVER
Mickey's expensive.

JACKIE
Not at the moment.

DRIVER
You can get him for ten?

JACKIE
Fifteen.

DRIVER
He'll do it for fifteen?

JACKIE
I think, in this economy, a quick fifteen for two days work will sound pretty good to Mickey.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT. DAY.

A middle aged man coming through the passenger gate. He wears a tweed sports coat, gray flannel slacks and a dark blue shirt, open at the throat. This is Mickey. He carries an overnight bag. He walks through the airport, passing campaign workers, posters for McCain and Obama, leading our eye to a newsreport on a television:

OBAMA (ON T.V.)
The house of representatives failed to act on Monday and we saw the biggest stock market decline in two decades. This issue supercedes the election, we need to act and we need to do it quickly...

EXT. RESTAURANT - EARLY AFTERNOON

Mickey offers his hand to Jackie.

MICKEY

Jack.

RUPERT

Mickey.

They shake.

INT. RESTAURANT - EARLY AFTERNOON

Jackie nurses a stein of dark. Mickey raises his befeater martini.

MICKEY

First of the day. Except for the ones I had on the plane, anyway. four bucks for a stinking drink. They oughta be ashamed of themselves. Fuckin' bandits.

JACKIE

You had lunch?

MICKEY

Onna plane. I had lunch onna plane. Some lunch.

JACKIE

Oughta have the goulash. It's pretty good.

MICKEY

I'm getting fat. I used to lay off the potatoes, that's all I had to do. Lay off the potatoes. I could always have a glass of beer when I wanted one.

JACKIE

Maybe more'n one.

MICKEY

Well, once or twice, maybe. Now, I can't do it. Now, I look at a glass of beer, I get fat. Pisses me off.

Mickey finishes his drink. He signals the waiter, then points at their glasses.

JACKIE
You still in the union?

MICKEY
Nah. I hadda give that up. No, I'm
selling cars.

JACKIE
Jesus. I wouldn't think, it'd pay
that good.

MICKEY
Doesn't, don't pay for shit. This
fuckin' economy, American cars,
forget it. But I go near one of
them fuckin' union jobs now and
everybody's screaming fuckin'
bloody murder. I got a record, and
I got this and that. And that
asshole in Jersey, I swear every
time the guy picked up the phone he
was telling somebody what a hot
shit I am. Oh, he was a great one.
I could've killed that guy. I mean
it. I could've found somebody,
gimme the okay, I would've done him
for nothing. On the fuckin' cuff.

The waiter brings two more drinks. He is an elderly man, bent
in the formal uniform.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Where do you have to go for these?

The waiter straightens up and stares at Mickey.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
I said: Where do you have to go for
these? Someplace outta the
building? It's gotta be. You got to
walk a couple blocks, take a cab,
or something?

WAITER
No sir, we only have one man on
service today, and he's very busy.
Are the drinks all right?

MICKEY
Well, as a matter of fact, no, it's
mostly evaporated by the time it
gets here.

JACKIE

Mickey.

(to the waiter)

Yeah, the drinks are all right.

The waiter leaves. Mickey raises his glass.

MICKEY

The next one I'm gonna send in for.
They probably got an order blank in
a magazine or something, you can
mail it in and then when you get
here it only takes 'em about a week
to get you what you want.

Mickey swallows his martini. He signals to the waiter and
points to his glass.

The waiter, slowly, begins to move toward the service bar.

MICKEY

You don't mind if I drink one of
them beers while I'm waiting for
that guy to make it in from the
airport, do you?

JACKIE

No. It'll make you fat, though, I
thought you said.

Mickey reaches for the second stein of dark.

MICKEY

Yeah. First there was that thing on
the phones. I had to leave the union
on account of that. And I'm getting
hell from the wife, naturally. And
then they grabbed me down in
Maryland on that gun thing.

JACKIE

What gun thing?

MICKEY

I was goin' huntin', for Christ
sake. Me and another guy. You know
Topper?

JACKIE

No.

MICKEY

Yeah. Topper. Nice guy. we're goin' down the Maryland shore, we're gonna hunt geese. So, we go down there, there was probably a couple hundred cops around the place. And we've got the shotguns in the trunk. Oh, fuckin' beautiful. I just bought the fuckin' shotgun, for Christ sake. I never even used it once. So there I am. I'm under arrest. Felon in possession. I'm probably gonna go to jail for a fuckin' shotgun I bought in a fuckin' store, I was gonna use to shoot geese with, for Christ sake.

JACKIE

Jesus.

Mickey finishes the beer. The waiter arrives with the martini.

MICKEY

You didn't bring him a beer, I bet.

WAITER

No, sir. You only wanted the one, I thought.

MICKEY

You thought wrong. Bring him a beer, too. I just drank the man's beer on him.

JACKIE

(to the waiter)

I don't want any more. It's all right.

The waiter nods. Mickey shrugs.

MICKEY

Okay, don't have no more.

Mickey finishes the martini. He signals to the waiter, pointing twice at the empty stein.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

You're hitting that stuff pretty hard, aren't you, Mickey?

MICKEY

Nah, I'm fine. Anyway, Topper feels responsible. And he's old and he didn't take a pinch for about thirty years, I think. So, they're probably gonna both be his shotguns. I was just doing an old man a favor, driving him down there and all.

JACKIE

Yeah, but if they don't...

MICKEY

I do time. It's very simple. If they're not his guns, I do time. I did it before, I can do it again.

JACKIE

Rough onna wife, though.

Mickey reaches for Jackie's remaining beer and drinks. He wipes his mouth and belches softly.

MICKEY

The last time, the last time she actually took out the papers. And I didn't blame her. She went through it twice before.

Mickey drinks some more.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

(with growing emotion)

So the papers come up and I was gonna sign them, let her have what she wants if this's what she wants. The girl don't owe me nothing. But then, I asked her to come up and see me, and I said: "Margie, look, you know? Do this for me. Don't do nothing now. Do like when I come out last time, and you decided then." And she looks at me: "And you promised me then," she says, "you promised me then, you were all through. And here I am again, and you'll promise me again, and I'll wait five years and get a few more, and then you'll do something again. "Margie," I said, "what can I say? I know. You're right. But all I'm asking you to do, wait'll I come out again.

(MORE)

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Because, I dunno who the guy is," and I did of course. See, I knew she was seeing this guy. I knew about it two days after she was with him the first time. I don't like the feeling it give me in the nuts, knowing it. But I don't blame him either. 'Margie', I say, "You oughta at least do this for me: I oughta be around the same's he is. Because we always got along all right." And she starts crying and shaking her head, and I really thought... But she didn't. And it was all right.

