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SERIOUS MONEY

BY

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Fade in:

1 INT. A DINER IN QUEENS - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

1

Charlie Aiello is sitting in a booth by himself eating a tuna salad sandwich on toast...he's enjoying it.

Charlie's in his late thirties, favors gold chains and shiny shirts, his hair is impeccably groomed. He holds his pinky up in the air as he sips his coffee.

Sal Martinelli walks in, we can almost feel his intensity, he's a pressure-cooker, but he tries to keep it beneath a cool facade. Otherwise Sal and Charlie are cut from the same cloth.

Sal is followed by Angela, a petit, sexy girl in her early thirties wearing mostly black. Sal takes a quick look around the diner and spots Charlie. He starts for Charlie's booth, Angela follows.

They arrive at the booth and Angela slides in across from Charlie.

ANGELA

Hiya, Charlie.

CHARLIE

(with his mouth full)

Hi doll.

Sal signals the waitress as he hangs his cashmere overcoat on a hook and slides in next to Angela. He reaches across her and picks up a menu...

SAL

You know what you're gonna have?

ANGELA

I'm gonna have just coffee.

SAL

Why don't you eat something?

ANGELA

Cause I don't want anything.

Sal starts fingering through the menu...

SAL

You should eat something.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

ANGELA

If I want something I'll have something. I don't want anything.

SAL

You should have something.

Sal looks up at the waitress before Angela can respond.

SAL

What do you got today, Connie?

CONNIE

Salisbury steak with vegetables,
loin pork chop with...

He looks up from the menu...

SAL

What's the vegetable?

CONNIE

Peas and carrots.

He nods...she continues...

CONNIE

Loin pork chop with apple sauce,
pepper steak with rice, grilled
halibut, and the soup is
minestrone.

Sal ponders for a moment, Charlie, Angela, and Connie
watch...he closes the menu...

SAL

Give me a burger, very well done, a
side of slaw, some pickles and a
large glass of milk.

He reaches over Angela to return the menu to its holder.
Angela is just looking at him.

ANGELA

That's okay, Sal, I'll order for
myself. A coffee please, Connie.

Connie nods and walks away. Sal looks straight ahead,
avoiding Angela's glare.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 2

1

CHARLIE

Tell me something, Sal. Why do you always do that?

SAL

What?

CHARLIE

You pour over the menu for ten minutes, ask what the specials are, and then you always order a hamburger and a glass of milk.

SAL

So?

CHARLIE

So why don't you just order the hamburger as soon as you sit down and make everybody's life a little simpler.

SAL

Excuse me but exactly who's life am I making complicated?

CHARLIE

Everybody's, cause you do that kind of stuff with everything.

(he turns to Angela)

Am I right?

SAL

My apologies Saint Charles, next time your car payment is three months overdue call somebody else, because I wouldn't want to complicate your life any more.

He steals the pickle off Charlie's plate...

SAL

Now you want to hear what my cousin had to say or do you want to go on with this bullshit?

Charlie doesn't answer.

SAL

You know what bearer bonds are?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 3

1

CHARLIE

They're bonds.

SAL

That's good so far...

(he shakes his head)

They're not only bonds they're
cashable bonds. The bearer, the
guy that's got 'em, can turn them
in for cash almost any place in the
world.

Charlie nods...

SAL

My cousin says they got courier's
running back and forth between
brokerage houses carryin'sacks of
these things...

(he leans forward)

usually a couple of hundred grand
worth.

Charlie stops chewing and stares across at Sal...

CHARLIE

Sal, a couple of hundred grand...
are you serious?

Sal nods...

SAL

And we could probably end up with
twenty, thirty cents on a dollar.

Connie returns. Sal waits as she places down a glass of
milk in front of him and a cup of coffee in front of Angela.
She walks away and Sal continues...

SAL

(very serious now)

There's a guy, one of these
couriers, that works at the
brokerage house my cousin works at,
and they've become sort of
friendly, y'know, a few drinks,
they went out with some girls, like
that...

Charlie, very attentive, nods.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 4

1

SAL

And they started talkin'. Anyway,
my cousin says that for a price
this guy is ready to fake a heist.
He'll tell us when he expects to be
carryin' a lot of bonds, he'll meet
us somewhere, give us the bonds and
we tie him up, give him a little
~~shot on the head to convince~~
everybody, y'know...

CHARLIE

Yeah.

Angela starts to laugh...

Sal and Charlie turn and look at her.

ANGELA

I don't believe yous two.

SAL

Angela don't start.

ANGELA

Me don't start?

SAL

This is business, remember?

ANGELA

Business! You call this business.
My father owns a bakery, that's a
business...

CHARLIE

Oh boy, here we go.

SAL

(to Charlie)
I'm sorry.

ANGELA

Don't apologize to him for me!

SAL

Angela, we were trying to talk
here!

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 5

1

ANGELA

Yeah, about what? Another one of your big deals. Like, uh, the shipment of panty hose from South Korea, one-size-fits-all, except they didn't fit anybody taller than four foot six.

Charlie blows out some air and sits back. Angela continues...

ANGELA

...or how about the truckload of frozen fish you were gonna sell to all the restaurants, remember that one? It stayed in the garage for three weeks and you still got clothes I can smell the fish on.

Sal just continues to look off into space...

ANGELA

Let's see, cigarettes from North Carolina, fireworks. Oh, yeah, and how about the Saint Christopher medals, with the moving lips.

The two men remain quiet.

ANGELA

The brain trust. Why don't you get jobs. Cut out this crap and get jobs. You won't have to work so hard.

She shakes her head and stirs her coffee.

SAL

What do you think?

CHARLIE

How do we turn the bonds into cash?

SAL

Well here's where it gets a little tricky. Not only do we need someone to fence the bonds, but we gotta get someone to front us ten grand for the courier.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 6

1

CHARLIE

Why we got to front him, Sally?

SAL

Because that's the only way he'll do it. My cousin says the guy feels that once we take the bonds he'll be watched, so he don't want to come anywhere near us after that.

Charlie nods...

CHARLIE

Well, fencing the bonds ain't no big deal, but fronting ten grand that's something else.

SAL

I thought about that. Gino the 'Grocer.'

CHARLIE

Yeah, yeah. Why not?

ANGELA

Gino the 'Grocer', Oh, that's smart. And if something goes wrong they can bury you side by side? What did you forget? He kills people.

SAL

Let us worry about that, Angela.

Charlie and Sal look at each other, they know she's right.

2 INT. AN ITALIAN GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

2

A stack of hundred dollar bills wrapped with a rubber band lands on top of a table.

The place is closed. It's an old fashioned Italian food shop; salamis and dried sausages hang overhead, rows of cheeses are in the showcase, the walls are lined with shelves stacked with cans and boxes of imported foods.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

A few small, marble tables line one side of the store. A group of about eight men are squeezed together at one of the tables. Charlie and Sal are among them. Sal picks up the bundle of cash and looks down toward the head of the table.

Gino "The Grocer" Frangapani looks back at him...

GINO

That's a good ten grand, all real bills, and of course I hold both of you personally responsible for my money.

Sal and Charlie look around at the grim faces surrounding them. The faces stare back, expressionless...

CHARLIE

No problem, Gino.

SAL

No, no sweat, Gino. By noon tomorrow the whole thing's a done deal. You'll have the bonds in your hands and you should be good for a hundred, hundred-fifty thou.

GINO

Hundred, hundred and fifty thou...
(still nodding)
So yous think you're ready to move up now, uh, become associates of ours?

Sal and Charlie smile...Gino's still nodding...

GINO

You guys sold my daughter uh... a Saint Christophor's medal with the uh...the uh...

Sal goes ashen...

CHARLIE

Moving lips.

GINO

Right...

Sal closes his eyes...

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

2

GINO
(still nodding)
You got any more of those?

Sal lets out a sigh of relief.

3 EXT. WALL STREET - DAY

3

Charlie is hunched in a doorway stamping his feet trying to keep warm. He's looking up and down the block, staring into the blur of passing faces. He's fidgety, nervous, and freezing his ass off. Then something catches his eye.

Sal comes walking quickly toward him, white as a ghost.

CHARLIE
What happened? What're you doing here?

SAL
My cousin didn't show.

CHARLIE
What do mean, your cousin didn't show?

SAL
He wasn't there. After awhile I went up to his office and they said he didn't come in today. So I called his house and I get no answer.

CHARLIE
What are you talkin' about, Sal?

SAL
I think he took off with the ten G's, Charlie.

CHARLIE
Took off? What do you mean took off?

SAL
He took off. He took Gino's ten grand and he beat it.

CHARLIE
What do you mean he beat it?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

SAL
What do you mean what do I mean!?
What part don't you understand? He
took the ten G's, he's gone!

Charlie stares at him. Sal stares back.

4 INT. GINO'S GROCERY STORE

4

The door opens and a brutish man the size of a refrigerator walks in...it's Frankie the Beast, Gino's personal enforcer, he looks like he's in a state of shock...

FRANKIE
Nothing!

GINO
Nothing?

FRANKIE
They weren't there.

GINO
They weren't there?

Gino looks around to a few goons standing around the store...

GINO
Did they call?

The goons all shake their heads no...Gino thinks...

GINO
They didn't call...they weren't there.

Gino slowly starts to stand...he can't believe what his own mind is telling him is true...

GINO
(almost whispering)
What are these two guys crazy...
They must be crazy...

The goons, watching Gino apprehensively, shrug...

GINO
Am I an asshole?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

All the goons shake their heads no...

GINO

Yes I am! I am a big asshole! I'm
a fool that any dummy can come
along and take me for ten grand!

He looks at the goons...

GINO

(screaming now)

Am I right!?

Now the goons don't know what the hell to do, some are
shaking their heads no, some are nodding yes, and some are
moving their heads around in circles.

GINO

Find them and bring them here! I
want them! I want to look in their
eyes!

Gino's face is beet red now...veins sticking out on his
neck...

GINO

I want to grab them around the
throats and hear them call for
their mothers while I squeeze the
life out of their miserable bodies!

5 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY - DAY

5

SAL

I think if we sit down and calmly
tell him the truth he'll
understand.

Charlie's driving through Queens on his way back to the
neighborhood...he's visibly upset...

CHARLIE

What are you talking about, he's a
wild animal! What did you forget
what he did to Fat Betty the
bookie? They found pieces this
big, Sal... (he makes a small
circle with his fingers) ...this
big!

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

SAL
Relax, will ya.

CHARLIE
I knew this would happen. I knew
it. How could I let you talk me
into trusting a relative of yours.

SAL
First of all I didn't talk you into
anything, and second he was only a
third cousin on my mother's side.

CHARLIE
Hey, if he's anywhere on your
family tree he's gotta be a moron.

SAL
So then, what do you want to do?

CHARLIE
I don't know but I don't think we
should be going back to the
neighborhood.

Suddenly Charlie's eyes are diverted. He stares at the
driver of the car passing in the opposite direction.

CHARLIE
Oh, shit...

SAL
Wha?

6 EXT. CHARLIE'S POV

6

Frankie the Beast is driving in his Caddy, he's staring back
at Charlie with the same dumb, surprised expression on his
face that Charlie has.

7 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

7

CHARLIE
Oh, shit...

SAL
What? What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

CHARLIE
It's Frankie the Beast!

Sal turns and looks back...

8 INT. FRANKIE'S CADDY

8

Sitting next to Frankie is another goon, Joey Eggs...

FRANKIE
That's them!

JOEY
Who?

FRANKIE
Them!

9 EXT. QUEENS STREET

9

Frankie's Caddy screeches into a wild U turn...

10 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

10

Charlie is looking in the rear-view mirror...

CHARLIE
You think he saw us?

SAL
No Charlie, he saw a parking space
he wants!

CHARLIE
Uh oh...

He hits the gas and the Caddy lurches out...

11 EXT. STREET

11

Charlie's Caddy does a killer two-wheel turn around a corner...

Frankie's Caddy barrels around the corner and takes off after Charlie and Sal.

12 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

12

SAL

Wait a minute, wait a minute!

CHARLIE

You see? You happy now? I knew
this would happen!

SAL

Why don't we try to talk to them!

CHARLIE

Sal, please, use your head!

SAL

We'll tell them the truth!

CHARLIE

Take a good look back there, Sal!

Sal looks back...

OMIT

OMIT

13 EXT. SAL'S POV

13

~~Frankie's~~ Caddy is closing in, we can see Frankie and Joey
looking real menacing and mean, staring ahead...

14 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

14

SAL

Yeah, yeah, your right...

Suddenly Sal's eyes pop as he sees a delivery truck start to
back out of a driveway...

SAL

Watch out!

Charlie yanks the wheel...

15 EXT. STREET

15

Charlie's Caddy just barely brushes by the rear of the
truck.

15.

16 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

16

CHARLIE
Shit, that was close...

SAL
I should be driving.

CHARLIE
Yeah, wait, Sal, I'll pull over
here.

Sal spins his head around...

17 EXT. STREET - SAL'S POV

17

Frankie's Caddy jumps up on the sidewalk around the front of
the truck and continues speeding after them.

18 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

18

SAL
Oh, they're determined, Charlie.

19 EXT. STREET

19

Charlie's Caddy speeds by us...Frankie's Caddy's speeds by,
not far behind...

20 INT. FRANKIE'S CADDY

20

Frankie's gripping the wheel, eyes concentrated on the guys
ahead of him...

21 EXT. STREET

21

Charlie's Caddy speeds through the city streets, cars and
people dodging out of the way, Frankie's Caddy close
behind...

22 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

22

SAL
Make a left, make a left!

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

CHARLIE

If I make a left here I'll dead-end
into 23rd Avenue!

SAL

No, 23rd goes through down here!

CHARLIE

Sal, I've been living around here
all my life, 23rd dead-ends over
here!

SAL

And I'm telling you it goes
through!

CHARLIE

It don't!

SAL

Now It's too late! Would you listen
to me, I know what I'm talking
about! Here, make a right!

Charlie yanks on the wheel...

23 EXT. STREET

23

Charlie's Caddy hits the right turn, screeching all the
way...

24 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

24

Sal and Charlie are gaping ahead, bug-eyed...

25 EXT. SAL & CHARLIE'S POV

25

Through the windshield we see a bunch of cars coming
straight at us...

26 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

26

CHARLIE

It's one way!

