

Reservior Dogs

Screenplay

By

Quentin Tarantino

FADE IN:

INT. UNCLE BOB'S PANCAKE HOUSE - MORNING

Eight men dressed in BLACK SUITS, sit around a table at a breakfast cafe. They are MR. WHITE, MR. PINK, MR. BLUE, MR. BLONDE, MR. ORANGE, MR. BROWN, NICE GUY EDDIE CABOT, and the big boss, JOE CABOT.

Most are finished eating and are enjoying coffee and conversation. Joe flips through a small address book. Mr. Pink is telling a long and involved story about Madonna.

MR. PINK

"Like a Virgin" is all about a girl who digs a guy with a big dick. The whole song is a metaphor for big dicks.

MR. BLUE

No it's not. It's about a girl who is very vulnerable and she's been fucked over a few times. Then she meets some guy who's really sensitive--

MR. PINK

--Whoa...whoa...time out Greenbay. Tell that bullshit to the tourists.

JOE

(looking through his address book)

Toby...who the fuck is Toby?  
Toby...Toby...think...think...  
think...

MR. PINK

It's not about a nice girl who meets a sensitive boy. Now granted that's what "True Blue" is about, no argument about that.

MR. ORANGE

Which one is "True Blue?"

NICE GUY EDDIE

You don't remember "True Blue?"  
That was a big ass hit for Madonna.  
Shit, I don't even follow this Tops  
In Pops shit, and I've at least heard  
of "True Blue."

MR. ORANGE

Look, asshole, I didn't say I ain't heard of it. All I asked was how does it go? Excuse me for not being the world's biggest Madonna fan.

MR. BROWN

I hate Madonna.

MR. BLUE

I like her early stuff. You know, "Lucky Star," "Borderline" - but once she got into her "Papa Don't Preach" phase, I don't know, I tuned out.

MR. PINK

Hey, fuck all that, I'm making a point here. You're gonna make me lose my train of thought.

JOE

Oh fuck, Toby's that little china girl.

MR. WHITE

What's that?

JOE

I found this old address book in a jacket I ain't worn in a coon's age. Toby what? What the fuck was her last name?

MR. PINK

Where was I?

MR. ORANGE

You said "True Blue" was about a nice girl who finds a sensitive fella. But "Like a Virgin" was a metaphor for big dicks.

MR. PINK

Let me tell ya what "Like a Virgin"'s about. It's about some cooze who's a regular fuck machine. I mean all the time, morning, day, night, afternoon, dick, dick, dick, dick, dick, dick, dick, dick, dick, dick, dick.

MR. BLUE

How many dicks was that?

MR. WHITE

A lot.

MR. PINK

Then one day she meets a John Holmes motherfucker, and it's like, whoa baby. This mother fucker's like Charles Bronson in "The Great Escape."

(MORE)

MR. PINK (CONT'D)

He's diggin tunnels. Now she's gettin this serious dick action, she's feelin something she ain't felt since forever. Pain.

JOE

Chew? Toby Chew? No.

MR. PINK

It hurts. It hurts her. It shouldn't hurt. Her pussy should be Bubble-Yum by now. But when this cat fucks her, it hurts. It hurts like the first time. The pain is reminding a fuck machine what it was like to be a virgin. Hence, "Like a Virgin."

The fellas crack up.

JOE

Wong?

MR. PINK

Fuck you, wrong. I'm right! What the fuck do you know about it anyway? You're still listening to Jerry-fucking-Vale.

JOE

Not wrong, dumb ass, Wong! You know, like the Chinese name?

Mr. White snatches the address book from Joe's hand. They fight, but they're not really mad at each other.

MR. WHITE

Give me this fucking thing.

JOE

What the fuck do you think you're doin? Give me my book back!

MR. WHITE

I'm sick of fuckin hearin it Joe, I'll give it back when we leave.

JOE

Whaddaya mean, give it to me when we leave, give it back now.

MR. WHITE

For the past fifteen minutes now, you've just been droning on with names. "Toby...Toby...Toby... Toby Wong...Toby Wong...Toby Chung...fuckin Charlie Chan." I got Madonna's big dick outta my

(MORE)

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)  
right ear, and Toby Jap I-don't-  
know-what, outta my left.

JOE  
What do you care?

MR. WHITE  
When you're annoying as hell, I care  
a lot.

JOE  
Give me my book.

MR. WHITE  
You gonna put it away?

JOE  
I'm gonna do whatever I wanna do  
with it.

MR. WHITE  
Well, then, I'm afraid I'm gonna  
have to keep it.

MR. BLONDE  
Joe, you want me to shoot him for  
you?

MR. WHITE  
Shit, you shoot me in a dream, you  
better wake up and apologize.

NICE GUY EDDIE  
Have you guys been listening to K-  
BILLY's super sounds of the seventies  
weekend?

MR. PINK  
Yeah, it's fuckin great isn't it?

NICE GUY EDDIE  
Can you believe the songs they been  
playin'?

MR. PINK  
No, I can't. You know what I  
heard the other day? "Heartbeat -  
It's Lovebeat," by little Tony  
DeFranco and the DeFranco Family.  
I haven't heard that since I was in  
fifth fuckin grade.

NICE GUY EDDIE  
When I was coming down here, I was  
playin it. And "The Night the Lights  
Went Out in Georgia" came on.

(MORE)

NICE GUY EDDIE (CONT'D)

Now I ain't heard that song since it was big, but when it was big, I heard it a million- trillion times. I'm listening to it this morning, and this was the first time I ever realized that the lady singing the song, was the one who killed Andy.

MR. BLUE

You didn't know Vicki Lawrence killed the guy?

NICE GUY EDDIE

I thought the cheatin wife shot Andy.

MR. BLONDE

They say it in the song.

NICE GUY EDDIE

I know, I heard it. I musta zoned out whenever that part came on before. I thought when she said that little sister stuff, she was talkin about her sister- in-law, the cheatin wife.

JOE

No, she did it. She killed the cheatin wife, too.

MR. PINK

You know the part in "Gypsies, Tramps and Theives," when she says "Poppa woulda shot his if he knew what he'd done?" I could never figure out what he did.

The table laughs. The WAITRESS comes over to the table.

She has the check, and a pot of coffee.

WAITRESS

Can I get anybody more coffee.

JOE

No, we're gonna be hittin it. I'll take care of the check.

She hands the bill to him.

WAITRESS

Here ya go. Please pay at the register, if you wouldn't mind.

JOE

Sure thing.

WAITRESS

You guys have a wonderful day.

They all mutter equivalents. She exits and Joe stands up.

JOE

I'll take care of this, you guys  
leave the tip.

(to Mr. White)

And when I come back, I want my book  
back.

MR. WHITE

Sorry, it's my book now.

JOE

Blonde, shoot this piece of shit,  
will ya?

Mr. Blonde shoots Mr. White with his finger. Mr White acts  
shot. Joe exits.

NICE GUY EDDIE

Okay, everybody cough up green for  
the little lady.

Everybody whips out a buck, and throws it on the table.  
Everybody, that is, except Mr. White.

NICE GUY EDDIE (CONT'D)

C'mon, throw in a buck.

MR. WHITE

Uh-uh. I don't tip.

NICE GUY EDDIE

Whaddaya mean you don't tip?

MR. WHITE

I don't believe in it.

NICE GUY EDDIE

You don't believe in tipping?

MR. PINK

(laughing)

I love this kid, he's a madman, this  
guy.

MR. BLONDE

Do you have any idea what these ladies  
make? They make shit.

MR. WHITE

Don't give me that. She don't make  
enough money, she can quit.

Everybody laughs.

NICE GUY EDDIE

I don't even know a Jew who'd have the balls to say that. So let's get this straight. You never ever tip?

MR. WHITE

I don't tip because society says I gotta. I tip when somebody deserves a tip. When somebody really puts forth an effort, they deserve a little something extra. But this tipping automatically, that shit's for the birds. As far as I'm concerned, they're just doin their job.

MR. BLUE

Our girl was nice.

MR. WHITE

Our girl was okay. She didn't do anything special.

MR. BLONDE

What's something special, take ya in the kitchen and suck your dick?

They all laugh.

NICE GUY EDDIE

I'd go over twelve percent for that.

MR. WRITE

Look, I ordered coffee. Now we've been here a long fuckin time, and she's only filled my cup three times. When I order coffee, I want it filled six times.

MR. BLONDE

What if she's too busy?

MR. WHITE

The words "too busy" shouldn't be in a waitress's vocabulary.

NICE GUY EDDIE

Excuse me, Mr. White, but the last thing you need is another cup of coffee.

They all laugh.

MR. WHITE

These ladies aren't starvin to death. They make minimum wage. When I worked for minimum wage, I wasn't lucky enough to have a job that society deemed tipworthy.



NICE GUY EDDIE

Ahh, now we're getting down to it.  
It's not just that he's a cheap  
bastard--

MR. ORANGE

--It is that too--

NICE GUY EDDIE

It is that too. But it's also  
he couldn't get a waiter job. You  
talk like a pissed off dishwasher:  
"Fuck those cunts and their fucking  
tips."

MR. BLONDE

So you don't care that they're  
counting on your tip to live?

Mr. White rubs two of his fingers together.

MR. WHITE

Do you know what this is? It's the  
world's smallest violin, playing  
just for the waitresses.

MR. BLONDE

You don't have any idea what you're  
talking about. These people bust  
their ass. This is a hard job.

MR. WHITE

So's working at McDonald's, but you  
don't feel the need to tip them.  
They're servin ya food, you should  
tip em. But no, society says tip  
these guys over here, but not those  
guys over there. That's bullshit.

MR. ORANGE

They work harder than the kids at  
McDonald's.

MR. WHITE

Oh yeah, I don't see them cleaning  
fryers.

MR. BROWN

These people are taxed on the tips  
they make. When you stiff 'em, you  
cost them money.

MR. BLONDE

Waitressing is the number one  
occupation for female non-college  
graduates in this country. It's the  
one jab basically any woman can get,  
and make a living on.

The reason is because of tips.

MR. WHITE

Fuck all that.

They all laugh.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm very sorry that the government taxes their tips. That's fucked up. But that ain't my fault. It would appear that waitresses are just one of the many groups the government fucks in the ass on a regular basis. You show me a paper says the government shouldn't do that, I'll sign it. Put it to a vote, I'll vote for it. But what I won't do is play ball. And this non-college bullshit you're telling me, I got two words for that: "Learn to fuckin type." Cause if you're expecting me to help out with the rent, you're in for a big fuckin surprise.

MR. ORANGE

He's convinced me. Give me my dollar back.

Everybody laughs. Joe's comes back to the table.

JOE

Okay ramblers, let's get to rambling. Wait a minute, who didn't throw in?

MR. ORANGE

Mr. White.

JOE

(to Mr. Orange)

Mr. White?

(to Mr. White)

Why?

MR. ORANGE

He don't tip.

JOE

(to Mr. Orange)

He don't tip?

(to Mr. White)

You don't tip? Why?

MR. ORANGE

He don't believe in it.

JOE  
 (to Mr. Orange)  
 He don't believe in it?  
 (to Mr. White)  
 You don't believe in it?

MR. ORANGE  
 Nope.

JOE  
 (to Mr. Orange)  
 Shut up!  
 (to Mr. White)  
 Cough up the buck, ya cheap bastard,  
 I paid for your goddamn breakfast.

MR. WHITE  
 Because you paid for the breakfast,  
 I'm gonna tip.  
 Normally I wouldn't.

JOE  
 Whatever. Just throw in your dollar,  
 and let's move.  
 (to Mr. Blonde)  
 See what I'm dealing with here.  
 Infants. I'm fuckin dealin with  
 infants.

The eight men get up to leave. Mr. White's waist is in the F.G. As he buttons his coat, for a second we see he's carrying a gun. They exit Uncle Bob's Pancake House, talking amongst themselves.

EXT. UNCLE BOB'S PANCAKE HOUSE - DAY

CREDIT SEQUENCE:  
 When the credit sequence is finished,  
 we FADE TO BLACK:

Over the BLACK we hear the sound of SOMEONE SCREAMING in agony.

Under the screaming, we hear the sound of a car HAULING ASS, through traffic.

Over the screams and the traffic noise, we hear SOMEBODY

ELSE SAY:

SOMEBODY ELSE (O.S.)  
 Just hold on buddy boy.

Somebody stops screaming long enough to say:

SOMEBODY (O.S.)  
 I'm sorry.  
 (MORE)

SOMEBODY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I can't believe she killed me. Who would've fuckin thought that?

CUT TO:

INT. GETAWAY GAR (MOVING) - DAY

The Somebody screaming is Mr. Orange. He lies in the backseat. He's been SHOT in the stomach. BLOOD covers both him and the backseat.

Mr. White is the Somebody Else. He's behind the wheel of the getaway car. He's easily doing 80 mph, dodging in and out of traffic. Though he's driving for his life, he keeps talking to his wounded passenger in the backseat.

They are the only two in the car.

MR. WHITE

Hey, just cancel that shit right now! You're hurt. You're hurt really fucking bad, but you ain't dying.

MR. ORANGE

(crying)

All this blood is scaring the shit outta me. I'm gonna die, I know it.

MR. WHITE

Oh excuse me, I didn't realize you had a degree in medicine. Are you a doctor? Are you a doctor? Answer me please, are you a doctor?

MR. ORANGE

No, I'm not!

