

confidence

by

Doug Jung

First Draft  
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**BLACK:**

**JAKE (V.O.)**

So I'm dead...

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. - BACK ALLEY- NIGHT (PRESENT)**

Dumpsters overflow with the day's garbage. A pillar of steam rises from an underground grate. It's the dark place between buildings that a reasonable person avoids. We see JAKE VIG, a guy in his late 20's whose fashionable suit and good looks are in obvious contrast to the surroundings-- At first glance, you'd think he could run for Congress some day. At first glance. Jake faces a garbage dumpster on his knees, execution style. His face gives away nothing-- He could be kneeling in a strawberry field.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

And I think it's because of this  
redhead...

**BUTCH (O.S.)**

Know who I am, Jake?

**JAKE**

The Anti-Christ?

**BUTCH (O.S.)**

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

There's the LOUD UNMISTAKABLE "CLICK" of a gun being cocked. The barrel of a gun slides gently along Jake's ear and comes to rest at the base of his skull. The voice and the gun belong to BUTCH (40's). With his suit and conservative looks, you'd make him out for a "Steve" or "Roger" more than a "Butch".

**BUTCH (cont' d)**

Things are probably going to end badly  
for you, Jake.

**JAKE**

Gee... What makes you say that?

**BUTCH**

Your life flashing before your eyes?

**JAKE**

Just the last three weeks.

(CONTINUED)

2.

CONTINUED:

**BUTCH**

That's not a bad place to start.

CUT TO:

**EXT . - BACK ALLEY- NIGHT**

Title: Three Weeks Ago...

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

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

**JAKE**

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

**LIONEL**

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

**JAKE**

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

Lionel starts shaking his head spastically.

**LIONEL**

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

**JAKE**

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

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

**LIONEL**

Oh Jesus!

**JAKE**

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

3.

**CONTINUED:**

**LIONEL**

What-- What do we do?

**JAKE**

Help me.

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT. - THE EUCLID BAR**

A dive furnished with a few mismatched chairs and a bar. A single overweight PATRON sits at a corner table with face buried in his hands as he WHIMPERS. Jake and, Lionel Dolby pass him as they emerge from a back hallway. MILES, late 20's, wipes blood off the bar. Placed at the edge of the bar are two briefcases, both open, both filled with neat stacks of blood splattered money. A DEAD GUY lies face down on the floor in a pool of blood. Jake grabs the Dead Guy's legs as Lionel watches in disbelief.

**JAKE**

Come on. Grab his arms.

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

**JAKE**

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

The POLICE SIRENS grow LOUDER.

**MILES**

Tick-tock...

**JAKE**

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

**MILES**

Your mess.

**JAKE**

Then shut up.

**MILES**

My place.

**(CONTINUED)**

**4.**

**CONTINUED:**

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

Jake pulls the gun and points it at Miles.

**MILES**

Oh please...

Miles non-chalantly pulls a sawed off shot gun frown under

the bar.

MILES (cont' d)

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

**PATRON**

(without looking up)  
I didn't see nothing. And I swear if you let me go now, I won't say-

**JAKE**

Relax, porkchop.

The POLICE SIRENS sound like they're right outside.

**LIONEL**

I can't be here!

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

**JAKE**

Then go.

Lionel looks at the briefcases of bloodied money.

**LIONEL**

What about... The money?

**JAKE**

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

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

**CUT TO:**

5.

**EXT.- THE EUCLID/CITY SIDEWALK- NIGHT**

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

Lionel does his best to look casual as TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS jump out of the car and rush the Euclid. One of the Officers catches Lionel looking over his shoulder. The last thing Lionel hears before he turns a corner--

**OFFICER (O.S.)**

Everybody FREEZE!

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- THE EUCLID**

OFFICER WALTER SOBOZINSKI, a middle aged cop with a couple

of spare tires, stands by the front door with his gun drawn, in a dramatic stance.

**SOBOZINSKI**

(yelling)

I said, freeze you motherfucking,  
cocksucking, scumbags!

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

**ROTTOVICH**

We're clear.

Rottovich closes the door and locks it behind him.

**SOBOZINSKI**

(still yelling)

Or I'll blow off every one of your  
fucking heads!

Sobozinski lets out a bellowing LAUGH.

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

**JAKE**

Stop waving that thing around.

**MILES**

You sure we're clear?

(CONTINUED)

6.

**CONTINUED:**

**ROTTOVICH**

Guy looked like he was trying not to  
shit himself.

(re: the Dead Guy)

Nice.

**DEAD GUY**

What took so fucking long?

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

**DEAD GUY/GORDO**

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

**MILES**

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

**JAKE**

And you know I hate guns.

Jake tosses the revolver on the bar.

**SOBOZINSKI**

We were fighting crime.

**MILES**

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

Jake starts taking the money out of the briefcases. Gordo

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

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

**GORDO**

Shit.

**JAKE**

I told you, use less powder.

**GORDO**

But you won't get that splatter effect.

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

(CONTINUED)

7.

**CONTINUED:**

**JAKE**

Then these go into your cut.

Big Al moves over to the bar.

**BIG AL**

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

**JAKE**

Gordo plays the inside. You're the Shill.

**BIG AL**

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

**JAKE**

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

(off Al's smile)

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

**BIG AL**

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

Al slaps Jake on the back and exits.

Jake catches Gordo hawking over his shoulder.

**JAKE**

What? I can feel you looking at me.

**GORDO**

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

it pretty quick.

**JAKE**

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

**GORDO**

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

**MILES**

It's clean.

Gordo disappears down the back hallway.

(CONTINUED)

8.

**CONTINUED:**

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

**JAKE**

Ten percent.

**SOBOZINSKI**

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

**JAKE**

Confidence. It's just confidence.

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

**ROTTOVICH**

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

**MILES**

Twenty? My ass!

**JAKE**

What are you talking about? Ten's standard.

**ROTTOVICH**

Yeah Well, Sobo's kid needs braces.

**SOBOZINSKI**

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

**JAKE**

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

**ROTTOVICH**

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

what we give to any of the other criminals.

**JAKE**

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

**ROTTOVICH**

Was that a threat? Did I hear a threat?

(CONTINUED)

9.

**CONTINUED:**

ROTTOVICH (cont' d)

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

Sobozinski and Rottovich exit.

**MILES**

(shaking his head)  
Cops...

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BACK ALLEY- NIGHT (PRESENT)**

Butch shaking his head, still holding the gun.

**BUTCH**

Grifters...

**JAKE**

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

**BUTCH**

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

**JAKE**

Isn't it always?

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- FOUR SEASONS HOTEL- NIGHT**

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

It's what makes us run. And despite what they say, it can buy you love.

**CALL GIRL**

Are you ready for me, Ralph?

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

**CUT TO:**



**INT.- PRADA STORE- NIGHT**

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

(CONTINUED)

10.

CONTINUED:

**JAKE (V.O.)**

It can buy you a new and better you.

**GORDO**

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

CUT TO:

**INT.- BIG AL'S APARTMENT- NIGHT**

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

It can erase all those things about you  
that you wish didn't exist.

**BIG AL**

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

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

CUT TO:

**EXT.- SOHO STREET- NIGHT**

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

It can make you think you're on top of  
the world.

Jake passes a group of well-dressed, well manicured people  
waiting in line outside of a trendy bar called "Wax."  
Among the hip and well dressed, he seems out of place at  
the moment. An outsider.

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

**LILY**

(innocently)

Oops.

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

(CONTINUED)

11.

**CONTINUED:**

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- NEIGHBORHOOD BAR- CONTINUOUS**

A semi-crowded bar. Not hip and trendy like "Wax." Jake finds an empty stool at the end of the bar and orders a drink. He takes a second to look around at the cliques of people talking, laughing, having a good time before he pulls a newspaper out his coat pocket. Jake takes a pen from the bar and opens to the crossword section.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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

Jake sits alone with his crossword puzzle.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- JAKE'S APARTMENT- LATER**

Jake enters a sparsely furnished loft. The skyline of Brooklyn twinkles through dirty, picturesque windows. Jake drops his keys on a table and hits a button on an answering machine.

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

You have no new messages.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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

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

**LILY (V. O. )**

Oops.

**(CONTINUED)**

**12.**

**CONTINUED:**

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

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

**JAKE**

Dumb fucking luck.

Jake stares out the window after the bird.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- DOLBY'S APARTMENT- NIGHT**

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

Another KNOCK. Lionel still frozen.

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

**LUPUS**

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

**LIONEL**

R-r-right now?

**LUPUS**

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT . - JAKE'S APARTMENT- MORNING**

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

**JAKE**

Yeah.

**MILES (O.S.)**

You better get over to Al's. Now.

**(CONTINUED)**

**13.**

**CONTINUED:**

Miles hangs up before Jake can answer.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- BIG AL'S- DAY**

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

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

**MILES**

I was supposed to meet him for breakfast.

He likes that new IHOP they just opened, you know... He likes to order that thing. The Rutti-Tutti-Fresh and Fruity thing they got.

**JAKE**

Miles...

**MILES**

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

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- DINER- DAY**

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

**GORDO**

Seems Lionel Dolby came down with a sudden case of drowning last night. They just pulled him out of the East River.

**JAKE**

Well, this is just fucking great...

**(CONTINUED)**

**14.**

**CONTINUED:**

**GORDO**

It gets worse. Now I know why he was such a good rope. X mean, cash.... That much and we never had to put him on the "Send?" Turns out this ducking Moe was an accountant for the King Pin. Gordo throws Jake a hard look, letting the news sink in. Jake can only slump back into the booth.

**MILES**

Who's that?

**GORDO**

The cash we fleeced off of him was collection money. He was supposed to take that money and give it to the King earlier yesterday like he does every Thursday. `Cept this time, he

figured he could make a little something for himself off us and still get the King's money back before anybody says "boo."

**MILES**

What's a King Pin?

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

**GORDO**

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

**MTLES**

Mob?

**GORDO**

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

**MILES**

So what? We hide, right?

**GORDO**

(shaking his head)

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

**(CONTINUED)**

15.

**CONTINUED:**

**GORDO (cont'd)**

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

**MILES**

You're pissed we didn't get credit?

**GORDO**

No, that was the only semi-fucking smart thing he said! Except anybody that's ever met Big Al knows that the only thing he's comfortable doing alone is eating. This guys tells this guy, that

guy tells some other guy, eventually it works it's way back to someone who works for the King and--

**INSERT SHOT**

**INT- BIG AL'S APARTMENT- NIGHT**

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

**GORDO (V.O.)**

Shazaam.

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

**BACK TO THE DINER**

**GORDO (cont'd)**

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

**MILES**

We sure Big Al threw him to us?

**GORDO**

Come on...

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

**JAKE**

A bird flew into my house last night. Gordo and Miles exchange a look, unsure of how to respond.

**(CONTINUED)**

16.

