

FLAWLESS

By

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FADE IN:

The City of Angels FLASHES in front of our eyes.

Sleek sedans. Small ELECTRIC VEHICLES. Cute coupes.

Pretty girls carrying PUPPY DOGS in small bags.

COSTUMED PERFORMERS.

The lap of luxury is just beyond THAT corner.

HISTORIC BUILDINGS

tower over a stream of glamor-seeking foreigners stepping on
WELL-MAINTAINED STARS.

A MALE VOICE begins to speak...

MALE VOICE (OS)

You wanna know why they act that
way? You really wanna know why?

Pause.

MALE VOICE (OS)

Yeah, what? Pause. Ok, go.

IMAGES of eager CONTESTANTS implore a spinning prize wheel.

MALE VOICE (OS)

Because they know they goddamn well
can. And who's gonna stop 'em? You?
Me? I don't give a shit. I'm a
hustler. Pause. Yeah, that's right.
Pause. Then what am I, the fucking
postman?

The other line picks up.

VOICE ON PHONE (OS)

You still there?

MALE VOICE (OS)

So look. How much for a pound?

VOICE ON PHONE (OS)

Three and a half.

MALE VOICE (OS)

Three.

VOICE ON PHONE (OS)
I don't negotiate.

MALE VOICE (OS)
I'm not asking you to. Three.

VOICE ON PHONE (OS)
And a half.

MALE VOICE (OS)
That's --

VOICE ON PHONE (OS)
Your problem, Cal. You know I'm
your guy, but this is where we have
to separate business from
friendship.

MALE VOICE (OS)
Who the fuck are you now, mobster
fucking Corleone?

The images give way to crystal clear DISPLAY CASES lined
with SPARKLING GEMS.

CUSTOMERS peruse the displays.

INT. EXCLUSIVE JEWELRY STORE - DAY

A YOUNG ASIAN WOMAN

wearing black shades and very expensive jeans drags one
professionally manicured fingernail down the length of a
showcase. It makes a clean sound. A diamond cutting glass.

IN FRONT OF HER

CAL. Mid-twenties. Clean-shaven. A cell phone pressed to his
ear. A white oxford peeking out of a blue blazer -- fixated
on the approaching woman.

HOWIE is standing next to Cal. Younger. Dressed the same.

The Asian woman stops in front Cal's display. They make eye
contact.

The Asian woman points down at her selection without
looking.

CAL
Are you sure, ma'am?

A beat.

The Asian woman looks at Cal; no emotion.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the dark.

GRUNTS and MOANS. Music blasts from an ultra-modern stereo system.

ON THE BED

Cal is on his knees behind the Asian woman; thrusting. He leans in and whispers in her ear

CAL
Yeah? You like it when daddy go
long time, baby?

ASIAN WOMAN
(accented English)
I should have stayed with my black
boyfriend -- Ah...yeah...that's it.

The music rises.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BED

the Asian woman. SUKI. Cross-legged. Applying lip gloss to pencil-thin lips. Fully dressed.

Cal enters from another room, shirtless, kisses Suki on the cheek as he slides down behind her.

He fishes through the purse sitting next to her.

Cal holds up an eye-popping diamond tear drop necklace.

A wide smile creeps over his face. He drapes the dazzler around Suki's neck.

CAL
How does it feel?

SUKI
Big and heavy. Just the way I like
it.

CAL
There's enough ice here to fill the
LA Kingdome for a year.

He pulls the necklace away. Lies back. Admiring it.

(CONTINUED)

Suki rises from the bed. Hooks her over-sized designer bag on her elbow. Waits.

Cal feels the weight of her stare and looks up.

CAL
What?

SUKI
I'm not in the mood...

Cal rises.

CAL
Just kidding, baby.
(a peck)
How much?

He rifles through a drawer topped with socks and underwear until his hand lands on what he's looking for.

SUKI
Same as always. I get a quarter cut. You get the rest. Partner.

Cal returns to the bed. He and Suki are this-close.

CAL
(counting the money)
Twenty five.

SUKI
Are they real this time?

CAL
(smirks)
I'm offended.

SUKI
(her lips nearly touching his)
You know...no guy has ever gotten a second chance with me... I'd hate to think that I've made a huge mistake...

Suki takes the money from Cal's hand, turns, exits.

Cal follows her with his eyes, then

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

SUKI (OS)

Call me.

A door SLAMS shut.

Mark falls back onto the bed. Picks up his cell, dials.
Waits.

Connected.

CAL

... Do you really have to go...?

Pause.

Cal BEEPS the call off. Tosses the phone. SPRAWLS on the bed.

The doorbell rings.

Cal smiles. Gets up.

INT. HIGH CLASS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Cal, EVAN(the voice on the phone)and Howie are seated around a circle table draped in white linen. Half full glasses. Half-eaten food. Talking.

EVAN

Every time it's the same fucking thing. It's like I'm cursed with finding the wrong one.

Reverse on Howie.

HOWIE

(between forkfuls)

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

EVAN (OS)

Fuck, I don't know. It's like, why can't I be happy for once?

HOWIE

You were happy once. But, you blew it because you somehow always manage to blow a sure thing.

CAL

You're fucked.

(CONTINUED)

EVAN

She blew me off when I called...

CAL

She knows a good thing when she hears it...

EVAN

(working a napkin)

... Why fight it, you know? No matter how much you love your girl, no amount of expensive dinners or trips to Hawaii are gonna keep her from leaving you for the guy who asks her about her sick grandmother.

HOWIE (OS)

Or the guy with the bigger dick that she fucks and tells you she's sorry.

CAL

I'll take, b.

An attractive young WAITRESS walks up to the 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 you help with that.

EVAN

You can't. I'm fine.

CAL

How old are you?

WAITRESS

... Why?

EVAN

Just walk away. He won't follow you.

HOWIE

Twenty five -- max.

(CONTINUED)

WAITRESS
I'm twenty three.

CAL
Single?

EVAN
Why are you doing this?

WAITRESS
Sort of...my boyfriend's doing
time.

EVAN
(resigned)
Perfect.

WAITRESS
(to Mark; looking at Evan)
Don't worry -- I'm not interested.

Howie and Cal laugh.

WAITRESS
Will you be ordering from our
dessert menu?

CAL
Creampie.

Howie laughs. Evan PUSHES food around on his plate.

The waitress walks off.

HOWIE
So, how much did you get?

CAL
Seventy five.

HOWIE
Not bad.

EVAN
Minus my deduction.

HOWIE
You're not selling that shit again
are you? We quit, remember?

CAL
(to Evan)
Didn't we?

EVAN

It's purely economical. I swear.

HOWIE

Guy's sellin to every pot-smoking freshman at UCLA and USC.

EVAN

Hey, don't go spreadin that around. Those are some fine kids over there whose parents pay me very well to make them happy.

HOWIE

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

CAL

It's not for me.

HOWIE

So you're dealing now?

CAL

Middle man.

EVAN

Dopeman.

CAL

Anyway, he's this old guy. Never seen him before. Guy comes in and says he needs something that'll impress his girlfriend. She's this smokin hot little chick with an ass to die for and a mouth that'll make your knees weak.

EVAN

How do you know?

CAL

He showed me a picture.

HOWIE

Nice. Go on.

CAL

So he walks up to me and tugs on my jacket and says... Hey...

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

(CONTINUED)

OLD GUY
...you look like a guy who can help
me.

Cal turns around and faces the OLD GUY.

