

OPERATION RUSHMORE

by

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FADE IN

EXT. PARK - DAY

A MARINE OFFICER, 30's, stands near a tree line in full dress uniform, weapon at rest. He follows the commands of an unseen officer.

OFFICER(O.S)
Ready...aim...fire!

INTERCUT WITH

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

An UNIDENTIFIED MAN lies on the ground. He moves his hand from a gunshot wound on his chest. Blood soaks his white dress shirt.

IN THE PARK

OFFICER(O.S)
Ready...aim...fire!

The Marine Officer fires another round.

IN THE PARKING LOT

A SHOOTER, unknown, seen only from the waist down, his leg blocking the Unidentified Man's face, COCKS his gun, aims at him.

IN THE PARK

The Marine Officer fires a third shot.

IN THE PARKING LOT

An empty round hits the ground in slow motion.

MONTAGE - INDEPENDENCE DAY - SLOW MOTION

"THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND" performed by a female jazzy voice plays.

The BETSY ROSS FLAG waves in the air as it slowly turns into the MODERN AMERICAN FLAG.

BASEBALL FIELD

(CONTINUED)

An organized minor baseball game takes place. U.S. flags hang on the rails. A YOUNG KID HITS a baseball with his bat.

FAMILY BACKYARD

A DAD barbecues dressed with a white apron with the mention "KISS THE COOK" on it. Three CHILDREN, two boys, one girl, all under ten years old, run around waving miniature U.S. flags. The oldest kid stands up on the bench of the picnic table. The MOTHER picks up the girl, standing too close to the barbecue.

GRASS FIELD

Two TEENS with big U.S flags tied around their necks like superhero capes run in the field. They kneel in front of a box of fireworks and rummage through it excitedly.

NATHAN'S HOT DOG EATING CONTEST GATHERING

A SKINNY MAN chews on a hot dog, smiling with his mouth full, holding a championship belt. A picture is taken of him as a BIG FLASH pops. The number 68 is shown on a board behind him.

CAMPING LOT

An OLD COUPLE, in their 60's, sit on cheap camping chairs in front of their trailer. They wear t-shirts with a U.S. flag logos on it. Cheap star sprangled mini banners hang on both clotheslines on each side of their trailer.

PARADE

Allegorical cars slowly move with massive gatherings on both sides of the streets, U.S. colors and flags everywhere.

SONG AND SLOW MOTION ENDS.

ON AN UNDEFINED PALE SURFACE

A silver coin lays intact. It is the 1794 FLOWING HAIR coin.

MARK(V.O)

Would you believe me if I told you
that this little silver coin got a
huge fuckin' commotion startin'?
For those who believe me, good.
Those who don't and would rather
have me swear under oath, fuck you.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

MARK, mid 30's, a bit above average nice guy look, sits at the bar. He drinks a beer.

MARK(V.O)

Thing you need to know about me is that I've never been good with oral presentations back when I was in school. I used to always get a "D". As in "don't give a fuck". And the last thing I want is this whole fuckin' mess to get even more out of proportion by being told through the stupid ass telephone game. Basically what I'm sayin' is, don't expect me to tell you the entire fuckin' story cause I know somehow, you'll find a way to fuck it up when you tell your dumb friends about it. Think I'm havin' a bad day? Fuck you.

Mark slams his empty beer on the bar. A STILL SHOT OF HIM, with the caption MARK, appears onscreen. Action unfreezes.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

MS. COOLIDGE, a secretary, mid 20's, walks towards a door in a very conventional office hallway, carrying a medium-sized package. She knocks on the door.

MAN(O.S)

COME IN!

She enters the office, walks to the desk. The office has decent lighting and nothing fancy except some framed pictures on the wall and a plant in the corner that has obviously not been taken care of.

MS. COOLIDGE

This just came in for you.

The man, UNCLE SAM, 50's sits at his desk. She sets the package down in front of him. Uncle Sam looks at the box, then look at her.

UNCLE SAM

Great. Listen, I know we really don't have a lot of time to set this up. I know this sumbitch's plannin' to steal it too. So all I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE SAM (cont'd)
care about honestly is to snatch it
right under his nose before he gets
to it.

He makes a quick motion as if grabbing something invisible.

UNCLE SAM(CONT'D)
Heck, he's a huge dog, he doesn't
even know I'm out yet.

MS. COOLIDGE
You still haven't told me how is
it, that this Flowing Hair is worth
that much. I mean, seven figures,
really?

Uncle Sam joins his hands together, fingers interlaced.

UNCLE SAM
Welcome to Uncle Sam's national
museum of history. The Flowing
Hair, my dear, is the first silver
dollar coin ever minted by the U.S
in 1794.

MS. COOLIDGE
Ain't worth just a dollar anymore,
huh? And what about this?

She points at the box.

UNCLE SAM
This? Just tryin' to kill two birds
with one stone. Ain't much time
left before July, you know.

MS. COOLIDGE
Alright. Well, I'm going on my
lunch break. Text me if you need
anything.

UNCLE SAM
Thanks.

She leaves the office. Uncle Sam takes out an x-acto knife
from his drawer. He starts an incision on the top of the
box, cuts it open.

He takes out the protective bubble wrap inside and leave it
on his desk. He flips the box upside down to empty its
contents on his desk. He drops the box on the floor.

FOUR RUBBER MASKS lay on his desk. Masks of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, JFK, GEORGE WASHINGTON and OBAMA. He stares at them, a mean look grows in his eyes. He grabs the bubble wrap with one hand and squeezes it in anger as BUBBLES pop out.

He grabs the x-acto, examines it for a second and throws it at a laminated picture of him and an ASSOCIATE on the opposite wall.

The knife gets stuck on the photograph, in the chest area of the unknown Associate as Uncle Sam stares coldly at the picture, eyes filled with hatred.

STILL SHOT of Uncle Sam with the caption UNCLE SAM appears onscreen. Action unfreezes.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mark walks on the sidewalk at a tired pace. He sighs, fed up.

MARK(V.O)

I know what you're thinking. You're thinking: That looks like a guy who hates his fuckin' job. Well, to be honest, I wouldn't say, I hate my j...you know what. You're right. I hate my fuckin' job. But like they say, it could be worse.

He crosses the street looking for any cars coming in the process.

He takes out his cellphone as he stops next to his car and takes out his keys. He unlocks the car and gets inside.

He sends a text message to "KATY" who just texted him:
"Don't forget the milk, love you"

His reply reads: "I'm done, love you too"

He opens the glove box, takes out a flyer, stares at it, thoughtful. The flyer reads:

!!!SATURDAY!!! CLAY JORDAN VS TIGER ROBINSON II

Mark puts the flyer on the passenger seat, fastens his seat belt and turns on the car. He peers out of his window and notices a parking fine jammed under his windshield wiper. He hits his steering wheel in frustration.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Are you fuckin' kiddin' me?!

Mark gets out of the car, grabs the ticket and looks at it in disgust.

MARK(CONT'D)

Un-fuckin-real!

Mark chuckles in despair. He walks back to get in his car, but stops short, groans and slams the door.

He looks down at his hand, realizes he ripped the handle from the door.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

JOE, 25, is in an alley with his BUDDY, 20's. They argue.

JOE

Cause you guys are a bunch of fuckin' bustos who can't pay up, that's why. So now the fuckin' bet is on me!

Joe looks towards the street to make sure he didn't attract too much attention, then looks back at his Buddy.

JOE(CONT'D)

Aight, gimme me the gun.

The Buddy just awkwardly stands there. Joe snaps his fingers in his Buddy's face.

JOE(CONT'D)

Yo! Are you deaf? The gun, give it to me.

The Buddy scratches the back of his head.

BUDDY

I don't have it.

JOE

The fuck you sayin'?

BUDDY

I couldn't reach the guy.

JOE

You for fuckin' real?!

The Buddy shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

The fuck are we supposed to do now?

The Buddy grows agitated, nervous.

BUDDY

I dunno, just, just pretend you have a gun in your pocket.

The Buddy stuffs his hand in his pocket, mimes holding a gun at Joe from the inside of his pocket. Joe shakes his head in disbelief.

JOE

You're a fuckin' idiot. You know that? A fuckin' idiot!

BUDDY

We can always do it next week.

JOE

No! I already told you! What part of "It's gotta be today" don't you understand?

Joe looks away as he thinks of a solution.

JOE(CONT'D)

I don't have much of a choice to go in there without a gun now, do I? Better hope this fuckin' works.

BUDDY

It'll work man, it'll work.

JOE

(mocking)

It'll work man, it'll work. Shut up!

Joe looks around the wall, looks back at his Buddy.

JOE(CONT'D)

Aight.

They both hit their fists together in a friendly gesture.

BUDDY

Be waiting for you on Booth street.

JOE

Park behind the theater, kay?

(CONTINUED)

BUDDY

Yea. Like a boss man, you can do it.

Joe leaves the alley as his Buddy watches him go.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Mark stops in front of the door, reaches for the handle, stops short, grabs the handle with more care than his car handle.

MARK(V.O)

With the kinda day I was havin', my first thought woulda been to rob this fuckin' store.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Mark walks into the store. He looks at someone offscreen.

MARK(V.O)

And it would have probably been easy considerin' the cashier looks like a fuckin' fag.

The CASHIER, 20's, shy guy look, nods at him with a smile. Mark stops a few feet away from the counter, clenches his fist, looks at the Cashier.

MARK(V.O)

Fortunately, in time, I remembered what I was here for. Milk. I had to get milk. Skim. Wife says it's healthier.

Mark walks in an aisle to the back of the store.

MARK(V.O)

However, today, I couldn't care less what was healthier or not. Today, I woulda played russian roulette for fuckin' shits and giggles.

Mark gets to the refrigerated shelves. They're empty.

MARK(V.O)

What else could I have expected!?

(CONTINUED)

Mark walks towards the soda fridges, stops in front of them. A man who stands a fridge away from him arouses his suspicion. It's Joe.

Joe looks at a can of Redbull. He puts the can in his pocket, unaware he's being watched, to see if it looks more like he has a gun this way. Joe notices Mark, frowns.

JOE

What?! I'm not gonna steal it.

Mark keeps his eyes on Joe while he grabs a soda can and walks down another aisle.

Joe walks around the store a bit, paced breathing, anxious. Joe finally gets in line at the counter. Mark is in front of him.

It's Mark's turn to pay. The Cashier scans the Pepsi can. Mark glances over his shoulder at Joe.

CASHIER

Anything else with that? How 'bout a mega millions?

MARK

How much is the jackpot at?

CASHIER

96 million.

MARK

That's it? Meh! No thanks.

CASHIER

That'll be a buck o' nine please.

Mark takes out a dollar bill with some change, puts it on the counter. The Cashier cashes it in.

CASHIER(CONT'D)

Have a good day sir.

Mark takes the can, walks away to leave. He turns back to the Cashier. Joe is now in front of the Cashier.

MARK

Hmm, I'm sorry, I meant to take a Coke.

The Cashier raises his eyebrows and nods.

CASHIER

Oh, sure. I'll go get it for you.

The Cashier leaves his spot behind the counter. Joe looks at Mark, annoyed. Mark looks Joe in the eyes, looks down at the pocket Joe put the Red Bull can in, looks up in Joe's eyes again.

JOE

You for real?

MARK

Come again?

JOE

Isn't it all the same fuckin' thing? Coke, Pepsi?

MARK(V.O)

Was it all the same fuckin' thing? Good fuckin' question. Perhaps he could have answered that for me. I mean, once I was done busting his face on the lottery board until he scratches off a fuckin' winner. Ha, same fuckin' thing.

MARK

It's not. I can tell you.

JOE

What's the fuckin' difference then? Besides the color of the fuckin' can? Pretty fuckin' sure it's all in your head.

MARK(V.O)

Now I was growing rather irritated that this fuckin' moron was usin' the "F" word or its derivatives more than I fuckin' did.

Mark clenches his jaw, exhales from his nostrils.

MARK

It's not. I can show you.

Mark takes a step towards Joe. Joe looks down at Mark's step, stands still, then looks at Mark, as they both intensely staredown each other.

The Cashier comes back behind the counter with a can of Coke, just in time, notices the tension. He eyes both of them nervously.

(CONTINUED)

CASHIER

There you go sir!

Mark turns his attention from Joe to the Cashier. The Cashier pushes him the can of coke. Mark looks back at Joe again. Joe breaks eye contact.

JOE

Nah, it's fine. That's very nice of ya but I think I'm gonna pass. I don't drink pops.

Mark grabs the can of Coke, ending the staredown. Mark is about to walk away, smiles cockily, looks down at Joe's pocket, then looks up at Joe again.

MARK

True, I forgot. You drink Red Bull, right?

Mark smirks and walks away. Joe looks at Mark as he leaves, speechless. Joe gains back some confidence as Mark leaves the store.

JOE

Idiot.

Joe walks to the counter. An ELDERLY LADY walks into the store. Joe eyes her. She slowly walks to the counter, lottery ticket in hand, not paying attention to Joe.

The Cashier looks at Joe. Joe nods at The Cashier with a phony smile, giving him his approval to serve the Elderly Lady before him.

JOE

It's ok.

The Elderly Lady hands the ticket to the Cashier. Joe looks at the lady for a second, then outside through the window. The Cashier puts the ticket through the machine. The Elderly Lady takes off her purse, puts it on the counter.

CASHIER

Not a winner mam'.

She looks down in her purse and takes out a bunch of papers from it, all lottery tickets.

ELDERLY LADY

Here. I have these ones too.

Joe pronounces "oh my fuckin' god" with his lips in silence. The Cashier grabs the tickets, hiding his desperation professionally as he sorts them out.

The only thing heard for an entire minute is the sound of the LOTTERY MACHINE validating the tickets. The Elderly Lady smiles as she waits patiently. The noise from the machine stops.

CASHIER

Sorry. Not a single winner today.

The Elderly Lady smiles ravishingly at the Cashier.

ELDERLY LADY

Oh well, it'll be for next time, I am sure. Have a good day young fella!

CASHIER

Same to you mam'.

The Elderly Lady leaves. It's finally Joe's turn. He walks up to the counter. The Cashier smiles at him.

CASHIER(CONT'D)

Sorry about that. So, what can I get you today sir?

JOE

I'll just have the money and the cigarettes please.

CASHIER

Beg you pardon?

JOE

Ok! I've had enough! This is a fuckin' hold up you ignorant fuck!

The Cashier looks down, sees Joe's hand in his pocket, something pointing at him inside the pocket. The Cashier panics, closes his eyes, raises his hands in the air.

CASHIER

Please, don't!

JOE

Shut up! Put your hands slowly on the counter and look at me. Look at me!

The Cashier obeys, opens his eyes, hands on the counter, shaking.

(CONTINUED)

JOE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna save you some precious time since we've wasted enough of it already today. I know there's a safe under you. And I also happen to know that there's a three minute clock for it to open. So it's either you open the fuckin' safe or I'll blow your brains all over that register and the next cashier they hire will hate the fact that the register has very sticky buttons.

CASHIER

Ok! Ok! Don't shoot!

The Cashier reaches down. A CRANKING NOISE is heard. The Cashier stands back up, puts his hands back in the air.

JOE

Your hands on the counter I said!

CASHIER

I forgot, I'm sorry.

The Cashier puts his hands back on the lottery board.

JOE

Now, just hurry up and put the cigarettes and the content of the register in a bag.

The Cashier grabs a bag, turns his back to Joe to fill the bag with cigarettes. Joe glances outside, looks at his watch.

JOE

Ok! It's good like that. The cash now. Hurry the fuck up!

CASHIER

I am! I am!

The Cashier opens the register, grabs the money and puts it in the bag. He hands the bag to Joe. Joe looks at his watch again. He glances at the Cashier who waits still.

JOE

The fuck you doin'? You on strike or what? I said all the fuckin' cash or I'll shoot your wannabe unionized mother fuckin' ass!

(CONTINUED)

CASHIER
That's all of it!

JOE
The coins too for fuck's sake!

The Cashier takes a handfull of coins, about to put them in the bag. Joe stops him short with his free hand. The Cashier nervously fumbles the coins he was holding.

