

"MADE"

by

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Final Draft

INT. SPORTSMAN'S LODGE - SAN FERNANDO VALLEY - DAY

A large crowd has gathered to watch two WHITE BOXERS square off in a temporary ring in the center of a converted banquet hall. One is BOBBY, the other is RICKY. They are drawn together to start the bout by a bell and a hand gesture as the REFEREE backs away. Immediately the two fighters unload a relentless barrage of POWER PUNCHES. Neither man is holding back, and the punches all find purchase in the swelling faces of their opponent. The crowd rises to its feet in appreciation of this rare level of competition in the lower strata of the heavyweight division.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOBBY'S CAR - COLDWATER CANYON - LOS ANGELES -
SUNSET

Bobby drives Ricky home through the winding twists of LA's landmark canyon. Both their faces are swollen, verging on the grotesque. Bobby drives a black Special Edition 1979 Trans Am with the gold Firebird stenciled across the hood. The car is not in great shape, but in its day ruled the road. A Hawaiian mini warrior mask hangs from the rear view.

The T-top is out, and Ricky struggles to light his cigarette in the wind. He finally ignites the whole book of matches in frustration, lights up, then tosses it out.

It lands, still flaming, at the base of a 'No Smoking in the Canyon' sign. They drive down the palm tree lined stretch of road bordering Beverly Hills. They turn East on Sunset Boulevard. The Strip lights are first flickering to life.

EXT. RICKY'S APARTMENT - YUCCA CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The opening SCORE dies away as Ricky sits beside Bobby. The neighborhood is awful. The light of the corner liquor store and a menthol cigarette billboard make up for the broken street lamps. Ricky smooths out his running suit and steals an instinctive cautionary look, scanning all the blind spots for predators. The swelling has now truly set in. He's a mess.

RICKY

Did Max mention anything about any jobs?

BOBBY

What about boxing?

RICKY

What about it?

BOBBY

What are you saying?

RICKY

You said if you didn't have a winning record after eleven fights, you'd talk to Max.

BOBBY

So?

RICKY

So, it was a draw.

BOBBY

Yeah, I'm 5-5 and 1.

RICKY

So, it's not a winning record.

BOBBY

It's not losing record.

RICKY

That's not what you said. You said if you didn't have a winning record –

BOBBY
Don't be shitty.

RICKY
How am I being shitty?

BOBBY
Don't be shitty.

RICKY
I wouldn't keep bugging you, but you said he said he would have a job for us.

BOBBY
I'm not gonna bring it up to him.

RICKY
Of course I don't want you to bring it up to him... But if it comes up...

BOBBY
I'll page you.

RICKY
Yeah. Page me. You know the number?

BOBBY
Yeah. I know the number.

RICKY
Cause if you don't know the number, I can page you with the number so you'll have the number.

BOBBY
I know the number.

RICKY
I'll page you with the number. I'll see you later. What time you done?

BOBBY
I got no idea.

RICKY

Ask if he said anything to her.

BOBBY

I will.

RICKY

I'll page you with the number.

BOBBY

Bye.

He drives off. Ricky checks his pager, still furtively scanning the street.

EXT. JESSICA'S HOUSE - BLACKBURN - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Bobby pulls up in front of the quaint Spanish Colonial two-flat. He bounds up the stairs to the upper unit.

INT. JESSICA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He lets himself in, searching for his girlfriend. The apartment is Z-Gallery, with a few accents of Bobby's HAWAIIANA.

BOBBY

Honey?

JESS (O.S.)

Where were you?

He finds her in the bedroom. JESSICA is a knockout. Too pretty. The pretty that makes a woman a full-time job. What's worse is she's decked out like a whore. She's wearing slutty lingerie covered by a bland terry cloth bathrobe. Her ridiculously long legs are garnished with candy-apple porn star sky high heels. Bobby watches with cultivated patience as she applies tasteless amounts of make-up from a Mac case the size of a tackle box. She's in a hurry.

BOBBY

(swallowing utter contempt)

So, what kind of gig is this?

JESS

Easy night. Bachelor party. Can we give Wendy a ride?

BOBBY

No. What kind of bachelor party?

JESS

The easy kind. They're young and rich and well mannered.

She turns to look at him and reacts to his horrifying appearance.

JESS

Oh my god. What happened?

BOBBY

A draw. What makes you think they're well mannered?

JESS

Bobby, this is a plumb gig. It's a bunch of young agents and it's at a restaurant. It's gonna be easy and we'll make a lot of money.

BOBBY

I don't like you working with Wendy. Why are you working with Wendy?

JESS

They requested her. It was her gig. Max put me on as a favor.

BOBBY

Some favor. I hope they know you're not like Wendy.

JESS

Oh, please.

BOBBY

If they asked for her, they're probably expecting blowjobs all around.

JESS

Will you cut it out! Get ready, we're already late.

BOBBY

Who's watching the baby?

JESS

She's downstairs with Ruth. Get ready.

BOBBY

I'm ready.

JESS

Bullshit. These are classy customers. You can't show up all fucked up with a Fila running suit on.

BOBBY

They're not too classy to have tits rubbed in their face.

She rises and swaps her robe for a floor length overcoat. God, is she hot.

JESS

Stop. I love you.

She leans in for a kiss. He lets his anger melt. He leans in to kiss her. She gives him last minute cheek to save the perfection of her sparkling twenty minute lips.

JESS

Let's go.

He follows, slightly slighted.

EXT. JESSICA'S HOUSE - BLACKBURN - LOS ANGELES

As the couple hurries down the stairs, The face of a SMALL GIRL peeks out the first floor window. This is CHLOE, Jess'

daughter. Her age is somewhere between Paper Moon and Jerry Maguire. She watches without expression as her mom leaves for work.

EXT. HAVANA ROOM - BEVERLY HILLS - NIGHT

They valet the car and approach the members only cigar lounge. Bobby opens the door for her.

INT. HAVANA ROOM - LOWER LOBBY - NIGHT

An attractive female HOSTESS sees Bobby's undesirable appearance.

HOSTESS

May I help...?

She then sees Jessica and guesses her occupation.

HOSTESS

Oh, hi. They've been expecting you.
Take the elevator upstairs. You can
change in the card room.

INT. ELEVATOR - HAVANA ROOM - NIGHT

They stand side by side in silence as the lift rises. Jess adjusts her bosom. Bobby continues to percolate. His pager goes off. He recognizes the number.

BOBBY

You talk to Max today?

JESS

I'm not gonna mention Ricky to him.

BOBBY

Don't expect you to mention it to
him. I'm just saying, if –

JESS

The only way he'll go with Ricky is
if you're in too.

BOBBY

Well, that's not gonna happen.

JESS

Fine. You want to help Ricky, talk to Maxie yourself.

BOBBY

I feel weird asking him.

JESS

You shouldn't. He likes you.

BOBBY

I just wish he never brought it up. Ricky won't shut up about it.

JESS

Forget Ricky. You should be glad Max got you driving for me.

BOBBY

(then)

No coke tonight.

(no answer)

Right?

JESS

Leave me alone. I haven't touched anything in months.

The elevator door opens, and a room full of horny young AGENTS and EXECUTIVES see Jessica and cheer. She smiles and drops her coat. The crowd can't believe their luck when they see how hot she is. Bobby's heart sinks. He picks up her coat and walks to the bar as the men wave bills at the love of his life.

INT. BAR - HAVANA ROOM - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Bobby settles into a bar stool, watching the action from a distance. WENDY, a slutty Pam Anderson pre-tit-removal wannabe, is already bouncing her ass ghetto-style in a young agent's face. The crowd gravitates to the new meat like a pack of ravenous dingoes. A beautiful young BARTENDER with her hair tied back drops a cocktail napkin in front of Bobby.

She sees his bruises.

BARTENDER

Did you get the license plate of the truck?

BOBBY

(unamused and
preoccupied)

Johnny Red rocks.

A BLACK MAN in his late twenties slithers up beside him. His name is HORRACE and he seems to like gold. He puts down his empty highball glass.

HORRACE

Martel's and coke. One ice cube. In a snifter this time.

BARTENDER

Snifter are for warm drinks –

HORRACE

Yeah, snifters are for cognac –

BARTENDER

When served warm –

HORRACE

What's the matter? You ain't got no snifters in this motherfucker?

BARTENDER

We have snifters

HORRACE

Then put my Martel's in a snifter.

She walks away to get him his snifter.

HORRACE

Like I'm gonna break her goddamn snifter.

Bobby downs his drink as he watches Jess give a HORNY GUY in

a suit a lap dance. He gets a little frisky, grabbing her ass cheeks. Bobby begins to RISE. Jess circumvents any confrontation by smiling and twisting away his wrists. She throws Bobby the 'Don't worry, I got it' look. He sits. Horrace pokes his nugget encrusted fingers into his sock, counting a stack of bills.

HORRACE

It's already been a hell of a night.
Where you been?

BOBBY

I had a fight up at Sportsman's.

HORRACE

Well, you look it. You win?

BOBBY

Draw.

HORRACE

What's your record at?

BOBBY

5-5-1.

HORRACE

Yeah, well you let me know when you
wanna start makin the real money.

BOBBY

Yeah, sure.

HORRACE

I'm serious. Humping sheetrock and
driving on weekends got to get to
you after a while. Might be nice to
buy your lady something. All it takes
is one fight.

Wendy is now being dry humped by two guys. Jessica looks over at her, and is concerned. Lines of protocol are definitely being crossed. Jess' horny guy makes a bold move, jamming his face in her cleavage. In a split second, Bobby has crossed the room and has him by a wrist. The guy is

surprised by Bobby's presence and grotesque appearance.

HORNY GUY

Whu –

BOBBY

There's no touching.

HORNY GUY

But what about them?

BOBBY

I don't give a shit. I work for her.
No touching.

She hands Bobby a stack of sweaty bills. He walks away, zipping the roll into his pocket. When he arrives at the bar, a drunk EXECUTIVE is having a quiet conversation with Horrace. Horrace looks around, answers, and the executive picks quite a few hundreds out of his wallet. Horrace walks him back to Wendy. Bobby grinds his teeth and points to his empty glass. The bartender pours and watches the interaction as Wendy walks off with the executive. The party howls as they leave the room for some privacy.

BARTENDER

(sarcastic)

That's not allowed.

Bobby downs another drink. Things are now heating up for Jess as mob mentality takes hold. She squirms. We TRACK BACK with Bobby's face as he bee lines for the feisty horny guy, who holds Jess' hips as he grinds her.

BOBBY

I said no touching.

HORNY GUY

Look, man, I'm the bachelor, alright?
I gave her a hundred bucks in tips
alone –

BOBBY

Get your hands off of her.

HORNY GUY

Dude, listen, man. I'm cool. How much for the treatment?

BOBBY

Your dance is over.

HORNY GUY

Come on, dude. The other chick's giving my best man a blow job in the toilet. I know the drill, I'll wear a rubber –

Bobby cracks his face apart with an uppercut. Another guy rises in protest and is on his ass with a broken nose before he can speak.

JESS

God damn it...

Bobby drags his girl by the arm to the men's room. He kicks open the door and grabs Wendy, who is doing coke off a mirror with her john. He drags the women out. Horrace disappears. A PARTIER calls to the bartender.

PARTIER

Call the police.

She picks up the phone, but doesn't dial. She hides a smile. Bobby drags the women down the staircase.

INT. BOBBY'S CAR - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Bobby drives, eyes locked on the road. Jess is beside him, Wendy's in the back.

WENDY

What the fuck was that about?

BOBBY

You wanna get us busted? If Max found out you were turning tricks –

WENDY

I got news for you, Bobby, he don't

give a shit.

BOBBY

Bullshit.

WENDY

You think he don't know? I give him his cut of seventeen hundred, I think he knows I can't make that lap dancing.

BOBBY

No more.

JESS

Bobby...

WENDY

Fuck you! No more for you. You won't be Jess' driver for shit when Maxie hears this shit happened again.

BOBBY

Nobody's fuckin talking to you.

WENDY

And how could you fucking leave Horrace hanging?

BOBBY

I got news for you, Horrace got his ass out of there before you did.

WENDY

Bullshit.

BOBBY

What? You don't think Horrace would leave your white ass in there to hang?

JESS

Alright. Enough already. Let's get some food. I better call Maxie and tell him what happened before he

hears it on his own.

EXT. JOB SITE - PACIFIC PALISADES - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the upscale renovation.

INT. JOB SITE - PACIFIC PALISADES - DAY

Bobby is part of a large CREW OF PLASTERERS midway through an Amalfi Drive renovation. He trowels a thin coat of plaster on a kitchen wall. Ricky drags his ass as he sweeps up dust and diamond wire scraps. The two of them are swollen to hell as they work side by side in the upscale remodel.

RICKY

So I'm like, 'Maybe I'm not on the list cause I'm not a fuckin Persian.'

BOBBY

I thought you hate that club.

RICKY

I do. It's a fuckin Persian Palace.

BOBBY

Then why do you try to get in?

