

**confidence**

by

Doug Jung

First Draft  
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BLACK:

JAKE (V.O.)  
*So I'm dead...*

FADE IN:

EXT. - BACK ALLEY- NIGHT (PRESENT)

Dumpsters overflow with the day's garbage. A pillar of steam rises from an underground grate. It's the dark place between buildings that a reasonable person avoids.

We see JAKE VIG, a guy in his late 20's whose fashionable suit and good looks are in obvious contrast to the surroundings-- At first glance, you'd think he could run for Congress some day. At first glance.

Jake faces a garbage dumpster on his knees, execution style. His face gives away nothing-- He could be kneeling in a strawberry field.

JAKE (V.O.)  
*And I think it's because of this  
redhead...*

BUTCH (O.S.)  
Know who I am, Jake?

JAKE  
The Anti-Christ?

BUTCH (O.S.)  
No. I'm not the Anti-Christ. Or the  
Prince of Darkness. I'm just a guy  
looking for some answers.

There's the LOUD UNMISTAKABLE "CLICK" of a gun being cocked. The barrel of a gun slides gently along Jake's ear and comes to rest at the base of his skull.

The voice and the gun belong to BUTCH (40's). With his suit and conservative looks, you'd make him out for a "Steve" or "Roger" more than a "Butch".

BUTCH (cont' d)  
Things are probably going to end badly  
for you, Jake.

JAKE  
Gee... What makes you say that?

BUTCH  
Your life flashing before your eyes?

JAKE  
Just the last three weeks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUTCH  
That's not a bad place to start.

CUT TO:

EXT . - BACK ALLEY- NIGHT

Title: Three Weeks Ago...

The same alley... The door of a building bursts open as LIONEL DOLBY (late 40's), dressed in a cheap suit, stumbles out breathing heavy. The dim light of a bare bulb glares off the sweat on his forehead.

A moment later, Jake emerges from the same door carrying a large black revolver.

JAKE  
I lost my head. I'm... Sorry. I don't know what happened.

LIONEL  
Y-y-you fucking shot him! That's what happened!

JAKE  
I had to! That motherfucker was about to welch! You saw what he was doing, right? You heard him!

Lionel starts shaking his head spastically.

LIONEL  
I can't be here! You understand? I can' t--

JAKE  
Listen to me! It went to shit. It happens sometimes.

In the distance, A POLICE SIREN WAILS, growing louder.

LIONEL  
Oh Jesus!

JAKE  
LISTEN to me! We don't have much time. We can still get through this but you have to keep your head and trust me!

Jake takes a tentative step forward. Lionel sees a BLOOD STAIN on Jake's shirt and recoils.

The SIREN GROWS LOUDER, Jake turning his head towards it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIONEL  
What-- What do we do?

JAKE  
Help me.

Jake waves Lionel back through the door they came out of.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE EUCLID BAR

A dive furnished with a few mismatched chairs and a bar. A single overweight PATRON sits at a corner table with face buried in his hands as he WHIMPERS. Jake and, Lionel Dolby pass him as they emerge from a back hallway.

MILES, late 20's, wipes blood off the bar. Placed at the edge of the bar are two briefcases, both open, both filled with neat stacks of blood splattered money.

A DEAD GUY lies face down on the floor in a pool of blood.

Jake grabs the Dead Guy's legs as Lionel watches in disbelief.

JAKE  
Come on. Grab his arms.

Lionel stands frozen. Jake, drops the dead guy's legs with a THUD.

JAKE  
Lionel... He's dead. Yeah, maybe you didn't pull the trigger, but you were standing right there and watched me do it. Help me. Grab his arms.

The POLICE SIRENS grow LOUDER.

MILES  
Tick-tock...

JAKE  
If you wanna help, then help. If not, shut up.

MILES  
Your mess.

JAKE  
Then shut up.

MILES  
My place.

( CONTINUED )

CONTINUED:

Miles lets out a little chuckle; it's just enough to set Jake off again.

Jake pulls the gun and points it at Miles.

MILES

Oh please...

Miles non-chalantly pulls a sawed off shot gun from under the bar.

MILES (cont' d)

You think this kinda shit hasn't happened here before? Given it's usually on Thursdays. And usually, I gotta tell the cops, "No, Officer... I didn't really get a good look at the shooters." Usually anyway.

PATRON

(without looking up)

I didn't see nothing. And I swear if you let me go now, I won't say-

JAKE

Relax, porkchop.

The POLICE SIRENS sound like they're right outside.

LIONEL

I can't be here!

Jake cocks his gun, never taking his stare off Miles.

JAKE

Then go.

Lionel looks at the briefcases of bloodied money.

LIONEL

What about... The money?

JAKE

What about this situation makes you think I can answer that question right now?

Lionel again looks at the briefcases; then the shotgun leveled at Jake; then at the direction of the POLICE SIRENS... He runs for the door without a second thought.

CUT TO:

EXT.- THE EUCLID/CITY SIDEWALK- NIGHT

Lionel emerges up the stairs from the basement level bar to street-level just as a POLICE CAR SCREECHES to a halt in front of the bar, lights flashing, SIREN WAILING. On the door is the emblem for the NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT.

Lionel does his best to look casual as TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS jump out of the car and rush the Euclid. One of the Officers catches Lionel looking over his shoulder.

The last thing Lionel hears before he turns a corner--

OFFICER (O.S.)  
Everybody FREEZE!

As soon as he's turned the corner, Lionel breaks into a full sprint down the street.

CUT TO:

INT.- THE EUCLID

OFFICER WALTER SOBOZINSKI, a middle aged cop with a couple of spare tires, stands by the front door with his gun drawn, in a dramatic stance.

SOBOZINSKI  
(yelling)  
I said, freeze you motherfucking,  
cocksucking, scumbags!

The second middle aged cop, OFFICER RICHARD ROTTOVICH comes calmly down the stairs behind Sobozinski.

ROTTOVICH  
We're clear.

Rottovich closes the door and locks it behind him.

SOBOZINSKI  
(still yelling)  
Or I'll blow off every one of your  
fucking heads!

Sobozinski lets out a bellowing LAUGH.

We PAN OVER TO REVEAL Jake, Miles and BIG AL (the Patron) sitting at the bar by the Dead Guy.

JAKE  
Stop waving that thing around.

MILES  
You sure we're clear?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROTTOVICH

Guy looked like he was trying not to  
shit himself.

(re: the Dead Guy)

Nice.

DEAD GUY

What took so fucking long?

The Dead Guy stirs-- GORDO, late 20's, dressed in a blood  
soaked suit stands up; wiping blood off his face.

DEAD GUY/GORDO

I've been lying in this shit like half  
the night.

MILES

You guys were late. We had to go to a  
Mexican stand-off.

JAKE

And you know I hate guns.

Jake tosses the revolver on the bar.

SOBOZINSKI

We were fighting crime.

MILES

Keeping the city streets safe for drug  
dealers and pedophiles everywhere.

Jake starts taking the money out of the briefcases. Gordo  
strips out of the jacket and shirt, revealing a THIN WHITE  
VEST. A wire runs from a battery pack on his belt, up  
the center of the vest, ending at a scorched, bloody,  
explosive squib.

Gordo drops the vest along with a plastic bag containing  
fake blood. A nasty bruise on his chest marks the spot  
where the squib was.

GORDO

Shit.

JAKE

I told you, use less powder.

GORDO

But you won't get that splatter effect.

Jake removes the blood stained bills from the top of the  
pile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

Then these go into your cut.

Big Al moves over to the bar.

BIG AL

Hey, Jake... When am I gonna get to play the Inside?

JAKE

Gordo plays the inside. You're the Shill.

BIG AL

Yeah, but come on... All I get to do is cry and get insulted.

JAKE

What are you talking about? You should get a fucking Academy Award for the Shill work you do.

(off Al's smile)

We got it down cold, Al. You don't want to jinx it by changing something up, do you?

BIG AL

I' m gonna go get eggrolls. Anyone want eggrolls?

Al slaps Jake on the back and exits.

Jake catches Gordo hawking over his shoulder.

JAKE

What? I can feel you looking at me.

GORDO

That's a lot of cash. He came up with it pretty quick.

JAKE

Probably some investment banker or convertible-bonds-broker-dickhead. Did you see how fast he ran out of here? It's done. He's not coming back.

GORDO

I guess. I gotta drop a dime. Did anybody mess up the hoop?

MILES

It's clean.

Gordo disappears dawn the back hallway.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Jake rubber bands two small wads of cash and hands them to Rottovich and Sobozinski.

JAKE  
Ten percent.

SOBOZINSKI  
You guys got sack, I'll give you that much.

JAKE  
Confidence. It's just confidence.

Sobozinski and Rottovich head for the door with their newly padded pockets.

ROTTOVICH  
(patting his pocket)  
Feels a little light, Jake. Next time we're in for twenty.

MILES  
Twenty? My ass!

JAKE  
What are you talking about? Ten's standard.

ROTTOVICH  
Yeah Well, Sobo's kid needs braces.

SOBOZINSKI  
Do you have any idea what those monks charge for that medieval torture?

JAKE  
We got a good thing going here. You want to blow it over an overbite?

ROTTOVICH  
Don't get me wrong, Jake. I like you boys. You guys are the steadiest business in town. But what can I say? Twenty percent's still better than what we give to any of the other criminals.

JAKE  
All the shit we pulled with you and you're trying to shake us down? You guys got sack.

ROTTOVICH  
Was that a threat? Did I hear a threat?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROTTOVICH (cont' d)  
 Last I remember, we were talking  
 economics, then this..? What happens  
 next time if we gotta stop and help a  
 little old lady cross the street? Well,  
 shit... Then we gotta pass the call to  
 someone else.

Sobozinski and Rottovich exit.

MILES  
 (shaking his head)  
 Cops...

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY- NIGHT (PRESENT)

Butch shaking his head, still holding the gun.

BUTCH  
 Grifters...

JAKE  
 We can't all be model citizens such as  
 yourself.

BUTCH  
 It's all about the money, isn't it?

JAKE  
 Isn't it always?

CUT TO:

INT.- FOUR SEASONS HOTEL- NIGHT

A suite in the upscale hotel. Miles answers a KNOCK on  
 the door-- An expensive CALL GIRL stands at the door in  
 an overcoat.

JAKE (V.O.)  
 It's what makes us run. And despite  
 what they say, it *can* buy you love.

CALL GIRL  
 Are you ready for me, Ralph?

She lets the overcoat fall open, revealing her lack of  
 clothing.

CUT TO:

INT.- PRADA STORE- NIGHT

Gordo stands in front of a mirror trying on a new suit.  
 The sales people fawn over him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE (V.O.)  
It can buy you a new and better you.

GORDO  
I just don't know if this says, "me".  
What's the fabric?

CUT TO:

INT.- BIG AL'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Big Al has a cordless phone to his ear...

JAKE (V.O.)  
It can erase all those things about you  
that you wish didn't exist.

BIG AL  
It's Alfonse. I want to settle up. I  
haven't been ducking you. I told you  
I'd get it.

Big Al picks up a CHINESE TAKE-OUT MENU and leafs through  
it while on the phone.

CUT TO:

EXT.- SOHO STREET- NIGHT

Jake walks down the crowded street, passing the bars and  
restaurants of SoHo. His jacket's buttoned up to hide  
the blood stains.

JAKE (V.O.)  
It can make you think you're on top of  
the world.

Jake passes a group of well-dressed, well manicured people  
waiting in line outside of a trendy bar called "Wax."

Among the hip and well dressed, he seems out of place at  
the moment. An outsider.

An attractive blonde in her late twenties, LILY, bumps  
into Jake.

LILY  
(innocently)  
Oops.

She throws Jake a smile he can't but help return. They  
stand for a second facing each other before she's whisked  
away by an OLDER MAN, dressed in an expensive suit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jake's smile fades as he watches her saunter into the bar, but not before she throws him another glance over her shoulder. Jake continues on into...

CUT TO:

INT.- NEIGHBORHOOD BAR- CONTINUOUS

A semi-crowded bar. Not hip and trendy like "Wax."

Jake finds an empty stool at the end of the bar and orders a drink. He takes a second to look around at the cliques of people talking, laughing, having a good time before he pulls a newspaper out his coat pocket.

Jake takes a pen from the bar and opens to the crossword section.

JAKE (V.O.)

And if you believe that money can do all that for you, you're the perfect mark. Jack Kerouac said that if you own a rug, you own too much. I don't necessarily like Kerouac and driving cross country isn't exactly my idea of a good time, but the guy's got a point...

Jake sits alone with his crossword puzzle.

CUT TO:

INT.- JAKE'S APARTMENT- LATER

Jake enters a sparsely furnished loft. The skyline of Brooklyn twinkles through dirty, picturesque windows.

Jake drops his keys on a table and hits a button on an answering machine.

ANSWERING MACHINE

You have no new messages.

JAKE (V.O.)

If you've got nothing, you've got nothing to lose. And when it comes to money, finding it and losing it, you always gotta remember how much of it's just luck...

Jake stands his sparse little world, addressing the quiet before he fishes for his wallet, which he can't find.

LILY (V. O. )

Oops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The realization makes Jake smile.

Then a FLAPPING SOUND spins him around to see a PIGEON, flapping up against the inside of a partially opened window.

Visibly upset by the bird, Jake moves towards the window and pushes it wide, allowing the bird to escape.

JAKE  
Dumb fucking luck.

Jake stares out the window after the bird.

CUT TO:

INT.- DOLBY'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

A nicer apartment than Jake's. Lionel Dolby, the Mark from the Euclid rushes around, haphazardly throwing things into a suitcase. There's a KNOCK on the door that stops Lionel dead in his tracks.

Another KNOCK. Lionel still frozen.

The door flies open with a BOOM. In the doorway, we see HARLIN, an older mountain of a man dressed in a plain black suit. Behind him is LUPUS (late-20's), dressed in a sweatsuit a pilot could spot from 20,000ft.

LUPUS  
Mr. Dolby. King would like a word with you.

LIONEL  
R-r-right now?

LUPUS  
Please. We have a car waiting. I apologize for the door.

CUT TO:

INT . - JAKE'S APARTMENT- MORNING

A RINGING PHONE... Jake stirs on the futon oddly placed on the floor in the middle of the room and picks up the phone.

JAKE  
Yeah.

MILES (O.S.)  
You better get over to Al's. Now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Miles hangs up before Jake can answer.

CUT TO:

INT.- BIG AL'S- DAY

Jake stand's with Miles in the sparse living room. Big Al's body sits reclining on a Lazy Boy chair, eyes bulging open. An open carton of food rests in his lap. A feast of take-out Chinese surrounds him. The TV blares an old episode of "The Little Rascals."

There's a singed, neat bullet hole in his forehead.

MILES

I was supposed to meet him for breakfast. He likes that new IHOP they just opened, you know... He likes to order that thing. The Rutti-Tutti-Fresh and Fruity thing they got.

JAKE

Miles...

MILES

Sorry. I'm just... Look what they did to him. Right in the middle of his egg-foo-young.

Big Al stares up at them with those bulging, vacant eyes, his mouth hanging open. Jake reaches down and grabs the remote control and turns the TV off.

JAKE (V.O.)

Big Al used to send money to his Father, some Vietnam Vet slowly losing his mind in a VA hospital in Cleveland. Al was like that. That's why Al never played the Inside.

CUT TO:

INT.- DINER- DAY

Gordo enters and takes a seat in the back booth with Jake and Miles.

GORDO

Seems Lionel Dolby came down with a sudden case of drowning last night.

They just pulled him out of the East River.

JAKE

Well, this is just fucking great...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GORDO

It gets worse. Now I know why he was such a good rope. X mean, cash.... That much and we never had to put him on the "Send?" Turns out this ducking Moe was an accountant for the King Pin.

Gordo throws Jake a hard look, letting the news sink in. Jake can only slump back into the booth.

MILES

Who's that?

GORDO

The cash we fleeced off of him was collection money. He was supposed to take that money and give it to the King earlier yesterday like he does every Thursday. `Cept this time, he figured he could make a little something for himself off us and still get the King's money back before any body says "boo."

MILES

What's a King Pin?

Gordo looks to Jake, but can see that he's still processing the information.

GORDO

Currently, the King Pin is a very large-type pole stuck up our asses.

MTLES

Mob?

GORDO

Independant. Same shit, just independant. They call him the King Pin because he looks like that guy from the comic book... Big. Fat. Bald.

MILES

So what? We hide, right?

GORDO

(shaking his head)

What are you? New? Let me tell you how good this guy is. Last night, Al calls this bookie to settle up. Apparently he's been ducking him for like a month. So the guy asks him where he's got all this money all of a sudden, right? What does Al do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GORDO (cont'd)

Does he tell him that he cashed in a fucking Bar Mitzvah bond? Does he tell him he's been giving head out back for twenty bucks a pop? No... He starts going on about this job he just pulled and how he fleeced some Wall Street asshole -type... How HE fleeced.

MILES

You're pissed we didn't get credit?

GORDO

No, that was the only semi-fucking smart thing he said! Except anybody that's ever met Big Al knows that the only thing he's comfortable doing alone is eating. This guys tells this guy, that guy tells some other guy, eventually it works it's way back to someone who works for the King and--

INSERT SHOT

INT- BIG AL'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Big Al sits on the Lazy Boy, about to take a big bite of egg foo young. He stops as the front door is kicked open with a CRASH.

