

DEEP COVER

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by

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Revised by Henry Bean

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EXT. CLEVELAND STREET - NIGHT (1970)

Rain. Christmas lights. A rusted out '56 Lincoln rattles down the bleak boulevard. In it: JOE STEVENS, an angry, black man in his late 20's, beside him his 10-year-old son, JOE JR.

Joe Jr. stares out the window at passing: boarded buildings, whores with raincoats over their heads trying to flag down a john, a black Santa, a knot of drinkers. Breaking the silence:

JOE STEVENS

Your mother okay?

JOE JR.

Yes, sir.

They stop at a light. Joe Stevens tries to furtively snort a little something. He spots Joe Jr. watching.

JOE STEVENS

(firm, without irony)

Don't you do this shit, boy.

Don't you ever fuckin' touch it,  
you hear me?

Joe Jr. stares, silent; Joe Jr.'s about to hit him.

JOE STEVENS

(continuing)

You hear me, goddam it?

The boy nods. Satisfied, Joe Sr. draws in the stuff. It makes him feel good, strong, worried and determined all at once.

JOE STEVENS

(continuing; charged up)

What do you want for Christmas?

JOE JR.

I don't know.

JOE STEVENS

(light changes; he  
accelerates)

You don't know?? You gotta know  
what you want, boy, if you ever  
expect to get it.

A sudden charm to his bravado. Joe Jr. smiles uncertainly. Joe Sr. grins back, pulls up in front of a liquor store.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

JOE STEVENS

(continuing)

Wait here. This won't take a minute.

Joe Jr. doesn't notice or doesn't remark that his father, just before entering the store, draws a handgun from beneath his coat.

The boy gazes dreamily at the street. The lunatic Black Santa marches by, ranting to himself ("Then the white man say..."). The RAIN HAMMERS on the roof and windshield. Joe Jr. breathes on the glass, fogging the scene.

From the store: MUFFLED GUNFIRE.

Joe Jr. looks that way. Another GUNSHOT, then:

His father comes out the door clutching money in one hand. He strides toward the car with a reckless pride. He doesn't notice:

The liquor store door opens behind him.

A SHOTGUN BLAST. Joe Stevens' guts splatter onto the car windshield. A look of terrible amazement; he sinks to his knees.

JOE JR.

Daddy!!

He jumps from the car, kneels by his father.

The STORE OWNER (47, Slavic) drags the gun toward them, bleeding profusely.

STORE OWNER

(enraged, almost to tears)

Fuckin' niggers... fuckin' niggers...

2 JOE STEVENS

2

looks at the money in his hand: two 20's, two 5's.

JOE STEVENS

Fifty bucks... fifty goddam bucks.

(looks up at his son)

I'm sorry...

He stuffs the blood-soaked bills in the boy's shirt pocket and dies. Joe Jr. looks up at...

## 3 THE STORE OWNER

3

Bloody, nearly unconscious, he aims the shotgun at the boy who is too frightened to move.

JOE JR.

Please, Mister...

The man dies on his feet. As he falls backward, he pulls the trigger, the BLAST shattering the car windows.

Cop cars SQUEAL up. Uniformed cops leap out, guns drawn, survey the scene. Then one notices Joe Jr., staring motionless at his father and the store owner, dead together. ON HIS EYES:

DISSOLVE TO:

## 4 THOSE SAME EYES

4

-- but older, harder, colder. They're concentrating on a paper before him.

TITLE: 17 YEARS LATER

## 5 CLOSEUP - THE MINNESOTA MULTIPHASIC PERSONALITY INVENTORY

5

Hundreds of TRUE/FALSE questions...

- 1.) I have never indulged in any unusual sexual practices. (T/F)
- 2.) I have often felt that strangers were looking at me critically. (T/F)
- 3.) When I was young I occasionally stole things. (T/F)

Joe Stevens marks these TRUE, FALSE, FALSE then comes to:

- 4.) A person's station in life is at least partially determined by his race. (T/F) We are:

## 6 INT. A ROOM - DAY

6

Thirty-seven Black Cleveland police officers (many in uniform, including Joe) are taking the MMPI. Some roll their eyes at the questions. Some try to copy answers. Others, like Joe, work with rapid concentration.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

But he gets stuck on #4. Marks it false. Erases it. Marks it true. Erases that. Ponders. Goes on to: #5. At times I hear so well it bothers me. (T/F) He marks that true.

7 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

7

GERALD CARVER, 36, an ambitious government lawyer with a relaxed, vaguely hip manner, looks over the file of the ingratiating BLACK OFFICER sitting across the desk from him.

CARVER

Officer Leland? You know the difference between a black man and nigger?

Leland is startled, insulted, but doesn't want to blow the interview. He smiles weakly, shakes his head no.

CARVER

(continuing;  
pleasant smile)

Yeah, most niggers don't.

Stung, Leland tries to laugh. Carver puts his file aside, picks up another.

CARVER

(continuing)

Nice to meet you.

8 INT. SAME - ANOTHER INTERVIEW

8

A SECOND BLACK OFFICER is powerfully built, politically conscious, takes no shit. Carver's leafing through his file.

CARVER

So, Winston, what's the difference between a black man and a nigger?

Winston is out of his chair before the question is finished, drags Carver by the shirt front halfway across the desk and hisses into his face:

WINSTON

Who the fuck do you think you're talking to?

Carver smiles cheerfully past Winston's cocked fist.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

CARVER

Thanks for coming in.

Nonplussed by this cool dismissal, Winston stalks out. Carver picks up the next file, unfazed.

9 INT. SAME - ANOTHER INTERVIEW

9

Joe Stevens watches Carver reading his file and waiting for an answer. When none is forthcoming, Carver glances up, finds Stevens looking right back at him.

STEVENS

The nigger's the one who falls for your bullshit.

He says it pleasantly, without belligerence. Carver smiles: he's found his man. He offers his hand.

CARVER

Gerald Carver, United States District Attorney. Call me Gerry.

10 INT. A DARKENED ROOM - DAY/NIGHT??

10

ON A TV SCREEN: a grainy black-and-white tape, date and time stamped at the bottom. A grungy street, palm trees. The light from the monitor dimly illuminates Carver and Stevens.

On SCREEN the CAMERA finds: A MAN in jeans, sneakers and sweatshirt on a street corner.

STEVENS

He ought to be wearing a sign.

CARVER

You can tell he's a cop?

Stevens laughs: it's obvious.

A real DRUG DEALER joins the cop. UNDERCOVER COP: "You got it?" DEALER: "In the motel, right over here..." The Cop's uneasy, keeps glancing back toward the CAMERA as they go.

STEVENS

He keeps looking for his back-up. Now, the other guy knows it, too.

CARVER

Then why's he taking him to the room?

(CONTINUED)

STEVENS  
(why else?)  
To rip him off.

Carver studies Stevens in the darkness, impressed.

ON SCREEN: The figures disappear into the motel. We hear their voices. DEALER: "Here, try some of it." UNDERCOVER COP: "Uhh... No, I don't..." DEALER: "Why not, you sonofabitch?" Two bursts of SOUND DISTORTION.

A plainclothes cop, TAFT, (black, stocky, powerful) bolts from behind the CAMERA, sprints toward the motel. The CAMERA wobbles after him.

STEVENS  
(continuing)  
Too late.

ON SCREEN: The CAMERA (jerky, hand-held) nears the open motel door. Taft is bent over the Undercover Cop's body.

TAFT  
Oh, Bobby... Jesus, Jesus...  
(to the CAMERA)  
Get an ambulance -- and back up.  
Now!

He slams the wall, starts past the CAMERA. Carver pushes the pause button; the tape freezes on a jerky image of Taft's face.

STEVENS  
(focussed on Taft)  
Who is he?

CARVER  
Charles Taft. LAPD Narcotics.

STEVENS  
He's a good cop.

CARVER  
He's a great cop. Two [names citation] and a [another citation]. As tough as they come and twice as honest.

Carver watches Stevens watch Taft, smiles at something.

STEVENS  
But the cops aren't getting it done here, are they? Gotta try something new...

(CONTINUED)

He opens a manila envelope, dumps the contents on the desk: driver's license, social security card, high school transcript, prison records... all in the name of William G. Hull. No photos.

STEVENS

(continuing)

Who's John Hull?

CARVER

You are. If you want to be.

(off Stevens)

Most undercover guys don't know what they're doing because it's a day gig.

(indicates dead  
cop on TV)

I need somebody who goes under and stays there; six months, a year, five years...

STEVENS

What does he have to do?

CARVER

Buy drugs. Sell drugs. Feed me information.

STEVENS

He's a snitch.

CARVER

He's a drug dealer. A criminal. A scumbag. But for the right side.

(beat)

I want you to come to Los Angeles on loan to the Justice Department as a federal agent. Your experience there will be credited toward your seniority here. And you'll come back to Cleveland a P3 or higher.

STEVENS

(uncomfortable)

I can't do that. I've got a wife and kids.

CARVER

You're separated from your wife, she's filed for divorce. You see your kids every other weekend.

Stevens takes a breath: this is awkward to explain.

(CONTINUED)



STEVENS

(almost a confession)

All my life I've stayed away from that stuff. I've never touched drugs.

CARVER

(tolerant)

Come on, a little grass...?

STEVENS

Not grass. Not nothing. I never even had a drink.

(his motto)

Never have, never will. You don't understand. I made a choice in my life.

CARVER

What's to understand? You saw your father killed when you were ten, and you decided you wouldn't be like that.

(off Stevens' surprise,  
Carver grins)

I'm God, I know everything. You wanted to be a good boy, so you became a cop. Hiding out in uniform... That's why you got the hard-on for Taft.

STEVENS

It's not that simple.

CARVER

(opening Joe's file;  
as if reluctantly)

I'll tell the truth, Joe. You're never going to be a Taft.

STEVENS

I don't believe that.

But he does.

CARVER

(looks at MMPI  
results)

You ever take a look at your psychological profile? You score almost like a criminal.

(reading)

"Resents authority..."

(CONTINUED)

STEVENS

I do not.

CARVER

"... Exaggerated moral standards, but with no underlying value system." Look at the anger, the repressed violence, it's almost off the scale...

STEVENS

Let me see that...

Carver hands him the scores which are, of course, just clusters of numbers. Stevens is upset, though oddly unsurprised, as if this only confirmed his secret fears.

CARVER

Why'd you join the force?

STEVENS

(awkward, but felt)

I wanted to be of use.

CARVER

Well, now you can be. You won't be Taft, but maybe you'll be something more... interesting.

(sits back)

There's a man named Ramon Gallegos who supplies 60% of the cocaine to the West Coast. He's smart, smooth, and sufficiently elusive that we don't even have an adult photograph of him.

However, his uncle is Hector Guzman, an important Latin American political figure. Gallegos uses Uncle's connections to get product into the country, and everyone we've sent after him has ended up like that...

Indicates dead body on TV.

STEVENS

Why would I be different?

CARVER

You already are, that's the point...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CARVER (CONT'D)

(indicates file,  
test scores)

You've got the ability and the personality to go underground and blend in completely. That's what the others couldn't. Some part of them showed. That's why they're dead. See, there's only one rule in this game.

Stevens raises his eyebrows: what?

CARVER

(continuing)

Don't blow your cover.

11 EXT. WORKING CLASS CLEVELAND NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

11

Stevens parks outside a small, well-maintained house. As he gets out, he spots a GROUP OF KIDS (black and Hispanic) playing down the street. He's not pleased about that.

STEVENS

(calls to them)

Joe-J, Carmen...

A BOY, 7, and a GIRL, 5, (both light-skinned) run to him shouting, "Daddy," jump into his arms, competing for attention, as if they haven't seen him in ages.

STEVENS

What were you doing with those kids?

JOE-J & CARMEN

Playing...

STEVENS

(displeased)

Your mom lets you play with them?

JOE-J & CARMEN

Yes, sir... Yes, sir.

His strictness has already sobered their enthusiasm. Sensing this, he attempts to embrace them which he can do only awkwardly.

Meanwhile, his wife, TERRY (Southern white) has come out the screen door. She and Stevens bristle at each other.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

STEVENS

I thought we talked about this.  
The older brother up there's got a  
sheet with --

TERRY

Lay off it. They're just kids...

Both are ready to fight, but restrain themselves. A  
big Polynesian, TITO comes out the door.

TITO

Hey, Joe.

STEVENS

Tito...

A moment of surprise, then he gets it. He looks to  
Terry. She gives a little shrug, refusing to be  
embarrassed.

12 INT. KITCHEN - FIVE MINUTES LATER

12

Stevens is trying to seem interested in Carmen's little  
drawings.

STEVENS

They're real nice, honey. Is that  
a horse?

CARMEN

(exasperated)

Daddy! It's a bunny...

She puts her arms around him.

CARMEN

(continuing)

I don't want you to go away,  
Daddy.

STEVENS

It's my work. I've got to.

Over her shoulder he sees Terry sitting with a subdued  
Joe-J. Her face seems to say, "See, I told you..."  
Avoiding this accusation, Stevens notices a bruise on  
Carmen's arm.

STEVENS

(continuing)

What happened to you there, baby?

CARMEN

Tito did it.

(CONTINUED)

STEVENS

(instantly outraged)

He hit you?!

(up in a fury)

God damn it, what's he doing touching her? I'm gonna...

Terry intercepts him on his way out of the room.

TERRY

She was running behind his chair when he got up. It was an accident.

(he's uncertain)

A complete... total... accident.

Stevens looks at Carmen who giggles. He's humiliated by his own temper, attempts to calm himself. Terry puts a sympathetic hand on his shoulder.

DISSOLVE TO:

13 EXT. LOS ANGELES - AERIAL SHOT - DAY 13

The immense sprawl, the arterial flow of the freeways, the blinding light. We DESCEND...

14 INT. TRAIN STATION - UNDERGROUND - DAY OR NIGHT 14

People getting off, among them the former Joe Stevens, now known as JOHN HULL. He's carrying a suitcase.

15 INT. TRAIN STATION/EXT. STREET - DAY 15

Hull goes up the stairs onto a downtown street.

16 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY 16

South L.A. neighborhood. A 13-year-old BLACK YOUTH selling drugs through a car window. Hull walks by. He's at ease, looking around, his manner subtly announcing that he belongs here, just as in the train station he seemed to belong among the commuters.

17 EXT. TRANSIENT MOTEL - COURTYARD - DAY 17

A fat BLONDE WOMAN (61, large white glasses, tiny shoes) leads Hull down a corridor.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

## BLONDE WOMAN

Television mostly. I was on "Sky King" twice, "Ramar of the Jungle." That was a silly show. The jungle was mostly flats...

They pass an open door where a 6-year-old boy, JAMES, a latchkey, sits on the stoop playing Gameboy; inside, his mother, BELINDA, a broken down whore, is doing her nails and drinking Pepsi. She looks up, bats her lashes at Hull.

## BLONDE WOMAN

(continuing)

You want my advice, I'd stay away from that bitch.

She opens the door to the room across the hall. A dump. Hull walks in, drops his duffle: he'll take it. The Blonde lounges in the doorway. He closes the door.

18 INT. ROOM - DAY

18

Hull empties his pockets on the dresser. Looks at his money, room key, identification. Looks at himself in the mirror. He touches his clothes, his face, tries on different expressions.

(NOTE: Throughout the film, Hull continually checks himself out in mirrors, both to adjust his appearance to the circumstances and as if in an attempt to recall who he "really" is.)

