

**The Matador**

original screenplay by  
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"Denver"

INT. - HOTEL ROOM IN DENVER - DAWN

JULIAN NOBLE is awake.

It's six thirty in the morning, and the new day sun has stirred him up.

However, he is not alone in bed--

Asleep next to him is a beautiful young girl.

She snores slightly, in a sexy snoring sort of way.

JULIAN sits up and runs his hands through his messy hair. Clearly morning is not his favorite time of day...

He looks back at the girl in his bed. There is no sign of affection in JULIAN's dark eyes.

He stares at her as if she were a piece of luggage.

Cheap luggage.

Still asleep, and oblivious, the pretty girl rolls over.

It's then that JULIAN sees her toe nails...

They're painted metallic purple.

Intrigued-- JULIAN stares at them a moment...

Then he gets up and walks naked over to the dresser.

On the dresser table is the girl's pocketbook.

JULIAN opens it up and searches through it.

Lipstick. Sunglasses. Condoms...

Nail Polish...

Pleased-- JULIAN takes the purple-metallic nail polish and goes back to the edge of the bed.

Before too long...

He is painting his own toenails purple...

INT. HOTEL ROOM IN DENVER - BATHROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER

JULIAN is in his hotel room bathroom, sitting in his underwear on the side of the tub.

Tissue paper sits between each of his metallic purple painted toes...

In JULIAN's hands are several burning photographs...

He watches the photos (of a well-dressed man) burn, finally dropping them (at the last minute) into the toilet...

INT. HOTEL ROOM IN DENVER - MINUTES LATER

JULIAN, now dressed in slacks and in a nondescript tan jacket, stands over the sleeping girl with the purple toe-nail polish.

He takes out a money-roll, and throws three hundred dollar bills on the bed.

JULIAN  
(coldly)  
Check out's at noon. Make sure  
you're gone...

EXT. DENVER PARK - LATER THAT DAY

As kids play football and Frisbee, JULIAN sits on a park bench, "casually reading a newspaper" and keeping an eye on a car parked across the street.

The car-- a lime green Porsche-- is parked in front of a well-heeled house.

TEN YEAR OLD BOY  
What's your deal, mister?

Slightly startled-- JULIAN turns to see a ten year old boy (football in hand) standing in front of him.

JULIAN  
What?

TEN YEAR OLD BOY  
What are you doing here?

JULIAN  
Why don't you shoo?

TEN YEAR OLD BOY  
I don't want to shoo.

JULIAN  
Didn't your mother tell you never  
to talk to strangers?

TEN YEAR OLD BOY  
(pointing)  
She's right over there. She said I  
should talk to you.

JULIAN  
--She did?

TEN YEAR OLD BOY  
Yeah. She wants to know what  
you're doing. I think she thinks  
you're cute.

JULIAN relaxes just a bit...

Oh. JULIAN

TEN YEAR OLD BOY  
That your car?

What? JULIAN

TEN YEAR OLD BOY  
The cool Porsche. You keep staring  
at it...

JULIAN runs his hands through his hair. This sucks...

JULIAN  
I don't know anything about that  
car. And I'm only interested in  
your mother if she lost twenty  
years and thirty pounds, so I'd  
just really like it if you got the  
fuck away from me. Thank you, very  
much.

TEN YEAR OLD BOY  
Whatever.

JULIAN  
Yes, "whatever", now goodbye.  
Scadoodle...

The boy starts to walk away.

TEN YEAR OLD BOY  
See ya, wouldn't want to be ya.

JULIAN  
Smell you, shouldn't have to tell  
you...

The BOY goes back to football, but JULIAN doesn't go back to  
"the newspaper".

Clearly, this jig is up.

He instead gets up, and casually starts to walk out of the  
park...

Not forgetting, of course, to wink at the BOY's MOTHER  
flirtatiously enough to make her blush...

Angle On: The TEN YEAR OLD BOY

He watches JULIAN go out of the corner of his eye, and then  
notices a WELL DRESSED MAN getting into the lime green  
Porsche parked across the street.

The TEN YEAR OLD BOY throws the football back to his chubby friend just as...

The lime green Porsche and the WELL DRESSED MAN are exploded in a million bits of metal and skin and bones and blood...

FADE TO BLACK.

Thunder...

INT. SUBURBAN DENVER HOUSE - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

A mother of a storm rages outside...

The thunder from it causes DANNY WRIGHT to wake up.

He's wearing black eye shades, and it takes a moment of fumbling before he gets them off...

Rain pounds on the bedroom windows...

Poor DANNY.

He does not look pleased by the weather. And the fact that it's 5:44 in the morning doesn't help either...

DANNY's in his late thirties, with a bit of extra weight on him, and an open, decent face.

Just then--

The clock-radio goes to 5:45 and music starts playing...

R.E.O. Speedwagon's "Keep on Loving You"...

--DANNY reacts quickly, and hits it off in an instant.

He turns nervously to his sleeping wife next to him...

She does not stir...

With a relieved smile, DANNY sits up in bed, takes a deep breath...

Puts his feet in some bright orange slippers...

And gets up...

INT. - SUBURBAN DENVER HOUSE - KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

As rain pounds down on the large windows, DANNY sits fully dressed at the kitchen counter eating some frosted flakes.

BEAN

Hiya...

DANNY looks up and sees his sexily zaftig wife, BEAN.

The way DANNY looks at his BEAN you can tell that she is his night and day, his sun and moon. His life.

DANNY  
Bean. You're up early.

BEAN  
The thunder woke me up...

She smiles...

BEAN  
...And, I wanted to see you before  
you left.

BEAN goes over and kisses her husband on the neck.

DANNY  
I'm going to miss that.

BEAN  
Me too. I'm going to miss  
everything.

DANNY  
It's only two nights...

BEAN  
It's too long. I can't stand it.  
And in this weather. It scares  
me...

DANNY  
Bunny...

DANNY hold his wife tight.

DANNY  
You know I have to go. And I'm  
coming back to you in two days.  
With good news, I promise.

BEAN  
I just hate when you're away from  
me...

DANNY smiles. He can see the sweet sadness in her eyes.

DANNY  
You'll wait for me, won't you Bean?

BEAN  
...Always.

With that-- DANNY gets up and starts kissing his wife...

At first it's for comfort...

But before long it turns erotic.

DANNY gently pushes his wife up against the kitchen counter and starts lifting up her nightgown...

BEAN  
(clearly enjoying)  
Danny...

DANNY  
Bean...

As the storm brews outside...

...DANNY and BEAN are going at it inside.

Standing/leaning by the microwave oven, clothes on the floor...

There's is clearly a passion between these two slightly awkward people, a passion that obviously can't be denied...

DANNY  
Bean...

BEAN  
Danny...

They fuck like teenagers, unable to contain their hots for each other...

Just then--

--There's a giant burst of lightening and a roar of deafening thunder...

BOOOOOM!!

DANNY  
My God...

Moments later--

An eerie, otherworldly sound fills the house...

The sound of...

A giant tree being split apart and falling...

...Right through DANNY and BEAN's kitchen wall.

DANNY  
Bean!!!

DANNY pushes his wife out of the way of this crashing tree...

The tree smashes the counter, the table, the fridge--

...DANNY and BEAN barely escape with their lives.

BEAN  
Danny!

DANNY  
Are you alright? Are you?

BEAN  
Yes. Yes...

BEAN looks around at the damage, and at the fallen tree now inches from her husband...

DANNY looks at his terrified wife, as the storm now rages inside his home...

This is some freaky shit...

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. - AIRPORT TERMINAL - A BIT LATER IN THE MORNING

As usual there is an enormous mob scene at the "Economy Class" check in.

From just inside the terminal entrance, DANNY, sopping wet and with two bags in tow, nervously scans the line...

PHIL  
Danny!

DANNY looks and sees a bald man in the middle of the crowded line waving at him.

PHIL  
Over here!

It's PHIL GARRISON. DANNY's business partner.

DANNY  
God, Phil. I'm so sorry I'm late...

PHIL  
It's fine. Is Bean alright?

DANNY  
Yes. The police are there. Our crazy neighbors-- the Tiernesettes. She'll be okay. She forced me to leave her and get over here...

PHIL  
She knows what this job means...

DANNY  
She knows that someone's gotta pay for a new kitchen...



PHIL  
 (smiling)  
 Now we just better make this  
 flight...

Several children on line are crying, generally adding to the  
 "Economy Class" unpleasantness...

DANNY  
 (checking watch)  
 Oh, we will. We have to.

As the two men smile nervously at each other, they are  
 completely oblivious to the fact that--

Across the way--

Heading to the empty "First Class" check in--

...Is JULIAN NOBLE.

PRETTY FIRST CLASS CHECK-IN ATTENDANT  
 (looking at ticket)  
 How are you today, Mr. Noble?

JULIAN  
 Couldn't be better...  
 (flirtatiously)  
 But more importantly, how are  
 you...  
 (reading her name-tag)  
 Genevive?

CUT TO:

INT. "FUNNY'S SPORTS BAR" AT AIRPORT- A SHORT TIME LATER

The airport sports bar...

It's garish. Bright. Lots of big football decorations and  
 boozy travelers.

There are about fifty people in the bar. They all stare at  
 the big screen basketball game.

But-- Not Julian.

He purposely has turned away from the t.v., preferring to  
 have his cocktail facing the kitchen.

SAD EYED WAITRESS  
 Not interested in the game?

The WAITRESS, a fairly pretty woman in her forties,  
 approaches JULIAN with a bowl of peanuts...

JULIAN  
 (smiling)  
 Not my sport.

The SAD EYED WAITRESS is taken aback by JULIAN's smile...

SAD EYED WAITRESS  
What is your sport?

JULIAN  
...Well I've been told I do  
absolutely amazing things with the  
Javelin.

The SAD EYED WAITRESS sort of blushes...

JULIAN  
My name is Julian.

SAD EYED WAITRESS  
...I'm Gretchen.

JULIAN  
Gretchen-- You are lovely. You  
have lovely eyes...

SAD EYED WAITRESS  
...Thank you.

There's an awkward pause.

JULIAN  
I hope I'm not being too forward?

SAD EYED WAITRESS  
No. You can compliment me  
anytime...

JULIAN  
Tell me something, Gretchen. Did  
you just start your shift or are  
you finishing it?

SAD EYED WAITRESS  
Just started. Why?

JULIAN  
Because my flight to Mexico City  
was delayed for an hour and a half  
and I wanted to know whether I  
should...

He trails off...

SAD EYED WAITRESS  
Should what?

JULIAN smiles at her...

SAD EYED WAITRESS  
Should what?

JULIAN  
...commit the time to get to know  
you or not.

INT. - AIRPORT - BANK OF PHONE BOOTHS - A LITTLE LATER

DANNY places a quarter in the pay phone and dials a number...

DANNY  
...Bean?

We INTERCUT with BEAN at home, as various emergency workers deal with the disaster that is the kitchen...

BEAN  
Danny? Are you okay?

DANNY  
I'm fine, bunny. The flight got  
delayed.

BEAN  
Is everything okay?

DANNY  
Yeah. The stupid storm. It's  
going to be a while. How are you?

BEAN  
Other than the tree in my kitchen,  
I'm fine. Maura's making me a  
fritata next door. She said it  
will cheer me up.

DANNY has to smile...

BEAN  
I hate when you fly, Danny.

DANNY  
It's okay, bunny.

BEAN  
It's just when you travel I think  
of Henry.

DANNY  
I know, Bean.

BEAN  
And I get scared. With our dumb  
luck...

DANNY  
I'm going to be alright, I promise.

BEAN  
And you're coming home to me?

DANNY  
I promise.

INT. "FUNNY'S SPORTS BAR" AT AIRPORT- A LITTLE LATER

Two empty Makers Mark glasses sit in front of JULIAN, as he finishes his third...

GRETCHEN, The SAD EYED WAITRESS, approaches with a forth.

GRETCHEN  
This one's on me.

JULIAN smiles.

JULIAN  
Thank you, Gretchen. And this one's on me...

JULIAN hands her a hundred dollar bill...

GRETCHEN  
Really?

JULIAN  
A little act of kindness at an airport bar deserves to be rewarded.

GRETCHEN takes the hundred gingerly from JULIAN.

GRETCHEN  
Thank you.

Beat...

Neither of them says anything.

JULIAN smiles at her, as GRETCHEN's eyes wander to the floor.

GRETCHEN  
(finally)  
Let me get you some more pretzels.

As GRETCHEN reaches for the pretzel basket--

--JULIAN brushes his hand up against hers...

JULIAN  
Tell me something, Gretchen? Where do they store the pretzels?

GRETCHEN  
In the back. Behind the kitchen...

JULIAN looks at her.

JULIAN  
Is it private?

GRETCHEN gets a slightly dirty smile on her face.

GRETCHEN  
...Yes. Why?

JULIAN smiles back.

There is a long moment where both of them stare at each other with hungry eyes...

JULIAN  
Can I come with you?

GRETCHEN looks straight at JULIAN.

Her eyes are mixture of lust, danger, excitement and then--

--JULIAN takes out his money roll and pulls out five hundred dollar bills.

JULIAN  
This should cover it, right?

GRETCHEN looks confused...

GRETCHEN  
What?--

JULIAN  
It's five hundred dollars...

Tears start to form in GRETCHEN's eyes...

JULIAN  
What's the matter?

GRETCHEN slaps JULIAN hard in the face.

GRETCHEN  
Fuck you.

JULIAN says nothing.

GRETCHEN  
You think I'm a whore?

JULIAN still doesn't respond...

GRETCHEN  
You think I'm a fucking whore?

JULIAN  
(softly)  
...I think you work at a depressing  
airport bar for minimum wage and  
bullshit tips.  
(MORE)

JULIAN (cont'd)  
 From the looks at your cheap  
 haircut and puffy, double-shift  
 eyes I thought you could use five  
 hundred dollars and a good fuck. I  
 guess I was wrong-- About the  
 money that is. I apologize.

With that--

JULIAN gets up, finishes his drink, and walks away...

Leaving GRETCHEN, and the five hundred dollars, behind.

INT. - AIRLINE - LATER

The plane to Mexico City is well on its way...

In Economy Class, DANNY is caught miserably in the middle  
 seat between PHIL, who works on his computer, and a FAT WOMAN  
 who listens to her walkman way too loud...

Up in First Class, JULIAN sleeps like a baby...

CUT TO:

"Mexico City"

EXT. - HOTEL NEAR ZOCOLO- LATE THAT AFTERNOON

The noise, the smog, the smells, the traffic, the chaos, the  
 beauty of Mexico City...

One of the city's ubiquitous green and white taxis comes to a  
 stop outside an ornate hotel...

One of the hotel staff opens the taxi door and JULIAN (with a  
 black briefcase) steps out, and quickly heads inside...

Across the street:

A SKINNY MEXICAN MAN, in his early forties with nervous eyes  
 and a sweaty brow, watches JULIAN enter the hotel...

INT. - MEXICO CITY HOTEL BAR - MINUTES LATER

JULIAN approaches the beautiful old fashioned bar, and places  
 his black briefcase carefully down by his feet. He then  
 orders a drink from the distinguished BARTENDER in perfect  
 Spanish.

JULIAN  
 I'll take a margarita on the rocks  
 with lots of salt, please.

As the BARTENDER makes the drink...

...the SKINNY MEXICAN MAN walks into the bar carrying an  
 identical black briefcase as JULIAN's...

He walks up to the bar, just next to JULIAN, and puts down his briefcase...

Right next to Julian's Black briefcase.

