

Situation: Life Or Death

By

Courtney Love

[trabajador45@yahoo.com](mailto:trabajador45@yahoo.com)

FADE IN:

The City of Angels FLASHES in front of our eyes.

Sleek sedans between...

HYBRID VEHICLES, and... Topless coupes... Pretty girls with little DOGS...

A chop suey stream of VISITORS looking for glitz and glamor...

These images meld into...

INT. EXCLUSIVE JEWELRY STORE - DAY

CAL. 25. Picture star good looks. Crisp blue blazer. Cellular device against his ear.

He's the manager. He's also a thief.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION/CONTINUED IMAGES

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)

Shit, it's her. What should I do?

CAL

Answer.

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)

I cant.

CAL

Why not?

EVAN

I'm nervous as fuck.

CAL

You're whipped.

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)

That's not a bad thing is it?

CAL

Hey, you knew the risks before you fucked her.

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)

True. But at some point I expected those risks to change from does she have herpes to how mad will she be

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
if I put it in her top hole, not is  
she fucking that guy.

CAL  
Which guy is that?

EVAN  
You know that guy, he's always  
hanging around like a snake waiting  
to fang you when your back's  
turned. Tall, maybe a little acne  
and cheap clothes.

CAL  
Look, you either answer that or you  
start paying for it.

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)  
Yeah, tried that already. Once.  
Then one more time after that,  
but...

CAL  
Evan my friend, you have no idea  
how close you are to ending our  
friendship.

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)  
What's life without a little risk,  
right?

Bikini clad babes with BOUNCING JUGS playing beach  
volleyball...

HOLLYWOOD is on the hillside...

A well-known entertainment show host SMILES...

Street performers: dancing, singing, pantomiming..

CAL  
Boring.

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)  
Exactly. Hang on.

Click.

A fallen star is whisked away in shackles...

A high-profile basketball player SCORES...

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)  
Yep, it's officially over.

CAL  
You two staying together is for the  
good of humanity everywhere.

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)  
I can't believe that bitch did it  
again.

CAL  
Bitch? Wow, you really are mad.

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)  
Did you need something?

A pop icon BURSTS through a WALL OF PYROTECHNICS...

CAL  
I need a brick.

The crowd EXPLODES...

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)  
Three and a half.

CAL  
Three.

Eager CONTESTANTS imploring a prize wheel for BIG MONEY...

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)  
You know I don't negotiate.

CAL  
I'm not asking you to. Three.

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)  
No sale.

PRIVATE ESTATES with gardeners and cherub fountains...

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)  
I can't keep cutting you deals.  
It's ruining my retirement fund.

CAL  
Well, it's also destroying my  
I'm-enjoying-life-now fund...

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)  
Hey, don't blame me for your fucked  
up decisions.

The images and voices give way to...

INT. EXCLUSIVE JEWELRY STORE - DAY

...CUSTOMERS perusing DISPLAY CASES dripping with DIAMONDS  
of every shape, size and color...

...we're on the sales floor with HOWIE. Early twenties.

He's helping a very attractive ASIAN WOMAN with tits to die  
for, black shades and very expensive designer jeans.

Just as she makes her choice...Cal walks up.

CAL  
Are you sure?

She looks up. Smiles.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

We're in the dark.

A frenetic bass line PUMPS from a stereo system somewhere.

We realize that the other noises we hear are MOANS and  
GROANS. A splash of light hits the Asian woman's face.

CAL  
You like it when I go deep?

Her name is SUKI.

SUKI  
I'm still waiting for it.

Cal wraps a handful of hair around his fist.

SUKI  
Ah! That's it. Fuck me.

After the last syllable of her last word comes...

SUKI

Sitting lotus style on the bed, compact mirror, applying  
make-up.

(CONTINUED)

Cal enters the room, shirtless, kisses her as he slides down behind her.

He fishes through the open designer bag sitting next to her, pulls out a brilliant DIAMOND CHOKER. Clasps it around her neck.

CAL  
How does it feel?

SUKI  
Expensive.

Suki hops down from the bed, walks over to a mirror next to the dresser. Profile. Straight on. Other side...

Cal gets up from the bed. Walks up behind her; snaps a picture.

CAL  
You look like a princess.

Suki hooks the over-sized designer bag on her elbow. Cal removes the choker. Suki stares.

Reverse on Cal.

CAL  
Up front still, huh?

SUKI  
I don't trust you anymore.

Pause.

CAL  
(teasing)  
You're kidding.

SUKI  
All of it.

Cal opens a dresser drawer, puts the necklace in, pulls out a substantial stack of bills.

CAL  
How much was that exactly?

SUKI  
You already know how much.

Cal and Suki are this-close.

CAL  
(strokes the money over her  
chest)  
It's all there. I double checked it  
myself.

SUKI  
Are they real?

Cal scoffs.

There lips are nearly touching.

SUKI  
Don't give me a reason to end this.  
She takes the money from Cal and walks away.  
Cal follows her with his eyes.

CAL  
We're getting some new shit in next  
week.

SUKI (OS)  
Call me.

A door BANGS shut.

Cal picks up his cell phone. Dials. Ringing.  
Connected.

CAL  
What's the rush?

HALLWAY

He exits the bedroom.

The doorbell RINGS. He folds his cell phone. Walks towards  
the ringing.

INT. HIGH CLASS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Cal, EVAN(voice on phone) and Howie are seated around a  
table draped in white linen.

Half-full glasses. Half-eaten food.

(CONTINUED)

EVAN  
...it's like I'm cursed with  
finding the wrong one. Everytime.

Reverse on Howie.

HOWIE  
Your problem is you've been dating  
the same girl.

EVAN (OS)  
Why can't I be happy?

HOWIE  
You were happy. Yesterday.

EVAN  
You guys never have drama with your  
broads. Help me out. What should I  
do?

CAL  
First. Stop calling them broads.

HOWIE  
Now.

EVAN  
Ok. Then?

Cal and Howie share a look.

CAL/HOWIE  
(together)  
Just say fuck it.

CAL  
They're not here to make you happy.

EVAN  
She hasn't even called since she  
dumped me.

CAL  
She's doing you a favor.

HOWIE  
(positively)  
You can do better.

EVAN  
What the fuck, right? No matter how  
much you love your girl, no amount  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EVAN (cont'd)  
of expensive dinners or trips to  
Hawaii are gonna keep her from  
leaving you for the guy at  
work who asks about her sick  
grandmother.

HOWIE (O.S.)  
Or the guy with the bigger dick  
that she's fucking.

EVAN  
(weighs that)  
Fuck it. Let's drink.

A pretty WAITRESS walks past their table.

CAL  
Excuse us. My friend here just  
received some very depressing news.  
His girlfriend left him high and  
dry.

WAITRESS  
I'm not sure how I can help you  
with that.

EVAN  
I'll have another Harvey  
Wallbanger. Please.

CAL  
How old are you?

WAITRESS  
Why?

HOWIE  
Twenty five.

WAITRESS  
I'm twenty three.

CAL  
Are you single?

EVAN  
Why are you doing this?

WAITRESS  
Sort of. My boyfriend's doing time.

(CONTINUED)

EVAN  
(resigned)  
Outstanding.

WAITRESS  
(flatly)  
Don't worry. I'm not interested.

Howie and Cal laugh.

EVAN  
Fucking losers.

WAITRESS  
Will you be ordering from our  
dessert menu?

CAL  
Yes. I'll have a slice of your  
creampie.

Howie's laughter bridge breaks. Evan PUSHES food around on  
his plate.

The waitress walks off.

HOWIE  
So, how much did you get?

CAL  
Seventy five.

HOWIE  
Not a bad take.

EVAN  
Minus my deduction.

HOWIE  
(to Cal)  
You're not smoking that shit again  
are you? We quit, remember?

CAL  
(to Evan)  
Didn't we?

EVAN  
It's purely medicinal. I swear.

HOWIE  
You're selling to every pot-smoking  
freshman at UCLA and USC.

EVAN

Hey, their parents pay me very well  
to keep them happy, thank you.

HOWIE

Happiness is you and your roommate  
chongin a fat one right before  
Biology class.

CAL

Anyway, it's not for me.

HOWIE

So you're selling now?

CAL

I'm just the middle man.

EVAN

Dopeman.

HOWIE

Wait, wait, then, whose it for?

CAL

It's for a customer. This old guy.  
He comes in once a month. Never  
says much. But today, he walks up  
to me and says he needs something  
that'll impress his girlfriend.  
She's this smokin hot little  
senorita with an ass to die for and  
a mouth that'll make your knees  
weak.

EVAN

How do you know?

CAL

She was with him.

HOWIE

When did I miss all of this?

CAL

You were in the can.

HOWIE

Oh.

CAL (OS)

So the old guy walks up to me and  
says...

FLASHBACK - INT. EXCLUSIVE JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Cal is helping a young couple. The old guy grabs his arm from behind. Pulls him away.

OLD GUY  
I need your help with something.

Cal turns around and faces the old guy. Mildly irritated. But it quickly dissolves.

CAL  
I'd be happy to try.

DISPLAY CASE

CAL  
Delivered this morning. Fully certified. Flawless.

OLD GUY  
Can you score me some ganja?

CAL  
(taken aback)  
I'm sorry, sir?

OLD GUY  
Weed. Can you get me any?

CAL  
(before he realizes it)  
How much do you need?

END OF FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

HOWIE  
So, how much did he want?

CAL  
A pound.

HOWIE  
But, why'd he ask you?

CAL  
Doesn't matter.

EVAN  
I bet it's for his hot-piece-of-ass girlfriend.

(CONTINUED)

HOWIE

Are you here with us?

CAL

I don't care if he's the biggest  
pusher in Bakersfield. He's good  
for five large.

EVAN

Five?

CAL

That's business, my friend.

EVAN

I only paid one and a half.

CAL

What?

EVAN

That's the shit I sell to the  
Chicanos. It's dirt. They love it.

HOWIE

(to Cal)

Does that hurt?

EVAN

It's strictly business, my friend.

HOWIE

At least you broke even.

EVAN

Very impressive.

CAL

(fork to glass)

Gentlemen, here's to a great night.

EVAN

I hope we all live to tell about  
it.

Cheers.

The waitress returns with a frothy slice of creampie. Sets  
it in front of Cal.

Cal and Howie look, laugh...

Other DINERS at other tables gawk.

EXT. HIGH CLASS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

...they're standing on the sidewalk SMOKING...

CAL

... And it's not that, my dad's a celebrity money, shit. The guy's worth billions.

EVAN

So, daddy's little princess gets a Centurion and a passport and comes to America to play.

CAL

She was born here. She shuttles between here and London a lot. Daddy Dollars owns his own G-5...

EVAN

Of course.

HOWIE

That must be costing him a fortune.

Images of what Cal is describing ROLL intermittently while the conversation continues...