Mickey finishes the beer.

JACKIE

You're not having any more of those things. You'll fall on your ass if you do.

MICKEY

I can handle it. I was drinking before you got out of your father's cock. Don't tell me what I do.

The waiter brings two steins of dark. He sets them both in front of Mickey.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

This time, boy, I get the papers again from her, this time I sign them. It's too fuckin' rough for me.

JACKIE

Check.

The waiter nods. Mickey drinks half of the first stein.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

It's a terrible amount of shit, you got to go through.

MICKEY

Hey, look, you know? What can you do? Do the best you can. Think I'm gonna leave the country like some fuckin' draft dodger or something? Fuck that. It don't make no difference anyway. What're we doing?

JACKIE

Two guys. There's actually four guys, but it takes awhile to get the okay around here. So, we got two guys, for sure, and one of them knows me, so here you are.

MICKEY

Well, am I doing a double or what?

JACKIE

You wanna take the double, it's all right with me. You need that?

MICKEY

I could use the dough. I'm gonna have to try this thing and it's gonna cost me my left nut to do it.

JACKIE

Well, you want the two of them, it's fine with me.

MICKEY

I oughta take you up on it. But I'm not supposed to be up here, you know? I'm restricted, New York and Maryland, and that stuff. I'm not supposed to go any place else unless I ask them. Well, I didn't ask. So I probably shouldn't hang around here any longer'n I absolutely have to. And, two's risky, too. No, I better stick with the one.

JACKIE

Okay. Now, here's the thing: that's gonna be the guy that knows me. The other guy I'm doing. I'm gonna put his light out tonight, I figure, things go all right.

MICKEY

Right.

Mickey finishes the first stein. The waiter brings the check. Jackie pays it.

MICKEY

On your way back, you think you're gonna be in this neighborhood again this year, you can bring me two more.

JACKIE
(to the waiter)
No, you can't.

Jackie takes the second stein.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
I'm gonna drink this, even if I
don't want it. He's drinking
coffee. Bring the man nice black
coffee.

MICKEY
Hey.

JACKIE
Hey yourself. I don't wanna have to
go down, see you inna fuckin' tank.
Too many guys around down there,
listening to other people's
business. Coffee for you.

MICKEY
I won't be able to sleep.

JACKIE
Watch television.

MICKEY
I probably won't. That election
shit. You're gonna line up a girl
for me, instead.

JACKIE
You gotta have that?

MICKEY
Shit. I'm not working tonight,
right?

JACKIE
Nope.

MICKEY
And I'm probably not working
tomorrow night, either. We got to
set this thing up, an' all. Now,
that leaves me tonight and tomorrow
night. Who's gonna see me tonight?

JACKIE
I can't promise nothing special.

MICKEY

Don't like fuckin', is that it?

JACKIE

Never paid for it, anyway.

MICKEY

Well, company's what I want.
Fourteen-o-nine. I'm in the Tower,
all right?

JACKIE

I'll do the best I can for you.

INT. DINER OPPOSITE LOBSTER TAIL - NIGHT

Kenny Gill enters, leading our eye to the television:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Wall street has spent over five
billion dollars on campaign
contributions and lobbying.

OBAMA (ON T.V.)

There's no real separation between
Wall Street and Mainstreet, there's
only the road we're travelling on
as Americans...

ANNOUNCER (ON T.V.)

In just four years in Congress
Senator Obama took the second
largest amount, over one hundred
and twenty six thousand dollars.

Kenny sits opposite Jackie. Jackie watches Trattman through
the window of the restaurant across the street.

GILL

What're we gonna do, Jackie?

Jackie takes a pill bottle from his pocket and pops the cap.

JACKIE

You're gonna drive the car. Never
mind thinking about what I'm gonna
do. You just think about what
you're gonna do.

GILL

I'm gonna get some money.

Jackie washes down a pill with his coffee.

JACKIE

Five hundred, same as always. Five hundred. You don't fuck anything up.

GILL

I ever fuck anything up with you?

JACKIE

Kenny, the world's full of guys that never fucked up, and then they fucked up once and they're doing time. So this's no night to start, not when I'm with you.

GILL

Who is this guy?

JACKIE

Don't matter.

GILL

No, I mean really. Who is this guy? This the guy Steve and Barry beat up?

JACKIE

Kenny.

GILL

I didn't mean nothing. I was just wondering. I couldn't understand it. Steve and Barry.

JACKIE

You figured I should've asked you.

GILL

I could've used the money, Jackie.

JACKIE

You can always use the money. The thing needed two guys. That's why you didn't get called.

GILL

I could've got another guy. I could've got the guy I had with me onna dogs.

JACKIE

The one who knocked over the game? Uh huh, well, okay, Kenny. Maybe we can pay him to whack himself.

GILL

Oh yeah.

(beat)

See, I was just thinking, was all,
Jackie.

JACKIE

That's your weak spot, Kenny. Never
mind it. Just do like I tell you,
everything'll be all right.

Through the window, they see:

Mark Trattman, his hands in his pockets, emerging from the
Lobster Tail alone.

JACKIE

Son of a bitch. Didn't score
tonight for a change.

Trattman passes the Valet stand, and starts walking down the
street.

Jackie sets his coffee cup down.

JACKIE

Where's his fuckin' car?

GILL

Around the side. I thought you
said—

JACKIE

Never mind what you thought I said.
Move your big dumb ass. The guy's
going home.

GILL

I don't get it.

JACKIE

Neither's he, tonight. Never again,
either. Come on, for Christ sake,
we're gonna get home early for a
change.

INT. 4-4-2/EXT. RAIN DRENCHED STREETS. NIGHT.

The yellow 4-4-2 trails Trattman's Coupe de Ville through a
green light. The tires singing on wet asphalt.

GILL

Jesus, he's pretty good at this. He hits them all, just's they turn.

Music plays on the radio. Jackie rides in the back, sitting behind the driver's seat. He keeps his hands down, out of sight. Jackie is relaxed, the drug working in his system, the world around him is sharp, as if cut out with a razor-blade.

JACKIE

He knows the speed. They're set for nineteen or twenty miles an hour, I think it is. Something like that. He does it all the time, for Christ sake. He oughta.

GILL

Jackie, what if, what if he hasn't gotta stop?

JACKIE

We'll take him home and put him to fuckin' bed then. Just keep after him, Kenny, and remember what I told you about thinking.

The Cadillac swings into the right lane and the brake lights come on as it approaches the intersection.

The traffic light is red.

JACKIE

Middle lane, Kenny. It goes to three lanes up here. Take the middle.

Jackie begins to straighten up in the back seat. He leans over and cranks down the rear passenger window with his left hand.

