

MIKEY AND NICKY

by

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One of the oddest and, perhaps, most frightening characteristics of a "hit" is the behavior of the victim who is aware that he is slated to die.

He knows, almost as a certainty, that someone inside his organization, someone whom he considers a friend, will be used to set him up for the kill. This is done for obvious reasons. It is easier to kill a man who has been set up, and he can only be set up by a friend, because who else will he trust? The friend must also be known and accepted by the organization, because who else can they trust?

There is also a flavor of ritual about the procedure, as primitive as the Cosa Nostra's ritual kiss of death. Perhaps it is because of the ritualistic response of the intended victim. Knowing the custom of the set-up as well as he does, and sometimes having actively participated in it, he will, almost invariably, call on someone inside the organization for help.

Why he does this is a matter for speculation. That he does do it is a matter of fact. That he seldom escapes is a matter of record.

But he does in some instances

Nick Godolin (John Cassavetes), a small-time racketeer with great charm and an ulcer, has holed up in a cheap hotel, terrified that there is a contract out on his life. He lies on his bed, completely cut-off from the world, reading the only two things available to him--a two-day old newspaper and the Gideon Bible.

He has brought a small supply of food with him and eats it carefully, knowing that when it is gone, he will either have to go down into the street to whatever is waiting...or remain in the room without eating, a guarantee to the ulcer patient that he will suffer the excruciating, knife-like pain of a stomach digesting itself.

He knows that if he has been located his killer might be anywhere. In the room next door, in the hall, crouched on a fire escape, watching from some doorway that faces his hotel. Like all of us, he ascribes power to his enemy in direct ratio to his own helplessness.

When his food runs out and the first gnawing in his stomach begins, he sits with his back against the outside wall, facing the door, a gun in his lap, afraid to sleep, afraid to make a sound, and above all afraid of the pain which may come at any moment and leave him helpless.

On the second night, as the pain begins to grow, he reaches for the phone and makes the call that will either save him or kill him. The call for help to someone inside the organization.

Mikey Mittner (Peter Falk) is a solid-looking man with the slightly distraught air of a worried businessman. He is Nick Godolin's oldest friend. They have grown up together in the same streets and shared the same triumph of survival. It is Mikey who has nursed Nick thru the ulcer attacks that have plagued him for fifteen years. It is Mikey who has been Nick's partner in the small-time deals that earned them their living and, finally, it is Mikey who has introduced Nick to Dave Resnick, the head of the organization where both men now work.

Nick will tell Mikey only three things over the phone: to leave immediately, to come without a car, and the streetcorner where they will supposedly meet. The corner is the one outside his hotel. This will give Nick the opportunity to watch Mikey as he approaches and make certain he is alone. Even then, he will have to get Mikey up to his hotel room in a way that will keep him from calling or signalling anyone. He will try to keep Mikey constantly in view...and, at all costs, he will keep from exposing himself or his whereabouts to any

eyes that might be watching. He will do this, automatically, not out of lack of friendship but out of the hoodlum's habit of caution. If he has made a mistake in calling Mikey, he will have guaranteed his own death.

We see Mikey arrive from Nick's vantage point at the window. We watch with Nick as Mikey stands, looking around uneasily. As far as we can see he is alone.

Nick picks up an ashtray on the bedside table, opens the window slightly and pitches the ashtray through.

In the street below, Mikey hears the faint crash of the falling ashtray and looks toward the sound. He sees nothing..and is instantly wary. Nick waits until Mikey turns away from the hotel and then pitches an empty Scotch bottle through the window. Mikey whirls as the bottle crashes and then sees the fragments on the pavement. He glances cautiously at each shard of glass and then carefully studies the label pasted to one of the fragments. It is a specific brand, not common; it is Nick's brand. He knows now that he is being signalled. He begins check-
int the label as if for a message, something that will tell him what to do. There is none. He curses, softly.

A large white ball of wet toweling falls to the ground a few feet away from him and he snatches it up and shakes it loose, checking for any scrap of paper that may fall out. None does. He checks the towel to see if anything is written on it. There is nothing. He sits on his heels, puzzled and impatient, waiting for another clue. None comes. He checks the towel again, and notices that one corner has been torn away...the corner which bears the name of the hotel. Still threaded into the fabric are the letters "l" and "e". He turns and studies the buildings lining the street. The third from the corner has a sign that reads "Hotel Royale". He sighs, drops the towel and starts toward the hotel.

INT. LOBBY OF THE HOTEL ROYALE - NIGHT - MIKEY, A CLERK

The lobby is small and dilapidated. MIKEY stands in front of the registration desk, talking earnestly to the CLERK.

CLERK

Nobody signs a book. We got cards. Everybody fills out a card.

MIKEY

Well, then let me see the cards since Tuesday. Just show me the names.

CLERK

But if he didn't use his right name, how will you know it's him from the card?

MIKEY

I know the kind of names he uses.
And I recognize his handwriting.

CLERK

I'm only allowed to show registra-
tion cards to the police.

MIKEY

Right. What if I told you I was
the police?

CLERK

Are you?

MIKEY

Yeah.

(He takes out his wallet and
extracts a bill)

Here's my badge.

(He extracts a second bill)

Here's my rank.

(He extracts a third bill)

This is my precinct.

The CLERK stares down at the bills. MIKEY watches
without comment.

In his room, Nick moves from the window, satisfied that
Mikey has come alone. But these next few minutes are out of
his control. Mikey is out of sight now, free to make a call
from the lobby, or signal someone already in the building.
And there is no precaution he can take.

There is a knock on the door. Mikey's voice calls out..
and Nick suddenly freezes, unable to answer, his eyes fixed
on the door. Mikey's voice begins to grow in volume..

MIKEY

(Thru the door)

What is this? If you didn't wanna see me why did you call?

(NICK does not answer)

What happened between the time I sounded okay on the telephone and I looked okay on the corner and now? Where did I go wrong?

NICK

(Softly)

Mikey?

MIKEY

Oh, listen. I got a break. He spoke to me.

NICK

Get out of here.

MIKEY

Nick, come on. Open the door. You sound terrible.

NICK

I don't want you here, Mikey. I don't want anybody to see me like this.

MIKEY

Would you stop being a horse's ass. What way am I gonna see you that I didn't see you before.

NICK

I don't want you to come in.

MIKEY

Nick, open the door. Open it or I'll break the goddamn door in. You hear me? Open it Nick.

There is a pause. And then NICK opens the door.

MIKEY

You moron.

NICK

Mikey...

(He begins to cry)

MIKEY

Okay..come on. Come on.

NICK

I'm so scared, Mikey. I'm so scared.

MIKEY

Sure. I know you are.

NICK

I'm gonna die, Mikey. I can't get out. I'm gonna die. I'm gonna die.

MIKEY

Shut up. You're not gonna die. Don't start working yourself up into something.

NICK

I'm so scared, Mikey..you don't know how scared I am. I can't stop being scared for a minute. Every minute I expect it. I'll be sitting and reading and all of a sudden I'll think--"NOW! He's right behind you NOW!"--and I get so scared. I'm afraid to go to the toilet. I'm afraid they'll get me while I got my pants down and it'll be in all the papers. And once I go in, I'm afraid to come out. I'm afraid they got in while I had the door shut and the minute I open it they'll kill me. I don't take my clothes off. I don't shave. Look at me--I can't even wash. It's like if I don't take care of myself, if I just sit still and don't move, maybe they'll forget about me. But that scares me too--because when I sit still too long I'm afraid I won't be able to move again even if I want to.

MIKEY

You sound like you're ready for a straight jacket.

NICK

There was a picture of Ed Lipsky in the paper on Tuesday. He was all shot up. It said his neck was broken. Did you see that?

MIKEY

Yeah, that was terrible. But nobody thought you were in with Ed Lipsky, Nick. At least, not until you disappeared.

NICK

Mikey, there's a contract out on me. Dave Resnick put a contract out on Lipsky, and on me. I know for a fact. I'm gonna die, Mikey.

MIKEY

You're not gonna die. Just because someone wants to kill you doesn't mean you're gonna die.

NICK

Yeah, it does. It's all the same to me. I'm so scared I forget what I'm scared of. It's like everyone's in on it..like there was never anything before this, and there'll never be anything else..

MIKEY

Nick, I want you to stop it. Because you're just standing there scaring yourself.

NICK

I can't help it.

MIKEY

Yes, you can. Just stop.

NICK

I can't. I'm too scared. Oh boy.
(He suddenly doubles up with
pain)
Oh, boy.

MIKEY

Well, you did it. You worked
yourself right into an ulcer attack.
(He reaches into his pocket and
takes out a tube of large white
tablets and extracts one)
Here. Take this.

NICK

What?

MIKEY

Take it.

NICK stares at the tablet MIKEY has taken out of the
tube..and then up into MIKEY's strangely impassive face.

NICK

I don't want it.

MIKEY

Take it. Take it or I'll shove
it down your throat.

NICK

I'll only throw it up. I can't
swallow anything now.

MIKEY

Try. If you throw it up you'll
take another one.

NICK

What is it?

MIKEY

It's poison.

NICK

What?

MIKEY

It's Gelusil, you moron. Whadda
you think it is.

NICK

How come you brought Gelusil?

MIKEY

Because I know you for thirty years and when you call up and say "Come right away" in that voice, I bring Gelusil. Here.

NICK

(He looks around wildly)
I can't take it without water.

MIKEY

Try. Come on. You got a better chance of keeping it down without water.

NICK

No... Please. Not now.

MIKEY

Come on. Just chew it up. They don't taste bad. They're like peppermint candy.

NICK

How do you know?

MIKEY

You told me. Come on.
(Nick turns his head aside and presses his lips together)
Come on. Open the door so the train can come in. Come on.

NICK

Don't...

He breaks off as MIKEY shoves the tablet into his mouth, then leans across his chest and holds his lips together. NICK gags and struggles.

MIKEY

Swallow it. I'm just gonna stay here until you swallow it. Why don't you swallow it, you moron? You know it'll make you feel better.

Nick swallows involuntarily, then starts up in panic.

Mikey rises.

MIKEY

I'm going down to get you some half-and-half. Gimme the room key.

NICK

Don't go.

MIKEY

I'll be right back. I just wanna get some half-and-half.

NICK

No.

MIKEY

I'll be gone ten minutes. There's a coffee shop around the corner. Here. You keep my watch and check me.

NICK

I don't want you to go.

MIKEY

Come on Nicky. I gotta. You're eating up the lining of your stomach. You wanna die of peritonitis? That ulcer will perforate.

NICK is silent for several moments.

NICK

(Finally)

If you're not back in ten minutes, I won't let you in.

MIKEY

You're terrific. Here.

(He throws him the Gelusil
bottle)

I'm leaving the Gelusil with
you. See if you can get another
one down.

(...and runs out)

Nick struggles over to the window just in time to see
Mikey's figure dash wildly out of the hotel and disappear
around the corner. No one else is on the street. Nick
leans back, and picks up the gun.

Inside the coffee shop, there is a small stir of
interest as Mikey bursts through the door and calls breath-
lessly to the counterman...

MIKEY

Give me some cream and some milk.
In a separate carton. To go.

COUNTERMAN

I just got milk.

MIKEY

No cream?

COUNTERMAN

Not to go.

MIKEY

Do you have any cream? What do
you put in the coffee here?

COUNTERMAN

I don't know. It comes in these
little bottles.

MIKEY

Okay. Gimme a couple of cartons
of milk and about fifteen of the
little bottles to go.

COUNTERMAN

We don't give the little bottles to go. If you order coffee to go we put the cream in the coffee right here. We got a special cream dispenser for that.

MIKEY

Then give me a carton of cream from the dispenser.

COUNTERMAN

For how many coffees?

MIKEY

For no coffees! Just fill up a carton with cream.

COUNTERMAN

I can't do that. I wouldn't know how to charge you. This cream is for the coffee. We don't sell it.

MIKEY

Alright, charge me for twenty coffees and give me the cream.

COUNTERMAN

Twenty? Okay.

The COUNTERMAN takes a carton and begins pressing down the cream dispenser in little jerks.

COUNTERMAN

(As he presses)

One..two...three...four...five...

MIKEY suddenly reaches over the counter, grabs the COUNTERMAN's shirt, and pulls him forward until their faces are almost touching.

MIKEY

If you don't give me my cream and my milk in thirty seconds I'll kill you. I'm crazy and I got a gun.

(He releases him)

One..two..three..four..

COUNTERMAN

Wait a minute. That's not a whole second. Wait a minute..

Nick sits at the window holding Mikey's watch. Nearly nine minutes have passed, and the panic that abated with Mikey's presence is starting to return. He is about to rise when he sees Mikey's figure dash wildly around the corner clutching a white bag.

