

Good Intentions

by

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FADE IN:

CLOSE UP ON A YEARBOOK

Pages flip by front to back, then pause and flip back a few pages.

B&W headshots of Van Buren High's 'Class of '93'.

DEAN (V.O.)
Most likely to...

CLOSE UP- a handsome young man.

DEAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Most likely to succeed...

CLOSE UP- a very attractive girl with a movie star smile.

DEAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
To be famous...

CLOSE UP- a uni-browed, droopy eyed loser.

DEAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
To kill the president... The truth is
people are most likely to do anything,
especially if it means fucking things up.

Pages flip by slowly. More photos, more faces.

DEAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Never miss an opportunity to miss an
opportunity. It's human nature. At least
as far as I can tell-

CLOSE UP- an Italian girl, attractive in a simple way.

DEAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Hey! Gina Garelli! I fucked her. Well
almost.

Pan across the faces on the page.

DEAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Gerrold- Gilman- Gordon- I don't remember
any of these people.

Stop on a beautiful girl.

DEAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Monica. Monica Graham. She was something
else. And I actually got to talk her a few
times.

MAN (O.S.)
Dean! Dean!

EXT. SANITATION & CARTING CO.- TRUCK YARD- DUSK

DEAN PATROZZA, short, late twenties with a thick head of moused black hair, leans against the back of a garbage truck. He looks up from the yearbook as the MAN yells again from across the yard.

MAN

Dean! He's ready to see you now.

DEAN

Alright, I'm coming.

Dean thumbs through the yearbook, looking for a page.

DEAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It was Monica and Gary. Always. The perfect couple. Hard not to be jealous of what they had.

CLOSE UP- a page of candid shots of couples- Monica and Gary stand out.

DEAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Me and Gary had been goin' to school together since first grade but I finally met him, I mean, actually got to know him, a few weeks before graduation.

FLASHBACK- TEN YEARS

INT. CAR- ROAD- DAY

From the back seat- GARY LEVIN drums on the steering wheel to the beat of a rock song as the car speeds down the suburban street. MONICA reclines in the passenger seat.

Gary hits the brakes. Monica screams.

Dean slides across the hood and the windshield.

FREEZE FRAME- looking out from inside the car, Dean's face is pressed against the glass.

DEAN (V.O.)

It was pretty much by accident.

Dean continues his slide across the windshield and off the driver's side of the car.

EXT. STREET- CONTINUOUS

Dean falls to the ground at the side of Gary's car.

DEAN (V.O.)

Can't blame Gary. I ran the stop sign. Billy, on the other hand, was tailgating.

A yellow 1977 Chevy Nova skids to a stop, hitting the back of Gary's car. Head and tail lights shatter.

INT. CHEVY NOVA- CONTINUOUS

Momentum carries the driver, BILLY, forward into the steering wheel. The jumbo coffee in his hand splashes across the windshields and his face.

Dean's moped falls from the sky, landing flat on the Nova's hood.

BILLY
Jesus Christ!

EXT. STREET- A FEW MINUTES LATER

Gary helps Dean to his feet. Dean winces in pain, favoring his right leg. He rests against the Volvo.

DEAN (V.O.)
I ended up with a broken leg and two new friends. Gary and Monica drove me to school for the rest of the semester. Then we lost touch the day after graduation.

Monica takes photos of the scene with a 35mm camera. She has zoom lens and a motor drive- photography is more than just a hobby.

DEAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I had to blow the stop sign. Didn't have a choice. This fuck Richie Sambuto was trying to run me down. That bastard's been trying to whack me since I was twelve.

A Camaro drives slowly by the accident scene. RICHIE SAMBUTO stares down Dean from behind a half closed tinted window.

DEAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I been looking over my shoulder ever since.

Billy gestures wildly, while Monica catches him in her viewfinder and snaps a picture.

FREEZE-FRAME- Billy in B&W, pointing to the imprint of the moped now embedded into the Nova's hood.

END OF FLASHBACK

EXT. SANITATION & CARTING CO.- TRUCK YARD- DUSK

Dean looks at the photo of Billy and his car in the yearbook.

MAN (O.S.)
Dean! He's waiting for you.

He slips an invitation into the yearbook- "10th Year Reunion"- and closes it.

DEAN
I'm coming.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

CLOSE UP on the same photo of Billy in the Yearbook.

Monica flips through the yearbook as she lays nude, stomach down on the bed.

MONICA
Is Billy gonna be there?

Gary steps out of the bathroom still fixing his tie.

GARY
Are you kidding? He's been waiting for this for ten years.

MONICA
For a reunion of people that voted him most likely to make no difference?

GARY
I think it was more the open bar that he's been thinking about.

Gary sits on the bed next to Monica as she leafs through the yearbook, leaning in to look along with her.

MONICA
And what are you looking forward to most?

GARY
The end. The sooner this is over the better.

Monica rolls over to face Gary.

MONICA
No special someone you've been dying to see?

They kiss.

MONICA (CONT'D)
No one-

Another kiss.

MONICA (CONT'D)
- you've been thinking about-

And another.

MONICA (CONT'D)

- all these years?

GARY

I think I'll be able to find a few people of interest there.

MONICA

And what about Janet? Will your wife be coming to the reunion?

Gary sits up, the mood broken.

GARY

Unfortunately, she wouldn't miss it for the world. For some reason she's insistent on meeting you.

EXT. MOTEL- DOOR - DUSK

The door opens and Gary steps out. Monica half hides behind the door, dressed only in a button down shirt. They share one last kiss.

THROUGH A VIDEO CAMERA

The kiss continues. The video ZOOMS IN for a CLOSE UP on the lovers.

Gary crosses the parking lot, turning back to wave goodbye one last time.

A REVVING ENGINE catches his attention just in time for him to jump out of the way of a lime green EL CAMINO as it purposely swerves toward him.

The video pans to catch a quick glimpse of the El Camino racing out of the lot.

Gary watches the car disappear around a corner, then heads back into the motel room.

INT. CAR- DUSK- CONTINUOUS

EMMETT DICKSON, 50's, fat, balding and unshaven, lowers the video camera and lays it on his passenger seat.

INT. SANITATION & CARTING CO.- OFFICE- DUSK

Dean opens the office door and leans in tentatively.

DEAN

Boss, you wanted to see me?

THE BOSS, sitting behind an oversized desk, gestures to the chair across from him without looking up from the Wall Street Journal on his desk. Dean sits.

BOSS
(still reading the paper)
Don't waste my time Patrozza.
(finally looking up)
You wanted to ask me something?

DEAN
Well yeah, you know I been working here for a long time now and if I don't say so myself I been bustin' my ass and doing a pretty good job.

BOSS
Is this about a fuckin' raise?

DEAN
No, no. But in a way sorta. I'd like a chance to expand my role here.

BOSS
Fine. Ride shotgun with Carter and pick up that extra truck we got in Staten Island.

DEAN
I was thinking more along the lines of some inside work. Let me run something for you, let me make a real pick up.

BOSS
You will be making a pick up. You're picking up one fucking garbage truck.

DEAN
I don't ride the trucks Boss. I deserve better-

BOSS
Better? You don't think I treat you good enough? If you got a problem then why don't you put your fucking resume together and I'll write you a recommendation.

DEAN
I'm just sayin'-

BOSS
I know what your sayin' but you know how it works. You want more out of this organization you gotta earn it. Your father knew how to take care of business and out of respect for him I gave you your shot and you fucked it up.

DEAN
I told you that was one thing I couldn't do.

BOSS

Excuse me? You don't tell me shit... Look you do what you gotta do and then you say a Hail fuckin' Mary. What's the big deal about that?

Dean crosses himself.

DEAN

I swore to my mother... I swore that I would never do that.

BOSS

You've seriously limited your growth opportunities.

DEAN

There's gotta be something I can do without... Without doing that.

BOSS

Alright. I'll give you a taste again. A book. Two maybe three guys.

DEAN

I promise you won't be disappointed.

BOSS

Shut the fuck up. There's a guy. He's a little late in his payment and he needs some encouragement. I want you to collect 10G's from this fuck tonight. Capish?

DEAN

Capish.

Dean gets up and extends his hand to shake but is left hanging as the Boss begins to read his newspaper again.

BOSS

Richie will give you the name on the way out. You take Tony and Vinnie for a ride along. They work for you on this.

DEAN

I promise, this fuck is never gonna miss another payment ever.

BOSS

Just get the money... And that fucking garbage truck.

INT. GARY LEVIN'S HOUSE- DUSK

Gary enters and pauses in the foyer. The house is dark.

A WOMAN'S voice can be heard but her words are unintelligible. Gary enters-

THE LIVING ROOM

JANET LEVIN is talking on a cordless phone, her back to Gary as he approaches.

JANET
... thank you. I'll call you later.

Janet shuts of the receiver and turns to Gary.

JANET (CONT'D)
(faux sincerity)
Hello, dear. And how was your day?

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING- LOBBY- NIGHT

Dean, TONY and VINNY, enter the narrow lobby of a low rent apartment building.

DEAN
Would you look at this. No fuckin' elevator.

TONY
You want us to take care of this, Dean?

DEAN
Fourth floor. Follow me.

INT. APARTMENT/HALLWAY- NIGHT

LARRY CRANSTON, mid-30's and pushing 350 pounds, is on the couch, eating a footlong sandwich and watching porn.

The door buzzer rings. Larry mutes the TV and listens.

INT. HALLWAY

Dean rings the door buzzer again.

VINNY
Maybe he ain't home.

DEAN
I heard the TV. He's in there.

INT. APARTMENT

Larry takes one more bite, puts the sandwich aside and pulls a handgun out of the cushions.

DEAN (O.S.)
Open the door Larry. We gotta talk.

LARRY
(chewing)
About what?

DEAN (O.S.)
You know 'bout what.

Larry struggles to get off the couch but he can't seem to get the leverage to make it to his feet.

DEAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Open this fucking door Larry!

LARRY
(still chewing)
Hold on a minute.

Larry finally makes it to his feet and waddles to the door.

INT. HALLWAY

DEAN
Alright, kick it in.

INT. APARTMENT

With his eye to the peephole, Larry unlocks the dead bolt-
The door SMASHES open into his face.

Larry stumbles backward and falls onto a coffee table, crushing it beneath him. He lays out flat on his back as Dean, Tony and Vinny enter and stand over him.

TONY
Talk about your fat fucks. This guy takes the cake.

VINNY
And eats it too.

DEAN
Excuse me. Some professionalism here please.

Dean kicks him in the side.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Get up!

TONY
Get up you fat fuck!

Larry grabs his own throat. He is choking.

VINNY
What's the matter with him.

DEAN
Stop playing games. It's time to pay the piper.

Larry thrashes violently for a few seconds.

TONY
I don't think he's playin'.

Larry's hands drop to his sides. He lays motionless.

DEAN
What the fuck did you do?

TONY
Whatta ya mean?

DEAN
Whatta you mean what do I mean? He ain't breathing!

TONY
We didn't touch him.

VINNY
(picking up the sandwich)
I think he was eating.

DEAN
Shit, he's choking. Get him up!

Tony and Vinny struggle to stand him up. It takes every bit of their strength to get him to his feet.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Alright, hold him there.

TONY
Hurry Boss, we can't hold him long.

Dean tries to get his arms around Larry but he only reaches half way around.

DEAN
Just hold him.

TONY
What the fuck are you doing?

DEAN
The Heimlich thing. We gotta squeeze his stomach. Get your arms around him. Hold my hands!

VINNY
No way.

DEAN
Hold my fucking hands!

Vinny reluctantly grabs Dean's hands and they try to squeeze and hold Larry up at the same time.

DEAN (CONT'D)
You're not squeezing.

VINNY
I'm trying.

TONY
I think he's dead.

VINNY
I think so too.

DEAN
No. No. This ain't happening.

They release their hands and Larry crashes to the ground.

TONY
Yeah, he's dead.

Dean starts to pace the room.

DEAN
This is bad.

TONY
What should we do?

VINNY
We gotta get rid of him.

TONY
Fourth floor. No elevator.

DEAN
He's stayin' here.

VINNY
If I knew we was gonna whack the guy-

DEAN
We didn't whack the guy!

VINNY
Looks whacked to me.

DEAN
He choked on a sandwich, somethin' he was bound to do sooner or later anyway.

TONY
What do we do now?

DEAN
We're outta here.

TONY
And tubby?

DEAN

We leave him. We weren't even here.

Dean stops at the door and looks back at Larry as he shuts off the light.

DEAN (CONT'D)

All the fuckin' pickups and I get Mama fuckin' Cass.

Dean closes the door. We hold on the dark room for a beat and hear the guttural cough/moan/growl of a chunk of sandwich being thrown up.

EXT. NEW CAR DEALERSHIP- LOT- DAY

The main lot of SCHULMAN'S FORD/MERCURY. Gary holds the door of a brand new Mustang convertible open as a balding, middle aged man slips into the seat. A CAR HORN BLAST catches Gary's attention as Billy's Chevy Nova pulls into the lot. The moped indentation is still visible on the hood.