GORDO (V.O.)

Shazaam.

Big Al's eyes grow huge as we hear a LOUD BALM!!!

BACK TO THE DINER

GORDO (coat' d)

Big Al gets whacked mid-egg foo young. The whole thing took about two and a half hours. That's how good he is.

MILES

We sure Big Al threw him to us?

GORDO

Come on...

All three of them turn their attention out the window. They watch the bustle of people walking past wondering if any one of them is looking back.

JAKE

A bird flew into my house last night.

Gordo and Miles exchange a look, unsure of how to respond.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JAKE (cont'd)  
It's bad luck.

MILES  
Just an idea, but let's just fucking split. We'll meet up anywhere. Akron or Austin or Atlanta. Anywhere...

JAKE  
He'll find us. We go talk to him.

GORDO  
Whoa. What?

MILES  
We're going to give him the money back?

JAKE  
You know what we're doing with the money.

GORDO  
And what about Big Al?

JAKE  
Leave him. Someone's going to find him eventually. Then they'll start looking for us, too.

A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS  
What can I get you guys?

MILES  
Coffee. And a valium.

Jake turns his attention out the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. - THE EUCLID-- DAY

A basement bar in a crummy neighborhood. There's no sign, but everything about it says, "Condemned."

JAKE (V.O.)  
The Euclid was our place.

CUT TO:

INT.- THE EUCLID- DAY

Jake, Miles and Gordo sit at the bar of the run down watering hole. Jake stands placing neat stacks of money into a Fed-Ex box.

JAKE (V.O.)

Gordo fleeced the deed off some idiot in a card game. We used it every now and then for a rag, but mostly it was our office. Our Power Point.

Gordo and Miles start unloading the same neat stacks of money from their pockets. It's not as much as Jake put in.

JAKE

That's it?

MILES/GORDO

Bills.../Had that thing...

Shaking his head, Jake seals the Fed--Ex box, then hands the form to Miles and. Picks up the phone.

MILES (cont'd)

Do we want insurance?  
(off their looks)  
I'm just asking...

JAKE

Just mail it to the hospital.  
(dialing)  
Mr. King, please. It's regarding an accounting problem. Yes... Correct... I know where it is. That will be fine. Thank you.

Jake hangs up the phone.

GORDO

When?

JAKE

Tonight. Just me.

MILES

Fuck that. We're going too.

GORDO

Alright, let's all put our dicks back in our pants for a second. Is this the best thing to do?

Jake levels a stare at Gordo for a second.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE  
Meet me at my place later.

MILES  
How do you know the King's going to let you walk?

JAKE  
I'm getting a ride.

Jake picks up the phone and dials another number.

CUT TO:

EXT.- THE BULLDOG GYM- NIGHT

A neon sign in the shape of a boxing glove tells you what kind of gym it is.

A police car comes to a stop in front. Rottovich and Sobozinski in the front seats. Jake gets out of the back.

SOBOZINSKI  
The King, huh? Nice going.

JAKE  
I try.

ROTTOVICH  
Don't dick around too long. And if he stabs you or shoots you or causes any other form of profuse bleeding, call a cab because you are not getting back in this car!

Jake nods and approaches the door where Harlin and Lupus stand vigil. Lupus wears another loud sweatsuit.

HARLIN  
We appreciate your punctuality. Mr. King is expecting you.

Jake takes a step towards the door, but is pushed up against The wall by Lupus who begins to roughly pat Jake down.

HARLIN  
Lupus!

LUPUS  
What? You said pat him down, I'm pattin' him down.

Harlin shakes his head and pushes Lupus out of the way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARLIN

It only takes a moment to be polite.  
My apologies, Mr. Vig. If you wouldn't  
mind?

Jake steps back and raises his arms.

JAKE

You the one that did it? You the one  
that got Al?

HARLIN

Mr. King prefers to farm out for that  
kind of work.  
(gesturing to the  
door)  
Please, after you.

Harlin gives the Officers Sobozinski and Rottovich a slight  
nod of acknowledgment.

CUT TO:

INT.- BULLDOG GYM- CONTINUOUS

Harlin and Lupus lead Jake through the cavernous gym.

All around them, huge, sweaty, boxers work the speed bag,  
jump rope, spar, etc... There's not one that doesn't look  
like he's spent some time in the State Penal Boxing League.

JAKE

(a little nervous)  
Uh... Which one's the King Pin?

HARLIN

He's in the back taking a steam.

Jake nods and let's out a silent sigh of relief.

CUT TO:

INT.- STEAM BATH- CONTINUOUS

A huge room filled with steam. Harlin and Lupus stand by  
the door as Jake cautiously steps in. NEW AGE MUSIC is  
being played-- Could be Yanni.

Sitting in a lounge chair, wearing a white terry cloth  
robe is THE KING PIN. His large body is less fat than  
just big, constructed of circles and topped off with the  
baldest head you've ever seen.

A MANICURIST sits next to the King Pin working on his  
nails.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KING PIN  
Ow! Watch the pinkie!

This isn't so bad. Jake almost has to stifle a laugh.

KING PIN (cont'd)  
Every time, you get the pinkie and I  
get a hang nail.  
( to Jake)  
You Jake?

Jake nods and the King motions for the manicurist to leave.

KING PIN  
Grifter huh? Where have you been on  
the grift? Couldn't been here long  
'cause I would have heard of you,  
Skippy.

JAKE  
Jake. You can call me Jake. Here and  
there.

KING PIN  
Here and there, Scooter? Here and  
there like Boston, Chicago, Houston?  
The bay area? Some action in London,  
'til it turned nickel and dime. Or how  
about that little stint down in Miami?  
Heard you actually got into some  
trouble with the Feds down there. You  
guy's pretty good?

JAKE  
I have a good crew.

KING PIN  
Minus one.

Jake visibly bristles...

JAKE  
Minus one.

KING PIN  
You know, back in the day, grafting was  
considered a gentleman's racket. Good  
suits, good food... The Underworld of  
the Underworld. A grifter had to survive  
on his wits, his instincts... I like  
that. I like the idea of that.  
These days, things being what they are,  
guys like me gotta stay low.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KING PIN (cont' d)  
It's all take, take, take . You can' t  
just be fucking witty about it.

JAKE  
I guess it lacks a certain style.

KING PIN  
Of course, your line of work's only as  
good as the people you find.

JAKE  
You can't cheat an honest man.

KING PIN  
You can't cheat an honest man. But a  
man like Lionel Dolby...

JAKE  
I apologize for the inconvenience.

The King picks up a long, metal nail file.

KING PIN  
Honest mistake. Just give me the money  
back and all will be forgiven.

JAKE  
I can't do that.

KING PIN  
Why not?

JAKE  
Let me rephrase-- I won't do that.

KING PIN  
Let me repeat-- Why not?

JAKE  
Because you killed one of my crew.

KING PIN  
Buddy, that was business. Besides, you  
have more crew. Then there's you...

JAKE  
I'll get the money back, plus interest.  
I go on the grift for you. You get a  
cat, I get a cut. And we get square.

KING PIN  
(laughing)  
Fucking grifters! I love it! You got  
balls, I'll give you that much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE  
No. Just confidence.

The King Pin stands up and moves over to Jake.

KING PIN  
I' ll be honest with you, Kid. A grifter comes in here with a fifteen hundred dollar D-K-fucking-N-Y suit, cooler than an Eskimo in winter and tells me he wants to grift for me? First thing I have to ask myself is, is he playing for me or is he just plain playing me? You tried it once.

JAKE  
We got caught. So you know it won't happen again.

With surprising speed, the King Pin grabs Jake by the neck.

KING PIN  
I know it won't happen because you're going to feel like a Prom Queen who just got gang fucked by the wrestling team!

A few pained CHOKES from Jake as his knees buckle.

HARLIN  
Mr. Vig arrived with an escort. NYPD.

The King loosens his grip and let's Jake fall.

KING PIN  
Grifters... Always working an angle. Alright. I can see you got some vision. But I give you the Mark. I tell you the who and you give me the how. Lupus go with him.

Lupus snaps to attention.

LUPUS  
What?

KING PIN  
Consider him part of your crew. Consider him a part of me.

Jake begins to speak, but is silenced with a look.

KING PIN  
He goes. Now let me see your hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The King picks up the nail file again.

JAKE

Why?

KING PIN

You ask a lot of questions. Come on.  
 (motioning with nail  
 file)  
 Let me see `em.

Jake turns to find Lupus and Harlin on either side of him. They take him by the wrists and hold his hands up for the King.

KING PIN (cont' d)

I don't like to ask things more than once, Junior. I want you to know how much that irks me.

The King begins to gently trace between Jake's fingers with the nail file.

Jake remains rigid against Lupus and Harlin as the nail file scrapes along the soft, fleshy webbing between his fingers.

Jake shuts his eyes... Then opens them to find the King now gently stroking his hands-- Almost a loving caress.

KING PIN

You have incredibly soft hands. Good cuticles . They' re like a baby's hands. Grifters with rough hands... You know that they're probably not that good. Means they've had to do some hard labor to make ends meet. But you... Smooth... Supple.

The King continues to stroke Jake's hands with his own meaty paws.

BUTCH (V.O.)

Are you insinuating that the King Pin is of an alternative lifestyle?

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY- NIGHT (PRESENT)

Jake shakes his head slowly.

JAKE

I'm not saying anything. Besides, you're one to talk. You're the one who's got me on my knees in a dark alley.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BUTCH  
And these cops? What do they get?

CUT TO:

INT. - SQUAD CAR- NIGHT

Rottovich and Sobozinski sit staked out in front of a small cigar/magazine store.

JAKE (V.O.)  
Just a tip.

SOBOZINSKI  
What are we gonna do with this stuff anyway? Heroin? What the hell do you do with heroin?

ROTTOVICH  
You sell it.

SOBOZINSKI  
To who?

ROTTOVICH  
Don't be an idiot. How hard do you think it is to sell one drug dealer's drugs to another drug dealer? If Vig's right, we might be looking at a hundred, maybe a hundred fifty grand...

SOBOZINSKI  
You think this is a good idea? We never did this kinda shit before.

ROTTOVICH  
What's he going to do? File a missing drugs report? If it works out, this guy might be good for a few more turns.

A hooded figure turns a corner onto the street, heading for the Cigar Shop. He wears a knapsack slung over his shoulders.

SOBOZINSKI  
Hope so. Those fucking orthodontist bills are killing me. One fifty every time they tighten those bitches up. One fifty! It's not even covered.

ROTTOVICH  
It's cosmetic. They don't cover cosmetic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROTTOVICH (cont' d)  
 Last year I had a tooth capped. The dentist tells me I'm not covered for caps. It's cosmetic.

CUT TO:

INT.- ANOTHER CAR- SAME

Parked across the street and well hidden among the other parked cars... SPECIAL AGENT GUNTHER MOONAN, a guy in his early 40's in the kind of suit you'd find on a "2--for-1" rack. He sits pointing a TELESCOPE MICROPHONE out the window, wearing headphones. He chews on gum loudly.

ROTTOVICH  
 (O.S. from headphones)  
 Bullshit it's cosmetic! My fucking tooth was cracked in half. I made the son of a bitch write it in as a cavity. The department's dental is for shit.

SOBOZINSKI  
 (O.S. from headphones)  
 Whoa, whoa... There he is.

We HEAR the SOUNDS OF CAR DOORS OPENING, then SLAMMING SHUT.

Moonan puts down the mic and hits "STOP" on a microcassette recorder.

MOONAN  
 Confessions of a poor brusher.

Moonan takes a second to remove his gum, then checks his teeth in the rearview mirror.

CUT TO:

EXT.- STREET/BROOKLYN- SAME

Rottovich and Sobozinski walk quickly down the street.

Ahead of them, the hooded figure approaches, his hands buried in his pockets, a knapsack slung over his shoulder. As he gets closer, we see that he's just a KID of about ten or eleven.

Rottovich reaches over and pulls off the Kid's hood.

SOBOZINSKI  
 You know who we are?

KID  
 The heat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rottovich can't help smiling.

ROTTOVICH  
That's right. We're the heat.  
(yelling)  
STICK `EM UP!

The Kid jumps back startled and throws his hands up. The cops share a laugh.

ROTTOVICH  
Alright. Put your hands dawn.  
What do you got in the bag?

KID  
Something for my Pops.

ROTTOVICH  
I see. Well, your Pops has been making  
you carry around drugs for him. We're  
going to have to take them.

The Kid hesitates for a second before handing the knapsack over. Rottovich opens it and pulls out TWO BRICKS OF HEROIN, wrapped in plastic. He nods to Sobozinski.

The Kid stays rooted right where he is, looking up at the Detectives like a lost puppy.

KID  
My Pops is going to be mad.

ROTTOVICH  
Give the kid a twenty.

Sobozinski fishes in his pocket starts to peel off bills for the kid who then sprints away.

SOBOZINSKI  
What's the world coming to?  
Everybody's on the friggin' take...

Rottovich and Sobozinski head off with the knapsack.

CUT TO:

EXT. - BACK-NIGHT (PRESENT)

Butch and Jake...

BUTCH  
Keeping the Fix happy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

You never know when you can use a crooked cop.

BUTCH

Keep going. I want to know how you got Lionel Dolby.

JAKE

So you want to know how to play the Big Con.

BUTCH

In this case, you might say I want to know how not to play the Big Con.

Butch shoves the gun a little harder into Jake's head.

CUT TO:

INT.- BAR- NIGHT

A trendy bar, dimly lit and packed. We PAN along the hip crowd and STOP on Jake speaking with a SLICK GUY dressed in black Armani.

JAKE (V.O.)

First thing about being on the grift.... You're only as good as your Mark. The Roper's the guy who finds them.

Jake buys another round to the indifferent Slick.

JAKE (V.O.)

They all have money one way or another. Some of them come from money.

THE SCENE DOESN'T CHANGE--- Slick MORPHS into a FAT TEXAS BUSINESS MAN wearing a ten-gallon hat. He doesn't smile.

JAKE (V.O.)

There's that saying-- Show me an honest man and I'll show you a natural born liar. There's always that little bit of bad no matter how much good. It's that little itch on the back of your neck. You may not even know it's there, but it is.

The Fat Texan MORPHS into a WALL STREET-type suit, who remains stoic as Jake reaches over for another round of drinks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE (V.O.)

A good Roper knows how to scratch it--  
You the outdoorsy-type? "I was just  
fly fishing out in Montana". You play  
the market? "I just got a tip on a  
tech start-up IPO." You saw "the  
'Riverdance" twice? "I had a roommate  
in college who was gay." Whatever...

Wall Street MORPHS into a THIN EURO-TRASH man who takes a  
drink from Jake without even a "thanks."

JAKE (V.O.)

It means that in fifteen minutes we're  
on good terms. Thirty, I'm your buddy.

Euro-Trash MORPHS into an distinguished looking OLDER MAN  
as he takes a sip.

JAKE (V.O.)

In an hour, I'm your best friend.

Jake punctuates some unheard point with a slap on his  
knee.

JAKE (V.O.)

Give me a day and you'll let me do  
your wife and daughter at the same time.  
It's too late for you...

Jake looks up as the OLDER MAN MORPHS into LIONEL DOLBY,  
the nervous mark from the earlier con.

JAKE (V.O.)

I have your confidence.

CLOSE-UP: Dolby's lips loosen in a wide SMILE.

Jake smiles back. He puts his drink down, then takes the  
drink from Dolby. They remain talking as THE BACKGROUND-

MORPHS INTO:

EXT. - SIDEWALK-NIGHT

Under the light of a streetlamp, the two continue to  
talk.

JAKE (V.O.)

I tell you the "Tale"-- It's the story  
of how we're going to make easy money.  
No one gets hurt. And here's the guy  
who's going to help. That's when you  
meet the Insideman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gordo approaches, dressed in a suit and looking slightly anxious. Introductions are made.

JAKE (V.O.)  
 The Insideman's the one with the know-  
 How, the scoop, the angle. But maybe  
 'you' re the suspicious type . So I  
 give you the "Convincer." We both put  
 up a little and we get a little back.  
 Just a taste.

Gordo pulls an envelope out of his coat and gives it to Dolby.

JAKE (V.O.)  
 Just enough that when I tell you we can  
 make more off of it, you agree.

Jake speaks quickly to Dolby who nods emphatically. He hands the envelope back to Gordo.

JAKE (V.O. )  
 That`s when I put you on the "Send."  
 You put in -a little, you got a little.  
 Put in a lot... I "send" you out for  
 mare. As much as you can get.

CUT TO:

INT. - JAKE'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Jake stands TALKING DIRECTLY TO CAMERA, loading a big, black revolver with bullets.

JAKE  
 Doesn't matter what the con is.  
 Insider trading, a line we got on a  
 bookie club, insurance scam,  
 whatever... You saw the money and you  
 want it. More of it. Who cares if you  
 have to bend the rules a little? As  
 long as no one gets hurt.

Jake spins the gun cylinder then SLAPS it closed, pointing it straight at the CAMERA.

JAKE (cont'd)  
 Then someone does...

BLAM!!!

CUT TO:

INT. - THE EUCLID BAR- NIGHT

A flash of Gordo's stunned face before his chest EXPLODES IN RED.

Jake stands holding the smoking gun. Dolby looks around in shock.

