

MISSFIRE

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INT. SOCIAL CLUB - MORNING

A television plays in an inner city "social club" complete with a bar, small kitchen and tables. A kid's show plays on the large television, but nobody pays attention.

A large man in his late 50's, mob captain BERTALDO GIACABONI, also known as BERT or BERTY, is eating breakfast and reading the newspaper. He sits alone, but within earshot of his crew/bodyguards, LITTLE NICKY, BENNY JET, SALLY TONGUE and BIG HAL who share a table and have coffee. His niece, CARLA GIACABONI, comes over and sits with him. Carla is 28 and possibly a little overweight. It's hard to tell though because of her frumpy clothing. She's dressed like she was late for work. She isn't unattractive; she just doesn't care about her appearance.

BERT
Hey Carla, how's it going?

Bert shovels another forkful of eggs in his mouth.

CARLA
Do you really want to know or are you just being polite?

Bert rolls his eyes. He's seen this "poor me" routine more than once.

BERT
Polite.

CARLA
Since you ask, it's fucked. I hate my life.

BERT
Nice mouth. No wonder you can't get a boyfriend.

CARLA
Who'd want me anyway? I'm fat, ugly and have a lousy job.

BERT
I'm glad you appreciate me giving you this job.

CARLA
Uncle Bert I do appreciate it, I'm just not cut out for this shit. I'm an action person. I could do more than work here. I could help you out, you know?

BERT

You are helping. Running this place is important to me. To all of us.

The guys all nod and agree with Bert. But then again, they are paid to agree with him.

CARLA

I don't want to do this. It's boring. I really want to work for you, you know.

BERT

(eating, not looking up)
Whatta ya talkin' about?

CARLA

You know what I mean. I want to do what they do.

She points to his crew.

BERT

(laughing)
You wanna be in with them? Why do you bring this up again? What are you thinking? Maybe you like girls? Maybe you shoulda been a boy?

His crew laughs. She glares at them.

CARLA

No, I just want to be a part, I'm as smart as any of those guys. I can do anything those guys do.

HAL

Can you use a urinal?

The guys all laugh loudly.

BERT

Look at those guys. They're big, mean, ain't scared of nothin'. Except maybe the D.A. and RICO laws.

The guys all nod and agree. Some flex their muscles.

CARLA

My dad wouldn't have me doin' this shit, running this place. I'd be doing more important things.

BERT

Your dad, my only brother, may he rest in peace, was a great man, but there is no way he would let you do anything either. He'd want you to get married, settle down, have some kids.

Carla rolls her eyes at this.

CARLA

Yeah, some life, sitting on my ass, raising a couple kids, cleaning, cooking, watching shit T.V, getting fatter. I want a life. I want to do something exciting.

BERT

Do you think what we do, what they do is fun? This isn't fun, its hard work. Brutal work sometimes.

CARLA

I know what it is. I've seen it every day of my life. I grew up seeing it. I know what you guys do.

Bert isn't really listening.

CARLA (CONT'D)

I know how, when, where, why. I listen. I hear what you talk about in here. I'm not stupid. You could be a little more progressive, have some women doing something. It's only right.

She's trying anything she can to change his mind.

BERT

This isn't a government regulated business. I don't have to hire women because the law says so. By not doing so, however, we do leave ourselves open to lawsuits.

Bert and the guys laugh.

CARLA

Maybe I should report you to the Equal Rights whatever.

BERT
 (joking)
 Trying to blackmail me?

CARLA
 Of course not, if I was trying to
 blackmail you, I'd threaten to tell
 Aunt Sophie about that woman you
 got, or the money you got stashed.

Bert isn't happy with her bringing those up.

BERT
 (pissed off)
 Knock that shit off, and don't say
 anything like that again. Ever. You
 hear me?

The guys get very quiet.

CARLA
 I hear you. But you're not telling
 me anything.

Carla gets up and walks back to the kitchen.

INT. JACK HAMLIN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The living room is very sparse. An older, but clean couch, a chair, table. There are piles of boxes, cases of soda, cartons of cigarettes neatly stacked around the apartment. A state-of-the-art computer system, scanner and printers sit on a computer desk.

The television is on and the same kids show is playing. "Billy and Barry" a man(boy) and his penguin. We see them finishing up a song.

JACK HAMLIN, 30, is a tall, handsome man of medium build. He sits at the computer talking on the phone.

JACK
 Please let me talk to Grace.

A copy of a California driver's license is on the screen.

JACK
 I know you understand English,
 please put her on the phone.

He listens to rapid Spanish on the phone. Using a computer graphics program, he changes the name on the license.

JACK (CONT'D)
Slower, slower, dammit!!

He switches to his lousy Spanish.

JACK (CONT'D)
(in Spanish)
Por favor, déjeme hablar a mi hija.
(Please, let me speak to my
daughter.)

Jack prints out the fake license.

JACK (CONT'D)
(in Spanish)
Le estoy enviando el dinero. Todos
lo que tengo. (I am sending you
money. All I have.)

Jack inspects the fake license. It looks very good, very real.

JACK (CONT'D)
(in Spanish)
Un par hace semanas, Le envié casi
cuatro cientos dólares. (A couple
weeks ago, I sent you almost four
hundred dollars.)
(he listens)
Pozo entonces, su correos debe ser
tan corrupto como su departamento
del policía. (Well then, your post
office must be as corrupt as your
police department.)

The phone goes dead. He looks at it, wanting to throw it out the window. He redials. Busy. The television continues to play the kids show.

INT. TOPLESS BAR (THE BODYSHOP) - MORNING

MELISSA ALDRICH, 28, a beautiful dancer at the club, walks into the dark bar. She is wearing a jacket, her arms crossed over her chest. She walks past the bar and into the manager's office. The office is sparse, a desk, computer, large gun safe and cases of liquor and a door leading to the rear ally. MARTY, the bar manager, is sitting there counting cash. He looks up.

MARTY
Hey

MELISSA
Hey

MARTY

What are you doing here now? You work tonight.

MELISSA

That's what I wanted to talk to you about; I don't think I can work.

MARTY

What the fuck are you talking about? You sick?

MELISSA

I have a little problem....

She's embarrassed.

MARTY

So slide a tampon in and cut off the string.

MELISSA

You're sick, and that's not the problem I'm talking about.

MARTY

Pregnant?

MELISSA

No, thank God. I'm physically able to dance....it's just that...shit..
(beat)
One of my boobs is gone.

MARTY

What the fuck do you mean it's gone? Did it fall off? Lose it on your way home last night?

MARTY looks at her then starts laughing.

MARTY (CONT'D)

That's the funniest goddamn thing, I've ever heard. Maybe we should put a sign. "Lost - one "C" cup", owner anxious...

MARTY laughs more.

MELISSA

That's real fucking funny. I don't know how it happened. I just woke up and it was just gone.

MARTY

No shit? Let's see it.

MELISSA

No, it's gross.

MARTY

Let's see it. Maybe you can work anyway. You know how some guys like freaks.

MELISSA

I'm not going on stage to be a freak show, fuck that.

MARTY

C'mon, let's see it.

MELISSA

No, it looks like a ugly, saggy deflated balloon.

MARTY

When can you get it fixed?

MELISSA

I don't know...

MARTY

C'mon, I want to see.

MELISSA

Why?

MARTY

I don't know, like a car wreck, you want to see it, but you don't want to, ya know...

MELISSA

So my deflated boob is like a car wreck?

MARTY

Did it actually just explode like a water balloon?

MELISSA

I don't know, it happened during the night.

MARTY

Did it leave a wet spot?

MELISSA

No, it just stayed in my body

MARTY

Aren't you afraid of all that shit
in there?

MELISSA

No, it's just saline.

MARTY

That shit won't hurt you?

MELISSA

No, of course not, our bodies are
mostly saline anyway.

MARTY

Damn, I thought we were mostly
saltwater..

She looks at him like the idiot he is.

MELISSA

Whatever. Can I borrow three grand
to get this thing fixed?

MARTY

No, Bert said no more loans. Too
many girls getting their boobs done
and leaving. He don't like paying
for other bars dancers.

MELISSA

Well, what am I going to do? I
don't have the money? Without good
boobs, I can't dance.

MARTY

Don't they warranty those things?

MELISSA

They're not like a car, they don't
come with warranties.

MARTY

They should. If they can be written
off on your taxes, they should have
some sort of warranty.

MELISSA

I'll mention that to my doctor, I'm
sure he'll agree and do it for
free.

MARTY

Worth a try. What else are you going to do? Walk around with a deformed boob? You know, I knew a girl with four boobs. I swear to God. Kinda like a dog. I didn't find out until we'd been going out for a while. She'd wear a shirt or something to bed all the time.

Melissa is stunned.

MELISSA

You're shittin' me. Where they four across or two and two?

MARTY

Two and two, like a dog. The bottom two were really small, just nipples really. The top ones weren't much bigger. I just figured she was ashamed of her small ones. Had no idea she was a four-titted freak.

MELISSA

You're a shithead. She was not a freak. I feel sorry for her.

MARTY

Don't be, she married to a successful plastic surgeon. Heard she went in to get the spare pair-

He laughs at his rhyme.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Spare pair, get it?

MELISSA

Yes, got it the first time.

MARTY

Anyway, she goes in for the consultation and he sees her and her four boobs and falls in love. Instead of getting the second pair removed, he marries her and talks her into getting implants in all four.

MELISSA

If she was ashamed about them, why did she get them enlarged?

MARTY

She finally got someone who appreciated them for what they were, for what she was. Slightly imperfect.

There is a knock on the back door of the bar. Marty looks out the peep hole and opens the door. Two large men stand holding a gym bag.

MARTY

Good morning gentlemen.

THUG 1

Just move.

Marty moves away from the door as the large men enter. Thug 2 goes directly to the large safe with a digital dial.

THUG 1

Both of you leave the room.

Marty and Melissa leave as told and wait in the hallway.

MELISSA

Friendly guys.

MARTY

Usually they just grunt and point.

MELISSA

What's in the safe?

MARTY

I don't know. I don't ask questions, I just manage the place. All I know is that somebody drops off, they change the combination, somebody different picks up and they change the combination.

MELISSA

Got to be drugs or money.

MARTY

I don't know. It's better that way.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO

A kid's show is taping. The same kids show we saw on the televisions in earlier scenes.

A man, BILLY BARLOW, thin, very young and pleasant, dances and sings in front of a blue screen. We close in on him until he ends the song.

DIRECTOR

Cut. That was good, Billy. We are done.

Billy looks relieved, satisfied. A short pretty woman walks up to Billy, it's his assistant LISA. They are walking to his dressing room.

LISA

You have a 3:00 p.m. audition over at Universal. The new Bruce Willis film.

BILLY

Yep, I reread the part last night. I think I have it down.

LISA

I know you'll be great.

BILLY

I'd be great in the role, but I won't get it. I'm typecast. Did Gilligan ever get anything after leaving his island? Did the Skipper ever get another boat?

They enter the dressing room.

BILLY

You know what I mean. Unless I have a massively disfiguring accident, I'll always be a penguin's buddy.

LISA

At least you're working. Thousands of actors would kill for your job.

BILLY

Yea right, locked into a seven year contract, without merchandising rights. There are millions of little me's all over the place and I don't get a cent.

LISA

I know it's frustrating.

BILLY

I work with a cartoon fucking penguin. All they're going to offer me some fish.

LISA

Any luck with your movie yet?

BILLY

Lots of interest. Nobody wants me to star though. They want a name.

LISA

That's terrible. You should make it yourself.

BILLY

Sure, all I need is a few hundred thousand.

LISA

I'm sure you can get the money.

BILLY

No, nobody will put up the money for me to star. I'm below Tom Green as far as Hollywood is concerned. But I am very popular with the three to six year old demographics.

INT. SOCIAL CLUB - AFTERNOON

Bert drinking a cappuccino and smoking a big, fat cigar. The only one of his crew around is BIG HAL who sits with Bert and drinks coffee.

BERT

You wanna go do that thing tonight over at the Body Shop?

BIG HAL

Sure, Bert. Who you gonna get to come with me?

BERT

Where is everyone?

BIG HAL

Lil Nicky's in Vegas. Benny and BT's are driving to San Diego for a pickup.