In the lobby, Mikey sprints past the desk clerk, kicks wildly at the elevator, shoves past a passenger into the car, rides up with his finger on the button, leaps out as the doors open again, races down the hall and pounds on Nick's door ten seconds under the deadline.

Nick sips the cream from the carton. His body is relaxed now and his whole manner is somewhat calmer.

MIKEY

Who told you there was a contract out on you?

NICK

A guy I know.

MIKEY

Who's the guy?

NICK

What's the difference? It's somebody who wanted to do me a favor.

MIKEY

Well, who was it? The doorman? Frank Costello? It makes a difference you know.

NICK

I can't tell you. But I know it's true.

MIKEY

Were you in on the deal with Lipsky?

NICK

Are you crazy? I didn't even know Lipsky until Resnick put him in charge of the bank. Lipsky treated me like a punk. The runners knew him better than I did.

MIKEY

You mean some guy just told you there was a contract out on you and you ran?

NICK

Yeah. What did you want me to do? Stick around and check him out?

MIKEY

But how do you know it's even true?

NICK

I got a better one for you. How do you know it isn't?

MIKEY

Nick, Dave Resnick is one of your best friends.

NICK

He's not one of my best friends. I don't even know him.

MIKEY

You practically live at his house.

NICK

Yeah. But that's because he likes me not because we're friends.

MIKEY considers him for a moment.

MIKEY

Okay.

(He rises.)

You got any money with you?

NICK

Yeah. A thousand.

MIKEY

That'll start you. I'll send you the rest. Come on. I don't wanna call the airport from here.

NICK

Wait a minute. Where're we going?

MIKEY

I'm gonna get you out of town.

NICK

Now?

MIKEY

Well, if they're really looking for you, Nick--they'll find you. Especially the hole you picked out to hide in. You're eight blocks from the office.

NICK

But you said you didn't think they were looking for me.

MIKEY

But you said you knew they were. Now which way do you want it? They're looking for you or they're not looking for you?

NICK

They're looking for me.

MIKEY

Then let's go. Because two days of looking gives them a real edge. Did you bring any clothes with you?

NICK

I don't feel good.

MIKEY

Again? Here. Take another Gelusil. It's time.

NICK

(Taking the Gelusil)
That son-of-a-bitch, Resnick!
Look what he's doing to me.

MIKEY

Drink it down with the milk.

NICK

(Taking the milk)
Oh, am I sick.

MIKEY

Well, drink the milk, idiot.
It's not gonna do you any good
if you sit there holding it.

NICK

((Taking a sip of milk)
Resnick knew Lipsky was a crook.
"Lipsky is a genius," he tells me,
"but you got to keep your eye on
him because he steals." Now you
know there's no way I can keep Lip-
-sky from stealing. I never ran a
bank before, Lipsky is a genius,
and he's in charge. If I go out
for a sandwich he could walk away
with the office.

MIKEY

Yeah, that's a difficult situation.
You should keep sipping that.

NICK

I wanted you. Did you know that?

MIKEY

No.

NICK

Oh, sure. I begged Resnick. "Take
Mikey. He's smart. He's straight.
He's been with you for five years."
But he had to have Lipsky.

MIKEY

Now the Gelusil.

NICK

I really don't feel good.
(He swallows the pill)

MIKEY

You wanna take a little nap?
Nap for half an hour. It'll
make you feel better.

NICK

Shouldn't we get outa here?

MIKEY

They're not gonna find you in
half an hour. Come on. Get on
the bed.

NICK

Will you watch me while I sleep?

MIKEY

Yeah. Go on, lie down. You
wanna take your shoes off?
(Nick shakes his head)
Should I turn off the light?

NICK

No. And don't turn it off after
I fall asleep either, okay?

MIKEY

Sure.

NICK lies down and turns over on his side. MIKEY
sits quietly, smoking.

NICK

You think his neck got broken
after he was dead?

MIKEY

Try and get some sleep, will you?

There is a pause. MIKEY sits smoking. NICK stares up
up at the ceiling, without blinking, then folds his
hands over his chest and lies motionless. He remains
in this position for several seconds...then sits bolt
upright.

NICK

Oh, boy. Oh boy, oh boy...

MIKEY

Put your jacket on.

NICK

I'm hot.

MIKEY

Yeah, but it's cold out and you're sweating. Just the jacket. I'll carry the coat.

Nick rushes to the door and without hesitating, pulls it open and runs out into the hall, Mikey in back of him.

In the middle of the corridor, he stops abruptly and turns to Mikey.

NICK

Which way, stairs or elevator?

MIKEY

Are you kidding? Elevator.

NICK

Stairs.

He runs to the door leading to the stairs, pulls it open and rushes down them at unbelievable speed, Mikey chasing after him, calling, swearing and finally bursting into laughter.

When they reach the door to the lobby, both men collapse against the wall, exhausted, panting and sobbing with laughter.

Nick reaches for the door to the lobby and then steps back.

MIKEY

Are you dizzy?

NICK

Open the window..

MIKEY

I thought you were cold?

NICK

Open the window. Quick.

MIKEY opens the window.

MIKEY

What are you doing? Are you okay?

NICK

Yeah. I need some cold air. There's no air in this room.

MIKEY

Are you kidding? I'm chilly.

NICK

(rising)

I gotta have a drink.

MIKEY

On an empty stomach? It would be better for you to eat something.

NICK

Let's get outa here.

MIKEY

Nick, no one's gonna find you in the next half hour.

NICK

I wanna get out of here.
(He starts for the door)

MIKEY

What is it?

NICK

You go out first.

MIKEY

Nick...

NICK

Will you go out first?

MIKEY

You're being ridiculous.
No one knows you're here
but me. And I made goddam
sure I wasn't followed.

NICK

So why won't you go out
first?

There is a long pause.

MIKEY

Okay. I will.

MIKEY reaches for the door. NICK grabs his arm.

NICK

Will you wear my jacket?

MIKEY

(after a moment)
Whadda'you think? I'm
fingering you?

NICK

No. But you're not worried
someone's out there and I
am. So if you're right, why
shouldn't you wear my jacket?

There is another pause.

MIKEY

(..finally)

Give it to me.

NICK hands him his jacket as MIKEY takes off his own.

NICK

And my coat. Will you wear
my coat too?

MIKEY

Sure. I'll be glad to.
Should I leave it open so
they can see the jacket?

NICK

Why bother. There's no one
out there. Now give me your
jacket.

MIKEY

Here. And put the coat on too.
That's all I need is for you
to get a cold on top of the
ulcer.

NICK

And Mikey..will you let me
carry your watch?

(Mikey stares at him)

I'll be careful. For luck.
I need it for luck.

MIKEY

(after several moments)

Sure. You can carry my watch.
Will you let me carry your gun?

NICK

What for?

MIKEY

For luck. If somebody takes
a shot at me because I'm
dressed like you, it could
be very lucky for me to shoot
back.

Nick considers him for several moments and then slowly hands him the gun. Mikey puts the gun in his pocket, opens the door and steps into the lobby. Nothing happens.

They walk thru the lobby quickly, Nick behind Mikey, and when they reach the street entrance, Mikey opens the doors and walks out without hesitation. Nothing happens..and Nick cautiously follows him out into the street.

By the time they have reached the corner, Nick's walk is brisk and normal. There is no way Mikey could have warned anyone that he and Nick changed clothes. So there is the possibility that Mikey really does not believe he is in any danger. If that is so, if Mikey who has been in contact with the outside world for the last three days is so certain, there is another possibility: that he actually is in no danger.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

It is similar to the hotel room in which NICKY has been staying. A MAN in his shirtsleeves (Robert Duval) lies on the bed reading the Gideon Bible. He is restless and when the phone rings, he leaps up to answer it. He takes a pencil from his pocket and tears off the top of a brown paper bag to write on.

MR. KINNEY

..Yeah. ..Go ahead.

(He writes)

Yeah. ..Yeah. ..Is that a bar?
..Yeah. ..What is that, B & O?
Is that the initials or the whole name? ...Okay. ..So what? I don't go by an overcoat. I go by what he looks like. ..Yeah. I'm leaving now.. Make it fifteen minutes, depending on traffic.

MR. KINNEY (Cont'd)

..When I get there I'll call. I'll tell them to page Warren Kinney.
..Kinney. Then give it another five minutes. Then leave as soon as you can. I don't wanna sit out in the open too long.

He hangs up, opens the paper bag and takes out a tie, a shoulder holster and a gun, and begins putting them on.

When he reaches the street, he slides into a dirty green Chevy and begins his ride.

The B & O Tavern is a shabby bar on a shabby street. The room inside is equally shabby. There is a large clock on the wall. The time is 10:15. MIKEY and NICKY sit at one of the tables. MIKEY drinks beer, NICK drinks his milk. There is a pile of change on the table in front of MIKEY. He reads from his notebook.

MIKEY

...T.W.A. has a 7:25 flight-- that's this morning--to St. Louis. Braniff doesn't have nothing. Let's see. Tarricab...I can't read my own writing...tarricaban... Transcaribbean that must be...to San Juan...

NICK

I don't wanna go to the airport.

MIKEY

What?

NICK

I don't wanna go to the airport. He could have the entire airport covered and I'd never know it.

MIKEY

Nick, he'd have to hire an army. Do you know how much it would cost to cover the entire airport? Plus the guy with the contract? You're not worth it.

NICK

I don't wanna go to the airport.

MIKEY

Whadda you wanna do? Take a train?

NICK

Why can't you drive me?

MIKEY

Where?

NICK

I don't know. Wherever I'm going.

MIKEY

I'd have to rent a car.

NICK

Sure. That's what I meant. I didn't mean for you to take yours. They'd spot it.

MIKEY

Of course. From the helicopters.

NICK

You know if you listen to you the only way they find a guy is if he sends them his address. They do look you know. That's how all these guys get found.

MIKEY

They don't look. They spread the word around and some guy spots them and calls up. These schmucks couldn't find anyone by looking. They can't even read street signs.

NICK

That's not what you said in the room.

MIKEY

Well, I don't mean you can move in next door to them.

The dirty green Chevy moves slowly through traffic. The man behind the wheel drives carefully. He does nothing to draw attention to himself...but as he glances at his watch, his face becomes increasingly tense.

The clock on the wall in the B & O Tavern reads 10:18. Mikey and Nicky talk aimlessly. Nick is restless now, and he has begun drinking beer with his milk.

MIKEY

You want me to get in touch with Jan for you? Tell her you're alright?

NICK

Jan left me.

MIKEY

She did? I didn't know that.

NICK

Yeah. She took the kid and moved to her mother's.

MIKEY

Jesus, that's terrible.

NICK

Yeah. But I'll get her back. If I live long enough.

There is a pause. NICK rises.

MIKEY

Where are you going?

NICK

Play something on the box.

NICK crosses to the jukebox. MIKEY looks up at the clock. NICK returns.

NICK

Mikey, gimme a dime. I'm gonna call Jan.

MIKEY

Jan?

NICK

Yeah.

MIKEY

You gonna tell her where you are?

NICK

No. You got a dime?

MIKEY

Yeah. Hey, don't tell her I'm here either, will you?

NICK

Gimme the dime, will you? I'm not gonna tell her anything.

MIKEY gives him the dime and he crosses to the phonebooth; MIKEY looks at the clock again, then looks toward the phonebooth, then slides down in his chair and reads the airplane schedule. NICK returns.

MIKEY

What did she say?

NICK

Nothing. Her old lady wouldn't let me talk to her. She really hates me, that old bitch. And I've been so nice to her.

(He drinks..then rises)

MIKEY

Where are you going?

NICK

Get a beer. You want one?

MIKEY

No. Take it easy with the beer. If you had any brains you'd ask them to make you a sandwich.

NICK crosses to the bar. MIKEY looks at the clock again, tears a match-cover between his teeth and begins chewing it.

The green Chevy is no longer in traffic. It has picked up speed and the surrounding neighborhood has become increasingly shabby. It is moving into the area of the B & O Tavern.

Inside the B & O Tavern, the clock reads 10:25. MIKEY and NICK are still at the table.

NICK

How's Annie?

MIKEY

Fine. She's fine. She asks about you.

NICK

Yeah. How's the kid?

MIKEY

Oh, Jesus, that kid. He's like a truck. He beats up the kids in his nursery school.

NICK

Must be big.

MIKEY

Yeah. He's enormous. How's your kid? Must be what? Five months by now, huh?

NICK

Yeah. She got all her teeth already. Five months is very early for a baby to have teeth. Jan had to stop nursing her because the kid bit her tits.

MIKEY

Isn't that something.

NICK

Yeah. The kid is terrific.
She holds my thumb.

MIKEY

That's cute.

NICK

Yeah.

(He finishes the beer. Rises)

MIKEY

Where are you going?

NICK

To Jan's. Come on.

MIKEY

You mean now?

NICK

Sure. Why not? You wait outside.
It'll only take a few minutes.