JAKE  
 (turns 'to face CAMERA)  
 Frankie Suits always said, that what you have to understand about any confidence game, is that it's like putting on a play where everyone knows their part... The Roper, the Insideman, the Shills... Everyone except for the Mark.

Gordo lying in a pool of blood...

GORDO  
 (while playing dead)  
 I've been shot. Oh. The humanity.

Big Al sits cowering at a table...

BIG AL  
 (monotone)  
 God. No. Please. Don't kill me.

Miles casually washing glasses...

MILES  
 (indifferent)  
 You better hurry. The police will be here any second.  
 (breaking character)  
 I don't really understand my motivation with this. Why am I washing glasses?

JAKE  
 (still facing camera)  
 Now you're an accomplice in a homicide. Everything you thought you were in control of just flew out the window or is dripping down your leg.

Dolby turns to Jake, eyes wide, lips trembling in fear.

JAKE  
 (turning to Dolby)  
 You should be running out the door, desperate to forget this ever happened, ready to repent your greedy ways!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dolby eyes the briefcases of money.

DOLBY  
What about... The money?

JAKE  
(turns back to CAMERA)  
Then there it is again... That little  
itch. There's a guy holding a smoking  
gun, a guy bleeding all over the floor  
and still, all you can think about is  
the money. You twisted fuck. So we  
gotta give you the "Blow-off". We make  
sure that you never, ever want to look  
for us again. We get you off our backs.  
Forever.

Jake stops for a second and listens... He points over his  
shoulder and on cue A POLICE SIREN WAILS in the distance.

JAKE  
And that's why you need the "Fix"...

Dolby bolts for the door without the money.

CUT TO:

EXT.- SIDEWALK- CONTINUOUS

Dolby tries to act casual as he walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE EUCLID BAR- CONTINUOUS

Rottovich and Sabozinski enter the front door.

JAKE (V.O.)  
The New York Police Department's finest.  
Half as smart and twice as crooked as  
the guy they just chased away.

CUT TO:

EXT - BACK ALLEY- NIGHT (PRESENT)

Butch eases the gun off Jake's head.

BUTCH  
So how'd you get caught?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JAKE

Suits used to say that in any con,  
sooner or later someone's going to  
start asking the right questions.  
Usually, it takes a little longer.

CUT TO:

INT.- JAKE'S APARPMENT-NIGHT

Empty except for Gordo, Miles, Jake and Lupus, dressed in  
another of his trademark loud sweatsuits.

JAKE

We're working for the King.

MILES

(re: Lupus)  
Wait a second... Who's the mope?

LUPUS

I'm the King's eyes and ears. Just in  
case you decide to get cute.

MILES

So we gotta short con our way out of a  
hundred and fifty grand? That could  
only take like, a year.

JAKE

No. Big con. One rag. One rag and we  
get out from under all this. But we  
need another Shill.

MILES

What do we need another Shill for?

JAKE

Breasts.

CUT TO:

INT . - WAX-NIGHT

A crowded night...

LILY, the attractive blonde from earlier, flirts with a  
well dressed, OLDER MAN who has his hand firmly planted  
on her ass. She squeezes his hand and gives him a quick  
peck on the cheek before walking away. She takes a look  
at the man's wallet she just lifted before putting it in  
her bag.

From out of nowhere, Jake bumps into her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE  
(not so innocently)  
Oops.

Jake takes her by the arm out to...

CUT TO:

EXT.- ALLEY/OUTSIDE BAR- NIGHT

Jake pushes Lily through the back door where she finds Gordo, Miles and Lupus waiting. Her once flirtatious demeanor is replaced by something harder.

LILY  
What is this? You guys cops or something?

JAKE  
We're not cops.

GORDO  
You gotta be kidding me. Her?

JAKE  
Yes, her. Where's my wallet?

LILY  
Your what?

Jake takes her bag and dumps the contents on the floor-- A few wallets, a watch, even a wedding ring. Jake picks up one of the wallets filled with cash.

LILY (cont'd)  
That's not--

JAKE  
(pocketing the wallet)  
You interested in a little work?

Lily scoops up her bag and finds a cigarette, eyeing them all suspiciously.

LILY  
Sorry about your wallet, but if you think I'm going to suck dick over thirty seven dollars, a waxed out Visa and a bad fake I.D., you're fucking crazy.  
(lighting the cigarette)  
Jake.

JAKE

Take a deep breath and count to ten.  
It's not that kind of work. You're  
Lily, right?

LILY

Says who?

JAKE

You're working Daffy's block. He was  
going to break your kneecaps. Pick-  
pockets can be so bitchy sometimes. I  
told him you were with us, so that's  
two you owe me.

Lily takes a second to look the guys over. Miles gives  
her a wink. Lily slowly raises her middle finger at him.

JAKE

We have work. It pays a lot. Unless  
you figure on getting rich lifting  
wallets while old guys feel you up.

LILY

Oooh. Sassy. What do you care who  
feels me up, Jake? Unless it kinda  
gotcha going. Did it, Jake? Getcha  
going?

Lily saunters to Jake with a seductive grin.

Jake may be aware that he's stopped breathing.

She puts her hands on Jake's chest and leans in a half  
inch more, her lips an eyelash away from his. She  
whispers...

LILY (cont' d)

Keep the wallet. We're even. Take a  
deep breath... Count to ten... And go  
fuck yourself.

Lily pushes past Jake and heads out of the alley.

MILES

Is it just me or is there something  
really hot about a girl telling you to  
go fuck yourself?

Gordo gives Jake a nod of approval and Jake takes off  
after Lily.

CUT TO:

EXT.- CITY SIDEWALK- NIGHT

Lily down the street, Jake giving chase.

JAKE  
Alright! Hold up. You win. You got  
the job.

LILY  
Gee thanks. Now I don't have to find  
that bridge to jump off.

Jake catches up and blocks Lily's way.

JAKE  
We had to see what your deal was. I'm  
just a little superstitious.

LILY  
Here's my deal-- Don't waste my time.  
What do you want me for anyway? You  
don't even know me.

JAKE  
I just have a good feeling about you.  
Haven't you ever had someone say they  
had a good feeling about you before?

Lily studies Jake's face for any hint of sarcasm. None.

LILY  
No.  
(beat)  
What's my cut?

JAKE  
You get an equal cut.

LILY  
What do I have to do?

JAKE  
Just play a part. A little acting.

Lily steps back and hails a cab.

LILY  
Make a wish.

She points to a large digital clock hanging in a store  
window reading "11:11p".

LILY  
Eleven-eleven. If you're superstitious,  
make a wish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lily hops into the Cab and tosses Jake's new wallet onto the sidewalk.

LILY (cont'd)  
That's twice.

The cab pulls away.

Jake looks up at the clock-- "11:12P".

CUT TO:

EXT. - BACK ALLEY- NIGHT (PRESENT)

Butch smiles...

BUTCH  
I can see why you liked her.

JAKE  
That was it. We had our crew. Now we needed the Mark.

CUT TO:

INT.- THE EUCLID- DAY

Jake stands in front of the crew: Miles, Gordo, Lily and Lupus.

JAKE  
Morgan Gillette.

Gordo and Miles both do their best to contain their disbelief.

MILES  
Why?

JAKE  
Because that's who the King Fin wants us to fleece. And Gillette's perfect...

CUT TO:

INT.- CITY BANK OF MANHATTAN/BOARDROOM-DAY

A circle of BUSINESS MEN sitting at a conference table.

JAKE (V.O.)  
His grandfather used to run liquor during prohibition and his father made a bundle in illegal importing and exporting. That makes him a third generation crook.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE (cont' d)  
He's been tied into pretty much  
everything; drugs, mob, money  
rinsing...

We PAN AROUND THE TABLE OF BUSINESS MEN and settle on  
MORGAN GILLETTE, a man in his early fifties with the  
sharp, angular features of a reptile. We STAY with  
Morgan as the meeting breaks and everyone heads for the  
door and into...

CUT TO:

INT. - CITY BANK OF MANHATTAN/HALLWAY-DAY

Gillette is greeted by a handful of SUITS. Butch is with  
them, staying in the periphery.

JAKE (V.O.)  
There's a story going around that he  
helped fund the Contras back in the  
eighties.

Gillette and his crew head through a large glass revolving  
door to...

CUT TO:

EXT.- CITY BANK OF MANHATTAN- DAY

A busy mid-day New York sidewalk. Gillette heads towards  
a waiting Town Car.

JAKE  
Most of his money's clean. A lot of it  
isn't. The best part is that we know  
exactly where it is.

As Gillette and his crew disappear into the car, we PAN  
up to see the front of the building which has a large  
sign reading, "City Bank of Manhattan; A Gillette Family  
Company."

CUT TO:

INT.- THE EUCLID-- RESUMING

Jake looks over the crew, who are less than convinced.

GORDO  
How much we going after?

JAKE  
Two million.

Miles lets out a whistle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GORDO  
We only owe the King a hundred and fifty.

JAKE  
We get fifty percent. And we get clear  
of the King.

Jake looks over at Lupus for confirmation.

LUPUS  
That's worth it right there. You ask  
me, I don't think you can do it.

MILES  
I'm with Jack LaLane. That guy's  
untouchable.

JAKE  
That's why we don't go after him  
directly.

CUT TO:

INT.- CITY BANK OF MANHATTAN/LOBBY

Empty. The marble floor spotless, the dark oak teller  
windows vacant, a row of desks.

JAKE (V.O.)  
We find a doable guy in Gillette's  
bank... Someone about mid-level. Not  
too high, not too low.

A lone man, GRANT ASHBY, MATERIALIZES behind a desk on  
the empty floor and sits behind a computer terminal.

JAKE (V.O.)  
We meet him with corporate papers,  
inquiring about a corporate loan for  
start up capital. The corporate papers  
are in order, but we need things to  
happen fast. Our guy fudges numbers in  
the right places, moves our papers to  
the top of the pile or to the bottom,  
depending upon what we need.

GORDO (V.O.)  
How's that? He works for Gillette.

JAKE (V.O.)  
We pay better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An envelope stuffed with cash MATERIALIZES on the desk next to Ashby.

CUT TO:

EXT . -- CAYMEN ISLANDS-DAY

Crystal clear water gently rolls onto a white beach.

JAKE (V.O.)

Our guy gets us approved for the start up capital. But, the money can't be transferred to any one person. On the given day, the money's wired into a corporate account in an off-shore bank.

CUT TO:

INT.- GRAND CAYMEN'S BANK- DAY

Another empty bank... A lone TELLER MATERIALIZES behind the counter.

JAKE (V.O.)

That same day, I show up in the Caymens with the proper I.D. and corporate papers to make a withdrawal.

Jake MATERIALIZES on the empty bank floor, walking confidently up to the Teller with a SILVER BRIEFCASE in hand.

MILE5 (V.O.)

Uh...

JAKE (V.O.)

What?

MILE5 (V.O.)

I'm just thinking out loud here, but... Two million in a briefcase?

JAKE (V.O.)

Good point.

Jake approaches the Teller, now wheeling a BLACK SUITCASE behind him by the handle.

Jake presents the Teller with a series of papers and a photo I.D.

JAKE (V.O.)

It's bank policy not to release this money in cash because it's under a corporate account.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

The Teller turns to a computer printer and removes a check. Jake signs a few documents and places the check into his pocket.

CUT TO:

EXT.- CAYMEN ISLANDS/STREET-DAY

Lined with shops and stores, but it's as empty as the bank. Not even a car: Jake strides out of the Grand Caymen's Bank and walks across the street to another building with a sign reading "BANK OF THE GRAND CAYMENS."

CUT TO:

INT.- BANK OF THE GRAND CAYMENS- DAY

Again, empty... Jake strides in and approaches the deserted teller counter.

ANOTHER TELLER MATERIALIZES and greets him with a smile.

JAKE (V.O.)

So we cash the check at another bank.  
Jake slides the suitcase and the check  
over to the Teller.

CUT TO:

INT.- JFK AIRPORT/TERMINAL HALLWAY- DAY

Like the banks, empty. Jake walks with the suitcase down the fluorescent lit hall towards a series of tables under a sign marked "Customs."

JAKE (V.O.)

Now, this is the most important part--  
You can't just walk into the United  
States with a suitcase full of cash  
without evoking the words "cavity  
search".

As we get closer to the Custom's Desk, a CUSTOMS OFFICER wearing a white short sleeve shirt and a badge MATERIALIZES behind it.

JAKE (V.O.)

That's why you need someone on the inside  
at Customs.

Jake approaches and slides the suitcase towards him. The Officer slides it back to Jake, revealing another envelope stuffed with cash under it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Officer literally looks the other way as he pockets the envelope and waves Jake through the gate.

CUT TO:

EXT.- JFK AIRPORT- DAY

Jake exits the terminal. Outside, the street is empty, not a traveler, an airlines rep, a luggage handler or a cab. Jake waits at an empty cross walk until the "walk" signal is given.

JAKE (V.O.)

Then we disappear.

As he walks away, WE SEE some PEOPLE MATERIALIZE carrying luggage... Then a FEW CARS... Then an AIRLINE REP...

Gradually more and more people and cars, each MATERIALIZING into a normal scene at the airport until we lose Jake in the crowd.

CUT TO:

INT.- THE EUCLID- RESUMING

Jake stops and gauges the crew for their reactions, which are the same all the way around-- Slack jawed disbelief.

MILES

(breaking the silence)

This might just be me, but that is hands down, the dumbest fucking idea I've ever heard.

GORDO

People have tried this before, Jake. It's never worked. Teddy Fraiser and his crew went on vacation in Chicago for it. Last year, Mumps got pinched in L.A.

JAKE

It never worked before because A, they didn't flush the bank enough; B, their corporate papers were for shit; C, they didn't have someone on the inside with Customs.

MILES

Yeah, or D, it's a dumb fucking idea...

JAKE

Then what do you want to do, Miles? Run?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILES

We never had a problem with that before.

JAKE

Yeah, well we never had this kind of problem before.

MILES

What are you talking about? Yes we have. And we would have been beautiful about it. We would've had a bucket of chicken delivered to the King with a nice kiss my ass card attached to it. Then we woulda moved on `til the next local putz caught on.

JAKE

We're getting a little old for running.

MILES

Yeah, well we're still a little young for Albany State Prison. Are you pissed about Al? I'm pissed too, but I'm not like "twenty-five to life" pissed.

JAKE

I'm getting clear of this. If you're not going to do it for the fucking principle, do it for the money. Gordo?

GORDO

Yeah... Whatever, Jake.

JAKE

No, not "whatever." You're either in or you're out.

A silence falls over everyone.

LILY

I'm in.

Her eyes stay on Jake as a smile grows across her face.

CUT TO:

EXT.- PAY PHONE- DAY

Jake dials a number...

JAKE (V.O.)

I agreed with Miles. It was, hands down, a dumb fucking idea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE (V.O.)  
But they bought it. Now I had to deliver  
and I needed help.

JAKE (into phone)  
Yeah, it's Jake. How'd that tip work  
out?

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY- NIGHT (PRESENT)

Butch takes out a cigarette.

BUTCH  
But there were other factors.

JAKE  
Factors that weren't clear to me until  
now.

CUT TO:

INT. - 16TH PRECINCT/OFFICE- DAY

An office of empty chairs and desks. Through the windows  
we can see the hustle and bustle of the precinct. SPECIAL  
AGENT GUNTHER MOONAN, still dressed in the same shitty  
suit, sits behind a desk as Rottovich and Sobozinski  
enter.

MOONAN  
Gentlemen? Special Agent Gunther Moonan.

Moonan quickly flashes a badge and his best Kodak smile.

ROTTOVICH  
Special Agent?

MOONAN  
You are Officer Richard Rottovich. And  
this would be Officer Walter Sobozinski.  
I'm looking for Jake Vig.

SOBOZINSKI  
Who?

MOONAN  
I've been looking for this Jake Vig for  
some time now. Problem is, the guy's  
the invisible man. A spook, a spectre,  
a ghost. Then, like a gift, Jake's  
good buddy and member of his crew,  
Alfonse Moorely, is found the other day  
with a hole in his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Moonan holds up crime scene photos of Big Al's body.

MOONAN (cont'd)

Preliminary forensics suggests he was. Sitting there, bloated and purple in his egg foo young for at least seventy two hours. Alfonse was not a small man and there was a lot of food ordered, so you can imagine the smell. Bad for the neighbors, good for me because in all the time I've been looking for Jake, this is only the second time I've even gotten a whiff of him.

ROTTOVICH

Look Special Agent Moonan... We don't know what you're talking about.

Moonan takes out a microcassette recorder and hits PLAY.

ROTTOVICH

(V.O. from tape)

Don't be an idiot. How hard do you think it is to sell one drug dealer's drugs to another drug dealer? If Vig's right, we might be looking at a hundred, maybe a hundred fifty grand.

CLICK. Moonan kills the recorder.

MOONAN

Oh yeah, I almost forgot. The two serious looking gentlemen outside? Internal Affairs.

The Officers look out the window to see TWO SERIOUS LOOKING MEN in suits.

MOONAN

Do you want to know the first time I had a line on Vig? He sent me a birthday card.

(off their silence)

Belated, but it's the thought, right? Oh, this prick's got a sense of humor. But, then again you guys probably know him better than I do. In fact, I've only met the guy once. But now, now I have you. The next best thing. His partners. His "Fix."