CAL

Who gives a shit? The motherfucker's exclusive. I'm talking tennis on the top of that building in Dubai. Dinners so private the only way you know about them is if your family was invited to the first one. Total access to whatever he wants...

AIKO playing tennis in Dubai.

EVAN

Where's he at on real estate?

CAL

He's got an entirely sick fucking floor, in the most exclusive high rise downtown.

A chauffeured car ritzy residential high rise.

EVAN

Why didn't he just buy the building?

(CONTINUED)

CAL

Good question. I'll ask him that when I meet him.

EVAN

You're never gonna meet him. Nobody ever meets those guys.

CAL

Not true. He's due for his annual goodwill tour next week.

EVAN

The emperor's coming to town?

CAL

Well, she's not excited, and he absolutely hates it.

Suki opens the door. Her father, Aiko, and a huge JAPANESE BODYGUARD are waiting on the other side. No smiles. No hugs.

EVAN

But, they put on a brave face and pretend their way through it.

CAL

The old man feels obligated.

HOWIE

Where's Mrs. Japanese billionaire?

CAL

Suki, says that in her family's tradition, the first born male is seen as a symbol of the father's virility...

HOWIE

... I heard that somewhere before...

CAL

Right, well, her mother never gave him what he wanted...

EVAN

She's lucky to be alive... Isn't she?

CAL

... He became a laughingstock. No one would touch him. So, he decided

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAL (cont'd)  
right then that instead of wasting  
his time crying, he'd work. He  
divorced his wife and now the  
motherfucker owns his own  
multinational corporation.

EVAN  
He must have been one lonely  
motherfucker.

CAL  
Most likely. But life is sweet now.

EVAN  
(scoffs)  
True dat...

CAL  
He also owns two properties in  
London right off Piccadilly Square.

EVAN  
So, this idea wasn't yours?

CAL  
Hers. Every detail. Said she does  
it for all of her boyfriends.  
Blokes she calls them.

EVAN  
That's thoughtful. But why?

CAL  
She's got a huge gambling debt.  
Some Japanese group. Yakuzan.  
Yakuse... Online poker. She's into  
them for some very serious bread.

HOWIE  
And, since her father's a  
sphincter, she got smart and  
decided to steal high priced  
diamonds to get more money in her  
hands.

CAL  
Very good.

EVAN  
So her dad. He's totally in the  
dark?

(CONTINUED)

Aiko -- reading an itemized list. A hint of suspicion on his face. He looks up at Suki who is seated across from him.

EVAN/HOWIE

So how does she do it?

CAL

She reports them stolen. All the interested parties get reimbursed. And nobody gets hurt in the process...

A traditionally dressed Japanese waitress places small bowls of steaming hot soups and vegetables in front of Aiko.

HOWIE

Doesn't he ever ask to see what he bought?

CAL

He does. And she shows him.

Flash!

HOWIE

How?

Suki shows Aiko a picture of herself wearing marble-sized diamond earrings.

CAL

Technology. Before she sells the pieces she takes a picture of herself wearing the jewelry. So when daddy drops in all she has to do is show him the picture and he walks away satisfied for another year.

Suki pecks Aiko on the cheek. Aiko and the bodyguard leave.

END OF IMAGES.

CAL

It's the perfect diamond job.

EVAN

Agreed.

HOWIE

Hey guys, I've gotta bail.

(CONTINUED)

EVAN  
What?

CAL  
Come on.

HOWIE  
Next time.

Cal puts an arm around Howie's shoulders.

CAL  
What's so important that you can't  
hang out with the guys tonight?

HOWIE  
(smashes his butt undertoe)  
Pussy.

Howie walks away.

Cal and Evan watch him until he blends in with the crowd.

EVAN  
(puff)  
He's finally going to get some.

Exhale.

CAL  
(puff)  
He needs it.

Exhale.

Evan FLICKS his butt into the street. Cal takes another drag  
and does the same.

A black sedan SCREECHES up to the curb.

A YOUNG LATINO VALET hops out of the car. Full smile.

VALET  
That's a hot ride.

CAL  
Thanks.

The valet flips the keys into the air. Evan swoops in and  
swipes them before Cal catches them.

EVAN  
I'll drive.

Evan floors it.

INT. EXCLUSIVE JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Empty.

Thin beams of daylight poke through shaded windows.

Someone walking OUTSIDE interrupts the beams of light.

A key JIGGLES the door lock. The knob turns. The door pushes open.

CAL

Steps in. Punches a CODE into a wall-mounted keypad. FLIPS the lights on.

INT. MANAGEMENT OFFICE - DAY

A middle aged man -- BILL -- is seated in front a SURVEILLANCE MONITOR watching Cal move around the store.

STANDING BEHIND HIM

is LOUISE. Golden years. Dressed respectably. Louise looks concerned.

BILL  
(eyes on monitor)  
Is that it? No one else comes or goes until the next worker arrives?

LOUISE  
No one is else is supposed to be here until an hour from now.

BILL  
Staggered starting times.

LOUISE  
Yes. Over the years we've developed our own system and it has served us quite well.

BILL  
People on the inside are more dangerous than the criminals.

(CONTINUED)

LOUISE  
We have confidence in each of our  
associates.

SILENCE.

SALES FLOOR

Cal is arranging a display when...an anonymous hand on his  
shoulder startles him...

Reverse on Bill and Louise are standing there.

                  CAL  
                  (flashed)  
Good morning, Louise, what are you  
doing here?

                  LOUISE  
Calvin, this is Bill. He'll be  
working here.

                  CAL  
I didn't know we were looking for  
help.

Louise lowers her eyes. Bill extends his hand.

                  BILL  
Good to meet you. Bill Baker.

                  CAL  
                  (shakes)  
Cal.

                  BILL  
So, you wanna show me the ropes?

                  CAL  
                  (unenthusiastically)  
Sure.

                  LOUISE  
Why don't I show you around.

                  BILL  
I guess Cal and I can get  
acquainted later.

Bill walks away.

(CONTINUED)

LOUISE  
We're expecting a delivery today.

                  CAL  
Yes, ma'am.

Louise walks away.

Howie enters the store. Walks up to Cal.

                  HOWIE  
New guy?

                  CAL  
Yep.

                  HOWIE  
Have you met him?

                  CAL  
Briefly.

                  HOWIE  
Suspect?

                  CAL  
Maybe.

Bill and Louise are on the other side of the room.

INT. SALES FLOOR - DAY

A HIP YOUNG COUPLE is checking out a TENNIS BRACELET.

Cal steps up to the display case, removes the bracelet.  
Hands it to the smiling boyfriend.

He hangs it on the girlfriend's wrist. Orgasm.

                  CAL  
How does it feel?

                  GIRLFRIEND  
I love it.

                  BOYFRIEND  
It's you, hon.

                  CAL  
It was made for you.

The girlfriend wraps her arms around the boyfriend's waist.

(CONTINUED)

A kiss.

BOYFRIEND  
I think she wants it.

CAL  
Whatever she wants.

BOYFRIEND  
How much is it.

The girlfriend kisses him. The boyfriend kisses her back...hands Cal his plastic.

More kissing.

CAL  
Would you like that gift wrapped?

BOYFRIEND  
No thank you...

Cal presses a series of buttons on the register. Swipes. A slip of paper POPS out of a smaller register.

BILL (OS)  
You're good at that.

CAL  
(smug)  
What's that?

BILL  
Connecting with people. You must get your fair share of interested customers, huh?

CAL  
It pays well, too.

BILL  
(chuckles)  
Speak for yourself. I'm only gettin ten and a quarter.

CAL  
Same here.

Just beyond Cal and Bill, Howie is trying to convince a middle-aged couple to buy. He's visibly frustrated.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

Then, how do you do it?

CAL

Another ambiguous question...

BILL

I mean, I would've mistaken you for a customer.

Then, right on cue, we notice that Cal is wearing diamonds on his finger and wrist. He adjusts his sleeves.

CAL

My girlfriend's a huge bargain shopper.

With that, Cal, rips the receipt. Hands it over.

The couple exits.

BILL

I'm having a party at my place. I'd like it if you stopped by.

CAL

I don't think we'd make a good match. Sorry.

BILL

Oh, sure, I see what you mean. No, it's a sort of an un-retirement party. Girls, liquor, cigars...

CAL

Congrats, but no thank you, Bill.

Cal turns and begins to walk away.

BILL

I have a proposition for you. It could mean a substantial pay day.

CAL

(smiles)

What the hell? Count me in.

BILL

Great. I'm in the hills.

CAL

Nice?

(CONTINUED)

BILL  
Expensive.

Just then, a thirty-something male CUSTOMER walks up to the two men.

BILL  
Why don't you get this one. I like watching you work.

CAL  
(smug)  
That's...awkward...

While Cal talks to the customer. Bill hangs back. Watching.

HOWIE  
(walks up to Bill)  
A master at work.

BILL  
I like him.

HOWIE  
He's the best I've ever seen.  
(extends his hand)  
Hi, I'm Howie...

BILL  
(turns and faces Howie, a secretive smile)  
He's perfect.

An uneasy moment passes.

... Bill walks away...

INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

Cal is sitting at a table. A BRIGHT lamplight oversees a sea of GLIMMERING diamonds.

Howie is standing behind him.

Cal uses a box cutter to open a plainly wrapped box.

He zips through the tape.

Pulls the flaps apart.

Pulls out a wad of protective paper.

Lifts a black box from inside the cardboard box.

(CONTINUED)

Cal opens the box.

Pulls out a custom made necklace. Perfect.

He digs back inside the box and pulls out a matching ring and bracelet.

Cal looks up at Howie...

CAL  
What are you doing tonight?

HOWIE  
I'm there.

Cal stares.

HOWIE  
I promise.

Howie walks away. Cal continues to stare. Questioning.

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

There's a party going on here...

... Casually dressed MEN and WOMEN talking, drinking and laughing. Uptempo music plays from unseen speakers.

A LEGGY BLONDE jumps into the POOL -- fully clothed -- to the delight of a RAUCOUS group of PARTY GUESTS.

GLASS DOORS

reveal more party guests are inside. Some dancing.

Reverse on: Cal, Howie, Evan and Suki as Bill approaches them.

BILL  
(re: his place)  
What do you think?.

EVAN  
Nice pad.

BILL  
Call me, Bill.

EVAN  
How much's this place worth, Bill?  
I'm Evan.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

Too much.

CAL

How long have you been divorced?

BILL

I'm widowed.

SUKI

(extends her hand)

You guys are so rude. Suki.

Bill accepts her hand.

BILL

How did a lovely girl like you get tangled up with this rag tag crowd?

SUKI

They're on thin ice.

EVAN

You know, this place would be great for growing...

BILL

I have a full greenhouse. It's all yours...

EVAN

... Awesome.

BILL

...for the right price.

EVAN

You and me, we should...yeah, we should talk sometime...

