

MIDDLE AGED WHITE GUYS

a screenplay by

Bruce Graham

EXT. FBI BUILDING (PHILADELPHIA) -- DAY

AN UNMARKED CAR pulls up in front. Two AGENTS, a MAN and WOMAN, climb out. The WOMAN opens the back door for DOUG KRAMER. Although he is not cuffed we get the distinct feeling he could be at any moment.

BOBBY (V.O.)
The last guy in the world you'd
ever expect to be in a situation
like this was Doug Kramer.

Doug does not look the criminal type. He's 46, a respectable-looking, middle aged white guy.

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He was a designated driver before
we even knew what the hell
designated drivers were.

INT. FBI BUILDING -- DAY

Doug and the AGENTS head down a hallway.

BOBBY (V.O.)
Doug's the kind of guy who steps
out of the shower to take a leak.

The WOMAN motions for him to sit on a bench, then she and the MAN step behind a glass door.

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I mean...this guy never broke a law
in his life.

CLOSE ON: Doug, as he allows himself a sly little smile, as if he has delightful secret.

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Okay...besides that one time...and
I should know...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROOSEVELT ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- DAY (1968)

SUPER: 1968

A school in South Philadelphia. Amongst the KIDS we find BOBBY O'CONNOR, our narrator, age 6. Most of the kids look a little nervous; one boy (PETEY EMRICK) is screaming and clutching at his MOTHER.

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BOBBY (V.O.)
Cause I've been hangin' with him
since first grade. That's me right
there. Nice haircut, huh?

INT. ROOSEVELT ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- DAY (1968)

A lively, first grade classroom. Bobby sits calmly amongst
the chaos. (Petey Emrick is still bawling.)

BOBBY (V.O.)
First day of school.

BOBBY'S POV: Six year old DOUG, a very serious looking kid
who lays out his school supplies neatly.

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That little old man there is Doug.

DOUG	BOBBY (V.O.)
I have extra pencils if you need one. And erasers. And glue --	See what I mean? Very neat, very serious, very hard working. I really hated him.

An incredible FART gets their attention and they turn to see
CHUCK HOWANSKI, looking rather proud.

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And that's Chuck Howanski.

Chuck's the biggest kid in the class, and he digs into his
nose like a coal miner. He extracts a huge booger and looks
at it like a scientist.

CHUCK
Pretty neat, huh? A hardback with
a tail. Sort of a kelly green.

Bobby and Doug exchange a look; this guy's a little weird.

BOBBY (V.O.)
I'd never heard anyone describe a
booger in such vivid detail before
in my life.

Chuck rolls the booger into a ball and points to Petey
Emrick, who has finally stopped crying.

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Petey Emrick. Born victim. One in
every class.

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Chuck readies, aims and then...flicks. BULLSEYE! The booger lands on the back of Petey's head. Petey reaches back to see what hit him...and the HOWLING starts again.

Chuck turns to Bobby and Doug, smiling. Both are impressed.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- NIGHT

Halloween night. Doug, Chuck, and Bobby, stand in front of an apartment building.

DOUG

We don't have time to do the whole building so we should split up. That way we get some of everything and we can divvy it up. I mean, Chuck you don't like Sugar Daddys and I don't like Baby Ruths...

A DEVIL passes them. Even underneath the mask they can hear him crying.

BOBBY

Hey Petey, how you doin'?

TIME CUT: Doug waits outside for Bobby and Chuck. Suddenly he's thrown to the ground from behind by TWO BIGGER KIDS.

BIGGER KID

Give us the candy.

Bobby and Chuck step out of the apartment in time to see the Bigger Kids rifling Doug's candy bag.

CHUCK

(calmly)
Lemme handle this.

FREEZE ON CHUCK:

BOBBY (V.O.)

"Lemme handle this." I've learned since that fateful night that whenever Chuck said "Lemme handle this," that something interesting was about to happen.

UNFREEZE:

CHUCK

Leave 'em alone, assholes!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Bigger Kids turn, but then pause when they get a look at Chuck, who has put on his best "psycho" look.

BIGGER KID 2

Whatta' ya gonna' do about it kid?

They advance as Chuck begins to calmly open his Swiss Army knife.

CHUCK

I'm gonna' snake your eyeball with my Swiss Army Knife. And I'm not even gonna' use the blade - I'm gonna' use the can opener.

FREEZE ON: Chuck...one very dangerous looking six year old.

BOBBY (V.O.)

Chuck was absolutely fearless. It helps when you come from a family loaded with mental illness.

UNFREEZE: to see the Bigger Kids running away.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM -- DAY

SUPER: 1979

MR. MUHLENBERG writes the word "MASTURBATION" across all three blackboards. Muhlenberg is a typical ex-Marine football coach who is occasionally forced to teach.

BOBBY (V.O.)

Before AIDS...before Mothers
Against Drunk Driving...before
anybody ever heard the term
"political correctness"...there was
boys' health class...

We now see the TEENAGED CHUCK, BOBBY and DOUG in a class full of STONERS and DOLTS. Bobby reads a racing form, Chuck is half asleep, but Doug pays attention.

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

The greatest class ever...

MUHLENBERG

Masturbation! What is it?

Only Doug raises his hand.

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MUHLENBERG (CONT'D)
 Jee-zus Christ! Somebody besides
 Kramer. Petey Emrick.

A still-frightend teenaged Petey freezes in fear.

MUHLENBERG (CONT'D)
 What is it, Petey?
 (Petey is blank)
 Jee-zus Christ -- you do it every
 Friday night and ya don't even know
 what it is!

The whole demeanor of the room changes when into this sexually charged atmosphere GINA MATTERO enters carrying a note for Muhlenberg. Sixteen, low-hung jeans...and a great figure. Gina glances up at the board, sees the legend "MASTURBATION" and turns away...looking directly at Chuck.

A goofy looking smile spreads across Chuck's face. Gina returns the smile and leaves.

CHUCK
 Who was that?

DOUG
 Gina Mattero.

BOBBY
 She lives down the street from ya,
 asshole.

CHUCK
 When'd she get tits?

BOBBY
 Over the summer. That's when they
 all get tits.

Chuck's face shows absolute rapture.

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Twenty-six years, five kids and
 quite a few pounds later, they're
 still together. They never dated
 anybody else. Never could
 understand behavior like that.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER -- NIGHT

Chuck, Gina, Bobby and his DATE step outside. Following behind is Doug - the depressed looking fifth wheel.

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CONTINUED:

BOBBY (V.O.)
And Doug...well, Doug was kind
of...shy.

INT. PIZZA PLACE -- NIGHT

The guys sit in a booth. Bobby studies a heavily marked sports page. Chuck appears to be daydreaming.

BOBBY
Hey, what about Shelly Epstein?

DOUG
What about her?

BOBBY
She'll go out with you.

DOUG
She's fat.

BOBBY
So. She blew half the guys in the
band. I mean, Christ, if she's
desperate enough to blow those
losers --

DOUG
I don't like her.

BOBBY
What's that got to do with
anything?

DOUG
I should at least like the girl. I
mean, the whole thing...it's ought
to be...you know...special.

Suddenly, out of nowhere:

CHUCK
I think my old man's jerkin' off to
Mary Tyler Moore.

Bobby and Doug both turn in his direction: where the hell did that come from?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUCK (CONT'D)

No, I'm serious. Every Saturday night he goes up stairs and watches "The Mary Tyler Moore Show" by himself. With the door shut. My mother, she's downstairs watchin' the same show. I mean, that's kind of sick when ya think about it. Probably sittin' up there with a can of Crisco whackin' off to Mary Tyler Moore.

(thinks a moment)

And it's a black and white t.v.

He shakes his head in awe of the mysteries of this world and returns to his pizza.

FREEZE ON: Doug and Bobby, still staring at him.

BOBBY (V.O.)

I've known that guy forty years and I'm still not sure how his mind works.

ON SCREEN: the guys' GRADUATION PHOTOS circa 1976.

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

Okay. Fast forward.

A WEDDING PHOTO: Gina and Chuck, with Doug and Bobby as two best men.

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

Gina got knocked up and we all had a helluva party.

INT. BOBBY'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Bobby has noisy sex with a WOMAN under the covers.

BOBBY (V.O.)

I got married to Andrea. No, that's Andrea over there.

PAN TO THE DOORWAY where a pissed off looking Andrea stands watching her husband and ANOTHER WOMAN. Finally Bobby realizes she's there. Busted, he just smiles weakly.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Hi, hon. You're home early.

FREEZE ON: Bobby.

(CONTINUED)

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BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Perhaps the dumbest thing I ever
 said in my life. But the dumbest
 thing *I ever did* was get married a
 second time.

INT. BOBBY'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Same bedroom. Same bed. Same action. Only this time, after
 a second, we realize it is TWO WOMEN. This time Bobby's the
 one standing in the doorway, shocked.

BOBBY (V.O.)
 We'd still be together if she'd of
 just let me watch.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- DAY

Chuck checks wiring on the railroad tracks. A SUBWAY TRAIN
 bears down on him. The TRAIN grows closer. Chuck doesn't seem
 to even notice it.

BOBBY (V.O.)
 Chuck went to work for SEPTA, our
 local publicly funded mass transit
 monopoly.

Chuck waits to the last second before calmly stepping out of
 the way.

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 They hire so many whackos Chuck
 actually looked normal.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM -- DAY

Bobby stands in the audience directing the school play. He
 pays particular attention to one very attractive YOUNG LADY.

BOBBY (V.O.)
 I ended up back at our old high
 school as an English teacher. I
 also run the drama program.

FREEZE ON: Bobby giving "direction" to the YOUNG LADY.

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And no - I never, ever slept with a
 student. But I think about it
 constantly. Any male teacher who
 says he doesn't is a lyin' sack'a
 shit.

INT. PHILADELPHIA TRUST BANK -- DAY

Doug, a teller, waits on KAREN, 20's and pretty in a severe sort of way.

BOBBY (V.O.)

Doug took his business degree and went into banking. Eventually, he even found a girl and got married.

EXT. CHUCK'S BACKYARD -- DAY

A South Philly row home with a tiny backyard. A barbecue's in progress. Chuck's LITTLE KIDS run around.

CHUCK

Gina. There's not enough mayo in the potato salad.

Everybody is having a good time...except a tight lipped KAREN.

BOBBY (V.O.)

We used to think Karen was just quiet. Till they got married.

EXT. DOUG'S HOME -- DAY

Chuck and Bobby, holding fishing rods, stand at the door.

BOBBY (V.O.)

Then we realized she was just a bitch. A first class bitch.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Can Doug come out and play?

Karen, pregnant, is not amused.

KAREN

No. He's painting the living room.

And she SLAMS the door on them. They move to the window and see Doug painting the living room. They tap on the window indicating, "Come on."

Doug glances back at Karen, then shakes his head sadly. He's stuck there.

BOBBY (V.O.)

They had a little girl, Molly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUICK SNAPSHOTS: of Doug and his daughter, whom he clearly adores. Even in family photos, Karen looks distant and aloof.

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I think it's the only time the poor
guy ever got laid.

EXT. CHUCK'S DRIVEWAY -- DAY

The guys shoot baskets like teenagers, running jumping, banging into each other.

BOBBY (V.O.)
And life went on...except we all
began to notice things.

INT. SPLIT SCREEN -- THREE BEDROOMS -- MORNING

We see all three bedrooms the morning after the basketball game. Doug, Chuck and Bobby all rise slowly, groaning from the sore muscles.

BOBBY (V.O.)
Little things at first, but they
add up.

INT. SPLIT SCREEN -- THREE BATHROOMS -- DAY

BOBBY (V.O.)
Hair begins to migrate.

Gina shaves Chuck's back. Bobby trims his nose hair. Doug cuts his ear hair.

INT. FUNERAL HOME -- DAY

Chuck stands over his FATHER'S coffin.

BOBBY (V.O.)
Parents start dying.

When the MOURNERS pass, Chuck slips in a copy of *T.V. Guide* with Mary Tyler Moore's picture on the cover.

INT. DOUG'S HOME -- DAY

Christmas day. Molly, about 7, holds a BEAGLE PUP (BUSTER) with a ribbon on it.

BOBBY (V.O.)
You do dumb shit like buy
animals...

INT. CHUCK'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Chuck sits at the table with his daughter TERESA (17) as Gina clears the dinner table. Chuck holds the book *College Financial Aid For Dummies*.

BOBBY (V.O.)

You worry about money all the time...

CHUCK

They got scholarships here for minorities, immigrants, people who speak a "foreign tongue", veterans, gays and lesbians, and - dig this - here's one gives ya 1500 bucks a year if you're missing a limb.

TERESA

I'll get a job, dad.

CHUCK

Hey, we got Chuckie and Lisa through, we can do it for you.

(thinks a moment)

Ya know, you could always just say you're a lesbian.

TERESA

I'm not.

CHUCK

How they gonna' prove it? You get the cash and then say, "Hey, I changed my mind."

(off her look)

Okay, how 'bout changin' your name to Tamaqua. They'd think you're black.