SKINNY MEXICAN MAN  
(to bartender)  
Cervaza, por favor.

The BARTENDER grabs a beer, and JULIAN's margarita, and places them in front of the two men...

JULIAN  
Gracias.

JULIAN takes a sip. Hmm. Delicious...

The SKINNY MEXICAN MAN drinks his beer quickly and nervously.

JULIAN  
(in Spanish to bartender)  
I was wondering - I'm looking for a particularly bloody bullfight. Any chance one's happening this Sunday?

BARTENDER  
(in Spanish)  
There's a matador from Madrid is in town. Supposed to be very good with the sword. If you want, they can get you tickets at the concierge desk...

JULIAN  
(in Spanish)  
That would be just great. What about wrestling? Do you think there's good wrestling happening this weekend?

BARTENDER  
(in Spanish)  
Perhaps. There usually is...

The SKINNY MEXICAN MAN finishes his beer with a gulp. He throws some pesos on the bar and heads off...

With JULIAN's briefcase, not the one he came in with...

BARTENDER  
(in Spanish)  
Are you in Mexico City for business or pleasure?

JULIAN smiles and takes another sip of his drink...

JULIAN  
(in Spanish)  
My business is my pleasure.

INT. JULIAN'S HOTEL ROOM IN MEXICO CITY - A BIT LATER - DUSK

As the day's last golden rays of light seep into the beautiful old hotel room...

JULIAN places the black briefcase on his bed and opens it.

There's about five pieces of paper with maps and diagrams on them in the briefcase.

There's three photos, all telephoto, of a rather plump, but well dressed Mexican woman in her late forties.

Oh...

And there's a high powered rifle with a silencer.

FADE OUT.

EXT. MEXICO CITY HOTEL - THE NEXT MORNING

Business suits on, portfolios in hand-- DANNY and PHIL exit their hotel...

DANNY

I'm a nervous wreck, Phil.

PHIL

Think positive...

DANNY

I think I'm sweating through my suit.

PHIL

Listen to me-- We're prepared. We've got a great presentation...

DANNY

I know, we got a great presentation, but-- I keep thinking about if we don't get it-- I don't know how much longer Bean can put up with it. With the mortgage and the debts...

PHIL

Danny-- please. This is our day. As you said-- we deserve this. Now keep it together, and let's go to this meeting and blow them away, okay?

(beat)  
Okay?

DANNY nods with a wan smile, and with that-- The two men get into a waiting car and head off...

Just as...



The hotel entrance doors open again...

And JULIAN exits the building-- briefcase in hand.

JULIAN takes in the day: The heat. The sun.

JULIAN reaches into his pocket and removes a small tube of suntan lotion...

He applies a liberal amount to his nose...

So much lotion in fact, that it leaves him with a nice white patch on his nose...

Unconcerned by his now lotiony white honker, JULIAN heads out into the city...

INT. - MEXICO CITY SUBWAY- A SHORT TIME LATER

JULIAN rides the unbelievably crowded Mexico City Subway. He seems nonplussed by the crowds.

In fact-- He's got his eye on the thigh of a TEENAGE SCHOOL GIRL.

JULIAN offers up a smile. She shyly smiles back.

She then adjusts her tartan-skirt covering her thigh.

JULIAN gives a "sad" expression. The GIRL kind of laughs...

This would be all nice and fine if she weren't still in high school.

MR. RANDY

Isn't she a tad pubescent. Even for you?

A older British man, MR. RANDY, has sided up next to JULIAN.

He speaks softly, and because the subway is so crowded almost nobody notices the two men talking...

JULIAN

I'd make an exception for her.

MR. RANDY

Or her brother.

JULIAN

Throw in the cousin while you're at it...

MR. RANDY chuckles.

MR. RANDY

Did you study the assignment?

JULIAN  
No. I shredded it, then humped the  
bellboy on the room service cart.

MR. RANDY  
And I should be shocked?

The train comes to a stop at a station.

The SCHOOL GIRL gets up and starts to go.

JULIAN  
(in Spanish)  
Have a great day.

The SCHOOL GIRL blushes and leaves.

JULIAN  
(to Mr. Randy)  
I hate these Catholic Countries.  
All blushie-blushie, no suckie-  
fuckie.

MR. RANDY  
Somehow I think you'll find your  
way.

The train pulls away from the station...

MR. RANDY  
Now look, there's been a change of  
plans. It seems the "portfolio"  
needs to be delivered earlier than  
discussed.

JULIAN  
--What?

MR. RANDY  
You heard me. She's leaving for  
Europe tomorrow.

JULIAN  
That's your problem.

MR. RANDY  
Not my problem. Yours.

JULIAN looks disgusted.

JULIAN  
This whole thing smells like week-  
old mahi-mahi.

MR. RANDY  
Just get it done today.

The train pulls into another station...

JULIAN  
I'm not a fucking magician.

MR. RANDY  
Yes. Yes, you are...

With that-- The MR. RANDY heads off the train.

JULIAN doesn't bother watching him go...

The doors begin to close-- when suddenly-- MR. RANDY puts his hand in to stop it...

MR. RANDY  
Oh. I almost forgot...

JULIAN looks at him...

MR. RANDY  
Happy Birthday...

JULIAN is struck with the awkward realization that until that very moment, he had forgotten his own birthday...

EXT. - MEXICO CITY SKYLINE - THAT NIGHT

The crowded, bright and endless nightscape of Mexico City...

INT. RESTAURANT IN POLANCO DISTRICT - NIGHT- SAME TIME

DANNY and PHIL enter this trendy Mexico City restaurant...

They seem giddy as school kids as they saunter up to the bar...

DANNY  
(as he loosens his tie)  
Two margaritas por favor!

DANNY turns back to his friend--

DANNY  
We did it!

PHIL slaps DANNY on the shoulder...

PHIL  
You were remarkable back there.

DANNY  
No. The stuff sold itself.

PHIL  
Baloney. You made it happen. It was like the old magic. There's no way they can't give us the job...

DANNY  
You think?

The margaritas arrive and the two men hoist them--

PHIL

I know.

With that-- The men clink glasses hardily, sending margarita mix everywhere...

INT. JULIAN'S HOTEL ROOM IN MEXICO CITY - SAME TIME

JULIAN is drinking as well.

Except he is alone.

...Alone and naked.

Well not completely naked.

He's wearing a birthday-party-hat.

A Mexican birthday-party-hat. It says, "Feliz Cumpleanos"...

With his tequila bottle in hand, JULIAN sits on the corner of his bed, blankly watching the t.v...

The news is showing a police scene from earlier in the day. A body lays in the street bathed in blood and covered in plastic. Various Federales wander about in the confusion.

Then there's a B&W white photograph of the victim when she was alive...

The same woman whose photo JULIAN had found in his briefcase.

JULIAN hits the t.v. off with the remote...

He then throws the remote to the ground, where it lands with a sad thud...

JULIAN doesn't seem to care...

He just sits in strange silence...

Staring into nothingness...

Finally--

JULIAN takes a drink of tequila, then reaches over to the night-table where there's a black address book...

JULIAN rifles through the book, and then dials a number...

It rings. And rings. Then:

JULIAN

(into phone)

Andy... Andy, how the hell are you, you crazy limey bastard?... It's me, Julian... Julian Noble!

(MORE)

JULIAN (cont'd)  
 From Portugal remember?... Julian  
 Noble... I thought I'd call you,  
 you know, catch up. It my birthday--  
 Andy?... Hello?... Andy you there?

But ANDY isn't there. Only a dial-tone is there.

Confused, and slightly dejected, JULIAN hangs up.

He picks up his address book and starts leafing through the names...

There aren't many.

There are, however, a lot of entries like: "Lock Picker; Puerto Rico" and "Ammunitions; Singapore" and "Brothel; Athens" and "Party-Girl (Cindy); Bakersfield"...

JULIAN dials that number...

MAN'S VOICE  
 Hello?

JULIAN  
 Is Cindy there?

MAN'S VOICE  
 Who's calling?

JULIAN  
 An old friend. Who's this?

MAN'S VOICE  
 Her old man...

JULIAN  
 ...Oh.

With that-- JULIAN quickly hangs up the phone...

He scans his book one more time: "Wigs and Beards and Fake noses; Dominican Republic", "Ammunition, Plastic explosives, Silencers; Deluth"...

Strangely sad-- and with no one to call-- JULIAN flings the address book across the room, where it lands by the remote...

JULIAN  
 Fuck it...

CUT TO:

INT. MEXICO CITY SEX CLUB - LATER

As a bad Huey Lewis song from fifteen years ago blares on cheap speakers...

...we find ourselves in a dirty, sweaty Mexico City sex club.

A high-class place it's not. It's dark and mysterious, and we only get flashes of the naked people and entwined bodies laying on filthy mats, dancing on make-shift stages...

Standing amongst the patrons; the drunk Mexican businessmen, the horny Japanese tourists, the young Mexico City bohemian swingers out for a night of adventure-- is JULIAN...

...A small smile on his face for the first time in hours.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT- MUCH LATER

This late at night, the hotel bar is nearly empty...

There are about six people total-- DANNY's one of them.

He sits up at the bar alone, nursing a margarita and clearly quite plastered.

Just then-- JULIAN walks in.

He's got the look of someone who just recently fucked his brains out.

JULIAN  
(to bartender)  
Margarita, por favor.

JULIAN saddles up to the bar. Right next to DANNY.

DANNY  
...You look like you could use one.

JULIAN looks over at DANNY.

For a long moment he says nothing.

Then he forces a smile...

JULIAN  
Who couldn't?

DANNY smiles back.

DANNY  
I've had about six. Seven maybe.  
They're darn tasty...

JULIAN  
Margaritas always taste better in  
Mexico.

DANNY  
They sure do.

JULIAN  
Margaritas and cock.

DANNY looks at him...

DANNY  
Excuse me?

JULIAN  
I said, margaritas and cock taste  
better in Mexico.

JULIAN's drink arrives.

JULIAN  
(to bartender)  
Gracias. And one more for my  
friend...

DANNY puts up his hand...

DANNY  
No-- it's not necessary.

JULIAN  
Don't worry. I'm not going to make  
a pass at you.

DANNY  
I'm not worried...

JULIAN  
If you're that type of guy...

DANNY  
No thanks. I mean. I don't mean  
to be rude--

JULIAN  
--It's alright. I'm just messing  
with you.

DANNY tries to smile-- clearly messed with...

For a moment the two men drink in silence...

Finally:

JULIAN  
Sorry about that "cock" comment.  
Kinda a conversation stopper...

DANNY  
Kinda...

JULIAN has to smile. DANNY does too...

DANNY  
So... Whatta you doing in Mexico?

JULIAN turns to DANNY...

A slight anger now crosses his face...

JULIAN  
Tell me something...?

DANNY  
--Danny.

DANNY hands JULIAN his business card...

DANNY  
Danny Wright...

JULIAN  
(staring at the card for a  
long moment)  
Tell me something, Danny...

DANNY  
Yes.

JULIAN  
Why the hell do you care why I'm in  
Mexico? Why so interested?

DANNY  
No reason. Just hotel bar  
conversation, I guess.

JULIAN stares at him.

JULIAN  
--Were you on the plane from  
Denver?

DANNY  
Yes! Yes I was. How do you--

JULIAN  
I remember you.

DANNY  
You remember? That's almost  
impossible...

JULIAN  
No. I notice things. Faces. You  
were on the plane. Now you're here  
in this hotel. Now you're talking  
to me and asking me questions.

DANNY  
Small world.

JULIAN  
--You with the farm?

DANNY  
What?



JULIAN  
The agency?

DANNY  
What?

JULIAN  
You following me?

DANNY  
No. I--

JULIAN  
I make you?

DANNY  
I have no idea what you're talking  
about.

JULIAN  
I fucking make you?

DANNY looks slightly concerned.

He throws some money on the bar...

DANNY  
I should be going.

As DANNY gets up-- JULIAN stops him.

JULIAN  
--No. Please.

DANNY  
I'm really tired. I should get--

JULIAN  
--No. No. No. I didn't mean to  
weird you out. I just get paranoid  
sometimes. It was wrong. Please.

DANNY relaxes a bit.

JULIAN  
I'm tired. And drunk. And I've  
been fornicating for two hours and  
before that I was doing shit...  
Horrible business shit. And I'm  
just tired. Not myself. Please  
stay...

DANNY smiles slightly.

DANNY  
It's okay.

DANNY sits back down...

JULIAN  
You seem like a nice guy. A normal  
guy. I'm sorry.

DANNY  
Really. It's quite alright...

DANNY fidgets with his drink...

JULIAN almost feels sorry for him...

JULIAN  
(trying to change the  
subject)  
So... you must be in town on  
business, Danny. You've got that  
way about you...

DANNY suddenly looks very upset.

DANNY  
(coldly)  
Why so interested?

For a brief moment there is severe tension-- But then it  
becomes apparent to JULIAN that DANNY is messing with him.

JULIAN smiles.

JULIAN  
Good. Very good.

DANNY smiles proudly...

DANNY  
...Yeah?

JULIAN nods approvingly...

DANNY  
I am in town for business.

JULIAN  
Is it going well?

DANNY  
Very well, I hope. We-- my partner  
and I-- he's asleep-- we just had a  
very good pitch session. Very  
good.

JULIAN  
No shit.

Both men smile...

DANNY  
It's really extraordinary. One of  
the best days of my life, actually.

JULIAN  
That's fantastic. That's great,  
Danny.

DANNY  
I've had a bad couple of years. I  
needed a day like this...

JULIAN  
I hear you.

DANNY  
Nine long years I was with this  
company. Then out of the blue they  
laid me off. This was two and a  
half years ago. I've been  
struggling back ever since.

JULIAN  
And today you got back.

DANNY  
I hope.

JULIAN  
Today you're a man again.

DANNY smiles.

DANNY  
Yes.

JULIAN  
And to be a man-- after they fuck  
you and destroy your self-respect--  
well that is a great thing.

DANNY nods. Connected for a moment to JULIAN...

DANNY  
Thank you...

JULIAN motions to the waiter for another round...

JULIAN  
You married, Danny?

DANNY  
Yes. 14 years.

JULIAN  
Let me guess-- High school  
sweetheart.

DANNY  
It's true.

JULIAN  
Unbelievable. And you're happy?

DANNY  
She's everything to me.

JULIAN hits DANNY on the knee.

JULIAN  
The fucking American Dream.

DANNY smiles proudly...

DANNY  
But enough about me. What about  
you? What kind of business are you  
in?

JULIAN proceeds to ignore him...

JULIAN  
--And kids? You got kids, Danny?

DANNY suddenly loses his smile.

JULIAN sees this...

JULIAN  
Oh no. I crossed a line.

DANNY  
No...

JULIAN  
No. I did. I see it. I'm sorry.

DANNY  
It's alright.

JULIAN  
Look. I didn't mean...

DANNY looks up straight at JULIAN.

DANNY  
It's alright. Really. We lost our  
son three years ago. A school bus  
accident. Fourteen children lived.  
One died. That was Henry.

There is deep sadness in DANNY's eyes...

DANNY  
We had a bad run there for a  
while...

JULIAN  
Two Mexicans walk into a cantina.

DANNY  
What?

JULIAN  
Two Mexicans walk into a Cantina.  
One of them is a midget. The other  
has a fifteen inches long dick--

DANNY  
What the hell are you saying?

JULIAN  
I'm trying to change the subject--

DANNY  
Are you crazy?

