

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

The DEAD OF NIGHT. A TRAIN pulls ahead, neither with great speed nor at a crawl. Several boxcars go by fully, from a diagonal view, with enough distance to see train and sky.

A FIGURE drops down from one of the open cars. The figure pauses, and then trots along across the empty road adjacent to the tracks and into a park on the opposite side. We see the figure darkly at first, not in silhouette but without enough light to see the face. The figure carries a large duffel bag over a shoulder, in a long dark coat and baseball cap.

The figure walks up under a light to set the bag down. Aside from the night's ambiance, silence.

This figure now, a man, early-mid 20s, takes off his cap to reveal a full head of longish hair, scraggly facial hair. This is HASKELL DULLEA. He's just come in from out of town, and he looks around briefly, all familiar terrain.

Haskell picks up his duffel bag over his shoulder and walks up the park.

EXT. ROADSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

HASKELL gets up to the next road crossing. A single car passes by. CU: His eyes scan across as it passes. The eyes move again at nothingness, suspicious. He crosses the road and walks up an adjacent street.

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

HASKELL pauses in front of a house. He stares at the number for a moment: 260. He puts the bag down, squares the cap over his face, and tightens his coat. Haskell walks up to the house, across the lawn, and along the side of the house, quietly the whole time.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

HASKELL goes to the farthest right-hand corner of the backyard (POV from back of the house) and kneels down. He looks close at the side of the garage of the next-door yard. He feels for something he knows is there on the wall. Haskell's fingers grip a marking - a small,

crooked arrow pointing down to the ground.

Haskell takes out a spoon from his coat pocket and digs in the soft ground. All is darkness except for some slight moonlight, giving the scene a secretive quality. After some moments of fervent digging, he hits something hard in the dirt, his breath quickening.

In this fairly deep hole Haskell pulls up an oddly shaped, very old-fashioned pistol, and a switchblade.

A CAR drives by in the distance, the lights startling Haskell up on his feet. They go by, and he closes his eyes to regain himself. He cobbles the dirt back into the hole and smoothes it over, and walks back where he was on the street.

CUT TO:

INT. A BEDROOM - NIGHT

A CAR ALARM goes off immediately outside. The room is dark except for two nightlights beaming slightly in the room. Two bodies in this bed, single-sizes. One of them stirs at this alarm and gets up. The other covered head to toe in blanket does not budge.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

A MAN, early-mid 20's, in a very long t-shirt and long pajama pants, walks to the car with some rush. He opens the car door and shuts off the alarm from inside. He closes the door. This is ARTHUR KUNEN.

Something moves, a very subtle if noticeable sound of the night is heard. The man reacts slightly on guard. Arthur's face is tired, eyes alert, unshaven. Arthur looks around him on the darkened street and nearby bushes and trees. He backs up on the street. Another brief rustle, as a small animal scurries along the street. Arthur presses a button to lock the car and enters back to the house.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

ARTHUR sits at the bed. The other body rustles and makes a soft, nearly sleeping moan.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Can't sleep?

ARTHUR

No, the alarm, turned it off.

The woman in the bed makes another sound, nestling in under the blankets. Arthur settles into the bed. His eyes lay open as the light from outside strikes him. A car rolls by. He pulls the covers over his head.

INT. AN INSURANCE OFFICE - MID-DAY

An insurance office on the upper-west side of Manhattan. Phones RING on the two lines, one ringing up after the other starts. One line is picked up and a voice response in another room. The other line is answered before the previous line stops.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Good afternoon, the Kunen  
agency...Yes, this is Arthur  
Kunen, may I help you?

There is a pause, as we see the rest of this office in motion: an older woman, Arthur's Aunt SHELLY KUNEN, early 50's, is typing at the computer, her desk on the opposite end of BARBARA GUARENA, the secretary. The room is neither large or small. It is covered in a slighted white paint and a dirty red carpet. The view from this room moves and the next room is separated off by a door. This is another office room, with an empty desk and chair with a computer at it. There is a partition sectioning off part of this front office room (the front door leads to the street outside), and there is a door in this partition. We move into this room and see ARTHUR at his desk, listening after several seconds on the line. He is dressed professionally, with a black briefcase open on his cluttered desk, and the phone crouched to his ear.

ARTHUR

Ok, I'll hold...Yes, hi, how  
are you, ok...So you want a  
new policy on a 2004 Accord,  
let me just look this up, one  
moment...Could you spell me

that last name, please? Ok,  
uh, P as in Peter, O, A as in  
Apple, M as in Mary, N, and A  
again, ok.

Words type out on the screen. Soft sounds of the person on  
the other line come through fast.

ARTHUR

Ok, sir, you seem to have  
three accidents in the past  
seven months, one unresolved,  
two at fault? Ok...ok, sir,  
slow down, I...Your cell...  
Hey wait, you do have an  
accident, or is there  
something else I...Yes, well  
I would have to enter in the  
information for the rate, but  
you might want to compare it  
with other companies if you  
can get a better deal,  
because I'm not sure how much  
it will raise to the last at  
fault, on, April 12<sup>th</sup>...No,  
it's no problem, it's just a  
subway ride straight uptown,  
you get off at the last stop  
and one block up...I know, I  
know, it-it's not my call,  
sir, the company gives us  
these rates based on previous  
records...Ok, so, the son was  
the driver...Well, all I can  
tell you is to have him come  
in with you on Thursday so  
everything can be  
straightened out...Ok, I'll  
see you towards the end of  
the day then, ok-ok-ok,  
don't...Yes, alright then Mr.  
Poamna, see...Yeah, not a  
good idea (near fake  
chuckle), keys away from him  
for a while...Ok, bye.

Arthur hangs up the phone and rubs his head, and walks up

from his desk into the other room. BARBARA is on the phone while SHELLY and ARTHUR talk. Midway through he sits at her desk.

ARTHUR

That was *nasty*.

SHELLY

That was Bernard Poamna?

ARTHUR

I couldn't hear him with his bullshit cell phone, and his condescending attitude.

SHELLY

I was on the phone with him, I'd say, about thirty hours this past month alone. He can be a mean one, going on about this and that, and he's not even my client anymore. I'm getting just shot to hell over it.

ARTHUR

Here's the situation: three accidents this year, his son, who wasn't even on the policy until four months ago, got into the first one, the April 12<sup>th</sup> one I mentioned.

SHELLY

He and his wife have been with us five years, his wife is not as bad, but him...I mean, we switch him, he finally gives in, he goes to someplace like Long Island or Farstate, who knows.

ARTHUR

(sighs)

I don't know either.

(laughs) Maybe he'll want a life policy next.

SHELLY

Maybe, another notch to  
champion for you, right?

ARTHUR

Oh, it's already there, I  
just need to buy the life app  
on myself. Raymond told me  
it's part of the procedure.

SHELLY

Yeah. By the way, we need to  
talk later about Tunnelie  
Honda, Takaga's, just some  
things-

BARBARA hangs up the phone and cuts off Shelly with an  
'Um'. Arthur's attention drifts as she hands him papers.

ARTHUR

Yeah?

BARBARA

Sorry.

ARTHUR

No, what's up?

BARBARA

I need you to sign these two.

ARTHUR

Yes, been waiting for this,  
thanks.

Shelly gives a quick glance at Barbara. Arthur's cell  
phone rings and he picks it up.

ARTHUR

Hello, Art Kunen, please hold.

BARBARA

Also, you have a Mr. Thurman  
Pelman coming in an hour.

ARTHUR

That's today?

BARBARA

Glad I reminded you, eh?

ARTHUR

Oh, I'm ready. Heh, never  
too big for me.

SHELLY leans back in her seat after typing and closes her eyes for a moment. Phones still ring. She doesn't pick up. ARTHUR picks up the one closest to him.

ARTHUR

Kunen agency, please hold.  
(presses hold, into cell)  
Yes, can I help you?

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

HASKELL waits outside the door. His eyes wander over the names listed zooming in. His finger stops on SCHER, M. 5L. A door opens as someone exits. Haskell enters in.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Haskell knocks at the door for 5L a few times. A few seconds pass- long seconds for Haskell- and the door opens. A woman, early 20s, in a long apron with a cooking mitten on, is at the door.

The expression on her face is not knowing at first, curious. The she looks at him with her tired eyes. Her expression changes. This is MEG SCHER

MEG

Haskell?

HASKELL

Is that a question?

MEG

Wow, I didn't recognize you.

HASKELL

May I?

MEG

I, uh, I'm not sure, I-

HASKELL tries to look around her into the apartment. Their looks suggest a past between them.

MEG

My cousin, he just stayed overnight.

HASKELL

May I then?

MEG walks back in. The sound of a stove working away is behind her. HASKELL walks in with his duffel-bag and closes the door.

INT. MEG'S APARTMENT - CONT'D

Meg's apartment is a one-bedroom sort of nook with a cluttered living room, couch with sleeping room, and a table separating what might be called a small hallway and the tiny kitchen. Haskell fumbles pieces of a jigsaw puzzle as Meg arranged something she's cooking in the kitchen. She puts it down and takes off her mitten.

MEG

So, Mr. Dullea, I seen you last time, when, fifteen?

HASKELL

You were fifteen, I was fourteen.

MEG

If you don't mind me saying-

HASKELL

-Did that ever-

MEG

(cuts off)

You had no qualms about leaving the whole deal, so you're back here for what, reminiscing?

HASKELL

Well, y'know, I had some



things-

MEG

(matter-of-fact)

I don't know.

HASKELL

Frankly, if it wouldn't put you out, I could use your couch to crash on, for a few nights until I get settled.

MEG sets the food onto a plate- eggs over easy- sets the plate down not too lightly. Her look is less of contempt than bemusement. She makes a coffee.

MEG

That's a tall call coming from a flake like you. You won't ruin me too while your here, I hope.

HASKELL

I'm not a flake. And, I'm not totally sure either why I came back. There might be someone around I could see, but...whatever.

MEG

(sets coffee down)

Yeah, whatever. One "y'know" I should point out, you were a son of a bitch. I hope you changed a little of that since then. If not, well, I'll just see what you have in your head. I mean, I remember those times with Tom and Gini and Art, him especially.

Haskell looks up from his coffee at the last part.

HASKELL

Yeah, change that. Will he?

MEG

Like I said, he's leaving tonight, couch will cost you thirty a night, and don't say you can't get it. Also-

MEG points to the side of the closet adjacent and in view of the kitchen. Haskell turns to see a golf club and hammer next to/in it. She gives him a look.

HASKELL

Hey, business *is* business, no mixing...for now.

MEG

Yeah, *business*.

She plays with her food, tries to grin, and the two of them in awkward silence.

INT. KUNEN AGENCY - DAY

ARTHUR has the phone crouched up to his ear. Sweat dribbles down his face and he wipes it off. He's looking at on his desk: the REAL ESTATE section. The soft sound of muzak, playing through the phone on hold. It picks up:

VOICE

Tunnelie Takaga's, Mejo here.

ARTHUR

Mejo, it's Art.

MEJO (VO)

Hey, Art.

ARTHUR

You called about the quote on Ms. Washington's car. We just got back the quote.

MEJO (VO)

Well, we just charged them.

ARTHUR

You did?

MEJO (VO)

Yeah, you're getting yours.

ARTHUR

(surprised)

Really, I didn't expect-

MEJO (VO)

It's how it happens, you know, got to make the bucks somehow.

ARTHUR

Uh-huh, so you're sending her?

INSERT OVER VO: Arthur shakes man's hand at desk. They talk back and forth. Signatures on paper. Shake again. Arthur smiles. Counts money, skims some, money in pocket.

MEJO (VO)

Not just her, man, five cars went out yesterday. Today it'll be not quite that, but almost. So, just keep on with the back-end deal, clients, deals, same difference as you know. Oh, what do you charge them?

ARTHUR (VO)

The usual, why?

MEJO (VO)

You might as well go higher. We just took off 300 on the 07 and then 500 on the other three each. It really doesn't make a difference either way, once it all goes through.

ARTHUR (VO)

(clears throat)

I'm not too sure on all the details, but if you say it's alright.

MEJO (VO)

Believe me, man, it's all legit, besides, it's easy to go through.

ARTHUR (VO)

I guess so.

MEJO (VO)

No need to guess.

One of Arthur's cell phones rings. Arthur's eyes close and he mouths the words 'damn'.

MEJO (VO)

Art? You there?

ARTHUR

Yeah, yeah, ok, I'll expect the, uh, six of them.

MEJO (VO)

Seven.

ARTHUR

Seven, right, and that sounds good. I'll call-

MEJO (VO)

Tomorrow, man, do call.

ARTHUR

Ok, I got to go.

MEJO (VO)

Ok.

INT. BAR - LATE AFTERNOON

HASKELL sits down at a stool in a bar that's dark and dingy, with most of the light coming from outside. There are only a few other patrons, playing billiards. The Stooges' "I Need Somebody" plays on the jukebox. Haskell glances to a door to the right of him. A crude drawing of a drunken pirate is stenciled on it.

A SURLY BARTENDER walks up.

BARTENDER

What'll it be?

HASKELL  
Number eight.

BARTENDER  
Ah, haven't had one of those  
in a while.

Bartender makes a drink. We hear the door open.

HASKELL  
Well, it's been a while.  
I've never ordered a drink-

HASKELL gets a pat on the back that makes the hairs stand up on his head. CARL is a skinny late 20's guy in a top hat, all smiles, surprised. Haskell tries to recall him.

CARL  
If it ain't Hawkin Haskell,  
Fuckin' Jesus Bastin' Christ!

HASKELL  
Um...Carl the Karloff?

CARL  
Eh, close enough. Hey, what  
you doing here, I haven't  
seen you here in, what, a  
coon's age I'd say; Hank,  
when we've last seen this  
fuckin' shitbird?

HANK  
(hands drink)  
I wouldn't know, I haven't  
been here that-

CARL  
Hell with it- I saw you last  
time with the smallest dibble  
of facial hair right here.

Carl nudges at Haskell's chin, as he remains respectfully calm here. Haskell sips his drink.

HASKELL

Yeah, I'm just setting things up again, maybe see where they lead, y'know.

CARL

Neighborhood's changed, son. There's scores to have, but it's all neither here nor there. Skippin' through the fucking grapevine with those Haseedem birds, that's what I've been doin'... So, I take it you're looking for work.

HASKELL

Possibly.

CARL

*Possibly?* Got a fuckin' problem with *definitely*?

HASKELL

No, I just, well...Is Ralph still around?

CARL

Oh sure, Ralphie, Zed the head, Marco Douchebags, Pete the Fifth - of course Veggies. Over here, I can't help you kid if need be, lots of medical problems, that sort of shit. I got nothin' going on now, but here...

