

lucky
#stevin

LUCKY SLEVIN

FADE IN:

1 UNKNOWN

1

We're inside. And that's all we really know, except for the fact that it's white...really white. White walls, white floors, white noise. Let's call it a terminal.

So, the terminal's white and it's quiet, practically empty...No one of consequence.

And then we see him, a man, John. And he's 30ish...Italian suit, razor blade shoes, flawless coiffure, a suitcase at his side.

Check John as he sits down on an uncomfortable blue thing that passes for a chair, in a row of uncomfortable blue things that pass for chairs.

He kicks up his feet on his suitcase, tilts his head back, watches a TV playing baseball scores in the b.g. He shakes his head, sighs, looks away from the TV, regards his surroundings.

He's alone. He closes his eyes. And for a moment...for a moment it's...black, until...

VOICE (O.C.)

There was a time.

John opens his eyes, turns and finds himself face to face with a man, a man sitting to his right, a man who wasn't there a moment ago...but, he's there now. This man goes by many names, but right now he's calling himself Smith.

JOHN

I'm sorry, were you talking to me?

SMITH

I's just saying there was a time.

JOHN

There was a time?

SMITH

Right. Take her for instance.

Smith points at an old lady ambling through the terminal, less than vital.

JOHN

The old lady?

SMITH
She's a fox.

JOHN
She's seventy.

SMITH
If she's a day. But, there was a
time. 'Sides friend, there's more
to life than just livin'.

John puzzles, turns.

JOHN
I don't follow.

SMITH
Well, good for you. The world
could use more leaders.
(beat)
You're...what? Forty long? Six
even? Hundred sixty pounds?

JOHN
That's pretty good.

SMITH
Got a name?

JOHN
John. And you are?

Smith extends his hand.

SMITH
Smith.

JOHN
You from around these parts Mr.
Smith?

SMITH
It's just Smith and no, I'm from
out-of-town.

JOHN
And what brings you in town?

SMITH
A Kansas City Shuffle.

JOHN
What's a Kansas City Shuffle?

SMITH

It's when everybody looks right,
and you go left.

JOHN

Never heard of it.

SMITH

Not somethin' people hear
about...tends to fall upon deaf
ears, and to be spoken only by
mutes. But, this particular one's
forty years in the makin'.

JOHN

Long time.

SMITH.

Well, it's no small matter.
There's planning, and then there's
the weather to consider.

(beat)

Involves a lot a people, people
connected by the slightest of
events...imperceptible...like
whispers in the night. In a place
that never forgets...even when
those people do.

FADE TO BLACK.

SMITH (CONT'D)

It all started back in 1964. We
had a Texan in the White House and
a Catholic in the ground...and
there was a horse.

SMASH CUT TO:

2 INT. BELMONT RACETRACK - JUNE 21, 1964 - DAY

2

The starting gates burst open, horses explode onto the track
and all we hear are the sounds of hoofs and the ringing of
bells.

COMMENTAOR

And they're off! The seven horse
has stolen the early lead, but the
three horse is close behind...

3 INT. STABLES - INTERCUT - THE NIGHT BEFORE 3

In a stall, we find A MAN AND A HORSE. The man we'll call DOC. The horse...NUMBER SEVEN.

Doc's under the watchful gaze of a PAIR OF HEAVIES -- GANGSTER #1 and GANGSTER #2. #1's in the stall #2's standing watch just outside.

Doc nods, indicating all's well. Gangster #1 jerks his head...blow, and Doc takes his cue to leave.

SMITH (V.O.)

It's what they called back then, a drugstore handicap. Guy wants what the fella calls a sure thing. So he schemes to make it so. They call in the Doc--a nobbler from Antwerp. Doc needled a dog at the Preakness in '63 and once Edisoned a three year old Filly at Churchill Downs. Doc was one hell of a duster.

GANGSTER #1

She'll seem on her oats.
Untraceable, Doc says.

GANGSTER #2

And Doc?

GANGSTER #1

He'll dust her ten minutes before start time, so she's napalm out the gate, and then he's invisible.

4 EXT. BELMONT RACE TRACK - INTERCUT - THE NIGHT BEFORE 4

Smith V (V.O.)

But fields have eyes and woods have ears, and some people are too clever by half.

Doc...alone...circling a pay phone, keeping a watchful eye, picks up the receiver, drops a dime.

DOC

Operator, I'd like to place a person-to-person call. Klondike 5...

CUT TO:

5 EXT. CATSKILL MOUNTAINS - THE NIGHT BEFORE 5

An old Yiddish summer haunt...tennis, dancing and a lotta old guys named Abe.

6 INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT 6

A nice little single, a ringing telephone on the bureau. Check ABE, 60's, an old yenta, picks up the phone.

ABE

I'll accept the charges, operator.
(into the phone)
Doc, what's the good word?

SMITH (V.O.)

A guy knows a guy, who knows a guy.
That's how these affairs always
begin...

CUT TO:

7 INT. MAIN DINING ROOM - THE NIGHT BEFORE 7

A dining room the size of a football field, sparkling, gaudy. A twenty-piece orchestra plays the music of the period. Hundreds of folks, in Catskill-formal wear, polyester and pearls...mingling.

Check the TWO OLD FELLAS, Abe and Abe's friend MORTY, sitting side by side at a table, the wives talking at the other end. A WAITER clears. Abe leans in. A secret.

ABE

Doc got a line on a doped-up
racehorse. The fix is in for
Belmont, on the Seven horse,
Sunday. The Seven horse in the
tenth race.

MORTY

Doped up?

ABE

To use the parlance of the time.
Just remember...seven horse, tenth
race. Keep it under your hat.

SMITH (V.O.)

And before you know it...folks are
gettin' a big dose of the gimmies
and raisin' all the wrong eyebrows.

Check the old waiter with his eyebrow raised.

CUT TO:

8 INT. EMPLOYEE'S QUARTERS - LATER 8

The old waiter, sitting on the side of the bed, tie loosened, telephone glued to his ear.

OLD WAITER
(into the phone)
Hey, Max. It's your old man, pay
attention, I got somethin' for ya.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. BROOKLYN, NYC - NIGHT 9

Brooklyn, 1964. Older model cars. A modest block. No millionaires here.

10 INT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT 10

MAX (30-35), a rundown working stiff stands in his darkened kitchen, quickly jotting down notes on a piece of paper, and quietly hangs up the phone, careful not to wake his sleeping wife.

He regards the piece of paper, A BROCHURE featuring an idyllic, Rockwellian sort of depiction of a nuclear family circa 1950, pointing to the big apple pie in the sky. And it reads:

"The Poconos. A better life."

And just below we see written in Max's own handwriting:

"Belmont, Sunday, 7 Horse, 10th Race."

He walks quietly back towards his bedroom, but stops for a moment in front of the refrigerator and looks at large crayon drawing that has "TO DAD LOVE MAX" scrawled across the top.

SMITH (V.O.)
And that Maneschevitz Grapevine
Wine spills into your ear and tells
you ya got a sure thing. And what's
worse is...you start to believe it.

BACK TO:

11 EXT BELMONT RACE TRACK - JUNE 21 1964 - DAY 11

The horses are rounding the first bend. Number Seven has now got a good lead on the other horses.

COMMENTAOR

Number Seven still out in front leading the charge and setting the pace!

CUT TO:

12 INT. 1964 CADILLAC EL DORADO - MORNING 12

Car parked. Behind the wheel we find MAX thumbing through the POCONOS BROCHURE.

SMITH (V.O.)

Least that's how it went with old Max, who wasn't so much old, as he was tired. Tired a not knowing who the Jones' were, but still tryin' desperately to keep up with 'em. And mostly tired a not having a front lawn.

13 INT. BOOKMAKER'S OFFICE - NYC - LATER 13

FAT JOE, a shady bookmaker whose portly moniker is well deserved, sits in his back office digging into a quart of roast pork lo mein, while simultaneously downing an egg roll, and jotting down notes into several books. A wall of TV's and RADIOS simultaneously plays numerous sporting events, Joe tracking all of them concurrently.

Max enters the office, escorted by a LARGE THUG. Fat Joe signals to the thug, letting him know that the kid's alright. The thug exits.

MAX

What's the skinny Fat Joe?

FAT JOE

The Skinny is, I ain't so skinny. What's a straight arrow like you doin' in a crooked place like this?

MAX

Bending.

FAT JOE

Don't bend too far, you might get broke.

MAX

I'm looking' for action.

FAT JOE

Go check out the Johnny Weismuller retrospective at the Waverly.

(turns to a TV)

Shit! Fucking Yanks are gonna be the death of me.

MAX

I want to place a bet.

FAT JOE

(staring at TV)

Where do you wanna put it?

MAX

Can we cut the shit Fat Joe?

FAT JOE

(turns to Max)

Why the sudden itch?

MAX

I feel lucky.

FAT JOE

(turns back to TV)

How much?

MAX

Twenty.

FAT JOE

(staring at TV)

I don't take bets under fifty, but for you...

MAX

Twenty large.

FAT JOE

(staring at TV)

You must feel real lucky.

Max shrugs his shoulders.

FAT JOE (CONT'D)

(turns to face Max)

Whattya wanna bet it on?

MAX

Belmont. Seven Horse. Tenth race.
Today.

FAT JOE

You think, you can waltz in here
and put one over on Fat Joe? Kid,
anything you know, I know twice.

(beat)

I'm gonna do you a favor college
boy. See that door over there? Turn
around and walk through it, and
don't let me catch you on this side
of it ever again. And I'll pretend
that you weren't in here trying to
speculate a drugstore handicap in
my shop.

Max turns (180 degrees) to exit

FAT JOE (cont'd)

Or...

Max freezes, back still to Fat Joe.

MAX

Or?

FAT JOE

Or, I can take your bet and lay it
off. I got a bookie's bookie. He
treats me right on the vig so I
make a couple of points. If your
horse wins I break even, and if she
should kiss the eighth pole I'll
make a quarter of the juice. I'll
give you 2 to 1 on the horse and...

Max turns to face Fat Joe.

MAX

The racing form says 9 to 1.

FAT JOE

So, go to the ticket window with
your twenty grand in hand and
you'll get 9 to 1, if the spread
sticks. Come in here with your
pockets turned out, and you'll get
2 to 1.

(MORE)

FAT JOE (cont'd)

That's the goin' rate for lint. The juice is ten. Usually, when I take a bet there's nothing at stake. I can cut a guy a break, because I like him. Because there's no tangibility to the wager. I'm not really losing money, if he can't pay. But now, in this particular instance, I'm laying the bet off, cause I know the fix is in. So if you lose, I lose. And if I lose I gotta pay. And if I gotta pay, you gotta pay. Twenty-two grand. Twenty for the bet, two for the juice. Can you pay these monies?

MAX

Yes.

FAT JOE

Now, normally, I would take your bet, knowing the fix is in, because I can piggyback it. This means I go to the track and lay down twenty G's on your horse, granted that the horse goes off at a higher spread than the spread I'm giving you. If your horse comes in, I'd make the difference between the spreads, if not I'd make the juice, in this case two grand. I can't lose unless you can't pay.

(beat)

Now, I'm not gonna go this particular route with you, for two reasons: One, I can't raise the capital to piggyback any more bets on this race. Two, I don't think you can pay. So if you lose, you will owe a lot of money to the kind of men that you do not want to owe even the smallest amount of money to.

(beat)

Now, let me explain what this means. For fifty bucks you tuck your tail between your legs, take a walk, and never show your face East of the river again. For a hundred they break your pinky. For a nickel, your whole hand. For a dime, a guy breaks your legs.

(MORE)

FAT JOE (cont'd)

For five they break everything, maybe even make your wife ugly like the man says. For ten they defenestrate you, which means they throw you out of a window. Maybe you live, maybe you die. Maybe the window's open, maybe it's closed. Anything over ten and you're pushin' up daisies. How much over ten dictates the severity of the process. You're at twenty dimes. At that particular level you get drawn and quartered. Every dollar amount has an anatomical counterpart. Who says you can't put a price on a human being? They got it tagged out like a garage sale.

MAX

Except fifty.

FAT JOE

What?

MAX

For fifty, you tuck your tail between your legs, take a walk...
(mockingly)
...never show your face East of the river again.

FAT JOE

Schmuck, listen. The race is on Sunday. Sunday is collection day. Monday is payday. No exceptions.

14 EXT. HOUSE -DAY

14

We follow a large pair of shoes walking down stairs, then a smaller pair of sneakers come into the frame. We slowly pan up to reveal Max and a small boy walking down the front stairs of a house.

KID

Hey ya Dad.

Max musses the kid's hair.

MAX

Hey sport. We just gotta make one stop.

Max and his son get in the car and start driving.

15 EXT. PARKING LOT - BELMONT RACETRACK - JUNE 21, 1964 15

The parking lot is humming: old cars driving in and out.
Winners dancing. Losers sulking.

16 INT. A 1964 CADILLAC EL DORADO - CONTINUOUS 16

Max behind the wheel. MAX'S YOUNG SON sits in the passenger
seat playing with a G.I. JOE DOLL.

MAX

If your ma asks, where did we go
today?

THE SON

Shea Stadium.

MAX

To see...

THE SON

Mets, Phillies.

MAX

Gimme the postgame.

THE SON

Phillies, six nothing. Jim Bunning
Pitched a perfect game, only the
fifth one in history, unless you
count the two thrown prior to the
modern era of baseball: John Ward,
Providence vs. Buffalo five
nothing, June 17, 1880 and John
Richmond, Worcester vs. Cleveland
one nothing, June 12, 1880. And of
course the two unofficial perfect
games...

MAX

Ok, ok, I think she'll buy it. You
get all that from the radio?

The son nods his head yes, while innocently playing with his
G.I. Joe doll, complete with kung-fu grip.

MAX (cont'd)

No shit?

THE SON

Johnny Callison hit a home run.
Tracy Stallard gave up six runs in
the first five innings and was...

MAX

Alright, alright, I think she'll buy it. J. Edgar Hoover would buy it. I'll be right back.

The son takes off his seat belt and begins to open the passenger door.

MAX (CONT'D)

You have to stay in the car.

THE SON

Why?

MAX

Because they don't let little boys inside the track.

THE SON

Saul's dad takes him to the track.

MAX

Saul's dad is a degenerate gambler. If you're the son of a degenerate gambler they let you in. It's economically viable.

THE SON

Are you gonna be a degenerate gambler?

MAX

You know better than that. Your old man is smart. He only plays the sure thing. This money's gonna put you through Harvard. You're gonna be a doctor. But, until then you have to wait in the car.

THE SON

Until I'm a doctor?

MAX

Yes, until you're a doctor...or until the end of the race, whichever comes first. I love you sport.

Max turns and hugs his son.

He gets out and walks off towards the racetrack.

BACK TO:

17 INT. BELMONT RACE TRACK - JUNE 21 1964 - DAY

17

We're back at the race, the horses flying around the last bend. Number Seven WAY out in front.

We now see MAX in the crowd, right in the thick of it, waving his racing form.

Check the race board, which reads June 21, 1964, Belmont Race 10. The crowd roars as does Max.

COMMENTAOR

And down the stretch they come!
Number Seven has the race in the bag with a ten length lead. It's going to be Number Seven all the way!

The Seven Horse flies down the stretch, drenched in sweat a ferocious look in its eye. The jocky spurs him on even harder. Whips him one more time, the look in the horse's eye changes.

COMMENTATOR

Wait a second...it looks like
Number Seven is slowing down.

Slow motion, the horse's eye closes, it's breath stops. The horse begins to collapse.

Max looks on in disbelief. His racing form slowly falls from his hand.

The horse's body hits the turf, spraying dirt. The jockey tumbles off. Tight on the horse's head slamming into the ground...ten feet from the finish line. Simultaneously, Max's racing form hits the ground.

COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)

It...it appears...it appears as if
the seven horse has...collapsed. It
looks as though the seven horse
is...dead.

18 EXT. PARKING LOT - BELMONT RACETRACK - MINUTES LATER

18

Max, looking forlorn, walks through the parking lot. Max's son waves. Max waves back. Max walks slowly through the parking lot, looking like a ghost. A large, thuggish looking MAN approaches him.

THUG

You got a light.