BILLY

(leaning out window)
Lunchtime buddy!

EXT. PARK- HOT DOG STAND- DAY

Gary and Billy, hot dogs and sodas in hand, start walking.

BILLY

You gotta be kidding me.

GARY

I'm serious. He almost killed me. This guy is a nut. Monica says he's harmless but he was definitely trying to hit me.

BILLY

Ex-husbands can get that way especially when the ex-wives look like Monica. Tell me again, exactly what happened?

GARY

I'm walking to my car-

BILLY

No, start from the part when Monica takes off her dress.

EXT. SANITATION & CARTING CO.- DAY

Tony and Vinny, now dressed in filthy grey overalls, sit against the side wall of the building eating enormous heroes. A loud PSSSSST catches their attention from behind a wood fence.

DEAN (O.S.)

Over here. Behind the fence. Over here.

Tony and Vinny are confused.

DEAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's me, Dean. Come over here.

They approach the fence, peak through a separation and find Dean staring back.

TONY
Where you been? The Boss has been looking for you.

DEAN
I called in sick. Look don't tell anyone you seen me today.

TONY
You gotta tell him about-

DEAN
I'll tell him but I just need some time first.

TONY
The boss ain't gonna like that.

DEAN
I know that. You don't think I know that? Look, just keep your mouths shut today and we'll finish collecting the book tomorrow night.

TONY
What about tonight?

DEAN
I got a thing to go to tonight but that ain't your business.

TONY
The boss ain't gonna like that.

EXT. PARK- DAY

Gary and Billy sit on the bleachers of a softball diamond.

GARY
What the hell do you mean you're not going? This is all you've been talking about for three months. Every day, the reunion this, the reunion that.

BILLY
I'm not going.

GARY
All the people you needed to see. All the scores you were gonna settle.

BILLY
I'm not going.

GARY
Why?

BILLY
Because I don't want to... I mean, what have I done? Ten years and I haven't done anything? You have a wife. Your own dealership-

GARY
My father-in-law has a dealership. I just manage it.

BILLY
I have a shitty job. A shitty girlfriend-

GARY
Shitty car.

BILLY
Hey, my car's a classic waiting to happen. When I get around to restoring it-

Gary stands and starts walking away.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Where you going?

Still walking with his back to Billy-

GARY
I'm not going to beg you to go tonight. You do this every time and I'm not in the mood to play.

Gary keeps walking.

BILLY
Alright, alright, I'll go.

INT. LEVIN HOUSE- FOYER- NIGHT

The door bell rings... and rings... and rings. Janet, dressed in a simple but elegant black dress, peaks through the small window at the side of the door. She sees-

Billy- in jeans and a sports jacket. She heads back to the living room.

JANET
Billy's here.

The door bell continues to ring.

INT. CHURCH- CONFSSIONAL BOOTH- NIGHT

Dean sits in the darkened booth, nervous and distraught, holding his head in his hands.

INT. BEDROOM- NIGHT- FLASHBACK

Twelve year old Dean is kneeling at the side of the bed of his dying MOTHER. A PRIEST, finishes giving last rites and pulls Dean up to the bedside. Dean has tears streaming down his face.

MAMA PATROZZA
(in a weakened voice)
Deanie, you promise Mama, you swear on my grave baby-

YOUNG DEAN
No Mama don't say that.

MAMA PATROZZA
Listen to me Dean. You promise me that you'll never do it-no matter what your father told you. Promise me you'll never kill anyone.

YOUNG DEAN
I promise Mama, I promise.

Dean continues crying as his mother smiles, whispers to him with her last breath and passes away.

INT. CHURCH- CONFSSIONAL BOOTH- NIGHT

The slide window between the booths open, slightly illuminating Dean. He kneels facing the grated window, his hands clasped in prayer.

DEAN
Forgive me Father for I have sinned. It has been three years since my last confession.

PRIEST
Bless you. Confess your sins in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit.

DEAN
I, uh... I...

PRIEST
It's alright my son.

DEAN
I... have... had... impure thoughts... I've... taken the Lord's name in vain... I've had... premarital sex... and I was responsible... accidentally... for the death of another human being.

PRIEST

Dean?

The curtain to the Priest's booth is pulled open by Dean.

DEAN

Father, I don't need to remind you that this is strictly confidential, right?

INT. CATERING HALL- HIGH SCHOOL REUNION- NIGHT

Party banners and balloons for the "Class of 93" decorate the room. It's packed with people- mingling, dancing, waiting at the bar. A DJ blasts music forcing everyone to shout.

AT A TABLE

Billy, Gary and Janet sit at a table empty but for them.

JANET

I'm so excited. Watered down drinks and stupid jokes. This is just like... every other night out with you two.

BILLY

I told you there had to be some way to excite her.

JANET

It's wonderful how you let your friends treat your wife, dear.

GARY

Can you two not do this tonight?

BILLY

She started it.

GARY

Let's make a deal that once every ten years my wife and my best friend can get along for three hours.

JANET

You plan on staying here three hours?

ACROSS THE ROOM

Dean enters and makes his way uncomfortably through the party.

BACK AT THE TABLE

Gary, Janet and Billy sit silently until-

JANET
 (annoyed)
 Shouldn't you two actually know people here?

BILLY
 Baby steps, you do the reunion thing in baby steps.

GARY
 It's like all the people I didn't hang out with are here.

JANET
 Well, who did you hang out with?

GARY
 (nodding to Billy)
 Him.

BILLY
 And Monica.

JANET
 Yes, where is the old flame, sweetheart?
 I've been waiting to meet the girl who stole your virginity.

GARY
 (rising)
 I need another drink.

As Gary rises, Dean approaches from behind him.

DEAN
 Gary? Gary Levin?

Gary stands and shakes Dean's extended hand.

GARY
 Hey... Glad you made it...
 (searching for the name)
 Dean!

DEAN
 Patrozza. Jesus Christ, Gary! How have you been?

GARY
 I'm great, and you?

DEAN
 Great.

GARY
 This is my wife Janet.

DEAN
 Honor to meet you Mrs. Levin.

JANET
Schulman-Levin.

GARY
And I'm sure you remember Billy.

DEAN
(enthusiasm waning)
Billy Gold. Hello.

BILLY
Dean Patrozza.

DEAN
I'm glad to see both of you here. You two,
you both stayed in touch all these years?

Billy puts his arm around Gary.

BILLY
We're high school sweethearts.

DEAN
We should have stayed in touch too. We got
pretty close there for a while.

BILLY
He ran you over on your scooter.

DEAN
Moped.

GARY
(diverting the conversation)
So what are you up to these days?

DEAN
Waste management consultation. Business is
always great. There's always trash that
needs to be someplace else.

JANET
(to Gary)
Weren't you getting us drinks.

GARY
Right. Well, I'm sure I'll see you around
here a little later.

DEAN
That'd be good.

Dean extends his hand to Gary and they shake again.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Let's keep in touch.

Gary starts toward the bar, walking backwards slowly.

GARY
Let's do that.

Dean backs away at first then disappear into the reunion crowd.

AT THE BAR

Gary picks up three drinks off the bar and turns to find Monica standing right in front of him.

MONICA
Drinking a lot tonight.

GARY
Wouldn't you if your wife was about to meet your girlfriend?

Two women waiting at the bar give them shocked looks.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL REUNION- STREET- NIGHT

Across the street, HERMAN LOPEZ sits in the El Camino that tried to run Gary down at the Motel.

INSIDE THE CAR

Lopez checks himself in the rearview mirror as he presses a fake thick black mustache into place.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL REUNION- MAIN ROOM

From across the room, Dean watches Gary and Monica at the bar.

IN THE LOBBY

Herman grabs a name tag from the table without even looking at it and continues into the party. He stick the tag to his chest and scans the room.

A perky PREGNANT WOMAN carrying her yearbook approaches Herman and glances at his name tag.

PERKY PREGNANT WOMAN
(confused)
Marie Fujimoto?

BACK AT THE TABLE

Janet stands up.

JANET
What the hell is taking him so long? I'm going to go find him.

BILLY
It's a busy bar. Give him a break.

A DRUNK MAN comes up behind Janet.

DRUNK MAN
(slurring the words)
Biology. Mister Newman, right?

JANET
Excuse me.

DRUNK MAN
No, wait. It was Miss Lindstrom's English
glass, class.

JANET
I didn't go to your stupid high school. Now
go away. Are you going to do something
about this Billy?

Billy stands reluctantly.

BILLY
Look why don't you go get yourself another
drink and molest someone else.

DRUNK MAN
Nancy, right? You blew me in the library.

BILLY
(curious)
Nancy? Nancy who?

JANET
Billy!

BILLY
Right. Hey no need to get nasty. I think
it's time to call your sponsor.

DRUNK MAN
You know you look very framil- famril-
familiar.

BILLY
We never met. I'd remember that breath.

DRUNK MAN
Billy! You're Billy Gold. I remember you.
How many times have I kicked your ass?

BILLY
That you remember.

AT THE BAR

Gary and Monica take notice of the commotion beginning across
the room.

GARY
That's right by my table.

A BORED WAITRESS walks past them.

MONICA

Excuse me, what's going on over there?

BORED WAITRESS

Some guy name Billy's gonna get beat up.

The perky pregnant woman walks past, headed toward the fight.

PERKY PREGNANT WOMAN

(excited)

Ooh, this is just like high school.

BACK AT THE TABLE

Billy puts his hand on the Drunk Man's shoulder.

BILLY

Let me point you towards the nearest bar.

The man pushes Billy back and he falls to the ground.

As Billy looks up from the ground, he sees the Drunk Man spin around away from him. His head snaps back from a punch, then a second and a third. The drunk staggers backward onto the table. Dean stands above him, fists still clenched.

Gary hoists Billy to his feet.

Herman Lopez emerges from the crowd and heads aggressively towards Gary, cocking his fist. With one swift move, Dean cold cocks Lopez who crumbles to the ground unconscious.

Dean looks at his fist and peels the fake mustache off it.

Shoving breaks out in the crowd. A punch is thrown. Then another. Fights break out throughout the hall. Years of pent up grudges and resentment find release.

DEAN

Let's get the fuck outta here.

GARY

Good idea.

IN THE LOBBY

There is a mad rush for the door. Gary and Billy stumble out with the crowd. TWO COPS are pushed back out the door by the mob.

COP

I hate these yuppie reunion rumbles.

EXT. CATERING HALL- PARKING LOT- NIGHT

Dean, at the far end of the lot, is just opening his car door as he looks up to see Gary's SUV peeling out of the lot.

INT. GARY' SUV- NIGHT

Gary and Billy are cracking up.

BILLY
 Man, that was classic. Best reunion ever.
 I'm not waiting ten years for the next one.
 I'm just gonna find one and go every year.

INT. LEVIN HOUSE- LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Gary, still in his rumpled tuxedo shirt and pants, is slumped down on the couch. Billy is laid out in a chair.

The doorbell rings. Gary checks his watch and heads to the door.

GARY
 Who the hell is it this late?

A look of realization comes over Billy's face.

BILLY
 Oh, I've got a bad feeling about this.

IN THE FOYER

Gary opens the door. Janet enters without saying a word and walks directly up the stairs.

GARY
 Uh-oh.

Dean appears in the doorway

DEAN
 I think you might want to sleep on the couch tonight. And if you have a gun in the house, take the bullets out.

GARY
 I don't know what to say. Thank you.

DEAN
 You're welcome.

An awkward pause.

DEAN (CONT'D)
 Nice house.

IN THE LIVING ROOM- LATER

Gary, Billy and Dean slouch around the room, beers in hand.

DEAN (CONT'D)
No shit- your own dealership. That's pretty fucking good.

GARY
It's worked out well.

DEAN
You're not talking about the one with the giant cowboy balloon out front?

GARY
That's the restaurant next store. Hey, when you're ready to trade in that Caddy you come in and I'll treat you right.

Suddenly, an aluminum garbage can CRASHES through the plate glass door that leads to the back deck.

Gary and Billy scramble over the back of the couch. Dean stands and approaches the window.

BILLY
What the fuck!

GARY
Fuck! Fuck!

BILLY
It's that fucking guy from the reunion.

DEAN
The drunk?

Dean walks to the broken glass door and looks out.

GARY
No, the other one.
(lowering voice)
Monica's ex-husband.

BILLY
That was-
(lowering voice)
Monica's husband?

DEAN
The guy with the mustache? You gotta be kidding me. Why would Monica's-

Janet rushes down the stairs-

GARY
Look, for now it's just the crazy guy from the reunion. Leave Monica out of this.

- and into the living room.

GARY (CONT'D)
Janet get down.

She looks down at Gary and Billy cowering behind the couch.

JANET
Give me a break. You're both pathetic.

Janet approaches Dean at the glass door.