(pulls out business card)  
This guy's good, actually, the best I know for someone like you. He won't set you up either, but I'd trust him with my daughter's daughter, know what I mean?

HASKELL

Uhm, I guess. Well, thanks.

CARL

Nuthin' doin'. You come back here on a good fuckin' night, man, say any given day next week, Vegs *will* see you.

Haskell faintly nods yes.

CARL

(laughs)

This fuckin' kid, I'm just, I'm just kiddin' - you see his face, like he's got roids or shit, ha, you come back anything kid, drinks on me.

INT. PHARMACY - NIGHT

This is a CVS Pharmacy (or closest to it), fairly empty. ARTHUR is in the row for women's 'specialties'. He's got a sheet of paper he glances at with items listed. His cell phone rings and he answers.

ARTHUR

Hello...Hi, yeah, I'm at the CVS now...I'm right in the aisle...Yeah, ok, I couldn't read the writing for what it was, so-

INT. PHARMACY - CONT'D

HASKELL enters and is glancing over the snack bars and cookies. He wanders up the junk-food aisle, aimlessly.

INT. PHARMACY - CONT'D

ARTHUR loads up items in his cart still on the phone

ARTHUR

Uh-huh...Yeah, well, uh, can't Melinda wait then? Come on...don't pout, it'll just be half an hour after...

Arthur walks down another aisle, sees a face across from him. Arthur looks on and blinks a few times, a "it couldn't be" moment. The chattering voice of Arthur's girlfriend on the other line.

ARTHUR

Uhm...Oh, sorry, I wasn't listening...No, no, I'm not distracted, I-I'm just, uh, well...Look, I'll be home soon, alright?

INT. PHARMACY - CONT'D

HASKELL looks over a box of popcorn. He looks up and sees ARTHUR across from him. His brow frowns and moves up. He puts down the popcorn slowly and walks over to Arthur.

ARTHUR

Ok, it will be five then, no, six, ok, I'll make a note...I didn't mean that, it's all cool...See you, bye honey...Yes, bye.

Arthur hangs up. Haskell approaches him. Arthur is still not sure, looking at him square on.

HASKELL

Art? Art Kunen, right?

ARTHUR

Yeah, I'm sorry, I'm usually good with names, I know who-

HASKELL

Haskell Dullea, remember?

Arthur's face drops for a split-second. Then he's ecstatic. They shake firm hands.

ARTHUR

Damn, man, Haskell! I feel so stupid, you know we-

HASKELL

-All the way to 9<sup>th</sup> grade, man, and haven't changed.

ARTHUR



I can't believe you, yeah, of course. You look fine, man, still keeping trim.

HASKELL

Yeah. Not as much as you, you got off a lot of pounds.

ARTHUR

So long ago. Wow, what are you doing around here, I thought you moved or-

HASKELL

Ran away, you mean.

ARTHUR

(slight beat)

Y-Yeah, I, that is what happened, I'm sorry man.

HASKELL

Eh, it was necessary, you know.

ARTHUR

Uh-huh...So yeah, you're back, and-

HASKELL

-Yeah, well, I', catching up old times, old scores, I was up in, uh, God, I'm thinking back...

Haskell makes a face like he's thinking, but it's a put-on.

HASKELL

Well, all over, y'know, shit.

ARTHUR

Yeah. Oh, I'm getting hitched soon.

HASKELL

Serious?

ARTHUR

Karen Schultz, there's no date yet.

HASKELL

God it's been a while, *Karen Schultz*. Anyway, no good talking about this now, lets get our numbers and hang, cup of coffee or something. I see you're busy here.

ARTHUR

Yeah, just a quick run for her. Totally though, let me just get it down here.

The two pull out cell phones, fingers push on buttons fast.

INT. ARTHUR'S HOME - NIGHT

Inside almost everything is decorated mostly by female choice. Bright interior colors, stuffed animals on mantles, pictures in cutesy frames of the couple- KAREN the same age as ARTHUR, medium build, black hair, dark eyes- and of them with friends, and some sports memorabilia cradled on top of the TV cabinet. A TV is on in the living room with the nightly news. No one is at the couch; a SHOWER goes in the bathroom.

ARTHUR enters the house and puts down the pharmacy bags and his briefcase on the couch. He darts for the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens and slams. KAREN, in the shower, lets out a small shriek, then some calmer laughter. We stay on Arthur on the neck-up, sometimes moving in the same spot to Karen.

KAREN

Ah! Art, you coulda knocked.

ARTHUR

Yeah, I couldn't wait on it.

Arthur goes to relieve himself standing up.

KAREN

Are you peeing?

ARTHUR

That's the sound

KAREN

Ew, well keep the seat up.

ARTHUR

(smiles)

Seat, what seat?

KAREN

Very funny, wise-ass.

ARTHUR

Fooled you, fine, fine.

KAREN

Oh, guess what? I heard back  
from the shop, the-

ARTHUR

What, I can't hear you.

Karen shuts off the shower for a moment. She peeks her head from around the curtain, hair enveloped in shampoo.

KAREN

*The shop.*

ARTHUR

(recognition)

Oh, right, right.

KAREN

Well, they said the stone can  
be set in any day next week.  
So, if you can get some time  
during the-

ARTHUR

Karen, I thought we talked  
about this, I'm busy all next  
week, overtime going,  
Barbara's going to be out.

KAREN

Oh, well, if you can get some time, I mean, no pressure. Like, Mom said she'll help you with it if that-

ARTHUR

No, it's not that. I - I'll see what happens.

KAREN

Ok

Karen turns back on the shower.

KAREN

Marisa might be having her get together tonight.

ARTHUR

(brushes teeth)

Oh, I ran into the last person, you'd ever, hold on - last one you'd expect to meet.

KAREN

Mhmm?

ARTHUR

Haskell.

KAREN

Oh wow, I just, like, I was thinking about him the other night. Where'd you see him?

ARTHUR

At the pharmacy, hasn't changed too much I guess.

KAREN

You two were really close, I remember. God, he friggin' asked me out in the seventh grade, like he tried to bribe me with Burger King.

ARTHUR

Yeah, we might see each other soon, bite to eat sort of thing.

Karen shuts off the shower.

KAREN

Kid was messed up, hope he's all straightened out; towel.

KAREN shuts off the shower.

ARTHUR

Oh, gee, where did the, towel go, I can't seem to find-

KAREN

Come on, I'm serious, I got to dry my hair.

ARTHUR hands the towel to Karen. Arthur rinses and Karen goes up and plants a long kiss on his cheek.

ARTHUR

You good for Marisa tonight?

KAREN

Yeah, I kind of have to.

ARTHUR

(under breath)

Not really.

KAREN

Huh?

ARTHUR

Nothing.

Arthur shuts off the sink.

KAREN

No, what were you going to say?

ARTHUR

...Food, lots.

KAREN

You sure that's what it is?

ARTHUR

Well, to put it another way,  
I think a certain ex-doughboy  
is starting to grumble.

KAREN

Ah, doughboy, doughboy!

ARTHUR

(voice)

"He came from outer space, to  
get noodles and wassabi."

Karen laughs. The two get a little closer and canoodle.

INT. THE "SPARK LOUNGE" - NIGHT

This is a small lounge-cum-bar that is too small for a nightclub, and a little too posh to be a local dive. With several tables adjacent from the bar, only one other couple sits, aside from ARTHUR at a table. He is in a suit with his bag on the side, just in from work. An upbeat jazz song goes lightly in the background. Arthur grins upon seeing HASKELL enter and approach the table.

HASKELL

Hey man, good to see you  
again.

They shake hands and Haskell sits.

ARTHUR

Same here. I was wondering  
when you'd get-

HASKELL

Yeah well, you know, route  
17, bit of a bastard.

Arthur nods. Haskell looks down at the case.

HASKELL

I see you don't have a drink?

ARTHUR

Oh yeah, I thought it might  
be a little early.

HASKELL

Aw, nah, it's good timing,  
eight-thirty on the dot.

Haskell motions for a waitress. A WAIF walks over.

WAIF

What'll it be?

HASKELL

It'll be a tequila on the  
rocks and-

ARTHUR

Wild turkey? I'll have that  
straight, just for now.

HASKELL

Good, good, and maybe a  
little bread here too?

WAIF

Sure thing.

She leaves for the drinks.

ARTHUR

So, what it is?

HASKELL

Yeah, what it is.

ARTHUR

No, I mean, what it is going  
on with you, man? I haven't  
heard anything in three  
years, seen you in eight.

HASKELL

What, my head all lopsided?  
Shit, well...I had some  
issues to deal around. You  
remember my old man?

ARTHUR

It's hard not to.

HASKELL

An asshole, asshole and a  
half. I just couldn't take  
the shit he was pulling  
around me and Margie, so-

ARTHUR

Margie, your mom right?

HASKELL

So to speak, remember.

ARTHUR

Yeah, yeah I liked her.

HASKELL

I loved her, she was...sweet.

ARTHUR

So he got rough with her?

HASKELL

Well, it's hard to say  
really, I've forgotten some  
of it too.

Drinks and bread come to the table.

ARTHUR

Thanks. But then, what's it  
been then, your like  
formative adolescence and  
all? I heard three years ago  
from Dulce that you got into  
some crew in Buffalo or  
something.

HASKELL



Dulce, man, the things he tells, he could sell a fucking bartender for uh, ten...you know what I mean.

ARTHUR

(laughs)

Yeah, you sure you didn't have some drink already?

HASKELL

Now, naw.

INT. "SPARK LOUNGE" - NIGHT

A drink gets put down, finished. A shot-glass next to the first drink, which is done now. Miles Davis's 'So What' chimes on in the BG.

ARTHUR

That's why I went away man, that fucking prosecutor couldn't see-

HASKELL

Jesus Christ, so for that one time we did the-

ARTHUR

-Did that guy's house, I got that month away. It came down to money, like I could've got a better deal, but my folks wanted me to learn that lesson, that shit, and that was it, so-

HASKELL cuts him off as he snaps his fingers, holds up two fingers and points to the table.

HASKELL

-So yeah, you basically got fucked over is what you mean.

ARTHUR

(slight beat)

In so few words, yeah. I still can't figure out though

how it came down that night,  
 like I've thought it through  
 in my head thousands of times  
 over the details, the little  
 things they didn't even bring  
 up in court, but the more I  
 think it over it's the sort  
 of memory now where a detail  
 falls every time I really  
 think hard about it. It's  
 surreal to say it now but  
 it's almost without like  
 consequence now what happened.

Drinks- two beers and two chasers- come to the table.

HASKELL

I know what you mean...Look,  
 for what it's worth, that  
 night I had no idea who the  
 guy really was, I thought he  
 was a local fruitcake, had-  
 it-coming sort of thing.

ARTHUR

Nah, it's understandable, it  
 wasn't even originally your  
 idea anyway, it was that guy,  
 uh, God, the little bastard  
 with the stumpy-arm.

HASKELL

Tony Nygard!

ARTHUR

Yeah! What a psycho, man,  
 like, I know Dulce is less  
 that in reliability, but last  
 I heard of Tony he got sent  
 up for punching his boss at  
 shop-mart, got caught lifting  
 a lawnmower, pleaded insanity  
 and got away with it.

HASKELL

That kid, he had that face,

like a perpetual look of like  
that guy in the Goonies.

Arthur nearly cracks up at that.

HASKELL

The guy, the thing with the  
mop and Superman shirt!

Haskell laughs too. Arthur tries to break in-between.

ARTHUR

He didn't have a mop, fool,  
you-you're thinking of Toxic  
Avenger!

INT. "SPARK LOUNGE" - NIGHT

Now the lounge is practically empty aside from a bartender  
and HASKELL and ARTHUR, who in front of them have finished  
two tall beers, a glass each, and three shots each with one  
beer a piece still between them.

HASKELL

What's the name?

ARTHUR

Tunnelie, uh, one of those  
Japanese car places-

HASKELL

-For cars. And is this part  
of the "champion" thing you  
mentioned?

ARTHUR

Well, that part of it is like  
this- I've sold X amount of  
these policies, and it's a  
record in the area, and I get  
bumped up a notch to being on  
my own as an agent.

HASKELL

Ah.

ARTHUR

But that's life policies got that bastard covered. The other thing is, um...Sorry, like I deal with a broker, and there's a charge either way, a fee which some don't charge but they do cause they're 'them' and really everyone does, especially when you fucking deal with these guys in places like Bronx, Westchester.

HASKELL

Hmm...Queens, Brooklyn?

ARTHUR

Nah, fucking got a mob controlling, can't get near.

HASKEL

Heh, tell me about it.

ARTHUR

But that's only some change here and there, stuff I can shave off the top. Really the money comes in from commissions, and...fuck, we must've had a lot.

HASKELL

And the commission you split or is it all you?

ARTHUR

I split it with my Aunt Shelly Fuck knows when she'll retire or whatever, but till then, or if I decide to go on my own, I'm stuck with her. Luckily, I get the "big fish".

HASKELL

(raises eyebrow)

"Big fish?"

Haskell listens intently. Arthur goes on and on, not noticing the wheels spinning in Haskell's head.

ARTHUR

Money-hounds, cash-cows, you name it. We don't have many, but like, example for you. The other day I get this weird little fat guy at my desk, been with us for, I don't know, twenty years. He's another broker, real-estate I guess, and he comes in wanting to put all these new jewels and cufflinks and earrings, I don't know how many things, and he probably has more where that comes from.

HASKELL

...Yeah.

ARTHUR

Guy has the wife splitting from him now, got a new woman and it all adds up more and more. I even put sixty thousand dollars worth of coverage, started to put it on a bracelet. Plus he's got a huge boat, a couple of houses I'd guess, but from what my Aunt tells me about him, he just stashes it most of the time in some fancy condo upstate! The guy's vulgar as shit, and he probably has to upload even more on, uh, unload...load, anyway, he probably doesn't even insure everything, if you catch my drift...They got a bathroom in this joint?

Haskell is taken aback by Arthur's change of topic.

HASKELL

Huh, oh bathroom, uh, let's go walk, alright, latrine sucks here.

ARTHUR

Alrightty.

EXT. A PARK - SOME TIME LATER

It's several minutes later. HASKELL and ARTHUR are near a tree which Arthur relieves himself on. Haskell is talking to Arthur. Suddenly, Arthur zips up and pauses, but becomes agitated. We hear them from afar and move in closer, specifically on Arthur.

ARTHUR

What, are you nuts?

HASKELL

No, no, hear me out.

ARTHUR

I knows you're drunk and I am, so I'll forget you just asked-

HASKELL

I'm serious man, why not? You make it sound like it's *gift-wrapped*.

