

SMALL WORLD
by
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CENTRAL FLORIDA

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Inside a mid-size Cessna 4 parachutists prepare to jump. The bay door is open and we see scattered city lights below. The helmeted figures are completely geared up and silently give one another a thumbs up. They jump. They are lost in the blackness of night. Our focus shifts to one jumper, who looks at his watch carefully as he is spread eagle above the Earth. He pulls the ripcord and it fails. He grasps for the secondary cord. It's stuck. He moans a muffled scream as the ground expands below him and the horizon appears to vanish. He is anxious and terrified. Pulling. Aching. The ground comes closer and his eyes bulge out in disbelief a moment before he smacks into the ground.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

SONNY, late 50's, exits his house in his underwear and T-shirt to retrieve the morning paper. When he bends down to get the paper he notices the parachutist in his neighbors driveway. He quickly paces over to him. A huge pool of dried blood is all around the face down body. The old man knows he is dead. He notices the huge backpack the parachutist is wearing. The man looks around the neighborhood. It is an almost empty neighborhood that has not been completely built yet. The development is devoid of lawns and has only framework and foundation in most places. The parachutist has landed at a vacant house and most of the other houses on the street are not even completely constructed. No other cars are on the street. Knowing he is unseen, the man unzips the backpack. He pulls the flap open and sees a brick of white secured with duct tape. He takes it out. Looks around again. This is a lot of cocaine. He looks curiously at it, knowing it is an illegal substance, but not knowing what kind.

FADE TO:

EXT. LAWN MAINTENANCE CREW WORKING - DAY

THOMAS, Late 30's is wearing hat, goggles, and ear protection and unloading a large bag of lawn trimmings into the back of a truck, having a difficult time with it. He leans over, clutching his aching back for a moment, then continues his work. From behind him the BOSS of the work crew yells over the buzz of a nearby lawn mower.

BOSS

...don't forget those branches from
the trees in the back!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thomas nods and wipes his brow, obviously dogged and tired.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Traffic is bustling. A small delivery truck pulls into the driveway of a Vehicle Accessories store. Stacks of chrome rims gleam in the sun. ALL AUDIO ON SALE NOW proclaims a banner. MIGUEL exits his delivery truck carrying a hose.

CUT TO:

INT. STORE - DAY

MIGUEL enters and places the hose on the counter. A GIRL who is helping another customer nods at him acknowledging the delivery. He nods back. Gazing around the store he sees two of his old friends. Men dressed hip-hop gangster style, LUIS, Latino, Late 20s and GOMEZ, Latino, Early 20s.

LUIS

Hey Miguelito! What's happening man? Look at you! All up in a uniform and shit. What are you doing, man?

MIGUEL

Delivering hose.

LUIS

(laughing)
Delivering hose! Serious? Gomey, Miguelito's delivering hose!

Gomez laughs and points at Miguel.

MIGUEL

Seriously!
(To GIRL)
Yeah, sign here. Thanks.
(To LUIS)
What's up with you?

CUT TO:

EXT. STORE - DAY

The trio are walking toward a cherried out Monte Carlo SS, Luis's pride and joy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIGUEL

That's a bad ass machine!

LUIS

All new chrome. They're putting lettering in the back window too. It will say LUIS, you know, in that classic Spanish lettering, like you see on the ships in the old movies.

MIGUEL

Sweet.

LUIS

Hey, Miguelito. You make any money in the hose business?

MIGUEL

I do okay.

Luis looks at Miguel's truck.

LUIS

Okay don't put wheels on your feet. Why don't you make a couple of deliveries for me, man? Make it worth your while.

MIGUEL

No. That's cool. I'm doing okay. No pressure. No stress.

LUIS

No money.

MIGUEL

Like I said, I'm doing okay. Say "Hi" to Dwight for me!

Miguel gets in his truck and drives away.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRTY OFFICE - INT.

Newspapers, empty donut and pizza boxes, flies buzzing around half drunken soda bottles litter the office, strewn about on the desk and the cabinets. Thomas is sitting at the desk as his boss enters from behind and shuts the door. Boss sits at desk, scribbles some notes. Thomas looks around, disgusted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Boss gets out a checkbook, writes a check, and flicks it over to Thomas. He is completely uncaring about firing Thomas.

THOMAS
(Picks up check)
That's it?

BOSS
Yeah. That's it. You had a job.
You sucked at it. You lost it. Go
find another one. If you can.

Thomas rises slowly and stares at Boss, backs away toward door. The Boss looks back with arrogance.

THOMAS
You're a real piece of shit you
know that?

BOSS
Yeah, well I'm a piece of shit with
a job. Goodbye. Have a nice day.

Boss turns on TV with remote and a basketball game comes to life. Thomas moves out of the door and thinks about slamming it, but instead takes a deep breath and closes it gently as he exits.

CUT TO:

I/E. THOMAS & CANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

CANDY is a beautiful blond woman, 22 YEARS OLD, 5 MONTHS PREGNANT. She is arranging flowers in a vase. They are mostly weeds, flowers that have grown in her garden, that she cut herself. She looks around her little house and sighs.

Thomas pulls up in an older-looking sedan. The house is a tiny shack that sits on beams so you can see underneath it, like old servants quarters or a vacation cottage in a quiet old neighborhood. The lawn is unkempt, a lot of vegetation is growing around it. Thomas enters front door.

Candy is doing dishes in the tiny kitchen. There is nothing to show wealth of any sort in their home. A seashell collection crowds the windowsill. The TV is small. The table, chairs and sofa are old and worn. Pictures on the wall are the cheap paintings of sunsets and beaches.

CANDY
(Hearing the door)
Tommy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS (O.S.)

Yeah.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Thomas enters kitchen and tosses his hat on counter, kisses Candy on cheek. She does not stop washing dishes.

CANDY

Hey. How was your day?

Thomas opens refrigerator for a drink. It is almost bare. Cracks open a half-filled gallon jug of water, drinks right from jug.

THOMAS

Well, I can do whatever I want tomorrow. They let me go.

CANDY

They let you go? Really? Why?

THOMAS

They said they had too many people. They fired the guys who got hired the day before me too. They should have just hired day labor.

CANDY

(Turns back to sink)

Well, you'll get something else.

THOMAS

Yeah. I know. Maybe that's what I'll do tomorrow, go to the day labor place early and wait in line.

Thomas looks in the oven at the chicken and inside a pot on the stove at steaming rice. He notices the flowers. He notices a little note on the calendar that Candy has put up as a reminder for herself, it reads, "Wash Windows" He looks at the windows and they are clear as water. A bottle of Windex is sitting on the counter. He steps quietly out of the kitchen and gazes at Candy silently for a moment. She does not see him.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Hey.

She turns to him and returns his smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I love you.

CUT TO:

INT. T&C HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

Focus on newspaper want ads. Things circled. Thomas is actively calling on phone for job interviews.

THOMAS

Hello, I'm calling about your ad in the paper...for a dishwasher? Just come in? Do I need to set up a time? OK?

(Next call)

Did you fill the position yet? No I've never worked as a porter. I'm sure I could do it, it's just driving cars around the lot? Yes, I have a license.

(Next call)

No, I don't. I never worked with a computer before. I'm sure I could learn.

(Next call)

If it only pays \$5.75 an hour how hard can it be? Wouldn't you be willing to train somebody for that?

(Next call)

Next Friday? I need a job today, not next Friday. Why would you advertise a job that far in advance? Hello?

(Next call)

Sales? I can do sales. No. No. No. No. Yes. My own insurance? Yeah. Okay. This afternoon? What's the address? Okay, two o'clock? Doug? Alright. Thank you. See you then.

A knock at the screen door. LISA, Late 30's, peers through the screen and starts opening the door.

LISA

Knock! Knock!

Thomas hears her and comes around the corner.

THOMAS

Hey, Lis.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISA

Hey Tommy, how you doing buddy?

They hug intently.

THOMAS

I'm...doin'.

LISA

I just dropped off Candy.

THOMAS

Thanks for taking her to the doctor. That really helps. I really needed the time. I just got to find a job.

LISA

It's okay, she'll be okay. You'll get a job.

THOMAS

I got an interview today, at 2:00 o'clock.

LISA

You got any coffee?

Lisa knows her way around the kitchen. She opens the cabinet and starts pouring grounds from the can into the coffee maker.

LISA (CONT'D)

What's the job interview for? What kind of job?

THOMAS

Sales. Cookware.

LISA

Cookware?

THOMAS

Pots and pans. You need cream?

LISA

Sure, by the way, thanks a lot for making me a grandmother before I turn forty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THOMAS

Don't worry. You'll be the hottest Grandma around.

LISA

Thanks. I'm so glad I didn't have the hots for you in high school. That would just make this too messed up.

THOMAS

Jerry Springer, here we come! I don't make such a bad son-in-law, do I?

LISA

Don't make me call you son-in-law. You're older than me.

THOMAS

I'm glad you're my...

LISA

Don't!

THOMAS

...relative that's related to my lawfully wedded wife.

LISA

You could do a whole lot worse as far as mother-in-laws go. Let me tell you.

THOMAS

No kidding.

LISA

Trust me. I've had three of them.

THOMAS

I know.

LISA

You know how any of them would have reacted if they were me? If their 20 year old daughter brought home a man almost twice her age? Any of them would have flipped out.

THOMAS

You flipped out a little bit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LISA

A little bit, but I adjusted -
because I knew you. And I raised
my little girl right.

THOMAS

It's amazing who you meet when you
work in a grocery store.

LISA

You guys would have been doing
alright if they didn't shut down.
Bastards.

THOMAS

I know. God, I needed that like a
hole in the head.

LISA

Good thing you've got the Cobra
insurance or you'd be screwed.

THOMAS

The Cobra ran out! I need a job
with benefits like now!

LISA

You didn't have bennies at that
lawn care job, did you?

THOMAS

No, but at least it was a paycheck.

Lisa serves the coffee. They toast.

LISA

Here's to new adventures.

THOMAS

Right. And to the wicked hot
grandma. My mother-in-law.

LISA

Shut up.

CUT TO:

INT. BOXING RING GYMNASIUM - DAY

Inside the gymnasium, wearing very expensive, spotless shoes is VICTOR CALLI, he is well dressed and sports an earring, lightly bearded, good-looking, Hispanic, 40's, watching two men sparring in the ring. One is a small Latino, the other is BUTCHER, a huge, bullish black man with mean countenance. Butcher is beating the hell out of the Latino. A man approaches Victor from behind. He can hear LEE's footsteps and does not turn around. Victor is clearly in control and deep thought. MELVIN, the Trainer, is chomping a cigar and watching from outside the ring a few paces from Victor.

LEE

They found it.

VICTOR

Where?

LEE

Cape Coral. His chute didn't open, so he pancaked.

VICTOR

Pancaked?

LEE

Took a swan-dive into cement. Went splat.

VICTOR

Try not to be so God-damn cinematic, you suck at it.

LEE

Sorry, Vic.

VICTOR

And another one bites the dust. So where's the blow?

LEE

Police found it. But, they say they only recovered 66 pounds.

VICTOR

What does that mean?
(snapping his fingers)
Keys. Keys. Tell me in keys.

LEE

Thirty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTOR
So he was short five?

LEE
Yes, sir.

Victor turns to Lee and whispers.

VICTOR
Figures. Shake down the cops in
Cape Coral. Make sure you get back
everything they have in lock-up,
including the delinquent five.
Nobody steals from me.

The small Latino is wobbling and is struck with a mighty blow that sends him flying out of the ring to land at Victor's feet.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
What the fuck? Butcher!

MELVIN
I think he broke his jaw!

VICTOR
Again? Butcher! You almost got
perspiration on my threads!

BUTCHER
He looked at me.

VICTOR
How do you expect him to spar if he
doesn't look at you?

BUTCHER
That's not my problem. If a
motherfucker's gonna spar with me,
motherfucker better not look at me!

Other young Latinos are milling around the dazed spar.

BUTCHER (CONT'D)
So. Who's next?

The young Latinos disperse.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW OFFICE - DAY

Thomas is seated at opposite side of empty desk. Sales awards and charts cover the wall. Desk is meticulously clean. Huge bald eagle statue on desk. Enter DOUG, 40's the new boss. Shirt, tie, glasses. Walks in, sits down behind desk. Reaches over to shake hands.

DOUG

You're the guy without any experience right? No sales background I mean?

THOMAS

No. I've never sold anything.

DOUG

But you came in here looking for a job anyway. Where's your resume?

THOMAS

What?

DOUG

Your REZ-OO-MAY. The piece of paper full of bullshit and lies we use to impress guys like me so we can get jobs. Your resume.

THOMAS

I don't have one. I thought I was going to fill out a job application, but the secretary didn't have any.

DOUG

Why are you here? Are you here to waste my time? 'Cause it looks like you're here to waste my time.

(chuckles)

You never sold anything before, so you say, yet you have the audacity to walk in here expecting to get a job without a resume. No sales pitch. No tie? A knit shirt. Have you ever been on a job interview before? Because the way I'm dressed is the way you dress for a job interview. Tommy. Tell me why I should hire you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

Because I'll do whatever you teach me to do the way you teach me to do it.

DOUG

(Beat)

Damn good answer. Anything you'd like to add to that?

THOMAS

No.

DOUG

Tell me about yourself, Tommy.

THOMAS

(Thinks for a moment,
leans back in chair)

You know why I don't have a resume? I got nothing good to put on one. All my jobs have been manual labor and bullshit working for assholes that don't want to pay a fucking dime for a days work. I don't have one reference that's worth a damn. The biggest paycheck I ever got for a week was \$421 dollars after taxes and that was with 25 hours overtime. I've dug ditches. Made pizza. Done some phone soliciting. Everybody tells you no or hangs up on you. Almost went deaf in a factory. Ran a lathe. Made pipes for something. Always showed up on time. Always did as much as I could. Always got layed-off. Or forced overtime. And they don't cut you a break. Lots of these employers...no sick days...no benefits. I've been working for 20 years since High School and I got nothing to show for it.