TERESA

(as she leave)

Mom, talk to him, please.

CHUCK

(calling after her)

So I guess cuttin' off a limb's outta' the question, huh?

EXT. POCONO MOUNTAINS -- DAY

Beautiful sailboats glide by. Then we see a tiny motorboat with the guys and their fishing lines. Buster-the-beagle - now much older - dozes on Doug's lap.

BOBBY (V.O.)

Before you know it, you're just another middle aged guy sittin' around wondering where the hell half your life went. And that, my friends, is where our story begins...

Doug picks up binoculars. Something on shore has his attention.

CHUCK

It's the truth, they're ready to help anybody but the white middle class.

BOBBY

Oh, and all those years of institutionalized racism and discrimination had nothing to --

CHUCK

Fuck you, liberal, it's the truth. Middle class and white, you're fucked. But if you're a black-homo-veteran-who doesn't speak English and only uses one sleeve, you're golden.

DOUG

Hey, guys?

CHUCK

(ignoring him)

You know the only positive thing about bein' a middle aged white guy? Cops automatically trust ya. Got caught in a DUI stop a couple weeks ago. They were hasslin' the blacks, hasslin' the kids, waved me right through.

BOBBY

How drunk were you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUCK
Ripped. But that's not the point --

DOUG
(louder)
Hey, guys?
(he points to shore)
Let's head over there.

EXT. LOG CABIN -- DAY

It's a very pretty little cabin with a dock. A "FOR SALE" sign sits on the lawn. Chuck and Bobby watch from the shore as Doug studies the house.

CHUCK
What's he doin'?

Bobby just shrugs. Finally, Doug turns to them.

DOUG
I want this house!

QUICK CUT:

KAREN
No.

INT. DOUG'S DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Molly watches, uncomfortable, as her parents fight.

DOUG
But it would be so good for us,
hon. Molly's going to be gone soon
and you and I could spend time
there --

KAREN
In the middle of the woods with
your drunk buddies showing up at
all hours smelling like bait. No
thank you. I'm not into that whole
On Golden Pond thing.

DOUG
We can afford it, honey --

KAREN
I-said-no!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Karen assumes the argument is over and returns to her meal. Molly turns to her father, giving him a look of encouragement. He swallows, drawing up all his courage...

DOUG

Karen...I'm going to buy that house.

KAREN

(a scoffing laugh)
How?

DOUG

I run a bank. I know how to apply for a loan.

He glances at Molly who nods approval: "Keep going."

DOUG (CONT'D)

Karen, I've never bought anything for myself. I drive old cars, I don't have season tickets to...anything -- I've been using the same fishing rod since high school. I've invested our money very well and...and...

He looks to Molly for more encouragement; she provides it.

DOUG (CONT'D)

So...uhh, just...get used to it, Karen. I am buying that house.

Karen says nothing, but the temperature in the room drops about thirty degrees. Finally, Karen picks up her plate and heads into the kitchen as Molly leans closer, whispering proudly:

MOLLY

Way to go, dad.

Doug turns to her and manages a smile. He even surprised himself.

EXT. DOUG'S HOME -- DAY

A caravan that includes Chuck and his family (taking up three cars) and Bobby mill about in front. The cars are loaded and there's a party atmosphere in the air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG

Molly, get your mom. And ask her
to bring the champagne, please.

Molly goes off calling for Karen as Bobby and Chuck approach
with a new fishing rod with a ribbon on it.

CHUCK

Housewarming present.

Doug beams...but his face drops when he sees Karen in the
driveway, wearing her bathrobe.

DOUG

Hon, we're ready to go.

KAREN

(flat)

Have a good time.

And she turns back to the house, tossing the champagne over
her shoulder and letting it CRASH to the driveway.

Silence. Doug's head droops and everyone sort of looks away,
embarrassed for him.

CLOSE ON: A "For Sale" sign, which is promptly thrown into a
fire.

EXT. LOG CABIN -- DAY

The bonfire is on the edge of the lake. A cheer goes up as
it burns. A house warming party is in progress.

TIME CUT: Molly and Bobby sit off to the side watching as
Doug mans the barbecue.

MOLLY

I can not believe her. What is her
problem? My father's the nicest guy
in the world and she...she is such
a bitch.

BOBBY

Hey, come on, that's your mom.
(off her look)
Okay, it's true but, you know...

MOLLY

Do me a favor, Uncle Bobby?
(nodding towards Doug)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Keep an eye on him when I'm gone,
okay?

BOBBY

He's usually the one keeps an eye
on me.

MOLLY

You know what I mean...

CLOSE ON: Molly, who looks concerned.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

He just looks so sad sometimes.

EXT. DOUG'S HOME -- DAY

Molly gets ready for college. Doug's old Volvo is absolutely
stuffed with her things. Molly kneels next to Buster.

MOLLY

Wish I could take you, Buster.

KAREN

That makes two of us.

Molly shoots her mother a look but says nothing.

EXT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- DAY

Chuck sees a commotion at the end of the tunnel. COPS and an
AMBULANCE CREW surround a stopped train. A SEPTA SECURITY
GUY sees Chuck approaching.

SEPTA SECURITY

What is it with your section of
track, Chuck? That's your third
jumper so far this year.

CHUCK

Just lucky I guess. Dead?

SEPTA SECURITY

Big time. Have to shut down the
whole line till they get 'em outta'
here.

CHUCK

Cool. I can use the overtime.

EXT. PRINCETON -- DAY

The Volvo makes it's way along the campus.

INT. DORM ROOM -- DAY

Doug finishes lugging in the last of the boxes. Molly looks out the window.

DOUG

Hey, thought you were unpacking.

He moves to the window to see what she's looking at: Karen leans against the car smoking, obviously in a hurry to get this over with.

MOLLY

(carefully)

You know...now that I'm out of the house...well...

(a deep breath)

I want you to know it's okay to get a divorce.

(before he can react)

Really, dad, I know you guys just stayed together for me and I appreciate it but... I mean - you know - you're not old or anything. Start over.

DOUG

I don't think so, Molly --

MOLLY

You've been miserable --

DOUG

Every marriage has rough spots --

MOLLY

I can't remember any smooth ones. It's no big deal, dad. People get divorced. Life goes on.

DOUG

Molly, I stood in front of a priest and swore till death do us part.

Now, I know it's a little old fashioned, but I take these things seriously.

(his arm around her)

Stop worrying. I've got a feeling things are going to get better.

QUICK CUT:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREN
I want a divorce.

INT. DOUG'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Karen is busy pulling clothing out of drawers. Doug, stunned, simply stands there.

DOUG
You...what?

KAREN
Don't act like it's such a shock.

She grabs some clothes and heads down the hallway. He follows.

DOUG
Can we talk about this, please?

KAREN
My God, Doug, I've been having an affair for three years now.

INT. GUEST ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Doug follows her in.

DOUG
Who?

KAREN
God, you are so clueless sometimes -

DOUG
Who?

KAREN (CONT'D)
Alan Feldman.

DOUG
Your podiatrist?
(she nods)
My benefits didn't even cover that guy and you were having an affair with him??!!

KAREN
Allen's telling his wife this week and then we'll buy a place together. Till then I'll stay in the guest room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG

Alan Feldman...he's fat...

KAREN

This is why I didn't want you
buying that stupid little log
cabin. It just complicates things.

DOUG

What the hell's the cabin got to do
with this?

KAREN

We have to sell this house. That
means you'll have to buy another
one since you work here. But
you're mortgaged up to your ass
with that cabin you just had to
have. Plus there's this little
thing called Ivy League tuition.

Doug just stands there: bad news on top of more bad news.
She moves out of the room, leaving him alone.

INT. CAVANAUGH'S BAR -- NIGHT

A devastated Doug sits across the booth from an awkward-
looking Chuck and Bobby. A half-finished pitcher of beer
sits on the table. Silence. Finally...

BOBBY

Well...look on the bright side --

Doug looks up at him, incredulous.

DOUG

What "bright side" Bobby? My
wife's divorcing me. She's been
sleeping with a guy who touches
feet for a living who - get this! -
is ten years older than me. And
fat! She's leaving me for a
fat...foot-fondling...senior
citizen! Is that the bright side,
Bobby??!!

Some CUSTOMERS at the bar turn and stare.

CHUCK

Hey, you mind?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They immediately turn away. Bobby points to a bunch of WOMEN at the bar.

BOBBY
The world is full of other women.

CHUCK
Bobby, shut the fuck up, will ya.
(to Doug)
I know just what you need.

He calls to the BARTENDER.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Hey, Joe - three shots of tequilla.

EXT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Chuck and Bobby half-carry a very drunk Doug - who sings "L.A. Woman" - into the building.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

A typical bachelor's place: spartan and a little sloppy. Doug stands unsteadily as Bobby makes the couch into a bed.

DOUG
I don't want to get divorced,
Bobby. I mean, I know Karen can be
a little difficult --

BOBBY
She's a bitch, Doug --

DOUG
Aww come on --

BOBBY
She's a bitch. Say it.

DOUG
No --

BOBBY
You'll feel better --

DOUG
No --

BOBBY
Do ittttttt!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat.

DOUG

Okay. Maybe...sometimes...she can be a kind of a...sort of a...bitch.

BOBBY

Well, that's a start.

DOUG

I don't know what went wrong, Bobby, I mean -- this is not how I planned my life. You ever think about gettin' married again?

BOBBY

Yeah, sometimes. Lie down.

Doug does. Bobby keeps talking as he goes into the kitchen.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I see these old people at the store or something, you know, and they're by themselves and...and this is kind of rotten, but I won't even make eye contact with them 'cause then they'll want to talk. They're so fucking lonely. And I get thinkin', is this gonna' be me in thirty years - wandering around Wal-Mart all day hoping to talk to somebody. Why do you think I'm so nice to Chuck's kids and Molly. I figure when I'm eighty maybe they'll give me a lift to the hospital or donate an organ or something.

(a beat)

I really hate this gettin' old shit, I really do.

(hands Doug the water)

Remember, if the room starts spinnin' put one foot on the ground.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE -- DAY

Doug bustles in to find NAOMI JONES waiting for him. Naomi's in her mid-40's, very attractive but - at the moment - very business-like. (Naomi is also the woman we met in the opening scene, escorting Doug into the police station.)

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CONTINUED:

DOUG

Hi, Doug Kramer. Sorry to keep you waiting.

NAOMI

Naomi Jones.
(showing her ID)
FBI.

INT. SCHOOL GYM - DAY

Bobby shoots baskets in the school gym, breezing through imaginary players. The ball bounces off the backboard, but when he turns to get it he sees that LARGE MAXIE already has it. Maxie's in his 20's, wears the South Philly bad ass outfit: black leather jacket, pointy shoes...etc. Bobby immediately begins to bust balls.

BOBBY

Large Maxie, congratulations. You finally made it to high school.

Large Maxie begins to dribble and Bobby defends. Despite the situation you can tell Maxie likes Bobby.

LARGE MAXIE

You're late on the money again, Robert.
(Bobby steals the ball of him)
Damn. You're fast for an old guy.

BOBBY

Good clean livin'.

Bobby makes the shot and tosses it to Large Maxie.

LARGE MAXIE

Spoons is gettin' pissed, Robert. Over 3700 bucks and he hasn't heard from ya.

He charges with the ball but the real reason is to knock Bobby to the floor and loom over him.

LARGE MAXIE (CONT'D)

Seriously, Robert. When can Spoons expect to get --

SPLAT! A basketball SMASHES into Large Maxie's face, sending him crashing to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Maxie holds his bleeding nose and looks up to see MUHLENBERG, now in his 60's, standing above him.

MUHLENBERG

Get the fuck off my basketball court in those shoes.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE -- DAY

Doug hooks up a VCR and monitor as Naomi peruses the numerous FAMILY PHOTOS in Doug's office. (Most of them are of Molly.)

NAOMI

It's a two man operation - one white, one African-American. They break into the bank manager's home around four in the morning. The black guy keeps the family hostage while the other guy takes the manager to the bank and cleans it out.

DOUG

You think we're a target?

NAOMI

They've hit two places in South Jersey similar to yours. According to your head office a lot of cash comes through here. Those are the kind of places they like.

TIME CUT: They watch a grainy surveillance video.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Instead of risking tripping any sort of alarm they have the manager do it all for them.

DOUG

If they both wear masks, how do you know the one guy's black?

NAOMI

(touching her wrist)

Their gloves don't quite reach all the way.

(pointing to screen)

This guy has a sweet tooth.

ON SCREEN: the BURLY ROBBER empties out the lollypop container on the counter and picks through it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAOMI (CONT'D)

He always steals the lollypops.
Picky too. Only the red ones.

She turns off the tape.

DOUG

Why are you showing me this?

NAOMI

Because we want you to do exactly
what that guy did, which is fully
cooperate. There's a tendency to
try and be a hero when your
family's life is at stake. We have
a feeling these guys can be
dangerous. We also want you to --

His phone rings.

