

MATCHSTICK MEN

by

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based on the book

by

Eric Garcia

SHOOTING DRAFT

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. ROY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY 1

An immaculate pool -- clean, clear and placid -- crowds the back yard, bouncing light against the house.

2 INT. ROY'S LIVING ROOM - AT WINDOW - DAY 2

The pool can be seen THROUGH filigreed metallic blinds. ROY ENTERS FRAME, suited, coffee cup in hand, and peers out at it for a spell. A calming moment to start his day. Then:

He raises the blinds, wincing at the floor of sunlight. He checks the window's lock, re-locks it for good measure, then closes the shade again.

AT NEXT WINDOW

The ritual repeated: blinds up, window's locked, he re-locks it.

AT THIRD

Repeated.

3 INT. ROY'S HALLWAY - MORNING 3

Three doors line the left wall; one divides the right; all are shut. Roy emerges from the nearest door on the left (a bedroom) and shuts it behind him. He crosses to the single door on the right (a bathroom), opens it, enters, and shuts it behind him. WATER RUNS and a TOILET FLUSHES.

He reappears, shuts the door behind him, and enters the middle door on the left (another bedroom, unoccupied). He re-emerges with a handkerchief in hand, then in pocket, and a beeper on his belt, and again shuts the door behind him.

He starts for the far door (to a living room) but manages only a few steps before he stops, turns, and heads back to the bathroom door. He opens it and peers inside. A three-count and he shuts it again.

4 INT. ROY'S KITCHEN - DAY 4

Roy rinses out his mug of coffee, washes the sink basin clean of it, wipes down the kitchen countertop, already spotless, and lets the faucet run as --

-- he takes from a cupboard an unlabeled vial of pills. Pulls off the cap, taps two capsules into his palm. And just stares at it. Anxious and exhausted.

Then: He tosses the pills down his throat, chases them with tap water, and gives the faucet a firm tug off.

5 INT. ROY'S CHEVY CAPRICE - DAY 5

Window cracked just enough to suck out his cigarette smoke. AM-FM forecasts the natural weather, region-by-region.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)

Elsewhere, temperatures in New York in the high 80's, Chicago reports rain, temperatures in the high 70's...

6 EXT. STOPLIGHT - DAY 6

Roy slows to a halt behind a mini-van full of kids. They laugh and scream and wave at Roy. His hands stay glued at 2 and 10.

FRANK (V.O.)

No, ma'am, it's confirmed --

7 INT. ROY AND FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY 7

FRANK MERCER, younger than Roy, works the phones. A sea of papers floods his desk, while the adjoining desk (Roy's) is pristine. In lieu of decor there are stacks of cardboard boxes piled everywhere.

FRANK

-- the Chevy Blazer, the Paris vacation, or the Tiffany necklace. It's okay if you don't remember entering the contest, ma'am, you've won --

The next call --

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

FRANK

-- do you have a water filtration system in your house? Do you read the papers or watch TV, sir? Then you've probably seen our advertisements --

The next call --

FRANK

-- we just have to wait for the sponsor's rep to fly in for the final drawing. That should be next week sometime --

8 OMITTED

8

9 INT. ROY AND FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

9

At his window, Frank watches Roy, frozen in his car.

FRANK

-- if you buy the Waterford II water filtration system, the prize gets recorded as a sales expense and you don't pay any tax. Good deal, huh?

Frank turns to one of the boxes marked "Waterford II" and peels off a price sticker: \$49.99.

FRANK

\$398.00 even. You'd pay twice that in stores.

10 SAME - MINUTES LATER

10

Roy enters, shuts the door behind him.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

You want to what? When will he be home?

(beat)

Mrs. Fisk, my supervisor just stepped into my office and he would love to talk to you. Can you hold just a sec?

(puts her on hold;

to Roy, overly sunny)

Good morning. Something on the radio?

(he offers phone)

Irene Fisk. 'Wants to talk to her husband first.'

ROY

Who doesn't?

Roy declines Frank's phone, moves to his own. He plucks up the receiver, cleans its mouthpiece with his handkerchief, then un-holds Mrs. Fisk. The moment he does, his whole personality transforms.

ROY

Mrs. Fisk? John Goodhew, regional vice-president at Allied Affiliates. Congratulations! Which prize are you hoping for?

(beat)

That would be my choice, too. Can I ask you one question, Irene? Do you have grandchildren?

(beat)

Five! How old? Well, you're a very lucky woman. Yes, I agree: they are our most precious resource. I've got a six and two-year old at home and I'll tell you: the day I installed a filtrator... Absolutely you can taste the difference. Now I understand you'd like to talk to your husband about this first, and I understand why, but the thing is, Irene --

(confidentially)

-- my secretary is having a baby this afternoon and the whole office here is about to bug out and go over to the hospital. Yes, it's very exciting. But today is our deadline, so you see...

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

Listening, Roy nods to Frank: she's in. Frank goes to work -- calling a courier service on Roy's line (his mouth grazing the receiver, Roy notices) -- as Roy finishes up. And though his voice may be grinning, his eyes betray him: he doesn't enjoy this.

ROY

Irene, that's sweet of you to offer, and I'm sure she'd love that, but we're in Chicago. Uh-huh, cooped up in our corporate offices on State Street. I'll tell you, though, I rather be out in sunny California with you today 'cause it's just pouring up here. Cats and dogs, exactly. Now let me confirm your address for our courier service...

11 INT. ROY'S CAPRICE (OFFICE PARKING LOT) - DAY

11

Roy behind the wheel; Frank knots his tie. Windows up tight.

FRANK

You got any thoughts on lunch?

Roy nods. A long-standing joke: the non-answer answer. Frank angles his foot up on the dash, and Roy points it off.

12 EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

12

Roy moves briskly ahead of Frank along a sidewalk, his hands thrust deep in his coat pockets, which he does whenever he's outside.

13 EXT. MIDDLE-CLASS HOME

13

Door answered by a MIDDLE-AGED HOUSEWIFE. Roy and Frank stand on her front porch. Roy presents identification.

ROY

Carolyn Schaffer?

(as she nods)

I'm Agent Kellaway, this is Agent Cole, we're from the Federal Trade Commission. Sorry to disturb you. We'd like to ask you a few questions if we could.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

HOUSEWIFE

Is everything alright?

ROY

We hope so, ma'am. May we come in?

14 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

14

Roy and Frank sit at a breakfast table, across from the Housewife and her HUSBAND. The Housewife gives her testimony:

HOUSEWIFE

He said there'd been a contest, and I'd won a prize. He said there'd be a drawing in a week, and I'd either win a trip to, um, France or Italy, I can't remember. He said if I bought one of their products, their filtration things, I wouldn't have to pay tax of the prize.

She indicates a Waterford II installed on her kitchen faucet, then wilts under her husband's stare.

HUSBAND

Jesus, Carolyn...

HOUSEWIFE

(penitent, near tears)

I was going to surprise you...

ROY

I'm sorry to tell you this, ma'am, but you won't be receiving any prize. And I'm sorry to tell you you've been the victim of fraud.

HUSBAND

(pissed, taking it out on family dog who scratches at door)

Otis! Knock it off!

FRANK

It's not the newest swindle in the world, just new to some. They bait you with something bogus, then sell you something worthless.

(CONTINUED)

ROY

How much did you give them, Mrs. Schaffer?

HOUSEWIFE

Seven hundred dollars.

HUSBAND

Ah, Jesus, Carolyn...
(to Frank and Roy)
What's it worth?

FRANK

Any hardware store they're about fifty bucks --

ROY

But we've met people who paid twice what you did.
(to Housewife)
You wrote a check, ma'am?
(as she nods)
Did you mail it to them?

HOUSEWIFE

A courier picked it up.

Roy and Frank exchange grimaces.

HUSBAND

What?

ROY

If they use the postal system, it's mail fraud and we can go after them. Otherwise, there's not a lot we can do.

FRANK

Unless...

HUSBAND

Unless what?

ROY

A lot of these sons-of-bitches -- excuse me, ma'am -- they work in syndicates. If they cashed your check out of state, it's federal and we can act. But we'd need a signed clearance from you for your bank to run a trace on the check, and then --

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

HUSBAND

I'll give you a clearance. If
it'll help get those bastards.

ROY

(to Frank)

You have any more of those L-47's?

FRANK

Maybe in the car.

(rises to go, by
chance feels inside
his pocket)

Wait, here we go.

Roy takes the form and lays it before the Husband.

ROY

Here, use my pen.

As the Husband's eyes glaze over the small print, the DOG
SCRATCHES at the door again.

HUSBAND

Let him out, will ya, Carolyn?

The Housewife slides open a glass door for the dog, then
returns to her seat -- without closing it behind her.
Roy's focus fixes on it. And every voice drifts into
the distance.

ROY

All we need is the name of your
bank, your account number and your
signature at the bottom. Any
luck, these guys were amateurs,
cashed your check in Nevada.

HUSBAND

See, darling? I told you: you're
too trusting. You gotta be more
careful of people.

FRANK

I'm sorry to say, ma'am, he's
absolutely right.

HUSBAND

(signing L-47)

Here ya go.

(off Roy's fixed,
uneasy stare)

You alright?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

Frank notices now, too -- Roy is sweating and uneasy, fixated on the small wilderness outside -- and recognizes the cause of his infirmity: the open door.

FRANK

Do you mind if I close this?

They don't. Frank rises and closes the glass door. Roy snaps out of it. Sound within the room returns to normal.

ROY

Sorry. I'm fine, thanks.
(he takes L-47)

Thank you.

Frank smiles to allay the Husband's suspicions: What the fuck was that about?

15 EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

15

Roy and Frank return to their car, Roy speedily.

FRANK

You're not taking your pills, are you?

Roy faces him, testily, but he never pauses in his effort to get inside his car as fast as he can. Frank, admonished, takes his time getting in.

FRANK

It's just that... you looked like you were gonna whoopsy-daisy all over those people's Oriental.

A breath to compose himself and Roy STARTS the CAR.

FRANK

You are taking your pills?

ROY

(at last)

Yes.

The car pulls out.

A16 EXT. ROY AND FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

A16

The Caprice pulls into the parking lot. Inside, Frank splits up the day's take, fifty-fifty. Roy seems barely interested.

(CONTINUED)

A16 CONTINUED:

A16

FRANK

Well, it's not a fortune, but it keeps me in diapers. Barely. One look at those drapes I should have known.

(beat)

I saw that guy again last night: Chuck. The guy I was telling you, with the --

ROY

-- with the boat.

FRANK

(sing-song)

He's top-heavy.

(off no response
from Roy)

It's real money, Roy.

ROY

If it's real money, it's long con. I don't do long con.

FRANK

You haven't done it lately.

Frank is looking for a glimmer of hope. Roy gives him none.

ROY

Without me, Frank.

Frank puts up his hands: never mind.

FRANK

Okay. I'd just like to, you know, take a girl out somewhere nice once in a while.

ROY

(beat)

You have to pay her extra for that?

16 INT. SUPERMARKET - CHECK-OUT AISLE - DAY

16

Roy drops a half-dozen cans of Chicken-By-the-Sea on the conveyor. The CHECK-OUT WOMAN totals them:

CHECK-OUT WOMAN

... four, five, six. And a pack of Winston's.

For Roy, it's a standing order here.

17 EXT. ROY'S HOME - DAY 17

A modest one-story. Roy's Caprice pulls in the driveway.

18 INT. ROY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 18

Roy, shoeless, skirts the living room rug to approach a ceramic horse in the corner, next to a sofa. He slides its head up and off its body and rests it on the floor, then reaches into its hollow belly to withdraw a .38. He removes from his jacket the day's take and stuffs it inside the horse. He replaces the weapon atop it.

19 INT. ROY'S KITCHEN - AT TABLE - NIGHT 19

Roy eats dinner: tuna, straight from the can.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 19

AT SINK

He washes out the empty can, then turns to his shoes, rinsing and wiping down their soles.

20 INT. ROY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 20

Predictably Spartan. Roy wears pajamas to bed. He lies down, head on his pillow, eyes toward the ceiling, wide and anxious and exhausted and sad, to smoke himself to sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

21 INT. ROY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 21

The morning ritual again. Roy stares out his window, coffee cup in hand, at the pool. And his moment of serenity has been violated for --

22 EXT. ROY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY 22

Two leaves float atop the pool surface. Roy, with a long-pole net, removes them.

23 INT. ROY'S KITCHEN 23

Roy throws the leaves away in the trash below the sink, then rinses out his coffee mug/washes down the basin/cleans the countertop/lets the faucet run. Finds his vial of pills and taps two capsules into his palm. Sets the vial down beside the sink. Stares at the pills again --

-- then throws them back in his throat and washes them down with tap water (filtrated by a Waterford II). He reaches to turn the faucet off --

-- and accidentally knocks the uncapped vial into the sink, upending it and sending pills scattering.

ROY

Dammit!

He grabs for the vial, empty -- pills are swirling down the drain -- then scrambles for the tap, slamming it off, but too late: all the capsules have been swept away.

(CONTINUED)

- 23 CONTINUED: 23
- ROY
- Shit!
- Roy frets, thinks, decides. Rolling up his sleeve, he dips his hand into the sink's disposal, patting around its base for pills.
- At last, he finds one. Pinches it and raises it into the light. And Roy knows: there's no way he'll ever put that thing in his mouth.
- 24 INT. ROY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 24
- Roy's on his portable phone, desperate.
- ROY
- Hi, I need to talk to Mancuso.
(beat)
Man-cus-o.
(beat)
What do you mean he...?
(beat)
You gotta be shitting me...
- SAME SCENE - MOMENTS LATER
- Roy frets, paces. He stops, looks down. He's been walking on the living room rug -- disaster.
- 25 INT. ROY'S CLOSET 25
- Roy yanks out his vacuum cleaner.
- 26 INT. ROY'S LIVING ROOM 26
- Roy VACUUMS the rug back-and-forth, back-and-forth, back-and-forth. He STOPS. Studies the rug. Then looks up. Suddenly everything looks dirty.
- 27 INT. ROY'S KITCHEN 27
- Under the sink, Roy rifles through a gallery of cleaning products -- Pine Sol, Murphy's Oil Soap, Ajax, Windex.
- 28 INT. ROY'S LIVING ROOM 28
- Roy cleans. Dishwashing gloves on, down on his knees.

29 INT. ROY'S BATHROOM 29

Roy cleans behind the toilet. The PHONE RINGS in the next room. Roy shows no interest in answering it.

FRANK (V.O. over message machine)
Roy, pick up. It's me, pick up,
Roy. Roy, where are you?

30 INT. ROY'S KITCHEN 30

Roy takes his lunch break, one dishwashing glove removed, eating straight from the can again.

31 EXT. ROY'S HOUSE 31

Roy cleans all the windows, from the inside only -- SQUEAK, SQUEAK, SQUEAK. The PHONE RINGS again.

32 INT. ROY'S HOUSE - MEDLEY OF PRISTINE ROOMS - LATER 32

FRANK (V.O. on machine again)
What the hell, Roy. I feel like a
chick. Okay, that's it. I'm
coming over.

ROY (O.S.)
Shit.

33 INT. ROY'S LIVING ROOM 33

Roy sits prone on his couch. Eyes bloodshot and weary, studying the carpet. There is a KNOCK at the front door.