The 4-4-2 approaches the Cadillac off the left rear.

JACKIE(CONT'D)

Right up even, nice and smooth.

The traffic light remains red.

The traffic lights on the cross street turn yellow.

JACKIE(CONT'D)

Right up next to him. Then a little bit ahead. Put me right next to him, Kenny. Atta boy.

Gill stops the 4-4-2 with the open right rear window even with the driver's window of the Cadillac.

Trattman looks lazily at the car. He looks back at the traffic light.

Jackie runs the 30-06 Savage semi-automatic rifle out the rear window of the 4-4-2 and pulls the trigger...

All live sound drops out, and we drop into extreme slow motion.

The first bullet spins dreamily through space, rotating gently.

Trattman's window craters like molasses into a thousand glittering shards of light

A fountain of blood beads out of Trattman's head like a curtain of shimmering rubies.

More bullets fly like harmless messengers

Trattman's body seems to dance, his flesh ripples with the impacts.

The Cadillac floats rudderless through the night, and collides, gently, with an oncoming vehicle

Trattman's head is collected by the windshield, a spider-web of cracks radiating outward as the car becomes airborne

Gravity all nonsense now, Trattman's body seems to float weightless in a sugary cloud of glass and debris,

As the car describes an arc, tumbling through light and shadow.

Continuing on across the intersection, mounting the curb, and hitting a fire hydrant with a dramatic full-stop. Moments later the hydrant explodes into a glorious fountain of liquid light.

INT. 4-4-2

As Kenny accelerates, Jackie leans over from the backseat and turns up the radio.

JACKIE
I love this song

EXT. STREET-CORNER - EVENING

The engine of the wrecked Cadillac ticks over. Water falls gently as People draw their blinds in apartments above.

FADE TO:

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

Russell, comes out of the subway station, carrying a brown-paper bag.

TWO MEN IN BUSINESS SUITS...

...watch his progress from a green Ford sedan parked at the newsstand on the corner. The driver raises a walkie-talkie:

BUSINESS SUIT AGENT
(into walkie-talkie)
He finally made it.

EXT. MOVING WITH RUSSELL TOWARD BUS TERMINAL

Russell crosses the street, pausing for a Greyhound bus to pull into the terminal parking lot.

EXT. BUS TERMINAL

The driver of the third Yellow Cab in line speaks into his walkie.

CAB DRIVER AGENT
(into walkie-talkie)
I got him now. He's on the
sidewalk. He's about to enter the
station.

THE GREEN FORD

Starts moving toward the next intersection. It turns right and goes the wrong way up behind the terminal.

INT. TERMINAL

A man in a private security force uniform stands at the top of the stairs, watching the reflection of the entrance doors in the glass of the windows of the lounge. He wears a hearing aid button in his right ear.

He sees Russell's reflection enter into the terminal.

He bends his neck and talks into a small rectangular bulge in his uniform shirt.

SECURITY FORCE AGENT
This is unit three. All units
converge.

EXT. TERMINAL EASTSIDE

The two men in the business suits leave the green Ford and go to the doors of the terminal on the easterly side.

EXT. TERMINAL WESTSIDE

The driver gets out of the cab and goes to the door on the westerly side.

EXT. TERMINAL FRONT ENTRANCE

Three men get out of a Dodge Polara in front of the terminal. Two move to the front of the terminal. One goes to join the cab driver on the westerly side.

INT. MOVING WITH RUSSELL THROUGH TERMINAL

Russell passes campaign posters; 'Change we can believe in', 'Country first'.

We follow him to the baggage lockers on the westerly side of the terminal.

INT. TERMINAL

The man in the security force uniform watches from the top of the stairs.

SECURITY FORCE AGENT (CONT'D)
Unit three to all units. West side,
west side.

INT. TERMINAL

Russell inserts the key to locker 352 and turns it.

INT. TERMINAL EASTSIDE

The men from the light green Ford enter the terminal through the easterly doors.

INT. TERMINAL

Russell opens the locker and takes out a box wrapped in brown paper. He opens the bag and puts the box in. Leaving the locker door ajar, he turns toward the front of the terminal.

INT. TERMINAL WESTSIDE

The driver of the cab and another agent enter through the westerly door.

INT. MOVING WITH RUSSELL TOWARD FRONT ENTRANCE

As Russell approaches, the men from the Polara come in through the front doors, and the man in the security force uniform turns slowly away.

INT. MOVING WITH AGENTS TOWARD RUSSELL

The men from the light green Ford walk up behind Russell, one on each side. When they are half a pace behind him, they take him firmly by the elbows.

BUSINESS SUIT AGENT
D.E.A. You're under arrest.

The agent on the right holds a forty-five automatic in his right hand. He sticks it close to Russell's face.

The agent on the left takes Russell's arm and swings it behind him. He locks one cuff on Russell's left wrist and takes the bag from him. He pulls Russell's right arm back and locks the wrist into the cuff.

(The following sequence is shot documentary style, a trip through the criminal justice system set to music.)

INT. BACKSEAT DODGE POLARA

The door is opened and Russell is put in. He shakes his head in disgust.

INT. PROCESSING AREA COUNTY JAIL. NIGHT.

Russell, weary, poker-faced, is in a long line of prisoners lined up for processing in the county jail.

Russell empties his pockets, and turns them inside out. THE BLACK GUY next to him removes a wig.

INT. SHOWERS - COUNTY JAIL. NIGHT.

Russell is in a line of naked men. THE BLACK GUY, next to him, winks at him, blows him a kiss.

Russell is hit with delousing spray.

INT. CELL - COUNTY JAIL. NIGHT.

A three hundred pound Mexican, pockmarks, tattooed tears, bored shitless.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOVING WITH RUSSELL TO CELL - NIGHT.

Russell, in County Orange, shuffles toward the cell.

The cell door is opened. The three hundred pounder straightens up, and smacks his lips.

The door slams shut on Russell. Pan over to a T.V., bolted to the wall...

NEWS ANCHOR (ON T.V.)

The house made a political U-turn today, voting to support the seven hundred billion dollar bailout bill. Patrick, I don't know if you'd agree with me, it seems as if Wall Street owns our government?

EXPERT PANELIST (ON T.V.)

Oh absolutely. Economists have a term for it - it's called regulatory capture...

INT. AMATO'S OFFICE

Frankie sits with Amato in the office.

FRANKIE

The stupid shit. You know who he picks to call. Me.

(MORE)

FRANKIE (cont'd)

And, of course, I got to give my name to them, they won't let anybody else talk to him.

AMATO

That's good.