MR. WRITE

Ahhhh, so you admit you don't know what you're talking about. So if you're through giving me your amateur opinion, lie back and listen to the news. I'm taking you back to the rendezvous, Joe's gonna get you a doctor, the doctor's gonna fix you up, and you're gonna be okay. Now say it: you're gonna be okay. Say it: you're gonna be okay!

Mr. Orange doesn't respond. Mr. White starts pounding on the steering wheel.

MR. WHITE

Say-the-goddamn-words: you're gonna be okay!

MR. ORANGE

I'm okay.

MR. WHITE

(softly)

Correct.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The CAMERA does a 360 around an empty warehouse. Then the door swings open, and Mr. White carries the bloody body of Mr. Orange inside.

Mr. Orange still is MOANING loudly from his bullet hit.

Mr. White lays him down upon a mattress on the floor.

MR. WHITE

Just hold on buddy boy. Hold on, and wait for Joe. I can't do anything for you, but when Joe gets here, which should be anytime now, he'll be able to help you. We're just gonna sit here, and wait for Joe. Who are we waiting for?

MR. ORANGE

Joe.

MR. WHITE

Bet your sweet ass we are.

Mr. White gets up from over Mr. Orange and starts to prowl around the warehouse.

MR. ORANGE

(yelling)

Don't leave me!

Mr White bends back over him and takes his hand.

MR. WHITE

I ain't going anywhere. I'm right here. I'm not gonna leave ya.

MR. ORANGE

Larry, I'm so scared, would you please hold me.

Mr. White very gently embraces the bloody Mr. Orange.

Cradling the young man, Mr. White whispers to him.

MR. WHITE

(whispering)

Go ahead and be scared, you've been brave enough for one day.

(MORE)

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

I want you to just relax now. You're not gonna die, you're gonna be fine. When Joe gets here, he'll make ya a hundred percent again.

Mr. White lays Mr. Orange back down on the mattress. He's still holding his hand. Mr. Orange looks up at his friend.

MR. ORANGE

Look, I don't wanna be a fly in the ointment, but if help doesn't come soon, I gotta see a doctor. I don't give a fuck about jail, I just don't wanna die.

MR. WHITE

You're not gonna fucking die, all right?

MR. ORANGE

I wasn't born yesterday. I'm hurt, and I'm hurt bad.

MR. WHITE

It's not good...

MR. ORANGE

Hey, bless your heart for what you're trying to do. I was panicking for a moment, but I've got my senses back now. The situation is, I'm shot in the belly. And without medical attention, I'm gonna die.

MR. WHITE

I can' take you to a hospital.

MR. ORANGE

Fuck jail! I don't give a shit about jail. But I can't die. You don't have to take me in. Just drive me up to the front, drop me on the sidewalk. I'll take care of myself. I won't tell them anything. I swear to fucking god, I won't tell 'em anything. Look in my eyes, look right in my eyes.

(Mr. White does)

I-won't-tell-them-anything.  
You'll be safe.

MR. WHITE

Lie back down, and try to--

MR. ORANGE

I'm going to die! I need a doctor!  
I'm begging you, take me to a doctor.

Mr. Orange lays his head back on the mattress. Spent from his outburst, he quietly mutters to himself:

MR. ORANGE (CONT'D)

Take me to a doctor, take me to a doctor, please.

Suddenly, the warehouse door BURSTS open and Mr. Pink steps inside.

MR. PINK

Was that a fucking set-up or what?

Mr. Pink sees Mr. Orange on the floor, shot and bloody.

MR. PINK (CONT'D)

Oh fuck, Orange got tagged.

Throughout this scene, we hear Mr. Orange moaning.

MR. WHITE

Gun shot.

MR. PINK

Oh that's just fucking great!  
Where's Brown?

MR. WHITE

Dead.

MR. PINK

Goddamn, goddamn! How did he die?

MR. WHITE

How the fuck do you think? The cops shot him.

MR. PINK

Oh this is bad, this is so bad.  
(referring to Mr.Orange)Is it bad?

MR. WHITE

As opposed to good?

MR. PINK

This is so fucked up. Somebody fucked us big time.

MR. WHITE

You really think we were set up?

MR. PINK

You even doubt it? I don't think we got set up, I know we got set up! I mean really, seriously, where did all those cops come from, huh?

(MORE)

MR. PINK (CONT'D)

One minute they're not there, the next minute they're there. I didn't hear any sirens. The alarm went off, okay. Okay, when an alarm goes off, you got an average of four minutes response time. Unless a patrol car is cruising that street, at that particular moment, you got four minutes before they can realistically respond. In one minute there were seventeen blue boys out there. All loaded for bear, all knowing exactly what the fuck they were doing, and they were all just there! Remember that second wave that showed up in the cars? Those were the ones responding to the alarm. but those other motherfuckers were already there, they were waiting for us.

(pause)

You haven't thought about this?

MR. WHITE

I haven't had a chance to think. First I was just trying to get the fuck outta there. And after we got away, I've just been dealin with him.

MR. PINK

Well, you better start thinking about it. Cause I, sure as fuck, am thinking about it. In fact, that's all I'm thinking about. I came this close to just driving off. Whoever set us up, knows about this place. There could've been cops sitting here waiting for me. For all we know, there's cops, driving fast, on their way here now.

MR. WHITE

Let's go in the other room...

The camera creeps along a wall, coming to a corner. We move past it, and see down a hall.

INT. BATHROOM HALLWAY - DAY

At the end of the hall is a bathroom. The bathroom door is partially closed, restricting our view. Mr. Pink is obscured, but Mr. White is in view.



MR. PINK (O.S.)

What the fuck am I doing here? I felt funny about this job right off. As soon as I felt it I should said "No thank you", and walked. But I never fucking listen. Every time I ever got burned buying weed, I always knew the guy wasn't right. I just felt it. But I wanted to believe him. If he's not lyin to me, and it really is Thai stick, then whoa baby. But it's never Thai stick. and I always said if I felt that way about a job, I'd walk. And I did, and I didn't, because of fuckin money!

MR. WHITE

What's done is done, I need you cool. Are you cool?

MR. PINK

I'm cool.

MR. WHITE

Splash some water on your face.

Take a breather.

We hear the sink running, and Mr. Pink splashing water on his face.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get me my smokes.

Mr White opens the bathroom door, walks down the hall, and OUT OF FRAME. We see Mr. Pink, his back turned towards us, bent over the sink. Then he grabs a towels, and dries his face. Mr White ENTERS FRAME with a pack of Chesterfields in his hand.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

Want a smoke?

MR. PINK

Why not?

The two men light up.

MR. WHITE

Okay, let's go through what happened. We're in the place, everything's going fine. Then the alarm gets tripped. I turn around and all these cops are outside. You're right, it was like, bam! I blink my eyes are they're there. Everybody starts going apeshit. Then Mr. Blonde starts shootin all

(MORE)

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

the--

MR. PINK

--That's not correct.

MR. WHITE

What's wrong with it?

MR. PINK

The cops didn't show up after the alarm went off. They didn't show till after Mr. Blonde started shooting everyone.

MR. WHITE

As soon as I heard the alarm, I saw the cops.

MR. PINK

I'm telling ya, it wasn't that soon. They didn't let their presence be known until after Mr. Blonde went off. I'm not sayin they weren't there, I'm sayin they were there. But they didn't move in till Mr. Blonde became a madman. That's how I know we were set up. You can see that, can't you, Mr. White?

MR. WHITE

Look, enough of this "Mr White" shit--

MR. PINK

Don't tell me your name, I don't want to know! I sure as hell ain't gonna tell ya mine.

MR. WHITE

You're right, this is bad.

(pause)

How did you get out?

MR. PINK

Shot my way out. Everybody was shooting, so I just blasted my way outta there.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROWDED CITY STREET - DAY

Mr. Pink is hauling ass down a busy city sidewalk. He has a canvas bag with a shoulder strap in one hand, and a .357 MAGNUM in the other. If any BYSTANDERS get in his way, he just knocks them down. We DOLLY at the same speed, right along side of him.

FOUR POLICEMEN are running after Mr. Pink. We DOLLY with them.

We DOLLY with a young woman on roller skates. ROLLERGIRL is plugged into a walkman. We hear the song she's listening to LOUD over the SOUNDTRACK. She's twirling and skating backwards to the beat of the song.

Rollergirl turns a corner and COLLIDES with Mr. Pink. The man and woman CRASH to the ground.

Mr. Pink rolls into the street, in front of a moving car that SCREECHES to a stop, narrowly avoiding running over him.

INT. CAR (STOPPED) - DAY

The CAMERA is in the backseat. A SHOCKED WOMAN is the car's driver. Mr. Pink pulls himself up from the hood, shakes it off, and points his magnum at the driver.

MR. PINK

Get outta the car! Get the fuck  
outta the car!

The Shocked Woman starts screaming.

Mr. Pink tries to open the driver's side door, but it's locked.

MR. PINK (CONT'D)

Open the fucking door!

EXTREME C.U. DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW

Mr. Pink SMASHES it in our face.

EXT. STREET - DAY

DOLLY with Cops coming up fast.

Mr. Pink DRAGS the Shocked Woman out of the car.

The Cops reach the corner, guns aimed.

Using the car as a shield, Mr. Pink FIRES three shots at the Cops.

Everybody HITS the ground, or scatters.

Mr. Pink HOPS in the car.

Cops FIRE.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

CAMERA in the backseat, Mr. Pink FLOORS it. SPEEDING down the street, with the Cops FIRING after him.

BACK TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Mr. Pink and Mr. White still talking in the bathroom.

MR. PINK

Tagged a couple of cops. Did you kill anybody?

MR. WHITE

A few cops.

MR. PINK

No real people?

MR. WHITE

Uh-uh, just cops.

MR. PINK

Could you believe Mr. Blonde?

MR. WHITE

That was one of the most insane fucking things I've ever seen. Why the fuck would Joe hire somebody like that?

MR. PINK

I don't wanna kill anybody. But if I gotta get out that door, and you're standing in my way, one way or the other, you're gettin' outta my way.

MR. WHITE

That's the way I look at it. A choice between doin' ten years, and takin' out some stupid motherfucker, ain't no choice at all. But I ain't no madman either. What the fuck was Joe thinkin'? You can't work with a guy like that. That motherfucker's unstable. What do you think? Do you think he panicked, or ya think he's just trigger-happy?

MR. PINK

I think he's a sick fuckin' maniac! We're awful goddamn lucky he didn't tag us, when he shot up the place. I came this fucking close--

(MORE)

MR. PINK (CONT'D)

(hold up two fingers  
and makes a tiny  
space between them)

--to taking his ass out myself.  
Everybody panics. When things get  
tense, everybody panics.  
Everybody. I don't care what your  
name is, you can't help it. It's  
human nature. But ya panic on the  
inside. Ya panic in your head. Ya  
give yourself a couple a seconds of  
panic, then you get a grip and deal  
with the situation. What you don't  
do, is shoot up the place and kill  
everybody.

MR. WHITE

What you're supposed to do is act  
like a fuckin professional. A  
psychopath is not a professional.  
You can't work with a psychopath,  
'cause ya don't know what those sick  
assholes are gonna do next.  
I mean, Jesus Christ, how old do you  
think that black girl was?  
Twenty, maybe twenty-one?

MR. PINK

Did ya see what happened to anybody  
else?

MR. WHITE

Me and Mr. Orange jumped in the car  
and Mr. Brown floored it.  
After that, I don't know what went  
down.

MR. PINK

At that point it became every man  
for himself. As far as Mr. Blonde  
or Mr. Blue are concerned, I ain't  
got the foggiest. Once I got out, I  
never looked back.

MR. WHITE

What do you think?

MR. PINK

What do I think? I think the cops  
caught them, or killed 'em.

MR. WHITE

Not even a chance they punched  
through? You found a hole.

MR. PINK

Yeah, and that was a fucking miracle.  
But if they did get away, where the  
fuck are they?

MR. WHITE

You don't think it's possible, one  
of them got ahold of the diamonds  
and pulled a--

MR. PINK

Nope.

MR. WHITE

How can you be so sure?

MR. PINK

I got the diamonds.

MR. WHITE

Where?

MR. PINK

I got 'em, all right?

MR. WHITE

Where? Are they out in the car?

MR. PINK

No, they're not in the car. No, I  
don't have them on me. Ya wanna go  
with me and get 'em? Yes, we can go  
right now. But first listen to what  
I'm telling you.  
We were fuckin set up! Somebody is  
in league with the cops. We got a  
Judas in our midst. And I'm thinkin  
we should have our fuckin heads  
examined for waiting around here.

MR. WHITE

That was the plan, we meet here.

MR. PINK

Then where is everybody? I say the  
plan became null and void once we  
found out we got a rat in the house.  
We ain't got the slightest fuckin  
idea what happened to Mr. Blonde or  
Mr. Blue. They could both be dead  
or arrested. They could be sweatin  
'em, down at the station house right  
now. Yeah they don't know the names,  
but they can sing about this place.  
I mean, that could be happening right  
now. As we speak, the cops could be  
in their cars, drivin here this  
minute.

MR. WHITE  
I swear to god I'm fuckin jinxed.

MR. PINK  
What?

MR. WHITE  
Two jobs back, it was a four man  
job, we discovered one of the team  
was an undercover cop.

MR. PINK  
No shit?

MR. WHITE  
Thank god, we discovered in time.  
We hadda forget the whole fuckin  
thing. Just walked away from it.

