

SPORTS BAR GYPSIES

An original screenplay by

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The year is 1999. We open with a shot of a man changing from his work clothes into a dark pair of pants and black shirt and sweat jacket.

The man opens a small locked box he keeps on the highest shelf in his walk-in closet. You don't see what he reaches in for. From behind we can see him putting it into his jacket pocket.

VOICE (V.O.)

This is my father, when he was the age I am now. He ran this town. Was he the mayor? No! Was he the chief of police? No! He was bigger. He was respected. After what happens tonight, more than half of what he had was taken away. This is the story of how I'm going to get it back.

A young boy of about 7 comes running into the room. The man makes sure what's in his pocket is secure.

LITTLE BOY

Daddy! You going out? It's dark.

FATHER (ROBERT)

I got some business, I won't be long. But you'll be asleep when I get home. That means you're in charge. Big boy, you look after your mom and little sister.

LITTLE BOY

Okay, Daddy. It's cold out. Wear a jacket.

FATHER (ROBERT)

And some gloves, definitely gloves tonight. You be a good boy, Jimmy! I'll see you in the morning.

The young boy looks up at his father proudly. As the man walks out the door...

ROBERT

Laura, I'm going out. I won't be long.

LAURA

Wear a jacket.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

We are looking down a dark alley in a small town. Garbage containers and trash cans line the backs of stores. The shadows of 4 men can be seen walking down the alley.

They stop at one of the back doors. One of the men pulls out a crow bar and puts the small sharp end into a door jamb, starts to pry the door open.

DONOVAN

This door is harder than it looks  
(struggling)

ROBERT

Com on little brother, pull!!!

MORRIS

Give me that, let the adults do it.

The older MORRIS MITCHELL takes the crow bar from Donovan and starts to pry at the door. After a few seconds we hear a pop and crack. The door opens.

INT. BACK OFFICE OF BUSINESS - MOMENTS LATER

The men start searching for what they came for, moving cabinets and a painting off to the side.

NILES

This is it!

After removing the painting, a wall safe with a traditional numbered dial is exposed.

ROBERT

Do your thing. You do know it,  
right?

NILES

Yah, I'm dating the office girl.  
She hates this prick. Remember  
we're giving her a cut.

MORRIS

Let's go, get on with it.

Niles starts to turn the dial to the correct numbers, gets the third in place, cranks on the handle. It does not open.

NILES

Shit!

ROBERT

What's the matter, you got the right numbers? Try it again.

Niles turns the dial, same numbers again. It still does not open.

DONOVAN

Let me try. When's the last time you opened a school locker?

The youngest of the 4 moves Niles aside and resets the lock.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Give me the numbers.

NILES

10... 14... 28

Donovan turns the dial first to the right, then to the left, and continues to put each of the numbers in place. He turns the handle, cranks it down gently, and it opens.

The men all produce a sigh of relief.

What looks like a stack of 30 1-inch envelopes full of money is in the safe. Morris opens one and confirms that it is full of cash.

MORRIS

Excellent. Here, put them in here  
(producing a duffel bag)

Morris proceeds to put all of the envelopes into the bag, empties the safe. Some documents of non importance gets thrown to the floor.

NILES

Lets get out of here.

The men make their way back through the back office door out into the alley. Robert, Donovan and Niles go first. Morris, who is last, stops to admire the painting they removed off the wall.

ROBERT (O.S.)

Come on, lets go!

The sound of the 3 men already outside can be heard running away. In the distance, the sound of a siren can be heard getting closer. Morris finally gets to the door and looks for his friends. Car head lights blind him.

POLICE MAN  
(with gun pointing at  
Morris)  
Freeze!! Don't move!!

20 years later... the year is 2019

EXT. DRONE SHOT - EARLY EVENING

AN OVERHEAD SHOT FADING IN TO A NEIGHBORHOOD CORNER BAR.

INT. BAR-GREEN DRAGON TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Pan in to people, regulars sit at the bar, talking, watching the numerous TV's. Watching sports.

NO NAME CHARACTER/MAN  
Hey, Jimmy, what pitcher did Bucky  
F-ing Dent hit his home run off, in  
the tie breaker game in 1978?

JIMMY VALENTINO  
(Looking annoyed)  
He hit it off Your Mother

NO NAME CHARACTER  
Whatever you...  
Jimmy, that's what you say when you  
don't know...

JIMMY  
Mike Torrez. The next time you ask  
me an easy question, I won't change  
the answer from... your mother.

The camera moves around the room. 4 men in their mid to late 20's sit at the bar, talking, joking around.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
ABBY, get the guy with the easy  
questions a beer, on me.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
(Turns to the camera,  
speaks right into the  
lens)  
These guys don't look like much,  
but a bunch of harder working space  
pirates you will never meet.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(puts a hand on CARLOS'  
shoulder)

This is Carlos. He works with his hands.

(Carlos looks at the camera and nods.)

In 1961 his grandfather worked for the Cuban Government, He gave the United States information that should of helped in the Bay of Pig fiasco, Things didn't work, but Kennedy kept his word and political asylum he got. His Family has been here ever since.

(points to DAVID)

This is David.

(David looks into the camera and winks)

Someone in his Family came over on the Santa Maria with Columbus. He was the one tapping Chris on the shoulder saying "your going the wrong direction, India is that way" Ex-military, 2 tours overseas, Afghanistan, Forgetasten, and everywhere in between. Honorable discharge for getting two toes blown off his left foot. Now works for the phone company, computer wizard, good guy to have around.

(points to GIN)

There's Gin. Gin is short for something way too long to pronounce. Half the world's population lived in his village, and when he finally got the hell out of there, he brought half of them with him. Seriously, they all live in his 2 bedroom apartment up town. He got into MIT, decided not to go, said the streets are where the real learning happens. Math is his thing.

And then there's ABBY. She doesn't own the place, but she runs it.

Several guys try to sneak out of line over to the main bar to get their beers.

ABBY

Would you mind waiting in line  
behind those guys, right over  
there?

Customers not knowing the basic tavern rules, slip back into  
the main line with their heads down.

Abby encourages the next customers to come forward and order  
their drinks.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Thanks for waiting, guys. What can  
I get for you?

After several customers get what they ordered...

CUSTOMER, MIDDLE AGED, CONFUSED

Well, let me see what you got  
there...

ABBY

NO!! You've been waiting there 3  
minutes and you still don't know  
what you want. No!! Back of the  
line.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Next,  
(points to a spot)  
Wait right there.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Thank you, what can I get for you?

Men at bar look over at David, confused.

CUSTOMER, MIDDLE AGED, CONFUSED

Can you believe this woman?

DAVID

I can. If I were you, I'd get in  
the back of the line otherwise you  
might not get a beer all night.

Guys walk away, slither to the back of the line.

ABBY

(rolls her eyes at David  
and mouths the words  
"assholes")

JIMMY

(continues to speak to the camera)

And then there's SIMON. Good kid, loves magic, younger brother of my best friend, BLAKE, who is currently the only one of us doing time for a crime we all committed.

SIMON walks from one part of the bar, sits down next to Jimmy

SIMON

Hey Jimmy, see those two girls sitting over there, watch this.

JIMMY

Go get em, cowboy.

Simon walks over to the booth, sits down at the empty seat.

SIMON

Well hello, Beautiful! What's your name and who's your friend?

DIANE

My name is Diane. And we're not alone. My friend JACK is in the restroom, he will be here in a second.

SIMON

Jack and Diane... really? And who's your friend here?

DIANE

This is TARA.

SIMON

Tara, that's much more down to earth. You two sound like a song.

A male figure makes his way back to the table from the restroom.

JACK

Hey. Who's this guy?

DIANE

Don't know. He just came over and started talking, acts like he owns the place.



SIMON

Please allow me to introduce myself. I'm a man of wealth and taste... You kids like magic?

TARA

Depends. Are you gonna try to cut me in half? Or better yet, make yourself disappear?

SIMON

No. Nothing that adventurous. Come follow me over to the bar. Got a trick for you. You'll like it. Trust me.

Simon reaches into his pocket, grabs a ten dollar bill from his wallet, hands it over to Tara.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Tara, take this pen and write your name here in the upper right-hand corner.

Tara takes the pen and writes her name in black ink on the bill and slides it over on the bar to Simon.

Simon takes the ten dollar bill, rolls it up tight, takes a rubber band out of his pocket and wraps it around the ten dollar bill, grabs an empty pint glass from the bar, takes a lighter out of his pocket and sets the ten dollar bill on fire, and puts it in the pint glass.

SIMON (CONT'D)

What if I told you that I would give you fifty dollars if I couldn't get that same exact ten dollar bill back for you. But if I can, you owe me fifty dollars.

JACK

How are you gonna make THAT same ten dollar bill come back? You just set it on fire. You're on. Fifty bucks.

Simon nods over to Abby.

SIMON

Tara, pick any bottle out of that cooler over there, tell Abby which one you want.

Tara looks into the cooler curiously, trying to decide which one to pick.

TARA  
(pointing at the bottles)  
That one.

ABBY  
Which one, sweetheart?

TARA  
The Corona. Third one in.

Abby grabs the beer out of the cooler. Simon asks her to open it and pour it into a glass. Beer is pouring into the glass, out of the bottle falls a rolled up ten dollar bill, Simon grabs it, takes the rubber band off and unrolls it on the bar, and produces the ten dollar bill with the name Tara in the upper right-hand corner. Simon takes the ten dollar bill and hands it over to Jack.

SIMON  
You just lost fifty dollars.

JACK  
How the hell did you do THAT?

SIMON  
If you want to know how the trick works, that is going to cost you more money.

Diane and Tara look at each other confused, with a little bit of horror and shock.

TARA  
You're the Devil! Get away from me.  
I don't want to ever come here again.

Tara grabs Diane by the arm and storms out.

Jack reaches into his wallet and takes fifty dollars out, hands it over to Simon and slowly walks away.

SIMON  
Oh don't leave angry, it's just a bit of fun. Come back, I'll show you how it's done.

ABBY  
Simon, you gotta stop pulling that trick, or we're gonna lose a lot of customers.

INT. BAR-GREEN DRAGON TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy gets up from his bar stool and pats his friends on the back as he makes his way out the front door. Turning to the camera.

JIMMY

(walking out the bar and  
down the town's main  
street, talking to the  
camera)

This is our bar. The Green Dragon Tavern. It's owned by my uncle DONOVAN. This building has been around since 1771, pre-revolutionary war. It was originally a Masonic Lodge. The Sons of Liberty used to meet here. It's been a boarding house, a brothel, and God knows what else. Right now, it's the center of the universe. It's where we conduct our meetings and make decisions that affect our business.

CAMERA SHOWS A COUPLE WALKING TOWARDS JIMMY, IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

UNKNOWN MAN

Hey, Jimmy, how you doing? Who you talking to?

JIMMY

I'm fine, and none of your business.

(continues walking  
quickly)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(talking to the camera  
again)

What is it that we do? We run books, betting... if you want a little action on tonight's game, you come to us. We also put money out on the street, which means we lend - at a reasonable rate of course. Occasionally an opportunity comes along that's too good to pass up, and then we put on our slightly darker hats and we take it down. You see that store?

(pointing to Antonio's  
Deli & Market)

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

That one and a dozen more like it help us. There's Wilson's Dry Cleaners, Octavio's Fish Market restaurant, the bowling alley, the list goes on and on. The tavern is where we talk and play. The action takes place everywhere but. Don't piss where you swim, isn't that what they say, or something like that?

Jimmy crosses the street to go into a liquor store. The sign above the door reads Mom & Pop's. Just before walking in, his cell rings. Answers phone.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Hey, what's up? Did you get the information on that truck?

VOICE (O.S.)

Yes, it's actually like we thought. Fossil watches, about 20 cases.

JIMMY

Take it down, we want them.

VOICE

Will do.

Jimmy walks into the store and goes up to the counter.

MR. OLIVERA

Jimmy!!

JIMMY

Hello, sir. How are we? I trust you did well this past weekend.

MR. OLIVERA

Oh, very well, very well indeed.

The shop owner reaches under the counter and produces an envelope, starts to hand it over to Jimmy.

JIMMY

(putting his hand out to stop him from giving the envelope to him)

Keep it. I hear your daughter is sick back in the homeland.

MR. OLIVERA

No, I couldn't.

JIMMY

You can, and you will. Make sure she gets the medicine she needs.

MR. OLIVERA

Thank you, that's very kind. The insurance doesn't even pay for half. It's been very hard. But I can never pay you back.

JIMMY

You'll never have to. Thank you, you need anything? Anything at all?

MR. OLIVERA

Well, actually now that you reminded me. It's not for me, Mr. Rashad... you know, down the street with the barber shop.

JIMMY

Sure. Is there a problem?

MR. OLIVERA

No, no, not at all. He's a fine gentleman. I go to him  
(pointing to his hair,  
smiling)  
It's just he mentioned he may need a little help with... you know  
(whispering, looking to  
see if anyone's listening)  
With his numbers, his books. I told him I know just the man.

JIMMY

I'll have Gin pay him a visit.

MR. OLIVERA

Oh, that man is a genius. Talk about knowing how to cook the books! He's a five star chef, what he's done for me... amazing.

JIMMY

I won't take up any more of your time. See you next week.

MR. OLIVERA

Please... take something for your father.

JIMMY

No, that's okay. Maybe next time.  
We're pretty well stocked.

Jimmy walks out the store, and right before he gets to the door, he grabs a bottle of high end whiskey off the shelf and walks out.

EXT. PARK - DAY

The sounds of kids playing ball in the playground, ice cream truck pulls up and children running with excitement to ask their parents for money. Beautiful spring day. Jimmy sits on a picnic table, waiting for his friends and fellow tribal members. The sounds of a baseball game comes crackling out of a small radio he carries with him.

Cars pull up, park out on the street. 3 men in their mid to late twenties make their way up to the picnic table Jimmy is sitting on.

SIMON

Jimmy... not playing catch with  
some kid out there?

Simon feels his phone vibrate, looks at his phone and sees the contact name "Tara".

SIMON (CONT'D)

Sorry, I gotta take this.

Simon steps away to take the call.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Hello, Tara. Yes, it was a good  
week. I have your half. Let's meet  
up later.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

DAVID

We're here for business, playing  
ball can wait...

CARLOS

...Otherwise things get out of  
control fast...

DAVID

...Real fast, you have your  
tidings?

SIMON

I hate that word. Whoever thought of that was an old testament hermit. I got my share, and more. It was a good weekend.

CARLOS

You don't worry about verbiage, passed down from the elders, our fathers, our fathers' fathers...

DAVID

And the ones that came before them. May you live long enough for The points to remember you...

CARLOS

...and forget you just as quickly.

JIMMY

We have to make this quick. I have an appointment with a high ranking member of the Vatican.

SIMON

Father Mac? He couldn't find Rome if you bought him a plane ticket.

DAVID

He's a good man. Maybe a little bit too much of the communion wine every once in a while.

JIMMY

(turns to Simon)

How did you do this past week?

SIMON

Really good. The Celtics saved my ass. That was a last minute thank God how do you do, but other than that, I've got my 30%, and a bit to spare.

Jimmy looks at Simon with a feeling of pride, smiling.

JIMMY

I don't have to ask the others to produce their share. David, Carlos, we're good?

CARLOS/DAVID

Golden.

JIMMY

There's still one last item. We owe a big payment to Morris. That's been lingering for a while, and I have a feeling his patience is starting to run out.

SIMON

Gabriel made it clear in the last meeting that it will be handled when we can handle it. He wants no damage, no blood. I'm new to this, but I know what I heard.

DAVID

Jimmy is right. A man can only wait so long. I think his patience has been a ploy to gather the strength of his...

CARLOS

...Congregation, the faithful he keeps under his thumb.

JIMMY

Let me deal with the payment, I have an idea. We're owed some money from the swamps down in Baton Rouge. I have a few details still to work out, if I can make this work out, we're going to get out from our debt at a third of the price.

The boys look at each other and nod their heads approvingly.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Finally, on Saturday, when the priest is asking you, do you take yada yada yada... you're going to say what?

SIMON

I do.

JIMMY

Make Vanessa proud. Her father's a good man. If you're half as good as he is, you'll be great. Last thing. Blake, your brother. Three days until he gets out. Simon, it would be nice if you popped out of the back seat, give him a scare, before we take him home for some relief.



SIMON

I'm there.

CARLOS

Wouldn't miss it.

DAVID

I'll drive.

The 3 guys give Jimmy their envelopes, then go on their way.

Jimmy puts the envelopes into his inside jacket pocket and starts to walk to his car.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MAIN STREET, MOVING CAR - DAY

Jimmy drives through his hometown.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Kingsbridge, Connecticut is where we call home. It's not a city, but it's not a small town either. It's influence reaches all the way East to the Atlantic ocean and West to New York City. Born and raised here. The town is broken up into four sections, like a square. We control the upper Northwest. It's separated by railroad tracks that split it right in two and then right in two again. They run north-south and east-west. It's called the Crossing, and where all tribal issues are dealt with and resolved, for better or for worse.