FRANK (O.S.)
Roy! You in there? Roy!

Roy does not respond. Frank KNOCKS some more.

FRANK (O.S.)
Roy, goddammit! Your car's here,
I know you're here!
(beat)
I'll call the cops, I'll do it.
I'll put all my shit where they
can't find it, I'll call them and
they'll come down here!

Roy surrenders: he gets off the couch.

34 AT HIS FRONT DOOR

34

Roy unlocks it, opens it, latch on. Frank's nose and mouth appear in the opening.

FRANK
(sigh of relief)
Thank Jesus. Open up, lemme in.

ROY
Take off your shoes.

FRANK
What? Why?

ROY
Take 'em off, or you don't come in.

FRANK
(looking in at him)
You didn't take your pills, did you?

Roy shuts the door, walks away.

FRANK (O.S.)
Okay, okay, shoes are coming off.
(as he takes them off)
Okay, Roy.

Roy returns, unlatches and opens the door. Frank enters and the scent of ammonia slams his nostrils.

FRANK
Mother... You get attacked by Mr. Clean? Roy, you gotta open a window.

ROY
No. Windows.
(as Frank just stares at him)
Looking for something?

FRANK
My partner. You seen him? He's been missing most of the week.
(beat)
Tell me you've left the house in three days.

Roy can't.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

FRANK

Have you eaten anything in three days?

(off Roy's nod)

Besides canned tuna?

(as Roy stops nodding)

And women tell me my lifestyle's peculiar.

35 IN LIVING ROOM

35

Frank enters.

ROY

Watch -- the rug.

Frank stops short of it. Looks at Roy.

FRANK

You didn't take your --

ROY

I spilled them. Down the garbage disposal. By accident.

FRANK

You call Mancuso?

ROY

He moved.

FRANK

You gotta be shitting me.

ROY

That's what I said.

A beat.

FRANK

Take a shower. I'm gonna make a call. My aunt saw this shrink after her divorce, he really --

ROY

Frank --

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

FRANK

Roy: you need to see someone.
Listen, don't think I'm doing this
just for you. You got money you
can retire, I got car payments,
you know. I don't need a partner
who's --

Frank pantomimes a mad-act spasm. Roy relents. As he
heads for the bathroom, Frank picks up the phone, dials.

ROY

Frank.

FRANK

Yeah?

ROY

Wipe that thing down when you're
done with it, okay?

A beat. Frank looks to be at the end of his rope.

FRANK

Go take that shower, Roy.

36 INT. SMALL OFFICE BUILDING COURTYARD

36

Beside a door, a plaque reads: "DR. HARRIS KLEIN, M.D."
Roy watches from a darkened breezeway, smoking, hands in
coat pockets. He stamps out his cigarette and approaches.

37 INT. DR. KLEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

37

Roy, at the far end of a small couch, stares at a pair of
Florsheims crossed atop an ottoman. They belong to DR.
KLEIN, who scans Roy's form.

DR. KLEIN

You mind if I put them up? It
helps my back.

ROY

Go ahead.

DR. KLEIN

(re: his form)

You're something of a clean slate,
Roy. This says you were on
medication but you don't know what
kind.

(CONTINUED)

ROY

They were green capsules. I think it said P.D.F. on them. Something like that.

DR. KLEIN

You were getting them illegally?

(as Roy balks)

We're starting fresh today, Roy. What happened in the past I don't care about.

ROY

That's a funny thing for a shrink to say.

Klein smiles; Roy doesn't.

ROY

Yes. I was getting them illegally.

DR. KLEIN

Why?

ROY

So I wouldn't have to talk to someone like you. Do you know what they were?

DR. KLEIN

Yes. And at the dosage you say you were taking, I'd say you were lucky to be sitting up straight--

ROY

Can you get me more of them?

DR. KLEIN

Let's talk a little first. It says here you're --

ROY

-- I'm sorry, Doc, but my partner, my buddy Frank --

DR. KLEIN

-- Beth Mercer's nephew --

(CONTINUED)

ROY

-- he said I could come here and you'd get me the pills I need. If you can't do that, this session's over before it's started.

DR. KLEIN

You certainly get to the point.

ROY

And you skirt it. Can you get me the pills or not?

DR. KLEIN

Yes.

ROY

Then let's get that prescription pad out.

DR. KLEIN

Roy, usually I don't prescribe medicine unless I've had a little chat with the patient first. If you're inclined against that, then-- as you say -- this session will be quite brief.

Roy stares the doctor down. Klein never blinks.

DR. KLEIN

It says here you're an antiques dealer. How long you been in that line?

Nothing from Roy. The face-off continues.

DR. KLEIN

Would you like to tell me what's been bothering you?

And continues. Then, abruptly, Roy quits.

ROY

I get tired a lot, but I can't sleep. Certain things distract me, make me feel sick to my stomach.

DR. KLEIN

What kinds of things?

(CONTINUED)

ROY

When people leave doors open, or windows. I don't like being outdoors. They call that agoraphobia, right?

DR. KLEIN

Incorrectly, but yes. Anything else?

ROY

Dirt. Especially around moldings.

Klein makes a note.

DR. KLEIN

Have these distractions affected your work of late?

(off Roy's nod)

And your personal relationships?

ROY

What personal relationships?

DR. KLEIN

When was the last time you were in one? A relationship?

ROY

With a woman? A long time ago.

DR. KLEIN

Five years? Ten years?

ROY

Keep going.

DR. KLEIN

What was her name?

A beat.

ROY

Heather.

DR. KLEIN

Were you married?

(off Roy's nod)

Kids?

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

ROY

Maybe.

DR. KLEIN

Maybe. That's a new one.

ROY

She was pregnant when she left me.
Maybe I got a kid, maybe I don't.

DR. KLEIN

You haven't seen her since?

ROY

No.

DR. KLEIN

You haven't spoken?

ROY

She left with a black eye, which I gave her, and a bun in the oven, which might have come from anyone. So, no, I haven't. For all I know she got hit by a bus. For all I know she got rid of the baby, 'cause she'd been down that path before.

(a breath to cool
his temper)

Doc: I spent last Tuesday on my living room sofa. Watching my carpet. Watching fibers on my carpet. And the whole time I was watching my carpet I was worrying that I might vomit, and the whole time I was worrying I might vomit, I was thinking: I'm a grown man, I should know what's going on in my head. And the more I thought about it the more I realized I should just blow my brains out and end it all, but the more I wanted to blow my brains out, the more I thought about what that would do to my goddamn carpet.

(beat)

And that was a good day, Doc. So gimme some pills and let me get on with my life.

38 OMITTED 38

39 OMITTED 39

A39 INT. ROY'S KITCHEN - AT SINK - NIGHT A39

Roy pushes a blue capsule out of a foil-bottom packet, downs it with coffee. He stops to think.

AT TABLE

He opens the phone book, flips pages to "F." His finger scans names, comes up empty. He closes the book in surrender.

ON PHONE

He hasn't quit yet, poised with pen and pad.

ROY

-- Fenton. F-e-n-t-o-n.
Heather.

(waits, then)

What about in Orange County?

B39 INT. ROY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT B39

Roy sits on the edge of the bed, staring at Heather's number. He picks up his phone, starts to dial, then hangs up. He's scared shitless. He closes his eyes, breathless, sucks down part of a Winston. Then picks up the phone again, dials.

ONE RING, TWO RINGS...

WOMAN (V.O.)

Hello --

Roy hangs up. Buries his hands under his armpits.

40 OMITTED 40

41 OMITTED 41

& &

42 42

43 INT. DR. KLEIN'S OFFICE

43

Klein studies Roy.

ROY

I was young, she was very young.
We met in a bar. Discovered we
both had similar interests.
Basically, drinking and --

He waves his hand.

DR. KLEIN

Sexual intercourse.

ROY

If you gotta be dirty about it.
Then we got hitched. I don't
think either of us put a whole lot
of thought into it.

DR. KLEIN

And she got pregnant.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

ROY

That was later. After things got bad. We fought a lot.

DR. KLEIN

About what?

ROY

What have you got? I wasn't sober a lot then --

DR. KLEIN

Are you now?

ROY

(nods)

-- so some nights she just didn't come home. She was pregnant two months before she told me. Which is why I...

DR. KLEIN

Hit her?

Roy nods.

DR. KLEIN

Do you think about her much? What could have been, what might have been.

Roy shakes his head.

DR. KLEIN

And the baby?

ROY

If there's a baby.

DR. KLEIN

Do you think about that?

ROY

Sometimes. Rarely. If I see a school bus or -- I wonder: Is one of those kids Roy Jr.?

DR. KLEIN

He -- if he's a he -- would be how old now?

ROY

Fourteen.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

DR. KLEIN
Fourteen. Ready to be a man.

ROY
If he's a he. If he is at all.

44 INT. DR. KLEIN'S ANTEROOM

44

Roy waits. Dr. Klein appears from his stockroom/closet and hands Roy a handful of unlabeled sampler packs.

DR. KLEIN
Congratulations. You bought yourself a month's worth.

ROY
Doc, do you know of a way of...?
Just to find out...

DR. KLEIN
There's nothing wrong, Roy, with a man telephoning his ex-wife.

ROY
I tried that last night.
(withdraws the
number from his
shirt pocket)
Couldn't say a word.

Klein looks surprised. Roy pushes the number on him.

ROY
Could you? Call her?

DR. KLEIN
I don't know, Roy. I, uh...

ROY
Just to find out.

Klein hesitates: This is unorthodox. But that's what Roy wants. At last, Klein relents; he takes Heather's number.

45 INT. ROY'S LIVING ROOM - NEXT DAY

45

Roy, rock-like, stares out at the pool. The PHONE RINGS.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

DR. KLEIN
(on the answering
machine)
Roy? This is Dr. Klein...

ROY
(picking up)
Doc...

46 INT. ROY'S HALLWAY

46

Roy's on the portable.

DR. KLEIN (V.O.on phone)
I just got off the phone with
Heather. We had a nice
conversation.

ROY
Does she want to talk to me?

DR. KLEIN (V.O.on phone)
No. She doesn't. I'm sorry. She
didn't understand it might help
with your therapy.

ROY
You told her I was in therapy.

DR. KLEIN (V.O.on phone)
I told her I was a psychiatrist.
I can't lie, Roy. Angela wants to
talk to you, though.

ROY
Who?

DR. KLEIN (V.O.on phone)
Angela. Your daughter. She knows
you're her father, and she says
she really wants to meet you.

Roy can't move or speak for a moment. Then:

ROY
Doc, can you hold the line a
moment?

(CONTINUED)

- 46 CONTINUED: 46
- Roy cups the phone. Carries it inside the bathroom. Turns on the light and shuts the door behind him. Through the door: The unmistakable convulsions of a man puking up everything he has. Then:
- ROY (O.S.)
Where?
- 47 MOVING SHOT 47
- MOVING UNDER a highway sign: **SAN PEDRO.**
- Then DOWN TO: Roy's Caprice, Roy at the wheel, white knuckles at two and ten.
- 48 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK - DAY 48
- Except for one young mother and her infant, empty. Stopped across the street, Roy checks his watch -- he's early. He burrows out a cigarette, lights it, and unrolls his window an eighth of an inch.
- 49 SAME SCENE - LATER 49
- Roy is chain-lighting his next cigarette, then pushing the old butt through the window crack, when in his side mirror: A YOUNG GIRL floats INTO VIEW atop a skateboard. Pretty but not fully formed, slender but not fragile. She rides past his Caprice, then dismounts and walks into the park.
- Roy doesn't move.
- 50 SAME SCENE - LATER 50
- The Young Girl sits waiting, rolling her skateboard back-and-forth. Roy remains in his car, watching, amazed, bewildered.
- 51 SAME SCENE - LATER 51
- The Girl stands, looks this way and that, then gives up. She mounts her board and starts away, and as she passes Roy's car, he can see: there's disappointment in her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

ROY

Shit.

Roy throws open his car door.

ROY

Hey -- hey!!

The Girl stops. Roy stumbles out of his Caprice, clothes disheveled, cigarette dangling from his mouth.

ROY

You Angela?

ANGELA (YOUNG GIRL)

You Roy?

He nods. Father and daughter meet.

52 ON PARK SWINGS

52

Angela rocks gently. Roy stands nearby, on pavement, not sand, hands deep in his pockets. He doesn't know what to say, except:

ROY

So: You're fourteen.

ANGELA

Yep.

She swings a little more.

ANGELA

When'd you get out?

ROY

What?

ANGELA

Of prison.

A beat.

ROY

I've never been in prison.

ANGELA

Oh.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

ROY

Your mom tell you that?

ANGELA

First she told me you were dead.
Then she said you might as well
be.

ROY

I'm not dead. I'm in antiques.

ANGELA

That's what the doctor said. On
the phone. When he said that, Mom
started to laugh.

Roy glances about, anxious.

ROY

You -- you hungry?

(as she shrugs)

Do you mind eating? It's just --
I'd feel better somewhere indoors.
I get uncomfortable sometimes
being outside.

She gives him a curious look.

53 INT. SAN PEDRO DINER

53

Angela is served an enormous meal (turkey, mashed and
gravy, chocolate shake), and Roy takes note from across
the table.

ROY

I thought you weren't hungry.

ANGELA

You're gonna get wet, might as
well go swimming.

ROY

What's that thing with girls --
where they don't eat?

ANGELA

(mouth full)

Anorexia.

(CONTINUED)

ROY

At least we know you don't have that.

ANGELA

I could have bulimia. That's when you go in the bathroom after and vomit.

She continues to eat. Roy studies her face.

ANGELA

You're staring.

ROY

Sorry.

ANGELA

That's okay. I used to do it, too. Look at your picture and see if I got your nose or your eyes. Mom used to say I got lucky and only got your elbows.

ROY

How is your mom?

ANGELA

Fine.

Roy waits: Is there more information forthcoming?
Angela eats, deliberately: No, there isn't.

ROY

So you're in school, right?

ANGELA

Not now. It's summer.

ROY

Right. Well, school's real important. If I had anything to do over again, I'd work harder in school.

ANGELA

You drop out?

Roy hesitates, then nods.

ANGELA

That why you ended up a criminal?

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

She takes a long, noisy slurp from her shake, sucking up the dregs with her straw as she studies Roy.

ROY

You finished?

ANGELA

It's okay, you know. Whatever you do. Everybody's done something bad in their life --

ROY

-- I'm in antiques --

ANGELA

-- if you make it a career, it's just a lot of something strung together --

ROY

Cut the shit, huh? I'm not a criminal.

(beat)

Sorry. I shouldn't've --

ANGELA

(mock shock)

What -- what was that word? 'Shi...t'?

(unfazed)

When's the last time you saw each other, you and Mom?

ROY

Before you were born.

ANGELA

You still love her?

He doesn't know how to answer.

ANGELA

'Cause she still hates you, you know.

ROY

Yeah. I pretty much figured that.

54 INT. HIS CAPRICE - MOVING

54

Roy drives. Angela, snooping, opens the glove compartment, eyes a pack of cigarettes along with Roy's pink slip, proof of insurance, fake FTC identification.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

ROY
(shooing her away)
Hey, hey...

Looking up the street:

ANGELA
Stop, stop, stop. That's her car
in the driveway. You better drop
me here.

