

“Things to Do in Denver When You’re Dead”

by

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Revised:

BLUE

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. A SCHOOLYARD - DENVER, COLORADO - DAY 1

Recess. CHILDREN run around, swarming the jungle gym, the seesaws, the slides. Kickball is played on a small field.

A FIGURE watches the playground from the other side of a chain-link fence. He is 24, doughy, crazy-eyed. He wears a Tam o'Shanter CAP...

His name is BERNARD.

At once, Bernard scales the fence, his chubby body, surprisingly lithe.

He drops into the playground. Wanders over to a group of CHILDREN playing four-square. He looks dazed.

NEW ANGLE - A TEACHER - The Recess Monitor, whistle around her neck, sees Bernard.

BERNARD

walks on. Play stops. Children stare. One little GIRL fronts him.

LITTLE GIRL
What do you want, doofus?

Bernard says nothing. He reaches out to her. Sausage fingers scrabbling for her tiny, pre-pubescent breasts...

The girl screams.

From across the playground, the teacher BLOWS HER WHISTLE.

It is chaos. And, in somber PRE-LAP, we HEAR:

VOICE (O.S.)
... you can't be happy with who you are, until you've satisfied some very basic requirements: success in whatever area is important to you (love, business, family); a fulfillment of the fantasies you had as a child, whatever those fantasies may be...

CUT TO:

2 AN OLD MAN 2

in tight CLOSE UP. A talking head. He looks frail, ashen, a dying man's pallor. His voice is a rasp.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

OLD MAN (CONT.)

... and, and most importantly, you can't be happy with who you are, who you've been, if you haven't treated your fellow man with anything but an uncommon decency. Because after you're gone, your money goes to other people, your house, your cars, another man comes and marries your wife, the kids fall in love with strangers. But if you've been decent, if you've been good, how you are remembered, cannot be sullied. Cannot be changed--

3 INT. STUDIO - DAY

3

Wider now - we see the Old Man is propped up on a hospital gurney, being videotaped by CUFFY - a fastidious gay man in his mid-30s. The Old Man explodes into a gale of ugly coughs and Cuffy clicks off the camera.

CUFFY

Very nice, Mr. Jergen. Take a rest and then we'll continue.

The studio door opens and a young COUPLE is ushered in by

JIMMY THE SAINT

35, handsome, blue-black Superman hair, smooth Italian suit. Despite the polished veneer, traces of the street still creep through--

JIMMY THE SAINT

... in here, we'll find Mr. Jergen doing a taping. My associate, Randall Cuffland, follows a carefully composed list of questions, which he poses to Mr. Jergen and which Mr. Jergen's loved ones will be able to access after he's gone -

Jimmy The Saint nods to Cuffy, gives the thumbs-up to Mr. Jergen and takes the couple into another room.

4 INT. ROOM

4

A BOY, 17, sits with a TECHNICIAN before a video monitor.

JIMMY THE SAINT (CONT.)

This is Stevie. Stevie's father passed away - pancreatic cancer (a quick killer, we had to move rapidly) - at a time, late adolescence, when Stevie needs him most. So, now, Stevie wants
(more)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

JIMMY THE SAINT (Cont'd)
his father's advice on any number of
wide-ranging issues - he comes back
here... What's going on, Stevie?

STEVIE
I really like this girl at school. And
she wants nothing to do with me--

JIMMY THE SAINT
Unrequited love...

Jimmy The Saint nods to the Technician, who consults a logbook
and punches up some numbers on a VDT terminal.

Tapes whirr. On the monitor, a sickly-looking MAN appears.

MAN
... uh, girls. I dunno. This is - uh,
hey, when you chase a dog it runs.
Treat 'em like shit. That's what I did
to your mother. She fell for me. We
were married two months later. Treat
'em like dirt. They come running.

Stevie looks less than enthused at this advice.

Jimmy The Saint gives the couple an uncomfortable chuckle and
ushers them into the

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*

5 INT. AFTERLIFE ADVICE ENTERPRISES

5 *

or so the sign above the RECEPTIONIST's desk says. It is a few
leased suites of offices and electronic equipment...

YOUNG MAN
Thank you. We'd like to think about it.

JIMMY THE SAINT
Of course. And your father suffers from

YOUNG MAN
Diabetes. But his condition has taken
a severe turn for the worse--

JIMMY THE SAINT
Time is of the essence. How many
grandchildren are there?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

YOUNG MAN

Eight all together.

JIMMY THE SAINT

Surely they'll benefit from a patriarch's advice. Maybe not now, maybe not tomorrow, but someday soon.

The Young Man nods. The Young Woman looks ill. Jimmy shakes their hands...

JIMMY THE SAINT (CONT.)

Oh, and please, take our brochure--

He grabs one off the receptionist's desk. A glossy fold-out.

The young couple leave. Jimmy The Saint loosens his tie.

A studio door OPENS... And the old man - Mr. Jergen - is wheeled out on a gurney by two ORDERLIES...

The orderlies wheel him past Jimmy, and out the door...

Jimmy watches them go...

When he turns, Cuffy is there--

CUFFY

Any luck?

JIMMY THE SAINT

He seemed into it. She looked like she was gonna launch lunch all over Mr. Jergen--

CUFFY

The leasing company called again. If they don't have a check by the end of the week, they're going to take the equipment. What should we do?

JIMMY THE SAINT

I dunno, Cuffy. Maybe we can let Julie go. It's not like the phone actually rings or anything--

CUFFY

Or maybe you could dip into your "Boat Fund."

Jimmy stares at him... Cuffy puts up his hands in a "just kidding" gesture...

JIMMY THE SAINT

I got to get outta here, Cuff... I'll meet you at The Lady at six--

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

And Jimmy walks down the hall and out the door... Cuffy watches
him go...

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6 OMITTED

6 *

7 EXT. JIMMY'S BUICK - MOVING - DENVER, COLORADO - DAY 7

BEGIN CREDITS. We'll get the quickie tour of the "Mile High City" - clenched within the thundering shadows of the Rocky Mountains - as Jimmy steers the Buick through the streets...

RAPID SHOTS

of the South Platte River; the Union Stockyards; Elitch Gardens; Mile High Stadium; Stapleton International Airport

We take it from the macro to the micro. Note a SALOON. "The Silver Naked Lady" and a NIGHTCLUB in the seedier section: "The Lazy Bird."

8 ICE CREAM SHOPPE 8 *

Eventually, as the CREDITS come to an END, Jimmy pulls up to an ICE CREAM SHOPPE in the Five Points section, known as

9 INT. THE THICK 'N RICH ICE CREAM SHOPPE - DAY 9

An old, bald, black man - MALT - in paper hat and ice cream whites, is the proprietor here. Sparkling formica. Tables and chairs wrought-iron, like the malt shops of yore...

JOE HEFF, 67, white hair and moustache, a bent-nosed dandy, sits in a booth opposite two YOUNGER MEN. Joe Heff talks. Joe Heff always talks, taking time out only to spoon coffee ice cream into his mouth.

JOE HEFF

... In them days, you wanted a piece of quim, you knew where to go. You left the wife at home, you hit the spots. Go out with a Big Noise guy. A cake-eater. Before you can say beef bayonet, you got a bangtail on your arm, sweet as Dutch cheese. Now, you got your fuckin' AIDS, you got your fuckin' raised feminist consciousness, you got your fuckin' movements. Too many movements, you ask me. The only good movement is a bowel movement... Hey, look who's here - Jimmy The Saint...

Jimmy The Saint has walked in. He nods to Malt, who immediately goes to work making him a vanilla frappe. Jimmy takes a seat at a side table. Joe Heff sits down.

JOE HEFF (CONT.)

- What's the word, Jimmy?

They "shake hands" - which, for them, is placing their right hands up and flat against each other...

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

JIMMY THE SAINT

Give it a name. What's going on, Joe?

JOE HEFF

Heard about this thing? Fuckin' Bernard

JIMMY THE SAINT

What about him?

JOE HEFF

I knew the kid was lunchy. Not this lunchy. Fuckin' kid. They catch him at a schoolyard. Fishin' for saplings

JIMMY THE SAINT

No shit?

JOE HEFF

They should neuter this fuckin' kid...

JIMMY THE SAINT

It's a brain thing, Joe, with Bernard. It's not a balls thing...

JOE HEFF

Give it a name. Anything you can say, is a problem, in a man, is a balls thing...

Malt brings over Jimmy's shake.

JIMMY THE SAINT

Boat drinks.

Jimmy raises his frappe glass. Joe Heff toasts it with his cup of ice cream.

JOE HEFF

Boat drinks.

Jimmy finishes his glass. Gives Joe Heff another flat-palmed handshake... And leaves the shoppe.

Joe Heff goes back to the two men in the booth.

JOE HEFF (CONT.)

Jimmy The Saint. Mott Street. Went to seminary school. Lost the calling. In his day, the bitch's bastard--

CUT TO:

A BLUES BAND

jamming on a riser - full on bar chords in ragged glory...

10 INT. "THE SILVER NAKED LADY" - SALOON - NIGHT

10

A trendy spot. Sawdust on the floor. Mining motif. YUPPIES
and SKI BUMS share the bar, the dance floor, the lounge.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

Jimmy The Saint sits at a cocktail table, nursing a club soda.

Cuffy enters... Goes to Jimmy... He carries a large cardboard placard in brown paper...

CUFFY

This just came back... For the newspaper ad...

Cuffy takes the ADVERTISEMENT MOCK-UP out of its wrapping. It says "Afterlife Advisement - Just Because They're Gone Doesn't Mean They Can't Guide." Jimmy The Saint stares at it.

JIMMY THE SAINT

Who came up with that?

CUFFY

I did.

JIMMY THE SAINT

It's terrible.

CUFFY

Why?

JIMMY THE SAINT

It's clunky.

CUFFY

Clunky?

JIMMY THE SAINT

It's fuckin' clunky, Cuff.

CUFFY

What's clunky? What do you know about clunky?

JIMMY THE SAINT

I know clunky. That's fuckin' clunky. I thought you people were supposed to be good at this kind of shit--

CUFFY

"You people--?"

JIMMY THE SAINT

Yeah, you people, Cuff. Homosexuals. You people. Every fag in the world is good at this shit, I gotta wind up with the one that's clunky--

CUFFY

Jimmy--

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

But Jimmy isn't paying attention. He looks down the bar - to where three GIRLS chat it up. One of them, late 20s, is knock-down-drag-out dreamy. She looks like she just escaped from the tire swing in a Mountain Dew commercial.

Jimmy The Saint takes his beer and moves down the bar, leaving Cuffy to sputter on about office furniture...

Jimmy leans right into the girls, basically sticking his nose into their conversation. One of the girls snarls at him:

GIRL #1

Help you, pal?

JIMMY THE SAINT

I'd like to talk to your friend--

The girls look at each other, incredulous.

GIRL #2

Take a hike--

JIMMY THE SAINT

Can we let her make the decision?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

The other two girls smile. Sure.

GIRL #1
Tell him to bail, Dagney--

JIMMY THE SAINT
Dagney. Tremendous name.

The girl of Jimmy's desire - DAGNEY - gives him a cursory once-over...

DAGNEY
What do you want?

JIMMY THE SAINT
Just a word. I saw you from over there,
where I'm talking to my very untalented
friend, Cuffy--

Dagney looks to Cuffy, who is studying the mock-up, trying to discern just where he failed--

JIMMY THE SAINT (CONT.)
--and I said, I'm going to have a word
with that girl. It was an impulse...

GIRL #2
Good impulse. Now impulse back to Cuffy

JIMMY THE SAINT
If Dagney says so - I will...

Beat. Dagney sizes him up. He is cute. Then:

DAGNEY
So...?

GIRL #1
Dagney--?

DAGNEY
He just wants a word...

JIMMY THE SAINT
In my office...

Jimmy gestures to further down the bar. Dagney picks up her margarita and moves there. Jimmy shoots the girls a gloat...

JIMMY THE SAINT (CONT.)
My name is Jimmy. I got one question,
Dagney. One simple, impulsive question:
are you in love?

DAGNEY
Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (4)

10

JIMMY THE SAINT
At this present time. Are you in love?

DAGNEY
Why?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (5)

10

JIMMY THE SAINT

Because if you are, I won't waste your time, not being a guy who would ever impede on another man's happiness. However, if you are not, presently, in love, I will ignore the dagger-like glares of your envious cohorts and continue my rhapsody. Because, Dagny, you are - if I may say so - the bee's knees...

Dagny stares at him a beat. Is he for real?

DAGNEY

Does this rap ever work?

JIMMY THE SAINT

In the old days. Now, I rarely try it. You haven't answered my question...

DAGNEY

I forgot it.

JIMMY THE SAINT

Are you in love?

DAGNEY

Well, there is someone...

JIMMY THE SAINT

But...

DAGNEY

We date. I have memorized his phone number, but I won't use his toothbrush. We're somewhere in between. He's crazy about me.

JIMMY THE SAINT

As he should be. You glide.

DAGNEY

I glide?

JIMMY THE SAINT

You glide. Most of these girls, they plod. You glide.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (6)

10

JIMMY THE SAINT (CONT.)

Tell me about this guy. Chip?

DAGNEY

Alex.

JIMMY THE SAINT

Same thing. Alex. Does he make you thump?

DAGNEY

Define "Thump."

JIMMY THE SAINT

Thump. When you think about him, you can't eat, can't sleep. He smiles and you forget all about man's inhumanity to man... Does he do that for you?

DAGNEY

That's a ridiculous concept. No one can do that...

JIMMY THE SAINT

Then you're in luck, dear Dagney. For - and this won't be the first time this has been said - I am "no one."

He bows slightly from the waist... Dagney glances to her friends, who are imploring her to take leave of the cretin.

JIMMY THE SAINT (CONT.)

Girls who glide need guys who make them thump...

DAGNEY

(repeating him)

"Girls... who... glide... nee--..."

JIMMY THE SAINT

Have dinner with me.

DAGNEY

Aren't we the sultan of segue...

JIMMY THE SAINT

It's a beautiful month. Just dinner.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (7)

10

DAGNEY

You gonna make me thump?

JIMMY THE SAINT

Or die trying...

Dagney looks at him. He holds out a pen and cocktail napkin. Beat. At last, she sighs. Giving in to the Fates... She takes the pen and napkin and scribbles her phone number.

DAGNEY

I know I'm going to regret this--

JIMMY THE SAINT

Only if we're lucky...

11 EXT. "SILVER NAKED LADY" - NIGHT

11

Jimmy walks out of the saloon. Two nasty-looking MEN - GUS and ELLIE - wait out front.

GUS

Jimmy The Saint--

JIMMY THE SAINT

Hello, boys--

ELLIE

That's a nice suit. Versace?

JIMMY THE SAINT

No--

ELLIE

Armani? Hugo Boss?

JIMMY THE SAINT

(to Gus)

What's with this?

GUS

Ellie's P.O. said he needed a hobby...

JIMMY THE SAINT

Fashion is his hobby?

GUS

He tried making his own pasta... It didn't move him...

ELLIE

Three-button ventless. I like that, Jimmy. Classy.

(touches Jimmy's suit)

'Course you gotta have the build for it.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

GUS

He wants to see you, Jimmy--

JIMMY THE SAINT

What for?

GUS

What can I tell you? He says: "Gus, I want to see Jimmy The Saint." I say: "Boss, Jimmy The Saint ain't mixin' it up, no more." He says: "Gus, I want to see Jimmy The Saint." Here we are. The point of me arguing seemed, uh, specious

JIMMY THE SAINT

Don't tell me: your P.O. said you needed a hobby, too...

ELLIE

Gus is reading the dictionary...

JIMMY THE SAINT

When did he want to see me--?

ELLIE

Now.

GUS

Anon.

12 EXT. ALGONQUIN ESTATES - THE MAN WITH THE PLAN'S HOME - NIGHT 12

An ultra-moderne manse of glass and steel, beneath a cluster of huge red sandstone rocks.

A long, stone driveway. Fifteen-foot high GATES, topped with swirls of barbed wire. A GUARD stands sentry in a booth. This is like a high-security compound.

13 INT. THE MAN WITH THE PLAN'S HOME 13

Jimmy The Saint waits in the lushly-appointed den - walls covered with angular modern art - with Gus and Ellie. We should also notice the number of RAMPS throughout the house.

A metallic WHIRR precedes the arrival of

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

as he is only referred. The Man With The Plan is a QUADRIPLEGIC and he moves with the help of his fully-tricked-out PUFFER WHEELCHAIR - which he operates by blowing into a tube.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

The Man With The Plan is mid-60s, with cruel eyes and a snapping mouth. In his day, he must have been an imposing figure, but the years in the chair have atrophied the bulk.

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

Long time, Jimmy. You don't come around

JIMMY THE SAINT

I been busy--

The Man With The Plan's right EAR is deformed. Bruised and bubbled, it is a cauliflower ear. An eight-inch plastic PAD is attached to the puffer chair, beside The Man's right ear.

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

Right. You're a citizen now, huh? A legitimate businessman? I heard about your endeavor. Some kind of support group thing for dying fags or something?

JIMMY THE SAINT

Something--

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

You always were a liberal fuck, Jimmy. That's why I liked you. I spend all my time with these two fuckin' morons and my village idiot son. I miss my wife, Jimmy. Remember Cynthia?