SAL

Alright, alright, I fucked up, I
fucked up...

27 EXT. STREET

27

Charlie's Caddy is heading straight for the oncoming traffic...

In back of him Frankie's Caddy comes around the corner...

28 INT. FRANKIE'S CADDY

28

Frankie looks ahead and sees what's about to happen...

FRANKIE

Boy, these guys got a lotta balls.

29 EXT. STREET

29

As Charlie's Caddy speeds ahead the oncoming traffic starts splitting off; cars are jumping the curb, crashing into parked cars.

Charlie's Caddy is weaving through the mayham.

Frankie is not far behind driving in and out of the aftermath.

30 INT. FRANKIE'S CADDY

30

FRANKIE

I get one scratch on my car, one
scratch and these two are a memory!

31 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

31

Sal's got his fingernails dug into the dashboard, Charlie is yanking and pulling on the wheel, a terrified expression on his face...

CHARLIE

Don't hit my car, don't hit my car!
Please don't hit my car!

32 EXT. STREET

32

Charlie is just managing to miss all the cars by inches.

Miraculously he makes his way through the gauntlet without a scratch...

33 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

33

CHARLIE

Yeah!

Sal is looking back...

SAL

Unbelievable!

34 EXT. STREET

34

Charlie's Caddy comes speeding into the intersection...a dirty, old chevy comes out of nowhere...

35 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

35

CHARLIE

AAYYYYYYY!

Sal spins around...Charlie kicks down the gas pedal...

36 EXT. STREET

36

The Chevy is screeching and skidding, Charlie's Caddy passes just inches in front of it and whizzes by untouched. The Chevy is spinning out of control and finally stops in the middle of the intersection...right in the path of Frankie's speeding Caddy...

37 INT. FRANKIE'S CADDY

37

Frankie braces himself and slams on the brake...

FRANKIE

Aaahhhh!

38 EXT. STREET

38

Frankie's Caddy comes to a lurching stop inches before crashing into the Chevy.

39 INT. FRANKIE'S CADDY

39

Joey goes smashing into the dashboard!

40 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

40

Sal and Charlie are whooping and cheering...

SAL

We lost them! We lost them!

41 INT. FRANKIE'S CADDY

41

Frankie, looking meaner than ever, throws the Caddy into reverse as Joey crawls out of the footwell...Frankie hits the gas, the Caddy jerks backward and Joey 's head is slammed into the dash...

JOEY

Take it easy, will ya!

Frankie throws the shift into drive...

42 EXT. STREET

42

Frankie's Caddy screeches out!

43 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

43

SAL

Oh, they're really determined,
Charlie. Here they come again!

44 EXT. STREET

44

Charlie's Caddy speeds by...Frankie a little further back now.

45 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

45

SAL

Bear left when we come to the el
down here.

CHARLIE

Forget it.

SAL

I'm telling you bear left, we'll
lose them under the el!

CHARLIE

And I'm telling you to forget about
it I already listened to you once!

46 EXT. STREET

46

Suddenly a car comes out of nowhere! Charlie swerves, the car swerves to avoid Charlie...Charlie's Caddy spins, the other car smashes into another car! Charlie regains control and speeds under and past the subway el.

Now Frankie's Caddy is closer...

47 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

47

SAL
You should've listened!

CHARLIE
To you? Please...

Charlie sees something up ahead...

CHARLIE
We'll lose them now!

Charlie pulls on the wheel sharply...

48 EXT. STREET

48

Charlie's Caddy does a fast turn into a narrow alley...

49 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

49

SAL
EEEYAAAAA!

He throws his hands up in front of his face!

Charlie grips the wheel and slams on the brakes...

50 EXT. ALLEY

50

Close shot of Charlie's wheels skidding and smoking as they screech to a stop...

51 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

51

The guys hold on as the Caddy stops...they look up at a brick wall, less than a foot away from the front of the Caddy.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

SAL
See? You don't listen. I told
you. What did I tell you...

Charlie doesn't answer, he throws the car in reverse and
slams on the gas...the Caddy jerks back...

52 EXT. ALLEY

52

Charlie's Caddy speeds out in reverse...

53 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

53

SAL
You're very stubborn, Charlie...

Charlie's not answering, he's just steaming, red-faced and
pissed-off...

SAL
...very stubborn...

54 EXT. ALLEY

54

Just as Charlie's Caddy clears the alley Frankie's Caddy
rams right into him...

55 INT. FRANKIE'S CADDY

55

Joey goes smashing into the dashboard again!

FRANKIE
Nooooo!

56 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

56

CHARLIE
My carrrrrrrr...

57 EXT. STREET

57

The collision has turned the Caddys in opposite
directions...Frankie is already starting to get out, blood
in his eyes.

58 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

58

CHARLIE
Aw, shit, he hit me bad...

Sal is looking over toward Frankie's Caddy, fear etched on his face...

59 EXT. STREET

59

Frankie and Joey are getting out...

60 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

60

SAL
Charlie, let's go, Charlie...

CHARLIE
He mashed it, I can tell, he hit me bad...

Sal's staring over at Frankie and Joey approaching...

SAL
It's only a material thing,
Charlie, let's get the hell out of here!

Charlie, his eyes watery, shifts into gear and hits the gas...

61 EXT. STREET

61

Frankie is just reaching for the handle on Sal's door when the Caddy screeches away...

Frankie and Joey turn and run back to Frankie's Caddy and jump in. They take off after the guys.

62 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

62

Sal is looking behind them as Charlie races through the streets.

63 INT. FRANKIE'S CADDY

63

Frankie and Joey are looking even meaner...

FRANKIE
I'll destroy these two...

64 EXT. STREET

64

Charlie's Caddy whizzing by...Frankie not far behind...

Charlie makes a fast turn, Frankie follows...

They're on a boulevard now, a long stretch where they can really pick up some speed...

65 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

65

SAL
Hit it, Charlie!

Charlie kicks it down...

66 EXT. STREET

66

The two Caddys are really speeding when they approach another intersection...

Then the inevitable finally happens...the cops show up. They're heading for the same intersection from another direction, also speeding, siren screaming...

67 INT. COP CAR

67

COP
There they are!

68 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

68

Sal spots the cops...

SAL
Great! This is all we need now...

69 EXT. STREET

69

Charlie's Caddy crosses the intersection just as the cops get there. Charlie speeds by right in front of them, the cops turn in behind him...just as they do Frankie the Beast slams right into them, at this speed the collision sends the cop car smashing through the window of a store, and sends Frankie's Caddy air-born...it sails about fifty feet in the air, crashing down on its side, rolling over, sliding along the street and finally coming to a stop on its roof.

70 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

70

CHARLIE
Did we lose them?

Sal turns foward in his seat...

SAL
Yeah...

71 INT. FRANKIE'S CADDY

71

Frankie and Joey are crunched, upside-down, grunting and cursing...

72 INT. THE STORE

72

The two cops stumble out of the patrol car...

73 INT. CHARLIE'S CADDY

73

Sal is staring straight ahead...

SAL
(very calmly)
Somehow, Charlie, if it's at all possible, I think we're in even deeper then we were before.

CHARLIE
What do we do now?

74 INT. AN AIRLINER IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

74

As we move down the dark aisle we hear the stewardess on the P.A. system...

STEWARDESS (O.S.)
Ladies and gentlemen please make sure that your seat belts are securly fastened. We will be landing in Los Angeles in approximately seven minutes.

We come to rest on Charlie and Sal sitting next to each other, wide awake, staring ahead.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

CHARLIE
Anybody picking us up at the
airport?

Sal looks at him like he's an idiot, says nothing, then
faces foward again.

CHARLIE
They're supposed to have a nice
track out here, Santa Anita.

SAL
Yeah, with the flamingos.

CHARLIE
No, that's Miami. They got no
flamingos here.

SAL
What's the difference? Flamingos,
no flamingos, you're betting on
horses. Who cares about flamingos?

Charlie looks at Sal's sour expression...

CHARLIE
What's the matter with you?

SAL
Oh not much, just there's probably
a dozen button men on the street
right now that would love the
oppurtunity to put one in my ear.

CHARLIE
You know you always look at the
dark side of things, Sal.

SAL
Yeah...right.

Charlie shakes his head...

SAL
I also feel bad about Angela.

CHARLIE
Why?

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: 2

74

SAL
I left without saying goodbye,
Charlie.

CHARLIE
So you'll call her up.

SAL
It's not the same.

CHARLIE
Hey, you've been going out with
this girl a long time.
(Sal nods)
Since as long as I can remember.
(Sal nods again)
I mean, don't get me wrong, I love
Angela like she was my sister, but
I think she's a bit of a whacko.

SAL
She's not a whacko, she's
independant.

CHARLIE
Whatever, I just don't think I
could go out with a girl like that
for such a long time.

SAL
You can't go out with any girl for
a long time. I don't think you
ever went out with any girl longer
than six weeks since I know you.

CHARLIE
I've been unlucky, I haven't found
the right girl. And I get bored
quick.

SAL
I'd hate to be you.

CHARLIE
Yeah, but I'll tell you there's
nothing like first times. Y'know,
the first couple of dates, you get
all dressed up, you take her to the
right places, spend a few dollars,
and then you give it to her. Oh, I
love first times...

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: 3

74

SAL
I hate first times.

CHARLIE
Are you kidding? I get so excited
that sometimes I got to think about
the Yankee batting order while
we're doing it.

SAL
What?

CHARLIE
Yeah, or otherwise I'm gonna be
over in thirty seconds.

SAL
You think about the Yankee batting
order?

CHARLIE
Well, not the current one, that's
too easy. No, like I say to
myself, while I got her there...

He starts humping the air as if a girl were on top of him...

CHARLIE
...1980. Uh, Bucky Dent, Micky...
Micky what's his name, the black
guy...uh, Rivers, Micky Rivers, Oh
baby, yeah baby...Thurmon Munson...

He's humping faster now...Sal's watching him, so's the guy
in the window seat...

CHARLIE
Reggie Jackson in clean-up...uh, Oh
yeah baby that's good, Nettles,
Craig Nettles...

He stops and looks at Sal matter of factly...

CHARLIE
Like that. It works.

Sal is just staring at him...

SAL
You know Charlie you have a very
unique way of dealing with life.

75 INT. L.A. AIRPORT - NIGHT

75

Charlie and Sal, suitcases in hand, approach a security woman who's checking baggage claim tickets as passengers exit the area.

Sal hands her his baggage ticket.

SAL

You see these numbers, are they in some sort of numerical sequence from like suitcase to suitcase, or passenger to passenger? I'll tell you why I'm asking...

The woman is looking at him, trying to understand. Meanwhile other passengers continue to file by thrusting tickets at her...

SAL

...the last time I flew to L.A. I had four bags...

As Sal talks, Charlie shuffles through the crowd with his suitcase and slips by the woman without turning in his ticket. Sal continues...

SAL

...and the airline lost one of the bags on me. Now they said, the airline that is, that the numbers on my ticket were not in the correct sequential order...

76 EXT. L.A. AIRPORT - OUTSIDE BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - NIGHT

76

Charlie is standing there. Sal exits the building and walks over to him. Charlie walks back into the building leaving his suitcase on the sidewalk with Sal.

77 INT. L.A. AIRPORT - NIGHT

77

Close shot of a sign over a door: "TWA - LOST BAGGAGE CLAIM OFFICE."

78 INT. LOST BAGGAGE CLAIM OFFICE - NIGHT

78

An airline clerk sitting at a desk is holding a diagram of different types of luggage. Charlie points to one of the suitcases on the diagram...

CHARLIE
Yeah, like that.

The clerk scribbles something on the diagram.

CHARLIE
Uh, if you don't find it you're gonna send me a check, right?

CLERK
That's right, sir. If your bag is not found in ten days you will receive monetary compensation, twelve hundred dollars is maximum.

CHARLIE
Yeah, well I'm not sure where I'll be in ten days so I'll call you.

Charlie picks up the claim ticket off the desk...

CHARLIE
I'll hold onto this.

The clerk lays a form on the desk in front of Charlie...

CLERK
Sign here, please.

79 EXT. SAN DIEGO FREEWAY - NIGHT

79

A passenger van moves along the freeway. Above the windshield a sign says: "ENCINO."

80 INT. THE VAN - NIGHT

80

Charlie and Sal are squeezed between other travelers.

81 EXT. SAN DIEGO FREEWAY - NIGHT

81

The van swiftly passes and the camera follows it, revealing a beautiful vista of the San Fernando Valley at night, a million twinkling lights.

82 EXT. A STREET IN ENCINO - NIGHT

82

The van drives down the suburban, tree lined street and pulls up in front of an upper-middle class house. Charlie and Sal get out.

83 EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT

83

The front door swings open revealing a slightly overweight woman in her late thirties, this is Rose Marie, Sal's kid sister. She's wearing a frumpy housedress and a big, gaudy diamond on her finger. She lights up at the sight of Sal...

ROSE MARIE

Sally Boy! Oh God, what a surprise! Look at you!

She grabs him in a near strangle-hold.

SAL

Hiya, Ro.

ROSE MARIE

(grabbing Sal's face)
Oh, God, you're so handsome! And Charlie!

CHARLIE

Hiya, Ro.

ROSE MARIE

Michael! Look who's here!
Michael!

Two kids, a boy and a girl about eight and ten years old run to the door to check on the ruckus.

ROSE MARIE

Look who's here! Your Uncle Sal from New York. Oh, God, New York, C'mere I can smell New York on you.

She suddenly stops...

ROSE MARIE

Wait a minute, Sally. Who died? Is everything alright?

SAL

Yeah, everything's fine.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

ROSE MARIE
Oh, thank God. Cause I thought all
of a sudden, what's he doing here?

SAL
Everything's fine, Ro.

She grabs him again.

ROSE MARIE
Oh, C'mere...

MICHAEL
Hey, Sally Boy.

They're joined at the door by Rose Marie's husband Michael,
a heavy set, balding guy wearing no shoes.

MICHAEL
Hey, Sal!

Sal reaches around his sister who's hanging around his neck
and shakes hands.

SAL
Hiya, Mike, how you doing? You
remember my friend Charlie.

MICHAEL
Yeah, hiya, Charlie.

They shake...

CHARLIE
Hiya.

ROSE MARIE
Doesn't he look great, Michael?