ARTHUR

I don't even fucking know how to respond to something like this. Understand: you are asking something- a few big things- that are *criminal*?

HASKELL

It's just an idea, man. The guy is loaded, he's got a bad reputation all over, you said so yourself.

ARTHUR

He is a WHALE, do you know what that is? And even if he wasn't secured like fuck, I, I can't believe I'm talking to you now. This is not good, this, it's really fucked up man, I mean...Shit.

HASKELL

It's a risk, I know, but it's a *calculated* one, meaning we do it right-

ARTHUR

RIGHT? Fuck off, is that plain enough for you? I'm not robbing anyone's own house, you get it?

Arthur stomps away, fuming.

HASKELL

Listen, just sober up and hear me out, I'll figure out a full plan, it's fool-proof, understand, FOOL-PROOF!

Haskell walks off shaking his head no.

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

ARTHUR and SHELLY are both on the phones. Shelly writes down mostly on a notepad listening. Arthur finishes a quote. This lasts several seconds. He hangs up. We focus on him for a moment as he sits back in his chair. Eyes rubbed, he's snapped out of it by the phone ring- this time a beep from upfront. Arthur picks up.

ARTHUR

Yes?

BARBARA (VO)

Mr. Pelman is here.

ARTHUR

I'll be right up.

He hangs up and walks up to the front room. A 'new' kind of smile forms on his face: this is an important client for him.

THURMAN PELMAN, mid 40s, stands up to shake hands with Arthur. He's in a suit, but he doesn't look like a common businessman: short with oddly combed hair and a goatee, with his suit fancy but dirty with a couple of small stains. His smile is even more strained than Arthur's. They exchange pleasantries. Thurman glances around.

ARTHUR

Pleasure to finally meet you.

THURMAN

We actually met- well, not actually.

ARTHUR

Please, come into my office.

THURMAN

This is quite a set-up.

ARTHUR

Yeah, it gets crazy in here, so I needed some space of my own.

THURMAN

Not bad.

They sit on their respective sides of Arthur's desk.

THURMAN

I remember when you were ye high in here, playing with the toys.

ARTHUR

Wow, that must have been a long time ago. I barely-

THURMAN

Yeah. I was, of course, very sorry when your father-



ARTHUR

-Yeah, it was tough...But,  
three years, people move on.

THURMAN

I know how it is...

Arthur has a slight frown at that, but hides it.

THURMAN

...A few that work under me,  
in sales, they had some rough  
times this past year, this  
and that and the other as it  
were.

ARTHUR

Yeah...Well, anyway, hope you  
didn't have trouble finding  
us, you probably haven't been  
here in-

THURMAN

(leans in)

Nah it's ok, it's just those  
gypsy cab fuckers though,  
they really mark you down,  
spics, all of 'em.

ARTHUR

(fakes a grin)

Yeah, it's tough...So-

Arthur types at the keyboard. Thurman fiddles his tie.

ARTHUR

-I pulled up your file right  
as you were walking in here,  
and I see you have five...  
Wait, I'm sorry, six  
appraisals on a gold watch,  
three rings, cufflinks, and  
wow, a boat?

THURMAN

Well, the boat deal is  
complicated. I got one over

in the Poconos and then  
another I usually rent out.

ARTHUR

Uh-hum, so would you like to  
put extra coverage on the  
items, reduce? My secretary-

THURMAN

It's fine, I try never to  
tell too much on the phones.  
I mean, you never know with  
all the spying and taps and  
shit, it's never a sure thing.

Arthur sips on a water bottle during this, and writes down  
during the following.

THURMAN

So, here's what it is, I want  
to take off all the coverage  
on the watch and two of the  
rings. My wife, the- (looks  
around)- C-you-next-Thursday,  
is givin' the marriage the  
shaft and is takin' a couple  
of my items in about a month.

ARTHUR

I see.

THURMAN

And, I want to add new  
appraisals on these-

Thurman takes out some photos in his pocket. They look and  
feel like they've been cut out of magazines. They are  
assorted jewels, cufflinks, earrings, etc.

ARTHUR

Wow, I think I saw one like  
that, in a commercial or-

THURMAN

That's a newly found perfect  
pink, in layman's terms, it's  
kind of thing that a month

ago would have just come off  
some guy's jacket in a  
bootleg off Nigeria. I don't  
even have it yet, but as my  
wife, god fuck her-

They laugh slightly.

THURMAN

-Yeah, as she leaves off with  
everything, save for half of  
my daughter and about half of  
my assets, I get in some new  
things, some bonuses I've  
been putting off for a while,  
extra accounts, sort of  
things I wasn't even going to  
touch with her around.. I  
mean, you never know, I just  
went for it.

ARTHUR

Yeah, I know, in a way. My  
fiancé has been itching for a  
while for the actual diamond  
in the ring.

THURMAN

(even faker smile)  
Ah, congratulations, not too  
ironically, I mean.

ARTHUR

Yeah, at any rate, I keep on  
saving up but my account  
keeps on seeming all the more  
small when compared to what  
she wants when she goes in  
the stores.

THURMAN

I see.

ARTHUR

But, what can I say, I want  
her to be happy, and if I can  
upgrade from an onion ring-

Fake laughter on both sides.

ARTHUR

-To, you know, something a little more user friendly, I see no reason why not.

THURMAN

Exactly. Believe you-me, no matter what a woman says, specially round your age, even if she comes closest to the immaterial shit, which is good and all, that sparkle they got (taps eyes) right here says different...

ARTHUR

(slight beat)

So, how much coverage would you like us to drop and add?

THURMAN

Oh, I want to play it safe for now. Remind me again on those five?

ARTHUR

Six.

THURMAN

No, minus the-

ARTHUR

Yes, yes, sorry, lets see. You have ten thousand on the cufflinks, twenty thousand a piece on the rings, and fifty thousand on the watch. So, um...Why don't we just switch it around, what I drop off I add on to the others?

THURMAN

Sounds great, I mean, you know this better than I-

ARTHUR

(typing)

I will call up my underwriter  
and I'll just - oh, I how  
rude of me, can I get you  
something to drink, a soda or  
water or other.

THURMAN

Soda, diet's fine.

ARTHUR stands up.

ARTHUR

Ok. Ok, also, we're offering  
a new homeowner's policy,  
liability is only fifteen  
hundred for up to a million.

THURMAN

(genuine surprised)

Really! What a coincidence,  
my daughter is going to go  
through a closing in a couple  
of months a new place in  
Nyack.

ARTHUR

Terrific. We can set that up  
for you, too. That is, if  
you have the time.

THURMAN

Hey, all I got waiting for me  
is a tuna bagel and a cunt  
colder than a- beg your  
pardon.

BARBARA walks by the office door, trying not to show her  
face to his unapologetic one.

ARTHUR

Alright, I'll get your soda  
and we'll set all this up.

THURMAN

Excellent.

ARTHUR leaves his office and goes into the small kitchen through a door in-between the two sides of the office.

INT. BUS - MOMENTS LATER

HASKELL pulls out his wallet and takes out the card CARL have him before. He looks it over.

We see BORIS' Phone number.

Haskell puts it away and shakes his head again.

INT. KUNEN AGENCY - DAY

One phone hangs up. Second later other phone picks up. As the call goes on, we pull to a high-angle on ARTHUR. Phones continue to ring on and off in the BG.

ARTHUR

Kunen agency?

VOICE

Yes, is this Arthur Kunen?

ARTHUR

This is he.

LOAN OFFICER (VO)

Yes, this is the bank of North Bergen calling on your account, number 2235710234. Our records show that as of Tuesday, February 7<sup>th</sup>, that you have a substantial balance on your loan. Your current balance is \$384,951, and twenty-five thousand dollars is overdue. Do you wish to pay now?

ARTHUR

I, uhm, well, uh, I can't pay it all this month.

LOAN OFFICER (VO)

If not paid by May 31<sup>st</sup>, your  
 overdue balance will be  
 thirty thousand dollars. If  
 you have any questions,  
 please call our customer  
 service as 1-800-9-

Arthur hangs up and drops the phone. Phones still ring.

ARTHUR  
 WILL SOMEONE GET THAT!?

INT. BAR - NIGHT

HASKELL walks in the same bar he met CARL before. HANK, the bartender, sits reading a newspaper. In front of Hank, in the center of the bar, sits a ratty-looking fellow in a chair. He's got a fairly placid look on his face, eyes closed as hair gets cut, with a large white apron around his neck. Above him stands a 50-ish man with gray hair by his ears and nowhere else. His face is full of lines, like a pop-marked highway. This is ROBERTO "VEGS" VEGSILATIO, and he's cutting the ratty-guy's hair. Vegs points at Haskell.

VEGS  
 You.

HASKELL  
 Yes?

VEGS  
 Georgie Porgie?

HASKELL  
 No, sir, I-

VEGS  
 (strains to think)  
 Uh...Starts with Q.

HANK  
 Hawkin' Haskell, boss.

VEGS

Good, I'll make this short.  
I hate speeches to the new  
guys. Hand.

GUY IN CHAIR has a confused look. Hank goes over to lock  
the front door to the bar. Vegs snaps his fingers sharply.

VEGS

Hand, hand.

Guy in chair has an expression like he understands. He  
holds up a shaky hand.

VEGS

Simplicity around here: you  
go good, get a haircut. Do  
poor, and uh...

Vegs grabs the guy's wrist and holds out fingers as he  
twitches. Haskell is standing frozen. Hank turns away.

Vegs SNAPS off the guy's pinkie finger with the scissors in  
one snap. BLOOD and Screams and curses follow from the  
man. Vegs drops the scissors.

VEGS

No more pussy. Do good?

HASKELL

(meek)

Yes.

VEGS

DO good?

HASKELL

Yes!

VEGS

That a boy, towel.

Haskell doesn't notice the towel on the barstool, or Veg's  
almost dead-pan expression, finally grabs and chucks it.  
As Haskell goes over to sit at a chair at the other side of  
the bar, Vegs pulls out some bills and stuffs them in the  
Guy in Chair's jacket pocket.



INT. OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

ARTHUR is on hold on the phone. Muzak tinning on the line. Arthur's eyes dart around objects on the desk: clock, computer screen, stapler. He flips a pen up and down.

The line breaks in.

VOICE (VO)

Service desk, your name and number?

ARTHUR

Arthur P. Kunen, Manhattan,  
4-5-Peter-7-5-9.

VOICE (VO)

This is Jeff, how may I help you today?

ARTHUR

Yes, I was calling regarding my life application I purchased, for myself.

JEFF (VO)

...Yes?

ARTHUR

And, basically, I wanted to check if the status went through of the total policies for the year.

JEFF (VO)

Champion for the office?

ARTHUR

Yes.

JEFF (VO)

Hold on.

Arthur hears muzak again, his face drops. Five seconds pass. The camera never flinches.

JEFF (VO)

Yes, I'm sorry Mr. Kunen, but our records show that the life app you purchased was for a multi-level policy, and not the single-action policy. Were you aware of the extra premium needed for it.

Arthur's mouth hangs open, no response.

JEFF (VO)

Sir?

ARTHUR

There-there must be some mistake, I purchased the right policy.

JEFF (VO)

No, our records are correct sir. You don't qualify as champion for the year. If there was anything misunderstood-

ARTHUR

NO! This is NOT a MISTUNDERSTANDING! The policies are all there- This office has made champion, UNDERSTAND!!

JEFF (VO)

No need to get frustrated, sir, our records don't-

Arthur slams the phone down. He slams it again. BARBARA goes into his side of the office.

BARBARA

Art? What happened?

ARTHUR

Nothing, nothing, just go away.

Barbara sees Art with his hands over his face. She exits.

Arthur can barely breathe. He slowly composes himself and lets down his hands, his face flush red.

INT. THE SCHULTZ RESIDENCE - NIGHT

ARTHUR is now sitting at the dinner table of the SCHULTZ's: KAREN's parents- and at the table sits BERNARD (father), SHARI (mother), DONALD (brother), and Karen to his side. They have just finished eating their meal.

Although attentive, his gaze wanders from the conversation. The sound is also near mute, as if his listening to all of this was faded in his own thoughts. A few laugh at something, and finally Arthur perks up.

BERNARD

You told that joke before,  
right Art?

ARTHUR

Yeah, I heard it a while ago.

KAREN

There are so many good ones  
from that guy Marisa  
recommended, the one with the  
eye-patch and the club foot.

SHARI

Did he really have a club  
foot or-

DONALD

-A prop.

BERNARD

I saw him years ago, before  
he got big. We were on that  
cruise, I was there for  
Sachman's business venture,  
or whichever, and he was so  
bad then. They literally  
pulled out a cane to sweep  
him off the stage.

Table laughs. Arthur's less laughable.

DONALD

Oh man, I love seeing that from the old days, but I couldn't see that happening today, brutal, whoever it is.

ARTHUR

Yeah.

As the conversation goes on, we see Arthur looking at expressions on the faces of those talking/listening, himself trying to hide from the discussion.

KAREN

It wasn't a good cruise, in general. It was just so deadly dull.

SHARI

You found it dull? I can't imagine.

KAREN

Stuck on a boat with too many pigs, they're already dulled out, really bad kids, it's not fun.

DONALD

Not only that, you got to get out when you're vacating, it's no good just sitting around like that, watching bad comedy acts, swimming maybe once.

BERNARD

I'm not saying the trip wasn't a disaster, it was, but there were some fun things, unintentionally of course.

KAREN

No way I'll go back. Same with you, Art?

ARTHUR

Yeah, not for me.

INT. CAR - DRIVING - SOME TIME LATER

ARTHUR driving KAREN back to their home.

KAREN  
You sure did gab a lot  
tonight.

ARTHUR  
What?

KAREN  
And I'm so being sarcastic  
right now. No, like I  
figured you'd be going on and  
on about your champion thing.

ARTHUR  
(slight beat)  
I was just thinking it over.

KAREN  
Not enough to have with,  
right?

ARTHUR  
Yeah

INT. ARTHUR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

KAREN is dead asleep. We move across the mostly darkened bedroom, past the clock at 2:50, into the adjoining bathroom, the door cracked. The faucet is on.

INT. BATHROOM - CONT'D

ARTHUR throws up in the toilet, gagging mostly. He flushes. He leans back to the wall. He has a face of helplessness. His fist clenches his head. He hits the wall hard and grunts.

INT. MEG'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

HASKELL, half asleep, is watching TV on the couch. His cell phone rings on the table in front of him. He picks it up and looks at the name and number: ART. He answers.

HASKELL

Art?

ARTHUR (VO)

Ok, tell me what to do.