JOE(CONT'D)
What in the blue hell are you doin'?!

CASHIER
You said the coins too!

JOE
Don't just dump 'em in there! Are you retarded? Don't you have anything to roll 'em up?!

CASHIER
Yes, I do.

JOE
Then roll 'em up wiz!

The Cashier reaches under the counter, grabs empty coins' rolls. He grabs a roll despite his jitters and begins to roll the pennies. He puts a full roll of pennies on the counter. He proceeds to start another one. Joe frowns.

JOE(CONT'D)
The fuck you doin' now?!

CASHIER
I'm doing just like you said!
Please! I'm rolling up the coins!

Joe shakes his head in disbelief.

JOE
No, no, no, no, no! Why you rollin' the pennies first?

CASHIER
That's how they thought us to count our register at the end of a shift! In value order starting with the lowest.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

What? No! Don't do that!

CASHIER

I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

JOE

You know what they been up to in Canada lately?

CASHIER

What?

JOE

They been trying to get rid of those fuckin' pennies. Are you Canadian?

CASHIER

What?!

JOE

I said, are you fuckin' Canadian by any chance?!

CASHIER

No! Why?

JOE

Then why you tryin' to get rid of those fuckin' pennies, huh?!

CASHIER

Look, I'm so sorry.

JOE

And I thought the service here had to be short and sweet. Say you're sorry one more time and you'll see my definition of short and sweet in regards of your fuckin' life.

Joe glances around, then looks at his watch.

JOE (CONT'D)

Ok. Time's up. Open sesame now!

The Cashier crouches. A CUSTOMER walks into the store, grabs Joe's attention. The Customer looks at the newspapers near the entrance, not realizing there's a robbery taking place.

(CONTINUED)

JOE (CONT'D)
What are you doin'?

The Customer looks up at Joe, unsure.

GUN COCKS.

Joe slowly turns back to the Cashier. The Cashier holds a SHOTGUN inches away from his face.

JOE (CONT'D)
Fuck my life.

The Cashier glances at the Customer as he holds the shotgun steady.

CASHIER
Sir, I will kindly ask you to come back during our hours of operation. And that should be in about fifteen minutes, alright.

The Customer, eyes wide open, leaves the store running.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Not a word. Now, you're gonna slowly put your gun on the counter, then you put your hands where I can see them.

Joe raises his hands in the air. The Cashier stops him.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
I said the gun on the counter.

Joe reaches down to his pocket with one hand, takes out the can of Red Bull, puts it on the counter, ashamed. The Cashier looks at the can, clueless.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Wait, what? Are you kiddin' me?

The Cashier looks back at Joe. Joe raises his hand at the same height as his other hand in the air.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
No gun, no nothing?

Joe slowly shakes his head to answer negatively.

CASHIER
So you're comin' here with no weapon, tryin' to rob the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CASHIER (cont'd)
cigarettes, the money and a can of
Red Bull too, huh? You must be
feelin' really clever now, don't
ya?

JOE
I'm sorry.

CASHIER
Oh, who's sorry now? Seems like
tables have turned, didnt' they?
Gimme your wallet.

JOE
What?

CASHIER
I'd be happy to answer your
question but the service here is
expected to be short and sweet,
remember? I said, your wallet. Now!

Joe pulls out his wallet in disbelief and sets it on the counter. He puts his wallet on the counter. The Cashier grabs it, takes a look inside it as he takes glimpses at Joe at the same time.

CASHIER(CONT'D)
You don't have any I.D.?

JOE
No.

CASHIER
Why not?

JOE
I was comin' in to rob the store,
not buy liquor. Didn't seem like a
smart idea to be carryin' I.D. on
me.

CASHIER
Well, ain't a smart idea to do an
armed robbery without being armed
either.

The Cashier takes out a few twenty dollar bills from Joe's wallet and smiles.

CASHIER(CONT'D)

That will do, I guess. You know, my girl and I, it's our first year anniversary next week, so that will certainly come in handy. To take her out or something. Thanks a lot.

The Cashier puts the money in his pocket.

CASHIER

What's your name?

JOE

Joe.

CASHIER

Joe what?

JOE

Just Joe.

CASHIER

Don't be a smartass. Listen Joe. I hope, for you, that this is our last encounter.

Joe nods, slowly walks backwards, turns around at the door.

A STILL SHOT of JOE, with the caption JOE, appears onscreen. The caption JUST then appears, making it JUST JOE. Action unfreezes.

EXT. GYM - DAY

Mark gets out of his car and walks up to the gym.

MARK(V.O)

I had one last thing to do today. A lil' visit to an old buddy o' mine. He's a boxing promoter. A fuckin' good one. All I want is for him to take a bet for me on the upcoming fight this weekend. He knows some people. He's the well-connected kinda guy.

INT. GYM - DAY

Mark enters the gym. People train all around as he walks and glances around a bit. It's one of those brick and mortar gyms, not the hi-tech gyms of nowadays. It's old and gritty, hardcore, IRON PLATES clinging and hitting against another.

MARK(V.O)

That's like his home away from home. If you think you know boxin', you know squadouche compared to this guy. If there's a young talent around here, he's already on it. Hell, he probably was at the hospital showing support to the mother when she gave birth to the bastard. Thing is, I haven't seen him in some time, though. Like the "long time no see" and all that small talk type of some time. Even if what really burns me to tell him is that he should see a dentist cause his original set of teeth probably didn't come in this shade of yellow.

Mark approaches a ring.

Two GUYS perform mixed martial arts with protective gear. A man, STYLISH STEVIE, 40's, in a nice suit, looks at the action in the ring.

The bigger guy, FRED FIGHT, 20's, owns his SPARRING PARTNER, 30's, with some intense Muay Thai knee strikes to the head. Fred Fight performs a double-leg takedown on his Sparring Partner.

STYLISH STEVIE

THAT'S IT! GOOD SHOW! MY BOY!

The fight stops. Fred Fight helps his Sparring Partner up. They share a sportsmanlike hug, retreat to their corners. Stevie greets Fred Fight who leans on the ropes.

STYLISH STEVIE(CONT'D)

See what you did there?

Fred Fight nods at him with confidence.

STYLISH STEVIE(CONT'D)

That's exactly what I want Friday.

Fred Fight notices Mark behind Stevie. He notifies Stevie, who turns around, overly happy to see Mark.

(CONTINUED)

STYLISH STEVIE(CONT'D)

Am I seein' clearly? Mark? No way!

A STILL SHOT, with the caption STYLISH STEVIE, appears onscreen. Action unfreezes.

Stevie greets Mark, arms wide open. Both men hug each other.

MARK

How you been man? Long time no see.

STYLISH STEVIE

Everything has been marvelous, you know me! How bout' yourself? You good? Wife's good?

Stevie pats Mark on the shoulder.

STYLISH STEVIE(CONT'D)

Geez, look at you. Lookin' like a million bucks my friend! Ha! Ha! So good to see you!

MARK(V.O)

Textbook Stylish Stevie. Guy could make you feel good about yourself. Even if you looked like shit, had a shitty day or if your breath smelled like fuckin' shit too.

STYLISH STEVIE

I want you to meet someone.

Stevie points at Fred Fight behind him.

STYLISH STEVIE(CONT'D)

That's my guy. His name's Freddy. You seen him couple minutes ago?

Stevie turns to Fred Fight.

MARK

Yup, kid looks good.

Stevie raises his eyebrows.

STYLISH STEVIE

Good? You mean amazing!

Stevie looks at Fred Fight who smiles cockily.

STYLISH STEVIE

Alright, you go home champ. Enjoy yourself with a nice meal, a steak, whatever you want, you did great.

Stevie wraps his arm around Mark's shoulders.

STYLISH STEVIE(CONT'D)

Let's go for a walk. He's a mean motherfucker, I'm telling you.

Stevie turns one last time to shout at Fred who's outside the ring.

STYLISH STEVIE(CONT'D)

Oh and I take it you know I meant eat anything you want except that BK, KFC or Arby's crap. I know you like it there, but I don't want you to feel all bloated and tired and shit. And don't try to be clever or play on my words cause I didn't include Mc'iddies in the bunch, alright?

Stevie smiles, turns back to Mark. They walk away.

STYLISH STEVIE(CONT'D)

You gotta look after those kids today. Some of them grew up on eating junk. Comfort food my balls. Surely won't be enough to comfort me if my guy loses his fight.

INT. STEVIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Mark and Stevie walk in. It's a relatively small office, one glass wall. Stevie sits behind his desk.

STYLISH STEVIE

Please, sit down.

Mark sits down. Stevie takes out a box from his drawer.

STYLISH STEVIE(CONT'D)

Want one? They're great!

Mark stares at the box of cigarillos Stevie opened in front of him. He looks back at Stevie.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Nah man. Appreciate it, but I quit.

STYLISH STEVIE

Oh! Good for you kid, good for you.
I can't even offer you a drink.
Finished my bottle of Jäger last
night. I feel like such a bad host
right now.

MARK

Don't worry. You're always a great
host.

STYLISH STEVIE

So, what's the special occasion
today? You gettin' a kid? Am I
gonna be a godfather?

MARK

No, nothing like that. I was just
lookin' for you to hook me up.

STYLISH STEVIE

Hook you up?

MARK

To bet on a fight.

Stevie inhales his cigarillo deeply, exhales the smoke, puts
his cigarillo in an ashtray on his desk. He looks
disappointed.

STYLISH STEVIE

My friend, I guess I'm gonna have
nothin' good for you today. No
cigar, no liquor and now this.
Mark, Mark, Mark, buddy, I'm not in
the boxing world anymore.

Mark raises his eyebrows, surprised.

MARK

You? Done with boxin'?

STYLISH STEVIE

I am. I lost faith in the sport I
so utterly loved. Ever since that
big upset, made me sick. For a
month long I could taste the puke
in my mouth in the morning. Had to
do somethin' about it. So I quit.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

You can't even hook me up for a bet with the right people?

STYLISH STEVIE

I'm sorry. I really am. Anything at all related to boxin', I keep my nose out of it. I had my heart broken Mark, my heart broken. I don't want to feel the disgrace that sport brought me that night ever again. Really wish I could help you, but I can't.

Mark stares at the pictures on the wall behind Stevie. There's only two pictures. Both of them are of Stevie and Fred Fight.

MARK(V.O)

I ain't never seen Stevie like that before. The guy looked fuckin' crushed. Was like his high school girlfriend told him she cheated on him with the fuckin' quaterback or somethin'. This office used to be full of fuckin' pictures, floor to ceiling, of him and his boxers. I guess that's what you call a fuckin' shame.

MARK

What about, an agent? Think you could hook me up to become one?

STYLISH STEVIE

Why would you wanna do that? It's a lot of trouble for nothing.

Mark leans, elbows on the desk.

MARK

I need money, man. I don't see the end of it right now. Me and Katy, all we argue about is money. The bills, this, that, everything. I just need that extra income. Quick loot, you know? No need to get involved, can't you just refer me or somethin'.

Stevie looks at Mark, sighs and points his index at him.

(CONTINUED)

STYLISH STEVIE
Because you are who you are.

Mark gets back into his chair.

STYLISH STEVIE (CONT'D)
I'll see what I can do.

MARK
It's all I'm askin'.

Stevie looks at his watch.

STYLISH STEVIE
Look, I gotta run now. There's this
new kid I gotta check out in Hell's
Kitchen. But I'll keep you posted,
alright?

Stevie gets up, so does Mark. They hug.

MARK
Thanks man. I owe you.

STYLISH STEVIE
Stop. You don't owe me shit. You go
home, kiss your wife for me and
then you do whatever you want to
her on your behalf.

Mark smiles.

MARK
Fair enough.

Mark heads for the door.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

A man, MIKE THE BOOK sits on a chair, seen from behind in a
sober, dark office with nothing but a big desk setup with
its chairs. He's on the phone.

MIKE THE BOOK
No, I understand. But if you were
me. Put yourself in my position for
a second. Would you do it? I don't
know the guy. Exactly. It's a
sensitive issue. Well, you're gonna
have to tell him no.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE THE BOOK(CONT'D)
I gotta go. Yea.

Mike The Book hangs up.

MIKE THE BOOK(CONT'D)
Come in!

Door opens. Two men, mid 20's, the ALBANIANS, the TALLER BROTHER and the SHORTER BROTHER come in. They look a bit alike.

MIKE THE BOOK(CONT'D)
If it's not my two favorite
Albanians.

They walk to the desk.

SHORTER BROTHER
Hey man.

TALLER BROTHER
What's up?

STILL SHOT of Mike The Book, 40's, big cigar in mouth, wears a matching jogsuit of an NCAA team, with the caption "MIKE THE BOOK" appears onscreen. Action unfreezes. He's the same guy on the picture in Uncle Sam's office who Sam threw the x-acto at.

The Brothers are about to sit on the chairs. Mike The Book crushes his cigars in his ashtray excessively out of inner rage.

MIKE THE BOOK
No. Don't sit down.

The Albanian Brothers stand, nervously.

MIKE THE BOOK(CONT'D)
Give it to me.

The Shorter Brother looks at his Taller Brother. The Taller Brother takes out of his pocket something wrapped in a towel with red stains. He gives it to Mike The Book.

Mike The Book unfolds it to reveal a human finger. He looks at it for a second, looks up at the Albanian Brothers.

MIKE THE BOOK(CONT'D)
What's up? I'll tell you what's up.
You were told, by me, to go see a
guy named Max, right?

(CONTINUED)

SHORTER BROTHER

Yea.

MIKE THE BOOK

So far, so good. Then, I told you
to give him his third warning,
right?

TALLER BROTHER

Yea.

The Albanian Brothers exchange a worried look at each other.

MIKE THE BOOK

Look at me. Both of you.

The Albanian Brothers look at Mike The Book attentively.

MIKE THE BOOK (CONT'D)

So what happened?

TALLER BROTHER

Nothing. Everything went fin...

MIKE THE BOOK

Shut up.

Mike The Book looks coldly at the Taller Brother.

MIKE THE BOOK (CONT'D)

Tell me, out of sheer curiosity. In
what possible universe is
everything fine when you cut
somebody's finger off?

Mike The Book agitated, points at the bloody finger.

TALLER BROTHER

We thought it didn't really matter,
it was just his little finger.

MIKE THE BOOK

Oh, so you two are calling the
shots now? Is that it?

SHORTER BROTHER

It's not what he meant.

MIKE THE BOOK

Whether it's their thumb or their
middle finger or their fuckin'
pinky, you don't cut somebody's
finger BEFORE breakin' his fuckin'
hand!

(CONTINUED)

SHORTER BROTHER

We apologize for that.

MIKE THE BOOK

How long have you two been doin' this? Not fuckin' up. I mean, this, this job. How long? Couple of years? Five, six, give or take? Was that the first time you were assigned a third warning?

The Taller Brother nods.

TALLER BROTHER

It was.

MIKE THE BOOK

I don't care! You don't need to be a fuckin' genius to know better. It's not hard. First warning, it's a simple beatin'. Second time is a bigger beatin'! The third time, you break his hand. You don't go on and cut his finger off. That's the fourth time!

Mike The Book counts on his fingers.

MIKE THE BOOK (CONT'D)

One, two, three, four! The fourth one! You guys are the fuckin' worst, you know that?

The Albanian Brothers share a shameful look.

SHORTER BROTHER

Won't happen again.

MIKE THE BOOK

You're right. It won't happen again. Cause you guys are at your last chance now. So from now on I want you guys to be focused. I'm gonna have something big happenin' soon, very big. So if you guys still wanna be my go to guys, you need to lighten up. Have I made myself clear?

SHORTER BROTHER

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE THE BOOK

In the meantime, you guys prove me I can trust you again and not fuck up and you might earn yourself a very lucrative paycheck outta this.

SHORTER BROTHER

We will make it up to you.

MIKE THE BOOK

Now, as for tonight. I'm gonna send you two to give a first warning. Nothing too complicated for you to fancy, alright. Just a lil' beatin', so I don't wanna hear you guys chopped his dick off or something. I'm sure you can handle that, right?