MR. PINK  
So who's the rat this time? Mr.  
Blue? Mr. Blonde? Joe? It's Joe's  
show, he set this whole thing up.  
Maybe he set it up to set it up.

MR. WHITE  
I don't buy it. Me and Joe go back  
a long time. I can tell ya straight  
up, Joe definitely didn't have  
anything to do with this bullshit.

MR. PINK  
Oh, you and Joe go back a long time.  
I known Joe since I was a kid. But  
me saying Joe definitely couldn't  
have done it is ridiculous. I can  
say I definitely didn't do it, cause  
I know what I did or didn't do. But  
I can't definitely say that about  
anybody else, 'cause I don't  
definitely know. For all I know,  
you're the rat.

MR. WHITE  
For all I know, you're the rat.

MR. PINK  
Now you're using your head. For all  
we know, he's the rat.

Mr. Pink points OFFSCREEN to Mr. Orange. Mr. White's  
expression changes.

MR. WHITE  
Jesus Christ!

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

They run over to Mr. Orange, who's unconscious. The CAMERA hovers over the action. Mr. Pink reaches him first.

MR. PINK

Is he dead?

Mr. White pushes him out of the way. He feels the pulse on Mr. Orange's neck.

MR. PINK (CONT'D)

So, is he dead or what?

MR. WHITE

He ain't dead.

MR. PINK

So what is it?

MR. WHITE

I think he's just passed out.

MR. PINK

He scared the fuckin shit outta me.  
I thought he was dead fer sure.

Mr. White stands up and walks over to a table.

MR. WHITE

He will be dead fer sure, if we don't  
get him to a hospital.

MR. PINK

We can't take him to a hospital.

MR. WHITE

Without medical attention, this man  
won't live through the night.  
That bullet in his belly is my fault.  
Now while that might not mean jack  
shit to you, it means a helluva lot  
to me. And I'm not gonna just sit  
around and watch him die.

MR. PINK

Well, first things first, staying  
here's goofy. We gotta book up.

MR. WHITE

So what do you suggest, we go to a  
hotel? We got a guy who's shot in  
the belly, he can't walk, he bleeds  
like a stuck pig, and when he's awake,  
he screams in pain.

MR. PINK

You gotta idea, spit it out.



MR. WHITE

Joe could help him. If we can get in touch with Joe, Joe could get him to a doctor, Joe could get a doctor to come and see him.

During Mr. Pink's dialog, we slowly ZOOM in to a C.U. of Mr. White.

MR. PINK (O.S.)

Assuming we can trust Joe, how we gonna get in touch with him? He's supposed to be here, but he ain't, which is making me nervous about being here. Even if Joe is on the up and up, he's probably not gonna be that happy with us. Joe planned a robbery, but he's got a blood bath on his hands now. Dead cops, dead robbers, dead civilians...Jesus Christ! I tend to doubt he's gonna have a lot of sympathy for our plight. If I was him, I'd try and put as much distance between me and this mess an humanly possible.

MR. WHITE

Before you got here, Mr. Orange was askin me to take him to a hospital. Now I don't like turning him over to the cops, but if we don't, he's dead. He begged me to do it. I told him to hold off till Joe got here.

MR. PINK (O.S.)

Well Joe ain't gettin here. We're on our own. Now, I don't know a goddamn body who can help him, so if you know somebody, call 'em.

MR. WHITE

I don't know anybody.

MR. PINK (O.S.)

Well, I guess we drop him off at the hospital. Since he don't know nothin about us, I say it's his decision.

MR. WHITE'S POV:

C.U. OF MR. PINK.

MR. WHITE (O.S.)

Well, he knows a little about me.

MR. PINK  
You didn't tell him your name, did ya?

MR. WHITE (O.S.)  
I told him my first name, and where I'm from.

There is a long silence and a blank look from Mr. Pink, then he SCREAMS:

MR. PINK  
Why!

MR. WHITE (O.S.)  
I told him where I was from a few days ago. It was just a casual conversation.

MR. PINK  
And what was tellin him your name when you weren't supposed to?

MR. WHITE (O.S.)  
He asked.

Mr. Pink looks at Mr. White like he's retarded.

MR. WHITE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
We had just gotten away from the cops. He just got shot. It was my fuckin fault he got shot. He's a fuckin bloody mess - he's screaming. I swear to god, I thought we was gonna die right then and there. I'm tryin to comfort him, telling him not to worry, he's gonna be okay, I'm gonna take care of him. And he asked me what my name was. I mean, the man was dyin in my arms. What the fuck was I supposed to tell him, "Sorry, I can't give out that information, it's against the rules. I don't trust you enough."? Maybe I shoulda, but I couldn't.

MR. PINK  
Oh, I don't doubt is was quite beautiful--

MR. WHITE (O.S.)  
Don't fuckin patronize me.

MR. PINK  
One question: Do they have a sheet on you, where you told him you're from?

MR. WHITE (O.S.)

Of course.

MR. PINK

Well that's that, then. I mean, I was worried about mug shot possibilities already. But now he knows: (a) what you look like, (b) what your first name is, (i) where you're from and (d) what your specialty is.

They ain't gonna hafta show him a helluva lot of pictures for him to pick you out. That's it right, you didn't tell him anything else that could narrow down the selection?

MR. WHITE (O.S.)

If I have to tell you again to back off, me an you are gonna go round and round.

Mr. Pink walks out of the C.U. and turns his back on Mr. White. Mr. White's POV PANS over to him.

MR. PINK

We ain't taking him to a hospital.

MR. WHITE (O.S.)

If we don't, he'll die.

MR. PINK

And I'm very sad about that. But some fellas are lucky, and some ain't.

MR. WHITE (O.S.)

That fuckin did it!

Mr. White's POV CHARGES toward Mr. Pink.

Mr. Pink turns toward him in time to get PUNCHED hard in the mouth.

END OF POV

Mr. White and Mr. Pink have a very ungraceful and realistic fight. They go at each other like a couple of alley cats.

As Mr. White SWINGS and PUNCHES, he SCREAMS:

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

You little motherfucker!

MR. PINK YELLS AS HE HITS:

MR. PINK  
Ya wanna fuck with me?! You wanna  
fuck with me?! I'll show you who  
you're fuckin with!

The two men end up on the floor KICKING and SCRATCHING.

Mr. White gets Mr. Pink in a HEADLOCK.

Mr. Pink reaches in his jacket for his gun, and pulls it out.

Mr. White sees this, immediately lets go of Mr. Pink, and goes for his own weapon.

The two men are on the floor, on their knees, with their guns outstretched, aiming at one another.

MR. WHITE  
You wanna shoot me, you little piece  
of shit? Take a shot!

MR. PINK  
Fuck you, White! I didn't create  
this situation, I'm just dealin  
with it. You're acting like a first-  
year fuckin thief. I'm actin like a  
professional. They get him, they  
can get you, they get you, they get  
closer to me, and that can't happen.  
And you, you motherfucker, are looking  
at me like it's my fault. I didn't  
tell him my name. I didn't tell him  
where I was from. I didn't tell him  
what I knew better than to tell him.  
Fuck, fifteen minutes ago, you almost  
told me your name. You, buddy, are  
stuck in a situation you created.  
So if you wanna throw bad looks  
somewhere, throw 'em at a mirror.

Mr. Pink lowers his gun and walks towards White.

MR. PINK (CONT'D)  
So if you wanna shoot somebody, put  
that gun in your mouth and shoot  
yourself.

THEN FROM OFF SCREEN WE HEAR:

VOICE (O.S.)  
You kids don't play so rough.

Somebody's gonna start crying.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - MEDIUM C.U. ON MR. BLONDE

The Voice belongs to the infamous Mr. Blonde.

Mr. Blonde sits on a counter, drinking a fast food coke and eating a hot dog.

MR. PINK

Mr. Blonde! You okay? We thought you might've gotten caught. What happened?

Mr. Blonde doesn't answer, he just hops off the counter and starts walking around the warehouse, checking the place out.

He doesn't look at either Mr. Pink or Mr. White, he just eats his hot dog and sips his coke.

This is making Pink and White nervous as hell. But Mr.

Pink tries to talk through it.

We HANDHOLD follow Mr. Blonde around the warehouse.

MR. PINK (CONT'D)

Really, how did you get away?

Mr. Blonde walks the loft. Silent.

MR. PINK (CONT'D)

You saw what happened to me, I found a hole and booked.

Silence.

MR. PINK (CONT'D)

Where's Mr. Blue?

Blonde looks in the bathroom.

MR. PINK (CONT'D)

We were hopin you two would be together.

Blonde looks out the window.

MR. PINK (CONT'D)

That was the big question we had, what happened to Mr.

Blue and you?

Blonde walks away from the window.

MR. PINK (CONT'D)

We were worried the cops got ya.

Blonde bends down over Mr. Orange.

MR. PINK (CONT'D)

He got it in the belly. He's still alive, but won't be for long.

MR. WHITE

Enough! You better start talkin to us, asshole, cause we got shit we need to talk about. We're already freaked out, we need you actin freaky like we need a fuckin bag on our hip.

Mr. Blonde looks at his two partners in crime, then moves towards them.

MR. BLONDE

So, talk.

MR. WHITE

We think we got a rat in the house.

MR. PINK

I guarantee we got a rat in the house.

MR. BLONDE

What would ever make you think that?

MR. WHITE

Is that supposed to be funny?

MR. PINK

We don't think this place is safe.

MR. WHITE

This place just ain't secure anymore. We're leaving, and you should go with us.

MR. BLONDE

Nobody's going anywhere.

Silence takes over the room. Mr. Blonde stops moving.

After a few beats the silence is broken.

MR. WHITE

(to Mr. Pink)

Piss on this turd, we're outta here.

Mr. White turns to leave.

MR. BLONDE

Don't take another step, Mr.

White.

Mr. White explodes, raising his gun and charging towards Mr. Blonde.

MR. WHITE

Fuck you, maniac! It's your fuckin  
fault we're in so much trouble.

Mr. Blonde calmly sits down. He looks to Mr. Pink.

MR. BLONDE

(referring to Mr.

WHITE)

What's this guy's problem?

MR. WHITE

What's my problem? Yeah, I gotta  
problem. I gotta big problem with  
any trigger-happy madman who almost  
gets me shot!

MR. BLONDE

What're you talkin about?

MR. WHITE

That fuckin shooting spree in the  
store.

MR. BLONDE

Fuck 'em, they set off the alarm,  
they deserve what they got.

MR. WHITE

You almost killed me, asshole! If I  
had any idea what type of guy you  
were, I never would've agreed to  
work with you.

MR. BLONDE

You gonna back all day, little doggie,  
or are you gonna bite?

MR. WHITE

What was that? I'm sorry, I didn't  
catch it. Would you repeat it?

MR. BLONDE

(slowly)

I said: "Are you gonna bark all day,  
dog, or are you gonna bite."

MR. PINK

Both of you two assholes knock it  
the fuck off and calm down!

MR. WHITE

(to Mr. Blonde)

So you wanna git bit, huh?

MR. PINK

Cut the bullshit, we ain't on a fuckin playground!

(pause)

I don't believe this shit, both of you got ten years on me, and I'm the only one actin like a professional. You guys act like a bunch of fuckin niggers. You ever work a job with a bunch of niggers? They're just like you two, always fightin, always sayin they're gonna kill one another.

MR. WHITE

(to Mr. Pink)

You said yourself, you thought about takin him out.

MR. PINK

Then. That time has passed. Right now, Mr. Blonde is the only one I completely trust. He's too fuckin homicidal to be workin with the cops.

MR. WHITE

You takin his side?

MR. PINK

Fuck sides! What we need is a little solidarity here. Somebody's stickin a red hot poker up our asses and we gotta find out whose hand's on the handle. Now I know I'm no piece of shit...

(referring to Mr White)

And I'm pretty sure you're a good boy...

(referring to Mr.

Blonde)

And I'm fuckin positive you're on the level. So let's figure out who's the bad guy.

Mr. White calms down and puts his gun away.

Mr. Blonde returns to the persona we saw at the beginning, talking about Madonna.

MR. BLONDE

Well, that was sure exciting.

(to Mr. White)

You're a big Lee Marvin fan, aren't you? Me too. I don't know about the rest of you fellas, but my heart's beatin fast.

(pause for a beat)

Okay you guys, follow me.



Mr. Blonde hops out of his chair and heads for the door.

The other two men just follow him with their eyes.

MR. WHITE  
Follow you where?

MR. BLONDE  
Down to my car.

MR. WHITE  
Why?

MR. BLONDE  
It's a surprise.

Mr. Blonde walks out.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Three cars are parked out front. Mr. Blonde is walking towards the car he drove. Mr. White and Mr. Pink are walking behind. The Camera is HANDHELD following behind them.

MR. PINK  
We still gotta get out of here.

MR. BLONDE  
We're gonna sit here and wait.

MR. WHITE  
For what, the cops?

MR. BLONDE  
Nice Guy Eddie.

MR. PINK  
Nice Guy Eddie? What makes you think  
Nice Guy's anywhere but on a plane  
half way to Costa Rica?

MR. BLONDE  
Cause I just talked to him. He's on  
his way down here, and nobody's going  
anywhere till he gets here.

MR. WHITE  
You talked to Nice Guy Eddie? Why  
the fuck didn't you say that in the  
first place?

MR. BLONDE  
You didn't ask.

MR. WHITE  
Hardy-fuckin-har. What did he say?

MR. BLONDE

Stay put. Okay, fellas, take a look  
at the little surprise I brought  
you.