DOUG

Would you excuse me?
(into phone)
Hello?

CROSS CUT AS NEEDED:

INT. DOUG'S HOME -- DAY

KAREN

I wanted to let you know the
realtor is bringing some people by
to see the house tonight.

DOUG

(flat)
Great. Look, I'm a little busy --

KAREN

One more thing. The realtor said
that houses with old dog smell have
two strikes against them. So I had
Buster put down today.

DOUG

WHAT?!!

Naomi jumps at the sound.

KAREN

All he did was lay around shedding
hair and slobbering.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG
So's your brother! You gonna' have
him killed too!??

KAREN
Get over it.

And she hangs up.

Doug sits a moment in shock, saying nothing. Naomi stands, looking awkward, unsure what to say or do.

NAOMI
Mr. Kramer...you okay?

DOUG
She killed my dog.

Doug takes one of the photos showing Molly and Buster.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Buster.
(hands her the picture)
Nicest...sweetest little...I mean
he wasn't brilliant or anything - I
never could get him to bring in the
paper but he used to...sit in my
chair with me and sleep in Molly's
bed and - oh my God - oh Christ I'm
going to have to tell Molly and...

Trying to stay in control, he puts the picture back. Naomi watches, concerned, and a little touched.

DOUG (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, this must look pretty
ridiculous over a dog.

NAOMI
No, it doesn't.
(a beat)
Would you like to have lunch?

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- DAY

Doug and Naomi both eat with chopsticks.

DOUG
Growing up in my neighborhood,
nobody got divorced. People just
put up with each other.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG (CONT'D)

I looked at divorced people
as...mutants or something.

NAOMI

The first year's rough. No matter
how much you might hate the ex.
First Christmas by myself - awful.
And I'm Jewish, which I suppose
makes that ironic. But it does get
easier.

(reaches for her purse)

I gotta' go --

DOUG

I've got this --

(she starts to protest)

Please. I appreciate
you...listening.

She ponders the offer, then smiles and nods.

NAOMI

Thanks.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- DAY

Doug walks Naomi to her car.

NAOMI

-- God, no, I can't wait to retire.

DOUG

You're too young.

NAOMI

Another year and I am outta' here.
Teach criminology or something.

She opens her car door, then turns back to Doug.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Here's my card. If they're gonna'
hit your bank chances are they'll
case it first. So if you see a
black and white combo that fits the
description - or some big guy takes
all your red lollipops - gimme a
call.

DOUG

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat. They both want to extend the conversation, but don't. Naomi climbs in and Doug watches as she drives away.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE -- DAY

Doug enters from lunch, actually smiling as he looks at Naomi's card. It's the nicest time he's had with a woman in a while.

Then something catches his eye. The video-tape. Naomi has forgotten it. Doug picks it up, looks at it a second...then puts it into his briefcase.

INT. DOUG'S HOME -- NIGHT

Doug sits watching the tape of the robbery while taking copious notes. He rewinds it occasionally, studying it carefully.

CLOSE ON: Bobby.

BOBBY

Are you out of your fucking mind?

EXT. LINK PARKING LOT -- DAY

The "Link" is the home field of the Eagles. Chuck is busy concealing beers down his pants and in his jacket. TAILGATERS are everywhere.

DOUG

I've got it all thought out. Every detail.

BOBBY

Including the gang rape in the prison showers? I'm a very attractive man.

DOUG

No way we get caught.

BOBBY

You don't know that. You are a banker, Doug - not a bank *robber*.

DOUG

Who knows more about banks?

CHUCK

Yo, check the asshole in the Dallas shirt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A DALLAS COWBOY FAN has the temerity to show his team spirit. Every TAILGATER harasses him, including Chuck.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Dallas sucks!

BOBBY

Are you even listening to him? Did you hear what he's saying?

CHUCK

Yeah. He wants ta rob his bank.

Great idea.

(modeling the hidden
beers)

How's this look? Nine beers.

That'll get us through the first half.

In the background, the DALLAS FAN runs for his life from some irate EAGLES FANS.

BOBBY

They're gonna' kill that guy.

CHUCK

That'll teach 'em not to wear the shirt, won't it.

EXT. LINK ENTRANCE -- DAY

The three of them wait to get into the stadium.

DOUG

All we've got to do is follow their M.O. exactly. These two guys have a track record, why would they look for anybody else? They'll just chalk it up to them.

COPS and SECURITY GUARDS stand at the entrance checking for illegal contraband.

BOBBY

You're gonna' get nailed.

CHUCK

No I'm not.

A group of YOUNG BLACK GUYS, right in front of them, get the full inspection. Chuck steps up and starts to open his jacket. A COP young enough to be his kid waves him through.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG COP

That's okay, sir. Enjoy the game.

The three of them head in, then glance back at the YOUNG BLACK GUYS who are being thoroughly (and rudely) frisked.

CHUCK

Yes sir, what'd I tell ya? Bein' a middle aged white guy has its privileges.

EXT. THE PENNS PORT -- DAY

A dump of a strip joint along the Delaware River. The post game CROWD heads in.

INT. THE PENNS PORT -- DAY

The guys sit at a back table as a very bored looking TOPLESS DANCER goes through the motions on stage.

DOUG

The armored truck doesn't make a pick up till Saturday morning. That means we'll have the Friday night deposits in there.

CHUCK

How much?

BOBBY

I don't believe this.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Between the mall, the restaurants and the movie theater...minimum, eight hundred grand. Usually more.

Chuck does the math in his head.

CHUCK

Two-hundred-sixty-six grand apiece.

DOUG

Tax free for a couple hours work.

CHUCK

I'm in.
(to Bobby)
What about you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

Oh - you're "in." Just like that
you're "in." This is not fucking
Ocean's Eleven. This is real life.
People get caught in real life.

CHUCK

Hey, I got five kids and I work
inna' fuckin' subway. I squeeze a
buck so tight Washington looks like
he's gotta' take a dump. I got
nothin' inna' bank, I got debt up
to my ass and a second mortgage on
that piecea' shit I live in. For
all I know jail could be a step up,
so yeah - what the fuck - I'm "in."
(he takes a drink)
I also happen to trust Doug.

BOBBY

Okay, here's something you didn't
think about. Let's say for some
reason they get suspicious here,
Doug. You're the first person
they're gonna' look at. They're
gonna' come after you with a lie
detector.

DOUG

All taken care of.

BOBBY

Oh, right. You're gonna' beat a
lie detector.

The DANCER has left the stage and works the CROWD for tips.

DOUG

If I have to - yes. I'm tellin'
you Bobby, it's positively
foolproof.

CHUCK

(re: DANCER)

Anybody gotta' buck? The junkie
wants a tip.

But she stops as she approaches the table.

DANCER

Mr. O'Connor!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOBBY

Hey...how ya doin' Brenda.
 (he slumps in his chair,
 embarrassed)
 One of my ex students.

EXT. THE PENNS PORT -- NIGHT

They head for the car.

DOUG

Now we can't flash it around. I'll
 dole it out a little at a time.
 We'll hit the casinos in A.C. once
 in awhile, make it look like we
 won. Put it away gradually. A
 couple grand here and there for a
 few years. Investments, an IRA -
 that kinda' stuff. This way Gina
 and the IRS don't get suspicious.

BOBBY

Whoa, whoa, whoa - you're just
 assuming I'm gonna' go along with
 this.

DOUG

We need three guys, Bobby.

BOBBY

Well...find somebody else. Sorry.

Bobby heads to the car; Doug and Chuck exchange a look.

CHUCK

Pussy.

BOBBY

Real mature, Chuck.

CHUCK

Pussy.

BOBBY

Gimmie a break.

CHUCK

Pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy, pussy.

BOBBY

Hey Doug, tell your friend we're
 not on the playground anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But Doug surprises him with:

DOUG

Pussy.

BOBBY

Oh great, you too. Come on, you guys really think this still works? I'm forty-six - peer pressure doesn't have the magic it used to. Come, let's get a sandwich or somethin' -- will you guys -- Jesus, this is annoying, will you both --

DOUG & CHUCK

Pussy...always been one...first grade I said, "This guy's a genuine grade A pussy"...O'Connor is really Irish for pussy...meow...you don't need a sandwich - we'll get ya some fuckin' cat chow...no wonder your wife went lesbo on ya --

BOBBY

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

They do, enjoying the moment.

DOUG

So...you in?

Bobby stands a moment, frustrated, looking back and forth at them.

BOBBY

Maybe.

They climb into the car.

INT. BOBBY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

DOUG

There's only one little thing I still have to figure out. Where to hide the money.

CHUCK

That's not a problem.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL -- NIGHT

Chuck carries a flashlight in one hand and a hoagie in the other as he leads them down a dingy tunnel.

BOBBY

You're down here eight hours a day?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUCK
Why you think I'm so fuckin'
miserable alla' time.

BOBBY
I will never complain about lunch
duty again.

CHUCK
Wanta' see somethin' cool?

He shines the light; it hits a bunch of RATS on the other
side of the tracks.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Watch this. Piece of exposed third
rail over there.

He tosses a piece of his hoagie and the rats scurry for it.
REMAIN ON the guys as we hear the ZZZZZAAPPP of the rats
being electrocuted. Bobby and Doug makes sounds of profound
disgust.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Hey, whatta' ya want. Gets boring
down here.

He unlocks a metal door and leads them into the:

INT. WIRE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

A tiny underground room with a table and chairs. Chuck pulls
a metal panel off the wall.

CHUCK
This isn't used anymore. I got the
only key.

He shows them the opening behind the panel. It is loaded
with pornographic magazines. Bobby picks one up.

BOBBY
No wonder the trains don't run on
time.

DOUG
It's just for a couple weeks, till
the investigation cools down.

CHUCK
Where you puttin' it then?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 DOUG
 (smiling)
 Back in the bank. I got a
 bunch of empty deposit boxes.
 And I'll have an extra key
 and a card made up with your
 name in case I have a heart
 attack.

 BOBBY
 (re: magazine)
 What is this - nostalgia
 masturbation? I remember this
 one from high school. It's
 got an interview with Sonny
 and Cher for Christ's sake.

Bobby admires the centerfold.

 BOBBY
 Can I borrow this?

INT. DOUG'S HOME -- NIGHT

Doug steps in, expecting to see Karen in the living room.
 It's empty.

INT. DOUG'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Doug reaches in the refrigerator for a bottled water, then
 puts it back and takes a beer instead. From outside he hears
 voices and moves to the window.

DOUG'S POV: Karen and ALLEN, naked, in the backyard hot tub.
 Steam rises around them in the cold night air. Doug thinks a
 moment, then moves to the back door and LOCKS IT.

EXT. BACKYARD -- NIGHT

Karen and Allen climb out and scurry to the door, shivering.
 Karen goes to open it; it doesn't budge. Allen gives it a
 try. Nothing.

 KAREN
 It's locked.

 ALLEN
 How'd that happen?

 KAREN
 How should I know. There's a key
 out front, under a rock.

Covering themselves the best they can they head for the front
 of the house.

EXT. DOUG'S HOME -- NIGHT

In the dark, Karen picks up a rock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREN

It's gone! Where the hell'd it go?

INT. DOUG'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Doug happily flips the key in his hand and then throws on the stereo, blaring out Springstein's "Rosalita."

EXT. DOUG'S HOME -- CONTINUOUS

They hear the music from inside the house.

KAREN

That son of a bitch.

She begins banging on the door and ringing the bell.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Doug! Doug open this door now!

INT. DOUG'S HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Doug, dancing like a middle-aged Tom Cruise in *Risky Business* laughs as he hears the pounding on the door. He sips his beer, then dances to a control panel on the wall.

It's the BURGLAR ALARM. He playfully hits the "Emergency" button.

EXT. DOUG'S HOME -- CONTINUOUS

The alarm goes off. LIGHTS BLAZE on; SIRENS SHRIEK. Karen and Allen freeze in their tracks, having no idea what to do. Then Karen lets out a SCREAM as she sees ALL OF THE NEIGHBORS piling out of their homes.

Some of the NEIGHBORS burst out laughing. OTHERS shield their KIDS' eyes and pull them back into the house.

Karen and Allen run around wildly looking for cover, but the in the well lit yard there's nowhere to hide.

INT. DOUG'S HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Doug cranks up the music another notch, laughing wildly and he dances. This is the happiest we've ever seen him.

INT. DOUG'S KITCHEN -- MORNING

Karen sits at the table, eyes and nose red from the cold she caught from the nights naked adventure in forty degree weather. Doug enters, dressed for work, whistling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG
 Morning, dear.
 (no reaction)
 Ohhh...you're not still angry about
 last night are you?

He stifles a laugh as he pours his coffee.

KAREN
 Allen found us a temporary place.
 I'll be moving out next week.

Doug smiles at the thought...then a look of panic hits him as he realizes:

INT. FIRST PHILADELPHIA TRUST -- DAY

Doug makes his way through the bank speaking on his cell.

DOUG
 Yo, Chuck - we got a little
 problem.