SOBOZINSKI

What do you want?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOONAN

You help me catch him. Whatever he's into next, I want you to be into. And what you're into, I'm into. If it all goes well, those two guys from IAD will never have to hear this tape. I'll clear you guys of anything you've ever done with Vig under the guise of some cross-departmental investigation. This prick's been on the wish list for so long, you'll probably get gold shields out of it.

SOBOZINSKI

What do you get out of it?

MOONAN

Peace of mind.

SOBOZINSKI

That's it?

MOONAN

Not everyone's on the take, Walter.

ROTTOVICH

If you Feds are so hot for him, why don't we just bring him in right now?

MOONAN

I want him for something big and to do that, we have to catch him in the act.

SOBOZINSKI

This guy must have been a real pain in your dick.

MOONAN

Literally. It's not a bad deal, gentleman. I get peace of mind. You get Detective Shields. But this is the best part, Walter... Walter, your daughter will get to keep her braces and have that winning smile. Capice?

Rottovich and Sobozinski remain silent.

MOONAN

Good. One more thing... You gotta give up the booty. I can't have you guys running around with heroin.

FREEZE FRAME ON MOONAN'S SMILING FACE.

( CONTINUED )

CONTINUED:

JAKE (V.O.)  
Let me tell you something about Moonan...

CUT TO:

EXT. - BACK ALLEY- NIGHT (PRESENT)

A serious look comes across Jake's face-- Hate. Butch eases back with the gun for a second.

JAKE  
He's just as crooked as the next guy.  
You'd think he'd have more important  
things to do with tax payer dollars.

BUTCH  
Cue the fucking violins. Come on...  
It's getting cold.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE KIEV DINER- DAY

Gordo, Miles, Jake and Lily next to him, all crammed into a booth.

MILES  
Am I the only one who feels like we  
can't make a move with this guy on us?

LILY  
We should ditch him.

JAKE  
Just watch every thing you say around  
him. Every word, every move... It all  
goes back to the King Pin.

Lupus exits the restroom, heading back towards the booth.

GORDO  
How's the hoop, superstar? Clean?

LUPUS  
What is it with you and bathrooms?

MILES  
He doesn't like using a bathroom unless  
he knows it's clean.

LILY  
Manly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GORDO

You laugh now, but wait until you need a clean place to powder. This is New York city, Sister. Public sanitation does not run very high on the city hall agenda. You know what you can get off a toilet or doorknob? Let's do the list... Hepatitis, influenza, the flesh eating disease-

JAKE

Here's what's going to happen. Gordo, we need to find a guy in Gillette's bank. Miles, we need papers, corporate, insurance...

MILES

Is it all fugasi?

JAKE

No, the corporate papers have to be legit. But you gotta score an I.D. A clean one. Talk to Suits. I gotta get us a Banker.

LILY

What about Customs?

JAKE

I'll worry about Customs.

LILY

Hey, I'm not just along for the ride, so I don't want to hear any bullshit later about a smaller cut.

JAKE

Take a deep breath. You sound like you just broke up with your boyfriend or something.

Jake rolls his eyes as Lily glares at him.

CUT TO:

INT.- BULLDOG GYM- DAY

Boxers at the bags, a jumping rope, etc...

Jake and Lily stand in front of the King Pin, who's dressed in shorts and a t-shirt. He wears boxing gloves and headgear. Lupus and Harlin stand vigil by the sparring ring.

KING PIN

How much?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JAKE  
I think two million.

KING PIN  
What do you need from me? Permission?  
Go! If you can fleece him for two  
million, then do it, Kid.

JAKE  
I need you to stake me.

KING PIN  
Stake you?

JAKE  
I need you to stake me. I can't do it  
without it. It's just a couple hundred  
grand. Taken out of our cut when we're  
done.

King Pin eyes Jake suspiciously for a second.

KING PIN  
That's more than you already owe me.  
What happens if you fuck this up?

JAKE  
Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

KING PIN  
Hey Skippy? Do I have the word "chump"  
tattooed on my forehead?

LILY  
Mr . King, I think--

JAKE  
(w/ a look)  
Hey, I got it! Take some mental notes.  
You just might learn something here.

Lily just shrugs and rolls her eyes.

KING PIN  
Listen, Scooter--

JAKE  
No, you listen. We're partners now and  
even though I'm running the show for  
you, I'm still running the show. That  
means I get a little respect. So I  
don't want to hear anymore of this  
Scooter, Buddy, Junior, Skippy, Tiger,  
bullshit. It's Jake.  
(beat)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE  
And I gotta tell you, for a guy who  
spends all his time in a gym, you  
could be in better shape.

A few of the BOXERS training around stop and turn. The King Pin lowers a glare at Jake.

KING PIN  
Take off your shirt.

Jake looks behind him to see Harlin looming.

JAKE  
Excuse me?

KING PIN  
I said take off your fucking shirt.

A few more BOXERS stop and turn. Jake notices he's being watched. The King Pin takes a step towards Jake...

JAKE  
Fine. You want me to take it off, I'll  
take it off.

Jake unbuttons his shirt and stands in front of the King Pin, arms crossed. It's getting weird.

KING PIN  
Look at you, you skinny prick.

JAKE  
You're not going to bust out baby oil  
and start rubbing me down or anything,  
are you?

The King smiles and begins to take off his shirt. Harlin and Lupus share an uncomfortable glance.

The King strips down to the waist and reveals an incredibly large, incredibly round stomach which he SLAPS loudly.

KING PIN  
Come here. Feel this.

JAKE  
No thanks. I'm good.

KING PIN  
Come here!

The King grabs Jake's hand and puts it on his stomach. It just got weirder.

Now the whole gym has stopped, everyone focused on Jake and the King Pin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY  
You guys are freaking me out.

KING PIN  
Shut up. Feel that? That's solid muscle. Not an ounce of fat. Go ahead. Punch it.

JAKE  
I am not going--

The King starts to get that look again.

Jake winds up and punches the King in the stomach. He shakes his fist in pain.

KING PIN  
Come on. Harder.

JAKE  
I think I just broke my hand.

KING PIN  
Harder. Remember, I killed your buddy.

Jake's demeanor changes as he winds up and hits the King as hard as he can. The King just smiles.

KING PIN (cont'd)  
All muscle.

The King then hits Jake back in the gut with surprising speed. Jake falls to his knees, but the King's right there. With one arm he pulls Jake up and starts to pummel him in the stomach with an unbridled viciousness.

Jake spits up blood as the King hurls him face first into the ring.

KING PIN  
Maybe it's true. Maybe you can't cheat an honest man. Me? I'm about as dishonest as they come and that's the truth. But if you even think about trying to con me they'll find fucking pieces of you in each of the five boroughs. Pieces of you, pieces of her, pieces of your whole crew. Can't be any more honest than that. I'll stake you, but that's three hundred fifty you're in the hole and consider the juice running. Now go make me proud.

Harlin and Lupus lift Jake up. Lily looks at Jake with a pained expression.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE  
You get all that?

Everyone in the gym goes back to their workouts.

CUT TO:

EXT. - BACK ALLEY (PRESENT)

Butch lets out an easy laugh.

BUTCH  
Nice.

JAKE  
We got our stake. Now we need to find  
our guy in Gillett's bank.

CUT TO:

EXT. - CITY BANK OF NEW YORK DAY

A flood of people exit the bank at the end of the day.

Jake, Lupus, Lily, Miles and Gordo wait by the side of  
the building. Miles reads off a piece of paper.

JAKE (V.O.)  
What you're looking for in a mark is  
someone who's weakness you can exploit.

MILES  
Michelle Strigo. Loan officer.

Miles points out a woman crisply dressed in a suit,  
MICHELLE STRIGO. They follow her down the street.

JAKE (V.O.)  
Guy like me, with people like that...  
I'll tell you what you're looking for  
without even meeting you. It's like a  
personal ad you wear over your head.

Jake watches as she hails a cab. A MAN, also hailing a  
cab goes for the same one. Michelle gets into a screaming  
match with the man.

FREEZE FRAME ON MICHELLE--- A CGI SIGN appears over her  
head "Single, volatile, confrontational woman seeks "man"  
for economic security and house chores."

JAKE  
No.

CUT TO:

EXT. - CITY BANK OF NEW YORK-NEXT DAY

A flood of people exit the bank at the end of the day.

Jake, Lupus, Lily, Miles and Gordo wait by the side of the building.

MILES

Jay Houlser. VP International finance.

Miles points out a JAY HOUSLER, a young guy in suit. They follow him...

CUT TO:

INT.- TRENDY RESTAURANT- NIGHT

Jake and the others watch Jay standing around the bar silently scoping the place with a group of young tucks(dressed oddly alike).

FREEZE, FRAME ON GROUP-- A CGI SIGN appears over their heads: "YOUNG WALL STREETERS seek acknowledgement of monetary earning potential from Supermodel-types ages 20-25."

JAKE

No.

CUT TO:

EXT. - CITY BANK OF NEW YORK- NEXT DAY

The same flood of people exit the bank... Jake, Lupus, Lily, Miles and Gordo wait by the side of the building.

MILES

Alice Tanner. Finance Director.

Miles points out ALICE TANNER, a mousy looking woman in a bad skirt. She gets to the intersection and waits for the light to change, even as hordes of others jaywalk the way New Yorkers do.

FREEZE FRAME ON ALICE-- A CGI SIGN appears: "Single woman looking for opportunity. Plays by the rules and willing to claw her way up to middle management."

JAKE

No.

CUT TO:

EXT. - CITY BANK OF NEW YORK- NEXT DAY

Again the flood of people. Again Jake, Lupus, Lily, Miles and Gordo wait.

MILES  
Grant Ashby. VP of Corporate Loans.

Miles points out a GRANT ASHBY, a schlubish middle aged balding guy walking down the street. They follow.

CUT TO:

INT.- THE BULL AND THE BEAR PUB- NIGHT

Dark oak and brass, the bar plays host to legions of Suited Urban Professionals gathered in cliques.

Jake and the others watch as Ashby makes his way through the crowd, taking a seat alone at the bar.

FREEZE FRAME ON ASHBY-- A CGI SIGN appears over his head: "SINGLE MALE seeks end to safety of tedious and solitary lifestyle. Moral and ethical constitution flexible."

JAKE (V.O.)  
What you're looking for in a mark is someone who's got nothing to lose. No friends, no family, no life. You're looking for a guy who doesn't own a rug.

Jake watches as Ashby orders a drink and pulls a newspaper from his coat. He opens it to the crossword-- Just like Jake would.

JAKE  
Him.

MILES  
You sure?

Jake watches Ashby do the crossword puzzle alone.

JAKE  
I' m sure.

CUT TO:

INT.- GARMENT DISTRICT/WAREHOUSE- DAY

Jake, Miles, Gordo, Lily and Lupus enter a warehouse housing racks of clothes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

Now we had the con and the mark. We needed to look the part...

They're greeted by FRANKIE SUITS, an ancient rake-thin man, perfectly coiffed and exceptionally dressed.

JAKE (V.O.)

Frankie Suits was a legend in certain circles. He. Was on the grift since he was ten.

FRANKIE

Last of the red hot grifters.

Suits grabs Jake with a hug. It's a heartfelt one.

The others exchange greetings with Suits who moves over to Lupus and studies his loud sweatsuit.

JAKE (V.O.)

Back in the day, Suits made money running fight stores and the wire with a Fix so tight it was like a legit business. I never understood what the point was if grifting became like a regular job.

JAKE

We need wardrobe.

FRANKIE (re: Lupus)

So I see. In from Long Island? You fellas take a look around.

GORDO

Hey Suits? You got anything in like a eleven or twelve ounce Super 100 worsted?

Miles gives him a look like he's speaking latin.

Jake and Lily follow Suits into...

CUT TO:

INT.- SUITS' OFFICE- DAY

A spare little office piled high with clothes. Suits reaches into a desk drawer and pulls out a large envelope and slides it to Jake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUITS

Corporate papers with the New York State seal, insurance documents with a proof of bonding and some fugasi financial records. There's also the I.D. you asked for. Corporate papers with the New York State seal, insurance documents with a proof of bonding and some fugasi financial records. There's also the I.D. you asked for.

Jake takes out the papers and gives them the once over. He then puts an envelope thick with cash on the desk.

JAKE

Aces, Suits.

SUITS

Not easy pickin's. Papers like these speak to larger issues. Sorry about Alfonse.

(off Jake's nod)

You into something big?

JAKE

Pretty much.

SUITS

In over your head?

JAKE

Pretty much. Suits eyes Lily.

SUITS

Can I speak to you in confidence?

JAKE

Huh? Oh. She's alright.

Suits gives Lily another suspicious look.

SUITS

Try and keep up... You ask for the Advantage Goods, then you guys come in looking to be Bean Traps. So I gotta think you're either working the mace or playing the Jug Mob.

JAKE

A little bit of both.

Lily watches in utter confusion.

SUITS

Hey, I been on the ramp all my life, so I got no problem with the way you help yourself, Jake.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SUITS (cont'd)

I saw you go up from the Knecker, working that Grind, learning the Barnard's Law and I thought, "the kid's a prodigy." But I know that if you're using these goods... So then I figure, what's worth that? You're either looking for a little history or a retirement fund. Who's the Mark?

JAKE

Can't say.

SUITS

Then who's the Banker?

JAKE

The King.

A dead look comes over Suits.

SUITS

The King? Jake, you play the heavy rackets like that... They put the lug on for nothing at all.

JAKE

I can handle it.

SUITS

I don't doubt your talent. You looking for that place in the hall of fame?

JAKE

It's not history.

SUITS

So what do you want?

JAKE

I want to get out from under all this for good. And I want to fuck them all doing it.

SUITS

Then I gotta say, in my opinion, you can't get what you want.

Jake considers those words for a moment.

JAKE

Yes I can.

Suits gauges the seriousness in Jake's face and nods. The he gently rests his hands on the papers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUITS  
Still time.

JAKE  
Can't do it Suits. I can't lay down  
for this one.

SUITS  
Okay. Here's the thing... You fall  
flat, you might not get anything short  
of stiffed. Then it's Blue River Land  
for everybody. Papers like these are  
dangerous because papers tend to  
multiply, then they start to take  
shape. Usually it's the shape of an  
arrow. I hate to do it, but after this,  
I gotta give you the blowoff.  
We Jake, Jake?

Suits holds out his hand. Jake takes it.

JAKE  
We're Jake.

They shake, knowing it'll be the last time.

CUT TO:

INT.- GARMENT DISTRICT/WAREHOUSE- CONTINUOUS

We follow Lily and Jake out of Suit's office. Lily can  
see that it's thrown Jake a bit.

LILY  
What the hell's his problem?

JAKE  
Don't worry about it.

LILY  
It's just that I left my asshole decoder  
ring at home, so how do I know not to  
worry?

Jake stops and turns to her, looking her up and down.

JAKE  
You need to get a haircut.

LILY  
What?

JAKE  
And some new clothes.

LILY  
Why?

( CONTINUED )

CONTINUED:

JAKE

We're going to rope this banker tomorrow and you gotta at least look classy, if not be classy. You gotta do this thing and I don't even know if you can.

LILY

You're just going to have to trust me.

JAKE

I don't trust anyone.

LILY

Then show me how.

CUT TO:

INT. - TIFFANY'S - NIGHT

Jake and Lily enter the store. Jake takes a quick moment to case the place-- A few scattered CUSTOMERS, some being helped by SALESPEOPLE. All the Customers look like the uppercrust crowd you'd expect at Tiffany's.

JAKE

(to himself)

Oh yeah. This is good. This will do nicely.

(to Lily)

This is about confidence. Your confidence and their confidence. You get their confidence by giving them yours.

Jake leaves Lily by the front counter as he starts a slow turn around the store.

He casually pretends to be browsing as he moves next to MR. LEWIS, an older, distinguished looking gentleman, being helped by a SALEGIRL, who is scribbling on an order form.

SALESGIRL

Let me read this back. One silver Cattier watch, engraved-- "To Carolyn, the Attorney at Law. Happy Graduation, Counselor. Love Mom and Dad."

MR. LEWIS

Right.

SALESGIRL

One bracelet, engraved "To Abby. Happy 25th Anniversary, Love Tom."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. LEWIS

Perfect.

SALESGIRL

I' ll just go put this in, Mr. Lewis.

The Salesgirl takes the order form and walks away.

A change comes over Jake. It's subtle-- Posture, facial expressions, a slight tug of an accent-- but it's there.

JAKE

Mr. Lewis?

Mr. Lewis turns and looks at Jake. There's no real hint of recognition, but Jake's smiling up at him like an old friend.

JAKE

It is you. Hello!

Jake extends his hand.

MR. LEWIS

Sorry, I--

JAKE

Jake. Jake Pearson. I go to lawschool with your daughter. Carolyn. We met once or twice.

Mr. Lewis seems to search for second, then extends his hand more in an effort not to appear rude.

MR. LEWIS

Of course. Jake. Nice to see you.

JAKE

Well, it certainly is a coincidence. Here of all places! How is Mrs. Lewis?

MR. LEWIS

Great. Thank you.

The Salesgirl returns.

JAKE

Excuse me? I believe you're holding something for me under Pearson.

SALESGIRL

Do you have a ticket?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

You know, this is kind of embarrassing, but my wallet was stolen yesterday and I'm afraid the ticket was in it. But the name's Pearson.

