

"THE BOOSTER"

Screenplay by  
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Adapted from the novel  
*The Booster* by Eugene Izzi

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WGA Registered

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"THE BOOSTER"

CAST OF CHARACTERS

VINCE.....Male, White, 36, the booster of  
the title

EVELYN.....Female, White, 34, a cocktail  
waitress and Vince's lover

BOLO.....Male, White, 60, retired  
safecracker, and bartender

BIGUM.....Male, Black, 40, an honest  
detective

SEAN.....Male, White, 39, his partner

TEDDY.....Male, White, 30's, a drunken  
hitman for the Outfit

BAGS.....Male, White, late 40's, Teddy's  
uncle and Outfit underboss

MONTAINE.....Male, White, 60's, Bags' boss

RAY PARILO.....Male, White, 60's, the ruling  
boss of the Outfit in Chicago

PERRY.....Male, White, 45, Sean's cousin  
in the FBI

JESUS.....Male, Latino, 30's, a two bit  
insurance scam artist

GOONS.....Male, White, 20s - 40s

BAR PATRONS.....Male, White, 50's, retired  
crooks who hang around Bolo's  
bar

"THE BOOSTER"

CHICAGO 1983

EXT. STREET CORNER - EARLY MORNING

The wind blows dirty snow off the tops of snowbanks in the January morning. VINCE is huddling in a phone booth with a mournful look, shaking with the cold. He stamps his feet, adjusts his ski cap, and watches a car come down the street. As it pulls into the parking lot of the Seven Eleven in front of him, VINCE perks up a little. A WOMAN jumps out of the new Pontiac and runs inside, leaving it running. VINCE looks after the WOMAN, and then back to the car. He exits the phone booth, takes a couple of steps towards the car, stops to consider, and shakes his head. He sighs.

VINCE

Fucking Pontiac.

He goes back into the phone booth, pounding his arms to keep warm. A moment later, the WOMAN exits, sipping coffee. Vince picks up the phone and turns away, miming a conversation as the WOMAN drives off.

VINCE

God...send me a Benz.

(starts to hang up,  
but stops)

And warm it up out here. Thanks.

INT. BOLO'S BAR - MORNING

In the grey morning light, BOLO finishes mopping. He disappears in the back, and returns, rolling a keg. He cocks an ear: someone is knocking on the front door. He ignores it. Coming to the bar, he squats over the keg, takes a deep breath, holds it, and picks the keg up like a weight lifter. Stiff legged and with gritted teeth, he carries it behind the bar. With effort, he holds it aloft for a few moments, testing himself, and then suddenly puts it down with a jerk. Only then does he breathe out. The knocking is louder. Panting, BOLO thumps his stomach with a fist, and heads around the bar to open the door.

Outside the door are an imposing bunch of guys, overcoated and scowling: TONY, TOMMY, PEZ, ANIMAL, and TWO FINGER.

TONY

Jesus fucking Christ, Bolo, you  
know the temperature out here?

BOLO looks at his watch.

BOLO

You know what time I open.

BOLO goes to shut the door, but ANIMAL puts out a huge  
hand to stop him.

TOMMY

Have a fuckin' heart, Bolo.

Ignoring him, BOLO looks up at ANIMAL and smiles grimly.

BOLO

You think I'm scared of you?

ANIMAL shakes his head, takes his hand away, and glances  
at the street, mournfully.

ANIMAL

It's supposed to snow.

BOLO

Some tough guys, scared of a  
little snow.

BOLO looks them over and they look back. Suddenly BOLO  
laughs and pulls ANIMAL in.

BOLO

Get inside before we freeze to  
death.

The other GUYS push in around him, relieved, and PEZ  
slaps him on the back. As they take off their coats and  
hats, settle into their usual spaces at the bar, and  
begin their raspy morning chatter, BOLO goes behind the  
bar and pours them a row of short beers. He smiles,  
thinking.

Behind him, taped on the mirror behind the cash register,  
are postcards of Rome, Capri, Naples, and a worn snapshot  
of a pretty, middle aged woman. BOLO glances at it, rubs  
his chin, and then his eyes wander over a row of framed  
photos of famous boxers - Joe Lewis, Rocky Marciano, Ali,  
Dempsey - to land on one of an unknown youngster in a  
formal boxing pose. Stuck in the frame is a snapshot -  
the same youngster, a little older, in military fatigues  
in Vietnam, with a grim look.

EXT. STREET CORNER - A LITTLE LATER

Ten years older than his Vietnam snapshot, VINCE scans the growing traffic on the street, and looks back: several cars are now in the parking lot. A SUIT is returning to his station wagon. As he tries to open the door, the paper under his arm blows away; he lunges for it and spills coffee on himself. VINCE lip-synches with the unheard SUIT:

VINCE

Shit!

And chuckles. He turns back to the street and his eyes widen: a brand new 1983 gold Cadillac is turning into the lot. VINCE raises his arm, blocking his face, and talks urgently into the phone, watching the SUIT in his station wagon.

VINCE

Come on, beat it.

As the SUIT backs out of the lot, a large, well dressed FAT MAN gets out of the Cadillac slowly. VINCE nods.

VINCE

(does a FAT MAN's  
voice)

I'll have three fried egg  
sandwiches.

VINCE laughs. Before the FAT MAN has even entered the store, VINCE has already hung up and exited the phone booth. He walks casually to the Cadillac, opens the door a second after the FAT MAN disappears, and slides in. The car is still running.

INT. CADDY - IMMEDIATELY

VINCE does a K-turn and eases out of the parking lot without looking back, already twisting frantically at the controls with his thick leather gloves. Finally he finds the heat, turns it up to blasting, and sighs.

Turning the corner, VINCE pulls up to a red light, smiling. He glances in the rear view mirror, his smile fades, and he adjusts the mirror: the car that has pulled up behind him has a siren mounted on it's dashboard. In darkened silhouette, two figures inside it are conversing. VINCE winces as the PASSENGER points to the Cadillac, and the DRIVER spins his wheel, pulling into the lane along side of him. VINCE turns, slowly, to see who is along side of him, and looks relieved: inside the

car are two DETECTIVES. The one nearest him rolls down his window with a leer. VINCE rolls down his window and nods grimly.

DETECTIVE

Yo. Nice car. Had it long?

The DETECTIVE driving guffaws.

VINCE

Yeah, thanks.

VINCE looks around the street.

VINCE

Go catch some bad guys or something.

The DETECTIVE winks.

DETECTIVE

We'll be seeing you later.

The light has changed: rolling up his window, the DETECTIVE waves casually, and they pull away. VINCE follows, slowly.

VINCE

Fuck you, scumbags.

To punctuate his annoyance, VINCE reaches out to the car radio, but fumbles with the digital buttons through his thick glove. He sucks his teeth. Pulling a glove off, he tries again: music blares, VINCE steps on the gas, and laughs. Nodding his head to the music, he speeds through an intersection, smiling.

EXT. STREET - A WHILE LATER

VINCE's Caddy passes TEDDY, BAGS and MONTAINE getting out of a car. TEDDY - adjusting a gun inside his overcoat - looks up and whistles at the building in front of them: The Sears Tower.

TEDDY

Parilo's got some real estate.

MONTAINE - the oldest of the three - glances at TEDDY, frowns, and starts towards the building. BAGS follows, glaring back at him. TEDDY yawns.

TEDDY

Guess he made his bones by

getting up at the fucking crack  
of dawn, huh?

BAGS

Shut the fuck up, Ted!

TEDDY looks chagrined, puts on a serious face, and does a quick salute. As they come to the glass doored entrance, TEDDY runs ahead and holds the door open for MONTAINE and BAGS.

INT. SEARS TOWER - A MINUTE LATER

The TRIO crosses the wide, tiled entrance plaza, filled with office WORKERS on their way to work, past rows of elevator banks numbered in groups of ten. A line of TOURISTS waits behind velvet ropes.

FEMALE GUIDE

--the Sears building is the  
tallest structure in the world.  
Please have your tickets ready.

Beyond the TOURISTS is the last elevator bank - only four elevators - and a barrier ending in a guard desk. As the TOURISTS begin to file into their elevator, MONTAINE steps up to a uniformed GUARD at the desk and signs in. The GUARD glances at the book, and then looks at two young WISEGUYS who sit in chairs on either side of an elevator. One of the GUYS nods.

GUARD

Elevator three, gentlemen.

He opens the barrier, and MONTAINE - followed by BAGS and TEDDY - enter the bankway. As one of the GUYS presses the elevator button, the other mumbles into a walkie talkie.

BAGS

You want Ted should stay down  
here?

MONTAINE shakes his head. TEDDY nods and tries not to smile as they are ushered into the elevator.

GUY

(into walkie talkie)  
Bring 'em up.

INT. ELEVATOR - A SECOND LATER

As they rise in the elevator, BAGS looks at TEDDY.

BAGS

Ok. Ted. Now, you know Parilo is  
Tombstone's brother in law--

TEDDY

(grins)  
Tombstone the rat?

MONTAINE snorts. BAGS glares into TEDDY's face.

BAGS

You know what they will do to you  
if you shoot off your mouth like  
that upstairs?

TEDDY

I wouldn't, I mean, I know--

BAGS wacks TED in the chest, but MONTAINE puts his hand  
on his shoulder, restraining him. He looks at TEDDY.

MONTAINE

He *is* a fucking rat, Ted, but  
only we can say that. Just keep  
your mouth closed and you'll be  
fine.

TEDDY

Yes sir!

TEDDY draws himself up and puts on a tough look. The  
elevator comes to a stop and the doors open. Outside,  
three WISEGUYS - more foot soldiers like the ones  
downstairs - are lined up, each with a hand casually  
inside their open jackets. TEDDY's eyes widen.

INT. HALLWAY - IMMEDIATE

MONTAINE emerges, nonchalant, and raises his arms. BAGS  
and a nervous TEDDY follow. TEDDY glances around: behind  
the three GUARDS another three or so mill around, smoking  
and drinking coffee.

GUARD

Excuse me, Mr. Montaine.

MONTAINE shrugs, and the GUARD pats him down, then BAGS -  
both are unarmed - and finally TEDDY. He pulls a gun from  
TEDDY's jacket, and another one from the back of his  
belt, and finally, feeling down his legs, a third from an  
ankle holster. Another GUARD laughs.

GUARD

This guy's ready for a fucking war.

The other GUARDS laugh. MONTAINE almost grins, and even BAGS chuckles. As the GUARD deposits TEDDY's guns on a side table, a door at the end of the hall opens and PARILO, wearing a robe and smoking a cigar, looks out. MONTAINE and BAGS go to him. MONTAINE shakes his hand.

MONTAINE

Ray. You know Guy Bags.

PARILO nods.

BAGS

Good to see you, Mr. Parilo.

TEDDY gets a brief glimpse of an amazing view through the apartment door before the three MEN disappear and the door closes. A GUARD looks TEDDY over.

GUARD

Hey, cowboy-You want some coffee?

TEDDY nods, silently, and then coughs.

TEDDY

Ah, yeah. Thanks.

Another GUARD offers a styrofoam cup--

INT. STATIONHOUSE - DAY

--and BIGUM accepts it gratefully, from SEAN, who is standing over BIGUM's desk and sipping from his own cup.

BIGUM

Thanks.

SEAN

Thanks, sarge.

BIGUM snorts. SEAN smiles.

SEAN

From now on, son, you gotta call me sergeant.

SEAN takes a badge from his belt and holds it in BIGUM's face. BIGUM stands up and looms waaay over him.

BIGUM

I ain't your son, I ain't never gonna be your son, and you don't even know my momma, so don't give me none of that racial stuff. I don't play that stuff.

SEAN

Racial *stuff*? Try racial *shit*, it sounds better.

BIGUM shakes his head, stubborn.

BIGUM

Racial stuff. That's why they promoted you with one year *less* than me on the force.

SEAN

It's 'cause they scared of you. Big scary black man can't be a sergeant. Had to put me in charge of your gorilla ass.

BIGUM leers.

BIGUM

So what's our assignment today, sergent, suh?

SEAN shrugs and looks at a clipboard.

SEAN

Pick up Jesus Silva.

BIGUM

Him?

(snorts)

Well, I guess they gotta keep us away from "the Booster".

SEAN

What?

BIGUM points with his chin. The FAT MAN is sitting at a distant DETECTIVE's desk filling out papers with an angry look.

BIGUM

He struck again. Or somebody with his pattern.

SEAN

Fuck! This guy's crazy, he's

going for four times a week now.  
Who caught it?

BIGUM shrugs.

BIGUM  
Monte and Roy.

SEAN is truly disgusted. He glares up at BIGUM.

SEAN  
Oh, yeah, like they are gonna try  
to find the guy. If we ever lay  
our hands on that guy half this  
goddamned department will wind up  
in jail.

BIGUM chuckles and looks around. He nods and smiles down at SEAN. SEAN smirks back, and then abruptly turns and heads for the door. BIGUM gets his coat, and follows, sipping his coffee. He passes a DETECTIVE, who nods coldly.

EXT. STATIONHOUSE - A MINUTE LATER

BIGUM pulls his coat closed.

BIGUM  
Shoot!

SEAN - standing at the door of an unmarked Chevy - rolls his eyes.

SEAN  
Shoot? Motherfucker, it's cold as  
as a...goddamned...witch's tit!

SEAN laughs and BIGUM sighs, exasperated.

BIGUM  
Tell me, you talk like that in  
front of your mother?

Now SEAN leers.

BIGUM  
White folks are crazy! Turn on  
the heat, fool, it's starting to  
snow!

SEAN and BIGUM get in the car.

MAIN TITLES COME TO AN END

EXT. GARAGE - SAME TIME

VINCE is looking up at the sky. He shakes his head at the flakes.

A LATINO MAN in the garage office moves from the plate glass window to stick his head out the door.

MAN  
 (with a Cuban  
 accent)  
 Yo, BOB!

BOB, in the background, is finishing an inspection of the Caddy.

BOB  
 (to MAN)  
 Just a minute!  
 (to VINCE)  
 Three.

VINCE  
 Three?

MAN  
 Hey, I just wanna know...

BOB turns, annoyed. He marches over to the MAN. They talk, too low to hear, until BOB gets agitated.

BOB  
 --just GO HOME! I'LL CALL YOU!

The MAN leaves, disgusted, with many a backward glance.

BOB  
 I'm sorry about that.

VINCE shrugs.

VINCE  
 Well, I'm sorry about the three.

BOB  
 You bring me a lot of cars. Don't  
 I get a volume discount?

VINCE folds his arms.

VINCE

Ok, I'll bring you less.

BOB

I didn't say that.

VINCE shrugs again, stony faced. BOB considers him and finally sighs. He pulls out a wad of bills, and begins counting.

BOB

Alright, thirty three, but that's it.

VINCE nods his assent. BOB hands him the roll, and he counts it carefully.

BOB

Not bad for an hours' work.

VINCE

Hey. It's fucking freezing out there.

VINCE finishes counting and purses his lips, grudgingly pleased with the take. He looks BOB.

VINCE

Alright. Call the cab - and get me one with a fucking heater this time!

EXT. BOLO'S BAR - LATER

BOLO watches as the outside door opens and VINCE enters, wiping snow off his shoulders. VINCE walks up to the bar and looks at BOLO, who looks back. VINCE pulls out a roll of bills.

VINCE

Bolo, let me buy the bar a round.

VINCE drops a hundred on the bar. BOLO raises an eyebrow at the size of the roll, and VINCE smiles.

BOLO

Where you been, Vincent?

VINCE

Working.

BOLO

I see.

BOLO just looks at him. VINCE looks back.

VINCE  
You gonna get me a beer, or what?

BOLO  
Sure, kid. Schlitz?

BOLO pops open a Schlitz and puts it on the bar.

BOLO  
Take this and go sit in the back booth.

VINCE rolls his eyes.

BOLO  
Go.

As VINCE complies, BOLO pours drinks for the half dozen REGULARS and distributes them.

VINCE sits in the booth and, as BOLO walks over, drains his beer in one gulp, looking at BOLO challengingly. To his surprise, BOLO quietly puts another beer in front of him, sits down, and looks at him for a minute.

BOLO  
I figure we've had it, kid,  
you're burnt up from the joint  
and the war, and I'm burnt up  
from too much living.

VINCE double takes.

VINCE  
What? I thought this was gonna be  
the I'm-pulling-too-much-exposure  
speech.

BOLO  
You want that?

VINCE shakes his head.

TONY  
(distant)  
Yo Vincent! Salud!

The other REGULARS raise their glasses to VINCE, who salutes them with his bottle, smiling. When the scattered thanks die away, he turns back to BOLO shaking his head.

VINCE

Whadya mean burnt up? Did I buy  
the drinks, Bolo? You know what I  
made this month?

BOLO shrugs.

BOLO

Chump change, kid. You're  
stealing candy and selling it. I  
say you're burnt up because  
that's the only way I can figure  
it. You're scared to do a real  
score.

VINCE

I'm not scared, Bolo, I'm smart.  
I don't have to rely on anybody  
this way.

BOLO shakes his head.

BOLO

You can do another seven for  
stealing cars just as easy as  
something bigger.

VINCE waves away that argument, rubbing three fingers  
together in a "cash" motion.

VINCE

Chicago's finest are lining up  
for it! They're not gonna let the  
gravy train stop, as long as I  
don't do something they can't  
ignore. Like crack a safe, Bolo.

BOLO

I quit rather than do scores for  
the *Outfit*. Now you say a bunch  
of *badges* own your contract as a  
booster?

(shakes his head,  
horrified)

You're not following my good  
example at all, kid.

VINCE grimaces and shrugs.

VINCE

Come on. Nobody owns me, Bolo.  
I'm just buying insurance.  
(forces a laugh)

I'm supporting couple a dozen cop

families and you want me to stop?  
I got responsibilities. Kids  
braces, mortgage payments.

BOLO smirks at the joke. As VINCE takes a long pull at his second beer, BOLO give him a brief calculating look. VINCE looks at him suddenly.

VINCE  
What is this about, Bolo?

BOLO watches VINCE for a beat, musing, and then leans forward slightly.

BOLO  
I may have something.

VINCE blinks. His eyes widen in surprise, and he glances away.

VINCE  
I thought you were retired.

BOLO  
I've been offered a job that will pay off big enough that I can *really* retire. And you can settle down, marry a nice girl like Evelyn, and never have to steal again.

VINCE throws his arms in the air.

VINCE  
Oh, Christ. I'm supposed to take this seriously when it ends with me marrying *Evelyn*?

BOLO  
Don't make the mistake I did, kid.

VINCE gestures towards the bar, annoyed.

VINCE  
Bolo. Ev is not your long lost Isabel--

BOLO  
--I didn't say she was--

VINCE  
--you say that woman loved you. Ev doesn't love me.

BOLO

How do you know?

VINCE

She told me! She said "don't ever expect me to mention love." Ok?

BOLO

(shakes his head)

She's just acting tough. Listen to me. You see a good thing, you've got to grab it.

VINCE

If it's so easy, why don't you go find Isabel?

BOLO

Maybe I will someday.

BOLO stands up abruptly and VINCE shakes his head.