JULIAN  
So the midget says to the  
bartender:  
(in a horrible racist  
Spanish accent)  
They call my amigo the human  
swizzle stick. You know what they  
call me?

DANNY gets up from his chair...

DANNY  
This is incredible!

JULIAN  
What?

DANNY  
--You are just a rude  
sonofabitch...

JULIAN  
Danny-- I was just trying to change  
the subject...

DANNY  
--Forget it. Goodbye. Goodnight.  
Thanks for the drink.

DANNY storms out of the bar...

JULIAN  
(calling out)  
Don't you even want to hear the  
punch line...?  
(to himself)  
It's a fucking good one...

Alone at the bar now, (save for a drunk mariachi or two)  
JULIAN slowly loses his smile, his cockiness...

In his complicated eyes there is now just a growing sort of  
sadness...

INT. JULIAN'S HOTEL ROOM IN MEXICO CITY - MINUTES LATER

JULIAN stumbles into his room and towards his bed...

He's about to pass out when he notices the remote and his black address book in the corner on the floor.

JULIAN bats his eyes.

Thinking...

Then JULIAN manages to make his way over to the address book.

Slowly, and carefully, he pulls out DANNY's business card from his pocket...

He stares at it a long moment before gingerly placing into his black address book.

With a faint smile, JULIAN crosses the room and falls onto the bed, passing out in his clothes...

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. MEXICO CITY HOTEL - THE NEXT MORNING

Just outside the hotel, DANNY (looking pretty darned unhappy) waves goodbye to PHIL, who is about to get into a taxi...

PHIL

--You sure you don't want to switch?

DANNY

No. Go. You're the one with the kids.

PHIL

You're the one with a tree in your kitchen...

DANNY smiles slightly...

DANNY

You want to flip another coin? Look, one of us has to stay now. I'll call you the second I hear something...

PHIL

(as he gets into cab)  
Call me sooner!

DANNY

Have a good trip...

The taxi speeds off.

DANNY watches PHIL disappear into the late morning traffic...

JULIAN  
 --So you're staying a extra few  
 days...

DANNY turns around and sees JULIAN, unshaven and tired,  
 behind him.

DANNY  
 (not so pleased)  
 What?

JULIAN  
 I couldn't help but overhear...

DANNY  
 You were spying on our  
 conversation?!

JULIAN  
 Something about the asshole buyers  
 not being completely convinced and  
 now hearing one more pitch from  
 another team...

DANNY tries to smile...

JULIAN  
 I'm sorry...

DANNY  
 I knew things were too good to be  
 true...

JULIAN  
 Look, I'm sorry for the  
 circumstances, but I'm glad you're  
 still in town because it gives me a  
 chance to tell you how truly sorry  
 and embarrassed I am about last  
 night...

DANNY  
 ...Forget about it.

JULIAN  
 --I'm an insensitive prick.

DANNY  
 Look. Don't sweat it. You were--  
 we were drunk. It doesn't matter.

DANNY starts into the hotel--

JULIAN touches his arm-- stopping him.

JULIAN  
 It does. It does matter to me.

DANNY

Fine.  
 (DANNY removes JULIAN's  
 arm)  
 No hard feelings...

JULIAN

See-- the thing is-- I liked you.  
 I kinda enjoyed just talking to  
 someone. You know. Just  
 talking...

DANNY

And yet I tell you about losing my  
 child and you mock it...

JULIAN

--I lost my wife.

Beat.

DANNY looks soberly at JULIAN.

JULIAN

I was 24 years old. I was drunk  
 and I plowed our car into an oak  
 tree.

All DANNY's anger towards JULIAN seeps away...

JULIAN

Since then, I've managed to hump my  
 way through life being an  
 magnificently cold moron. I run  
 away from anything that remotely  
 resembles an emotion.

DANNY nods solemnly.

JULIAN

Thus you tell me about your dead  
 son, I tell you a joke about a 15  
 inch schlong.

In the warm glow of morning, JULIAN looks strangely  
 vulnerable.

DANNY

Well, we all have different ways of  
 dealing with things that upset us.

JULIAN

So you can forgive me?

DANNY

...Sure.

DANNY sort of smiles, and starts to head back into the  
 hotel...



JULIAN  
Look. Danny...

DANNY stops and privately rolls his eyes...

Then he turns back to JULIAN...

DANNY  
Yes?

JULIAN  
I've got an extra ticket to the bullfights this afternoon. It's supposed to be a good one. It would mean a great deal to me if you would join me.

DANNY  
Ummm. That's very nice. Really. But I have work to do...

JULIAN  
On a Sunday afternoon? I overheard your partner-- I know you're just killing the day till a decision is made. Please.

DANNY says nothing...

JULIAN  
C'mon. Have you ever seen a bullfight?

DANNY  
No...

JULIAN  
See!-- You really haven't seen Mexico City till you've seen the fights.

DANNY looks around. No clear excuses coming to him...

JULIAN  
C'mon.

EXT. - MEXICO CITY - DAY- SAME TIME

We are high above Mexico City.

In front of us is a glorious old stadium...

The Plaza de Toros Mexico-- Home of the Bull Fights...

INT. - THE PLAZA DE TOROS MEXICO - CONTINUOUS

This place is magnificent. Old world. Storied.

It's packed with people who scream "OLE!" with each wave of the Matador's red cape...

In the expensive seats: DANNY and JULIAN.

DANNY

Bean is not going to believe this.

JULIAN

She's gonna be crazy jealous...

DANNY

Probably. But also happy for me.

JULIAN has to laugh...

JULIAN

Where did you ever find a woman like that? A woman who just wants your happiness?

DANNY

She's pretty special.

JULIAN

You must be too. To attract a woman like that. I could learn from you...

DANNY

Learn what? You want my blood pressure? My mortgage?

"OLE!!!" Roars from the crowd...

JULIAN

I've never had my blood pressure taken, and I wouldn't know how to get a mortgage for all the teenage twat in Thailand.

DANNY

...You don't own a house?

JULIAN

No house. No apartment. No address.

DANNY

C'mon! You're bullshitting me.

JULIAN

I shit you not.  
(pulling out two cigars)  
Montecristo?

DANNY smiles.

DANNY  
Sure. Thanks. But really-- You  
don't have an address?

JULIAN  
(as he lights cigar)  
Nope.

DANNY  
Well, where do you live?

JULIAN  
I live wherever I'm working.

DANNY  
But you must have a home somewhere.  
Someplace to keep your stuff.

JULIAN  
I don't have stuff.

DANNY  
Everyone has stuff.

JULIAN  
Not me.

DANNY looks at JULIAN.

DANNY  
You have no stuff. No letters? No  
high school yearbooks? No photos?

JULIAN  
I have a birthmark on my ass, but I  
guess that doesn't count, does it?

DANNY  
What do you do, Julian? What could  
you possibly do that you don't have  
a permanent home or address?

JULIAN  
I'd rather not say--  
(standing with crowd)  
Oh my God!! Did you see that?!

Down on the sand, a matador stands triumphantly over a  
bleeding bull...

DANNY  
It's so bloody.

JULIAN  
You're lucky. That matador was  
very good. It's much worse when  
they're mediocre.

DANNY  
Why?

JULIAN

A great matador can kill the bull with just one plunge of his blade. A lesser one is gonna have to plunge that blade more than once, and that makes the crowd very unhappy.

DANNY

They like their killing neat and quick?

JULIAN

It's not that. They don't like to see the bulls suffer.

DANNY

Oh, they clearly care so much about the animals...

JULIAN

They respect these beasts. They want them to die with honor.

DANNY

That's ridiculous. There's no honor in being killed by a man with a sword. Whether it's one plunge or twenty.

JULIAN

You're wrong. There is honor.

DANNY

And how would you know?

JULIAN looks at his new friend and smiles...

JULIAN

I do.

DANNY smirks.

DANNY

You're a mysterious man, Julian.

JULIAN

Only in your imagination.

DANNY

But yet you won't tell me what you do.

JULIAN

It's boring.

DANNY

I doubt it. Tell me.

JULIAN  
It's... confidential.

DANNY  
Your work is confidential?

JULIAN  
Right.

DANNY  
What? You work for the government?

JULIAN  
The government?--Please! Do you know what they pay? Never.

DANNY  
What then?

JULIAN  
Forget it. Watch the picadors.

DANNY  
You a spy or something?

JULIAN  
You read too many novels.

DANNY  
(getting into it)  
--Are you a spy?

JULIAN looks at DANNY and smiles.

JULIAN  
Look. I don't want to play twenty questions with you. If you want me to tell you what I do, I'll tell you. If it matters that much to you.

DANNY  
It didn't. But now it does. Now that I know you don't have an address or any high school year books.

JULIAN  
If I had a place to keep my high school yearbooks you wouldn't care?

DANNY  
Right.

JULIAN  
Danny- Life is a lot more than a place to store shit from the past.

DANNY  
So you're not going to tell me?

JULIAN looks hard at DANNY.

Maybe it's the sun. Maybe it's the bulls and the blood on the sand, maybe--

--Maybe it's the lack of real names in JULIAN's black address book...

Whatever the case, JULIAN finally leans in close to DANNY and says:

JULIAN  
...If I tell you will you keep your cool?

DANNY  
What do you mean?

JULIAN  
I mean we're in a public place and I don't want you to lose your shit.

DANNY  
Lose my shit? My God-- What are you gonna tell me?

JULIAN takes a long puff of his cigar.

DANNY stares at him, as a million thoughts cross his face...

JULIAN  
Sometimes...

DANNY  
Sometimes what?

JULIAN  
Sometimes people need to be eliminated.

DANNY  
Oh come on!

JULIAN says nothing.

DANNY  
That couldn't be true!

JULIAN  
Couldn't it be?

DANNY  
You--  
(he whispers)  
You're a hit man?

JULIAN  
Oh, please!-- please- I hate that term. Hit man. So very tawdry.

JULIAN looks at DANNY...

JULIAN  
My handler calls me a  
"Facilitator"...

DANNY  
A facilitator?

JULIAN  
Yes. A facilitator. A Facilitator  
of fatalities...

DANNY  
--That's insane.

JULIAN  
Think what you like.

DANNY  
What-- for like the mob?

JULIAN laughs.

JULIAN  
The mob? No. Never. I avoid the  
lasagna and tiramisu crowd...

DANNY smiles.

DANNY  
I have to hand it to you, Julian.  
You are one of the best bullshit  
artists I've ever met.

JULIAN  
You're absolutely right. My name's  
Earl Johnson. I sell aluminum  
siding in Minneapolis.

DANNY  
I doubt that.

JULIAN  
Me too. Just the thought of  
Minneapolis makes my pubic hair go  
grey.

DANNY whispers to JULIAN.

DANNY  
So you're saying that you kill  
people for a living?

JULIAN  
I do what I'm asked. What makes  
sense to me.

DANNY  
Like assassinations?

JULIAN  
You could call it that.

DANNY  
Of who? Heads of state?  
Presidents?

JULIAN  
I've done it in the past, in some  
dirty little countries you wouldn't  
even want to fly over, but I  
usually leave those kind of  
assignments to the professionals.

DANNY  
So, what? You kill straying  
husbands and stuff like that?

JULIAN  
Nah... That stuff's high risk. Low  
pay. Messy. I leave that to the  
amateurs or Soldier of Fortune  
types.

Beat. DANNY is flumuxed...

DANNY  
So what kind of jobs do you do,  
Julian?

JULIAN  
I tend to be hired on the more  
anonymous, higher paying jobs. The  
corporate gigs.

DANNY  
Corporate gigs?

JULIAN  
I'm a big helper in getting deals  
closed. You know, if a partner  
refuses to do something that's  
gonna make the other partners a lot  
of money, that first partner might  
meet an untimely end. That sort of  
stuff.

DANNY can't believe what he's hearing.

DANNY  
Is that why you're here in Mexico?

JULIAN  
You had a deal to close here,  
right? Other people had other  
deals to close. Everyday hundreds  
of deals are closed. Sometimes I'm  
called in. To facilitate...

DANNY takes a swig from his Tecate beer.



DANNY  
I don't believe you.

JULIAN  
I don't believe in the Easter  
Bunny.

DANNY  
I don't believe you for a second.  
"Corporate gigs". That's  
ridiculous.

JULIAN  
Whatever you say...

DANNY tries to not believe him, but JULIAN's refusing to  
admit it's a joke...

DANNY  
(again)  
Corporate gigs?!

JULIAN  
--Yes! My God!... I knew there was  
a reason I never told anyone what I  
did!!

DANNY  
--No. No. I want to believe you.  
Believe me.

JULIAN  
Believe me or not.

DANNY  
Alright. Alright. Let's say I  
wanted someone killed. How would  
you do it?

JULIAN  
Depends.

DANNY  
On what?

JULIAN  
Who it is. How important they are.  
Where you want it done. When.

DANNY  
Okay...

DANNY looks around.

DANNY  
...See that guy over there?

JULIAN looks over to where DANNY is pointing.

A very PORTLY MAN, wearing a Fedora and looking very proud of himself, watches the bullfights with his young girlfriend.

JULIAN  
Fat man and little girl?

DANNY  
Yes... Let's say I wanted him dead.

JULIAN  
And I have to do it now?

DANNY  
Yes. Right now.

JULIAN  
I would never do it right now. I need time to plan...

DANNY  
But let's say you would. Money's no object.

JULIAN  
(smiling)  
Well, that's my favorite type of client... Okay.

JULIAN gets up.

JULIAN  
You really want to know?

DANNY  
Yes...

JULIAN  
You sure?

DANNY  
Yes. I want you to facilitate it...

JULIAN  
(smiling)  
Okay. Then come with me.

INT.-THE INNER STRUCTURE OF THE PLAZA DE TOROS-MINUTES LATER

JULIAN and DANNY move quickly through the dirty corridors under the Plaza de Toros Mexico...

Muffled "Ole's!" can be heard coming from the crowd above...

JULIAN  
I'm a big fan of "the gotta pee" theory of assassinations.

DANNY  
Gotta pee?

JULIAN  
Everyone's gotta pee.

JULIAN moves towards the men's room entrance.

He stops just in front of it and casually lights a cigarette, surveying the situation.

JULIAN  
(whispering)  
Ask me for a cigarette.

DANNY  
What?

JULIAN  
Do it.

DANNY  
(loudly)  
Let me have a cigarette.

JULIAN  
Sure. But these things'll kill  
you.  
(softly)  
Now look around.

DANNY looks around as he takes the cigarette.

There are four Federales with machine guns positioned near the nearest section entrance-way.

DANNY  
They're scary.

JULIAN  
Yes and no.

DANNY  
Why?

JULIAN  
They seem more interested in the  
beautiful women coming and going  
from the ladies room.

The FEDERALES do seem more interested in the beautiful ladies coming and going from the Women's Room than in JULIAN & DANNY.

JULIAN  
That is good for us. Just like  
those men over there...

DANNY looks at the men selling drinks, snacks, sombreros.

JULIAN  
They only care about us if they see  
us walking over with our wallets  
open.

JULIAN leans in...

JULIAN  
No one is really watching the men's  
room...

DANNY  
(smiling)  
"The Gotta Pee theory"...

JULIAN  
You're catching on... Now--

JULIAN looks to his right and left.

JULIAN  
Escape routes.

DANNY  
Escape routes?

JULIAN  
Don't want to get caught, right?  
Don't get caught. It sucks... Now  
see the main exit?

DANNY looks:

The main Exit is about two hundred yards away and very  
crowded.

JULIAN  
That's a traffic jam.

DANNY  
Where else?

JULIAN  
You tell me?