MICHAEL
Yeah, Ro, he looks great.

ROSE MARIE
Get the camera, quick.

Michael goes inside to get the camera.

ROSE MARIE
Come in, Sal, bring your stuff.
Oh, it's so good to see you. I got
a nice room.....

They disappear inside.

84 INT. ROSE MARIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

84

The house is decorated in nouveau riche, neo-italian, transferred from some New York borough. Baroque, chintz, curlicue, plastic furniture covers, cherubs and clown paintings.

Charlie, Sal, and Michael are sitting around the dining room table sipping coffee. It's later, the table is crowded with the leftovers of what looks like a pretty good meal. The two kids are running around the table chasing each other, banging into chairs. Rose Marie enters and places a giant plate of pastries in the center of the table...

ROSE MARIE
(to the kids at the top
of her lungs)
Stop running!

Sal is talking to Michael who has the home video camera pointed at him.

SAL
So, without any decent work
prospects in sight we thought maybe
it was time to give the West Coast
a shot.

Rose Marie sits next to Sal and leans toward him, smiling.

SAL
Just a whim.

ROSE MARIE
Showing up here without a call...

She playfully punches Sal in the arm...his whole body vibrates.

ROSE MARIE
Just like you.

Sal chuckles.

ROSE MARIE
All right, enough with that camera
now.

MICHAEL
You said to take it out.

Just then one of the kids reaches for a pastry.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

ROSE MARIE
Put that back! Put it down I'll
kill ya!

She pushes the plate of pastry toward Sal...

ROSE MARIE
Here, c'mon, have some pastry.
It's not like New York, but it's
fresh.

Sal, Charlie and Michael dig in, Rose Marie too...

MICHAEL
(mouth full of pastry)
You like to drive, Charlie?

CHARLIE
(wiping cream off his
mouth)
Yeah, y'know.

MICHAEL
I know this maniac over here can
drive all day and night. He used
to drive for me when I had the cabs
in New York.

CHARLIE
I know.

Rose Marie is shaking a packet of Sweet n' Low...

ROSE MARIE
So tomorrow you both start driving
for Michael, you'll make money, get
your own place and before you know
it you'll be on your own two feet.

MICHAEL
I gotta probably put a guy out of
work but so what. This is for
family, right?

ROSE MARIE
Until then you'll both stay with us
and I don't want to hear anything
different. Okay?

SAL
Ro...

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: 2

84

ROSE MARIE
No, if I can't do for my big
brother then who can I do for?

She pinches Sal's cheek.

ROSE MARIE
Look how handsome he is, look.

SAL
C'mon...

85 INT. GUEST ROOM - ROSE MARIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

85

Charlie is having a hard time trying to unfold a portable
bed as Sal sits on the edge of another bed undressing.

CHARLIE
(struggling with the bed)
I ain't gonna be no limousine
driver. I hate shit like that.

SAL
Well, what do you want to do,
Charlie? We got to make some
money.

CHARLIE
I know how to make money. I don't
have to be some ass-kissing
limousine driver.

SAL
What are you gonna do? What?

CHARLIE
I don't know. What I did in New
York.

SAL
You did shit in New York!

CHARLIE
I did plenty in New York...

SAL
Yeah, like what?

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

CHARLIE

What? What about the airline ticket thing. Who's idea was that?

SAL

Richie's.

CHARLIE

Bullshit, that was my deal, man! What about the credit card thing at the casinos in Puerto Rico.

SAL

Joey Eggs gave you that cause you were banging his sister and he wanted to get you out of town.

CHARLIE

I don't believe you. You're so full of shit...

SAL

Hey, Charlie, please. You don't want to drive then don't drive! But then you're going to sit at my sister's table and eat her food?

Charlie stops struggling with the bed.

CHARLIE

Somehow, I don't feel any pangs of guilt.

Sal is down to his underwear, he slips under the covers.

SAL

Close the lights.

CHARLIE

Yeah, after I figure this thing out. Are you comfortable Prince Sal, your royal highness?

Sal pulls the pillow over his head. Charlie grabs the metal frame of the folding bed and starts pulling at it again.

86 INT. GINO'S GROCERY STORE - NEW YORK - DAY

86

A few goons are standing around the store. One of the goons is behind the counter slicing some cold cuts on the machine. Gino is sitting in his favorite seat.

The door opens and Frankie the Beast walks in, he's got a big bandage over one eye. Joey Eggs is right behind him, his arm in a cast, dangling in a sling.

FRANKIE
They ain't around.

GINO
You checked around?

FRANKIE
I checked around. They ain't around.

GOON BEHIND THE COUNTER
You want a sandwich?

FRANKIE
Yeah, alright.

GINO
What about the cousin?

FRANKIE
Can't find him either. Put some mortadella on that, will ya?

GINO
So they're gone, and I'm out ten grand.

GOON
Mustard?

FRANKIE
Yeah.

GINO
You check with the girlfriend, Angela?

FRANKIE
I checked with everybody.
(to the goon)
Stick some hot peppers on, too.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

GINO

Hey, you want I should wait until
you're done with your
accoutrements.

FRANKIE

I'm hungry, Gino.

GINO

And I'm out ten grand! Forget the
sandwich! Aldo, get out from
behind there! You think cause it's
a lousy ten grand it's not
important? This is number one now!
We're gonna find these assholes.

87 INT. LIMO GARGAGE - DAY

87

Sal is following Michael through the garage passing a long
line of limousines of all description. Sal is wearing an
ill-fitting chauffeur's uniform.

MICHAEL

Your friend is too good to be a
driver? I started as a cabbie,
twenty hours a day I drove. What
does he think this comes easy? You
got to bust your balls in this
world. We weren't born with any
silver spoons up our ass. You tell
him that.

Michael stops in front of a black limo and slaps the fender.

MICHAEL

Here, take this baby.

88 EXT. ENCINO STREET - DAY

88

The blazing California sun, palm trees, rolling green lawns
splattered with flowers.

Charlie steps into the foreground; pale, wearing his dark,
rumpled, New York clothes. He looks up and down the block,
then slips on a pair of sunglasses. "Soul Man" by Sam &
Dave starts playing on the soundtrack as Charlie walks off
down the street.

89 INT. LIMO GARAGE OFFICE - DAY

89

Micheal enters the glass partitioned office. Rose Marie is sitting at a desk doing the books.

ROSE MARIE
Where'd you send him?

MICHAEL
I told Patty to keep him in the valley. Only a stroonz could get lost in the valley.

90 EXT. RENT-A-WRECK PARKING LOT - DAY

90

Sam & Dave are back on the soundtrack..."when I start lovin', I can't stop. I'm a Soul Man..."

A shot of the sign: RENT-A-WRECK -- \$14. PER DAY - NO MILAGE CHARGE.

We move off the sign and onto Charlie behind his Foster Grant's as he pulls out of the lot in a dented Mustang that's seen better days. He slides into traffic and drives off leaving a trail of oil smoke.

91 EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE VALLEY - DAY

91

Sal's limo is parked in front of a sprawling California ranch house with a meticulously manicured yard. Sal is standing there in his best chauffeur's pose holding the door open.

Coming down the front path of the house is an old lady, real old, she's a hundred and ten if she's a day. She's walking with the help of a cane...very, very slowly.

Sal stands there impatiently waiting...

She takes one tiny step...then another...then another...

92 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

92

Sam & Dave back on the soundtrack again...

We see the world famous boulevard go by as if seen from a moving car; movie theaters, souvenir shops, tourists, weirdos, Walkway of the Stars.

93 INT. THE MUSTANG - DAY

93

Charlie is stretching his neck, taking it all in, watching it go by.

Suddenly something grabs his attention...

94 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

94

Shot of a sign going by:

SAL
SEE HOLLYWOOD - RIDE THOMPSON
TOURS.

95 INT. THE MUSTANG

95

Charlie breaks into a grin.

96 EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE VALLEY - DAY

96

The old lady is still walking down the path, one tiny step at a time. She's made little progress.

The door of the limo is still propped open but now Sal is pacing back and forth on the sidewalk, mumbling to himself.

97 EXT. TOUR BUS - DAY

97

The sun beats down on the top deck as Charlie makes his way to a seat toward the back. He looks over the edge and down at the busy sidewalk.

VOICE (OS)
Hi.

Charlie turns and looks into the ethereal face of a young girl sitting across from him.

CHARLIE
Hi.

GIRL
Have you ever done this before?

CHARLIE
Uh, no.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

GIRL
I have. This is my eighth time.

CHARLIE
Your eighth time. You've already
did this trip seven times before
and now you're gonna do it again.

GIRL
Right.

CHARLIE
This must be one hell of a bus
ride.

GIRL
Well, I always seem to meet
somebody nice.

Charlie smiles.

CHARLIE
Oh yeah. What's your name?

GIRL
Amelia.

CHARLIE
Oh, like the flower.

AMELIA
I didn't know there was a flower
named Amelia.

The bus lurches forward and pulls out. As it moves off
Charlie waxes romantic, his voice fading as the bus recedes
into the distance...

CHARLIE
Oh yeah, in Italy. It grows in the
shade on the hillsides, and in the
evenings the bouquet fills all the
surrounding villages...

98 INT. SAL'S LIMO - DAY

98

Sal is driving along. He's got a book of maps on the front
seat next to him and he's trying to sneak looks at it as he
makes his way through traffic.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

He looks into the rear-view mirror.

Through the mirror we see the old lady sitting in the back, she's got a palsy shake and her head is bobbing all over the place.

SAL
You said that Bullock's was on
Sepilveeda?

OLD LADY
Sepulveda!

SAL
Right, right, Sepulveda.

He looks down at the map, flips a page, takes a quick glance up to the road. There's a car stopped in front of him. He slams on the brakes just in time! There's a thud in the back seat. Sal looks into the rear-view mirror.

In the mirror we see nothing, the old lady isn't there.

SAL
Ah shit.

99 INT. ROSE MARIE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

99

The place is quiet, blinds drawn against the afternoon sun.

We hear a key in a lock and the front door swings open. Sal walks in, still wearing his chauffuer's uniform. He closes the door and calls out...

SAL
Hello?

No answer. He starts walking through the house toward the guest room. Then he hears Charlie's muffled voice...

CHARLIE (OS)
Sal? That you?

Sal continues toward the guest room where Charlie's voice is coming from.

SAL
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

CHARLIE (OS)
Don't come in here, Sal! Don't
come in here!

Sal stops in front of the guest room door...

SAL
What are ya talkin' about?

CHARLIE (OS)
Just don't come in here right now.

SAL
C'mon...

He smiles and pushes open the door.

100 INT. GUEST ROOM

100

Sal walks in and stops dead in his tracks.

Charlie is stretched out on the bed wearing only his boxer shorts. His arms and legs are tied to the four corner posters. Amelia, wearing only a cut-off T-shirt and panties is on her knees at the foot of the bed. She smiles at Sal.

SAL
What're you crazy!?

CHARLIE
I told you not to come in.

SAL
What if I was my sister!? What's
the matter with you!?

Charlie rolls his eyes...

SAL
And who's this?

AMELIA
I'm Amelia.

SAL
C'mon, get dressed, the both of
yous, before somebody comes home.

Amelia starts gathering her clothes.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

CHARLIE

Uh, if you want me to get dressed
somebody's gonna have to untie me.

Sal walks foward to untie him.

SAL

Look at yourself. One day in
California. This is disgusting...

Suddenly something catches Sal's eye. He looks closer at
Charlie's bindings...

SAL

Oh! That's my ties! That's a
twenty- five dollar silk tie!
C'mon Charlie.

CHARLIE

There was nothing else.

SAL

Nothing else?

AMELIA

Excuse me, could I use the
bathroom, please.

SAL

Yeah, go ahead, down the hall.

She leaves. Sal quickly starts to untie Charlie's leg.

SAL

You should really be ashamed of
yourself. This is a nice girl.

CHARLIE

It was her idea!

Sal gives him a disapproving look and continues to untie the
knots.

CHARLIE

So how'd it go with you today,
Salvatore?

SAL

Don't ask.

Sal holds up his wrinkled tie and shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: 2

100

SAL
Look at this.

He folds it gently and lies it on the dresser like it was a dead pet.

CHARLIE
Seriously Sal, what are we gonna do?

Sal starts to untie the other leg.

SAL
I haven't mentioned this before but there's somebody out here we know.

CHARLIE
Who?

SAL
Marty Mann.

CHARLIE
Marty Mann?

SAL
Yeah, you know him. I used to do a few things with him, he pulled the job at the wholesale candy place...

Sal has completed untieing the second leg and is gently placing the tie on the dresser next to the other one.

CHARLIE
Oh, that guy. Well, let's call him Sally, what the hell.

Sal begins to free Charlie's hands that are tied to the bed with Charlie's black nylon socks.

SAL
Take it easy. Marty uses guns and stuff, remember? Not like what we do.

Sal holds up the sock and shakes his head again. He drops it on the floor and starts untieing the other hand.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: 3

100

CHARLIE

Hey, Sal. I got less then sixty
dollars left. Let's see what he's
up to.

Amelia walks back in, her hair combed.

AMELIA

How am I gonna get home.

Sal starts out of the room...

SAL

Charlie, the king of kink over
here, is going to drive you home.

He exits. Charlie sits up. He looks at Amelia and
awkwardly smiles.

101 INT. AN ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NEW YORK - NIGHT

101

We softly hear Pavarotti singing the "Nessun dorma" aria
from Torandot - "No man shall sleep, no man shall sleep..."

Gino is sitting in the center of a large, round booth.
Frankie the Beast, with his bandaged eye is sitting on his
right. Joey Eggs, his arm still in a cast, is on his left.
Gino is just staring down at big plate of linguini with clam
sauce, while Frankie and Joey are creating a symphony of
slurping and sucking sounds as they devour plates of the
same. Suddenly Frankie stops and looks over at Gino...

FRANKIE

What's the matter, boss? The
linguini's no good?

Gino just frowns...

FRANKIE

Is it the clam sauce?

Joey moves a basket of bread toward Gino...

JOEY

How about some garlic bread?

GINO

It ain't the food.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

FRANKIE
You got a bad stomach?

GINO
It ain't my stomach, and it ain't
the food...

He pushes his plate away...

GINO
Nothing tastes good. Even the wine
tastes bitter.