He passes right by a LARGE GUY (RAY) who stands at the counter. Ray is busy taking all the red lollipops.

EXT. FIRST PHILADELPHIA TRUST -- DAY

A HUGE parking lot. The gigantic King of Prussia Mall looms in the background. Doug continues his call on the way to his car.

DOUG
 We've got to do it this Saturday.
 No, this Saturday...because she's
 moving out next week and we kind of
 need here there, remember?...okay,
 call Bobby. See you tonight.

Doug hangs up just as he sees Naomi, waiting by his car. He freezes at first; what's the FBI doing here? But then he relaxes when she smiles.

NAOMI
 Hi. Naomi Jones.

DOUG
 I remember.

They stand for a moment in awkward silence. Finally Naomi pulls a bunch of envelopes from her pocket and spreads them across the hood of her car and takes a deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

(In the background we see Ray move to a car where MARCUS, a younger black guy waits. Naomi and Doug pay no attention to them as they pull away.)

NAOMI

Okay, look, I feel really funny doing this and if you're not interested just say so but...every holiday my brother and sister give me restaurant gift certificates.

(she shrugs)

I'm hard to buy for. Anyway, with my schedule I don't get out much and when I can...I feel really stupid in a nice restaurant by myself so...would you like to go to dinner some night? On me.

Doug just stands there a moment in a slight state of shock.

DOUG

Sure. Love to.

NAOMI

Pick a restaurant.

Without even looking he chooses an envelope.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Excellent choice. Saturday?

She gathers up the envelopes and climbs into her car.

DOUG

Yeah, fine - oh, no. Saturday's... kind of...busy.

NAOMI

Friday?

DOUG

Friday works.

NAOMI

I'll make the reservation and give you a call. Bye.

She waves and pulls away. Doug just stands there a moment, not believing his luck.

DOUG

Bye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Then he laughs. Some TELLERS heading home do a double take as the normally quiet Mr. Kramer tosses his briefcase in the air and dances towards his car.

EXT. CHUCK'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

A row home seen from the alley in the back. A light is on in the garage.

INT. CHUCK'S GARAGE -- NIGHT

Chuck spreads out guns, ski masks, gloves and a license plate.

BOBBY

Why do I have to be the black guy?

CHUCK

You're a Democrat.

DOUG

Because he's the smaller of the two.

BOBBY

I just have a problem with this whole blackface thing, okay? It's really racist.

DOUG

You're doing around your eyes and your wrists.

CHUCK

It's not a minstrel show for Christ's sake.

BOBBY

How am I supposed to sound African-American?

CHUCK

Just say "motherfucker" and "bitch" a lot. That's what they do in the subway.

(examining the gun)

Don't even know if this one works. Found it inna' tunnel couple years ago. Always good ta have an untraceable gun around the house, that's what I always say.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 (he hands it to Bobby)
 Careful, it's loaded.

BOBBY
 Why's it have to be loaded?

CHUCK
 (illustrating)
 See these chambers? If there's no
 bullets, the person you're pointing
 it at will know it's unloaded.
 Then they won't do what you tell
 them. Is this tough?
 (hoisting his gun)
 Can't be positive, but it looks
 like the guy on the tape had a .45.

BOBBY
 What's with the license plate?

CHUCK
 Lifted it from the junk yard.

BOBBY
 Why?

Chuck nods to Doug; "You tell him."

DOUG
 Chuck's gotta' dump me in Jersey.
 This way, if they check the toll
 booth surveillance cameras for a
 similar car Chuck's license doesn't
 show up.

CHUCK
 I'm tellin' ya, he thinks of
 everything.
 (throwing his arm around
 Doug)
 Besides...we're middle aged white
 guys with clean criminal records.
 We can do anything we want.
 (sipping his beer)
 Is this a great fucking country or
 what?

EXT. CHUCK'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Chuck walks Doug to his car.

DOUG
 Night, Chuck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUCK
Hey...you look different.

DOUG
How?

CHUCK
I dunno'. You look...happy.
You're really up for this, aren't
ya?

DOUG
(after a moment)
You know...I am. I can't explain
it but...I feel...I don't know -
like I'm 18 or something.
(smiling)
Weird, huh? Maybe I should've
turned to crime years ago.
(stopping at his car)
Also I've...got a date Friday
night.

CHUCK
No kiddin'. That's great.

DOUG
I'm more scared of that than the
job we're pullin'.

CHUCK
You'll do fine. Who is she?

DOUG
You don't know her. She's...

He thinks a moment, then decides this might not be the time
to tell Chuck he's dating the FBI.

DOUG (CONT'D)
I, uhh...met her at the bank.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA SKYLINE -- DUSK

Sunset. The buildings have a golden hue to them as we PAN
DOWN to see the Delaware River and the MOSHULU, a four mast
ship from the 1900's which has become a restaurant.

NAOMI (O.C.)
Every Sunday night when I was
little we'd go to my grandmother's
for dinner...

INT. MOSHULU -- DUSK

Naomi and Doug sit by the window. Boats pass by on the river.

NAOMI

And it was hell. Terrible food, my grandmother was obnoxious. Three hundred pounds and had a new Chihuahua every year. I think she killed them by shifting in her recliner. Anyway, after dinner I was allowed to go upstairs and watch t.v. - which was the highlight of the day. But this is before cable and she only got three stations and the one that came in the best showed *The FBI*. Remember that show? Looking back I now realize what a crock of crap it was but back then...gee, what a cool job. Shoot outs and car chases. Of course in twenty years I've done neither of them. And the fact that they never showed women except as file clerks never quite resonated with me. Nothing but middle-aged white guys - nothing personal. But everything was so...clear, you know? Good guys versus bad guys and the good guys always won by nine o'clock. Now...God. I'm not even sure who the good guys and bad guys are anymore.

Doug has been listening, enthralled.

DOUG

And...that's why you became an agent?

NAOMI

I guess.

(sipping her wine)

Can't think of any other reason. Weird, huh? Things that influence your life. I mean, if I'd liked my grandmother - or, you know, if she got in more than one channel - who knows what I might've become. If these two clowns didn't rob banks I wouldn't have met you. Funny, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Doug nods, smiling. If Naomi only knew how funny that was.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

But we don't know to whom the bedroom belongs. A partially seen MAN slowly opens the door. From the dim light of a reading lamp we see the back of a SLEEPING WOMAN'S head.

The MAN moves forward stealthily, a gun in his gloved hand, then POUNCES on the WOMAN, jamming the gun against the back of her head.

MAN

Don't move, muthafucka'.

He violently flips the WOMAN over and we see it is an INFLATABLE DOLL with a wig. The MAN YANKS the "woman" up.

MAN (CONT'D)

Let's go, bitch!

The MAN pulls off his mask and we now see it is Bobby... rehearsing.

BOBBY

God, that was terrible. Didn't believe it for a minute...

EXT. NAOMI'S HOME -- NIGHT

They walk to her door in silence, but Doug suddenly stops, laughing nervously.

NAOMI

What?

DOUG

I'm just...I am...out of practice with stuff like this.

(he verges on babbling)

When I was in practice I wasn't that good at it but...uhh, I had a very nice time tonight and I really appreciate you inviting me and --

NAOMI

Doug.

He stops. She leans forward and kisses him gently, then backs away and unlocks her door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAOMI (CONT'D)
Good night.

DOUG
Night.

He turns and heads towards his car, smiling, but stops when he hears:

NAOMI
Doug, wait.

Doug spins, hoping perhaps this night might get even better as Naomi comes towards him.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
Could you pop your trunk? I forgot my gun.

EXT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Actually, it's four in the morning but still dark out. Chuck's car pulls up in front and Bobby steps out of the doorway dressed for fishing and carrying a tackle box.

INT. CHUCK'S CAR (TRAVELLING SHOT) -- NIGHT

Bobby applies black makeup to hands and face.

BOBBY
My nerves are shot. I didn't sleep one minute last night. Can we get some coffee?

CHUCK
We gotta' schedule.

BOBBY
Take five minutes.

CHUCK
No.

Bobby puts the makeup back into the tackle box.

BOBBY
How'd you sleep?

CHUCK
Great.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

Must be nice to be a total fucking psychopath.

CHUCK

Helps in the subway, that's for sure.

EXT. DOUG'S HOME -- NIGHT

Bobby and Chuck, now wearing ski masks, stand at the back door. Chuck jimmys the lock with a crow bar.

INT. DOUG'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Doug, wide awake, lies in bed. The door opens slowly and Chuck leans in, whispering.

CHUCK

Hey, ready?

DOUG

Stay in character.

INT. GUEST ROOM -- NIGHT

Karen lies sprawled on the bed as Bobby sneaks in. She wears a tee shirt which rides up, showing a bit of bare ass. Bobby stands a moment, gently pushes the shirt up a little further for a better look -- then goes into his act, overdoing the "black" voice.

BOBBY

Git up muthafuckin' be-otch!

Karen awakens with a SCREAM when she sees the gun in her face.

INT. DOUG'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Doug and Chuck stifle a laugh as they hear Karen's terrified scream from down the hall.

DOUG

Okay, okay...get serious.

INT. DOUG'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Doug is dressed and acting the part of the concerned husband while Bobby duct tapes Karen's hands behind her back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG

Just don't hurt her.

CHUCK

Don't be a hero and we won't.

KAREN

Oh, right - a hero, gimme a break.
You really fought back this
morning, didn't you, Doug? That's
my brave husband - these two
assholes break in and you just --

Bobby, with relish, slaps a piece of duct tape across her mouth as Chuck shoves Doug out of the room. Karen continues her muffled tirade through the tape. Arms pumping like a bad hip hop impersonator, Bobby leans into her face, waving the gun.

BOBBY

Shut up, bitch, or I'll cap your
muthafuckin' ass!

Karen, properly frightened (momentarily) freezes and shuts up. Swaggering in character, Bobby walks out her line of vision and gives a little "Yessss" movement. He's wanted to say that to Karen for years.

He does not notice that she's moving her wrists back and forth, back and forth...trying to loosen the tape.

INT. PHILADELPHIA TRUST BANK -- NIGHT

Empty. Silent. Then we hear the code being punched in and Doug enters carrying a box of trash bags, followed by Chuck. Doug quickly moves to the next alarm and turns it off while whispering out the side of his mouth.

DOUG

Remember, from here on in we're on
camera.

CHUCK

(in character)
Just open the fuckin' vault,
asshole.

He gives Doug a shove from behind.

DOUG

Good. Very good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON: Karen's hands...back and forth...back and forth... loosening the tape.

INT. DOUG'S HOME -- NIGHT

Bobby, clearly bored, sits with his gun in one hand and a magazine in the other. He has slipped out of character and sits with his legs crossed like the middle aged white guy he is. He tosses the magazine, then realizes his posture is all wrong and leaps up, going back into his act.

It doesn't last long as Karen suddenly LUNGES AT HIM, her hands now free.

She tackles Bobby to the floor, trying to wrestle the gun away from him. Totally dropping character Bobby sounds just like...Bobby.

BOBBY

Karen! What the fuck are you doin'?

Karen answers by stomping her knee into his groin. Bobby doubles up as she throws herself back on top of him --

BLAMMM!!!

Both of them FREEZE as the gun goes off...then Karen tumbles to the floor next to Bobby. It takes a moment to sink in, but when it does...

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Oh shit...oh shit...oh shit...

Bobby pulls off his mask, ready to administer mouth to mouth...then leaps back as Karen's eyes snap open, staring him in the face.

KAREN

Bobby...

BOBBY

I'm sorry...I'm so sorry...

KAREN

Bobby...you're such an asshole...

Karen's eyes roll back and her body goes limp. Dead.

INT. PHILADELPHIA TRUST BANK -- NIGHT

Doug and Chuck, carrying trash bags loaded with cash walk the length of the bank in silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, Chuck FARTS. The silence of the bank only makes it sound even louder than it is. It seems to echo.

Doug can't help it; he starts to laugh but stifles it.

CHUCK

Sorry, man. Spaghetti and sausage.

Doug regains composure, hits his code and they exit.

Remain for a moment on the empty bank...then PAN BACK to see the untouched lollypops.

EXT. ROAD IN JERSEY -- NIGHT

Chuck's car pulls off the road and heads into the depths of the desolate Pine Barrens.

EXT. PINE BARRENS -- DAWN

The sun just starts coming up as Chuck lets Doug out of the trunk. Doug looks a little shaken.

DOUG

You need new shocks.

CHUCK

How much you think we got?

DOUG

It was a little dark to count.

CHUCK

Went perfect, Doug. Just like ya said.

DOUG

Not exactly.

CHUCK

What?

DOUG

The lollypops. We forgot.

CHUCK

Shit! You think they'll notice?

DOUG

Oh yeah, she'll notice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUCK
Who's she?

DOUG
Uhh -- the FBI agent, one that left
the tape. She's...a woman.
(avoiding)
Thought I told you.

Chuck looks Doug up and down.

CHUCK
That's the one you went out with,
right? The other night --

DOUG
Hey --

CHUCK
I can tell these things with you,
man - you are fucking transparent.