Haskell stays sleepy, but soon leans up.

HASKELL

Believe you-me, you won't  
regret it.

ARTHUR (VO)

Yeah, maybe...so?

HASKEL

Meet me at my place tomorrow  
morning, 9 AM good for you?

ARTHUR

...Yeah, 9 is fine.

HASKELL

Bring everything you got on  
the guy, we'll talk more then.

They both hang up. Haskell has a quick but tired child-like pumping of his fist, a quite grin to himself. His fingers tap together as if in thought.

The card for BORIS with the phone number comes out. Haskell dials on the telephone. He hears ringing for several beats. The answering machine goes off: drums, then a beep. As the message goes on, his head tilts again, only slightly faster.

HASKELL (VO)

Uh, hi, I received your  
number from a mutual  
acquaintance- that's with a  
C, ends with L, and uh, I  
have a proposition for you,  
s, if you would like to reach  
me, my cell number is-

BORIS (picks up-VO)

Secure?

HASKELL

Sorry?

BORIS (VO)

Line secure?

HASKELL

It should be.

BORIS (VO)

If this is the C ends with L,  
I know, you're legit, or I  
decide you're legit.

HASKELL

I need someone reliable.

BORIS (VO)

Reli...

HASKELL

Hello?

BORIS (VO)

Yes, tired. All the numbers,  
crossroads, time.

INT. MEG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MEG sits at the recliner in the living room. She's flipping through a graphic novel, and eyeing HASKELL. He has sprawled out a large sheet of paper on the table, and he makes markings on them. The buzzer rings.

INT. MEG'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens. ARTHUR enters with a briefcase in hand, dressed like he just got off work. Before Meg can close the door, another man appears. He's 50, with more than a few lines in his face, a toupee partly undone, still in the same suit and pants he wore the previous week. He's not too thin, but thin enough to seem worn out. This is BORIS, and he's an insomniac. He holds the door open. He and Meg share a look of dismay.

HASKELL

Meg, who is it?

MEG

Christopher Walken as a hobo?  
You tell me.

BORIS

We spoke on the phone.

HASKELL

Yes, come in.

Meg slams the door. Haskell gets up and gets a folding chair out. Arthur sits down without a word or a look. Boris sits at another chair.

HASKELL

Get you some coffee? Art?

ARTHUR

No.

BORIS

We haven't been introduced,  
I'm-

HASKELL

Art Kunen, Boris S.

They nod. Meg still slumps at the recliner.

HASKELL

Meg, coffee?

MEG

What, I'm getting cause  
they're you're friends?

HASKELL

Please, the kind around the  
corner.

Haskell fishes out some bills from his pockets. Meg glances around the men. She takes it but doesn't like it. She exits.



HASKELL

Alright, here's what it is.

He sprawls out the paper and a little car is drawn at the edge. An outline of a house is also drawn on it.

HASKELL

What we're after is herein contained one of the properties of Thurman Pelman, who has a lot at stake in multiple real-estate ventures, brokering with two businesses, and in reality already made most of his fortune back in the 80s through a lot of "dealings" I couldn't look up too closely. He's loaded, if my perceptions are right on this. But from the details of his records he seems a little too *comfy* with his set-up, which is where you come in.

Points to Arthur, who opens up his briefcase.

HASKELL

Plan's simple- smallest target is in a condo in Rockland county where he stays off and on, like this time of the year.

ARTHUR

I pulled up what I could from his file, the guy's the most negligent bastard we've had at these stakes, he has necklaces and rings, over a hundred watches, pure gold...

INT. MEG'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

ARTHUR

...And some assorted collectibles he's purchased at auctions, worth hundreds of thousands, at least over a million.

BORIS

That it?

ARTHUR

Sorry?

BORIS

(shrugs)

This guy's a whale, I assume. And I assume you're his insurance agent with all this um (snaps fingers) *confidentiality* info, right? Don't you think all of this is insured?

ARTHUR

That's what I meant by *negligible*. He forgets about most of the items when they come up for renewal, the coverage gets lost, he doesn't give a damn. He throws down more money for new items for whatever new woman is in his life, and throws away coverage on the old items. Maybe then you can tell me what they'd be *worth*, you're so smart?

BORIS?

Wait, what? Come on, man, I don't have to-

ARTHUR

I don't even know who you are, this is-

HASKELL

Look, look, calm down Art,  
tell him about the other  
thing.

ARTHUR  
(shrugs)

Fine, sorry. I'm not totally  
sure on this, as I took it  
off of a phone call with  
another agent. And, from  
what I gather from what the  
guy said, there's a safe.

BORIS  
Ok, now that's something.

ARTHUR  
I have no idea if it's valid,  
could be anything in there.

HASKELL  
Do you think you could-

BORIS  
Safes, rifles, explosives,  
I'm mostly up to date...

Boris takes a slight beat, eying over the items.

BORIS  
Three ways?

HASKELL  
That and a small cut to the  
'powers'.

ARTHUR  
*Powers?*

BORIS  
Time?

HASKELL  
One night, in and out,  
middle-man to shift through  
the stuff, that's it.

BORIS

It's all Krispy Kreme, just  
one thing.

Boris stands up to exit.

BORIS

Blueprints?

ARTHUR

I'll need a couple of weeks.

Briefcase slams shut.

INT. MEG'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Boris exits the apartment. Arthur and Haskell remain.

ARTHUR

What are these powers?

HASKELL

Local guys.

ARTHUR

Uh-huh.

HASKELL

Look, I didn't mention it,  
and I didn't because I wasn't  
sure yet. Now it's this  
situation- a small cut of my  
cut, my cut only, will go to  
people that some of the older  
guys used to hang around  
with, you know, the 'main  
guys'.

Meg enters into the apartment with groceries, unpacks.

ARTHUR

Figures.

HASKELL

It's nothing, really. Just a  
taste, they want some since  
it's their area, that's all.

ARTHUR  
That's it though?

HASKELL  
Yes, that's it. I swear.

INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

ARTHUR pretends to laugh along with the bawdy guffaws of THURMAN, who is driving on a bumpy road. A Hank Williams-type of country song chimes on the radio.

THURMAN  
Funny shit, right, 'DUUKE!'

ARTHUR  
Yeah, I think I heard it before, except it was Rover instead of Duke.

THURMAN  
Yeah, alright, here's one of the filthiest fuckin', ok: farmer is lying in bed with his wife, and he turns to her, grabs her tits and says, "honey, if you could get milk out of these we could sell the cow". He grabs her cooch and says, "honey, if you could get eggs out of here we could sell the chickens". She turns to him with this big grin, grabs his cock and says "honey, if you could get this up I could get rid of your brother"!'

Thurman laughs hard, Arthur has a brief genuine laugh at it, shaking his head.

ARTHUR  
Wow, that one's in bad taste.

THURMAN

I know, I can't help it.  
Shit, some bum told me that  
to me twenty years ago, I  
flipped out of my fucking hat  
then!

ARTHUR

I used to know a lot of dirty  
ones, I forgot most of them.

THURMAN

Don't remember not one, ey?

ARTHUR

Maybe, I got to think.

THURMAN

Ah, here we are.

EXT. SECURITY GATE - CONT'D

The car pulls up to a security gate. The car goes right  
through as the gate goes up and down.

THURMAN

Got a special device in here  
for that, shit's great...But  
yeah, I got a million of em,  
usually bad puns I pick up  
from my daughter.

The car goes down a steep hill and pulls up into a driveway  
in a long series of white-paneled condo-houses. He parks  
the car.

THURMAN

She's all ducked into custody  
shit, it never ends. But now  
and again it's OK.

Arthur nods.

THURMAN

So - golf's over, sign the  
papers inside.

INT. THURMAN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The inside of the condo-house has a spacious living room with a fireplace and a couple of well-furnished sofas. The small area to the left of the living room is a small dining room that is completely cluttered with golf clubs, cigars, some bottles and a table meant for cards. A tall wooden staircase separates the lower level from the upper. A cat licks itself on one of their stairs.

ARTHUR and THURMAN come up from the bottom staircase, a few feet apart from the upper stairs. Thurman puts down his golf clubs as Arthur puts down his briefcase.

THURMAN

Ah, this place smells shit  
'n' sparkles, cigars, Glen  
Livet, you like scotch?

ARTHUR

Uh, not really.

THURMAN

Brandy then? Fuck, got it,  
Pinot 245, I'll get some.

ARTHUR

That's fine, Mr. Pelman.

THURMAN

Thur, if you'd like.

ARTHUR

(winces)

Thur, do you have a bathroom?

THURMAN

Up the stairs, it's on your  
right.

ARTHUR

Ok, thanks.

Thurman goes into the kitchen, Arthur up the stairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONT'D

ARTHUR pulls out a pen and a small pad from his jacket. He looks around observantly, writing sometimes. He looks in the bathroom: mirror, cabinet, linens. He finds one room at the end of the hall is locked.

INT. KITCHEN - CONT'D

THURMAN pops open a bottle, drops the bottle to the floor.

INT. HALLWAY - CONT'D

ARTHUR hears a curse echo his way. He goes quickly into another room that is not locked: computer equipment, another couch. He scribbles notes, his expression tense. He opens up a drawer and sees a device, a SECURITY STICKER for a car. He pockets it.

INT. KITCHEN - CONT'D

THURMAN puts down newspapers to clean up. He pours what he can from the remaining bottle into glasses.

INT. HALLWAY - CONT'D

ARTHUR trips over a kink in the rug. He looks closer and sees the flap opens to a COMBINATION LOCK. Another note. He starts to go into the other room at the other end of the hallway to find- from a distance- a bedroom.

THURMAN (OS)

Hey, you need any help up there? Got a zipper-fucker problem?

Arthur stops himself. He freezes for a moment, closes his eyes, bites his lip.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

ARTHUR comes down the stairs. THURMAN sits on a sofa.

THURMAN

Dud you flush!

ARTHUR

Um...



THURMAN  
(laughs)  
I don't care either way,  
Jesus Christ. Here you go.

He passes the wine glass to Arthur.

THURMAN  
So, what's there left to do?

ARTHUR  
Well, the last of the  
appraisals and one more note  
on the application for the-

THURMAN  
Uh, you need that?

Thurman points to the briefcase still where Arthur left it. Arthur gets up to get it, opens back at the seat. He almost stumbles with room between the glasses and briefcase on the table.

THURMAN  
Whoa, Nellie. I had that  
happen before, tumbled n all.

ARTHUR  
I'm sorry.

Thurman signs the papers and drinks as he speaks.

THURMAN  
Nah, its fine, tumbled things  
this way and that. Least  
that's how it's been when I  
don't have many people  
knocking round the house, got  
golf and neighbors. I'm kind  
of shocked I haven't got more  
dumb-shit to add, or got  
caught in stupid shit I  
didn't plan on.

ARTHUR  
I can see that.

THURMAN

Sometimes I think about stupid contemplative stuff, the things that people tend to ratchet up as mistakes. The wife nagged a lot, you can imagine, but I didn't take much stock till she split. I'll take some things into account, acknowledging, sometimes the thoughts of things stir shit up. It's worth it.

Arthur looks a little off from Thurman.

THURMAN

Hope it's not a stretch, I'm just saying.

ARTHUR

No, I understand perfectly. Actually I thought of a joke.

THURMAN

Ah, back to that again. You haven't touched your drink?

ARTHUR

It's fine, I gotta get going.

THURMAN

Your car's here?

ARTHUR

Yeah, I left it here before, remember?

THURMAN

Ah, yeah-yeah, speaking of acknowledging. Ok, joke?

ARTHUR

Ok, it's nasty but, ok. Guy and a girl started to get it on the middle of a dark

forest. After fifteen minutes, the man finally gets up and says, "damn, I wish I had a flashlight!". The woman says, "me too, you've been eating grass for the past ten minutes!"

Thurman laughs hard enough to stir the cat to another room.

THURMAN

Ha, shit, not when my wife was here, I'll tell ya that!

EXT. MEG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

HASKELL is on a pay phone. Lights from cars pass by, though mostly he's in the dark aside from a dim streetlamp.

HASKELL

Mhm...yes...Well, no idea really on the date yet...No, that's squared off, that's not the issue, it's, yes or no...no, that can't be right, I still had a matter of...Well, that's how he put it...No, it all has to be at once, there's no other way they'll stand...

A CAR parks on the opposite side of the street as Haskell talks. ARTHUR gets out with a large plastic bag full to the gills.

HASKELL

Yes, yes, I'll make sure it's square, it's not a guarantee, ok...Ok, listen, I got to, ok, peace.

He hangs up. The two nod to each other and go inside.

INT. MEG'S APARTMENT - SOME TIME LATER

ARTHUR empties out the bag onto the table in the mid-section between the kitchen and the living room- mostly

papers small and large- with one small notebook and a sticker in sight. BORIS, HASKELL and Arthur stand around the table. MEG is asleep in the living room.

BORIS

No noise, no talk. Cameras to be covered in silk masks. I'll handle all safes and locks unless Art knows the code. We have aliases in case caught, stockings for faces.

INT. MEG'S APARTMENT - SOME TIME LATER

The large scroll of paper, a rough drawing of Thurman's apartment- is marked up all over. The three men sit in fold-out chairs.

HASKELL

When did he mention his vacation time?

ARTHUR

Not this week but next week from Thursday until Sunday.

HASKELL

Friday.

BORIS

I can get my gear by then, nothing heavy, but we'll need precautions against extra security you might've missed, and weapons.

ARTHUR

Weapons?

HASKELL

If you need help with that, I know a few who can come through, unlicensed and all.

Arthur's cell phone rings. He lets it ring.

ARTHUR

(mutters)

I dunno, I don't know if I  
could handle that.

BORIS

Any good with knives, martial  
arts, needles? I could get  
you those.

ARTHUR

Fuck that, I don't want-

HASKELL

(sighs)

Alright, if you don't want  
to, we'll cover you, but you  
got to have something. Don't  
be a little bitch.

Arthur gives him a look. Phone rings again.

HASKELL

What?

BORIS

This is getting nowhere.  
Now, if it is empty- aside  
from the cat- no problem. We  
just meant to prepare.

HASKELL

If it'll make you feel  
better, once you get us in  
with the extra sticker shit,  
you can wait out as a look-  
out. What's with your phone?

ARTHUR

Forget it. So, we're set.

HASKELL

Set

BORIS

Set

EXT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

ARTHUR listens to his messages

MEJO (VO)

Hello, boss, it's late to call, but we have some issues to talk about regarding Manuel Rodriguez, Clarissa Jimeno and we got a new one too, good deal with Jose Pantliano. Just call when you can. Thanks, boss.