Frankie and Joey watch him...

GINO
I can't stop thinking about those
two pezza di merdas.

FRANKIE
Ah, boss, we'll find them.

GINO
Last night I saw the Tarentino
brothers in Atlantic City, and I
knew that they knew. When they
walked away they probably laughed
at me.

FRANKIE
Boss, we got everybody looking for
these guys. We could get a call
any minute. We'll get them, it's
just a matter of time.

Gino mulls it over a moment...

GINO
Get me a Brioschi.

102 EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

102

Charlie's rented Mustang winds around the narrow streets and
up the steep hills.

It pulls to a stop in front of an old, dented mailbox with a
number on it. Next to it is a steep, wooden staircase,
really steep, surrounded by sagebrush and overgrown weeds.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

Charlie and Sal get out. They stand at the bottom of the long flight of rickety stairs and look up.

A small, very run-down house sits at the top of the hill.

CHARLIE

Looks like he's doing well.

SAL

Don't start. I haven't seen the guy since he moved out here.

CHARLIE

Must of hit it big.

Sal ignores the remark and starts up the stairs, Charlie smiles to himself and follows.

103 INT. THE HOUSE - DAY

103

Someone swings open the front door revealing Charlie and Sal on the doorstep, gasping for air.

MARTY

Sally!

Marty is a little older than Sal and Charlie, but he's trying to look younger, he's tan and holds in his paunchy stomach as he walks. One look at this guy and you can tell there's a real battle going on, between the oncoming years and Marty's desire to stay young. He's dressed in the pastel colors of California casual.

Sal nods, breathless, unable to speak. They shake hands. Sal points to Charlie...

SAL

Charlie...

He's too winded to get the whole introduction out.

MARTY

Yeah, I remember, hiya Charlie, c'mon in. Killer climb ain't it?

Charlie and Sal follow Marty in. An eclectic collection of worn furniture is scattered around.

Marty walks behind the counter that separates the kitchen from the living room.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

MARTY

I was just making a protien drink,
you want one?

He turns on the blender. Sal looks down at the mixture
swirling around in the blender...

SAL

It's green, Marty.

Marty looks at him and winks...

MARTY

Spirolina.

Then with deep reverence...

MARTY

The fountian of youth.

Charlie and Sal just stare at him, they're still gasping for
air.

SAL

Yeah. well uh, to tell you the
truth...you look uh...good.

Marty spreads open his arms and looks down at his body, he
smiles...

MARTY

Tabernacle.

SAL

Wha?

MARTY

My body is my tabernacle.

Sal and Charlie exchange a glance. Sal turns toward the
glass doors that lead to the pool, he looks out through a
cracked pane. The pool water is thick with algea, there's a
few cracked tiles and a couple of torn and faded garden
chairs.

SAL

Nice place you got here.

CHARLIE

Yeah, nice place.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: 2

103

Marty turns off the blender and starts pouring the mixture into a glass.

MARTY

You're sure you won't have any of this?

SAL

Yeah, I'm sure.

MARTY

Charlie?

CHARLIE

No, no thanks.

MARTY

So how long you been in L.A.

SAL

We got in yesterday.

MARTY

You got something lined up out here, or what?

SAL

We're checking out a few things.

MARTY

Yeah, what are you checking?

SAL

A few things.

MARTY

What's the matter there's nothing going on in New York?

SAL

We just had something going but, things didn't go according to plan. Same old shit.

Marty holds up a hand to stop the conversation. Sal and Charlie stare at him...

MARTY

Harmony.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: 3

103

SAL

Wha?

MARTY

In New York its all chaos, that's
why you can't get anything done.
But here, all things are in
harmony.

CHARLIE

(under his breath)

Oh boy.

MARTY

Hey, I may have something for you
guys.

SAL

Like?

MARTY

Nothing major, just to put a few
dollars in your pockets.

SAL

Like?

MARTY

Same old Sal. Can you wait till
tomorrow? Let me check it out,
make sure, y'know, find out
everything...

Sal nods.

MARTY

Same old Sal.

Charlie gives him a forced smile.

SAL

So you hear from anybody in New
York anymore?

MARTY

What for? I got a whole new life
out here. Let's go out by the
pool, we'll sit in the sun and
talk.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: 4

103

Marty opens the door and starts into the backyard. Sal and Charlie follow.

CHARLIE
Is there any shade out there,
Marty? I get a headache from this
frigging sun, all day long...

They disappear into the backyard.

104 INT. ROSE MARIE'S KITCHEN - DAY

104

Sal hangs up the wallphone. He's half-dressed in his chauffeur's uniform.

Charlie is sitting at the kitchen table dunking a donut in coffee. He's wearing just a muscle T-shirt and pants and needs a shave.

CHARLIE
So?

SAL
We break into some guy's office and
we get this envelope.

CHARLIE
Break in? We don't do that shit,
Sal.

SAL
Hey, I told you, remember? That's
the kind of stuff this guy is into.
You said you were hungry.

CHARLIE
How much?

SAL
A grand each.

CHARLIE
A lousy grand...

SAL
Wait, I'll call Michael. I'm sure
he's got another uniform that'll
fit you.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

CHARLIE
Alright, alright.

He reaches for another donut. Sal looks down at the half-empty donut box and closes it on Charlie's hand.

SAL
What are you gonna eat them all?

Charlie sheepishly looks up at him, crumbs on his mouth.

CHARLIE
C'mon...one more, Sal.

Sal puts the box in one of the cabinets.

SAL
There are other people here.

He walks out of the kitchen.

CHARLIE
Hey, do you know how to do this?

SAL (OS)
Do what?

Charlie grabs his coffee cup and follows...

CHARLIE
Break in and everything?

SAL (OS)
What's to know?

Their voices fade...

105 EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET - NIGHT

105

It's the middle of the night and the street is deserted except for a few parked cars. The Mustang slowly pulls up.

106 INT. MUSTANG

106

Sal and Charlie stare at a small building across the street.

SAL
That's it, that's the building.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

CHARLIE

We going in the front door?

SAL

No. We're going to go down the alley and up the fire escape to the third floor.

CHARLIE

Up the fire escape? Hey, Sal...

Sal opens his door and gets out...

SAL

Would you stop.

Charlie gets out and follows Sal across the street.

IN THE ALLEY

Sal and Charlie enter the far end of the alley and approach a fire escape. They look up. The descending ladder is about twelve feet off the ground.

SAL

I got to get on your shoulders.

CHARLIE

Why don't I get on your shoulders?

SAL

Because you're taller than I am.

CHARLIE

By what, an inch?

SAL

Hey, every little bit helps.

CHARLIE

But Sal, even so, if you're on my shoulders or If I'm on your shoulders it's still the same thing.

SAL

It's not the same thing. I'm not going to be able to hold you up there, now c'mon.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: 2

106

CHARLIE

Alright, but then you got to take your shoes off.

SAL

Why do I got to do that?

CHARLIE

Cause you'll ruin my jacket and I don't have any clothes out here.

SAL

Will you come on, I'm not standing around in a dirty alley with just socks. Bend down now.

CHARLIE

Alright, alright. Give me your handkerchief.

Sal looks at Charlie like he's nuts as Charlie pulls his own handkerchief out of his pocket.

CHARLIE

Give me your handkerchief.

Sal gives him the handkerchief. Charlie unfolds both pieces of cloth and and spreads them on his shoulders like epaulets. He squats.

Sal climbs on his shoulders...

CHARLIE

Make sure your feet are on the handkerchiefs.

SAL

Yeah, yeah. Stand up slowly, will ya, I don't want to break my ass here.

Charlie starts to stand with Sal perched on his back, both of them leaning against the wall for support.

Charlie's grunting and groaning as he raises Sal toward the ladder. Sal reaches out for the bottom rung.

SAL

C'mon, a little higher.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: 3

106

His fingers are inches away. Charlie's inching up, slowly straightening his knees.

SAL

That's it. A little higher.

CHARLIE

(his voice quivering from the strain) There ain't no higher, Sal. This is it.

SAL

Stand on your toes then.

Charlie strains his toe muscles and manages to raise Sal another inch.

Sal grabs the ladder and pulls. It suddenly comes flying down. Sal loses his balance and starts to fall. He reaches out for the fire escape, pushing off Charlie and knocking him down. Sal is just able to grab hold as the ladder bangs onto the alley floor next to Charlie.

Sal is dangling from the fire escape and Charlie is sitting on his ass on the concrete.

Charlie jumps up and starts brushing off his pants...

CHARLIE

Aw, shit, look at this...

Sal manages to swing over and hook a foot into the ladder and pull himself over. He looks down...

SAL

C'mon.

Sal starts up. Charlie yanks at the ladder, testing it for stability, then reluctantly follows Sal up the fire escape.

Sal passes the second floor windows, dark, nothing. He continues up, Charlie behind him.

Sal arrives on the third floor. He looks into the dark windows. Charlie climbs up next to him. Sal tries to raise the window...locked.

SAL

Shit.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: 4

106

CHARLIE

Wait.

He pulls a file out of his pocket.

SAL

What's that?

CHARLIE

A file.

SAL

Yeah, I know. But what are we gonna do with that?

CHARLIE

I don't know, but all these guys that do this have tools. I guess they file the lock.

SAL

Gimme that.

He takes the file from Charlie and breaks the window with it. There's a tinkling of broken glass as it hits the floor inside.

CHARLIE

See.

Sal reaches in through the broken window and opens the lock. He grunts as he raises it.

He climbs in and Charlie follows.

107 INT. OFFICE

107

Sal walks quietly across the dark room, Charlie is right behind him. The place is sparsely furnished. Sal and Charlie walk by a couple of desks, a sofa and a wing-back chair with a corpse in it.

Sal walks by without seeing the body, a man of about forty, bald, wearing a shirt and tie and a blank expression. Charlie doesn't see him either...

CHARLIE

So what are we looking for, Sal.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

SAL
A buffalo painting.

CHARLIE
YAAAAAAA!

Sal jumps...

SAL
Wha, wha?!

CHARLIE
Who's that?

He points to the corpse.

SAL
Oh, shit.

CHARLIE
Hey, Sal, I'm outta here.

SAL
Wait a minute...

CHARLIE
See Sal, I didn't trust that Marty.
This is serious, Sal. I'm leaving.

Charlie is half way back to the window.

SAL
Wait, let's first get the thing.

CHARLIE
What thing? This could be some
kind of set-up. There could be a
hundred cops on their way here.

SAL
C'mon, let's get the thing.

CHARLIE
There may not be a thing!

SAL
Well, let's see, we're here.

Charlie is now leaning out the window looking up and down
the alley.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: 2

107

CHARLIE
Alright, alright, but hurry it up,
will ya!

Sal stumbles through the dark toward a painting of an American Buffalo hanging on the wall. He pulls it down and turns it over.

CHARLIE
C'mon, c'mon.

Sal rips the backing off the painting revealing a plain manila envelope hidden in the back, it's stuffed with something. He pulls it out and runs toward the window.

108 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE

108

Charlie is already out there. Sal climbs out and they climb down, trying to move fast, slipping, banging and falling all the way down.

They jump down the last few rungs and tear-ass out of the alley.

109 EXT. THE STREET

109

Sal and Charlie come tearing out of the alley. They jump in the car and screech out, disappearing around a corner.

110 EXT. DESERTED STREET - INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

110

Marty is standing next to his car. He turns at the sound of the approaching Mustang.

Charlie and Sal pull up next to Marty and are out of the car like a shot...

SAL
Alright, Marty, what the hell's
going on?

MARTY
What are you talkin about?

CHARLIE
You didn't say anything about
anybody being dead!

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

MARTY

Dead?

SAL

Hey, don't play stupid with us.

CHARLIE

Don't insult us, alright.

MARTY

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

SAL

There was a guy up in the office dead, sitting in a chair dead.

Marty thinks, it's starting to sink in...

MARTY

What did he look like?

CHARLIE

Well, he was real pale...

MARTY

C'mon...

SAL

I don't know, he was fat...

MARTY

A little bald?

SAL

Yeah.

Marty starts to laugh. Sal and Charlie look at each other.

MARTY

(between laughs)

He was dead? You sure?

SAL

He was dead.

Marty's really laughing now, howling.

CHARLIE

I don't get it, what's the joke?

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: 2

110

Sal shrugs.

Marty suddenly stops laughing, his face changes...

MARTY

Did you get the envelope?

SAL

Hey, we're pros. We go to get something we get it.

Marty's face lights up...

MARTY

Let me see.

SAL

Wait a second, Marty. Who was the stiff?

MARTY

A piece of shit. Nothing to worry about. Forget about him.

SAL

Hey, Marty...

MARTY

Don't worry about it I'm telling you.

SAL

I'm worried about it! I was this close to the guy. We may have left prints up there. I don't want to be talking to any homicide guys!

MARTY

He was my partner.

SAL

Wha?

CHARLIE

His partner gets whacked and he laughs, I love this guy.

MARTY

He was a greedy bastard. He was trying to cut me out!

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: 3

110

SAL
Who whacked him?

MARTY
Probably the guys that want the
envelope.

CHARLIE
This must be some valuable envelope
if a guy got whacked for it.

MARTY
Hey, guys get whacked for looking
cross-eyed at a guy. But I'll tell
you what I'll do, I'll double what
I'm giving you because of all this
shit.

Sal and Charlie look at each other again...Sal nods toward
the car. Charlie turns and reaches in the passenger window.
He pulls out the envelope and hands it over to Marty.

Marty hurriedly opens the envelope and pours out the
contents; small, eight millimeter video cassettes, at least
ten of them.

SAL
Happy?

Marty quickly puts them back in and throws the envelope on
the front seat of his car.

MARTY
You guys did a great job...

He opens his door...

MARTY
Call me tomorrow...

SAL
Whoa, whoa!

CHARLIE
Where you going?

MARTY
Wha?

SAL
Where's our money?

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: 4

110

Marty holds up his hand to stop the conversation...

MARTY
Protocol...

Sal and Charlie are immediately on him...

SAL
Your ass! Don't give us this
bullshit!

CHARLIE
We're talking money now!

Charlie and Sal are leaning over Marty, breathing in his face.

MARTY
Hey, hey, take it easy, every deal
has its stages...

Sal and Charlie look down at him, Marty holds up one finger...