DANNY looks around.

There's a "Private" door a mere ten feet from the men's room.

It's padlocked shut.

DANNY  
That might work. If it weren't  
locked.

JULIAN  
A Vietnamese girl I once knew had  
her legs so locked together I  
couldn't get a whiff of her spring  
roll.

(MORE)

JULIAN (cont'd)  
Two drinks and half a Quaalude  
later, I was at an all you can eat  
buffet.

JULIAN walks to the padlocked door...

JULIAN  
Every lock can be broken...

JULIAN pushes it open as far as the pad-locks will allow.  
On the other side of the door is the city street.

JULIAN  
It's just a matter of will, and  
whether it's worth it...

JULIAN turns to DANNY and allows a small smile.

JULIAN  
This looks like it's worth it...

INT. - THE BULL RING - SAME TIME

A very large bull faces a very proud MATADOR.

The MATADOR sticks out his chest to show off to the crowd.

The Bull snorts in anger to show off to the Matador.

The PORTLY MAN takes a big drink of soda and wipes away some  
sweat...

THE MATADOR raises his red cape and moves ever closer to the  
agitated bull.

Suddenly--

--The Bull races towards the MATADOR.

In a flurry of dust and adrenaline, the MATADOR moves aside  
and lets the bull run through the red cape.

MATADOR  
Oie'!

CROWD  
Oie'!

CUT TO:

INT.- THE INNER STRUCTURE OF THE BULL RING - SAME TIME

As the "Oie's" echo-- JULIAN-- with a quick and hard move--

--breaks the lock of the private door.

The street awaits them on the other side...

DANNY  
(nervous, but happy)  
Holy shit...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BULL RING - SAME TIME

In the stands:

THE PORTLY MAN laughs in pleasure....

In the Ring:

The MATADOR puffs out his chest and prepares to face the bull again...

CUT TO:

INT. THE INNER STRUCTURE OF THE BULL RING - SAME TIME

JULIAN and DANNY move towards the old man selling packages of cigarettes.

JULIAN  
You need anything?

DANNY  
Is this the best time to be shopping?

JULIAN  
It is, if you want me to do what you say you want me to do...

JULIAN pulls out a few pesos and hands it to the old man.

JULIAN  
(in Spanish)  
Some cigarettes, please.

The old man takes the money and gives JULIAN a pack of smokes and some matches.

JULIAN  
Gracias.  
(to DANNY)  
Now come with me...

JULIAN walks with his cigarettes away from the Men's room, and away from the four Federales with their machine guns and over to a quiet area nearby--

DANNY  
What are you doing?

JULIAN  
Shhh. Just tie your shoe...

There, by the quiet area--

By a garbage can--

As DANNY ties his shoe--

JULIAN starts to open his new pack of cigarettes.

He places the matches in his breast pocket...

...And removes a butane lighter.

With no one watching...

JULIAN breaks open the lighter and lets the liquid butane pour all over the garbage...

Within seconds he is done--

--just as...

...An armed FEDERALE walks by.

JULIAN  
(covering)  
What time's our flight back to  
Florida tomorrow, Seymour?

JULIAN, "acting casual", throws the cigarette wrapping away, pulls out his matches and lights his cigarette.

DANNY  
(playing along)  
Oh, I think two in the afternoon,  
Derrick.

The FEDERALE walks away: uninterested...

Perfect.

JULIAN turns back to DANNY.

JULIAN  
Come with me...

INT. THE BULL RING - SAME TIME

The Bull's nostril flare...

The Bull lunges for the MATADOR--

And in one perfect motion-- The MATADOR shoves his sword right into the bull's heart...

He pulls it out just as quickly...

The bull stands still for a moment. Then the red blood starts to drip to the sand...

And quite suddenly-- The bull's legs collapse and it falls to the ground...

Dead.

In the stands: THE PORTLY MAN claps and laughs and drinks from his soda...

And from the top of the entrance-way...

JULIAN watches coldly...

JULIAN  
(to DANNY)  
It's almost time...

In the bull ring: The Picadors prepare for the next bull.

In the stands: The PORTLY MAN wipes sweat from his brow and gives a quick peck to his much younger girl-friend.

Then the PORTLY MAN gets up alone and heads up towards the bathroom...

INT. INNER STRUCTURE OF THE PLAZA DE TOROS- MOMENTS LATER

The PORTLY MAN makes his way past the other people milling about between bull-fighting bouts...

The PORTLY MAN uses a cane...

...and you can hear the click of the wood hit the cement ground with each step he takes...

As the PORTLY MAN reaches the men's room...

JULIAN and DANNY arrive by the garbage can filled with the butane lighter fluid...

JULIAN  
Ready?

DANNY  
Ready for what?

JULIAN  
You wanted to see what I do, right?

DANNY  
Yeah, I've been watching, but...

JULIAN  
But what? Show and tell is over.  
The real deal's about to start...

DANNY  
(suddenly nervous)  
Real deal?



JULIAN smiles and lights a cigarette...

JULIAN  
Show and tell's for sissies-- I  
might fondle the other team's  
mascot from time to time, but a  
sissy I'm not.

With that--

JULIAN throws the lighted cigarette into the butane-filled  
garbage can...

JULIAN  
(grabbing DANNY)  
Come with me...

Quite suddenly--

The garbage can bursts into flames...

DANNY  
Oh my God...

NEARBY MAN  
(in Spanish)  
Fire!!

JULIAN moves DANNY quickly away from the fire and  
towards the bathroom...

JULIAN  
That's for the distraction...

Within moments the under-neath structure of the stadium is  
filling with smoke...

MAN'S VOICE  
(in Spanish)  
We need help!

WOMAN  
(in Spanish)  
There's a fire!!

The Four Federales with the machine guns leave their post and  
race towards the commotion...

JULIAN  
Fire or Tits. Either one will  
distract most police officers...

JULIAN smiles at DANNY...

JULIAN  
Ready to finish what we started?

DANNY  
Finish?

JULIAN  
Yeah. The fun part.

DANNY  
I think you've proved your point.

JULIAN  
Baloney. I just set it up...  
C'mon.

JULIAN looks down the smoky, but empty corridor-- All's clear.

JULIAN  
The cops might have gone towards the fire, but his bodyguard probably stood firm.

DANNY  
Bodyguard?

JULIAN  
If I'm asked to kill a person, he always has a bodyguard. If he didn't they'd have asked you... So--

JULIAN pulls out a small knife--

DANNY  
(flipping out)  
Jesus Christ--

JULIAN  
I slit the guards throat in one motion--

JULIAN acts this out...

JULIAN  
As I push them into the bathroom...

JULIAN pantomimes pushing the GUARD...

As he grabs DANNY and pulls him into the men's room...

INT. - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

JULIAN drags DANNY into the large bathroom...

JULIAN  
And now we're set up for the kill.

DANNY  
(whispering urgently)  
Where the hell did you get that knife?

JULIAN surveys the scene.

JULIAN  
He's clearly not peeing, so...

JULIAN starts looking down the row of closed stalls...

JULIAN  
It must be number dos.

DANNY  
Okay. Joke's over. Point made.

JULIAN  
Not yet...

JULIAN turns on all the faucets and flushes all the urinals...

Making a bit of a racket...

DANNY  
No, the point has been made. Can we go?

JULIAN  
(coldly to DANNY)  
Don't move. Don't ruin things...

DANNY looks terrified...

JULIAN keeps walking down the row of stalls...

He checks under them for feet...

DANNY  
(whispering urgently)  
We gotta stop this...

JULIAN  
(whispering back)  
No way. Job's not done.

DANNY  
This isn't a job!

JULIAN  
You said money's no object...

JULIAN stops at the only stall with a person behind it...

JULIAN  
"And Bing-o was his name-o"

DANNY  
Jesus Christ, Julian!

JULIAN hold up his knife...

JULIAN  
This is what you wanted.

No. DANNY

JULIAN  
This is what you helped me with.

DANNY  
I didn't help you!

JULIAN  
Oh, yes you did!

JULIAN moves one hand towards the stall's handle, the other hand hold the knife...

DANNY  
God. Please no!

JULIAN  
Oh, yes...

Suddenly--

JULIAN throws open the stall door...

Revealing the PORTLY MAN using the toilet...

JULIAN instantaneously hides the knife and produces an embarrassed smile...

JULIAN  
(in Spanish)  
Oh God! I am so sorry! Forgive me!

With that-- JULIAN shuts the stall door, turns to DANNY and smiles...

JULIAN  
Fun? No?

EXT. - THE PLAZA DE TOROS - MOMENTS LATER

JULIAN and DANNY burst out of the side door of the bull fighting arena...

JULIAN is all smiles, DANNY looks a little wan...

DANNY  
That was unbelievable. You scared the hell out of me...

JULIAN  
You liked that, didn't you?

DANNY  
I really thought--

JULIAN  
--What? That I'd stab a stranger?

DANNY  
Well... Yes!!

JULIAN laughs...

JULIAN  
Just like that!!  
(he mimes a stabbing  
movement)  
A complete stranger!

DANNY finally catches his breath...

A smile comes to his amazed face...

DANNY  
I really thought it...

JULIAN  
Look, I'm not psychotic, Danny...

DANNY  
I know that.

JULIAN  
Psychopathic, maybe. But not  
psychotic...

DANNY  
I don't think you're  
psychopathic...

JULIAN  
I kill people. That doesn't sound  
a wee bit psychopathic to you?

DANNY  
Yes, but...

JULIAN  
But what?

DANNY  
But--

JULIAN  
--Don't get the wrong impression.

JULIAN loses his smile...

JULIAN  
Just cause we share a laugh,  
doesn't mean I'm not unsavory.

DANNY  
What you do is unsavory.

JULIAN  
You know what they say-- You are  
what you do.

DANNY  
I'm not.

JULIAN  
No. No you're not...

DANNY  
I mean I care about my work. I  
want to succeed, believe me. But  
my wife-- she comes first.

JULIAN  
You are really amazing, Danny. I  
mean that's the difference between  
you and me. You have your wife.  
You have that love. That bond. I  
have nothing else but what I do.

DANNY  
You have other things.

JULIAN  
What?

JULIAN stops walking and looks at DANNY.

JULIAN  
What do I have besides what I do?

DANNY  
You have a heart... At least you  
had one. You loved someone. You  
can love again...

JULIAN  
You're sounding a tad like a self-  
help guru, Danny. It's kind of  
freaking me out.

DANNY  
Self help guru or not, the heart is  
a very resilient muscle. It can  
beat again, Julian...

JULIAN  
Yeah, I have a heart. And a  
pancreases. And a liver, which I  
tax as often as possible.

DANNY  
I mean-- You're a decent guy.

JULIAN  
Decent? Really? See I think that  
nothing I do is decent.  
(MORE)

JULIAN (cont'd)  
I actually think that it's  
extraordinarily indecent.

DANNY  
It doesn't have to be that way...

JULIAN  
--Don't.

DANNY  
What?

JULIAN  
Do that thing. The 'you could  
change' thing. This day's going  
nice. Fun. Let's keep it that  
way.

JULIAN seems deadly serious...

JULIAN  
Okay?

DANNY  
Right.

JULIAN  
It's my life, Danny. My whole  
life. It's all I got. And that  
heart you talk about--

JULIAN leans in close.

JULIAN  
*Mine's as dark as death...*

DANNY is taken aback by JULIAN's words...

JULIAN  
Don't fool yourself into believing  
anything different...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

JULIAN sits by himself at an outdoor cafe sipping a  
margarita, and staring at an attractive Mexican woman sitting  
at a nearby table with her oblivious husband...

Just then DANNY, looking relaxed and refreshed, walks over.

JULIAN  
(smiling)  
I thought you weren't going to  
show.

DANNY smiles.

DANNY  
...So did I.

JULIAN  
I was kind of harsh before...

DANNY  
Yes.

DANNY sits.

JULIAN  
What made you change your mind?

DANNY  
Bean.

JULIAN  
Your wife?

DANNY  
Yes. I spoke to her.

JULIAN  
And she said?--  
(motioning waiter)  
Do you want a drink?

DANNY  
Yes. I'll have a margarita.

JULIAN  
(to waiter)  
Dos mas margaritas, por favor.

DANNY  
She said that she didn't see what  
was wrong with getting a drink with  
you.

JULIAN  
Being that you'll never see me  
again.

DANNY  
Exactly.

JULIAN  
And you told her what I did?

DANNY  
I have to admit I did...

JULIAN  
And she still was okay with seeing  
me again?

DANNY  
Yes... No.--I don't know. I think  
she's okay enough-- as long as we  
don't go off killing anyone.

JULIAN laughs.



JULIAN  
--Your wife. Bean. I love her. I  
just love her...

DANNY  
She's pretty great.

JULIAN  
She must be...

The waiter brings the margaritas...

DANNY  
(to waiter)  
Gracias.

JULIAN  
Gracias.  
(to DANNY)  
Tell me-- Will Bean stay with you  
if this job doesn't come through?

DANNY  
What?

JULIAN  
...Will Bean stay with you if you  
continue this losing streak with no  
end?

DANNY looks at JULIAN...

DANNY  
If she left me I would fall apart  
and never get better.

JULIAN  
You're not answering my question.

DANNY looks down at his margarita.

JULIAN  
Will Bean stay with you if your bad  
luck continues...?

DANNY slowly shakes his head...

DANNY  
To be quite honest-- I don't know  
how much more faith that woman has  
left in her...

JULIAN can sense the pain in DANNY.

He leans in and takes a hard, but kind grip of DANNY's arm.

DANNY looks up, surprised at JULIAN's kindness...

DANNY  
Are you comforting me?

JULIAN  
...I think I am.

DANNY  
(smiling slightly)  
See? There is movement in that  
dark heart...

JULIAN has to smile too.

JULIAN  
I guess. Maybe...

DANNY sits up, and pulls himself together.

DANNY  
Let's change the subject, huh?

JULIAN  
I agree.

DANNY  
Something sunnier.

JULIAN  
Sunnier. Absolutely. In fact--  
There's something I wanted to talk  
to you about.

DANNY  
Sure...

JULIAN  
It's a favor, really.

DANNY  
Yes.

JULIAN  
It's pretty big. If that's okay.  
It's a pretty big favor to ask.

DANNY  
It's okay...

JULIAN  
See. I could use your help.

DANNY  
Help in what?

JULIAN  
I picked up some other work.

DANNY  
What are you saying?

JULIAN  
You want some chips, Danny?

DANNY  
Chips? No. What are you saying?

JULIAN  
They're very good here. Homemade.  
The owner's mother. Manuela. She's  
a great cook. The salsa is really  
unique.

DANNY  
--No. I don't want chips. I don't  
want salsa.

JULIAN  
I do.  
(calling in Spanish)  
Joven! Some chips and salsa  
please!  
(back to DANNY)  
Now here's the thing...

DANNY  
The thing about work?

JULIAN  
Yes. See. I'm down here. I  
finished my other job early, so I  
let it be known.

DANNY  
Let it be known...

JULIAN  
To the powers that be.

DANNY  
Yes?

JULIAN  
That I was available. And they  
called me about an hour ago. An  
urgent thing. Has to happen today.

DANNY can't believe it...

DANNY  
Another job?

JULIAN nods.

DANNY  
Jesus Christ...

JULIAN  
And the thing is-- I could really  
use your help.

DANNY  
...You've got to be kidding.

DANNY is dumbfounded...

JULIAN  
I'm as serious as an erection  
problem.

DANNY  
I mean-- I can't help you.

JULIAN  
You could...