Max sits beneath a radius of light, tied to a chair. The light glimmers off his gold watch as unseen figures move through the shadows.

A HENCHMAN comes from the darkness and throws a PLASTIC BAG over Max's head and seals it with DUCT TAPE. The bag inflates and deflates as Max tries to breathe.

MAN #1

Let's go to lunch.

(to The Thug)

Don't forget to clean up, Jimmy.

Two MEN, still unseen, exit the basement.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

23

UNKNOWN

23

Where we started. John and the man who calls himself Smith.

JOHN

That's quite a story mister.

SMITH

Charlie Chaplin entered a Charlie Chaplin look-alike contest in Monte Carlo. He came in third. Now, that's a story.

JOHN

What happened to the kid?

SMITH

He grew up.

JOHN

So, that was a Kansas City Shuffle, then?

SMITH

No. That was the incident. The catalyst. This, is a Kansas City Shuffle.

Smith extends his right arm, snaps his fingers. John turns reflexively toward the snapping fingers, then back to Smith, who's pointing a gun at him.

Smith (cont'd)

They look right...

THWIP! Right between the eyes.

SMITH (CONT'D)
...you go left.

John slumps in the chair, a tiny hole in his head.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Like I said friend. There's more
to life than just livin'.
(beat)
'Sides. Everybody knows you can't
have a Kansas City Shuffle without
a body.

SMASH CUT TO:

24 INT. TERMINAL 24

Smith, walking through the terminal, pushing a wheelchair.
In the wheelchair we see...John, dead, done up in a sombrero,
sunglasses and a Mexican get up.

MUSIC IN:

Bob Dylan's *Ballad of a Thin Man*

THE CREDITS ROLL.

25 EXT. LAX AIRPORT - DAYTIME - ESTABLISHING - PRESENT DAY 25

26 INT. LAX AIRPORT - CHECK-IN COUNTER - DAYTIME 26

A man, Slevin, stands at the check-in counter with his duffle
bag. Slevin is the type of guy who shrugs his shoulders after
a piano falls from the sky and just misses him.

AIRLINE AGENT
Did you pack your own bags?

Slevin nods Yes.

AIRLINE AGENT (CONT'D)
Have your bags been out of your
sight?

Slevin shakes his head no.

AIRLINE AGENT (CONT'D)
Have you received anything from
anyone you do not know?

SLEVIN

Well, I've never met my Great
Grandfather, but I'm told I have
his smile.

27 INT. AIRPLANE - COACH 27

Slevin is sitting uncomfortably in a middle seat, all crammed
in, watching the in-flight movie.

AD LIB airplane banter.

28 INT. JFK 28

Slevin stumbles through the airport.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. SYNAGOGUE - LOWER EAST SIDE, NY - NIGHTTIME 29

30 INT. BENNY BEGIN'S BOOKMAKING OPERATION - BASEMENT 30

BENNY BEGIN a middle-aged Jewish bookie, sits at his desk,
across from an UNSEEN INDIVIDUAL.

BENNY

What's with the umbrella?

UNSEEN INDIVIDUAL

I don't want to get blood on me.

We hear a BOLT sound. A RETRACTABLE OSS SLEEVE BLADE.

THE UNSEEN INDIVIDUAL extends his arm across the desk and
swipes it horizontally through the air and opens his
UMBRELLA.

31 CLOSE-UP - GAPING WOUND - BENNY'S THROAT 31

The blade disappears back into the unseen individual's
sleeve. Careful to avoid arterial spray, the unseen
individual reaches over the desk and retrieves a black and
white marble notebook.

CUT TO:

32 INT. TERMINAL 32

Smith and the dead guy, closer and closer.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. HARLEM - HENRY HUDSON PKWY (9A) - MORNING 33

34 EXT. HARLEM STRONGHOLD 34

The stronghold, hidden beneath foliage, is nestled in the cliff that lines the Henry Hudson Parkway. Sentries are posted on the rooftop and on the edge of the cliff.

35 INT. HARLEM STRONGHOLD 35

SLIM HOPKINS' BOOKMAKING OPERATION. The same UNSEEN INDIVIDUAL now sits across from SLIM HOPKINS who is examining the pages of his BETTING LOG.

UNSEEN INDIVIDUAL
So, you're Slim Hopkins?

SLIM HOPKINS
Shit, who else could I be?

UNSEEN INDIVIDUAL
Right now, it would be better for
you to be anyone else.

UNSEEN INDIVIDUAL raises SILENCED SEMI-AUTO and shoots Slim in the head, and lunges forward to grab the betting log.

CUT TO:

36 INT. TERMINAL 36

Smith and the dead guy continue toward the camera, getting closer and closer. The faint sounds of a fiesta growing nearer.

37 EXT. TERMINAL 37

Smith and the dead guy exit the terminal. The streets are cluttered with people dressed just like the John... Mexican Independence Day in Downtown Los Angeles, right in front of the new train station.

Everyone is drunk and slapping the dead guy on the shoulder. Smith cuts through the crowd, and walks down an empty alleyway.

A door opens in the street. A hint of light, as cargo elevator rises and stops. Smith wheels the dead guy onto the elevator, it descends immediately.

38 INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 38

Smith wheels the dead guy through the dark basement, and they stop in front of a 4x6 metal container.

A man appears from the darkness. Lifts the cover to the bin...hot air mixing with cool, some kind of refrigeration unit. A hint of light.

Smith and the other fella lift John into the bin.

CORPSE POV

SMITH
New York. One week. Midnight.

As Smith closes the bin and we...

SNAP TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

39 EXT. MANHATTAN, NY - MORNING - NEXT DAY 39

A YOUNG BLACK MAN, RAFF, is walking down the block with THREE BLACK BODYGUARDS. Beginning with the YOUNG MAN, each is shot in the head.

CRANE UP - TO REVEAL:

40 EXT. ROOFTOP 40

Disappearing SNIPER RIFLE wielded by a faceless figure.

41 EXT. CEMETERY - FUNERAL - DAYS LATER 41

AD LIB funeral banter.

The funeral is populated with ANACHRONISTIC, BLACK GANGSTERS, in BOWLERS and PINSTRIPES, RINGS and CANES, who seem to have time-warped from 1970's Harlem.

4 SMALL DV CAMERAS are positioned at all four corners of the funeral. A BLACK VAN is parked on the perimeter, a small TRANSMITTING DISH is extended 10 feet into the air.

CLOSE-UP - THE CASKET BEING LOWERED INTO THE GROUND

The image of the casket being lowered into the ground goes grainy. The camera pulls back to reveal a state of the art FLATSCREEN MONITOR broken into four squares representing each camera at the funeral. A GLOVED HAND clicks the LEFT BUTTON on the mouse, ENLARGING the image of the casket being lowered into the ground. The gloved hand belongs to an UNSEEN FIGURE seated in a TALL, BLACK SWIVEL CHAIR. The chair ominously swivels back and forth. The gloved hand clicks the mouse, closing out the enlarged frame. The four frames return.

The gloved hand clicks the mouse again, and the screen goes black.

42 EXT. ROOFTOP 8TH AVENUE STRONGHOLD 42

SNIPERS patrol the rooftop. The Black Van from the funeral pulls up in front of the building.

We drop vertically from the roof down into the...

43 INT. SEWER 43

TWO SENTRIES with HEADLIGHTS, WALKIE TALKIES and SHOTGUNS patrol the sewer. A ray of light hits the sewer through a GUTTER, one of the Sentries watches the street through the opening. He watches as the The Gangsters from the funeral disembark from the van. AD LIB walkie talkie banter.

TWO SENTRIES guard the building entrance. The Sentries open the doors for their "associates".

44 INT. 8TH AVENUE STRONGHOLD 44

The ELEVATOR DOORS open. The FIVE MEN enter the car. ELVIS presses the PH BUTTON (20 Flights).

ELVIS
(looking up)
Happiness is a warm gun.

45 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT 45

Riding on top of the elevator is THE ELEVATOR MAN. Armed with a SHOTGUN that is pointed down on the elevator car, the elevator man awaits the password from the riders. Any unauthorized occupants will be shot. After the password is accepted the elevator man flips the manual override switch.

Floor by floor from the GROUND to the ROOFTOP we ascend vertically through the Stronghold. On each floor there are armed SENTRIES, MONEY COUNTERS, HOOKERS, GAMBLING, etc...

The elevator doors open on a giant corridor with vaulted ceilings. They exit the elevator and stop in front of a pair of giant WOODEN DOORS. KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK

46 ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOORS... 46

A BUZZER sounds. The doors open, and the men enter the room. The swivel chair is swaying back and forth, the back of the chair is to the door.

FU

I say we take the cat out of the alley, permanent like.

The door closes behind them.

THE BOSS

Is that what you say? Fu.

The men are startled to find THE BOSS (ODI FIEND) materialized from thin air, standing behind them. Odi Fiend is black and walks with a cane. The swivel chair does a 180, revealing that it is empty. Odi Fiend is a scary cat.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Elvis, could you please open the window.

ELVIS (40-50) walks to a window facing the courtyard and opens both panes outward.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Now Fu, you were assigned to Raff's protection detail on the morning in question...Correct?

FU

True.

THE BOSS

And yet you are still operative while everyone else, in said detail, is Toe Tagged. Now, why is that?

FU

I was...

The Boss chops Fu in the throat, Fu's hands instinctively clutch his throat, The Boss takes a knee and delivers a swift punch to Fu's groin, Fu falls forward onto The Boss's right shoulder. The Boss stands and, with Fu in tow, walks calmly to the open window and drops him out the window. Fu falls 20 stories to the COURTYARD below.

He then coolly turns around, and walks back toward the remaining four men, straightening his tie. His demeanor and pulse unchanged by the preceding incident.

THE BOSS

It does not matter why Fu's presence was not present.

(MORE)

THE BOSS (cont'd)

You see, when you are protecting my interests, me and mine come before you and yours. And then there were four.

ELVIS

Are we taking down the Rabbi?

THE BOSS

Negatory. I want an outsider brought in. A specialist. Someone who can do the thing and make it look like it is what it ain't.

ELVIS

Who's the target?

THE BOSS

The Rabbi's Son.

47 INT. 8TH AVENUE STRONGHOLD 47

Elvis walks into the room. The Boss is sitting quietly at his desk.

ELVIS

Your specialist is en route.

48 EXT. JFK AIRPORT - ESTABLISHING 48

A 747 flies overhead.

ELVIS (V.O.)

He should be here by supper.

49 INT. JFK AIRPORT 49

ELVIS (V.O.)

His name is Goodkat...Mister Goodkat. Dude catches bullets with his teeth.

MR. GOODKAT is dressed in black. He has a not-to-be-fucked-with look about him; the kind of man who could conjure up all of the evil in the world with three words. He also happens to be SMITH from the opening of the film.

He's walking through JFK Airport with a newspaper under his arm. Goodkat stops in front of a row of LOCKERS and inserts a KEY into one of the lockers removing a black BRIEFCASE.

50

INT. 8TH AVENUE STRONGHOLD

50

Mr. Goodkat sits quietly in The Boss's office. The Boss enters with Elvis and SLOE. Elvis nods to Sloe, motioning to Mr. Goodkat. Sloe approaches Mr. Goodkat.

SLOE

Got to give a you the once over.

MR. GOODKAT

In hopes of discovering what?

SLOE

Whether or not you're packing.

MR. GOODKAT

I kill people for a living, of course I'm packing.

THE BOSS

Forget it Sloe.

(to Mr. Goodkat)

Sorry I'm late. Slim Hopkins, the cat that ran my book, got hit last night. Down to the business of the business. This cannot look like a job.

MR. GOODKAT

Who's the target?

THE BOSS

His name is Yitzchok Malman.

MR. GOODKAT

The Rabbi's son?

THE BOSS

Do you know the Rabbi?

MR. GOODKAT

I know of the Rabbi. We have a dead bookie and a job that cannot look like a job...Done.

THE BOSS

How?

MR. GOODKAT

Slim's book.

THE BOSS

His book got took by whoever did him, but I keep dupes. Shouldn't be more than a week behind.

Elvis brings a B&W MARBLE BOOK over. Mr. Goodkat turns the pages.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

I'm just a tourist in Slim's berg. He knew his operation inside out. What are you looking for?

MR. GOODKAT

A loser.

Mr. Goodkat flips the book around to show The Boss.

51 CLOSE-UP - THE NOTEBOOK - THE NAME NICK LIME 51

MR. GOODKAT

This is our guy. Nick Lime. He's into you for the GNP of a small Eastern Block country.

THE BOSS

(to Elvis and Sloe)
Go pick him up.

52 EXT. 8TH AVENUE STRONGHOLD - OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET 52

53 INT. THE RABBI'S 8TH AVENUE STRONGHOLD 53

The Rabbi's stronghold is directly across the street from The Boss's. Neither man has left his respective stronghold in years. Both men are targeted by the POLICE, RIVAL GROUPS and, more specifically, ONE ANOTHER. Mr. Goodkat is sitting across from SHLOMO, an old, corrupt RABBI.

SHLOMO

Mr...Smith...how can I be of service to you?

MR. GOODKAT

The question is, how can I be of service to you?

SHLOMO

Pray tell.

MR. GOODKAT

Debt collection. The collection of one debt in particular.

SHLOMO
That's very good of you, but...

MR. GOODKAT
It has come to my attention that
you are low on...personnel.

SHLOMO
Poor Benny.

MR. GOODKAT
I would like to acquire someone's
markers.

SHLOMO
Whose?

MR. GOODKAT
A flop from Benny's book. Nick
Lime...

54 INT. HALLWAY - NICK LIME'S APARTMENT BUILDING 54

LINDSEY (late 20's) blonde hair and light, blue eyes. Sexy
and quick witted in a *His Girl Friday* sort of way. Lindsey
KNOCKS on the door.

55 INT. NICK LIME'S APARTMENT 55

Slevin walks through the living room wearing a towel. He
opens the door.

LINDSEY
Took you long enough...
(surprised)
You're not Nick?

SLEVIN
And you're not as tall as I thought
you'd be.

LINDSEY
Come again?

SLEVIN
I can usually tell how tall someone
is by their knock. You have a
deceptively tall knock.

LINDSEY
I get that all the time. It's
because I'm short for my height.
Who are you?

SLEVIN

Slevin.

LINDSEY

What are you doing here?

SLEVIN

It all started last night when...

SMASH TO:

56 CLOSE-UP - AMBIGUOUS BLACK MASS 56

PULL BACK - TO REVEAL - THE PUPIL OF A GOLDFISH

57 INT. SLEVIN'S GIRLFRIEND'S APARTMENT - L.A. - (FLASHBACK) 57

THE GOLDFISH remains motionless. Slevin walks to the FISHTANK, and bends at the knees so that he is eye level with the goldfish.

SLEVIN

Did I miss anything?

The goldfish bolts into his CASTLE.

58 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 58

Slevin emerges from the refrigerator with a carton of milk. He opens the milk and raises the carton to his lips.

SLEVIN (V.O.)

I don't pretend to have rights to any given day, but that particular day, that day being the day before this day, was not my day. That is to say, it didn't belong to me, and if it did I would throw it away, and move far away from the place where I had thrown it.

(beat)

They say bad things happen in threes. Now, They...say a lot of things, and in the aggregate of the things that they say, they have been known to be both right and wrong. This was one of those times when they were right. Right as rain. Although, I don't know what that means to be right as rain...it's just something they say.

(beat)

(MORE)

SLEVIN (V.O.) (cont'd)

First I lost my job.

B, I came home to find out that my apartment building had been condemned. And then on my way back from the Knicks-Lakers game...

(beat)

Now, I couldn't go back to my place, so I went to her's...my girlfriend's. I had a key so I let myself in.

Slevin is about to swig from the carton, but is startled by a NOISE. He lowers the milk and leaves the kitchen to investigate. Slevin walks to the bedroom and stops. He stands behind the closed door and listens to the GRUNTS permeating the air. He opens the door and...

59

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

59

A MAN and a WOMAN are in bed having sex, DOGGY STYLE. Slevin inadvertently drops the carton of milk. The carton falls to the floor. The man and woman stop mid-coitus and look up in shock, but never break penetration.

SLEVIN

Don't stop on my account.

THE MAN

Slevin, it's not what it looks like my man.