Mr. Blonde opens up the trunk of his car. A handcuffed,  
uniformed POLICEMAN is curled up inside the trunk.

MR. BLONDE (CONT'D)

So while we're waitin for Nice Guy  
Eddie, what say we have a little fun  
finding out who the rat is.

INSERT: TITLE CARD "MR. BLONDE".

INT. JOE CABOT'S OFFICE - DAY

We're inside the office of Joe Cabot. Joe's on the phone,  
sitting behind his desk.

JOE

(into phone)

Sid, I'm tellin you don't worry about  
it. You had a bad couple of months,  
it happens.

(pause)

Sid, Sid, Sid...Stop, you're  
embarrassing me. I don't need to be  
told what I already know. When you  
have bad months, you do what every  
business man in the worlds does, I  
don't care if he's Donald Trump or  
Irving the tailor. Ya ride it out.

There's a KNOCK on Cabot's office door.

JOE (CONT'D)

Come in.

One of Cabot's goons, TEDDY, opens the door and steps inside.  
Cabot covers the receiver with his hand and looks towards  
the man.

TEDDY

Vic Vega's outside.

JOE

Tell him to come in.

Teddy leaves.

JOE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Sid, a friend of mine's here. I  
gotta go.

(pause)

Good enough, bye.

He hangs up the phone, stands, and walks around to the front of the desk.

Teddy opens the office door, and TOOTHPICK VIC VEGA walks in.

Toothpick Vic Vega is none other than our very own Mr.

Blonde. Vic is dressed in a long black leather seventies style jacket.

Joe stands in front of his desk with his arms open.

The two men embrace each other. Teddy leaves, closing the door behind him.

JOE (CONT'D)

How's freedom kid, pretty fuckin good, ain't it?

VIC

It's a change.

JOE

Ain't that a sad truth. Remy Martin?

VIC

Sure.

JOE

Take a seat.

Joe goes over to his liquor cabinet. Vic sits in a chair set in front of Joe's desk.

JOE (CONT'D)

(while he pours the drink)

Who's your parole officer?

VIC

A guy named Koons. Craig Koons.

JOE

How is he?

VIC

Fuckin asshole, won't let me leave the halfway house.

JOE

Never ceases to amaze me. Fuckin jungle bunny goes out there, slits some old woman's throat for twenty-five cents. Fuckin nigger gets Doris Day as a parole officer. But a good fella like you gets stuck with a ball-bustin prick.

Joe walks back around his desk and sits in his chair.

Vic swallows some Remy.

VIC

I just want you to know, Joe, how much I appreciate your care packages on the inside.

JOE

What the hell did you expect me to do? Just forget about you?

VIC

I just wanted you to know, they meant a lot.

JOE

It's the least I could do Vic. I wish I coulda done more.

(Joe flashes a side grin at Vic)

Vic. Toothpick Vic. Tell me a story? What're your plans?

VIC

Well, what I wanna do is go back to work. But I got this Koons prick deep up my ass. He won't let me leave the halfway house till I get some piece of shit job.

My plans have always been to be part of the team again.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

JOE

Come in.

The door opens and in walks Joe's son, Nice Guy Eddie.

Vic turns around in his seat and sees him.

EDDIE

(to Vic)

I see ya sittin here, but I don't believe it.

Vic gets out of his seat and hugs Eddie.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

How ya doin, Toothpick?

VIC

Fine, now.

EDDIE

I'm sorry man, I shoulda picked you up personally at the pen. This whole week's just been crazy. I've had my head up my ass the entire time.

VIC

Funny you should mention it. That's what your father and I been talkin about.

EDDIE

That I should've picked you up?

VIC

No. That your head's been up your ass. I walk through the door and Joe says "Vic, you're back, thank god. Finally somebody who knows what the fuck he's doing. Vic, Vic, Vic, Eddie, my son, is a fuck up." And I say "Well, Joe, I coulda told you that." "I'm ruined! He's ruining me! My son, I love him, but he's taking my business and flushing it down the fuckin toilet!"

(to Joe)

I'm not tellin tales out of school. You tell 'im Joe. Tell 'im yourself.

JOE

Eddie, I hate like hell for you to hear it this way. But when Vic asked me how's business, well, you don't lie to a man who's just done four years in the slammer for ya.

Eddie bobs his head up and down.

EDDIE

Oh really, is that a fact?

Eddie JUMPS Vic and they fall to the floor.

The two friends, laughing and cussing at each other, wrestle on the floor of Joe's office.

Joe's on his feet yelling at them.

JOE

(yelling)

Okay, okay, enough, enough! Playtime's over! You wanna roll around on the floor, do it in Eddie's office, not mine!

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

The two men break it up. They are completely disheveled, hair a mess, shirttails out. As they get themselves together, they continue to taunt one another.

EDDIE

Daddy, did ya see that?

JOE

What?

EDDIE

Guy got me on the ground, tried to fuck me.

VIC

You fuckin wish.

EDDIE

You tried to fuck me in my father's office, you sick bastard. Look, Vic, whatever you wanna do in the privacy of your own home, go do it. But don't try to fuck me. I don't think of you that way. I mean, I like you a lot--

VIC

Eddie, if I was a pirate, I wouldn't throw you to the crew.

EDDIE

No, you'd keep me for yourself. Four years fuckin punks in the ass made you appreciate prime rib when you get it.

VIC

I might break you, Nice Guy, but I'd make you my dog's bitch. You'd be suckin the dick and going down on a mangy T-bone hound.

EDDIE

Now ain't that a sad sight, daddy, walks into jail a white man, walks out talkin like a nigger. It's all that black semen been shootin up his butt. It's backed up into his brain and comes out of his mouth.

JOE

Are you two finished? We were talkin about some serious shit when you came in Eddie. We got a big problem we're tryin to solve.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

Now Eddie, would you like to sit down and help us solve it, or do you two wanna piss fart around?

Playtime is over and Vic and Eddie know it. So they both take seats in front of Joe's desk.

JOE (CONT'D)

Now Vic was tellin me, he's got a parole problem.

EDDIE

Really? Who's your P.O.?

VIC

Craig Koons.

EDDIE

Koons? Oh shit, I hear he's a motherfucker.

VIC

He is a motherfucker. He won't let me leave the halfway house till I get some piece of shit job.

EDDIE

You're coming back to work for us, right?

VIC

I wanna. But I gotta show this asshole I got an honest-to-goodness job before he'll let me move out on my own. I can't work for you guys and be worried about gettin back before ten o'clock curfew.

JOE

(to Eddie)

We can work this out, can't we?

EDDIE

This isn't all that bad. We can give you a lot of legitimate jobs. Put you on the rotation at Long Beach as a dock worker.

VIC

I don't wanna lift crates.

EDDIE

You don't hafta lift shit. You don't really work there. But as far as the records are concerned, you do.

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I call up Matthews, the foreman, tell him he's got a new guy. You're on the schedule. You got a timecard, it's clocked in and out for you everyday, and you get a pay check at the end of the week. And ya know dock workers don't do too bad. So you can move into a halfway decent place without Koons thinkin "what the fuck." And if Koons ever wants to make a surprise visit, you're gone that day. That day we sent you to Tustin. We gotta bunch of shit you needed to unload there. You're at the Taft airstrip pickin up a bunch of shit and bringing it back. Part of your jab is goin different places - and we got places all over the place.

JOE

(to Vic)

Didn't I tell ya not to worry?

(to Eddie)

Vic was worried.

EDDIE

Me and you'll drive down to Long Beach tomorrow. I'll introduce you to Matthews, tell him what's going on.

VIC

That's great, guy, thanks a bunch.

(pause)

When do you think you'll need me for real work?

JOE

Well, it's kinda a strange time right now. Things are kinda--

EDDIE

Nuts. We got a big meeting in Vegas coming up. And we're kinda just gettin ready for that right now.

JOE

Let Nice Guy set you up at Long Beach. Give ya some cash, get that Koons fuck off your back, and we'll be talking to ya.

EDDIE

Daddy, I got an idea.

(MORE)



EDDIE (CONT'D)

Now just hear it out. I know you don't like to use any of the boys on these jobs, but technically, Vic ain't one of the boys. He's been gone for four years. He ain't on no one's list. Ya know he can handle himself, ya know you can trust him.

Joe looks at Vic.

Vic has no idea what they're talking about.

JOE

How would you feel about pullin a heist with about five other guys?

VIC

What's the exposure like?

JOE

Two minutes, tops. It's a tough two minutes. It's a hold up, daylight, during business hours, dealing with a crowd. But you have the fellas to deal with the crowd. It's a jewelry store.

They're getting a big shipment of South African diamonds on a certain day. They're like a way station. It's gonna get picked up the next day and sent to Hamburg. When you walk through the door, you'll know right where to go for the rich stones. The fellas are good, me and Nice Guy picked em. Nobody knows anybody else. Nobody's connected. I don't use connected guys for this shit.

VIC

What's the cut?

JOE

Juicy, man, real juicy.

Toothpick Vic smiles.

So does Nice Guy Eddie.

CUT TO:

INT. NICE GUY EDDIE'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Nice Guy Eddie is driving to the rendezvous talking on his portable car phone. The sounds of the seventies are coming out of his car radio in the form of "Love Goes Where My Rosemary Goes" by Edison Lighthouse.

EDDIE

(into phone)

Hey Dov, we got a major situation here.

(pause)

I know you know that. I gotta talk with daddy and find out what he wants done.

FLASH ON

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Cop is standing in the warehouse with his hands cuffed behind his back. Mr. White, Mr. Pink and Mr. Blonde surround him and proceed to beat the shit out of him.

"Love Grows .." PLAYS over the soundtrack.

BACK TO NICE GUY EDDIE

EDDIE

(into phone)

All I know is what Vic told me. He said the place turned into a fuckin bullet festival. He took a cop as hostage, just to get the fuck out of there.

FLASH ON

18 WAREHOUSE

The three men are stomping the cop into the ground.

BACK TO EDDIE

EDDIE

(into phone)

Do I sound like I'm jokin? He's fuckin driving around with the cop in his trunk.

(pause)

I don't know who did that. I don't know who has the loot, if anybody has the loot. Who's dead, who's alive, who's caught, who's not... I will know, I'm practically there. But what do I tell these guys about daddy?

(pause)

You sure that's what he said?

(pause)

Okay, that's what I'll tell em.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Three cars belonging to the other guys are parked outside the warehouse.

Eddie drives his car up to the warehouse. He gets out of the car, looks at the other cars parked outside.

EDDIE  
(to himself)  
Fucking assholes.

Eddie makes a beeline for the front door, BANGS it open, and steps inside the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The robbers have the cop tied to a chair and are still WAILING on him.

Nice Guy Eddie walks in and everybody jumps.

EDDIE  
What in Sam Hill is goin on?

Mr. Pink and Mr. White speak together.

MR. PINK            MR. WHITE  
Hey, Nice Guy, we got a You're askin  
what's goin cop.  
on? Where the fuck is Joe?

Nice Guy sees Mr. Orange.

EDDIE  
Holy shit, this guy's all fucked up!

MR. WHITE  
No shit, he's gonna fuckin die on us  
if we don't get him taken care of.

MR. PINK  
We were set up, the cops were waiting  
for us.

EDDIE  
What? Nobody set anybody up.

MR. PINK  
The cops were there waitin for us!

EDDIE  
Bullshit.

MR. PINK  
Hey, fuck you man, you weren't there,  
we were. And I'm tellin ya, the  
cops had that store staked out.

EDDIE

Okay, Mr. Detective, who did it?

MR. PINK

What the fuck d'you think we've been askin each other?

EDDIE

And what are your answers? Was it me? You think I set you up?

MR. PINK

I don't know, but somebody did.

EDDIE

Nobody did. You assholes turn the jewelry store into a wild west show, and you wonder why cops show up.

MR. BLONDE

Where's Joseph?

EDDIE

I ain't talked to him. I talked to Dov. Dov said he's comin out here, and he's fucking pissed.

MR. PINK

(to Mr. White)

I told ya he'd be pissed.

MR. WHITE

(pointing to Mr.

ORANGE)

What are you gonna do about him?

EDDIE

Jesus Christ, give me a fuckin chance to breathe. I got a few questions of my own, ya know.

MR. WHITE

You ain't dying, he is.

EDDIE

I'll call somebody.

MR. WHITE

Who?

EDDIE

A snake charmer, what the fuck d'you think. I'll call a doctor, take care of him, fix 'm right up. No, where's Mr. Brown and Mr. Blue?

MR. PINK

Brown's dead, we don't know about  
Blue.

EDDIE

Nobody saw what happened to Mr.  
Blue?

MR. BLONDE

Well, he's either dead or he's alive  
or the cops got him or they don't.

DOLLY to MEDIUM on the cop.

EDDIE (O.S.)

I take it this is the bastard you  
told me about.

(referring to the cop)

Why the hell are you beating on him?

MR. PINK

So he'll tell us who the fuck set us  
up.

EDDIE

Would you stop it with that shit!  
You beat on this prick enough, he'll  
tell ya he started the Chicago fire.  
That don't necessarily make it so.  
Okay, first things fucking last,  
where's the shit? Please tell me  
somebody brought something with them.

MR. PINK

I got a bag. I stashed it till I  
could be sure this place wasn't a  
police station.

EDDIE

Well, let's go get it. We also gotta  
get rid of all those cars.  
It looks like Sam's hot car lot  
outside.