DANNY  
--I could, but I can't. I'm not  
going to help kill an innocent man.

JULIAN  
Who says he's innocent?

DANNY  
This is ridiculous.

JULIAN  
You'd just be assisting.

DANNY  
No--

JULIAN  
--You just have to...

DANNY cover his ears...

DANNY  
NAHHHHH!!!!

JULIAN just shakes his head.

JULIAN  
You're being childish.

DANNY  
I can't hear you.

JULIAN leans over and takes DANNY's hand away from his ears.

JULIAN  
You're being childish. All I need  
you to do is--

DANNY covers his ears again...

DANNY  
NAHHHHH!

JULIAN  
--Alright!

DANNY uncovers his ears.

JULIAN  
I won't tell you.

DANNY  
Good.

JULIAN  
Won't mention it again.

DANNY  
Fine.

JULIAN  
Won't say that all you have to do  
is trip on the street right next to  
him.

DANNY glares at JULIAN.

DANNY  
I can't believe you just said that.

JULIAN  
Just trip and fall. In about a  
half hour. So all his bodyguards  
turn and look.

DANNY  
No way.

JULIAN  
Fifty thousand dollars. That's  
what I could pay you.

DANNY  
No.

JULIAN  
It's a lot of money. Cash. And it  
could be real interesting to you.  
Fun--

DANNY  
--No! I said no.

JULIAN  
He's a prick, Danny. A real prick.

DANNY  
I don't give a care who he is or  
what he did or does or anything.  
I'm not helping you. And if you  
bring it up again I'm going to  
leave.

JULIAN looks hard at DANNY.

DANNY  
I'm dead serious.

JULIAN nods. Then he smiles.

JULIAN  
Fine. Change of subject.

DANNY  
Good.

Neither man says anything.

JULIAN  
Change it.

DANNY  
You do.

JULIAN  
Fine...

JULIAN takes a sip of his margarita.

JULIAN  
When I was a kid I wanted to be a cheerleader.

DANNY smiles.

DANNY  
Really? A cheerleader?

JULIAN  
Yeah. I wanted to be thrown in the air, and march in the band.

DANNY  
That's so funny. My brother in law was a male cheer--

JULIAN  
--Jesus Christ, Danny!

DANNY looks at JULIAN.

JULIAN  
I'm fucking kidding. I didn't want to be a cheerleader. I don't want to talk about cheerleaders unless I'm talking about getting in a soapy shower with them. I want to talk about what I wanted to talk about which you don't want to talk about.

DANNY just shakes his head.

DANNY  
There's nothing to talk about.

JULIAN looks hard at DANNY. Truly realizing that he's reached a dead end...

JULIAN  
Well...

JULIAN stands up and throws some money on the table.

JULIAN  
Then-- it was nice knowing you,  
Danny.

DANNY  
What are you doing? You just  
leaving?

JULIAN  
I have business to attend to.

DANNY  
But I thought--

JULIAN  
--Nothing. Think nothing...

JULIAN smiles.

JULIAN  
Just consider me the best cocktail  
party story you ever met...

DANNY  
Julian...

JULIAN  
--Goodbye, Danny...

And with that--

JULIAN crosses the street and disappears into the night...

DANNY watches him go. A mixture of amazement, nervousness  
and a weird bit of fondness on his chubby face...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DANNY'S HOTEL ROOM - LATE THAT NIGHT

DANNY (eye shades on) is fast asleep.

Suddenly there is knocking at the door.

It's a loud, concentrated series of knocks, and it startles  
DANNY awake...

DANNY removes his eye-shades and looks at the electric alarm  
clock-- it reads 3:44 AM.

JULIAN'S VOICE  
Danny!! Danny!! It's Julian!!  
Open up!!

DANNY doesn't move.

JULIAN'S VOICE  
C'mon, Danny!! I'm sorry. I know  
it's late, and I'm a little fucked  
up, but I came to say I'm sorry.

Still DANNY doesn't move.

He stays frozen in place, afraid that any little movement  
will signal to JULIAN that he's awake.

JULIAN'S VOICE  
I'm a mess. I'm a fucker.

DANNY silently agrees with this...

JULIAN'S VOICE  
I should never have asked you to  
help me. I infringed. I infringed  
on your kindness.  
(to someone else)  
No, screw you!! I'm talking to my  
friend and I'll be as loud as I  
damn well please!  
(to DANNY again)  
Danny, Please. Open up.

DANNY does not get up.

JULIAN'S VOICE  
Let me tell you I'm sorry. Let me  
apologize...

DANNY does not respond...

JULIAN'S VOICE  
Danny? Can't you see how guilty I  
feel?

DANNY does not answer...

JULIAN'S VOICE  
Danny?...

FADE TO BLACK.

"Six Months Later"

"Southern Spain"

INT. - ELEGANT HOME IN SPAIN - LATE AFTERNOON

As a late afternoon sun bathes a very lovely and moneyed  
Spanish home...

And as distant church bells ring...



...JULIAN fucks a VERY PRETTY WOMAN from behind.

Her dress is over her waist, her handbag sits haphazardly on the floor...

As JULIAN pumps...

...she lets out a little wail...

JULIAN  
(whispering nervously in  
Spanish)  
Sssh. Your children...

The WOMAN quiets her moans as JULIAN continues to fuck her...

A small little dog, a black terrier, comes over to the screwing couple and starts barking...

JULIAN looks down at the dog and tries to shove it away with his foot...

...it does no good.

The little dog continues to bark, as JULIAN and the WOMAN continue to fuck...

YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE  
(from the other room, in  
Spanish)  
Mommy?! Is everything alright in  
there?

The dog barks some more--

JULIAN again attempts to shove the dog with his foot, as he tries to maintain sexual momentum...

URSALA  
(in Spanish)  
Everything is alright, darling...

From behind JULIAN cups one of her breasts through her white blouse...

He fingers her with his other hand...

The dog barks...

URSALA  
I'm going to come.

JULIAN  
Oh, I like that...

YOUNG GIRL'S VOICE  
Momma?! Is someone in there with  
you?!!

Bark... Cum... Church bells ring...

EXT. CENTER OF THE CITY - LATER- EARLY EVENING

The center of the city, where tourists and locals gather to take in the energy of the city at night...

Standing off to the side, against an old building is JULIAN--

He ignores the hustle and bustle of the city, and instead focuses his attention on the building's glass window and the dance class taking place inside...

The class is made up of teenage girls, and JULIAN seems momentarily entertained as he watches their tight little dancer backsides...

It takes JULIAN a moment to notice that beside his reflection in the window leading to the dance class, there is now another man reflecting behind him...

MR. RANDY

Hello, Julian. Getting some culture?

JULIAN

...Anytime I can.

JULIAN looks away from the dancers and towards MR. RANDY, the man from the Mexico City subway.

MR. RANDY

You look tired.

JULIAN

I am...

JULIAN

I just bopped a friend of yours' ex-wife.

MR. RANDY

Really? Spectacular. Who?

JULIAN

The vice consul. What's his name? Lorenzo?

MR. RANDY

You fucked his second or third wife?

JULIAN

The athletic one. I'm wiped out.

MR. RANDY

It's exhausting with divorcees.

JULIAN

Not from that... I need a break.

MR. RANDY  
What are you saying, Julian?

JULIAN  
A break. A break. You understand that, don't you? Ecuador. Dallas. The Philippines. Berlin. Now Spain. I'm exhausted.

MR. RANDY  
Work is work. You gotta take the work.

JULIAN  
Do I?

MR. RANDY  
You know what it's like. You take a break, we go with the younger cheaper kid. He does alright, and then maybe we don't want you when you're ready to get back in the game.

JULIAN  
You'll always want me.

MR. RANDY  
Not always. Not if we can save a few dollars. And not if it gets sloppy again, like in Manilla.

JULIAN  
That was one time.

MR. RANDY  
It made people nervous. It made *me* nervous.

JULIAN  
Well, that's why I need a break. I don't want to have something like that happen again.

MR. RANDY  
It can't.

JULIAN  
I know. That's what I'm saying. But I'm feeling burnt out. I'm feeling shaky...

JULIAN lights a cigarette, stares back at the dancers, who are now finished practicing and are gathering their stuff...

JULIAN  
Can you believe this shit? Can you believe the words coming out of my mouth? Did you ever think you'd live to see the day?

MR. RANDY

I never thought you'd live to see the day.

JULIAN

There's not a retirement home for assassins is there? Archery at four, riflery at five. Early bird dinner at six?

MR. RANDY

Retire? You. Never.

JULIAN doesn't reply...

MR. RANDY

Look... Why don't you do this one job and then you can take a break if you want.

JULIAN

Why don't you get your young buck, if he's so good.

MR. RANDY

You joke, but I will.

JULIAN

So, do it.

MR. RANDY

--Damn it, Julian. This is not funny. You get out of the game, even for a while, I don't know if they're going to let you back in. And then what the hell are you going to do? Waste your days at the mall picking up illiterate teenagers or their sexy mothers for mid afternoon suck sessions behind the Old Navy Store?

JULIAN

Sounds delightful to me.

The door to the dance studio opens, and a line of dancers head past JULIAN and MR. RANDY and out into the night.

MR. RANDY

Do this job, Julian. Do it. Do it, because if you don't, you'll regret it. I promise you that.

JULIAN

Fuck you.

MR. RANDY

Be that as it may. I know you're going to say yes.

JULIAN  
How do you know that?

MR. RANDY  
Because. Men like you-- You don't  
know from no...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - NARROW STREET IN SPAIN - A FEW DAYS LATER

One of the narrow, curved, cobblestone streets that make up  
the old section of Spain.

We see people going to and fro, some tourists, others locals  
carrying groceries and the like.

There is, at first, no sign of JULIAN.

But then we notice a figure above the streets-- laying almost  
motionless on the roof of one of the buildings...

EXT. - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

JULIAN lays on the roof, a high powered rifle by his side.

He does not look happy. In fact, JULIAN looks almost  
forlorn.

He pulls out a small flask, and takes a deep drink of  
something strong and nasty.

Sated-- JULIAN puts the flask away, picks up the rifle, and  
sets his sight on a doorway down below.

Through the eye-piece finder, JULIAN lines up the crosshairs  
right at head level.

He takes a deep breath, and places his finger on the  
trigger...

Then he waits...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - FANCY HOME - SAME TIME

A well-dressed man stands impatiently at the bottom of a  
spiral staircase...

WELL DRESSED MAN  
(in Spanish)  
Antonio! Javier! Lets go! I'm  
late!!

The WELL DRESSED MAN looks at himself in the mirror and  
adjusts his tie.

He picks an errant nose hair out of his large and impressive nostrils...

EXT. ROOF - SAME TIME

JULIAN stares through the eye-piece of the high powered rifle...

Through the cross hairs he can see the front door open...

JULIAN's finger itches the trigger...

He watches as...

The WELL DRESSED MAN comes out of the home, with his two fat children in tow...

JULIAN

Shit...

JULIAN does not like what he sees. Not at all...

He tries to get a good shot, but no matter what he does those two children are in the way...

He could do it...

But he'd hit the kids.

Or at least they'd have to see their father's brains blown out...

JULIAN hesitates...

And in JULIAN's line of work, hesitation is bad.

Very bad...

JULIAN rubs his eyes. He suddenly looks very weary.

Weary and almost shocked at himself for his hesitation...

But then--

In a dream of salvation...

The family is about to round the corner and head out of range when--

--They stop.

JULIAN can't believe it.

THE WELL DRESSED MAN says something to his fat children and then quickly heads back towards the house, leaving his kids waiting on the corner...

A small, hard-earned smile crosses JULIAN's troubled face.

He puts his eye back on the eye-piece and focus on the WELL DRESSED MAN...

...Now clearly safely away from his children.

JULIAN's finger itches the trigger again...

CUT TO:

Bang!!

EXT. SQUARE IN SPAIN - LATE THAT AFTERNOON

Hundreds of pigeons fly into the air...

Startled by a loud noise that sounded like an gunshot...

As the nervous pigeons try to get their orientation back, we move towards a church...

INT. - CHURCH - SAME TIME

MR. RANDY stares down at a "Let's Go Spain" guide book, then up at the ceiling of the beautiful old church.

He doesn't seem to notice the Wire-Thin Man who has walked over next to him.

LOVELL

(whispers)

We have a problem, Mr. Randy.

Slightly startled, MR. RANDY turns toward LOVELL, the wire-thin man...

LOVELL

The problem is Julian Noble...  
Seems he didn't deliver the  
"portfolio".

Clearly shaken, MR. RANDY looks at LOVELL, then back at the ceiling.

MR. RANDY

(finally)

...You know, they say it took fifty  
three years to paint this ceiling.

LOVELL

People are upset, Mr. Randy...

MR. RANDY turns slowly to LOVELL.

LOVELL

Mr. Stick is upset.

MR. RANDY

Mr. Stick knows?

LOVELL  
Mr. Stick knows.

MR. RANDY  
But he knows we can fix it.

LOVELL  
I'm just the messenger.

MR. RANDY  
But he knows we can fix it. We  
always fix any problems.

LOVELL  
Can't fix it with Noble.

MR. RANDY  
Of course with Noble...

MR. RANDY smiles innocently at two old ladies, and then walks  
LOVELL by the tourists and towards the exit.

MR. RANDY  
(reaching the exit)  
Julian will finish the job.

LOVELL  
He's off. Two time's the charm.

MR. RANDY  
We don't know the full story.

LOVELL  
We do know that Noble has failed us  
before. We do know that the  
"portfolio" did not get delivered  
as promised and paid for. We do  
know that Mr. Stick is particularly  
unhappy. Particularly. We do know  
these things.

MR. RANDY  
Alright.

MR. RANDY looks around for other eavesdropping tourists.

MR. RANDY  
I'll replace him.

LOVELL  
No. Yes. Yes, you'll replace him.  
But No. Mr. Stick has asked for  
other things.

MR. RANDY looks at the humorless LOVELL.

It's then that blood drains from MR. RANDY's face...



MR. RANDY  
 ...No. This is ridiculous.  
 Julian's been with us for twenty  
 two years. Two little mistakes  
 should not--

LOVELL  
 Why are you telling me this?

LOVELL looks at MR. RANDY...

LOVELL  
 I'm just the messenger.

MR. RANDY  
 Fuck you messenger.

LOVELL  
 Be that as it may, but the message  
 from Mr. Stick is this...

LOVELL moves close to MR. RANDY and whispers...

LOVELL  
 Julian Noble... is a dead man.

With that-- LOVELL walks away, leaving MR. RANDY very much  
 alone...

FADE TO BLACK.

"Two Weeks Later"

"Denver"

EXT. DANNY AND BEAN'S SUBURBAN HOUSE- NIGHT

A snow storm blankets the front yard of DANNY and BEAN's well-  
 appointed suburban house...

We hear heavy breathing...

INT. DANNY AND BEAN'S HOME - LAUNDRY PANTRY - NIGHT

The washer and dryer. Maytag to be exact.

Very good models. Never break down.

DANNY and BEAN, half naked, humping like high schoolers on  
 Prom night, on top of them...

CUT TO:

INT. DANNY AND BEAN'S HOME - BEDROOM - LATER

In bed, later, BEAN cuddles close to DANNY...

BEAN  
 Tomorrow's four years.

DANNY

I know.

DANNY and BEAN lay in silence for a while...

BEAN

That's such a long time, really,  
when you think about it.

DANNY

Seems like yesterday, though,  
right? Henry alive. Here.

BEAN wipes a tear away from her eyes.