CAL
... I'd be happy to try.

OLD GUY
Let me see your newest pieces.

Cal shows him the way to a set of showcases.

CAL
Just delivered this morning from
New York. You won't find anything
better in this state...

OLD GUY
(admiring the jewelry)
... I was wondering if you could
score me pot.

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

END FLASHBACK

HOWIE
So, how much did he want?

CAL
A pound. But he hasn't taken
delivery yet. I gave him a day to
think about it.

EVAN
What's the old guy gonna do with a
pound of mary jane?

CAL
Doesn't matter.

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

HOWIE
(to Evan)
Are you here with us?

(CONTINUED)

CAL
The guy could be the biggest pusher
in Fresno for all I care. He's good
for five thousand.

HOWIE
Five?

CAL
That's business, my friend.

EVAN
I only paid two... That's the stuff
I usually sell to the Chicanos.
They love the shit.

CAL
What?

HOWIE
Business.

EVAN
Way to break even.

HOWIE
Outstanding.

CAL
(hoists his glass)
Gentlemen, here's to a great night.

EVAN
May we live to tell about it.

They clank their glasses.

An elderly couple at the next table turns and looks at them
suspiciously.

The waitress returns with a slice of creampie. Sets it down
on the table.

Cal and Howie laugh.

EXT. HIGH CLASS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Cal, Howie and Evan are standing on the sidewalk SMOKING.

CAL
Her old man's loaded. And it's not
that, oh my dad's a celebrity money
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAL (cont'd)
we're talkin. The guy's worth
billions.

EVAN
So, daddy's princess gets a
Centurion and a visa and comes to
America to have some fun.

CAL
She was born here. Shuttles between
LA and London a lot. That's where
her contact is. Dad's owns his own
G-5.

EVAN
Of course.

HOWIE
That must be costing him a fortune.

Images of what Cal is describing roll while the conversation
continues

CAL (OS)
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.

EVAN (OS)
Where's he at on real estate?

CAL (OS)
A sick fucking floor -- that's
where -- in the most exclusive
building in Los Angeles.

EVAN (OS)
Why didn't he just buy the whole
building?

CAL (OS)
Pause. Good question. I'll ask him
that when I meet him.

EVAN (OS)
You're never gonna meet him. Nobody
ever meets those guys.

(CONTINUED)

CAL (OS)

Not true. He's due for his annual goodwill tour next week. She's not excited about it, and he absolutely hates it.

EVAN (OS)

But, they put on a brave face and pretend they're happy.

CAL (OS)

The old man feels obligated.

HOWIE (OS)

Where's Mrs. Japanese billionaire?

CAL (OS)

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

HOWIE (OS)

I've heard that before.

CAL (OS)

Right, well, her mother never gave the old man what he wanted...

EVAN (OS)

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

CAL (OS)

...the guy became a laughingstock. No one would touch him. So, he decided that, instead of crying, he'd work. So, he divorced his wife and now the motherfucker owns his own multinational.

EVAN (OS)

He must be one lonely fuck.

CAL (OS)

I don't think finding company is a concern he has.

EVAN (OS)

(scoffs)

You're right.

(CONTINUED)

CAL (OS)

He owns two more buildings in London. Suki has this super-pimp pad right off Piccadilly Square.

EVAN (OS)

So, this was all her idea?

CAL (OS)

Every detail. Said she does it with all of her boyfriends -- blokes -- she calls them blokes.

EVAN (OS)

She's a pro.

CAL (OS)

Creative. Her dad's a sphincter when it comes to spending his money. Every month he personally does an audit of his accounts.

EVAN (OS)

What's he do when he sees the charges for ridiculously expensive diamonds?

CAL (OS)

So far, he thinks she has a collection that could rival Liz Taylor's. Strangely enough, that makes him happy.

EVAN (OS)

But in reality...

CAL (OS)

She reports them stolen. The credit card guys don't blink because the card has no limit. The store gets theirs. And nobody gets hurt in the process. It's the perfect diamond job.

Suki pecks her father on the cheek.

Her father and his personal assistant exit.

END OF IMAGES

EVAN

Agreed.

(CONTINUED)

HOWIE
Hey guys, I've gotta go.

 EVAN
What?

 CAL
Come on.

 HOWIE
Next time, guys.

Cal puts an arm around Howie's shoulders

 CAL
Hey. Stay and have a few rounds
with the guys. We'll have a good
time.

 HOWIE
 (steps on his cigarette butt)
Nah. I feel like shit.

Howie walks away.

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

 EVAN
You think somethin's up with him?

 CAL
 (takes a hit; exhales)
... I hope it's not serious...

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

A Valet pulls up to the curb in a BLACK SEDAN.

The valet gets out of the car. Walks around the car and
gives Cal the keys.

 VALET
Man, that's a hot car.

Cal takes the keys. Gets in. Drives off.

A second later another car pulls up.

INT. EXCLUSIVE JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Empty. Dark.

Showcases teeming with diamonds.

Small cuts of light laser through tiny slits onto the spotless tile floor.

Someone walking OUTSIDE interrupts the beams of light.

A key is inserted into the door lock. The knob turns. The door eases open.

CAL

Enters. PUNCHES numbers into a keypad. FLIPS a light switch 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 screen)

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 usually more dangerous than most criminals.

(CONTINUED)

LOUISE

We have confidence in our associates.

BILL

Well, I don't. But, for your sake, I hope we're barking up the wrong tree.

SILENCE.

THE STORE

Cal is talking on his cell when an anonymous hand on his shoulder startles him. Cal turns around. Bill and Louise are standing there.

CAL

Good morning, Louise, how are you?

LOUISE

Fine thank you. Calvin, this is Bill.

CAL

I didn't know we were looking for help.

Bill extends his hand.

BILL

It's good to meet you. Bill Baker.

CAL

(shakes)
Calvin Madison.

BILL

So, you wanna show me what goes on around this place? I like to know as much as I can about my job.
(chuckles)
But no matter how much you know, there's always that one guy, right?

CAL

(halfheartedly)
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

LOUISE
Why don't I show you around.

BILL
Sure. We can get acquainted later,
I guess.

Bill walks a few feet ahead.

LOUISE
(to Cal)
We're expecting a delivery today.

CAL
Yes, ma'am.

Louise walks away.

Howie RATTLES the front door. Unlocks. Opens it. Enters.

He stops in his tracks when he sees Louise talking to Bill.

Howie approaches Cal.

HOWIE
Who is that guy?

CAL
I don't know.

HOWIE
Have you met him?

CAL
Briefly.

HOWIE
Suspect?

CAL
Maybe.

HOWIE
Relax. She trusts us.

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

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

A HIP YOUNG COUPLE

checks out a BRACELET. The guy clasps it around his girlfriend's wrist. She swoons.

Cal steps up to the showcase. Waits.

CAL
How does it feel?

GIRLFRIEND
Beautiful.

BOYFRIEND
It's you, hon.

CAL
It was made for you.

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

BOYFRIEND
(to Mark)
I think she wants it.

CAL
That shouldn't be a problem.

BOYFRIEND
How much --

The girlfriend kisses him. Deep.

The boyfriend kisses her. More kissing.

CAL
Would you like a box for that?

BOYFRIEND
Yes...thank you...

Cal presses BUTTONS on a register. A slip of paper POPS out of a smaller register.

BILL (OS)
You're pretty good.

CAL
(smirks)
At what?