55 EXT. HEATHER'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

55

Roy pulls over. Time to say good-bye. He doesn't know how.

ANGELA
Got a pen?

He does. She takes it, then his hand, and writes a telephone number on his palm.

ANGELA
This is my private line. Mom got
it for me for my birthday. 'Cause
my friend Carrie kept on calling
after midnight. Maybe we could go
bowling some time.

Roy is caught off-guard by the suggestion. Angela leaps out, then leans back in.

ANGELA
Nice meeting you, Dad.

She closes the door. Roy watches her skate away, then glances at the number written on his palm. It absolutely bewilders him.

FRANK (V.O.)
What's more important than family?

56 INT. ROY AND FRANK'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

56

Roy's at his desk. Copying the number fading from his palm. He can't help but smile. Meanwhile, Frank works the phones, fighting the monotony of cold calling.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

FRANK

Then what could be more important than purifying the water your family drinks? The Waterford II offers you the cleanest filtration system available today.

(notices Roy's smile)

Mr. Schlickling, can you hold just one moment? Thank you.

(muting the phone,
to Roy)

What?

ROY

Huh?

FRANK

You're smiling. You switch shampoos or something?

(beat)

Pills working?

(as Roy nods)

Glad one of us is happy.

ROY

(moment's thought, then)

How much money you think we could take that guy for? Chuck, with the boat.

(off Frank's
astonishment)

Figure I owe you one.

Frank can't believe it. He stares at Roy. Then back on the phone:

FRANK

Mr. Schlickling? Hi, I'm sorry: you waited too long, no prize for you.

And he hangs up.

57 EXT. CAR WASH - DAY

57

CHUCK FRECHETTE -- swarthy, forty-something, new-money suit -- brow-beats the illegal alien who's towel-drying his Mercedes (complete with bumper sticker "I'd Rather Be Sailing"). Across the street, Roy and Frank scout him.

ROY

(tell me again)

What's his last name?

(CONTINUED)

FRANK
Frechette. Chuck Frechette.

ROY
How do you spell it?

FRANK
F-R... Hell if I know, he's from
Downey.

ROY
Where'd you find him?

FRANK
Cheetah's. Watched him drop two
G's there a month ago.

ROY
Cheetah's?

FRANK
It's a gentlemen's --

ROY
I know what it is. What's he do?

FRANK
Import/export.

ROY
He's not connected, is he?

FRANK
He and the mob are like this --

Frank holds two fingers far apart. Meanwhile,
Frechette's MERCEDES is as dry as it's gonna get. He
gets in and PEELS AWAY, leaving his dryer's upturned palm
empty.

ROY
Sonovabitch didn't even tip.

FRANK
I figure on short notice he could
scratch up at least thirty grand.

ROY
(beat)
More.

Music to Frank's ears. Roy KEYS the IGNITION.

58 EXT. FIRST FEDERAL BANK - DAY 58

Roy enters. As we hear him continue --

ROY (V.O.)

We'll pull the Jamaican switch on him. He knows you, so you're rope, I'm inside. Think he knows anything about international finance?

-- he moves briskly through --

59 INT. FIRST FEDERAL BANK - LOBBY - DAY 59

-- and --

60 INT. FIRST FEDERAL BANK - STAIRS 60

-- then into --

61 INT. FIRST FEDERAL BANK - VAULT ANTEROOM 61

-- where he approaches a CLERK.

CLERK

May I help you?

ROY

I'd like to access my safe deposit box. J-215.

CLERK

(offering a form)

Signature and pass code, please.

62 INT. BANK VAULT 62

The bank Clerk removes a large safety deposit box, sets it on a viewing table, then leaves Roy alone with it. Roy opens it, then withdraws from his jacket two envelopes -- one white, one manila.

63 OMITTED 63

64 INT. ROY'S SECOND BEDROOM - NIGHT 64

Roy faces his professional costume closet: several suits, high to low end, plus a gallery of pristine shoes, a number of pairs of eyeglasses. Roy tries on a pair, checks himself in the mirror.

65 INT. ROY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

65

Roy on the phone again.

ROY

Where?

(checking his watch)

Where else. One hour.

He hangs up. A KNOCK at the door. Roy looks alarmed. He just got off the phone with Frank -- who else could that be?

AT FRONT DOOR

Opening on Angela, backpack and skateboard at her feet.

ANGELA

Remember me?

Roy nods, bemused.

ROY

You just in the neighborhood?

ANGELA

Took the bus. Think I could come in a sec?

Panic flickers across Roy's face. No one but Frank has crossed this threshold in many years. He opens the door wider and she steps inside. She peers about.

ANGELA

Nice.

ROY

Huh?

ANGELA

It's nice. Your place. I bet you're wondering how I got your address.

He wasn't.

ANGELA

Off your car insurance, in your glove compartment.

Roy feels suddenly uncomfortable in his own home.

(CONTINUED)

ROY

So what's going on?

ANGELA

Mom and I had sort of a fight. It happens once in a while. I usually take off for a day or two to let her calm down.

ROY

Take off?

ANGELA

Normally I go to Carrie's. Only her family's on vacation. And I thought, since we seemed to hit it off so good last time --

(hoping Roy will
complete the thought;
he doesn't)

-- I could sleep on the couch?

ROY

(cardiac arrest)

You wanna stay here?

ANGELA

I could pay you back by cleaning up or something --

(as she gazes around
spotless room; then re:
his glasses)

You wear those to read? They make you look kinda old.

ROY

These're just for --

(remembering)

I gotta go. I got a business meeting.

ANGELA

This late?

ROY

Antiques wait for no man.

(half to himself, half
to her)

Is it okay if I leave you here?

ANGELA

Sure. I can watch TV.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

65

Roy searches around the room, as if a television will magically appear.

ANGELA

You don't have a TV? You
seriously don't have a TV?

He smiles, sheepishly.

ROY

There's a couch. If you want to
sit. Or there if you prefer. Or
the couch.

She moves to the couch, amused by his nervousness; of course, she treads right across the carpet. Roy averts his eyes, starts for the door...

ROY

You want me to pick up anything on
the way back? Ice cream?

ANGELA

New York Super Fudge Chunk.

ROY

What?

ANGELA

That's my favorite flavor. New
York Super Fudge Chunk.

ROY

New York...?

ANGELA

Super Fudge Chunk.

ROY

Chocolate. Don't open the door
for anybody.

66 EXT. ROY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

66

Quietly as he can, Roy locks the front door. Hesitates for a moment. Can he do this -- leave a fourteen-year-old girl alone in his house? He must.

67 EXT. CHEETAH'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

67

Roy pulls his Caprice into a distant view of the club. Frank taps on the passenger side window and Roy unlocks the door.

FRANK

(re: Roy's glasses)

Hey, I like those. They make you look --

ROY

Old?

FRANK

(hesitates, then)

Older.

ROY

How long's he been inside?

FRANK

Twenty minutes.

ROY

You got your lines down?

FRANK

You got my money?

Roy withdraws the standard white envelope from his jacket and flings it at Frank.

68 INT. CHEETAH'S - NIGHT

68

As glamorous an establishment as you might imagine. Roy enters, pays the cover charge at the door and spots -- by way of a mirror -- Chuck Frechette drinking alone at the bar. He finds himself a table.

69 INT. ROY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

69

While Roy's away, Angela snoops. Here she opens drawers: just clothes.

70 INT. ROY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

70

Here she opens cupboards: just cans of Chicken-of-the-Sea.

71 INT. ROY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 71

Here she stands on a chair and pries atop bookshelves: nothing here, not even dust. But from this perch, the ceramic horse in the corner draws her attention.

72 INT. CHEETAH'S - NIGHT 72

As Roy sips a club soda:

STRIPPER

Good evening.

His eyes stray up to hers (who knows the last time he faced a bare midriff) --

STRIPPER

Care for a dance?

-- then flash to the door as Frank enters. Frank spots Roy and heads his way. Roy glances back at the bar: Frechette, eyes on the girls, didn't notice Frank enter.

ROY

Not just now.

The Stripper departs, passing Frank.

FRANK

Thanks, honey. Come back later for me, though, okay?

Frank stands over Roy and extends his hand.

FRANK

Arden. Hope I didn't keep you.

ROY

(rising to shake)

Good to see you, Bob.

(voice dropping)

At the bar. He missed you come in.

Frank nods, then whistles to a passing waitress, loudly:

FRANK

Hey, can I get a Bud?!

Everyone turns their heads at that, including Frechette, who recognizes Frank.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK
 (back to Roy)
 That do the trick?

ROY
 Let's sit.

They do. Frechette starts off his barstool toward them. Roy monitors his approach.

FRANK
 We in business?

ROY
 On my next drink.

Another stripper passes, and Roy's distracted an instant.

FRANK
 I told you you'd like it here.

Roy picks up his drink, cueing Frank to reach into his windbreaker, remove the white envelope, and drop it on the table --

FRANK
 Don't spend it all on one girl,
 huh?

-- so that it lands just as Frechette arrives, tie tugged loose, whiskey in hand.

FRECHETTE
 Hey, Bob...

FRANK
 (he turns)
 Hey, Chuck, I didn't know you were
 here.

Frank stands to shake hands, but Frechette's eyes drop to the white envelope on the table: a slim stack of \$100's peeks out from within. Roy notes Frechette's glance and quickly palms the envelope into his lap.

FRANK
 (awkwardly)
 Ah, Chuck Frechette, this is my
 friend, Arden --

Roy shoots Frank a look: no names. Frank shuts up.

(CONTINUED)

FRECHETTE

Hiya.

Roy nods hello, none-too-pleased, then resumes his stare at Frank: get him out of here.

FRANK

(to Frechette,
confidentially)

Say, Chuck, we got a little
business to settle up here. You
mind if --

Frechette gets the idea fast: something not-quite-legal is going down here, and he's not welcome.

FRECHETTE

Sure, Bob. I'll be over at the
bar.

FRANK

Great. Thanks.

FRECHETTE

(to Roy)

Nice meeting you.

Frechette retreats, curiosity piqued. Frank sits back down.

FRANK

Fish in a barrel.

Roy waits until Frechette has returned to his barstool and is clandestinely watching and then --

FRECHETTE'S POV

-- he removes the manila envelope from his coat and hands it to Frank/"Bob": a trade.

BACK WITH ROY AND FRANK

As Frank glances inside Roy's manila envelope (filled with British pounds), Roy glances at Frechette, whose attention jerks back to the girls.

ROY

He's piqued. You good to go?

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (3)

72

FRANK

Does the Pope shit in the woods?

ROY

Just say yes, okay?

(rising)

So long, Bob.

FRANK

See you in the morning, Arden.

Roy leaves Frank, ignoring Frechette on his way out the door. As soon as he's gone, Frechette starts toward Frank.

73 INT. SUPERMARKET - AT FREEZER - NIGHT

73

Roy picks his way through various cartons of ice cream. Squints through his fogged glasses, then remembers he does not need them.

74 AT SAME CHECK-OUT - NIGHT

74

A carton of New York Super Fudge Chunk makes its way down the conveyor to join a few more cans of tuna. The Check-Out Woman adds a pack of Winstons to the bunch.

CHECK-OUT WOMAN

Big night planned?

ROY

Huh? Oh, it's not for me.

CHECK-OUT WOMAN

Right. You have kids overnight?

Roy laughs at the absurdity of this. The Check-Out Woman doesn't understand, of course, but she laughs with him.

75 INT. ROY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

75

Roy enters, locks the door behind him.

ROY

Angela?

She sleeps atop the couch, arms and legs splayed every which way. Roy approaches, sets down the ice cream, and--for the first time in his career as parent -- finds a blanket to drape over her.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

ANGELA
(groggily)

Roy?

ROY

Go to sleep.

ANGELA

How was your meeting?

ROY

Good. I sold a nice piece.

Angela smiles, half-asleep. He starts to go.

ANGELA

Why'd Mom leave you?

ROY

You'd have to ask her.

ANGELA

I did. She didn't want to talk
about it. Called you names.
That's why we got into a fight.

Roy smiles. Touched she stuck up for him.

ANGELA

She said you were a bad guy. You
don't seem like a bad guy.

ROY

That's what makes me good at it.

He rises, heads to his room, and just before he turns off
the living room light, Angela rolls over under her
blanket, eyes closed, murmuring:

ANGELA

I don't think you're a bad guy.

Roy smiles, shuts the light off. Immediately: KNOCK-
KNOCK.

76 INT. ROY'S FRONT DOOR - NEXT MORNING

76

Frank is knocking. Roy opens the door, squints at the
light, careful not to let Frank peer in.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

FRANK

I wish you could have been there.
Oh, I reeled him in --

ROY

Do we have to do this now?

FRANK

I got your money.

ROY

Shh-shh-shh.

Conscious of Angela asleep inside, Roy slides out the door and closes it behind him.

FRANK

What's going on?
(shocked)
You don't have someone in there?

77 EXT. ROY'S HOUSE - DAY

77

Roy and Frank huddle on the sidewalk, Roy out of doors and anxious. Frank returns the manila envelope to him.

FRANK

The second you left the place, he was off his barstool. He's in. Oh, man, is he in. He wants to meet tonight.

Roy glances back at his house. A window shade shifts slightly: is Angela spying?

ROY

Push it to tomorrow. Lunch. Let his greed meet his imagination.

78 INT. ROY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

78

Roy returns to find his couch empty and the shower water running in the bathroom. He seizes the opportunity to sneak both envelopes of cash into the ceramic horse.

79 INT. ROY'S KITCHEN - DAY

79

Angela, her hair still wet, digs a spoon into the pint of New York Super Fudge Chunk. Roy, meanwhile, sneaks his morning medication down his throat.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

ROY

You sure I can't give you a ride home?

ANGELA

That's okay. Mom can pick me up.

Roy reacts: the prospect of confronting Heather rattles him.

ANGELA

Who was that guy who came by earlier?

ROY

Who? Oh. A business associate.

ANGELA

What's his name?

ROY

Frank.

ANGELA

How come you didn't want him to see me?

ROY

I didn't not want him to see you.
(re: ice cream)
Shouldn't you... eat eggs or something?

ANGELA

All you've got here is tuna. Lots and lots of tuna. And one TV dinner. TV dinners are cool. You should get the TV to go with 'em.

Roy stiffens, pissed: someone went snooping.

80 INT. ROY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

80

Angela's on the phone:

ANGELA

Hi... No... No... Guess...
(beat)
What if I am? So? He's my father...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

ANGELA (CONT'Dbeat)
I don't care. I don't care. I
will if I want.

Across the room, Roy grows more distressed as Angela
grows more petulant. Now she quiets down.

ANGELA
I know. I know. Okay, I promise.
Yes, I promise! 'Bye.

She hangs up abruptly.

ROY
She mad?

ANGELA
At me. Not you.

Roy looks relieved.

ANGELA
She said she was gonna call the
police --

So much for relief.

ANGELA
-- but now she just wants me home
in time for summer school.

ROY
When's that?

ANGELA
Monday.

ROY
Today's Thursday.

ANGELA
That's okay, isn't it?

81 INT. KLEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

81

Roy is doubled over on the couch, his arms sagging down
across his legs, head buried between his knees.

(CONTINUED)

DR. KLEIN

And one more time, deeply...
(as Roy breathes in)
Hold it -- one, two, three,
four -- and out.