DOUG

What about college?

THOMAS

I never had any money to go to college.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOUG

Do you have any questions for me?

THOMAS

Yeah. What's the situation with benefits? Insurance?

DOUG

Ninety days, insurance kicks in. But you can have dental right away. How much do you know about cookware? Pots and pans?

THOMAS

Zero.

DOUG

You really want to work here?

THOMAS

That's why I'm here.

DOUG

Tommy, I like your style. Anybody who's got the guts to come in here and throw shit right back in my face that fucking fast is alright with me. Welcome aboard.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

We see different views of sales meetings, sales numbers on dry-erase boards, salesman in the midst of a pitch at a kitchen table before an old man and old lady. Phone solicitors. Salesman ringing doorbell, big smile as door opens. Close-up of pitch book, pots and pans on demo.

DOUG (V.O.)

(talking faster -
feverishly excited)

I'll teach you everything you need to know. One thing about sales is it's a different story every day. You never know what you're going to walk into. Could be a retired couple, could be a single mother, but they all need cookware. Everybody eats. The show starts the second you ring the doorbell.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG (CONT'D)

You gotta give 'em a big smile and have nice shiny teeth. A smile is what sells. You don't smile you don't sell. Learn your product and why everybody needs it...and believe it. When you believe it, they believe it. You might stay in a house for two or three, maybe four hours. That's okay. You're the expert, you're in charge. From the second you ring the doorbell, you have one mission and one purpose only. To leave with their money.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Several salesmen are sitting and standing around drinking from Styrofoam coffee cups. Doug and Thomas walk in together.

DOUG

What did you sell for me?

JEFF

One deal. 650.

DOUG

Good job. Beautiful thing!

(Looks at Bobby T)

Hey buddy. What did you sell for me?

BOBBY T

They waxed me.

DOUG

You struck out? I thought you had that lady when we were on the phone.

BOBBY T

Husband killed it.

DOUG

Those fucking husbands. Spoused again. We'll get 'em next time! Tommy Boy! Guys! Hey! Listen up. This is Tommy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG (CONT'D)

He's going to make the rest of you guys look like idiots because he's going to be writing deals right and left, right Tom?

INT. T & C HOUSE - EVENING

Thomas is home from work and Candy is serving him dinner. He is seated at the table.

CANDY

So tell me all about your new job, Mr. Salesman, has to wear a tie.

THOMAS

I think I'm really going to make some money here, Can.

CANDY

Really?

THOMAS

Yeah. Really! One guy I met today...last week he made a thousand dollars. In one week. And today, he sold two sets of pots and pans, he made almost \$400! Just like that! In one sale Candy! One sale! \$400!

CANDY

So you get paid more when you sell something?

THOMAS

Yeah, Can...that's commission. You get paid more when you sell something. Guess how much my draw is.

CANDY

How much?

THOMAS

Three hundred-twenty-five dollars a week!

CANDY

Really? So what does that mean?

THOMAS

That's how much I get paid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CANDY

And you get more if you sell something?

THOMAS

Yeah!

CANDY

That's great! So even if you don't sell anything, you still get \$325 a week?

THOMAS

Yeah, but that's not the idea. They want you to sell something.

CANDY

But it's still okay if you don't because now you have a steady paycheck. A salary.

THOMAS

It's not a salary. It's a draw.

CANDY

Why is it called a draw?

THOMAS

Because that's what it is. It's not a salary. It's a draw. It's like a withdrawal from the bank.

CANDY

I don't get it.

THOMAS

It's like a loan.

CANDY

A loan?

THOMAS

Yeah. It's a *draw* against your commission.

CANDY

I don't get it.

THOMAS

Candy! It works like this. I get paid for what I sell.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

In the meantime, before I sell anything the company gives me a draw of \$325 a week. When I sell something, I have to pay them back.

CANDY

What? Why? That's bullshit!

THOMAS

That's the way it works.

CANDY

So what's your hourly wage?

THOMAS

I don't have an hourly wage.
(changing the subject)
What did the doctor say today?

CANDY

He said I need to eat more bananas. So I made banana bread today.

THOMAS

Bananas?

CANDY

Yeah. 'Cause they have a bunch of niacin or something. So that will keep me more alert I think he said, and it should help my legs from getting stiff. It keeps your body chemistry in balance, I think.
(beat)
They have to pay you minimum wage!

THOMAS

Candy! This pays more than minimum wage.

CANDY

You just said there's no hourly wage. How do they get away with that? Uh-uh. No way. You tell them, forget it, you want minimum wage at least.

Thomas decides to shut up and eat.

CANDY (CONT'D)

That's just a get rich quick sche-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THOMAS

(Cutting her off)

They invited us to a party.

CANDY

What? A party?

THOMAS

The company picnic is tomorrow.
It's a party at the bosses house.

CANDY

(Her face brightens up)

They invited us?

THOMAS

Yeah. We can get dressed up and
everything. He lives out on Sunset
Point.

CANDY

Sunset Point! Do you have any idea
how nice the houses are there? He
must be rich!

THOMAS

I think he is. These guys drive
some pretty nice cars.

CANDY

How nice?

THOMAS

Like brand new. Like Mustangs and
Hyundai Sonatas.

CANDY

(Excited)

Tommy! Tommy! What should I wear?

THOMAS

Clothes. Whatever you want.

CANDY

But I don't have any nice pregnant
clothes. They're not party
clothes. Tommy, I need to go to K-
Mart TONIGHT!

THOMAS

Not Wal-Mart?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CANDY
Maybe even Target.

CUT TO:

INT. T & C HOUSE-LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Thomas is on the couch watching TV. Candy is holding up her new dress before her.

CANDY
Do you think people will like my new dress?

THOMAS
Of course. You're beautiful.

CANDY
How do they expect you to work without getting paid at least minimum wage? At least when you worked at the orange juice plant they paid an hourly wage. I don't get it. I mean what if you don't sell anything? Or does there...is there...a...?

THOMAS
What?

CANDY
I don't know. I...can't think right now.
(Beat)
I'm confused.

THOMAS
Does your head hurt?

CANDY
A little.

THOMAS
Do you want that ibuprofen?

CANDY
I took some.
(beat)
Do you think these people will think we're weird when they see how young I am?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

Now why would you worry about that?

CANDY

Do you think it's weird that I'm young. And you're not, I mean.

THOMAS

Candy, I'm not even forty. I am young.

CANDY

You don't look young.

THOMAS

(Smirking)

Oh, thanks.

CANDY

When I get old, you'll be really old.

THOMAS

Terrific.

CUT TO:

INT. SONNY'S HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

SONNY is sitting across from Thomas at the kitchen counter.

THOMAS

Why? What's the problem? I mean, aside from the fact that it's utterly bizarre, what's the problem?

SONNY

This is the problem.

He reaches over to the cabinet and pulls out the big sack of cocaine, still wrapped in plastic and duct tape.

SONNY (CONT'D)

What do I do with it?

THOMAS

Oh, Jesus Christ! DAD!
(jumping up, excitedly)
Shit! DAD! What the hell, man?
What is that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SONNY

Drugs I guess?

THOMAS

Is that coke?

SONNY

I don't know.

THOMAS

So you find a skydiver who craps
out of a cloud in your driveway...

SONNY

Neighbors driveway.

THOMAS

Whatever! ...and DIES! And you
rob the body! How much of that
shit did you take?

SONNY

Just this.

THOMAS

Are you nuts? How many times did
Hulk Hogan drop you on your head?
Is this what happens to retired
wrestlers? They steal drugs from
dead people?

SONNY

You've done it before...

THOMAS

I have not! I never sold dope. I
hung out with some dealers, but I
never sold it!

SONNY

What about all those times you were
stoned.

THOMAS

I was a user! Not a dealer!
There's a difference!

SONNY

But you still know people right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THOMAS

Not any more! I've been to rehab!
I don't know anybody! You're
thinking about stuff from four or
five years ago! I don't know
anybody any more! I DON'T DO THAT
SHIT!

SONNY

So what should we do?

THOMAS

Dump it! Flush that shit right
down the toilet right now.

SONNY

It might clog the pipes. What if
it's like grout? I weighed it on
the bathroom scale. It's almost
twelve pounds.

THOMAS

It won't clog the pipes. If that's
cocaine...

(whispering)

Twelve pounds.

(beat)

I've never even seen that much
cocaine before! If that's
cocaine...

SONNY

...it's worth a lot of money. The
dead guy ain't missing anything.
The cops don't know I took it. All
you got to do is sell it.

THOMAS

Yeah. Right. And not get caught.

(beat)

I gotta go. I got a party to get
to.

SONNY

I thought you stopped partying.

THOMAS

(very annoyed)

Not that kind of party! A company
picnic, thing, whatever...it's
today. I gotta get back and get
Candy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SONNY

How's she doing? By the way.

THOMAS

Better. She hasn't fainted for a couple of days. Almost a week.

SONNY

You taking this with you or not?

They stare at the package on the counter. Thomas has a look both of disgust and longing.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Tommy, if you know how to sell it you better do it. You know I'm right. Candy's still having tremors, right?

Thomas nods.

THOMAS

Sometimes.

SONNY

You already owe the hospital, what? About twenty grand? The bills just keep going up, they don't go down without insurance. And you still ain't got no insurance, right?

(beat)

Am I right?

THOMAS

(exploding)

Yes! You're right! And it's twenty-five. And I'll pay it.

SONNY

How?

THOMAS

I don't know how!

SONNY

Tommy, you need to do something here. I know this ain't the best way.

THOMAS

It's not the way at all!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SONNY

But it's like found money. Like
poker chips.

(beat)

Cash in the chips, son.

THOMAS

It's not poker chips! It's...

SONNY

What are you going to do? Let her
keep being sick? Let your baby
die? Go deeper in debt? I can't
get the home equity loan! I tried.
I owe more than this place is worth
now that it got devalued. You know
Lisa ain't got no money. Your wife
needs care! You gotta get her to
better doctors! You need better
doctors than those county schmucks
and money is the only way! Tommy,
I don't have money to give you. I
wish I did, but I don't. Look,
please. I'm not asking for
anything here. I just want you to
take care of your wife. This is
just weird, dumb luck. Now I don't
know what this stuff is worth...

THOMAS

It's worth a lot to somebody.

SONNY

That's right, and you need to take
advantage of it. Take care of your
wife son. Just do...what you need
to do.

FADE TO:

INT. JUNKYARD - DAY

The Monte Carlo SS is parked in the sun outside of the dark
interior of the shop. The men are seen in shadows and are
unrecognizable.

JUNK MAN

That's a sweet one, D.C.

DECARLO

You don't know shit. It's a
classic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUNK MAN

You like doing business here, you
better stop talking shit, pal.

(beat)

Five-hundred.

DECARLO

Seven.

JUNK MAN

It's got nice rims. Six-fifty.

DECARLO

Done.

Cell phone rings.

DECARLO (CONT'D)

Excuse me. Yeah?

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT - DAY

Victor Calli is standing on the deck speaking into his cell
phone. Two children are wearing life vests and fishing.

VICTOR

...find out what happened to it. I
want it back.

(To children)

That's right, just let the line
out, just like your brother.

(To D.C.)

If a cop didn't heist it, somebody
else did. I need you to go
bloodhound and follow the trail
back to where he crashed. Somebody
has it.

(beat)

Not if it's a bystander. We don't
need collateral damage. I repeat,
no collateral damage or I kick your
ass! I don't want gas on the fire.
Scare 'em if you have to, but don't
maim anyone. Unless you have to.
Just get it back. The less
commotion, the better.

CUT TO:

INT. MIGUEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Miguel is sobbing in his chair in the dark. PAM is in the bedroom furiously packing bags. She slams her suitcase shut and picks up a picture of her and Miguel, looks at it for a moment and smashes it against the wall. She enters the living room where Miguel is crying.

PAM
I guess that's it.

MIGUEL
Pam, please don't go.

He looks at her, then runs to her and holds her and kisses her as she remains sad and passive. Not pushing, not pulling away, just indifferent.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
Pam. Please. Don't leave me. I need you. So much. I do. Don't go. I can be better. I can be nice. I'm trying. So hard. I am. Please don't. Don't go. I love you Pam.

Now she pushes away and moves out the screen door.

PAM
Stop it!
(beat)
We're done here.

She turns and walks down the steps out of his life.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOUG'S HOUSE - PARTY IN BACK YARD - DAY

The house is typical suburban neighborhood style, two story, three bedroom. It is much nicer than T & C's little one bedroom bungalow, but it is not the home of a millionaire. Children are swimming. A table of refreshments on the patio boasts cold cuts and fruits and chips and dip. Soda pop and beer float in ice filled coolers. There are a few bottles of wine. Men are gathered in small groups, women in other groups. In all, about 30 people are in the scene. Most people brought their spouses and children. It is a happy party, people walk freely in and out of the sliding glass patio doors of the house. Candy is visibly impressed because there is a pool in the back yard. She and Thomas have overdressed, but look charming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Most people are in shorts and T-shirts, while Thomas made the effort to wear a sports coat and tie. Candy has a chiffon french-cut top, the best you can get at Target. Although pregnant, she is stunning. Doug, Charlie, and some other salesmen are standing around by the grill. All have beers. One is smoking a cigarette. Doug notices Thomas and Candy, his genuine fondness for Thomas is apparent. Doug waves them over.