MIKEY

That's crazy.

NICK

I wanna say goodbye. I'll say
goodbye to the kid too. You know,
if they don't see you for too long
they forget your face. Come on.

MIKEY

Wait a minute. Hold it. Let me
finish my beer first, will you?

NICK

Oh..sure. Go ahead. No hurry.

MIKEY drinks his beer. NICK sits drumming his fingers
on the table.

NICK

Ah, to hell with her. Forget it.
Who needs her.

(He drinks)

There is a pause.

MIKEY
It's hot in here.

NICK
Yeah.

MIKEY
You okay? Your stomach okay?

NICK
Fine.

MIKEY
Good. Keep eating those crackers.
(He drinks)
Was that the phone?

NICK
I don't know. Why? You expecting a call?

MIKEY
What?

NICK
Nothing.

MIKEY
That would be funny, wouldn't it?
Some guy using a bar as his office.
(He looks around)

NICK
(Suddenly)
Let's get out of here.

MIKEY
What?

NICK
Let's walk.
(He rises)

MIKEY
Wait a minute. Let me finish
my beer...

NICK

You'll get another beer later.
Let's go.

MIKEY

Look, don't get crazy. Wait
ten minutes, and I'll finish
my beer...

NICK

I'm going.
(He starts to leave)

MIKEY leaps up and grabs him.

MIKEY

What's the matter with you? I
got to look up a car rental
place first...

NICK

Let me go, Mikey. Let me go or
I'll hurt you.

MIKEY

You're going crazy over noth...

NICK

Let me go, you bastard.

NICK swings at him. MIKEY lets go. NICK runs out.
MIKEY looks at the clock...hesitates...then runs
after him. It is 10:29.

The green Chevy turns into the block that leads to the
B & O Tavern. The man inside glances at his watch. It is 10:30.

Nick, out in the open, becomes gradually calmer. He
apologizes to Mikey for running out and gulps air as if he has
been underwater. His manner gradually lightens again until he
begins to seem quite manic. He is filled with suggestions on
what to do until morning. Mikey's eyes are desperate.

NICK

Let's go to a party. You
wanna?

MIKEY

Are you kidding me? Now? You
gotta be crazy.

NICK

It's a girl I know, schmuck. I
don't mean with people.

MIKEY

Just one girl?

NICK

Yeah. Isn't that enough?

MIKEY

Where does she live?

NICK

On Hall Street. Near Tenth. Don't
look so worried. You'll remember
how to do it once you start.

MIKEY

I'm not worried.

(After a moment)

Listen, I got to call a car
rental place. You gotta reserve
those things.

NICK

Call from there. Come on. I
see a bus stop.

MIKEY

Do you have to run? Won't she
wait?

NICK does not answer..then suddenly, he stops dead.

NICK

You wanna go to a movie?

MIKEY

A movie? Whadda you mean? Instead of the girl?

NICK

Yeah. I don't feel good. My stomach's sick. Let's go to a movie.

MIKEY

Goddamit. You see? I begged you to eat something. Here, take a Gelusil and some crackers.

(He takes the crackers from the bar and some pretzels out of his pocket along with the tube of Gelusil.)

NICK

Do I have to eat it now?

MIKEY

Yeah. Right now. Go on.

NICK

Okay. And then we can go to the movie? Huh?

MIKEY

What movie? Which movie are you talking about? It's almost midnight.

NICK

There's an all-night movie on 14th St. and Hall that's got terrific shows. Double features and a cartoon..and they give you fifteen minutes of coming attractions.

MIKEY

You know, that's my favorite part, the coming attractions.

NICK

And the candy counter's open all night. And I think they sell ice cream sandwiches. Come on.

He starts walking, holding MIKEY's arm.

MIKEY

Wait. Wait, goddamit.

(Nick stops)

I gotta call Annie first.

NICK

What for?

MIKEY

Because I told her I'm gonna have a drink with a guy for an hour and she's sitting up waiting for me.

NICK

You told her an hour? What were you gonna do? Drop the Gelusil off and leave?

MIKEY

Look, I told her the first thing that came into my head. Did you want me to tell her it was you on the phone? You told me I had to meet you on a streetcorner in fifteen minutes. Who had time to think.

NICK

So what'll you tell her now?

MIKEY

I'll think of something. Nick, I don't treat my wife like you do. If I'm late, or I'm gonna be gone all night, I call.

(Nick stares at him)

What is it? Is my face dirty?

NICK

You sat in that bar for forty-five minutes and you never went near a phone. And you were already two hours late.

MIKEY

I got a terrific suggestion for you. I suggest you go find someone you trust.

(He turns and starts to walk off. Nick hesitates for a moment, then runs after him)

NICK

Will you wait? Jesus, don't get so sensitive. I was only asking a question.

MIKEY

I didn't think of it in the bar. How's that? My mind was on other things.

NICK

Okay. That's good. You see? I just wanted to know.

The green Chevy is now parked across the street from the B & O Tavern. A few yards away, the Killer steps into a phonebooth and dials.

Inside the B & O Tavern the clock reads 10:40. The phone rings..and rings, and rings until a customer, in passing, lifts it off the hook and puts it to his ear. He listens with alcoholic gravity to the voice on the other end, then puts the receiver down and bellows..

"Warren Kinney? War-ren Kin-ney?
Phone call for Warren Kinney...."

The Killer hangs up as the voice on the other end continues to shout for "Warren Kinney". He knows in advance that Warren Kinney will not answer. He has given his signal, now he settles down in his car to wait.

Mikey has found a phone from which he can call Annie. It is in another bar, not as shabby as the first. The customers seem to know each other and they are there to socialize as well as drink. They are all black.

Nick stands in the booth with Mikey as he dials, his ear close to the phone.

NICK

Let me say hello to her.

MIKEY

Get away, will you? I told her I was having a drink with a business proposition. ..Annie? How are you? ..What?

NICK

(Shouting into the receiver)
Hello, Annie! It's Nick. Save me.

MIKEY

You goddamn moron. ..Hello, honey?
..No, I'm with a moron here. How are you?

As soon as NICK actually hears ANNIE's voice, he moves away from the phone. A PRETTY BLACK GIRL stands outside the booth, fishing in her purse..and NICK stands watching her for a moment.

NICK

You need a dime?

THE GIRL

Oh, thanks.

NICK

You need more?

THE GIRL

No, that's fine. Thank you.

NICK

Can I buy you a drink? This guy
can talk all night.

THE GIRL

I'm here with someone.

NICK

That's okay.

(To Mikey)

Hey.

(Mikey sticks his head out)

We'll be at the bar.

MIKEY

Who?

(To the phone)

Hold on a minute, will you.

(To Nick)

Who is that with you?

NICK

What's your name, baby?

THE GIRL

Shirley.

NICK

(To Mikey)

This is Shirley.

(He takes her arm)

MIKEY

Just a minute operator. ..Annie,
can you call me back. I'll give
you the number. ..Well, get one.

(Nick starts off)

Nick, gimme a dime. Nick.

(To phone)

Operator, I'm depositing a quarter.

(He drops in a quarter. Then
closes the door of the booth)

Mikey's wife, Annie, is a soft, pretty woman, sitting in a pleasant decorator-smart living room. A rugged looking five year old boy plays at one end of the room while she talks on the phone.

ANNIE

..the all-night movie where?
You're going to the movies, Mikey?
(To the child)

Shut up a minute, Harry! Harry's not in bed yet. I kept him up so you could say goodnight. Should I put him to bed? ..Okay. Go on. The all-night movie..on 14th Street. ..And where? ..Wait a minute, honey, I better write this down.

(She calls to the child)

Harry, can mama use one of your crayolas?

In the bar, Nick has shouldered his way to the front of the room holding Shirley's hand. He seems oblivious to the hostile stares of the other customers.

NICK

Here baby. Take this stool.

A small wiry BLACK MAN pushes his way toward the bar as SHIRLEY climbs on the stool.

THE BLACK

(To Nick)

Hey.

NICK

Hi.

THE BLACK

Hey, you mind?

NICK

No. There's plenty of room.

THE BLACK

Just move away.

SHIRLEY

Mel, this is...I didn't get your name.

NICK

Mel. Isn't that something? We got the same name.

SHIRLEY

He give me a dime for the phone, honey. His friend is making a call.

MEL

Here's your dime. Now get your ass out of here.

NICK

Holy shit. The jig's up.

The faces at the bar turn to look at him. There is a moment of stunned silence..and then the BARTENDER gets his voice back.

BARTENDER

(to Nick)

Alright, no trouble. Everything's cool. You better leave now, fella.

NICK

Can't. I'm waiting for my friend.

(To Mel)

You'll like him. He looks a lot like Shirley. Of course, that's only when he stands in a shadow.

A large black man (FRANKLIN) moves up to the bartender.

FRANKLIN

(Softly)

This is a set-up. He got a partner in the booth.

They turn to look toward MIKEY, who is still on the phone, and then toward NICK, who is smiling with a kind of insolence that is almost a request to be hit.

FRANKLIN

(To Nick)

Beat it, cop. No one's gonna touch you. We may be black but we ain't stupid.

NICK

Then how come you're black.

MEL

To hell with this.

(To Nick)

You want an excuse to kill us? I'm gonna give you one.

He lunges toward NICK as FIVE MEN leap forward to grab him, shouting "Don't touch him".

FRANKLIN

(To Mel)

Are you crazy? You gonna get us all killed.

Mel gets one arm free and punches one of the men holding him, who immediately lets go and punches him back. The Bartender starts quickly over to break up the struggle, and is siezed by one of the customers, who cries "don't give him a reason". A serious fight has now started between Mel, Franklin and a third man.

By the time Mikey steps out of the phone booth a small scale brawl is in progress. Mikey decides automatically that Nick is the victim. He pulls his gun and calls loudly..

MIKEY

Leave him alone. Get your hands off him.

A middle-aged black man puts his hands over his head.

THE MAN

Don't shoot. I'm a teamster.

MIKEY

I just wanna get thru.

(Shouting)

Nick! Nick!

NICK

Yeah?

MIKEY

(Shouting)

Hold on.

NICK

What?

MIKEY begins shouldering his way toward Nick, who stands near the door behind a barstool, absolutely untouched. Behind him, the teamster remains with his hands in the air.

MIKEY

Nick. Are you okay?

NICK

Yeah.

MIKEY

Get out the door. I'm okay.
I got a gun.

NICK

You wanna leave?

MIKEY

Come on.

(He grabs his arm and shoves
him thru the door.)

Across from the B & O Tavern the killer looks again at his watch. It is 11:20. His car has been sitting in the open for almost an hour. He cannot even afford to drive around the block since he has no way of knowing when his victim will come out. He gets out of the car, puts another dime in the meter, then

slides down behind the wheel and continues to wait.

Mikey has dragged Nick out of the bar and propels him rapidly along the street.

MIKEY

You're a lunatic. What are you trying to do--kill us? Why don't you tie our feet together and roll in front of a truck?

NICK

What's the difference? I'm dead anyway. No one can hurt me.

MIKEY

Oh shut up.

NICK

If everyone in that place beat me up, it still wouldn't hurt as much as dying. A couple of shots out of nowhere, from a guy who isn't even mad at me.

MIKEY

Oh, this is dangerous. If this is your attitude it's very dangerous.

NICK

Why? Those guys won't hurt you. You insult them and they beat each other up.

MIKEY

Don't you ever read a newspaper? Don't you know what's happening?

NICK

Sure. Ed Lipsky got shot.

MIKEY

Where are we? Let's get out of this neighborhood. I feel like I'm walking with a bomb.

NICK

I wanna go to the movies.

MIKEY

Yeah. Of course we're going to the movies.

The killer has at last looked into the B&O TAVERN..and seen that his victim is not there.

He calls Nick's hotel and is told that no one by that name is registered. He describes Mikey and is told that a man answering to that description left with a Mr. Phil lockwood and neither man has returned. The killer hangs up and calls Dave Resnick..then calls Mikey's home. Mikey's wife tells him where Mikey can be found. The all night movie on 14th St. and Hall. He returns to his car, takes a parking ticket off the windshield, and starts toward his second destination.

Mikey and Nick sit on the bus, Nick chatting cheerfully about old times, Mikey listening to the bus driver call out the names of the streets. "First Street"..Third Street..Fifth. Mikey's face is damp, and he watches the streets go by with a kind of glassy fascination. He talks very little, and the jokes he makes are forced. He is like a man whose entire destiny is being controlled by a city bus. The driver calls out Sixth Street..Seventh..Ninth..

NICK
Hey! You okay?

MIKEY
Yeah. Sure.

DRIVER
Tenth Street.

NICK
Gimme a cigarette.

MIKEY
You're not supposed to smoke
on these things.

NICK
Yeah? Let 'em stop me.