ROY

You've got stains.

DR. KLEIN

I beg your pardon?

ROY

In your carpet.

DR. KLEIN

You can sit up.
(as Roy does)
Is that what you were thinking
about? Stains in my carpet?

ROY

And that I have a fourteen-year-
old girl I barely know living in
my house.

DR. KLEIN

It's just for the weekend.

ROY

But I've got a -- there's a big
piece coming on the market I'm
brokering and -- it's just not a
good time.

DR. KLEIN

When is it ever a good time for
anything? I realize this is
sudden, Roy, and you may feel
unprepared, but trust me, they're
not so difficult, kids. Most of
all you have to focus on the
basics: make sure they eat their
vegetables, don't stay up too
late, and don't watch too much TV.
Otherwise just try to be as honest
and open with them as possible.

Roy eyes a picture of two little boys atop Klein's desk.

ROY

As honest and open as possible.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

81

DR. KLEIN

She's your daughter, Roy. Unless there's another ex-wife you haven't told me about, she's the only one you got.

82 EXT. ROY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY/GARAGE - DAY

82

Roy pulls home, pushing a pill from its packet, swallowing it dry, his second dose of the day. He gets out to find --

83 EXT. ROY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

83

Angela lies by the pool on a beach towel in a bikini and dark glasses, reading a magazine.

ANGELA

How'd the meeting go? Did it go okay?

Confronted by his daughter's breasts, hips and calves, Roy walks straight into the house.

ANGELA

What's the matter? You freaking out about something?

84 INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

84

Squash, broccoli, artichokes, cauliflower, etc. Standing behind a cart, Roy stares at them blankly.

In the frozen food aisle, Roy reads directions on a package of frozen spinach. Angela appears behind him, carrying chips, cookies, and a six-pack of beer.

ROY

Who's that for?

ANGELA

Don't you drink?

ROY

(shakes his head)

Do you?

ANGELA

Come on. I'm fourteen.

Roy isn't sure which way to take that.

85 IN LINE FOR ROY'S USUAL CHECK-OUT WOMAN 85

Roy and Angela wait behind two other shoppers.

ANGELA

The line for that one's shorter.

ROY

This one's better.

86 INT. ROY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 86

Roy cooks. His first attempt in years.

He serves. Limp spinach and sauceless spaghetti. Seated at his breakfast table, neither he nor Angela look too ecstatic about digging in.

He surrenders. A pizza delivery box takes center stage on the breakfast table; the spinach and pasta lie untouched in the kitchen sink. Angela bites into a slice as Roy forks a fresh can of tuna.

87 INT. ROY'S HALLWAY - MORNING 87

The morning ritual begins again. Roy, dressed, leaves his bedroom, closes its door behind him, proceeds to the bathroom door, opens it --

ANGELA (O.S.)

Just a minute.

Roy closes it fast.

88 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 88

Roy cleans his coffee mug/wipes down the sink/waits. He's pissed his morning routine has been interrupted.

89 INT. ROY'S HALLWAY - DAY 89

Angela exits, in a towel, allowing Roy to enter --

90 INT. ROY'S BATHROOM - DAY 90

It looks like a circus act of seals has come and gone. Water everywhere, used towels, underpants hanging from a faucet. Roy uses a piece of toilet paper to remove them.

91 INT. STEAK HOUSE - DAY

91

Roy, bespectacled again, sits at a table with Frank and Frechette, who are halfway through lunch. Roy sticks with just coffee.

ROY

Bob tells me you're a yachtsman.

FRECHETTE

Hardly. Just a forty-two footer I take out on weekends. You sail?

ROY

I get seasick in the tub.

FRANK

Arden, you sure you don't want something?

ROY

Thanks. I gotta fly in two hours.
(To Frechette)
The cast iron stomach again.

FRECHETTE

Where you off to?

ROY

Phoenix. A client's setting up a funding account to bridge the pound and the euro, I've got to hold his hand.

(to passing waitress)

Hon: could you heat this up a little, please?

FRECHETTE

That bad, huh?

ROY

For some folks, money is a foreign film without subtitles. Anyway, to the business at hand.

FRANK

To the business at hand.

ROY

I have one rule, Chuck: simple is safe. I'm going to tell you as little as possible about me and what I do, but as much as I need to make you comfortable with what we're doing.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (A1)

91

FRECHETTE

What are we doing?

Roy removes a manila envelope from his jacket, just as he did at Cheetah's, but reaches it under the table to Frechette. Frechette peeks inside: thin stacks of hundred pound notes.

FRECHETTE

How much is it?

(CONTINUED)

ROY

Five thousand pounds sterling.
One of the perks of working in the
exchange program at a bank.

FRECHETTE

Whose is it?

ROY

No one's in particular. Just a
little money unaccounted for,
floating on top the books like a
layer of cream.

FRANK

And he just scoops it off.

ROY

It's a little more complicated
than that but again: simple is
safe.

FRECHETTE

Why not keep the money yourself?

ROY

As a bank employee any attempt I
make to change currency is
recorded and questioned. Bob has
a record. You, on the other hand,
no one bats an eye.

(beat)

Now I hope you have something for
me.

Frechette nods, removes an envelope from his jacket and
reaches it under the table.

FRECHETTE

Five grand American.

Roy checks, pockets Frechette's money.

ROY

Congratulations. At today's
exchange rate, you just made two
thousand --

FRECHETTE

-- five hundred sixty-seven
dollars. I looked it up on the
Internet.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (2)

91

FRANK

The frickin' Internet. I still
can't figure it out.

FRECHETTE

Neither can I. But my daughter's
a wiz at the thing.

Roy goes off-book.

ROY

You have a daughter?

FRECHETTE

Two. Fifteen and twelve.

ROY

I have a fourteen-year-old.

FRECHETTE

It's a riot, huh? Training bras
hanging from your shower rod...

ROY

... and everything smells like
gum.

(suddenly has a
thousand questions
to ask Frechette)

How do you get 'em out of the
house? Mine just sits at home all
day.

FRECHETTE

Summer's the worst.

Frank reacts: what the hell is Roy talking about?

92 EXT. STEAK HOUSE - DAY

92

At the valet station:

FRECHETTE

Lemme ask you something, Arden:
how much could you do this for?
Hypothetically.

FRANK

As a rule: we never go north of
ten --

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

Roy quiets Frank, eyes Chuck.

ROY
How much could you get your hands
on?

Frechette smiles.

SAME SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

Stiffing his valet, Frechette drives his Mercedes away.
Frank and Roy watch him go. Frank sighs in relief.

FRANK
For a second I thought we were out
two grand.

ROY
You gotta spend money to make
money.

FRANK
But you gotta make it to spend it.
(beat)
'Everything smells like gum?'
What was that about?

Roy hesitates, then:

ROY
It's easier if I show you.

93 EXT. ROY'S HOUSE - DAY

93

Roy unlocks the front door and enters, with Frank behind
him. From within:

ROY
Angela! Angela, I'm back!
(beat)
Angela? Frank's here!
(farther inside)
Angela?

94 INT. ROY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

94

Frank reads a fashion magazine from Angela's bag.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

ROY

She's not here. She must have gone back to her mom's.

FRANK

Her bag's still here. Where does she usually go?

ROY

I don't know. I don't know anything about her.

FRANK

This is no good for you, Roy. Or us.

ROY

It's got nothing to do with us.

95 EXT. ROY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

95

Roy can be seen through the blinds, watching the pool, turning its light on and off.

96 INT. ROY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

96

An ashtray overflows on the coffee table. Roy waits on the couch and lights a fresh one. He checks his watch: it's late. A dull THUNK comes from the back of the house.

97 INT. SECOND BEDROOM - NIGHT

97

As Roy opens the door: Angela is brushing off her jeans. The window is open.

ROY

Where have you been?

ANGELA

Nowhere.

ROY

I've been waiting over an hour. Where did you go?

ANGELA

I went to the arcade. It's only like a half-mile away.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

He moves to the window, shuts it.

ANGELA

It's stuffy in here. This whole house smells like Lysol.

ROY

Where the hell were you? I want to know right now or I'm calling your mother.

ANGELA

I told you, the arcade --

ROY

Why'd you sneak back in?

ANGELA

That's how I left. I don't have keys to lock the door.

ROY

You didn't see my car?

Roy squats to pluck up specks of dirt Angela tracked in.

ANGELA

Jeez, you're worse than Mom.

ROY

Listen, Angela: I'm glad we met, but I've got a business, a partner, and I've got things a certain way, and that's it. So I think it would be better, for you most of all, if tomorrow morning I took you back home.

Roy brushes the dirt into a trash can.

ANGELA

What did I do wrong?

ROY

You didn't do anything wrong.

ANGELA

I just went out. I didn't drink, I didn't get high, and I didn't take any money out of your stupid horse.

(as Roy goes white)

So, what, you never heard of a bank?

98 INT. ROY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

98

Roy slides the head off his ceramic horse, checks his .38, then starts pulling out wads of cash.

As he counts it, FOOTSTEPS march down the hall, punctuated by the front DOOR SLAMMING. Roy looks up. Should he go after her? He turns back to his money: it looks all there.

99 EXT. ROY'S STREET - NIGHT

99

Angela stalks away from Roy's house, book bag and skateboard in hand. Roy emerges far behind her and runs to catch her. She, meanwhile, mounts her board.

ROY

Angela! I wasn't kicking you out.

ANGELA

I don't want to stay where I'm not wanted.

ROY

It's not that I don't want you.

ANGELA

Fooled me.

ROY

Will you stop?

He catches her.

ANGELA

Let me go.

(as he does)

You just don't want me going home to Mom saying she was right all along. You're like one of her boyfriends: I'm just something you have to deal with in order to screw her.

ROY

Angela...

ANGELA

(much too loudly)

Even they tell me what they do for a living. Oh, yeah, antique dealers always keep large stacks of cash in their homes. Right next to their guns...

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

Roy shushes her, but he knows: she's got him.

ROY

Okay, okay. I'm sorry. I'm just... not good at being a father, alright? You know? I barely get by as me.

Roy takes his hand out of his coat pocket to wipe a tear off her cheek. She recoils.

ROY

Will you come back home with me?
We can get pizza again.

She won't budge.

ROY

You can stay the whole weekend if you want.

She won't budge. Roy doesn't know what else to offer but:

ANGELA

Why do you have a gun?

ROY

In case.

ANGELA

In case what?

Roy is stuck. He sighs, resigned.

ROY

It's a little hard to explain.

100 INT. ROY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

100

Angela and Roy face off over another pizza.

ANGELA

Bullshit.

ROY

Nope. No bullshit. And watch your language at the table.

ANGELA

You're a con man?

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

ROY
Con artist. Flim-flam man,
matchstick man, take your pick.

ANGELA
And that guy Frank?

ROY
My partner. My protege.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

She considers it.

ANGELA

Bullshit.

ROY

I told you: watch your goddamn language.

ANGELA

Teach me something.

ROY

What?

ANGELA

Teach me something. A con.

ROY

You're funny.

ANGELA

Teach me something.

ROY

I am not going to teach you anything.

ANGELA

Why not?

ROY

Because. You're a beautiful, bright, innocent girl, and I'm not going to screw that up like everything else.

ANGELA

Really, you think that?

ROY

What?

ANGELA

That I'm beautiful?

A beat.

ROY

(deadpan)

No.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (2)

100

ANGELA

Then why won't you?!
 (mockingly)
 Because crime doesn't pay?

ROY

No. It does pay. Just not very well.

ANGELA

You seem to be doing okay by it.

Roy stops.

ROY

I'm not. Believe me. It's not fun doing what I do. A lot of the time it's stealing from people who don't deserve it. Old people. Fat people. A lot of the time I feel sick about it.

ANGELA

(calling his bluff)

Then why do you keep doing it?

Roy has no answer.

101 INT. ROY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

101

As Roy brushes his teeth, Angela sits atop the toilet.

ANGELA

I'm not as innocent as you think. I've done stuff with boys. I've done stuff, if I told you, you'd probably throw up right here.

ROY

Then don't tell me.

ANGELA

Teach me something!

ROY

No! final!

ANGELA

At the Christmas dance last year, I went with this boy, Josh Ward, he's cute and I really really liked him...

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

ROY
I'm not listening.

ANGELA
After the dance, at Carrie's, we
went upstairs, and he pushed me up
against the bed...

ROY
I'm not listening.

ANGELA
And he took his hand...

ROY
One thing! I'll show you one
thing!

She nearly jumps for joy. Kisses him on the cheek,
getting toothpaste on her face, then skips down the hall.

ROY
And then you're never gonna do it
again. You're gonna forget it.
Agreed?

But she's already frolicking into the living room.

102 INT. ROY'S CAPRICE - DAY

102

Cruising down the freeway. Angela brings a notebook out
of her backpack full of laundry.

ANGELA
Where we going?

ROY
Rule number one. Never work near
where you live.

ANGELA
(writing)
'Don't... shit... where... you...'

ROY
(grabs, throws
notebook)
Rule number two. Don't write
anything down.

103 EXT. 7-ELEVEN - DAY

103

Roy exits the Caprice, enters the 7-Eleven. Angela follows.

ROY

Stay in the car.

(as she still follows)

Stay in the car.

She still follows. Roy gives up.

104 INT. 7-ELEVEN - DAY

104

Roy marks a lottery ticket as Angela watches: four of the five numbers -- 6, 18, 22, 49, 60 -- which (a prominent sign displays) won the day before. To the CASHIER:

ROY

I want to play this for the drawing on the twenty-second.

CASHIER

You know the odds of the lottery hitting the same numbers in the same month, the same numbers ever?

ROY

That's why I changed one.

CASHIER

You're wasting your dollar.

ANGELA

You his financial advisor?

CASHIER

No.

ANGELA

No. You're a cashier at a 7-Eleven. Take his dollar and give him a ticket for the twenty-second.

The Cashier hops to it. Roy considers Angela, amused.

ROY

You sure you're ready for this?

ANGELA

I was born ready.

ROY

I'm glad I missed that day.

105 INT. ROY'S CAPRICE

105

Roy crumples up his lottery ticket, rolls it in his hand, scratches hard at it with his fingernail. Angela, sipping on a Big Gulp, takes it from him.

ANGELA

I've got longer nails.

Roy watches her scratch away with all her might.

ROY

Just the... right.

(beat)

Okay. Most important thing you have to understand about this game is: ninety percent of it is variable. No matter how good your plan is, you almost always get thrown a curveball. So you have to be flexible, prepared to roll with anything. The one thing you can control, though, is who your mark is. That's your ten percent.

106 EXT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

106

Angela enters, backpack on her arm. She cases the joint. A single man, black, sits reading Tolstoy.

ROY (V.O.)

Never play someone who's not buying what you're selling. What you're selling is you.

An elderly couple separates whites and colors.

ROY (V.O.)

The older the better, but beware of couples. You don't want anyone whispering in your mark's ear but you.

A boy in his teens returns her interest.

ROY (V.O.)

And, for God's sake, make sure the person you're conning isn't conning you.

Angela gives him a get-lost look, then turns to a middle-aged HOUSEWIFE loading three machines. Angela approaches.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

ANGELA
 (re: washer beside her)
 That taken?

HOUSEWIFE
 No.