JIMMY THE SAINT

She was a special lady--

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

Thank God she never had to see me like this. Lookit you. A citizen. I like it. You gotta lady?

JIMMY THE SAINT

Naw--

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

Gorgeous man like you. It's cos you're hanging around with the virus-breeders, Jimmy. The V.B.s. You into that yet? You bitin' the pillow?

JIMMY THE SAINT

No.

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

You will. It's a liberal thing. One day you're savin' the rain forest, the next you're chuggin' cock. Am I wrong?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

JIMMY THE SAINT

Talk to me--

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

I want peace. I'm ass-fixed to this chair. I'm tired, I'm old. I shit in one bag, I piss in another. All I want is quiet. I got a nurse. Call the nurse.

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Ellie presses a button nearby. In seconds, the NURSE, a beautiful twenty-five year old blond, appears.

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN (CONT.)

Hello, darling. Nod to my friend, Jimmy and excuse us--

The Nurse nods and leaves the room.

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN (CONT.)

She's a fuckin' ten, Jimmy. She's a planet unto herself. She can't nurse worth shit. But she's a ten. I keep her on because, although I can't feel it, I know I have erections in her presence. Understand?

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JIMMY THE SAINT

I understand.

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

Good. Then you'll understand when I say this: Bernard. My son. He's all that's left of my Cynthia. And he's as crazy as any shithouse rat. The other day, they catch him in the elementary school playground, grabbin' itty-bitty-tittie. It was a mess. And, the thing is, I understand the problem. Bernard's problem--

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(beat)

You remember Meg?

Jimmy The Saint nods. And, as The Man With The Plan talks, we'll allow his narration to take us to:

14 EXT. THE MAN WITH THE PLAN'S ESTATE - REAR LAWN - DAY

14

A few years back. Rolling green. A CROQUET match underway. The Man With The Plan walks UPRIGHT. Lean and handsome, he

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

moves with an athlete's grace...

With him is Bernard - a slimmer, calmer Bernard. And a GIRL, Bernard's age: MEG. Meg is pretty, in a clean, simple way.

The fourth player is CYNTHIA, The Man With The Plan's wife. Late 40s. Well-tennis-ed body. Tough-but-lovely Betty Bacall good looks...

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN (O.S.)

Meg was Bernard's high school sweetheart, you know. They kept it up through college...

It is The Man With The Plan's shot. He places his ball beside Bernard's. The Man puts his foot firmly on his ball and whacks it with his mallet. Bernard's ball soars away from the wickets. Everyone laughs...

A MAID comes out with a tray of lemonade... The four players take a break...

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN (O.S.)

We thought they were gonna get hitched.

Meg drinks down her lemonade. The late-afternoon sun lights her golden hair and gossamer throat... The Man With The Plan watches her swallow...

15 EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - LOS ANGELES - DAY

15

A VAN is being washed on the street...

Meg, in cut-offs, tank top, barefoot. She has become a woman... She is with BRUCE, mid-20s. They are washing their VAN... Meg uses a soapy sponge to suds the van in slow, languid strokes...

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN (O.S.)

Until she met this beat, Bruce. Studying to be an orthodontist. She busted up with Bernard. Moved to L.A. with this beat, Bruce.

Bruce rinses off the van... He aims the hose at Meg, soaking her... She whips her sponge at him... They laugh... They kiss

16 EXT. CITY STREETS - DENVER - NIGHT

16

Bernard walks alone along the empty rain-swept streets.

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN (O.S.)

Bernard's never been the same. I understand part of this was inevitable. Being the son of me. He lacks
(more)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN (Cont'd)
initiative. But since this Meg thing,
his behavior has got worse--

Bernard comes upon a DERELICT. Bernard grabs the bum, hauls
him into an alley - proceeds to kick the shit out of him.

17 EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

17

The end of the scene from earlier. Bernard grabbing the little
girl... the teacher blowing her whistle... Little KIDS swarming
over him... Other TEACHERS running over... Chaos...

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN (O.S.)
... and now this thing at the
schoolyard. It's a fiasco--

18 EXT. VAN - MOVING - LOS ANGELES

18

Bruce drives. Alone in the van...

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN (O.S.)
My intelligence tells me this beat,
Bruce. He's coming to Denver. To meet
Meg's folks. Ask their permission to
marry the little bangtail. Meg's flying
to meet him here after he does the
asking. Spend the weekend.

19 INT. THE MAN WITH THE PLAN'S HOME

19

The Man With The Plan finishes his tale--

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN (CONT.)
This can't happen. Meg loved Bernard
for 7 years. She can learn to love him
again. You gotta do this thing for me,
Jimmy--

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JIMMY THE SAINT
What do you want done?

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN
It's just an action, not a piece of
work. You look green. You want a
drink? Ellie get him some seltzer.
Grab one of the fellas from the old
days. Maybe Franny Chyser. And do it.

*

JIMMY THE SAINT
Do what?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN
 Catch this creep comin' in. Out on the
 highway, before he gets to Meg's. Brace
 him. Make it so's he'd sooner fuck the
 fryolator than propose to Meg--

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*

JIMMY THE SAINT

Why me?

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN
 Jimmy, you got the nice suits, the
 seventy dollar haircut, but you're
 takin' a dump on your video business.
 I gotta call in the note.

*

JIMMY THE SAINT

What do you mean "call in the note?" I
 didn't take it off of you. I took it
 off of New Orleans Sal--

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

You took it off of New Orleans Sal? Who
 you think New Orleans Sal took it off of

JIMMY THE SAINT

You--?

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

(nods)
 You ain't no entrepreneur, Jimmy...

*
*

Beat. Jimmy sighs...

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN (CONT.)

It's a one-shot deal, Jim. You'll be
 clear on the note...

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*
*

Beat. Jimmy considers.

JIMMY THE SAINT

I'll need more than just the one guy.
 I'll need a crew. Say five--

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

I fucking worship you. I'm payin' 50
 Gs. Straight out. It's
 (more)

*

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN (Cont'd)
 just an action. But split it any way
 you want. You want to throw those
 pathetic yuks some scratch, I applaud
 your sensitivity... Just cut me a huss
 on this, huh? Do it for Cynthia, may
 she rest in peace. Do it for the old
 days. Do it for your fag business.
 Just do it. Ah, look, here's Ellie and
 he's brought you some seltzer...

20 EXT. HAPPY TRAILS TRAILER PARK - DAY

20

A scattering of double-wide trailers and aluminum-roofed
 carports... Dirty CHILDREN run about...

Jimmy The Saint walks with an enormous, bearded hulk of man -
 Francis Chyser, 37, who goes by the moniker

FRANCHISE

Franchise looks grizzly but is actually Teddy... tattoos cover
 his wide, once-muscular arms, tremendous gut hanging over his
 waist like a front porch... Southern drawl...

FRANCHISE

I dunno, Jimbo. I'm dug in here. We're
 manungo the park now. I do some odd-
 jobs. Repairs. They pay me a little,
 free rent... We're dug in...

JIMMY THE SAINT

It's a one-shot deal, Franchise. An
 action. Not a piece of work. We're in,
 we're out. We brace the kid, we're done

FRANCHISE

Give it a name. Why you need a crew?

JIMMY THE SAINT

Safety in numbers. The Man wants to pay
 the freight. Who am I to argue?

FRANCHISE

I got more'n myself to think about. I
 got Dodie now. And my three ankle-
 biters. You see 'em?

Franchise gestures to three FAT CHILDREN splashing in the mud
 of a drainage sump...

JIMMY THE SAINT

Cute kids--

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

FRANCHISE

I'd like to give 'em more. Sometimes - I think - I stayed in The Life, I'd be able to give 'em more. But my last bit, man, I tellya... This was all I thought about the whole time locked-down...

Jimmy glances about the squalid environs. Franchise catches the grimace...

FRANCHISE (CONT.)

Yeah, well. It's a life, Jimbo. No one gets shot. No one gets yoked. The last bit a blood I laid eyes on, was when my little Tami had a skateboard accident -

JIMMY THE SAINT

I'm not going to force you into anything, Franny. It's your call...

Beat. Franchise considers.

FRANCHISE

Ten large, huh?

JIMMY THE SAINT

Ten large--

They have come to Franchise's trailer. His wife, DODIE, a pale, thin woman who appears to be in a constant state of terror, hangs clothes on a line.

FRANCHISE

Dodie, you remember Jimmy The Saint?

Dodie nods. Blinking. Proceeds to hang Franchise's canopy-like boxers...

Franchise clomps inside. Jimmy goes to Dodie.

JIMMY THE SAINT

How are you, Dodie?

DODIE

While Samson was away, his wife's father gave her in marriage to another man - when Samson returned and learned of this, he was so enraged that he again vowed vengeance against the Philistines.

She nods nervously and disappears around back. Franchise comes out of the trailer with two cans of Pepsi...

JIMMY THE SAINT

What's the matter with Dodie?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

FRANCHISE

What?

JIMMY THE SAINT

She just went off about Samson and the
Philistines--

FRANCHISE

Whenever anyone from the old days comes
around, she always goes off about Samson
and the Philistines--

(beat)

Boat drinks...

He raises the Pepsi.

JIMMY THE SAINT

Boat drinks...

21 EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

21

Jimmy The Saint and Franchise walks along the street. A GIRL -
23 - dressed in jeans and halter top, junkie thin, spiked-hair
thrashed from too many rinse jobs - is in their faces. This is
LUCINDA...

LUCINDA

Jimmy, what's up--?

JIMMY THE SAINT

I'm busy now, Lucinda--

LUCINDA

You stake me for a cup of coffee?

FRANCHISE

Fuck off, Lucinda--

LUCINDA

Look at you. Fat Shit Franchise. You
still alive? I thought you were doin'
a stretch in County...

FRANCHISE

I escaped.

LUCINDA

Jimmy, hook me for a cup of java?

FRANCHISE

What's the matter, business down? Your
spread ain't sellin' on account of you
don't take care of the merchandise...

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

LUCINDA

Fuck you. Jimmy, huh? Jimmy knows I'm sweet on him. Jimmy...

Jimmy gives her a few dollars.

LUCINDA (CONT.)

Jimmy's my boy. We're gonna - someday - have a love child. Am I right? Jimmy?

JIMMY THE SAINT

Sure, Lucinda--

LUCINDA

That's my man. Hey. I gotta split. The Pussy Posse's been rollin' this neighborhood. Bustin' everyone. Later!

She bounces down the street, bills clutched in her fingers...

FRANCHISE

You shouldn't go contributing to her collapse, Jimbo...

JIMMY THE SAINT

Give it a name... Lucinda'll be dancin' in the breeze long after you and I are takin' The Dirt Nap... Here we are...

For they have come to

22 EXT. SUPERSTAR BIJOU

22

A run-down adult movie theatre. Most of the bulbs in the marquee are out, so the blinking lights create little more than a sparkling diorama of nonsense.

23 INT. SUPERSTAR BIJOU - PROJECTION ROOM

23

The projector - old and noisy - spews its nasty celluloid into the theater. The projectionist - a 56-year-old Greek,

OLDEN POLYMEROS

dirty and balding, changes film reels. We should note that Olden is MISSING several FINGERS. Which is why they call him PIECES...

FRANCHISE

You still got that disease, Pieces?

PIECES

Cut the shit with that. It's Olden. My name is Olden. Always with that "Pieces" shit. Have a little respect--

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

FRANCHISE

Sorry, babe. They haven't figured it out yet?

PIECES

No. In fact, I lost a toe the other day. Believe that shit? A toe. I found a croaker downtown, diagnosed it as a circulatory problem. A fuckin' circulatory problem. I'd kill the bastard, but I can't get my hands around a shin...

Jimmy looks around the decrepit confines of the projection room...

JIMMY THE SAINT

This is a bad beat, Olden--

PIECES

Give it a name. You do your time. You make a oath to go the right and rigid. And this is how you end up. Watchin' a bunch of raincoat types kick their gongs around, and losin' motherfuckin' toes.

Pieces sits down hard. Drinks cold coffee from a Thermos.

PIECES (CONT.)

The Man mention me in particular--?

JIMMY THE SAINT

Yeah. He said a few of the old boys. Francis, Olden. You know...

PIECES

'Cause I haven't seen him in years, is why I ask...

*
*

JIMMY THE SAINT

Are you in, Olden--?

*

PIECES

Absolutely, Jim. I'll use the dough to get me a legit croaker. Diagnose my malady on the up and up. 'Fore I lose my dick. I gotta tell you, though, I'm fallin' apart here. I don't know how much good I'll be to you...

*

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

JIMMY THE SAINT

We're having a skull session tomorrow.
At The Thick 'N Rich. You can make it?

PIECES

I'm already there, baby--

Pieces puts up his hand in the pressed-palms salute. Jimmy responds. Pieces holds his hand out for Franchise, who is a little hesitant to touch Pieces...

PIECES

You're breakin' my heart here, Franny--

Franchise reluctantly presses palms. He looks queasy.

24 INT. PASCOCELLO BISTRO - NIGHT

24

A crowded, red-carpeted dinner house. Candles and chianti and they make the Caesar right at your table.

An ELDERLY COUPLE, very much in love, sit on the same side of a corner booth...

The kitchen doors near them SWING OPEN and a WAITER appears with a TRAY of food...

We follow the waiter over to where--

--Jimmy The Saint, resplendent in silk suit, sits across from Dagny, who couldn't look more lovely were she ascending the heavens...

The MAITRE D' - a smiling man in a tux - comes over to their table. He yanks Jimmy up and hugs him, kissing him wetly on the neck.

MAITRE D'

Jimmy Toz! Lookit this! You don't come in anymore. You find a better joint?

JIMMY THE SAINT

Naw, Sally. I've been a homebody--

The Maitre D' - SALLY - looks at Dagny. Bows deeply.

(CONTINUED)

*
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*
*

*

24 CONTINUED:

24

SALLY

I had a girl like this - I'd be a
homebody too... Mercy, mercy me...

Sally pours some wine into their glasses, snaps a finger and an
ACCORDIAN PLAYER - who'd been serenading another table - come
over...

SALLY (CONT.)

For the return of Jimmy The Saint...

And Sally begins to SING. Dean Martin's "You Belong To Me".
Dagney, almost in spite of herself, is loving this...

DAGNEY

I'm getting pretty heavy LADY AND THE
TRAMP vibes, how 'bout you--?

25 EXT. DAGNEY'S APARTMENT - LATER - NIGHT

25

They walk down the sidewalk, towards the entrance to her
building.

DAGNEY

The clientele at Vail is more upscale.
So you make great tips on private
lessons--

JIMMY THE SAINT

You must be a fabulous skier--

DAGNEY

I get down the mountain--

JIMMY THE SAINT

I never done it in my life, believe
that? The only skis in my neighborhood,
were a Polish couple down the hall--

Dagney laughs... They stop at her building. Beat.

DAGNEY

The Maitre d' - Sally - he called you
Jimmy The Saint. How come?

JIMMY THE SAINT

You'll understand in a few short minutes

DAGNEY

What?

JIMMY THE SAINT

I could look at you - no fooling -
forever... I wouldn't have to do
anything else...

(more)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

JIMMY THE SAINT (Cont'd)
You are - I think - a thing to be amazed
by... Am I coming on too strong...?

DAGNEY
No. You're right on. Somewhere between
Romeo Montague and Ted Bundy--

JIMMY THE SAINT
A fella's gotta have himself some heroes
He smiles. She returns it in kind. Beat.

DAGNEY
You want to come in?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

JIMMY THE SAINT

More than I want the ascot to come back
into style... But... Not tonight--

*
*

He kisses her hand. Bows slightly. And walks off into the
darkness of the avenue... Dagney watches after him...

DAGNEY

Jimmy The Saint. Right...

And, as she watches him walk off, WE HEAR:

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)

... the beginnings are always the
best... When you first start to explore
each other, to learn...

CUT TO:

26 AN OLD WOMAN

26

Talking head. Being videotaped (we assume) for Afterlife
Advice.

OLD WOMAN (CONT.)

When you watch the phone like it was the
TV, waiting for it to ring... When you
wake-up in the middle of the night and
wonder what they're wearing... That
insanity... That heartsick insanity...
it always fades... But, God, while it's
happening, it's like nothing else in the
world... It's like freedom and sunshine
and chocolate all rolled into one big,
uncontrollable ball...

CUT TO:

27 A CORPSE

27

propped up against a wall. Male, late 50s, wearing his Sunday
best.

Whack! Whack, whack, whack! A series of blows pummels the
corpse--

INT. CARLOTTI'S FUNERAL HOME - BASEMENT - LATER - NIGHT

*

The corpse is being used as a PUNCHING BAG!! A stocky MAN -
fair-haired, red-cheeked, decidedly psychopathic - CRITICAL
BILL - uses the cadaver much like Rocky Balboa did those sides
of beef all those years ago.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

Critical Bill wears heavy bag gloves, sweats, a towel around his neck. And he goes to town on the body. We can hear bones crunching...

Caskets, urns, jars of embalming fluid fill the spacious basement.

Jimmy The Saint and Franchise enter...

FRANCHISE

Critical Bill! What the fuck are you doing--?

Critical Bill wipes some sweat from his brow. Shrugs. He has traces of a Southern drawl.

CRITICAL BILL

Workin' out. Don't bother him much--

FRANCHISE

Why don't you have some respect for the dead, man?

