Steven Gets Even
By Jack McGuire
INT. FASHIONABLE SPLIT LEVEL HOUSE - DAY

STEVE COBURN, 35, Handsome, Confident, carries his suitcase down the stairway and heads for the front door.

He’s confronted by his wife, CATHY, 30, attractive, intensely assertive. She’s holding a house plant up to the light pruning it.

CATHY
Should I assume you’re leaving?

STEVE
You could do that.

CATHY
Terrific. The boring, stay at home family man is packing it in.

STEVE
Hell, you never know. Maybe if we did have a few kids we could’ve worked it out.

CATHY
Play that orphan boy routine on someone else. I’m not wasting my life on runny nosed brats.

STEVE
Well, sweetheart, the igloo’s all yours.

Steve begins to exit the front door. Cathy slams the flower pot across the back of his head.

Steve staggers, but regains his balance and enters his CADILLAC LIMOUSINE in the driveway.

He pulls away while Cathy stands in the doorway.

CATHY
(screaming)
You bastard. I’ll show you who’s frigid.
EXT. ROCKY POINT INLET - DAY

Steve exits his car, doffs his clothes for his bathing suit, walks to the jetty, climbs out on the boulders and plunges into the pounding surf.

Gulls and Terns remonstrate as he swims out into Long Island Sound.

He moves swiftly, his long athletic strokes distance him from the shore.

A FISHERMAN on the beach takes his surf rod back and hurls a lure out into the ocean.

TWO SPEEDBOATS pull waterskiers along the shoreline.

Steve reaches a large BELL BUOY and climbs aboard. The Buoy rises and falls with each ground swell.

He pulls himself erect and peers out at the horizon.

A POLICE OFFICER in a Suffolk County PATROL BOAT spots him.

The Police Officer signals to his fellow OFFICER at the helm, who sends the boat speeding towards the Buoy.

The boat slows as it approaches.

OFFICER #1
Hold on fella. Let’s talk it out.

STEVE
It’s not like that. I’m just taking a swim.

OFFICER #2
Sure, out here in the shipping lanes with the sharks.

OFFICER #1
Look, maybe you lost your job? Or you’re depressed cause your wife took off, but it’ll get better if you talk it out.

STEVE
I hate to disappoint you guys, but she didn’t leave me. I left her.

OFFICER #1
That’s right pal. Talk it on out. You’ll feel better.
STEVE
Look, what I’m saying is you don’t know my wife. I escaped. I’m happy as hell about it.

OFFICER #2
He must think we come from New Jersey.

OFFICER #1
Just hold onto that buoy and we’ll get you aboard.

STEVE
Look, I don’t need a ride. I swim out here all the time.

OFFICER #2
Better get the net ready.

Officer #1 extends his hand. Steve winces, but steps on board when the boat maneuvers closer to the buoy.

INT. STEVE’S LIMO – DAY
Steve drives his limo along Main Street in Port Jefferson.

He passes the Yacht Club and swings into the next driveway where A MICKEY’S LIMO sign is displayed.

He pulls alongside the garage and enters the business office.

INT. LIMO OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

MICKEY WALSH, 30, sarcastic, aggressive, sits at the kitchen table sipping a beer. BASE RADIO in ADJOINING OFFICE, GARBLES in background.

MICKEY
Man, you look a helluva lot better than you did last night.

STEVE
Good thing you showed up. Those harbor cops were fitting me for a rubber room.

MICKEY
Hey Moe, give ‘em a freaking break. They found you sitting on a hunk of iron in the middle of the shipping lanes.
STEVE
So, I took a long swim. I was celebrating.

MICKEY
You take Michelson over to Connecticut today?

STEVE
Yeah, I just got off the ferry. He gave me a double sawbuck tip.

MICKEY
Twenty bucks? The cheap bastard. I figured him for half a hundred.

STEVE
Give the guy a break. Could’ve been his last twenty.

MICKEY
The bum owns fifty five freaking apartment houses. He’s got more dough than that fat kid over at Pillsbury.

STEVE
You keep a line on all your customers?

MICKEY
It’s business, Moe. Gotta know who you’re toting around.

STEVE
You keep a sheet on the hired help, too?

MICKEY
Not you and Ellie. Gotta trust somebody.

STEVE
There’s something beating in that hairy chest after all.

Steve starts towards the door to exit.

MICKEY
Meet us at Mario’s tonight and I’ll show you how good the old pumper can be.

Mickey pats himself on the chest.
INT. MARIO’S PIZZA PARLOR – NIGHT

MARIO GRECO, 40, swarthy and self assured, stands by his pizza oven rolling dough.

Mickey sits at a table in the rear of the restaurant reading a newspaper.

ELLIE LEE, 30, beautiful, assertive, enters. She takes a seat next to Mickey.

ELLIE
Any winners?

MICKEY
Not since I picked you.

ELLIE
Wouldn’t selected be more appropriate?

MICKEY
Keep jigging that line and you might get me to say chosen, Golda.

ELLIE
I’m only half Jewish wise ass. My mother is Irish.

MICKEY
Sure, call me names. A good guy like me.

ELLIE
How delightful. I’ve offended the king of slurburbia himself.

Steve enters.

MICKEY
Ellie and I were just trading compliments.

STEVE
Who’s winning?

MICKEY
She ain’t got a mark on her.

STEVE
You guys ought to wear headgear when you’re sparring.
ELLIE
The man’s a softie. Especially in the clinches.

MICKEY
Yo, Mario, it’s time to dine.

Mario takes a platter of food and hurries to the table.

MARIO
I got a special Antipasto for my best customers.

Mario places the platter on the table.

Mario slides a wicker basket full of garlic bread in front of Mickey.

MICKEY
Mario makes the best garlic bread on Long Island.

MARIO
It’s a family secret. My old man got it from his old man.

ELLIE
I’d kill for the recipe, but Mario’s loyal to his family.

MICKEY
Would you tell if they told you you’d be sleeping with the fishes?

Mickey runs his fingers across his neck

ELLIE
I’ll never mention it again, Mario.

MARIO
Don’t pay any attention to Mickey. He’d let you think all Italians are mob guys.

MICKEY
I don’t wanna know how it’s made, but if it gets out. I’m ratting on the little Jew.

ELLIE
My hero.
Mickey wouldn’t give you up. You could rob a bank with the guy.

You know, sometimes I wonder about him being a crook. Did you ever see the jewelry he wears?

Steve gives Mickey a knowing glance

Not tonight. I’m bare back.

Mickey holds up his hands.

Naughty boy. Go to your room.

We playing golf tomorrow, Mick?

Yeah, unless there’s a freaking tornado or something.

Mickey swings his car into the parking lot and parks. Steve pulls alongside in a golf cart.

You get starting time?

Yeah, the pro said we could go out on the back nine.

Fantastic. What’d you do catch him screwing the bar maid?

Nah, he’s a good guy. Besides, I live here Mick, Remember?

Mickey removes his clubs from the car and places them on the cart.

He changes street shoes for golf spikes.
MICKEY
You know, I been dying to ask you. How’s it feel living here with all these single Chiquita’s?

STEVE
It’s rough man. Gotta keep my door bolted shut.

MICKEY
Cut the crap. You been a one woman man all your life. You telling me you haven’t been lonely since you left Cathy?

STEVE
I didn’t leave, I escaped. I swear, It was like doing a bit, Mick. I’m still looking over my shoulder.

TWO PRETTY YOUNG LADIES saunter by pulling their golf carts.

MICKEY
Here’s a couple of prospects, Steve. Good Morning ladies?

The Ladies smile and continue on their way.

STEVE
I got enough problems in court. They switched the case to a new Judge.

MICKEY
What’s his name?

STEVE

MICKEY
Son a bitch. They gave you Full Moon Dick.

STEVE
Christ, don’t tell me you got a book on him too?

MICKEY
My brother Billy tends bar at the North Shore Yacht club in Riverton. Someone told him Moon’s wife caught him screwing some broad in his chambers.
They reach the tenth tee and exit the cart.

STEVE
So, the guys a swordsman. You’d be the last guy to fault him for that. You’d screw a snake.

They slide their drivers out of their golf bags and begin practice swinging.

MICKEY
Yeah, but he’s one of those family values guys. A real freaking hypocrite.

Mickey Tee’s up and knocks his ball down the fairway.

Steve takes a close look at Mickey’s driver.

STEVE
You get another set of clubs?

MICKEY
I picked them up at a garage sale in Hampton Bays.

STEVE
Yeah, and I’m Prince Charlie.

MICKEY
How does I found them in a dumpster sound?

STEVE
I’m just wondering what happens when your Mother finds out you’re a second story man!

Steve Tees up his ball and knocks it down the fairway, but it lands in the rough.

Mickey hits one close by.

They step in the cart and drive down the fairway.

MICKEY
Helen ain’t gonna find out cause they can’t catch what they can’t see. I’m in freaking visible.

They exit the cart and approach their respective balls.

Mickey kicks his forward to improve his lie while Steve plays his from behind a bush.
INT. PINE GROVE COUNTRY CLUB - LATER

Steve and Mickey sit at a table near the bar. A GROUP plays trend music, while TWO COUPLES dance.

STEVE
Suppose the guy you burgled those clubs off walked up to you and asked where you got them?

MICKEY
So, freak him. He’d probably notice his watch and ring first.

Mickey extends his hand to show off the jewelry.

STEVE
Are you nuts? Flashing a hot Rolex and a gold ring like that.

MICKEY
How about the money clip. Ain’t it a beaut? The guy left it on his dresser loaded with lettuce.

STEVE
Why not get a microphone and broadcast it!

MICKEY
Will you freaking relax. Nobody cares what’s going on over here. They got their own problems.

SCOTTIE, 25, an attractive blonde waitress with a Scottish accent arrives at the table.

SCOTTIE
Can I freshen up your drinks?

MICKEY
You’re just in time, Scottie. I need a Vodka on the rocks.

STEVE
Make mine a cold beer.

MICKEY
Are you single? My friend’s looking for a date?
SCOTTIE
If you’d let the poor lad speak for
himself I’d tell him this Wee
Lassie is spoken for.

She smiles and walks away with Mickey eyeballing her swagger.

STEVE
Would you stop trying to fix me up.
You’re making it look that I’m hard
up.

TWO PRETTY CHICKS wearing the latest in golf apparel enter
and sit at the adjoining table.

Mickey gestures to them and they wave back.

MICKEY
How about if I ask Helga and Daphne
if they want to play hop in the hay
all day?

STEVE
You know them?

MICKEY
Nah, who cares about names when
you’re invited to an orgy.

Mickey moves to the Girls table. He motions to Scottie, who
quickly responds.

INT LIMO OFFICE - DAY

Ellie punches in a number on her base phone.

ELLIE
It’s Ellie, Steve. Can you pick up
the Mick up at his mothers?

STEVE (O.S.)
I’m on the way.

ELLIE
You and the Mick have a good round
yesterday?

STEVE (O.S.)
Not bad. He won a couple of bucks.

ELLIE
Did you go swimming with him?
STEVE
Swimming? Err, no, I didn’t.

ELLIE
The dam fool came home smelling like he fell into a pool of cheap Estee Lauder perfume.

INT. STEVE’S LIMO - LATER
Steve turns into the driveway of a Cape Cod dwelling with attached garage.

EXT. CAPE COD DWELLING - CONTINUOUS
Steve exits the Limo
TWO SHARPEI DOGS bark at him from their dog run.
Mickey and his Mother HELEN 60, short and feisty, step out the side entrance.

MICKEY
Gotta take the mutts for a bath.

HELEN
That’s right. If he’s gonna come home smelling like a whore house. No reason the dogs can’t.

MICKEY
Helen don’t believe some smart ass kids threw perfume all over me.

STEVE
Hello Mrs. Walsh, is the Mick treating you alright?

HELEN
He better, or I’ll whack him one. It’s poor Ellie I’m worried about.