DOUG

There he is! Hey, Buddy, come on over here!

Greets him with a hearty handshake.

THOMAS

Hi Doug. Hi-ya guys.

They all shake hands with him in turn

GUYS

Hey! How ya doin? How's it going?

DOUG

This must be your wife. Aren't you just precious! What's your name sweetheart?

CANDY

(Big, happy smile.)

Candy.

DOUG

Candy? Oh, that's sweet. We are so glad you could make it. I'm Doug. And I'd like you to meet the best sales force in the world. This is Charlie,

They all shake hands with her in turn

DOUG (CONT'D)

Bobby T. - the tornado. Gary "The Crusher" Cross, and I'm Doug.

(to Thomas)

Nice suit Tommy, very nice. Went good with Jimmy yesterday? See him close a couple deals?

THOMAS

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOUG

You ready to sell? You must be!
Doesn't look like we scared you
off.

CHARLIE

I'll take him out Monday, Doug.

DOUG

All right, Charlie, stepping up to
the plate here! All right.

CHARLIE

You don't smoke, do you Tom?

THOMAS

No.

CHARLIE

That's good. There's no smoking in
my car, that's all.

GARY "CRUSHER" CROSS blows his smoke up in the air out of the
way.

THOMAS

No problem.

CRUSHER

'Scuse me, gotta drain the lizard.

Crusher exits.

DOUG

Class AND charm, how do we find
'em?

DAPHNE, Doug's wife and supreme southern belle, enters
carrying a plate of raw hamburgers. Doug kisses her as he
takes the plate.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Thank you dear. This is my lovely
wife.

DAPHNE

Hello, I'm Daphne. And who have we
here?

(Noticing Thomas and
Candy, smiling.)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DOUG

This is Tommy. He joined the team yesterday, and...ah--

CANDY

Candy.

DOUG

Candy! Thought I had it.

DAPHNE

(Does not slur y'all)
Well, don't you all drink?

THOMAS

We drink.

DAPHNE

Well, let me get you something.
Would you like a beer or a glass of wine Tom?

THOMAS

A beer...thank you.

DAPHNE

And Candy, what would you like? I have some lemonade or some punch. Or soda pop?

THOMAS

Candy is 22. She can drink whatever she wants.

CANDY

But not with the baby.

DAPHNE

You could have red wine. It's good for the blood. Come with me, dear.
(Daphne leads Candy away.)
Now where is your husband?

The guys all stare at Thomas. There is a moment of awkward silence.

THOMAS

That actually happens a lot. People think she's my daughter. But she's my wife. All legal and everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Thomas flashes his wedding band.

CHARLIE
I didn't say nothin'.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO - DAY

Daphne is placing the hamburgers in the refrigerator.

DAPHNE
Oh, that is so wonderful! I swear,
I just didn't realize you all were
together. I am so sorry. And how
long have you been married? Tara!

TARA runs onto patio.

CANDY
Three years.

DAPHNE
This is my daughter, Tara. Tara,
this is Miss Candy.

TARA
Hello, Miss Candy, I am very
pleased to meet you.

CANDY
Pleased to meet you too.

DAPHNE
Miss Candy's husband is the man in
the nice suit talking to Daddy.
Will you take him this can of beer
please?

TARA
Yes, Maam.

DAPHNE
And make sure you ask everyone else
if they would like something.

TARA
Yes, Maam.

Tara runs off with the beer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CANDY
She's beautiful.

DAPHNE
Thank you.

CANDY
How old is she?

DAPHNE
She's four, and our son is seven.
And this is your first?
(Candy nods.)
That is so wonderful. What church
do you go to?

CANDY
(nervously)
Church? Well, it's not like
something we do.

DAPHNE
Oh.
(Taken aback.)
Now would you like a Merlot or a
Cabernet Sauvignon?

CANDY
Um - I guess - the red one?

DAPHNE
(Realizing she doesn't
know the difference.)
I think you'll really like the
Merlot.

Pops open the bottle and starts pouring.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRILL - DAY

Tara runs up and brings the can of beer to Thomas.

TARA
This is for you. Would anybody
else like a fresh mint?

DOUG
It's RE-Fresh-ment, honey. RE-
Fresh-ment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARA
Re-fridge-mint.

DOUG
That's good enough.

Tara waits patiently.

CHARLIE
No. I'm good. Thank you Tara.

BOBBY T
Will you bring me a beer? And one
for your Daddy?

TARA
Yes, sir. Just a moment, please.

Tara runs away.

BOBBY T
God, Doug. You have really got her
trained! It's like having a two-
foot cocktail waitress!

DOUG
(Grinning.)
Man, it's all Daphne. That
southern charm school thing.

CHARLIE
I think it's really nice.

Jeff walks up and joins the crew.

GUYS
Hey, Jeff. Hey, man. What's going
on?

DOUG
Jeff, you remember Tommy?

THOMAS
Hi.

JEFF
Hey, man, what did you used to do?
Where did you work before?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THOMAS

I was doing landscaping last week.
The week before that I was making
pizzas. I did some phone
soliciting once.

JEFF

No. Long time ago. You look like
this guy that used to live in
Lakeland. Wait a minute, where did
you go to high school?

Thomas smiles a true genuine smile, then he recognizes him.

THOMAS

Damn! Damn! Jeff Novacek! That's
why your voice sounded like I heard
it before. Man it's been a while!
How ya doin' man!

JEFF

Working for the man fighting the
system, what can I say?

DOUG

Hey. The man is cooking your
burger here. Idiot.

JEFF

Doughball. He's actually a pretty
good boss once you get to know him.

DOUG

(kidding)

What's that? You say you miss the
unemployment line?

CUT TO:

INT/EXT - SONNY'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

We see Sonny opening the door and looking surprised.

DAD

Hello? Can I help you with
something?

CUT TO:

EXT GRASSY AREA - PARTY IN YARD

Candy has met some people who she is now playing lawn darts with. Thomas approaches her as she throws a dart and nails the center of the ring. Everybody cheers.

CANDY
I changed my mind.

THOMAS
About what?

CANDY
I want to stay. I'm having fun.

THOMAS
Good. I didn't even know you
wanted to leave.

Candy slugs down the last of her drink and hands him the plastic cup.

CANDY
Tommy, will you get, go-get me
another glash of wine?

THOMAS
A glash of wine? You like glashesh
of wine?

CANDY
Now I do.

They laugh.

THOMAS
Uh-huh. How much wine did you
drink?

She makes a tiny measurement with her fingers.

CANDY
Like that much. So, now, I'll have
this much.

Making the same measurement

THOMAS
Are you feeling okay? Do you feel
tingly anywhere?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CANDY

No. Why?

THOMAS

You slurred your words.

CANDY

I know. I'm having drinks, so I
talk silly.

(beat)

I'm okay. I feel good today. Red
wine really is good for me. The
doctor said.

THOMAS

Okay, fine.

(he laughs)

As long as you're not dizzy.

CUT TO:

INT. SONNY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

We see Sonny on the floor trapped beneath the kneeling figure of DeCarlo. DeCarlo's face is not revealed, only his menacing voice. He has Sonny face down and is twisting his arm behind his back, holding his hair in his fist.

SONNY

(in pain)

I don't know what you're talking
about! Please just leave me alone!

DECARLO

I'll leave you alone as soon as you
tell me...(twisting his arm with
every pause)

what...I want...to know.

SONNY

Oooooowwwwww!

DECARLO

Tell me this, do you like your
fingers?

SONNY

Yes! Yes! I like my fingers!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DECARLO

Do you know who I work for? He hates you, and I fuck up the people he hates, because that's what I like to do! Remember when they found real skeletal remains strung up inside Pirates of the Caribbean?

SONNY

At Disney World?

DECARLO

Yes, at Disney World!
 (slapping him)
 Do you know of any other pirate rides?
 (twisting harder)
 How do you suppose he got in there? And that was just a guy he didn't like. He HATES people who steal from him!

SONNY

(crying)
 Oooooowwwwwww! Stop! Please stop!

DECARLO

Now if you don't think you'd make a good corpse on display at an amusement park, I suggest
 (screaming)
 YOU TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW!

CUT TO:

INT. T & C HOUSE - MORNING

Tom is preparing for his first day on the job. He is wearing practically the same outfit he had worn to the party. Candy is packing him a lunch in a paper bag.

CANDY

Do you want a banana?

THOMAS

Sure.

The phone rings.

CANDY

Hello? Hold on. It's your Dad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS
Dad? Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. SONNY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Sonny has a black eye. He is holding a half-frozen steak still in it's plastic wrapper on the side of his head. He is talking on the phone with Thomas.

SONNY
Thomas. What did you do with that stuff?

THOMAS
Nothing. Yet. Why?

SONNY
Some guy was over here looking for it.

THOMAS
What guy?

SONNY
I don't know. Didn't ask. He didn't say. He made his point though. They want it back.

THOMAS
What happened?

SONNY
He roughed me up a little, but that's nothing. I was a wrestler for twenty years, remember? He barely stunned me. I just said I didn't know what he was talking about.

THOMAS
What did you tell him?

SONNY
I told him I didn't know what he was talking about. He was a little guy. 5'5" maybe, but like a bull. He's muscle. Dark hair. Creepy looking. Has an earring. But don't worry about it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SONNY (CONT'D)

He don't know shit, 'cause I didn't say nothing! You just be careful. Whatever you do, make sure you don't let nobody know where you got it. Ka-peesh?

THOMAS

Okay, dad. I'll see you later.

Hangs up phone.

CANDY

How's your Dad. Is everything okay?

Thomas pauses before speaking, looking concerned.

CANDY (CONT'D)

Is something wrong?

THOMAS

No. He's just getting weird. Old men do that, you know? Old age I think. Too many konks on the head. Glad I never got into the ring.

CANDY

Thank God for that. Well, have a nice first day on the job. I hope you sell something.

THOMAS

Me too.

CANDY

Love you.

They kiss.

THOMAS

Love you too.

CUT TO:

INT. THOMAS' CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Thomas gets in and starts his old car. He looks up to see Candy in the screen door. He smiles, waves goodbye and starts driving. Thomas drives warily, carefully, stopping on yellow lights. Agitated when he pulls up next to a police officer. The policeman doesn't even notice him. He drives on and pulls into a gas station.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He opens the trunk as the gas pumps. He pulls back a jacket and uncovers the bag of cocaine and stares at it for a moment. The gas pump stops.

THOMAS

(under his breath)

What am I going to do with you?

He looks at the garbage can next to the gas pump. Then he sees a sign that says "Drive-offs will be prosecuted. 24 hour video surveillance". He looks around and gulps. He slams the trunk.

CUT TO:

INT. MIGUEL'S HOUSE - MORNING

Miguel has grown a bit of a beard and is sitting in his chair staring at a picture of Pam. His phone rings four times. The answering machine picks up.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Hi, this is Pam, leave a message for me or Miguel when you hear the tone. Bye!

Nobody speaks. Miguel bolts out of his chair and dashes across the room to the phone.

MIGUEL

Pam! Pam! Hello? Pam!

Click.

CUT TO:

INT. BOXING RING GYMNASIUM OFFICE - DAY

Victor is shining his shoes on his desk while the speaker phone is ringing.

DECARLO (V.O.)

Speak.

VICTOR

D.C.? I'm waiting man. What do you got for me?

DECARLO (V.O.)

I got shit. That old man who found the body isn't a player. A cop took your dope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTOR
So you met the guy in Cape Coral?
What's his name?

DECARLO(V.O.)
Sonny. Sonny...I don't know.
Sonny Steele.

VICTOR
Sonny Steele? The wrestler?

DECARLO(V.O.)
This guy's no wrestler, he's an old
man. He didn't take your dope. I
can't find it, man. It's gone.

VICTOR
This old man, Sonny? He have white
hair? Looked like Humpty-dumpty?

DECARLO(V.O.)
Humpty-? I don't know. He's fat.

VICTOR
Sure. Later.

Hangs up phone and struts out of the office.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
LEE! Gas up the rocket. We're
going to Cape Coral.

LEE
What for?

VICTOR
Visit an old pal. You believe
who's driveway Airfuck Express
dropped our package in?

LEE
Who's?

VICTOR
Sonny Steele's. Small world, don't
you think? Small, small world.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Thomas and Charlie are sitting together on a living room sofa across from two young women. Charlie is in the midst of his sales pitch, handing a pot to one of the women. Both of the women are smoking cigarettes.

CHARLIE

Now, you see that there? That is a quality pot! You won't find a better quality set of cookware in the whole world.

GIRL 1

Well, that's nice and everything, but I don't even care about cooking. I don't plan to cook.

GIRL 2

Me either.

CHARLIE

What do you mean, you don't plan to cook?

GIRL 1

I'm not going to cook. There's restaurants everywhere.

CHARLIE

Tell me something. When our ladies called you on the phone and made this appointment with you, you did understand that I was going to show you pots and pans, right?

GIRL 1

Yeah.

CHARLIE

So if you're not planning to cook anything, why did you have me come out here?

GIRL 1

She said we'd get a free gift for watching you cook something.

GIRL 2

Are you going to cook something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

No. You see, cookware is for people who actually COOK their own food instead of playing Russian roulette with E-Coli and diseases like food poisoning in the restaurants.

Charlie starts packing up his kit.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Now if you want to take the risk, day after day, that you can keep going to restaurants and not get sick, that's perfectly fine. You can do that. But if you're not here to talk about cooking and making an investment in your health and your future, we'll just be on our way.

GIRL 2

What about our free gift.

CHARLIE

Those are for the people who listen to an entire demonstration.

GIRL 1

We'll listen to your demonstration.

CHARLIE

(Standing)

Are you going to buy a set of cookware?