**CONTINUED:**

**JAKE (cont'd)**

It's bad luck.

**MILES**

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

**JAKE**

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

**GORDO**

Whoa. What?

**MILES**

We're going to give him the money back?

**JAKE**

You know what we're doing with the money.

**GORDO**

And what about Big Al?

**JAKE**

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

A WAITRESS approaches.

**WAITRESS**

What can I get you guys?

**MILES**

Coffee. And a valium.

Jake turns his attention out the window.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. - THE EUCLID-- DAY**

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

The Euclid was our place.

**CUT TO:**

**17.**

**INT.- THE EUCLID- DAY**

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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

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

**JAKE**

That's it?

**MILES/GORDO**

Bills.../Had that thing...

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

**MILES (cont'd)**

Do we want insurance?

(off their looks)

I'm just asking...

**JAKE**

Just mail it to the hospital.

(dialing)

Mr. King, please. It's regarding an accounting problem. Yes... Correct...

I know where it is. That will be fine.

Thank you.

Jake hangs up the phone.

**GORDO**

When?

**JAKE**

Tonight. Just me.

**MILES**

Fuck that. We're going too.

**GORDO**

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

Jake levels a stare at Gordo for a second.

(CONTINUED)

18.

CONTINUED:

**JAKE**

Meet me at my place later.

**MILES**

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

**JAKE**

I'm getting a ride.

Jake picks up the phone and dials another number.

CUT TO:

**EXT.- THE BULLDOG GYM- NIGHT**

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

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

**SOBOZINSKI**

The King, huh? Nice going.

**JAKE**

I try.

**ROTTOVICH**

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

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

**HARLIN**

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

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

**HARLIN**

Lupus!

**LUPUS**

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

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



(CONTINUED)

19.

CONTINUED:

**HARLIN**

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

Jake steps back and raises his arms.

**JAKE**

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

**HARLIN**

Mr. King prefers to farm out for that  
kind of work.

(gesturing to the  
door)

Please, after you.

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

CUT TO:

**INT.- BULLDOG GYM- CONTINUOUS**

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

**JAKE**

(a little nervous)

Uh... Which one's the King Pin?

**HARLIN**

He's in the back taking a steam.

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

CUT TO:

**INT.- STEAM BATH- CONTINUOUS**

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

20.

**CONTINUED:**

**KING PIN**

Ow! Watch the pinkie!  
This isn't so bad. Jake almost has to stifle a laugh.

**KING PIN (cont'd)**

Every time, you get the pinkie and I  
get a hang nail.

( to Jake)

You Jake?

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

**KING PIN**

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

**JAKE**

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

**KING PIN**

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

**JAKE**

I have a good crew.

**KING PIN**

Minus one.

Jake visibly bristles...

**JAKE**

Minus one.

**KING PIN**

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

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

KING PIN (cont' d)

It's all take, take, take . You can' t just be fucking witty about it.

**JAKE**

I guess it lacks a certain style.

**KING PIN**

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

**JAKE**

You can't cheat an honest man.

**KING PIN**

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

**JAKE**

I apologize for the inconvenience.

The King picks up a long, metal nail file.

**KING PIN**

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

**JAKE**

I can't do that.

**KING PIN**

Why not?

**JAKE**

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

**KING PIN**

Let me repeat-- Why not?

**JAKE**

Because you killed one of my crew.

**KING PIN**

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

**JAKE**

I'll get the money back, plus interest.

I go on the gift for you. You get a cat, I get a cut. And we get square.

**KING PIN**

(laughing)

Fucking grifters! I love it! You got balls, I'll give you that much.

(CONTINUED)

22.

CONTINUED:

**JAKE**

No. Just confidence.

The King Pin stands up and moves over to Jake.

**KING PIN**

I' ll be honest with you, Kid. A

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

**JAKE**

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

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

**KING PIN**

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

A few pained CHOKES from Jake as his knees buckle.

**HARLIN**

Mr. Vig arrived with an escort. NYPD. The King loosens his grip and let's Jake fall.

**KING PIN**

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

Lupus snaps to attention.

**LUPUS**

What?

**KING PIN**

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

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

**KING PIN**

He goes. Now let me see your hands.

(CONTINUED)

23.

**CONTINUED:**

The King picks up the nail file again.

**JAKE**

Why?

**KING PIN**

You ask a lot of questions. Come on.  
(motioning with nail file)

Let me see `em.

Jake turns to find Lupus and Harlin on either side of

him. They take him by the wrists and hold his hands up for the King.

**KING PIN** (cont' d)

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

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

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

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

**KING PIN**

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

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

**BUTCH (V.O.)**

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

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BACK ALLEY- NIGHT (PRESENT)**

Jake shakes his head slowly.

**JAKE**

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

**(CONTINUED)**

**24.**

**CONTINUED:**

**BUTCH**

And these cops? What do they get?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. - SQUAD CAR- NIGHT**

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

Just a tip.

**SOBOZINSKI**

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

**ROTTOVICH**

You sell it.

**SOBOZINSKI**

To who?

**ROTTOVICH**

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

**SOBOZINSKI**

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

**ROTTOVICH**

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

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

**SOBOZINSKI**

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

**ROTTOVICH**

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

(CONTINUED)

25.

CONTINUED:

ROTTOVICH (cont' d)

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

CUT TO:

**INT.- ANOTHER CAR- SAME**

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

**ROTTOVICH**

(O.S. from headphones)

Bullshit it's cosmetic! My fucking tooth was cracked in half. I made the son of a bitch write it in as a cavity. The department's dental is for

shit.

**SOBOZINSKI**

(O.S. from headphones)

Whoa, whoa... There he is.

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

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

**MOONAN**

Confessions of a poor brusher.

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

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.- STREET/BROOKLYN- SAME**

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

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

**SOBOZINSKI**

You know who we are?

**KID**

The heat.

**(CONTINUED)**

**26.**

**CONTINUED:**

Rottovich can't help smiling.

**ROTTOVICH**

That's right. We're the heat.

(yelling)

**STICK `EM UP!**

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

**ROTTOVICH**

Alright. Put your hands dawn.

What do you got in the bag?

**KID**

Something for my Pops.

**ROTTOVICH**

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

The Kid hesitates for a second before handing the knapsack over. Rottovich opens it and pulls out TWO BRICKS OF HEROIN, wrapped in plastic. He nods to Sobozinski. The Kid stays rooted right where he is, looking up at the Detectives like a lost puppy.

**KID**

My Pops is going to be mad.

**ROTTOVICH**

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

**SOBOZINSKI**

What's the world coming to?  
Everybody's on the friggin' take...  
Rottovich and Sobozinski head off with the knapsack.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. - BACK-NIGHT (PRESENT)**

Butch and Jake...

**BUTCH**

Keeping the Fix happy.

**(CONTINUED)**

**27.**

**CONTINUED:**

**JAKE**

You never know when you can use a crooked  
cop.

**BUTCH**

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

**JAKE**

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

**BUTCH**

In this case, you might say I want to  
know how not to play the Big Con.  
Butch shoves the gun a little harder into Jake's head.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- BAR- NIGHT**

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

First thing about being on the grift....  
You're only as good as your Mark. The  
Roper's the guy who finds them.  
Jake buys another round to the indifferent Slick.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

They all have money one way or  
another. Some of them come from money.  
THE SCENE DOESN'T CHANGE--- Slick MORPHS into a FAT TEXAS  
BUSINESS MAN wearing a ten-gallon hat. He doesn't smile.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

There's that saying-- Show me an honest  
man and I'll show you a natural born



liar. There's always that little bit of bad no matter how much good. It's that little itch on the back of you neck. You may not even know it's there, but it is.

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

(CONTINUED)

28.

CONTINUED:

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

In an hour, I'm your best friend.

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

I have your confidence.

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

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

**MORPHS INTO:**

**EXT. - SIDEWALK-NIGHT**

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

I tell you the "Tale"-- It's the story

of how we're going to make easy money.  
No one gets hurt. And here's the guy  
who's going to help. That's when you  
meet the Insideman.

(CONTINUED)

29.

**CONTINUED:**

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

Just enough that when I tell you we can  
make more off of it, you agree.

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

**JAKE (V.O. )**

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT. - JAKE'S APARTMENT- NIGHT**

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

**JAKE**

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

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

**JAKE (cont'd)**

Then someone does...

**BLAM!!!**

**CUT TO:**

**INT. - THE EUCLID BAR- NIGHT**

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

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

**JAKE**

(turns 'to face CAMERA)

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

Gordo lying in a pool of blood...

**GORDO**

(while playing dead)

I've been shot. Oh. The humanity.

Big Al sits cowering at a table...

**BIG AL**

(monotone)

God. No. Please. Don't kill me.

Miles casually washing glasses...

**MILES**

(indifferent)

You better hurry. The police will be  
here any second.

(breaking character)

I don't really understand my  
motivation with this. Why am I washing  
glasses?

**JAKE**

(still facing camera)

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

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

**JAKE**

(turning to Dolby)

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

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

Dolby eyes the briefcases of money.

**DOLBY**

What about... The money?

**JAKE**

(turns back to CAMERA)

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

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

**JAKE**

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

Dolby bolts for the door without the money.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.- SIDEWALK- CONTINUOUS**

Dolby tries to act casual as he walks away.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. - THE EUCLID BAR- CONTINUOUS**

Rottovich and Sabozinski enter the front door.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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

**CUT TO:**

**EXT - BACK ALLEY- NIGHT (PRESENT)**

Butch eases the gun off Jake's head.

**BUTCH**

So how'd you get caught?

**(CONTINUED)**

**32.**

**CONTINUED:**

**JAKE**

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- JAKE'S APARMENT--NIGHT**

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

**JAKE**

We're working for the King.

**MILES**

(re: Lupus)

Wait a second... Who's the mope?

**LUPUS**

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

**MILES**

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

**JAKE**

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

**MILES**

What do we need another Shill for?

**JAKE**

Breasts.

**CUT TO:**

**INT . - WAX--NIGHT**

A crowded night...

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

From out of nowhere, Jake bumps into her.

**(CONTINUED)**

**33.**

**CONTINUED:**

**JAKE**

(not so innocently)

Oops.

Jake takes her by the arm out to...

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.- ALLEY/OUTSIDE BAR- NIGHT**

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

**LILY**

What is this? You guys cops or something?

**JAKE**

We're not cops.

**GORDO**

You gotta be kidding me. Her?

**JAKE**

Yes, her. Where's my wallet?

**LILY**

Your what?

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

LILY (cont'd)

That's not--

**JAKE**

(pocketing the wallet)

You interested in a little work?

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

**LILY**

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

(lighting the cigarette)

Jake.

34.

**JAKE**

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

**LILY**

Says who?

**JAKE**

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

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

**JAKE**

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

**LILY**

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

Lily saunters to Jake with a seductive grin.  
Jake may be aware that he's stopped breathing.

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

LILY (cont' d)

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

Lily pushes past Jake and heads out of the alley.

MILES

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

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

CUT TO:

35.

**EXT.- CITY SIDEWALK- NIGHT**

Lily down the street, Jake giving chase.

JAKE

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

LILY

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

Jake catches up and blocks Lily's way.

JAKE

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

LILY

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

JAKE

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

Lily studies Jake's face for any hint of sarcasm.

None.

LILY

No.

(beat)

What's my cut?

JAKE

You get an equal cut.

LILY

What do I have to do?

JAKE

Just play a part. A little acting.

Lily steps back and hails a cab.

LILY

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

**LILY**

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

(CONTINUED)

36.

**CONTINUED:**

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

LILY (cont'd)

That's twice.

The cab pulls away.

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

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. - BACK ALLEY- NIGHT (PRESENT)**

Butch smiles...

**BUTCH**

I can see why you liked her.

**JAKE**

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- THE EUCLID- DAY**

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

**JAKE**

Morgan Gillette.

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

**MILES**

Why?

**JAKE**

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- CITY BANK OF MANHATTAN/BOARDROOM--DAY**

A circle of BUSINESS MEN sitting at a conference table.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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



(CONTINUED)

37.

**CONTINUED:**

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

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT. - CITY BANK OF MANHATTAN/HALLWAY-DAY**

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

There's a story going around that he  
helped fund the Contras back in the  
eighties.

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

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.- CITY BANK OF MANHATTAN- DAY**

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

**JAKE**

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

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- THE EUCLID-- RESUMING**

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

**GORDO**

How much we going after?

**JAKE**

Two million.

Miles lets out a whistle.

(CONTINUED)

38.

**CONTINUED:**

**GORDO**

We only owe the King a hundred and fifty.

**JAKE**

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

Jake looks over at Lupus for confirmation.

**LUPUS**

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

**MILES**

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

**JAKE**

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- CITY BANK OF MANHATTAN/LOBBY**

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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

**GORDO (V.O.)**

How's that? He works for Gillette.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

We pay better.

**(CONTINUED)**

**39.**

**CONTINUED:**

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

**CUT TO:**

**EXT . -- CAYMEN ISLANDS--DAY**

Crystal clear water gently rolls onto a white beach.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

Our guy gets us approved for the start up capital. But, the money can't be transferred to any one person. On the

given day, the money's wired into a corporate account in an off-shore bank.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- GRAND CAYMEN'S BANK- DAY**

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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

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

**MILE5 (V.O.)**

Uh...

**JAKE (V.O.)**

What?

**MILE5 (V.O.)**

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

Good point.

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

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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

**(CONTINUED)**

**40.**

**CONTINUED:**

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

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.- CAYMEN ISLANDS/STREET--DAY**

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- BANK OF THE GRAND CAYMENS- DAY**

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

ANOTHER TELLER MATERIALIZES and greets him with a smile.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- JFK AIRPORT/TERMINAL HALLWAY- DAY**

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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

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

**(CONTINUED)**

**41.**

**CONTINUED:**

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

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.- JFK AIRPORT- DAY**

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

Then we disappear.

As he walks away, WE SEE some PEOPLE MATERIALIZE carrying  
luggage... Then a FEW CARS... Then an AIRLINE REP...  
Gradually more and more people and cars, each MATERIALIZING  
into a normal scene at the airport until we lose Jake in  
the crowd.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- THE EUCLID- RESUMING**

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

**MILES**

(breaking the silence)

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

**GORDO**

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

**JAKE**

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

**MILES**

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

**JAKE**

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

(CONTINUED)

42.

CONTINUED:

**MILES**

We never had a problem with that before.

**JAKE**

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

**MILES**

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

**JAKE**

We're getting a little old for running.

**MILES**

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

**JAKE**

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

**GORDO**

Yeah... Whatever, Jake.

**JAKE**

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

A silence falls over everyone.

**LILY**

I'm in.

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

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.- PAY PHONE- DAY**

Jake dials a number...

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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

**(CONTINUED)**

**43.**

**CONTINUED:**

**JAKE (V.O.)**

But they bought it. Now I had to deliver and I needed help.

JAKE (into phone)

Yeah, it's Jake. How'd that tip work out?

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BACK ALLEY- NIGHT (PRESENT)**

Butch takes out a cigarette.

**BUTCH**

But there were other factors.

**JAKE**

Factors that weren't clear to me until now.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. - 16TH PRECINT/OFFICE- DAY**

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

**MOONAN**

Gentlemen? Special Agent Gunther Moonan. Moonan quickly flashes a badge and his best Kodak smile.

**ROTTOVICH**

Special Agent?

**MOONAN**

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

**SOBOZINSKI**

Who?

**MOONAN**

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

(CONTINUED)

44.

**CONTINUED :**

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

**MOONAN** (cont'd)

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

**ROTTOVICH**

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

Moonan takes out a microcassette recorder and hits PLAY.

**ROTTOVICH**

(V.O. from tape)

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

CLICK. Moonan kills the recorder.

**MOONAN**

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

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

**MOONAN**

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

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

**SOBOZINSKI**

What do you want?

(CONTINUED)

45.

CONTINUED:

**MOONAN**

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

**SOBOZINSKI**

What do you get out of it?

**MOONAN**

Peace of mind.

**SOBOZINSKI**

That's it?

**MOONAN**

Not everyone's on the take, Walter.

**ROTTOVICH**

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

**MOONAN**

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

**SOBOZINSKI**

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

**MOONAN**

Literally. It's not a bad deal,  
gentleman. I get peace of mind. You  
get Detective Shields. But this is the  
best part, Walter... Walter, your



daughter will get to keep her braces  
and have that winning smile. Capice?  
Rottovich and Sobozinski remain silent.

**MOONAN**

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

**FREEZE FRAME ON MOONAN'S SMILING FACE.**

(CONTINUED)

46.

**CONTINUED:**

**JAKE (V.O.)**

Let me tell you something about Moonan...

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. - BACK ALLEY- NIGHT (PRESENT)**

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

**JAKE**

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

**BUTCH**

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT. - THE KIEV DINER- DAY**

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

**MILES**

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

**LILY**

We should ditch him.

**JAKE**

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

Lupus exits the restroom, heading back towards the booth.

**GORDO**

How's the hoop, superstar? Clean?

**LUPUS**

What is it with you and bathrooms?

**MILES**

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

**LILY**

Manly.

(CONTINUED)

47.

CONTINUED:

**GORDO**

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

**JAKE**

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

**MILES**

Is it all fugasi?

**JAKE**

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

**LILY**

What about Customs?

**JAKE**

I'll worry about Customs.

**LILY**

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

**JAKE**

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

Jake rolls his eyes as Lily glares at him.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- BULLDOG GYM- DAY**

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

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

**KING PIN**

How much?

(CONTINUED)

48.

CONTINUED:

**JAKE**

I think two million.

**KING PIN**

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

**JAKE**

I need you to stake me.

**KING PIN**

Stake you?

**JAKE**

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

King Pin eyes Jake suspiciously for a second.

**KING PIN**

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

**JAKE**

Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

**KING PIN**

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

**LILY**

Mr . King, I think---

**JAKE**

(w/ a look)

Hey, I got it! Take some mental notes.  
You just might learn something here.

Lily just shrugs and rolls her eyes.

**KING PIN**

Listen, Scooter---

**JAKE**

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

(beat)

(CONTINUED)

**CONTINUED:**

**JAKE**

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

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

The

**KING PIN**

Take off your shirt.

Jake looks behind him to see Harlin looming.

**JAKE**

Excuse me?

**KING PIN**

I said take off your fucking shirt.

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

**JAKE**

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

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

**KING PIN**

Look at you, you skinny prick.

**JAKE**

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

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

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

**KING PIN**

Come here. Feel this.

**JAKE**

No thanks. I'm good.

**KING PIN**

Come here!

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

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

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

**LILY**

You guys are freaking me out.

**KING PIN**

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

Punch it.

**JAKE**

I am not going--

The King starts to get that look again.

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

He

**KING PIN**

Come on. Harder.

**JAKE**

I think I just broke my hand.

**KING PIN**

Harder. Remember, I killed your buddy.

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

**KING PIN (cont'd)**

All muscle.

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

**KING PIN**

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

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

**(CONTINUED)**

51.

**CONTINUED:**

**JAKE**

You get all that?

Everyone in the gym goes back to their workouts.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. - BACK ALLEY (PRESENT)**

Butch lets out an easy laugh.

**BUTCH**

Nice.

**JAKE**

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

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. - CITY BANK OF NEW YORK DAY**

A flood of people exit the bank at the end of the day. Jake, Lupus, Lily, Miles and Gordo wait by the side of the building. Miles reads off a piece of paper.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

What you're looking for in a mark is someone who's weakness you can exploit.

**MILES**

Michelle Strigo. Loan officer.

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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

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

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

**JAKE**

No.

**CUT TO:**

**52.**

**EXT. - CITY BANK OF NEW YORK-NEXT DAY**

A flood of people exit the bank at the end of the day. Jake, Lupus, Lily, Miles and Gordo wait by the side of the building.

**MILES**

Jay Houlser. VP International finance.

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- TRENDY RESTAURANT- NIGHT**

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

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

**JAKE**

No.

CUT TO:

**EXT. - CITY BANK OF NEW YORK- NEXT DAY**

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

**MILES**

Alice Tanner. Finance Director.

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

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

**JAKE**

No.

CUT TO:

53.

**EXT. - CITY BANK OF NEW YORK- NEXT DAY**

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

**MILES**

Grant Ashby. VP of Corporate Loans.

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

CUT TO:

**INT.- THE BULL AND THE BEAR PUB- NIGHT**

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

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

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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

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

**JAKE**

Him.

**MILES**

You sure?

Jake watches Ashby do the crossword puzzle alone.

**JAKE**

I' m sure.

CUT TO:

**INT.- GARMENT DISTRICT/WAREHOUSE- DAY**

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

(CONTINUED)

54.

CONTINUED:

**JAKE**

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

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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

**FRANKIE**

Last of the red hot grifters.

Suits grabs Jake with a hug. It's a heartfelt one. The others exchange greetings with Suits who moves over to Lupus and studies his loud sweatsuit.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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

**JAKE**

We need wardrobe.

FRANKIE (re: Lupus)

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

**GORDO**

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

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

Jake and Lily follow Suits into...

CUT TO:

**INT.- SUITS' OFFICE- DAY**

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



CONTINUED:

**SUITS**

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

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

**JAKE**

Aces, Suits.

**SUITS**

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

(off Jake's nod)  
You into something big?

**JAKE**

Pretty much.

**SUITS**

In over your head?

**JAKE**

Pretty much. Suits eyes Lily.

**SUITS**

Can I speak to you in confidence?

**JAKE**

Huh? Oh. She's alright.

Suits gives Lily another suspicious look.

**SUITS**

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

**JAKE**

A little bit of both.

Lily watches in utter confusion.

**SUITS**

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

**CONTINUED:**

SUITS (cont'd)

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

**JAKE**

Can't say.

**SUITS**

Then who's the Banker?

**JAKE**

The King.

A dead look comes over Suits.

**SUITS**

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

**JAKE**

I can handle it.

**SUITS**

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

**JAKE**

It's not history.

**SUITS**

So what do you want?

**JAKE**

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

**SUITS**

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

Jake considers those words for a moment.

**JAKE**

Yes I can.

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

(CONTINUED)

**CONTINUED:**

**SUITS**

Still time.

**JAKE**

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

**SUITS**

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

We Jake, Jake?

Suits holds out his hand. Jake takes it.

**JAKE**

We're Jake.

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- GARMENT DISTRICT/WAREHOUSE- CONTINUOUS**

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

Lily can

**LILY**

What the hell's his problem?

**JAKE**

Don't worry about it.

**LILY**

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

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

**JAKE**

You need to get a haircut.

**LILY**

What?

**JAKE**

And some new clothes.

**LILY**

Why?

**(CONTINUED)**

**58.**

**CONTINUED:**

**JAKE**

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

**LILY**

You're just going to have to trust me.

**JAKE**

I don't trust anyone.

**LILY**

Then show me how.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. - TIFFANY'S - NIGHT**

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

**JAKE**

(to himself)

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

(to Lily)

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

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

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

**SALESGIRL**

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

**MR. LEWIS**

Right.

**SALESGIRL**

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

**(CONTINUED)**

**59.**

**CONTINUED:**

**MR. LEWIS**

Perfect.

**SALESGIRL**

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

The Salesgirl takes the order form and walks away. A change comes over Jake. It's subtle-- Posture, facial expressions, a slight tug of an accent-- but it's there.

**JAKE**

Mr. Lewis?

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

**JAKE**

It is you. Hello!  
Jake extends his hand.

**MR. LEWIS**

Sorry, I--

**JAKE**

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

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

**MR. LEWIS**

Of course. Jake. Nice to see you.

**JAKE**

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

**MR. LEWIS**

Great. Thank you.

The Salesgirl returns.

**JAKE**

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

**SALESGIRL**

Do you have a ticket?

(CONTINUED)

60.

CONTINUED:

**JAKE**

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

**MR. LEWIS**

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

The Salesgirl nods and disappears again.

MR. LEWIS (cont'd)

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

**JAKE**

My wife and I are just taking a little vacation.

Behind his back, Jake discreetly waves Lily over.

**MR. LEWIS**

Carolyn's down this weekend too.  
Lily approaches. When she does, Jake pulls her close and gives her a loving kiss on the lips. It throws Lily for a second.

**LILY**

Uh... Everything okay?

**JAKE**

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

Lily and Mr. Lewis exchange handshakes.

**JAKE**

I'm sorry, honey. I'm almost done.  
Jake taps Lily on the back with the hand wrapped around her waist.

**LILY**

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

Jake gives Lily another kiss before she leaves.

**MR. LEWIS**

Attractive girl.

(CONTINUED)

61.

CONTINUED:

**JAKE**

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

**MR. LEWIS**

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

**JAKE**

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

**SALESGIRL**

We have Carolyn with a "y". I'm sorry, there's nothing under Pearson. If we had an invoice number--  
Jake's smile dissolves as he grows a little anxious.

**JAKE**

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

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

**MR. LEWIS**

Good luck. Congratulations again.  
He and Jake shake hands.

**JAKE**

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

**MR. LEWIS**

Sure.  
Jake pulls out a checkbook and pen.

**JAKE**

(writing)  
That'd be a great help.

(CONTINUED)

62.

**CONTINUED:**

The Salesgirl returns.

**SALESGIRL**

I'm sorry. Nothing under Pearson.

**JAKE**

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

**SALESGIRL**

What was it?

Jake quickly scans the jewelry in the glass case.

**JAKE**

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

**SALESGIRL**

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

**JAKE**

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

**SALESGIRL**

With identification.

Jake stops writing on the check and locks up.

**JAKE**

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

**SALESGIRL**

I'm sorry.

Jake's anxious look comes back.

**JAKE**

I know it's policy, but...

(looking over at Lily)

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

(CONTINUED)

63.

**CONTINUED:**

**SALESGIRL**

(sympathetic)

I'm sorry.

**JAKE**

(clearing his throat)

This is embarrassing.

**MR. LEWIS**

Jake?

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

**JAKE**

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

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

**MR. LEWIS**

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

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

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.- TIFFANY'S/SIDEWALK--NIGHT**

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

**JAKE**

Happy anniversary.

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



hail a cab.

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

**JAKE**

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

Lily puts on a big smile while opening the box.

**JAKE**

Now we gotta give him a strong finish.

(CONTINUED)

64.

**CONTINUED:**

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

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

Jake and Lily are still kissing as the cab pulls away.

Lily finally breaks the kiss--- Slowly.

**LILY**

He's gone.

**JAKE**

Uh-huh.

**LILY**

I gotta go get a haircut.

**JAKE**

Uh-huh.

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- SIXTEENTH PRECINT- DAY**

Moonan sits on a desk, ear to a phone.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

It was all in play. Everything...

**MOONAN**

It's Moonan... I'm in New York. Listen, I got Vig. He's here and I'm this close... Look, I understand that, but I'm telling you this time... Obsessive is a big word to use... Goddamn it, Lou! I'm telling you, this is it. Yeah... I figured you'd feel that way. So here's the deal... Call Kylie over at the Bureau. Tell him I got something that might interest him. A guy they call the King Pin. I think there may be a corruption case brewing here, too... That's right. So even if

I don't get Vig, you'll still have something to show.  
Rottovich and Sobozinski enter.

(CONTINUED)

65.

CONTINUED:

MOONAN (cont' d)

Good... I gotta go.

(hanging up)

So, what do you have for me?

**SOBOZINSKI**

Whaddya mean? We got dick.

**MOONAN**

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

Moonan kicks a chair across the floor.

**ROTTOVICH**

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

**MOONAN**

(composing himself)

Look, I'm not a confrontational person by nature.

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

**MOONAN**

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

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

CUT TO:

**EXT. - BACK ALLEY-NIGHT (PRESENT)**

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

**JAKE**

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

(CONTINUED)

66.

CONTINUED:

JAKE (cont' d)

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

**BUTCH**

You're a superstitious fucker.

**JAKE**

Luck's a funny thing. Especially the bad.

**BUTCH**

Like what?

**JAKE**

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

CUT TO:

**INT.- JAKE'S APARTMENT- NIGHT**

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

(overlap below)

But if you wanna talk about bad luck...

**MILES**

Where the hell is she?

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

Redheads.

**JAKE**

**FUCK!**

Gordo, Lupus and Miles look up at Lily.

**GORDO**

Oh shit.

(CONTINUED)

**CONTINUED:**

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

FREEZE FRAME ON LILY and her new red hair.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

Top three all-time worst red-heads...

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

Lizzie Borden... Axe murder.

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

Judas... Betrayer.

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

Shirley Vig... Abandoner.

**BACK TO FREEZE FRAME OF LILY**

The action resumes...

**LILY**

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

She takes a step into the apartment.

**JAKE**

You just put a mother of a jinx on us.

**LILY**

Lighten up.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

But the fucking Grand Poo-Bah of all jinxes? A bird in your house...

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

**FREEZE FRAME ON LILY'S BIRD BLOUSE.**

**CUT TO:**

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

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

A bird enters your house...

**CUT TO:**

**(FLASHBACK) INT.- BIG AL'S APARTMENT**

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

It means death.

**BACK TO FREEZE FRAME ON LILY'S BIRD BLOUSE.**

The action resumes...

**JAKE**

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

Jake points to her hair.

**LILY**

You told me to change my hair!

**JAKE**

(re: the shirt)

What about this? Do you have any idea  
what this means? You've killed us.  
We're dead!

**LILY**

Did I miss something?

**GORDO**

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

**MILES**

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

**JAKE**

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

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

(CONTINUED)

69.

**CONTINUED:**

**LILY**

So much for that good feeling, huh?

Silence. Jake can feel the eyes on him.

**JAKE**

Anybody says a word I swear to God...

Jake takes off after her.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. - BACK ALLEY- NIGHT (PRESENT)**

Butch cracks a big smile.

**BUTCH**

She had you tempting fate.

**JAKE**

My father used to play the same fucking  
lotto numbers with these other guys in  
the pharmacy. The same numbers everyday  
for sixteen years. One day he gets

pissed off, tells them he's out and plays his own numbers. They hit the Lucky Seven for one point two million.

LILY steps out from behind Butch.

**LILY**

Guess he passed on that unlucky-asshole gene.

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

**LILY**

You should have trusted me Jake.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- THE BULL AND THE BEAR PUB- NIGHT**

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

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

Jake a smile and saunters over to the bar.

**GORDO**

She up for this?

**(CONTINUED)**

**70.**

**CONTINUED:**

**JAKE**

She's up for it.

**ANGLE ON ASHBY AT THE BAR**

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

**BLONDE (O.S.)**

Is this seat taken?

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

**ASHBY**

(brightening)

Uh, no. Please.

**BLONDE**

Thanks.

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

**LILY (O.S.)**

Sorry I'm late.

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

**LILY**

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

**ASHBY**

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

**BLONDE**

Oh, I didn't know you... Here. Sorry.  
Lily takes the barstool back.

**LILY**

No problem.  
The blonde woman leaves as Lily sits down next to Ashby.

**LILY**

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

**ASHBY**

Tough day?

(CONTINUED)

71.

CONTINUED:

**LILY**

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

**ASHBY**

Uh, Maker's Mark. Rocks.  
Lily signals the BARTENDER for two more drinks.

**ASHBY**

My name's Grant. Grant Ashby.

**LILY**

Oh god. I'm overbearing and rude.  
Lily. Lily Finn.  
They shake, Ashby's demeanor brightening again.

**ASHBY**

So, what do you do?

**LILY**

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

My

**ASHBY**

Silicon Valley?

**LILY**

That's right. So, brainiacs that we  
are, we thought we'd be innovative and  
relocate east. Try our luck with a  
straight corporate loan out here.  
The drinks arrive. Lily hands the bartender a twenty.

**ASHBY**

I can---

**LILY**

On me. For the seat. Cheers.

She flashes a trademark smile as they CLINK glasses.

**LILY**

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

(CONTINUED)

72.

**CONTINUED:**

**ASHBY**

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

Lily arches an eyebrow at Ashby.

**LILY**

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

**ASHBY**

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

**LILY**

(leaning in)

Really? Wish we had met eight hours ago.

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

**LILY**

(getting up)

My partners are here.

Ashby reverts back to schlub mode.

**ASHBY**

Oh. Well, thanks for the drink.

**LILY**

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

**CUT TO:**

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

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**



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

73.

**GORDO**

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

They all break out into LAUGHTER.

**JAKE**

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

**MILES**

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

More LAUGHS.

**GORDO**

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

**LUPUS**

Especially with the thing!

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

**JAKE**

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

**ASHSY**

I envy you guys. Taking a chance like that.

**GORDO**

Masters of our own destiny.

**LILY**

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

**ASHBY**

City Bank of Manhattan.

(CONTINUED)

74.

CONTINUED:

**GORDO**

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

**ASHBY**

He's . . . He's okay.

**GORDO**

(goadng)  
Come on...

**ASHBY**

No.

More LAUGHS.

**JAKE**

What do you do over at your bank,  
Grant?

**ASHBY**

What do I do? I'm the VP of Finance.  
The group exchanges Looks.

**MILES**

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

**ASHBY**

(Confidently Yeah. That's right.

**FREEZE FRAME ON ASHBY...**

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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

**RESUME ACTION**

**JAKE**

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

**ASHBY**

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

(CONTINUED)

75.

CONTINUED:

**JAKE**

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

**ASHBY**

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

**JAKE**

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

**ASHBY**

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

**JAKE**

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

**ASHBY**

I don't follow.  
An uncomfortable silence falls.

**GORDO**

Jake...

**LILY**

It's alright. Grant's one of the good  
guys.  
She throws Ashby a flirty smile.

**LUPUS**

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

**JAKE**

(leaning in)  
Listen, what I'm about to tell you, I'm  
telling you in confidence, okay?  
(off Ashby's nod)  
Have you ever heard of a company called  
Big.Com?

**ASHBY**

Big.Com. That Internet thing.

(CONTINUED)

76.

CONTINUED:

**JAKE**

Right. The guys who started that did  
what a lot of companies in the Valley  
do. They get a good idea, shop it  
around, raise some capital, then sell  
it off to a bigger company. Microsoft,

Intel, Oracle, whatever. The beauty of it is, they've pretty much sold the company before they're even real. The bigger company is already set to buy it, all they want to do is make sure that the idea actually works. So they get some start up capital, make it work, then sell it for like five times the initial loan.

**ASHY**

Sort of like a letter of intent.

**JAKE**

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

**ASHBY**

And you have this letter of intent?

**JAKE**

(quietly)

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

**LILY**

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

**JAKE**

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

Ashby considers for a moment.

**ASHBY**

Should we get another round?

Jake and Lily share an almost imperceptible look.

**CUT TO:**

**77.**

**TNT.- CITY STREET- NIGHT**

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

**GORDO**

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

**MILES**

I gotta work off some of this

adrenaline. I got a line on this Pawn Shop guy over in Brooklyn. Anybody want in?

**LILY**

I' m going home

**GORDO**

Let's go, Jake?

**JAKE**

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

**GORDO**

You sure?

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

**JAKE**

Lupus!

Lupus turns and Jake moves closer.

**JAKE (cont'd)**

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

**LUPUS**

You going to have the time?

**JAKE**

I'll find the time.

Lupus nods and heads off. Jake watches them go.

**LILY**

Look at you... You want to go.

**JAKE**

For what? A couple hundred bucks?

(CONTINUED)

78.

CONTINUED:

**LILY**

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

**JAKE**

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

**LILY**

Why? Your mother not breast feed you or something?

**JAKE**

Are you asking me if I have something to prove?

**LILY**

Do you have something to prove?

**JAKE**

Not in that repressed anger sort of way.

**LILY**

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

**JAKE**

Good quality porn has it's place in the world.

**LILY**

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

**JAKE**

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

**LILY**

It's more than that.

**JAKE**

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

**LILY**

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

**JAKE**

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

(CONTINUED)

79.

CONTINUED:

**LILY**

How do you know I will?

**JAKE**

Intuition.

CUT TO:

**INT.- LILY'S APARTMENT- NIGHT**

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

**LILY**

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

**JAKE**

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

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

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. - BACK ALLEY NIGHT (PRESENT)**

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

**BUTCH**

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

**JAKE**

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

Lily looks away, her face softening for a moment.

**JAKE**

Then she fucked him over with an apple.

(with a dry laugh)

Redheads...

Jake continues to LAUGH...

**CUT TO:**

**80.**

**INT . - LILY'S APARTMENT--DAY**

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

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

Jake's a little alarmed. Lily, oblivious.

**JAKE**

(drowned out by the rumble)

How do you deal with---

**LILY**

(yelling)

**WHAT?**

**JAKE**

(yelling back)

**SAID, HOW DO--**

(the subway passes)

Deal with that?

Lily shrugs indifferently.

**LILY**

Do you think we can do it?

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

**JAKE**

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

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

**LILY**

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

**JAKE**

Sounds respectable.

**LILY**

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

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

81.

**CONTINUED:**

**LILY (CONT'D)**

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

**JAKE**

You want to talk about an old boyfriend right now?

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

**LILY**

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

**JAKE**

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

**LILY**

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

**JAKE**

You guys got busted. This is a great neck.

Jake still kissing...

**LILY**

No, we never got busted. We were done with a shift one night, both a couple of Percocets down and I was telling



Glenn about my boyfriend, about how we were thinking about doing it, you know? I was thinking about letting him be my first because I loved him.

(pause)

What the hell was his name?

**JAKE**

Glenn talked you out of it.

**LILY**

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

(CONTINUED)

82.

**CONTINUED:**

LILY (cont'd)

He told me that I was stupid because my boyfriend didn't really love me.

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

**JAKE**

He was looking out for you.

**LILY**

Then he grabbed me and threw me down on the floor, that really cold linoleum tiled hospital floor and started ripping my uniform off.

(pause)

He said he was going to "fuck some sense into me."

Jake stops kissing Lily and looks up at her.

**LILY**

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

**JAKE**

Lily... Jesus Christ...

**LILY**

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

Jake slides off Lily.

**JAKE**

Did, uh... Did you kill him?

**LILY**

I don't know. I packed up my shit and

ran away. To this... So unlike you, I guess I do have something to prove, in a repressed anger sort of way.

Jake considers for a second.

**JAKE**

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

**LILY**

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

(CONTINUED)

83.

**CONTINUED:**

Jake tries a reassuring smile even though he's not sure it's something he should be smiling about. The spoon starts to RATTLE again as another subway train RUMBLES in the distance.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. - BACK ALLEY-NIGHT (PRESENT)**

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

**JAKE**

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

Butch lowers the gun down and looks over at Lily.

**BUTCH**

You got some issues, huh?

**LILY**

(with a hiss)

I can take care of myself.

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

**BUTCH**

Hurry up.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- ASHBY'S OFFICE- DAY**

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

We had to finalize the deal.

**ASHBY**

Everything looks in order.

**JAKE**

This has to happen fast.

**ASHBY**

I know. It won't go unnoticed.

**JAKE**

There'll be red flags.

Jake slides an envelope across the desk.

(CONTINUED)

84.

CONTINUED:

**ASHBY**

What's this?

**JAKE**

You need some convincing. Consider it  
a convincer.

Ashby leafs through the money in the envelope.

**ASHBY**

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

**JAKE**

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

**ASHBY**

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

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

Then there it is. Ashby gets the itch.

**JAKE**

The standard ten.

**ASHBY**

Ten percent. Of how much?

**JAKE**

Two million.

**GORDO**

We're going to make it back, Grant.

Three or four times over.

**JAKE**

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

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

CUT TO:

**INT.- CITY BANK OF MANHATTAN/HALLWAY- DAY**

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

(CONTINUED)

85.

CONTINUED:

**GORDO**

You'll be there?

**JAKE**

Eight A.M. flight.

**GORDO**

Calls?

**JAKE**

We'll use the Euc.

They pass the glass partitioned conference room. Jake looks inside to see Morgan Gillette holding court with a bunch of SUITS. Butch stands behind Gillette. For a second, Butch and Jake's eyes meet.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.- STREET- DAY**

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

**ROTTOVICH**

Hey Jake.

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

Jake staggers back and Sobozinski pushes him into an alley.

**JAKE**

That tip not work-out for you fellas?

**ROTTOVICH**

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

**JAKE**

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

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

**SOBOZINSKI**

(pulling his gun)

Back up.

**LUPUS**

You want I should hold him down?

**(CONTINUED)**

**86.**

**CONTINUED:**

Gordo throws Lupus a look.

**ROTTOVICH**

Special Agent Gunther Moonan. Ring a bell?

**JAKE**

Gunther? I think I'd remember a Gunther.

**ROTTOVICH**

Ring it for him, Sobo.  
Sobozinski punches Jake again.

**JAKE**

Oh yeah. Moonan. I remember now.  
Thanks.

**ROTTOVICH**

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

**JAKE**

Wouldn't dream of it.  
Rottovich punches Jake hard in the stomach, sending him  
GASPING to the ground.

**ROTTOVICH**

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

**JAKE**

(gasping for breath)  
Something stupid.

**ROTTOVICH**

Good boy.

**SOBOZINSKI**

And don't leave town!  
(to Rottovich)

I always wanted to say that...  
As the cops exit, Lily, Miles and Gordo rush to Jake.

(CONTINUED)

87.

CONTINUED:

**LILY**

People don't like you much, do they?  
Jake lets out a pained GROAN as they help him up.

CUT TO:

**INT.- CAR- DAY**

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

**MOONAN**

Did he buy it?

**ROTTOVICH**

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

**MOONAN**

Let's just say he burned me once.  
Moonan calmly turns the page of the paper.

**LUPUS (V.O.)**

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- THE EUCLID- DAY**

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

**JAKE**

We go way back...

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.- DOG RACETRACK- DAY**

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

Greyhounds

**JAKE (V.O.)**

About four years ago, we were working in Miami, turf fixing for some local goon.

**CUT TO:**

**88.**

**INT.-- RACETRACK- DAY**

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

Special Agent Gunther Moonan.  
Jake turns and catches Moonan looking at him.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.- RACETRACK/PARKING LOT- DAY**

Moonan walks over to a car.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

He didn't really have anything on us, but I figure, maybe this guy's good for a Fix. So I ask him out to dinner.  
Moonan pulls a piece of paper off the windshield that reads: "La Scala 2night."

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- LA SCALA- NIGHT**

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

It was probably a stupid idea. There I am, Armani and Rolex. There he is, JC Penny and Timex...

**(CONTINUED)**

**89.**

**CONTINUED:**

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

So I took a shot. But now he had me on attempted bribery of a Federal Agent.

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

Jake casually gets up and leaves.

**FREEZE FRAME ON MOONAN'S CONTORTED FACE.**

**JAKE (V.O.)**

That's when Gordo comes in with the Hazelnut French Roast.

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

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.- LA SCALA/PARKING LOT- NIGHT**

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- THE EUCLID- DAY (RESUMING)**

Jake finishes the story to Lupus.

**JAKE**

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

Lupus nods, satisfied.

**GORDO**

Moonan. Here. Shit...

**LILY**

So what? We just stay clear of him.  
Jake gets up, hard enough to knock the chair over.

**LILY**

Jesus... Take it easy.

(CONTINUED)

90.

CONTINUED:

**JAKE**

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

**MILES**

What do we do? We change the scam?

**JAKE**

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

**GORDO**

Jake--

**JAKE**

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

**LILY**

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

**GORDO**

Jake, I mean, come on--

**JAKE**

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

**MILES**

Escorts!

**JAKE**

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

**LILY**



You are such a raving pussy sometimes.

**JAKE**

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

(CONTINUED)

91.

CONTINUED:

**LILY**

Everyone's working an angle, right?

**JAKE**

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

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

**LILY**

What about...

**JAKE**

What about what?

**LILY**

What about the money?

Jake stops and levels a look at Lily.

**JAKE**

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

**LILY**

No, I want my cut!

**JAKE**

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

Lily levels a look of utter contempt at Jake.

**LILY**

You're an asshole.

With that, she grabs her coat and leaves.

Lupus sits quietly, taking it all in.

**GORDO**

So that's it...

**JAKE**

That's it.

(CONTINUED)

92.

CONTINUED:

**LUPUS**

King ain't gonna like this.

**JAKE**

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

**LUPUS**

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

**JAKE**

Of what? They're both crooks.

**LUPUS**

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

**JAKE**

My fucking heart bleeds.

**LUPUS**

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

**JAKE**

Point, Lupus. Give us a point.

**LUPUS**

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

Lupus stares blankly at Jake.

CUT TO:

**EXT. - BACK ALLEY (PRESENT)**

Butch hovering over Jake...

**BUTCH**

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

(CONTINUED)

93.

CONTINUED:

**JAKE**

I was doing it for them.

**BUTCH**

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

**JAKE**

It's not true.

**BUTCH**

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

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

BUTCH (cont'd)

She trusted you and you sold her out!  
Be honest! Be a man! Tell her, Jake!  
Tell her that you loved her but the  
money meant more to you!

Butch kicks Jake in the gut.

BUTCH (cont'd)

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

Jake shuts his eyes, maybe because Butch is right.

CUT TO:

**INT . - JAKE'S APARTMENT-- NIGHT**

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

**LUPUS**

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

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

LUPUS (cont' d)

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

CUT TO:

94.

**INT. -BULLDOG GYM - SAME**

The King Pin on a cell phone. Harlin stands in front of

him, punching the King's stomach hard enough that he's sweating. The King seems to hardly notice.

**LUPUS (O.S.)**

Coupla things. They got this Fed , loo king around and the girl just split.

**KING PIN**

A Fed? Is he close?

**LUPUS (O.S.)**

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

**BACK TO LUPUS**

**LUPUS**

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

Jake looks up.

**JAKE**

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

Lupus cups the phone.

**LUPU**

He wants to talk to you.

(whispering)

Don't tell him I said he was jealous of Gillette, okay?

Jake reaches over and grabs the phone.

**JAKE**

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

Jake hangs up the phone.

**LUPUS**

What'd he say?

**JAKE**

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

(CONTINUED)

95.

**CONTINUED:**

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

**JAKE**

Aww, shit!

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BACK ALLEY- NIGHT (PRESENT)**

With a shrug, Jake continues...

**JAKE**

We were back on.

**BUTCH**

After you cut her loose.

**JAKE**

She walked.

Lily pushes Butch aside and moves closer to Jake.

**LILY**

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- LILY'S APARTMENT- NIGHT**

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

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

**HARLIN (O.S.)**

Lily?

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

**HARLIN (O. S.)**

.Jake sent me.

Lily moves to the closet.

**LILY**

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

More KNOCKING.

**(CONTINUED)**

**96.**

**CONTINUED:**

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

More KNOCKING.

**LILY**

**HOLD ON!**

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

**HARLIN**

The King would like to have a word  
with you.

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

**LILY**

Uh, right now?

**HARLI**

Please. I have a car waiting.

Lily takes a swing. Harlin easily grabs the bat and backhands Lily. She goes flying back into the far wall, bounces off and lands with a THUD at Harlin's feet where she finds the butter knife. Harlin reaches down and pulls Lily up by the hair. The egg SIZZLES in the pan. Lily takes a stab at Harlin, but the knife just bounces off his coat. Harlin slaps Lily again, sending her flying into the stove. Smoke starts to rise from the burning egg. Harlin steps closer, but Lily throws her hands up in surrender. A spoon RATTLES in a cup as the RUMBLE of a subway train grows LOUDER.

**HARLIN**

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

**LILY**

(yelling)  
**WHAT?**

**HARLIN**

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

(CONTINUED)

97.

**CONTINUED:**

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

HARLIN (cont' d)

(louder)  
**I SAID, I APOLOGIZE FOR--**  
(the subway passes)  
--The door.

**LILY**

(Nodding)  
No problem.

She grabs the smoking pan from the stove and WHACKS Harlin across the head. The burned egg lands on the floor. Lily watches as he sways and teeters on his feet, like a drunk. She raises the pan again... But before she delivers the final blow, Harlin steps on the egg, causing his leg to shoot out from under him. He lands flat on his back, out cold. The wood floor CREAKS with his weight. Lily wipes the blood from her nose and turns the hot plate off.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. - BACK ALLEY- NIGHT (PRESENT)**

Jake, Butch and Lily...

**JAKE**

Sorry. I didn't know...

**LILY**

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

**BUTCH**

Alright, alright. What happened today?

**JAKE**

Today? Started off great...

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.-- CAYMEN ISLANDS/BEACH- DAY**

Crystal blue water gently rolls onto virgin white sand. A jet cuts a line across the cloudless sky...

(CONTINUED)

98.

**CONTINUED:**

**JAKE (V.O.)**

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- JET- SAME**

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

**JAKE (V . O .)**

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- 16TH PRECINT- SAME**

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

So they waited for my call while Miles and I waited for Ashby's call.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- THE EUCLID- SAME**

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

**MILES**

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

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

**JAKE**

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

**MILES**

And we got rid of the red head.  
Jake considers...

(CONTINUED)

99.

**CONTINUED:**

**JAKE**

And we got rid of the red head.

**MILES**

Jake? Customs?

Jake just nods and continues flipping the penny.

JAKE

(V.O.)

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

**CUT TO:**

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

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

Same thing with playing a con. You have to be able to see that deep.

**ASHBY**

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

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

ASHBY (coat' d)

Now.

Ashby hangs up and checks over his shoulder.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. - THE EUCLID BAR- SAME**

Jake hangs up and immediately dials another number.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

In order to ensure that we weren't going to welch, Ashby's pay-off was to be directly deposited into his own offshore account which he could confirm electronically. In this age of



ecommerce, paper currency has become "  
more of a liability than a commodity.  
Especially to us.

(CONTINUED)

100.

CONTINUED:

**JAKE**

(into phone)

Go.

CUT TO:

**EXT.- CAYMEN ISLANDS/CAFE- SAME**

Gordo listens into a cell phone: Without saying a word, he gets up, wheeling a nondescript BLACK SUITCASE. Across the street sits the Grand Caymen's Bank in all it's pastel and brass glory.

CUT TO:

**INT.-- GRAND LAYMEN'S BANK- DAY**

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

Gordo was making the withdrawal from  
the Grand Laymen's Bank.

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

**JAKE (V. O. )**

They check the papers...

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

We follow the teller as she hands the papers to the

**OFFICIOUS LOAN OFFICER.**

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

**JAKE (V.O.)**

...They stick.

Gordo shakes the Loan Officer's hand and calmly walks towards the door.

CUT TO:

**EXT.- LAYMEN ISLANDS/STREET DAY**

Gordo walks across the street with the suitcase and pulls a cell phone from his pocket.

**GORDO**

First and ten.

(CONTINUED)

**CONTINUED:**

Gordo hangs up without another word. He approaches a building with the words "BANK OF THE CAYMENS" engraved over the brass handled doors.

**CUT TO:****INT.- BANK OF THE CAYMENS- DAY**

Gordo approaches the teller window with the check in hand.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

Then he had to bang it out across the street at the Bank of the Caymens...

**GORDO**

I'd like this cashed, please.

ANOTHER TELLER looks at the check then back up at Gordo.

**GORDO (cont'd )**

I also need to deduct a certain amount and deposit it into this account number.

Gordo takes another piece of paper and slides it to the Teller.

**CUT TO:****INT.- CITY BANK OF MANHATTAN/ASHBY'S OFFICE- DAY**

Ashby sits, nervously tapping his computer monitor with a pen. MARIE, a secretary, pokes her head in.

**MAR I E**

Mr. Ashby? Mr. Thompson from International with a 34R on a corporate account.

Ashby watches the screen, as a big broad smile comes across his face.

**ASHBY**

Probably just a new account marker.  
(standing)

Tell him I already left for lunch and that I'll call him later.

Ashby grabs his coat and strides confidently out.

**CUT TO:****INT.- BANK OF THE CAYMENS/VAULT ROOM- CONTINUOUS**

A SECURITY GUARD stands in the small, windowless room. Gordo is escorted into the room by a BANK OFFICIAL.

**BANK OFFICIAL**

We'll let you have a moment.

On a small table are neat piles of bundled money, shrink wrapped in plastic. Gordo seems in awe.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

We called them Green Twinkies.

The Bank Official and Security Guard exit. Gordo holds up a Green Twinkie up to his nose and takes a deep breath.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.- CAYMEN ISLANDS/STREET- DAY**

The Security Guard holds open the door as Gordo exits, suitcase in tow. Gordo takes his cell phone out as he moves across the street.

**GORDO**

We got Twinkies.

Gordo pockets the phone and disappears into the crowd.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.-- THE EUCLID- SAME**

Jake hangs up the phone and dials another number. He nods at Lupus.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

Miles was on his way to the airport to wait for Gordo to land. I made the call.

**JAKE**

Yeah, it's me. I need an escort. Not a ride, just an escort. You wanted in, this is in.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- 16TH PRECINCT/DETECTIVES' OFFICE- DAY**

Sobozinski behind a desk. Sitting in a chair leafing through a magazine is Moonan. Rottovich on the phone...

**(CONTINUED)**

**103.**

**CONTINUED:**

**JAKE (O.S.)**

Kennedy. International terminal. Gordo with a black suitcase. You got Moonan under control?

**ROTTOVICH**

Don't worry about Moonan. We got him covered. When..?

(hanging up)

It was him. There's a shipment coming through tonight. Kennedy.

**MOONAN**

Shipment of what?

(off Rottovich's shrug)

Find two cars. And change into plain clothes.

After Rottovich and Sobozinski exit, Moonan dials a number.

**MOONAN**

It's Moonan. Tonight. JFK. International terminal. Come heavy.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- THE EUCLID- NIGHT**

Jake sits at the bar, looking at his watch. He notices his hand is shaking.

**LUPUS**

So that's it, huh? You get the cops to give you a safe ride.

**JAKE**

Let me ask you something... You really think I'm going to come this close, this fucking close and let my guard down? I'll get square with your boss. I'll get square with whoever did Al. I'll get square with everybody. Then I'm going going to cash in my chips and be on my way to a new and better me far away from here.

**LUPUS**

You're a weasal.

Lupus gets off the stool and we follow him into...

**INT.- THE EUCLID/BATHROOM- CONTINUOUS**

Lupus enters the small. Bathroom and pulls a cellphone.

(CONTINUED)

104.

**CONTINUED:**

**LUPUS**

Yeah... He's landing with the money at Kennedy in a few hours. International Terminal. You were right. He's trying to fuck you. You want it, you gotta get it at the airport...

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- BULLDOG GYM/LOCKER ROOM- SAME**

The King Pin closes the cell phone and looks over at Harlin, who's hair is singed and matted down on one side.

**KING PIN**

He's got pigs for an escort. You believe this guy?

**HARLIN**

I'll get the car.

**KING PIN**

Always something.

The King struggles into a pair of pants, then turns around.

**KING PIN (cont' d)**

My ass look big in this?

Harlin deliberately looks away.

**HARLIN**

Looks fine, Boss.

CUT TO:

**EXT.-- JFK AIRPORT/PARKING LOT- NIGHT**

A black Lincoln Town Car rolls through the parking lot. Behind the wheel we see Harlin with the King Pin riding in the back.

The Town Car passes...

**MILES SITTING ON THE HOOD OF A CAR LOOKING AT THE TERMINAL.**

We follow the Town Car as it passes...

**ROTTOVICH AND SOBOZINSKI STAKED OUT IN AN UNMARKED POLICE CAR A FEW SPACES PAST MILES.**

(CONTINUED)

105.

**CONTINUED:**

The Town Car finally parks in the same row, each car, separated only by a few spaces.

CUT TO:

**INT.- UNMARKED POLICE CAR- SAME**

Sobozinski and Rottovich overlook the terminal.

**SOSOZINSKI**

You trust this Moonan guy?

**ROTTOVICH**

I don't trust anybody. You see how bad this guy wants Vig? It's like a sickness. I say we collar Vig ourselves. We got Vig, then we got leverage. And we trade; Vig for that tape. I want to see it right in front of my face.

**SOBOZINSKI**

It's just insurance.

**ROTTOVICH**

That's what I'm talking about.

**SOBOZINSKI**

I'm down!

Sobozinski holds his hand up for a high five.

**ROTTOVICH**

What are you doing?

**SOBOZINSKI**

High five.

**ROTTOVICH**

Put your hand down. I don't high five.

There's the CRACKLE from a walkie-talkie.

**MOONAN**

You guys awake?

**ROTTOVICH**

(into walkie)

We're here.

CUT TO:

106.

**INT.- JFK AIRPORT/TERMINAL- SAME**

Moonan sits a safe distance away from an area marked "Customs". Behind a large table, a few CUSTOMS OFFICERS in white shirts mill around.

Moonan speaks into a mic hidden in his sleeve.

**MOONAN**

Stay sharp.

Moonan keeps his eyes on the Customs desk.

CUT TO:

**INT . - JET- NIGHT**

Gordo sits squashed in the window seat, next to a VERY HEAVYSET COUPLE.

**MR. HEAVYSET**

Oh jeez.

Mr. Heavyset quickly gets up.

CUT TO:

**INT.- THE EUCLID- SAME**

Jake sits at the bar, the phone a few inches away. Lupus pours himself a drink from the bar. The phone RINGS.

**JAKE**

Gordo.

CUT TO:

**INT.- JET- SAME**

Gordo on the Air-Phone next to MRS. HEAVYSET...

**GORDO**

I'm landing in about fifteen minutes.

MR. HEAVYSET returns to his seat, drying his hands on his own shirt.

**MR. HEAVYSET**

Jeez... I tell ya, this airline food goes right through me every time.

Mrs. Heavyset pats her husband's hand.

**GORDO**

You ever use the bathroom in Kennedy?

(CONTINUED)

107.

CONTINUED:

**JAKE (O.S.)**

What? No. Use the bathroom on the plane!

Gordo eyes Mr. & Mrs. Heavyset.

**GORDO**

Let me just say that there is no way  
I'm using the bathroom on this plane.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- THE EUCLID- SAME**

Jake hangs up...

**JAKE**

He's wheeling around two million dollars  
in cash and he wants to stop to use the  
bathroom. You believe this?

**LUPUS**

Maybe he's got it right. Maybe we're  
all just looking for a safe place to  
shit.

**JAKE**

That was fucking deep.

Lupus gets up and heads for the bathroom again.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- TOWN CAR- SAME**

A CELL PHONE RINGS with a digitized version of "Ode to  
Joy". The King answers it.

**KING PIN**

Speak.

**LUPUS (O.S.)**

He's landing. He's got a suitcase on  
wheels.

**KING PIN**

So do half the other people in this  
place. How do I know which one?

**LUPUS (O.S.)**

I got it figured out... He's got this  
thing with bathrooms. If he makes it  
through Customs, he'll be heading for  
the john.

**(CONTINUED)**

**108.**

**CONTINUED:**

**KING PIN**

Good. Good. Do not let Vig out of  
your sight.

The King hangs up the phone and motions to Harlin to go.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. -- THE EUCLID BAR- SAME**

Jake looks up at a small digital clock sitting behind the  
bar. It reads "11:11PM."

Lupus emerges from the back hallway to find Jake dialing  
a number.

**JAKE**

What's up with you? Bladder infection?

**LUPUS**

Keep it up.

**LILY (O.S.)**

You got my cell. Leave a message.

**JAKE**

It's me. It's Jake. Listen... It's happening. Gordo's landing right now. Meet me at the Euclid... For your cut, I mean. It's... I want you to have it.

Jake hangs up the phone.

**LUPUS**

You really like that bitch don't you? I gotta tell you, I was pretty convinced that the whole thing before was blowing her off for her cut. You know how it is, get her to do some shit for you, throw her a bang to keep her happy. But, if you're into her... That's cool.

**JAKE**

That's what I like about you, Lupus. You're a free thinker. Don't let the King tell you different.

**LIONEL**

Not for nothing, Jake, but the guy who whacked your buddy? It was me. The King usually farms out for that kind of stuff, but I tell ya, he was so pissed off he couldn't wait for the regular guy. Fucker didn't even put down his Kung Pao Chicken.

(CONTINUED)

109.

**CONTINUED:**

Jake seems to be reeling with the information.

**JAKE**

Egg Foo Young.  
(standing)

Stand up.

**LUPUS**

What?

**JAKE**

Stand up.

**LUPUS**

(laughing)

No offense, but I've seen you fight. You gotta be kidding m-

Jake's sends a fist flying right into Lupus' mouth,



knocking him over.

**JAKE**

I said stand up.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- MORGAN GILLETTE'S OFFICE- NIGHT**

MORGAN GILLETTE sits behind a desk in an ultra modern office, his reptilian like face fixed straight ahead. Butch leans against the wall behind him.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

This is probably about where you came in.

**GILLETTE**

Wow. Now that's an exciting story. Butch, has anyone ever tried something like this before?

**BUTCH**

Not that I recall. What do you want us to do about it?

**GILLETTE**

Let's see... Let's suppose he gets to Customs and he gets caught. We get our money back, but then we have to deal with a criminal investigation. I don't much like that idea. Then again, let's suppose he actually gets through Customs. Now, that'll be something. We recover the money in cash and let the insurance cover the corporate fraud. We double our money.

**(CONTINUED)**

**110.**

**CONTINUED:**

**BUTCH**

So we go to the bar.

**GILLETTE**

I think so. The airport's going to be crawling with police. Traffic will be a nightmare. Go down to the bar. If they pull it off, great. Have someone deal with Ashby.

**BUTCH**

We'll take care of it.

**GILLETTE**

And how much did you say you wanted for this... What did you call it? A finder's fee?

REVEAL Lily sitting on the couch in front of them, cell phone in hand.

**LIL**

Ten percent.

**GILLETTE**

Ten? That seems a little high.

**BUTCH**

Ten is standard, sir.

**GILLETTE**

Fine. But only if we recover the cash.

**LILY**

Only if--? No way. I want something for this.

**GILLETTE**

Have a little faith in him, honey.

Butch, see if you can get him to tell you how he did it. Or almost did it.

Sounds like a good story.

**BUTCH**

I'll ask.

Gillette picks up an APPLE from a bowl in his desk... The oldest con.

**GILLETTE**

Apple?

**CUT TO:**

**111.**

**INT.- AIRPORT/TERMINAL HALLWAY- NIGHT**

We follow Gordo as he wheels the black suitcase down the long corridor towards the Customs Desk.

Moonan spots Gordo and speaks into his wrist.

**MOONAN**

I got him.

**ANGLE ON THE CUSTOMS DESK**

A few TRAVELERS quickly move past the desk. Gordo approaches a CUSTOMS OFFICER.

Gordo lays the suitcase on the desk: The Customs Officer looks nervously in both directions before waving Gordo through.

Moonan follows at a safe distance as Gordo clears Customs.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- CAR- SAME**

Rottovich and Sobozinski check their guns.

**MOONAN (O.S.)**

He's headed towards the eastern most exit. Do not, under any circumstances approach. I want to follow this all the way down to Vig.

**SOBOZINSK**

(into walkie)

Roger that.

**ROTTOVICH**

Oh yeah, we'll wait, jerk-off.  
Sobozinski snorts a LAUGH as they get out of the car.

CUT TO:

**INT.- JFK AIRPORT/TERMINAL- SAME**

Gordo wheels the suitcase towards the exit when he spots the MEN'S ROOM. He stops and considers for a moment before he turns and enters.  
Moonan watches a few yards back. He pulls his badge out from under his shirt, hanging from a chain.

(CONTINUED)

112.

CONTINUED:

**MOONAN**

(into mic)

He just went into the crapper.

Hold your positions.

Harlin walks into the Men's Room half a minute after Gordo.

CUT TO:

**INT.- MEN'S ROOM- SAME**

Gordo pads the toilet with half the roll before gingerly setting his ass down.  
Suddenly the STALL DOOR FLIES OPEN. Harlin steps in, Gordo defenseless with his pants at his ankles.  
Harlin picks him up off the toilet and throws him into the wall repeatedly before letting him fall face first onto the dirty floor.

CUT TO:

**INT.- JFK AIRPORT/TERMINAL- CONTINUOUS**

Moonan watches the door to the Men's Room as Harlin comes out, wheeling the black suitcase behind him.