BERT
What about Frankie?

BIG HAL
Nobody's seen him today.

BERT
Shit.

BIG HAL
I can do it alone Bert.

BERT
I know, Hally, but the guys
upstairs got rules. Someone's got
to go with you.

Carla overhears and comes over to their table.

CARLA
I'll go, Uncle Bert.

Bert actually looks like he's thinking about it.

BIG HAL
No fuckin way. I ain't workin' with
a girl.

CARLA
I'll just keep my mouth shut and do
what Hal says.

BIG HAL
(to Bert)
I don't mean to disrespect to your
family, I just don't wanna work
with no girl.

CARLA
What are you afraid of? Afraid I'll
do a good job? That you'll have to
actually have to admit that a woman
does something good other than
cook, clean or fuck?

BERT
Quiet.

Carla's mad. Big Hal's mad. Bert's thinking.

BERT
O.K. Hal take her.

BIG HAL
You gotta be kidding me? No way. I
can't do it. I won't feel safe.

BERT
Just do it. It's an easy pickup and
delivery. Take you ten minutes,
tops.

Hal's not budging.

BIG HAL
Ain't that easy. I like to go in
for a while, have a few drinks,
make sure nobody followed me.

BERT
Take her. Do what you usually do.
And you..
(talking to Carla)
Listen to Hal, pay attention and
keep your mouth shut. If I hear
that you been talking back or
disrespectful, that's the last time
you do anything.

Carla smiles smugly. She's finally won.

CARLA
When do I get a piece, you know,
for back-up?

Bert laughs.

BERT
You are there to watch Hal. That's
all. You're not carrying a gun.

CARLA
But what if something happens? I'll
need to be able to protect myself.

BIG HAL
I'm not going near her if she has a
gun.

BERT
You aren't going to need anything.
We are going in, picking up a
package and leaving another
package. That's all. Now I gave
you a job, are you going to argue
with me again?

Carla pouts.

CARLA

No.

BERT

Fine. What time do you want her to meet you?

BIG HAL

About ten. I'll pick her up at the corner up the street, by the 7-11.

BERT

(To Carla)
That OK with you?

CARLA

Yep. Fine.

BERT

We set Hal.

Hal's not happy at all, but Bert is the boss.

BIG HAL

All set boss.

BERT

Good.

INT. CASTING OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Billy is auditioning for the new Bruce Willis film in a casting director's office. He is reading with a QUAN, Karl's assistant. He is up for the part of young Dr. Zagort, a computer genius criminal mastermind.

ZAGORT (BILLY)

All I had to do was patch in to the NSA with a QAZ Trojan, to the company's network and then opening a back door through the infected computer. The rest was simple.

QUAN

What makes you think you can get away with this?

ZAGORT

Get away? I got away. The digital domain is mine.

QUAN

You'll never get away, John will find you and send you to cyberspace forever.

ZAGORT

He's history now. With his new credit history, he won't be able to join Bally's Health Club.

QUAN

You're fiendish Dr. Zagort.

They stop auditioning and look to the casting agent, Karl, for direction.

KARL

That's fine. Thank you Billy.

Billy gets up and walks out, confident he didn't get the part.

INT JACK HAMLIN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Jack is writing on the computer, learning Spanish by tape, listening to a word then repeating it. He is working on a false driver's license on the computer, altering the name and address.

TAPE

Large Grande

JACK

Large Grande

TAPE

Small pequeño

JACK

Small pequeño

His cell phone rings.

JACK

Hello? Yea.. Saheem.. I got 12 cartons of Marlboro Lights, 10 cartons of Marlboro Reds, and 15 cartons of Kool Mild. Give all of them too you for-

Jack does some mathematical gymnastics.

JACK
Five-hundred bucks. Thats about
\$13.50 a carton. Triple your money
in a few days. They even have the
state stamps.

Jack listens.

JACK (CONT'D)
No, I cant take beer in trade.
What am I going to do with \$500 in
beer?

Jack listens.

JACK (CONT'D)
Drink it, yes, very funny, Saheem.
You're sense of humor is coming
along nicely. Tell you what, I'll
give them to you for four-fifty and
five cases of Bud.

Jack listens.

JACK (CONT'D)
No, Saheem, it's bullshit. The
phrase is bullshit, not cowshit.

Jack listens.

JACK (CONT'D)
Yes, there is a difference. Do we
have a deal?

Jack listens.

JACK (CONT'D)
O.K., I'll be there in a hour.

He prints off the license and inspects. Very good indeed.

INT. THE BODYSHOP - NIGHT

The topless bar is very dark, with a single stage in the middle and two more on the side. The crowd is sparse, mainly older men, but a few loud younger men. Billy walks into the bar and is immediately asked to show his I.D. to the doorman/bouncer. Billy is wearing dark glasses and trying to look inconspicuous. MELISSA, the dancer-turned-waitress, is sitting at the bar. A bleach blonde bartender greets Billy as he sits.

BARTENDER
What can I get you?

BILLY
(to the bartender)
Hi, Grey Goose on the rocks

BARTENDER
We have Absolute and Stoli.

BILLY
Belvedere?

BARTENDER
Absolute or Stoli.

Not a question. A bored statement.

BILLY
Stoli.

The bartender turns to pour his drink. Billy turns and looks at the stage. An attractive blonde spins on a pole. The bartender sets his drink down.

BARTENDER
That's \$12.50.

BILLY
Can I start a tab?

BARTENDER
I have to get a credit card before
I can start one.

BILLY
Forget it. Here.

He hands her a twenty. The woman, Melissa, at the bar speaks.

MELISSA
There are nicer places with Grey
Goose.

BILLY
I don't like the nicer places. Too
many people.

MELISSA
Prefer the dark anonymity of the
lower-class establishments? Where
you're less likely to be noticed?

BILLY

Yes, something like that.

MELISSA

I doubt any of these guys would know who you are anyway. How many guys hang out at strip places know what their kids watch? How many of them even know their kids names?

BILLY

You don't have a very high opinion of you're clientele. Doesn't your cynicism hurt tips?

MELISSA

(breaking into a southern sweetie pie voice)

Why no honey! They just love me....

She's pretty convincing.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

(in her normal speaking voice)
I don't let them know how I really feel. Sometimes I'll let them think I'm a bi-sexual woman who might invite them to come to bed with my girlfriend and me.

BILLY

You don't mean it?

MELISSA

No.

BILLY

You mean the girls don't really mean it when they say nice things to me?

MELISSA

I'm sure they do. For that second. Then.. poof... the second's gone, you're all forgotten. I'm sorry did I wreck the illusion for you?

BILLY

Now I know how the little kids feel when they see me without my cartoon penguin.

MELISSA

Barry, right?

BILLY

Him or me?

MELISSA

Him. You're Billy.

BILLY

You must have kids.

MELISSA

No, I babysit for my girlfriends kid sometimes. She's a huge fan. Shirts. Posters. Videos.

BILLY

Yes, I'm really big with the pre-schoolers.

MELISSA

Sounds like you aren't enjoying your fame and fortune.

BILLY

I really do, I love teaching and making the kids happy, but shit, I have to have a life, you know?

MELISSA

Well, look at me. No matter what I do, I'm still a stripper. Every time I see a guy in a store, I have to wonder if he's smiling at me to pick me up or is he smiling at me because he's seen my tits? It's hard to get dates or have a steady boyfriend.

BILLY

I know what you mean. If I go out with a woman, it has to be one without kids, because I freak kids out. I went out with one woman who had a four-year-old. All she could do was ask where Barry was. Then she walked in while I was on top of her mom, pumping away. I looked up and she was trying to scream, but nothing was coming out.

MELISSA

Oh shit..

BILLY

I hear the therapy is going well though.

Melissa laughs.

BILLY

I must be keeping you from working.

MELISSA

No, you're not. I came in to serve drinks, but we're slow. I don't want to take the real server's money. I am, I was a dancer.

BILLY

Why aren't you dancing tonight?

MELISSA

Minor catastrophe. One of my breasts leaked. I'm a little lopsided.

BILLY

They look fine.

MELISSA

Well one is a small water balloon. It was the only thing I could find that seemed natural.

BILLY

Very resourceful. When are you getting it fixed?

MELISSA

As soon as I come up with thirty-five hundred bucks.

BILLY

Those don't come with warranties?

MELISSA

No. Great timing, huh? I just paid my tuition for this semester.

BILLY

Where do you go?

MELISSA

USC Law school.

BILLY

No shit? Is that some stripper bullshit? You going to school, I feel sorry for you, offer to pay for your books, but it really goes to your meth-addicted boyfriend?

Melissa laughs.

MELISSA

My god, you're the cynical one. I really am going to law school. Carrying a 3.4 too.

BILLY

That's great.

MELISSA

That's why I do this. Support myself, and go to school. Sometimes I feel like I'll never finish.

BILLY

Must be hard to do this and school.

MELISSA

Not bad, I just have to be disciplined.

BILLY

What do you want to go in?

MELISSA

I don't know, maybe entertainment law.

BILLY

Movies? Be an agent?

MELISSA

Something like that. I love movies. The whole process.

BILLY

Like to come see the show get taped? Give you a new perspective. We are on hiatus right now. Couple weeks we will be back taping.

MELISSA

I'd love to.

EXT - CORNER BY THE 7-11 - NIGHT

Carla is waiting by the curb. An old junky car slows. The driver, an older male, rolls down the window.

DRIVER

Hey baby, you working?

CARLA

Hey asshole, you couldn't afford me if I was. You get this car free with ten gallons of gas?

DRIVER

Fuck you, bitch.

CARLA

Bye honey, say hi to the wife and kids for me.

The car speeds off in a puff of blue smoke, followed closely by a blue minivan. The van stops in front of her. Hal is inside. He unlocks the doors, but doesn't motion or talk. Carla gets in the van, walking with some discomfort.

BIG HAL

Making new friends?

CARLA

The minivan is nice, where are the kids?

BIG HAL

Fuck you. My Tahoe is in getting fixed. This is a loaner.

CARLA

It's you. I highly suggest you trade your Tahoe for one. Lots of room.

BIG HAL

You're trying to be funny. Don't. Don't say anything. Just watch and listen.

CARLA

I know you don't want me here.

BIG HAL

No shit.

CARLA

I don't know what's bothering you about this.

BIG HAL

What's bothering me is that you're a girl. Call me old-fashioned, but I don't think females ought to be doing this.

CARLA

Let me guess, women should be at home, serving food, or dancing for your enjoyment.

BIG HAL

I just think there are some professions that women shouldn't be in.

CARLA

Like?

BIG HAL

Soldiers. Truck drivers.
Construction workers.

CARLA

Soldier I'll give you, but a truck driver? What, a woman can't turn a steering wheel and look out some mirrors? Does the shifter thing weigh 40 or 50 pounds?

BIG HAL

Just forget it. I'm through talking. We are going to go and deliver the package and pick up the other one. You are going to stay in the car and watch.

CARLA

No, I'm going in. I know how it's done. I'm staying by you every second.

BIG HAL

You gonna sit and look at all the pretty girls with me? Maybe have a couple beers?

CARLA

What? You think that's gonna bother me? Think again. I'm stuck to you like glue, Lou.

BIG HAL

Great. Fuckin' great.

They drive along in silence until they reach "The Bodyshop". Hal pulls into a spot near the rear. He turns off the car and looks at Carla.

BIG HAL

Now, I told you I don't want you to come in, but you have to anyway. We are going in and having a couple drinks. Think you can handle that?

CARLA

Yeah, yeah, sure.

BIG HAL

I'm serious, no fucking up. Your uncle will knock us both down if this gets fucked up. Just sit there, have your drink, and don't be obvious.

CARLA

I'll be a woman in a strip place fully clothed. I'm going to be a little obvious.

Hal grabs a briefcase from the back seat. They exit the car and walk into the bar. Carla is still walking uncomfortably.

INT. THE BODYSHOP - NIGHT

Carla and Big Hal walk in. The doorman/bouncer, Gordie, greets them. Guns & Roses plays loudly. Topless women dance on stage and for customers.

GORDIE

Hey Hal.

BIG HAL

Hey Gordie, how's it going?

GORDIE

Good. Real good. Like me to move anyone so you can sit?

Gordie pretty much ignores Carla.