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - DAY

Jimmy pulls up to the church and parks. He gathers his things and opens his briefcase. He takes the envelopes out and takes the correct amount from each, then puts them into a fresh clean one. He makes his way from his car through the front doors of the church interior and past the vestibule, he puts his fingers into the bowl of holy water and uses his wet fingers to smooth out his hair. Walking into the main cathedral of the church, he finds his way to the confessionals, sits and waits.

## INT. CHURCH, CONFESSIONAL BOOTH

Jimmy waits for the door to open on the other side. The smell of burning wax of the candles lit for lost souls. He hears the footsteps of a heavysset man coming in his direction. A shadow finally finds his way into the booth across from him. As the door on his side closes, Jimmy waits for a voice to pierce the silence.

FATHER MCKENZIE

My son, bless you, thank you for coming. Please open your heart to God.

JIMMY

Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned.

FATHER MCKENZIE

Praise the Lord that you have found comfort in confessing your sins.

JIMMY

Father, I'm weak, I easily fall into the path of the unrighteous. I'm influenced by greed and by the history of my fathers tribal matters...

FATHER MCKENZIE

I see.

JIMMY

I fornicate with women that I... barely know their names... and to be completely honest... don't want to know.

FATHER MCKENZIE

Please continue...

JIMMY

I don't believe in God, but I love to talk to him and tell him what he is doing wrong. God must be a Celtics fan!  
For my sins, what do you recommend?

FATHER MCKENZIE

I believe that one hundred Hail Mary's would do.

JIMMY

Sorry Father, that sounds like a lot of work. How about 30 Benjamin Franklin's?

Jimmy pulls an envelope out of his jacket pocket and slides it through the slot.

FATHER MCKENZIE

That will do. God bless you.

JIMMY

God bless the Boston Celtics for covering!

FATHER MCKENZIE

Amen.

EXT. DANBURY STATE PRISON, PARKING LOT - DAY

Jimmy and the boys wait in the car for Blake to make his way out the gated entrance. The sound of gates opening and closing through checkpoints, the figure of a man making his way down the path can be seen getting closer and closer. BLAKE KERR passes through the final gate, a bag of possessions under his arm, shakes the hand of the guard. You can read his lips from 30 feet away as he says "thank you". He looks out into the parking lot and squints his eyes and makes his way towards freedom for the first time in six years. Jimmy gets out of the car, Carlos, David and Simon stay behind.

JIMMY (V.O.)

About 7 years ago, Blake was 21 and the only one of us over 18 at the time. We were on this job where we paid off the truck driver of a delivery going to a major super market. The deal was we were to replace the trailer with an empty one while he was at a truck stop and pay the guy his money. When he got to the store and they discovered what happened, the bum cracked and gave us up. Picked Blake out of a police line-up. Blake went down, and never said a word about who helped him, claiming it was him all alone.

Jimmy walks faster now to beat Blake to the halfway point. He reaches him and Blake drops his bag and the two embrace, friends since childhood.

JIMMY

It's so good to see you, I mean to actually get to touch you.

BLAKE

Easy man, I've been fighting off that kind of thing for years now.

JIMMY

I'm sure you put the fear of the Points into those guys.

BLAKE

Most of those dipshits don't know anything about nothing, and even less about anything that matters. No loyalty in there.

JIMMY

Let's get you out of here.

The two of them walk away from the prison, backs turn to the gates as they make their way to the waiting car.

FROM THE FRONT GATE, FROM THE GUARD'S PERSPECTIVE, SEEING THEIR BACKS GET SMALLER

DAVID

Well, look at this. What am I seeing, a ghost? You're like...

CARLOS

A figment of my imagination! Where have you been?

BLAKE

It's good to see you, too.

DAVID

We have something planned for you. Damn, I wish I was the one getting out of the pokey.

BLAKE

No, you don't.

CARLOS

Come on, let's get you back to the Points and let's get drunk!

Jimmy opens the trunk and puts Blake's bag into it. Blake gets into the back seat. Simon makes a sound for the first time.

SIMON

Hello, Brother. My cousin says  
"hi".

BLAKE

Simon, hey! How ya been? Mom, dad?

SIMON

They're good, real good. Mother  
can't wait to kiss you. Father,  
well, he may punch you first, but  
you know Dad. First to help you up.

BLAKE

Like I'd go down.

SIMON

Like a bag of bones.

CARLOS

Let's go! This guy smells like  
cafeteria food!

BLAKE

Angelos, I've been dreaming of that  
veal parm!

JIMMY

That sounds great.

DAVID

Oh, oh, with the meatballs and  
that...

CARLOS

Sauce, with the peppers! God, yes,  
you're starting to smell better  
already!

BLAKE

Get me outta here, and guys... I  
love you man! Mets play tonight?

JIMMY

It's March, but I've got some  
Spring Training games recorded.  
You're gonna love it. They got this  
kid, first baseman, he's a freaking  
polar bear...

The car pulls away, drives into the setting sun, Westward  
away from the prison. The voices of the guys in the car can  
be heard as the car fades into the sunset.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Jimmy and the boys sit waiting for their newly released friend to finish upstairs. The look of no hurry at all comes across their faces. One reads the paper, the other on his phone. Jimmy, with eyes closed and relaxing.

CAMERA PANS TO THE RIGHT TO THE HOTEL'S FRONT DOORS. THE DARKNESS BEHIND THE FIGURE WALKING IN IS AGLOW FROM THE NEON STREET LIGHTS. A MAN IN HIS LATE 20'S WALKS IN LIKE A COWBOY IN AN OLD WESTERN, PUSHING THROUGH THE SALOON DOORS.

Ginramanshi (Gin) makes his way into the lobby and quickly finds his friends.

GIN

Well, look at what we have here.  
You look like three bounty hunters  
waiting on a mark, such killjoys.

(Gin, born in India, sent  
to school in London at age  
8, speaks with an accent  
of both cultures)

JIMMY

Always nice to see you. Where do  
you shop? Jesus, I have to get a  
new wardrobe! You could cut someone  
with that suit!

GIN

JC Penny's.

CARLOS

Bull...

DAVID

...shit. There's a mannequin in  
Brooks Brothers that looks just  
like you.

JIMMY

They're just jealous. They don't  
smell as good as you, and they  
dress poorly.

CARLOS

(looking at Jimmy)  
Your jeans have a hole in them.

DAVID

And your shoelaces are different  
colors.

JIMMY  
 (looking down at his  
 shoes)  
 What the fu...

GIN  
 I'm sure it was dark when you laced  
 those skates up.

Carlos looks at the passing waitress, tight skirt and  
 strawberry hair, looking like a lion measuring up his prey.  
 He glances at his friends and mouths the words "I'll be  
 back".

CAMERA PANS TO THE LEFT TO THE ELEVATOR DOORS. THE RED LIGHT  
 ILLUMINATING THE FLOOR NUMBERS SHOWS 5, THEN 4, THEN 3, 2, 1.  
 BEAT. THE DOOR OPENS AND WE SEE BLAKE WITH TWO BEAUTIFUL  
 WOMEN HANGING ONTO HIM, MOSTLY TO KEEP HIM FROM NOT FALLING  
 OVER. THEY BOTH GIVE HIM A KISS GOOD NIGHT AND TELLS HIM HE  
 KNOWS WHERE TO FIND THEM.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

BLAKE  
 Gin!!!

GIN  
 Blake, so good to see you again. So  
 what was it like being the catcher  
 and not the pitcher?

BLAKE  
 Is that some kind of cricket joke,  
 because I will shove one of those  
 flat bats up your ass!

GIN  
 Welcome home. You have a lot of  
 catching up to do. I see you are  
 well on your way.

BLAKE  
 I got to pace myself. Those girls  
 did things... I go away for six  
 years and this place turns into  
 Sodom and Gomorrah.

Gin turns his smile into a look of deadly seriousness.

GIN  
 We have a lot to discuss. Business  
 matters. Please follow me.

JIMMY

Hey, we will let you two catch up.  
We will meet up with you later.

Jimmy and David begin to leave the hotel.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Where's Carlos?

DAVID

Hunting.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Gin and Blake move over to the sofas and sit down.

GIN

Time on the inside moves very  
slowly. What you did for your tribe  
will not be forgotten.

BLAKE

The hands on the clock did seem to  
move in reverse.

GIN

We can't turn back time, but we can  
make the future tick a little  
smoother.

Gin produces an envelope out of his suit jacket pocket as well as a wallet, black, slightly worn, perhaps six years of wear.

GIN (CONT'D)

(handing everything to  
Blake)

You'll find everything you need in  
there to get you back on track.  
If there is anything else you need,  
please let me know. My number is on  
the card inside the wallet. It's  
truly good to see you again.

Blake takes the items from Gin and watches his friend slowly walk out the hotel lobby. He looks into the envelope into what looks like possibly \$5,000 in it. The wallet, with credit cards, various debit cards, a drivers license with a recent photo of him to expire in 4 years. A AAA card, and a Post-it note stuck to the inside reading "Welcome home. The address on the license is your new home. Sorry it's just a condo. It's only slightly larger than the 6 x 9 you have become accustomed to. But we hope you like it."



EXT. CONDO FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Blake stands in front of the front door of the address on his driver's license. He opens the door and walks in.

CAMERA SHOWS BLAKE'S SHOES STEPPING THROUGH THE THRESHOLD. STEPPING INTO HIS NEW "HOME" THE LIGHTS COME ON BEFORE HE CAN BEGIN TO LOOK FOR THE SWITCH. AN ELECTRONIC VOICE CUTS THROUGH THE NEWLY LIT ROOM. "WELCOME HOME, BLAKE". NOT SURE HOW TO RESPOND, HE FINDS HIS WAY TO THE LIVING ROOM. FULLY FURNISHED, NICE HIGH END PIECES. A SOFA PERFECTLY PLACED, A LARGE SCREEN TV WITH A REMOTE PLACED ON THE TABLE. HE PICKS IT UP AND TURNS IT ON. BLAKE, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME, RELAXES AND SITS BACK. THE TV COMES TO LIFE, AND BLAKE STARTS TO CRY.

EXT. CAFE - MORNING

THE BACK OF 4 MEN WALKING UP THE WALKWAY INTO A LOCAL DINER, MAKING THEIR WAY INTO THE CAFE. THE OTHER PEOPLE WAITING IN LINE, KNOWING WHO IS COMING, THEY MOVE ASIDE. A WAITRESS ENCOURAGES THE MEN TO MAKE THEIR WAY TO THEIR USUAL BOOTH.

JIMMY

We're going to need a bigger table.  
There's one more coming.

WAITRESS

Please give me a minute.

CARLOS

Take your time. We appreciate...

DAVID

...Anything you can do.  
(nodding)

EXT. CAFE PARKING LOT - DAY

Blake pulls up in a new car, parks, makes his way into the cafe. Makes his way to the table of 5 waiting for it's final piece to fall into place.

INT. CAFE-TABLE IN THE BACK - DAY

Blake sits down at the open seat at the table, The head seat, Jimmy sitting in the middle.

BLAKE

Gentlemen, good morning. Wow, the last 48 hours have been amazing. The head start you have given me, I have no words. Beat...

JIMMY

I do. That and more, is what is owed to you. We've kept tabs. Adjusting for inflation. There's been E-Trade, and Yahoo and Google this and Google that. All kinds of crazy sites sucking peoples money. But yours have been steadfast. We've... you've invested in people of this community.

CARLOS

Your father and your father's father laid down a foundation that made this town strong. We are strong...

DAVID

...because of what came before you. Your name. What you did will live forever because that's how you... we... stand up against the rising of the tide.

BLAKE

Who talks like this? What are you two doing? When did this start... Jimmy?

CARLOS/DAVID

What?

BLAKE

(looks at Jimmy and Simon)  
You two don't hear this?  
(Implying the speech patter his two friends have fallen into, using his fingers to show lips moving in synchronicity)

SIMON

Blake, I need to tell you something.

BLAKE

Jesus, F...ing. I knew it, please don't tell me you're gay, I had enough of that inside!

SIMON

No!!! Relax, this is good news. I'm getting married.

BLAKE

To a woman?

SIMON

Of course to a woman!!

BLAKE

I don't know, there was that Justin Bieber phase, and the Timberlake poster, I was gone a while.

SIMON

No... It's Vanessa... Espinosa.

BLAKE

Shit!!! Really? Sweet!

SIMON

I can't believe it myself. Here's the thing. I need a best man. You're my best man.

BLAKE

I've been out 3 days.

SIMON

You're my best man. The best man I've ever known. And we've waited long enough.

BLAKE

When is this happening?

INT. CHURCH - DAY

St. Peters Cathedral is filled with everyone from the town as Simon and Vanessa stand in front of the priest. Camera shows shots of proud fathers and friends, wives and girlfriends with tears in their eyes as the wedding ceremony words echo through the silence.

FATHER MCKENZIE

I now pronounce you husband and wife.

Simon takes Vanessa and kisses his new bride to cheers from the crowd.

INT. BANQUET HALL - DAY

A room fills with music, people, couples talking, laughing, dancing, children running around playing tag, the older kids not of age to drink, sneaking sips of champagne and beer from the bar keeper. Simon sits at the wedding party table holding court. Blake was the one getting all the attention. People from the town wait in line to first go up to Blake and hand him envelopes, thanking him before they get up to Simon and Vanessa to hand them their wedding gift envelope.

INT. BANQUET HALL - CONTINUOUS

Simon looks for a fork, takes one and starts to bang it against the champagne glass. The pinging sound fills the air and the guests start to simmer down and eagerly await his words.

SIMON

Friends, family, and honored guests, Vanessa and I would like to thank you for all your beautiful support and for joining us on what has been the most amazing day. I want all of you to give my brother, who's been on "vacation", a round of applause. Very well rested, he has a few things to say.

The guests clap, sounds of people cheering and "welcome backs" fill the air. Voices encouraging "toast, toast".

The guests listen to Simon speak. Men's eyes wander to the bridesmaids. Antsy children run around playing, the cheering quiets down as Blake stands and grabs his glass and raises it in the air.

BLAKE

Just 4 days ago I was away taking care of business. Now I'm back to such wonderful friends and family. Then I'm told that my little brother is getting married and he wants me to be the best man. I ask him when, and he says "tomorrow!"

GUESTS LAUGH

BLAKE (CONT'D)

I will make it short and sweet. As everyone can see by the beautiful woman you have sitting next to you, you're one lucky man. Everyone raise your glasses and be outstanding. To my little brother who in many ways today has become bigger than me. TO SIMON AND VANESSA!

THE GUESTS CHEER AND CLAP HERE! HERE!

INT. DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy out on the dance floor dancing with a young girl, 8 or 9. Smiling, laughing, twirling her around. A hand taps him on the shoulder trying to get his attention. Jimmy turns to see LISA MITCHELL.

CLOSE UP ON THE LITTLE GIRL'S FACE OBVIOUSLY DISAPPOINTED THAT THEIR DANCE WAS OVER.

LISA

May I cut in?

LITTLE GIRL (ANGIE)

Jimmy!!!

JIMMY

Don't worry, you're still my best girl!

LITTLE GIRL

(smiling again)

My Prince Charming

INT. RECEPTION HALL - DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

LISA

A lot of things are changing. Might you have some free time for us?

JIMMY

Time, I have plenty of. The sneaking around... it's not good for my heart.

LISA

Let me worry about your heart. My father is harmless. He respects you.

JIMMY

Harmless?!? I know what he did to the last guy that you were seeing, couldn't find a job the entire Tri-State area! He's working on a fishing boat off the coast of Canada.

LISA

Brian was a bit too handsy in public. I tried to warn him.  
(jokingly)  
Eyes everywhere. Besides, he knew how I felt about you.

JIMMY

If we're not careful, no matter how much sway I hold here, I could end up manning a radar tower in Alaska. They'll just mail me my clothes.

LISA

I'd never let that happen to you. No matter the history behind our fathers, if I told him what would truly make his little girl happy.

JIMMY

If only it could be that simple. I could see it now. Me going up to your father, "Mr. Mitchell, Sir. We have had our issues. Over 10 years. You and I have fought over territorial rights. I've stolen from you, you've stolen it back. All that aside... may I have your permission to bang your daughter for the next fifty years?"

LISA

JIMMY!!! Only the next fifty? How old do you think I am?

JIMMY

I know exactly how old you are. Oh what fun we had on those 4th of July birthday parties your mother threw.

LISA

We've been dancing around this for years. And yes the sneaking is killing me as well. But everyone sees us dancing now. The more they see it, little by little, it will become normal. We could be normal. Our union could unite our families again.

JIMMY

Or it could rip it apart forever.