(pointing to Mr. Blonde)

You stay here and babysit Orange and  
the cop.

(referring to Mr. Pink  
and Mr. White)

You two take a car each, I'll follow  
ya. You ditch it, I'll pick you up,  
then we'll pick up the stones. And  
while I'm following you, I'll arrange  
for some sort of a doctor for our  
friend.

MR. WHITE

We can't leave these guys with him.  
Meaning Mr. Blonde.

EDDIE

Why not?

Mr. White crosses to Mr. Blonde.

MR. WHITE

Because this guy's a fucking psycho. And if you think Joe's pissed at us, that ain't nothing compared to how pissed off I am at him, for puttin me in the same room as this bastard.

MR. BLONDE

(to Eddie)

You see what I been puttin up with? As soon as I walk through the door I'm hit with this shit. I tell 'm what you told me about us stayin put and Mr. White whips out his gun, sticks it in my face, and starts screaming "You motherfucker, I'm gonna blow you away, blah, blah, blah."

MR. WHITE

He's the reason the place turned into a shooting gallery.

(to Mr. Pink)

What are you, a silent partner? Fuckin tell him.

MR. PINK

He seems all right now, but he went crazy in the store.

MR. WHITE

This is what he was doin.

Mr. White acts out Mr. Blonde shooting everybody in the store.

MR. BLONDE

I told 'em not to touch the alarm. They touched it. I blew 'em full of holes. If they hadn't done what I told 'em not it, they'd still be alive.

MR. WHITE

That's your excuse for going on a kill crazy rampage?

MR. BLONDE

I don't like alarms.

EDDIE

What does it matter who stays with the cop? We ain't lettin him go. Not after he's seen everybody.

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You should've never took him outta  
your trunk in the first place.

MR. PINK

We were trying to find out what he  
knew about the set up.

EDDIE

There is no fuckin set up!

(Eddie takes charge)

Look, this is the news. Blondie,  
you stay here and take care of them  
two. White and Pink come with me,  
'cuz if Joe gets here and sees all  
those fucking cars parked out front,  
he's going to be as mad at me as he  
is at you.

Eddie, Mr. White and Mr. Pink walk out of the warehouse  
talking amongst themselves.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - MR. BLONDE AND COP

Mr. Blonde closes the door after them. He then slowly turns  
his head towards the cop.

MR. BLONDE

Alone at last.

C.U. COP'S FACE.

MR. BLONDE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Now where were we?

COP

I told you I don't know anything  
about any fucking set up. I've only  
been on the force eight months, nobody  
tells me anything! I don't know  
anything! You can torture me if you  
want--

MR. BLONDE (O.S.)

--Thanks, don't mind if I do.

COP

Your boss even said there wasn't a  
set up.

MR. BLONDE (O.S.)

First off, I don't have a boss.  
Are you clear about that?

He SLAPS the cop's face.

MR. BLONDE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I asked you a question. Are you clear about that?

COP

Yes.

MR. BLONDE (O.S.)

Now I'm not gonna bullshit you. I don't really care about what you know or don't know. I'm gonna torture you for awhile regardless.

Not to get information, but because torturing a cop amuses me.

There's nothing you can say, there's nothing you can do.

Except pray for death.

He puts a piece of tape over the cop's mouth.

COP'S POV

Mr. Blonde walks away from the cop.

MR. BLONDE (CONT'D)

Let's see what's on K-BILLY'S "super sounds of the seventies" weekend.

He turns on the radio.

Stealer's Wheel's hit "Stuck in the Middle with You" PLAYS over the speaker.

NOTE: This entire sequence is timed to the music.

Mr. Blonde slowly walks toward the cop.

He opens a large knife.

He grabs a chair, places it in front of the cop and sits in it.

Mr. Blonde just stares into the cop's/our face, holding the knife, singing along with the song.

Then, like a cobra, he LASHES out.

A SLASH across the face.

The cop/camera moves around wildly.

Mr. Blonde just stares into the cop's/our face, singing along with the seventies hit.

Then he reaches out and CUTS OFF the cop's/our ear.



The cop/camera moves around wildly.

Mr. Blonde holds the ear up to the cop/us to see.

Mr. Blonde rises, kicking the chair he was sitting on out of the way.

INT./EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - HANDHELD SHOT

We follow Mr Blonde as he walks out of the warehouse...

...to his car. He opens the trunk, pulls out a large can of gasoline.

He walks back inside the warehouse...

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

...carrying the can of gas.

Mr. Blonde POURS the gasoline all over the cop, who's BEGGING him not to do this.

Mr. Blonde just sings along with Stealer's Wheel.

Mr. Blonde LIGHTS up a match and, while mouthing:

MR. BLONDE  
"Clowns to the left of me, Jokers to  
the right. Here I am, stuck in the  
middle with you."

He moves the match up to the cop...

...When a bullet EXPLODES in Mr. Blonde's chest.

The HANDHELD camera WHIPS to the right and we see the bloody Mr. Orange FIRING his gun.

We cut back and forth between Mr. Blonde taking BULLET HITS and Mr. Orange emptying his weapon.

Mr. Blonde FALLS down dead.

Mr. Orange crawls to where the cop is, leaving a bloody trail behind him.

When he reaches the cop's feet he looks up at him.

MR. ORANGE  
(feebly)  
What's your name?

COP  
Jeffrey.

MR. ORANGE  
Jeffrey what?

COP  
Jeffrey Andrews.

MR. ORANGE  
Listen to me, Jeffrey Andrews. I'm  
a cop.

JEFFREY  
I know.

MR. ORANGE  
(surprised)  
You do?

JEFFREY  
Your name's Freddy something.

MR. ORANGE  
Freddy Newendyke.

JEFFREY  
Frankie Ferchetti introduced us once,  
about five months ago.

MR. ORANGE  
Shit. I don't remember that at all.

JEFFREY  
I do.  
(pause)  
How do I look?

The gun-shot Mr. Orange looks at the kid's GASHED face and  
the hole in the side of his head where his ear used to be.

MR. ORANGE  
I don't know what to tell you Jeffrey.

Jeffrey starts to weep.

JEFFREY  
That fucking bastard! That fucking  
sick fucking bastard!

MR. ORANGE  
Jeffrey, I need you to hold on.  
There's officers positioned and  
waiting to move in a block away.

JEFFREY  
(screaming)  
What the fuck are they waiting for?  
That motherfucker cut off my ear!  
He slashed my face! I'm deformed!

MR. ORANGE  
And I'm dying. They don't know that.  
(MORE)

MR. ORANGE (CONT'D)

All they know is they're not to make a move until Joe Cabot shows up. I was sent undercover to get Cabot. You heard 'em, they said he's on his way. Don't pussy out on me now, Jeffrey. We're just gonna sit here and bleed until Joe Cabot sticks his fuckin head through that door.

CUT TO:

INSERT: TITLE CARD "MR. ORANGE & MR. WHITE"

INT. DENNY'S - NIGHT

A tough-looking black man named HOLDAWAY, who sports a Malcom X beard, a green Chairman Mao cap with a red star on it, and a military flack jacket, digs into a Denny bacon, cheese and avocado burger. He sits in a booth all alone. He's waiting for somebody. As he waits, he practically empties an entire bottle of ketchup on his french fries, not by mistake either--that's just how he likes it.

We see Mr. Orange, now known as FREDDY NEWENDYKE, wearing a high school letterman jacket, enter the coffee shop, spot Holdaway, and head his way. Holdaway sees Freddy bop towards him with a wide-ass alligator grin plastered across his face.

CAMERA DOLLIES FAST down AISLE to MEDIUM SHOT of Holdaway.

We fear Freddy OFF SCREEN.

FREDDY (O.S.)

Say "hello" to a motherfucker who's inside. Cabot's doing a job and take a big fat guess who he wants on the team?

HOLDAWAY

This better not be some Freddy joke.

LOW ANGLE

looking up at Freddy, who's standing at the table.

FREDDY

It ain't no joke, I'm in there. I'm up his ass.

CU ON HOLDAWAY

Holdaway just looks at his pupil for a moment, then smiles.

HOLDAWAY

Congratulations.

EXT. DENNY'S - NIGHT

We see through the window of the restaurant Freddy slide into the booth across from Holdaway. Freddy's doing a lot of talking, but we can't hear what they're saying.

INT. DENNY'S - NIGHT

FREEZE FRAME ON HOLDAWAY

We are frozen on a MEDIUM CU of Holdaway listening to Freddy. We HEAR RESTAURANT NOISE and Freddy OFF SCREEN.

FREDDY (O.S.)

Nice Guy Eddie tells me Joe wants to meet me. He says I should just hang around my apartment and wait for a phone call. Well after waiting three goddamn days by the fuckin phone, he calls me last night and says Joe's ready, and he'll pick me up in fifteen minutes.

The freeze frame ENDS. Holdaway comes suddenly up to speed and says:

HOLDAWAY

Woo all picked you up?

From here to end we cut back and forth.

FREDDY

Nice Guy. When we got to the bar...

HOLDAWAY

...What bar?

FREDDY

The Boots and Socks in Gardena. When we got there, I met Joe and a guy named Mr. White. It's a phony name. My name's Mr. Orange.

HOLDAWAY

You ever seen this motherfucker before?

FREDDY

Who, Mr. White?

HOLDAWAY

Yeah.

FREDDY

No, he ain't familiar. He ain't one of Cabot's soldiers either. He's gotta be from outta town. But Joe knows him real well.

HOLDAWAY

How can you tell?

FREDDY

The way they talk to each other.  
You can tell they're buddies.

HOLDAWAY

Did the two of you talk?

FREDDY

Me and Mr. White?

HOLDAWAY

Yeah.

FREDDY

A little.

HOLDAWAY

What about?

FREDDY

The Brewers.

HOLDAWAY

The Milwaukee Brewers?

FREDDY

Yeah. They had just won the night  
before, and he made a killing off  
'em.

HOLDAWAY

Well, if this crook's a Brewers fan,  
his ass has gotta be from Wisconsin.  
And I'll bet you everything from a  
diddle-eyed Joe to a damned-if-I-  
know, that in Milwaukee they got a  
sheet on this Mr. White motherfucker's  
ass. I want you to go through the  
mugs of guys from old Milwaukee with  
a history of armed robbery, and put  
a name to that face.

Holdaway takes a big bite out of his burger.

HOLDAWAY (CONT'D)

(with his mouth full)

What kinds questions did Cabot ask?

FREDDY

Where I was from, who I knew, how I  
knew Nice Guy, had I done time, shit  
like that.

Holdaway's talked enough, he's eating his burger now. He  
motions for Freddy to elaborate.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

He asked me if I ever done armed robbery before. I read him my credits. I robbed a few gas and sips, sold some weed, told him recently I held the shotgun while me and another guy pulled down a poker game in Portland.

CAMERA MOVES from a MEDIUM on Freddy to a CU.

HOLDAWAY (O.S.)

Didja use the commode story?

FREDDY

Fuckin-A. I tell it real good, too.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - L.A. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Freddy and Holdaway at one of their many rendezvous.

Holdaway wears an extra large Lakers sweatshirt. Freddy sits on one of the sinks, wearing his high school jacket, looking at pieces of paper stapled together.

FREDDY

What's this?

HOLDAWAY

It's a scene. Memorize it.

FREDDY

What?

HOLDAWAY

A undercover cop has got to be Marlon Brando. To do this job you got to be a great actor. You got to be naturalistic. You got to be naturalistic as hell. If you ain't a great actor you're a bad actor, and bad acting is bull shit in this job.

FREDDY

(referring to the papers)

But what is this?

HOLDAWAY

It's a amusing anecdote about a drug deal.

FREDDY

What?

HOLDAWAY

Something funny that happened to you while you were doing a job.

FREDDY

I gotta memorize all this shit?

HOLDAWAY

It's like a joke. You remember what's important, and the rest you make your own. The only way to make it your own is to keep sayin it, and sayin it, and sayin it, and sayin it.

FREDDY

I can do that.

HOLDAWAY

The things you gotta remember are the details. It's the details that sell your story. Now this story takes place in this men's room. So you gotta know the details about this men's room. You gotta know they got a blower instead of a towel to dry your hands. You gotta know the stalls ain't got no doors. You gotta know whether they got liquid or powdered soap, whether they got hot water or not, 'cause if you do your job when you tell your story, everybody should believe it. And if you tell your story to somebody who's actually taken a piss in this men's room, and you get one detail they remember right, they'll swear by you.

INT. FREDDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Freddy paces back and forth, in and out of frame, rehearsing the anecdote. He's reading it pretty good, but he's still reading it from the page, and every once in a while he stumbles over his words.

FREDDY

...this was during the Los Angeles marijuana drought of '86. I still had a connection. Which was insane, 'cause you couldn't get weed anyfuckinwhere then. Anyway, I had a connection with this hippie chick up in Santa Cruz. All and my friends knew it. And they'd give me a call and say, "Hey, Freddy, you buyin some, you think you could buy me some too?"

(MORE)

FREDDY (CONT'D)

They knew I smoked, so they'd ask me to buy a little for them when I was buyin. But it got to be everytime I bought some weed, I was buyin for four or five different people. Finally I said, "Fuck this shit." I'm makin this bitch rich. She didn't have to do jack shit, she never even had to meet these people. I was fuckin doin all the work. So I got together with her and told her, "Hey, I'm sick of this shit. I'm comin through for everybody, and nobody's comin through for me. So, either I'm gonna tell all my friends to find their own source, or you give me a bunch of weed, I'll sell it to them, give you the money, minus ten percent, and I get my pot for free." So, I did if for awhile...

