

Quentin Tarantino's  
RESERVOIR DOGS

October 22, 1990

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This movie is dedicated to these following sources of  
inspiration:

TIMOTHY CAREY

ROGER CORMAN

ANDRE DeTOTH

CHOW YUEN FAT

JEAN LUC GODDARD

JEAN PIERRE MELVILLE

LAWRENCE TIERNEY

LIONEL WHITE

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RESERVOIR DOGS

1 INT. UNCLE BOB'S PANCAKE HOUSE - MORNING

Eight men dressed in BLACK SUITS, sit around a table at a breakfast cafe. They are MR. WHITE, MR. PINK, MR. BLUE, MR. BLONDE, MR. ORANGE, MR. BROWN, NICE GUY EDDIE CABOT, and the big boss, JOE CABOT. Most are finished eating and are enjoying coffee and conversation. Joe flips through a small address book. Mr. Pink is telling a long and involved story about Madonna.

MR. PINK

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

MR. BLUE

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

MR. PINK

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

JOE

(looking through his address book)

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

MR. PINK

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

MR. ORANGE

Which one is "True Blue?"

NICE GUY EDDIE

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

MR. ORANGE

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

MR. BROWN  
I hate Madonna.

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

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

JOE  
Oh fuck, Toby's that little china  
girl.

MR. WHITE  
What's that?

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

MR. PINK  
Where was I?

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

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

MR. BLUE

How many dicks was that?

MR. WHITE

A lot.

MR. PINK

Then one day she meets a John Holmes motherfucker, and it's like, whoa baby. This mother fucker's like Charles Bronson in "The Great Escape." He's diggin tunnels. Now she's gettin this serious dick action, she's feelin something she ain't felt since forever. Pain.

JOE

Chew? Toby Chew? No.

MR. PINK

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

The fellas crack up.

JOE

Wong?

MR. PINK

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

JOE

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

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

MR. WHITE

Give me this fucking thing.

JOE

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

MR. WHITE

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

JOE

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

MR. WHITE

For the past fifteen minutes now,  
you've just been droning on with  
names. "Toby...Toby...Toby...  
Toby Wong...Toby Wong...Toby  
Chung...fuckin Charlie Chan." I  
got Madonna's big dick outta my  
right ear, and Toby Jap I-don't-  
know-what, outta my left.

JOE

What do you care?

MR. WHITE

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

JOE

Give me my book.

MR. WHITE

You gonna put it away?

JOE

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

MR. WHITE

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

MR. BLONDE

Joe, you want me to shoot him for  
you?

MR. WHITE

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

NICE GUY EDDIE

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

MR. PINK

Yeah, it's fuckin great isn't it?

NICE GUY EDDIE

Can you believe the songs they been playin'?

MR. PINK

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

NICE GUY EDDIE

When I was coming down here, I was playin it. And "The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia" came on. Now I ain't heard that song since it was big, but when it was big, I heard it a million-trillion times. I'm listening to it this morning, and this was the first time I ever realized that the lady singing the song, was the one who killed Andy.

MR. BLUE

You didn't know Vicki Lawrence killed the guy?

NICE GUY EDDIE

I thought the cheatin wife shot Andy.

MR. BLONDE

They say it in the song.

NICE GUY EDDIE

I know, I heard it. I musta zoned out whenever that part came on before. I thought when she said that little sister stuff, she was

talkin about her sister- in-law,  
the cheatin wife.

JOE

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

MR. PINK

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

The table laughs. The WAITRESS comes over to the table.  
She has the check, and a pot of coffee.

WAITRESS

Can I get anybody more  
coffee.

JOE

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

She hands the bill to him.

WAITRESS

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

JOE

Sure thing.

WAITRESS

You guys have a wonderful day.

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

JOE

I'll take care of this, you guys  
leave the tip.  
(to Mr. White)  
And when I come back, I want my  
book back.

MR. WHITE

Sorry, it's my book now.

JOE

Blonde, shoot this piece of shit,  
will ya?

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

NICE GUY EDDIE  
Okay, everybody cough up green for  
the little lady.

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

NICE GUY EDDIE  
C'mon, throw in a buck.

MR. WHITE  
Uh-uh. I don't tip.

NICE GUY EDDIE  
Whaddaya mean you don't tip?

MR. WHITE  
I don't believe in it.

NICE GUY EDDIE  
You don't believe in tipping?