Lisa stares into Jimmy's eyes. CAMERA CLOSE UP of Jimmy's stoic face, slowly melting back into that "can't resist" little boy.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The sound of two people in bed, under the sheets, not quite making out who they are. The passion climaxes, the young woman on top rolls onto her side, both laying there in the bed looking up at the ceiling, exhausted and satisfied. The woman gets up and throws on a robe and walks away into a connecting room.

LISA

Now, that wasn't so bad, was it?  
(smiling)

JIMMY

Always great.

Lisa makes her way back into the bed, lays down beside him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

It's not the togetherness that scares me. It's the feeling of not being in control when we are apart. The lies, the hiding. Not being able to let people we care about know how much we care.

LISA

Let me talk to my father. Let's make this right.

JIMMY

Your father and I have some unfinished business that will soon pass. Let me get it resolved. I promise, as soon as it's over, we'll go to him together.

LISA

You promise? Okay, I'll wait. I've waited this long.

INT. BAR OFFICE - NIGHT

Jimmy sits at a desk, pulls out his phone and searches through contacts, finds the number of Morris Mitchell, hits dial. The phone rings a few times, then a voice picks up.

VOICE (O.C.)

Yes, can I help you?

JIMMY

This is James Valentino, I need to speak to Mr. Mitchell.

VOICE

Mr. Mitchell is not available. I will give him the message you called...

INT. MORRIS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Man standing behind unnamed message taker, reaches for the phone

MORRIS

Jimmy, I'm sorry for the middle man. I enjoyed seeing you all at Simon's wedding. I've been meaning to reach out to you.

JIMMY

Differences aside, there are always times for celebration.

MORRIS

I noticed my daughter was having quite a good time.

CAMERA SHOWS JIMMY'S FACE TURNING A LITTLE WORRIED

MORRIS (CONT'D)

I was meaning to talk to her later that day, but she disappeared quite suddenly. I wanted to ask you if you knew where she was, but I couldn't find you, either.



JIMMY

I was probably busy with cleaning up in the back. I wouldn't have been much help.

MORRIS

You're quite the dancer. What can I help you with.

JIMMY

I would like to schedule a meeting at the crossing. I have a proposition to discuss with you concerning payments due.

MORRIS

Why so formal? The crossing is so cold and dark. Please just come to my office, let's say this coming Wednesday, 7pm. We can have dinner.

JIMMY

Fine. Oh, I'm coming alone. I respectfully ask the same.

MORRIS

Dinner for two.

INT. JIMMY'S PARENTS HOUSE-DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A kitchen busy with a family preparing the evening meal. Jimmy's mother (LAURA VANLENTINO) stirs a pot of sauce, his younger sister (CARLA) helps, setting the table. His father (ROBERT VALENTINO) watches the soccer match on the TV. Jimmy gets the glasses and brings some wine and beers out for his mother and father. Jimmy comes back into the kitchen and takes a fork and pokes a meatball from the pot.

LAURA

(Jimmy's mother)  
Stop that, you wait  
(calling him a playful  
name in her native tongue  
of Portuguese)

JIMMY

Sorry, I'm hungry. Come on, let's eat!

CARLA

The bread's not burnt yet!

ROBERT  
 (Jimmy's father)  
 Just a few minutes, almost over.

JIMMY  
 Pause it.

ROBERT  
 I don't like it, don't trust.

CARLA  
 (Jimmy's younger sister)  
 Dad, it will be paused, frozen. You  
 can come back hours later, you  
 won't miss anything.

JIMMY  
 Forget it, Carla. He would still  
 use a rotary phone if he could.

ROBERT  
 Some things don't need to change,  
 you don't see them trying to  
 reinvent the wheel.

JIMMY/CARLA  
 Dad!!

CARLA (CONT'D)  
 Let's see how long you last without  
 that satellite TV, for your soccer  
 games.

ROBERT  
 Fine... what button is the pause?

INT. DINING ROOM TABLE - NIGHT

LAURA  
 It was so nice to see Blake. Oh his  
 parents were so happy, and Simon's  
 wedding... so beautiful!

CARLA  
 Prison made him strong. OMG. In  
 another life time!

ROBERT  
 You focus on school. Get your head  
 out of that nonsense.

JIMMY

It's fine. She's too smart to get mixed up with someone like HIM! Right?

(looks at Carla)

CARLA

He's good enough to be your best friend, I mention that he looks good, and NOW he's a bad influence? Of course he's a bad influence. He just got out of prison.

LAURA

You listen to your father and brother, there's plenty of boys at school. No, no boys. You STUDY! Enough talk, let's eat, getting cold. Jimmy, honey... pass the bread.

EXT. BACKYARD PICNIC TABLE - NIGHT

ROBERT

Jimmy, I want you to be careful. I hear things. I know you think... I'm retired, there's nothing that happens in the points that I don't know about.

JIMMY

No one is trying to keep anything from you. You're one of the few people I can come to. Anything I don't tell you or come to you first with, is only because I feel I got this.

ROBERT

I worry about you. Too young to be handling so much, at your age... I couldn't imagine.

JIMMY

I'm sure you've imagined enough. Everything we have is because of you and your imagination.

ROBERT

I hear you're meeting with Morris.

JIMMY

You do have your ear to the ground!

ROBERT

There's nothing that happens in the points that...

JIMMY

...you don't know about. I shouldn't be surprised.

ROBERT

I want you to make good decisions, I respect, and trust you. I know you will always do the right thing.

JIMMY

I learned from the best.

ROBERT

Wednesday night... you need any help?

JIMMY

No.

INT. BAR-GREEN DRAGON TAVERN-BOOTH - LATE AFTERNOON

Jimmy sits in the booth in the back. The front door opens and a figure of a man comes walking through with the slightest sign of a limp. David makes his way to the booth to sit down with his friend.

DAVID

I got your text, and I have a few ideas how to make your meeting a little more productive.

JIMMY

Of course you do! You know what I need before... I know I need it.

David nods, realizing his friend appreciates his efforts. You can see a bond there that goes beyond friendship.

David reaches into his jacket pocket and produces a small box.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What are those? They look like some high end military grade ear buds.

DAVID

These are high end military grade ear buds...

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

They're also digital ear monitoring recording microphones.

JIMMY

We need these why?

DAVID

When you meet with Morris, you wear these, they're small, and won't be seen. I will be a few blocks away recording the conversation.

JIMMY

And you want to do this why?...

DAVID

For protection down the road. You're not the only one here thinking long term.

Jimmy stares at the devices, trying to get a sense of what David is thinking. A customer passes by the booth and Jimmy tucks them into his palms so they won't be seen.

DAVID (CONT'D)

They work as a recording device. Everything your ears hear, gets transmitted back to me and recorded on a digital. So that we can "manipulate" down the road. We're going to need it one day.

JIMMY

Where did you get these, this looks like top secret spy shit.

DAVID

You should see the things I brought back from Iraq. Military Inventory control is very lacking. Shit gets blown up all the time. IED's and road side attacks, we're lucky the nuclear lounge codes aren't on the menu at a falafel house in Lebanon.

JIMMY

That's reassuring.

DAVID

They're changed every 12 hours if it makes you feel better?

JIMMY

No.

DAVID

Sit down with Morris, keep him engaged as long as possible. The more words I can record, the better.

JIMMY

I know where you're going with this. Good work.

DAVID

For the tribe.

JIMMY

For our Tribe!

EXT. BRICK BUILDING-RED FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Jimmy knocks on the door and waits. After a few moments, the sound of footsteps can be heard getting closer. Door opens. Jimmy is let inside by one of Morris' men. A tall man dressed in black stops him from going much further than a few feet inside.

David sits in a car about half a block away. He can see Jimmy waiting at the front door. He hold a black box the size of a old style Sony Walkman. Presses the record button, and waits.

BIG GUY IN BLACK

Arms out, spread your legs.

JIMMY

Not even a drink first?

Big Guy proceeds to pat down Jimmy.

BIG GUY IN BLACK

(talking into sleeve)

He's clean.

Jimmy puts his fingers in his ear, His hair long enough to cover them, checking for the ear buds.

Jimmy is escorted into the main building and down the hall. Big Guy encourages Jimmy to sit at the table. Across from him is a gentleman, well dressed and perfectly groomed.

MORRIS

Mr. Valentino, please sit down. I've taken the liberty of ordering a meal for us. How do you like your meat? Rare, I assumed.

JIMMY

Obviously.

Two of Morris' men walk into the room and take positions behind him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I thought we agreed on no pets.

Morris nods, they move back.

MORRIS

May I offer you a glass of wine?

JIMMY

I'm not thirsty.

MORRIS

No need to be so short. I know you are eager to get down to business, but we have time to catch up.

JIMMY

Let me begin by expressing my gratitude for your patience. I know that this legacy payment has been a long time coming and I do believe I have a solution that will make you whole.

MORRIS

I'm listening.

JIMMY

As you well know, we have owed you the 25 large. Here's what I propose. We have an associate that owes us the same amount down in Baton Rouge, who has offered to pay us 30 thousand in diamonds.

MORRIS

I see.

JIMMY

He's willing to pay us the extra five, call it interest or a pain in the ass fee. We are willing to do the same to you. We have no connection in the diamond trade, you do. We will give you 30 thousand, 5 more than we owe.

MORRIS

That can be arranged.

JIMMY

Here's the thing, our guy down in Louisiana can only produce 10 thousand at a time. We will have to pay you in increments as well.

MORRIS

How long is this balance going to take?

JIMMY

Not long. 10 days, 2 weeks.

MORRIS

Why don't you just pay me all 30 thousand when you get it all?

JIMMY

I'd rather not sit on 10 at a time. I want you to inspect them. I wouldn't know a diamond from a piece of Lego.

MORRIS

When would we be receiving our first payment?

JIMMY

3 days. One of my men is going down to the swamps to pick up the payment tomorrow.

MORRIS

You know, Jimmy, you got your dirty little fingers in a lot of dirty little pies. But that's okay, it's actually very admirable. Me, on the other hand, I have the police and politicians in my back pocket, YOU have them in your front pocket, massaging your balls as you walk down the street. How is that?

JIMMY

You and I have very different ways of doing business. I like people on my side, not making them have to choose.



MORRIS

Speaking of choices, how is your father and uncle? Everything good?

EXT-CAR-NIGHT

DAVID

Keep him talking, you're doing great.

INT. MORRIS' OFFICE -CONT

JIMMY

They're in fine form. They asked about you as well.

MORRIS

After all this time, the things your dad and I, and your uncle, when we were your age, much like your friend Blake, I was the one that did the time. There's always been this nagging little... can't quite explain it... a pebble in my shoe. It keeps me awake at night. Every time I think I have my finger on it, it just slips away. Like waking up from a dream just before you realize the answer to the question that has been bothering you your entire life.

JIMMY

Dreams can be tricky that way. I don't dream much myself. So we have a deal? I'll see you in 4 days.

Jimmy stands up and pushes his chair back, begins to leave.

MORRIS

Where are you going? We haven't eaten yet.

JIMMY

I've lost my appetite.

EXT. MOVING CAR-PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Carlos pulls up and parks in long term at the airport. He grabs a small bag and jumps on a shuttle to the departures.

INT. CABIN OF PLANE - DAY

Carlos finds his seat and struggles with the seat belt as they make announcements over the speakers. A stewardess in her mid thirties makes her way over to him.

STEWARDESS  
 (very attractive, bending  
 over to help)  
 Let me help with that.

CARLOS  
 Thank you. I am all thumbs today.  
 You smell nice. What is that?

STEWARDESS  
 Honey roasted peanuts.

CARLOS  
 Delicious.

STEWARDESS  
 Thank you.  
 (smiling)  
 Will you be staying in Louisiana  
 long?

CARLOS  
 For a few days, only business,  
 unfortunately.

STEWARDESS  
 (slipping a card into  
 Carlos' jacket pocket)  
 Well, I am sure you can find some  
 time for pleasure.

CARLOS  
 Thank you, I will... and I will.

Carlos closes his eyes and feels the plane start to rumble down the tarmac.

INT. BAR-GREEN DRAGON TAVERN-BOOTH - LATE AFTERNOON

Jimmy, David, Simon and Blake sit in the booth, going over details of the plan and Jimmy's meeting with Morris.

DAVID  
 I wish you would have kept him  
 talking longer. I need more words,  
 a very specific set of words.

JIMMY

The man says what the man says. I can't put words in his mouth.

SIMON

(clutching his fist)  
I'd like to put something else in his mouth.

BLAKE

Stay focused here. I need to know what's going on.

JIMMY

We've owed Morris' crew a legacy payment for some time now. We've struck a deal that will make us square.

SIMON

What kind of deal?

JIMMY

Carlos is in New Orleans. We've set up a meeting with the LaFontaines for acquiring of the \$8000 they owe us, for our patience they are giving us \$10,000 in diamonds.

BLAKE

So far, so good.

JIMMY

We will give Morris those \$10,000 in diamonds as the first of 3 payments. We don't have connections with jewels, and I don't want to branch out any further.

DAVID

So we're going to give Morris these diamonds as the first of 3 payments?

(looking a bit confused)

JIMMY

After Morris verifies that the diamonds are real, we will owe another 2 installments, about a week apart. That will give us time to...

BLAKE

Time to do what?

JIMMY  
Steal them back.

Blake, Simon and David all look at each other with a little bit of worry on their faces.

SIMON  
How exactly are we going to do that?

JIMMY  
We have an inside man. Gin handles all of his day to day financials. He has access to his safe.

DAVID  
What's the plan?

JIMMY  
After Morris acquires the diamonds, he most likely...

BLAKE  
Most likely...?

JIMMY  
Most likely will put them in his safe. Locked away in his office. We then steal them back, and replace them with fakes.

DAVID  
This is the plan?  
(sounding skeptical)

JIMMY  
After we steal the diamonds back, we will set up another meeting and give Morris his second payment.

BLAKE  
That's two.

JIMMY  
And then we will steal them a second time  
(sounding confident)

SIMON  
And replace those as well with fakes? Where are we going to get fake diamonds?

JIMMY

(snaps his fingers and  
points at Simon)

Exactly! They're sold online.

(sarcastically)

Have you heard of the internet?  
We then set up the third meeting,  
give him the same diamonds one last  
time.

DAVID

(cuts Jimmy off)

If I have my math right, we've now  
given him the same batch of  
diamonds 3 times. He thinks he's  
gotten \$30,000 when we've only  
given him \$10,000. We have to break  
into his office not once, but  
TWICE, hopefully not get caught or  
worse, and then hold our breath  
that he doesn't find out they are  
fake, which he will one day, and  
then the...

BLAKE

Yeah... all over the place.

JIMMY

This will work.

SIMON

It won't work.

JIMMY

It could work.

DAVID

It won't work.

JIMMY

It might work.

BLAKE

It won't work.

JIMMY

You three have a better idea?

Blake, Simon and David look at each other, with looks of  
confusion and apprehension, slump back in the booth, and  
sigh.

BLAKE/SIMON/DAVID  
 (at the same time)  
 It's got to work.

EXT. OLD BEATEN UP BUILDING - DAY

Carlos pulls up in a rental car, parks in what looks like old swamp land, makes his way through the dirt parking lot, avoids puddles of water from the recent rains. He makes his way into what looks like an old voodoo shop out in the middle of nowhere.

INT. VOODOO SHOP COUNTER - DAY

Carlos waits at the counter for a few moments, then looks for a bell or something to ring.

CARLOS  
 Hello, anyone here? I can hear movement back there.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 We're by appointment only.

CARLOS  
 I believe you are expecting me. Mr. James Valentino sent me.

We hear movement from the small back office. A string of beads hanging from the door jam starts to move and a small black man makes his way to his side of the counter.

This man in his mid to late 70's proceeds to look at Carlos with suspicious eyes, looking him up and down.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry for coming unannounced, but it seems your butler was predisposed.

LITTLE BLACK MAN  
 I'm afraid norther humor escapes me.

CARLOS  
 I don't know any alligator jokes.

LITTLE BLACK MAN  
 My name is Picard. Mr. LaFontaine to you. I'm assuming you have proof of who you are.

(MORE)

## LITTLE BLACK MAN (CONT'D)

Mr. Valentino said you would  
produce a very particular item.

Carlos reaches into his jacket pocket and produces a small velvet satchel and hands it over to the man.

The man opens the bag and removes a small golden cross, looks it over and nods.

PICARD

Thank you. Always nice to do  
business with honest thieves.

CARLOS

We are nothing if not men of our  
word.

PICARD

Indeed.

CARLOS

I'm sure you're busy, perhaps now  
what I came for.

Picard makes his way back into the small office through the beads. The sounds of someone opening drawers and cabinets.

Carlos takes a step back to try and get a better look through the beads.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Is everything okay in there? If  
it's on a high shelf, I can help.

PICARD

I'm fine, sorry. It's just that it  
was securely packed away.

The beads move aside and the small black man approaches the counter again and hands over a wooden box with a locked latch on one of the sides. He hands over a small key.