FRANKIE

Yeah. Oh, I'm gonna really enjoy this, I can tell. Wants me to come down and see him. "Yeah," I said, "Sure, Russell, and I won't have a hundred ballbusters following me around for the rest of my life if I do that, either. No thanks. "Well, will I make bail for him" See, he hasn't got no money left. Spent it on his problem, which I don't think they're probably gonna let him go out and sell, now.

AMATO

What's the bail?

FRANKIE

Just what you'd expect, his record and a few ounces of that stuff. One hundred thousand dollars.

AMATO

Ten K from you.

FRANKIE

Keep in mind, I just got out of the can myself. Where'd I get ten K? You ask me, I don't even think that's gonna do it for him. He raises the hundred, they'll go to double surety or two hundred or something. Those guys aren't gonna let him out. Forget it.

AMATO

Maybe in this economy they might, the state is bankrupt.

FRANKIE

Oh, come on.

AMATO

Government's a racket, same as anything. You following that bail-out thing?

(MORE)

AMATO (cont'd)

These fuckin' CEO's get caught running a Ponzi scheme, and do they arrest 'em. No, they pay 'em, they give 'em a trillion dollars. Probably getting kickbacks on it. N' they call us criminals. They're no different. It's all just Capitalism.

FRANKIE

Whatever. Then he tells me: "Frankie, if I don't get out of here, I'm gonna tell them you were in it with me."

AMATO

Nice guy.

FRANKIE

Ah, he was all pissed off. I don't blame him. And what the fuck's he gonna tell them? I said: "Russell, get off the pot, all right?" He's looking at probably eight, ten, something like that. So, he was probably pissing his pants when he called me. I told him: "Russell, I'll get you a lawyer. That's all I can do for you."

AMATO

What's a lawyer gonna do for him? The guy's alone and he's got it in his hands? What's a lawyer gonna do? Make it disappear? What Russell really needs is a magician.

FRANKIE

He's gonna do it for me. He's gonna get Russell off my back. That poor bastard.

AMATO

Well, I mean, it wasn't like, you didn't expect it or something.

FRANKIE

Sure. I knew this was gonna happen to him. I told him. But the fuck, I like the guy. He was all right to me, and I can't do nothing to help him.

AMATO

He took his chances.

FRANKIE

Sure, and you're taking your chances and I'm taking my chances, and sooner or later, they're gonna grab us. And who do I call? Who do I call, that's not gonna give the same kind of shit I gave Russell? You? I haven't got no friends, either. You look at it, you and me and Russell're in exactly the same position, except he's in it now and we're not in it yet.

AMATO

Well, Jesus.

FRANKIE

Like Trattman, that poor bastard. It come out just like you said. But when it didn't happen, and Russell was telling me all that stuff there, I was scared shitless, it wasn't gonna happen. I thought it was gonna happen to me. That don't mean... well, yeah, I'm glad it happened to him. But, I still wish it didn't even happen to him, you know? Didn't have to. It's just shit, you know. This life is shit. We're all just on our own.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Mickey, drunk, miserable, in his skivvies, is being blown by a black Hooker. Her head bobbing frantically at the bottom of frame.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Jackie walks through the lobby, passing People wearing campaign buttons; 'Change we can believe in' 'Yes we can!'

He gets into the elevator and the doors close on him.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

The black girl, lanky, arches her spine and bends her arms behind her to fasten her bra.

MICKEY

The first one? She wasn't bad. She wasn't good but she wasn't bad either. She was all right. Seemed like she was in an awful hurry, though.

The black girl adjusts her breasts in the bra cups. Then she walks up behind Jackie's chair and touches his shoulder.

BLACK GIRL

My dress, honey.

Jackie moves forward without turning his head, she pulls the dress out.

MICKEY

It's the same thing as it is with everything else. Nobody does anything right any more.

Jackie laughs.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

I mean it. Screwing's no different'n anything else. Nobody gives a good shit anymore. You ask somebody to do something and you're willing to pay for it, and they say they'll do it and then they about half do it.

The girl backs up to Mickey.

BLACK GIRL

Zip my dress, honey.

Mickey zips the dress.

MICKEY

They still want all the money, though, bet your ass on that. No half money, no sir. All the money.

The girl sits down on the bed and puts on her shoes.

JACKIE

For a guy that's been having himself a regular party for three days or so, you sure bloody bitch and moan a lot.

MICKEY

I've been paying for it. I can
bitch about it if I want. You know
this broad, this Polly?

The girl stands up and straightens her dress, she looks at
Mickey.

BLACK GIRL

Honey?

MICKEY

Onna bureau. Wallet's onna bureau.

The girl walks across the room.

JACKIE

Everybody knows Polly.

MICKEY

That's what the broad you sent up
said.

The girl picks up the wallet.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

There's a hundred and seventy-three
bucks in that. When I get up I
wanna find a hundred and forty-
eight, got that?

BLACK GIRL

Oh-kay.

The girl removes currency, counts it, and puts some back in
the wallet.

BLACK GIRL (CONT'D)

No tip, Honey?

MICKEY

No tip.

BLACK GIRL

Because you know, Honey. I got to
give all this to my man. Girl needs
something for herself now and then.

MICKEY

No tip.

JACKIE

You're the original sport.

MICKEY

Fuck her.

Mickey drinks again.

MICKEY

You want a tip? Here's a tip; put the condom on with your mouth. Stop acting like your anus is a national treasure. You're a hooker for Christ sake.

BLACK GIRL

Fuck you. I don't do that skanky shit. I do the girlfriend experience.

MICKEY

Oh, it was a 'girlfriend experience' all right. It was like being fuckin' married. What's wrong with this country, Jackie? Even the hookers are trying renovate you.

BLACK GIRL

Honey, you a tear-down.

MICKEY

You had fun though, right?

BLACK GIRL

It's better'n filing.

MICKEY

I wouldn't know about that. I never did no filing.

The girl walks toward the door.

BLACK GIRL

Well, it's not much better. It's mostly better. Sometimes, you know, you get an old guy, and then it's just faster.

She opens the door.

MICKEY

You know, Honey, some day, some old bastard you just milked, he might decide to carve you up, talking like that. How'd you like that?

BLACK GIRL
(in the doorway)
Jesus, I don't know. You think I'd
come?

MICKEY
If you could, you might. Probably
not, is what I think.

BLACK GIRL
(closing the door)
Fuck you.

MICKEY
Which is pretty much what I had in
mind when I had her come up here.
Christ you got some funny gash up
here. I hadda practically talk her
into it. That Polly, there? Same
thing. Nothing but head. "For
Christ sake," I say, "I wanna get
laid. Isn't that what you do?"

JACKIE
No, it's not. Any guy you asked
could've told you that. I could've
told you that.

