

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. His progress is set to 'Cocksucker Blues' as played live by the Beasts of Bourbon.

*I'm a looonesome school boy, and*

*I just came into town.*

*Well, I'm a loooooonesome school boy*

*and I just came into town.*

EXT. SQUARE. DAY.

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

*Well, I wait in the city square,*

*and ooh there's a look in my eye.*

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

*Oooh Where do I get my cock sucked?*

*Where do I get my ass fucked?*

*I may have no money,*

*but I know where to put it, every  
time.*

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'. be That'll 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, for Christ sake, will ya 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. I haven't had none of that  
stuff since I was out.

AMATO

(re: Russell)  
How about him?

RUSSELL

Gee, Squirrel. I wouldn't take  
nothing. I, ah, I probably had one  
or two dime bags once or twice, but  
it's not like I was using  
something. 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

My friend, we picked a wrong guy for something once, you remember that? Remember the Doctor? And I knew, I just knew it, 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.

(MORE)

RUSSELL (cont'd)

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 imagination, and no ideas, and no money. 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 eating and she's getting her ears rubbed. This dog loves my ass. And I'll sell her in Florida next week for two hundred without even pushing a guy. Don't take no brains. Just the rocks.

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 hadda 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.

(MORE)

AMATO (cont'd)

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 when you first see him, 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.

FRANKIE

Dillon don't look good. He don't look good at all. All white around the gills. 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.

(MORE)

AMATO (cont'd)

I'm yapping at the kids all the time, for Christ sake. I'm always fighting with my wife. I never used to fight with my wife. I used to kind of roll with the punches, you know? Now I don't, I'm getting old. And I swore, boy, I was in? I swore when I got out I was gonna make every minute count, the rest of my life. And am I doing it? No. Of course I'm not. I'm just as big an asshole now as I was 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. 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. "

(MORE)

AMATO (cont'd)

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 talk to her, 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? Never mind, for Christ sake, how the fuck I'm supposed to get home inna middle of the night. "Buy a car. You need a car for your job, we'll help you get your license back." 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.

(MORE)

FRANKIE (cont'd)

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.

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.

AMATO (V.O.)

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.

CUT BACK TO:

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

FRANKIE

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

AMATO

I don't give a rat's ass. You can go in with Tarzan in his fuckin' spotted jockstrap, if you can get him to do it, don't matter to me. But this thing's gotta move, all right?

FRANKIE

All right with me. I don't do something soon, I'm gonna have to go back and knock onna gate and say: "Lemme back in. I can't think of nothing and it's starting to get cold."

AMATO

Because it's just a matter of time, some other fresh bastard's gonna think of it and then it's gone and we haven't got the money. We're not the only smart guys in the world.

INT. CHRYSLER 300F (MOVING)- NIGHT.

RUSSELL is in the passenger seat:

RUSSELL

She looked really great. I mean, really. Beautiful big tits, fucked like it was going out of style. 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.

(MORE)

RUSSELL (cont'd)

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

I didn't say I wasn't going back. I  
said she was crazy. She's fuckin'  
batty. 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 really a  
good-looking girl. I'm just looking  
at her. 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. This girl, I used to go  
with: Janice. Had her pants glued  
on, for Christ sake. She wanted to  
get married. I didn't know  
anything, for Christ sake. Get  
married, go to jail, cut your foot  
off: I would've done it. I was so  
fuckin' horny I would've done  
anything to get laid. And I used to  
spend fuckin' hours trying to get  
my bare fuckin' hand on her bare  
fuckin' tit. I think it took me  
almost a year. I took her to drive-  
ins, I took her to dances, I fed  
her booze, I breathed in her  
fuckin' ear, and the night, I  
finally got my hand inside the bra.  
Inside. I came in my pants.

Russell laughs.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I did. And I hadda drive her home  
that way, all stuck together for  
Christ sake. And you know  
something?

(MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I was in love with that crazy kid.  
I probably would've married her.

RUSSELL

At some point, I hope, you got over  
being an asshole.