Mike The Book hands them a paper with written information on it. His phone RINGS. The Shorter Brother puts the paper in his back pocket.

MIKE THE BOOK(CONT'D)

Ok. Now disappear. I have business to attend. Don't let me down on this. And don't leave that mess here, take this with you.

Mike The Book repulsively slides the towel with the finger on it towards the Albanian Brothers. The Taller Brother folds the towel quickly, picks it up, puts it back in his pocket. The Albanian Brothers leave as Mike The Book answers the phone.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Albanian Brothers exit a building. It's dark outside. They walk to their car.

SHORTER BROTHER

I told you it wasn't the pinky the third time!

TALLER BROTHER

He's just becoming more bossy with age, that's all. I'm pretty sure it's tough love. He said it, we're his favorite Albanians.

(CONTINUED)

SHORTER BROTHER

We're the only ones he knows,
stupid!

TALLER BROTHER

Besides, you're no better, you
wanted to cut his ear off!

SHORTER BROTHER

I said just a piece of it!

TALLER BROTHER

Whatever, I think he's becomin'
worse than Finicky Franky.

SHORTER BROTHER

No. You're gettin' dumber than
Dumbfuck Donnie!

TALLER BROTHER

It's Dumpster Donnie. Guy owns a
dumpster company.

SHORTER BROTHER

He's still a dumbfuck. So are you!

TALLER BROTHER

That's mean.

SHORTER BROTHER

THAT'S tough love.

TALLER BROTHER

You're far from soundin' like
Lovely Lootch.

They arrive at the car.

SHORTER BROTHER

Ah, just get in the car.

They get in the car, the Shorter Brother on the driver side.

INT. ALBANIAN BROTHERS' CAR - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

TALLER BROTHER

So what do you think?

SHORTER BROTHER

About what?

(CONTINUED)

TALLER BROTHER

You heard him. About the big gig
comin' up.

SHORTER BROTHER

I dunno.

TALLER BROTHER

Think we got a shot?

SHORTER BROTHER

That will depend on your prowesses.

The Shorter Brother starts the car, drives off. The Taller Brother rolls down the window.

SHORTER BROTHER (CONT'D)

I think if we behave properly till
then, we'll get the job. If YOU
behave.

The Taller Brother, insulted, lowers his seat, leans back, raises his feet onto the door, window opened.

TALLER BROTHER

I behave properly.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The bar is very irish pub lookin' like. Mark drinks a beer at the bar. The Albanian Brothers sit next to him. They look away from the bar. He glances at them, looks at the Barmaid, late 20's', gorgeous.

She applies red lipstick. Mark watches her, his mind wanders. He holds a WHITE BUSINESS CARD, phone number on it.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A very middle class type kitchen in a very middle class type house, no stainless appliances or brand new furniture.

Mark leans his back to the wall. He sighs, looks in the air. He looks at KATY, his wife, mid 20's, good looking even though dressed as a waitress, hair tied back.

She chops carrots on a wooden board on the counter. The CHOPPING NOISE grows irritating.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Can you stop for a second?

She stops chopping.

MARK

Baby, I swear, it would be the last time.

Katy shakes her head, looks up at Mark.

KATY

No. The last time WAS the last time. I can't believe you're even considering this.

Mark points at Katy.

MARK

I wanna do this for YOU.

Katy chuckles in irony, finishes chopping the carrots for a few seconds. She turns to Mark again.

KATY

For me?

MARK

For us. We need this.

Katy points the knife in Mark's direction to address him.

KATY

Are you kiddin' me? The last thing we need is this.

She points the knife away.

Mark lands his fist moderately in the wall as he groans in defeat.

He walks over to the fridge, opens it, takes out strawberries in a transparent container. He walks to the counter beside Katy.

Katy rinses the wooden cutting board in the sink. Mark picks up the knife laying on the counter and begins to cut the strawberries on the bare surface of the counter.

KATY

Don't cut on the counter!

She pushes the wooden board towards him.

KATY(CONT'D)

I told you to use the board!

Mark throws the knife on the counter, frustrated. He turns his back at Katy, walks away, throws his hands in the air.

MARK

THAT'S WHAT I'M GOOD AT! WHY DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?!

Mark turns to Katy.

MARK(CONT'D)

We talked about this over a million times already. The line, between what's right and what's wrong. I told you, it's that fuckin' thin.

Mark makes a measuring motion with his thumb and index.

MARK(CONT'D)

I could have been one or the other, I ended up on the illegal side of things. One step the other way, I coulda been a cop. It's that simple. But what's done is done and this is who I am now. That's how I turned out.

KATY

No! Don't try to make it sound like it's normal. Like, oh, I could have been either a dentist or a teacher. It's not normal, it's not. It ain't either black or white.

MARK

No, you're right, ain't all black or white cause--

Mark points to himself.

MARK(CONT'D)

what you're lookin' at here, that's the grey. That's the fuckin' DEPRESSIN' grey. You like it?

She walks to the fridge. She opens it and frowns.

KATY

Where's the milk?

MARK

There wasn't any left at the store.

She closes the door, furious, goes past Mark.

KATY

You couldn't go to another store?
Too hard I guess.

MARK

No. Cause at the end of my day, I'm
fed up. The whole nine to five
thing, I'm sick of it. This--

He holds up his untucked shirt to show it to Katy.

KATY

But everyone does it! You think
you're the only one that's not a
hundred percent happy with what
they do?

Mark pounds on the fridge, leans his head, starts crying.

MARK

I can't...anymore.

Katy puts the carrots in a bowl. Mark looks at her. She
looks down, mixes the carrots vigorously.

MARK(CONT'D)

Baby. Those kinds of jobs, the one
I wanna do, it's like football. You
see daylight, you go through the
hole. It's a very small window of
opportunity and you said it
yourself, time must be used as a
tool, not as a couch.

KATY

It ain't how I meant it and you
know it.

He walks to the counter, brushes his hair back. He grabs the
container of strawberries.

MARK(CONT'D)

I'm at the bottom of the barrel
hun.

KATY

And I'm there for you! I'm there.
What more do you want? Tell me,
cause I'm all ears!

(CONTINUED)

Mark puts back the strawberries in the fridge. He looks for something, sighs at the empty fridge, looks up at Katy.

MARK

We need the money.

She shrugs expressively, confused.

KATY

The money?! I don't care about the money! Don't you know that already?

She points at her waitress outfit.

KATY(CONT'D)

Look! I keep that on when I come back from work cause I don't have anything nicer to put on.

Mark leans on the opened fridge door.

MARK

I would get you nice clothes.

KATY

(chuckling)

I'm not asking you for any!

Katy opens a cupboard door. There are dishes and glasses. She looks at Mark.

KATY(CONT'D)

See? We have ONE set of dishes. I clean it everyday. Do you hear me bitch about it? Do you hear me askin' for silver cutlery. No. Cause I don't need that to be happy in life.

MARK

Baby--

Katy turns around, takes a step towards the sink window.

MARK

It's not what I meant.

KATY

And look at that window.

Katy points the window sarcastically.

KATY(CONT'D)

It's been like this for over a year now. It needs to be changed. It's ok. I put slippers and a hoodie on come winter. How hard is it? And...electricity, please close the fridge.

Mark closes the fridge in a swing, annoyed that Katy seems to require very low life standards.

MARK

Well excuse me if I've seeked out of life more than data entry in an office, my bad!

KATY

You know how many people don't have benefits where they work? You do.

MARK

I don't care about the fuckin' benefits. I used to do a shitload of money at every single job I pulled back then. Why shouldn't I do this if I'm that damn good at it?! You knew I wasn't makin' a clean livin' when we started goin' out. Why does it have to be such a fuckin' issue now, huh?

Katy bursts into tears.

KATY

Cause now, I don't have to worry if you're gonna come home alive or not after work! Cause at one point, everyone looks to settle down! That's what's happening with me and I thought it'd be the same with you too!

MARK

It ain't about that.

KATY

Haven't we seriously been through enough?

Mark puts his hand over his head.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

We did. Yea. And that's why I have more than enough of it right now!

KATY

What you have right now, it should be a walk in the park compared to the curveballs life threw at us.

MARK

Come on. It ain't fair.

KATY

What, it ain't fair? My misccariage, your time in jail, huh? It ain't enough? Don't we deserve a bit of stability now?!

Katy wipes her tears. Mark gets closer to her. He slowly tries to hold her. Katy pushes him away.

KATY(CONT'D)

Don't touch me.

Mark raises his hands in the air to let her go by.

KATY(CONT'D)

You promised me.

MARK

And you promised for better or worse, remember?

KATY

Oh, don't you even go there you son of a bitch!

MARK

Well, I'm sorry if it doesn't compute here--

He points to his head aggressively.

MARK(CONT'D)

IN MY FUCKIN' HEAD! And I don't understand that this is a REALLY FUCKIN' SIMPLE IDEA and you can't seem to grasp it!

KATY

You're a fuckin' asshole.

She leans back on the counter, stares at nothing.

(CONTINUED)

KATY(CONT'D)
No. I, I just can't.

She shakes her head in denial.

KATY(CONT'D)
Can't do this--

She points around her.

KATY(CONT'D)
Anymore. Next day off, I'm calling
Will Berry. I'm through.

She storms out of the room.

MARK
Baby--

He tries to stop her without much effort.

KATY
Go fuck yourself.

MARK
Katy Baby, I'm sorry.

Mark's teary eyes are filled with pain.

KATY(O.S)
Fuck you.

Mark bites his fist, hits the cupboard door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mark walks in a residential street. He passes by a park,
stops and looks away. He sees a kid playing with a man, not
sure if it's a vision or not.

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM, BLUNT STREET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Mark and Katy argue.

KATY
No, I don't know why you think--

(CONTINUED)

MARK
Just let me try to make my--

KATY
I'm not gonna--

MARK
Let me at least--

They abruptly stop arguing. They look at each other in a funny way.

MARK AND KATY
(DUAL DIALOGUE)
Anger jar.

MOMENTS LATER

Katy plunges her hand in a jar, picks out a piece of paper. She reads it in her head, looks at Mark, unsure.

KATY
No way. I'm not doing it.

MARK
Why? What is it?

Mark chuckles slightly.

KATY
Forget it. I'll pick another one,
ok?

MARK
You can't!

Mark chuckles again, takes the paper away from Katy. He reads it as she tries to take it back from him.

KATY
Gimme!

Mark dodges her attempts, reads it, starts laughing.

MARK
Oh, that one!

He looks at Katy.

MARK (CONT'D)
You have no choice hun'.

(CONTINUED)

KATY

You put this in there. And no! It's stupid! Besides I'm not even mad anymore.

MARK

You still have to. Rules are rules.

Katy shakes her head, refuses.

MARK(CONT'D)

Really? So you're just gonna wuss out on the anger jar?

KATY

Stop! No way I'm slapping you!

MARK

It says right here that you have to.

Mark seems amused. He presents both cheeks to Katy.

MARK

You have a preference? Left? Right? Which one?

She tries to run away as Mark catches her. She yells excitedly, in a fun mood. Mark laughs. They fall on the couch.

MARK(CONT'D)

You have to do it!

He lets her go, they sit. He closes his eyes, waits.

KATY

Don't close your eyes, you idiot!

Mark opens his eyes.

MARK

Ok, then YOU close your eyes.

She lets out a cute groan.

KATY

It's not fair!

Katy closes her eyes, nervous, agitated.

(CONTINUED)

KATY(CONT'D)

Argh, I hate it!

Mark takes her hand, puts it on his cheek slowly to help her locate his face with her eyes closed. Mark can't stop laughing.

MARK

Now, give it a good swing.

KATY

Uhhh, I can't!

MARK

Do it! Do it or I cancel HBO!

KATY

What's with the blackmail now?

MARK

Come on! Do it!

Katy gasps and slaps Mark. She yells out in pain. She walks a few steps away, holding the tip of her finger as she sucks on it.

KATY

Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! Argh! I broke my nail!

Mark laughs hysterically.

KATY(CONT'D)

Not funny!

MARK

Baby, come here.

KATY

No! Go to hell! It's your fault!

Mark tries to control his laughter.

MARK

Baby, I'm sorry, come here.

He grabs her by the waist from behind. He looks over her.

MARK(CONT'D)

Show me.

Katy shows him her hand. Mark kisses it a few seconds, let's go of it.

(CONTINUED)

Katy looks at her finger. There's a RING on it.

She let out a surprised gasp. She turns to Mark. She smiles happily. Mark nods. She nods back. Katy and Mark kiss.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Mark walks past the park. He pulls his cell phone out and dials number.

MARK

Yea. It's Mark. Do you have a seat
for me?

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

A man, THE SWEDE, 30's, with glasses, runs in the street, bag in his hand. He gets to an apartment building.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT

The Swede is in a well lighted apartment building entrance.

He presses the elevator button repeatedly. The elevator BELL rings and the door open. The Swede looks ahead and gets inside in a hurry.

INT. UNKNOWN APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A stranger's apartment at night. The Swede opens the fridge, puts small bottles in a rack that contain pale white liquid on the top shelf. He closes the door.

FADE TO BLACK

MOMENTS LATER

The fridge door opens and there's a little girl that looks in it, picks up one of the bottle that The Swede put in there. She looks at it and puts the bottle to her lips as she closes the fridge door.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. POKER ROOM - NIGHT

The Swede arrives in a room where a poker game is happening. The table is crowded with different looking players with different size stacks of chips. There is one Security Guard and the Owner that seems to be in charge of the game looking over.

The Swede nods at the Owner and gets close to the table. The SWEDE'S FRIEND, 30's, american, sits there.

The dealer pushes the stacks in front of the Swede's Friend towards his Opponent, then pushes the pot that's in the middle to the Opponent as well. The Opponent rakes in the huge pot.

The Swede's Friend is speechless. The Swede puts his hand on his shoulder to get his attention, speaks with a distinctive European accent.

THE SWEDE

We gotta go.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

In the hallway leaving the underground poker game, The Swede and the Swede's Friend stand in front of the elevator.

SWEDE'S FRIEND

This is SOOO sick. So fuckin' sick.
Can't believe it. Set over set man.

The elevator doors open. Mark comes out of it, eyes the Swede's Friend, noticing he's devastated. Mark walks past them.

The Swede and the Swede's Friend get in the elevator as Mark heads to the poker game.

INT. THE SWEDE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Swede and the Swede's Friend sit across from each other at the kitchen table. The Swede's Friend laughs so hard he is crying.

SWEDE'S FRIEND

You robbed a sperm bank?!

The Swede sits still, insensitive.

(CONTINUED)

THE SWEDE

The sign said Manhattan Bank.

SWEDE'S FRIEND

More like Manhattan CRYOBANK, yea.

The Swede's Friend laughs some more.

SWEDE'S FRIEND(CONT'D)

This is fuckin' priceless. Oh man!
I'm dying!

The Swede's Friend calms down, chuckles lightly. He gets up, walks to the fridge, opens it. He sees a bottle of vitamins.

SWEDE'S FRIEND(CONT'D)

What the fuck is that? Saw palmetto supplements?

The Swede's Friend grabs a beer, opens it, takes a sip.

SWEDE'S FRIEND(CONT'D)

You are something else.

THE SWEDE

How was I supposed to know? Stupid Americans. Using the same name for their bank and their spermatozoids storage facilities. We don't call them banks in Sweden. You don't show up there and say: Hi! I would like to open an account and make a deposit please.

The Swede's Friend chuckles.

SWEDE'S FRIEND

Well, almost. You certainly not--

The Swede's Friend laughs uncontrollably, irritating The Swede even more.

SWEDE'S FRIEND(CONT'D)

Did you walk in there and say: Hi!
I'd like to proceed with a
withdrawal?!

The Swede's Friend breathes deeply to control his laughter. The Swede frowns, boiling inside.

The Swede's Friend walks next to a furniture desk. There's a BASEBALL on a small stand. The Swede's Friend takes the ball in his hand, looks at it.

(CONTINUED)

SWEDE'S FRIEND(CONT'D)

Who's autograph is this?