ANGELA
 Sure you don't need it? You've
 got a lot.

HOUSEWIFE
 This is nothing. You oughta catch
 me during Little League season.
 Three boys.

ANGELA
 Any of 'em cute?

The Housewife smiles, and Angela smiles back: she has her mark. She sets her bag down, stealthily planting the lottery ticket beneath it.

107 SAME SCENE - LATER

107

Angela and the Housewife transfer their laundry to dryers.

HOUSEWIFE
 Simon's about your age, but you'd
 never guess; he's so hyper. You
 know, girls really do mature much
 faster than boys.

ANGELA
 That's what I keep telling my
 brothers.

HOUSEWIFE
 They don't go to Fremont, do they?

ANGELA
 Central.

Her dryer full, Angela picks up her backpack to go.

ANGELA
 I'm gonna get a Coke across the
 street. Do you want anything?

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

HOUSEWIFE

No thanks, honey.

Angela starts off, and the Housewife notices the lottery ticket left behind.

HOUSEWIFE

Honey, you dropped something.

She holds it for her to see.

ANGELA

It's not mine.

HOUSEWIFE

You sure?

ANGELA

Gotta be eighteen to play.

HOUSEWIFE

Huh. Looks like someone put it through the wash by accident. It's for yesterday's drawing. That says the second, don't you think?

Angela inspects it, too: thanks to her and Roy's handiwork, the date looks like the second, not the twenty-second.

ANGELA

Probably a loser.

The Housewife nods, and Angela continues on her way. But on second thought:

HOUSEWIFE

We should at least see if it hit.

ACROSS LAUNDRY

A man reads a newspaper. The Housewife approaches with Angela.

HOUSEWIFE

Excuse me, sir? Could we borrow your paper a sec? We're looking for lottery results.

The newspaper drops. The man is Roy.

(CONTINUED)

ROY

Sure. I think it's Metro...

Roy hands her the section. The Housewife opens it, passes Angela the ticket. Roy rises to feed a dryer (whose clothes are inside is anybody's guess).

HOUSEWIFE

Ready? Six, eighteen, thirty, forty-nine, sixty.

ANGELA

Wait, wait. Six, eighteen, what?

HOUSEWIFE

Thirty, forty-nine, sixty.

ANGELA

Thirty? You're sure?
(as Housewife nods)
Missed by one.

HOUSEWIFE

You're joking.

ANGELA

Look!

HOUSEWIFE

You mean we missed by one number -- ?

She looks -- it's true! They laugh, a little breathless, a little crestfallen. Then, it's back to the wash.

HOUSEWIFE

Story of my life.

ANGELA

Mine, too.

ROY

(as he returns)
Any luck?

ANGELA

Four out of five, can you believe it?

ROY

Four out of five pays, you know.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (3)

107

Angela and the Housewife share a look, astonished.

HOUSEWIFE

It does?

ROY

Call the number on the ticket.

108 EXT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

108

The Housewife's on a pay phone. Angela hovers nearby.

HOUSEWIFE

(into phone)

Uh-huh, uh-huh. Thank you very much.

She hangs up.

ANGELA

What'd they say?

HOUSEWIFE

(face erupting)

We won six hundred dollars!

ANGELA

Holy --

She cups her mouth: oops.

HOUSEWIFE

-- shit! Six hundred dollars!

ANGELA

Holy shit!

Roy watches from inside as they laugh and hug.

HOUSEWIFE

The woman on the phone said we just have to take it in for verification. And then they'll mail me a check.

(quickly)

I'll give you half, sweetie, don't worry.

ANGELA

You don't have to...

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

HOUSEWIFE

No, no, we're fifty-fifty in this.
In fact, we should call your mom
and we can all go down there
together.

Angela pulls back.

ANGELA

She works. Pretty late.

HOUSEWIFE

How 'bout your dad?

ANGELA

(ashamed)

He -- he doesn't live with us
anymore. You know, it's okay.
I'm supposed to be home anyway.

HOUSEWIFE

No, no, no. We're in this fifty-
fifty.

The Housewife stops to think -- what to do? Then she
turns to see a bank ATM across the street.

109 EXT. BANK ATM - SECURITY CAMERA POV

109

The Housewife uses the ATM; Angela's feet are barely IN
FRAME behind her. Angela very consciously keeps OUT OF
the CAMERA'S RANGE.

110 EXT. ACROSS STREET

110

Roy watches from inside his Caprice.

ROY

Good girl, watch the cameras.

111 AT ATM

111

The Housewife hands Angela three crisp \$100s.

HOUSEWIFE

That's three hundred. Don't spend
it all at the coin-op. And hide
it when you get home. Don't let
those brothers of yours anywhere
near it.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

ANGELA
(touched)
Thank you.

HOUSEWIFE
Thank you, sweetie.

They hug again.

112 EXT. LAUNDROMAT

112

Angela exits with her backpack full of laundry, waves goodbye once more to the Housewife, then rounds a corner to find Roy waiting for her, out of sight.

ANGELA
Did I do good?

ROY
You did very good.

She leaps in the air.

ANGELA
Mom was wrong: I didn't just get your elbows.

ROY
One last thing...

ANGELA
Uh-huh?

ROY
Go give her her money back.

ANGELA
What?!

ROY
I told you I'd teach you a con, I didn't say I'd let you get away with it.

ANGELA
C'mon! You're joking.

ROY
(shakes his head)
Now.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

ANGELA
(can't believe it)
This is so...

Roy points: go. Petulantly, Angela stalks back inside. Roy watches through a glass wall as she hands the money back to the Housewife, utterly befuddled.

113 INT. CAPRICE - DAY

113

Driving Angela home.

ROY
I have one question for you. And I want you to think before answering.
(as she nods okay)
Did you feel better when you took her money, or when you gave it back?
(before she answers)
Think first.

Angela thinks.

ANGELA
I thought we were partners.

ROY
I'm not your partner. I'm your father.

Angela puts her feet up on the dash. Roy doesn't mind.

ROY (V.O.)
It's strange. Two weeks ago this was ancient history. Now suddenly I have a daughter.

114 INT. DR. KLEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

114

ROY
And I'm not... scared shitless. That's good, isn't it?

DR. KLEIN
It's however you feel about it, Roy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

DR. KLEIN (CONT'Dbeat)
Yes. It's wonderful. Don't take this too literally, but you've been closing doors for a long time. It's good to see you start opening some again.

Roy looks a little worried.

DR. KLEIN
What?

ROY
I -- I took Angela along over the weekend, selling a piece. Sometimes in my business you have to create a value in something which really isn't there. What some people call sales, other people call...

DR. KLEIN
Lying.

ROY
I didn't know how Angela would go for that. But she took right to it. She even helped out, this fourteen-year-old girl, working these people with me.

DR. KLEIN
Do you regret it? Exposing her to that? Her seeing that side of you?

ROY
(moment of truth)
I really liked it. It was the best time we've had together.

115 INT. ROY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

115

Roy opens his refrigerator door. Inside are grease-stained pizza cartons and Chinese food cartons. He closes it, considers the room around him. It's cluttered with fashion magazines, empty soda cans, a real mess. And it's very quiet, for the first time in a while. And lonely.

116 EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

116

Cans of tuna again. But also some fresh vegetables, frozen pizzas, and TV dinners.

CHECK-OUT WOMAN

Where's that cute little girl of yours?

ROY

She went home to her mom's. Summer school.

CHECK-OUT WOMAN

She's a cute one. Must be lonesome without her.

Roy considers her as she bags his groceries.

ROY

I'll see you tomorrow.

(hesitates, then)

It's Kathy, right?

(off her nod)

I'm Roy.

KATHY (CHECK-OUT WOMAN)

Hi, Roy.

They shake. Two people meeting after seeing each other every day for months.

117 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

117

Roy walks through the terminal.

118 INT. TERMINAL LOUNGE - DAY

118

Before noon, the place is mostly deserted. One or two layovers at the bar and a custodian vacuuming the floors. Roy and Frank case the place. Roy, a standard-sized black briefcase beside him, withdraws a cigarette; Frank bums one from him.

FRANK

He said he wants to fly the money straight to the Caymans. Afraid he might get robbed.

ROY

As if someone would do that. When's his flight?

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

FRANK

Friday.

(beat)

Where do you think?

Roy points at...

LEATHER BANQUETTE

Roy sits facing the bar, against a wall, the standard-sized black briefcase beside him.

ROY

You plant this before the meet.
And keep the table free. I'm
here, you sit him there, back to
the bar. Otherwise we blow it
off.

FRANK

Who's the drunk gonna be?

ROY

Ernie.

FRANK

Typecasting.

ROY

What do you expect for fifty
bucks?

Frank scans the place once more, a little nervous.

FRANK

There's only one problem.
(as Roy waits: what?)
I think I'm in love with you.

Frank lets out a whoop! He's going to be rich.

119 SAME SCENE - LATER

119

Roy stands alone in the middle of the lounge, looking
from table to bar, then to all the walls. Running the
plan over in his head.

120 EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

120

Summer school lets out. Roy scours the young teens
flooding from the school from his Caprice across the
street.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED: (A1)

120

ANGELA

Perv.

She's snuck up behind him. He smiles.

ROY

In the car.

She gets in, looks at him, grins.

ROY

What would you like to do today,
little girl?

ANGELA

Mom says I have to be back by
dinner.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

ROY

You'll be back by dinner. What would you like to do?

She grins even wider. Roy blanches dramatically: Uh-oh.

121 INT. BOWLING ALLEY

121

Uh-oh was right. Angela lifts a bowling ball up to her eyes, then lets it rip down an alley -- CRASH!

Meanwhile, Roy cleans his ball meticulously with his handkerchief -- even the finger holes. It's his turn to bowl now and, with a swallow for courage, he plunges his fingers into the ball to pick it up. Angela passes him on the way back to her seat.

ANGELA

I own you.

Roy glares at her, then steps up to the alley. Concentrates. Approaches and releases his first roll. Gutter ball. Keeping his chin high, he retreats to the ball return.

ANGELA

(approaching
him gently)

Dad. The first thing you have to understand about this game is: ninety-percent of it is knocking down at least one pin.

He grabs at her, and she screams with laughter. And just then -- BEEP BEEP BEEP -- it's Roy's PAGER going off. He checks it, sighs.

ANGELA

You want me to bowl for you?

AT PAY PHONE

Roy thinks about wiping the receiver down, but his handkerchief has already gone dirtier places. Over the MUSIC and CRASHING PINS, he yells:

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

ROY

It's me, what is it?

(beat)

What?! I thought it wasn't 'til
Friday!

(beat)

Well, tell him --

Roy's face falls. Angela, bowling in the distance, rolls a strike and leaps in the air.

A122 INT. FRANK'S MUSTANG - DAY

A122

Frank's on a cellular headset, rubbing his temples, stressed.

FRANK

I know, I know, he bumped it up.
He says he won't be back for a
month.

(beat)

I don't want to lose him, Roy.

B122 INT. BOWLING ALLEY

B122

Now Roy's stressed, too.

ROY

There's no time. I gotta get the
money, change, get Ernie... What
time's his flight?

Roy's face falls. Angela, bowling in the distance, rolls a strike and leaps in the air.

122 EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

122

Roy exits, in a rush, and Angela trudges out behind, pissed.

ROY

I'm sorry. It just came up. I
gotta take you home.

ANGELA

(it's not)

It's okay.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

ROY

I can't, uh, I just can't --
(looks at watch)
I can't do this. There's no time.
I can't even take you home.

ANGELA

(playing the victim)
You want me to take the bus?

ROY

No. shit!

He doesn't know what to do.

ANGELA

Is it a job?

Roy nods.

ANGELA

(timidly)
Can I help?

Roy considers her, thinks, then:

ROY

Yes.

ANGELA

(excitedly)
Really?

Roy nods, unhappily.

ANGELA

What do I get to do?

Roy thinks. Is this the worst idea he's ever had?

ROY

Shit!

123 EXT. FIRST FEDERAL BANK - LOBBY ENTRANCE

123

Roy, with standard-sized black briefcase, enters with Angela.

ANGELA

I thought you kept all your money
in the horse.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

ROY

That's just my piggy bank. Wait here.

He heads downstairs. She follows, as usual.

124 INT. FIRST FEDERAL BANK - VAULT ANTEROOM

124

Roy and Angela approach the Clerk.

ROY

I'd like access to my safe deposit box. J-215.

CLERK

(offering form)

Signature and pass code, please.

Roy starts to fill it out. Covers the pass code from Angela's prying eyes. In whispers:

ANGELA

Why can't I see?

ROY

'Cause it's a secret.

ANGELA

Then why does he get to?

Roy thinks. To the Clerk:

ROY

Can I add an access signature to my account.

The Clerk nods, puts forth another form. Roy pushes it toward Angela.

CLERK

Sign here and here.

ROY

Do it.

She does. Back to whispers:

ANGELA

So, what, now I can get into the whatever-it-is?

ROY

No. You don't have the pass code.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

ANGELA
When do I get that?

ROY
When I'm dead.

ANGELA
(forlorn)
Oh.

ROY
Don't weep for me too much. Now
wait here. I mean it.

125 INT. PRIVATE VIEWING ROOM

125

Roy opens his deposit box. Inside are bound, neat stacks of hundred dollar bills and hundred-pound notes, piled atop a fist-high ream of bonds. He starts picking up stacks of cash and placing them in the black briefcase.

He closes the case, feels its weight. Then, to the guard around the corner:

ROY
Hey: you got today's Times?

126 EXT. FIRST FEDERAL BANK - PARKING LOT

126

Roy exits with Angela.

ANGELA
How much is in there?

ROY
(re: briefcase)
I told you.

ANGELA
(re: bank)
No, in there. Three hundred
thousand?

He just smiles: not telling.

ANGELA
Five hundred thousand? A million?

He shrugs. Angela is flabbergasted.

ANGELA
How did you --

ROY
I've been doing this a long time.

ANGELA
Why aren't you -- why don't you go
live in Hawaii? Why don't you buy
Hawaii?

ROY
I told you: I don't like the
outdoors.

127 INT. CAPRICE (AIRPORT PARKING LOT)

127

Roy puts on his Arden glasses.

ROY
These still make me look old?

ANGELA
Old and rich.

Roy checks his watch. He's really not certain about
this.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

127

ROY

You know what to do?

(off her nod)

You keep real far away from us.

Anything seems off, you get outta there. You see me tug my tie like this, you get outta there.

He gives her two hundreds from his wallet.

ROY

Take this. Just in case.

ANGELA

Stop worrying about me. I'm barely even doing anything.

He gives the whole plan one more thought. Shakes his head. She looks at him with puppy eyes.

ROY

What?

ANGELA

Please, can I have the pass code?

He has to laugh.

128 INT. TERMINAL LOUNGE

128

Roy enters, carrying the black briefcase, and immediately he spots a problem: Frank sits in the banquette seat Roy should have. Roy continues his approach, clasp his back now and wincing. Frank and Frechette greet him.

FRANK

Arden, you okay?

ROY

My back. Strained it last night.

FRANK

I told you: You should do yoga.

ROY

(a joke)

I was doing yoga. You mind if I sit there. The high back helps.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

Frank and Roy change seats, Roy sneaking a reproachful glance Frank's way: nice fucking job. As he sits, with difficulty:

ROY

How are both of you?