GIRLS

(In unison)

No.

CHARLIE

Then I don't need to show you an entire demonstration. Have a nice day.

(Starts walking to door)

Come on Tom.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - DAY

Charlie is driving. Thomas is passenger. They are driving silently for a few moments at the start of the scene.

CHARLIE

I swear. I don't believe those bitches sometimes.

THOMAS

What? That they don't cook?

CHARLIE

No. Not those bitches. The bitches in the phone room. Setting appointments to give away a set of steak knives. Can you believe that? They get five dollars for a set. Whether I sell it or not, they still get five dollars. So they set the appointment. But I'm telling Dave about this one. You met Dave, the phone room manager?

(Thomas nods)

Yeah, Dave's a good man. I'll let him know not to pay on that one. That was absolute shit.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Charlie and Thomas are sharing a meal.

CHARLIE

So what's your wife do?

THOMAS

Mostly has mood swings. She's pregnant, you know.

CHARLIE

Believe me, it's worth the wait. Fatherhood. Can't beat it.

(beat)

'Til they're teenagers. Then the hell with it. Just stay out of the way and hope they don't kill anybody at school.

THOMAS

Is that supposed to be funny?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

No. Hell I don't know, some people think all sorts of weird shit is funny. I'm just thinking out loud. I worry about 'em at school. But I don't interfere. Kids gotta grow up somewhere. I just hope that no little asshole grabs his Daddy's thirty-odd-six and takes it out on one of my kids. That's what I mean, I worry about shit like that, you know? I even worry about my kid deciding he wants to play with guns some day, and then goes and blows a teachers head off. I don't want that to be my kid. You know that once a kid gets a gun, it's all down hill from there.

(beat)

So you riding with Jimmy again tomorrow?

THOMAS

Yeah.

CHARLIE

That ought to be fun.

CUT TO:

INT. JIMMY LEE'S CAR - DAY

The car dashboard is decorated with motivational stickers like "A winning attitude is the only attitude" and "conceive it, believe it, achieve it". Zig Ziglar cassette tapes are everywhere. JIMMY LEE, oriental, mid-20s, is driving. Thomas is passenger.

THOMAS

Can you tell me how the commission structure works?

JIMMY LEE

It's all fucked up. I don't know who devised the pay plan. I don't even know if I can explain it right. Rate card on the cookware is \$2,049. You get 12% for full boats; cookware, tableware, china, and crystal. But only on full boats. If they just want cookware, fuck 'em.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY LEE (CONT'D)

It's not worth writing the paper. You only get 5% for the cookware, so you would have to sell ten units a week just to cover your draw. Sell full boats. It's the only way you'll make any money in this business. When you sell it at that price the customer gets a free set of tableware. Everybody gets a free set of tableware.

THOMAS

What if all they want is tableware?

JIMMY LEE

Send them to Wal-Mart. Nobody buys tableware. It's free...with a purchase. So if they pay rate card, not only do they get their free set of tableware, but for only a hundred dollars more, they get a full 8 piece place setting of china and crystal. It's all a gimmick to sell the china and crystal. So your full boat is \$2,149. But if you don't get the extra hundred out of them, it's not considered a full boat, so you only get 5%, which is like a hundred dollars commission. Now if they go full boat and pay cash, they get a 5% discount but you only get 8%.

THOMAS

Why?

JIMMY LEE

Because it's fucked up. You can't sell china and crystal unless they buy the cookware. So if all they want is the china and crystal, you know what you do? You sell them a full boat deal and you throw in the tableware for a hundred dollars more.

THOMAS

What about the cookware?

JIMMY LEE

They get that free.

CUT TO:

INT CUSTOMERS HOME - DAY

In the next several scenes, Thomas is doing his sales pitch alone, dealing with a multitude of rebuttals.

OLD MAN

I like to cook on charcoal.

THOMAS

But charcoal is so bad for you.
The gases and toxins from the
fire...

OLD MAN

I'm 83 years old and it ain't
killed me yet. If a barbecue grill
is goin' to be my demise, I say
gimme a slab.

(Laughs)

And the corn bread that comes with
it.

CUT TO:

SKINNY WOMAN

I don't eat meat.

THOMAS

You don't eat meat.

SKINNY WOMAN

No.

THOMAS

But you cook your vegetables,
right.

SKINNY WOMAN

Sometimes. They're better for you
when they're raw.

THOMAS

It's the peel that's best for you.

SKINNY WOMAN

Not on a banana.

THOMAS

What?

SKINNY WOMAN

Do you eat banana peels?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS
(Confused)
No. A banana is a fruit.

SKINNY WOMAN
So is a tomato.

THOMAS
It is?

SKINNY WOMAN
Do you like fruits and vegetables?

THOMAS
Uh, yeah.

SKINNY WOMAN
Do you like me?

THOMAS
(Stunned)
Uh, I gotta go.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT - LIMOUSINE - DAY

Lee is driving and Victor is in the back talking to him.

VICTOR
I guess we should stop for a map or something. Where do you think we could get a map?

LEE
Seven-Eleven?

VICTOR
Okay. In fact, a Slurpee sounds good right about now! I like those lemon lime ones.

Victor suddenly sees Sonny walking down the street right beside him.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
WHOA! Lee! Hold up! Stop! There he is! I don't believe it!

LEE
Who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Victor jumps out of the limo and opens his arms wide.

VICTOR

Sonny!

Sonny is carrying a small bag of groceries and is wearing dark sunglasses to hide his black eye.

SONNY

(happy)

Vic? How you doing, man?

VICTOR

I'm in shape, baby. You need a lift?

SONNY

No. I'm parked right there. What are you doing around here anyway.

VICTOR

Checking out some fresh blood. New fighter, Chico Ramirez. Get in for a second man! Let's...chat.

SONNY

Chat?

VICTOR

Yeah. Get out of the heat. We'll drive around the block for a minute. Catch up. It's been a while, hasn't it?

SONNY

I got ice cream. It might melt.

VICTOR

Two minutes. We'll go around the block.

Sonny looks at the limo and Victor's genuine smile.

SONNY

Okay.

Sonny gets in the limo.

VICTOR

Lee. Once around the park.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LEE

What park?

VICTOR

It's an expression. Go around the block. Where'd you get that shiner, man?

SONNY

I walked into a door in my new house. It was the middle of the night.

VICTOR

A door? Can't you come up with something just a little more original?

SONNY

What?

He smiles first, then turns away. When he turns back his demeanor changes.

VICTOR

Don't bullshit me. I know about you and the cops. The skydiver you found. I know all about it.

SONNY

YOU, know all about it? How do you know about that?

VICTOR

How the fuck do you think? I know you didn't walk into a door either.

Victor lights a cigar. He takes his time waiting for Sonny to speak. Looks down at the floor.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Where's you get those kicks, man?

Bends down to look at his shoes.

SONNY

Wal-Mart.

Sonny slips a shoe off his foot and hands it to Victor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VICTOR
Wal-Mart sells shit like this?
These are nice man!

SONNY
I know! Eight bucks.

VICTOR
Eight bucks! You shitting me?
Eight bucks, man? Get out of town!

Victor chomps his cigar, grinning, genuinely admiring the shoe and hands it back to Sonny, who slips it back on. He notices they are still driving.

SONNY
Where are we going, Vic?

VICTOR
That's up to you, Sonny. We go
back a long way. We got a lot of
history, you know.

Victor turns away because he's sincere. He really likes Sonny and doesn't want to hurt him.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
I'd like to take you back to your
car and let you get on with eating
your ice cream before it melts.
But first I want the powder you
found on that skydiver before the
cops showed up.

SONNY
What?

VICTOR
You KNOW what I'm talking about!

SONNY
But I gave it back. I gave it to
that crazy fuck that did this to
me!

Sonny takes off his sunglasses and points at his swollen eyeball.

SONNY (CONT'D)
The doctor said I could lose
vision.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

VICTOR

What crazy fuck?

SONNY

Some asshole with a tattoo on his neck and the earrings. I don't know who he was. He said he was going to kill me unless I ponied up. Believe me Vic. It was a weird fucking thing. I come out in the morning in my underwear to get the paper, and there's this guy laying there. Big pool of blood. I just wanted to see why the chute didn't open. I don't know why I grabbed that stuff, anyway. What was it, even? Heroin? I didn't know what to do with it, so I just put it in the cabinet. Then this guy breaks down my door and says he's going to kill me. I said "Fuck it." Here it is. Gave it to him.

VICTOR

You gave it to him?

SONNY

Yeah. What the fuck else am I supposed to do? Get killed?

VICTOR

What did this crazy fuck look like?

SONNY

Short, 5'5. Black hair, all muscle. Voice like a cartoon character.

VICTOR

Are you bullshitting me?

SONNY

Vic.

Victor produces a small caliber pistol from his breast pocket and points it at Sonny's temple.

VICTOR

Don't lie to me Sonny. I can't take it! Don't you motherfucking lie to me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Sonny is shaken, but remains calm.

SONNY

Vic. There's only two people I
don't lie to in this world. You
and God.

(beat)

No shit.

Victor puts the gun away. Victor looks out the window, then
back at Sonny. He smiles.

VICTOR

Sonny Steele. Small world.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - CUSTOMERS HOMES - DAY

Thomas is still pitching cookware meeting rejection after
rejection.

BIG WOMAN

I really don't think I need any new
pots and pans anyway.

CUT TO:

MAN

Just what is a lifetime warrantee?
Whose lifetime are you talking
about?

CUT TO:

Gay couple.

DEREK

(Holding a piece of China)

I don't know, I think I like the
pattern we saw at Noritake better.

PARTNER

Yes, but it was twice as much.
Plus this comes with the cookware.

DEREK

We don't need the cookware. I have
a perfectly good set of Revere
Ware.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARTNER

Those copper bottoms burn everything.

DEREK

Not if you cook on low heat.

PARTNER

Excuse me? When was the last time you cooked anything?

DEREK

Forget it! Forget it! I'm not dealing with this.

PARTNER

I do all the cooking. She does nothing.

DEREK

Goodbye!

(Stands and exits)

I can't do this. You're just too controlling. I'm leaving.

PARTNER

Derek! Wait!

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Jeff and Thomas are standing outside of Jeff's car.

JEFF

So, what am I? The low man on the totem pole? It's about time we rode together. Get in.

They get in and Jeff drives.

JEFF (CONT'D)

How'd you like getting your feet wet out there this week?

THOMAS

Some of these people are a trip. I mean, it's a job, but shit! It's rough out there. I didn't know salespeople went through shit like this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFF

I know. I know. Welcome to my world. Keep your hands and feet in the ride at all times. But don't worry about it. You'll be selling your ass off before you know it. One day it all just clicks.

THOMAS

Hope it clicks pretty soon.

JEFF

It will. Hey man, your wife...

THOMAS

Candy.

JEFF

Candy. Is she really Lisa Wood's daughter? Were you serious about that?

THOMAS

Yeah.

JEFF

The same Lisa Wood that I asked to go to the prom and she turned me down?

THOMAS

Same one.

JEFF

Damn, that's...wow!

They drive in silence for a moment.

THOMAS

Jeff, back in high school, you were a stoner, too, right?

JEFF

You think that's why she wouldn't go to the prom with me? Fuck n'A. Burned more than my fair share of doobage behind the gym. You were there too. Unless I just think you were there.

THOMAS

No, I was there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JEFF

I mean, who knows what I really remember.

THOMAS

You still get high?

JEFF

Why? What do you got?

(laughs)

No, man, not me. That shit caught up with me. Think that's why I got gray hair. I don't touch nothin' but beer and cigs these days.

THOMAS

I hear you. But you know anybody?

JEFF

You looking to score?

THOMAS

No. Opposite.

JEFF

Seriously?

THOMAS

Got something I need to ditch.

JEFF

What is it?

THOMAS

Are we cool?

JEFF

Totally. We are way cool.

THOMAS

A couple pounds of coke.

JEFF

Bullshit!

THOMAS

Okay, don't believe me.

JEFF

Seriously?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THOMAS

Like penitentiary serious.

JEFF

No shit? Where- no forget it. I
don't want to know. Do I?

(beat, quietly)

I know a guy who might know a guy.

THOMAS

Who?

JEFF

Are you serious?

THOMAS

Yes. I'm fucking serious. I
seriously need an introduction.
And it has to be real. Somebody
who can really hustle.

JEFF

I'll make a call. Let you know
tomorrow.

CUT TO:

INT. T & C HOUSE-BEDROOM - EVENING

Candy is in bed, sitting up, holding a book but not reading
it, and watching TV. Thomas is at the dresser, and walking
in and out of the scene, to and from the bathroom.

CANDY

(Reacting to TV, shocked)

Oh my God!

(beat)

Oh my God!

THOMAS

What 'Oh my God?' Did somebody get
killed or go to jail?

CANDY

How much insurance do you have?

THOMAS (O.S.)

You mean if I die?

CANDY

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

Zero. If I die, you get nothing.

CANDY

When do your benefits kick in at work?

THOMAS

I don't know...ninety days, why?

Thomas moves to sit on edge of bed.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

What are you watching?

CANDY

Edge of Night.

THOMAS

Edge of Night? Is that still on the air? My mom used to watch that. With Dark Shadows. When I was five. That show is older than you are.

CANDY

Reruns. Oh my God!

(beat)

I would kill you if you ever did that.

THOMAS

Could you stop coming up with reasons to kill me?

CANDY

She just found out that her husband is sleeping with her sister.

THOMAS

You got a sister I don't know about?

CANDY

(Transfixed on TV, shaking her head)

Oh, this is getting good, she's going to kill him.

THOMAS

Lovely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Stands and goes into bathroom.