THE SWEDE

Derek Jeter

SWEDE'S FRIEND

Maybe you stole a sperm sample of him too, who knows? Derek...Jerker.

The Swede's Friend juggles with the ball, throws it to The Swede who catches it.

SWEDE'S FRIEND

I guess it's today that you're finding out that we Americans are just as proud of our Benjamins as we are of our semen.

The Swede's Friend laughs at his own joke.

THE SWEDE

Stop being a dick.

The Swede's Friend laughs. The Swede does not look happy, his eyes filled with anger through his glasses. The Swede's Friend chugs the last of his beer.

THE SWEDE'S FRIEND

You know what. I wanted to go get a BJ after losing at that fuckin' game tonight, but, hey! Bros before hoes! So let's bounce. I'm takin' you out.

The Swede gets up, puts the baseball in his jacket's pocket, follows the Swede's Friend. The Swede's Friend opens the apartment's door.

EXT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Swede's Friend gets into the driver side. The Swede tries to open the door but it's locked. The Swede signals impatiently to the Swede's Friend who finally unlocks the door. The Swede gets in.

SWEDE'S FRIEND

Sorry, I guess I coulda been a bit more prematured there.

The Swede's Friend laughs. The Swede has a stone cold face.

(CONTINUED)

THE SWEDE

I have a joke for you.

SWEDE'S FRIEND

(chuckling)

What?

THE SWEDE

There's a guy, he's drunk and he realizes he's out of cigarettes. He goes to the store. When he gets there, he yells at the lady cashier: YO BITCH! You got any cigarettes? The lady cashier replies: Excuse me sir, but we are in a public library here. The guy looks around and sees he is indeed in a library. So he leans over, gets closer to the lady and whispers: Yo bitch, you got any cigarettes?

The Swede's Friend looks confused, chuckles barely.

SWEDE'S FRIEND

What the fuck? You should stick to not telling jokes man.

The Swede suddenly starts beating on the Swede's Friend head with the BASEBALL he had in his pocket. He smashes him continuously, no expression on his face.

The car's window gets bloodier and bloodier with all the blood getting splattered.

The vast parking lot is dead silent, not a single person in it.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Swede drives the car nervously as he wipes some blood left on his face. He twists and moves his body uncomfortably.

THE SWEDE

Fuckin' shit.

He looks on both sides of the streets, notices something on the right side, pulls up, gets out of the car in a hurry.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BEDROOM

Katy awakens in bed, turns around, notices she's alone. She gets up, a t-shirt and boxers on, rubs her eyes.

KITCHEN

She looks in the fridge, frowns. She grabs a pint of milk, picks a glass in the cupboard, pours a glass, takes a sip.

ENTRANCE LOBBY

She walks to the front window, looks outside. She walks to the door, opens it.

HOUSE PORCH

As Katy opens the door, she notices Mark, who sits on the porch.

KATY

What are you doing?

MARK

Wasn't tired. Did I wake you up?

KATY

No.

She leans on the wall.

KATY(CONT'D)

Thanks for the milk.

MARK

No biggie.

KATY

You wanna come in?

MARK

Soon. I'm just gonna stay a bit.
It's nice out here.

Katy rubs her arms together, looks around. She takes a step outside, delicately closes the door. She sits next to Mark.

MARK(CONT'D)

Last time we stayed up this late
outside was when we went camping.

She smiles.

(CONTINUED)

KATY

The first AND last time time we went camping.

MARK

We had fun.

KATY

Yea. Except for the mosquito bites.

Mark chuckles as she slightly smiles.

MARK

I went to my old poker game tonight. But the game broke when I arrived cause the sucker at the table was leaving. So I had a nice long walk and went for a beer. Gave me lots of time to think.

KATY

You know, it's important that you know that I get how you feel about the fact that you're not made to work most normal jobs. I do. But there's gotta be something else you can do? I mean--

MARK

Listen. There's a lot I like about pullin' jobs. It almost comes naturally. But the keyword here is "like". I only like. I love you. Keyword here is love.

They look silently at each other. Mark stares ahead.

MARK(CONT'D)

So, it's not a debate. Should never be one either. I'd rather have what I love than what I like. Cause all the jobs, all those years, I did them mainly so I could take care of you and because it was the best way for me to do so. But if you leave--

Katy looks at him.

KATY

I didn't mean that, I was angry.

MARK

If you leave, the entire purpose of why I was doin' it in the first place gets thrown out the window.

Katy grabs Mark's hand.

KATY

You should do it.

Mark looks at her, unsure.

KATY(CONT'D)

If you think it's not that big of a risk and the reward is good. If that's what you feel, go ahead and do it.

Mark looks at Katy.

MARK

Really?

KATY

But wait. It really has to be the last time. Even if we're stuck again like we are now, you're done, no matter what.

MARK

It will be the last time.

KATY

Don't say that just to please me.

MARK

I'm not. I promise.

KATY

I'm serious. I don't wanna be given anymore bullshit. You say you quit, then you quit. It's for good. We'll have each other and if you truly mean what you just said, then that's all that should matter.

MARK

It's a no-brainer for me to make that compromise. Only thing is I just hope you won't get mad if you come home to dirty dishes while my unemployed ass is sitting at home for a while. It'll take me some

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARK (cont'd)
time. It's a phase I'm gonna have
to go through, you know?

KATY
It'd be hard to get mad at you, we
only have one set of dishes.

Mark chuckles. They cuddle.

INT. MONACO BAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Joe picks a song on the jukebox and heads to the bar. He gets a bit intimidated by the beauty of the Barmaid but tries to keep his cool and act confident.

BARMAID
What will it be for you hun?

JOE
A Sam Adams please.

Joe waits, elbows leaning on the counter.

Someone offscreen grabs him aggressively and pulls him offscreen.

EXT. MONACO BAR - NIGHT

The Monaco neon sign glows in the night. At the door, "Just Joe" gets thrown out, followed by the Albanian Brothers. Joe limps on all fours.

SHORTER BROTHER
The boss sends his regards and
hopes you will understand that this
is--

TALLER BROTHER
Only a friendly reminder!

The Taller Brother kicks Joe in the stomach as Joe moans.

The Shorter Brother goes to the car, parked right next to the bar, picks something up, closes the door.

The Shorter Brother carries a Polaroid, gives it to the Taller Brother. The Taller Brother hesitates. He moves forward a bit, then to the right, lowers the Polaroid angle.

(CONTINUED)

SHORTER BROTHER
What are you doin'?

The Taller Brother still tries to find a proper angle.

TALLER BROTHER
I'm tryin' to get a nice shot.

The Taller Brother glances at the Shorter Brother.

TALLER BROTHER(CONT'D)
Using the rule of thirds, you know?

The Taller Brother looks back in the Polaroid.

TALLER BROTHER(CONT'D)
But he keeps moving! STOP MOVING!

The Shorter Brother snatches the camera off the Taller Brother.

SHORTER BROTHER
Give me this! You a fuckin'
professional photographer now?!

The Shorter Brother looks into the Polaroid and takes a quick picture and grabs it when it comes out of the camera.

SHORTER BROTHER(CONT'D)
Alright, let's go!

The Albanian Brothers run to the car. The Shorter Brother looks at the Taller Brother over the car, before they get inside.

SHORTER BROTHER(CONT'D)
Rule of thirds, you Malakia.

They get into the car, drive off. Joe leans on the side brick wall of the bar, holding his ribs. He looks desperate.

MALE VOICE(O.S)
It's one-a' those nights isn't?

JOE
Fuck off.

MALE VOICE(O.S)
I've been entertaining myself here
a lot lately.

Joe raises his eyebrows, looking really nonchalant.

(CONTINUED)

MALE VOICE(O.S)(CONT'D)

Do you know what's funny? I've kinda turned into a sorta' machine for observing facts and grinding out conclusions.

JOE

Boy genius here. Enlighten me!

MALE VOICE(O.S)

Well, do you know that an American monkey, after getting drunk on Brandy, would never touch it again. The same, unfortunately, couldn't be said about most men.

JOE

Ok, well--

Joe gets up, dusts himself off. He looks at the man, HARDY, 50's, tipped hat on his head, hidden in the shadows.

JOE(CONT'D)

Thanks for the words of wisdom but you can let it be. I think I can take care of myself alright.

HARDY(O.S)

Before you go, would you care to tell me how many nights have you been here this week? Eight outta seven?

Joe grows irritated.

JOE

How 'bout none of your business?

Hardy steps out of the shadow. His hat tipped on his face, covering the upper half of his face, down to the nose. Hardy stands still.

HARDY

Easy fella. What is your name?

Joe frowns, chuckles.

JOE

Didn't you get the part where I told you to fuck off?

(CONTINUED)

HARDY

I know your name is Joe. I'm not sure about your last name though. Although, with what you've been drinking, Disaronno would fit you well as a middle name.

JOE

The fuck you know my name?

HARDY

I'm Hardy. Nice to meet you. So Joe, let me ask you something that will sound a tad random in the current circumstances. Do you know about the story: the three little pigs?

Joe grows impatient.

JOE

You haven't answered me yet. How do you know my name?

HARDY

I'm afraid you aren't using your common sense nearly as close as his maximum potential. Anyone in this bar tonight musta heard your name just about a dozen times.

JOE

I'd go with the under on that one.

HARDY

So? Do you know about it?

JOE

'Bout what?

HARDY

The three little pigs.

Joe chuckles, shakes his head away in disbelief.

JOE

What's wrong with this guy?

Joe looks back at Hardy. Joe leans his head on the wall, grabs his head, slides down until he sits on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

JOE (CONT'D)

Better make myself comfy, I guess
I'm in for a treat.

HARDY

Let me share a little story before
the said story itself. There is
this guy I know, J.J., now I can't
remember what those initials stood
for, anyways. He was a class act.
And him and I had an interesting
conversation about it, the three
little pigs.

JOE

To be honest, you really strike me
more as a Shakespeare guy.

HARDY

Oh, believe me, I have tried to
read Shakespeare lately and found
it so intolerably dull that it
nauseated me.

JOE

Well, them little piggies ain't my
cup of tea either.

HARDY

Perhaps it is because the only
thing you've been drinking lately
isn't tea.

Joe looks up at Hardy, annoyed.

JOE

Is this going anywhere really?

HARDY

Positively so. Just bare with me
for a moment.

Joe looks back straight ahead.

HARDY (CONT'D)

It's probably my favorite story of
all time. And believe me, I must
have read more books in my
existence than your lifetime beer
count.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

You must be a human
Wiki-fuckin-pedia then! Cheers to
that!

HARDY

Although its reliability is
sometimes questioned and despite
your obvious lack of mastering
sarcasm, I will take that as a
compliment nonetheless, thank you.
So, the tale itself! See, that
tale, the three little pigs, is
interesting when you think about it
above the first level.

Joe looks up, puzzled.

JOE

What more is there to this story?
It's a kid's story we talkin 'bout.

HARDY

This is where you are wrong and
this is where me and J.J beg to
differ. There is a lot more to it
than you think! My theory on the
matter is such as a metaphor for
faith and reason. The first two
little pigs went living into the
world with solely their faith,
thinking it was enough to make it
out in the real world. That is,
until they got a taste of reality,
in this instance, the big bad
despicable wolf. So, the last
little pig, that's my favorite
part, in some way, he's the only
one that used reason above all else
to build the principles his life
would lay on.

JOE

Cool...story...bro. If your goal
was to make me crave for some
fuckin' bacon, congrats, you did
it.

HARDY

Far from me the thought to evocate
the desire of the taste of flesh,
I'm afraid it was simply to point
out the fact that you didn't seem

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARDY (cont'd)
to be much-a man of faith. Am I
right?

JOE
If you're askin' me if there's a
God out there, I'd tell you that I
doubt he'd leave me in the shit
that I'm in right now.

HARDY
Of course, I wouldn't say that if
there was a God that he would have
time to fix all the inquiries of
billions. It would be redundant at
best even for someone of his
reputation. Maybe it's just about
time you decide to embrace the idea
of basing your life on reason
instead, don't you think?

JOE
Oh fuck. You recruitin' for
Alcoholics Anonymous, aren't ya?

Hardy smiles.

HARDY
No. And trust me, I am far from
being the most interesting man in
the world either. But, I like to
think I'm up there.

Hardy takes out a pack of cigarettes.

HARDY (CONT'D)
Smoke?

Hardy hands the pack to Joe. Joe looks up, grabs the pack.

JOE
Thanks.

HARDY
Keep 'em. I do not always smoke,
but when I do, I like another
brand. I am not really a Marlboro
man.

Joe puts a cigarette to his lips. Hardy hands him MATCHES.

(CONTINUED)

HARDY(CONT'D)

It could very well be that your days of drinking 'till last call are soon to be behind you. Unless, of course, you like it that way.

Joe smokes his cigarette, relaxed.

HARDY(CONT'D)

But, just by taking a quick look at you, it appears to me that you've been up to no good lately. And quite frankly, I wouldn't go as far as to call you the scum of the earth, but hmmm, there is definitely room for improvement.

Joe enjoys his smoke, less bothered by Hardy's words.

HARDY(CONT'D)

So what if I had an opportunity for you? One that could make you start anew. All I can do is throw you the bone, the rest is up to you to think about, Joe. It is your call.

Joe smiles away, brushes his hair back with his hand.

JOE

What d'you say your name was again?

Joe looks up at Hardy. He's gone. Joe looks around, left and right, sees nobody. He leans his head back on the brick wall. He rubs his eyes with his thumb and index finger.

JOE(CONT'D)

Fuckin' clown.

Joe looks in the pack of matches. A PHONE NUMBER is written. He looks around, curious, then back at the matches, puzzled.

INT. UNCLE SAM'S OFFICE, WAITING ROOM - DAY

Uncle Sam walks in with a briefcase.

UNCLE SAM

Mornin'.

Ms. Coolidge is at her desk. She looks up at him, smiles.

(CONTINUED)

MS. COOLIDGE
New briefcase?

UNCLE SAM
Gotta look the part.

Uncle Sam stops in front of her desk.

UNCLE SAM(CONT'D)
I heard on the radio on my way here
that there's rumors Jeremy Lin
might sign somewhere else.

MS. COOLIDGE
I KNOW. Hope he stays. I like him.

Uncle Sam raises his eyebrows.

UNCLE SAM
I guess even Asians get fed up with
MSG!

Ms. Coolidge smiles politely.

MS. COOLIDGE
I put some profiles on your desk.
Desperate crooks, like you asked.

Uncle Sam smiles.

UNCLE SAM
Good. There's no way they can know
what that coin is worth. Better
guys would have asked for much
more, hell, even try to sell it
back themselves.

MS. COOLIDGE
Don't worry. For them, you're just
gonna be the philanthropist,
genuine collector, wishing to get
the missing coin to his collection.

UNCLE SAM
Alright, perfect. Hey, you have any
gum?

Ms. Coolidge searches in her purse, goes through lipstick, a
tampon, her wallet, then gum. She hands it to Uncle Sam.

MS. COOLIDGE
Keep it. There's only two left.

UNCLE SAM

Thanks.

Uncle Sam takes a gum and heads to his office.

INT. MIKE THE BOOK'S OFFICE - DAY

Mike The Book sits at his desk. The Albanian Brothers seat in front of him. Mike The Book opens his desk, takes out a paper, slides it to them on the desk. The Taller Brother takes it.

TALLER BROTHER

What flag is this?

MIKE THE BOOK

This, is the first official American flag. Also known as the Betsy Ross flag.

The Taller Brother slides the picture over to the Shorter Brother.

TALLER BROTHER

Who is she?

Mike The Book sighs, looks at the Shorter Brother.

MIKE THE BOOK

You put up with this all the time?

The Shorter Brother stays still. Mike The Book eyes the Taller Brother.

MIKE THE BOOK(CONT'D)

Is this really relevant? Who gives a fuck who she is!

TALLER BROTHER

No, I just wanted to--

MIKE THE BOOK

(mocking)

Oh! You just wanted to. Ok, well in that case!

Mike The Book gets serious.