MR. LEWIS

While you're back there, could you make sure that Carolyn is spelled with a "y"?

The Salesgirl nods and disappears again.

MR. LEWIS (cont'd)

What brings you down from Boston, Jake? Taking advantage of the long weekend?

JAKE

My wife and I are just taking a little vacation.

Behind his back, Jake discreetly waves Lily over.

MR. LEWIS

Carolyn's down this weekend too.

Lily approaches. When she does, Jake pulls her close and gives her a loving kiss on the lips. It throws Lily for a second.

LILY

Uh... Everything okay?

JAKE

Honey, this is Mr. Lewis. Carolyn Lewis's father. Mr. Lewis, this is my wife, Lily.

Lily and Mr. Lewis exchange handshakes.

JAKE

I'm sorry, honey. I'm almost done.

Jake taps Lily on the back with the hand wrapped around her waist.

LILY

It's okay. I'll be looking for earrings.

Jake gives Lily another kiss before she leaves.

MR. LEWIS

Attractive girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

Thank you. Actually, it's our first anniversary this weekend. She thinks I'm here to pick up something for my mother, but it's actually a gift for her. Think I've fooled her?

MR. LEWIS

Take it from me, you never do. But congratulations. Nice to be married, isn't it?

JAKE

Very much so.

Jake smiles ear to ear, like the happy newlywed he's pretending to be. The Salesgirl returns.

SALESGIRL

We have Carolyn with a "y". I'm sorry, there's nothing under Pearson. If we had an invoice number--

Jake's smile dissolves as he grows a little anxious.

JAKE

I told you. My wallet was stolen. Please... Check again.

Jake takes a nervous look over at Lily, who is drying on earrings with another Salesperson.

MR. LEWIS

Good luck. Congratulations again.

He and Jake shake hands.

JAKE

Thank you, sir. You know, I hope this isn't too much of an inconvenience, but if Carolyn is coming down for the weekend, perhaps I could give you something for her? It's a check. We split the cost on a few books and I haven't had the chance to pay her back yet. Could you..?

MR. LEWIS

Sure.

Jake pulls out a checkbook and pen.

JAKE

(writing)  
That'd be a great help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Salesgirl returns.

SALESGIRL  
I'm sorry. Nothing under Pearson.

JAKE  
You're sure? This is... Just a complete disaster.

SALESGIRL  
What was it?

Jake quickly scans the jewelry in the glass case.

JAKE  
A ring for my wife. Alot like that one. In fact, it was that one.

SALESGIRL  
That's no problem. We have those in stock.

JAKE  
Thank you. Sorry, I'm just a little anxious to give it to her. You take out of state checks?

SALESGIRL  
With identification.

Jake stops writing on the check and locks up.

JAKE  
I understand that, but I had my wallet stolen last night. Is there any way..?

SALESGIRL  
I'm sorry.

Jake's anxious look comes back.

JAKE  
I know it's policy, but...  
(looking over at Lily)  
The thing is... It's our first anniversary and we're only in town for the weekend. It's a very, very special night for my wife and I. This ring is my gift to her and I think she's going to really love it. I can give you phone numbers to call for people who'll vouch. I can send you I.D. later...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALESGIRL  
(sympathetic)  
I'm sorry.

JAKE  
(clearing his throat)  
This is embarrassing.

MR. LEWIS  
Jake?

Jake looks up and rips the check out from his book.

JAKE  
I'm sorry, sir. Thank you very much  
for doing this. And please tell Carolyn  
hello for me.

Jake seems to be lost. Mr. Lewis looks over at Lily, who gives him a friendly smile, then back to Jake.

MR. LEWIS  
Why don't you let me put the ring on  
the card and you can write me a check  
in return?

Unseen to Mr. Lewis, one corner of Jake's lip goes up in a grin.

CUT TO:

EXT.- TIFFANY'S/SIDEWALK-NIGHT

Jake and Lily exit the store. Jake hands Lily the trademark colored box.

JAKE  
Happy anniversary.

Lily takes the box and shakes her head, impressed. Jake Looks up to see Mr. Lewis watching them as he tries to hail a cab.

Jake's demeanor quickly changes as he puts on a big smile.

JAKE  
Smile. You just got a present from the  
man of your dreams.

Lily puts on a big smile while opening the box.

JAKE  
Now we gotta give him a strong finish.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Jake pulls Lily closer and looks into her eyes. She leans in and they kiss-- A deep, slow kiss that makes people have to walk around them.

Mr. Lewis sees them and smiles to himself as he gets into a cab.

Jake and Lily are still kissing as the cab pulls away. Lily finally breaks the kiss--- Slowly.

LILY  
He's gone.

JAKE  
Uh-huh.

LILY  
I gotta go get a haircut.

JAKE  
Uh-huh.

Jake watches as Lily walks away. She looks back at Jake once before disappearing around a corner.

CUT TO:

INT.- SIXTEENTH PRECINT- DAY

Moonan sits on a desk, ear to a phone.

JAKE (V.O.)  
It was all in play. Everything...

MOONAN  
It's Moonan... I'm in New York. Listen, I got Vig. He's here and I'm this close... Look, I understand that, but I'm telling you this time... Obsessive is a big word to use... Goddamn it, Lou! I'm telling you, this is it. Yeah... I figured you'd feel that way. So here's the deal... Call Kylie over at the Bureau. Tell him I got something that might interest him. A guy they call the King Pin. I think there may be a corruption case brewing here, too... That's right. So even if I don't get Vig, you'll still have something to show.

Rottovich and Sobozinski enter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOONAN (cont' d)  
 Good... I gotta go.  
 (hanging up)  
 So, what do you have for me?

SOBOZINSKI  
 Whaddya mean? We got dick.

MOONAN  
 You guy's are not working with me here.  
 I just got off the phone with my boss.  
 After he got done ripping me a new  
 Lincoln Tunnel size asshole, he let me  
 know exactly how little I'm welcome  
 back if we come up short. And now here  
 you guys are, WASTING MY FUCKING TIME!

Moonan kicks a chair across the floor.

ROTTOVICH  
 Like we told you before, we think he's  
 into something with the King Pin--

MOONAN  
 (composing himself)  
 Look, I'm not a confrontational person  
 by nature.

Moonan walks over to the fallen chair and picks it up.

MOONAN  
 I need answers and the only two things  
 you've given me are jack and shit. You  
 gotta do better. You gotta do better  
 or I swear on my sweet dead  
 grandmother's grave, I'm gonna make  
 you guys an I-A-fucking-D cautionary  
 tale.

Moonan kicks the chair down again, sending Rottovich and  
 Sobozinski back a few steps.

CUT TO:

EXT. - BACK ALLEY-NIGHT (PRESENT)

Butch takes out two cigarettes and lights both, sticking  
 one in Jake's mouth.

JAKE  
 Thanks. Did you know you shouldn't  
 light three cigarettes with a match?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE (cont' d)

Back in WWI or WWII, one of the WW' s, if you took the time to light three cigarettes with one match, some Nazi would be able to figure out where you were. Then, well... It was the last cigarette you and your two buddies ever had. So three on a match is bad luck.

BUTCH

You're a superstitious fucker.

JAKE

Luck's a funny thing. Especially the bad.

BUTCH

Like what?

JAKE

Having a gun pointed at you for one. It's not like breaking a mirror bad luck, but it's bad. Three on a match, black cats... Believe it. Believe it all.

CUT TO:

INT.- JAKE'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Miles, Jake, Lupus and Gordo sit around in silence. They're all dressed in new suits.

JAKE (V.O.)

(overlap below)

But if you wanna talk about bad luck...

MILES

Where the hell is she?

Just then, a KNOCK on the door. Jake opens the door to reveal Lily, dressed in an expensive business suit and sporting a sophisticated cut of new RED HAIR

JAKE (V.O.)

Redheads.

JAKE

FUCK!

Gordo, Lupus and Miles look up at Lily.

GORDO

Oh shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lily stands at the door watching Jake freak out in disbelief.

FREEZE FRAME ON LILY and her new red hair.

JAKE (V.O.)  
Top three all-time worst red-heads...

INSERT SHOT- A RED HEADED WOMAN enters dark bedroom, carrying an axe...

JAKE (V.O.)  
Lizzie Borden... Axe murder.

INSERT SHOT- A dinner table for TWELVE MEN dressed in flowing robes. A RED HEADED MAN leans over to whisper in the ear of an important looking guy in the middle...

JAKE (V.O.)  
Judas... Betrayer.

INSERT SHOT- A RED HEADED WOMAN, middle-aged with a bad haircut from the 70's carrying a suitcase leans down and tearfully kisses a SMALL BOY on the cheek.

JAKE (V.O.)  
Shirley Vig... Abandoner.

BACK TO FREEZE FRAME OF LILY

The action resumes...

LILY  
Nice to see you too. Why are you getting so bent?

She takes a step into the apartment.

JAKE  
You just put a mother of a jinx on us.

LILY  
Lighten up.

JAKE (V.O.)  
But the fucking Grand Poo-Bah of all jinxes? A bird in your house...

Lily takes her jacket off revealing a delicate blouse, decorated with a design of flowers and a BIRD.

FREEZE FRAME ON LILY'S BIRD BLOUSE.

CUT TO:

(FLASHBACK) INT.- JAKE'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

It's the scene earlier, when Jake finds a BIRD rapping at his window to get out.

JAKE (V.O.)  
A bird enters your house...

CUT TO:

(FLASHBACK) INT.- BIG AL'S APARTMENT

Big Al's bulging, vacant eyes stare straight at us, his mouth hanging open.

JAKE (V.O.)  
It means death.

BACK TO FREEZE FRAME ON LILY'S BIRD BLOUSE.

The action resumes...

JAKE  
You have no idea what you've done do you? No idea! What is this?

Jake points to her hair.

LILY  
You told me to change my hair!

JAKE  
(re: the shirt)  
What about this? Do you have any idea what this means? You've killed us. We're dead!

LILY  
Did I miss something?

GORDO  
The red hair... It's bad luck.

MILES  
It's not like she's a real redhead, Jake...

JAKE  
Like that matters! You can't fool bad luck! You can't get by on a technicality! You can't trick karma!

Lily grabs her jacket and starts out the door, then turns back around to Jake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY  
So much for that good feeling, huh?

Silence. Jake can feel the eyes on him.

JAKE  
Anybody says a word I swear to God...

Jake takes off after her.

CUT TO:

EXT. - BACK ALLEY- NIGHT (PRESENT)

Butch cracks a big smile.

BUTCH  
She had you tempting fate.

JAKE  
My father used to play the same fucking lotto numbers with these other guys in the pharmacy. The same numbers everyday for sixteen years. One day he gets pissed off, tells them he's out and plays his own numbers. They hit the Lucky Seven for one point two million.

LILY steps out from behind Butch.

LILY  
Guess he passed on that unlucky-asshole gene.

Lily looks down at Jake and the gun pointed at his head. There's not even a hint of sympathy.

LILY  
You should have trusted me Jake.

CUT TO:

INT.- THE BULL AND THE BEAR PUB- NIGHT

Jake turns and looks at the crew, Miles, Gordo, Lupus and Lily behind him.

Grant Ashby sits alone at the crowded bar, doing his crossword puzzle.

Jake a smile and saunters over to the bar.

GORDO  
She up for this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE  
She's up for it.

ANGLE ON ASHBY AT THE BAR

Ashby sits finishing a drink. Snippets of CONVERSATION and LAUGHTER from the cliques around him catch his attention, but he remains alone.

BLONDE (O.S.)  
Is this seat taken?

Ashby turns to see an ATTRACTIVE BLONDE pointing to the empty seat next to him.

ASHBY  
(brightening)  
Uh, no. Please.

BLONDE  
Thanks.

The Blonde grabs the barstool and starts to walk off with it. A rejected look from Ashby.

LILY (O.S.)  
Sorry I'm late.

Lily appears next to the Blonde. Ashby looks around to make sure she's talking to him.

LILY  
But I'm not that late. You didn't have to give away my seat.

ASHBY  
(getting it)  
I wasn't sure if you'd make it.

BLONDE  
Oh, I didn't know you... Here. Sorry.

Lily takes the barstool back.

LILY  
No problem.

The blonde woman leaves as Lily sits down next to Ashby.

LILY  
Thanks for playing along. I just have to sit for a while.

ASHBY  
Tough day?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY  
 Brutal day. They say the streets are lined with money down here, but I guess you have to know the secret handshake. What are you drinking?

ASHBY  
 Uh, Maker's Mark. Rocks.

Lily signals the BARTENDER for two more drinks.

ASHBY  
 My name's Grant. Grant Ashby.

LILY  
 Oh god. I'm overbearing and rude. Lily. Lily Finn.

They shake, Ashby's demeanor brightening again.

ASHBY  
 So, what do you do?

LILY  
 It's more like what aren't I doing. My partners and I are trying to secure start up capital for a small tech company. We tried the venture capitalist route in the Valley, but then again who hasn't up there.

ASHBY  
 Silicon Valley?

LILY  
 That's right. So, brainiacs that we are, we thought we'd be innovative and relocate east. Try our luck with a straight corporate loan out here.

The drinks arrive. Lily hands the bartender a twenty.

ASHBY  
 I can--

LILY  
 On me. For the seat. Cheers.

She flashes a trademark smile as they CLINK glasses.

LILY  
 So we've been meeting with banks all day. It's amazing how many ways they can say "no" without ever using the word.

( CONTINUED )



CONTINUED:

ASHBY

Well, typically, corporate loans are relatively simple matters, but you do need to demonstrate a capacity for gross fund recovery.

Lily arches an eyebrow at Ashby.

LILY

Don't tell me you started a tech firm here before us.

ASHBY

No, no. Nothing like that. I work in a bank.

LILY

(leaning in)

Really? Wish we had met eight hours ago.

Ashby nods and shyly looks away. He could be blushing. Lily lets the moment play out for a beat before looking over her shoulder.

LILY

(getting up)

My partners are here.

Ashby reverts back to schlub mode.

ASHBY

Oh. Well, thanks for the drink.

LILY

You're welcome. I was just going to ask you if you'd like to join us. Ashby brightens again.

CUT TO:

INT.- THE BULL AND THE BEAR PUB/TABLE- LATER

Ashby sits with the crew, a few empty glasses in front of him. He looks remarkably relaxed, just another guy hanging around with a group of friends.

JAKE (V.O.)

She got one leg out from under him. Now we had to lean.

GORDO

So then Miles walks straight into the Creative Director's office and says "The code's fine, the program's for shit" and throws down like a thousand pages of code on the guy's desk!

They all break out into LAUGHTER.

JAKE

So this is our boss, right? He chases me and Miles out of his office and he's yelling and screaming, "You're fired! Your whole team's fired!" He starts looking for Lily, Lupus, Gordo--

MILES

But the best part was that he couldn't find Gordo! He was in the bathroom. So he finally goes in there, kicks in a stall door and starts yelling! And there's Gordo, pants at the ankles, holding a PC World Magazine!

More LAUGHS.

GORDO

I haven't been able to use a public bathroom since.

LUPUS

Especially with the thing!

Lupus's non-sequitur brings the whole rhythm of the conversation to a grinding halt.

JAKE

Uh, right... And that was it. That's when we decided to start our own business. No more shithead bosses.

ASHSY

I envy you guys. Taking a chance like that.

GORDO

Masters of our own destiny.

LILY

So far, masters of our own demise. What bank are you with?

ASHBY

City Bank of Manhattan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GORDO  
That's that Gillette guy, right?  
(off Ashby's nod)  
You Like him? As a boss, I mean.

ASHBY  
He's . . . He's okay.

GORDO  
(goadling)  
Come on...

ASHBY  
No.

More LAUGHS.

JAKE  
What do you do over at your bank,  
Grant?

ASHBY  
What do I do? I'm the VP of Finance.

The group exchanges Looks.

MILES  
Wow. We haven't met with anyone your  
level yet. VP? So that means there's  
you, then the P.

ASHBY  
(Confidently Yeah. That's right.

FREEZE FRAME ON ASHBY...

JAKE (V.O.)  
Here's where a little research comes in  
handy. Corporate banks give out VP  
titles like calendars. It's a small  
lie, but now we're sure he's playing.

RESUME ACTION

JAKE  
Maybe you can help us understand what's  
so hard about getting a corporate loan.

ASHBY  
Well, typically speaking, they're not.  
As long as you can demonstrate--

( CONTINUED )

CONTINUED:

JAKE

A capacity for gross fund recovery.  
Yeah, we got that part.

ASHBY

That's right. And tech firms... They  
'tend to scare people off.

JAKE

They scare people off because most  
people lack vision. Vision and balls.  
Present company excluded of course.

ASHBY

Banks need to know how they're going to  
get their money back.

JAKE

We know exactly how we're going to make  
The money back. There in lies the  
Catch-22

ASHBY

I don't follow.

An uncomfortable silence falls.

GORDO

Jake...

LILY

It's alright. Grant's one of the good  
guys.

She throws Ashby a flirty smile.

LUPUS

Yeah. He's our boy.

Lupus casually punches Ashby in the arm. It's meant to  
be a friendly tap, but it's hard enough to jerk Ashby's  
head to the side. Ashby lets out an uncomfortable LAUGH  
as he rubs his arm.

JAKE

(leaning in)

Listen, what I'm about to tell you, I'm  
telling you in confidence, okay?