CANDY

Tommy, since you got paid today,
you need to pay the rent tomorrow.

THOMAS (O.S.)

I didn't get paid today. I get
paid next week.

CANDY

Don't you get paid every week?

THOMAS

Yeah. But I don't get my first
paycheck until next week.

CANDY

Next week? What about last week?

THOMAS

What about last week?

CANDY

Don't you get paid for last week?

THOMAS

Candy, I started there on Monday.
I only got hired last week. Today
is Friday. I get paid next Friday.
Okay?

CANDY

Oh. Okay. But what about the
rent?

THOMAS

What about the rent? What about
the rent money that we had in the
account?

CANDY

I bought stuff.

THOMAS

WHAT STUFF?

CANDY

Baby stuff. And a tree.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THOMAS

Candy! Stop buying baby stuff! We got four months before we're going to use our first diaper and you already have 3 cases of 'em. Please, honey. My dear, love of my life, please stop buying baby stuff.

CANDY

But they were on sale.

THOMAS

Great.

Thomas goes back in bathroom.

CANDY

Are you going to plant my tree tomorrow?

Opens door, looks out.

THOMAS

What tree?

CANDY

I got a little tree at Wal-Mart. It's cute. I thought we could plant it for the baby so when it grows up we'll know how old it is without cutting it down.

THOMAS

A tree? Yeah. Fine. Don't worry. I'll plant it.

CUT TO:

INT. THOMAS' CAR - DAY

Jeff is sitting shotgun as they drive neighborhood streets.

JEFF

Okay, turn up here...well actually, the road curves, you'll see.

THOMAS

Okay.

JEFF

Turn right at the stop sign.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

Wait a minute. I know where we are. Are you taking me to Miguel Vazquez' house?

JEFF

What the fuck? Are you a cop or something?

THOMAS

No! I've know Miguel for years! Is that where you're taking me?

JEFF

Yeah.

THOMAS

Well shit, why didn't you just say so? Why'd we go so far out of the way? I would have taken another bridge if I knew that! We would have been here twenty minutes ago.

CUT TO:

I/E. MIGUEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Thomas knocks on the front door and waits. Jeff smirks. A few moments later, MIGUEL opens the door and holds open the screen door for him to enter. Miguel keeps a nice tidy home. It is of manly fashion with posters behind glass on the wall. It is well lit and friendly. Miguel speaks eloquently, not like a gangster. He greets both with a handshake and half-hug, then they all sit down.

JEFF

Brought an old acquaintance.

THOMAS

Got that right.

MIGUEL

How do you guys know each other?
You want a beer?

JEFF

I'll take a cold one. He just started over at my place. We went to high school together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIGUEL

No shit. So, still selling pots and pans? Sit down. So how's Candy? It's been a while.

THOMAS

Five months pregnant now. Where's Pam?

MIGUEL

She left. We're history.

THOMAS

Sorry, man. Really.

MIGUEL

What are you going to do, right?

Stands and goes toward kitchen.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

You want a beer?

JEFF

I said yes a minute ago. I've been waiting.

THOMAS

Yeah. What the hell.

Thomas stands and heads toward kitchen also. It's only a few feet away so as Miguel opens the beers, Thomas passes the first one to Jeff, then, he and Miguel stay near the kitchen entrance for the rest of the scene.

MIGUEL

Jeff told me about your predicament. I didn't know it was you. You sure you want to do this?

THOMAS

I've got to do this. It's too much money not to. Not making anything trying to sell pots and pans, that's for sure.

JEFF

It'll happen.

THOMAS

Right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIGUEL

Well, here's how it is. I'm out of it.

THOMAS

Oh, come on man! You said you'd help.

MIGUEL

Tom. Have I ever not helped you?

THOMAS

No.

MIGUEL

I'm going to help you but I'm not getting involved. Which means I don't want to see it. I don't want to be near it...it's not here is it?

THOMAS

No.

MIGUEL

Good. And once you move it, I don't even want a cut. Okay? I want nothing. I'm retired. I'm clean. I'm staying that way. Clear?

THOMAS

You're not going to move it?

MIGUEL

I know a guy. Don't worry. You can trust him.

THOMAS

A buyer?

MIGUEL

No. A friend of a friend. Don't forget, everybody connected to me went to jail. That's why I don't touch the shit anymore.

THOMAS

So who is it?

MIGUEL

His name's DeCarlo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JEFF

Tony DeCarlo?

MIGUEL

Yeah. You know him?

JEFF

Stocky guy? Used to be a boxer?
Tattoos all over and shit?

MIGUEL

Yeah, that's him.

JEFF

Don't do it. Don't trust him!

MIGUEL

What do you know that I don't?

JEFF

I heard he walked into a junkyard
with two guys and came out alone.
They say he shot them in the head
and threw the bodies into a car and
crushed the car!

MIGUEL

Who said that?

JEFF

(trying to recall)
They...it was...they were...

MIGUEL

Okay, the mysterious and ever
present THEY! That's a reliable
source. Don't worry about it. You
just tell him how much you want and
make sure DeCarlo gets a decent
cut, coke or cash, his choice, you
won't have a problem. I never
heard of him screwing anybody over.
He's got a good rep. But he is
known to be a little crazy.

THOMAS

You've met him, right?

MIGUEL

Oh yeah. Friendly guy. Real
friendly. Like I said. Good rep
as a negotiator.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Knows the right people. He'll move it for you, don't worry. It's as good as blown already.

THOMAS

What do you mean, he's a little crazy?

MIGUEL

Oh nothing. I don't know why I said that. He just says off the wall shit sometimes, that's all. He can move it in a couple hours. How much are you asking?

THOMAS

Below market value.

MIGUEL

Same shit we used to work with? Clean? Not all stepped on?

THOMAS

It's pure Christmas snow, man.

MIGUEL

Five keys. You dog! Shit! That's some bank account.

They clink beer bottles with a toast

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A woman is crying and kneeling on the bed. The lights are muted so we can not see her face. A man in the shadows is rummaging through the closet and pillaging the drawers of the night stand. He is holding a half-empty bottle of Jack Daniels.

DECARLO

I can't believe you ran out of fucking condoms. I don't know why I come here.

DeCarlo lights a cigarette and his cell phone rings.

DECARLO (CONT'D)

You're such a lousy bitch.

Answers phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DECARLO (CONT'D)
 (shouting)
 What?

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BOXING RING GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Victor is calling from his cell phone walking around the gym. Some boxers are training in the background. Victor never loses his temper. DeCarlo is himself.

VICTOR
 (concerned, cold,
 ruthless)
 D.C. Give me information.

DECARLO
 I already asked what?

VICTOR
 Where's my shit?

DECARLO
 Up your ass! How the fuck should I know?

VICTOR
 Where are you, DeCarlo?

DECARLO
 What do you want to know for?

VICTOR
 I'm sending somebody to collect from you, motherfucker.

DECARLO
 Collect what?

VICTOR
 Your fucking soul, man.

Victor hangs up.

CUT TO:

DeCarlo smashes phone against the wall and suddenly realizes:

DECARLO
 Shit! That was my phone.
 (beat, turns to woman)
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DECARLO (CONT'D)

Quit your fucking bawling. I don't
want to fuck you anyway, Pam!
You're a fucking whore!

He leaves, slamming the door.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BOXING RING GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Victor gently closes his phone and turns around to watch Butcher pounding the hell out of the bag while Melvin holds it from behind. Butcher hits so hard it is difficult for Melvin to hold the bag. Butcher is sweating profusely. Victor is watching from across the gym and walks over and watches Butcher for a moment, then speaks. Butcher answers without stopping his workout, speaking through grunts and punches.

VICTOR

Butcher!

BUTCHER

WHAT!

VICTOR

Remember DeCarlo?

BUTCHER

I HATE THAT MOTHERFUCKER!

VICTOR

Right. You hate that motherfucker.

BUTCHER

I HATE THAT MOTHERFUCKER!

VICTOR

I got a job for you.

BUTCHER

I HATE...THAT...MOTHER...FUCKER!

Butcher punches the bag right off it's hook and knocks Melvin to the floor too.

VICTOR

I think you're going to like this
job.

CUT TO:

EXT THOMAS & CANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Thomas is carrying a shovel from the backyard out into the yard. Looks around. Starts digging. Candy comes to back door and calls out.

CANDY
Tommy! What are you doing?

THOMAS
(Startled)
I'm planting your tree.

CANDY
Why are you planting it there? It will get too much sunlight there.

THOMAS
Sssshhhhhh.

CANDY
(Looks around, confused)
Do you have to plant it there?

THOMAS
Can you please just go in the house for a few minutes? I'll be done in a minute.

CANDY
But I wanted it planted over there.
(points)
Not there.

THOMAS
Okay. So I'll plant it over there. Just hold on.

CANDY
(beat)
If you're going to plant it over there, why are you still digging?

THOMAS
(Upset)
Just be quiet and let me work for a couple minutes all right? I'm busy.

CANDY
But you're digging in the wrong spo-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

(strong, but not shouting)
I don't care. Just leave me alone
for a little while. Go watch TV or
something.

CANDY

Why are you yelling at me? What
are you doing?

THOMAS

Doing man's work!

CANDY

Doing man's work? What that mean?

THOMAS

It means I am busy! I don't want
to be bothered. Can you just go
sit down and stay out of my way? I
have work to do and I can't be
distracted right now!

CANDY

You just-

THOMAS

Shut up! I'm busy now!
Understand?

Candy starts crying and runs into the house and buries her
head in the sofa, covering up with a pillow. Thomas growls
and runs in after her.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Candy.

He sits next to her and places a hand on her back to console
her. She pushes him away. He hugs her anyway.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, baby. I'm sorry.

She speaks without looking up.

CANDY

What did I do?

THOMAS

You didn't do anything. I have
something important to do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CANDY

You hate me.

THOMAS

No I don't. I just...

(beat)

I have something important to do today. Something very, very important. It's important for us. For our future.

Candy looks at him quizzically.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

But I don't want to explain it right now, okay? Don't worry. Okay?

(kisses her on the head)

You just stay in here and let me plant your tree.

Thomas exits the house and returns to the hole. Digs furiously. Hit's a rock and removes it to reveal a big plastic bag wrapped with duct tape. Carries it inside house. Goes to kitchen. Removes plastic and unwraps it to reveal brick of cocaine. He opens the cupboard and gets out a paper grocery bag and places cocaine inside. He walks around the side of the house and places it in the front seat of his car. Then he walks back in through the back door. He washes his hands in the sink and heads to the front door.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm going now. I'll be back in a little while.

As he is walking out, Candy calls to him

CANDY

Did you plant my tree?

Walks back in before screen door closes.

THOMAS

Show me where you want it.

CANDY

(Gets up, wiping her eyes.)

Okay I'll show you.

Leads him toward back door. They stand together at the back door for a moment. Candy is pouting and sniffing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CANDY (CONT'D)

Right over here. By that one. I think it would look nice over there. Don't you?

THOMAS

(Kisses her on the side of the head.)

Yeah. I do.

Picks up shovel and starts planting tree.

FADE TO:

EXT 7-11 PARKING LOT - DAY

Thomas pulls up in his car and walks to the pay phone. Stands next to the phone bank. DECARLO 30, Tattooed and pierced, walks up and goes to the other phone and dials. The other phone rings. Thomas answers.

THOMAS

Hello?

They are standing beside each other, one at each pay phone. Thomas realizes it immediately when he is startled by the voice on the phone and sees the man next to him speaking the words. He speaks calmly.

DECARLO

Hey man. Don't hang up. Don't say anything. Are you alone?

(Thomas nods)

You bring the dust?

(Nods again)

DeCarlo studies him intently, looking for any hint of danger.

DECARLO (CONT'D)

Stay on the phone after I hang up. Wait a minute. Then get in my car.

(Thomas nods.)

Okay, I'll see you later.

Hangs up. Walks to his car and gets inside. Afterwards, Thomas also hangs up and nonchalantly takes the package out of his car and sits in the passenger seat of DeCarlo's car with the package between his legs.

CUT TO:

INT. DECARLO'S CAR - DAY

DECARLO

Ready?

Thomas nods.

DECARLO (CONT'D)

Okay. Let's go.

They begin driving.

DECARLO (CONT'D)

Tony D.

He extends his hand. They shake.

THOMAS

Thomas.

DECARLO

Tommy.

THOMAS

No. Thomas.

DECARLO

Thomas. Okay, Thomas. So.
Thomas...what d'ya got?

THOMAS

Pure vitamin C. Five keys. You
can move it?

DECARLO

In a heartbeat. What do you want
for it?

THOMAS

What can you get?

DECARLO

Want to take a drive to Miami?

THOMAS

Not particularly.

DECARLO

Then I can get less than it's worth
if we stay in this neighborhood.
And I do mean hood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

Whatever you get for it right now,
you get half.

DECARLO

Where did you get it?

THOMAS

That's not relevant.

DECARLO

Everything's relevant. Half?
That's a switch. You on the run?

Thomas remains mute. Looks away.

DECARLO (CONT'D)

Wanted?

THOMAS

I have to pay my rent.

DECARLO

Don't we all. Five, this
town...we're looking eighty, ninety
tops. So you're cool with only
taking forty or so?

THOMAS

Yeah. That works.

DECARLO

Cool, dude. I'm putting you on my
Christmas list.

(beat)

Miguel tells me you guys go back a
while.

THOMAS

Yeah, you could say that. Few
years. Five years I guess.
Something like that.

DECARLO

What did he say about me?

THOMAS

About you? Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DECARLO

(Cheerful)

Nothing? Come on, dude! What did he say?

THOMAS

Nothing. Why?

DECARLO

Forget about it.