19 EXT. 79TH AND FIGUEROA - TWILIGHT

19

On the seam between South-Central and USC. Lots of people out: children, students, dealers, whores. Hull with a new haircut.

20 EXT. ANOTHER, SIMILAR CORNER - DAY

20

Dealers (most in mid-teens) meeting cars, making transactions. All this casually observed. EDDIE comes up the street, reciting his version of an old street toast.

## EDDIE

On the day of the King's castration, all the counts and no accounts were down on the deck with Georgia Tech taking turns in the back seat...

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

Those dealers not at car windows, gather around. He never speaks to them, goes on declaiming as he exchanges drugs for money.

Hull watches, talking to another street person. His appearance continues to change: clothes, posture, walk, gestures subtly conform to the environment, a bit like Zelig. Throughout the film his appearance shifts, depending on who he's with. We always recognize him, but each time he's different.

He walks up to a dealer, makes a quick buy and keeps going. But he sees them and is seen.

21 INT. AN OFFICE - NIGHT

21

Hull drops eleven foil balls on a green blotter. Carver counts out money for him.

22 INT. HULL'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY

22

He sits at the window, eating a burrito, watching little James play in the courtyard.

23 EXT. STREET - EVENING

23

Hull approaches another Dealer, the 13-year-old seen earlier (angelic face). Like Hull, he's trying to act tough.

HULL

Whatta you got?

13-YEAR-OLD DEALER

(voice just changing)

Nickel rock, dime rock. Excellent  
shit.

Hull exchanges a folded twenty for two foil balls. He walks off. He has gone twenty feet when...

24 A RED RANGE ROVER

24

SQUEALS to a stop opposite the Dealer.

A huge young black man, IVY (23, all in red with a red headband), leans out the passenger window, shouting at the 13-year-old.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

IVY

What the fuck I tell you about  
being here?

Everyone turns to look, but Hull's view is blocked.

13-YEAR-OLD DEALER (O.S.)

No, wait...

IVY (O.S.)

Too fuckin' late.

POPPING noises. Ivy is waving an automatic weapon.  
Everyone on the street but Hull has hit the ground.

IVY

(enjoying it,  
shouting)

Get down, motherfuckers!

Ivy laughs and fondles a girlfriend as the car ROARS  
off. He sees Hull, pretends to fire, laughs as Hull,  
too, ducks. When Ivy's gone, he runs to where a CROWD  
has gathered around...

25 THE 13-YEAR-OLD

25

lying in the street, a bullet hole in his head, eyes  
open. He twitches and kicks, blood pulsing from the  
neat wound. Then he's dead. The faces around him  
(young, old, many races) watch with a variety of  
emotions.

CROWD

Who is he?....Why'd they shoot  
him?... Ivy did him, man... He's  
in the wrong fuckin' place... That  
poor boy... Get his beeper...

Cops push through to the body. As the crowd disperses,  
Hull can't take his eyes off the boy. When he finally  
does, he sees Eddie, drink in hand. Their eyes meet,  
and Eddie, a rapper, raises his eyebrows in brief  
acknowledgment of sorrow.

EDDIE

(sadly)

He done done, ain't he?

26 EXT. LeWAZZ - NIGHT

26

TITLE: TWO WEEKS LATER

A bar with a neon bird for a sign. Hull enters.



27 INT. LeWAZZ - NIGHT

27

A racial mix. Hull takes a seat at the bar. Stuffed birds line the lintel above the bottles. A female BARTENDER (long red nails) greets him familiarly.

BARTENDER

How's it going, John?

HULL

I'm in there.

Without being asked, she sets him up a Dry Sack with a long red straw. (NOTE: He never touches the drink.) Hull's appearance has continued to change. His clothes have become flashier, he has an earring, the start of a goatee.

Eddie approaches the bar compulsively reciting one of his toasts.

EDDIE

(to himself)

"Where's the Queen," said the King.

"She's in bed with laryngitis."

"Is that bastard still in town?...

Fuck the Queen," said the King, and ten thousand knights straaaained at their utmost...

(to the bartender)

Pina colada times two and a white wine.

He goes on muttering under his breath, tapping his foot like any crankhead. He notices Hull, greets him as someone he can't place but knows he's seen around.

EDDIE

(continuing)

How you doin', Dudley...

Tries to remember name.

HULL

John.

EDDIE

John, man, right...

Clasp hands. Eddie takes his drinks, carries them to...

28 A TABLE

28

where he rejoins a white man, DAVID ELIAS (30s, slick, powerful) and a well-dressed BLACK WOMAN (mid-20s, good-looking). She gets the wine.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

Elias rises to let her out.

As the woman passes Hull on her way to the restrooms, their eyes meet: an instant of perfect chemistry. He's struck. Her features open, grow sensual for a moment, but then, as if seeing something she doesn't like, her eyes flick away, and she walks by as if he weren't there.

29 INT. CARVER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

29

(NOTE: Hull invariably meets Carver in this anonymous room, distinguished only by the green blotter and a view of the city. This simple regularity suggest visits to a psychiatrist, Carver probing, testing, teasing, trying to draw Hull out. And they feel like therapy, at once a respite and a torment.)

More foil balls on the blotter beside boxes of 3x5 photographs. Photos of Eddie and David Elias are up on a corkboard, the beginning of a pyramid.

HULL

Eddie something... a motormouth...  
he supplies the street dealers...  
buys from him...

(reads name on back  
of photo)

David Elias... who apparently buys  
from a guy named Barbolla or  
something. But I haven't seen  
him.

Carver produces a photo of a handsome Latin in his 50s,  
pins it on the board above Elias.

CARVER

Barbosa, Felix.

HULL

There was also a woman, but she's  
not here.

(as Carver reaches  
in a drawer)

I saw a kid killed. Twelve,  
thirteen at the most. Turf war.

Carver shrugs: these things happen. He hands Hull a  
lot of cash, much more than expected. Hull does  
understand.

CARVER

Get to Elias. Then to Barbosa.

(CONTINUED)

HULL

You can't rush this stuff.

CARVER

Rush it, please. I want art, John, not reality. Budget hearings start in April, and I need Gallegos by then. They won't give us funding for three ounce buys.

HULL

We're not just doing this for the funding, are we?

CARVER

Without funding, we aren't doing it at all.

TITLE: TWO WEEKS LATER

INT. CRACK HOUSE - DAY

Virtual darkness save splinters of light between the curtains. Pipes burn here and there in the gloom. Ten or fifteen crackheads huddle around a battery-operated TV on which Tom Brokaw is narrating an NBC documentary on drugs. A 12-year-old sits against a wall too stoned even for television.

Hull approaches Eddie, regally installed on an automobile bench seat-cum-sofa, a lit pipe in one hand. We barely notice the redhead kneeling between his' legs, face buried in his crotch. He greets Hull from wrecked bliss. They know each other now.

EDDIE

My man, Dudley, he's so fud-ley...

Hull greets Eddie, some of the others, drops familiarly onto an adjacent auto seat. The patrons are making fun of Brokaw, laughing, exchanging fives.

HULL

Eddie, man, I need...

Eddie holds up a hand telling Hull to wait. His mind is elsewhere. His' features contract in brief concentration.

(CONTINUED)

## CHORUS OF COMMENTS

Whatever happened to that Drug  
Czar motherfucker?... He gave up  
'cause he finally realized he  
didn't know nothing about any of  
that shit...

More laughter, etc. Eddie's concentration peaks,  
breaks off into a sigh and a smile.

Eddie sings a satisfied little song...

The redhead rises from Eddie's crotch, and we see it's  
a boy, seventeen going on death; he might have been  
pretty a year ago.

Eddie passes him the crack pipe, lets him suck greedily  
for a few seconds before ripping it out of his scabrous  
mouth and offering it to Hull, who, with a grimace that  
gets laughs, declines. The others continue to watch  
and comment on the speech.

EDDIE

So what is it you need so bad,  
blood? Need, need, need??

HULL

A whole K, quick as you can get  
it.

EDDIE

(impressed, a trace  
of envy)  
Comin' in the world, Dudley.

HULL

(winning grin)  
All because of my man...

Eddie likes that, holds out a hand. Hull hits it.

EDDIE

Give me a day.

Hull nods, rises.

EDDIE

(continuing)  
Stick around, let the bitch Hoover  
you, too.

Indicating redhead.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

In all these scenes, Hull acts indifferent to the horror, but here the effort costs him. He masters his disgust with a joke.

HULL

Only if you Clorox him first.

Everyone laughs, even the boy.

31 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

31

Eddie comes out the back door of a building, is immediately collared by Taft (the cop on the video-tape). He's in his mid-40s, stocky, balding.

TAFT

(cheerful, gregarious)

Eddie Shitface! Where you been, boy?

Eddie breaks free, runs three feet before HERNANDEZ (a muscular Mexican) knees him in the groin. Eddie crumples.

TAFT

(continuing)

Eddie, I don't think I introduced you to my new partner, Michael Hernandez...

HERNANDEZ

Pleased to meet you, Mr. Shitface...

32 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

32

Eddie folded over his wounded nuts. Hernandez and Taft sit on crates to either side. The drugs they've taken from him are neatly arranged on a garbage can lid.

HERNANDEZ

You have the right to remain silent... You have the right to an attorney.... You have the right to go back to Ontario for eight-to-ten on a second offense...

EDDIE

(in several kinds  
of pain)

Oh, man, I can't go back in there, I just can't.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

TAFT

(soothing)

'Course you can't, child, 'course  
you can't. That's why you're  
gonna start giving us some help.

33 EXT. DAVID ELIAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

33

A pleasant, Santa Monica neighborhood. Spanish style  
house.

34 INT. ELIAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

34

Pleasant, tasteful. Elias's wife, NANCY, (dressed like  
the attorney she is) sits in an alcove-study reading a  
real estate contract through half-glasses. Elias  
himself is helping his daughter, MIRANDA, 7, with her  
homework. He is 38, with the body and bearing of a  
powerful man.

ELIAS

Again. Three times four.

MIRANDA

Seven.

Elias is not a sweet Daddy. It should make us  
uncomfortable to watch him push his daughter.

ELIAS

No. You're adding again, you have  
to multiply. Three and four is  
seven. Three times four is...

MIRANDA

Twelve.

ELIAS

Three times five.

The DOORBELL.

NANCY

Can you get that?

MIRANDA

Eight.

ELIAS

(getting up; more  
about the answer  
than the door)

Damn it.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

MIRANDA

Why can't I just use a calculator?

35 INT./EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

35

Three men: FELIX BARBOSA (whose photo we saw in Carver's office). Barbosa is a veteran of the coke business, but he's doing too much of the drug now; he's sweating, paranoid, unstable. With him is GOPHER, early 60s, a wizened high-voiced old con who Barbosa keeps the way Spanish kings kept dwarfs, for amusement and luck; like the court jester, Gopher can say anything he wants without fear. Behind them is an Hispanic kid, CHINO, 17, a thug.

Elias knows them all, but is not happy to see them at his door.

ELIAS

What are you doing here?

BARBOSA

We've got a problem, David.

ELIAS

Call me on the phone.

BARBOSA

Your friend Eddie just started bending over for the cops.

This is very bad news. Elias murmurs a shaken, "Shit..." and steps outside, half-closing the door behind him.

BARBOSA

(continuing)

They busted him, and he's dealing to save his ass.

GOPHER

Which is how he'll lose the skinny little thing.

ELIAS

Did he give us up?

BARBOSA

Not yet, but he will if he has to, and eventually he'll have to.

(CONTINUED)

MIRANDA (O.S.)

Daddy! I thought we were doing my homework.

ELIAS

I don't think he'd talk about us. He'd try not to.

BARBOSA

If we whack him, he definitely won't.

MIRANDA (O.S.)

Daddy!!

ELIAS

(to Miranda)

Just a second.

(to Barbosa)

Not yet. Let me check on this, first.

BARBOSA

(taunting)

Nobody said you had to do the dirty work, David. I'll take care of --

ELIAS

Felix, if he's a problem, we'll kill him. I'll kill him myself.

He doesn't realize until it's too late that Nancy has just then opened the front door to see where he went. They look at each other, a terrible moment: she knows what he does, hates it, can't bring herself to leave him, hates herself for that.

ELIAS

(continuing)

Nancy, get out of here.

NANCY

For you; it's Eddie.

She hands him a cordless phone, goes inside closing the door.

BARBOSA

You got a tasty wife, David. No wonder you don't want us coming here.

(CONTINUED)



35 CONTINUED: (3)

35

ELIAS  
 (warning him)  
 Don't talk about her that way.

Barbosa laughs.

GOPHER  
 He can't help it, David, it's his nature.

ELIAS  
 (into phone, chipper)  
 Eddie... Sure, man, what do you need?

36 INT. A BOXING GYM - NIGHT

36

Elias joins Eddie and Hull to one side. In the b.g. two guys sparring.

EDDIE  
 David, this is John, John, David.  
 Eddie, this is Eddie. Everybody ready?

HULL  
 (to Elias)  
 So what's this, you want to meet me?

ELIAS  
 (charming, touch of mockery)  
 I like to know the important customers.

Hull makes a show of weary patience, gestures: here I am.

ELIAS  
 (continuing)  
 You're taking a lot of weight for a guy we hardly know. Where're you moving this stuff, John? We haven't seen you around. We like to have a sense who your customers are.

HULL  
 Ah, come on, man, do Macy's tell the Gimbel motherfuckers?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

ELIAS

(beat; watches him)

Eddie, forget this guy, he's a  
cop.

He gets up, walks away.

37 ON HULL.

37

He's blown it. He's been made. The crushing failure.  
He rallies himself to indignation.

HULL

What is this shit, Eddie? I  
thought you were the man.

Eddie's sickened, wants to get paid, owes Taft a bust.

EDDIE

Nobody's the fuckin' man. Go to  
your place. I'll call you.

38 EXT. GYM/INT. A VAN - CONTINUOUS TIME

38

Taft and Hernandez, watching the gym. Hull comes out,  
looks up and down the street carefully. Taft sits up,  
pays attention.

TAFT

This is our collar?

Hernandez grunts.

TAFT

(continuing)

Who is he?

HERNANDEZ

Some scumbag...

But Taft clearly thinks there's something different  
about Hull. He's not sure what, but it troubles him.  
(NOTE: Hull makes a little move that Taft will later  
realize was a cop's move. For now he can't quite place  
it.)

39 EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS TIME

39

Eddie pleading his case to Elias.

(CONTINUED)

EDDIE

He's no cop, David. He's an animal. You see his eyes? You never see a cop with those eyes. I know this shit, man, you don't.

ELIAS

(giving him an opening)

What's going on, Eddie?

EDDIE

Twenty-six thousand cash is what. We need it, David. We're behind.

Elias studies Eddie: is he a rat? Elias hopes not, but he's going to find out. He hands a fat Federal Express envelope through the window.

ELIAS

(a warning)

I want him to get it all, Eddie.

Eddie bows in gratitude, hurries off.

40 EXT./INT. HULL'S MOTEL - NIGHT

40

Hull's unlocking his door when Belinda, the hooker across the hall, comes out to talk. Her 6-year-old, James, watches, silent.

BELINDA

(a crackhead)

Mr. Hull... Mr. Hull...

HULL

(wearily)

What's happening, Belinda?