GARY
Janet get back here. Get down.

JANET
He drove away two minutes ago already.
Didn't you hear him?

BILLY
Sorry but we were busy avoiding shrapnel.

JANET
Clean up this glass and get Billy a new
pair of underwear.

Gary runs to the front window and looks out.

GARY
Oh no! Oh my god!
(to Billy)
Your car is on fire!

BILLY
My car? Why my car? What the hell did I
do?

JANET
You're friends with Gary. The shit just
rubs off.

Billy runs to the front door.

BILLY
Turn on the sprinklers or something. Shit!

EXT. LEVIN HOUSE- DRIVEWAY- NIGHT

Gary, Dean, Billy and Janet stare silently at the steaming,
scorched hood of Billy's car. Gary holds a dripping garden
hose.

BILLY
Five more years and this car would have
been a classic.

JANET
A classic piece of shit.

GARY
It's just the hood. You can repaint it.

DEAN
Might cost more to fix than the car is worth.

GARY
But five more years and it was a classic.

Gary dials a cordless phone and steps away for a moment.

JANET
Somebody needs to teach this guy a lesson.

DEAN
You don't let nobody get away with shit like this.

JANET
Well when you're Gary you do.

GARY
The police are on their way.

Dean gives a nervous start.

MOMENTS LATER

Dean slowly backs his Cadillac out of the driveway as Gary and Billy watch.

DEAN
I gotta go but I'm really glad we got to talk. We're gonna keep in touch, right.

GARY
Absolutely. Of course.

As Dean's car enters the street he turns, revealing the passenger side. Along the length of the car, spray painted in neon orange, is the word 'ASSHOLE'.

DEAN
How about we get together next week.

GARY
We'll, uh... give me uh... we'll talk.

Dean waves and pulls away.

BILLY
Now I don't feel so bad.

INT. LEVIN HOUSE- LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Janet sits in the dark. She dials a number on the cordless phone and listens to the ringing on the line.

ANSWERING MACHINE (O.S.)

(a woman's voice)

You have reached Dickson Investigation Services. No one is available to take your call so please leave a message.

BEEP.

JANET

Dickson, this is Janet Schulman-Levin. I think I am going to need some additional help with my case. Please call me as soon-

Dickson picks up.

DICKSON (O.S.)

Mrs. Levin, it's me. What can I do for you?

JANET

The bitch's psycho ex threw a garbage can through my patio door and burned Gary's moron friend's car.

DICKSON (O.S.)

You should call the police.

JANET

They were here. They took a report. Gary lied of course, claimed to know nothing. I just want you to find this nut and keep an eye on him.

DICKSON (O.S.)

And have him arrested?

JANET

No. Just watch him and wait. He's just the distraction that will come in handy once I file for divorce.

DICKSON (O.S.)

Got it.

JANET

Keep me informed. Good night.

DICKSON (O.S.)

Good night.

INT. DICKSON'S OFFICE- NIGHT

Dickson hangs up the phone on his desk and leans back in his chair. A HOOKER's head appears from beneath the desk near his lap. She speaks in the same voice as the answering machine message.

HOOKER

It's fifty bucks whether you get it up or not.

EXT. SANITATION & CARTING CO.- MORNING

Tony and Vinny, dressed in coveralls, lean against the front of the building, smoking and drinking coffee.

Dean pulls up in his Cadillac. Along the passenger side, the 'ASSHOLE' graffiti has been poorly modified, in a different shade of orange, and now reads 'CLASSOF93'.

TONY

What the hell happened here?

DEAN

I had my reunion last night.

TONY

You did this? On purpose?

DEAN

I was getting into the spirit. You got a problem with that?

VINNY

One question boss. What's a classhole 93?

DEAN

Class of! Class of! See!

VINNY

Looks like classhole.

DEAN

(angry)
Well it ain't!
(lower, to Tony)
You're gonna help me find the fuck that did this and give him a second way to take a shit.

TONY

Sure thing.

VINNY

You know the boss has been looking for you.

DEAN

I know. How bad is it?

TONY

Bad. And Richie's fannin' the fire.

Richie Sambuto exits the building.

RICHIE SAMBUTO

Yo fuck up! Boss is waiting and you're out here talking?

DEAN

Fuck off Richie, you don't gotta tell me my business.

RICHIE SAMBUTO

Starting today your business is washing out the trucks my friend.

As Dean passes Richie in the doorway their shoulders hit hard. They both stop and stare each other down.

RICHIE SAMBUTO (CONT'D)

You can blow me some other time.

DEAN

Fuckin' fairy.

INT. SANITATION & CARTING CO.- OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

Dean doesn't even get a chance to close the door before-

BOSS

(yelling all the way through)
You are a fuck up.

DEAN

It was an accident.

BOSS

You don't whack people who owe you money.

DEAN

We didn't whack-

BOSS

Shut the fuck up! You know what you get from a stiff? Nothing. Abso-fucking-lutely nothing!

DEAN

He choked on a fucking sandwich.

BOSS

You should choke! And watch your fucking language with me.

DEAN

I'm sorry-

BOSS

Shut the fuck up! You don't eat, shit or piss until I get my money.

DEAN

He's dead Boss. There's no money to get.

BOSS
Not my problem, your problem.

DEAN
You can't be serious. You want the ten G's
from me?

BOSS
No. The ten G's was just an installment.
Fatso was into me for sixty G's.

DEAN
Sixty G's. I don't have that kind of
money.

BOSS
And you never will until I'm paid.

DEAN
This ain't fair.

BOSS
(calming down)
Life isn't fair. But I can be reasonable.
I'll take ten G's every 2 weeks for the
next twenty weeks.

DEAN
Wait a minute... That's a hundred grand.

BOSS
Same deal everybody gets.

DEAN
Fuck!

BOSS
(yelling again)
What did I fucking tell you!

DEAN
Sorry.

BOSS
Shut the fuck up! And it gets better
asshole. Fatso had forty G's on tonight's
Lakers game.

DEAN
Well I can officially cancel that for him.

BOSS
Too late. I've already hedged his bet with
two other bookies... Listen... if the
Lakers cover I'll knock twenty-five G's off
the hundred.

DEAN
But the bet was forty-

BOSS
Don't even go there.

DEAN
Boss, you knew my mother.

BOSS
Lady was a saint. She'd be disappointed in you.

Dean crosses himself.

BOSS (CONT'D)
Hundred grand plus the vig if they lose.
Thirty-five if they win. Now get the fuck out.

DEAN
Take it back.

BOSS
Take what back?

DEAN
My mother would be proud of me.

BOSS
(rolling his eyes)
Alright your mother would be proud of you.
Now get outta my sight you fucking asshole.

EXT. SANITATION & CARTING CO.- DAY

Tony watches Dean as he paces in circles in the lot.

TONY
That's a lot of money.

DEAN
I'll know just how much after the game tonight. In the meantime, I have a fuckin' troublemaker who needs to be taught a lesson.

TONY
How rough would you like the syllabus to be?

DEAN
Rough.

TONY
Rough or really rough?

DEAN
Rough enough for this fuck to piss blood for a year. Let Vinny take care of this. You and I gotta work on finishing collecting the book.

INT. LEVIN HOUSE- LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Gary and Billy recline on the couch, watching the Lakers game on television.

GARY

I'm telling you, Monica has always... had this ability to make me feel like no one else can.

BILLY

It's called a hard-on.

GARY

I'm a married man Billy. I have no business seeing-

BILLY

The term is supposed to be happily married.

GARY

Whatever. My point is-

BILLY

I know what your point is and you're an idiot if you blow it with her again.

GARY

So maybe I'm an idiot.

Gary grimaces as another basket is scored.

GARY (CONT'D)

Lakers are blowing it.

BILLY

And while we're on the topic of Monica and blowing it-

INT. BAR- NIGHT

Dean sits at the bar watching ESPN.

ESPN ANNOUNCER

Tonight's win over the Lakers is bound to go into the record books.

Dean groans and drops his head onto the bar.

BARTENDER

No more for you tonight Dean.

Dean lifts his head up.

DEAN

(slurred)
I'm just getting started

Richie steps up behind Dean. Two GOONS sandwich Dean on each side.

RICHIE SAMBUTO
I'm going to need your keys, Dean.

DEAN
Thanks but no thanks. I can still drive.

RICHIE SAMBUTO
I'm sure you can but I need your keys now.

Richie reaches into Dean's pants pocket and pulls out his car keys.

DEAN
Aye, what'd I tell you, you fuckin' faggot.

Dean gets off his bar stool unsteadily to face Richie.

RICHIE SAMBUTO
Consider this your first ten grand installment.

DEAN
It's a sixty thousand dollar Cadillac.

RICHIE SAMBUTO
And the Boss's niece is gonna love it.

DEAN
Gisela? She's only sixteen.

RICHIE SAMBUTO
And she's gonna love it.

INT. CAR- NIGHT

Tony's sub-compact pulls out of the parking lot of the bar. Dean sits silently in the backseat gazing out the side window.

DEAN
You know I'd like to know just how that fat fuck got the juice to make forty G bets on top of sixty already in the bag.

TONY
I was thinkin' the same thing myself.

VINNY
It's his grandfather.

DEAN
What?

VINNY

His grandfather is loaded... and old. The Boss figured he was gonna catch up and more when Fatso gets his inheritance.

DEAN

And you never mentioned this because?

VINNY

You told us not to talk about this guy.

TONY

Yeah, we whacked him for chrissake.

DEAN

We didn't whack him!

TONY

Whatever.

DEAN

Who else knows about this? No, I don't want to know. How loaded is loaded?

VINNY

Tens of millions boss. This guy invented the clam on a stick.

DEAN

I've never heard of that.

TONY

He invented the Clamsicle?

VINNY

No, I think its just Clam-on-a-Stick.

DEAN

I think we should put Grandpa on our things to do list.

EXT. CRANSTON'S HOUSE- DUSK

It's a mansion, unassuming, inconspicuous, but a mansion nonetheless. Dean rings the bell once... twice... and a third time as the door is opened by CHRISTY, a tall beautiful woman, early to mid 20's. Her nurses uniform shows ample cleavage.

CHRISTY

Can I help you?

DEAN

I'm here to see Mr. Cranston please.

CHRISTY

Mr. Cranston has no appointments this evening.

DEAN
It's very important.

CHRISTY
Mr. Cranston is not available at the moment.

DEAN
It's very, very important.

CHRISTY
What exactly is this about?

DEAN
I have an urgent matter to discuss regarding his grandson.

CHRISTY
One minute.

Dean enters. Christy closes the front door and opens a sliding door just to the right. She returns right away.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
Come.

IN THE LIBRARY

Dean enters the library, a dark room lined with leather bound books and lit primarily by the glow of a fireplace. Motors whir as CRANSTON, old with a full head of wild white hair, in an electric wheelchair turns to face Dean.

DEAN
Mr. Cranston-

CRANSTON
Thank you Christy. That will be all for now.

Both watch as Christy leaves and closes the doors behind her.

CRANSTON (CONT'D)
I understand you're here about Lawrence. What is wrong with him?

DEAN
Larry- Lawrence is probably too proud to tell you-

CRANSTON
He wet his bed until he was fifteen so don't talk me to me about his pride. You're his bookie, aren't you?

DEAN
I'm handling the collection of a debt he owes.

CRANSTON
You're a bookie.

DEAN
No, I'm a businessman-

CRANSTON
You're a fucking bookie.

DEAN
And you make clams on a stick.

CRANSTON
I make money! Lots of it and not a penny
is going to pay my grandson's gambling
debts.

DEAN
Lawrence is in over his head this time.
He's out of his league.

CRANSTON
His problem, not mine. When you run with
the big dogs you have to piss in the tall
grass. Goodnight Mister... Mister...

Cranston presses a remote control device in his hand.

DEAN
Patrozza. Dean Patrozza.

Christy enters the room.

CRANSTON
Mr. Patrozza will be leaving now.

Christy walks Dean out of the library, closes the sliding
door and opens the front door.

CRANSTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Goddamn guinea bastard.

DEAN
I don't know the history they have together
but his grandson definitely needs help this
time.

CHRISTY
I'll see what I can do.

DEAN
And I bet you can do a lot.

INT. CAR- NIGHT

Dean looks back at the Cranston house out as Tony pulls out
of the driveway.

TONY
How'd it go?

DEAN
We're not getting anything from this guy
just by asking.

TONY
So maybe we don't ask next time.

DEAN
Exactly.

TONY
Vinny found your friend.

DEAN
Finally some good news. Let's go.

INT. SANITATION & CARTING CO.- BACK ROOM- NIGHT

Dean and Tony enter. Herman Lopez sits slumped in a chair, his hands and feet bound, his head covered in a cloth sack. Vinny pulls the sack off, revealing the distorted image of Herman Lopez's bloody face wrapped in plastic.

Dean looks on in disbelief.

DEAN
(shocked)
What the fuck is this?

Vinny shrugs.