MICKEY
Ellie hates me. Helen hates me, but Raisin and Prunella love their Daddy.

HELEN
Get them in the car, Sonny. I got shopping to do.

STEVE
I didn’t know your Mother called you Sonny.
MICKEY
I kind of keep it to myself.

STEVE
Don’t worry Mick. My lips are sealed.

Mickey enters the dog run.

MICKEY
C’mon Prunella. Come to Daddy Raisin. Daddies little babies are good little girls.

The dogs run to him and lick his face. He attaches their leashes.

The dogs pull him along until they all enter the car.

INT. STEVE’S LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Steve pulls out of the driveway, with Mickey, his Mother and the dogs in the back.

Steve turns the limo into local traffic driving slowly.

MICKEY
The Pooch Palace is on Main Street.
About four blocks from my place.

HELEN
Did Mickey tell you his sister Karen is having another baby?

STEVE
No, he didn’t.

MICKEY
Helen wants me to get married and have a couple of brats so she can spoil them.

HELEN
Just the way you spoil those mutts. Your little girls, indeed.

MICKEY
They’re Daddy’s little girls. My sweethearts.

Mickey plays with the dogs and they happily respond.
HELEN
Dam fool dogs. He treats them better than people.

MICKEY
Dogs won’t ever give you up. Right Steve?

STEVE
Yours won’t, that’s for sure.

Steve drives into a large shopping center. He stops in front of the Pooch Palace and parks.

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - CONTINUOUS

Helen takes the dogs inside.

Steve and Mickey exit the Limo to stroll along the promenade leading to a series of small shops.

MICKEY
My Limo will be out of the shop tomorrow. You won’t have to drag me around anymore.

Steve fusses with his watch.

STEVE
I need another watch. This one stopped running.

MICKEY
There’s a jewelry store up the street. Let’s see what they got.

They saunter along the strip and enter THE APEX jewelry store.

INT. APEX JEWELRY STORE - CONTINUOUS

A well dressed SALESGIRL, 30, with angular features moves to their assistance.

MICKEY
I didn’t know you were having a beauty contest in here.

SALESGIRL
Flattery will get you everywhere. How can I help you gentlemen?

STEVE
I’m looking for a wristwatch.
SALES GIRL
Any particular style or price range?

MICKEY
I wish I had a camera.

Mickey pretends he’s taking her picture.

STEVE
How about those?

Steve points to a tray of inexpensive watches.

MICKEY
Let’s see the ones in that other case.

She rushes to retrieve the more expensive watches.

SALES GIRL
Here’s one you could wear with distinction.

She dangles her selection. Mickey takes her hand in his.

MICKEY
You have the softest, prettiest hands I’ve ever seen.

She’s distracted by the attention.

STEVE
What’s the price?

SALES GIRL
Yes, it is nice.

Mickey releases her hand. She reluctantly lets go.

STEVE
I know, but how much?

She fumbles with the watch searching for the price tag.

SALES GIRL
It’s, err, two hundred fifty dollars. A real nice buy.

MICKEY
How about the ones over there?

She anxiously places his selection on the counter top.
Mickey picks through them looking at the price tags.

STEVE
How much are they?

MICKEY
Not bad. Three, four hundred bucks.

STEVE
That’s more than I wanted to spend.

MICKEY
The guy’s going through a divorce. Lawyers got all the money.

SALESGIRL
Oh, isn’t that a shame.

MICKEY
Mind if I come back later? Say about four?

She drops the watches on the floor trying to put them away.

SALESGIRL
No, err, not really, but I don’t even know your name.

MICKEY
My friends call me Steve.

SALESGIRL
Okay, Steve. Let’s say about four.

They exit the store, proceed up the street and enter the Limo.

INT STEVE’S LIMO - CONTINUOUS

STEVE
My friends call me Steve. What a Casanova, you don’t even use your own name.

MICKEY
Which one of these do you like best?

Mickey dangles two watches with the price tags swinging.

STEVE
You crazy bastard. You’ll get us arrested.
INT. MARIO’S PIZZA PARLOR – NIGHT

Steve enters and sits at a table in the rear.

JOANNA RICCI, 26, a stunningly beautiful brunette, steps out of the kitchen. She saunters over to Steve’s table.

    STEVE
    Wow, you are definitely not who I expected to come waltzing out of that kitchen!

    JOANNA
    Uncle Mario had to go somewhere. I’m helping out for a while.

    STEVE
    I was supposed to meet a friend here. Right now, I’m hoping he has car trouble.

    JOANNA
    Oh, you’re just making that up to be nice.

    STEVE
    You make that kind of easy.

INT. JUDGE MARK BENTON’S MANSION, HAMPTON BAYS – NIGHT

Mickey and Mario are gathering valuables in the darkened downstairs living room.

Mickey shines his flashlight on a painting of JUDGE BENTON, 60, in his robes.

The beam flickers on family photos showing the judge with his wife and two grown daughters.

    MICKEY
    There must be a wall safe in one of these freaking rooms.

Mickey checks behind a wall painting.

    MARIO
    Let’s get the hell out of here. We got enough.

    MICKEY
    I’m gonna try the bedrooms.

Mickey locates a stairway and goes upstairs.
EXT. JUDGE BENTON’S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

A Black Mercedes pauses at the remote controlled gate.

The car passes through the gate and comes to a stop in the driveway.

Mario gathers his loot and exits the mansion by the pool door.

Attorney, CHRISTINA GREBS, 40, an attractive, petite blonde, exits the vehicle and enters the house by the side door.

Judge Benton, follows closely behind.

INT. JUDGE BENTON’S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Judge Benton stumbles after her as she proceeds upstairs.

BENTON

Christina, I wanted to take a dip.

CHRISTINA

No darling, you’ve been swimming in Bourbon all night. Besides, I’m tired.

They enter the bedroom. Christina sits at a huge mirrored dresser.

Judge Benton flops on the bed, kicks off his shoes, takes off his pants and shirt and tosses them on the floor.

Mickey observes from the adjoining room.

BENTON

I remember the first time you stood by my bench. What a feisty little bitch I thought.

CHRISTINA

That’s funny. I was thinking about what fun it would be to sleep with a sitting judge.

BENTON

You won that case my dear because you out lawyered a good man.

Christina removes her clothing down to panties and bra.
CHRISTINA
And all the others because you were screwing me. Is that what you’re saying?

Judge Benton slips out of bed and begins kissing her.

BENTON
Pure unadulterated bribery and you’re the payoff.

They fall into bed kissing.

Christina flips off the lights.

Mickey edges into the bedroom, takes Judge Benton’s wallet out of his pants, removes the money and slides it back.

Mickey crawls out of the room, but returns to remove Christina’s jewelry from the dresser.

Mickey takes Christina Grebs lipstick and scrawls THE PHANTOM WAS HERE, on the mirror.

He exits the room, slips down the stairway and leaves by the pool door.

EXT. JUDGE BENTON’S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Mickey rushes to the fence. He scales it and moves through some heavy underbrush. A DARK FIGURE, awaits him.

As he’s about to enter the clearing, the Figure clasps him in a headlock.

MARIO
You whacky bastard. I thought you got nabbed.

MICKEY
So scare my freaking ass to death.

MARIO
Why take chances? You act like you wanna get caught.

INT. MARIO’S PIZZA PARLOR - LATER

Steve watches as Joanna prepares to close.

JOANNA
Look’s like your friends not going to make it.
STEVE
Yeah, I guess he got stuck somewhere.

JOANNA
It’s been real nice Steve, but I really have to close up.

STEVE
Could I drive you home?

JOANNA
It’s late and I don’t know what happened to Mario, so I could use a ride.

INT. STEVE’S LIMO - CONTINUING

Joanna’s in the rear passenger seat admiring the upholstery.

Steve wheels the limo through darkened suburban streets.

JOANNA
I never expected to be chauffeured home. Literally I mean.

STEVE
And I never expected to be driving a great looking lady anywhere.

JOANNA
You say exactly what a woman wants to hear. You must have lots of girls to practice on?

STEVE
Nope, not a one. Wasn’t interested in anyone till tonight.

JOANNA
There must have been someone?

STEVE
Sure, only if you want to count disasters.

JOANNA
Seems like everyone has experienced a few of those.

STEVE
If you’re looking to field a new team. I’d be interested in a tryout for boyfriend.
JOANNA
You better slow down or you’ll be passing my house. It’s over there on the right.

Joanna points to a RANCH STYLE one family house. Steve swings into the driveway.

JOANNA
Thanks for the ride and for being so nice of course.

STEVE
Hey, it’s been a pleasure. I don’t get to spend too many nights in Venus.

Steve steps out of the limo, opens the passenger door and assists her to the sidewalk.

EXT. RANCH STYLE HOME - CONTINUOUS

JOANNA
You have a way of caressing a woman’s ego.

STEVE
Haven’t said a word I don’t mean.

He escorts Joanna to the doorway. She takes out her keys and partially opens the door.

JOANNA
Thanks again.

She kisses him on the cheek before opening the door.

STEVE
You didn’t say if the boyfriend position is open?

She mouths the word YES as the door closes.

INT. LIMOUSINE BUSINESS OFFICE - DAY

Ellie is at her desk monitoring calls. Mickey’s sprawled on the couch as Steve enters.

ELLIE
Your lawyer called. He wants you to call him back.

Steve’s unsure what phone to use.
MICKEY
Use the one in the other room.

Steve proceeds to the adjoining room.

MICKEY
Every time he hears from that guy he loses something else.

ELLIE
He signed over the house. What else is there?

MICKEY
There’s always something else.

Steve returns to the room.

MICKEY
What’s it look like, Moe?

STEVE
Well, she got it all. Even those stocks and annuities I had before we were married. She even got that coin collection I had since I was a kid.

ELLIE
That really stinks, Steve. It’s hard to believe.

MICKEY
I can. That’s Full Moon Dick’s style. The bum’s been paid off. They got to the bastard.

STEVE
Gotta be something else, Mick. I don’t think you can get to a Superior Court Judge.

Mickey removes a newspaper from the desk drawer. He opens it and points to a photograph.

MICKEY
Yeah, this was in the Port Jeff Sentinel two weeks ago. I didn’t have the balls to show it to you.

Steve takes the newspaper. It shows a photograph of his wife Cathy and Judge Moon’s wife JANE, 38, slim, with short hair.
STEVE
(reading caption)
Jane Moon and Cathy Coburn are crowned Co-Queens of the Chelsea floral dance.

ELLIE
Don’t jump to conclusions. There could be a simple explanation.

MICKEY
You two make one hell of a pair. You both believe in fairy tales.

ELLIE
And you’re the number one cynic in charge of conspiracies.

MICKEY
Look, All I’m getting at is the Chelsea’s are connected. Those Right Wing biddies put the screws to Steve or I got shit for brains.

ELLIE
C’mon Steve, help me out with this male chauvinist pal of yours.

STEVE
I don’t know, Mickey, might have a point. There’s a helluva lot of coincidence here.

MICKEY
My Brother Billy said judge Moon’s wife practically runs the yacht club. Can’t get any freaking cozier than that.

ELLIE
Did you ever meet Moon’s wife?

MICKEY
She ain’t my type. I like em hot and sassy.

ELLIE
So tell me smart ass? How do we know for sure the woman in the picture is Judge Moon’s wife?

MICKEY
Because I know it. That’s the way the cute bastards do business. (MORE)
Mickey (cont'd)
The law my freaking ass. They do as they dam please.

Ellie
Oh sure, great, he makes all these accusations without a shred of evidence and then he blames the establishment for everything.

Mickey
Ellie always sticks up for the other guy. Like we need another Kosher lawyer on Long Island.

Ellie
That’s right. The Jew in me always looks for truth and justice.

Steve
Ellie’s got a point. You gotta be fair about this.

Mickey
Okay, you two wanna be fair, let’s go down to the yacht club and ask Billy. He know’s who the hell is who.