MIKEY
Here! Here!
(He quickly hands him a cigarette)
Take it easy. It's just one
bus driver. Save yourself for
a crowd.

Nick lights the cigarette. Mikey stares at his hands
in admiration.

MIKEY
Jesus, you got big hands. You
coulda been a piano player with
those hands.

NICK
Yeah?
(He examines his hands)
My sister played the piano a
little. She learned after she
got married. She showed me some
notes once. Every-good-boy-does-
fine on the lines. And, I think
f-a-c-e in between the lines.

MIKEY
What lines?

NICK

The music lines. When you look at the page where the music is written.

MIKEY

No kidding. That's terrific..how you remember that.

(There is a pause)

These things crawl. How close are we? I'm car sick.

NICK

We're nearly there. Four more stops.

MIKEY

I wish I could get the window open. There's no air on these things.

NICK

You want me to break open the window?

MIKEY

No! For Christ's sake. Just smoke your cigarette and leave the window alone.

BUS DRIVER

Eleventh Street.

MIKEY

(Suddenly)

You know, I owe you two hundred bucks.

NICK

What?

MIKEY

Two hundred bucks.

NICK

Oh Christ, forget it.

MIKEY

(Suddenly taking out his
wallet)

Here.

NICK

Are you crazy? Put it back,
will you? I'm loaded. I'd
tell you if I needed it.

MIKEY

Well, if you're sure you're
okay... Maybe I'll send it
to you later.

BUS DRIVER

Twelfth Street.

Mikey's eyes glaze over once again and he stares out
the window, almost in a state of reverie.

NICK

That's where my mother's buried.

MIKEY

What?

NICK

The cemetery..on Twelfth and
Cottage. That's where my mother
is. You were there when she was
buried, weren't you?

MIKEY

Yeah, I was there. I sat up with you for two weeks after she died.

Nick suddenly rises.

NICK

Come on.

(To the driver)

Getting off.

Mikey grabs Nick's arm..thoroughly alert now.

MIKEY

This isn't the movie.

NICK

I wanna visit my mother's grave.

It's a long time now since I visited her.

(To the driver)

Twelfth Street. Getting off.

He pulls Mikey up and starts toward the front door as the bus slows for it's stop.

NICK

I never even bought her a wreath.

MIKEY

(Scrambling after him)

I'll buy you a wreath and put it on for you. Nick it's one o'clock. The gate will be closed.

NICK

We'll climb over. When did we ever use a gate to get into the cemetery.

(To the driver)

Next stop.

MIKEY

What do you mean "when did we ever". You make it sound like we were cemetery freaks. We busted into a cemetery maybe two times--for flowers.

The bus comes to a stop.

BUS DRIVER

Twelfth Street.

(To Mikey and Nick)

Use the back exit fellas.

NICK

We wanna use the front.

BUS DRIVER

The back exit. That's a company regulation.

MIKEY

(Quietly)

Nick..it's fifteen feet away.

Let's just get off and not have a whole scene.

A MAN on the street taps on the front door of the bus to get on.

NICK

Look! He's not letting a passenger on. You see that? Don't you guys have any regulation about letting passengers on?

BUS DRIVER

Listen, I saw you sitting there smoking before..and I didn't say a thing. But I'll be goddamned if you're getting off by the front door.

He shifts the bus into gear and NICK suddenly grabs him from behind in a full Nelson.

MIKEY

Nick..

NICK

Open the front door for the passenger.

BUS DRIVER

(Struggling to free himself)
Screw you.

NICK

Open the front door for the
passenger or, so help me God,
I'll break your head in.

MIKEY

(In a very low voice)
Nick..he's enormous.

BUS DRIVER

You wanna fight? Let me go.
I'll fight you.

NICK

Open the door first.

BUS DRIVER

No. Then you'll get off.

NICK

Are you kidding? I'm not
getting off this bus until
you fight me.

(To Mikey)

You heard him. He said he'd
fight me if I let him go.

BUS DRIVER

I can't fight on the bus. I
could get fired for that.

NICK

Then we'll fight on the street.
Nobody can fire you for that. I'll
start it.

BUS DRIVER

Okay..but we're not getting off
by the front door.

NICK

I don't care how we get out, so
long as you let the passenger on.

BUS DRIVER

Okay, I'll let him on. But then we both get off the back of the bus to fight.

NICK

You have my word.

BUS DRIVER

OK. You have mine. Let go.

Nick lets go of the driver who, true to his word, opens the front door. As the passenger starts to get on Nick reaches over and in one quick gesture pulls the driver's cap down over his eyes. Mikey instantly wedges himself against the front door, and as he and Nick sprint through Nick calls to the stunned passenger they have brushed aside..

NICK

Getting off..

The all night movie on Fourteenth Street has a double feature, Acapulco and Summer Stock. The killer pulls up across the street and sits in growing indecision. He has no way of knowing whether or not his victim has arrived. If he is inside the movie house it may be two or more hours before he comes out. If he has not gotten there yet, he may appear at any moment.

He slides down behind the wheel and sits watching the entrance of the theatre. His face is drawn and angry.

Mikey and Nick have fled from the bus stop..dodging artfully in and out of doorways in case they are pursued.. they now walk beside the large gate surrounding the cemetary.

MIKEY

Nick, I'm exhausted. Please.
This is so foolish.

NICK

No it isn't. What if I die?
My mother will be mad at me
because I never visited her.

MIKEY

Are you putting me on? You
really believe that?

NICK

Why not? It could be true.
A lot of funny things happen
that no one can explain.

MIKEY

I never heard of any.

NICK

You don't believe in any of that
stuff, huh?

MIKEY

Frankly? No.

NICK

Then how come you're afraid to
go in a cemetary?

MIKEY

Afraid? Who's afraid? I'm not
afraid. I just think it's ridicu-
lous.

NICK

Didn't you like my mother?

MIKEY

I loved her. I thought she was a wonderful woman.

NICK

So why is it ridiculous to visit her grave?

MIKEY

Because it's one o'clock in the morning.

NICK

But that makes it even nicer.

MIKEY

It doesn't make it anything. A grave is a grave. There's no religion in the world that says someone's soul is buried with them in their grave. That's not your mother in there. Your mother is in heaven..or wherever. I know something about how Catholics believe.

NICK

Do you believe there's something after you die?

MIKEY

Me personally? No. I believe you die and that's it.

NICK

Doesn't that scare you? To think that one day you'll die and you'll be over? You won't be anything. You won't know anything. You'll be nothing.

MIKEY

Listen, you wanna visit your mother's grave? Let's visit it. Because this conversation is just stupid.

NICK

Not if you're gonna die, it isn't. It's interesting.

MIKEY

Well, I'm not gonna die so I think it's stupid.

NICK

You are someday.

MIKEY

Where's the entrance? Is this the entrance?

NICK

(Following him)

Well, aren't you gonna die someday?

MIKEY

Listen, I'm not standing down at one o'clock in the morning in front of a cemetery to talk about what will happen when I die. That's a mischugas I'll leave to the Catholics.

(He tries the gate)

Well, it's locked. I told you it would be locked.

NICK

Do you like me?

MIKEY

Yeah. Well, whadda you wanna do now. It's locked.

NICK

I wanna visit my mother.

The killer has once again left his car and gone to a phone booth. He reports briefly to Dave Resnick who tells him to check inside the theatre. But he is nervous now..afraid that Mikey and the man he is supposed to kill have gotten together, have planned something of their own. The whole night has been strange and he, like Nick, must be careful. Anything strange makes him wary.

Dave Resnick repeats his instruction to look inside the theatre and ridicules the killer's suggestion that Mikey might be double crossing him. Nick is a Greek, he explains, and therefore crazy..which is probably why Mikey had to change his plans. But after he hangs up Resnick turns to the man who sits with him in the room and says, thoughtfully, "If they're not in the theatre..that moron could be right. They could be planning something."

Nick and Mikey have searched vainly for an open entrance to the cemetery..and found none. Nick, without hesitation, begins climbing over the gate. And Mikey, who has no choice but to follow him, climbs sullenly behind him.

Nick makes a ten foot leap from the top of the gate and lands safely on soft turf. Mikey remains stubbornly in place.

NICK

Jump down already, will you.
You've been sitting there for
twenty minutes.

MIKEY

Listen, don't stand down there
and nag me. It's a big gate.
I have to think this thing thru.

NICK

I'm not nagging you. I'm en-
couraging you.

(He grabs the grillwork)
Here. I'll steady it for you.

MIKEY

Don't shake it. You're shaking
the whole gate.

NICK

Why don't you jump. What are you
doing? Scaring crows?

MIKEY

I'm not gonna jump from here. Who
knows who's underneath me.

NICK

And you're telling me I'm ridiculous.

MIKEY begins climbing carefully down the gate. NICK
giggles.

MIKEY

I knew it. You think this is fun.
This is your idea of a good time.

NICK

Shut up and climb.

Mr. Kinney now stands in front of the cashier box. He has received his ticket and waits nervously as the cashier slowly counts out his change.

CASHIER

You won't see all of both movies anymore.

MR. KINNEY

I won't? Isn't this an all-night movie?

CASHIER

Yes, but we're only open until three.

MR. KINNEY

(After a moment)

Is there another all-night movie on this block?

CASHIER

No, we're the only one.

He takes his change, checks his watch and ducks quickly into the lobby.

MIKEY has finally reached the ground and stands panting beside Nick.

MIKEY

This is the longest night of my life.

NICK

Now let's see. I think it's this way.

MIKEY

You think it's this way. Nick, it's pitch dark in here. Don't even start if you don't know where it is.

NICK

What are you scared of? It's just a cemetery.

MIKEY

I'm not scared. I just don't wanna spend the night here looking for your mother's grave.

NICK

Why not? I think it's very pleasant here. Very quiet and peaceful. Listen! What's that?
(He turns his head aside and makes the "Whooo" of an owl)

MIKEY

Oh, would you stop.

NICK

That wasn't me.

They walk.

NICK

You're walking on the graves.

MIKEY

This is the path.

NICK

It is? Then I'm walking on the graves.

MIKEY

I wanna tell you something. Don't fool around here. Because I may not be religious but I don't see anything funny about a graveyard.

NICK

I'm not fooling around. I came to see my mother. You wanna visit your mother's grave too?

MIKEY

My mother is buried in a Jewish cemetery on the other side of town.

NICK

I'll go with you.

MIKEY

I don't wanna visit my mother's grave. You visit your mother's grave and let's get out of here.

NICK

Give me your lighter. I wanna see the name on this headstone.

MIKEY

(Handing him the lighter)
If I didn't know you were a sick man I'd tell you to go to hell.
Excuse me.

NICK

(Straightening)
This isn't it.

MIKEY

Are we close do you think?

NICK

I don't know yet. I got to see some more names.

MIKEY

Is that how you find it? You memorize the names on the headstones.

NICK

She's buried next to a whole family of Irishmen.

MIKEY

Nick, this whole cemetery is full of Irishmen. It's a Catholic cemetery.

NICK

Look, if you don't wanna come with me I'll go alone.

MIKEY

Oh, now that I climbed the gate
and I dcn't know where the hell
I am--excuse me--you'll go alone?

NICK

Who do you keep saying "excuse
me" to?

MIKEY

I don't have to believe in
everything to believe in some
things.

NICK

Some things? If you believe
you have to keep saying "excuse
me" in a cemetary, what else is
there not to believe in?

MIKEY

Oh, did I make a mistake.

NICK

You didn't. This is a good thing
to do. I'll find it.

MIKEY

Is your mother really buried
here?

NICK

You were here. Don't you remem-
ber?

MIKEY

It's eight, ten years ago. Who remembers that long?

NICK

I wouldn't tell a lie about where my mother is buried. What's wrong with you?

MIKEY

Well, how could you be dumb enough to break in here in the middle of the night when you don't even know where the grave is?

NICK

I know where it is. It's somewhere in this park.

The Killer now stands quietly in a corner of the lobby, watching the outside street and the doors to the auditorium, simultaneously. He is obeying instructions, but with caution, at his own rate of speed.

An usher comes up to him and asks if she can show him to his seat and he thanks her, stalling for time, and asks where the candy counter is. She points it out to him and taking as much time as possible, he selects several candy bars and a bag of popcorn. When there is no further way to remain at the candy counter without becoming conspicuous, he walks over to the usher, who is waiting expectantly, and resignedly hands her his stub.

USHER

This way sir.

THE KILLER

I can find it.

Mikey and Nick are now somewhere in the middle of the cemetery. Mikey's lighter flicks on and off as Nick bends over to read the headstones.

NICK

I don't understand this.

MIKEY

Come on. Let's go back. You'll visit her grave some other time. You're not going away forever.

NICK

(Suddenly shouting)

Hey ma!

MIKEY

I'm gonna hit you.

NICK

What's the matter. You afraid I'll wake someone?