(CONTINUED)

BILL

And why not? You've got the ideal personality for this line of work.

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.

They decline. Exit.

Howie is visibly frustrated.

BILL

Then, how do you do it?

CAL

First day, huh?

BILL

I mean, I woulda mistaken you for a customer.

For the first time we notice that Cal is wearing sparklers on his finger and wrist. He adjusts his sleeves.

CAL

My girlfriend's a huge bargain hunter.

With that, Cal, rips the receipt, retrieves a jewelry box.

The hip girlfriend gleefully grabs the box. 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.

(CONTINUED)

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.

BILL

There's no one to keep the wolfpack in check.

A small grin creeps over Cal's face

CAL

What the hell? Count me in.

BILL

Great. I'll give you my number and directions. I'm in the hills.

CAL

Nice.

BILL

She's all I've got left.

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...flattering.

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

HOWIE

(walks up to Bill)

He's pretty good.

BILL

I like him. He conducts himself like a pro. But I know he has a flaw, and I'm going to find it.

HOWIE

Good luck. I've known the guy since high school. Never seen him get caught.

(CONTINUED)

BILL
(turns and faces Howie)
I like my chances.

An uneasy moment. Bill walks past Howie into the background.

INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

Cal is sitting in front of a metal table. On the tabletop a BRIGHT lamplight highlights a sea of shimmering diamonds.

Howie is standing behind him.

Cal uses a box cutter to open another 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.

Cal opens the box.

Pulls out a custom made necklace.

INSIDE THE BOX

are 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

The Los Angeles skyline glistening in the background.

Well dressed MEN and WOMEN talking, drinking and laughing.
Music plays from unseen speakers.

A POOL

A leggy blonde jumps in -- fully clothed -- to the delight
of a group of PARTYGOERS.

GLASS SLIDING DOORS

More partygoers are inside. A few people are dancing.

Reverse on: Cal, Howie, Evan and Suki standing near the end
of the patio as Bill approaches them.

BILL

Great. You made it.

CAL

Nice party.

EVAN

Nice pad.

BILL

Bill. Call me, Bill.

EVAN

How much's this place worth, Bill?

BILL

Too much.

CAL

How long have you been divorced?

SUKI

You guys are so rude.
(extends her hand)
Hi, I'm Suki.

Bill accepts her hand.

BILL

How did such a lovely girl get
tangled up with this crowd?

(CONTINUED)

SUKI
They're on thin ice.

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

BILL
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
Down boy. Don't get a hard on.

HOWIE
Do you believe this guy? Sorry,
Bill.

BILL
Hey, you don't think I'm growing
cabbage and spinach in there do
you?

EVAN
Now you're speakin my language,
Bill.

SUKI
What language is that -- dumbass?

EVAN
It's called know your
place...ese...

SUKI
It's as useless as you are.

CAL
(sarcastic)
... They just met...

BILL
Well. Everyone drink up. There's
plenty more where that came from.

(CONTINUED)

Bill starts to walk away; stops, turns

BILL
You got a minute?

Everyone looks at Bill

CAL
Sure.

Bill and Cal walk off through the circles of partygoers.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill and Cal are ascending a flight of stairs. Talking.

Photographs of Bill in a previous life line the wall.

BILL
So how'd you get in the business?

CAL
Well, lemme see... I bombed the fuck out of high school. Then I become a wizard on my role playing game, and now I have access to some of the most expensive jewelry in the world.

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

BILL
How long have you been fencing?

CAL
... I'm not in that business.

BILL
Come on...don't lie to me. I know you guys when I see you. Got all the tell-tale signs: Gawdy wristwatch, designer clothing, godfather ring -- Cute.

CAL
Listen, I gotta get back down there...

Cal walks towards the door

(CONTINUED)

BILL

...here's something you might be interested in. Remember when I said how this was my un-retirement party?

CAL

Hadn't really been on my mind.

BILL

You never asked, so I think I'll take the initiative... I'm a retired federal agent. Used to investigate wire fraud, counterfeiting and theft. Thirty five years of busting bad guys. Great bunch of guys...

Pause.

BILL

... Learned a lot about people... But you know what I'll never forget?

CAL

Never leave home without your gun?

BILL

Sense of humor. I learned that no matter how hard you work. Or how many success stories you have. You're shit in this world without money. You name it, I've seen it all. Tell a criminal a mile away...

CAL

Am I under arrest?

BILL

Yes. ... Got ya. The boys used to call me the Kid. I was always kiddin around.

CAL

What does this have to do with me being a thief?

BILL

Beat. A lot, actually. I'm only here as a favor to Louise. Her insurance company's up her ass about some lost items. She didn't

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BILL (cont'd)

want to get the cops involved, so she contacted me.

CAL

I hope you find what you're looking for.

BILL

Suki... She's got a nearly airtight alibi. Father's filthy rich. Full access to his money. But...she's knee deep in debt.

CAL

You're kidding.

BILL

The loudmouth. He's a piece of artwork. Still sucking mom's tit. Dad's a big shot lawyer. Never had a job. You sure know how to pick 'em.

CAL

Winners. I know.

BILL

You. Borderline sociopath. Slightly impulsive. Neurotic. Never really gave a shit about school. You only like this job because it's easy work.

CAL

Howie?

BILL

He told me everything.

Cal ponders this.

Bill approaches Cal.

BILL

I can make things look a lot better if you let me... Or maybe there's another way we can do this.

CAL

Did you also chase about extortionists?

(CONTINUED)

BILL
Never had much interest in it.

CAL
Well you're doin a pretty damn good
job of it right now.

BILL
Look, I know this is a lot of
pressure so, why don't you think
about it and can just let me know
when you're ready?

CAL
Federal agent, huh? Wow. I thought
you guys took an oath or something.

BILL
That only applies to active agents.

CAL
Right. And you're... Let me get
this straight. Howie told you this?

BILL
Word for word.

CAL
... Who can you trust?

BILL
(smiles)
Don't give him too hard a time.
He's an honest kid.

CAL
Perhaps a little too honest.

BILL
Hey, you'd better get back down
there. There are some major sharks
in the water.

CAL
(rolls this around)
-- Right. See you down there.

BILL
Enjoy the party.

Cal exits. The door slams.

EXT. THE POOL - NIGHT

Evan runs for a few feet and does a cannonball into the pool. Huge splash.

Howie, a beer in his hand, cheering loudly. Other partygoers join in.

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

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

EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH - DAY

Early morning sunshine melts away a thin marine layer of clouds.

The BOARDWALK is just waking up. A ROLLERBLADER zips past.

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

Suki is sitting just beyond the reach of morning surf as her eyes scan the horizon.

Reverse on Suki as Cal, Evan and Howie approach her from behind. Suki sits up. Kisses Cal.

Evan is carrying a cup holder with four 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.

EVAN

That's great. What are we doing here?

CAL

He wants in.

Pause. Evan looks at Howie. No response.

EVAN

How does he know?

(CONTINUED)

CAL

That part's not important. What is important, however, is that I'm going to say yes.

EVAN

You agreed without checking with any of us first?

CAL

Yeah. And, fyi, you're not a part of this.

Evan goes silent.

SUKI

May I ask why?

CAL

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

SUKI

I won't work.

CAL

It won't work.

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.

Pause.

CAL

Suki, look --

EVAN

Hey, anybody wanna tell me why I'm on the beach at 7:30 AM -- on a Saturday?