Ellie
So go already.

Ext. Mount Sinai Yacht Club - Later

Steve and Mickey exit the Limo and proceed through the parking lot.

Numerous boats line the walkways. Larger yachts strain at their moorings.

Steve
This place just smells of dough.

Mickey
They don’t spend it on beer and pizza like we do.

They reach the boardwalk and enter the yacht club.

Int. Mount Sinai Yacht Club - Continuous

Nautical items are featured throughout the interior.

They walk through the empty dining room to a long L shaped bar.
BILLY WALSH, 40, a roly poly, good natured guy, stands behind the bar cleaning glasses.

    BILLY
    Don’t tell me you guys wanna go fishing?

    MICKEY
    Yeah, we figured you could cut us some bait. Like the names of the broads in this picture.

Mickey hands Billy the newspaper and points to the photo.

    BILLY
    Sure, that’s Jane Moon, the Judge’s wife and I know I’ve seen that other broad around a few times.

    MICKEY
    That other broad s Steve’s ex wife Cathy Coburn.

    BILLY
    No kidding? She’s in there with an elite bunch of well kept broads.

    STEVE
    It’s a long way from those East Side projects where she grew up. She always did know how to move.

    BILLY
    Can’t hate her for trying to get a leg up.

    STEVE
    Nope, not a bit. Just thinking out loud.

    MICKEY
    Old Full Moon Dick gives his ex every freaking thing they owned. Nothing to get pissed at he says.

    BILLY
    Got screwed by the system is what happened. The ladies went sailing with his honor and made a deal.

    STEVE
    Are you saying they can buy a Superior Court Judge?
BILLY
Yep, I sure am. They do it for a friend, or for a cup of coffee. Sometime’s it’s for real big bucks. You got the right hook, you get the favor. Simple as that.

MICKEY
Steve thinks everything’s on the square. He doesn’t even cheat on his freaking taxes.

STEVE
So, what is that a bad habit?

BILLY
Let me show you what the big guys around here do with their loot.

Billy proceeds to a large picture window. He points to a nearby YACHT with the name MOONBEAM on its stern.

BILLY
That’s Full Moon Dick’s barge.

MICKEY
Some freaking scow. What’s a boat like that cost?

BILLY
Chicken feed. No more than half a million.

STEVE
I guess the law pays pretty good.

MICKEY
C’mon, let’s get out of here before I barf.

Mickey proceeds towards the exit. Steve checks the table settings and the club’s decor before following.

BILLY
Maybe next time you come down we can go out and wet a line.

INT. STEVE’S LIMO – LATER

MICKEY
I don’t know how you can keep your cool, man. I’d be a raving freaking loon by now.
STEVE
Don’t worry, I’ll get my turn at bat before this is over.

Steve hands him an elaborate ash tray.

MICKEY
Stolen from the Mount Sinai Yacht Club. You burgled the freaking thing.

EXT. MOUNT SINAI YACHT CLUB - NIGHT

A FIGURE dives into the water from the dock adjoining the yacht club.

The Figure glides effortlessly into the yacht club area.

The Figure treads water looking at the various ship names until a dim light displays “THE MOONBEAM”.

The Figure shimmies up a hawser and climbs aboard.

A light reveals the figure is Steve.

Steve moves about the yacht trying to open the cabin door.

Steve retrieves a screwdriver from the pouch he’s carrying and removes the hinges.

Steve walks into a bedroom and begins rifling through the night stand drawers.

Sorting out the items, he places some inside the pouch.

Steve moves to a wall mounted Television set and removes the back panel.

Steve installs a device inside the TV.

Moving to the next bedroom he continues to open drawers to sift through their contents.

Steve peers at a folder of snapshots and inserts them in his pouch with other documents.

Steve moves to the wheelhouse, reaches under the equipment panels and snips all the wires.

Steve rips out whole sections of wire from the radio equipment and navigation controls to disable the operating systems.

Returning to the deck he tosses the wires overboard.
Steve carefully replaces the hinges before slipping into the water.

INT LIMOUSINE BUSINESS OFFICE - DAY

Ellie’s at her desk. Steve enters from the next room.

ELLIE
Mickey wants you to drive the Sauer’s daughter to the South Shore Country Club tonight.

STEVE
You mean the banker’s kid? Doesn’t Mickey usually haul her around?

ELLIE
You know she’s harmless if he turned her down.

Mickey enters the room chuckling.

ELLIE
What’s so funny? Someone kick the bucket?

MICKEY
It’s better than that. Judge Moon’s boat got burgled the other night. Trashed it real bad Billy said. Ain’t that a bitch?

ELLIE
I hope it wasn’t anything trivial.

STEVE
A man’s really gotta be careful where he parks his yacht these days.

MICKEY
Yeah, it ain’t easy picking the right ocean.

INT. STEVE’S LIMO - NIGHT

Steve wheels the limo along a Hampton Bays area waterfront road. JESSICA SAUER, 17, beautiful, well endowed, and her girl friend, plain looking ANN, 17, sit in the rear passenger seats.

STEVE
How did you ladies enjoy the dance?
JESSICA
I really can’t stand these high school affairs. They bore me too much.

ANN
Oh, It wasn’t all that bad.

JESSICA
I suppose you like that Lawrence Welk music, too?

ANN
No, but the band leader was kind of cute.

JESSICA
Yes, if you prefer large ears and green crooked teeth.

Steve turns unto a long driveway leading to a FASHIONABLE house.

The DRIVEWAY and HOUSE LIGHTS flicker on.

A MAN, steps out a side door and walks to the gate.

ANN
Don’t forget to call me tomorrow.

Ann exits the car. The gate opens allowing her to enter.

Steve swings out of the driveway and proceeds to the main road.

Signs indicate BEACHES and EAST HAMPTON.

JESSICA
I don’t believe I know your name.

STEVE
It’s Steve, Steve Coburn.

JESSICA
Drive to the beach Steve. It’s up ahead a bit.

He turns at the next intersection, proceeds to the beach and parks.

JESSICA
C’mon, let’s go looking for shells.
She kicks off her shoes, exits the car and heads towards the water.

EXT. HAMPTON BAYS BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Steve follows at a distance.

She strolls into the surf as Steve moves closer.

    JESSICA
    Want to go swimming?

    STEVE
    Sorry, I forgot my swimming suit.

Jessica runs from the water to disrobe.

    JESSICA
    Who needs one?

She wiggles out of her dress, pants and bra, tosses them on the sand before plunging into the surf.

    STEVE
    (looking skyward)
    Never did thank you for these eyes.

    JESSICA
    C’mon in, the water will cool you off.

Jessica frolics in the surf.

    STEVE
    It’s late young lady. You better get on out so I can take you home.

    JESSICA
    Be more fun to get spanked right here. You want to give it a try?

She gets into ankle deep water to extend her butt.

    STEVE
    It’s not exactly what I had in mind.

    JESSICA
    Your friend Mickey knows how to get my rocks off. See this pretty mark he left. I just love the way he pulls down my jeans and paddles my ass.
Jessica points to her hip.

STEVE
I guess he’s left his mark on a few other well bred fillies.

Steve turns and heads towards the car.

JESSICA
I’ll tell my father if you leave me here.

He continues walking.

JESSICA

Steve keeps walking.

JESSICA
I’m warning you. You better get back here.

She runs to the beach, grabs her clothes and runs after him.

Halfway to the car she catches up.

JESSICA
C’mon, if you catch me you can screw me.

She circles him.

STEVE
I don’t think, any one, not even the law could blame a guy.

Jessica reaches the car, flings her clothes inside and kneels on the back seat naked.

INT. STEVE’S LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Steve pulls out and returns to the ocean front highway.

Jessica yanks a pair of handcuffs from her bag and dangles them.

JESSICA
Want to try giving me a real good spanking?
STEVE
Would you please get your clothes on and stop this nonsense.

She snaps the cuffs on and leans forward.

Steve loses control of the wheel for a moment.

A POLICEMAN in a PATROL CAR notices the incident. He follows, SIRENS BLARING.

STEVE
Oh, God, a cop’s car. Jessica, lay down and hide. Christ, don’t let that cop see you like that.

Steve pulls over.

The patrol car pulls directly behind.

The Cop picks up his microphone and CLICKS on the loudspeaker,

COP
Get out of the car.

STEVE
Remember, stay out of sight.

Steve exits the car.

EXT, STEVE’S LIMO - CONTINUOUS

COP
Lay down with your palms on the ground.

STEVE
You gotta be kidding?

COP
On the ground.

Steve obeys.

The Cop exits the car. He approaches slowly and stands at Steve’s side.

COP
Show me some I D. Take your billfold out with two fingers.

Jessica peeks out trying hard to suppress a giggle.
Steve follows instructions. The Cop removes the wallet from Steve’s hand.

He flicks on his flashlight looks at the drivers license, flashes the light on Steve’s face, looks at the wallet again and steps back.

COP
Okay, Mister Coburn you can stand up.

STEVE
Is there something wrong, officer?

COP
Your car swerved. I thought you might have had too much to drink.

Jessica pops up her head and the cop spots her.

The Cop yanks his weapon from its holster and steps back.

COP
Okay Coburn, put your hands on the back of your neck and walk towards your vehicle.

STEVE
I know this looks funny officer, but I swear, I can explain everything.

COP
You in the car. Get out.

Jessica steps out.

COP
Where’s your clothes? Did this pervert put those cuffs on you?

STEVE
Believe me Officer this is not what it appears to be.

COP
Yeah, I’ll bet it’s not. Put your hands behind your back.

When Steve complies, the cop snaps the cuffs on.

COP
Are your clothes in the car, Miss?
Jessica nods yes.

COP
It would help matters young lady if you’d get back in the car and put your clothes on.

Jessica wiggles into the Limo.

The Cop places Steve in the back seat of the patrol car.

He returns to assist Jessica and slides in the limo.

INT. STEVE’S LIMO – CONTINUOUS

COP
Forgive me, ma’am, I should have known. I’ll call for a female officer to remove those cuffs.

JESSICA
If it’s no bother I’d much rather you did it.

The Cop fumbles with the keys while attempting to remove the cuffs.

JESSICA
Sit down here, you’ll be more comfortable.

The anxious Cop complies.

JESSICA
You look so handsome in your uniform and I love your badge.

A STATE TROOPER on a MOTORCYCLE approaches. He surveys the scene and draws his weapon.

The Trooper approaches the Patrol Car. Steve points to the Limo.

Jessica leans against the Cop while he’s trying to remove the cuffs.

The Trooper moves cautiously toward the Limo steadying his pistol with both hands.

COP
Now, ma’am, you hadn’t ought to do that.
JESSICA
Oh, why don’t you just lie back and enjoy it.

Jessica suddenly slips out of the cuffs, throws her arms around the Cop and begins tearing at his clothes.

The Trooper looks in the window and flicks on his flashlight.

TROOPER
Whoops, sorry, I thought you needed some help.

The cop pushes Jessica away and stumbles out of the Limo.

EXT. STEVE’S LIMO – CONTINUOUS

COP
She had cuffs on. I was helping her get them off.

Jessica leans out the window and shouts.

JESSICA
Tell your friend I’ll do him next.

The cop walks hurriedly back to the Police Car, opens the back door and motions for Steve to step out. When Steve complies, the Cop unlocks the handcuffs.

COP
I don’t care how you do it, but get that nympho back in your car and get the hell out of here, now.

EXT. MONTAUK POINT, L. I. – DAY

Wearing bathing suits, Steve and Joanna walk in ankle deep surf. Their small tent sits back in the sand dunes.

JOANNA
How did you ever find a deserted beach on Long Island?

STEVE
I stumbled onto this place a few years ago. I come out here to get my antennae straightened out.

JOANNA
It’s remote. It’s really beautiful with the sand, the sea, the gulls and it’s so peaceful.
STEVE
Yep, like you could step right off the planet.