CRITICAL BILL

I knew this guy when he was alive. He was a mammy-rammer. He don't mind much.

JIMMY THE SAINT

Old Man Carlotti know you do this?

Critical Bill shrugs again, sheepish.

JIMMY THE SAINT (CONT.)

We're doing an action for The Man With The Plan... Small time. Good for ten large... Night's work... You want in?

CRITICAL BILL

Ten large? I guess. Yeah. Okay...

FRANCHISE

You still crazy, Bill? Cos if you still crazy, I say fuck it... I say you stay here and beat up on the deceased... We don't need you--

Critical Bill takes the stiff from its hook on the wall... And WE HEAR, in PRE-LAP:

JOE HEFF (O.S.)

They call him Critical Bill cos he never went up against a guy, Bill didn't put the guy in critical condition at the very least...

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

Critical Bill drops the corpse into a casket... Slams down the lid... Looks at them, shit-eating grin spread over obdurate John Wayne Gacy features...

Jimmy The Saint and Franchise exchange uneasy looks.

28 INT. THICK 'N RICH - DAY

28

There's a BIRTHDAY PARTY in one corner... 10 LITTLE KIDS eating sundaes... Balloons and noisemakers and party hats...

Joe Heff sits in his booth with the two young men...

JOE HEFF (CONT.)

Lunchy as a motherfucker--

At another table: Jimmy The Saint, Franchise, Pieces and Critical Bill drink frappes and scheme...

JIMMY THE SAINT

... so we got him coming in on Highway 70 at about 1 AM... Pieces - excuse me - Olden's gonna thief some uniforms... We got the car... Olden and Franny'll pull the kid over... Bill and I'a'll be in the freight car - you bring him there. Then we brace him.

*
*

ANGLE: CRITICAL BILL. He looks somewhat disappointed at the job assignments...

JIMMY THE SAINT (CONT.)

It is what it is. Bottom line - we're playing Cupid for an overweight, silver-spooned child-molesting simpleton. But it's good for 10 each and no one gets hurt...

PIECES

You got someone to keep the peek--?

JIMMY THE SAINT

Funny you should mention that. Here he is now--

They look to the front door. To where a tall, thin, BLACK MAN in blue coveralls - with "Ike's Pest Control" stencilled onto the breast - has entered. EARL "EASY WIND" DENTON...

JIMMY THE SAINT

Everybody knows Easy Wind...

(CONTINUED)

EASY WIND

Lookit this. Lookit this... All the
pig brothers from the days... Fat
Franchise... Pieces Polymeros... Jimmy
The Saint... and...

(Easy Wind stops)

Nobody said nuthin' about this booyah--

CRITICAL BILL

Nobody tol' me I was gonna be humpin'
with no inky dink...

JIMMY THE SAINT

Easy, boys... Easy...

EASY WIND

Naw, Jimmy... I can't roll that stroll.
This fuckin' cheeba... No way...

FRANCHISE

You boys used to be close...

EASY WIND

Till we got our asses locked-down
together... In the basement at Marion -
Critical Bill here was a major league
fecal freak--

PIECES

A what--?

CRITICAL BILL

Easy Wind spent his whole jolt rapin'
kids--

EASY WIND

Better 'n bein' a fecal freak--

PIECES

A what--?

EASY WIND

A fecal freak. A brown boy. A
motherfuckin' shit-eater...

CRITICAL BILL

You mammy-rammin' niggerboy shine--

Critical Bill leaps across the table at Easy Wind... the table
crashes and they go rolling about on the floor in a shower of
ice cream and chocolate syrup... But then--

--both men ARE SPRAYED!!! THEY SCREAM!!!

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

Malt stands over them with a SELTZER BOTTLE and SPRITZES them like you would to separate two humping dogs...

Critical Bill and Easy Wind howl as the spray sears their bodies...

EASY WIND

ARGGHH! What the fuck's in that bottle, Malt?

MALT

Battery acid, dickhead. And you muck up my store again, I'll give you some more.

Critical Bill and Easy Wind get to their feet, their skin raw and red where the acid splashed. Franchise rights the table.

The little kids at the birthday party stare at them, ice-cream-smearred faces astonished...

EASY WIND

Brown boy--

CRITICAL BILL

Baby-raper...

They go for it again... The others make to break it up... Malt sprays his acid... Chaos rules... At another table:

JOE HEFF

watches all. Spooning ice cream into his mouth... Smiles to his companions...

JOE HEFF

Old friends gettin' together... Brings a tear to the eye, don't it fellas...?

29 EXT. THICK N'RICH - DAY

29

Jimmy The Saint and Franchise come out of the shoppe. To find Critical Bill sitting on the hood of his car, waiting for them...

JIMMY THE SAINT

Bill--?

CRITICAL BILL

I have a word, Jim--?

JIMMY THE SAINT

Sure, man. What's up?

Critical Bill gives Franchise an "in private" look--

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29 *
*
*
*
*
*

FRANCHISE

I'll be over here, Jimbo--

Franchise walks over by the malt shoppe and rolls a cigarette from a pouch of makings...

Critical Bill paces. He's tense.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

CRITICAL BILL

I was, uh, I was wonderin', if mebbe...
Uh.. Mebbe I could be one of the cops...

Jimmy says nothing. Critical Bill stammers on...

CRITICAL BILL (CONT.)

You know, on the highway. When we brace
the kid... I'd kinda...

JIMMY THE SAINT

Bill...

CRITICAL BILL

... think it would be, uh...

JIMMY THE SAINT

Bill...

CRITICAL BILL

Jimmy, I'm 41 fuckin' years old and they
still call me "Critical Bill." I ain't
like that no more... How you think that
makes me feel?

*
*

JIMMY THE SAINT

Bill, you beat-up corpses...

CRITICAL BILL

That's exercise. It don't mean shit.

JIMMY THE SAINT

I remember things... From the days...

CRITICAL BILL

So a fella can't change? Word on the
street is you've changed. In a big way.
But no one else gets to?

Beat. Jimmy studies him... Considers...

*

Critical Bill looks at Jimmy with earnest, beseeching eyes.

Jimmy looks over to where Franchise is lighting his cig...
They share a look... A deeply troubled one...

*
*

30 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 30

A desolate stretch of Route 68. Wind blows along the plains and sagebrush plateaus. The RUMBLE of distant THUNDER.

Easy Wind is parked on the shoulder in a cancerous Dodge. He chain-smokes Luckys... Joe Turner crackles over the Delco.

HEADLIGHTS

in his rear-view. Easy Wind tenses...

It passes. It is a VAN. Easy Wind clocks the license plate. He picks up a WALKIE-TALKIE. Keys it.

EASY WIND

The Orthodontist Has Landed--

Easy Wind starts the Dodge. Follows. Pacing the van...

31 INT. POLICE CRUISER 31 *

Further up the highway. Critical Bill and Pieces. In Denver Police Department duds... Pieces keys his walkie...

PIECES

Roger--

Headlights approach...

The van drives by them...

Critical Bill hits the sirens/lights... Puts the cop car in gear... *

32 INT. THE VAN 32

BRUCE (the dental student we first saw during The Man With The Plan's narrative) is at the wheel, drinking a beer... The Allman Brothers jam softly on the stereo...

FLASHING LIGHTS in the rearview...

BRUCE

Shit...

Bruce looks at his speedometer. He was going 50. He shoves the beer beneath the seat...

30 EXT. RAILROAD STATION 30

Abandoned. Not far from the highway. In a ramshackle

34 INT. FREIGHT CAR 34

Jimmy The Saint and Franchise wait. Jimmy into his walkie:

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

JIMMY THE SAINT

Okay, fellas. Stay chilly. Get him in the Buick. Bring him here. We'll get this done then I'm buyin' at the Thick..

A BOOM of THUNDER from outside... It's beginning to rain...

JIMMY THE SAINT (CONT.)

Shit.

35 EXT. HIGHWAY - THE VAN

35

Bruce pulls over.

The cruiser comes to a stop behind him. Critical Bill and Pieces step from the car... *

PIECES

You don't say dick. Arrright? Not dick.

Critical Bill nods. They approach the van...

PIECES (CONT.)

License and registration--

BRUCE

What was I doing wrong?

PIECES

License and registration--

Bruce fumbles in his wallet and glove box... Comes up with the papers... Pieces glances at them...

PIECES (CONT.)

You wanna step from the vehicle, son--

Bruce studies them. Pieces, perspiring, uncertain, twitchy. Critical Bill, oddly composed, somehow malefic.

BRUCE

Why?

PIECES

Just step from the vehicle, son...

36 EXT. HIGHWAY

36

A hundred yards ahead of the van, Easy Wind keeps the peek...

37 EXT. BRUCE'S VAN

37

Critical Bill and Pieces stand outside the van's window... The rain is becoming more intense...

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

BRUCE

Can I see some ID?

PIECES

Now, son--

BRUCE

I've heard about guys impersonating
cops. Shaking people down. Just let me
see some ID...

PIECES

That's not, uh, that's not the way we do
things here--

BRUCE

I don't like the way your uniforms fit -

CRITICAL BILL

You want to take the bass out of your
voice now, boy--

Pieces turns on Bill...

PIECES

I got this under control here--
(to Bruce)
Son, we need some cooperation--

38 INT. FREIGHT CAR

38

Franchise paces...

FRANCHISE

Where the fuck are they?

JIMMY THE SAINT

It's early yet--

FRANCHISE

I dunno why you had to put Critical Bill
out there, man... That fucker's spin
cycle don't go to "damp dry."

Jimmy The Saint keys his walkie.

JIMMY THE SAINT

How we looking, Easy--?

EASY WIND (O.S.)

Havin' a chat. Lookin' good--

Jimmy clicks off... Franchise grimaces...

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

FRANCHISE

Damn. I never used to get this nervous.

39 EXT. HIGHWAY - THE VAN

39

The same tableau. Torrential rain now. Bruce clocks Pieces' HANDS - the missing digits. Pieces and Critical Bill are soaked now. Pieces has to shout over the deluge.

PIECES

Please step out of the vehicle...

BRUCE

What's your badge number?

PIECES

C'mon, fella. Just be easy about--

BRUCE

Seems like - on a night like this - you'd have department-issued raincoats. And plastic hat-guards. What's the matter, couldn't steal those?

PIECES

I don't know why you're gettin' so--

BRUCE

I don't think you two shits are cops. I think you're punks...

Beat. The two men are stunned at the stones on this kid.

PIECES

We're cops--

BRUCE

Then let me see some ID. Officers.

PIECES

Listen, kid--

BRUCE

What's up with your fingers, man?

PIECES

Carpentry accident. What's that got--

BRUCE

Fuckin' leper--

Before Pieces can react, Critical Bill has come forward, unable to contain himself...

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

CRITICAL BILL

You wanna see some ID? I'll give you
some ID... Here's some ID, boy--

And Critical Bill takes a WALLET from his pocket and MASHES IT
into Bruce's face... at the same time, ripping open the van
door and hauling the diminutive Bruce from his seat...

PIECES

Christ, Billy, Jesus--!

CRITICAL BILL

Motherfuckin' little road weasel--

Critical Bill thrashes Bruce around... crunching his head into
the side of the van... Pieces tries to intervene...

40 INT. EASY WIND'S CAR

40

Easy Wind sees it all through his binocs.

EASY WIND

(into walkie)

He's out of the van...

41 INT. FREIGHT CAR

41

Jimmy The Saint and Franchise let out relieved gasps...

42 EXT. BRUCE'S VAN

42

Critical Bill continues to thrash Bruce...

CRITICAL BILL

Who is this little butterboy? I'm not
a cop? I'm not a cop, ain't I? I'll
make a believer outta him... Damn right,
I will... You believe me now? Do ya -

He holds Bruce up against the van. Blood streams from Bruce's
nose and mouth... He looks vaguely shocked, but still, dimly
insolent...

BRUCE

I believe you to be a big, stupid man--

PIECES

Oh, God--

Critical Bill blinks twice. Swallows. Looks at Pieces. A tic
in Critical Bill's left eye does the mambo...

Pieces takes Critical Bill by the arm.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

PIECES
C'mon, buddy... Let's go--

Critical Bill won't budge. He continues to stare at Bruce who, stupidly, meets his glare...

BRUCE
Dumb fuckin' cracker--

In a nanosecond, there's a flash of steel in Critical Bill's right hand... He puts the blade to Bruce's throat--

PIECES
What are you doing? What the hell are you doing?

43 INT. EASY WIND'S DODGE

43

Through the hammering rain, Easy Wind can see the trouble...

EASY WIND
Surprise, surprise. Billy tripped a brainwire.
(into walkie)
We got a thing. Brown boy looks like he wants to do a bit of roadside whittling.

44 INT. FREIGHT CAR

44

Jimmy on his walkie...

JIMMY THE SAINT
Get over there, man--

45 EXT. EASY WIND'S DODGE

45

Easy Wind bangs a U-ey. Hauling down the rain-slicked highway back to the van/Buick...

46 EXT. VAN

46

Pieces fumbles with his holster. Takes the .44. Aims it at Bill...

CRITICAL BILL
What the fuck is that--?

PIECES
Put the knife down, dammit--

CRITICAL BILL
You aimin' a gun at me--?

PIECES
Put the knife down--!

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

CRITICAL BILL

You aimin' a fuckin' gun at me--?

PIECES

This ain't a piece of work here--

And now it's raining pitchforks...

PIECES (CONT.)

Put the blade down, Bill--!

And Easy Wind's Dodge is hydroplaning toward them...

PIECES (CONT.)

I'll shoot you. I will shoot you--

Critical Bill considers. Glares at Bruce. And lowers the blade... Pieces nods... All is calm. Until:

BRUCE

Stupid cunt--

Critical Bill howls. A diaphragm-depth, banshee howl... And he SWIPES at Bruce's throat...

And Bruce goes down... a geyser of blood boiling up from his slashed carotid... pumping through his fingers...

Pieces wails, gun aimed at Critical Bill, who stands over the dying Bruce... And then:

VOICE (O.S.)

What the hell is going--

Startling both men... and, in dizzying SLOW-MOTION, Pieces whirls toward the voice... leading with his gun... inside the van... FIRING...

BLAM!

The bullet shatters glass... enters the way back of the van... hitting forehead. Right between the eyes...

Beat. Easy Wind comes running up to the van...

EASY WIND

What the fuck--?

Critical Bill and Pieces have come to a realization that sickens the both of them...

PIECES

Oh my god--

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

CRITICAL BILL

Now, how the fuck does she go and sleep through the whole goddamn thing--?

PIECES

Ohmygodohmygodohmygodohmygod--

O.S. the SOUNDS of another CAR pulling up. DOORS OPEN and CLOSE. Jimmy The Saint and Franchise run up to the van...

They peer through the shattered window... Into the back of the van...

47 INT. VAN

47

where a pretty YOUNG GIRL, who looks vaguely familiar to us, is on the floor, smashed slug winking at them from where it's embedded above the bridge of her nose--

FRANCHISE

Don't tell me: this is Meg--

Jimmy looks like he's been whacked with a shovel. Devastated

Indeed, the color has drained from the faces of the entire crew. But before we can marvel at their albino angst, we

SMASH CUT TO:

48 INT. CARLOTTI'S FUNERAL HOME - BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

48

Chaos. Critical Bill, Easy Wind, Franchise and Pieces panther about, hysterical... Screaming, yelling, fighting...

PIECES

We're dead... We're so dead it ain't even funny...

EASY WIND

The fuckin' booyah! The fuckin' brown boy... He cut that kid's throat... For no good goddamn reason...

CRITICAL BILL

He was a trashmouth. He called Pieces a "leper." We don't stand up for each other, we're gone... It's why you fuckin' mud-flaps are dyin' off... Cos you don't stand up for each other...

EASY WIND

You crazy bitch--

Easy Wind goes for Critical Bill... Franchise restrains him..

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

CRITICAL BILL

Don't matter anyhow. We wouldn't a paid no penalty for that dead boy... But the twist is a whole other story... An' I didn't kill no twist... He did--

They continue to scream at each other...

49 INT. WORKSHOP

49

Jimmy speaks with HENRY CARLOTTI, 71, whom the boys call BORIS CARLOTT, because of both his profession and his resemblance to the long-gone horror film star.

We can hear the boys FIGHTING in the next room...

Boris walks him over to a mahogany CASKET, which looks larger than a normal one.

BORIS CARLOTT

You know how it works? The intended decedent goes on top here...

Boris pops a clasp hidden in the middle of the coffin and slides the top to the side. It is a double-decker casket. There's a FALSE BOTTOM - big enough to stow bodies in...

BORIS CARLOTT (CONT.)

Your whacks go in the bottom. The bereaved family never has a clue their beloved is to spend eternity with a couple of hit vics...

JIMMY THE SAINT

You got a burial tomorrow--?

BORIS CARLOTT

Thomas Donahue. A dry cleaner...

Beat. Jimmy considers.

JIMMY THE SAINT

Let's do it...

BORIS CARLOTT

Wait a second, James. I wasn't planning on sinking this box. It's a museum piece...

*
*

JIMMY THE SAINT

How much?

BORIS CARLOTT

Quite a bit, James. Quite a bit...

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

Beat. Jimmy looks at the box. Sighs.

JIMMY THE SAINT

Sink it, Boris. Sink the fuckin' thing.