CAL

(grabs a cup)
Coffee. Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

EVAN

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

SUKI

Why don't you go for a swim and never return?

EVAN

Why don't you --

CAL

Look. He's in and that's that. It'll mean more money for us.

HOWIE

What's his cut?

CAL

... He gets fifty.

HOWIE

Fifty? Wait. This guy comes outta nowhere and commands half? Either this is an alternate universe or you're shitting me.

SUKI

If he gets fifty, I want fifty.

CAL

I'm not finished. He has a friend who'll buy everything we get. He sells the pieces at nosebleed prices to some rich stiffs and they never know the difference.

EVAN

So his fifty percent won't matter as much because you're selling at a higher price.

SUKI

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
She'll never know. Right?

 HOWIE
Got it.

 CAL
Suki? Are you with me, baby?

Suki almost says something. But she doesn't.

 CAL
She's in. Howie?

 HOWIE
All the way.

 CAL
You're a good man, Howie --

 SUKI
If any crazy shit happens I'll kill
all of you.

 CAL
 (kiss)
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, and Howie both grab a cup.

 SUKI/HOWIE
To die for... My favorite...

Everyone except Evan laughs.

INT. EXCLUSIVE JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Cal and Bill are in a hallway. Talking.

(CONTINUED)

CAL
New shipments. Always -- always --
arrive on Friday.

BILL
So that gives us one opportunities
to do some shopping.

CAL
Shopping? We're gonna get one piece
at a time, like we always do.

BILL
(sly grin)
I don't think you're seeing the
bigger picture here...

Cal briefly eyeballs Bill then turns and walks a few paces.

BILL
..we can make a large amount of
money in a very short period of
time.

CAL
I don't think I like the way you
think, Bill...

Cal stops at a door. Unlocks it with his key. Walks in.

A light switches on.

Bill continues his pitch.

BILL
Six months and it's over.

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
I'm sorry?

CAL

What are you chasing? What's your point in all of this?

BILL

Foreclosure.

CAL

Foreclosure?

BILL

Foreclosure.

CAL

Can't you just borrow some cash from a friend save your house and be done with it?

BILL

I could, but then I'd have to explain how I got myself in this hole and I'd just as soon do it this way.

CAL

So once your house is safe, you'll just slink back into the woodwork and that's it?

BILL

You seem preoccupied.

CAL

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

BILL

It's a hard habit to break.

CAL

I'm not that worried.

BILL

Most people begin to worry at this point.

A KNOCK on the door.

Cal looks at Bill. Bill looks at Cal. Cal goes over to the door.

(CONTINUED)

CAL
Kinda busy.

HOWIE (OS)
If you were busy you wouldn't have
answered. Open up.

The door SWEEPS open. Howie is waiting on the other side;
walks in. Shuts the door.

BILL
Howard.

HOWIE
Bill. Thanks again for the party.

BILL
You're welcome anytime.

CAL
What is it?

HOWIE
You've got a visitor.

SHOWROOM

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. Pauses.

The old guy waves Cal over.

OLD GUY
There's my guy.

CAL
Here we go...

HOWIE
Who's that?

CAL
Five thousand dollars.

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.

Cal dips 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.

OLD GUY
(weighs the brick in his hand)
This is all of it?

CAL
Is everything alright?

OLD GUY
When I used to smoke this stuff we could get a burlap sack full for five grand.

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 wad of ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS.

OLD GUY
Can you count?

CAL
I --

The old guy shoves the wad of money at Cal.

OLD GUY
Count this.

(CONTINUED)

CAL

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

OLD GUY

Almost finished there, Cal? This place isn't a good look for me.

CAL

Married?

OLD GUY

Twenty five years. Twice. Same woman.

Cal shoots the old guy a quizzical look.

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

(points towards the store)
...so this
(holds out the marijuana)
... Who is this for?

OLD GUY

You're not very bright are you?

The old guy begins to walk away.

CAL

Hey, what about your pot?

The old guy stops and turns around. Pushes a button on a black device. A car alarm chips.

OLD GUY

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 the girlfriend. LAPITA

(CONTINUED)

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 call me.

LAPITA
(coy)
Okay...

OLD GUY
Lapita honey, now?

HOWIE
(extends a white business
card)
That's got my work number, and my
personal number -- if you feel the
need to use it.

LAPITA
(takes the card)
I'll do that.

HOWIE
Please do...

Lapita walks over to the old guy. A kiss.

CAL

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

OLD GUY
Well?

CAL
Will there be anything else?

Cal hands the old guy the wad of money. Smaller.

(CONTINUED)

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

The old guy exits.

CAL
Thank you.

Lapita waves goodbye to Howie.

HOWIE (OS)
Come again.

Howie beams.

Cal walks away shaking his head.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

COUPLES walking hand-in-hand. People moving in and out.

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

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

Evan sips his water; visibly shaking.

A few seconds pass and then

A PETITE BRUNETTE

is standing in front of Evan. Glowering.

Evan rises from his chair.

EVAN
It's your favorite sandwich.
Turkey. No mayo, light mustard.

BRUNETTE
Sit down.

Evan sits.

BRUNETTE
Why are you here?

EVAN

We always eat here...together...

BRUNETTE

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

Pause.

EVAN

(head in his hands)

... I just don't understand. You said you wanted a guy with prospects -- a guy who could buy you nice clothes like the girls in the magazines wear...

BRUNETTE

... 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...

BRUNETTE

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

EVAN

Because --

BRUNETTE

-- Leave.

EVAN

I'm going to --

BRUNETTE

My boyfriend is on his way.

EVAN

Your boyfriend's a weasel.

Just as Evan says that a TALL NERDY GUY walks up to the brunette and slides an arm around her waist. Kisses her.

Evan boils as he watches their lip lock.

The kiss ends.

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

(CONTINUED)

Calm.

The brunette and the nerdy guy turn and start to walk off.

Happy.

EVAN

Seething. 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 the brunette come face-to-face.

EVAN

How's your grandmother?

A tense moment.

Evan brushes past her.

The nerdy guy sits up. Holding his jaw.

NERDY GUY

(disoriented)

How did that happen?

The brunette STEAMS.

The nerdy guy tries standing.

BRUNETTE

Oh, just stay down there.

The brunette 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 Suki. EYE CONTACT. Bill waves. Suki ignores him.

The customers with Cal wrap up their purchase. Leave.

Suki stops in front of Cal's register.

(CONTINUED)

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
what I have... It just arrived
today...

Suki looks at Cal.

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, and

FOUR FLAWLESS WHITE DIAMONDS are positioned around a larger
BLUE DIAMOND.

Cal and Suki's jaws drop; simultaneously.

BILL
Sexy aren't they?

No response.

BILL
You're looking at a cool two point
five there.

(CONTINUED)

CAL
There's at least eight carats
there.

BILL
Two point five million.

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

CAL/SUKI
What?

BILL
(a smile spreads across his
face)
... I thought you might like em.

SUKI
They're gorgeous.

CAL
Two point five is a lot more
than... Where did you get those?

BILL
A friend.

CAL
Your friend must think an awful lot
of you.

Cal picks up the centerpiece; palms it. 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 take them to my contact and sell
them.

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

CAL
But they're her contact...

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

SUKI
No.

CAL
Wait.

Beat.

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...

CAL
..and it's a lot closer than
London.

Bill and Cal laugh together.

Suki steps in front of Cal.

BILL
It's just this once...

CAL
(kisses Suki on the lips)
... Just this once...