MARTY
Stage one, you get me the
envelope...

He holds up two fingers...

MARTY
Stage two, I give the envelope to
the right people, they give me
money...

He holds up three fingers...

MARTY
Stage three, I give you your cut.

SAL
Yeah, and stage four, you don't
give us our money tomorrow, Marty,
and we tear out your lungs.

MARTY
C'mon...

He pats Sal on the shoulder...

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: 5

110

MARTY

What the matter with you? You
think I would do that.

He gets in his car and closes the door...

MARTY

Somebody I know all these years,
from New York...

He starts up the car...

SAL

Remember what I said.

MARTY

Call me tomorrow.

He pulls away.

MARTY

Not too early.

Sal and Charlie get in their car.

SAL

I can't believe the balls on this
guy not to have our money.

111 INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT

111

SAL

We were right not to trust this
phoney, Charlie, and I think he's a
fag too, that horse's ass with his
protien drinks, he was a scumbag
back in New York, that's probably
why he moved out here...

Sal pulls something out of his jacket pocket and holds it
up...a video cassette like the ones in the envelope.

SAL

But we got this.

CHARLIE

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

SAL
Our insurance. I slipped it out of
the envelope.

CHARLIE
What do you think is on it?

SAL
I don't know, but a guy got whacked
for these. Whatever is on it, they
got to want it bad.

Charlie smiles...

CHARLIE
(with sincere admiration)
That was smart, Sal.

He starts the car...

SAL
Hanh? Hanh? Am I always thinking,
or what?

CHARLIE
Very smart, Sal...very smart...

112 EXT. THE STREET

112

The Mustang pulls away as the sun starts to rise...

113 INT. ROSE MARIE'S HOUSE - MORNING

113

The back door opens and Sal and Charlie walk in. They look
disheveled, bleary-eyed. They pass quietly through the
kitchen.

114 INT. LIVING ROOM

114

The day's first light barely brightens the room. Sal and
Charlie walk softly, not wanting to wake anyone.

VOICE (OS)
(dripping with sarcasm)
What a picture.

Both guys spin around. Angela is sitting on the couch
wearing a robe over her nightgown.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

SAL

Angela, what are you doing here?

ANGELA

Look at the two of yous. Charlie, you look like you've been rolling in the gutter.

Charlie looks sadly down at his pants.

SAL

How'd you know we were here?

ANGELA

Where else would you go?

CHARLIE

Did you tell anybody?

ANGELA

What do you think I'm a whacko?

Sal and Charlie exchange a look...

ANGELA

You got nothing to say to me? You leave without saying anything, you don't call.

SAL

I was going to call as soon as things cooled down a little.

ANGELA

You two really out-did yourselves this time. Y'know you can never go home until you straighten this out with Gino.

SAL

We'll straighten it out, we're working on that right now.

ANGELA

Yeah, how? With another scam?

SAL

Gee, Angela, y'know I was just about to say how much I missed you.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: 2

114

CHARLIE

Uh, I'm gonna go to bed. G'night.

He walks out. Sal sits on the couch.

SAL

When did you get in?

ANGELA

Late last night.

A beat...

ANGELA

So I hear you been working.

SAL

Yeah, I hate it.

ANGELA

Figures.

SAL

I don't mean it like that. It's just this kind of work, it's not me.

ANGELA

Then what is you, Sal? Having Gino and that bunch after you? You like that? Does it make you feel big?

SAL

No, I hate that too. And I'll be honest with you, Ange, no more after this. We get outta this and that's it, no more deals.

ANGELA

Yeah, sure.

SAL

No, I mean it.

ANGELA

Then what are you gonna do?

SAL

That's the problem. I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: 3

114

ANGELA

Well, Sal, I gotta know, cause I
can't keep going like this.

SAL

(almost a groan)
Angela...

ANGELA

No, Sal, I ain't getting any
younger...

SAL

What are you talking about you look
great.

ANGELA

It's not about looks, Sal, it's
about settling down,
family...y'know kids.

SAL

Kids? Hey, Angela I don't know...

ANGELA

What's to know?

SAL

I mean, what do I got? How can I
do that? I don't want to be like
my father was, he couldn't support
us so he gave up trying.

ANGELA

You're not your father, Sal.

SAL

I don't know Angela, it's a very
scarey thing.

ANGELA

You're gonna lose me Sal, and I'm
the best thing that ever happened
to you.

SAL

Is that why you came out here, to
tell me this?

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: 4

114

ANGELA

I came out here because I love you.
You got a good brain and a good
heart, Sal. When you gonna wake
up?

He looks at her...

SAL

You tired?

ANGELA

Not that tired.

He smiles and reaches for her. They kiss passionately.

SAL

Let's go inside.

ANGELA

What about Charlie?

SAL

We'll open the couch in the den.

Sal takes Angela's hand and leads her out of the room.

115 INT. ROSE MARIE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

115

Angela is at the stove cooking bacon and eggs. She's
dressed in skin-tight Sergio Valente jeans and a T-shirt,
her hair up.

Charlie is sitting at the table. He's got a napkin tucked
into his muscle T-shirt and needs a shave.

CHARLIE

Hey Ang, you skim the runny stuff
off the top of the eggs with the
fork?

She scoops the eggs out of the pan and onto a plate...

ANGELA

Yeah, Charlie.

She carries the plate of eggs over to him...

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

CHARLIE

And the yellow is soft so I can dip
the toast?

Angela stops, standing over him in a threatening stance, the
plate in her hand...

ANGELA

You want to eat these eggs,
Charlie, or you want to wear them.

CHARLIE

Alright, alright...

She places the dish in front of him. Just as Charlie picks
up his fork we hear a toilet flush.

Sal comes rushing into the kitchen, the newspaper in his
hand, wearing Angela's robe hanging open revealing his boxer
shorts. He stands over Charlie who's now swirling a piece
of toast in his fried eggs...

SAL

Charlie, I got to talk to you a
minute.

CHARLIE

When I'm done.

SAL

Now, Charlie.

SAL

My eggs will get cold...

Sal takes the fork out of Charlie's hand and places it on
the table.

CHARLIE

Forget the eggs, we got to talk.

Sal takes Charlie under the arm and helps him to his feet.

Angela is patiently watching.

SAL

Excuse us, Angela, we'll be only a
minute.

Sal guides Charlie out of the kitchen. Angela shakes her
head.

116 INT. THE DEN

116

Charlie and Sal enter. Charlie still has his napkin tucked into the front of his T-shirt. Sal closes the door and waves the newspaper in the air....

SAL

When you read the papers what do you read?

CHARLIE

Wha?

SAL

What do you read?

CHARLIE

The results.

SAL

That's right, the horses. And what do I read?

CHARLIE

Sal...

SAL

What do I read?

CHARLIE

What do I know what you read.

SAL

The front page, that's what I read, news!

CHARLIE

Is this what you brought me in here for. Those eggs are cold now, Sal, and she's not gonna make me any more...

Sal holds up the newspaper...

SAL

Look at this, headline story, four congressmen, two state senators, a lot of big business guys, all of them under investigation by the D.A. for selling government contracts.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

CHARLIE

So, that stuff goes on all the time.

SAL

They're trying to indict these guys, Charlie, but they can't... insufficient evidence.

CHARLIE

Of course, these guys are like mob guys, but worse.

Sal holds up the newspaper...

SAL

Look at the these pictures.

Charlie looks at the pictures...distinguished men in business suits caught mid-stride as they hurry past the camera.

CHARLIE

Yeah?

Sal rushes over to the couch that's opened into a rumped bed...

SAL

Last night while you were sleeping I was in here watching home movies.

He lifts up the mattress...

CHARLIE

I thought you were playing hide the salami.

Sal pulls out the tape, he holds it up.

SAL

These guys are on the tape!

Charlie's eyes dilate...

CHARLIE

That tape?! These guys?!

Sal's smiling from ear to ear...he nods as he rushes over to the video cassette player and jams in the tape.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: 2

116

CHARLIE
What are they doing?

Sal hits a button...

CHARLIE
"Film at eleven."

A grainy black and white video tape comes into focus on the screen.

We see a hotel room, a suite, probably in a Hilton. A few men sit around the living room having drinks, some with their jackets off. On a coffee table in front of them a man is stacking bundles of money in a suitcase, their conversation is barely audible. Sal points to one of the men...

SAL
Is that the guy from the paper or what? The senator?

CHARLIE
Yeah.

Sal points to another man...

SAL
And?

By this time Charlie's face has lit up...

CHARLIE
Yeah.

SAL
And what are they doing?

CHARLIE
They're taking money!

SAL
And we got them on tape! You know what these tapes are worth, Charlie?!

They start whooping and hugging each other, dancing around...

CHARLIE
What do we do, Sal, what do we do?

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: 3

116

SAL

We got these guys by the cujones,
Charlie.

CHARLIE

And that Marty, he was going to
give us a lousy four grand. Do you
know how much he must be getting
for a bag full of these?

SAL

This is the big one, Charlie. You
know the league we're in here?
Senators, congressmen...we're
talking serious money... (Sal
looks Charlie dead in the eye and
raises one finger) One million,
Charlie. We ask for one million.

CHARLIE

One million dollars...

SAL

(continuing the reverent tone)
Charlie, all our lives we've been
waiting for this opportunity, and
everything we've ever done has
prepared us for this moment.

CHARLIE

Let's call that worm, Marty.

SAL

No, no, we don't call him, we don't
call him. We just go over there.
We use the element of surprise.

117 EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

117

The Mustang pulls up in front of Marty's mailbox at the
bottom of the hill. Charlie and Sal get out.

SAL

Oh, here we go again with these
stairs. You get a thrombosis just
going to see this guy.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

CHARLIE

Yeah, I don't know how much of a surprise this is gonna be either, Sal, it takes us a half-an-hour to get up there...

As they look up they see Marty standing on the deck at the top of the stairs, he's looking down at them. Slowly he lifts his hand in what looks like a wave.

The guys look up, a little puzzled to see him standing there, and give him a half-hearted wave back.

Just then Marty slowly falls forward like a cut-down tree, and comes tumbling down the stairs.

Sal and Charlie stand there gaping as Marty bounces, flips, rolls and tumbles down what must be a hundred wooden stairs, finally coming to a stop at their feet.

Marty moans once and goes still.

After a shocked moment Charlie bends over to check him out.

SAL

Is he dead?

CHARLIE

Yeah, but it wasn't the fall that killed him...

Charlie starts walking quickly to the car...

CHARLIE

Somebody put a bullet in his tabernacle.

Sal takes a glance at the body, then quickly follows Charlie. They jump in the Mustang and screech out.

118 INT. THE MUSTANG

118

Charlie's at the wheel, concentrating as he speeds around the hairpin turns of the Hollywood Hills.

Sal is griping the dashboard, holding on for his life.

CHARLIE

What do we do now?

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

Sal is staring wide-eyed at the road ahead...

SAL
I don't know, I gotta think. Why
don't you slow down?

Sal is watching parked cars, trees and houses whiz by...

CHARLIE
The stiff's are piling up, Sal.
Without Marty who do we do business
with.

SAL
We'll find our own contact.
Charlie, nobody's...

119 EXT. THE ROAD

119

Just then another car comes around a bend, the two cars will
barely fit together on the narrow road.

120 INT. THE MUSTANG

120

SAL
Watch out!

Charlie turns the wheel hard, hits the brakes...

121 EXT. THE ROAD

121

Screeching tires! Horns blaring! The Mustang just misses
the other car, the wheels leave the road and skirt along
dangerously close to the edge of an embankment.

122 INT. THE MUSTANG

122

SAL
Hey, Charlie, slow Down! Nobody's
chasing us!

CHARLIE
We need distance, Sal. We need
distance.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

SAL
We got distance, will you slow down
now!

CHARLIE
Alright, alright...

Charlie eases up on the gas. Sal lets out a breath of relief.

SAL
Let's find a phone booth.

123 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

123

Sal and Charlie are at a public phone. Sal's got the receiver in one hand and the newspaper in the other. Charlie is standing next to him.

SAL
(into the phone - trying to effect
an educated demeanor) Yes. I'd
like to speak to Mr. Palmer,
please.

Sal listens...

SAL
Well, he wouldn't recognize my name
but you can tell him I'm a friend
of Senator Whitman's with whom he
should speak.

As Sal waits he looks over at Charlie who's trying to wedge himself between the two telephone stands. Sal covers the mouthpiece...

SAL
What the hell are you doing?

CHARLIE
I'm trying to get out of this sun,
but it don't stop.

Sal snaps his attention back to the telephone...

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

SAL

Yes, Mr. Palmer. Well, my name doesn't really matter, but what does matter is a little home movie I have in my possession that I think you and your client, Senator Whitman would be very interested in.

Sal listens...

SAL

Mmm...yes sir...Don't pull my chain, Mr. Palmer, why don't we just meet at your office, let's say nine o'clock tonight.

Sal listens...

SAL

Looking foward to it.

He hangs up and smiles at Charlie and walks back to the car. Charlie follows.

CHARLIE

Sal, what about the money, you didn't mention the money.

SAL

That's because we're not going to make the exchange tonight.

CHARLIE

Why not?

SAL

We go up there with the tape they'll whack us both.

CHARLIE

Then what are we gonna do?

SAL

We're going to handle this like the professionals that we are.

They get in the car and pull out.

124 EXT. OUTSIDE AN OFFICE BUILDING ON WILSHIRE BLVD. - NIGHT 124

An establishing shot shows the Mustang parked next to a phone booth, across the street and a bit up the block from a chrome and glass office building.

125 INT - THE MUSTANG 125

Sal and Charlie are sitting there quietly, hardly a move. Then...

SAL
It's time.

Charlie nods.

Sal pulls out a small familiar-looking device. But it's covered with tape and has a little red bulb and an antenna jerry-rigged to it.

CHARLIE
Sal, you sure this thing's gonna work?

SAL
Yeah, trust me on this, will ya. I used this with Beansy when we were scalping tickets, it worked beautiful. Let's check it out.

He extends the antenna and hits the button. The little red bulb lights up...

SAL
G'head, try it.

Charlie reaches into his pants pocket and fumbles around a bit...

The little bulb on Sal's device starts blinking as a sharp, persistent beep emanates from it.