(off Ashby's nod)

Have you ever heard of a company called  
Big.Com?

ASHBY

Big.Com. That Internet thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

Right. The guys who started that did what a lot of companies in the Valley do. They get a good idea, shop it around, raise some capital, then sell it off to a bigger company. Microsoft, Intel, Oracle, whatever. The beauty of it is, they've pretty much sold the company before they're even real. The bigger company is already set to buy it, all they want to do is make sure that the idea actually works. So they get some start up capital, make it work, then sell it for like five times the initial loan.

ASHY

Sort of like a letter of intent.

JAKE

Exactly. But the Catch-22 is that you can't tell anyone about the offer, because if it's public, you could start a bidding war and that's considered a breach of etiquette. It could kill a deal. But, wait too long and you're not considered hot anymore.

ASHBY

And you have this letter of intent?

JAKE

(quietly)

Yes. That's why I wish there were guys willing to take a chance and live a little.

LILY

We're getting down to the wire. Apparently another company has a similar product in R&D right now. If they beat us to it...

JAKE

Off the record, I'm this close to cutting someone in on the action if it'd help.

Ashby considers for a moment.

ASHBY

Should we get another round?

Jake and Lily share an almost imperceptible look.

CUT TO:

TNT.- CITY STREET- NIGHT

Jake, Lupus, Miles, Gordo and Lily walking, still on a celebratory high.

GORDO  
 Poor bastard never knew what hit him.  
 Jesus, I almost felt sorry for the guy.

MILES  
 I gotta work off some of this  
 adrenaline. I got a line on this Pawn  
 Shop guy over in Brooklyn. Anybody  
 want in?

LILY  
 I' m going home

GORDO  
 Let's go, Jake?

JAKE  
 Uh... No thanks. I'm not going all the  
 way to Brooklyn for a hundred dollar  
 pay-off.

GORDO  
 You sure?

Jake looks over at. Lily then nods. Gordo, Miles and  
 Lupus start to head off.

JAKE  
 Lupus!

Lupus turns and Jake moves closer.

JAKE (cont'd)  
 When this is all over, you're going to  
 tell me who the King put on Al.

LUPUS  
 You going to have the time?

JAKE  
 I'll find the time.

Lupus nods and heads off. Jake watches them go.

LILY  
 Look at you... You want to go.

JAKE  
 For what? A couple hundred bucks?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY  
I think you'd do it for free. You're almost drooling. You like the rush.

JAKE  
It's what I do. It's my job.

LILY  
Why? Your mother not breast feed you or something?

JAKE  
Are you asking me if I have something to prove?

LILY  
Do you have something to prove?

JAKE  
Not in that repressed anger sort of way.

LILY  
I'm your basic underachiever. Can't stand working and porn doesn't seem like a good option.

JAKE  
Good quality porn has its place in the world.

LILY  
Whatever. But you... I get the feeling you could have bullshitted your way into anything. So why this?

JAKE  
I'm good at it. Lying, cheating. Manipulating... I'm good at it.

LILY  
It's more than that.

JAKE  
Intuition. It doesn't make you Yoda. Like tonight. You killed that guy tonight. But I knew you would.

LILY  
So that was my part? Smile and shake my ass?

JAKE  
No. You have another part? You'll know what to do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY  
How do you know I will?

JAKE  
Intuition.

CUT TO:

INT.- LILY'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Illuminated only by the light coming from the windows...  
Jake runs a hand down the length of Lily's bare back.  
She falls onto him, both of them hitting the bed locked  
in a deep kiss.

Lily's hand moves down Jake's arm until it finds his hand.

LILY  
You have really soft hands. Like a  
baby's.

JAKE  
(remembering the King)  
Don't ruin this for me.

They roll off the bed onto the floor, a naked tangle of  
arms and legs, their hands still entwined.

CUT TO:

EXT. - BACK ALLEY NIGHT (PRESENT)

Jake takes a deep breath, Butch and Lily behind him.

BUTCH  
Is that what it was, Jake? Was it  
love?

JAKE  
You know when the first con was ever  
played? It was when Adam fell for Eve  
in the Garden of Eden.

Lily looks away, her face softening for a moment.

JAKE  
Then she fucked him over with an apple.  
(with a dry laugh)  
Redheads...

Jake continues to LAUGH...

CUT TO:



INT . - LILY'S APARTMENT-DAY

Not even the soft morning light can diffuse the reality of this slum-pit studio apartment.

Jake lies next to Lily, kissing her neck. A spoon RATTLES in a glass from the growing RUMBLE of a passing subway train. The RUMBLE rises to an almost deafening volume.

Jake's a little alarmed. Lily, oblivious.

JAKE  
(drowned out by the  
rumble)  
How do you deal with--

LILY  
(yelling)  
WHAT?

JAKE  
(yelling back)  
SAID, HOW DO--  
(the subway passes)  
Deal with that?

Lily shrugs indifferently.

LILY  
Do you think we can do it?

Jake resumes kissing Lily's neck, trying to rekindle some of last night's magic.

JAKE  
Maybe. Even if we don't, you'll be  
alright. You're not in the hole with  
the King.

Lily rolls away from Jake. Undaunted, Jake starts kissing her back.

LILY  
Who says you have to know the King to  
be in a whole? I actually did have a  
real job once. When I was in high  
school, I worked as a candy striper.

JAKE  
Sounds respectable.

LILY  
Not the way I did it. I was loaded  
half the time. I don't know how you  
could change bedpans sober.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY (CONT'D)

I used to hang out with this guy,  
Glenn. He was an x-ray technician or  
something.

JAKE

You want to talk about an old  
boyfriend right now?

Jake, kissing up the length of Lily's neck.

LILY

He wasn't my boyfriend. I had a  
boyfriend at the time... What was his  
name? Anyway, Glenn was like thirty.  
I was only fifteen. But he was a nice  
guy. Real sweet. Liked to talk. We  
used to get loaded on pills from the  
nurses station and then listen to  
Morrisey or some stupid shit like  
that.

JAKE

Yeah, the sensitive guy-thing never  
worked for me.

LILY

We were friends. I trusted him. I  
should have known it was weird. But,  
then again I was weird.

JAKE

You guys got busted. This is a great  
neck.

Jake still kissing...

LILY

No, we never got busted. We were done  
with a shift one night, both a couple  
of Percocets down and I was telling  
Glenn about my boyfriend, about how we  
were thinking about doing it, you know?  
I was thinking about letting him be my  
first because I loved him.

(pause)

What the hell was his name?

JAKE

Glenn talked you out of it.

LILY

Sort of. I was telling him about this  
great love of my life who's name I don't  
remember, and I could see... He was  
getting pissed. I thought it was just  
because he was worried about me, but...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY (cont'd)  
He told me that I was stupid because  
my boyfriend didn't really love me.

Jake grabs Lily and rolls her over onto her back. He  
climbs on top of her.

JAKE  
He was looking out for you.

LILY  
Then he grabbed me and threw me down  
on the floor, that really cold  
linoleum tiled hospital floor and  
started ripping my uniform off.  
(pause)  
He said he was going to "fuck some  
sense into me."

Jake stops kissing Lily and looks up at her.

LILY  
Shit, what was that guy's name? I really  
liked him.

JAKE  
Lily... Jesus Christ...

LILY  
After Glenn was finished, he gave me a  
couple of valiums and I went home. The  
next day, I finished my shift and met  
him around back, like we always did. I  
stuck a number eight scalpel into his  
chest. Three or four times.

Jake slides off Lily.

JAKE  
Did, uh... Did you kill him?

LILY  
I don't know. I packed up my shit and  
ran away. To this... So unlike you, I  
guess I do have something to prove, in  
a repressed anger sort of way.

Jake considers for a second.

JAKE  
No. You trusted him... You were just  
getting square.

LILY  
You know why I told you that, Jake?  
(turning towards him)  
Because I trust you too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jake tries a reassuring smile even though he's not sure it's something he should be smiling about.

The spoon starts to RATTLE again as another subway train RUMBLES in the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. - BACK ALLEY-NIGHT (PRESENT)

Lily shakes her head in disbelief that Jake would tell the story.

JAKE

Sorry, honey. But I figure if we can't all share at a time like this...

Butch lowers the gun down and looks over at Lily.

BUTCH

You got some issues, huh?

LILY

(with a hiss)

I can take care of myself.

Butch freezes as A POLICE SIREN WAILS in the BACKGROUND, growing CLOSER then FADING again. He puts the gun back to Jake's head.

BUTCH

Hurry up.

CUT TO:

INT.- ASHBY'S OFFICE- DAY

Ashby sits behind a desk in front of the crew. In front of him are the corporate papers.

JAKE (V.O.)

We had to finalize the deal.

ASHBY

Everything looks in order.

JAKE

This has to happen fast.

ASHBY

I know. It won't go unnoticed.

JAKE

There'll be red flags.

Jake slides an envelope across the desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASHBY  
What's this?

JAKE  
You need some convincing. Consider it  
a convincer.

Ashby leafs through the money in the envelope.

ASHBY  
Let's just slow down for a second...

JAKE  
You're worried about recouping the loan.  
I already told you.

ASHBY  
No, I understand that. What I mean...  
What I'm trying to say... I was  
actually wondering about...  
Well, my cut.

ECU- A bead of sweat rolls down the back of Ashby's neck.

JAKE (V.O.)  
Then there it is. Ashby gets the itch.

JAKE  
The standard ten.

ASHBY  
Ten percent. Of how much?

JAKE  
Two million.

GORDO  
We're going to make it back, Grant.

Three or four times over.

JAKE  
And all you need to do for your ten  
percent is put some paperwork through  
and push a button tomorrow.

There's a pause before Ashby smiles, then reaches around  
to scratch his neck.

CUT TO:

INT.- CITY BANK OF MANHATTAN/HALLWAY- DAY

Jake exits Ashby's office with Lupus, Gordo, Miles and  
Lily. They all follow Jake down the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GORDO  
You'll be there?

JAKE  
Eight A.M. flight.

GORDO  
Calls?

JAKE  
We'll use the Euc.

They pass the glass partitioned conference room. Jake looks inside to see Morgan Gillette holding court with a bunch of SUITS. Butch stands behind Gillette.

For a second, Butch and Jake's eyes meet.

CUT TO:

EXT.- STREET- DAY

Jake, Lily, Miles, Gordo and Lupus... As they move through the crowded sidewalk, Rottovich and Sobozinski appear behind them.

ROTTOVICH  
Hey Jake.

Jake turns just in time to catch Rottovich's fist square in the face.

Jake staggers back and Sobozinski pushes him into an alley.

JAKE  
That tip not work-out for you fellas?

ROTTOVICH  
Tip was fine, Jake. We were a little more curious about the Fed.

JAKE  
Hey, listen... If you guys don't pay your taxes, that's your business.

Sobozinski punches Jake in the stomach. Miles and Gordo lurch forward--

SOBOZINSKI  
(pulling his gun)  
Back up.

LUPUS  
You want I should hold him down?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gordo throws Lupus a look.

ROTTOVICH  
Special Agent Gunther Moonan. Ring a bell?

JAKE  
Gunther? I think I'd remember a Gunther.

ROTTOVICH  
Ring it for him, Sobo.

Sobozinski punches Jake again.

JAKE  
Oh yeah. Moonan. I remember now. Thanks.

ROTTOVICH  
Well he's in town and he sure as shit remembers you. What are we going to do about this Jake? We can't afford to have a Fed onto us.

JAKE  
Wouldn't dream of it.

Rottovich punches Jake hard in the stomach, sending him GASPING to the ground.

ROTTOVICH  
I don't know what you're into with the King Pin, but whatever it is we get a piece, understand? We get a big piece. If we find out you're keeping us out, I may suddenly develop a conscience and give you up to Moonan myself. Say something stupid if we got a deal, Jake.

JAKE  
(gasping for breath)  
Something stupid.

ROTTOVICH  
Good boy.

SOBOZINSKI  
And don't leave town!  
(to Rottovich)  
I always wanted to say that...

As the cops exit, Lily, Miles and Gordo rush to Jake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY  
People don't like you much, do they?

Jake lets out a pained GROAN as they help him up.

CUT TO:

INT.- CAR- DAY

Rottovich and Sobozinski get in the front of a squad car. In the back, Moonan sits reading the Travel section of the NY Times.

MOONAN  
Did he buy it?

ROTTOVICH  
I think so. What'd he ever do to you anyway?

MOONAN  
Let's just say he burned me once.

Moonan calmly turns the page of the paper.

LUPUS (V.O.)  
Why's this guy so hard up for you?  
You're not exactly a threat to  
national security.

CUT TO:

INT.- THE EUCLID- DAY

Jake sits at a barstool, battered and bruised. Lily tends to him with a towel. Miles and Gordo pour drinks. Lupus sits at a table, watching.

JAKE  
We go way back...

CUT TO:

EXT.- DOG RACETRACK- DAY

A BELL... A mechanical rabbit springs forward. Greyhounds bolt out of the gate.

JAKE (V.O.)  
About four years ago, we were working  
in Miami, turf fixing for some local  
goon.

CUT TO:



INT.-- RACETRACK- DAY

Gordo, Miles, Big Al and Jake watch the race with indifference, surrounded by excited SPECTATORS.

JAKE (V.O.)  
Turns out this local goon was being watched by the Feds, which means we were being watched by the Feds. One in particular.

Through the crowd, we catch a glimpse of Moonan, in sunglasses, watching the guys.

JAKE (V.O.)  
Special Agent Gunther Moonan.

Jake turns and catches Moonan looking at him.

CUT TO:

EXT.- RACETRACK/PARKING LOT- DAY

Moonan walks over to a car.

JAKE (V.O.)  
He didn't really have anything on us, but I figure, maybe this guy's good for a Fix. So I ask him out to dinner.

Moonan pulls a piece of paper off the windshield that reads: "La Scala 2night."

CUT TO:

INT.- LA SCALA- NIGHT

An elegant restaurant. Jake sits confidently in an expensive suit speaking to the shabbily dressed Moonan across from him.

JAKE (V.O.)  
These guys we have now, sure, give them twenty bucks and they'll look the other way on a parking ticket. But a Fed... You get a guy like that as your Fix...

Jake nonchalantly slides a fat envelope over to Moonan. Moonan picks it up and finds a wad of cash.

JAKE (V.O.)  
It was probably a stupid idea. There I am, Armani and Rolex. There he is, JC Penny and Timex...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Moonan smiles and slides the envelope back over to Jake with a disappointed shake of his head.

JAKE (V.O.)  
So I took a shot. But now he had me on  
attempted bribery of a Federal Agent.

As Moonan stands, we see Big Al get up from the next table. Al "bumps" into Gordo, dressed in a waiter's white jacket. Gordo "trips;" spilling scalding hot coffee into Moonan's lap.

Jake casually gets up and leaves.

FREEZE FRAME ON MOONAN'S CONTORTED FACE.

JAKE (V.O.)  
That's when Gordo comes in with the  
Hazelnut French Roast.

RESUME-- Moonan falls to the floor, holding his crotch in agony.

CUT TO:

EXT.- LA SCALA/PARKING LOT- NIGHT

Miles pulls up in an old Cadillac, picking up Jake at the entrance. They pick up Gordo and Big Al from a side door and drive off as Moonan limps out of the restaurant, still holding his crotch.

CUT TO:

INT.- THE EUCLID- DAY (RESUMING)

Jake finishes the story to Lupus.

JAKE  
And that's how Special Agent Gunther  
Moonan and I became friends.

Lupus nods, satisfied.

GORDO  
Moonan. Here. Shit...

LILY  
So what? We just stay clear of him.

Jake gets up, hard enough to knock the chair over.

LILY  
Jesus... Take it easy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

No, I'm not going to take it easy. You can't stay clear of this guy. He will be on this until the end of time.

MILES

What do we do? We change the scam?

JAKE

There is no scam! I've got a fucking sign on my back! I can't leave town now and come back with a suitcase full of money. You get it? It's over. We walk.

GORDO

Jake--

JAKE

What do I always tell you guys? Don't spend it all. Sooner or later we're going to run into some bad luck. Save some. Put it away, so when shit like this happens, you're not desperate. That's it. The gig's up.

LILY

That's it? What are you talking about? We can still do this!

GORDO

Jake, I mean, come on--

JAKE

No, no, no! Not this time. I am doing this for your own good! You guys have got to learn when to stop. You with the Armani! You with the hookers!

MILES

Escorts!

JAKE

Do you even remember Al? Do you remember what he looked like sitting there?

LILY

You are such a raving pussy sometimes.

JAKE

Hey, we fucked once, honey. That hardly makes you a good judge of character. And don't think I didn't know you were working some angle with that either.

( CONTINUED )

CONTINUED:

LILY  
Everyone's working an angle, right?

JAKE  
There are three people I trust-- him, him and a guy who got killed. I don't know who you are! You're like some stray dog that wandered into the house. So I'm telling you to cut loose of this. No one's looking for you, Not the King, not Moonan and not Gillette. Just go wherever it is you would go. It's over.

Lily looks around the room. No one seems to be backing her up.

LILY  
What about...

JAKE  
What about what?

LILY  
What about the money?

Jake stops and levels a look at Lily.

JAKE  
So there it is. You got that big itch you need to scratch. It's all about the fucking money. What do you want, an apology?

LILY  
No, I want my cut!