MICKEY
You didn't, though.

JACKIE
Wasn't me that had her come up
here. That broad I sent, she was
all right, I assume? The guy said
she's all right.

MICKEY
No more'n that. I couldn't get over
it. I said to her: "Whaddaya mean,
head? I happen to like fucking.
Who's hiring who, here?" You can
feel her up, you can fingerfuck
her, but you can't fuck her. For
Christ sake. A fuckin' blow job.

JACKIE
It's supposed to be a great blow
job.

MICKEY
When you wanna get laid, there's no
such thing as a great blow job.

Mickey finishes his drink.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

You know something? I haven't had a real piece of ass since I was in Florida.

JACKIE

That was one fine-lookin' broad you had down there.

MICKEY

Sunny. That was Sunny. I suppose you fucked her too, after I was gone.

JACKIE

Mickey, when me and Dillon got there, she was with you. When we left, she was still with you. You're there, what?

MICKEY

Three weeks.

JACKIE

Three weeks. And I was there five days, inna middle. How the fuck'm I gonna do that?

MICKEY

I dunno.

Mickey picks up the glass.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Empty again.

Mickey gets up.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Want one?

MICKEY

Too early for me.

MICKEY

Early?

(looks at his watch)
It's after noon.

JACKIE

Still too early. You go ahead if you want, though.

MICKEY

I'm gonna.

Mickey goes into the bathroom. Jackie hears ice go into the glass.

MICKEY (O.S.)

Sammy did.

JACKIE

The guy from Detroit? Sharp-looking little ginzo?

MICKEY (O.S.)

All the years I known that guy, he still did it. The son of a bitch.

Mickey emerges with a Scotch and water.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

I don't know why this bothers me, you know that?

Mickey sits down. He puts the glass on the end table.

MICKEY

I mean, I know. When I'm there, I'm there and she's with me. When I leave, you're there, she's with you.

JACKIE

She wasn't with me.

MICKEY

I didn't mean you. I mean: any guy.

JACKIE

Oh.

MICKEY

I don't care. I'm not in love with the girl, right? I only give her for when I'm there. That fuckin' Sammy.

JACKIE

Mickey.

MICKEY

She's good, Sunny. Sunny can't get you up, you're probably dead.

(MORE)

MICKEY (cont'd)
That broad, she's not half my
wife's age and she knew things
which, if Margie knew them, she'd
go down the station and turn
herself in. She really would.

Mickey drinks.

JACKIE
Mickey. You gonna be all right,
tomorrow or the next night?

MICKEY
I'm all right, right now. Christ
sake. Lemme alone, willya?

JACKIE
Look, this after, we're supposed to
meet a guy, all right? I got a guy
that can take you around and all.

MICKEY
I can't go out.

JACKIE
I didn't mean fuckin' around. You
come up here to do something.
Remember? For that.

Jackie gives him a look:

MICKEY
Aw right, where the fuck is he? Get
him up here and we'll set the guy
up.

JACKIE
You, I'll tell you what you're
gonna do. You're gonna go to
fuckin' bed. And, it's two-thirty
now, you shit. I'm gonna call you
at seven-thirty and I better wake
you up, because if I don't, I'm
gonna drop a dime on a couple cops
I know and they'll take you back
where you're supposed to be.

MICKEY
Yeah.

JACKIE

No ass, no more booze, no nothing.
You get yourself a shower and go to
bed and I'll wake you up and tell
you where you gotta be, right?

MICKEY

I don't take orders from shits like
you.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT.

DRIVER

You asked for him. You said you
couldn't do it. We got you what you
asked for.

JACKIE

I wanted Mickey the way he was a
couple years ago. He's fuckin'
worthless now.

DRIVER

What's the matter with him?

JACKIE

He's been here three days, and what
he didn't fuck in them three days,
he drank. When I left him, he was
drunk. Really drunk, and when I
chew him out for it and he's gonna
go right out in his skivvies and do
the job now. He won't shut up.

DRIVER

Have you talked to Dillon? Is
Dillon well enough to talk to?

JACKIE

Dillon thinks what I think. We need
that guy out of town yesterday, is
what we need.

DRIVER

Well, you invited him up here. Send
him back.

JACKIE

He wouldn't go. He needs the dough.
I don't think he'd do anything I
told him, unless he was so drunk he
couldn't think of anything else to
do. Which he probably is.

DRIVER

I can't get in touch with them today.

JACKIE

It's nothing like that. What I got in mind, I'm gonna get him grabbed.

DRIVER

Won't he talk?

JACKIE

If he thought it was me that did it, he might. What I was thinking; this broad I know, she's tops at setting guys up. She gets in real fights with them, and they give her their fuckin' teeth to get her out of the room before the cops come. Now, this hotel, they're not gonna want no whore fights going on in there, and he'll get busted for that and they'll revoke bail on him and back he'll go.

DRIVER

Kind of rough on him.

Jackie shrugs.

JACKIE

Actually, I think it's the best thing for him. He won't get enough potato jack in the can to kill him, and if he's not in the can he'll kill us.

DRIVER

I suppose we really should talk to Mickey's people.

JACKIE

Albert, how're they gonna know.

DRIVER

Ah.

Beat.

DRIVER

What's the girl gonna cost?

JACKIE

Five hundred. Maybe a grand.

DRIVER

Jesus.

JACKIE

It's a grand.

DRIVER

I still gotta okay it. You know this running back to them every time with the latest bad news is raising hell with me.

JACKIE

Well, we've got a little problem.

DRIVER

There weren't supposed to be any little problems, no problems at all. We've done everything you've asked. Tell me one thing you've asked for that we didn't go along with.

JACKIE

Nothin'.

DRIVER

And that leaves you with Amato. You need to come up with something. You need to set him up yourself.

JACKIE

Yeah.

DRIVER

And fast. I can't keep canceling appointments to come up here and talk to you every time you get a runny nose. You're just gonna have to get 'touchy-feely' with him.

JACKIE

(sighs)

Feelings.

INT. TORONADO - DAY.

Jackie pulls a .38 Smith and Wesson police special from beneath his seat and tucks it into his waistband.

EXT. BAR - DAY.

Jackie gets out of the car and zips his jacket shut.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS BAR - DAY.

Frankie sits at the bar. He leans back on the bentwood stool and watches the waitress chatting, idle until customers come.

Jackie sits down next to Frankie.

BARTENDER
Heineken?

JACKIE
Yeah.

BARTENDER
Bottle or draft?

JACKIE
I don't give a shit. Draft.

FRANKIE
They always do that.

JACKIE
It's a pain in the ass. I
wouldn't've come in here, I thought
I was gonna have to go through
something like that.