RICKY

Fuck them.

BOBBY

(hears something)

Shhh...

The DECORATOR walks in with a YOUNG COUPLE and their six year old KID. The decorator is irritating. The husband is a shlubby Jew. His wife is a hot shiksa.

The kid looks like he might already be gay. The guys work diligently and quietly.

DECORATOR

And as you can see, we're a little behind in here. We always knew the kitchen would be the trouble spot.

HUSBAND

When will it be ready? Are we still shooting for Christmas? I really want Christmas in the new house.

DECORATOR

We're trying. Unfortunately the trades are stacking a bit. But look at this Italian plaster job. The color skim-coat will go on next.

WIFE

It looks great.

Ricky sneaks some eye contact to the wife. She almost smiles as he peers at her with his battle scarred face. The little boy pokes his finger into the wet plaster. Bobby throws him a look. The kid just stares back like he owns him.

DECORATOR

Did you see the stove yet?

HUSBAND

The Viking was delivered?

DECORATOR

Yes, of course. It's in the garage.

They leave. Bobby repairs the plaster damage.

RICKY

You see that, bro? She wants to fuck me.

Ricky's pager goes off.

RICKY

You see that? My shit's blowing up.

He looks around and grabs the wall phone and dials.

BOBBY

Come on, man. Not with the owners here.

RICKY

(phone)

Hey, baby... Nothing. What are you doing...? Yeah, I'll probably cut out early...

In walks ARTHUR, the plastering contractor and their boss.

ARTHUR

Watch out, the fag's here.

(seeing Ricky)

Get off the fucking phone. Then he wants to know why he's still sweeping floors. Bobby, you got a minute?

Bobby looks concerned. Something's wrong.

EXT. JOB SITE - PACIFIC PALISADES - DAY

Bobby and Arthur stand by a gravel pile outside the huge remodel. Arthur looks around and they duck into his Suburban.

ARTHUR

Look, Bobby, I don't know what happened, and I don't want to know what happened, but something's up.

BOBBY

What are you talking about?

ARTHUR

Maxie wants me to replace you on the job tomorrow. He wants you to come by the office today.

BOBBY

They were grabbing her fucking ass –

ARTHUR

Hey. I don't know, I don't want to know. Far as I'm concerned, you're a good kid. I got news, though, without you here I can't keep on your friend. I got enough people pretending to

sweep.

BOBBY

Do me a favor, Arthur, keep him on
til I see what's happening.

ARTHUR

Good luck.

EXT. MAX'S OFFICE - VAN NUYS - DAY

Bobby parks his car in the off street lot of Max's run-down industrial complex. Bobby walks past the many businesses that share the structure in tandem.

MEN working in an auto BODY SHOP go about their business, but discreetly watch as the unfamiliar man passes. Bobby carries himself with the proper amount of ambivalence. He then passes a loading dock, which also has a secretive stench.

Finally, he arrives at a STEEL DOOR, above which is mounted a video camera, several generations past its prime.

A steel sign reads simply: 'M and M Contracting'.

Bobby rings the bell and looks up to the surveillance camera. He is buzzed in.

INT. M AND M CONSTRUCTION OFFICES - VAN NUYS - CONTINUOUS

Bobby walks into an anticlimactically mundane office. The decor is sixties industrial gray. There is a waiting area next to a flimsy lucite partition/reception window, behind which is a desk. Behind the desk is AUDREY, the sixty-plus receptionist whose hair was recently 'set' and colored by her beautician. Security seems quite lax.

BOBBY

Hi, uh, excuse me. I'm here to see
Mr. Reuben.

AUDREY

You're Bobby, right?

BOBBY

Yeah.

AUDREY

Good afternoon, Bobby. I'll let Max know you're here.

She fiddles with her phone. Bobby sits at the kidney shaped coffee table. He thumbs through a copy of Redbook.

AUDREY

He'll be a minute, hon. You want some coffee?

BOBBY

No thank you.

AUDREY

You sure? I just made it.

BOBBY

No, thank you. I'm good. Thanks.

He calms his nerves by staring at a recipe for Strawberries Devonshire.

CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - VAN NUYS - DAY

Bobby walks in. He doesn't seem like he's been there before. The first thing that hits you is all the thoroughbred racing shit all over the place. Brass table top statues, pictures of jockeys with wreaths, hand-painted(!) portraits of horses faces. The second thing you notice is MAX REUBEN. He's an off-the-rack East Coast Jew.

He's got deep-set eyes and Abe Vigoda brows. He wears a golf shirt with a little penguin on it, and oversized reading glasses are perched on his balding head. His nose was broken in '63. He smiles broadly as Bobby enters. Bobby forces a relaxed smile.

MAX

(on phone)

Will ya calm down. Just calm down

for a minute, Nadeleh. The money will be there. How do I know? I just know... Yes. Yes, that's exactly what I'm saying... You got my word.

He hangs up his rotary phone and looks up to Bobby, who stands looking at the painting with his ears closed.

MAX
You like the ponies?

BOBBY
Sure. Yeah.

MAX
You bet the ponies?

BOBBY
Me? No. Not really.

MAX
Smart. Hard as hell to handicap. You know what I like? Hai Alai. Fast game. You know why I like it?

BOBBY
Why?

MAX
It's fixed. That's the only way to win. A sure thing. See that horse. The blaze.

BOBBY
This one?

MAX
Yeah. The blaze. I bought her in '66. Hired a trainer, stall, whatever it was. That horse made me over a hundred grand. In 'sixties' dollars. You know what that is today?

BOBBY
Pshhh...

MAX
A million. Easy.

BOBBY
She was fast, huh?

MAX
Never won a race. But it got me in with the trainer. We'd have a thing, I don't remember, some fucking thing. The jockey would raise his whip, it meant the fix was in, we'd all go running. People get greedy. First they bet small, they keep their mouth shut. Within a month's time, everyone and their brother was in on it. The odds would drop, I mean you could watch the goddamn board. It looked like a fuckin stopwatch, the odds would drop so fast.

BOBBY
That's why they call it the smart money.

Maxie laughs a genuine laugh.

MAX
I like you, kid. Why do you gotta make it so hard for me to take care of you?

BOBBY
Mr. Reuben, I swear to God, they were out of line.

MAX
Last time, maybe, with the Puerto Ricans, but these were nice Jewish boys.

BOBBY
They were out of line –

MAX

They're fucking yeshiva buchas. You didn't have to tear up the goddamn place. You knocked out a guys teeth.

BOBBY

That prick tried to get Jessica to blow him in the bathroom –

MAX

Bobby, I love Jessica like she's my own daughter. I would kill anyone so much as lays a finger on her or her beautiful daughter, but that fucking pisher you socked in the mouth has the most expensive dentist in Beverly Hills and wants I should buy him an implant. Your silverback horseshit's gonna cost me eight grand.

BOBBY

I'll work it off.

MAX

Not driving Jess, you won't.

BOBBY

What?

MAX

You're not driving Jess no more. Two strikes, Bobby, and this last one was big. The bachelor's father goes to my schul.

BOBBY

So, that's it. I'm out?

MAX

I didn't say that.

BOBBY

Then what are you saying?

MAX

Bobby. You're a bull terrier and I got you herding sheep.

BOBBY

I don't understand.

MAX

It's my fault. I send you out to watch scum drool all over the love of your life, then I wonder why you seered. It's my fault. The tooth is on me. But no more. I'm 'reassigning' you.

BOBBY

I don't want to drive another girl, Max. The only reason I'm –

MAX

Who the fuck do you think you're talking to? This ain't a fucking democracy. You want out?

BOBBY

No.

MAX

Don't I put food on you're table? I sponsor your training, I take care of your girl and her little baby. I even pay that deadbeat friend of yours to push a goddamn broom.

BOBBY

I know.

MAX

Now you wanna shut up and listen and hear what I got to say?

BOBBY

Yeah. Sorry.

MAX

I got a way we make everybody happy.

BOBBY

Yeah.

MAX

We try something out. There's someone I'm in business with named Ruiz. I want you to accompany him on a drop.

(off Bobby's look)

Just as scenery. Ruiz has his boys. I just want a big guinea with a busted up face to give him a deep bench. As a deterrent.

BOBBY

Ruiz knows about this?

MAX

Ruiz wants to go alone, but it's not up to Ruiz. It's up to me, and I like a sure thing. Just go and we're square on the tooth.

BOBBY

What about Ricky? He'd jump at the opportunity.

MAX

Ricky? Ricky 'I lost the truck' Ricky?

BOBBY

You told him you liked him.

MAX

That was before he lost my carpet cleaning van.

BOBBY

He'll work it off.

MAX

I don't know the kid, and what little I do scares me.

BOBBY

He's good people, Mr. Reuben. I swear.

MAX

You vouch for him?

The exchange has taken on a gravity.

BOBBY

Yeah. Sure.

MAX

(lighter)

How 'bout this. If you're in, he's in.

BOBBY

I gotta tell you, Mr. Reuben, I'm not comfortable getting in any deeper. It's one thing to look after Jess...

MAX

You're ready to move up. Christ, the way you busted up the place, you're doing worse already. May as well get paid instead of punished.

BOBBY

It's not that I don't appreciate the offer...

MAX

Do me a favor. Think about it. Is that too much to ask?

BOBBY

No. Okay. I'll think about it.

EXT. SPORTS FIELD - HOLLYWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the mural for the HOLLYWOOD SHEIKS football team. Bobby and Ricky walk past the empty stands watching the HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM practice. Ricky drinks from a brown paper bag.

RICKY

We need guns.

BOBBY

We don't need guns.

RICKY

I think we might.

BOBBY

He didn't say we need guns.

RICKY

He implied it.

BOBBY

You don't imply about something like that. You lay it out on the table. Besides, I'm not taking the job.

TIME CUT. Ricky and Bobby watch the field from behind the concrete stairwell.

RICKY

This is the opportunity of a lifetime. What are you? Nuts? You've been waiting for this kind of opportunity.

BOBBY

No. You've been waiting for this kind of opportunity.

RICKY

(sparking up)

Damn right, I have. You think I like living on fucking Yucca? We do a good job on this, we're in.

BOBBY

What happened to boxing? I thought we made a vow.

RICKY

Shit. Who we kidding? I know I suck, and I held you up for ten rounds –

BOBBY
Bullshit...

RICKY
Please. I got three inches on you.
You wouldn't have landed a punch if
I didn't let you.

BOBBY
You wanna go right now?

RICKY
I'll beat your ass –

They slap-box in the empty stairs. This attracts the attention of the team and the COACH, who has walked up to the bottom of the stands. He calls out to them.

COACH
Ricky! Bobby! Cut that shit out!

They stop.

RICKY
Sorry coach.

BOBBY
Sorry coach.

COACH
How's the boxing going?

BOBBY
Great.

RICKY
(shitty)
He's 5-5-1.

COACH
It takes time, Bobby. You always had
the heart.

RICKY
What about me coach? Did I have heart?

The coach throws a look and walks back to practice, blowing his whistle.

BOBBY

We look good this year.

RICKY

We'll kill Fairfax this year.

BOBBY

I still can't believe you missed the fucking team bus.

RICKY

Fuck him.

BOBBY

Your first start at DB, it's against Fairfax, and you miss the fucking bus.

RICKY

What are we delivering?

BOBBY

We're not delivering shit. Ruiz is delivering something, and whatever it is is his business.

RICKY

Who is this fucking Ruiz?

BOBBY

Maxie says he runs a tight ship. I wouldn't fuck with him.

RICKY

Some Mexican? How much could he weigh? A buck fifty, tops? I'd kick his fucking ass.

BOBBY

(looks at watch)

I gotta pick up the baby.

RICKY

Why do you always get stuck taking care of the kid.

BOBBY

I like it.

RICKY

It's not even yours.

BOBBY

I like it.

Bobby pulls into a RTA bus stop in front of...

EXT. THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE - LA BREA - CONTINUOUS

Bobby's Trans Am is parked in the bus stop in front of the school. Ricky is on the phone, oblivious, as a black METER MAID gives the car a ticket. Bobby walks down the walkway with Chloe, Jessica's daughter, and takes the ticket.

INT. BOBBY'S CAR - PARKED ON HIGHLAND - CONTINUOUS

He helps Chloe into the back. Chloe is silent and clutches dried macaroni glued to a paper plate and spray-painted silver.

BOBBY

(re: ticket)

Nice work.

RICKY

Shhh...

(on cell phone)

Yeah, yeah... No. No. I'll be there.

(hangs up)

You gotta get me to the Magic Castle at four.

BOBBY

How'd you unlock my phone?

RICKY

I tried your ATM PIN. I gotta kill
an hour. Let's grab a beer.

BOBBY
(to Chloe)
Seat belt.

CHLOE
Ricky's not wearing one.

BOBBY
Ricky, can you put on a seat belt?

RICKY
No, man. It wrinkles my shit. Let's
grab a fuckin beer –

BOBBY
C'mon, man, not in front of the baby.
Put on your seat belt before I get
another ticket.