(CONTINUED)

BILL

He'll be back before you miss him.

Cal wraps an arm around Suki. Stiff. Seering a hole through Bill with shaded eyes.

INT. EXCLUSIVE JEWELRY STORE OFFICE - DAY

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

HOWIE

Yes, I'm extremely happy you called... Pause. Tonight? What about your -- I see... Let me give you my address...

EXT. MUNICIPAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

A lighted runway.

A personal jetliner taxis to a ready position.

BILL

is standing next to a black sedan. Smoking a cigar.

In the distance another sedan approaches at a low rate of speed. Stops in front of Bill. The car's back door swings open, and

CAL emerges from the backseat; Suki follows a second later.

BILL

Wasn't sure if you were going to come.

CAL

Wouldn't wanna disappoint my newest benefactor.

Bill hands the SACHEL that he's been holding over to Cal.

BILL

You'll find everything you need in there: flight schedule, the names and addresses of each contact --

CAL

-- Each? I thought we'd be dealing with a single buyer...

(CONTINUED)

BILL
(closer)
Change is the only thing in this
world that's constant...

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.

SUKI
I hope they have a bottle of Nuvo
in there, I'm gonna need it...

FLIGHT STEWARD
If you're ready...

He turns and scales the staircase that leads to the cabin.

CAL
I've never taken a flight before.

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

Suki walks towards the staircase; stops, turns around.

CAL
Great. How about none?

BILL
Can't promise you that.

CAL
Well promise me this...

BILL
Shoot.

CAL
No more surprises...

SUKI
You two should've just fucked each
other to save time.

Cal and Bill share a silent moment before

(CONTINUED)

CAL

turns and scales the staircase. He doesn't look back as he and Suki board the private jet.

The private jet picks up speed as it accelerates down the green-lit runway until it finally lifts off.

INT. HOWIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Well appointed, but definitely a bachelor pad.

Lapita is sitting at the dining room table. Alone. A glass of wine in front of her. A love song playing 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 food from the top of the heap with his fingers and feeds it to Lapita. Lapita enjoys it.

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

Lapita wraps her lips around Howie's middle finger; sucks it, deep, licking, wet.

This goes on for a few seconds before Lapita pulls Howie's finger out. Kisses it; smiles devilishly up at him.

 HOWIE
 ... It's Ethiopian...

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

(CONTINUED)

HOWIE
 (it dawns on him)
 Why don't we skip the appetizer?

Lapita stands; Howie moves closer.

 HOWIE
 ... This is healthy, right?

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

 HOWIE
 ... I thought so...

They tear at each other: 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. 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...

 SUKI
 We're not alone.

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

(CONTINUED)

Suki sits up and looks at Cal.

SUKI
Sorry but, this isn't my first
flight.

Pause.

Suki lies back; shifts in her seat.

The steward looks at Cal, shrugs.

Cal BANGS his back hard against the 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 it's shaping up to be an
uneventful landing...

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 approaching.

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?

The door locks pop as they unlock. The car doesn't move.

Cal stands erect and then slowly nudges Suki towards the car
door.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT

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

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

Finally.

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
(aha)
He might have read my lips.

SUKI
He might have heard you.

CAL
Wait. Pause. I love you driver. I wanna attack you right now right there in the front seat...whattayou say?

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

CAL/SUKI
He's deaf. 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 front of a stone-faced jewelry store with thick panes of glass.

The street curbside 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. He gets out.

The driver walks around to the curbside and opens the door.

Cal steps out.

In the b.g. a bulky MAN exits the jewelry store. Waits.

Suki exits the car.

The driver slams the door. Walks around the car. Slams the door.

CAL
Not really the talkative type is he?

MAN
He used to be.

Pause.

MAN
Most people think he's deaf. Pause.
(chortles)
But who the fuck would let a deaf guy drive? Pause. We'd better get indoors.

CAL
Right.

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

(CONTINUED)

JEWELRY STORE

MAN

I haven't heard much outta your partner their. Does she speak...

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 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 oughta let me have the diamonds anyway. Don't you think?

CAL

... Yeah...

Cal fumbles with the bag.

The man grabs the bag from Cal and walks away.

MAN

Turn around and face the door.
Beat. I'm serious.

Cal slowly faces the door. A beat. 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. Stops. Starts again.
Same...

A flash of light as a cell phone opens up.

LAPITA

Yes. I'm on my way. Goodbye.

The cell phone SLAPS shut.

A deep sigh. Movement.

HOWIE

Who was that?

A lamplight switches on.

Lapita is topless. Howie pulls her close to him. Laughter.

LAPITA

Him.

HOWIE

God?

Laughter.

LAPITA

Not even close.

HOWIE

He can wait...

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

Howie sits up in the bed.

HOWIE

How does he do it?

LAPITA

Do what?

HOWIE

Get a girl like you?

(CONTINUED)

LAPITA
He's sweet, intelligent and he has
a bright future.

Howie shoots her a look: "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 me to...

HOWIE
Aren't you going to be...

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

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, clicks
the light off.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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
... 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 though, 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 we wanted to hurt you you'd be hurt already.

CAL
(mouths)
Whoa...

SUKI
Well, you never told us your name...

STAN
It's Stan.

CAL
Are you sure?

STAN
Are you in a position to question me? No. So why don't you and your bodyguard just sit back 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 lot. Parks.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - DAY

Stan sits in silence.

STAN
We're here.

CAL
Nice community. Who are we supposed to meet, exactly?

STAN
A new buyer.

CAL
(pauses)
You wouldn't happen to have any important details like his name...what he looks like...

STAN
(turns his head)
Did you here me when I said he's new?

CAL
It's just...

Stan glares.

CAL
(getting out)
We'll find him.

STAN
One thing.

CAL
What?

(CONTINUED)

STAN

New buyers always pay on the first trip.

A RED BRICK BUILDING

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

Offscreen FOOTFALLS get LOUDER as SOMEONE GETS CLOSER.

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

TWENTY-SOMETHING GUY

This way.

Cal and Suki reluctantly follow.

AN OFFICE

A big wooden desk DOMINATES the spacious office. Three more BRITISH MEN dressed in black are present.

A MAN is sitting behind the desk. Twenties. Well-dressed.

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

MAN BEHIND DESK

(British-accented English)

Welcome to Harlem.

CAL

Thanks...wish I could say I'm happy to be here.

MAN BEHIND DESK

Where is it?

CAL

(holds up the satchel)

It's in here.

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. Looks at it...

MAN BEHIND DESK

(looks up)

... It's a fake.

Cal smiles uneasily.

(CONTINUED)

CAL

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

MAN BEHIND DESK

(stands up; walks around the desk)

Is this a joke? Are you fucking with me?

CAL

That's the one that I was given.

MAN BEHIND DESK

I don't think so. I think you're an American idiot looking to pull my knickers down...

SUKI

Just pay us so we can go.

MAN BEHIND DESK

Ah...how cute. Your very own geisha girl. Did she come with a happy ending?

CAL

Don't be an asshole, okay?

MAN BEHIND DESK

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

OTHER MAN

I don't smell a thing.

MAN BEHIND DESK

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

CAL

I checked it myself. It's real.

The man behind the desk cocks the gun.

Cal struggles to stay calm.

MAN BEHIND DESK

So, do you have my diamond? Or do I have to keep my promise?

The man behind the desk aims the gun at Cal's face.

(CONTINUED)

CAL
-- I'll get it for you.