50 INT. THE MAN WITH THE PLAN'S HOUSE - SAME NIGHT

50

Pouring rain. Gus and Ellie have just finished telling him. A low keened rumbles from deep within The Man With The Plan.

He begins POUNDING his head against the side of his chair. Against the plastic pad by his ear. Pounding, smashing. And now we see the reason for his cauliflower ear, as he continues to pummel it into the pad...

It is the only way he can express physical rage. And his goons can only watch.

51 INT. CARLOTTI'S FUNERAL HOME - REAR ENTRANCE - LATER

51

A foyer. SWINGING DOORS on either side. Jimmy The Saint has joined the others. Franchise and Pieces sit on the couch. Easy Wind paces, chain-smoking. Critical Bill sulks in one corner. They pass a bottle of whiskey. They are wet, battered, exhausted, terrified.

FRANCHISE

... the thing of it is... I don't see how it's our fault... his intelligence says she wasn't supposed to be in the goddamn van... how we supposed to know?

He inhales a draught of whiskey. Nothing from the others.

Boris Carlott comes through the entryway, carrying Bruce's bloody BODY... He disappears behind the swinging doors into his workshop, leaving a snail's trail of blood.

The men watch the swinging doors waver to a close.

Beat. Then:

PIECES

Etta Moreno.

The others look at him.

FRANCHISE

What?

PIECES

Etta Moreno was the best I ever had. The one that stands out. The best I ever had...

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

The others look at him. At each other. Huh?

PIECES (CONT.)

Met her on Mulberry Street. Italian girl. Eyes like a gypsy. Mouth like a werewolf. Etta Moreno. Banged her once, loved her forever... She insisted on being on top. Rode me like a 5-2 favorite at Pimlico. It truly was the most exciting two minutes in sports...

FRANCHISE

Two minutes--?

EASY WIND

Maybe you don't want to go coppin' to that, bro...

Pieces closes his eyes. Lost in the memory. The others watch him for a beat. Easy Wind turns to Franchise.

EASY WIND (CONT.)

What about the best you ever had?

FRANCHISE

The best?

EASY WIND

Yeah. When you think of fuckin' I know you don't think of that crazy bitch you call a wife. Who you think of - you think of fuckin'?

FRANCHISE

Venus Ping. No question.

EASY WIND

Venus what?

FRANCHISE

Venus Ping. Little Chinese girl. Used to work at Tang Dynasty. On Second Avenue? A little popcorn fart of a girl. But, man. I did her in the phone booth of the joint. I'm laying pipe and she's screaming in that little sing-song voice they got - like cats down the fuckin' disposal... Give it a name. She was fine. Wonder where she's at?

Boris Carlott comes out of his workshop. He goes outside... They watch after him...

Franchise passes the bottle to Critical Bill...

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

FRANCHISE (CONT.)

What about you, butterboy?

ANGLE: Jimmy The Saint. He cannot believe this discussion is even happening...

CRITICAL BILL

I dunno her name. She had one of them purple faces, though. One of them - what do you call it - port wine stains - on her face. Big one. Blueberry Bitch, we used to call her... She worked on a pig farm down from the youth shelter I was raised at. Big ol' titties. She was only fifteen. I was about the same. We used to do it all day long, in her daddy's barn. All fuckin' day long. I'd come out of there, I'd have a big, chap mark right above my crotch. From all that rubbin' and friction and shit..

PIECES

She gave you your own port wine stain...

CRITICAL BILL

Yes, I imagine that to be true--

FRANCHISE

Wender where she is now--

CRITICAL BILL

She got kilt not long after. Some crazy uncle of hers - who was also givin' it to her. She stopped puttin' out - he stabbed her dead...

EASY WIND

Now see, there's the trouble with bein' poor, white trash--

Boris Carlott re-enters. This time he's dragging Meg, shrouded in a blanket. Lumpen and bloody...

He shuffles past them. Into his workshop...

FRANCHISE

What about you, Easy Wind--?

CRITICAL BILL

I can answer that. His name was Rico and he was doing a zip-five for armed robbery...

EASY WIND

Fuck you, dodunk--

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (3)

51

Easy Wind leans back, lights a cigarette. Smiles...

EASY WIND (CONT.)

Her name was Natural - that's what they called her... She was the kind, you saw her walkin' down the street, you were depressed for days... She was, without a doubt, the most irrefutable fuckin' proof I ever seen for the existence of a single, all-powerful Deity - cos the fucker that made this girl is some kind of magical... I only spent one night with her... Eight hours, from the moment I met her in this bar, to the moment I said goodnight... Eight hours... And I can remember every - single - second of each one of them eight hours...

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Easy Wind takes a pull off the bottle...

*

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (4)

51

FRANCHISE

You fuck her like a champ? *

CRITICAL BILL

You cook her?

PIECES

You bump her bones?

They are all looking at him, expectantly...

EASY WIND

Naw. Nuthin' like that...

FRANCHISE

What?

EASY WIND

Nuthin' like that. I'm tellin' you - she was so fine. She was so perfect. I didn't have to mug her ass. Bein' with her. Bein' by her side was greater than any fuckin' I could ever do...

FRANCHISE

Aw, man--

PIECES

Now there's a story with no climax--

FRANCHISE

I feel like bein' on a nude beach with just my in-laws. Talk about unfulfilling

EASY WIND

Jimmy--?

JIMMY THE SAINT

I'm down with you, Easy Wind. Don't listen to these creeps. What you had was sublime--

FRANCHISE

Sublime this. Bet the bitch had a dick

CRITICAL BILL

Give it a name--!

Critical Bill gives Franchise a high-five... Laughter...

EASY WIND

What about you, Jimmy The Saint--?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (5)

51

JIMMY THE SAINT

I dunno... I think I just met her...

Beat. They all look at him. Slightly amazed. Slightly pitying. Really?

But then the workshop doors SWING OPEN... And Boris Carlott is wheeling the DOUBLE-DECKER CASKET through the foyer...

...Boris pushes it out of the funeral parlor...

The casket-gurney's CASTERS are loose and SQUEAKY...

... And their annoying, attenuating squeal provides us with our

SOUND CUT TO:

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN'S PUFFER CHAIR

and its own metallic, high-pitch squeak...

52 INT. THE MAN WITH THE PLAN'S HOUSE - ENTERTAINMENT ROOM

52

Oak wainscoting. Wide-screen TV. Pool table. Jimmy The Saint waits as The Man rolls in...

ATWATER - a Police Lieutenant with a ground sirloin nose - is with him...

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

You remember Lieutenant Atwater, Jim--

Jimmy The Saint nods at the grinning cop...

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN (CONT.)

An action, not a piece of work. I said that. Did I not say that?

JIMMY THE SAINT

It was a fuck-up. Bill Doolittle. He's unstable. It was a bad call-out...

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

A bad call-out? A bad call-out! I heard Sirhan Sirhan, during one of his parole hearings, saying he made one mistake. That one mistake changed everything! Bobby would have been President. There would be no Watergate. No recession. That dirty goombah who biffed me? That dirty little goombah, whose flesh and bone has been eaten and shat

(more)

(CONTINUED)

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*

52 CONTINUED:

52

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN (Cont'd)
out by a family of rats, themselves now
long dead. He made one mistake, too...
And it rooted me to this fuckin' chair..

JIMMY THE SAINT

It's--

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN
Maybe it was my mistake, thinkin' a
bunch of old timers could come back and
do an action. Like leading blind
chickens out to shit...

JIMMY THE SAINT

Sir--

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN
Don't "sir" me, Jim. You gonna beg?
You gonna get down on the knees a your
pretty suit and grovel?

JIMMY THE SAINT

You asked me back in--

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

Now I'm takin' you out--

Atwater chortles. Jimmy looks to Gus and Ellie. They avert
their eyes.

JIMMY THE SAINT

So that's it. These two are gonna come
after me? Garrote me in my sleep? Stab
me in a crowded restaurant?

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

Never. Not these two. And not that
way. We go back, me and you. You lent
the operation a modicum a class. In the
days. Which is why, the milk of human
kindness, I'm giving you an out. You
got 48 hours. To put it in the wind.
Leave Denver. Go to Rome. Visit the
Vatican. Pray to the God you abandoned
back in New York. Just put it in the
fuckin' wind, Jim. Or else I gotta do
you too...

JIMMY THE SAINT

What about the others?

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

Buckwheats.

JIMMY THE SAINT

This was my fault. These guys, they followed my orders...

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

You're lovely. You're not a human being, you're a waltz...

(beat)

Buckwheats, Jimmy. For your miserable band of misfits. Buck-fuckin'-wheats.

53 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

53

The PALL BEARERS struggle with the double-decker casket. A few other MOURNERS have to lend a hand, hauling the heavy load from the hearse to the grave site.

Critical Bill is with the hearse. Boris Carlott, overseeing everything...

54 NEW ANGLE - ANOTHER PART OF THE CEMETERY

54

Franchise, Easy Wind and Pieces wait. Decidedly on edge.

Critical Bill walks up to them... He looks odd in his black hearse-driver suit and cap...

EASY WIND

Check it out: Little Lord Homicide...

CRITICAL BILL

Any word--?

The others shake their heads...

But then here comes Jimmy The Saint, walking towards them... Everyone tenses... Beat...

FRANCHISE

I'm dyin' here, Jimbo--

Jimmy looks at them. Exhales...

JIMMY THE SAINT

Buckwheats...

EASY WIND

What?

JIMMY THE SAINT

He said buckwheats...

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

PIECES

Oh, my God... Oh, no...

EASY WIND

He said that?

JIMMY THE SAINT

That's what he said...

Beat. Franchise crosses himself. Everyone is aghast...

CRITICAL BILL

Bagpipe that shit, man. Let's take his fuckin' ass out--

EASY WIND

Chill it. Your pumped nuts are what got us into this in the first place--

FRANCHISE

Anyways, since he got shot the security around The Man is insane. Be easier to whack the President--

Beat. As this sinks in...

PIECES

What do we do?

JIMMY THE SAINT

Leave town. Go under. Go under good, though. I'm talkin' to some people. You go under good, you'll be safe--

FRANCHISE

All of us, Jimbo? Buckwheats for all of us? Even you?

Beat. Jimmy The Saint looks at him. Nods.

JIMMY THE SAINT

All of us, Frannie... Even me.

A communal shudder. The featureless graves and markers of the cemetery. The hush of the tomb. The boys are silent.

And, in PRE-LAP, we HEAR:

JOE HEFF (O.S.)

Buckwheats is a whole other animal. A guy orders a buckwheats hit, it don't just mean take a guy out. It means take a guy under in the most painful way imaginable. It means the vic should suffer...

55 INT. THICK 'N RICH - DAY

55

Joe Heff talks to his two cronies, gobbling ice cream...

JOE HEFF (CONT.)

To inspire others not to fuck-up like this. One popular buckwheats is to shoot a guy up his ass. Yeah. Ba-bing. A slug up the ass, you don't die so much as writhe for a good fifteen minutes... Then you die. It's the equal of - I think - crappin' white hot razor blades...

*
*

Joe Heff leans into his companions, conspiratorial...

JOE HEFF (CONT.)

You wanna take care of business, you can't do it in close. You don't shit where you eat, you understand?

*
*

And, vaguely, O.S. we HEAR the RUMBLE of an approaching TRAIN

JOE HEFF (CONT.)

I hear tell, The Man With The Plan, he put it on front street. He's got a bit of business. Heard he called in a fella

And as Joe continues his tale, we'll go to:

56 INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

56

Dusk. The sun is scudding for the mountains...

A PASSENGER TRAIN comes to a stop. The doors open and, amidst the exiting throng of COMMUTERS and VISITORS, steps

MISTER SHHH

thin, frail, fox-faced. Bolo tie, porkpie hat, crummy suit. He looks like he could do your books, if he wasn't so scared of making a mistake.

JOE HEFF (O.S.)

--From El Paso. They call him "Mister Shhh" on account a he don't say much... Can't even look you in the face... Won't say five words unless you beg him...

A BUSINESSMAN walking by, bumps into Mister Shhh... The businessman curses... Mister Shhh draws into himself...

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

JOE HEFF (O.S.)
He's a turtle. I woulda called him
that. The Turtle. He's a turtle.

Shoulders sagging, Mister Shhh begins to walk to town... *

JOE HEFF (O.S.)
The most lethal contract killer west of
the Mississippi... Say he's clipped over
200 believers... *

57 EXT. DENVER STREETS - SCRUB LOT - NIGHT

57

Mister Shhh walks along. He passes a scrub lot. In the lot, a
trio of DIRTY WHITE BOYS have cornered a black YOUTH...

Broken bottles, jagged edges pointed at the black kid. Racial
epithets hurling...

Mister Shhh walks up to the imbroglio... One of the white boys
fronts him... Mister Shhh reaches out, brushes the boy's
throat... and in seconds, the boy is on the ground, body
squirming like a slug in a salt flat... *

The second boy rushes Mister Shhh. Same fate.

The third guy runs off, urine stain spreading across the front
of his tight jeans...

Mister Shhh smiles bashfully to the black kid... And walks
off... Leaving the black kid to watch him go, the two white
punks bucking and writhing in the dirt around him...

58 INT. "SILVER NAKED LADY" - NIGHT

58

Jimmy The Saint sits alone at a table, working on a club soda

Dagney enters with a a good-looking MAN in his late 20s and
another COUPLE...

Jimmy watches them walk to the other side of the bar. The Man
says something to Dagney. She laughs...

Jimmy gets up, throws a few dollars on the table, and makes a
bee-line for the exit...

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: 58

ANGLE: DAGNEY. She sees Jimmy on the move.

59 EXT. "SILVER NAKED LADY" 59

Dagney comes outside... Jimmy is further down the sidewalk...

DAGNEY

Jimmy--?

He stops... Turns...

DAGNEY (CONT.)

Where you going?

JIMMY THE SAINT

I gotta meet a friend--

DAGNEY

Oh...

Beat.

JIMMY THE SAINT

Who's the guy--?

DAGNEY

Who?

JIMMY THE SAINT

The good-looking fellow who's making you laugh. Is that Chip?

DAGNEY

Alex.

JIMMY THE SAINT

He must be very funny--

DAGNEY

No. Actually he's not--

JIMMY THE SAINT

He's got a very endearing game-show host look about him. Does he have his own game-show...?

DAGNEY

You and I only went out that one time, Jimmy--

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

JIMMY THE SAINT
I know. It was very nice.
Qualitatively, for me, it was like five
dates and a long weekend...

DAGNEY
You wanna go somewhere?

JIMMY THE SAINT
What about Chip?

DAGNEY
Chip'll deal...

60 INT. DAGNEY'S APARTMENT - LATER - NIGHT

60

Funky but chic. Framed Warren Miller-style photos of extreme
skiers... Floor-to-ceiling bookshelves crammed with everything
from Rimbaud to Jackie Collins... A magical array of CANDLES
are lit about the place...

Jimmy sits on the couch... He appears distracted... Dagney
comes out of her bedroom. She's changed into a t-shirt and
jeans... She goes to the stereo...

DAGNEY
What do you want to hear--?

JIMMY THE SAINT
Whatever--

Dagney selects a disc... Some cool, blue love music...

DAGNEY
It's nice, huh--?

JIMMY THE SAINT
Yeah--

Dagney comes over with a bottle of wine and two glasses... She
sees him checking his watch...

DAGNEY
Late for a date...?

JIMMY THE SAINT
No...

She pours the wine...

DAGNEY
1988. A good year. I think. Are the
even years or the odd years the good
years...?

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

She sits at the end of the couch, facing him... She taps at his thigh with one foot...

JIMMY THE SAINT

I dunno--

DAGNEY

You don't know? I thought you knew everything--?

JIMMY THE SAINT

It's a myth. It all depends on the grape. The harvest. Unless your talking about the varietals... Then it's the even years...

Dagney nods and sips her wine, watching him. Again, he glances at his watch...

DAGNEY

Still ticking--?

Jimmy shifts from his watch to his wine. Swirls it. Beat.

DAGNEY

Are you okay--?

JIMMY THE SAINT

Timing is everything. You can go years without a Dagney - like a man armed with only a fork, in a land of soup. Then you see one. Then you meet one. And then...

DAGNEY

And then what?

Beat. He looks at her...

JIMMY THE SAINT

I gotta go--

DAGNEY

Now--?

Jimmy gets to his feet... Looks at her...

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

DAGNEY (CONT.)

Don't you think maybe you're taking this saint thing a little too seriously--?

JIMMY THE SAINT

There's some business I have to take care of...

She watches after him. To herself:

DAGNEY

Sure. Okay. Fine. See ya--

At once, Jimmy comes back into the apartment. He goes to where she is still seated on the couch...

He leans down... Kisses her... A big, long, her-head-in-his-hands movie kiss...

He breaks it. And is out the door.

She watches after him. Blinks. Gulps at her wine...

61 EXT. DAGNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

61

Jimmy comes out of the entrance. He gets into his car...

ANGLE: FROM ACROSS THE STREET. In an unmarked CAR. The Man's cop - Atwater - keeps the peek.

62 INT. JIMMY'S BUICK - MOVING - NIGHT

62

Jimmy The Saint drives, Easy Wind beside him, chain-smoking.

JIMMY THE SAINT

I can't find Critical Bill. You talk to him--?

Easy Wind gives him a look. What do you fuckin' think, man?

JIMMY THE SAINT (CONT.)