JOANNA
You’re right, as though it was lands end.

STEVE
Want to swim out to the edge?

JOANNA
Sure, I’d love it.

STEVE
Go ahead I’ll catch up.

She heads for the waves and dives in.

Steve runs to the tent to retrieve his spear gun.
He sprints back and plunges into the surf.

Joanna swims out beyond the breakers.

Steve knifes through the water until he pulls alongside.

STEVE
Hey, where did you ever learn to swim like that?

JOANNA
My Dad. He had us swimming soon as we could walk.

STEVE
Think you can make it out to that buoy?

Steve points to a large RED BUOY.

JOANNA
Lead the way.

Steve swims ahead maintaining a steady pace.

Joanna slices through the waves in pursuit.

The swimmers are intermittently out of sight among the swells.

Steve reaches the buoy and pulls himself on board.

As Joanna comes abreast Steve swings her aboard.
The buoy’s bells CLANG INCESSANTLY.

JOANNA
Oh, my God, Steve, is this what you meant by the edge?

STEVE
Yep, after this it drops off to God knows where.

JOANNA
How comforting.

STEVE
I’ll be right back.

Steve loosens his spear gun and dives overboard.

JOANNA
How does he stand those bells?

UNDERWATER
Steve swims underwater for a short distance. He spots a number of fish, but swims through the school.

A larger fish attracts his attention. Steve aims his spear gun, fires it and impales the fish.

Steve harvests the critter and makes his way back to the buoy with his catch.

Steve spots Joanna who is sitting topless, her legs swinging over the side.

The Bells are neatly tied off with her swim suit bra.

STEVE
Sure does improve the scenery.

EXT. MONTAUK POINT L. I. - NIGHT FALL
Steve simmers the fish on a small grill.

STEVE
Striper’s about done. Would you like a glass of white wine?

He removes a bottle from the cooler.

JOANNA
The occasion almost demands it.

He fills two stemmed glasses and hands her one.
STEVE
A toast to our remote island.

JOANNA
Here’s to you island.

They touch glasses and sip their wine.

STEVE
And now we’ll retire to the dining area.

Steve removes the foil from the fish, cuts it into portions, places them on plates and arranges them on a cooler.

JOANNA
Striper with a rice stuffing. You really amaze me Steve.

STEVE
A guy needs to catch the coach’s eye when he’s trying to make the team.

JOANNA
I’d say you’ve clinched it.

INT. LIMOUSINE BUSINESS OFFICE – DAY

Ellie’s at her desk. Mickey’s on a sofa reading the racing form. Steve enters carrying a document.

MICKEY
What’s going on, Moe?

STEVE
I got this court order. I have to give up that coin collection.

He hands the document to Mickey.

MICKEY
Old Full Moon Dick went and stuck you with his harpoon again.

STEVE
What annoys me is I been doing this coin collecting since before we met. It shouldn’t be part of a divorce.

ELLIE
 Couldn’t you make some kind of deal?
STEVE
My lawyer contacted Cathy, but she wouldn’t go for it.

MICKEY
You could always say it got robbed. I’ll swear I seen the guy swipe it.

STEVE
Nah, I can’t do that, but I’ll need you to witness that I turned it over, okay?

MICKEY
Yeah sure. Maybe I could find out where she hides her broom.

INT STEVE’S LIMO – LATER

Steve drives along a rural highway. Mickey’s in the passenger seat.

MICKEY
You think Moon could be making it with Cathy. They say he’d hump a freaking doggy bag.

STEVE
That’s a stretch, but who knows? What bothers me is how easy they got the guy. He’s supposed to be the law.

MICKEY
Are you kidding? It’s done all the time.

STEVE
You know, I try to live like you’re supposed to. Don’t cheat on your lady. No stealing. Deal from the top. Do right by the boss, shit like that. Am I an idiot or what?

MICKEY
I never figured you as religious.

STEVE
It’s not religion cause I was raised in a home. So it’s not family either. I just thought a guy ought to live by a set of rules.
MICKEY
I been a crook since I was freaking nine, but don’t tell Helen. She thinks I’m an angel.

STEVE
Yeah, and by the way, you better keep your hands off the bankers daughter. She nearly got me arrested.

MICKEY
I know, but she pesters me every time she wants her ass paddled.

Steve pulls into his former driveway.

EXT, FASHIONABLE SPLIT LEVEL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They exit the car, walk to the front door and RING the bell.

Cathy opens the door.

CATHY
How nice. You brought your pet chimp along.

MICKEY
I could have been worse off. I could have looked like you.

They enter the residence.

INT. FASHIONABLE SPLIT LEVEL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

STEVE
C’mon, let’s at least try and be sociable.

CATHY
With the Thing? I’d rather eat worms.

MICKEY
Bite my ass, Girlie.

CATHY
Mark the spot. You’re all ass.

STEVE
Look, all I need is a receipt for the coin collection and we’re out of here.
CATHY
When I’m positive it’s the complete set you’ll get your receipt. Not before.

STEVE
Of course. I’m awful glad I thought of that.

CATHY
Yes. Still the joker I see.

Steve hands her the coin folders.

CATHY
(shouting)
Joseph, Joseph, would you come down and look at these.

A door CLOSES. JOSEPH, 40, studious, genteel, walks down the stairs and enters.

CATHY
Can you tell if these are genuine?

She hands Joseph the coin folders.

Joseph takes them under a light to scan them.

MICKEY
How’s it hanging Joey baby?

JOSEPH
Yes, I’m sure.

CATHY
Joseph is an auctioneer with a rather prestigious firm.

STEVE
Is that a fact?

Joseph returns the coins to Cathy.

CATHY
Well?

JOSEPH
Yes, it’s a very interesting set. Rather valuable I’d say.

MICKEY
Would you now?
STEVE
Look, I’m sort of attached to those coins. I’d be willing to buy them if it can be arraigned.

CATHY
No its not. Joseph will dispose of your precious coins.

Cathy throws the coins on a nearby sofa.

She picks up a pad, scribbles a receipt and hands it to Steve.

CATHY
There’s your receipt. You and bottle ass can leave now.

MICKEY
Bye now. Hope you can find your grave before sun up.

Mickey follows Steve out the door.

INT PINE GROVE COUNTRY CLUB - LATER

Steve and Mickey are at the bar sipping their drinks.

Scottie is tending bar.

MICKEY
Do it again, will ya Scottie.

She fixes their drinks.

SCOTTIE
This is your fifth drink Laddies. What ever in the world is it you’re celebrating?

MICKEY
Yeah, Steve, what the hell are we celebrating anyway?

STEVE
It’s called getting your butt kicked.

MICKEY
Oh, yeah, we got the living shit beat out of us today. I’m talking a big time ass whipping.
SCOTTIE
I’d like to know what the hell you do when you win?

INT MOUNT SINAI YACHT CLUB - NIGHT

An intimate dinner of the CHELSEA’S is in progress.

A SMALL BAND plays background music.

Judge RICHARD MOON 45, detached, sinister, sits at a table next to his wife Jane.

Town Supervisor VINCE MALZONI, 55, well groomed, slick, and his wife SANDRA, 40, dark complexioned, beautiful, sits next to him.

Political paraphernalia is displayed throughout the hall.

VINCE
Your boat ever get back in the water?

RICHARD
Yes, the company you recommended did an excellent job with the repairs

VINCE
The Insurance Industry has a matter before the court. You might move it along.

RICHARD
Of course. I’d be happy to.

JANE
Sandra and I have a matter of our own to attend to.

SANDRA
Yes, a money matter. Something I just love to talk about.

The ladies move to a small podium. They shuffle papers while writing in a notebook.

VINCE
By the way, there’s a young lady I know who’d love a cruise on the Moonbeam.
RICHARD
Young you say. Any other special endowments?

VINCE
Lovely set of headlights and a great rear end.

Vince demonstrates with his hands.

RICHARD
I’ll say it again. I won’t ever forget these favors you deliver.

Jane TAPS the gavel bringing the assemblage to attention.

She TAPS the microphone with her finger before mounting the podium.

JANE
Hello, ladies and I see there’s a few gentlemen or two in the audience. You all know the next speaker so let’s give her a hand.

Sandra mounts the podium to a round of applause.

VINCE
A man gets a box of chocolates he’s supposed to share the cherries with his friends.

RICHARD
A Black Virgin? Now that really would be extremely interesting.

VINCE
No, no, I was trying to make an, anyway, the lady’s white.

RICHARD
Young and white won’t be a problem for this court.

Sandra TAPS the microphone for attention.

SANDRA
First of all I’d like to thank everyone on board. We Chelsea’s can be especially proud tonight. We’ve raised over a hundred thousand dollars for our rainy day fund. That’s money we can use for causes close to our hearts.

(MORE)
SANDRA (cont'd)
Soft money to use a political term.
Money we can use to assist our
ladies in distress.

Sandra searches the tables before making eye contact with
Cathy. She winks. Cathy looks at Joseph who nods.

SANDRA
Yes, ladies, we Chelsea’s take care
of our friends. We help causes
that further our agenda and we
support candidates with those
values. Thanks again Chelsea’s.

She steps down to a round of applause.

INT. MOUNT SINAI YACHT CLUB – CONTINUOUS

Billy opens the storage area doorway. Steve, Mickey and
Mario enter.

Billy hands Mario a waiters uniform which he immediately
begins to don.

BILLY
I’m convinced you guys are crazy
and I’m a freaking psycho for
helping you out.

STEVE
You think it was easy finding a
crew that could handle a setup like
this?

MICKEY
Yeah, like we should have known
Honest Abe’s the new crook in town.

Mario completes his change.

MARIO
How’s this?

STEVE
Good, but remember, this gotta be
done quick. You grab the bag, put
it in the cart and hustle back here.

BILLY
I don’t wanna hear it. I’m going
back to the bar.
Billy walks away while the others proceed to the doorway leading to the dining area.

Mario positions a cart by the door.

Steve inches the door open to observe the crowd.

STEVE  
See the lady in the Pink Dress?  
The money’s in a bag under her table.  It’s table number one.  You got it?

Steve points to the lady and Mario nods yes.

MICKEY  
Yeah, and see if you can slip those pearls off her neck.

STEVE  
Sure, take a knife and get her rings, too.

MICKEY  
Okay, move it out.  They’re finished eating.

Mario pushes the cart into the dining room, heading directly for the main table.

He picks up plates from other tables along the way.

Sandra stands up and waves to a rather LARGE LADY at another table who smiles and waves back.

Mario begins clearing Sandra’s table.  He drops a plate on the floor.

He bends to pick it up, grabs Sandra’s bag and place’s it on the cart’s bottom shelf.

Mario swings the cart and heads back to the kitchen.

A HEAVY SET WAITRESS positions her cart to block him.

WAITRESS  
Look, Chauncey, you gotta bring the cart back full.  That’s the rules.  
Get some of these tables over here.

Mario follows instructions.  He begins clearing other tables as the waitress moves away.

Sandra reaches for her bag, but can’t find it.
She looks under the table.

STEVE
Uh, oh, I think that broad’s onto something.

MICKEY
C’mon Mario, haul ass.

Mario heads towards the kitchen.
Sandra searches for her bag.

VINCE
What’s the matter? They got mice?

SANDRA
I can’t find the bag.

Mario approaches the kitchen and Steve swings the door open.

MARIO
Got held up in traffic

Mario takes the bag from the cart and flips it to Mickey.

MICKEY
Good old family values money.

STEVE
Yeah, and tax free.

Everyone at Sandra’s table is on their feet moving chairs and peering under the table.

Jane searches under the table.

Mickey and Mario run out the back door.

Steve runs to the electric panel and pulls the switch.

EXT. MOUNT SINAI YACHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Steve joins his cohorts in the parking lot.

Women SCREAMING and the sounds of men CURSING LOUDLY emanate from the yacht club.