BIG HAL

No, that's O.K., we'll just sit anywhere.

GORDIE

O.K. Hal, let me know if you need anything.

Hal leads Carla over to an empty table. Hal sits, Carla tries to sit, but the mysterious pain prevents her from sitting.

CARLA

I gotta go to the ladies room. Order me a margarita.

BIG HAL

Just get a beer, don't be difficult.

CARLA

I'm not being difficult. I don't like beer. I like margaritas.

BIG HAL

I don't even know if they have them here.

CARLA

It's a bar of course they have them.

She just turns and limps away.

INT - BODYSHOP WOMANS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Carla opens the stall door and unzips her pants. She reaches deep down the front of her pants and pulls out the source of her pain, a .32 caliber pistol.

CARLA

Their dicks must keep it from falling down their pants.

The door to the womans room opens. Melissa walks in as Carla is coming out of the stall. They look at each other, both recognizing the other from the past.

MELISSA

Carla? Carla Giacaboni?

A smile comes across Carla's face.

CARLA

My God, Melissa. How are you?

Melissa is sort of ashamed to admit her profession, but..

MELISSA

Well, I'm good, going to school.
What about you?

Carla remembers she's in a topless bar. She's embarrassed herself.

CARLA

I'm good. It's been so long, high school right? How's your brother?

MELISSA

He's good. Still around here. I can't even remember the last time I saw you.

They avoid the big questions: Why are they both there? Awkward silence.

CARLA

Well, I let you go, you know..

Carla motions to the stall.

MELISSA

Oh, yea, right. It was great seeing you.

CARLA

Yea, you too, Mel.

Carla walks out.

INT - THE BODY SHOP TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

Carla arrives back at the table. Hal is drinking a beer. Carla sits. AC/DC blares loudly.

CARLA

What is this? I wanted a margarita?

She motions to a drink on ice.

BIG HAL

That's what you said. That's what I ordered.

She tastes it.

CARLA

That's not a margarita. A margarita is like a Slushie with alcohol.
(MORE)

CARLA (cont'd)
And there's no salt. This is
tequila and Sprite or something.

BIG HAL
Just shut up and drink it.

CARLA
It's not what I want.

BIG HAL
We all have to make sacrifices.

Carla takes a drink and makes a face. She looks around. Looks
at the dancers.

CARLA
Why do guys come here, to places
like this? They know they have no
chance with the dancers.

BIG HAL
We like it because we can see women
naked and not have to talk to them
if we don't want to.

CARLA
You don't like to talk to women?

BIG HAL
Not really.

CARLA
Why not?

BIG HAL
'Cause I got nothin' in common with
them.

CARLA
How do you know? You never talk to
them. Have you ever ask one of the
dancers why she is dancing?

BIG HAL
No, because I know why. They like
money.

CARLA
You don't think they have other
reasons?

BIG HAL
Like what? Because they like it?

CARLA
Maybe they have issues.

BIG HAL
Yea, the issue is they like money.

CARLA
Maybe I'll ask one. How do I get
one over here?

BIG HAL
Hold out some money. A five should
do for a lap dance.

CARLA
I don't want a lap dance.

BIG HAL
Well, their time is money. You want
to ask, you pay.

CARLA
I can't just ask them a question?

BIG HAL
No. These girls work on tips. You
want their time, you pay. I'll even
pay for it, just to watch.

CARLA
I rather have them dance for me
than have you dance for me.

BIG HAL
Ohhhh, is that why we never see you
with guys? Maybe you and I have
more in common than I thought.

CARLA
Fuck you, Hal. But if it makes a
difference, I would rather go to
bed with any of these women than
you.

BIG HAL
I'll bet you would.

Hal laughs at her.

CARLA
Not because I'm a lesbian, I'm not,
it's just that you're so fucking
disgusting.

(MORE)

CARLA (cont'd)
I'd probably get them off too,
something I'm sure you aren't
concerned with.

Now it's Carla's turn to laugh. Hal is getting pissed.

BIG HAL
Fuck you, dyke.

CARLA
Watch that shit. I'll tell Uncle
Bert you tried to fuck me.

This really pisses Hal off. Veins are popping, his face
turning red.

BIG HAL
Let me tell you something. You are
here because of who your uncle is.
And if you fuck up, you're going to
pay, just like any of us would.

CARLA
Don't talk to me, you fucking
asshole.

INT - THE BODYSHOP BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Melissa and Billy are talking. She points over to Big Hal and
Carla.

MELISSA
See that girl with her boyfriend?

BILLY
Yea.

MELISSA
Her uncle owns this place. He's a
mob guy.

BILLY
How do you know her?

MELISSA
High school. We were good friends.
Use to skip out, smoke, you know
high school rebel girl stuff.

BILLY
She looks older.

MELISSA

Her dad and mom were gunned down going to dinner one night right after high school. That would age me too.

BILLY

What's she doing with the guy?

MELISSA

Can you keep a secret?

BILLY

Depends. If I can sell it to the National Enquirer and make some decent cash, the answer would have to be no.

MELISSA

You don't make good money on that show?

BILLY

The money is alright, but nothing to brag about. I'll bet on good weeks you make more than me.

MELISSA

I thought all you TV guys were rich.

BILLY

Not all. I signed a long term contract when we were starting the show. Figured the money was good. And it is; it's just not "fuck you" money.

MELISSA

Where were we?

BILLY

Keeping a secret. Rudely pointing.

MELISSA

Oh, that's right.

She points again at Big Hal.

MELISSA

He's a mob guy too. Going to do some sort of deal here in the office.

BILLY

What kind?

MELISSA

Drugs I think. Some other guys
dropped something off this morning.

BILLY

Why do they use this place?

MELISSA

I already told you. They own it.
There's a big safe in back.

BILLY

No shit. That would be tempting to
someone who needed money.

MELISSA

There's always two dropping off and
two picking up.

BILLY

How do you know so much?

MELISSA

I'm a good listener. And I hear
shit from my brother.

BILLY

Is he in the mob too?

MELISSA

No. Not really. I don't think.

No explanation.

BILLY

So your brother may or may not do
some sort of thing for the mob, and
you're a overly-curious stripper
with a defective breast. Sounds
like some sort of surreal Raymond
Carver story.

INT - BODYSHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Big Hal finishes his beer. Belches.

BIG HAL

I'm done. Lets go.

Carla is still sitting. Sipping her drink.

BIG HAL
C'mon, lets go.

CARLA
I'm not ready. I'm finishing my
drink.

Big Hal is getting really pissed. He gets in her face.

BIG HAL
Finish that fucking drink. Now.

Carla sits with a smug look on her face. Big Hal is furious. He grabs her arm and lifts her from her seat. He pulls her toward the office. A patron stands in Big Hal's way.

PATRON
Hey, man, let go of her.

Hal is stymied, does he let go of Carla or the suitcase? Neither, he head-butts the patron right on his nose. The patron falls back, hands and face covered with blood. They continue to the office.

INT - BODYSHOP BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Melissa and Billy watch the scene unfold.

BILLY
Nice guy. Nobody going to call the
cops? Isn't she your friend?

MELISSA
Are you crazy? Nobody calls the
cops on them. That would be
committing suicide.

BILLY
Where are they going?

MELISSA
Back to the office. See the
briefcase.

She points out the briefcase.

BILLY
Anybody back there?

MELISSA
No, it's empty this time of night.
I want to go see what's going on.

BILLY

Have fun.

MELISSA

You're not coming with me?

BILLY

No fucking way. I'm as close as I want to be to it. Maybe closer than I want.

MELISSA

Come on, chickenshit. We'll pretend I'm taking you to the office for a private dance.

BILLY

You do that here?

MELISSA

I don't. Some of them do. Come on, nobodies going to get shot or anything.

INT - BODYSHOP OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Big Hal and Carla enter the office. Big Hal finally lets go of her arm. The music is still loud back there.

CARLA

Bastard, that hurt my arm.

BIG HAL

Just close the door and shut up.

Carla closes the door, but not all the way.

BIG HAL

Just stand next to it.

Big Hal opens the safe and removes a gym bag.

INT - BODYSHOP HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Melissa and Billy slowly edge toward the office door. Through a crack in the door, they witness the transfer.

INT - BODYSHOP OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A bang on the back door startles Big Hal and Carla. He pulls his gun, expecting the unexpected. He edges toward the back door. Carla reaches for her gun, pulls it out.

Another loud bang on the door and

-BANG-

Carla's gun goes off. She looks at it, startled by the noise and recoil of the little gun. She then looks over to see where the bullet went in time to see Big Hal fall to the ground, blood flowing through his head.

INT - BODYSHOP HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Melissa and Billy witness the shooting and watch, unable to move or speak.

INT - BODYSHOP OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Carla is frozen with fear. She has just killed a man. A mob soldier. Her uncles best man.

CARLA

Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck..

She walks over to Hal who is dead on the floor.

CARLA

Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck..

INT - BODYSHOP HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Melissa and Billy see Carla's meltdown.

MELISSA

We have to do something.

Billy starts to leave.

BILLY

Yeah, leave. Then call the cops.

MELISSA

No, we can't do that. She'll get in trouble.

BILLY

Well she killed a guy, she kind of deserves it, don't you think?

MELISSA

You saw what he did to her out there.

BILLY

He didn't deserve to die for it.

MELISSA

I know, but you saw what happened,
it was an accident.

BILLY

Accident or not, I'm not doing
anything except calling the police
and getting the fuck out of here.

MELISSA

These people don't want the cops
called. They take care of their own
shit.

Melissa grabs his arm and they enter the office. Carla
doesn't hear or see them until Melissa gently puts her hand
around the gun. Carla looks at her, eyes wide, afraid.

CARLA

I didn't mean... Uncle Bert's going
to kill me. It was a misfire.

MELISSA

I'm sure it will be O.K., he will
understand, it was an accident.

CARLA

(hysterical)

No, Mel, he will really kill me. He
didn't like me anyway...it was a
misfire.

BILLY

I'm leaving now. I have a clause-

MELISSA

Where is your compassion, your
humanity?

BILLY

They left as soon as that gun went
off.

Carla turns to them, pleading.

CARLA

Please, help me. He's going to kill
me for this. Oh fuck.

They stop and wait for a second. Waiting for someone, anyone
who may have heard the shot.

MELISSA

(to Billy)

Check and see if anyone is coming.
See if they heard anything.

Billy opens the door, peeks out. Nothing. He ventures down the dimly lit hallway. Nothing unusual. He goes back to the office.

BILLY

Nobody heard anything. The music is too loud.

MELISSA

We have to get her out of here.

BILLY

What happens to him?

MELISSA

I don't know, probably should leave him here.

BILLY

He dead?

MELISSA

Yeah, I'm pretty sure that half of his brains were used for something important.

BILLY

Yea, but what about her?

He motions to Carla, who's mumbling to herself.

CARLA

I have to go hide. He'll kill me.
He will shoot be and cut me in
little pieces.

MELISSA

Carla...

CARLA

(softly)

Misfire....

MELISSA

Do you have somewhere you can go?

CARLA

He's going to kill me.

BILLY

Who?

CARLA

Uncle Bert...

MELISSA

We have to take her someplace.

BILLY

We?

MELISSA

Aren't you going to help?

BILLY

No. I'm going to leave. I don't do this sort of thing. When there is trouble, I leave. I'm not fit for this sort of thing.

MELISSA

Do you have a medical condition that advises you against stress?

BILLY

No, I'm just that way. You want a hero? Call Batman.

CARLA

Please don't leave me.

MELISSA

(to Billy)

You get beat up in school, didn't you?

BILLY

Of course. I was in band and thespians. I used to get beat up every day.

MELISSA

Stop getting beat up.

BILLY

Why are we helping a woman who killed a guy?

MELISSA

Because she was my friend and it's the right thing to do.

BILLY
Doesn't mean it's the smart thing
to do.

EXT - BODYSHOP PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Billy and Carla are putting the briefcase, the gym bag, and a couple cases of liquor in Billy's Lexus GS300. They get in the front seats.

BILLY
I'm glad we are taking all this
liquor. I'll need it to sleep
tonight.

He struggles with another case.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Why are we stealing it?

MELISSA
To make it look like a robbery.

BILLY
What will that do?