Yeah, right... Here. Take this--

He hands Easy Wind a thick ENVELOPE... Easy Wind examines its contents - a wad of HUNDREDS...

EASY WIND

Aw, shit, Jimmy--

JIMMY THE SAINT

It's just a little running-around money--

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

EASY WIND

There's gotta be five large here... This is from the "boat fund" ain't it?

JIMMY THE SAINT

Don't worry about it--

Beat.

EASY WIND

You sure about this thing--?

JIMMY THE SAINT

I was by "The Lazy Bird" today. Baby Sinister is with the program...

EASY WIND

Baby Sinister hates my guts--

JIMMY THE SAINT

He owes me. I called in the marker. The idea of getting The Man all crossed-up appeals to him--

EASY WIND

Baby Sinister is bugfucking crazy, man. All the way live--

JIMMY THE SAINT

So is The Man With The Plan, Earl-- They're all bugfucking crazy. That's how they got to be Big Noises...

They're on the outskirts of the city now. In a crumble-down WAREHOUSE DISTRICT...

Up ahead, a warship of a CADILLAC, tinted windows and dragon's mouth grillwork, idles in the mist...

Several black MEN, in suits and shades, hover nearby...

EASY WIND

Damn--

JIMMY THE SAINT

Wait here--

Jimmy gets out of the car. Has a few words with one of the men. Easy Wind doesn't like the looks of this...

EASY WIND

When your saviors look like those fuckers, you know you done stepped in it one time too many--

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

62

Jimmy gets back into the car...

JIMMY THE SAINT

We're cool. You'll be beyond the rabbit-proof fence. No one touches you.

Easy Wind nods. He sticks the envelope Jimmy gave him into his jacket pocket. Reaches into the backseat for his duffel.

EASY WIND

You remember how when you was a kid, you'd wait all fuckin' year for summer vacation? And then when it'd finally come, it'd just fly right by in no time flat?

JIMMY THE SAINT

Yeah. Sure--

EASY WIND

It's funny, Jim... But life has a way of goin' by faster than any old summer vacation. It really fuckin' does--

Easy Wind gets out of the car... He reaches back in for the press-palmed handshake... Walks to the Caddy...

Easy Wind nods to the men. They open the rear door of the Caddy for him. With a look back to Jimmy The Saint, Easy Wind climbs into the car.

The men follow him in. Doors are closed. Tinted windows obscure all. The Caddy drives off. Disappearing.

Jimmy The Saint watches it go. He looks at his watch. Starts the car.

63 EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - LATER - NIGHT

63

A car winds its way down the long road leading to the
AMUSEMENT PARK

Ferris wheel, Tilt-A-Whirl, Wild Mouse, loom silently over everything like futuristic dinosaurs...

Jimmy The Saint walks past the darkened booths of the midway, coming upon the

PALACE OF WONDERS

with its bannerline advertising such attractions as "The Gorilla Woman" "The Mule Boy" "The Cyclops Baby."

A FIGURE is by the Palace of Wonders. It is Pieces...

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

PIECES

Hello, Jim--

JIMMY THE SAINT

Olden. How are you--?

PIECES

I'm arright--

JIMMY THE SAINT

You seen Critical Bill around? I can't find him anywhere--

PIECES

I haven't seen him...

Pieces is well-dressed - the suit is shabby, but at least it fits...He points to the Palace of Wonders with one three-fingered hand...

PIECES

The freak show--

Jimmy nods. Pieces sighs. Beat..

JIMMY THE SAINT

Listen, Olden, I gotcha booked on a charter - leaves tonight from Stapleton. You got a layover in Rome and then you're on to the Greek Islands. You'll be eating moussaka on Mykonos by dinner tomorrow night--

PIECES

I don't think so, Jimmy--

JIMMY THE SAINT

No more porn theaters, no more scumbags strokin' it around you, just the cool, blue waters of the Mediterranean...

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*

Pieces turns and looks at Jimmy for the first time...

PIECES

Jimmy... I, uh, I ain't gonna run--

JIMMY THE SAINT

What are you talking about--?

PIECES

I been thinkin'... I been thinkin' about this guy... he was my neighbor, next door...

*
*

(more)

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

63

PIECES (Cont'd)

A few years ago... A citizen... Never married. No kids. A sweet guy. And he got a cancer... A bad one... He was dyin'... I been thinkin' about him... Thinkin' how if in his last days, as he lay in bed starin' at the ceiling in that shitty little apartment, knowin' he was dyin'... was he sorry he never did nothin'? Was he sorry he never did the foxtrot with a 2000-dollar-a-night hooker in a Paris nightclub?

Pieces coughs...

PIECES (CONT.)

Jimmy... We did the things... In them days... I remember ballin' three broads at Tommy Gunfire's wedding in Miami... and still goin' back to my motel room and jerkin' off... I remember one New Years in Napoli, takin' out Eddie Corrado's yacht with, I swear, a bangtail looked like exactly Tuesday Weld... Forget about it.

JIMMY THE SAINT

Listen, man, I appreciate that but--

PIECES

What I'm sayin' - I think, Jimmy - is I don't have any regrets... I won't stare at the ceiling, you know? Yeah, I coulda been a better old man to my kids. And I coulda not whacked Sissy around those first few years like I did... And maybe it woulda been better not to pull so much time... But shit, Jimmy, we did the things... Them days... I had a snap-brim hat - you walk into a joint, forget about it...

Pieces smiles with the memory...

Jimmy takes an envelope - similar to the one he gave to Easy Wind - out of his pocket...

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (3)

63

JIMMY THE SAINT

Listen, I got some money here... Maybe you might need--

PIECES

You keep it, Jim. You put it to some good use--

JIMMY THE SAINT

Olden--

PIECES (CONT.)

I'm all right. That's what I just wanted to say to you, Jim.

JIMMY THE SAINT

You're all right?

PIECES

Yeah, Jimmy...

Beat. Pieces pats Jimmy's arm and begins to walk...

JIMMY THE SAINT

Hey, Olden--?

PIECES

Yeah?

JIMMY THE SAINT

You really do the foxtrot with a 2000-dollar-a-night hooker in a Paris nightclub?

Pieces smiles archly. Jimmy returns the smile--

JIMMY THE SAINT (CONT.)

Goodbye, Olden--

And now we see it: Pieces carries an old felt snap-brim HAT... He puts it on... Adjusts the brow... Nods to Jimmy.

PIECES

Goodbye, Jimmy--

And Pieces walks... Toward the Merry-Go-Round... And soon he's lost to us... The mists of morning swallowing him whole.

64 EXT. CITY STREETS - JIMMY'S BUICK - MOVING - DAY

64

He pulls up to Lucinda crossing on the corner. Honks the horn... She doesn't come over. He honks again...

LUCINDA

Shit...

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

She walks over, hiding the left side of her face...

LUCINDA (CONT.)

What--?

JIMMY THE SAINT

You seen Bill Doolittle around--?

LUCINDA

I haven't seen him.. Naw, man--

Jimmy notes the way she's favoring her right profile...

JIMMY THE SAINT

What's the matter with you--?

LUCINDA

Nuthin'

JIMMY THE SAINT

Turn around--

LUCINDA

Jimmy--

JIMMY THE SAINT

Turn around--!

She does. The left side of her face is purple and lumpy like a basket of plums.

JIMMY THE SAINT

What happened?

LUCINDA

What's it to you? You got some crinkle, Jimmy? For a cup a joe--?

JIMMY THE SAINT

Tell me what happened to your face--

LUCINDA

Bad beat. Real uptown daddy rich butterboy... Turns out he's a beer bottle beat. When I say Lucinda don't take no beer bottles into her great wide open, guy goes wiggy. Does what he likes with the beer bottle anyhow. Then alley- whips me - no shit. Didn't pay dick.

JIMMY THE SAINT

What did Spoon say?

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

LUCINDA
Spoon's gone. Narcs took him away
Tuesday...

JIMMY THE SAINT
Get in the car--

LUCINDA
Jimmy--

JIMMY THE SAINT
Get in the fuckin' car. Now--!

65 INT. HIGH RISE - ELEVATOR

65

Jimmy and Lucinda ride up with the well-heeled BUSINESS TYPES

66 INT. ARMSTRONG & HUNTER, CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS

66

Plush office space. Jimmy goes to the RECEPTIONIST. A few
WORKERS give the pair an indelicate once-over.

RECEPTIONIST
Can I help you--?

JIMMY THE SAINT
Yes.
(to Lucinda)
What's his name?

LUCINDA
He never said.

JIMMY THE SAINT
Lucinda--

LUCINDA
He never fuckin' said--!

Jimmy yanks her along and they storm into the offices...

RECEPTIONIST (CONT.)
Hey--!

She gets on the phone.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT.)
Security...

67 INT. OFFICES

67

Jimmy hauls Lucinda... Opening doors, offering up the surprised
BEAN COUNTERS for Lucinda's perusal. She shakes her head and
they move on--

68 INT. BOARDROOM

68

A staff meeting in progress. Fifteen SUITS around a long, mahogany table.

The door opens. Jimmy and Lucinda stand there. She scans the room--

LUCINDA

Him.

She points to a 40ish MAN in a 2000 dollar suit.

JIMMY THE SAINT

Him--?

Lucinda nods. The man stands - shocked to see her.

MAN

What the hell is the mean--

Before he can finish, Jimmy's got him by the power tie and is yanking him along--

JIMMY THE SAINT

Remember this girl? Remember this girl, you maggot--?

Jimmy turns to face the group of baffled accountants--

JIMMY THE SAINT (CONT.)

You know what this maggot...

Jimmy slams the beat the tie, face-first over the table...

JIMMY THE SAINT (CONT.)

... did to this girl? He took a bottle. Not unlike this bottle...

Jimmy picks up a half-empty Perrier bottle... A few of the ACCOUNTANTS leave the boardroom to fetch security... Most stand there, agog...

JIMMY THE SAINT (CONT.)

And he put it places - against this girl's wishes - where bottles aren't supposed to go--

Jimmy takes the Perrier bottle and sticks it by the beat's face...

JIMMY THE SAINT (CONT.)

How you like I do that to you? How you like I shove this bottle so far up your ass, it'll cost you a nickel deposit .
(more)

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

JIMMY THE SAINT (Cont'd)
 everytime you take a dump--?

Lucinda grooves on it all... But then

THREE SECURITY GUARDS

storm into the boardroom. They grab Jimmy... Wrestle him away... But Jimmy still has a grip on the beat's tie...

The guards drag off Jimmy... Jimmy drags off the beat...

It is madness...

69 INT. THICK 'N RICH - LATER - DAY

69

Jimmy sits in a booth with Joe Heff and Malt. Jimmy's suit is torn...

JOE HEFF

So he just dropped the charges? Even though you dogged him out like that - ?

JIMMY THE SAINT

The alternative would've been nasty. The guy had a wife, a kid, a mistress...

JOE HEFF

A wife and a mistress. Those were the days...

MALT

Oh, shit. Mooncalf Alert...

Jimmy and Malt look to the door to the malt shoppe. Bernard, The Man With The Plan's simple son, has entered.

Bernard looks about the place. Spies Jimmy. Heads over.

BERNARD

Jimmy... Jimmy The Saint... I talk to ya for a minute--?

Jimmy looks at his companions. Tentative. He shrugs.

JIMMY THE SAINT

Sure, Bernard. What's up?

BERNARD

In private, Jimmy. No offense.

Joe Heff gives him the "none taken" look. Jimmy slides from the booth, into another, further down... Bernard joins him...

BERNARD (CONT.)

I'm very upset, Jimmy.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

JIMMY THE SAINT

I know, Bernard. I heard about Meg--

BERNARD

It's unbelievably sad. She's missing. They say she's a missing person. It's - it's... I don't know what to do. My letters come back RETURN TO SENDER... I sent her flowers. They came back. Dead

JIMMY THE SAINT

It's a tragedy...

BERNARD

Jimmy The Saint. Don't go taking this the wrong way, okay? But - but... When I was a kid... I always thought you were the coolest. Smooth. Dad used to say that: "Jimmy The Saint, he's a smooth guy."

JIMMY THE SAINT

Thanks, Bernard--

BERNARD

Kind of my hero, sort of. Haw, am I blushing?

JIMMY THE SAINT

No--

BERNARD

I feel like I am. My face feels hot. I just, uh, need some advice. To get through it. I love her, Jim. I just want to talk to her--

JIMMY THE SAINT

I know--

BERNARD

I just want to hear her say: "Bernard, I'm happy now. I love this guy. I'm happy now." If I could hear her say that, I'd get on with my life. I really would. I love her so much, her happiness is more important to me than my happiness... You understand...?

JIMMY THE SAINT

Of course, Bernard. That's very noble of you. She'll turn up. And you'll be able to talk to her... You'll see...

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

BERNARD

Yeah. I guess. Thanks, Jimmy...

Bernard gets up... He sniggers... He seems almost happy...

BERNARD (CONT.)

I like that. That thing you said.
About being noble. I could be noble.
You're noble. I could be noble. Hey,
you wanna go bowl a few strings some
night? Diamond Mike Ettler owns the All-
Strikes Lanes. He gives me shoes for
free...

The door to the malt shoppe opens... Dagney stands there,
looking suitably radiant... Jimmy sees her...

JIMMY THE SAINT

Sure, Bernard. I'll call you. We'll
bowl a few frames.

BERNARD

Great. Thanks again, Jimmy The Saint...

Bernard pumps Jimmy's hand vigorously. And leaves the shoppe.
Passing Dagney, he doffs his Tam o'Shanter to her, ever-the-
gentleman...

She sees Jimmy... Walks over...

DAGNEY

Hello...

JIMMY THE SAINT

How you doing--?

DAGNEY

I called your office. Cuffy said you
might be here--

Jimmy nods. Dagney looks around the
joint. Looks at Joe Heff. He winks at
her...

JIMMY THE SAINT

What's up--?

DAGNEY

You got the afternoon free--?

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (3)

69

JIMMY THE SAINT

Not really, I got some business to take care of...

DAGNEY

Me too. Come on--

She holds out her hand... Jimmy looks at it. At her. At Joe...

He takes her hand...

CUT TO:

70 A PICNIC BASKET

70 *

Jug of wine, half-empty; baguette; morsels of cheese; a boom box plays Dave Brubeck's "Blues Rondo a la Turk."

*
*

70 EXT. SKYSCRAPER - ROOFTOP - DAY

70

One of the shimmering monoliths of 17th street. We can see the river from up here. And the Colorado Capital.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

Jimmy and Dagney dance barefoot...

Jimmy breaks it... He goes to the picnic basket... Pours the rest of the wine into two glasses...

*
*
*
*

JIMMY THE SAINT

I'm leaving town--

DAGNEY

Of course you are--

They stop dancing...

JIMMY THE SAINT

What does that mean?

DAGNEY

I'm thinking: this is a good guy. This is someone, when I think of him, I can't help but smile. Based on just a few days, I know. And then you change. You stop The Talk. The Charm. That big romantic guy from last week is gone. I'm thinking: hey, girl... this is the big heave-ho. See ya... Write when you get work...

*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (2)

70

JIMMY THE SAINT
Things have come up--

DAGNEY
Yeah... They always do--

JIMMY THE SAINT
Dagney--

DAGNEY
It's funny... Alex... Chip. The other
night... He asked me to marry him...

JIMMY THE SAINT
He did--?

DAGNEY
He did.

JIMMY THE SAINT
What did you say--?

DAGNEY
I should be with him... He's a good
man... It's just that, I feel like I
have some divine right to be happy... I
feel like I deserve to thump... Because,
Jimmy - I glide. And girls who glide
need guys who make them thump... *

JIMMY THE SAINT
I've heard that said--

DAGNEY
And you're leaving... *

Beat. Jimmy looks at her, lovely features cloudy with sadness.
You'd cut off your leg if she needed a paddle.

Jimmy considers. Then:

JIMMY THE SAINT
I got some business, that's all. I'll
be back--

DAGNEY
Right. Last guy who said that to me -
sweet man - he still sends postcards...

Jimmy looks at her. Smiles...

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (3)

70

JIMMY THE SAINT

There is, I think, a perfectness inside you. And it is, I think, incumbent on me to safeguard said-perfectness...

DAGNEY

All of which means...

JIMMY THE SAINT

Let's dance...

And he takes her to him. And they slow-dance... And as they do, we watch Jimmy's face... And the pain etched there--

As the sun sets behind the city...

CUT TO:

71 OMITTED

71 *

A COUPLE MAKING LOVE

hot, sweaty, nasty, staged love. To a cheesy score. It's porno love. For we are in

72 INT. SUPERSTAR BIJOU - PROJECTION BOOTH - NIGHT

72

Pieces eats his dinner - a chicken leg and coffee - and flips through a racing sheet... The projector whirrs on nearby...

At once, Pieces looks up... Someone has entered the booth...

Pieces is calm, resigned, circumspect. He even nods.

It is Mister Shhh.

Pieces gets to his feet. Mister Shhh tenses. Pieces shakes his head...

PIECES

Do it quickly...

Mister Shhh is hip to Pieces' needs. He walks slowly toward the weary projectionist...

The hit is carried out OFF-SCREEN. No sounds of struggle...

Pieces flops forward, in front of the projector's xenon arc lamp--

We MOVE FORWARD to the PROJECTION BOOTH WINDOW...