STEVE
Those Chelsea’s throw some wild parties.

MICKEY
Yeah, there goes the neighborhood.
They proceed to their car to sounds of SHATTERING GLASS and STUMBLING FEET.

EXT. PINE GROVE COUNTRY CLUB – DAY

Steve and Joanna exit the Limo. They saunter along the pathway leading to Steve’s Chalet Apartment and enter.

INT. STEVE’S CHALET APARTMENT – CONTINUOUS

Joanna surveys the apartment before racing up the Circular Iron Staircase to the bedroom.

She peers through the railing and falls backwards on the bed.

STEVE
Easy now. Don’t jump.

JOANNA
But it’s so quaint. It has that silly stairway and only this tiny window to look out of.

She puts her head into the narrow cubicle opening to peer out the window.

STEVE
Yeah, but it’s real quiet. A great place to sleep.

JOANNA
It’s divine. You have your own galaxy up here.

Joanna peers down at Steve lounging on the couch.

STEVE
I like the king size bed. Lots of room to stretch.

JOANNA
You lured me here you devil, knowing I’d love the place. You knew I’d succumb to your wishes.

STEVE
Yeah, I wish is right.

JOANNA
Come up to the playpen and we’ll work on it.

Steve hastily obeys.
STEVE
You rang, Madam?

JOANNA
You’ve placed a spell over me. I feel absolutely wicked up here.

STEVE
And what’s the bad news?

JOANNA
This.

Joanna leaps on him dragging him onto the bed as their lips become locked together.

STEVE
That’s bad alright.

JOANNA
I’ll have you know I’m not leaving this bed. I’m going to stay up here and feel the earth whiz by that window. That teenie, weenie, little window.

STEVE
I should be so lucky.

They embrace and kiss passionately. She tosses off her clothes and flings them over the side.

Steve kicks off his pants as she yanks off his shirt.

They roll the length of the bed making passionate love.

EXT. STEVE’S APARTMENT - LATER

Steve eases the front door closed entering the apartment.

INT. STEVE’S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

He goes to the refrigerator, selects a bottle of wine, a tray of snacks and moves upstairs.

Joanna sits up in bed wearing a T shirt.

STEVE
I thought I’d offer my guest some refreshments.
JOANNA
You’ll have to excuse the way I look. I never thought of bringing a nightie.

STEVE
Excuse you? That T shirt couldn’t look better if it was bronzed.

JOANNA
Does it feel funny to come home and have someone in your bed?

STEVE
Not someone with your drivers license.

She hops out of bed, moves into the bathroom and begins taking a shower.

JOANNA
Would you mind washing my back?

STEVE
Does a bear like honey?

EXT. THE MOONBEAM, LONG ISLAND SOUND - DAY
Richard maneuvers his yacht into a deserted cove.

He presses a lever allowing the anchor do drop, bringing the boat about until the anchor line is taut.

Vince steps out of the cabin with his arms around BARBARA, 20, a tall blonde and NANCY 20, a petite brunette.

VINCE
Take a swim girls. Richard and I want to swap lies.

BARBARA
Can’t we have a drink first?

NANCY
I’d settle for a hamburger and some curly fries.

Richard joins them.

RICHARD
Do I sense a mutiny in progress?
VINCE
The girls were just going for a swim. Right girls?

Vince taps them on the butt.

They walk to the stern platform and dive into the ocean.

RICHARD
The girls seem upset.

VINCE
What else. One wants to drink. The other wants to eat.

RICHARD
Well, they’ll have to sing for their supper. I’ll try Barbara’s case first.

VINCE
It’s your call. They know what they’re here for.

The girls swim to a partially submerged boulder and climb on.

EXT. ROCK CONTINUOUS

NANCY
Real big spenders. Not even a freaking can of coke.

BARBARA
Citizens against gun control picked up their tab. These two perv’s don’t go for spit.

NANCY
I hope their wives get the same dose I’m giving them.

EXT. MOONBEAM – CONTINUOUS

VINCE
By the way, Sandra said one of the Chelsea’s has a divorce matter she’d like to discuss.

RICHARD
Is she aware there’s certain expenses involved?
VINCE
Yes, I told her how the game is played.

They move to the stern.

RICHARD
Not a bad catch. Shall we reel them in?

VINCE
Okay girls, get your fannies on board. Richard wants to show Barbara his cabin and Nancy’s gonna learn how to drive.

EXT. ROCK - CONTINUOUS

BARBARA
I’d sooner screw a freaking Iguana.

NANCY
Don’t complain. At least yours is alive.

The girls swim to the Moonbeam and climb aboard.

EXT. MOONBEAM - CONTINUOUS

Vince leads Nancy to the wheelhouse while Richard steps aside to escort Barbara to the cabin.

INT. SAINT ANTHONY’S ORPHANAGE, QUEENS N. Y. - DAY

Steve enters the chapel. He proceeds down the center aisle.

He selects a pew, kneels, gives the sign of the cross while mumbling a prayer.

Two TEENAGE GIRLS walk down the left aisle and kneel at the altar rail. They bow their heads in prayer.

A NUN enters the altar from a side door. She replaces a rack of votive candles and leaves by the same door.

Three TEENAGE BOYS, two white, one black, move down the right aisle, enter a pew, kneel and offer a prayer.

Steve exits the chapel, walks to the corridor and enters the main building.

CHILDREN, mostly teenagers, move in every direction.

Steve stops at a doorway marked DIRECTOR’S OFFICE and enters.
INT DIRECTOR’S OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

LUCILLE, 60ish, looks up from her desk.

    LUCILLE
    Can I help you, sir?

    STEVE
    It wasn’t sir you called me when you chased me down the hallway.

    LUCILLE
    If I could remember your name I’ll tell you what I was calling you.

    STEVE
    It’s Stephen Coburn, Mr’s Brehmer, from way back when.

    LUCILLE
    Oh, God yes. How good to see you. What brings you back here?

    STEVE
    I was wondering if I could see Father Keane for a minute.

    LUCILLE
    He’d be delighted. He loves it when one of his boys pops in on him.

Lucille beckons for Steve to join her. She walks to an adjoining office door and opens it.

FATHER JOHN KEANE, 65, sits in his chair while looking outside at the children playing in the courtyard.

    LUCILLE
    Someone to see you, Father.

Lucille exits as the Priest turns from the window.

    FATHER
    Oh, yes, it’s, it’s, Steven, right? Steven Coburn. What a nice surprise.

    STEVE
    I was in the neighborhood so I thought I’d see how you were doing.
FATHER
Nothing changes, Steven. Too many kids. Not enough homes. You remember how it was.

STEVE
Oh, yeah, and it’s harder to place a kid when he gets older.

FATHER
You seemed to have weathered it all pretty good.

STEVE
Thanks to good old Saint Anthony’s training.

FATHER
I remember how you always stood up for others. If it wasn’t fair you let us know it. We used to call you Steven Gets Even.

STEVE
There was a priest I know who made fair and square a habit. No pun intended.

FATHER
I’m surprised anyone noticed.

Lucille bursts into the office.

LUCILLE
Sister Ann Marie asked if you could come to the chapel. She says it’s urgent.

FATHER
Well, if it’s urgent. Will you excuse me for a moment, Steven?

STEVE
I have to leave anyway, Father, I’ll drop in again sometime.

FATHER
Please do and say a prayer for an old priest.

EXT. SAINT ANTHONY’S ORPHANAGE – CONTINUOUS

Steve walks through the outside gate and proceeds to his Limo.
He watches the children playing in the courtyard for a moment before getting in his limo and driving away.

INT. SAINT ANTHONY’S ORPHANAGE - LATER

Father Keane enters the chapel where SISTER ANN MARIE, 50, awaits him.

SISTER
This envelope was in the poor box, so I opened it.

Sister hands the Priest a large brown envelope.

He reaches inside and removes a wad of greenbacks.

FATHER
It’s full of money. There must be thousands in there.

SISTER
It’s a miracle.

FATHER
No, Sister, but it is fortunate for Saint Anthony’s.

SISTER
Can we keep it if it wasn’t put there by divine providence?

FATHER
One way or another it was Divine Providence, Sister, but you must promise me. This is our secret.

Sister nods her head and kneels at the altar.

INT LIMOUSINE BUSINESS OFFICE - DAY

Ellie’s at her desk. Steve Enters with Mickey close behind. The phone RINGS and Ellie answers.

ELLIE
Hello, Mickey’s Limo. (beat)
Yes, Mister Michelson we’d be delighted.

She hangs up.

MICKEY
What does money bags want?
ELLIE
He needs a Limo for that
Southampton clambake.

MICKEY
You tote him Steve. I don’t like
those political shindigs. The
bastards got more money than God.

ELLIE
That’s something you’ll never have
to worry about.

STEVE
What makes you say it’s a Political
Clambake?

MICKEY
Read all about it. Your favorite
people are gonna be there.

Mickey flips Steve the newspaper. He begins scanning it.

STEVE
I won’t mind taking that guy after
all.

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON BEACH CLUB – NIGHT

Mickey, holding his dogs on a leash walks the perimeter of
the Club with Steve nearby.

MICKEY
What’s in the bag, dynamite?

STEVE
Nah, just a teeny bit of appetizer.

MICKEY
Couldn’t happen to a finer bunch of
bastards.

STEVE
Yeah, pay backs are a bitch.

MICKEY
You go in here. The guard shack’s
over there.

Steve scales the fence carrying two large bags. He moves
towards a group of banquet tents.

Mickey continues along the path with his dogs.
Steve maneuvers through the shrubbery. He reaches the first tent and steps inside.

Steve moves through the aisle of tables emptying the contents of the sauce jars into a bag he’s carrying and refilling them with his own concoction.

Mickey unleashes his dogs.

    MICKEY
    Go get em, girls.

The Sharpei’s scamper through the shrubbery towards the guard shack.

TWO GUARDS are playing cards inside.

The dogs begin BARKING.

Steve hears the dogs and moves to the next tent.

He moves from table to table emptying and refilling the array of sauce jars.

GUARD NUMBER ONE steps outside.

EXT. GUARD SHACK - CONTINUOUS

    GUARD #1
    Shoo, shoo, get out of here mutts.

The dogs growl and move closer.

Guard Number One retreats inside.

INT. GUARD SHACK - CONTINUOUS

    GUARD #2
    Shoulda showed em your badge.

Steve moves to the kitchen. He empties jars and refills them with his own mixture.

Mickey saunters close to the guard shack.

    MICKEY
    What are my little girls shouting about?

    GUARD #1
    I’d like to tell him what to do with his little girls.
GUARD #2
Don’t, we’ll never get out of this freaking shack.

Guard Number One steps outside.

MICKEY
Sorry about the dogs. They must have seen a rabbit.

GUARD #2
Yeah, and his name ain’t bugs.

GUARD #1
They’d be safer with a leash on.

GUARD #2
So would we.

The dogs run to Mickey. He snaps on their leashes.

MICKEY
C’mon, Daddies little babies gotta go home now.

Steve scales the fence and returns to the limo.

INT STEVE’S LIMO - DAY

Steve drives his Limo into the Southampton Beach Club.

SID MICHELSON, 55, loud, flashy, sits in the rear.

SID
I’ll be here till about four. Wait around and I’ll get you a dozen little necks.

STEVE
I’m not much for seafood, but I’ll be around.

Steve stops by the exit and Sid slides out of the Limo.

Steve parks among a variety of other Limo’s.

EXT SOUTHAMPTON BEACH CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Steve lounges against his limo watching the crowd disperse toward their tents.

A BAND plays popular music.
Cathy and Joseph arrive. They proceed up the pathway past Steve.

CATHY
Look, Joseph, it’s Steve. I wonder what he’s begging for today?

Steve takes a rag to clean a spot on him Limo.

CATHY
I hope you’re not mad over those silly coins, darling?

JOSEPH
No need to rub it in, Cathy.

They continue up the path.