EXT. SANITATION & CARTING CO.- NIGHT

Dean paces in circles.

DEAN
One fucking thing! The one fucking thing I
said was don't kill anyone! And now I have
two dead people in one god damn week.

VINNY
I said I was sorry.

DEAN
Sorry doesn't help me right now.

TONY
Right now we gotta get this guy outta here.
That body needs movin' pronto.

DEAN
Let's just put him in a truck and let him
take a ride to the dump.

TONY

What do you think the boss would do if he found out we used one of his trucks to move our little mess here?

DEAN

We'd be joining our friend at the dump. Vinny, get that old rug from out back and roll up Ricky Ricardo here. Tony, pull your car around back.

TONY

And put him where? No trunk. I got a hatchback. We need a van or something.

DEAN

Who the fuck buys a car without a trunk? Like you never had to move a body before?

EXT. SCHULMAN'S FORD/MERCURY DEALERSHIP- NIGHT

Dean and Tony creep through the lot. A neon sticker reading NEW covers half the windshield of a white van. Tony looks in through the driver side window.

TONY

This one's got captain's chairs.

DEAN

Do it.

Dean watches as Tony jimmy's the lock on the van. A giant balloon cowboy looms in the background.

EXT. SANITATION & CARTING CO.- NIGHT

The white van is parked outside the warehouse, it's cargo door slid open.

GARY (O.S.)

(cell phone VM)

Not available right now. You know what to do at the beep.

BEEP

Dean and Tony are struggling to carry each end of a rolled up rug as they exit the warehouse.

DICKSON (O.S.)

Mr. Levin, my name is Emmett Dickson.

The rug is bulging in the center. Dean drops his end and Tony drags it the rest of the way to the van.

DICKSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm a private detective hired by your wife to make a record of your affair with Monica Graham.

ON THE FLIP-OUT SCREEN OF A VIDEO CAMERA

Dean and Tony struggle to lift the rug into the van.

DICKSON (O.S.)

I think it would be in your interest to meet me at my office tomorrow afternoon. Twelve sixty four Main Street, right above the tattoo shop.

Vinny, already in the van, pulls the rug up and into the van.

INT. DICKSON'S OFFICE- AFTERNOON

ON A TELEVISION SCREEN

Dean and Tony struggle to carry each end of a rolled up rug out of the warehouse.

INT. DICKSON'S OFFICE- DAY

Dickson and Gary watch the video.

GARY

(cocky)

I don't understand. This is it. This is your big blackmail material. If this is the best you got, you sure missed a lot.

DICKSON

It's a video of three guys carrying a rug.

GARY

And I care because?

DICKSON

Because Herman Lopez's dead body is inside that rug.

GARY

(surprised)

No.

DICKSON

Yes. But you have nothing to worry about right? Never, ever saw those guys before, right?

GARY

I.. I...

DICKSON

You're mumbling like a prom queen with a mouthful of cum and nowhere to spit. You gonna tell me you don't know any of these greaseballs?

GARY

I... I went to High School with the short one.

DICKSON

Well that could be a coincidence, right? Tell me you haven't seen him in ten years and it's no problem. Tell me you saw him two nights ago and I see trouble... Gotta admit it doesn't look good.

GARY

No it doesn't.

DICKSON

Oh watch, here's my favorite part.

The rug is placed in the van and Dean pulls the sliding door closed. Emblazoned on the side is SCHULMAN'S FORD/MERCURY.

DICKSON (CONT'D)

That's my favorite part.

Dickson rewinds the video and plays it again.

DICKSON (CONT'D)

Watch.

GARY

You have to believe that I don't know anything about this. I would never-

DICKSON

You don't have to sell me Gary. I'm sure there's an explanation for everything. Maybe your girlfriend was fucking your little friend too. Women and hot heads don't mix. Some way or another there's always a woman behind every time a guy goes toes up.

GARY

Are you sure its Herman.

DICKSON

Positive. Herman goes in, rug comes out.

GARY

Where his he now?

DICKSON

Good question. Don't know. I lost them on the BQE.

GARY

So without a body-

DICKSON

They don't need a body anymore. Listen to me Gary. An eyelash can get you put away for life now a days. A fucking pubic hair has them juicing up the chair.

GARY

Pubic hair-

DICKSON

A jury hates those fucking pubic hairs. Kind of ruins lunch for 'em and juries don't have much to look forward to except the lunch break. You know what they love? Video. They eat this kind of shit up.

GARY

And without it they won't even know he's gone.

DICKSON

Let's explore this concept a little further. Work it through-

GARY

We... we destroy the video... and then... We forget about the whole thing

DICKSON

That college education paid off cause that seems like a plan to me.

GARY

Really?

DICKSON

Well everything except for the destroying the video and forgetting about the whole thing. I have another plan. I keep the video and don't turn you in and you pay me one hundred grand.

INT. LEVIN HOUSE- FOYER- DAY

Gary rushes into the foyer. Janet is waiting at the door for him.

JANET

Gary.

GARY

He's dead. He's dead. We're in big trouble.

JANET

Gary, calm down.

Gary starts to go further inside but Janet moves to block his path.

GARY

Herman Lopez is dead. In a rug in a van on the BQE. And now we need a hundred grand because you wanted a divorce.

Janet slaps Gary.

JANET

What the hell are you talking about?

GARY

Dean Patrozza murdered Herman Lopez and put him in one of my vans and it's going to look like I had something to do with this.

JANET

And why is that.

GARY

Because I've been having an affair his ex-wife. But that doesn't matter now because I'm going to death row if I don't give your detective a hundred thousand dollars.

JANET

Gary please. Don't make a scene, dear, not in front of company.

Angle on Dean, Tony and Vinny sitting on the coach.

IN THE LIVING ROOM-

Angle on Janet and Dean standing in the center of the living room.

DEAN

I think our current situation calls for a little more discretion.

A MOMENT LATER- Angle on Gary sitting on the couch between Tony and Vinny.

GARY

Our situation?

DEAN

That's right Gary. We're all in this together.

GARY

Together? I had nothing to do with this. I didn't kill anybody.

DEAN

And neither did I. I'm a very forgiving man Gary, especially with my friends but you have to watch what you say.

GARY

I saw you.

DEAN

Saw me what?

GARY

I saw you with Herman's body. You're on video Dean. You had him rolled up in a rug and you put him in one of my vans.

DEAN

I meant to thank you for use of that van.

GARY

You stole it.

DEAN

I brought it back. I needed to move a rug and you lent me one of your vans.

GARY

Did you hear what I said? There's a video showing you and-
(gesturing to Tony and Vinny)

TONY

Tony.

VINNY

Vinny.

GARY

Tony and Vinny putting his body into one of my vans.

DEAN

And where did you see this video?

GARY

Look- if this video gets into the hands of the police we're all going to prison.

JANET

So we make sure that it never gets to the police.

DEAN

Who has this video?

JANET

It's a detective I hired.

DEAN

A fucking detective?

JANET

A private detective.

DEAN

Why the fuck was he following me?

JANET

He wasn't. At first he was following Gary and his girlfriend... Monica is it?

DEAN

I have to say, Monica looks even better now than she did in high school and she looked pretty good back then.

JANET

After the incident with the cars, I asked him to look up the ex-husband.

GARY

And why would you want that?

JANET

So I would know where to send him the video of you fucking Monica at the-

GARY

And now we have to come up with a hundred grand or this guy goes to the police.

JANET

You have to come up with a hundred grand. I've already moved my money out our joint accounts.

DEAN

Cocksucker. Pardon my french Janet. What's this asshole's name?

GARY

So you can kill him? No way.

DEAN

He's not gonna get hurt as long as he's reasonable.

GARY

Like Herman.

JANET

And what's reasonable?

DEAN

He gives up the tape and promises to keep his mouth shut. Now what's this muthafucker's name.

JANET

It's Dick-

Tony and Vinny chuckle.

JANET (CONT'D)
Dickson. Emmett Dickson.

IN THE FOYER

Janet is showing Dean and Tony out.

DEAN
Once we've taken care of the problem we'll
be back for Vinny.

INT. LEVIN HOUSE- DINING ROOM- DAY

Janet and Vinny sit at the dinner table staring silently at each other.

VINNY
Mrs. Levin, it could take Dean and Tony a
little while to get back and I wasn't able
to catch lunch today.

JANET
Well I suppose I could make something.

VINNY
Oh no, Mrs. Levin I couldn't let you do
that but if you don't mind I'd like to grab
something from the fridge.

JANET
Help yourself.

VINNY
Thank you Mrs. Levin. Dean said you was
good people.

INT. LEVIN HOUSE- KITCHEN- DAY

Vinny is hunched over the open refrigerator, a giant salami
in hand.

JANET (O.S.)
(shouting)
He's running. Stop him. Stop him.

EXT. LEVIN HOUSE- DRIVEWAY- DAY

Gary is almost at his car. Vinny appears behind him.

VINNY
Mr. Levin don't make me do this.

Gary fumbles for his keys and it chirps the door open. Vinny
rushes Gary and whacks him in the head with the salami.

POV Gary as he stares up from the ground- Janet and Vinny
stand over him upside down in the frame.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP

INT. DICKSON'S OFFICE- NIGHT

POV Dickson as he stares up from the floor- Dean and Tony stand over him upside down in the frame.

DEAN

In case you missed it the first time, let me introduce myself.

DICKSON

You're the man who murdered Herman Lopez.

With lightning speed Tony throws a punch which lands center screen.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP

Angle on Dickson from floor level as he rolls to his side and spits out two bloody teeth.

DEAN

Get him the fuck up.

Tony drags Dickson up off the floor and throws him onto the couch. Dean takes the seat behind the desk.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I think it would be to our mutual benefit to start this over again. Listen, I know business is business and you gotta get by, but I get very upset when my friends are getting fucked over especially when I get fucked over in the process. And you have been doing a lot of fucking.

DICKSON

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

Tony bitch slaps Dickson.

DEAN

A hundred grand for the video. That jog your memory you piece of shit.

DICKSON

Okay, okay.

DEAN

And I thought we were starting out fresh.

DICKSON

That video is enough to put you away for life-

Tony moves to slap Dickson again but Dean signals to stop.

DICKSON (CONT'D)

And if anything happens to me, that tape is gonna show up. It's gonna show up and bury you.

Dean stands and approaches Dickson.

DICKSON (CONT'D)

So I think you'll be doing yourself a favor by listening to me-

Dickson stands up unsteadily.

DICKSON (CONT'D)

Gary Levin is gonna pay me one hundred grand to keep that video off the news and you're not gonna do anything to stop him.

Dickson moves back to the chair at his desk and sits down.

DEAN

You have no idea who you're dealing with.

DICKSON

Look, you said business is business and this is business. I don't want to cross with you or your operation but-

DEAN

Business is business.

DICKSON

You back off on my deal with Levin and I'll cut you in for ten grand.

DEAN

I don't fuck my friends over.

DICKSON

You're not fucking him over. I am.

DEAN

Technically that is true.

DICKSON

And the end result is that he's a hundred grand lighter but he's not in jail.

DEAN

That's true too... but a hundred grand?

DICKSON

See that setup he has?

DEAN
 Gary's done well for himself.
 (pause)
 Okay but we go fifty-fifty.

DICKSON
 You're in for ten or nothing. And don't
 forget what happens if I don't wake up some
 morning.

DEAN
 Twenty five and you keep the rest of your
 teeth.

DICKSON
 Fifteen.

DEAN
 Deal.

INT. LEVIN HOUSE- DUSK

Dean and Tony enter the house. The living room is empty.
 They hear voices in the kitchen.

IN THE KITCHEN

Vinny is wearing an apron and stirring a pot of sauce as
 Janet looks on, sipping a glass of wine.

VINNY
 However much garlic you think you should
 use-

JANET
 Double it.

Dean and Tony enter the kitchen.

DEAN
 That smells great.

JANET
 Just in time. It's almost ready.

A muffled scream draws their attention to the dinner table
 where Gary is tied to a chair and gagged.

DEAN
 What the hell is this?

VINNY
 I had to Dean. He tried to get away.

DEAN
 Did'ya have to gag him?

VINNY
Mrs. Levin did that.

IN THE DINING ROOM- A LITTLE LATER

In the middle of dinner.

DEAN
I'm not gonna kid you Gary. It's bad, real bad.

GARY
And how bad is bad?

DEAN
Dickson has it fixed so that tape is his life insurance. I can't touch the guy. You're gonna have to pay him.

GARY
I can't pay him.

DEAN
You're gonna have to.

GARY
Drink. I need a drink.

Janet lifts Gary's wine glass to his lips as we see that he is still tied to his chair.

INT. MONICA'S LOFT- DUSK

Monica reclines on her couch, her laptop balanced on her knees. She plugs in a digital camera and watches as thumbnail images of her photos appear on screen as they are downloaded into the computer.

Monica hears a light knocking on the door. She walks to the door and looks through the peep hole. She smiles and opens the door. Gary is leaning against the far wall.