(beat)

Come on man. What did he say? He must have said something or you wouldn't be sitting here.

THOMAS

(Laughs)

You really want to know?

DECARLO

Yeah!

THOMAS

He said you're a little crazy.

DECARLO

A little crazy? He said that?

THOMAS

Yeah.

DECARLO

A little crazy. That fuck. You're shitting me. He said that? Shit. That's funny. That's fucking funny. You know what he said about you?

THOMAS

What?

DECARLO

Oh, now you want to know, don't you? You got to learn to lighten up when you meet new people Tommy. It's the only way to survive in life.

THOMAS

What did he say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DECARLO

See! You want to know, don't you? That's human nature. It's natural I want to know what somebody said about me, just like you do. It's natural. It's like dogs in nature. They smell each other's butts. It's like the daily news. You know what he said about you?

THOMAS

What?

DECARLO

He said you're a family man. Said Tommy takes care of his family, and I quote. That's some good shit right there, dude. That tells me that you guys are tight, he considers you a friend. And considers you a family man. That's good.

(beat)

So he said I was a little crazy, huh? That fucker.

(laughs)

THOMAS

So where are we going.

DECARLO

Into the hood, my friend. Into the hood. Across the river, and to the hood to dope dealers house we go. If that shit's really pure, these guys will give you a good price for it. They're going to test it. Just so you know.

THOMAS

That's cool. Should jump off the scale.

DECARLO

You blow?

THOMAS

No fucking way, man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DECARLO

Me either. That shit'll fuck up
your life.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

A mechanic is working on a car, sitting on the ground next to a wheel. He can hear a motorcycle approaching in the distance he looks up and wipes his brow. Butcher roars up on a huge Harley Davidson hog. He is dressed in leather chaps and a leather vest, his huge biceps bulging out. Butcher is so big he makes the bike look small. He wears a skullcap and goggles with a scarf, because he likes the Red Baron look. Peanuts' Snoopy on his doghouse is painted on the tank of his bike. Snoopy is raising his fist saying "Curse you Red Baron!" He pulls up to the mechanic, turns off his engine, and dismounts, removing his goggles.

JUNK MAN

You got a delivery or something?

BUTCHER

Looking for DeCarlo.

JUNK MAN

He was here a couple days ago.
Dropped off a car.

BUTCHER

Who was in it?

JUNK MAN

Nobody.

BUTCHER

Next time you see him, call the
boss. But don't tell him.
Understand.

JUNK MAN

So that fucker finally made Calli's
shit list, huh?

BUTCHER

He's on everybody's shit list. You
know where he lives?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUNK MAN

Lives in that car of his, far as I
know. Black Mustang. Saleen GT.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAUSEWAY - DAY

DeCarlo's car is moving steadily across the causeway.

EXT. DOPE DEALERS HOUSE - DAY

DeCarlo and Thomas arrive and park in front of a very nice two story home with some acreage and walk up stairs. This is a beautiful neighborhood. Thomas has the coke bag stuffed under his arm inside a light windbreaker. They knock on door and are let in.

DECARLO

He's usually here, but I don't see
his car.

(smiling)

Wonder where he parked?

CUT TO:

INT. DOPE DEALERS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Inside, Luis is flanked by his friends, Gomez, and DWIGHT, black 30's. Luis and DeCarlo shake hands and half-hug, then DeCarlo shakes hands with the other two. They exchange brief "hey man"s and "what's up?"s.

DECARLO

Luis, Thomas. Thomas, Luis.

They shake hands.

LUIS

Sit down over here, man.

They all sit down on a sofa and small chairs surrounding a low coffee table.

LUIS (CONT'D)

So where the fuck have you been
D.C.?

DECARLO

I've been around, I called you two
weeks ago, your line was busy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUIS

Did you have something for me?

DECARLO

Maybe, but you didn't answer the fucking line, so fuck you.

LUIS

Hey, fuck you man. You want a beer?

DECARLO

No, I'm cool man. Maybe T?

Points at Thomas.

THOMAS

No.

DWIGHT

Guns on the table, gentlemen.

THOMAS

What?

DECARLO

Guns on the table? What the fuck?

LUIS

It's a new policy Dwight has. If you're packing, just put it on the table.

DECARLO

I'm not putting my gun on the table!

GOMEZ

Tony...come on. It's a policy now.

DECARLO

You fuckers are UN-BE-Lievable!
Here.

DeCarlo produces a small caliber revolver from his pants pocket and puts it on the coffee table

DECARLO (CONT'D)

Want to frisk me so you can play with my balls, too?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GOMEZ
What about him?

THOMAS
I don't have a gun.

There is a brief and awkward moment of silence.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I don't.

DECARLO
He really doesn't.

LUIS
So what do you got?

DECARLO
Show the man.

Thomas pulls the bag from inside his jacket and puts it on the table.

LUIS
Dwight. Check it out.

Dwight cuts it open starts performing a purity test and conducts it while conversation takes place.

DECARLO
So what ever happened to your SS?

LUIS
You know something about that man?

DECARLO
What?

LUIS
The SS. My car? You know something about that?

DECARLO
Like what?

LUIS
You don't know anything about it, then why are you asking?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DECARLO

I haven't seen you in...what? Two months? You're here. It's not. Did you sell it or what?

LUIS

It was stolen, dude!

DECARLO

STOLEN! How?

LUIS

Why don't you tell me?

DECARLO

I don't know how your car was stolen.

LUIS

Then why are you asking about it?

GOMEZ

Yeah. What do you know about it.

DECARLO

I don't know shit about it man! I came here to do business, not get fucked with!

GOMEZ

Why don't you calm down, dude.

DECARLO

(Stands)

I am calm! Luis is the one getting up in my face and shit about shit I don't even know shit about!

Luis stands up, moves toward DeCarlo.

DECARLO (CONT'D)

I don't need this man! There are other people I could deal with. People who don't jump to conclusions or ask you to whip your dick out when you show up at their door. I can take this down the street if that's what you want!

Gomez puts an arm between them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GOMEZ
DUDES! Be cool. Just...be cool.

Luis sits down.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)
Have a seat Tony. Please. Have a seat.

LUIS
(Takes a moment to regroup. Breaths deep)
I loved that car man.
(Leans back into couch)
They took it right out of the driveway. The chrome. The rims. That beautiful gold lettering in the back window. It's gone. Just gone. I just got it lowered too.
(beat)
And curb feelers. The old fashioned kind from the seventies.

DECARLO
Oh, dude.

LUIS
I know. I keep thinking everybody took it. Sorry man.

DECARLO
I didn't know.

DWIGHT
(Measuring the potency)
This is some good shit.

LUIS
Yeah?

DWIGHT
Definitely needs to be cut. Cut hard.

LUIS
So?

DECARLO
Two hundred.

LUIS
Suck my dick!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DECARLO

Hey man! You already know you're going to cut it twice! It's two-hundred.

DWIGHT

(Weighing it on a scale)
It's just under 5 keys.

DECARLO

Two hundred.

LUIS

Ninety.

DECARLO

Get the fuck out...

LUIS

One C.

DECARLO

You know it's good for two hundred.
(beat)
One-seventy.

LUIS

One ten.

DWIGHT

How much more of this can we get?

DECARLO

How much do you want?

DWIGHT

We do a volume business. You do us right at 110 and we'll take all you got.

DECARLO

110? You know that's bullshit man. I could get twice that in Miami.

LUIS

This ain't Miami, dude.

DECARLO

Let's go, man.
(Starts to stand)
We don't need this. I can go up on the Terrace and get 110.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

DECARLO (CONT'D)

My grandmother would pay 110. But you want decent shit? You get what you pay for! It's 170.

THOMAS

Why don't we meet halfway?

DECARLO

What!

THOMAS

One-forty. Is one-forty good?

LUIS

How much more you got.

THOMAS

I'll bring you three more bedrolls today. Can you handle that?

LUIS

Is there a volume discount?

THOMAS

You show me 140 good faith, we go 200 a roll for the rest.

LUIS

Six-hundred? For three rolls? Fuck that. Dwight...

Dwight leans over so Luis can whisper in his ear. They speak softly in Spanish. They are both working a calculator.

DWIGHT

We'll take it all for 170 a key, plus this for 110.
(stops to read calculator)
So 620,000.

DECARLO

That's a fucking rip man!
(stands)
Let's get the fuck out of here.
I'm going to Miami.

LUIS

Alright! Hold on, dude. Just hold on! What's your bottom line? Here. Write it down.
(slides over a pen and paper)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

THOMAS

I told you man. 140 good faith and
you get the rest for 600.

(beat)

Or. We can go.

Thomas leans back in his chair. Another long moment of
silence follows.

LUIS

What do you think Dwight?

DWIGHT

I don't know.

DECARLO

Oh, fuck this man. Make a
decision.

DWIGHT

Excuse me?

DECARLO

You know we're wasting our time
here, Dwight! Fuck this. Let's
just go down to Miami and find some
real players. Fuck this Playschool
shit. Let's go.

LUIS

Tony, why don't you be cool man? I
don't think we're too far apart
now.

DWIGHT

Hey, you want to go to Miami, be my
guest man. I thought we were
building a relationship here. I
guess not.

THOMAS

Dwight? Are we going to do this?

DECARLO

I'm outta here.

Reaches for his gun and picks it up

DWIGHT

Not if he's going to be an asshole,
man. I don't do business like
this.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

DWIGHT(CONT'D)

I run a respectable dealership.
I've been doing this a long time.
What happened to you D.C.? You
forget how to negotiate? You used
to be cool. What's the deal, man?

The rest of scene happens very quickly. DeCarlo shoots Dwight in the neck. He reacts horrified, but silently grabbing his bleeding neck.

LUIS

(screaming)

OH SHIT! DWIGHT! YOU SHOT HIM.
OH MY GOD! DWIGHT!

He looks up to DeCarlo while moving toward Dwight. DeCarlo shoots Luis in the chest. Thomas cowers in his chair. Gomez bolts and starts running down the hall toward the back of the house. DeCarlo moves toward him rapidly and fires twice, hitting him once in the leg. Gomez falls. DeCarlo goes all the way over to him and shoots him in the head. It is silent now. He walks back into the living room.

Scared, unable to move, Thomas puts up his hands and looks away.

THOMAS

Don't shoot me. Please don't shoot
me. Don't! Please!

DECARLO

I'm not going to shoot you man.
We're partners.

Puts his gun away in his belt loop and pulls his shirt over it. He picks up cocaine off table and puts it back in the paper bag.

DECARLO (CONT'D)

Help me find the money.

DeCarlo walks into the other room. You can hear him shuffling around. His aim was so accurate, his victims are all dead. Thomas is stunned and looks around. Standing up and wondering if he should run, he looks at the bodies. Dwight's bleeding neck, his body slumped back on the table and the chair next to it. Luis bleeds from his chest. Shot in the heart, his arms are outstretched like Christ on the cross. He sits on the sofa, his eyes wide open. Gomez' body lies in a pool of blood on a wooden floor. DeCarlo returns to find Thomas just sitting there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

DECARLO (CONT'D)

What are you doing man? Come on,
look around a little. Help me find
the money. This is a big fucking
house. Go look in there. I'll
check the kitchen.

Thomas still can't move, He just stares at Luis

DECARLO (O.C. (CONT'D)

BINGO! Here it is!

(beat)

Mother-fucker!

(beat)

This was well worth the stop!

Thomas can hear him rattling drawers. In the kitchen,
DeCarlo has found the paper garbage bags and is filling one
with money from the freezer. He fills up two paper bags and
rolls them up the top like a lunch sack, then exits back to
the living room. He sees Thomas standing there. He hands
one bag to Thomas, who takes it, almost dropping it, not
expecting it to be so heavy.

THOMAS

What's this?

DECARLO

Look!

DeCarlo opens his bag and Thomas opens his simultaneously and
sees the money. Bands of fresh 100's.

THOMAS

How much is there?

DECARLO

I don't know. Two Mil? We'll
count it later. Let's go.

Thomas is still staring at Luis.

DECARLO (CONT'D)

Did you want to take a shot, dude?

Holds out his gun to Thomas.

DECARLO (CONT'D)

You ever shot anybody before?

Thomas shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

DECARLO (CONT'D)

Well, go ahead if you want. He
won't feel it. He's dead.

THOMAS

(Shaking)

No. No. That's okay. No.

DECARLO

Okay. Let's go.

DeCarlo goes to the front door and looks out through the screen after opening it. The street is deserted. He looks back at Thomas who is still staring at the bodies.

DECARLO (CONT'D)

You coming?

THOMAS

Yeah.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOPE DEALERS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Thomas rushes to the door and pushes through with DeCarlo. On the steps, Thomas looks around nervously and loses his balance, almost falling. DeCarlo laughs.

DECARLO

Easy, dude. You okay?

(Thomas nods yes.)

Chill man, this is a nice
neighborhood, it's quiet. Look
around. Nobody's paying attention.
This is the safest place on earth.

They get in the car simultaneously. DeCarlo takes his time and lights a cigarette before starting the engine.

DECARLO (CONT'D)

Dude, you need to relax. Nobody
heard anything. Shit, I don't even
think anybody's home around here.
Probably all out shopping or at
soccer games or something.

Starts engine and starts driving.

CUT TO:

INT. DECARLO'S CAR - DAY

DECARLO

Don't worry. Nobody heard anything. It's only a .32 so it sounds like a firecracker really. I know it sounded loud because you were right next to it, but trust me, it's no louder than a ladyfinger. It's only a .32. It's only a .32 but it's a magnum, so it's great at close range like that. Revolver. Six shot.

(beat)

I guess you're not into guns.

(beat)

You know, I really liked those guys. I wish they didn't fuck with me. Oh well.