FRANKIE

I'm not sure. Then I got hooked and  
they try me, I was in the can the  
whole time, and they all come to  
the trial, her, my mother, my  
sister, my father too, now and  
then, and I got the time, there.  
Ten years. I didn't know what the  
fuck was going on. I wasn't even  
twenty-one years old. Somebody says  
ten years to me. What's that mean.  
That judge, you know what he said?  
"If you continue in this path,  
young man, you'll be in serious  
trouble before you're through."  
Then he gives me ten years. Serious  
trouble. That's probably when they  
cut your nuts off and make you eat  
them. So they're taking me away,  
and they're all crying, my mother's  
crying, Sandy's crying, Janice's  
crying, she's having' fuckin'  
hysterics. I just got ten and I  
never even got a hand-job off this  
broad and now I got to go through  
this? Pissed me off. And she says  
she's gonna do this, she's gonna do  
that, it was awful. So, I was in  
about three months, Sandy comes to  
see me. Janice's married. 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.

(MORE)

RUSSELL (cont'd)

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

Got a nice golf course here and  
everything, huh?

FRANKIE

Oh, they got all the nuts.

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. 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.

(MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

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. 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.

We hear the biblical voice of Johnny Cash:

*And I heard, as it were, the noise  
of thunder: One of the four beasts  
saying: "Come and see." And I saw.  
And behold, a white horse...*

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, as Johnny cash continues on the soundtrack:

*There's a man goin' 'round takin'  
names.*

*An' he decides who to free and who  
to blame.*

*Everybody won't be treated all the  
same.*

*There'll be a golden ladder  
reaching down.*

*When the man comes around.*

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.

(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. Look, anyway, there's lots of guys that stink.

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. For now it don't matter.

DRIVER

It doesn't?

JACKIE

We start with Trattman, and we start real good, too.

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 don't make a bit of difference  
if Trattman did it or somebody did  
it to Trattman. Once before,  
Trattman did something, right? And  
he lied about it. He was blowing  
smoke up the man's ass.

DRIVER

Correct.

JACKIE

This time, this time Trattman  
didn't blow no smoke.

DRIVER

Correct.

JACKIE

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

DRIVER

I've got no idea.

JACKIE

They think, they think: Trattman.

DRIVER

If that's what they think.

JACKIE

Counselor, take my word for it:  
that's what they think. He did it  
before, and nobody did nothin', and  
now he did it again.

(MORE)

JACKIE (cont'd)

And he's clipped guys that trusted him about eighty thousand, and he's still walking around and everybody knows he did it.

DRIVER

But he didn't do it. Not this time, anyway.

JACKIE

That's not what everybody knows. Shit, we're gonna have kids waiting in line, knock them fuckin' games over, they open up again. You got any idea how many wild-ass junkies there are around? If he gets away with this, well, we might as well just forget it, once and for all, and just quit. There's no two ways about it, Counselor. Trattman's gotta be hit.

DRIVER

Everybody loves Markie.

JACKIE

I like Markie too. So let's 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 blowing smoke again 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. He made a mistake.

DRIVER

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

JACKIE

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

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.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

STEVE CAPRIO joins his brother BARRY in a doorway opposite 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

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.

Iggy Pop crashes in, blasting us from all five speakers:

*Fun!*

*hey baby we like your lips!*

*Fun!*

*hey baby we like your pants!*

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

*...all*

*...aboard*

*...for*

*...funtime!*

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...

*Fun!*

*Hey, I feel lucky tonight!*

*Fun!*

*I'm gonna get stoned and run around!*

*...all*

*...aboard*

*...for*

...funtime!

INT. LTD/EXT. TERRACE HOTEL. NIGHT.

They see 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

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.

CUT TO:

INT. LTD. LATER.

The brothers, bored, listen to the radio drone:

'High financial crimes have been committed and now congress is being asked to bailout the culprits. 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 looks:

BARRY

The one with the yellow Chev.

STEVE

The next one.

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 moves  
slowly by the LTD.

INT. LTD. NIGHT.

Steve and Barry ease down on the seats.

They watch the Cadillac turn right at the end of the block  
and disappear.

BARRY

What the hell's he doing?

BARRY

Oh, shit. He's looking for a tail. He  
knows.

(beat)

Jackie, that prick.

STEVE

Jackie's all right.

BARRY

He's a mean little prick.

STEVE

Jackie don't beat guys up.

BARRY

No, but there's things that Jackie  
does do, you know? Like send us to  
deal with the emotional situation.  
We gotta deal with Markie's  
feelings, not him.