FREDDY EXITS FRAME

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Another empty frame, except obviously outside. Freddy enters frame from the same direction he exited in the previous scene, finishing his sentence. When we move to a wider shot we see Freddy performing his monolog to Holdaway in a parking lot. Holdaway sits on the hood of his beat-up car. Freddy paces back and forth as he performs his story.

FREDDY

...but then that got to be a pain in the ass. People called me on the phone all the fuckin time. I couldn't rent a fuckin tape without six phone calls interrupting me. "Hey, Freddy, when's the next time you're gettin some?" "Motherfucker, I'm tryin to watch 'Lost Boys'-- when I have some, I'll let you know." And then these rinky-dink pot heads come by--there's my friends and everything, but still. I got all my shit laid out in sixty dollar bags. Well, they don't want sixty dollars worth. They want ten dollars worth. Breaking it up is a major fuckin pain in the ass. I don't even know how much ten dollars worth is. "Well, fuck, man, I don't want that much around. If I have that much around I'll smoke it."

(MORE)



FREDDY (CONT'D)

"Hey, if you guys can't control your smokin, that's not my problem. You motherfuckers been smokin for five years, be a adult about it." Finally I just told my connection, count me out. But as it turns out, I'm the best guy she had, and she depended alot on my business. But I was still sick to death of it. And she's trying to talk me into not quitin. Now this was a very weird situation, 'cause I don't know if you remember back in '86, there was a major fuckin drought. Nobody and anything. People were livin on resin and smokin the wood in their pipes for months. And this chick had a bunch, and was beggin me to sell it. So I told her I wasn't gonna be Joe the Pot Man anymore. But I would take a little bit and sell it to my close, close, close friends. She agreed to that, and said we'd keep the same arrangement as before, ten percent and free pot for me, as long as I helped her out that weekend. She had a brick of weed she was sellin, and she didn't want to go to the buy alone...

CUT TO:

INT. BOOTS AND SOCKS BAR - NIGHT

Freddy, Joe, Nice Guy Eddie and Mr. White all sit around a table in a red-lighted smokey bar. Freddy continues his story. The crooks are enjoying the hell out of it.

FREDDY

...Her brother usually goes with her, but he's in county unexpectedly.

MR. WHITE

What for?

FREDDY

Traffic tickets gone to warrant. They stopped him for something, found the warrants on 'im, took 'im to jail. She doesn't want to walk around alone with all that weed. Well, I don't wanna do this, I have a bad feeling about it, but she keeps askin me, keeps askin me, finally I said okay 'cause I'm sick of listening to it. Well, we're picking this guy up at the train station.

JOE

You're picking the buyer up at the train station? You're carrying the weed on you?

FREDDY

Yeah, the guy needed it right away. Don't ask me why. So we get to the train station, and we're waitin for the guy. Now I'm carrying the weed in one of those carry-on bags, and I gotta take a piss. So I tell the connection I'll be right back, I'm goin' to the little boys room...

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM - TRAIN STATION - DAY

MEDIUM ON FREDDY

He walks through the door with a carry-on bag over his shoulder. Once he's inside, he stops in his tracks. We move into a CU.

FREDDY (V.O.)

...So I walk into the men's room, and who's standing there?

FREEZE FRAME

on Freddy standing in front of six Los Angeles County Sheriffs and one German Shepherd. All of their eyes are on Freddy. Everyone is frozen.

FREDDY (V.O.)

...six Los Angeles County Sheriffs and a German Shepherd.

NICE GUY EDDIE (V.O.)

They were waiting for you?

FREDDY (V.O.)

No. They were just a bunch of cops hangin out in the men's room, talkin. When I walked through the door they all stopped what they were talking about and looked at me.

BACK TO BAR

ECU MR. WHITE

MR. WHITE

That's hard, man. That's a fuckin hard situation.

BACK TO MEN'S ROOM

ECU GERMAN SHEPHERD  
barking his head off.

FREDDY (V.O.)  
The German Shepherd starts barkin'.  
He's barkin' at me. I mean it's  
obvious he's barkin' at me.

We do a slow 360 around Freddy in the men's room. We can  
hear the dog barking.

FREDDY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Every nerve ending, all of my senses,  
the blood in my veins, everything I  
has was screaming, "Take off, man,  
just take off, get the fuck outta  
there!" Panic hit me like a bucket  
of water. First there was the shock  
of it--BAM, right in the face! Then  
I'm just standin there drenched in  
panic.

SLOW MOTION  
CAMERA does a PAN from face to face  
of the sheriffs.

FREDDY (V.O.)  
And all those sheriffs are lookin at  
me and they know. They can smell it.  
As sure as that fuckin dog cam, they  
can smell it on me.

FREEZE FRAME  
Back to the same freeze frame shot  
of Freddy standing in front of the  
sheriffs. It suddenly jerks to life,  
and moves to speed. The dog is  
barking. Freddy moves to his right,  
out of frame. We stay on the  
sheriffs. One sheriff yells at the  
dog.

SHERIFF #1  
Shut up!

The dog quiets down. Sheriff #2 continues with his story.

A couple of the sheriffs look over at Freddy off screen, but  
as Sheriff #2 talks, turn their attention to him.

SHERIFF #2  
So my gun's drawn, right? I got it  
aimed right at him. I tell 'em,  
"Freeze, don't fuckin move."  
(MORE)

## SHERIFF #2 (CONT'D)

And the little idiot's lookin at me,  
 nodding his head "Yes," sayin "I  
 know...I know...I know." Meanwhile  
 his right hand is creepin towards  
 his glove box. So I scream at him,  
 "Asshole, you better fuckin freeze  
 right now!"  
 And he's still lookin right at me,  
 saying "I know...I know...I know."  
 And his right hand's still going for  
 the glove box.

The CAMERA PANS away from the sheriffs to Freddy, up against  
 the urinal, playing possum, pretending to piss.

## SHERIFF #2 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I tell 'im, "Buddy, I'm gonna shoot  
 you in the face right now if you  
 don't put your hands on the fuckin  
 dash." And the guy's girlfriend, a  
 real sexy Oriental bitch, starts  
 screamin at him, "Chuck, are you out  
 of your mind? Put your hands on the  
 dash like the officer said." And  
 then like nothing, the guy snaps out  
 of it and casually puts his hands on  
 the dash.

Freddy finishes his playing possum piss, and walks past the  
 sheriffs over to the sink. The CAMERA PANS with him.

A sheriff is sitting on a sink. He looks down and watches  
 Freddy wash his hands.

## SHERIFF #1

What was he goin for?

## SHERIFF #2

His registration. Stupid fuckin  
 citizen, doesn't have the slightest  
 idea how close he came to gettin  
 shot.

Freddy finishes washing his hands. He goes to dry them, but  
 there's only those hand drying machines. Freddy turns on  
 the drying machine. He can't hear anything the sheriffs say  
 now. The sound of the machine dominates the sound track.

These following shots are SLOW MOTION.

## CU OF FREDDY

CU of his HANDS, rubbing each other  
 getting blown dry SHOT OF SHERIFFS  
 talking. We can't hear them because  
 of the machine.

CU OF MACHINE  
 MEDIUM OF SHERIFF ON SINK, smoking a  
 cigarette, glancing over at Freddy.

CU OF GERMAN SHEPHERD

Machine turns off.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

CU MUG SHOT OF MR. WHITE

FREDDY (O.S.)  
 That's him, that's Mr. White.

FULL SCENE  
 An office upstairs in the undercover  
 division of the police station.

TWO SHOT OF FREDDY AND HOLDAWAY

look at mug shot.

HOLDAWAY  
 Lawrence Dimick. Let's see what we  
 got on him.

CU OF COMPUTER SCREEN

the name DIMICK, LAWRENCE is typed in.

C.U. ENTER BUTTON IS PRESSED C.U. OF FEMALE COMPUTER OPERATOR,  
 JODIE SEIGEL.

JODIE  
 This is your life, Lawrence Dimick!

C.U. OF COMPUTER PRINTER

printing out sheet. The noise of the printer plays loud  
 over the soundtrack. Jodie's hand comes into FRAME and tears  
 sheet from the printer.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDAWAY'S OFFICE - DAY

Holdaway sits behind his desk. Freddy sits on the edge of  
 the desk eating a Double-Double with cheese. They look into  
 the CAMERA.

We hear Jodie's voice OFFSCREEN.

JODIE (O.S.)  
 Lawrence "Larry" Dimick. Also known  
 as Lawrence Jacobs and Alvin

"AL" JACOBS. THIS GUY IS MR. JOE-

Armed-Robbery. He's a pro and he makes it a habit not to get caught.

MEDIUM SHOT OF JODIE

DOLLY slowly into C.U.

JODIE

He's only been convicted twice, which is pretty good for somebody living a life of crime. Once for armed robbery, when he was twenty- one, in Milwaukee.

C.U. FREDDY

FREDDY

What was it?

JODIE

JODIE

Payroll office at a lumber yard. First offense - he got eighteen months. He didn't get busted again until he was thirty-two. And then it was a backdoor bust. A routine vice squad roust. They roust this bar, out buddy Lawrence is in there knocking down a few. He gets picked up. He's wearing on his person an outlaw .45 automatic, apparently his weapon of choice. Also, on his finger is a diamond ring from a jewelry store robbery a year earlier. He got two years back inside for that.

TWO SHOT OF HOLDAWAY AND FREDDY

Freddy winces.

FREDDY

Goddamn, that's hard time.

JODIE

JODIE

So far, it's the only time he's ever done.

CU HOLDAWAY

HOLDAWAY

Was this vice squad bullshit in Milwaukee?

JODIE

JODIE

No. The vice squad roust was in  
L.A. He's been in Los Angeles since  
'77.

DOLLY BEHIND HOLDAWAY'S DESK

from left to right.

FREDDY

When did he do this time?

JODIE

Back in '83, got out late '86. I  
found something else out I think you  
two should be aware of. About a  
year and a half ago, up in Sacramento,  
an undercover cop, John Dolenz, worked  
his way into a bank job. Apparently  
before the job they found out he was  
a cop. Now picture this: It's  
Dolenz's birthday, a bunch of cops  
are waiting in his apartment for a  
surprise party. The door opens,  
everyone yells "Surprise!", and  
standing in the doorway is Dolenz  
and this other guy sticking a gun in  
Dolenz's ribs. Before anybody knows  
what's going on, this stranger shoots  
Dolenz dead and starts firing two  
.45 automatics into the crowd.

HOLDAWAY

What happened?

The DOLLY moves behind Jodie.

JODIE

It was a mess. Cops got hit, wives  
got hit, girlfriends got hit, his  
dog got hit. People got glass in  
their faces. Three were killed, six  
were wounded.

FREDDY

They couldn't pin the killing on one  
of the bank robbers?

JODIE

They tried, but they didn't have a  
positive I.D. and all those guys had  
alibis. Besides, we really didn't  
have anything on them.

(MORE)

JODIE (CONT'D)

We had the testimony of a dead man that they were talking about committing a robbery. They never went ahead with the bank job.

The DOLLY completes its circle.

FREDDY

And Larry Dimick was one of the boys?

JODIE

He was probably the one.

ON HOLDAWAY

HOLDAWAY

Just how sure are you with your cover?

PAN to C.U. on Freddy.

FREDDY

Today they may know something, tomorrow they may know something else. But yesterday they didn't know anything.

C.U. OF MR. WHITE'S MUG SHOT

FREDDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What's the next step?

HOLDAWAY (O.S.)

Do what they told ya. Sit in your apartment and wait for 'em to call you. We'll have guys posted outside who'll follow you when they pick you up.

INT. FREDDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

C.U. TELEPHONE

It RINGS. Freddy answers it, we FOLLOW the receiver up to his face.

FREDDY

Hello.

NICE GUY EDDIE (O.S.)

(through phone)

It's time. Grab your jacket--

INT. NICE GUY EDDIE'S CAR (PARKED) - DAY

C.U. of Nice Guy Eddie speaking into the car phone.

EDDIE

--We're parked outside.



FREDDY (O.S.)  
 (through phone)  
 I'll be right down.

We hear the CLICK of Freddy hanging up through the phone.

Nice Guy places the receiver back in its cradle.

EDDIE  
 He'll be right down.

INT. FREDDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The CAMERA follows Freddy as he hops around the apartment getting everything he needs. He puts on his jacket and slips on some sneakers.

DOLLY fast toward the front door knob. Freddy's hand comes into FRAME, grabs the knob, then lets go. We MOVE UP to his face. Fear.

FREDDY  
 (to himself)  
 Don't pussy out on me now. They  
 don't know. They don't know shit.  
 (pause)  
 You're not gonna get hurt. You're  
 fucking Baretta and they believe  
 every word, cuz you're super cool.

He exits FRAME. We stay put and hear the door open and close OFF SCREEN.

EXT. FREDDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

COPS' POV

From inside an unmarked car across the street, the TWO COPS watching Freddy see him walk out of his building and up to Eddie's parked car.

COP #1 (O.S.)  
 There goes our boy.

COP #2 (O.S.)  
 I swear, a guy has to have rocks in  
 his head the size of Gibraltar to  
 work undercover.

COP #1 (O.S.)  
 Do you want one of these?

COP #2 (O.S.)  
 Yeah, gimme the bear claw.

Freddy gets into the car and it pulls into traffic.