CAL

Don't wet yourself.

HOWIE

Do you believe this guy? Sorry, Bill.

BILL

It's not a bother. Really. I can teach you a few tips to help you grow faster and longer...

(CONTINUED)

EVAN

...bringing me more profits... Bill  
you're speaking my native tongue...

SUKI

What tongue is that -- dumbass?

EVAN

It's called know your  
place...ese... I just made it up,  
wanna hear it?

SUKI

Is it as worthless as you are?

CAL

(sarcastically)  
... They just met...

BILL

Well, everyone drink up. There's  
plenty more where that came from.

Bill starts to walk away, but he stops and turns around...

BILL

... You got a minute?

Everyone looks at Bill.

CAL

For you, two minutes...

Bill and Cal walk off through the clusters of party guests.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill and Cal ascend a flight of stairs. In conversation.

BILL

So, how'd you get in the diamond  
trade?

CAL

Well, lemme see... I bombed the  
fuck out of high school...and that  
kinda...

They reach the top of the stairs, enter a room.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

So, how long have you been fencing?

CAL

I'm not in that business.

BILL

Come on... I know you guys when I see you. Got all the tell-tale signs: Flashy wristwatch, designer clothing, exotic girlfriend...

CAL

Listen, I gotta get back...

Cal walks towards the door. Bill blocks him.

BILL

Here's something you might be interested in.

CAL

What's that?

BILL

I'm a retired federal agent. Thirty five years of busting bad guys. Great bunch of guys to work with...

Cal looks a bit worried.

BILL

...taught me a lot about people. About life. But you know what I'll never forget?

CAL

Never leave home without your gun?

BILL

... no matter how hard you work. Or how many success stories you have. You're still shit in this world without money...

CAL

Am I under arrest?

BILL

No. I'm retired, remember?

CAL

Right. So...what is this about then?

BILL

I'm here as a favor to Louise. She's an old family friend. Her insurance company's riding her ass over some lost items. She didn't want to get the cops involved, so she contacted me.

CAL

Theft?

BILL

Don't know, yet. Probably just a glitch in the system.

CAL

I hope you find what you're looking for.

Cal attempts to walk past Bill again. Blocked again.

BILL

Suki... She's got a nearly airtight alibi. Father's filthy rich. Full access to his money. Huge debts. Her past two boyfriends were genuine shitheads.

CAL

You're kidding.

BILL

The loudmouth. He's a piece of artwork, huh? Still sucking mom's tit. Dad's a major lawyer. Never held a job. Can't keep a girlfriend for longer than a month.

CAL

Winners. I know.

BILL

Extrovert. Slightly impulsive. Neurotic. Never really gave a shit about school. You only like this job because it's easy work. Leaves you wiggle room for your side ventures... How's that?

(CONTINUED)

CAL

Howie?

Wait.

BILL

... We just met...

Bill moves even closer to Cal.

BILL

This can be the break you've been waiting for... Please take my offer seriously...

CAL

Was coercion one of your strong points?

BILL

Never had much interest in it.

CAL

That's a surprise.

BILL

Look. Why don't you think this over and let me know when you're ready?

CAL

I thought you guys took an oath not to steal or something.

BILL

We're also trained to do whatever it takes to accomplish our mission.

CAL

Right. And you're reti... Let me get this straight. You're serious about this. I mean this isn't some elaborate set-up and I'm gonna be the one left holding the bag... Right?

BILL

Trust me.

CAL

Trust you? You just walked into my store two days ago and I should trust you?

(CONTINUED)

BILL

(smiles)

You haven't heard why I need your trust...

CAL

Two guys who hardly know each other, standing in a bedroom together -- at night, and there are no women anywhere in sight... I'd say that either this little meeting is about business or you've got a lot of explaining to do...

BILL

Very analytical of you, Cal. Would you care to know why?

CAL

Thanks, but I'm inclined to say no.

BILL

No is not an option you have.

CAL

I think I'd better leave now.

BILL

One phone call is all that it would take.

CAL

I'm not interested.

BILL

... I think they will be though...

CAL

They? Who are they?

BILL

The guys... They'd just love to kick in your front and have some fun with you... Maybe find your stash of candy... They love guys like you. Young, cocky, thinks he's got his shit all figured out.

Cal -- the cat has his tongue.

BILL

Ready to talk?

(CONTINUED)

CAL  
Let's hear it...

BILL  
Four diamonds. That's it...

CAL  
... You make it sound so simple.

BILL  
It is that simple.

CAL  
Then why don't you do it?

BILL  
Me? No... I never get involved in  
that aspect of business.

CAL  
Can't stand the heat?

BILL  
... I took the heat once... Damn  
near got burned, too... I'd like to  
show you something...

Bill turns and walks into a walk-in closet. Cal follows him  
in.

WALK-IN

Bill goes straight over to a nondescript jacket on a hanger.  
Dips into the breast pocket. Pulls out a FLAWLESS PINK  
DIAMOND. It's monstrous. Beautiful. Flawless.

Cal's eyes zero in on the diamond. Bill mirrors him.  
Amazed...

... Cal approaches Bill. Reaches for the diamond. But Bill  
pulls it away from his grab. Turns it under the light.

BILL  
Shit, that's a big diamond.

CAL  
... It's beautiful...

BILL  
Forty five carats. Wish I could  
find a buyer for her.

(CONTINUED)

CAL

Who wouldn't want that thing? Look at it -- it's a monstrosity...

BILL

A rock that big always costs more than it's worth...

CAL

How did you get your hands on it?

BILL

Oh... Now, I can't tell you that...

CAL

(give it a rest)  
... Right, because if you did, you'd have to kill me...

BILL

No. I'd just torture you... Then someone else would kill you...

Bill laughs. Cal laughs uncomfortably. The diamond SPARKLES between them.

EXT. THE POOL - NIGHT

Cal and Suki are standing on the patio with a few other guests. Looking.

EVAN

...does a cannonball into the pool. HUGE SPLASH.

Howie, beer in hand, cheers him on. Loudly. More party guests join in.

Bill stands on the other side of the glass doors. Observing.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH - DAY

Early morning sunshine burns away a thin marine cover.

The BOARDWALK is just awakening. A curvaceous ROLLERBLADER zips past.

Dogs and dog owners are intermittently scattered along the shore. Walking. Jogging. Resting.

Suki and Cal are sitting just beyond the morning tide. Eyes somewhere on the horizon.

(CONTINUED)

Reverse on Suki and Cal as Evan and Howie approach them from behind.

Evan is carrying a four-way cup holder with three steaming cups in it.

EVAN

...what an insane night. Man, I don't wanna see another bottle of alcohol for the rest of my life.

SUKI

I agree. You shouldn't.

HOWIE

That's great. What are we doing here?

CAL

He wants in.

Wait.

Evan looks at Howie. Howie shrugs. "Fuck if I know".

EVAN

You mean, Bill?

CAL

He's a former federal agent.

EVAN

You're kidding... Aren't you?

CAL

No. And, fyi, you're not a part of this.

Evan goes silent.

SUKI

May I ask why?

CAL

Let's just say I feel...obligated.

SUKI

I won't work.

CAL

It won't work.

(CONTINUED)

SUKI

No. I won't work. Not with him.

HOWIE

Wow, a thief with a conscience.

CAL

May I ask why not?

SUKI

He's too old. And he's ugly.

CAL

You need this as much as I do.

SUKI

I don't need this...

CAL

No? Well what are you gonna do when your old man finds out about your little moneymaker? Think old man Warbucks'll get a kick outta that?

SUKI

He's never going to find out because if he does, you'll have to die.

CAL

Right...

SUKI

Right.

Suki stares. I mean it. Cal double takes. Is she serious?

EVAN

That's age discrimination, ya know? And looks discrimination, too...

SUKI

Shut up... Beat. Bitch.

Wait.

EVAN

Hey, anybody wanna tell me what I'm doing on the beach at 7:30 AM -- on a Saturday when I -- apparently have no earthly reason for being here?

(CONTINUED)

CAL  
(grabs a cup)  
Coffee. Thanks.

EVAN  
This can't be how my life was  
supposed to turn out.

SUKI  
It was supposed to end before you  
were conceived.

CAL  
He's in and that's that.

SUKI  
What's his cut?

CAL  
(mumbles)  
Fifty...

SUKI  
Fifty?

CAL  
He gets fifty. It's his job.

SUKI  
If he gets fifty, I want fifty.

CAL  
It's not as bad as it sounds. He  
sells the pieces at nosebleed  
prices to some rich stiffs, they're  
happy and they never know the  
difference.

EVAN  
So, because he's bleeding those  
rich fuckers, you're getting more  
money...

HOWIE  
... Genius...

EVAN  
... Cal...?

CAL  
Right. Besides, he's only in it for  
a quick score and then everything's  
back to normal.

(CONTINUED)

HOWIE

What about Louise?

CAL

It's not her jewelry. So she never has to know.

HOWIE

Got it.

CAL

Suki? Are you with me, baby?

Suki doesn't say anything.

CAL

She's in. Howie?

HOWIE

All the way.

CAL

You're a decent man, Howie.

SUKI

If any crazy shit happens I am going to kill all of you.

CAL

(kiss)

Nothing. I promise.

EVAN

Yeah...alright. You guys go ahead and get rich without me. Push it to the limit...yay team.

CAL

How's your coffee?

SUKI/HOWIE

(overlapping)

Horrible. It's my favorite.

Everyone except Evan laughs.

INT. EXCLUSIVE JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Cal and Bill are walking in a hallway. Mid conversation...

(CONTINUED)

BILL  
...on Saturday. A driver will pick  
you up and escort you everywhere  
you go until your return flight  
leaves.

CAL  
You've got this all figured out.

Cal stops at a door. The SIGN reads: STAFF ONLY. He unlocks  
it with a key. Walks in.

A light switches on.

Bill continues his pitch.

BILL  
... Six months and I'm done...

CAL  
What?

BILL  
That's all I need and it's all  
yours again. I'll wash my hands and  
walk away.

CAL  
So, what is it?

BILL  
It?

CAL  
Whatever you're chasing? What's  
your point in all of this?

BILL  
Not chasing, avoiding. Foreclosure.

CAL  
Foreclosure?

BILL  
Foreclosure.

CAL  
What, none of your rich friends  
willing to cough up the cash?

BILL  
Oh sure... In a heartbeat... But,  
then I'd have to explain a bunch of  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BILL (cont'd)  
things to them and, well, I'd  
really rather not...

CAL  
So once your house is safe, you're  
out? Gone forever?

BILL  
Never know I was here.

CAL  
I gotta admit, Bill, you're full of  
surprises.

BILL  
This game is full of surprises.

CAL  
Should I be worried?

BILL  
... You're not afraid to play are  
you?

CAL  
What's life without a little risk?

BILL  
Boring.

Bill moves over to a mini wet bar near the dresser. Pours.  
Paces.