Across the lounge, Angela peeks out from behind a partition to watch Roy, Frank and Chuck. A waitress delivers Roy a club soda and departs.

FRANK

So: who goes first?

Roy and Frechette face off: who will make the first move?

ROY

I suppose ladies do. The Queen before Ben Franklin.

Roy lifts his black briefcase onto an empty chair between them and cracks it open just enough for Frechette to see: a newspaper. Frechette pries underneath: wall-to-wall British pounds inside.

FRECHETTE

That's eighty thousand? It looks like less than I thought.

ROY

It always does.

Frechette reaches in to flip through a stack of bills: they're all real.

FRECHETTE

Sorry. Had to check.

ROY

As long as you don't mind.

Roy closes the case and sets it down on the floor by his feet. Meanwhile, Frechette replaces it with a gym bag. As he unzips it, Roy steals a glance at the lounge entrance: Angela is entering.

FRECHETTE

Go ahead. Do your worst.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: (2)

128

Roy explores the gym bag: it's loaded with stacks of hundred dollar bills.

ROY
(to Frank)
You count it?

Frank nods. A pregnant pause. Then:

ROY
It looks like we have a trade.

FRANK
God bless America.

FRECHETTE
Land that I love.

Roy salutes him with his soda, and Frank and Frechette raise their Scotches to toast --

ROY
Enjoy the Caymans. Don't get too much sun.

FRANK
You kidding? He's going there for the shelter.

Suddenly, from the bar:

ANGELA (O.S.)
Oh, come on! I'm twenty-one!

Roy peers up and Frank and Frechette turn to look: Angela is screaming at the lounge bartender.

ANGELA
My I.D. is in my luggage! My plane doesn't leave for thirty minutes! Can't I get a goddamn beer?!

The bartender cautions her and she grabs a tumbler --

ANGELA
You touch me, I'll break every glass in this place.

-- then hurls the GLASS down at the floor, SHATTERING it, drawing every eye, including Frechette's, and that's when Roy pulls the switch: the briefcase stowed beneath the banquette for the identical one by his feet. Lightning fast.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: (3)

128

ANGELA

Hey, you! Airport bartender!

Angela backs out of the lounge, arms raised, giving the finger with both hands to the bartender. And she's gone. Frechette turns back, none the wiser. Frank knows, of course -- Angela's tantrum was part of the act -- and he looks at Roy incredulously.

FRECHETTE

Hope she isn't on my flight.
Speaking of which: it's about
that time. Who goes first?

ROY

You do. Just get up and take your
new briefcase with you. When I
leave, I'll take my new gym bag.

FRECHETTE

Simple is safe.

Roy nods to his wisdom, then pushes the briefcase at his feet across to Frechette. Frechette picks it up, bids Frank and Roy farewell --

FRECHETTE

Guys. Let's do it again some
time.

ROY

Have a safe flight.

-- and departs. Roy and Frank watch him go.

FRANK

(under his breath)
What the hell was that?

ROY

Go with him.

FRANK

That wasn't --

ROY

Walk him to the plane.

FRANK

They won't let me past the
security check.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED: (4) 128

ROY

Then walk him to the security
check.

Frank follows Roy's orders and chases after Frechette. Roy reaches under the banquette and grabs the briefcase there. A bag in one hand, the case in the other, he takes off in the opposite direction.

129 EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY 129

Roy exits briskly, crossing to the parking garage.

A130 EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY A130

Roy emerges from a stairwell and Angela leaps from behind a pillar to surprise him.

ANGELA

Boo!

Roy keeps walking, despite a minor cardiac, all business as Angela bounces around him.

ANGELA

Did you see that old chick at the bar? With all the makeup? She almost died when I threw that glass.

ROY

I saw her.

ANGELA

What happened on our end? You take him?

He nods.

ANGELA

The whole eighty?

Roy nods. Angela bounces higher, singing:

ANGELA

'My dad's a smooth operator!
Smooth operator!'

130 INT. CAPRICE/INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY 130

As Roy pulls out of his spot:

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

ANGELA

Dad, I thought about it: we should give the money back. I'd feel better.

He looks at her, and she smiles: just joking. He's not in the mood.

ANGELA

Do I get a cut?

ROY

You can ask Frank for his.

Roy stops behind a minivan pulling out of a spot, and he turns to see:

-- the stairwell door fly open and Frechette appear, in a fury, suitcase open and empty, looking this way and that. He spots Roy instantly and starts toward him.

Roy punches the gas, around the minivan and away.

ANGELA

(oblivious to
Frechette)

Dad?!

Roy races down levels of parking lot as Frechette chases on foot. With a fair lead, the Caprice comes to four gated exit lanes, two cars in the three of them, one car in the fourth. Roy chooses that one.

ANGELA

(frightened now)

Dad?

ROY

Roll up your window! Now! Get down on the floor!

Angela does as she's told. His money ready, Roy waits for the car ahead of him to pass through, but the ATTENDANT seems to be taking forever to make change. Meanwhile, the other lanes are clearing up quickly. Roy considers backing up and choosing another exit, but the minivan he passed now hovers behind him. He's trapped.

And Frechette appears in his sideview mirror, hustling toward him. At last, Roy pulls up to the parking Attendant, thrusts his money at her, then barks:

ROY

Open the gate, please.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: (2)

130

ATTENDANT

Do you need a receipt --

ROY

No! Please open the gate.

The gate comes up, but too late. Frechette is upon them, on Angela's side, yanking on the door, rabid.

ANGELA

Dad!

Roy hits the gas, and the Caprice slaps the gate as it rises, but before they're clear, Frechette gets a clean look at Angela hovering below the seat.

ROY

(slamming steering
wheel)

Dammit!

ANGELA

Are we okay?

Roy looks down to her, balled up, shaking with fear. He has no one to blame for this but himself.

131 EXT. DODGER STADIUM PARKING LOT - DAY

131

The Dodgers are away, leaving acres of parking spots unused. Los Angeles looms in the distance. Frank paces beside his car and chain smokes as Roy's Caprice pulls up. Frank steps up to see Roy glowering at him.

FRANK

What?

No reply. Roy just seethes.

ANGELA

Hiya, Frank.

FRANK

(at a loss)

Hiya.

(back to glowering
Roy)

What?!

ROY

(to Angela)

Stay in the car.

ANGELA

But I want to --

ROY

Stay in the car!

Roy gets out, slams the door, then reopens it, turns the RADIO ON to an EARSPLITTING VOLUME, slams the door again.

132 INT. CAPRICE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

132

Angela can't hear anything but MUSIC as Roy tears Frank a new one.

133 EXT. DODGER STADIUM PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS ACTION

133

ROY

I said 'walk him to the plane.'
Did you walk him to the plane?

FRANK

I told you: security. They don't
let you to the gate without a
ticket --

(CONTINUED)

ROY

Did you see him go through security?

FRANK

Yes!

ROY

Did you wait 'til the plane left the gate?

FRANK

You told me to walk him there, I walked him there.

ROY

Frank, my daughter was there today!

Frank looks away, chastened. Says something half under his breath.

ROY

What?

FRANK

I'm not the one who pimped her into the grift. And don't tell me I'm the one who put her at risk. She put us at risk.

ROY

How?

FRANK

What if he goes to the cops?

ROY

He won't. They never do.

FRANK

What if he does?

ROY

Then he'd have to explain what he was doing with eighty grand and a ticket to the Caymans.

(beat)

We're not on the books. We're safe.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: (2)

133

FRANK

I know we are. What about her?

ROY

Angela's never been arrested --

FRANK

You don't know that. You don't know that! What if Chuck goes to the cops?

Roy turns: Angela watches from inside the car. He opens the door.

ROY

Turn it off.

She does. Frank leers at Roy: ask her.

ROY

Tell him, Angela, and let's get this over with. Tell him you're clean.

(beat)

You've never been arrested, have you?

Angela looks from Roy to Frank to Roy again. Then blushes. And bites her lip.

FRANK

Terrific.

134 EXT. DODGER STADIUM PARKING LOT - DAY

134

Roy hands Frank Frechette's bag of money, and Frank starts toward his car, and the younger man takes off. Roy leans against his hood as Angela remains in her seat.

ANGELA

I would have told you, but it never came up.

Roy gives her the silent treatment a moment, then:

ROY

You're fourteen! When did you have time to get arrested?

ANGELA

I forgot to pay for a pack of gum once, that's it.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

ROY
(disbelief)
They called the cops on you for a
pack of gum.

ANGELA
And some other stuff. I mighta
put up a fuss when security --

ROY
Angela...

ANGELA
The guard was groping me. He was
grabbing at my chest, what was I
supposed to do?

ROY
How long ago?

ANGELA
Last year.

ROY
And they photographed you? They
printed you?

Angela nods and bows her head penitently. Roy, his hands
slowly returning to his coat pockets, takes a stroll,
super-pissed.

135 EXT. STREETS - CAPRICE - MOVING - NIGHT 135

136 INT. ROY'S CAPRICE - MOVING - NIGHT 136

Roy drives, brow knit, thinking. Angela sneaks a glance
at him, knows enough not to speak.

137 EXT. HEATHER'S BLOCK - NIGHT 137

Roy's Caprice pulls to a stop, Heather's house in the
distance.

138 INT. CAPRICE 138

Roy looks straight ahead, arctic. Angela tries to thaw
him.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

You know, I have all of August off. I was thinking maybe I could come stay with you.

He says nothing.

ANGELA

Or we could take a trip even. Oh, and in September is father's visiting day at school. It's kind of lame, but I thought maybe...

Silence. Then:

ROY

I'm gonna be gone for the next couple months. Frank and I have some out-of-town work.

She nods, hurt but trying to conceal it. Tears form regardless.

ANGELA

When do you think you'll be back?

ROY

I don't know.

ANGELA

Maybe when you get back --

ROY

(killing hope)

You're getting in the way. Okay? I thought maybe it could work out, but it can't. Frank and I are partners. He wants you gone, you're gone.

Angela's lip trembles and tears faucet down her cheeks.

ANGELA

Is it, did I --

Roy keeps staring straight ahead. Angela cries, elbows in her hands, arms clutching her gut.

ANGELA

I'm sorry... I didn't mean to...

Roy, tortured, can't look at her.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED: (2)

138

ANGELA

Can we at least talk on the phone?

Roy says nothing. She weeps openly. Roy shrinks as he sees a woman dragging trash barrels to the curb. Mid-thirties, a faded beauty. HEATHER. He watches with curiosity.

ROY

You wanna know why your mom left me? She left me because of you. So you wouldn't grow up with me as your dad.

(beat)

I am a bad guy.

Roy can't stand this anymore. He leans over her and opens the passenger door.

ROY

C'mon. Your mom'll be waiting.

Angela wipes tears away. Anger supplanting grief. She digs into her backpack, withdraws an object wrapped in an "LA AIRPORT GIFT SHOP" bag, sets it on the dash.

ROY

What's that?

ANGELA

I got it for you at the airport.

(beat)

I paid for it.

She starts out of the car, but Roy doesn't want to let her go angry.

ROY

Ange --

She spins on him, furious, tears streaming.

ANGELA

Why did you even call me?! Why did you?

Roy has no answer.

ANGELA

You're not a bad guy, you know. You're just not a very good one.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED: (3)

138

She slams the door behind her. The interior light fades on Roy. He unwraps the gift shop bag: It's an "I Love LA" ashtray.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

139 INT. ROY'S LIVING ROOM 139

Dark. Roy's on the couch, arm thrown over his eyes. Hair unkempt, unshaven, wearing clothes for the third day in a row, the room around him a pigsty. Roy has let the place and himself go. The PHONE RINGS. And RINGS. And RINGS. At last, Roy picks it up.

ROY

Hello.

FRANK (V.O.)

Roy? You alright?

ROY

Yeah.

FRANK (V.O.)

You hungry?

He discards an empty can of tuna from the couch.

ROY

No.

FRANK (V.O.)

You wanna meet? We still got Chuck's money to split.

ROY

What time is it?

FRANK (V.O.)

Almost three.

ROY

Hold on a sec.

He hangs up. Doesn't move.

140 INT. ROY'S KITCHEN 140

Also a mess. Roy rinses out a dirty coffee cup. Fills it with water. Watches it overflow. Reaches up to a cupboard for his pills. They're not there. Roy furrows his brow.

141 INT. ROY'S BEDROOM 141

Roy looks inside his bedside table. Looks around it. They're not here either.

142 INT. ROY'S BATHROOM

142

He scours his medicine cabinet, then inspects the waste basket, looks beneath the sink. The only thing here is one of Angela's barrettes.

143 INT. ROY'S HOUSE

143

He pushes and backtracks through rooms, checking coat pockets in wardrobes, looking everywhere for his pills as he speaks on his portable phone:

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

Medical group.

ROY

Doctor Klein, please.

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

I'm sorry, Dr. Klein is unavailable. Dr. Wiley is on call, if you'd like to --

ROY

I gotta talk to Klein. Is there a way of getting hold of him?

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

Dr. Klein has gone for the weekend.

ROY

Where'd he go? Look, look: I need a new thing of pills. Are you there at the office now?

Roy's PHONE BEEPS. He checks it.

ROY

Shit, my phone's dying.

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

Sir, if this is an emergency, I recommend you contact a local hospital --

-- BEEP --

ROY

Listen: can you let me in his office --

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

-- sir, I can't --

-- BEEP --

ROY

-- I know where he keeps them, or
gimme Klein's home phone --

PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

-- Dr. Wiley is on call --

-- BEEP --

ROY

-- I need to talk to Klein --

The phone dies --

ROY

Shit!

-- and he hurls it against a wall.

144 INT. ROY'S KITCHEN

144

Roy goes through the trash beneath his sink.

145 EXT. ROY'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

145

Roy at rock-bottom. He digs through his trash bin, then
upends it. Cans and cans of Chicken-of-the-Sea rattle on
the pavement. But no pills.

146 INT. ROY'S CAPRICE - DAY

146

Roy presses his cheek against the floor mat of his car.
He peers beneath the driver's seat, then reaches in and
pats the floor, recovering --

-- one empty foil packet.

147 EXT. BUSY AVENUE - DAY

147

The Caprice swerves into traffic. Nearly forces several
cars off the road. Surges ahead.

148 INT. PHARMACY - DAY

148

Located in the rear of a discount drugstore. Five people stand on line for the white-coated, white-haired PHARMACIST. Roy joins the back of the line, wild-eyed, wild-haired, impatient.

ROY

C'mon, c'mon.

A few customers look back at Roy. He stares their glances away. Soon he can wait no longer. He pushes to the front of the line, empty packet in hand.

ROY

Hi, I need a refill of this. I don't have a prescription, but --

PHARMACIST

Sir, please, wait your turn --

ROY

I know, but this is an emergency --

MAN IN LINE

Hey, buddy: ever hear of a line?

ROY

(turning)

Ever been dragged onto the sidewalk and beaten till you piss blood?

That decides it: nobody's screwing with Roy. The Pharmacist scans the horizon for security, doesn't see anyone.

ROY

Please. I need a refill.

PHARMACIST

Do you have a prescription?

ROY

My shrink, my doctor, he gave me these. They're samples of -- I can't remember -- Prefex-something.