STEVE

Markie'll be all right.

BARRY

He's gonna make it hard on us.

STEVE

No, he won't.

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?

(MORE)

STEVE (cont'd)

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

(to Steve)

I told you, didn't I ? I told you, he was gonna make it hard on us.

STEVE

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?

The thumping beat of 'Boys Keep Swinging' begins on the soundtrack:

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.

*(Heaven loves ya!)*

*(The clouds part for ya!)*

*(Nothing stands in your way! When you're a boy!)*

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.

*(Boys!)*

Trattman screams softly through his bloody lips.

*(Boys!)*

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

*(Boys keep swinging!)*

...Trattman falls forward on the pavement...

*(Boys always work it out!)*

...and vomits...

*(Uncage the colours!)*

*(Unfurl the flag!)*

...half-digested steak and pink matter, and blood.

*(Luck just kissed you hello!)*

*(When you're a boy!)*

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; Voodoo Child (slight return), if  
we could afford it...

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:

EXT. RUSSELL'S MA'S HOUSE. DAY.

The GTO pulls up in front of Russell's Ma's house. Russell and Frankie get out. Russell gets his bag from the trunk, while Frankie takes in the front yard: It's a mess; absolutely covered in dogshit.

FRANKIE

Christ. You could smell this  
fuckin' yard in fuckin'  
Springfield.

RUSSELL'S MA appears at the front door, and starts in with:

RUSSELL'S MA

That's what I been telling 'im. I  
told him, all those dogs; they'll  
have the board of health down here.

RUSSELL

Yeah, Ma. The dogs're gone now. But  
you know what you did? You hurt my  
feelings. You shouldn't've moved up  
here, you should've stayed living  
where you were.

RUSSELL'S MA

(to Frankie)

My only son, he's in jail. I had to  
move up here so I could be around  
and visit him.

RUSSELL

(to Frankie)

Know how many times she visited me?  
Three times. Three times in almost  
three years.

RUSSELL'S MA

I brought you a cake once. They  
wouldn't let me bring it in.

RUSSELL

Shouldn't have put the file in it,  
Ma. I meant to tell you, they got  
the metal detector, there. They can  
spot the file.

RUSSELL'S MA

There was nothing in that cake.

RUSSELL

Fine mother, you are.

Russell slams the trunk.

INT. RUSSELL'S ROOM. DAY.

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

The dreamlike strains of 'Heroin' by the Velvet Underground issue forth from Russell's speakers.

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, cutting on the bass drum, creating the feeling of the drug enveloping the body, cocooning the user in a blissful state of isolation from all anxiety...

*...I*

*...don't know*

*...just where I'm going*

*...But I'm*

*...gonna try*

*...for the kingdom,*

*...if I can*

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. I thought I was  
gonna see the guy with the other  
stuff this morning, but I couldn't  
raise him.

FRANKIE  
You haven't dumped the stuff?

RUSSELL  
Dump it, Christ, no. I didn't hit  
it yet. I probably won't be able to  
move it till tonight, now, by the  
time I see him and everything.

(MORE)

RUSSELL (cont'd)  
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. 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. Petula Clarke on the radio:

*'Like a circle in a spiral  
Like a wheel within a wheel,  
Never ending or beginning,  
On an ever-spinning reel...'*

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. You seen him yourself,  
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. There's a  
lot of guys around that're afraid  
of Dillon and they don't even know  
it's Kenny they're really afraid  
of.

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. No, but we oughta take Russell out. That's the very first thing I thought of to do.

AMATO

That gonna be such a good idea?

FRANKIE

No. He did the damage already, and if we put him to sleep it'll just prove it to everybody, we're the guys that did it. No, right now the main thing we got to worry about is Kenny.

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.

(MORE)

AMATO (cont'd)

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.

Music in: The Velvet Underground and Nico:

*Wrap your troubles in dreams*

*Send them all away*

EXT. ABANDONED BRIDGE. DAY

Jackie approaches the Mercedes and opens the passenger door.

*'Put them in a bottle and*

*Across the seas they'll stay...'*

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

JACKIE

It's the Squirrel. I know the guy. He's a moron. He thinks he's a gambler. What he really is is a jerk. He don't gamble, he bets on everything. He's got a good business, too. 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?