Steve ignores them.

Richard enters with his wife Jane.

They proceed to the main table where Sandra and Vince await them.

VINCE
I’ve located some unusually colored Koi. Do you have any room for a few more fish?

RICHARD
For unusually colored Koi I’ll make room.

JANE
Richard just adores his fish. They’re his favorite pastime.

SANDRA
Vince would rather eat them than care for them.

VINCE
Stripers honey. Not goldfish.

Cathy and Joseph move up the aisle. They sit at an adjoining table.

Judge Benton arrives and sits at the main table.

Christina saunters by. She sits at an adjoining table while looking enviously at Judge Benton.
Steve proceeds to the kitchen. He watches the cooks flavoring the food from the jars.

The cooks place little neck clams, blue claw crabs and lobster on platters.

They pour sauce in bowls and place them on platters.

The cooks ladle sauce on the barbecued Beef.

Waiters begin distributing platters to tables.

Steve ambles by a serving table. The cook hands him a plate of clams.

COOK
   Eat up, they’re good for the pecker.

Steve takes the plate, but pushes the sauce back.

STEVE
   I like them straight up.

COOK
   You’re missing a real treat.

Steve strolls along the row of tents. He stops occasionally to bend down and undo a tent rope.

A waiter places a platter of barbecued beef and steak on the main table.

VINCE
   Anyone want a piece of this beef? I hear its been marinating all night.

   RICHARD
       I believe I shall.

   JANE
       Yes, I’ll have a sliver myself.

A waiter arrives with a platter of seafood.

   SANDRA
       Well that makes up my mind. I’m having surf today.

Vince places portions of beef on plates. He hands them to Richard and Jane.

Sandra helps herself to the seafood.
People at the surrounding tables begin standing up. They’re sputtering food in all directions.

Some guzzle water from pitchers.

Steve moves down the row of tents pulling at the ropes.

Tents begin to sag as people back out of their seats.

The tents buckle as people hit the sides while retching and reacting to the food.

Steve reaches the parking lot as people stream from their tents.

A general panic ensues.

Some tents fall in, but don’t fully collapse.

Richard pulls Jane out from under their tent. They reach a water spigot and drink ravenously.

Vince crawls out with Sandra. They begin fighting with the others for the water spigot.

Cathy slashes her bag across Joseph’s face as they fight for the spigot.

The cook tent partially collapses. Food trays are scattered about.

Tables are overturned by people desperate to escape.

The band disperses as their grandstand slips to the ground.

They join with a whole mass of people trying to exit the Beach Club.

Sid Michelson scurries up the path, enters Steve Limo and gestures for Steve to get moving.

Steve drives out the entrance as an ambulance enters.

INT. MARIO’S PIZZA PARLOR – NIGHT

Mickey sits with Ellie at their favorite table.

Mario carries a pizza from the kitchen and places it on the table.

MARIO
Monj, a special pizza pie for my friends.
MICKEY
Let Ellie try it first. Just in case the mushrooms are funny.

MARIO
Would you stop with that stuff. Somebody’s gonna think you’re serious.

ELLIE
That’s okay, Mario. I have to taste the wine too. My hero is nuts.

MICKEY
A guy’s gotta be careful. It’s a freaking jungle out there.

Steve and Joanna enter.

MICKEY
Talking about hero’s. Here’s a guy I’d go to war with any freaking day.

MARIO
Oh, yeah, he takes no prisoners, that’s for sure.

STEVE
C’mon, ease up you guys.

MICKEY
Somebody said a tornado hit that clam bake.

ELLIE
Yeah, someone just huffed and puffed that place in is what I heard.

JOANNA
Is there something I’m missing here?

STEVE
I should have told you about it.

MARIO
C’mon, don’t get serious on us.

MICKEY
Yeah, later with that personal stuff.
INT. STEVE’S APARTMENT - LATER

Steve and Joanna are in bed.

JOANNA
I can’t believe the havoc you caused. Getting even with one man has turned you into a criminal.

STEVE
Richard Moon stands for nothing. He’s a depraved immoral deviate who uses his robes for personal gain.

JOANNA
Just cause he gave you a bad deal doesn’t mean the whole system is bad.

STEVE
The man’s for sale. You pay up and you get the ruling you want. That’s how it works.

JOANNA
You can’t believe that, Steve. You’re just being cynical.

STEVE
Not a little bit. I seen them in action. I got a right to defend myself against a crooked judge.

JOANNA
Okay, you got beat up, but it’s over now. Promise me you’ll stop.

STEVE
It’s not that simple. I started a fire that won’t burn out.

JOANNA
But we’ve had such good times together. Don’t let some crazy feud ruin our relationship.

STEVE
Joanna, they don’t know their tails are being twitched yet. I want to give them a real good yank.
JOANNA
Oh, sure, go rob some more money.
Go to jail. Make that Priest proud of you.

STEVE
You and Father Keane are the one’s who matter to me. I’d like to think both of you understand.

JOANNA
You won’t stop?

STEVE
I will eventually, but it’s not that easy.

JOANNA
You’re everything a girl wants Steve, yet so, so puzzling.
(beat) Can we take one more ride on your space ship?

STEVE
I should be so lucky.

They embrace.

INT VINCE’S CAR - AFTERNOON

Vince drives his vehicle on a suburban road. He turns into the driveway of JUDGE MOON’S ESTATE HOME and parks.

He exits the vehicle carrying a carton.

EXT. JUDGE MOON’S ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Richard steps out the door. He waves as Vince proceeds to the FISH POND.

VINCE
Here’s those Koi I promised you.

Vince places the carton on a lawn table.

RICHARD
I have a holding tank for new fish, just in case they’re carrying something.

Richard opens the carton.
RICHARD
They are fine looking specimens
Vince and just like you mentioned,
beautifully colored.

He immerses the carton in the tank releasing the fish.

VINCE
A gift from Louise De Lay. A
little appreciation for your
splendid decision in her divorce
action.

RICHARD
Ah, yes, Louise. That woman should
really be committed, but then again
her husband is a bit demented, too.

VINCE
How’s Jane been feeling after that
Southampton mess?

Richard sprinkles food over the larger pond. A variety of
colored Koi come to the surface to feed.

RICHARD
Not good. She says she’ll never
eat a jalapeno again. She’s been
drinking iced tea by the gallon.

Richard kneels to caress a large Koi.

VINCE
Wouldn’t surprise me if one of
those Left Wing wacko groups was
responsible for this. Too much
coincidence for me.

RICHARD
It does look suspicious. What do
the police think?

VINCE
I had a sit down with Inspector
Ames. He’s assigned a team of
detectives to check it out.

RICHARD
The trouble with law enforcement is
once you call them in they’re apt
to go anywhere.
VINCE
Ames is our man. He won't allow any fishing expeditions.

RICHARD
God forbid. Poor little fishes need to be protected. They're so helpless.

The fish swarm as Richard immerses his hands in the pond.

VINCE
You'd think those things knew what you were saying.

RICHARD
Of course they do. They're my little Koi's.

INT STEVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Steve shuts the door behind him. He pulls a ring box from his pocket and views it.

He moves softly upstairs, peeks into the room, but realizes it's empty.

He sits on the bed momentarily. Noticing an envelope on the dresser he retrieves it.

JOANNA (V.O.)
Dear Steve, I decided to return to earth. We've had some great times soaring the stratosphere, but in all fairness I can't enjoy our relationship knowing you're breaking the law. And I can't bear the thought of you being arrested. It's been great fun, but I feel there's no alternative.

STEVE
Can't say that I blame you. Maybe I'm a dam fool, but I gotta see it through.

He places the ring and letter in a dresser drawer.

EXT. RAMSHACKLE GREENHOUSE - DAY

Steve exits the limo outside a fenced compound. He proceeds to a gate, swings it open and is surrounded by BARKING DOGS.

PIGS, SHEEP and LLAMA'S roam the compound.
Goats and larger pigs are tethered about.

EILEEN, 60. A wizened older lady steps from a doorway.

EILEEN
The animals won’t hurt you as long as you’re friendly to me.

An exceptionally LARGE DOBERMAN herds Steve about.

STEVE
Good boy, good, good, boy.

Steve appears a bit intimidated by the size of the Doberman.

EILEEN
That’s Sugar. She’s in season, but I think you’re safe.

STEVE
Good, good, girl.

EILEEN
You can’t have her, but I’ll sell you Esther. She’s a potbelly.

She points to a porker.

STEVE
No thanks. I heard you have other types of critters?

EILEEN
I got lot’s of different things, but how’s a person to know you’re not one of those Government critter cops?

Steve offers her his wallet.

SUGAR GROWLS.

STEVE
Here, take the wallet. It'll tell you who I am.

Eileen thumbs through it. She hands it back.

EILEEN
I guess you’re alright. Let me show you what I have.

Steve follows her into the Greenhouse.
She shuts the door on the other animals, but Sugar remains close to Steve’s side.

INT. GREENHOUSE - CONTINUING

Eileen proceeds along the narrow aisle. Monkeys and birds SCREECH from their cages.

She reaches into a tank to pet a PYTHON.

A BOA CONSTRICTOR stretches out in a narrow glass enclosure.

Tanks of tropical fish line the walls. Lizards and Iguana’s pose from separate enclosures

EILEEN
You want exotic. I got it.

STEVE
That’s for sure.

EILEEN
Is this pet for you?

STEVE
No, it’s a surprise for someone.

Steve reads the labels on the tanks.

EILEEN
You look around. I have some work to do.

She leaves, but Sugar remains glued to Steve.

EXT. GREENHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Steve heads for the gate carrying a carton. Sugar remains at his side. Eileen swings the gate open.

STEVE
That dog hasn’t left my side.

EILEEN
That’s my girl. She’ll let you in alright, but you don’t get out unless I open the gate.

EXT JUDGE MOON’S ESTATE - NIGHT

Steve slips over the fence with his carton.

He moves slowly through the shrubbery towards the fish pond.
A GROUP OF LIGHTS FLASH ON, forcing him to retreat.

Richard steps out onto the patio peering at the pond.

JANE (O.S.)
I’m hardly able to talk and you’re worrying about those dumb fish.

RICHARD
It must be those cats again. If people would only leash their animals.

JANE (O.S.)
You don’t get back in here there’ll be more than cats bothering you.

Richard steps inside.

The lights click off.

Steve carries the carton to the pond. He empties the contents in the water.

He backs away just as the LIGHTS FLASH ON.

The pond is suddenly frantic with activity.

The water churns as Steve swings over the fence

INT. RIVERHEAD, LONG ISLAND COURTHOUSE COMPLEX - DAY

Wearing a TELEPHONE COMPANY LINEMAN’S uniform, Steve enters the building. He carries a large toolbox.

He stops at the information desk to read the signs.

Steve proceeds down a hallway, descends a flight of stairs, turns down a corridor and proceeds towards the far end.

A MAINTENANCE MAN pushing a cart moves towards him.

MAINTENANCE MAN
The phones on the fritz, again?

STEVE
Yeah, what else is new?

Steve enters the Telephone Equipment Room.

MONTAGE:

A. Steve takes wire cutters and severs a large trunk of wires.
B. Workers in a large office turn to each other with dead phones.

C. Judge Benton sits in his chambers waving the phone at his clerk.

D. A group of computer operators watch their screens go blank.

E. TWO Security Cops run through the corridor.

F. Steve saunters into a rest room, enters a booth and changes into street clothes.

G. Wires are arcing when the Security Guards enter the telephone room.

H. Steve exits the Courthouse.

EXT  JUDGE MOON’S ESTATE - DAY

Richard steps out onto the patio. He saunters over to his pond.

He picks up a container and sprinkles it over the water. Richard stirs the water with his hands. Suddenly he removes his hands.

RICHARD
(screaming)
Jane, There’s something wrong. My fish, the Koi, they’re gone.

JANE (O.S.)
Oh, are the little fishes hiding because of those big bad kitties?