PHARMACIST

I'm sorry. Without a prescription --

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

148

ROY

Look: I have the packet --

PHARMACIST

I can't help you, sir.

ROY

-- So I'm clearly allowed to have them. I just need four or five of these to cover the weekend.

PHARMACIST

(resigning)

Let me see it.

The Pharmacist takes the empty packet from Roy. Studies it. Hands it back.

PHARMACIST

Those are vitamins.

ROY

What?

PHARMACIST

That packet contained vitamins.

ROY

No. My doctor gave it to me. Prefex...

PHARMACIST

They're vitamins, sir. Supplifen. Aisle four.

Roy stands there, incredulous, infuriated.

In aisle four, he rips open a box of Supplifen to find the replica of the packet he was given. He crushes it.

149 EXT. KLEIN'S OFFICE - NEXT MONDAY

149

Klein exits his sedan. Fumbling for his office key, he approaches the front door when Roy appears in the breezeway behind him, shoulders heaving, threatening. Klein gasps, startled, then:

DR. KLEIN

Roy? I'm not supposed to see you 'till --

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

ROY

Vitamins. You gave me goddamn
vitamins.

Klein appraises Roy: he is not to be trifled with right now.

150 INT. KLEIN'S OFFICE

150

Klein enters with Roy, turns on a light.

DR. KLEIN

Would you like to sit?

ROY

I am sitting.

A beat.

DR. KLEIN

Roy: why do you think you need medication?

ROY

You are not asking questions yet.
First you answer: did you give me vitamins?

DR. KLEIN

Yes.

ROY

Why?

DR. KLEIN

Because you don't need medication.

ROY

Look at me. I'm a mess.

DR. KLEIN

Agreed. But you weren't a mess last week, and you weren't on Prefexall then either.

(beat)

I have news for you, Roy. Your neurosis is small-time. Your conscience is another story.

(before Roy retorts)

Let me ask a question. Does what you do make you happy?

(CONTINUED)

ROY

Don't change the subject.

DR. KLEIN

This is the subject. What would you do if you had to change careers?

ROY

If I couldn't be an antiques broker?

DR. KLEIN

If you couldn't be a criminal.

(beat)

This is a 17th Century Williamsburg ottoman I've had my feet on for the last two months, Roy. I've had computer programmers tell me what a nice piece it is.

A beat.

ROY

I'm not a criminal. I'm a con man.

DR. KLEIN

The difference being?

ROY

They give me their money.

DR. KLEIN

That's a nice rationalization, Roy.

ROY

I never took anybody who didn't let me out of greed or weakness. I've never used violence.

DR. KLEIN

Would you say then you set an example in your trade?

ROY

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: (2)

150

DR. KLEIN

But now you have to set an example
for someone else.

(beat)

How is she?

ROY

(beat)

Angela? Fine.

(as Klein waits
him out)

She wants back to her mom's.

DR. KLEIN

Have you spoken to her?

(as Roy shakes his
head)

Why not?

ROY

Do we have to talk about this?

DR. KLEIN

Why haven't you spoken?

ROY

(a beat)

Because she hates me.

DR. KLEIN

Why do you think she hates you?

Roy's face crumbles, and everything pours out:

ROY

Because I -- because I -- Oh,
Christ, Doc! I lost my little
girl! I lost my little girl!

DISSOLVE TO:

151 EXT. ROY AND FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

151

152 INT. ROY AND FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

152

Frank considers what Roy has told him.

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED:

152

FRANK

When?

ROY

As of now.

Roy waits for Frank's reaction: is he pissed?

FRANK

(he's not)

You gotta do what you gotta do.

I'm sorry to lose you.

(beat)

You want your forty g's?

ROY

Consider it a parting gift.

FRANK

We should part more often.

ROY

Thanks, Frank. For everything.

FRANK

Thank you, partner.

They shake hands. Frank gestures to the door.

153 INT. ROY'S LIVING ROOM

153

The place is clean again. Roy opens a Radio Shack box, pulls out a new portable phone. Reads its instructions.

154 INT. ROY'S BEDROOM

154

Roy sits on his bed, phone in hand. Gathering his nerve. He twirls between his fingers the barrette he found in his bathroom. At last, he dials. One ring, two rings.

155 EXT. SAN PEDRO PARK - DAY

155

Roy sits waiting. Looks up as Angela approaches on her skateboard. Roy smiles. Angela does not.

SAME SCENE - LATER

They walk along a path.

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED:

155

ROY

I went to see a lawyer. He specializes in custody suits, that sort of thing. Like when one parent wants to get joint custody of the child.

(off no reaction
from her)

There are things you have to do. File paperwork, blood tests, go before a judge. It would only be for weekends and some holidays to start.

Still no reaction.

ROY

I'd have to make some changes. For one, I'm gonna have to stop doing what I do for a living.

(as Angela stops,
turns away)

Honey, I'm sorry. I should have asked you first.

She looks up at him, tears in her eyes, and throws her arms around him.

ANGELA

Will you try? Please?

ROY

(soaring)

Yes. I'll try, honey. I'll try.

He wraps his arms around her and holds her.

156 INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

156

Roy and Angela celebrate, Angela in a new-bought dress, which makes her fidget. A JAZZ COMBO PLAYS in the next room.

ROY

You know, I should talk to your mom about this. Let her know what I'm doing.

ANGELA

Your funeral.

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

156

ROY

I know. But she should hear it from me.

ANGELA

We could get a dog. Either a German shepherd or a Lab.

ROY

(uneasily)

They're messy, aren't they?

ANGELA

Not if you train 'em. We can name it Frank.

ROY

That's a good name.

They both smile. A WAITER pours Angela more Diet Coke.

WAITER

Mademoiselle...

Angela suppresses a laugh.

ON DANCE FLOOR IN NEXT ROOM

A few couples dance. Angela leads a reluctant Roy to the floor. She holds up her arms for him to take, and he balks.

ANGELA

Please...

He gives in. Takes her hands in his and, very tentatively, begins to box-step. Concentrates mostly on his feet, then remembers to concentrate on Angela. And she, throughout, just beams.

157 INT. ROY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

157

Dark. They enter, laughing. Angela is imitating the French Waiter as Roy fumbles the key out of the lock.

ANGELA

Mademoiselle... Bonjour,
mademoiselle... O-reev-ar,
mademoiselle...

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

157

ROY

Au revoir.

ANGELA

What?

ROY

Au revoir. Au...

Roy switches on a lamp, then leaps back: Chuck Frechette is sitting on his sofa. Cigarette in hand, handgun resting on the cushion beside him. Big smirk.

FRECHETTE

Hello, Roy. Hiya, sunshine.

Roy freezes/considers the variables: the open door behind him, Angela before him.

FRECHETTE

Close the door.

(as Roy hesitates)

Close it.

Roy considers Frechette's gun, does as he says. Angela trembles halfway between them.

ANGELA

Dad?

ROY

Go wait in your room, honey.

FRECHETTE

Let her stay. She's in this as much as you are.

ROY

What do you want?

FRECHETTE

What do you think?

(to Angela)

We haven't met, sweetie. My name's Chuck. It's Angela, right?

(off no response)

Your mug shot doesn't do you justice.

(patting couch
beside him)

You wanna sit down?

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED: (2)

157

ROY

You come anywhere near her --

FRECHETTE

Don't play tough, Roy. I'm in your home. I know where your kid lives.

(back to Angela)

You're a very clever girl. Tell me, can you spell 'shakedown'?

ROY

How'd you find me?

FRECHETTE

I didn't. I found her. In black and white.

Roy doesn't understand.

FRECHETTE

Airport security cameras, Roy. They got a nice look at her. That was sloppy.

ROY

There were no cameras in the lounge.

FRECHETTE

No. But there were in the gift shop.

And suddenly it dawns on Roy, and his eyes drop down to the coffee table, to the "I Love LA" ashtray atop it. Angela's gift. Frechette extinguishes his cigarette in it.

FRECHETTE

In my business you need a few friends on the force. Your little girl's in their books. And your ex-wife doesn't know well enough not to give out your home address.

(beat)

Well, once I found you, sniffing out your buddy Frank wasn't such a big deal.

Frechette indicates the corner of the room. There, Frank sits huddled, eyes puffed and blackening, nose bloodied, the crap kicked out of him.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED: (3)

157

FRECHETTE

We only hurt the ones we love,
huh?

Angela gasps. Frank meets Roy's stare with helpless,
horrified eyes. Roy blanches.

FRECHETTE

You look white as a ghost, Roy. I
don't want you to pass out before
you make your first payment. But
first things first. Let's have
back the money you took from me.

ROY

I don't have it.

FRECHETTE

Then let's start with what you do
have.

Again Roy eyes the gun, his daughter.

ROY

Four thousand. Maybe.

FRECHETTE

Where?

ROY

(staring toward it)

The horse.

FRECHETTE

No. Let her get it.

Roy stops. Angela looks up at him, frightened. He nods:
it'll be okay. She moves toward the horse. Takes its
head off, starts scooping out money.

FRECHETTE

Next: I'm in for half of what you
make from now on. Otherwise, I
call those cop friends of mine,
your little girl goes to juvie
'til she's eighteen.

ROY

I'm out. I'm done with this.

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED: (4)

157

FRECHETTE

You're not done, Roy. You barely got your feet wet. Frank's not done -- are you, Frank?

Frank doesn't say a word. His eyes are fixed on something. Frechette follows his stare to --

Angela, standing by the horse, Roy's .38 in her hands leveled at him. Everyone freezes, including Roy.

ROY

Angela, put it down, honey. I'll take care of this.

ANGELA

(fixed on Frechette,
tears in her eyes)

I want you to go.

FRECHETTE

You know how to use that thing, sweetie?

ROY

Put it down, Angela. Don't make it worse.

Angela doesn't budge. A standstill. Then, a small voice behind her:

FRANK

Do it.

ROY

Quiet, Frank.

Frank stumbles to his feet, aching, bloodthirsty. Frechette, frightened now, moves his hand toward his gun.

ANGELA

Don't.

Frechette stops. Angela looks to Roy. All their dreams are slipping through their fingers. Roy holds her glance, apologizing for everything.

ANGELA

Daddy...

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED: (5)

157

Frechette reaches for his GUN again and -- pure reflex -- Angela FIRES -- BOOM! -- then drops the .38 to the floor. Roy turns. Frechette falls off the couch, blood seeping from his shirt. Shaking, voiceless.

ANGELA

Dad...

Angela trembles, numb. Roy goes to her.

ROY

Frank: get his gun.

Frank hobbles over to Frechette. Roy holds Angela.

ANGELA

Daddy...

ROY

It's okay. It's okay.

FRANK

Roy? He's not gonna make it.

Roy looks over: Frechette is dying. Angela sees it, too.

FRANK

Roy? What are we going to do,
Roy?

Roy's got a lot of thinking to do very fast.

158 EXT. ROY'S KITCHEN DOOR/DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

158

Frank pulls Chuck's Mercedes up the driveway to the side door where Roy exits, holding a blanket over Angela's shoulders. He opens the passenger door for her and she gets in, nearly catatonic. Roy speaks past her to Frank:

ROY

You know where the Seven Palms
Motel is?

FRANK

Out the 15?

ROY

Get a room. Ground floor if you
have to go out the back. And wait
there for me.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

FRANK

Suppose you don't show?

ROY

Take her to her mother's. Then you drive south and never come back.

FRANK

What are you going to do?

ROY

(hesitates, then)

Take him to a hospital.

Frank realizes the risk Roy is running. Roy kneels beside Angela.

ROY

Angela. Angela? Frank's gonna get you out of here, and I will see you in a day or two. It's gonna be alright, okay?

ANGELA

I... I was trying to...

ROY

I know. Honey, listen to me. You didn't shoot him. I did. Understand? I shot him. Right, Frank?

FRANK

Yes, you did, Roy.

ROY

You just sit tight, honey.
 (as this could be
 good-bye for a
 while)
 I'm sorry I let you down.
 (to Frank)
 Go.

He closes the door. Holds eye contact with Angela as Frank reverses and carries her away.

159 INT. ROY'S KITCHEN

159

Roy opens a pantry closet, pulls down some sheets, then passes into --

160 INT. ROY'S LIVING ROOM 160

-- and his eyes stop at the bloodstain on the carpet. Frechette is gone. Roy drops the sheets, does a three-sixty, looking for places he might have crawled to. Nothing. He spins --

Frechette is leaning against the wall behind him, deathly pale, blood dripping down his legs. He lifts his gun up unsteadily, points it between Roy's eyes --

-- and Roy pivots away just as --

BOOM!

161 OMITTED 161

162 HIS POV 162

An air-conditioner overhead; an I.V. in his arm; an admission bracelet around his wrist; a uniformed COP sitting in a chair; a surveillance camera above him.

COP

You awake?

The Cop rises and goes out the door. Roy tries to lift himself onto one side, can't -- he's handcuffed to a bed railing. He pokes at a bandage wrapped around his head.

He looks around the room: Spartan, antiseptic, an open door to a mini-bathroom. He is --

IN HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Tiny. One bed, no TV, bars on the windows. The door opens again, and two detectives (BISHOP and HOLT) come in, shutting the door behind them.

BISHOP

Morning, Roy. How d'you feel?

Roy tries to rise again, swoons.

BISHOP

Whoa. Take it slow.

ROY

Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

162

BISHOP

I'm Detective Bishop, this is
Detective Holt. Doctor'll be in
in a sec.

Roy processes this, feels his bandage again. Bishop
fishes in his jacket, pulls out an evidence bag
containing a bullet fragment.

BISHOP

You were given a pretty close
haircut the other night, Roy.
This little fella took out about
half an inch of your skull.

Bishop offers a couple of head X-rays. Roy can barely
sit up much less study X-rays. Bishop drops them.

BISHOP

You got lucky, Roy. Wish we could
say the same for Chuck.

Roy remembers slowly, wisely keeps his mouth shut.

ROY

Am I under arrest?

BISHOP

(nods)

You have the right to remain
silent. Anything you say can and
may be used blah blah blah blah...

HOLT

I heard it all.

BISHOP

Roy: where's Frank?

ROY

Who?

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED: (2)

162

BISHOP

Frank Mercer. Your partner.
We've spent the last couple days
in your home and his. There's not
a lot we don't know.

HOLT

I like your place better. Clean.

BISHOP

You guys led interesting lives.
In fact, there're some bunko cops
eager to talk to you when we're
done.

(beat)

Where is he, Roy?

Roy shakes his head: he doesn't know.

BISHOP

Okay. How about this: where's
Angela?

Roy stonewalls.

BISHOP

She's not at your place, she's not
in San Pedro at, uh --

HOLT

(referring to
notepad)

-- 415 Chester Avenue.

BISHOP

Her mother's near hysterical.

Roy reacts.

ROY

How long have I been here?
(as they don't
respond)

How long?

BISHOP

They brought you in two nights
ago.

Roy thinks, then:

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED: (3)

162

ROY
I shot him. I shot Chuck.

BISHOP
Why?

ROY
He was gonna shoot me.

BISHOP
He did shoot you.

ROY
Before then.

BISHOP
You're sure about that?

Roy nods. Bishop and Holt exchange a glance.

BISHOP
That would make our job a lot
easier. Alas, the print we took
off your .38 was a little small.