Carlos opens the box to find a purple velvet bag, reaches inside and pulls out several small to medium sized diamonds and looks them over.

CARLOS

How do I know these are real?

PICARD

You don't. There has to be trust  
among honest thieves.

Carlos nods.

CARLOS  
I'm sure they're fine. I trust that  
your relationship with the  
Valentino's will continue.

Carlos packs up the bag into the box, leaves the shop.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
Have a nice day.

PICARD  
Next time, make an appointment.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Carlos lays in bed, stares at the ceiling, looks to his left to see a beautiful naked woman in his bed with him. Checks his phone on the night stand, checks his emails and texts and sees one from David.

CARLOS  
(reading the text)  
Move your ass, lover boy!

Carlos looks at the woman, reluctantly gets out of bed, walks into the bathroom and turns on the shower.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carlos, fully dressed, grabs his bag, turns to the woman still in the bed, the stewardess from the airplane. Turns to her as he walks out the door.

CARLOS  
Got to go, babe.

WOMAN  
(smiling)  
You got my number.

INT. BAR-GREEN DRAGON TAVERN-BOOTH - NIGHT

Carlos walks in to see his friends already sitting in their booth. Only room for 4, David gets up to make room.

DAVID  
I'm going to go grab us some beers.  
How was your trip?

CARLOS  
Productive.



DAVID  
What was her name?

CARLOS  
Babe.

Carlos sits down and produces the box with the bag of diamonds. He carefully removes a few. Jimmy nods over to a gentleman sitting at the main bar waiting for the sign. A well dressed man with a beard wearing a yarmulke makes his way to the table, without stopping picks up the two stones left on the edge of he table. The man walks into the bathroom.

Man finds a stall and closes the door and sits down, takes out a small magnifying device and looks at the stones, looking confident they are real. He returns back into the bar and walks past the men, a simple nod of the head and the tribe knows they're real.

INT. BAR-GREEN DRAGON TAVERN-MAIN BAR - CONTINUOUS

David waits for the bar keep's attention and puts up 5 fingers. She knows instinctively what to get. They all drink the same beer. David is approached by a bar regular and mostly loser HARRIS.

HARRIS  
Hey, David, what's up, man? Could you possibly help me out and get me a few drinks, I'm a little light 'til Friday. I'll pay you back. You know how it is...

DAVID  
Ahhh, no, actually I don't. I saw a text from Cooper's Deli that you placed a bet not an hour ago on tonight's Laker's game.

HARRIS  
Come on, that's a sure thing.

DAVID  
Let me get this straight. You got gambling money, you just don't have spending money?

HARRIS  
When I win, I'll buy some rounds. Come on, what do you say?

David gets the bar keeps attention and puts up two fingers, then gives the universal sign for "cut him off" by slicing his own neck with the gesture. He makes his way back to the table, grabs a chair and sits at the head.

INT. BAR-GREEN DRAGON TAVERN-BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

DAVID  
What did I miss?

SIMON  
We got the positive ID from Rabbi black beard. We are good to go.

JIMMY  
I'll set it up. This time, I'm not going alone. He broke his word, we go together.

BLAKE  
I hope you know what you're doing.

CARLOS  
No one do anything stupid and we will be...

DAVID  
...one step closer from out of that controlling prick's shadow. Don't forget, you're wearing the ear buds. Keep him talking.

Jimmy nods a reassuring gesture.

JIMMY  
We meet in two nights, 7 pm. This time, It's at the Crossing. Wear a coat.

INT. BAR-GREEN DRAGON TAVERN - LATE AFTERNOON

WE ARE LOOKING AT 6 MEN SITTING NEXT TO EACH OTHER BELLIED UP TO THE BAR. ALL LOOKING UP AT THE TV SCREENS REACTING AND CHEERING AND/OR UPSET ABOUT CALLS IN THE GAME THEY ARE WATCHING. WE SEE THEM FROM THE BARTENDER'S POINT OF VIEW, FACES LOOKING AT THE CAMERA.

The men are eating, drinking, laughing, talking about the plan that Jimmy had laid out for them earlier in the day.

BLAKE

So, fake diamonds, have you seen them, how real do they look? How did you get him to accept this deal?

JIMMY

I made him an offer he couldn't refuse.

SIMON

And if he did, to the mattresses!!! We'll go all in.

BLAKE

Oh, no, don't do that, don't start with that!

Blake turns to his left trying to see if there's any common sense on that side.

CARLOS

You talking to me? You must be talking to me... I don't see anyone else here.

BLAKE

(looking at Carlos)

Everyone's here. Everyone. David, what do you make of this?

DAVID

You want the truth? You can't handle the truth!

BLAKE

And we're off!

JIMMY

(taking a bite of his food)

mmmmm... This is a tasty burger.

Blake rolls his eyes, knowing that his friends are off on their little tangents, and nothing of importance will be discussed tonight. Takes a big swallow of his beer.

BLAKE

Gin, what do you think?

GIN

We're going to need a bigger boat.

## EXT. TRAIN STATION-CROSSING DEPOT - NIGHT

A large, mostly empty railroad crossing warehouse. In the middle sits a large wooden table with chairs positioned around it. A group of men on either side of the warehouse slowly make their way to the table.

As both groups reach the table, Jimmy's crew of 5 is outnumbered. No one makes a move for a chair, waiting for someone else to take the first step. Close up shots of faces of men in their mid to late twenties, contrasted by over ten slightly more weathered faces of thugs and business men in their late 40's and mid 50's.

MORRIS

Well, well, well... if it isn't Robin Hood and his merry men. Where is Friar Tuck?

JIMMY

I believe you have us confused with some other acquaintances.

MORRIS

Perhaps, I do. There were more of them.

JIMMY

Mr. Mitchell, may we...?  
(pointing to the chairs)

MORRIS

Please, it's Morris. And yes, let's sit down. Let me just say, we could have all saved a lot of time by just meeting at my office, but I understand your need for tradition, after all, you are your father's son.

JIMMY

We meet here from now on. I wouldn't want anyone in your part of town thinking we were starting to become friends.

MORRIS

Oh God, no. I wouldn't want anyone thinking that a man who's "secretly" going around with my daughter, and not very well if I may add, would be treated kindly in my establishments. Oh Jimmy, Mr. Valentino. You underestimate me.

JIMMY

I mean no disrespect. I'll try to do a better job of keeping secrets.

SIMON

Could we... you know.  
(gesturing with his hands to move things along)

MORRIS

As impatient as always, I see.

CARLOS

It's just that we have this big feast back at Sherwood Forest that...

DAVID

...we are in no hurry to get to. Excuse my friends. Please let these gentlemen continue.

BLAKE

There's that thing again. None of you hear this? You... you look smart.

(pointing to a man sitting on Morris' side of the table)

What do you make of this?

Camera shows faces of men about to possibly explain what they heard, before they can, they are cut off.

MORRIS

Gentlemen, I do believe the Upper West Side has brought some gifts.

Carlos reaches into a leather carrying case and produces the box. It's pushed across the table. Morris opens the box, then the purple velvet bag inside and proceeds to give it to one of his men.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

You of course won't mind if we verify the quality?

JIMMY

I insist.

The box is passed to a man wearing a very high end suit. He removes the diamonds and looks at them through the magnifier. He looks at about 5 random stones. Nods approvingly. Pours all of them out onto a scale.

DIAMOND EXPERT

In my opinion, very good grade, and by weight, I would value these around \$11,000. Of course I would need more time to inspect each stone...

MORRIS

That will be fine. I'm sure Mr. Valentino's contact in the swamps has made good. When can I expect the next installment?

JIMMY

4 days.

MORRIS

I guess our business here is concluded.

DAVID

Jimmy, the other matter about that thing... you know, the...

Both Jimmy and Morris look a little confused at first. Morris wondering what his much younger counter part is up to.

JIMMY

Oh. Oh, right.

MORRIS

Are we done here?

JIMMY

What my friend is referring to is, we had sent you a gift for being so patient and working with us on this payment. Some whiskey and wine from Simon's wedding. We were wondering if you got them yet?

MORRIS

No, but I'm sure it's just an oversight from my receiving department.

JIMMY

You let me know when you do. It would make me feel better.

MORRIS

If I didn't know better, I would think you're trying to keep me around.

JIMMY

Oh, hell no. It's spring, but it's cold out here. You were right about your office. Let's get out of here.

MORRIS

Are we done?

Jimmy and his crew get up to leave.

JIMMY

(turning to David,  
speaking softly)

Remind me to send some whiskey and wine.

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Jimmy walks up to the front door of an apartment. The long hall of a modern building. He rings the door bell, and waits. After a few moments, the door opens.

LISA

Jimmy! Come in.  
(giving him a hug and a  
kiss)

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy walks in to Lisa's apartment and makes his way to the sofa and sits down. He sees a magazine on the coffee table, picks it up and starts to flip through.

LISA

(sitting down next to him)  
Put that down, talk to me.

Jimmy looks around the apartment and try's to make himself feel comfortable on the sofa. He's been there many times before, but acts like it's the first.

JIMMY

Your father knows about us. I met with him last night. I don't think he's happy about it.

LISA

A girl knows when her father is happy, about the kind of boys she is seeing. When I mention your name, there's never any doubt he knows that you would make me happy.

JIMMY

My respect for your father is compromised. I know what he did for my family. The way he looks at me, it's like he's trying to solve a mystery.

LISA

He's always solving a riddle. I look into his eyes, and he doesn't see me. He's trying to crack a code.

JIMMY

Fathers always see their daughters! He loves you more than life!

LISA

I wish he would show it more, just a bit.

JIMMY

Your father is a man of business. What he doesn't show in affection, he projects outward, aggression towards his crew.

LISA

Your meeting, went well?

JIMMY

We have a deal in place.

INT. BAR-GREEN DRAGON TAVERN-BOOTH - NIGHT

Jimmy sits at the bar talking with friends. Nodding to people he doesn't know as they walk by. Looking at his phone to check the time and for any texts. He's waiting for his friend Gin to discuss the opportunity to get the diamonds out of Morris' hands.

Jimmy sees Gin walking in and nudges him to a booth. He walks away from the bar and makes his way to the always open booth.

JIMMY

Are we on track?

GIN

It was close. He wanted his man, Cohen, to keep the rocks.

(MORE)



GIN (CONT'D)

I had to express concern, and get him to understand we didn't know what we really had yet, and needed to keep them close.

Jimmy nods with slight concern, the look of worry.

GIN (CONT'D)

I put them in his safe. Right where you wanted them.

JIMMY

That was close.

GIN

Too close. This can fall apart very quickly.

JIMMY

You know he trusts you. We trust you.

Gin looks at the menu, eyes scanning the room for who is there, might be seeing them together.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I know you're worried. You have to believe me, I would never ask you to do something that I didn't think you could handle.

GIN

Books, I can handle. Financials, I can handle. I know money. I know decimal points and how one placed in the wrong spot changes everything. Oh, you thought you had a million dollars, oops, sorry, that zero went away and now you don't. That's what I do. What you're asking me to do... is...?

JIMMY

Unacceptable.

GIN

If this goes wrong, I will lose my situation with Morris... You, us... THIS! Could be gone forever. There's no one behind you to take the mantle, like you did when the elders told your father to step aside.

JIMMY

I know...

GIN

I don't think you do. Even if Lisa was pregnant right now - yeah, yeah - don't give me that look. I know, with your son, Oh God please let it be a boy! It would be 25 years before another Valentino walked these streets with any authority.

The two men sit back in their seats as groups of customers walk past the booth into the back area of the bar. Gin's face shows stress and worry.

GIN (CONT'D)

(whispering)

What do you want me to do?

Jimmy leans over, the two men's heads almost touching as Gin comes closer.

JIMMY

Here's the plan.

INT. BAR-GREEN DRAGON TAVERN-BOOTH - NIGHT

Blake sits at the bar, checking his watch. Waiting for someone, he keeps checking over his shoulder every time the door opens.

BACK OFFICE DOOR OPENS AND JIMMY WALKS OUT, SITS AT THE TRIBE'S BOOTH AND TEXTS BLAKE.

Blake looks at his phone and sees the words, looks over to the back both and sees Jimmy sitting.

JIMMY

What's on your mind?

BLAKE

I would rather wait for Simon, I don't want to say this twice.

JIMMY

Fair enough.

The two men sit, waiting for Simon to make his way into the tavern and into the back booth.

INT. BAR-GREEN DRAGON TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Simon walks into the tavern like he owns it, sees Jimmy and his brother in the booth and makes his way to it.

SIMON

Well, if it ain't Beavus and  
Butthead!

JIMMY/BLAKE

Whatever!

SIMON

Sorry, you two should watch more  
cartoons... just saying. Do you  
have cable?

BLAKE

I can't believe we came out of the  
same woman.

JIMMY

Blake asked us to meet, to discuss  
something important.

Blake takes a moment to gather himself, trying to find the right words. The look of big brotherly concern slowly turns into friendly worry for both of the men in front of him.

BLAKE

I have been out of the loop the  
last week. You know, with me,  
technically on  
(using his fingers for air  
quotes)  
Parole. I'm not even supposed to be  
consorting with the likes of you. I  
can go back to jail, or worse.

JIMMY

There's worse?

BLAKE

Yes.

SIMON

Where?

BLAKE

(pointing at Jimmy)  
I need to know the end game here. I  
need to know that Simon has a way  
out. I want him...

(MORE)

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
(looking at Simon)  
out! I don't care what it takes.

SIMON  
Hang on, Bro. Best man! Jimmy has  
got all this figured out. We know  
you've done the time but...

BLAKE  
It's not the time that I was away  
that made me smart. It's the little  
time that I've been back that has  
shown me you can do better!

JIMMY  
We have some unfinished business  
with Morris. We've offered you a  
full share of what's going down.  
Without any participation.

BLAKE  
Which I will give to Simon, if he  
will just hear me out.

Both Jimmy and Simon look at each other, and shrug their  
shoulders.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
I don't believe that you re going  
to give Morris any of the real  
diamonds. You're going to have Gin  
in there a third time and take all  
of the real stones... Blink once,  
if I'm right.

CAMERA SHOWS A CLOSE UP ON JIMMY'S FACE, ONE BLINK.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
That's what I thought. That one  
blink made us a lot of money in  
poker. We should have stuck to  
cards.

SIMON  
What do you want me to do, hide in  
the basement, like when we were  
kids? I'm not leaving my friends,  
I'm not leaving you!

BLAKE  
When we were young, we made  
promises, that we would never  
become what we've become!

JIMMY

Those were just childish ideas.  
Blake, we are what we are. We are  
our fathers' sons.

BLAKE

No, you're a Valentino. You bat  
clean up. The Kerr's, we are a  
little further down in the order.

JIMMY

Every time I'm on second, you drive  
me in! You lead the league in  
RBI's!

BLAKE

(turning to Simon)

You need to think of the future,  
Vanessa. You can't want this  
forever, to start a family into  
this.

SIMON

This is what we know. This is what  
we do.

BLAKE

Whatever little scheme or plot  
you're hatching up... when it's  
over, I'm out.

And whatever my share is

(looking at Simon)

It's yours. I don't want it. What I  
want is you safe. Take that money  
and start your future somewhere  
else. We have family and land in  
Nova Scotia. I'll take care of  
everything.

SIMON

I'll think about it. I have to talk  
to Vanessa. We all have roots here.

JIMMY

I'll look into it. Anything you two  
need, you got.

EXT. PARKING LOT, MASONIC GRAND LODGE/HIRAM #1, NEW HAVEN -  
DAY

Jimmy pulls up to the Grand Lodge's parking lot. An old brick  
building.

Brass plaque on the wall announces "established in 1750".  
Huge wood oak doors with brass handles. Jimmy uses all his  
strength to pull one open.

He waits in the entry. Floor tiled in black and white marble  
in a checkerboard pattern.

An older man in his late 60's meets Jimmy at the door and  
escorts him down a side hall.

EXT. INSIDE VAN / PARKED - NIGHT

A dark colored van is parked in an alley behind brick  
buildings, hidden between large garbage bins and containers.  
The shadows of two men sitting in the front seats can be seen  
through the dirty windows in a poorly lit back alley.

GIN

Are you sure David took care of the  
alarm? You know Mr. Mitchell gets a  
text every time the codes are  
inputted. There's a log of times  
and dates.

JIMMY

David has got it figured out.  
Alerts will be going to a different  
cell number.

GIN

I don't have the alarm code for the  
outside main door. He hasn't texted  
me the new code for the interior  
office door.

JIMMY

Both have been reset.

GIN

Which is...?

JIMMY

10 14 19 91

GIN

My birthday?

JIMMY

No need to write it down.

GIN

David!!!...

JIMMY

Once you get through the back door alarm, it should take you no more than...

GIN

...4 minutes to get in and out.

JIMMY

Replace the real diamonds with these

(gives gin a plastic bag)

Don't spill them. Almost forgot. Put one of these in either ear. It will allow us to talk to each other, if you run into any trouble... which I don't see how you would.