DOUG
We just had dinner.

CHUCK
You didn't bang 'er?

DOUG
Yeah, right. When did I ever get
laid on a first date?

Chuck ponders this a moment.

CHUCK
Good point. You think this is
smart?

DOUG
If anything it makes me look less
suspicious.

Chucks lets out a long sigh, unconvinced.

CHUCK
You're the brains.
(heading back to the car)
Gimmie forty minutes then start for
the road.

DOUG
Yo - hit me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHUCK
We don't need to do this part --

DOUG
Yes we do.
(shutting his eyes)
Just clip me real quick.

CHUCK
Man, I can't.

DOUG
I saw you kick a nun once.

CHUCK
I didn't like her.

DOUG
Stick with the plan.

CHUCK
No way.

DOUG
Pussy.

CHUCK
That works on Bobby.

DOUG
Come on. You already fucked up the
lollypop thing.

CHUCK
You could'a reminded me.

DOUG
What'd ya want me to do - offer 'em
to you? That'd look great on the
tape. Come on, just a quick one.

Doug shuts his eyes, bracing for it. Chuck makes a
fist...then drops it.

CHUCK
Can't do it.

He spins and heads for the car. Doug rushes up behind him.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Will you just --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Chuck throws up his arms in frustration...unwittingly smacking Doug in the face.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
No, I don't wanna' --

Doug hits the ground - OUT OF FRAME - with a THUD.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Sorry, man.

DOUG (O.S.)
No problem.

EXT. DOUG'S HOME -- DAWN

Chuck pulls into the driveway and Bobby comes out the back door, climbs in, and Chuck pulls away.

INT. CHUCK'S CAR (TRAVELLING SHOT) -- CONTINUOUS

Chuck does not notice Bobby's face, still pale from the shock.

CHUCK
You should see all the fuckin'
money, Bobby. It was beautiful,
beautiful, oh God it was beautiful.
We got like a million fuckin'
dollars in the trunk, man!
(no response)
How'd it go with Karen?

BOBBY
Not...exactly...according to plan.

INT. WIRE ROOM -- DAY

Chuck hides the money in the wall while Bobby paces back and forth like a ping pong ball talking hysterically. A train RUMBLES by on the tracks so we don't hear a word he's saying. The second it passes by:

CHUCK
Will you relax?

BOBBY
I killed her!

CHUCK
So what.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

"So what?" Oh, there's a great defense. Your honor? Members of the jury...so what.

CHUCK

Come on, ask yourself, Bobby - is the world a better place with our without that broad?

BOBBY

You are fucking heartless!

CHUCK

No I'm not. If you could go back in time and kill Hitler when he was a teenager, would ya?

Bobby just stares at him a moment, incredulous, as Chuck replaces the metal plate in the wall.

BOBBY

Hey, Karen was a bitch, okay, but she wasn't gonna' kill six million Jews, Chuck! That is the dumbest comparison I've ever heard!

CHUCK

Okay, look...it was an accident, right?

BOBBY

Right.

CHUCK

No witnesses. No motive. No problem.

BOBBY

DNA. What if -- what if I left a hair or something?

CHUCK

How many time you been in Doug's house?

BOBBY

I dunno'. Couple hundred.

CHUCK

Rightttt. Your hair could'a fallen out then.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHUCK (CONT'D)

(a new thought)

Why you worried about DNA alla'
sudden. You didn't like...jerk off
or anything did ya?

BOBBY

God...you have so many issues.

CHUCK

Look, it happened. No big deal.

BOBBY

Okay, let's put jail aside for the
moment. I-have-to-live-with-this,
Chuck. I took the life of another
human being. Do you understand
this, Chuck? Do you have any
concept of the terrible...
unforgiveable thing I've done?!

CHUCK

Don't be such a fuckin' liberal.

(leading Bobby out)

Let's get some coffee and go
fishin'. Keep with the script.

EXT. PINE BARRENS -- MORNING

The sun is now up. Doug walks along the main road, waving to
PASSING CARS who breeze right by him. Another car approaches
and this one - a POLICE CRUISER - stops.

The world's largest, toughest looking STATE TROOPER emerges
from the vehicle as Doug rushes up.

TROOPER

Problem, sir?

DOUG

Thank God, officer. My name is
Doug Kramer and I manage a bank
over in Pennsylvania and --

TROOPER

Doug Kramer?

DOUG

(thrown)

Yes.

The TROOPER whips off his sunglasses and smiles. Doug glances
at the TROOPER'S name tag: EMRICK

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TROOPER
It's me. Petey.

DOUG
Petey...Emrick?

And, despite the situation Doug has to laugh. So this is what happened to the class crybaby.

INT. DOUG'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Now an official crime scene. Karen's body is covered on the floor as PRINT GUYS and a PHOTOGRAPHER do their jobs. Standing to one side, looking very grim, is Naomi.

She sees Petey's cruiser pull up outside and heads for the door.

EXT. DOUG'S HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Doug waves as the car pulls away.

DOUG
Thanks again, Petey.

He turns and is surprised to see Naomi.

NAOMI
You okay?

As he heads towards the house.

DOUG
I'm fine. Didn't fight back, did exactly as you said. Where's Karen?

NAOMI
I've got bad news.

This stops him.

DOUG
What?

NAOMI
I'm very sorry, but...I'm afraid she's...dead.

A million thoughts run through Doug's head as he processes this. Naomi watches him carefully.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG
That's impossible.

NAOMI
She appears to have put up a
struggle and --

DOUG
No, no, no - he didn't shoot her!

Without waiting for her answer he runs to the house, FREEZING
in the doorway.

INT. DOUG'S HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Doug stands there in shock. That's Karen's body on the floor
all right. Once it sinks in, he whispers to himself, not
knowing Naomi is moving up behind him.

DOUG
He did it. That crazy little
bastard --

NAOMI
Excuse me?

DOUG
He wasn't supposed to shoot her.
(realizing how that
sounded)
I mean, I cooperated. They said
they wouldn't...do anything.

NAOMI
She managed to get free and put up
a struggle. If she hadn't...
well...
(she shrugs)
Who knows?
(touching his arm)
I'm very sorry.

Doug, blank, just nods.

EXT. POCONO MOUNTAINS -- DAY

Chuck and Bobby sit in Doug's boat, fishing. Bobby still
looks dazed.

CHUCK
So...how'd it feel?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY
How'd what feel?

CHUCK
Killin' somebody.

BOBBY
Jesus, Chuck.

CHUCK
Come on, what'd if feel like?

BOBBY
I really don't wanta' talk about
it.

CHUCK
I mean, think about it. How many
times a day do you say, "I'm gonna'
kill ya." Say it to my kids alla'
time. I don't mean it with them,
ya know, but...always wondered what
it'd feel like ta kill somebody.
'Course it's gotta' be somebody
deserves it. Like that prick
supervisor at work or...some guy
tailgates ya, towelheads - those
fuckers get on my nerves...cell
phone assholes - we're inna' movies
the other night, this guy in
fronta' us makes a call. I wanted
ta take off my belt --
(motions strangling)
-- and do a Luca Brasi number on
'em.

BOBBY
So we should just, like, kill
everybody who annoys you - that
what you're saying?

CHUCK
Just think about this stuff, that's
all. I mean, our generation got
ripped off, Bobby, it really did.
Too young for Viet Nam, too old for
all the others. We never...ya
know... hadda' chance ta get out
there and...mix it up.

Bobby stares at him a moment, then shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOBBY

You gotta' get outta' that subway.

EXT. TWO DEUCES TAVERN -- NIGHT

A neighborhood place. From inside comes a really bad, off key version of "I Left My Heart In San Francisco."

INT. TWO DEUCES TAVERN -- NIGHT

Marcus, the guy we saw in the bank parking lot, is on stage in a tuxedo, looking like a circa 1955 lounge singer. It's karaoke night and the predominantly black PATRONS are not amused.

HECKLER

Brutha's don't do that Tony Bennett shit, asshole.

The OTHERS join in but Marcus pays no attention; he snaps his fingers like Bobby Darin and plows on through.

INT. TWO DEUCES BACK ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Ray, one of the few white guys in the joint, shoots pool with a BIKER looking dude. Marcus can be seen and (unfortunately) heard through the door.

RAY

Guy is fucked up beyond all belief, I'm tellin' ya. See all these white kids today with the hats on backwards and the baggy pants tryin' to be black.

(pointing to Marcus)

That asshole's not only tryin' ta be white - he's tryin' ta be white fifty fuckin' years ago. Lookit 'em with the tux and everything. Thinks he's fuckin' Sinatra or somethin' --

But Ray's tirade ends when the NEWS catches his eye on the t.v. above the table. It shows footage of the bank with POLICE CARS in the background.

RAY (CONT'D)

What the fuck...

He LEAPS onto the pool table, his motorcycle boots ripping the felt and scattering the balls, and turns up the volume in time to HEAR:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPORTER'S VOICE

The FBI has connected this most recent robbery to the similar ones in New Jersey. Only this time the robbery ended with the tragic death of an innocent woman.

Ray's mouth goes wide. What the hell are they talking about?

INT. MARCUS'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Someone POUNDS on the door. Marcus, wearing a smoking jacket and scarf - something that would look good on Rex Harrison - opens the door and Ray barges in carrying the Sunday paper.

RAY

They copied us, the bastards! The whole thing, they ripped us off! And dig this - it says they got away with over 800 grand. We never scored anything near that. And on top of it, they murder this broad and that could get pinned on us.

(finally noticing)

What the fuck are you wearin'?

TIME CUT: A FEW HOURS LATER

Marcus's living room looks like something from Playboy Magazine of the early 60's. Marcus tries to watch the Eagles game on t.v. while Ray paces.

RAY

Okay, it was somebody who knew everything we did, down to the last detail. That means it's either a cop...or somebody in the bank.

MARCUS

How would they know?

RAY

Cops send the banks fliers, surveillance pictures, all that crap.

(thinking aloud)

But why would they bump this broad off? If anything was gonna' give 'em away that they weren't us, it'd be that. So...the question we got here is...who'd benefit by killin' her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks down at the paper. It shows a PHOTO of Doug and some COPS outside of his home. Ray studies it a moment, then taps his finger right on Doug's face.

RAY (CONT'D)
We better have this guy checked out.

EXT. RIZZOLLI FUNERAL HOME -- DAY

One of the many funeral homes that line South Broad Street.

INT. RIZZOLLI FUNERAL HOME -- DAY

Ornate, a bit tasteless...and pretty empty. Doug and Molly stand next to the coffin. A few of Karen's CO-WORKERS pay hasty respects. Petey Emrick shakes Doug's hand. Allen sits by himself off to the side.

Chuck and Gina step into the room.

GINA
There's nobody here.

CHUCK
Her parents are dead and the rest of 'er family didn't like her anymore than we did.
(she slaps his arm)
What? She was a bitch, hon.

GINA
Not here, Chuck. Jeeez...

Chuck notices Petey, imposing in his trooper uniform, walking past them.

CHUCK
Man, lookit Petey. Hope he forgot that whole booger thing.

They both turn when they hear muffled crying from the other side of the room. It is Bobby, eyes red and suit askew. Chuck sighs, rolls his eyes and heads for him.

Bobby blows his nose as Chuck leans into him, whispering.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Get a fuckin' grip, will ya?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY
 (managing to stifle it)
 I'm okay...I'm okay...
 (rising)
 Let's do this.

TIME CUT: Bobby and Chuck - good Catholic boys - kneel in front of the coffin.

CHUCK
 (whispering)
 First time I ever seen her with her mouth shut.

Bobby's eyes go wide with a "Will you shut the fuck up" look.

TIME CUT: Bobby and Chuck move to Doug and Molly.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
 Very sorry, Moll.

MOLLY
 Thanks, Uncle Chuck.
 (then she sees the distraught Bobby)
 Uncle Bobby?

The sight of Molly sets him off, tears running down his cheeks.

BOBBY
 I'm...so...sorry...

Chuck and Doug exchange a look. Is Bobby gonna' blow it here? Then Doug's eyes go wide as he sees Naomi approaching.

MOLLY
 Thank you --

BOBBY
 No, really, Molly. I-am-soooo-sorry...

MOLLY
 Thank you.

BOBBY
 I mean...really, *really* sorry. I mean...it shouldn't have happened. It really shouldn't have --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHUCK
(interrupting)
How you holdin' up, Molly?

MOLLY
Okay, I guess. I'll feel a lot
better when they get the bastard
who did this.

Bobby lets out a wail.

BOBBY
I'm so sorry!

Naomi comes closer and Doug gives Chuck a "get him outta'
here" look. Chuck leads Bobby away.

MOLLY
Wow...Uncle Bobby's really upset.

DOUG
Yeah, well, you know him.
Artistic.

NAOMI
Hi.

DOUG
Hi. Uhh, Naomi, this is Molly.

Naomi offers sympathy but Doug's attention is on Bobby,
blubbering so loudly Chuck drags him outside.