RICHARD
It’s not that they’re hiding. Something’s happened.

Jane steps outside.

JANE
Of course they’re hiding. Where else could they be?

Richard uses a small net to scoop something from the pool.

RICHARD
Oh, my God, they’ve wasted away.
He drops the net exposing the skeletal remains.

    JANE
    Don’t be so ridiculous. They’re not wasted away. Something’s having them for dinner.

EXT JUDGE MOON’S ESTATE - LATER

Vince stands by Richard at the pond while TWO SUFFOLK COUNTY L. I. SPCA WOMEN scoop out fish carcasses.

A County police car with TWO UNIFORMED POLICEMEN exits the driveway as an UNMARKED POLICE CAR enters.

DETECTIVES JOE FITZPATRICK 40, and TOM PETITO, 35, step from their vehicle and join the others by the pond.

    VINCE
    You guys satisfied that this is more than a little coincidence?

    JOE
    We don’t know what this is yet.

    VINCE
    Show Detective Fitzpatrick what you’ve been taking out of the pond.

SPCA WOMAN #1 displays a plastic bag of fish skeletons.

    WOMAN #1
    We scooped out two of the little devils responsible for this.

SPCA WOMAN #2 displays a plastic pail full of water with two live fish darting about.

    JOE
    What the hell are they?

    WOMAN #2
    They’re Caribes. What most people call Piranhas.

    JOE
    Oh, yeah, I seen them on a TV show. They eat goats and pigs.

    WOMAN #2
    Those cannibals eat anything. There’s a few more hiding in the pond.
JOE
The Judge will love to know that.

Vince
What Judge Moon and I are concerned about are the personal attacks we’ve been subjected to. We need some assurances from the police that we’re being protected.

JOE
Who ever’s responsible for this isn’t after anyone’s hide. They’ve been close enough to do that kind of mischief if they wanted to.

Vince
So what do you think it is?

JOE
Who knows. We’ll find out when we nail the perpetrators/

INT. PINE GROVE COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

Steve, Mickey and Mario are at a table sipping their drinks.

Mickey
I got some news for you guys. Ellie and me are getting hitched.

Steve
The lady must love pain.

Mickey
We figured you and Joanna would stand up for us.

Steve
I don’t know where she is, Mick. I been looking everywhere.

Mickey
I thought you two were an entry?

Mario
Yeah, me too. You want me to ask around the family a bit?

Steve
Thanks, Mario, but this is one of those things that has to work its way out.
MICKEY
How about teaming up for another score? We got a beauty lined up.

STEVE
Nah, I got some solo stuff I’m working on.

MICKEY
Mario wants you in. He thinks You’re good luck.

STEVE
You know that gig we pulled was a freaking blast, but it’s not in my gut anymore.

MARIO
Hey, you know what you gotta do. Just wanted to give you a shot.

INT. SID MICHELSON’S ESTATE - DAY
GRETA, 30, an attractive Blonde Maid is vacuuming the living room floor.
The DOORBELL RINGS incessantly before she finally hears it.
She shuts the vacuum off and opens the door.

GRETA
Sure, now, when it’s already too late you come over.

Mickey steps inside.

MICKEY
Don’t say that, Greta. For people like us it’s never too late.

GRETA
Sure, sure, go home to your wife as if I zon’t know.

MICKEY
Look, just cause I got married don’t mean we can’t be friends.

GRETA
Okay, be friend and go vay.

Mickey moves to a window. He fools with the latch.
MICKEY
I didn’t want to tell you this, but she’s a very sick girl.

GRETA
Und that’s vy you got married?

Mickey runs his fingers along the molding.

MICKEY
I wanted to be sure she had hospitalization. You know, medical insurance. It’s the least I could do.

He maneuvers his way to the patio doorway, probing the molding with his fingers.

GRETA
My poor shatzy, and I vas mad at you.

Greta envelops Mickey in her arms as he’s inspecting the molding.

MICKEY
Don’t be carrying on now.

GRETA
You don’t want Greta to kiss you?

MICKEY
I’ll give you a half hour to cut that out.

They tear at each others clothes.

INT. GRETA’S BEDROOM - A MATINEE LATER

Mickey and Greta are lying in bed.

GRETA
Your wife, she’s what you Americans say not so good in the bed?

MICKEY
It’s all that medicine I guess.

GRETA
And you don’t complain. Such a fine man.

MICKEY
Guy’s gotta do what he’s gotta do.
Greta checks her watch and hurtles out of bed.

GRETA
Oh, mine got. You must get out of here. Mister Michelson will be home in a few minutes.

Mickey vaults out of bed and hurriedly gets dressed.

He pulls an envelope out of his pocket and hands it to Greta.

MICKEY
Here’s a ticket for tonight’s show at the Bavarian Inn. You’ll love it.

GRETA
Oh, you want Greta in bed, but you want her to go to fancy place alone?

MICKEY
It’s not that. I got a job. I mean a customer. I gotta drive him to the city.

GRETA
So drive him. I will not sit by mine self and that’s all.

MICKEY
Alright, alright. I’ll be running late, but I’ll be there, okay?

GRETA
That’s good, but go now or mine goose is cooking.

Mickey rushes down the stairway.

He leaves by the rear door as a car pulls up in the driveway.

EXT. SID MICHELSON’S ESTATE - NIGHT

Mickey leads Mario through the shrubbery to the rear patio.

Mario attempts to pick the door lock, but Mickey slides open a nearby window.

MARIO
You sure this guy ain’t got a silent alarm?
MICKEY
Believe me, I checked it out.

They climb through the window.

INT. SID MICHELSON’S ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

They enter the dining room. Mario removes the silverware from the cabinets.

Mario places them on the table and clicks on his flashlight.

Mickey slips paintings off the wall. He stacks them next to the opened window.

MARIO
You can’t get a dime for paintings anymore.

MICKEY
I know, but this bum’s got a safe somewhere. I ain’t gonna put them back if they’re already down.

MARIO
Might get a few bucks for these goblets. C’mon, let’s have a drink.

Mario holds them up to the light.

He pours two drinks from a decanter.

MICKEY
Why not. It’s on the house.

They down their drinks.

Mickey locates the safe. He takes sandpaper from a bag and runs it across his fingers.

He spins the cylinders searching for the combination.

Getting closer to the cylinders on the safe, he places his ear next to the locking mechanism.

MARIO
What’s with the sandpaper? And what the hell do you think you’re gonna hear?

MICKEY
I saw it in the movies.
MARIO
Use the drill. I saw that in the movies.

Mario hands Mickey a drill.

Mickey selects a drill bit, plugs the drill into a nearby socket and begins drilling into the lock.

Steel splinters begin flying off the drill.

MICKEY
I forgot my goggles.

Mickey holds his hands over his eyes.

MARIO
Christ, don’t tell me you’re afraid to get something in your eyes?

MICKEY
No, I’m afraid you’ll use a ball peen hammer and chisel to dig it out.

MARIO
You play with the safe. I’m gonna look upstairs.

Mario hustles upstairs.

He enters a large bedroom and rifles through the jewelry boxes.

Mario selects two gold watches and a number of rings.

Mario scatters the inexpensive stuff on the bed.

Mario dumps the contents of the night tables on the rug.

Mickey changes to a larger drill bit while continuing to shade his eyes from the flying fragments.

Mario locates some figurines. He places them in a sack along with some collectible urns.

Sorting through a dresser drawer he locates snapshots of Helga and Sid in compromising poses.

Mario opens a cabinet and finds a brace of dueling pistols.

He slides the weapons in his belt and saunters in front of a large mirror.
MARIO
Anyone here wanna give it a try?
C’mon, draw.

Mickey leans hard on the drill until it pushes through.

Mario snarls as he draws both pistols.

Mickey pulls at the safe door, opening it.

He takes a jewelry box from the safe, sliding it open to reveal a variety of pearl necklaces.

Locating a folder, he finds it’s full of hundred dollar bills.

He stuffs the greenbacks in his pocket.

Mario approaches from behind.

MARIO
Find anything worth talking about?

MICKEY
Nah, nothing exciting. How did you do?

Mario’s shirt is draped over the pistols.

MARIO
Just the usual jewelry and shit.

MICKEY
Let’s get out of here.

MARIO
Get a load of these.

Mario shows the nude photo’s of Greta with Sid.

MICKEY
That cheating bitch. She’s screwing the boss. Can’t trust those German broads.

MARIO
You know her?

MICKEY
Never mind, it’s a long story.

They move to the window and place their loot outside.

Mickey follows Mario, closing the window as he leaves.
EXT. SID MICHELSION’S ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

The area is suddenly illuminated by SPOTLIGHTS.

Detectives Fitzpatrick and Petito emerge from the darkness.

    JOE
    You guys moving men?

    MICKEY
    How does gardener sound?

INT. SUFFOLK COUNTY POLICE HQ - CONTINUOUS

Mickey and Mario are in a squad room handcuffed to a rail.

    MICKEY
    I know, you took the guns cause you wanted to play hit man.

    MARIO
    No, I was after the freaking cash you stashed in your pockets.

    MICKEY
    I’d have split it if we didn’t get bagged. Right hand to God.

Mickey tries to raise his left hand.

Detectives Fitzpatrick and Petito enter,

    JOE
    Look, we’ve got a chart on you guys. You’ve been close to some bad shit. You wanna talk about it?

    MICKEY
    Nah. I’d sooner talk about broads.

Tom edges menacingly close.

    JOE
    We got witnesses that place you in the yacht club when it was robbed.

    MICKEY
    How much you paying them liars?

Tom moves closer.

    JOE
    We place one of your Limo’s at the Clambake. You know about that?
MICKEY
You got some freaking imagination.

Tom slams his fist into an open palm.

JOE
Where’d you get those Piranha’s you put in that pond?

MICKEY
What the hell’s a Piranha?

Tom slams his fist.

MICKEY
You better tell Gabby it ain’t nice to spread DNA around. Especially mine.

TOM
I hit you Buster, they’ll be scraping horse shit off the walls.

JOE
Detective Petito has this theory on persuasion. Wanna try it his way?

MICKEY
Nah, I think I’m gonna make that phone call.

JOE
Sure, use any phone. Dial nine, they’ll buzz you out.

Mickey attempts to move, but is restrained by the cuffs.

Joe nods to Tom who unhooks Mickey’s handcuffs.

MICKEY
I’m gonna call Billy. He’ll know who to get. That okay by you?

Mario nods. Mickey picks up the phone and dials.

MICKEY
It’s Mick, Bill. I’m in a jam. Yeah, I need a lawyer. (beat)
I know, I know, yeah, yeah, but don’t tell Helen, okay?

INT. STEVE’S APARTMENT - NIGHT
Steve’s watching a sporting event on TV. There’s a tap on the screen door.

Steve unlatches the door and Billy enters.

**BILLY**
Mickey and Mario got bagged robbing Sid Michelson’s estate. I didn’t want to use the phone, but I figured you’d wanna know.

**STEVE**
Yeah, of course. He get a lawyer, yet?

**BILLY**
It’ll cost a bundle, but I’m gonna call Christina Grebs. She’s got connections and she’s the best.

**STEVE**
You think your Macho Man Brother will buy a lady lawyer?

**BILLY**
Freak him, he thinks he’s Billy the Kid. He don’t need the dough. The Dumb bastard gives it all away.

**STEVE**
Yeah, he loves it on the edge. The man’s got elephantitus of the balls.

**BILLY**
But no common sense. I just gave him the film I shot of his wedding and he gets locked up.

**STEVE**
That hobby of yours might pay off yet.

**BILLY**
It sure don’t look that way.

**INT SUFFOLK COUNTY POLICE HQ – DAY**

Vince and Richard enter a large office. **INSPECTOR PAUL AMES**, 55, sits at his desk.

**VINCE**
Damned good work, Paul. We’re not going to forget it, eh, Richard?
RICHARD
No we won’t. I’d give blood to try those murdering scoundrels before my bench.