EXT. MEG'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

ARTHUR exits to his car. He listens to the next message. He doesn't drive off right away.

KAREN (VO)

Honey, it's me, just wondering when you'll be home. I called at work earlier and they said you were out, needed to see if you'd be available this weekend for Marisa's engagement dinner, she needs confirmation soon. Miss you, bye.

INT. ARTHUR'S HOME - NIGHT

KAREN is watching TV when ARTHUR enters in with his briefcase and big plastic bag in tow. He's about to go upstairs.

KAREN

Hey-hey, bub, where's a kiss?

ARTHUR

Oh, yeah.

He leans over for a kiss on her head.

KAREN

Get my message?

ARTHUR

Yeah. This weekend is fine,  
uh, not this Friday night but  
next Friday night I'll be  
busy into Saturday. I have  
to go to a conference.

KAREN

That's good. It's really  
important we be there, I  
don't think Marisa's making..

Arthur goes upstairs. Karen continues, louder.

KAREN

...He just seems like,  
*douchebaggy*, you know. Like  
he'd go around the block just  
to screw around and not act  
like it's nothing.

Arthur comes back downstairs. He heads to the computer at  
the desk.

KAREN

Oh, by the way, you had  
messages, that dealership you  
talk about called, very  
choppy sounding. And, uh,  
some loan company.

Arthur freezes for a moment.

ARTHUR

Loan company?

KAREN

They said that they had some  
financial or contractual type  
of information of questions  
from you. They got cut off.

ARTHUR

Hmm.

Karen gets up and leans coyly on top of his head.

KAREN

What about it?

ARTHUR

What?

KAREN

Did you get a loan or something?

ARTHUR

No, of course not. How could I afford it?

KAREN

Exactly... Look, just be honest with me, I know you're doing well now, if you got it then you can pay it off with the champion thing, right?

ARTHUR

I mean... I didn't get it.

KAREN

(off guard)

What?

Arthur turns to her.

ARTHUR

The loan. Look, these people, this company called me before, and they're still prodding me on. I just need to get off their list is all, total semantics.

KAREN

Ok, just wanted to hear it from the horse's mouth.

She gets closer. They peck kisses.

KAREN

Time for some ice cream.



Karen gets up and leaves the room. Arthur stares at the computer screen.

FADE OUT/FADE IN:

This VOICE MESSAGE plays over the first images. We also hear Coltrane's "Countdown" chiming in.

LOAN OFFICER (VO)  
Hello, this is a friendly  
reminder from North Bergen  
Bank. Our records show that  
as of April 30<sup>th</sup>, your loan is  
still overdrawn. You can  
call our customer service  
desk at any time, at-  
(message clicks off)

EXT. BAR - DAY

HASKELL checks his own gun quickly.

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

HASKELL enters and CARL shows Haskell to the back room.

INT. BACKROOM - CONT'D

CARL shows HASKELL an assortment of weapons, not only guns but knives as well. Haskell picks up a weapon not totally put together. Carl puts it together for him.

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

HASKELL walks out of the backroom with a small black bag. VEGS is at the bar. As he passes, they share a look.

INT. BORIS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BORIS cuts up long sheets of black stocking linen... He knits for a moment.

Boris puts down scissors. He takes a swig of a bottle of COLD MEDICINE. He winces.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

ARTHUR has BARBARA at his desk. She talks about someone's policy. We don't hear her talking, and Arthur looks distanced, his mind completely elsewhere.

INT. OFFICE - SOME TIME LATER

ARTHUR hangs up the phone. He writes down some numbers on a piece of paper - money figures. He rubs his eyes and gives a nervous smile. He rips up the paper and stuffs it in his pocket.

INT. BORIS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BORIS goes to one side of the apartment looking out onto the widest space in front of him. He has a silencer in his hand and aims it with one eye squinted. We see in a very quick shot his target: a smiley face taped on a wall.

Boris fires once without a flinch. He checks his target, a bullet in one of the dot-eyes. He scraped out the bullet with a buck knife. The clock on the wall says 4:30.

Boris packs a small medicine bag with various small tools, stethoscope, et all. He zips it up.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

A CAR zooms slowly up to BORIS, who has on all black sweats on along with his bag. He gets in.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET CORNER - NIGHT

HASKELL has black sweats on, and flips an object up in the air to catch it. A CAR pulls up. Haskell gets in. The car drives off.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The car passes along on the highway from an overpass.

INT. CAR - CONT'D

TIME - 12:17 AM.

ARTHUR drives, with HASKELL up front and BORIS in the back. No sounds except for the road.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

In darkness for a moment, a car's head-lights come into immediate view. The car passes. TREES and TREES. The same headlights roll on, not one other in sight.

INT. CAR - CONT'D

HASKELL, BORIS have their feet up as they pull plastic wrap around their feet. Haskell motions to ARTHUR to the wrap. Arthur barely nods, gripping the wheel tightly as he turns.

EXT. ROAD/SECURITY GATE - NIGHT

The CAR is getting close to the GATE to the housing area. The car turns into the security area. A GUARD is in the booth reading.

INT. CAR - CONT'D

BORIS grips his pistol under his jacket, his face cold. ARTHUR swiftly sticks up the security sticker.

The gate rises up and the car drive on through.

EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The car CRAWLS down the hill. It pulls into THURMAN PELMAN's driveway. The engine, lights turn off.

INT. CAR - CONT'D

HASKELL and BORIS now have linen/stockings over their heads and faces with black winter hats covering the tops. ARTHUR puts on his get-up right away (minus the shoes) and gets out of the car.

Arthur goes up to a small security panel on the wall next to the garage door.

ARTHUR'S PROFILE - he breathes fast, shaking, and his only distinguishable feature with the stocking being two circles knitted with different linen for the eyes.

The numbers punch in, the door opens.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The car gets rolled in neutral into the garage and parks.

The garage door closes again: total darkness. The car doors close. Someone trips over something, and one of the men shushes the other.

INT. BACK HALLWAY - CONT'D

HASKELL, BORIS, and ARTHUR step into a very small hallway. One of the three turns on a small flashlight. We see the place is completely dark, save for a night-light or two, and a faint light from the kitchen.

INT. MAIN LEVEL - MOMENTS LATER

ARTHUR flicks on a light on the wall. Things look messy in the living room.

BORIS nods to them and goes down the steps back to a door that is locked. He opens up his bag and pulls out a long intricate pick.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONT'D

One light comes on from behind a door at the end of the hall.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A room cluttered with stuffed animals and clothes. At the bed a SHORT TEENAGE GIRL in glasses is huddled into a book. A small TV is on. A picture hangs near her bed with her and THURMAN, father-daughter-like.

INT. MAIN LEVEL - MOMENTS LATER

HASKELL heads up the stairs. ARTHUR goes over to a small cabinet in the living room and starts to punch in a code.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

HASKELL puts down his bag. As he opens it his face turns to the door.

Haskell is *frozen* staring at the slivers of light out of the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONT'D

ARTHUR presses ENTER on the small code pad. It ticks down like a clock until it clicks to UNLOCK the cabinet.

INT. BEDROOM - CONT'D

A TINY security pad in the room clicks off for a moment. GIRL IN GLASSES looks up from her book, startled. Heard outside the room is the thumping of feet on the stairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

HASKELL points up the stairs to ARTHUR. CU: FINGER over his mouth for quiet. Arthur turns off the light. Up the stairs they go.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

GIRL IN GLASSES leaves the room. She creeps slowly to the staircase, sees nothing unusual.

HASKELL pops out of the other room closer to the hallway and grabs the girl. She struggles, with his hands over her mouth as she screams. ARTHUR darts out of another side-room trying to grab her legs and feet. She tries to kick him. Arthur almost loses his balance down the stairs.

A BUCK KNIFE suddenly points at the girl's face. BORIS gives a look under his stocking at the two. She stops squirming, but almost near tears.

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

ARTHUR wraps duct tape around her body to the bed while

HASKELL holds her down. Tears are streaming down her face, her cries underneath the duct tape around her mouth. The TV and lights flick off. The door shuts.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

BORIS takes a small electric saw to chop off the extra lock above the one in the keyhole.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

HASKELL breaks open the lock into the side-room. He flicks on the light.

INT. SIDE ROOM - CONT'D

HASKELL empties out the drawers, stuffs a small pocket-bag with anything he can.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

ARTHUR looks over some stock documents. He also pulls out a *shiny* handbag. Inside are MANY jewels.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

BORIS flicks on the light. There are a few paintings on the walls, and a computer in the corner. Boris goes up to one of the paintings - A DALI (original, not a print). He lifts up his mask to look at it closer.

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

She struggles restlessly.

INT. THURMAN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

HASKELL goes in with his flashlight and quickly scans over the room. He looks under the bed and finds a shoebox. It rattles, he takes it.

INT. BASEMENT - CONT'D

BORIS puts back on his mask and checks behind the painting- a wire or anything- and lifts the painting off its hinge.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

ARTHUR lifts up the flap on the rug. He finds the combination lock. He rips off more and more of the rug to make room.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

BORIS opens the trunk and packs the painting underneath the main cover next to the spare tire.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONT'D

BORIS closes the trunk and as he steps into the hallway, HASKELL is there. A slight head turn from one gets a shrug from another

INSERT: Door closes.

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The GIRL rocks herself enough to roll off the bed. Stuffed animals and such are close by.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

BORIS cracks open the safe. The safe door is wide as the length of the hallway door is width-wise. Boris cannot pull the latch open: a hard metal plate lies underneath it. The three exchange looks. Boris leans in to whisper in Arthur's ear. Arthur nods to Haskell to go downstairs. Arthur stands by Boris as he takes out a chisel and spike.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

HASKELL goes through any and everything he can to search for anything of worth.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

BORIS is kneeling down picking away. ARTHUR hands him a tool here and there. Upon one click, a children's song - BANANAS IN PAJAMAS - goes off in the girl's bedroom. Arthur jumps up in a brief panic. Boris holds back laughter. They both glance at the bedroom and go back to work.

Arthur checks his watch: 1:37 AM.

INT. HALLWAY - SOME TIME LATER

A WATCH says 2:12 AM. HASKELL and ARTHUR stand over BORIS as he puts the finishing touches to the chiseling. ARTHUR

wipes his brow under his mask- total sweat.

CRACK - the chisel breaks. BORIS lifts up with HASKELL taking off the safe-door: a heavy bastard. They chuck it away.

The three look in the safe - everything and more ARTHUR mentioned - cufflinks, pearls, watches, and European currency. HASKELL leans to the side to pick up one of the black duffel bags.

HASKELL'S JACKET - his GUN slips out and falls from the staircase to the ground. It shoots off a bullet with a LOUD sound. They all freeze.

INT. MAIN LEVEL - MOMENTS LATER

HASKELL flashes down the stairs, turns off the main light.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONT'D

A flashlight turns on as BORIS and ARTHUR empty the safe.

INT. MAIN LEVEL - MOMENTS LATER

A SPOTLIGHT flies by the room.

INT. GARAGE - CONT'D

BORIS has his silencer up at his chest next to the door. The car drives by. He lowers the gun and lowers his hand to HASKELL.

They load up the car with everything they got. Boris motions Haskell upstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

In crouching positions HASKELL and ARTHUR look out the windows. The security car drives away to another section, farther away, down another hill.

BORIS slaps HASKELL'S head. They stare hard for a moment.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The engine and lights turn on.



ARTHUR turns the door on and it slowly grinds to lift open. It gets STUCK for a moment. HASKELL lifts open his mask and bangs the car. Arthur turns the switch harder. Finally it grinds up.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - HILL - MOMENTS LATER

The CAR pulls out slowly, as if waiting: nothing anywhere. It pulls out and creeps up the hill. The car goes up to the security booth: no one inside. The gate raises and the car drives away down the same road as before.

INT. MEG'S APARTMENT - MORNING

HASKELL opens up the door, and BORIS and ARTHUR follow in. Haskell and Arthur look like they've already been talking up a storm. Boris remains quiet.

ARTHUR

Crazy!

HASKELL

It's too good man, no way we could've had it-

ARTHUR

Oh we did, we **did!**

HASKELL

You got a teen girl, a gun that slips, inept security guard, and a singing banana, how do you figure anyone gets out of that?

ARTHUR

(laughs)

Too much. I need to calm down some. Be right back.

Arthur goes to the bathroom. Haskell sits down, cracking his knuckles.

BORIS

No good bragging like that.

HASKELL

What do you mean?

BORIS

Kid, don't try and brag about spilt milk, understand?

HASKELL

Look, man, I didn't know the gun would fall out like that.

BORIS

No ones *knows* something like that, so that's...Just get over it, I hit you, that's what I do when someone gets out of line.

HASKELL

Everyone gets out of line on a job. And what were you doing in the garage anyway?

BORIS

Hmm?

HASKELL

Come on, when I came down, You had to have found something in the downstairs basement room, what was it?

Arthur's cell phone rings in the bathroom. It rings a few times. until he answers it.

BORIS

Don't get your panties in a bunch, it was personal.

HASKELL

Personal, like a colonic or something?

INT. MEG'S BATHROOM - CONT'D

MEJO (VO)

Nevermind. Did you take care

of Neal Sipes, or Hilary Stanton?

ARTHUR

(eyes wander)

Um, well, yeah, they're part of the uh, seven aren't they?

MEJO (VO)

We got a problem. On your records they haven't been included as part of the package, with the coverage.

ARTHUR

I added them to it, all 500, and with the hundred dollar DMV collection too.

MEJO (VO)

500, you mean 800 right?

ARTHUR

Uh, yeah, eight, sorry, it's so early and I'm not at-

MEJO (VO)

Hey, hey! Don't give me the excuses, Kunen, I knew your kind alright.

Arthur overhears HASKELL and BORIS nearly erupting in the living room.

ARTHUR

I, I'm not sure what kind you, hold on-

Arthur puts down the phone and goes to the living room and tries to break it up.

BORIS (OS)

Alright, alright, sorry, Jesus fucking on the cross.

HASKELL (OS)

We just got to fucking be

careful, alright, alright?

BORIS (OS)

Alright.

ARTHUR (OS)

Now shut up, both of you!

Arthur slams the door and picks up the phone.

ARTHUR

Sorry Mejo, I-

MEJO (VO)

Don't sorry me, bendejo. I do business with you, ok, not with anyone else at whatever the fuck your shit-hole's called. I WILL check Monday, got that, Monday, and if nothing's changed then we got a problem, hear me?

ARTHUR

Yes, yes, I-I know they were.

MEJO (VO)

What, what?!

ARTHUR

Monday, right.

The phone clicks off.

INT. MEG'S APARTMENT - DAY

HASKELL and ARTHUR, now in different clothes, casual wear, have bags and bags with them, each carrying their own load. As they talk they go into the living room and Boris and Haskell start to unload the items. Arthur paces around the room fiddling with and separating some of the items.

HASKELL

Nope, she's gone for a while.

ARTHUR

What does she do, anyway?

HASKELL

She used to be a cook at some dive downtown, but after she got laid off she's just been collecting social security for some medical thing, I don't even know what.

BORIS

She's little too flaky to me.

ARTHUR

Flaky?

BORIS

You know, doesn't really take care of herself, no self-respect or nothing.

HASKELL

I don't care, she's always been good, she even stitched me up after a couple of fights in the past.

BORIS

Meh, that doesn't mean nothing either. You just watch yourself round her.

HASKELL

Yeah.

BORIS

K, I'm off with you to a guy I know with most of this stuff. No watches, can't use em with him. There's another guy in the city who will pay very nicely for them. You (points to Arthur) just go about your usual stuff until one of us calls. Only bad news is that we'll have to lay low before it can be sorted out in other markets,

week or a little more.

ARTHUR

...No faster way?

BORIS

Not unless you want to go  
hawk to some of the Arabs in  
Jersey City, it'll be decent.

HASKELL

Art, this will be fine.  
Trust me.

Haskell's eyes are on everything scattered on the table,  
all of the wares. Haskell grins like a kid.

HASKELL

We did it man, we did it.

BORIS

Nothing's *done* yet. Keep in  
mind to split town for a  
while, whatever you *do*.

ARTHUR

I might go to Europe.

BORIS

I hear ya, heh. I'm Ruskie  
all the way. I'll be pouring  
by the pail all the way.

ARTHUR

What about you, Hawk?

HASKELL

(slight beat)

I dunno, maybe west, I guess.

BORIS

Alright kids, divie it up,  
stop slacking.

INT. MEG'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Fingers ZIP UP a long black bag. The other hand puts a

lock on the strap with the zipper; bag in the suitcase.  
The three men exit the apartment.

Slightly back across the hallway, MEG creeps out of her bedroom. She goes into the living room slowly, timidly, and picks up a stray cufflink. She looks over the materials.

INT. THURMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

The crime scene is being photographed by several photographers in the living room, kitchen, and upstairs hallways. Voices can be heard from the kitchen.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A heavy-set man in his late fifties in a thick trench-coat and a head-phone earpiece looks over the shredded carpet on the floor. The safe off its hinges is surrounded by white tape. This is DETECTIVE GRIFFITH.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The GIRL IN GLASSES is sobbing through her words to another detective. DETECTIVE GRIFFITH passes by them as he strolls into the kitchen from the stairs.

GIRL IN GLASSES

I couldn't move for seven  
hours! How the fuck could I  
reach an alarm?

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

THURMAN sits at the kitchen table, pot of coffee finished, his hair and clothes completely unkempt. Another officer in plainclothes writes down everything said.

GRIFFITH

More coffee?

Thurman smashes the glass coffee pot on the ground. He's laughing ironically.

THURMAN

There's nothing, understand,  
NOTHING! All I found was my

first wedding ring, which  
enough to hold my dick with!

GRIFFITH

According to our records  
your security system was up  
and running but accessed and  
turned off, hmm, Bob?

BOB

Shortly after midnight.

GRIFFITH

So just think again, who  
would have access to your  
system?

THURMAN

I know what you're thinking,  
so *don't*. The cunt's got  
nothing on me, I changed it  
after she left.

GRIFFITH

No need to curse, sir, we're  
only here to ascertain your  
situation. Your maid?

THURMAN

No.

GRIFFITH

A guest, perhaps recent?

THURMAN

Jesus Christ. Two weeks ago  
I had a party, then...

GRIFFITH

Anyone with records of your  
personal items, the safe?

THURMAN

No, I told you.

GRIFFITH

Alright. We'll be in touch.



He hands Thurman a card.

GRIFFITH

In the meantime, keep a list  
of everyone you've had here  
who might've had access to  
the room.

Thurman starts to tear up.

THURMAN

The Dali.

GRIFFITH

Come again?

THURMAN

That Dali was a gift from  
Spain. It has his fucking  
creepy moustache all over it!

BOB

In the basement, chief,  
painting was lifted.

GRIFFITH

Uh-huh, that's something  
surreal then, isn't it?

Thurman gives a scowl through his tears.

GRIFFITH

In a manner of speaking.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

BERNARD and ARTHUR are in the back yard with the lights  
peering on playing catch with a ball. A ball WHALLOPS into  
a glove. KAREN is sitting at a chair playing a videogame.  
DONALD is at the grill flipping burgers.

BERNARD

We'll make it for 8:30 then.

ARTHUR

It's really no trouble, we

could just have a-

BERNARD

No, it's perfectly alright.  
Old Homestead's the only way  
to go for this.

DONALD

Didn't we go there for  
Jimmy's graduation?

KAREN

No, that was somewhere else.

DONALD

(laughs)

Cedar Lane Grill?

KAREN

Ha, ha, very funny.

BERNARD

Two weeks from now we can  
invite as many possible.

ARTHUR

Yeah, whatever's fine.

BERNARD

So, did you get the  
information for the other two  
I passed along to you?

ARTHUR

I'm sorry?

BERNARD

The life policies, Gardner  
and Ricci, recommended-

ARTHUR

Ok, yeah, I remember, I've  
been too busy.

BERNARD

Do take them up on it,  
they're good people.

ARTHUR  
(low voice)

I will.

DONALD  
(burgers)

Five minutes.

ARTHUR  
Oh, I forgot to say this, so  
here it is: Karen and I are  
going to Europe.

Karen whips her head up.

BERNARD  
Really!

DONALD  
No shit?

KAREN  
Yeah, when did this happen?

ARTHUR  
It slipped my mind, I'm  
sorry. I have a whole plan-

BERNARD  
-And this is your first time?

ARTHUR  
Yes, though I think I went  
with my mother when I was,  
um, two, I don't remember.

Arthur and Karen exchange a look like 'what?' and 'what?'.  
Karen is now all smiles. Bernard lifts the baseball out of  
the glove.

BERNARD  
You going all over too?

ARTHUR  
Uh, yeah, probably France,  
Venice, Madrid.

BERNARD

Oh, by the way, do invite  
your folks to the Old  
Homestead thing too.

ARTHUR

Uh, maybe.

INT. ARTHUR'S CAR - SOME TIME LATER

As soon as KAREN and ARTHUR get in, Karen smothers Arthur  
with hugs and kisses.

KAREN

Aw, you're so awesome!

ARTHUR

I wanted it to be a surprise.

KAREN

This is the best thing ever!

She stops for a moment, and is very close to him.

KAREN

Is this from being champion?

ARTHUR

Yeah, and other things and  
stuff. I made reservations  
for the plane too.

KAREN

*Fucking amazing!* I love you  
so much!

ARTHUR

Yep.

INT. A STAIRWAY - DAY

HASKELL and BORIS walk up a tight stairway. Boris carries  
two large black bags and a suitcase. Haskell sees a poster  
on one of the walls: the "KRAMER" portrait from 'SEINFELD'.

BORIS

(whispers)

He's legit, he just has a  
goofy sensibility. He'll be  
straight with us.

Boris knocks at the door.

A man in a suit and tie with a full beard, same age as  
Boris, opens the door. He grins and shakes Boris's hand.  
This is ROLF, the middle man.

ROLF  
Come on in, been a long time.  
(to Haskell) Not you.

HASKELL  
Oh?

BORIS  
(leans to whisper)  
No unknowns, just sit it out.

Haskell nods. Boris and Rolf enter the apartment. Haskell  
sits directly across from the poster.

INT. ROLF'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

ROLF'S apartment is a nutty pad of collectibles and posters  
of the absurd and psychedelic. He has many CDs on one  
wall, and on another many family pictures. BORIS glances  
around. A ZAPPA-type song soft on the stereo.

ROLF  
Coffee?

BORIS  
No, thanks.

ROLF  
It'll take a while, looks  
like you got a lot there.

Rolf takes his bags and sits on a couch. On the table he  
has many devices for sorting, weighting, special glasses.

ROLF  
You hookin' with kids now for  
this shit?

BORIS

They're fine, Rolf. They got me out of the house. Maybe for good.

ROLF

That's what they all say, right.

BORIS

(slight beat)

What's with the get up?

ROLF

Huh? Oh, there's a wake I'm going to in a few hours, didn't want to wait to change. Remember Danny Boy?

BORIS

Dead?

ROLF

Shot in the head five times. No one saw it.

BORIS

Wow.

ROLF

Ok, down to business.

MONTAGE: ROLF empties the bags on the floor: sorting, weighing, one jewelry box smashes, more weighing. Haskell checks his old pistol. Boris bored. Glass-eyes viewing the goods.

INT. ROLF'S APARTMENT - SOME TIME LATER

ROLF unlocks a safe in his cabinet loaded with cash. He pulls out a large stack and puts it in Boris's bags.

ROLF

That's all for now. I read about something like this morning, of course, I don't

know nothing but my people's people will, so you'll have to wait a week before I can move it elsewhere, Canada, Israel, fucking Utah.

Boris laughs. Rolf finishes with the cash and gets two water bottles from the kitchen area for Boris and himself.

ROLF

That's nine-hundred thousand, but what you're getting is five times that, maybe more. Only thing I can't sell are the stocks. Two weeks and I'll get the rest. Just don't be 'out there' and loving every minute of it.

BORIS

Yeah...Meantime I need to ask one favor.

BORIS

(sarcastic)

No, not that! K, what's up?

Boris goes closer to Rolf.

BORIS

Serious man, I can't sleep. I've had maybe four hours in two weeks. Please.

ROLF

Just the thing.

Rolf pulls open a drawer and takes out a bottle.

ROLF

Ambien, 20 milligrams each, thirty here, three knocks out a horse.

BORIS

Thanks.

They shake hands, raising their bottles of water.

ROLF

To Danny Boy.

BORIS

Yeah.

**INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

BORIS counts through multiple bills, settles some down on the cup-holder. HASKELL keeps an eye on fingers and bills. Boris finishes.

BORIS

Don't contact me for a while.

HASKELL

Ok.

BORIS

And word of advice, watch out for your friend.

HASKELL

Watch out?

BORIS

Kids like him come and go pretty fast. Good liar, slick shtick and all, but he might need to pull back to what he's doing.

Haskell is silent for a few and puts his hand out to Boris. They shake. Haskell opens the door to get out.

BORIS

I mean it though, you and him, just split for a while after you get your full share, even if it's just to Quebec or something.

HASKELL

Two weeks?



BORIS

Sooner. Like I said, don't stick around...Hate to say it, but nobody pushin' daisies gets anywhere.

HASKELL

A little melodramatic there.

Boris stares at Haskell. He winks, and the two have a belated laugh.

BORIS

I'll be seeing you.

Boris drives off.

**INT. BORIS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

BORIS plops down on the couch and picks out the bottle. On the label it reads 'once every 24 hours'. Boris pops a few. CU: the bottle knocked onto the table. He turns on the stereo with a remote, some classic rock doodling on. He eyes both the pill bottle and a Jameson bottle wearily. He stares at the Dali on the wall.

**INT. OFFICE - DAY**

SHELLY knocks at ARTHUR'S door. Arthur is clicking the mouse pad. She enters, closes the door and sits down.

ARTHUR

Yep, what's up?

SHELLY

You didn't tell me you didn't make champion.

ARTHUR

(sighs)

Yeah, I'm, I'm sorry, I was ashamed for a while.

SHELLY

Conrad just called and told me. I'm sorry.

ARTHUR

No, no, I'm sorry.

SHELLY

We can fight it, I'm sure, it was just a glitch in the life app req-

ARTHUR

No, it's alright, I can get it next year.

Shelly is taken aback.

SHELLY

Wait, what? What has the last year been for?

ARTHUR

It's alright, I talked with the guys in Pittsburgh and I can just go for it next year.

BARBARA knocks at the door and cracks it open.

BARBARA

Art, do you have the time?

ARTHUR

Yeah, I don't have-

BARBARA

Some detective is here to speak with you.

Arthur's mouth goes slightly agape.

ARTHUR

Yes, yes of course, the Pelman case, just one moment.

Barbara creaks out.

SHELLY

I don't understand, why don't you want it now? You can get out of here-

ARTHUR  
I already checked, there's  
nothing I can do anyway, so...

SHELLY  
Ok, don't say I didn't try.

ARTHUR  
(diverted)  
I know.

Shelly rubs her head.

SHELLY  
We'll talk later, ok?

Arthur clicks at the mouse. Shelly exits. He picks up the phone and presses a button.

ARTHUR  
Send him in.

He hangs up and takes a breath.

DETECTIVE GRIFFITH enters. Arthur rises with a nervous grin to shake the detective's hand. Griffith, slightly reluctant, does it quick.

GRIFFITH  
Good afternoon.

ARTHUR  
Good afternoon, I hope you  
haven't been waiting long.

GRIFFITH  
It's not a problem.

ARTHUR  
Can I get you some water or  
coffee?

GRIFFITH  
No, I won't be long.

They sit down. Griffith takes out a notepad.

GRIFFITH

Do you know a Thurman Pelman?

ARTHUR

We insure him, so yes, I do.

GRIFFITH

Friday night his condo in Suffern was ransacked.

ARTHUR

Oh my God.

GRIFFITH

He's been questioning about who had access to his complex. He wasn't home, of course, and now we're tracking the leads.

ARTHUR

(stone-faced)

Leads.

GRIFFITH

Yes, all information, associates, etc.

ARTHUR

Of course.

INT. BAR - SAME TIME

HASKELL walks up to CARL, who has his mouth around a drink.

CARL

Cranberries, salt of the day.

HASKELL

Huh?

CARL

Oh shit, didn't see you buddy, what's shaking?

HASKELL

I got to talk to you. Like,

not right here.

CARL

Oh yeah, man. Let's backroom  
it, lemme finish this.

He downs the cranberry juice, and they go to the backroom.

We move to HANK, who is cleaning glass at the end of the  
bar closest to the window. We see OUT the window on the  
street - a GIRL on a motor-scooter.

EXT. BAR - CONT'D

Spin around to see MEG on the bike.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

GRIFFITH

And they can corroborate that?

ARTHUR

Yes.

GRIFFITH

Primarily, what does your  
agency insure Mr. Pelman for?

ARTHUR

Um, just the usual, life  
insurance, a few cars, made  
up policies for jewelry and  
other items, a boat I think.

GRIFFITH

I see. How close is he with  
the agency?

ARTHUR

He comes in on occasion,  
maybe once or twice a year,  
sometimes calls. I only ever  
wrote up policies for him the  
last time he was here.

Griffith nods distractingly, flipping through his notes.  
The phone is ringing on two lines.

ARTHUR

Is there something that my Aunt Shelly, she's the principle agent here, she's known him-

GRIFFITH

No, that will be fine.

He takes out a card and gets up.

GRIFFITH

Sure...Oh, one more question, if you don't mind Mr. Kunen.

ARTHUR

Shoot.

GRIFFITH

You don't happen to insure a Boris Palenko, also known as Boris the bad?

Arthur flinches - our POV flinches with him.

ARTHUR

I-I'm sorry, who?

GRIFFITH

Our only lead, we got an ID off this guy during the robbery, lifted a painting, had his mask off for a moment, only time any of them gave away face. I don't suppose you insure that either?

INT. BACKROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CARL

Sounds fuckin' great man, you won that much?

HASKELL

Dogs man, I tell you, they're better than the thorough-breds.

CARL

Vegs will eat it up, he might even throw some jobs your way.

HASKELL

Yeah, I got to take care of some things first. Debt stuff this way and that.

CARL

To *him*?

HASKELL

Well, not exactly.

Carl raises an eyebrow.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

GRIFFITH

We'll be in touch.

GRIFFITH gets up and walks out. ARTHUR doesn't have time to shake his hand. The phones are ringing off the hook. Arthur's cell phone rings and he throws it across the room. He picks up one of the main lines.

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

HASKELL walks out to the door with CARL. VEGS is at the side programming the jukebox. After Haskell walks out, Vegs gives a nod to HANK.

EXT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

HASKELL walks off and CARL gets into his own car.

MEG looks like she hasn't showered in two days.

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Meg walks in and doesn't know what to say at first. Hank eyes her over quick.

HANK  
What'll it be?

MEG  
Is Mr. Vegs here?

INT. OFFICE - EVENING

BARBARA knocks at the door to Arthur's room.

BARBARA  
Hey, I'm about to head out,  
you closing up?

ARTHUR  
Yeah, that's fine, I should  
be done soon.

Barbara almost says something else, but exits.

BARBARA (OS)  
Goodnight.

Arthur packs up his belongings.

HASKELL watches TV on the couch. He notices the door open a little. He goes to close it. He sits back down. SMOKE starts to rise under the door.

EXT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

ARTHUR locks the door to the office.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

ARTHUR walks to his car which is down the hill on the street adjacent to the office.

A car RUSHES up, beaming headlights. Arthur darts around.

INT. MEG'S APARTMENT - CONT'D

HASKELL collapses to the floor from all the smoke.

EXT. STREET - CONT'D



Three VERY LARGE LATINOS wrangle and punch at ARTHUR pulling a large blanket over him. They force him into the trunk of the car and shut the trunk.

INT. MEG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Haskell's eyes open, blurred. VEGS has his back to him. HANK stands to the left. The two of them look very close, as if in forced perspective.

Hank nods to VEGs, 'he's awake'. Haskell turns his head to the right. MEG is knocked out on the floor. Haskell tries to speak and sees he's bound and gagged. VEGS turns to Haskell. His point of view is changing back to normal.

VEGS

Y'know, Hank, that girl  
wasn't a bad looker, no?

HANK

I wouldn't kick her out of  
you-know-what.

VEGS

You agree there, Hawk?

Haskell shakes around. He's FUMING. VEGs is at the table, preparing a boom-box stereo.

VEGS

Heh, he digs her. Problem  
is, your girl don't wash down  
there, y'know, fuckin' pubes  
get caught in your esopha-  
hooza-fugdge. Guy could drop  
dead like a fuckin' rock.  
And uh, hate to say this  
Hank, but uh, she's a bit of  
a cathouse.

HANK

The finest.

VEGS

But, she was good enough to  
give us you, so, that's  
somethin' right?

Hank removes the gag off of Haskell. He tries to bite at Hank. He smacks Haskell. Haskell starts yelling random curse words and gibberish at VEGS.

VEGS

Little potty mouth, ain't he?

Meg squirms slightly and groans. VEGS motions to Hank. Hank goes to Meg and picks her up by the shoulders. He carries her into the nearest room. VEGS puts another gag around Haskell's mouth. Hank slams the door behind him.

INT. TUNNELIE TAKAGA'S - NIGHT

KICKS - PUNCHES - a POUNDING from the three large Latinos from before on Arthur. It goes on for a few moments until a tall man in workmen's clothes steps up. It's MEJO.

MEJO

Alright, back up, back up!

INT. MEG'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

VEGS ups the volume on the boom-box to test it - egregious punk rock - and stops it.

VEGS

If you had no fear, fuck it,  
whatever, God's will. But  
you know what I can do in my  
*neighborhood*, and you turn  
your fucking head around and  
do what you wanna do anyway?  
That makes you one of mine.  
So, my boy, answer?

Vegs takes the gag off but puts it back on before anything is said. He takes a long headphone chord and puts it into the stereo and tapes the headphones to Haskell's head. He presses PLAY on the stereo and immediately turns the volume up to its maximum level. It can be heard loud and clear from the other side of the room.

Haskell is contorting in the volume height, but trying to resist. VEGS picks up a hammer off the table and goes out of frame. We stay on the table and hear a muffled scream.

INT. TUNNELIE TAKAGA'S - MOMENTS LATER

ARTHUR holds his sides and spits out some blood. In limited light his bruises show. MEJO speaks in Spanish half the time.

MEJO

You understand my position in this? I can't run the business here if your business is in shit, and-and you're the asshole I have to deal with to get these people. So, this is simple, if we go to-

ARTHUR

-Yes, yes, I'll have the money for you.

MEJO

THE CLIENTS!

ARTHUR

Clients too, please, please.

MEJO

It's not too much to ask you for this. You know how the fuck it goes, we charge more than they're worth, the fucking asshole don't know shit, and what, now YOU are the moral one? It's they're fucking problem, NOT YOURS!

ARTHUR

(stammering)

Understand, I understand. I won't do anything, I swear-

MEJO

Mother's grave?

ARTHUR

What?

Mejo smacks Arthur.

MEJO

GRAVE, GRAVE, do I s-stutter?

INT. MEG'S APARTMENT - CONT'D

HASKELL is crouched over in perpetual pain, panting. The headphones are off. VEGS holds a paper in front of Haskell's eyes with LOOT scribbled. He lets the gag go down. Haskell hocks a weak gob of spit at the paper.

HANK comes out of the bedroom and sees a panting VEGS using Haskell's right cheek as raw meat for his knuckles.

Hank creeps forward and taps VEGS on the shoulder.

HANK

Boss, boss.

VEGS

What?

HANK

We got to go.

VEGS

You're telling ME to go? I got a nail in my head!

HANK

(nervy)

Uh no, uh, bedroom, now.

VEGS

Jesus.

Vegs goes into the bedroom with Hank. A GASP permeates, and some yelling from VEGS at HANK. Haskell tries to break out of his straps. VEGS and HANK come out of the room. Hank is almost in tears.

VEGS

Fuck it.

Vegs takes off Haskell's straps. Haskell immediately reaches for his crotch. Vegs leans in close to Haskell. Vegs and Hank get what they brought and exit quickly. Haskell is still wincing in pain. He crawls slowly to the bedroom. For a split second he lets a nervous laugh split. He leans against the side of the door and looks deadened. We see the outline of MEG's legs: bloody and torn apart.

INT. ARTHUR'S CAR - NIGHT

ARTHUR drives with MEJO in the passenger side. Arthur glances at the car following behind him.

EXT. OFFICE - NIGHT

MEJO and his men get into their car.

INT. OFFICE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

ARTHUR looks over the bruises on his face scattered about, with one knife scar across his forehead.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

ARTHUR looks over the safe: empty aside for some folders. Arthur shuts the safe and flicks off a light.

INT. MEG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Haskell dials up a number, no response. He looks back into the bedroom. A quick glance at the telephone. We stay unmoving as he goes into the kitchen, some wrangling. He comes out with an entire drawer of cutlery and paper towels. He takes a quick look at the door and locks it.

FADE OUT/FADE IN:

INT. ARTHUR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

KAREN is sitting, mostly in the dark, in the recliner facing the front doorway. Lights come across her unpleasant face.

ARTHUR enters the house. Karen storms up to him. She has papers in her hand.

KAREN

What the fuck is wrong with you? (sees him) God.

ARTHUR

I, I fell, it's fine.

KAREN

Right, right, more lies, right, more shit to pile on? Just fine, isn't it?

ARTHUR

I need ice.

Karen follows Arthur into the kitchen. Arthur gets ice and puts it to his face as she goes on and on.

KAREN

You see this, I-I open this because it's in my name and, and you looked right at me and told me you didn't take out a loan and now I have to find out you owe *thirty thousand* on what? What the fuck would you take a loan out like this for? What do you take me for anyway? You don't think I see through your shit?

ARTHUR

I'm sorry I didn't tell you-

KAREN

No, you're *not* sorry.

ARTHUR

This was going to start us off, don't you see? A new house, the marriage, cars, whatever. We-we can still have it.

KAREN

No champion either, of course.

ARTHUR

God, I was going to tell you that too, but I.

KAREN

UGH! What the fuck!? What are you trying to do fucking with my head, Arthur! I love you, and you go on with this?

ARTHUR

No, wait-

Arthur gets closer to her. He's believing, somewhat, in what he's saying to her.

ARTHUR

Listen, no, no, don't take it like that. Look, I'll be straight with you. We're set, we're set for the next year, even more than that, we're set for good. See, I, a few weeks ago I ran into Haskell, and he gave me this idea, and I-we went for it. And now, we're rich, everything's set. All it was-was one night, the guy was asking for it, and- look, nobody will know, alright? I know I'm not making much sense, but there's nothing to worry about! We're set with the loan, we can still go to Europe, we can start over, make things the way we want them to be.

Karen is shaking her head 'no' backing away from him.

KAREN

You...You did something *criminal*? Is that what you're saying? Y-You bring

it into *my* home?

ARTHUR

No, Karen, it's not like-

KAREN

(tries to hold it in)  
Get out of here, everything,  
five minutes. I'll call the  
cops.

ARTHUR

Karen, no, please, please.

Karen tries to tug off her engagement ring. She quivers into a ball on the floor. Arthur attempts to comfort her.

KAREN

Don't come back, don't come,  
just go now, go-go-go.

ARTHUR

Please, honey-

KAREN

GO!

Arthur backs away from Karen. He goes upstairs.

EXT. MEG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

HASKELL is sitting on the front steps outside of the apartment. He's smoking a cigarette. ARTHUR'S car pulls up. He comes over and sits down at the steps next to him. There's a pause as Haskell offers his cigarette to Arthur.

ARTHUR

I should kill you now, but  
I'm too tired.

HASKELL

Yeah.

ARTHUR

(chuckles)

'Nobody knows the trouble I  
seen.'



HASKELL

(sighs)

You and me, man... There's something to do upstairs.

Haskell flicks off his cigarette.

INT. MEG'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

ARTHUR breaks out into laughter: tired, desperate laughter. He sees the blood spread about, and the hammer.

ARTHUR

Oh, what a night. Lemme guess, mob right?

HASKELL

Yes.

ARTHUR

Ah. Can I take a guess how much?

HASKELL

Five.

ARTHUR

Million? Can't be just to him, right, there's got to-

HASKELL

You going to help me clean or what? This is just once I'll say this: her, I didn't do this, she did it, got it? She's the reason we can't wait now.

Arthur chuckles again. Haskell takes out his gun and puts it to Arthur's head.

HASKELL

(whispers)

The hammer there; think what he will do to you.

Arthur has a blank stare.

INT. MEG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

HASKELL and ARTHUR clean up; all the sheets, the table broken up in pieces, a mop to the floor, Windex on the TV, remote. Lights off. Haskell rubs off the doorknob.

INT. ARTHUR'S CAR - MOVING

ARTHUR is driving on the highway. He has the same blank stare as before. His car is packed with things from Meg's apartment. HASKELL almost says something but stays quiet. He motions Arthur to make a right turn.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

ARTHUR'S car turns the corner towards BORIS'S apartment building. A COP CAR and an AMBULANCE CAR are in front, with two PARAMEDICS walking in with a gurney: no rush.

HASKELL

Park on the other street.

ARTHUR drives past the building and parks on another side-street. Haskell gets out of the car.

HASKELL

Go if you need to.

Haskell walks casually to the apartment building.

INT. BORIS'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

A PHOTOGRAPHER takes shots of BORIS, now a corpse, as he is still in the chair from before. A FORENSIC MAN wipes fingerprints from all surfaces in the room. The PARAMEDICS come in the room. We never see their faces.

PARAMEDIC 1

Clear to take him?

FORENSIC MAN

Yeah, we swept everything.  
Don't touch anything else.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONT'D

Haskell goes up the steps with the least amount of noise.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Haskell walks to Boris's apartment. He ducks into the stairwell again as the gurney comes out of the room. The paramedics pass him by. Haskell bangs the back of his head a few times against a wall. He runs down the stairs.

INT. ARTHUR'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

ARTHUR

Was it him?

Haskell gets in and motions to drive. Arthur puts it into drive.

INT. ARTHUR'S CAR - LATE MORNING

Arthur and Haskell are stuck in traffic, barely at a crawl.

HASKELL

No work for today. Not a question, don't go in, you'll have to answer to too much.

Arthur is silent.

HASKELL

I need to get to one more place, then we can lay low for a while... So now you're not talking right, you expect me to say something profound now to make you feel better, like your life is over. How about facts then, that'd be fine for your sensibility: I ran away when I was fifteen. I owe now five, six, I don't know how many millions between people in Montreal, Toronto, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Rochester. There are mobs in Rochester! Know how often I won, betting on everything? Twice, that's it, if that.

Everything feels set-up, but I fell in every time. I'm already dead, don't you fucking get it? I had no clue what you'd be good for. Nobody our age *changes*, right? Guess you don't know how much I loved Meg either?

ARTHUR

No, how much?

HASKELL

Loved her enough to trust her with *everything*, this, I mean! I'm so fucked.

ARTHUR

Yeah, that makes me feel so much better.

Haskell lunges and the two of them practically explode on each other, tussling, throwing punches, etc. They stop finally at the constant honking from the other cars. They are panting, beet-red. Arthur gets back to driving.

ARTHUR

Cry me a river, right? Fucking apology, HAWK? Fuck, Hawk, name since thirteen, right? Mister big goddamn shot from class. I knew then something was off with you, but you kept pushing me and pushing me, and now...

