

THE WHOLE NINE YARDS

An Original Screenplay

by

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THE WHOLE NINE YARDS

FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTH FLORIDA - ESTABLISHING SHOTS - MORNING

Swamp country. That humming, buzzing, chirping you're hearing is the sound of Nature eating.

EXT. OZ'S HOUSE - SAME

An unremarkable split-level. The back yard gives way to jungle. We start to hear a different kind of HUMMING.

INT. OZ'S BEDROOM - SAME

As ordered, antiseptic, and impersonal as a hotel room. We still hear that humming, louder now, and find --

OZ - IN HIS BATHROOM

Oz is NICHOLAS OSERANSKY. A nice guy -- nice face -- mid-30's or so. That humming we've been hearing is his Braun electric toothbrush. Oz stands at the mirror, holding the Braun against his gumline, diligently brushing 30 seconds per oral quadrant, as recommended by the A.D.A. And as he SPITS in the sink, we --

CUT TO:

OZ - A LITTLE LATER

Leaving his bedroom, ready for work, closing the door behind him. He passes by his wife Phoebe's room -- which is empty, the bed unmade, a vibrator carelessly, flagrantly, left on the nightstand. Oz walks on, either oblivious or apathetic.

INT. OZ'S KITCHEN - SAME

PHOEBE, who's attractive in a Queen Bitch sort way, is huddled over coffee with her miserable mother, DORIS, their voices low, conspiratorial. When Oz comes in, Phoebe starts right in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

20

PHOEBE

I need money.

OZ

Yes, it is a good morning, isn't it?
The birds are singing, the sun is
shining --

PHOEBE

Have we got it or not?

DORIS

Only dentist I know who can't make
money.

OZ

(mildly)

Really. And what about her father?

DORIS

As a dentist he was very successful.
It was just that other stuff.

OZ

They have a name for 'that other
stuff.' It's called embezzlement.

(to Phoebe)

Speaking of which, how much do you
need?

PHOEBE

Five should probably do it.

OZ

Thousand?

Her stare's a challenge. It's too early too fight.

OZ (cont'd)

Your father would've been proud.

(starts out)

I'll see what I can do. In the
meantime, you ladies have a nice day.

PHOEBE

I would, if you'd do me a favor and
die.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Oz continues on out the door, placid as a Prozac patient.
And as soon as he's gone --

DORIS

You're doing the right thing. If that
girl's not going to do it --

PHOEBE

I know, Mother. I know.

EXT. OZ'S HOUSE - SAME

Oz, frowning against the sun, walks to his car -- an old
Toyota Corolla -- and gets in.

CLOSE ON OZ - IN HIS CAR

He puts the key in the ignition, but just sits there
without starting it. Then suddenly --

He ERUPTS. CLUBS his fist against the dashboard, again
and again and again, SNARLING with animal RAGE.

Then, spent, he gathers himself. Gives a glance toward
the house to make sure the outburst wasn't seen. Then he
starts the car, slides an old Chicago blues CD into the
stereo, and heads off to work. And we --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OZ'S DENTAL OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - MORNING

Oz's pretty blonde assistant, JILL, is on the phone.

JILL

Excuse me, is that -- are you
threatening me?

(then, with a satisfied,
feline smile --)

I didn't think so. Look, I changed my
mind, alright?, so let's just... yes,
I'll get you your money back, but just
remember it's Saturday, so it might
take a couple of days.

Then she hears Oz coming in, glances in her scheduling
book, and says in a whole different tone of voice --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILL (cont'd)
Yes, Mrs. Lacey, Tuesday at three.
We'll see you then. Bye!

She hangs up, says brightly to Oz --

JILL (cont'd)
'Morning, Doctor.

Oz just exhales, eloquently. She smiles sympathetically
-- a sunshine girl with a secret.

INT. OZ'S OFFICE - TREATMENT ROOM - LATER

An overalled old swamp rat named MR. COONTZ is in the
chair. Oz is trying to convince him --

OZ
Mr. Coontz, I'm telling you, there's
no reason to pull this tooth. All
we've got to do is drill and --

MR. COONTZ
-- Doc, I don't want to have happen to
me what happened to Cousin Weezy.

Oz glances at Jill. Then patiently, to his patient --

OZ
Alright, so what happened to Cousin
Weezy?

MR. COONTZ
When Weezy got a fillin'? Weezy
started hearing messages.

OZ
Messages.

MR. COONTZ
From space. 'Bout drove Weezy crazy.
Not that you'd notice --

OZ
-- I'm sure. But Mr. Coontz, can I
just tell you --?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. COONTZ

Doc? I like you -- and believe me, you're the first Yankee Jew dentist I ever said that to -- so let's not argue, and why don't you just gas my ass and pull that sumbitch out.

Oz laughs. Mr. Coontz laughs with him, his open mouth revealing a lifetime of dental neglect.

INT. LUNCHEONETTE - AFTERNOON

Oz and Jill share a booth. A WAITRESS takes their order.

OZ

Hamburger for me, medium -- and please God no mayonnaise this time.

WAITRESS

(writing)

No mayo.

OZ

None. Not even in the same area code.

The waitress shrugs, sure, heads off.

OZ (cont'd)

You watch, they're gonna put mayonnaise on it again, I know it, I just know.

JILL

Mind if I say something?

(Oz gestures: Go ahead)

Leave the bitch.

OZ

Excuse me?

JILL

Your wife. Leave her. Find somebody else and start over again.

OZ

Jill --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

6.

JILL

Oz, look, I know it's none of my business -- I've only been working for you for, what, 3 months now? -- but I'm just telling you what I see: Your wife is not a good person.

OZ

How can you say that? Compared to Hitler she's a saint.

JILL

(gives him a look)

You know what a pygmy, a safari, and your wife have in common? One's a runt, one's a hunt, and one's --

OZ

-- alright, I get your point.

JILL

Tell me you disagree.

(when he doesn't --)

You're too nice a guy, Oz. Why do you put up with her?

OZ

Habit?

JILL

Did you ever love her?

Oz just looks at her, without responding.

JILL (cont'd)

Tell me the was sex good, at least.

OZ

Who can remember ancient history?

JILL

So why do you torture yourself? Just divorce her.

OZ

Phoebe won't divorce me. Not yet, anyway.

(CONTINUED)

JILL

(baby talks --)

Because she wuvs her widdle sweet-ums
oh-so much?

OZ

No, because it would cost her too much
money.

(off her puzzled look)

I'm still paying off her father's
debt.

JILL

Her father's debt.

OZ

Well, legally it's my debt, too -- and
hers -- her father named us both
officers in the company -- which
means, if we divorced --

JILL

Half the debt would roll over to her.
So she's just going to ride it out
till Daddy's debt gets paid. Oh,
she's just charming, isn't she?

OZ

She can't help it. Her mother's a
cobra.

JILL

Y'know, you'd be doing the world a
favor if you'd just have her whacked.

OZ

(laughs)

Know anyone who'd take the job?

JILL

Present company excluded?

WAITRESS

Here you go.

The waitress sets their plates down on the fly.

OZ

You really want to kill someone?

JILL

(bright smile)

We talking hypothetical, or you want me to name a price?

She starts drenching her food with tabasco.

OZ

You should talk to my wife. I'm sure she'd hire you in a second.

She abruptly stops shaking the sauce.

JILL

What makes you say that?

OZ

Life insurance. My earning power's going to increase dramatically the moment I'm no longer alive.

Then he warily lifts his burger bun -- and grimaces, shakes his head. Shows Jill: MAYONNAISE.

EXT. OZ'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Oz drives up, gets out, eyeing the MOVING VAN parked next door. A sunglassed man watches the movers haul things into the house. Oz starts towards him.

OZ

I take it you're our new neighbor?
I'm Nicholas Oseransky. Call me Oz.

JIMMY

(shaking hands)

Jimmy. Jimmy Jones.

-- smiling, removing his shades. Oz frowns.

OZ

Have we met?

Almost imperceptibly, Jimmy's face hardens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

I don't think so.

OZ

You look familiar. Where're you from?

Before Jimmy can respond, one of the MOVERS calls --

MOVER

Mr. Jones? Where you want this?

And as Jimmy turns to answer, Oz gets a look at the TULIP TATTOO on Jimmy's arm. And when Oz sees that...

He stops breathing. His face goes white. He opens his mouth, but nothing comes out. And when Jimmy turns back to him, he can't help but notice.

JIMMY (cont'd)

You alright? You look a little...

OZ

I, ah... I...

(dissembles)

I had a hamburger for lunch.

JIMMY

They put mayonnaise on it?

OZ

(surprised)

Yes.

JIMMY

Why do they do that? I hate when they do that. No wonder you're not feeling so good.

OZ

I'm not. I -- look, ah, I'm sorry, but... I really should go and...

JIMMY

Feel better, alright?

Still looking very queasy, Oz heads for home, walking quickly, sphincter tight, when --

CONTINUED: (2)

JIMMY (cont'd)
Oz?

OZ
-- what!

-- wheeling like he expects a bullet in the back, but --

JIMMY
Thanks for stopping by. It's nice to
feel welcome.

Oz just nods, hurries on inside, where --

INT. OZ'S KITCHEN - SAME

Phoebe's at the sink, smoking a cigarette, looking out
the window toward the new neighbor's. Oz comes rushing
in, sputtering --

OZ
Jesus. Jesus!

And Phoebe watches idly as Oz goes straight to the liquor
cabinet, snatches a bottle of scotch, and shakily knocks
back a hefty shot.

OZ (cont'd)
Jesus Christ!

PHOEBE
(not that she cares, but --)
What's your problem?

OZ
(plops down in a chair)
I just met our new neighbor. You know
who that is? Do you have any idea?

PHOEBE
I suppose you're going to tell me.

OZ
That's Jimmy the Tulip Tudeski.

PHOEBE
And that means something?

(CONTINUED)

OZ

I forgot, you don't read the papers.

PHOEBE

Why should I dirty my hands?

OZ

Jimmy The Tulip was a hit man for the Gogo Gang.

PHOEBE

The Gogo Gang.

OZ

Charlie Gogolak? Back in Chicago? He ran the North Side. And that one there, Jimmy the Tulip, was Charlie Gogo's enforcer.

PHOEBE

(looks out window)
Not a bad-looking man.

OZ

Phoebe, he copped to 17 murders -- no telling how many he really did.

PHOEBE

So what's with the fruity name?

OZ

'Tulip'? Tulips were his flower of choice. It's what he sent to his victim's funerals.

PHOEBE

What do you think he's doing here?

OZ

Hiding, most likely. He ratted out Charlie Gogo. Now Charlie's spending the rest of his life in prison. Jimmy only got five years -- and, I heard, when he got out, he refused Witness Protection.

PHOEBE
Protection from what?

OZ
I'm sure Charlie's son Jojo put a
price on his head.

PHOEBE
You mean, like a contract? A mob
contract?
(turns)
And you're sure it's him.

OZ
Dead sure.

PHOEBE
Hmm.

Nodding thoughtfully to herself, she strolls from the
room. A very shaken Oz throws back another shot. Then
we hear yet another kind of buzzing and --

CUT TO:

EXT. OZ'S HOUSE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Oz is MOWING THE LAWN. Finishes, kills the engine, and --

JIMMY (O.S.)
Feeling better?

Oz jumps. Jimmy's standing behind him, smiling.

OZ
Much. Thank you.

JIMMY
Good. Let's go for a drive.

OZ
Y-you want me to go for a drive?

-- like that's the worst news he ever heard.

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

If you're not too busy. I was hoping
you could show me around town --
y'know, give me the lay of the land.
I'd drive myself, but they took away
my license.

OZ

Why?

JIMMY

Guess I was a bad boy.
(smiles)
C'mon... it won't kill you.

OZ

(after a beat)

Promise?

EXT./INT. OZ'S CAR - DRIVING - AFTERNOON

Oz on pins and needles, Jimmy taking in the sights.

JIMMY

So. Where you from?

OZ

Chicago.

-- and as soon as the word's out of his mouth, he tries
to cover his mistake --

OZ (cont'd)

Well, not Chicago Chicago -- I was
born there, but -- I really don't know
anything about Chicago anymore --
believe me, I'm oblivious to anything
even related to Chicago.

JIMMY

I'm from Buffalo.

OZ

Really?

JIMMY

Why not?

CONTINUED:

14.

OZ

No, if you're from Buffalo, you're from Buffalo. Buffalo's another place I know nothing about.

(pause, then, carefully --)

So... what brings you to Florida?

JIMMY

If you'd ever been to Buffalo, you wouldn't have to ask.

Oz allows himself a small smile. In spite of everything, he's starting to like this guy.

JIMMY (cont'd)

And how about you? Why'd you come down here?

OZ

Well, like virtually everything else that's ever gone wrong in my life, it all started with my wife...