MONICA
I thought I heard someone out here.

GARY
Just working up the courage to knock.

MONICA
You coming in?

Gary steps inside and Monica closes the door. They embrace in a passionate kiss which seems to last forever.

GARY
I have some things I need to get off my chest.

MONICA
 (unbuttoning her blouse)
 So do I.

They kiss passionately.

INT. BAR- NIGHT

Dean sits in a booth between Tony and Vinny.

VINNY
 Look on the bright side. The Cadillac's
 takin' ten G's off the principle.

DEAN
 Muthafucker.

VINNY
 But Richie says the Boss is charging you
 two G's to fix the paint job.

DEAN
 Add it to my fuckin' tab.

VINNY
 Richie says he wants it in cash up front.

TONY
 Enough with that shit. Let's focus . We
 gotta earn... Okay... We're gettin' fifteen
 from the blackmail thing with Levin.

VINNY
 Hey Boss, I thought that guy was your
 friend.

Dean looks down solemnly and finishes the shot in his glass.

EXT. BAR- NIGHT

Dean steps outside. He walks to the curb and lights a
 cigarette. His cell phone rings and he answers it.

DEAN
 Waste Removal Consulting.
 (pause)
 Speaking.
 (pause)
 Yes.
 (checking his watch)
 I can be there in forty minutes.
 (pause)
 Alright.

Dean shuts off the phone as a Cadillac pulls up next to him,
 splashing a puddle on him in the process.

DEAN (CONT'D)
 What the fuck!

Dean kicks the rear panel of the car and steps into the street by the driver's door. Richie steps out.

RICHIE SAMBUTO
If that's dented, your fuckin' payin' for the bodywork.

DEAN
This my car!

RICHIE SAMBUTO
It's my car. Boss sold it to me for fifteen grand.

DEAN
What the fuck about Gisela?

RICHIE SAMBUTO
She wanted something red.

Dean pushes Richie.

DEAN
Gimme the fuckin' keys.

Richie punches Dean and pulls out his gun.

TONY
Whoa! Whoa!

Tony and Vinny rush between them.

TONY (CONT'D)
What the fuck is goin' on here?

VINNY
Everybody, let's go inside and have some 'bucca.

RICHIE SAMBUTO
This fuck is lucky he's not dead.

Vinny backs Dean up to the curb.

DEAN
Any fuckin' time you wanna take your shot cocksucker!

Vinny backs Dean into the bar.

RICHIE SAMBUTO
Sooner than you think.

TONY
C'mon Richie. Lemme buy you a drink.

EXT. CRANSTON'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Dean rings the bell. Christy opens the door almost immediately. She's dressed in a sexy version of a police woman's uniform. Tony and Vinny take a surprised step back.

DEAN
I thought you was a nurse?

CHRISTY
I'm whatever he wants. Come in.

INT. CRANSTON'S HOUSE- FOYER- NIGHT

Dean steps into the foyer. Christy closes the door on Tony and Vinny just as they reach the threshold.

CHRISTY
Frick and frack wait outside.
(pause)
Go.

INT. CRANSTON'S HOUSE- LIBRARY- NIGHT

CRANSTON
Welcome Mr. Patrozza.

DEAN
Hello Mr. Cranston.

CRANSTON
Thank you for coming to see me. I'll tell you right now that I have not changed my mind about paying Larry's debt, but I do have a business proposition to discuss... Please have a seat... Would you like a drink?

DEAN
Scotch.

CRANSTON
Christy, scotch all around. Please Dean- may I call you Dean- have a seat.

Dean sits on the couch as Christy hands him his drink.

CRANSTON (CONT'D)
This is a rather delicate matter to discuss but I think it will be best to be as forward as possible. I hope this won't offend you.

DEAN
I don't offend easily.

CRANSTON

I hope not Dean. I need something done that is outside the law and you are the only criminal I know.

Dean chokes on his drink.

DEAN

Mr. Cranston, I'm a waste management consultant. If you wanna talk waste I'm your man but other than that I don't know what you're talking about.

CRANSTON

I understand your concern Dean but let me assure you that Christy is not really a policewoman.

DEAN

I kinda guessed that.

CRANSTON

Your disclaimer is duly noted. Plain and simple, I want you to murder someone. Can't be any clearer than that.

Angle on Dean as we move in slowly on his face.

CRANSTON (CONT'D)

One million dollars.

Christy moves in close to Dean, her lips at his ear.

CHRISTY

A million dollars Dean.

We continue in on Dean.

CRANSTON

One million.

MAMA PATROZZA (VO)

Deanie, you promise Mama-

CRANSTON

In cash

MAMA PATROZZA (VO)

You swear on my grave baby-

CRANSTON

Tax free.

MAMA PATROZZA (VO)

Promise me that you'll never do it-

Now so close that we only see his ear and Christy's lips.

CHRISTY
So what do you say Dean?

DEAN
(coldly)
Alright. Who needs to be killed?

Wider now.

Christy sits down beside Dean

CRANSTON
Excellent decision.

CHRISTY
You're doing the right thing Dean.

CRANSTON
Another round to celebrate.

CHRISTY
Coming up.

Christy takes their glasses and heads to the bar.

CRANSTON
This scotch is thirty years old.

DEAN
(cold, disconnected)
Who do I have to kill?

Christy stops pouring and looks. Cranston leans forward in his wheelchair.

CRANSTON
You're going to kill me.

Christy finishes pouring the drinks.

DEAN
(confused)
I don't understand.

CRANSTON
I'm an old man Dean. I'm just moving up the inevitable.

DEAN
Why the rush?

Christy hands Dean and Cranston their drinks and sits.

CRANSTON
That doesn't concern you. Your business is going to be to send me out in style

DEAN
In style?

CRANSTON
I want to go out in a blaze of glory.

DEAN
Blaze of glory?

CHRISTY
A blaze of glory Dean.

CRANSTON
I've lived my life like a man and I want to end it like one.

CHRISTY
You can handle that, right?

DEAN
I'll need the money up front.

CRANSTON
The money comes afterwards. Christy will see to that.

DEAN
A deposit is standard.

CRANSTON
The money afterwards.

DEAN
And when do you want this done?

CRANSTON
Tonight.

DEAN
That's a pretty quick turn around.

CRANSTON
I believe the fee should cover any concerns about the turnaround.

CHRISTY
I'm confident that Dean can handle this.

CRANSTON
Tonight you'll stage a robbery. I trust that you will use your two best operatives.

DEAN
Of course. My best.

INT. CAR- NIGHT

Tony and Vinny in front, Dean in the center of the backseat.

VINNY

So this means our troubles are over.

DEAN

We're just trading in one set of problems for another.

VINNY

I'm not following.

DEAN

Never mind. Our troubles are over.

Dean's eyes connect with Tony's in the rear view mirror.

DEAN (CONT'D)

We got a stop to make.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING- HALLWAY- NIGHT

The door marked DICKSON INVESTIGATIONS, N.Y.S. LICENSED opens and the hooker we met earlier steps out.

HOOKER

And next time take a fucking shower before you call me.

The door slams behind her. The hooker continues down the dark hallway, passing Dean as he heads to the office.

INT. DICKSON'S OFFICE- NIGHT

Dickson answers the door wearing a T-shirt. His pants are on but unzipped.

DICKSON

What'd you forget this- Patrozza! What the fuck are you doing here?

DEAN

We got business to discuss.

DICKSON

Come on in.

DEAN

Get dressed. I'll wait outside. Smells like ugly people fucking in here.

INT. DICKSON'S OFFICE- A MINUTE OR SO LATER

DICKSON

Hundred and fifty grand. That's pretty heavy for a hit.

DEAN

A heavy price tag but the job's a cake walk.

DICKSON
So why are you bringing it to me?

DEAN
I let you take this job with the payoff and you forget about Gary Levin.

DICKSON
Now why would I-

DEAN
It's fifty grand more than you were getting.

DICKSON
And you don't want a cut?

DEAN
My friendship with Gary is worth more than money.

DICKSON
So you won't be taking the fifteen you were gonna take?

DEAN
(thinking)
I didn't say that.

DICKSON
And you'll be there?

DEAN
Holding your sleazy hand the whole way but you're the trigger man.

Dickson thinks, his mind racing to figure out the angle.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Think of it as a way to build trust between us.

DICKSON
Hundred and fifty grand to kill an old guy who wants to die.

DEAN
Sweet ain't it?

Dickson nods warily.

EXT. LEVIN HOUSE- NIGHT

Billy is knocking on the door. Janet opens it.

JANET
He's not here.

BILLY
Where is he?

JANET
Check with Monica.

Janet slams the door shut.

BILLY
(shouting from behind the door)
Do you have her number?

INT. CRANSTON'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Christy opens the door and let's Dean and Dickson in.

CHRISTY
Come in. You're early.

DEAN
Why delay the inevitable.

CHRISTY
Truer words were never spoken.

DEAN
(gesturing towards Dickson)
This is-

DICKSON
Nobody-

DEAN
An associate.

CHRISTY
Fair enough Dean. Wait here. I'll let him
know you're here.

Christy walks away.

DICKSON
She knows your real name?

DEAN
Well-

DICKSON
She has your number, your real number?

DEAN
Well-

DICKSON
Well what? You might as well leave a trail
of bread crumbs back home too?

Christy reemerges.

CHRISTY
Gentlemen, follow me please.

INT. CRANSTON'S HOUSE- GAME ROOM- NIGHT

Dean and Dickson enter the room. Cranston is in his wheelchair, his back to the rest of the room.

Christy waits at the double doors.

CHRISTY
I'll leave you boys to your business.

Christy closes the doors.

DEAN
Mr. Cranston.

Dean notices the moose head on the wall.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Mr. Cranston.

Dean notices the lion head next to the moose head

CRANSTON
Good evening Mr. Patrozza.

Dickson looks at Dean with disgust and rolls his eyes.

CRANSTON (CONT'D)
Do you hunt?

DEAN
I, uh, went deer hunting upstate once.

We see that Cranston is in front of a twelve foot stuffed grizzly bear.

CRANSTON
And your friend?

DICKSON
Are we here for an interview? I thought we got this job already.

CRANSTON
Yes indeed. I killed this bear over fifty years go.

DEAN
It's an impressive specimen Mr. Cranston.

CRANSTON
Thank you. My gun jammed so I had to kill it with my knife.

DEAN
You're kidding.

CRANSTON
Humor has never been my strong suit.

DICKSON
That I believe.

CRANSTON
You find out who you really are during
those moments between life and death.

DEAN
I'll remember that.

CRANSTON
You had better.

Cranston turns his wheelchair to face them. A vintage model
double barreled shotgun lays across his lap.

DICKSON
What the fuck?

Cranston lifts the gun. Dickson raises his automatic.

DEAN
Wait a minute!

Cranston fires. The blast is like a canon shot.

Dickson is propelled backwards and smashes against the back
wall of the room.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ!

Dickson looks down at his chest, now covered with blood.

CRANSTON
(quietly to himself)
Always go for a head shot.

Cranston fires again. Dickson's head explodes.

DEAN
Oh my god.

Dean drops behind the couch.

DEAN (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you doing?

Cranston reloads and fires a third time, this shot aimed at
the couch.

CRANSTON
The hunt is on.

Dean scrambles on his knees into the hallway.

DEAN
What hunt? This is a hit!

CRANSTON
Well start hitting son. I want my money's worth.

Cranston fires at the wall Dean is hiding behind. The plaster shatters behind Dean's head.

DEAN
(screaming)
Stop! Hold on!

We hear the whirring motors of Cranston's wheelchair.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Stop shooting! Time out!

CRANSTON
Time out. There's no time out in a hunt.

DEAN
Hunt! What the fuck are you talking about?

Dean peaks around the corner. Cranston is moving towards the doorway. He stops to take aim.

CRANSTON
There's no call for that kind of language.

Cranston fires a fifth time at the wall.

DEAN
(quietly to himself)
Hail Mary Mother of God.

Dean dashes past the doorway towards the front door of the house. Cranston enters the hallway area.

Dean finds the front doors locked and tries in vain to open it, turning the locks and knobs repeatedly.

CRANSTON
I suggest you draw your weapon young man.

Cranston raises his rifle.

DEAN
Hold on.

CRANSTON

You have made an agreement and I expect you to live up to it.

DEAN

Look I promise you'll be dead by tomorrow. I swear.

CRANSTON

Let's finish this now.

DEAN

Wait a minute.

CRANSTON

Draw your weapon!

Dean clumsily tries to get his gun out of his jacket pocket.

DEAN

I have to load it.

Cranston pulls the trigger. It does not fire.

Dean realizes his opportunity and rushes Cranston. Both tumble backwards as the wheelchair tips over.

INT. CRANSTON'S HOUSE- LIBRARY- NIGHT

Christy is holding an ice pack to Cranston's forehead.