MR. PINK  
(laughing)  
I love this kid, he's a madman,  
this guy.

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

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

Everybody laughs.

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

MR. WHITE



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

MR. BLUE  
Our girl was nice.

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

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

They all laugh.

NICE GUY EDDIE  
I'd go over twelve percent for that.

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

MR. BLONDE  
What if she's too busy?

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

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

They all laugh.

MR. WHITE  
These ladies aren't starvin to

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

NICE GUY EDDIE

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

MR. ORANGE

--It is that too--

NICE GUY EDDIE

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

MR. BLONDE

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

Mr. White rubs two of his fingers together.

MR. WHITE

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

MR. BLONDE

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

MR. WHITE

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

MR. ORANGE

They work harder than the kids at  
McDonald's.

MR. WHITE

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

MR. BROWN

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

MR. BLONDE

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

MR. WHITE

Fuck all that.

They all laugh.

MR. WHITE

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

MR. ORANGE

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

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

JOE

Okay rambler, let's get to

rambling. Wait a minute, who  
didn't throw in?

MR. ORANGE  
Mr. White.

JOE  
(to Mr. Orange)  
Mr. White?  
(to Mr. White)  
Why?

MR. ORANGE  
He don't tip.

JOE  
(to Mr. Orange)  
He don't tip?  
(to Mr. White)  
You don't tip? Why?

MR. ORANGE  
He don't believe in it.

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

MR. ORANGE  
Nope.

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

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

JOE  
Whatever. Just throw in your  
dollar, and let's move.  
(to Mr. Blonde)

See what I'm dealing with here.  
Infants. I'm fuckin dealin with  
infants.

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

2 EXT. UNCLE BOB'S PANCAKE HOUSE - DAY

CREDIT SEQUENCE:

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

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

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

Over the screams and the traffic noise, we hear SOMEBODY  
ELSE SAY:

SOMEBODY ELSE (OS)  
Just hold on buddy boy.

Somebody stops screaming long enough to say:

SOMEBODY (OS)  
I'm sorry. I can't believe  
she killed me. Who would've  
fuckin thought that?

CUT TO:

3 INT. GETAWAY GAR (MOVING) - DAY

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

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

They are the only two in the car.

MR. WHITE

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

MR. ORANGE

(crying)

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

MR. WHITE

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

MR. ORANGE

No, I'm not!

MR. WHITE

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

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

MR. WHITE

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

MR. ORANGE

I'm okay.

MR. WHITE

(softly)

Correct.

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

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

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

MR. WHITE

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

MR. ORANGE

Joe.

MR. WHITE

Bet your sweet ass we are.

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

MR. ORANGE

(yelling)

Don't leave me!

Mr White bends back over him and takes his hand.

MR. WHITE

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

MR. ORANGE

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

Mr. White very gently embraces the bloody Mr. Orange.  
Cradling the young man, Mr. White whispers to him.

MR. WHITE

(whispering)

Go ahead and be scared, you've  
been brave enough for one day. I  
want you to just relax now.

You're not gonna die, you're gonna  
be fine. When Joe gets here,  
he'll make ya a hundred percent  
again.

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

MR. ORANGE

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

MR. WHITE

You're not gonna fucking die, all  
right?

MR. ORANGE

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

MR. WHITE

It's not good...

MR. ORANGE

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

MR. WHITE

I can' take you to a hospital.

MR. ORANGE

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

(Mr. White does)



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

MR. WHITE  
Lie back down, and try to--

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

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

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

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

MR. PINK  
Was that a fucking set-up or what?

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

MR. PINK  
Oh fuck, Orange got tagged.

Throughout this scene, we hear Mr. Orange moaning.

MR. WHITE  
Gun shot.

MR. PINK  
Oh that's just fucking great!  
Where's Brown?

MR. WHITE  
Dead.

MR. PINK  
Goddamn, goddamn! How did he die?

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

MR. PINK  
Oh this is bad, this is so bad.

(referring to Mr.  
Orange)  
Is it bad?

MR. WHITE  
As opposed to good?

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

MR. WHITE  
You really think we were set up?

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

(pause)

You haven't thought about this?

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

MR. PINK

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

MR. WHITE

Let's go in the other room...

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

5 INT. BATHROOM HALLWAY - DAY

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

MR. PINK (OS)

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

MR. WHITE

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

MR. PINK

I'm cool.