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINA - DAY

Mostly skiffs and air-boats. Oz and Jimmy stroll.

OZ

... see, back home, I shared a dental practice with my father-in-law.

JIMMY

I didn't know you were a dentist. You suicidal?

OZ

(stops dead, blanching)

Why do you say that?

JIMMY

I read somewhere dentists are prone to suicide.

CONTINUED:

15.

OZ

Jimmy, my life might not be the greatest but, believe me, I don't wanna die.

JIMMY

Who does? Anyway, your father-in-law.

OZ

Well, ironically, he was a suicide.

JIMMY

See? Statistics don't lie.

OZ

He got caught molesting a patient -- an underage patient -- an underage male patient, if you really want to know -- and this kid started to blackmail him, just around the time the IRS started investigating him for tax fraud. So Aaron needed some big money in a hurry, and he went to the bank, took out a sizeable loan against the company -- without my knowledge, of course -- then he proceeded to take that money to, oh, let's see: Vegas, Atlantic City, various race tracks and bookies, and --

JIMMY

-- he lost it all. Then....
(pantomimes a head shot)
... he left you holding the bag.

OZ

So you have met my wife.
(beat)

Anyway, after the ensuing scandal and embarrassment and bankruptcy, my wife and her mother decided it'd be best if we all moved down here.

JIMMY

You know, I can't picture you as a dentist.

OZ
Why is that?

JIMMY
I never met a dentist I liked.

OZ
(agrees)
We're a bad breed.

EXT. OZ'S DRIVEWAY - GOLDEN HOUR

Oz and Jimmy are out of the car. Shake hands goodbye.

JIMMY
You know something? I'm glad we got
to know each other.

OZ
(as if he can't believe he's
saying it)
You know something? Me too. I'll see
you around.

INT. OZ'S HOUSE - SAME

Oz comes in. Hears --

PHOEBE (O.S.)
Oz? That you?

OZ
Yes, dear.

'Dear' in this case is not exactly a term of endearment.
He wanders into the living room. Phoebe comes rushing
down the stairs.

PHOEBE
Thank God you're home.

OZ
Thank God I'm home?

-- like that's the last thing he ever expected to hear
from her.

CONTINUED:

PHOEBE

I had an idea.

OZ

How much?

PHOEBE

What?

OZ

How much is it gonna cost me?

PHOEBE

Just listen to me. I figured out a way we can pay off Daddy's debt.

OZ

You're getting a job?

Phoebe looks at him like that's beneath comment, then --

PHOEBE

No. Our new neighbor. You said there was a price on his head.

OZ

That's your idea? You're going to murder our neighbor?

PHOEBE

Would you listen to me? Here's what you're going to do. You're going to Chicago, and you're going to find out who it is who's offering the price on his head --

OZ

-- Jimmy's head --

PHOEBE

-- and you're going to tell them you know where he is, after you negotiate a finder's fee.

OZ

A finder's fee. On a murder contract.

CONTINUED: (2)

PHOEBE

Is there a problem?

OZ

You mean besides the fact that such a thing would make me a party to murder?

PHOEBE

But he's a killer! You said so yourself.

OZ

That doesn't mean he's a bad person.

(beat)

I spent some time with him today. He seems like an alright guy.

PHOEBE

With 17 murders under his belt.

OZ

That was his job. Was it his fault he was good at it?

Phoebe glares at him a moment, then, out of the blue --

PHOEBE

He came on to me.

OZ

What?

PHOEBE

He came onto me! That animal made a pass at me!

OZ

When?

PHOEBE

Earlier. This morning. Before you came home.

OZ

He said he hasn't met you yet.

PHOEBE

Who are you gonna believe? A contract killer or your wife?

OZ

Do I have to answer that?

PHOEBE

Oz --

OZ

Alright, let's say he did make a pass at you. The man's been in jail for the past 5 years, who can blame him?

PHOEBE

What kind of man are you!

OZ

I believe the word is 'neutered.'

PHOEBE

I can't believe this!

OZ

Well, you're the one wearing my balls for earrings.

PHOEBE

There's a known killer living right next door who might slaughter us in our sleep after doing God-knows-what to me, and you won't lift a finger!

OZ

Alright, tell you what, if it'll make you feel better, next time I talk to Jimmy I'll ask him please not to slaughter us in our sleep.

PHOEBE

No, I'll tell you what you're going to do.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (4)

PHOEBE (cont'd)

You're going to Chicago, and you're going to do what I said, because if you don't I swear to Christ I'll make your life so damned miserable it'll make these past few years seem like a pleasure cruise!

(dire warning --)

And you know I'm capable.

OZ

(sighs)

Yes, dear, I do.

PHOEBE

I already booked your flight. You leave at nine tomorrow morning. You'd better start packing.

She leaves the room. And Oz mutters to himself --

OZ

Bang zoom.

INT. OZ'S OFFICE - RECEPTION - NEXT MORNING

Jill's on the phone.

JILL

So when are you coming back?

INT. OZ'S KITCHEN - OZ - ON PHONE

OZ

Shouldn't be more than a couple of days.

INTERCUTTING:

JILL

(mischievous smile)

You going alone? Oh, good... so while you're there, can you do something for me? Go out and get laid.

OZ

Jill --

CONTINUED:

JILL

And call me the minute you get back.
Better yet, call me right after you do
it -- call me during, I don't care --
I want to hear all the details.

EXT. AIRPORT - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Phoebe's come to see Oz off.

OZ

Now don't expect too much. I don't
even know if I'll be able to make
contact with these people. I mean,
it's not like the Gogos have a 1-800
number or anything.

PHOEBE

I know you'll do what you can.

Then, surprisingly, she EMBRACES him. Oz stiffens.

OZ

What's this?

PHOEBE

I know you're going to think I'm
foolish, but right now I'm feeling
very... proud of you. And I really
think if this all goes well, and we
can pay off Daddy's debt... it could
mean a whole new start for us.

Oz looks as though he doesn't necessarily share that
belief, but he's not going to make an issue of it.

PHOEBE (cont'd)

So good luck, darling, and... hurry
home.

She gives him a tender goodbye kiss, and punctuates it
with a quick little squeeze of his crotch. Then,
seemingly fighting tears, she abruptly turns and starts
to hurriedly walk away.

CONTINUED:

Oz looks terribly confused, his hand unconsciously, protectively, held to his groin.

CUT TO:

A JET - TAKING OFF

And we PAN DOWN from the plane to see:

PHOEBE'S CAR

Racing away from the terminal.

ON PHOEBE - IN THE CAR - DRIVING

Hard-faced, firing up a cigarette.

EXT. OZ'S HOUSE - DAY

Phoebe roars into the driveway, practically leaps from the car, and goes straight over to --

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She rings the bell, impatiently bangs on the door. A few seconds later, Jimmy appears. Without preamble --

PHOEBE

You're Jimmy Tudeski, aren't you?
Jimmy the Tulip?

Jimmy's face is stone. Phoebe holds up a hand.

PHOEBE (cont'd)

Don't worry, handsome, your secret's safe with me. But you'll never believe what my darling husband's up to...

CUT TO:

CHICAGO - ESTABLISHING SHOTS

It's a helluva town.

EXT. SHAW'S CRAB HOUSE - AFTERNOON

An old Chi-town institution, near the Tribune building.

INT. SHAW'S - SAME

Oz is at a table with his old reporter pal, DAVE MARTIN.
Oz is slurping oysters. Dave looks off his feed.

OZ

Dave, I'm telling you, don't worry
about it, alright?

DAVE

How can I not worry? You tell me
you're here in Chicago to rat Jimmy
Tudeski out to Jojo fucking Gogo and --

OZ

-- but I'm not going to rat him out.
Honestly. The only reason I came is
to get Phoebe off my back.

Dave still doesn't look happy. Checks his watch.

DAVE

I gotta get back to the paper. I'll
come by your hotel around seven, we'll
go catch some jazz.

(gets up)

And in the meantime, please don't do
anything stupid.

OZ

Why would you say that? "

DAVE

You married Phoebe, didn't you?

EXT. DRAKE HOTEL - LATER

Oz returns.

INT. OZ'S ROOM - DRAKE

The door opens, Oz walks in -- and stops, seeing a very sharp-dressed BLACK MAN sitting cross-legged in one of the room's chairs. Oz glances at his key.

OZ

I'm sorry, I must have the wrong --

FRANKIE FIGS

What room you looking for?

OZ

Three nineteen.

FRANKIE FIGS

You're in the right place. You Nicholas Oseransky?

OZ

Who are you?

FRANKIE FIGS

We understand you have information regarding the whereabouts of Jimmy the Tulip.

OZ

What'd you, talk to Dave?

FRANKIE FIGS

Who's Dave?

OZ

What'd he tell you?

FRANKIE FIGS

Forget about Dave. For our immediate purposes, there is no Dave. Dave does not exist. So just answer my question: Do you or don't you?

(patiently prompts --)

Have information regarding Jimmy the Tulip's whereabouts.

CONTINUED:

OZ

I... don't know what you're talking about.

FRANKIE FIGS

Really. Then I must have been misinformed. I apologize.

Shrugging, he stands, heads for the door. But as he walks past Oz, suddenly Frankie wheels and --

WHAMS Oz in the kidney with a brutal RIGHT HOOK! Oz sags, starts to crumble, but Frankie keeps him standing.

FRANKIE FIGS (cont'd)

Let's try this again. We understand you have information regarding --

OZ

(gasping in pain)

Who told you that?

FRANKIE FIGS

Why you wanna go cluttering your mind with the inconsequential? What's important is, we know that you know something about where Jimmy Tudeski is.

OZ

Listen, I really don't know what --

WHAM! Frankie wallops his kidney again! Then --

FRANKIE FIGS

Aren't you gonna cry out for help?

OZ

Would it do any good?

FRANKIE FIGS

No -- I just want to know what to be prepared for.

OZ

Who are you?

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANKIE FIGS

Frank Figueroa -- A! K! A!...

(with a flourish --)

Frankie Figs. I work for Jojo Gogo.

OZ

Oh my God.

FRANKIE FIGS

So where's Jimmy?

OZ

I swear I --

WHAM! Another body shot!

FRANKIE FIGS

My brother, believe me, you don't
wanna dance with me all night. And
for a scumbag like Jimmy T? Save
yourself the pain.

OZ

I still don't know who --

This time, Frankie FAKES another punch -- but that's
enough to buckle Oz's knees and --

OZ (cont'd)

-- alright! Alright! Let's say I
might know where he is.

FRANKIE FIGS

Well don't tell me about it. Let's go
tell Jojo Gogo.

Oz knows he's in way over his head with no help in sight.

OZ

You mind if I go and piss a little
blood first?

CUT TO:

EXT. JOJO GOGO'S MANSION - EVENING

A baronial, gated compound just outside Chicago.

CUT TO:

JOSEPH 'JOJO GOGO' GOGOLAK - CLOSEUP

Charlie Gogo's son. The lord of the manor. His clothes cost as much as a car. He strokes his eyebrow with a finger. And keeps on stroking it, repeatedly. We're --

INT. JOJO GOGO'S - LIBRARY

Fire in the fireplace. Jojo, Oz, Frankie, and two additional hoods. Jojo's the only one sitting. Oz is sweating so much it's giving him dry-mouth.

Jojo finally finishes the endless eyebrow stroking. He talks slowly, with unsettling pauses -- not like he's stupid, but like he's got all the time in the world.

JOJO

My father... is a great man... a man of vision and... character... a man who stood up for his beliefs...

(suddenly shouts)

Unlike that ratFUCK piece of shit Tudeski!

(then turns to one of the hoods, says calmly)

Can you... ask Cynthia to join us please?

The hood goes off.

OZ

Mr. Gogolak...

JOJO

I just want you to understand. Because... Frankie explained to me you're... having a little problem with your conscience.

OZ

None of this was my idea.

CONTINUED:

JOJO

Nor mine. If I had my way... my father would still be running things... and I'd be... I don't know, somewhere like... Aruba.

OZ

Aruba's not so nice.

JOJO

Excuse me?

OZ

But you might like it. I honeymooned there, which is probably why I didn't care for it.

Jojo studies him a moment. Then goes on.

JOJO

The thing you've got to remember is... when we're talking about Jimmy Tudeski... we're not talking about a human being... we're talking about a rodent... we're talking about vermin... we're talking about someone -- screw that, something -- that doesn't deserve to be breathing air.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

Jojo, talking about yourself again?

And Oz turns at the sound of the silvery voice and sees

CYNTHIA

And this woman is a knockout. A gorgeous thoroughbred; the farthest thing you can imagine from a gangster moll.

JOJO

Mr. Oseransky, this is Cynthia...
Jimmy's wife.

And as Cynthia turns toward him, Oz looks like a man who just got hit with a thunderbolt. Like the rest of the world has just fallen away.

CONTINUED: (2)

JOJO (cont'd)

It seems that Mr...