RICKY
(clipping in)
Jesus Christ, fine. Alright?

BOBBY
See? Now everyone's got one on.
(re: macaroni plate)
What do you got there?

CHLOE
A elephant seal. Where's mommy?

BOBBY
She's, uh, sleeping.

CHLOE
It's daytime.

BOBBY
Mommy works hard so you can have all
your pretty clothes. Don't you like
your pretty clothes?

CHLOE

No.

BOBBY

Show uncle Ricky what you made.

RICKY

Let's grab a beer.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLOR ME MINE - LA BREA - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the storefront ceramics workshop.

INT. COLOR ME MINE - LA BREA - DAY

Bobby paints a CERAMIC PLATE as Chloe does the best she can painting a frog in this do-it-yourself crafts store. Ricky looks out of place as he lights a Marlboro and bitches.

RICKY

Why can't we just grab a goddamn beer.

BOBBY

I promised Chloe we'd come here.

RICKY

Oh, give me a break. Look at her. She don't even know where the hell she is. She'd have more fun at Bordner's.

BOBBY

I'm not taking her to a bar.

RICKY

Why not? I grew up in bars. It's fun for a kid.

A YOUNG FEMALE SALESPERSON approaches Ricky.

SALESPERSON

Excuse me, there's no smoking in the

store.

RICKY

Why? You serve food?

SALESPERSON

No. Store policy. And you can't sit at a station without purchasing a ceramic.

RICKY

Could you believe this shit? Fine. Give me an ashtray.

She brings him an unpainted ceramic ashtray from a display.

SALESPERSON

What color paints would you like?

RICKY

Surprise me.

He SNUFFS the CIGARETTE out in the ashtray in the palm of her hand. She puts it down and leaves in a huff.

RICKY

I'm telling you, bro, we're on the verge. He's reaching out to us.

Chloe stops painting.

BOBBY

What's wrong, baby?

CHLOE

He's not doing it.

RICKY

What? Did she say something?

BOBBY

She wants you to paint the ashtray.

RICKY

I'm not painting the fu —, I'm not

painting the ashtray. And frogs aren't purple.

CHLOE

It's a poison arrow tree frog.

BOBBY

Will you paint the damn thing. Why do you gotta be such a baby.

RICKY

Fine. Here, look. I'm painting.

He haphazardly paints. Chloe resumes her task.

BOBBY

Max won't let me drive Jess to dance anymore.

RICKY

Who's driving her?

BOBBY

I don't know.

RICKY

This paint sucks. The white shows through.

EXT. MAGIC CASTLE MOTEL - FRANKLIN - DAY

Bobby pulls up. The WIFE of the Amalfi homeowner is precariously waiting and smoking.

INT. BOBBY'S CAR - MAGIC CASTLE MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

RICKY

Right here's fine.

BOBBY

Is that the woman from..?

RICKY

(smiles)

She really liked the kitchen.

He pops out, and the woman corrals him into a room. Bobby pulls away.

INT. JESSICA'S HOUSE - BLACKBURN - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Jessica is half made up and half dressed. Little Chloe sits at the kitchen table twirling a spoon around her head. Her mom is haphazardly cooking a rushed supper. Bobby sits watching TV in his sweats in the adjoining living room.

JESS

Here, sweetie, mommy's in a hurry.

CHLOE

I don't want grilled cheese.

JESS

Mommy has to work.

CHLOE

I hate cheese.

JESS

Here, sweetie. Don't be a little shit.

Bobby approaches and takes the pan. He kisses Jess.

BOBBY

Go finish getting ready. I'll take care of dinner.

JESS

Yeah? You sure?

BOBBY

Go.

She shuffles off. Bobby puts up some water and heats a pan, adding oil. Garlic.

CHLOE

You're not my daddy.

BOBBY

You gonna bust my horns, or you want spaghetti

CHLOE
I want spaghettis.

He pours in a can of sliced olives in with the capers.

BOBBY
You better watch everything I'm doing. You know why? Because that's how you learn to cook. I watched my grandma cook every night. That's how I learned. If you can't cook, then you gotta go out to eat every night, then you spend all your money on food. And when you eat in restaurants, the cooks scratch their ass and touch the food.

There's a knock on the door.

JESS (O.S.)
Could you get that, baby?

He does. It's Horrace. Bobby's surprised.

HORRACE
What's up? Jess ready?

BOBBY
You driving her?

HORRACE
Yeah.

BOBBY
She'll be out in a minute.

Horrace tries to walk in. Bobby stands in the door.

BOBBY
(firm)
She'll be out in a minute.

Jess hurries in, clipping earrings.

JESS

Hiya Ho. Come in. I'll just be a minute.

He throws Bobby a look as he slides by.

HORRACE

Some shit smells good in this motherfucker.

JESS

Bobby's cooking. He's the best. Whip him up something.

HORRACE

Yeah. Whip me up something. I'm hungry as a motherfucker.

Jess hurries out, brushing her hair.

BOBBY

Watch your mouth in front of the baby.

Bobby joins Jess in the back.

INT. BEDROOM - JESSICA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bobby enters, boiling over with opinions.

BOBBY

No way that cocksucker's driving you.

JESS

Maybe if you didn't go Rambo every time I did a lapdance, you'd still be doing it yourself. Meantime, I gotta feed my little girl.

BOBBY

Maxie's fucking with me. He put you with the spook to get under my skin.

JESS

Ho's a good guy –

BOBBY

Ho's a fucking pimp! He encourages Wendy to turn tricks. And she's his fucking wife!

JESS

Shhh. He'll hear you.

BOBBY

Good! It'll save me the trouble of repeating myself. He's not fucking driving you!

JESS

Listen to me, Bobby. This is my job. It puts a roof over me and my daughter and you for as long as you want to stay.

BOBBY

I want you to quit.

JESS

Look at the bills. I can't. I'm not gonna put my daughter through what I went through.

BOBBY

I'll support you.

JESS

With what?

BOBBY

Max offered to stake me.

JESS

Yeah, well Max offers a lot of things. And I got news for you. He's not the sweet old man you think he is.

She crosses to the door, abruptly ending the discussion.
Bobby grabs her.

BOBBY

She needs a family. A dad. I'll give
her what you never had.

JESS

Don't get my hopes up. If I quit,
what then? I can't go through this
again.

She leaves the bedroom.

INT. FRONT ROOM - JESSICA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bobby enters to find Horrace eating the pasta and feeding
Chloe the grilled cheese.

HORRACE

C'mon girl. Eat up.

BOBBY

Get away from her.

HORRACE

(not backing down)

Excuse –

JESS

(interrupts the
conflict)

C'mon, Ho. We're late.

HORRACE

Yeah. We got money to make. See you
around, Bobby. You make a good
puttanesca. Mmmmm-mmmm. You should
make that shit for a living.

They leave. Bobby looks at Chloe, who spits out the cheese
sandwich.

FADE OUT:

The DIALOGUE PRELAPS over a BLACK SCREEN...

MAX

This is the last time I speak to either of you in person about work related matters. All of our interactions in the future will be social. If you have any questions about anything work related, you will direct them to Ruiz. He has my full confidence.

FADE UP on...

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - VAN NUYS - DAY

Max sits behind his desk as he briefs Bobby and Ricky. Bobby wears sweats. Ricky wears a suit. Max speaks with a directness suggesting gravity. He lays down two MANILA ENVELOPES. The two guys pick them up.

MAX

Everything you need or need to know is in these envelopes. Do not –

Ricky starts to tear his envelope open.

MAX

open the envelopes until you have left this office.

Ricky sheepishly draws a length of scotch tape from Max's desk set dispenser.

Mid-pull, he becomes self-conscious and asks for permission.

RICKY

Can I borrow a piece of –

MAX

Go ahead. Open the fuckin things. You should each find fifteen hundred –

They tear open the envelopes. Ricky's flies apart, sending a stack of crisp new Franklin HUNDREDS falling from the air

like a New England autumn morning.

MAX

dollars in c-notes, a numeric pager,
a double-A battery, and a first class
round-trip ticket to JFK.

RICKY

We're going to New York?

MAX

(with detectable
condescension)

Yes. You're going to New York.

RICKY

And the money. Where do we bring the
money?

MAX

That money is your per diem.

RICKY

And where do we bring it?

BOBBY

It's ours.

RICKY

To keep?

MAX

Yes, for expenses and such. Now,
you'll be contacted on your pager as
to where you should go. You each
have been given an extra battery, so
there is absolutely no excuse as to
why a page would not be immediately
returned. Am I making myself
abundantly clear?

BOBBY

Yeah.

RICKY

Yeah.

MAX

You will not carry any other pagers with you. You will not carry anything, for that matter, that I have not just given you.

RICKY

Keys.

MAX

What?

RICKY

What about my keys?

MAX

You can carry your keys. You will not mention my name or imply that you are in my employ. You will not speak to anyone while you are working. When you are not working, you are considered to be 'on call' and available twenty-four hours a day. This means you will not get drunk or do anything that will prevent you from operating in a professional manner. There is already a number in your pager's memory. It is a car service. When they ask you what account, you will respond: 'Cardiff Giant.' They will pick you up and take you anywhere you need to go. In other words, there is no reason why you should not reach any destination that you will be called upon to reach within fifteen minutes. Do you see a pattern forming?

RICKY

Yes.

BOBBY

Yes.

MAX
What is it?

BOBBY
You want –

MAX
Not you. I want Ricky to answer.

RICKY
I get it.

MAX
Tell me.

RICKY
Don't worry. I get it.

MAX
So tell me how it is.

RICKY
You want... Why are you picking on me?

MAX
Because you lost my fucking carpet cleaning van and I don't like you.

BOBBY
I already told you, I parked it for five minutes and I locked it with the club –

BOBBY
(interrupts)
You want us to be wherever you want us to be, ASAP, no questions asked.

MAX
Yes. Goodbye.

RICKY
So, wait, what are we dropping off?

MAX
Goodbye.

INT. LAX - DAY

One of those cool over cranked tracking shots of the two guys walking purposefully that means we're really getting down to business now. A cool song is playing. Ricky and Bobby each hold a manila envelope.

INT. SECURITY CHECK - LAX - DAY

Bobby lays his envelope on the x-ray conveyor belt. He walks through the metal detector. He passes the check.

Ricky does the same. The ALARM goes off. Bobby looks concerned. Ricky pulls a ring of KEYS and drops it in the tray with a look to Bobby. Bobby looks relieved. Ricky is dressed to the nines: Dark blazer over a dark sweater. Bobby, more casual, wears dark slacks, a dark shirt and a gold horn around his neck.

INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN - UNITED AIRLINES 777 - DAY

They check their boarding stubs and sit in the plush first class seats in the almost empty cabin.

RICKY
Holy shit. Can you believe this?

BOBBY
Pretty nice.

RICKY
See, man. Maxie fuckin takes care of you when you're in. Beats cleaning carpets.

BOBBY
What's the movie?

RICKY
I'll get the girl.

BOBBY

Nah, don't bother –

Ricky rings the service chime. An attractive young FLIGHT ATTENDANT arrives. She has a tray of champagne and orange juice.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(turning off the
service light)

Champagne or orange juice?

Ricky takes a champagne. She smiles and walks away. He stops mid-gulp and rings the bell again. She turns with a smile.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(turning off the
service light)

Yes?

RICKY

Yeah, uh, what's the movie?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

It's in your copy of Hemispheres. I believe it's Mickey Blue Eyes.

RICKY

Ugh...

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

I'll get you the list of videos, if you don't mind, I'll offer the other passengers a beverage.

RICKY

Yeah, sure. How much are they?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

How much is what?

RICKY

The videos.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

You're up front. Everything's free
up here.

She smiles. He smiles. She walks away. He rings the bell
again. She returns with a strained smile.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
(turning off the
service light)
Yes?

RICKY
Drinks are free, right?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Yes.
(waits)
Would you care for another one?

RICKY
Yes.

He takes another champagne and she crosses to leave. He calls
after her.

RICKY
I'll have a Cutty on the rocks.

She smiles and walks away.

RICKY
You hear that? You can drink as much
as you want up here.

BOBBY
We're not supposed to get drunk.
We're on call.

RICKY
Unless we're supposed to whack out
the fuckin' pilot, I don't think
we're gonna have to work in the next
five hours.

BOBBY

I don't want to show up hammered.
We're supposed to be representing
Max.

RICKY

Oh, I'll represent alright.

He rings the bell.

BOBBY

Cut that shit out.

She returns.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Yes.

RICKY

Where do you live?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(strained politeness)

Excuse me.

RICKY

Where do you live?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

I operate out of the Chicago O'Hare
hub. Can I help you with anything
else?

RICKY

Yeah. Me and my boy here are gonna
be in New York overnight. I want you
to pass the word around to the honeys
back in business class that you all
got plans for tonight. I'm talkin' a
California style, Tupac, gangster
pool party back at the hotel. And
make that drink a double.

She stares at him for a BEAT.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Listen, asshole, I don't care if you're the Sultan of Brunei, no man talks to me like that. Now you can either learn some manners or I can make a formal complaint to the airport authorities and we can sort this out while you're waiting stand-by for the next flight to Kennedy.

She walks away. He turns off the bell light.

INT. JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NEW YORK - DAY

The PASSENGERS file off the plane and out of the gate. Bobby walks out purposefully. Ricky staggers slightly. He got his money's worth. Bobby checks his pager and Ricky scans the crowd through his buzz.

BOBBY

Shit. No new pages. I don't even know where the fuck we're supposed to go.

RICKY

Maybe we should call for a cab.

BOBBY

No. Look. There.

A hulking Italian DRIVER holds up a sign reading 'CARDIFF GIANT.'

BOBBY

'Cardiff Giant.' That's us.

RICKY

You sure?

BOBBY

Yeah. He said that's our account with the car service.

They approach the driver.

BOBBY

Hi. I, uh, think that's us.

JIMMY

Hi. I'm Jimmy.

BOBBY

Bobby.

RICKY

Ricky.

JIMMY

Soho Grand, right?

BOBBY

What's that?

JIMMY

You're going to the Soho Grand hotel,
right?

BOBBY

I'm not sure. All I know is the
account is Cardiff Giant.

JIMMY

(smiles)

Yeah. You're staying at the Soho
Grand. You got anything checked?

BOBBY

Nah.

JIMMY

Traveling light. I like that.

RICKY

Is it nice?

JIMMY

The Soho Grand?

RICKY

Yeah.

JIMMY
You're from LA, right?

RICKY
Yeah.

JIMMY
You'll love it.

EXT. LIVERY STAND - JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY -
CONTINUOUS

Jimmy walks them out and up to a black STRETCH LIMO. He opens the door. Ricky's eyes light up.

RICKY
Holy shit.

The flight attendant who told Ricky off rolls her overnight bag past them. Ricky can't help himself. He calls after her...

RICKY
You missed out, lady! We're staying at the Soho Grand! I'd give you a ride in my limo, but I gotta stretch my shit out.

She ignores him.

INT. LIMOUSINE - QUEENS - DAY

They ride in the back. Ricky fucks with the buttons.

RICKY
So whenever we want...

JIMMY
Yeah. Grab one of the cards behind you. Call that number. It's my cell.

RICKY
So you're our own private guy?

JIMMY
I handle most of Cardiff Giant's

stuff.

RICKY

You know my pager number?

JIMMY

No. What is it?

RICKY

I don't know. I thought you might.
Any idea what the job is?

JIMMY

The 'job?' Alls I know is I'm taking
you to the Soho Grand.

BOBBY

Where is the Soho Grand?

JIMMY

Soho.

EXT. LIMOUSINE - QUEENS - MONTAGE - DAY

The LIMO drives past a vista of the luminescent SKYLINE.
The lights twinkle through the highway emissions. The
SOUNDTRACK takes a decidedly carnivorous, urban turn.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - STREETS MONTAGE (CONT.) -
DAY INTO DUSK

The limo drives through the streets of the city. Steam comes
out of a manhole cover (if we can afford it).

EXT. SOHO GRAND HOTEL - SOHO - GOLDEN HOUR - DUSK

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the trendy architectural hotel. The
limo pulls up.

INT. SOHO GRAND HOTEL - SOHO - NIGHT

Nice lobby.

INT. BOBBY'S SUITE - SOHO GRAND HOTEL - SAME

A young black BELLMAN walks Bobby into his suite. They are followed by Ricky. The room is beautiful. Blonde wood paneling is offset by black and white photos of New York's past. Modern furniture and a mirrored wet bar give the suite a luxurious feel.

BELLMAN

...And here is the key to the mini-bar. Room and tax has been picked up by Cardiff Giant, as well as one fifty in incidentals.

RICKY

What's 'incidentals?'

BELLMAN

Phone, room service, mini-bar. Any additional expense. If you need anything you can push the button marked 'Concierge', and they'll be able to help you.

BOBBY

Thanks.

He hands the bellman a tip. He then pulls out a card key and beckons Ricky.

Bobby dials phone.

BELLMAN

Now, Mr. Slade, you're in room 315.

RICKY

Just give me the key. I'm gonna stay here.

BELLMAN

Yes, sir.

RICKY

Is it a good room?

BELLMAN

I can take you down there.

RICKY

Just tell me. Wait, here... Do you have change of a hundred?

BELLMAN

Not on me, sir.

RICKY

Here. Take it. Bring me back eighty.

BELLMAN

Are you sure?

RICKY

Yeah. Take it.

BELLMAN

Thank you very much, sir.

RICKY

So?

BELLMAN

What, sir?

RICKY

Is it the good room?

BELLMAN

All the suites are about the same.

RICKY

Come on. Just tell me. It'll save all the trouble of you showing me all the rooms.

BELLMAN

Honestly, the suites are all about the same.

RICKY

What if I gave you forty?

BELLMAN

It's as good a suite as we have,
unless you want two bedrooms.

RICKY

No. That's cool. Bring me back eighty.

BELLMAN

Thank you, sir.

RICKY

Where's the place to go tonight?

BELLMAN

As far as...?

RICKY

Nightlife. Where's the hot ass?

BELLMAN

Women?

RICKY

Yeah 'women.' If I was a fag I could
get laid in a subway.

BELLMAN

I don't know, Forum's pretty hot
tonight. It might be hard to get in,
though.

RICKY

Don't worry about me getting in.
Just tell me where it is.

BELLMAN

It's on West Broadway.

RICKY

See you later.

BOBBY

Yeah, take care.

BELLMAN

Thanks again. I'll bring up your

change.

The bellman leaves.

BOBBY

Hi girls, It's Bobby. I'm here safe and sound. I'm just calling to say I love you. I'd leave my number, but you know you can't call me here, so I'll try you later. Uncle Ricky wants to say hi...

(he won't)

He says hi. Be home soon. Love you. Bye bye.

(hangs up)

Why don't you want to say hi? She likes you.

Ricky dials the phone.

BOBBY

Who you calling?

RICKY

Shhh... Hello, room service?

BOBBY

C'mon, man...

RICKY

Yeah, bring up two burgers and a couple of Heinekens. I'm in room... How'd you know? Oh. Yeah. How long? Cool.

BOBBY

How much is it?

RICKY

How much? Okay. Make it fifteen minutes and you can add on a ten dollar tip. Bye.

BOBBY

How much was it?

RICKY

Forty-six.

BOBBY

Jesus, man. Plus ten?

RICKY

Yeah, I guess.

BOBBY

Great. On my fucking room.

RICKY

Relax. You got one-fifty. You heard the guy.

BOBBY

Ricky, who knows how long we're gonna have to be here. We gotta make it last.

RICKY

Fine. I'll put it on my room. Okay?

BOBBY

Don't worry about it. Just be smart.

RICKY

But let me tell you, man, I don't like your attitude already.

BOBBY

Oh really. Why's that?

RICKY

We just got moved up in the world. You gotta let go of that blue collar mentality that was drummed into your head. You gotta start owning it man, or they'll smell you a mile away like a cheap suit.

BOBBY

Who's gonna smell me a mile away?

RICKY

Don't play dumb. You know what I'm talking about.

He picks up the phone and pulls out Jimmy's card. Bobby hangs up.

BOBBY

What are you doing?

RICKY

What are you doing?

BOBBY

I know you're not calling Jimmy.

RICKY

As a matter of fact I was. You got a problem with that?

BOBBY

We're here representing Max. You're acting like a Puerto Rican on the fifteenth of the month.

RICKY

You think Maxie doesn't want us to roll hard? Why do you think he gave us all this bread? Or the number on the pager? We gotta represent him by showing some class. The man's got an operation. How does it reflect on him if we nickel and dime it?

He dials. Bobby hangs up.

BOBBY

It's on West Broadway. We can walk.

RICKY

Well, I don't want to walk.

Ricky starts to dial. Bobby takes the CARD and RIPS IT UP.

RICKY
Motherfucker!

Ricky DIVES on Bobby, and a huge ugly BRAWL begins.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORUM - SOHO - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Ricky and Bobby stand side by side at the front of the line as Ricky tries to talk his way past the velvet rope. They look horrible. All their cuts have reopened, their faces are swollen, and their only set of clothes are now disheveled and torn. Ricky talks a steady stream of bullshit, but the DOORMAN will have none of it.

RICKY

...How 'bout Jimmy? You know Jimmy the driver? Cardiff Giant? You ever deal with them? Cardiff Giant?

CUT TO:

INT. THE CUPPING ROOM - SOHO - NIGHT

Ricky and Bobby are poured tea by a frilly SERVER. A LONG BEAT of SILENCE.

RICKY

Horseshit. 'Try the China Club. 'Fuck you, asshole. I think it was a fag bar. Didn't it look like a fag bar.

BEEBEEBEEBEEP

...They look at each other. BOTH of their PAGERS are going off simultaneously...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET PAYPHONE - ACROSS THE STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

They run up to a phone stand. An HISPANIC KID is on it. They wait and listen as he talks baby-talk with his woman.

BOBBY
Hello? Shit...

Taptaptap... No dial tone. He lifts the receiver higher. The wires have been RIPPED OUT of the base. They look at the next phone. An HISPANIC KID is on it. They wait and listen as he talks baby-talk with his woman.

HISPANIC KID
Yeah... Mmmm, that sounds good...
Uhu...

BOBBY
Excuse me, we need to make a call.

HISPANIC KID
I'm on the phone.

BOBBY
It's important.

HISPANIC KID
So's this.
(in phone)
Hey baby... Oh, nothing. What were you saying?

BOBBY
Listen, man, we really gotta...

HISPANIC KID
I be off in a minute.
(phone)
Say again...?

Ricky GRABS THE RECEIVER and BEATS HIM across the head with it. The poor kid falls out of frame, and Ricky yells into the phone...

RICKY
He'll call back!

He hangs up and they both fumble with their pagers and pockets. Bobby puts in a quarter...

BOBBY

Shit. It's thirty-five cents. You got a dime?

RICKY

Fuck...

He looks down to the kid out of frame.

RICKY

You got a dime, bro?

INT. LIMOUSINE - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

The two banged-up Angelenos clean themselves up in the fold-down vanity mirrors. Jimmy is their driver.

BOBBY

So, Jimmy, you know where this address is?

JIMMY

Yeah. I'll find it. It's in Harlem.

BOBBY

Harlem? What is it, a restaurant?

JIMMY

You don't know where you're going?

BOBBY

No. Just the cross streets.

JIMMY

Well, this is the corner.

The limo settles on a desolate street in Harlem. There is nothing going on.

JIMMY

I can wait around if you want.

BOBBY

No. That's cool, man.

They get out and the limo leaves.

EXT. STREET CORNER - HARLEM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

They stand outside. They look awful. They look with curiosity as cars pass. Ricky lights a cigarette.

RICKY

What exactly did they say?

BOBBY

They said a hundred thirty-fifth and Twelfth.

RICKY

They didn't say an address?

BOBBY

I told you what they said.

RICKY

Nothing else.

BOBBY

Nothing.

RICKY

How'd they know who you were?

BOBBY

They asked who it was.

RICKY

So they said more than the address.

BOBBY

No. They asked who I was, then told me what corner.

RICKY

This is bullshit, man.

BOBBY

What the fuck do you...

A BROUGHAM slowly passes. They pause. It goes.

BOBBY

What the fuck do you have to complain about?

RICKY

Don't even start.

BOBBY

No. Tell me. What's so fucking horrible about this gig? You've been crawling up my ass for six months to get your name on Maxie's list, and here we are.

RICKY

Look, man, I never met Ruiz, okay? I don't know what the fuck I'm picking up, what the fuck I'm dropping off, who the fuck I'm meeting. All I know is Maxie's still pissed at me cause I sold his fucking van.

BOBBY

You sold it? I thought they stole it.

RICKY

Sold it, stole it, whatever...

BOBBY

Motherfucker...

RICKY

Oh, give me a break. Don't tell me you feel bad for the guy.

BOBBY

You gotta be kidding me. I vouched for you.

RICKY

Relax. I'll do right by him. You

know that.

BOBBY

You just don't fucking get it, do you?

RICKY

You know he fucks all his girls, don't you?

BOBBY

What the fuck is that supposed –

RICKY

I mean, that's what I heard –

BOBBY

You got something to say –

Bobby grabs him, and is about to start another scrap, when the distant roar of a fleet of JAPANESE SUPER BIKES draws near. The pack screams up to the duo.

There are a dozen black men, on Ninjas, and they all wear black Nazi-style helmets.

The two men freeze, and the bikes settle in around them. One BIKER pulls up to Bobby.

BIKER

They flew you all the way out here to cook me up some fuckin puttanesca?

Bobby recognizes the biker is Horrace, from LA. He is relieved, but not pleased.

RICKY

You know this guy?

BOBBY

His names Horrace. Horrace, this is Ricky Slade.

HORRACE

What's up. You all ready to meet

Ruiz?

BOBBY

Yeah. Where is he?

Horrace throws him a helmet.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARLEM STREETS - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Bobby now rides bitch behind Ho, and Ricky clutches the back of a buff shirtless BROTHER. The bikes rip down the uptown streets with a ferocity that scares pedestrians. An urban drum track rattles the SOUNDTRACK.

EXT. LITTLE ITALY - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

The horde of bikers rumble under a red, white, and green banner strung from street lamps marking the start of Italian turf. The businesses are all closed or closing.

Looks are drawn from locals as the outsiders chug by at a respectful trawl.

EXT. LUNA RESTAURANT - LITTLE ITALY - NIGHT

The pack pulls away leaving only Bobby, Ricky, and Horrace.

Ho leans his Ninja to rest next to a custom Buell Harley-Davidson cafe racer.

Bobby can't help but stare at the rare piece of machinery. They enter.

INT. LUNA RESTAURANT - LITTLE ITALY - CONTINUOUS

The restaurant is now closed, but RUIZ sits in a rear booth on a Nokia. He is a slim, young black man with a tight round fro. He wears a rolex, but, other than that, nothing flashy. He's wearing dark Gucci slacks, a black pullover crew-neck shirt, and a black, red and orange racing leather jacket. He must have pull here, because 'Between the Sheets' is playing over the stereo of this bare-bones, Italian eatery.

RUIZ

(on cell)

Nah, man. Nah. Too risky. I don't like it... I want out... It's too risky... Listen, man, we made a lot of money together on this one, but it's over. Shit's gonna come down... Well, then, you got my blessing. I'm selling my end. This internet shit's too volatile. I'll keep my block of Microsoft, but I'm taking profits on Yahoo and all the portal stocks. The bubble's gonna pop, man... Alright, peace.

The three men approach Ruiz's table.

RUIZ

That's it? This is Maxie's cavalry?
Who the fuck swole you up like that?

Bobby and Ricky both point to each other.

RUIZ

Shit. If that shit don't beat all.
Maxie sent me two fuckin broke ass swole up guineas from the West side. I coulda signed up some hard local guineas for beer money. Ain't that right, Leo?

LEO, the white-haired Italian waiter nods in agreement.

LEO

Sure. You boys want anything?

RUIZ

Yeah, bring us four fernet.

LEO

Four fernet.

RICKY

No. I'll take a strega.

RUIZ

What, motherfucker? You drinking
'the witch' after dinner?

RICKY

Yeah. That fernet tastes like tar.
My grandfather tried to give me that.

RUIZ

Some fuckin guineas he sent me. It's
midnight and the motherfucker's
ordering an apertif.

RICKY

It's a digestif.

LEO

Strega's an apertif.

RICKY

Fine. Bring me a Cynar.

RUIZ

Nigger, please. Don't even order
that artichoke shit. West side
guineas. Forget the drinks, Leo. We
gotta roll. What do I owe you?

LEO

We're square.

RUIZ

Thanks, man. You need anything, you
call.

LEO

Thanks.

RUIZ

You rode?

HORRACE

Yeah.

RUIZ

(hits speed dial)
Jimmy? Ruiz. Pick up Maxie's guineas
at LUNA and bring them to Spa.

(hangs up)
Jimmy's bringing the car around. Me
and Ho rode sleds. We'll meet you at
Spa in the VIP room.

RICKY
Where's Spa.

HORRACE
Jimmy knows. 13th Street. We'll meet
you there.

They leave. Ricky and Bobby sit and wait. Ricky addresses
Leo after they kick their bikes.

RICKY
How do you like that fucking
moulinyan?

LEO
Maybe you two should wait out front.

INT. LIMOUSINE - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Ricky and Bobby sit in the back as Jimmy drives them.

RICKY
This shit's sketchy. Why do they
drop us in the middle of nowhere to
have the guy we're supposed to meet
come meet us just to tell us we have
to meet the same guy somewhere else?

BOBBY
I don't know.

RICKY
Well, I thought you understood and I
was just missing it.

BOBBY
Missing what? He didn't say shit.

RICKY

Yeah, but you know Horrace. What did you get off him?

BOBBY

What did I 'get?'

RICKY

Yeah. What vibe?

BOBBY

I detected no vibe other than that Ruiz thinks you're a fucking idiot.

RICKY

Yo, fuck him, man. Calling us guineas...

BOBBY

What do you give a shit what he calls us? He's not our friend. Let's just get this shit over with and go home. What's this place we're going to, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Spa?

BOBBY

Yeah.

JIMMY

Depends what night.

RICKY

A lot of Persians?

JIMMY

Not usually. Mostly Trustafarians.

BOBBY

'Trustafarians?'

JIMMY

You know, white kids with trust funds acting like they're poor. Keeping it real. Know what I mean?

RICKY

I call 'em wiggers.

JIMMY

Different.

BOBBY

This Ruiz guy, what's his deal?

JIMMY

Don't know much. I hear he runs a tight ship.

BOBBY

Yeah?

JIMMY

Understand me?

BOBBY

Yeah.

RICKY

(quiet)

So is this the drop?

BOBBY

Like I said, I don't know.

RICKY

He woulda told us right?

BOBBY

You would think.

EXT. SPA - 13TH STREET - NIGHT

A horrifying line has formed as New York's best and beautiful primp and peck their way to the door. The rope is three-deep and three DOORMEN coordinate the traffic patterns. The limo settles in and a HOMELESS MAN opens the door in hope of a

tip. Jimmy steps in his way as Bobby and Ricky, in tattered clothes, move toward a big white DOORMAN in an oversized hat. They fight their way past the other people who are fighting their way past the line.

RICKY

(responding to
irritated looks)

Watch out, man. Sorry. I'm on the
list, man.

(to the doorman)

Hey, bro.

DOORMAN

The line's over there.

RICKY

Yeah, but, we're good. You know what
I mean?

DOORMAN

How is it you're good? You on a list?

RICKY

Yeah. Ricky Slade.

DOORMAN

(to doorman with
clipboard)

You see a Ricky Slade?

The doorman with a clipboard checks and shakes his head.

RICKY

Cardiff Giant?

DOORMAN

What?

RICKY

Cardiff Giant. Just check.

DOORMAN

Maybe you wanna try the China Club.

RICKY
Again with the fucking China Club!
What do I look like a fucking Persian
to you?

DOORMAN
(firm)
Hey. I'm half Lebanese.

BOBBY
We're with Ruiz.

DOORMAN
Ruiz isn't here.

BOBBY
We're supposed to meet him here. Is
Ruiz on the list?

DOORMAN
Ruiz is always on the list. He just
ain't here, though.

BOBBY
Can you check?

DOORMAN
He's not here.

While they're waiting, the actor who played SCREECH on 'Saved
By the Bell', now in his twenties, walks by and is let through
the rope with a handshake.

DOORMAN
What's up, man.

SCREECH
S'up.

DOORMAN
You look big, man. Diesel. You been
lifting?

SCREECH
A little.

DOORMAN

You look good, man.

SCREECH

Cool. See you later.

DOORMAN

Cool.

Ricky can't believe his eyes.

RICKY

Did you see that shit? Motherfucker.

(to doorman)

You let in fucking Screech, dude?

I'm waiting and you let in Screech?

DOORMAN

He's on the list.

RICKY

(hot)

Show me. Show me where it says Screech
on the fucking list.

This altercation is cut short by the arrival of Ruiz and
Horrace. The Red Sea parts as they approach the door.

DOORMAN

What's up, bro? You look big, man,
you been lifting?

RUIZ

A little. How's it going tonight?

DOORMAN

Shit's off the chain. These two say
they're with you.

RUIZ

Yeah.

DOORMAN

Alright. These two are good.

He opens the rope. Bobby shakes his hand.

DOORMAN

Sorry, man, but...

BOBBY

Thanks a lot. Don't worry about it.

DOORMAN

Any time, bro.

BOBBY

Thanks.

Ricky walks by and throws him a look like he just stuck it in.

INT. SPA - 13TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

Bobby and Ricky are lead into the club and past a window and another set of ropes.

Their hands are stamped several times representing the highest level of security clearance. They file down a staircase and into one common area where hip-hop plays and people dance. Ruiz and Horrace touch hands with an endless stream of ACQUAINTANCES. They pass a myriad of rooms and seating areas, then down a narrow corridor where they encounter yet another DOORMAN who waves them past a CLUMP of VIP hopefuls. They trot down a short bank of stairs and into...

INT. VIP AREA - SPA - CONTINUOUS

...a series of passageways furnished like a French parlor. Lithe MODELS sit amongst Dreadlocked white boys. After yet another bar, the crowd vomits into a cavernous bomb shelter. A pulsing dance floor is surrounded by a series of couches and coffee tables, representing the private seating areas. At the far end of the room is an elevated stage with a DJ and a banner reading 'GRANDMASTER FLASH'. The party is greeted by a male club PROMOTER. He hugs Ruiz. With the slightest of nods, the party is lead to the prime table with a table tent marked 'RESERVED.' They sit down as a beautiful MODEL/WAITRESS brings two buckets of champagne and fluted glasses. Bobby

and Ricky try to hide how impressed they are as they look at each other. GIRLS on the dance floor throw priceless looks toward their table. Ricky raises a glass to one. Ruiz finally looks at them and leans in. He's spotted someone.

RUIZ

That's him. Now you all know the drill, right?

BOBBY

What drill?

RICKY

We don't know any drill. Nobody told us anything.

RUIZ

Maxie told you to keep your mouth shut while you're working, right?

BOBBY

Yeah.

RICKY

So we're working?

RUIZ

What the fuck you think, I wanna 'hang' with you motherfuckers? Yeah you're working. And put down the champagne.

RICKY

She poured it for –

RUIZ

Far as she knows you're John Gotti. Now put the shit down and act like you got some ass.

Ruiz gets up and crosses to a BRITISH looking GUY across the room. They watch.

BOBBY

He making the drop?

HORRACE

Nah, man. He's just making contact.
That's our man. The Welsh guy.

BOBBY

What's his name?

HORRACE

Ruiz don't like using names on cell
phones. He refers to him as the Red
Dragon.

BOBBY

So, when's the drop.

HORRACE

To be honest, man, I don't know shit
either. All I know is it ain't drugs
and it ain't now.

RICKY

How do you know it's not drugs?

HORRACE

Maxie knows I don't go near drugs. I
did a minute in Quentin for possession
with intent. And it ain't now cause
he woulda told me.

RICKY

You strapped?

HORRACE

(confused)
'Strapped?'

RICKY

It means you got a gun?

HORRACE

I know what 'strapped' means,
motherfucker. What the fuck you think
this shit is? '21 Jump Street?'
(notices)

Cool out, they're coming back. Just throw up your screw face and don't speak unless spoken to.

They settle in and Ruiz comes back with the WELSHMAN. They're both laughing.

RUIZ

Here, man, sit down.

WELSHMAN

(breaking the tension)

I see you brought along the rogues gallery.

RUIZ

Not really. Just some friends from out West. This is Ho, Bobby, and Rick.

He shakes their hands, keeping it light.

WELSHMAN

And here I thought you flew in some out of town muscle. How's it going, men?

RICKY

So, you must be the Red Dragon.

This draws GLARES from Ruiz, Ho, and especially Bobby. After an uncomfortable pause, the Welshman breaks the tension with laughter.

WELSHMAN

Well, that's news to me. The name's Tom.

RICKY

Mmmm-hmm. Where's the, uh, 'Dragon's lair?' Where do you live?

WELSHMAN

Edinburgh.

RICKY
And where might that be?

WELSHMAN
Scotland.

RICKY
Well, word on the street is you're
Welsh.

WELSHMAN
I am.

RICKY
A rose by any other name would –

RUIZ
(changing the subject)
Come here, there's someone I want
you to meet. You like big tiddies?

WELSHMAN
Well, who doesn't?

They walk off. Ruiz sneaks a glare.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE - IN FRONT OF SPA - 13TH STREET - NIGHT

Ricky and Bobby are being lectured by Ruiz, who sits across
from them next to Horrace.

RUIZ
What the fuck was you told? Don't
talk, right?

RICKY
Unless spoken to, ain't that right,
Horrace. Didn't you say that?

HORRACE
Don't drag my ass into this –

RICKY

He spoke to me. You want me to dis him?

RUIZ

'Dis?' 'Dis?' You're not in a position to 'dis', or 'give props', or whatever your Real World sense of fucking decorum tells you to do. You're nothing. You're wallpaper. You're not here to make fucking friends. Asking a motherfucker where he lives. And who the fuck told you 'Red Dragon'?

BOBBY

We get it. We're sorry.

RUIZ

Now that Limey motherfucker's jumpy and wants to change shit around on me. Maxie's gonna shit a Nokia when he hears about... Aw, shit, I better call him before he hears.

Ruiz pulls out his cell phone and steps out, slamming the door.

HORRACE

I'm not saying shit to neither of you.

RICKY

Why? What I say bad?