MR. WHITE  
Splash some water on your face.  
Take a breather.

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

MR. WHITE  
I'm gonna get me my smokes.

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

MR. WHITE  
Want a smoke?

MR. PINK  
Why not?

The two men light up.

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

MR. PINK  
--That's not correct.

MR. WHITE  
What's wrong with it?

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

MR. WHITE

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

MR. PINK

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

MR. WHITE

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

MR. PINK

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

MR. WHITE

You're right, this is bad.  
(pause)  
How did you get out?

MR. PINK

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

CUT TO:

6 EXT. CROWDED CITY STREET - DAY

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

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

We DOLLY with a young woman on roller skates. ROLLERGIRL

is plugged into a walkman. We hear the song she's listening to LOUD over the SOUNDTRACK. She's twirling and skating backwards to the beat of the song.

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

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

7 INT. CAR (STOPPED) - DAY

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

MR. PINK

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

The Shocked Woman starts screaming.

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

MR. PINK

Open the fucking door!

EXTREME C.U. DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW

Mr. Pink SMASHES it in our face.

8 EXT. STREET - DAY

DOLLY with Cops coming up fast.

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

The Cops reach the corner, guns aimed.

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

Everybody HITS the ground, or scatters.

Mr. Pink HOPS in the car.

Cops FIRE.

9 INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

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

BACK TO:

10 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

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

MR. PINK

Tagged a couple of cops. Did you kill anybody?

MR. WHITE

A few cops.

MR. PINK

No real people?

MR. WHITE

Uh-uh, just cops.

MR. PINK

Could you believe Mr. Blonde?

MR. WHITE

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

MR. PINK

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

MR. WHITE

That's the way I look at it. A choice between doin ten years, and takin out some stupid motherfucker, ain't no choice at all. But I ain't no madman

either. What the fuck was Joe thinkin? You can't work with a guy like that. That mother-fucker's unstable. What do you think? Do you think he panicked, or ya think he's just trigger-happy?

MR. PINK

I think he's a sick fuckin maniac!  
We're awful goddamn lucky he didn't tag us, when he shot up the place. I came this fucking close--  
(hold up two fingers and makes a tiny space between them)  
--to taking his ass out myself.  
Everybody panics. When things get tense, everybody panics.  
Everybody. I don't care what your name is, you can't help it. It's human nature. But ya panic on the inside.  
Ya panic in your head. Ya give yourself a couple a seconds of panic, then you get a grip and deal with the situation. What you don't do, is shoot up the place and kill everybody.

MR. WHITE

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

MR. PINK

Did ya see what happened to anybody else?

MR. WHITE

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



down.

MR. PINK

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

MR. WHITE

What do you think?

MR. PINK

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

MR. WHITE

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

MR. PINK

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

MR. WHITE

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

MR. PINK

Nope.

MR. WHITE

How can you be so sure?

MR. PINK

I got the diamonds.

MR. WHITE

Where?

MR. PINK

I got 'em, all right?

MR. WHITE

Where? Are they out in the car?

MR. PINK

No, they're not in the car. No, I

don't have them on me. Ya wanna go with me and get 'em? Yes, we can go right now. But first listen to what I'm telling you. We were fuckin set up! Somebody is in league with the cops. We got a Judas in our midst. And I'm thinkin we should have our fuckin heads examined for waiting around here.

MR. WHITE

That was the plan, we meet here.

MR. PINK

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

I mean, that could be happening right now. As we speak, the cops could be in their cars, drivin here this minute.

MR. WHITE

I swear to god I'm fuckin jinxed.

MR. PINK

What?

MR. WHITE

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

MR. PINK

No shit?

MR. WHITE

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

MR. PINK

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

MR. WHITE

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

MR. PINK

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

MR. WHITE

For all I know, you're the rat.

MR. PINK

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

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

MR. WHITE

Jesus Christ!

11 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

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

MR. PINK

Is he dead?

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

MR. PINK  
So, is he dead or what?

MR. WHITE  
He ain't dead.

MR. PINK  
So what is it?

MR. WHITE  
I think he's just passed out.

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

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

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

MR. PINK  
We can't take him to a hospital.

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

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

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

MR. PINK

You gotta idea, spit it out.

MR. WHITE

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

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

MR. PINK (OS)

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

MR. WHITE

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

MR. PINK (OS)

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

MR. WHITE

I don't know anybody.