BILL  
And you? What's your motivation in  
this? You could walk away clean  
right now and never see me again...

CAL  
(rolls it around)  
... I guess we do have something in  
common...

A KNOCK on the door interrupts their conversation.

Cal looks at Bill. Bill looks at Cal.

CAL  
Sorry... We're kinda busy right  
now...

HOWIE (OS)

If you were busy you wouldn't have answered. Open the door.

The door SWEEPS open. Howie is waiting on the other side. Steps in.

BILL

Howard.

HOWIE

Bill.

CAL

What is it?

HOWIE

You've got a visitor.

STORE

The old guy and his hot-piece-of-ass girlfriend are standing in front of a display case.

Reverse on Cal as he emerges from the hallway. He sees the old guy and his girlfriend. Rakes his hand through his hair.

The old guy waves him over.

CAL

... Here we go...

Cal waves to the old guy and his girlfriend.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Cal and the old guy are standing behind Cal's car. The hatch is up.

He digs in the trunk and pulls out a vacuum-sealed brick of marijuana.

The old guy steps closer. Takes the brick from Cal's hands. Opens it. Sniffs.

OLD GUY

Is this it?

CAL

That's it.

(CONTINUED)

OLD GUY  
(weighs the brick in his hand)  
And that's -- all of it?

CAL  
Is everything alright?

OLD GUY  
Way back, when I used to smoke this  
stuff, you could get a burlap sack  
full of it for five large.

CAL  
I can take it back --

OLD GUY  
I never did get your name...

Cal points to the gold name tag affixed to his lapel: CAL.

The old guy hands the brick to Cal. He then reaches into his  
jacket and pulls out a thick stack of ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR  
BILLS.

OLD GUY  
Can you count?

CAL  
I --

The old guy shoves the stack of money at Cal.

OLD GUY  
Count this.

CAL  
You know, I only did this as a  
favor... I don't deal pot --

OLD GUY  
Almost finished there, Cal?

Cal continues counting the money...

CAL  
Married?

OLD GUY  
Twenty five years. Twice. Same  
woman.

Cal shoots the old guy a quizzical look.

(CONTINUED)

OLD GUY  
...you think she's going anywhere?  
You're wrong. She'll be there long  
after I'm gone... I just know it...

Cal finishes counting the money.

CAL  
... Thank you very much...

He hands the remaining money back to the old guy.

The old guy begins to walk away.

CAL  
Hey, what about your pot?

He stops and turns around. Presses a button on a black device. A car alarm CHIRPS. Lights blink. Door locks pop.

OLD GUY  
There. It's open.

The old guy turns around and continues walking away.

CAL

is left standing there holding the brick of marijuana and a handful of cash.

JEWELRY STORE

Howie is helping LAPITA. The hot-piece-of-ass girlfriend.

HOWIE  
So you're not married?

OLD GUY (OS)  
Lapita, dear...are you ready?

LAPITA  
(rolls her eyes)  
No, we're not.

HOWIE  
(grins)  
Well, why don't you take my card  
and if you need any help later you  
can just call me.

LAPITA  
(coy)  
Okay...

(CONTINUED)

OLD GUY  
Lapita honey, now?

HOWIE  
(extends a business card)  
That's got my work number, and my  
personal number -- if you ever need  
to you can use that one...

LAPITA  
(takes the card)  
I'm sure I will...

HOWIE  
Please do...

Lapita walks over to the old guy. A kiss.

CAL

walks through the front door; nearly bumps into the old guy.

CAL  
Will there be anything else?

OLD GUY  
I think our business here is  
complete. Thank you.

The old guy walks through Cal on his way out.

CAL  
Don't mention it...

Lapita waves goodbye to Howie. Follows the old guy out of  
the store.

HOWIE  
Come again.

Howie smirks.

Cal looks at him, walks away shaking his head.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

COUPLES walking hand-in-hand. People moving in and out. Love  
is in the air.

Sitting at a table alone is Evan hunkered over a glass of  
water, a salad, a sandwich. Untouched.

(CONTINUED)

A woman walks past and Evan springs up from his chair. He doesn't recognize her. Sits.

He sips from the glass of water. Hands trembling.

A few seconds pass and then...

ANNA

Evan's ex-girlfriend. In front of him. Glowering.

Evan stands up.

EVAN

(presenting)

It's your favorite sandwich.  
Turkey. No mayo. Light mustard.

ANNA

Sit down.

Evan sits.

ANNA

Why are you here?

EVAN

We always eat here...together...

ANNA

Well, we just broke up. So...why  
don't you get lost?

Wait.

EVAN

(head in his hands)

... You said you wanted a guy with  
prospects -- a guy who could buy  
you nice clothes like the girls in  
the magazines wear...

ANNA

... A guy who looked good in his  
clothes, but even hotter naked? No,  
that's the type of girl -- you  
wanted.

EVAN

...and you were almost there...

ANNA

You were the worst boyfriend possible. Why did I ever go there with you?

EVAN

Because you --

ANNA

-- Leave.

EVAN

I'll leave after --

ANNA

My boyfriend is on his way.

EVAN

Your boyfriend's a weasel.

Just as Evan is saying that a TALL NERDY GUY walks up to Anna and slides an arm around her waist. Kisses her.

Evan BOILS watching their lip lock.

The kiss ends.

Evan takes money from his wallet and sets it on the table.

Calm.

Anna and the nerdy guy turn and walk off.

Happy.

EVAN

...is seething. He stands. Walks behind the happy couple. Spins the nerdy guy around and LANDS A RIGHT HOOK to his jaw.

The nerdy guy DROPS.

EVAN steps over the nerdy guy.

Evan and Anna come face-to-face.

EVAN

How's your grandmother?

A tense moment passes.

Evan brushes past her.

(CONTINUED)

The nerdy guy sits up. Holding his jaw.

NERDY GUY  
(disoriented)  
How did that happen?

Anna STEAMS.

The nerdy guy tries standing. Falls.

ANNA  
Oh, just stay down there.

Anna storms off.

INT. EXCLUSIVE JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Cal, Howie and Bill are assisting some CUSTOMERS.

Suki walks through the front door. DARK SHADES. She browses.

Bill looks up and catches sight of her. EYE CONTACT. Bill waves. Suki ignores him.

The customers with Cal wrap up their purchase. Leave.

Suki stops in front of Cal's register.

CAL  
(smiles)  
May I help you?

BILL (OS)  
You mind if I steal her from you?

Reverse on Bill as he approaches Cal and Suki.

BILL  
For one...minute...

CAL  
I think we have everything under control here.

BILL  
(to Suki)  
I think you might be interested in seeing this... It just arrived today...

Suki looks at Cal.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

All set?

Bill turns and walks towards his register.

Suki stares. Cal looks bewildered.

BILL'S REGISTER

Bill reaches into the compartment underneath his display case and slides out a black tray.

Bill sets the black tray on the countertop.

FOUR FLAWLESS BLUE DIAMONDS positioned around a considerably larger PINK DIAMOND centerpiece.

Cal and Suki's jaws drop simultaneously.

BILL

Sexy aren't they?

No response.

BILL

Whattayou think of those?

CAL

... I think I'm in love...

SUKI

... How much are they worth...

BILL

Eight point five million dollars.

Cal and Suki's heads swing up -- eye-to-eye...

CAL/SUKI

... What?

BILL

(a wide smile)

I thought you might like them.

SUKI

They're amazing... Where did you get them?

Cal turns to Bill.

(CONTINUED)

CAL  
But I thought you didn't have a  
buyer...

BILL  
I found one...

Cal doesn't seem to register this as he palms the big pink  
diamond. Holds it up to his eye. Squints.

BILL  
Nothing.

Cal removes the stone from his eye.

CAL  
Clean as a whistle.

BILL  
Excellent choice of words. Now,  
let's discuss what's going to  
happen.

SUKI  
I'll take them to my contact and  
sell them.

BILL  
Not this time.  
(to Cal)  
This time I want you to go.

CAL  
But they're her contact...

BILL  
Right. We'll use my contact for  
this one.

SUKI  
No.

CAL  
Hold on.

Wait.

SUKI  
No.

CAL  
Where is he at?

BILL  
Manhattan. Ever been?

CAL  
As a matter of fact, I haven't...

SUKI  
I have.

BILL  
It's beautiful this time of year...

Suki steps in front of Cal.

SUKI  
I never agreed to do this.

BILL  
It's just this once.

CAL  
(kisses Suki)  
... Just this once...

BILL  
He'll be back before you miss him.

SUKI  
(pushes her glasses up)  
I'm going.

BILL  
No, that won't work. They're only  
expecting one person.

SUKI  
Well, they'll have to make room for  
two then. Besides, I can get a  
private jet.

BILL  
No airport security.

CAL  
(smiles)  
No baggage check.

BILL  
No tickets.

SUKI  
... And I get a larger cut...

Bill looks at Cal...

(CONTINUED)

CAL  
... She's got a private jet...

Cal wraps an arm around Suki. Suki stares back at Bill.

INT. EXCLUSIVE JEWELRY STORE OFFICE - DAY

Howie is sitting at a desk, feet kicked up, on the phone.

HOWIE  
... I'm extremely excited that you called... Wait. Tonight? What about your -- ... I see... Let me give you my home address...

EXT. MUNICIPAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

A lighted runway.

A white jetliner waits.

BILL is standing next to a black sedan.

A second sedan approaches at a low rate of speed. Stops in front of Bill. The car's back door swings open.

Cal emerges from the backseat. Suki follows a second later.

BILL  
Wasn't sure if you were going to come.

CAL  
And miss all of the excitement?

Bill hands Cal SACHEL that he's been holding.

BILL  
You'll find everything the names and addresses of each contact in there.

FLIGHT STEWARD (OS)  
We're ready to depart.

Reverse on Cal, Suki and Bill.

BILL  
(winks)  
Don't worry... It'll be over before you can blink.

(CONTINUED)

SUKI  
I need a drink.

Suki walks towards the jet.

FLIGHT STEWARD  
(stands aside, sweeps arm  
upward)  
Welcome aboard...

Suki turns and scales the staircase that leads into the cabin.

CAL  
I've never taken a flight before.

BILL  
It's better at night -- less  
turbulence.

CAL  
So no crash?

BILL  
Can't promise you that.

CAL  
Well promise me this.

BILL  
Shoot.

Suki reappears in the doorway of the jet.

CAL  
No more surprises.

Cal and Bill share a silent moment.

Cal scales the staircase. He doesn't look back as he and Suki disappear inside the private jet.

A moment later the staircase fold into the jet.

The private jet accelerates down the green-lit runway until it finally takes flight.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Well appointed, but a bachelor definitely lives in this pad.

Lapita is sitting at the dining room table. Alone.  
Candlelight. A glass of wine.

A sultry horn WAILS in the b.g.

HOWIE enters from the kitchen carrying a heaping plate of food.