JAKE  
I'm going to say this one last time for You, so take a deep breath and count to ten. There is no cut.

Lily levels a look of utter contempt at Jake.

LILY  
You're an asshole.

With that, she grabs her coat and leaves.

Lupus sits quietly, taking it all in.

GORDO  
So that's it...

JAKE  
That's it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUPUS  
King ain't gonna like this.

JAKE  
Don't worry, I'll settle up with your boss. We haven't skipped town yet.

LUPUS  
What I'm saying is, is that the King ain't gonna care. See he had a real thing with getting this Gillette guy, If you ask me I think he's jealous.

JAKE  
Of what? They're both crooks.

LUPUS  
Exactly. `Cept this Gillette guy. He gets to walk around in three piece suits, hob knob with the Mayor, own a bank, that kinda shit. Meanwhile, the King sits holed up in the steam, afraid to even take a leak without me or Harlin watching the door.

JAKE  
My fucking heart bleeds.

LUPUS  
Your buddy. That fat guy. The King couldn't wait to have that guy whacked. He didn't even know who the guy was, but he was so pissed off at him, he gets him drilled. It ain't personal. It's business.

JAKE  
Point, Lupus. Give us a point.

LUPUS  
Point is, you don't go through with this, he's going to go after you next. And he don't even like you, Jake.

Lupus stares blankly at Jake.

CUT TO:

EXT. - BACK ALLEY (PRESENT)

Butch hovering over Jake...

BUTCH  
So much for honor among thieves. You would have cut loose your friends, your girl...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE  
I was doing it for them.

BUTCH  
BULLSHIT! You were scared, Jake! You -  
Lost your nerve! You lost your  
confidence! You weren't being noble.  
You weren't trying to save anybody but  
yourself! Admit it.

JAKE  
It's not true.

BUTCH  
Yes it is Jake! Yes it is! They were  
right there for you. She was right  
there for you! Look at her!

Jake doesn't move. Butch grabs him by the hair and turns  
him towards Lily.

BUTCH (cont'd)  
She trusted you and you sold her out!  
Be honest! Be a man! Tell her, Jake!  
Tell her that you loved her but the  
money meant more to you!

Butch kicks Jake in the gut.

BUTCH (cont'd)  
Grifters... Gentleman's racket... My  
ass. You're just any other lowlife  
stammer-- Looking out for number one.

Jake shuts his eyes, maybe because Butch is right.

CUT TO:

INT . - JAKE'S APARTMENT-- NIGHT

Lupus and Jake sit at the table. Lupus on the phone.

LUPUS  
Hey, boss. It's me. The bank's in.  
It's happening tomorrow... Jake?

Lupus turns to Jake and slaps him on the shoulder good  
buddy-style.

LUPUS (cont' d)  
He got a little shaky there for a minute,  
but we got him back in the batter's  
box.

CUT TO:

INT. -BULLDOG GYM - SAME

The King Pin on a cell phone. Harlin stands in front of him, punching the King's stomach hard enough that he's sweating. The King seems to hardly notice.

LUPUS (O.S.)  
Coupla things. They got this Fed , loo  
king around and the girl just split.

KING PIN  
A Fed? Is he close?

LUPUS (O.S.)  
I don't think so. Their Fix gave us  
the heads up and Jake's got a plan  
that'll probably keep him off.

BACK TO LUPUS

LUPUS  
But this girl, the redhead. She knows  
a lot. She could be a pain in the ass.

Jake looks up.

JAKE  
No. She won't. She's not going to be  
a problem.

Lupus cups the phone.

LUPU  
He wants to talk to you.  
(whispering)  
Don't tell him I said he was jealous  
of Gillette, okay?

Jake reaches over and grabs the phone.

JAKE  
Uh huh... Uh huh... Okay... I understand.

Jake hangs up the phone.

LUPUS  
What'd he say?

JAKE  
Oh, you know... Don't fuck this up.  
I'll kill you. I'll kill your family.  
I'll shoot your dog... All the usual.  
Then he said good luck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A FLAPPING SOUND catches Jake and Lupus's attention. A WHITE PIGEON sits on the frame of an open window.

JAKE  
Aww, shit!

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY- NIGHT (PRESENT)

With a shrug, Jake continues...

JAKE  
We were back on.

BUTCH  
After you cut her loose.

JAKE  
She walked.

Lily pushes Butch aside and moves closer to Jake.

LILY  
I walked? Let me tell you a story,  
asshole...

CUT TO:

INT.- LILY'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Lily stands at a hot plate in her "kitchen" frying an egg.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS from the hall catch her attention, growing louder, then stopping at her door. A KNOCK.

HARLIN (O.S.)  
Lily?

Lily frantically rumages through drawers. She pulls a knife, but it's only a butter knife. She tosses it aside. Lily moves to the door and looks out the peep hole.

HARLIN (O. S.)  
.Jake sent me.

Lily moves to the closet.

LILY  
Jake? Hold on. I just got out of the  
shower.

More KNOCKING.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Lily rumages in the closet and a baseball bat. She hefts the bat and takes a stance in front of the door.

More KNOCKING.

LILY  
HOLD ON!

Another KNOCK. Lily slowly reaches for the doorknob. Then the door flies open with a CRASH. Harlin fills the doorway.

HARLIN  
The King would like to have a word  
with you.

Lily, wide-eyed, stands frozen with the bat still cocked..

LILY  
Uh, right now?

HARLI  
Please. I have a car waiting.

Lily takes a swing. Harlin easily grabs the bat and backhands Lily. She goes flying back into the far wall, bounces off and lands with a THUD at Harlin's feet where she finds the butter knife.

Harlin reaches down and pulls Lily up by the hair. The egg SIZZLES in the pan.

Lily takes a stab at Harlin, but the knife just bounces off his coat. Harlin slaps Lily again, sending her flying into the stove. Smoke starts to rise from the burning egg.

Harlin steps closer, but Lily throws her hands up in surrender.

A spoon RATTLES in a cup as the RUMBLE of a subway train grows LOUDER.

HARLIN  
(Drowned out by rumble)  
I apologize for the--

LILY  
(yelling)  
WHAT?

HARLIN  
(yelling back)  
I SAID, I APOLOGIZE FOR--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lily shakes her head and points to her ear and mouths, "Can't hear you." Harlin moves closer and they lean into each other.

HARLIN (cont' d)  
 (louder)  
 I SAID, I APOLOGIZE FOR--  
 (the subway passes)  
 --The door.

LILY  
 (Nodding)  
 No problem.

She grabs the smoking pan from the stove and WHACKS Harlin across the head. The burned egg lands on the floor.

Lily watches as he sways and teeters on his feet, like a drunk. She raises the pan again... But before she delivers the final blow, Harlin steps on the egg, causing his leg to shoot out from under him. He lands flat on his back, out cold. The wood floor CREAKS with his weight.

Lily wipes the blood from her nose and turns the hot plate off.

CUT TO:

EXT. - BACK ALLEY- NIGHT (PRESENT)

Jake, Butch and Lily...

JAKE  
 Sorry. I didn't know...

LILY  
 Your friend, Big Al? It should have been you.

BUTCH  
 Alright, alright. What happened today?

JAKE  
 Today? Started off great...

CUT TO:

EXT.-- CAYMEN ISLANDS/BEACH- DAY

Crystal blue water gently rolls onto virgin white sand.

A jet cuts a line across the cloudless sky...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE (V.O.)  
 Ashby was going to call us with the exact time of the transfer. The King was waiting on us. Just to be safe...

CUT TO:

INT.- JET- SAME

Gordo sits in first class, impeccably dressed in a Brooks Brothers suit.

JAKE (V . O .  
 Gordo went down to the Caymens instead of me. I needed Rottovich and Sobozinski to keep Moonan off our backs and the only way I could do that was to stay in town and cut them in on the deal.

CUT TO:

INT.- 16TH PRECINT- SAME

Rottovich and Sobozinski sit around the desks, as Moonan reads the newspaper behind them.

JAKE (V.O.)  
 So they waited for my call while Miles and I waited for Ashby's call.

CUT TO:

INT.- THE EUCLID- SAME

Jake sits with Miles and Lupus at a table in the otherwise empty bar.

MILES  
 He should be landing in the Caymens about now. The Custom's guy is ready right?

Jake stares off into space, absentmindedly flipping a penny in his hand.

JAKE  
 Feeling lucky today, Miles. Found a penny-- Heads up. There was an empty cab right outside my building. We hit every green light.

MILES  
 And we got rid of the red head.

Jake considers...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE  
And we got rid of the red head.

MILES  
Jake? Customs?

Jake just nods and continues flipping the penny. JAKE

(V.O.)  
They say a good chess player can. See up to twenty moves deep. That means that in some games, you've calculated every possible move in your head... The game's over before it's even " really started.

CUT TO:

INT.- CITY BANK OF MANHATTAN/ASHBY'S OFFICE- SAME

Ashby sits at a desk, computer terminal in front of him. He speaks in hushed tones on the phone.

JAKE (V.O.)  
Same thing with playing a con. You have to be able to see that deep.

ASHBY  
Jake? Right. Uh-huh... Uh-huh... Yeah, it's going through--

INSERT SHOT- ECU of Ashby's finger on the "Enter" key.

ASHBY (coat' d)  
Now.

Ashby hangs up and checks over his shoulder.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE EUCLID BAR- SAME

Jake hangs up and immediately dials another number.

JAKE (V.O.)  
In order to ensure that we weren't going to welch, Ashby's pay-off was to be directly deposited into his own offshore account which he could confirm electronically. In this age of ecommerce, paper currency has become " more of a liability than a commodity. Especially to us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE  
(into phone)  
Go.

CUT TO:

EXT.- CAYMEN ISLANDS/CAFE- SAME

Gordo listens into a cell phone: Without saying a word, he gets up, wheeling a nondescript BLACK SUITCASE.

Across the street sits the Grand Caymen's Bank in all it's pastel and brass glory.

CUT TO:

INT.-- GRAND LAYMEN'S BANK- DAY

Gordo moves across the lobby of the bank to the back of a line at the Teller windows wheeling the black suitcase.

JAKE (V.O.)  
Gordo was making the withdrawal from  
the Grand Laymen's Bank.

Gordo stands in front of a Teller. She reads off a paper then does a double take at Gordo, who smiles back.

JAKE (V. O. )  
They check the papers...

Gordo slides a folder of corporate papers along with his photo ID towards the Teller.

We follow the teller as she hands the papers to the OFFICIOUS LOAN OFFICER.

ANGLE ON the teller window-- A check is pushed to Gordo.

JAKE (V.O.)  
...They stick.

Gordo shakes the Loan Officer's hand and calmly walks towards the door.

CUT TO:

EXT.- LAYMEN ISLANDS/STREET DAY

Gordo walks across the street with the suitcase and pulls a cell phone from his pocket.

GORDO  
First and ten.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gordo hangs up without another word. He approaches a building with the words "BANK OF THE CAYMENS" engraved over the brass handled doors.

CUT TO:

INT.- BANK OF THE CAYMENS- DAY

Gordo approaches the teller window with the check in hand.

JAKE (V.O.)

Then he had to bang it out across the street at the Bank of the Caymens...

GORDO

I'd like this cashed, please.

ANOTHER TELLER looks at the check then back up at Gordo.

GORDO (cont'd )

I also need to deduct a certain amount and deposit it into this account number.

Gordo takes another piece of paper and slides it to the Teller.

CUT TO:

INT.- CITY BANK OF MANHATTAN/ASHBY'S OFFICE- DAY

Ashby sits, nervously tapping his computer monitor with a pen. MARIE, a secretary, pokes her head in.

MAR I E

Mr. Ashby? Mr. Thompson from International with a 34R on a corporate account.

Ashby watches the screen, as a big broad smile comes across his face.

ASHBY

Probably just a new account marker.  
(standing)

Tell him I already left for lunch and that I'll call him later.

Ashby grabs his coat and strides confidently out.

CUT TO:

INT.- BANK OF THE CAYMENS/VAULT ROOM- CONTINUOUS

A SECURITY GUARD stands in the small, windowless room. Gordo is escorted into the room by a BANK OFFICIAL.

BANK OFFICIAL  
We'll let you have a moment.

On a small table are neat piles of bundled money, shrink wrapped in plastic. Gordo seems in awe.

JAKE (V.O.)  
We called them Green Twinkies.

The Bank Official and Security Guard exit. Gordo holds up a Green Twinkie up to his nose and takes a deep breath.

CUT TO:

EXT.- CAYMEN ISLANDS/STREET- DAY

The Security Guard holds open the door as Gordo exits, suitcase in tow. Gordo takes his cell phone out as he moves across the street.

GORDO  
We got Twinkies.

Gordo pockets the phone and disappears into the crowd.

CUT TO:

INT.-- THE EUCLID- SAME

Jake hangs up the phone and dials another number. He nods at Lupus.

JAKE (V.O.)  
Miles was on his way to the airport to wait for Gordo to land. I made the call.

JAKE  
Yeah, it's me. I need an escort. Not a ride, just an escort. You wanted in, this is in.

CUT TO:

INT.- 16TH PRECINCT/DETECTIVES' OFFICE- DAY

Sobozinski behind a desk. Sitting in a chair leafing through a magazine is Moonan. Rottovich on the phone...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE (O.S.)  
Kennedy. International terminal. Gordo  
with a black suitcase. You got Moonan  
under control?

ROTTOVICH  
Don't worry about Moonan. We got him  
covered. When..?  
(hanging up)  
It was him. There's a shipment coming  
through tonight. Kennedy.

MOONAN  
Shipment of what?  
(off Rottovich's shrug)  
Find two cars. And change into plain  
clothes.

After Rottovich and Sobozinski exit, Moonan dials a number.

MOONAN  
It's Moonan. Tonight. JFK.  
International terminal. Come heavy.

CUT TO:

INT.- THE EUCLID- NIGHT

Jake sits at the bar, looking at his watch. He notices  
his hand is shaking.

LUPUS  
So that's it, huh? You get the cops to  
give you a safe ride.

JAKE  
Let me ask you something... You really  
think I'm going to come this close,  
this fucking close and let my guard  
down? I'll get square with your boss.  
I'll get square with whoever did Al.  
I'll get square with everybody. Then  
I'm going going to cash in my chips  
and be on my way to a new and better  
me far away from here.

LUPUS  
You're a weasal.

Lupus gets off the stool and we follow him into...

INT.- THE EUCLID/BATHROOM- CONTINUOUS

Lupus enters the small. Bathroom and pulls a cellphone.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LUPUS

Yeah... He's landing with the money at Kennedy in a few hours. International Terminal. You were right. He's trying to fuck you. You want it, you gotta get it at the airport...

CUT TO:

INT.- BULLDOG GYM/LOCKER ROOM- SAME

The King Pin closes the cell phone and looks over at Harlin, who's hair is singed and matted down on one side.

KING PIN

He's got pigs for an escort. You believe this guy?

HARLIN

I'll get the car.

KING PIN

Always something.

The King struggles into a pair of pants, then turns around.

KING PIN (cont' d)

My ass look big in this?

Harlin deliberately looks away.

HARLIN

Looks fine, Boss.

CUT TO:

EXT.-- JFK AIRPORT/PARKING LOT- NIGHT

A black Lincoln Town Car rolls through the parking lot. Behind the wheel we see Harlin with the King Pin riding in the back.

The Town Car passes...

MILES SITTING ON THE HOOD OF A CAR LOOKING AT THE TERMINAL.

We follow the Town Car as it passes...

ROTOVICH AND SOBOZINSKI STAKED OUT IN AN UNMARKED POLICE CAR A FEW SPACES PAST MILES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Town Car finally parks in the same row, each car, separated only by a few spaces.

CUT TO:

INT.- UNMARKED POLICE CAR- SAME

Sobozinski and Rottovich overlook the terminal.

SOSOZINSKI

You trust this Moonan guy?

ROTTOVICH

I don't trust anybody. You see how bad this guy wants Vig? It's like a sickness. I say we collar Vig ourselves. We got Vig, then we got leverage. And we trade; Vig for that tape. I want to see it right in front of my face.

SOBOZINSKI

It's just insurance.

ROTTOVICH

That's what I'm talking about.

SOBOZINSKI

I'm down!

Sobozinski holds his hand up for a high five.

ROTTOVICH

What are you doing?

SOBOZINSKI

High five.

ROTTOVICH

Put your hand down. I don't high five.

There's the CRACKLE from a walkie-talkie.

MOONAN

You guys awake?

ROTTOVICH

(into walkie)  
We're here.

CUT TO:

INT.- JFK AIRPORT/TERMINAL- SAME

Moonan sits a safe distance away from an area marked "Customs". Behind a large table, a few CUSTOMS OFFICERS in white shirts mill around.

Moonan speaks into a mic hidden in his sleeve.

MOONAN

Stay sharp.

Moonan keeps his eyes on the Customs desk.

CUT TO:

INT . - JET- NIGHT

Gordo sits squashed in the window seat, next to a VERY HEAVYSET COUPLE.

MR. HEAVYSET

Oh jeez.

Mr. Heavyset quickly gets up.

CUT TO:

INT.- THE EUCLID- SAME

Jake sits at the bar, the phone a few inches away. Lupus pours himself a drink from the bar. The phone RINGS.

JAKE

Gordo.