MR. PINK (OS)

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

MR. WHITE'S POV:

C.U. OF MR. PINK.

MR. WHITE (OS)  
Well, he knows a little about me.

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

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

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

MR. PINK  
Why!

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

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

MR. WHITE (OS)  
He asked.

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

MR. WHITE (OS)  
We had just gotten away from the cops. He just got shot. It was my fuckin fault he got shot. He's a fuckin bloody mess - he's screaming. I swear to god, I thought we was gonna die right then and there. I'm tryin to comfort him, telling him not to

worry, he's gonna be okay, I'm gonna take care of him. And he asked me what my name was. I mean, the man was dyin in my arms. What the fuck was I supposed to tell him, "Sorry, I can't give out that information, it's against the rules. I don't trust you enough."? Maybe I shoulda, but I couldn't.

MR. PINK

Oh, I don't doubt it was quite beautiful--

MR. WHITE (OS)

Don't fuckin patronize me.

MR. PINK

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

MR. WHITE (OS)

Of course.

MR. PINK

Well that's that, then. I mean, I was worried about mug shot possibilities already. But now he knows: (a) what you look like, (b) what your first name is, (i) where you're from and (d) what your specialty is. They ain't gonna hafta show him a helluva lot of pictures for him to pick you out. That's it right, you didn't tell him anything else that could narrow down the selection?

MR. WHITE (OS)

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

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

MR. PINK

We ain't taking him to a hospital.

MR. WHITE (OS)  
If we don't, he'll die.

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

MR. WHITE (OS)  
That fuckin did it!

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

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

END OF POV

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

As Mr. White SWINGS and PUNCHES, he SCREAMS:

MR. WHITE

You little motherfucker!

Mr. Pink YELLS as he HITS:

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

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

Mr. White gets Mr. Pink in a HEADLOCK.

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

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

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



MR. WHITE

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

MR. PINK

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

Mr. Pink lowers his gun and walks towards White.

MR. PINK

So if you wanna shoot somebody,  
put that gun in your mouth and  
shoot yourself.

Then from OFF SCREEN we hear:

VOICE (OS)

You kids don't play so rough.  
Somebody's gonna start crying.

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

The Voice belongs to the infamous Mr. Blonde.

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

MR. PINK

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

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

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

This is making Pink and White nervous as hell. But Mr. Pink tries to talk through it.

We HANDHOLD follow Mr. Blonde around the warehouse.

MR. PINK

Really, how did you get away?

Mr. Blonde walks the loft. Silent.

MR. PINK

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

Silence.

MR. PINK

Where's Mr. Blue?

Blonde looks in the bathroom.

MR. PINK

We were hopin you two would be  
together.

Blonde looks out the window.

MR. PINK

That was the big question we had,  
what happened to Mr.  
Blue and you?

Blonde walks away from the window.

MR. PINK

We were worried the cops got ya.

Blonde bends down over Mr. Orange.

MR. PINK

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

long.

MR. WHITE

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

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

MR. BLONDE

So, talk.

MR. WHITE

We think we got a rat in the  
house.

MR. PINK

I guarantee we got a rat in the  
house.

MR. BLONDE

What would ever make you think  
that?

MR. WHITE

Is that supposed to be funny?

MR. PINK

We don't think this place is safe.

MR. WHITE

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

MR. BLONDE

Nobody's going anywhere.

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

After a few beats the silence is broken.

MR. WHITE

(to Mr. Pink)

Piss on this turd, we're outta  
here.

Mr. White turns to leave.

MR. BLONDE  
Don't take another step, Mr.  
White.

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

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

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

MR. BLONDE  
(referring to Mr.  
White)  
What's this guy's problem?

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

MR. BLONDE  
What're you talkin about?

MR. WHITE  
That fuckin shooting spree in the  
store.

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

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

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

MR. WHITE

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

MR. BLONDE

(slowly)

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

MR. PINK

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

MR. WHITE

(to Mr. Blonde)

So you wanna git bit, huh?

MR. PINK

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

(pause)

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

MR. WHITE

(to Mr. Pink)

You said yourself, you thought about takin him out.

MR. PINK

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

MR. WHITE

You takin his side?

MR. PINK

Fuck sides! What we need is a little solidarity here. Somebody's stickin a red hot poker

up our asses and we gotta find out  
whose hand's on the handle. Now I  
know I'm no piece of shit...

(referring to Mr.  
White)

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

(referring to Mr.  
Blonde)

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

Mr. White calms down and puts his gun away.

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

MR. BLONDE

Well, that was sure exciting.

(to Mr. White)

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

(pause for a beat)

Okay you guys, follow me.

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

The other two men just follow him with their eyes.

MR. WHITE

Follow you where?

MR. BLONDE

Down to my car.

MR. WHITE

Why?

MR. BLONDE

It's a surprise.

Mr. Blonde walks out.

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

MR. PINK

We still gotta get out of here.

MR. BLONDE

We're gonna sit here and wait.

MR. WHITE

For what, the cops?

MR. BLONDE

Nice Guy Eddie.

MR. PINK

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

MR. BLONDE

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

MR. WHITE

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

MR. BLONDE

You didn't ask.

MR. WHITE

Hardy-fuckin-har. What did he say?

MR. BLONDE

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

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

MR. BLONDE

So while we're waitin for Nice Guy Eddie, what say we have a little

fun finding out who the rat is.

INSERT: TITLE CARD "MR. BLONDE".

14 INT. JOE CABOT'S OFFICE - DAY

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

JOE

(into phone)

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

(pause)

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

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

JOE

Come in.

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

TEDDY

Vic Vega's outside.

JOE

Tell him to come in.

Teddy leaves.

JOE

(into phone)

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

(pause)

Good enough, bye.



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

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

Toothpick Vic Vega is none other than our very own Mr. Blonde. Vic is dressed in a long black leather seventies style jacket.

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

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

JOE

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

VIC

It's a change.

JOE

Ain't that a sad truth. Remy Martin?

VIC

Sure.

JOE

Take a seat.

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

JOE

(while he pours the drink)

Who's your parole officer?

VIC

A guy named Koons. Craig Koons.

JOE

How is he?

VIC

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

JOE

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

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

Vic swallows some Remy.

VIC

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

JOE

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

VIC

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

JOE

It's the least I could do Vic. I  
wish I coulda done more.  
(Joe flashes a side  
grin at Vic)  
Vic. Toothpick Vic. Tell me a  
story? What're your plans?

VIC

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

There's a KNOCK at the door.

JOE

Come in.

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

Vic turns around in his seat and sees him.

EDDIE

(to Vic)

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

Vic gets out of his seat and hugs Eddie.

EDDIE

How ya doin, Toothpick?

VIC

Fine, now.

EDDIE

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

VIC

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

EDDIE

That I should've picked you up?

VIC

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

(to Joe)

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

JOE

Eddie, I hate like hell for you to

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

Eddie bobs his head up and down.

EDDIE

Oh really, is that a fact?

Eddie JUMPS Vic and they fall to the floor.

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

Joe's on his feet yelling at them.

JOE

(yelling)

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

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

EDDIE

Daddy, did ya see that?

JOE

What?

EDDIE

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

VIC

You fuckin wish.

EDDIE

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

VIC

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

EDDIE

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

VIC

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

EDDIE

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

JOE

Are you two finished? We were  
talkin about some serious shit  
when you came in Eddie. We got a  
big problem we're tryin to solve.  
Now Eddie, would you like to sit  
down and help us solve it, or do  
you two wanna piss fart around?

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

JOE

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

EDDIE

Really? Who's your P.O.?

VIC

Craig Koons.

EDDIE

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

VIC

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

EDDIE

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

VIC

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

JOE

(to Eddie)

We can work this out, can't we?

EDDIE

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

VIC

I don't wanna lift crates.

EDDIE

You don't hafta lift shit. You don't really work there. But as far as the records are concerned, you do. I call up Matthews, the foreman, tell him he's got a new guy. You're on the schedule. You got a timecard, it's clocked in and out for you everyday, and you get a pay check at the end of the week. And ya know dock workers don't do too bad. So you can move into a halfway decent place without Koons thinkin "what the fuck." And if Koons ever wants to make a surprise visit, you're gone that day. That day we sent you to Tustin. We gotta bunch of shit

you needed to unload there.  
You're at the Taft airstrip pickin  
up a bunch of shit and bringing it  
back. Part of your jab is goin  
different places - and we got  
places all over the place.

JOE

(to Vic)

Didn't I tell ya not to worry?

(to Eddie)

Vic was worried.