CHRISTY

For God's sake Dean. He's ninety two years old. What the hell were you thinking?

Dean is pacing.

DEAN

(yelling)

What was I thinking! What was I thinking! What the fuck was Son of Sam here thinking!

CRANSTON

(angry)

I told you I wanted a blaze of glory!

DEAN

And I thought we would be doing all the blazing.

CRANSTON

(calming)

We, yes, we. How is your friend?

DEAN

He's headless.

CRANSTON
I'm sorry to hear that. It was him or me.

DEAN
(frustrated)
It was supposed to be you! What part of hiring people to kill you did you not understand?

CHRISTY
We should be focusing on finishing the job.

CRANSTON
Yes let's finish this job.

DEAN
You are a work of art.

CRANSTON
Finish the job if you wish to be compensated, Mister Patrozza.

DEAN
I'll need to make a call.

CRANSTON
To whom.

DEAN
I'll need another trigger man.

CHRISTY
We're paying you Dean.

CRANSTON
What kind of gangster are you?

DEAN
I'm a businessman.

Cranston nods to Christy who walks to a bookcase.

CRANSTON
You'll finish this now.

Christy brings a small wooden box to Cranston and opens it.

CRANSTON (CONT'D)
You have been contracted to do a job and you are being compensated very well for it.

DEAN
You'll be dead by dawn. Cross my heart.

Cranston withdraws a pearl handled Bowie knife from the box.

CRANSTON
You will kill me now or I will kill you.

DEAN
 (indicating the knife)
 Let me guess-the bear.

Cranston looks appreciatively at the knife.

CRANSTON
 Yes, the very same.

Dean starts to back away slowly.

DEAN
 Let's talk about this.

CRANSTON
 The time for talk has passed. Load your
 revolver.

DEAN
 I... I... I didn't bring any bullets.

CRANSTON
 Christy give him the Luger.

DEAN
 (rambling)
 No! No! I can't do this. You don't
 understand... I promised my mother, God
 rest her soul, on her death bed that I
 would never kill anyone.

Cranston and Christy look at him in disbelief.

DEAN (CONT'D)
 She didn't want me to follow in my father's
 footsteps, may he rest in peace.

Cranston and Christy continue their stare.

DEAN (CONT'D)
 I was an altar boy... She wanted me to be
 a priest.

CRANSTON
 (angry)
 Be a man and finish this or I'll cut off
 whatever balls you have left.

Cranston rises unsteadily from the wheelchair. Christy
 places a cane in his left hand as he shakily holds the knife
 up in his right.

CHRISTY
 He means it Dean.

DEAN
 I have to make a call.

CRANSTON
 (very angry)
 Shoot me!

DEAN
 I promised.

Cranston leaning heavily to the side, continues toward Dean.

CRANSTON
 (furious)
 Shoot me! Shoot me, god damn you!

DEAN
 I can't.

Cranston starts to tip over but Christy gives him a small push back up.

CRANSTON
 (turning red)
 God damn you, you two bit thug. You do what I tell you to do. You guinea bastards are all the same. They should lock you all-
 (clutching his chest with knife hand)
 Lock you all up.

Cranston winces in pain.

CRANSTON (CONT'D)
 (distracted)
 God damn you. I... I... had a... a... deal.

Cranston drops the knife, grabs his chest like a claw and slumps to the floor. Dean and Christy approach him slowly.

CHRISTY
 He's dead?

DEAN
 He's dead.

INT. CRANSTON'S HOUSE- LIBRARY- NIGHT

Dean and Christy sit opposite each other. Dean sips nervously from a wine glass.

CHRISTY
 That wine is \$750 a bottle.

DEAN
 It's good. I don't know if it's that good but it's good.

CHRISTY
 You need to appreciate the finer things in life before you can have them Dean.

You have ambition and ability. I see big things in your future.

Christy walks to the mantle and swings open a painting, revealing a safe. Dean's eyes light up.

DEAN
I can do those big things with the proper investment.

Christy opens the safe. It is filled with cash. Dean's jaw drops.

CHRISTY
I'm sure you could.

Christy looks back at Dean.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
But first we should settle the business at hand.

She closes the safe.

DEAN
What are you doing?

She closes the painting.

CHRISTY
I can't pay you just yet. I have to make sure my assets are protected.

DEAN
One million of those assets are mine now!

CHRISTY
Calm down.

Christy walks to the bar and pours another glass of wine.

DEAN
I need that money.

CHRISTY
Are we going to have a scene? Let's talk this through.

Dean begins to pace.

DEAN
There's nothing to talk about. I earned that money.

CHRISTY
No you didn't. My husband-

DEAN

Husband!

CHRISTY

We were married two months ago in Vegas.
My husband agreed to pay you to kill him.

DEAN

Which I did.

CHRISTY

Which you didn't. My husband died of a
heart attack.

DEAN

(screaming)

Which I gave him.

CHRISTY

You're not convincing me.

DEAN

Jesus Christ! He's dead! Isn't that what
counts?

CHRISTY

My husband made a deal with you and you
didn't come through. It's that simple.

DEAN

You owe me a million dollars. It's that
simple.

CHRISTY

Dean I refuse to desecrate my husband's
memory by paying for a service that he did
not receive.

DEAN

You're entering very dangerous territory.

CHRISTY

Oooh! Perhaps you'll give me a heart
attack too.

Dean sits on the couch and holds his head.

DEAN

I need that money. I really need that
money.

Christy stands behind Dean.

CHRISTY

(whispering in Dean's ear)

Perhaps we can work out a new deal.

DEAN

A new deal?

CHRISTY

I need assurances that my husband's will is not going to be contested by his one living heir.

DEAN

Larry Cranston?

CHRISTY

You get the million after you show me the dead body of my husband's grandson.

DEAN

(smiling)

Now that I can do.

INT. BAR- NIGHT

Dean waits in a booth. Tony and Vinny slide in.

TONY

Nothing boss.

DEAN

Whatta you mean nothing?

TONY

Nothing. He wasn't there. The body was gone.

DEAN

So they found him.

TONY

No. I checked with Sal's cop and he ain't showed up yet anywhere.

DEAN

This ain't right.

INT. APARTMENT HOUSE- HALLWAY- NIGHT

Dean enters the narrow lobby, carrying a large fruit basket. He stops at the first door and knocks. He can hear the TV blasting inside.

The door opens a few inches, restrained by the chain. The haggard, old LANDLADY peaks out.

LANDLADY

Who are you? Whatta you want?

DEAN

I'm sorry for the intrusion. I know it's late but I'm concerned about my friend Lawrence Cranston.

LANDLADY

Larry? What's wrong with him?

DEAN

That's what I was hoping to find out. I haven't heard from him in a few days.

LANDLADY

He left a few days ago.

DEAN

A few days ago? That's a shame because I have this gift basket and I would hate to see it go to waste.

The Landlady closes the door, undoes the chain and open it wider.

LANDLADY

That's a nice basket.

DEAN

It's got a whole bunch of fruits and cheeses and meats. Would you like to take it?

Dean hands her the basket.

LANDLADY

Thank you. This is very nice.

DEAN

Do you know where Larry went?

LANDLADY

He was sure in a hurry. A man that big, running like that is quite a sight, sweating like a pig.

DEAN

Do you know where?

LANDLADY

Only place he ever goes.

INT. TONY'S CAR- NIGHT

Dean, Tony and Vinny.

TONY

You gonna tell us where we're going?

DEAN

Lucky Scalps.

TONY

Connecticut? That's four hours.

Dean's cell phone rings and he answers it.

DEAN

Dean... Yeah... You're kidding... Alright,
I'll take care of it.

Dean hangs up.

DEAN (CONT'D)

That was Janet Levin. Gary's going to the
cops.

INT. GARY LEVIN'S SUV- STREET- NIGHT

Billy leans forward between Gary and Monica.

BILLY

Are you sure you want to do this?

MONICA

Leave him alone. He knows what he's doing.
(unsure)
Right?

GARY

What do you think? He killed your husband.

MONICA

Ex-husband.

EXT. STREET- NIGHT- CONTINUOUS

A garbage truck pulls out in front of the SUV. Brakes
screech as it skids to a halt. A second garbage truck pulls
out from an alley and broadsides the SUV.

The SUV spins several times then flips over onto it's roof.

INT. GARY LEVIN'S SUV

The SUV is spinning on its roof as Gary and Monica hang
upside down, restrained in place by their seat belts. Billy
lies in a clump between them on the roof.

A pair of feet in work boots come to the passenger side
window. Kneeling down, we see that it is-

VINNY

Wow! Did you guys see that? Hey, I didn't
expect you to stop so quick. Just trying
to box you in. You guys okay?

Vinny starts to stand but leans down again.

VINNY (CONT'D)

And don't worry about the damage. I know
an autobody guy.

EXT. EMPTY LOT UNDER THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE- DAWN

Dean and Gary are pacing nervously as Billy and Monica drink coffee and eat donuts off the hood of the SUV.

GARY

And what happened to Dickson? One minute he's blackmailing me and the next he falls off the face of the earth. Dou you knw where he is?

DEAN

I might.

MONICA

That's a yes.

GARY

You killed him?

DEAN

He's dead but I didn't kill him.

GARY

Fuck! People keep dying around you and you have nothing to do with it. Give me one god damn reason why I shouldn't tell the police everything I know.

DEAN

Because everyone seems to die around me.

BILLY

That's a very good answer.

DEAN

You really have to be careful with that kind of talk Gary. I understand because we're friends but other people won't. I was protecting you Gary. He wasn't supposed to get killed. Look, I'll admit the Lopez thing went too far but when all is said and done that ended up the favor of a lifetime.

GARY

Favor? You made me an accomplice to a murder.

DEAN

That's not fair.

GARY

And now with Dickson dead they're gonna find that video and put us all in the electric chair.

DEAN

Always half empty.

GARY

What?

DEAN

The glass is always half empty with you.
All the time that we've been friends.

GARY

All the time we've... You must be kidding
me.

MONICA

Heads up.

Tony's sub-compact pulls up next to them. Janet and Tony get
out.

JANET

Surprise, surprise.

TONY

What's up Boss?

DEAN

We're heading to the casino and these fine
folk will be joining us.

GARY

No we're not.

DEAN

I'm in a bad spot and I need your help.
There's serious money riding on this, Gary.
Money which I really, really need right
now.

GARY

We're not going anywhere.

JANET

How much are we talking about?

Gary gestures to her to shut up.

GARY

And what exactly is this money riding on?

DEAN

Look Gary, you have a lot of knowledge that
implicates me in some pretty serious shit
so I gotta get things in balance.
Friendship is one thing but this is
business.

GARY

We were never friends. I don't even really
know you.

DEAN
That hurts Gary.

Tony moves behind Gary.

TONY
The man said this is business.

GARY
You're going to kill us if we don't go?

DEAN
You think I'd bring you all here just to kill you.

GARY
Seems like the right kind of place.

BILLY
The man said he's not gonna kill anyone, so shut the fuck up.

DEAN
Gary, you're going to be the one doing the killing.

GARY
You're insane.

JANET
How much money are we talking about?

DEAN
That doesn't really matter.

JANET
If my husband is going to make a hit for you then we are damn well going to get a cut.

GARY
I'm not hitting anyone.

DEAN
(to Gary)
You're gonna cut into my deal after all I did for you?

GARY
All you did for me?

JANET
That was business and this is business. So let's concentrate on what matters here and that's the payday. How much are we talking?

DEAN

One million. We get a picture of this guy dead and we get one million.

JANET

Half. We get half.

DEAN

Twenty five percent is standard on a deal like this.

JANET

Half.

GARY

This is not even open to debate.

DEAN

Jesus, Gary half is not fair.

GARY

Do you understand that I'm not doing this?

DEAN

Alright, alright. Half. You whack this guy and you get half.

GARY

I'm not killing anyone.

MONICA

What if this guy didn't need to be whacked?

EXT. HIGHWAY- DAWN

Gary's SUV drives down the highway followed closely by Tony's sub-compact.

INT. GARY'S SUV- HIGHWAY- DAWN

With Gary at the wheel, Dean is in the front passenger seat turned toward the back. Billy is in the second row next to Monica who is busy at work on her laptop computer.

MONICA

All we need is a photo of this guy and I can make him look as dead as you want.

DEAN

You sure this'll work?

MONICA

Trust me.

EXT. GARY'S SUV- HIGHWAY- LATER

As the SUV rises over a hill, the enormous, brilliantly lit casino- LUCKY SCALPS- shines out from the surrounding woods.

A giant neon Indian warrior stands far above the casino chopping at the air with his tomahawk.

INT. INDIAN CASINO- LOBBY- NIGHT

The group arrives.

BILLY
This place is fuckin' huge.

GARY
We're never gonna find him in here.

DEAN
Alright. We're gonna split up, groups of two. Gary you're with-

GARY
(cutting off Dean)
Monica!

DEAN
Monica. Tony you take this one.
(indicating Billy)

BILLY
I'll be fine by myself.