                  HOWIE  
How's the wine?

                  LAPITA  
It's delicious.

Howie sets the plates on the table.

                  HOWIE  
Vintage Cabernet from Napa. They  
make great wine.

Howie pulls a hunk of food from the top of the heap with his bare fingers and feeds it to Lapita. She enjoys it.

Howie finishes and pulls his hand away, but Lapita grabs his hand and brings it back to her mouth.

She slowly inches Howie's middle finger into her mouth:  
sucks it, licks it, deep, wet...

...eyes roll way back in his head...

This goes on for a few seconds before Lapita removes Howie's finger. One final suck. She smiles devilishly up at him.

                  HOWIE  
          (hoarse)  
... It's Ethiopian...

                  LAPITA  
... I hope everything tastes as  
good going down...

                  HOWIE  
          (say what?)  
Why don't we skip the appetizer?

Lapita stands. They kiss.

(CONTINUED)

HOWIE

... This is healthy, right?

LAPITA

... Sex is great for the body...

HOWIE

... I thought so...

Hot lust. Standing. On the floor. On the dining room table.  
In the bedroom.

INT. PRIVATE JET - NIGHT

The cabin is dark.

Cal and Suki are sitting next to each other. In the dark.  
Cal is awake. Suki is asleep.

Cal gently shakes Suki. Still asleep. He tries again. Suki  
grumbles and rolls over.

Cal persists.

CAL

Hey. Hey...

SUKI

Leave me alone.

CAL

Wake up.

SUKI

Are we in New York yet?

CAL

No, but I was thinking how since  
we're all alone we can...

SUKI

We're not alone.

CAL

Well it's dark...and this is my  
first flight...

Suki sits up and looks at Cal.

SUKI

This isn't my first flight.

Wait.

(CONTINUED)

Suki lies back. Shifts in her seat.

The steward looks at Cal, shrugs.

Cal throws his back against his seat. Eyes wide open. Staring at the ceiling.

The PILOT makes an announcement:

PILOT

We're just about an hour outside of New York City with ten mile visibility and light head winds... Looks like in for a very uneventful arrival...

Cal turns his back to Suki and stares out of the window.

EXT. NEW YORK AIRPORT - NIGHT

The private jet sits idle: cleaning, refueling.

As a team of workers washes the jet, Cal and Suki are standing a short distance away. A black sedan approaches.

When it stops, it's passenger side is in front of Cal and Suki. They don't move. The car doesn't move.

A few moments pass before the passenger side window lowers and Cal stoops down, looks at the piece of paper in his hand and says...

CAL

Stan?

A door lock pops. Cal tries the front passenger door. Locked.

He then nudges Suki towards the back door.

They slide in.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT

Clusters of large metal SUPPORT BEAMS zip by as the black sedan glides across a SUSPENSION BRIDGE. Silence.

Suki and Cal simultaneously prod each other to speak to the hulking driver. STAN. Anglo-Italian. Stern.

Finally.

(CONTINUED)

Cal breaks the silence.

CAL  
Where you from?

Silence.

SUKI  
(snaps)  
He's not a cabbie.

CAL  
He's driving us to where we want to  
go isn't he?

SUKI  
You're so limited. Good evening,  
driver...

Silence.

CAL  
Maybe he's deaf.

SUKI  
He heard you say his name.

CAL  
(but)  
He might have read my lips.

SUKI  
He might have heard you.

CAL  
(wait)  
I love you driver. I wanna attack  
you right now right there in the  
front seat... I wanna lick your big  
hairy sweaty balls until they  
explode all over me whattayou say?

Silence.

CAL/SUKI  
He read my lips. Definitely.

CAL/SUKI  
Poor guy. Yeah...

At that very moment the driver turns around, and looks at  
Cal and Suki. Presses the pedal.

EXT. THE DIAMOND DISTRICT - DAY

The outside of a stone-faced jewelry store with thick panes of glass.

The CURB is wet from the STREET SWEEPER that just passed.

The black sedan pulls up in front of the jewelry store. The driver waits as a car passes. Gets out. Opens the door.

Cal steps out.

In the b.g. a bulky MAN exits the jewelry store. Stands there.

Suki exits the car.

The driver slams the door. Walks around the car. Gets back in. Slams the door.

CAL  
Not really the talkative type is he?

MAN  
He used to be.

Wait.

MAN  
Most people think he's deaf. Wait.  
(chortles)  
Who the fuck's gonna let a deaf guy drive?

CAL  
(right)  
Not me...

A SECURITY GUARD opens the door for Cal, Suki and the man to enter. He closes it. Locks it.

JEWELRY STORE

Mid-town Manhattan chic.

MAN  
(walking)  
... Haven't heard much outta your partner there. Do you speak English?

(CONTINUED)

SUKI  
Very well, thank you.

MAN  
Great. Follow me.

The man leads them into an open room where...

...a handful of WORKERS are sorting, inspecting, shaping and polishing mounds diamonds.

SUKI  
Wow.

The man locks the door.

MAN  
May I see what you have?

CAL  
That depends. Are you Stan?

MAN  
No. But I think you should let me have the diamonds anyway. Don't you?

CAL  
... Yeah...

Cal fumbles with the bag.

The man grabs the bag from Cal and walks away.

MAN  
(behind him)  
Turn around and face the door.  
(stops)  
Wait. Now.

Cal slowly faces the door. Wait. He pulls Suki around.

CAL  
(whispering)  
Is this where it all ends?

A worker looks up at Cal. Turns back to his work.

INT. HOWIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the dark.

A familiar RINGTONE starts to play. Louder. Stops. Starts again...

... A small pocket of light as a cell phone opens up...

LAPITA  
(leave me alone)  
Yes... I'm on my way. Goodbye.

The cell phone SLAPS shut extinguishing the light.

A deep sigh. Movement.

HOWIE  
Who was that?

A lamplight switches on.

Lapita is topless. Howie pulls her close to him. Caressees a boob.

LAPITA  
Him.

HOWIE  
God?

Another caress.

Giggles.

LAPITA  
Not even close.

HOWIE  
Then he can wait...

Lapita squirts away from Howie and pulls her top on. Her pants...

Howie sits up in the bed.

HOWIE  
How did he do it?

LAPITA  
Do what?

(CONTINUED)

HOWIE  
Get a girl like you?

                  LAPITA  
He's sweet, charming, intelligent  
and he has a really bright future  
ahead of him...

Howie arches an eyebrow: "Come on".

                  LAPITA  
He's loaded.

                  HOWIE  
Classic.

Fully dressed. Lapita climbs back onto the bed. Kiss.

                  LAPITA  
... I can come back tonight if you  
want...

                  HOWIE  
(drinking in her body)  
... I do... But what about him...?

                  LAPITA  
(kisses Howie)  
... He's a sixty five year old  
former hippie. After all of the  
wild partying and free love his  
cock won't get hard anymore...

                  HOWIE  
... That's fucked up...

Lapita kisses Howie and hops off the bed.

                  LAPITA  
Sure it is.

She picks up her purse. Leaves.

                  HOWIE  
(sighs)  
That was awesome...

A wide grin spreads over Howie's face. He rolls over, cuts  
the light.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

The man returns with the satchel.

MAN  
You're free to go.

He holds the satchel out in front of him.

CAL  
(takes the bag)  
Nice meeting you.

Checks the bag.

CAL  
Where is it?

MAN  
Los Angeles. You get paid when you  
return.

SUKI  
No.

MAN  
Yes. Now get out of here.

CAL  
What she means is we thought that  
we would --

MAN  
Listen. Both of you...  
(makes a shooing motion with  
his hands)  
... Get outta here...

The man clasps his hands together in front of him. Smiles.  
Stand there. Waiting.

Cal and Suki slowly turn around and exit.

MAN  
Good luck.

SUKI  
(Cal)  
... I hate you...

The door slams shut.

EXT. MANHATTAN JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Cal and Suki emerge from the building.

The driver is standing next to the black sedan. Waiting. The back door is open.

Cal and Suki climb in. The door slams shut behind them.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - DAY

Cruising through an early morning glut of CARS, CABS and PEDESTRIANS.

CAL

Uh...we know you can talk...

STAN

Wonderful. Now shut up.

CAL

Before I do that, you mind telling us where we're going?

Silence.

SUKI

How do we know you're not taking us to our own execution?

STAN

(looks into the rearview mirror)

Lady, if I wanted you hurt you'd be hurt already.

CAL

(coughs)

Whoa...

SUKI

Well, you never told us your name...

STAN

It's Stan.

CAL

Are you sure?

(CONTINUED)

STAN

Why don't you and your bodyguard  
throw a muzzle on it and enjoy the  
city? Capece?

Cal and Suki stare straight ahead as the car drives on.

EXT. HARLEM - DAY

Tough urban landscape.

The black sedan rolls down a busy street in the business  
district.

A PARKING LOT

The black sedan pulls into this rundown hold. Parks.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - DAY

Stan looks into the rearview mirror. Cal and Suki look  
nervous.

STAN

We're here.

CAL

Nice community. Who are we supposed  
to meet here, exactly? ... And why?

STAN

A new buyer.

CAL

(scoping the surroundings)  
You wouldn't happen to have any  
important details like his  
name...what he looks like...

STAN

(turns around)  
He's new.

CAL

It's just that I've nev... We've  
only... I'm fucking nervous. There.  
Now will you just take this and do  
it yourself? I changed my mind. I'm  
not going in there...

Stan glares. Cal tries hard not to break under the  
pressure... But, finally...

(CONTINUED)

CAL  
(getting out)  
... We'll find him...

STAN  
Get back here.

CAL  
(sticks his head back in)  
What?

STAN  
New buyers pay on the first trip.

A RED BRICK BUILDING

Cal and Suki enter through the front door into an empty room. A neglected former jewel. Their footsteps ECHO in the silence.

Off screen FOOTFALLS get LOUDER as someone gets CLOSER.

A TWENTY-SOMETHING GUY appears in a hallway entrance. Motions with his hand. English.

TWENTY-SOMETHING GUY  
This way.

Cal and Suki reluctantly follow.

AN OFFICE

Matted carpeting, damaged walls, and a big wooden desk dominate this time-forgotten space. Two more HENCHMEN dressed in black are present.

A young man is sitting behind the desk. Twenties. Well-dressed. Years of experience already etched on his young face. Abyssal eyes. This is BONNIE. English as well.

Bonnie is the first lieutenant in a rancid ring of rogues run by a mostly vile man named CHELSEA.

Cal and Suki enter. The twenty-something guy quietly closes the door behind them.

BONNIE  
Welcome to Harlem.

CAL  
Thanks... Wish I could say I'm  
happy to be here...

(CONTINUED)

BONNIE

Where is it?

CAL

(holds up the satchel)

It's in here. Where's mine?

The twenty-something guy walks up from behind and takes the bag from Cal. Delivers it to the man sitting behind the desk who opens the bag.