(beat)
Where is she, Roy?

(beat)
Your little girl killed a man,
Roy. That's right. Chuckie
didn't make it.

Holt goes to the window, yanks up the blinds. Roy winces
in the glare.

BISHOP
Your daughter's wanted for murder.
You're under arrest for accessory.
It's not good, Roy. But it could
still get worse.

(beat)
Where is she?

Roy's mind races. Figuring some way to make this right
again. Then:

ROY
I wanna see my doctor.

HOLT
Like I said, he'll be in in a sec.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED: (4)

162

ROY

No, my doctor. My shrink. Let me see him and I'll tell you whatever you want to know.

Bishop and Holt exchange glances again.

BISHOP

You know where she is?

Roy nods. Bishop considers it.

BISHOP

What's his number?

163 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

163

Roy peers through the open blinds as an intern checks his vitals. From the bed, he can't see anything but a freeway in the distance. Bishop and Holt return with Dr. Klein in tow, a little agitated. The intern departs.

ROY

Hey, Doc.

DR. KLEIN

Hello, Roy.
(to Bishop)
May I sit down?

Bishop nods, and Klein takes a seat by the bed.

DR. KLEIN

How are you feeling?

Roy looks. Bishop, Holt and the cop haven't moved.

ROY

Can we have a little privacy?

BISHOP

That's not how it works, Roy.

ROY

Don't I have doctor-patient rights or something?

Holt laughs.

DR. KLEIN

Technically, he's right.

(CONTINUED)

BISHOP

Technically, he's not. That refers to testimony you might give based on confidential information. There's no privilege says I gotta leave you two alone together.

ROY

You do if you want what I know.

They stare each other down. Finally, Bishop relents.

BISHOP

Five minutes.

They exit.

DR. KLEIN

Roy, what happened? They told me --

Roy holds up his free hand: Don't speak 'til they're gone. After a moment:

ROY

There isn't time, Doc.

(beat)

Can I trust you?

DR. KLEIN

Roy -- I can't do anything illegal.

Roy glances up at the surveillance camera, then covers his mouth with his free hand, lest any lip readers are watching.

ROY

Angela's in trouble, Doc. If I don't help her, she will go to jail. Please. Help me help her.

Klein looks reluctant. Roy's eyes plead.

ROY

You got her into this, too --

DR. KLEIN

Don't transfer responsibility, Roy.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED: (2)

163

ROY
Just make a phone call.

Klein thinks, decides: okay.

ROY
How are you at memorizing numbers?

164 INT. ADJOINING ROOM - CLOSE ON VIDEO FEED - DAY

164

of Roy whispering to Dr. Klein through his fingers.
Then...

CLOSE ON BISHOP

smoking, watching the feed, stymied.

165 INT. ROY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

165

Through his fingers still, Roy whispers. Klein leans
forward to hear:

ROY
The room of Mr. Cole.

DR. KLEIN
C-O-L-E?

ROY
My partner will answer the phone.
Ask to speak to Angela.

DR. KLEIN
What do I tell her?

ROY
Tell her -- tell Angela you have
the pass code. Tell her to write
it down.

DR. KLEIN
This is what I have to memorize.

ROY
They're going to search you on the
way out.

Klein nods: he's ready.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

165

ROY
543-N7-942. Again: 543-N7-942.
Say it back to me.

DR. KLEIN
543 --

ROY
(eyes to camera)
Doc...

DR. KLEIN
Sorry.
(covering mouth)
543-N7-942.

ROY
Again.

DR. KLEIN
543-N7-942.
(to himself)
543-N7-942.

ROY
That's all you have to do, Doc.

Klein nods, tense, memorizing. Roy lies back, exhausted but hopeful.

166 EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

166

Klein hurries to his sedan, fumbling with keys. As he pulls away, another car follows several seconds behind: Bishop at the wheel, Holt on the passenger side.

167 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

167

Roy stirs awake, sweating heavily. The air conditioner is off. The room is dark. The chair where the uniformed cop sat is empty.

ROY
Yo! Hello!
(off no response)
Hey! Officer Maddox!
(off no response)
Could someone turn the A.C. back
on?!

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED: 167

Roy reaches for a bedpan on the floor, to throw at the door, but something rattles within. Roy shakes it again, then pulls out: a handcuff key. Roy tries it on his restrained wrist: it's a fit.

He releases himself, checks the door, then pulls his feet off the bed. For the first time in days, he stands, a little wobbly, in nothing but a hospital gown.

CLOSE ON ROY

as he quietly cracks open his hospital room door, and his eyes go wide. Dumbfounded, he moves down a brief hallway, peers into --

ADJOINING ROOM

Empty except for the surveillance monitor propped up on a chair. Coffee cups and newspapers litter the floor. Also there: Roy's pants, shirt, jacket and shoes, thrown in a pile in a corner.

Roy pushes on, through an exit door and steps out onto --

168 EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DESERTED ROOF - DAY 168

Blinding sunlight. Roy's hospital room resides within a mobile construction-site trailer anchored atop the five-story garage. A freeway passes in the distance.

Roy can't believe it. He staggers around the trailer, to the roof's edge, and looks down. The parking structure overlooks a largely-deserted stretch of Los Angeles.

Roy feels his bandage again. Starts to unwrap it. Then pulls it clean off. Gingerly feels about his skull. No stitches, no fracture, no bullet hole. Just one mother of a bruise.

169 OMITTED 169
& &
170 170

171 EXT. PARKING GARAGE - GROUND LEVEL - DAY 171

Roy jogs down the bottom ramp, belting his pants, shirt unbuttoned. He finds a pay phone, but its cord has been sliced.

VOICE (V.O. over phone)
Seven Palms Motel.

- 172 EXT. BLOCK AWAY - AT PAY PHONE 172
- ROY
- The room of Mr. Cole, please. C-
O-L-E.
- (beat)
- How about Mercer? M-E-R...
- Bad news. Roy spots a cab, drops the phone to hail it.
- 173 EXT. KLEIN'S OFFICE - DAY 173
- Cab waiting, Roy finds the front door locked, finesses it open. As he enters, he notices Klein's plaque is gone.
- 174 INT. KLEIN'S OFFICE - DAY 174
- Dark, until Roy turns on an overhead light. The place is empty. Furniture and fixtures stripped, diplomas off the wall, cabinets bare. Roy squeezes his eyes shut.
- 175 EXT. ROY'S HOUSE/INT. CAPRICE - DAY 175
- FROM within the Caprice's window: Roy arrives in a cab.
- 176 INT. ROY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 176
- Much as he left it. "Blood" stain on the carpet. The head of the ceramic horse beside it. Roy reaches within, extracts the only remaining item: a handwritten letter.
- FRANK (V.O.)
- 'Roy: You're probably pretty upset.
I don't blame you. You taught me
most of what I know, so I suppose
I owe you better than this.'
- 177 EXT. FIRST FEDERAL BANK - DAY 177
- Roy hurries in before it closes for the day.
- 178 INT. FIRST FEDERAL BANK - DAY 178
- Roy gives his pass code to the Clerk. He wears the same clothes and the same distant stare.
- FRANK (V.O.)
- 'But you always said if I got a
shot at a big score, I should take
it.'

179 INT. BANK VAULT 179

Roy's box is removed. Large but no longer heavy. Roy touches his head wound.

FRANK (V.O.)
'Sorry about the rubber bullet, by the way. And for everything else.'

180 INT. PRIVATE VIEWING ROOM 180

Roy sets the box on a table, pries off the lid, revealing --

FRANK (V.O.)
'If it's any consolation, you're the best I ever saw. I'd never find a better partner. Now I won't have to.'

-- a single, thin stack of \$100s.

FRANK (V.O.)
'Enjoy the gift. Frank.'

181 EXT. UNDER HIGHWAY SIGN 181

BLASTING UNDER a highway sign: "SAN PEDRO," then DOWN TO...

Roy's Caprice, Roy at the wheel. All four windows rolled down, creating a windstorm inside his car.

182 EXT. HEATHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 182

For the first time, Roy parks in front of the house. He staggers to the front door and knocks, running on the slenderest of hopes.

A moment passes before the door opens, and Heather stands before him. They share a long moment of recognition.

HEATHER
Roy...

He looks numb, glass-eyed. He can barely speak.

ROY
She's not here, is she?

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED:

182

HEATHER

What?

ROY

Angela?

HEATHER

(at a complete loss)

Who? Roy, what are you talking
about -- ?

ROY

The baby! You were gonna have a
baby!

Heather is aghast.

HEATHER

That's -- that's why you're here?

ROY

You were pregnant.

She nods.

ROY

You were.

Tears come to her eyes, too, a painful memory.

His last hope dashed, all the revelations of the day come
to a point, and Roy crumbles. He gasps for air, clutches
his gut, and folds into himself.

HEATHER

Roy, Roy: you okay?

Heather stands helpless before him, then slowly --
because of their history, or despite it -- reaches out
and caresses him.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

183 OMITTED

183

184 EXT. BEHIND CARPETERIA - DAY

184

Roy on a smoke break.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED:

184

His salesman's uniform is not terribly different from his old costume, and he still wears his hair in a completely unremarkable fashion, but his bearing has changed: he is a man at ease. A CO-WORKER sticks his head out the back door.

CO-WORKER

Roy: another live one.

Roy nods, flings his cigarette away, returns to work.

185 INT. CARPETERIA - DAY

185

Roy finds his next prospect: a twenty-year old SLACKER flipping through Persians.

ROY

Afternoon.

(CONTINUED)

SLACKER
(keeps flipping)
How ya doin'.

ROY
Help you with anything?

SLACKER
Yeah. I need a carpet.

ROY
For your home?

SLACKER
For my secretary's office.
(beat)
No, it's for my apartment. All
one room of it.

ROY
Big place, huh. You have a color
in mind?

SLACKER
I have a price in mind. Cheap.

ROY
So you don't need much, you don't
know what you want, but -- no
price is too low.

SLACKER
That's about me.

ROY
You're my perfect customer. Let's
dig into the remnants ...

SLACKER
Wait, I gotta wait. My girlfriend
knows better than I do what we need.
(off a DOOR CHIME)
That's her.

Roy turns. Angela enters the store. Looking nineteen at
least. Dark glasses and cutoff jeans. She comes
straight at her boyfriend, doesn't notice Roy at all.

ANGELA
What kind of pet store doesn't
carry collars? They've got dog
shampoo in there but no collars.

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED: (2)

185

Roy just stands there. Studying her. Making sure he's not mistaken.

SLACKER

Then we'll go to another place.

(to Roy)

We just got a dog.

ROY

Let me guess. A Lab.

She freezes, recognizing his voice. She won't turn to face him, while he keeps his eyes locked on her.

SLACKER

Eh. German shepherd.

ROY

My next guess.

SLACKER

There's no special carpet that dogs like, is there?

A beat. Will Roy say something?

ROY

We call it Astroturf. C'mon, remnants are back of the store.

IN BACK

Roy watches Angela and her boyfriend flip through carpet fragments. Her attention is obviously divided.

SLACKER

I like that... I like that...

ROY

You folks just move in together?

SLACKER

Three weeks ago.

ROY

Big step.

SLACKER

You think? We only started dating last month. If you're gonna get wet --

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED: (3)

185

ROY

-- might as well go swimming.

The Slacker laughs: that's what he was going to say.
Angela still won't face him.

SLACKER

Ooh, I really like that one.

ROY

That's a nice choice. Durable. You barely notice stains it's so dark.

ANGELA

How much is it?

ROY

Sticker's seventy-five. But I can knock off twenty percent if you pay cash.

Angela and her boyfriend mull it over, under their breaths, then agree: it's a sale. Angela dips into her purse...

SLACKER

Our living arrangement. I pay the rent, she buys all the carpets.

ANGELA

Shit. I think I left my... yeah, I left my wallet in the car.

(to her boyfriend,
with a big sigh)

Can you get it for me? It probably just fell under my seat.

He smirks at Roy -- what can he say? -- and heads off.

SLACKER

Be right back.

Roy and Angela watch him go, alone together. She turns at last to face him. They lock eyes for a moment, then she indicates the cigarettes in his shirt pocket.

ANGELA

Can I bum one?

186 EXT. BEHIND CARPETERIA

186

Roy lights Angela's cigarette, then his own.

(CONTINUED)

ROY

When did you start smoking?

ANGELA

Long time ago. I was stealing from your pack the whole time. Surprised you didn't notice.

ROY

I was missing a lot back then.

ANGELA

You like this job?

ROY

(shrugs)

It's not that much different from the old one really. Steadier. Only been on it six months.

They smoke in silence. What to say?

ROY

You working this guy?

ANGELA

Nah. I'm retired. That was a one-time deal.

ROY

No shit. You were good.

ANGELA

I had a good teacher.

(sheepishly)

Teachers.

ROY

I'm surprised to see you here. Figured you would have moved to, I don't know, Hawaii.

ANGELA

I had bills to pay. My mom was real sick.

ROY

She get better?

(as Angela shakes her head)

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: (2)

186

ANGELA

I'm sorry, too. If it's any consolation. You mad at me?

ROY

You didn't take it. I gave it to you.

She takes him in again: the new at-ease Roy.

ANGELA

Things are good with you, aren't they?

SLAM! Angela's boyfriend exits the back door.

SLACKER

There you are.

ANGELA

Just stealing a drag.

SLACKER

(empty-handed)

I looked everywhere.

She pulls out her wallet.

ANGELA

I found it. Sorry.

Her boyfriend gives her a look, and Angela gives him a big kiss for his effort. Roy looks away.

187 EXT. CARPETERIA - FRONT - DAY

187

Roy helps the Slacker load and tie his and Angela's new purchase onto the roof of their aging Honda Civic.

SLACKER

Thanks, man.

ROY

Enjoy it.

The Slacker gets in. For a fleeting moment, Angela and Roy stand alone again before she gets in the car.

ANGELA

It's good to see you, Roy.

ROY

Good to see you, too.

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED: 187

A beat. She starts to open the car door, stops.

ANGELA

You're not gonna ask my name?

ROY

I know your name.

ANGELA

(smiles)

I'll see ya, Dad.

Then hops in the car. Roy watches the carpet-loaded Civic pull creakily away. Looks up at the sun for a moment before heading back into work.

188 INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY 188

Roy buys ice cream and frozen pizzas. A young man works the check-out register.

189 INT. ROY'S CAPRICE -DAY 189

Driving home. Windows down. Roy keeps just one hand on the wheel, only bringing the other up for a turn (when we might notice: he's wearing a ring).

190 EXT. ROY'S HOME - DAY 190

Roy pulls his Caprice up the driveway and gets out. Groceries in hand, he heads to the front door, unlocks it, enters.

Turning to look inside the house: THROUGH the front windows, for the first time open and unencumbered by shades: Roy walks into the living room. A new carpet replaces the old. He pays it no mind. He leafs through mail, calls out a name, then turns as --

-- Kathy enters from the kitchen, wiping her hands clean on a dishrag. She smiles and Roy smiles, too, explaining what he got at the market and opening his market bag wide for her to see. She rubs his head: nice job, then kisses him, and he kisses back --

-- and when they break, she whispers sweetly in his ear, and he smiles even more. He looks down to lay his palm gently on her belly. They go into dinner.

FADE OUT.

THE END