Cop #1 starts the engine and follows.

INT. NICE GUY EDDIE'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Nice Guy Eddie is behind the wheel. Mr. Pink is in the passenger seat. Freddy and Mr. White are in the backseat together.

MR. PINK

...Hey, I know what I'm talkin about,  
black women ain't the same as white  
women.

MR. WHITE

(sarcastically)

There's a slight difference.

The car laughs.

MR. PINK

Go ahead and laugh, you know what I  
mean. What a while bitch will put  
up with, a black bitch won't put up  
with for a minute. They got a line,  
and if you cross it, they fuck you  
up.

EDDIE

I gotta go along with Mr. Pink on  
this. I've seen it happen.

MR. WHITE

Okay, Mr. Expert. If this is such a  
truism, how come every nigger I know  
treats his woman like a piece of  
shit?

MR. PINK

I'll make you a bet that those same  
damn niggers who were showin their  
ass in public, when their bitches  
get 'em home, they chill the fuck  
out.

MR. WHITE

Not these guys.

MR. PINK

Yeah, those guys too.

EDDIE

Let me tell you guys a story. In  
one of daddy's clubs there was this  
black cocktail waitress named Elois.

MR. WHITE

Elois?

EDDIE

Yeah, Elois. E and Lois. We called her Lady E.

MR. WHITE

Where was she from, Compton?

EDDIE

No. She was from Ladora Heights.

MR. PINK

The black Beverly Hills. I knew this lady from Ladora Heights once.

(in a stuck up black female voice)

"Hi, I'm from Ladora Heights, it's the black Beverly Hills."

EDDIE

It's not the black Beverly Hills, it's the black Palos Verdes. Anyway, this chick, Elois, was a man-eater-upper. I bet every guy who's ever met her has jacked off to her at least once. You know who she looked like? Christie Love. 'Member that TV show "Get Christie Love"? She was a black female cop. She always used to say "You're under arrest, sugar."

MR. PINK

I was in the sixth grade when that show was on. I totally dug it. What the fuck was the name of the chick who played Christie Love?

EDDIE

Pam Grier.

MR. PINK

No, it wasn't Pan Grier, Pan Grier was the other one. Pan Grier made the movies. Christie Love was like a Pam Grier TV show, without Pam Grier.

MR. PINK (CONT'D)

What the fuck was that chick's name? Oh this is just great, I'm totally fuckin tortured now.

EDDIE

Well, whoever she was, Elois looked like her. So one night I walk into the club, and no Elois.

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Now the bartender was a wetback, he was a friend of mine, his name was Carlos. So I asked him "Hey, Carlos, where's Lady E tonight?" Well apparently Lady E was married to this real piece of dog shit. I mean a real animal. And apparently he would do things to her.

FREDDY

Do things? What would he do? You mean like beat her up?

EDDIE

Nobody knows for sure what he did. We just know he did something. Anyway, Elois plays it real cool. And waits for the next time this bag of shit gets drunk. So one night the guy gets drunk and passes out on the couch. So while the guy's inebriated, she strips him naked. Then she takes some crazy glue and glues his dick to his belly.

The car reacts to how horrible that would be.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I'm dead fuckin serious. She put some on his dick and some on his belly, then stuck 'em together.

The paramedics had to come and cut it loose.

The car reacts badly.

MR. WHITE

Jesus Christ!

FREDDY

You can do some crazy things with it.

EDDIE

I don't know what he did to her, but she got even.

MR. WHITE

Was he all pissed off?

MR. PINK

How would you feel if you had to do a handstand every time you took a piss.

The car laughs.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Nice Guy Eddie pulls up outside the warehouse.

The four men climb out of the car and follow Eddie inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The four men enter the building.

At the other end of the warehouse, sitting in chairs, are Mr. Blonde, Mr. Brown, Mr. Blue and Joe Cabot.

We shoot this from OVERHEAD, looking down on the men.

JOE

(to everybody)

...So they're talkin about how they get their wives off, and the French guys says:

(in a bad French accent)

"All I gotta do is take my pinky and tickle my Fifi's little oo la la and she rises a foot off the bed."

Back to Joe.

SO THE DAGO SAYS:

CU ON JOE

JOE (CONT'D)

(in a good Brooklyn accent)

"That's nothin. When I take the tip of my tongue and wiggle it against my Mary Louise's little fun pimple, she rises two feet off da bed."

Then our friend from Poland says:

(in dumb voice)

"You guys ain't no cocksmen. When I get through fuckin my Sophie, I wipe my dick on the curtains and you know what? She hits the roof!"

Joe laughs like a crazy man.

JOE (CONT'D)

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

We hear a lot of laughing OFF SCREEN.

JOE (CONT'D)

Ain't that a masterpiece? Stupid fuckin Polack, wipes his dick on the drapes.

Joe's eyes greet the new arrivals.

JOE (CONT'D)

You're here, great!

Joe EXITS C.U.

We now have everybody from the Uncle Bob's Pancake House scene together again. Some sit on folding chairs, some stand. Joe sits in front of them on the edge of a table.

A blackboard with a layout of the jewelry store is off to the right.

We do a 360 around the men.

EDDIE

We woulda gotten here sooner, but we got backed up around La Brea and Pico.

JOE

No hurry.

(to the boys)

All right, let's get to know one another. With the exception of Eddie and myself, who you already know, you'll be using aliases.

Under no circumstances are you to tell one another your real name or anything else about yourself.

That includes where you're from, your wife's name, where you might've done time, about a bank in St.

Petersburg you might've robbed. You guys don't say shit about who you are, where you been or what you've done. Only thing you guys can talk about is what you're going to do.

This way the only ones who know who the members of the team are are Eddie and myself. And that's the way I like it. Because in the unlikely

event of one of you getting apprehended by the cops, not that I expect that to happen - it most

definitely should not happen - it hasn't happened, you don't have

anything to deal with. You don't know any names. You know my name,

you know Eddie's name. That I don't care about. You gotta prove it. I

ain't worried. Besides, this way you gotta trust me. I like that. I

set this up and picked the men I wanted for it. None of you came to

me, I approached all of you. I know you. I know your work, I know your reputation. I know you as men.

Except for this guy.

Joe points a finger at Freddy.

Freddy shits a brick.

JOE (CONT'D)

But he's OK. If he wasn't OK, he wouldn't be here. Okay, let me introduce everybody to everybody. But once again, at the risk of being redundant, if I even think I hear somebody telling or referring to somebody by their Christian name...

(Joe searches for the right words)

...you won't want to be you. Okay, quickly. (pointing at the men as he gives them a name) Mr. Brown, Mr. White, Mr. Blonde, Mr. Blue, Mr. Orange, and Mr. Pink.

MR. PINK

Why am I Mr. Pink?

JOE

Cause you're a faggot.

Everybody laughs.

MR. PINK

Why can't we pick out our own colors?

JOE

I tried that once, it don't work. You get four guys fighting over who's gonna be Mr. Black. Since nobody knows anybody else, nobody wants to back down. So forget it, I pick. Be thankful you're not Mr. Yellow.

MR. BROWN

Yeah, but Mr. Brown? That's too close to Mr. Shit.

Everybody laughs.

MR. PINK

Yeah, Mr. Pink sounds like Mr. Pussy. Tell you what, let me be Mr. Purple. That sounds good to me, I'm Mr. Purple.

JOE

You're not Mr. Purple, somebody from another job's Mr. Purple. You're Mr. Pink.

MR. WHITE

Who cares what your name is? Who cares if you're Mr. Pink, Mr. Purple, Mr. Pussy, Mr. Piss...

MR. PINK

Oh that's really easy for you to say, you're Mr. White. You gotta cool-sounding name. So tell me, Mr. White, if you think "Mr. Pink" is no big deal, you wanna trade?

JOE

Nobody's trading with anybody! Look, this ain't a goddamn fuckin city counsel meeting! Listen up Mr. Pink. We got two ways here, my way or the highway. And you can go down either of 'em. So what's it gonna be, Mr. Pink?

MR. PINK

Jesus Christ, Joe. Fuckin forget it. This is beneath me. I'm Mr. Pink, let's move on.

CAMERA leaves the team and goes to the blackboard with the layout of the jewelry store on it.

JOE (O.S.)

Okay fellas, let's get into this.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLEACHERS - DAY

Freddy and Holdaway sit on some bleachers in an empty little league baseball field.

HOLDAWAY

Okay, we're gonna station men across the street from Karina's Fine Jewelry. But their orders will be not to move in unless the robbery gets out of control. You gotta make sure they don't have to move in. You're inside to make sure that everything goes according to Hoyle. We have men set up a block away from the warehouse rendezvous. They got complete visibility of the exterior. So as soon as Joe Cabot shows up, we'll see it.

FREDDY

What's your visibility of the interior?



HOLDAWAY

We can't see shit on the inside.  
And we can't risk gettin any closer  
for fear they'll spot us.

FREDDY

This is bullshit, Jim. I get all  
the fuckin danger of having you guys  
in my back pocket but none of the  
safety.

HOLDAWAY

What's the matter, Newendyke? Job  
too tough for ya? No one lied to  
you. You always knew we'd hang back  
until Joe Cabot showed up.

FREDDY

Oh this is great. You ain't giving  
me no fuckin protection whatsoever.  
But you are giving me an attitude.

HOLDAWAY

Since when does an undercover cop  
have protection? Freddy, you came  
into this thing with your eyes wide  
open, so don't start screamin blind  
man now. I understand you're nervous.  
I wish the warehouse had more visible  
windows, but it doesn't. We have to  
make do with the cards we're dealt.

FREDDY

I didn't say I wasn't gonna do it.  
I'm just remarking on how shitty the  
situation is!

HOLDAWAY

I don't mean to be harsh with ya,  
but I've found tough love works best  
in these situations. We have to get  
Joe Cabot in the company of the  
thieves and in the same vicinity as  
the loot. We don't care about these  
other bastards. We're willing to  
offer them good deals to testify  
against Cabot.

FREDDY

Isn't this risk unorthodox?

HOLDAWAY

What?

FREDDY

Letting them go ahead with the  
robbery?

HOLDAWAY

The whole idea behind this operation is to catch Joe Cabot red-handed. We bust these hired hands, we ain't accomplished shit. Letting them go through with the heist is a risk, but Cabot's jobs are very clean. We got people surrounding the perimeter. We got a guy and a gal on the inside posing as a couple shopping for rings. We could replace the employees with cops, but we'd run the risk of tipping 'em off.

FREDDY

That's out. They know the faces of who works what shift.

HOLDAWAY

These guys are professionals. We're professionals. It's a risk, but I think it's a calculated risk.

EXT. KARINA'S FINE JEWELRY - DAY

We see MOS SHOTS of the outside of the jewelry store.

CUSTOMERS coming and going. STORE CLERKS waiting on customers through the windows.

While we look at this we HEAR over the soundtrack Mr.

White and Freddy talking OFF SCREEN.

MR. WHITE (V.O.)

Let's go over it. Where are you?

FREDDY (V.O.)

I stand outside and guard the door. I don't let anybody come in or go out.

MR. WHITE (V.O.)

Mr. Brown?

FREDDY (V.O.)

Mr. Brown stays in the car. He's parked across the street till I give him the signal, then he pulls up in front of the store.

MR. WHITE (V.O.)

Mr. Blonde and Mr. Blue?

FREDDY (V.O.)

Crowd control. They handle customers and employees in the display area.

INT. MR. WHITE'S CAR (PARKED) - DAY

Mr. White and Freddy sit in a car parked across the street from the jewelry store, staking it out.

MR. WHITE  
Myself and Mr. Pink?

FREDDY  
You two take the manager in the back and make him give you the diamonds. We're there for those stones, period. Since no display cases are being fucked with, no alarms should go off. We're out of there in two minutes, not one second longer. What if the manager won't give up the diamonds?

MR. WHITE  
When you're dealing with a store like this, they're insured up the ass. They're not supposed to give you and resistance whatsoever. If you get a customer or an employee who thinks he's Charles Bronson, take the butt of your gun and smash their nose in. Drops 'em right to the floor. Everyone jumps, he falls down, screaming, blood squirts out his nose. Freaks everybody out. Nobody says fuckin shit after that. You might get some bitch talk shit to ya. But give her a look, like you're gonna smash her in the face next. Watch her shut the fuck up. Now if it's a manager, that's a different story. The managers know better than to fuck around. So if one's givin you static, he probably thinks he's a real cowboy. So what you gotta do is break that son-of-a-bitch in two. If you wanna know something and he won't tell you, cut off one of his fingers. The little one. Then you tell 'im his thumb's next. After that he'll tell ya if he wears ladies underwear. I'm hungry, let's get a taco.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

It's the moment of the robbery. The alley is empty.

In the distance we hear all hell breaking loose. Guns FIRING, people SHOUTING and SCREAMING, sirens WAILING, glass BREAKING...

A car whips around the corner, into the alley.

The doors BURST open, Freddy and Mr. White hop out.

Freddy opens the driver's side door. A bloody SCREAMING Mr. Brown FALLS out.

MR. BROWN

(screaming)

My eyes! My eyes! I'm blind, I'm  
fucking blind!

FREDDY

You're not blind, there's just blood  
in your eyes.

Mr. White loads his two .45 automatics. He RUNS to the end of the alley just as a police car comes into SIGHT.

FIRING both .45's, Mr. White massacres everyone in the patrol car.

Freddy, holding the dying Mr. Brown, looks on at Mr.