VINCE

Are we talking about business or what?

BOLO leans over the table.

BOLO

I'm not going to tell you anything yet. I just want you to think about it.

VINCE

I'm gonna say no to you?

BOLO

I taught you a long time ago, never be afraid of being afraid. I never went on a score in my life I wasn't afraid. It's when you think you've got everything safe, when you're comfortable, *that's* when you take it in the ass.

BOLO thumps the table and starts to walk away. VINCE laughs loudly.

VINCE

If I never rolled over in the joint, you think I'm gonna start now?

BOLO turns back and looks at VINCE for a second.

BOLO  
What if an honest cop decides to  
go after you?

VINCE  
Bolo. There are no honest cops in  
Chicago.

VINCE finishes his beer with a grin and BOLO goes back to  
the bar shaking his head.

EXT. TENEMENT - SAME TIME

SEAN and BIGUM climb the rickety outside stairs to a  
second story tenement apartment as fat snow flakes fall  
around them and turn to mush on the stairs. SEAN slips.

SEAN  
Damn!

BIGUM  
Watch out, it's slippery.

BIGUM chuckles. SEAN pulls himself up, and they continue  
on. As they near the top, now BIGUM slips. As SEAN  
watches, he slips down a couple of stairs with a grunt,  
catches himself, and pulls himself up without a word.  
SEAN has a frustrated look.

SEAN  
Goddamn!

BIGUM  
What's that for? I'm the one who  
fell.

SEAN  
I was hoping you were gonna  
swear.

BIGUM just smiles.

SEAN looks at the door.

SEAN  
I'll take the lead on this one.

BIGUM  
Don't let me stop you. You the  
big man now.

SEAN nods agreement, grinning. He rolls his head around, loosening up, takes a deep breath, and pounds on the door.

SEAN

Jesus, open up! It's the police!  
We've got you surrounded!

No answer. SEAN puts one ear to the door, listens, tests the knob, steps back, and runs into the door, trying to break it down. It shudders and holds. He crashes into the door twice more and is about to draw back for a fourth try when BIGUM casually puts his shoulder into it: the door explodes open and SEAN is catapulted in. SEAN stumbles but recovers and runs through the apartment, looking around, with BIGUM walking more cautiously behind him.

SEAN

Aha!

BIGUM

What?

SEAN is looking in the door of the back bedroom: a terrified JESUS, in his underwear and socks, has one leg over the window sill, ready to make his escape onto a balcony.

JESUS is the LATINO MAN who was interrupting BOB's deal with VINCE.

SEAN

You running from us, Jesus?

SEAN steps towards JESUS, who begins to shake his head no.

SEAN

Well, don't let us stop you!

SEAN shoves JESUS the rest of the way out the window, and slides the window shut. He turns and winks to BIGUM, who bursts out laughing. As they watch, JESUS goes to the edge of the balcony outside, shivering, puts one leg over the rail, looks around, and then comes back to the window with a pitiful look. SEAN shrugs at him. JESUS knocks on the window with his palm.

SEAN

Now he wants back in.

JESUS puts his hands together like he's begging. Snow is collecting on his head. SEAN laughs.

BIGUM

Alright, alright.

BIGUM reaches past SEAN, opens the window, and pulls a shaking JESUS in. He tosses him on the bed.

BIGUM

Roll yourself up in those  
blankets, boy.

JESUS does, and looks at them like a drowned rat.

INT. STATIONHOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

A sullen JESUS, now dressed and with his hands cuffed behind his back, marches in front of SEAN and BIGUM into the stationhouse.

They pass several groups of DETECTIVES and uniformed BEAT COPS standing around talking. None of them acknowledge SEAN or BIGUM, who glance at each other. BIGUM shakes his head. SEAN looks at a clipboard, and then at the SERGEANT behind the desk.

SEAN

We'll take number four.

The SERGEANT nods, deadpan, and holds out a key.

BIGUM and SEAN drag JESUS down a corridor. SEAN is thin lipped with anger.

SEAN

Our problem is, Bigum, we're too  
fucking honest!

BIGUM

Why do you think they put us  
together? Otherwise we would be  
ruining two other dudes' day.

SEAN

I'm thinking, why did I bust my  
ass for twenty years to get my  
sergeant's stripes?

BIGUM

They still catch criminals, Sean.  
Only difference between them and  
us is they just ain't above  
improving their lifestyles  
occasionally.

SEAN goes to open the door to an interrogation room.

BIGUM

It bothers you so bad, we let  
Jesus here grease us, we tell  
everybody, and then we're in the  
club.

JESUS brightens, and nods eagerly, but SEAN and BIGUM both ignore him. BIGUM looks at SEAN seriously. SEAN considers it, purses his lips skeptically, and then opens the door and shoves JESUS inside. He staggers and falls into a chair. SEAN sits across from JESUS, still ignoring him, and sighs.

SEAN

All I know is, somethings gotta  
shake it up around here or I'm  
gonna retire now.

(snorts)

I'm sick of being sent to catch  
two bit guys like Jesus here.

JESUS

Hay-soose, sir.

SEAN turns to JESUS as BIGUM wanders around behind him.

SEAN

Ok, *Jesus*, you've heard my  
complaints. You better give me a  
miracle or I'm gonna lose faith  
in the big man.

JESUS raises his hands plaintitively.

JESUS

I don't know the charge, sir.  
This is a mistake.

SEAN looks up at BIGUM with a slight smile. BIGUM winks back, and then sighs loudly. He leans over JESUS, dwarfing him, and slams a clipboard in front of him.

BIGUM

You in a mess of trouble, boy.  
Insurance company swore out a  
complaint. You a greedy little  
fool, insure the same old boat  
with five different agents, say  
it's stolen when you didn't even  
move it from the same garage.

JESUS looks up at him with an innocent look.

JESUS

I don't know what you're talking about. I don't even have a license.

BIGUM sucks his teeth. He takes JESUS's head with exaggerated gentleness, aims his eyeballs at the clipboard, and shuffles through the pages.

BIGUM

Cars with identical description and different numbers, the same number on different cars. You ain't heard of computers yet, boy? You pull this stuff, a little red light goes on on one of those things. Machines will catch you these days.

JESUS is now bent way back in his chair with BIGUM holding him easily with one hand and glaring down at him. He squirms uncomfortably and looks appealingly at SEAN. SEAN barks a laugh.

SEAN

Don't look at me. He's the nice one. I remind you he's the one let you back in from the snow.

BIGUM snarls in JESUS's face. JESUS cringes.

JESUS

Ok, sir, I am guilty. I'm very sorry.

BIGUM lets JESUS go, and his chair rocks. JESUS looks relieved. BIGUM shrugs. SEAN yawns.

SEAN

Now, this is the juncture where you offer us information to lighten the severity of your sentence, which I calculate as five to ten years of brutal anal sex with men of Officer Barnes' size.

BIGUM

That a racial crack?

SEAN

I said size, not race.

BIGUM

Size of what?

BIGUM laughs evilly. SEAN smirks at him.

SEAN

Good point.

(to JESUS)

If you imagine Officer Barnes' johnson in scale to his physique-

SEAN holds up his hands about a foot apart.

BIGUM

Better throw in a few inches for my natural advantage.

SEAN

(laughs)

*That's* a racial crack.

SEAN widens his hands to two feet apart.

SEAN

Imagine a fellow who wants to shove this in you somewhere.

BIGUM

Imagine five of 'em having a party in your cell.

JESUS is looking back and forth between them, very worried now.

JESUS

H-How about I give you the name of the man who I buy my titles from? It's Bob, at Barecki Motors in Calumet City.

SEAN shrugs.

BIGUM

That's nice, but it ain't gonna save you.

SEAN

I'll tell you what. I'll give you a pad, you write down every bad guy you've ever known, and then we'll come back and see what we can do.

SEAN pushes him a pad, stands, and he and BIGUM move

towards the door. JESUS looks frustrated.

JESUS  
I only do insurance! I don't know  
any bad men!

SEAN shakes his head with sorrow at JESUS, and opens the door.

JESUS  
(desperate)  
Listen, Bob will know some, he  
deals hot cars! I, I saw him take  
a stolen car this morning from a  
bad man! A big gold Cadillac!

SEAN starts to exit, but BIGUM grabs his arm and stops him.

SEAN  
Huh?

BIGUM  
Close the door.

SEAN moves back in and closes the door.

BIGUM  
Tell us about the car.

JESUS  
A brand new 1983 gold Cadillac,  
brown leather seats, the driver  
was blond, very tough.

JESUS imitates VINCE's crossing his arms. BIGUM turns to SEAN.

BIGUM  
You got your miracle. That's the  
Booster.

SEAN's eyes widen. BIGUM smirks at him, and they start laughing.

EXT. VINCE'S LOFT - LATER THAT DAY

VINCE is walking in the snow through an industrial neighborhood. He shades his eyes: ahead of him a car is parked with the motor running and the windshield wipers going. He smiles, waves, and veers off the sidewalk to a nondescript garage building. Taking keys from his pocket, he puts one into a covered lock next to a steel garage

door and turns it. Holding the key turned, he pulls an electric garage door opener from his pocket and clicks it. The door rises, slowly, and when it is open he gestures with exaggerated courtesy for the car to pull in.

The car backs in - next to two already inside - turns off, and the door opens: EVELYN gets out, taking her time, in a long coat with a fur collar. As VINCE watches from outside, EVELYN pulls a purse after her, looks through it, takes a cigarette out, puts it in her mouth, lights it, drags, looks around, and finally exhales with a smile at VINCE.

EVELYN

You know, it's not every guy I'll wait in the snow for.

She shoulders her bag and walks to the garage door.

VINCE

You been waiting long?

EVELYN reaches for VINCE with the hand she holds the cigarette in, draws his head close, and kisses him on the lips. After a few seconds, she lets go--

EVELYN

Hello.

--and walks by him. VINCE hurriedly reverses the process to shut the door, and then jogs after her. Her footsteps lead around the corner to the side of the building, where EVELYN is surveying an iron staircase covered in snow. She shrugs to herself.

EVELYN

I've got a radar that attracts me to nuts who do things like live in a garage.

VINCE

I'm a nut?

EVELYN picks up a broom to sweep the first stair, but VINCE takes it away from her. He sweeps her off her feet and begins carrying her up the stairs.

VINCE

I'll do that tomorrow when it stops.

Perfectly casually, EVELYN leans an elbow on his shoulder and takes a drag on her cigarette. She smiles at him

again.

EVELYN

Tell me if I get too heavy.

VINCE

It's secure, Ev, thats why--

EVELYN

Secure? It's like Fort Knox!

VINCE

Well, I know how easy it is to  
break into--

EVELYN gently covers his mouth with her hand.

EVELYN

You tell me a story about your  
past, I gotta tell you one too?

VINCE smiles underneath her hand, and puts her down. They're at the top of the steps. A steel riot grill covers the door in front of them. VINCE takes a key from his pocket, puts it in, turns, and the grille rises. The knob on the door has a punch lock: VINCE clicks a series of numbers, turns the knob, and opens the door.

INT. LOFT - IMMEDIATELY

EVELYN tosses off her jacket, steps out of her shoes, revealing a tight dress, and strolls into the room. VINCE looks after her, and hops around trying to quickly shed his layers of coats, sweaters, and pants.

EVELYN drops onto a couch: VINCE's loft is vast, sparsely furnished, and windowless except for a huge skylight. In one corner hangs a heavy punching bag. Covering all the walls are books - thousands of them - arranged on industrial metal shelves. Everything is extremely ordered and neat.

EVELYN watches as VINCE - now just in full long johns - walks over to the couch, looking up at him speculatively.

EVELYN

Don't stop there.

VINCE puts his hands on his hips, and smirks at her.

VINCE

I will if you will.

EVELYN

You first.

VINCE grins and takes them off. He is as wiry and muscular as a field worker, with several tattoos. EVELYN looks him over with a raised eyebrow.

EVELYN

Ok, now me. Tough guy--

EV giggles. VINCE kneels down, slides his hands up her dress, and begins to peel it off of her. EVELYN starts laughing. He climbs on top of her, they embrace, and we

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

TEDDY drives slowly in the snow. In the back seat, BAGS watches MONTAINE think. TEDDY glances surreptitiously in the rear view mirror and chews his lip. Finally MONTAINE sighs and turns to BAGS.

MONTAINE

You trust your nephew?

BAGS

Like you trust me.

MONTAINE raises his eyebrows. He leans forward.

MONTAINE

Can I count on you, kid?

TEDDY turns all the way around to look at MONTAINE.

TEDDY

With your life, Mr. Montaine.

MONTAINE

No, it's *your* life on the line, King. Now watch your driving.

(to BAGS)

His *and* yours, you know that.

BAGS shrugs.

BAGS

So, you wanna do that thing we talked about?

MONTAINE shrugs.

MONTAINE

We either go with Parilo's  
cockamamie plan, or make our  
move.

BAGS shakes his head.

BAGS

Fuck Parilo. Fuck him. We're  
gonna wack half the guys in  
Chicago?

MONTAINE

King...Ted, right? Bag's tells me  
you've done some work for him  
already. You wanna do four bosses  
and all their guards for us?

TEDDY

Yes sir!

BAGS and MONTAINE both chuckle.

BAGS

I told you he was up for  
anything.

MONTAINE

It would be a fucking butcher  
shop! We would be chopping up  
guys for days!

Now they both dissolve in laughter. TEDDY grins  
enthusiastically. Finally they quiet down.

MONTAINE

Forget that, Ted.

(glances at BAGS)

You're gonna carry some money for  
us. And you've only got to kill  
one guy when the time comes, and  
bring us something he'll have  
that we want.

TEDDY

Oh, ok. I mean, yes sir. Just  
tell me who and he's dead, no  
problem.

MONTAINE nods approvingly, but BAGS leans over.

BAGS

(quietly)

If we're gonna use him, I think

we're gonna have to explain the details, Jerry.

MONTAINE looks at him for a minute, then shrugs, nodding.

MONTAINE

Alright, go ahead.

BAGS looks at the back of TEDDY's head.

BAGS

Ted, you ever wonder, if Tombstone sold Campo out to the feds, then why are all the underbosses still loyal to his Parilo, his brother in law?

TEDDY opens his mouth to answer, thinks better of it.

TEDDY

Ahh...I dunno.

BAGS

Campo may have got fifty life sentences, but Tombstone will be out in ten years. They're all scared of what he's got on *them*.

MONTAINE

Parilo says Tombstone bugged his own house and taped *everything*. Like fucking Nixon! He showed us the tapes today.

TEDDY

(confused)

Parilo's got tapes on the underbosses?

BAGS sighs, exasperated.

BAGS

Listen careful, Ted. The tapes that put Campo away? The feds didn't make those. That was bullshit. Tombstone made 'em, and traded them for a short sentence. He *also* has tapes on six of the ten bosses. Where is Tombstone gonna hide them during his stretch? Parilo was the only safe place.

MONTAINE

So now, Parilo has a goddamn brainstorm. He's arranged a sit down on Monday. And at this sit down, he wants *my* crew to kill the four bosses he don't have tapes on. Then he owns the world.

TEDDY

Tombstone gave the order?

MONTAINE

Hell no. Parilo is scared Tomstone is gonna trade the remaining tapes for early parole, so he's screwing him and taking over.

TEDDY nods, deep in thought.

TEDDY

So I'm gonna kill one of the four bosses?

BAGS

No, no, no! Don't you get it? This is a dumbass plan! So Montaine and I are gonna screw *Parilo!*

TEDDY

I kill Parilo?

MONTAINE and BAGS start laughing again.

BAGS

This kid...

(chuckling)

No, Ted. When Parilo shows up at the sit down, you're gonna get the tapes from his apartment. Then *I'm* gonna kill him.

TEDDY

How am I gonna do that?

MONTAINE

You're gonna be with the best safecracker in Chicago.

BAGS

You're gonna bring him the deposit, go with him. Then, when he gets the tapes, you're gonna

wack him.

TEDDY nods with excitement.

TEDDY

I got it! Then I bring you the tapes--

BAGS

Then Mr. Montaine here - and me - have six of the bosses by the balls, and the other four love us because we didn't wack them on Parilo's orders.

MONTAINE chuckles and pats TED on the shoulder.

MONTAINE

When this is over, Bags, you find a good spot for this man, you hear me?

BAGS

Pull over at that booth, I'm gonna call Rubolo.

TED pulls over - skidding slightly - and starts to jump out, but BAGS stops him.

BAGS

Forget it.

BAGS opens his own door, and inspects the snowy curb.

BAGS

Jesus!

But he gets out and goes to the phone. TED looks in the rear view mirror, smoothes his hair, and smiles at himself.

EXT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

BOLO sits in his car, looking across a parking lot at a busy restaurant. VALETS take cars from WISEGUYS and their DATES. After a minute, he nods, thumps the dashboard, and gets out of his car. He marches through the snow to the door.

INT. LOUNGE - A MINUTE LATER

BOLO glances around the room and sees BAGS, MONTAINE, and

TEDDY at a back booth. He walks over to them, addressing BAGS and MONTAINE.

BOLO

Guido. Jerry--

BAGS and MONTAINE glare back at him, surprised. TED looks from them to BOLO, puts on a tough look, and jumps up to block BOLO from standing over them.

TEDDY

You mean Mister Montaine and  
Mister Baggio.

BOLO doesn't even glance at TEDDY. He shrugs.

BOLO

I got the wrong table?

He starts to turn. BAGS shakes his head for an instant at TEDDY.

BAGS

Bolo. Sit down.

BOLO nods and sits. TEDDY sits next to him.

BAGS

I hope you understand we can't  
even talk to our most trusted  
guys these days. Ted here is just  
gonna give you a quick frisk.

BOLO shakes his head, doesn't even glance at TED.

BOLO

Kid's wearing an off the rack  
suit from Sears, six dollar  
shoes, a phony diamond pinky  
ring. He touches me, I'll break  
his fingers.

(to MONTAINE)

Since when you guys hire people  
with no class?

MONTAINE chuckles.

MONTAINE

That a real ring, Ted?

TEDDY

Hell yeah!

TEDDY glares at BOLO, starts to say something, but stops

as BAGS kicks him under the table.

MONTAINE

My friend here says you're the best. Are you?

BOLO

(considers)

Well, Jerry...Safeman Willy, a colored guy, the FBI killed him. Fabe Falletti, he disappeared...outside of them, I'm the best.

TEDDY

Humble, too, eh, Mr. Montaine?

BAGS shakes his head shortly at TEDDY.

MONTAINE

Guido tell you what we want?

BOLO

He tells me you need a safeman for a job. One job only.

BOLO gestures "one" with his index finger. MONTAINE darkens.

MONTAINE

He tell you the payoff?

BOLO nods.

MONTAINE

Good. For two million fucking bucks, I don't need a wiseass.

TEDDY grunts in agreement.

MONTAINE

Bags, one more sound out of your nephew, I'm gonna suck his eyeballs out of his head.

TEDDY's eyes widen. BOLO gazes at them frankly.