INT. RIZZOLLI LOBBY -- DAY

Doug walks Naomi to the front door.

DOUG
Can I ask you a question?

NAOMI
Sure.

DOUG
Was this...professional or
personal?

NAOMI
Personal.

DOUG
Well...thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She starts to say something, then catches herself.

DOUG (CONT'D)

What?

NAOMI

No, I just -- you said "thank you"
and I almost said "my pleasure"
which - under the circumstances
would be...inappropriate.

(an awkward silence)

I've got to go.

He holds the door open for her, then turns back. Allen stands there, waiting for him.

ALLEN

Hi, Doug.

DOUG

Allen.

ALLEN

Could I talk to you for a second?

INT. RIZZOLLI FUNERAL HOME -- DAY

Everyone JUMPS when they hear from the lobby:

DOUG

Are you out of your mind??!!

Chuck shoots Bobby a "let's go" look and they head for Doug.

INT. RIZZOLLI LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Allen tries to calm a very pissed off Doug as Chuck and Bobby approach, hearing:

ALLEN

I put down the deposit on the
apartment and Karen was supposed to
pay her half but...well, this
happened - and I was just wondering
when I can get a check from you.
Or the estate.

Before Doug can explode, Chuck intercedes:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUCK

Doug...
 (turns to Allen, smiling)
 Lemmie handle this.

Chuck throws his arm around Allen, then leans forward, whispering into his ear. Bobby and Doug exchange a look, knowing what "lemmie handle this" usually means.

Allen's face reacts to what Chuck is saying; his eyes go wide, then his face goes pale...

EXT. RIZZOLLI FUNERAL HOME -- DAY

Allen bursts out of the doors, glancing back to make sure no one is following him, then starts to run as fast as his fat legs can carry him.

INT. RIZZOLLI FUNERAL HOME -- DAY

DOUG

What'd you say to him?

CHUCK

You don't wanta' know.

INT. FBI BUILDING (PHILADELPHIA) -- DAY

MAC, Naomi's superior, watches as she lays a very thick file on his desk.

NAOMI

You have to take me off this.

MAC

Why?

NAOMI

Doug Kramer, Saturday's victim. I had dinner with him.
 (off Mac's look)
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Okay, look, I met him when I went out to warn the branch managers and he was very nice and his wife - ex-wife...well, I guess "deceased" wife now - she had just killed his dog - well, you know, not "killed" but had "put to sleep" - and he was so upset - it was very sweet - so I took him to lunch - well, actually, he paid - and then we had dinner ...the uhh...night before the crime.

She finishes. Mac sits a moment, processing.

MAC

Did you sleep with him?

NAOMI

No. Not yet.

Mac reacts as Naomi realizes what just slipped out.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Look, I just don't want some ethics thing coming back to haunt us, that's all.

MAC

Do you think he had any connection with it?

A beat as she thinks for a moment.

NAOMI

No. I watched his face when I gave him the news about his wife and he - well, you could tell it was a total shock. And the night before...well, if this guy was planning a robbery he's the coolest customer I ever met so...no, he's clean.

(a deep breath)

So...you'll have to put somebody else on this.

MAC

It'll take a couple weeks to get anyone up to your speed. Till then I need you on it. So just...curb your social life for awhile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NAOMI
What social life?

EXT. DOUG'S HOME -- DAY

Doug puts Molly's suitcase in the trunk.

MOLLY
I still feel funny leaving you like this.

DOUG
Molly, if you stay here not only will you lose a semester you'll -- you'll think about it. Back there you've got classes and friends and, well trust me, it's just better.

MOLLY
What about you?

DOUG
Aunt Gina's feeding me almost every night. Uncle Bobby'll be hanging around - he's got nothing else to do. I'll be fine.

He kisses her, then opens the car door. Reluctantly, she climbs in.

NEW ANGLE: from across the street. Ray and Marcus are watching.

INT. FBI BUILDING (PHILADELPHIA) -- DAY

Naomi watches the surveillance tape of Doug's bank being robbed. She leans forward, making a note, then rewinds it.

TIME CUT: Naomi now shows the tape to Mac.

MAC
So maybe he's on a diet.

NAOMI
It's not just the lollypop thing. Look.

She hits a remote and another t.v.; the earlier robbery tape comes on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAOMI (CONT'D)

The guy from the first two robberies -- left handed. This guy favors his right. And look at the way they move.

MAC

I really can't see a difference.

NAOMI

Very subtle - nothing that would stand up in court, that's for sure, but -- the first guy just seems - I don't know...younger than this guy.

MAC

So you think these guys were copycats?

NAOMI

I don't know, Mac.
(to herself)
God...I hope not...

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE -- DAY

Doug sits at his desk, deep in thought, as SHIRLEY, the assistant manager leans in with a tally sheet.

SHIRLEY

We double checked the deposit sheets with the stores. Here's the final figure on what they got.

DOUG

Thanks, Shirley.

He waits until she leaves, then looks at the figure. Doug can't help it, he barks a happy laugh. Shirley leans back in.

SHIRLEY

Doug, you all right.

Immediately he covers his face as if the laugh was a cry.

DOUG

Fine, fine. I just still...you know...have bad "moments."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHIRLEY

Why don't you go home? I can
handle things here.

Doug, stifling his laugh, just nods. Shirley leaves. Doug takes one more look at the figure, and puts the paper into his jacket.

EXT. CHUCK'S GARAGE -- NIGHT

We see the light through the windows.

DOUG (O.S.)

Eight hundred, seventy-nine
thousand, seven hundred, eighty-
four dollars --

INT. CHUCK'S GARAGE -- NIGHT

Bobby and Chuck put their credit cards on the work bench as Doug reads from the sheet:

DOUG

-- and eighty-seven cents.

CHUCK

(in his head)

That's two hundred, ninety-three
thousand, two hundred and sixty-one
dollars and sixty-two cents.

BOBBY

(amazed)

How do you do that?

DOUG

Got the cash?

Chuck pulls out three wrapped packs of cash.

CHUCK

Nine grand, like ya said.

Doug picks up shears and cuts up the credit cards.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Okay. Now, you each keep one
credit card for emergencies, but
you don't use it. Pay cash for
everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

What's the difference?

DOUG

How much you put on your cards a month, Bobby?

BOBBY

Couple grand.

DOUG

Right. Now, instead of taking that money from your checking account, you leave it there. The IRS ever looks, there's no sudden unexplained infusion of cash. It looks like you just cut down on expenses. Your bank account's totally legit. I'll sign you both up for a direct deposit savings account. It'll take out a little each paycheck. Take a while but it'll make a nice nest egg.

(divvying up the money)

Three grand apiece. No splurging. Use it for food, groceries, gas, clothes.

(to Bobby)

No large bets. Okay?

BOBBY

Yeah, sure.

CHUCK

So, Doug, whatta' you gonna' do with yours?

DOUG

I'll...think of something.

INT. PET SHOP -- DAY

Doug reaches into the cage and picks up a BEAGLE PUP. They stare at each other for a moment, then he turns to the CLERK and nods. He'll take it.

INT. DOUG'S KITCHEN -- MORNING

Doug gets ready to leave for work, making sure the PUP is okay in his cage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG

Look, I'm going to run home at lunch and take you for a walk, okay?

(Pup whines and gives him a "look")

Ahh, come on - don't do that. Please, gimme a break.

(another whine)

Forget it. I can't take you to work.

Pup gives him a very sad look.

INT. PHILADELPHIA TRUST BANK -- DAY

Doug enters, briefcase in one hand, dog carrier in the other.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE -- DAY

Shirley watches as Doug spreads newspaper over the office floor.

SHIRLEY

The home office would not approve.

DOUG

I'm 46 years old, Shirley. What're they gonna' do - yell at me?

SHIRLEY

Just be careful.

DOUG

I've been careful my whole life, Shirley. I kinda' bored with it.

SHIRLEY

Whatever you say.

(she points to a pile of papers on his desk)

Need your okay on those transfers.

DOUG

Right.

But Doug remains on the floor playing with his dog.

SHIRLEY

Like...we need them...this morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG
I heard you, Shirley.

Shirley watches, wary, as her normally straight-laced boss romps on the floor with his puppy. She backs out of the office, very confused.

EXT. RELIABLE SECURITY -- DAY

A sign identifies the office as "RELIABLE SECURITY - CONFIDENTIAL INVESTIGATIONS." Ray steps out carrying an envelope. We can hear the Dean Martin coming from the radio as he climbs into the car.

INT. MARCUS'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Ray climbs in, reacting to the music.

RAY
Turn that shit off. You're not Italian.

MARCUS
So?

RAY
(waving the envelope)
How long was I in there, Marcus?
Thirty seconds? I didn't have time to read the fuckin' thing yet, okay?
(turning off the radio)
This shit's makin' your brain soft.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA TRUST BANK -- DAY

Naomi pulls up just in time to see Doug get into his car. She starts to call out to him but he doesn't hear her and pulls away.

Naomi glances at her watch. It's 11:30 - where's he going? Curious, she follows.

EXT. VALLEY FORGE -- DAY

The park is empty on a weekday. Doug's car pulls into a parking spot. Naomi's pulls right up next to him and she climbs out.

NAOMI
Hi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG
(surprised)
You following me?

NAOMI
I called to you in the parking lot
but you didn't hear me.
(a bit pointed)
So...what're you doing here in the
middle of the day?

Doug points to Pup. Naomi's professional toughness
immediately collapses.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
Ohhhhhhhh...he's so cute...what's
his name?

Pup leaps into her arms, licking her face.

DOUG
Didn't name him yet. Molly's
coming home soon, I'll let her. I
just call him Pup for the moment.

NAOMI
He is so cute, yes he is, he is so
cute -- who's a cute puppy, who's a
cute puppy --

Naomi finally catches herself, puts down the dog, clears her
throat, and returns to her professional demeanor.

NAOMI (CONT'D)
I have a few questions.

EXT. VALLEY FORGE BATTLEFIELD -- DAY

Doug and Naomi walk Pup. George Washington's cabins are in
the background.

NAOMI
Why didn't you mention that he
didn't take the lollypops?

DOUG
I really didn't notice. I was
under a little stress at the time,
remember?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAOMI

It's just that...well, it's little things at the moment. Like the duct tape - they used a different brand at your house than at the others. Now come on, a roll of duct tape lasts a couple years but - I don't know, like I said: little things. I'm starting to think these guys were copycats.

This stops Doug momentarily.

DOUG

Really? Does that...change how you go about things?

NAOMI

Yeah, it's a whole new investigation. Did Karen have any enemies, Doug?

DOUG

You think...somebody did this to kill her?

NAOMI

I've got to look at every angle. Maybe they ripped the tape on her hands to make it look like a struggle - I don't know, I just...

(her voice trails off a moment)

Look, I'm gonna' be off this case in a week or two and I'd really like to wrap it up before then. I like crossing every "t" and dotting every "i." I'm funny that way.

DOUG

Why are you off the case?

NAOMI

Long story. So? Enemies?

DOUG

Well, I can't say she had any enemies. But she sure as hell didn't have any friends. I mean, you saw the turnout at the wake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NAOMI

Do you mind if we go through her things? Phone records, e-mails --

DOUG

Help yourself. Anything I can do.

NAOMI

Thanks.

They stand a moment, unsure what to say next. Then she looks off.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Never been here. Lived twenty miles away my whole life and I've never been here.

DOUG

It's like the Liberty Bell.

NAOMI

Right. I didn't see that till I was 37 and I had friends in from out of town.

DOUG

That's the only time any of us see it.

(looking across the
battlefield)

Molly and Buster and I used to come here all the time.

NAOMI

Not Karen?

DOUG

Nope.

(turning to her)

Look, this might be tacky what with just happened in the last week but -
- would you like to have dinner tonight?

NAOMI

No. I mean, not "No, I don't want to," but -- in a couple weeks I'll be off the case officially and then -- yeah, let's use up those other gift certificates. Till then I'm...on business. Okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Doug, looking a little uncomfortable at her tone, just nods.

EXT. DOUG'S HOME -- NIGHT

Doug returns from walking Pup.

INT. DOUG'S HOME -- CONTINUOUS

The phone rings as he steps inside, but as he moves to it a FIST comes INTO FRAME, cold cocking him. Doug hits the floor like a rock.

INT. DOUG'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Doug begins to stir on the floor. Ray stands above him as Marcus rifles the CD collection, which features almost all female vocalists: Norah Jones, Melissa Manchester, K.D. Lang...etc.

Both Ray and Marcus wear ski masks.

MARCUS

Got shit taste in music, man. All
this lesbo-angst bullshit.

Doug starts to sit up; Ray grabs him and throws him onto the couch, leaning in menacingly.

RAY

Where's our fuckin' money, asshole?

DOUG

What money? What're you talkin'
about?

RAY

The money you stole from your own
bank and blamed on us.

DOUG

I don't know what you're --

Ray SLAMS his fist into Doug's stomach, then waves the envelope we saw earlier.