The bartender puts a frosted mug in front of Jackie.

FRANKIE
I would. This guy, I dunno how he
does it, he's got to have the best-
built girls in town working for
him. I come in here every day.

JACKIE
I know.

Frankie looks at him.

FRANKIE
I never seen you before in here. I
don't know you.

JACKIE
Very few guys know me. I'm just a
guy, is all. I never been in here
before in my life.

Frankie's fear is growing:

JACKIE

Yeah. I was looking for you and a guy told me, you come in here a lot, 'round this time of day. So I came in. Simple, huh?

FRANKIE

Who's the guy?

JACKIE

Just a guy, a friend of yours, actually.

FRANKIE

Who's this friend?

Jackie puts his hand on Frankie's arm.

JACKIE

Now whyn't you relax a little, Frankie, okay? Have another beer. Look at the girls.

(beat)

Lemme give you some advice, all right?

Frankie doesn't answer.

JACKIE

You got the hood scoops, right?

Frankie doesn't answer.

JACKIE

Ah, come on, you got the green Geeton with the scoops. Don't fuck around with me, right?

Frankie nods.

JACKIE

You're gonna have trouble with it, couple months or so. January, when it gets cold. The car just won't warm up. You're gonna have to pack them scoops. Know what I would use? Masking tape. Looks like hell, but it works. Got that? Masking tape.

Frankie nods.

JACKIE
You see what I mean.

FRANKIE
Uh, no. No, I don't.

JACKIE
Your friends are worried about you.
They think, well, you need somebody
around, knows about things, advise
you.

FRANKIE
Yeah.

JACKIE
Teach you how to cover your ass.
See, it's not what you been doing
so much's it is what guys think you
been doing, and that's what you got
to look out for, and when it
happens, well you got to be
prepared to do something.

FRANKIE
Yeah.

JACKIE
(lowered voice)
So, where's he gonna be, tomorrow
night?

FRANKIE
Who?

JACKIE
Johnny Amato. Tomorrow night.
Where's he gonna be?

FRANKIE
I dunno.

JACKIE
Frank, you got to keep in mind what
I told you. Your friends're worried
about you. It's your friends that
wanna see you get a chance, you
know what I mean? And it's your
friends, that wanna know where
Squirrel's gonna be.

FRANKIE
This's the first time I seen you.

JACKIE

New friends're best. Your other one, there, you can't depend on him. Look at what he got you in before.

FRANKIE

I don't know who the fuck you are.

JACKIE

Very few guys do. Oh, Dillon, maybe. Yeah, Dillon knows me. Want me to call Dillon for you, and you can talk to Dillon, see who I am?

Jackie takes out a cell phone, and puts it on the bar. Frankie looks at it.

FRANKIE

No.

JACKIE

Well, okay. Where's he gonna be?

FRANKIE

I haven't got no idea.

JACKIE

Okay.

Jackie finishes his beer.

JACKIE

See you around, Frankie, my friend.

Jackie starts to get off the stool.

FRANKIE

Wait a minute.

JACKIE

There's things that won't wait. You tell me; you don't know. Okay, I accept that. But I got something to do. I got to find a guy that knows.

FRANKIE

Where John's gonna be tomorrow night.

JACKIE

And something else now, I guess. Like where you're gonna be, the day after.

Frankie says nothing.

Jackie gets up and rests his forearms on the back of the stool.

JACKIE

Look, you gotta be realistic, right, kid? You gotta be. I know the guy. I also know what's goin' through your head. You think he's a friend of yours, right?

Frankie doesn't answer.

JACKIE

Lemme tell you something, kid: Guys with bright ideas, like Squirrel, All they ever do is fuck things up. For everybody else.

FRANKIE

Trattman got hit.

JACKIE

There's all kinds of reasons for things. Guys get whacked for doing things, guys get whacked for not doing things, it don't matter. The only thing matters is if you're the guy that's gonna get whacked. That's the only fuckin' thing.

Frankie nods.

JACKIE

You're one of the few guys that know that, right?

FRANKIE

I dunno.

JACKIE

Yes you do. It's just a matter of time, now, my friend. Him first and then you. That's the way you're going.

Frankie doesn't answer.

JACKIE

Except you're in a position very few guys ever get in. You can do something about it. I've known very few guys inna position like that.

Beat.

JACKIE

Frank, I hope you don't think, I'm
shittin' you.

Beat.

JACKIE

Kid, I hate to see you go like
this. And you're going for fuckin'
nothin'.

FRANKIE

I'm... Jesus, I dunno.

JACKIE

Lemme ask you something? And you
think about this, all right? You
think, I was to go down Wollaston
and see him, there, right now, and
I was to say: "Squirrel, it's you
or Frankie. Who's it gonna be?" You
think he'd even think about it? You
think he would?

FRANKIE

I dunno.

JACKIE

You asshole. An asshole like you,
it's no wonder you did time. You
fuck kin asshole. You haven't got
no brains at all.

FRANKIE

Look, look, I...

JACKIE

I haven't got to look. I know
what's going on, I know what I got
to do. I need a right guy.

Frankie's mouth works. He does not say anything.

JACKIE

If I get a right guy, they told me
this, by the way, they said:
"There's two ways this thing can
go. The hard way is, you gotta do
them both.

(MORE)

JACKIE (cont'd)

The other way, you only gotta do one of them." Now make the pick, kid, and make it right now. They're gonna do you a favor, they're not gonna do you a favor. Don't matter to me.

FRANKIE

Lemme think.

JACKIE

Nope, no thinking. Go or no go, right now. I got to get going.

Frankie exhales heavily.

FRANKIE

I don't know. I don't know if I can do this.

JACKIE

Can you do the other thing?

Frankie hesitates.

FRANKIE

No.

JACKIE

Well, that's the selection. So, I guess you know, then.

FRANKIE

What've I gotta do?

JACKIE

You gotta find out where he's gonna be.

FRANKIE

I already know. He's got a girl. He told me that, before.

JACKIE

And where are you gonna be?

FRANKIE

I told him I was gonna be home, I'd be home.

JACKIE

No. You're not.

FRANKIE

I'm not?

JACKIE

No.

FRANKIE

Where...

JACKIE

You're gonna be with me, and we're gonna be where he's gonna be.

FRANKIE

Jesus, I can't do that. He sees me, it's all over. He'll know, something's wrong. I can't do that. I'll tell you, I'll tell you where he's gonna be. I'll do that. But, he's a friend of mine. I can't do that.

JACKIE

Okay, okay. That's, you made the other choice then, I guess.

Frankie stares at Jackie. Jackie does not move.

FRANKIE

Have I really got to do that.