(MORE)

JACKIE (cont'd)  
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:

DRIVER

Because they asked me to ask you about that.

JACKIE

You can tell them, I'm very sure.

DRIVER

Because they never okayed anything on the Doctor.

JACKIE

Is that so?

DRIVER

That's so. Mattie having worked with people an all.

JACKIE

Of course everybody's got their own way of doing business.

DRIVER

Of course.

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 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. You're their lawyer an all. Look, the games are closed, right? They know they gotta restore market confidence, they want people back in the games. People think it's Markie, so they whack Markie, people see they're taking action. The games start up again. You put it up to them that way, they'll agree with me right off. Give it a try.

DRIVER

I see what you mean, the public angle, an all. Assuming they agree with you, 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. He needed something done once, and Dillon couldn't do it, so I did it, and he paid me, 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. 'Feelings' by Albert Morris playing on a transistor radio:

*'Feelings. Nothing more than feelings...'*

JACKIE (V.O.)

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

*'Feelings, wo-o-o feelings...'*

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.

Music in: 'Dirty Deeds and they're done dirt cheap' by AC/DC

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. As he walks through the airport to the cab-rank, passing campaign workers, posters for McCain and Obama, we hear Bon Scott singing cheerfully:

*Dirty deeds and they're done dirt cheap*

*Dirty deeds and they're done dirt cheap*

*Dirty deeds and they're done dirt cheap*

*Dirty deeds and they're done dirt cheap*

*Concrete shoes*

*Cyanide T.N.T.*

*Done dirt cheap!*

*Ooo, neckties*

*Contracts*

*High voltage*

*Done dirt cheap!*

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 beefeater 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.

(MORE)

MICKEY (cont'd)

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. So, you wait, it'll die down. It always does.

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. Jesus, 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. I hadda leave the union on account of that. And I wasn't feeling good, you know? So I go the doctor, and he asks me: have I been under some kind of tension or something. Of course not, just gettin' my name in the paper all the time, more'n Rockefeller, I bet, and I'm getting hell from my wife, naturally. No, there's nothing bothering me. 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 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. 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. I'm under arrest. Felon in possession. So there I am. 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 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 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 was a lot younger then.

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. 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.

(MORE)

MICKEY (CONT'D)

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. Look, this other guy, the one you're doing?

JACKIE

Yeah.

MICKEY

Do him, and the way I get it, that's gonna do something to the guy I'm supposed to hit.

JACKIE

Got to.

MICKEY

Gonna make him relax, or something.

JACKIE

I think.

MICKEY

Okay, then. So, we got to give him a chance to relax then, haven't we? 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 sits opposite Jackie in the diner. 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.

The Valet, in a snorkel coat, starts walking down the street.

JACKIE

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

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  
eight consecutive green lights. 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.

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

Trattman's eyes widen with understanding. He stomps the gas, and the Caddy shoots forward.

Jackie starts laughing. Kenny is in a panic.

GILL

Fuck! What do I do?

JACKIE

Get after him, Kenny, for Christ sake.

Kenny accelerates, through the intersection, struggling to see the caddy ahead through the rain drenched windshield.

GILL

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Jackie wears a dreamy expression of amusement.

JACKIE

Don't let him get away, Kenny, that wouldn't be good.

The Caddy weaves crazily through the traffic ahead, clipping the side of a car, causing it to fishtail,

A sudden obstacle in Kenny's path!

He swerves wildly to avoid it!

And finds himself in the oncoming lane...

...Lights, horns, obstacles hurtling towards him, Kenny is breathing heavily, sweating, swerving, terrified.

GILL

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Jackie is cool, amused even, the kind of guy who always finds himself centered in chaos.

The 4-4-2 accelerates back into the right lane, great sheets of water gout through the air.

Kenny can see the Caddy ahead, rippling through the windshield.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Atta boy, Kenny. Right up next to him.

Kenny accelerates.

The 4-4-2 gains steadily on the Caddy.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

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

The rear of the Caddy appears in Jackie's window, framed like a picture: Trattman slides gradually into view under rain splattered glass, the man's mouth framed in an 'O' of terror.

Jackie raises the 30-06 and pulls the trigger:

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

The first bullet spins dreamily through space, rotating to the gentle strains of Momma Cass.