RAY

We know everything about you,
asshole. Wife was fuckin' another
guy, leavin' ya, tuition bills,
financial problems. You're pretty
fuckin' smart, dude.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY (CONT'D)

You get the money and ridda' your wife and pin it on us --

MARCUS

Not that we blame ya on bumpin' her sorry ass off. 'Cordin' to the file, she was a real bitch.

DOUG

You're kidding - that's in a file?

RAY

Can I talk? That okay with you? You don't fuckin' mind, do ya?

(Marcus backs off)

Now the paper said you got "in excess of eight hundred grand." We want it. Anything extra, you keep. That's fair, right? I mean, we're not the fuckin' IRS here.

He backs off of Doug.

DOUG

Even if I did have it --

RAY

Cut the bullshit --

DOUG

Why the fuck should I give it to you?

Marcus indicates, "Show it to him," and Ray pulls out surveillance photos of Molly on campus.

RAY

'Cause Molly's dorm room number's in here. And her class schedule. And what time she goes to the dining hall. You figurin' it out, asshole?

MARCUS

And she called while you were onna' floor there. It's on the machine. She needs money for a field trip --

RAY

Shut the fuck up, will ya? Please? We're gonna' be here all night.

(back to Doug)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAY (CONT'D)

They already got us on the books for killin' one broad. Another one don't matter. So you get hold of whoever helped ya with this, explain the situation, and *get our fuckin' money.*

MARCUS

Shit!!

Pup has decided to take a leak on Marcus's shoes. Marcus kicks at him but Pup takes off with Marcus chasing.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Motherfucker -- get back here --

Doug suddenly stands, blocking his way.

DOUG

Do not touch that fucking dog.

Marcus FREEZES for a moment. Even Ray is thrown for a second. Doug stares them both down like John Wayne.

RAY

Forget the dog.

MARCUS

(re: shoes)

These're suede, man.

RAY

I'll be callin' you Friday night.
Be home.

Marcus and Ray start to leave but Doug's not finished.

DOUG

Let's get something clear first. I don't give a shit about that money. But if you go near my daughter --
(at Marcus)
Or my dog -- I will kill you. And guess what. I'm a law abiding, tax paying, middle-aged registered Republican white male. And you're a couple scumbags. The jury'll probably give me a medal.

Although Doug has not raised his voice his eyes, and the bulging veins in his neck, let Ray and Marcus know he's not kidding. Doug turns his back on them and walks into the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DOUG (CONT'D)
Now get the fuck outta' my house.

TIME CUT: MINUTES LATER

Doug watches from the window as Ray's car pulls out of the driveway, then turns to Pup.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Won't be long. Don't chew anything expensive.

EXT. MARCUS'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Marcus climbs out of Ray's car, still bitching.

MARCUS
All'm I sayin' is you try'n find suede shoes nowadays.

Ray's heard enough for tonight and peels away. As Marcus heads into his building PULL BACK to see Doug in his car down the street. Doug waits until Marcus's apartment light goes on, then pulls away.

INT. BOBBY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Bobby and Doug both pace. Chuck sits zen-like, channel surfing.

BOBBY
Those pricks threatened Molly?!

DOUG
Had a whole dossier on her.

BOBBY
You hear that, Chuck? You hear that? A dossier! They're followin' her!

DOUG
Bobby, calm down.

BOBBY
I don't wanta' calm down! I want them dead, Doug. I want them dead under my Christmas tree!
(to Chuck, re: surfing)
Will you stop that, please? You're givin' me a seizure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chuck ignores him and, looking deep in thought, continues to surf.

DOUG

I mean...this is the one thing I didn't have figured out. We can't go to the cops. They're callin' me on Friday.

BOBBY

So we give 'em some of the money back. Chuck, land on one fucking' channel, will ya?

CHUCK

Lookin' for nudity.

DOUG

I don't want to give 'em the money back, Bobby.

BOBBY

Hey, none of us do, but --

DOUG

No, no, no, it's not about the money. The actual cash, I mean. It's...it's the fact that I'm through havin' people push me around. They broke into my house, they threatened my daughter...*and they have no right to do this.* They caught me by surprise, but the next time I'll be ready for 'em. I'll think of something.

CHUCK

You don't have to do the thinking this time.

The t.v. suddenly goes off and Chuck rises.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Cause this is outta' your league, Doug. These guys are scumbags and I'm the expert on scumbags.

(paces, thinking aloud)

They get they're money back but they're still screwed if they ever get caught because of Karen's...

(glancing at Bobby)

Unfortunate accident.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I'll tell ya what they're gonna' do. They're gonna' break into your house some night, Doug and hide a hundred grand in your basement, then call the cops and turn ya in. Costs 'em a little cash but you go to jail and they're totally off the hook for Karen's...untimely demise.

Doug and Bobby exchange a look; he's probably right. Then they watch as a cold smile spread across Chuck's face.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Lemme handle this.

EXT. MARCUS'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Bobby watches as Chuck rings the downstairs bell. No answer.

CHUCK

Okay, let's go.

EXT. MARCUS'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Chuck and Bobby crouch on the fire escape outside Marcus's window. Bobby, the organized burglar, empties his pockets.

BOBBY

Okay, I got a screwdriver here.
And some CRC in case it sticks.

Chuck just looks at him a second, then SMASHES the window with his elbow.

CHUCK

We're in the fuckin' ghetto, man.

INT. FBI BUILDING (PHILADELPHIA) -- NIGHT

Naomi puts in overtime. Her files and notes are spread out in front of her as she runs Doug's surveillance tape for the hundredth time. Something catches her eye and she rewinds.

ON THE MONITOR: Naomi ZOOMS IN on Doug's face. It's the moment when Chuck farted and she sees Doug choke back what looks to be a laugh.

Naomi sits back, deep in thought. That's very weird.

INT. MARCUS'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Chuck stuffs things into a grocery bag: some clothes, envelopes from the desk...etc. Bobby looks around at the decor.

BOBBY

Feel like I'm in a time warp.
Who's his decorator - Hugh Hefner?
Look at this burnt orange. My
mother had a carpet like this.

CHUCK

Just do the phone.

BOBBY

God, I hate this part.

Bobby picks up Marcus's phone and dials.

INT. DOUG'S HOME -- NIGHT

Doug sits reading with Pup in his lap. His phone rings. Doug glances at his watch, smiles, and doesn't answer it.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA TRUST BANK HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Establishing shot. A sleek skyscraper in Center City Philly. Naomi enters the revolving doors.

INT. PERLOFF'S OFFICE -- DAY

PERLOFF, the CEO, sits behind a massive desk. The Philly skyline can be seen from the windows of his corner office.

NAOMI

In giving a heads up to your branch managers we naturally had to give some information that wasn't in the papers. Now one of your banks gets hit by what I believe to be copy cats.

PERLOFF

You think it might be somebody who works for one of our banks?

NAOMI

I just want to cross every "t" and dot every "i" - that's all.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Now in your employment agreements
you have permission to administer
lie detector tests. We'd like your
permission to do so.

PERLOFF

Certainly. Whom did you want to
start with?

NAOMI

Douglas Kramer.

Perloff bursts out laughing.

PERLOFF

Doug? You're wasting your time.
I've known Doug over twenty years.
He's too scared to take home a
paper clip.

Naomi smiles but does not look amused.

INT. FBI BUILDING (PHILADELPHIA) -- DAY

Naomi steps into her office. JEFF, a younger agent is
waiting for her. (Jeff is also the agent we saw with Doug at
the beginning of the movie.)

NAOMI

I need to line up a polygraph for
Doug Kramer.

Jeff hands her a message.

JEFF

He just called for you.

Naomi takes the message looking very curious about this whole
thing.

INT. DOUG'S HOME -- DAY

Naomi watches as Doug plays his message machine.

DOUG

I was out last night and forgot to
check the machine. Found this on
here today.

He hits the button; we hear Bobby's voice attempting an
African-American "accent."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY (ON MACHINE)
Bitch deserved it.

Click. End of message.

NAOMI
Mind if I take that machine with
me?

DOUG
Not at all.
(unplugging the wires)
You think it's them?

NAOMI
Doesn't make a lot of sense but who
knows. We're not dealing with
MENSA members here. Do I have your
permission to check out last
night's incoming calls to this
number?

DOUG
Absolutely.
(hands her the machine)
I thought you were getting off this
case.

NAOMI
(avoiding him)
Yeah, well...
(finally looking at him)
It might break soon.

She smiles but it's a tight one. Doug can sense it.

INT. FBI BUILDING (PHILADELPHIA) -- DAY

Naomi looks up from her desk as Jeff steps in with folders.

JEFF
Phone belongs to Marcus Webster.
Two stretches for armed robbery.

NAOMI
(re: folders)
Lemme see.

JEFF
Here's the good part. Known
associate with Raymond Coppolino.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFF (CONT'D)

One of those robberies they did together.

Naomi studies the mug shots of Marcus and Ray.

NAOMI

A salt and pepper armed robbery team. Too good to be true.

JEFF

I'll get the warrant.

NAOMI

No.
(off Jeff's look)
Not...quite yet.

JEFF

Why not? You got another lead?

She thinks for a moment.

NAOMI

Yeah...maybe.

INT. DOUG'S HOME -- NIGHT

Doug sits near the phone, waiting, as Bobby and Chuck watch *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*.

CHUCK

(re: Mary)

I mean, she's okay, but she's too skinny. No tits. Rhoda had bigger tits.

BOBBY

You wanta' be alone? Get ya a can of Crisco, maybe you could rub one out real quick --

The PHONE RINGS. They all turn to it. Doug doesn't move. It rings again.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You gonna' answer it?

DOUG

Let 'em wait.

SPLIT SCREEN:

EXT. FOUR DEUCES -- CONTINUOUS

Ray and Marcus stand at a pay phone outside the bar.

RAY
Prick's not answerin'.

BOBBY
Might hang up.

DOUG
(calmly)
They won't hang up.

It rings again. Frustrated, Ray bangs the receiver.

RAY
Motherfucker!!

DOUG
One more. Just to really piss 'em
off.

It rings again. Finally Doug answers it.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Hello?

RAY
You got it?

DOUG
Nope.

RAY
What the fuck -- I told you I was --

DOUG
Can't get it till tomorrow night.
Seven o'clock. Fairmount Avenue at
the bridge. You know where I'm
talking about?

RAY
Yeah.

DOUG
There's a subway tunnel underneath.
Meet me there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY
 Hey, we ain't meetin' in no subway
 you piece'a --

EXT. FOUR DEUCES -- CONTINUOUS

RAY
 He hung up. Prick hung up.
 (slamming down the
 receiver)
 He's tries anything we are takin'
 him out. You with me on this?

MARCUS
 Oh yeah.

EXT. FAIRMOUNT AVENUE -- NIGHT

Ray and Marcus look over the side of the bridge. Beneath them a TRAIN RUMBLES by into a tunnel. Marcus, who wears a Nehru jacket and has a few large medallions hung around his neck, sings "Candyman."

RAY
 You look like you should have a
 fuckin' trick or treat bag with ya.

They start down the embankment. Marcus has trouble in his platform shoes.

MARCUS
 Tellin' you, Ray-man, that hip hop
 shit's on its fuckin' death bed.
 Who you see playin' casinos and
 shit? Sinatra impersonators. Dean
 Martin impersonators. You don't
 see no fuckin' Tupac impersonators,
 do ya.

PAN UP to see Naomi and Jeff watching from a distance.

NAOMI
 Call in backup and get the vests.

EXT. TUNNEL -- NIGHT

Ray opens his jacket making his gun easy to reach as they warily approach the tunnel.

RAY
 I don't like this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marcus follows suit. He doesn't like it either.

In the tunnel they see Doug, who steps out from behind a pillar. He motions "this way." Ray and Marcus exchange a glance, then Ray stealthily pulls out his gun, keeping it behind his back.

ON NAOMI AND JEFF: who have binoculars trained on Ray and see the gun.

NAOMI
Interesting...

INT. TUNNEL -- NIGHT

Doug heads towards the wire room with Ray and Marcus trying to catch up.

RAY
What the fuck's goin on, man?
Don't be playin' any games.

But Doug just keeps walking. Ray and Marcus finally catch up to Doug as he reaches the wire room. Ray spins him around, roughly.

RAY (CONT'D)
What're you tryin' ta pull,
asshole?

Ray and Marcus don't see Chuck as he steps out of the wire room, but they do hear the click of his gun.

CHUCK
Play nice.

This is Chuck at his psycho best. Ray and Marcus both back off.

EXT. TUNNEL -- NIGHT

Naomi now has her bullet proof FBI vest on. She speaks to TWO OTHER AGENTS and a couple of PHILLY COPS who are her backup.

NAOMI
Both armed, considered dangerous.
I'm gonna' need a SEPTA guy down
here asap to tell us where this
tunnel goes.

INT. TUNNEL -- NIGHT

Chuck, who remains above them by the wire room door, kneels down and opens one of the two trash bags sitting there.

RAY

Just give us the money and we're outta' here.