The copulating couple on-screen BUBBLE AND POP as the film BURNS...

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

The screen goes WHITE... Until runnels of rich, viscous crimson - Pieces' blood - is projected onto the screen...

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

72

And, in PRE-LAP, we hear:

WOMAN (V.O.)

... talk about what's compelling - how about this - how about that one doctor's appointment can change your whole life.

CUT TO:

73 A TALKING HEAD - a WOMAN, early 40s...

73 *

WOMAN (CONT.)

You can be thinking about two million things: about work, about the man your dating, your family, the new Kevin Costner picture... Then all of a sudden, you feel a lump... Go to a doctor... And, in the course of a single office visit, everything changes... You tell me there's a worse word in the English language than "malignant." I don't think so... I really don't think so...

74 EXT. "THE LAZY BIRD LOUNGE" - NIGHT

74

An east side bar/nightclub. Its sign - a garish, neon Toucan with a highball glass and a cigarette, flicks one wing, beckoning all to enter...

75 INT. LAZY BIRD LOUNGE

75

Disco lights and smoke haze. A predominantly black crowd. Steady mobbin' cool brown Superfly-types... All the men look like Isaac Hayes, all the women Pam Grier...

Holding court at a rear table, sits

BABY SINISTER

the Big Noise among the black syndicate in the Colorado area. Baby Sinister wears an EYE PATCH, baggy Alexander Julian suit, and rope-soled espadrilles. He fancies himself Black Truth in The White Lie...

BABY SINISTER

... cry all they want... By the year 2000, every city will be black... Thanks to the FAX, the modem, the conference call, Federal-fucking-Express, The Beast will be able to conduct his business from his home in the white suburb, leaving the cities a great, wide, war zone fulla Nubian brothers...

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

One of his strongarms, an enormous man named HOUSE, comes up to the table...

HOUSE
Man here to see you--

BABY SINISTER
Whozzatt--?

HOUSE
A ofaginzy... Spooky-ass fuck--

BABY SINISTER
What's he want?

HOUSE
Says he wants to see you--

BABY SINISTER
Jack 'im up then bring him over--

House leaves. Baby Sinister turns back to his table.

BABY SINISTER (CONT.)
An ofay in here. You gotta admire his pills though, don't you?

The table laughs. The laughter dying in their throats when House brings over Mister Shhh... still in his shabby suit, bolo tie, porkpie hat.

BABY SINISTER (CONT.)
Do I know you, Sylvester?

MISTER SHHH
No--

BABY SINISTER
Then what the fuck you mean by coming in to my place of leisure and fronting me for a piece of ear--?

MISTER SHHH
I'm looking for Earl Denton--

BABY SINISTER
Earl Denton--

MISTER SHHH
A.k.a. Easy Wind...

BABY SINISTER
A.k.a. Easy Wind. What the fuck? Hear this boy? A.k.a. my dick, Uncle Salty!

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

Baby Sinister looks to his table, who laugh on cue--

MISTER SHHH

Easy Wind. You know him--

BABY SINISTER

I know Easy Wind. He's what we call a Link Negro... likes to run with The Beast - but when there's a bit of trouble, he come home to his propers... What you want with Easy Wind--?

MISTER SHHH

Business...

And now Baby Sinister gets it. Looks closely at Mister Shhh.

BABY SINISTER

You gotta be dickin' me... You the out-of-town shooter--?

MISTER SHHH

I need to find Earl Denton--

Baby Sinister gets to his feet... Into Mister Shhh's face--

BABY SINISTER

And you'd just wander in here - all unprofessional-like... Not having any respect for me and mine. Like some kind of fuckin' Terminator 2...! What do you think, we just gonna give him up? You think that? I'm your house nigger? I'm just gonna gleek up ol' Easy Earl?

Nothing from Mister Shhh... Baby Sinister sticks a long, narrow finger into the contract killer's face--

BABY SINISTER (CONT.)

You got some pills onya, ofaginzy... But you way out of control on this one--

And now the place has gone quiet... House is joined by several other strapping strongarms in blousy suits...

MISTER SHHH

Please. Tell me where he is. Cooperate and no one gets hurt.

A few of the strongarms laugh at the absurdity of this soft-spoken appeal, given the circumstances...

But perhaps there's a glimmer of something (fear?) fleeting across Baby Sinister's face. Especially as he looks into Mister Shhh's eyes. And sees the killer is completely serious.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (3)

75

But he recovers for:

BABY SINISTER

You got some pills onya, ya dumb fade--

Baby Sinister shoves Mister Shhh against the back wall but, with an almost supernatural ease, Mister Shhh re-maneuvers things, so before we can blink, he's behind Baby Sinister, one skinny arm around the kingpin's throat.

The strongarms make to rush him, but--

MISTER SHHH

No! Please. I'm a skilled professional. With a simple flex of this muscle, I will snap your friend's neck like a breadstick.

BABY SINISTER

(garbled)

Don't listen to him - shoot the fuck--

MISTER SHHH

Anyone who shoots me will be responsible for the death of Baby Sinister--

BABY SINISTER

Shoot him--!

Mister Shhh plucks a huge nickel-plated AUTOMATIC from Baby Sinister's shoulder-holster... Through it all, he remains tight-lipped, stoic, his voice barely above a whisper...

MISTER SHHH

I need to find Earl Denton. You people have hidden him somewhere. I need to find him--

From the side, a STRONGARM rushes forward.

STRONGARM

Fuck you, Beast--!

BLAM! Mister Shhh guns him down...

Chaos ensues. Pistols fire. Bottles are hurled. Tables overturned.

Mister Shhh, using Baby Sinister as a shield, fires back into the crowd...

Bullets snap into skin, pulverize bone, excoriate organs...

This is Gunfight At The Ofay Corral...

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (4)

75

PATRONS flee the exits... Women scream...

Mister Shhh is an expert shot. Hoodlum blood is spilled...

Soon the fighting ceases... the smell of cordite hangs thick in the air...

Mister Shhh releases Baby Sinister, who drops to the floor, riddled with slugs...

Whimpers fill the void... The club is all but empty, save for the dead and wounded...

Mister Shhh walks up to one man in particular. It is House and he's been gut-shot...

Mister Shhh points the gun down to House's face...

HOUSE

Please... I got children...

A sound from nearby... A jacker reaching for his piece...
BLAM! Mister Shhh erases him. To House:

MISTER SHHH

A choice. Tell me where Earl Denton is
or you can tell it to the worms...

House looks up at him, horrified. Mister Shhh shrugs blankly. He hasn't even broken a sweat. And perhaps this scares House more than anything yet.

Because House nods.

76 INT. THICK 'N RICH - NIGHT

76

Joe Heff is in his booth. Talking to some FELLAS...

At a side table, Jimmy The Saint sips his frappe. Lucinda drinks coffee across from him...

LUCINDA

... it's massage therapy. A 12-week program, and when you get out, you're a registered masseus. Boom. Then I'm legit. Then I'm clean--

JIMMY THE SAINT

Yeah--?

LUCINDA

Yeah. Just like that. The other day, man. You was, like, heroic...

Nothing from Jimmy... Lucinda frowns...

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

LUCINDA (CONT.)

Okay. I'm a masseus. I'm a citizen. Then, I'm thinking, then... You never thought about bein' a dad--?

JIMMY THE SAINT

Never.

LUCINDA

Cos I think about bein' a mom. A lot. I think I could quit The Life. I think so. I think it would - you know - inspire me...

Malt calls out to Joe Heff:

MALT

Telephone, Joe--

LUCINDA

And get outta here, you know? Out of Denver... I'd go someplace else... Someplace warm... Someplace where it's, like, always fuckin' warm, man... Ya know?

*
*
*
*
*
*

JIMMY THE SAINT

How you gonna support the kid? I don't know if anyone told you, but IBM is having a hiring freeze--

LUCINDA

I just told you, Jim--

JIMMY THE SAINT

Right, right. Massage therapy...

LUCINDA

Is it my imagination or are you bein' a prick right now --?

JIMMY THE SAINT

I'm being a prick. Why, Lucinda? Why me--?

LUCINDA

You have the shit. You have strength. You have decency. You have a nice ass -

JIMMY THE SAINT

Who needs strength and decency when you have a nice ass-- ?

Jimmy watches Joe talk on the phone. Joe looks grim.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (2)

76

LUCINDA

Exactly. Like I'm ovulating right now.
We could make it happen, no shit. We
got two days, then we gotta wait a whole
month--

Malt comes around, clearing dishes.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (3)

76

JIMMY THE SAINT

Malt, Lucinda wants my baby. Think I should give her the seed--?

MALT

Jus' what we need in this world - the unholy offspring a you two baggage smashers. That kid'd be the antiChrist, I tell you that. 666 all over his body.

Joe hangs up the phone and gestures for Jimmy to come over...

LUCINDA

What do you know? You're a soda jerk. With the emphasis on JERK--

Lucinda laughs at her own jape.

MALT

That's a funny one, Lucinda. I ain't never heard that one. Soda JERK! Haw, haw! Gosh, li'l girl, you're funny.

He cackles back to his side of the counter. Lucinda, somehow, thinks he's being sincere and she smiles proudly.

Jimmy drains his shake and gets to his feet.

LUCINDA

Jimmy--?

Jimmy walks to the back of the shoppe, where Joe waits...

JOE HEFF

That was Chuckie Gargon down at Homicide. They did Pieces--

JIMMY THE SAINT

When--?

JOE HEFF

Tonight. At the theater...

JIMMY THE SAINT

Jesus--

JOE HEFF

Did him clean. Not for nothin', Jim, but it don't seem like you should be loungin' around drinkin' ice cream...

77 EXT. THICK 'N RICH - NIGHT

77

Jimmy leaves the shoppe. He thinks he sees someone in the shadows... ducks down behind his car...

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

Sweating now, he holds his breath... He quietly opens his car door, reaches in, takes out a sawed-off baseball bat. Waits.

The figure lurches out of the inky darkness of the alley. It's a BUM, guzzling off a 40-ounce...

Jimmy exhales... tosses the bat back into the car and closes the door. Only to bump into

ATWATER

The Man With The Plan's bought-and-paid-for cop.

JIMMY THE SAINT

Jesus... You scared the shit outta me--

ATWATER

Horrible way to go through life, ain't it, Tosnia? Like a bug caught in the bathtub. It got two choices - it goes down the drain - or it stays atop and gets gooshed.

JIMMY THE SAINT

Your metaphors are scintillating--

ATWATER

Shut your bazoo. I'm here with a question--

JIMMY THE SAINT

What's that?

ATWATER

It is not exactly understood - given we are well past the 48 hours allotted to you - why your face can still be seen here in the Colorado area--

JIMMY THE SAINT

I'm tyin' up some things--

ATWATER

You heard about Polymeros? He died standing up. Like a fuckin' man. Take a lesson, Tosnia--

JIMMY THE SAINT

Your problem, Atwater, is that you been getting things on the tin for so long, you don't even know what it's like to try...

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

77

ATWATER

Don't be a ding. Leave town. Tomorrow morning. At sparrow's fart, I was you.

JIMMY THE SAINT

Or else...

ATWATER

Or else buckwheats, junior--

Atwater laughs heartily. Then he plunges a fist into Jimmy's guts. Just for sport. *

ATWATER (CONT.)

Get out of Denver, you fuck--

Jimmy sinks to the pavement. Atwater is gone.

78 EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

78

DAWN. Dodie Chyser and her three children wait in their station wagon... A U-haul trailer hitched to it...

Jimmy The Saint walks with Franchise...

JIMMY THE SAINT

You know where you're going?

FRANCHISE

I'd just assume not say, Jimbo. No offense. But you never know what could happen--

JIMMY THE SAINT

Cos I arranged this thing with Petey Weed for you guys to go to Canada--

FRANCHISE

Not necessary. I got things under control... But you should leave too, Jimbo. You stay here - you're terminal.

JIMMY THE SAINT

I am. I gotta find Bill first--

He takes another ENVELOPE from his pocket--

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

JIMMY THE SAINT (CONT.)

Here... Take this...

Franchise looks into the envelope...

FRANCHISE

It's the "boat fund" money, ain't it?

Nothing from Jimmy. His silence is a tacit admission...

FRANCHISE (CONT.)

I can't...

JIMMY THE SAINT

Just take it, man... Please...

Beat. Franchise nods... They walk...

FRANCHISE

I ain't ascaresed a dyin', Jimbo. I really ain't. It's the things I'd miss, I don't feel like missin', is why I'm gonna put it in the wind. I don't feel like knowin' all this shit still goes on after I'm takin' the dirt nap... The things I'd miss, Jimbo? Christ doing cartwheels, boy. You know how much I love it when it rains in the summertime? Or the way cold milk tastes after an Oreo cookie? Jackie Bisset in the goddamn DEEP - with the wet t-shirt? God, Jimbo, how can you imagine not seein' that again?

Beat.

FRANCHISE (CONT.)

It's the little things. I can't die, Jimbo. Not after all the shit I survived... Not now. Not lovin' life like I am now... Havin' kids, man... I gotta know how they're gonna turn out...

JIMMY THE SAINT

I know, Frannie--

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (2)

78

FRANCHISE

There were days... After I hit the pit... Those first few days slammed-down... fish row... when the niggers and the spics'd come-a-callin', that I did feel like dyin'... When you're starin' some six-foot-six steroid-shootin' semen-demon in the face, you don't just feel like dyin'. You pray for it... Give it a big, big motherfuckin' name--

(beat)

But I survived fish row, Jimbo. Fish row and worse. No way my goin' down now... Not with the weatherman callin' for rain and my little Frankie Junior gonna be Christopher Robin in the sixth grade WINNIE THE POOH... No way, Jimbo... No fuckin' way--

79 EXT. RURAL ROAD - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

79

Jimmy watches as Franchise drives the wagon and trailer off and down the road... The fat children hang out of the windows, waving goodbye to him...

CUT TO:

80 A FIST

80

rapping on a WOODEN DOOR...

WIDER

It is Ellie's fist. Jimmy The Saint is with him...

INT. THE MAN WITH THE PLAN'S HOUSE - DAY

*

The wooden door opens. To Atwater, naked but for a towel--

Atwater steps aside, allowing Jimmy to enter...

81 INT. SAUNA

81

Steam swirls about this long, narrow room. The recessed lights cast amber shadows everywhere...

The Man With The Plan sits in his wheelchair, under layers of heavy towels... He chomps on a thin, Havana cigar... beads of sweat freckle his wide brow...

The Nurse, in a tiny towel herself, rubs eucalyptus branches on The Man's stick-figure legs...

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

Atwater takes a seat on one of the higher benches. He holds a SALAMI, which he slices with a knife, popping pieces into his mouth...

Throughout this scene, the STEAM should periodically billow and swell, obfuscating The Man, Atwater, the Nurse, Jimmy.

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

You're still here, Jimmy. You're still in Denver. Why don't you just walk right over and spit a nice green looney into my crippled face...? Cos you still bein' here is the equal of, I think, just that...

Jimmy, in his suit, is sweating profusely...

JIMMY THE SAINT

I'm leaving. I'm going. I want to talk to you about Francis Chyser...

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

What about him--?

(to the nurse)

Slower--! Rub slower...

JIMMY THE SAINT

You gotta call off your man on Chyser...

Atwater tosses a pail of water onto the coals. The HISS of fresh steam fills the room... The temperature spiking...

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

I "gotta?"

JIMMY THE SAINT

It would be good of you... He's got a family. He's got three kids. A wife.

Nothing from The Man. He bellows cigar smoke. Jimmy loosens his tie... Perspiration rings form at his armpits...

JIMMY THE SAINT (CONT.)

He won't be in your face. He'll disappear...

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

He'll disappear? Like Easy Earl Denton disappeared--?

JIMMY THE SAINT

What do you mean--?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

81

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN
It was a good play, Jim. But the
niggers gave 'im up. He was shot in
Bakersfield...

JIMMY THE SAINT
Bakersfield--

QUICK CUT TO:

82 EXT. DUMPSTER - ALLEYWAY - BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA - DAY

82

Easy Wind, deep in the garbage. Still alive. Moaning. A
crimson stain spreading out over the back of his chinos...

At the mouth of the alley, Mister Shhh pitches pennies with
some of the neighborhood KIDS... one eye on the dumpster...

CUT BACK TO:

83 INT. THE MAN WITH THE PLAN'S SAUNA

83

Jimmy sags against one sticky wall--

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN
He's gone, Jimmy. First Pieces, now
Easy Wind. Took twenty minutes to die.
He suffered like you wouldn't fuckin'
believe... You gonna stay here and die,
Jimmy? Like a fuckin' dog in the
street? Like Easy Wind. A bullet up
the ass, you don't die for twenny
minutes--?

Atwater guffaws, gobbles his Genoa... Jimmy takes a
handkerchief from his suit. Wipes his face...

JIMMY THE SAINT
Franchise. Let's talk about
Franchise... This can't happen to
him... He's got a family. He's got
three kids. They need him...

The Man With The Plan is watching his nurse...

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN
I'd trade all memories of childhood just
to stroke this girl's stomach. The
sense of touch is, easily, the most
underappreciated of the five senses...

He turns to Jimmy The Saint...

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN (CONT.)
Okay. Just so's he disappears. He's
got a family. He's got three kids.
They need him...

Jimmy nods. Afraid to speak, lest The Man changes his mind.