DEAN
Any trouble with him, lock him in the trunk.

BILLY
That won't be necessary.

DEAN
Alright. Let's do this.

JANET
We don't even know what this guy looks like.

DEAN
Just look for the fattest fuck in this place and that'll be him.

An enormously fat couple passes by as Dean, Gary, Monica, Janet, Billy and Tony stare at them.

JANET
And plan B?

DEAN
(to Vinny)
Did you get that thing I told you to get?

Vinny pulls a folded envelope out of his coat's inner pocket and hands it to Dean.

DEAN (CONT'D)

This might help. Here's a photocopy of Fatso's drivers license.

The photocopy is passed from hand to hand.

DEAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Memorize the face. Add about twenty pounds onto what you see there. It's a few months old.

JANET (O.S.)

Let's get copies of this.

DEAN (O.S.)

No copies. And nobody says nothin' to nobody about this.

The photocopy ends up back in Dean's hands.

MONICA

He's got to have a room, let's just check with the front desk.

DEAN

I'm serious Monica. Nobody says nothin' about this.

GARY

So instead we spend hours looking for a needle in a haystack?

DEAN

A three hundred pound needle should be easy to find. We can't afford to advertise what the hell we're doing here.

GARY

What the hell are we doing here?

JANET

We're making a million dollars, dear.

DEAN

Shut... Janet, please don't talk about that in the open.

BILLY

Can I see that license again?

Dean hands Billy the photocopy.

DEAN

We follow the plan. Split up, spread out and call on the cell when you spot him.

(to Billy)

Gimme that back.

BILLY
One more second.

MONICA
(to Gary)
Let's go.

Monica and Gary start into the casino.

DEAN
Gary, I don't need to remind you what's at stake, do I?

Gary nods and continues on with Monica.

JANET
He'll behave.

TONY
He'd better.

DEAN
Gary's not gonna let me down.
(to Billy)
You done with that yet?

BILLY
I'm just not good with faces.

DEAN
Alright, keep the fuckin' thing. Just keep it to yourself. Understand?

BILLY
Yeah. To myself. I got it.

DEAN
Let's do this.

INT. INDIAN CASINO- SECURITY OFFICE- NIGHT

Dean, walking with Janet, is framed in CU on a black and white security monitor as a uniformed SECURITY GUARD watches from his chair. CARLO, late 30's, slicked back hair and dressed in a shiny grey suit stands behind the Guard watching the monitors.

CARLO
No shit. Little Dean Patrozza.
(dialing a cell phone)
What the fuck is he doin' here.
(to the guard)
You stay on him and get me cameras on the rest of his crew.
(into the phone)
Richie, it's Carlo. You're never gonna guess who just walked into my casino.

INT. INDIAN CASINO- BAR- LATER

Monica and Gary sit at the bar in the casino's lounge. Gary downs a shot.

MONICA
Are you good now?

GARY
Not yet. One more.

MONICA
That'll be three. The sooner we get this over with-

GARY
I need one more shot.

Gary signals the bartender to bring another.

MONICA
And you'll be okay.

GARY
With one more shot and two plane tickets to any country without an extradition treaty. Preferably tropical.

MONICA
Tropical is always nice.

GARY
Look, if we make it out of this.

MONICA
Gary-

The bartender places the shot in front of Gary.

GARY
Just hear me out. If we make it out of this- the next time I say we buy a boat and go somewhere, then we really buy a boat and go somewhere.

Gary downs the shot.

MONICA
Alright, we'll do that.

Gary leans forward and passionately kisses Monica

We pull back from the kiss to a long shot and the image turns to black and white.

INT. INDIAN CASINO- SECURITY ROOM

Carlo watches Gary and Monica on a security monitor.

On another monitor- Tony and Billy are seated in plush leather chairs.

INT. INDIAN CASINO- TEEPEE TEASE LOUNGE

Tony and Billy relax in two comfortable chairs.

BILLY

It's been over three hours and we don't have anything yet.

TONY

(checking his cell phone)
Dean woulda called me if anyone found him yet. I think we should check a few other places too.

A waitress in a deerskin mini-skirt and little else places two beers on the table between them.

BILLY

(eyes never off the waitress)
No, trust me, I have a feeling about this place.

TONY

(eyes also on the waitress)
Okay, we'll give it a little while longer.

WAITRESS

That'll be twelve wampum.

INT. CAR- HIGHWAY- NIGHT

Richie drives like a madman. The speedometer pushes 130.

INT. INDIAN CASINO- TEEPEE TEASE LOUNGE

TONY

I gotta go to the little chiefs room.

Tony gets up, adjusts his crotch with two tugs.

TONY (CONT'D)

You better be right here when I get back.

BILLY

I'm not going anywhere.

Tony heads off to the rest-room.

An EXOTIC DANCER approaches Billy, moving seductively to the beat. She's made up in Indian warpaint and wears an Indian headband with a feather.

EXOTIC DANCER

How kimo sabe.

BILLY
 (making the how sign)
 How... much?

EXOTIC DANCER
 It's twenty a dance. I can touch you but
 you keep your hands at your side.

BILLY
 I can manage that.

She straddles Billy and picks up the pace of her dance.

EXOTIC DANCER
 What's your name?

BILLY
 Billy. What's yours?

EXOTIC DANCER
 My name? My name's not important.

BILLY
 Look, this is the most meaningful
 relationship I've had in two years.

EXOTIC DANCER
 Alright. You can call me Dances With
 Girls.

BILLY
 And you can call me anytime.

EXOTIC DANCER
 You have a room?

BILLY
 No, we didn't get rooms.

EXOTIC DANCER
 Gambling straight through the night.
 You're a man's man.

BILLY
 We're just looking for someone.

EXOTIC DANCER
 (curious)
 Looking for someone.

BILLY
 A friend. We're looking for a friend.

EXOTIC DANCER
 For two-fifty I'll be your friend.

BILLY
 You know... I bet you meet almost everybody
 who comes through this place.

Billy pulls the photocopy out from his pocket.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Ever see this guy

She stops dancing as she looks at the paper.

EXOTIC DANCER
I know him.

BILLY
You do!

EXOTIC DANCER
Yeah. My friend-
(indicating a dancer on stage)
- Little Feather gave him a private show
the other night. Shoulda charged him
double if you ask me.

BILLY
Can you get a room number?

EXOTIC DANCER
Sure, but it'll cost you.

INT. INDIAN CASINO- SECURITY ROOM

Surveillance video of Billy showing the dancer Larry's
picture rewinds.

CARLO
Alright, stop it there and blow it up.

CU B/W Monitor- The photocopied driver's license fills the
screen.

INT. INDIAN CASINO- MAIN FLOOR

Tony and Billy exit the club. Tony is dialing his cell phone.

TONY
It's me.... No but we got his room
number... You don't want to know... The
Trail of Broken Tears- where's that?... Oh,
the cash machines. Yeah I saw 'em.

INT. INDIAN CASINO- LOBBY

Richie enters the lobby and is met by Carlo. They shake
hands but get right down to business.

CARLO
Lawrence Cranston, That mean anything to
you?

RICHIE SAMBUTO
Cranston is a dead man.

CARLO

Hey, there's not gonna be any violence here.

RICHIE SAMBUTO

No, I mean he's a dead man already. Past tense.

CARLO

Well then there's another Larry Cranston stayin' in room 1522.

RICHIE SAMBUTO

I'm gonna need a pass key.

INT. INDIAN CASINO- DINER

Dean, Janet, Tony, Vinny, Billy, Gary and Monica are seated at a round table in the 'No Reservation Diner'.

DEAN

You fuckin' moron. I told you to keep that picture to yourself.

JANET

Well at least he found out where this guy is staying.

DEAN

That's the only thing keeping me from locking you in a trunk.

BILLY

You have such a hard-on for me and the trunk. You're starting to sound like my father.

GARY

What room is it?

BILLY

Fifteen twenty two.

JANET

So how do we get in the room?

TONY

We just bust in.

DEAN

And security swarms all over our ass. See if the room next to his is available.

TONY

And?

DEAN

And get it if it is.

GARY
Room service.

DEAN
Room service?

GARY
A guy that big probably orders twice an hour just to keep from passing out.

DEAN
So we pretend to be deliverin'.

BILLY
And I think I know just what he'd be ordering.

INT. INDIAN CASINO- HOTEL ROOM 1522

Richie enters slowly, gun drawn, and checks the room. The phone rings and he picks up the receiver.

RICHIE SAMBUTO
(disguising voice)
Hmmm mmm.

The caller hangs up.

INT. INDIAN CASINO- MAIN FLOOR

Monica hangs up a house courtesy phone.

MONICA
He's there.

INT. INDIAN CASINO- HOTEL- HALLWAY

Smoke wafts out as Larry Cranston exits a room, disheveled with a two day beard, looking as bad as he probably smells.

LARRY
What kind a game runs out of food?

MAN (O.S.)
(from inside the room)
What kind a player runs out of money?

LARRY
Fucking cheaters.

Larry quickly closes the door and starts down the hall, using his hand against the wall for balance.

Halfway down the hall, Larry stops at a door and swipes his key card through the lock.

INT. INDIAN CASINO- HOTEL ROOM 1522

Larry enters his room and collapses backwards onto the bed.

Richie, gun drawn steps, out of the bathroom.

RICHIE SAMBUTO

Larry Cranston, fancy meeting you here.

Larry, tries to sit up but only manages to tilt his head forward a bit.

LARRY

Hey Richie, I been meaning to call you.

INT. INDIAN CASINO- HOTEL- HALLWAY

High heels walking. Silky bare legs leading to a leather mini-skirt. A fringed suede bikini top cover perfect breasts under a buckskin vest. Monica looks stunning in Indian hooker chic.

Gary and Dean follow Monica. Billy, Janet and Tony trail behind.

They stop a few feet away from Room 1522.

GARY

Are you sure you want to do this?

MONICA

I've been in worse spots than this.

GARY

I know.

MONICA

Just remember.

GARY

Remember?

MONICA

When we get out of this-

Gary and Monica kiss passionately.

JANET

I hope you're all seeing this because you'll be called to testify at my divorce.

Gary and Monica finish their kiss.

DEAN

Let's do this.
(to Janet and Billy)
You two move down a bit.

Gary and Dean stand against the wall on each side of the door.

Monica knocks on the door. No answer. She knocks again.

LARRY (O.S.)
Who is it?

MONICA
Just me, Mr. Cranston. I heard you might enjoy a personal lap dance.

She hears shuffling inside the room.

IN LARRY'S ROOM

POV- through the peephole- Monica.

IN THE HALLWAY

The door opens and Monica is pulled into the room. The door closes before Gary and Dean even have a chance to move.

GARY
(whispering)
What the hell were you waiting for?

DEAN
(whispering)
Me? What the fuck were you doing?

Janet rolls her eyes. Gary moves to the door, his arm raised as if to knock. Dean pulls him back from the door.

DEAN (CONT'D)
No.

GARY
Why not?

DEAN
We can't have him barricading himself in there.

GARY
So we break it in.

DEAN
And have security all over us.

GARY
I'm not leaving her in there.

DEAN
Look, we have the room next door. We'll go in through the connecting door.
(to Tony)
You get that room?

TONY
 (walking to the room next door)
 Yeah boss. 1521.

Tony swipes the key card but the door does not open.

TONY (CONT'D)
 Must be broken.

JANET
 That's 1520 moron. 1521 is across the
 hall.

DEAN
 Do I gotta do every fucking thing myself?

Gary approaches 1522 again. Tony grabs Gary in a full nelson

DEAN (CONT'D)
 Let's get outta the hall. I need to think.

Dean swipes open the door to 1521.

IN LARRY'S ROOM

Monica sits on the bed next to Larry. Richie faces them,
 sitting on the desk chair.

MONICA
 Look I have a show in thirty minutes and
 the club is going to be really pissed if I
 don't make it-

RICHIE SAMBUTO
 Shut up.

MONICA
 And all the girls know I'm here.

RICHIE SAMBUTO
 Larry, you never told me what quality ass
 they got up here?

LARRY
 Well, like I said, I was meaning to call
 you.

RICHIE SAMBUTO
 Makes me wonder what else you're holding
 out on me. Like why the fuck are you even
 alive?

LARRY
 Patrozza tried to whack me so I think maybe
 I'm due an apology here.

RICHIE SAMBUTO
 (angry)
 Patrozza tried to whack you?

(raising his gun)
 You lie to me one more fuckin' time and
 you're a dead man.

INT. INDIAN CASINO- ROOM 1521

Tony lets Gary out of the hold.

JANET
 (amused)
 Make sure you boil your girlfriend when you
 get her back Gary.

DEAN
 You are not helping.

GARY
 We have to get in there.

DEAN
 We need to get him to open the door.

Billy exits the bathroom, checking his crotch for stains.

BILLY
 A second hooker. It'd make me open the
 door.

The men turn to Janet.