BOLO

(sighing)

Fellas, you want some guy who's gonna tremble and shake, don't get a professional safeman. You want a fawning asshole to kiss your ring, then go out and blow

an alarm off, get himself in a  
jackpot, why, use Teddy here.

BOLO turns to TEDDY and looks at him for the first time.

BOLO  
You a safeman, Teddy?

TEDDY  
You call me Teddy again, *old man*,  
I'll show you what I can do.

BOLO laughs merrily in TEDDY's face. He raises his  
eyebrows at BAGS and MONTAINE.

BOLO  
I got a business to run. See ya,  
"old guys."

BOLO gets up chuckling, starts to walk away.

BAGS  
Bolo.

BOLO doesn't turn.

MONTAINE  
Mr. Rubolo.

BOLO stops and turns. MONTAINE is red with anger.

BOLO  
Mr. Montaine?

MONTAINE  
I would appreciate it if you  
would sit back down, we'll get  
back to business without a bunch  
of nonsense?  
(to TEDDY)  
Teddy. Go sit in the bar.

TEDDY gets up, shocked, and stalks to the front of the  
restaurant. BOLO chuckles, and sits back down.

IN THE BAR:

TEDDY sits down at the bar in a rage. He looks around,  
fuming, and spies the young BARTENDER.

TEDDY  
A White Label, rocks, now!

The BARTENDER scurries over and pours his drink. TEDDY

glances back at the booth - BAGS, MONTAINE, and BOLO are deep in conversation - and then pours the drink down in one long gulp. He pounds the glass on the table.

TEDDY

Again.

BARTENDER

Yes sir.

The BARTENDER pours him another one, and watches as TEDDY drinks half of it. TEDDY suddenly puts it down.

TEDDY

You got a problem? You want something?

BARTENDER

(afraid)

No sir, no problem.

TEDDY glares at him as he starts to move away. He suddenly puts out his fist.

TEDDY

Hey you, comere.

The BARTENDER, scared, inches back towards him.

TEDDY

How much you think this cost?

The BARTENDER doubletakes in confusion, and finally realizes TEDDY is focusing on his large, tacky looking, possibly diamond pinky ring. The BARTENDER considers nervously, almost speaks, and then reconsiders.

BARTENDER

F-five, no, six thousand.

TEDDY beams. He pulls a small roll of bills out of his pocket and tosses a ten on the bar.

TEDDY

Damn right. Here you go.

BARTENDER

Oh, thank you sir, yes sir.

TEDDY nods, pleased at the ass kissing, glances at the booth again, and then finishes his drink. He sighs, considering.

TEDDY

One more.

AT THE BOOTH.

BOLO is shaking his head.

BOLO

You want the job done, Teddy  
ain't going in with me. I am a  
solo act. Period.

BAGS

Bolo, you got to look at this  
from our point of view. We're  
paying you a lot of money. You  
must have it figured that what's  
in that safe is worth a lot more  
to us. I mean, with your  
attitude, how we know you're not  
gonna grab our money and the  
goods and disappear?

BOLO shakes his head, disgusted.

BOLO

You guys are incredible. I'm  
fucking insulted. You *know* why I  
hung it up, but you've got the  
nerve to ask me here and then  
question my word?

Now BOLO pounds the table, intense, and glares at  
MONTAINE.

BOLO

The way I see it, you want me  
because I'm a stand up guy, and  
you don't trust anybody who works  
for your organization to do this.  
Now make up your mind.

MONTAINE nods.

MONTAINE

Ted can wait outside. As soon as  
you come out you'll turn the  
stuff over to him?

BOLO

Yeah.  
(nods, satisfied)  
So when do I get the down  
payment?

MONTAINE

Tomorrow. Teddy will bring it to  
your bar. Should be safe there.

BOLO laughs and stands up.

BOLO

A pleasure.

BOLO exits. MONTAINE watches him leave, finally shrugs at  
BAGS.

MONTAINE

So he caps him in the street,  
what's the difference.

BAGS

Teddy's a fucking loudmouth. I'm  
sorry, Jer-

MONTAINE waves that away.

MONTAINE

More balls than brains. That's  
what we need if we're gonna get  
away with this.

BAGS

That's Teddy.

FADE TO:

INT. LOFT - LATER

VINCE is at his door, paying a snow covered CHINESE  
DELIVERY GUY. The GUY grunts and leaves. VINCE walks back  
to the one table in the apartment, shaking his head.

VINCE

(grunts)

I give him a ten buck tip, and  
that's what I get.

EVELYN laughs.

EVELYN

That means "put in an f-ing  
kitchen."

VINCE

I keep him in business!

VINCE pulls a variety of cartons out of the bag. He puts

a paper plate in front of EVELYN and pours some food on it. EVELYN digs in hungrily. Smiling, VINCE sits down and watches her. She gestures with her fork playfully.

EVELYN  
I'll give you credit. You don't expect a girl to make you dinner. You clean up, too?

VINCE  
What's to clean up?

EVELYN  
Well, if you put in a kitchen you could show off and cook for the girls you bring home.

VINCE  
Yeah, well, I can't cook.

Now VINCE starts eating, and EVELYN watches him.

EVELYN  
Don't worry, I'm not trying to make you put in a kitchen.

VINCE glances at her.

VINCE  
Why not? You don't want to make coffee in the morning?

EVELYN  
Who says I'll be here in the morning?

VINCE slides his chair alongside EVELYN's, kisses her, and kisses her again. As he runs his hands down her body, she drops her fork and reciprocates. She laughs (at VINCE's unspoken answer to her question) and this could turn into a sex scene but: the phone rings.

EVELYN  
Uh oh, it's a girl.

VINCE smiles and picks up the phone off the floor.

EVELYN  
You don't want to go hide in the bathroom? I won't mind--

Looking straight at EVELYN, VINCE picks it up.

VINCE

Hello.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

BOLO is in a phone booth on the street, smiling. New snow is heaped all around.

BOLO

Vince. It's me.

INT. LOFT - IMMEDIATELY

VINCE

Uhh...

VINCE's face freezes, but EVELYN winks at him easily - she waves for him to talk - and gets up from her chair. She wanders over to a bookshelf.

BOLO

You know that thing we discussed?

VINCE

Yeah?

BOLO

Well, it's been arranged.

VINCE

Alright.

BACK IN THE PHONE BOOTH

BOLO looks concerned.

BOLO

You thought about it?

VINCE

I don't have to think. You tell me what to do and I'm there.

BOLO

You're in?

VINCE

Bolo, you gonna insult me any more?

BOLO rubs his jaw, and nods.

BOLO  
 Alright, so you're in.  
 (brightens in spite  
 of himself)  
 You're gonna love this.

VINCE  
 I am?

BOLO  
 (chuckles)  
 You got any mountain climbing  
 gear?

VINCE laughs.

VINCE  
 Nah.

BOLO  
 Well, I'm gonna buy you some.  
 You're gonna need it. We're gonna  
 climb a very tall mountain. Set a  
 record, maybe.

VINCE  
 In the snow?

BOLO  
 What are you talking about? It's  
 beautiful out.

Vince looks doubtful, but his tone is enthusiastic.

VINCE  
 Ok, Bolo.

BOLO  
 You're gonna have to be in good  
 shape to keep up with me. Go do  
 some push ups.

VINCE glances at EVELYN, who is glancing at a book and  
 making a big point of not listening or watching.

BOLO  
 Kid. You there?

VINCE  
 (trying to laugh)  
 You know you're the only one in  
 the world calls me kid?

BOLO

Hey...If you're not in top shape,  
you don't gotta come, ok. I mean,  
I won't mind.

VINCE

I'm in better shape than you, old  
man.

BOLO

We'll see.

IN THE BOOTH

BOLO hangs up. He grimaces, worried, taps his fingers for  
a minute, and then shrugs and walks away.

INT. LOFT - IMMEDIATELY

VINCE hangs up, deep in thought. EVELYN wanders back. She  
smiles faintly and pours herself some more food. VINCE  
looks at her.

VINCE

You don't wanna know what that  
was about?

EVELYN shakes her head.

EVELYN

Nope.

VINCE

You are a piece of work.

EVELYN

Thank you.

EVELYN continues eating.

VINCE

I figure you guessed it was Bolo.

EVELYN.

Nope. He telling you when to come  
into work?

VINCE glares at her. EVELYN looks back with exaggerated  
innocence. He thumps the table.

VINCE

You know I've done time?

EVELYN

No shit.

VINCE

You know about Bolo.

EVELYN

(rolls eyes)

Every customer in the bar has to tell me the same stories over and over. Only one who doesn't talk about Bolo is Bolo. That's why I like the man, he keeps his mouth shut.

EVELYN starts to light a cigarette with studied indifference, but VINCE reaches out and takes her lighter. He makes a sudden decision.

VINCE

Well, Bolo just told me we're gonna climb a fucking skyscraper, and break into a safe.

EVELYN nods slowly, taking it in. She purses her lips, and looks at her unlit cigarette, annoyed.

EVELYN

Why the fuck did you tell me that?

VINCE

Maybe I wanted to hear what you would say.

EVELYN shakes her head.

EVELYN

I though you were a guy who wouldn't worry me with that kind of crap.

VINCE is astonished. He shakes his head in disgust.

VINCE

Forget it.

EVELYN

No, you wanna hear what I have to say, you're gonna hear it!

A little wide eyed, VINCE leans back at her volume. He folds his arms. EVELYN tosses her cigarette down on the table.

EVELYN

You know, I may be a cocktail waitress, but I'm not stupid. Listen...I watched Scarface too many times on tv when I was a little girl, ok? Because I like the wrong kind of men. I mean the wrooong kind, they all wind up dead or in prison. And some of them treated me like crap, too.

VINCE

(offended)

Oh, I'm fucking sorry that--

EVELYN

I'm not talking about *you*! Would you shut up and let me talk?

VINCE shrugs.

EVELYN

I woke up one day and said, I am not going to let another man make me miserable. Then I went to work at Bolo's and there you were.

VINCE

I've made you miserable?

EVELYN

No! That's the point! You...I don't ask you how you make money, but I can tell it's not too serious. I can tell, really. You're tough, but not crazy. I doubt you've killed anybody. You're very to me. I was beginning to enjoy it.

VINCE has to smile at her description of him, but EVELYN is upset.

EVELYN

Now you tell me this shit, and ask me what I think. I think this is where things go bad, because you're not going to listen to me.

VINCE

I'm listening.

EVELYN

Is this job so good that the risk

is worth it? You could get killed. Bolo could get killed. Or you could get caught. B&E is five years. What am I talking about, you're an ex-con, make it twenty. Forget twenty, I'm not waiting around *two* years, Vincent.

VINCE looks at EVELYN, who glares back at him. He stands up, moves over to her, and kisses her on the top of her head.

VINCE

You know what, Ev, you're fucking right.

EVELYN laughs incredulously. She looks relieved.

VINCE

But I *have* to do it.

EVELYN

What? Who says so? Bolo?

VINCE

No! Can *I* fucking talk now?

EVELYN controls herself. VINCE opens his mouth but has to think for a minute about where to begin. Finally he nods.

VINCE

Ok, Ev. I was a bad kid. My mother couldn't handle me. Bolo took me in when my dad got killed doing a hit. Really.

VINCE looks for a reaction from EVELYN but gets a shrug instead.

VINCE

Bolo got me into boxing. I was good, too. He coached me. I straightened out a little. Then I got drafted.

VINCE shakes his head for a minute.

VINCE

When I got back, I'm like fuck everybody, I'm going for mine. Like in Public Enemy.

EVELYN

(shaking head  
disapprovingly)

Cagney beats his girlfriend in  
that picture. Or was it Edward  
G. Robinson--

VINCE

(exasperated)

That's not the point! I wanted to  
be in the life, ok? Just like  
you. After a while, instead of  
kicking me out in the street,  
Bolo figured he had better teach  
me some real skills before I got  
sent away for something stupid.

VINCE nods at her.

VINCE

I was a damned good thief, too.

EVELYN

If Bolo cares so much for you he  
wouldn't make you do this--

VINCE

Ev, he's not making me do shit!  
He keeps saying I can walk. But I  
owe him. He's getting up there  
for this kind of thing. He needs  
me now.

VINCE laughs and shrugs, doubtfully.

VINCE

And he says it's a rich payoff.

EVELYN sighs, frustrated.

EVELYN

What is the score, exactly?

VINCE

I don't know any details.

EVELYN

You don't know any details, but  
you're in. With a crazy old man.

VINCE

Hey, that crazy old man has *never*  
been caught.

EVELYN is suddenly furious. She jumps up and starts punching him, and VINCE has to dodge and cover up so she doesn't hit his face.

EVELYN

Goddamnit, I don't want to hear about this! If you have to do it, why the fuck did you tell me! Now I've got to be scared before *and* upset after!

EVELYN keeps punching until she is tired out, and finally leans on VINCE. He puts an arm around her.

EVELYN

(mutters)

Turn the heat up.

VINCE

Huh?

EVELYN

If I'm gonna stay it better be warm.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

BOB - the car fence - tosses a sheaf of papers into a fire in an oil drum. The huge steel garage door is shaking with repeated blows.

VOICE (O.S.)

OPEN UP, THIS IS THE POLICE.

Finished, BOB lights a cigarette and leans on the hood of a Jaguar - the foremost of a small fleet of twenty or so luxury cars scattered around the cavernous, and mostly dark, firelit garage.

BOB

Fuuck you.

The door flies open and a squad of POLICE OFFICERS bursts in with guns and flashlights drawn. BOB raises his hands casually.

As a uniformed OFFICER pats him down and cuffs him, BIGUM and SEAN emerge out of the crowd. SEAN coughs at the smoke from the flame filled can.

BIGUM

What's this?

BOB

It's cold out. I was trying to keep warm.

SEAN

Damnit!

SEAN and BIGUM rush to the can and look in. Blackened and curled scraps of ledger paper float in the updraft. BIGUM makes a half hearted attempt to snatch something from the can, but the heat is too great.

BIGUM

That's probably every car title in the place.

SEAN

And all his paperwork. The only way we're gonna get the Booster any time soon is if this guy tells us his name.

They look to a sudden commotion at the front door: a formally dressed MAN is arguing with the UNIFORMED COP at the door. BOB is led away, and the MAN follows. The COP crosses towards SEAN and BIGUM.

SEAN

Peters, who was that guy?

COP

Said he was Barecki's lawyer.

As the COP walks away, SEAN and BIGUM look sourly at each other.

BIGUM

How did he get here so fast?

SEAN looks around suspiciously.

SEAN

Somebody warned him.

BIGUM

No interrogation. No records. You know how long it will take to trace these cars? Weeks.

SEAN is watching several DETECTIVES methodically collect evidence: flash photographing cars, writing down licence plates, opening doors, looking under seats. He suddenly looks panicked, and grabs BIGUM's arm.

SEAN

What kind of car was it the  
Booster did this morning?

BIGUM

Big pimp car. Gold '83 Cadillac  
Seville.

SEAN

If it's here, we've got to find  
that car before someone else  
does.

BIGUM and SEAN separate, and run around the garage  
looking at frantically at each car. SEAN jumps over two  
bumpers and sees a gold car in his flashlight beam.

SEAN

Bigum!

BIGUM trots over to join him, but SEAN already looks  
disappointed. BIGUM looks at the car: it's a Thunderbird.

BIGUM

What, are you blind?

SEAN waves, disgusted, and jogs away. BIGUM jogs towards  
a second gold car, but it's a sleek Porche. He walks by  
several black cars parked neatly in a row. SEAN appears  
from behind the last car, a black Caddy.

BIGUM

You--

SEAN is shaking his head no. BIGUM pounds the hood once.

BIGUM

Ssss-sugar!

SEAN justs looks at him in disgust. He cups his hands and  
bellows to the roof.

SEAN

Cocksucking shitty asslicking  
motherfuckers!

Really angry, he thumps the Caddy hood with his  
flashlight repeatedly until BIGUM grabs him.

BIGUM

Sean--

SEAN

I fucking quit! What's the point

of doing this job when these  
motherfuckers--

(gestures around at  
various DETECTIVES  
plodding through  
their tasks)

--just undo it?

BIGUM

Whoa, whoa, man, cool out.

SEAN

(adamant)

I mean, seriously--

But BIGUM is suddenly distracted - he's staring at where  
SEAN's flashlight has scored the car. A line of gold  
paint glitters underneath the black.

BIGUM

Stay in another day.

SEAN

WHY!

BIGUM hands SEAN the flashlight, pats him on the back,  
and, as SEAN's eyes widen, starts to walk away.

BIGUM

I'll be right back.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CADDY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

SEAN and BIGUM sit in the front seat and, between them,  
dust the entire front panel and windshield for  
fingerprints, so much so that a small cloud of dust flies  
up. When it settles, there are dozens of visible  
fingerprints everywhere. BIGUM sighs, but SEAN gestures  
angrily.

BIGUM

This is gonna take even longer  
than matching engine numbers.

SEAN

Fuck the department. We'll call  
my cousin from the Bureau.

SEAN is sticking transfer tape everywhere.

SEAN

We're gonna get him. I can feel  
it. Tomorrow we meet the Booster.

FADE OUT:

EXT. VINCE'S BUILDING - LATE MORNING

The snow is coming down again. A radio weather report is  
heard, distantly.

INT. LOFT - IMMEDIATELY

Vince is sitting at the table listening to a small  
transistor radio and smiling. EVELYN emerges from the  
shower in a towel.

EVELYN

What's so wonderful?

VINCE points up at the arched skylight - snow is sliding  
down to form to mounds at each side.

VINCE

Ev - It's gonna be a blizzard.

EVELYN

So?

VINCE

Bolo's gonna have to scrub this  
one. We can't climb a building in  
a blizzard.

EVELYN

I hope you're right.

VINCE shakes his head.

VINCE

Scaling to a high floor takes  
hours. It's impossible in heavy  
snow. The weight builds up too  
fast.

EVELYN

I'll ask him when I see him.

VINCE

Ev! Are you fucking crazy, I--

But EVELYN is gesturing and laughing.

EVELYN

I was kidding.

VINCE

Oh.

EVELYN walks over to the couch and pulls some clothes out of her bag. She drops her towel and starts getting into sexy black underwear. VINCE watches her appreciatively.

EVELYN

I'd sooner have my tongue cut out than talk about a score.

(puts a black dress over her head)

Hey!

VINCE has crept up on her and pulled the dress back off. He kisses her. She resists.

EVELYN

I got a shift...Bolo will be mad if I'm late for the Saturday "Vice" crowd.

VINCE

He'll understand.

INT. FEDERAL CRIME LAB - SAME TIME

SEAN and BIGUM watch over the shoulder of a nonplussed PERRY, who sits at a mammoth computer console.

PERRY

What is so important that I have to do this on a Saturday?

SEAN

Come on, Perry. I'm your cuz.

PERRY sighs but complies. He punches in several lines of programming, and sits back.

BIGUM

That's it?

PERRY

Yeah. I already digitized your measly two unknown prints. Now it's comparing them to every known crook in Illinois.

SEAN

What's the timetable?

PERRY looks at the screen, which fills with a new finger print every five or ten seconds.