HORRACE

What the fuck, 'Red Dragon?'

RICKY

What? Why am I bad?

BOBBY

How bad is it?

HORRACE

It's bad. Before you even showed up,

he said you were Maxie's 'token goons', and not to be trusted. He wanted to TCB alone. I was gonna ride shotgun to keep the English dude above board. Now he's spooked. This shit's snowballing.

BOBBY

When's it going down?

HORRACE

Was gonna be tomorrow morning. Now, who knows?

BOBBY

Shit.

Outside, Ruiz starts his bike. Horrache slides out.

HORRACE

See you later.

RICKY

You really in trouble?

HORRACE

Stop.

RICKY

I'll tell him someone else told me.

HORRACE

Just don't ask me no more shit.

Horrache closes the door and starts his bike. They ride off.

BOBBY

You happy?

RICKY

About what?

BOBBY

Why you gotta make everything difficult?

RICKY
You too?

BOBBY
Yeah, me too. You're a fucking bull
in a china shop.

RICKY
Fuck this.

He opens the door.

BOBBY
Where do you think you're going?

RICKY
Back in.

BOBBY
You fucking nuts?

RICKY
Work's over. I'm gonna party.

BOBBY
You can't go in there. They know
you're with Ruiz.

RICKY
You got that right.

BOBBY
Fuck you. Go then. I'm taking the
car.

RICKY
Fine.

Ricky walks past the line with a handshake. Bobby sits,
staring forward.

JIMMY
Where to?

CUT TO:

INT. VIP AREA - SPA - NIGHT

Ricky sits in their booth surrounded by young hot GOLD DIGGERS. Two WOMEN are already part of the fun: BIANCA and CYNTHIA, who we will get to later. They are dressed Manhattan fabulous. Bobby approaches, a wet blanket on two legs.

RICKY

Look who's back? Want some champagne?

BOBBY

(to waitress)

Do not put this on Ruiz's tab. Start a new one.

RICKY

Damn right. Bring us two bottles of Dom Champs and here, take fifty in case I call you bitch later when I'm drunk.

(she goes)

Siddown, motherfucker.

(he pours him a glass
and toasts)

'Sex and paychecks.'

They all clink.

EXT. DOWNTOWN NEW YORK - MONTAGE - NIGHT

Shots at the bar. With chicks.

RICKY

So, wait, you're from where?

BIANCA

Manhattan.

RICKY

You girls aren't from Brooklyn or anything?

BIANCA

No.

CYNTHIA

I swear to God, we live in Manhattan.

EXT. DOWNTOWN NEW YORK - NIGHT

Staggering through the streets of downtown with a string of WOMEN in tow, including Bianca and Cynthia. Laughs and cigarettes. A bottle snuck out of a bar.

INT. NEW YORK BAR - NIGHT

Another BAR. A magnum of champagne empty and jammed nose-down into an ice bucket.

RICKY

I don't get it. What do you do?

BIANCA

We're in Fashion.

RICKY

So you're models?

CYNTHIA

We rep lines? You know? Fashion?

RICKY

And you grew up in Manhattan?

CYNTHIA

Kinda. Yeah.

RICKY

What do you mean 'kinda?'

BIANCA

You ever heard of Whitestone?

EXT. STREET - NEAR SOHO GRAND - NIGHT

A new bevy of LADIES, but still Bianca and Cynthia. Drunk. Drinking more. Vampires watch the sun rise. They skulk into...

EXT. SOHO GRAND HOTEL - SOHO - DAWN

Ricky and Bobby are hammered and lead Bianca, Cynthia and an EXOTIC GIRL into their hotel.

INT. RICKY'S SUITE - SOHO GRAND HOTEL - DAWN

CLOSE on a FISHBOWL as the group of partiers are seen through the glass playing grabass.

INT. RICKY'S SUITE - SOHO GRAND HOTEL - SOHO - DAWN

The place is a mess. Room service is all over the place.

Bianca, Cynthia, the Asian coat check girl, and Bobby sit in the squalid living area as Ricky enters from the toilet zipping his fly.

RICKY

I don't know about you guys, but I'm starting to feel a really sexual vibe here.

BIANCA

What happened? I thought we were playing Truth or Dare.

RICKY

Look at, ladies. I could sit here and take turns throwing skittles at your ass all night. But I feel what you guys are putting out there. I'm only a mirror reflecting what I'm getting from you. And I'm saying yes to it. I'm shaking hands with it. I see the road that you're pointing down and I'm saying I'll ride shotgun. And when your foot slams on the accelerator, I won't get scared. I'll stand up and let the wind blow through my long blonde hair. With my summer dress clinging to my bosom yelling 'Faster, Billy! Faster! Drive faster! Faster yet – !'

Ricky is CUT OFF by Bianca's CELL PHONE blowing up. She answers.

BIANCA

Hello... She doesn't want to talk to you... No... I don't have to ask her. Let it go, Sean.

Cynthia grabs the phone.

CYNTHIA

Will you leave me alone, already...?
No, Sean, it's over... I don't care...
As a matter of fact, I am... Yeah.
In his hotel room...

BIANCA

(can't believe she
said it)
Holy shit.

CYNTHIA

I'm having fun, Sean. Can you handle that...? Yeah. He doesn't judge me.

RICKY

I don't wear a white wig, I don't carry a gavel.

CYNTHIA

That's a good idea, maybe I will!

BIANCA

Are you alright.

She hangs up.

RICKY

Now you girls wait here. I got a special surprise.

The girls are all waiting with Bobby as Ricky leaves the room. Bobby does not make any attempt to keep the ball rolling.

Cynthia whispers too loud and drunk.

CYNTHIA

Is he cute?

BIANCA

He's okay.

CYNTHIA

Should I fuck him?

BIANCA

I don't know. Do whatever you want.

CYNTHIA

He's great, right. Is he great?

BIANCA

He's alright.

CYNTHIA

(disappointed)

I know.

BIANCA

(cheerleader)

But maybe that's okay. Maybe that's just what you need.

BOBBY

Can you excuse me for a minute?

Bobby leaves the room. He finds Ricky in a hotel robe filling the BATHTUB.

BOBBY

What the fuck's going on?

RICKY

Dude, get back out there. You gotta help me get them in the hot tub.

(shouts)

Hang on girls! Just get out there. I'll be right out. You know how I do.

BOBBY

Yeah, I know how you do. I know how you do. I've heard your kibbles and bits all fucking night. You've been shaking your ass like an unemployed clown. How the room's a boiling pot of sugar water. How you're gonna dip a string into it and make rockcandy. Who wants to play 'Just the tip?' Dancing around like a smacked ass. Oh, and that coat check girl you've been dragging around as 'insurance' doesn't even speak English.
(leaves)

Ricky checks the water and comes out talking.

RICKY

Okay. We got a lot happening here. Here comes the good part... Okay...

BIANCA

(re: robe)

Somebody's getting comfortable.

CYNTHIA

Where's the surprise?

RICKY

You want your surprise?

CYNTHIA

Yeah. I want it.

RICKY

Well, come on then. It's back here.

Cynthia leaves with Ricky. Bobby is left with Bianca and the Asian coat check girl. Bianca and he are uncomfortable. After a long pause...

BIANCA

You mind if I roll a joint?

Ricky sits in the BATHTUB with a glass of champagne.

RICKY

You want to come splash around.

CYNTHIA

I'm just warning you, I can't swim.

Then... Bianca sparks up. She offers to Bobby, who refuses.

BIANCA

I'm not like her, you know. I mean,
I'm not judging, but I'm more about
my dogs. Do you have dogs? Are you a
dog guy?

CUT TO:

Cynthia lets her towel drop. She dips her toe into the water. Out of nowhere she begins to wail. Back in the main room Bobby, Bianca, and the Asian girl react to the off-screen crying. Cynthia comes rushing out in a bathrobe, bursting with tears. Ricky follows in a towel.

CYNTHIA

I want to leave right now.

RICKY

I didn't do anything –

BOBBY

What the hell did you do?

RICKY

I swear to God, I didn't do anything.

BIANCA

Oh no. What is it this time.

CYNTHIA

We used to take baths together.

BIANCA

Come on. Let's go.

Cynthia calls her boyfriend on the cell phone.

CYNTHIA

Sean? I want you to pick me up... I know. I'm sorry too.

They leave.

BOBBY

What the fuck was that about?

RICKY

She was jonesing for me.

They notice the Asian girl still sitting there in the room. Bobby hands her cab fare and escorts her out.

BOBBY

Here you go, darling. Get home safe.

BEEBEEP... BEEBEEP... Both their pagers go off.

BOBBY

Fuck.

He reaches for the phone. Dials.

BOBBY

Hi.

(mouthes to Ricky)

It's Ruiz.

(phone)

Yeah. So the driver knows where to go? When? We'll be down in five. No, I'll tell him. He's right there.

Bye.

RICKY

What's up?

BOBBY

He wants to see us now.

RICKY

Where?

BOBBY

He said it's being arranged. He said Jimmy will know.

RICKY

We're getting whacked.

BOBBY

We're not getting whacked.

RICKY

Why else you think he won't tell us where the sit down is?

BOBBY

It's not a 'sit down.' He said he's telling us the plan.

Ricky is waving around a STEAK KNIFE from a room service tray, testing the weight and balance.

BOBBY

What are you doing.

RICKY

I got a bad feeling, man. I don't want to go in naked.

BOBBY

You gonna shank him in the shower?

RICKY

Is it so unrealistic to think Ruiz, who doesn't even want us here, is throwing us to the wolves? As an apology? And I don't even know what we're dropping off or picking up –

BOBBY

We're getting ahead of ourselves. We haven't gotten any sleep. Let's just keep our mouths shut and not make any mistakes. Now hurry up and get your shit on so we're not late

and make things worse.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE - MANHATTAN - MORNING

Ricky and Bobby look awful. They have bags under their swollen eyes, gorged stomachs, bruised faces, tattered clothes, and yolk on their chin. Ricky lights a smoke.

BOBBY

Put that shit out...

RICKY

C'mon, man...

BOBBY

I swear to God, I'll fucking puke.

RICKY

(obliging)

Hey, Jimmy, where they taking us?

BOBBY

Yeah. Where they gonna whack us?

Ricky looks at him without an ounce of humor. Jimmy laughs.

JIMMY

If they're whacking you, they're doing it in style.

The limo pulls up to...

EXT. TAVERN ON THE GREEN - CENTRAL PARK - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy lets them out.

INT. TAVERN ON THE GREEN - CENTRAL PARK - MOMENTS LATER

The MAITRE D' leads them past an orgy of a BUFFET. Everything looks sickening to our bloated drunks. The head of a whitefish in particular makes an impression on the boys.

They are lead to a table joining Ruiz and Horrace, who are both dressed appropriately for a society brunch.

RUIZ

Jesus Christ, where the fuck you been all night? You look like you got shit out in the gorilla house.

BOBBY

Good morning.

HORRACE

(laughs)

Good morning.

RUIZ

You think this shit's funny, Ho?

HORRACE

Nah, man...

RUIZ

You think it's funny, motherfucker?

BOBBY

Easy, Ruiz.

A WAITER shows up.

RUIZ

Don't 'easy Ruiz' me. Y'all turned a Easter egg hunt into a butt-fuck-a-thon.

(to waiter)

Bring me four eggs Benedict and a mimosa. You all want mimosas?

BOBBY

(ill)

Nah, man...

RICKY

No...

RUIZ

Four mimosas.

(to guys)

You'll love them. So here's the plan.

I didn't say shit to Maxie, cause the man has acute angina, and I don't want to get him all worked up.

RICKY

He has a cute what...?

BOBBY

A bad heart.

RUIZ

I didn't tell him shit. He worries too much. I love that old Jew, but he's gonna kill himself worrying. We started this shit, and we're gonna finish it.

RICKY

Who's gonna outfit us?

RUIZ

Outfit? What's he talking about?

BOBBY

Nothing, man.

RICKY

You want us strapped, don't you?

RUIZ

Last thing I want is you with a gun.

HORRACE

Word.

BOBBY

What's the plan?

RUIZ

Tom, the Welsh dude –

RICKY

The Red Dragon.

RUIZ

Shut it, man. Shut it. Tom is a square. He don't but dabble in shit. Maxie had me hook up a loan-back with him, through an Austrian passbook account.

RICKY

So, we're talking money laundering...

RUIZ

Will you tell Peter Jennings to shut up and fucking listen. The shit's as routine as you get. I coulda turned it over offshore in a week, but Maxie likes to do it all his way. Safe. I coulda dropped the bag alone. It's only two hundred G's. But he sent you all. So I can either send you home and tell Maxie, or we can flush the toilet one more time and hope it all goes down.

BOBBY

Let's do it.

RICKY

I'm your soldier.

RUIZ

Now listen. The gig couldn't be simpler. You carry the money to the Welshman, he checks it, hands you his marker, you're done. The washed money goes directly to Maxie. Long as you hand off the bag, you're tight.

BOBBY

Where's the drop?