MIKEY

Do you know the difference between not believing in something and having a little respect for it? Do you know what courtesy is?

NICK

No. You said the dead weren't here. You said a dead person's soul was never buried with them in their grave. So what do you have to have respect for?

MIKEY

For your mother's memory. I light a candle for my mother and father every year and I don't know if they know it. I say

MIKEY (Cont'd)

Kaddish and I don't know if it does any good. But it's my way of showing respect. That's what the word means.

NICK

Oh boy, have you changed your story.

MIKEY

What story? You wanna yell, yell. It's your mother. You're the one who thinks she'll know if you visit her.

NICK

(Yelling)

Hey ma! Where are you?

MIKEY

I'm going.

NICK

(Yelling)

Hey ma! I'm here! Mama!

MIKEY turns and walks off.

NICK

(Yelling)

If anything happens to me Mikey did it.

MIKEY

(He turns)

You son-of-a-bitch. Take that back.

NICK

(Turning toward him)

Oh. Sorry. I thought you left.

MIKEY

Take that back.

NICK

Okay.

(Yelling)

Hey ma! I take it back. You'll see for yourself anyway.

MIKEY turns as NICK is shouting and starts to walk again. Behind him NICK is suddenly silent. MIKEY's footsteps are audible in the turf. The entire cemetery which seemed quiet as he and NICK were quarrelling now becomes full of little sound in the silence. MIKEY stops abruptly and turns.

MIKEY

Nick?

(There is no answer)

Nick!

NICK

(From farther away)

Yeah?

MIKEY

Stand there. I'm coming back.

NICK

What's the matter? You afraid my ma will get you.

MIKEY

I'm not afraid of anything. I just changed my mind. Where are you? Light a match.

A match flares in the darkness. MIKEY makes his way slowly toward the match until he comes up to NICK.

NICK

Hi. I missed you.

MIKEY

Alright, now listen Nick. Let's stop fooling around, okay?

NICK

I'm not fooling around.

MIKEY

This is a very large park, and I'm sure you'll agree with me that if we have to go all the way thru it looking for one headstone it will take us all night.

NICK

But I know where it is almost.
It's somewhere right around
here. I remember that angel.

In the distance is the silhouette of a huge winged
cherub with a wreath around its shoulders.

MIKEY

Look at the size of that.

NICK

I shoulda got her a headstone
like that but I was too cheap.

MIKEY

You were broke, you weren't
cheap.

NICK

You woulda given me the money.
Wouldn't you of given me the
money?

MIKEY

Eight or ten years ago?

NICK

Yeah.

MIKEY

I would of given you my life.

They walk.

NICK

What about now?

MIKEY

Now? I wouldn't give you my life.

NICK

I'd give you mine.

MIKEY

I believe it.

NICK

But I mean it. I would give you my life. Why don't you think I mean it?

MIKEY

Alright you mean it. If you mean it find the grave already. Start with small things.

NICK

(After a moment)

Okay. I found it.

MIKEY

Where?

NICK

Here. You see? Now do you believe me?

MIKEY

No. I believe you knew where it was for the last twenty minutes.

NICK

You really don't trust me.

MIKEY walks over to him. They study the grave.

MIKEY

Look how seedy it is. Why don't you give them a few bucks to cut the grass and put some flowers on.

NICK

I didn't know you could do that.

MIKEY

Sure. I'll do it for you after you've gone.

There is a pause.

NICK

Now that I'm here I don't know what to do.

MIKEY

You just pay your respects and then leave.

There is a pause.

NICK

Did I pay them yet?

MIKEY

I don't know what this whole trip was for if this is your attitude.

NICK

I don't know what to do. What are some prayers?

MIKEY

I only know Hebrew ones.

NICK

Let's see. Isn't that something? My mind is a blank.

MIKEY

You don't have to pray. Just say hello and think some things about her.

NICK

Hi ma.
(He giggles)

MIKEY

Oh, this is really terrible.

NICK

I'm sorry, ma. And so is Mikey.

MIKEY

Nick, I'm begging you. Now don't do this. Some things you just shouldn't do.

NICK

I'm sorry, ma...

MIKEY

You don't have to talk to her
out loud.

NICK

Yeah, I do. Or she won't
hear me.

MIKEY

Nick, please.

NICK

I really mean that. That's my
feeling. And we neither of us
could prove that I'm wrong.

MIKEY

(Murmuring)

Yiskadal vei yiskadash...

NICK

What?

MIKEY

I'm saying kaddish.

NICK

You see? You're talking out
loud, too.

MIKEY lowers his voice until it is barely audible
and continues saying the Kaddish. NICK shifts.

NICK

Boy, this is hard. I can't think
of anything to say. It's very
hard to talk to someone after
they're dead..because you don't
have anything in common.

(Mikey looks at him, furiously,
still reciting)

NICK (Cont'd)

Ma...

(He giggles)

Excuse me, Mikey. Ma...

(He giggles again)

...don't let me die, ma.

(He giggles)

MIKEY

Would you stop. You made me forget the Kaddish.

NICK

I was talking to my mother.

MIKEY

You were laughing.

NICK

But she knows I didn't mean anything, don't you ma?

(There is a brief pause)

You know what?

(Mikey does not reply)

Mikey?

MIKEY

Nick, I'm trying to remember the Kaddish.

NICK

I was just gonna say wouldn't it be great if she was alive. Don't you wish your mother was alive?

MIKEY

Of course I do.

NICK

You know why we like each other so much? Because we remember each other's mothers.

MIKEY

I don't agree with that.

NICK

Yeah, because we remember each other from when we were kids. Things that happened when we were kids that no one else knows about but us are in our heads. And that's how we know they really happened.

MIKEY

I know what really happened when I was a kid. What are you talking about?

NICK

Yeah, but no one else knows. You know what I mean? Everyone else who knew us as a kid is dead.

MIKEY

So what? I still remember what happened. And I tell Annie about a lot of things that happened to me when I was a kid. She enjoys that.

NICK

You don't know what I mean.

MIKEY

Of course not. Because I'm stupid.

NICK

I wish my mother was alive. And I wish your mother was alive. And your father. And my father. And your brother Izzy.

MIKEY

Did you know my brother Izzy?

NICK

Sure. Don't you remember? He lost all his hair before he died and we called him baldy and then the next day he died and we went to his grave and apologized.

MIKEY

He was ten years old., God rest his soul. My poor brother.

NICK

Do you remember that I knew him?

MIKEY

I don't remember ever calling him baldy.

NICK

Well, he was bald. And we didn't know he was gonna die.

MIKEY

I think this is good now..what we said. This was a good visit.

NICK

Look at this grave. You're right. It's all messed up.

MIKEY

I'll fix it for you. I'll arrange for it to be trimmed and I'll send flowers.

NICK

It's like leaving someone in a dirty bed.

MIKEY

I'll have it trimmed tomorrow.

NICK

Hey, Mikey. Take those flowers off that grave and throw them here.

MIKEY

Let's go.

NICK

I want to put some flowers on the grave before I go.

MIKEY

Well, don't steal them off someone else's grave. It's two feet away, schmuck. Someone will see them and put them back.

NICK

Are there any farther away?

MIKEY peers around.

MIKEY

There's a big wreath over there on the angel. But I don't know if it's real or part of the statue.

NICK

No. That's not part of the statue. Oh, that's terrific. Would you get it for me? I'll lay it flat and put some grass over it. No one will recognize it if it's laying down.

MIKEY

Nick, I'll get her some flowers tomorrow. That thing is a block away.

NICK

I got to put something on her grave before I go. So she'll remember me.

MIKEY

So she'll remember you?

NICK

Go on. And then we'll go.

MIKEY

(Staring at the wreath)
Come with me.

NICK

I knew you were scared. Go ahead. I'll walk behind you and make the sign of the cross.

MIKEY

That'll be a big help.

They start toward the marble angel. MIKEY walks in front of NICK.

NICK

You notice how quiet it is here?

(He makes a ghostly "hooo")

MIKEY

Why don't you stop fooling around.

The Killer is now standing in the back of the movie house watching "Acapulco". As he eats his popcorn, his eyes roam over the seats, but he makes no move to walk down the aisle. The clock on the back wall reads 2:35.

After a few moments an usher comes up to him.

USHER

I'm sorry, sir. No standing. There's plenty of empty seats.

THE KILLER

I just wanna stand here for ten minutes. Until the end of the movie.

USHER

I'm sorry. It's against the fire regulations.

THE KILLER

Listen, I think a friend of mine is here, see? I just wanna wait until the lights go up for intermission so I can take a look.

USHER

Well, I'm sure you'll be more comfortable sitting, sir. I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to take a seat.

The Killer thanks her and slides sullenly into a seat in the last row.

Mikey and Nick are now standing next to the marble cherub, lifting the large wreath off.

MIKEY

Jesus, this weighs a ton.

NICK

Maybe we shouldn't take the whole thing.

MIKEY

What do you want to do? Break it in half? It's wired. Here. Hold this side.

They start back carrying the wreath.

NICK

Where were we? Do you remember?

MIKEY

Over there someplace. To the right.

NICK

I don't know if she was worth it.

MIKEY

Oh, shut up.

NICK

Look at the stones and see if you read any Irish names.

MIKEY

I don't think you're going right.

NICK

Which way was the angel when we were facing it?

They turn to face the angel. There is a pause.

MIKEY

It's hard to tell without the wreath on it.

NICK

Well, there's only three other directions it can be. Let's try this one.

MIKEY

Nick, my arms are falling off.

NICK

You wanna rest?

MIKEY

Yeah. For a minute. Let's put the wreath down. Lower it slowly.

They put the wreath on the ground.

NICK

You wait here by the wreath. I'll go look for the grave.

MIKEY

I'll go with you.

NICK

No. Because then we won't be able to find the wreath.

MIKEY

Alright, but listen. It's right around here. Don't wander off somewhere. It can't be more than thirty, forty feet away.

NICK

Give me your lighter.

(Mikey gives it to him)

Now when I find it I'll call you and then I'll light the lighter and you come toward it.

MIKEY

How will I carry the wreath?
I can't carry this by myself.

NICK

You're right. Here. You keep
the lighter. I'll come back to
you.

MIKEY

But if you come back to me, how
will you remember where the grave was?

There is a pause.

NICK

Okay. Here's my plan. Is there
a twig here anywhere?

MIKEY

Nick, forget the wreath.

NICK

I don't need a twig. I'll drag
my heel--this heel--as I walk.
Like this..and then we'll follow
the line back.

MIKEY

What line.

NICK

Look.

(He digs his heel in and walks
dragging his foot)

See?

MIKEY

Fine. Go already. I feel like
I've been here all my life.

NICK walks off dragging his heel. Several moments pass...
and he is no longer visible. MIKEY squats near the
wreath. Several more moments pass. He rises. Calls.

MIKEY

Nick?

(There is no answer)

MIKEY (Cont'd)

Nicky? Nick!

(He takes his lighter and
lights it)

Nick! Nick!

He flicks the lighter off and stands looking around indecisively. Suddenly, there is a piercing wail behind him and he screams and jumps away. NICK stands behind him wearing his shirt over his head.

MIKEY

You son-of-a-bitch.

NICK makes a low "ooh" sound. And MIKEY begins to laugh.

MIKEY

Son-of-a-bitch. You are a
son-of-a-bitch.

The lights are now on for the intermission in the movie house and the Killer stands in one corner of the lobby watching as the customers leave. When the flow stops, he steps quietly into the auditorium and stands in the back, looking over the seats. There are about five people left. None of them are his prey. He turns and walks quickly out of the theatre.

Mikey and Nick are once more on a bus. It is Mikey who smokes now. Nick sits quietly, obediently eating a cracker. He is cheerful and calm. Mikey's eyes are wild. He moves and talks with the kind of panic that characterized Nick's earlier state.

NICK

Where are we going?

MIKEY

I don't know. Keep eating.

NICK

Wanna go to that movie now?

MIKEY

No. We're not going to any movies. Christ, I'd give anything for a car.

NICK

How far away are you gonna drive me?

MIKEY

We gotta drive to some city with an airport and take a plane out.

NICK

We? Are you coming with me?

MIKEY

Yeah. Yeah, you son-of-a-bitch I'm coming with you.

NICK

Won't that get you in bad with Resnick if you just disappear? He could think you're with me.

MIKEY

Yeah, he could.

NICK

Don't you wanna make some excuse to him for leaving? He could kill you if he thinks you double-crossed him. Those guys don't like to look bad.

MIKEY

Nick, I know all this. You don't have to explain the situation. And I know that Resnick is gonna think I'm with you no matter what excuse I make. It's my wife I'm thinking about. And my kid.

NICK

You see? You would still give me your life.

The Killer, still outside the movie house, which is now closed, talks to Dave Resnick. Mikey Mittner, he tells him, has still not shown up with Nick. The movie house is closed, and Mikey's wife has not heard from him.