JANET
 No fucking way. I'm not lifting a finger
 to save that little bitch.

GARY
 Janet, please.

JANET
 Oh, how pathetic.

GARY
 (sincere)
 Janet.

DEAN
 Think of this more as protecting your
 investment.

IN LARRY'S ROOM

Monica does a slow, sensual dance for Richie.

LARRY
 I promise I'll pay the Boss every penny I
 owe.

RICHIE SAMBUTO
Don't sweat it. That's all been taken care
of.

LARRY
Whatta you mean?

RICHIE SAMBUTO
Patrozza assumed all your debts upon your
unfortunate passing.

LARRY
But unfortunately I didn't pass.

RICHIE SAMBUTO
It's a very interesting predicament.

Monica's dance slows down.

RICHIE SAMBUTO (CONT'D)
(to Monica)
Did I tell you to stop?

Monica picks up her pace.

IN THE HALLWAY

Gary and Dean flank the door to Room 1522. Janet approaches
slowly and knocks on the door.

IN LARRY'S ROOM

Richie signals to Larry to ask who it is.

LARRY
Who is it?

JANET (O.S.)
You asked for a show.

LARRY
No.

JANET (O.S.)
1522. They told me a two girl show.

LARRY
Not interested.

IN THE HALLWAY

Dean signals to Janet to ask for the phone with his thumb and
pinkie.

JANET
Can I make a call to straighten this out?

RICHIE SAMBUTO (O.S.)
 (angry)
 Not fucking interested. Now get the fuck
 outta here.

At the sound of Richie's voice, Dean pulls out his gun and faces the door.

DEAN
 (quietly)
 Richie Sambuto.

Tony pulls out his gun as well. Gary sees this reaction and pounds on the door.

GARY
 Monica! Monica! Are you alright!

DEAN
 (smacking himself in the head)
 Awe fuck Gary!

GARY
 Monica!

IN LARRY'S ROOM

CU Monica- the barrel of Richie's gun is pointed under her chin.

RICHIE SAMBUTO
 Now Monica, why don't you take this
 opportunity to introduce yourself properly.

IN THE HALLWAY

TONY
 What's Richie doin' up here?

GARY
 Who the hell is Richie?

JANET
 What is going on here?

GARY
 (to Janet)
 Go into the room!

JANET
 I-

GARY
 Do it!

Gary grabs Janet by the arm and pushes her into room 1521.

GARY (CONT'D)
Keep her in here Billy!

Dean knocks on the door.

DEAN
Richie, it's Dean. Open this door.

RICHIE SAMBUTO (O.S.)
Dean, how ya doin'.

DEAN
Open this door, Richie. We gotta talk.

RICHIE SAMBUTO (O.S.)
Your little friend and I need some private
time if you know what I mean.

DEAN
We're attracting a lot of attention out
here. I don't think you really want that
now do you?

The light on the door turns from red to green and opens a
crack.

IN LARRY'S ROOM

Richie, holding Monica in front of him with his gun to her
head, backs slowly away from the door.

Dean pushes the door open and enters slowly. His gun is
firmly in hand but pointed toward the ground. Gary is right
behind him followed by Tony.

RICHIE SAMBUTO
Whoa. If I knew you all were comin' I'd a
baked a cake. You two assholes wait
outside.

DEAN
Wait outside.

GARY
No way.

DEAN
Wait outside Gary.

GARY
Not without Monica.

RICHIE SAMBUTO
A fuckin' hero.

DEAN
Tony.

Tony pinches Gary between the neck and shoulder and pulls him back out the door. The door locks behind them.

RICHIE SAMBUTO

So how about if you tell me what the fuck you're up to.

DEAN

I think it's pretty obvious. I've got business with Fatso.

LARRY

Hey, I have a gland problem.

Richie pistol whips Larry who stumbles back against the far wall unconscious.

RICHIE SAMBUTO

Your business is with the Boss now. As far as he's concerned Larry Cranston is dead and you owe one hundred thousand dollars.

DEAN

That IOU is still walkin' and talkin'.

RICHIE SAMBUTO

There's no way I'm letting you off the hook on this one. It's too much fun watching you dangle.

DEAN

And how do you plan to do that?

RICHIE SAMBUTO

You can't be that dense. Let's just say today is not Larry's lucky day.

DEAN

You do what you gotta do, Richie. I'm not makin' nothin' about nothin'.

RICHIE SAMBUTO

Good for you.

DEAN

Just let the girl go and I'll be on my way.

RICHIE SAMBUTO

Monica? You don't want to go yet do you?

MONICA

(almost crying)
Please, just let me go.

RICHIE SAMBUTO

Just who the hell are you anyway? Are you Dean's piece of ass?

DEAN

She's a nobody Richie. Leave her out of this.

RICHIE SAMBUTO

Seems to me like she got herself into this.

DEAN

She's my responsibility Richie. Look, give me Monica for Larry.

RICHIE SAMBUTO

That sounds about right, Dean.

DEAN

Then it's a deal.

RICHIE SAMBUTO

It's a deal.

DEAN

(his hand extended)
C'mon Monica.

Monica starts to move toward Dean but she is still held fast by Richie.

RICHIE SAMBUTO

Well it's not that easy. They say the devil is always in the details and I find that's usually pretty true.

DEAN

I don't understand.

RICHIE SAMBUTO

I'm gonna give you Monica here and you're going to give me Larry Cranston.

DEAN

He's yours.

RICHIE SAMBUTO

You're gonna give him to me dead.

DEAN

Kill him yourself you sick fuck.

RICHIE SAMBUTO

Play nice. I'm giving up a beautiful woman here.

Richie caresses Monica's cheekbone with the barrel of his gun.

RICHIE SAMBUTO (CONT'D)

You have to give me something of value in return Dean. And the only thing I want is the one thing you can't give up.

DEAN
You know I can't do that.

RICHIE SAMBUTO
Sure you can... your soul to save your
friend's here.

Richie presses the tip of his gun into Monica's temple.

RICHIE SAMBUTO (CONT'D)
Just put a bullet in this piece of shit's
head and we let bygones be bygones.

DEAN
This isn't funny. You got me on the line
for a hundred grand already. Isn't that
enough?

RICHIE SAMBUTO
I want your soul Dean. Now finish this
fuck off so we can get off the Ponderosa.

DEAN
I can't.

RICHIE SAMBUTO
I'm sorry to hear that.

With the gun still to Monica's head, Richie pulls back the
hammer.

DEAN
Now wait a minute!

Dean slowly raises his gun toward Larry who has begun to
stir.

RICHIE SAMBUTO
No waiting.

DEAN
Let me think.

RICHIE SAMBUTO
Just do it Dean.

Dean pulls back the hammer on his gun.

INT. BEDROOM- FLASHBACK

Back in Dean's mother's bedroom. Little Dean is standing
next to his mother's bed leaning into her.

MAMA PATROZZA
(in a weakened voice)
Deanie, you promise Mama, you swear on my
grave baby-

LITTLE DEAN
No Mama- don't say that.

IN LARRY'S ROOM

CU- Dean winces.

INT. BEDROOM- FLASHBACK

MAMA PATROZZA
Listen to me, Dean. You promise me that
you'll never do it- no matter what your
father tells you-

IN LARRY'S ROOM

ECU- Dean stares hard at Larry. Larry is coming to and looks
up at Dean with prayer in his eyes.

INT. BEDROOM- FLASHBACK

MAMA PATROZZA
You promise me that you'll never do it- no
matter what your father tells you-

IN LARRY'S ROOM

ECU- Dean closes his eyes.

INT. BEDROOM- FLASHBACK

MAMA PATROZZA
No matter what your father tells you-
promise me you'll never kill anyone.

IN LARRY'S ROOM

ECU- Dean clenches his eyes.

INT. BEDROOM- FLASHBACK

MAMA PATROZZA
Promise me you'll never kill anyone-

CU- on Mama Patrozza's lips

MAMA PATROZZA (CONT'D)
Unless it's that fuck Richie Sambuto.

IN LARRY'S ROOM

CU- Dean opens his eyes.

Dean swings his gun away from Larry and towards Richie. He
fires.

CUT TO: BLACK

GARY (V.O.)
 Now Dean could never really swear that
 that's really what she said, but that's his
 story and he's sticking to it.

FADE IN:

INT. INDIAN CASINO- HOTEL- HALLWAY

Monica and Gary are locked in an embrace.

GARY (V.O.)
 Whether it's true or not, he saved Monica's
 life. And Larry's for that matter. It
 also put the fear of God into Larry and
 made him very cooperative with the rest of
 our plan.

IN ROOM 1521- LATER

Larry is standing on a wooden chair in the middle of Room
 1521 as Billy puts a thick roped noose around his neck.

GARY (V.O.)
 Digitally deleting the chair would be easy.
 Helping Larry up on it in the first place
 was the hard part.

Monica kneels with her camera and begins to frame the scene.
 Dean steps in front of her.

DEAN
 (to Larry)
 C'mon. Lean into it a little. Make it
 look like your choking.

Dean steps out of the way.

BILLY
 Say cheese.

Larry tries to act as if he's choking but he's a terrible
 actor. The chair beneath Larry collapses. Larry hangs from
 the rope attached to the ceiling, clawing at the noose.

Gary and Billy rush and grab Larry by the legs.

DEAN
 Wait a minute- take the picture.

MONICA
 Help him.

DEAN
 Take the fucking picture. Take the picture
 first.

Dean pulls Billy away from Larry and Tony grabs Gary.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Shoot it!

BILLY

Take the goddamn picture.

Monica kneels again and frames the shot with her camera.

THROUGH THE CAMERA LENS- Larry gurgles and swings from the ceiling.

FREEZE FRAME- on Larry in black and white as the camera shutter snaps.

GARY (V.O.)

It would have been hard to imagine just a few days before but things worked out pretty well for everyone.

INT. CRANSTON'S HOUSE- DUSK

Dean hands the picture to Christy.

GARY (V.O.)

Christy got the peace of mind and serenity from knowing Larry was dead. She also got a shit load of money.

Christy loads packs of cash into a hiking pack held by Dean.

GARY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And Dean got his money and the credentials he needed to get made.

EXT. SCHULMAN USED CARS- - DAY

On an overstocked used car lot, Janet opens the hood of 1982 Chrysler as steam pours out. A fat Pakistani man, her customer, is yelling and gesturing wildly.

GARY (V.O.)

Janet ended up running her dad's used car lot after our divorce settlement. She downsized and relocated to keep it out of Chapter 11.

INT. INDIAN CASINO HOTEL ROOM- NIGHT

FREEZE-FRAME on Larry hanging from the ceiling.

GARY (V.O.)

Larry probably made out the best out of all of us.

The FREEZE-FRAME comes to life as the ceiling collapses under Larry's weight.

GARY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He settled out of court with Lucky Scalps
 for an undisclosed sum. Rumor has it at
 mid seven figures.

INT. INDIAN CASINO- MAIN FLOOR- NIGHT

A well dressed Larry, Dances with Girls at his side, is
 having a bad roll at the craps table.

GARY (V.O.)
 Whatever it really was I'm sure the casino
 will get it all back soon.

INT. CASINO- MAIN FLOOR- NIGHT

Dean strolls the floor of a casino flanked by Tony and Vinny.
 He winks at a cute waitress who passes and smiles.

GARY (V.O.)
 Dean rediscovered his Native American roots
 and opened a casino with a loan from the
 Federal government. It seems his great
 grandfather was one sixteenth Mohawk. You
 can prove just about anything with enough
 well placed wampum.

EXT. BOAT- CARIBBEAN OCEAN- DAY

Gary is at the helm of a boat. Monica, looking amazing in a
 bikini, is next to him. They're kissing.

GARY (V.O.)
 Monica cashed out her stocks and sold her
 apartment. Along with the money from my
 end of the deal-

We follow Monica as she climbs down the ladder to the main
 deck.

GARY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 - we got our boat and a place down in the
 islands. Some days we run scuba tours but
 most of the time we just dive on our own.

We pan back to the back of the boat. Billy is holding his
 nose with a Scuba regulator in his mouth. He begins to choke.

GARY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Life has never been so good. Kind of the
 way I always imagined it should be. I try
 not to think about-

INT. HOOKERS APARTMENT- DAY

Dickson's hooker sits on her couch, talking on the phone and
 changing the television channel with her remote.

GARY (V.O.)
... the tape that Dickson left behind.

CLOSE UP- an envelope marked "IN CASE OF MY DEATH".

GARY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's the one loose end that could put us
all away.

The Hooker pulls the video tape out of the envelope and
rushes toward the television, cradling the portable phone
between her neck and ear.

HOOKER
(into the phone)
Hold on, it's starting.

She puts the tape into her VCR and presses a button.

CLOSE UP- on the television we see the phrase "REC" appear
over the title of "One Life To Live".

GARY (V.O.)
Well, until that day comes I'm just going
to enjoy the moment.

FADE OUT