SLEVIN

No...my man? Well, from here it looks like you are fucking my girlfriend, and she doesn't appear to be gouging your eyes out, so I'm going to go out on a limb here and say that it is in fact consensual. But, that's just what it looks like...from here...my man.

THE GIRL

Slevin, it was an accident.

SLEVIN

Like he tripped and you fell?

Slevin turns and exits, closing the door behind him. He passes the goldfish on his way out of the apartment.

SLEVIN (CONT'D)

(to the goldfish)

Thanks, Ernie.

SLEVIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 The first person I told was Nick.
 Actually, he's the only person I
 told... besides you.

60 INT. SLEVIN'S FLEA BAG MOTEL/NICK'S APT.- (FLASHBACK) 60
 We INTERCUT between their phone conversation.

NICK
 Typical LA, man. You should have
 seen it coming...It's not so bad,
 though...if you think about it.

SLEVIN
 I'm in a flea bag motel that rents
 rooms by the hour, I got canned,
 and it turns out that the woman I
 loved didn't love me.

NICK
 You don't know that, it could've
 just been physical, man.

SLEVIN
 Thanks man. That feels better. If
 someone could just walk in here
 right now and kick me in the balls,
 my life would be perfect.

NICK
 Listen...the girl was a total
 bimbo. And your friend...what's his
 name, did you a favor. Better you
 should find out now than ten years
 down the line, when you've got
 shared assets and liabilities and
 mortgages, dependents, and co-
 dependents and such. And it turns
 out she's fucking your boss, and he
 fires you, and has one of his
 cronies at the IRS give you an
 audit, just to be a prick, cause
 that's the kind of guy he is. I
 don't know why you ever went to
 work for him in the first place.

(MORE)

NICK (cont'd)

Anyway, she puts a hit out on you, because she wants custody of the children, only something goes wrong, and your ex-boss, her lover, has her killed because she mistakenly stumbles onto the fact that his business is actually a mob front; you know money laundering and all that that implies. He frames you for the murder, the cops pick you up...

SLEVIN

...but, I escape in a fiery bus wreck, and spend the rest of my days and nights on the run searching for the one armed man.

NICK

Who's telling the story here? Listen, I'm leaving for Europe tomorrow. I've got a six month contract with Life Magazine. The rents all paid up. Come to New York...stay in my place.

SLEVIN

I don't know.

SMASH TO:

61 INT. AIRPLANE - (FLASHBACK) 61

The ROAR of the engine is replaced by a telephone RING.

NICK

(half asleep)

Hello.

62 EXT. AREIAL VIEW OF MANHATTAN 62

SLEVIN (V.O.)

It's Slevin, I caught a red-eye. I'll be in New York in about three hours.

NICK (V.O.)

Ain't that just cause for an upside-down frown. I won't be here, I've got to catch a plane.

63 INT. JFK AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM 63

Slevin walks though the airport.

SLEVIN (V.O.)

What's the flight number? I'll meet you in the airport.

64 INT. NYC SUBWAY PLATFORM - THE A TRAIN 64

THE SUBWAY arrives and Slevin boards.

65 INT. TIME SQUARE - N/R TRAIN PLATFORM 65

THE SUBWAY arrives and Slevin boards.

NICK (V.O.)

I don't know. People only know flight numbers after the plane crashes. They get them from the made for TV movies.

(throaty voice)

Flight 106: The Not So Friendly Skies.

(beat)

Besides, I do not want to see you at seven in the A.M. I am a walking zombie. My objective is to crawl onto the plane, harass a hottie flight attendant, drain a pre-flight Bloody Mary, pop two or three in-flight Valium, Blues of course, and wake up in a country where cigarette smoking is encouraged in anyone over the age of five. I'll leave the key under the mat.

66 EXT. PRINCE STREET - CONTINUOUS 66

Slevin emerges from the underground.

SLEVIN (V.O.)

How do I get in the front door?

NICK (V.O.)

There's a potted plant, in front of the building, I'll leave it under there on my way out. Now, the fascist, megalomaniacal management group that oversees this tenement strictly forbids any unsanctioned sub-letting. So if anyone asks, just pretend you're me.

67

EXT. ATM MACHINE - SOHO - CONTINUOUS

67

Slevin is standing at the ATM machine making a withdrawal. The street is desolate at this hour of the morning. Slevin removes the BILLS from the ATM machine and stuffs them into his pocket. Slevin turns to leave but is stopped by a LARGE BLACK MAN who towers over him.

MUGGER

Say man, you got the time?

Slevin looks down at his watch.

SLEVIN

Quarter to eight.

Slevin begins to walk away, but...

MUGGER

Say man, you got smokes?

Slevin reaches into his shirt pocket and fishes out a pack of MARLBORO REDS. Slevin opens the pack, grabs a cigarette, and hands it to the mugger.

MUGGER (CONT'D)

Say man, why don't you just gimme the whole pack...

(beat)

...and your wallet too?

SLEVIN

Am I being mugged?

MUGGER

No, this how I get dates.

(beat)

Yes, you're being mugged. Now be quick about it. Cash, cards, jewels...

SLEVIN

Do you have a gun?

MUGGER

You think I need a gun to rob your skinny white ass?

Slevin SHRUGS his shoulders. The mugger lifts his shirt to reveal a small, .38 SPECIAL nuzzled between his worn jeans and protruding gut.

MUGGER (CONT'D)

Yeah, I got a gun motherfucker, if that makes you warm all over. Now gimme your shit.

SLEVIN

Is it alright if I keep my wallet and just give you the rest of my...

The mugger punches Slevin in the stomach. Slevin keels over in pain and falls to the ground. The mugger grabs the wallet from Slevin's outstretched hand.

68 INT. HALLWAY - NICK LIME'S APARTMENT BUILDING 68

Slevin is limping through the hallway. He stops in front of a door, bends down, and takes the KEY out from under the mat.

69 INT. BATHROOM - NICK LIME'S APARTMENT 69

Slevin is in a TOWEL. The opaque shower curtain is drawn closed. He is shaving in front of the bathroom mirror, when he cuts himself right below his left cheekbone.

SLEVIN

Shit!

A KNOCK is heard at the front door.

SLEVIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

At that point I opened the door and there you were, shorter than expected, but there nevertheless.

BACK TO:

70 INT. LIVINGROOM - NICK LIME'S APARTMENT - PRESENT DAY 70

LINDSEY

He never told me he was going away.

Slevin SHRUGS his shoulders.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

And that does not look like a shaving cut.

Lindsey points to a blood stain on the carpet. Slevin points to his shaving cut.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Want me to take a look at it?

SLEVIN
You're a doctor?

LINDSEY
Coroner.

SLEVIN
I hear it's a dead profession.

LINDSEY
Nickel please.

SLEVIN
Excuse me.

LINDSEY
Every time someone uses that bit I
take a nickel from them. This way
I'll never say that I wish I had a
nickel for every time I heard that
line, because I actually will.

Slevin picks up a QUARTER from a nearby table.

SLEVIN
I don't have anything smaller than
a quarter.

LINDSEY
(opening her purse)
I'll make change.

Lindsey gives Slevin two dimes, he hands her the QUARTER.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)
How did you manage to get mugged at
eight in the morning?

SLEVIN
Quarter to eight.

71 INSERT - THE WATCH ON SLEVIN'S WRIST

71

LINDSEY
The mugger wasn't plying his trade
very competently. Not the ever so
clever hold-up man that this city
normally takes pride in spawning.

SLEVIN
Why's that?

LINDSEY

The watch your wearing: it's a Patek Phillippe.

SLEVIN

It's a fake.

LINDSEY

He didn't know that. Watches are cash cows on the street. Even a cheap fake will get you five bucks.

SLEVIN

Maybe he didn't see it?

LINDSEY

Of course he did, he asked you for the time.

SLEVIN

How'd you...?

LINDSEY

You said you were mugged at a quarter to eight. Right before he mugged you, he asked you for the time, and that's why you know exactly what time it was. It's a common mugging technique.

Lindsey points to a DUFFLE BAG in the corner of the room.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Is that your duffle bag?

Slevin nods.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

This might've been the worst mugging ever perpetrated on a human being on a Manhattan sidewalk. I'm embarrassed to be a New Yorker.

SLEVIN

I'm sorry that he didn't kill me.

LINDSEY

What are you going to do for money?

SLEVIN

I always keep the bulk of my cash in a money belt when I travel, just in case the situation should arise.

(MORE)

SLEVIN (cont'd)
Problem is, I forgot all about it,
hence the trip to the ATM.

LINDSEY
So, you're an old hand at this?

SLEVIN
I get mugged all the time.

LINDSEY
What do you do?

SLEVIN
I'm a world-class assassin.

LINDSEY
And you get mugged all of the time?

SLEVIN
I have trouble getting to my gun in
time. It always gets caught in
my...

Slevin points to the small of his back.

SLEVIN (CONT'D)
...like right here.

LINDSEY
Can I use your bathroom?

SLEVIN
The toilet overflowed.

LINDSEY
In that case, I ought to get going.

SLEVIN
I ought to get dressed...Listen,
about the megalomaniacal management
company...

LINDSEY
Don't worry, your secret is safe
with me...
(she winks)
Nick.

Lindsey exits. Slevin opens his towel in order to make it tighter. The door re-opens and Lindsey re-enters the apartment. Slevin, like a deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming automobile, just stands there frozen with his towel open. Lindsey looks down at the open towel, smiles, than looks up at Slevin.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Can I borrow a cup of sugar?

Slevin closes his towel.

SLEVIN

What?

LINDSEY

Sugar...A cup of...May I borrow one?

SLEVIN

Sure.

Lindsey puts her PURSE down and walks into the kitchen.

LINDSEY (O.S.)

People actually do that, you know? I mean, borrow cups of sugar from their neighbors. I never gave it much thought, until I put up a fresh pot of coffee and found myself without sugar. I was on my way to the deli, and then I thought Nick...he would have sugar. I come here and find you, but I forget to ask for the sugar. You tell me your life story, I leave, sugarless, I come back in, you put your penis on display, and although my coffee has probably gone bad by now, I insist on following through.

Lindsey re-enters the living room with a CUP OF SUGAR.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

It's like something out of a Norman Rockwell painting.

(beat)

Not you putting your penis on display. I mean the neighbors borrowing sugar from one another thing. Very Andy Griffith. The penis thing, not very Mayberry.

(smile and a wink)

Thanks for the sugar, sugar.

Lindsey exits the apartment, closing the door behind her. Slevin smiles to himself when, the door opens and Lindsey re-enters in a burst. Slevin is surprised. Lindsey snaps her fingers in disappointment.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Just wanted to check and see if the next show already started.

SLEVIN

I don't go on again until Four.

Lindsey laughs and exits the apartment, closing the door behind her.

Slevin walks to the door, BOLTS it shut, turns around, and notices the PURSE on the couch. Slevin walks over and picks up the purse. There is a KNOCK at the door. Slevin tightens his towel, walks over to the door, purse in hand, and opens the door. Slevin holds the PURSE at eye-level.

SLEVIN (CONT'D)

Forget something?

Elvis and Sloe are standing in the hallway.

SLOE

That's a nice purse, it really brings out the color in your eyes.

Elvis and Sloe enter the apartment and close the door.

ELVIS

The Boss wants to see you.

SLEVIN

Who?

SLOE

The Boss.

SLEVIN

Who's The Boss?

SLOE

The guy we work for.

SLEVIN

You guys got the wrong guy, I'm not the guy that lives here.

SLOE

You look like the guy that lives here.

SLEVIN

Well, I do...live here...but I'm not the guy you're looking for.

ELVIS

I'm looking for the guy that lives here: Nick.

SLOE

Yeah, Nick. The cat's name is Nick. Who are you?

SLEVIN

Slevin.

SLOE

What is that Slav?

SLEVIN

Equine.

SLOE

You got some sort of identification?

SLEVIN

I was mugged.

ELVIS

Tell that to a one legged man, so he can bump it off down the road.

All I know is, The Boss, he shoots me this address, and he says Sloe, that's him, Elvis, that's me, I want you to pick up the cat that resides at this address and bring him to me. He did not say only bring him if he's been living there long enough to have obtained voting status. He told me this today, you are here today, that makes you the cat that I am supposed to pick up...today.

SLOE

What happened to your face?

SLEVIN

I cut myself shaving.

SLOE

That doesn't look like a shaving cut.

The door opens and Lindsey walks in. Elvis and Sloe simultaneously put their hands into their jackets.

LINDSEY
I forgot my purse.

Lindsey picks up her purse.

SLEVIN
Lindsey, what's my name?

LINDSEY
I don't have time for your games
Nick. I left my toaster on.

Lindsey exits.

ELVIS
Let's go...Nick!

SLEVIN
She was saying that because of the
management company. If we could
just go in there she'll tell you my
real name, and we can straighten
this whole mess out.

ELVIS
Listen, Nick, Slevin, Clark Kent,
whatever your fucking name is...the
Virgin Mary could waltz in here
right now and tell me your name was
Jesus fucking Christ and I'd still
take you to see The Boss. You know
why?...Orders.

SLOE
You know what orders is?
(beat)
Orders is orders.

SLEVIN
I guess you never learned that rule
about not using the word you're
defining in the definition?

ELVIS
Let's go.

SLEVIN
But...

ELVIS

Now, if we should get to where we are going and you should turn out not to be the cat, and this should turn out to be a simple case of mistaken identity than I will offer you my sincerest apologies, both for having detained you and for having punched you in the stomach.

SLEVIN

But, you didn't...

Elvis punches Slevin in the stomach. Slevin keels over. Elvis pats him on the back.

ELVIS

Now...get dressed before I have to pre-apologize for breaking your nose. Do you want me break your nose, Chuck?

SLEVIN

Is that a trick question?

72

INT. VINTAGE CADDILAC ELDORADO

72

Slevin is sitting in the back seat with a WHITE HANDKERCHIEF pressed to a bloody nose.

Elvis is driving, Sloe is riding shotgun, and Slevin is in the back seat. Elvis eyes Slevin in the REARVIEW MIRROR.

ELVIS

Don't test me Chuck.

SLEVIN

Nick. You think my name is Nick.

ELVIS

Sure I do white boy.

SLOE

(to Elvis)

So, finish the story what'd he do with the body?

ELVIS

Jersey.

SLOE

How many dead bodies you think there are out in New Jersey?

ELVIS

I don't know.

SLOE

Why are guys always putting dead bodies in New Jersey?

ELVIS

Something about not shitting and eating in the same place.

SLEVIN

Well, now we know where all the dead bodies go, and why I have to close my vents on the Turnpike, but what I'd really like to know is, what happens to the money?

SLOE

What?

SLEVIN

What happens to the money in a dead Man's wallet?

SLOE

Depends.

SLEVIN

On what?

SLOE

On whether it's a contract hit or a side gig. Contract hits, the money goes into, either a mutual fund or an IRA. If it's a side job, the money goes into a high risk annuity.

SLEVIN

What a way to make a living. Clip a cat, clip his clip, call Merrill Lynch.

SLOE

I use E*Trade. I was using DLJ Direct, but E*Trade gave me more free trades.

(beat)

You see the Knick game last night?

SLEVIN

I was at the Knick game last night.

Elvis eyes Slevin in the rearview mirror.

ELVIS
The game was in LA.

SLEVIN
Last night I was in LA.

SLOE
What were you doing in LA?

SLEVIN
I live in LA.

SLOE
Are you a Laker fan?

SLEVIN
Knicks.

SLOE
A Knick fan from LA?

SLEVIN
I'm from New York.

SLOE
You just said you're from LA.

SLEVIN
Live there. From here.

SLOE
You're from New York, you live in
LA, but now you're back in New
York, living in an apartment that
doesn't belong to you.

ELVIS
What kinda man lives in another
man's place?

SLEVIN
I'd still be in LA. Only, when I
came home from the game, I caught
her in bed with another guy.

SLOE
Who's her?

SLEVIN
My girl.

SLOE
Who was the other guy?

SLEVIN
Someone who wasn't me.
(beat)
You guys moonlight?

SLOE
Sure.

SLEVIN
How do you charge?

SLOE
By the pound.

SLEVIN
Interesting.

SLOE
It's fair.

SLEVIN
Unless you have to hit Andre the
Giant.