MIKE THE BOOK(CONT'D)

Learn that kind of stuff on your own time kid, not mine.

The Shorter Brother puts the picture back on the desk.

(CONTINUED)

SHORTER BROTHER
So why this flag?

MIKE THE BOOK
Let's just say there's a few people
on the black market that are
willing to pay top dollar for this
kind of historic crap.

TALLER BROTHER
You wanna steal it?

Mike The Book looks at the Taller Brother with his eyebrows raised.

MIKE THE BOOK
No, I wanna see if it's been well
preserved by museum standards. You
know, I'm really surprised MENSA
hasn't got in touch with you yet!
OF COURSE I WANNA STEAL IT!

Mike The Book looks at the Shorter Brother.

MIKE THE BOOK (CONT'D)
Guy who owes me, Robertson, he came
up to me with this info. The man
who owns the original flag is gonna
be in town to show it off in some
exhibition. He'll be stayin' at a
hotel downtown.

SHORTER BROTHER
When?

MIKE THE BOOK
July fourth.

The Albanian Brothers exchange a look, stunned.

TALLER BROTHER
Is that the national--

The Shorter Brother kicks him under the desk and stands up.

SHORTER BROTHER
Aight'. Let us know about it.

The Taller Brother gets up too.

MIKE THE BOOK
Come see me friday afternoon. At
one. Don't be late. I'm on a tight
schedule for this thing.

(CONTINUED)

SHORTER BROTHER

Will do.

Mike The Book shakes hands with the Albanian Brothers.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Albanian Brothers walk out of the building.

TALLER BROTHER

Ever heard you about that Betsy
Boop flag?

SHORTER BROTHER

It's Betsy Ross.

The Swede walks by them.

TALLER BROTHER

Funny lookin' flag though.

The Swede turns around, frowns.

THE SWEDE

Excuse me?

TALLER BROTHER

I said funny lookin' FLAG. Not fag.

THE SWEDE

Which flag?

TALLER BROTHER

The Betsy--

The Taller Brother searches for the name.

THE SWEDE

Ross?

TALLER BROTHER

Had it on the tip of my tongue.

The Swede eyes at the Taller Brother, walks away. The
Albanian Brothers walk to their car.

TALLER BROTHER(CONT'D)

Fag.

FURTHER DOWN THE STREET

The Swede stops at an intersection, looks at the street
names.

He looks down, sees a Beautiful Woman, Marylin Monroe look alike. She wears a white dress, passes by The Swede. He checks her out as she walks away, notices she has a dragon tattoo on the back of her left shoulder.

INT. UNCLE SAM'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Mark is at Ms. Coolidge's desk.

MARK

There's no way I'm wearin' this for an interview. You kiddin' me?

MS. COOLIDGE

It's not for the interview, it's prior to it. It's the same procedure for all the candidates.

Mark holds the JFK mask in his hands with disgust.

MARK

I'm a professional. This is ridiculous. Know what? The hell with this job, I don't care.

Mark leaves the office.

MARK(V.O)

I was feelin' like I was in fuckin' kindergarten all over again. A fuckin' mask? No way I was putting that shit on my face with full consent. Fuck it, I'm outtie.

EXT. UNCLE SAM'S OFFICE - PARKING - DAY

Mark gets into his car, looks at himself in the rearview mirror.

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. BAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Mark sits at the bar of the same Irish Pub as before, drinks a beer. A man sits next to him. It's Hardy. The Barmaid comes by.

BARMAID

What can I get you?

Hardy motions at Mark's can.

(CONTINUED)

HARDY

I will have the same beverage he's
having please.

The Barmaid turns around, opens up a can, gives it to Hardy.

HARDY(CONT'D)

It looks like you're having the
kinda day that even a Blue Ribbon
will do.

Mark barely looks at Hardy. Hardy raises his can in the air.

HARDY(CONT'D)

Cheers.

Mark forces a smile and half heartedly raises his can too.

MARK

Cheers.

HARDY

Are you a regular patron of this
establishment?

MARK

Not really. Just the sign that got
my attention.

HARDY

A sign this bold woulda grabbed
your attention well before tonight.
If I were a betting man, it would
be a fair assumption to think
you're not from around here.

MARK

No. Martin Luther King Boulevard.

HARDY

Tough neighborhood?

MARK

So, so. But hey, I ain't Hoover, so
it's not as if I gave a damn.

Hardy chuckles whole heartedly for a brief moment, drinks a
sip of his beer. He takes out a metal case from his jacket,
opens it. It's cuban cigars.

HARDY

Cigar?

Mark swallows his sip of beer.

(CONTINUED)

HARDY (CONT'D)
They're Cubans!

Mark looks at the cigars. He raises an eyebrow, grabs a cigar from the case. Hardy turns to the Barmaid.

HARDY
Excuse me, my dear. Would you happen to have any matches?

The Barmaid gives matches to Hardy who lights Mark up.

MARK
Thanks.

HARDY
Enjoy. The pleasure is mine.

MARK
I used to smoke a cigar every time I had something to celebrate back then.

HARDY
Is it that you have stopped smoking or that you don't have anything to celebrate anymore?

MARK
A bit of both.

HARDY
Well then, what should we celebrate today?

MARK
I dunno, you tell me.

HARDY
How about opportunities?

MARK
You got a job promotion or somethin'?

HARDY
No. The opportunity worth celebrating is up for grabs at your intention.

Mark frowns, puzzled, looks at Hardy.

(CONTINUED)

HARDY(CONT'D)

I'm currently recruitin'.

MARK

You some kind of head hunter? For a job placement agency or somethin'?

HARDY

Not exactly.

MARK

Whatever it is, I already have a full time job, benefits and all.

HARDY

The job I am currently recruiting for can give you more in one day than your annual income. Household.

Mark looks carefully at Hardy.

MARK

Illegal?

HARDY

Are you a cop?

MARK

No, you?

Hardy hands him a business card. A phone number is on it.

HARDY

Legal, illegal. Is a lucrative payday really gonna prevent you from pulling a job depending on which side of the moral fence it falls on?

Mark sighs, his mind racing.

HARDY(CONT'D)

Do you like your current job?

MARK

Pay's good. And I can walk to work.

HARDY

That's it?

MARK

I guess. The rest just seems like a never-endin' fuckin' groundhog day.

(CONTINUED)

HARDY

Don't get me wrong. Although I'm in favor of exercising and walking to work sounds really healthy, I'm afraid you got no reason to not give this number a call.

Mark looks at the card again, stares at it. He turns to Hardy. Hardy is gone. Mark smiles, grabs Hardy's beer.

MARK

Your beer is half empty.

FADE TO BLACK

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. UNCLE SAM'S OFFICE - PARKING - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Mark sits in his car. He still looks in the rearview mirror, blinks, comes back to his senses.

INT. UNCLE SAM'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Ms. Coolidge works at her desk. She looks up, smirks.

MS. COOLIDGE

You've changed your mind?

FADE TO BLACK

ONE HOUR LATER

Ms. Coolidge is at her desk, looks at someone with discomfort. Classical music quietly plays from the radio in the background.

MS. COOLIDGE

Ok, so the gloves are fitting.

The white glove turns up the volume on the radio.

MS. COOLIDGE(CONT'D)

You like classical music?

Ms. Coolidge does not get an answer, looks back at her papers. She hands a paper to the Mysterious Person.

MS. COOLIDGE(CONT'D)

Your time and date of appointment.

The Mysterious Person wears the George Washington mask.

A STILL SHOT of the head, with the caption WASHINGTON, appears onscreen.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mark sits on the couch, watches television. Katy comes back home, dressed in her work uniform, smiles at Mark.

MARK

Hey.

Mark grabs the remote, lowers the sound of the tv. Katy comes behind him, leans forward, kisses him on the cheek.

MARK(CONT'D)

Your mom called. She got magazines for you.

Katy walks away, comes back in the living room.

KATY

How did your appointment go?

MARK

I gotta go back again Friday.

Katy sits on the side of the couch, lays down, her head on Mark's lap. She looks up at him, studies him for a second.

KATY

Something wrong?

Mark shrugs.

MARK

Nah. It's just, I have to wear some stupid mask for the interview.

KATY

A mask?

MARK

Yea. Cause we're gonna be a bunch of guys applyin' for the job and they don't want us to see each other.

KATY

Thought that was a sure thing.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Me too. I guess not.

INT. UNCLE SAM'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

The Swede enters the office, sees Ms. Coolidge.

THE SWEDE

Hello.

Ms. Coolidge ignores him, continues typing on her keyboard.

THE SWEDE(CONT'D)

I am here for the job.

Ms. Coolidge doesn't answer. The Swede notices a little bell on the left side of the counter. He RINGS the bell.

MS. COOLIDGE

What do you want?!

THE SWEDE

I am here for the job.

Ms. Coolidge turns to her computer, annoyed, keeps typing. The Swede starts to feel ignored, RINGS the bell again, three times in a row. Ms. Coolidge sighs angrily, looks up.

MS. COOLIDGE

LOOK! Can't you read?!

She points at a sign. The sign says: PLEASE TAKE A NUMBER.

THE SWEDE

But, there is nobody here.

Ms. Coolidge turns back to her computer. The Swede goes sitting. He looks at the number in his hands, it's number 6.

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

It's a dark, gritty, dirty restroom, lightened up by black lights.

The Swede urinates in one of the few urinals.

HARDY(O.S)

Det finnas allat dig master. Det är ett bra jobb. Tänker på det.

(CONTINUED)

The Swede zips up his pants, turns around. Nobody is there.

He washes his hands, takes off his glasses, puts them on the counter. He looks at himself in the mirror, gets closer then leans back.

He puts his glasses back on then notices something in the mirror's corner that gets his attention. A PHONE NUMBER, the same as for Joe and Mark, is written with a red lipstick.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. UNCLE SAM'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

MS. COOLIDGE
Are you deaf?!

The Swede snaps back to reality, looks towards Ms. Coolidge.

MS. COOLIDGE(CONT'D)
Number six! It's your turn!

The Swede gets up, walks to her desk. She hands him papers.

MS. COOLIDGE(CONT'D)
Just fill this out, alright?

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Mark lays in his bed, asleep, on his stomach.

Katy walks in the room dressed in her waitress uniform, sits next to him for a second, leans towards him. She gently nudges him. Mark groans quietly, wakes up.

KATY
Honey.

MARK
Hmmm?

KATY
I'm going to work. Your interview's today so don't sleep through. Your dress shirt and pants are hung up in the bathroom, ironed and clean.

MARK
Huh huh.

(CONTINUED)

KATY
Alright, good luck.

She kisses him on the forehead and leaves.

INT. THE SWEDE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

The Swede is in front of the mirror, dressed entirely in black. His glasses are off, on the counter next to the sink. A contact lens is on the tip of his finger.

INT. TALLER BROTHER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Shorter Brother sits on the couch in front of the tv, holding a game controller.

The Taller Brother enters the room in boxers and tanktop, rubbing his eyes. The Shorter Brother glances at him.

SHORTER BROTHER
You big fuckin' lazy bastard you.

TALLER BROTHER
You crashed here?

SHORTER BROTHER
Yea man, passed out on your couch
so much I was tired.

The Taller Brother sits on another couch, looks in the air.

TALLER BROTHER
Fuck.

The Taller Brother chuckles, looks at his Shorter Brother.

TALLER BROTHER(CONT'D)
What a night, huh? My liver hurts.

The Shorter Brother smiles as he keeps on playing.

SHORTER BROTHER
I know. Geez, you were snoring so
fuckin' loud. Figured I'd let you
sleep a bit. Was about to go wake
you up after my game. We gotta go
see Mike The Book, remember?

TALLER BROTHER
What time is it?

The Taller Brother looks up at the clock, gets up in panic.

(CONTINUED)

TALLER BROTHER
Fuck man! We're late!

The Shorter Brother turns to the Taller Brother, puzzled.

SHORTER BROTHER
What the fuck are you sayin'?

TALLER BROTHER
We're late bro, we're fuckin' late!

SHORTER BROTHER
We got over an hour. Are you drunk?
It's ten to noon!

TALLER BROTHER
No bro! It's ten to one! I didn't
switch it when the time changed.

The Shorter Brother gets up, mad.

SHORTER BROTHER
What?! What do you mean? It's been
like four fuckin' months!

They both grow agitated.

TALLER BROTHER
I never change that shit! I leave
it like this and I just add one
hour in my head. This way I don't
have to change it again when we
have to move it back! Fuck! Fuck!

The Shorter Brother throws the game controller against the wall.

SHORTER BROTHER
Wow! You fuckin' moron!

TALLER BROTHER
It's not my fault!

SHORTER BROTHER
Not your fault! Yea, I'll blame the
dead guy who invented the time
change. He'd be rollin' in his
grave if he saw you. Hurry the fuck
up, go!

The Taller Brother leaves the living room in a rush.

SHORTER BROTHER (CONT'D)

Fuck!

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Joe is in front of his mirror, dressed in a suit.

JOE

You got this. Like a boss man.

Joe grabs the keys on his drawer.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Joe walks down the street at a confident pace, carrying a bag. He gets to a street corner. He suddenly turns around in a rush, hides behind a wall. He glances over while trying not to be noticed.

The Albanian Brothers are in their car at the red light. The Shorter Brother drives.

INT. ALBANIAN BROTHERS' CAR - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The Shorter Brother has a short temper waiting for the light to turn green. He hits the steering wheel.

SHORTER BROTHER

Come on! Gimme your phone, Ima' call Mike The Book. Battery's dead on mine.

The Taller Brother looks uncomfortable.

TALLER BROTHER

I forgot it on my desk.

The Shorter Brother hits the dashboard this time, harder. He is fuming.

SHORTER BROTHER

FUCK BRO!

The Shorter Brother points at his TALLER BROTHER.

SHORTER BROTHER (CONT'D)

If we lose this, it's on you bro.
It's on fuckin' you!

The light turns green. The car drives off.

(CONTINUED)

ON THE STREET

Joe sees the car drive away and continues walking.

INT. UNCLE SAM'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Three people with the JFK(MARK), OBAMA(SWEDE) and WASHINGTON(UNKNOWN) masks sit. Washington wears a trenchcoat. The others are all dressed in black, all wearing white gloves.

Joe arrives, the Lincoln mask on his head. He exchanges a look with Ms. Coolidge. Joe is about to sit.

MS. COOLIDGE
Lincoln!

Joe jumps, turns around.

MS. COOLIDGE(CONT'D)
Uncle Sam will see you now.

INT. UNCLE SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

KNOCKS on the door.

UNCLE SAM(O.S)
Come in!

Joe walks in, looks at Uncle Sam as he walks to his desk.

UNCLE SAM(CONT'D)
Please, sit down.

Joe sits still, Uncle Sam stares at him, waits on him.

UNCLE SAM(CONT'D)
You can take off your mask now.

Joe takes off his mask. Uncle Sam picks up a file on his desk, consults it. He looks up at Joe.

UNCLE SAM(CONT'D)
Name's Joe?

JOE
Yes.

UNCLE SAM
Short for? Joseph? Jonathan?

(CONTINUED)

JOE

Joe. Just Joe.

UNCLE SAM

Alright Just Joe. Well, tell me more 'bout yourself!

JOE

I'm pretty sure that if I'm here today, with those other guys, it's because we're all some kind of crooks or sumtin'. So, in my defense, I'm not the type to say I did this or that, I'm more this or that. I mean--

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Joe is in front of the mirror. He rehearses.

JOE

Folks who have no vices have very few virtues. And--

Joe hesitates.

JOE(CONT'D)

And it is my opinion--

Joe switches his stance.

JOE(CONT'D)

And I strongly believe--

Joe shakes his head, stands straight, looks back in the mirror, serious look on his face.

JOE(CONT'D)

I think in life, you have to do your own growin' no matter how tall your father or grandfather was.

Joe smiles confidently, happy.

BACK TO

INT. UNCLE SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

JOE

One thing I was told when I was younger is that, things may come to those who wait--

Joe grows confident.

JOE(CONT'D)

But only the things left by those who hustle.

Uncle Sam smiles. Joe looks determined.