Arthur explodes on the car itself, beating the wheel with his fist, contorting in his seat. Haskell is wide-eyed.

ARTHUR

I did it all, all the way. I'm dead, too.

HASKELL

We'll live on man, look, I'm going to the guy who has all of the stuff from the other

night, we'll pawn it, we'll  
get out of here.

ARTHUR

No good...I'm no good. I  
can't make any of this right.

HASKELL

It's alright, man, I'll go  
myself. Just chill at the

rendezvous.

ARTHUR

Yeah, chill, that's what we  
need...Hawk.

INT. POLICE OFFICE - DAY

A COMPUTER MONITOR shows images of BORIS'S APARTMENT. They  
flash by. A painting appears briefly. We never see  
Griffith or Bob head to toe, merely the monitor and sipping  
coffee to lips.

GRIFFITH

Stop, go back.

The image flickers back. It's the Dali panting.

BOB

Boris Palenko, also Boris  
Badenov, also Boris the  
Spider, and at one job caught  
as Dutch Van Cleef. Two  
years in Sing-Sing for bank  
robbery when he was twenty-  
four, paroled. Brought in on  
the Ramapo gambling pinch.  
Affiliated with the  
Vegsilatio crime family. The  
rest is classified.

GRIFFITH

FBI?

BOB

Doesn't say. There's some

parts marked off. They also found one of Pelman's rings in the apartment, but that's all so far.

GRIFFITH

That Kunen guy, maybe he-

BOB

Tried, no answer, nobody's seen him.

GRIFFITH

Prints off the painting?

BOB

None.

GRIFFITH

Alright, back to this Palenko, what else you got?

BOB

He had a few associates, no one in his will. The only one listed as living is...reading this right, Rolf Henderson.

GRIFFITH

(slight beat)

Come again?

BOB

Rolf Henderson, implicated and acquitted for the same bank robbery in 1976, anti-war protester, and-

GRIFFITH

I know the name, I pulled him in for a counterfeit scheme, rubies, nothing big. But this...Car, his place, doesn't leave, anyone goes in, usual drill.

BOB

Got it.

EXT. #260 HOUSE - AFTERNOON

ARTHUR'S car pulls up in front.

HASKELL

Wait.

HASKELL reaches into his bag and pulls out some small stacks of bills. He hands them to Arthur.

HASKELL

Partial down-payment. That's hundred and twenty and I have hundred and twenty. After I stop by this other guy's place I'm ditching your car, too much has been in it.

Arthur nods mechanically. He exits and gets his bags out of the back. He starts to walk away to the house. Haskell gets into the driver-side.

HASKELL

Art.

Arthur turns. Haskell almost says something and stops.

HASKELL

Make sure the old lady knows who you are.

ARTHUR

Yeah.

Haskell drives away.

Arthur walks up to the house lugging his bag. He knocks on the door. He waits a few moments, looking around the area, an eerily quiet suburban sprawl. The door opens. An old woman, mid-late 70s, is in her ratty robe and extra-thick glasses. This is GRANDMA DULLEA, Haskell's grandmother.

GRANDMA

Can I help you?

ARTHUR

Hi, I don't know if you  
remember me, but I was a

friend of Haskell's.

GRANDMA

Oh my, it's been so long  
since I've seen that boy. Do  
you need him, he's not home.

ARTHUR

Yeah, he um, he told me I  
could stay here until he  
comes back.

GRANDMA

I-I don't, well, you can come  
in, I'll make you some tea.

She walks slowly inside. Arthur follows, closes the door.

EXT. ROLF'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

HASKELL has a large trench-coat coat on with the collar  
flapped up near his face. He's facing the door, checking  
his gun again. The bullets are not as old as the weapon.

He wedges a small device into the lock to open it. It  
opens after some jiggling, and he goes in.

INT. STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Haskell knocks at Rolf's door, hears nothing, and tries to  
wedge in the same device as before. The door cracks open  
and ROLF has a knife out.

ROLF

Boris?

Haskell shakes his head no. Rolf motions him to come in.

INT. ROLF'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER



ROLF starts the coffee pot. Haskell is the living room.

ROLF  
So, no go on anything.

HASKELL  
Is that a question?

ROLF  
That dumb asshole. It's good  
enough for a horse but not  
good enough for him. Want  
some?

Haskell has the gun out. Rolf sniggers.

ROLF  
Gimme a break, kid, you-

Haskell fires a warning shot at one of Rolf's statues.

ROLF  
Safe, huh?

Haskell nods, his eyes narrow. Rolf goes to the safe and opens it. As he opens it and dumps out all the money the sound of two cars outside gets Haskell's attention. He goes to the window peering out. We move back and forth viewing one car on one end of the street and another perpendicular to the building with one man in the car peering with binoculars.

HASKELL  
Got a fire escape?

Rolf WHACKS a coffee mug against the back of Haskell's head. It sets Haskell off as the two tumble around. Haskell ends it by a knock to Boris's head with the gun.

Haskell holds his head for a moment, then gathers up all the money lying on the floor.

Haskell looks outside the window again. He sees one PLAINCLOTHES OFFICER- gun at his belt- outside the car. He goes into Rolf's bedroom and sees a back window. He looks down. He frantically looks through his drawers of clothes, then in the linen closet.

EXT. ROLF'S APARTMENT (BACK) - SOME TIME LATER

LS: Haskell climbs down on a line of clothes and sheets tied together. A black bag is already on the ground.

EXT. ROLF'S APARTMENT (FRONT) - CONT'D

PLAINCLOTHES OFFICER is on his phone, pacing slowly and eyes all on the apartment area.

The officer's eyes stop on something off in the distance behind the backside of the building: a figure running away.

He closes his cell phone, knocks on the car window, and takes out his gun as he approaches the building.

INT. #260 HOUSE - EVENING

Grandma Dullea's home is decorated as a 'little old lady': lots of old figurines and trinkets, old dolls with cutesy faces, and a whole wall of family photos. Arthur looks at the photos with his tea.

GRANDMA (OS)

Artie, I found one left.

Arthur drinks some more as she enters the small kitchen area. The table is cluttered with crossword puzzles and old newspapers.

GRANDMA

I only take them sometimes,  
so I keep it under all the  
others.

ARTHUR

Thank you, Mrs. Dullea.

GRANDMA

I'd do anything for my baby,  
and I do remember now when  
you came over with, well, I  
don't remember the others  
now. But you were very nice.

Arthur sips and gives a faint nod.

GRANDMA

I almost died when he left.  
His mother, I loved her too,  
she just left everything, and  
kept calling everywhere, and  
she sobbed and sobbed and  
just...It was not good for  
her. And my other baby, I  
can't even think about it.

ARTHUR

I can imagine.

EXT. SIDEWALK - EVENING

Haskell walks along, his eyes never ceasing from moving from behind the collar that covers most of his face. Cars pass one way, then another, the headlights either way tightening his grip on his big black bag.

Haskell notices one car driving along forty feet behind him, not passing. He looks across the road and sees a bus stop at the next busy corner. A bus is crawling along with the traffic and pulls up to a stop.

Haskell glances back at the car, still there. He shuts his eyes for a moment and crosses at a brisk job at the stoplight. He then sprints to make the bus on time with the rest of the crowd.

INT. PLAINCLOTHES CAR - CONT'D

BOB and PLAINCLOTHES OFFICER are in the car. Bob picks up his walkie-talkie and presses a button.

BOB

Just go on the 174 heading  
east, we're on the pursuit.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

They're sipping tea.

GRANDMA

So he never call me, he-he

never calls his mother, do you know why? You've been with him so long.

ARTHUR

I don't know, I really don't. He wasn't even sure you still were here.

GRANDMA

Oh Lord, I've been here so long. My Benny first moved with me when we got married, so it's been since after the war. But he's always knows I lived here, and his father lived here until he was twenty-three.

ARTHUR

Mhm.

GRANDMA

Oh, I can't wait to see him. I used to take him all over, I would take him to the playground and when he got sick he would come here and I would take care of him while his father...(trails off)

INT. BUS - EVENING

HASKELL sits close to the front of the bus. It is fairly crowded, but limited noise. Haskell peers out at the rearview mirror, with a car still following close behind. Haskell starts pocketing all the money he can into his large trench coat jacket pockets and jeans.

The bus makes a stop. Many people get up to get off. Haskell gets up to leave with them.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

HASKELL looks out to behind the bus: no cars now.

He walks down the closest street. We follow in front of him as he's at first walking fast and gradually picking up the pace. He sees a car further down the road behind him.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

GRANDMA

Oh gosh, look at that ring!

ARTHUR

(fiddling Karen's ring)

Yeah, I was holding onto it-

GRANDMA

How long have you been married?

ARTHUR

Oh, we're not married yet. We will be, soon.

GRANDMA

She must be a real darling.

ARTHUR

(faint smile)

Yeah. Yes, she is.

GRANDMA

Do you have a picture of her, I'd love to-

ARTHUR

No, I-I don't actually. Do you have a bathroom?

GRANDMA

It is on your left when you go up the stairs.

ARTHUR

Thank you.

Arthur gets up and leaves to the bathroom. He first goes into his bag for his cell phone.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

HASKELL RUNS up a long road that look like it has no end.

As he goes across a crossroad, a car drives across.  
Haskell stops as it goes by.

INSERT: Interior - CAR - Looking at Haskell

The car keeps going and Haskell goes on. Suddenly, a SCREECHING stop to the car. Haskell turns to see the car is coming back around. He starts to go full speed down the road. He runs without thinking onto someone's property

INT. PLAINCLOTHES CAR - CONT'D

BOB  
Come in, Griffith, come in.  
Suspect on foot, heading to  
Queen Anne Road.

EXT. BACKYARDS - CONT'D

Haskell JETS through a few backyards, down a dark alley.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Haskell emerges and goes across the road. Cars screech and horns blare out as Haskell is almost run over.

EXT. SIDEROAD - CONT'D

Haskell pulls out his gun without thinking and stops at a four-way cross-road. He almost drools through his fast breathing.

HEADLIGHTS turn to BRIGHTS up a hill.

VOICE (OS)  
STOP!

Haskell sprints across another property.

INT. CAR - CONT'D

BOB  
Hell with this, I'm on foot.

EXT. SIDEROAD - CONT'D

Bob and the plainclothes officer get quick out of their car in pursuit on the road. Bob still has the walkie-talkie.

BOB

Mildred, heading to Cedar,  
stand by.

INT. GRANDMA'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Arthur sits on the toilet. The cell phone is at his ear, the ringing on the other end not picking up. An answering machine picks up. He's already getting teary-eyed.

SHELLY (VO)

We can't come to the phone  
right now, please leave a  
message.

ARTHUR

Aunt Shelly, it's Art. I  
wasn't in today, and...and, I  
can't see you, I can't come  
back to work. I can't  
explain. Bye.

Arthur hangs up. He dials another number. He looks in the mirror cabinet, finds nothing while the number rings.

EXT. CEDAR LANE - MOMENTS LATER

Haskell turns onto the main drag of Cedar Lane, a main road, and almost fumbles and drops his gun running. He catches it.

He passes an unlocked bicycle outside a restaurant. He rushes onto it and rides away. He turns a corner and rides with everything left in him.

Bob and the Plainclothes Officer turn onto Cedar Lane.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

ARTHUR

Karen, it-it's me...Pick up  
if you're there...Please.

I...I can never forgive myself for this. I can't say sorry, I know y-you wouldn't believe me. I can't ask you to. I, I stole a lot of things, I didn't ever think it once that it wouldn't work...I wanted you to be proud of me, not-not from this. This was just pipe-dream, goddamn fiasco.

Arthur trails off, still apologizing, sobbing, and finally hangs up.

EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Haskell's face pours sweat as he rides the bicycle.

EXT. #260 HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Haskell rides up and heads into the backyard.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Arthur washes his face. A small, noticeable ping hits the window. Arthur stops the faucet and looks outside. It is dark but a figure's outline can be seen waving.

INT. #260 HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Arthur gets down the stairs. Grandma is on the side.

GRANDMA

Do you know when Haskell-

ARTHUR

I need to get, uh, something.

GRANDMA

Are you alright?

Arthur exits through the front without an answer.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Arthur goes up to Haskell, they speak for a moment.



Haskell gives a little cash to Arthur. Arthur goes back into the house and Haskell goes up to the front. He sits at the steps. He taps his feet anxiously.

AROUND THE CORNER - THREE CARS - all unmarked but with the 'lights' flashing on the tops come spinning around.

Haskell pounds on the door.

HASKELL

Now, now, NOW!

Arthur exits with a coat on. They sprint down the street, the cars at first are farther up the road.

EXT. STREET - CONT'D

Arthur and Haskell are going at high-speed down a hill. The cars are not too far behind.

EXT. CROSSROADS - CONT'D

Traffic is stopped at a light in either direction. Haskell, in front of Arthur, runs across the road into the adjacent park. The cars following them stop just before the crossroads halting traffic. They all get out. The sound of a TRAIN WHISTLE is off in the distance.

EXT. PARK - CONT'D

Haskell runs. Arthur runs behind.

We see a train up ahead moving slowly along. They pass under the lights that cover the park. Bystanders take for cover.

Haskell runs up to the road adjacent to the train-tracks. He looks back. Arthur is still running: the cops are after him in the park.

HASKELL

(mutters)

No.

SHOTS RING OUT at Arthur in the park. He falls to the ground. For a moment, Haskell can't move. All he sees are the cops swarm around Arthur.

The train's whistle goes off again. Haskell pulls out his gun but doesn't fire. He puts it away and runs to make the train. After a moment of chasing he jumps on a boxcar.

Haskell looks out at all of the lights now surrounding the area: the people swarming around Arthur. He's muttering and cursing himself. He curls up in a ball in the boxcar.

EXT. PARK - MOMENTS LATER

GRIFFITH and BOB get up to the body. We only see them, as paramedics come around to ARTHUR.

GRIFFITH

Head?

BOB

No. But it won't be long.

Griffith shakes his head. He looks at the last leg of the train cars pulling off across the park.

INT. BOXCAR - NIGHT

HASKELL slowly knocks the head of his gun methodically against the side of his head.

Haskell looks out in front of him. The train passes a river. He chucks the gun out into the river. He looks out at the night sky.

INT. BOXCAR - NIGHT

Haskell's eyes are still open, sitting in the same spot. His face is dead white. His trench-coat is over him but not completely on. The train is moving at a crawl.

Haskell gets up, goes off to the ledge and jumps off. The trench-coat stays on the train.

EXT. TRAINTRACKS - CONT'D

Haskell walks off into a field. He disappears into the tall grasses, like a ghost.

FADE TO BLACK/THE END