Pulls out the diamond. Examines it. Close.

BONNIE

... Very well done...

(turns the diamond)

... Bra...vo...

Bonnie looks at Cal. A creepy smile. Cal smiles uneasily.

BONNIE

(walks around the desk)

Is this a joke, mate? Are you fucking with me, mate? It's fake.

CAL

(oh shit)

It's...what? That can't be, I --

BONNIE

Are you trying to fucking work me, mate?

CAL

... I don't know what happened. I checked it myself.

Bonnie walks up to Cal. A breath away...

BONNIE

... You know what I think? I think you're a jackoff American smartass looking to snatch me knickers down and fuck me...

SUKI

Just pay us so we can go.

BONNIE

(whips around to Suki)

Did that come with batteries?

(CONTINUED)

CAL

Don't be an asshole, okay?

BONNIE

I'm an asshole? Is that what you said? I'm an asshole? Do I smell like ass?

HENCHMAN

I don't smell a thing.

BONNIE

(Cal)

Now... Either you produce a real fucking diamond for me or I'm gonna have to kill you. Ok?

CAL

I checked it myself. It's real.

Bonnie cocks the gun.

Cal struggles to stay calm.

BONNIE

So, do you have my diamond?

He aims the gun at Cal's face.

CAL

... I know where it is...

Bonnie presses the muzzle hard against Cal's nose...

BONNIE

... How do I know that I can trust you?

CAL

What other choice do you have?

BONNIE

(to his henchmen)

You believe this guy?

(back to Cal)

... You don't want to know what I can choose to do to you...

CAL

Got it.

(CONTINUED)

BONNIE  
Promise?

CAL  
Promise.

BONNIE  
You hear that, guys? He promises to  
bring me a flawless pink diamond in  
two days or I can kill him.

He uncocks the gun. Lowers it. Stuffs it in his waistline.

Cal gulps. Relieved.

BONNIE  
You're wasting time...

Cal and Suki turn and hurry towards the door.

BONNIE  
Stop right there.

Cal and Suki stop. Fuck -- what now? Bonnie approaches Suki.

BONNIE  
... Maybe she should stay with us  
until you return...

Suki recoils.

BONNIE  
Shy little bitch, isn't she?

Laughter.

The twenty-something guy swings the door open.

Cal and Suki exit.

OUTSIDE

Cal walks out of the building followed closely by Suki. He  
tries the car door. Locked. He BANGS on the window with his  
FIST.

The door lock pops. They get in.

CAL

Pallid.

SUKI

(CONTINUED)

The same.

Breathing. Heavily.

Stan cranks the ignition. Backs up.

STAN  
Where is it?

Silence.

STAN  
The money. Where is it?

CAL  
It's still in there.

STAN  
And the diamond?

SUKI  
Still in there...

STAN  
May I ask why it's still in there  
and not out here?

CAL  
(blankly)  
They robbed us.

The sedan stops abruptly. Stan shoves it in neutral. Leaves the engine running.

CAL  
What are you doing?

Stan reaches into the glove compartment. Pulls out a nickel-plated revolver. Checks the chamber. Ready to go. He gets out.

He walks around to the trunk. Pulls out a black semi-automatic.

INT/EXT. OFFICE/HALLWAY - DAY

A knock on the door.

HALLWAY

Stan knocks again. Gun in hand.

OFFICE

(CONTINUED)

Bonnie and his henchmen are enjoying their new acquisition.

The twenty-something guy peels off and walks over to the door. Opens it.

Immediately, Stan grabs the twenty-something guy by his neck and yanks him into the hallway. Closes the door.

STAN

You have something of mine.

TWENTY-SOMETHING GUY

Who the fuck are you?

Stan's fingers squeeze even tighter.

STAN

Never mind who the fuck I am. If you fuck this up I'll blow your fucking brains out.

The twenty-something guy nods: Yes. Stan loosens his grip. The twenty-something guy coughs violently, gasping for breath.

OFFICE

The twenty-something guy enters, walks two feet in front of the door. Stops.

The rest of the group turns and looks at him. Turns back to what they were doing.

HENCHMAN

Close the fucking door.

STAN (OS)

Excuse me.

Reverse on Stan standing behind the twenty-something guy. The semiautomatic in one hand.

STAN

Don't move.

He opens fire.

Neat streams of bullets chop through wall and window sending plaster and glass raining down on the four men standing around the diamond. They duck, jump, fall. Dead.

When the shooting stops, Stan pushes the twenty-something guy aside and walks over to the desk. Steps over a dead body.

(CONTINUED)

## THE PINK DIAMOND

is sitting on the desk. Stan picks it up. Pockets it. UNSNAPS the briefcase sitting atop the desk. Crisp stacks of new money.

Stan snaps the briefcase shut. Picks it up. Turns and exits past the twenty-something guy.

The twenty-something guy cautiously approaches the door. Slams it. Exhale... Then...

## GUNSHOTS

...ring out...

... the wooden door SHATTERS AND SPLINTERS from bullets KNIFING their way through it...

...the twenty-something guy. Riddled. Slumps to the floor. Dead...

## HALLWAY

Stan squeezes off a couple more rounds before he lowers the handgun and calmly exits the building.

## BLACK SEDAN

Stan puts the semiautomatic back in the trunk. The briefcase. Shuts it. Gets in.

He pulls the handgun from his waistline. Back in the glove compartment.

Continues backing out. Drives away. Calm.

## INT. BLACK SEDAN - DAY

Stan looks straight ahead as he drives. Cal is riding the edge of his seat...

CAL  
(leans forward)  
... Did you just kill someone?

STAN  
No. I didn't. Capece?

Cal sinks into his seat. Eyes straight ahead.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Busier.

The private jet crawls to a stop.

Cal and Suki are standing next to the black sedan.

The jet's hatch unfurls down to the tarmac. The steward sticks his head out. Waves.

Cal walks up to the driver's side window.

CAL

Stan?

Stan sticks the briefcase out of the window. Cal takes the briefcase, turns and walks away.

STAN

(straight ahead)

Get back here.

CAL

(returns to the car, stoops)

Yeah?

Stan holds the diamond out of the window...

STAN

Take this with you...

Cal tries to take the diamond. But Stan maintains his grip.

CAL

... I'll protect it with my life...

Stan loosens his grip.

STAN

Good, because that's all you've got to lose.

Stan drives off.

CAL

Got it.

THE CABIN

Cal eyeballs the diamond. Secures it in his palm. Tight.

The jet taxis down the runway. Lift off.

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

A typical Southern California night.

A veiny hand belonging to someone we don't see is holding the pink diamond.

BILL

Rolls the rock in his palm. Tosses it up. Catches it.

BILL

Beautiful...

(toss)

... I couldn't have done a better job myself...

CAL

I didn't know it was gonna involve me and a roomful British guys with guns and fake passports.

BILL

I was talking about this.

Bill holds the pink diamond dead still.

CAL

A better job...what do you mean? Are we still talking about the diamond?

BILL

Yes. It's man-made. Fake. But, no one will ever be able to tell.

Silence.

CAL

He knew... He said it was a fake...

BILL

(slowly lowers the diamond)

Well, he's gone now. Isn't he?

CAL

Who the fuck do you think you are? My ass was on the line over a fake diamond?

BILL

Four million dollars in tax free cash. Of which you get --

(CONTINUED)

CAL

--- Fuck, how much I get. I don't want any of it. I want out. I'm finished.

BILL

Oh...hey now, you've got to keep a stiff upper lip, son... This is what you asked for isn't it?

CAL

(sarcastically)

This whole thing was my idea? Well, I must be losing my fucking mind, because I don't fucking think so.

Cal springs up from his seat. Walks away. Bill follows closely.

When they reach the glass doors Bill reaches out and grabs Cal by the arm.

BILL

Look, this can all go smoothly if you allow it to...

CAL

If I allow it to, I'll be dead, Bill. Dead and gone and you'll still have your fake diamond, your stolen money and your impressive mansion...

Cal...

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

...storms across the room towards the front door. Bill is following...

CAL

This -- today is as far as everything concerning you and me goes.

Cal reaches the front door. Bill catches up just as he opens the door.

BILL

(pulls out a white envelope)

Take this with you.

Cal takes the envelope. Opens. A slip of paper.

(CONTINUED)

Cal reads the slip of paper. Looks at Bill. What is this?

BILL

Your new account number.

CAL

This isn't what I wanted.

BILL

Cheer up. You just made your first million.

CAL

Take it back. I'm done as of right fucking now.

BILL

... I would never do anything so... Crass...

(face-to-face)

... Besides, you're in just as deep as I am, and there's not a chance in hell that I'm going to let you out of my sight until we're finished...

CAL

... What's to stop me from walking away from you right now and never looking back...

Just as Cal says that, a black sedan pulls up in the background. The passenger door opens and Suki is shoved out of the car.

Wait.

Stan gets out.

CAL

Wide-eyed. Bill is smiling.

BILL

No need for introductions then is there?

CAL

Suki, are you okay?

Suki is gagged. Her hands tied in front of her. She runs to Cal.

(CONTINUED)

CAL

You got your money. Why don't you stop this whole twisted ride right now and nobody loses...

Wait.

BILL

No deal.

Stan shoves Suki inside the house.

BILL

We'll discuss the details later.

Cal refuses to be stifled.

BILL

Look...why don't you go home and get some rest.

Cal shoots Bill a look. Is he kidding?

CAL

Not without her.

BILL

Don't worry... She's in great hands with Stan. He's really just a big lovable giant... Just don't ask him to talk. He hates talking.

CAL

You can't just do this. She's innocent.

BILL

Remember? She who volunteered herself for this job... Wouldn't accept no as I recall... So, I'd say that makes her accountable as well...

Wait.

BILL

Now, if you really care you'll keep this between us. If, for whatever reason you choose not to do that...

(wait)

... I hope you choose wisely...

Cal reluctantly accepts the money and the paper and walks away.

EXT. PICCADILLY SQUARE - NIGHT

Hot neon lights. Small cars darting in and out of traffic. Pedestrians. Pub crawlers. Couples in love.

A BUILDING ON PICCADILLY SQUARE

...gets closer to us... Stops. And...

...a MAN wearing a black suit leads us into the edifice.

INSIDE

He stops at the elevator. He looks back towards the front door. It's BONNIE. It's a miracle.

The elevator doors slide open revealing another man wearing a black suit. He acknowledges Bonnie. Steps aside.

The doors slide together. The elevator rises.

A HALLWAY

The elevator opens and Bonnie steps out. Walking down the long hallway, he comes upon a door that reads: Holiday Travel Arrangements.

INSIDE

Bonnie is seated.

A pretty SECRETARY returns.

SECRETARY

He'll see you now...

BONNIE

Delightful...

The secretary heads back to her seat behind the large desk.

Bonnie watches her walk...