RESNICK

Then wait there.

THE KILLER

But it's closed.

RESNICK

Yeah, but he maybe don't know that.

THE KILLER

You think he'll still come here? It's 3:30.

RESNICK

We gotta give him the benefit of the doubt. He's with a lunatic. Nick Godolin could decide at the last minute to stop off and get laid.

THE KILLER

I'm very nervous about this.

RESNICK

I don't wanna hear that. That's upsetting for me to hear right now.

But when Resnick hangs up, this time, he is angry. The man opposite him listens wearily as he curses Mikey.

Mikey has found a phonebooth in an all-night book store and is calling the car rental places. Nick browses thru the pornos on the racks until Mikey slams the phone down, finally, and sits slumped in the booth. Nick comes over to him and speaks to him gently.

NICK

What's so terrible? You said yourself they don't open until morning.

MIKEY

The garages. But they should at least answer the goddamn phone. Christ, you'd think no one drove a car at night.

He flings himself out of the phone booth and moves restlessly around the store.

MIKEY

What time is it?

NICK

Nearly four. If your watch is right.

MIKEY

Nearly four. We got at least two, three more hours.

NICK

Whadda' you wanna do?

MIKEY

Jesus, I don't know what to do.

NICK

Let's go see that girl.

MIKEY

The one on 10th and Hall?

NICK
Yeah. You wanna?

MIKEY
Will she be up?

NICK
The woman never sleeps. She
sits by the door waiting, just
in case.

MIKEY
I should call my wife. What
am I gonna tell my wife.

NICK
Call her from there. Come on.
You wanna buy a book? I'll
pay for it.

MIKEY
I don't want a book. Christ!
My poor wife.

The block where the movie house stands is very dark now and deserted. The Killer hangs up on Annie, who says she has had no word from Mikey, and walks back to his car. He takes another parking ticket off the window and climbs into the front seat. His face is grey and exhausted, and he fights to keep awake. He glances at his watch. It is 4:30.

The apartment where Nick has taken Mikey is small and furnished with an effort toward gentility on a very low budget. There is a radio on and Nick dances with the girl, whose name is Nell, as Mikey talks on the phone.

Mikey keeps his voice low so that Nick cannot hear, and explains to his wife that he may have to leave town for a few days and he may need some money. He evades her worried questions with the magic words "business deal", and instructs her that no one is to know that she has heard from him.

As they talk Nick continues dancing with Nell, holding her very close. The disc jockey's voice has announced a Gershwin album and the tune playing is "S'wonderful".

NICK

Glad to see me, huh?

NELL

Oh yes, very.

NICK

"Oh yes very". Who're you kidding? You bet you're glad to see me.

(He squeezes her)

NELL

Don't.

NICK

What is this "don't"?

NELL

There's someone here.

NICK

He's not watching. What's the matter?

NELL

Please be nice.

NICK pulls NELL close and whispers in her ear. She pulls away. He laughs.

NELL

I don't like that, Nicky. You know I don't like that.

NICK

Like what? I'm making a joke.

NELL

I don't like that kind of joke.

MIKEY hangs up.

MIKEY

Kid's sick.

NICK

Yeah? That's too bad.

NELL

A cold?

MIKEY

Yeah...he's got a chest cough.
(He surreptitiously knocks on wood)

NELL

Oh, croup?

MIKEY

Yeah.

NICK

That light is giving me a headache. Don't you have a lamp or something?

NELL

There's no outlet.

(Nick turns the light off)
Don't.

NICK

There's plenty of light from the street.

NELL

How old is your little baby?

MIKEY

Five.

NICK

Come here, baby. Sit by me.

NELL

(She sits by Nick)
Little boy?

MIKEY

Yeah, that's right.

NELL

That's nice. What's his name?

MIKEY

Harry.

NICK

She's not asking you what he looks like. She wants his name.
(He laughs and winks at Mikey who shakes his head disapprovingly)

NELL

What's the joke?

The music stops and a voice on the radio begins giving a report of the latest events in Southeast Asia.

NICK

Don't you have a record machine?

NELL

Shhh.

NICK

Let's turn on some music.

NELL

No, please. I want to hear this. I'm interested to see what develops in Indochina.

NICK

No kidding.

(He lets his hand rest on her breast)

NELL

(In an undertone)

Don't Nick. I asked you not to.

MIKEY

You follow the news, huh?

NELL

As much as I can.

(Softly)

Please, don't do anything Nicky. Stop it.

NICK

(To her)

I'm not. Am I doing anything? I'm just sitting here.

MIKEY

Do you read a lot?

NICK

Naw. Not very much.

MIKEY

(Shortly)

I was talking to her.

NICK

Oh, yeah. Tell him about some
of the books you read, Nellie.

(He slips his hand
under her blouse)

NELL

Stop it.

NICK

(Softly)

Don't be this way, baby.

NELL

(Her voice is very low)

I asked you not to in front of
him. Don't you have any respect
for me?

NICK

Sure I do, baby. But it's hard--
because I like you.

MIKEY

I think it's a good thing we
stopped fooling around with China.
They got the biggest army in the
world those Chinese. Millions
of peasants.

NICK

Don't push me away, Nellie.

NELL

Please, Nick. Not now.. I
asked you..

NICK

Baby, don't give me a hard time,
please.

NELL

Then don't treat me like this.

NICK

Like what? Kiss me. Can't you
kiss me? Don't be this way..

NELL

Oh, stop it.

NICK

Ah, the hell with you.
(He pushes her away)

The voice on the radio begins describing a robbery in
which an elderly man was shot. NELL begins to cry.
After a moment NICK reaches for her.

NICK

C'mere. Look...I love you. Come
on. Don't you know I love you?

NELL

Oh, Nicky...I love you, too.
(They kiss)

Don't Nicky..you shouldn't.
I'm asking you, please..pull
down the shade..no, no..pull
down the shade first, please...

NICK gets up and pulls down the shade, then returns
to the couch. It is now very dark in the room.

NELL

I love you...tell me you love
me...

NICK

I love you...I love you..

There is silence except for the sound of movement on
the couch and the voice coming over the radio.

ANNOUNCER

Vandals today looted three downtown stores in New Jersey causing an estimated two million dollars in damages. Two witnesses described the vandals as Blacks, young and estimated that there was a total of five to seven men involved in the looting. Bill Kenna. Up To The Minute News.

(There is a burst of music and a new voice comes on)

And now--out of the night--the new time, old time, all-time parade of Rhythm and Blues. First the sound of Marty Mann and the orchestra with -- "Ain't We Got Fun".

The orchestra begins playing "Ain't We Got Fun" with a vocal. The music continues throughout the scene.

NICK gets up and pulls up the shade. Then he goes to the couch, sits down again, takes out a cigarette and offers one to NELL. She refuses it, and he rises and walks over to MIKEY who is still sitting in the same position.

NICK

Got a light?

MIKEY

(Softly)

What the hell is this? What are you doing to me?

NICK

Nothing, schmuck. I was warming her up. Go on over there.

MIKEY

Thanks. Forget it. Get yours and let's get out of here.

NICK

I got mine.

MIKEY

Then let's go.

NICK

What's the matter with you?
This is for both of us. Are
you mad I went first?

MIKEY

She's not gonna let me do
anything. She likes you.

NICK

Yeah, but she'll like you, too.
She likes everyone. I heard it
from twenty guys already--how
much she liked them. Just don't
let her hand you any bullshit.
Just lay her down and tell her
what to do.

MIKEY gets up, reluctantly, and crosses to the couch.
NICK sits down and watches him with obvious pleasure.

MIKEY

Hello, Nell.
(He sits down)
So, you like the news.

NELL

Yes. I like to know what's
happening.

MIKEY

That's very unusual. You know,
most pretty girls don't have a
brain in their head. You know,
they don't care what's happening
anywhere..so long as they have a
good time.

(Nell laughs nervously)

Isn't that so?

NELL

Yes. I guess most girls are
pretty dumb.

(He slips an arm around her)

MIKEY

It makes it nice when they're smart and pretty.

NELL

Thank you.

(He lays his hand on her lap)

Please, don't do that, Mikey..
don't get fresh.

MIKEY

No, I just want a little ..kiss.

He grabs her and starts to kiss her. She pushes against him. Finally he lets her go with a jerk. There is blood on his lip. He touches his lip with his fingers, sees the blood and slaps her. She begins to cry.

NELL

Get out of here. Get out of here. Take your coat and get out of here!

NICK

What's the matter?

MIKEY

That bitch. I oughta crack your face in.

NELL

You get out of here. Get out of here or I'll scream.

NICK

She bite you like that? Jesus, here's a handkerchief. What is it with you, Nellie? I heard from the boys you were a nice girl.

(She pushes him)

That's not very nice, Nellie.

NELL

You liar! Get out of here! You liar!

NICK

I'm gonna have to go back and
tell Moe Shatz and Jack Diamond
that you're getting mean.

NELL

That's a lie! I never laid Moe
Shatz! Oh, you liar!

MIKEY

I'm going Nick. You want to stay?

NELL

Liar! Liar! You liar! Liar!

NICK

Naw, let's go. So long, Nellie.
Be good.

They go out. NELL continues to scream "Liar" after them.

We hear her voice faintly in the street below where Mikey
is now walking at a furious pace, with Nick hurrying along beside
him.

NICK

What's wrong? Will you just tell
me that? Mikey? Will you just
answer me?

MIKEY

Fuck off.

NICK

Are you mad at me?
(Mikey does not answer him)
Just tell me if you're mad at me.
Are you?

MIKEY

I said get out of here, will you.
Go play somewhere else.

NICK

Is it because of what happened up there? Is that it?

MIKEY

You got all the friends. You got all the money. Did you have to do that to me in front of some dumb bitch to prove you got all the women?

NICK

Mikey, I didn't do that. I didn't know that would happen. I swear to God. She screws anyone.

MIKEY

But me! Anyone but me!

NICK

Well, that's not my fault. Don't be mad at me because some crazy hooker turned you down.

MIKEY

She's your girl. She's no hooker. You didn't pay her.

NICK

I didn't have a chance.

MIKEY

You goddam liar. You think I never saw a hooker before. You're trying to tell me you pay for that?

NICK

Well, she doesn't walk the streets. But she takes money.

MIKEY

She takes money. You got to tell her you love her first and she takes money? You think I'm deaf too.

NICK

Mikey, she's psycho. You got to tell her you love her and then you give her a few bucks and you tell her it's a present. But I thought that would make it interesting for you.

MIKEY

Bullshit. You knew what would happen.

NICK

Mikey, I wouldn't do anything to make you look bad on purpose. Honest-to-God. You're like my family. I love you, Mikey.

MIKEY

Well, I think you'd make your family look bad on purpose, too. Because I don't think you love anyone but you. Now here's your gun. Give me my watch.

NICK

Well, I'm glad to know what you think of me.

MIKEY

Good. Because I'm glad I told you. Now can I have my watch.

NICK

Your watch? Sure. Here's your watch.

(He throws it at him)

Take your goddamn watch.

MIKEY kneels by the watch and starts picking up the pieces.

MIKEY

You prick. Look at this. Look what you did.

NICK

Is it broken?

MIKEY

You son-of-a-bitch. My father gave me this watch.

NICK

Here give it to me. Maybe I can fix it.

MIKEY

Get away from me. Look at this. The winding stem is gone.

NICK

Well, give it to me. I know a guy who can put it together. He's a watch expert.

MIKEY

I had this watch for twenty years. This was the only thing I had from my father.

NICK

Really? How long did you have the suit?

MIKEY

This is funny to you, isn't it? You think this is another joke.

NICK

No. Honest.

(There is a pause)

Is this the winding stem? This little thing here?

MIKEY

No. I think that's one of the hands.

NICK

The hands fell off too?

(In a sudden brilliant imitation of Jimmy Durante)

Jesus Christ..there's nothing left of this watch.

MIKEY

You know, there's really something wrong with you. Don't you have any notion of what's happening outside your own head? Don't you have any idea of how people feel? Can't you understand that this was my father's watch. This is the only thing I have from my father.

NICK

Well, what do you want? Another watch? I'll get you one. What kind would you like? Do you like an automatic? You don't have to wind them.

MIKEY

Forget it. Forget the whole thing.

NICK

You're mad at me again.

MIKEY

Yeah. I'm mad at you.

NICK

Well, why are you mad at me? What right have you got to be mad at me? You don't even have a watch.

(Mikey stares at him)

Isn't that funny? You know, you don't have any sense of humor. What happened to you? You used to be a very funny guy.

MIKEY

I'm going, Nick. Take your gun.

NICK

Mikey, I'm sorry about the watch. And the girl. I don't know what else you want me to say.

MIKEY

Nothing. I don't want you to say anything. I just don't wanna do it anymore.

NICK

What?