SAL
Alright, good. I hear this thing while you're up there and I'll be on that phone.

Charlie gives him a look. He reaches for the door handle then stops...

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

CHARLIE

You know, I don't understand why I gotta go in.

SAL

Because if we both go in then they got us and they'll make us tell them where the tape is, and you know they got their ways of making us tell them.

Charlie nods, Sal continues, his mouth going a hundred miles an hour.

SAL

But, if only you go in then I become your ace in the hole, because if anything goes wrong you signal me and I'll have the cops all over the place and they can kiss their video tape goodbye.

CHARLIE

Yeah, but Sal, why me? Why am I going in?

SAL

(getting impatient)

Cause now you got the thing on. What do you want to do? You want to take the time to switch now? We don't have the time now. Why didn't you say something before?

CHARLIE

Because I didn't think about it before!

SAL

You want me to go in, I'll go in. It doesn't make any difference to me.

CHARLIE

No. I was just wondering.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: 2

125

SAL
I really didn't think about it,
Charlie. It just worked out that
way. You sure you don't want me to
go in?

CHARLIE
I said I'll go in.

SAL
It makes sense. There's no reason
to put us both in jeopardy.

Charlie thinks about that a moment, somehow it doesn't sound
right.

SAL
You remember what to tell them,
right?

CHARLIE
Yeah.

He starts to get out. He's moving stiffly, bending his body
cautiously...

SAL
Charlie, if you move around like
that they're gonna know you're
wearing something.

CHARLIE
Hey, you try moving with this
friggin' thing on.

SAL
Just try to move normal, will ya.

Charlie closes the door. He sticks his head in the window...

CHARLIE
You think we might be in over our
heads here, Sal.

SAL
Whadda you think?

Now confused more than ever, Charlie shrugs and walks away.

126 EXT. THE STREET

126

Charlie crosses the street and heads for the office building, trying to move normally.

127 INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY

127

The marble and glass lobby exudes power. Charlie enters and is dwarfed by the immense open space, he starts walking toward the directory. A uniformed security guard is sitting behind a large, marble reception desk.

GUARD

Hey, you gotta sign.

He points to a ledger sitting on the desk in front of him. Charlie starts walking toward him.

GUARD

Who you looking for?

Charlie glances down at a small piece of paper in his hand...

CHARLIE

Uh, law offices...uh, Palmer, Benson and Palmer.

There's a slight reaction in the guard's face...

GUARD

Four.

Just as Charlie reaches for the pen the guard lays his hand on the book.

GUARD

You don't have to sign.

He points toward the elevators.

Charlie looks curiously at the guard than walks to the elevators.

128 INT. ELEVATOR

128

Charlie walks in and hits a button, the doors close. He looks up and watches the numbers progress.

The elevator comes to a stop. The doors slide open.

129 INT. HALLWAY

129

Three men are standing there; icy eyes, expressionless, hard, strong faces, ultra conservative dress.

One of the men points down the hall and starts to walk. Charlie follows and the other two fall in behind him.

The lead man opens an oak door with brass lettering on it:

ANGELA
PALMER, BENSON & PALMER
ATTORNEYS AT LAW

They all enter.

130 INT. RECEPTION AREA

130

Charlie continues to follow the lead guy through another door into a conference room.

131 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

131

More men sitting around. Charlie walks into the room and stands there. Everybody is just staring at him.

CHARLIE
I'm looking for Palmer.

Silence. Then a man of about fifty, sitting off to the side, stands...

MAN
My name's Jacubick. From now on
you deal with me.

132 INT. THE MUSTANG

132

Sal is sitting in the car watching the front of the building. He glances down at the device sitting on the seat next to him; the little red light is lit, confirming that the device is operating. Sal looks back toward the building and waits.

133 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

133

Jacubick is slowly circling Charlie as he listens.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

CHARLIE
...the tape shows Senator Whitman
and Senator Kopeck in a situation
the D.A. would definitely find
interesting.

JACUBICK
And how do I know you actually have
this video tape.

Charlie pulls a Polaroid photograph out of his pocket. He holds it out in front of Jacobick's face. Jacobick pulls it out of Charlie's hand and looks at it.

In a close shot of the photo we see the hotel room again projected on Rose Marie's television. We can see both Senators. And next to the screen we see Sal's hand holding up the front page of a newspaper.

CHARLIE
If you check the newspaper you'll
see that that picture was taken
today.

Jacobick looks at him, and slowly crushes the photo in his hand.

134 INT. THE MUSTANG

134

Sal glances down at the device. Suddenly the light goes off...nothing.

Sal looks down at it puzzled. He picks it up and gives it a shake...still no light. He gives it a couple of raps on the dash...

135 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

135

JACUBICK
What are the terms.

CHARLIE
We want one...

For a moment the words get caught in his throat...

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

135

CHARLIE
...one million dollars. Small
bills, no consecutive numbers.
They're to be put in a suitcase...

Suddenly Charlie starts beeping. The sharp, persistent beep that we recognize as the device is emanating from his pants.

Jacobick's face crunches up into a puzzled expression...

Charlie is standing there frozen with fear...

JACUBICK
What's that?

CHARLIE
(trying to stay cool)
Wha?

JACUBICK
That sound.

CHARLIE
What sound?

Jacobick steps toward Charlie, his ears cocked, trying to pinpoint the sound. He's standing less than six inches away, slowly running his ear over Charlie's torso, getting lower and lower...until his face is right in Charlie's crotch. He's found it! He looks up at Charlie, Charlie shrugs.

Jacobick stands back and nods to a couple of his men. They grab Charlie and start to open his pants, tearing them as they proceed...

CHARLIE
Hey, take it easy will ya!

They rip Charlie's pants open revealing a device similar to Sal's, taped to the inside of his thigh.

136 INT. THE MUSTANG

136

Sal is still shaking his device...

SAL
C'mon...

Suddenly the light blinks on again. Sal looks at it, shrugs and lays it back on the seat. It continues to glow brightly in the dark car.

137 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

137

One of the men yanks the device off Charlie's thigh, taking a lot of leg-hair with it...

CHARLIE

Yeeeeooow!

Charlie is being held in a choke hold, his face blue from lack of oxygen. Jacubick's sticks his face about an inch away from Charlie's, he's talking through his teeth...

JACUBICK

You little turd. You have the audacity to come in here with a recorder? Do you have any idea who you're dealing with?

MAN

Sir.

Jacubick turns to him...

MAN

This isn't a recorder.

JACUBICK

What is it?

MAN

Well, sir...it looks like a garage door opener.

Jacubick turns and looks at Charlie. Charlie shrugs.

CHARLIE

(being strangled - barely audible)
That's what it is.

JACUBICK

And you keep it taped to your leg, inside your pants?

Charlie nods.

JACUBICK

I would imagine that would make opening your garage a rather difficult process.

CHARLIE

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

Jacubick shakes his head and lets out a sigh of exasperation...

JACUBICK

What is it?

CHARLIE

What I said.

JACUBICK

Do you want to leave here alive?

CHARLIE

If anything happens to me the tape goes to the D.A.

Jacubick takes the device from his man and looks at it. He hands it back.

JACUBICK

How did you want to make this trade?

138 EXT. STREET

138

Charlie comes out of the office building walking fast. His shirt is askew, his hair is messed and he's holding up what's left of his torn pants. He crosses to the Mustang.

139 INT. THE MUSTANG

139

The door opens and Charlie gets in.

SAL

What happened to you?

CHARLIE

Just drive Sal, get me outta here.

Sal starts the car...

SAL

Look at your pants. What the hell happened?

CHARLIE

Don't ask me any more questions. Could we go, please.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

139

SAL
If you were in trouble why didn't
you push the button.

CHARLIE
Push the button?

SAL
Yeah, like we said.

CHARLIE
I don't want to talk about this,
Sal, I almost got killed up there,
okay, so just drive.

140 EXT. STREET

140

As the car pulls away we can hear Charlie and Sal's voices
echoing through the empty street...

SAL
What do you mean?

CHARLIE
What do I mean? Ace in the hole,
right? Your my ace in the hole?
Let's not talk about this...

SAL
Charlie...

141 INT. OFFICE BUILDING

141

Jacubick, surrounded by five of his men is walking quickly
through the lobby heading toward the garage entrance.
Another guy catches up to him.

MAN
There's two of them.

Jacubick doesn't break his stride or divert his eyes...

JACUBICK
Yeah...and tomorrow night there'll
be none.

They briskly continue out the building.

142 EXT. AN UPSCALE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

142

Close shot of a small, elegantly lettered sign sitting on a chrome post: PRIVATE PARTY TONIGHT.

As a few people pass in front of the sign we cut back to see that the front of the place is bustling; men in tuxes, women in formal dress, limos pulling up and dispensing more beautiful people.

Then another limo pulls up, the doorman opens the back door and out steps Charlie, resplendent in a rented tux; ruffled shirt and all.

Charlie stares at the crowd, suddenly overwhelmed, seemingly frozen in position.

143 INT. LIMO

143

Sal is behind the wheel in his chauffeur's uniform...

SAL
(to Charlie, in a stage whisper)
Go! Don't stand there, just go!

Charlie looks back at him...

SAL
G'head, I'll meet you around back.

Charlie is speechless...

SAL
We're pros, remember.

144 EXT. THE LIMO

144

CHARLIE
Right, pros. I'm a pro.

Charlie musters up his bravado and heads toward the front door. He enters.

145 INT. RESTAURANT

145

Charlie walks in. The place is crowded. People standing around talking and sipping champagne.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

145

A blond, beach boy in a uniform that looks like he's about to march with some college band is standing next to a podium by the door, collecting invitations...

BOY

Good evening, sir. Your invitation please.

Charlie pulls a business card out of his pocket and hands it to the boy.

CHARLIE

Mike's Celebrity Limos. I'm Mike.

Charlie leans in close to the kid.

CHARLIE

You got a prom coming up, kid? Big date? You want a limo, you call that number and ask for me. What's your name?

BOY

(glancing around to see if he's being observed) Tad.

CHARLIE

Tad?

The kid nods.

CHARLIE

Okay, Tad, you got yourself a limo.

Charlie walks away leaving Tad staring down at the card.

Charlie maneuvers his way through the crowd.

Without noticing, he passes one of Jacobick's men, also in a tux, standing to the side, dour-faced, his eyes riveted on Charlie.

Charlie continues making his way through the crowd, his eyes scanning the area...he stops, another of Jacobick's men is standing by the men's room. Charlie sees an attache case on the floor by the goon's feet. He proceeds toward him.

As he approaches, Charlie takes a quick look around and notices another one of the men he saw at Palmer's office. Charlie does nothing, he continues toward the man and the

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED: 2

145

attache case. Then he sees another man, than another, they're all over the place. Charlie swallows hard and continues...

The man stands there motionless as Charlie, without skipping a beat, walks by him and gracefully picks up the case and goes directly into the men's room. The man stays where he is.

146 INT. MEN'S ROOM

146

Charlie walks in. A few men are going about their business. Charlie immediately spots another of Jacubick's guys. Charlie hesitates a moment then walks into one of the stalls.

Inside the stall Charlie locks the door. He sits on the toilet and lays the attache case on his lap. His chest is heaving and he can feel his heart pounding. He looks down at the case, his palms are sweating, he takes a deep breath and blows it out, then unsnaps the two locks and slowly raises the lid...his eyes open wide as he looks down...one million dollars in cash, packs of one hundred dollar bills. To Charlie, it looks like it's glowing.

Charlie picks up one of the bundles, flips through it, he swallows hard, spots checks a few more bundles, then lowers the lid and locks it.

He takes the video tape out of his pocket and palms it.

Outside the stall we hear the lock thrown and Charlie steps out.

147 INT. RESTAURANT

147

Charlie comes out of the men's room. He starts walking toward the man he took the attache case from, the video cassette still in his hand.

Just as he gets near the guy, ready to hand off the tape, he catches a movement out of the corner of his eye, he snaps his head and sees one of Jacubick's men starting toward him, his hand under his jacket. Then he sees another man, also coming at him, his hand in his jacket pocket.

Charlie looks at the guy in front of him and reads his eyes...it's a set-up, and Charlie's knows he's as good as dead!

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

147

Charlie suddenly swings the attache case and smashes the guy in the head with it, he goes down. Charlie turns and starts running for the rear exit, knocking down anybody in his path. Women start screaming. Jacobick's men take off after him.

148 INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN

148

Charlie bursts through the swinging doors, running through the busy kitchen, dodging between the counters and stoves. He heads toward the rear fire exit door and smashes through, setting off the fire alarm.

149 EXT. REAR OF THE RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT

149

Charlie comes flying out the door...he stops dead in his tracks...in front of him is a bunch of black limos, all looking exactly alike...

CHARLIE

Oh, shit.

He starts foward...

CHARLIE

Sal! Sal! Where the hell are you!

Charlie starts running, zigzagging through the limos, looking for Sal...

CHARLIE

Sal!

Just then Charlie hears a little mousy voice...

SAL

(stage whisper)

Charlie! Over here, Charlie!

Charlie turns and sees Sal, his head barely sticking out of his half-opened window. Charlie scrambles toward him...

CHARLIE

Let's get the hell out of here,
Sal. They tried to...

Suddenly Sal starts yelling in full voice...

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

SAL
Run, Charlie! Run! It's a set-up!
Get the hell outta...

Charlie stops...Suddenly a hand reaches out of the darkness of Sal's limo and yanks his head in, two men jump out of the back.

CHARLIE
Oh, shit...

He turns and sees the other men coming out of the kitchen door. One of the goons draws his gun, a silencer attached. He pulls off a couple of shots at Charlie...

Bullets whiz by Charlie's head as he turns and runs. The men take off after him.

Zip, whiz! Zip, whiz! Bullets are passing within inches of Charlie's ears as he runs out the back of the parking lot between the adjacent buildings.

150 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

150

Charlie comes speeding out of the alley and right into the street traffic and in front of a car, a custom-painted, chopped, low-rider. Two Chicanos are sitting in the front seat. Charlie runs up to the passenger side...

CHARLIE
Hey, hey! I'll give yous each a
hundred dollars if you get me outta
here!

The two Chicanos exchange a quick look...

CHICANO
Get in, man.

Charlie jumps in the back seat. Before he can close the door the low-rider peels out.