BEAN

When I was first in high school, I  
told you they made fun of my me.  
They called me Hippo Hips. Plate  
of Beans. The works.

DANNY puts his hand on BEAN's sweet face...

BEAN

And even though I did basketball,  
and chorus and I had a few friends  
and acted strong I never was. I  
believed them always. Every last  
cruel word.

BEAN looks right at DANNY.

BEAN

And I always thought I would  
believe them, until I met you. You  
arrived in twelfth grade and told  
me I was pretty, and for the first  
time I believed it. You told me I  
was sexy.

DANNY

You certainly were sexy back there  
on the dryer...

BEAN

(smiling)  
You told me I was sexy and I  
believed you. And when Henry died  
you told me to stay strong and we  
would get through it. I thought  
for a while we would never get out  
from under that cloud. His death.  
You losing the job. But you said  
we would get out from under that  
cloud, and we did. We did...

DANNY

Because you never gave up on me.

BEAN

I never could.

BEAN kisses DANNY.

BEAN  
I never will.

Before long DANNY and BEAN are going at it again...

Just then-- The front door buzzer rings...

BEAN  
Who could that be at 11:30 at  
night?

CUT TO:

INT. DANNY AND BEAN'S HOME - DOWNSTAIRS NEAR FRONT DOOR -  
MOMENTS LATER

DANNY (in his bathrobe) approaches the front door.

BEAN (in her matching bathrobe) stays a good ten feet back...

DANNY  
Yes?

MAN'S VOICE  
Danny Wright?

DANNY  
Yes. Who's there?

MAN'S VOICE  
...Danny? Danny? Danny with the  
large white fanny?

DANNY peeks through the door's eye-hole.

Standing outside, in the cold night, is JULIAN.

DANNY  
Julian?

JULIAN  
(shivering)  
Would you mind opening up, Danny.  
It's freezing out here and my balls  
are like Bon Bons.

DANNY opens the door.

There is JULIAN-- Smiling through the cold.

JULIAN  
I was praying you'd remember me,  
Danny. It's been a spell.

DANNY  
How could I ever forget you,  
Julian. Please-- Please come in...

DANNY ushers JULIAN into his house...

The two men hug, in a slightly awkward way...

DANNY

How did you ever find--

JULIAN

Please. I found a whore with a heart of gold once, I can certainly find Danny Wright's card in my address book.

(suddenly noticing BEAN)  
Oh. Excuse me. I didn't realize...

BEAN

(she smiles warmly)  
It's okay.

JULIAN

(smiling too)  
You must be Bean.

DANNY

My wife...

JULIAN starts to walk over to her--

--but DANNY stops him. Pointing to his wet shoes...

JULIAN

Sorry...

JULIAN smiles and quickly takes off his shoes.

JULIAN

I've heard so much about you, Bean.

BEAN

And me, you...

JULIAN approaches her and warmly kisses her hand.

JULIAN

There's no doubt that you are every bit as lovely as Danny had said...

BEAN blushes slightly.

JULIAN

Danny-- I always said you were the luckiest man I ever met.

For a moment there is awkward silence. Three people standing in a hallway, wondering why/how...

DANNY

What are you doing here, Julian?

JULIAN  
I really... I really don't know...

Again, there is quiet...

JULIAN  
...I hope it's okay that I'm here.  
I mean. I guess it's the middle of  
the night...

DANNY  
Yes...

Awkward city...

BEAN  
Well...

DANNY  
Right...

JULIAN  
I could sure use some coffee...

BEAN makes a quick glance at DANNY.

Neither much knows what to do...

JULIAN  
Just a cup...

BEAN  
(finally)  
...Yes. Right. Of course... I can  
go get some coffee...

JULIAN  
--That would be great!

BEAN  
Or maybe some whiskey?

JULIAN  
(smiling)  
Even better...

BEAN  
Tonight's a night for whiskey,  
then...

JULIAN  
And dance and song!

DANNY scratches his head...

JULIAN  
Well whiskey at least.

CUT TO:

INT. DANNY AND BEAN'S HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

As JULIAN sits in the living room by himself, DANNY and BEAN are huddled in the (spanking new) kitchen...

BEAN  
(whispering nervously)  
This is really odd. Really, really odd...

DANNY  
I could ask him to leave.

BEAN  
We just asked him to stay.

DANNY  
We could change our mind.

BEAN  
Well, do you think he's dangerous?

DANNY  
He's an assassin. Of course he's dangerous.

BEAN  
I mean dangerous dangerous. You said he was a nice guy...

DANNY  
Yes. For an assassin. A very nice guy...

BEAN  
...Fuck, fuckity, fuck.

DANNY looks at his wife...

BEAN  
--What? I'm allowed to curse. Especially now. If not now when?

DANNY  
True.

BEAN  
I mean this is a fucking perfect time to be fucking cursing with a fucking killer in our fucking living room.

For a brief moment neither one of them says anything...

Finally BEAN smiles nervously at DANNY.

BEAN  
Do you think he'll show me his gun?

INT. DANNY AND BEAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

BEAN -- with a somewhat manic smile-- pours some Bushmills into three cups of ice...

BEAN

A toast maybe.

JULIAN

To a stranger arriving in the middle of the night.

DANNY

You're not really a stranger.

JULIAN

I'm pretty strange. You know me for two days half a year ago, and then I come to your house out of the blue on a cold and wintry night and drink your whiskey and quietly pine for a woman as lovely as your wife.

DANNY

Be that as it may. You're not a stranger, Julian. Not at all...

JULIAN smiles at DANNY...

JULIAN

The toast, really, should be to you Danny. And you Bean. For your hospitality. And warmth.

The three toast...

JULIAN

For letting this figment of Danny's imagination into your home.

BEAN

You seem pretty real to me.

JULIAN

You believe everything Danny told you about me?

BEAN

Well, not everything.

JULIAN

You either believe it all or nothing at all...

JULIAN downs his drink...

DANNY

I never thought I'd see you again.

JULIAN  
I never thought I'd see you again,  
Danny, but things change-- Is that?-

JULIAN gets up and walks over to the mantle.

A framed ticket from the bullfights in Mexico sits atop it.

JULIAN  
You saved it?

DANNY  
I did.

JULIAN  
You saved it! I can't believe it.

BEAN  
He still talks about it all the  
time.

JULIAN  
It touches me that you kept it.

DANNY  
How could I not?

JULIAN  
That was a special day...

JULIAN looks at BEAN.

JULIAN  
So Danny told you what I did?  
Professionally...

BEAN  
Yes.

JULIAN  
And that's okay with you?

BEAN  
Did you bring your gun?

JULIAN  
Yes. As a matter of fact.

BEAN  
Can I see it?

JULIAN  
Really?

BEAN  
Yes. Please.

JULIAN lifts up his pant leg, revealing a gun on an ankle  
holster.



BEAN  
Is that a 38?

JULIAN  
It is. You know your guns, Bean.

BEAN  
Yes. Well...

JULIAN  
God, you're a magnificent woman.

DANNY  
Bean knows a lot about a lot of things. Does the Times crossword puzzle in about five minutes--

JULIAN  
--Bean? Did Danny tell you everything about our time together in Mexico City?

BEAN  
I'm sure. Yes... Why?

JULIAN turns to DANNY.

For a moment there is a weird pause. Then:

JULIAN  
My God you look great, Danny.  
Really great.

DANNY  
Thanks, Julian. You do too.

JULIAN  
I look like a Bangkok hooker on a Sunday morning after the Navy leaves town. But you-- Life has been good to you Danny. Am I right?

DANNY  
Pretty good. Yes.

JULIAN  
Your work. You have that respect you wanted back, right?

DANNY  
I do.

JULIAN  
So you got that job you were in Mexico for?

DANNY  
We did. Yes.

JULIAN  
And your luck? It's better, right?  
No more trees in the kitchen?

BEAN  
(to DANNY)  
--You told him about that?

DANNY nods yes.

JULIAN  
And you love Bean more then ever?

DANNY  
That I do.

JULIAN  
Then what more could you want?

JULIAN toasts again...

JULIAN  
Here's a toast. To a man with  
respect again. To a woman who's  
lovelier then any man deserves, and  
to me.

The three toast.

BEAN  
And what is the toast to you for?

JULIAN looks at her, and smiles slightly sadly.

JULIAN  
A toast to a dead man, Bean. A  
toast to a dead man...

INT. DANNY AND BEAN'S HOME - KITCHEN -A SHORT TIME LATER

BEAN has brought out some pie, and she and DANNY and JULIAN  
eat it, while still enjoying the whiskey...

JULIAN  
...And then about two months ago I  
had a job in Manilla. Now normally  
this would make me happy. I like  
the hot climate. The guys look  
like chicks. It's fucking  
fantastic...

JULIAN takes a bite of pie.

JULIAN  
 But thing was-- I was burnt out.  
 I didn't know it, I didn't even  
 know what burnt out meant at time,  
 but I was. I was a classic text  
 book case...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MANILLA - DAY-- FLASHBACK

JULIAN stands on a hot, squalid Manilla sidewalk...

A bus passes by, belching black smoke...

JULIAN wipes sweat off his brow. He seems slightly lost.  
 Almost discombobulated...

JULIAN'S VOICE  
 I was having panic attacks. I was  
 completely losing control of  
 myself. I tried to counter this  
 with booze, of course--

INT. MANILLA BAR - DAY-- FLASHBACK

JULIAN sits in a grungy Manilla bar.

The other customers eye this sweaty, discombobulated man with  
 interest.

JULIAN ignores them and drinks his drink...

JULIAN'S VOICE  
 --But nothing was working. I drank  
 and drank and-- Nothing. I was  
 still feeling edgy. Still feeling  
 like my heart was going to explode.  
 So I moved on to my other usual  
 diversions...

INT. CHEAP HOTEL IN MANILLA - LATE AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK

As a one-eyed man with a dirty toothless smile watches,  
 JULIAN heads up the stairs of a grungy sex hotel with a girl  
 who might very well not be.

JULIAN'S VOICE  
 ...but that wasn't working either.  
 And a good fuck usually does.

CUT TO:

INT. DANNY AND BEAN'S HOME - KITCHEN - PRESENT TIME

JULIAN looks up at BEAN...

JULIAN  
 Excuse my French.

BEAN shrugs and takes a bite of pie.

BEAN

Go on...

JULIAN

So I have this assignment. Nothing special. Some copper wire executive. Someone doesn't want him around. You know, my usual type gig...

DANNY and BEAN lean forward, enraptured...

EXT. MANILLA - OUTDOOR MARKET - DAY-- FLASHBACK

A crowded, low-rent market selling all sorts of cheap crap and smelly food...

JULIAN walks through the market, looking like shit...

JULIAN'S VOICE

I knew that this copper wire guy always came to this sweaty little outdoor market every Thursday to buy fruit.

JULIAN stops about eight feet away from a TINY MAN with large ears, who is squeezing fruit at a stall...

JULIAN'S VOICE

The guy liked his fruit.

The TINY MAN smells the cantaloupe very carefully...

JULIAN'S VOICE

It was a simple plan. As he walks through the crowds, I bump into him, and stab him.

JULIAN wipes perspiration off his forehead.

JULIAN'S VOICE

But the thing was. I was still a mess. And every time I looked at the guy, I didn't see him, but I saw a little boy, instead.

JULIAN looks over at the TINY MAN buying fruit--

However-- The TINY MAN is no longer there...

--Instead, a SMALL CHILD, no more than six, wearing the same clothes, is in his place.

JULIAN can't believe what he's seeing.

Surely it must be an optical illusion.

The sun playing tricks.

--But it's not. JULIAN sees a BOY.

JULIAN'S VOICE  
And it wasn't just any boy...

INT. DANNY AND BEAN'S HOME - KITCHEN - PRESENT TIME

JULIAN leans forward towards DANNY and BEAN...

JULIAN  
...It was me... Me as a child.

DANNY and BEAN don't know how to take that...

JULIAN  
Freaky shit, right?

EXT. MANILLA - OUTDOOR MARKET - DAY-- FLASHBACK

The little BOY stares right at JULIAN...

JULIAN'S VOICE  
...I mean, real nervous breakdown  
sort of stuff.

The BOY pays for the cantaloupe and then starts walking down  
the aisle towards JULIAN...

JULIAN'S VOICE  
I still readied the knife. Still  
prepared for the job--

A sweaty JULIAN grips the knife hard...

The BOY walks towards him...

JULIAN'S VOICE  
But...

The BOY reaches and then passes JULIAN unscathed ...

JULIAN'S VOICE  
...I couldn't do it.

INT. DANNY AND BEAN'S HOME - KITCHEN - PRESENT TIME

JULIAN  
I just couldn't do it...

JULIAN takes a sip of his whiskey.

DANNY  
Then what happened?

JULIAN  
I woke up in a pile of dog shit.

BEAN  
What?

JULIAN  
I fainted. And I guess I landed in  
a pile of dog shit...

EXT. MANILLA - OUTDOOR MARKET - DAY-- FLASHBACK

JULIAN lays on the ground.

Several people (and dogs) surround him.

JULIAN'S VOICE  
I was in deep shit in more ways  
then one...

JULIAN opens his eyes.

He looks disoriented, scared and (believe it or not)  
vulnerable...

INT. DANNY AND BEAN'S HOME - KITCHEN - PRESENT TIME

JULIAN  
And since then it's been extremely  
hot and cold. Some jobs go okay.  
Others... not so okay. And then a  
few weeks ago, I fucked up again.  
In Spain. Freezed right at the  
moment I should have been firing.  
Didn't finish the job. And that  
was that. And now it's just a  
matter of time...

DANNY  
Isn't there someone you can talk  
to?

JULIAN  
Like Mary Beth in "Human  
Resources"?

BEAN lets out a quick chuckle, which she soon stifles when  
she remembers the gravity of the situation...

DANNY  
--But this is insane. They're  
going to kill you for botching a  
job?

JULIAN  
They wouldn't have minded if I  
turned the last job down. I mean  
they would have minded a lot, but  
they wouldn't have minded, you  
know? They wouldn't have wanted to  
kill me. They just hate that I  
said yes, and then didn't  
accomplish what I set out to do.

DANNY  
 Can't you just tell them, I'm  
 sorry? Can't you just say, I was  
 burnt out, and I messed up...

JULIAN sadly shakes his head "no"...

DANNY  
 But you were seeing images of  
 yourself as a little boy-- If  
 that's not a Freudian meltdown I  
 don't know what is. Certainly they  
 have to see that?

JULIAN  
 They don't. I'd be dead today if  
 my handler wasn't such a top of the  
 line guy. Tipped me off on the  
 company plans-- Not that I didn't  
 expect it. Gave me time to get out  
 of Spain...

JULIAN's tale sort of freaks DANNY and BEAN out, and soon a  
 weird silence hangs over the room.

BEAN  
 (finally)  
 ...So what are you going to do now?

JULIAN  
 I wish I knew.

JULIAN tries to smile.

JULIAN  
 Keep running till they lose  
 interest or find me. Whichever  
 comes first.

BEAN  
 How did you end up here? In  
 Denver?

JULIAN  
 It's funny...

JULIAN takes a sip of the whiskey.

JULIAN  
 Most people run home in a time of  
 crisis. My problem, a problem I  
 shared with Danny in Mexico, is  
 that I don't have a home.

BEAN and DANNY don't know what to say.

JULIAN  
 I mean. That's why I'm here.  
 You're the only friend I have.

DANNY shakes his head...

DANNY  
That's ridiculous. You have  
friends.