Chuck opens the bag, showing it is full of cash. In the distance we hear a rumble. Doug glances at his watch.

CHUCK

Here's the deal.

(to Marcus)

Hey, Sammy Davis, Jr., you live on West 63rd Street over a Chinese restaurant.

MARCUS

How the fuck you know that --

CHUCK

You ever go near his daughter and I'll be waitin' there for ya some night --

(waving the gun)

-- with a Smith & Wesson enema.

The rumbling grows louder. Doug shoots Chuck a "hurry up" look. Chuck returns with a "relax" look and lifts both bags.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

We clear?

RAY

We just want the money, man, that's all.

The lights of the train hit them as Chuck THROWS the bags across the tracks. Ray and Marcus debate which way to go, then realize the best bet is to hop up on the wire room ledge to safety. Ray shouts as the train thunders past.

RAY (CONT'D)

What the fuck ya do that for?

CHUCK

(shrugging)

'Cause I don't like ya.

Ray and Marcus exchange a look; this guy is really nuts.

EXT. TUNNEL -- NIGHT

Naomi is on the radio as the train passes, then turns to Jeff.

NAOMI

Girard Avenue's the next station.
Local cops are in position so we
got 'em bottled up.

INT. TUNNEL -- NIGHT

The train now gone, Ray and Marcus cross the tracks and grab the trash bags. As they head for the end of the tunnel, Chuck locks up the wire room, smiles at Doug, and they leap off the ledge.

CHUCK

Yo, Bobby.

Now we see Bobby, who steps out from behind a pillar on the opposite side of the tracks. He holds two trash bags.

BOBBY

Cuttin' it kinda' close with the
train, weren't ya?

CHUCK

SEPTA, man. They're never on time.

EXT. TUNNEL -- NIGHT

Ray and Marcus emerge to hear:

NAOMI

Freeze! FBI!

On instinct Ray raises his gun and FIRES OFF a wild shot. Naomi returns it but Ray and Marcus have scurried back into the tunnel.

Naomi raises her arm, stopping the BACK UP from rushing in.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Not yet!

INT. TUNNEL -- CONTINUOUS

Further down the tracks Doug, Bobby and Chuck hear the shots echoing. They exchange a look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG

I think we better pick up the pace.

And they begin to jog. The lights from the next station can be seen in the distance.

INT. GIRARD AVENUE STATION -- NIGHT

The platform is loaded with COPS just waiting for someone to come out of the tunnel.

INT. TUNNEL -- CONTINUOUS

Ray and Marcus run like mad men, but Marcus stumbles and lands on the tracks. His bag rips open.

MARCUS

Shit! **SHIT!**

Ray spins to see Marcus and the ripped bag which contains a little bit of money...**and a lot of Marcus's clothes.**

MARCUS (CONT'D)

They switched fuckin' bags on us.

Ray's not listening; he's running. In the distance they hear another train approaching. Marcus leaps up and runs too.

EXT. TUNNEL -- CONTINUOUS

Naomi hears the train and waves her men back. This train comes from the outside, past her first.

INT. TUNNEL -- CONTINUOUS

Doug, Chuck and Bobby pick up the pace. The light of the train is behind them in the distance. Girard Avenue Station's not far away but Chuck has no intention of going there and leads them into a doorway.

INT. TUNNEL -- CONTINUOUS

Ray heads for the wire room ledge. He throws his bag up to safety.

RAY

Come on, up here --

MARCUS

And they were my fuckin' clothes man, they stole my fuckin' clothes!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZZZZZZZAPPPP!!

Ray begins to convulse as his foot hits the third rail. On reflex he turns and grabs for Marcus...sending the current through him too.

In the background the train bears down on them.

INT. VENTILATOR SHAFT -- CONTINUOUS

Chuck leads the way up the rungs. Above we see a grate. The rumbling of the train makes them pause for a moment and hold tight.

EXT. TUNNEL -- CONTINUOUS

Guns ready, Naomi leads the others into the tunnel.

NAOMI

Okay, they've shut down the line.
No more trains. Let's go. Hug the
wall.

JEFF

(to no one in particular)
Smells like barbecue.

EXT. GIRARD AVENUE -- NIGHT

The street. Nothing happens for a moment, then the grate lifts up. Chuck checks things out up and down.

CHUCK

We're good. Let's go.

They clamber out, grab the bags and walk "nonchalantly" towards Bobby's car. Down the block we see the POLICE CARS surrounding the station.

INT. BOBBY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

They climb in and take a deep breath.

CHUCK

Okay. Let's getta' drink.

INT. TUNNEL -- NIGHT

The tunnel's brightly lit and roped off as a crime scene. Naomi's in charge; Jeff sifts through the trash bag on the ledge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFF

Check this out. These clothes
definitely belong to him. Some
cash...deposit slips...and...

He holds up the pistol Bobby used in Karen's unfortunate
accident.

CLOSE ON: a television screen. A REPORTER stands outside the
tunnel.

REPORTER

The two victims were believed to be
involved in a string of local bank
robberies --

INT. CAVANAUGH'S BAR -- NIGHT

Bobby, Chuck, and Doug all stare up at the t.v. in absolute
shock. Silence, then Bobby turns to Chuck.

BOBBY

So...how'd it feel?

CHUCK

What?

BOBBY

Your big fantasy. You wanted to
kill somebody soooo...

CHUCK

That don't count. It was an
accident.

BOBBY

Whatta' ya think mine was?

CLOSE ON DOUG: as Bobby and Chuck debate behind him. A smile
spreads across his face.

INT. CHUCK'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Chuck steps in from the bar and is surprised to see Gina
waiting for him.

GINA

Where you been? Work's been
callin' for ya all night. Some big
accident or somethin' on your
section.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chuck pauses for a moment, then kisses her.

CHUCK
Screw 'em. I don't need the
overtime.

EXT. DOUG'S HOME -- NIGHT

Doug climbs out of Bobby's car.

DOUG
Remember, just a little bit at a
time to the bookie.

BOBBY
Anything you say.

They say nothing for a moment, just two friends grinning like
happy idiots.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Thanks man. This is the most fun
I've had since I got that free
sample of viagra.

DOUG
I know, I know. And the best part
is...we're home free.

QUICK CUT TO:

Naomi, looking a bit uncomfortable.

INT. DOUG'S OFFICE -- DAY

Doug sits behind his desk looking at the evidence in a
plastic bag.

NAOMI
Ballistics matches the gun with the
one used at your house. Those your
deposit slips?

DOUG
Yes. Were you able to get any of
the money back?

NAOMI
About three thousand, so far.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG

Wonder what they were doing in
tunnel.

NAOMI

I've been thinking about that too.
Figured they may have hidden it
down there but so far nothing.
Except some old porn.

Silence. He watches her closely.

DOUG

Well, congratulations. You did it.
Case solved before you had to get
off it.

(no response)

That's...good, isn't it?

NAOMI

Couple things still bother me.

DOUG

Like what?

NAOMI

Like the way we solved it. That
phone call to your house. Just
doesn't make sense.

(she waits for Doug to
react; he doesn't)

Here's something else that bothers
me. That specific stretch of
tracks. One of the maintenance
guys on that is your friend
...Charles Howanski.

DOUG

Chuck.

NAOMI

Right, Chuck. Quite a coincidence,
huh?

Doug's face remains calm but his eyes show a slight flash of
panic.

EXT. FBI BUILDING (PHILADELPHIA) -- DAY

We now return to the beginning of the movie. Naomi and Jeff
lead Doug into the building.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

ZEKE, a polygraph expert, gets ready as Jeff puts a form in front of Doug.

JEFF

This is strictly voluntary, Mr. Kramer. Your home office has given us permission to do this, but if you want to leave, there's the door.

DOUG

No problem.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Naomi stands in front of a two way mirror. She watches with interest as Doug signs the form.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

Doug is wired to the polygraph; Zeke asks the questions.

ZEKE

Is your name Doug Kramer?

DOUG

Yes.

We see the needle, which doesn't move. Doug's telling the truth.

ZEKE

On October 11th of this year were you an employee of Philadelphia Trust Bank?

DOUG

Yes.

ZEKE

Was your bank robbed on October 11th of this year?

DOUG

Yes.

Jeff and Naomi exchange a glance through the glass. Jeff indicates "true so far."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZEKE

Did you have any prior knowledge of the robbery that occurred on October 11th of this year.

DOUG

Yes.

Jeff reacts. The truth.

ZEKE

Were you in any way personally involved with the robbery that occurred on October 11th of this year?

DOUG

Yes.

ZEKE

Did you assist the perpetrators of this robbery in any way.

DOUG

Yes.

ZEKE

Did you rob the Philadelphia Trust Bank on October 11th of this year?

DOUG

Yes.

Naomi leans forward. Her worst suspicions are coming true.

ZEKE

Did you have any prior knowledge of the murder of Karen Kramer?

DOUG

No.

Jeff reacts. The truth again.

ZEKE

Were you in any way personally involved with the murder of Karen Kramer.

DOUG

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The needle stays flat.

INT. MAC'S OFFICE -- DAY

Naomi and Jeff hang by the door as Mac holds the result of the polygraph.

MAC
I suggest you call a lawyer, Mr.
Kramer.

DOUG
Why?

MAC
You've admitted to prior knowledge.

DOUG
Of course I had prior knowledge.
They broke into my house and told
me I was going to rob the bank.

A beat.

MAC
You also claim you were "personally
involved" in the robbery?

DOUG
I did it, sir. I unlocked the
door, turned off the alarm, opened
the safe and took out the money.
In a sense, yes, I robbed my bank.
I mean, they did have a gun on my
wife, remember?

Another beat. Mac's unsure how to proceed.

MAC
You had no prior knowledge of your
wife's murder --

DOUG
That's correct.

MAC
Yet you claim to be personally
involved.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG

Well, it was my fault. If I was a...a barber or...sold insurance or something this never would've happened, would it? So yes, I feel responsible. But I didn't kill her.

Mac and Naomi exchange a look. This lead just crashed and burned. Doug senses it and leans back, allowing himself a slight smile.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Anything else?

EXT. FBI BUILDING (PHILADELPHIA) -- DAY

Doug heads down the street but stops when he hears Naomi running up behind him.

NAOMI

Hey!

DOUG

Hey.

NAOMI

So, uhhh...looks like the case is officially...closed.

DOUG

Every "t" crossed? Every "i" dotted?

NAOMI

Almost...

(she takes a deep breath)

Okay, look, uhh -- I've been on this job twenty years and -- I've seen all sorts of things. I've seen us let scumbags go free so we can catch bigger scumbags - I've seen deals, I've seen...you don't know some of the stuff I've seen go on around here. That FBI show I used to watch - total bullshit, pardon my French.

(she's unsure how to go on)

Look, Doug, I'm retiring in a year, okay so...so, trust me when I say -- I'm gonna' ask you a question.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAOMI (CONT'D)

And I want to you tell me the truth. But it is strictly off the record.

(he shrugs; she takes a deep breath)

Did you plan this? Did you and your friends rob the bank?

Doug says nothing at first, then smiles and leans a little closer.

DOUG

Naomi...do you really want me to answer that?

She thinks a moment.

NAOMI

No, probably not. But... hypothetically - for the sake of argument...if you did do this... Karen getting shot was - hypothetically - not part of the plan, right? I mean...it was a total accident? She broke free and...and...bang.

DOUG

Right. Hypothetically.

NAOMI

And those two guys in the tunnel there? Another accident.

He looks right at her.

DOUG

Absolutely.

Silence as they stare at each other for a moment. Then Doug watches as she reaches into her pocketbook.

NAOMI

In that case...
(she pulls out the envelopes)
Pick a restaurant.

Without looking he plucks an envelope. She doesn't look either.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NAOMI (CONT'D)
 Good choice.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. POCONO MOUNTAINS -- DAY

A gorgeous summer day as we look across the lake at Doug's cabin. A wedding reception is in full swing: music, food, dancing. The Howaniski clan mingles with Mac and other GUESTS. Molly, in a bridesmaid's dress, dances with her BOYFRIEND. Even Pup looks festive with garlands tied to his leash.

Doug and Naomi, the bride and groom, stand on the fringe, arm in arm.

BOBBY (V.O.)
 And so...cliche as it might
 sound...we all lived happily ever
 after.

ON CHUCK: who shovels potato salad into his face as he speaks to Gina who, as always, ignores him.

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Except for Chuck...

CHUCK
 Ya put in too much mayonnaise,
 Gina.

BOBBY (V.O.)
 Who lives to be miserable.

ON BOBBY: who sits on the edge of the lake, his back to us, watching the party.

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 So...everything turned out just
 fine. Except...well...sometimes,
 late at night, I feel...well, kind
 of bad about what happened to
 Karen.

Bobby turns and looks directly out at us, a mischievous smile spreading across his face.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 Yeah...right...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Molly and CHUCK'S KIDS call "Uncle Bobby" out to dance.
Bobby gives us a happy wink and joins them.

As the music grows louder...

FADE OUT: