

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

EXT. RICKY'S APARTMENT - YUCCA CORRIDOR - NIGHT

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

RICKY

Did Max mention anything about any jobs?

BOBBY

What about boxing?

RICKY
What about it?

BOBBY
What are you saying?

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

BOBBY
So?

RICKY
So, it was a draw.

BOBBY
Yeah, I'm 5-5 and 1.

RICKY
So, it's not a winning record.

BOBBY
It's not losing record.

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

BOBBY
Don't be shitty.

RICKY
How am I being shitty?

BOBBY
Don't be shitty.

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

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

RICKY

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

BOBBY

I'll page you.

RICKY

Yeah. Page me. You know the number?

BOBBY

Yeah. I know the number.

RICKY

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

BOBBY

I know the number.

RICKY

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

BOBBY

I got no idea.

RICKY

Ask if he said anything to her.

BOBBY

I will.

RICKY

I'll page you with the number.

BOBBY

Bye.

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

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

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

INT. JESSICA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

BOBBY
Honey?

JESS (O.S.) (O.S.)
Where were you?

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

BOBBY
(swallowing utter
contempt)
So, what kind of gig is this?

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

BOBBY
No. What kind of bachelor party?

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

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

JESS (continues) (CONT'D)
Oh my god. What happened?

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

JESS
Bobby, this is a plumb gig. It's a bunch of young agents and it's at a

restaurant. It's gonna be easy and we'll make a lot of money.

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

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

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

JESS
Oh, please.

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

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

BOBBY
Who's watching the baby?

JESS
She's downstairs with Ruth. Get ready.

BOBBY
I'm ready.

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

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

She rises and swaps her robe for a floor length overcoat.

God, is she hot.

JESS
Stop. I love you.

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

JESS (continues) (CONT'D)
Let's go.

He follows, slightly slighted.

EXT. JESSICA'S HOUSE - BLACKBURN - LOS ANGELES

As the couple hurries down the stairs, The face of a SMALL GIRL peeks out the first floor window. This is CHLOE, Jess' daughter. Her age is somewhere between Paper Moon and Jerry Maguire. She watches without expression as her mom leaves for work.

EXT. HAVANA ROOM - BEVERLY HILLS - NIGHT

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

INT. HAVANA ROOM - LOWER LOBBY - NIGHT

An attractive female HOSTESS sees Bobby's undesirable appearance.

HOSTESS
May I help..?

She then sees Jessica and guesses her occupation.

HOSTESS (continues) (CONT'D)
Oh, hi. They've been expecting you.
Take the elevator upstairs. You can
change in the card room.

INT. ELEVATOR - HAVANA ROOM - NIGHT

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

BOBBY

You talk to Max today?

JESS

I'm not gonna mention Ricky to him.

BOBBY

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

JESS

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

BOBBY

Well, that's not gonna happen.

JESS

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

BOBBY

I feel weird asking him.

JESS

You shouldn't. He likes you.

BOBBY

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

JESS

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

BOBBY

(then)

No coke tonight.

(no answer)

Right?

JESS

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

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

of his life.

INT. BAR - HAVANA ROOM - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

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

BARTENDER

Did you get the license plate of
the truck?

BOBBY

(unamused and
preoccupied)
Johnny Red rocks.

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

HORRACE

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

BARTENDER

Snifter are for warm drinks-

HORRACE

Yeah, snifters are for cognac-

BARTENDER

When served warm-

HORRACE

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

BARTENDER

We have snifters

HORRACE

Then put my Martel's in a snifter.

She walks away to get him his snifter.

HORRACE (continues) (CONT'D)
Like I'm gonna break her goddamn
snifter.

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

HORRACE (continues) (CONT'D)
It's already been a hell of a
night. Where you been?

BOBBY
I had a fight up at Sportsman's.

HORRACE
Well, you look it. You win?

BOBBY
Draw.

HORRACE
What's your record at?

BOBBY
5-5-1.

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

BOBBY
Yeah, sure.

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

Wendy is now being dry humped by two guys. Jessica looks
over at her, and is concerned. Lines of protocol are
definitely being crossed. Jess' horny guy makes a bold move,

jamming his face in her cleavage. In a split second, Bobby has crossed the room and has him by a wrist. The guy is surprised by Bobby's presence and grotesque appearance.

HORNY GUY

Whu-

BOBBY

There's no touching.

HORNY GUY

But what about them?

BOBBY

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

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

BARTENDER

(sarcastic)

That's not allowed.

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

BOBBY

I said no touching.

HORNY GUY

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

BOBBY

Get your hands off of her.

HORNY GUY

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

BOBBY
Your dance is over.

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

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

JESS
God damn it...

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

PARTIER
Call the police.

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

INT. BOBBY'S CAR - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

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

WENDY
What the fuck was that about?

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

WENDY
I got news for you, Bobby, he don't give a shit.

BOBBY
Bullshit.

WENDY

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

BOBBY

No more.

JESS

Bobby...

WENDY

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

BOBBY

Nobody's fuckin talking to you.

WENDY

And how could you fucking leave Horrace hanging?

BOBBY

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

WENDY

Bullshit.

BOBBY

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

JESS

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

EXT. JOB SITE - PACIFIC PALISADES - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the upscale renovation.

INT. JOB SITE - PACIFIC PALISADES - DAY

Bobby is part of a large CREW OF PLASTERERS midway through

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

RICKY

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

BOBBY

I thought you hate that club.

RICKY

I do. It's a fuckin Persian Palace.

BOBBY

Then why do you try to get in?

RICKY

Fuck them.

BOBBY

(hears something)

Shhh...

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

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

DECORATOR

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

HUSBAND

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

DECORATOR

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

WIFE

It looks great.

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

DECORATOR

Did you see the stove yet?

HUSBAND

The Viking was delivered?

DECORATOR

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

They leave. Bobby repairs the plaster damage.

RICKY

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

Ricky's pager goes off.

RICKY (continues) (CONT'D)

You see that? My shit's blowing up.

He looks around and grabs the wall phone and dials.

BOBBY

Come on, man. Not with the owners here.

RICKY

(phone)

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

In walks ARTHUR, the plastering contractor and their boss.

ARTHUR

Watch out, the fag's here.

(seeing Ricky)

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

Bobby looks concerned. Something's wrong.

EXT. JOB SITE - PACIFIC PALISADES - DAY

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

ARTHUR

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

BOBBY

What are you talking about?

ARTHUR

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

BOBBY

They were grabbing her fucking ass-

ARTHUR

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

BOBBY

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

ARTHUR

Good luck.

EXT. MAX'S OFFICE - VAN NUYS - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BOBBY

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

AUDREY

You're Bobby, right?

BOBBY

Yeah.

AUDREY

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

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

AUDREY (continues) (CONT'D)

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

BOBBY

No thank you.

AUDREY

You sure? I just made it.

BOBBY

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

He calms his nerves by staring at a recipe for Strawberries

Devonshire.

CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - VAN NUYS - DAY

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

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

MAX

(on phone)

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

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

MAX (continues) (CONT'D)

You like the ponies?

BOBBY

Sure. Yeah.

MAX

You bet the ponies?

BOBBY

Me? No. Not really.

MAX

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

BOBBY

Why?

MAX

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

BOBBY

This one?

MAX

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

BOBBY

Pshhh...

MAX

A million. Easy.

BOBBY

She was fast, huh?

MAX

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

BOBBY

That's why they call it the smart money.

Maxie laughs a genuine laugh.

MAX

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

BOBBY

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

MAX

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

BOBBY

They were out of line-

MAX

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

BOBBY

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

MAX

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

BOBBY

I'll work it off.

MAX

Not driving Jess, you won't.

BOBBY

What?

MAX

You're not driving Jess no more. Two strikes, Bobby, and this last

one was big. The bachelor's father goes to my schul.

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

MAX
I didn't say that.

BOBBY
Then what are you saying?

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

BOBBY
I don't understand.

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

BOBBY
Don't want to drive another girl, Max. The only reason I'm -

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

BOBBY
No.

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

BOBBY
I know.

MAX

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

BOBBY

Yeah. Sorry.

MAX

I got a way we make everybody happy.

BOBBY

Yeah.

MAX

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

(off Bobby's look)

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

BOBBY

Ruiz knows about this?

MAX

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

BOBBY

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

MAX

Ricky? Ricky 'I lost the truck'
Ricky?

BOBBY

You told him you liked him.

MAX

That was before he lost my carpet
cleaning van.

BOBBY

He'll work it off.

MAX

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

BOBBY

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

MAX

You vouch for him?

The exchange has taken on a gravity.

BOBBY

Yeah. Sure.

MAX

(lighter)

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

BOBBY

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

MAX

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

BOBBY

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

MAX

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

BOBBY

No. Okay. I'll think about it.

EXT. SPORTS FIELD - HOLLYWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the mural for the HOLLYWOOD SHEIKS

football team. Bobby and Ricky walk past the empty stands watching the HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM practice. Ricky drinks from a brown paper bag.

RICKY
We need guns.

BOBBY
We don't need guns.

RICKY
I think we might.

BOBBY
He didn't say we need guns.

RICKY
He implied it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

RICKY

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

BOBBY
Bullshit...

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

BOBBY
You wanna go right now?

RICKY
I'll beat your ass-

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

COACH
Ricky! Bobby! Cut that shit out!

They stop.

RICKY
Sorry coach.

BOBBY
Sorry coach.

COACH
How's the boxing going?

BOBBY
Great.

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

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

RICKY
What about me coach? Did I have

heart?

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

BOBBY
We look good this year.

RICKY
We'll kill Fairfax this year.

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

RICKY
Fuck him.

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

RICKY
What are we delivering?

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

RICKY
Who is this fucking Ruiz?

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

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

BOBBY
(looks at watch)
I gotta pick up the baby.

RICKY
Why do you always get stuck taking

care of the kid.

BOBBY
I like it.

RICKY
It's not even yours.

BOBBY
I like it.

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

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

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

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

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

BOBBY
(re: ticket)
Nice work.

RICKY
Shhh...
(on cell phone)
Yeah, yeah... No. No. I'll be there.
(hangs up)
You gotta get me to the Magic
Castle at four.

BOBBY
How'd you unlock my phone?

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

BOBBY
(to Chloe)
Seat belt.

CHLOE

Ricky's not wearing one.

BOBBY

Ricky, can you put on a seat belt?

RICKY

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

BOBBY

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

RICKY

(clipping in)

Jesus Christ, fine. Alright?

BOBBY

See? Now everyone's got one on.

(re: macaroni plate)

What do you got there?

CHLOE

A elephant seal. Where's mommy?

BOBBY

She's, uh, sleeping.

CHLOE

It's daytime.

BOBBY

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

CHLOE

No.

BOBBY

Show uncle Ricky what you made.

RICKY

Let's grab a beer.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLOR ME MINE - LA BREA - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the storefront ceramics workshop.

INT. COLOR ME MINE - LA BREA - DAY

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

RICKY

Why can't we just grab a goddamn beer.

BOBBY

I promised Chloe we'd come here.

RICKY

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

BOBBY

I'm not taking her to a bar.

RICKY

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

A YOUNG FEMALE SALESPERSON approaches Ricky.

SALESPERSON

Excuse me, there's no smoking in the store.

RICKY

Why? You serve food?

SALESPERSON

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

RICKY

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

She brings him an unpainted ceramic ashtray from a display.

SALESPERSON

What color paints would you like?

RICKY

Surprise me.

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

RICKY (continues) (CONT'D)

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

Chloe stops painting.

BOBBY

What's wrong, baby?

CHLOE

He's not doing it.

RICKY

What? Did she say something?

BOBBY

She wants you to paint the ashtray.

RICKY

I'm not painting the fu-, I'm not painting the ashtray. And frogs aren't purple.

CHLOE

It's a poison arrow tree frog.

BOBBY

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

RICKY

Fine. Here, look. I'm painting.

He haphazardly paints. Chloe resumes her task.

BOBBY

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

RICKY
Who's driving her?

BOBBY
I don't know.

RICKY
This paint sucks. The white shows
through.

EXT. MAGIC CASTLE MOTEL - FRANKLIN - DAY

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

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

RICKY
Right here's fine.

BOBBY
Is that the woman from..?

RICKY
(smiles)
She really liked the kitchen.

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

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

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

JESS
Here, sweetie, mommy's in a hurry.

CHLOE
I don't want grilled cheese.

JESS
Mommy has to work.

CHLOE
I hate cheese.

JESS

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

Bobby approaches and takes the pan. He kisses Jess.

BOBBY

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

JESS

Yeah? You sure?

BOBBY

Go.

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

CHLOE

You're not my daddy.

BOBBY

You gonna bust my horns, or you
want spaghetti

CHLOE

I want spaghettis.

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

BOBBY

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

There's a knock on the door.

JESS (O.S.) (O.S.)

Could you get that, baby?

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

HORRACE
What's up? Jess ready?

BOBBY
You driving her?

HORRACE
Yeah.

BOBBY
She'll be out in a minute.

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

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

Jess hurries in, clipping earrings.

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

He throws Bobby a look as he slides by.

HORRACE
Some shit smells good in this
motherfucker.

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

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

Jess hurries out, brushing her hair.

BOBBY
Watch your mouth in front of the
baby.

Bobby joins Jess in the back.

INT. BEDROOM - JESSICA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bobby enters, boiling over with opinions.

BOBBY

No way that cocksucker's driving you.

JESS

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

BOBBY

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

JESS

Ho's a good guy-

BOBBY

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

JESS

Shhh. He'll hear you.

BOBBY

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

JESS

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

BOBBY

I want you to quit.

JESS

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

BOBBY

I'll support you.

JESS
With what?

BOBBY
Max offered to stake me.

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

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

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

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

She leaves the bedroom.

INT. FRONT ROOM - JESSICA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

HORRACE
C'mon girl. Eat up.

BOBBY
Get away from her.

HORRACE
(not backing down)
Excuse--

JESS
(interrupts the conflict)
C'mon, Ho. We're late.

HORRACE
Yeah. We got money to make. See you around, Bobby. You make a good

puttanesca. Mmmmm-mmmm. You should make that shit for a living.

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

FADE OUT.

The DIALOGUE PRELAPS over a BLACK SCREEN...

MAX

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

FADE UP on...

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - VAN NUYS - DAY

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

MAX

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

Ricky starts to tear his envelope open.

MAX (continues) (CONT'D)

open the envelopes until you have left this office.

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

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

RICKY

Can I borrow a piece of-

MAX

Go ahead. Open the fuckin things.

You should each find fifteen hundred-

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

MAX (continues) (CONT'D)
dollars in c-notes, a numeric
pager, a double-A battery, and a
first class round-trip ticket to JFK.

RICKY
We're going to New York?

MAX
(with detectable
condescension)
Yes. You're going to New York.

RICKY
And the money. Where do we bring
the money?

MAX
That money is your per diem.

RICKY
And where do we bring it?

BOBBY
It's ours.

RICKY
To keep?

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

BOBBY
Yeah.

RICKY

Yeah.

MAX

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

RICKY

Keys.

MAX

What?

RICKY

What about my keys?

MAX

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

RICKY

Yes.

BOBBY

Yes.

MAX

What is it?

BOBBY

You want-

MAX

Not you. I want Ricky to answer.

RICKY

I get it.

MAX

Tell me.

RICKY

Don't worry. I get it.

MAX

So tell me how it is.

RICKY

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

MAX

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

BOBBY

Already told you, I parked it for five minutes and I locked it with the club-

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(interrupts)

You want us to be wherever you want us to be, ASAP, no questions asked.

MAX

Yes. Goodbye.

RICKY

So, wait, what are we dropping off?

MAX

Goodbye.

INT. LAX - DAY

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

INT. SECURITY CHECK - LAX - DAY

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

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

INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN - UNITED AIRLINES 777 - DAY

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

RICKY

Holy shit. Can you believe this?

BOBBY

Pretty nice.

RICKY

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

BOBBY

What's the movie?

RICKY

I'll get the girl.

BOBBY

Nah, don't bother-

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

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
(turning off the
service light)

Champagne or orange juice?

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

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (continues) (CONT'D)
(turning off the
service light)

Yes?

RICKY
Yeah, uh, what's the movie?

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

RICKY
Ugh...

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

RICKY
Yeah, sure. How much are they?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
How much is what?

RICKY
The videos.

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

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

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (continues) (CONT'D)
(turning off the
service light)

Yes?

RICKY
Drinks are free, right?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Yes.

(waits)

Would you care for another one?

RICKY

Yes.

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

RICKY (continues) (CONT'D)

I'll have a Cutty on the rocks.

She smiles and walks away.

RICKY (continues) (CONT'D)

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

BOBBY

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

RICKY

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

BOBBY

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

RICKY

Oh, I'll represent alright.

He rings the bell.

BOBBY

Cut that shit out.

She returns.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Yes.

RICKY
Where do you live?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
(strained politeness)
Excuse me.

RICKY
Where do you live?

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

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

She stares at him for a BEAT.

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

She walks away. He turns off the bell light.

INT. JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NEW YORK - DAY

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

BOBBY

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

RICKY
Maybe we should call for a cab.

BOBBY
No. Look. There.

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

BOBBY (continues) (CONT'D)
'Cardiff Giant.' That's us.

RICKY
You sure?

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

They approach the driver.

BOBBY (continues) (CONT'D)
Hi. I, uh, think that's us.

JIMMY
Hi. I'm Jimmy.

BOBBY
Bobby.

RICKY
Ricky.

JIMMY
Soho Grand, right?

BOBBY
What's that?

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

BOBBY
I'm not sure. All I know is the

account is Cardiff Giant.

JIMMY

(smiles)

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

BOBBY

Nah.

JIMMY

Travelling light. I like that.

RICKY

Is it nice?

JIMMY

The Soho Grand?

RICKY

Yeah.

JIMMY

You're from LA, right?

RICKY

Yeah.

JIMMY

You'll love it.

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

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

RICKY

Holy shit.

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

RICKY (continues) (CONT'D)

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

She ignores him.

INT. LIMOSINE - QUEENS - DAY

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

RICKY

So whenever we want...

JIMMY

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

RICKY

So you're our own private guy?

JIMMY

I handle most of Cardiff Giant's stuff.

RICKY

You know my pager number?

JIMMY

No. What is it?

RICKY

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

JIMMY

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

BOBBY

Where is the Soho Grand?

JIMMY

Soho.

EXT. LIMOSINE - QUEENS - MONTAGE - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

INT. SOHO GRAND HOTEL - SOHO - NIGHT

Nice lobby.

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

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

BELLMAN

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

RICKY

What's 'incidentals?'

BELLMAN

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

BOBBY

Thanks.

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

Bobby dials phone.

BELLMAN

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

RICKY

Just give me the key. I'm gonna

stay here.

BELLMAN
Yes, sir.

RICKY
Is it a good room?

BELLMAN
I can take you down there.

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

BELLMAN
Not on me, sir.

RICKY
Here. Take it. Bring me back eighty.

BELLMAN
Are you sure?

RICKY
Yeah. Take it.

BELLMAN
Thank you very much, sir.

RICKY
So?

BELLMAN
What, sir?

RICKY
Is it the good room?

BELLMAN
All the suites are about the same.

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

BELLMAN
Honestly, the suites are all about

the same.

RICKY

What if I gave you forty?

BELLMAN

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

RICKY

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

BELLMAN

Thank you, sir.

RICKY

Where's the place to go tonight?

BELLMAN

As far as..?

RICKY

Nightlife. Where's the hot ass?

BELLMAN

Women?

RICKY

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

BELLMAN

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

RICKY

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

BELLMAN

It's on West Broadway.

RICKY

See you later.

BOBBY

Yeah, take care.

BELLMAN

Thanks again. I'll bring up your change.

The bellman leaves.

BOBBY

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

(he won't)

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

(hangs up)

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

Ricky dials the phone.

BOBBY (continues) (CONT'D)

Who you calling?

RICKY

Shhh... Hello, room service?

BOBBY

C'mon, man...

RICKY

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

BOBBY

How much is it?

RICKY

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

BOBBY

How much was it?

RICKY
Forty-six.

BOBBY
Jesus, man. Plus ten?

RICKY
Yeah, I guess.

BOBBY
Great. On my fucking room.

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

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

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

BOBBY
Don't worry about it. Just be smart.

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

BOBBY
Oh really. Why's that?

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

BOBBY
Who's gonna smell me a mile away?

RICKY

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

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

BOBBY
What are you doing?

RICKY
What are you doing?

BOBBY
I know you're not calling Jimmy.

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

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

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

He dials. Bobby hangs up.

BOBBY
It's on West Broadway. We can walk.

RICKY
Well, I don't want to walk.

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

RICKY (continues) (CONT'D)
Motherfucker!

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

CUT TO:

EXT. FORUM - SOHO - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

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

RICKY

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

CUT TO:

INT. THE CUPPING ROOM - SOHO - NIGHT

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

RICKY

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

BEEBEEBEEBEEP

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

MATCH CUT TO:

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

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

BOBBY

Hello? Shit...

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

HISPANIC KID

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

BOBBY

Excuse me, we need to make a call.

HISPANIC KID

I'm on the phone.

BOBBY

It's important.

HISPANIC KID

So's this.

(in phone)

Hey baby... Oh, nothing. What were
you saying?

BOBBY

Listen, man, we really gotta...

HISPANIC KID

I be off in a minute.

(phone)

Say again..?

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

RICKY

He'll call back!

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

BOBBY

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

RICKY

Fuck...

He looks down to the kid out of frame.

RICKY (continues) (CONT'D)

You got a dime, bro?

INT. LIMOSINE - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

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

BOBBY

So, Jimmy, you know where this address is?

JIMMY

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

BOBBY

Harlem? What is it, a restaurant?

JIMMY

You don't know where you're going?

BOBBY

No. Just the cross streets.

JIMMY

Well, this is the corner.

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

JIMMY (continues) (CONT'D)

I can wait around if you want.

BOBBY

No. That's cool, man.

They get out and the limo leaves.

EXT. STREET CORNER - HARLEM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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

RICKY

What exactly did they say?

BOBBY

They said a hundred thirty-fifth and Twelfth.

RICKY

They didn't say an address?

BOBBY
I told you what they said.

RICKY
Nothing else.

BOBBY
Nothing.

RICKY
How'd they know who you were?

BOBBY
They asked who it was.

RICKY
So they said more than the address.

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

RICKY
This is bullshit, man.

BOBBY
What the fuck do you...

A BROUGHAM slowly passes. They pause. It goes.

BOBBY (continues) (CONT'D)
What the fuck do you have to
complain about?

RICKY
Don't even start.

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

RICKY
Look, man, I never met Ruiz, okay?
I don't know what the fuck I'm
picking up, what the fuck I'm

dropping off, who the fuck I'm meeting. All I know is Maxie's still pissed at me cause I sold his fucking van.

BOBBY
You sold it? I thought they stole it.

RICKY
Sold it, stole it, whatever...

BOBBY
Motherfucker...

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

BOBBY
You gotta be kidding me. I vouched for you.

RICKY
Relax. I'll do right by him. You know that.

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

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

BOBBY
What the fuck is that supposed-

RICKY
Mean, that's what I heard-

BOBBY
You got something to say-

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

There are a dozen black men, on Ninjas, and they all wear

black Nazi-style helmets.

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

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

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

RICKY
You know this guy?

BOBBY
His names Horrace. Horrace, this is
Ricky Slade.

HORRACE
What's up. You all ready to meet
Ruiz?

BOBBY
Yeah. Where is he?

Horrace throws him a helmet.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARLEM STREETS - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

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

EXT. LITTLE ITALY - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

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

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

EXT. LUNA RESTAURANT - LITTLE ITALY - NIGHT

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

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

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

INT. LUNA RESTAURANT - LITTLE ITALY - CONTINUOUS

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

RUIZ

(on cell)

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

The three men approach Ruiz's table.

RUIZ (continues) (CONT'D)

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

Bobby and Ricky both point to each other.

RUIZ (continues) (CONT'D)

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

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

LEO
Sure. You boys want anything?

RUIZ
Yeah, bring us four fernet.

LEO
Four fernet.

RICKY
No. I'll take a strega.

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

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

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

RICKY
It's a digestif.

LEO
Strega's an apertif.

RICKY
Fine. Bring me a Cynar.

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

LEO
We're square.

RUIZ
Thanks, man. You need anything, you
call.

LEO
Thanks.

RUIZ
You rode?

HORRACE
Yeah.

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

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

RICKY
Where's Spa.

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

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

RICKY
How do you like that fucking
moulinyan?

LEO
Maybe you two should wait out front.

INT. LIMOSINE - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

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

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

BOBBY

I don't know.

RICKY

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

BOBBY

Missing what? He didn't say shit.

RICKY

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

BOBBY

What did I 'get?'

RICKY

Yeah. What vibe?

BOBBY

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

RICKY

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

BOBBY

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

JIMMY

Spa?

BOBBY

Yeah.

JIMMY

Depends what night.

RICKY

A lot of Persians?

JIMMY

Not usually. Mostly Trustafarians.

BOBBY
'Trustafarians?'

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

RICKY
I call 'em wiggers.

JIMMY
Different.

BOBBY
This Ruiz guy, what's his deal?

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

BOBBY
Yeah?

JIMMY
Understand me?

BOBBY
Yeah.

RICKY
(quiet)
So is this the drop?

BOBBY
Like I said, I don't know.

RICKY
He woulda told us right?

BOBBY
You would think.

EXT. SPA - 13TH STREET - NIGHT

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

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

RICKY
(responding to
irritated looks)
Watch out, man. Sorry. I'm on the
list, man.
(to the doorman)
Hey, bro.

DOORMAN
The line's over there.

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

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

RICKY
Yeah. Ricky Slade.

DOORMAN
(to doorman with
clipboard)
You see a Ricky Slade?

The doorman with a clipboard checks and shakes his head.

RICKY
Cardiff Giant?

DOORMAN
What?

RICKY
Cardiff Giant. Just check.

DOORMAN
Maybe you wanna try the China Club.

RICKY
Again with the fucking China Club!
What do I look like a fucking

Persian to you?

DOORMAN
(firm)

Hey. I'm half Lebanese.

BOBBY
We're with Ruiz.

DOORMAN
Ruiz isn't here.

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

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

BOBBY
Can you check?

DOORMAN
He's not here.

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

DOORMAN (continues) (CONT'D)
What's up, man.

SCREECH
S'up.

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

SCREECH
A little.

DOORMAN
You look good, man.

SCREECH
Cool. See you later.

DOORMAN

Cool.

Ricky can't believe his eyes.

RICKY

Did you see that shit? Motherfucker.

(to doorman)

You let in fucking Screech, dude?

I'm waiting and you let in Screech?

DOORMAN

He's on the list.

RICKY

(hot)

Show me. Show me where it says

Screech on the fucking list.

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

DOORMAN

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

RUIZ

A little. How's it going tonight?

DOORMAN

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

RUIZ

Yeah.

DOORMAN

Alright. These two are good.

He opens the rope. Bobby shakes his hand.

DOORMAN (continues) (CONT'D)

Sorry, man, but...

BOBBY

Thanks a lot. Don't worry about it.

DOORMAN

Any time, bro.

BOBBY

Thanks.

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

INT. SPA - 13TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

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

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

INT. VIP AREA - SPA - CONTINUOUS

... a series of passageways furnished like a French parlor. Lithe MODELS sit amongst Dreadlocked white boys. After yet another bar, the crowd vomits into a cavernous bomb shelter. A pulsing dance floor is surrounded by a series of couches and coffee tables, representing the private seating areas. At the far end of the room is an elevated stage with a DJ and a banner reading 'GRANDMASTER FLASH'. The party is greeted by a male club PROMOTER. He hugs Ruiz. With the slightest of nods, the party is lead to the prime table with a table tent marked 'RESERVED.' They sit down as a beautiful MODEL/WAITRESS brings two buckets of champagne and fluted glasses. Bobby and Ricky try to hide how impressed they are as they look at each other. GIRLS on the dance floor throw priceless looks toward their table. Ricky raises a glass to one. Ruiz finally looks at them and leans in. He's spotted someone.

RUIZ

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

BOBBY

What drill?

RICKY

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

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

BOBBY
Yeah.

RICKY
So we're working?

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

RICKY
She poured it for-

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

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

BOBBY
He making the drop?

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

BOBBY
What's his name?

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

BOBBY
So, when's the drop.

HORRACE

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

RICKY
How do you know it's not drugs?

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

RICKY
You strapped?

HORRACE
(confused)
'Strapped?'

RICKY
It means you got a gun?

HORRACE
I know what 'strapped' means,
motherfucker. What the fuck you
think this shit is? '21 Jump Street?'
(notices)
Cool out, they're coming back. Just
throw up your screw face and don't
speak unless spoken to.

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

RUIZ
Here, man, sit down.

WELSHMAN
(breaking the
tension)
I see you brought along the rogues
gallery.

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

He shakes their hands, keeping it light.

WELSHMAN

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

RICKY

So, you must be the Red Dragon.

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

WELSHMAN

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

RICKY

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

WELSHMAN

Edinburgh.

RICKY

And where might that be?

WELSHMAN

Scotland.

RICKY

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

WELSHMAN

I am.

RICKY

A rose by any other name would--

RUIZ

(changing the
subject)

Come here, there's someone I want
you to meet. You like big tiddies?

WELSHMAN

Well, who doesn't?

They walk off. Ruiz sneaks a glare.

CUT TO:

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

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

RUIZ

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

RICKY

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

HORRACE

Don't drag my ass into this-

RICKY

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

RUIZ

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

BOBBY

We get it. We're sorry.

RUIZ

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

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

HORRACE

I'm not saying shit to neither of you.

RICKY

Why? What I say bad?

HORRACE

What the fuck, 'Red Dragon?'

RICKY

What? Why am I bad?

BOBBY

How bad is it?

HORRACE

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

BOBBY

When's it going down?

HORRACE

Was gonna be tomorrow morning. Now, who knows?

BOBBY

Shit.

Outside, Ruiz starts his bike. Horrace slides out.

HORRACE

See you later.

RICKY

You really in trouble?

HORRACE

Stop.

RICKY

I'll tell him someone else told me.

HORRACE

Just don't ask me no more shit.

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

BOBBY

You happy?

RICKY

About what?

BOBBY

Why you gotta make everything
difficult?

RICKY

You too?

BOBBY

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

RICKY

Fuck this.

He opens the door.

BOBBY

Where do you think you're going?

RICKY

Back in.