INT. NIKOLAI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

... it's cluttered with old boxes... Ancient stains mottle neglected carpet... CHELSEA, 40, his furrowed face says it all.

He's sitting behind an old wooden desk. Business suit. He's not happy.

He's also the fence who arranged the botched deal.

(CONTINUED)

CHELSEA

... How the fuck did you do it?  
Jesus, Bonnie, keep that up and one  
day you're gonna meet your maker,  
mate. Come in...

Bonnie walks in, closes the door, takes the chair in front  
of the desk.

BONNIE

I've become quite adept at the art  
of ducking. How are ya, Chelsea?

CHELSEA

Oh, I'm just dandy, Bonnie. The  
question is, where the hell is my  
diamond?

BONNIE

Well, you see, mate, it just so  
happens that I encountered a bit of  
trouble along the way...or did you  
not get the day's bulletin?

CHELSEA

Don't tempt the fire, Bonnie...

BONNIE

You haven't got the luxury. You've  
stuffed every respectable fence in  
the London. You're like toxic  
waste.

CHELSEA

(seriously)

Don't push it, mate.

Bonnie chokes on his words. Sits back in his chair.

CHELSEA

Question, Bonnie.

Chelsea waits for a response.

BONNIE

(clears his throat)

... Shoot...

CHELSEA

How the fuck are you going to  
reimburse me?

(CONTINUED)

BONNIE

(sort of tense)

Reimburse...you? For what? Nearly getting my ass shot off by Jessie James?

CHELSEA

You weren't expecting a pat on the bottom were you?

BONNIE

Maybe a little one...

CHELSEA

Dry your tears, mate.

Bonnie loosens up a little.

CHELSEA

How's your passport?

BONNIE

My what?

(nervous chuckle)

... I've never been outside of Mother England.

CHELSEA

Great. I've got you booked on a six thirty flight bound for Los Angeles. I take it you've heard of the place.

BONNIE

... I'm familiar with it...

CHELSEA

No need for the map then.

BONNIE

Uh, pardon me, Chelsea, but, there's still the small yet curiously important matter of a passport with my likeness in it.

Chelsea opens the desk drawer and pulls out a thin blue pamphlet. A PASSPORT.

BONNIE

Leafs through the passport. It's stamped.

(CONTINUED)

BONNIE  
Where...did you get my photograph?

CHELSEA  
Are we clear?

BONNIE  
As clear as crystal. Mate.

Chelsea reaches under the desk and pulls out a black folder.

CHELSEA  
Identification. Credit card. One  
air ticket. There is your passport.  
And...

(lifts a piece of paper)  
...the addresses you'll be needing.  
Now, I'd like for you to use the  
credit card to purchase a firearm  
which you will clean thoroughly and  
dump once you are done with  
it...and not spend it all on whores  
at the go-go... Any questions?

Wait.

BONNIE  
... Not even once?

CHELSEA  
Bonnie...

BONNIE  
Yeah, Chelsea?

A look.

BONNIE  
Guess I'm all set for lift off,  
then.

CHELSEA  
Not yet.

Chelsea stands up and walks up to Bonnie.

CHELSEA  
You do understand that this is your  
one and only do-over, Bonnie.  
Better make it worth your while...  
(draws a gun from his  
waistline, presses the nozzle  
against Bonnie's face)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHELSEA (cont'd)  
... I'd hate to have to tell my  
favorite Aunt Betty that her baby  
boy won't be home for supper...

BONNIE  
... The shock would murder the old  
woman...

Wait.

CHELSEA  
Several millions dollars of my  
money are halfway across the  
fucking globe... Three of my top  
guys are lying dead in another  
country, and I'm left holding the  
entire steaming sack... Now, I may  
be a bit slow, but my intuition  
tells me that something about my  
newly fucked up reality needs to  
change and I'm counting on you to  
effect that change... You won't  
disappoint me, will you? Cousin.

BONNIE  
... I wouldn't dare...

CHELSEA  
... Off you go then...

Bonnie brushes past Chelsea. Exits.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Crowded.

From inside the throng of teenagers, moms and  
annoyed-since-they-got-there-dads, Evan and Anna appear.  
Walking.

EVAN  
We've been here for two hours and  
you haven't bought anything. Maybe  
we should stop now...

ANNA  
(snaps)  
No one invited you.

(CONTINUED)

EVAN

That's cold. You're hurting my feelings...

ANNA

Well, you've been practically stalking me all afternoon. So deal with it... God, you're so strange...

EVAN

I'm not --

ANNA

Oh look, a jewelry store...

Evan follows Anna into the jewelry store.

EVAN

I can't do this again.

ANNA

Evan, what is wrong with you? Do you have to be so megadramatic?

Wait.

EVAN

Yes. I do. I... I love you...and it breaks my heart... Every time...

Wait.

ANNA

(anyway)

You don't have to be here.

Evan takes in a chestful of breath, turns and walks away.

ANNA

But... If you stay we can go get something eat when I'm done...

EVAN

(stops)

In a past life I would have jumped at the opportunity to say yes...

ANNA

Did you really drag me all the way out here just to break up with me?

(CONTINUED)

EVAN

No.

His shoulders slouch. He drops his head. Exits.

Anna quickly pulls herself together and points to a piece of jewelry. A young CLERK shows her the piece.

ANNA

(pulls out credit card, gives  
it to the clerk)

Shopping always helps a girl get  
over a loser...

CLERK

Will that be all for you today?

ANNA

I think I'm all set.

The clerk imputes a series of keys on the REGISTER.

CLERK

... Your total is... Forty five  
fifty four.

Just as the clerk starts to swipe the card, a hand reaches in and snatches the card from her hand. The clerk cringes.

Reverse on Evan.

CLERK

Is everything ok?

EVAN

Yes.

Evan leaves.

The clerk smiles at Anna.

CLERK

Omigod, what an asshole. Would you  
like to use another card?

Anna glares at the smiling clerk...

INT. CAL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Cal is sitting on a black leather couch staring through the plasma TV set hanging in front of him.

A reassuring VOICE from the TV set encourages:

VOICE (OS)  
...and now is the perfect time.  
It's your golden opportunity to  
make the changes in your life that  
you most desperately need...

A knock on the door shakes Cal. He sits up. Pauses. Rises and walks over to the door. More knocking...

CAL  
... Give it a rest, I'm coming...

THE DOOR

Cal grabs the knob, twists, pulls the door open.

Waiting on the other side is Bonnie. Two TALL GUYS dressed in black are with him.

BONNIE  
(a smug grin)  
Time's up.

He pulls out a gun and walks in followed by the two tall guys. One of the tall guys closes the door. Cal backs up.

CAL  
I don't have it.

Slams the door.

HALLWAY

BONNIE  
That saddens me.

Bonnie steps back from the door. One of the tall guys levels a gun at the lock apparatus...

...but Bonnie stops him...

BONNIE  
Alive, mate.

APARTMENT

(CONTINUED)

Cal is freaking out. He's moving erratically around the apartment looking for something... An escape. A weapon. A diamond

Boom!

The front door rattles on its jamb. Again. The door staggers open.

Bonnie walks up to Cal and MOPS the gun across his face.

CAL

You must be here for the diamond.

BONNIE

Very good, mate. Now, where is it?

CAL

I left it with a friend.

BONNIE

Does your friend know that you're being held at gunpoint at this very moment? I don't think he does... I think that if he knew he'd be right here, right now, with my diamond... And my cash as well.

CAL

... He's a new friend. We haven't had time to gel just yet...

Whop! Cal flexes his jaw. Spits.

BONNIE

This...new friend of yours. He wouldn't happen to prefer the name, Bill, would he?

CAL

You know him too?

BONNIE

... It's been a while since we sat for tea...

CAL

Great, then you two will have a lot to talk about when you see him.

BONNIE

Oh? Won't you tag along?

CAL

You don't want me there... I'm terrible at small talk...

BONNIE

(coos)

Oh, but I do want you there. In fact, I have to insist on it...

(shrugs)

... Sorry.

Bonnie smacks Cal with the gun. Again... And gain...

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A light is on at the front of the house.

Someone walks past the window.

A black sedan rolls to a stop on the street. Wait. The driver's side door swings open. One of the tall guys shoves Cal out of the back door. Puffy and bleeding.

BONNIE

Nice place... Musta cost the old man a pretty penny.

TALL GUY

Yeah, nice place.

BONNIE

Well, sweetheart, here we are. Make your final adjustments now. There won't be time for it inside...

Bonnie takes off towards the door.

The tall guy pushes Cal behind Bonnie.

CAL

... I know how to get there...

FRONT DOOR

Bonnie rings the doorbell. Waits. Rings again. Wait. The door opens revealing Bill. Momentarily startled.

BILL

I had a notion... Please, come in.

(CONTINUED)

BONNIE

That won't be necessary, mate.  
(pulls out the gun, racks a  
round)  
This isn't going to be a very  
social gathering.

CAL

I didn't know anything about this,  
Bill.

Bill turns and walks inside.

BONNIE

You've got iron balls, mate.

Bonnie nods to one of the tall guys who walks up behind Bill and splits his head with a gun. Bill falls to the floor. Groggy.

BONNIE

(a sadistic grin)  
I'd like to save you any further  
loss of dignity and allow you to  
show me to my diamond, but, like I  
said, this isn't a social call.

Bonnie raises the gun and fires two rounds through Bill's head. A misty burst of blood ejects from the back of Bill's head. His head strikes the floor with a thud.

Cal's nuts are in his throat.

Bonnie steps over Bill's lifeless body and walks further into the house. One of the tall guys pushes Cal behind him.

The other tall guy lingers. Looking around. Admiring the house.

Bonnie can be heard offscreen talking over loud noises from the other rooms.

The tall guy focuses on a group of framed pictures collected on a table.

STAN

walks up behind him undetected. Presses the silver gun to his ear. Fires one round. He's cooked.

Stan turns around and looks at SUKI. She's all nerves.

(CONTINUED)

STAN

Move.

Suki obeys.

BEDROOM

Bonnie, the tall guy and Cal enter. Sitting on top of a small metal safe near the bed is the satchel.

Bonnie picks it up.

BONNIE

You've got to be shitting me...

(turns around)

... If I had known it would be this easy I would've come alone...

He opens the bag and a smile spreads across his face.

He pulls out the pink diamond.

BONNIE

... I'm here to rescue you...

Bonnie regards the diamond, drops it back into the satchel, gives the satchel to the tall guy.

The tall guy shoves Cal into the hallway. Follows.

Wait.

Bonnie freezes. Pulls out his gun. Steps back.

Wait.

... Bonnie has taken cover behind the bed...

...a single shot SHATTERS the silence...

A longer, more ominous wait. Then...

BONNIE

Not what I was expecting, but okay.

HALLWAY

Bonnie sticks his gun into the hallway from inside the room. Fires wildly. Stops. More silence.