PERRY

Anywhere from one minute to about one week.

SEAN

A week!

PERRY

(shrugs)

That's *if* there is a match.

SEAN

Some goddamned computer.

BIGUM

Perry, you want some lunch?

PERRY shakes his head.

BIGUM

(to SEAN)

Come on, Sarge, you're buying me lunch with some of that raise you got.

SEAN

(anxious, to PERRY)

We're gonna be downstairs if anything happens--

PERRY is leaning back in his chair, eyes closed.

INT. COFFEESHOP - DAY

BIGUM and SEAN are in a window booth with coffee but no food yet. BIGUM slurps his coffee gratefully, then puts it down abruptly and looks at SEAN.

BIGUM

Man, what is your big hurry?

SEAN

What do you mean?

BIGUM

I mean, we've caught plenty of dudes like the Booster. What's

the rush on this one?

SEAN looks away, and then looks back.

SEAN

Bigum, you know I would have got out long ago if it wasn't that those crooked bastards would think they had beat me.

SEAN pulls out his shiny new gold badge and looks at it.

SEAN

Somehow, I was kidding myself that things might change when I got this. I might be able to get us opportunities for real cases, that we don't have to develop in our fucking spare time.

(shakes his head)

Now I'm a sergeant, you know what I realized my opportunity is? I can retire on full pay. With our arrest record I can get a cushy small town sheriff's job and take it easy.

(shrugs)

I may as well hurry it up.

BIGUM

What about me, man? What am I gonna do without you?

SEAN

Bigum, lets face it, you're the brains of the outfit. You just keep me around to crack jokes.

BIGUM

You may be funny, Sean, but I can trust you to watch my back.

SEAN

I'll tell you what. I'll stay in if you say "motherfucker."

BIGUM laughs, and waves his finger warningly.

BIGUM

You trying to have your cake and eat it too.

SEAN

Ok, just "pussy." Or how about

"shit." "Asshole", anything.

SEAN is dissolving in laughter also.

BIGUM

You gonna have to make your own  
decision, stay in to see if I  
ever slip.

SEAN

I'm tempted--

Their laughter is interrupted by PERRY suddenly appearing  
and banging on the window. He slaps a thick manila folder  
against the window triumphantly.

BIGUM

Well, I'll be.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

SEAN is driving as BIGUM looks through the file.

SEAN

Let's drop by and see Mr. Vince  
Martin.

BIGUM

According to parole records, his  
current work address is Rubolo's  
Lounge, over on the South Loop.  
Home address, second floor same.

BIGUM shakes his head.

SEAN

So what is it?

BIGUM

You want to go to that den of  
thieves in this snow?

SEAN

Been there?

BIGUM

Oh, I go there all the time.  
(shakes head)

Not too many brothers that part  
of town.

SEAN

I doubt anybody's gonna fuck with you.

SEAN, stopping for a red light, skids halfway through the intersection. The snow is coming down as fast as the windshield wipers can handle.

BIGUM

I'm not worried about me, I'm worried about this hooptie of yours. You got snow tires?

SEAN

Come on, I wanna know what my last collar is gonna look like.

INT. BOLO'S BAR - EVENING

A tape of commercial free "Miami Vice" is playing on the projection television and the usual CREW are eating it up, roaring at the language and clothes. It's crowded like a convention of wiseguys.

VINCENT enters, smiling, sees EVELYN serving a tray of drinks, and winks at her. She looks at him with a worried look. He looks confused.

EVELYN passes by him.

EVELYN

Don't be so sure about what we talked about earlier.

VINCE

You--

EVELYN

No, Vince. I can just tell. Bolo's in the back booth and he's fucking happy. Just like an old crook about to do one last score.

EVELYN walks away with an unhappy look. VINCE pushes through the crowd, and sees BOLO in the back booth sitting and drinking with GINO and ANIMAL. He looks disturbed for a second, hides it, and goes to join them. BOLO looks up, smiles broadly, and pulls VINCE into the seat next to him.

BOLO

Vincent! Come on, join the boys.

VINCE  
Great weather, huh?

VINCE looks at BOLO, who shrugs.

BOLO  
Naah. I'm not scared of a few flakes.

VINCE  
Oh, yeah, right.

ANIMAL  
Ey, I'm in the middle of a story here...So, I take this stake and ram it into the guy's chest like he's fucking Dracula!

BOLO and GINO crack up. VINCE tries to smile, but looks less than lighthearted. BOLO notices, looking at VINCE for a long minute, but then suddenly looks up. He smiles broadly: TEDDY is pushing through the crowd, looking around, and carrying a suitcase. He taps VINCE's arm.

BOLO  
Kid. This is gonna cheer you up.

VINCE looks puzzled.

BOLO  
TEDDY!

TEDDY sees them, gives BOLO a short nod, and takes his time coming over. Coming to the table, he frowns at BOLO.

TEDDY  
I told you once, pal, my name is Ted.

VINCE gasps, and looks around at the others in amazement, but BOLO laughs, lightly.

BOLO  
Excuse me, Vince.

BOLO stands, puts his arm around TEDDY, and leads him away from the table. They walk to a door to a back room, and go in. VINCE watches for a few seconds, confusion, worry, and annoyance crossing his face. BOLO emerges alone. As he returns to the table, TEDDY emerges also and looks around, confused. His suitcase is gone. As VINCE stands for BOLO to sit down again, TEDDY spies them and follows.

BOLO looks up at TEDDY, surprised.

BOLO  
You want something else?

TEDDY looks around with a curl in his lip.

TEDDY  
Nice joint you got here. Real  
lively.

VINCE starts. He makes a fist, but BOLO butts a hand on his shoulder casually, and chuckles.

BOLO  
Teddy, this is Gino, Animal, and  
Vincent.

TEDDY sticks his hand out, almost directly in VINCE's face.

TEDDY  
Nice to meet ya, Vinnie.

VINCE looks at his hand with disgust. After an awkward moment, TEDDY drops it, wiping it self-consciously on his jacket.

VINCE  
You come in here, you insult Mr.  
Rubolo, you call me a name you  
weren't introduced to me by, and  
you want me to shake your *hand*?  
Tell me something, Teddy, are you  
an asshole, or just born under a  
dark cloud?

TEDDY  
Well, you ain't giving me respect  
either, calling me Teddy, you  
know.

VINCE  
You aren't worth respect, Teddy.  
Now slink out of here before your  
luck runs out and I throw you  
through a wall or something.

TEDDY  
I'd like to see you try throw--

BOLO is holding VINCE's left arm, but VINCE reaches out without standing and grabs TEDDY's groin. TEDDY tries to jump back but it's too late. VINCE squeezes for a second.

VINCE

I don't feel any balls here. No,  
I think this little thing is a  
strap on and there's a pussy  
underneath.

Now MEN all around them are watching the confrontation instead of the TV. EVELYN is frozen with a tray of drinks near the bar. TEDDY groans, and reaches his hand under his coat. BOLO sighs and lets go of VINCE's arm--VINCE squeezes TEDDY's groin *hard*, and is up like a shot. TEDDY drops to his knees from the squeeze, and VINCE snatches a .38 Smith out of TEDDY's hand where it was drawing from his waist. VINCE looks at the gun casually.

VINCE

You used to this, Teddy, on your  
knees in front of a man with  
something long, hard and black in  
your mouth.

TEDDY tries to stand but VINCE bashes him in the forehead with the gun, and when TEDDY's mouth opens with a groan, he sticks it in TEDDY's mouth. GINO and ANIMAL guffaw.

BOLO

Vince.

But VINCE cocks the hammer, and sweat runs down TEDDY's brow.

EXT. BAR - SAME TIME

BIGUM and SEAN peer in a small window.

BIGUM

This place is packed with hoods.

SEAN

So Mr. Rubolo does good business.

BIGUM

Why don't we wait in the car, see  
if the Booster comes out, and  
grab him? That'll scare him fine.

SEAN

Who's the seargent here?

SEAN opens the front door and goes in. BIGUM rolls his eyes and follows.

INT. BAR - IMMEDIATELY

SEAN and BIGUM immediately see VINCE, BOLO, TEDDY and the OTHERS- half the bar is watching. BIGUM elbows SEAN, who nods his recognition. TEDDY is on his knees, partly obscured by VINCE. BOLO sees them from across the room.

ON BOLO:

BOLO  
(through gritted  
teeth)  
Vincent. The man.

VINCE, without looking, instantly hands BOLO the gun, down low, and BOLO passes it off under the table.

ON SEAN & BIGUM:

SEAN and BIGUM stroll towards the group through an obviously hostile and dangerous crowd. SEAN is stony faced, ignoring them, and BIGUM walks with a little exaggerated bop in his stride, looking around and smiling gently at faces he recognizes.

As TEDDY gets to his feet, shaking, SEAN and BIGUM appear in front of him and VINCE.

TEDDY  
Jesus Christ.

SEAN looks around, and then back at TEDDY, and grins.

SEAN  
No, but your *momma* thinks I am.

A surprised roar of laughter goes up from the crowd. SEAN smiles broadly, winks at BIGUM, glances at VINCE, and looks back to TEDDY.

SEAN  
You down there offering Vincent  
here some *head*? I don't think he  
likes somebody ugly as *you*  
hanging on his dick.

Another big laugh, and some of the tension in the room breaks. BOLO looks at SEAN and BIGUM. TEDDY blinks.

TEDDY  
I--

He has no comeback. He looks around nervously, and mutters.

TEDDY

Can I go?

BIGUM

Who's stopping you, boy? You were hoping to work the room?

SEAN laughs, and slaps BIGUM five. TEDDY slinks away, glancing back at VINCENT, and disappears. BOLO stands up and pushes in front of VINCE.

BOLO

Sorry, we just closing up, gents.

BIGUM

Yeah, the place is nearly empty.

SEAN

We were just coming by to have a word with Vince, here.

BOLO pushes past them and goes towards the bar. SEAN and BIGUM face VINCE. BIGUM gestures to the booth with ANIMAL and GINO in it, and does a Brando-as-Godfather imitation.

BIGUM

You wanna have a sit down, Mr. Martin?

VINCE is about to bluster, but EVELYN appears. To his surprise, she throws an apron in VINCE's face.

EVELYN

You guys can come back when Vince is off the clock, but he's working now.

EVELYN hands VINCE a broom, businesslike, and puts her hands on her hips. She glares at SEAN and then up at BIGUM.

EVELYN

We're closing and he's gotta clean up.

BOLO

Hey, YOU!

SEAN and BIGUM look over: BOLO is behind the bar, gesturing with a paper.

BOLO

Yeah, you. Dean Martin and Sammy Davis Jr. Come 'mere!

VINCE wrinkles his face at EVELYN but starts sweeping. SEAN and BIGUM glance at each other and stroll over to the bar. BOLO looks at them for a minute and nods.

BOLO

I know you guys. Barnes and Kent.

SEAN

Our rep precedes us.

BIGUM

Yeah, well, we know you too,  
"Bolo."

BIGUM is reading the paper upside down. BOLO blinks, and puts it down on the bar and slaps it.

BOLO

Well, this is my license. I'm an honest businessman. Now, if I say we're closing, we're closing, and if you don't want a complaint on your captain's desk in the morning, please get the fuck out.

BIGUM

(smiles)

You wouldn't rat us out, Bolo. You wouldn't rat *anybody* out, even if they were cops. You want to close, close. We just stopped in to get out of the snow, say hi to our buddy Mr. Martin.

BIGUM turns to see that the bar is emptying. He chuckles at VINCE sweeping.

SEAN

Why you closing, anyhow?

BOLO

Suddenly the bar started smelling like shit.

BIGUM doesn't miss a beat, grinning.

BIGUM

Yeah, I noticed that as soon as I walked in.

SEAN chuckles and even BOLO almost smiles.

INT. TEDDY'S CAR - SAME TIME

TEDDY is red with fury. He whimpers and a tear rolls down his cheek.

TEDDY  
Fucking faggot cops!

He pounds the steering wheel, the dash, and subsides. He takes a long pull at a bottle of Scotch, and gasps. He pulls a gun out of his glove compartment and looks at it as he drinks again.

The snow is coming down harder. TEDDY peers through the snow at the bar.

EXT. BAR - SAME TIME

SEAN and BIGUM exit, and walk to their car. They get in. Across the street, TEDDY starts his car, but doesn't turn his lights on

INT. CAR - A MINUTE LATER

SEAN starts the car, and pulls slowly out from the curb. The snow is a solid sheet of white in their headlights in front of them.

BIGUM  
Yup, I'm sure glad we came over here.

SEAN  
Why is that?

BIGUM  
You got to save that little punk from a pistol whipping. Did my heart good to see you protect the innocent.

SEAN cracks up.

SEAN  
You saw that? What do you figure that for?

BIGUM  
Oh, we'll find out.

SEAN  
Gotta ask Vince next time.

BIGUM nods.

INT. TEDDY'S CAR - SAME TIME

TEDDY takes a slug of Scotch as he follows them, driving with a gun in one hand. Ahead of him, just barely visible as a blob of light, is SEAN's car, going maybe fifteen miles an hour.

INT. SEAN'S CAR - A MINUTE LATER

BIGUM

Now that you seen the Booster,  
you still feel like quitting?

SEAN

Even better. It's the perfect  
exit.

BIGUM

You don't wanna stick around, see  
who goes down when we bring in a  
fish who's spreading money  
*everywhere?*

SEAN

Imagine how pleasant it will be  
after we do that.

BIGUM shrugs acquiescence. They are both quiet for a minute, staring out the windshield at the snow and the empty landscape, rolling by silently except for the noise of the windshield wipers..

SEAN

The snow is beautiful, man. Pure  
white, covering up all that black  
dirt and grime.

BIGUM

That a racial crack?

SEAN chuckles, and so does BIGUM.

Suddenly, TEDDY pulls along side in the left lane, right front window powering down. SEAN glances over as TEDDY begins firing his gun repeatedly. His window cracks.

SEAN

Look--ahh!

SEAN screams, and BIGUM ducks, grabbing for his gun. The

car is filled with bullets and glass and snow and blood.

BIGUM

Get down!

SEAN

I'm hit, man!

SEAN gasps for air, covered in blood. TEDDY stomps on his gas and pulls away, sliding crazily in all directions like a children's sled without someone steering it. BIGUM leaps out of the car and fires--inside his speeding car, TEDDY, drunk, dodges at the sound--but the car has already passed out of the range of the headlights. BIGUM runs into the empty street after it, but slips and falls flat on his back. TEDDY looks panicked behind his wheel, but the sounds of TEDDY's car tires diminish.

SEAN is dead in his car.

In the sudden silence, BIGUM lays there, stunned, a huge figure looking up at, and being covered by, the silently falling, almost luminescent snow.

FADE OUT.

INT. BOLO'S BAR - EARLY MORNING

BOLO finishes mopping, and goes in the back. He emerges, rolling a keg. Someone starts knocking on the door. Ignoring it, BOLO lifts the keg like a weightlifter, and starts towards the bar, but this time he loses his balance. After some dancing and bobbling trying to keep the keg in the air, BOLO has to drop it onto a bar stool with a curse. Panting, he looks at the keg, and then with a jerk glares at the door, where the knocking continues patiently.

BOLO

(bellowing)

Goddammit, it's Sunday! We're not open until three! GO AWAY!

The knocking continues. Finally, with a snort, and then a short, reluctant smile, BOLO heads towards the door shaking his head.

INT. LOFT - MORNING

The knocking dissolves into pounding: Vince, in ragged gym clothes, is hitting his heavy bag like he wants to kill it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

TEDDY wakes up on a couch, a TV flickering silently across the room. He groans, and holds his head.

TEDDY

Ma. Ma! You got some coffee?

Footsteps enter the room, and TEDDY looks around hopefully, but then looks scared: his POP, a muscular old construction worker, is glaring at him.

TEDDY

Hi Pop.

POP

You come drunk to my house again in the middle of the night...

POP raises a fist to strike TEDDY, who cringes, but the blow doesn't fall.

POP

I don't care what your mother says. You got one night, not two.

TEDDY

(hands raised to ward off the blow)

Ok, Pop. Ok. Thanks for lettin me stay.

POP stalks out of the room, and TEDDY puts himself together hurriedly, but then stops: he's staring at the TV screen. Silently, a newscaster is speaking as a still of SEAN appears. Video footage of the blood splattered car in the snow replaces it.

TEDDY winces, rubs his forehead, and looks scared.

INT. LOFT - A MINUTE LATER

VINCE, still boxing, is breathing heavily, almost like sobs. At one point he almost stops, leaning on the bag; but then he suddenly backs up and redoubles his combinations. He grunts, and then roars, with rage, and circles the bag, dodging, punching, and chasing it on the upswing to get an extra blast in.

Finally, stepping back, he lets the bag swing by him, and stands straight, panting, his eyes focused on nothing.

EVELYN has been watching, motionless, from across the

room.

VINCE's breathing slows, and when it is normal, he turns around and looks at her. EVELYN smiles.

EVELYN

You punch like that now, you must have been beautiful when you were a kid.

VINCE shrugs.

VINCE

Plenty of guys can beat the shit out of a bag, look like killers with headgear. Put em in the ring for real, bust their nose and they'll fold up.

EVELYN

(shrugs)

So bums should stay out of the ring.

VINCE shakes his head.

VINCE

Bums don't want to be bums, Ev.

(taps his chest)

They just don't got the heart for it.

EVELYN looks dubious.

EVELYN

You talking about you?

VINCE looks at her for a long second, then shakes his head. He walks over, takes off his bag gloves and drops them on the table.

VINCE

Naah, I never lost a fight. I probably coulda been in the Olympics if it weren't for the war. And if I wasn't such a fuck up.

EVELYN

A fuck up, but with heart.

VINCE grins.

VINCE

Thats how I made it through 'Nam.  
After *that* I came back and ripped  
safes for years like it was  
nothing. It was nothing compared  
to getting your head blown off.

EVELYN

Till you got caught.

VINCE blinks. He thinks for a minute, distant, and then  
shakes his head.

VINCE

You know what? I would take 'Nam  
again over doing more time.

EVELYN laughs and throws her hands up, exasperated.

EVELYN

It's *that bad* but you're willing  
to risk it for Bolo's score?

VINCE thumps his hands on the table and stares at EVELYN.

VINCE

Listen, Ev, I've been playing  
myself. I've been thinking I can  
boost every day and get away with  
it, cause I still got the heart,  
the balls, whatever, but Bolo's  
been right all along, boosting is  
for--for bums, ok. Any bum can do  
it, and sooner or later you get  
caught.

EVELYN

You can get caught safecracking  
too.

Vince starts to shake his head, but is interrupted by a  
pounding on the outside door.

BIGUM (O.S.)

VINCENT MARTIN. OPEN UP. I KNOW  
YOU'RE IN THERE.

EVELYN looks at VINCENT wide eyed. VINCE smiles with  
disgust.

VINCE

I dn't know how these cops found  
me, but they mean business. They  
don't take tips, I can tell.

Vince walks over to his outside door, shaking his head. He looks back at EV.

VINCE  
I should have gone back to  
scoring after I got out!