GIN

Of course not. Why would there be trouble breaking into Morris Mitchell's office and safe?

JIMMY

You got this. It's just like showing up for work on any given morning.

GIN

Except tonight, I'm a thief!

JIMMY

A damn well dressed one!

EXT. DARK BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Gin opens the van door and makes his way down the alley. Perhaps a quarter block of dark buildings. Darting in and out of shadows as if he's being watched. Gin stops at the door with the modern alarm code box exposed after lifting a specific name and number plate attached to the brick stones next to the door. He punches in the code, and turns the door handle to the right.

The door opens. Gin stands there for what seems like a lifetime, waiting for sirens and red lights to start blaring and forcing him to run back to what he hopes is a waiting van and friend.

WE SEE GIN WALKING THROUGH THE BACK ALLEY DOOR, INTO THE WAREHOUSE, SHADOWS GETTING LONGER ON THE FLOOR THROUGH THE LIGHTING FROM THE BACK ALLEY.

INT. DARK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Gin, enters through the door, stops. Hears a voice in his head for the first time, and seems startled. Puts a finger into his ear.

GIN  
(whispering)  
I hear you. I'm good, half way there.

Gin walks through the darkness of the warehouse, using the light on his cell phone to light the way for the 100 foot walk to the back door, to the next alarm. He hears what he thinks is a barking dog.

GIN (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
There's something in here. I heard something.

JIMMY (O.S.)  
What... what did you hear?

GIN  
(in a very low voice)  
It sounded like a bark... from a dog... and not a small dog.

JIMMY (O.S.)  
Well, does he have one, a guard dog?

GIN  
Not that I know of.

The sound of a barking dog can be heard a little louder now.

JIMMY (O.S.)  
I heard that.

GIN  
Shit... what do I do?

JIMMY (O.S.)  
I heard it louder out here, than through the ear piece. I think it's in the alley and you're getting echo through the building.



GIN  
Are you sure?

JIMMY (O.S.)  
No.

GIN  
Great.

JIMMY (O.S.)  
Keep moving, if you hear it coming  
closer, then panic.

GIN  
That's your advice... panic when  
it's closer??

JIMMY (O.S.)  
You can tell it one of your jokes.  
You'll have it rolling.

GIN  
Knock knock.

JIMMY (O.S.)  
Who's there?

GIN  
Fuck you!

Gin keeps walking towards the office door, with just a bit of a quicker pace now. The sound of his knee banging into something he wasn't expecting cut through the air. A squeal of pain comes out of Gin's mouth. He puts his hand up to his mouth to muffle the sound. He waits a moment, hears nothing and continues on his path.

INT. DARK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Gin continues walking towards the office and is stopped as he bangs into the locked door. He lost track of the distance after he banged his knee. He takes his cell phone light out and points it to the alarm box.

JIMMY (O.S.)  
You okay? I heard banging.

GIN  
Banged my knee. I'm at the alarm  
code box.

JIMMY (O.S.)  
It's your birthday.

Using his cell phone light, Gin inputs the code. Holding his breath, waiting for sirens and possibly worse, barking and biting dogs, he hears nothing other than the sound of the click of an opening door.

Gin enters Morris Mitchell's office, finds his way to the safe. Those numbers he knows, they're not his birthday.

Turning the dial, to the right, then to the left and then to the final number that clicks all the tumblers of the universe into place. Gin stands back and pulls the handle to it's right and hears the sound of the safe opening.

GIN

I'm in. What do I do?

JIMMY (O.S.)

(sounding confused)

What do you do? We just talked about this. Are the diamonds there?

GIN

Yes.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Trade them. Put the fake ones in their place. Take the real ones and get out of there.

GIN

Right, right, shit. Okay.

Gin takes the bag of fake diamonds out of his pocket and tries to figure out a way to exchange the real one's for the fakes. He decides to pour the fakes to the right of the real one's in an empty space in the safe. With a now empty bag, he pours the real diamonds from the velvet bag into the plastic bag.

He proceeds to put the fake diamonds into the velvet satchel that will stay in the safe. Before putting the fakes into their proper bag, he looks admiringly at the real diamonds now in the clear plastic bag. Looking at the fakes, a look of complete disappointment comes across his face.

JIMMY (O.S.)

You got it? Get out of there.

GIN

Next time, I'm going to need two bags.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jimmy walks through his front door and throws his keys and wallet on a desk.

CAMERA LOOKS DOWN AT JIMMY FROM THE ANGLE OF THE CEILING FAN, BLADES TURNING SLOWLY

JIMMY (V.O.)

Staring up at this fan, it reminds me of how this life we're in seems to just go round and round. Sometimes you have to put your hand in the blade and try to stop it. The day Morris did the right thing, and then decided to go his own path. The elders gave him control of half of what my family had. The upper east side seemed lost forever. Today, I know what I need to do to get it back.

My father had, HAS the respect of everyone in this town. He helped people in need. What we do is walk a very fine line between the black and the white. It keeps us sharp!

So here's the bottom line. I'm going to keep my families name in the white, come hell or high water. I've come to learn in order to kill the monster, you have to become the monster.

INT. THE CROSSING DEPOT OFFICE - NIGHT

Jimmy, Carlos and David arrive together. Hand over the second batch of diamonds to Morris. He gives them to his man, Cohen. He looks them over and nods with approval. No words are spoken, hands are shaken and the two parties go their separate ways. The meeting takes less than a minute.

INT. SEEDY BAR - NIGHT

A row of gruffy older men sit at a dimly lit bar nursing warm beers and whiskies. The bartender walks up to one man sitting in the middle. Passes him an envelope. The man puts it in his coat pocket and stands up to leave.

UNNAMED MAN

Good night, Bob. Always nice doing business with you.

BARTENDER

See you next week.

UNNAMED MAN

Yes, you will.

Man with envelope finishes his beer and walks out of the dirty bar.

EXT. DARK STREET / OUTSIDE BAR - NIGHT

Man leaves the bar, walking away towards the parking lot. Feels nervous, looks over his shoulder, sees nothing, and keeps walking. With every step the look of being followed spreads across his face. We can hear foot steps of more than his own now. The sound of foot falls trying to match his own start to echo off the old dirty brick buildings. A voice cuts through the darkness.

VOICE

How did you do this week?

UNNAMED MAN

(turning around)

What... who are you?

The man moves forward out of the shadow. Four other men, all wearing the same dark trench coats, two to each side of the larger voice standing in the center also step forward. Unnamed man can now see who it is.

UNNAMED MAN (CONT'D)

Mr. Mitchell. You scared me. I did...

(stuttering)

...d,d,d... we did fine. A little less than last week.

MORRIS

Is that so, Stanley? You see, the reason you felt scared is because maybe you have something to be scared about.

STANLEY

(stuttering)

No... no... n, n... no sir. You just startled me. I've never seen you here.

(MORE)

STANLEY (CONT'D)

I mean, this part of town, this late. I was just coming to your office.

MORRIS

I needed to pay a special visit. I possibly have lost touch with some of my lesser known... you know, places that you're very familiar with.

STANLEY

I see.

MORRIS

It turns out that, that I've also lost touch with some of the math. The last few months, the numbers are just not adding up. So I did a little research. you know what I found out?

STANLEY

I don't.

MORRIS

9 of the black books that you control, reported higher deposits than what you have been turning in.

STANLEY

Is that right? I'll look into it right away.

MORRIS

No need, I've already done all the looking into...

Stanley looks very nervous and starts to shake, stuttering to try to get more words out of his mouth.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

You know the really sad part about all this is, you could have just asked me for help. I'm a business man. We could have worked something out.

STANLEY

Yes sir, I'm sorry... I... I... I...

MORRIS

Do you own a dog?

STANLEY

What?... no... no.

MORRIS

The thing about dogs is that... they're animals. I had this lab, got him as a pup, trained him, thought he was disciplined. He became a part of the family.

STANLEY

That's nice... that sounds nice.

MORRIS

No matter how loyal that dog is, and no matter how long it's been part of your family, you can't forget that it's just a dog. It's an animal, and all animals resort back to their primal instincts. One day, that dog attacked and bit me. Just out of the blue.

STANLEY

Oh...

MORRIS

You know what I did? I took that dog into the backyard and without even thinking twice, I shot him right in the head. If you let an animal get away with attacking someone, that feeds and protects them even once. They will do it again.

STANLEY

I'm sorry...

MORRIS

I'm sure you are. So am I.

THE CAMERA IS SHOOTING THE 5 MEN FROM A SLIGHTLY OVERHEAD SHOT FROM BEHIND. WE SEE THEM RAISING THEIR ARMS ALL AT THE SAME TIME, CAN'T MAKE OUT WHAT THEY'RE HOLDING. POINTING AT STANLEY.

The four men standing to either side of Morris raise their arms and proceed to shoot the man down, two or three shots can be heard coming out of each man's weapon. Stanley's bullet riddled body crumples to the ground. Morris takes a few steps closer to the already dead man and takes a shot of his own. A bullet straight to the head.

CAMERA POINTS UPWARD AND SHOWS A CLOSE-UP OF MORRIS FACE  
LOOKING DOWN AT STANLEY'S BODY AS HE TAKES A SHOT, BUT THE  
GUN IS NEVER ACTUALLY SHOWN.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Put him in the trunk. We're taking  
him across the tracks.

EXT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Carlos pulls up to the tavern, parks in his space, gets out  
and starts walking towards the bar when he gets an incoming  
text. "Can you come here, Frankie is here, trying what we  
talked about". It's a text from the owner of the pizza parlor  
just down the road.

Carlos makes a u-turn and starts walking down the street to  
Antonio's Pizzeria and sees the situation at the counter that  
he's got to deal with.

FRANKIE

Hey, Carlos, good. We'll get to the  
bottom of this.

ANTONIO (OWNER)

See how he talks to me. Tell him,  
it's not my call.

FRANKIE

He won't let me place another bet,  
I just won \$380 on an early game,  
it goes off in 10.

CARLOS

It's not his call, it's mine.

FRANKIE

What da ya mean, I'm on a roll  
here... It's a sure thing!

CARLOS

The only sure think I know is that  
in a few hours, you'll be broke  
again... you know Jennifer calls me  
crying sometimes. Take this money  
and go buy some groceries for your  
kids.

FRANKIE

Carlos, come on!

CARLOS

Let's go. I'll drive. You keep your money, I'm buying.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF JIMMY'S CONDO - NIGHT

A mini van pulls up to the curb outside of the condo complex. A man in his mid 50's walks up to the front door marked 442C Cook Street. He rings the door bell.

Jimmy hears the Ring door bell, gets up from the sofa and makes his way to the door. He sees an image of the man he recognizes in the small video monitor on his kitchen counter, opens the door.

JIMMY

OFFICER O'CONNOR, how are you? Can I help you?

OFFICER O'CONNOR

I need a moment of your time.

JIMMY

Of course, how rude of me. Please come in.

OFFICER O'CONNOR

I don't want to take too much of your time, but this is important. Not something to talk about at the tavern.

Officer Kirk O'Conner walks into Jimmy's condo.

INT. JIMMY'S CONDO - NIGHT

JIMMY

I appreciate that, you've known my father a long time. Anything you need. Can I get you anything, would you like a drink?

OFFICER O'CONNOR

No, I'm fine.

JIMMY

At least have a beer with me.

OFFICER O'CONNOR

Fine. Just one, I'm driving. Alice would kill me if I smelled of alcohol when I get home.



JIMMY

How is she? She was the best teacher I ever had!

OFFICER O'CONNER

She's good. Too good for the likes of us?

JIMMY

Nah... you deserve the best!

OFFICER O'CONNER

It's Morris. At least one of his men. We found the body of a Stanley Rothery, a well known collector, low level no one. It was dumped just over the tracks.

JIMMY

Dumped?

OFFICER O'CONNER

Ten feet into the northwest. The crime scene nerds, they say he wasn't killed there.

JIMMY

One of Morris' men was purposely dumped in... our side?

OFFICER O'CONNER

To send a message, is everything okay with you two? There's been some peace for a while now.

JIMMY

We have a few minor business issues to finish up, but nothing that would warrant this.

Jimmy notices that O'Conner has finished his beer and starts to get up to get him another one

OFFICER O'CONNER

Sit. I want you to listen to me very carefully. No matter how many little league uniforms and donations you send our way, there's only so much I can do.

JIMMY

I'm not asking you to do anything. You follow this through, you will see WE had nothing to do with this.

OFFICER O'CONNOR

I know you don't. That's the least of my worries. I came here to just let you know what's going down and there may be other's asking questions. I'm just trying to give you a heads up.

JIMMY

(nodding)

I appreciate that.

OFFICER O'CONNOR

You resolve those issues with Mitchell as soon as possible. You hear me?

JIMMY

Loud and clear.

OFFICER O'CONNOR

Good.

JIMMY

I got tonight's hockey game, Rangers on DVR. You want to watch?

OFFICER O'CONNOR

Sure.

JIMMY

You want another beer?

OFFICER O'CONNOR

Yeah.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MAIN STREET - DAY

Jimmy walks down the main street of Kingsbridge.

JIMMY

(talking straight into the camera)

That little visit from O'Connor got me thinking. You've probably been wondering, where's the police in all this?

Besides the sports books and lending, every Saturday night, we run what everyone calls, including the Kingsbridge's finest, a "charity fund raiser". The downtown war memorial hall...

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

we turn that into a poker,  
blackjack and craps free-for-all.  
It's bring-your-own-drinks and  
food, we provide the girls. We have  
a deal with the local Indian  
casinos to help train their new  
dealers and pit bosses. With  
everything we have going on, we  
"donate" our fair share to the  
police athletic leagues, retirement  
pension funds, boys and girls  
clubs, etc, etc. Bottom line... WE  
GIVE BACK. That's why we get away  
with a LOT!!

EXT. DARK ALLEY, INSIDE VAN - NIGHT

Jimmy and Gin sit in the van going over the same plan as  
before, codes are changed, in and out. Gin gets to the door's  
alarm code.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

Gin proceeds to walk through the dark warehouse, bangs his  
knee on the same chair as last time.

GIN

(Covering his mouth in  
pain)

Mother fu...

The sound of a barking dog can be heard in the distance.

GIN (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I hate dogs.

Gin is in the office, opens the safe. He sees the second bag  
of the diamonds next to the fake ones he left behind last  
time. This time, with two plastic bags, he easily pours the  
real ones into one of them and pours the fake ones into the  
purple velvet satchel, and gets out.

EXT. DARK ALLEY, INSIDE VAN - NIGHT

Gin nods at Jimmy the all good with a big thumbs up.

JIMMY

3 minutes 25 seconds. That's a new  
record.

GIN  
I've been training.

EXT. PARK -SUNNY DAY

Jimmy gets to the park, stops at a local magazine rack vendor and buys a paper, finds an empty bench and waits for his crew to arrive. He starts to read.

Blake and Simon arrive, sit at the same park bench, talking, reading the paper, looking for any news on the body found at the crossing. Carlos and David pull up and can be seen getting out of the car and walking up to the other three.

CARLOS  
There's nothing in that paper  
about...

DAVID  
...what happened the other night.

CAMERA DOES A 360 DEGREE SHOT GOING AROUND THE BENCH

BLAKE  
I told you this could get out of  
control real quick. He's no one to  
be messing with.

JIMMY  
There's no turning back now, Gin  
has already switched the stones  
twice.

BLAKE  
Give him the third delivery and let  
him keep those, and pray they get  
mixed in and whoever checks them  
down the road looks at a few of the  
real ones and then we're out of  
this.

DAVID  
That's not a good idea, there's a  
66% chance...

CARLOS  
...that they will look at a fake,  
and I doubt they will just check a  
few.

SIMON

You're right about that. We're all in on the third switch. The real rocks belong to us.

JIMMY

I'm going to schedule a much longer meeting for the third payment.

DAVID

Last one we didn't get much we could use. Remember, keep him talking.

CARLOS

Why don't you schedule a sit down before the stones are ready? Discuss this body thing.

SIMON

I would like to know sooner than later.

BLAKE

It was no message. Morris killed that guy because he was skimming from the top, turning in short books. That much I know.

JIMMY

Where did you hear that?  
(looks skeptical)

BLAKE

Those girls that keep showing up at my condo. Thank you for that by the way, one of them has a regular that's on Morris' crew. Guy talks in his sleep.

DAVID

Nice, inside scoop.

BLAKE

She also mentioned other things that have given me ideas on how we can get some more control back.

Blake looks at the guys and motions them to get closer.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Have you ever heard the term "when there's blood on the streets, buy property"?

Most shake their heads and look a little confused.

SIMON

Dad used to tell us that when we were kids. When your opponent is weakened, keep applying pressure.

CARLOS

Kick him when he's down.

JIMMY

I like it. Thought of that once.