SLOE
Andre the Giant's dead.

SLEVIN
Did you guys have anything to do
with that?

SLOE
I wish. I could've retired on that
job.

73

EXT. 8TH AVENUE STRONGHOLD

73

Elvis parks the car right in front of a FIRE HYDRANT. The
TRIO exit the vehicle.

ELVIS
(to Sloe)
Frisk him.

SLOE
(to Slevin)
No one goes in to see The Man
without getting shook. Not too long
ago...

ELVIS
(to Sloe)
Shut up and pat him down.

Slevin leans on the hood of the car. Sloe frisks him.

SLEVIN
Sloe...You have a very nice touch.
Although, I imagine, this would
have made more sense back at the
apartment. If I had a gun, and I
was the sort of person who would do
that sort of thing, then I imagine
I would have killed both of you
while left unattended in the back
seat of the car.

Sloe helps Slevin off the hood and brushes him off.

SLOE
(to Elvis)
He's clean.

ELVIS
You don't have killing in you.

SLEVIN
Then why frisk me?

ELVIS
Orders is orders.
(beat)
FUJIGMO.

SLEVIN
Fuck you Jack I got my orders!

SLOE
How'd you know that? Did you serve?

SLEVIN
I use to run black-ops in Grenada.
(beat))
Kidding. I read it in a Tom Clancy
novel.

ELVIS
We're gonna be late.

SLEVIN
That'd be a fifteen fucker. Then
we'd all be FUBAR.

A BUM walks up to the car and approaches the trio.

THE BUM

Mash me a fin and I'll keep an eye
on your ride for ya.

ELVIS

(to the bum)
Sure thing.

Elvis, Sloe and Slevin walk away.

THE BUM

Hey what about my money?

ELVIS

I'll be gone for an hour.

THE BUM

I might not be here.

ELVIS

Then how you gonna watch the ride,
slick?

Slevin walks into the 8th Avenue Stronghold, followed by Sloe
and Elvis. One of the sentries RADIOS the penthouse.

SENTRY

The package has arrived.

74 INT. 8TH AVENUE STRONGHOLD - CORRIDOR 74

Slevin walks in front of Elvis and Sloe.

The TRIO enter the ELEVATOR.

75 INT. ELEVATOR 75

Slevin stands between Elvis and Sloe.

ELVIS

(looking up)
Happiness is a warm gun.

Elevator ascends.

76 INT. PENTHOUSE 76

The double doors open and Slevin is coaxed into the room by
Elvis and Sloe.

Slevin is left alone in the room, except for an OLD MAN (80-90) sitting by himself in a dark corner of the room. Slevin walks to the back of the room and stops in front of the old man.

SLEVIN

I am not...

OLD MAN

No you're not...

SLEVIN

Cause if I were...

OLD MAN

Cause if you were, you wouldn't have to say you were, cause I would already know that you was who you was and this conversation never would have materialized, and we'd be sitting here laughing and shit, and you'd be grinning like a dumb dog happy that you was who you was instead of wishing you was who you wasn't.

THE BOSS (O.S.)

Who are you talking to?

Slevin turns around to find The Boss standing behind him.

SLEVIN

Him. Who are you?

THE BOSS

I'm The Boss.

SLEVIN

I thought he was The Boss.

THE BOSS

Why? Do we look alike?

SLEVIN

No it's just that...

THE BOSS

What happened to your face?

SLEVIN

Shaving.

THE BOSS

It doesn't...

SLEVIN

I know it doesn't look like a shaving cut.

THE BOSS

That's not what I was going to say. You shouldn't finish other people's...

SLEVIN

...sentences for them. I know, it's a bad habit. Sorry. What were you going to say? About the...

THE BOSS

Nevermind. Now, What did you want to tell me?

SLEVIN

You wanted to see me.

THE BOSS

Yes, I did, but when you thought I was him.

SLEVIN

I didn't think you were him, I thought he was you, and I was trying to tell him...you...that they got the wrong guy.

THE BOSS

The wrong guy for what?

SLEVIN

Whatever it is you wanted to see me about.

THE BOSS

Do you know what I want to see you about?

SLEVIN

No.

THE BOSS

So how do you know I got the wrong guy? See, you all up in the Kool-Aid and you don't even know the flavor. Maybe I want to give you 96,000 dollars. Then, do I still have the wrong guy?

SLEVIN

Do you want to give me 96,000
dollars?

THE BOSS

No. Do you want to give me 96,000
dollars?

SLEVIN

No. Should I?

THE BOSS

I don't know, should you?

SLEVIN

I don't know, should I?

THE BOSS

This could go on all day.

SLEVIN

Could it?

THE BOSS

It's a substantial sum of money.

SLEVIN

I have the impression that you have
the impression that I owe you
96,000 dollars.

(beat)

I mean, I'm sitting, here, right
across from you, plain as day, and
I can't help but wonder why you
think I am who I am, when, I've
never met you before. Do we know
one another?

THE BOSS

No, should we?

SLEVIN

I owe you \$96,000.

THE BOSS

You owe Slim Hopkins 96,000
dollars. You owe Slim, Slim owes
me, by all laws of transitivity you
owe me.

SLEVIN

So we've never actually met?

THE BOSS

No.

SLEVIN

Is Slim around?

THE BOSS

Sure, he's in the basement.

77 INT. ELEVATOR 77

The Boss and Slevin take the ELEVATOR down to the basement level.

78 INT. BASEMENT 78

The Boss and Slevin walk to the back of the basement and stop in front of a WALK-IN FREEZER.

79 INT. WALK-IN FREEZER 79

The Boss pushes a few meat hooks aside to reveal Slim Hopkins frozen and dead, sitting in a CHAIR.

THE BOSS

Slim, you know this cat? Slim!

(to Slevin)

It's no use. Ever since someone killed him, he went deaf.

SLEVIN

Now what?

The Boss and Slevin exit the freezer.

80 INT. ELEVATOR 80

Slevin and The Boss are riding the ELEVATOR.

SLEVIN

Let me ask you a question: What did the dead guy in the chair do to get dead?

THE BOSS

Why?

SLEVIN

Because I owe you 96,000 dollars, and I believe I may have a slight problem repaying the debt.

THE BOSS

Maybe I can help. Make it an even ninety.

SLEVIN

Maybe I exaggerated the slightness.

THE BOSS

What If I were to cancel the debt entirely and in return you would do a small favor for me?

SLEVIN

Depends on the small favor.

THE BOSS

A man of principle. I respect that but, right now you cannot afford principles. See, the going rate for principles is 96,000 dollars and you, my man, are falling way short of the mark.

The Boss produces a PHOTOGRAPH of a young man.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

That was my son.

SLEVIN

Was?

THE BOSS

He's dead.

SLEVIN

I'm sorry.

THE BOSS

Killed.

(beat)

There's an old Latin Proverb:
Aliquis Aculus pro Aliquis Aculus.

SLEVIN

An eye for an eye.

THE BOSS

My boy Raff was gunned down in cold blood. Now his boy must share the same fate.

SLEVIN

Who's he?

THE BOSS

Who's who?

SLEVIN

The guy whose boy must share the same fate?

THE BOSS

Shlomo. The Rabbi.

SLEVIN

Why do you call him the Rabbi?

THE BOSS

Because he's a Rabbi.

SLEVIN

And who's the Rabbi's son?

THE BOSS

The Fairy.

SLEVIN

The Fairy?

THE BOSS

Yitzchok.

SLEVIN

Yitzchok: The Fairy. Why do you call him The Fairy?

THE BOSS

Because he's a fairy.

SLEVIN

He has wings, he can fly and he sprinkles magic dust on...?

THE BOSS

He's a little light in the shoes.

SLEVIN

A homosexual?

The Boss nods.

SLEVIN (CONT'D)

The son of a gangster. That's ironic.

THE BOSS

No, it's genetic.

SLEVIN
The Rabbi?

THE BOSS
He doesn't know.

SLEVIN
You know, but he doesn't.

THE BOSS
Everyone knows.

SLEVIN
Except the old man?

THE BOSS
Yes.

SLEVIN
Why doesn't anyone tell him?

THE BOSS
We don't operate like that.

SLEVIN
But, killing the kid...

THE BOSS
Isn't personal.

SLEVIN
No, it's a proverb. Where do I fit
in?

THE BOSS
You're the trigger man.

SLEVIN
Me?

THE BOSS
Yes, you.

SLEVIN
Why me?

THE BOSS
You're an outside player.

SLEVIN
But, I've never played before.

THE BOSS

You owe me 96,000 dollars. Why go out and pay someone else, when I already paid you? 96 Large, That'll make you the highest paid hitter this side of the river.

SLEVIN

Can I think about it?

THE BOSS

What's there to think about? You either do this thing for me or you're going to be sleeping with the tires and the rusted cans.

SLEVIN

You mean the fishes?

THE BOSS

It's the East River. There aren't any fish in the East River. And, don't even have a passing daydream, about a passing daydream about going to the police. If you go to the cops, make sure you go to the Canadian Mounted Police, cause Canada...that'd be your best bet for finding a pig that's not on my payroll.

81 EXT. NICK LIME'S APARTMENT - HOURS LATER 81

Lindsey KNOCKS on the door. Slevin opens the door.

82 INT. NICK LIME'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 82

Lindsey enters, and quietly takes a seat on the sofa. Slevin has a CORDLESS PHONE nestled between his ear and his shoulder, nervously pacing the apartment. The opening sequence to DRUNKEN MASTER is playing on the television.

SLEVIN

Yes...I know he's in Europe. Do you happen to know where in Europe? Did he leave a number? An address? A country code.

(listening)

Okay, okay. If he calls please tell him I need to speak to him. It's really important!

(listening)

Slevin.

(MORE)

SLEVIN (cont'd)
 It's Slevin...From the old
 neighborhood. Yeah, he's
 fine...well he's dead, but besides
 that he's fine.
 (listening)
 Okay...bye, bye now. Thanks...You
 too.

Slevin hangs up the phone and walks over to the window. Sloe
 and Elvis are parked across the street.

LINDSEY
 Sorry, I couldn't stay and play
 with your friends before.

SLEVIN
 They don't play well with others.

Slevin changes the channel to a NEWS program.

LINDSEY
 What happened to your nose?

SLEVIN
 I was using it to break someone's
 hand.

NEWSCASTER
*The body of Jimmy "Quick"
 Quicklovich was fished out of the
 East River earlier today.
 Quicklovich, an ex-gangster from an
 era long since forgotten was living
 out his Golden Years in a Coney
 Island Hotel. The Medical Examiner
 has not yet determined a cause of
 death, but in a statement released
 earlier today the coroner stated
 that Quick had been dead for over a
 week and that there was evidence of
 torture.*

Slevin sits next to Lindsey on the couch. Lindsey picks up
 the NY POST from the COFFEE TABLE.

83

SLEVIN'S POV - FRONT PAGE - PHOTOGRAPH OF SLIM HOPKINS

83

The HEADLINE on the front page reads: *Still No Sign of
 Missing Gangster.* Slevin snatches up the paper.

SLEVIN
 I know this guy.

LINDSEY

Who?

SLEVIN

(points to the paper)

This guy.

LINDSEY

(pointing)

That guy?

SLEVIN

Well...I don't know him....I met him...I didn't exactly meet him...he was dead.

LINDSEY

You met a dead guy?

SLEVIN

In a walk-in freezer.

Lindsey swipes the paper out of Slevin's hands.

LINDSEY

(reading aloud)

It says here, that Slim Hopkins has gone missing. Foul play is suspected. Yatta, yatta, yatta. Hopkins, a bookmaker by trade, was reported missing earlier this week by his wife, when...blah, blah, blah...You met a dead guy in a walk-in freezer?

84

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

84

SLEVIN

So, now I have to kill...take down to use the vernacular...The Fairy, to scratch a debt that isn't really mine.

LINDSEY

Ironic.

SLEVIN

I know, I don't even gamble.

LINDSEY

No, I mean the mobster's gay son. That's ironic.

SLEVIN

Apparently its not. I have to give him an answer by tomorrow.

LINDSEY

What are you going to say?

SLEVIN

I'm going to say what any man with two penises would say when his tailor asks, do you dress left or right?

LINDSEY

What's that?

85

INT. 8TH AVENUE STRONGHOLD

85

SLEVIN (O.S.)

Yes.

The Boss is playing a game of CHESS with a LACKEY. Slevin is standing at the opposite end of the room and begins to walk over to The Boss.

THE BOSS

I knew you had sense.

Another lackey stops Slevin halfway across the room and pats him down. Satisfied, that Slevin is not packing, the Lackey lets him pass.

SLEVIN

I'll need a week to prepare.

THE BOSS

Take 5 days.

SLEVIN

I'll need seven.

THE BOSS

God only needed six days to make the universe, and believe me, this thing ain't no universe building...it's bang, bang, pow, pow. Ain't nothing to it. It's more taking apart, than it is putting together.

SLEVIN

That's not the point...

Slevin stares at the chess board.

SLEVIN (CONT'D)

(to the lackey)

If you move the C3 pawn, he'll nail your rook, with the fianchettoed bishop and then his Queen is primed for a back rank mate in three.

THE BOSS

He sees it. He lets me win. They all let me win.

(beat)

You know this game?

SLEVIN

Yes.

THE BOSS

(to Slevin)

Sit.

(to the lackey)

Stand.

The lackey stands, and Slevin sits in his place.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

We'll play a game.

(beat)

You win, and you've got your week.

86 INT. 8TH AVENUE STRONGHOLD - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

86

The Boss and Slevin are in the middle of their chess match.

SLEVIN

You never did tell me.

THE BOSS

What's that?

SLEVIN

About Slim.

THE BOSS

What'd Slim do to get deaf?

SLEVIN

Huh?

THE BOSS

Because he doesn't hear so well. It's a joke, I made a joke.

SLEVIN

Right. How did Slim...go deaf?

THE BOSS

A close friend of mine once said that, Three can keep a secret, if two are dead. Slim knows why Slim's dead and I know why Slim's dead. If I tell you, then three of us would keep a secret, but only 1 of us would be dead. That would leave one to go...Odds are, it wouldn't be me. Do you still want to know?

SLEVIN

Your move.

87

INT. 8TH AVENUE STRONGHOLD - 20 MINUTES LATER

87

Chess game still in progress.

THE BOSS

Do you believe in heaven?

SLEVIN

Yes.

THE BOSS

Do you think when your time comes, you'll get in?

SLEVIN

It depends on the yardstick. I mean, if my getting in is predicated upon my having been a good person, than yes. But, if it comes down to impure thoughts and masturbation, I'm pretty much fucked. You?

THE BOSS

For me heaven's just a Catch-22. See, everyone wants to go to heaven, but no one wants to die.

Slevin moves his QUEEN in to play.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

I'm a Christian, though I haven't been to church in ten years. Fuck, I haven't been out of this building in ten years.

(MORE)

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

I do however make generous contributions to many of the local churches.

SLEVIN

You can't buy your way into heaven.

THE BOSS

Maybe not. Maybe I can at least buy my way out of hell or into purgatory. Grease the wheels a little bit. I'm not all bad you know. Some folks have grown pretty fat off me.

SLEVIN

Some have grown pretty dead.

THE BOSS

You shouldn't say such things.

SLEVIN

Why's that?

THE BOSS

Cause you could grow pretty dead. You are a conundrum my man. Ha, ha. Men. Sharks. Mean sharks, that swim in bad water, they come in here and they are humbled directly. You: a dolphin, that swims in a nice safe pool at Sea World where the danger is simulated and you get three squares a day, come in here and shoot off your mouth not giving a fuck that maybe it'll get shot off. Checkmate.

SLEVIN

You can only kill me once.

(beat)

I thought you said they let you win.

THE BOSS

They think they let me win.

(beat)

Nobody says I've got to kill you quick.

The Boss points to himself.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Cat.

The Boss points to Slevin.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

Mouse.

88

INT. NICK LIME'S APARTMENT - NIGHTTIME

88

Slevin and Lindsey are sitting on the sofa.

LINDSEY

Run.

SLEVIN

I can't do that.

LINDSEY

They'll kill you if you stay.

SLEVIN

They'll kill me if I leave. The only thing that'll change is the scenery and the coroner's mother tongue.