**MOONAN**

(into mic)

They pulled a switch. Big guy. Blue suit. Keep on him.

CUT TO:

**EXT.- JFK AIRPORT/PARKING LOT- CONTINUOUS**

Rottovich turns the walkie talkie off as he and Sobozinski fall in behind Harlin.  
ANGLE ON MILES-- Who steps out of his car, watching the little parade go by with a look of confusion.

CUT TO:

**INT.- THE EUCLID- SAME**

A LOUD THUMPING NOISE... Jake has Lupus by the hair as he rams his head repeatedly into the bar. Jake then gets him into a headlock.  
Lupus snaps his head back and butts Jake in the nose,

sending him staggering back.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

113.

CONTINUED:

**TNT.- JFK AIRPORT/TERMINAL- SAME**

Moonan taps the mic hidden in his sleeve, then checks the walkie.

**MOONAN**

Hello? Can you hear me?

Moonan pulls the ear plug out and races down the hall.

CUT TO:

**EXT.- JFK AIRPORT/PARKING LOT- SAME**

Harlin gets to the King Pin's car and opens the back door. As he crams the suitcase in, Rottovich and Sobozinski come up behind him, guns drawn.

**ROTTOVICH**

Hey asshole.

They both grin like idiots.

CUT TO:

**INT.- THE EUCLID- SAME**

Jake goes flying into the bar. Lupus pushed Jake back up against the bar and lands a series of body blows. Jake manages to grab the phone and whips it across Lupus' head, sending him to the ground. Jake straddles Lupus and raises the phone for the last whack.

We HEAR A LOUD CLICK.

Jake stops and the two slowly get up. As they stand, we can see that Lupus has the barrel of a small gun in Jake's mouth.

Jake shuts his eyes tight, still holding the phone. Which just then, RINGS.

Jake opens his eyes and looks at the phone. Then to Lupus, who nods. Jake picks up the receiver and speaks, the gun still in his mouth.

**JAKE**

Eww-Whoa?

CUT TO:

**EXT.- JFK AIRPORT/PARKING LOT- SAME**

Miles on a cell phone...

(CONTINUED)

114.

CONTINUED:

**MILES**

Jake! I don't know what's going on!

The King Pin... He's here and he just got pinched. I think with the twinkies! It looks like half the police department's down here!

In the BACKGROUND, a whirlwind of activity-- Red and blue flashing lights, half of the police department, Federal Agents in blue windbreakers... The King and Harlin slumped over the hood of the car, cuffed.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. - THE EUCLID BAR- SAME**

Jake drops the phone and looks at Lupus.

**LUPUS**

What happened?

**JAKE**

(w/ the gun still in his mouth)

Eee Oott Auught!

**LUPUS**

(pulling the gun out)

Sorry. What?

**JAKE**

HE GOT CAUGHT! Your boss tried to pull a switch and he got us all fucking pinched!

Lupus picks up the phone and dials another number... No answer.

**LUPUS**

Shit.

Lupus cocks the gun and crams it back into Jake's mouth.

**JAKE**

Aaaaiiit!!! Ooopusss!!

Lupus takes a newspaper off the bar and covers Jake's face with it.

SLAM!!!-- Blood splatters across the front page of the Metro Section. The paper falls away revealing Jake, wide-eyed, the gun hanging from his mouth.

Lupus lies in a heap at the floor.

**115.**

**CONTINUED:**

Jake lets the gun fall and Looks up to see Butch, standing at the door, gun in hand.

Lily steps out from behind him.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

I never thanked you for that.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BACK ALLEY- NIGHT (PRESENT)**

Jake runs his tongue across the front of his teeth.

**BUTCH**

You're welcome.

**LILY**

Can we please all stop being so  
goddamnfucking-polite and get to the  
point?

**BUTCH**

Right. Where's the money, Jake?  
Butch presses the gun against Jake's head. Jake turns  
and looks at Lily. They lock eyes.

**JAKE**

What do you get, Lily? Finder's Fee?  
Because it is all about the money,  
right?

**LILY**

You sold me out. You should have trusted  
me like I trusted you. You fucked up.  
You fucked up HUGE.  
Butch taps Jake on the head with the gun.

**BUTCH**

Alright... Turn around. She doesn't  
get shit, unless I get that money.  
Where is it?

**JAKE**

Probably safe in the hands of the Federal  
Government.  
Butch buttons his coat.

**BUTCH**

Oh, Jake. You disappoint me. And you  
just let Lily here down again.

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

**116.**

**CONTINUED:**

**BUTCH (cont'd)**

What was it you said about playing the  
big con?

**JAKE**

It's like putting on a play, where  
everyone knows their part except for  
the mark.

**BUTCH**

Like putting on a play... Guess some  
people forgot their lines.

**JAKE**

Guess so.

**BUTCH**

So why don't you take a deep breath,  
Jake, and I'll count to ten. One.  
Two. Three...

As Butch continues to count, Jake slowly turns his head  
and looks at Lily.

Butch, still counting, smiles at Lily's obvious contempt then slides the gun along the back of Jake's head.

**JAKE**

I do trust you, Lily.

Butch turns back to Lily to see her reaching into her bag...

**BUTCH**

Wha-

Butch spins and aims at her.

Lily pulls out a gun and... BLAM!!!

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- JFK AIRPORT/BATHROOM- SAME**

Gordo stirs on the floor of the stall, slowly getting up. Pieces of toilet paper are stuck to his face.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

Trust...

**CUT TO:**

**INT.- CAR- SAME**

Miles gets back in the car and SCREECHES out of his parking space.

**(CONTINUED)**

**117.**

**CONTINUED:**

**JAKE (V.O.)**

It should be a four letter word.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. - BACK ALLEY- NIGHT (PRESENT)**

Lily drops the gun and breaks down in tears

**BUTCH**

Jesus Christ! Tell me before you do something like that!

Jake lies face down in a puddle, the collected pool of water growing red with blood.

POLICE SIRENS WAIL in the distance, growing closer.

**BUTCH**

You should leave.

Butch disappears down the dark alley.

Lily stands for a moment and takes a final look at Jake's body. She then turns and runs back into the bar.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

So I'm dead...

**EXT.- JFK AIRPORT/PARKING LOT- NIGHT**

POLICE OFFICERS and FEDERAL AGENTS in windbreakers swarm all over the parking lot.

The King and Harlin are bent over the hood of the car, cuffed.

One Federal Agent pulls the black suitcase out of the car.

**JAKE (V . O . )**

But maybe I can't blame Lily. Maybe I

just should have just trusted her to play her part. Because playing the big con is like putting on a play. A play where everyone knows their part except for the Mark...

CUT TO:

**(FLASHBACK) INT.- DINER**

Jake sits with Lily, Miles and Gordo crammed into a booth.

(CONTINUED)

118.

CONTINUED:

**JAKE**

Just watch everything you say around him. Every word, every move... It all goes back to the King Pin. Get it?

CUT TO:

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

Lily with her new red hair and the bird blouse. watches Jake slowly flip out.

The crew

**JAKE**

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

Jake points to her hair.

Lupus quietly watches, taking it all in...

CUT TO:

**(FLASHBACK) INT.-- THE EUCLID- DAY**

Jake and Lily squaring off...

**JAKE (V.O.)**

You tell them the "Tale".

**JAKE**

What do you want? An apology?

**LILY**

No, I want my cut!

Lupus watches quietly, taking it all in...

CUT TO:

**(FLASHBACK) INT.- THE EUCLID/BATHROOM**

Lupus on the cellphone to the King...

**JAKE (V.O.)**

And like in a game of chess, you've played every possible move in your head...

**LUPUS**

You were right. He's trying to fuck you. You want it, you gotta get it at the airport...

CUT TO:



**EXT.- JFK AIRPORT/PARKING LOT- NIGHT**

POLICE OFFICERS and FEDERAL AGENTS in windbreakers swarm around the King Pin's car.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

Then you give them the "Blow-off". You get them off your back. Forever.

The King Pin and Harlin are bent over the hood handcuffed. Rottovich and Sobozinski lie on the ground, face down, their hands behind their heads.

**ROTTOVICH**

We're on the job! We're active in the one-six.

Next to them, a Federal Agent opens the suitcase. Coffee beans spill out on the asphalt, followed by the two bricks of heroin.

The TWO INTERNAL AFFAIRS officers from before emerge from the crowd.

**IA OFFICER#1**

Officers Rottovich and Sobozinski?

The second Internal Affairs officer holds up a **MICROCASSETTE**.

**SOBOZINSKI**

Fuck me...

**CUT TO:**

**(FLASHBACK) INT.- LA SCALA**

Jake slides a thick envelope of money to Moonan, seated across from him.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

But most of all, you need the "Fix".

This time, Moonan TAKES IT.

**CUT TO:**

**(FLASHBACK) INT.- THE EUCLID**

Jake finishing the Moonan story...

**JAKE**

That's how Special Agent Gunther Moonan and I became friends.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

Lupus nods, satisfied.

**CUT TO:**

**(FLASHBACK) INT.- CUSTOMS DESK**

Gordo hoists the suitcase onto the desk. The Customs Officer looks around nervously. We see he's looking at

Moonan in the B.G., who gives him a nod.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

Like Suits said, sooner or later  
someone's going to start asking the  
right questions.

The Custom Officer waves Gordo through. Gordo reaches  
down and picks up an IDENTICAL BLACK suitcase already  
lying on the table next to his and leaves.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

Rottovich and Sobozinski would ask how  
the drugs got in that suitcase. The  
King and Gillette would ask where the  
money really went.

Moonan walks over to the Customs Desk and takes the  
original black suitcase. He nods to the Customs Officer.  
Moonan turns and walks TOWARDS CAMERA, wheeling the  
suitcase behind him.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

And all of them would ask what agency  
Special Agent Gunther Moonan worked  
for.

We CLOSE-IN ON THE BADGE hanging from Moonan's neck.  
it is a number and the single word, "CUSTOMS".

On

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BACK ALLEY- NIGHT (PRESENT)**

**RIPPING SOUNDS...**

**JAKE (V.O.)**

But what do I care? I'm dead...

A THIN, WHITE VEST, splattered with blood and wired with  
squibs falls to the ground.

POLICE SIRENS WAIL just around the corner.

**CUT TO:**

**(CONTINUED)**

**121.**

**CONTINUED:**

Jake emerges from .the back alley, his shirt ripped and  
splattered with fake blood.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

No one's going to ask me:

A black car comes to a stop n front of him. The tinted  
glass slides down and Jake leans in.

**JAKE**

Drop something?

Inside we see Moonan and Lily riding in the back, Miles  
and Gordo up front.

**LILY**

(innocently)

Oops.

She smiles that smile.

**JAKE (V.O.)**

Redheads...

Jake gets in and the car pulls away, followed seconds later by two Police Cars SCREECHING to a stop in front of the Euclid.

**FADE TO BLACK:**

**THE END.**