FRANKIE FIGS

-- Doctor.

JOJO

What?

FRANKIE FIGS

Doctor Oseransky. He's a dentist.

JOJO

(hates being interrupted)

Whatever. It seems our... dentist
friend here knows where... Jimmy is.

CYNTHIA

(looks at Oz, curiously)

Oh? Come to collect on the contract?

OZ

No, actually, I --

FRANKIE FIGS

(overriding)

-- Jojo, just so you know? Since I'm
the one who found this guy, I want it,
the contract's mine.

After a beat, Jojo shrugs.

JOJO

Long as I'm in on the kill.

FRANKIE FIGS

Hey, long as I get full price.

JOJO

The money doesn't matter.

Cynthia laughs, disdainfully.

CYNTHIA

Now I've heard everything. 'The money
doesn't matter...'

(to Oz --)

(MORRIS)

CONTINUED: (3)

CYNTHIA (cont'd)
Don't you believe it. This one would
kill you for a quarter.

Jojo pretends to ignore her, says to Oz --

JOJO
Dr. Oseransky, Frankie here will
accompany you back to Florida. You'll
lead him to the man you believe is
Jimmy Tudeski.

OZ
But --

JOJO
-- Frankie, you'll let us know?
(stands; the meeting's over)
Okay.

And there's not a damned thing Oz can do about it. The
die is cast. Frankie starts leading him out, but --

OZ
Mr. Gogolak?... look, my wife would
make my life even more miserable than
it already is if I didn't at least
ask... Is there any kind of finder's
fee that goes along with this?

JOJO
A finder's fee?

A beat. Then he LAUGHS. They all laugh, all except
Cynthia, who actually looks somewhat shaken by all of
this -- though she's not about to let on.

JOJO (cont'd)
Tell you what. You tell your wife
we'll... work something out.

Oz nods, goes with Frankie. Cynthia starts to leave
herself, but --

JOJO (cont'd)
Cynthia... I'd like to talk to you a
moment.

EXT. DRAKE HOTEL - NIGHT

Frankie drops Oz off out front.

FRANKIE FIGS

I'll call you in the morning. We'll
leave first thing.

Oz nods, starts to head in.

FRANKIE FIGS (cont'd)

And Oz? You're not gonna do anything
stupid like try leaving me in the
lurch, are you?

OZ

I'm guessing that might be a bad idea.

FRANKIE FIGS

(approvingly)

There's a smart whiteboy.

INT. DRAKE HOTEL - LOBBY

A very rattled Oz stops at the desk for his key.

OZ

Three-nineteen?

DESK CLERK

You had a message.

-- handing Oz a message slip, which reads: 'I was here.
Where were you? I'm at the office. -- D.'

Oz marches towards the elevator.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRIB BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

INT. TRIB - CITY ROOM - SAME

DAVE

So where were you?

OZ - IN HOTEL ROOM - ON THE PHONE

OZ

(furious)

What'd you do?! Who'd you talk to?!

INTERCUTTING:

DAVE

What're you talking about?

OZ

You know a guy named Frankie Figs?

DAVE

I know of him.

OZ

I came back from my walk before, and he was in my room!

DAVE

Frankie Figs?! Frankie Figs was in your room?!

OZ

And somehow he knew all about my knowing where Jimmy the Tulip is!

DAVE

And what'd he do?!

OZ

Well, after he played congas on my kidneys for a while, he took me out to see Jojo Gogolak.

DAVE

Oz, tell me you're kidding me.

OZ

(losing it)

Who'd you tell! I want to know exactly who you told!

DAVE

No one, Oz, I swear!

CONTINUED:

OZ

Then how'd they...?

(abruptly sits on bed)

... what am I gonna do?

(sagging, then --)

Look, I... I gotta go, I... I'll call you later.

He hangs up. Immediately makes another call.

OZ (cont'd)

This is Dr. Oseransky in three-nineteen. Can you send me up a bottle of scotch? Single malt, thank you.

Hangs up again. Starts pacing the room, extremely agitated. Then, like he's got to do this right now or he's never going to do it at all, he snatches up the phone again, makes a long distance call.

OZ (cont'd)

Yes, a new listing? Jimmy Jones.

We HEAR a RINGING as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

The phone's ringing inside.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE

Jimmy picks up.

JIMMY

Yeah?

(brightens)

Oz, how ya doin'?

SPLIT SCREEN

And Oz is a man just riddled with guilt.

CONTINUED:

OZ

Jimmy, listen to me. I've done something terrible. You've got to get out of Dodge.

JIMMY

(amused)

Oz, whaddaya talking about, get out of Dodge.

OZ

Jimmy, you gotta get out of town. Out of Florida. I'm in Chicago and --

JIMMY

-- so I hear. You talk to Jojo yet?

Dead stop. And Oz is stunned.

OZ

How'd you --?

JIMMY

(smiles, benevolently)

Oz, listen to me, I know everything, don't worry about it.

OZ

But...

JIMMY

Look, I'll explain it all to you when you get home.

Oz is speechless.

JIMMY (cont'd)

In the meantime, have a good time up there -- and don't worry so much, alright? We'll talk first thing when you get back.

OZ

Alright, Jimmy. Sure.

Dazed, he hangs up the phone. Then suddenly he rushes into the bathroom, and VOMITS into the bowl.

CONTINUED: (2)

When the retching stops, he gets up, takes out his electric toothbrush, smears it with toothpaste, and just as he's about to start to brush... there's a KNOCK at the door. Oz comes out to answer it.

OZ (cont'd)

Room service?

He opens up, but it isn't room service: It's Cynthia... and if anything, she looks even better than before.

CYNTHIA

You going to invite me in?

(when Oz fails to respond)

Or am I going to have to go downstairs and tell Jojo's guys you're being impolite?

OZ

Jojo's guys are downstairs? By all means, come in.

CYNTHIA

I love a man with manners.

She breezes into the room. He nearly swoons from the scent of her perfume. She takes off her coat, dumps it on the bed. Oz shuts the door.

CYNTHIA (cont'd)

Jojo sent me to see if you were on the level. Jojo's the trusting type.

(turns to face him)

So? Do you or don't you?

OZ

Do I or don't I --?

CYNTHIA

Know where my wayward husband is.

OZ

Ms. Tudeski --

CYNTHIA

-- Cynthia, please. Why be formal with the woman you're about to widow?

OZ

You don't understand.

CYNTHIA

What's not to understand? You want your thirty pieces of silver.

(sashays up close, looks him right in the eye)

My only question is, why didn't you just do the job yourself?

OZ

Why didn't I --?

CYNTHIA

-- kill Jimmy and try to collect on the contract. What was it, didn't have the stomach for it? Or was your problem a little further south?

And on the word 'south' she gives him a little backhand rap to the balls. Oz covers up, wondering why women always seem to go for his nuts.

Then she wrinkles her nose, moves closer, and SNIFFS.

CYNTHIA (cont'd)

Have you vomited recently?

OZ

Minutes ago. I was just about to brush my teeth when you --

CYNTHIA

-- I'll wait.

Oz goes back into the bathroom. Fires up the Braun. They continue their conversation through the open door.

OZ

Ms. Tudeski -- Cynthia -- believe me, I never wanted any of this.

CYNTHIA

Oh, so you just happened to fly up from Florida to rat Jimmy out to Jojo.

CONTINUED: (4)

OZ

It wasn't like that. This whole thing, it was my wife's idea. She wanted me to rat Jimmy out, and...

(comes out to bedroom)

... look -- probably the best thing for everyone concerned would be if you went back to Jojo and told him that I'm not on the level, I'm off the level -- tell him I'm chemically imbalanced or deranged or something -- tell him anything, tell him I don't know what I'm talking about --

CYNTHIA

(studying him)

But you do know what you're talking about, don't you? You know where Jimmy is.

After a long moment --

OZ

Ms. Tudeski, I don't want anyone to die. And that is on the level.

She continues to study him.

OZ (cont'd)

What do you want from me?

CYNTHIA

What do I want? On the level?

And her bottom lip starts trembling. Her face suddenly crumbles. Tears well in her eyes. She blurts out --

CYNTHIA (cont'd)

I just want this all to end!

The tears start flowing. She plops down on the bed like all strength just left her body.

CYNTHIA (cont'd)

I am so goddamn scared!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Oz's face is all feeling. His hand, unbidden, reaches out to her, but then: There's a KNOCK at the door -- and both of them practically JUMP out of their skins!

ROOM SERVICE (O.S.)
Room service.

OZ
I ordered scotch.

He opens the door. ROOM SERVICE is there with his bottle. He signs for it, shuts the door again.

OZ (cont'd)
What do you say to a drink?

CYNTHIA
I'd say no ice, no water, in a tall glass.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

The bottle's half gone. Cynthia's sitting on the bed, Oz in a chair; both are half in the bag. Tongues loosened.

CYNTHIA
(rueful)
... what can I tell you? I was young,
and Jimmy was like no man I'd ever
met.

OZ
He's the first killer I've known.

CYNTHIA
And there was no one like him at my
father's country club.

OZ
No hit men?

CYNTHIA
No Hungarians. Don't ask.
(takes a drink)
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CYNTHIA (cont'd)
But he was a lousy husband. Cheated
on me constantly.

OZ
Why would anyone cheat on you?

CYNTHIA
You'd have to ask him. Whenever I
tried to he'd just steal me some
jewelry and think that made everything
alright.
(beat)
But it was never alright.

OZ
So why didn't you --

CYNTHIA
-- divorce him? Jimmy doesn't believe
in divorce. Thinks it's a sin.
(wryly)
I know: A hit man with morals. Go
figure.

OZ
He is unique.
(pause, then, somewhat
hopefully --)
So... now that he's out of prison, you
don't think the two of you will get
back together again?

CYNTHIA
You mean, assuming Frankie and Jojo
don't kill him? No. Jimmy and I are
over. And even if I wanted to make
another go of it, which I don't...
there would always be that other thing
between us.

OZ
What other thing?

CYNTHIA
(takes a drink)
The fact that he wants to kill me.

OZ

Hey, sometimes I feel that way about my wife, too.

CYNTHIA

Yes, but you're not Jimmy the Tulip.

-- taking another swig. And Oz now sees --

OZ

So you're not talking metaphorically. You think Jimmy wants to kill you?

CYNTHIA

I'm sure of it.

OZ

But why? Why would he want to --

CYNTHIA

-- Why else? The money.

OZ

What money?

Cynthia gets up to refill their glasses.

CYNTHIA

The money Charlie Gogo gave us as a wedding gift. Only it really wasn't a gift -- Charlie was just parking the money with us to hide it from the feds.

OZ

How much was it?

CYNTHIA

Ten million dollars.

OZ

That's a helluva parking space.

CYNTHIA

And the only way we could ever get the money is if Jimmy and Jojo and I all signed for it together.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (3)

41.

CYNTHIA (cont'd)

And if you didn't have all three signatures, you'd need two signatures and a death certificate. Or one signature and --

OZ

-- two death certificates.

(off her nod)

So that's why Jimmy wants to kill you. If he kills you --

CYNTHIA

-- and Jojo, let's not forget Jojo --

OZ

-- he'd be able to get the money.

CYNTHIA

The whole nine yards.

OZ

Well, ten in this case.

CYNTHIA

(bitterly)

It's my own damned fault. I got myself into this mess.

OZ

So your marriage didn't work out quite like you planned it. Whose does? Mine certainly didn't.

CYNTHIA

Yes, but does your wife want to kill you?

OZ

That's what she tells me.

Cynthia smiles, shakes her head.

CYNTHIA

Then your wife doesn't know how lucky she is. You seem like a very sweet guy.

CONTINUED: (4)

OZ

And you, you're...

(shifts tack)

You really think Jimmy would try to kill you?

CYNTHIA

For ten million dollars?

Like that's a no-brainer, but Oz insists --

OZ

All I know is, if it was me, ten million wouldn't be nearly enough.

CYNTHIA

(smiles)

Oh? So how much would it take for you to kill your wife?

OZ

I'm not talking about my wife. I'm talking about you.

CYNTHIA

Me, then -- what would be your price?

OZ

That's what I'm telling you: There could be no price. 'Cause I think you're priceless. I think you're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen in my life and oh my God I can't believe I said that out loud.

She laughs, lightly; blushing; pleased.

CYNTHIA

I'm sure that's the scotch talking.

OZ

But it's not. It's me.

(pause, then plunges on --)

For the past seven years I've been sleepwalking through a marriage, waiting for something...

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (5)

OZ (cont'd)

and I, didn't know what that something was until you walked into that room at Jojo Gogo's house. Then it was like springtime had come -- the ice started melting away -- and I knew it was time for me to stop hibernating and crawl out of the hole I'd dug for myself.

He stops. Cynthia's not saying a word -- and he senses he's gone too far, and fumbles --

OZ (cont'd)

I'm sorry -- I... you're embarrassed.
I shouldn't have...