LINDSEY

Go to the police.

SLEVIN

These guys buy cops like cops buy donuts.

LINDSEY

What if this is a set-up? Nick finds himself in a jam, he gets you to take his place, he pays some street tough to mug you, but all he really wants is your wallet with your license. That's why he ignores the watch and the duffle, and then Nick kills Slim Hopkins and Benny Begin, the only guy's who know what he looks like, and now, you're left holding the bag.

SLEVIN

I called Nick. I initiated contact.

LINDSEY

Maybe it just seems that way.

SLEVIN

This isn't the first time this has happened you know?

LINDSEY

You mean, this isn't the first time the mob asked you to rub out the gay son of a rival gangster to pay off a debt that belonged to friend who's apartment you were staying in as a result of finding your girlfriend and best friend in bed together?

SLEVIN

No, that's a first. But, Nick's been leaving me hanging on the monkey bars since we were kids.

LINDSEY

Listen...I gotta run, but I had a really nice time today and...

SLEVIN

What?

LINDSEY

Nothing.

SLEVIN

What?

LINDSEY

It's nothing, really.

SLEVIN

Come on.

LINDSEY

Okay. If...IF!...you're alive tomorrow, maybe...we can go out...or something.

SLEVIN

I'd...

Lindsey gives Slevin a quick KISS on the lips.

SLEVIN (CONT'D)

...like that a lot.

LINDSEY

Bye.

SLEVIN

Bye.

Lindsey exits the apartment. KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

SLEVIN (CONT'D)
What'd you forget this time?

Slevin opens the door and sees. TWO MEN, SAUL and THE MUTE, are standing in the hallway. Saul and The Mute are part of the Rabbi's Crew. They seem to have time-warped from the 50's and are suggestive of *The Rat Pack*.

SLEVIN (CONT'D)
(sotto voce)
I gotta start using the peep hole.

SAUL
Put your shoes on, Shlomo wants to see you.

SLEVIN
I don't know anyone named Shlomo.

SAUL
Someone named Shlomo knows you, and that is your only concern. Let's go.

SLEVIN
Like I said...

The Mute punches Slevin in the stomach. Slevin drops.

SAUL
I think it's better if you let me do the talking.

89 INT. CLASSIC MERCEDES BENZ - TEN MINUTES LATER

89

Slevin is in the back seat. Saul is in the passenger seat, and the Mute is driving.

SAUL
(to the Mute)
What? What is it?
(beat)
Ahh...I see.
(to Slevin)
He's sorry that he hit you.

SLEVIN
How can you tell?

SAUL
It's a parlor trick.

SLEVIN

Do you always speak for him?

SAUL

Yes.

SLEVIN

Let me guess, his tongue is in a jar in a refrigerator full of tongues and testicles in a restaurant that doesn't serve food, owned by a gangster whose nickname is the blade, or the knife, or perhaps, even the razor.

SAUL

You have quite an imagination; we don't use nicknames. That is the bane of an Italian existence, and I assure you that his tongue is intact and continues to dwell in his mouth, where it belongs.

SLEVIN

So he's a mute, then?

SAUL

Not quite.

SLEVIN

Than what?

SAUL

That's personal. You'd have to ask him.

SLEVIN

How would he tell me?

SAUL

He wouldn't.

The Mercedes pulls to the side of the road and stops in front of...

90

EXT. 8TH AVENUE STRONGHOLD - OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STREET 90

SLEVIN

Are we going to see...

Slevin points to The Boss'S Stronghold across the street.

SAUL
No.

SLEVIN
But...

SAUL
A different outfit entirely.

SLEVIN
Across the street from one another?

SAUL
At one time they were one with one another.

SLEVIN
And now?

SAUL
And now, neither man leaves his respective tower of isolation, for fear of what the other man will do to him.

SLEVIN
Across the street from one another. It's like two people having a gunfight using different sides of the same picnic table for cover.

91 INT. BASEMENT 91

Saul walks behind Slevin and stops him in front of a windowless room. Saul motions for Slevin to enter.

92 INT. WINDOWLESS ROOM 92

SHLOMO (50-65), sits in the corner of the room.

SHLOMO
You must be Mr. Lime.

SLEVIN
Must I? Because, that hasn't been working out for me lately.

SHLOMO
I'm afraid you must.

SLEVIN
If I must.

SHLOMO

Do you know why you're here?

SLEVIN

Bad luck.

SHLOMO

The unlucky, are nothing more than a frame of reference Mr. Lime. You are unlucky so that I may know that I am not. Unfortunately, the lucky never realize they are lucky until it's too late. Take you for instance. Yesterday you were better off than you are today, but it took today for you to realize it. Once today arrives, it's too late.

SLEVIN

Like, The Trix Rabbit and Cuckoo, the bird that goes cuckoo for Cocoa Puffs. The rabbit spends his time planning, and plotting, and scheming, and masterminding new and innovative ways to get his hands on some Trix, and time and time again his plan is thwarted by those rotten little kids, who insist that Trix are for kids. Now, Cuckoo, the bird that goes cuckoo for Cocoa Puffs, is in an entirely different predicament. He's like a retired junkie in search of a methadone clinic. See the cocoa, that's like his SMACK, his high. And those kids who follow him, they're like dealers who don't want the bird to kick his habit. He doesn't want the cereal because he knows he can't function when he's on it, and he's got a family and he's an airline pilot. So, what's the moral of the story? In short, the bird wishes he was the rabbit and the rabbit longs to be the bird. On a much larger, deeper, more philosophical level, aren't we all either rabbits longing to be birds or birds that would rather be rabbits?

(MORE)

SLEVIN (cont'd)

Or in some rarer cases Rabbis that would rather be gangsters, though I can't say I know any gangsters that would rather be Rabbis.

SHLOMO

Before you go into a full blown diatribe arguing the merits of Lucky Charms being a metaphor for Keynesian Economics in the Post Cold War Era, will you please answer my question? Do you know for what reason you are here?

SLEVIN

I owe you some money?

SHLOMO

Yes, you owe me some money. The gentleman who ran my bookmaking operation met with an untimely demise. Benny, it seems, allowed you to overextend yourself... considerably.

SLEVIN

Question. You're a Rabbi?

SHLOMO

Yes, though I've not practiced in a while.

SLEVIN

Do you ever find yourself conflicted? I mean do you feel as if your interests are competing ones, you being a Rabbi and a bookmaker? You are a bookmaker, right?

SHLOMO

Yes and yes, among other things.

SLEVIN

It's not often that one finds incompatible paradigms standing in diametric opposition to one another, successfully coexisting on the same plane. How...

SHLOMO

I'm a bad man.

SLEVIN

At least you're in touch with it.

SHLOMO

The decisions that you make must be such that you can sleep at night, but more importantly the decisions that you make must be such that they put food on the table for when you are not sleeping. I did not want to fall prey to the grass is always greener way of life. I don't waste time wondering what could've been, because I am what could've been and what could not have been. I live on both sides of the fence, and my grass is always green. I'm the cowboy and the Indian, the cop and the robber, the rabbit and the bird, if you will.

(very serious)

Where's my money?

SLEVIN

I don't have it.

SHLOMO

This isn't like skipping out on the check, you see? You owe me money. I have interests, you owe them money.

SLEVIN

I'm not who you think I am.

SHLOMO

Then who are you?

SLEVIN

Just the guy in the wrong place at the wrong time.

SHLOMO

Listen Mr. Lime, I like you, so I'm going to do you a favor. I'm going to give you one week. Saul will keep an eye on you in the meantime. You may go now.

Slevin rises and walks toward the door, but stops and...

SLEVIN
 One more question?
 (beat)
 No one frisked me?

Shlomo removes his hands from beneath the desk to reveal:

93 SLEVIN'S POV - A SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN - IN SHLOMO'S HANDS 93

SLEVIN
 I see. And as a religious man...a
 Rabbi...

SHLOMO
 There are three things a Jew may
 not do in order to save a life,
 including his own: Idol Worship,
 Commit Adultery, or perform a pre-
 meditated murder. Killing you
 before you killed me would have
 been...

SLEVIN
 Kosher.

SHLOMO
 Acceptable.

SLEVIN
 Provided you weren't praying to a
 statue of the Virgin Mary, while
 fucking a woman that your children
 don't call mommy; and given that
 you didn't give the matter too much
 thought beforehand.

94 INT. NICK LIME'S APARTMENT - (DARK) - CONTINUOUS 94

Slevin enters the apartment.

SLOE (O.S.)
 Hope you don't mind. It wasn't
 open.

Slevin flips the LIGHTSWITCH to reveal Sloe and Elvis.

ELVIS
 The Boss wants to see you.

95 INT. 8TH AVENUE STRONGHOLD

95

The Boss is playing chess with a lackey. Slevin enters the room. The Boss motions to Elvis, and frisks himself. Elvis nods his head.

THE BOSS

Did you make plans to whack the kid?

SLEVIN

I'm gonna play it by ear.

THE BOSS

Just the same, you might wanna write it down. It's a tough tune.

(beat)

By the by, he has two shadows.

SLEVIN

Shadows?

THE BOSS

Bodyguards...Two of them...Russians...Pros...They go where he goes, round the clock. They live next door to him. They're ex-KGB and they are a pair of dangerous motherfuckers.

96 INT. YITZCHOK'S/BODYGUARD'S APARTMENT - FLASH FORWARD

96

Cut-away ceiling reveals both apartments side by side.

CLOSE-UP PANIC BUTTON

THE BOSS (V.O.)

He wears a panic button around his neck. He presses the button and...well, we all know how that one ends. You'll have to hit him in the apartment.

The Button is pressed and the bodyguards storm the room.

97 INT. 8TH AVENUE STRONGHOLD

97

SLEVIN

How do I get into the apartment?

THE BOSS

You're a handsome man, he's a gay man, and if my intelligence is correct...a single gay man. So...

Mr. Goodkat enters.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

(to Slevin)

Excuse me.

The Boss stands up and walks to Mr. Goodkat. They exit the room. Slevin walks over to Sloe.

SLEVIN

Who's the FNG?

SLOE

That's Mr. Goodkat.

SLEVIN

What's his story?

SLOE

Don't know, he's the FNG.

98 EXT. 8TH AVENUE STRONGHOLD 98

A VAN is parked across from the Stronghold.

99 INT. UNDERCOVER VAN 99

Two plain clothes detectives, DUMBROWSKI(32) and BRIKOWSKI(42), are sitting in the van.

100 BRIKOWSKI'S POV - SLEVIN 100

Slevin exits the social club and hails a TAXI.

Brikowski sets down a pair of BINOCULARS.

DUMBROWSKI

Who is this guy?

BRIKOWSKI

Don't know.

DUMBROWSKI

Whoever he is, he's either in deep shit, or I don't know what, because he's playing in the sandbox with the Jews, the Blacks, and who knows who.

BRIKOWSKI

Call Murphy, see if he found a match on that photo Marty snapped.

DUMBROWSKI

Yes, boss.

BRIKOWSKI

I wanna complete rundown on this fucker, all there is to know from A to Z.

The sliding door to the van opens. An overweight DETECTIVE, MARTY(40), enters with a dozen DUNKIN DONUTS.

BRIKOWSKI (CONT'D)

Who he is? What he's doing here? Who does he know? The people he knows, who do they know? And so on down the line, to the twelfth power. And I wanna Boston Creme Donut!

Marty passes a DONUT forward, and shuts the sliding door.

DUMBROWSKI

I'm on it, relax.

BRIKOWSKI

I can't relax, new faces upset my ulcer.

(beat)

Whatta ya got for me Marty?

MARTY

Still no word on our mystery man, his picture turned up nada, but I had a chat with Needles, and he tells me, get this, the Kat's in town.

BRIKOWSKI

Goodkat?

MARTY

That's the song the junkies on the street are singing.

BRIKOWSKI

What's the happenstance?

MARTY

Didn't know the happenstance. Just said the word was the Kat's in town.

DUMBROWSKI

Who is Mr. Goodkat?

MARTY

Real heavy hitter.

BRIKOWSKI

The heaviest.

MARTY

He shows, people die, he vanishes. No one knows who he is, or what he looks like.

DUMBROWSKI

Why do they call him Goodkat?

Brikowski shrugs.

MARTY

Maybe it's his name?

DUMBROWSKI

Most junkies can't spell their own names, but a high-priced assassin waltzes into town, slips passed the powers that be, and the junkies get a heads up. Is there a track mark based algorithm protected website that I should be made aware of.

MARTY

Did the guy leave?

BRIKOWSKI

Yeah, just missed him.

MARTY

Wonder what he's up to?

DUMBROWSKI

Maybe we should ask him?

MARTY

Too early in the game.

BRIKOWSKI

We don't even know what team he plays for.

101 INT. 8TH AVENUE STRONGHOLD

101

The Boss and Mr. Goodkat are sitting across from one another.

THE BOSS

So...how does this go again?

MR. GOODKAT

Nick does Yitzchok. I Do Nick.

THE BOSS

Where does it go down?

MR. GOODKAT

In the apartment. I get Nick on the way out. Then, I plant my gun, a clean piece with no history, on Yitzchok...Fire a round to get gunpowder residue on his hands and clothing. I remove their clothes, and leave them naked in the living room, to be found by the bodyguards or the old bird down the hall who smells something queer, no pun intended. It'll look like a you-do-me-I'll-do-you-we're-gay-and-the-world-doesn't-understand-double-suicide. Open and shut. I'm gonna need some time in the apartment, to work. Loud gunshots will not be conducive to that end. Nick's gonna need a silencer...a good one.

THE BOSS

What makes you think he's gonna go through with it?

MR. GOODKAT

Oh...he'll go through with it alright. That's why I chose him.

102 EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - AFTERNOON - NEXT DAY

102

Yitzchok (28), walks down the STREET to a cafe. BODYGUARDS close behind. Yitzchok walks over to a nearby table and takes a seat, across from boyfriend GINGER (25). The two kiss one another. Ginger eyes the Bodyguards.

GINGER

I see you brought the gorillas.

YITZCHOK

Not much of a choice. Odi Fiend's son, Raff, was...

(draws his index finger
across his throat)

And the fear is, that he might think my father was involved and try to get to him, by getting to me.

GINGER

And by getting, you mean...

(draws his index finger
across his throat)

YITZCHOK

Correct.

Slevin is sitting one table away from Yitzchok, sipping a tea. An OLD WOMAN approaches Slevin. Slevin looks up.

OLD WOMAN

I'm sorry. I thought you were someone else.

SLEVIN

(laughs)

I am someone else.

A SECOND OLD WOMAN walks over.

SECOND OLD WOMAN

Irma...Irma... Come on, we're going to miss the previews.

The old women walk away.

The bodyguards are across the street smoking CIGARETTES. They speak with heavy RUSSIAN ACCENTS.

BODYGUARD #1

Vat did you do last night?

BODYGUARD #2

I vent to da track.

BODYGUARD #1

How did you do?

BODYGUARD #2

Hit a trifecta box early on...lost
it all back by da seventh.

BODYGUARD #1

You know vat da number vas last
night?

BODYGUARD #2

728.

BODYGUARD #1

I het 287!

BODYGUARD #2

Did you combinate?

BODYGUARD #1

I always combinate. Geez, I've got
to call Uri.

BODYGUARD #2

Vat'd you do last night?

BODYGUARD #1

I het to make a drop in Harlem and
den I met dees hot little number
over on 128th on my way out of
Ivan's place. A real honeyfuck.

BODYGUARD #2

I tought he vas in prison?

BODYGUARD #1

Dat's Ivan Ivanov from Ukraine.
Dees ees Ivan Petska Borga Jenni.

BODYGUARD #2

Veet da peegeon toes.

(beat)

I tought he vas deatt?

BODYGUARD #1

Ivan Gorbitch from Georgia ees
deatt.

BODYGUARD #2

I saw heem at da track last veek.

BODYGUARD #1

Dat vas Ivan Gogol.

BODYGUARD #2

You're right, Ivan Gogol veet da
stutter. Den who are vee talking
about?

BODYGUARD #1

Ivan Petska Borga Jenni.

BODYGUARD #2

Veet dat beeg scar?

BODYGUARD #1

No, dat's Ivan Grubiak from Odessa.