MELISSA
So they don't think she did it.
They'll think some young punks did
it.

Billy and Carla get in his car. Melissa waits by the window.

Billy starts the engine and looks over at Carla. She is looking straight ahead, almost comatose.

BILLY
Can you please buckle your seat
belt?

Carla complies wordlessly.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Thank you.

CARLA
My name is Carla.

BILLY
I'm Billy. Interesting to meet you.

CARLA

It was an accident, I didn't mean to shoot him, you know. It was a misfire.

BILLY

I know.

CARLA

(getting hysterical)

He's going to find me and kill me. I know it.

Melissa walks over to the car.

MELISSA

Will she be alright with you for a while?

BILLY

She's not coming over to my house.

MELISSA

Please, just for a little while, I'll be over. Give me directions.

Billy writes it on a piece of paper.

BILLY

If she starts freaking out, I'm calling the cops.

MELISSA

I appreciate this. You are a good guy. Lots of balls.

Billy smiles sheepishly.

BILLY

That's the first time anybody ever said that to me.

MELISSA

Don't let her leave. She'll go home and get caught. Then we are all screwed.

INT - BODYSHOP BAR

Melissa walks into the bar. Everything is normal. Nobody knows what happened in the office. Yet. Melissa is talking on her cell phone.

MELISSA

Jack, just meet me there. I really need your help. I'm getting off work now. I'll be there in about twenty minutes.

She closes the phone and takes a look around. Patrons don't know. Staff is oblivious. She sees Gordie the doorman/bouncer goes to the bathroom. Time to leave. Quick. She walks to the door and out.

EXT - CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX - LATER

Melissa is driving an older Honda Accord through an upper-middle class condominium complex. It's the type of place retired middle management and two income couples with no kids live.

She checks the number on the piece of paper, looking at the addresses. She stops and pulls in to a driveway next to Billy's Lexus.

EXT - BILLYS CONDO - MOMENTS LATER

She knocks on the door. Billy answers and ushers her in. They walk into the condo. It is nicely furnished.

MELISSA

She better?

BILLY

She's talking a little now. Trying to figure out what she should do.

Carla is sitting on the couch, nursing coffee, still almost catatonic.

MELISSA

Hi Car..

Carla looks up

CARLA

Hey...

MELISSA

You OK?

CARLA

What did you do with Hal?

MELISSA

Who?

BILLY

The guy she shot. The dead guy

MELISSA

He's still dead. What were you doing there with him? He your boyfriend?

CARLA

No, I was there as his partner, sort of. Nobody can do the pick-ups and deliveries alone. Uncle Bert sent me with Big Hal.

MELISSA

So you work for his gang now?

BILLY

Crew, not gang. I saw Goodfellas.

MELISSA

Thank you, Mr. Corleone.

CARLA

Not really, I work in a club he owns. Tonight they were short, so I came with Hal.

BILLY

He must be one of the more socially progressive mob families.

MELISSA

What were you picking up?

CARLA

I don't know. Dropping off the briefcase, picking up the bag.

MELISSA

Did you see what was in them?

BILLY

No.

MELISSA

Where are they?

BILLY

On the kitchen table.

Melissa goes into the kitchen and returns with the briefcase and the gym bag.

She sets the brief case on the table, presses the buttons and the latches spring open. She slowly raises the lid. Inside is a small leather pouch surrounded by foam. Melissa opens the leather pouch. Out falls a small handful of diamonds.

MELISSA

Holy shit!

BILLY

Look at those-

CARLA

That's the ice they were talking about. I thought it was drugs.

Melissa puts the diamonds back in the pouch.

MELISSA

Any guess what's behind door number two?

Melissa unzips the gym bag. Inside is a full garbage bag. It's opened to reveal a whole lot of cash. Mostly \$100 bills.

BILLY

That's a shitload of cash.

MELISSA

Someone's going to miss this.

CARLA

Uncle Bert is going to miss it.

The doorbell rings. Billy looks shocked. He isn't expecting company.

CARLA

(paranoid)

They found us already.

BILLY

Shit, it's the cops.

MELISSA

It's my brother. I talked to him. He can help us.

Melissa walks to the front door and comes back with Jack.

MELISSA

Jack, this is Billy. And you remember Carla?

Carla is a quivering mess. She looks up at Jack.

CARLA

Do you remember me?

JACK

Yes, I do. Hello Carla. I heard you had a little problem tonight.

BILLY

That's an understatement.

MELISSA

It appears that we have some very nice diamonds and a large amount of cash that belongs to people we don't want to mess with. Oh, and one dead mob guy.

JACK

What did you do with the dead guy?

MELISSA

Nothing, left him there.

JACK

What's with the all the booze?

BILLY

I'm a raging alcoholic.

MELISSA

I took it from the bar. Tried to make it look like a robbery.

JACK

Good idea. The cops don't really care about bad guys getting killed. But Bert will wonder about what happened to Carla.

MELISSA

What do you think?

JACK

I don't know. Can you give the stuff back and tell him what happened?

CARLA

Sure, but he will have me killed. No way.

MELISSA
Kill his own niece?

CARLA
I have no doubt.

JACK
(to Carla)
What do you want to do?

She doesn't know what she wants to do.

CARLA
Die. Leave. Leave the city, the
state, the country.

Jack thinks for a moment.

JACK
We should make him think you're
dead. Or kidnapped. What if we make
Bert think the guys who killed Hal
also took her. Hold her for ransom.

BILLY
What good would that do?

JACK
He would be reasonably assured that
Carla wasn't in on it.

MELISSA
That way she could go home after.

JACK
Would he pay a ransom for you?

CARLA
Maybe. I know he has about a half-
million in cash stashed away.

They all look at each other.

BILLY
Whatever you're thinking of, count
me out.

MELISSA
Billy likes to spend all his time
with cartoon penguins.

JACK

I thought you looked familiar. What are you doing here?

BILLY

This is my house. Your sister made me an accomplice in all this shit. I didn't want to help and I don't want to be here. I saw brains sliding down a dirty bar wall tonight.

CARLA

What are you bitching at? I caused it.

MELISSA

It's pretty cool, in a way.

BILLY

In the way that I could go to jail and get anally raped for ten to fifteen years?

JACK

As long as it looks like a robbery, there's nothing to worry about.

CARLA

If I'm not there dead too, they'll think I did it.

JACK

You'll have to be dead then. That something you'd want to do?

CARLA

(indignantly)
No, I don't want to be dead.

JACK

I don't mean really dead. We could make him think you're dead.

BILLY

How?

JACK

I don't know, maybe take some of her blood, hair, spread it out on the beach. Make it look like she was fed to the sharks.

CARLA

That's a pretty shitty way to die.
I think I'll just be kidnapped,
thank you.

JACK

Think you can act like a victim
enough that he doesn't suspect
anything?

CARLA

I don't know.

JACK

You better know. If he suspects a
thing, he'll hurt you.

Carla starts to cry.

CARLA

I don't wanna be tortured.

MELISSA

Would he really do that?

Jack shrugs.

JACK

I've heard terrible things about
him. Anything's possible. Let's
meet back here tomorrow.

MELISSA

You can stay with me, if you want.
I have a pull-out couch you can
sleep on.

BILLY

She can stay in the extra bed here.

CARLA

I need my things. I have to go
home.

She gets up and walks toward the door.

JACK

They are probably watching your
house.

CARLA
But I don't have anything. Not even
a toothbrush.

JACK
C'mon, let's get you some things.

INT - WALMART - LATER

Jack pushes a grocery cart through the woman's undergarment section in the empty store. Carla shops for bras.

CARLA
Do you mind leaving while I shop
for these?

JACK
I've seen bras before.

CARLA
Not mine.

She picks out a bra but hides the size from Jack.

JACK
You're really scared of your uncle.
Think he would really have you
killed?

She throws her things in the cart. They move off to another part of the store.

CARLA
I'm pretty sure. I've heard of him
having people killed for minor
shit. This is a big fuck up.

JACK
The longer it goes, the worse it
will be. You still have a choice.
Go back now, tell him what
happened. He will be happy to get
the money and diamonds back.

CARLA
I killed his best guy.

JACK
He has to answer to somebody too. I
know a little about your uncle and
his people. Everyone is
accountable.

They move toward the magazines.

CARLA

Will anything happen to him?

Jack picks out a couple magazines, "Handgun Shooter" and "Child" magazine

JACK

No, he'll probably have to cover the losses, but that's all. If his bosses know anything about the money and diamonds. They may not know anything.

INT - WALMART CHECKOUT - MOMENTS LATER

The cashier runs their purchases through the scanner. She smiles at them.

CHECKOUT LADY

You two picked a nice time to shop. Nobody here.

She looks at the magazines and scans them. She feels the need to comment.

CHECKOUT LADY

Hmmmmmm, a gun magazine and a childrens magazine. Not a good combination. Guns kill kids.

This pisses Jack off.

JACK

Actually, I am bored hunting animals, so now I'm going to hunt children, but first I need to find out their habits, where they hang out. I like to do my homework first.

The checkout lady is absolutely horrified. She is speechless. Carla is horrified, but slightly amused at the same time. The checkout lady rushes through without saying another word.

INT JACKS CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jack is driving Carla over to Billy's to sleep in his Grand Prix.

CARLA

Why did you buy those magazines?

JACK

I like guns and I have a four year old daughter. Graciela. Lives with her mother in Mexico.

CARLA

Do you see her very much?

JACK

No. I want to bring her back to live with me. Her mother won't let her come here. I'm thinking about going there to be with her.

CARLA

What's stopping you?

JACK

Money and the language. Hard to earn a living if you can't speak the language. But I'm learning.
(in Spanish)

Cómo está usted hoy, ¿ma'am?
(How are you today, ma'am?)

CARLA

(in Spanish)
He sido mejor, en hecho, He matado a un hombre esta misma tarde.
(I've been better, in fact, I have killed a man this very evening.)

Jack can't quite understand her rapid Spanish, but is impressed.

JACK

Wow. What the hell did you say?

INT - BERT'S HUGE HOME - NIGHT

Bert sits alone in his dark, leathered den. He is on the phone.

BERT

Of course they know he worked for me. Ask anybody who's seen the inside of a jail cell who Big Hal works for, they'll tell you me.

(listening)

I was the first one they called. A detective called to tell me. He enjoyed every second of it.

(listening)

(MORE)

BERT (cont'd)
Fuck yeah, they got everything,
including my niece.
(listening)
I don't know. Probably dead.
(listening)
No, she wasn't in on it. She's not
that smart.
(listening)
Well if she did, I'll kill her
myself.

INT BILLYS CONDO - NEXT MORNING

The amateur crew has assembled and sit in the living room.

JACK
Do we all still want to do this?
Carla?

CARLA
Yes. I don't have a choice.

MELISSA
Sure you do. The other way gets you
dead.

CARLA
I appreciate you reminding me.
Maybe tonight I'll get more than
ten minutes actual sleep.

BILLY
I don't think anyone slept good.
All I saw when I closed my eyes was
that guys brains splattered on the
wall.

MELISSA
So much for breakfast.

JACK
Carla, how much cash does he have
handy?

CARLA
I don't know, I heard six-hundred
thousand.

Jack thinks for a moment.

JACK

If it's in one-hundred dollar bills, it weights about 12 or 13 pounds.

They are all amazed, except Melissa.

CARLA

That's incredible.

MELISSA

He knows all sorts of shit, too bad he never used his brains for anything substantial.

Melissa flashes a good natured smile at Jack.

JACK

Let's say the bills are dirty, they weigh 15 pounds, another ten for the briefcase.

BILLY

How many suitcases will it take to hold it all?

JACK

Half a million in hundred dollar bills is five thousand bills. One hundred bundles of fifty bills. It will fit in one briefcase.

MELISSA

They going to leave a half-million in cash someplace on the street for us to pick up?

Jack smiles at them.

JACK

No. We are going fishing.

Jack pulls out two pieces of paper out of his pocket and hands them to Bill and Melissa.

JACK (CONT'D)

Carla, you go with Melissa. We need everything on that list. We will meet at Petey M's for lunch at one. Everyone know where it's at?

Everyone nods yes.

BILLY

(to Jack)

You've done something like this before.

MELISSA

Of course, he use to work for the government.