He puts his hand on the deadbolt for a second, thinks, and then turns it. Opening the door, he hits a power button and the riot grill rolls up slowly. BIGUM's snow covered shoes, formal pants, and full dress uniform slowly reveal themselves, and then BIGUM's face with an angry look. VINCE glares back at him.

VINCE  
I see pepper but no salt. Where's  
the funny man?

BIGUM  
I just came from his inquest.

VINCE  
What?

BIGUM walks into the room, tracking snow. VINCE looks disgusted. He shuts the door.

VINCE  
Hold up. You for real?

BIGUM turns and looks at him.

BIGUM  
Sean and I come to check up on  
you, and when we leave the bar,  
somebody follows us and does a  
drive by. My partner bled to  
death.

VINCE's eyes widen and then narrow. He looks BIGUM in the eye.

VINCE  
I'm sorry to hear that.

BIGUM stares at him for a moment.

BIGUM  
You surprised? You didn't hear  
about it on the tv or the papers?

VINCE  
Look around. I don't have a tv.

BIGUM glances around. The snow is melting into pools around him.

VINCE

And I'm not gonna go out in this  
for the papers...Listen, you  
gonna stand there, you got to  
take off your shoes.

BIGUM nods, grimly, but seems to relax slightly. He takes off his coat, shedding snow. EVELYN walks over.

EVELYN

You want some coffee?

VINCE shoots her a look.

VINCE

We ain't got none, remember?

EVELYN shoots him a look back.

EVELYN

I was going to order some anyway.

As EVELYN goes and picks up the phone, BIGUM finishes looking around and whistles quietly.

BIGUM

I've known some guys who stayed  
sane in the joint by reading.

(he scans the  
shelves)

But this...you read all of this?

VINCE looks uncomfortable. He shrugs.

BIGUM

They came out educated men, you  
know.

(shakes his head)

But they still went back.

VINCE looks at him.

VINCE

Back to crime when they coulda  
got some square job?

(sarcastic)

Why would they do that?

BIGUM doesn't say anything. Still looking at VINCE, he leans down to untie a shoe.

DISSOLVE TO:

A FEW MINUTES LATER.

EVELYN takes a coffee out of a cardboard delivery box and brings it to BIGUM. BIGUM looks surprised.

BIGUM

Thank you.

BIGUM is sitting on one end of the couch, shoes off. He drinks the coffee with great pleasure. EV stands in front of him.

EVELYN

You think Vince had something to do with your partner's death?

BIGUM finishes drinking, and looks at VINCE, who sits stony faced on the other end of the couch, and then to EV.

BIGUM

His murder, you mean?

(pause.)

No.

EVELYN

Good.

(nods a little)

I'm sorry too.

BIGUM

I think Mr. Martin here is a one man crime wave that Sean and me were about to stop. But right now I don't consider him a suspect.

VINCE doesn't react.

BIGUM

I'm here because he knows who I'm after.

(to VINCE)

I need the name of that little weasel who was sucking your gun.

VINCE shakes his head.

VINCE

I can't do that.

BIGUM

You didn't seem to be on good

terms.

VINCE

That's my business, not yours.

BIGUM

I didn't think you would be eager to talk. But I got some news for you. Any other cops come by asking questions about Sean?

VINCE shakes his head.

BIGUM

That's because I didn't tell them about you, Bolo's lounge, or any of it. You know why?

VINCE looks puzzled.

BIGUM

Because if it got around the Booster had been talking to Sean and me, perhaps some of your cop *friends* might not ask questions, they might walk in that door shooting.

VINCE's eyes narrow. He looks pained. EVELYN's eyes widen.

VINCE

"The Booster?" What comic book did you get that out of? I don't have any "cop friends." And I don't have any friends, period, who know where I live.

BIGUM

(shrugs)

I found you.

VINCE

I'd like to know how you did that.

BIGUM

You tell me a name, I'll tell you.

VINCE

Maybe I don't know his name.

BIGUM

You wouldn't even rat out the man  
shot your own mother, huh? Just  
like the tough old guy in the  
bar.

VINCE considers, doubtfully.

VINCE

I don't know about *that*.

BIGUM

Honor among thieves. Loyal to  
that little piece of garbage.

VINCE

That little twat ain't no thief.  
He's just a two bit punk thinks a  
gun makes him bad.

BIGUM

So why are you protecting him?  
Because he killed a cop? You must  
think cops are some low down  
scum, huh.

VINCE glares at BIGUM.

VINCE

The cops in this town are worse  
than the crooks. You finished the  
coffee. Now pick up your shoes.

BIGUM stands up and looms over Vince, arms crossed.

BIGUM

I got you on car theft. Probably  
some tax evasion. I can still  
shut you down on my own.

VINCE looks up at him, and then looks away.

VINCE

The last way on earth to get me  
to do something, guess what it  
is.

BIGUM chuckles coldly.

BIGUM

Threaten you.

BIGUM puts on his shoes and coat as VINCE and EV watch.  
He looks at VINCE for a minute.

BIGUM

(to VINCE)

Just so you know, Sean Kent was an honest cop. He didn't deserve to be shot like a dog. Not like the ones you know.

(to EV)

Thank you for the hospitality.

BIGUM turns to leave.

VINCE

Barnes.

BIGUM stops, and looks back.

VINCE

What are you gonna do if you find him?

BIGUM

You wanna know? I'm going to kill him.

VINCE nods.

VINCE

Maybe...I'll ask around about his name.

BIGUM looks surprised.

BIGUM

Ok.

BIGUM exits. VINCE gets up, goes to the door, and hits the riot door switch. He turns to glare at EVELYN.

VINCE

Why the fuck did you order coffee?

EVELYN

As opposed to what, Vince? Watch him arrest you? Or have him leave without finding out what he's after?

VINCE opens his mouth, but then closes it. He rolls his eyes.

VINCE

What do you do, read crime novels?

EVELYN

I told you I know a thing or two.  
Can I ask you something?

VINCE shrugs.

EVELYN

How come you didn't tell him?

VINCE

I can't. The punk he's after is  
mixed up in the score.

EVELYN

(amazed)

Which you are still going through  
with, even with that big cop  
right behind you?

VINCE

Now I *definitely* got no choice.  
Forget helping Bolo, even. I can  
go back to jail for boosting, or  
get wacked by the cops. Probably  
my only way out is if I do this.

EVELYN gets up and paces.

EVELYN

Fuck it! I'm smoking, I don't  
care if you don't like it!

EVELYN fumbles in her purse on the table, pulls a pack  
out, lights a cigarette, and takes a drag. Something  
releases in her. She peeks around the cigarette.

EVELYN

Ok, Vincent...I've got over  
twenty grand saved up. You can  
have it.

(glances up)

Let's get out of this snow.

EVELYN tries to smile. VINCE looks astonished. He looks  
at EVELYN, and down at his lap, thinking. He shakes his  
head, but then looks up.

VINCE

Ev. I've got over a deuce saved  
up.

EVELYN blinks. She looks at her cigarette hand: it's  
shaking. She forces it to stop, and then looks at VINCE,  
disgusted.

EVELYN

You live in this crazy place with  
two hundred grand saved?

VINCE has a little smirk on his face. EV considers him.

EVELYN

I bet you're enjoying making a  
fool out of me. I just offered  
you my life savings, an ex-con  
with the cops after him, about to  
climb a hi-rise to do a safe job  
in the middle of a blizzard,  
because two hundred thou isn't  
enough to retire on. Your a  
fucking idiot! Goddamnit!

VINCE starts laughing. EVELYN grabs her bag, and starts  
stuffing clothes into it.

EVELYN

That's it! I'm leaving!

VINCE

No you're not!

EVELYN

How are you gonna stop me? Hit  
me?

VINCE laughs.

VINCE

No, I'm not gonna open the garage  
for you.

EVELYN

Fine, I'll walk! Rather than live  
with this another second.

EVELYN starts struggling into her tall leather boots.  
VINCE looks for a minute at her back.

VINCE

Evelyn. Ev. Will you marry me?

EVELYN stops. She doesn't look up.

EVELYN

You gonna do the job?

VINCE

Come on, marry me!

EVELYN looks up, she's smiling.

EVELYN  
Why are you saying that!

VINCE  
I love you.

EVELYN  
You are a fucking lunatic.

EVELYN tries to get her boot on, but it's no use.

EVELYN  
No, I will not marry you,  
Vincent, look at me! I'm *already*  
miserable. I don't want this!

She cries for a second, wipes her face, and laughs. She gets up and VINCE takes her in his arms.

EVELYN  
I'm not marrying you if you're  
dead. Or in prison.

VINCE  
It's a deal.

INT. TONY'S TEMPO LOUNGE - THAT NIGHT

TEDDY enters, looking around warily. The bar is filled with WISEGUYS and HOOKERS. No one pays him any attention, and he smiles. Walking to the back, he passes a scantily clad WAITRESS, and grabs her shoulder. She turns, annoyed.

TEDDY  
Lemme get a White label, rocks.

WAITRESS  
(annoyed)  
What table?

TEDDY points to the back: BAGS and a HOOKER are chatting intimately. The WAITRESS' demeanor changes completely.

WAITRESS  
Oh! I'm sorry if, it's just I was  
trying to remember an order..You  
got it.

She flirts a little bit with TEDDY, who spansks her, cocky, and walks away. He turns back for a second.

TEDDY

Hey, sugar, make it a double.

And then precedes to BAG's table. BAGS looks up at him, taking a sip of his own drink. He's obviously had a few.

BAGS

Siddown. It's about time.

TEDDY sits.

BAGS

You look fucking terrible.

TEDDY's hand shoots to his chin - he feels his face.

TEDDY

Huh?

BAGS

You hung over? Don't lie to me.

TEDDY tries to look innocent.

TEDDY

Nah, nah, I told you I was cutting down--

The WAITRESS delivers TEDDY's drink, who looks at it, embarrassed. BAGS laughs.

BAGS

You know what'll fix you up? Why don't you go in the back with Mary Jane, here.

The HOOKER turns to TEDDY agreeably, batting her eyes. TEDDY jerks - she's feeling him up under the table.

TEDDY

Ah, no thanks. No offense. Bags, there's something we should discuss.

BAGS sizes TEDDY up, takes in his serious look, turns to the HOOKER, and jerks his head. The HOOKER pouts but gets up and walks away. TEDDY can't help watching her go. BAGS winks at him.

BAGS

She can suck the cream out of a twinkie.

(puts his hand on  
 TEDDY's shoulder)  
 Tomorrow is the big day, Teddy.  
 You ready? You know the program?  
 I wanna know we got those tapes  
 before I do Parilo. You got that?

TEDDY nods, nervously.

TEDDY  
 You hear about the cop killing?

BAGS grins broadly, delighted.

BAGS  
 I'd like to find the guy who  
 capped that pain in the ass, give  
 him a present for his trouble!

TEDDY smiles.

TEDDY  
 Really?

BAGS  
 Only thing is, he missed the  
 nigger! How the fuck could he get  
 Kent, and miss that big ape!

BAGS roars with laughter. TEDDY smiles broadly.

TEDDY  
 Like to shake his hand?

BAGS  
 Hell yeah! The Outfit should give  
 him a medal!

TEDDY reaches across the table with his hand.

TEDDY  
 Shake, Bags.

BAGS keeps chuckling for a second, until TEDDY's meaning  
 damns on him. He sobers.

BAGS  
 No shit?

TEDDY  
 He gave me some shit after I  
 delivered the cash to the  
 burglar, so I gunned him down and  
 went to my ma's, got an alibi if

I need one.

BAGS  
You got rid of the gun, right?

TEDDY  
Threw it in the river.

BAGS shakes his head, trying to take it in. Finally, he raises his glass.

BAGS  
Teddy, I salute you.

TEDDY blinks.

TEDDY  
Ah...The name is Ted.

BAGS raises his eyebrows, but then shrugs.

BAGS  
You got some balls, kid! Drink,  
Don Ted.

Happy, TEDDY downs his drink. BAGS sips his, and then looks at him seriously.

BAGS  
One thing, Ted. You know we can't  
tell anybody this. Without me  
calming him down, Montaine will  
kill you and put your head in a  
box to show young punks what  
happens when they make trouble  
without the say so.

TEDDY shakes his head, wide eyed. BAGS gestures.

BAGS  
I gotta plant some seeds, make  
him see it's a good thing, nobody  
on the force is gonna give a shit  
about that cocksucker.

TEDDY looks worried.

BAGS  
Don't worry, Ted. I'll work it  
all out, you do your job  
tomorrow, take care of things,  
and you'll wind up with a top  
spot, under me.

TEDDY laughs, relieved. BAGS pats him on the shoulder, laughing.

BAGS  
You fucking wildman!

TEDDY  
Hey! Maybe...I'll go find Mary  
Jane.

BAGS  
You do that!

TEDDY slips out of the booth, staggering slightly, and walks into the crowd. BAGS watches him, and the smile slips off his face. Glancing up, he sees a GOON and signals to him. The GOON comes over.

BAGS  
I want you and Paulie to back  
Teddy up on a little errand  
tomorrow.

BAGS cocks his chin: the GOON leans closer and BAGS whispers in his ear.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

It's dark and barely snowing. VINCE turns the corner, looking around nervously: the street is empty. He walks rapidly, wincing at the cold, stops next to a high chain link fence, cracks his knuckles, and climbs it in three quick leaps. He rolls over the barbed wire at the top without breaking rhythm, and drops to the ground. A few paces in front of him is a door, which he tries: it's unlocked. He snorts in derision, and goes in.

INT. STAIRWELL - IMMEDIATELY

VINCE jogs up the stairs.

EXT. ROOFTOP - IMMEDIATELY

A fleet of phone repair vans fill the entire roof, without space or lane, almost up to the exit ramp. VINCE walks to the back of the bunch. He looks around at the sea of snow covered vans, and wipes the snow off a window.

DISSOLVE TO:

A MINUTE LATER.

The van starts, and VINCE sits up in the driver's seat from where he was under the steering wheel. In spite of the cold he is sweating. Hurridly, he backs the van up over the curb onto the sidewalk behind him, and drives to an open space in the packed cars. Bumping down the sidewalk, he turns sharply in the narrow space between vans and disappears into the exit ramp.

EXT. STREET - A MINUTE LATER

Grim faced, VINCE is speeding down an empty street. Finally, he slows, wipes his brow, and exhales with relief. He shakes his head, looks at his watch, and steps on the gas again.

EXT. DINER PARKING LOT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

VINCE rolls into the parking lot. In the plate glass window he sees BOLO sitting with the TOOLMAN. BOLO peers into the glass, sees him, and waves. He and the TOOLMAN stand, pay their check, and exit into the parking lot.

At BOLO's wave, VINCE pulls alongside a car. As VINCE watches in his side mirror, the TOOLMAN opens his trunk, BOLO looks through it, looks at VINCE, and nods. BOLO and the TOOLMAN talk hurridly, great clouds of steam coming from their mouths, and BOLO passes the TOOLMAN something.

INT. VAN - A SECOND LATER

As VINCE tosses two large, black, obviously heavy duffel bags into the open side door of the van, BOLO gets into the passenger seat, shivering.

BOLO

Fucking *cold*.

VINCE closes up and joins him, starting the van and pulling away. BOLO looks around.

BOLO

This is perfect, kid.

VINCE grins. BOLO reaches back into one of the bags, shuffles through it, and pulls out a pair of license plates. He shows them to VINCE.

BOLO

You put these on it as soon as

you get home.

VINCE  
(shakes head)  
They're not even gonna miss it  
for days, Bolo.

BOLO looks annoyed.

BOLO  
We're not boosting, now! You  
sound like a fucking amateur!

VINCE looks angry for a second, and then shamefaced.  
After a minute he glances at BOLO.

VINCE  
Sorry. Its been awhile.

BOLO nods.

BOLO  
Alright. You're gonna do fine.  
It's like riding a bicycle.

BOLO looks up.

BOLO  
Turn here and pull over.

VINCE does. BOLO points with his chin at the building  
several blocks in front of them: the Sears building.

BOLO  
Vince. That's it.

VINCE looks up, not comprehending for a second, and then  
his eyes widen.

VINCE  
The fucking Sears building?

BOLO chuckles and nods.

BOLO  
I told you we were gonna set a  
record.

VINCE  
What floor we going for?

BOLO  
Ninety.

BOLO watches VINCE for a minute, as VINCE inspects the building. VINCE blinks, but his lips thin, his jaw sets, and he doesn't open his mouth. BOLO laughs.

BOLO

Don't worry, we're not gonna climb it. I got an angle to get us into the ninety first floor. All we have to do is scale down one flight, cut the window, and we're in.

VINCE nods, but doesn't seem much comforted.

BOLO

As I figure it, our two biggest problems are wind, and cold. That's what all this shit is for.

BOLO opens the duffle bags, which are filled with equipment. VINCE glances back at it.

BOLO

Ok, let's go.

VINCE rolls the van down the street. They pass in front of the building, and BOLO gestures at a public parking garage under the building's plaza.

BOLO

That's where you're gonna meet me. Ten sharp.

VINCE

Why are we meeting here?

BOLO looks at him as VINCE drives for a minute, the building diminishing in the background.

BOLO

I don't want the boys from the Outfit knowing about you.

VINCE

Ok...

BOLO

Teddy drives me here, I go in, they think I'm doing the job alone. Instead I got my partner waiting.

VINCE

You trying to protect me, Bolo?

BOLO

Naah, you're my ace in the hole,  
kid.

VINCE

Whose place are we busting?

BOLO looks at VINCE with great amusement, and enunciates  
carefully:

BOLO

Raymond Parilo's.

VINCE doubletakes.

BOLO

Yeah.

VINCE just looks at him. BOLO grins.

BOLO

The fee is two million, plus any  
cash we find in his safe as a  
bonus. I already got a mil  
deposit. How's that sound?

VINCE pays attention to his driving.

VINCE

For that kind of money, I'd sneak  
into hell and rob the devil  
himself.

BOLO chuckles.

BOLO

Alright. We're gonna go over the  
blueprints, doublecheck the  
equipment, and then you're gonna  
get some sleep.

VINCE nods, stiffly. BOLO suddenly shoves him on the  
shoulder.

BOLO

Look at me, Vince. You afraid?

They stare at each other for an instant. VINCE blinks,  
and looks back at the road.

VINCE

Hell yeah.

BOLO

Good.

EXT. SEARS BUILDING - NIGHT

A little brush of snow drifts off a slanted cornice of the 110th floor and drifts into the void. The CAMERA goes over the edge and floats slowly down towards the ground, other surrounding skyscrapers dim in the blue darkness. The building widens at the 90th floor with a terrace covered in snow. Twenty stories lower, the street becomes faintly visible, with traffic and street lights like distant stars below.

FADE OUT.

INT. LOFT - DAWN

VINCE sits up on the side of the pullout couch. He looks up at the skylight, and then down. He doesn't move for a minute, thinking.

VINCE

(softly)

I had heart.

He nods. EVE, who is lying in bed awake, turns to look at him. He notices her and shrugs.

VINCE

I don't think I can beat that building.

VINCE gets up and dresses.