BODYGUARD #2

Vat's wrong vit heem?

BODYGUARD #1

Nutting.

BODYGUARD #2

Nutting?

BODYGUARD #1

Every guy's got to be disfigured or
hev a speech impediment?

BODYGUARD #2

Ivan Petska Borga Jenni?

BODYGUARD #1

Da.

BODYGUARD #2

I don't know heem.

BODYGUARD #1

It doesn't matter, because eet ees
irrelevant to my story? So, I met
dis hot little number coming out of
Ivan's place and vee strike up a
conversation...now, I know dees
trick wants it, because vee are
beck et her place ten minutes from
vord go...

103 INT. APARTMENT - BROOKLYN, NY - LAST NIGHT - (FLASHBACK) 103

BODYGUARD #1 and THE HOT LITTLE NUMBER are sitting on a sofa
fooling around.

THE HOT LITTLE NUMBER
I like to play a game. Do you like
games?

BODYGUARD #1

Da.

THE HOT LITTLE NUMBER
This game I like to play is called
The Cowboy, The Indian, and The
Soldier.

104 INT. APARTMENT - BROOKLYN, NY - MINUTES LATER - (FLASHBACK)4

Bodyguard #1 is dressed in FULL NATIVE AMERICAN INDIAN WAR
DRESS and the Hot Little Number is dressed as a COWBOY, they
are having sex on the couch.

BODYGUARD #1

Hold on. Now, da game ees called,
da Cowboy, da Indian, and da
Soldier. You are da Cowboy and I'm
the Indian. But, vat about...

The door is kicked in. A LARGE MAN in army fatigues,
camouflage paint on his face, and a RIFLE in his hands bursts
into the room.

SOLDIER

Double time. Move it, move it, move
it.

105 FREEZE FRAME - SCREAMING FACE OF THE SOLDIER

105

BODYGUARD #2 (V.O.)

Get dee fuck out of here!

BODYGUARD #1 (V.O.)

It's true. Dees sick twivsted
little number brings me beck to her
place so her boyfriend GI fucking
Joe can get hees fucking rocks off.

BODYGUARD #2 (V.O.)

Dat ees too much.

BODYGUARD #1 (V.O.)

It vas for me.

BODYGUARD #2 (V.O.)

Vat'd you do?

106 UNFREEZE FRAME - SOLDIER'S WAR FACE TURNS TO FEAR 106

Bodyguard #1, reaches for his SILENCED AUTOMATIC, and shoots the soldier six times in the chest.

107 INT. UNDERCOVER VAN 107

Dumbrowski, Brikowski, and Marty are watching the Bodyguards through a ONE-WAY MIRROR.

MARTY

We fished two floaters out of the East River this morning, killed a week apart. Two John Does. One of them dressed like G.I. Joe.

108 INT. NYC MORGUE - EARLY MORNING - (FLASHBACK) 108

A MORGUE TECHNICIAN is hovering over the bodies.

109 INSERT - DOG TAGS ON G.I JOE'S CHEST 109

110 AD LIB CORONER BANTER 110

111 INT. UNDERCOVER VAN 111

DUMBROWSKI

City's getting more rummy by the day. I wonder what scumbag one and two are laughing about?

BRIKOWSKI

Marty?

MARTY

Yeah?

BRIKOWSKI

The kid at the table, one over from our guy?

112 TIGHT ON - YITZCHOK - VIA ONE-WAY MIRROR 112

MARTY

Yeah.

BRIKOWSKI

He look familiar to you?

MARTY

Yeah, I know him. Name's Yitzchok.

BRIKOWSKI
That's Shlomo's kid right?

MARTY
That's right.

DUMBROWSKI
The Fairy?

BRIKOWSKI
What's he doing here?

MARTY
Seems to be having a coffee.

BRIKOWSKI
Yeah, but ain't that a little too
much of a coincidence? I mean, our
guy being here and all.

DUMBROWSKI
What are you thinking?

BRIKOWSKI
I'm thinking Goodkat's in New York,
Odi's kid got whacked last week,
and now all of a sudden we've got a
new face in town, talking to Odi
and sitting an arm's length from
Shlomo's son, and my ulcer's
bubbling like cheap wine.

MARTY
You think this guy's a pro?

BRIKOWSKI
I don't know. But, the Kat's in
town, and this guy's running a
relay race between the Blacks and
the Jews... Something ain't right.

113 INT. OUTDOOR CAFE - SECONDS LATER 113

114 WIDE ANGLE - SLEVIN - EAVESDROPPING ON GINGER AND YITZCHOK 114

GINGER
Don't forget, dinner tonight.

115 INT. NICK LIME'S APARTMENT 115

Slevin is talking on the TELEPHONE with Lindsey.

SLEVIN
 (Into the phone)
 I'm still alive. I guess that means
 dinner.

116 INT. RESTAURANT

116

Slevin and Lindsey are waiting for the HOSTESS.

THE MAITRE D', a TALL MAN dressed as an ugly woman,
 approaches the COUPLE in front of Slevin and Lindsey, smoking
 with the aid of a long vintage CIGARETTE HOLDER.

MAITRE D'
 Do you have reservations?

THE MAN
 No.

MAITRE D'
 Sorry, reservations are required.

THE MAN
 But...

MAITRE D'
 (waving a finger)
 Uuuhhh uhhhh uhhh.
 Shush baby, or if by some miracle
 of God you should one day, in the
 very, very far away future, when
 Wasabi Mustard is the greatest
 source of natural fuel on the
 planet, manage to obtain a
 reservation, I shall not seat you
 anyhow.

The couple EXITS.

MAITRE D' (CONT'D)
 (to Slevin)
 Do you have a reservation?

SLEVIN
 Only against being force fed by
 fat, Bulgarian women.

MAITRE D'
 You, I can seat. Follow me.

117 INT. RESTAURANT

117

Lindsey and Slevin are sitting across from one another.

LINDSEY
Come here often?

SLEVIN
No, but I know someone who does.

LINDSEY
You mean...?

SLEVIN
Yes.

LINDSEY
Is he...?

SLEVIN
Yes.

LINDSEY
Where?

SLEVIN
Southwest corner, third in from the
left.

LINDSEY
Southwest corner? Are we in the
military?

Slevin nods in the direction of...

118 TIGHT ON - YITZCHOK - SITTING IN THE CORNER WITH A SMALL 118
ENTOURAGE

LINDSEY
This is absurd. You're actually
considering going through with
this?

SLEVIN
No, but I'm considering a new
option.

LINDSEY
What's that?

SLEVIN
Talking with him.

LINDSEY
Talking with him?

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

You're just gonna waltz over and say, hi, my name is Slevin, some bad dudes think I'm someone I'm not, and this someone owes that someone, and now I have to take you down you to save myself from an early grave?

SLEVIN

I can't do that.

LINDSEY

Ya think?

SLEVIN

Can't just walk over. He has bodyguards. Aside from that you're pretty much dead on.

LINDSEY

Where?

SLEVIN

Bodyguards? Two tables over.

LINDSEY

Your getting good at this. So how are you going to talk to him?

SLEVIN

I'm going to wait until he goes to the little boy's room. Then I'm going to follow him in. I figure its the simple mathematics of Triangulation. The Blacks, The Jews, The Cops, all converging simultaneously. I'll play all sides against the middle. Triangulation: it's what fucked Kennedy.

LINDSEY

What if you're in the middle?

SLEVIN

I won't be.

119

INT. RESTAURANT - DETECTIVE TABLE - MINUTES LATER

119

BRIKOWSKI

How'd you get us a table?

DUMBROWSKI

I busted the Maitre D' a few years back. Caught him giving a blowjob to an off duty cop, right in front of the station.

120 INT. VAN - UNDERCOVER VAN 120

MARTY is monitoring the conversation with a wall of high-tech surveillance devices.

MARTY

Dumbrowski, were you the off duty cop?

121 INT. RESTAURANT - DETECTIVE TABLE 121

BRIKOWSKI

(into lapel mic)

The cheapskate didn't want to drop the ten bucks, so he took the guy in.

DUMBROWSKI

Ha, ha. Besides, it was 20 bucks and he used his teeth.

122 INT. VAN - UNDERCOVER VAN 122

MARTY

What's going on in there?

123 INT. RESTAURANT - DETECTIVE TABLE 123

BRIKOWSKI

(into lapel mic)

Yitzchok's got a table in the back of the room...bodyguards close by. Our boy's not too far away. Murphy get a bead on him yet?

124 INT. VAN - UNDERCOVER VAN 124

MARTY

Murphy says, whoever he is, he's a ghost. Can't find anyone who's ever bumped into him, much less tripped over him.

125 INT. RESTAURANT - DETECTIVE TABLE 125

BRIKOWSKI
Well, stay on it. I'll lift his
prints from his glass when he
leaves.

126 INT. RESTAURANT - YITZCHOK'S TABLE 126

YITZCHOK
If you'll excuse me, I have to go
to the bathroom.

Yitzchok stands up and walks to the BATHROOM.

127 INT. RESTAURANT - SLEVIN'S TABLE 127

SLEVIN
(to Lindsey)
Excuse me.

Slevin stands up and walks to the BATHROOM.

128 INT. RESTAURANT - DETECTIVE TABLE 128

BRIKOWSKI
(into lapel mic)
Shit Marty, the kid went to the
bathroom. Our boy's making a move.

129 INT. RESTAURANT - BODYGUARD TABLE 129

The Bodyguards watch the mass exodus to THE MEN'S ROOM.
Brikowski arrives at the bathroom, but...

BRIKOWSKI
(into the lapel mic)
Marty, the door's locked.

130 INT. UNDERCOVER VAN 130

MARTY
Relax. It's not gonna go down in
the bathroom.

The Bodyguards run up and stand behind Brikowski. Bodyguard
#1 makes a move for the DOOR HANDLE. Brikowski flashes his
SHIELD.

BRIKOWSKI
I got next.

The Bodyguards back off. The door opens and Yitzchok exits unscathed, giving dirty looks to the Bodyguards.

131

INT. BATHROOM

131

Slevin is washing his hands. Brikowski locks the door.

BRIKOWSKI

You and I need to talk.

SLEVIN

Do I know you?

BRIKOWSKI

No, but I know you, and I think you need my help. I've been watching you.

SLEVIN

Listen, buddy I'm not...You know...gay...

BRIKOWSKI

I'm a cop.

SLEVIN

But, I'm...not a robber. You catch my drift? Now, if you'll excuse me.

Slevin attempts to pass, but is stopped by Brikowski.

BRIKOWSKI

I've been watching you, I know what you're into.

SLEVIN

Apparently not. Now please allow me to pass.

BRIKOWSKI

Who are you? I know who you're not. You are not Nicholas Lime, the man whose apartment you're staying in. I know this, because Nick Lime was arrested five years ago, on an assault and battery charge in his hometown of Miami. I had Dade County send me a photo of Nick Lime and you are not him.

So, who are you?

(silence)

Do you know Rabbi Shlomo Malman?

SLEVIN
I'm sure I don't.

BRIKOWSKI
Odi Fiend?

SLEVIN
Garfield's friend?

BRIKOWSKI
What is your relationship to these
men? These are very dangerous men.
I can help you.

Slevin unlocks the bathroom door and exits.

BRIKOWSKI (CONT'D)
I've got my eye on you.

Slevin returns to the table.

LINDSEY
Well?

SLEVIN
Not now.
(to the waiter)
Check please.

CLOSE ON - SLEVIN'S SILVERWARE:

Slevin picks up his KNIFE and FORK and wipes them down with
his NAPKIN.

Slevin using the napkin, drops the FORK onto the table, and
using the napkin, holds the handle of the clean BUTTER KNIFE
and begins tapping it gently against his GLASS, and then with
one swift tap, shatters the WATER GLASS, and drops the clean
KNIFE onto the table.

SLEVIN (CONT'D)
I think my glass is defective.

132

EXT. SOHO - MERCER STREET - NIGHTTIME

132

Lindsey and Slevin are taking a moonlit stroll.

LINDSEY
What went down in the Men's Room?

SLEVIN
Talk.

LINDSEY

And?

SLEVIN

I told him that I thought we should get together sometime.

LINDSEY

You didn't.

SLEVIN

I did.

LINDSEY

And?

SLEVIN

The way I see it, for one reason or another, these guys can't hit Yitzchok, directly. They need a patsy. Maybe they're afraid of Shlomo. Maybe, if I talk to Shlomo. Come clean with him, let him know what's going on. He could protect me. He could get me out of town.

LINDSEY

Do you think that's safe?

SLEVIN

Which part?

LINDSEY

Coming clean with Shlomo.

SLEVIN

It can't be much worse than whatever's waiting for me behind door number three. It's gonna be tough though. I think I picked up a pig tail.

LINDSEY

A what?

SLEVIN

The cops.

LINDSEY

Oh...A PIG TAIL...cute.

SLEVIN

I ran into a nosy cop in the Men's Room.

LINDSEY

Dead bodies in refrigerators, Cops in Men's Rooms. You're trapped inside of a demented Parallel James Bond Universe.

SLEVIN

Do I get to be James Bond?

LINDSEY

Absolutely. And The Boss is...Kananga.

SLEVIN

Why, because he's black? Kanaga's to obvious. Besides, Yaphet Kotto is the only Kanaga in my book. And Kananga is only a front for his alter ego: Mr. Big. No, Odi is Blofeld. Ernst Stavro Blofeld.

LINDSEY

You never see Blofeld's face.

SLEVIN

Correction, you never see his face until his third appearance in the franchise: Donald Pleasance, You Only Live Twice. Later on, the role would be played by Telly Savalas and Max Von Sydow. But, you know who had the best performance? Anthony Dawson and Eric Pohlman.

LINDSEY

Who?

SLEVIN

They played Blofeld in From Russia With Love..uncredited of course.

LINDSEY

But, you never see his face in From Russia With Love.

SLEVIN

Exactly. And that's when a villain is most effective...when you don't know what he looks like.

133 INT. HALLWAY - NICK LIME'S APARTMENT BUILDING 133

LINDSEY
Looks like we're here?

SLEVIN
Looks that way.

LINDSEY
Would you like to come over for
a...

SLEVIN
I'd like that a lot.

134 INT. LINDSEY'S BEDROOM 134

Slevin and Lindsey pour in through the doorway entangled in one another's embrace, and fall onto the bed.

135 INT. LINDSEY'S BEDROOM - ONE HOUR LATER 135

Slevin and Lindsey are lying in bed together, Lindsey's head, resting comfortably on Slevin's chest.

SLEVIN
Favorite James Bond theme song?

LINDSEY
Shirley Bassey, Goldfinger. You?

SLEVIN
Carly Simon, The Spy Who Loved Me.

There is a brief silence.

LINDSEY
(singing)
Nobody does it better...doooo,
doooo, dooo.

SLEVIN
Makes me feel sad for the rest.

LINDSEY
Nobody does it half as good
as you...baby you're the
best.

SLEVIN
Nobody does it half as good
as you...baby you're the
best.

Slevin and Lindsey laugh. A brief silence.

SLEVIN (CONT'D)

At the end of a movie how does the protagonist get home? You ever consider that? That's what I always liked about Jimmy Bond. At the end of the day he'd be thousands of miles away from home, in a balloon, or a yacht, or a submarine disguised as an iceberg armed with nothing, save a beautiful woman and a Martini, but he still had to get home. There was no mistaking it. In most movies they just show the good guy walking away from a huge explosion in the middle of the fucking desert. I mean, how does that guy get home? Even the heroes indigenous to urban cities. Do they take taxi's, subways, buses. Do they call a friend to pick them up? Just once I would love to see Bruce Willis walk out of a burning building, bum a quarter off some passerby, pick up the phone and say, Honey, I'm on the corner of Wilshire and Beverly. It's raining pretty hard. You think you could come get me?

Lindsey laughs.

SLEVIN (CONT'D)

That reminds me there's something that I wanted to tell you...

136 INT. LINDSEY'S BEDROOM - 9:00 A.M.

136

Slevin is getting dressed. Lindsey is in bed.

LINDSEY

Where are you going?

SLEVIN

To get the paper and a coffee.

LINDSEY

One for me too please.

SLEVIN

Cream and sugar?

Lindsey nods. Slevin kisses Lindsey.