The man behind the desk presses the MUZZLE of the gun hard against Cal's nose.

MAN BEHIND DESK
But how do I know that I can trust you?

CAL
You'll have to. What other option do you have?

MAN BEHIND DESK
(to his henchmen)
You believe this guy?
(back to Cal)
I have every option available to me at this point. And you have two days to bring me my diamond.

CAL
Got it.

MAN BEHIND DESK
Promise?

CAL
Promise.

MAN BEHIND DESK
You hear that, guys? He promises to bring me a flawless blue diamond in two days or we can kill him.

The man behind the desk uncocks the gun. Lowers it.

Cal gulps. Relieved.

MAN BEHIND DESK
Time's ticking...

Cal and Suki turn and walk towards the door.

MAN BEHIND DESK
Stop right there.

Cal and Suki stop. The man behind the desk walks up to Suki.

MAN BEHIND DESK
... Maybe she should stay with us until you return...

(CONTINUED)

Suki recoils.

MAN BEHIND DESK
... Shy little bitch, isn't she?

Laughter.

The twenty-something guy swings the door open.

Cal and Suki exit.

OUTSIDE

Cal walks briskly 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

Same.

Breathing heavily.

Stan cranks the ignition. Backs up.

STAN
Where is it?

Silence.

STAN
Hello? The money. Where is it?

CAL
In there.

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

CAL
(yells)
What the fuck do you think? They
robbed us. Let's just get the fuck
out of here. I'll explain
everything to Bill...

(CONTINUED)

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 long silver handgun. Checks the magazine. Fully loaded. He chambers a shot. Gets out.

Stan walks around to the trunk. Open it with a key. Pulls out a semi-automatic.

INT/EXT. OFFICE - DAY

Someone knocks on the door.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF OFFICE

Stan bangs louder.

THE OFFICE

The man behind the desk 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 guy's 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 whoever the fuck I am.
Listen closely. If you fuck this up
I'll blow your fucking brains out.
Capece?

The twenty-something guy nods in the affirmative. Stan loosens his grip. The twenty-something guy coughs violently; gasping for breath.

OFFICE

(CONTINUED)

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.

ANOTHER HENCHMAN

Close the fucking door.

STAN (OS)

Excuse me.

Reverse on Stan standing behind the twenty-something guy; his arms on either side of the twenty-something guy's body. The semiautomatic in one hand.

STAN

Don't move.

He opens fire.

Neat streams of bullets rip the walls and windows sending plaster and glass showering down as the four men standing around the diamond drop to the floor. Dead.

When the shooting stops Stan pushes the twenty-something guy aside and walks over to the desk.

THE BLUE DIAMOND

is sitting on the desk. Stan picks it up; pockets it. UNSNAPS a briefcase sitting on 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. Breathes a heavy sigh of relief. Then

GUNSHOTS

ring out as the heavy wooden door SPLINTERS as bullets find their way through it and into the twenty-something guy's torso. SHOCKED. He slumps to the floor. Dead.

HALLWAY

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

BLACK SEDAN

(CONTINUED)

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

He pulls the silver handgun from his waistline. Puts it back in the glove compartment.

Throws it in drive. Backs out. Drives away.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - DAY

Stan looks straight ahead as he drives.

CAL
(leans forward)
... Did you just kill --

STAN
No. I didn't. Pause. Capece?

Cal sinks back in his seat. Eyes straight ahead.

EXT. NEW YORK AIRPORT - DAY

Busier.

The private jet crawls to a stop.

Cal and Suki are standing next to the black sedan.

The jet's hatch opens 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 pulls out the blue diamond.

STAN
(straight ahead)
Hey. Get back here.

CAL
(returns to the car)
Yeah?

Stan holds the blue diamond out of the window. Cal tries to take it; Stan maintains his grip.

(CONTINUED)

STAN
Do you have two million dollars?

CAL
(removes his hand)
Not on me...

STAN
(looks up at Cal)
I didn't think so.

Stan hands the blue diamond to Cal. Drives off.

CAL
Got it.

Cal eyeballs the blue diamond. Palms it; tight.
The jet taxis down the runway. Lifts off.

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

A typical Southern California day.

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

BILL

Rolls the rock around on his palm. Tosses it up. Catches it.

BILL
Beautiful...
(toss)
... 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 blue diamond dead still.

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

(CONTINUED)

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 blue diamond)

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

CAL

Who the fuck do you think you are? You put my life on the line over a diamond -- a fake diamond -- and a bag of money?

BILL

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

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

This whole thing was my idea... Ha, 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 go smoothly if you want it to. We can be over in no time if you just cooperate.

Cal snatches away. Walks into the house.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cal is storming across the room. Bill is following.

CAL
This -- today is as far as
everything concerning you and me
goes. In fact, I'm going to quit my
job. You can have it. It's all
yours...

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

BILL
(pulls out a white envelope)
Take this with you.

Cal takes the envelope; opens. Several thousand dollars and a slip of paper.

Cal reads the slip of paper. Looks at Bill.

BILL
That oughta hold you for a couple
of weeks until you can use that
number.

CAL
This is not what I wanted...

BILL
Cheer up, son. We're almost done.

CAL
No. I'm done as of right fucking
now.

BILL
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
You don't have a choice. Nothing's
going to stop me from walking away
from you and your crazy fucking
friend with the amazingly accurate
aim.

Just as Cal turns and begins walking away a car pulls up. All eyes are on it. The doors open and an anonymous arm SHOVES Suki out of the car. She stumbles but doesn't fall.

(CONTINUED)

Pause.

Stan appears from inside the car.

CAL

Wide-eyed. Whips his head around (Bill is smiling). Back to Suki who is being pushed towards Cal.

BILL
... No need for introductions then
is there?

CAL
Suki, are you okay?

Suki reaches the front door. Gagged.

STAN
She's walkin aint she?

CAL
So what, now you're gonna kill her?
You got your money...why don't you
stop this whole thing right now and
nobody loses...

A beat.

BILL
No deal.

Stan shoves Suki inside the house.

BILL
We'll discuss the details later.

Cal drops his head. Bill clamps a hand on his shoulder.

BILL
Look...why don't you home and get
some rest. I was able to get you a
few days off...

Cal shoots Bill a questioning look.

BILL
... Oh yeah. Part of my new manager
duties. I'm writing the schedule
now. I was gonna tell you at work,
but I just couldn't wait.

(CONTINUED)

CAL
(mumbled)
The shit just keeps piling up.

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

Silence.

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

EXT. PICCADILLY SQUARE - NIGHT

Small cars dart in and out of traffic. Pedestrians snapping
pictures. Couples sitting close. Eating. Walking.

A BUILDING BUILDING ON PICCADILLY SQUARE

with many windows on its front side gets closer. It stops. A
MAN wearing a black suit enters the front door. Walking with
him he stops at the elevator.

He turns his head and looks back towards the front door.
It's the guy behind the desk. BONNIE.

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

The doors come together. The elevator rises.

A HALLWAY

The elevator opens and Bonnie steps out. Walking down the
long hallway Bonnie comes upon a door that reads: NIKOLAI
MENDELSON. Knocks. Waits. A buzzer. Bonnie enters.

tan ur bum

AN OFFICE

littered with old boxes. Ancient stains mottle neglected
carpet. CHELSEA, 40, his years of experience as a London's
top jewel thief etched across his face -- sitting at the
desk.

(CONTINUED)

CHELSEA

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

Bonnie walks in and takes the seat in front of the desk.