JULIAN  
I don't. I really don't. You're  
it...

JULIAN pours more drinks for everyone.

JULIAN  
I mean it's fucking crazy, right?  
You're my only friend, and I barely  
know you.

JULIAN looks at DANNY and BEAN...

JULIAN  
This home. Your home. It's the  
only home I know...

CUT TO:

INT. DANNY AND BEAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - A BIT LATER

DANNY and JULIAN are back in the living room.

They're definitely a bit drunk now.

BEAN is in the kitchen tidying up, and JULIAN and DANNY look  
at her through the open door...

JULIAN  
God, she's really fantastic, Danny.

DANNY  
(smiling)  
Yes...

JULIAN  
I mean. She's lovely...

DANNY  
She's everything to me.

JULIAN  
You said that to me in Mexico, and  
I nodded and listened, but now I  
see. I see... You were right.

JULIAN turns to DANNY.

JULIAN  
You told her everything that  
happened in Mexico?

DANNY looks at JULIAN.



DANNY

I told her about our time. Yes.

JULIAN gets up, and walks to the window.

JULIAN

And where does the story end?

DANNY looks at JULIAN, then at BEAN in the kitchen, then back at JULIAN.

DANNY

She knows that the last I heard of you, you were knocking on my door in the middle of the night, asking forgiveness for trying to involve me in a job.

JULIAN

That's what you said? That I knocked and knocked and you never answered.

DANNY

Yes.

JULIAN

How do you explain that, Danny? That story?

JULIAN leans in close...

JULIAN

I was desperate for forgiveness and you didn't answer the door. You didn't let me in. You ignored me.

DANNY

I was scared, I guess. I had enough.

JULIAN

Didn't you think that I might be hurt that you wouldn't answer? Didn't you think that by ignoring me I might feel that you didn't really like me?

DANNY

But I do like you.

JULIAN

Yes. Now. Half a year later I know that. And I value it, because I doubted it for so long. But that night-- When you didn't answer the door-- what do you tell Bean about how I felt then?

DANNY

I tell her that it was what it was.

JULIAN looks at DANNY.

DANNY

And that's what I say.

Just then-- BEAN comes back in the room.

BEAN

Gentlemen!-- I'm a bit drunk.

JULIAN and DANNY-- abruptly ending their conversation-- turn to her and smile--

JULIAN

That's a nice place to be.

BEAN

You'll stay the night, of course, Julian.

DANNY looks at BEAN. Surprised a bit by her largesse...

JULIAN

Thank you, Bean. I promise to be out of here tomorrow.

BEAN

Let's not talk about it now. We should just finish our drinks and enjoy this snowy night.

BEAN takes a sip of whiskey...

BEAN

You know I don't think I've been up with guests till 2:30 in the morning in a long, long time...

JULIAN

It's good, right?

BEAN

It's very good.

JULIAN looks around.

JULIAN

Hey. Can I turn on your stereo?

DANNY

Now?

JULIAN

I saw that Sinatra cd, and I just want to hear "In The Wee Small Hours". You know...

(MORE)

JULIAN (cont'd)  
 Since we're in the wee small hours.  
 If that's okay?

DANNY  
 Yeah, I guess. Sure...

JULIAN goes to the CD and turns it on.

Within seconds, Frank is playing...

JULIAN  
 Danny, I hope you approve, but I  
 would really like to ask your wife  
 to dance...

DANNY nods in approval...

JULIAN  
 I mean whenever I hear Sinatra I  
 have to dance, especially in the  
 presence of such a beautiful  
 woman...

BEAN blushes.

BEAN  
 You've had too much to drink...

JULIAN turns to BEAN...

JULIAN  
 Bean. Can I have this dance?

With that-- JULIAN takes BEAN by the hand, and soon they are  
 dancing (rather well) to Sinatra...

It's rather a lovely scene...

As the snow falls outside, as the music plays, as the room is  
 lit in a dim amber bath, as JULIAN and BEAN twirl around...

...DANNY pours himself another drink, and watches.

He seems strangely happy.

As if for this moment, this second, everything is okay with  
 the world...

Who would have known that JULIAN could dance like he does,  
 and who would have known that he and BEAN would be such  
 perfect dance partners...

As the song sadly ends-- JULIAN dips BEAN...

...Ending the dance with a small, lovely kiss on the lips.

DANNY  
 Bravo!

DANNY applauds.

BEAN curtseys, and JULIAN bows.

JULIAN  
I learned to dance in a South  
American prison by a chap named  
Morales. But that's another story,  
another time...

JULIAN sits, and pours DANNY and BEAN one more drink.

JULIAN  
A final nightcap.

BEAN  
Well, I don't--

JULIAN  
--Please. Please, Bean. The night  
is young and so were we.

BEAN smiles, and nods and takes the drink.

DANNY takes his and sips deeply...

DANNY  
I don't even want to think of the  
headache I'm going to have  
tomorrow.

JULIAN  
Then don't. Or do and have three  
aspirins and a raw egg before you  
go to bed tonight.

DANNY  
Really? And where did you hear  
that one? The Assassins book of  
home remedy's?

JULIAN smiles.

JULIAN  
The only woman I ever loved. My  
mother.

BEAN looks at DANNY, then at JULIAN.

JULIAN  
She was full of useful information.

BEAN  
What about your wife?

JULIAN  
Wife?

BEAN  
...Yes. Danny said you were  
married and she died in a car  
crash.

JULIAN looks flustered...

BEAN  
Of course you loved her.

JULIAN looks at DANNY, and then takes a deep breath...

DANNY  
What?

JULIAN doesn't answer...

DANNY  
(realizing)  
Oh My God...

JULIAN  
(looking at BEAN)  
...I was never married.

A weird silence envelops the room.

JULIAN  
(to DANNY)  
I lied to you. I'm sorry.

DANNY-- aghast, says nothing.

BEAN  
You mean there never was a car  
accident? There wasn't a woman?

JULIAN  
No. I had been insensitive to  
Danny about your son, and I was  
trying to win him over. It was  
juvenile and stupid.

DANNY  
I was the one who was stupid.  
Believing your lies. Jesus--

JULIAN  
--No. No. You weren't stupid.  
I'm a prick. I was a prick. Me.  
Not you.

JULIAN looks at DANNY...

JULIAN  
I'm really sorry.

DANNY doesn't reply...

JULIAN  
But the thing is... I could've kept  
lying to you now. Making up  
stories. Crying my eyes out like a  
little child.  
(MORE)

JULIAN (cont'd)  
 But I choose not to as a sign of respect. Because now-- Now, we are friends.

JULIAN moves closer to DANNY and BEAN...

JULIAN  
 We are friends aren't we?

DANNY and BEAN don't answer.

JULIAN  
 (getting up)  
 ...I'm really sorry. I'm really, really sorry. I screwed everything up...

DANNY doesn't even know how to take it.

BEAN  
 So the story you told Danny in Mexico was just... A story. To try and gain his confidence?

All JULIAN can do is nod in agreement.

BEAN  
 You're a real fucker.

JULIAN  
 So I've been told.

Again there is a moment of silence.

JULIAN can't tell whether he's going to be spat on, beat up, thrown out or a combination of the three...

DANNY has to laugh.

DANNY  
 So. What other bullshit did you pour over me?

BEAN  
 Are you even a hitman, Julian?

DANNY  
 (mockingly)  
 A "Fatality Facilitator"...

JULIAN  
 Yes I am. And to your question Danny-- I lie when I need to, tell the truth when I can. With you, except for this unfortunate exception of which we speak, it has mostly been the truth.

BEAN and DANNY try to take it in...

JULIAN  
Should I go?

Neither BEAN nor DANNY says anything for a long while. Then:

DANNY  
...No.

BEAN  
No.

JULIAN smiles a sincere smile of relief...

BEAN leans forward and pours herself a drink.

BEAN  
(with a smile)  
Aren't we fucking cosmopolitan?

DANNY and JULIAN look at BEAN...

BEAN  
Having a trained assassin stay over  
the night. Letting heartbreaking  
lies roll over us like a summer  
breeze...

JULIAN  
(smiling gamely)  
Next we should be wife swapping.

This is greeted with dead silence.

DANNY  
You don't have a wife. Remember?

The group has no choice but to laugh...

JULIAN  
Good point...

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. DANNY AND BEAN'S HOME - BEDROOM - LATER

It is 5:15 in the morning and DANNY and BEAN are fast asleep.

As usual, DANNY sleeps with his eye-shades on...

JULIAN  
(in a whisper)  
Danny...

DANNY stirs...

It's then that we realize that JULIAN -- in pajamas-- has  
entered the bedroom...

JULIAN  
Danny. Wake up...

DANNY wakes up in a start, and removes his eye-shades.

DANNY  
What the--?

JULIAN  
--Ssshh! I need to talk with  
you...

INT. DANNY AND BEAN'S HOME - KITCHEN -MINUTES LATER

DANNY (in robe) and JULIAN (in boxers) enter the kitchen.

DANNY  
What is it, Julian? What is it  
that can't wait till morning?

JULIAN looks at DANNY.

JULIAN  
We can't talk about it here.

DANNY  
What?

JULIAN  
You have a car, right?

EXT. DANNY AND BEAN'S HOME -MINUTES LATER- PRE-DAWN

Snow blankets the ground, as the early morning light peeks  
out from behind the mountains...

DANNY and JULIAN sit in DANNY's parked car in the driveway...

INT. DANNY'S CAR - SAME TIME

DANNY and JULIAN are bundled in coats...

DANNY  
Now can you tell me what has  
prompted this early morning visit  
to my Buick?

JULIAN blows in his hands to keep warm.

JULIAN  
I said some things last night that  
were true and some things that were  
censored for feminine ears.

DANNY  
Speak English, Julian.



JULIAN

The thing is, Danny-- The thing I didn't tell you, the thing I omitted because Bean was present, was that I've been offered a way out of my fatal predicament...

DANNY

That's good.

JULIAN

I know!

DANNY

That's really good. What is it?

JULIAN

My handler, Mr. Randy contacted me like he always does. With an ad in the International Tribune looking for cat sitters in Budapest.

DANNY

That's how you stay in contact? Cat sitter ads?

JULIAN

Yes.

DANNY

This is ridiculous.

JULIAN

Things often are.

DANNY

Get to the point, Julian. I'm freezing and I'm tired...

JULIAN

Well he contacted me four days ago and basically said that he had worked his wonders with the higher ups and got me a reprieve.

DANNY

As I said, that's great.

JULIAN

The thing is, he needs me to do one more job; I have no choice, mind you. It's do this job or else. And that brings us to the dirty little problem...

DANNY turns to JULIAN, concerned...

DANNY

What problem?

JULIAN  
Well actually it's a pretty big  
problem, and you're really not  
going to like it...

DANNY  
I'm not?

JULIAN  
...not at all. Not at all, because  
the job... it involves you...

For a long moment there is silence in the cold car...

DANNY  
(finally)  
You're not saying what I think  
you're saying.

JULIAN  
What do you think I'm saying?

DANNY  
You know what I think you're  
saying.

JULIAN  
No, I don't think I know what you  
think I'm saying.

DANNY  
Julian--

JULIAN looks seriously at DANNY...

DANNY  
Does... Someone want me dead?

JULIAN's look is oddly scary, and it lasts a long moment...

Then, slowly, JULIAN holds his hand up and makes a gun with  
his fingers pointed right at DANNY...

DANNY looks very unamused...

JULIAN  
No. No one wants you dead, Danny.  
Jesus...

DANNY lets out a sigh of relief.

DANNY  
Thank God...

JULIAN  
But I need your help in  
facilitating a fatality.

DANNY  
--What?!

DANNY can't believe what he heard...

JULIAN

I need your help.

DANNY

My help is exactly the type of help you don't need.

JULIAN

I'm a mess, you know that. I'm a complete mess and I really don't know if I can do this job by myself.

DANNY

Well ask someone else. A colleague.

JULIAN

I don't know any colleagues.

DANNY

You must.

JULIAN

I don't.

DANNY

Well I certainly can't help you.

JULIAN

I know you're not the ideal candidate--

DANNY

Ideal? I'm far, far from ideal, Julian. Do you not remember my reaction the last time you suggested something so asinine?

JULIAN

That was in Mexico. I was just trying to show you a good time...

DANNY

Oh, killing someone's a good time.

JULIAN

It can be.

DANNY stares at JULIAN for a long time, then OPENS the car door...

DANNY

This is ridiculous...

EXT. - DANNY'S CAR -CONTINUOUS

DANNY gets out of the car, but his path back to the house is blocked by JULIAN.

JULIAN  
Danny. Please--

DANNY  
Why do you even need a second person? Haven't you done all these things yourself?

JULIAN  
Some jobs are better with two men.

DANNY  
I think they're better if the second man is not scared shitless and completely unprepared, unqualified and uninterested. Now I'm going back to bed...

DANNY again tries to head towards his house, and again JULIAN blocks him...

JULIAN  
--Look, I'm in a very dangerous position here, Danny. I'm not in any shape to try this myself. An assassin without confidence is a horrible thing to behold. It's like a relief pitcher who fumbles the ball.

DANNY has to shake his head...

DANNY  
Please tell me that you know that you just mixed two sports in your metaphor.

JULIAN  
I can't tell you that.

DANNY  
Jesus, Julian.

JULIAN  
--Please, Danny! I need your help. Someone's going to die. Either a stranger or me. Which would you rather?

DANNY doesn't answer...

JULIAN  
 Look--If I can do the job  
 successfully then I'm free and  
 clear. Free and clear, Danny...

DANNY can't help but feel sympathy for JULIAN, even at the  
 same time that he is furious at him...

JULIAN  
 I have enough money saved up to  
 retire. To a beautiful little  
 Greek island with beautiful little  
 Greeks. Heaven awaits me, Danny, if  
 we do this job.

DANNY looks away from JULIAN...

DANNY  
 ...I don't know.

JULIAN  
 Damn it, Danny!

JULIAN is desperate...

JULIAN  
 You're my only friend...

DANNY  
 Julian...

JULIAN  
 It's true.

DANNY looks back at JULIAN...

JULIAN  
 And--

DANNY  
 And what?

JULIAN  
 And... You owe me.

EXT. DANNY AND BEAN'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

DANNY and JULIAN walk from the car to the front door...

DANNY  
 When is this thing going to take  
 place?

JULIAN  
 Today. At the horse races.

DANNY  
 (stopping)  
 Today?!

JULIAN  
Yes. In Arizona.

DANNY  
--No way! I can't do it today.

JULIAN  
No choice. Sorry. Hey, you ever  
seen a horse's penis erect? It's a  
magnificent object--

DANNY  
--Julian!

DANNY looks at JULIAN...

DANNY  
Today's the four year anniversary  
of my son Henry's death. We go to  
the cemetery...  
(losing his shit)  
This is crazy...

JULIAN  
(calmly)  
--What time does the cemetery  
close, Danny?

DANNY  
What? I don't know...

JULIAN  
We'll have you back here at four  
thirty, flowers in hand.

DANNY  
I don't know...

JULIAN  
Danny. I promise you. You will be  
home in time to get to the  
cemetery.

DANNY  
How the hell are you going to do  
that?

JULIAN  
Well we have a 7:40 plane  
reservation to Tucson this morning.  
Plenty of time to catch the 2:30  
back.

DANNY  
We do?

JULIAN  
Yeah I made it yesterday. First  
class. Real fancy...

DANNY can't believe this...

JULIAN  
Now chop chop, Danny. Get dressed.  
Make a story up to Bean...