Jacubick's men emerge from the alley as they pull away. Stunned, they watch the low-rider disappear into the evening traffic.

151 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - PALMER, BENSON & PALMER - DAWN

151

Close shot of Sal's face twisted in pain...

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

SAL
Aaaaa! Don't do that, don't do
that!

Sal's in a chair, two men are holding him down while another man is gleefully bending back his fingers. Jacobick is patiently pacing in front of him...

JACUBICK
Why would you want to put yourself
through this?

The guy bends Sal's fingers back a little further...

SAL
Eeeeeyowww!

JACUBICK
You think your buddy is thinking of
you right now?

Now the guy takes out a tweezer and starts pulling out Sal's eyebrows...

SAL
Oowwww!

JACUBICK
He's getting ready to book himself
on the next available flight.

The guy uses the tweezers to extract a few of Sal's chest hairs...

SAL
Ay ay ay ay!

JACUBICK
If there's any way we can stop him,
tell us. Is there someplace he may
go? Someone he may want to see
before he leaves?

SAL
(in great pain)
I ain't telling you shit.

Jacobick nods toward the goon who proceeds to pull out a few of Sal's nose hairs...

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED: 2

151

SAL

Ooowwww!

JACUBICK

It's in your best interest to tell us.

SAL

(almost in tears)

I wouldn't know where to tell you to look even if I was going to tell you anything, and I ain't telling you anything anyway.

JACUBICK

If we don't find him before he disappears, you're gonna be one dead wop.

SAL

(matter of fact)

He ain't disappearing.

Jacubick laughs...

JACUBICK

And what do you think he will do?

SAL

He's gonna call.

JACUBICK

Do you really believe that?

SAL

Yeah. He wouldn't leave me here.

JACUBICK

He's out there with one million dollars...cash.

SAL

That don't matter. We're like brothers, Charlie and me.

JACUBICK

A million dollars cuts a lot of family ties.

Doubt crosses Sal's face for the first time...

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED: 3

151

SAL
You wouldn't understand.

Jacubick leans his face close to Sal's...

JACUBICK
If you were in his place would you
call?

SAL
(not too convincingly)
Yeah...I'd call.

Jacubick smiles...He turns and picks up a clock sitting on a side table and places it next to the telephone in front of Sal. The clock reads six-fifteen.

JACUBICK
I'll make you a little wager. The
switchboard opens at nine o'clock,
we'll give him until nine-fifteen.
If he doesn't call... you lose.

152 EXT. THE BEACH - DAWN

152

The sun is peaking over the horizon. Charlie is sitting in the sand looking out at the ocean. The Chicanos are sprawled out a few feet away working on a couple of six-packs. Charlie's still in his wrinkled tux. The suitcase sits in the sand next to him, in the background is the silhouette of the Santa Monica Pier.

Charlie sits there thinking, motionless...finally he gets up, picks up the suitcase and trudges away toward the street.

153 INT. AIRPORT

153

Charlie is on line at a TWA ticket counter. His turn comes and he steps forward...

CHARLIE
I want a ticket on the next plane
leaving the country.

The ticket agent takes notice of Charlie's rumpled tux and ruffles...She hits a few buttons on the computer terminal...

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

153

AGENT

Uh...well, our Carnivale Special
leaves at nine-thirty for Rio de
Janeiro. But on that...

CHARLIE

No! No sun!

AGENT

Sir?

CHARLIE

No more sun! What else you got?

The agent hesitates a moment, not sure what she's dealing
with...She hits a few keys on her terminal...

AGENT

Well, then our next international
flight leaves for Rome at four PM
this evening.

CHARLIE

Four? No, no, no...alright, the
other one, the hell with it.

154 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

154

It's deadly quiet, you can hear the clock tick...five after
eight.

Sal is sitting across from the phone. Jacobick is looking
out the window, about six goons are spread around the room,
all waiting.

155 INT. AIRPORT - DAY

155

A close shot of an engraved, brass plaque - FIRST CLASS
LOUNGE.

156 INT. AIRPORT - TWA FIRST CLASS LOUNGE - DAY

156

There's a lot of merry-making going on; Bosa Nova music is
playing, excited travelers talking and laughing. A
white-jacketed steward is making his way through the room
with a tray of exotic fruits and hors d'oeuvres.

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

156

Charlie is sitting by himself in the middle of all this. He's holding a tropical drink with a little umbrella sticking out of it and looking straight ahead, a dead-pan expression on his face, the briefcase on his lap.

157 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

157

Sal is staring at the clock, it reads nine-thirteen...the phone buzzes. Jacubick and Sal look at each other. It buzzes again...finally Jacubick picks it up...

JACUBICK

Yes?

158 INT. AIRPORT

158

Charlie's on a public phone...

CHARLIE

Let me talk to Sal.

CONFERENCE ROOM

JACUBICK

I have to say that I am really surprised. I guess I over-estimated you.

AIRPORT

CHARLIE

Just put Sal on the phone.

CONFERENCE ROOM

Jacubick hands the phone to Sal. Sal grabs it...

SAL

(almost in tears)
Hey, Charliutz, I knew you'd call, I knew it! This guy over here he don't know, he don't understand us.

AIRPORT

CHARLIE

Yeah, I'm calling, Sal. You alright?

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

CONFERENCE ROOM

SAL
Yeah, yeah, no problem.

AIRPORT

CHARLIE
Okay, put that scumbag back on the phone.

CONFERENCE ROOM

SAL
Yeah, yeah, Charlie. Uh...hey, Charlie...

AIRPORT

CHARLIE
Wha?

CONFERENCE ROOM

SAL
Y'know...a...y'know, all these years, you and me...all we've been through...uh, well, y'know, I said some things, maybe I yelled at you, but uh...I love you Charlie.

AIRPORT

Charlie just stands there a moment...

CHARLIE
Now that makes me feel like I gotta say it too. I mean you say that, then it's only right that I say it.

CONFERENCE ROOM

SAL
Oh, you don't have to, Charlie, you don't have to say it.

AIRPORT

Charlie pauses...

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED: 2

158

CHARLIE
Would you mind if I didn't... I
just don't feel up to it right now.

CONFERENCE ROOM

SAL
Oh, no, I don't mind. Here, I'll
put him on.

He hands the phone to Jacobick.

JACUBICK
That was very touching.

AIRPORT

CHARLIE
You're lucky he's okay, and he
better stay like that.

CONFERENCE ROOM

JACUBICK
Mmmm, very intimidating. Now, this
is what you will do...

AIRPORT

CHARLIE
No! No! I aint gonna do shit!
You're gonna listen to me! I'm
calling the shots here! And if you
don't do exactly what I say or if
anything happens to Sal, I go right
to the newspapers and TV and blow
this whole thing. And if you don't
believe me you try me, you
whitemilk, skinhead, mother...

CONFERENCE ROOM

JACUBICK
Okay, okay. What did you have in
mind?

Jacobick listens...Sal watches...

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED: 3

158

JACUBICK
Un hunh, fine, but I do have to
insist that you come alone...for
Sal's sake. And make sure you
bring the tape...and the money.

AIRPORT

Charlie hangs up.

159 EXT. ROSE MARIE'S HOUSE - DAY

159

A cab pulls up. Charlie gets out, still carrying the
briefcase, and walks over to the Mustang parked in front.

The front door of the house swings open...

ROSE MARIE
Where's Sal?

Charlie continues toward the car...

CHARLIE
Wha?

Rose Marie cuts across the lawn, walking fast, cutting
Charlie off as he heads for the car...

ROSE MARIE
Where's Sal?

CHARLIE
I'm gonna go pick him up.

ROSE MARIE
What do you mean your gonna go pick
him up, where is he?

CHARLIE
We'll be back in a little while.

ROSE MARIE
What did you do? You come in this
house, I want to know what's going
on here!

She grabs him by the ear...

CHARLIE
Ow, Ow, Ow!

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

159

ROSE MARIE
Get in the house!

Charlie is being pulled along on his tip-toes...

CHARLIE
Ro, c'mon, I'm not a kid here!

ROSE MARIE
Did you get my Sally Boy in
trouble?

CHARLIE
Nobody's in trouble, I don't know
what you're talking about!

She yanks him through the front door and into the house.

160 INT. ROSE MARIE'S HOUSE

160

Rose Marie pulls Charlie through the door, letting go of his
him as they enter. Charlie starts instinctively rubbing his
red ear...

CHARLIE
That hurt, Ro...

Suddenly Charlie stops dead. He stares across the house and
into the dining room...

Sitting at the head of the table is Gino the Grocer.

Charlie is gaping at him when he hears the door close behind
him, he looks over his shoulder and sees Frankie the Beast.

ROSE MARIE
(to Charlie, with a false smile)
Look who came to see you, all the
way from the neighborhood.

CHARLIE
(feigning delight at Gino's
surprise appearance)
Gino! Hey...

GINO
Charlie, come, have a seat.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

160

ROSE MARIE
If you got Sally Boy in trouble
I'll kill ya. Go.

She gives Charlie a final pinch in the arm...

CHARLIE
Ow!

Rubbing his arm, Charlie forces a smile as he walks through the house and into the dining room. Frankie is right behind him. As he passes the living room he sees Angela sitting on the couch. Their eyes meet for a brief moment, Angela looks solemn.

161 INT. LIVING ROOM

161

Charlie enters, still smiling...

CHARLIE
(not knowing what else to say)
Gino...

The smile is now frozen on his face and nausea has set in...

CHARLIE
Hey...Gino...

Gino is staring up at him stone-faced. He points to a chair. As Charlie sits Frankie closes the French doors to provide them with privacy.

GINO
What's the matter, you don't like
New York no more?

CHARLIE
No, y'know, Gino, it's just one of
them things.

GINO
One of them things...You like it
out here?

CHARLIE
It's alright, but to tell you the
truth all this freakin' sun gives
me headaches.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161

GINO

Oh, well, Frankie and me were right here in Vegas, and we're having a good time, when we hear that you boys are out here too. So we said, hey, we're so close, let's go say hello to our dear friends Charlie and Sal. What the hell, I mean we're like family, right? Your sister married my cousin Danny, and Sal's father, though we didn't always see eye to eye, was a very dear friend, may he rest in peace. and you both left New York so quick...

CHARLIE

Gino, we're working on a new deal, very serious money.

GINO

Oh, yeah?

CHARLIE

Yeah, Sal is with the people now, I'm to go meet them and when it's done you'll have all your money, and Gino, Gino, we're ready to double your end.

GINO

How about that. Double. You know right now I should stab you in the eyes and hang you from a fuckin' palm tree.

CHARLIE

Wait, wait, Gino, give me a few more hours, that's all I need, a few more hours and I'll have your money. What could it hurt?

Gino leans forward...he motions Charlie closer...Charlie leans in...

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: 2

161

GINO
(softly, almost a
whisper)
Tell me something, Charlie. If
Frankie and me didn't show up here
today, and you made your big deal,
would you have come back to New
York and paid me my money?

CHARLIE
(without hesitation)
Absolutely.

Gino leans back, he looks at his watch...

GINO
We're taking a plane out of here at
ten o'clock tonight, I give you
that much time. So either I leave
here with my money, or I leave you
here dead...and your partner too,
if we can find him. Okay?

CHARLIE
Okay.

GINO
Go do your deal.

Charlie rises, picks up the suitcase and heads for the
doors.

GINO
Oh, and uh, Charlie. I'd like
Frankie here to keep you company...

CHARLIE
C'mon, Gino...

GINO
Hey, it's not that I don't trust
you, but after all...
(he shrugs)
...this is the business we're in.

Charlie walks out, Frankie the Beast follows right behind
him.

162 INT. LIVING ROOM

162

Charlie comes in, Frankie in tow, Angela is still sitting on the couch.

CHARLIE
Angela, could I talk to you for a
minute...
(he points)
...inside.

Angela looks at Frankie and gets up. She follows Charlie down the hallway that leads to the guest room.

163 INT. GUEST ROOM

163

Charlie opens the door and holds it as Angela walks in. Frankie starts into the room...

CHARLIE
Uh, Frankie, I'd like to speak to
Angela alone, if you don't mind.

Frankie stops...he looks into the room. Charlie starts to close the door...

CHARLIE
We'll be just a minute.

FRANKIE
I'll be right here.

Charlie closes the door.

He places the suitcase on the bed.

ANGELA
Where's Sal. Is he alright?

Charlie holds his finger over his mouth...

CHARLIE
I'm not gonna shit you, Angela,
right now he's okay, but we're in a
little bit of trouble.

ANGELA
So what else is new?

Charlie unsnaps the suitcase...

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

163

CHARLIE

C'mon, I'm gonna need your help on this.

ANGELA

Yous two...will it ever stop?

CHARLIE

Please, Angela, not now. I think I got a way to get us out of this...
...but first I got to get rid of this chooch.

He opens the suitcase, Angela's mouth drops open at the sight of the money...

ANGELA

Oh, my God.

164 INT. OFFICE BUILDING BASEMENT GARAGE - DAY

164

The elevator doors slide open. Out steps Jacobick followed by Sal surrounded by six men. They start across the garage.

Sal's chauffeur's uniform is unbuttoned and wrinkled. His eyes are nervously darting as he chatters...his hands constantly moving...

SAL

Not for nothing, but does anybody feel like a slice? I don't know why but I got this yen for a slice... extra cheese, maybe with a little pepperoni. I haven't had a decent slice since I've been out here. Yous know a good place, I mean I'm buying, that's no problem...

Jacobick and his men are paying no attention whatsoever to Sal's rantings, they just continue walking at a steady pace, stone-faced...

SAL

...I don't hold no grudges, what the hell, life's short enough, that kind of shit eats away at you. You guys got a job to do and that's that...

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

164

They arrive at a car and one of the men opens the back door for Sal...

SAL
Thank you very much.

He climbs in, a man gets in next to him as another gets in the other side, surrounding Sal...

SAL
Hey, I hate the hump in the middle.
You think we could switch around?
No hanh, what the hell. You guys
ever been to New York...

The door slams shutting out Sal's voice, but we can still see his mouth moving and his hands gesturing all over the place as the car pulls out.

165 INT. THE MUSTANG - DAY

165

Charlie, still in the tux and ruffled shirt, is driving. Next to him Frankie the Beast is cramped and crunched into the passanger side, practically filling up the rest of the car. He's sweating profusely, squirming in his seat, trying to get comfortable...