BELINDA

Now you know, Mr. Hull, I was to the welfare this afternoon, but the bus, you know what I'm saying?... the one bus, and then the other, and when I got there they'd gone and changed the time on me, without notification. They's supposed to give notification, ain't they?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BELINDA (CONT'D)

They said I got a thing in the mail, but I don't remember, I don't think they sent it, so now I'm off the welfare, plus I forgot to take James for his shot... for the school? Which otherwise they let him go. And he's gotta learn, he's gotta learn, don't he, Mr. Hull, you tell him, so's he can better hisself.

Hull slouches in the doorway, fingers to his eyes.

HULL

(to James)

You had any food today, James?

JAMES

(disclaiming any need)

I had Ding-Dongs.

HULL

(sighs, gives him money)

You go to the Mexican place over there, and get the chicken tostada or the beef and bean burrito or both. And a milk.

JAMES

I don't like milk. I want a --

HULL

(an order)

You get the milk! And get something for your mother, too.

(to Belinda)

What do you want?

BELINDA

Now, Mr. Hull, if you just --

HULL

(to James)

Two tostadas, two burritos, two milks.

Gives him another bill. The boy runs off.

BELINDA

You now, I look out for my James best I can, Mr. Hull, but it's hard. Now you like the boy, don't you?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

Hull grunts.

BELINDA

(continuing)

I know you do. And I was thinkin' if you wanted to take care of him, that might be good for him. Give him a male figure to look up to.

HULL

Look, Belinda, I can't...

BELINDA

If you could just give me something for him. Say five thousand dollars...

(off Hull's shock)

Or maybe four thousand. I couldn't give up my boy for less than four thousand...

Hull is rescued from this horror by the ringing PAY PHONE. He runs down the hall, grabs it.

HULL

It's me. I'm here... Where?... five minutes.

He dashes past Belinda into his room.

BELINDA

Or you could just give me a part now...

He closes the door, takes the money Carver gave him out from behind the mirror, dashes back outside. As he rushes by:

BELINDA

(continuing)

Let me do somethin' for you, Mr. Hull. Let me do a little somethin' for you.

He keeps going. The Blonde Woman addresses Belinda.

BLONDE WOMAN

No solicitin' in the halls. I told you that before.

BELINDA

(spunkier than we've seen)

I ain't doin' shit. Bitch...

41 EXT. TACO STAND - VENICE AND LA BREA - NIGHT

41

A handful of customers under a mud sky. The THROB of a distant helicopter. Hull pulls into the lot beside Eddie's BMW.

He climbs into the BMW, tosses Eddie a brown envelope; money spills onto his lap. Eddie does a quick count, produces the Fed Ex envelope. The usual white stuff.

Hull's about to taste when the chopper swoops in with a sudden blinding overhead light. A BULLHORN booms down like the voice of God.

## AMPLIFIED VOICE

This is the police. Remain inside  
the vehicle. Place your open  
hands against the windshield so  
that they are clearly visible...

## HULL

Christ...

## EDDIE

(a strategy)

Spread the floor, Dudley.

(rap sound effects  
with rhythmic head  
spasms)

A-ga, a-ga, a-ga, a-ga...

Eddie starts the car, and Hull rolls out the passenger door as the BMW races across the lot.

Two black-and-whites and an unmarked converge on the stand.

Hull can't reach his car. He vaults a metal rail and runs off between two buildings.

Hernandez jumps out of an unmarked and races after him. Taft speeds the car out onto the street.

42 HULL

42

running. Police and SIRENS pursuing. He hurls the Fed Ex envelope into a dumpster. HELICOPTER light sweeps over him.

As he cuts around a building, Taft opens a car door right into his face. Hull goes down hard.

## TAFT

(into car radio)

Thank you kindly...

(CONTINUED)

He waves at the helicopter which goes away, kneels over Hull who is twitching spastically on the ground, gasping for air. Hernandez arrives carrying the Fed Ex envelope.

TAFT

(continuing)

How you doin', child?...

Hull is astonished to look up and see Taft looming over him, the man he remembers from the videotape. He tries to speak:

HULL

(barely audible)

You...

TAFT

(briefly puzzled)

Me? Of course, it's me. You know me?

Hull shakes head, winces.

TAFT

(continuing)

Hurts, huh?

Hull tries to curse.

TAFT

(continuing)

Here, I want to show you something. You have kids?

He takes out his wallet, opens it to pictures of his two children, a boy and a girl, seven and eight.

TAFT

(continuing)

These are mine. Aren't they the most beautiful children you ever saw?

Hull groans, twists in pain. Taft sticks the pictures in his face. Hull is affected by the children despite everything.

TAFT

(continuing)

Yeah, I know, they kind of leave you speechless. So let me ask, if someone put a gun to your baby's head, wouldn't you kill him if you could?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

Hull just looks up.

TAFT

(continuing)

Me, too. And you're the bastard with the gun.

He takes the Fed Ex envelope from him.

HULL

(hoarse; his first words)

You know the difference between a nigger and a black man?

TAFT

Don't jive me, boy.

HULL

The nigger's the one covers Whitey's ass by puttin' the brothers in jail.

Taft yanks him hard to his feet; Hull cries out in pain.

TAFT

You ain't my brother.

43 INT. COURTROOM - NIGHT

43

Hull is led in with other handcuffed PRISONERS. Carver is here, catches Hull's eye. Hull shakes his head; doesn't want Carver to intercede. A woman PUBLIC DEFENDER (26, attractive, harried) addresses the prisoners.

PUBLIC DEFENDER

Hi, I'm Shelley Weissbrod. This is only an arraignment, a preliminary hearing, but if you don't have money for an attorney, the Public Defender's office can...

Hull is listening to this when a BAILIFF taps his shoulder.

BAILIFF

You've got counsel. Over there.

Puzzled, Hull sees the back of a suit conferring with a PROSECUTOR. The suit turns.

(CONTINUED)



It's DAVID ELIAS who smiles, offers his hand. Hull is stunned. Elias enjoys that.

HULL  
You're a lawyer??

ELIAS  
I'm your lawyer.

HULL  
Who hired you?

ELIAS  
(smiles)  
It's pro bono. If you don't want me, there's Shelley. She's good. She just can't provide special services...

HULL  
Like what?

VOICE (O.S.)  
(calling the next case)  
John Hull...

ELIAS  
Getting your case called first.

Elias addressing the court.

ELIAS  
(continuing)  
Your Honor, I believe the preliminary police toxicology report will show that the substance seized from my client was Mannitol, a baby laxative. We move for immediate dismissal.

Hull is surprised at this news. The Judge looks to the Prosecutor who waives objection. Gavel.

ELIAS  
(continuing; to Hull)  
We're out of here, Dude.

As they walk toward the back, Taft approaches Hull. There's already a deep pull between these two, and in Taft's presence, Hull can't sustain the tough street act. We almost see the little boy inside him.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

TAFT

(to Hull, amused)

Baby laxative, they sold you some bad shit.

DRUNKEN PRISONER

(to Hull)

You have a constipated baby, and you're in jail? What kind of a father are you?

TAFT

A father who don't know his own children, ain't that right?

A long look between them, broken when Elias takes Hull's arm, leads him away. Elias cheerfully greets a couple of hookers waiting arraignment. Hull furtively grabs his sleeve.

HULL

(under his breath)

You sold me Mannitol, motherfucker.

ELIAS

(under his)

If it hadn't been, asshole, you'd be in jail right now... Come on, I want you to meet some people.

44 EXT. LeWAZZ - NIGHT

44

After hours. The place is closed. A couple of cars in the lot. Elias's BMW pulls in.

45 INT. LeWAZZ - NIGHT

45

Deserted except for one table where Eddie, Barbosa, Gopher and Chino are eating shrimp. They look up as Hull and Elias approach. Eddie's astonished to see Hull.

EDDIE

Dudley, Dudley, Fo-Fudley...

ELIAS

Surprised to see him, Eddie?

Eddie looks around, uneasy.

(CONTINUED)

ELIAS

(continuing)

John got busted and kept his mouth shut. Can't say that for everybody, can we?

EDDIE

What are you saying? Are you saying me? Are you saying something about me?

GOPHER

Tell the truth, Eddie. Be honorable. It's all you got left.

EDDIE

Shut up, you little faggot.

ELIAS

The cops made you give them somebody. We know it.

Eddie looks around. Everybody's looking at him. He considers lying, but realizes it's pointless.

EDDIE

All right, so what? I mean, so what, man? You got the money. Twenty-six G. Twenty-six, David. Count it.

ELIAS

Next time you might trade us.

EDDIE

Never.

(turns to Barbosa)

Never, Felix, never. Come on, man, you know I'd never...

Hull observes Barbosa become the power center.

BARBOSA

(softly)

I know you never will.

EDDIE

Felix, no. Don't be... I'm worth money to you. Let me give you money.

BARBOSA

Why? You don't owe me anything.

(CONTINUED)

EDDIE

Another twenty-six grand... Just  
to show you... Fifty.

BARBOSA

Why not a hundred?

EDDIE

(that's so much)  
A hundred??? Felix...

Barbosa's impassive.

EDDIE

(continuing)  
Okay, a hundred.

BARBOSA

Give it.

EDDIE

Tomorrow. Twenty-four hours.

BARBOSA

Now. Ten seconds.

EDDIE

Felix, I need time. I --

BARBOSA

One... two...

EDDIE

I don't have it right now. But I  
can --

GOPHER

(sadly)  
Then goodbye, Eddie. I forgive  
you for what you said to me.

EDDIE

(pleading)  
Twelve hours. Tomorrow morning.

BARBOSA

Six... seven...  
(to Elias)  
You want to do it, David?

Elias looks stricken. Barbosa laughs. Eddie jumps  
up. Hull turns away, can't bear to watch this.

BARBOSA

(continuing)  
Nine...

grabs the first thing he lays eyes on, a tiny snail fork and plunges it into Barbosa's neck.

As if it were a fly bite, Barbosa flings the table aside and, with a long knife already in his hand, guts Eddie from groin to breast bone. Eddie falls like a suddenly emptied sack.

Elias can't help gasping.

Hull looks away, hiding his horror.

Barbosa rips the fork out of his neck and hurls it at the body.

BARBOSA

Piece of shit!

Elias stares at Eddie's body, transfixed. Horrified, fascinated, afraid, in awe. Barbosa turns to Hull.

BARBOSA

(continuing)

What'd you think?

HULL

At least it was clean.

BARBOSA

(pleased, to Elias)

What about you, bar mitzvah body?  
First time you saw somebody die?

ELIAS

(eyes fixed on the body)

No.

(catching breath)

At camp... when I was fourteen...  
a friend of mine was water  
skiing... The motorboat ran him  
over... A junior counsellor was  
driving.

BARBOSA

You should kill a man some day,  
David, it's liberating...

(walking out)

Summer camp. I'm in business with  
somebody who went to summer camp.

Everyone else is silent, grave.

47 INT. ELIAS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

47

Through sliders we see a small pool. Elias and Hull sit over uneaten omelettes. Both still shaken by the previous scene.

ELIAS

Eddie, man... He was always nice to my daughter.

HULL

How'd a guy like you get into this?

ELIAS

The way most drug lawyers do: clients paid me in product, and I had to move it. Soon I was doing more dealing than law. But this was '83, '84, there was so much money we thought it would never end.

HULL

Yeah. And now...?

ELIAS

The road gets rougher. Cocaine's a dying business.

HULL

Then what are we doing here?

ELIAS

People are always going to want to get high. Every society has ways to alter consciousness.

HULL

Because they can't bear reality.

ELIAS

(smiles)

We all need our delusions, only the means change: psychedelics, opiates, prayer, orgies, human sacrifice...

HULL

What's next?

Elias puts a finger to his lips.

HULL

(continuing)

Why aren't you selling it?

(CONTINUED)

ELIAS

I know how to make it and market it. But I need capital. That's the only reason I'm hanging out with an asshole like Barbosa.

(feels his hatred  
of Barbosa)

And because I can't get to the big guys.

HULL

Who are the big guys?

ELIAS

Gallegos, et cetera.

HULL

(reacts to the name)

Why can't you get to them?

ELIAS

What do you care?

Hull shrugs: he doesn't.

ELIAS

(continuing)

Anyway, designer drugs have a bad name: ice, ecstasy, tar -- there's a limited market for Parkinson's disease. But what about completely safe, almost legal, terrific shit you can go to work on and do your job better than you ever did it straight?

HULL

Sounds like a dream.

They hear someone coming.

ELIAS

(closing the subject)

In dreams begin responsibilities.

HULL

Tell me about this new shit.

ELIAS

Some other time, John, when we know each other better.

(as Miranda enters  
kitchen)

Hey, bunnela.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ELIAS (CONT'D)  
 (she snuggles against  
 him; Elias enjoys it)  
 Five times two.

MIRANDA  
 It's too early. Don't bother me.

He hugs her, kisses her, much more openly affectionate than Hull was with his own children. Hull notices that.

MIRANDA  
 (continuing; head in  
 her father's chest)  
 Seven.

Elias whispers in her ear.

MIRANDA  
 (continuing)  
 Oh, yeah... Ten... Who's he?

ELIAS  
 That's my friend, John. This is  
 Miranda.

HULL  
 Hi, Miranda.

Miranda gives Hull a shy greeting. Nancy hurries into the kitchen, handsome, busy, ready for work.

NANCY  
 Come on, honey...

ELIAS  
 Nancy, this is John.

Nancy nods briefly in Hull's direction. Elias kisses Miranda who grabs the back-pack her mother proffers, and they go out. When they're gone:

ELIAS  
 (continuing; on  
 Nancy's chilliness)  
 That's not about you. It's, she's  
 ... judgmental about what I do.

When they're gone, he opens louvered doors onto a washer/dryer, takes a sports bag off a shelf, gives it to Hull. Hull looks inside. White powder. He tastes. Real. He hefts the bag.

(CONTINUED)



HULL

That's more than I bought.

ELIAS

Half we owe you. The other half's on consignment. A token of our esteem.

HULL

You're having trouble moving it.

Elias doesn't deny it.

HULL

(continuing)

Make me your partner. I'll help you get your capital.

ELIAS

I don't need a partner. I need a salesman.

48 INT. CARVER'S OFFICE - DAY

48

Now in daylight. Two separately wrapped kilograms of crack cocaine on the green blotter.

CARVER

I can't buy this much shit. I haven't got it in the budget.

HULL

What am I supposed to do with it?

CARVER

You're a drug dealer, John. Deal drugs.

Hull just looks at him. Carver doesn't blink.

HULL

You know how this goes, Gerry. It won't stop here. You know what they're going to ask me to do pretty soon, to prove I'm down. What am I supposed to do then?

CARVER

Don't blow your Carver.

Hull: a moment of horror as he realizes what Carver is saying.

## MUSIC -- A DRUG DEALING SEQUENCE

49 INT. HULL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 49

He's filling glass vials with crack. Hundreds of them. It's tedious work. He spills some, curses. He stops. He can't believe he's doing this. He goes on doing it.

CARVER (V.O.)

You're still thinking like a cop, John. Forget that. Cross the line. Be what you are. You're a criminal. You don't give a shit about other people. You're just trying to survive.

50 INT. CRACK HOUSE - DAY 50

Hull doling out vials to DEALERS seen earlier with Eddie.

HULL (V.O.)

I can't do this shit. I just can't.

51 EXT. A STREET - DAY 51

DEALERS going up to cars as before, only now they're Hull's dealers. A well-dressed Black businessman buys from his BMW.

CARVER (V.O.)

But you want to be of use. You want to get drugs off the street, don't you?

HULL (V.O.)

That's why I'm here.

52 EXT. SAME - ANOTHER TIME 52

Another sale: Teenagers on foot.

CARVER (V.O.)

Well, this is the cost. Pay it or go grow flowers someplace.

53 EXT. HULL'S MOTEL - ANOTHER TIME 53

He comes out of the motel talking to a Dealer we've seen above.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

HULL

You can't back down with them.  
You've got to project strength,  
from inside, you know?

The Dealer nods. Across the street Hull sees:

A blue sedan. Taft and Hernandez. Taft gives Hull a  
little nod and grin.

54 EXT. STREET - ANOTHER TIME

54

Hull sitting in an aging Trans Am, making entries in a  
notebook. Across the street he watches:

A PREGNANT WOMAN (19), a squawling baby in arms, buying  
from one of his Dealers.

He kicks the dash in frustrated anger. Under the  
MUSIC:

HULL

Cocksucker...

As soon as the woman's gone. He goes over to the  
Dealer, slaps his head, slaps it again. Under the  
MUSIC:

DEALER

(hurt, confused)  
What'd you do that for?

HULL

(walking off)  
'Cause I can, motherfucker, 'cause  
I can.

55 EXT. SAME - ANOTHER TIME

55

A white housewife making a buy from a new mini-van, a  
baby in the car seat.

56 EXT. STREET - TWILIGHT

56

Two USC football players (letter jackets, huge)  
hassling BIJOUX, a woman dealer, pushing her, she  
pushes back, curses.

Suddenly Hull comes running up, shoves them apart.  
He's yelling, pointing a finger in their faces. Elias  
comes up behind, calmer.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

Hull is smaller than either USC kid, but they back down as he curses them. Under MUSIC:

HULL

... Touch her again, motherfuckers,  
I'm gonna mess you up.

A brief scuffle. Hull decks one USC, and Elias pulls him off. The kids leave. Elias doubles over with laughter. Hull yells at Bijoux and walks off.

57 EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

57

Hull (looking at written address) knocks on a door. It's opened by a beautiful, dark-skinned black woman in a skimpy robe. She looks at him with disarming frankness. He thinks he must be in the wrong place.

HULL

Is David Elias here?

ELIAS (O.S.)

Momentito...

Through the door we see him emerge from a bedroom stepping into his loafers, buttoning his shirt. He gives the woman along, dark kiss, caressing her body.

ELIAS

Jacqueline, ho-ney...

She laughs, closes the door. As he and Hull walk to the street, Elias sings happily to himself:

ELIAS

(continuing)

"Who's making love to your old  
lady... while you're out make  
love...?"

(cheerful)

How come I like balling black  
chicks so much?

HULL

'Cause you're a racist asshole.  
You feel like you're fucking a  
slave, and it gets you off.

ELIAS

Oh, don't mau mau me with the  
Malcolm X shit. Tell me you're  
not chasin' white pussy every  
chance you get.

(CONTINUED)

HULL

I don't dig white women.  
(knowing that's a  
lie)

Even if I did, it wouldn't mean  
the same thing.

ELIAS

Sure, it'd be the slave fucking  
the master. Hegel talks about it.  
Just like me, but the other way  
around.

HULL

Fuck Hegel. Who the fuck is  
Hegel? Some smart-ass kike that  
talks backwards?

Elias laughs, gets into Hull's car. Hull's angry,  
takes a beat before he gets in.

ELIAS

Everybody digs the other, John.  
They dig their own, and they dig  
the other.

HULL

Does your wife dig black guys,  
David? Did she fuck Eddie? Does  
she want to fuck me?

ELIAS

(mock-terrified)  
Ooo... you mean with that great  
big purple dick of yours? I hope  
not. She'd never be impressed  
with my little thing again.

HULL

You think what impresses her now  
is your dick?

ELIAS

(musing)  
What does impress her?

Hull can't help laughing. He starts the car.

Elias and Hull approach. Hull's carrying a satchel and  
wearing a new leather jacket.

As they go in, Elias switches the OPEN sign to CLOSED and turns the latch. The store is filled with Latin American folk art, particularly masks which line the walls.

BETTY STONE, the woman Hull saw with Elias at the bar, comes out from the back. She is 27, a bad girl trying to dress the way she thinks a banker who went to Vassar dresses for success. She's also a little strung out.

She and Hull recognize each other at once, (a brief reprise of that moment of perfect chemistry) but she avoids his gaze.

ELIAS

Betty, this is John, my new associate.

BETTY

Your new Eddie. I hear the old one wore out.

ELIAS

Factory recall. John's going to be a good customer. He does a lot of wash.

Hull puts the satchel on a display case. Betty still won't look at him, opens the satchel, begins a quick count. She does this with a speed and sureness that suggests high test scores.

HULL

So how's this place work?

Betty doesn't answer, so Elias covers the awkwardness.

ELIAS

Betty wires the money to a store in Aruba in payment for things they never sent her. They deposit the money in a bank there that turns around and loans her money she never has to repay. That way it doesn't turn up as income for the IRS. Welcome to the laundromat.

BETTY

David, you talk too much.

ELIAS

She doesn't trust you.

(CONTINUED)

Hull has taken down a mask, puts it over his face, looks in a mirror.

HULL

How much is this?

BETTY

More than you can afford.

HULL

I'll take it.

She produces a vial of coke, looks questioningly at Elias.

ELIAS

By all means.

She draws out six lines. Elias does two.

BETTY

(offering him the  
straw)

Come on, Eddie 2... you're up.

HULL

No, thanks.

(NOTE: Betty is acutely attuned to Hull, and in his refusal she senses -- albeit unconsciously -- two things: first, that he doesn't trust himself on drugs, therefore, he's a dangerous guy and, therefore, exciting; and, second, more important, the refusal bespeaks a repudiation of the violence and danger and, thus, a longing for goodness. Despite the seeming contradiction, she finds this even more attractive. But because she feels herself to be bad, his goodness seems only a judgment against her, and so she thinks she hates him.)

BETTY

Who is he, my mother?

HULL

(smiles)

Never have, never will.

Betty ignores him, does her lines.

BETTY

(taunting Hull)

Oooh... Cocaine, I love it and I hate it and I love it. The disease is the cure.

(CONTINUED)

She can't help looking at Hull who's looking at her.  
She and Elias are stoned; he's not.

BETTY

(continuing)

Don't look at me. Elias, tell him  
not to look at me. I don't like  
the fucker.

But Elias is too busy vacuuming up Hull's leftovers.

ELIAS

(sniffing)

John's an ascetic Negro; he wants  
to make sure you know he's not a  
jungle bunny.

HULL

Watch your mouth, David.

ELIAS

But he's got another side. You  
should seen him on the street the  
other day with these two USC  
kids. Do the spade bit for her,  
John.

(black accent)

I'm gonna mess you up,  
muthafugga...

He sticks his finger in Hull's face just like Hull with  
the boys.

HULL

Don't call me a spade. And don't  
tell me to play black.

He says it gently, but Betty hears the edge.

ELIAS

(hurt, disappointed)

Come on, John, you do it so well.

(falling into it)

Ah ain't playin', muthafucka. Ah  
ain't playin'.

Hull glares; Elias refuses to be intimidated.

ELIAS

(continuing)

Don't fuckin' dis me, muthafucka.  
Fucka... fucka... fucka a...  
fucka b... fuck b-hive... fucka,  
fucka, fucka...

(CONTINUED)



59 CONTINUED: (3)

59

Elias dances around repeating "fucka" until it's almost musical.

Hull picks him up and slams into a wall.

HULL

Say it again, and I'll kill you.

Elias throws Hull back against a display case. He's strong and unafraid. They're ready to fight.

BETTY

Grow up, assholes!

This half snaps them out of it. Still glowering, they slowly relax, release each other.

60 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

60

Hull sits in the Trans Am eating a sandwich and watching the street as a DEALER leans in the window telling his sob story. There's an authority to Hull's manner that tells us he may not like this job, but he knows how to do it.

DEALER

... The guy ripped me off, man, so I don't got the money, I don't got the stuff and --

HULL

(eyes on street)  
You gotta pay anyway.

DEALER

Oh, but, man...

As he raps on, comical pathos, Hull spots in his side mirror...

61 THE RED RANGE ROVER

61

coming slowly this way. Ivy in the passenger window, the barrel of an automatic weapon glinting in the streetlight.

HULL

Shit...

Hull glances up: Bijoux is selling on the next corner.

The Range Rover passes the Trans Am. Ivy leans out.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

Hull flings open the Trans Am door, throwing the Dealer to the ground. He jumps from the car:

HULL  
(continuing)

Bijoux!!

She turns. Sees Ivy. She puts out her hands to block the shots. The SOUND of the gun is inaudible. The barrel bounces slightly. Bijoux sprawls backward.

Bijoux: dead on the sidewalk, limbs askew, bleeding from many wounds.

Hull, standing over her, covers her face.

62 EXT. SAME - MUCH LATER THAT NIGHT

62

The body has been taken away, the crowd has cleared. Elias sits on the hood of the Trans Am. Hull stands, staring down.

ELIAS  
It wasn't your fault.  
(no response)  
What could you have done?

HULL  
She worked for me. I'm supposed to protect her.

Elias knows that's true, and it leads to another truth.

ELIAS  
We have to kill him.

Hull looks up.

ELIAS  
(continuing)  
Or we lose all authority with the other dealers. And one of them'll kill you.

Hull looks up, startled.

ELIAS  
(continuing)  
You've got to assert now, or you're dead.

Hull sees the truth of that and slowly nods.

(CONTINUED)

ELIAS

(continuing)

And if we kill Ivy, we control  
this whole territory.

HULL

That guy who works for Barbosa can  
do it, Chino.

ELIAS

No. If we use Chino, it's Barbosa  
who's asserting. It'll be  
Barbosa's territory.

(again: his hatred  
of Barbosa)

It's gotta be us.

HULL

Right.

ELIAS

And if it's us, it's gotta be you.

Meaning he can't do it. Hull knows that. A long beat  
on Hull's face as he reaches the inevitable decision.

HULL

(to himself)

Don't blow your cover.

ELIAS

What?

HULL

If I do this, we're partners.  
Equal partners on everything.

Elias offers his hand. Hull stands up, a sudden  
resolve.

HULL

(continuing)

Let's go.

ELIAS

(afraid)

Now...?

But Hull is already moving.

Hull and Elias driving, looking for Ivy. Elias double  
parks by two prostitutes.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

We STAY in the car with Hull who's silent, frightened, keeps trying to warm his hands.

Outside, Elias is talking and laughing with the prostitutes. We see them point. He gives them money, kisses. They laugh. He gets back in the car.

64 EXT. A DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

64

The Range Rover parked in front. Elias's car stops. MUSIC pounds from inside. Then one CONTINUOUS SHOT:

They pass the club, other store fronts... Turn at the corner... Turn into an alley... Down the alley past the same buildings... The rear door of the club... To the next street... Turn... Turn... onto the original street, back to the front of the club. They stop again.

HULL

Go wait around back.

Elias nods. A beat. They look at each other.

ELIAS

I want to see you in that alley.

Hull's so terrified he seems calm. With an air of submitting himself to fate, he gets out and walks into the club.

65 INT. CLUB - NIGHT

65

Crowded and BOOMING and strobe lit. Hull pays the cover and climbs a staircase to a...

66 CIRCULAR BALCONY

66

that overlooks the dance floor. On stage: a RAP ACT with its throbbing beat and below Hull a sea of dancers.

Hull circles the balcony. It isn't hard to pick out Ivy -- he's all in red, dancing with the woman we saw him with in the Range Rover the first time.

Hull reaches the steps again and starts down, keeping his eye on Ivy. The number ends. In the pause before the next one, Ivy can be seen excusing himself, heading toward the rear of the club.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: 66

The next number begins. People dance. Hull pushes his way through the dancers to...

67 INT. REAR OF CLUB - A SHORT HALLWAY - NIGHT 67

leading toward the rear door they saw from the alley.

68 MOVING DOWN THE HALL 68

A woman's room. A men's room. Hull goes into...

69 INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT 69

Ivy is pissing into a urinal. He's so huge he seems to take up all the space in the tiny room. Hull stares at him, unable to look away.

He notices Hull. All dialogue is UNDER the POUNDING MUSIC.

IVY

What're you looking at?

Hull stares at Ivy's face. Ivy considers this rude.

IVY

(continuing)

You want to suck it, bitch?

(offers his dick)

Or drink it?

Laughing, he turns, urinates on Hull's pants. Hull doesn't move.

IVY

(continuing;

recognizing him)

Oh, I know you. You're the bitch whose whore I wasted tonight, ain't you?

Somebody pushes on the outside of the door. Hull holds it closed with his back.

IVY

(continuing)

I gotta take care of you, too, huh?

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

He reaches into his pants for the butt of a gun.

Hull is frozen.

Ivy starts to draw it out.

Hull steps forward, grabs Ivy's gun arm. With his other hand he clumsily pulls a silenced .22 from inside his jacket, puts it in the underside of Ivy's jaw and SHOTS twice. Ivy's brains spray upward onto the wall, and he slides straight to the floor. Hull steps out into...

70 INT. SHORT HALL - NIGHT

70

An Hispanic busboy coming out of the kitchen sees him and the gun in his hand, freezes.

Hull walks past him and out the back door. From inside we see Hull go down three steps, stumble in the drive and fall to his knees, the gun CLATTERING away from him.

A couple that had been making out, stops, looks.

It takes Hull a moment to gather himself. He picks up the gun, gets into Elias's car. It drives away.

71 INT. HULL'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

71

Alone, he looks at his face in the mirror. As if he doesn't know the person there.

With a knife, he draws out something hidden inside the wooden backing of the mirror. A manila envelope. He empties it onto the dresser:

Mementos among which we see, carefully preserved, the blood-soaked bills his father gave him. Hull ignores them and picks up...

72 A PHOTO OF HIS CHILDREN

72

He smooths out the folds, stares at it as if trying to fix this in his thoughts.

73 EXT. MOTEL COURTYARD - PAY PHONE - DAY

73

Hull on the phone. He's unusually excited, even moved.

HULL

... Carmen, it's me. It's Daddy...

74 INT. HULL'S HOUSE - CLEVELAND - DAY

74

Carmen on the phone, jumping up and down with excitement.

CARMEN

Daddy!!

HULL (V.O.)

(through phone)

Hi, baby. How are you? I miss you!

CARMEN

What?

HULL (V.O.)

I miss you...

CARMEN

(thrilled)

I miss you, too, Daddy...

75 EXT. MOTEL COURTYARD - DAY

75

Hull pressing the phone to his face, trying to master his emotions.

76 GRAINY 16MM FILM - A LABORATORY MAZE

76

A lab rat with a metal electrode protruding from its head, is running a maze at high speed. A VOICE explaining things.

VOICE

(young, nasal, too smart)

The maze leads in two directions.

At one end the rat can obtain a food pellet. At the other...

(pointer indicates each end)

... it receives electrical stimulus to a very specific area of the cerebellum...

The rat reaches this second destination, pushes a bar, is stimulated. A lab worker (white coat, gloves) picks up the animal, replaces it at the start. It runs the same route.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

VOICE

(continuing)

This rat, like 86% of the others in the experiment, chose the electrical stimulus repeatedly and exclusively. It continued to do so until it died of malnutrition.

ANOTHER SHOT -- the rat dead.

77 INT. A LABORATORY - DAY OR NIGHT

77

A 21-year-old RENEGADE from the Cal Tech chemistry department (red hair, freckles, glasses held together with electrical tape), a brilliant nerd. He picks up...

78 A MOLECULAR MODEL

78

Colored balls stuck together with wooden dowels.

CAL TECH

This is an addictive amphetamine with time-space distortion, delusions of grandeur -- or maybe they're real -- tending to be impulsive, sometimes violent behavior. Psychotropic adaptation for late monopoly capitalism. It's illegal, and you can buy it on any street corner.

He tears off some of the balls, sticks on new ones.

CAL TECH

(continuing)

This increases energy, attention, cognitive powers, yet with a smooth, almost opiate-like emotional surface. Ideal for the post-political, post-rationalist global marketplace and 24 hour lifestyles. It's completely legal and can only get it here, in my lab.

ELIAS

(to Hull, proudly)

Randy's a genius. His professor told him he could win the Nobel prize.

(CONTINUED)



CAL TECH

Nobel prizes are for wussies.

HULL

What does this shit do to you?

CAL TECH

I'm on it now. It's like cocaine only better.

(offers him powder  
on a slide)

Want some?

HULL

I don't take drugs.

CAL TECH

(unoffended)

Your mistake. This is designed for the top end of the market. For people who want to master reality, not avoid it. Because it's synthetic, you don't grow it, refine it, or -- best of all -- import it.

ELIAS

What would it take to manufacture this stuff in quantity?

CAL TECH

With a million dollars, I could produce enough for a limited market at about two bucks a pop.

(makes a face: fair)

But then with five million, or better yet ten, the cost would drop to thirty cents, and we'd have enough for the whole world.

ELIAS

I'm going to put two hundred fifty thousand into your corporate account. You cheat me, Randy, I'll use your bladder for a bagpipe.

(to Hull, with a  
vengeance)

We're going to put Barbosa out of business.

Elias is very happy. He leads Hull out.

On the pyramid chart there's a black border around Ivy's photo, as around Eddie's. A photo of Hull is now on the board beside the one of Elias. Hull stares out the window, lost in thought.

CARVER

(dismissive)

Synthetic shit?? Sounds like a 20/20 segment...

Hull shrugs: it's not that important. Carver turns to his real interest.

CARVER

(continuing)

So, what was it like?

HULL

(still looking out)

What was what like?

CARVER

Popping Ivy...

HULL

You knew.

CARVER

I'm God, remember?

HULL

(looks back out)

Then you should know how it was.

Carver smiles, but he's non-plussed by Hull's new detachment.

CARVER

You didn't clear it with me.  
You're getting independent.  
That's good.

Hull smiles.

CARVER

(continuing)

How're we coming on Gallegos?

HULL

He supplies Barbosa. To get to him we'll have to take quantity.

CARVER

Then you've got to --

(CONTINUED)

HULL  
That's what killing Ivy did. I'll  
get to him soon.

Carver's impressed.

HULL  
(continuing)  
Is that it?

CARVER  
(seeing him to the  
door)  
I want you to get a new apartment.  
Something expensive.

HULL  
I like where I am.

CARVER  
That shithole? You're big time  
now. Act it. And get some  
clothes. Spend money. Have  
fun. That's an order.

80 INT. HULL'S MOTEL - OFFICE - DAY

80

Hull in a new, expensive suit, gives the big Blonde  
Woman cash.

HULL  
Whether I'm here or not, no one  
else uses that room. And change  
the linen twice a week, just like  
now.  
(starts to go, stops,  
more money)  
And make sure James gets what he  
needs. And something for you.

He adds another bill. She smiles.

81 INT. A RENTED CONDOMINIUM - DAY

81

Views, open space, expensive furnishings. Hull (in  
another fancy suit) is hanging a couple of Betty's  
masks. He's meticulous about their placement.

Elias wanders out from the other rooms, looking around.

ELIAS  
(impressed, envious)  
Nice place. Nice suit.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

Hull has a moment of self-consciousness about the suit, checks himself out in a mirror -- a private moment.

Elias flops on a couch, puts his feet on an antique coffee table.

HULL

Hey...!

He hurries over, lifts Elias feet to the floor. Hull brushes the wood, inspects it carefully, fusses, worries... Elias is amused.

ELIAS

You pick all this shit out yourself?

HULL

A Jewish lady in the store helped me.

ELIAS

(mock touched by racial harmony)

Aw... Very nice. Understated. I'm impressed.

Hull starts to place stacks of cash in a briefcase. He's momentarily mesmerized by all the money.

HULL

(to himself)

Fifty bucks, fifty fucking bucks...

ELIAS

You sold it all?

Hull nods.

ELIAS

(continuing)

I'll order a couple more keys from Barbosa.

HULL

Order ten.

ELIAS

Ten??

HULL

Better twenty.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

81

ELIAS  
(afraid of that)  
I don't want to push it.

HULL  
I do. We've got a bigger  
territory, we need more product.  
I want to deal directly with  
Gallegos. It would save us money.

ELIAS  
Barbosa'll never let us near him.

Hull closes the briefcase, ushers Elias toward the  
door. He's going out, too.

HULL  
If we buy twenty, Gallegos'll come  
to us himself.

ELIAS  
How do you know?

HULL  
When I bought a key from Eddie,  
you came to me.

Elias laughs, surprised, afraid.

HULL  
(continuing)  
Who's above Gallegos?

ELIAS  
Guzman, but he's... Don't ask so  
many questions.

HULL  
How else will I learn?  
(hint of a threat)  
Call Barbosa, David, put in our  
order... Because we have to split  
this, and there isn't enough here  
for both of us.

Elias feels the threat.

82 EXT. BETTY'S JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

82

Despite the CLOSED sign, a light's on inside. Hull  
knocks. No response. He keeps knocking without let-up  
until:

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

BETTY'S VOICE

(annoyed)

Nobody's home, go away.

He knocks harder. Finally she appears in the doorway, stopping short when she sees it's him. She's immediately aware of white streaks on her grey suit. she tries to brush them off.

BETTY

(doesn't want to let  
him in)

Look, I'm tired, why don't you...

Hull holds up the briefcase. She sighs, unlocks the door.

83 INT. BETTY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

83

A bill counter totting up the cash. She watches it fixedly to avoid looking at him, but she feels the chemistry.

BETTY

Why do you look at me like that?

HULL

How do I look at you?

BETTY

Like you know something I don't.  
Like you're better than me.

That catches Hull off-guard, and he responds with a candor she didn't expect.

HULL

I don't think I'm better than  
you. I don't think I'm better  
than anybody.

She's startled by this remark and instinctively drawn to him.

HULL

(continuing)

But I do know something... You  
can't stop thinking about me.

Embarrassed, she looks away. He takes her hand, and at his touch something yields to her. She lets him draw her to him. His kiss is strangely tender, searching. It turns Betty on incredibly. She melts into him.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

BETTY

Let's go back here...

She leads him into...

84 THE SMALL OFFICE

84

She's sweet and loving, but her sweetness scares her. He's all over her, but she pulls back for a moment. There is a couch and before it a coffee table with coke scattered on a plate.

BETTY

(indicates coke)

Do this... do it with me.

She offers him a straw. He doesn't take it.

BETTY

(continuing)

This is where I'm at. You want to be with me, it's gotta be there.

HULL

I don't do that.

BETTY

Never have, never will.

HULL

It's for fuck-ups.

BETTY

What do you think, you're not a nigger? You're a nigger as much as me.

HULL

More.

She's angry, hurt, confused, wants to love him, but feels he won't let her, or she won't let herself. It's torment. Finally she's released by a KNOCK on the door. She goes out to...

85 THE FRONT OF THE STORE

85

Lets in Elias. He smells the tension.

ELIAS

(amused, jealous)

Having fun?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

ELIAS (CONT'D)

(neither answers;  
to Hull)I talked to Barbosa. He'll see us  
now.Hull turns to Betty. Both want to go that way instead  
of this, but events are leading somewhere else. He  
follows Elias out.

86 EXT. A SALSA CLUB - NIGHT

86

MUSIC pouring into the darkness.

87 INT. CLUB - NIGHT

87

Kids dancing to a live STAGE ACT. High in a wall: a  
lit window.

88 INT. THAT ROOM - NIGHT

88

Very different from the club. A comfortable room with  
a bar, tables, filled with men much older than the  
dancers below. Barbosa and Gopher at the bar with  
Elias and Hull. Chino and other SHADOWY FIGURES lurk  
in the room's depths.

BARBOSA

Ten kilos? You're always late on  
two.

HULL

Not ten... twenty.

Barbosa's impressed.

HULL

(continuing)

The more we have, the more we can  
move. There're markets we can't  
open because we don't have the  
inventory.

Barbosa's coked to the eyeballs, mean and dangerous.

BARBOSA

Finally some balls on this team...  
(taunting Elias)Come work for me, John. I'll give  
you your own franchise. You can  
supply Elias, lean on him when  
he's late.

(CONTINUED)



ELIAS

Go fuck yourself.

Barbosa laughs.

HULL

I'm with David.

BARBOSA

Why? He give you his "designer drugs" pitch. He's never going to do it. He's a shmuck.

ELIAS

Don't talk to me that way.

BARBOSA

I'm not talking to you at all. I'm talking to John.

GOPHER

It's the cocaine. Don't listen to him. Felix, you've had enough...

BARBOSA

Shmuck.

Elias goes for him. He's fast and strong, and it takes Chino and Hull to pull him off.

GOPHER

Praise God they don't let guns in here.

CALMING VOICES

"None of that in here..." "Take it outside..."

Barbosa's laughing, but his cheek is flecked with his own blood, and his eyes are dead.

BARBOSA

David, you've been working out, you're getting strong. Are you quick, too?

(shadow boxes)

Come on, I'll give you a shot at me.

ELIAS

Any time, any place.

BARBOSA

Right here, right now. Do this.

(CONTINUED)

He puts his hands out, palms up.

ELIAS

This? What is this?

BARBOSA

You know, you slap me, I slap you.

(mimes that game)

Come on, it's fun. Like summer camp.

It doesn't look fun. Elias glances at Hull for guidance.

HULL

Don't waste your time.

BARBOSA

Stay out of this.

(to Elias)

Come on, you can do it, David, you're not a shmuck.

Elias puts his hands out, palms up. Barbosa covers them with his own. ON THE HANDS: Barbosa's broad, muscular with thick gold rings and a Rolex; Elias's paler, slighter, a wedding band and a slim watch.

BARBOSA

(continuing)

Slap my hands. Just slap them.

Elias looks Barbosa in the eye. He's trying to be a snake, but he's more the mouse. He looks away and as he does tries to...

Slap him with both hands but hits only...

Air. The room breathes. Barbosa turns his rings so the big surfaces point down.

BARBOSA

(continuing)

Now it's my turn.

GOPHER

It's Barbosa's turn. He's gonna kill the white boy.

ELIAS

One more.

BARBOSA

No, you went, Davey, now it's my turn. First to four wins, like the World Series.

(CONTINUED)

Elias covers Barbosa's palms with his own.

GOPHER

Oh, God, I can't look.

ON THE HANDS: Barbosa tenses his hands. Elias yanks back. Barbosa's hands haven't moved.

BARBOSA

You remember the rules? If you flinch, I get to hit you.

He slaps Elias across the face. Hull starts forward. A knife appears. He stops.

BARBOSA

(continuing)

Again, shmuck.

Elias covers Barbosa's hands. Barbosa tenses. Elias holds firm, and Barbosa quickly slaps both hands, hard. Elias doubles over, holding his hands in pain.

GOPHER

One.

ELIAS

That was two.

BARBOSA

No, this is two.

He slaps him again, a stinging crack. Elias looks to Hull, but they're across a canyon. Hull lowers his eyes.

GOPHER

Oh, and it hurts. Mercy, it hurts.

ON THE HANDS. Barbosa moves his hands a millimeter, and Elias flinches again. Barbosa smacks him across the face. The sound reverberates through the room. Now even Gopher is silent. Tears run from Elias's eyes, blood from his mouth, but he doesn't move.

GOPHER

(continuing)

Three.

A VOICE

Felix! No mas. Finito.

steps forward out of the shadows. He is young, mid-30's, handsome, European features, beautifully dressed, accompanied by a guard we'll know as MOLTO. Someone murmurs to someone else:

SOMEONE

Gallegos...

Hull reacts. Their eyes meet.

GOPHER

The fight is over! The Ambassador from the South has spoken!

ELIAS

(refusing any mercy)

One more.

Barbosa shakes his head, ashamed now in front of Gallegos.

ELIAS

(continuing)

One more! We're not finished!

(people are silent)

Four was the match.

He holds out his hands. Barbosa resumes the stance, then waits, waits, waits, and finally brings both hands down, terribly hard, the sound of the slap is awful.

BARBOSA

Four.

HULL

Okay, that's it. Get away.

Hull leads Elias to the door right past Gallegos. Their gazes meet again. As they go out they hear Gallegos BERATING Barbosa in furious Spanish.

90 INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

90

Trembling, Elias holds his bloody hands against his chest, as Hull leads him in silence down the steps.

ELIAS

Look at me. Look at me, damn it!

He barely whispers, but it's like a shout. Hull, who'd been avoiding his gaze, forces himself to look. Elias's humiliation is so profound it almost ennoble him. Finally:

(CONTINUED)

HULL

Why did you do it?

ELIAS .

I needed it. They taught me what I needed to know. That I'm not part of them, and I never will be. That they don't respect me. That I don't deserve respect. Because I'm a shmuck, John. I'm a shmuck...

He laughs a terrible laugh. The door behind them opens, and Barbosa appears with Gopher. Everyone is ready for death, but:

BARBOSA

David, I'm sorry. It's a crazy time, and... you know... I'm doing a little too much coca... I'll buy your kid a pony... anything you want... Let's forget about it.

He comes down the stairs, offers his hand. Elias will never forget about it, but he silently takes the hand, holds them in his own bloody paws, looking directly into Barbosa's face.

Barbosa becomes uneasy, manages to extract his hand. Elias and Hull continue down and out the door. Gopher gushes to Barbosa.

GOPHER

I am so proud of you. You can be cruel, and you can be kind. And just now you were kind. Proud, proud, and more proud. That's me.

BARBOSA

Shut up.

91 INT. BOXING GYM - NIGHT

91

Barbosa, Gopher with Hernandez, Taft's partner. Now we know Hernandez is corrupt: that's how they knew Eddie was talking.

BARBOSA

I got nothing to give you, my man. I'm an il-liquid son of a bitch.

(CONTINUED)

HERNANDEZ

Felix, I keep telling them, "I have informants down there, I'm working guys, I can't say who..." If you don't have money, give me busts, or they're gonna start wondering about me.

GOPHER

They're already wondering.

BARBOSA

(deadpan)

You can have Gopher.

GOPHER

Oh Gawd...

BARBOSA

How about a lawyer?

GOPHER

(knows who he means)

Felix, don't do this.

HERNANDEZ

(he knows, too)

Great, lawyers are great, Jewish is best. But I need spades, too. The politicians want dark facts to scare the suburbs so they'll vote Republican.

BARBOSA

Lawyers and spades; I got the trifecta: two dealers and a girl who does their wash. Two niggers and a kike; all Democrats.

HERNANDEZ

You're my man. And afterwards...

Hernandez rubs thumb against fingers.

BARBOSA

When this is over, I'll send you to Hawaii, Maui. It's very beautiful in Maui, it's a very spiritual place.

HERNANDEZ

I just want money.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (2)

91

And he's gone.