JULIAN slaps DANNY on the ass...

JULIAN  
We gotta get this road on the  
show...

INT. AIRPLANE - A FEW HOURS LATER

DANNY and JULIAN sit in the first class section of the plane.

JULIAN wolfs down a scrambled egg breakfast, while DANNY  
stares silently out the window...

CUT TO:

Music...

It sounds familiar...

REO SPEEDWAGON's "Keep On Loving You"...

*'you should have seen by the look in my eyes, baby'*

INT. HIGHLAND RACE TRACK- TUCSON, ARIZONA- NEAR BETTING AREA -  
A FEW HOURS LATER

We see a horse-racing program...

Slowly, ever so slowly, it's lowered, revealing...

DANNY...

He's standing in the crowded betting area below the stands of  
this very new, very sleek race track.

He's wearing a hat and shades, and leaning against an  
"emergency exit" door.

*'you should've known by the tone a' my voice'*

Across the way: JULIAN is strolling away from a concession  
stand...

He's eating some popcorn, while casually and effortlessly  
scoping the scene. He sees:

--Sad looking men standing on line betting on the horses...

--Overweight men drinking beer and watching the dozen tv  
monitors showing the horses getting ready to run...

--About six rent-a-cops patrolling the betting area...

*'and I meant every word that I said'*

Across the way: DANNY turns the pages of his racing program.

He tries to act casual, but he's nervous as hell...

He shifts his weight against the "emergency exit" when suddenly--

He accidentally leans back too hard, and opens the door...

!!!Alarms go off!!!

--DANNY tries to steady himself and keep from falling through the now open (and ringing) door...

The RENT-A-COPS all come racing over towards DANNY...

In fact--

All eyes are on DANNY. He smiles nervously and tries to apologize...

-----All the while allowing JULIAN (across the way) to have a moment when no one is looking...

In a flash--

JULIAN pulls out a small knife--

He turns to the wall, opens a box that says "danger", and cuts two wires...

Then he's done, box closed; knife gone...

Just as--

Across the way-- The RENT-A-COPS get the alarm to go off.

DANNY  
(smiling sheepishly)  
I'm so sorry...

*'and I'm gonna keep on loving you'*

*'cause it's the only thing I wanna do'*

INT. HIGHLAND RACE TRACK- MINUTES LATER

DANNY is at the concession stands buying four large beers...

While across the way-- JULIAN is heading towards the stairs...

INT./EXT. HIGHLAND RACE TRACK - STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

JULIAN heads up the outdoor stairs which lead to the viewing stands...



The stairs are mostly empty since everyone is in their seats watching the races...

...at least they're empty enough for JULIAN to be able to go to a garbage can near the bleacher level entrance and quickly and obliviously pull out--

--A brown-paper-wrapped package...

*'I don't want to sleep'*

*'I just wanna keep on loving you'*

INT. HIGHLAND RACE TRACK- SAME TIME

DANNY carries the four large beers on a cardboard tray...

To say that it's unsteady going would be an understatement...

INT./EXT HIGHLAND RACE TRACK- STAIRWAY - SAME TIME

JULIAN -- wrapped package in tow -- reaches the very top level of the staircase.

He's one flight above the highest exit point to the bleachers.

There's a door marked "Roof. Do Not Enter. Alarm Will Sound."

JULIAN takes a deep breath--

--And then pushes the door open...

No alarm sounds...

With a sly smile, JULIAN heads out to the roof...

*'and I meant every word that I said'*

EXT. HIGHLAND RACE TRACK- STANDS - MINUTES LATER

DANNY-- beers precariously in hand-- wanders through the stands...

A new race is about to begin, and there's a buzzing excitement among the spectators as the horses head onto the track...

EXT. HIGHLAND RACE TRACK- ROOF - SAME TIME

JULIAN is lying on the roof of the stands, looking down at the people below and the race track.

Beside him is the brown wrapping paper, blowing around in the wind....

In his hand is the contents of the now unwrapped package...

...A high-powered rifle.

JULIAN calmly attaches the silencer...

*'When I said that I love you'*

*'I meant that I'd love you forever'*

EXT. HIGHLAND RACE TRACK- STANDS - SAME TIME

A very THIN MAN, in his mid 50's, sits in the front row.

He's got on a pale-blue sweater and dark sunglasses.

He's the target.

*'and I'm gonna keep on loving you'*

This THIN MAN is surrounded by two beefy men-- His BODYGUARDS.

Up on the roof...

JULIAN has them in his sights...

*'cause it's the only thing I wanna do'*

EXT. HIGHLAND RACE TRACK- ROOF - SAME TIME

JULIAN has the THIN MAN and his GUARDS in his crosshairs...

The problem?

There's not a good shot.

The two GUARDS block JULIAN's clean view of the THIN MAN.

But JULIAN doesn't seem to be that upset about it. In fact, he puts the rifle down and pulls out a stick of gum...

He plops the Wrigleys in his mouth, chews, and then calmly puts the rifle back on his shoulder...

*'i don't want to sleep'*

EXT. HIGHLAND RACE TRACK- STANDS - SAME TIME

DANNY-- four plastic cups of beer shakily in hand-- finagles his way through the crowd...

...heading directly towards the THIN MAN...

*'i just wanna keep on loving you'*

On the track: The horses are in place...

In the stands: The THIN MAN holds up his program, and calmly takes some notes...

On the roof: JULIAN has the rifle up, aimed squarely at his target (albeit a crowded, hard to see through the bodyguards, target)

Behind the THIN MAN: DANNY approaches with the tray of beers.  
The opening bell!!

The race has begun!!

*'baby I'm gonna keep on loving you'*

EXT. HIGHLAND RACE TRACK- ROOF - SAME TIME

JULIAN looks through the rifle's eye piece, and places his finger on the trigger...

The THIN MAN is still flanked and blocked by the two GUARDS...

For the first time-- A nervousness flashes over JULIAN's face...

He wipes a bit of perspiration off his brow...

Just then--

As the horses race around the first turn--

DANNY--

Right behind the THIN MAN and his GUARDS...

--Stumbles...

--sending the four cups of beer all over one of the GUARDS and his seat...

<sup>DANNY</sup>  
Oh my God!! I'm so sorry!!

*'cause it's the only thing I wanna do'*

As the GUARD cleans himself off...

He moves just enough...

To reveal the THIN MAN...

...and give JULIAN a perfect target...

*'i don't wanna sleep'*

JULIAN's finger goes to the trigger...

He's ready to go...

Ready...

He starts to press down...

But...

...for some reason...

--He can't--

*'i just wanna keep on loving you'*

Fear floods JULIAN's face.

The fear of hesitation...

In the stands--

DANNY-- busy cleaning up (and keeping his head down) can't help but look up...

What the fuck is going on?

Why isn't JULIAN shooting?

*'and I'm gonna keep on loving-----SCREEEEEECH!!!*

--The song comes to an abrupt halt.

DANNY can't believe it: JULIAN did not shoot the target...

On the roof: JULIAN puts down the rifle...

You can see that he's freaked out. Fucked up. Lost...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHLAND RACE TRACK- ROOF - MOMENTS LATER

DANNY bursts through the roof door and over to JULIAN...

...but he's not there.

The rifle sits on the ground, but JULIAN is nowhere to be found.

DANNY looks ashen...

EXT. HIGHLAND RACE TRACK - UNDER STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

DANNY-- clearly freaked out-- heads quickly down the stairs but suddenly stops-- when he realizes that the shadow he notices under the stairwell is actually JULIAN, sitting indian-style, looking completely spaced out...

DANNY

What the hell is going on?

JULIAN says nothing...

DANNY checks to make sure no one is around...

DANNY

(in harsh whisper)

I mean you drag me to Arizona, to the goddamn horse races, to kill someone I don't even know, so you can live out the rest of your life, and we do everything perfectly-- perfectly!!-- and you get a clean shot and you don't even take it!

JULIAN

(softly)

I've lost it Danny.

DANNY

They're going to kill you, Julian.

JULIAN

But I've lost it...

DANNY

That's an unacceptable answer.

JULIAN

But it's the truth.

DANNY

Julian. --Julian!!

DANNY snaps his fingers...

DANNY

I need you to concentrate.

JULIAN

Look at me, Danny. I'm a shell. I'm a parody...

DANNY

You need to go back up there and finish the job.

JULIAN

I can't.

DANNY

You have to. They're gonna kill you if you don't.

JULIAN

Just leave me, Danny. Just forget everything...

DANNY

No. I won't do that.

JULIAN

You have to.

DANNY  
I can't believe that I'm in this  
stable trying to convince you to  
assassinate someone!

DANNY paces around...

JULIAN  
...Just go, Danny.

DANNY reaches for JULIAN and lifts him up...

DANNY  
No. We're going to do this.

JULIAN  
I can't--

DANNY  
You have to! Do you hear me?!

JULIAN looks at him.

DANNY  
If you don't they're going to kill  
you, and I don't want that to  
happen. I refuse to let that  
happen...

Finally-- JULIAN smiles at DANNY...

DANNY  
Now we're going to do this  
together, right?

JULIAN nods...

DANNY  
We're going to go back up there and  
I'm going to talk you through this,  
and you are going to do the job we  
came here to do. Do you  
understand?!

JULIAN  
Yes.

DANNY  
Good...

DANNY starts leading JULIAN back up the stairs towards the  
roof...

JULIAN  
And you're going to stay up there  
with me?

DANNY  
Yes.

JULIAN  
And you're going to talk me through  
it?

DANNY  
Yes.

JULIAN looks at DANNY and smiles.

JULIAN  
Thank you.

DANNY  
Alright, then... So let's kill this  
motherfucker already and get the  
hell out of here, okay?

JULIAN  
Okay.

DANNY kicks open the door to the roof. Bright sunlight floods  
the frame. The roar of the crowd overtakes us...

*'i don't want to sleep'*

*'i just wanna keep on loving you!!!'*

INT. AIRPLANE - A FEW HOURS LATER

JULIAN and DANNY sit up in the first class section...

There is an eerie quiet, as neither man says anything, and  
the only noise we hear is from the constant buzz of the  
airplane engines...

JULIAN  
(finally)  
...Thank you.

DANNY smiles slightly.

DANNY  
It's alright.

JULIAN  
No. Thank you. Really. I was a  
mess back there. You helped me.  
You helped me a lot...

DANNY  
I can take the lying Julian. I can  
take the deviant Julian. I can  
even take the killing Julian. What  
I don't know if I can handle is  
this humble-pie Julian.

JULIAN laughs.

JULIAN  
Enjoy it now. It won't last.

DANNY  
That's a given... Anyway. It was  
no problem. And you said it  
yourself-- I owed you...

JULIAN nods.

JULIAN  
Do you think if you hadn't opened  
the door late that night in Mexico,  
we'd be on this plane together now?

DANNY thinks about that for a long time...

DANNY  
...Probably not.

DISSOLVE TO:

JULIAN'S VOICE  
Danny, Please. Please, Open up...

INT. DANNY'S HOTEL ROOM IN MEXICO - LATE AT NIGHT- FLASHBACK

DANNY lays in bed as JULIAN knocks at the door...

He stays frozen in place, afraid that any little movement  
will signal to JULIAN that he's awake.

JULIAN'S VOICE  
Let me tell you I'm sorry. Let me  
apologize...

DANNY does not respond...

JULIAN'S VOICE  
Danny? Can't you see how guilty I  
feel?

DANNY does not answer...

JULIAN'S VOICE  
Danny?...

Just then--

DANNY sits up in bed.

DANNY  
Hold on, Julian. I'll be right  
there...

INT. DANNY'S HOTEL ROOM IN MEXICO - MINUTES LATER- FLASHBACK

JULIAN sits at the table in DANNY's room drinking a beer.

DANNY in a bathrobe, sits on the edge of the bed nursing a  
beer of his own.



JULIAN  
Are you sure you want to do this?

DANNY  
No. Maybe. I don't know.

JULIAN  
This isn't a lightly made choice.

DANNY  
Do you think I don't know that?  
I've been thinking it about it non-stop all day.

JULIAN  
It's going to cost a lot of money.

DANNY  
I can take a second mortgage.

JULIAN says nothing. He just drinks his beer.

DANNY  
My luck... My luck has been so bad.  
If we don't get this job I don't  
know what I'll do. I think you're  
right-- I'm afraid I might lose  
Bean...

JULIAN  
And you're sure if I kill off this  
Cardenas guy, you'll get the  
contract?

DANNY  
He's our only competition.

JULIAN nods.

JULIAN  
And you can live with that?

DANNY  
I don't know.

JULIAN  
You can live with that blood on you  
hands?

DANNY  
Isn't that what people do? Don't  
people -- successful people--  
always live with blood on their  
hands?

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - CURRENT DAY

DANNY looks at JULIAN...

DANNY  
You became my friend that night,  
Julian. You became my life long  
friend...

JULIAN nods...

INT. DANNY'S HOTEL ROOM IN MEXICO - FLASHBACK

JULIAN smiles at DANNY.

JULIAN  
I'm not going to do it for you...

DANNY looks up at JULIAN...

He can't believe what he just heard...

JULIAN  
You're making a late night,  
exhausted, desperate decision and  
if I did it you would regret it  
instantly and feel nothing but  
guilt and shame for the rest of  
your life, believe me...

DANNY nods quietly in agreement.

DANNY  
But I'm scared, Julian...

JULIAN  
Guys like you. You think you have  
no luck, but you have all the luck  
in the world. You just need to see  
it. She's waiting at home for you.

JULIAN finishes his beer.

JULIAN  
I do that job for you, your luck  
will run bad the rest of your  
life...

DANNY looks at JULIAN...

JULIAN  
You don't want me to do it anyway.  
I know you don't. You're not that  
type of person.

DANNY knows this...

JULIAN  
That's why I like you. You're the  
exact opposite of me...

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - CURRENT DAY

DANNY looks at JULIAN.

DANNY  
...You surprised me that night.

JULIAN smiles.

JULIAN  
I surprised myself...

For a spell, neither man says anything...

DANNY  
(finally)  
I guess your boss is going to be satisfied. You did your assignment. You're no longer on the "hit-list".

JULIAN  
Well I'm no longer on the "hit-list", but I didn't do any assignment.

DANNY  
I don't understand. I thought your boss wanted you to do this job.

JULIAN  
My boss, Mr. Stick...

JULIAN smiles at DANNY.

JULIAN  
...He was the job.

DANNY can't believe what he just heard...

DANNY  
(whispering)  
You mean we just killed your boss?!!

JULIAN nods...

JULIAN  
We killed the man who wanted to kill me. Problem solved...

DANNY  
You sonofabitch!!

JULIAN  
(smiling)  
...Among many other things.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY IN DENVER - DUSK

It is dusk.

The last pink rays of the day's sun fill the corner of the otherwise darkening blue skies...

At this cemetery, blanketed in snow, there is a sad, yet lovely calm...

JULIAN leans on DANNY's car, a good distance from DANNY and BEAN and their child's grave...

Even from where JULIAN's standing he can see the pain on DANNY and BEAN's faces.

He can see how they suffer just being there, yet how therapeutically good it is as well. He can see how they hold hands-- each other's greatest support.

BEAN looks at DANNY. A small smile crosses her face. A smile, finally, of love and hopefulness...

JULIAN takes a deep breath.

Then he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a travel brochure for the Greek Isles.

He places it under the windshield of DANNY's car.

Then JULIAN gives one more long glance at DANNY and BEAN.

He smiles briefly before turning away and walking off into the fast approaching darkness...

*The end*