VINCE

If you don't hear from me by noon...My money is between the pages of the books on religion. That shelf over there. I want you to take it all, and move the hell out of this town. Oh, and there is a spare garage key in the paperback "Godfather."

He points at another shelf. EV shakes her head. She turns away, upset. VINCENT goes to the door, opens it, and hits the button to raise the grille. A freezing wind blasts in, but no snow. VINCE groans involuntarily at the temperature.

EVELYN

Vince!

Shaking at the cold, EVELYN runs across the floor, grabs VINCE and kisses him. He kisses her back, until she suddenly shoves him away. They look at each other for a minute, until VINCE turns away and exits without looking back. She slams the door and stares at it, listening to his footsteps recede.

EXT. BOLO'S BAR

BOLO comes out of the front door, locking it behind him. It's overcast, but not snowing. In the street wait two Caddys. BOLO walks to the first one and gets in.

INT. TEDDY'S CAR

TEDDY pulls away. BOLO jerks a thumb behind them.

BOLO

Who are they?

TEDDY smiles proudly.

TEDDY

Them? Those are my boys. Bags gave 'em to me.

BOLO looks in the rear view mirror and shakes his head: in the car behind two GOONS stare back, expressionless. Grumpy, he turns on the radio, and dials through the stations, landing on news.

REPORTER(O.S.)

"...and that means the wind chill factor is a record 106 degrees below zero. Bare skin will experience frostbite within two minutes! Ouch! Wear lots of layers, or better yet, don't go out at all! All city and Catholic schools are closed. Be advised, a travel advisory is in effect.

(laughter)

Commuters, trains are running three hours behind schedule! The mayor suggested at his news conference this morning that non vital businesses close for the day. Twenty nine people have died from the--

BOLO turns off the radio, smiling grimly. TEDDY whistles. BOLO surveys the snow-heaped downtown street: it's empty for a Monday morning.

TEDDY

There it is.

ON BOLO: his eyes stay level. He doesn't look up.

TEDDY cranes his neck. The building's upper stories are hidden in the clouds.

TEDDY

I can't even see the top--

BOLO abruptly turns and glares at TEDDY.

BOLO

Drop me off two blocks away. I don't want this fucking parade taking me to a job.

TEDDY

But--

BOLO

And keep your ass out of sight for an hour.

TEDDY starts to shake his head no, but then has an idea.

TEDDY

Hey, I'll park in the garage, we could meet there for the trade.

BOLO barks a laugh.

BOLO

For one thing, the Sears garage could be full of cops warming their asses. That would be fucking great, you get picked up with my money while I'm upstairs. For another, we either meet on the street where there are people around, or you won't see me again.

(sharply)

Got that, Teddy?

TEDDY nods.

TEDDY

Yeah. Whatever you say, Mr.

Rubolo. Hey, I was just trying to keep warm.

BOLO looks out the window, ignoring him, and TEDDY glances at him with malice.

INT. VAN IN GARAGE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Kneeling on the floor, VINCE sorts through the duffle bags. Someone thumps on a window, and VINCE looks up sharply. It's BOLO. VINCE unlocks the side door, and BOLO climbs in, sliding the door shut behind him.

BOLO  
Where the fuck is everybody? It's like a ghost town out there.

VINCE looks at him, incredulous.

VINCE  
Bolo, I'm wearing a *thermal wetsuit* and I almost froze my balls off. I tell you one thing, I wouldn't be boosting cars in this weather, I'd freeze to death before one came along. Suckers have taken the day *off*.

BOLO grins at him.

BOLO  
Makes me wish we had time to rip more than one safe today.

VINCE shakes his head doubtfully. BOLO laughs.

BOLO  
Just kidding.

INT. GARAGE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The van door slides open, and two men get out: it's BOLO and VINCE, disguised in glasses, wigs, and wearing Bell Telephone coveralls. They pile their duffle bags onto a luggage carrier.

They look around, and walk through the alternating light and dark of the immense, half empty garage.

INT. ELEVATOR - A MINUTE LATER

VINCE watches the number above the door change to "Mezzanine." The door opens, and they survey the lobby.

INT. SEARS TOWER - IMMEDIATELY

Unlike the morning BAGS, MONTAINE, and TEDDY visited, today the lobby is almost empty. VINCE and BAGS cross the floor, wheeling their bags, and pass the velvet ropes that lead to the observation deck elevator. No one is waiting: a sign announces "Closed due to blizzard."

BOLO gestures, and VINCE follows him to the last elevator bank. A SECURITY guard sits bored behind the desk. Down the bank, two new WISEGUYS sit on either side of the 90th Floor elevator, just as before. BOLO pulls out a clipboard and glances at it.

BOLO  
(to GUARD)  
Law Offices of Shelton J. Lee.

The GUARD nods and gives him a register to sign. BOLO does.

GUARD  
Ninety second floor.

BOLO  
Thanks.

The GUARD stands and pulls back the rope so VINCE and BOLO can enter.

GUARD  
I can't believe they make you do  
calls in this weather.

BOLO  
Fucking shame, right?

GUARD  
They should have closed this  
building today. What kind of  
unions are these?

BOLO and VINCE shake their heads in agreement, and walk to an elevator across from the GUYS, who look them over. VINCE hits the elevator button.

BOLO  
 (to VINCE)  
 Bunch of pussies in our union.

VINCE  
 Hell, I'd rather be in here  
 checking a switch than out there  
 digging up a trunk.

BOLO  
 Fuck that, I'd rather be in  
 Italy.

VINCE  
 "Nice and warm, pasta every day."  
 Rather be chasing girls in Capri,  
 huh?

BOLO  
 Yeah.

BOLO chuckles and so does VINCE. The elevator comes, and they enter. As the doors close, they can see one of the GUYS getting a call on his walkie talkie.

INT. ELEVATOR - IMMEDIATELY

BOLO hits 92 on the keypad, and the elevator rises.

BOLO  
 Those were Parilo's boys.

VINCE nods, and then notices the illuminated 92.

VINCE  
 Ninety one, Bolo.

BOLO  
 Huh?

VINCE  
 I thought we were going to ninety  
 one.

BOLO doubletakes at the keypad, looks relieved, and then looks annoyed at VINCE.

BOLO  
 What, you think I'm fucking  
 senile? What was I gonna say,  
 "we're here to fix the phones in  
 a dead guy's office? Why don't  
 you call up, see if somebody's

waiting for us?"

VINCE raises his hands, smiling.

VINCE

I just wanted to know if I was climbing twenty feet or forty feet. I only knotted twenty feet of rope. That's all.

BOLO considers him, and then relaxes.

BOLO

Sorry. Don't worry, one floor.  
(purses his lips)  
Been a while since I've done this too, ya know.

VINCE nods. The elevator flies upwards.

ON VINCE: he watches the digital numbers change from 50 to 60 to 70, and winces ever so slightly.

INT. HALLWAY - A MINUTE LATER

VINCE and BOLO exit the elevator. As a RECEPTIONIST behind the glass wall of a corporate waiting room glances at them curiously, BOLO looks at a directory on the wall, and then his clipboard.

BOLO

Bloom, Bloom. Oh, it's on ninety one. Is the elevator gone? C'mon, lets take the stairs.

VINCE nods, follows BOLO around the corner, and enters the stairwell door behind him.

INT. STAIRS - A MINUTE LATER

As BOLO watches, VINCE carries the heavy bags, luggage carrier and all, down the last step and deposits it on the floor, panting slightly. BOLO nods, and they exit.

INT. HALLWAY - IMMEDIATELY

BOLO walks out the door, VINCE following, strolls to a double door marked "Morris Bloom, Esquire." VINCE stands guard as BOLO puts his ear to the door. Satisfied, he pulls out a lockpick and beats the lock in an instant. Winking at VINCE, he opens the door and waves him, with

his luggage, inside.

INT. EMPTY OFFICE - IMMEDIATELY

Removing their disguises, BOLO and VINCE advance halfway into the room. All the lights are off, but grey daylight filters in around vertical blinds covering the floor to ceiling windows.

As VINCE watches, BOLO walks to the corner of the room and draws back the blinds. Light floods in, and VINCE blinks and then stares out: The tops of other, smaller skyscrapers loom in the near distance above a bed of clouds. A ten foot ledge with AC equipment is directly outside the window. Wisps of cloud hurtle by, silently. Only the faintest whine of the wind is audible. BOLO, up against the glass, looks out musingly.

BOLO

Pays to do research. If I hadn't heard about this Bloom guy croaking we would have had to climb down from the machine floor under the tourist deck. Ten stories instead of one.

VINCE

Huh?

BOLO turns away from the window and sees VINCE's look.

BOLO

You *know* you can do this.

BOLO plants himself in front of VINCE.

BOLO

What's the most flights you've scaled down from a roof?

VINCE

Twelve.

BOLO

Well, this is *one*. A cakewalk. It's just a bit higher, that's all. Now come on.

VINCE nods. BOLO begins pulling his clothes off, revealing a black wetsuit, and piling them neatly on a desk. VINCE blinks and slowly does the same.

Unzipping one of the bags, BOLO pulls out goggles and

unusual boots: made of heavy black rubber, they are knee high and have suction cups on the heels and toes. He tosses a set to VINCE, and then goes to the window. Taking a handled suction cup from his bag, BOLO kneels and attaches it to the glass. He draws an oval around it with a wrench sized glass cutting tool. Leaning hard on the tool, he makes two more passes and then looks closely: the glass is almost cut through. He nods at VINCE, goes to his pack, and pulls out a heavy rope, knotted at three feet intervals.

BOLO

Ok. We're ready.

VINCE leans down and peels the dufflebag off of the outside of what proves to be an overstuffed climbing backpack. He stands and hefts it, but then takes a deep breath and looks at BOLO.

VINCE

You were right, I stopped scoring because I don't have the balls anymore.

BOLO looks at him for a minute.

BOLO

Only chumps aren't afraid. You just gotta use the fear, kid, use it, feed on it, kick it's ass!

VINCE shakes his head.

VINCE

It's been too long. I don't remember how to get past it.

BOLO

Fine, I'll do it. Give me the fucking pack.

VINCE looks at BOLO, who glares back at him. VINCE looks shamefaced.

VINCE

No, forget it, I'll do it.

BOLO

Hell you will. I'd rather you freeze now than ninety stories above the ground. Now give me the tools.

BOLO walks to him, grabs the pack, and lifts it with an

effort.

VINCE

Wait.

(reluctant)

It's too early. Jesus, don't rush it, you'll walk in there with the guy laying in bed with some broad.

BOLO

You heard what I told you last night. Parilo *called* this damn meeting. He's not gonna be late. The drive is at least half an hour. He's on his way now.

BOLO struggles to put on the pack as VINCE watches.

VINCE

I'm the mule, Bolo. You can't carry the stuff. It's too much. You'll fall.

BOLO stops and glares at VINCE.

BOLO

How many times I gave you an out?

VINCE

What was I gonna do, let you try it alone?

BOLO

Fuck you, ok.

BOLO, angry, shakes his head and goes abruptly to the window and snaps the round of glass out with the butt of the cutting tool. The sound of the wind is instantly a deafening roar like an airplane engine. BOLO tries to snap the bindings on the pack around him.

VINCE's face works. He looks out the window with despair.

VINCE

Fuck it.

VINCE goes to BOLO and grabs the pack. BOLO starts to resist, but VINCE punches him in the side of the head and pulls the pack away. BOLO recovers quickly and comes back with fists raised, but VINCE has swung the pack on and is snapping the bindings. BOLO lowers his fists and looks at him. VINCE drops to his knees, moves to the hole and crawls through. On the other side of the glass, he sits

down suddenly and slumps over.

EXT. LEDGE - IMMEDIATELY

BOLO clammers out of the hole with the rope over his shoulders and moves directly to a beam that supports an immense AC unit. He loops the end of the rope over and begins tying it, looking worriedly back at VINCE, who is leaning against the window and staring the the buildings with a haunted look.

VINCE, seeing BOLO look at him, gets on all fours, crawls to the edge, almost hyperventilating, lays flat, and peers over. The building plummets away, forty stories or more, into the cloud cover. VINCE moans. His gloved hands tighten on the edge of the building. He looks at them, sobs, and closes his eyes.

He lays for a minute without moving, clouds passing over him, panting with fear. BOLO grits his teeth and looks away.

Finally, VINCE gets to one knee in slow motion. Slowly he gets to the other knee, hunched over, now putting one foot and then the other flat on the roof. He grits his teeth, and begins to stand up from his squat, the pack immense on his back. His breathing goes even faster.

About halfway to standing - as he begins to bend his back to straighten - he grunts, and his breathing slows. His hands make fists at his side. He straightens, head still bent, and bellows inaudibly against the noise of the wind.

Tilting his head back, he draws a deep breath and opens his eyes. He bellows again, louder. There are tears inside his goggles. He raises his hands to his waist. BOLO watches. VINCE looks over the edge again, gasps a breath in, and roars.

Spreading his legs, VINCE raises his arms high above his head, fists clenched defiantly, and screams at the skyscrapers around them. Clouds whip by him.

Hands in the air, VINCE looks down for a moment, and up into the sky, and blinks. A smile creeps over his face. He breathes in deeply.

VINCE  
(shouting)  
It's mine!

BOLO comes quickly up behind him.

BOLO  
You're fucking right it is!

VINCE  
I own it, Bolo!

BOLO leans over and waves a fist.

BOLO  
Then get your ass down there and  
take it!

VINCE turns his back on the edge and looks at BOLO, who hands him the rope that he has draped over the edge. Grinning ferociously, VINCE pulls his goggles up, wipes his eyes, replaces them, and pulls his ski mask down over his face. Eyes wide inside his goggles, he grabs a knot in each hand and steps backward over the edge without hesitating. Half his body drops over the edge before the slack in VINCE's hands tightens up.

BOLO  
Take it, kid!

VINCE lets go of one knot, slides three feet along the rope, and disappears from sight. BOLO hunkers down next to the large AC shaft that the rope is secured to and looks over the edge.

EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING - IMMEDIATELY

VINCE's feet slap the side of the building, and stick - the rubber toes grip a beam running parallel next to the glass wall. VINCE comes sliding down the rope another three feet to the next knot. Placing his feet flat against the building, he allows the rope to dangle between his legs, and begins inching downwards.

The wind is so strong the rope is flying around beneath him, whipping in circles and out into the void. VINCE descends another knot and then another. He hunches close to the glass. Holding the rope with one hand, he cups his goggles against the glare and looks in.

Inside, seen from ceiling level, is the luxurious living room (seen before by TEDDY at the top of the picture), empty. VINCE grins. He descends another knot and then another.

Gripping the bottom of the rope with his legs, VINCE slowly pulls a metal handed suction cup from his pouch, sticks it on the window, and lets go. A gust of wind blows VINCE, swinging on the rope, several feet away

along the building and then back, like a giant pendulum.

VINCE  
(gritted teeth)

Fuck.

He slaps a foot on the beam and steadies himself. Withdrawing a wrench sized glass cutter from his pouch, he draws a large circle around the suction cup, but now his position is too awkward to cut deeply. He has to lean out with the cutter in the tips of his fingers to reach the far side of the circle. After a few painfully slow, ineffectual cuts, he repositions himself, frustrated. He tries to lean into the next cut, and takes another pendulum swing as a result. Catching himself again, he peers at the scratch in the glass, shivering slightly: the cut is not even a third of the way through. He looks up.

VINCE

BOLO!

BOLO's head is peering down at him.

BOLO

Yeah?

VINCE

I can't get enough grip to cut through.

BOLO

Climb back up and I'll go down and finish it!

VINCE

What kind of sense does that make?

BOLO

I won't have the pack, it'll be easier.

VINCE nods. He pouches the cutter. With a shaking hand, VINCE reaches over his head and grips the knot above him. His arm muscles bulge, and he hauls himself up two feet. Resting for a second, his hand slips slowly down the rope to the knot again. Ice crystals glitter on the rope.

VINCE

I'm slipping.

Slowly, VINCE opens his hand and closes it in front of his face.

BOLO  
Can you feel your hands?

VINCE  
Not really.

BOLO  
Hold on.

ON THE LEDGE: Bolo draws back so he can't see VINCE, and slaps his leg.

BOLO  
Goddamnit.

Suddenly, he pulls off his ski mask and looks at it: it's covered in ice crystals down to the nose, exactly what he has been exposing as he looks over the edge. BOLO stares off into the distance for a second, and then his shoulders slump. He hunches down and looks over the edge at VINCE.

BOLO  
The wind is like a deep freeze. I miscalculated the time. You're going hypothermal. Drop the pack, kid, and I'll pull you up.

VINCE peers up at BOLO.

VINCE  
No!

BOLO  
I can't pull you *and* the pack up, Vince!

VINCE desperately tries to continue cutting the circle for a second.

BOLO  
Vince! Stop! Drop the fucking pack before your hands stop working!

VINCE grits his teeth and purposely hyperventilates a few breaths. Finally, he glares up at BOLO.

VINCE  
This apartment, it's soundproofed?

BOLO  
Course it is, shit, it's the

Sears tower!

VINCE

I break this window, those goons  
out in the hall won't hear?

BOLO

You could shoot off a thirty  
eight!

VINCE reaches down and moves the suction cup upwards. Working rapidly, his whole body shaking now, he draws a large "X" on the window, back and forth in big slashes, now using the pendulum effect to his advantage, leaning his whole body weight on the cutter.

VINCE looks up at BOLO and tries to speak, but his teeth are chattering too violently. VINCE pouches the cutter. Taking a breath, VINCE bellows, and descends to the last knot of the rope, almost falling.

ON THE LEDGE: BOLO, watching and shivering above, puts his hands on the side of his head, opens his mouth, but doesn't shout down to VINCE. He winces.

Wrapping the last length of rope around his hands, VINCE puts his knees up against his chest, and kicks off with all his remaining strength, screaming.

His body soars off into space maybe twenty feet from the side of the building, hangs in mid-air for an endless second, and soars back towards the X like a wrecking ball.

With a crash his feet go through the glass, and VINCE lets go of the rope. Glass floating around it in glittering slow motion, his body hurtles into the building.

INT. PARILLO'S LIVING ROOM - IMMEDIATELY

VINCE crashes into the window and rolls over and over into the room, finally coming to rest on the huge pack like a turtle on its back. He tries to get up and fails.

Outside, the rope is swinging wildly: BOLO's feet appear, and then body: BOLO leaps into the jagged hole, landing upright, with a gun in one hand. He rushes immediately to the living room door, checks it, and then turns to VINCE, who is trying to roll over. BOLO takes off his goggles and smiles broadly.

BOLO  
Soundproof, alright.

VINCE looks up at him with chattering teeth.

VINCE  
Y-You d-didn't know?!

BOLO  
Well, I was pretty sure.

Still smiling, BOLO walks over to VINCE, unsnaps the pack from his shoulders, and helps him up. Shivering wildly, VINCE gets to his feet and pulls off his ski mask and goggles. BOLO looks at him: his suit is covered in ice.

BOLO  
Piece of cake, right?

VINCE smiles broadly and his shivering slows.

VINCE  
Let's get this over with.