BOBBY

You fucking nuts?

RICKY

Work's over. I'm gonna party.

BOBBY

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

RICKY

You got that right.

BOBBY

Fuck you. Go then. I'm taking the

car.

RICKY

Fine.

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

JIMMY

Where to?

CUT TO:

INT. VIP AREA - SPA - NIGHT

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

RICKY

Look who's back? Want some champagne?

BOBBY

(to waitress)

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

RICKY

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

(she goes)

Siddown, motherfucker.

(he pours him a
glass and toasts)

'Sex and paychecks.'

They all clink.

EXT. DOWNTOWN NEW YORK - MONTAGE - NIGHT

Shots at the bar. With chicks.

RICKY

So, wait, you're from where?

BIANCA
Manhattan.

RICKY
You girls aren't from Brooklyn or
anything?

BIANCA
No.

CYNTHIA
I swear to God, we live in
Manhattan.

EXT. DOWNTOWN NEW YORK - NIGHT

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

INT. NEW YORK BAR - NIGHT

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

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

BIANCA
We're in Fashion.

RICKY
So you're models?

CYNTHIA
We rep lines? You know? Fashion?

RICKY
And you grew up in Manhattan?

CYNTHIA
Kinda. Yeah.

RICKY
What do you mean 'kinda?'

BIANCA
You ever heard of Whitestone?

EXT. STREET - NEAR SOHO GRAND - NIGHT

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

EXT. SOHO GRAND HOTEL - SOHO - DAWN

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

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

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

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

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

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

RICKY

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

BIANCA

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

RICKY

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

yelling 'Faster, Billy! Faster!
Drive faster! Faster yet-!'

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

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

Cynthia grabs the phone.

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

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

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

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

CYNTHIA
That's a good idea, maybe I will!

BIANCA
Are you alright.

She hangs up.

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

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

Cynthia whispers too loud and drunk.

CYNTHIA
Is he cute?

BIANCA
He's okay.

CYNTHIA
Should I fuck him?

BIANCA
I don't know. Do whatever you want.

CYNTHIA
He's great, right. Is he great?

BIANCA
He's alright.

CYNTHIA
(disappointed)
I know.

BIANCA
(cheerleader)
But maybe that's okay. Maybe that's
just what you need.

BOBBY
Can you excuse me for a minute?

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

BOBBY (continues) (CONT'D)
What the fuck's going on?

RICKY
Dude, get back out there. You gotta
help me get them in the hot tub.
(shouts)
Hang on girls! Just get out there.
I'll be right out. You know how I do.

BOBBY
Yeah, I know how you do. I know how
you do. I've heard your kibbles and
bits all fucking night. You've been

shaking your ass like an unemployed clown. How the room's a boiling pot of sugar water. How you're gonna dip a string into it and make rockcandy. Who wants to play 'Just the tip?' Dancing around like a smacked ass. Oh, and that coat check girl you've been dragging around as 'insurance' doesn't even speak English.

(leaves)

Ricky checks the water and comes out talking.

RICKY

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

BIANCA

(re: robe)

Somebody's getting comfortable.

CYNTHIA

Where's the surprise?

RICKY

You want your surprise?

CYNTHIA

Yeah. I want it.

RICKY

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

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

BIANCA

You mind if I roll a joint?

Ricky sits in the BATHTUB with a glass of champagne.

RICKY

You want to come splash around.

CYNTHIA

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

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

BIANCA

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

CUT TO:

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

CYNTHIA

I want to leave right now.

RICKY

I didn't do anything--

BOBBY

What the hell did you do?

RICKY

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

BIANCA

Oh no. What is it this time.

CYNTHIA

We used to take baths together.

BIANCA

Come on. Let's go.

Cynthia calls her boyfriend on the cell phone.

CYNTHIA

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

They leave.

BOBBY

What the fuck was that about?

RICKY

She was jonesing for me.

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

BOBBY

Here you go, darling. Get home safe.

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

BOBBY (continues) (CONT'D)

Fuck.

He reaches for the phone. Dials.

BOBBY (continues) (CONT'D)

Hi.

(mouthes to Ricky)

It's Ruiz.

(phone)

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

RICKY

What's up?

BOBBY

He wants to see us now.

RICKY

Where?

BOBBY

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

RICKY

We're getting whacked.

BOBBY

We're not getting whacked.

RICKY

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

BOBBY

It's not a 'sit down.' He said he's

telling us the plan.

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

BOBBY (continues) (CONT'D)
What are you doing.

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

BOBBY
You gonna shank him in the shower?

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOSINE - MANHATTAN - MORNING

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

BOBBY
Put that shit out...

RICKY
C'mon, man...

BOBBY
I swear to God, I'll fucking puke.

RICKY
(obliging)

Hey, Jimmy, where they taking us?

BOBBY

Yeah. Where they gonna whack us?

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

JIMMY

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

The limo pulls up to...

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

Jimmy lets them out.

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

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

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

RUIZ

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

BOBBY

Good morning.

HORRACE

(laughs)

Good morning.

RUIZ

You think this shit's funny, Ho?

HORRACE

Nah, man...

RUIZ

You think it's funny, motherfucker?

BOBBY
Easy, Ruiz.

A WAITER shows up.

RUIZ
Don't 'easy Ruiz' me. Y'all turned
a Easter egg hunt into a
butt-fuck-a-thon.
(to waiter)
Bring me four eggs Benedict and a
mimosa. You all want mimosas?

BOBBY
(ill)
Nah, man...

RICKY
No...

RUIZ
Four mimosas.
(to guys)
You'll love them. So here's the
plan. I didn't say shit to Maxie,
cause the man has acute angina, and
I don't want to get him all worked
up.

RICKY
He has a cute what..?

BOBBY
A bad heart.

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

RICKY
Who's gonna outfit us?

RUIZ
Outfit? What's he talking about?

BOBBY

Nothing, man.

RICKY
You want us strapped, don't you?

RUIZ
Last thing I want is you with a gun.

HORRACE
Word.

BOBBY
What's the plan?

RUIZ
Tom, the Welsh dude-

RICKY
The Red Dragon.

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

RICKY
So, we're talking money laundering...

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

BOBBY
Let's do it.

RICKY
I'm your soldier.

RUIZ

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

BOBBY

Where's the drop?