137 EXT. STREET

137

Slevin exits the building and walks down the block. Saul and the Mute are across the street sitting in the old Benz. Elvis and Slow are down the block in the old Caddy. The undercover Van is gone. Slevin walks down the block and turns the corner. Detective Dumbrowski is on the corner speaking on a PAYPHONE. Dumbrowski hangs up the phone and the UNDERCOVER VAN comes whizzing around the bend, the door slides open, and Slevin is thrown into the van by Dumbrowski. The sliding door is closed and the van takes off.

138 INT. UNDERCOVER VAN

138

Brikowski, Marty and Dumbrowski sit opposite of Slevin.

DUMBROWSKI

Morning, my name is Detective Dick Dumbrowski.

SLEVIN

Morning, defective Dick Dumbrowski. What is this?...Kidnapping?

DUMBROWSKI

Borrowing.

BRIKOWSKI

We just want to have a quick friendly word with you.

SLEVIN

I might remember you from such bathrooms as... Is this the standard operating procedure one would come across if they looked up friendly word in the policeman's SOP manual?

MARTY

There is no SOP for this box you got yourself into kid.

SLEVIN

Okay, what would you like a word about?

BRIKOWSKI

You.

SLEVIN

What about me?

BRIKOWSKI

Who are you?

SLEVIN

Philosophically speaking?

BRIKOWSKI

Name...

SLEVIN

...rank, serial number.

DUMBROWSKI

You should really play ball.

SLEVIN

Do you think I'm tall enough?

BRIKOWSKI

Why are you making this difficult?

SLEVIN

Why do you want it to be easy?

BRIKOWSKI

I'll rip all the money out of your pockets and drag you down to central booking and leave you in the toms for the next seventy-two hours, on a vagrancy charge, if you don't drop the act.

SLEVIN

Slevin Kelevra. K-E-L-E-V-R-A. Any other questions?

BRIKOWSKI

How did you get here?

SLEVIN

It really depends on how far back you go. I walked from my apartment. I came here from the womb by way of the uterus. Man evolved from apes. The Big Bang.

BRIKOWSKI

I don't know what's going on, or how you fit into it, but when I figure out the shot, I'm not gonna be this nice.

SLEVIN

This is nice? Don't do me any favors.

MARTY

Last chance to come clean.

Slevin maintains his silence.

BRIKOWSKI

(to Slevin)

No?

(to Dumbrowski)

Let him out.

(to Slevin)

Don't go far.

139 INT. LINDSEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

139

Lindsey is buttoning her BLOUSE.

LINDSEY

I hate the graveyard shift.

SLEVIN

Gets pretty stiff huh?

LINDSEY

I'll forgo the whole nickel thing.
This time. Got to run. I'm late.
I'll see you around three.

Slevin nods. They kiss goodbye. Lindsey rushes out. Slevin exits Lindsey's apartment and walks into the HALLWAY. Slevin fumbles with his keys.

SLOE (O.S.)

Time to do the deed.

Slevin, startled, turns around. Sloe and Elvis are standing in the hallway.

SLEVIN

What? But, I have...

ELVIS

Tonight's the night.

SLEVIN

But, I'm not...

ELVIS

This is not open to discussion.

SLOE

You do the thing or...

Elvis draws his PIECE and puts it to Slevin's head.

140 INT. UNDERCOVER VAN 140

Marty, Brikowski, and Dumbrowski are in the van.

BRIKOWSKI

Any word from Murphy?

DUMBROWSKI

Not yet.

BRIKOWSKI

I'll be back in the morning. Keep me in the loop.

Brikowski exits the van.

141 EXT. UNDERCOVER VAN 141

Brikowski gets into his undercover cop car, puts the pedal to the metal and peels out of the parking spot.

Slevin, Elvis and Sloe exit the apartment building.

142 INT. UNDERCOVER VAN - CONTINUOUS 142

Marty spots THE TRIO walking down the street.

MARTY

Our boy's on the move, and he's got company.

143 EXT. MERCER STREET - CONTINUOUS 143

The Trio gets into the CADDY.

144 INT. UNDERCOVER VAN - CONTINUOUS 144

DUMBROWSKI

Let's roll.

MARTY

Let's roll? Who are we? Starsky and Hutch?

DUMBROWSKI is about to start THE VAN, when...

He and Marty are shot one time each, in the head.

145 THE CAMERA - DOES A 180 - TO REVEAL: 145

Mr. Goodkat holding the SMOKING GUN. Dumbrowski's HEAD has fallen onto the STEERING WHEEL. THE HORN is blaring. Mr. Goodkat removes Dumbrowski's head from the horn.

146 EXT. MERCER STREET - A BLOCK AWAY 146

SAUL and THE MUTE are slumped over, dead, in the VINTAGE BENZ.

147 INT. VINTAGE CADDILAC ELDORADO 147

Elvis is driving. Sloe's riding shotgun. Sloe turns around and hands Slevin a SILENCED PISTOL after removing the MAGAZINE and the CHAMBERED BULLET.

SLOE

First time's a tough one. Just relax. Squeeze don't pull.

148 EXT. WEST VILLAGE - FIVE MINUTES LATER 148

Slevin is in front of Yitzchok's APARTMENT BUILDING.

149 INT. RECEPTION AREA - YITZCHOK'S APARTMENT BUILDING 149

DOORMAN approaches Slevin.

DOORMAN

Good evening sir.

SLEVIN

Good evening. I'm here to see Yitzchok Malman.

DOORMAN

Whom may I say is calling?

SLEVIN

Slevin Kelevra.

DOORMAN

One moment sir.

The Doorman picks up the phone and dials an extension.

The Doorman hangs up the phone.

DOORMAN (CONT'D)

Go right up sir.

DOORMAN (CONT'D)
 (into the phone)
 Good evening sir, I have a
 Mr...ehhemmm...Slevin here to see
 you...Right away sir.

150 INT. RECEPTION AREA - 5 MINUTES LATER 150

The front door opens from the outside, and an OLD COUPLE enters. The old man holds the door open for his wife, and lets go of it, but quickly catches it when he sees someone walking behind him.

MR. GOODKAT (O.S.)
 Thank you.

151 FOLLOWING - OLD COUPLE - SUBJECTIVE P.O.V. FROM BEHIND 151

THE DESK CLERK is startled out of his nap and jumps up...

DESK CLERK
 Good evening, Mr. and Mrs.
 Hirshman.

THE OLD MAN
 Evening Charles.

DESK CLERK
 (to Mr. Goodkat)
 Evening Mr...I'm sorry, sir.

152 CAMERA - TURNS 180 DEGREES - TO REVEAL MR. GOODKAT 152

MR. GOODKAT
 It's Smith.

DESK CLERK
 Right Mr. Smith. Sorry again.

MR. GOODKAT
 It's alright Charles, after all I
 am new to the building.

153 INT. ELEVATOR 153

The old couple is standing on one side of THE ELEVATOR doors and Mr. Goodkat, stands on the other side.

THE OLD MAN
 What floor son?

MR. GOODKAT
 Thirteen.

The old man presses THE BUTTON for the thirteenth floor. The elevator stops on the seventh floor and the old couple exits. The elevator doors close, and Mr. Goodkat resumes his ride to the thirteenth floor.

154 INT. HALLWAY - THIRTEENTH FLOOR 154

The elevator doors open and Mr. Goodkat exits. Mr. Goodkat walks down the hallway and stops in front of the BACK STAIRWELL.

155 INT. BACK STAIRWELL 155

FOLLOWING - MR. GOODKAT - UP FIVE FLIGHTS OF STEPS

156 INT. HALLWAY - EIGHTEENTH FLOOR 156

Mr. Goodkat walks down the corridor and stops in front of APARTMENT 1881. He silently retrieves a BLACK LEATHER CASE from within his coat pocket and removes a set of PICKS AND LEVERS. Selecting his tools, he quietly picks the lock in a few seconds. He returns THE TOOLS and THE KIT to his coat pocket and opens the door to the apartment and finds...

157 TIGHT ON - SLEVIN - STANDING OVER YITZCHOK'S DEAD BODY - (MR. GOODKAT'S P.O.V.)

Mr. Goodkat and Slevin stare into one another's eyes.

158 TIGHT ON - MR. GOODKAT - (SLEVIN'S P.O.V.): 158

Mr. Goodkat smiles, but the smile quickly disappears from his face as he draws his SILENCED PISTOL from within his coat with lightening speed and fires two quick rounds.

159 EXT. YITZCHOK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ONE HOUR LATER 159

Mr. Goodkat walks down the block. When he reaches the end of the block, Yitzchok's apartment, on the 18th floor, explodes. Glass and debris falls to the street. The explosion is controlled. The fire goes out immediately.

160 INT. MEDICAL EXAMINERS OFFICE - TWO HOURS LATER 160

Lindsey stands over FOUR DEAD BODIES, covered with sheets.

CLOSE ON - TOE TAGS:

SLEVIN KELEVRA and YITZCHOK MALMAN.

BRIKOWSKI

So, what's the story?

LINDSEY

It appears as if they've killed one another. Open and shut, huh?

BRIKOWSKI

Not likely.

LINDSEY

Why's that?

BRIKOWSKI

Both of the men killed had ties to organized crime. One of them was under close surveillance. Two of my men were killed tonight, while following him. The apartment was blown with C-4. The blast was rigged, so it wouldn't blow any of the neighboring units. This is not what it looks like. Are you alright?

LINDSEY

Yes, just nerves.

BRIKOWSKI

What's with the bruise?

CLOSE ON - A BLACK AND BLUE WELT - ON LINDSEY'S ARM

LINDSEY

Tennis injury.

BRIKOWSKI

You should get that checked out.

LINDSEY

(almost crying)
I'm a doctor.

BRIKOWSKI

Right. Have we ever met before? You seem very familiar.

LINDSEY

No, I doubt it.

BRIKOWSKI

Well, good night. I'll be in touch.

LINDSEY

Goodbye.

Brikowski's footsteps can be heard walking away. Lindsey turns to THE DEAD BODY, marked Slevin, and starts to cry.

161 INT. SYNAGOGUE - BASEMENT - NIGHTTIME 161

Mr. Goodkat walks around the basement, stopping in front of windowless room. Peering in Mr. Goodkat sees Shlomo all alone. SHLOMO eyes open wide with terror as he sees...

162 TIGHT ON - MR. GOODKAT - FIRING BEAN BAG STUN GUN 162

163 INT. 8TH AVENUE STRONGHOLD - TWENTY MINUTES LATER 163

Mr. Goodkat walks into the Stronghold. He is greeted by...

ELVIS
Little late no?

SLOE
Hey, Mr. Good...

Mr. Goodkat shoots Sloe and Elvis.

164 INT. ELEVATOR 164

MR. GOODKAT
Happiness is a warm gun.

165 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT 165

The Elevator Man flips the manual override switch, the elevator ascends, and the Elevator Man is shot through the ceiling of the elevator.

166 INT. 8TH AVENUE STRONGHOLD - PENTHOUSE 166

The Boss is sitting at his desk. Mr. Goodkat enters.

THE BOSS
Goodkat, what happened? I thought it wasn't going to look like a job? You took out the bodyguards, blew the building...

MR. GOODKAT
Unforeseen circumstances.

THE BOSS
Unforeseen circumstances? Time to come clean. How'd you know Lime would take down the Rabbi's Son?

SLEVIN (O.S.)
I told him I would.

Slevin enters.

THE BOSS
(cool)
Nick Lime. What it is?

SLEVIN
What it was. Jive's dead as disco.
Disco's dead as you ten minutes
from now. By all laws of
transitivity, ten minutes from now,
you are dead as jive.
(beat)
And my name's not Nick Lime.

THE BOSS
No?

Slevin shakes his head NO.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)
Slevin?

Slevin shakes his head NO.

SLEVIN
Goodkat.

THE BOSS
You're Mr. Goodkat? Then who's he?

SLEVIN
That's Ralph.

NOTE: It has been revealed that Slevin is the real Mr. Goodkat, and that the man who has been pretending to be Mr. Goodkat is Slevin's accomplice. Despite this revelation, for the sake of continuity, Slevin will still be referred to, in the body of the script (i.e. CHARACTER and ACTION) as Slevin and his accomplice will be referred to as Mr. Goodkat.

SLEVIN (CONT'D)
And this is...

Slevin walks into hallway and returns with a gagged and bound Shlomo. Slevin sits Shlomo down in a CHAIR, and removes the GAG.

SLEVIN (CONT'D)
...Your old friend, Shlomo.

SHLOMO

You are making a very big mistake.

SLEVIN

Making a very big mistake. That is the present participle. You have made a very big mistake...past tense. Much worse.

Slevin produces a POLAROID from his pocket of Yitzchok's corpse.

SHLOMO

You're a dead man!

SLEVIN

(to Shlomo)

Shhhhh.

SHLOMO

Who do you think you're fucking with? You're a dead man!

SLEVIN

Hey Odi. Look in the mirror.

Slevin grabs Shlomo by the HAIR, and shoots him in the RIGHT TEMPLE.

SLEVIN (CONT'D)

That's you in ten minutes. But, first the evolution of chaos into order. You only glimpse a fraction of the whole, so that which is patterned appears to be chaotic. Then for a split second the truth is revealed, there is a dynamic equilibrium, and order is attained, but not maintained, for you are dead and the truth dies with you, and order returns to chaos. In other words, ask me any question you like.

THE BOSS

I thought you were dead. I got a call from my guy at the precinct. He said you were dead.

SLEVIN

Only on paper, thanks to a certain Medical Examiner.

167

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINERS OFFICE - (FLASHBACK)

167

Slevin and Goodkat are standing behind a CHANGING SCREEN.

BRIKOWSKI

Have we ever met before? You seem familiar.

LINDSEY

No, I doubt it.

BRIKOWSKI

Well, good night. I'll be in touch.

LINDSEY

Goodbye.

Brikowski's footsteps can be heard walking away. Lindsey turns to THE DEAD BODY, marked Slevin, and starts to cry. Slevin and Mr. Goodkat come out from behind the curtain.

SLEVIN

I guess I'm the first stiff to ever come back on you?

LINDSEY

There was no cheating girlfriend in LA, no condemned apartment, no lost job, no mugging...

SLEVIN

Lies, lies, lies.

LINDSEY

Who's the man on the table?

SLEVIN

Nobody.

LINDSEY

Who are you?

SLEVIN

The bad guy...Remember when I told you that the villain is most effective when you don't know what he looks like?...He's even more effective when you know what he looks like, but you don't know that he's the villain or that there even is a villain for that matter.

LINDSEY

I did what you asked, Slevin's dead. Please let me go. Please don't kill me.

SLEVIN

I can't...I must...But, as I promised I will not extinct your entire family...If it's any consolation, you're the only person I've killed that has taught me a lesson.

LINDSEY

What's that?

SLEVIN

When pretending to be mugged, remove watch, hide luggage, so on and so forth.

Lindsey switches from a cry to a laugh.

SLEVIN (CONT'D)

What?

LINDSEY

I'm usually a much better judge of character.

SLEVIN

Ahh, sweet Lindsey, I will always remember you as the girl with the deceptively tall knock.

Mr. Goodkat turns and walks away, to give Slevin some privacy. Slevin, gently places his free hand on the nape of Lindsey's neck for a split second, and then backs away and shoots her in the chest.

SLEVIN (CONT'D)

What a twist of fate. If only the next door neighbors of the world were not degenerate gamblers, then the Lindseys of the world could live.

CLOSE - UP - LINDSEY'S LIFELESS BODY

168

INT. 8TH AVENUE STRONGHOLD

168

THE BOSS

Who's Nick?

SLEVIN

Where most shaving cuts are nicks,
this Nick was a shaving cut.

169 INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - (FLASHBACK)

169

Nick opens the door to find Slevin standing in the hallway.
Nick is cutting off pieces of APPLE with his KNIFE.

SLEVIN

You must be the world's worst
gambler.

NICK

Who the...

Slevin pushes his way into the apartment, simultaneously
knocking Nick down and closing the door. Slevin leans over to
grab Nick, but he is caught by surprise when Nick slashes his
face with THE KNIFE. Slevin wipes the BLOOD from his face.

SLEVIN

I wasn't expecting that.