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

*(Stars shining bright above you)*

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

*(Night breezes seem to whisper, 'I love you,')*

More bullets fly like harmless messengers

*(Birds singing in the sycamore tree)*

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

*(Dream a little dream of me)*

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

*(Say nighty-night and kiss me)*

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

*(Just hold me tight and tell me you'll miss me.)*

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

*(While I'm alone and blue as can be,)*

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

*(Dream a little dream of me)*

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.

*(Stars fading, but I linger on, dear)*

*(Still craving your kiss)*

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.

MUSIC IN: 'Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues' by Bob Dylan.

(The following sequence is shot documentary style, a trip through the criminal justice system set to music, and will only be shot if we can get the song at an affordable price.)

INT. BACKSEAT DODGE POLARA

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

*'When you're lost in the rain in Juarez*

*And it's Easter-time too'*

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.

*'And your gravity fails*

*And negativity don't pull you through'*

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

*'Don't put on any airs*

*When you're down on Rue Morgue Avenue'*

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.

*'They got some hungry women there  
And they really make a mess outta you.'*

Russell is hit with delousing spray.

INT. CELL - COUNTY JAIL. NIGHT.

*'Sweet Melinda*

*The peasants call her the goddess of gloom.'*

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

*'She speaks good English,  
And she invites you up into her room.'*

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

Russell, in County Orange, shuffles toward the cell.

*'And you're so kind,  
And careful not to go to her too soon'*

The cell door is opened. 'Melinda' straightens up, and smacks his lips.

*'And she takes your voice  
And leaves you howling at the moon.'* The door slams shut on Russell.

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. The Birthday Party on the soundtrack:

*'I stuck a six-inch gold blade in the head of a girl*

*She: lying through her teeth,*

*him: lying on his back '*

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - AFTERNOON

The song continues as 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.

Mickey, in his T shirt and shorts, picks up the glass on the end of the table.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

(looking at the glass)  
This's empty.  
(to Jackie)  
Want one?

JACKIE

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. The girl walks in front of Jackie and stoops.

BLACK GIRL

Honey, could you zip me up.

JACKIE

No.

Sound of running water from the bathroom:

MICKEY (O.S.)

Screwing's no different'n anything else.

The girl straightens and turns to look at Jackie.

BLACK GIRL

I thought you were kidding.

JACKIE

I never kid.

(nods toward the bathroom)

Get your trick to do it.

Mickey comes out of the bathroom, the glass full of Scotch and water.

MICKEY

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. Your nice  
friend there wouldn't do it.

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.

Mickey goes back to his chair, sipping from the glass.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Half the job. Pisses me off.

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.

Mickey drinks.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

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)

Sure you won't join me?

JACKIE

Not late enough yet, either.

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.

JACKIE

She's still a great-looking girl, though.

MICKEY

She is. That fuckin' Sammy. She's good, Sunny. Sunny can't get you up, you're probably dead. My friend, I don't care what you say, I seen every kind of ass there is, you know that?

JACKIE

You've seen it this week. You been here, what, three days, what I hear, you had a look at most of the ass there is in town.

MICKEY

I like it. It's like a hobby with me, you know?

JACKIE

I couldn't do it. I couldn't fuck for three days. I'd get all fucked out.

MICKEY

I was your age, I felt exactly the same way.

JACKIE

I got work I got to do.

Mickey drinks.

MICKEY

I used to be the same way. Then, I dunno when it happened, I dunno why it happened, I just started doing it. I was having a terrible time with Margie, she's giving me all kinds of hell. But, boy, you want ass, there's no ass inna whole wide world like a young Jewish girl that's hookin'.

JACKIE

I'll keep it in mind.

MICKEY

That broad, Sunny, 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

You're gonna be all right, tomorrow  
or the next night?

MICKEY

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

JACKIE

Mickey. Look, this after, I'm  
supposed to meet a guy, all right?  
I think 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. I was gonna  
talk to him and then if I'm  
satisfied, I was gonna bring him up  
here to see you.

MICKEY

It's all right with me.

JACKIE

Well, it's not all right with me.  
Because you're not gonna be able to  
make it tonight, and I don't want  
this guy thinking about things too  
long, he's liable to go tell his  
brother.

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. Two-thirty in the afternoon,  
and he was finishing up a fight  
with another heavy cruiser he got  
from someplace. Really drunk,  
talking and everything, he can't  
remember what year things happened,  
for Christ sake, and 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.