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN (CONT.)
And you follow him. Be gone. Be
fucking gone. Tomorrow, Jim--

84 EXT. DENVER SKYLINE - DAY

84

A lipstick sunset dive-bombs the horizon...

85 INT. DAGNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

85

Dagney and Jimmy on her couch, watching an old movie on TV.
Jimmy is a million miles away... He checks his watch... She
checks him checking his watch... This again!

JIMMY THE SAINT
Can I use your phone...?

She nods, watching the movie...

Jimmy goes to the phone, dials...

JIMMY THE SAINT
(low; into phone)
Joe? It's me... Any luck...?

He listens... Finds a paper and pencil... Writes down an
address...

Dagney gets up... Goes to the kitchen... Pours some juice...
Jimmy watches her move...

She spills the juice... Curses... She's obviously on edge...

He hangs up the phone... Puts the paper in his pocket... They
return to the couch... Watch the movie for a bit...

DAGNEY
You're leaving tomorrow--

Nothing from Jimmy...

DAGNEY (CONT.)
And you're not coming back--

He looks at her...

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

DAGNEY (CONT.)

Am I right--?

Beat.

JIMMY THE SAINT

I could send for you--

DAGNEY

It's funny. But I was thinking about it the other day. I was thinking about us. Only it was years from now. We were older. We wake up together. Go to work. I get home before you do. And, every night, when I hear your key in the lock, I think to myself: "oh, goodie. Now the fun begins..."

Tears stand in her eyes. He reaches out to her...

JIMMY THE SAINT

I once figured it out mathematically. It seems that only one of every 147 things in this world actually wind up working out. We could be on the brink of an exception here, Dagny. It'd be a shame to blow it--

They kiss...

86 INT. DAGNEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

86

After the lovin'. Dagny, asleep in his arms. Jimmy stares at the ceiling...

He gets out of the bed... Dresses... Morning light begins to fill the room...

He leans down and kisses her...

Dagny sleeps on...

87 EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - DAY

87

Ramshackle, tumbledown. Could be condemned.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: 87

Jimmy consults the piece of paper from Dagney's apartment...

88 INT. BOARDING HOUSE - OUTSIDE ROOM 2 88 *

Jimmy The Saint knocks on the door to Room 2... *

Crashing sounds from the other side. Shuffling noises...

CRITICAL BILL (O.S.)
Whozzatt--?

JIMMY THE SAINT
It's me, Bill. Jimmy--

The door's peephole darkens. Then:

CRITICAL BILL (O.S.)
Jimmy. Okay. Jimmy.

Metallic sounds. Chains. The door opens. Critical Bill stands there, in camouflage fatigues, stocking cap. He carries a sawed-off Remington 870 12-gauge shotgun with Packmeyer pistol grips and a rubber slide...

CRITICAL BILL (CONT.)
Come on in, Jimmy--

Critical Bill holds the door aside, allowing Jimmy to enter

89 INT. CRITICAL BILL'S ROOM 89

A bomb blast in a junkyard. Stacks of lumber, old tires, piles of newspapers. Empty soda cans, pizza boxes, frozen food tins. Cartons of unopened perishables. Bottled water.

Piles of ammo. Pistols, blades, a sub-machine gun... This is a virtual compound...

JIMMY THE SAINT
Bill?

CRITICAL BILL
Yeah--

JIMMY THE SAINT
What the fuck are you doing?

CRITICAL BILL
He comes-a-callin'. I'll be ready.
How'd you find me--?

JIMMY THE SAINT
I heard from Joe, who heard from Lou Brophy. I dunno who told Lou Brophy...

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

Critical Bill nods... Paces... He's wired... The windows have been BLACKENED.

JIMMY THE SAINT

When's the last time you went out?

CRITICAL BILL

Couple a days. I quit workin' at Carlotti's...

JIMMY THE SAINT

You sleep at all--?

CRITICAL BILL

I been up four days straight... Keeps you alert. Fine-tuned...

JIMMY THE SAINT

You wanna get something to eat?

CRITICAL BILL

I'm not real keen on leavin' here. You hungry? I could fix you up something.

Critical Bill goes to a carton.

CRITICAL BILL (CONT.)

I got beans. I got corn. I got spinach. Salt-free. I got some beef stew. How 'bout I fix you up some beef stew, maybe some hard rolls...?

JIMMY THE SAINT

That's okay, man. Really.

Jimmy sweeps a pile of filthy shirts off a bean bag chair and sits down...

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (2)

89

CRITICAL BILL

I, uh, Jimmy. I, uh... I wanted to apologize. For the thing on the highway. I kinda, you know, lost my shit--

Jimmy looks at him...

CRITICAL BILL (CONT.)

But, jeez, man... It was sort of, you know, irresponsible to put me out there in the first place... I mean, everyone knows I'm out of my tits...

Jimmy nods. Critical Bill shrugs and opens a can of tuna. Using his fingers, he eats it straight from the can.

Jimmy takes out one of his envelopes...

JIMMY THE SAINT

I arranged everything with Red The Lawyer... Mexico City... How's that?

CRITICAL BILL

I ain't goin' anywhere, Jim... They can send who they wanna send... I'll fuck 'em up five days from Tuesday...

JIMMY THE SAINT

Bill--

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

The Man With The Plan is just a fuckin' head... You ever think of that? We all bow and cower and run chicken from some fuckin' head... No more, man... My new motto, Jim? "Fuck The Head." You like that? "Fuck The Head."

JIMMY THE SAINT

They got Easy Wind--

CRITICAL BILL

I know.

JIMMY THE SAINT

You know?

CRITICAL BILL

They did him buckwheats, man. Up the ging-goo. Took him a half hour to die.

JIMMY THE SAINT

I heard only twenty minutes--

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (3)

89

Beat. The distinction is nebulous.

JIMMY THE SAINT (CONT.)
Pieces wasn't buckwheats...

CRITICAL BILL
Pieces wasn't a nigger--

Critical Bill finishes his tuna...

CRITICAL BILL (CONT.)
Easy Wind. He was a fuck. A real chungo dinge. But I kinda liked him anyhow. Even though he jumped crazy on me all the fuckin' time...

CRITICAL BILL (CONT.)
And when he started roundin' me on that fecal freak stuff. It was lies, man--

JIMMY THE SAINT
I know--

CRITICAL BILL
Not lies like you think. Not out and out lies. I mean - I ain't no brown boy - but there was one time--

JIMMY THE SAINT
I don't wanna hear this, Billy--

As he speaks, Critical Bill picks up a long, lethal blade - brass knuckles handle - he begins to whittle a dowel...

CRITICAL BILL
At Marion. Especially in the fuckin' basement. You gotta prove yourself. You don't, you're hosed. This one skell offered me five centuries to do it--

JIMMY THE SAINT
Do it?

CRITICAL BILL
Eat it, man. Not a lot. Just a little piece--

JIMMY THE SAINT
Bill... Please...

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: (4)

89

CRITICAL BILL

I'm sayin' Easy Wind was a lyin' moon-cricket, but mebbe on this he wasn't really lyin'. Cos I did it. For a small nickel, see he leaves that part out. Five yards, man. And it's only a little piece of shit. Didn't even have no taste really. Spongy.

JIMMY THE SAINT

Jesus, Bill--

CRITICAL BILL

It don't make me no fecal freak. It's a one-time deal thing. Give me some geezo juice around the basement. And five yards. What the fuck? You might do it yourself--

JIMMY THE SAINT

Yeah. Sure. I might. Anything's possible.

CRITICAL BILL

Easy Wind just shouldn't a oughtta go sayin' shit without, uh, without...

JIMMY THE SAINT

Qualifying it--

CRITICAL BILL

Yeah. That's it, Jim. Without qualifying it. Nigger just a trashmouth. He could get hisself kilt he don't watch out...

Jimmy The Saint looks at him. Critical Bill is so deep into the bug basket he doesn't even note his own gaffe.

Jimmy slips the envelope back into his pocket. Five large won't do this cat any good at all...

CUT TO:

90 A TALKING HEAD

90

an older man - perhaps 70 - talks into Cuffy's camera.

OLD MAN

... when you're 10, life is wonder; when you're 20, life is complicated; when you're 30, you realize life is madness; when you're 40, you agree to make the
(more)

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

OLD MAN (Cont'd)

best of it; when you're 50, you regret the compromise of 40, and you make everyone miserable with your caprice; when you're 60, you go back to the mindset of 40, back to the compromise, back to the fold, back to the egg... And when you're 70, you realize life is nonsense. It's 70 years. That's all it is. 70 years. In the grand scheme of things, one life is nothing. One life is a mustard burp. Momentarily tangy, then forgotten into the air...

91 EXT. SKI SHOP - DAY

91

Dagney emerges from the shop, still wearing her salesperson name tag... She walks down the sunny street.

NEW ANGLE - from across the street. Jimmy The Saint in his car. Luggage in the back. He is about to step out, when--

--A CAR wheels up the street. An unmarked police car.

With Atwater at the wheel...

Atwater drives slowly. Pacing Dagney. Following her...

Jimmy looks gut-shot. He follows after them...

But Dagney ducks into a pharmacy.

And Atwater drives off...

92 INT. "SILVER NAKED LADY" - NIGHT

92

A lackluster happy hour crowd. Atwater is at the bar, gobbling gratis peanuts and a V8.

Atwater drains his juice and leaves the bar...

93 EXT. "SILVER NAKED LADY - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

93 *

Atwater makes for his car--

--when, from behind a dumpster, he is bum-rushed - shoved up against the wall...

It is Jimmy The Saint... And he's wielding a broken beer bottle like a blade...

ATWATER

What the fuck are you doing, Tosnia?

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

JIMMY THE SAINT
Why you following the girl--?

ATWATER
I don't know what you're--

Jimmy sticks the bottle close to Atwater's EYE... *

ATWATER
I'm a cop--

JIMMY THE SAINT
That's right. And if you don't talk to me, you piece of shit, you're gonna need a shepherd and a collapsible cane just to get to the post office to pick-up your weekly pay-offs...

ATWATER
Fuck you--

JIMMY THE SAINT
The girl has nothing to do with this. I'm done. But if you go near her. If she stubs her toe and you happen to be in the same zip code, I'll be back. And you'll be wearing a flag-draped coffin. You with me on this? *

ATWATER
Sure. But I got a better question. What's fat, tattooed and just got sliced like a provolone...?

Atwater smiles...

JIMMY THE SAINT
What do you--?

Jimmy is dizzy... And everything SLOWS DOWN and we'll take it, ever-so-disoriented, to

94 EXT. MOTEL 6 - NEW MEXICO - NIGHT

94

One of those concrete and cactus joints off the highway... The U-haul is parked in the lot...

A pair of STATE TROOPER CARS, bubbles flashing, are here...

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

A station wagon pulls in to the lot... Dodie Chyser and her three fat children climb out... Carrying pizza boxes--

Dodie runs for the motel room--one of the Troopers tries to stop her, but she wrests free of him, through the front door.

The fat little kids weep...

95 INT. MOTEL ROOM

95

Things are still SLOW, fuzzy, surreal... as Dodie, followed by the troopers and the motel MANAGER, enter the room... And there he is

FRANCHISE

on the bed, belly slit from groin to sternum, sheets dyed a gruesome arterial red...

Dodie screams, collapsing into the arms of a Statey...

CUT BACK TO:

96 EXT. "SILVER NAKED LADY" - PARKING LOT

96 *

Jimmy is stunned... Decimated...

Atwater laughs...

Jimmy's FIST FLIES TOWARD Atwater's face and we

SMASH CUT TO:

97 INT. THE MAN WITH THE PLAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

97

Gus opens the door to a frantic Jimmy The Saint, pushing a battered and bloody Atwater before him...

GUS

What the fuck, Jimmy...?

98 INT. THE MAN WITH THE PLAN'S STUDY

98

The Man With The Plan eats dinner, his nurse feeding him veal marsala and ratatouille... Ellie watches the nurse's sculpted ass...

Gus leads Jimmy and the beat-up Atwater into the room... The Man With The Plan chews with his mouth full, the nurse sprayed with vivers...

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

Jimmy Toz--!

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN (CONT.)

(to the nurse)

That's enough, sweetie. Take the night off. Go rent a video--

The nurse clears the plates and leaves the room.

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN (CONT.)

What the fuck did you do to my Irish mallet, Jimmy? He looks terrible...

JIMMY THE SAINT

You gave me your word on Franchise--

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

Did I? I gave you my word? Gee whiz. But Jim, don't ya see? I'm a criminal. My word don't mean dick.

Beat.

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN (CONT.)

Let me explain it away to you, Jim: without rules, there's anarchy and anarchy, I'll have you know, is bad for business...

JIMMY THE SAINT

I met someone... A girl.

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

Good. A man takes a woman, he's that much closer to God--

JIMMY THE SAINT

I'll leave. I'll leave the country. I'll move to Switzerland. Some ski place. She skis. I'm seriously gone. I just want a guarantee... I don't wanna get hurt... I don't want her to get hurt

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

I heard she's lovely. Maybe we can get her in here. Dance for the boys--

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (2)

98

Jimmy makes a move for him, but Gus and Ellie are there...

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN (CONT.)

I love this new tough guy thing, Jim.
It's very exciting...

(beat)

Now, get on your knees...

JIMMY THE SAINT

What?

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

Get on your knees, Jimmy...

JIMMY THE SAINT

I can't do that...

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

Get on your knees or you don't even
leave here, let alone go to some ski
place...

Jimmy shoots Atwater a look. The cop is all smiles...

JIMMY THE SAINT

Why you doin' this--?

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

Cause I got pressure sores, Jim. And
they leak pus. Now get on your knees!

JIMMY THE SAINT

No--

Atwater comes over and slugs him. And Jimmy is on his knees

JIMMY THE SAINT (CONT.)

Arrright. There. You happy? Now what?

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

Now get on your belly--

JIMMY THE SAINT

I ain't gonna beg--

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN

Get on your fuckin' belly. I can send
the boys out with thirty vials a rock
and your little quim's address. Round
(more)

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (3)

98

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN (Cont'd)
up eight crackhead niggers to gang-rape
her, if they wanna pipe up... Get on
your fuckin' belly, Jim

Atwater watches, eyes twinkling... Gus and Ellie look a little
sad...

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN (CONT.)
Your belly, Jim--

Jimmy's sweating. A mess. But he shakes his head. No.

Atwater puts a wing-tip on Jimmy's back. Pushes him down, onto
his belly--

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN (CONT.)
Beg for your life, Jim--

JIMMY THE SAINT
I beg I die--

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN
Beg you fuck--!

ATWATER
Beg, asshole--!

JIMMY THE SAINT
No--

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN
Beg me or I'll let you suck my dead dick
in return for your life--

JIMMY THE SAINT
NO--!

ATWATER
Beg--!

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN
BEG--!

ATWATER
BEG, FUCK--!

JIMMY THE SAINT
Nooooo--!

Tears boil up in Jimmy's eyes, the sweat runs deep--

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN
Take out my dick, Atwater--

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (4)

98

Atwater chortles...

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN
TAKE IT OUT--!

Jimmy lowers his head... Closes his eyes...

JIMMY THE SAINT
Please, sir... Please...

The Man With The Plan blows into his puffer tube. The wheelchair pitches forward, one wheel rolling over Jimmy's HAND... pinning him to the floor... Jimmy cries out--

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN
You scumbag. Didn't you learn nothing from me? Never beg. Never ever fuckin' beg... Now, I gotta buckwheats ya, Jim. Go to Switzerland. Go to China. Go to the Washington-fucking-Zoo. But an example gotta be made. And if your bangtail's with you. If little miss Dagny Croft of Grafton, Nebraska. A ski instructor at Vail who longs to be a schoolteacher. K through 6. If she's with you. Then she goes too. Ten minutes before you. So's you gotta watch her... So's you gotta watch her drain...

And, WHUMP! Atwater kicks Jimmy in the side...

THE MAN WITH THE PLAN (CONT.)
Or maybe not. Maybe I decide to be a stand-up guy and forget the whole thing. Or Buckwheats. Buckwheats or no. Live with that. And the fun part, the real shit and giggles part, is that you ain't never gonna know what I decided until you're starin' at your guts on the wall.

Atwater kicks him again... And one more time...

The Man With The Plan gives a look to Gus and Ellie... And they are forced to join in...

The wheel crushing his hand to the ground, Atwater, Gus and Ellie kicking at his ribs, his kidneys...

99 EXT. CITY STREETS - FIVE POINTS - NIGHT 99

Dark and silent streets. A LINCOLN pulls up to the curb. The back door opens. Jimmy The Saint tumbles from the car, which PEELS OFF...

100 EXT. THICK 'N RICH - NIGHT 100

The malt shoppe glows eternal amidst this gloomy city block, like something out of Edward Hopper...

101 INT. THICK 'N RICH 101

For the first time in our tale, the shoppe is empty. Save for Malt, who does a crossword puzzle at the counter, and Joe Heff, who talks to a LONE MAN opposite him (we don't see the man's face)...

JOE HEFF

... so I says "good whiskey don't give you no hangover. Good whiskey wakes you up with a boner like a brick, you feel you could fuck the crack of dawn and make it come...!"

Jimmy The Saint enters... He's a mosaic of blood and bruises... His suit a mess...

JOE HEFF (CONT.)

Jimmy, what happened--?