FRANKIE
How much longer?

Charlie's eyes are sweeping the street, looking for an idea...

CHARLIE
Uh, not too long...

FRANKIE
These people are gonna be there?

Suddenly Charlie spots something...

166 EXT. STREET - CHARLIE'S POV

166

From the moving car we see a line of Harley Davidson motorcycles sitting in front of a raunchy, leather bar.

CHARLIE (OS)
Yeah, yeah...

167 INT. THE MUSTANG

167

Charlie suddenly swerves over to the curb...

CHARLIE
Here we are!

168 EXT. THE AGONY AND ECSTASY BAR - DAY

168

The Mustang comes to a stop.

Standing on the sidewalk in front of the bar are about ten gay biker-types; black leather jackets, studded collars, chaps, tattoos...

169 INT. THE MUSTANG

169

FRANKIE
This is the place?

CHARLIE
Yeah.

FRANKIE
Who picked it?

CHARLIE
You don't have to come in, y'know,
this ain't gonna take long.

Frankie looks at him...

FRANKIE
That's okay.

They get out of the car, Charlie's takes the briefcase. Frankie looks at the bikers with unguarded disgust as he comes around the car. They disappear inside.

170 INT. BAR

170

Charlie and Frankie walk in and take stools at the bar. Frankie nudges Charlie with his elbow and nods toward the bartender who has his back to them. Charlie looks over...the bartender is wearing leather chaps with just a G-string, leaving his ass completely exposed...

Frankie shakes his head...

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED:

170

FRANKIE

What kind of people you doing
business with?

CHARLIE

If it upsets you go wait in the
car.

FRANKIE

Let's do what we gotta do. Where
are these people?

CHARLIE

We're early, let's have a drink.

FRANKIE

What are you crazy? I wouldn't
drink anything in this place.

The bartender comes over...

BARTENDER

What will it be, guys?

CHARLIE

Just a beer...
(he points to Frankie)
...nothing for him.

The bartender goes for the beer and Charlie gets off the
stool and starts to walk away...Frankie grabs him by the
shirt...

FRANKIE

Where you going?

CHARLIE

To the bathroom. You want to come?

Frankie takes a quick glance around...gay bikers everywhere.
He lets go...

FRANKIE

Leave the car keys and the
briefcase.

Charlie drops the keys on the bar...and looks Frankie in the
eyes...

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED: 2

170

CHARLIE
Here's the keys, but this goes
where I go.

He turns and walks toward the back, Frankie watches him...

The bartender places the beer on the bar, he smiles at
Frankie, Frankie grimaces back.

171 INT. MEN'S ROOM

171

Three gay bikers are by the sinks primping and talking.

Charlie walks in. The bikers pause for a brief moment to
check him out in his tux. Charlie just stands there looking
back at them. They turn and continue their conversation.

Charlie's eyes dart around the bathroom, looking for a way
out...he walks over to the bikers...

CHARLIE
Hey guys, I'm in a jam over here.
Maybe one of you could help me out.
I need a ride. What do you say?

No response...Mount Rushmore...

CHARLIE
I mean I could give you a few
dollars.

The bikers turn back to the mirror...Charlie thinks...

CHARLIE
It's my ex-lover...he's sitting out
at the bar. He's a crazy man.

The bikers suddenly become attentive...

CHARLIE
He's trying to get me to go home
with him, but I know if I do he'll
beat me up again...

BIKER
What a shit...

CHARLIE
He almost killed me last time.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

171

BIKER TWO
Let me take a look at this jerk.

Biker Two, the biggest and toughest looking of the three steps toward the door. He opens it and peeks out...

CHARLIE
(suddenly sounding a little effeminate) Careful.

172 INT. THE BAR

172

The bathroom door creaks open and Biker Two sticks his head out and looks toward the bar.

We see Frankie sitting at the bar.

173 INT. MEN'S ROOM

173

The biker sticks his head back in...

BIKER TWO
How much?

CHARLIE
Whatever you want.

BIKER TWO
This could be dangerous...

CHARLIE
Anything.

BIKER TWO
Okay...fifty dollars.

CHARLIE
How about a hundred.

Charlie reaches into his pocket...

BIKER ONE
For a hundred I'd do anything.

Charlie pulls out a small wad and peels off a hundred dollar bill...

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

173

CHARLIE

And I'll give you another hundred
when you get me to where I'm going.

Biker Two's eyes light up.

BIKER TWO

You got it, Sweetheart.

174 INT. THE BAR

174

Frankie is still sitting there, looking at his watch,
getting impatient.

Just then the three bikers from the men's room walk by him
heading toward the front door. Frankie gives them a quick
look, then goes back to drumming his fingers on the bar.

BARTENDER

You okay?

FRANKIE

I'm fine.

Suddenly Charlie comes running out of the back! Before
Frankie can react Charlie speeds right by him...

FRANKIE

Hey!

Charlie bursts out the front door.

Frankie runs off after him.

Just as Frankie reaches the front door Biker One and Biker
Three stand up in front of him, trying to make it look
accidental...they collide, the three of them go down in a
heap. Frankie, cursing the bikers, attempts to untangle
himself but the two bikers grab hold and hang on, the three
of them tangled together...

175 EXT. BAR

175

Charlie, clutching the briefcase, roars away on the back of
Biker Two's Harley.

176 INT. THE BAR

176

Frankie, screaming and kicking, is still struggling to free
himself from the two bikers wrapped around him.

177 EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - DAY

177

Charlie's head appears over the rise of the bridge, slowly walking toward us, briefcase in hand.

He arrives on the pier and threads his way through the vacationers. He starts looking around as he walks through the holiday atmosphere; music from the carousel, kids running around, bells and beeps from the arcades.

Then he spots Jacobick standing at the pier railing by himself, looking out at the ocean.

Charlie walks over and stands next to him, placing down the briefcase.

CHARLIE
Where's Sal?

JACUBICK
Did you bring everything?

CHARLIE
Yeah.

JACUBICK
Let's see it.

CHARLIE
After I see Sal.

Jacobick turns from the railing and nods toward an amusement arcade.

Charlie looks over and sees a few of Jacobick's men. One of them pulls Sal into view...Sal looks haggard and scared.

JACUBICK
Okay?

CHARLIE
Let him walk out of here.

JACUBICK
You've seen him.

CHARLIE
He walks or no deal.

Jacobick looks around at the crowded pier. Then, containing his anger, he makes a hand motion and the guy gives Sal a shove toward the bridge.

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED:

177

Sal looks at Charlie, not sure what's going on.

CHARLIE

G'head, Sal. I'll meet you over the bridge.

Sal walks toward the bridge. Charlie watches him, then turns back to Jacobick. Jacobick is smiling...

JACUBICK

I've dealt with guys like you before. You're an amateur, a two-bit hustler. You risked your life and threw away a million dollars. I think you're too stupid to know what you've done. You had the chance of a lifetime and you blew it. You're small change.

Charlie's controlling himself, gritting his teeth...

Jacobick looks off toward Sal...

Sal is nearly across the bridge, still walking, occasionally glancing back.

JACUBICK

Okay, let's have it.

It's Charlie's turn to smile...

CHARLIE

I ain't got it.

JACUBICK

What?

CHARLIE

I ain't got your tape.

Jacobick's face is turning beet red...

CHARLIE

And you know what else? I ain't got your money either...
(he points to the case)
...it's empty.

Charlie starts to laugh...

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED: 2

177

CHARLIE
Ya dumb fuck.

Charlie continues to laugh.

Simultaneously Jacobick points toward Sal...

JACUBICK
Get him!

...and reaches into his waistband and starts to pull a pistol.

Before Jacobick can get the gun completely out Charlie hauls off and hits him with a roundhouse to the head. Jacobick goes down and the gun falls to the ground.

Jacobick's men start to run over.

Just then a voice calls out...

VOICE (OS)
Stay where you are! FBI!

The men spin toward the voice. An FBI agent, dressed as a vendor is standing there holding a gun on them. Another agent, wearing a dirty apron and chef's hat runs up and stands next to him.

One of Jacobick's men pulls a gun and opens fire, the agents dodge for cover and return the fire. The other goons start firing and more agents start coming out from undercover, dressed in every conceivable attire, and they start firing.

Down on the bridge Sal spins around at the first sound of gunfire...

SAL
Charlie!

He starts running back.

Just then a federal helicopter looms up over the pier and hovers, passersby start running for cover and all hell is breaking loose.

Meanwhile Charlie and Jacobick are rolling around on the pier locked in combat as bullets fly around their heads.

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED: 3

177

They're biting, kicking and gouging each other, getting blown around by the wind from the chopper. Finally Jacubick skull-butts Charlie and Charlie's eyes roll into the back of his head. Jacubick gets up and runs for the gun, Charlie jumps up...too late. Jacubick spins around and aims the pistol point blank at Charlie, Charlie freezes, Jacubick smiles and...

Sal comes flying out of nowhere and hits Charlie with a flying tackle sending both of them into the railing, the railing splinters and Sal and Charlie go flying, locked in each others arms, into the Pacific...splash!

Jacubick runs to the railing and points the gun down at the water. Just as he's about fire, the muzzle of a gun touches his temple...

AGENT

FBI.

Jacubick's body goes limp. The agent takes the gun out of his hand.

178 EXT. UNDER THE PIER

178

Sal and Charlie are floundering around in the waves. In the background we can see two Coast Guard patrol boats converging on the pier.

SAL

Charlie, Charlie, you okay?

CHARLIE

Yeah! You?

SAL

Yeah.

They grab on to one of the wood piles.

SAL

What the hell happened?

CHARLIE

I had Angela call the feds. She showed them the tape and told them the whole deal.

SAL

What happens to us?

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED:

178

CHARLIE
Nothing! I had Angela give them
the money too. Hey, they'll
probably give us a friggin medal.

SAL
You gave them the money?

CHARLIE
Yeah...but only two hundred and
fifty thou.

SAL
What about the rest?

CHARLIE
Well, unfortunately Gino showed
this morning.

SAL
Gino! Shit!

CHARLIE
Yeah, I had to pay him off, Sal. I
even had to give him double!

SAL
Double?

CHARLIE
Right, another two hundred and
fifty thou.

SAL
Oh...So where's the rest?

Charlie's looking at him with a big grin, waves splashing
over his face.

SAL
You got it?

Charlie nods, stil grinning...

SAL
You got it!?

CHARLIE
Yeah! It's ours, Sally! All ours!

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED: 2

178

SAL
Eeeeeeeeyooooowwww!

He jumps on Charlie, submerging him for a moment, Charlie comes up sputtering for air and laughing...

CHARLIE
Yeah!

He tries to dunk Sal back...

As the two guys continue playfully screaming and hugging each other with the waves breaking over them, we start to hear a trumpet playing an Italian tarantella dance...

179 INT. A CATERING HALL - QUEENS NEW YORK - DAY

179

The tarantella continues as we pull back from a close shot of a swirling wedding dress. We move up to see it's Angela and Sal dancing on a crowded dance floor surrounded by a crowd of people clapping to the music. All friends and family, at least a hundred people, some of which we recognize; Rose Marie and Michael, the kids dressed as ring bearers, Gino and Frankie the Beast, all laughing and having a great time. And in the middle of the crowd is Charlie, dressed in a rented tux again, still with the ruffled shirt, but it's pink this time

LATER

We cut to a multi-tiered wedding cake. The music has stopped. We see the hands of the bride and the groom as they cut it...there's a lot of applause and cheers, flash bulbs going off...

Angela feeds Sal a piece of cake, smears it around his mouth, Sal threatens to do the same thing, he kisses her instead, all while everybody is urging them on...

CHARLIE
Wait! Hold it, hold it!

He raises his hand up to quiet the crowd...

CHARLIE
I got a toast!

Everybody cheers...

Charlie holds up his glass and faces Angela and Sal...

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

179

CHARLIE

Angela and Sal...what can I say,
better late than never...

The crowd laughs, Angela and Sal too...

CHARLIE

But also I wish you happiness...
and children...and I hope the
sparkle I see in both your eyes
today lasts forever.

The crowd cheers and applauds again. The band begins
playing, people start for the dance floor.

CHARLIE

Hey, Sal...
(Sal looks over)
I can say it now...I love you, Sal.

Sal holds his glass up to Charlie, they sip champagne.

Angela tugs on Sal's sleeve...

ANGELA

Sal...

Sal turns. Angela is holding arms with a well-dressed man
of about sixty...

ANGELA

(talking over the noise)
This is my Uncle John from Toledo.

SAL

(extending his hand)
Hey, Uncle John, nice to meet you.

UNCLE JOHN

Yeah, congratulations. This is a
nice party.

SAL

Thanks...

UNCLE JOHN

So, Angela tells me that you and
your friend Charlie want to open a
business.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED: 2

179

SAL
Well, we're looking at...

Rose Marie comes over and grabs Sal and Angela and pulls them toward the dance floor...

ROSE MARIE
C'mon, dance with everybody!

UNCLE JOHN
Look no more. Think kitchens.

SAL
(being dragged by Rose Marie) Wha?

UNCLE JOHN
(yelling after them)
Mediterranean Custom Kitchens! I
got five franchises...the growth
potential, forget about it.

SAL
Yeah.

UNCLE JOHN
We gotta talk...

Sal and Angela start dancing...

SAL
Kitchens. What do you think?

ANGELA
He's done very well, my Uncle John.

Sal nods and they dance off...

Back at the table Charlie is smiling and pouring himself another glass of champagne. A very pretty girl walks up to him...

GIRL
That was a very nice toast.

Charlie looks at her, his eyes light up and he smiles...

CHARLIE
Oh, you liked it, thank you... (he
nods toward the dance floor)
...Would you, uh...

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED: 3

179

GIRL

Sure.

He places his drink down and takes her around the waist.
They start to dance.

CHARLIE

And what's your name?

GIRL

Sophia.

CHARLIE

Oh, like the flower...

SOPHIA

I didn't know there was a flower
named Sophia.

CHARLIE

Well, there really isn't. But,
it's a pretty name.

They dance off and melt into the crowded floor. Sam & Dave's
"Soul Man" starts to creep onto the soundtrack over the band
music, until it overpowers it and plays on.