RUIZ

You three are gonna meet him for dinner. Find out if and where. Now any of you motherfuckers got anything else to say?

RICKY

Yeah.

RUIZ

What?

RICKY

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

(beat of silence)

Why aren't you coming?

RUIZ

That's none of your fucking business.

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

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

INT. DINING ROOM - TAVERN ON THE GREEN - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. BATHROOM - TAVERN ON THE GREEN - CENTRAL PARK

Bobby splashes water on his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK ZOO - POLAR BEAR TANK - DAY

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

BOBBY

Why isn't Ruiz coming?

HORRACE

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

BOBBY

What's that?

HORRACE

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

BOBBY

Yeah.

CUT TO another view of the bears.

HORRACE

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

RICKY

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

HORRACE

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

RICKY

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

CUT TO another view of the bears.

BOBBY

So what do we do?

HORRACE

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

BOBBY

Where is this happening?

HORRACE

(hands him matchbook)

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

Horrace walks away, leaving Bobby and Ricky.

RICKY

Let's check out the penguins.

BOBBY

The what?

RICKY

The penguin house.

BOBBY

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

RICKY

Yeah. Let's look at the penguins.

BOBBY

Did you hear what he just said?

RICKY

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

BOBBY

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

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. PENGUIN HOUSE - CENTRAL PARK - DAY

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

RICKY

We need guns.

BOBBY

We don't need guns.

RICKY

I'm pretty sure we do.

BOBBY

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

RICKY

All the more reason.

BOBBY

You wouldn't even know where to get one.

RICKY

Wanna bet?

BOBBY

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

RICKY

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

BOBBY

It was six in the fucking morning.

RICKY

Float me a hundred bucks.

BOBBY

Why?

RICKY

You wanna see how fast I get a gun?

BOBBY

You're out of money?

RICKY

No.

BOBBY

What do you have left?

RICKY

Eighty.

BOBBY

Eighty bucks?!?

RICKY

Eighty five.

BOBBY

What happened to the fifteen hundred?

RICKY

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

BOBBY

I did! I paid for half the fuckin drinks!

RICKY

You did?

BOBBY

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

RICKY

What about it?

BOBBY

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

He starts to count out his cash.

RICKY

Calm down.

BOBBY

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

RICKY

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

BOBBY

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

RICKY

I'm sorry...

BOBBY

This is horseshit. It coulda been so easy.

RICKY

It's gonna be fine.

BOBBY

No more, man.

RICKY

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

BOBBY

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

RICKY

So what do we do?

BOBBY

Let's just go now and wait.

RICKY

Three and a half hours?

BOBBY

I don't want to take any more chances.

RICKY

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

BOBBY

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

RICKY

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

BOBBY

Where do you get this shit?

RICKY

Scenario B. I think I'm getting under Ruiz's skin. I'm no dummy. He doesn't like how it went down with the Red Drag- Welshman, whatever. Now I got Fruitpie the Magician telling me I can't call my man Max? And that Welshman's sketchy.

Whatever, I don't know where it's coming, which way it's coming from, I'm telling you one thing right now, I'm not gonna be late for the dance.

BOBBY

You're not getting a gun.

INT. LIMOSINE - MANHATTAN - DAY

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

BOBBY

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

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

RICKY

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

INT. GLOBE - MANHATTAN - DAY

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

INT. GLOBE - MANHATTAN - DAY

TIME LAPSE of the two guys shifting and resting.

INT. GLOBE - MANHATTAN - DAY

Horrace arrives with the Welshman.

RICKY

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

BOBBY

Easy...

They arrive.

WELSHMAN

Hey, boys.

BOBBY

Tom. How's it going?

WELSHMAN

Fine, fine. And you were..?

BOBBY

Bobby and Ricky.

WELSHMAN

Right, right. The 'thugs.'

They share a laugh. The tension is slowly dissipating.

WELSHMAN (continues) (CONT'D)

And where is..?

HORRACE

Ruiz? Oh, he ain't here.

WELSHMAN

No?

HORRACE

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

WELSHMAN

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

HORRACE

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

WELSHMAN

Pity. What's say we have a drink?

CUT TO:

INT. LOT 61 - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

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

WELSHMAN

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

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

RICKY

Dip?

WELSHMAN

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

HORRACE

No shit?

WELSHMAN

Does anyone want another?

HORRACE

You want another drink?

RICKY

I'll get it.

WELSHMAN

Who's up for a night on the town.

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

HORRACE
Sure. Anyplace in particular?

WELSHMAN
I hear the China Club is a laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CHINA CLUB - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

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

WELSHMAN
Bloody hell! Brilliant! Did you see that?

Horrace slips the performer a bill and he trots off.

WELSHMAN (continues) (CONT'D)
Now, about the business at hand...

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

WELSHMAN (continues) (CONT'D)
Anyone have any drugs.

A wave of dread.

HORRACE
What do you want?

WELSHMAN
A little Charlie, perhaps.

HORRACE
Coke?

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

HORRACE
(slipping Ricky some bills)

That shouldn't be a problem.

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

WELSHMAN

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

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM STALL - CHINA CLUB - LATER - NIGHT

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

WELSHMAN

(slurring)

God love you...

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

WELSHMAN (continues) (CONT'D)

Aw, fuck me. Sorry...

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

WELSHMAN (continues) (CONT'D)

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

HORRACE

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

WELSHMAN

(touched)

No, really, mate?

HORRACE

Here...

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

banging heads.

RICKY
Ow, shit...

HORRACE
Watch it...

BOBBY
C'mon...

WELSHMAN
Fuck...

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

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

Finally.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOSINE - MANHATTAN - LATER - NIGHT

The limo settles to a STOP to drop off Horrace.

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

BOBBY
No.

HORRACE
Brooklyn.

BOBBY
Yeah?

HORRACE
He must have that shit troughed.

BOBBY

What do you mean 'troughed?'

HORRACE

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

BOBBY

Ruiz tied in out there?

HORRACE

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

RICKY

I'm half Irish.

HORRACE

I don't fuck with those crazy, off-the-boat fuckin Irish. You heard of the Westies?.

BOBBY

Heard of them.

HORRACE

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

BOBBY

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

HORRACE

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

They all nod. Horrace gets out.

INT. LIMOSINE - MANHATTAN - DAY

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

RICKY

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

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

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

CHLOE (V.O.) (V.O.)

Hello.

BOBBY

Chloe?

CHLOE (V.O.) (V.O.)

Uncle Bobby?

BOBBY

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

CHLOE (V.O.) (V.O.)

I don't know.

BOBBY

(concerned, checking
watch)

Mommy's not home?

CHLOE (V.O.) (V.O.)

No.

BOBBY

What time is it there?

CHLOE (V.O.) (V.O.)

Can you take me to Color Me Mine?

BOBBY

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

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

BOBBY (continues) (CONT'D)
I gotta go, baby. I love you. Tell
mommy I called. You be a big girl
and be careful when you're alone.

CHLOE (V.O.) (V.O.)
I love you. Come home.

He hangs up, then dials.

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

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

INT. LIMOSINE - MANHATTAN - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

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

BOBBY
Aren't we waiting for Ricky?

JIMMY
Ricky's taken care of.

BOBBY
Taken care of?

JIMMY
Yeah, he's getting there on his own.

Bobby fights to clear his head and think.

EXT. CITY STREET - MANHATTAN - DAY

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

INT. LIMOSINE - MANHATTAN - CONTINUOUS

The car pulls away. Bobby has the no-sleep-sweats. He looks

awful. No one greets anyone. There is a tension. Horrace is on the phone.

HORRACE

(phone)

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

He hangs up. PAUSE.

BOBBY

Where we going?

HORRACE

Quick drop. In and out.

BOBBY

Where's Ricky?

HORRACE

Ricky's taken care of.

BOBBY

How so?

HORRACE

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

BOBBY

(re: briefcase)

That it?

HORRACE

That's it.

PAUSE.

EXT. LIMOSINE - BROOKLYN - DAY

The car crosses the Brooklyn Bridge and drives through Brooklyn.

INT. LIMOSINE - BROOKLYN - SAME

Bobby is watching and thinking as Brooklyn goes by. Horrace

seems distant.

EXT. ICARUS TAVERN - RED HOOK - BROOKLYN - DAY

The limo passes the corner and settles in front of the time worn Icarus Tavern.

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

INT. LIMOSINE - IN FRONT OF THE ICARUS - CONTINUOUS

They pop the doors.

HORRACE
This is it.

BOBBY
Where's Ricky.

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

EXT. ICARUS TAVERN - RED HOOK - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. ICARUS TAVERN - RED HOOK - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. BACK ROOM - ICARUS TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

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

shoulder to see Bobby and Horrace enter. Silence for a BEAT, then...

WELSHMAN
Here they are, then.

HORRACE
(falsely relaxed)
How's it going?

WELSHMAN
Brilliantly. Care for a pint?

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

WELSHMAN
Come, now. You just got here.

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

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

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

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

WELSHMAN (continues) (CONT'D)
Sorry about that. Where's your mate?

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

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

HORRACE (continues) (CONT'D)
(anxious)
Give me your marker, and we'll be

on our way.

Tom begins to write out a receipt.

WELSHMAN

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

HORRACE

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

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

HORRACE (continues) (CONT'D)

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

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

WELSHMAN

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

HORRACE

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

ROGUE

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

WELSHMAN

didn't know, I swear to God, I-

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

HORRACE

(to Bobby)

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

ROGUE

Shut up!

VOICE (O.S.) (O.S.)

Maybe you're the one who better
shut up.

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

ROGUE

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

RICKY

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

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

THUG

That's a starter pistol.

RICKY

(covering)

What?

THUG

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

The toughs begin to relax and converge...

RICKY

(nervous)

Are you willing to risk your life
over-

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

from the door.

JIMMY
That's enough.

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

They all freeze.

JIMMY (continues) (CONT'D)
You guys, over in the corner. Leave the hardware and your wallets on the table.

(to bartender)
Make out an invoice on damages. You got e-mail?

(nods. Jimmy hands him a card.)
E-mail it to me. A check will arrive. Call the number at the bottom and tell them the Rook is code four. Then destroy the card.

(to Bobby)
Nice. I'll let Maxie know you're good in the pocket.

(to Ricky)
Staduch.
(to the guys)
Go. I'll take care of this.

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

EXT. ICARUS TAVERN - RED HOOK - MOMENTS LATER

They get in. The limo pulls out.

INT. LIMOSINE - IN FRONT OF THE ICARUS - CONTINUOUS

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

RICKY
Holy shit. Get me back to Manhattan.

BOBBY
(interrupts)
Take us right to Kennedy. Now.

Horrace nods.

FADE OUT.

FADE UP ON:

INT. MAX'S OFFICE - VAN NUYS - DAY

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

Maxie looks at the open case of cash.

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

MAX
You did good.

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

MAX (continues) (CONT'D)
I never intended to test you two to that extent, but you both came through. I should've been informed there was a flag on the play, but I'll take that up with Ruiz. I made a few calls back East. Those punks weren't tied in with anyone. As for the Welshman, he wasn't in on it. He was just plain dumb. As for you, Ricky, your draw will go towards a new carpet cleaning van.

RICKY
But, Max-

MAX
We're square.

RICKY
Yes, sir.

MAX

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

BOBBY

There won't be a next thing.

MAX

Take a few days-

BOBBY

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

MAX

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

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

BOBBY

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

They rise to leave.

MAX

(smiling)

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

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

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

RICKY

Dude, we were practically made...

BOBBY

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

wanna come in?

RICKY

No. I'll wait here.

BOBBY

I'll be a minute.

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

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

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

BOBBY

Where's mommy? Did she leave you alone again?

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

INT. BEDROOM - JESSICA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

HORNY GUY

I-I-I... Don't...

BOBBY

I don't get it.

JESS

I never promised you anything.

BOBBY

How could you let her see this?

JESS

Goodbye, Bobby.

BOBBY

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

JESS

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

BOBBY

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

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

JESS

(quietly)

Take her.

BOBBY

What'd you say?

JESS

I want you to take her with you.

Off Bobby's look we...

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT ROOM - JESSICA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

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

BOBBY

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

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

She squeezes him with all her might.

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

FADE TO:

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

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

RICKY

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

She ignores him.

RICKY (continues) (CONT'D)

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

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

FADE TO BLACK.