DAVID

You think that some of Morris' men might be a little worried, maybe working on their resumes?

BLAKE

I don't think, I KNOW. Pillow talk.

JIMMY

Let's take the next few days to contact as many of his men.

SIMON

Mutiny on the bounty.

CARLOS

More like a hostile...

DAVID

...takeover.

BLAKE

(looking perplexed)

You two, again with this thing.

DAVID

Sorry, we don't know...

CARLOS

...what you're talking about.

EXT. PAYPHONE/RANDOM STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

A figure wearing all black, a hoodie sweat jacket with it pulled over his head. We only see this person from behind and only know it's a man after he dials a number, a voice on the other end answers and he answers back. He looks around nervously hoping no one sees him.

PAYPHONE MAN

It's me. That thing we talked about...

VOICE

Are you on a secure line?

PAYPHONE MAN

Payphone. I spoke to the elders, and they would need proof. To actually see, then and only then would they be convinced to let it go.

VOICE

I told you. This life, we've chosen. You're in or you're dead, there's no in between.

PAYPHONE MAN

I think I know a way. It won't be easy but it would work.

VOICE

I'm listening.

PAYPHONE MAN

Not over the phone. Can we meet?

VOICE

The crossing is not an option.

PAYPHONE MAN

I agree. Text me an address. You're on a burner, right?

VOICE

Of course.

PAYPHONE MAN

One hour.

EXT. OUTSIDE BAY WINDOW / FRONT YARD OF SMALL HOME - NIGHT

Simon walks up his front walkway and opens his door. Makes his way into his living room.

WE ARE LOOKING AT THE LIVING ROOM FROM OUTSIDE THE HOUSE, FROM THE FRONT YARD'S POINT OF VIEW.

Simon see's Vanessa with a big smile on her face and the two embrace. You can see Vanessa talking to Simon.

We cannot hear what words are spoken, only see the expressions on their faces. Simon hears what Vanessa tells him and takes a step back. The look of shock hits his face, then worry, nervousness, which is followed by complete joy and happiness. Simon falls to his knees and put his lips to Vanessa's belly and gives it a kiss. He turns his head facing the camera/window and puts his ear up to Vanessa's belly as if trying to hear something. Vanessa holds Simon's head close. Close up on tears flowing down her cheek.

INT. BLAKE'S CONDO - DAY

Jimmy sits down with Blake on the living room sofa. Blake gets them a couple of beers from the fridge and joins Jimmy on the sofa.

BLAKE

What did you hear? About Simon.

JIMMY

I heard what I thought I would. No. The usual lines about "for life" and "no getting out".

BLAKE

Who did you speak to?

JIMMY

Everyone I could, including Gabriel. I'm sorry.

BLAKE

It was a long shot, I don't think Vanessa's father would let her leave. I just have to protect him.

JIMMY

We're all going to do that. You have to trust me. Soon, there's going to be a lot less to worry about.

INT. MORRIS MITCHEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

An office of the usual leather and mahogany furniture adorns the room. Photos of family and Morris posing with race horses and past presidents cover the walls.

MORRIS

No stones, I'm assuming.



JIMMY

None.

MORRIS

Which brings us to the obvious.  
What was left on your side of the  
crossing.

JIMMY

(shaking his head side to  
side)

If it's a message you're trying to  
send, I don't get it. This Iron  
Fist.

MORRIS

It was sent, and the right people  
got it. This is free advice. You  
can't let someone take advantage of  
you, not even once or it will show  
people that you're weak. You call  
it an Iron fist, I call it  
structure.

JIMMY

I have more of an open hand policy.  
My men don't need to steal from me.  
They're treated as equals.

MORRIS

That's where you're wrong. They  
need a leader, someone to look up  
to, otherwise this thing we do...  
we just become common criminals.

Jimmy sits back in the chair and looks away from Morris to  
stare at the photos on the wall. Rotary club awards, Masonic  
aprons and degrees framed in gold. The intimidation factor  
those are supposed to impose starts to set in on Jimmy's  
face.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

The kind of men we have become,  
it's handed down from generation to  
generation. You have no choice... I  
take that back. You do have one.  
You can choose to be one of us, or  
one of them, or a no one in  
between. You walk this fine line  
between saint and sinner. When you  
die, there will be no place for  
you. No heaven, no hell.

JIMMY

Limbo it is then, perhaps that's where we all belong.

MORRIS

I don't think your mother would agree. I see her at church, I see how she prays for you, in a small way, even for me. Has she ever told you about your father and I, when we were... you?

JIMMY

She's told me enough.

MORRIS

We ran this town. Just teenagers, we were respected. Thought of as business men. Looked up to. Now, we're just looked upon.

JIMMY

That's what happens when you throw garbage over the fence into your neighbor's yard.

MORRIS

My men now know that if they try to take advantage of me, they can cross over the rails right now, or they will find themselves thrown over.

JIMMY

Last payment, two days.

INT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN, OFFICE - DAY

Jimmy sits at his uncle Donovan's desk in the back office. Calls Morris to let him know the last payment of diamonds are ready to be delivered.

JIMMY

(talking into his cell phone)

We have the stones, when can we meet?

MORRIS

You're a man of your word. Are we still at the crossing?

JIMMY

Your office would be best. We need to be alone. I'm sending Simon, Simon Kerr, to deliver them. No one else can be there. Let me call you on a secure line.

MORRIS

I'll expect your call.

INT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN, OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy texts Simon, who's somewhere out in the main bar area.

INT. BAR-GREEN DRAGON TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

SIMON TALKS TO A COUPLE OF LADIES SITTING AT THE BAR. FEELS HIS PHONE VIBRATE.

SIMON

Sorry ladies, business.

Simon reads the text from Jimmy. "I'm in the back office. Can you come here?" Makes his way to the back.

INT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN, OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JIMMY

Sit down.

SIMON

What's up?

JIMMY

I need you to deliver the last payment to Morris tonight.

SIMON

(nodding yes)

Tonight?

JIMMY

7 pm. His office.  
That idea Blake threw out, about you and Vanessa starting over somewhere, how do you feel about that?

SIMON

It's tempting. If I had the balls to leave Connecticut, it probably wouldn't be further north, colder? California sounds nice.

JIMMY

Just be a pit stop. I've pushed over the first domino on this, they're starting to fall but I need to know if you're committed.

SIMON

I need more time. I've brought it up to Vanessa. It's a lot to think about.

JIMMY

(nodding in agreement)

No pressure. I'm going to keep the escape plan moving forward just in case. It's got a lot of trap doors. It can always be stopped. It CAN'T be restarted.

SIMON

I don't believe the elders said yes.

JIMMY

They didn't.

SIMON

So how?

JIMMY

Well Magic Man, we need to make you disappear.

INT. MORRIS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Simon walks into Morris' office. Looks around. Never been there before, takes in the surroundings. Intimidated.

MORRIS

Simon, Mr. Kerr. Thank you for coming.

SIMON

It's more of a favor.

Hands Morris the last batch of diamonds.

MORRIS

Still, it's nice to know we have a mutual friend, someone to help us get what we both want.

SIMON

Which is?

MORRIS

Out.

A figure comes into the room, opening a door behind Morris' desk. Moves forward.

THE FIGURE DRESSED IN ALL BLACK STEPS INTO THE OFFICE FROM THE DOOR UNSEEN.

MAN IN BLACK

Simon.

SIMON

(looking a little  
confused)

What are YOU... doing here?

EXT. WAREHOUSE BACK DOOR - NIGHT

Gin stands at the alarm code box. Quicker than the first two times, he enters the warehouse and makes his way to the door. Stops short right before the chair he banged into the last two times. Moves the chair. Office door alarm, in the office and opens the safe. Looks at the area where the stones have been kept.

GIN

Houston, we have a problem.

EXT. DARK ALLEY, INSIDE VAN - NIGHT

JIMMY

What do you mean "problem"?

GIN

There's only one bag. Someone's combined all three into one.

JIMMY

Shit.

GIN

Big time, what do I do?

JIMMY

Okay, lets think this through. So, the last batch of real stones were poured into the bag with the fakes, most likely on top.

GIN

No. The first two bags were separate. Now it's all in one. All mixed together.

JIMMY

Can you tell them apart?

GIN

No. I don't know how to tell them apart. Even if I did, it's dark in here, there's hundreds of them... would take forever!

JIMMY

Take them all.

GIN

What?... No.

JIMMY

Yes. Hurry!

Jimmy texts David "We need more time".

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF A SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

Jimmy and Gin stand at the front door of what could be any home in a typical suburban area full of track houses.

GIN

Is he expecting us? It's late.

JIMMY

I texted him "on the way". He knows we're here.

Gin is about to ring the door bell, gets his hand stopped.

GIN

Are we going to stand out here all night?

JIMMY

It's late. His kids are asleep.

Front door starts to open slowly. The figure of a tall man with a full black beard stands in the doorway.

MAN AT DOOR  
(looking annoyed)  
Mr. Valentino. This is quite unusual.

JIMMY  
Can we come in? It's important.

MAN AT DOOR  
Quietly... follow me.

The man walks down his entry hall down to his office and asks the two men to walk in, putting his fingers to his lips to remind them to be quiet.

JIMMY  
Mr. Goldstein, we have a problem.  
You're the only one I can come to.

MR. GOLDSTEIN  
It's very late. Why couldn't this wait till morning?

Jimmy takes out the purple velvet bag, pours the diamonds out onto an area of the desk.

JIMMY  
Two thirds of these are fake. We need you to separate the real ones.

The man looks at the huge pile of diamonds now spread out over his desk.

MR. GOLDSTEIN  
Holy shit. What have you gotten yourself into?

JIMMY  
The less you know, the better. Time is of the essence.

MR. GOLDSTEIN  
This is going to take a while. My time is valuable.

GIN  
We'll pay you.

MR. GOLDSTEIN  
How much?

JIMMY

You can keep some.

MR. GOLDSTEIN

How much is some?

JIMMY

A few.

The diamond expert reluctantly nods, looks at the clock on the wall and looks back at the stones. Lust comes across his face, sits down and begins to make two piles.

GIN

(looking at Goldstein)

A few is three. You pick.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - VERY EARLY MORNING

Gin is back in the office, putting three payments of fake diamonds into the velvet bag, and into the safe. Locks up and makes his way out. The real diamonds securely put away in Jimmy's coat pocket, less a few.

INT. MORRIS' OFFICE - NIGHT

A group of men come into Morris' office. The shaking of hands, drinks. Morris opens his safe to retrieve the bag of diamonds.

He proudly presents them to the three men that have made themselves very comfortable. One of the men takes out a few of the stones and proceeds to check them out with his magnifier.

DIAMOND BUYER

Is this some kind of joke?

MORRIS

Excuse me?

DIAMOND BUYER

I've looked at two and these are plastic, not even good fakes.

MORRIS

I don't understand. I've had my man look at every stone.

DIAMOND BUYER

You may want to talk to him.



MORRIS

I will.

DIAMOND BUYER

This was a complete waste of time.

The three men in Morris' office stand up, tense, at the ready, their hands reaching into their coat pockets.

MORRIS

There's no need for this, please.  
There's been a huge mistake.

DIAMOND BUYER

Obviously.

INT. MORRIS' OFFICE - NIGHT

MORRIS

Everybody out of here! GET OUT! GET  
OUT!!

Morris paces his floor, fuming mad, you can practically see the steam coming out of his ears. Picks up the satchel with the diamonds inside it and dumps them out on to his desk. Looks at what he's been told are nothing but plastic, picks up a few and inspects them himself, getting madder by the second.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

How did this happen!?

Alone in his office, talking and asking questions out loud. Picks up his cell phone and hits contacts. We see Gin R appear on his screen, hits dial. And waits. The phone call goes to voicemail. He leaves none. Scrolls through recent calls and sees what he wants. James V. Hits dial. A voice picks up.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Yes?

MORRIS

James... my office!! One hour!!

JIMMY (O.S.)

Two.

INT. MORRIS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Morris hangs up nodding to no one, sits down and fumes at the fake stones.

Proceeds to swipe across his desk, knocking everything on the floor in an angry violent gesture. Fake diamonds spray the walls.

MORRIS

Tony... get in here!!

TONY

(reluctantly takes a few steps into the office)

Yes sir?

MORRIS

Keep trying Gin on his cell until he picks up. Take a few men and pay him a visit. If he's not home, TRY THE SHIT ASS BAR HIS FRIENDS HANG OUT IN!!

TONY

Yes, Boss.

MORRIS

Get someone in here to clean this mess up.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF JIMMY'S CONDO - NIGHT

Jimmy walks to his car, dials Gin.

GIN (O.S.)

Has it started?

JIMMY

Stick to the plan. We'll see you in a few weeks.

EXT. MOVING CAR - NIGHT

Jimmy drives to his meeting with Morris. Gets a text, Vince Evans. He knows him. Childhood friend. Reads the text as he slows down to a red light.

INT. VINCE EVANS' HOME - NIGHT

Two men walk away from the front door. Vince Evans shows Jimmy down his hall into a private office.

INT. VINCE'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

VINCE

Word on the street is that you have a meeting with Morris tonight.

JIMMY

What street?

VINCE

Don't be cute. I'm trying to help you.

JIMMY

It's default with me.

VINCE

Sometimes you're blinded by what's right in front of you.

JIMMY

The forest through the trees.

VINCE

One day, one of those trees is going to fall on you, my friend.

JIMMY

Is there a point coming here?  
(sounding a little annoyed  
and curious)

Vince walks over to what looks like a painting in the wall. It's on a hinge system. He pulls it away from the wall to expose a cabinet, what's inside, we don't see.

THE CAMERA IS SHOOTING THE MEN FROM INSIDE THE CABINET

VINCE

What I hear, you're going to need some help. You're messing with a bad mother. He's no Keyser Soze but this guy doesn't mess around.

Vince points at the items inside the cabinet.

VINCE (CONT'D)

(pointing to what's hanging inside his cabinet)

This one is a 22, a little small, more of a girls gun, but it would do the trick in a pinch.

(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)

That one...

(points to another)

That's a 9 millimeter. A serious  
weapon, if you're a serious man.

Jimmy looks into the cabinet with the look of awe and disgust  
at the same time.

VINCE (CONT'D)

(continuing to point at  
various objects in the  
cabinet)

This one's my personal favorite. 45  
caliber. It's a little heavy, but  
you're a big boy. This one's a 57  
magnum, a Dirty Harry "make-my-day"  
special. I don't recommend it.

JIMMY

I'm not sure we're on the same page  
here...

Vince cuts Jimmy off.

VINCE

Oh, we're on the same page. It's  
just you're reading the wrong book.

JIMMY

I don't want a gun. I hate weapons,  
violence. We're going to have a sit  
down, and straighten this out.

VINCE

I respect you for that. Here's the  
branch you didn't see falling. The  
man you're meeting with, the four  
or five guys behind him, they don't  
care that you're a pacifist.  
They're coming in heavy, locked and  
loaded. They're going to search you  
and take it away before you even  
get anywhere near him.

JIMMY

So why bring it?

VINCE

That's the point. You'll never have  
to use it, but they need to know  
that you brought it, otherwise they  
won't respect you. They may shoot  
you just on principle.

Jimmy takes a long hard look at the weapons hanging in the cabinet. Turns his head and looks at Vince for a few moments. Turns back at the cabinet and stares some more, turns back to Vince and looks at him for a few seconds.

JIMMY  
 (pointing at something  
 inside)  
 I like this one.

EXT. MORRIS' OFFICE - NIGHT - THURSDAY, APRIL 4TH

Jimmy pulls up and parks in a space marked reserved for Mr. Mitchell. Gets out of the car and proceeds the front door of the building.

Puts his arms and hands in the air, knowing he's being viewed on security cameras inside.

JIMMY  
 (talking to the camera)  
 I come in peace!

Jimmy waits, the black steel door that keeps him from barging in is bolted tight.

The sound of footsteps coming closer can be heard.

VOICE FROM INSIDE THE DOOR  
 Can I help you?

JIMMY  
 Not as much as I can help you! Open  
 the door. It's cold out here!

The door opens with the typical large man, one of Morris' hence men. They do actually what Vince said they would!! Pat him down.

HENCH MAN / GOON  
 What's this? You think you could  
 get past us with this?  
 (pulling a 45 mm weapon  
 out of Jimmy's jacket  
 pocket)

JIMMY  
 A boy can dream.

HENCH MAN  
 You're very lucky you are who you  
 are. Otherwise, I would have to  
 send this suit to the dry cleaners,  
 or worse, the incinerator.

JIMMY  
 I'm glad I am who I am then!  
 (then sounding pissed and  
 authoritative)  
 AND I'M EXPECTED!!!  
 You keep that safe! I want it back.

INT. MORRIS MITCHEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT - THURSDAY, APRIL 4TH

Morris waits in his office. His men bring Jimmy down the hall. Morris twirls the 9 MM with his finger as if it was a play gun.