EDDIE

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

VIC

That's great, guy, thanks a bunch.

(pause)

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

JOE

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

EDDIE

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

JOE

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

EDDIE

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

trust him.

Joe looks at Vic.

Vic has no idea what they're talking about.

JOE

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

VIC

What's the exposure like?

JOE

Two minutes, tops. It's a tough two minutes. It's a hold up, daylight, during business hours, dealing with a crowd. But you have the fellas to deal with the crowd. It's a jewelry store. They're getting a big shipment of South African diamonds on a certain day. They're like a way station. It's gonna get picked up the next day and sent to Hamburg. When you walk through the door, you'll know right where to go for the rich stones. The fellas are good, me and Nice Guy picked em. Nobody knows anybody else. Nobody's connected. I don't use connected guys for this shit.

VIC

What's the cut?

JOE

Juicy, man, real juicy.

Toothpick Vic smiles.

So does Nice Guy Eddie.

CUT TO:

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

Nice Guy Eddie is driving to the rendezvous talking on his



portable car phone. The sounds of the seventies are coming out of his car radio in the form of "Love Goes Where My Rosemary Goes" by Edison Lighthouse.

EDDIE

(into phone)

Hey Dov, we got a major situation here.

(pause)

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

FLASH ON

16 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

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

17 BACK TO NICE GUY EDDIE

EDDIE

(into phone)

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

FLASH ON

18 WAREHOUSE

The three men are stomping the cop into the ground.

19 BACK TO EDDIE

EDDIE

(into phone)

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

(pause)

I don't know who did that. I  
don't know who has the loot, if  
anybody has the loot. Who's dead,  
who's alive, who's caught, who's  
not...

I will know, I'm practically  
there. But what do I tell these  
guys about daddy?

(pause)

You sure that's what he said?

(pause)

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

CUT TO:

20 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

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

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

EDDIE

(to himself)

Fucking assholes.

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

21 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

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

Nice Guy Eddie walks in and everybody jumps.

EDDIE

What in Sam Hill is goin on?

Mr. Pink and Mr. White speak together.

MR. PINK

MR. WHITE

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

Joe?

Nice Guy sees Mr. Orange.

EDDIE

Holy shit, this guy's all fucked  
up!

MR. WHITE

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

MR. PINK

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

EDDIE

What? Nobody set anybody up.

MR. PINK

The cops were there waitin for us!

EDDIE

Bullshit.

MR. PINK

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

EDDIE

Okay, Mr. Detective, who did it?

MR. PINK

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

EDDIE

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

MR. PINK

I don't know, but somebody did.

EDDIE

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

MR. BLONDE

Where's Joseph?

EDDIE

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

MR. PINK

(to Mr. White)

I told ya he'd be pissed.

MR. WHITE

(pointing to Mr.  
Orange)

What are you gonna do about him?

EDDIE

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

MR. WHITE

You ain't dying, he is.

EDDIE

I'll call somebody.

MR. WHITE

Who?

EDDIE

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

MR. PINK

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

EDDIE

Nobody saw what happened to Mr. Blue?

MR. BLONDE

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

DOLLY to MEDIUM on the cop.

EDDIE (OS)

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

(referring to the  
cop)

Why the hell are you beating on  
him?

MR. PINK

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

EDDIE

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

MR. PINK

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

EDDIE

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

(pointing to Mr.  
Blonde)

You stay here and babysit Orange  
and the cop.

(referring to Mr.

Pink and Mr. White)

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

MR. WHITE

We can't leave these guys with  
him.

Meaning Mr. Blonde.

EDDIE  
Why not?

Mr. White crosses to Mr. Blonde.

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

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

MR. WHITE  
He's the reason the place turned  
into a shooting gallery.  
(to Mr. Pink)  
What are you, a silent partner?  
Fuckin tell him.

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

MR. WHITE  
This is what he was doin.

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

MR. BLONDE  
I told 'em not to touch the alarm.

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

MR. WHITE

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

MR. BLONDE

I don't like alarms.

EDDIE

What does it matter who stays with  
the cop? We ain't lettin him go.  
Not after he's seen everybody.  
You should've never took him outta  
your trunk in the first place.

MR. PINK

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

EDDIE

There is no fuckin set up!  
(Eddie takes charge)  
Look, this is the news. Blondie,  
you stay here and take care of  
them two. White and Pink come  
with me, 'cuz if Joe gets here and  
sees all those fucking cars  
parked out front, he's going to be  
as mad at me as he is at you.