AMES
Look, the men in custody are only part of this. We need time to track it all down, but we’ll connect it up, that’s for sure.

VINCE
It wouldn’t surprise me if they weren’t part of some Left Wing splinter group.

RICHARD
Yes, I agree. The choice of their targets suggests some sort of plot.

VINCE
It’s a god damned conspiracy, Paul. No telling where they got their orders from.

AMES
I can’t discount anything at this time, but they just look like ordinary small time crooks to me.

VINCE
Watergate began with a petty break in and we know where that went.

RICHARD
That’s right. It’s our turn to get those Left Wing bastards.

INT STEVE’S APARTMENT – AFTERNOON

Steve opens the door for Billy to enter.

STEVE
How’d it go?

BILLY
Christina said there’s big time interest in this case. All the politicians are involved. Never seen anything like it she said.

STEVE
They set bail yet?
BILLY
Not a chance she said. They’re being charged with every crime in the county. They even got ‘em for killing fish.

STEVE
Can you arrange a sit down with what’s her name, Christina?

BILLY
Sure, I’ll make it for tomorrow?

STEVE
I’ll take it from here. I gotta do this one alone.

BILLY
Hey, if that’s how it is. Go for it.

INT. CHRISTINA GREB’S LAW OFFICE - DAY
Steve enters Christina’s office.

CHRISTINA
Mister Coburn, I gather?

STEVE
That’s right. I’m Mickey Walsh’s partner.

CHRISTINA
In crime? Or just the limousine business?

STEVE
Both, why should he get all the credit?

CHRISTINA
You’re so right, but according to the police you two have been rather busy on Long Island.

STEVE
I went solo on a few of those.

CHRISTINA
Don’t tell me you came here to confess?

STEVE
I guess you could say that.
CHRISTINA
I’ll get my recorder.

Christina reaches into her drawer.

STEVE
Look, you want to take notes, alright, but I don’t want anybody else to hear this. That’s the deal.

CHRISTINA
Go ahead. We’ll see how it goes.

She reaches for a pad and pencil.

STEVE
You know Judge Moon pretty good?

CHRISTINA
Well enough to have tried a hundred or so cases before his bench, why?

STEVE
I did his fish and I did that barbecue alone. All by myself.

CHRISTINA
I was at that barbecue you bastard. Whatever did you put in that sauce?

STEVE
A bit of this and that.

CHRISTINA
Alright, so tell me, what are you getting at and what’s this about Judge Moon?

STEVE
The guys for sale. He’s bought and paid for.

CHRISTINA
Can you prove that? Because if you can. I’d love to go after him.

STEVE
Don’t tell me Full Moon Dick gave you one of his favorite son ruling’s?

CHRISTINA
That’s a good analogy, but it’s not easy to challenge a sitting judge.
STEVE
I have something that might change all that.

Steve removes a packet from his shirt.

He places it on her desk.

CHRISTINA
What exactly are you offering?

STEVE
A chance to get even. You got a TV VCR hookup around here?

CHRISTINA
In the next office. In my law library.

STEVE
Do you mind looking at hard core porn?

CHRISTINA
No, actually I rather love it, but never on the first date.

INT CHRISTINA’S LAW LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

The TV flickers on nude figures in compromising situations.

It flickers off.

CHRISTINA
That was unbelievable Mister Coburn. If I hadn’t seen them with my own eyes I’d doubt their authenticity. Are there others?

STEVE
A few and there’s some I’d rather not use.

CHRISTINA
I assume you want me to have these?

STEVE
Must have read my mind.

CHRISTINA
And what do I do with this confession?
STEVE
That’ll have to be your call.

INT. LIMOUSINE BUSINESS OFFICE - DUSK

Ellie’s at her desk.

Steve enters.

ELLIE
Could have stayed home today and watched the soaps.

STEVE
It’ll pick up when the Mick gets rolling again.

ELLIE
I’m afraid not, the Mick’s did it this time. He’ll be upstate making license plates for the next few years.

STEVE
He’s bobbed and weaved his way out of trouble before.

Detectives Fitzpatrick and Petito enter.

ELLIE
How many times do you have to search this place?

JOE
Just doing our job, Ma’am.

ELLIE
Do you realize you’re interfering with mine?

JOE
We wanted to have a chat with Mister Coburn

STEVE
Didn’t know we met.

JOE
Your mug shot’s on file with the taxi and limo board.

Joe flips him a photo.
STEVE
So what can I do for you?

JOE
Mind stepping outside?

STEVE
Glad to.

EXT LIMOUSINE BUSINESS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS
Steve is flanked by the Detectives.

JOE
We figure you’re hip deep in your sidekick’s shit. That right?

STEVE
This multiple choice?

JOE
Look, we’ll run it all down. Take book on that.

STEVE
I thought taking book’s against the law.

JOE
A little cooperation could help a man with the law.

STEVE
Wouldn’t surprise me a bit.

Tom slams his fist into his palm.

JOE
Detective Petito used to box. He believes in solving problems with his hands.

STEVE
Tell him he ought to learn how to eat with them paws before he threatens people. I use to box myself.

Tom edges closer with a threatening gesture.

JOE
It’s a nervous habit of his.
STEVE
Look, you guys want entertainment,
I’ll be happy to oblige.

Steve unbuttons his shirt, tosses it away and assumes a
combative stance.

JOE
The guy’s a pistol Tom. Can’t
reason with him.

They get in their car and drive away.

INT SUFFOLK COUNTY POLICE - DAY

Christina steps into Inspector Ames office.

AMES
Good to see you Counselor. How can
I help you?

CHRISTINA
You’re holding one of my clients.
A Mister Walsh.

AMES
Walsh, oh, yeah, the Limo guy. Now
there’s one helluva innovative
crook.

CHRISTINA
I understand he hasn’t been charged
yet?

AMES
The man was caught in the act. In
fact he’s been connected to a whole
rash of burglaries and some other
trashy crime. We’ll have it all
together by tomorrow.

CHRISTINA
The sooner the better. His family
would like him out on bail.

AMES
This is a high profile crime. Bail
is out of the question.

CHRISTINA
Since when do the Suffolk County
Police consider killing goldfish a
high profile crime?
AMES
Oh, so you know about the fish?
Well, there’s more to it than that.
The yacht club for example.

CHRISTINA
Can you definitely place them in
the yacht club at the time of the
robbery?

AMES
Not yet, but one of his limo’s was
at the clambake. You know what
happened there.

CHRISTINA
Yes, Inspector Ames, but what
you’re talking about are pranks.
There’s something wrong with this
picture.

AMES
Look counsellor, some very
important people, friends of yours
and mine have been hurt by these
clients of yours. They’re shouting
for justice.

CHRISTINA
These friends of yours and mine.
Do they have names?

AMES
Supervisor Malzoni and Judge Moon.

CHRISTINA
I have some film I’d like you to
watch Inspector Ames that have a
connection to this case.

AMES
Of course. If it’s relevant.

INT. LIEUTENANT AMES OFFICE - CONTINUING
The TV flashes nude figures before flickering off.

AMES
I suppose these are for sale?

CHRISTINA
Not one red cent.
AMES
Okay, I’ll rephrase the question.
Would the word barter be more appropriate?

CHRISTINA
You realize I’ll have to speak with my client?

AMES
Yes, but I’d like Malzoni to see this film.

CHRISTINA
Again, that’s up to my client.

AMES
I’ll expect to hear from you.

INT CHRISTINA’S LAW LIBRARY - DAY

Steve arranges the TV set. He drops a film into the VCR while Christina writes in her notebook.

CHRISTINA
You make for a fierce adversary
Mister Coburn.

STEVE
It’s an Irish curse. We have this need to get even. Look how long we’ve been fighting the British.

CHRISTINA
I’ll remember that next time I’m selecting a jury.

Lieutenant Ames and Vince enter.

VINCE
The beautiful Christina. If I was ten years younger the chase would be on.

CHRISTINA
Promises, all I get is promises.

VINCE
I’d back it up, but I hear you have some film you want me to see?

CHRISTINA
My client Mister Coburn does. He’s agreed to show a video tape.
AMES
Mister Coburn is a business partner of that Walsh fellow we have in custody.

VINCE
Okay Mister Coburn. Let’s see what you have.

Steve taps a remote and the TV flickers on. Seconds later figures are visible.

Barbara is seen removing her clothes.

Richard moves into view to embrace her.

He kicks off his clothes as they fall into bed.

VINCE
How much of this do you have?

STEVE
About an hour.

Steve fast forwards the tape.

Nancy dances across the scene and hops into bed.

The threesome cavorts in a series of poses.

VINCE
Okay, okay, I seen enough. How much will you take for that junk?

Steve taps the remote. The screen goes blank.

STEVE
It’s not for sale.

VINCE
What kind of bull shit is that? Everything’s for sale.

AMES
I think Mister Coburn is suggesting some sort of trade.

VINCE
That right Coburn? You got a deal in mind?

STEVE
Mickey and Mario get off clean. Like it was all a mistake.
VINCE
Can we do that Paul?

AMES
Something could be worked out. They haven’t been arraigned yet.

VINCE
Okay Coburn, supposing we let them off? How do I know some other guy won’t walk in here with a gripe and hold us up again?

STEVE
You don’t, but I got the original and all the copies. They’re yours when we wrap this up.

VINCE
It’s wrapped up. You got yourself a deal.

STEVE
Not yet, you have to get rid of Judge Moon. He’s out as a judge. He steps down or there’s no deal.

VINCE
Are you nuts? Over some girlie pictures? People don’t give a dam who you sleep with.

STEVE
They don’t. Well you might change your opinion if you looked at some other film I have.

VINCE
Go ahead. I might as well see it all.

Steve replaces one tape with another. He flicks on the TV

A Slender YOUNG TEENAGE GIRL in a bathing suit cavorts with Richard.

They strike a variety of poses before Richard removes her bathing suit.

A Young LAD in a bathing suit enters. The threesome hops into bed.
VINCE
Shut if off. Shut that dam thing off.

Steve clicks it off.

STEVE
Sorry, I was trying to avoid showing that one.

VINCE
Okay, you get what you want, but I want a copy of that tape. That cradle robbing perverted bastard has to see why he’s losing his robe.

STEVE
Take this one. I think you’ll do the right thing

EXT. LIMOUSINE BUSINESS OFFICE - DAY

Steve wheels his Limo into the driveway and parks.

He steps out to open the rear passenger door for Mickey and Mario.

MICKEY
Gotta thank you Moe. You banged it out of the park. I’m talking grand freaking salami.

MARIO
And pizza’s on the house at Mario’s. I’m talking forever.

Ellie runs out the doorway followed by the dogs.

Mickey and Ellie embrace while the animals romp.

ELLIE
And you Mister Walsh and I mean not ever, will not even think of breaking the law.

MICKEY
Never again, my right hand to God, but you gotta do me a favor Steve. Give this back to Detective Petito.

Mickey raises his left arm.

He hands Steve a watch.
STEVE
The man’s incorrigible.

Steve steps into his limo and drives away.

EXT  MONTAUK POINT, L. I. - DAY

Steve walks in the surf carrying his spear gun. He stops to peer at an unusual shell.

In the distance an indiscernible figure moves towards him from across the sand dunes.

He walks into the surf preparing to dive, but turns back to watch the figure draw closer.

The figure disappears behind a mound, but reappears on the other side.

He moves towards the figure, slowly at first, suddenly he breaks into a run and discards his spear gun.

The distance closes until they’re almost together.

JOANNA
I was out here with this guy once. He looked just like you.

STEVE
Same facial disfigurements, heh?

JOANNA
Real good looking guy. I loved him a lot.

STEVE
You can take odds he loves you too.

JOANNA
You think he’d give me a tryout for girlfriend?

Steve mouths the words YES as they embrace.

FADE OUT.