White's ambush in shock.

Mr. Brown lifts his head up, blood in his eyes.

MR. BROWN

Mr. Orange? You're Mr. Orange, aren't  
you?

By the time Freddy turns his head back to him, Mr. Brown is dead.

Mr. White RUNS up to Freddy.

MR. WHITE

Is he dead?

Freddy doesn't answer, he can't.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

Did he did or not?

Freddy, scared.

FREDDY

I'm sorry.

MR. WHITE

What? Snap out of it!

Mr. White GRABS Freddy by the coat and YANKS him along as he RUNS.

They EXIT the alley and FLEE down a street.

A car with a FEMALE DRIVER comes up on the two men.

Mr. White JUMPS in her path, stopping the car. He points his gun at her.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

Get us outta here!

Mr. White climbs into the backseat.

Freddy starts to climb in.

The Female driver comes up with a gun from under her seat.

MR. WHITE (CONT'D)

The bitch's got a gun!

She SHOOTS Freddy in the stomach.

On instinct Freddy brings up his gun and SHOOTS her in the face.

C.U. ON FREDDY

as he FALLS to the ground he realizes what's happened to him and what he's done. SLOW MOTION.

Mr White DRAGS the dead female driver out of the car. He SHOVES Freddy in the backseat and DRIVES away.

INT. GETAWAY CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Freddy holding his stomach and doubled over in pain is CRYING.

We replay the scene between Freddy and Mr. White in the getaway car. Except this time, we never leave Freddy.

MR. WHITE (O.S.)

Just hold on buddy boy.

FREDDY

I'm sorry. I can't believe she killed me...

CUT FROM FREDDY IN THE BACKSEAT TO:

INT. NICE GUY EDDIE'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Mr. Pink is behind the wheel, Nice Guy Eddie is in the passenger seat going through the satchel with the diamonds. Mr. White is in the backseat.

The car is SPEEDING back to the garage.

EDDIE

(looking through the  
case)

You know, all things considered,  
this was pretty successful.

MR. WHITE

I don't believe you just said that.

EDDIE

No, it was messy as hell, but do you  
realize how much you got away with?  
There's over two million dollars  
worth of diamonds here.

MR. PINK

I love this guy.

EDDIE

Hey, what's done is done. We can  
all sit around and have a big cry  
about it or we can deal with the  
situation at hand.

MR. WHITE

The situation as hand isn't that  
fuckin satchel. You and Joe have a  
responsibility to your men.

EDDIE

Hey, it's the best I could do.

MR. WHITE

The man is fucking dying.

EDDIE

And I'm telling you, Bonnie'll take  
care of him.

MR. WHITE

He needs a doctor, not a fuckin nurse.

EDDIE

Ask me how many doctors I called.  
You wanna embarrass yourself, ask me  
how many doctors I called.

MR. WHITE

Obviously not enough.

EDDIE

Fuck you! You gotta little black  
book, then whip is out. If not,  
listen how it is.

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I called three doctors and couldn't get through to shit. Now, time being a factor, I called Bonnie. Sweet broad, helluva broad, and a registered nurse. Told her a bullshit story, upside: she said bring him to her apartment.

MR. WHITE

If he dies I'm holding you personally responsible.

EDDIE

Fuck you buddy boy! Okay, you wanna play that way. I am personally leaving myself vulnerable with this Bonnie situation. I don't think she'll call the cops, but I don't know for sure. But me being too nice-a-fuckin-guy was willin to risk it. But no fuckin more.

(he grabs his portable phone)

I'm callin Bonnie back and tellin her to forget it. You take care of your friend, you know so much about it.

MR. PINK

Goddamnit, will you guys grow up!

EDDIE

I don't need to grow up, my friend. I am a grown up. I'm being responsible, I'm taking care of business.

MR. WHITE

Cut the shit! I don't think you called anybody except some cooze you once fucked, who happens to wear orthopedic shoes. And I don't think that's good enough care for a gut-shot man.

EDDIE

Yeah, well I don't give a flying fuck what you think!

MR. PINK

(to Mr. White)

Look, he's not sayin this bitch is gonna operate on him. She's gonna give him better attention than we can until we can get a doctor. Nobody's forgotten about doctors.

(MORE)

MR. PINK (CONT'D)

Joe'll get one in a snap. This is something we're doing in the meantime. I think both of you are actin like a couple of assholes.

EDDIE

Yeah, right. I arrange a nurse, I leave myself wide open, and I'm an asshole.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT on the door. Nice Guy Eddie, Mr. White and Mr. Pink walk through it. They stop in their tracks.

We see what they see. Mr. Blonde, lying on the ground, shot full of holes. The cop slumped over in his chair, a bloody mess, Mr. Orange lying at the cop's feet, holding his wound. Eddie, Mr. White and Mr. Pink walk into the shot.

EDDIE

What the fuck happened here?

Eddie runs over to his friend Mr. Blonde/Toothpick Vic.

MR. WHITE

(to Mr. Orange)  
What happened?

MR. ORANGE

(very weakly)  
Blonde went crazy. He slashed the cop's face, cut off his ear and was gonna burn him alive.

EDDIE

(yelling)  
Who cares what he was gonna do to this fuckin pig?

Eddie whips out his gun and SHOOTs the cop. The cop and the chair tip over. Eddie stands over him and SHOOTs him once more.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

(to Mr. Orange)  
You were saying he went crazy?  
Something like that? Worse or better?

MR. ORANGE

Look, Eddie, he was pullin a burn. He was gonna kill the cop and me. And when you guys walked through the door, he was gonna blow you to hell and make off with the diamonds.



MR. WHITE

(to Eddie)

Uhuh, uhuh, what's I tell ya?

That sick piece of shit was a stone cold psycho.

MR. ORANGE

(to Eddie)

You could've asked the cop, if you didn't just kill him. He talked about what he was going to do when he was slicing him up.

EDDIE

I don't buy it. It doesn't make sense.

MR. WHITE

It makes perfect fuckin sense to me. Eddie, you didn't see how he acted during the job, we did.

Mr. Pink walks over to the cop's body.

MR. PINK

He's right about the ear, it's hacked off.

EDDIE

(to Mr. Orange)

Let me say this out loud, just to get it straight in my mind. According to you, Mr. Blonde was gonna kill you. Then when we came back, kill us, grab the diamonds, and scam. That's your story? I'm correct about that, right?

MR. ORANGE

Eddie, you can believe me or not believe me, but it's the truth. I swear on my mother's eternal soul that's what happened.

The CAMERA mover into a C.U. of Nice Guy Eddie.

There's a long pause while he rolls over what Mr. Orange has said. Finally:

EDDIE

You're a fuckin liar. Now why don't you drop the fuckin fairy tale and tell me what really happened?

MR. WHITE (O.S.)

He told you what really happened. You just can't deal with it.

MR. ORANGE (O.S.)

Okay, you're right, I'm lying. Even though I'm fuckin dyin I'm not above pullin a fast one. Get rid of Blonde, we share his split no, scratch that, I shot him 'cause I didn't like his hair style. I didn't like his shoes either. If it has just been his hair, I'd've maybe, maybe I said, let him live. But hair and footwear together, he's a goner.

EDDIE

The man you killed was just released from prison. He got caught at a company warehouse full of hot items. He could've walked away. All he had to do was say my dad's name. But instead he shut his mouth and did his time. He did four years for us, and he did 'em like a man. And we were very grateful. So, Mr. Orange, you're tellin me this very good friend of mine, who did four years for my father, who in four years never made a deal, no matter what they dangled in front of him, you're telling me that now, that now this man is free, and we're making good on our commitment to him, he's just gonna decide, right out of the fuckin blue, to rip us off?

Silence.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Mr. Orange, why don't you tell me what really happened?

VOICE (O.S.)

Why? It'll just be more bullshit.

Eddie steps out of his C.U. and we see Joe Cabot standing in the warehouse doorway. He walks into the room.

JOE

(pointing to Mr.

ORANGE)

This man set us up.

CAMERA does a 360 around the men.

EDDIE

Daddy, I'm sorry, I don't know what's happening.

JOE  
That's okay, Eddie, I do.

MR. WHITE  
(to Joe)  
What the fuck are you talking about?

JOE  
(pointing to Mr  
(ORANGE)  
That piece of shit. Workin with the  
cops.

MR. WHITE      MR. PINK      EDDIE  
What?

JOE  
I said this lump of shit is workin  
with the LAPD.

MR. ORANGE'S POV

Looking up from the floor at everybody.

Joe looks down at Mr. Orange.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Aren't you?

MR. ORANGE (O.S.)  
I don't have the slightest fuckin  
idea what you're talkin about.

MR. WHITE  
(very calmly to Joe)  
Joe, I don't know what you think you  
know, but you're wrong.

JOE  
Like hell I am.

MR. WHITE  
(very calmly)  
Joe, trust me on this, you've made a  
mistake. He's a good kid. I  
understand you're hot, you're super-  
fuckin pissed. We're all real  
emotional. But you're barking up  
the wrong tree. I know this man,  
and he wouldn't do that.

JOE  
You don't know jack shit. I do.

This rotten bastard tipped off the cops and got Mr. Brown  
and Mr. Blue killed.

MR. PINK  
Mr. Blue's dead?

JOE  
Dead as Dillinger.

EDDIE  
The motherfucker killed Vic.

MR. WHITE  
How do you know all this?

JOE  
He was the only one I wasn't a hundred percent on. I should have my fucking head examined for goin forward when I wasn't a hundred percent. But he seemed like a good kid, and I was impatient and greedy and all the things that fuck you up.

MR. WHITE  
(screaming)  
That's your proof?

JOE  
You don't need proof when you got instinct. I ignored it before, but not no more.

He WHIPS out a revolver and aims it at Mr. Orange.

Mr. White brings his .45 up at Joe.

Eddie and Mr. Pink are shook awake by the flash of firearms.

Eddie raises his gun, pointing it at Mr. White.

EDDIE  
Have you lost your fucking mind?  
Put your gun down!

Mr. Pink fades into the B.G., wanting no part of this.

MR. WHITE  
Joe, you're making a terrible mistake  
I can't let you make.

EDDIE  
Stop pointing your fuckin gun at  
daddy!

Joe, never taking his eyes off Mr. Orange.

JOE  
Don't worry, Eddie.  
(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

Me and Larry have been friends a long time, he ain't gonna shoot. We like each other too much.

MR. WHITE

Joe, if you kill that man, you die next. Repeat, if you kill that man, you die next!

We get many different angles of the Mexican standoff.

MEDIUMS ON EVERYBODY

Mr. Orange holding his belly, looking from left to right.

Joe pointing down on Mr. Orange. Not taking his eyes off him.

Mr. White pointing at Joe, looking like he's ready to start firing any minute.

Eddie scared shitless for his father, gun locked on Mr. White.

Mr. Pink walking backwards away from the action. Nobody says nothing.

FOUR SHOT

of guys ready for violence. Mr. Pink in the B.G.

MR. PINK

C'mon, guys, nobody wants this. We're supposed to be fuckin professionals!

Joe raises his head to Mr. White.

JOE

Larry, I'm gonna kill him.

MR. WHITE

Goddamn you, Joe, don't make me do this!

JOE

Larry, I'm askin you to trust me on this.

MR. WHITE

Don't ask me that.

JOE

I'm not askin, I'm betting.

Joe's eyes go back to Mr. Orange.

EDDIE

Daddy, don't!

Joe FIRES three times, HITTING Mr. Orange with every one.

Mr. White SHOOTS Joe twice in the face. Joe brings his hands up to his face, screaming, and falls to the ground.

Eddie FIRES at Mr. White, HITTING him three times in the chest.

Mr. White brings his gun around on Eddie and SHOOTS him.

The two men FALL to their knees, FIRING at each other.

Eddie COLLAPSES, dead.

Joe's dead.

Mr. Orange lies perfectly still, except for his chest heaving. The only SOUND we hear is his loud breathing.

Mr. White is SHOT full of holes, but still on his knees, not moving.

Mr. Pink is standing motionless. Finally he grabs the satchel of diamonds and RUNS out the door.

We hear outside a CAR START. Then the SOUND of a BULLHORN yells out:

POLICE FORCE (O.S.)

Freeze! Get out of the car and lie  
face down on the ground!

MR. PINK (O.S.)

Don't shoot!

We now hear SIRENS, the SOUNDS of more CARS DRIVING UP, MEN RUNNING to the warehouse.

While all this noise is going on, Mr. White tries to stand but FALLS DOWN. He somehow makes it to where Mr. Orange lies.

He lifts Mr. Orange's head, cradling it in his lap and stroking his brow.

MR. WHITE

(with much effort)

Sorry, kid. Looks like we're gonna  
do a little time.

Mr. Orange looks up at him and, with even more of an effort:

MR. ORANGE

I'm a cop.

Mr. White doesn't say anything, he keeps stroking Orange's brow.

MR. ORANGE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, I'm so sorry.

Mr. White lifts his .45 and places the barrel between Mr. Orange's eyes.

The CAMERA MOVES into an EXTREME C.U. of Mr White.

The SOUNDS of outside STORM inside. We don't see anything, but we HEAR a bunch of shotguns COCKING.

POLICE FORCE (O.S.)  
Freeze, motherfucker! Drop your  
fucking gun!

Mr White looks up at them, smiles, PULLS the trigger.

BANG

We hear a BURST of SHOTGUN FIRE.

Mr. White is BLOWN out of frame, leaving it empty.

FADE OUT: