

The 6 Train  
by  
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Story  
by  
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(Based on the Experiences of Paul Torres)

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**THE 6 TRAIN**

FADE IN:

**INT. PAULIE'S BEDROOM - EVENING**

PAUL TORRES, late teens, fast asleep. CONNIE, his mother, calls from the hallway.

CONNIE (O.S.)  
Dinner's almost ready, Paul. Get up!

PAUL  
I'm up, ma.

Connie enters and hits him on the foot.

CONNIE  
Wake up, Paul. You sleep the day away. What a mess. You're not twelve years old anymore.

PAUL  
I know, ma.

She begins to clean up his clothes and finds a plastic bag with what looks like pot on the dresser. She snatches it up and holds it over his head.

CONNIE  
Paul! I told you I don't want pot in my house!

At first fearful, Paul instantly becomes annoyed when he sees what she has.

PAUL  
Ma, that's potpourri!

CONNIE  
It looks like pot.

Jumping from the bed, Paul plucks the bag out of her hand and pours some into an ashtray. Quickly, he lights it. Connie sniffs the aroma and softens.

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
All right, Paul. Just remember what I said. Stay away from pot. It's bad for you.

PAUL  
You know me, ma.

CONNIE

Yeah, I know you. Get dressed for dinner.

PAUL

I'm going out, ma.

CONNIE

You're always going out. Eat first.

As soon as Connie exits, Paul first checks to make sure she's really gone, then pulls a bag of pot out of a sock in his drawer.

**PAULIE'S - DINNING ROOM**

Gathered around the table are Connie, TINA, Paul's older sister, and his ten year old niece, ALEXIS.

CONNIE

Slow down, Paul. You're going to choke.

PAUL

I'm going to be late.

TINA

Late to hang out with your punk friends.

PAUL

Don't talk about my friends like that, Tina.

CONNIE

Both of you stop. You're like children.

ALEXIS

He's going to get girls.

TINA

Don't disrespect your uncle. That's my job.

PAUL

What do you know about girls, Alexis?

TINA

I know you like to kiss them.

The door bell RINGS.

PAUL

That's Marco. You're saved by the bell, little girl.

TINA

Saved by loser number two.

PAUL

Shut up, Tina.

CONNIE

Shut up, Tina. Paul, sit down and finish your dinner.

PAUL

Ma, I gotta go.

The bell RINGS over and over. We hear MARCO OFF CAMERA.

MARCO (O.S.)

Yo, Paulie! Let's go!

CONNIE

Why's he call you Paulie? I named you Paul, after my favorite uncle. If I wanted to call you Paulie, I would have named you Paulie.

Paul slugs down last bite.

PAUL

It's just a name, ma.

CONNIE

Well, just keep it the way it is. Don't let anyone change your name.

PAUL

I'll remember that, ma.

Paul jumps up, kisses Connie on the cheek, pats Alexis on the head, nods to Tina, and heads for the door.

**EXT. PAULIE'S - FRONT STEPS**

MARCO, overweight, red hair, waits.

MARCO

What took you so long?

Paul slaps Marco's head.

PAUL

You know my mother makes me eat.

Paul drags him off the step and they head down the sidewalk.

MARCO

A mommy's boy.

PAUL

Shut the fuck up. Look who's talking.  
You look like shit.

**EXT. NIGHT CLUB - LATER**

Paul and Marco stand outside the club as Paul rolls a blunt, sparks it up and hits it hard. Marco takes the blunt and hits it too. Paul slowly lets the smoke out, coughs a little, as a sullen look appears on his face.

MARCO

What's wrong, Paulie?

PAUL

I don't know. Yes, I do. I'm bored.

Marco flashes a quizzical look.

PAUL (CONT'D)

All we ever do is hang out at the same fucking clubs. Every fucking night. Same girls. They don't put out. When was the last time you got any?

Marco, no answer.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Exactly. The Bronx is shit.

Paul hits the blunt as a flash car, containing flash girls, rolls by.

PAUL (CONT'D)

See that? They're heading for the City. That's where it's at. I mean, fuck the Bronx. The clubs in Manhattan are where it's at. Let's go.

MARCO

We'll never get in.

PAUL

We'll get in.

**INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM**

Paul and Marco stand on the platform as the train approaches. On its front is a large number 6.

**INT. THE 6 TRAIN**

Sitting together on the train, Paul and Marco pass another blunt between them, watching the different people come and go.

MARCO

Why are doing this? This fucking train stops at every station. It'll take over an hour to get there.

PAUL

What're we going to do in the Bronx? Marco, the real action's in the City.

**EXT. MANHATTAN STREET**

Paul and Marco approach TUNNEL, the night club, a line winding around the building. Paul's eyes light up when he sees it.

PAUL

This is fucking awesome.

MARCO

This is fucking crazy.

PAUL

This is the place to be, Marco.

MARCO

Look at that line.

PAUL

Lines are for schmucks.

Paul's eyes fall on the door girl, DIAMOND, a hot blonde in her mid-twenties. Dressed for success. Controls the door. Rudely turns hopefuls away.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Look at her, Marco.

MARCO

Who?

PAUL

The door girl. I know her.

Pushing his way through the crowd to the front of the line, a silly grin on his face, he gets within earshot.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Hey, Mary!

For a moment, she loses his steely facade as she hears him call.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You're Mary Castrucci! From the Bronx!

DIAMOND

Who the fuck are you? Wait! Don't answer that! I don't know Mary what's-her-name! I don't know you!

PAUL

You are Mary! I used to have the biggest crush on you!

DIAMOND

Hey! Your fifteen minutes are up! You smell like the Bronx! Hit the 6 Train and go hang out where you hang out!

Diamond motions for the bouncers, two WWF rejects. Both move on Paul.

A smile on his face, Paul retreats into the crowd.

PAUL

You can't hide, Mary Castrucci from the Bronx.

Fuming, Mary goes back to work.

### **INT. TUNNEL**

Music blares from the dance floor as KING JAMES, flamboyant, somewhat effeminate, but not gay heads for the boy's room. But the line is too long. A young party kid, SETH, stands next to him.

KING JAMES

Well, I don't know about you, Seth, but that line is way too long for me and my little bladder.

SETH

We must be making a fortune on water.

KING JAMES

I'll retire to the alley.

SETH

I'll come with you.

KING JAMES

I can pee by myself, little boy.

**EXT. OUTSIDE LIQUOR STORE**

Paul and Marco exit the store with Forties in their hands.

MARCO

I told you we'd never get in.

PAUL

We'll get in, Marco.

As they pass an alley, Paul notices a HOMELESS MAN sitting on the sidewalk. Paul digs into his pocket and pulls out two quarters. He dumps them into the man's cup.

PAUL (CONT'D)

All I can spare.

HOMELESS MAN

More than I had two minutes ago.

Down the alley adjacent to the store, a scuffle ensues. Paul sees a man getting the shit kicked out of him.

PAUL

Marco! Come on!

Paul launches into the alley.

**END OF ALLEY**

Three THUGS pummel King James. Paul grabs the first thug and tosses him toward Marco, who decks him with a single blow.

Paul tosses the second Thug, and Marco cracks him too. The third one, Paul smashes in the face, knocking him toward Marco, who smacks him too.

The three Thugs, dazed, pick themselves up and stumble down the alley. Paul helps King James, bleeding from cuts and a broken nose, to his feet.

KING JAMES

Thank you. Thank you. You sure got here in a flash.

PAUL

I don't like people ganging up on little guys.

KING JAMES

Well, Flash, I'm glad you think that way. My name is King James. I'm a promoter here at Tunnel.



PAUL

I'm Paul. This is Marco.

They all shake hands.

KING JAMES

You come to the door and show Diamond these cards. She'll let you in. Some drink tickets too. Come any time you want.

PAUL

Thanks, King James.

KING JAMES

Thank you, Flash. Oh, get some new clothes. Cause that is just wrong.

King James vanishes into the rear door of Tunnel. Paul holds up the gold card like it is the Holy Grail.

PAUL

Y'boy!

MARCO

Okay, Flash.

**INT. PAULIE'S - BEDROOM**

Paul lies back in bed, stripped to the waist, holding his gold card in his hand. He smiles, puts it in his wallet, and turns out the light.

**EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - NIGHT**

Dressed better than before (not by much), Paul leads Marco to the front door of Tunnel. With pride, he presents his gold card to Diamond.

DIAMOND

Where the fuck did you get this,  
Bronx boy?

King James, his face partially bandaged, comes through the door.

KING JAMES

From me, Diamond. They're my guests.

King James opens the door wide.

KING JAMES (CONT'D)

These guys get whatever they want.

Paul slinks by Diamond, a dumfounded look on her face.

**INT. TUNNEL**

Awed by the action in the club, numbed by the blaring TECHNO MUSIC and the writhing bodies on the dance floor, Paul and Marco follow King James into the depths of the club.

King James motions for Seth, who instantly bounces over to him.

KING JAMES  
Seth, this is Flash and ...

MARCO  
Marco!

KING JAMES  
Yes, indeed. Seth, show these fine young men around.

Instantly, King James vanishes into the throng.

SETH  
Welcome to Tunnel.

Seth hands them both a pill.

SETH (CONT'D)  
Join the party.

PAUL  
What is it?

SETH  
Party pill. It is the party. Better get some agua.

**OTHER SIDE OF TUNNEL**

Seth leads Paul and Marco around on a sight-seeing tour.

SETH  
That's the V.E. over there. And that's Ruben. We work for King James.

PAUL  
What the hell is this King James shit?

SETH  
He's the King of the party. The font from which all fun comes. Over there, that group of girls, I've had them all. Give `em a pill and you'll get `em for the night. That group over there. Don't waste your time.

PAUL

What do you mean about king of the party?

SETH

He owns Tunnel. Actually, he has partners who run the clubs. He runs the party.

Seth looks over at another man, ROB, who resembles King James to a degree, but more in style. Seth motions for him to come over.

ROB

These the new guys?

SETH

Flash. Marco. This is Rob. He's King James's right-hand man.

Rob shakes hands.

ROB

Flash? Listen, you guys need anything, get Seth here. He'll hook you up.

Rob vanishes in the same manner as King James.

PAUL

What's he mean, new guys?

SETH

It means, you're in, Flash. Enjoy.

Seth heads off. After he leaves, a mysterious man, GEORGE MASON, dressed to fit in, but not fitting in, comes up behind Paul and Marco. Marco seems to sense him. Paul is captivated by the scene.

MARCO

You want something?

Mason says nothing. He lights a cigarette. Walks off.

PAUL

I don't know what that shit was, but I'm starting to feel it.

#### **TUNNEL - ON SOFA**

Paul and Marco, now fully under the influence, all smiles, watch as Seth sells pills to others.

PAUL

Marco, we can make money here.

MARCO

How?

Smiling broadly, Paul points to Seth. Marco laughs.

MARCO (CONT'D)

All right, *Flash*. Whatever you say.

**EXT. OUTSIDE TUNNEL - NIGHT**

Hailing cabs for club patrons, Paul collects mad tips. Diamond motions for him to come over.

DIAMOND

Having fun?

PAUL

I been at this shit for six months.  
This is not what I had in mind to  
make money.

DIAMOND

How much so far?

PAUL

Couple of hundred.

DIAMOND

Want to make more?

**INT. CAB**

Paul thrusts his head into the cab and gets right into the faces of the occupants.

PAUL

Give me a hundred. Guarantee you get  
in.

The man in the back snaps out a hundred dollar bill.

**INT. TUNNEL**

Sitting at a table with Diamond in the near-empty club, Paul hands a wad of cash to her, then counts his own.

PAUL

Jesus! I made over a grand!

DIAMOND

What a team.

Seth saunters up to them.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

King James requests our presence.  
The party continues.

**INT. KING JAMES'S APARTMENT**

Paul, Diamond and Seth enter the magnificently apportioned apartment, jammed with partiers. It seems as if Tunnel transported to the apartment. Diamond heads for the bathroom.

DIAMOND

I'll be back. Have to powder my nose.

As soon as the door closes, Seth grabs a couple of party girls, WHISTLE and BUNNY, late teens, very hot.

SETH

Whistle. Bunny. This is Flash. Take care of him, girls.

Like a priest, Seth pops a pill into each of their mouths. On the way into the bathroom, they pass Diamond on the way out. Her mouth goes slack with shock as she passes them.

**VESTIBULE - MORNING**

Diamond readies herself to leave as Paul exits the bathroom. She glowers at him.

PAUL

Where you going?

DIAMOND

Did you have fun?

PAUL

Those two? Couldn't even get it up.

DIAMOND

Liar. Coffee.

PAUL

Mary, it's six in the morning.

DIAMOND

Diamond! Don't call me Mary. Mary's dead.

Paul backs up a bit. But the gruff look on her face melts into a salacious smile. With one finger raised, she beckons him. Then exits.

As he leaves, the still-naked Whistle and Bunny peek out of the bathroom and smile at him. He smiles back and heads for the door as the girls hook up and slip back into the bathroom.

**INT. DIAMOND'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Sunlight blasts through the partially curtained windows. Paul and Diamond tear into each other, finishing in a thunderous climax.

Falling off of her, Paul reaches for a bottle of water and sees the clock on the wall.

PAUL

Shit! We've been at this for five hours!

DIAMOND

So what. We don't have to be to work till tonight.

PAUL

I've dreamed about this for four years. You're beautiful.

DIAMOND

Oh, please. You sound like a wannabe.

She pulls a cigarette from the pack as he continues to stare.

PAUL

I'm serious.

DIAMOND

Seriously demented.

PAUL

Maybe. What do you want out of life? Is this it? Tunnel?

DIAMOND

Are we seriously having an after fuck, existential conversation?

PAUL

I was just asking.

DIAMOND

Look, I have a great job. Power. Lots of money. An apartment to die for. What more could I want? A husband, two point three kids and a house with a white picket fence? A little dog in the yard?

She gets a water bottle off the headboard and takes a long swig.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Not me, brother. Not this girl. I'm an independent chick. And I like it that way. Coin flip. What do you want?

Slowly, not another word, he kisses her.

**EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY**

Paul and Diamond walk along the big lake together, arm in arm as snow begins to fall. Slowly, she looks at his clothes.

DIAMOND

Who could've predicted that after six months, you'd still look and smell like the Bronx? Oh, I forgot. You're the big Flash.

PAUL

Oh, and you're the big Diamond? Mary Castrucci from the Bronx.

DIAMOND

Y'know, I just realized. We've known each other for six months, and I don't even know your real name.

PAUL

Paulie. Paul. My mom gets pissed when people call me Paulie.

DIAMOND

Paulie's a little boy's name. Listen, what do you do with all your money? You don't spend it on clothes.

PAUL

Hey, I've been making chump change compared to last night.

DIAMOND

You're just wasting your money. You can't blow it all. The party doesn't last forever.

Diamond examines his clothes again.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

God, you're a mess.

**INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT**

Seth, and his girlfriend, IVY, a punkish party kid, sit at a table, plates of sushi in front of them.

SETH  
Ivy, let's go to Florida on Monday.

IVY  
Disney?

SETH  
Yeah. Disney.

IVY  
I need a break from New York.

SETH  
Me too.

IVY  
Listen, I have to go to the doctor.

SETH  
What's wrong?

IVY  
Just a checkup. Nothing.

SETH  
Okay, I'll see ya after.

She kisses him and bounces out of the restaurant. Almost as soon as Ivy leaves, a party kid, GREG, looking worn and anxious, comes in.

GREG  
Seth, can you hook me up?

Seth looks around nervously.

SETH  
What do you need?

GREG  
Five pills and a bag of "K".

Seth takes one more look around, then retrieves the drugs from his pocket. Quickly, they make the transaction under the table.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Thanks, bro. Late.

Greg jumps up from the table and vanishes out the door. Moments later, George Mason saunters up to the table, two other suited men with him, and sits down.

MASON  
Hello, Seth.





KING JAMES

A volunteer?

Rob flashes a look King James's way.

KING JAMES (CONT'D)

Let us see. What to do. I have it. I might have an opening soon in our marketing department. But, my dear boy, we must do something about your haberdashery.

**INT. AVANT-GARDE CLOTHING SHOP**

Diamond pulls clothes from the racks, holds them up to see how they look on Paul.

PAUL

I can't afford this shit.

DIAMOND

Don't worry about it.

PAUL

Besides, my mother will freak.

DIAMOND

Don't worry about it, Bronx boy.

**SERIES OF SHOTS**

- A) Paul trying on suit.
- B) Diamond throws another at him.
- C) Finally, one she likes.

**AT THE COUNTER**

Diamond lumps the clothes on the counter and the Bohemian COUNTER GIRL checks them out. Paul sees the total, and his jaw drops. The total is over \$600.

COUNTER GIRL

On King James's account?

Diamond lumps the bags on Paul and leads him out of the shop.

**INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT**

Paul, a wad of cash in hand, pays a split to Diamond. He then looks over at Seth, standing alone in the corner. He looks like he is going to shit. Rob comes up and Seth hands him a wad of cash.

DIAMOND

Are you staying over tonight?

PAUL

Can't. My niece is having a birthday party tomorrow. My mother asked me to help.

DIAMOND

Oh, joy.

Twitching, nervous, Seth walks to Paul and Diamond.

SETH

Flash, listen, Rob wants to talk to you some time this week.

PAUL

About what?

SETH

He just says make some time.

Seth starts to walk away, then turns back.

SETH (CONT'D)

Paul, can I talk to you?

**INT. RESTAURANT - MORNING**

Breakfast sits in front of Paul and Seth.

PAUL

You gonna eat that or donate it to the homeless?

Silence. Seth continues to pick at his breakfast.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Look, Seth, you and I are friends. You can say anything.

SETH

You ever feel like your balls are in a vise?

PAUL

What are you talking about?

SETH

Like everything is just going peachy, and then one morning you wake up. Nothing seems to make sense.

PAUL

I have no idea what you're talking about. Is this about your girlfriend? Did Ivy leave you again? Cheat on you?

SETH

I wish it was that simple.

PAUL

Look, I'll do whatever I can to help you, but if I don't know what's bothering you ...

SETH

There's nothing you can do, Paul. There's nothing anybody can do.

**EXT. MANHATTAN STREET**

Paul and Seth walk together through the throng. Seth blows cigarette smoke into the air, looks skittish and nervous.

PAUL

If you're depressed about something, I'm sure King James would pay for a shrink or something.

SETH

Or something. I've worked for him for over three years now. Lived in his house. Cleaned it. Washed his clothes. Arranged his parties. After three years, the only thing I really know about King James is that he never does anything for anybody unless there's something in it for him.

PAUL

I don't know what to tell you.

SETH

I just needed to talk. But, be careful. Gotta go.

Seth walks off, leaving Paul with a consternated look on his face. Off in the distance, Rob watches undetected by Paul and Seth. He lights a cigarette, then pulls out his cell phone.

**INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT**

Standing alone on the platform, Paul looks worn and haggard. He looks on with dread as the 6 Train slows to a stop. He

steps toward the train, but then stops. He pulls a wad of bills from his pocket.

PAUL

Fuck this.

He steps back from the train.

**EXT. STREET**

Paul ascends the subway stairs and walks onto the street. As he reaches his hand out to hail a cab, King James steps up.

KING JAMES

Flash, I thought you went home.

PAUL

I went to breakfast with Seth. Didn't feel like doing the train today. Figured I'd take a cab.

KING JAMES

With the money you're making now, you might as well splurge. But speaking of Seth. He seems a bit nervous to me. Did he say anything strange to you?

PAUL

Not really. I think Ivy's fucking with him.

KING JAMES

I see. Here's a bit of sage wisdom, my young friend: women are fun to play with, but never let them get their hooks in you. They'll tear your heart out and make you think you did it to yourself. Back-stabbers, all of them. Speaking of which, I see you're spending a lot of time with Diamond.

PAUL

I like her. She's hot.

KING JAMES

That, she is. She's a viper, Flash. Watch her. Be careful.

King James whistles for a cab, which pulls over in front of them. King James hands driver cash.

KING JAMES (CONT'D)

Take my young friend home.

King James hands an envelope to Paul.

KING JAMES (CONT'D)  
Give this to your niece for her  
birthday.

PAUL  
How'd you know?

KING JAMES  
King James knows all in his domain.

Without another word, King James saunters off as the rays of daylight drift over the horizon.

**INT. KING JAMES'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Sitting at the kitchen table, Seth nervously holds the phone to his ear.

SETH  
Why are you doing this to me? I  
can't do that. You don't understand.  
It's not that easy... Please don't  
say that. I can't do that much time.

Slowly, he puts the phone down, then rapidly slams his hands into his forehead as he squints hard to fight back tears.

Stealthily, King James, in a satin robe and satin PJ's, slips into the kitchen and pours a cup of coffee. Sitting down, he lights two cigarettes, hands one to Seth, and draws off the other.

KING JAMES  
You seem distracted, Seth. Is there  
something you wanted to tell me?

SETH  
I'm just tired.

KING JAMES  
You've been off recently. I'm  
concerned.

King James notices a letter sitting in front of Seth.

KING JAMES (CONT'D)  
Writing your problems down can often  
help.

Seth quickly folds the paper and puts it in his pocket.

KING JAMES (CONT'D)  
How are things between you and Ivy?

SETH

Okay, I guess. Nothing bad.

King James controls his anger.

KING JAMES

I see. Why don't you get some sleep.  
You look tired.

Seth rises, and walks away, as King James lets his displeasure map his face.

**INT. PAULIE'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Alexis' birthday party is in full swing. Ten year old kids jump around, tormenting Paul in an affectionate manner. Connie comes out of the dining room and takes center stage.

CONNIE

All right, everyone. Come into the dining room.

**PAULIE'S DINING ROOM**

The kids plow in and gather around Alexis as she takes her place at the head of the table in front of a giant birthday cake.

CONNIE

Okay, everyone. One. Two. Three.

Connie leads them in a rousing rendition of Happy Birthday.

PAUL

Make a wish, Alexis!

As she prepares to blow out the candles, the phone RINGS in the kitchen. Tina reaches in and answers it.

TINA

Hello? Flash? Ain't no Flash here.

PAUL

That's for me, Tina.

Paul ducks into the kitchen to take the call.

**PAULIE'S KITCHEN**

PAUL

Yo, what's up?

Paul's face contorts and he breathes heavily.

**INT. KING JAMES'S APARTMENT**

King James, looking shocked, Paul, Diamond and Rob sit together at the kitchen table.

KING JAMES

I had my music on in the bedroom. I never heard a thing. When I came out to get some coffee, there he was. In the kitchen.

King James seems cagey, but the others do not see it.

DIAMOND

Did he leave a note?

KING JAMES

The police have it. He was writing to Ivy.

PAUL

I can't fucking believe this. Where'd he get a gun? Seth never carried.

KING JAMES

It was mine.

Paul flashes a glare his way.

KING JAMES (CONT'D)

I mindlessly left it on the counter. How was I supposed to know?

They all go silent for a moment.

KING JAMES (CONT'D)

Well, I have to go make arrangements. Excuse me.

Rob follows King James.

PAUL

I don't have money for a suit.

DIAMOND

Where'd all that money go?

PAUL

I gave a lot of it to my mom. Help out around the house.

Rob stops and comes back. He hands Paul a wad of cash.

ROB

Get a suit.



PAUL

Thanks, Rob. I'll pay you back.

Rob nods and exits.

**INT. BARGAIN CLOTHING STORE**

Paul goes through the racks and picks out a suit. He looks at the tag. It reads \$95.00.

PAUL

He'll never know.

**EXT. CEMETERY — DAY**

King James, in a flamboyant suit, stands next to Ivy and is flanked by Rob and Diamond. Suspended above the grave is Seth's closed coffin. The MINISTER finishes the service.

Hundreds of party kids, all of whom mourn Seth's death, join his close friends as they all drop a single flower on top of the coffin as it descends into the grave. As Paul and Diamond walk away from the grave, Rob comes to Paul.

ROB

Diamond, give us a moment.

Diamond wipes her eyes, and walks over to King James.

Near the cars, they are far away from prying ears.

ROB

It's a big score. More money than you seen in your life.

PAUL

When?

ROB

Tomorrow night. Big party on Fire Island.

PAUL

How much?

ROB

Enough. Trust me. You in?

PAUL

Fuck yeah.

ROB

All right. You need to bring a friend. I'll bring a friend.

PAUL

Marco.

ROB

Fine. I'll bring my friend, Sonny.  
He'll get a car.

PAUL

Tell him to make it inconspicuous.

ROB

He knows what he's doing. You and  
Marco bring camo.

They finally reach the cars. Rob gets into the car.

ROB (CONT'D)

Oh, when I give you two thousand  
dollars for a suit, come back with a  
two thousand dollar suit.

Paul, shocked, smiles and checks out his suit.

**EXT. ROB'S FRONT STEPS - DAY**

Rob, Paul and Marco wait with travel bags in front of them.

PAUL

Where the fuck is Fire Island?

ROB

Long Island. We'll get there. Don't  
worry. Look, it's going to be over a  
hundred grand. These fags know how  
to make money.

MARCO

You got a plan?

ROB

What plan? These fuckers don't even  
lock their doors.

PAUL

So we just drive in, get the cash  
and drive off?

ROB

We take the ferry over. No bridge.  
No cars. We tape the cash to our  
chests like that guy taped heroin to  
him in Midnight Express. Walk right  
out.

MARCO  
Sounds too simple.

ROB  
Where's your boy?

Before the words get out, SONNY drives up in a lime green Caddy. Paul's jaw goes slack.

SONNY  
Let's go to the bank, boys!

Paul jumps off the steps and goes to the car.

PAUL  
This is inconspicuous?

SONNY  
It's a classic!

PAUL  
This would stand out on the surface  
of the sun.

ROB  
Not on Fire Island. They love this  
shit.

PAUL  
This is a bad omen, Rob. I'm not  
getting in that car.

ROB  
And I thought you had balls.

**INT. CADDY - MOVING**

Paul and Rob sit in the back of the convertible, basking in the sun, hair flowing in the breeze.

**EXT. FIRE ISLAND FERRY PARKING LOT**

Sonny jumps out of the car and heads for the trunk. Opening it, we see the five travel bags.

MARCO  
What's in the other bag?

SONNY  
Tape. Extra clothes. Guns.

MARCO  
Guns?

ROB

Yeah, Marco. Guns.

PAUL

You said this was a pushover. They don't even lock their doors, you said.

ROB

We're steeling over a hundred grand. They might get pissed at that. You two still in?

**EXT. FIRE ISLAND FERRY PARKING LOT**

Paul and Rob stand at the front rail of the upper deck, gazing off to the island.

ROB

Fort Knox, amigo.

**EXT. FIRE ISLAND HOTEL**

A typical resort hotel with the doors exposed to the outdoors. The guys carry the bags to the rooms. Paul and Rob enter one of the rooms; Marco and Sonny another.

**INT. PAUL AND ROB'S ROOM**

They drop their bags on the beds. Rob opens the door to the adjoining room. Sonny and Marco enter as Rob pulls out clothes only a gay man would wear.

ROB

Put this shit on, guys.

PAUL

I'm not putting on a fag suit.

ROB

Fucking put it on, pussy. We gotta blend in.

**EXT. BEACH**

Angry storm clouds fill the sky and near-hurricane force winds whip the surf into a frenzy. Fighting the weather, dressed in their fag suits, the boys battle their way up the beach.

PAUL

Rob! You fucking moron. Don't you watch the Weather Channel? You had to plan this during Hurricane Andrew? Fuck!

ROB

Think of all the fags that'll leave  
cause of it!

Paul looks at his clothes.

PAUL

I feel like an idiot.

ROB

I told you, we have to blend.

**EXT. UNDER THE BOARDWALK**

The four of them, now dressed in camo, stand in water up to their knees, shivering against the cold. Rain drips through the boards, and wind whips them from the side.

PAUL

We've been standing here for over an  
hour. When are these fuckers going  
to leave?

Rob strips his camo off, revealing his fag suit.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Where you going?

ROB

Check to see what's holding them up.

**ON BOARDWALK**

Swishing like a gay man, Rob ambles up to the back of the house and looks inside.

**BACK PORCH OF HOUSE**

In the house, Rob sees three gay men get ready to go out, one bigger and tougher-looking than the others.

**UNDER THE BOARDWALK**

Rob splashes down into the water again, falling all the way in.

ROB

Fuck!

PAUL

Moron. What the fuck is going on?

ROB

They're going out. Biggest fags I  
ever seen.

**INT. FAG HOUSE**

Stealthily, Paul, Rob, Marco and Sonny enter the house. To the left, a wall of mirrors scares them at first.

PAUL

What the fuck is this? Your plan said the money would be in a room to the left.

ROB

That's what the plan says!

Paul motions for Marco and Sonny to search. Sonny stands in the middle of the living room, and looks as Marco heads for the bedroom.

**FAG HOUSE HALLWAY**

Paul checks one bedroom door. Marco the other. When Marco taps on the door. The voice of one of the guys who lives there, KEVIN, booms from the other side.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Is that you, Alex? Are you playing games?

Panic fills Paul and Marco. Paul in a gay voice.

PAUL

Yeah, I am, but I'm not Alex.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Oh, really. Well, whoever you are, can you get me something to drink? I'm parched.

Paul and Marco stifle the urge to laugh.

PAUL

What do you want?

KEVIN (O.S.)

Anything cold. You know me. It's Kevin the cold guy.

Paul in hysterics.

PAUL

Okay, Kevin, the Cold Guy.

**FAG HOUSE KEVIN'S ROOM**

Lying alone in the semi-darkened room, naked on the bed, Kevin waits for his drink. With a drink in one hand, and a gun in the other, Paul sashays up to the bed.

PAUL  
Here's your drink, Kevin.

Kevin looks up and sees the gun.

KEVIN  
Oh, you aren't playing games.

**FAG HOUSE NEAR MIRROR WALL**

Paul comes back to find Rob waiting for him.

PAUL  
I tied the fag up. Where's the fucking money?

Sonny, standing near the kitchen, takes off his mask, picks up a piece of fruit and tosses it across the room.

SONNY  
This is fucking bullshit!

Sonny picks up another piece of fruit and tosses hard against the mirrors. The impact opens what turns out to be a door. Rob and Paul peer inside.

On the floor of the closet are four ammo cases. Paul instantly opens the door and pulls out one of the cases.

Opening the case, he finds it filled with hundred dollar bills.

PAUL  
Y'boy!

**EXT. BAY - LATER**

Rob and Paul wade out into the rough surf, as waves buffet them. Rob and Paul carry the ammo cases out into the water.

ROB  
Let's just bury the evidence, and get out of here. We'll steal a boat and row across the bay.

PAUL  
Are you fucking crazy, Sonny? It's a fucking hurricane!

ROB

There's only two ways out of here.  
The ferry. Or the bay. The ferry  
doesn't run until after the hurricane  
leaves. I'm not waiting to have the  
fags come and find us.

PAUL

I'm not going out there! You'll get  
killed.

**INT. FIRE ISLAND HOTEL - NIGHT**

Blasting through the door, the storm still raging outside,  
Paul and Rob find Marco and Sonny on the floor, counting the  
bootie.

MARCO

A hundred and ten in cash. Five keys  
of coke. At least five thousand pills.

PAUL

Y'boy!

ROB

Jackpot.

SONNY

Let's get out of here. Now.

ROB

I'm going to steal a boat.

PAUL

There's a fucking hurricane! You see  
the waves in the bay when we buried  
the ammo cases?

MARCO

I'm not going out in a boat in this  
fucking weather.

ROB

Fine. You two do what you want. Sonny  
and I will take the guns and the  
drugs. You take the cash.

Paul looks at Marco, who shrugs his shoulders.

PAUL

Fine.



**EXT. DOCK**

Rob and Sonny sit in the boat as it jumps up and down in the squall.

PAUL

You two are fucking nuts. You're going to drown out there.

ROB

They'll be looking for you on the ferry.

PAUL

They'll be looking for you at the bottom of the bay.

Rob waves and smiles sardonically as Sonny shoves off, gunning the motor, vanishing in the darkness.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'd rather get fucked by a fag than go out in that shit, Marco.

**EXT. FIRE ISLAND - DAY**

The storm is all but gone.

**INT. FIRE ISLAND FERRY**

Paul and Marco board the ferry, dressed in their fag suits. Marco scratches his side.

MARCO

This tape is making me itch. Why can't we just carry the money in the bag?

PAUL

Why don't you say that a little bit louder. I don't think everybody on the ferry heard you. You stay down here. I'll go up stairs. Don't talk to no one.

**EXT. UPPER DECK**

Sitting alone with other travelers, Paul keeps his cool as two large, but effeminate gays examine each person. Finally, they reach Paul

GAY ONE

You're not gay. What are you doing here?

PAUL

Excuse me?

GAY TWO

You heard him.

PAUL

Oh, because I don't act like a queer,  
I'm not gay?

GAY ONE

Who where you with?

PAUL

None of your business. But if you  
must know, I was with my lover, Marco.  
You know, it's guys like you who  
make it tough for guys like us. Just  
because I don't act gay doesn't mean  
I'm not.

The two guys look at each other for a moment, then change  
their demeanor.

GAY TWO

We're sorry, man. There was some  
trouble on the Island and we think  
some breeders did it.

PAUL

It's okay. Maybe I'll see ya around  
sometime.

Gay Two winks and smiles.

GAY TWO

Maybe.

As they walk off, Gay One jealously pokes the other in the  
side. After they leave, Paul breathes a sigh of relief.

**INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY**

His eyes filled with avarice, Paul examines the expensive  
watches. A snooty MALE CLERK saunters up to him.

MALE CLERK

May I help you, sir?

PAUL

How much is that one there?

MALE CLERK

That's one of the most expensive  
Rolexes we carry, sir. Are you sure  
you can afford it?

PAUL

You think because I dress like this...

MALE CLERK

Please, sir, don't make a scene.

PAUL

I'm not making a scene, *sir*. I came  
here to buy a watch. Now you can  
watch me do it.

A beautiful FEMALE CLERK stands off to one side.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Miss, may I speak to you?

FEMALE CLERK

Yes, sir?

PAUL

How much is that very expensive Rolex  
there in the case?

She looks at tag.

FEMALE CLERK

That's twenty-five thousand, sir.

As if he is considering it, Paul looks at the Male Clerk,  
then to the Female Clerk. He then pulls a wad of bills from  
his pocket.

PAUL

Is cash okay?

FEMALE CLERK

Yes, sir.

PAUL

Don't bother to wrap it. Also, is  
the manager in?

FEMALE CLERK

I'll get him, sir.

The Male Clerk begins to sweat a bit as the Female Clerk  
returns with the Manager.

MANAGER

How may I help you, sir?

PAUL

I just purchased this very expensive Rolex. One of the most expensive Rolexes you carry. I paid cash. This man over here, judging by the way I dress, insulted me. I just wanted you to know that.

The Male Clerk practically melts into the wall under the disapproving glare of the Manager.

MANAGER

Sir, if there's anything we can do.

PAUL

I like those diamond earrings.

MANAGER

For you, sir, seventy-five percent off.

Paul just smiles.

**INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT**

Diamond glows as she looks at the earrings.

DIAMOND

God, Flash, they're beautiful. I don't understand. How'd you afford this?

PAUL

I have a friend in the business.

She puts them on as Rob comes up.

ROB

Flash. Talk time. Nice stones, Diamond.

**OTHER SIDE OF TUNNEL**

Paul and Rob sit on a sofa.

ROB

I was really impressed by the way you handled Fire Island. You know how to take control.

PAUL

Maybe we should do it again sometime.

ROB

I got bigger problems I want you to help me with.

Paul nods.

ROB (CONT'D)

We got nine dealers in three clubs. They all owe us money. Todd's the worst.

PAUL

How much do they owe you?

ROB

About sixty grand.

PAUL

Whoa! You let that much money get away?

ROB

He always has an excuse.

PAUL

Ya know, I've seen this shit going on here. I'll get your money back for you. But from now on, I collect *all* the money.

ROB

That's what I want.

PAUL

Another thing. I was thinking. You got the best Ecstasy in the City. Pure MDMA. No one has this quality.

ROB

Point?

PAUL

These are big fucking pills. It's like two doses in one.

ROB

You want me to break them in half?

PAUL

Fuck yeah! We tell the kids that it's a higher dosage. They'll take it.

ROB

We still have to deal with the Todd problem. King James's crawling up my ass about it.

PAUL

How much are these pills wholesale?

ROB

Thirteen bucks.

PAUL

How much to the dealers?

ROB

Fifteen.

PAUL

Wrong. Seventeen.

ROB

You are a prick.

PAUL

That's why you're going to pay me fifteen percent.

ROB

Whoa. I don't know if King James will go for that.

PAUL

Instead of making two bucks a pill, you'll make seventeen when we break them. And I'll get your back-owed money. I get sixty back. I want twenty.

ROB

Okay. Do it.

They shake hands and Paul bounces off. As soon as he leaves, King James comes out of the shadows and sits down.

KING JAMES

Well, my friend, that was an interesting conversation.

Rob just nods.

KING JAMES (CONT'D)

You sure have a tiger by the tail, Rob. I hope you can hold onto him enough so that he doesn't bite you.

**INT. DIAMOND'S CAR - DAY - MOVING**

Wearing her new diamond earrings, Diamond drives with Paul in the passenger seat.

DIAMOND  
I can't believe you're taking me home to meet mommy.

PAUL  
Shut the fuck up. It's spaghetti night.

DIAMOND  
Spaghetti night. Jeez.

PAUL  
This is hell. This is hell.

DIAMOND  
Don't worry, mommy's boy. I'll behave. I just wonder how many girls you've put through this torture.

PAUL  
You're the first.

DIAMOND  
Right.

PAUL  
Listen. Don't call me Flash. My mom will freak.

DIAMOND  
All right. Paulie.

PAUL  
Paul. Just Paul. This is hell.

**INT. PAULIE'S DINING ROOM**

Diamond joins Paul and his family at dinner. Connie puts the last of the food bowls on the table.

CONNIE  
Welcome to our home, Diamond.

DIAMOND  
Thanks.

ALEXIS  
She's prettier than the other girls, Uncle Paul.

Diamond flashes a disapproving glare his way.

PAUL  
Why don't you say grace, Alexis?

ALEXIS  
We don't say grace anymore.

CONNIE  
Mind your uncle.

ALEXIS  
Good food. Good eats. Good God, let's  
eat. Amen.

They all burst into laughter as Connie passes a bowl of pasta and sauce around the table.

**EXT. BRONX STREET - NIGHT**

Paul and Diamond walk arm-in-arm away from the house toward the car.

DIAMOND  
Your mom's a good cook.

PAUL  
Yeah.

DIAMOND  
No wonder you're such a mommy's boy.

She giggles a bit at his stunned reaction.

PAUL  
I'm not a mommy's boy.

DIAMOND  
Oh, please. You are so whipped.

PAUL  
Never.

DIAMOND  
Listen, Flash. You don't have to lie  
to me. We're not married. You're not  
going to hurt my feelings.

PAUL  
Most girls...

DIAMOND  
I'm not most girls. I beat my way  
out of the Bronx. And I didn't do it  
by letting my feelings get hurt.



She stops and takes him into her arms.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

I care about you. My little Bronx Boy. But I'm not the little house in the burbs with a white picket fence and two point three kids in the yard kind of girl. If you're looking for your mother, I'm not her.

PAUL

I have a mom. I don't need two.

DIAMOND

Good.

She kisses him.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

Let's get out of here. Too much Bronx for one day.

**INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT**

Amidst the throng of partiers, TODD, one of the dealers, doles out the candy. He sells one to a cute young girl, then hands her an extra one.

TODD

That's for the road.

The girl drives her tongue down his throat, then bounces off. But like an eagle stalking his prey from the air, Paul, now dressed in well-tailored clothes and boots, darts over to where Todd stands.

PAUL

Todd, I have to have a word with you.

TODD

Whatever you want, Flash.

Paul motions for him to come to the side, away from the crowd.

PAUL

Rob talk to you?

TODD

It's good he has a reliable gofer.

PAUL

Listen, Todd, I am going to say this once. You owe over sixty grand. That's

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)  
a lot of money for such a little  
shit to come up with on such short  
notice.

TODD  
Look, Flash -- wannabe -- we handle  
the party.