MIKEY

I don't wanna be your friend.

NICK

Alright. Then I'll be your friend.

MIKEY

No. You be my friend when you're not in trouble. I don't want you to be my friend just when there's no one else around.

NICK

What are you talking about? I'm your friend when there's other people around.

MIKEY

No you're not. You don't even know who I am when there're other people around. I talked to you maybe five times since you met Dave Resnick. I got you the job. I introduced you. And I can't get you on the phone-- unless someone's gonna kill you.

NICK

What is this? Where did this come from? Since when can't you get me on the phone?

MIKEY

Since every time I call you and your wife tells me you're out with Dave Resnick. You don't even call me back. I walk into a restaurant, and you're sitting with Dave Resnick or Sid Fine, and I got to say hello to you three times before you know who I am.

NICK

Mikey, so help me God I don't know what you're talking about.

MIKEY

Christ, there's nothing I wouldn't do do for you. Nothing! And unless you're sick or in trouble, you don't know I'm around. Well, bullshit. Go find yourself another friend.

(He turns and starts off)

NICK

(Running after him)

Mikey, you're wrong. You're really wrong. I wouldn't do anything bad to you. I love you, Mikey. Mikey, please. Please don't walk out on me. Please...

(Mikey continues to walk, without answering him)

Okay! Screw you, Mikey! Go ahead and walk. I don't need to apologize to you. I don't owe you anything. What am I supposed to do? Carry you around in my pocket? I can't help it if I'm not home when you call. I'm a plenty good friend of yours. Plenty good. What other friends have you got? I'm sorry Resnick doesn't invite you to restuarants. But I don't tell him not too. He doesn't like you. He says you get on his nerves. I'm the one who stands up for you. I asked him to put you in the bank. And with all the crap about your doing so much for me and all the favors you gave me--I'm the guy who lent you two hundred dollars when you needed it. I don't remember you giving me anything.

MIKEY takes out his wallet, extracts all the bills and throws them at NICK.

MIKEY

You really are a piece of
of nothing.

NICK hits him. MIKEY wipes the blood from his mouth and spits in NICK's face. NICK goes for him again.. and they fight until MIKEY is knocked down. NICK stands watching, until MIKEY gets to his feet, and, without a word, walks off.

In the car outside the movie house the Killer sits dozing and fretful.

A taxi turns at top speed into the deserted street and screeches to a stop in front of the theatre. The Killer stirs, mumbling angrily to himself, and Mikey gets out of the taxi, sees one car illegally parked on the street and races to it.

The Killer stirs and then jerks awake as Mikey pounds on the window. He stares at Mikey's face speechless with fear and with a total lack of recognition until Mikey calls out his own name over and over again. Then a glimmer of waking intelligence lights his eyes and he opens the car door.

MIKEY

Start the car.

THE KILLER

What happened?

MIKEY

I just lost him. Start the car.

THE KILLER

You lost him! Are you kidding me?

MIKEY

C'mon. It's only been five minutes, and he's walking. Start the car.

Alone on the street Nick races along but with no direction. Each corner to turn and every street to cross poses a momentous decision for him. He turns and doubles back like a rabbit in a maze, changing his mind in mid-direction and retracing his steps for an entire block at a time. In the midst of his rambling flight, he stops, seized with an idea, and runs back to the spot where he and Mikey had their fight and begins frantically collecting the bills on the sidewalk.

The Killer's car speeds toward Nell's neighborhood. Mikey sits staring straight ahead, and the Killer, awake now, leans forward in his seat, his eyes moving nervously over the street.

MIKEY

Turn right, and then make a left.

THE KILLER

Why don't you just tell me where she lives. I know this neighborhood.

MIKEY

He's not gonna be in the same spot I left him. I said he's around here. I didn't say he was standing in the middle of the street waiting for us.

Nick has finished collecting the bills on the sidewalk and now stands staring indecisively up at the window of Nell's apartment. He stands, paralyzed, until the sound of a car in the distance galvanizes him, and he turns without a moment's thought and begins running blindly.

The Killer's car has slowed down now. Mikey peers through the side windows, trying to keep both sides of the street simultaneously in view.

THE KILLER

If I'd just had a driver. Everywhere I went I had to spend twenty minutes looking for a parking place. Finally I just parked anywhere. I got two parking tickets. I never had a parking ticket in my life.

MIKEY

Resnick'll fix them for you.

THE KILLER

I'm not going to Resnick with two parking tickets.

(There is a pause)

Is that him?

MIKEY

Where? No.

THE KILLER

You sure?

MIKEY

Yeah, I'm sure. You wanna shoot him just in case?

THE KILLER

What's the matter with you? I asked you a question.

MIKEY

Well, for Christ's sake. If I say it's not him I oughta know. Slow down by the bus stop.

The car slows.

THE KILLER

He there?

MIKEY

No.

Nick walks quickly along. At every sound of a car he leaps back into a doorway. A taxi turns the corner and he rushes out to flag it down. But when the taxi skids to a stop, he turns and begins running again.

The Killer's car slowly circles the neighborhood. As it approaches each darkened doorway and each passerby, the brights flick on and off. Inside the car, Mikey leans out of the window, as the Killer's voice goes on weary and aggrieved.

THE KILLER

I had three terrific deals I could've taken and I turned them down because this was supposed to be so quick. I was gonna use the money to help bankroll my own machines. I had a guy all set up to put up the other half.

MIKEY

You just do this for a quick buck? I mean this isn't your regular work?

THE KILLER

What work? If I had to live off this kinda work, I'd be on welfare.

Nick stands by a bus stop now, watching the buses go by. He studies each bus as though he expects to find some sign on it telling him it is the right bus to take. He has circled around the same streets for thirty minutes. Some primitive instinct keeps him here, in the last vicinity he felt safe. When he leaves this neighborhood, he will have to have a destination in mind. It is not long until daylight. And without Mikey the entire city has become like his hotel room, a place to wait until he is killed.

The Killer's car drives more rapidly now. Both Mikey and Kinney have no real hope that they will still find Nick. But they, too, do not know where else to go.

THE KILLER

Should I turn right again?

MIKEY

Yeah. Turn right.

THE KILLER

How come he ran from you? Did he guess something?

MIKEY

No. He got mad at me.

THE KILLER

You shouldn't've made him mad.

MIKEY

I didn't make him mad. He got mad by himself. He's crazy.

THE KILLER

Is that him?

MIKEY

Slow down.

(The car slows)

No.

THE KILLER

What should we do? Should we keep going?

MIKEY

We might as well.

THE KILLER

Jesus, this is the end. By the time I pay my fare and my hotel bill and my meals and the parking tickets, I lose three hundred bucks.

MIKEY

If it didn't take you forty-five minutes to drive downtown you could've got him at the first bar.

THE KILLER

The hell I could. Oh no you don't.

MIKEY

Forty-five minutes. I was watching the clock.

THE KILLER

Listen, you tell your story and I'll tell mine. All I know is I never saw him. And I waited an hour each place.

MIKEY

(Suddenly)

That's him!

THE KILLER

Where?

MIKEY

Near the corner. See him?

THE KILLER

Okay. Take it easy. I see him. Which one is he?

MIKEY

In the coat. Let me out of the car first.

THE KILLER

Well, point him out to me.

MIKEY

In the coat.

THE KILLER

They all got coats.

MIKEY

The guy with his head down. See? With his hands in his pockets. Let me out.

THE KILLER

I don't see which one you mean. Which one has got his head down?

MIKEY

Never mind. It's not him.

THE KILLER

I don't see anybody with their head down.

JAN GODOLIN is a thin, attractive woman with a tense, low-key manner. She is in her mother's apartment and the living-room is filled with memorabilia. There are pictures of her as a girl, pictures of her with Nick, pictures of their wedding and of their baby. She sits in her robe, playing solitaire, and when her mother timidly sticks her head out of the bedroom to ask if she is alright, she gives a reply that is bristling with sarcasm. She lays out the cards with the expertise of someone who has played a great deal of solitaire in her life. She stops suddenly as Nick knocks at the door.

NICK o.s.

Honey?

JAN

I told you not to come here.

NICK

Honey, please. Don't make me yell thru the door.

JAN rises, puts the chain on the latch, and opens the door a few inches.

JAN

Get out of here, Nick. I mean it.

NICK

Honey, please let me in. I'm
in terrible trouble.

JAN

That's new.

NICK

No, honey, this time I really
mean it. They're gonna kill
me, Jan. Dave Resnick is look-
ing for me.

JAN

Why are you telling all this
to me.

NICK

Jannie, I'm serious. Ed Lipsky's
dead. Dave Resnick had him killed.

JAN

Yes, I told you he would. People
get mad when you steal their money.

NICK

Honey, I made a mistake. And I'm
very sorry..

JAN

I'm not interested.

NICK

I know that, honey. But I just
wanna tell you that I realized
some very important things about
myself tonight, and about the way
I've treated you. And I under-
stand a lot more now about what
you've been trying to tell me,
and I'd just like a few minutes
to talk to you about it, Jannie.

JAN

My mother and the baby are sleep-
ing. If you want to talk to me,
call me tomorrow.

NICK

Please, baby..I don't have the time. Honest. I may have to leave town. I just want to talk to you for a few minutes.

JAN

No.

NICK

I said open this goddamn door or I'll break it down! Do you hear, you...

JAN

You sure changed. I wouldn't recognize you.

NICK begins hurling his body against the door. And his voice rises as he demands to be let in. JAN takes the chain off the door and opens it. NICK comes in and slams the door.

JAN

Alright. Now what do you really want?

NICK

Do you know what you are?

JAN

Yes. And I know what you are. Now tell me what you want and get out of here.

NICK

I ought to smash your face in.

She laughs and he slaps her across the face...then sinks to his knees and puts his head against her.

NICK

Honey, I'm sorry. Baby, I'm sorry.

JAN

Don't bother being sorry. Just get out.

NICK

Please, don't treat me this way. Please baby..

JAN

What's the matter? Isn't this the right treatment? How do your girlfriends treat you? Tell me, I'll try to learn.

NICK

Jannie, I'm sorry.

JAN

What happened? All the other girls busy tonight? Wouldn't the boys have a drink with you? It's a shame Resnick wants to kill you. That means you won't be able to spend all your evenings with him anymore. Tell me what he did that made him so wonderful and I'll try to copy it.

NICK

Please, Jannie, I need you. If you knew how much trouble I was in..

JAN

I do know. Why else would you be hanging around?

NICK

You don't care, do you? You don't give a damn. You bitch.

JAN

You care for a while. I'm thru caring. I'm thru begging you to save your own life. You had to have the deal, didn't you? It didn't matter what I said.

NICK

For you. I didn't do it for myself. I was working for you.

JAN

Thank you for supporting me.

NICK

That's not what I meant.

JAN

Mikey Mittner is in the same business as you. He supports Annie, too. But I never heard Annie crying on the telephone that she hasn't seen him in two nights. I never heard Annie begging him not to gamble, not to throw his last penny away..

NICK

I never threw our last penny away.

JAN

No, that's right. You never did anything. You were an angel. But it's just too much for me, Nicky. I can't do it. I just don't want to feel bad anymore.

NICK

Alright. But I just want you to know that, believe it or not, I didn't know what I was doing then.. and I know better, now..and I'm sorry.

JAN

Alright.

NICK

Do you mean that?

JAN

Sure. Why not?

NICK

Thank you.

(There is a pause)

Can I stay here tonight?

JAN

I thought that was coming.

NICK

That's not what I meant.

JAN

I don't care what you meant.
I don't CARE! Can't you see
that? I just want you to
get out of here. Now.

NICK

You mean that?

JAN

Yes I do.

NICK

Alright. Good enough. Can I
go take a look at the baby
first?

JAN

Will it matter what I say?

NICK

Yes. If you don't want me to,
I won't.

JAN

I don't care. Do what you want..
just so you get out of here.

He goes into the other room. JAN stands waiting
until he comes back in again.

NICK

She wouldn't hold my thumb. I
guess she's mad at me, too, huh?

JAN

Do you need any money?

NICK

No. I don't need anything. I need a shot in the head--but I'm gonna get that anyway.

JAN

Why don't you call Mikey? He'll help you.

NICK

I can't call him anymore. We had a fight. A bad one.

JAN

What's the matter with you? He's the only friend you've got.

NICK

Not anymore. I did too much to him.

JAN

Get out of town. You'll be alright.

NICK

Thanks for the advice.

JAN

Well, what do you want? You want me to go get killed for you.

NICK

No. I don't want anything. I'm going.

(There is a brief pause)

Can I kiss you goodbye? I guess not, huh. Okay.

He starts out. She goes up behind him, puts her hands on his shoulders. He turns and kisses her. She begins crying.

NICK

I love you, baby.

JAN

How can you treat me the way you do. How can you be such a bastard.

NICK

No more baby. That's all over, I swear.