CUT TO:

INT.- JET- SAME

Gordo on the Air-Phone next to MRS. HEAVYSET...

GORDO

I'm landing in about fifteen minutes.

MR. HEAVYSET returns to his seat, drying his hands on his own shirt.

MR. HEAVYSET

Jeez... I tell ya, this airline food goes right through me every time.

Mrs. Heavyset pats her husband's hand.

GORDO

You ever use the bathroom in Kennedy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE (O.S.)  
 What? No. Use the bathroom on the  
 plane!

Gordo eyes Mr. & Mrs. Heavysset.

GORDO  
 Let me just say that there is no way  
 I'm using the bathroom on this plane.

CUT TO:

INT.- THE EUCLID- SAME

Jake hangs up...

JAKE  
 He's wheeling around two million dollars  
 in cash and he wants to stop to use the  
 bathroom. You believe this?

LUPUS  
 Maybe he's got it right. Maybe we're  
 all just looking for a safe place to  
 shit.

JAKE  
 That was fucking deep.

Lupus gets up and heads for the bathroom again.

CUT TO:

INT.- TOWN CAR- SAME

A CELL PHONE RINGS with a digitized version of "Ode to  
 Joy". The King answers it.

KING PIN  
 Speak.

LUPUS (O.S.)  
 He's landing. He's got a suitcase on  
 wheels.

KING PIN  
 So do half the other people in this  
 place. How do I know which one?

LUPUS (O.S.)  
 I got it figured out... He's got this  
 thing with bathrooms. If he makes it  
 through Customs, he'll be heading for  
 the john.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KING PIN

Good. Good. Do not let Vig out of your sight.

The King hangs up the phone and motions to Harlin to go.

CUT TO:

INT. -- THE EUCLID BAR- SAME

Jake looks up at a small digital clock sitting behind the bar. It reads "11:11PM."

Lupus emerges from the back hallway to find Jake dialing a number.

JAKE

What's up with you? Bladder infection?

LUPUS

Keep it up.

LILY (O.S.)

You got my cell. Leave a message.

JAKE

It's me. It's Jake. Listen... It's happening. Gordo's landing right now. Meet me at the Euclid... For your cut, I mean. It's... I want you to have it.

Jake hangs up the phone.

LUPUS

You really like that bitch don't you? I gotta tell you, I was pretty convinced that the whole thing before was blowing her off for her cut. You know how it is, get her to do some shit for you, throw her a bang to keep her happy. But, if you're into her... That's cool.

JAKE

That's what I like about you, Lupus. You're a free thinker. Don't let the King tell you different.

LIONEL

Not for nothing, Jake, but the guy who whacked your buddy? It was me. The King usually farms out for that kind of stuff, but I tell ya, he was so pissed off he couldn't wait for the regular guy. Fucker didn't even put down his Kung Pao Chicken.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jake seems to be reeling with the information.

JAKE  
Egg Foo Young.  
(standing)  
Stand up.

LUPUS  
What?

JAKE  
Stand up.

LUPUS  
(laughing)  
No offense, but I've seen you fight.  
You gotta be kidding m-

Jake's sends a fist flying right into Lupus' mouth, knocking him over.

JAKE  
I said stand up.

CUT TO:

INT.- MORGAN GILLETTE'S OFFICE- NIGHT

MORGAN GILLETTE sits behind a desk in an ultra modern office, his reptilian like face fixed straight ahead. Butch leans against the wall behind him.

JAKE (V.O.)  
This is probably about where you came in.

GILLETTE  
Wow. Now that's an exciting story. Butch, has anyone ever tried something like this before?

BUTCH  
Not that I recall. What do you want us to do about it?

GILLETTE  
Let's see... Let's suppose he gets to Customs and he gets caught. We get our money back, but then we have to deal with a criminal investigation. I don't much like that idea. Then again, let's suppose he actually gets through Customs. Now, that'll be something. We recover the money in cash and let the insurance cover the corporate fraud. We double our money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUTCH  
So we go to the bar.

GILLETTE  
I think so. The airport's going to be crawling with police. Traffic will be a nightmare. Go down to the bar. If they pull it off, great. Have someone deal with Ashby.

BUTCH  
We'll take care of it.

GILLETTE  
And how much did you say you wanted for this... What did you call it? A finder's fee?

REVEAL Lily sitting on the couch in front of them, cell phone in hand.

LIL  
Ten percent.

GILLETTE  
Ten? That seems a little high.

BUTCH  
Ten is standard, sir.

GILLETTE  
Fine. But only if we recover the cash.

LILY  
Only if--? No way. I want something for this.

GILLETTE  
Have a little faith in him, honey. Butch, see if you can get him to tell you how he did it. Or almost did it. Sounds like a good story.

BUTCH  
I' ll ask.

Gillette picks up an APPLE from a bowl in his desk... The oldest con.

GILLETTE  
Apple?

CUT TO:

INT.- AIRPORT/TERMINAL HALLWAY- NIGHT

We follow Gordo as he wheels the black suitcase down the long corridor towards the Customs Desk.

Moonan spots Gordo and speaks into his wrist.

MOONAN

I got him.

ANGLE ON THE CUSTOMS DESK

A few TRAVELERS quickly move past the desk. Gordo approaches a CUSTOMS OFFICER.

Gordo lays the suitcase on the desk: The Customs Officer looks nervously in both directions before waving Gordo through.

Moonan follows at a safe distance as Gordo clears Customs.

CUT TO:

INT.- CAR- SAME

Rottovich and Sobozinski check their guns.

MOONAN (O.S.)

He's headed towards the eastern most exit. Do not, under any circumstances approach. I want to follow this all the way down to Vig.

SOBOZINSK

(into walkie)  
Roger that.

ROTTOVICH

Oh yeah, we'll wait, jerk-off.

Sobozinski snorts a LAUGH as they get out of the car.

CUT TO:

INT.- JFK AIRPORT/TERMINAL- SAME

Gordo wheels the suitcase towards the exit when he spots the MEN'S ROOM. He stops and considers for a moment before he turns and enters.

Moonan watches a few yards back. He pulls his badge out from under his shirt, hanging from a chain.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MOONAN  
 (into mic)  
 He just went into the crapper.  
 Hold your positions.

Harlin walks into the Men's Room half a minute after Gordo.

CUT TO:

INT.- MEN'S ROOM- SAME

Gordo pads the toilet with half the roll before gingerly setting his ass down.

Suddenly the STALL DOOR FLIES OPEN. Harlin steps in, Gordo defenseless with his pants at his ankles.

Harlin picks him up off the toilet and throws him into the wall repeatedly before letting him fall face first onto the dirty floor.

CUT TO:

INT.- JFK AIRPORT/TERMINAL- CONTINUOUS

Moonan watches the door to the Men's Room as Harlin comes out, wheeling the black suitcase behind him.

MOONAN  
 (into mic)  
 They pulled a switch. Big guy. Blue suit. Keep on him.

CUT TO:

EXT.- JFK AIRPORT/PARKING LOT- CONTINUOUS

Rottovich turns the walkie talkie off as he and Sobozinski fall in behind Harlin.

ANGLE ON MILES-- Who steps out of his car, watching the little parade go by with a look of confusion.

CUT TO:

INT.- THE EUCLID- SAME

A LOUD THUMPING NOISE... Jake has Lupus by the hair as he rams his head repeatedly into the bar. Jake then gets him into a headlock.

Lupus snaps his head back and butts Jake in the nose, sending him staggering back.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TNT.- JFK AIRPORT/TERMINAL- SAME

Moonan taps the mic hidden in his sleeve, then checks the walkie.

MOONAN  
Hello? Can you hear me?

Moonan pulls the ear plug out and races down the hall.

CUT TO:

EXT.- JFK AIRPORT/PARKING LOT- SAME

Harlin gets to the King Pin's car and opens the back door. As he crams the suitcase in, Rottovich and Sobozinski come up behind him, guns drawn.

ROTTOVICH  
Hey asshole.

They both grin like idiots.

CUT TO:

INT.- THE EUCLID- SAME

Jake goes flying into the bar. Lupus pushed Jake back up against the bar and lands a series of body blows.

Jake manages to grab the phone and whips it across Lupus' head, sending him to the ground. Jake straddles Lupus and raises the phone for the last whack.

We HEAR A LOUD CLICK.

Jake stops and the two slowly get up. As they stand, we can see that Lupus has the barrel of a small gun in Jake's mouth.

Jake shuts his eyes tight, still holding the phone. Which just then, RINGS.

Jake opens his eyes and looks at the phone. Then to Lupus, who nods. Jake picks up the receiver and speaks, the gun still in his mouth.

JAKE  
Eww-Whoa?

CUT TO:

EXT.- JFK AIRPORT/PARKING LOT- SAME

Miles on a cell phone...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILES

Jake! I don't know what's going on!  
The King Pin... He's here and he just  
got pinched. I think with the  
twinkies! It looks like half the  
police department's down here!

In the BACKGROUND, a whirlwind of activity-- Red and blue flashing lights, half of the police department, Federal Agents in blue windbreakers... The King and Harlin slumped over the hood of the car, cuffed.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE EUCLID BAR- SAME

Jake drops the phone and looks at Lupus.

LUPUS

What happened?

JAKE

(w/ the gun still in  
his mouth)  
Eee Oott Auught!

LUPUS

(pulling the gun out)  
Sorry. What?

JAKE

HE GOT CAUGHT! Your boss tried to pull  
a switch and he got us all fucking  
pinched!

Lupus picks up the phone and dials another number... No answer.

LUPUS

Shit.

Lupus cocks the gun and crams it back into Jake's mouth.

JAKE

Aaaaiiit!!! Ooopusss!!

Lupus takes a newspaper off the bar and covers Jake's face with it.

SLAM!!!-- Blood splatters across the front page of the Metro Section. The paper falls away revealing Jake, wide-eyed, the gun hanging from his mouth.

Lupus lies in a heap at the floor.

CONTINUED:

Jake lets the gun fall and Looks up to see Butch, standing at the door, gun in hand.

Lily steps out from behind him.

JAKE (V.O.)  
I never thanked you for that.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY- NIGHT (PRESENT)

Jake runs his tongue across the front of his teeth.

BUTCH  
You're welcome.

LILY  
Can we please all stop being so goddamnfucking-polite and get to the point?

BUTCH  
Right. Where's the money, Jake?

Butch presses the gun against Jake's head. Jake turns and looks at Lily. They lock eyes.

JAKE  
What do you get, Lily? Finder's Fee?  
Because it is all about the money,  
right?

LILY  
You sold me out. You should have trusted me like I trusted you. You fucked up. You fucked up HUGE.

Butch taps Jake on the head with the gun.

BUTCH  
Alright... Turn around. She doesn't get shit, unless I get that money. Where is it?

JAKE  
Probably safe in the hands of the Federal Government.

Butch buttons his coat.

BUTCH  
Oh, Jake. You disappoint me. And you just let Lily here down again.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUTCH (cont'd)  
 What was it you said about playing the  
 big con?

JAKE  
 It's like putting on a play, where  
 everyone knows their part except for  
 the mark.

BUTCH  
 Like putting on a play... Guess some  
 people forgot their lines.

JAKE  
 Guess so.

BUTCH  
 So why don't you take a deep breath,  
 Jake, and I'll count to ten. One.  
 Two. Three...

As Butch continues to count, Jake slowly turns his head  
 and looks at Lily.

Butch, still counting, smiles at Lily's obvious contempt  
 then slides the gun along the back of Jake's head.

JAKE  
 I do trust you, Lily.

Butch turns back to Lily to see her reaching into her  
 bag...

BUTCH  
 Wha-

Butch spins and aims at her.

Lily pulls out a gun and... BLAM!!!

CUT TO:

INT.- JFK AIRPORT/BATHROOM- SAME

Gordo stirs on the floor of the stall, slowly getting up.  
 Pieces of toilet paper are stuck to his face.

JAKE (V.O.)  
 Trust...

CUT TO:

INT.- CAR- SAME

Miles gets back in the car and SCREECHES out of his parking  
 space.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE (V.O.)  
It should be a four letter word.

CUT TO:

EXT. - BACK ALLEY- NIGHT (PRESENT)

Lily drops the gun and breaks down in tears

BUTCH  
Jesus Christ! Tell me before you do  
something like that!

Jake lies face down in a puddle, the collected pool of  
water growing red with blood.

POLICE SIRENS WAIL in the distance, growing closer.

BUTCH  
You should leave.

Butch disappears down the dark alley.

Lily stands for a moment and takes a final look at Jake's  
body. She then turns and runs back into the bar.

JAKE (V.O.)  
*So I'm dead...*

EXT.- JFK AIRPORT/PARKING LOT- NIGHT

POLICE OFFICERS and FEDERAL AGENTS in windbreakers swarm  
all over the parking lot.

The King and Harlin are bent over the hood of the car,  
cuffed.

One Federal Agent pulls the black suitcase out of the  
car.

JAKE (V . O . )  
*But maybe I can't blame Lily. Maybe I  
just should have just trusted her to  
play her part. Because playing the big  
con is like putting on a play. A play  
where everyone knows their part except  
for the Mark...*

CUT TO:

(FLASHBACK) INT.- DINER

Jake sits with Lily, Miles and Gordo crammed into a  
booth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE  
Just watch everything you say around  
him. Every word, every move... It all  
goes back to the King Pin. Get it?

CUT TO:

(FLASHBACK) INT.- JAKE'S APARTMENT

Lily with her new red hair and the bird blouse. The crew  
watches Jake slowly flip out.

JAKE  
You have no idea what you've done do  
you? No idea! What is this?

Jake points to her hair.

Lupus quietly watches, taking it all in...

CUT TO:

(FLASHBACK) INT.-- THE EUCLID- DAY

Jake and Lily squaring off...

JAKE (V.O.)  
*You tell them the "Tale".*

JAKE  
What do you want? An apology?

LILY  
No, I want my cut!

Lupus watches quietly, taking it all in...

CUT TO:

(FLASHBACK) INT.- THE EUCLID/BATHROOM

Lupus on the cellphone to the King...

JAKE (V.O.)  
*And like in a game of chess, you've  
played every possible move in your  
head...*

LUPUS  
You were right. He's trying to fuck  
you. You want it, you gotta get it at  
the airport...

CUT TO:

EXT.- JFK AIRPORT/PARKING LOT- NIGHT

POLICE OFFICERS and FEDERAL AGENTS in windbreakers swarm around the King Pin's car.

JAKE (V.O.)  
*Then you give them the "Blow-off". You  
 get them off your back. Forever.*

The King Pin and Harlin are bent over the hood handcuffed.

Rottovich and Sobozinski lie on the ground, face down, their hands behind their heads.

ROTTOVICH  
 We're on the job! We're active in the  
 one-six.

Next to them, a Federal Agent opens the suitcase. Coffee beans spill out on the asphalt, followed by the two bricks of heroin.

The TWO INTERNAL AFFAIRS officers from before emerge from the crowd.

IA OFFICER#1  
 Officers Rottovich and Sobozinski?

The second Internal Affairs officer holds up a MICROCASSETTE.

SOBOZINSKI  
 Fuck me...

CUT TO:

(FLASHBACK) INT.- LA SCALA

Jake slides a thick envelope of money to Moonan, seated across from him.

JAKE (V.O.)  
*But most of all, you need the "Fix".*

This time, Moonan TAKES IT.

CUT TO:

(FLASHBACK) INT.- THE EUCLID

Jake finishing the Moonan story...

JAKE  
 That's how Special Agent Gunther Moonan  
 and I became friends.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Lupus nods, satisfied.

CUT TO:

(FLASHBACK) INT.- CUSTOMS DESK

Gordo hoists the suitcase onto the desk. The Customs Officer looks around nervously. We see he's looking at Moonan in the B.G., who gives him a nod.

JAKE (V.O.)

Like Suits said, sooner or later  
someone's going to start asking the  
right questions.

The Custom Officer waves Gordo through. Gordo reaches down and picks up an IDENTICAL BLACK suitcase already lying on the table next to his and leaves.

JAKE (V.O.)

*Rottovich and Sobozinski would ask how  
the drugs got in that suitcase. The  
King and Gillette would ask where the  
money really went.*

Moonan walks over to the Customs Desk and takes the original black suitcase. He nods to the Customs Officer.

Moonan turns and walks TOWARDS CAMERA, wheeling the suitcase behind him.

JAKE (V.O.)

*And all of them would ask what agency  
Special Agent Gunther Moonan worked  
for.*

We CLOSE-IN ON THE BADGE hanging from Moonan's neck. On it is a number and the single word, "CUSTOMS".

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY- NIGHT (PRESENT)

RIPPING SOUNDS...

JAKE (V.O.)

*But what do I care? I'm dead...*

A THIN, WHITE VEST, splattered with blood and wired with squibs falls to the ground.

POLICE SIRENS WAIL just around the corner.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jake emerges from the back alley, his shirt ripped and splattered with fake blood.

JAKE (V.O.)  
*No one's going to ask me:*

A black car comes to a stop in front of him. The tinted glass slides down and Jake leans in.

JAKE  
Drop something?

Inside we see Moonan and Lily riding in the back, Miles and Gordo up front.

LILY  
(innocently)  
Oops.

She smiles that smile.

JAKE (V.O.)  
Redheads...

Jake gets in and the car pulls away, followed seconds later by two Police Cars SCREECHING to a stop in front of the Euclid.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END.