Todd pokes Paul's chest.

TODD (CONT'D)  
You do whatever it is Rob wants you  
to do.

Paul simply nods. Then grabs the fingers of Todd's hands. He  
bends the fingers back, inflicting excruciating pain. Todd  
gazes fearfully into Paul's eyes.

PAUL  
Do you understand now, Todd?

Todd nods rapidly. Paul lets go of his fingers.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
How much is Rob charging you a pill?

TODD  
Seventeen.

PAUL  
Wrong! Nineteen.

TODD  
Nineteen?

PAUL  
That's right. For you, it's nineteen.  
Another thing. At the end of the  
night, you bring everything to me.  
Money. Leftover pills. Everything.  
I'll pay you the next day.

TODD  
That's bullshit! I'm talking to Rob.

Paul gets him in a Vulcan Nerve Pinch before Todd can leave.

PAUL  
And those freebies? They come out of  
your pocket. Not ours. Get it?

Todd nods again through the pain.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Have a nice day.

Paul lets go, and Todd stumbles away into the crowd.

**INT. TUNNEL ROB'S OFFICE**

Paul walks into Rob's office and drops three different canvas bags on his desk.

PAUL

Wetlands. USA. Here.

ROB

How much?

PAUL

Neighborhood of hundred eighty-eight.  
Plus the leftovers.

ROB

Whoa! Good take. Hey, what's with  
Todd? He said you're charging him  
nineteen a pill. I thought we said  
it was seventeen.

PAUL

Nineteen's for lying.

ROB

What about the sixty?

PAUL

You dont' worry about the sixty.

ROB

How much you take? Two grand?

PAUL

Twenty-two hundred.

ROB

Thief.

PAUL

See ya tomorrow.

As soon as Paul leaves the office, King James comes out of the shadows, an unlit cigar in one hand and a snifter of brandy in the other.

KING JAMES

Adieu, my tiger. What did I tell  
you?

King James lights his cigar.

ROB

I'll keep him on a tight leash.

KING JAMES

Do you think there's a leash strong enough to contain him? Brains. Balls. Ambition. All in one package. Dangerous mix.

ROB

Sounds like you.

King James smiles sardonically as he exits.

**INT. D.E.A. OFFICE - DAY**

George Mason sits among a group of agents.

MASON

I've heard a new name floating around the clubs. Flash.

GREG, sits at the table, dressed in a suit and tie.

MASON (CONT'D)

You heard that, Greg?

GREG

He's a ghost. He's there. I know that. But I can never get close to him.

MASON

Get close.

GREG

Another thing. They're breaking their pills in half.

MASON

They must be making over two hundred grand a night at that rate.

GREG

More than that.

MASON

Jesus. Greg, flush this guy Flash out. Pressure him. He'll finger King James for us. Another thing. I want to revisit that suicide. Something's not kosher about it.

Greg nods and leaves.

**EXT. STREET OUTSIDE NIGHTCLUB – NIGHT**

Diamond and Paul get out of his car and head towards a night club. At the door is a huge bouncer, PENO. With a great big smile, he lets Diamond in, but he stops Paul.

PENO  
Where you going, slick?

PAUL  
Inside, Tiny.

PENO  
Not tonight, you're not.

PAUL  
That's my girl you let in.

PENO  
Not tonight, she's not. She's with me now.

PAUL  
Diamond! Where you going?

She vanishes into the club. Paul steps back into an attack posture. But stops short when two other bouncers step up.

PENO  
What are you gonna do now, tough guy?

PAUL  
Take a look at my face. You'll see it again.

PENO  
I can't wait.

**INT. TUNNEL**

His face set in a angry snarl, Paul storms through the club. Rob comes put to him and can see the ire in his eyes.

ROB  
Flash, I told you I'd cover for you tonight. What happened?

PAUL  
I don't want to talk about it.

ROB  
Fine. I'm going to collect.

PAUL

I'll collect. Where's Todd.

ROB

Not in a safe place. That's for sure.

PAUL

I need a gun.

ROB

You gonna shoot Todd?

Paul does not answer, but shoots straight for Todd.

PAUL

Collection comes early tonight.

TODD

Fuck you.

Partiers begin to back off as Paul rears up.

PAUL

Fuck me? What do you have?

Money and bags of pills cascade from Todd's pockets as Paul rips them off, then tears his pants off. In fear, Todd does not fight back.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Where's the rest?

TODD

That's it, Flash! I swear!

PAUL

Bullshit! You're short. Where is it?

TODD

I had to pay some people off!  
Bartenders! Promoters!

PAUL

What's in your shoes?

Paul flips Todd on his ass and pulls his shoes off. He finds nothing in the shoes and slams them against the ground, breaking off the heel of one of them, sending hidden cash all over the place.

Infuriated further, Paul picks up Todd's clothes and shoes and throws them into the crowd.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Now get the fuck out of here. I don't  
want to see you here again!

Storming past Rob, Paul stuffs the pills and cash in his  
hands.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Get me a gun.

Rob stands back in shock as Paul blasts by him. A comely  
girl in her mid-thirties, ZOE, stands out from near Rob.

ZOE

Damn, Rob. He's hot.

ROB

Too hot, Zoe. Stay away from him.

**EXT. ALLEY**

Paul checks the gun as he heads for his car. Following close  
behind him, Zoe exits Tunnel.

ZOE

Hey, Flash, wait up!

PAUL

Fuck off!

She catches up to him as he stuffs the gun in his belt.

ZOE

I've been waiting to get you alone.  
Diamond's always with you.

As soon as he hears the name, his mood changes.

PAUL

I don't see her now.

**EXT. STREET**

Getting out of the car, Paul follows Zoe up the steps to an  
apartment.

PAUL

I don't like this. Let's get an  
apartment.

ZOE

My apartment's already paid for.

**INT. ZOE'S BEDROOM**

Peeling Paul out of his clothes, Zoe is all over him.

ZOE  
God, you taste good.

Paul practically rips her clothes off.

PAUL  
You too.

The gun flips out of Paul's belt and crashes to the floor. Both of them look at the pistol, but Zoe goes for his crotch instead.

ZOE  
I like this gun better.

**ZOE'S FOYER**

A man who looks like an accountant, Zoe's husband, NORMAN, enters and drops his keys by the door.

**ZOE'S BEDROOM**

Hearing the noise down stairs, Paul stops.

PAUL  
What the fuck is that?

Zoe's husband's voice booms out OFF CAMERA.

NORMAN (O.S.)  
Zoe, I'm home!

ZOE  
Oh, shit. My husband. Norman.

PAUL  
What?

ZOE  
He's supposed to be out of town till tomorrow.

Footsteps pound the stairs. Paul gets dressed.

PAUL  
Fuck.

ZOE  
Go out the window.

Paul looks out.



PAUL

It's three stories up. Where's the fucking fire escape?

ZOE

Shit! You gotta get out of here!

The steps get closer.

PAUL

Stall him.

ZOE

Honey, can you get me a drink?

NORMAN (O.S.)

Okay!

PAUL

Get undressed. Get on the bed.

ZOE

Why?

#### **ZOE'S HALLWAY**

A soda in his hand, Norman opens the door to the bedroom.

#### **ZOE'S BEDROOM**

He enters to find Zoe naked and hogtied on the bed.

NORMAN

Honey?

From the shadows, Paul steps up and places the barrel of the gun to his head.

PAUL

Don't turn around.

Dropping the glass on the floor, Norman quivers in fear.

NORMAN

Please don't kill me. The money's under the bed.

Shocked, Paul looks at Zoe. Then back at her husband.

PAUL

Take your clothes off. Get on the bed.

**EXT. STREET**

Suitcase in hand, Paul jumps into his car and blasts off down the street.

**INT. PAUL'S CAR**

Sitting in his car, Paul watches as patrons leave the club Diamond went to. Peno waits outside. Rage fills Paul as he watches Diamond exit the club and give Peno a kiss. Diamond gets into a cab and it takes off.

**EXT. STREET OUTSIDE NIGHTCLUB**

Paul bares down on Peno, who sees him and shakes his head. Two other BOUNCERS flank Peno.

BOUNCER  
Your friend's back, Peno.

PENO  
Jesus fucking Christ! Can't you take a hint?

PAUL  
Asshole!

PENO  
Gangster wannabes.

Before Peno can say another word, Paul pulls the pistol and aims it at Peno.

PENO (CONT'D)  
Oh, there you go, tough guy. What are you gonna do? Shoot me?

PAUL  
Stay away from Diamond!

PENO  
Fuck you!

Aiming first at Peno's face, Paul suddenly re-aims and shoots him in the foot. Falling to the ground, writing and screaming in pain, Peno grabs his foot.

As Paul aims the pistol at the others, they back down. Swinging the pistol back to Peno, he has murder in his eyes.

PAUL  
Say one word about this, I'll come back.

Paul backs up to his car, gets in and drives off.

**EXT. BANK OF EAST RIVER — MORNING**

Paul pulls his car to the side of the road. Gets out. Nervously, he swings his eyes around the area. Rapidly, he heads for the bank. He pulls the gun from his belt and tosses it into the river.

**INT. MARCO'S LIVING ROOM — DAY**

Marco, a haze in his eyes, goes to the door as Paul BANGS on the other side.

PAUL (O.S.)  
Come on, Marco! Open up.

MARCO  
I'm coming!

Marco opens it and Paul, a suitcase in hand, barges in.

MARCO (CONT'D)  
What the fuck, Paulie?

PAUL  
I gotta talk to you.

**MARCO'S BASEMENT**

Paul glides down the stairs with a sleepy Marco in tow. A little light from the rising sun streaks through the windows. Marco turns on the light. Paul puts the suitcase on the table.

MARCO  
What's that?

PAUL  
About a hundred and fifty grand.

MARCO  
Where the fuck...

PAUL  
Don't ask. Take this. Twenty grand.  
Can you stash the rest?

MARCO  
Down here. My grandmother died here.  
No one comes down here anymore.

PAUL  
That's weird, Marco.

MARCO  
Hey, Paulie, you scare me.

PAUL

What?

MARCO

Do you know the reputation you're getting? That shit with Todd? People are scared of you. I think King James is scared of you too.

PAUL

He sure ain't scared of the money I'm making for him.

MARCO

I just hope this don't get out of control.

PAUL

Just trust me.

**INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM – NIGHT**

Staring out the window, Paul seems lost, nervous. Down stairs, the phone RINGS. A moment later, Tina enters with the phone in her hand.

TINA

Uncle Paul, some guy's on the phone for you. Rob?

PAUL

I'm not here.

TINA

You okay, Uncle Paul? You been up here for two days.

PAUL

I'm all right, Tina. Really.

Marco barges in right past Tina.

MARCO

What the fuck did you do?

Paul whips around and points to Tina.

PAUL

Marco!

MARCO

Sorry, Tina.

She with withdraws and closes the door. Marco moves closer and lowers his voice.

MARCO (CONT'D)

What the fuck did you do? It's all over town.

Paul begins to pace the floor.

PAUL

What did you hear?

MARCO

You blew a guy's toe off?

Staring at each other for a moment, they both break out laughing.

PAUL

Probably did the toe a favor.

MARCO

What you do with the piece?

PAUL

Gave it a bath.

MARCO

Peno didn't go to the cops. His whole crew's scare to shit of you. Rob wants to see you. Now.

**INT. TUNNEL**

As Paul enters the club, all eyes fall on him. They step aside as if he were Moses parting the Red Sea. Paul seems bewildered by their behavior. As he reaches the back end of the club, Diamond runs up to him.

DIAMOND

Are you fucking crazy? I'm not your girl! Getting jealous and shit! What the fuck is wrong with you?

PAUL

Why don't you just shut the fuck up!

DIAMOND

You gonna shoot me?

Putting his hands up in resignation, he walks away.

PAUL

Get outta here.

DIAMOND

I don't even know you. Who the fuck are you?

PAUL

I'm a gangster. Remember?

Other side of club, Rob corrals Paul.

ROB

I been calling you for two days.

PAUL

Been busy.

Rob glares at him.

ROB

With me.

**TUNNEL ROB'S OFFICE**

Rob goes behind his desk and sits down. Paul waits for him to speak.

ROB

You need another piece?

PAUL

A clean one.

Rob goes into his drawer and pulls out an 9mm automatic. He tosses it to Paul, who checks it and stuffs it in his belt.

ROB

That shit you did was next level.  
Everyone's scared of you now.

PAUL

Get the fuck out.

ROB

The shit with Todd? The way you've  
been handling business? Then the  
toe thing? What the fuck were you  
thinking?

Paul just shakes his head.

ROB (CONT'D)

Well, you're muscle now. Oh, and  
your friend, Todd, wants to talk to  
you.

Paul just rolls his eyes.

**TUNNEL NEAR DANCE FLOOR**

With an apologetic look on his face, Todd stands for Paul.

TODD

I'm sorry I lied to you.

Paul turns away.

TODD (CONT'D)

I know I fucked up, but can I have one more chance? Please?

PAUL

Todd, listen to me. Listen good. You fuck up one more time...

TODD

I know, you'll shoot me in the toe.

PAUL

Don't get smart with me.

TODD

Sorry.

PAUL

Listen to me. I'm gonna give everybody ten extra pills a night. You pay who you want to with them. Do what you want with them. Take them. But all the other pills, every fucking one, every dollar comes back to us at the end of the night. You get paid on Monday. No games. You understand?

TODD

No problem, Flash.

PAUL

Get lost. Come back next week.

Paul seems to sense something. He searches the crowd. Across the room, he sees Diamond staring at him. Both seem to want to talk to each other. Their lips move. But soon, the crowd fills in the space between them.

**EXT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Paul supervises the furniture delivery people carry brand new furniture into the Brownstone.

**INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT**

Fully furnish with top of the line furniture, Paul stands in the middle of the living room.

MARCO

This is fucking rich, man.

PAUL

Just think, Marco, less than two years ago, we were jerking off in the Bronx. Look at me now!

MARCO

Diamond's gonna love this.

PAUL

Fuck her. Fuck her!

MARCO

It's just that, everybody knows she's in love with you. You love her too.

PAUL

What I say?

MARCO

Whatever.

#### **PAUL'S BEDROOM**

The lavishly adorned bedroom is a feast for the eyes.

MARCO

You could fit five chicks in this bed at one time.

Paul nods, smiling from ear to ear.

#### **PAUL'S GAME ROOM**

A giant pool table in the center. Arcade style games all around.

MARCO

You know, Paulie, we could stash the shit here. Keep it closer to the clubs.

PAUL

Never! Never anything here. This place stays clean. This is our refuge. You keep everything in the Bronx. Even the cash. We're going to expand.

MARCO

You talk to Rob?

PAUL

As long as the money comes in, those guys won't say word one to us.



MARCO

I don't know, Paulie.

Paul racks Nine Ball.

PAUL

People can't get into our clubs cause we got the best shit. But we move into other clubs. Take them over. We could go from nine or ten thousand pills a night to thirty, forty, fifty thousand a night. We can promote our own parties out on Long Island. We could be millionaires in a year.

Paul aims and breaks, potting the Nine on the break.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I always win, Marco.

**INT. KING JAMES'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Over coffee in the kitchen, King James and Rob listen to Paul. Marco and Sonny stand behind him.

KING JAMES

Where do we get the extra dealers?

PAUL

Party kids. We pay them in pills.

KING JAMES

With that many dealers, that many clubs, who's gonna enforce the rules?

PAUL

Marco and Sonny report to me. They'll lead crews we'll bring down from the Bronx. New faces.

King James and Rob exchange worried glances.

PAUL (CONT'D)

And I want to meet Goldie. We're going to move more product. We gotta get a better price.

KING JAMES

All right. I'll arrange a meeting with him. But Rob will do the negotiating.

PAUL

Fine. I gotta go.

As Paul stands, he looks back to where he was sitting. He then turns to King James.

KING JAMES

Yes, Flash? That's where he was sitting. I changed the chair.

PAUL

How can you still live here?

KING JAMES

I'm moving soon. It's on the market.

Paul says nothing else, just leaves, taking Marco and Sonny with him. As soon as Paul leaves, King James turns to Rob.

KING JAMES (CONT'D)

Can you hear the footsteps behind you?

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Mason stands down the street from Tunnel. He lights a cigarette in the cold winter air. Standing next to him, Greg stares off down the street.

GREG

They've moved into six, maybe seven other clubs. They're pushing at least three thousand pills a night at each.

Mason crushes out his cigarette.

MASON

Big numbers. Flash?

GREG

Can't get near him. I don't even know what he looks like. Never stays in one place long enough.

MASON

Dammit! Greg, in less than a year, this guy's tripled distribution and we can't get a look at him?

A brand new Hummer pulls up to the curb. After a moment, Paul, dressed in an expensive suit and overcoat, jumps out and heads into the convenience store.

Paul passes in front of the two agents. Mason pulls out another cigarette, but his lighter does not work.

Moments later, Mason still trying to light his cigarette, Paul exits the store and pulls an expensive cigar from his

inside coat pocket. With a jet lighter, he sparks up his cigar.

He sees the homeless man he gave the four bits to. He hands him a hundred dollar bill.

PAUL  
Hope that helps out.

HOMELESS MAN  
A hundred dollars more than I had a few minutes ago.

Paul smiles and heads back to his Hummer. Mason steps up.

MASON  
Excuse me. Can I get a light?

Confidently, Paul offers Mason a light. Mason eyes him suspiciously as he lights the cigarette.

MASON (CONT'D)  
You hang around here much?

PAUL  
You writing a book?

MASON  
Kinda.

PAUL  
Leave that chapter out.

Paul gets into his Hummer and drives off down the road.

MASON  
Have a nice day.

GREG  
What are you thinking?

MASON  
Just a feeling.

GREG  
One thing I know about Flash. He never handles the money or the drugs. Never.

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY**

Rob and Paul head down the corridor toward a room.

ROB  
Remember, I'll do the talking.

PAUL

Yeah, yeah.

ROB

I'm serious. Don't pull a Tony Montana on me.

PAUL

Relax, will you?

Rob eyes Paul with trepidation as he knocks on the door.

**GOLDIE'S HOTEL ROOM**

Greeted by Lou, Rob and Paul enter the hotel room to find a flamboyant gay man, GOLDIE, lying on the bed, smoking a cigarette through a long holder. He rises from the bed and floats across the room.

GOLDIE

I don't see why it was necessary for me to come to this meeting, Robbie.

Goldie eats Paul up with his eyes.

GOLDIE (CONT'D)

Who's this?

ROB

Goldie - Flash. Flash - Goldie.

GOLDIE

So, you're the ghost who brings me a lot more money.

PAUL

Nice to meet you.

GOLDIE

Sit. May I offer you a drink?

ROB

I'm okay.

Paul just shakes his head.

GOLDIE

What do you need from me?

ROB

We're moving a lot more product now, Goldie. We'd like to renegotiate a better price.

GOLDIE

Thirteen a pill is a fair price.  
Especially for the quality.

ROB

It was fair.

PAUL

When we were doing nine to ten  
thousand a night, per club, it was.

ROB

Flash!

PAUL

You were grossing about a hundred  
and fifteen "K" a night from the "E"  
alone. We have nine clubs now. You  
gotta be grossing over a mill a night  
from us alone.

ROB

I'm sorry about this, Goldie.

GOLDIE

No need to apologize. Your friend  
here may have a point.

PAUL

Ecstasy is a heavy hit now. Legally.  
You have none of the risks. We take  
all the chances. That's worth  
something.

GOLDIE

What do you think is fair?

PAUL

Five.

Goldie stares in disbelief. Rob's jaw goes slack.

GOLDIE

I think we missed the mark on that  
one, don't you?

ROB

I'll say.

PAUL

I don't. And I'll tell you why.

GOLDIE

I can't wait.

PAUL

We're expanding. We have our eyes on five more clubs in the City, Connecticut, Jersey, Philly, DC. That's just the beginning. That kind of expansion costs money.

GOLDIE

You're ambitious. I'll give you that. But five a pill is impossible. Ten is good.

ROB

Ten is good.

PAUL

For a start. Six.

GOLDIE

Nine.

PAUL

Why don't we just say eight and end this meeting now?

Goldie glares at Flash for a moment, considers the offer, looks at Rob for a moment, then takes a deep breath.

GOLDIE

All right. Flash. Eight a pill. But I want a guarantee. No less than a hundred and fifty thousand pills a week.

PAUL

Deal.

#### **HOTEL CORRIDOR**

Exasperated, Rob throws his hands up in the air as they exit Goldie's room.

ROB

Are you fucking high? A hundred and fifty thousand pills?

PAUL

Don't worry about it, Robbie.

ROB

First, I was supposed to do the talking. You were supposed to shut up. Second, we can't handle this much!

PAUL

First, you were going to say the wrong things. Second, yes we can. Look, you want to make money?

ROB

Of course.

PAUL

Then stop acting like a pussy.

**INT. PLAZA HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT**

Paul sits with Marco and Sonny.

MARCO

Why are we here?

PAUL

We can't keep going to the clubs to get the money and pills. I got one dealer from each club to bring the take here.

MARCO

That makes sense.

PAUL

That's why I thought of it.

CONNIE

What do we do?

PAUL

I have five rooms lined up in the hotel.

The door opens and Rob enters. Paul pulls his pistol, but quickly re-holsters it when he sees that it is Rob.

ROB

Touchy. What's up?

PAUL

You better stop that shit. You're going to get shot.

ROB

What the fuck's up your ass?

PAUL

Rob, you better shut the fuck up!

Rob sees that he is serious. He shuts up and takes a seat.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
You got all the rooms?

ROB  
Yeah. All set.

PAUL  
Okay. Let's go to work.

**PLAZA HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM**

Todd enters the room to find Marco sitting at the table. He drops off a bag. Marco dumps the contents on the table and does a quick calculation.

MARCO  
Not bad, Todd. Redemption's been good for you.

TODD  
Thanks.

Marco makes some notations on a pad, then he hands him a couple of hundred dollar bills and a piece of paper.

MARCO  
That's a bonus. Go to that suite.

TODD  
What's there?

MARCO  
You'll find out.

Todd leaves as another dealer enters.

**PLAZA HOTEL - HOTEL SUITE**

Sonny sits at a table in the room, doing the same thing with the dealers that Marco did.

**PLAZA HOTEL - HOTEL CORRIDOR**

Todd and the other dealers line up in front of the door to a big suite. Party SOUNDS come from inside the Suite.

TODD  
What's this?

DEALER  
Beats the shit out of me.

Todd knocks on the door. Soon, it opens. Diamond waits on the other side.



DIAMOND

Enter, kiddies!

**PLAZA HOTEL - PARTY SUITE**

Diamond leads them into the party, then hears another KNOCK at the door. She opens the door to find King James on the other side, his face cast in a veiled mask of ire.

**PLAZA HOTEL - PAUL'S SUITE**

Paul, flanked by Marco and Sonny, sits over a calculator with slips of paper in front of him, a pleased look on his face as King James enters, Diamond in tow.

KING JAMES

Holding parties without me?

PAUL

Hey, what's up? Didn't Rob tell you, James?

A tense moment passes between them.

KING JAMES

Not King James?

PAUL

Okay. King James.

Marco, Sonny and Diamond breath heavily.

KING JAMES

How'd we do?

PAUL

A little over a hundred and twenty thousand pills between the nine clubs.

KING JAMES

That's a good night, isn't it? Better than thirteen thousand pills a club. Business is building.

PAUL

We keep everything at a safe location until Sunday.

King James regards him coldly for a moment, then his countenance completely changes, again becoming the showman.

KING JAMES

Well, there's a party to be played. Shall we?

King James escorts Sonny, Marco and Diamond toward the door.

PAUL

I'll finish the books, then I'll be there.

But Diamond extricates herself from King James.

DIAMOND

I'll be right there, King James.

KING JAMES

Don't tarry, my little one. The sun will soon be here and we'll all begin to melt.

He kisses her on the hand and leads Marco and Sonny out. Diamond pours herself a drink in a most seductive manner. She licks the glass, then slinks her way onto the sofa.

DIAMOND

You've hardly said a word to me in months.

PAUL

What do you want me to say? You disrespected me in front of everyone. That fat slug, Peno.

DIAMOND

We're not exclusive, Flash.

PAUL

For that night, we were. You were out with me. Not Peno! You should have never gone in. You made me look like an asshole.

DIAMOND

I'm sorry. I just have a problem.

PAUL

With what?

DIAMOND

Commitment.

PAUL

For a couple of fucking hours?

DIAMOND

You didn't have to shoot him in the toe! He's still limping.

For a moment, they just stare at each other. Then they begin laughing.

PAUL  
I should've shot him in the balls.

Paul joins her on the sofa.

DIAMOND  
He'd really be limping then.

They laugh even harder. As the laughter subsides, their fingers begin to move closer together.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)  
I care about you a lot, Flash.

PAUL  
I care about you too.

DIAMOND  
What are we going to do about it?  
Neither one of us wants to stop having fun.

PAUL  
Maybe we just have to stop having that kind of fun in front of each other.

DIAMOND  
Maybe I'll just give up on other guys. Stick to chicks.

PAUL  
Slut.

DIAMOND  
A girl has to exploit her talents.

For a moment, it appears as if both of them want to say something.

#### **PLAZA HOTEL - PARTY SUITE**

Across the room, King James stands with Rob. They watch as Paul and Diamond enter the savage party. It almost appears as if Paul is in a different world, a world above the party.

KING JAMES  
Remember those footsteps I mentioned?  
They're getting louder.

**INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT**

Amidst the din, a PARTY KID comes up to Todd and confronts him.

PARTY KID  
Hey, Todd, this "E" ain't shit.

TODD  
What?

PARTY KID  
I get more buzz off aspirin.

Other side of tunnel, Sonny holds the extra pills in his hand and grows irate.

SONNY  
This ain't our shit. Get the fuck out of here!

PARTY KID  
Hey, I bought it here.

SONNY  
Here?

**TUNNEL - NEAR FRONT DOOR**

Sonny stands with the Party Kid at the front door with Marco.

FEMALE CLERK  
You know we only sell half moons here. Who sold it to you?

PARTY KID  
I don't know. I thought he was one of your guys. New shit.

**TUNNEL - PAUL'S OFFICE**

Paul, a bottle of water in front of him, listens to the Party Kid.

PAUL  
We didn't sell you this shit. What do you want me to do?

PARTY KID  
Flash, you guys always guarantee the best shit in your clubs. I bought it here.

Paul's eyes drift to Marco and Sonny, then to Rob.

PAUL

He's right. We guarantee the best.  
Marco, give him two half moons.

Marco doles out the pills.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Now, you know what they look like.  
Only deal with our people. Our pills.

Party Kid pops one of the pills and bounces out of the office. As soon as he leaves, Paul's face changes from a smile to a glower, dark and sinister.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You guys find out who these fucks  
are and make them change their minds  
about selling shit in our clubs.

Sonny and Marco leave. Rob stays.

PAUL (CONT'D)

What?