RUIZ

You three are gonna meet him for dinner. Find out if and where. Now

any of you motherfuckers got anything else to say?

RICKY

Yeah.

RUIZ

What?

RICKY

When all this is over and we're not working for Maxie, I'd love to run into you on the street.

(beat of silence)

Why aren't you coming?

RUIZ

That's none of your fucking business.

INT. HALLWAY - TAVERN ON THE GREEN - CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Bobby tries to hold his shit together as he wanders down a mirrored hallway. He arrives at a DOOR. He opens the door to find a...

INT. DINING ROOM - TAVERN ON THE GREEN - CONTINUOUS

...windowless dining room, painted with grotesque greenery. He quickly ducks out.

INT. BATHROOM - TAVERN ON THE GREEN - CENTRAL PARK

Bobby splashes water on his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK ZOO - POLAR BEAR TANK - DAY

Horrace, Bobby and Ricky walk and talk through the picturesque park. Ricky picks at a tuft of cotton candy.

BOBBY

Why isn't Ruiz coming?

HORRACE

This Welsh dude is tripping on Ruiz
cause he's a Shot Caller.

BOBBY

What's that?

HORRACE

A Shot Caller. A boss, a Capo. He's
running shit.

BOBBY

Yeah.

CUT TO another view of the bears.

HORRACE

The Welsh dude, sees all these niggers
in perms and diamonds and shit, he
gets nervous. But you motherfuckers,
he just laughs. All beat up in your
babaloo suit like Fruitpie the
Magician.

RICKY

So we just go eat with him and that's
gonna solve everything?

HORRACE

Dude, you just gotta settle your
shit down. You gotta go and say all
that 'Red Dragon' shit. Make him
think he's on Barretta.

RICKY

Like you were doing any better
shucking and jiving like you were
waiting for wings outside the Quick
and Split.

CUT TO another view of the bears.

BOBBY

So what do we do?

HORRACE

We go and hang out with the dude,
make him happy, drink some tea,
whatever it takes, until he feels
comfortable enough to bring it up on
his own. We make the drop, go home
to California.

BOBBY

Where is this happening?

HORRACE

(hands him matchbook)

We meet at the Globe on Park Avenue
at six forty-five. I'll see you then.

Horrace walks away, leaving Bobby and Ricky.

RICKY

Let's check out the penguins.

BOBBY

The what?

RICKY

The penguin house.

BOBBY

Wait a minute. You want to look at
fucking penguins now?

RICKY

Yeah. Let's look at the penguins.

BOBBY

Did you hear what he just said?

RICKY

Whatever. We're here. We may as well
go to the penguin house.

BOBBY

I'm tired and I'm scared, and I'm
not looking at fucking penguins.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. PENGUIN HOUSE - CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Bobby and Ricky watch the PENGUINS frolic in their arctic habitat. The silence is broken by...

RICKY

We need guns.

BOBBY

We don't need guns.

RICKY

I'm pretty sure we do.

BOBBY

I listened extremely carefully.
Nothing was even vaguely implied. He
even laughed in your face when you
asked him

RICKY

All the more reason.

BOBBY

You wouldn't even know where to get
one.

RICKY

Wanna bet?

BOBBY

You couldn't even get a hand job
from bridge and tunnel posse, how
you gonna get a gun?

RICKY

That's cause you decided to get all
tired all of a sudden.

BOBBY

It was six in the fucking morning.

RICKY

Float me a hundred bucks.

BOBBY

Why?

RICKY

You wanna see how fast I get a gun?

BOBBY

You're out of money?

RICKY

No.

BOBBY

What do you have left?

RICKY

Eighty.

BOBBY

Eighty bucks?!?

RICKY

Eighty five.

BOBBY

What happened to the fifteen hundred?

RICKY

You coulda picked up a tab every once in a while.

BOBBY

I did! I paid for half the fuckin drinks!

RICKY

You did?

BOBBY

Yes I did. You asshole! What about the room?

RICKY

What about it?

BOBBY

They only cover one fifty in incidentals. You've been ordering fucking... Motherfucker...

He starts to count out his cash.

RICKY

Calm down.

BOBBY

I fucking vouched for you. I vouched for you and you fucked me.

RICKY

This shit's peanuts compared to what we're gonna make with Maxie.

BOBBY

Ricky. I'm trying to save this money. Understand? I'm trying to make it so my girlfriend doesn't have to grind her ass into other men's erections so her daughter can go to private school.

RICKY

I'm sorry...

BOBBY

This is horseshit. It coulda been so easy.

RICKY

It's gonna be fine.

BOBBY

No more, man.

RICKY

Let's get some sleep. That's what we need, man. Sleep.

BOBBY

How we gonna sleep? We only got a few hours til dinner.

RICKY

So what do we do?

BOBBY

Let's just go now and wait.

RICKY

Three and a half hours?

BOBBY

I don't want to take any more chances.

RICKY

Let's just go get guns, I'd feel better.

BOBBY

Don't fuck around. You're gonna get us all killed.

RICKY

Think about it: You knocked out that Jewish kid's tooth, cost him eight grand, maybe more. Maybe lost his whole line of clientele? He knows you're fucking up Jess' dancing, and I got a feeling he knows I stole his carpet cleaning van by the way he looks at me. He can't kill us in LA cause that leads to too many questions. So he flies us out here first class for a 'drop' that's turned into whatever? He can make us disappear out here real nice...

BOBBY

Where do you get this shit?

RICKY

Scenario B. I think I'm getting under Ruiz's skin. I'm no dummy. He doesn't like how it went down with the Red

Drag – Welshman, whatever. Now I got Fruitpie the Magician telling me I can't call my man Max? And that Welshman's sketchy. Whatever, I don't know where it's coming, which way it's coming from, I'm telling you one thing right now, I'm not gonna be late for the dance.

BOBBY

You're not getting a gun.

INT. LIMOUSINE - MANHATTAN - DAY

Bobby is on the CAR PHONE beside Ricky. He leaves a message.

BOBBY

Hi girls. It's Bobby. Can't seem to get a hold of you. Gonna be home soon. I miss you. Chloe, Uncle Ricky's here. He wants to say hello. Say hi to Chloe.

Ricky fights with him in whispers, then finally takes the phone.

RICKY

Hi Princess. It's Ricky. I hope you're doing good sweetie. Everyone's okay. Nobody's hurt... Talk to you soon. Bye.

INT. GLOBE - MANHATTAN - DAY

Ricky and Bobby look horrible. They stare in silence drinking coffee.

INT. GLOBE - MANHATTAN - DAY

TIME LAPSE of the two guys shifting and resting.

INT. GLOBE - MANHATTAN - DAY

Horrace arrives with the Welshman.

RICKY

Look. They're together. You telling me this ain't a set-up?

BOBBY

Easy...

They arrive.

WELSHMAN

Hey, boys.

BOBBY

Tom. How's it going?

WELSHMAN

Fine, fine. And you were...?

BOBBY

Bobby and Ricky.

WELSHMAN

Right, right. The 'thugs.'

They share a laugh. The tension is slowly dissipating.

WELSHMAN

And where is...?

HORRACE

Ruiz? Oh, he ain't here.

WELSHMAN

No?

HORRACE

Nah, see, Maxie just asked him to set that shit up as a favor. He, you know, he tied in with the club. Set us up so, you know, you feel at home.

WELSHMAN

Well, I didn't care for the club much. And, I must say, I didn't care for him either.

HORRACE

Well, he ain't gonna be around no more.

WELSHMAN

Pity. What's say we have a drink?

CUT TO:

INT. LOT 61 - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Ricky and Bobby can barely keep they're eyes open. Horrace seems equally irritated as the Welshman drains what appears to be his fifth pint of ale. Ricky is preoccupied by a projected image on the wall.

WELSHMAN

This is the greatest fucking country in the world. I love this fucking place. I mean the food, the women, the fucking curbs. This country has the highest fucking curbs in the world. It's fucking brilliant. You know what I love most? This shit.

He pulls out a can of SKOAL chewing tobacco and pinches off a chew.

RICKY

Dip?

WELSHMAN

Yeah. This shit's fucking brilliant. I just fucking love the fact that you have kids driving around in pickup trucks with a mouthful of this shit, speeding their brains out. I gotta bring a case of it home to my mates. It's illegal back home, you know.

HORRACE

No shit?

WELSHMAN

Does anyone want another?

HORRACE

You want another drink?

RICKY

I'll get it.

WELSHMAN

Who's up for a night on the town.

This is the worst possible thing he could've said as far as Bobby is concerned. He is exhausted. The guys play the host.

HORRACE

Sure. Anyplace in particular?

WELSHMAN

I hear the China Club is a laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CHINA CLUB - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

They sit in a booth. Loud club music bombards their growing impatience. Bobby and Ricky strain to stay awake. The Welshman drains a cocktail, watching a table-hopping MAGICIAN relishing his enthusiastic audience of one as he presents him with the Queen of diamonds.

WELSHMAN

Bloody hell! Brilliant! Did you see that?

Horrace slips the performer a bill and he trots off.

WELSHMAN

Now, about the business at hand...

They all perk up and lean in. Tom drains his glass.

WELSHMAN

Anyone have any drugs.

A wave of dread.

HORRACE
What do you want?

WELSHMAN
A little Charlie, perhaps.

HORRACE
Coke?

WELSHMAN
I've heard you've got the best coke
in the States. The shit back home is
pants.

HORRACE
(slipping Ricky some
bills)
That shouldn't be a problem.

Ricky looks to Bobby, who shrugs. Ricky reluctantly goes off
to find drugs. Tom smiles and hugs Bobby and Horrace.

WELSHMAN
You guys are the fucking best. I
swear, I didn't know about this whole
thing, but you guys are okay.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM STALL - CHINA CLUB - LATER - NIGHT

Horrace, Ricky, Tom, and Bobby are all packed like sardines
in the toilet stall. Ricky hands Tom a glassine envelope
full of coke.

WELSHMAN
(slurring)
God love you...

He opens it with drunken abruptness, sending part of it's
contents onto Bobby's jacket.

WELSHMAN
Aw, fuck me. Sorry...

He starts rubbing the spillage from Bobby's lapel onto his gums. Horrace prevents any more waste by taking the envelope away.

WELSHMAN

Sorry, mates. Now there isn't even enough to go around...

HORRACE

Don't worry, man. It's all for you.

WELSHMAN

(touched)

No, really, mate?

HORRACE

Here...

Horrace positions himself so that the Welshman can sniff from his hand. The four large men all reposition themselves in the tiny stall, inevitably stepping on each other and banging heads.

RICKY

Ow, shit...

HORRACE

Watch it...

BOBBY

C'mon...

WELSHMAN

Fuck...

OUTSIDE THE STALL, the attendant watches the feet shuffle as they curse from within. INSIDE, Tom snorts a pile of cocaine from Horrace's outstretched hand.

WELSHMAN

Fuck, that's good shit. So, what's say we make a go of this and you drop off the cash tomorrow?

Finally.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE - MANHATTAN - LATER - NIGHT

The limo settles to a STOP to drop off Horrace.

HORRACE

Now, here's what worries me. He said he wants to meet up at a bar in Red Hook. You know where that is?

BOBBY

No.

HORRACE

Brooklyn.

BOBBY

Yeah?

HORRACE

He must have that shit troughed.

BOBBY

What do you mean 'troughed?'

HORRACE

Troughed off. Protected. Like, you know, like he got a moat around it.

BOBBY

Ruiz tied in out there?

HORRACE

Nah, man. No one is. They got some Puerto Ricans and a new crop of fuckin Irish immigrants.

RICKY

I'm half Irish.

HORRACE

I don't fuck with those crazy, off-

the-boat fuckin Irish. You heard of the Westies?.

BOBBY

Heard of them.

HORRACE

They ran shit back in the Eighties. Used to cut motherfuckers heads off and sit them on the bar. That's back when the Irish was making a play against the Italians. I don't know if they still around, but I don't fuck with those motherfuckers just in case.

BOBBY

It sounds to me like everybody's just a little jumpy. And since all it is is a drop, the Welshman's got nothing at stake. I say we go to his 'troughed off' bar. It'll calm his nerves, we drop the bag, and we all get back to our lives.

HORRACE

And not a word to Maxie. He'll shit if he knew we crossed a bridge.

They all nod. Horrace gets out.

INT. LIMOUSINE - MANHATTAN - DAY

They pull up to the Soho Grand. Ricky wakes Bobby, who begins to doze.

RICKY

Get up brother. We're home. Go up and get some sleep.

INT. BOBBY'S SUITE - SOHO GRAND HOTEL - DAY

Bobby drags himself into his suite. He drops his drawers and lays down. Instead of sleeping, he picks up the phone and dials.

CHLOE (V.O.)

Hello.

BOBBY

Chloe?

CHLOE (V.O.)

Uncle Bobby?

BOBBY

Hi, baby. What are you doing awake?
Where's mommy?

CHLOE (V.O.)

I don't know.