UNCLE SAM

And you are?

JOE

I'm here to hustle.

UNCLE SAM

You're the ambitious kind you.

Joe smiles confidently.

JOE

If I were two-face, would I be wearin' this one?

Joe points to his face. Uncle Sam grins, so does Joe.

UNCLE SAM

You sure strike me as a go-getter. No doubt.

JOE

That's what I like to think too.

Uncle Sam looks down at Joe's file.

UNCLE SAM

You may not have the most qualified file but you do, you qualify. You sure as hell know what you're after. I like that.

Uncle Sam looks back at Joe.

UNCLE SAM(CONT'D)

If I asked you to tell me about any jobs you've done lately?

(CONTINUED)

JOE
I've robbed a convenience store,
nothing big.

UNCLE SAM
How did that go?

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Joe is in front of the mirror.

JOE
Ok. Remember. You can fool all the
people some of the time and some of
the people all the time, but you
cannot, repeat after me, you cannot
fool all the people all of the
time. Alright? You can do it.

BACK TO

INT. UNCLE SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

JOE
GREAT!

INT. MIKE THE BOOK'S OFFICE - DAY

Mike The Book sits at his desk, looks at the Albanian
Brothers.

MIKE THE BOOK
I told you guys to fuckin' be there
at one o' clock. You guys are an
hour late. You think I'm gonna
trust you for a multi-million
dollar job now?! No fuckin' way!

TALLER BROTHER
Was my fault.

MIKE THE BOOK
How am I not surprised when you
tell me this? Seriously?! Fuck a
duck!

The Albanian Brothers look really miserable.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE THE BOOK (CONT'D)

I've made up my mind, too bad. You two dropped the fuckin' ball one too many times. You ain't gettin' it.

SHORTER BROTHER

But--

Mike The Book points to the door.

MIKE THE BOOK

No ifs or buts, just leave! Just fuckin' leave! I can't deal with incompetence.

INT. UNCLE SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Uncle Sam's at his desk, looks at a file. Someone knocks.

UNCLE SAM

It's open!

Mark comes in, closes the door, immediately removes his mask. Uncle Sam looks at him, a bit amused.

UNCLE SAM (CONT'D)

Not likin' the mask much, huh?

Mark sits down.

MARK

I'm sure there's been worse things happenin' to me before.

UNCLE SAM

Was just lookin' through your file. Chicago, Montreal. Hell, even Beijing?!

Uncle Sam looks at Mark with a certain interest.

UNCLE SAM (CONT'D)

Must admit you have a nice resume.

MARK

Thank you.

UNCLE SAM

Ever been inside?

Uncle Sam looks up. Mark seems hesitant.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Inside...?

UNCLE SAM

Listen, you don't have to worry. I mean, those other guys probably been to jail too.

MARK

I did some time, not too long though. Something stupid.

UNCLE SAM

Why's that?

Mark looks away, ashamed, then back at Uncle Sam.

MARK

Credit card fraud.

Uncle Sam shakes his head.

UNCLE SAM

That's a shame you got caught. What happened?

MARK

The right question would be what didn't happen? The guy providing the fake cards was some immigrant from Brazil. Guess he didn't know about the swiper's golden rule.

UNCLE SAM

Which is?

MARK

Hard to get unnoticed when the real cardholder is a celebrity.

Uncle Sam nods in agreement.

UNCLE SAM

Who was he?

MARK

I don't remember his name. Some latino name. Pedro, Carlos, I dunno.

UNCLE SAM

I meant the celebrity.

MARK

Oh! Hmmm...Tiger Woods?

Uncle Sam laughs.

UNCLE SAM

You're kiddin' me!

MARK

I wish.

UNCLE SAM

How do you not know who Tiger Woods is? I mean, wow! What an idiot.

MARK

Yea, I guess being the most famous athlete in the world just doesn't cut it sometimes.

Uncle Sam chuckles lightly. He looks at Mark.

UNCLE SAM

Now tell me this. Why should I pick you instead of someone else?

Mark stares at the desk.

MARK

Once you say you're going to settle for second, that's what happens to you in life.

He looks up at Uncle Sam.

MARK(CONT'D)

That ain't me. I know I can be first. And, sure it's a big job. It is. But I don't know anyone--

He points away mentioning the people in the waiting room.

MARK(CONT'D)

Who can do it better than I can. I know, whatever the job is, I'm up for it.

Uncle Sam looks at Mark, nods.

UNCLE SAM

If you got this gig, would you do everything in your power to not let me down?

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Absolutely. It's those who dare to fail miserably who can achieve greatly.

Mark leans, elbows on the desk, looks at Uncle Sam.

MARK(CONT'D)

Trust me, I'm the guy you want on this.

Uncle Sam smiles.

UNCLE SAM

Alright, alright. Listen. I really like what I've seen from you today. I don't wanna make any guarantees because there's two more after you, right--

Mark leans back on his chair.

UNCLE SAM(CONT'D)

But, you're in a good position. And I've gotta confess, your skills to sell yourself, not too shabby either.

Mark smiles. Uncle Sam stands up, Mark follows.

UNCLE SAM(CONT'D)

Definitely be keepin' in touch, alright?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Joe walks on the sidewalk. He sees a HOMELESS MAN, 60's, white beard, on his way, sitting on the ground. The Homeless Man looks up, shakes his cup as it rings with NOISE OF COINS.

JOE

Get a life.

Joe gets in a phone booth, searches his pockets, agitated.

JOE(CONT'D)

Stupid shit. The fuck?

Joe turns around, looks out of the phone booth. The Homeless Man stands up, picks a big black trash bag, puts it on his back.

(CONTINUED)

JOE (CONT'D)
Hey! Buddy! Who-hoo?!

The Homeless Man doesn't look at him.

JOE (CONT'D)

The Homeless Man glances at him.

JOE (CONT'D)
Do you have a quarter please?

The Homeless Man walks away, his CUP ringing. Joe sighs.

JOE (CONT'D)
Fuck my life.

Joe searches his pockets again, slams the phone a few times against its box, angry. He stares at the phone, unsure. Joe dials a number with the least of anticipation.

JOE (CONT'D)
It's for a collect-call please.

Joe closes his eyes for two seconds, anxious.

INT. MIKE THE BOOK'S OFFICE - DAY

MIKE THE BOOK
This must be the most fucked up thing I ever seen. This is a fuckin' first! Guy owes me money and he's fuckin' callin' me through collect-call!

Mike The Book looks away, shakes his head in disbelief.

MIKE THE BOOK (CONT'D)
I don't care! I don't care whether you might get a job or not! Ain't my problem if you've lost your wallet! I want my fuckin' money! It's that simple. I don't wanna hear your bullshit, none of that. So from now on, stop calling me unless you have money for me! And don't fuckin' use collect-call to contact me ever again fuck! Ever! If you do I'll fuckin' add it up to what you already owe me and run the juice on it too!

Mike The Book hangs up the phone, angry.

(CONTINUED)

Stylish Stevie is in front of him. Stevie smirks.

STYLISH STEVIE
I don't know how you do it.

MIKE THE BOOK
I don't know either. These guys are
fuckin' exhaustin'. Anyways.

Mike The Book calms himself down.

MIKE THE BOOK (CONT'D)
Your boy is fighting tomorrow?

STYLISH STEVIE
He is. Should be an easy win.

MIKE THE BOOK
Kay'. Cause now that the fuckin'
Albanians dropped the ball, your
guy could really come in handy.

STYLISH STEVIE
I talked to him, he's up for it.

INT. UNCLE SAM'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Ms. Coolidge stands behind her desk.

MS. COOLIDGE
George Washington.

Washington gets up.

The Swede sees a piece of duct tape on Washington's coat. He takes it off.

Washington looks at The Swede coldly. The Swede shows him the piece of duck tape he had on him. Washington moves on.

The Swede puts the piece of tape in the shape of a ball and drops it in the trashcan next to him.

INT. UNCLE SAM'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAY

Washington runs inadvertently into Mark as he leaves Uncle Sam's office, from the hallways. Mark talks through his mask.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Sorry.

Washington doesn't react. Mark glances at Washington.

INT. UNCLE SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Washington enters the office. Uncle Sam looks through files. Washington slams the door to get Uncle Sam's attention.

Uncle Sam jumps, looks up, uncomfortable, sees Washington. Washington walks to his desk, proceeds to sit down.

UNCLE SAM

Sure, sure, sit down. Sit down.

Uncle Sam motions with his hand at Washington to sit down.

UNCLE SAM(CONT'D)

You can remove your mask.

Washington takes off his mask offscreen, puts it on Uncle Sam's desk. Uncle Sam looks in shock.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY - FLASHBACK

In a hallway, in front of a surgery room.

IN THE OFFICE

Uncle Sam seems in discomfort, looks down at his desk.

AT HOSPITAL

A SURGEON, with a medical mask, comes out of the surgery room.

IN THE OFFICE

Uncle Sam glances at his interviewee nervously.

AT HOSPITAL

The Surgeon takes off his mask, exhausted.

IN THE OFFICE

Uncle Sam snaps back to reality, comes back to his senses.

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE SAM

I'm sorry...

Uncle Sam picks up a file on the desk, looks at it a quick second, looks back at Washington, still offscreen.

UNCLE SAM(CONT'D)

Ok! So, huh, let's start, shall we?

Uncle Sam looks back at the file for a few seconds.

UNCLE SAM(CONT'D)

Heart transplant?!

He looks up at Washington, keeps on reading the file. Uncle Sam puts down the file.

UNCLE SAM(CONT'D)

Listen, I'm not sure if I should give you a shot consider--

Something DROPS on the desk, offscreen.

Uncle Sam stares at it, looks up at Washington, frowns. He picks it up, still offscreen, looks at it for a few moments, eyebrows raised.

UNCLE SAM(CONT'D)

Hmmm...ok. Wow! How did you?

Uncle Sam smiles slightly, interested.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The Albanians Brothers stand both groggy, out of gas. The Shorter Brother tackles his Taller Brother into the wall.

SHORTER BROTHER

WHY?!

The Taller Brother punches the Shorter Brother as he gets up.

The Shorter Brother answers back with a knee to the stomach.

The Taller Brother bends over in pain.

The Shorter Brother leans on the wall, blood to his mouth, hands on his thighs, gasping for air, drained.

The Taller Brother holds his stomach, on all fours, on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

TALLER BROTHER

Why don't we just do it ourselves?!

The Shorter Brother frowns, looks at his Taller Brother.

SHORTER BROTHER

What nonsense are you fuckin' sayin' again?

The Taller Brother sits on the ground, holding his stomach.

TALLER BROTHER

Let's steal the goddamn flag ourselves! We know who gave the tip, let's just go beat the info outta him. Think about it.

The Shorter Brother chuckles lightly, wipes the blood from his mouth. He coughs, spits.

SHORTER BROTHER

Not as dumb as he looks folks.

INT. UNCLE SAM'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

The Swede looks to his left and right, points to himself. Ms. Coolidge stands in front of her desk, looks at him.

MS. COOLIDGE

You are the only one left, so, yes.

The Swede gets up, walks in her direction.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Albanian Brothers walk out of a house.

TALLER BROTHER

Told you he would spit it out.

SHORTER BROTHER

He did spit it out, literally.

INT. UNCLE SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Uncle Sam is on the phone.

UNCLE SAM

Two thirty-seven. Yea. Ok.

INT. UNCLE SAM'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Uncle Sam heads out, stops in front of Ms. Coolidge's desk.

UNCLE SAM
So we're all set up?

MS. COOLIDGE
Yes. All good to go.

Uncle Sam shakes his head.

UNCLE SAM
Can't believe it's already
tomorrow. Damn. Went so fast.

He leaves. Ms. Coolidge picks up the phone, dials a number.

MS. COOLIDGE
Hi. I'm calling because Uncle Sam
would like to meet you tomorrow.

She picks up a paper.

MS. COOLIDGE (CONT'D)
Do you have a pen and paper?

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mark enters his house, walks in the living room, cell phone in hand. Katy lays on the couch, watches television. Mark seems in disbelief.

MARK
Baby--

KATY
Honey, come. It's Pearl Harbor.
Come watch it with me.

Mark stands still, glances at the television.

MARK
Baby, I got the job.

She sits up, turns around.

KATY
Really?!

Mark is overexcited.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

I got it! I got the fuckin' job!

Katy turns back to the TV, a bit disapointed. Mark goes sitting next to her.

MARK

Hey you ok?

He brushes her hair.

KATY

Yea.

MARK

I thought we were ok with this.

KATY

Yea, i dunno just nervous that's all. It's great you got it.

MARK

Don't worry, it's gonna be fine.
Come here.

She lays on him as they watch the movie on TV.

EXT. CITY - DAY

New York City. The sun rises on the tall buildings.

MORNING SHOW MALE ANNOUNCER(V.O)

It's a beautiful day to rise and grind in the Big Apple today. On behalf of everybody here at WGAF channel 9 news, we would like to wish you a happy fourth of July! And Samantha, we're having a very special guest.

MATCH CUT

INT. FRED FIGHT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The morning show plays on television as the sun rays enter the room.

SAMANTHA

That's right Ron. We will be welcoming Joey--

A NOISY SOUND interrupts the television's sound.

(CONTINUED)

KITCHEN

Fred Fight is preparing a protein shake in a blender. He releases the button. The noise stops. The television can be heard vaguely in the background.

Fred pours the liquid in a plastic glass he picks up on the counter.

INT. TALLER BROTHER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Taller Brother kisses his cross chain around his neck.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Stylish Stevie pulls his car in front of Fred Fight's home.

INT. CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Stylish Stevie crushes his cigarillo in the ashtray.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF TALLER BROTHER'S PLACE - DAY

The Shorter Brother is in his car.

He HONKS to notify his Taller Brother.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Black moto boots get snapped up.

A black moto helmet with a tinted visor lays on a shelf.

Black gloves wearing hands pick it up.

DRIVEWAY

Rearview of a jet black motorcycle, the BIKER IN BLACK sits on it.

The motorcycle ROARS and drives off. TIRES BURNING.

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

An ALARM CLOCK blares.

Mark slowly awakes, next to Katy. Mark presses the snooze button, slowly gets up.

He grabs a pair of jeans in a drawer, puts them on. He looks around, on his night table. He shakes his head, leaves the bedroom.

LIVING ROOM

He picks up the couch's cushions, looks under them.

The ALARM CLOCK blares again from the bedroom.

MARK

Fuck.

BEDROOM

Mark rushes to the alarm clock on his night table, turns it off.

Katy slowly awakes, looks at Mark.

MARK

Sorry.

KATY

It's okay.

Mark looks around, under his pillow, under the sheets.

KATY

What are you lookin' for?

MARK

My wallet. You seen it?

KATY

No.

Mark sits on the side of the bed.

MARK

Fuck. I can't find it.

Katy stands on her elbow.

(CONTINUED)

KATY

When is the last time you saw it?

Mark gets up, keeps on looking. He puts on a black t-shirt from a drawer, acts in a hurry.

MARK

I dunno, don't have time. Gotta go.

Katy sits in the bed, looks at Mark.

KATY

You don't dress up?

Mark stops still, looks at himself, then at Katy. He shrugs.

MARK

Nah. I'm okay like this. Don't think I need to dress up to DO a job.

He leans in towards Katy.

MARK

Alright, gotta go.

He kisses her on the cheek.

KATY

Come here.

She opens her arms. He sits on the bed. She hugs him tight.

MARK

Don't worry. It's gonna be okay.

They let go. Hands on her shoulders, he looks at her.

MARK

I'll text you as soon as I'm done.

EXT. RESTAURANT'S PARKING - DAY

Mark parks his car. He gets out, walks up to the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Mark walks in. The place is empty.

A smily old lady, the WAITRESS, appears.

(CONTINUED)

WAITRESS

Hi there!

MARK

Hi. Hmmm...I'm there for a biz--

WAITRESS

With Uncle Sam?

Mark raises his eyebrows, surprised.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

Suit yourself. There's already two others waiting. They're sitting on the lil' terrace back there.

She points in a direction at the end of the restaurant.