BONNIE

I'm quite adept at the art of
ducking. How are ya, Chelie?

CHELSEA

Oh, I'm 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 news?

CHELSEA

You know I could kill your arse
right now, don't you, Bonnie?

BONNIE

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

CHELSEA

(serious)
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...sure...

CHELSEA

Have you given much thought to how
you're going to reimburse me?

(CONTINUED)

BONNIE

Reimburse...you? I did...

CHELSEA

Surely you didn't think that jolly old Chelie was just gonna turn a blind eye to the loss of two million dollars did you, Bonnie?

BONNIE

Chelie... I'm sorry...

CHELSEA

Dry your tears, mate. You're not going to have to pay me back. At least not yet.

Bonnie loosens up a little.

CHELSEA

How's your passport, Bonnie?

BONNIE

My wha? I don't own one...a passport...

(nervous laugh)

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

CHELSEA

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

BONNIE

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

CHELSEA

No need for the map...

BONNIE

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

Chelsea opens the desk drawer and pulls out a thin blue pamphlet. Hands it to Bonnie. A PASSPORT.

BONNIE

Leafs through the passport. 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; one way. There is your
passport and...
(points)
...right there are the addresses
you'll be needing. You will use the
credit card to purchase a firearm
which you will clean thoroughly and
dump it once you are done with it.
Concerns?

Pause.

BONNIE
One. How'd you get those addresses?

CHELSEA
Bonnie...

BONNIE
Yeah, Chelie.

Chelsea just stares.

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

CHELSEA
Not yet.

Chelsea stands up and walks around the desk. Stops in front
of 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 it against
Bonnie's face)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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

BONNIE
The shock would murder the old
lady.

Silence.

CHELSEA
You've got a week to fix this...two
million dollars of my money is
halfway across the fucking globe...
Four of my best guys are lying in
the morgue, and I'm left holding
the entire steaming sack. I might
be a bit slow, but my intuition
tells me that something about my
new fucked up reality needs to
change and I'm counting on you to
effect that change.... Don't
disappoint me, cousin...

BONNIE
... You can count on me...

CHELSEA
Off you go.

Bonnie brushes past Chelsea. Exits.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Crowded.

From inside the throng Evan and the brunette appear.

EVAN
We've been here for four hours and
you still haven't bought anything.
Maybe we should call a day...

BRUNETTE
(snappish)
No one invited you in the first
place...

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

(CONTINUED)

BRUNETTE

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

EVAN

Hey, look, a jewelry store. Why don't we check that out --

BRUNETTE

Okay.

EVAN

Okay... Of course...okay...

Evan follows the brunette into the jewelry store.

EVAN

I can't do this again.

BRUNETTE

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

EVAN

Yes. I do. I... Every time you meet the next greatest guy you've ever met and he turns out to be not what you expected, I come running back to you...until the next time. Well, this time, there won't be a next time.

Pause.

BRUNETTE

You don't have to be here.

Evan's shoulders slump. He turns and walks away.

BRUNETTE

But... If you stayed we could go get something eat...

EVAN

(stops)

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

BRUNETTE

Are you saying no to me? Did you really drag me all the way out here just to break up with me?

(CONTINUED)

Evan drops his head. Exits.

The brunette quickly pulls herself together and points at a piece of jewelry. A young CLERK shows her the piece.

BRUNETTE
(whips out a plastic card)
Shopping always helps a girl deal
with a loser...

CLERK
Will that be all for you today?

BRUNETTE
Yes, for today...

The clerk imputes a series of keys on the REGISTER.

CLERK
Total comes out to... Forty five
fifty four.

As soon as the brunette raises the plastic card a hand belonging to someone we don't see reaches in and snatches it from behind. The clerk cringes.

Reverse on Evan.

CLERK
Is everything ok?

EVAN
Perfect.

Evan leaves.

The clerk smiles at the brunette.

CLERK
Omigod, what an asshole. Did you
want a box for that?

The brunette glares at the clerk.

INT. CAL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Cal is sitting on a black leather couch staring through the plasma TV set hanging on the wall.

A reassuring voice coming from the TV encourages:

(CONTINUED)

VOICE (OS)

...now is the perfect time. Your
once-in-a-lifetime golden
opportunity to make the changes in
your life that you most desperately
need...

A knock on the door gets Cal's attention. He sits up.
Pauses. Rises and walks over to the door.

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)

Fancy seeing me again...

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

Funny, I don't remember meeting you
the first time.

BONNIE

That saddens me. Perhaps this time
I'll leave a more lasting
impression.

CAL

Okay, see ya next time...

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

CAL

-- Okay. I remember now. You must
be here for the diamond...

BONNIE

Jolly good, mate. Now, where is it?

CAL

I left it with a friend...

(CONTINUED)

BONNIE

Does your friend know that there's a crazy Brit holding a gun to your head 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...

Whomp. Cal grabs his jaw; shifts. 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, you know...

CAL

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

BONNIE

Oh? Would you like to 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 repeatedly...

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A light at the front of the house glows through the open curtains.

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

(gets in Cal's face)

Well, sweetheart, here we are. Make your adjustments now. We won't have 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. After a few seconds he tries again. The door opens revealing Bill. Startled; briefly.

BILL

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

BONNIE

That won't be necessary, mate.
(pulls out the gun; racks a round)

This isn't a social visit.

CAL

I didn't know anything about this, Bill.

BILL

Apparently not...
(Bill turns and walks inside)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BILL (cont'd)

Come in.

BONNIE

You've got iron balls, mate.

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

BONNIE

(a sick 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 visit.

Bonnie raises the gun and fires two rounds into Bill's head. A pool of blood and plasma gathers.

Cal looks sick. Scared.

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

The other tall guy lingers. Looking around admiringly.

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

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

STAN

walks up behind the tall guy; undetected. Presses the silver gun to his ear. Fires one round. He turns around and looks at

SUKI

Shaking.

STAN

Move.

Suki quickly obeys.

BEDROOM

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

Bonnie picks it up.

(CONTINUED)

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.

BONNIE

I've come to rescue you...

Pulls out a handful of money.

BONNIE

... And this little beauty. What
shall I do with this...

He throws it and breaks a mirror on the dresser.

BONNIE

Alright then, that be all, let's
go...

Bonnie gives the stachel to the tall guy.

The tall guy shoves Cal into the hallway; follows him.

Pause.

Bonnie freezes. Pulls out his gun. Steps away from the
doorway.

Silence.

BONNIE

Come on now, be a man about it and
show yourself.

Silence.

A single shot SHATTERS the silence, then...

A longer, more ominous silence.

BONNIE

That's not what I was expecting,
but okay.

HALLWAY

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

(CONTINUED)

Bonnie bursts into the hallway. Both hands on the gun. Ducked. His eyes lower to...

THE OTHER TALL GUY lying on the floor. Deceased. Blood flowing. Eyes wide open.

Bonnie slowly stands up straight. EXHALES.

DOWNSTAIRS

He cautiously descends the stairs. When he gets to the bottom he notices that the front door is open.

THE FRONT LAWN

Lighted. Empty. Bonnie reenters the house.

A GUNSHOT whizzes past Bonnie's head; followed by another shot that IMPACTS his thigh.

Stan steps into the room; Bonnie fires another 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. Empty.

An engine CRANKS up and a black sedan SCREECHES away from the property. Bonnie aims the gun. But he doesn't fire. He returns to the house.