INT SPORTING GOODS STORE - DAY

Carla and Melissa enter a sporting goods store and head to the fishing department. They look at the vast assortment of reels.

MELISSA

Any thoughts on which one?

CARLA

I have no idea. Something with fifty pounds testes.

MELISSA

What the hell do big balls have to do with fishing?

A salesman approaches them.

SALESMAN

Can I help you ladies with something?

MELISSA

Yes, we need some fishing poles and everything for our boyfriends.

SALESMAN

What kind of fishing do they do? Fly fishing? Off-shore? Surf fishing?

CARLA

How do you fish for flies?

MELISSA

(to the salesman)

I'm not sure. Something big. Down on the bottom.

SALESMAN

O.K. They probably fish from a boat?

Sounds good to them.

MELISSA

I guess.

SALESMAN

They probably need something heavy duty. Big reels. Heavy line.

CARLA

He said something about fifty pound testes, whatever that means.

The salesman laughs

SALESMAN

Fifty pound test line. It means it can lift fifty pounds before breaking.

MELISSA

That's what we need. Something heavy.

The salesman grabs a reel.

SALESMAN

This is a Penn 114H. It will hold 475 yards of fifty pound test line.

MELISSA

How much is it?

SALESMAN

\$125 each, but if you buy a fishing rod, you get ten percent off both.

MELISSA

Sounds good.

INT - PAWN SHOP/PARTY STORE - MORNING

Jack walks in to a pawn shop/party store and is greeted by name by the owner, SAHEEM, a smiling man in his forties of undetermined middle-eastern descent. He still has a bit of an accent. Two other younger men are also in the store.

SAHEEM

Ah, Jack my friend, how are you this day?

JACK

Saheem, what is the good word from Allah?

SAHEEM

Everything is great my friend. You have cigarettes for me?

JACK

No, something else. Can I see you in the back?

SAHEEM

Yes, of course.

They walk into the back to an office in the back and sit in a couple chairs. Jack pulls out the leather pouch.

JACK

I need your word about this. I can get killed for what I'm showing you.

SAHEEM

(mocking offended)

Jack, we have been friends for years, you're not even here today, in fact, I think you went fishing, my friend.

Jack pours out the contents of the pouch into Saheem's hand. Saheem looks at the beautiful gems.

SAHEEM

Some men came asking about some missing diamonds. Very anxious to get them back. A man was killed for these, Jack.

Saheem takes out a 10x magnifying loupe. He examines the diamonds. He looks at Jack.

JACK

Hey, I didn't do it. I'm doing this for a friend.

SAHEEM

I know you are no killer, my friend. But the men looking for these diamonds, they are killers.

JACK

I know.

SAHEEM

You will have a hard time selling these for a fair price. They are flawless. Beautiful stones.

JACK
They are that good?

SAHEEM
These are of the highest quality,
IF, VVS1's. Worth 15, maybe 20
thousand each. This is just an
estimate of course. If these were
regular diamonds, we could do
business, but these are top
quality. I couldn't pay you enough
for your trouble.

JACK
Who would have the stones for sale?

SAHEEM
Indians are big into diamonds these
days. Easy to carry, hide.
Russians. The Hasidic Jews in New
York are still doing lots of
business, Russians too.

JACK
You're saying I won't be able to
get full value for these.

SAHEEM
I'm sorry my friend, but the way
you look, you will never sell them
for close to what you should get.
You need to become a Indian or a
Jew, my friend.

Saheem laughs long and hard at this.

JACK
I have a friend who is part Navaho
on his mothers side.

SAHEEM
No, no. Not Indian like woo-woo,
(patting mouth like kids
do when making Native
American noises)
..John Wayne movies. Indians from
India.

JACK
Oh, O.K. Wrong Indians.

SAHEEM
Do you know any Hasidic Jews or
Indians?

JACK
Maybe....

SAHEEM
My advice to you: stop. Give the diamonds back. Forget what you have seen and heard.

JACK
I can't Saheem.

SAHEEM
Please, whatever you do, be careful. They are looking for these. They were very, very angry.

JACK
Who would be big enough to buy them?

SAHEEM
I would try Winston Wolpe jewelers. I've heard they don't ask too many questions.

INT JACK'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jack is on the phone with Billy.

JACK
I need an actor.

BILLY (O.S.)
I'm a trained actor. I can play anything.

JACK
This isn't for critical praise. It's for about a quarter million dollars.

BILLY (O.S.)
And my life, possibly.

JACK
Can you?

BILLY (O.S.)
I've done Shakespeare, Miller, and lots of other dead playwrights, I can do this.

JACK

You have until tomorrow to be convincing. Can you do it?

BILLY (O.S.)

Yes, I can.

JACK

I'll see you in an hour.

BILLY (O.S.)

Ok.

INT - ELECTRONIC STORE - DAY

A huge electronic store, Best Buy. Carla and Melissa are walking in the cellular phone section. They pick up 10 phones and put them in their cart.

CARLA

Why do we need that many?

MELISSA

I don't know. I didn't ask why.

Melissa throws another in the cart. They walk toward the binoculars.

CARLA

Do you think this is right? What we are doing.

MELISSA

I don't know. I guess we are stealing. But stealing from a mob guy is different from robbing a bank or a store. I mean, just the bad guys are getting hurt.

CARLA

Well, when you rob a bank, the customers or the bank don't lose money. That's all government insured. The government pays them back.

MELISSA

But we pay the government all that money.

CARLA
We pay for the shit that gets
stolen from trucks or stores.

MELISSA
And?

CARLA
And what?

MELISSA
So are you comparing what your
uncle does with the government or a
legitimate business?

CARLA
I just don't see much of a
difference -

MELISSA
Of course you wouldn't.

INT SMALL CAFE - AFTERNOON

Carla and Melissa are sitting outside opposite each other,
neither speaking. Billy joins them.

BILLY
Ladies.

Not a word.

BILLY
Well this is a cheery bunch.

They sit in silence.

BILLY
I get to be an actor in this caper.

CARLA
Caper? A fucking caper? This is my
life.

MELISSA
Leave him alone.

BILLY
It's like a movie.

CARLA
 It's not a movie. I killed a man,
 you idiot. I'll never see my
 family, because my uncle will kill
 me-

People are starting to look over.

MELISSA
 (hissing)
Shut the fuck up. You want us to
 get arrested?

CARLA
 It doesn't matter.

The waitress comes over.

WAITRESS
 Can I get you something, sir?

BILLY
 Sure, I'll have a Bud.

Carla gulps her margarita down.

CARLA
 I want another margarita.

Jack shows up as the waitress is leaving.

JACK
 How's everyone?

MELISSA
 OK

BILLY
 Good

CARLA
 Shitty

JACK
 (to Melissa)
 OK
 (to Billy)
 Good
 (to Carla)
 Why?

Carla is pouting.

CARLA

I changed my mind. I don't want to do this. I want to tell him the truth, that I fucked up.

JACK

How will he react?

CARLA

I don't know. I don't want to spend my whole life running, waiting for him to sneak up and kill me. I want a life.

JACK

What about the dead thing?

CARLA

What about it?

JACK

We can send him pictures modified to look like you're dead. We'll leave the bloody clothes somewhere the police can find them. Near the ocean. You were eaten by sharks or something.

CARLA

I don't want to be eaten by sharks.

BILLY

Better than the alternative.

CARLA

(to Billy)

And what is your purpose here? You haven't done anything.

MELISSA

(to Carla)

All you've done is bitch and complain. Sometime I wish I hadn't helped you.

CARLA

(sarcastically)

Well I'm sorry, Mel, things haven't really gone my way lately.

Carla looks pissed then a little sad.

JACK
Billy is going to have a very
important part to play.

MELISSA
What?

JACK
He's going to sell the diamonds for
us.

BILLY
How? To who?

JACK
A diamond wholesaler. You are going
in, selling them, and walking out
with the cash. A load of cash.

MELISSA
How do you know he'll have enough
cash to buy them all?

JACK
I'm calling them today. They will
have the cash.
(to Billy)
You are changing religions.

BILLY
How do you know what religion I am
now?

JACK
I'm pretty sure you're not the
faith you are about to become.

EXT COSTUME STORE - DAY

Billy walks into a costume store.

EXT COSTUME STORE - MINUTES LATER

Billy walks out of the costume store carrying something on a
hanger over his shoulder

INT JC PENNYS - DAY

Carla and Melissa shopping for blue blazers in the mens
department. They try them on for size. Carla is now in a
better mood due to the margaritas.

MELISSA
This look good?

She spins so Carla can see the coat.

CARLA

I think you need something longer
in the arms.

MELISSA

We don't need them to be perfect.
Only using them for an hour, Jack
said.

CARLA

But you want to look good. What
size does Jack need?

MELISSA

Forty-four long.

Carla is looking though the rack of coats.

CARLA

(thinking out loud)
I'll bet he's long...

Carla didn't mean to say that out loud.

MELISSA

What?

CARLA

What?

MELISSA

What did you say about Jack?

CARLA

Nothing.

Melissa picks through and finds a forty-four long.

MELISSA

Got one. What else do we need?

Carla checks her list.

CARLA

White shirts, tan khakis and black
athletic shoes.

They're off to another department.

EXT - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Billy looks at the tenant listing on the outside of the building. He runs his finger down the list until he hits:

Sarah T. Dundas - Dialect Coach

INT DIALECT COACHES OFFICE - DAY

Billy and the dialect coach, SARAH meet. They sit in her office.

BILLY

Thank you for seeing me on such short notice. I'd like to show them I can do an accent...you know, help my chances.

SARAH

I understand completely. This isn't that unusual. I have lots of actors with sudden auditions.

BILLY

How much time does it take to sound convincing?

SARAH

Depends on which accent you need. It's nice to know a little of the language so you can throw in a few. Makes it look convincing. I only have two hours available, but that should be enough to make you through the audition.

INT SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

Bert and his crew, Little Nicky, Benny Jet and Sally Tongue, are in the club discussing the problem.

BERT

Nicky, you hear anything about the diamonds?

NICKY

Not a thing, but they could be anywhere by now.

This pisses Bert off.

BERT

I don't think so. It was some kids who did it.

(MORE)

BERT (cont'd)
They stole a case of cheap vodka,
for gods sake. They weren't pro's.

BENNY
What about Carla?

SALLY T
She's dead or somewhere scared
shitless.

NICKY
What do you think Bert?

BERT
I don't know.

NICKY
Maybe she was in on it?

BERT
Stop talking stupid. If they killed
Hal, they probably killed her too.

A noise is heard. Sounds like hail hitting a car roof.
Another. And another. The guys look at each other. Nicky goes
to the door and looks out. Some kids playing throwing a ball.

NICKY
Just some kids playing catch.

EXT SOCIAL CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Up on a roof adjacent to the club, Jack is taking careful aim
at the roofs of the cars in the club parking lot with a
paintball gun.

POP!

Another roof is marked with a white splat. The car roofs look
like the targets of a flock of very large birds flying
overhead.

INT BILLYS CONDO - LATER

Jack, Carla, Melissa and Billy gather at Billy's condo. Bags
of their goods are sitting around. Jack is trying on his
blazer. Billy is reading a piece of paper.

JACK
(to Billy)
How do you feel about making the
call now?

BILLY

To who?

JACK

The people who are going to buy our diamonds. Think you can be convincing?

BILLY

I have it down pretty good. Who do I ask for?

JACK

Ask for Chad, he's Winston's son. Trying to make a name in the business. Wants to be a player. He'll want them and be willing to pay.

BILLY

O.K.

JACK

Want us to leave?

BILLY

No, stay, I need to practice with someone here. Helps my nerves.

Billy picks up one of the new cell phones and dials.

BILLY

Chad please.

He waits.

BILLY

(Brooklyn - Yiddish
accent)

Chad Wolpe, my name is Zui Zimer,
how are you today?

(listening)

Fine, fine, good. I know you are a busy man today, Mr. Wolpe so I'll get right to the point. I have some diamonds left to me by my paternal Grandfather Rabbi Zimer as a gift to my children. Well, as you know Mr. Wolpe, things don't always happen as many would like, and I will not be having children of the Jewish faith.