Mark looks away, frowns, walks towards the terrace entrance.

EXT. RESTAURANT'S TERRACE - DAY

It's a very nice and cozy terrace, with tables and chairs. Some flowers and plants adds to the charm.

Mark looks at the only two guys sitting at a table.

It's Joe and The Swede.

JOE

...Four! Callin' a tail a leg
doesn't make it a leg Dumbo!

Joe looks up at Mark, so does The Swede, a second later.

JOE (CONT'D)

You must be JFK.

Mark seems a bit taken off by the statement.

MARK

How do you know?

Joe hits The Swede on the shoulder in a friendly manner.

JOE

Told ya! You owe me twenty bones.

Joe looks at Mark as he sits in front of them.

(CONTINUED)

JOE (CONT'D)
We took a bet. I said you were JFK.

MARK
And you's are?

JOE
I'm that good ol' Abe Lincoln.

Joe motions his head at The Swede.

JOE (CONT'D)
Which makes Gunther over here, our
beloved "Yes we can" man.

Mark nods at The Swede, looks at Joe carefully. Joe frowns.

JOE (CONT'D)
Do I know you?

MARK
Doubt it.

Mark looks at The Swede, extends his hand.

MARK (CONT'D)
My name is Ma--

Joe raises his hand to stop Mark.

JOE
Woah! What are you doin'?

Mark retracts the handshake offer, looks at Joe, irritated,
puzzled.

MARK
I'm introducin' myself.

Joe shakes his head as he disapproves.

JOE
No. No one introduces themselves to
no one. We don't say our names.

Mark remains calm.

MARK
You just called him Gunther.

JOE
Yeah? But, I don't know his real
name! I call him Gunther cause of
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOE (cont'd)
that singer. You know? Tutti Frutti
Summer Love? Looks like him.

The Swede turns to Joe.

THE SWEDE
Shut up about this already.

The Swede shakes his head, discouraged. He looks away.

THE SWEDE(CONT'D)
I just miss, I miss being
anonymous.

Mark looks back at Joe.

MARK
So?! What are we all doin' here?

JOE
Raise your hand if you don't have a
flyin' fuck of a clue!

Joe raises his hand. He puts it down.

JOE
But all things aside, Washington's
missin' so far. I thought I NAILED
the job, till I saw Gunther comin'
over. I dunno, maybe we all got it.

MARK
It'd be a three man job?

JOE
Maybe.

The Waitress shows up. She holds a pot, about to pour it in
Joe's cup.

Joe puts his hand over the cup and looks up at her.

JOE
Wait. If this is coffee, please
bring me some tea. But if this is
tea, please bring me some coffee.

The Waitress looks confused, frowns.

WAITRESS

It's coffee.

Joe smiles, removes his hand from his cup and chuckles.

JOE

I'm just messin' with you.

The Waitress glares at Joe as she pours coffee into his cup, then pours coffee in Mark's cup.

She proceeds to serve The Swede too, but he interjects.

THE SWEDE

No coffee for me, thank you.

WAITRESS

Would you like anything else?
Water?

Joe and Mark look at The Swede.

THE SWEDE

No, I do not drink water.

Joe looks at Mark, amused, but Mark doesn't look at Joe.

THE SWEDE(CONT'D)

I will have a freshly squeezed
orange juice please. And a waffle.

The Waitress looks at him, unsure.

WAITRESS

We puttin' anything on that waffle?
whipped cream, maple syrup?

The Swede's face lightens up.

THE SWEDE

Maple syrup, yes.

The Waitress looks at Mark and Joe.

WAITRESS(CONT'D)

What about you two? Eatin'
anythin'?

Mark shakes his head. Him and Joe look at the Waitress.

JOE

No. I'm good too.

The Waitress leaves. Joe keeps looking at her, amused.

(CONTINUED)

JOE (CONT'D)

Damn.

MARK

What?

JOE

(sarcastic tone)

Common people are the best in the world. That's the reason why the Lord makes so many of them.

Joe tries to hold his laughter, brings his coffee cup to his mouth, takes a sip.

Mark looks at The Swede, ignores Joe.

MARK

How come you don't drink water?

THE SWEDE

Because.

Joe puts down his cup, looks at The Swede.

JOE

You're kiddin' right?

The Swede glances at Joe.

JOE (CONT'D)

Gunther? The fuck? Like, no way you don't drink water. Swear to god.

THE SWEDE

I don't swear to god.

JOE

Why?

THE SWEDE

Cause I'm an atheist.

JOE

No. Why don't you drink water?

THE SWEDE

Because.

Joe sighs, raises his eyebrows, looks at his cup for a second. He pronounces a muted "WOW" with his lips.

(CONTINUED)

JOE

Great fuckin' reason. Because.

Mark looks from Joe to The Swede.

MARK

Is it cause of that fluoride shit?

The Swede look at them, unsure. He looks at Joe, then Mark.

THE SWEDE

No. Because fishes fuck in it.

Mark is stunned. Joe registers what he just heard.

Joe bursts out laughing. Mark slightly chuckles.

JOE

You can't be real! Oh man! HA HA!
Gunther!

The Swede looks annoyed, insulted.

THE SWEDE

Stop calling me Gunther.

Joe calms down, breathes deeply, his laughter slows down.

JOE

Sorry Gunther, it's just. Oh, man!
Haven't heard somethin' fucked up
like this in a while.

Mark drinks his coffee, looks at The Swede. Joe chuckles.

JOE (CONT'D)

What's next? You're gonna tell me
you're a big fan of hip-hop too?

THE SWEDE

I am.

Joe smirks at him, sure that The Swede is full of it.

JOE

Fuck off.

THE SWEDE

It's true. Hip hop today is smart.
It's insightful. The Way they can
communicate a complex message in a
very short space is remarkable.

Joe raises his eyebrows and chuckles. He picks up his cup.

(CONTINUED)

JOE
No, you're remarkable man!

Joe takes a sip.

JOE (CONT'D)
I will have seen it all. A Swegga?

Joe chuckles. He looks at Mark, then at The Swede.

JOE (CONT'D)
You know Gunther, sometimes, it's better to remain silent and be thought a fool than to open one's mouth and remove all doubt.

Joe smirks at Mark.

JOE (CONT'D)
Am I right?

MARK
Follow the preacher.

JOE
What?

MARK
Never mind.

Mark, cup to his lips, looks at Joe, puts down the cup.

Joe takes out his pack of cigarettes, offers one to Mark. Mark takes one. Joe lights his cigarette up, gives the pack of matches to Mark.

Mark looks at the matches.

They're from the MONACO BAR.

Mark looks up at Joe, puzzled.

MARK
You go there often?

JOE
The Monaco? Yea. Well, used to.

The Swede frowns.

THE SWEDE
I know of this place.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

'Where I got hooked up for this.

Joe looks surprised.

JOE

The fuck? Me too. What the--

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The Swede parks his car in some kind of hurry after he killed his Friend. He gets out of the car, his lights on hazard.

He looks up at The Monaco Bar sign.

INT. MONACO BAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

He walks at a very fast pace, straight to the restrooms as he gives a quick look towards the Barmaid behind the bar.

INT. MONACO'S RESTROOMS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Same restrooms Hardy talked to The Swede in Swedish. He's in front of the urinal, eyes in the air, moans in relief.

BACK TO

EXT. RESTAURANT'S TERRACE - DAY

The Swede looks at Joe and Mark, intrigued.

JOE

A guy named Hardy?

MARK

Yea.

Joe chuckles, raises his eyebrows.

JOE

Well, whoop-di-doo! Talk about a fun coincidence. I guess we have one thing in common now. We're all patrons of the Monaco Bar. Doesn't that make you feel bonded.

(CONTINUED)

MARK
I've only been there once.

THE SWEDE
Me too.

JOE
Anyways.

Mark stares down at the table. He continues to drink his coffee. The group remains silent for a little bit.

THE SWEDE
What the fuck are you doin'?

Joe snaps a picture of The Swede with his smartphone.

JOE
I have to show that to my friends.
Tell 'em I've met Gunther.

The Swede grows agitated, tries to snatch the phone away from Joe. Joe manages to keep it out of reach from him.

THE SWEDE
Give me this fuckin' phone!

Joe chuckles as The Swede fails to grab the phone.

JOE
Or what? Huh? What are you gonna
do?

The terrace DOOR opens.

Joe and The Swede stop their skirmish.

All three men look at the entrance. It feels as if time stopped.

Uncle Sam stands there as he enters the terrace like in an old spaghetti western.

Uncle Sam looks towards the group, walks the few feet needed in their direction to reach their table. They all get up.

UNCLE SAM
Gentlemen.

Uncle Sam sits down on Mark's right. He looks at the three men.

The Waitress brings The Swede his juice and waffle.

(CONTINUED)

WAITRESS

Sammy! I didn't even see you come in. I was in the kitchen! How you doin'?

Uncle Sam looks up.

UNCLE SAM

Terrific. What about ya?

WAITRESS

I'm goood. Been a while. So!?
What will it be for you dear?

UNCLE SAM

Do you have grapefruit juice?

WAITRESS

You bet.

UNCLE SAM

Doc said that was good for me, so.

WAITRESS

One grapefruit juice comin' right up. Somethin' to eat?

UNCLE SAM

You got anythin' good and healthy?

The Waitress gives him a teasing tap on the shoulder.

WAITRESS

Look at you, tryn' to be on a diet now. Bit of love handles ain't killed anyone yet.

Uncle Sam smiles, looks shy.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

It's a greasy spoon. Everythin's healthy here!

UNCLE SAM

Know what? Just bring me a grilled cheese please. Whole wheat.

WAITRESS

Sure my dear.

The Waitress walks away. Uncle Sam looks back at the men. He turns around to the Waitress, as if he forgot something.

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE SAM
And Patty!?

WAITRESS(O.S)
Yes?

UNCLE SAM
Extra bacon please!

He turns around to face the men, frowns, turns back to the Waitress again.

UNCLE SAM(CONT'D)
And you know what? White bread, alright?

Uncle Sam turns back to face all three men.

UNCLE SAM(CONT'D)
I'm only really startin' my diet on Monday anyways. Alright, so hmmm, yea, the job.

INT. UNCLE SAM'S OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Ms. Coolidge walks in with a document.

MS.COOLIDGE
I'm done with the letter.

Uncle Sam, papers on his desk, puts down his pen, looks up.

Ms. Coolidge holds the paper up to read it.

MS. COOLIDGE(CONT'D)
Dear, name of the person. We appreciate your interest in the job for which you applied. After reviewing the applications received and following the interview process that you have participated in, we have the regret to inform you that your candidacy was not selected for further consideration. We wish you success in any future endeavors. Regards, Uncle Sam.

Ms. Coolidge looks at him as she awaits his approval.

UNCLE SAM
That's just great. Dandy.

(CONTINUED)

MS.COOLIDGE
Who am I addressing it to?

UNCLE SAM
Everyone but--

BACK TO

EXT. RESTAURANT'S TERRACE - DAY

UNCLE SAM
Washington.

All three men are stunned, white envelope in front of them.

JOE
But, I don't get it. Why? Why
Washington? Why not none of us?

Joe takes a quick glimpse at The Swede who's eating his
breakfast non-chalantly, smirks.

JOE(CONT'D)
I mean, okay. I can understand with
Gunther here, but--

The Swede gets up, lashes out on Joe.

THE SWEDE
WHY CAN'T I JUST EAT MY WAFFLE?!

The Swede looks down at Joe, angry. Joe is scared. Uncle Sam
gets up, holds back The Swede with one hand.

UNCLE SAM
Woah! Hey! Easy there fella. Just
sit down, alright? Calm down. All
good.

The Swede looks at Uncle Sam, glances at Joe with despise
and sits back down. Uncle Sam sits back down as well. The
Swede breathes heavily, furious, as he glances one last time
at Joe before returning his attention to his plate.

Uncle Sam leans, elbows on the table as he looks at Joe.

UNCLE SAM(CONT'D)
Listen, I appreciate your effort at
tryin' to ease the tension by being
what you perceive as funny here.
But there's one thing you fail to
realize.

(CONTINUED)

Joe frowns, smiles nervously, avoiding Uncle Sam's eye contact.

JOE

Whatever you mean?

UNCLE SAM

What I mean is, I didn't come here to see a fuckin' Louis C.K. show. And I sure as hell didn't see a sign at the entrance--

Uncle Sam points away.

UNCLE SAM(CONT'D)

That said Robin Williams on Broadway. Why? Because this is a fuckin' restaurant! And a fuckin' terrace! So If I wanted some clever fuckin' standup comic humor this mornin', I would have tuned in to Comedy Central. So next time you wanna make us laugh at Gunther's expense--

Joe appears intimidated. The Swede looks up at Uncle Sam.

THE SWEDE

My name is not Gunther.

Uncle Sam, still starint at Joe, points at The Swede.

UNCLE SAM

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

The SWede is in shock. Uncle Sam keeps talking to Joe as The Swede goes back eating his waffle.

UNCLE SAM(CONT'D)

That kid over here deserve some respect, okay?

Uncle Sam calms down, chugs his juice. He puts his glass down, grabs his grilled cheese, stares at it. He throws it back in his plate.

UNCLE SAM(CONT'D)

I said with bacon.

Uncle Sam cleans his hands with a napkin, gets up, upset.

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE SAM(CONT'D)
You wanna know why I picked
Washington. You wanna know why
Washington made the cut?

They all look up at Uncle Sam, with a certain anticipation.

Uncle Sam searches in the inside pocket of his suit. He
takes out a bunch of objects, throws them on the table.

It's three wallets.

The men stare at the wallets, puzzled. Mark grabs one, looks
inside. He looks up at Uncle Sam, surprised.

MARK
My wallet!

The Swede picks his wallet, so does Joe.

MARK(CONT'D)
How--

INT. UNCLE SAM'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Washington runs into Mark when they cross path in the
hallway and steals his wallet.

BACK TO

EXT. RESTAURANT'S TERRACE - DAY

All three men are jaw-dropped. Uncle Sam addresses them.

UNCLE SAM
In most cases, you'd be told that
it's nothin' personal, it's just
business. While it's mostly the
truth, ninety percent of the time,
I think the last thing you guys
wanna hear is some stupid cliché
like that. Bottom line is--

Uncle Sam grins.

UNCLE SAM(CONT'D)
Ah, you know what. IT IS fuckin'
business, so get over it.

They stare at him, speechless.

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE SAM(CONT'D)
Have a good day guys and happy
fourth of july.

Uncle Sam turns around and walks away. Mark stares at the rejection letter he received from Uncle Sam. Joe gets up.

JOE
You know what? Fuck him. Just fuck
him.

He points at Uncle Sam who's inside the restaurant now.

JOE(CONT'D)
Didn't need that job anyways.
There's a handfull of guys who
wanna hire me. A handful.

Joe motions a handfull with his hands, then walks away. The Swede walks away too. Mark is speechless.

INT. HOTEL - ELEVATOR - DAY

The Albanian Brothers look up at the floor number going up. The Shorter Brother holds a backpack in one hand.

TALLER BROTHER
That girl at the desk works two
jobs. I'm tellin' you. She works
the market close to my place too.

The Shorter Brother looks at his Taller Brother, nervously annoyed.

SHORTER BROTHER
Okay. Who cares?

The Taller Brother shrugs.

TALLER BROTHER
I'm just sayin'. Sucks to be her.

SHORTER BROTHER
Well, I'm sure she thinks just as
highly of you too.

The Taller Brother looks at his Smaller Brother, frowns.

TALLER BROTHER
You look stressed bro.

The Shorter Brother pretends nothing is wrong.

(CONTINUED)

SHORTER BROTHER

No. It's just there's no elevator music.

TALLER BROTHER

So?

The Shorter Brother tries to keep his composure.

SHORTER BROTHER

Just used to elevator music, that's all.

The elevator doors open.

HALLWAY

They get out of the elevator, walk a bit.

The Brothers stop in front of room 237. The Shorter Brother looks at his watch.

They look at each other. They share a mutual nod.

The Shorter Brother unzips his backpack, takes out a crowbar.