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

22 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - MR. BLONDE AND COP

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

MR. BLONDE

Alone at last.

C.U. COP'S FACE.

MR. BLONDE (OS)

Now where were we?

COP

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

MR. BLONDE (OS)

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

COP

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

MR. BLONDE (OS)

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

He SLAPS the cop's face.

MR. BLONDE (OS)

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

COP

Yes.

MR. BLONDE (OS)

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

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

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

Except pray for death.

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

COP'S POV

Mr. Blonde walks away from the cop.

MR. BLONDE

Let's see what's on K-BILLY'S



"super sounds of the seventies"  
weekend.

He turns on the radio.

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

NOTE: This entire sequence is timed to the music.

Mr. Blonde slowly walks toward the cop.

He opens a large knife.

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

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

Then, like a cobra, he LASHES out.

A SLASH across the face.

The cop/camera moves around wildly.

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

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

The cop/camera moves around wildly.

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

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

23 INT./EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - HANDHELD SHOT

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

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

He walks back inside the warehouse...

24 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

...carrying the can of gas.

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

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

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

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

He moves the match up to the cop...

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

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

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

Mr. Blonde FALLS down dead.

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

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

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

COP  
Jeffrey.

MR. ORANGE  
Jeffrey what?

COP  
Jeffrey Andrews.

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

JEFFREY

I know.

MR. ORANGE  
(surprised)  
You do?

JEFFREY  
Your name's Freddy something.

MR. ORANGE  
Freddy Newendyke.

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

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

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

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

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

Jeffrey starts to weep.

JEFFREY  
That fucking bastard! That  
fucking sick fucking bastard!

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

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

MR. ORANGE

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

CUT TO:

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

25 INT. DENNY'S - NIGHT

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

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

CAMERA DOLLIES FAST down AISLE to MEDIUM SHOT of Holdaway.  
We fear Freddy OFF SCREEN.

FREDDY (O.S.)

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

HOLDAWAY

This better not be some Freddy joke.

LOW ANGLE

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

FREDDY

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

CU ON HOLDAWAY

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

HOLDAWAY

Congratulations.

26 EXT. DENNY'S - NIGHT

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

27 INT. DENNY'S - NIGHT

FREEZE FRAME ON HOLDAWAY

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

FREDDY (O.S.)

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

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

HOLDAWAY

Woo all picked you up?

From here to end we cut back and forth.

FREDDY

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

HOLDAWAY  
...What bar?

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

HOLDAWAY  
You ever seen this motherfucker  
before?

FREDDY  
Who, Mr. White?

HOLDAWAY  
Yeah.

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

HOLDAWAY  
How can you tell?

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

HOLDAWAY  
Did the two of you talk?

FREDDY  
Me and Mr. White?

HOLDAWAY  
Yeah.

FREDDY  
A little.

HOLDAWAY  
What about?

FREDDY  
The Brewers.

HOLDAWAY  
The Milwaukee Brewers?

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

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

Holdaway takes a big bite out of his burger.

HOLDAWAY  
(with his mouth full)  
What kinds questions did Cabot  
ask?

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

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

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

CAMERA MOVES from a MEDIUM on Freddy to a CU.

HOLDAWAY (O.S.)  
Didja use the commode story?

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

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

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

FREDDY  
What's this?

HOLDAWAY  
It's a scene. Memorize it.

FREDDY  
What?

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

FREDDY  
(referring to the  
papers)  
But what is this?

HOLDAWAY  
It's a amusing anecdote about a  
drug deal.

FREDDY  
What?

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



FREDDY

I gotta memorize all this shit?

HOLDAWAY

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

FREDDY

I can do that.