GOPHER

I wouldn't trust that man when he's out of rifle range.

Barbosa looks tired.

GOPHER

(continuing; premonition of disaster)

Don't do this, Felix. It'll go wrong. Kill Elias if you have to, honey, but don't set him up for this. It damages your prestige.

Barbosa faces his cocaine. He tries to resist the pull, then yields. He does another line. It's his friend. He loves it. He picks up a cellular phone, dials.

BARBOSA

David, you're awake, I'm impressed... I'm sorry about what happened... Listen, I'll get you twenty boxes, like you wanted. You were right, you should have what you need... Tomorrow night... Bring your partner and that girl with the store, Betty... I need her advice on something. I want us to have fun, like we used to. We'll go to that shrimp place, okay?... Good... Me, too, David.

(hangs up; does another line; drawing it deep into him)

Yes!

92 INT. CARVER'S OFFICE - BEFORE DAWN

92

Hull jacked up, excited, pleased with himself. As he paces, Carver observes his beautiful suit, shoes, expensive watch. He looks much better than Carver.

HULL

We're getting twenty kilograms tomorrow.

(notes the lightening sky)

Tonight. I made it happen. I pushed Elias, now he doesn't make a move without me.

(CONTINUED)

CARVER

You run Elias.

HULL

I control him. Barbosa's selling it to us because he thinks I can move it...

(now the big news)

And last night I met Ramon Gallegos.

Carver sits up fast. Hull likes that.

HULL

(continuing)

We're getting the dope from him; it's still coming through Barbosa, but Gallegos will approach me soon on his own. We're going to get him, Gerry. We're going to bring him and the whole thing down.

Carver sits back, grimaces.

HULL

(continuing)

What's your problem?

CARVER

(looking out window)

My problem? My problem is that you don't really know what's happening.

HULL

(sardonic)

Oh, so, tell me what's happening, Gerry.

CARVER

Barbosa is setting you up tonight.

HULL

Bullshit.

CARVER

He's dealing you to Taft and Hernandez. You're going to be taken down as you receive the drugs. They're putting together the arrest team right now.

That rocks Hull. He is up, pacing.

(CONTINUED)



HULL

What do we do?

CARVER

You stay away. We're going to take them down.

HULL

Who? Elias and Betty? Don't be silly.

CARVER

My boss wants a bust right now. He goes before the oversight committee next week. He needs something to justify the budget.

HULL

(imploring)

I'll get him something. Give me ten days, and I'll get him Gallegos on a plate.

CARVER

Too late. The whole thing's set up.

HULL

Gerry, what are you telling me? I need Elias... and Betty. You arrest them, and you're throwing away everything I've set up.

CARVER

It's out of my hands.

Hull walks out.

CARVER

(continuing)

John, don't go near that bust.

93 EXT. 96TH STREET NEAR THE AIRPORT/INT. A CAR - NIGHT 93

Elias (no sleep) driving. Betty in front. Hull in back.

HULL

We shouldn't go to them. Maybe them come to us.

ELIAS

He wouldn't.

They pull into the lot of a boarded up restaurant where Barbosa and Chino stand outside of a limousine.

94 EXT. BEHIND AN AIRPORT MOTEL - NIGHT

94

Taft and Hernandez in the same van that was outside the gym earlier. They're watching THROUGH BINOCULARS, night scopes. They spot Elias's car.

HERNANDEZ  
(whispering into  
radio)

Here they are. Nobody move until we see the green suitcase.

95 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

95

The two groups meeting. Barbosa gives Betty a courtly kiss.

BARBOSA  
(flirtatious)  
I'm sorry for dragging you out so late, but I have to be careful.

BETTY  
It gives me confidence.

96 HULL

96

watching planes descend into the airport, nervous. He knows what's coming, but how does he handle it?

HULL  
Let's see what we've got.

Elias takes a satchel out of the rent-a-car trunk. Chino opens the limousine's trunk. Inside is an oversized day-glo green plastic suitcase. He is about to pick it up.

HULL  
(continuing; spotting  
the police van in the  
adjacent lot)  
Don't touch it.

Everyone looks at him, then the direction he's looking.

BARBOSA  
What is this?

HULL  
Something's wrong. What's that van doing there?

Everyone looks. They can barely see the van. Hull pulls a gun.

(CONTINUED)

HULL

(continuing)

This is a bust. The minute we take the stuff, they'll be over us.

BARBOSA

He's crazy, David. I thought you were the crazy one, but it's him.

Hull puts the gun to Barbosa's head, addresses Chino:

HULL

Chino, pick up the suitcase and give it to Elias. I'll only kill him if something goes wrong.

Chino moves to pick up the suitcase.

BARBOSA

No!!

Everyone looks at Hull amazed, even Chino.

ELIAS

(softly)

Fucking A, John...

HULL

Okay, everybody in the car.

He throws the money in the limo truck, slams the lid. He's running the show now, and everyone knows it. He's winging it, but confident and strangely calm.

Elias, energized by Hull's command, grabs Barbosa and throws him toward the limo.

TAFT

We have a problem.

HERNANDEZ

Shit! Shit! Shit!

(aiming rifle;

Hull in sights)

Enough of this...

TAFT

No!

98 EXT. TWO CARS - NIGHT

98

Hull shepherding everyone into the limo. He glances toward the van. On instinct. He pulls Chino to him.

99 A RIFLE SHOT

99

Chino's head explodes. Betty screams.

BARBOSA

(screaming at van)

Don't shoot... Don't shoot...

100 INT. VAN - NIGHT

100

Taft hurling Hernandez against the wall.

TAFT

Goddam it, what the hell are you doing?

101 EXT. TWO CARS - NIGHT

101

SIRENS. GUNFIRE. Elias drags Barbosa into the limo. Hull throws Betty into the front seat. The limo takes off.

102 EXT. STREET/INT. LIMO - DRIVING - NIGHT

102

Hull driving, Betty up front. Elias with a gun on Barbosa in back. Hull slaloms the limo through police GUNFIRE. Windows are blown out. Glass everywhere.

BETTY

(weeping)

I asked for this... I asked for it... It's my fault...

HULL

(calm, eyes on road)

Relax. We'll make it.

She looks at him, stunned yet soothed by his certainty.

BARBOSA

He's a cop. He has to be. How else would he have known?

HULL

If I was cop, you'd be face down back there.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

BETTY

How did you know?

HULL

The whole thing smelled. Changing his mind about the stuff. Meeting us way out here. And I'd seen cops in that van before. Hernandez is dirty, that's who he's using.

ELIAS

(to Barbosa)

Get out of the car.

He starts to open the door.

HULL

David, not now.

ELIAS

Yes, now!

103 INT. TAFT AND HERNANDEZ'S CAR - NIGHT

103

Racing. Taft at wheel, raging at Hernandez.

TAFT

Who are you, man? Who the fuck are you?

HERNANDEZ

(stonewalling)

I'm me.

104 INT. LIMO - DRIVING - NIGHT

104

ELIAS

He traded us to the cops. Just like Eddie. Eddie, who was nice to my daughter, had to die because that's the rule. And you were vulgar about my wife, Felix, so at the very least the same rule applies to you.

BARBOSA

I'll give you money. I'll give you a million. Anything you want.

(CONTINUED)

ELIAS

I want you to get out of the car.  
Get out of the fucking car. Out  
of the fucking --

BETTY

(near tears)  
No, no... we can't do this.

HULL

(turning around from  
front seat)  
Stop it, David, or we're...

Elias wheels on him, sticks the gun in his face:

ELIAS

(in a fury)  
Look at my hands!

He holds them up: swollen, black and blue, cut up.

ELIAS

(continuing; to  
Barbosa, softly)  
Get out of the car.

Barbosa's frozen. Elias grabs his hand, SHOOTs a  
bullet through. Barbosa screams...

BETTY

No!

HULL

Goddammit!

Elias wheels on them, swinging the gun from one to the  
other.

ELIAS

Stay out of this, or you'll die.  
You'll both die. Everyone'll die.

His fury makes anything seem possible. He pushes open  
the door. Trembling, Barbosa starts to climb out.

The limo enters a tunnel, police still in pursuit.

Halfway out, Barbosa stops.

BARBOSA

I can't...

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (2)

104

Elias SHOTS him in the butt. He shrieks, jerks forward. The cops are getting close behind.

Other cops waiting at the far end of the tunnel.

Hull hits the brakes, spins a 180 into the opposite lane.

Barbosa is flung out of the car and plastered by a succession of fishtailing vehicles.

Hull speeds back the other way. They're going straight at:

105 INT. VAN - COMING STRAIGHT AT THEM - NIGHT

105

Taft and Hull, the two drivers, lock eyes. It's chicken, but more than that. Two men set against each other who, for some reason, want to be friends.

At the last instant, the van swerves away, but:

106 ELIAS AIMING AT TAFT

106

Taft sees the gun too late. He can do nothing.

Hull's gaze follows Taft's. He sees Elias, deliberately swerves, sending the SHOT wild.

107 INT. LIMO - RACING - NIGHT

107

ELIAS

I had him!

HULL

You want to kill a cop?? Don't be stupid.

The limo speeds away.

108 EXT. STREET/INT. LIMO - DRIVING - NIGHT

108

The windows shot out. Hull and Betty silent, shaken. Elias charged up, happy.

ELIAS

Everything is different. We're the Colombians now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ELIAS (CONT'D)

(radiant)

This is the greatest night of my life. Terrible but great. Felix was right...

BETTY

(appalled)

About what?

ELIAS

He said I should kill a man. He was right.

BETTY

My God.

ELIAS

Barbosa was a roach. Do you miss him? Will anybody in the world miss him?

BETTY

Are you a roach, too?

ELIAS

(happily)

Yes. Thank God.

BETTY

(to Hull)

What about you?

He's silent, keeps driving. She's had enough.

BETTY

(continuing)

Stop the car.

Hull looks at her.

BETTY

(continuing)

Stop it!

He brakes to a stop. She jumps out, leans back in.

BETTY

(continuing)

No more laundering, no more anything. I'm finished with this.

And she disappears into the night. Elias watches her go. Hull resumes driving.

(CONTINUED)



108 CONTINUED: (2)

108

ELIAS

She knows too much. We have to  
kill her.

HULL

No! She's with me. She's not  
going to talk.

(looks at Elias)

You touch her, I'll kill you.

ELIAS

She's your responsibility then.

Hull accepts it.

ELIAS

(continuing)

We're going to get the money now,  
John. Enough for the new drug.  
We're going to be rich. We're  
going to be so rich that we're  
going to leave the world of  
ordinary people and going to a  
higher realm. I mean that.

HULL

They're going to come after us.

ELIAS

(matter-of-fact)

It's a hardball game. We're  
hardball players.

109 EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET - EAST L.A. - NIGHT

109

Hernandez comes out of a bodega with groceries, wine  
and a woman. He nuzzles her as he lets her into his  
car. As he's getting behind the wheel, Molto  
(Gallegos' guard) stops the door from closing. The  
conversation is entirely in SPANISH.

HERNANDEZ

It wasn't my fault.

MOLTO

It never is.

He SHOOTs him in the head. Hernandez slumps against  
the wheel. The woman screams. Molto walks away.

110 EXT. AN APARTMENT COMPLEX/INT. BETTY'S APARTMENT - 110  
DAWN

Hull finds a door, pushes the buzzer. Betty looks through the glass. She's afraid of him.

BETTY

Don't kill me. I'm not going to talk. I swear. Please.

Then she looks closer and sees not murder in his face, but need. She opens the door. Without a word, he gathers her to him. She can't resist him now. Her mouth is everywhere on him.

111 INT. HER BEDROOM - DAWN 111

Betty gasping in the wake of pleasure, turning her face away from him, she feels so exposed.

BETTY

Don't look...

She hides her face in his neck.

112 INT. SAME - LATER 112

They lie in each other's arms, relaxed together for the first time. A wonderful, unprotected openness.

HULL

(softly)

Tell me about you.

BETTY

(half-kidding)

Everything worth knowing you just found you.

He laughs. They begin to make love again. Suddenly: AN EXTRA HAND stroking Betty's hair. She gasps. A gun in Hull's ear. Another in her face. Guns all around.

HULL

Don't hurt her.

Hands pull him out of bed, leave her there alone. We see Molto, two or three others.

113 EXT. A CEMETERY - MORNING 113

RAMON GALLEGOS lays a bouquet of white lillies on a grave. He kneels, whispers a prayer, crosses himself.

(CONTINUED)

He rises and walks to where Molto and the other guards hold Hull and Elias. Gallegos is in his thirties, more European than Barbosa. He has a distinctly mild manner.

ELIAS

Who's grave?

An impudent question, but Elias seems strangely bright-eyed despite the guns held on him.

GALLEGOS

My wife's. She died of leukemia three years ago.

(looks around)

I like to be among the dead. They never interrupt you.

(turning to them)

Felix Barbosa started out as a skinny fourteen-year-old fucking Yankee businessman in Bogata hotels. He grew up. He made himself strong and rich, but getting there made him sick, and that killed him. So he lost everything for the same reason he'd gotten it in the first place. Now we'll see if you can do as well.

A PRIEST going by greets Gallegos who responds warmly. They chat a minute in SPANISH. The Priest leaves.

GALLEGOS

(continuing)

Felix owed me one million eight hundred thousand dollars.

He addresses this to Hull; Elias feels left out.

GALLEGOS

(continuing)

When you killed him, you bought the debt; now you owe it to me; you get to keep thirty percent, like he did. You have three days.

Gallegos turns to leave.

HULL

Who did Barbosa collect from?

GALLEGOS

If you don't know, you shouldn't have killed him.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (2)

113

He notices Hull's earring: two tiny dice, the spots made of minuscule jewels. Unembarrassed, he fingers it.

GALLEGOS

(continuing)

Cute... Can I have that?

Without waiting for an answer, he yanks it out of Hull's ear and walks away, leaving Hull bleeding through his fingers before a stone cross.

114 EXT. A GHETTO STREET - NIGHT

114

A club on the corner. THROUGH A WINDOW we see a RAP ACT on the stage, their MUSIC pumping out onto the street. Hull pulls up in a Jaguar. He and Elias go through a door adjacent to the club.

115 INT. BUILDING HALL/INT. GOPHER'S ROOM - NIGHT

115

The MUSIC is still audible here, though muffled. Elias and Hull are pushing at door Gopher is trying to hold closed.

GOPHER

I don't want you in here. You killed the man, and I loved him. I don't want to have anything to do with you.

Elias kicks it open, and they enter Gopher's tiny, miserable domain. He's wearing some sort of negligee and an immense naked woman fills his bed. We still hear the MUFFLED MUSIC.

GOPHER

(continuing;  
apoplectic)

I'm a sixty-three-year-old man!  
I'm a grandfather! Would you hit  
a sixty-three-year-old white man?  
Would you hit your own  
grandfather?

ELIAS

(slaps him against  
wall)

Listen, you fucking monkey, you know who owed him money, and we know you know. Tell us or --

(CONTINUED)

- 115 CONTINUED: 115
- Hull pulls him off. Elias is angry. They struggle.
- HULL
- He'll tell us. Gopher, just...
- Meaning: deal with me or deal with Elias.
- GOPHER
- You can't tell anyone it was me.
- The MUSIC continues OVER the following sequence:
- 116 INT. CRACK HOUSE - DAY 116
- Elias arguing with a dealer. He slaps him around.
- 117 TIGHT ON HANDS 117
- Money is exchanged. The money is stuffed in a satchel.
- 118 INT. A LAW OFFICE - DAY 118
- A well-dressed lawyer (30's) talking with clients, a distinguished couple in their 60's.
- The door BANGS open and a secretary is unable to restrain Hull and Elias as they charge into the room. The lawyer is up on his feet, but Hull shoves him around as Elias politely explains to the clients that this will only take a moment.
- 119 TIGHT ON SACHEL 119
- Hull's hands thrust more money in. It's getting full.
- 120 INT. A MOTORCYCLE REPAIR SHOP - NIGHT 120
- A biker in leathers on hands-and-knees spitting blood onto the cement floor. Hull stands over him, fists clenched.
- 121 INT. A CAR TRUNK 121
- A satchel stuffed with money is latched, set next to another latched one. A third is opened, money and jewelry dumped in.

122 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

122

Hull looking into the trunk. Elias is beat.

HULL

Where the hell is all the money?  
We're still a million short.

ELIAS

I gotta get laid.

HULL

David, we've got thirty-six hours.

ELIAS

(slams trunk, moves  
toward door)

Pick me up at Jacqueline's in the  
morning.

HULL

Sooner than that.

Elias gets in the car and drives off. Hull turns and a dark American sedan pulls up alongside. Carver behind the wheel.

CARVER

(an order)

Get in.

123 INT. CAR - NIGHT

123

HULL

(as he gets in)

What are you doing here? You're  
going to get me killed.

Carver peels away fast. He's very angry, frightened,  
too, but that's hidden.

CARVER

Where the hell have you been?

HULL

Doing my job.

There's an indifference to Carver's authority we  
haven't heard before. Hull isn't even aware of it, but  
Carver is.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

CARVER

You violated a direct order to stay away from that bust. As a result, a police informant is dead, a state senator was critically injured in the tunnel pile up and a city policeman was subsequently murdered.

HULL

I didn't blow my cover.

CARVER

Don't get smart with me, motherfucker.

HULL

Don't be a shmuck, Gerry. I'm talking to Gallegos. I'm collecting his money. We can set him up right now.

(NOTE: Carver arrives somewhere and parks. To be discussed, but let's say, for now, that we are:)

124 EXT. SANTA MONICA PARKING STRUCTURE - OVERLOOKING OCEAN - NIGHT

124

They get out of the car. Carver takes out a flask, has a drink, offers it to Hull who declines.

CARVER

Never have, never will.  
(puts the flask  
away)

I want you to give me your gun.  
You're coming in right now.

HULL

(doesn't understand)  
Coming in where?

CARVER

Your assignment has been terminated. You're not going out there again. If I have to, I'll put you in custody.

HULL

(uncomprehending)  
I'm going to have Gallegos in two days.

(CONTINUED)

Carver says nothing. Suddenly Hull understands.

HULL  
(continuing)  
You're protecting him. You're  
protecting Gallegos.

Carver snorts: ridiculous.

HULL  
(continuing)  
No, of course. That's why you  
wanted to bust Elias and Betty. I  
was getting close, and you wanted  
to cut this off then... What is  
he, the new Noriega? Helps you  
fight commies, so you let him sell  
drugs to the niggers. Two birds  
with one stone.

CARVER  
You violated orders, so you're  
through. Don't make a conspiracy  
theory out of it.

HULL  
(laughs)  
I'm through...? Then, I might as  
well have a drink after all.

Surprised, Carver reaches for the flask. As he does,  
Hull grabs him, pushes him out over the edge of the  
building, holds him there.

HULL  
(continuing)  
Now tell me the truth or they're  
going to decide your troubles got  
the best of you.

Carver struggles. Hull pushes him out farther. Carver  
dangles.

CARVER  
You're insane.

HULL  
All the more reason to do what I  
say. Jesus, Ger, I'm having  
trouble holding on...

CARVER  
All right!

(CONTINUED)



HULL

Say it!

CARVER

It's the State Department.

Hull pulls him back in. Carver slumps against the wall, drinks greedily. Hull lets him for a moment, then takes the flask away.

CARVER

(continuing)

I told you, Gallegos's uncle is a big deal down there.

HULL

Guzman.

CARVER

Guzman, right. Our government supports Guzman because he's a moderate. That's a right-winger who's pro-U.S.

(he doesn't like it either)

If Gallegos got busted here, it would hurt Guzman's political career there. It's politics, John, not drugs.

HULL

Drugs is politics. Politics is drugs...

(sickened)

Christ, Gerry, I dealt drugs. I killed a man. Others died. What did I do all this for? For nothing.

CARVER

I'm going to Washington, John. I'll bring you with me. We'll have clout, money...

HULL

(outraged)

I didn't do this for clout or money. You said we were gonna do some good.

CARVER

We tried.

(CONTINUED)

HULL

Trying's for college boys.  
 (his head on fire)  
 If all there is is power and  
 money... If all there is... then  
 what am I doing here? 'Cause I  
 can get more power and money out  
 on the street, I got more there  
 already, than I'd ever get kissing  
 your ass in Washington...

CARVER

But you can't do that, John. It's  
 not you.

HULL

Me? There is no me. We took care  
 of that. First I was a cop  
 pretending to be a dealer. Now I'm  
 just a dealer pretending to be a  
 cop. Why not stop pretending...?  
 Quit the force. Be a dealer.

CARVER

It's not that simple.

HULL

My assignment's already  
 terminated. All I have to do is  
 quit. I hereby quit.

(lifts the flask)

My first one.

(drinks)

Not so bad.

He slips the flask in his pocket, gets in the car,  
 starts engine.

CARVER

Don't blow your cover.

Hull drives off, leaving Carver alone on the roof.

125 INT. BETTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

125

She lets him in, sees the distress in his face.

BETTY

What's the matter?

He shakes his head, drops onto the couch. He takes out  
 the flask, offers it to her. She shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

HULL

Who are you, my mother?

He laughs, takes a drink. She's surprised, says nothing.

BETTY

Tell me.

HULL

Tell you what?

BETTY

What you came to say.

HULL

What did I come to say?

BETTY

Then tell me anything. Something about you. Something real.

HULL

(long beat; another drink)

When I was young, I occasionally stole things.

(laughs to himself)

My father died when I was ten. Right in front of me.

The revelation is so sudden it surprises Hull as much as Betty.

HULL

(continuing)

Heart attack. He just fell down. He said, "I love you," then died in my arms.

BETTY

Oh, baby...

She holds him, and he lets himself be held.

BETTY

(continuing)

Tell me what's going on, John?

HULL

(doesn't want to talk about that)

You're not doing the stuff anymore, are you?

(CONTINUED)

Pulls playfully at her nose.

BETTY

No. Don't change the subject.

HULL

How is that?

BETTY

It's hard. John...!

HULL

(trying to tell  
without telling)

Things are getting, they're getting a little... confusing. I had certain plans, and people haven't come through exactly as they promised.

BETTY

What do you expect with those people?

HULL

(laughs)

It's not just those people. It's... it's bigger than that. It's of everybody. Present company excluded.

BETTY

You've got to stop this, John, you know that. You gotta get out.

HULL

I can't.

BETTY

Of course, you can.

HULL

(almost angry)

No! This is what I'm supposed to do.

BETTY

Supposed to? Who said you're supposed to?

HULL

The whole fuckin' world. You think I didn't try something else? But everthing funnels you right back here. Like it's where you had to go all along.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED: (3)

125

BETTY

But you know what you're doing,  
don't you, selling this stuff?  
Doing to our own.

HULL

If I tried to get out now, they'd  
kill me.

BETTY

(tortured)

I can't be with somebody's who  
involved in drugs.

He nods. He knows. He's even happy about it. But she  
won't yield. Finally he gets up and walks back out the  
door.

126 EXT. GOPHER'S BUILDING - 4 A.M.

126

The neighborhood is reminiscent of the one where Joe  
Stevens Sr. was killed. The rap club still pumps MUSIC  
onto the 4 A.M. streets where whores, junkies,  
children, teenagers with beepers and Nikes, welfare  
mothers roam as if it were daytime anywhere else.  
Their eyes, yearning, sullen, vital, hopeless and  
hoping stare at...

127 HULL

127

Everyone knows what he is: the Black Man with the Big  
Car. They don't remember when he was just another  
hustler making street buys. Now they hate him, revere  
him, want to be him, not caring what it entails. Every  
eye follows as...

He and Elias cross the street toward Gopher's door.  
Hull's eyes don't go right or left. He's a driven man  
now.

128 INT. GOPHER'S ROOM - NIGHT

128

Gopher has just been roused from sleep. A light in his  
face, Hull and Elias looming over him.

HULL

There've got to be more. We have  
a million two, we owe Gallegos one  
eight.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

GOPHER

I told you everyone. Everyone who owed him, everyone he... One eight? He's lying. Barbosa barely owed him a million.

Hull and Elias look at each other.

129 INT. BETTY'S STORE - MORNING

129

Taft is showing her photocopies of phone bills, bank transactions, invoices. She's obviously upset.

TAFT

I got every money transfer, every phone call, all your laundry tickets.

BETTY

(miserable)

What do you want?

TAFT

John Hull.

BETTY

I can't!

TAFT

Or you'll go away 'til you're a dried up old woman, and when you come out, ain't nobody gonna want you.

She covers her face.

130 EXT. EAST L.A. STREET/INT. CAR - DAY

130

Elias driving a car we haven't seen before and snickering to himself at some private joke.

HULL

What are you laughing at?

Elias shakes his head: nothing. He laughs. They pull into the lot beside a movie theater.

131 INT. THEATER - DAY

131

A Technicolor Spanish melodrama is winding to its lurid end. A door in back opens, and a burst of daylight reveals Hull and Elias being brought in by a guard and met by Molto.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

Molto and the guard frisk them, take their guns and money satchels, make them wait a moment until...

The movie ends.

The house lights come on revealing Ramon Gallegos as the only spectator in the theater. He beckons. Molto and the guard bring Hull and Elias down the aisle to him.

Gallegos looking in the satchels. A tense moment.

HULL

It isn't one eight.

(off Gallegos)

It's a million one. That's all Barbosa owed, it's all we're paying.

Gallegos is stern for a moment, then laughs.

GALLEGOS

Big brass balls. Collecting money makes you strong.

Everybody relaxes. Gallegos scribbles something on a piece of paper, hands it to the guard who feeds it into a fax machine.

ELIAS

What's that?

GALLEGOS

I'm telling our suppliers they got paid. They'll be very happy. I'm happy.

ELIAS

And we're happy. Everybody's happy. It's a happy world.

Elias seems a bit mad, but no one minds. He and Hull are ready to go. He gestures to Molto, wants his gun back.

GALLEGOS

So, how can I express my gratitude for a job well done?

ELIAS

We want Barbosa's business.

Gallegos gestures to Molto to give them the guns.

(CONTINUED)

GALLEGOS

Done. Of course.

ELIAS

And, also, your business. All this. Your money, your dope, everything.

Hull looks at Elias; what's going on?

GALLEGOS

(smiles)

You're tougher than I thought, but not that tough.

ELIAS

How tough is enough?

He brings up the gun and SHOOTS Gallegos in the head.

Hull and the guards are frozen. Then everyone goes for a gun. Elias SHOOTS the guard. Hull has his gun to Molto's head and screams at Elias:

HULL

No!

Meaning don't shoot him. But Elias has no intention of doing so.

ELIAS

(breathless)

Thank you, John. I couldn't have done that without you.

HULL

(barely able to speak)

Jesus Christ...

He can't believe it: the guy he's been after the whole time is dead on the floor.

ELIAS

You taught me to take my work seriously.

HULL

What's going on here, David?

ELIAS

We're taking over.

(CONTINUED)



131 CONTINUED: (3)

131

HULL

You're doing too much stuff.

ELIAS

No, I'm very clear. I'm very,  
very clear.

(to Molto)

Ahora, usted nos assistamos.  
Enteindo?

Molto nods.

132 EXT. THEATER PARKING LOT/INT. CAR - DAY

132

Hull, Elias and Molto getting into their car. Molto is  
recalcitrant. Elias pistol whips him. Hull stops him.

133 EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY/INT. CAR - DAY

133

The car passes through a development of suburban  
homes. They enter a driveway. Two boys play in the  
yard.

ELIAS

(to Molto)

Donde esta?

Molto is silent. Elias FIRES a bullet right between  
his feet. Molto jumps. The boys turn. Hull grabs the  
gun away. We feel the toll Elias's madness is taking  
on him.

HULL

What the fuck's the matter with  
you?

ELIAS

It works, John. It works.

And, indeed, Molto is pointing to a Winnebago parked at  
the rear of the property.

134 EXT. REAR OF PROPERTY - DAY

134

Winnebago. With a tire iron, Hull snaps off the  
padlock that holds the rear door closed. He opens the  
door. Money gushes out. He slams it closed.

HULL

Jesus...

He, Elias and Molto are on hands and knees scooping it  
up.

135 SAME - LATER

135

Molto tied to a tree. Elias is giving him instructions while, strangely, removing Molto's shoes and socks.

ELIAS

(to Molto)

Disce a Senor Guzman que...

(his Spanish isn't  
good enough)

... that we have his money, and  
we're willing to talk as soon as  
he comes to town. We'll know how  
to reach him. Okay?

Molto just glares at him. Elias smiles, takes the shoes and socks and all the contents of Molto's into the Winnebago, and he and Hull drive away, leaving the car behind.

136 EXT./INT. A PARKING GARAGE/INT. WINNEBAGO - EVENING

136

The Winnebago enters the garage, Elias greeting the attendant, "Hey, Frank." Frank waves him in.

The garage is filled with various RVs. Hull pulls the Winnebago into an empty spot beside Elias's car and gets out. Elias remains in the cabin making calculations.

ELIAS

Approximating the cubic capacity  
and depending on the denominations  
of the bills, it's somewhere  
between fifty million and two  
hundred million dollars. Right  
back there.

As he does, Hull checks his gun, walks around behind the vehicle and prepares to shoot Elias in the back of the head through the open window. Elias finishes his money report, and sits there as if unaware of Hull, but:

ELIAS

(continuing; not  
turning around)

Think I'm crazy?

HULL

Yes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HULL (CONT'D)

(blowing up, gun  
still on him)

I can't believe you got us into this. All of fucking Latin America is going to be after our asses, including Renaldo Guzman who's friends with fucking George Bush.

ELIAS

I know they're coming after us. I want them to. We'll give them the money, but we'll make a deal for ourselves. We'll get what we need for the synthetic drugs. I've thought it all out. I've been thinking it out for years.

Hull uncocks the gun, rubs it against his burning face. Elias turns around, embraces him.

ELIAS

(continuing)

We're going to have everything. Don't you want everything, John?

HULL

They're going to get your family, David. They'll kill your wife and daughter.

ELIAS

(serene)

Nancy and Miranda left the country two days ago.

HULL

You knew about this then?

Elias smiles.

HULL

(continuing)

What about Betty?

137 EXT. BETTY'S JEWELRY SHOP - EVENING

137

A car SQUEALS to a stop. Molto and three thugs smash through the glass door. They disappear into the store where things can be heard BREAKING. They emerge a moment later, jump into the car.

138 EXT. SYNAGOGUE - EVENING 138

Hull's car races up. He jumps out, dashes toward the building.

139 INT. SYNAGOGUE SOCIAL HALL - EVENING 139

Forty PEOPLE on folding chairs. Hull enters on a dead run. He stops short when he sees:

140 BETTY 140

at the front. He signals to her, but she's already saying:

BETTY

Hi, my name is Betty.

EVERYONE IN THE ROOM

Hi, Betty!

BETTY

My name is Betty, I'm a drug addict. And I've been clean for nineteen days.

The room bursts into APPLAUSE. She sees Hull at the back; he signals to her, but she goes on.

BETTY

(continuing)

I've been using drugs and selling them, and I've wanted to stop for a long time, and the only way I did was because I met a man I loved and who loved me. I know that's not what I'm supposed to say. I'm supposed to say there was a higher power, and maybe there was, behind it all, but this man is strong and his love made me strong enough that I could start, or at least think about a life that didn't have drugs in it...

She's looking right at Hull as she speaks. He's torn between the danger he knows she's in and his emotion at what she's saying.

141 EXT. SYNAGOGUE - EVENING 141

Hull hurrying Betty toward his car. She's protesting.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

BETTY

I've got to get clothes.

HULL

You can't go back.

142 INT. HULL'S CONDO - EVENING

142

Molto and men pouring through it. In frustration, Molto smashes the table Hull had fussed over when Elias put his feet up.

143 EXT. MOTEL COURTYARD - NIGHT

143

Hull and Betty hurry toward his room carrying shopping bags, a newly bought suitcase. They see...

144 COPS

144

They freeze, turn, ready to bolt. But more cops behind them. A panic, yet no one's coming after them. They walk on. The cops are going into and coming out of Belinda's room.

145 INT. BELINDA'S ROOM - NIGHT

145

The fat Blonde Woman is talking to a policewoman. James sits on the bed staring at...

146 BELINDA

146

who lies dead on a floor littered with crack vials. Hull picks up a vial, holds it up to the Blonde Woman with a question.

BLONDE WOMAN

(nodding)

She got a fever and just burned up. She just burned up all of a sudden. It must have been bad stuff.

BETTY

(indicating James)

He shouldn't be here.

BLONDE WOMAN

(takes his hand)

Come on, James, we'll go get a burrito.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

146

The boy allows himself to be led out. Betty looks at Hull who's in a private hell.

147 EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

147

Hull and Betty are about to enter Hull's room. The door is ajar.

148 INT. HULL'S ROOM - NIGHT

148

Taft stands at the dresser. He's found Hull's collection of memorabilia and is looking at the photo of his children.

TAFT

Cute kids...

HULL

(angry at the  
invasion)

Give me that.

He snatches away the photo, but not before Betty sees it. She reaches out her hand. He reluctantly turns it over to her.

TAFT

Tell me something, who the fuck  
are you?

Hull doesn't answer, collects the rest of his things, including the bloody money, stuffs it back in the envelope.

TAFT

(continuing)

'Cause I don't think you're quite  
the asshole you're trying to be.

HULL

Look, Mr. Taft, that's your name,  
right? Leave me alone, I got  
things on my mind.

TAFT

I'd think you would. You better  
have your goddamn life on your  
mind, or it's gonna get away from  
you. It's gonna burn up like that  
poor woman across the way. Like  
all of you's gonna burn...

(CONTINUED)

HULL

And what do you do, Mr. Taft, except chase bad guys up and down the street with your dirty partner, never catching anybody important?

TAFT

I do what I can. Do you do what you can?

(Hull says nothing)

Maybe my partner was dirty. Maybe the chief's dirty. And the mayor. And the President. Maybe God Himself's taking something on the side. That's their problem. But I'll bust 'em if I can.

HULL

(without force)

Get out of my room.

TAFT

Don't deny who you are.

He leaves. Hull turns to Betty who is still holding the photo of his children. He gently takes it, looks at it, seems to draw both succor and pain from it.

He gets out Carver's flask and tries to drink, but it's empty.

HULL

They're my children. They live in Cleveland with their mother. I'm divorced from her. I haven't seen them in... some time. I want to, but I haven't been able to arrange it.

BETTY

How much else don't I know about you?

HULL

(trying to make a  
joke)

Everything else... Everything else is... I don't know.

BETTY

Taft has all the evidence about my laundering.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED: (2)

148

Hull's upset.

BETTY

He's going to put me in jail for a long time unless I give you up.

HULL

Do it.

BETTY

I can't. So, I've got to get away. Far away. But I need money.

HULL

(laughs)

Money? I got money...

He empties his pockets of all that gushed out of the Winnebago, empties a satchel as well until it fills the room like snow.

149 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

149

Hull putting Betty into an airport limousine.

HULL

(to the driver)

International terminal.

(to Betty)

I'll meet you there in a week.

She kisses him. He's about to close the door. She stops it.

BETTY

You know the first time, when I saw you in the bar...?

HULL

(smiles at the memory)

You wouldn't even look at me.

BETTY

'Cause I knew what you were thinking. You were judging me.

HULL

No, I wasn't, I was...

(CONTINUED)



BETTY

You were. Your eyes were like an angel in my heart telling me I should be good, and I didn't want to hear it.

This news startles Hull, yet, strangely, he senses its truth, and the sweetness is more than he can bear.

BETTY

(continuing)

That's you, too. Maybe this is you, I don't know, but I know that's you.

She closes the door. The car pulls away.

In an unmarked car up the street, Taft picks up the radio.

150 EXT. A LATIN AMERICAN CONSULATE - DAY

150

A limousine pulls into the gate and disgorges RENALDO GUZMAN, 55, and his wife, 25. They're shown into the consulate.

The limousine pulls out onto the street and parks. Gopher appears, knocks on the driver's window. It comes down. They chat briefly in Spanish. Gopher opens up a cellular phone.

151 INT. A HOTEL ROOM - SANTA MONICA - DAY

151

Overlooking the ocean. Hull pacing nervously, Elias relaxed, reading the paper.

HULL

What if we forget all this? Take ten million each and disappear. Leave the country. New identities, new lives...

ELIAS

What's the matter, John? Having doubts?

HULL

Yeah.

A phone RINGS. Elias picks up his own cellular.

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

ELIAS

Yes... Where?... No! No way... We  
pick the time and place...  
Otherwise no meet...

(looks to Hull who  
nods his agreement)

Got a pencil?

152 EXT. CONSULATE - LIMO - DAY

152

Gopher hands a piece of paper to the limo driver. He  
walks away...

153 AROUND THE CORNER

153

As he's about to get into a car, Taft grabs him.  
Gopher is surprised and not pleased.

154 EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

154

Where Hull and Elias left the Winnebago. Guzman's limo  
approaches. Frank, the attendant, waves it on.

155 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

155

The limo climbs the ramps until it comes to Elias's  
car, parked where the Winnebago was; the Winnie is  
nowhere in sight. The limo pulls alongside.

Hull and Elias get out. Molto gets out of the limo.  
Then Renaldo Guzman.

ELIAS

We have 'a proposal to make. We  
regret what happened to your  
nephew...

GUZMAN

Say what you have to say.

ELIAS

We all know that your cousin's  
business is coming to an end.  
Costs have climbed while profits  
and the market --

Guzman waves: get to the point.

(CONTINUED)

ELIAS

(continuing)

We have developed a new product: simpler, cheaper to manufacture, superior quality and completely synthetic. Therefore, no growing, no refining, no peasants, no importing, no customs agents... Here's a detailed prospectus with anticipated cash flow and so forth.

He hands a copy to Guzman and the lawyer.

GUZMAN

(to Molto, teasing  
Elias)

The racist Americans just want to cut us poor Hispanics out of the market.

ELIAS

There are no Americans anymore, Mr. Guzman, you know that. No Hispanics, no Japanese, no blacks, no whites, no anything. There are only rich people and poor people. We're rich, so we're on the same side.

Taft with Gopher in his car.

TAFT

Do they have money in there?

GOPHER

I don't know.

TAFT

They wouldn't meet here otherwise.

Gopher shrugs; a decision: Taft picks up his radio.

TAFT

(continuing)

Okay, everybody, here's the play...

157 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

157

ELIAS

We're prepared to give you 80% of the money. The remainder you invest in our business with proceeds paid out according to the figures there.

He indicates the prospectus that Guzman has been looking through.

GUZMAN

This looks interesting. I'd have to confirm everything, of course. Do you have a sample of the product?

Elias produces one. Guzman gestures to Molto. Molto samples it. Molto's eyes widen.

MOLTO

Buy it!

GUZMAN

Where is our money?

Elias hands him a key, points to a different Winnebago. Molto takes the key, unlocks the back: money. He signals okay to Guzman.

Suddenly: SIRENS. Police cars wail into the garage. The THWACK-THWACK and sweeping light of a helicopter descend toward the roof (though we never see the copter).

GUZMAN

(continuing; anger)

You set this up.

HULL

They're after us, not you.

Everybody scatters. The garage is a labyrinth of cement stairwells, ramps, hundreds of RVs to hide between, under and so forth... Lots of NOISE, lights, but mostly we see Hull and Elias dodging here, avoiding the action.

158 INT. ANOTHER PART OF THE GARAGE - NIGHT

158

Molto caught between the lights. He draws his gun. GUNFIRE. He's cut down.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

TAFT  
(screaming)  
Where are the rest of them?

159 EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

159

Cars with rotating dome lights, but not many cops.

Hull and Elias emerge from a shadowy doorway and make their way at a casual pace beyond the perimeter of police cars, quickly mingling with other spectators. They continue down...

160 EXT. A QUIET SIDE STREET - NIGHT

160

Strolling now. Elias elated, uncontained joy.

ELIAS  
We did it. Twenty million.  
Twenty fucking million. We're  
going to have synthetics. We're  
gonna be rich. We're gonna...

Hull stops walking and just stands there.

ELIAS  
(continuing)  
What's the matter, John? Be  
happy. Your whole life has just  
been solved.

VOICE  
(behind them)  
Stop! Police!

In one motion, Elias draws his gun, turns and FIRES.

The figure goes down. Elias can't believe he hit him.

Hull starts toward the figure.

ELIAS  
(heading the other  
way)  
John, where are you going?

Taft -- on the ground.

HULL  
Oh, Jesus, no...

He drops to his knees. Blood oozes from Taft's chest.

(CONTINUED)

ELIAS

John, what the hell are you doing?  
Let's get out of here.

Hull tries to hold closed the wound. The posture duplicates Hull with his dying father. He feels for a pulse. For breath.

HULL

(distraught)  
He's dying.

ELIAS

Let him die. Let him die twice.  
Come one.

He pulls at Hull who won't go. Hull does mouth-to-mouth. Taft opens his eyes, looks up at him.

HULL

[Says to Taft whatever a CPR-trained policeman would say in this situation.]  
(to Elias)  
Get help.

ELIAS

Are you kidding me?

TAFT

(to Hull, getting it)  
Oh, man, you're a cop. You're a cop, aren't you?

HULL

(with difficulty, as if against his will)  
Yeah, I'm a cop. I'm a fucking cop...

ELIAS

(laughs)  
Oh, really? Where's your badge?

HULL

I don't have one. I'm undercover.  
Get help, David.

ELIAS

John, that's a cop. He tried to kill you.

HULL

He didn't know.

(CONTINUED)

ELIAS

Oh, he didn't know. I don't know. Maybe you don't know. Maybe you think you're a cop because... because...

HULL

Drop the gun, put your hands against the car. Spread your legs... Police!

Taft grunts once, stiffens.

HULL

(continuing)

My God! Please...

The pulse is gone. Hull begins to perform CPR.

ELIAS

Okay, let's say you're a cop. Be a cop.

Hull keeps doing CPR.

ELIAS

(continuing)

We've still got the money. We put it into Randy's chemistry set. In five years we're worth five hundred million each, minimum. You'll be one of the richest black men in America. Richer than Cosby. Who gives a shit how you got it? You think the white ones were honest?

Hull keeps working on Taft.

ELIAS

(continuing)

Is this asshole all that stands between you and greatness? Let me do you a favor.

He puts a gun to Taft's head and FIRES. In a reflex, Hull draws his own gun, SHOTS Elias in the stomach. Stunned, he wobbles backward a few steps. Sits on the street.

ELIAS

(continuing)

Gee, John, that's kind of an extreme reaction.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED: (3)

160

Hull is stunned he did it. And this finally attracts the police who see a black man with a gun who just shot a white man.

Hull goes to Elias who's dead. A POLICEMAN pulls him off, beating him with a gun.

POLICEMAN

Fucking nigger...

161 INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY JAIL - DAY

161

Hull, bandaged, wearing prison blues, walking with Carver.

HULL

What about Guzman?

CARVER

He vanished, thank God, or we'd both be in deep doo-doo. At least you got Gallegos.

HULL

Elias did. And everything goes on as before.

CARVER

That's the drug game. Plus a change... I want you to come back to work for me. You'll beat all charges on a technicality and go back to who you were.

HULL

Who was I, Ger?

CARVER

Does anyone really know?

HULL

I have other things to do.

CARVER

Like travel? Tangiers, maybe?

Hull looks at him; how did he know?

CARVER

(continuing)

I'm God, remember?

(CONTINUED)



161 CONTINUED:

161

He beckons him. He walks him over to a cell. Through a one-way window they see:

162 BETTY

162

alone in the cell, unaware she's being watched.

CARVER

Go back to work, she walks out of here. Otherwise, she's up on multiple counts, and I'll see to it the judge runs them consecutively.

Hull just looks at him. Carver shrugs apologetically.

163 INT. ANOTHER ROOM

163

Absolutely white. Not a window, not a stick of furniture. The only deviation is Hull in prison blues.

The door opens, Betty comes in wearing prison yellows. She sits on a nearly invisible chair. They know they're being watched.

BETTY

They want me to testify against you. I said I wouldn't.

HULL

You have to. It's all set up. That's how you're getting off.

She shakes her head in cynical understanding. How difficult it is to get back to an honorable life.

He takes her hand.

HULL

(continuing; with difficulty)

My father didn't have a heart attack.

She looks at him.

HULL

(continuing)

He was shot robbing a liquor store. Trying to rob it. I lied about that.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

163

BETTY

Baby, why are you telling me this?

HULL

I had to start somewhere...  
There're other things you don't  
know...

164 AN IRIS SHOT - HULL AND BETTY

164

Silent. Kissing. Beginning to make love. Hull  
extracts himself, gives the finger to the POV and  
stuffs a bit of tissue in the iris, blocking our view.

165 EXT. ROOM - DAY

165

Carver takes his eye from the now obscured peephole.

166 EXT. A CEMETERY - DAY

166

A funeral. Taft's wife and children (from the wallet  
photo) leave the graveside with the rest of the funeral  
party.

When everyone is gone, Hull approaches the grave. From  
his pocket, he removes the four blood-soaked bills his  
father gave him, and wedges these among the stems of  
flowers that already cover the plot.

He's silent a moment, then he gets up. He joins Carver  
who's standing with Hull's children. The kids each  
take his hand, they walk together.

CARVER

Betty walked out of court free  
this morning. That's my side-of  
the deal.

HULL

(to the children)  
You two run on ahead.

They do. Hull watches them go.

CARVER

Her probation gets revoked the  
minute you fuck up. I want you to  
stay away from her altogether.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

166

HULL

You know the difference between a  
black man and a nigger?

Carver smiles, shakes his head. He likes a good joke.  
Hull punches him so hard in the stomach that he goes to  
his knees.

HULL

(continuing)

The nigger's the one who'd even  
think about doing what you tell  
him.

He walks away. Still on his knees, doubled over,  
Carver whispers after him:

CARVER

Don't blow your cover.

FADE OUT.

THE END