JAN

What are you staying here for? Why don't you get out of town? They'll find you, Nicky.

NICK

I had to see you first, baby.

JAN

But you'll go now. Promise me.

NICK

Honey, will you think about coming back to me? Will you? Just think about it.

JAN

You know I will. I always do. Just be careful. Start now, please. I don't want you to die.

NICK

Right now, baby. First thing. I'm starting, now. Oh, baby, just wait. You'll see! Everything's gonna be different now. You just wait! I'll make you so happy!
(He hugs her)

JAN

Do you have everything? Are you sure you have enough money?

NICK

Yeah. Plenty. I'll write to you, sweetheart. Everything's gonna be okay. Do you love me?

JAN

I love you. You fool, you know I love you. Take care of yourself.

NICK

I will.

(He goes out..pops in a moment later)

I love you more.

(He goes out)

DAVE RESNICK sits in his living room, listening to MIKEY and THE KILLER, who is hollow-eyed with fatigue.

MIKEY

Dave, it was like making a wild horse sit still for a picture. And at 10:30 when we left the B & O he still wasn't there.

KINNEY

You knew I had traffic to get thru. I told you on the phone.

RESNICK

Look, you both had problems.

KINNEY

If you wanna know what I think..
(To Mikey)
I think if I followed you I'd find him.

MIKEY

I'm glad you told me what you think. I got a lot of respect for your mind.

RESNICK

Well, I think it's late and we're all tired.

(To Mikey)

Why don't you go home, Mikey. Warren will stay parked by your house in case he shows up there. That's all we can do.

MIKEY

Dave, he's not gonna show up at my house. I had a fight with him. He hit me. Look at my mouth.

RESNICK

Yeah, but you know how crazy he is. Maybe he'll show up there anyway.

MIKEY

You can't let this moron park by my house. First of all, there's no parking. The owners hire their own private guards to patrol the streets. It's a very exclusive neighborhood. They voted on me before I could buy the house.

RESNICK

So he'll circle the block.

MIKEY

They'll notice him if he keeps circling the block. Dave, we got private guards.

RESNICK

Then he'll circle two blocks. I'm sure Warren knows how to handle himself.

MIKEY

Well, I'm not. I saw him drive.

RESNICK

Mikey, I'm very tired. Stop getting on my nerves and go home.

MIKEY

I'm sorry you don't like me,
Dave. And I'm sorry I get on
your nerves. I'm just trying
to explain the situation to you.

RESNICK

I understand the situation.
Now go home.

The couch in Nell's living room has been made up into a
bed and she is asleep on it. There is a knock and she wakens.
And then there is another knock.

NELL

Who is it?

There is no answer. NELL rises, goes to the door and
opens it. NICK pushes his way into the apartment.

NELL

I'm warning you. Get out of here.

NICK

Boy, I'm really getting the treat-
ment tonight. Tonight's my night.

NELL

What do you want?

NICK

Nothing much. I thought we
could lay down and talk about
politics for awhile.

(She slaps him. He slaps her
back)

You know you're asking to get
your face punched in. You know
that, don't you Nellie?

NELL

What do you want? You haven't
got any right to treat me like
this...

NICK

A lady like you.

NELL

You better get out of here.

NICK

Listen, Nellie, if you want to know, what I really came over for was to apologize.

NELL

I'll bet.

NICK

No kidding. I was a little sore about Moe Shatz and Jack Diamond before. You know how it is. I thought you were my girl and then I find out you're putting it out for everyone--a guy gets hurt.

NELL

Who said I was putting out? Did Moe Shatz say that about me? Oh, that liar.

NICK

You mean you didn't?

NELL

I certainly didn't.

NICK

You mean him and Jack Diamond just got together and made up a story like that out of nothing? Jesus, they would be real bastards to do that.

NELL

As a matter of fact, both Mr. Diamond and Mr. Shatz were very mad at me because I wouldn't let them lay a finger on me.

NICK

So they both got together you think and spilled a whole pile

NICK (Cont'd)

of crap about you just to get even. Christ, I'd like to believe that.

NELL

Well, I don't know why they did it. But I can tell you one thing. Both Mr. Diamond and Mr. Shatz were awfully embarrassed by the time I got thru with them. I told them exactly what I thought of them..and they left here feeling pretty foolish, you can bet on that.

NICK

Oh, baby, I'm sorry. I should have known. That's what comes from running around with sluts. You get so you don't trust any of them.

NELL

Is that what you run around with--sluts?

NICK

Not anymore. Not since I met you. After a guy goes with a girl like you, it's hard to settle for just anything.

NELL

You didn't call me for a long time.

NICK

Well, after I heard..Jesus..

NELL

And then tonight...

NICK

Oh, baby, I'm sorry about that.
(He takes her in his arms)
I'm sorry. You forgive me?
What is it? Why are you crying?
Tell me.

NELL

Nothing. What's the difference.
You told them to try--both of
them.

NICK.

Who? Me? Are you crazy?

NELL

Oh, don't. I know. They told
me..both of them. I know the
stories you tell about me.
You call me a slut and an easy
make. I know about that.

(He pushes her away and walks
away from her)

Don't be mad at me. Are you
mad at me now? Because I told
you I know.

NICK

Naw..why should I be mad at you?
Don't be silly. Alright don't
cry. I'm not mad. Hell, I
don't know what's wrong with
me. I guess I just like to
show off.

Mikey stands at the window of his living room looking
out on the street. Annie watches him, quietly. Through
the window we see the Killer's car make its orbit around
the block. Mikey whispers under his breath "schmuck".

ANNIE

What?

MIKEY

Nothing. Honey, why don't you
go to bed. You'll be out on
your feet tomorrow.

ANNIE

I want to wait up for you. I'm
lonesome.

MIKEY

What time is it?

ANNIE

Five o'clock. What happened
to your watch?

MIKEY

I broke it.

ANNIE

When you fell?

MIKEY

Yeah.

ANNIE

Oh honey. Your good watch.

Thru the window, we see, with MIKEY, the nose of the
KILLER's car slowly turn the corner. At the other end
of the block a private patrol car turns into the street.
The KILLER hits his brakes and backs around the corner
again. MIKEY puts his head in his hands and murmurs
"He can handle himself".

ANNIE

What?

MIKEY

Nothing. Honey, please go to bed.

Nick is standing in a small luncheonette, candy store,
newsstand in which there is a weary-looking proprietor.

NICK

You got any ice cream?

STOREKEEPER

No ice cream. Magazines, candy,
cigarettes. Just what you see.

NICK

You don't have any ice cream?
In a candy store?

STOREKEEPER

Just what you see. And this is
a luncheonette.

NICK

You got any Neccos?

STOREKEEPER

Mister, look on the counter.
What you'll see there is what I
got.

NICK studies the candy counter..and finally picks out
five or six candy bars and puts them on the counter.

NICK

Put 'em in a bag, will you. I'm
keeping this one out to eat.

(He hands the man a dollar)

Got any comic books?

STOREKEEPER

On the rack.

NICK

I just wanna pick out a couple
for my nephew. I promised him
some.

STOREKEEPER

(Knowingly)

Sure. Don't get chocolate on
them, please. I don't think
they make Neccos anymore.

THE KILLER is still circling the block outside MIKEY's house. His intervals are now longer because he must avoid the patrol car which is also circling the neighborhood.

MIKEY still stands by the window and ANNIE still sits on the couch, yawning occasionally. MIKEY turns to her suddenly.

MIKEY

Did I ever tell you I had a brother Izzy who died.

ANNIE

No, I don't think so. I don't remember. When did he die?

MIKEY

Oh, years ago. This happened when I was a kid. You enjoy hearing stories about when I was a kid, don't you?

ANNIE

Sure I do, honey.

MIKEY

My brother Izzy was ten. He had scarlet fever. The fever got so high he lost all his hair. And then he died.

ANNIE

That's terrible.

MIKEY

My mother just sat there like stone. She didn't even cry. She cried at the grave. No. Wait a minute. I don't think she cried at the grave either.

ANNIE

That's a terrible thing when you lose a child. Was he the baby?

MIKEY

No. He was ten.

ANNIE

I mean was he younger than you.

MIKEY

Oh yeah. My father cried I remember. But my mother just sat there. I was the favorite.

ANNIE

She must have felt awful.

MIKEY

Oh sure. My father cried like a baby. When Izzy was sick he gave him his watch. The one I have.

ANNIE

The one you broke?

MIKEY

Yeah. But that was just because he was sick that he gave it to him. He meant it for me. I was the oldest. Then after Izzy died he took it back and gave it to me. He gave it to Izzy because Izzy was always asking to wear it, so when he knew he was gonna die I guess he thought it was safe to give it to him.

ANNIE

That's sad.

MIKEY

I was crazy about Izzy. I felt terrible when he got sick. But, you know, a kid looks funny when he's bald.

ANNIE

Bald?

MIKEY

I just told you he lost all his hair from the fever.

ANNIE

Oh yes. Oh, I see.

MIKEY

(A pause)

Nick Godolin knew Izzy.

ANNIE

My goodness.

MIKEY

And he knew my mother and father and my aunt Rose..

ANNIE

I envy him. I wish I'd known your father.

MIKEY

You wouldn't have liked him. He was a very sour man. And he didn't like any of the women in the family. He liked Nick, tho. And he liked Izzy. Nick kidded him a lot.

ANNIE

I'm sure he liked you too.

MIKEY

Oh sure. I wasn't including me.

He rises and goes to the window and stands looking out.

There is a pause.

MIKEY

(Suddenly)

Go to bed, Annie:

ANNIE

I told you I'm not...

MIKEY

Son-of-a-bitch..

(He looks wildly around)

ANNIE

What is it?

MIKEY

Don't answer the door.

ANNIE

Why? Who's coming?

There is a knock.

NICK o.s.

Mikey?

ANNIE opens her mouth to answer and MIKEY grabs her, and speaks very softly.

MIKEY

Tell him I'm not here and don't let him in.

NICK rings the bell.

NICK

(Knocking again)

Mikey? You're gonna make it up with me sometime so why not now.

MIKEY

(To Annie)

Get him away fast, Annie. Go on. Don't let him stand there.

MIKEY

(He rings the bell)

Mikey, will you open the door?

ANNIE

(Calling)

Mikey isn't here. He isn't home.

NICK

Annie? Did I wake you? I'm sorry, honey. I thought Mikey was home.

ANNIE

No. He isn't home.

NICK

You know who this is, don't you? It's Nicky Godolin.

ANNIE

Yes. He isn't home, Nick.

NICK

Oh gee. He isn't, eh? I wonder if I could come in and wait for him, Annie, until he gets back. He oughta be back soon. I left him about an hour ago and he was on his way home. Would it be alright, Annie? It won't take long.

ANNIE

I'm not feeling very well, Nick. Can you come back tomorrow?

NICK

I wish I could, honey. But I'm leaving town--and it's pretty important that I see him before I go. Could you let me in?--just till he comes?

She looks at MIKEY. MIKEY shakes his head.

ANNIE

I'd like to, Nick..but Mikey told me not to let anybody in so I can't.

NICK

Well, I don't think he'd mind you letting me in Annie.

MIKEY

(Softly)

Make him go away. Hurry.

ANNIE

I can't let you in, Nick. You better go away. I'll tell Mikey you were here.

NICK

Annie? Are you mad at me.

MIKEY crosses quietly to the window, moves the drape aside a few inches and peers out.

ANNIE

No.

NICK

Annie, it's really important that I get to see Mikey. I wouldn't push it, Annie, but I'm in kind of a mess..

Thru the window MIKEY sees the KILLER's car turn the corner. He drops the drape and pulls his wife away from the door.

NICK

..and Mikey's been trying to help me. And I know he'd wanna see me, Annie. Annie? I think you better let me in, Annie.

MIKEY

(Softly)

Run, schmuck. Why won't you run.

NICK

Honey I think you better let me in. Annie! Annie let me in.
ANNIE!

He begins hurling his body against the door. The door trembles and MIKEY quickly bolts it and then begins pushing furniture in front of it. He nods to ANNIE and, without speaking, she helps him.

NICK

Annie? Could you open the door?
Oh, PLEASE, Annie, open the door.
Annie? I don't feel good. Annie
I'm gonna be sick. Oh, PLEASE
Annie. Annie..Annie..Annie...

(He breaks off and there
is the sound of retching)

Oh no, oh no, oh no, oh, no!
Oh, please! Get me a doctor!
Please get me a doctor! Wait,
please! Mikey, get me a doctor.
I'm perforating. Mikey! Wait,
you got to wait. I don't feel
good. Mikey! Get me a doctor.

There is the sound of a shot, and then another. We hear NICK fall, still retching. After a moment, there is the sound of voices and footsteps outside. MIKEY turns suddenly on his wife.

MIKEY

Will you go to bed!