(MORE)

BILLY (cont'd)

(listening)

No, I am of the best of health, praise God, but I have fallen in love with a forbidden women, a beautiful woman and will now be disowned by my family. I wish to sell these jewels, to give us a start on a life far from the prying, judgemental eyes of our families.

(listening)

I will be available tomorrow morning if you are interested in these fine jewels, but require cash to avoid taxes and such. You understand.

(listening)

53 diamonds, one to 4 carats, IF's, VVS1's. Yes, they are exceptional, handpicked by my grandfather as a gift.

(pause)

Nine a.m. will be fine. Thank you.

They all smile at Billy - He did great.

EXT - ROOFTOP ACROSS FROM HOTEL - EARLY EVENING

The four of them are looking down at the street from a rooftop about 9 stories up.

JACK

We can see a good distance down the streets.

MELISSA

Who's going to be up here?

JACK

You sit up here.

MELISSA

Aren't I going to look obvious?

JACK

Bring a towel and wear a bathing suit. Pretend you are tanning.

EXT - DIFFERENT ROOFTOP - LATER

The four of them are looking down at the street from a rooftop down the street from the first one.

JACK

This is good. Billy you sit up here.

BILLY

What do I say if someone comes up?

JACK

Say, you're a pervert, a peeping tom.

MELISSA

Yea, you hang out at strip clubs all the time. You're a natural.

BILLY

I can't. If they know who I am, I'll be fired and humiliated.

JACK

That's true. You're a writer; you come up here for inspiration.

BILLY

That's better.

CARLA

Where am I going to be?

JACK

You are going to be in the restaurant across from the phone booth. That way you can see if any of his guys are with him.

CARLA

What if I do?

JACK

You will have a phone, you tell me.

CARLA

Won't they see me?

MELISSA

I am going to do a makeover on you. They won't be able to pick you out of a lineup when I'm done.

CARLA

That's not an image I'm interested in thinking about.

INT JACK HAMLIN'S APARTMENT

There is activity in the bathroom, as Carla is getting her makeover. Billy and Jack sit in the living room discussing the call.

JACK

You have to be menacing enough to make him think you are very serious about killing her.

Melissa and Carla walk in to the living room. Carla is wearing a tasteful dress and heels. It's a nice change from her jeans and sweatshirts. Her body is much better than anybody thought.

BILLY

Very nice.

JACK

Wow, I didn't know that body was hiding under there.

Carla is embarrassed at the comment, but pleased.

MELISSA

Wait until I do the hair. She'll be beautiful.

They walk out, Jack's and Billy's eyes on them.

BILLY

Does your sister see anybody?

JACK

No, she's busy with school and work to be bothered.

BILLY

What type of guy does she go for?

JACK

I don't know, I never ask her.

BILLY

Oh.

JACK

So before we make the call, do you need to get into character? Do something?

BILLY

No, I'm not a method actor. I just act.

JACK

That's what I was looking for, method acting. Where you become the character even with the camera isn't there, right?

BILLY

Yep. One person on our show wants to be called by her character name even when she's off-camera.

JACK

Do you call her by her character's name?

BILLY

Most of the time. Sometimes if she pisses me off I'll call her by her real name. It messes her up.

JACK

You don't need to stay in character?

BILLY

No, I just act.

JACK

Ok, actor ready?

Billy pulls out his script notes.

BILLY

Yep.

Jack pulls out a piece of paper from his pocket. He pulls out one of the new cell phones and dials.

VOICE (O.S.)

Yeah?

Billy uses a made up voice, something between Al Pacino in Scarface and Marlon Brando in the Godfather. Billy is transformed into a gangster.

BILLY

I need to talk to Bert.

VOICE
Yeah? Who's callin'?

BILLY
The guy who's got his niece.

INT SOCIAL CLUB

BENNY JET, Bert's soldier, is on the line with Billy. He cups the phone.

BENNY
It's the guy who hit Hal. Says they got Carla.

Bert grabs the phone.

BERT
Who the fuck is this and where the fuck are my diamonds and money?

BILLY (O.S.)
I'm not telling you my name. But you can call me Mr. X if you need to call me anything.

BERT
Motherfucker. I'm going to kill you, I'm going to kill every member of your family. Where is my money and my diamonds?

BILLY (O.S.)
Do not threaten me or my family. I have your niece. Do you wish to see her alive?

BERT
Yes, of course.

BILLY (O.S.)
Do you wish to have your diamonds back?

BERT
Yes.

BILLY (O.S.)
We know you have a large cache of cash. We want it.

INT JACK HAMLIN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Jack is listening with Billy. He covers the mouthpiece.

JACK

Cache is a nice word, but not used very much in the criminal world.

BERT (O.S.)

A what? What are you talking about? I don't have any money.

BILLY

Yes you do. A half million, if what Carla was telling us was right.

BERT (O.S.)

She don't know anything. I don't have any money.

BILLY

I don't believe you. We didn't even have to torture her very much to get that out of her. I'm sure with a little more torture, we will find out more.

BERT

How do I know she's alive?

BILLY

Hold on, I'll let you talk to her.

Jack gets up and goes to the bathroom. They come out and sit down.

JACK

(to Carla)

You have to act scared. Make him believe you.

Carla takes the phone.

CARLA

Uncle Bert?

BERT (O.S.)

Carla, baby, that you?

CARLA

Yeah. It's me. I'm scared Uncle Bert. They have been hurting me.

BERT (O.S.)

That right? Just be good, do what they say, you'll be home before you know it.

CARLA

I'm sorry Uncle Bert. I didn't mean to tell them, they were hurting me.

BERT (O.S.)

I know, baby. Let me talk to them.

She hands the phone to Billy.

BILLY

So do you want her dead and no diamonds, or you want to pay us and get your diamonds?

BERT (O.S.)

I'll pay you fuckers, but I will find you. That's a promise.

BILLY

We don't respond well to threats. But remember this, we knew about the diamonds and the cash. Someone in your organization can't be trusted.

INT SOCIAL CLUB

Bert looks around at the guys.

BERT

It's going to take a few days for me to get the money.

BILLY (O.S.)

No it's not. You have it close. We want it tomorrow. Be at the phone booth on the corner of Hayes and Olden Park. I am sure you know the area.

BERT

Yeah, I know where it is.

BILLY (O.S.)

We will be contacting you there at 3 p.m. Please be prompt and have all of the money. If you fail to follow directions, we will start hacking off pieces of her. You wouldn't want to be responsible for an armless woman for the rest of your life, would you?

BERT
 (very pissed)
 I'll be there with the cash.

BILLY (O.S.)
 We are a large organization and
 will be watching every move. If we
 see any of your associates, the
 arms are gone. Understand?

BERT
 Yes.

BILLY (O.S.)
 Good.

The line goes dead. Bert is really pissed. He throws the
 phone.

BERT
 FUCK!!!!!!!!!!

INT JACK HAMLIN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Jack smiles at Billy.

JACK
 Very, very nice. A controlled anger
 with an edge.

BILLY
 I have range beyond penguins.

MELISSA
 I'm impressed. That was really
 good.

BILLY
 Not one I can put on my resume.

MELISSA
 You have to do your movie. You'll
 be great.

BILLY
 I'm planning on it.

INT JACK HAMLIN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

The four of them are having pizza and beer, finalizing the
 plans.

JACK
 Everybody set?

They all nod and agree, except Carla. She sits quietly.

MELISSA

What's wrong Carla?

CARLA

I just want to go home. I don't want any of the money or anything. I want my old life back.

JACK

If you go back, it puts us all in danger. If they suspect anything, they will torture you. You said it yourself.

Carla starts crying.

CARLA

I'm not like all of you.

MELISSA

Like us how?

CARLA

I'm not that strong. I've never been able to do things by myself, I've always been scared. Now you're asking me to leave everything I know and have.

BILLY

Are you that happy with your life?

CARLA

No, but I rather be miserable around people I know.

INT JACK HAMLIN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Jack is making false I.D.s for everyone on his computer. The rest of them absentmindedly watch T.V.

JACK

Carla, pick a name for your I.D.

CARLA

Let me think...

She thinks.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Lucy Fyre. F-Y-R-E.

JACK

Lucy F-Y-R-E, very fitting. Billy?

BILLY

Edward Holmstrom. Mothers maiden name.

JACK

Mel?

MELISSA

Scarlett O'Hara.

JACK

C'mon.. Pick one

MELISSA

Lea Ashley.

JACK

That a characters name or an actress?

MELISSA

Neither. One of my dancer names.

JACK

Sounds like a stripper name.

CARLA

What's your name?

JACK

Carl Spackler

MELISSA

I don't get a actress name, why do you?

BILLY

Where do I know that name?

MELISSA

Caddyshack.

JACK

Carla, are you sure you want to go back? I can make you enough I.D.s that you can move away. They won't find you.

CARLA
I won't be happy-

BILLY
I know what she's feeling. I've
been here for five years, I'm still
lonely.

JACK
Well I can't wait to get out of
here.

BILLY
Where are you going?

JACK
Mexico. To be with my daughter.

INT LIMO

We see Jack dressed in blue blazer, khakis, tie, mirrored sunglasses. Next is Melissa, dressed exactly alike. Finally, Carla is dressed like the others, but out of her frumpy clothes she is very pretty. They are the bodyguards for Billy, who is dressed as a Hasidic Jew.

JACK
You ready Billy?

BILLY
Call me Zui. Zui Zimer.

He smiles.

MELISSA
A method actor.

BILLY
Whatever it takes baby.

CARLA
I just stand near the door right?

JACK
Yes, you and Melissa stand near the
door. Perimeter security. You two
are looking outside, for anything
suspicious or unusual. I am the
close-in security. I don't leave
the principles side.

BILLY
I'm a principal of a school?

JACK
No, principle, P-L-E, not a school principal.

MELISSA
Military lingo.

CARLA
You did this in the Army?

JACK
Yep, eight years doing this.

MELISSA
He guarded generals all around the world. The other stuff he won't talk about.

CARLA
And now you do this? What happened?

JACK
Lost my security clearance.
Couldn't do what I did best.

MELISSA
He got a Mexican woman pregnant while on duty.

BILLY
You lost your security clearance for that?

JACK
Yep, they take that shit seriously. I lost it because I became quote "an intelligence liability because of my sexual proclivities" unquote.

MELISSA
All of this while the President was getting blowjobs in the Oval Office.

BILLY
What things can't you talk about? Some have-to-kill-me-if-you-tell-me sort of stuff?

Jack isn't in the mood to talk about this.

JACK

Nothing very interesting. Nothing you would have heard of. Just some missions I was trained to do.

The limo stops.

JACK

Let's do it. Carla go first. Stay outside until all of us are in. Melissa, you do the advance work. Go in, check it out, and then call us on the radio. Like we practiced.

The limo door is opened. Melissa and Carla exit.

EXT JEWELRY STORE

Carla takes her place near the door. Melissa enters the store.

INT JEWELRY STORE

The very large store is empty, except for a mean looking guard carrying a Mac-10 and Chad Wolpe.

CHAD

You must be with Zui Zimer.

Melissa looks directly at the guard.

MELISSA

Yes.

CHAD

Please, don't let his presence bother you. Like Mr. Zimer, I too demand security.

Melissa whispers into her microphone.

INT LIMO

Jack listens to his earpiece.

JACK

That's us. Showtime. There is a guard with a semi-automatic pistol, but he's just there for security.

They exit the limo.

INT JEWELRY STORE

Jack and Billy enter the store. They are greeted by Chad Wolpe.

CHAD
Mr. Zimer, Chad Wolpe.

The men shake hands.

BILLY
Mr. Wolpe, a pleasure to meet you.

CHAD
The pleasure is mine. May I get you coffee, tea, perhaps some wine?

BILLY
No, no, that is not necessary at all. Time is of the essence this morning. I have two more appointments this morning to look at the diamonds.

CHAD
I'm sure the other appointments will not be necessary. We are confident we will be able to make you a mutually beneficial offer for you diamonds.

BILLY
In that case, I will have some coffee, Mr. Wolpe.

CUT TO:

Chad looking at the last of the diamonds. He looks again. Makes a note in a notebook.

CHAD
Mr. Zimer, these are absolutely beautiful diamonds, but I'm not telling you anything you don't know. Please excuse me while I go over the numbers and come up with a figure for you.