INT. PARILLO'S APARTMENT

VINCE and BOLO search rapidly through the apartment without encountering anyone. VINCE drags the pack into the bedroom, opens it, and lays out a complete complement of safe crackers tools on the floor, handling tools, drills, power sources, electronic gadgets to test for alarms, and blowtorches with care.

INT. BEDROOM

BOLO points at a painting. VINCE and BOLO walk up to it, turn their backs to each other, and pace off four steps each, like duelists. At four paces, BOLO turns to the wall. Wielding a long, sword like tool, BOLO inserts the tip into the wall at the ceiling and rips down to the floor. Tossing it to VINCE, BOLO begins bending back the dry wall. As BOLO opens enough space to cram his body in, VINCE repeats the operation on his side.

BOLO(O.S.)  
(muffled in the  
wall)  
That cheap son of a bitch!

VINCE finishes peeling back his side of the wall and peers in eagerly. BOLO looks back at him from the other side of a barrel safe.

BOLO  
Fucking arrogant bastard!

VINCE starts laughing. BOLO is red faced. They both exit their holes.

VINCE  
Maybe it's alarmed.

BOLO  
It had better be.

BOLO picks up a long electrical probe and sweeps it carefully in front, and then behind the painting, watching the LED on a connected, kitchen-match sized box. He snorts in disgust, and drops the tool on the floor. Taking the painting on either side, he pulls it from the wall and reveals a 18 inch, round safe door with a keyhole and combination lock. VINCE laughs louder.

VINCE  
Looks like all we needed was a small little jimmy bar.

BOLO pounds on the safe door angrily.

BOLO  
That scumbag! His whole world is in here, and he puts it in a piece of shit toy!

VINCE picks up the smallest of three drills, with a bit perhaps a half inch wide, and a grid of rods for securing it to the safe door. BOLO grabs the drill.

BOLO  
Don't bother with the supports. I'll cut this in two minutes myself.

BOLO puts on plastic goggles, turns on the loud drill, and strikes huge sparks off the safe door. VINCE watches him for a minute, smiling.

VINCE  
BOLO!

BOLO  
WHAT!

VINCE  
WE HAD TO BRING ALL THE TOOLS.  
WHAT--

BOLO stops drilling, and VINCE drops to conversational level.

VINCE  
--if it was a *real* safe? We would be fucked. How many times you tell me "rather safe than sorry, kid?"

BOLO takes a hammer and chisel and prepares the strike the lock.

BOLO  
You almost died over that kit and we didn't need it.

VINCE  
Now *you're* sounding like an amateur.

BOLO smiles at VINCE.

BOLO  
You're right.

BOLO hits the safe with a clang. The combination wheel falls off and BOLO pulls the guts of the lock out. Turning the handle, he opens the safe.

VINCE and BOLO look in, and expressions of joy appear simultaneously on their faces.

Inside the safe are two shelves: stacked on one are fifty labeled microcassettes; overflowing on the other are bundled piles of 100 dollar bills. BOLO runs his hands across them.

BOLO  
I would guess about three million. Nice bonus.

VINCE laughs, slaps BOLO on the back, and BOLO squeezes his arm.

INT. LIVING ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

Now wearing small, student-type bookbags slung over their shoulders, VINCE and BOLO exit the bedroom, leaving the tools scattered and the safe open and empty. BOLO approaches the hole in the glass and curses: the rope is swinging wildly in space, yards away from the building. He puts an arm out the hole and tries to catch it. After a few swipes, he does, miraculously. He smiles back at

VINCE, hands him the end of the rope, and goes out the window.

EXT. BUILDING - IMMEDIATELY

VINCE sticks his head out the window and watches: BOLO climbs up the rope, hand over hand, not even using his legs, and disappears over the edge.

INT. LIVING ROOM - IMMEDIATELY

He looks down at the end of the rope in his hand and smiles. Gripping it, he swings out the window.

INT. BUILDING - IMMEDIATELY

VINCE climbs up the rope like a kid in a gym class, swinging above the clouds. He comes to the ledge and pulls himself up, smiling. BOLO pulls the rope up after him as VINCE heads towards the hole in the office window.

INT. EMPTY OFFICE - A MINUTE LATER

Now silent and rushing, VINCE and BOLO finish putting on their phone uniforms and disguises. BOLO gestures to VINCE. As VINCE carefully wipes the black wetsuits, goggles, and boots clean, BOLO transfers the cash in his backpack and the tapes in VINCE's to a pair of flat toolcases.

Leaving the wetsuits and remaining equipment in a heap on the floor, they go to the door. BOLO opens it a crack and peers out.

INT. HALLWAY/ELEVATOR - IMMEDIATE

VINCE and BOLO - each with a case - slip out the door, hit the elevator button, and wait.

One comes almost immediately, and they get in.

INT. ELEVATOR - IMMEDIATE

BOLO hits the "close door" button. The doors close, and they look at each other. BOLO takes a deep breath. He shakes his case: tapes rattle inside.

BOLO  
Now the hard part.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - A FEW MINUTES LATER

TEDDY is sitting in his car with the engine running. A few car lengths behind, the GOONS sit parked in their own car. One of the GOONS nudges the other: BOLO, sans disguise, is walking across the plaza in front of the Sears building with his black schoolbag, approaching the stairs down to street level.

INT. TEDDY'S CAR - SAME TIME

The heat is on full blast. TEDDY has a tough look on his face, and is introducing himself to an unseen audience.

TEDDY  
Ay, salud. Ted King. That's  
right, I'm a made man. Yeah, they  
called me Barracuda in the joint.

TEDDY gestures like a movie gangster, and smiles at himself, relaxed. He puts a hand on the gun that rests between his thighs, and a sudden knocking makes him jump: BOLO is peering in the window, smiling broadly. TEDDY jerks a thumb angrily at him.

TEDDY  
Get in the car!

BOLO makes winding gestures, and TEDDY sucks his teeth. He opens the powered window.

TEDDY  
Get in the car, will ya?

BOLO cocks his head towards the GOONS in their car down the street.

BOLO  
I thought I told you to leave  
those guys behind.

TEDDY looks uncomfortable.

TEDDY  
They said Bags gave them orders  
to guard the money.

BOLO nods, considering.

BOLO  
Alright, where is it?

TEDDY  
I got it, just get in the car and  
let's see the tapes, huh?

BOLO  
Let's see the money first, Teddy.

TEDDY glares at him, summoning up a tough look.

TEDDY  
Don't call me Teddy.

BOLO  
Ok.

TEDDY nods.

BOLO  
Let's see the money, *asshole*.

TEDDY pulls his gun out and points it at BOLO's head,  
keeping it low in his lap.

TEDDY  
Get in the car.

BOLO doesn't blink.

BOLO  
You don't have the money, do you.

TEDDY sneers at him, and glances quickly around the  
street: people are hurrying through the cold, no one  
paying them any attention.

BOLO  
You shoot, you never get the  
tapes.

BOLO opens his bag and shows it to TEDDY: it's empty.  
TEDDY's eyes bulge. With a struggle, he controls himself,  
and lowers the gun.

TEDDY  
Where are the fucking tapes?

BOLO  
They're safe. Matter of fact, a  
friend has them nearby. You want

to walk a ways to see them, fine.  
Then you can call your superiors  
and tell them they can wack  
Parilo, but they don't get the  
tapes until I get the dough.

TEDDY mulls this over. BOLO shakes his head, disgusted.

BOLO  
You don't know what to do. What  
was the plan - rip me off, then  
wack me?

TEDDY tries to sneer but glances away, guilty. BOLO looks  
around thoughtfully.

BOLO  
I half expected it.  
(looks at TEDDY)  
I'm not mad. But I'm gonna be if  
you keep me out here in the cold  
much longer. So hurry up or bye  
bye.

BOLO turns on his heel to walk away. TEDDY jerks.

TEDDY  
I got to tell you, Bolo, I ain't  
got no superiors, but if you want  
to come along, talk to Mr.  
Montaine, maybe you can  
straighten things out.

BOLO looks back at him, disgusted.

BOLO  
Listen, Teddy. Tell your *masters*  
to meet me at my bar in one hour.  
Montaine and Bags can bring the  
money, and if I see anything  
funny the tapes are getting  
passed to the FBI before they can  
get the door open.

TEDDY  
I-I got the money.

TEDDY closes the window, and opens his car door,  
pocketing his gun. BOLO backs up a few steps, hand in his  
pocket, as TEDDY gets out.

TEDDY  
Don't worry, old man, I'm not  
gonna kill you. Not yet, at

least. Your million is in the trunk. I'll take the walk, see if this isn't some kind of game you're trying to run, and you had the balls to actually get into the apartment. Then I'll make the switch.

BOLO glares at him.

BOLO

You better have the money, punk.

TEDDY

I've got it.

BOLO waves down and across the street: the phone repair van, which has been idling there the whole while, pulls up, slowly, on the snow covered streets. Coming almost parallel to TEDDY's car, it stops. The side door slides open to reveal VINCE - in a ski mask pulled down over his face - holding a gun casually. The toolboxes lay on the floor.

TEDDY

Lemme see the tapes.

BOLO

You want me to get in and drive away? Let's see the money.

TEDDY considers, and walks to the trunk of his car, BOLO following. Jumping into the driver's seat, VINCE backs the truck up a few feet, bumping over a mound of snow, so he can see the transaction. TEDDY puts his key in the trunk lock, hesitates for a second, and opens it. Inside is a briefcase. TEDDY picks it up by the handle.

TEDDY

Get your case and we'll swap.

But BOLO suddenly grabs the handle too, hand around TEDDY's, and shakes it. He snarls.

BOLO

Fucking games! I knew it!

VINCE jumps out of his seat and moves to the back of the van, gun drawn, and BOLO starts towards the van door, but TEDDY draws his own gun and puts it to BOLO's back, shielding himself.

TEDDY

Tell him to give me the tapes or

you're dead meat!

BOLO glances around: the few freezing PASSERSBY haven't noticed, but the GOONS are watching closely from their car. BOLO looks at VINCE, whose eyes widen beneath his ski mask.

BOLO

Fuck you, punk. You're dead meat if you don't show up with those tapes, and Bags and Montaine too.

TEDDY

Fuck you!

(to VINCE)

I'm gonna do him! Give me those fucking tapes or I'm gonna blow his brains out! You gonna make me count to three?

TEDDY puts his gun to the side of BOLO's head. VINCE puts up a hand.

VINCE

Alright!

BOLO shakes his head angrily, but VINCE tosses a toolcase out the door, past both of them, onto the sidewalk. It lands in a pile of snow. TEDDY glances back, sees several PASSERSBY watching and pointing, curses, shoves BOLO, and then runs for the case. VINCE pulls BOLO into the van.

BOLO

What did you do that for?

VINCE

I didn't want you to get shot!

Up the street, car doors slam: the GOONS have gotten out.

VINCE jumps in the driver's seat to pull away.

TEDDY is fumbling to open his case, watching them.

BOLO picks up the remaining case in the van and shakes it. He looks surprised, and grabs VINCE's shoulder.

BOLO

(to VINCE)

Wait!

(to TEDDY)

Hey cocksucker!

He holds up the case.

BOLO

We still got the tapes!

TEDDY opens his case - it's the one full of money. He gapes at BOLO.

BOLO

Tell Montaine I want *five* million--

Shots ring out, interrupting him: the GOONS are opening fire on the VAN and TEDDY. A bullet pierces TEDDY's toolcase, and he dives for the ground, shielding himself with it. PASSERSBY scream and run.

VINCE curses and floors the gas, but the front wheels spin - the van is stuck in the snow! Bullets shatter the windows, and BOLO dives for cover.

A GOON walks up to TEDDY and points his gun down at him, who writhes away on the snow, terrified, but another shot rings out and the GOON gasps. Blood spurts from his neck, and he falls. TEDDY looks amazed.

Another shot rings out, and the other GOON looks around: jumping down the sidewalk is BIGUM, gun drawn and firing. The GOON fires at him, and BIGUM dodges.

BOLO

Goddamnit!

BOLO has noticed TEDDY has crawled to his door and is jumping into his car, tossing the money case in first.

As BOLO jumps out of the van, the GOON and BIGUM trade shots. The GOON falls, hit.

VINCE

Bolo!

TEDDY pulls squealing away, BOLO hanging out of the back seat door.

VINCE tries to back up, pull forward, and rocks the van. Finally it moves as BIGUM comes running up.

BIGUM

Wait! Vince!

But VINCE is sliding all over the street in pursuit of TEDDY, who is already blocks away, swinging wildly in the distance.

BIGUM runs after the van down the middle of the street

but he can't keep up. His figure dwindles behind the careening chase.

ON TEDDY'S CAR: BOLO, cursing, drags himself into the car as TEDDY makes a wild right turn. Whooping, TEDDY makes a wild left turn and BOLO is tossed against the far passenger door. Momentarily dazed, he falls down on the seat.

ON VINCE: Vince's back tires are spinning wildly in a pile of snow that he has slid into with the van. VINCE curses, jerks the car into reverse, then forward, until suddenly the wheels are freed and the van hurtles forward. He crashes into the side of a passing car, bounces off of it and speeds away.

A few seconds later he slides to a halt and looks around wildly at the intersection of a street and highway on-ramp for signs of TEDDY's car.

VINCE

Bolo you crazy fuck!

CUT TO:

INT. TEDDY'S CAR - A MINUTE LATER

TEDDY slows to a halt under the freeway underpass and turns around quickly, leveling a gun at dazed BOLO.

TEDDY

Yo.

BOLO blinks and shakes his head.

BOLO

Now be careful with that thing,  
Ted.

TEDDY

Now you call me Ted, huh? Not  
asshole, or kid?

BOLO doesn't say anything, he just looks at the gun.

TEDDY

That's not good enough. Call me  
Mr. King.

BOLO looks at him.

TEDDY

You heard me. I can't kill you

because I need to trade you for  
the tapes, but I'll fucking  
kneecap you, scumbag.

TEDDY gestures with the gun, and BOLO stares at it.

BOLO

Mr King.

TEDDY

Say, I'm the cocksucking asshole,  
sir.

BOLO

I'm the cocksucking asshole, sir.

TEDDY laughs delightedly.

BOLO

Mr. King, sir.

Now TEDDY whoops a laugh, throwing his head back, and that's all it takes: BOLO sweeps his gun sideways. TEDDY fires a shot, which goes out the window, and BOLO twists the gun out of TEDDY's hand.

ON VINCE: he hears the shot and pulls onto the on-ramp with a scared look.

VINCE

Bolo!

BACK TO TEDDY'S CAR:

BOLO is aiming the gun at TEDDY with death in his eyes.

BOLO

Get out of the car, punk.

TEDDY looks at him, terrified, and BOLO puts the gun to his forehead.

TEDDY

Please, please...

BOLO

Now! Open your fucking door.

Keeping the gun on TEDDY, BOLO slides towards the driver's side door of the back seat. Shaking, TEDDY opens his door without taking his eyes off BOLO. As he does, VINCE, appearing out of nowhere in the Bell Telephone van, screeches to a halt alongside and leaps out.

VINCE is on TEDDY like a whirlwind: hurling him against the car, he starts kicking and punching him. TEDDY, bloodied, wails like an elementary school student with each blow, covering up. During the beating, BOLO gets out of the car holding the money toolcase, leisurely, opens it on the trunk to inspect it, and then smiles at VINCE's back.

VINCE

You wanna blow the old man's  
brains out, huh?

VINCE pulls his gun out.

VINCE

Well, I got news for you! You  
don't have it that easy! First  
I'm gonna blow your balls off, if  
you got any! And then some other  
parts--

VINCE gestures with the gun, and TEDDY pisses himself. BOLO puts his hand on VINCE's shoulder.

BOLO

Vincent!

VINCE controls himself, and looks at BOLO, who shakes his head, and leans over to speak quietly in his ear.

BOLO

You don't wanna go out this way.

VINCE, still enraged, shakes his head in disagreement, and TEDDY makes a begging gesture.

TEDDY

Please. Please don't kill me.

BOLO

Shut the fuck up!

BOLO turns back to VINCE.

BOLO

(quietly)

Instead of getting blood on your  
hands, I want you to take the  
money, lose the van, and call  
Evelyn.

VINCE hesitates, and BOLO's eyes blaze.

BOLO

Who's in charge here, kid?

BOLO takes the gun from VINCE's hand and turns to TEDDY.

TEDDY

Aieeee!

BOLO

I ought to waste you, Teddy, but  
it looks like Bags and Montaine  
are gonna do the job for me.  
"Your boys" were waiting for you  
to kill me and then they were  
gonna kill you, dumbshit.

TEDDY squeezes his eyes shut. Tears leak out.

TEDDY

I'm sorry--

BOLO smashes TEDDY in the nose with the gun and TEDDY  
shrieks, eyes closed. BOLO wacks him over the head and  
TEDDY falls to the ground in a heap.

DISSOLVE TO:

A FEW MINUTES LATER:

In the driver's seat of the van, VINCE hands BOLO out a  
toolcase.

BOLO

This is the right one this time?

VINCE looks chagrined and BOLO chuckles.

BOLO

You gonna follow my instructions?

VINCE nods.

VINCE

Yeah, Bolo.

BOLO looks at him for a long minute, and grins.

BOLO

We did it.

VINCE smiles back at him.

VINCE

Yeah.

BOLO looks around.

BOLO  
You better get going.

BOLO reaches in and squeezes VINCE's shoulder. VINCE puts the van in gear. BOLO watches as VINCE pulls away, and then walks around TEDDY's car to where TEDDY has been dragged. He prods TEDDY with his foot.

BOLO  
Wake up, I didn't hit you that hard.

TEDDY shivers as he comes awake and looks up at BOLO foggily.

BOLO  
Two hours, Mr. King. You call Montaine and make sure he comes to negotiate within two hours, or your name, description, and the license plate of this mafia staff car goes to the Gee along with the tapes.

BOLO pulls TEDDY's gun out of his pocket, breaks the clip out of it, hurls it down the embankment, and then drops the gun with disdain in TEDDY's lap. He spins the car keys on his finger, thinking, and then with a shrug tosses them in the snow. Sneering at TEDDY, BOLO turns and walks away without glancing back, swinging his case of tapes.

TEDDY looks after him, his face wrinkled. He starts crying with rage.

INT. PICK-CONGRESS HOTEL - A LITTLE LATER

VINCE strides through the upscale lobby in his workers clothes, carrying the tool case and a smaller bookbag. He approaches the desk.

VINCE  
Evelyn Lynch.

The DESKMAN looks at him disdainfully and consults a computer screen.

DESKMAN  
There is no one here by that name, sir.

VINCE

What?

The DESKMAN shakes his head dismissively. VINCE looks angry, then confused--

VINCE

Maybe she's stuck in--  
 (has an idea)  
 --Evelyn *Martin*. What room is  
 Evelyn Martin in?

The DESKMAN checks again, looks at VINCE, and picks up the phone. VINCE smiles.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

VINCE knocks on the door and EVELYN answers it. VINCE enters, looking around at the luxurious suite, at the fireplace and entertainment center. He picks up an elaborate remote control.