ROB

I'm having a little dinner at Tavern  
on the Green on Monday for close  
friends.

A sad look appears on Rob's face, but he still smiles.

PAUL

Why?

ROB

I just want to. Just something.

PAUL

All right. We'll be there.

ROB

Good.

Rob goes to the window that looks down on the club dance floor. He sees a squad of toughs with Marco and Sonny as they search for the usurpers.

ROB (CONT'D)

Looks like you brought half the Bronx.

PAUL

We need to protect what we have.

ROB  
It's funny. You made Ecstasy  
dangerous.

Rob pulls a pill from his pocket, pops it into his mouth.

**TUNNEL - MAIN DANCE FLOOR**

Paul and Rob wander through the crowd. Off in the distance, Paul sees Greg, dancing with the others. Instantly, he goes to Marco.

PAUL  
You see that guy over there? The  
blonde.

MARCO  
What about him?

PAUL  
I've seen him somewhere.

MARCO  
He's at all the clubs all the time.

PAUL  
Check him out.

Other side of club, dancing hard, Greg moves his way up to Todd.

GREG  
Todd, I gotta talk to you.

TODD  
What's up?

GREG  
You guys need dealers?

TODD  
You have to ask Flash.

GREG  
Where is he?

TODD  
Over there...

Where Paul was, he is not.

TODD (CONT'D)  
Oh, shit. Sorry, dude. He's gone.  
Best to talk to Marco or Sonny.  
They're his captains.

GREG

Intro me.

TODD

Sure.

**INT. TAVERN ON THE GREEN - NIGHT**

Gathered about a large table in a private room, Paul, Rob, Marco, Sonny, Diamond, and other members of the crew, and many beautiful party girls, eat and drink.

PAUL

You always had good taste, Rob.

ROB

I try.

PAUL

After dinner, we can all go back to my place. Have a little party.

ROB

I have a better idea.

Regally, he stands at the head of the table and holds up a champagne glass.

ROB (CONT'D)

Friends, I just need a moment of your time.

The din quiets.

ROB (CONT'D)

Thank you for coming. I hope you enjoy your dinner.

They all tap their glasses with spoons.

ROB (CONT'D)

We've had a lot of fun in the past couple of years. I just wanted to say thank you for all your help and friendship.

They tap their glasses again.

ROB (CONT'D)

And I want to make a toast.

Everyone raises their glasses.

ROB (CONT'D)

To friendship. Fun. Ecstasy.

They all chime in their approval and clink glasses.

ROB (CONT'D)

And to show my appreciation, I want  
you all to look under your plates.

Slowly at first, the gathering, all with quizzical looks on  
their faces, lift up their plates and find air line tickets.

ROB (CONT'D)

It's too cold in New York.

**INT. AIRPORT GATE**

The gathering, led by Rob and Paul, tickets in hand, ready  
themselves to board the plane. On the board, the destination  
reads: ORLANDO, FLA.

PAUL

Rob, I ain't never been on a plane  
before.

ROB

No shit. You're fucking kidding me.

Rob gets him in a head lock and gives him a noogy.

PAUL

You fag!

**INT. KING JAMES'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Sitting alone in his office, King James wears an unhappy  
face.

**INT. ORLANDO HOUSE**

A party of monumental, hedonistic proportion transpires.  
Partiers, in various states of undress, engage in all forms  
of animalistic carnality.

Sonny and Marco have two girls each. Paul sits on the sofa  
with a cute little hottie, POLO, as Rob and another girl  
head out onto the verandah.

Polo pulls Paul to her and they hook up. Diamond slinks up  
to them, dressed in a bikini that is barely a bikini.

DIAMOND

You two want a third?

Paul in shock. Polo's eyes light up.

POLO

Fuck yeah!



Polo yanks her down on top of them. Diamond and Paul exchange knowing glances as they dig into her.

**ORLANDO HOUSE - VERANDA**

Rob and the girl, CANDY, sit on a swinging sofa, hooking up. He breaks the kiss and stares longingly at her for a moment.

CANDY

What's wrong?

ROB

I'm not sure. I know we've only known each other a couple of...

CANDY

But what?

ROB

I was thinking.

Sonny blasts out of the house.

SONNY

Rob, we're heading out to that amusement park.

ROB

Which one?

SONNY

I can't remember.

ROB

Disney?

SONNY

That's tomorrow.

ROB

Okay, Sonny. But can you give us a minute? Candy and I were in the middle of something.

SONNY

Yeah. Sure.

He just stands where he is.

ROB

Alone, Sonny.

SONNY

Oh, yeah, sure.

**INT. KING JAMES'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Sitting with Peno and some of his men, King James seems ominous.

KING JAMES  
He's become somewhat of a liability.

PENO  
He's an asshole.

KING JAMES  
I wouldn't have put it that way.

Sitting next to Peno, now part of his crew, is Greg.

GREG  
You have a picture of him? What does he look like?

Peno looks at him like the Godfather admonishing Sonny at the meeting with Solotzo. Realizing that he has spoken out of turn, Greg fades back.

PENO  
I know what the asshole looks like.

KING JAMES  
I believe you do.

PENO  
What's in this little arrangement for us?

King James sits back and smiles.

**EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY**

SERIES OF SHOTS Of the gang amusing themselves on the rides.

**AMUSEMENT PARK - MERRY-GO-ROUND**

Marco, Sonny and some of the girls get off the ride. Still high, Marco staggers up to Paul, Diamond and Polo, who all share cotton candy.

MARCO  
I love that fucking ride, Paulie. I want that horse.

PAUL  
Marco, they ain't gonna give you that horse.

MARCO

I ain't gonna ask. I'm gonna steal it. I'm coming back tomorrow.

PAUL

You're a fucking moron. You know that?

MARCO

I may be a fucking moron, but I'm gonna get that horse.

As the crew giggles their way off into the crowd, Paul, Diamond and Polo enter a small eatery.

**INT. AMUSEMENT PARK – EATERY**

With hamburgers and salads in front of them, they pig out.

POLO

I gotta tell you, Diamond, I've been in love with you forever.

DIAMOND

I'm flattered, Polo.

POLO

You're a fucking legend.

The excess flattery makes Diamond feel uneasy.

DIAMOND

Thanks. I think.

PAUL

What about me?

POLO

Shit, Flash. With all the rides I've taken with you, I should get frequent flyer miles.

DIAMOND

How many miles?

PAUL

Subject change.

Paul sees Rob and Candy waiting at the door. He motions them to come to the table.

ROB

Beach party tonight.

POLO

Awesome!

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

A huge bonfire blazes on the beach. Partiers revel in their lasciviousness. Next to the fire, Diamond and Polo hook up with each other, as Paul sits between them. Diamond licks her lips.

DIAMOND

Jealous?

Smiling with glee, Paul prepares to reply as partiers disrobe and head for the surf. Polo strips off what is left of her clothes, yanks Diamond off her ass and pulls her top off. They follow the rest into the surf.

Paul gets ready to follow, but then he sees Rob walk up with Candy.

ROB

Flash, can I talk to you?

Almost to the water, Diamond turns to him.

DIAMOND

Come on, Flash! We're waiting for you!

PAUL

I'll be there in a minute!

Rob kisses Candy.

ROB

Go with the others. I'll be there in a minute.

Candy kisses him, strips off her clothes and heads for the others.

ROB (CONT'D)

Walk with me, Paul.

Paul regards his use of Paul's real name with curiosity.

**DOWN THE BEACH - MOVING**

Silently, Paul walks with Rob.

ROB

I know you're pushing me out.

PAUL

I work for you.

ROB

Now that's bullshit. Nobody listens to me anymore. It's all Flash and *his* crew.

PAUL

You don't know what you're talking about.

Despite the assurances, we can see that Paul knows Rob is right. For some time, they walk silently.

ROB

My ticket here was one way. It's time. The party's over in New York.

PAUL

What are you going to do?

ROB

I'm thinking about starting a club down here. I like Florida. Candy's going to stay with me. Maybe we'll just settle down.

PAUL

I'm sorry, Rob.

ROB

I'm not.

Rob lights a blunt.

ROB (CONT'D)

Can you do me a favor?

PAUL

You need money?

ROB

Not a problem there. It's just, you know, can you tell people that you bought me out? Don't let them think you forced me out.

PAUL

You're my friend, Rob.

After a moment, they shake hands. Hug.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Gonna miss you.

ROB

I'm sure we'll see each other. Paul, get out of New York as soon as you can. King James used to tell me to watch my back. Watch him. He's not what he seems. He's not your friend. Seth found out the hard way.

**INT. ORLANDO HOUSE BED ROOM - MORNING**

Extricating himself from the sleeping Diamond and Polo, Paul struggles to is feet.

**INT. ORLANDO HOUSE LIVING ROOM**

Passing from the kitchen through the living room, Paul shakes his head as he sees Marco lying on the sofa, his arms wrapped around the Merry-Go-Round horse. Marco opens one eye. He smiles.

MARCO

I told you I'd get it.

Paul is so tired he cannot even laugh. He just shakes his head and walks back to the bedroom.

**INT. PLANE - NIGHT**

A look that mixes fear and anger flows on Paul's face as he sits between Diamond and Polo, both sleeping.

**INT. TUNNEL - DAY**

King James sits behind his desk.

KING JAMES

Tavern on the Green is killing us on Wednesdays. I think it would be good if you, Marco and Sonny go and have some of your special little fun.

Paul, sitting on the other side of the desk, pops a pill and smiles.

PAUL

How far can we go?

KING JAMES

Don't burn the place down. Sad about Rob. I'll miss him.

PAUL

Like you miss Seth?

KING JAMES

I sense a double meaning in that rhetorical.

PAUL

I just don't think that Seth's death was a suicide. And when I find out who it was...

KING JAMES

When you do find him, give him an extra shot for me.

For a moment, the two of them spar non-verbally, with their eyes.

**INT. D.E.A. OFFICE - NIGHT**

Greg seems frantic as he reports to Mason.

GREG

I'm scared, George. Really scared.

MASON

They suspect you? Peno?

GREG

Not Peno. He's an idiot.

MASON

Well?

GREG

This is going to get bloody.

MASON

Greg, don't you think you're overreacting?

GREG

You didn't see the look on King James's face. And Peno told him wants to kill Flash.

Mason begins to ask a question, but Greg cuts him off.

GREG (CONT'D)

And no, I didn't get a picture. Fuck! This guy is a ghost. I'm in the same fucking room with him, and I can't get a look. It's like everyone knows what Flash looks like but me.

MASON

What do you want to do?

GREG

Just raid the clubs. Round everyone up. Someone's bound to give him up.

MASON

Or kill him?

Fear paints itself across Greg's face. After a moment, Mason picks up the phone.

MASON (CONT'D)

Get the warrants.

**INT. TAVERN ON THE GREEN**

Dressed in tuxedos, sipping champagne, Paul, Marco and Sonny live it up.

PAUL

I can't believe you got that fucking horse.

MARCO

Never doubt Marco.

A PICTURE GIRL comes up to the table

PICTURE GIRL

Would you like a picture taken?

A cigar in hand, which he quickly shifts to his mouth, Paul gathers the other two together.

PAUL

Come on, guys. Let's get a picture to celebrate the buy-out.

Instantly, the picture pops out of the camera. Paul pays the girl and takes the picture from her. They all gather around as the picture develops. When it does, they all cheer and drink one last toast.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Time to clear the dance floor.

**TAVERN ON THE GREEN MEN'S ROOM**

Paul stands in a stall, taking a piss. When done, he pulls an M-80 from his pocket and holds it up to his cigar.

PAUL

You guys ready?

On the heels of his words, he hears the door close. Moments later, from the stalls on either side of him, explosions



erupt, blasting water into the air and flooding the floor around his feet.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Holy fuck! You motherfuckers!

Calmly, Paul lights the M-80 and drops it in the toilet.

**TAVERN ON THE GREEN ENTRANCE**

Frantic patrons scurry about, making for the exits as Paul, a great big smile on his face, flows with them. The very large MAITRE'D, dressed in a tuxedo, tries to stop Paul.

MAITRE'D

Where the fuck are you going?

Paul tosses him aside and continues on.

PAUL

Get the fuck outta here!

As Paul nears the entrance, two double doors with two large glass panels on either side block his egress. Two extra large, tuxedo-wearing men help the doors.

Almost ready to pull his pistol, Paul stops short when Marco, smashes a chair through the glass panels.

MARCO

Let's go!

The two of them jump through the opening, shocking the bouncers.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Sorry we crashed your party!

**EXT. TAVERN ON THE GREEN PARKING LOT**

Police sirens BLARE in the night, as Paul and Marco head off across the parking lot. Frantic patrons fill the parking lot, masking their escape as they head off into Central Park.

As the police go to the entrance, the Maitre'd points to Paul and Marco.

OFFICER

Hey, you! Stop!

PAUL

Fuck this!

They bolt into the Park.

**EXT. CENTRAL PARK**

Paul and Marco, laughing, barefoot, run like joggers on the trail, their tuxedos bunched up in hand. As they get to the intersection of two trails, a police car glides by. Both of them jump off the path before the cops can see them.

**OTHER PART OF PARK**

Still barefoot, Paul and Marco find Sonny, still dressed in his tuxedo.

SONNY

Where the fuck've you guys been?  
I've been looking for you for over  
three hours!

PAUL

It's like an F.O.P. convention out  
there. We've been dodging cops.

MARCO

Let's get outta here! I'm freezing.

Marco turns toward the street and whistles for a cab.

SONNY

Where are your clothes?

PAUL

Fuck you.

As the cab lurches to a stop, Marco looks back at Paul.