BOBBY

(concerned, checking
watch)

Mommy's not home?

CHLOE (V.O.)

No.

BOBBY

What time is it there?

CHLOE (V.O.)

Can you take me to Color Me Mine?

BOBBY

Yeah. Are you sure mommy's not home?
It's very late.

BEEBEEP... BEEBEEP... Shit. The pager.

BOBBY

I gotta go, baby. I love you. Tell
mommy I called. You be a big girl
and be careful when you're alone.

CHLOE (V.O.)

I love you. Come home.

He hangs up, then dials.

BOBBY

Yeah...? Now...? Did Ricky call yet...? See you in a minute.

He sits up, hunched over. He motivates reluctantly. He claws his way into the bathroom and rinses his face in a meagre attempt to wash away the cobwebs. He looks awful. The COLORS are beginning to INTENSIFY as sleep deprivation sets in.

INT. LIMOUSINE - MANHATTAN - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby sits into the car once again. Jimmy pulls away.

BOBBY

Aren't we waiting for Ricky?

JIMMY

Ricky's taken care of.

BOBBY

Taken care of?

JIMMY

Yeah, he's getting there on his own.

Bobby fights to clear his head and think.

EXT. CITY STREET - MANHATTAN - DAY

The limo pulls up, and Horrace steps in, talking on the phone. Horrace carries a BRIEFCASE.

INT. LIMOUSINE - MANHATTAN - CONTINUOUS

The car pulls away. Bobby has the no-sleep-sweats. He looks awful. No one greets anyone. There is a tension. Horrace is on the phone.

HORRACE

(phone)

Yeah... Yeah... Uhu... I can't really talk now, but it's all going as planned. If things change, I'll call.

He hangs up. PAUSE.

BOBBY

Where we going?

HORRACE

Quick drop. In and out.

BOBBY

Where's Ricky?

HORRACE

Ricky's taken care of.

BOBBY

How so?

HORRACE

He was uptown when I paged him. I gave him the address. He's meeting us there.

BOBBY

(re: briefcase)

That it?

HORRACE

That's it.

PAUSE.

EXT. LIMOUSINE - BROOKLYN - DAY

The car crosses the Brooklyn Bridge and drives through Brooklyn.

INT. LIMOUSINE - BROOKLYN - SAME

Bobby is watching and thinking as Brooklyn goes by. Horrace seems distant.

EXT. ICARUS TAVERN - RED HOOK - BROOKLYN - DAY

The limo passes the corner and settles in front of the time

worn Icarus Tavern.

A young IRISH MAN stands out front smoking a fag. The place is open, but the neon 'OPEN' sign is off.

INT. LIMOUSINE - IN FRONT OF THE ICARUS - CONTINUOUS

They pop the doors.

HORRACE

This is it.

BOBBY

Where's Ricky.

HORRACE

I guess inside. Or he never made it.
Either way, I don't give a shit.
Let's get this over with.

EXT. ICARUS TAVERN - RED HOOK - CONTINUOUS

The two guys get out and enter the pub. Horrache carries the case of cash. The guy at the door watches them enter and snuffs out his smoke.

INT. ICARUS TAVERN - RED HOOK - CONTINUOUS

They enter the old world gin mill. It's dark. There's a long, aged wooden bar and oak booths. The floor boards are faded and bowed. A middle-aged BARTENDER reads the Post by the oversized beer taps. He looks up over his reading glasses without expression. Two young Irish TOUGHS stand up from a booth and lead the men into the back room. There is a silent tension. No sign of Ricky.

INT. BACK ROOM - ICARUS TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Even darker. They slowly walk in, sending cautious looks to every corner. A simple round table sits in the center of this sparse dining room. Three ROGUES sit around it, all facing the door. Tom, the Welshman, sits with his back to the door. They all have pints before them. A muted conversation ends as Tom follows their stares over his shoulder to see Bobby and Horrache enter. Silence for a BEAT,

then...

WELSHMAN
Here they are, then.

HORRACE
(falsely relaxed)
How's it going?

WELSHMAN
Brilliantly. Care for a pint?

HORRACE
No, thanks, man. We got to head out.

WELSHMAN
Come, now. You just got here.

HORRACE
That's alright, man. It's a little
early for me to drink.

This draws an uncomfortably bass chuckle from the seven dark characters now surrounding them.

WELSHMAN
Nonsense. We'll have three half pints
of lager.

One Irishman goes to fetch the drinks. Two of the Irishmen pat them down for guns.

WELSHMAN
Sorry about that. Where's your mate?

HORRACE
Couldn't make it. Here's the money.

Horrace places the case on the table. Its weight makes a loud thunk as it hits the hardwood. He pops the catch and lifts the lid. Wow. That's a lot of money. The toughs lose their poker faces as their knees weaken from the sight of it. Even Bobby has to swallow as the Devil blows on his nape. Tom fingers the stacks.

HORRACE

(anxious)

Give me your marker, and we'll be on our way.

Tom begins to write out a receipt.

WELSHMAN

I can't yet vouch for the amount, unless you want me to sit here and count.

HORRACE

No, man, that's fine. Just put that you took delivery.

Then, in what takes only a matter of seconds, Bobby has a LOCKBLADE to his THROAT and Horrace takes a truncheon to the gut, flooring him.

HORRACE

What the fuck, man? Why? The money's in your hand. Why you pulling this shit?

Tom is scared shit. He's more surprised than any of them.

WELSHMAN

I... I just hired these guys to watch my back...

HORRACE

Motherfucker, we're handing you money. What the hell we gonna pull?

ROGUE

Shut your goddamn mouth! As far as any of you are concerned, a gang of spics took the bag. Understood? Grab their wallets. I'll know where to find each and every one of you.

WELSHMAN

I didn't know, I swear to God, I –

WHACK. He takes one in the gut, violently losing his wind.

HORRACE

(to Bobby)

If you and your boy set this up,
you're way out of your league.

ROGUE

Shut up!

VOICE (O.S.)

Maybe you're the one who better shut
up.

They all turn to see RICKY standing tall with a PISTOL to the head of a tough with two beers. Ricky sips the third lager.

ROGUE

He's only got six shots, he's bound
to miss.

RICKY

Or maybe I'm real lucky. I'll tell
you one thing, I'll waste every bullet
making sure you're dead if you don't
take that knife away from my friends
throat.

The thug removes the blade from Bobby's neck. His eyes narrow as he looks at the gun. He notices something...

THUG

That's a starter pistol.

RICKY

(covering)

What?

THUG

His gun's a starter pistol. I can
see the red plug in the barrel.

The toughs begin to relax and converge...

RICKY
(nervous)
Are you willing to risk your life
over –

But the moment proves enough of a distraction for Bobby to unload a damaging COMBINATION to his captor. He may not have what it takes to cut it as a professional boxer, but these untrained goons are way outclassed. He drops one like a lead weight. It's about to get ugly as weapons are raised. Then... The melee is cut short by a resounding VOICE calling from the door.

JIMMY
That's enough.

Jimmy the driver stands in the door aiming a Glock 45 at the crowd.

They all freeze.

JIMMY
You guys, over in the corner. Leave the hardware and your wallets on the table.
(to bartender)
Make out an invoice on damages. You got e-mail?
(nods. Jimmy hands him a card.)
E-mail it to me. A check will arrive.
Call the number at the bottom and tell them the Rook is code four.
Then destroy the card.
(to Bobby)
Nice. I'll let Maxie know you're good in the pocket.
(to Ricky)
Staduch.
(to the guys)
Go. I'll take care of this.

Things are about to get ugly. Bobby grabs the case. They split.

EXT. ICARUS TAVERN - RED HOOK - MOMENTS LATER

They get in. The limo pulls out.

INT. LIMOUSINE - IN FRONT OF THE ICARUS - CONTINUOUS

Horrace peels out and Bobby, Ricky, Horrace, and the Red Dragon all sit in silence catching their breath. Bobby holds the case. Looks are exchanged.

RICKY

Holy shit. Get me back to Manhattan.

BOBBY

(interrupts)

Take us right to Kennedy. Now.

Horrace nods.

FADE OUT:

FADE UP ON:

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - VAN NUYS - DAY

Bobby and Ricky sit before Max. They look the worst we've ever seen them. They've obviously not slept or changed yet and flew right out after the melee.

Maxie looks at the open case of cash.

A long, tense BEAT of unclear reaction. Is Maxie mad or happy. Finally...

MAX

You did good.

He throws them each a bundle off the top of the pile of bills. Ten grand stacks?

MAX

I never intended to test you two to that extent, but you both came through. I should've been informed there was a flag on the play, but

I'll take that up with Ruiz. I made a few calls back East. Those punks weren't tied in with anyone. As for the Welshman, he wasn't in on it. He was just plain dumb. As for you, Ricky, your draw will go towards a new carpet cleaning van.

RICKY

But, Max –

MAX

We're square.

RICKY

Yes, sir.

MAX

And, as for you, Bobby, you just moved up a notch. Your days of fighting for crumbs is through. Take a week off, come back, and we'll talk about the next thing.

BOBBY

There won't be a next thing.

MAX

Take a few days –

BOBBY

I don't need a few days. I'm gonna settle down with Jess. She's through dancing. We're opening a restaurant.

MAX

I hate to ruin your fairy tale, but I've been paying Jess' rent for six months. She's got to keep dancing –

Bobby throws his stack of cash at Maxie. Ricky grimaces.

BOBBY

She's through too. Thank you for the opportunity, Max. We'll see you

around.

They rise to leave.

MAX

(smiling)

You got a lot to learn, kid. Say hi to Jess for me.

EXT. JESSICA'S HOUSE - BLACKBURN - LOS ANGELES -
CONTINUOUS -
NIGHT

The Trans Am pulls up in front of Jess' house. Bobby and Ricky both pop out. We catch the end of a conversation.

RICKY

Dude, we were practically made...

BOBBY

I'll drop you off in a minute. I want to see if the baby's up. You wanna come in?

RICKY

No. I'll wait here.

BOBBY

I'll be a minute.

Bobby trots up the stairs. Ricky lights a smoke and watches him go. We linger on his look.

INT. JESSICA'S HOUSE - BLACKBURN - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

The door opens. The living room looks like a disaster area. The sink is full of dishes, stacked high above the counter. Dirty clothes are strewn all over. Half eaten plates of food are on the coffee table and bags of carry-out containers and pizza boxes lie about. In the center of it all, Chloe sits alone watching a Hollywood Hills brushfire on the news. She looks up with the solemnity of one much older.

BOBBY

Where's mommy? Did she leave you

alone again?

Chloe looks to the back room as she sips from her juice box. Bobby sees a MIRROR and COKE laid out on the table. He grits his teeth and goes for the bedroom door.

INT. BEDROOM - JESSICA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bobby bursts in to find Jess in bed with the HORNY BACHELOR whose nose he broke the week before. The guy jumps in fear. Jess is startled and coked out of her mind.

HORNY GUY

I – I – I... Don't...

BOBBY

I don't get it.

JESS

I never promised you anything.

BOBBY

How could you let her see this?

JESS

Goodbye, Bobby.

BOBBY

Just so you know, I bought you out with Maxie. I suggest you leave while you can.

JESS

Don't you get it? I don't want to leave. This is who I am.

BOBBY

Tell you the truth, I don't give a shit for me. But that little girl is so special, and you're gonna fuck her up.

He crosses to go, but is interrupted by...

JESS

(quietly)
Take her.

BOBBY
What'd you say?

JESS
I want you to take her with you.

Off Bobby's look we...

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT ROOM - JESSICA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bobby walks in. Chloe looks up at him. A tense silence.

BOBBY
I, uh... Listen, hon. Mommy thinks
it's a good idea if, just for a while,
if you and me go on a trip –

Before he can finish, his stammering is cut short by her bolting across the room and into his arms.

She squeezes him with all her might.

We see Bobby's relief and happiness over her shoulder.

FADE TO:

EXT. BOBBY'S CAR - SMALL DESERT HIGHWAY - OUTSIDE LOS ANGELES - NEXT MORNING

We FADE UP on a beautiful sunny morning traveling on an empty desert road. The only car visible is Bobby's Trans Am in the deep background, leaving the mountains behind. The CAMERA TRACKS BACKWARDS along the road as the car closes slowly. We hear Chloe's angelic voice as she sings a melody. As the car draws closer, we see Bobby, still in the clothes from the trip, driving. There is luggage packed for a journey. Bobby looks content. When the car finally settles into a TWO-SHOT through the windshield, we notice SMOKE coming from the back seat. A moment later, Ricky sits up behind them. He is half awake and cranky.

RICKY

Baby, you got the sweetest voice I ever heard, but Uncle Ricky's gotta sleep. I've been driving all night, Princess.

She ignores him.

RICKY

Shhh, c'mon, baby. It's quiet time. Isn't it quiet time, Bobby? Bobby? Tell her it's quiet time Bobby. Please tell her it's quiet time...

Bobby smirks and accelerates, passing CAMERA, which PANS to watch them speed off into the big sky horizon.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END