He bursts into the hallway. Both hands on the gun. Ducked. His eyes are drawn down to...

(CONTINUED)

...the tall guy is sprawled on the floor. Blood flowing. Eyes wide open.

Bonnie slowly straightens up. EXHALES.

DOWNSTAIRS

Bonnie cautiously descends the stairs. The front door is open to...

THE FRONT LAWN

which is lighted but empty. Bonnie reenters the house...

A GUNSHOT whizzes past his head followed by another shot that catches his thigh.

Stan steps into the room. Bonnie fires a round of shots at him. Stan retreats.

Bonnie hobbles after him BLASTING SHOTS.

THE BACK DOOR

is open as Bonnie approaches... The wind blows the door open wider... Bonnie reacts. Another shot. He finally reaches the door. Steps outside. Garden fixtures and greenhouse.

An engine CRANKS up and the black sedan SCREECHES away from the property.

Bang! Metal on metal.

Bonnie aims the gun. But he doesn't fire. He shoves the door as he returns inside.

TWO BLACK SEDANS

...are racing down a winding residential street.

INT./EXT. - LEAD SEDAN/TRAILING SEDAN - NIGHT

Stan releases the spent cartridge from his hand cannon and grabs another from somewhere below.

STAN

Grab it.

CAL

(huh)

What?

(CONTINUED)

STAN

Drive.

Stan rams the new clip into the butt of the gun.

He takes over the wheel again. Checks the rear view mirror. The trailing sedan is gaining ground... FAST.

The lead sedan suddenly makes a tight left at the end of the winding road. The trailing sedan banks but manages to keep pace.

SUKI

This is crazy... Let me out.

STAN/CAL

No.

CAL

Everything, it's all yours, okay?  
Just --

Kathunk! Kathunk! Shit!

The lead sedan swerves wildly, but regains traction.

BONNIE

FIRES another salvo at the speeding lead sedan. Stomps the gas.

THE LEAD SEDAN

Stan stoic, focused on the road.

THE TRAILING SEDAN

pulls alongside the lead sedan. A tug of war ensues.

The driver's side window on the trailing sedan rolls down. The MUZZLE OF A GUN points out of the window. On Cal.

They ride like this for a few moments before...

Bonnie BLASTS A SHOT...

The passenger side window spider webs. Cal jumps.

CAL

Fuck.

(CONTINUED)

STAN  
It's bullet-proof.

A SLOWER MOVING CAR

...causes the two sedans to dance around it...

THE TRAILING SEDAN

...fishtails, spins out. Cars swerve to miss hitting it...

THE LEAD SEDAN

STAN  
How's your aim?

CAL  
Terrible. Why?

STAN  
(Suki)  
How about you?

SUKI  
Suki.

STAN  
Ever shoot a gun before?

CAL  
Give it to me.

The trailing sedan is nearly door-to-door with the lead sedan.

BONNIE

BONNIE  
...come on, mama... Just a  
wee...bit more from you...

THE LEAD SEDAN

Cal is holding Stan's gun. It stretches his hand.

Stan instructs.

STAN  
Pull the trigger. Got it?

Cal holds the gun -- nervously -- with one hand. Points it at the windshield. The gun accidentally discharges.

(CONTINUED)

CAL  
That's not bullet-proof... Got it.

STAN  
You back there.

SUKI  
Yes?

STAN  
Duck.

Stan whips his arm across the backseat. FIRES. Misses.  
Cal and Suki poke their heads up from the hiding places.

THE TRAILING SEDAN

Pulls even.

THE LEAD SEDAN

Cal flips Bonnie the bird.

STAN  
... This part's always the most  
exciting.

... STOPMS the brakes. The lead sedan CHOKES to a smoking  
halt.

THE TRAILING SEDAN

BONNIE  
(a sweaty mess)  
... Where the fuck are you going...

The trailing sedan keeps going.

THE LEAD SEDAN

STAN  
Are you nervous?

CAL  
(sweating)  
... Fuck, this goes against  
everything Mother Thomasina taught  
me in bible school. I hope you're  
not watching...

(CONTINUED)

STAN

I'll say a Hail Mary for you. Aim.

The lead sedan and the trailing sedan nearly touch doors. The passenger side window begins to roll down.

Bang! Bang!

A BULLET

...is coming straight at us... Cal. Barely moves his head out of the bullet's trajectory... The bullet streaks past his face... That was close...

The lead sedan nearly loses control...

...the window goes back up...

CAL

Did you see that? Did you see that...

SUKI (OS)

(alarmed)

Are you allright?

Cal looks at Stan. He's been shot. Blood just beginning to trickle from the open wound...

STAN

I'm fine. He barely got me.

... Stan SHIFTS into the next lane. The trailing sedan struggles to stay on the road. Does...

CAL

One more chance.

STAN

One more chance is all you get, hero.

Wait.

CAL

Did you have to steal my thunder?

STAN

Sorry.

The two sedans come close again...

At this point, everything slows down as the driver's side window rolls down. And...

(CONTINUED)

CAL

...raises the gun... hold it across Stan's body... aims...

...and SQUEEZES the trigger...

...angry bullets ZIP through the window... the fender... the tire...of the trailing sedan...

... Bonnie catches one to the chest...

BLAM!

Blowout... The car careens out of control... Steel belted radial shrapnel rains on the unflinching road... The car CAROMS... Rolls... Skids to a stop on its hood...

... The gun falls from Cal's hand...

Plink... Plink... Plink... Nickel on asphalt...

The lead car HITS the breaks.

LEAD CAR

STAN

Go get it.

CAL

What?

SUKI

(top of her lungs)

The gun...

Cal stammers out of the car. Suki is screaming at the top of her lungs...

... Cal puts his hand on the gun. But he pulls it away. Looks up at...

... Bonnie as he drags his twisted body out of the total carnage...

The fuel tank EXPLODES. A yellow orb of FIRE erupts from the decimated vessel.

Cal shields his eyes...

...picks up the gun and stumbles back into the car. Speeds away...

INT. LEAD CAR - NIGHT

Cal. Numb. Suki. Silent. Stan drives. Unchanged.

CAL  
He was trying to kill us, right? You  
saw him...

STAN  
I didn't see a thing.

CAL  
Right. But. He -- was trying to  
kill us...

Silence.

CAL  
... He was...

In the rearview...

...the trailing car is fully ENGULFED.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

A pale street lamp buzzes overhead.

Cal and Suki are standing in front of Stan. Suki is nestled  
into Cal's arms.

CAL  
...twelve years old?

STAN  
I got in kinda late. My mother was  
a school teacher. Whattaya gunna  
do?

CAL  
She must be proud of you.

STAN  
You're not very bright are you? I  
gotta go.

CAL  
-- Stan... Thank you. And, like I  
said, keep the money. I'd just blow  
it anyway.

(CONTINUED)

STAN  
That was never in doubt.

CAL  
... Of course not...

STAN  
(see ya)  
Nice doing business with ya. Stay  
the fuck away from me.

CAL  
What are you gonna do with it?

STAN  
I'll sell it. I've made a few  
contacts over the years...

CAL  
Who's gonna buy a fake diamond?

STAN  
(grins)  
C'mere.

Stan pulls the diamond from the bag. Hands the bag to Cal.

STAN  
When you were looking at it...  
(pulls out a jewelers loupe)  
...did you use one of these little  
beauties?

He balances the pink diamond between his index finger and  
thumb. Positions the loupe... Looks...

STAN  
(lowers loupe)  
... Flawless...

... Smiles... Tosses the diamond in the air. Swipes it out  
of the air. Pockets it. Takes the bag from Cal. Turns and  
walks away...

CAL  
That changes everything.

STAN  
Goodbye.

CAL  
I thought it was a fake. They both  
said it was...fake...

(CONTINUED)

STAN  
And you believed them?

CAL  
... I... Yeah, I probably did...

STAN  
Listen. Rule number one when you're dealing with a thief. Never trust one of them. They lie. A lot.

Stan slips into the sedan. Slams the door.

CAL  
Good luck out there, Stan.

STAN  
You know, that's the best thing you've said since we met.

CAL  
I mean it. Take care of yourself.

STAN  
You sound like my wife.

CAL  
You're married?

STAN  
Twenty years.

CAL  
Go figure...

STAN  
(wish I were there)  
Yeah, she's great. Sure you don't want a lift?

CAL  
No thanks...  
(hugs Suki tighter)  
...this is as far as we're going...

Stan gives them a quick salute. Drives away.

Cal and Suki watch until the black sedan is swallowed by the night...

INT. UPSCALE JAPANESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Seated on tiny TATAMI MATS around a squat square table are:  
Cal, Suki, Aiko and the bodyguard. The table is STUFFED with  
food.

Cal struggles with his dish.

AIKO

looks at Cal. Stern. Nods. Eat.

CAL  
(chopsticks toast)  
...good...  
(whispering)  
What is this?

SUKI  
It's blowfish...

CAL  
Why does it taste like that?

SUKI  
... It's poisonous...

CAL  
It's poisonous, and I'm eating it?  
I swallowed some of that...

SUKI  
It's only poisonous if it hasn't  
been prepared properly...

CAL  
Have you ever eaten here?

SUKI  
No.

Cal EYEBALLS the blow fish... He can't.

Aiko, the bodyguard and Suki are oblivious.

INT. EXCLUSIVE JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Howie and Evan are standing in front of a display case.  
Talking.

Cal is with A YOUNG COUPLE.

THE OLD GUY

(CONTINUED)

barges into the store with Lapita in tow. Walks right up to Cal.

OLD GUY  
I need you.

He pulls Cal aside. The couple walks away.

CAL  
That was rude...

OLD GUY  
I need some more of your stuff.

CAL  
Sorry, I'm all out.

Cal begins to walk away.

OLD GUY  
Well, get some more.

CAL  
(stops, turns around)  
Excuse me, but I have customers.

As Cal continues to walk away...

OLD GUY  
You know... I think the police  
might be interested in knowing that  
dirty little secret you're  
keeping...

Cal stops. Walks back to the old guy.

CAL  
What secret is that?

OLD GUY  
(hands in pockets, smiles)  
The bloodbath at your friend's  
house. I saw the whole thing from  
my bathtub. Wonderful view...

QUICK FLASH - The old guy sees a misty BURST of blood eject from the back of Bill's head...

-- Bill is on his ass in front of Bonnie.

-- Bonnie raises the gun. Shoots.

-- Blood sprays from Bill's head. Bill falls backward.

(CONTINUED)

END QUICK FLASH

OLD GUY

But don't worry, I didn't mention  
that part to the detectives I spoke  
with. Though...

(pops his eyebrows)

...they did leave me their calling  
card...

CAL

From your...?

OLD GUY

Bathtub. So, how soon can you get  
that to me, hotshot?

Cal drops his head. The old guy smiles.

HOWIE and LAPITA exchange looks.

THE END