Chad goes to his office. Billy whispers to Jack.

BILLY
How was it?

JACK
Very good. If he suspects anything,
he isn't letting on.

BILLY
What will we take for them?

JACK
Anything over three hundred
thousand.

BILLY
They have that much cash laying
around?

JACK
Not before you called them. They
got it in a hurry.

Jack walks over to Melissa.

MELISSA
How's it going?

JACK
Good, he was impressed. I think
he'll make a good offer.

Chad walks back in.

CHAD
Mr. Zimer. I want your diamonds,
and I want to make you a happy man.
I am prepared to offer you three
hundred and ten thousand for the
entire lot.

Billy looks down, a little sad.

BILLY
I was hoping for a little more, but
it is a fair offer and since I am
in somewhat of a hurry, I will
agree to your generous offer, but
would like something else also.

EXT JEWELRY STORE

The crew leave the store, all smiles.

INT LIMO

They are all sitting in the limo. Billy is taking his costume
off. They are all wearing new Tag-Heuer watches.

JACK
Very nice Rabbi. I like the watch.

BILLY
Thank you, feels exhilarating.
Quite a rush. Glad you like it.

MELISSA
It's beautiful.

CARLA
I've never worn \$3,000 on my wrist.

JACK
We got three hundred and ten
thousand for them. More than we
were willing to take.

MELISSA
What are we up to?

JACK
Over eight hundred thousand.

CARLA
That's a lot of money.

JACK
You could go away and start over.
Live your life like you want..

MELISSA
Find someone..

BILLY
Be who you want..

CARLA
I'm not sure who or what I want
right now.

INT JACK HAMLIN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

They are having burgers and fries for lunch. Nobody speaks
for a long time. They just look at each other.

MELISSA
We are a talkative group here.

CARLA
Not much to say.

BILLY
Thinking about my movie.

MELISSA
Going to do it?

BILLY
I need one more investor.

JACK
(to Carla)
We still need you today. You'll be home tonight sleeping in your own bed.

CARLA
I guess. I just want it to be over.

INT JACK HAMLIN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Everyone is waiting for Carla. She walks out into the living room. Carla looks beautiful, transformed.

JACK
You look beautiful.

BILLY
Gorgeous.

She hides her face.

CARLA
You are making me blush.

Jack speaks to the group.

JACK
Have your bags of goodies? Phone numbers?

They all nod.

JACK
Carla, you sure you don't want some cash?

CARLA
Maybe I'll take a couple thousand, for some new clothes..

They all smile at her. Jack walks over to her and hugs her tight.

JACK

You have been great. I don't know
if I could have been that strong.

Carla starts crying. Billy and Melissa join in a group hug.

They break the hug.

CARLA

(to Melissa and Billy)

If you two hadn't been there to
take me away, I'd be dead or in
jail. I just want to thank you all.

JACK

Thank us by being believable. I
don't want to end up dead.

MELISSA

They could never find you in Mexico
anyway.

CARLA

You going there for good?

JACK

Si. My daughter is there. She needs
me. But not as much as I need her,
I think.

INT HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

The lobby is a nicely appointed hotel, not quite five star,
but nice nonetheless. Jack goes to hotel to the desk clerk.
He is carrying a suitcase and long tube.

DESK CLERK

May I help you sir?

JACK

Yes, I would like a room for the
evening. Do you have anything
facing the street?

DESK CLERK

I'm sure I can find something sir.

He types on the computer.

DESK CLERK
Sixth floor. King size bed. Will
that be to your liking?

JACK
Yes, that will be fine.

DESK CLERK
Your credit card please.

JACK
I would like to pay cash. If that
would be alright.

DESK CLERK
Yes sir. Are there any bags to be
carried up?

JACK
No thanks, I have everything here.
Thank you.

INT HOTEL ROOM

Jack goes to the windows and examines the edges. He opens a
suitcase and picks up a cordless drill and drill bit. He
walks over to the window and loosens the screws holding the
windows. He picks up a cell phone and dials.

EXT CITY STREET PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Melissa hears the ringing of her cell phone. She picks it up.

MELISSA
Hello?

JACK
You set?

MELISSA
Almost.

She attaches double sided tape to a different cell phone and
tapes it under the pay phone.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
Now I am.

JACK (O.S.)
O.K. Time to tan now.

MELISSA
On my way.

EXT SMALL CAFE

Carla sits outside at one of the tables, having a late lunch and a cocktail. She is wearing sunglasses. Her cell phone rings.

CARLA
Hello?

JACK (O.C.)
How are you doing?

CARLA
I'm good, I feel good all dressed up. Makes me feel pretty.

JACK
You were always pretty. See anybody who looks familiar?

CARLA
No, nobody.

JACK
Call me if you do.

CARLA
O.K.

Jack hangs up.

CARLA
I'll miss you

INT SOCIAL CLUB

Bert and his whole crew are in the social club. Bert is holding court.

BERT
We are going to get these fuckers and my goddamn money.

BENNY
And the bastard who killed Hal.

BERT
I want my money and my diamonds. I don't know what they want me to do, but I want Benny and Nicky to follow this briefcase.

He pats the briefcase.

NICKY
Should we shoot whoever has it?

BERT
I don't care what you do, just find out where my diamonds and the other cash is.

NICKY
How do we make them talk? I mean how far do we go?

BERT
Let's see, they got a half million in cash and a half million in diamonds. What do you think?

NICKY
Anything to get them. Gotcha.

BERT
We have the frequencies covered. If they are communicating, which they will be, we will find them.

BENNY
What about Carla?

BERT
What do you mean? I want her alive. But my diamonds and money are more important.

Bert checks his watch.

BERT (CONT'D)
Time to go. You guys know what to do. Get my shit.

NICKY
Do I have time to get my car washed? With all the birds around here, it's a mess.

He checks his watch again.

BERT
No, we don't have time.

The whole crew walks out the door.

EXT ROOFTOP - AFTERNOON

Billy watches the busy street below from the rooftop. His cell phone rings.

BILLY

Hello?

JACK

How's everything look?

BILLY

Nobody yet. Nothing suspicious.

JACK

Remember to look away from the phone booth. They won't be there, they will be watching from a distance. Like us.

BILLY

O.K.

EXT ROOFTOP - AFTERNOON

Melissa watches the busy street below from the rooftop. Her cell phone rings.

MELISSA

Yep.

JACK

Anything?

MELISSA

No. Wait. I see a car with a large white spot on the roof. Like a damn eagle took a dump.

JACK

That's our guy.

MELISSA

He can't find a parking spot.

JACK

Great. If this was a movie, he'd have a spot right there open.

MELISSA

Someone is leaving. He's got a close spot.

JACK
Any other cars with spots?

MELISSA
Not yet.

JACK
I'm sure there will be. Call me if
you see any cars.

MELISSA
O.K.

EXT SMALL CAFE

Carla's phone rings.

CARLA
Hello.

JACK
How ya doing?

CARLA
I'm good, bored.

She straightens up.

JACK
Do you see Bert yet?

She peeks around. She see's him going toward the booth.

CARLA
Yep, he's almost there.

JACK
See anyone else? His guys?

CARLA
No, nobody.

JACK
O.K. Call me if you do.

EXT ROOFTOPS

Billy is looking through the binoculars. He sees another car.
He picks up the phone.

INT HOTEL ROOM

Phone rings.

JACK

Yeah?

BILLY

Got another car. A block away to the east.

JACK

What kind?

BILLY

Let me check.

EXT ROOFTOPS

Billy is looking through the binoculars again. It's a blue Buick.

INT HOTEL ROOM

Jack is removing the window, talking with Billy.

BILLY

Blue Buick, four door.

JACK

Good job.

The window is out. Jack picks up a small water balloon from his suitcase. He takes it too the window. Looks down to make sure nobody is coming.

He lets it drop.

Down.

Down.

Suddenly a bike messenger suddenly appears from nowhere.

The biker and the balloon are on a messy collision course. Just before the balloon hits, the rider veers into the street. The balloon hits -SPLAT-

A huge pink irregular circle marks the sidewalk.

Time to call Bert. Jack dials.

EXT PHONE BOOTH

Bert is standing in the booth, impatiently waiting.

The phone rings. He picks it up.

BERT
Hello?

JACK
Bert?

BERT
Yes? Who is this?

JACK
Please don't insult me Bert. This will all be over in less than fifteen minutes, if you do things our way.

BERT
I'm here aren't I?

JACK
Yes, but you already fucked up. I see the blue Buick. Who's in it? Benny? Nicky? I don't want them to move.

BERT
O.K.

JACK
Reach under the shelf, you'll find a phone. And probably some gum and boogers.

Bert reaches under and pulls the phone out.

BERT
I got it.

JACK
I'll call you on it with instructions.

Jack hangs up. The cell phone rings. Bert answers.

JACK
You have to love these phones, eh, Bert? Use them until your minutes are gone and toss them. Completely disposable, like everything else in this society.

EXT ROOFTOPS

Billy is looking through the binoculars again. Another car from the opposite direction. He calls Jack.

INT HOTEL ROOM

Jack is on the phone with Bert.

JACK
Please hold on, Bert, I seem to
have another call.

He grabs another phone.

JACK
Yea?

BILLY (O.S.)
Another car. Cadillac.

JACK
Outstanding. You should work for
the government.

BILLY (O.S.)
I couldn't take the pay cut.

Jack hangs up with Billy, goes back to Bert.

JACK
(very condescending)
Bert, we have a problem. It seem's
that there is another of your guys
driving around. That's strike two.
Another strike and you lose the
diamonds. Call them, Bert. Make
them go away.

EXT SMALL CAFE

Carla sits in the cafe when she stiffens. She sees one of Bert's crew, Nicky, outside on the sidewalk next to the cafe. He is watching Bert. He turns and looks at her. She turns away, afraid. She presses the buttons on the phone.

JACK (O.S.)
Yeah?

CARLA
(quietly)
One of them is here.

JACK (O.S.)
How close?

CARLA
Real close.

JACK (O.S.)
Does he know it's you?

CARLA
No, I don't think so.

She looks over toward him.

JACK (O.S.)
What's his name?

CARLA
Nicky.

JACK (O.S.)
Great job, Carla. Thank you.

She hangs up and looks over. Nicky lights a cigarette and smiles flirtatiously with her. She smiles back, terrified.

EXT PHONE BOOTH

Bert is still inside. The cell phone rings.

BERT
Yeah?

JACK (O.S.)
Bert. Strike three. Nicky by the cafe. The diamonds are now mine. Like to keep going for your niece's life? Or should I just give the tapes of her telling us all your secrets to the police and push her out the window. Which they will blame on you, because of what she knows.

BERT
I called the others. He don't have a phone.

Bert is furious. People don't talk to him this way.

JACK (O.S.)
So are we going to do this or should I just have them push her out of the window?

BERT
I'll have someone tell him to go.

JACK (O.S.)
He can stay. You're the one going for a little walk. If he follows you. She's history. O.K. Bert?

BERT
Understood.

JACK (O.S.)
Good. You're going on a little walk. Not too far. Know where the Armstrong Hotel is?

BERT
Yes, about four blocks from here.

JACK (O.S.)
Think you can make it?

BERT
(offended)
Fuck yes, I'm not old.

Bert starts walking, looking around for people watching him.

JACK (O.S.)
Years of sitting on your ass can make a body weak, Bert.

BERT
You know me, don't you?

JACK (O.S.)
Yes. I know who you are.

BERT
Do I know you?

JACK (O.S.)
Indirectly.

BERT
So this is a payback of sorts?

JACK (O.S.)
No, I'm just taking advantage of an opportunity that presented itself.

EXT ROOFTOP

Billy's phone rings. Billy answers the phone.

BILLY
Yes?

JACK (O.S.)
Everything cool?

BILLY
Don't see anybody. I'd say he was
alone. He's almost there.

INT HOTEL ROOM

Jack dials the phone.

EXT CITY STREET

Bert's cell phone rings.

BERT
Hello?

JACK (O.S.)
(cheery)
Hi Bert.

BERT
Yeah?

JACK (O.S.)
You're getting close. Coming up on
a pink splash on the sidewalk.

Bert looks. He sees it.

BERT
I see it.