The Taller Brother takes out a gun, tucked in his pants, in his back.

EXT. RESTAURANT'S PARKING - DAY

Uncle Sam walks towards the parked cars, followed by Joe and The Swede, a bit short behind.

Mark exits the restaurant.

MOMENTS LATER

Joe, The Swede and Uncle Sam are close to the cars.

A GUN COCKS.

Uncle Sam, The Swede and Joe turn around.

Mark stands there with a gun pointed at them.

They take out their gun too and all aim at Mark. Mark looks in emotional pain.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

I'm sorry. I can't let this happen Sam.

UNCLE SAM

Drop the fuckin' gun kid.

Mark's eyes are teary.

MARK

I really need that job.

UNCLE SAM

What are you gonna do? Shoot me? Ain't gonna change a damn thing. It's too late. Washington is already on the job. We got three guns aimed at ya and you have one aimed at us.

Uncle Sam studies Mark's reaction.

UNCLE SAM(CONT'D)

Now be smarter than a fifth grader kid. Drop your fuckin' gun!

Mark slightly shakes his head in denial.

Uncle Sam sighs, lowers his weapon, heads for the cars.

JOE(O.S)

Who said you could go?

Joe has his gun pointed at Uncle Sam.

UNCLE SAM

Come on now! You guys need to stop actin' like children. Shoulda told me! I woulda set up this meeting in a fuckin' Toy's 'R' Us for god's sake.

The Swede hesitates on who to aim at.

THE SWEDE

Guys, there's no need for a standoff here.

Joe glances over his shoulder at The Swede behind him.

JOE

Why should we listen to you Gunther?

(CONTINUED)

THE SWEDE

Maybe because I'm the only one who
doesn't have a gun pointed at him.

They ALL turn to aim at The Swede.

THE SWEDE(CONT'D)

Fuckin' shit.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

SLOW MOTION

The Albanian Brothers run out of the room. Benjamin bills
are flying. The Shorter Brother holds the backpack in one
hand.

They take the door to the stairs.

SLOW MOTION ENDS

EXT. HOTEL - BACK ALLEY - DAY

The Albanian Brothers exit through a door, out of gas.

The Shorter Brother RUNS into a KNEE STRIKE to the gut from
Fred Fight, wearing an arm cast, probably from his last
fight. The Shorter Brother collapses on the ground.

The Taller Brother freezes before he's able to react as
someone behind him gets his attention.

STYLISH STEVIE(O.S)

You stop right there my friend.

Stylish Stevie has a gun pointed at him.

STYLISH STEVIE(CONT'D)

That's it. Good boy.

Fred Fight hits the Taller Brother with his arm cast. The
Taller Brother falls to the ground.

Stevie walks closer to the Albanian Brothers, his gun aimed
at them. Fred Fight leans forward to grab the backpack next
to the Shorter Brother, who's on all fours, gasping for air
painfully.

The Taller Brother tries getting back to his senses, blood
on his forehead starting at the hair line. He limps on the
ground.

(CONTINUED)

Fred Fight opens the bag, stares at what's in it. He looks at Stevie, smiles at him.

FRED FIGHT
It's in there.

Fred throws the backpack to Stevie. Stevie looks in it.

STYLISH STEVIE
Boss is gonna be happy. Alright,
let's roll.

Stevie looks up at Fred Fight.

The Taller Brother holds his gun at Stevie, taking advantage of their lack of attention.

The Taller Brother FIRES TWICE. It hits Stevie in the chest, surprised. The bag drops on the ground.

Before he can react, Fred Fight gets SHOT THREE TIMES.

The Taller Brother slowly uses his gun to help himself up.

TALLER BROTHER
You okay bro?

The Taller Brother helps his Shorter Brother to get up.

TALLER BROTHER (CONT'D)
Come on, we gotta get outta here.

The Taller Brother grabs the backpack, picks up bills that fell on the ground. He starts picking up the coins that fell too, changes his mind and stops picking the coins.

They both walk away at a fast pace, although painfully.

In the opposite direction, in the street, the Biker in Black sits on his motorcycle. He looks at them get away. He gives a bit of gas to the engine, drives off.

EXT. RESTAURANT'S PARKING - DAY

UNCLE SAM
Enough with the b.s. already!

Mark still aims at Uncle Sam. The Swede and Joe points at each other. Joe looks around, nervously aims at Mark.

(CONTINUED)

JOE
Now, what we're gonna do--

FADE TO BLACK

GUNSHOTS

FADE IN

All four men are bloody on the ground as they hold their wounds, in pain.

Joe looks at his bloody hand, panics.

JOE
The fuck was that?! Who the fuck shot me?! Who the goddamn fuck--

He stops as he groans in pain.

THE SWEDE(O.S)
It wasn't any of us.

Joe looks towards The Swede, next to him.

JOE
What?

THE SWEDE
Who shot first. It wasn't any of us.

JOE
Then, how come my fuckin' gut is stickin' out?! Look at all of us, we're all lookin' fuckin' peachy now aren't we?

THE SWEDE
The first shot. It was the fifty gun salute.

JOE
The fuck you talkin' about?

THE SWEDE
The fifty gun salute. Every fourth of July, at noon. It's a--

JOE
I get it. I get it. Just shut the fuck up.

(CONTINUED)

Joe is in excruciating pain. He frowns, looks back at The Swede.

JOE

How do you even know that anyways?

THE SWEDE

Read about it.

The Swede turns a bit to lay on his back.

THE SWEDE(CONT'D)

When I studied for my test. To get U.S. citizenship.

JOE

The fuck does it change if you have your citizenship or not?

The Swede counts on his fingers slowly as he answers.

THE SWEDE

You're allowed to apply for a federal job. You can vote. You're also eligible to run for--

JOE

No! Fuckin' Gunther.

Joe groans as he holds his wound.

JOE(CONT'D)

I meant, what does it change to you, personally?

The Swede turns his head to look at Joe.

THE SWEDE

So I can feel like I belong.

Joe laughs, coughs, followed by a groan.

JOE

So, how you doin' now? Belongin' alright? Not the vision you had of the American dream, right?

THE SWEDE

Not really, no.

Joe Chuckles.

JOE

Well, welcome to America, the
beauti-fuckin-ful motherfuck--

Joe chokes on his blood, coughs, lays on his side.

Joe suddenly starts to laugh uncontrollably, the pain as his
only obstacle to laugh full-heartedly.

THE SWEDE

What's funny?

Joe looks up at The Swede.

JOE

I can ask you any question about
U.S. history, right here, right
now, and you would pretty much know
the answer, is that it?

THE SWEDE

Indeed.

JOE

Let's see. Okay. Who wrote the
decla--

Joe chokes some more, groans in pain, seems frustrated by
the pain.

JOE

Who wrote the declaration of
Independence?

The Swede very slowly points his gun at Joe.

THE SWEDE

Thomas Jefferson, sucka.

The Swede SHOOTS Joe.

FADE TO BLACK

GUNSHOT SALUTE FIRES.

INT. BROTHER'S CAR - DAY

The Taller Brother drives the car. The Shorter Brother is on
the passenger seat, lowered down. The backpack is on the
back seat. They stop at a red light.

The Biker in Black stops next to them.

(CONTINUED)

The Taller Brother looks at him, the Biker in Black looks straight ahead. The Taller Brother looks at his Shorter Brother.

TALLER BROTHER
You holdin' alright bro?

SHORTER BROTHER
Yea.

The Biker in Black glances at the Albanian Brothers.

MOTORCYCLE TIRES SCREETCHES.

The Biker in Black makes a sharp U-turn.

The Biker in Black stops and steals the backpack by the rear rolled down window.

The Shorter Brother is a witness and pulls up his seat rather agitated.

SHORTER BROTHER
Bro! The flag! He's got the flag!
That biker! Do a U-turn!

The Taller Brother points in front of him.

TALLER BROTHER
It's fuckin' red!

The Shorter Brother lets out a moody groan, reaches for the steering wheel.

SHORTER BROTHER
I don't fuckin' care! No flag, no
money idiot! Do a U-turn!

The Taller Brother performs a U-turn. TIRES BURNING.

EXT. HOTEL - BACK ALLEY - DAY

The same Homeless Old Man that Joe encountered previously, walks slowly in the alley, looks through the trash.

He notices something that shines on the ground. He walks towards it, picks it up.

It's the FLOWING HAIR coin.

The Homeless Old Man looks around him, puts it in his cup, looks up, smile gladly and walks away.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Biker in Black turns onto a street, brakes steeply.

The Albanian Brothers head in his direction.

The Shorter Brother fires with his Taller Brother's gun at the Biker in Black, halfway out of the car through the window.

The Biker in Black dodges.

A car at the intersection behind the Biker in Black puts on the BRAKES.

INT. BROTHER'S CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The Shorter Brother runs out of ammo.

The Taller Brother steps on the brakes.

EXT. STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The Biker in Black walks towards the Albanian Brothers, takes out a gun.

INT. BROTHER'S CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The Shorter Brother panics at the sight of the Biker in Black.

SHORTER BROTHER
BACK UP! BACK UP!

The Taller Brother switches gear, gets shot at, two bullets hit him right in the chest.

The car gets stuck in neutral. The Shorter Brother looks at his bleeding Taller Brother.

The Shorter Brother drops the gun at his feet and grabs the crowbar.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Biker in Black's gun charger drops to the ground. He takes another one from his waist pocket, reloads the gun.

The Shorter Brother comes out of the car, yells at the Biker as he holds the crowbar in the air with both hands.

(CONTINUED)

SHORTER BROTHER
YOU FUCKIN' MALAKIA! YOU KIL--

The Biker SHOTS the Shorter Brother, empties his charger on him.

SLOW MOTION

The Shorter Brother falls to his knees, then to the ground, dead.

SLOW MOTION ENDS

The Biker in Black stares at him through his tinted visor, then turns around.

The DRIVER in the car that put on the brakes at the intersection has been shot during the shooting.

The Biker in Black looks in the backpack. He takes out the Betsy Ross flag, throws it on the ground. He looks through the backpack again, growing agitated. He flips the backpack upside down, shakes it, money bills fall.

The Biker in Black looks at the dead Albanian Brothers, squeezes his fists holding the backpack and releases it. The backpack drops to the ground.

DRIVER(O.S)
Please! Help me!

The Biker looks towards the driver, walks to him.

It's the Cashier from the convenience store Joe tried to rob.

The Driver is bleeding from the left arm. He cries in pain.

DRIVER
Please, I don't wanna die. My
girlfriend, she's told me a week
ago that she's prego. Please.

The Biker in Black looks away towards the motorcycle.

A MINUTE LATER

The Biker in Black who stares down at the Driver. The reflection of the driver is seen in the tinted visor.

DRIVER(O.S)
Thank you. Thank you so much.

The Biker walks away, gets on the motorcycle and drives off.

(CONTINUED)

The Driver closes his eyes in pain. He opens them again, looks at his arm.

The BETSY ROSS flag is wrapped around it to stop the bleeding. He painfully fastens his seat belt.

EXT. RESTAURANT'S PARKING - DAY

Mark and Uncle Sam both lay bloodied on the ground.

MARK

Sam.

Uncle Sam looks at him.

MARK(CONT'D)

It's not like it's gonna matter now anyways. I just wanna know why. Why Washington? You have no idea how bad I wanted this job. My life depended on it. Why him?!

Uncle Sam groans quietly.

UNCLE SAM

It's...it's not--

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY - FLASHBACK

The same flashback as when Uncle Sam interviewed Washington, but extended and no red flashes.

The Surgeon comes out of the room, takes his mask off. The Surgeon looks at SOMEONE offscreen and slowly smiles. A genuine smile now appears on his face.

SURGEON

It's a girl.

BACK TO

EXT. RESTAURANT'S PARKING - DAY

Mark is in disbelief. He turns on his back, yells out in frustration, stares at the sky.

MARK(V.O)

You know, my father always told me that all businessmen were sons of bitches, but I never believed it. Till now I guess.

(CONTINUED)

Mark chuckles in pain, groans quietly, holds his wound.

(Writer's note: Birdeye's view)

MARK(V.O)

You would have told me last night
that Pearl Harbor would be the last
movie I would ever see...fuck.

Mark stares at the sky.

MARK(V.O)

Ever wondered if when you kick the
bucket, your soul flies a couple a'
feet over your body and you can
actually see the fuckin' mess you
are? I did. And I was just about to
find out.

Mark takes out his cellphone from his pocket, slowly presses
buttons on it. The cellphone screen shows this message:

INSERT: Mark's cell display. It reads, "I'M DONE. I LOVE
YOU".

Mark presses the send button. He puts his arm down, back on
the ground, cell in hand. With the other hand, subtly grabs
his gun. He looks over at The Swede.

MARK(CONT'D)

Guther?

The Swede, not much life left in him, looks at him.

MARK(CONT'D)

How did JFK die?

THE SWEDE

He got...shot.

The Swede passes out.

Mark slowly aims at Uncle Sam.

Uncle Sam sees Mark and gets a hold of his gun too.

They both SHOOT at each other until they can't no more.

FADE TO BLACK

SOUNDS OF FOOTSTEPS

FADE IN

(CONTINUED)

MARK'S POV: Mark's vision is blurry. He sees the Biker in Black from the waist down. The Biker stands next to Uncle Sam.

Mark looks slightly up. The Biker in Black takes his helmet off. Mark tries to see more clearly, gives up, too much in pain.

Mark sees something rolling next to him.

It's a LIPSTICK.

Mark frowns.

INT. MONACO BAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The bar is empty.

Hardy enters the bar.

The Barmaid is cleaning out behind the bar, her back turned to him. Hardy walks up to the bar. The Barmaid turns around.

BARMAID

Sorry, we're closed.

The Barmaid frowns at Hardy who's offscreen.

Hardy holds a lipstick in his hand.

HARDY

Would this prop, by any chance,
belongs to you?

The Barmaid looks at him, suspicious, slowly grabs the lipstick.

BARMAID

Thanks. Now we're closed.

Hardy turns around, about to leave. He stops halfway through the bar and the door, turns back to the Barmaid.

She stops wiping the counter, looks at him again. Hardy smiles.

HARDY

Perhaps, dear, you see, it is me
who's open for business.

EXT. RESTAURANT'S PARKING - DAY

Uncle Sam looks up at the Barmaid(Washington) standing next to him.

She points her gun at him.

UNCLE SAM

Why?

WASHINGTON

It's better to offer no excuse than a bad one. So, why not?

Washington SHOTS Uncle Sam.

She stares at him for a few seconds in silence.

She slowly walks away.

She gets on her motorcycle, then at Uncle Sam's Mustang. She ponders, grin on her face.

A MINUTE LATER

She pulls off into the street with the convertible Mustang.

INT. MIKE THE BOOK'S OFFICE - DAY

Mike The Book is seen from behind his big chair, kind of an homage to the villain in Inspector Gadget. His fingers tap on the arm rests. He's talking to someone offscreen, hidden by his big chair.

MIKE THE BOOK

If it's not the Albanians, if it's not Stevie or Fred. And now, Sam was in this too. But Sam is dead.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Washington is at a red light.

MIKE THE BOOK(V.O)

Then we gotta find out who's behind all this. And I would urge that it's a pressing matter.

Washington stares at the light. She looks on the sidewalk on the passenger side.

(CONTINUED)

About fifty feet across the street, KIDS are playing with tamtams and flutes and singing Yankee Doodle Dandy.

MAN(O.S)

Excuse me?

She looks to her left. The Homeless Old Man stands there, weak.

HOMELESS OLD MAN

Spare some change please?

She stares at him. The Homeless Old Man bends his cup at her.

Something shiny gets her attention from inside the cup. She glances into the cup.

She freezes, eyes shining.

She sees the FLOWING HAIR coin.

She looks up at the Homeless Old Man, smiles.

"AMERICAN WOMAN" starts playing.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Washington drives, confident, smirk on her face, hair in the wind, the road all to herself.

She looks on the passenger's seat. The Washington mask is there.

She throws the Washington mask away as the mask lays on the concrete road.

FADE OUT