MORRIS  
 This is what you bring to a gun  
 fight... This toy?... I'm  
 disappointed!

JIMMY  
 A friend suggested it.

MORRIS  
 You need better friends. There's  
 plenty of room at the adult table,  
 yet, you insist on sitting with the  
 children.

JIMMY  
 At least there, I know where I  
 stand.

MORRIS  
 (pointing to the leather  
 chair)  
 Sit. I've done a lot for your  
 family! I need you to be a team  
 player on this!

JIMMY  
 Every time I heard that, I knew I  
 was getting benched. Not this time.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT - THURSDAY, APRIL 4TH

David sits in a dark van smiling, holding his recording device.

DAVID  
 Fantastic! Keep it going!

INT. MORRIS MITCHEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT - THURSDAY, APRIL 4TH

MORRIS

Where's Gin? His entire family,  
Gone. BEAT. You think this is some  
kind of coincidence? 11 people in  
an apartment, not there anymore?

JIMMY

It was only 6.

MORRIS

There are only 3 people I would  
have trusted that safe's combo  
with. My mother, Gin, and myself.  
One of them is dead, the other,  
gone. I trusted HIM! I TRUSTED  
YOU!!

JIMMY

What exactly do you think you know?

MORRIS

Don't play games with me. WHERE ARE  
MY DIAMONDS? They're gone!! He's  
Gone! The other thing aside BEAT  
this is personal!

Jimmy sits back in his chair, once again taken aback by the  
the frames on the wall.

JIMMY

If you try to find or harm him in  
any way, it becomes very personal  
on my end!

MORRIS

Is that so?!

JIMMY

I will make it my priority to find  
him first.

MORRIS

I see you looking around for that  
last life boat. It's the one half  
full, out by the iceberg. You can  
either dive in and swim for your  
life, or go down with the ship. You  
must choose!  
You have 72 hours to bring me the  
real diamonds, or \$30,000. Your  
choice.

JIMMY

We've kept our end of the deal.  
How's it our fault that your  
security has allowed this to  
happen, the diamonds to be  
switched?

MORRIS

(pausing looking  
curiously)

Who said anything about switched?  
BEAT... Someone's playing games.

JIMMY

(swallows hard, trying to  
hide his mistake)

News travels fast, you have a leak  
in your BEAT organization. Maybe  
YOU should be looking for a life  
boat.

MORRIS

You have 3 days.

JIMMY

5

MORRIS

4!

INT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN - DAY - FRIDAY, APRIL 5TH

The Crew meets, sitting at the bar. 5 of them are there.

THE MEN ARE SHOT FROM BEHIND. YOU HEAR THE CONVERSATION. YOU  
DO NOT SEE THEIR FACES.

SIMON

Morris upset?

JIMMY

Very.

DAVID

How very?

JIMMY

Very very.

CARLOS

I'd be upset.

SIMON

Any ideas?



JIMMY  
How we doing with contacting his  
men?

DAVID  
we've met with all 12 of his  
guys...

CARLOS  
And 8 of them will come with us,  
when the time is right.

SIMON  
Which 4 are staying put?

DAVID  
His most loyal.

JIMMY  
Give me a list.

CARLOS  
Is Gin safe?

JIMMY  
Very.

SIMON  
How very?

JIMMY  
Very very.

INT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN - NIGHT - FRIDAY, APRIL 5TH

David sits in the tribe's booth. Jimmy comes over, only the  
two of them discuss their plans.

DAVID  
I got it.

JIMMY  
Got what?

DAVID  
Enough words, I got an idea. You  
ready?

JIMMY  
What do you got?

DAVID  
We have 3 days til Monday night.

JIMMY  
3 day short days.

DAVID  
Shit.  
(starts to think of a way  
to make it work)  
Monday Night is the College  
basketball championship game. A lot  
of money flowing.

JIMMY  
I'm not giving him our money.

DAVID  
Of course not. Pay him BEAT with  
his own money!

The two men sit back and reflect on how far they've come with  
this plan.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I'll work through the night.

INT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN - MORNING - SATURDAY, APRIL 6TH

The Tavern is empty, it's hour before it opens.

DAVID  
I got it, What I don't have is the  
man power.

SIMON  
Man power? We need more people?

DAVID  
Yes, at least 6 more.

JIMMY  
Let me work on that.

CARLOS  
What's your idea?

SIMON  
I can get people.

JIMMY  
I got the people.  
(nodding to Simon to back  
off)

DAVID  
Listen carefully.

David pulls out his digital recording device he's had from the first meetings.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I've gotten the numbers of Morris' contacts. Monday Night's game, there's a lot of green flowing.

David presses play, while everyone listens quietly.

Voice coming out of recording device.

VOICE FROM DEVICE  
Hello, please listen carefully. This is important. As you may or may not be aware of, our operation has come under scrutiny . I've received information that after the game goes final tonight, local and federal law enforcement agencies will pay our establishments a visit. Trying to break us. I know this is very different from normal operations. You MUST Follow these instructions precisely. A few minutes after the game goes final, an associate of mine will come to you. You are to give them all of the money you have taken in, winners and losers. Anyone coming in for their winnings, you give them the number I will text you, for them to call to arrange pick up. Do not give any money to anyone who does not say this phrase. "I understand Mr. Mitchell has called you!" I'm sorry for this last minute change of procedure, it's important. Thank you.

CARLOS  
That's Morris. It's long.

DAVID  
They will listen. It's Morris.

JIMMY  
Every word?

DAVID

The program is intuitive, it fills  
in the blanks.

The crew looks at David a little confused.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Remember in Jurassic Park, they  
filled in missing DNA with frog  
DNA. It's like that.

SIMON

I get it!

DAVID

For this to work, We need more  
people.

JIMMY

Why is that? Why can't we handle  
the pick ups?

CARLOS

We can't be seen, his people know  
us, and then they will know ...

DAVID

...There's something wrong.

CARLOS

We need to somehow be in front of  
him when this goes down, add  
confusion.

JIMMY

Fill me in later. I'll take care of  
the man power. You guys keep in  
touch with Morris' eight that are  
coming over. We will put them in  
place, at the right time.

INT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN - DAY - SATURDAY, APRIL 6TH

Jimmy sits in his uncle's office. Calls Gin. Waits til he  
picks up. One ring.

JIMMY

I need your help.

GIN

Of course.

JIMMY

You have a young cousin at  
Kingsbridge High, Raji?

GIN

No!

JIMMY

This is an in and out job. No one  
gets hurt. We need bodies, that's  
all.

GIN

There's never BEAT.. that's all.  
She's in school. Please don't get  
anyone else involved in this,  
especially my family!!

JIMMY

Have I ever put you in jeopardy?

GIN

Yes.

JIMMY

I mean in real danger?

GIN

Yes.

JIMMY

Do you trust me?

GIN

(knowing he's going to  
give in)

Yes.

INT. KINGSBRIDGE MALL - FOOD COURT - AFTERNOON - SATURDAY,  
APRIL 6TH

Jimmy & Simon wait at a table in the mall's main entrance,  
not far from a Starbucks and Panda Express. Waits for  
someone. A beautiful young Indian women in her late teens,  
maybe 20 years old, makes her way to the table from the  
Victoria's Secret store, opposite from the direction the men  
where looking in.

YOUNG INDIAN WOMAN

Are you waiting for me?

Jimmy & Simon look back over their shoulders. Look at the  
young woman with gaping eyes. She is stunning.

Both men look at each other, and have to take a moment to start their conversation.

SIMON

Raji?

RAJI

(putting her Victoria's  
Secret bag on the table)

Yes, Gin said you needed my help.

Both men look at the bag, stare for a second like teenage boys.

JIMMY

Please sit, yes. We want BEAT... I mean need you BEAT.. yes.

SIMON

What has Gin told you?

RAJI

That you're in over your head, and that you need help from teenage girls.

JIMMY

He likes to exaggerate!

RAJI

I'm only meeting with you because I love my cousin. He's done a lot for our families. He trusts you.

SIMON

Gin's a dear friend of ours, We consider him a brother.

JIMMY

You play volleyball, basketball at Kingsbridge High?

RAJI

I do.

JIMMY

You and a few of your teammates, friends, maybe would like to make a few hundred dollars Monday night?

RAJI

Depends BEAT... How much is a few?

SIMON  
Two hundred each.

RAJI  
Five Hundred.

SIMON  
Each?

JIMMY  
Three hundred each. I need 7  
people. If it goes well, there will  
be a bonus on the back end you can  
play with at your leisure. I'll  
text you tomorrow morning with  
details. Get your people in place.  
We roll at 7:30 Monday night.

RAJI  
Only because it's Gin.

JIMMY  
Only because it's Gin.

EXT. KINGSBRIDGE MAIN STREET - LATE AFTERNOON - SUNDAY, APRIL  
7TH

Robert Valentino walks down the street on a beautiful early  
April afternoon. Waves hello and smiles to everyone that he  
recognizes and knows him, and to the rest that wished they  
did. Stops to talk to a gentleman he knows in front of the  
ice cream shop.

WE SEE A BLACK SUV WITH TINTED WINDOWS PULL UP SLOWLY TO THE  
CURB.

EXT. KINGSBRIDGE MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Window rolls down a bit. Can't make out the face of the voice  
behind the glass.

MAN IN SUV  
Mr Valentino. Please could you come  
with us.

ROBERT  
Excuse me BEAT... Who are you?  
Can't you see I'm talking here. Why  
don't you keep on driving.

MAN IN SUV

I'm sorry, it would be in your best interest.

ROBERT

BEST INTEREST!!!? Who the hell do you think you are? I'm not getting in any car with you. Keep driving, south east is that way!

(pointing in that direction)

MAN IN SUV

Mr Mitchell has your wife. It's in your best interest.

Robert stops in his tracks. The strong elder, turns into a worried man.

ROBERT

(turning to the man he was talking to)

It's fine, it's fine. Nothing. I'll talk to you later.

Robert looks around to see who's on the street. Gets into the back seat of the SUV.

EXT. SUV FRONT SEAT - AFTERNOON - SUNDAY, APRIL 7TH

Man driving SUV texts Morris " We have him"

INT. MORRIS MITCHEL'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON - SUNDAY, APRIL 7TH

Morris Texts Jimmy "For a little more motivation on your part. I have your father. He's safe and will be as long as I get what I asked for"

INT. JIMMY'S PARENTS HOME - EARLY EVENING - SUNDAY, APRIL 7TH

Laura Valentino comes into the kitchen looking worried and frazzled, in the last few seconds of a phone call, grabs a note pad over the counter with names on it. The first 6 or 7 have been crossed out with a line through them. She's been calling everyone she knows.

LAURA

(talking into a cell phone)

If you hear anything please call me.

(hanging up her call)



INT. JIMMY'S PARENTS HOME - EARLY EVENING - SUNDAY, APRIL 7TH

Jimmy opens his parents front door, makes his way into the kitchen. Sees his Mother pacing.

JIMMY

Dad's okay, he's going to be alright.

LAURA

No one knows where he is, it's been hours. It's not like him. He always calls.

JIMMY

I know where he is.

LAURA

What's going on.

JIMMY

Morris Has him. That's why I'm here. I need to...

Laura stands up, angrily yelling now. Cuts Jimmy off.

LAURA

MITCHELL HAS ROBERT WHY?

JIMMY

(trying to calm his mother down)

It's going to be alright, let me finish. We've got a little problem with some money BEAT. a diamond issue, I'm going to take care of it.

LAURA

What have you boys gotten yourselves into? BEAT. you shouldn't deal with that man. He's dangerous.

JIMMY

You have to trust me. Everything's going to work out. Gin's gone. He took something of value that belonged to Morris. He's holding Dad until one or the other shows up. It's not going to be Gin.

LAURA

How are we, your father involved in all this?

JIMMY

We owed him a large sum of money, a legacy payment. This came down from Dad's elders long ago, I tried getting it cut down. I made a deal, it went a little sideways.

LAURA

what have you done?  
(crying)

JIMMY

I have a plan...

LAURA

Another plan? More schemes!?!?

JIMMY

Let me worry about that.

LAURA

How can I not worry? How long til your father's home?

JIMMY

Soon. 2 days. I'll take care of it.

Takes his mother's hand, removes the pen she's been clutching.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Stop calling people on that list. Call the ones you have back. Tell them Dad's fine.

Laura calms herself down, understands what she has to do, nods in agreement.

LAURA

Where's your uncle Donovan? Does he know?

JIMMY

He knows. We're on it.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SUNDAY, APRIL 7TH

LISA

If I tell you all my fears, will  
you tell me all your lies?

JIMMY

Do you really want that? Do you  
think this emotional ride I'm on is  
something you want a ticket for?  
Trust me, you don't!

LISA

Let me be the judge of that. You're  
always trying to protect me.

JIMMY

That's my role in this. I've  
learned all my lines, hit all my  
marks.

LISA

Life's not a play to memorize lines  
for. Some bad romantic comedy.

JIMMY

Tomorrow night, after it all goes  
down... BEAT... I want you to know  
that what I did was what EVERYONE  
involved wanted.

LISA

Jimmy, you don't need to try and  
explain to me.

JIMMY

(putting his finger up to  
Lisa's lips)  
Can you keep a promise?

LISA

Of course.

JIMMY

I need you to close your eyes.

Lisa closes her eyes and waits.

Jimmy reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a small box.  
Dark blue, with a very small silver bow on top. And takes  
Lisa's hands, puts the box in her hand.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Open.

Lisa opens them to see the box. A look of shock and joy comes across her face at the same time.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
 You don't open this box until  
 you're absolutely sure you have an  
 answer. Can you keep your promise?

LISA  
 Always.

INT. MORRIS MITCHEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Morris Mitchell stares at his old friend sitting across from him. Robert stares right back. The two men reminisce and remember old times and share stories about the days when they were somebody in this town. Without saying a word. Not a word!

MORRIS/ROBERT  
 (little smiles coming  
 across their faces)

MORRIS (CONT'D)  
 Don't!!  
 (pointing his finger in  
 his face)

ROBERT  
 What did I say?

Morris hands Robert his cell phone.

MORRIS  
 Call your wife.

ROBERT  
 I was told you had her, only reason  
 I came.

MORRIS  
 I'm sure she's worried.

ROBERT  
 Let's leave her out of this.

MORRIS  
 She's been in this for 30 years.  
 It's a little too late for that.

Robert takes the cell phone and dials, Waits. BEAT... BEAT. A voice picks up on the other end. Morris grabs the phone out of Robert's hand.

LAURA (O.S.)  
Who is this?

MORRIS  
It's nice to hear your voice. 28 years and it still sounds as sweet as the last time. I see you in church praying. Are you praying you wished you were with me?

ROBERT  
Don't you dare BEAT. I'll cut your balls off!!

Robert is subdued by a few of Morris' men.

MORRIS  
(shaking his head,  
disappointingly)  
Excuse me Laura, minor issue here.

LAURA (O.S.)  
Robert is that you?.. ARE YOU OK?

MORRIS  
(speaking to Robert, calm  
and cool)  
You raise your voice again, you wont have one.

Robert swallows, nods.

LAURA (O.S.)  
Don't you dare hurt him!! What do you want?

MORRIS  
What do I want? I want you to do something, you never did all those years ago. BEAT. Trust me.

LAURA (O.S.)  
I could never have trusted you! I knew you would break my heart. I always knew you would go away, and away you went. What was I to do? As if I had a choice!

MORRIS  
Calling to let you know that Robert is safe. And will be, as long as James does what we discussed. Children listen to their mothers. You speak to him.

LAURA (O.S.)

Don't you dare Hurt any of them! I  
always knew you were no good.

MORRIS

You were always a good judge of  
character. The one thing you were  
very bad at... BEAT... was math.

Morris hands the phone back to Robert.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Make it short.

ROBERT

Honey, everything's going to be  
okay. Call Jimmy, let him know  
what's happening.

LAURA (O.S.)

He knows.

EXT. BACK ALLEY LOADING DOCK - LATE AFTERNOON - MONDAY, APRIL  
8TH

WE SEE TWO BLACK VANS PULL UP TO THE DOCKS. PARK NEAR THE  
LOADING DOORS.

Jimmy's Tribe comes out the side door, all wearing black  
everything. Hoodies over their heads. 5 tall teenage girls  
come walking down the alley. An 6th woman joins up with them  
as she comes out a back door of one of the brick buildings.  
All stop and gather around at the dock.

JIMMY

Ladies, thank you for being on  
time. Raji, you've given your  
friends a basic idea of what's  
going down? Tara, it's good to see  
you, I think.

RAJI

I have. It's simple enough. In &  
out. First sign of any danger,  
abort.

TARA

Sorry for the surprise. Simon  
filled me in, said you needed help.

SIMON

She comes out of my end.

JIMMY

That's 6, were still two short.

Two more women come walking out of the warehouses side door.

ABBY

You boy's need some help.