A BLACK SEDAN

races down a highway that stretches well into the dark night ahead. Another black sedan is in hot pursuit.

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

Stan -- one hand on the steering wheel -- RELEASES THE SPENT MAGAZINE. Grabs another from somewhere below.

STAN

Grab it.

CAL

(dumbstruck)

Wha --

(CONTINUED)

STAN

-- Drive.

Stan rams the new clip into the butt of the butt of the gun. Checks the rearview. The trailing sedan is gaining ground. FAST.

He takes over the wheel again.

The lead sedan suddenly makes a tight left. The trailing sedan swerves but stays with it.

SUKI

This is crazy... Let me out.

STAN/CAL

No.

CAL

Look, I don't know how you're gonna do it but -- get us the fuck out of here and you can keep the money and the diamond. They're yours, okay? Just --

Thunk, thunk... The lead sedan veers wildly... Regains direction.

BONNIE

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

LEAD SEDAN

Stan stoic; focused on the road.

TRAILING SEDAN

pulls alongside the lead sedan. Tug of war.

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

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

Bonnie OPENS FIRE.

The passenger side window spider webs. Cal jumps. Again.

CAL

Holy fuck.

(CONTINUED)

STAN
Bullet-proof.

A SLOWER MOVING CAR

causes the two sedans to dance around it.

TRAILING SEDAN

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

The lead sedan keeps going.

LEAD SEDAN

STAN
How's your aim?

CAL
Oh fuck no. I'm not. I won't shoot
another man. Call me a wimp, but
I'm not a killer.

STAN
(looks into the rearview
mirror)
How about you, toots?

SUKI
Suki.

STAN
Ever shoot a gun before?

CAL
Give it to me.

TRAILING SEDAN

has nearly caught up.

BONNIE

Smiling.

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

LEAD SEDAN

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

Stan instructs.

(CONTINUED)

STAN

Pull the trigger. Got it?

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

This happens simultaneously: A shot smashes into the hull of the lead car. Cal fires a shot through the windshield.

CAL

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

STAN

You back there.

SUKI

Yes?

STAN

Duck.

CAL

It's bullet-proof, right?

STAN

Which means...

CAL

... Right. Yeah. Sure...

TRAILING SEDAN

Pulls even again. Window down.

LEAD SEDAN

STAN

This is always exciting...

He SLAMS on the brakes. The lead sedan screeches to a smoking halt. Quickly regains speed.

TRAILING SEDAN

BONNIE

Where the fuck are you going...

The trailing sedan keeps going.

LEAD SEDAN

(CONTINUED)

STAN
Do or die time...

CAL
(sweating)
Fuck, this goes against everything
Mother Thomasina taught me in bible
school...

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

The lead sedan edges up next to the trailing sedan. The passenger side begins to roll down.

Pop. Pop.

The window goes back up.

CAL
Did you see that? Did you see --
fuck I almost -- fuck.

SUKI
Are you alright?

STAN
He hasn't done anything yet.

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

CAL
One more shot.

STAN
One more is all you get before I do
it myself, hero.

Pause.

CAL
Did you have to steal my thunder?

STAN
Sorry.

The two sedans come close again; barely staying separated.

Everything slows down as the passenger side window rolls down, and then

CAL

(CONTINUED)

Sticks the gun out of the window and PUMPS the trigger until he hears: Click. Click...

The trailing car careens out of control. Flips. Skids to a stop on its hood. Explodes. Flames lick the crisp night air.

The lead car slows momentarily. Speeds away.

INT. LEAD CAR - NIGHT

Cal looks back. Wild eyes. Suki stares straight ahead. Stan drives.

CAL
(whips his head around; looks
at Stan)
He was trying to kill us, right? All
of us...you saw him...

STAN
I didn't see a thing.

CAL
Right -- not for that purpose, but,
I mean you did see what I did,
didn't you?

Silence.

CAL
Right...

He looks into the side view mirror. The trailing car is totally ENGULFED.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE HILLS - NIGHT

The Los Angeles skyline glistens in the dark. Alive.

Cal and Suki are standing in front of Stan. Cal has his arm around Suki.

CAL
Twelve years old?

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

(CONTINUED)

CAL

Mom must be proud of you.

STAN

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

CAL

Look, Stan, really, from the bottom of my heart...and Suki's I'm sure, thank you. And, like I said keep the money. I'd just blow it all anyway.

STAN

Thanks, but that part was never in doubt.

CAL

Wow. You never let up.

STAN

Nice doing business with you. Stay the fuck away from me.

CAL

What are you gonna do with it?

STAN

Sell it.

CAL

Who's gonna buy a fake diamond?

STAN

(grins)

Fake... Come here...

Stan grabs the diamond from inside 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?

Stan balances the blue diamond between his index and thumb. Positions the loupe...

STAN

... Flawless.

(CONTINUED)

He removes the loupe from his eye. Pockets it. Smiles.
Tosses the diamond in the air; swipes it out of the air.

CAL
This changes everything...

STAN
... Goodbye...

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

STAN
And you believed them?

CAL
... At times...yes...

STAN
Listen...uh...

CAL
Cal

STAN
Clever. Listen, Cal. Rule number
one. Never trust a thief. We lie. A
lot.

Stan gets into the sedan. Slams the door shut.

CAL
What are you gonna do with it?

STAN
I'll sell it. Maybe have a few
pints with my wife... Buy a new
car...

CAL
You're married?

STAN
Twenty years. Her mate and I had a
bit of a disagreement. She went
home with me that night and the
rest is history.

CAL
Awesome.

STAN

Yeah, she's great... You sure you don't need a lift?

CAL

No thanks. I'm...we're fine where we are... Drive carefully...

The window rolls up electronically. Stan drives away.

Cal and Suki watch as the sedan melts into the night.

INT. UPSCALE JAPANESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Seated on TATAMI MATS around a small square table are: Cal, Suki, A BIG BODYGUARD, SUKI'S FATHER -- AIKO. STUFFED with food.

Cal struggles with his entree.

AIKO

looks over at Cal. Stern. Nods -- eat.

CAL

Good...

(whispering to Suki)

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 putting it in my mouth and chewing on it?

SUKI

... It's only poisonous if it's not prepared properly....

CAL

... Have you ever eaten at this restaurant before?

(CONTINUED)

SUKI
No. I haven't. Eat.

Cal lifts a chunk of the blowfish with his chopsticks. Drops it.

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 helping A YOUNG COUPLE.

THE OLD GUY

barges into the store; Lapita in tow. He walks right up to Cal. Interrupts.

OLD GUY
I need you...

He pulls Cal aside. The CUSTOMERS that Cal was helping sniff and walk away.

CAL
... That was rude...

OLD GUY
I think she's cheating on me. I need some more of your stuff.

CAL
Sorry...

He begins to walk away.

OLD GUY
I'll triple your price.

CAL
(stops, pauses, turns around slowly)
Excuse me, but I have customers who came here to buy something that we actually sell waiting on me.

Cal starts to walk away again.

OLD GUY
You know. I think the authorities might be interested in that dirty little secret you're hiding.

(CONTINUED)

Cal stops. Walks back to the old guy.

CAL

What secret is that old man?

OLD GUY

The bloodbath at your friend's house. I watched the whole thing from my bathtub. It's a wonderful view really...

CAL

You saw...

OLD GUY

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

Cal drops his head. The old guy smiles.

Lapita and Howie share a look.

FADE OUT