A long moment of silence follows, at least ten seconds. Thomas is still stunned, DeCarlo drives.

DECARLO (CONT'D)

I guess we'll go back to your place and get those other three bumps huh? We can get a better deal going down to Miami, anyway. Hit some titty bars while we're at it? What d'ya say?

THOMAS

What?

DECARLO

Titty bars. Miami. What d'ya say.

THOMAS

Hey man. I don't have any more dope.

DECARLO

What?

THOMAS

I don't have any more dope. That's all I have. That stuff right there. That's it.

DECARLO

What!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS
That's it. That's all I have. I
don't have any more.

DECARLO
(beat - smiles)
Bullshit!

THOMAS
NO! Seriously! That's all I have.
I swear!

DeCarlo stares ahead silently for a moment, then looks at
Thomas seriously, then back at the road. Throws his
cigarette out the window angrily.

DECARLO
FUCK! Fuck! Why are you fucking
with me man! Why?
(Thomas cowers uneasily)
Which way is it?

THOMAS
What?

DECARLO
Your house.

THOMAS
Why?

DECARLO
We are going to pick up the other
three rolls and go down to Miami.
Got it?

THOMAS
There is no mo-

DECARLO
Don't give me that bullshit!
(Angrily lights another
cigarette)
You shouldn't fuck with me.

CUT TO:

INT. T & C HOUSE - DAY

Candy is ironing clothes in front of the TV, close to the
front door. Thomas and DeCarlo bolt in the front door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is an awkward silence. Candy can tell something is wrong.

CANDY
Who's this?

THOMAS
Candy, this is Tony.

DECARLO
Hello sweetheart. I'm your
husband's new business partner.
Got any beer?

Goes to kitchen and opens fridge.

CANDY
Thomas!

THOMAS
Candy...I -

DECARLO
No beer. I don't have all day
Thomas. You better find your stash
soon. Like before I get impatient.

CANDY
What? What's he talking about.

DECARLO
(Drinking milk from a
carton)
Your dear, lovable, husband here is
holding out on me sweetheart. He's
got fifteen more kilos stashed
around here and now he doesn't want
to share.

THOMAS
No! I don't!

CANDY
Thomas!

THOMAS
I don't!

DECARLO
This is nice. Domestic bliss.
You're more afraid of her than you
are of me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CANDY

You get out of here!
(Slamming down iron)

DECARLO

(Purposefully sarcastic
look)

ME!

CANDY

Yes, you!
(Shaking her finger and
walking toward him)
You get out!

DECARLO

No, I don't think so. Thomas.
What time is it?

THOMAS

I don't -

CANDY

(looks at clock)
It's 12:57

DECARLO

Okay, you've got...
(looks at clock)
til two minutes after one to find
your stash. And don't ask me what
happens at 1:03.

CANDY

What? What's he talking about?

THOMAS

He thinks I have cocaine.

CANDY

Why? Do you?

THOMAS

NO!!! Can! Tell him I don't have
any dope!

CANDY

He doesn't have any dope, so
just...just go away now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DECARLO

You people are a real trip, you know that? Look at you! All Betty Crocker and shit with a bun in the oven. What the fuck, man? You said you had 3 more rolls. Do you or don't you?

THOMAS

No.

DECARLO

Then why did you lie? You lied to me.

THOMAS

I didn't lie to you! I lied to those other guys. I just wanted to get the hell out of there. I just wanted to get it over with. That one...roll...that was all I had.

DECARLO

(beat)

You said had. Past tense. Meaning you HAVE SOME FUCKING DOPE AROUND HERE! Now find it!

Pulls out pistol and points it at Candy's head. Candy instantly breaks into silent tears.

DECARLO (CONT'D)

Change of plans. You've got til One o'clock.

Stepping between them, shielding Candy, with the gun touching his face.

THOMAS

It's not here! I have to go get it.

DECARLO

Ah...progress. The memory is a marvel isn't it? You sit down.

Thomas starts to pull Candy by the wrist.

DECARLO (CONT'D)

Ah-ah. Just Thomas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DeCarlo holds her other wrist. Thomas sits. DeCarlo holsters gun in belt loop and puts an arm around Candy who is terrified.

DECARLO (CONT'D)

How far away is it?

THOMAS

Not far.

DECARLO

Good. Here's what we're going to do. You, Thomas, are going to retrieve the stash. Candy and me are going to go for a nice little ride around the block.

THOMAS

No!

Thomas starts to stand

DECARLO

Sit! Down!

(beat)

Good. Like I said, Candy-cane and me are going for a ride. Here's one of my cell phones.

(Tosses phone to Thomas)

Don't make any calls with it, and I mean, NO CALLS. I'll call you in a half hour and tell you where to go. Then we'll make a trade.

CANDY

TOMMY!

She reaches for him. DeCarlo holds her by the shirt and draws his pistol, pointing it at her head

DECARLO

Ah - ah - ah! You know what's more important to me. Don't you Thomas?

THOMAS

Yeah.

DECARLO

Good. Don't forget. Is the phone on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

THOMAS

Yeah.

DECARLO

Good. Make sure you answer when it rings. Hate to see you miss a call.

He starts dragging Candy out the door while pointing the gun at Thomas.

CANDY

TOMMY! TOMMY!

CUT TO:

EXT THOMAS & CANDY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Candy is dragged to the car as Thomas watches through the screen door. Shaken, he looks up and down the street seeing that there are no neighbors outside. DeCarlo pushes her into the front seat, then goes to the drivers side, he looks up at Thomas.

DECARLO

See you in a half hour. I'll call and tell you where.

(To Candy)

Put on your seat belt.

She is terrified and staring at Thomas as they drive away. Thomas runs out the door chasing after the car for about three houses. Then falls down to his knees and starts crying. In a few moments he composes himself and looks at the cell phone in his hand. He gets up and starts to run.

CUT TO:

NEIGHBORHOOD AND CITY STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Thomas running. Runs all the way to his car at 7-11. Gets in and peels out. City traffic. Thomas getting worried as he gets delayed at red lights and cut off periodically. Drives wrecklessly.

CUT TO:

INT. MIGUEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Miguel is watching a sports game on TV, sitting in his underwear and eating chips with his feet up on the coffee table. We hear car tires screech outside and running up the steps. Thomas bursts in.

MIGUEL

Hey!

THOMAS

Get your ass up!

MIGUEL

What the fuck?

THOMAS

(Grabs the remote and
shuts off the TV)

Put some pants on. We have to go.

MIGUEL

I was watching that.

THOMAS

He took Candy!

MIGUEL

What?

THOMAS

That fucking psycho! He took
Candy! He killed three guys!

MIGUEL

What?

THOMAS

Will you just put some goddamn
pants on! Please. We have to go.

MIGUEL

Tom. Hold up. Slow down. Who
took Candy?

THOMAS

The psycho. DeCarlo.

MIGUEL

What? Where?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THOMAS

I don't know!

MIGUEL

Well, what do you want me to do?

THOMAS

Put some clothes on and help me.
Get your ass UP!

Kicks out coffee table from beneath Miguel's feet. An ashtray shatters on the floor.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I need you to help me. I watched him shoot three guys today! He killed them right in front of me. He just shot 'em dead. Right in front of me, like it was target practice.

MIGUEL

DeCarlo?

THOMAS

Yeah! And now he took Candy because he thinks I have more coke. He thinks I'm holding out on him.

MIGUEL

Why does he think that?

THOMAS

I was lying to the guys we were cutting a deal with and he's so whacked out he believed me! I was just trying to get the deal done, and I don't know what happened. I think DeCarlo stole this guys car or something, but the guy...just...Dwayne, I think...

MIGUEL

Dwight?

THOMAS

Yeah, that's it. Black guy. Light skin. Friendly guy, too. So he calls DeCarlo an asshole and DeCarlo shoots him in the neck! Right in front of me!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Then he just shot the other two
guys. Look! He got blood on me!

Points to blood splatter on his pants and shirt.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

He chased one guy down the hall.
(beat)
He just...

MIGUEL

He shot Dwight?

THOMAS

Yes!

MIGUEL

You sure he's dead?

THOMAS

I THINK...

MIGUEL

And he took Candy? You mean at
gunpoint?

THOMAS

Yes.

Miguel starts pacing.

MIGUEL

Mmmmmmm. UMMMMMMMM. Oh God. Oh my
God. What are you going to do?

THOMAS

Do you have a gun?

MIGUEL

No. Not any more.

THOMAS

He's going to call me on this cell
phone in about fifteen minutes and
tell me where to meet him. He's
expecting me to have fifteen kilos.
You have any powder? Any cut we
can fake?

MIGUEL

No, man. I'm not getting involved.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Thomas grabs Miguel by the shirt and slams him into the chair, not letting go

THOMAS

Listen MotherFucker! You are involved! You are going to put your Goddam pants on and we're going to Winn Dixie and buy flour and corn starch and baggies if we have to. He is going to kill my wife! Do you understand?

Miguel does not answer. Thomas shakes him furiously.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

DO YOU FUCKING UNDERSTAND?!

MIGUEL

Yeah. Okay. I understand.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOPE DEALERS HOUSE - DAY

Butcher calmly pulls his motorcycle up in the driveway and pulls out his cell phone. He dials.

BUTCHER

Vic. Butch. Checking around. No. His car not here.

Gets off bike and talks on phone as he ascends stairs.

BUTCHER (CONT'D)

Where else you want me to check? Nobody know where he live.

Knocks on screen door.

BUTCHER (CONT'D)

I don't know, never been...

Butchers jaw drops when he sees the bodies through the screen. He lowers his sunglasses to be sure he is not mistaken. He starts to back up and look around.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Butcher. Ask Dwight where he hangs out. Butcher? Butcher? You still there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Butcher warily closes the phone and moves quickly back to his bike, starts it with one kick and roars away.

CUT TO:

INT. THOMAS' CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Thomas is driving. Miguel is looking scared and concerned in the passenger seat. Thomas drives purposefully, watching traffic, signaling. His serious demeanor is explosive.

CUT TO:

INT. DECARLO'S CAR - DAY

DeCarlo and Candy are on a quiet street when he pulls up at a stop sign. She tries to bolt and starts opening the door. DeCarlo grabs her wrist and simultaneously slams the car into park. She bites his knuckle and he grabs her hair, pulling her neck back and stopping her.

DECARLO
 YOU NASTY LITTLE BITCH!
 (Slaps her)
 Do you want to live?
 (No answer - just fear)
 DO YOU WANT TO LIVE?

CANDY
 Yes! Yes! I want to live...
 (Starts crying)

DECARLO
 You're sure.
 (Pulls hair harder)

CANDY
 Yes! Yes! I want to live..I want
 to live..I want to live. Please
 don't kill me..Please don't kill
 me..Please don't! Please don't!

DECARLO
 Then don't...fucking...move.

CUT TO:

EXT. 7-11 - DAY

Butcher is outside the store next to his bike drinking a Slurpee through a straw.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He is looking at the phone book on his cell phone and we can see the menu he is scrolling through: Auntie Veronica, Cousin Talisha, Mommy/Daddy, Victor Calli. He is about to place a call when he sees DeCarlo stopped at the red light across the street from him. DeCarlo does not see him. Butcher does not notice Candy. He quickly turns into 'Terminator mode', clicking his phone shut and tossing the Slurpee away. He starts his bike with one kick and cuts off traffic following several cars behind DeCarlo.

DISSOLVE TO:

CITY TRAFFIC MONTAGE - DAY

Butcher follows DeCarlo through city streets. Traffic gradually lightens up until we see DeCarlo driving alone down a country road. Far in the distance behind DeCarlo is the gleaming motorcycle powered by Butcher's glistening biceps. DeCarlo does not notice until Butcher rides up next to him at almost twice his speed and kicks off DeCarlo's driver's side view mirror with his heavy heeled boot. Candy screams. DeCarlo swerves at the bike. He recognizes Butcher.

DECARLO

Butcher!

Butcher drives defensively and smiles and laughs heroically.

BUTCHER

Hey Motherfucker! What up!

Butcher lines up with DeCarlo again and attempts to kick him in the face. This time DeCarlo swerves away. There is an oncoming pickup truck on the two lane road. Both maintain their speed. Butcher drives on the grass as the truck passes between them. He gets back to the road and this time successfully kicks DeCarlo in the head. The car skids, but DeCarlo maintains control. They are approaching 70 MPH. DeCarlo goes up the Mustang and Butcher takes chase, popping a wheelie behind him. They are neck and neck as they approach railroad tracks that start flashing a half mile ahead. Butcher sees them. He is concerned. The train is approaching. The racers do not slow down.

DECARLO

Buckle up, Baby!

Candy is horrified.

CANDY

NOOOOOOOO!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She screams as the vehicles approach the barricade at over 80 MPH. DeCarlo punches it again. Butcher falls behind and watches him moving toward the tracks. Butcher stops a furlong before the gate while DeCarlo flies over the tracks, skidding to the left and then to the right of both barricades, flawlessly passing a second before the train reaches the road. Candy is screaming. DeCarlo is getting away. Butcher is watching through the moving railroad cars.

INT. THOMAS' CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Thomas is driving and there is a long moment of silence before Miguel speaks.

MIGUEL

I'm sorry about this Tommy.

(more silence)

I just don't get it. He was a decent guy.

THOMAS

A decent guy?

MIGUEL

I thought I could trust him. I just don't believe it.

THOMAS

Well, believe it.

MIGUEL

How does shit like this happen?
What happens to people?

As they are pulling into a grocery store parking lot, the cell phone rings. Thomas slams on the brakes and looks carefully at how to answer the phone. Puts up a finger to silence Miguel

THOMAS

Hello?