MARCO

You have such nice legs, Paulie.

Paul slaps in on the back of the head and pushes him into the cab.

**INT. TUNNEL**

Dressed in a flashy sweat suit, Paul enters the dance area and sees King James, who seems shocked to see him.

KING JAMES

Well, Flash, I was worried about  
you.

PAUL

Really?

KING JAMES

You seemed to have done better than  
I'd hoped.

Pulls out a roll of bills and hands it to Paul.

KING JAMES (CONT'D)  
Best Wednesday in months.

PAUL  
Thanks.

KING JAMES  
I'd like you to come up to my new  
house tomorrow.

King James hands him a card.

KING JAMES (CONT'D)  
The address.

PAUL  
What time?

KING JAMES  
Six is good.

Paul nods and heads off, counting the money as he goes.  
Searching through the crowd, he finds Marco and hands him  
half the money.

PAUL  
A bonus. Four grand.

MARCO  
Thanks, Paulie.

PAUL  
Take care of Sonny out of that.

MARCO  
Two grand? Fuck that!

Marco bolts over to King James, murder in his eyes.

MARCO (CONT'D)  
Two fucking grand for all that? I  
almost got arrested.

King James recoils in fear.

KING JAMES  
Oh, dear. Sorry, Marco.

King James searches his pockets and pulls out another stack  
of bills. Quickly, Marco counts it, nods, then heads back to  
Paul.

PAUL  
How much?

MARCO  
Six grand.

PAUL  
Give me half.

Marco hands him the money. Paul checks his watch.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Take care of Sonny out of that.

MARCO  
Motherfucker!

**INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT BEDROOM**

Exhausted, almost beaten down, Paul slips into the room where Diamond and Polo sleep together. On the night stand is a single red rose and a blunt. Under them is a short note. The letter reads:

DIAMOND (V.O.)  
Sorry we couldn't wait for you, Flash.  
We love you. Diamond and Polo.

Paul smiles, folds the letter and puts it in his pocket, takes the blunt and the rose and heads out.

**EXT. PAUL'S APARTMENT ROOF - MORNING**

Sitting on a lawn chair, Paul looks out over the cityscape and watches as the sun struggles to creep over the horizon. He lights the blunt and takes a hard hit.

As he blows out the smoke, he takes the note from his pocket, reads it again, sniffs the rose.

**INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - DAY**

Diamond and Polo, still in bathrobes, cook lunch. Paul, sitting at the table, looks like a truck ran over him. Diamond and Polo join him, placing the food on the table.

DIAMOND  
Polo and I were thinking.

PAUL  
I like you to try new things.

DIAMOND  
I'm serious.

Paul puts his fork down and listens.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

We all have a decent amount of money  
put aside.

Paul to Polo.

PAUL

You have money?

POLO

Trust fund.

PAUL

That's good.

DIAMOND

Wish I had one.

PAUL

So, what's this all about?

DIAMOND

We were thinking that it might be  
good to slow down for a bit.

POLO

Take a vacation.

DIAMOND

Figure out what we really want out  
of life.

POLO

Parties are fun, but I blew a full  
scholarship to Princeton because of  
parties.

DIAMOND

Maybe we could get a place in Florida.  
Rob did it.

PAUL

What about the biz?

DIAMOND

Your organization practically runs  
itself. Marco and Sonny know what  
you want done and they do it.

POLO

You come back every once in a while.  
Show your face. I can go back to  
college.

PAUL

You two have been watching too much  
Little House on the Prairie.

DIAMOND

It's not that, Flash. We could buy a  
club in Lauderdale. Miami. Orlando.  
Wherever.

POLO

Climate's a lot better. Lots of  
tourists who want to party.

DIAMOND

What'cha think?

PAUL

It's not a bad idea. Not bad at all.

**INT. CAB - DAY - MOVING**

King James's business card in hand, Paul looks up at the  
buildings on the Upper West Side. Finally, they come to rest  
in front of the Dakota Apartments.

PAUL

Oh, shit.

**INT. KING JAMES'S DAKOTA APARTMENT**

Dressed in a flamboyant smoking jacket, King James leads  
Paul through the opulently decorated apartment.

KING JAMES

I'm not quite finished with it yet,  
but I'm going to have a knock-down  
party when it is.

PAUL

Invite me.

KING JAMES

First on the list.

**KING JAMES'S DAKOTA APARTMENT KITCHEN**

Every possible cooking gadget fills the kitchen.

KING JAMES

Drink?

PAUL

Iced water.

King James pulls a bottle of water from the fridge and pours it into a glass for Paul. He then pours a glass of chilled wine for himself. They both sit.

KING JAMES

You've certainly come a long way in a short time.

PAUL

With your help and guidance.

KING JAMES

You flatter. Well, to the point of this little rendezvous. Rob's retirement has left a void in our little organization. One which you've already filled with admirable success. You've surpassed all my goals and expectations.

Paul nods.

KING JAMES (CONT'D)

We're making more money in one day than we used to in a year.

PAUL

That's a good thing.

KING JAMES

In some ways, yes.

PAUL

I don't see any way it could be bad.

KING JAMES

What do you do with all your money?

PAUL

Make up for lost time. Live large.

KING JAMES

Then that's a problem.

PAUL

Excuse me?

KING JAMES

When you make five hundred or a thousand dollars a night, you might slip by. But when you make ten times that, someone will take notice.

PAUL

I'm careful.

KING JAMES

I hope so. We control almost every club in New York now. And with this branching out into other cities...

PAUL

Don't worry about that. The Bronx Boys have it under control.

KING JAMES

Regarding the Bronx Boys. Where does that leave me?

PAUL

You're the boss.

King James ponders for a moment. Then smiles.

KING JAMES

Well, good. I do have a favor to ask.

PAUL

Sure. You know I'm loyal to you.

KING JAMES

I have a bag of pills at Tunnel. In my office. I need you to go and pick them up for me. Take them...

PAUL

Whoa, King James, I don't handle the shit.

KING JAMES

It's just a little favor. I'd do it myself, but I have a decorator coming to look at the bedroom in a half an hour. It's for a special friend of mine. A gift.

Paul's mind races.

PAUL

Can I use your phone?

King James inclines his head toward the phone. Paul quickly dials.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Marco. Me. Meet me down at Tunnel... That can wait. Fuck your mother. This is important... Jesus fucking Christ, I'm not saying... You pussy. Shit. Don't never ask me for...



Paul slams the phone down.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
All right. Where do you want them  
taken?

**KING JAMES'S DAKOTA APARTMENT FOYER**

King James leads Paul to the door.

KING JAMES  
Maybe you and Diamond can come up  
for dinner this week.

PAUL  
Sure. I'll talk to her.

**INT. D.E.A. OFFICE — NIGHT**

On the phone, Mason seems a bit frantic.

MASON  
What's wrong with that fucking judge?  
Can't he work any faster?... All  
right. Get back to me.

Disgusted, he hangs up the phone and turns to Greg, who  
nervously paces the floor.

GREG  
What the fuck's wrong with her?

MASON  
I don't know. Sometimes judges like  
to think they know something about  
law enforcement.

Greg's cell phone rings.

GREG  
Yeah.

Greg looks fearfully at Mason.

GREG (CONT'D)  
All right, Peno. I'll be there.

He hangs up.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Now what do I do? This is going to  
get ugly, George.

MASON

Listen to me. Don't take any chances you don't have to take. If something goes down, I'll have backup there for you in less than a second.

GREG

Backup? You're going to get me killed, George!

MASON

Greg. We end this tonight. One way or the other. Grow a pair!

Breathing heavily, Greg turns and marches out.

**INT. KING JAMES'S OFFICE**

Reluctantly, Paul stares at the bag of pills. After a moment, he picks up the phone.

PAUL

Diamond. I'm at Tunnel... I just want to... Something's not right.

**EXT. ALLEY BEHIND TUNNEL**

Cautiously, Paul exits the club and pops the bag of pills into his car. From nowhere, Peno and a bunch of his goons, all heavily armed, surround him.

PENO

Well, tough guy. We heard you'd be all alone?

PAUL

How's your toe?

PENO

Haven't seen it in a while. Maybe I can use yours. You ain't gonna need it soon.

Standing behind the gang, Greg searches the alley for backup.

PAUL

I'm kinda attached to it.

PENO

Not for long. You been sold out, fucker. How's that feel?

Slowly, Greg gets closer to a dumpster.

PENO (CONT'D)

Hey, Greg! Where the fuck you going?

GREG

Just checking the place out.

With Peno's attention diverted, Paul pulls out his gun.

PENO

Hey, John Wayne. What the fuck are you going to do with that? Take a look around.

PAUL

I saw this movie once. See, I may die today. But I'll get off at least one shot.

Paul aims at the center of Peno's chest.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Take a wild guess where it's going to go.

The sound of an M-16 being chambered echoes through the alley. Up on the fire escape, Marco takes aim.

MARCO

And I'll get the second shot.

PAUL

Marco! I thought you were at your mom's house.

MARCO

A little gem called and told me that a friend needed help.

PAUL

What a guy.

The sound of another rifle being chambered rings out from the other side of the alley. Sonny takes aim.

SONNY

And I'll get the third. Cause I know I don't like none of you motherfuckers.

Suddenly, all over the alley, the Bronx Boys rack their weapons and take aim. Peno and his gang begin to sweat. Greg speaks under breath.

GREG

Fuck me.

PAUL

What are you going to do now, Peno?

Anger welling up inside him, growling, he raises his pistol and aims at Paul.

Paul snap-fires, putting a round between Peno's eyes, as all hell breaks lose, and it seems to rain bullets. One by one, Peno's men are cut down by vicious automatic fire.

Firing madly, Paul dives behind his car to avoid being shot. As he dives, he fires one shot that hits Greg squarely in the chest, knocking him to the ground.

Finally, the shooting stops. Tentatively, Paul gets up, as the Bronx Boys still cover Peno's gang. Marco, breathing heavily, struggles down from his firing position. Instantly, he checks Paul.

MARCO

Motherfucker! How the hell did you not get hit?

PAUL

Fuck if I know.

Paul sees blood pouring from Marco's side.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Whoa, look at this.

MARCO

Missed the vest. Not bad.

PAUL

Sonny!

They look up and see Sonny with half his head missing. Immediately, SIRENS begin to sound off in the distance. Instantly, they all vanish.

#### **OTHER STREET**

Police cars begin to fill the streets. Paul and Marco attempt to walk away, doing their best to blend in with the crowd. Paul pulls out his cell phone.

PAUL

Diamond, where are you?

#### **INT. DIAMOND'S CAR**

Diamond and Polo sit together.

DIAMOND

On my way to the club.

PAUL (V.O.)

Don't go to the club. You gotta pick us up!

**EXT. STREET**

Paul and Marco struggle down the street, acting as inconspicuous as they can as police cars fill the street.

**INT. TUNNEL**

With Mason at the vanguard, his eyes searching the crowd, uniformed NYPD officers, flanked by other D.E.A. Agents, blast through the front door, and fan out through the stunned crowd.

**EXT. ALLEY BEHIND TUNNEL**

Nearly taking the doors off their hinges, Mason and his crew blast into the alley. They are shocked by the bloody carnage.

Mason's face goes white when he sees Greg's body on the ground. Slowly, he holsters his weapon and moves slowly to the fallen agent.

Officers retrieve the guns and cuff the bodies. An officer attempts to cuff Greg. But Mason pushes him away.

MASON

Leave him. He's one of us.

Mason kneels down in front of Greg, and is on the verge of tears. Then he notices that Greg is breathing slightly. He checks his pulse.

MASON (CONT'D)

Get paramedics! Move!

**INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT KITCHEN**

In pain, lying on the table, Marco does his best to maintain his composure as Diamond and Polo attempt to extract the bullet. Paul's rage simmers just beneath the surface.

PAUL

Fucking James sold us out!

DIAMOND

We have to get him to a doctor.

PAUL

I'm going to kill that mother fucker!

MARCO

No doctor.

POLO

Flash, it could get infected. It's deep.

DIAMOND

He could die.

PAUL

I'll be back.

Diamond leaps up and gets between him and the door.

DIAMOND

Are you fucking high? Your friend's dying over there! You can deal with James later!

PAUL

There is no later! Get out of the way!

DIAMOND

I'm not going to lose you!

Paul pushes past her and heads for the door.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)

You fucking asshole! I love you!

He stops short of the door.

POLO

I love you too.

MARCO

I love you too, Paulie.

Paul crinkles up his nose. After a moment, he softens. Diamond wraps her arms around him. Polo comes up and does the same.

DIAMOND

The party's over, Paul. It's over.

**INT. KING JAMES'S DAKOTA APARTMENT**

Lounging on the sofa, a glass of champagne in his hand, King James is startled by the door being broken down by D.E.A Agents.

KING JAMES

Oh, my.

**INT. D.E.A. OFFICE**

King James, surrounded by a half a dozen Agents, centered by Mason.

KING JAMES

I really don't know what you're talking about, Agent Mason. I don't even own any clubs. I'm a promoter.

MASON

Seems like a lucrative profession.

King James smiles sardonically.

KING JAMES

Can be. If you're good.

MASON

The Ecstasy money doesn't hurt, does it?

KING JAMES

Excuse me?

MASON

I thought you were smarter than that.

No response.

MASON (CONT'D)

I was talking to a friend of mine in the NYPD about a suicide that happened in your apartment some time ago.

King James begins to breath more heavily and sweat pours from his brow.

MASON (CONT'D)

Ever play truth or dare?

**INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Watching over the sleeping Marco, Paul stands near the bed. Diamond enters, a glass of water in her hand, Polo in tow.