JACK (O.S.)
I want you to stand in the pink,
Bert.

Bert stands in the pink paint. Paint gets on his \$600 loafers.

BERT
O.K. I'm here.

INT HOTEL ROOM

Jack has two phones to his ears.

JACK
Bert, open the briefcase.

BERT (O.S.)
What if someone sees?

JACK
I'm sure you have a gun, Bert. You
can shoot whoever tries to take
your money.

BERT (O.S.)
(matter-of-factly)
I plan on it.

Jack laughs.

JACK
Open the case, Bert

EXT CITY STREET

Bert slowly opens the briefcase.

EXT ROOFTOP

Melissa is holding a cell phone, looking at the open case
through her binoculars.

JACK (O.S.)
Look good?

MELISSA
I can't see very well. Have him
lift the top bundles.

EXT CITY STREET

Bert is trying to hold the case open and keep the cell phone
to his ear.

JACK (O.S.)
Bert, lift the top bundles. We want
to make sure you're not trying to
give us an amount less than we
agreed to.

Bert struggles with the phone, finally dropping it in the
sticky pink paint. He lifts the top bundles. Looks like it's
all there. He picks up the phone which is covered in paint.

BERT
What now?

JACK (O.S.)

Hold on.

INT HOTEL ROOM

Jack puts the fishing rod out the window. On the end of the line is a large carabiner, a large snap ring used in mountain climbing. Jack releases the line.

It goes down very fast. Too fast.

EXT CITY STREET

Bert is standing there waiting.

The large snap hits him in the head, almost knocking him out. The now close briefcase and phone hit the ground.

BERT

What the fuck?

He picks them up. Jack is still on the phone.

JACK (O.S.)

Bert? Bert?

BERT

(almost dazed)

Yeah?

JACK (O.S.)

What happened?

BERT

Something hit me in the head.

JACK (O.S.)

That was me. Sorry. Look on the ground in back of you.

Bert looks behind him. The snap is laying on the ground.

JACK (O.S.)

Pick it up and snap it on the briefcase handles.

Bert snaps it on.

JACK (O.S.)

Put it on the ground.

He places it on the ground.

BERT
What about my diamonds?

JACK (O.S.)
You lost them Bert. Remember? You
broke the rules.

Jack starts reeling the briefcase up.

BERT
I'll find you.

JACK (O.S.)
Time to let you go Bert. Start
walking back to your car now.

BERT
What about Carla?

JACK (O.S.)
As soon as I count the money,
she'll be set free.

Bert looks up at his money as it ascends. He starts walking.

INT HOTEL ROOM

Jack is reeling the case up. Slowly, using the utmost care. Reeling. Reeling. A snag. The case hits a window ledge. Jack pulls, trying to dislodge it. A briefcase latch flips open. Jack swings the pole out. The briefcase dislodges. Reeling carefully, slowly. Another snag. Jack pulls again, not knowing one latch has come undone. Jack swings the pole out once again. The briefcase dislodges, the last latch intact. At last the briefcase is in Jack's hands. He opens it and transfers the money to his own bag. He sits down on the bed, brushing against the painted briefcase, getting pink paint on the back of his shirt. He calls Carla.

EXT CITY STREET

Benny is listening to an older scanner, picking up cell phone calls.

CARLA(O.S.)
Yeah, he's still there waiting..

Benny is shocked. Carla isn't kidnapped. She's in on it.

CARLA(O.S.)
I'll call if he moves. I see Uncle
Bert though..

Benny reaches for his cell phone, dials a number.

EXT CITY STREET PHONEBOOTH

Bert is walking down the busy street toward the hotel. His personal cell phone rings. He answers the call.

BERT

What?

BENNY

Bertie, I heard her on the scanner.

BERT

Who?

BENNY

Carla. She's in on it. She's helping them. I heard her.

BERT

What did she say?

BENNY

She was watching you and someone else. Called you Uncle Bert.

BERT

(livid)
Fucking rat bitch.

BENNY

What should I do?

BERT

Get down to the hotel. Look for a guy carrying my briefcase. It's got pink shit all over it.

He hangs up.

INT HOTEL LOBBY

Jack is walking out of the hotel, talking on the phone. He puts Bert's briefcase in the lobby.

JACK

Billy, I'm out of here. We are all set. Meet you at your building.

He hangs up, then another call. He's now on the street.

JACK
Mel, it's done. Go to my place.

He hangs up and makes his last call.

JACK
Carla, it's all over. You can go.

EXT SMALL CAFE

Carla sits there talking on the phone.

JACK (O.S.)
Are you alright?

CARLA
I guess.

JACK (O.S.)
You can still take your share and
leave. You don't have to go home.

CARLA
Thanks, but I'm going to be fine
here. I'm not afraid anymore.
Things are going to be fine now.

JACK (O.S.)
If you're sure.

CARLA
I am. Jack..

She wants to tell him she cares about him. This will be the
last time she talks to him.

CARLA (CONT'D)
Never mind. It's not important.

She's afraid to tell him, afraid of rejection.

JACK (O.S.)
Be strong for us.

CARLA
I will Carl.

JACK (O.S.)
Carl?

CARLA
Carl Spackler. Caddyshack, right?

EXT CITY STREET

Jack walking, talking, smiling. Behind him about twenty yards, Benny is following Jack.

JACK
Right, Lucy.

The cell goes bad. They never said what they wanted.

INT BERTS CAR

Bert sits in his car, cleaning his shoes. The phone rings. He answers.

BERT
Yeah?

CARLA (O.S.)
(pretending to be crying)
Uncle Bert, it's me.

BERT
(acting relieved)
Carla, are you alright? We were all so worried.

CARLA (O.S.)
I'm still shaking, Uncle Bert.
Should I call the police?

BERT
No, don't call the police. There's nothing they can do now. Where are you? I'll come pick you up.

CARLA (O.S.)
I was somewhere downtown. I'm in a cab. They gave me money to get a cab home.

BERT
That was very kind of them. I'm surprised they were that generous.

CARLA (O.S.)
I'm going home and taking a shower and going to bed. If I can sleep.

BERT

You do that honey. I'll stop by tomorrow. I'm glad you're not hurt honey. Get some sleep.

CARLA (O.S.)

O.K. Uncle Bert.

Bert hangs up. He pulls a revolver out of the glove box. Checks the cylinders. It's full.

EXT CITY STREET

Benny is getting closer to the pink paint. The busy city street prevents him from attacking Jack and taking the money.

Jack stops at the office building that Billy has been observing from. No Billy. Jack slips into an alley next to the building. Benny passes, looking out of the corner of his eye. The beast after his prey.

INT BUILDING STAIRWELL

Billy climbing down the stairs.

EXT CITY STREET

Jack leans against the wall, waiting for Billy to come out. He watches. Scanning side to side. Looking down the alley, then back, to a Sig Sauer P228 pointed at his face.

BENNY

Hal was my best friend.

Jack appears almost unfazed.

JACK

I'm not sure what happened between you two, but it probably had something to do with your breath.

EXT CITY STREET

Billy exits the building and looks around. Where is Jack? He looks one way, takes a few steps. And sees Jack with a gun to his head. He is panicked. He starts the other way.

EXT ALLEY

Benny reaches his free hand out.

BENNY

I'll take that briefcase.

Jack hesitates. Benny pushes the gun harder against Jack's temple. Jack hands it to him.

JACK
It's just papers from work.

BENNY
I'll bet it is.

Benny sets it down, gun still on Jack.

BENNY
Take a few steps back.

Jack moves back. Benny tries to open the case. It's locked.

BENNY
What's the combination?

JACK
Would you believe I forgot?

BENNY
Would you believe I can shoot your balls off in about five seconds?

JACK
(very quickly)
Right one is 3-0-7. Left one 2-2-8.

Benny opens the briefcase.

BENNY
Very good. Now where are the diamonds?

JACK
I don't know.

BENNY
I'm giving you five seconds to tell me. 5 - 4 - 3 - 2...

From behind, Billy hits Benny over the head with a brick. Benny falls on the briefcase, bloodying the cash.

JACK
Nice timing.

Billy is looking at Benny lying on the ground.

BILLY
He dead?

JACK

I doubt it, probably a concussion,
skull fracture. We going to stand
around and talk about this idiot or
are we going to go spend this
money?

The look both ways and walk out of the alley.

INT JACK HAMLIN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Jack, Billy and Melissa are packing up their cash. They are quiet.

MELISSA

Think she's OK?

BILLY

I hope so.

JACK

I have to go to the hotel room.
Make sure everything's clean.

INT CARLAS APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Carla walks into her messy apartment. She looks around.
Sighs. Sits in a chair and starts to cry.

The doorbell rings. Carla gets out, puts on a robe.

She walks through the small apartment. She opens the door and
is startled.

CARLA

Uncle Bert! What..

BERT

Hi sweetie..

He kisses her on the cheek.

BERT (cont'd)

Can I come in?

CARLA

I was just getting..

Bert walks in.

BERT

This won't take but a minute.

They walk into the living room when all of the sudden, he hits Carla across the face. She falls on the couch. He's on her in a flash.

BERT

So you wanna steal from me, you ungrateful bitch? Where is it?

He hits her.

CARLA

(crying)

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

BERT

The fuck you don't. We heard you talking on the cell phone. We know everything. Now, tell me where my money and diamonds are and I won't kill you.

Carla doesn't say a word. Just cries. Bert hits her in the face again.

BERT

Talk, you fucking bitch.

He hits her again, in a rage.

BERT

(screaming at her)

I NEED THAT MONEY!!!!

Carla cries..

CARLA

I don't have any money..

Bert calms suddenly. He tries another approach.

BERT

Then who has it, honey? Who put you up to it?

CARLA

(trying to cry harder)

Nobody, Uncle Bert. They threatened me, they hit me.. I'm sorry..

Bert senses she's faking..

BERT

I know you Carla..I've known you since you were born. And you're not telling me the truth. Whatever they promised you, whatever they threatened you with, I promise you will be safe.

She just looks at him. Is he telling the truth? Does she tell and live her life like she was?

BERT (CONT'D)

C'mon honey..

Still nothing from her.

Bert pulls the gun out of his pocket and places it against her head.

BERT

It's up to you.

CARLA

(gaining her composure)

No, I won't tell you. I rather die than let you hurt them.

Carla squeezes her eyes closed. Praying with all her will.

-BANG-

The screen fades to black.

SUPERTITLE

TWO MONTHS LATER --

INT COLLEGE CLASS

Melissa in law class, looking sharp in a tight shirt. She has her implants fixed. She is taking notes as the professor talks.

PROFESSOR

This course will help you develop a knowledge of areas within the entertainment industry and the impact of the law on those areas.

(MORE)

PROFESSOR (cont'd)

It will also develop your specific skills that are applicable to entertainment law and other skills that are relevant to this subject area. You will become aware of various branches of the entertainment industries, their respective roles and importance, and of the legal and regulatory framework..

EXT MOVIE SET - NIGHT

Billy is setting up a camera angle with a cameraman. Another man comes over. Billy looks up.

BILLY

Hey Doug, can you get more light on the wall over there?

DOUG

Yep, give me a few minutes.

Doug walks away. From behind, we see a woman's confidently walking up to Billy. She stops behind him. He has a sense someone is watching. He looks up. It's Melissa.

BILLY

Well, if it isn't my executive producer.

MELISSA

Just checking on my investment..

EXT MEXICAN BEACH - EVENING

A beautiful sunset. Jack and his daughter, Graciela, walk along the beach, holding hands. A father and his daughter. Jack couldn't be happier. The smile and look off-camera. Jack points and smiles. Graciela laughs.

A laughing, tanned, beautiful Carla joins from out of camera range, hugging both Jack and Graciela.

The scene fades out.

INT CARLAS APARTMENT

Then suddenly we are back in Carla's apartment. Bert has his gun pressed against Carla's head.

BERT
It's up to you.

CARLA
(gaining her composure)
No, I won't tell you. I rather die
than let you hurt them.

Carla squeezes her eyes closed. Praying with all her will.

-BANG-

Bert's body fall on Carla. She opens her eyes. She screams at the lifeless eyes looking at her. She scrambles to her feet and looks over to the door. She sees Jack standing there, a once-fired Colt .45 in his hand.

FADE OUT