Jackie nods.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

All of it?

Jackie nods.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I got to be there and everything?

Jackie nods. He puts his hand on Frankie's shoulder.

JACKIE

Frank, you made a mistake. Now you gotta show, you understand you made a mistake, and you gotta make things right. Otherwise, they're gonna want somebody to do something, like with Trattman. Never did the right thing.

Frankie nods.

MOVING POV OF APARTMENT COMPLEX: (NIGHT)

The apartments are two story, the first of vertical redwood planks, the second stucco, half-timbered. The parking areas are filled with Volkswagens, Camaros, Mustangs, and Barracudas. There are coach lights with orange bulbs above each door.

JACKIE (V.O.)
Jee-zuss. I finally made it. I'm in
ghinny heaven.

INT. STOLEN DUSTER (MOVING)- CONTINUOUS

The small tires on the Duster howl as Frankie takes it through the curves of the third apartment complex.

FRANKIE
It's a singles place. You're
supposed to live here if you wanna
get laid.

JACKIE
I'd have to get pretty fuckin'
horny to drive all the way out here
to get laid.

FRANKIE
It's not that far.

JACKIE
Seems far to me. This just proves
it to me. The guy's a shit.

FRANKIE
He don't have no control, where the
girls live.

JACKIE
He don't have no control. Period.

Frankie pulls into an empty space and shuts off the engine and lights.

FRANKIE
Jackie, he's really not a bad guy,
you know? He's not a bad guy at
all.

Jackie slouched down in the seat. The suede coat piles up around him at the neck. He shuts his eyes.

JACKIE

None of 'em are. They're all nice guys.

FRANKIE

He was always all right to me.

JACKIE

Sure. Got you almost six years inna fuckin' slammer.

FRANKIE

That wasn't his fault.

JACKIE

Kid, when somebody does something, and he gets somebody else fuckin' jail for it, it's his fault. That's the rule.

FRANKIE

He didn't mean it.

JACKIE

Hasn't got nothing to do with it, nothing at all.

A blue RALLY NOVA passes behind the Duster.

JACKIE

That them?

FRANKIE

Nah. John's got a Riviera.

JACKIE

I know what he's got. What I want to know is, that them?

FRANKIE

Nope. I'd've said if it was. You got him wrong, you know. That jail thing, he had it worse'n I did, his family and all.

JACKIE

He's not gonna have to do it again.

The BRONZE RIVIERA passes behind the Duster.

JACKIE

That's him

FRANKIE
I'm not sure.

JACKIE
Yes you are. If you're not you got
the first all-over hard-on in the
world.

Jackie opens his eyes and watches the Riviera. It pulls in
beyond the back door of the complex.

JACKIE
How long's he gonna be, kid?

FRANKIE
I dunno.

JACKIE
Okay, I asked you nice. Now, does
he fuck her here or does he fuck
her someplace else?

FRANKIE
She's got a roommate. He knows a
guy's got a motel in Haverhill.

JACKIE
Okay, he's just gonna be friendly,
then.

Jackie watches as the door of the Riviera opens. He watches
the long white leg of the girl emerge. He watches Amato
emerge from the building shadow and walk around the rear of
the car. He watches Amato assist the girl from the car and
shut the door.

Jackie reaches down on the floor of the Duster with both
hands and picks up a five-shot Winchester semiautomatic
shotgun. He puts it across his lap, steadying it with his
right hand. With his left hand he takes the key out of the
Duster's ignition.

FRANKIE
Hey. I mean, I was gonna start it
and everything, we could get a
start.

JACKIE
It's probably gonna get noisy
around here, and I known guys, they
heard a lot of noise, got too good
a start and left somebody standing
around with his thumb up his ass.

Jackie watches Amato walk the girl to the door of the apartment complex.

Jackie opens the passenger door of the Duster, exposing the masking tape he has used to seal the interior light switch, and slips out of the car.

Amato and the girl are thirty-five yards away, embracing at the door.

Jackie crouches against the car, his left elbow bracing against the top of the Duster's hood, the stock of the gun tight against his right shoulder.

Amato breaks the embrace. The girl opens the door with a key. Amato waits on the step until the door closes behind her.

She turns and waves at him, using only the fingers of her right hand. She is smiling.

Amato waves back, in the same way. He turns away from the door.

The girl vanishes up the stairs.

Jackie fires the first slug at Amato. It catches him low on the abdomen and hurls him backward against the building. Jackie steps forward, coming around the car, and fires the second slug. It hits Amato higher, and goes through him, through the glass panel of the door. Jackie continues forward, dancing now, and fires again. Amato hits the wall of the building and starts to sag down. Jackie, dancing, fires again. Amato is hit in the middle of the chest, close to the base of his throat, and his chest is blown apart. He topples off into the low shrubbery.

Jackie backs up fast and gets into the car. He shoves the shotgun into the back seat and sticks the key into the ignition.

JACKIE
Now gimme that start.

The Duster leaps out of the space, taking the curves of the drive with the small tires screaming.

EXT. DUSTER (MOVING) HIGHWAY. NIGHT

They're doing over a 100 miles an hour on the two-lane road.

INT. DUSTER (MOVING) HIGHWAY. NIGHT

JACKIE
You're going too fast.

FRANKIE
Jesus, they're gonna have all kinds
of cops up here.

Frankie holds the Duster steady at a hundred.

JACKIE
And one of them's gonna catch us.
Slow down.

FRANKIE
I can't.

JACKIE
Kid, look, slow down, all right?

FRANKIE
I can't. Honest to God, I can't.

JACKIE
Kid, my car's in Haverton. We got a
long way to go. I don't wanna get
caught.

FRANKIE
You wanna drive?

JACKIE
Yeah.

EXT. HIGHWAY.

Frankie pulls the Duster off on the shoulder. He opens the driver's side door quickly and gets out and trots around the back of the car.

INT. DUSTER HIGHWAY.

Jackie slides across the seats. Frankie gets in on the passenger side. Jackie puts the Duster in drive.

JACKIE
Okay, now, this means, you're gonna
have to dump the gun.

FRANKIE
Okay.

EXT. OVERPASS AT A RIVER

Jackie stops the Duster on the overpass.

INT. DUSTER.

Frankie opens the passenger window and launches the gun out into the darkness. He starts to close the window.

JACKIE

Wait.

There is a splash.

JACKIE

Okay.

Jackie puts the Duster in gear again.

JACKIE

Grass and stuff don't take care of prints. Water does.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Jackie wheels the Duster into the parking lot of the Plaza.

INT. DUSTER.

JACKIE

You know what you got to do, now.

Jackie drives toward a blue LTD.