DIAMOND

I don't know if those antibiotics Polo had will work.

Polo sits on the bed.

POLO

I have a question. Don't all you criminal types know veterinarians who do work for cash.

PAUL

I never had anyone get shot before.

DIAMOND

See, that's what you were missing in your criminal training.

PAUL

Like we need more sarcasm. Blondes.

POLO

She's a fake blonde. I'm the genuine article.

PAUL

I wouldn't never known that.

MARCO

Paulie, I feel okay. I think the pills are working.

PAUL

You feel okay to travel?

MARCO

Think so.

PAUL

We gotta get out of here.

DIAMOND

Where we going?

**EXT. ROUTE 95 - DAY**

A rented truck towing a Hummer, blasts down the highway, passing a sign that reads: WELCOME TO FLORIDA.

**INT. TRUCK - MOVING**

Paul driving the fifteen foot truck, Diamond with Polo on her lap in the front seat, cheer with delight as they pass the Florida sign.

The door between the cab and the cargo area opens. Marco pokes his head through.

MARCO

Can you keep it quiet? I'm trying to sleep.



PAUL

Welcome to Florida, Marco!

A smile stretches across his face.

MARCO

We made it, brother.

PAUL

Yeah, we did. And you stay away from merry-go-rounds.

The four of them cheer out loud like kids on spring break.

**INT. METROPOLITAN CORRECTIONAL CENTER - DAY**

Dressed in a prison uniform, flanked by his LAWYER, a worn expression on his face, King James sits quietly.

LAWYER

What are you prepared to offer?

Mason smiles broadly.

**EXT. ROB'S FLORIDA NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT**

Dressed very Florida, Paul stands in front of the club, doing the same job Diamond used to do. After a moment, Rob exits the club and pulls Paul off the door, replacing him with a hot babe.

**INT. ROB'S FLORIDA NIGHT CLUB**

Rob and Paul sit in a booth off to the side, drinks in front of them.

ROB

Why do you do this, Paul?

PAUL

Do what?

ROB

The door? You have plenty of cash. Polo's a financial wizard. She's almost doubled your cash in the last year. Polo has a trust fund. Diamond has cash. Take it easy for a change.

PAUL

I miss it, Rob. I miss the party. Miss the juice.

ROB

I used to make fun of middle class.  
Looks pretty good now. Candy seems  
to have taken to it. It's safer.

**EXT. DOCK BEHIND CLUB**

Smoking a blunt, Rob and Paul, both bathed in the soft glow  
of the moon, continue their chat.

PAUL

I just don't know what to do with  
myself. This keeps me centered. Keeps  
me out of trouble. I'm using diplomacy  
rather than just beating the shit  
out of people.

Rob laughs at him.

ROB

That is a plus.

Paul checks his watch.

PAUL

I'm gonna check out for the night.

ROB

Good. Go home. Relax.

Paul stands, smacks knuckles with Rob and heads toward the  
door.

PAUL

You and Candy still coming to the  
barbecue tomorrow?

ROB

Forth of July? Wouldn't miss it.

**EXT. FLORIDA STREET - DAY**

The now recovered Marco parks his car and walks to the other  
side to let out a beautiful model-type blonde, RENE.

As he closes the door, he stops short as he sees a police  
car glide by. He and the cop exchange glances. After a moment,  
Marco moves on.

**EXT. PAUL'S FLORIDA HOUSE**

Marco and Rene approach an opulent, multimillion dollar house  
with Forth of July decorations all around.

**INT. PAUL'S FLORIDA HOUSE KITCHEN**

Diamond opens the door to let Marco and Rene in.

DIAMOND  
Marco! Rene! Come in!

MARCO  
We almost missed the flight back.

RENE  
This idiot couldn't find the tickets.

MARCO  
I found `em eventually. Paulie!  
Paulie, where are you?

He heads off from the kitchen.

DIAMOND  
He's in the den, Marco.

She turns to Rene as Marco heads off.

DIAMOND (CONT'D)  
Where'd you go?

RENE  
Vegas.

Rene flashes a huge wedding and engagement ring.

RENE (CONT'D)  
We got married.

DIAMOND  
No shit. That's gorgeous. You teaching  
the moron to have good taste?

RENE  
It's not easy, Mary.

Rene looks at Diamond's belly.

RENE (CONT'D)  
Look at you. You look like you're  
ready to explode.

DIAMOND  
Any day now. I hope the fireworks  
aren't too exciting.

Polo enters. Her belly is as swollen as Diamond's. Rene  
hugs her.

RENE

Elizabeth. Oh, my God! You too?

POLO

They didn't tell you?

RENE

No. Shit. I want to have a baby too.

POLO

I want this out of me now. I want my belly back. Do I still have feet?

The girls laugh and head outside.

**EXT. PAUL'S FLORIDA HOUSE - BACK PORCH**

Paul stands over an ornate, brick grill, turning steaks, burgers, dogs. Behind him is a huge swimming pool. Beyond that, the beach.

PAUL

Marco! Where the fuck have you been?

Paul slams him into an embrace.

MARCO

Traveling. You know. Seeing the world outside New York. Los Angeles. Vancouver. Tijuana. Vegas. Houston. Vegas again. Rene and I got hitched.

PAUL

Where're you going now?

MARCO

Thought about staying in Florida. I like the east coast, but I'm not going back to New York.

PAUL

Definitely stay here. It'll be a party.

MARCO

Hey, can't a guy get a beer around here?

PAUL

It's over there, ya lazy fuck.

Marco heads over to the keg.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You're not going to believe this.  
Candy, Diamond and Polo are pregnant.

MARCO

What?

PAUL

Candy'll pop in about six months.  
Their second. They have a little  
girl too. Diamond and Polo any day.  
We're staying here, Marco. I sold  
everything in New York. I'm going to  
forget that place. Except for my  
mom, sis and Alexis.

The phone rings. Paul picks it up.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Hello? Who's this?

His face darkens.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You have some fucking nerve calling  
me!

Diamond, at the door, flashes a concerned look. She, Polo  
and Rene come to the deck. The look of *Flash* comes back.  
Everyone looks concerned.

**INT. KING JAMES'S OFFICE**

Sitting behind his desk, King James wears a faux smile.

KING JAMES

Why wouldn't I call an old friend?

INTERCUT BETWEEN FLORIDA AND TUNNEL

PAUL

You sold me out, you fuck!

KING JAMES

I'm surprised at you, Flash.

PAUL

Don't call me that. That's not my  
name.

KING JAMES

Sorry. Paul, you made me a  
multimillionaire. If I were you, I'd  
look at your little friend there.  
The prodigal son.

Paul flashes a look at Rob as he enters the yard with Candy.

KING JAMES (CONT'D)

Look, let's leave all that nasty business aside for now. I have a proposition.

**INT. PAUL'S OFFICE FLORIDA - NIGHT**

Paul, Marco, Rob and their girls sit together.

ROB

I can't believe that fat fuck would say that!

PAUL

Rob, look me in the eyes. Tell me you didn't...

ROB

Don't even fucking finish that sentence, Paul. I told you to watch him. I told you that.

Tail between his legs, Paul backs down.

DIAMOND

What did he want?

PAUL

We have a bunch of "E" stored at Marco's house in the Bronx.

POLO

He wants it?

PAUL

He wants to buy it. Supplies are down. Five dollars a pill.

MARCO

We have over a half a million pills.

ROB

It's a trap. He's been arrested and he's informing. I know it. I know him.

PAUL

He wants me to come up Tuesday, make the deal then so he can have the pills for Wednesday.

DIAMOND

Don't go, Paul. I think Rob's right.

Polo holds her swollen belly.

POLO  
Please don't go.

As Paul ponders it, fireworks explode outside, and flash on the windows.

**INT. AIRPORT GATE - DAY**

Paul stands between Polo and Diamond. Marco stands next to Rene. Rob and Candy stand to one side.

PAUL  
All I'm going to do is make the deal  
and get out. Marco can back me up.

Rene holds on tight to Marco.

MARCO  
Paulie, I got a bad feeling about  
this.

Paul eyes him hard.

MARCO (CONT'D)  
I never questioned you, Paulie. But  
this doesn't feel right.

Paul kisses his girls, hugs his friends and walks off toward the plane.

**EXT. NEW YORK STREET - EVENING**

Standing in front of Tunnel, Paul eyes the entire edifice. Takes a deep breath.

**INT. MARCO'S CAR**

Two police cars pull up behind Marco, alone in his car, and execute a felony car stop.

**INT. FLORIDA FEDERAL BUILDING**

A stern-looking D.E.A. Agent stands over Marco.

MARCO  
I told you. I ain't saying nothing.  
What part of 'I want a Lawyer' don't  
you understand?

The Agent stares at him for a moment, then motions to another agent.

**INT. KING JAMES'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

King James sits at his desk with Greg, who now sports a beard. Paul enters, surprising them.

KING JAMES

Flash!

Greg turns and glares at Paul.

KING JAMES (CONT'D)

We've lost all our manners?

PAUL

You told me we'd meet alone. Who the fuck is this?

KING JAMES

Flash -- Paul -- You're early.

PAUL

That's a problem?

KING JAMES

Not at all. Good to see you. This is Greg.

GREG

I help King James now.

Paul shakes his hand, then sits across from King James. Death fills Paul's eyes.

GREG (CONT'D)

I can see that you two have things to discuss. So, I'll...

Paul pulls a silenced 9mm automatic from his jacket and settles it on his lap.

PAUL

Take a seat, bitch.

KING JAMES

Jesus, Paul. What's that for?

PAUL

Just a friend. People need friends that won't betray them.

Paul and Greg lock in a deadly gaze.

**INT. FLORIDA FEDERAL BUILDING**

Frantically, Marco dials the phone, waits, then speaks.



MARCO

Paul, listen, I got busted in Florida!  
I think King James jammed me up. Get  
down here and help me out.

**INT. KING JAMES'S OFFICE**

His cell phone to his ear, an implacable look on his face,  
Paul listens.

PAUL

Listen, stay cool. Everything will  
be fine. Relax. I'll be back in a  
couple of hours.

Paul hangs up the phone and stands up. Greg breathes heavily,  
nervously.

KING JAMES

Where are you going?

PAUL

I have something to take care of.

Greg screws on his courage, pulls his badge and goes for his  
gun.

GREG

D.E.A.! Don't move!

Before Greg can full draw his pistol, Paul pops him straight  
in the face with the butt of his pistol, knocking him cold.  
Instantly, he snaps the silenced pistol to firing level,  
aiming directly at King James's nose.

KING JAMES

Well, Paul. Why are you pointing  
that at me?

Paul thinks hard, his face contorting in rage and fury.

PAUL

Somebody ought to kill you, you lying  
sack of shit! But *I'm* not a murderer.

He un-cocks his pistol.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Don't make me come back here.

Lowering his weapon, Paul slowly turns and heads for the  
door. As soon as his back is turned, the fear fades from  
King James's face, replaced by anger and resolve.

King James quietly opens his desk drawer, and pulls out a snub-nosed revolver and raises it to the firing position. Before he can fire...

Paul snaps around and slams a round into King James's shoulder, forcing him to drop the pistol.

KING JAMES

Oh, my.

Menacingly, Paul closes in on King James, aiming the pistol at his forehead.

KING JAMES (CONT'D)

I thought you weren't a murderer.

Emotions wave over his face. He tries to pull the trigger, but cannot. He un-cocks the pistol.

KING JAMES (CONT'D)

You don't have the guts to do what I did to Seth.

Paul's mouth goes slack. His respiration increases. Anger wells up inside him. Finally, he empties half the clip into King James's chest.

As soon as he stops firing, Greg begins to struggle to his feet. Without hesitation, Paul smacks him again with the butt of his pistol. After, he surveys the carnage.

PAUL

Fuck! Fuck! Motherfucker!

**EXT. ALLEY BEHIND TUNNEL**

Paul rushes out of the back door. A trash truck comes to pick up the dumpster, and Paul tosses his pistol into it.

**INT. KING JAMES'S OFFICE**

Mason enters the office and finds Greg struggling to his feet, holding his bleeding head. They both see King James's body.

MASON

You okay?

GREG

Go get that asshole!

**INT. LIQUOR STORE**

Paul buys a bottle of water, and nearly downs the entire contents in one big gulp.

**EXT. STREET OUTSIDE LIQUOR STORE**

Paul exits the store and tosses the empty bottle into a trash can. Then he looks down at the homeless man.

HOMELESS MAN

You look like a cement truck ran over you.

Paul just nods.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

Spare some change?

**EXT. ALLEY BEHIND TUNNEL**

Gun in hand, Mason stumbles out of the club and heads toward the end of the alley. Paul is nowhere to be seen. Out of breath, Mason holsters his weapon and pulls a cigarette from his pack.

He then sees Flash at the end of the alley, his back to him. A smile paints itself across his face. He drops the cigarette, pulls his pistol and heads for the end of the alley.

**OUTSIDE LIQUOR STORE**

Mason aims the pistol at Flash's back.

MASON

Hey, Flash. Gotta light?

Slowly turning, a fan of hundred dollar bills in his hands, a toothless grin on his face, the homeless man, wearing Paul's jacket, gazes back at Mason.

HOMELESS MAN

No, but I can buy you one.

Consternation fills Mason's face as he lowers his gun, stands closer to the curb, searching the streets.

**EXT. HOTEL BALCONY - DAY**

As the sun sets, Paul, dressed in an expensive smoking jacket, serves dinner to Diamond and Polo, both of whom hold beautiful babies.

Off in the distance is the Eiffel Tower.

FADE OUT.