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTDOORS - NATURAL AREA - DAY

DeCarlo is on the phone standing next to his car. During this scene camera pulls out from tight shot of DeCarlo's face to his entire car and its empty interior.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DECARLO

You know where Muck Pond Road is?
 Yeah, out in the county. Just take
 the Turkey Creek exit and go North
 of the interstate. Make a right at
 the stop sign. Go down to the
 power lines. Just drive on the
 service road that goes up
 underneath them. You'll see an
 electrical transfer station there.
 Go behind that. The service road
 will be on the left. Just get off
 the interstate and go left-right-
 left. Yeah. She's fine.

(Looks down at the bite
 marks on his knuckles)

You can talk to her when you get
 here.

Disconnects phone and gets into empty car. Looks around.
 Chuckles. Drives off toward power lines. There is a storm
 in the distance ahead.

CUT TO:

INT. THOMAS' CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Thomas is abruptly disconnected and just stares blankly at
 the phone. He shakes and almost cries.

THOMAS

No. Let me talk to her...
 (disconnect)
 ...now...

MIGUEL

Are you okay? What did he say?

THOMAS

I think he's going to kill her. Oh
 GOD! I THINK HE'S GOING TO KILL
 CANDY!

MIGUEL

Tom!

THOMAS

Oh, God! We gotta call the police!
 We gotta call the police! Oh
 God...oh...God.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIGUEL

You want to call the police?

Thomas looks at the cell phone in his hand in disgust and throws it into the windshield of the car at point blank range. The cell phone shatters and breaks into a few pieces, crashing into Miguel's lap. They look at each other. Thomas gets very serious very fast and starts the car.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Where are we going?

THOMAS

Muck Pond Road. Under the power lines.

CUT TO:

EXT. THOMAS' CAR - MONTAGE

We see a serious expression on their faces. We see the car driving down the interstate and a flurry of signs including and terminating at Muck Pond Road.

FADE TO:

THE POWERLINES

We see an overhead view of the power station and DeCarlo's car. He is leaning against it. About a quarter mile away, Thomas' car is entering the dirt road from the pavement. It is impossible for them to see each other from this vantage point. The road curves around the transfer station. Thomas stops the car and turns off the engine. We see DeCarlo up close. He lights a cigarette and takes the gun out of his pocket. He opens the chamber to reveal five spent shells and one live round. He dumps them out into his hand. He drops the live round into the tall grass, cigarette dangling from his lips, he looks into his hand and sees the five spent ones. He looks around in the grass and finally finds it. He searches his pockets.

DECARLO

Shit.

He carefully reloads the gun with his only bullet and tosses away the spent shells. He rolls the revolver into place so the round will be live. Meanwhile, Thomas and Miguel are sitting in the car by the road, staring ahead. Lightning crackles overhead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIGUEL

You sure this is it?

THOMAS

(beat)

He said to go behind the control station. I don't see any other power lines. It must be up there.

MIGUEL

What's going to happen when you tell him you don't have any coke?

THOMAS

We're not going to tell him.

MIGUEL

Then what's going to happen?

THOMAS

I don't know.

MIGUEL

What do we do now?

THOMAS

I guess we go in. Drive down this road...I can't turn back.

(beat)

I can't turn away, Miguel. She's my wife.

MIGUEL

I know. Let's go.

Thomas starts the car and it lurches forward. Thunder booms and lightning flashes and crackles.

P.O.V. INTERIOR THOMAS' CAR.

Coming around the corner they see DeCarlo leaning against the back of his car, calmly smoking.

CUT TO:

Close up of DeCarlo's boot-scarred face, stomping out his cigarette, looking like he is ready for battle. Lightning flashes again. They pull up about twenty feet from DeCarlo.

THOMAS

You stay here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIGUEL

What?

THOMAS

Stay here.

Thomas exits the vehicle and stands behind the door, one foot on the ground.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Where is she?

DECARLO

You bring the goodies?

THOMAS

Yeah. Where is she?

DeCarlo steps off from his car and pops the trunk with the remote control.

DECARLO

Then I guess you get some Candy!

We see Candy gagged with duct tape that goes all the way around her head, messing up her hair. She is brutally hog-tied with black rubber bungee cords. Her eyes read terror. She is crying and screaming through the tape. She has raised her head to see Thomas.

THOMAS

CANDY!

He runs toward her a few long paces until DeCarlo draws his gun.

DECARLO

Wait! No dessert until we finish the main course. Bring it out.

Thomas stops in his tracks.

THOMAS

MIGUEL!

(Turns toward Miguel)

BRING IT OUT!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

P.O.V. CAR INTERIOR

MIGUEL
 (Whispers to himself)
 Bring out what?
 (Exits car)

DECARLO
 Hey Miguel.

MIGUEL
 D.C.

DECARLO
 You straighten out your boy here?

MIGUEL
 What's the deal Tony?
 (Sees Candy)
 Tony! What is she? Tied up?

Miguel steps up to Thomas, starts toward Candy, but is cut off by DeCarlo, who steps between them, pointing the gun at Miguel's head

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
 Tony! This is wrong man! Don't do this, man.

DECARLO
 Your boy here is fucking with me, man. Give me the blow.

MIGUEL
 There is no blow man! He was telling you the truth. It was five keys, right? That one package. That was it. I told you it was a simple deal. He's not fucking with you. That little bit. That was it. There is no more.

Lightning. Thunder. Pointing gun at Thomas. They are now about five feet apart.

DECARLO
 (Screaming)
 Then why did you lie to me!

THOMAS
 I didn't. I didn't.
 (Puts his hands up)
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I just...tried...I wanted...I was just trying to get out of there. It didn't have to go down like that!

Lightning. Thunder.

DECARLO

I heard you said I was crazy man!

DeCarlo waves the gun from Thomas to Miguel and back again.

DECARLO (CONT'D)

You think I'm fucking crazy man?

MIGUEL

Tony. Put down the gun...

DECARLO

(Screaming)

PUT DOWN THE GUN? You think you're in a fucking movie, man? You want me to put down my gun?

THUNDER

DECARLO (CONT'D)

You are UN-BE-Fucking-Leiva-

THOMAS

No don't!

DECARLO

Don't what?

Changing his aim from Miguel to Thomas' head

DECARLO (CONT'D)

Don't waste him? You screw me out of a deal and make me waste those other squid-for-brains son's of bitches and you think I care about him?

(beat)

What about her?

Turns to the trunk and puts the gun to Candy's head. She is hysterical and her jaw breaks free so we can hear her scream though the tape.

DECARLO (CONT'D)

Maybe this is where I should aim.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Thomas starts moving and DeCarlo quickly swings his arm back and aims at Thomas again.

DECARLO (CONT'D)

STAY!

He steadies his aim with his other hand.

DECARLO (CONT'D)

Now you produce right now! Give me that blow.

Lightning. Thunder.

DECARLO (CONT'D)

You can all go home and forget about this and go back to lifestyles of Central Florida Trailer Trash. Just give me the blow.

CANDY

TOMMY! HELP ME!

DECARLO

Shut up bitch!

Slams trunk shut. Rain starts dropping lightly.

DECARLO (CONT'D)

Shit. I just went through the car wash this morning. Ain't that some crap? Well - I guess we'll just have to-

DeCarlo's foot is ensnared by a piece of creeper grass and as he is speaking and stepping toward Thomas, he loses his balance on the wet grass and falls forward. The gun flies out of his hand three feet in front of DeCarlo as he is face down in the dirt, stunned, now scared. Thomas is shocked. Miguel is shocked. There is a brief instant where they all freeze and stare at the gun. We see from above that they are all equidistant from it in a triangle. They all bolt for the gun. This is a serious fight. There is grunting. They are in the dirt. We see terror, hatred, and murder in their eyes. Six hands are fighting for the gun. We focus on the hands. They jumble together in a clump and there is a shot. Miguel: Afraid Thomas: Surprised DeCarlo: Gasping

BANG!

JUMP CUT TO:

BUTCHER

Cruising slowly on his bike, he hears the shot. He turns his head and sees the power lines behind him. He turns the bike around.

JUMP CUT TO:

DeCarlo has been shot in the belly. Blood is on everyone's hands. DeCarlo falls back. Thomas is holding the chamber, letting go. Miguel fired the shot. He looks at the gun and cringes. DeCarlo is holding his side and moaning.

DECARLO

You dirty little bitches. Oh,
fuck, that stings!

Miguel looks at DeCarlo and scurries back on his ass, pushing with his feet. Lightning. Thunder. Miguel covers his head. Thomas looks around, hearing the motorcycle. He looks down at DeCarlo, over to Miguel, and then to the car. He kicks DeCarlo over and kneels down on his back and goes through his pockets.

DECARLO (CONT'D)

Get the fuck off me!

THOMAS

Give me your fucking keys!

P.O.V. CANDY-TRUNK INTERIOR. TRUNK OPENS.

Thomas takes Candy and starts unwrapping the bungee cords, freeing her. He pulls the duct tape down around her neck. It is still stuck to the back of her hair. She hugs him and holds him tightly, not wanting to let go. He sees the bags of money and cocaine in the trunk.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

It's okay now, baby. I got you. I
got you.

Candy cries quietly and then sees DeCarlo and Miguel. She yelps. She sees Butcher riding up on the motorcycle, she becomes more frightened. Butcher switches off his bike and dismounts, he is focused on Miguel, holding the gun, and DeCarlo, covered with grass and blood, trying to get up off the ground.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Who is this guy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUTCHER

Miguel?

MIGUEL

Butcher? What are you doing here?

BUTCHER

What am I doing? Did you shoot
that motherfucker?

DECARLO (O.C.)

Fuck you.

BUTCHER

Shut up bitch! Nobody talking to
you!

(to Miguel)

So you shot the bitch! Who are
they?

THOMAS

(Quietly)

ssssssshhhh. Come on. I got you.
Come on. It's okay.

He carries her to his car through and puts her in the front seat. Thomas then moves back to the Mustang.

MIGUEL

Friends. What are you doing here,
Butcher?

BUTCHER

Looking for this bitch!

DECARLO (O.C.)

Fuck you.

BUTCHER

I said shut up! Bitch think he can
steal from Victor Calli. Where the
bedroll at, bitch?

THOMAS

You mean this?

Thomas lifts up the bag of coke and unwraps the top so he can look inside. When Butcher stands next to Thomas, he is about a foot taller and twice as wide.

BUTCHER

Yeah. That look about right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Thomas tosses Butcher the bag of cocaine.

DECARLO

That's mine! It's mine!

DeCarlo tries to get up and Butcher spins around with a karate style kick to his legs and falls him again. He then kicks DeCarlo in the face one more time because he enjoys it.

BUTCHER

How many times I gotta say shut up?
Bitch just don't listen. Stay
down, dog!

(to himself)

Make me get blood all over my
motherfucking pants...

(to Miguel)

Miguel, you ride a scooter, right?

MIGUEL

Yeah.

BUTCHER

Do me a favor, man.

Throws Miguel his keys.

BUTCHER (CONT'D)

Take my bike back to your house. I
pick it up later. Cool?

MIGUEL

Yeah. That's cool.

BUTCHER

This shit going back to Calli. I'm
taking him along with it.

Sees the bags of money in trunk, not knowing what's inside.

BUTCHER (CONT'D)

What are those?

THOMAS

Those are mine.

BUTCHER

Alright then. Move 'em out so I can
load this bitch up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DECARLO

Butcher, you moron! Don't let him
take those bags!

BUTCHER

Fuck you, punk ass motherfucking
bitch. He taking those bags, I
taking this bag, you taking a ride.

DECARLO

(trying to stand)
Someplace I can get sewn up?

BUTCHER

No bitch, I don't think so. You
going to Disney World.

CUT TO:

EXT. THOMAS' CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Driving through light rain from dirt road onto paved road.
No other traffic. Miguel pulls out on the motorcycle behind
him and follows. Then Butcher, driving the Mustang alone,
pulls out and drives in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

INT. THOMAS' CAR - CONTINUOUS

Thomas is driving. They are very shaken. Candy is clutching
Thomas. The two big bags of money are in the back seat.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOXING RING GYMNASIUM OFFICE

Victor Calli is looking at the bag of coke on his desk,
smiling.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. T & C HOUSE

Tom, Candy, Lisa, and Sonny are all gathered around a dinner
table together sharing a nice meal.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIGUEL'S HOUSE

Pam walks in and Miguel bolts up out of his chair to greet her.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DISNEYWORLD - MORNING

Butcher exits the gate and is walking past a guard toward the parking lot.

GUARD
Can I help you sir?

Butcher answers without stopping or looking at him.

BUTCHER
No. I'm just leaving.

GUARD
But the park doesn't open for
another hour.

Butcher keeps walking.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Sir?

FADE TO:

PITCH BLACK

We hear muffled moans in the dark. We see the shadow of a rotund, little snowman-like figure that is perfectly still. It starts to move, the head moves back and forth a few times. Muffled moans are still heard. Light flickers on. Focus on DeCarlo's eyes reacting to the light. He squeezes them shut as he is blinded. Panning out we see that he is gagged with a bandana and a bungee cord. He is slowly gaining consciousness. He looks up behind his head and sees the figure from the dark. It is a cartoon-like figure of a child, it's head is tottering back and forth. He looks down to see that each of his wrists are handcuffed to each of his ankles. He is on his back and there is no possible way to roll over or get up. Then the music starts. "It's A Small World" begins to play as we pan away from his twitching body that is bleeding out and is hidden from patron view behind a wall shaped like a mountain as the empty boats go by. We see all the signs at the end of the ride as if we were patrons. The signs say "goodbye" in many languages.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE END

SMALL WORLD

By Mike Rembis

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