Slevin, in a single motion, grabs Nick's outstretched hand,
which is holding THE KNIFE, and flips Nick's wrist so that
the blade has done a 180, and plunges the knife into his
stomach. Blood drips out of Nick's gaping wound, onto the
carpet.

170 INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - (FLASHBACK)

170

Slevin is examining PHOTO ALBUMS, ADDRESS BOOKS, and DIARIES.

171 CLOSE ON - WHITE PAPER - FROM THE MANAGEMENT COMPANY BARRING
SUB-LETTING

172 INT. BATHROOM - NICK'S APARTMENT - (FLASHBACK)

172

CLOSE-ON - NICK'S DEAD BODY - IN BATHTUB

LINDSEY (O.S.)

Can I use your bathroom?

SLEVIN (O.S.)

Toilet overflowed.

173 INT. 8TH AVENUE STRONGHOLD

173

SLEVIN

I needed to find a common
denominator.

174 INT. MR. GOODKAT'S APARTMENT - (FLASHBACK) 174

Mr. Goodkat is examining SLIM AND BENNY'S BOOKS.

175 CLOSE ON - THE LIST OF NAMES: 175

"HIL QUERY, EZRA WHEEL, NICK LIME, ARTHUR DRIBBLE, FARLEY GLASS"

SLEVIN (V.O.)

Gamblers, especially those of the degenerate variety, tend to exhaust lines of credit in more than one book. There were 5 common denominators between Benny and Slim.

176 EXT. SUBURBAN BACKYARD - FAMILY BARBECUE - (FLASHBACK) 176

THE FATHER is chain-smoking, BARBECUING, and reading the RACING FORM at the same time. THREE LITTLE GIRLS JUMPING ROPE, in the background.

SLEVIN (V.O.)

Three were married, with big families. Too many variables to control. Gotta pop Grandma Sadie, when she stops in for a surprise visit...or the office manager who gets suspicious when so and so doesn't call in sick, for the fifth day in a row. The fourth guy, went MIA, but I couldn't take the chance that he would return, and compromise my identity.

177 EXT. NICK LIME'S APARTMENT BUILDING - (FLASHBACK) 177

NICK LIME is fumbling with his KEYS.

SLEVIN (V.O.)

Now, whoever said the third time's the charm, never went five, cause if they had they would have met Nick Lime: Both books, loser, no friends, no family, no girlfriend, and he's an out of work freelance photographer with a Medical Examiner for a next door neighbor. Nobody's missing this nobody. The wheels began turning. He was made for me.

(MORE)

SLEVIN (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Now all I had to do was kill the
 two people that could identify the
 real Nick Lime.

178 EXT. SYNAGOGUE - LOWER EAST SIDE, NY-NIGHTTIME - FLASHBACK 78

179 INT. BENNY BEGIN'S BOOKMAKING OPERATION - FLASHBACK 179

BENNY a middle-aged Jewish BOOKIE, sits at his desk, across
 from SLEVIN.

BENNY
 What's with the umbrella?

SLEVIN
 I don't want to get any blood on
 me.

We hear a BOLT sound.

180 INSERT - RETRACTABLE OSS SLEEVE BLADE 180

Slevin extends his arm across the desk and swipes it
 horizontally through the air and opens his UMBRELLA.

181 CLOSE-UP - GAPING WOUND - BENNY'S THROAT 181

The BLADE disappears back into Slevin's sleeve.

Careful to avoid ARTERIAL SPRAY, Slevin reaches over THE DESK
 and retrieves a black and white marble NOTEBOOK.

182 INT. HARLEM STRONGHOLD 182

183 INT. SLIM HOPKINS' BOOKMAKING OPERATION 183

SLEVIN sits across from SLIM HOPKINS. Slim is examining the
 pages of his BETTING LOG.

UNSEEN INDIVIDUAL
 So, you're Slim Hopkins?

SLIM HOPKINS
 Shit, who else could I be?

UNSEEN INDIVIDUAL
 Right now, it would be better for
 you to be anyone else.

Slevin raises SILENCED SEMI-AUTO and shoots Slim in the head,
 and lunges forward to grab the betting log.

184 INT. 8TH AVENUE STRONGHOLD

184

THE BOSS

But, why did you insist that you weren't Nick?

SLEVIN

In case there was anyone left who knew what Nick looked like. If I was pretending to be Nick and someone caught on...

THE BOSS

I brought you in here.

SLEVIN

I let you bring me in here you dumb fuck! I made you bring me in here. I killed your son...

185 EXT. MANHATTAN, NY - MORNING - (FLASHBACK)

185

A YOUNG BLACK MAN is walking down the block with THREE BLACK BODYGUARDS. Beginning with the YOUNG MAN, each is shot in the head.

CRANE UP - TO REVEAL:

186 EXT. ROOFTOP

186

Slevin disassembles the SNIPER RIFLE.

187 INT. THE BOSS' JOINT - BASEMENT - PRESENT DAY

187

SLEVIN

...and then you called upon me, or who you thought was me. To exact revenge. You facilitated your own hit. See, it was essential that I be able to walk freely amongst both of your organizations. As they say, A knight on the rim is dim. I needed you to let your guard down, but more importantly I needed the police and everyone else watching you, Miss Popularity, you fucking homecoming queen, to think that I was the prey and you were the predator. And now they think I'm dead. And they have a full house in the morgue, with no suspects.

THE BOSS
My guy at the precinct said there
were two dead bodies?

188 INT. YITZCHOK'S APARTMENT - (FLASHBACK)

188

Yitzchok opens the door and let's Slevin in. Slevin has a
SILENCED PISTOL behind his back.

SLEVIN
We need to talk.

YITZCHOK
Okay.

SLEVIN
Someone is trying to kill you.

YITZCHOK
Who?

SLEVIN
Me.

Slevin shoots Yitzchok in the chest. One minute later, Mr.
Goodkat opens the door to the apartment and finds...

189 TIGHT ON - SLEVIN - STANDING OVER YITZCHOK'S DEAD BODY - (MR.
GOODKAT'S P.O.V.)

Mr. Goodkat and Slevin stare into one another's eyes.

190 TIGHT ON - MR. GOODKAT - (SLEVIN'S P.O.V.):

190

Mr. Goodkat smiles, but the smile quickly disappears from his
face as he draws his SILENCED PISTOL from within his COAT
with lightening speed and FIRES two quick rounds.

SLEVIN
What the...?

TIGHT ON - YITZCHOK

191 CLOSE - ON YITZCHOK'S HAND - HOLDING A SMALL DERRINGER... 191

Yitzchok was about to shoot Slevin in the back.

SLEVIN
That was close. Go downstairs and
grab our friend.

Mr. Goodkat looks at his watch, EXITS. Cut-away ceiling reveals both apartments (Bodyguards' and Yitzchok's side by side). The Bodyguards are both dead on the floor, their bodies at awkward angles.

192 EXT. YITZCHOK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 192

Goodkat walks outside. Just as he steps through the door, a truck pulls up. The driver exits, goes to the back of the truck, opens the back, disappears inside and appears a moment later wheeling a large wooden crate.

193 INT. YITZCHOK'S APARTMENT BUILDING 193

Mr. Goodkat stands in the service elevator, next to the crate.

194 INT. YITZCHOK'S APARTMENT 194

Slevin and Goodkat standing over the open crate. We see a dead body. The body belonging to John, the very same man from the beginning of the movie. The man who Goodkat had killed one week earlier. Slevin smiles.

SLEVIN

You blow the apartment. We'll meet at the morgue in twenty, take care of the girl and then collect The Rabbi.

195 INT. 8TH AVENUE STRONGHOLD 195

THE BOSS

How much are they paying you?

SLEVIN

There is no they. This is not about money.

196 EXT. BELMONT RACETRACK - PARKING LOT - 1964 - (FLASHBACK) 196

TIGHT ON - THE SON - LOOKING OUT THE BACK WINDOW AS HE IS DRIVEN AWAY

The Son watches as Max talks to the Parking Lot Thug. The son puts his hands on the glass, a tear rolls down his cheek.

SLEVIN

In 1964, you and Shlomo ran a bookmaking operation, and one of the bookie's who laid bets through you, Fat Joe, had a guy who lost money on a fixed race. It wasn't a lot of money. It was twenty grand. Chicken feed to you. Intangible chicken feed. Where most people would have seen blood, guts, and arteries, you saw a minus sign. Not a man, but a symbol. That minus sign was my father. I've been planning this ever since. I shot you 10 years ago, and made you think that Shlomo was trying to kill you. And then I did the same to him. I wanted both of you to live in fear, until it was time for you to live no more.

THE BOSS

But why kill our children?

SLEVIN

If someone had killed me thirty some odd years ago, instead of feeding me milk and cookies, you and Shlomo would be alive tomorrow. I'm not going to make that mistake.

Mr. Goodkat restrains The Boss with a leather belt, while Slevin slides a PLASTIC BAG over his head and seals it shut with DUCT TAPE.

SLEVIN (CONT'D)

Your status here has just been inverted.

Slevin points to himself.

SLEVIN (CONT'D)

Cat.

Slevin points to The Boss.

SLEVIN (CONT'D)

Mouse.

198 EXT. 8TH AVENUE STRONGHOLD 198

Slevin and Mr. Goodkat exit The Boss's Stronghold. The pair walk down the street together. Both Strongholds explode in the b.g. the dark silhouettes of Slevin and Mr. Goodkat are framed in the explosion.

199 INT. POLICE PRECINCT - ONE HOUR LATER 199

MURPHY is walking through the empty precinct, carrying a MANILA FOLDER. He stops in front of a TELEPHONE, dials a number, and puts the phone up to his ear.

VOICE MAIL

(digital)

You have reached the desk of...

(actual voice)

Detective Lou Brikowski.

(digital)

To leave a message press 1...

Murphy presses ONE on the KEYPAD.

ANONYMOUS VOICE (O.S.)

Hey Murphy, go home to your wife and kid.

Murphy removes the phone from his ear and looks up. A POLICE OFFICER is standing there.

VOICE MAIL

I'm sorry, this mailbox is full.

Murphy does not hear the voice mail system say, "I'm sorry, this mailbox is full."

MURPHY

Almost outta here.

(into the phone)

Hey Brikowski, It's Murphy. I was drawing blanks on that name you gave me, Slevin Kelevra. I was working late when old Harry came by to shoot the shit. He recognized the name Slevin, but couldn't place it. He called me about an hour later. He said in '64, the fix was in on a racehorse at Belmont. The horse died ten yards from the finish line. The horse's name was Lucky Number Slevin. Slevin ain't a guy it's a dead quadruped.

(MORE)

MURPHY (cont'd)

I thought nothing of it, until Harry called his old partner who drives a desk over at the six six. He tells us this story about this guy who bets thirty grand of through Odi Fiend and Shlomo Malman's money on the horse. The kid's Golden Goose drops dead on the track, he drops off the face of the planet, last seen by his five year old son who was waiting for him in the parking lot at Belmont. The guy who disappeared, his name was Goodkat, Maximilian Goodkat. His kid died twenty years later in a warehouse fire, no foul play suspected. The trail runs cold after that. It looks like the stiff in the morgue, Slevin, was using a ghost name. Oh, and Nick Lime is dead. He was the second floater they pulled out of the East, with G.I. Joe. Anyway...Ohhh one more thing, linguistics tracked down the name Kelevra. It's Hebrew. It means Bad Dog.

200 INT. SUBWAY CAR - 5AM 200

Slevin is sitting in the EMPTY SUBWAY CAR.

SLEVIN

(singing)

Nobody does it better, doo doo doo doo...

201 INT. NICK LIME'S APARTMENT - (FLASHBACK) 201

LINDSEY

What do you do?

SLEVIN

I'm a world class assassin.

202 INT. SUBWAY CAR - 5AM 202

SLEVIN

Makes me feel sad for the rest...

The SUBWAY DOOR opens.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Nobody does it half as good as you!
Baby you're the best.

Slevin looks up to find Lindsey framed in the doorway.

LINDSEY

Promise me that we'll never have to
fake my death again.

SLEVIN

I make no promises.

203 INT. LINDSEY'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK

203

Lindsey laughs.

SLEVIN

That reminds me there's something
that I wanted to tell you.

LINDSEY

What?

SLEVIN

Remember when I said I was a world-
class assassin?

LINDSEY

Ha, ha.

SLEVIN

Ha, ha.
(serious)
I am.

204 INT. LINDSEY'S BEDROOM - 20 MINUTES LATER

204

Lindsey has a stunned look on her face, Slevin looks
confounded, then...

LINDSEY

You poor thing. You were just a
babe.

Slevin looks up.

(The Scene Visually Builds itself on the screen as Lindsey discusses her plan. Essentially her narrative guides the flashback through each segment and visually changes each scene with each new development [especially the morgue scene] using a third-person omniscient perspective.)

SLEVIN

Now, I know that we don't know one
another all that well but...

LINDSEY

Yes!

SLEVIN

Yes what?

LINDSEY

Yes I'll run away with you and
start a new life together.

SLEVIN

Huh...

(beat)

You can never...

LINDSEY

See anyone from this life again.

SLEVIN

Including...

LINDSEY

Relatives, friends, neighbors.

SLEVIN

And we'll have to...

LINDSEY

Fake my death as well.

SLEVIN

And no one...

LINDSEY

Can know about it.

SLEVIN

Not even...

LINDSEY

Your partner Ralph, because I'll be
a living witness to all that
transpired, and he might try to
kill me in order to protect his and
your identities.

SLEVIN

And...

LINDSEY

We'll need a body.

SLEVIN

And...

LINDSEY

We'll have to do it in front of Ralph, so that he doesn't suspect that we're in cahoots.

SLEVIN

And...

LINDSEY

You'll have to shoot me to make it look real. But, I'll be wearing a kevlar vest underneath my lab coat.

SLEVIN

With...

LINDSEY

Pints of blood taped to the vest for effect. When you shoot me, the bullets will pierce the bags and the blood will pour out.

SLEVIN

But, Ralph...

LINDSEY

May decide to check my vitals so you'll need to inject me with this moments before you shoot me.

Lindsey produces a VIAL of NEUROTOXIN.

SLEVIN

What...

LINDSEY

It's called Hibernia. It's a neurotoxin that slows down the metabolic processes, essentially mimicking the effects of death for approximately two minutes.

SLEVIN

How will I...

LINDSEY

This.

Lindsey produces a HOLLOWED OUT RING, in the hollow of the ring is a tiny NEEDLE.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

A drop of the toxin on the tippy
tip and then you...

Lindsey puts the ring on and turns the ring around so that
the needle is upside down on her hand. She then gently taps
Slevin, on the nape of his neck.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Voila....Now I've already obtained
falsified travel documents, and
I've got a Jane Doe hiding in the
freeze that no one else knows
about, but she's been there for a
week, so you'll have to blow the
morgue or the time of death won't
coincide. They'll just do a body
count in the event of a fire and
since I never logged the Jane, the
numbers will match up and I'll
officially be dead. I've already
switched her dental records for my
own.

SLEVIN

How long have you known for?

LINDSEY

From the beginning.

SLEVIN

How?

LINDSEY

Little slip-ups along the way. You
claimed that you and Nick grew up
together in New York. Nick grew up
in Florida. He'd never even been to
New York until 5 years ago. And
there was the watch and the duffle
bag.

SLEVIN

The neurotoxin, the passports, the
plan. When did you begin...

LINDSEY

Long before. I've been waiting for
you for a very long time. And then,
when you showed up I knew. I knew
that you were...you. I didn't know
why you were here, but I knew that
you were never in any real danger.

(MORE)

LINDSEY (cont'd)
I was certain, however, that your
pursuers were in very real danger.

SLEVIN
Why didn't you say something?

LINDSEY
All in good time.

SLEVIN
Do you know what I am?

LINDSEY
I know what you were.

SLEVIN
To live in the darkness, all you
gotta do is stay out of the light.
I've haven't been in the light for
as long as I can remember.

LINDSEY
All in good time.

205 INT. SUBWAY CAR

205

Lindsey and Slevin kiss passionately. Then Slevin stops
and...

SLEVIN
We'll get off at 59th Street, and
cab it over to JFK...

LINDSEY
We should just switch over to the A
Train at Times Square and take that
direct.

FADE TO BLACK

FIN