FRANKIE

Sure. I go back down to where my car is and I leave this one and I go home.

JACKIE

You just leave it?

FRANKIE

Oh Christ. I wipe it down.

JACKIE

You're all right and everything?

FRANKIE

Yeah.

JACKIE
Where's your car again?

FRANKIE
For Christ sake, it's down at, it's
inna lot at Auburndale.

JACKIE
Just making sure. Sometimes guys
forget.

Jackie pulls the Duster up next to the LTD. The parking lot
is lighted, but empty.

Jackie opens the driver's side door. Frankie starts sliding
across the seat. Jackie gets out. Frankie slides into the
driver's seat and puts his hands on the wheel.

EXT. DUSTER. PARKING LOT

Jackie holds the door handle in his left hand. With his right
hand he removes a Smith and Wesson thirty-eight Police
Special, two inch barrel, from beneath his coat.

JACKIE
You're gonna remember, now.

Jackie holds the revolver below the level of the window.

FRANKIE
I know, I know. I dump the fuckin'
car and I get my car and I don't go
too fast and I-

Jackie raises the revolver and shoots Frankie in the face,
once. Frankie slumps off toward the passenger seat.

Jackie leans in the window, puts the muzzle of the revolver
against Frankie's chest, and fires four times, the powder
blast burning Frankie's coat, the body shuddering with each
shot.

Jackie puts the revolver in the pocket of his car coat. He
takes an unlined leather glove from the other pocket, and a
red handkerchief. He shuts the engine off and begins to wipe
the Duster down.

INT. BLUE LTD. SOON AFTER

Jackie gets into the car, and starts up the engine.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE DAY.

Big close up of a toe being tagged.

Johnny Amato, naked, in his stainless-steel drawer, is slid neatly into cold storage.

Another toe is tagged. Frankie is loaded into the freezer. Neatly filed away.

The tired Pathologist hoses off the autopsy table. We pull back to reveal a sign that situates us in the Morgue.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

OBAMA (V.O. PRE-LAP)
Young and old, rich and poor,

Jackie parks his Silver Toronado beside the Mercedes in the lot at the Holiday Inn. Passing cars honk their horns, acknowledging Obama's victory...

OBAMA (V.O. PRE-LAP)
Democrat and Republican, black,
white,

Jackie goes inside.

INT. HOTEL LOUNGE BAR

The driver sits at the bar, dawdling with a large ginger ale, Obama giving his victory speech on the television:

OBAMA (ON T.V.)
...Hispanic, Asian, Native
American,

Jackie takes the seat next to him, his eye on the television...

OBAMA (ON T.V.)
gay, straight, disabled and not
disabled...

JACKIE
(re: Obama)
Ah, yes, we're all the same. We're
all equal.

OBAMA (ON T.V.)

...Americans have sent a message to the world that we have never been just a collection of individuals or a collection of states. We are, and always will be, the United States of America...

JACKIE

Next he'll be telling us we're a community, we're one people...

OBAMA (ON T.V.)

...In this country we rise and fall as one nation, as one people...

JACKIE

(Laughs)

You know why they call it the American dream? 'Coz it ain't real.

DRIVER

You're late.

JACKIE

My mother used to tell me that, "You'll be late for your own funeral." I hope so.

DRIVER

Had yourself quite a party.

JACKIE

I do the best I can.
(to the bartender)
Beer.

The bartender fills a stein with Michelob.

DRIVER

Everything's under control now, I take it. At long last.

JACKIE

You know, for a guy I'm trying to help out and everything, you're awful hard to get along with. I could've made you drive up to see me, you know. I didn't have to come down here. I'm trying to be nice to you.

DRIVER

Tryna be nice to me?

JACKIE

Sure, I'm a nice guy. I like to make things easy on people. I like to do people favors now and then.

DRIVER

Do me a favor. Never do me any favors. I've seen how you work.

JACKIE

Tell you what, gimme the money.

The driver hands Jackie a thick white business envelope.

JACKIE

'Scuse me.

Jackie slides off the stool.

DRIVER

You going to count it?

JACKIE

I gotta take a leak. Just lemme alone, all right? Have some more ginger ale, for Christ sake.

Jackie goes to the Men's Room, the Driver turns his attention back to the T.V.

OBAMA (ON T.V.)

For those huddled around radios in forgotten corners of the world, our stories are singular but our destinies are shared...

BARTENDER

Is he talking about us?

OBAMA (ON T.V.)

Tonight we proved once more that the true strength of our nation comes not from the might of our arms or the scale of our wealth, but from the enduring power of our ideals: democracy, liberty, opportunity and unyielding hope.

Jackie returns.

DRIVER

You feel better?

JACKIE
No, there's only thirty in there.

DRIVER
Three guys. I had to ask them whether I should pay you for the kid or not. They said I should.

JACKIE
They were right, too. But that's only ten a piece.

DRIVER
Correct.

JACKIE
The price's fifteen.

DRIVER
Dillon's only charging ten. Recession prices. They told me that too.

JACKIE
They were gonna pay Mickey fifteen.

DRIVER
Yeah, but the way they got it, Mickey got in a fight with a whore, the dumb shit, and now they got him in the can. And you're filling in for Dillon. You get what Dillon gets. No more. Take it up with Dillon. I can't do anything about it.

JACKIE
You can't do anything about anything. None of you guys can. Everything goes haywire and I came through for everybody on short notice. You need to pay me. Now.

DRIVER
Tell Dillon. Take it up with him.

JACKIE
Dillon's dead. Dillon died this morning.

The driver is silent for a while.

DRIVER

They're going to be sorry to hear that.

JACKIE

Sure. Sure they are. It's gonna cost 'em more.

DRIVER

You're a cynical bastard, you know that?

OBAMA (ON T.V.)

... And most Americans understand that there's nothing smart about a cynical disregard for America's traditions and institutions...

DRIVER

You hear that line? That line's for you.

JACKIE

Don't make me laugh. Traditions? Institutions? It's a myth, created for us by Thomas Jefferson.

DRIVER

Oh, you're gonna have a go at Jefferson now?

JACKIE

My friend, Jefferson is an American saint, his image is carved into a wall of rock, like a god, because he wrote the words 'All men are Created Equal', words he clearly didn't believe, because he allowed his own children to live in slavery. He was a rich wine snob who was sick of paying taxes to the British, so he wrote some pretty words to rouse the rabble to go out and die for him, while he kicked back and drank his wine, and fucked his slave girl. This guy want's to convince me that I'm living in a community? Don't make me laugh. I'm living in America, and in America, you're on your own. America is not country, it's just a business. Now fuckin' pay me.

CUT TO BLACK.