But Jimmy ignores him, heading straight for the back...

102 INT. THICK 'N RICH - BATHROOM 102

Jimmy runs the taps... Dabs at his wounds with a paper towel... He looks at himself in the mirror...

He attempts to fix his ruined tie, staring at himself... At the resolve he sees there... The decision...

103 INT. THICK 'N RICH 103

Jimmy comes out of the bathroom... Walking past Joe's booth.

JOE HEFF

Jimmy, you okay--?

But Jimmy is gone... Out the door... Joe turns back to his companion...

JOE HEFF (CONT.)

He's got a lot on his mind... What did you say your name was again, friend...?

REVERSE ANGLE REVEALS - Joe's companion is turned to the door, looking to where Jimmy exited...

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

... when he turns back, to face Joe, we see that it is
MISTER SHHH.

Mister Shhh sucks on the dregs of his shake through a straw -
And, in PRE-LAP, we HEAR:

MAN (O.S.)

I only want you to be happy. You can't
mourn me forever. If you've met someone
else - if he truly, dearly makes you
happy - for God's sake, Mark. Go for it

104 INT. AFTERLIFE ADVISEMENT - NIGHT

104

Cuffy sits with a young MAN, 31, before a VIDEO MONITOR.

On-screen, a rail-thin MAN, also early 30s, in hospital gown
and hot, red, K.S. lesions, speaks into the camera...

MAN ON SCREEN (CONT.)

I'm never coming back. Not in this
beautiful body, anyhow. Go to this new
guy. Love him like you loved me. And
if he loves you half as much as I did,
then you're set... Please don't feel
guilty. Let go. What you do now with
your life embodies the spirit with which
I've lived mine. Let go and continue.
I may be dead, Mark - but that doesn't
mean you have to be...

The man beside Cuffy - MARK - is weeping. Cuffy, too, is
filling up...

And, watching from the doorway, Jimmy The Saint is stone-faced.
Impassive...

Cuffy thinks he's heard someone. He turns to the door. But no
one is there...

105 INT. AFTERLIFE - BACK OFFICES

105

Jimmy goes to Cuffy's desk... He carries a VIDEO TAPE... *

He takes two ENVELOPES out of his pocket... He consolidates the
one for Pieces with the one for Critical Bill...

He slips the bulging envelope and the videotape into Cuffy's
desk drawer... *

106 INT. CRITICAL BILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

106

Critical Bill has finally crashed on the bed. Snoring softly.

107 EXT. CRITICAL BILL'S BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT 107

A figure in the shadows. Looking up at the blackened windows
Mister Shhh has come-a-calling...

108 INT. CRITICAL BILL'S ROOM - NIGHT 108

PITCH DARKNESS. A BLACKENED WINDOW is JIMMIED.

The window slides open noiselessly...

It is Mister Shhh. Eyes adjusting to the dark.

He pads silently to the BED. A SHAPE beneath the blankets...

His BLADE is out. He PLUNGES IT into the shape when, with a
FOOM--!

-A BLAZE OF LIGHTS--

shatters the pitch... Blinding Mister Shhh...

And Critical Bill rises from behind the jerry-rigged BANK of
CARBON ARC LIGHTS...

He holds the sawed-off 870 12-gauge--

CRITICAL BILL

Par-tay---!

Mister Shhh barely has time to register the stuffed pit bull,
Nigger Knocker, in the bed, with Mister Shhh's blade sticking
out of his snout, when--

KA-BOOM!

Mister Shhh takes it in the chest... the blast mushrooming in
size as it hits mass...

Mister Shhh capers backwards... Collapses onto the floor...

Critical Bill steps out from his cover.

CRITICAL BILL (CONT.)

I AM GODZILLA! YOU ARE JAPAN--!

He tosses the sawed-off aside. Takes a Colt .357 Python
revolver from the waistband of his pants...

Critical Bill giggles...

He sticks his gun in the hit man's face...

CRITICAL BILL (CONT.)

Your reputation far exceeds your skills,
mammy-rammer...

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

Cocks the hammer. Mister Shhh looks at him, eyes losing light
BLAM!

Mister Shhh, with his last bit of energy, fires a neat one into
Critical Bill's heart...

Mister Shhh smiles weakly. The victor. He shows Bill the
pocket Derringer.

Critical Bill, stunned, tries to say something, but he's
already dead... his eyes roll up into his head... And he
COLLAPSES onto Mister Shhh.

We'll admire this tableau for a beat. Critical Bill and Mister
Shhh. Entwined like lovers. All that menace, deservedly dead.

And, in his signature PRE-LAP, we HEAR: *

JOE HEFF (O.S.)

The blood runs when the time comes.
First rule of The Life. The blood runs
when the time comes...

109 INT. THICK 'N RICH - NIGHT

109

Joe Heff... His faithful audience sits opposite him.

JOE HEFF (CONT.)

Just 'cause Mister Shhh is gone. Don't
mean shit. I hear The Man already made
a call... The Montirez Brothers out of
Albuquerque, have been called in.

QUICK CUT TO:

110 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

110

An old Chevy PICK-UP TRUCK drives along. Armaments rattle
around on the floor - handguns, brass knucks, piano wire, jet
blades, etc...

Three MEXICAN BROTHERS inside the cab... Pancho Villa lip
pieces, Lee Van Cleef sneers, Charlie Manson eyes...

111 EXT. CITY STREETS - JIMMY'S BUICK - MOVING - NIGHT

111

Jimmy drives cross town... A man on a mission...

112 EXT. DENVER CITY LIMITS - NIGHT 112

We can see the lights of the city proper... The skyline... As the truck carrying the Montirez Brothers heads for town...

JOE HEFF (O.S.)

Everyone wants to go to heaven, no one wants to die. Am I right or am I right?

113 INT. SILVER NAKED LADY - NIGHT 113

Dagney is with a cluster of her friends...

Jimmy The Saint enters, sees them... For the first time in our tale, he looks truly shabby...

JIMMY THE SAINT

Dagney--

DAGNEY

Jimmy--?

JIMMY THE SAINT

Which one is Alex--?

DAGNEY

Jimmy--

ALEX

I'm Alex--

Jimmy grimaces. The kid is strong and good-looking.

Jimmy grabs Alex with one hand, Dagney with the other... Drags them over to a quiet side of the club...

DAGNEY

Jimmy, what are you doing? Are you drunk?

He takes a RING BOX out of his pocket. To Alex:

JIMMY THE SAINT

What do you do, Alex?

ALEX

What--?

JIMMY THE SAINT

What do you do--?

ALEX

I instruct. With Dagney at Vail--

JIMMY THE SAINT

You got any better prospects than that?

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

ALEX
I'm going to law school--

JIMMY THE SAINT
Great. Either way she winds up with a
crook.

DAGNEY
Jimmy, what's going on?

He hands the ring box to Alex.

JIMMY THE SAINT
Here. It's a ring. I bought it. It's
a good one. A little over two carats.
VS1 or something up there. Near
colorless... I want you to give it to
Dagney...

ALEX
You're buying my engagement ring?

JIMMY THE SAINT
Yeah. So?

DAGNEY
Jimmy, don't do this--

ALEX
That's a little odd, isn't it?

Beat. Jimmy stares at the kid.

JIMMY THE SAINT
I dunno. Is it? You want it?

DAGNEY
Jimmy--

The two men stare at each other... Perhaps Alex can sense the
desperation in Jimmy's eyes--

DAGNEY (CONT.)
Alex--

--because, finally, he takes the ring box.

DAGNEY (CONT.)
You've gotta be kidding me--

Beat. Alex looks at the two of them.

ALEX
If you'll excuse me a moment--

He walks away. Dagney whirls on Jimmy.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (2)

113

DAGNEY

What the hell is going on?

Jimmy takes her hands...

JIMMY THE SAINT

Dagney...

DAGNEY

What are you doing?

JIMMY THE SAINT

Dagney...

DAGNEY

I don't even like you anymore, Jimmy. I don't think I ever did. You kidnapped me. I was with my girlfriends, you swept through here, talking the talk. And ever since then I don't know what's what... You're a different guy every time. I never know which Jimmy is going to show up...

JIMMY THE SAINT

I'm just like all the others, Dagney. But I need you more than all the others.

DAGNEY

The other night, you're sending for me... We're "on the brink of an exception?"

JIMMY THE SAINT

There are so many guys out there, who'd love the shot to bring you paradise... Love to spend the rest of their days with you...

DAGNEY

You're doing the talking thing again--

JIMMY THE SAINT

I can't do it. I want to. I want to so bad...

DAGNEY

Which is it, Jim? Select from the following menu: you're married. You're gay. You're fucking another girl. Which is it, Jim? Tell me. Please--

*

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (3)

113

JIMMY THE SAINT

I'm sick, Dagney. I saw the doctor.
I'm a sick man.

DAGNEY

Sick how--?

JIMMY THE SAINT

They tell me I'm dying. They tell me I
gotta give you back to all the others--

DAGNEY

What do you--

JIMMY THE SAINT

You want to be a schoolteacher--

Dagney blinks. Surprised...

JIMMY THE SAINT (CONT.)

K through 6. I didn't know that. You
should do it... You'd be great...

DAGNEY

Jimmy--

JIMMY THE SAINT

I gotta go, Dagney. I can't cry here.
Not in The Silver Naked Lady. It would
be bad for my reputation...

DAGNEY

Jimmy, wait--

JIMMY THE SAINT

I love you, Dagney. I think I really
do. I think - if given possession of
your soul - I could have made it smile.

He kisses her... Dagney is crying now...

DAGNEY

Don't do this--

JIMMY THE SAINT

Be happy--

But he's gone. She watches him go, weeping.

114 EXT. ALL-STRIKES LANES - NIGHT

114

Bernard walks from the bowling alley...

A car pulls up alongside him. Jimmy The Saint.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

JIMMY THE SAINT
You need a ride, Bernard?

BERNARD
Jimmy! Gus and Ellie were supposed to pick me up but they're late. I can go with you, sure. Serve them guys right for being tardy. Haw!

Bernard gets into the car. Jimmy drives off...

115 EXT. ABANDONED PARKING LOT - NIGHT

115

Jimmy pulls the car into the scrub lot...

BERNARD
What are we doing here, Jimmy?

Jimmy's eyes are cold. Face set.

BERNARD (CONT.)
Something wrong--?

Jimmy shakes his head. Stares out the windshield.

BERNARD (CONT.)
Jimmy--?

Jimmy whirls on Bernard, THRUSTING THE KNIFE deep into the younger man's belly...

Bernard howls, as Jimmy slides the blade up his torso, gutting him like a bass...

Bernard stares at Jimmy, helpless, mournful, betrayed...

Jimmy reaches over, opens the passenger door... Shoves Bernard out...

Bernard is dead before he hits the dirt...

Jimmy drives off.

116 EXT. ALL-STRIKES LANES

116

Gus and Ellie wait out front in their Lincoln.

Jimmy pulls up to them...

GUS
Jimmy--?

Jimmy passes Bernard's Tam o'Shanter CAP to Gus...

And drives off...

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: 116
Gus and Ellie look at the hat, at each other.

117 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT 117
Lucinda crossing on the corner. Jimmy pulls up...

118 EXT. ALLEYWAY / INT. JIMMY'S CAR 118
Lucinda pays no mind to the blood soaking Jimmy's suit...
She straddles him... He enters her...

LUCINDA
It'll be a beautiful baby, Jimmy. Girl
or boy, I'll name it after you--
Tears stream down Jimmy's face... as he thrusts onward... into
the abyss...

And, in PRE-LAP, we hear:

JOE HEFF (O.S.)
You do things because you do things,
because they are part of the way... *

118A INT. THE MAN WITH THE PLAN'S HOME 118A *
The Man With The Plan sits in his chair. Alone in the dark. *
Bernard's cap rests on his lap... He begins to pound his ear *
into the pad. Slow, this time. Rhythmic. A broken metronome. *
Pound. Pound. Pound. We'll leave him. Pounding alone. *
Trapped in the shadows... *

JOE HEFF (O.S.)
The Man has an expression: like leading
blind chickens out so's they can shit. *
Ain't we all just blind chickens?
Lookin' for a clean place to do our
business?

119 INT. THICK 'N RICH - DAY 119
Joe Heff sits before two NEW MEN... He's replaced his old
audience...

JOE HEFF (CONT.)
Like the way we shake hands... we press
palms up flat like this...

He demonstrates with one of the men...

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

JOE HEFF (CONT.)

You know why? On account of - when we were locked-down - in the visitor's room there was that clear plastic divider that separated you from your visitor... That's how you touched 'em hello and goodbye... Pressed palms... See that? We called it the "Wives Five." It's nice, no?

Malt comes by with a dish of coffee ice cream for Joe... He scowls at Joe's incessant verbosity...

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2)

119

JOE HEFF (CONT.)

I ever tell you guys about Jimmy "The Saint" Tosnia? From Mott Street? In his day, the bitch's bastard...

CUT TO:

120 A SILVERY CORAL ISLET

120

golden bars of sand, mangrove trees. The sky and the water in a contest for which is more turquoise.

121 EXT. FLORIDA KEYS - DAY

121

A 60-foot CABIN CRUISER lolls peacefully in the water... The warm Gulf Stream breeze tickling its flags...

Jimmy The Saint reclines on the deck... Basking in the sun... He seems to be alone.

But then:

The WHIRR of a BLENDER, makes him open his eyes...

And there's Franchise, dropping pineapple and banana into the blender... and adding plenty of Myers Rum...

Pieces and Easy Wind play checkers nearby...

Everyone is tan... healthy... their Hawaiian print shirts waffle in the wind... Tony Bennett croons on the stereo...

Critical Bill fishes over one side... *

FRANCHISE

We got boat drinks--!

And Franchise serves them all, in long, tall, dewy glasses, replete with little umbrellas...

They raise their drinks...

JIMMY THE SAINT

Give it a name--

And they take big sips... But then Critical Bill's line GOES TAUT... He's hooked a big one. A monster... *

And as they all run over to help him reel it in, their laughter rising high and joyful, we PULL OUT, taking a wider view, taking it all in, when suddenly, in desultory PRE-LAP, we hear:

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

JIMMY THE SAINT (O.S.)
... and most of all, you gotta remember,
it's not a perfect world. It's harder
than Chinese math... But, as cold as it
seems, you gotta have a little faith...

CUT TO:

121A EXT. THICK 'N RICH - NIGHT

121A *

The block is dark except for the Thick...

*

Jimmy pulls up in the Buick... He stops the car...

*

JIMMY THE SAINT (O.S.)
Have a list. Come up with a list of
what's important to you... The ten
things most important to you...

*

*

*

*

CLICKING NOISES O.S. Jimmy looks up--

*

And there, in the alleyway, stand--

*

THE MONTIREZ BROTHERS

*

Duster coats and nasty grins... Shotguns braced to their
bellies... And at Jimmy...

*

*

JIMMY THE SAINT

*

*

looks at them... Plaintive... And we

*

*

CUT TO:

*

121B INT. THICK N' RICH

121B *

Only Joe Heff and Malt are in here... Joe in his booth, Malt
behind the counter...

*

*

JIMMY THE SAINT (O.S.)
No one satisfies all ten. It's
impossible. If you can satisfy five or
six... You're near there. You're on
your way. To your own perfect world.

*

*

*

*

*

Joe and Malt turn abruptly... As if they've just heard the most
tremendous concussion (though we won't hear it)...

*

*

*

Joe and Malt look at each other... And the look is a sad one...

*

CUT TO:

122 A TALKING HEAD

122

This time the talking head is Jimmy The Saint. He looks pale, ashen... Speaking into Cuffy's camera...

JIMMY THE SAINT

You were on my list. My doin' this...
It's given me a perfect world. I thank
you for that, kid. Really. I do...

(beat)

Listen to your mother. She's a fine
woman. She's a strong woman. She's a
decent woman...

(beat)

A good man once said to me that life
goes by faster than summer vacation. In
a few years, you'll know what he meant
by that. He was right, I think. Enjoy
it. Enjoy it all. And remember:
anytime, in the future, when you're
having a bad moment, a bad day... Play
this tape... Look at me... And know...
Know that I would be there, if I
could... And know that I love you. I
love you so very much. And know that,
in some way, somehow, I'm walking beside
you... I'm walking with you... You're
(more)

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

JIMMY THE SAINT (Cont'd)
not alone, kid... Not at all... Your old
man's along for the ride... Always...

Beat. Jimmy stares into the camera. Sighs...

And, somewhat incongruously, Jimmy Buffett's jaunty "BOAT
DRINKS" sounds up on track... Taking us through our final
IMAGES...

122 OMITTED

122 *

122A EXT. GREYHOUND STATION - MONTHS LATER - DAY

122A *

A BUS comes to a pneumatic-hiss stop...

A very PREGNANT Lucinda, carrying a small suitcase, boards.

The bus door closes... And we see its destination sign:

This baby's heading for Tampa...

123 OMITTED

123 *

125 EXT. HIGHWAY - MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE - MOVING

125

A thin HAND on the steering wheel... A DIAMOND RING on one
finger, winking in the sun.

WIDER

We see that it is Dagney at the wheel...

WIDER STILL

We see that she is ALONE...

And heading back to Vail. For another season...

Because, after all, if you truly want to be happy, there's one
thing you must do:

Get out of Denver...

THE END