Abby and Lesley from the tavern stand there smirking

LESLEY

Thought we could give you a hand

Jimmy looking surprised on how they even knew what was going down tonight, nods his head,

JIMMY

How the ...you know what? I don't care. Yes Thank you.

David holds several big shopping bags from the local sporting goods store, filled with black sweat pants, hoodies, black socks and black athletic shoes.

DAVID

There's various sizes. Please go into the building and find ones that fit.

Raji grabs the bags and the girls follow her into the building to change.

The guys wait outside for the girls to change. A few minutes pass and then some more, and some more. The boys start to look antsy. Look at there watches.

CARLOS

So how's it going?

SIMON

Good, yeah. How you been?

DAVID

Not bad, big game tonight.

JIMMY

(looking at Carlos,  
nodding)

It's been a little chilly. How's your mom?

CARLOS

She's good, thanks. Dad's got this hip thing, this weather BEAT. you know.

SIMON

What do you thinks taking them so long?

DAVID

Who knows. You know when girls get together.

JIMMY

(looking at his watch)  
You think I should go check on them...

CARLOS

No.

DAVID

Don't.

JIMMY

Fine. What do you think of the Mets' pitching this year?

SIMON

I don't like it. Hitting they got, no bullpen.

CARLOS

They got pitching. It's hitters...

DAVID

...They need, They have no offence.

EXT. BACK ALLEY LOADING DOCK - LATE AFTERNOON - MONDAY, APRIL 8TH

THE DOOR ON THE BRICK BUILDING OPENS, 8 PEOPLE WALK OUT

The 8 women come out from changing into their all black sweat pants and hoodies. Walking like super models on the runway, one by one make their way up to the guys and stand at attention in a row.

SIMON

(looking at his watch)  
Finally.



JIMMY

Each van seats 4, so pick teams.  
The drivers are friends of mine.  
They will fill you in on the  
details of where and when.

The girls split up into two teams and load up. Jimmy goes up to the driver side door and window of one of the vans. David does the same to the other. Goes over last minute details.

DAVID

Hey COOPER. We clear?

COOPER

Crystal.

Other van, Jimmy talks to the driver.

JIMMY

TROY.

A black man in his late 20's looks down at Jimmy, nods and responds.

TROY PATTERSON

Thanks for getting me out of  
retirement. How fast does this van  
go?

JIMMY

The speed limit.

TROY

(nodding, understanding)  
Another job then.

The vans pull away in separate directions.

JIMMY

David, you're up.

INT. ANY STORE/DELI/BAR/DRY CLEANERS - NIGHT - MONDAY, APRIL  
8TH

We hear phones ringing, see shop owners and business owners all answering, listening to the same message. A montage of over 20 people answering the phone, and being told what to do by a very distinct voice. All of them nodding, without trying to interrupt.

INT. BLACK VAN - CONTINUOUS - MONDAY, APRIL 8TH

COOPER

Ladies, hang on tight!

The girls struggle to find seat belts as the van pulls away.

EXT. ANY STREET-UPPER EAST SIDE - EARLY EVENING - MONDAY,  
APRIL 8TH

One of the black vans pull up and parks on a side street. The driver, Copper Evans, looks at his list of addresses and order of contacts, index cards with store and business addresses clearly printed out. Leaving nothing to chance, David has been very detailed on places and times.

Cooper turns to the girls and gets their attention.

COOPER

Now listen up. It's very, very important that you actually say what you've been told to say. Nothing less, nothing more, or this entire operation will fail. Is that clear?

All 4 of the young women dressed in black answer at the same time.

ALL BLACKS 1,2,3 & 4

Yes, We understand.

Same exact scene is being played out across town in the other van.

TROY

Now repeat after me. "I understand Mr. Mitchell called you".

ALL BLACKS 5,6,7 & 8

(at the same time)

I understand Mr. Mitchell called you.

Back to the other van, Cooper's crew.

ALL BLACKS 1,2,3 & 4

(at the same time)

I understand Mr. Mitchell called you.

COOPER

Good. You all know what to do. See you in two.

The two side doors open and 4 people dressed all in black move out into 4 very different directions.

The clock goes final on the championship game of the NCAA tournament.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

A person dressed in all black walks up to the counter.

Over the next 20 minutes, this same interaction takes place over 30 times in the upper north west, as well as in the south west and south east of Kingsbridge.

ALL BLACK #1

I understand Mr. Mitchell called you.

The store owner nods and proceeds to give the figure a large envelope about two inches thick.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

ALL BLACK #2

I understand Mr. Mitchell called.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

ALL BLACK #3

I understand Mitchell called.

INT. BARBER SHOP - NIGHT

ALL BLACK #4

Do you understand? Mitchell!

INT. PIZZA PARLOR - NIGHT

ALL BLACK #5

Mitchell !! Come on lets go!

INT. DRY CLEANERS - NIGHT

ALL BLACK #6  
Mitchell, Don't make me angry!

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - NIGHT

ALL BLACK # 7/ LESLEY  
Mitchell!!

INT. DELI - NIGHT

ALL BLACK #8/ABBY  
Give me the money!!

EXT. CROSSING DEPOT - NIGHT - MONDAY, APRIL 8TH

Two black vans pull up to the exact place they were told two.  
A black SUV pulls up next to them.

TROY

Ladies, you were wonderful! I have  
your numbers, can I call you?

ALL BLACK #1

No!

ALL BLACK #2

No!!

ALL BLACK #3

Maybe.

ALL BLACK #4

Sure.

TROY

Get into that suburban. Great job,  
and I will call... not you, not  
you. Probably not you. Yes you.  
Please don't forget to make your  
final deposits.

The young women make their way out of the vans. Each drop  
their envelopes into Troy's and Cooper's bags.

EXT. CROSSING DEPOT - NIGHT - MONDAY, APRIL 8TH

Cooper's van pulls up.

COOPER

You see that SUV? Get in it!

The ladies make their way out of the van. Leave the envelopes they picked up in the bag.

ALL BLACK #5

Thank you good night!

ALL BLACK #6

Your an awesome driver.

ALL BLACK # 7

Call me.

ALL BLACK #8

What are you doing later?

Cooper, being much older, shakes his head side to side with a regretful look on his face.

COOPER

I don't want to go to jail.

EXT. CROSSING DEPOT - NIGHT - MONDAY, APRIL 8TH

Two black vans pull up to the crossing depot's docking door. Cooper & Troy give the bags of full envelopes of cash. Carlos & David take the bags into the back seat of their large GMC Suburban.

The guys open the envelopes and start counting the cash. 30 stacks of 10 \$100 dollar bills are set aside and rolled up with rubber bands.

DAVID

\$30,000. That came together fast.

CARLOS

There's more than 3 times that left.

SIMON

Big score!

JIMMY

Let's go. They're inside waiting.

INT. CROSSING DEPOT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Morris Mitchell sits at the center of the table, surrounded by 12 men. Robert Valentino sits at the end. Two of Morris' men obviously guarding him.

The boys enter and slowly walk up their side of the table. Jimmy notices his father. Carries a bag of cash.

MORRIS

Gentlemen, Thank you for being on time.

JIMMY

Lets make this quick, I need to get my father home for dinner.

MORRIS

Do you have what I asked for? I hope it's the diamonds, I'll be disappointed if it's just money.

JIMMY

Sorry to disappoint. Those stones are as gone as Gin.

MORRIS

That's too bad, I had buyers lined up for those diamonds. Cash it is then.

Carlos puts the gym bag full if rolled up \$100 bills on the table and slides it across to Morris.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

(hands the bag to his man on the right)

Count this.

DAVID

You think we'd try to short you?

MORRIS

And make sure they're real.

Morris' man counts and checks the bills as best he can.

MONEY COUNTER

12 rolls of \$2000 each, they look good.

Morris's cell phone vibrates. He looks at the number and decides to answer it.

MORRIS

Yes?

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)

There's people here to collect their winnings, but you never texted me the phone number for them to call.

MORRIS

What are you talking about? What number?

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)

Your message, about giving all the money to your guy a few minutes after the game went final.

MORRIS

This better be some kind of joke.

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)

No sir. What do I do?

Morris hangs up his phone. Starts to think about what is actually happening here. You can see the anger start to rise in his face. The wheels turning in his head.

JIMMY

Is there a problem?

The boys sense that something's up. Morris knows his places have been robbed.

MORRIS

Once again, someone thinks they can play games with me, paying me with my own money?

JIMMY

I assure you this money is ours. Sounds like you've been robbed again. Maybe one of Stanley's friends.

MORRIS

I've just about had enough you.

JIMMY

(pointing to Morris's men)  
Or perhaps one of the men standing right next to you. You never know who you can trust anymore.

Morris' men look at each other with mistrust. Hands in their overcoat pockets, grabbing for their weapons.

MORRIS

No. Don't! This is going to be my pleasure.

CAMERA SHOTS FROM BEHIND MORRIS' SIDE OF THE TABLE. WE SEE THE 5 MEN STARING AT WHAT MORRIS PULLS OUT OF HIS JACKET POCKET.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

(waving with his left hand, gesturing the crew to move to their left)

Get over there, up against that wall.

The boys slowly move over to the red brick wall.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Face the wall, backs to me.

ROBERT

Don't do anything stupid, let's work this out!

MORRIS

I'm done working things out! One of you is going to pay. After tonight, no one will try to double cross me again.

ROBERT

MORRIS!!

The sound of a door opening from the far right of the warehouse. A shadow of a man can be seen against the wall. He's holding a gun and pointing at the direction of the action.

SHADOW MAN WITH GUN

You pull that trigger, and you're a dead man! Put down your gun, kick it away.

Morris hears the voice, starts to slowly turn in the direction he hears the man's threats.

SHADOW MAN WITH GUN (CONT'D)

Don't turn around, don't move. Just drop the gun!



MORRIS

This is not going to end well for either of us.

(talking to to the boys  
against the wall)

Get on your knees.

ROBERT

Morris, I swear to God , if you do this, I will kill you!

MORRIS

It seams someone's going to beat you to it.

SHADOW MAN WITH GUN

Don't make me kill you!

Morris looks over to Robert.

MORRIS

It didn't have to be this way. This thing we do. We're given no choice. You're in, or you're dead. That's no way to live your life.

Morris turns back to the crew now kneeing up against the wall, backs turned to Morris and his men, and the shadow figure with his own gun.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

(turning back to Robert)

Tell your wife, I've always loved her. Good bye.

Morris pulls his trigger, a gun shot blasts the stillness of the warehouse. A second shot, less than a second after the first also cuts through the tension.

CAMERA SHOOTING THE CREW ON THEIR KNEES.

One by one, the boys hands can been seen reaching for their stomachs and chests, searching for bullet wounds. In a calm panic, the first 4 set of hands come up clean. We see a hand covering up an exit wound, his hand up against the black sweat jacket. Blood slowly starts to make it's way through his fingers. Dripping to the ground.

THIS SHOT FROM BEHIND THE 8 MEN AND FROM ABOVE, WE DO NOT SEE WHAT'S IN THEIR HANDS.

Morris stands where he was and reaches for his chest. A bloody hand. His eyes start to gloss over. He sits back in his chair. His men in a frozen state, not knowing what to do. One of the 12, a loyal one starts to reach for his gun in his pocket. 8 of the men produce their own guns, and keep the other 4 from doing anything stupid.

The shadow man moves forward into the light. Walks up towards Morris.

ROBERT  
(looking shocked)  
Don, Donny, Why?

The 5 men still on their knees, 4 of them turn around to see what's happening. The 5th falls to his side. Never to get up.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
(notices one of them has  
fallen over)  
No!!!!

Robert runs over to the boys and turns the one on the ground over so he can see his face. The look of shock and horror. He tries to pick up the body, but is stopped by the other 4, they walk him away from the now dead body laying on the cold cement.

Donovan comes up close to Morris and takes his head. Looks right at him.

DONOVAN  
I can see by the look in your eyes,  
that your just about gone.  
(leaning in to whisper  
something in Morris' ear)  
So I will leave you this lovely  
parting gift.

Donovan moves in, and whispers something. What Morris hears produces a small grin on his face. A look of complete satisfaction, as if he's just been told all the secrets of the universe. That nagging unanswered question and mystery finally solved.

MORRIS  
(whispers back)  
Of course, Thank you.

Morris slumps over the table. Dead.

All of Morris' men, 8 holding the other 4 at gun, point start to leave.

ONE LOYAL MAN  
We can't leave him like this.

ONE NOT SO LOYAL MAN  
We will call his daughter. We can't be around when the police show up.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY - THURSDAY, APRIL 11TH

A casket is displayed at the front of the room. A line of friends and family which seems to stretch out the door make their way to pay their respects. Two men looking out of place and not invited, finally make it to the front to look at the body. Open casket, lies a young man. The two men look at each other and nod. They got what they needed. Positive ID.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

ELDERS' REPRESENTATIVE  
(on his cell phone)  
It's him. A real shame, he was a good kid.

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)  
Thank you for making this trip.  
Please pass along my condolences.

ELDERS' REPRESENTATIVE  
Done.

EXT. A DIFFERENT FUNERAL HOME - LATER THAT SAME DAY

A casket lies in the center of the room. A much smaller gathering of people, finish up their good byes. The same two out of place men go up to the casket and look at who lies in state. Morris Mitchell. Even with eyes closed it feels like he's staring right through you.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY - FRIDAY, APRIL 12TH

A casket is being lowered into the ground. A large group of people gather around, listening to the priests words.

SHOT OF A COUPLE STANDING NEXT TO EACH OTHER CLOSE TO THE FRONT, SHOT FROM BEHIND. FOCUSING ON THEIR HANDS. THE WOMAN'S HAND ON THE RIGHT SLOWLY STARTS TO MOVE CLOSER TO THE MAN'S HAND ON HER LEFT. YOU CAN SEE A LARGE DIAMOND RING ON HER FINGER AS SHE TAKES THE MAN'S HAND.

Jimmy and Lisa hold each others hand tight, as friends and family walk up and toss dirt on to the now lowered casket.

EXT. A DIFFERENT CEMETERY - LATER THAT SAME DAY

A much smaller group of people pay their respects as Morris Mitchell's casket is lowered into the earth.

INT. GREEN DRAGON TAVERN - LATER THAT NIGHT

SHOT OF 10 MEN AND 1 WOMEN ALL WEARING BLACK, WE SEE THEIR BACKS AS THEY SOMBERLY WATCH THE LOCAL NEWS ON THE BIG SCREEN AT THE CENTER OF THE BAR.

The anchor woman's voice can be heard filling the silent and sad room.

ANCHOR WOMAN (O.S.)

In local news, the funeral of one of Kingsbridge's up and coming young son's was held today. A large gathering of family and friends attended the ceremony of Simon Kerr. Son of one of this town's founding Fathers Garrison Kerr and younger brother of Blake Kerr, who has recently been in the news as well. Newly married, he leaves behind his new 2 month pregnant wife. In related news, the body of Morris Mitchell was was also laid to rest today in a much smaller gathering across town.

The anchor woman's voice starts to fade as she goes into details about Morris' business doings and connections to crime family as far away as Philadelphia.

Donovan grabs the remote and turns off the TV.

SHOOTING FROM THE TV'S PERSPECTIVE. WE CAN NOW SEE ALL THE PEOPLES FACES SITTING AT THE BAR.

BLAKE  
 (raising his glass for a  
 toast)  
 To Simon, May he rest in peace...

CARLOS  
 Or better yet, I hope he's in hell  
 kicking the Devil's ass...

DAVID  
 ...and taking over the place.

EVERYONE AT THE SAME TIME  
 To Simon!!

EXT. CIRCULAR DRIVEWAY / FRONT OF MANSION - DAY

A large black SUV is parked in front of a very well maintained and perfectly landscaped very large expensive home. Two figures appear as they make their way out of the home. A man and a woman walk towards the SUV. A butler & driver comes around to open the back door for the couple to get in. He takes their suitcases. We still don't see the faces of the two people that have now sat down and are making themselves comfortable. The man looks at the already seated person across from them.

SIMON  
 (nodding)  
 Morris.

MORRIS  
 Mr Kerr, Vanessa.

VANESSA  
 Mr Mitchell.

MORRIS  
 So Canada. I hear it's beautiful  
 this time of year.

SCENES OF THE TAVERN, DOWNTOWN KINGS BRIDGE, THE CROSSING.

JIMMY (V.O.)  
 After the "untimely death of Morris  
 Mitchell, The elders saw fit to  
 hand back control of the points to  
 my Family, The Valentinos.  
 (MORE)

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

I will keep the northwest, I gave Carlos the upper east side, and the southwest to David. Gin took over the southeast. This is our tribe, we control the points. But make NO mistake about it... They all answer to me!!

The SUV pulls out of the driveway and makes its way on to the open road. Over head shots as the car drives north on a perfect spring day. A sign with distances can be seen as they pass it. Nova Scotia 221 miles.

FADE OUT.