Abruptly, she gets to her feet.

CYNTHIA

I should go.

OZ

Look, I --

CYNTHIA

(hand up)

-- please. It's alright. I... you're
a nice guy. I've got to go.

Oz just nods, hating himself. Cynthia picks up her coat, heads for the door. Looks back. Then quickly leaves without another word, closing the door behind her.

Oz starts bopping his fist against his forehead.

OZ

Stupid, stupid, stupid.

INT. DRAKE HOTEL - LOBBY

Cynthia comes out of the elevator. Jojo's two gorillas pop up from their seats. Without breaking stride --

CYNTHIA

Let's go.

-- and marches right out to the street.

EXT. DRAKE HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

On Cynthia, in her own private reverie. The valet drives up in their car, and suddenly she says to the gorillas --

CYNTHIA

You know something? The night's still young. You in any rush to get back?

INT. DRAKE HOTEL - OZ'S ROOM

Oz is packing his bag, flinging things into it with frustration. Then he goes to answer the KNOCK at the door. It's Cynthia.

CYNTHIA

Did you mean what you said?

OZ

About --?

CYNTHIA

-- springtime.

All he can do is nod. She smiles, steps into the room, heels the door shut.

CYNTHIA (cont'd)

Jojo's guys are coming back at midnight. In the meantime...

She leans forward and gives him a long, soft kiss.

CYNTHIA (cont'd),

... will you promise me something?

OZ

Anything.

CYNTHIA

(another kiss)

You'll go slow. I haven't made love in five years.

CONTINUED:

45.

OZ

Neither have I.
(off her look)
I've been married.

They come together in another glorious kiss, and we --

DISSOLVE TO:

OZ AND CYNTHIA - MAKING LOVE

Discovery and desire, in the dark...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OZ'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

The bedside clock shows it's 11:45. Oz, a towel around his waist, is sitting in a chair by the bed, watching Cynthia sleep in the pale light from the window. He reaches out, gently shakes her awake.

OZ

It's almost time.

CYNTHIA

(naughty smile)
Again? What'd you, have oysters for lunch?

OZ

As a matter of fact I did, but that's not important.

(a beat, then blurts)
Jimmy knows I'm here.

CYNTHIA

(bolting upright)
Here with me?!

OZ

Here in Chicago, talking to Jojo.

CYNTHIA

How did he --?

OZ

-- I told him.

CYNTHIA

You what?

OZ

But he already knew.

CYNTHIA

How! How did he --!

OZ

-- I don't know. But my guess is: My darling wife.

CYNTHIA

She trying to get you killed?

OZ

Apparently. That's the only thing I can come up with.

(pause)

When I talked to Jimmy, he didn't sound that upset.

CYNTHIA

No, he wouldn't. He'd be your best friend right up to the moment he...

She leaves that hanging, but Oz knows --

OZ

He's going to kill me, isn't he?

(her look says that's a
distinct possibility)

And after he's done with me, he'll come after you.

(off her nod)

I can't let that happen. I'm not going to let him kill you.

He pops up, starts pacing.

OZ (cont'd)

I've decided: I'm going to bring Frankie down there, lead him to Jimmy.

CONTINUED: (2)

CYNTHIA

So Frankie will kill him.

OZ

Believe me, if there was any other way... but better Jimmy than you.

CYNTHIA

But darling, don't you get it? Either way, I'm dead.

OZ

Why would you say that!

CYNTHIA

Because it's true.

(reaches out, takes his hand)

As soon as Jimmy's dead, why would Jojo want to keep me alive? He'd want to kill me so --

OZ

-- that he could get his hands on the whole ten million. Well that's not going to happen, not if I can help it. I swear, Cynthia, I'm not gonna let anyone kill you.

Cynthia smiles through tears.

CYNTHIA

Under the circumstances, that's probably the most romantic thing I've ever heard.

Oz grabs her. They mash into a kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRAKE HOTEL - ANGLE SHOT - MOMENTS LATER

From above we see Cynthia getting into the gorillas' car.

ON OZ - IN HIS HOTEL ROOM - AT THE WINDOW

Looking out. As the car drives off, Oz lets his forehead lean against the window pane. His breath fogs the glass. We HEAR a roaring THUNDER as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. O'HARE AIRPORT - FOLLOWING MORNING

A jet's taking off.

FRANKIE FIGS (O.S.)

You what?

INT. AIRPLANE - TIGHT ON FRANKIE

And Frankie's now dressed up like a minister -- reversed collar, plain black suit, pince-nez glasses. Oz sits beside him, as Frankie hisses with disbelief --

FRANKIE FIGS

You told Jimmy? What the fuck you do that for?

OZ

You're not Jewish, are you?

FRANKIE FIGS

I look Jewish to you?

OZ

Then what could you know from guilt? I felt guilty, what I'd done. I like Jimmy -- well, I liked him, but --

FRANKIE FIGS

Not anymore?

OZ

It's just hard maintaining a friendship when the other guy wants to kill you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE FIGS

You sold my ass out to Jojo Gogo then told me about it, I'd want to ice your ass too.

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT stops by to hand Frankie a Bloody Mary. He beams at her, benevolently.

FRANKIE FIGS (cont'd)

Bless you, darlin'.

(then to Oz)

So now you want me to kill Jimmy before Jimmy kills you.

OZ

I'd really appreciate it. I'd even give you whatever finder's fee Jojo gives me.

Frankie studies him a moment over his glasses.

FRANKIE FIGS

You got this all worked out, don't you?

OZ

All worked out? Are you nuts? Maybe in your line of work, this is just another day at the office, but personally, I'm a dentist, and I'm in so far over my head I can't even breathe.

INT. AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - DAY

Frankie's by the carousel, waiting for his bag. Oz is on a nearby payphone, saying into it --

OZ

Jill... Jill -- would just listen to me? No, I'm not going to answer that.

INT. OZ'S OFFICE - SAME

JILL

(elated)

So you did! I can tell! You had sex!

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

JILL (cont'd)
Who was she? Come on, I want to hear
all about it.

INTERCUTTING BETWEEN THEM:

Oz sees Frankie retrieving his garment bag.

OZ
Look, I've gotta go. Any emergencies,
I've got my beeper on.

JILL
Fine, be that way -- and by the way,
the Hell Bitch called. She said she
and her mother went to Miami for a
couple of days.

OZ
(mutters --)
Probably working on her alibi.

JILL
Excuse me?

OZ
Nothing -- look, I'll be in touch.

He hangs up just as Frankie joins him.

FRANKIE FIGS
Why'nt you drive with me to the hotel?
Unless of course you'd prefer going
home in broad daylight with Jimmy
right next door.

OZ
I'll go with you.

FRANKIE FIGS
Like I said: One smart whiteboy.

EXT. GLADES HOTEL - DAY

An old-fashioned place with a mostly senior clientele.

INT. GLADES HOTEL - LOBBY

Frankie's at the front desk. The CLERK hands him keys.

CONTINUED:

DESK CLERK
Enjoy your stay, Reverend.

Frankie leads Oz towards the elevator.

INT. FRANKIE'S HOTEL ROOM

The key in the lock. Frankie and Oz come in, and as Frankie closes the door, Oz looks up, across the room, drops his bag and JUMPS BACK against the wall, yelping --

OZ
Oh Jesus!

-- because sitting in the chair by the window is none other than a smiling Jimmy the Tulip.

Oz's head snaps from Jimmy to Frankie, then back again, wondering who's going to open fire first. Jimmy gets up, unhurried as a gunfighter.

JIMMY
Frankie Figs.

FRANKIE FIGS
Jimmy T.
(smiles)
Mo-ther-fucker.

And Jimmy and Frankie EMBRACE. Oz cannot believe what he's seeing. Jimmy shows Frankie the look on Oz's face, and they both burst out LAUGHING. We HOLD on a dumbfounded Oz a moment, then --

CUT TO:

EXT. GLADES HOTEL - POOL - AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON OZ, with that same lost, befuddled look. He's seated between Jimmy and Frankie like a mouse between two cats, all three on lounge chairs, Jimmy and Frankie in bathing suits.

JIMMY
Oz, you look worried -- I told you not to worry. Frankie told me what a stand-up guy you tried to be.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANKIE FIGS

(to Oz)

But I gotta tell you, man, that wife of yours? What the fuck was she thinking, going to Jimmy like that?

JIMMY

You know she wants you dead, don't you?

OZ

(thickly)

That much I've figured out.

JIMMY

'Cause I'm not the first one she came to with this.

OZ

Not the first --?

JIMMY

Hitter. Apparently she'd had a deal with some other individual, but that fell through, so she came to me.

OZ

And what'd you tell her?

JIMMY

You mean, did I take the contract?

He smiles, lets Oz dangle a bit, then assures him --

JIMMY (cont'd)

No, I didn't take the contract.

FRANKIE FIGS

How much she offer you?

JIMMY

Ten thousand.

FRANKIE FIGS

No wonder you turned her down.

OZ

(needs to make sure)

But you did turn her down, right?
Even though I went to Jojo Gogo?

JIMMY

But you didn't go to Jojo. Jojo --
that is, Frankie -- came to you,
'cause I asked him to. And I know how
persuasive Frankie can be.

FRANKIE FIGS

(to Oz)

By the way, you having any problems
with your urinatin'?

OZ

None, but thanks for asking.

FRANKIE FIGS

I must be getting old.

-- studying his fist. Oz turns back to Jimmy.

OZ

Why'd you want me to talk to Jojo?

JIMMY

So you could tell him where I was.

OZ

(getting it)

Because you want Jojo to come down
here. So you can kill him.

JIMMY

That's the plan.

(beat)

By the way, if you want, I can also,
y'know, do your wife for you.

OZ

Do my wife?

JIMMY

Kill her.

CONTINUED: (3)

OZ

Oh, I thought you meant...

(pumps his fist)

'Cause she did say you came on to her.

A beat, then Jimmy LAUGHS.

OZ (cont'd)

Why is that funny?

JIMMY

Well, I wasn't going to tell you this,
but the truth of the matter is, your
wife came on to me.

OZ

And?

JIMMY

You asking me, did I? Of course not.
Oz, how can you ask me that? -- we're
friends, aren't we?

A quick shot of Oz's guilty, buddy-fucking look, then --

JIMMY (cont'd)

Besides, no offense, but I don't find
your wife to be particularly
attractive.

OZ

But... you just got out of prison.

JIMMY

So?

OZ

You've been in prison for the past
five years and you don't find my wife
attractive?

JIMMY

Nothing personal -- I just don't think
she's a very good person.

OZ

You've killed 17 men and you think my wife's not a good person?

JIMMY

You think I'm wrong?

OZ

God no. It's just nice to have validation.

Jimmy laughs again, checks his watch, tells Frankie --

JIMMY

I think we've given it long enough. Why'nt you give Jojo a call? Sooner he gets here, the better.

OZ

So... after you kill Jojo, then what? You going back to Chicago?

JIMMY

No, I'm done with Chicago. Frankie can have Chicago.

OZ

(walking on eggshells)

And... what about your wife? You think you're gonna get back with her?

JIMMY

(grins at Frankie)

Well, I'm sure as hell gonpa see her again.

OZ

What's that supposed to mean?

JIMMY

Don't worry about it.

OZ

No, I want to know. What're you, planning to kill her too?!

FRANKIE FIGS

For a fuck-lot more than no ten thousand dollars.

OZ

So you are! That's -- you can't do that!

JIMMY

Why not?

OZ

Because... she's your wife!

FRANKIE FIGS

I gotta say, Jimmy, you were right about him: This is one helluva sweet man. Wife like he got, and still he believes in the sanctity of marriage.

JIMMY

(turning to Oz)

Sanctity of marriage or not, I'd watch myself if I were you.

Oz blanches. But this is a warning, not a threat.

JIMMY (cont'd)

'Cause I'd say your wife's still shopping around -- for another hitter.

FRANKIE FIGS

Still don't know what kind of talent she can expect for no ten thousand dollars.

Then Oz JUMPS, as his BEEPER goes off, scaring the piss out of him. He reads the message, tells the others --

OZ

I've gotta go to the office.

FRANKIE FIGS

And I should make that call.

JIMMY

And I'll head home, get things ready
for Jojo.

(then --)

But Oz, you listen to what I said.
Your wife's got it in for you, so you
be careful, alright?

OZ

That's me. Mr. Careful.

In a cold sweat. And we start to HEAR an awful, mosquito-
like whine as we --

CUT TO:

INT. OZ'S OFFICE - DAY

The whine's his DENTAL DRILL. A patient named MR. WELLS
is in the chair, under the bright light. But when Oz
tries to bring the drill to the guy's mouth --

His HAND starts SHAKING so bad he has to pull back. He
tries again... and again -- same thing each time. Jill
looks on, frowning, knowing something's wrong.

OZ

You know, on second thought, Mr.
Wells, we might just have to pull this
tooth.

MR. WELLS

(mouth crammed)

Apwip cappa doola may.

OZ

Absolutely.

INT. OZ'S OFFICE - RECEPTION - LITTLE LATER

Jill's seeing Mr. Wells out, who holds an ice pack to his
jaw. Then she marches back towards --

INT. OZ'S OFFICE - SAME

Oz himself is now lying prone in the dental chair, highly agitated, trying to calm himself, hyperventilating -- but that's not helping, so he reaches for the LAUGHING-GAS, and just as he's about to suck back some nitrous... Jill comes in.

JILL

Alright Oz, what is it, what's bothering you?

Oz shakes his head, starts cranking on the gas, but Jill takes the mask away and urges --

JILL (cont'd)

Oz, I'm your friend, talk to me.

OZ

(at wits' end)

I've got to talk to somebody, or else
I'm gonna go completely...

JILL

(takes his hand)

Take your time.

OZ

Alright, well... first of all, I just found out that my wife's trying to have me killed.

Jill drops his hand. Voice hard as nails --

JILL

Who told you.

OZ

A friend.

JILL

Anyone I know?

OZ

He's my new next-door neighbor -- and the funny thing is, he's... he's a hit man himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

59.

JILL
Really? What's his name?

OZ
Jimmy. Jimmy Tudeski.

And Jill lights up.

JILL
Jimmy the Tulip?! Jimmy the Tulip
lives next to you?!
(gushing, all elated)
And you know him? Can you introduce
me to him?

OZ
Intro -- Jill, the man's a
professional killer!

JILL
I know that.

-- like that's so obvious. She starts bouncing up and
down with girlish excitement.

JILL (cont'd)
C'mon, Oz, please? Pretty please?
I've been wanting to meet this guy for
years!

Oz looks at her as though one of them's lost their mind.
She grabs his hand.

JILL (cont'd)
C'mon!

She starts tugging him out of the chair. We HEAR a
RAPPING as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Oz and Jill on the front step. Oz's car and Jill's 4-
wheeler are parked in Oz's driveway. Jimmy opens the
door, sees the girl and --

CONTINUED:

JIMMY
Oz, what's this?

JILL
(adoringly)
It is you.

She grabs Jimmy's hand, starts to pump it vigorously,
gushing like a groupie --

JILL (cont'd)
Mr. Tudeski, I am one of your biggest
fans! I've been following your career
since I was a kid! You're the reason
I'm trying to get into the business.

JIMMY
(carefully)
And what business would that be?

JILL
Contract killing!

On Oz, not sure if he heard that right.

JILL (cont'd)
It's what I want to do! -- and if I
could have just one afternoon to sit
and talk to you, I'm sure I could
learn so much!

Jimmy again looks from her to Oz. Oz is looking at Jill
like: What? Jimmy shrugs, opens the door wider.

JIMMY
So come in.

INT. JIMMY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Several GUNS are on the table. Jimmy's been oiling them,
loading them, prepping them.

JILL
What's all this?

JIMMY
I got business tonight.

CONTINUED

JILL

Oh. Is this a bad time?

JIMMY

(to Oz)

How'd you say you know this girl?

OZ

She's my assistant.

JIMMY

Did you know she was a hitter?

JILL

(blushing)

Actually, I'm still a virgin. I haven't killed anyone yet -- y'know, professionally -- Oz was supposed to be my first.

OZ

Excuse me?

JILL

(shoptalking to Jimmy)

His wife hired me.

JIMMY

(to Oz)

What'd I tell you?

OZ

(to Jill)

It was you?

JILL

(to Jimmy)

I was supposed to make it look like an accident. So I went to work for him so I could get to know him, familiarize myself with his habits --

JIMMY

That's good, it's smart.

CONTINUED: (2)

JILL

But after I got to know him, I got to like him.

JIMMY

He's a sweet man.

JILL

So I told her I wouldn't do it.

OZ

But that was the original plan? You were going to kill me?

JIMMY

Oz, why don't you sit down? You want some water or anything?

Oz sits, in a daze. Jimmy turns back to Jill.

JIMMY (cont'd)

What're you doing tonight?

JILL

No plans.

JIMMY

You want to help us out?

JILL

With the business you got tonight?

JIMMY

Only if you're interested.

JILL

If I'm interested! Mr. Tudeski --

JIMMY

-- Jimmy --

JILL

It would be an honor. It would be like a dream come true! Who's the mark?

JIMMY
Jojo Gogolak.

JILL
Jojo Gogo? Wow.
(awed; turns to Oz)
Feel my arm. Goosebumps.

Then the PHONE RINGS. Oz JUMPS. Jimmy picks up.

JIMMY
Yeah? Frankie. Uh-huh. Really?
Excellent. OK, see ya then.

He hangs up, pleased.

OZ
Good news?

JIMMY
Very. Jojo'll be here tonight, and it
looks like he's gonna be bringing down
my wife.

JILL
(crushed)
Your wife?

OZ
She's coming here? Why?

JIMMY
I'm sure Jojo figures he'll take care
of her same time he does me.

JILL
So... what're you going to do? You
going to try to save her?

JIMMY
No, I want her dead too.

JILL
(brightening with relief)
Really?

Oz leaps to his feet.

OZ

I can't believe you people! Here you are, calmly talking about the murder of an innocent, beautiful woman, whose only crime as far as I can tell is that she married you, Jimmy, and -- you know what? I'm not gonna listen to this anymore. I'm gonna -- I'm just gonna go. Alright? Goodbye!

And he scurries on out of there. Jimmy looks at Jill.

JIMMY

What got into him?

JILL

(shrugs)

Wife like he's got, you'd think he'd approve of wife-killing just on general principle.

INT. OZ'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Oz bursts in, pulls CYNTHIA'S PHONE NUMBER out of his wallet, frantically makes a call.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOJO'S ESTATE - CYNTHIA'S GUEST HOUSE - ESTABLISHING

A small house on the fenced-in grounds behind Jojo's.

INT. CYNTHIA'S

We see Cynthia in her bedroom, packing a suitcase. Jojo's in the living room with his two gorillas -- one we'll call the HUNGARIAN HOOD, the other the POLISH PUG. Then the PHONE RINGS. Jojo tells the Hungarian --

JOJO

Answer that.

Cynthia comes out, moving towards the phone.

CYNTHIA

It's my phone, thank you.

CONTINUED:

But Jojo just waves for the Hungarian to pick up, which he does, grunting --

HUNGARIAN

Hello?

CUT TO:

OZ - ON PHONE

Surprised, uncertain... and he hangs up.

BACK TO SCENE:

CYNTHIA

Who was it?

HUNGARIAN

They hung up.

JOJO

You expecting somebody?

CYNTHIA

Explain to me how that's any of your business.

Jojo doesn't want to hear it.

JOJO

You finished in there?

Cynthia shrugs, disdainfully. Jojo says to the Pug --

JILL

Get her bag. Plane's waiting.

CUT TO:

OZ - IN HIS KITCHEN

And he can't figure out who answered Cynthia's phone. He rechecks her number, calls again.

BACK TO CYNTHIA'S

Phone RINGING in the now-empty house. Through the window we see Cynthia and the others getting into a limo.

BACK TO OZ - IN KITCHEN

OZ

Shit, shit...

-- hanging up -- feverish, frantic. He then bolts from the house, races back towards --

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Jimmy and Jill are at the table. Jimmy's cleaning his guns. Jill's got her own gun out, a Walther-PPK.

JILL

You don't like the Walther?

JIMMY

I think you should go with whatever's comfortable.

JILL

It's what James Bond uses.

JIMMY

Really.

(-- impressed, but shrugs --)

Still, I only buy American.

Then Oz bursts in. Gets right to the point.

OZ

There's no way I can talk you out of this plan of yours?

JIMMY

What's wrong with it?

OZ

Jimmy, people are going to die!

JIMMY

Oz, that's the point.

OZ

(spluttering)

But... but...

JIMMY

Oz, stop sweating it. No one's gonna know you had anything to do with it.

OZ

But that's not the point!

JIMMY

What am I missing?

OZ

You're still gonna kill your wife?

JIMMY

Oz, believe me, I have my reasons, alright? I got ten million reasons to want her deceased.

OZ

And what if I say no? What if I tell you I'm not gonna let you do this!

JIMMY

(grins to Jill)

Chivalrous sonofabitch, isn't he?

JILL

See why I couldn't kill him?

Jimmy then turns back to Oz, says patiently --

JIMMY

Oz, let me explain something to you. Whether you want it to or not, tonight's gonna happen -- and you're gonna help.

OZ (cont'd)

Me? What am I --?

CONTINUED: (2)

JIMMY

You're gonna go to the airport with Frankie, 'cause if you're not there, Jojo might get suspicious and get right back on that plane -- and we don't want that.

OZ

Jimmy...

JIMMY

Oz, this is the way it's gotta be. And I'm telling you this as a friend, because if you fuck it up...

Then he raises the gun he's been cleaning, aims it at Oz.

JIMMY (cont'd)

... I'd really hate to have to kill you.

-- punctuating that by -- snap! -- pulling the trigger. The hammer slaps the empty cylinder.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Besides, believe me, you want Jojo dead.

OZ

No, Jimmy, that's where you're wrong. I don't want anyone to die.

JIMMY

Well, if Jojo doesn't die, you will. The Gogos don't believe in witnesses.

OZ

(horrified)

Oh my God, so he'd... Jesus, Jimmy, why the hell'd you have to go and move next door to me?

Jimmy just shrugs, and looks to Jill, who smiles and tells Oz --

CONTINUED: (3)

JILL

Must've been serendipity.

We HOLD on Oz, then start to HEAR a high-pitched KEENING.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOON OVER MIAMI MOTEL - MIAMI - DAY

The O.S. keening now peppered with feminine YELPS and masculine GRUNTS, and we --

CUT TO:

PHOEBE - IN MOTEL ROOM

Naked, sweating, straddling some guy who we'll come to know as MIAMI STEVE, and she's riding him like a bucking bronco, urging --

PHOEBE

Yes! Yes! Yes!

Then suddenly, she STOPS. Smiles wickedly down at Miami, who was so damned close.

MIAMI STEVE

Why'd you stop!

PHOEBE

You're gonna do this for me, aren't you?

MIAMI STEVE

Yes! I told you I would, yes!

Pleased, she rewards him with a little pelvic grind.

PHOEBE

And you're doing it tonight.

MIAMI STEVE

Tonight, yes, whenever! Just --

PHOEBE

For ten thousand.

CONTINUED:

MIAMI STEVE
(a beat, then)
We agreed on fifteen!

PHOEBE
You've never heard of a woman's
perogative? I changed my mind. But
if you think I should go and try to
find somebody else...

She starts to get off him. Miami desperately grabs her
hips, tries to keep her in place.

MIAMI STEVE
How 'bout twelve-five?

PHOEBE
(gives it some thought, then)
I can live with twelve-five. Long as
my husband doesn't.

MIAMI STEVE
He won't. I promise you.

PHOEBE
God, I love hearing that...

And with one smooth motion, she rolls him on top of her,
starts humping up against him.

PHOEBE (cont'd)
Keep saying it. Come on, tell me...
tell me you're gonna kill him...

MIAMI STEVE
I'm gonna kill him. I'm gonna kill
him good...

PHOEBE
Yes!

EXT. MOON OVER MIAMI MOTEL - SAME

PHOEBE (O.S.)
Yes! Yes! Yes!

CUT TO:

FRANKIE FIGS - ON JIMMY'S DOORSTEP

Frankie, Jimmy, and Jill.

FRANKIE FIGS

So you must be --

JILL

(extending her hand)

-- Jill St. Clair. And can I just say, Mr. Figueroa, I thought the job you did on Kevin Vincent, that and the Ronald Abramson hit, they were, both of them... well, they were both just works of art.

FRANKIE FIGS

Lady's done her homework.

JILL

I keep a scrapbook.

JIMMY

Honey, why'nt you go get Oz? Then we'll walk through this one time so we'll all know what we're doing.

Jill heads over to Oz's, the men watching appreciatively.

FRANKIE FIGS

Cute kid.

JIMMY

Got definite potential. ♪

FRANKIE FIGS

Not to mention one seriously sweet ass.

INT. OZ'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

Oz is in an easy chair, in the fading light, in his own little world, trying to work through the humongous problem facing him. There's a KNOCKING at his kitchen door. Oz doesn't move to get it. A moment later, Jill walks in. Sees that all's not well.

JILL

Oz? What's the matter?

OZ

What kind of question is that?

JILL

You're still worried about tonight.

OZ

Worried? I'm sick about it.

JILL

Well, you shouldn't be. Jimmy knows what he's doing. He's a professional. One of the very best.

OZ

Yes, he's a professional, a professional killer -- but look who I'm talking to.

JILL

Oz, I told you, I'm not a professional yet. That's why tonight is so important to me. It could mean my whole future!

OZ

As a contract killer.

JILL

Oz, contract killing is more than just a job to me. It's a calling.

OZ

Sure, I understand -- of course: Painters paint, writers write, and killers kill -- I get it.

JILL

(happily)

Thank you, Oz. That really means a lot to me. So let's go. Time to rock 'n' roll.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

As a PRIVATE JET touches down.

INT./EXT. AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

We see Jojo, Cynthia, the Hungarian and the Polish Pug getting off the Gulfstream... Oz and Frankie meet them inside the terminal... Oz and Cynthia trying to play it cool, giving away nothing... Oz and Frankie lead them out to where Oz's Corolla and Frankie's rental car are waiting... Jojo has Cynthia and the Polish Pug drive with Frankie; he and the Hungarian get in Oz's old Corolla...

INT. OZ'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jojo surveys the vehicle with distaste.

JOJO

I thought you were a dentist. Don't dentists make money? Why don't you get yourself a real car?

Oz says nothing. They start out.

EXT. OZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

His car's in the driveway. Both Oz's and Jimmy's houses are dark.

INT. OZ'S KITCHEN - SAME

Lights out. Clock on the wall says it's almost 9:00. Oz, Cynthia and the two gorillas are at the table. Jojo and Frankie are by the sink, binoculars in hand. Then --

JOJO AND FRANKIE'S POV - THROUGH WINDOW

A car -- JILL'S CAR -- pulls into Jimmy's driveway.

JOJO

Alright, everybody quiet, nobody move.

He and Frankie bring up the binocs, look out, as --

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

Jojo watches as Jimmy gets out of the car, alone.

JOJO

Welcome home, dead man.

OZ

So now what?

JOJO

Now we wait... till he's asleep.

Oz glances up at the clock, and we --

DISSOLVE TO:

THE KITCHEN CLOCK - LATER

It's now after 11:00. Jojo and Frankie are still at the window, and see:

JOJO AND FRANKIE'S POV - THROUGH WINDOW

Jimmy's upstairs light goes out.

JOJO

Sweet dreams, prick.

(turns to the others)

Let's get ready.

The Polish Pug hauls a suitcase up on the table, opens it up, REVEALING: Enough GUNS to start a war.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - SAME

Jill's at the window. She's looking through binoculars, too, and notices --

CAR LIGHTS, down the street. They stop up the block.

JILL

We've got company.

JIMMY

Who is it?

THROUGH BINOCS *- PHOEBE AND MIAMI STEVE - IN MIAMI'S CAR

JILL

Oz's wife and some guy. I don't know who he is.

JIMMY

Probably your replacement -- her new hitter. Nothing we can do about it now.

He SLAPS a cartridge into the pistol in his hand.

INT. MIAMI STEVE'S CAR - PHOEBE AND MIAMI STEVE - SAME

The radio's on, low.

MIAMI STEVE

So, what is he, a bad guy, your husband?

PHOEBE

No, actually, everyone seems to like him... which might be the thing I hate most about him.

Miami then turns off the radio. Reaches down beside the seat and does something we can't see, then says --

MIAMI STEVE

So let's go over this one more time.

PHOEBE

What the hell for?

MIAMI STEVE

Just want to make sure I got everything right. Now, you don't care if it looks like an accident.

PHOEBE

Why should I? I'm in Miami.

(hard smile)

Shopping for my funeral dress.

INT. OZ'S KITCHEN - SAME

The Hungarian and the Pug are putting silencers on the guns. Oz is stealing glances at Cynthia, surreptitiously signaling that he needs to talk to her. She gets the message, and makes a show of saying --

CYNTHIA

Oh, Jesus. Of all the times for...
(gets up, turns to Oz)
You're married, right?

OZ

Yes?

CYNTHIA

Your wife have any...?

OZ

Feminine products? Uh, yes -- come
on, I'll show you where they are.
(to Jojo)
I'm gonna show her where --

JOJO

Don't be long.

Oz and Cynthia leave the room. Jojo says with distaste --

JOJO (cont'd)

Why in God's name would... anyone...
want to be a woman? .

INT. MIAMI STEVE'S CAR - SAME

PHOEBE

... then you'll make a little noise,
he'll get out of bed, he'll come to
see what the problem is and, bang,
you'll shoot him dead. Okay? I can't
stress that enough.

MIAMI STEVE

The dead part.

CONTINUED:

77.

PHOEBE

I don't want him wounded or maimed or crippled for life, he has to be dead, alright? D-E-A-D dead.

MIAMI STEVE

Then what?

PHOEBE

Then you're going to ransack-or-whatever-you-call-it the house a little bit so this looks like a botched burglary, then you get your ass back in this car and we drive like hell back to Miami.

MIAMI STEVE

Where you're going to pay me the other five thousand dollars.

PHOEBE

My mother's waiting there with it.

MIAMI STEVE

So, your mother, she knows about this?

PHOEBE

My mother wants this to happen as much as I do. And I want this to happen. I really, really want this to happen.

She places her hand on his thigh. Moves it higher.

ANOTHER ANGLE

We hear her UNZIP him, as his hand reaches next to his seat again and again does something we can't see, and as her head goes down, out of frame, Miami sits back to enjoy the Lewinsky, telling her --

MIAMI STEVE

Take your time. He's still awake.

PHOEBE (O.S.)

(garbled, from below)

How do you know?

CONTINUED:

MIAMI STEVE

Light just went on upstairs.

Phoebe's head pops up, she sees the light, and scowls.

PHOEBE

What's he doing in my bathroom?

INT. PHOEBE'S BATHROOM - SAME

As soon as Oz shuts the door, he grabs her by the arms and both say, simultaneously --

OZ & CYNTHIA

They're going to kill you.

(a beat, then --)

What?

CYNTHIA

As soon as they're done with Jimmy, Jojo's going to kill you. That's why I came down here, so I could warn you.

A beat, then Oz kisses her, fiercely.

OZ

God I love you -- but look... Jojo's not gonna be killing anyone. Jimmy's over there right now waiting for him.

CYNTHIA

So Jimmy --?

OZ

-- Jimmy and Frankie. They're in, whaddayacallit...

CYNTHIA

Cahoots. And you? Are you... cahooting with them on this?

OZ

I had no other choice. I had to make it look like I was cahooting or -- but I have an idea. I don't know if it's gonna work or not, but here it is...

INT. MIAMI STEVE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

As the light goes out in the loo.

PHOEBE

If he was messing with my things, I'll kill him.

MIAMI STEVE

No no, I'm gonna kill him, remember?
I'm gonna kill him... I'm gonna kill him good...

-- applying pressure to the back of her head. She goes back to work.

MIAMI STEVE (cont'd)

... real good...

INT. OZ'S KITCHEN - SAME

Oz and an uncertain Cynthia come back downstairs.

JOJO

It's time. You two stay here. This shouldn't take long.

Oz nods. Jojo leads the boys out the door. Oz and Cynthia share a nervous look, while --

INT. MIAMI STEVE'S CAR - SAME

Through ecstatic, half-mast eyes, Miami sees the four men leaving Oz's.

MIAMI STEVE

You know these guys?

Phoebe's head pops up. She peers out --

PHOEBE

No, I --

MIAMI STEVE

-- is that... Holy Jesus, is that Jojo Gogolak?

CONTINUED:

PHOEBE

Of the Chicago Gogolaks? It might be.
The guy they call Jimmy the Tulip
lives next door.

MIAMI STEVE

Jimmy the --? Then, oh my God, this
is a hit! Stay here!

He yanks his gun from his shoulder holster, uses the butt
to smash out the overhead light, then quietly opens the
door and steals toward Jimmy's, keeping to the shadows...

Phoebe watches, perplexed. Pulls some breath spray out
of her purse, gives her mouth a spritz.

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN DOOR

A gloved hand tries the back door. It's locked. Jojo
nods to the Polish Pug, who takes out a lockpick, and
jimmies the lock. The four men slip inside...

INT. OZ'S KITCHEN - SAME

Oz and Cynthia are peering out the window, see Miami
Steve sneaking towards Jimmy's.

CYNTHIA

Who's that?

OZ

No one I know.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE

Stealthy as a SEALS-team unit, Jojo, Frankie, the
Hungarian and the Pug move through the house. Creep
silently up the stairs. Frankie points toward Jimmy's
bedroom. They all tiptoe towards it, then --

A light goes on in the bedroom across the hall from
Jimmy's room, and --

The four men WHEEL, guns up, but no one shoots, because --

JILL

is standing there, STARK NAKED, hands coyly behind her back, and in a sweet voice asks --

JILL

Looking for someone?

And now that she's got their full attention...

BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM! -- Jimmy OPENS FIRE from his bedroom --

-- SHOOTING the Hungarian and the Polish Pug IN THE BACK, their chests bursting blood, while --

-- Jill whips the Walther out from behind her back, and -- BLAMBLAM! -- drills Jojo between the eyes! Jojo crumbles like a puppet. Frankie puts his gun against Jojo's head for the coup de grace.

CUT TO:

INT. OZ'S KITCHEN - SAME

Oz and Cynthia HEAR those final two O.S. SHOTS, and --

OZ

Let's go!

He grabs her hand. They go running out the door.

OUTSIDE

Miami Steve's halfway between the two houses, sees Oz and Cynthia sprinting for the Corolla, and he looks like he wants to shout at them to stop -- but he's in no-man's land, exposed, and --

Oz and Cynthia pile into the Corolla and go peeling out of there, while --

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS

Jill hears the car, rushes to the window. Sees the Corolla speeding down the street; also sees Miami Steve, still out in the open between the two houses.

CONTINUED:

82.

JILL

Oz just took off with your wife. And
Phoebe's hitter's right downstairs.

JIMMY

I'll handle it. Put some clothes on.
(then, quickly --)
Better yet, don't. Stay just like
that -- and in sixty seconds stick
your head out the window.

He starts down the stairs. Then stops, turns --

JIMMY (cont'd).

Good work, by the way.

JILL

Thanks, Jimmy.

-- beaming like she just received a papal blessing.
Jimmy goes, and Jill turns and notices Frankie, staring
at her nakedness.

FRANKIE FIGS

Y'know, I can't think of nothing finer
than a fine naked woman holding a gun
-- and you're just all kinds of fine,
aren't you?

JILL

Don't get any ideas.

-- letting her gun just casually point in his direction.

FRANKIE FIGS

(laughs)

Don't worry, I know your heart belongs
to Jimmy. I seen you looking at him
with those limpid goo-goo eyes.

JILL

Is it that obvious?

FRANKIE FIGS

(nodding)

He likes you too.

JILL
You think so?

FRANKIE FIGS
I know so.

Then he looks around at the carnage, laughs again.

FRANKIE FIGS (cont'd)
Helluva first date. Be something to
tell your grandkids.
(gestures towards window)
You'd better...

JILL
Thanks, Frankie.

And goes to her post. Frankie heads downstairs.

CUT TO:

MIAMI STEVE - OUTSIDE HOUSE

Gun out, totally wired. Then his head jerks up at the
sound of a WINDOW OPENING. He looks up to find --

JILL, poking her head and naked breasts out the window.

JILL
Can I help you?

At least the last sight he ever sees is a good one, as
Jimmy steps out of the shadows, brings up his gun, and --

PHOEBE - IN CAR

Watches as: Jimmy blows Miami away! She SHRIEKS,
freaks, bolts out of the car, takes off running down the
street. Veers and disappears into the jungle, while --

JILL

watches from the window. Then she looks down at Jimmy,
and shrugs prettily. Jimmy sticks his gun in his belt.

JIMMY
Now you can put some clothes on.

CONTINUED:

Jill shuts the window. Frankie comes out to help Jimmy drag Miami's body into the house.

INT. JIMMY'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jill comes downstairs, buttoning her shirt. Jimmy and Frankie haul Miami inside. Frankie starts rifling through the dead man's pockets. Jimmy asks Jill --

JIMMY

What's Oz think he's doing, taking off with my wife?

JILL

I can beep him, you can ask.

JIMMY

Beep him, yeah.

FRANKIE FIGS

Now ain't this some shit.

He's got Miami's wallet in hand. Holds it up, REVEALING:

AN F.B.I. BADGE

Miami Steve's F.B.I. badge, the I.D. photo matching the face of the deceased.

The three exchange looks. Then Jill shrugs -- nothing to be done about it now -- and dials Oz's pager number.

CUT TO:

EXT. OZ'S COROLLA - DRIVING - NIGHT

Driving hell-for-leather down some alligator alley.

OZ AND CYNTHIA - IN CAR

Cynthia's looking out the back window to see if anyone's on their tail.

OZ

Maybe he won't come after us. Maybe he'll just let us go.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

85.

OZ (cont'd)
(off Cynthia's look)
He's gonna come after us, isn't he?

CYNTHIA
He's got ten million reasons to come
after us.

OZ
Maybe I can talk to him, reason with
him. I mean, we're friends, right?

CYNTHIA
So was Harry Lefkowitz.

OZ
What happened to Harry Lefkowitz?
(then sees --)
I don't want to know what happened to
Harry Lefkowitz, do I?

Cynthia shakes her head, shuddering. Then both JUMP as
Oz's BEEPER starts beeping. He checks the number.

OZ (cont'd)
It's Jimmy.

EXT. GLADES GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Right out of a Hopper painting. Oz is on the pay phone.
Cynthia anxiously stands by. Into phone --

OZ
Jimmy, it's me.

INT. JIMMY'S KITCHEN - SAME

Jimmy's on the cordless, and as he talks, he's helping
Frankie and Jill bundle Miami's body into a canvas sheet.

JIMMY
Oz, what're you thinking, taking off
with her like that?

INTERCUTTING:

OZ
Jimmy, I can't let you kill her.

CONTINUED:

86.

JIMMY

All the sudden you're Sir Galahad?

OZ

Jimmy, I'm in love with her.

Full stop. Cynthia blinking her surprise. Jimmy's been caught short, too.

JIMMY

Run that by me again?

OZ

I love her.

Cynthia's now blinking back tears.

JIMMY

Oz, would you listen to yourself?
What do you mean, you love her, you
only just met her.

(to Jill and Frankie)

He says he's in love with my wife.

FRANKIE FIGS

No shit?

JILL

(buoyantly)

So she's the one?

JIMMY

The one what?

JILL

The one he shtupped in Chicago.

JIMMY

The one he --?

(then yells into phone)

My wife? You fucked my wife?!

OZ

Jimmy, I... I wouldn't necessarily
phrase it like that, exactly, but
Jimmy, listen to me, I think --

CONTINUED: (2)

JIMMY

I can't fucking believe this! You
fucking fucked my wife!

Oz covers the mouthpiece, says to Cynthia --

OZ

He's a little upset. I've managed to
upset an admitted mass murderer.

Back in Jimmy's kitchen, Jill reaches for the phone.

JILL

Let me talk to him.
(takes the phone, grinning,
says to Oz --)
You stud, you.

FRANKIE FIGS

(to himself)
Gone be a dead stud.

OZ

Yes, Jill, thank you, that's what I
want you to do -- you think you can
get Jimmy even more pissed off?

(urgently)

But listen to me. Tell Jimmy I think
I know a win-win way out of this.
Now, I know you've got a couple of
spare bodies lying around there...

JILL

(sunnily)

And get this, one of them's a fed!

And we HOLD ON JILL as she listens, commenting --

JILL (cont'd)

Uh-huh... uh-huh... No, sounds great,
tell you what -- let me run it by the
boys and I'll beep you right back.
Okaybye.

-- two words in one. She hangs up. Smiles at Jimmy.

JILL (cont'd)
Oz has a Dental Alternative.

BACK TO OZ AND CYNTHIA

Cynthia's looking deeply into Oz's eyes.

CYNTHIA
You really meant it, didn't you? What
you said?

OZ
About, what, loving you?
(searching pause)
What'd you think this was all about?

CYNTHIA
I didn't know. How was I to know?

OZ
How could you not know? That night in
Chicago... if that wasn't love, what
was it?

CYNTHIA
(shrugs, uncomfortably)
Sex? Great sex, but --

OZ
(leering, proudly)
-- it was good, wasn't it?
(then remembers he's upset)
But is that all it was to you?

CYNTHIA
I'm just saying I don't know. Don't
get me wrong, Oz, I like you, a lot --

OZ
-- I'm glad to hear it, but darling,
I've gotta be honest, I don't usually
go around risking my life for someone
who just likes me.

She places an empathetic hand on his arm.

CONTINUED:

89.

CYNTHIA

But I do like you. And I loved making
love with you. It's just, I don't
know if I'm in love with you.

He's devastated. She holds out some hope.

CYNTHIA (cont'd)

But who knows, maybe this feeling I've
been having in the pit of my stomach,
maybe it's love.

OZ

What'd you think it was?

CYNTHIA

Terror.

Then both JUMP again, as Oz's BEEPER BEEPS. Oz goes to
the phone to return the call -- and seems to be getting
very tired of these shocks to the system.

OZ

It's me.

CUT TO:

JIMMY

On the other end: Stewing.

JIMMY

I'll tell you one thing, you got
balls.

INTERCUTTING:

OZ

Imagine my surprise.

JIMMY

Jill told me your idea. And I...
(grudgingly --)
I think it's worth a try.

Oz exhales, enormously relieved.

CONTINUED:

OZ

So can you meet me in my office in
about an hour? Yes, bring a corpse.

Charles Mingus's 'Moanin' kicks in on the soundtrack,
and it continues over the next several scenes as we --

CUT TO:

OZ'S COROLLA

Racing up another alligator alley.

CUT TO:

JIMMY AND JILL AND FRANKIE

Dragging Miami's canvas-shrouded body out of the house...
load it into the back of Jill's car... SLAM the hatch...

CUT TO:

A SHACK - ON THE EDGE OF THE SWAMP

The Corolla's parked out front. Oz and Jill are there
with that old swamp rat Mr. Coontz and a few members of
his interbred brood.

OZ

I appreciate this, Mr. Coontz.
(hands Cynthia his beeper)
If you don't hear from me in the next
few hours, get as far away from
Florida as you can.

CYNTHIA

And you, you be careful.

OZ

I'm Mister Careful.

He gives her a quick kiss, then he heads for the Corolla.

EXT. OZ'S OFFICE - DEAD OF NIGHT

Mingus still moanin' -- very noir. Oz pulls up. Gets out. Walks up to the front door, then hears a doomsday click behind him. He freezes. Slowly turns.

It's Frankie. Who uncocks his pistol.

FRANKIE FIGS

Just making sure it was you.

Everyone's inside.

(motions for Oz to head in)

And by the way...

Frankie jiggles his crotch. Compliments Oz --

FRANKIE FIGS (cont'd)

Huevos grandes, amigo.

Oz's hand again goes instinctively to cover his cojones, then he continues on inside.

INT. OZ'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON MIAMI STEVE

Who's still dead, now out of the canvas shroud, propped up by Jimmy and Jill in Oz's dental chair. Oz and Frankie come in, Oz unsure what kind of reception to expect. After a long moment, Jimmy says curtly --

JIMMY

Let's get started.

Each one nods. Oz turns to Frankie, tosses him his car keys and we get into a

MONTAGE:

Mingus still going strong as we SEE:

-- JIMMY in the X-RAY ROOM, getting his mouth X-rayed...

-- FRANKIE arriving back at Jimmy's, going inside...

-- JILL, bringing the developed X-rays to Dr. Oz...

-- OZ, studying the ghostly dental pix, comparing it against what he sees in Miami's open mouth...

CONTINUED:

-- FRANKIE fireman-carries Jojo's body out of Jimmy's house...

-- OZ leans into Miami's mouth with a drill, while...

-- CLOSE ON A BOTTLE OF HYDROCHLORIC ACID... Jill takes the bottle, pours it in a metal bowl... then, like a manicurist, she takes Miami Steve's fingers and places them to soak in the acid bath...

-- MIAMI'S FLESH AND FINGERPRINTS start MELTING away...

-- OZ continues DRILLING... FILLING... PULLING A TOOTH... INSERTS A CROWN ON ANOTHER... all the while comparing his progress against Jimmy's X-rays...

-- FRANKIE returns; Jimmy gestures for him to chill...

-- OZ checks his watch... goes to make a call...

-- CYNTHIA checks the beeper, which reads: '11111.'

CYNTHIA
(to herself)
So far, so good.

Then Mr. Coontz appears with a plate of food.

MR. COONTZ
Squirrel?

CYNTHIA
No, but thank you.

-- OZ, JIMMY, FRANKIE AND JILL lug Miami into the X-RAY ROOM... start taking X-rays of his new mouth... then we --

CUT TO:

TWO SETS OF X-RAYS - AGAINST THE LIGHT

Silence; the music has stopped. PULL BACK to see our gang of four, carefully perusing the pictures. Six eyes then turn to Oz for the verdict. Who tells them --

CONTINUED:

OZ

I think we did it. I think we're good.

JIMMY

(after a beat)

Let's barbecue.

We go CLOSE on MIAMI's mug, then --

MATCH CUT TO:

MIAMI'S FACE

Go wider to see he's now seated upright in the front seat of Oz's car. Sitting up beside him is JOJO'S CORPSE. Jimmy and Frankie are splashing gasoline on both bodies.

OZ AND JILL

Watch from Jill's car. We're in the middle of the swamp, the sky just beginning to lighten.

A MATCH is struck, then touched to a rag stuffed in the top of a bottle of gas. Jimmy then hurls the Molotov through Oz's car window and -- KA-BOOM! Burn city. Jimmy and Frankie jump in Jill's car... they all take off, while --

Miami and Jojo incinerate.

JILL'S CAR - DRIVING AWAY

Accessing the state highway. The sun's just coming up. A black column of SMOKE rises from the swamp.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OZ'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Two official-looking SUITS head into the office.

INT. OZ'S OFFICE - TREATMENT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Oz is with a patient, like it's just a normal day.

CONTINUED:

JILL (O.S.)

Doctor?

She's in the doorway, the suits behind her.

JILL (cont'd)

These men need to see you?

She gives Oz a covert look: Showtime.

INT. OZ'S PRIVATE OFFICE

Oz shuts the door. The suits show badges.

SPECIAL AGENT BUCHANAN

Dr. Oseransky, I'm Special Agent
Buchanan. This is Agent Morrissey.

OZ

(looking confused)

What can I do for you?

AGENT MORRISSEY

Are you the owner of a blue Toyota
Corolla, license number 2XZE793?

OZ

Yes. Is there a problem?

SPECIAL AGENT BUCHANAN

Do you know where your vehicle is,
sir?

OZ

My next-door neighbor has it. He was
going fishing, so I --

SPECIAL AGENT BUCHANAN

-- your neighbor -- what's his name?

OZ

Jimmy. Jimmy Jones.

The agents share a look. Then --

CONTINUED:

95.

SPECIAL AGENT BUCHANAN
Would you mind taking us to his place
of residence?

MONTAGE:

Oz leaving the office with the two agents... getting in
their car... driving out to Jimmy's house... we HEAR --

SPECIAL AGENT BUCHANAN (V.O.)
Your car was found off a fire road
about 5 miles south of here. Two
bodies were inside of it. There'd
been a fire.

OZ (V.O.)
Oh my God!

SPECIAL AGENT BUCHANAN (V.O.)
The extent of the burns made normal
identification impossible, so dental
impressions were taken, and sent to
Washington.

AGENT MORRISSEY (V.O.)
And from the dental records we were
able to establish that the bodies were
those of one Josef Peter Gogolak and a
James Stefan Tudeski.

SPECIAL AGENT BUCHANAN (V.O.)
Both of them were big shots in a
Chicago crime syndicate.

OZ (V.O.)
And this James...

SPECIAL AGENT BUCHANAN (V.O.)
Tudeski.

OZ (V.O.)
You think he's the Jimmy I know?

AGENT MORRISSEY (V.O.)
That's what we intend to find out.

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - DAY

The agents arrive with Oz. All three get out.
Morrissey's looking down the block, saying --

AGENT MORRISSEY
Isn't that Hansen's car?

SPECIAL AGENT BUCHANAN
Go have a look.

Morrissey goes to check out the car. Oz goes with
Buchanan as Buchanan knocks on Jimmy's door. No answer.
Oz is looking over at Morrissey and the mystery car.

OZ
Who's Hansen?

SPECIAL AGENT BUCHANAN
One of our agents. He was on an
undercover assignment. There was some
concern earlier because he didn't
check in this morning.

They go around to the back door. Try it; it's open.
They go in, while ---

INT. MIAMI STEVE'S CAR - SAME

Morrissey -- using a handkerchief to protect any
fingerprints -- pops the tape out of a hidden TAPE
RECORDER Miami Steve kept beside his seat. Agent
Morrissey rewinds the tape a bit. Hits play and --

MIAMI STEVE'S VOICE
(on tape)
So, your mother, she knows about this?

PHOEBE'S VOICE
My mother wants this to happen as much
as I do. And I want this to happen...
I really, really want this to happen.

Morrissey clicks it off, brings it to the house.

CUT TO:

OZ - CLOSEUP

Hand over his mouth, looking all queasy, heavy-breathing. He's standing with Buchanan, and both are looking down at the bodies of the Hungarian Hood and the Polish Pug, lying in a pool of blood, flies buzzing around them. Morrissey's coming up the stairs, saying --

AGENT MORRISSEY

It's Hansen's car, alright, no sign of him, but I got the tape and --

(seeing the bodies)

Oh sweet Christ.

CUT TO:

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Police cars and ambulances, their lights strobing the scene. Yellow tape staked out around the property keeps the few onlookers at bay. The bodies of the hoods are carted away. Oz stands to the side. Agents Buchanan and Morrissey approach.

SPECIAL AGENT BUCHANAN

Dr. Oseransky, can you tell us where your wife might be?

OZ

My wife? Yes, she went to Miami with her mother. I believe they're staying at the Moon Over Miami Motel. Why?

AGENT MORRISSEY

Dr. Oseransky, I don't know how to tell you this, but we think your wife recently tried to hire a hit man to kill you.

OZ

A hit man! I know we weren't getting along, but --

SPECIAL AGENT BUCHANAN

Fortunately for you, the man she tried to hire was one of ours.

CONTINUED:

OZ
Agent Hansen?

Buchanan's expression is answer enough. Morrissey's
already on his cell phone.

AGENT MORRISSEY
Moon Over Miami Motel?

CUT TO:

PHOEBE - CLOSEUP

Cigarette dangling from her lip.

INTERROGATOR (O.S.)
So where is he, Mrs. Oseransky?

Her eyes twitch toward him. PULL BACK to see we're:

INT. FEDERAL LOCK-UP - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The INTERROGATOR asks a second time, more forcefully --

INTERROGATOR
Special Agent Hansen, Mrs. Oseransky,
what did you do to him!

PHOEBE
It wasn't me.

INTERROGATOR
We have your voice on tape! His
written reports! We know you tried to
hire him to kill your husband! So
what happened, he try to back out? He
try to back out so you killed him?

PHOEBE
(dazed)
None of this would have happened if
that girl had only done her job.

INTERROGATOR
What girl?

CONTINUED:

99.

PHOEBE

Jill. My husband's assistant.

INTERROGATOR

Oh? Is she a contract killer, too?

PHOEBE

Yes! I hired her!

(sees they're not buying it)

I did! She's a killer! You've got to believe me!

The interrogator glances at the mirror, behind which --

OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM

Oz is watching with Buchanan and Morrissey.

OZ

This would be sad if it weren't so pathetic.

SPECIAL AGENT BUCHANAN

You want to talk to her?

OZ

No, thank you.

AGENT MORRISSEY

I don't blame you.

OZ

(after a moment)

You don't happen to know a good divorce lawyer, do you?

Without waiting for an answer, Oz walks out, going past another interview room, and in there we see Doris --

DORIS - IN INTERROGATION ROOM #2

DORIS

You can ask me questions till you're blue in the face, but until I speak to my attorney --

CONTINUED:

INTERROGATOR #2

We spoke to your attorney. He said he didn't want anything to do with you.

OZ - CONTINUING DOWN THE HALL

with a little spring to his step. He's not entirely out of the woods yet, but things are looking good...

CUT TO:

OZ AND CYNTHIA

locked in a fierce embrace, in front of --

EXT. MR. COONTZ'S SHACK - NIGHT

And Cynthia's plastering kisses all over Oz's face. But then they hear --

WEEZY (O.S.)

Nooooo. Noooooooooooooo...

-- droning like a cat in heat. The kissing stops. Mr. Coontz's crazy cousin, WEEZY, is standing in the shadows, wringing his hands. Cynthia says gently --

CYNTHIA

Weezy? Go back inside. Go on, it's alright.

(then to Oz)

He heard you were a dentist. He doesn't care for dentists.

As Mr. Coontz comes out to lead Weezy inside, murmuring softly to him, Cynthia turns back to Oz.

CYNTHIA

I was so worried.

OZ

Piece of cake.

-- waving it off with false bravado; Cynthia smiles --

CONTINUED:

101.

CYNTHIA

Don't kid yourself, most men in your position would be dead by now.

OZ

Well, see what love can do?

CYNTHIA

(quietly)

I'm starting to.

OZ

(after a moment)

So. On to Chicago.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A gorgeous, sparkling day.

OZ - ON A STREETCORNER

Waiting. Watching Jimmy and Jill approach.

JIMMY

Where's Cynthia?

Oz waves for a cab.

OZ

You and I are leaving. Then I'll beep Cynthia. She'll call Jill on that phone there --

-- pointing to a PAYPHONE, telling Jill --

OZ (cont'd)

-- and she'll tell you where to go.

JILL

(merrily)

Listen to him, Mr. Cloak and Dagger.

OZ

I'm just being careful.

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

That's right, he's Mr. Careful.

A CAB pulls over. Oz and Jimmy get in. Jill waves.

JILL

You boys have fun.

INT. CAB - OZ AND JIMMY - DRIVING

Oz tells the DRIVER --

OZ

Take us to the Art Museum.

-- and starts dialing his cell phone. Jimmy, amused --

JIMMY

You really think if Cynthia don't come through you're gonna be any safer at the Art Museum?

Oz just looks at him. Hits 'Send' on the phone.

CUT TO:

CYNTHIA

Gets the message on her pager. Starts calling Jill.

BACK TO THE CAB

JIMMY

Hope there was nothing special you wanted to see at the museum. 'Cause we're not going to the museum. We're going to the Marina.

OZ

Why?

JIMMY

I rented a boat for the day.

(then)

Isn't that right, Frankie.

CONTINUED:

And the driver turns, REVEALING a smiling FRANKIE FIGS!
Color drains from Oz's face. Looks wide-eyed at Jimmy,
who just smiles, very much in control...

JIMMY (cont'd)
See, I'm careful, too.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

Jill, on the payphone... Cynthia giving her
instructions... Jill hailing a cab... the cab pulls up to
the Chicago Train Station... Jill heads inside...

INT. TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

Jill loiters around the STORAGE LOCKERS. Cynthia comes
up behind her.

CYNTHIA
Are you Jill?

JILL
Nice to meet you.

They shake hands. Cynthia indicates a locker.

CYNTHIA
Let's put your bag in here.

JILL
What for?

CYNTHIA
I imagine that's where you keep your
gun.

JILL
(smiling)
Careful, aren't we?

CYNTHIA
That's me. Miz Careful.

They lock Jill's purse in the locker.

CONTINUED:

JILL

You have the certificates?
(Cynthia pats her handbag)
Let's go banking.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO MARINA - DAY

Jimmy and Frankie -- one in front, one behind -- lead Oz down the dock to the rented CABIN CRUISER.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK OF CHICAGO - DAY

Cynthia and Jill enter the bank.

CUT TO:

EXT.. CABIN CRUISER - OUT ON LAKE MICHIGAN - DAY

Frankie at the helm, the boat bouncing over the waves. Towards the stern, Jimmy takes a beer out an ice chest, offers one to Oz, who declines. Then --

JIMMY

You're a lucky man.

OZ

Why is that?

JIMMY

'Cause you're about to find out if the woman you love really loves you.

(sips)

If it was me? I was in her situation?
I'd take the money and run.

After a long moment --

OZ

So... which are you betting on? Love
or money?

Another long moment, then --

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

I'm rooting for love. Love for you means money for me. And like I told you once before, I'd really hate to have to kill you.

But his tone leaves no doubt he'll do just that if Cynthia screws up. Jimmy then heads up top. Oz looks a little seasick, or, more likely, just scared to death.

WITH JIMMY AND FRANKIE - AT THE HELM

As Jimmy comes up, Frankie asks --

FRANKIE FIGS

So when're you gonna do it?

JIMMY

Kill him? Soon as Jill calls and says the money's in the bank.

FRANKIE FIGS

I gotta tell you, Jimmy, I am extremely relieved. Was starting to think maybe you were no longer the same Jimmy T.

Jimmy pats Frankie's cheek, with menacing, icy eyes.

JIMMY

Jimmy Tudeski might be dead, but that doesn't mean he's changed.

We see the SILENCED PISTOL in his belt, and --

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - JIMMY'S DEATH CERTIFICATE

Go wider to see the document's sitting beside the death certificate of Josef Peter Gogolak, here on the desk of --

INT. BANK OF CHICAGO - BANK OFFICER'S OFFICE - DAY

BANK OFFICER

Everything seems to be in order. So, where would you like the money sent?

CONTINUED:

106.

CYNTHIA

I'd like it wire-transferred to a bank
in the Caymans. The account number
is...?

She turns to Jill for the number. But Jill says to the
Bank Officer --

JILL

Could we... have a minute please?

BANK OFFICER

Certainly. I'll be right outside.

He gets up. Leaves the office. When they're alone...

JILL

We can just walk away, you know. You
and me. With the whole ten million.

(waits a moment, then --)

So what do you think?

After a very pregnant pause --

CYNTHIA

I think -- well, I know -- if we did
that... Jimmy would kill Oz.

JILL

So what?

(beat)

We're talking five million dollars
apiece. Oz worth that much to you?

CLOSE ON CYNTHIA

And it's the moment of truth. And after another lengthy
pause...

CYNTHIA

See, the thing is, I... I think I love
him.

JILL

You think? Honey, for five million
dollars, you'd better be pretty damned
certain.

Another beat, then --

CYNTHIA

Well, I am. I'm sorry, but... yes, I love him.

Then Jill smiles. A glorious smile.

JILL

That's the right answer.

But she pops up, gives Cynthia a quick hug.

JILL (cont'd)

So let's go see what we have behind Door Number One.

She goes and brings the Bank Officer back inside. Hands him a slip of paper with an account number on it.

JILL (cont'd)

The bulk of the money will be sent to this account.

Then she hands him a second slip of paper.

JILL (cont'd)

But I want nine hundred ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred ninety-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents placed in this account... in the name of Dr. Nicholas and Mrs. Cynthia Oseransky.

BANK OFFICER

(writing, repeating --)

Nine hundred ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred ninety-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents.

Jill turns with a smile to a very stunned Cynthia.

JILL

The whole nine yards.

CYNTHIA

But...

JILL

An early wedding present from Jimmy.
But in order to get the money, you'll
both have to be there, and you'll have
to show them a copy of a validated
marriage certificate.

CYNTHIA

I... I don't know what to say.

JILL

When the time comes, just say 'I do.'

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN CRUISER - DAY

The boat's just drifting. A cell phone rings.

CLOSE ON OZ

Whose breathing stops. Watching Jimmy answer the phone,
knowing his life hangs in the balance. Frankie comes
down the ladder, as --

JIMMY

(into phone)

Yeah? O.K.

He snaps the phone shut, stone-faced. Looks at Oz. Then
he reaches into his jacket and PULLS THE GUN.

JIMMY (cont'd)

Well, Mr. Careful...

Then, as casually as if he were clicking the remote on
his television, he turns the gun on Frankie Figs and
FIRES THREE SILENCED SHOTS into his chest. Frankie
tumbles overboard, plops into the lake.

JIMMY (cont'd)

... love saves the day.

Oz looks wild-eyed at Jimmy, then runs over to the side,
sees Frankie's dead body bobbing on the water.

CONTINUED:

109.

OZ

Why'd you kill him!

JIMMY

Well I had to kill one of you.

Then he tosses the pistol overboard.

JIMMY (cont'd)

And if I didn't kill you, Frankie would've have thought that I'd gone soft, and it would only have been a matter of time before he came after me, and the money.

(shrugs)

Or it could be maybe I've changed, I don't know. Death can do that to a person.

OZ

So can love.

(after a moment)

And you love her, don't you.

JIMMY

Cynthia?

Oz shakes his head no -- a knowing no -- and he --

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINA - LATER THAT DAY - CLOSE ON JILL

Running down the dock, beaming. Then she leaps happily into Jimmy's arms. They spin around, kissing, like two kids in love, Oz smiling at them, as Jill tells him --

JILL

Cynthia's waiting. She said you'd know where.

Oz nods. Doesn't know what else to say. Looks at Jimmy, still holding Jill in his arms. He smiles at Oz.

JIMMY

Say hi to my widow for me.

CONTINUED:

OZ

Even though I'm just a poor country dentist?

CYNTHIA

Something tells me we'll get by.

Then she laughs, yanks him into another big fat kiss. And as they continue kissing, we PULL BACK... taking in the bridge... the Tribune Building... the whole wonderful CHICAGO SKYLINE, then we --

MATCH CUT TO:

CHICAGO SKYLINE - ON A PICTURE POSTCARD

GUARD (O.S.)

You got a postcard.

ON PHOEBE - IN HER CELL

In prison blues. An OBESE LADY GUARD waves the postcard through the bars.

GUARD

Your ex-husband, he just got married.

Phoebe snatches the card from her hand. Quickly reads the back of it, then throws back her head and SHRIEKS WITH RAGE as we --

CUT TO:

OZ AND CYNTHIA - TANGOING ON A ROOFTOP

At night, under the lights, in old Chicago, the lights of the city like stars all around them. She whirls into his arms. He dips her low, then pulls her back upright... right into a kiss.

THE END.