VINCE

Hey, this place is great. Its  
 like a movie theater. How about  
 we'll watch some gangster  
 pictures?

VINCE winks, smiling, but EVELYN starts crying. VINCE, surprised, holds her.

VINCE

It's over, Ev. We're free.

EVELYN

(crying, she begins  
 to laugh)  
 You bastard, you bastard.

VINCE is smiling broadly.

VINCE

You're gonna marry me now, right,  
 Evelyn Martin sounded good.

EVELYN pulls away.

EVELYN

You tell me you can't make it,  
 you're going off to *die*, and I'm  
 watching the clock tick all  
 morning imagining you falling or  
 getting shot, and then you call

and tell me to get the best room  
in a fucking hotel without a  
goddamned *hello I'm alive?*

VINCE

Oh, I'm sorry...I made it.

He laughs. VINCE kisses EVELYN deeply, and she kisses him back, holding him desperately. After a minute, VINCE separates himself gently. He tosses the toolcase on a coffee table, shoulders his bookbag.

VINCE

I'll be back in an hour, maybe  
two.

EVELYN

Where are you going?

VINCE

(adjusting his small  
backpack)

I gotta meet Bolo and give him  
this. And then get some clothes.  
And champagne.

EVELYN

Aren't there clothes in that?

She points to the toolcase. VINCE nods.

VINCE

Check those threads out, baby,  
and don't open the door for  
anyone but me.

VINCE exits, and EVELYN looks at the door with frustration and anger and amusement. She goes to the case and opens it, and piles of money spill out. She gasps. Kneeling down, she picks up the overflow to replace it, and then runs her fingers through the contents with growing amazement.

EVELYN

(giggling)

Oh my god!

But her mirth dwindles, and she slowly stops feeling the money. She surveys it for a long moment, and finally shuts the case with an angry look.

EVELYN

He's never gonna quit this. Just  
get used to it, Evelyn.

She shakes her head violently and thinks for a minute. Her eyes land on the VCR and large TV, and she sucks her teeth. She stands up, picks up the remote control, looks at it, and then decisively hurls it through the tv screen. She goes to the bedside and picks up the phone.

EVELYN

Prepare my bill. And I need a limo to the airport.

She cradles his phone, and starts packing her bag.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOLO'S BAR - SAME TIME

BOLO walks up to his bar, red in the face from the cold, to see BIGUM and PERRY waiting in the doorway, puffing clouds of frozen breath. He looks down at his coat, pulling his hand half out of his pocket: VINCE's gun is ready in it. He walks up to BIGUM, who glares at him. BOLO glares back for a minute.

BOLO

You dumbass. For the first time in my life I make a deal with a cop and you gotta go ahead and fuck things up.

BIGUM smiles at him, teeth chattering.

INT. BOLO'S BAR - A MINUTE LATER

BOLO is moving towards the bar with BIGUM and PERRY behind him. Ignoring them, he goes behind the bar, pours himself a double shot of bourbon, and drinks it down. He looks at BIGUM.

BOLO

You fucked up, you big stupe--

PERRY

Hey, this is a detective in the Chicago police--

BOLO turns a withering look on PERRY.

BOLO

You shut the fuck up, Fed, you ain't even supposed to be here.

BIGUM

Look, I know how you see it.

BOLO

The deal was, you were supposed to wait here. Not out there, *here*.

BOLO slams two more glasses on the bar, free pours BIGUM and PERRY drinks, and motions for them to take them. They do, gratefully.

BOLO

Why you bring this Fed in? Afraid you can't get me killed all by yourself?

BIGUM

I *saved* you, Bolo. Looked to me like *somebody* was gonna pop you.

BOLO

We had it under control--

BIGUM

Those gunmen had you pinned down! And Teddy is *mine*. Not theirs.

BOLO suddenly looks at PERRY.

BOLO

What do you know, Fed?

PERRY

First of all, how do you make me for a Fed?

BOLO

(snarls)

I can fucking smell 'em, now come on and tell me!

PERRY

(shrugs)

Bigum says that you were gonna deliver the scumbag who killed Sean, and then split.

BOLO nods slightly. He looks at BIGUM, who shrugs.

BOLO

(to BIGUM)

Why you bring him in?

BIGUM

I needed backup, and, unlike some of my fellow cops, I can trust him. He waited here while I followed you, that's all.

BOLO

(to PERRY)

How many you bring in?

PERRY

None.

BOLO nods more firmly. He puts his hands on the bar and surveys the room.

BOLO

Guys plays straight with me, I do the same for them. Double cross me, though, and I can't be responsible for what happens.

BOLO grins fiercely.

BOLO

Today is your lucky day.

He suddenly slaps the toolcase on the bar, opens it to reveal rows of microcassettes.

BOLO

These are tapes incriminating most of the Chicago families. And Montaine and Baggio will be here in--

(checks watch)

--oh, less than an hour, fresh from wacking Raymond Parilo. It'll be an easy pinch. I wish I could stay.

BIGUM doubletakes. He looks through the tapes, astonished, and then at PERRY, who is frozen in amazement.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

TEDDY, somewhat cleaned up, is in a phone booth, his car running alongside.

TEDDY

Yeah, I got the tapes, asshole.

TEDDY listens.

TEDDY

Cut the shit, Bags! You set me up! Why the fuck should I make a deal with you? I should talk to Parilo!

TEDDY listens for a minute, and smiles broadly.

TEDDY

You wacked him, huh? You dumb shit, now I got you by the balls! Hows it feel, huh? Without these tapes--

(gestures to an invisible case)

--the other bosses aren't gonna take your orders! You and Montaine are walking dead!

TEDDY barks a laugh. He listens.

TEDDY

No, here's what *you're* gonna do. You're gonna go home and wait for me to call you, and we're gonna meet somewhere public. You're gonna bring me that other mil that Bolo--huh?

(Listens)

--Yeah he's dead! You're gonna bring me a mil to get me to *think about* whether I'm gonna give you these fucking tapes! And if you fuck with me, I'm gonna do you just like I did your boys!

TEDDY slams down the phone, triumphant. He storms around to his car, gets in, put the car in gear, but only rolls forward, suddenly directionless. He runs his hand over his face, bites his lip, and looks at himself in the rear view mirror: he has blood crusted on his temple and nose. He runs his hands through his hair.

TEDDY

Shit.

He suddenly remembers something: reaching across, he opens the glove compartment and his eyes light up. He takes a pint of gin out and takes a long slug. Nodding, he makes a satisfied sound, puts his foot to the gas, and drives off.

INT. BOLO'S BAR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

BOLO lifts a keg off a pile of kegs in the back room. Wedged between the two beneath it is the briefcase TEDDY brought the night before. BOLO opens it, smiles at the cash inside, and closes it.

BOLO enters the main room with the briefcase and a small suitcase and goes behind the bar where BIGUM and PERRY sit, waiting. BOLO goes to the glass and takes down the photos of Vince, and then the snapshot of the pretty woman, Isabel. He stares at it, and smiles. He turns over a postcard: in neat handwriting it has a woman's name and address on it. Putting the photos and card in his pocket, he salutes BIGUM and PERRY.

BOLO  
Good luck, coppers.

BOLO points at BIGUM, who nods reassuringly and pats a front pocket.

BIGUM  
Bolo. Where you going?

BOLO shrugs.

BOLO  
Oh, I don't know.

He grins, and walks around the bar.

BOLO  
Somewhere warm. With good food.  
Maybe I'll look up an old  
girlfriend.

He winks at them, and exits.

INT. LATE AFTERNOON - IMMEDIATELY

BOLO looks around in the fading light with a slight smile, a suitcase in one hand and the briefcase in the other. Finally, nodding slightly, he walks away and dwindles in the distance.

A car pulls up from around the corner, and pulls to a stop.

INT. TEDDY'S CAR - IMMEDIATELY

TEDDY takes another swig of the gin and stares at the

darkened bar, waiting.

INT. VINCE'S LOFT - SAME TIME

VINCE sits on a chair, reading. Impatient, he tosses the book down. Going to the kitchen table, he inspects a large pile of money and stuffs it into the small bookbag. Looking around, he sees the phone and goes to it. Picking it up, he dials, smiling.

VINCE  
Evelyn Martin. What? That's  
impossible, she just checked *in*.  
This is her husband.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - SAME TIME

A FRONT DESK WOMAN is on the phone.

DESKWOMAN  
I'm certain, sir. She took a car  
to the airport almost an hour  
ago. I arranged it myself.

INT. LOFT - IMMEDIATE

VINCE cradles the phone in shock. He looks around in horror. He stands.

INT. BOLO'S BAR - EVENING

In the gloom, BIGUM is pacing. PERRY is sitting at the bar.

PERRY  
I don't think they're coming.

BIGUM  
I think you're right.

BIGUM picks up a bar stool and sends it flying, and then hurls his glass into the mirror, frustrated. He grits his teeth.

BIGUM  
Gosh darn it.

PERRY laughs in surprise. BIGUM stops.

BIGUM  
What's so funny?

PERRY  
Just that--

But BIGUM has made a decision. He cuts him off with a wave.

BIGUM  
You're gonna stay here. Call the Bureau to come and take those damned tapes away.

PERRY shrugs.

PERRY  
That's fine, but how we gonna get Sean's killer once this is all over the news?

BIGUM  
Don't worry. I know someone who can help me find Teddy.

EXT. BOLO'S BAR - A MINUTE LATER

BIGUM walks out the front door.

INT. TEDDY'S CAR - SAME TIME

Seeing BIGUM exit the bar, TEDDY looks amazed. He looks around: the street is empty. TEDDY pulls a gun from the glove compartment, checks it, then lowers it. His eyes narrow. He puts the car in gear and lets it roll forward without putting on his lights.

EXT. STREET - A FEW MINUTES LATER

BIGUM sees VINCE's garage building in front of him. He marches up to it and goes up the stairs.

INT. TEDDY'S CAR - SAME TIME

TEDDY peers out the windshield in the gloom as BIGUM disappears around the corner of VINCE's building down the street.

EXT. VINCE'S DOOR - SAME TIME

BIGUM looks at the door at the top of the stairs: the riot grill is up and the snow shoveled from the steps and landing. He knocks on the door. After a minute, the door flies open and VINCE looks out with a relieved look.

Seeing BIGUM, he looks disappointed, and then angry. BIGUM is ready, with an envelope in his extended hand.

BIGUM

Bolo asked me to give you this.

VINCE doubletakes. He snatches the envelope, and, fumbling, tries to tear it open.

BIGUM

Can I come in?

VINCE looks around quickly and then, hesitant, nods. BIGUM enters and VINCE closes the door.

INT. LOFT - IMMEDIATELY

VINCE, with shaking hands, reads the letter with his back to the door.

In BOLO's rough printing, the note reads,

"Vince - I gave Bigum your address yesterday."

BRIEF FLASHBACK: BOLO has just dropped the keg. He goes to the door and opens it: BIGUM stands there, grimfaced.

BACK TO PRESENT

The note continues: "I figured if he scared you about boosting, you would go thru with a real score with me."

VINCE

That son of a bitch.

VINCE smiles broadly:

"I knew you could do it. I'm real proud of you. Now you got enough money to settle down and be happy without being afraid of going back to the joint. Bolo

"PS you can have my share of the money if you have babies with Evelyn and name one for me."

When VINCE comes to the last line, he looks anguished, and crumples the note up. BIGUM looks at him.

BIGUM

What happened in here?

The loft is in a shambles, with books scattered everywhere and several metal shelves and other furniture overturned. VINCE tosses the note aside. He laughs bitterly, and swallows.

VINCE

Ev--that girl you met--she left me. With a knife, no, a spear, in my back.

BIGUM

You thought you would redecorate?

VINCE snorts.

EXT. VINCE'S BUILDING - IMMEDIATELY

Staggering drunkenly, TEDDY prowls around the building. He kicks at the garage door. Under the stairs, he wrestles with the man door to the garage. It doesn't budge. He drains the last drop from his gin bottle. Following BIGUM's footsteps, he creeps up the stairs and sees the door. He tries the knob, which doesn't move. TEDDY pulls a gun from his jacket, and is about to pound on the door, when down below on the street a cab arrives. TEDDY's eyes widen as he tries to focus on the figure emerging.

LOFT - SAME TIME

VINCE is sitting in a chair and BIGUM is standing in front of him. VINCE is amazed.

VINCE

(chuckling)

--And he said he was going somewhere warm?

BIGUM

That's right. And I let him go.

VINCE looks around. The bookbag of money is laying on the ground near him. He frowns, and looks at BIGUM.

VINCE

Teddy King. That's the rat you're looking for. I'll even help you find him and kill him if you want. Maybe it will make me feel

better--

VINCE is interrupted by a pounding at the door. BIGUM and VINCE both look at it.

VINCE  
(calls out)  
Who is it?

EVELYN(O.S.)  
It's Evelyn, Vince--

EVELYN's voice sounds like it's been cut off, but VINCE doesn't notice. He looks disgusted and heads towards the bathroom, past BIGUM.

VINCE  
I gotta piss.

BIGUM  
What about--

VINCE  
You can let her in if you want.

Shaking his head, BIGUM walks to the door. VINCE goes into the bathroom. BIGUM opens the door to find a nervous EVELYN - suitcases in hand - and behind her, TEDDY with a gun poking over her shoulder.

TEDDY  
Back up!

BIGUM backs away from the door and EVELYN and TEDDY enter. TEDDY kicks the door closed behind him, and kicks the suitcases out of EVELYN's hands onto the floor.

TEDDY  
Where are the fucking tapes, pig.

BIGUM  
What tapes?

TEDDY  
You know what tapes. Don't fuck with me or I'll kill this bitch.

TEDDY pokes at EVELYN's head with the gun and EVELYN squawks.

EVELYN  
Watch it!

TEDDY laughs, and looks around leering.

TEDDY

What a fucking dump. Where's Bolo?

BIGUM

He's not here.

TEDDY

But his kid is, huh?

TEDDY looks around, nervously, and sees the closed bathroom door. He backs up, dragging EVELYN with him. Positioning himself so that he is partly blockaded by a bookcase that has been pulled away from the wall, he pushes EVELYN so she can be seen to the room, one arm around her waist, the other with the gun aimed over her shoulder.

TEDDY

(bellow)

Vinnie! Hey Vinnie! I got your cocktail waitress here!

The bathroom door flies open, and VINCE emerges. BIGUM moves sideways behind another shelf and draws his gun.

VINCE

(to EVELYN)

What the--?.

TEDDY

(to VINCE)

Give me the fucking tapes, dick, or I start shooting.

EVELYN

Vince, I-I love you. I couldn't leave.

TEDDY roars, and VINCE looks alarmed.

VINCE

Wait! H-here they are.

VINCE picks up the bag of money, advances, and tosses it over near TEDDY. TEDDY blinks at it.

TEDDY

That don't sound like tapes.

He aims his gun at it and shoots it once - EVELYN shrieks - and the bag rolls over with a fluffy sound.

TEDDY

I'm not falling for that--wha!

EVELYN has grabbed the wrist of his hand that holds the gun and is wrestling with him. She elbows him in the head, cursing. Simultaneously, BIGUM fires a shot into the side of the bookcase, and TEDDY lets go of her, alarmed.

EVELYN runs to the side as BIGUM and TEDDY trade shots wildly from their respective shelters. VINCE, running towards EVELYN, takes a bullet and falls. EVELYN screams and crawls towards him. After many shots, BIGUM runs out of bullets, and his pistol hammer strikes on the empty chamber. TEDDY tosses his own gun down, empty.

Laughing, TEDDY steps out from behind his bookcase. Before anyone can move, he pulls a gun from his ankle holster. TEDDY aims at EVELYN speculatively, and VINCE gets to his knees.

VINCE

Ev!

BIGUM jumps in front of him and TEDDY swerves to aim at BIGUM.

TEDDY

I don't know how I missed you the first time, you ape. But I never miss twice.

BIGUM

Fuck you.

BIGUM takes a step towards TEDDY, and TEDDY fires right at his heart. BIGUM staggers back with a grunt, but then keeps coming.

BIGUM rushes TEDDY, who, panicked, unloads two rounds, one into BIGUMS stomach - BIGUM reels back but keeps coming - and one into his arm, which causes a gush of blood and doesn't even slow BIGUM down.

BIGUM smashes TEDDY in the face.

BIGUM

That's for Sean, you piece of shit.

TEDDY attempts to pound BIGUM with his gun, and BIGUM strikes him several more times. Finally, BIGUM wades in and clinches with him.

BIGUM

Think you're bad, motherfucker?

BIGUM wrestles with TEDDY, and begins twisting TEDDY's gun hand around. TEDDY screams and fires wildly. BIGUM pulls the gun away, and shoots TEDDY in the chest from close range. TEDDY gasps. BIGUM throws TEDDY to the floor, and aims the gun at him.

BIGUM

That's for Sean, asshole.

TEDDY's chest is spurting blood, and he clutches it, his face registering shock, fear, and confusion. He gasps. BIGUM grimaces. TEDDY whimpers, and puts his hands up, but BIGUM fires again, hitting him in the head. TEDDY expires instantly.

BIGUM bows his head for a second.

Wiping tears away, he suddenly looks around, worried, at a gasping noise, but it's VINCE and EV, who have just embraced and are kissing. VINCE notices BIGUM watching.

VINCE

What are you, Frankenstein's monster?

BIGUM

Huh? Oh, I'm wearing a vest.

BIGUM notices his own arm bleeding, looks at VINCE.

BIGUM

You got it in the arm too?

VINCE

No, in the dick. I'm just holding my arm because it's closer.

BIGUM laughs.

VINCE

I thought you didn't curse. You called that guy a motherfucker. And an asshole.

BIGUM

Well, he was.

CUT TO:

A MINUTE LATER.

EVELYN is bandaging VINCE. A bandaged BIGUM looks on.

EVELYN  
 Promise me this is it.

VINCE kisses her.

VINCE  
 I promise.

BIGUM  
 Do I get a kiss if I tell you I  
 retired too?

VINCE  
 What?

BIGUM  
 I turned in my badge at Sean's  
 inquest. You think they would  
 have let me pursue this  
 investigation?

BIGUM smiles at VINCE, who laughs, shaking his head.

VINCE  
 So you're not after me to rat on  
 dirty cops?

BIGUM shakes his head solemnly.

BIGUM  
 Fuck 'em.

VINCE gets up and walks across the room, returns with the  
 perforated money bag, and hands it to BIGUM.

VINCE  
 Here. A little retirement gift.

BIGUM takes it, surprised. He weighs it in his hand,  
 puzzled.

BIGUM  
 Thanks.

EVELYN  
 (gestures towards  
 TEDDY's body)  
 What are you gonna do with him?

VINCE and BIGUM consider TEDDY.

BIGUM

I think we can leave him on the  
steps of the Sears Tower.

VINCE puts his arm around EVELYN, and picks up the case  
full of money.

VINCE

Then let's go back to the hotel.  
We'll watch some movies.

VINCE smiles at EVELYN, who smiles back.

EVELYN

Comedies, ok?

VINCE nods, and kisses her.

THE END.