DRIVER

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

JACKIE

Albert, how're they gonna know.

DRIVER

Ah.

Beat.

DRIVER

Okay, do it. Now, that leaves us with Amato.

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  
Geetoh 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.

(MORE)

JACKIE (cont'd)  
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.

(MORE)

JACKIE (cont'd)

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.

Roberta Flack can be heard on the radio:

JACKIE

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

*Strumming my pain with his fingers*

*Singing my life with his words*

JACKIE

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

*Killing me softly with his song*

*Killing me softly...*

FRANKIE

I'm... Jesus, I dunno.

*...with his song*

*Telling my whole life with his words.*

*Killing me softly...*

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, I told them this, by the way, I said: "There's two ways this thing can go. The hard way is, I do them both. The other way, I only gotta do one of them." I took a lot of shit for that. You know why I got them to go along with this?

FRANKIE

No.

JACKIE

I like to do something for a guy. I don't have to, but I like to. Now make the pick, kid, and make it right now. I'm gonna do you a favor, I'm 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. I told him I was gonna be home, I'd be home.

JACKIE

You're not gonna be.

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.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

There must be hundreds of guys, you can get. You don't need me.

Jackie shakes his head. 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.

FRANKIE

He stood up. He could've blamed it all on us.

JACKIE

In a way, he did.

FRANKIE

He did not. He never said shit.

JACKIE

He didn't say shit about you, maybe. Ever hear of the Doctor?

FRANKIE

Yeah, yeah. Dillon says he's dead. I know.

JACKIE

When're you talking to Dillon?

FRANKIE

I didn't talk to him. Johnny told me that, said Dillon said the Doctor's dead.

JACKIE

That shit. That fuckin' shit.

A brown Maverick Grabber passes behind the Duster.

FRANKIE

Still not them. Why?

JACKIE

Because he knows it himself. He knows very fuckin' well, the Doctor's dead.

FRANKIE

How's he know?

JACKIE

He paid a man, he paid a man, five thousand dollars, get the Doctor dead.

FRANKIE

Bullshit.

JACKIE

What's his wife's name, you want me to tell you what she looks like and everything, used to wear them big gold-hoop earrings? Connie.

FRANKIE

So what?

JACKIE

That's the broad that delivered the money. For the Doctor's ass. Think he'd pay that if he didn't know it was done?

Frankie doesn't answer.

JACKIE

You know why, Frankie, he got the Doctor?

FRANKIE

Yeah, I know.

JACKIE

Sure, Doctor made a mistake, did something he wasn't supposed to. That's why.

FRANKIE

Well, he did.

JACKIE

Sure he did. So'd he.

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.

Music in: Ruling Energy, by The Wreckery

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.

INT. DUSTER (MOVING) HIGHWAY. NIGHT

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

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 of Route 64. 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. The organ  
intro from 'That's Life' is playing on the radio.

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. Sinatra  
chimes in cheerfully:

*'That's life!*

*That's what all the people say*

*You're riding high in April,*

*Shot down in May'*

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. Nick Cave's voice pops joyfully out of the speakers:

*(Everybody got a room!)*

INT. MORGUE DAY.

Big close up of a toe being tagged.

*(Everybody got a room!)*

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

*(Everybody got a room in God's Hotel.)*

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

*(Everybody got a room!)*

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

*(You'll never see a sign hanging on the door)*

*(Sayin 'There ain't no rooms available here anymore!')*

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.

(MORE)

JACKIE (cont'd)

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 be sold into slavery.

(MORE)

JACKIE (cont'd)

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:

CREDITS, SET TO 'THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER' BY JIMI HENDRIX

Segue to 'Everybody Knows' by Leonard Cohen:

*'Everybody knows that the dice are loaded  
Everybody rolls with their fingers crossed  
Everybody knows that the war is over  
Everybody knows the good guys lost  
Everybody knows the fight was fixed  
The poor stay poor, the rich get rich  
That's how it goes  
Everybody knows  
Everybody knows that the boat is leaking  
Everybody knows that the captain lied  
Everybody got this broken feeling  
Like their father or their dog just died  
Everybody talking to their pockets  
Everybody wants a box of chocolates  
And a long stem rose  
Everybody knows'*