HOLDAWAY

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

29 INT. FREDDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

FREDDY

...this was during the Los Angeles marijuana drought of '86. I still had a connection. Which was insane, 'cause you couldn't get weed anyfuckinwhere then. Anyway,

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

Freddy exits frame

CUT TO:

30 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

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

FREDDY

...but then that got to be a pain  
in the ass. People called me on  
the phone all the fuckin time. I  
couldn't rent a fuckin tape  
without six phone calls

interrupting me. "Hey, Freddy, when's the next time you're gettin some?" "Motherfucker, I'm tryin to watch 'Lost Boys'-- when I have some, I'll let you know." And then these rinky-dink pot heads come by--there's my friends and everything, but still. I got all my shit laid out in sixty dollar bags. Well, they don't want sixty dollars worth. They want ten dollars worth. Breaking it up is a major fuckin pain in the ass. I don't even know how much ten dollars worth is. "Well, fuck, man, I don't want that much around. If I have that much around I'll smoke it." "Hey, if you guys can't control your smokin, that's not my problem. You motherfuckers been smokin for five years, be a adult about it." Finally I just told my connection, count me out. But as it turns out, I'm the best guy she had, and she depended alot on my business. But I was still sick to death of it. And she's trying to talk me into not quitin.

Now this was a very weird situation, 'cause I don't know if you remember back in '86, there was a major fuckin drought. Nobody and anything. People were livin on resin and smokin the wood in their pipes for months. And this chick had a bunch, and was beggin me to sell it. So I told her I wasn't gonna be Joe the Pot Man anymore. But I would take a little bit and sell it to my close, close, close friends. She agreed to that, and said we'd keep the same arrangement as before, ten percent and free pot for me, as long as I helped her out that weekend. She had a brick of weed she was sellin, and she didn't want to go to the buy alone...

CUT TO:

31 INT. BOOTS AND SOCKS BAR - NIGHT

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

FREDDY

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

MR. WHITE

What for?

FREDDY

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

JOE

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

FREDDY

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

CUT TO:

32 INT. MEN'S ROOM - TRAIN STATION - DAY

MEDIUM ON FREDDY

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

FREDDY (V.O.)

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

FREEZE FRAME

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

FREDDY (V.O.)

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

NICE GUY EDDIE (V.O.)

They were waiting for you?

FREDDY (V.O.)

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

33 BACK TO BAR

ECU MR. WHITE

MR. WHITE

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

34 BACK TO MEN'S ROOM

ECU GERMAN SHEPHERD

barking his head off.

FREDDY (V.O.)

The German Shepherd starts  
barkin'. He's barkin' at me. I  
mean it's obvious he's barkin' at  
me.

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

FREDDY (V.O.)

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

SLOW MOTION

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

FREDDY (V.O.)

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

FREEZE FRAME

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

SHERIFF #1

Shut up!

The dog quiets down. Sheriff #2 continues with his story.  
A couple of the sheriffs look over at Freddy off screen,  
but as Sheriff #2 talks, turn their attention to him.

SHERIFF #2

So my gun's drawn, right? I got  
it aimed right at him. I tell  
'em, "Freeze, don't fuckin move."  
And the little idiot's lookin at  
me, nodding his head "Yes," sayin

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

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

SHERIFF #2 (O.S.)  
I tell 'im, "Buddy, I'm gonna  
shoot you in the face right now if  
you don't put your hands on the  
fuckin dash." And the guy's  
girlfriend, a real sexy Oriental  
bitch, starts screamin at him,  
"Chuck, are you out of your mind?  
Put your hands on the dash like  
the officer said." And then like  
nothing, the guy snaps out of it  
and casually puts his hands on the  
dash.

Freddy finishes his playing possum piss, and walks past  
the sheriffs over to the sink. The CAMERA PANS with him.  
A sheriff is sitting on a sink. He looks down and watches  
Freddy wash his hands.

SHERIFF #1  
What was he goin for?

SHERIFF #2  
His registration. Stupid fuckin  
citizen, doesn't have the  
slightest idea how close he came  
to gettin shot.

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

These following shots are SLOW MOTION.

CU OF FREDDY

CU of his HANDS, rubbing each other getting blown dry

SHOT OF SHERIFFS talking. We can't hear them because of  
the machine.

CU OF MACHINE

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

CU OF GERMAN SHEPHERD

Machine turns off.

CUT TO:

35 INT. OFFICE - DAY

CU MUG SHOT OF MR. WHITE

FREDDY (OS)

That's him, that's Mr. White.

FULL SCENE

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

TWO SHOT OF FREDDY AND HOLDAWAY

look at mug shot.

HOLDAWAY

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

CU OF COMPUTER SCREEN

the name DIMICK, LAWRENCE is typed in.

C.U. ENTER BUTTON IS PRESSED

C.U. OF FEMALE COMPUTER OPERATOR, JODIE SEIGEL.



JODIE  
This is your life, Lawrence  
Dimick!

C.U. OF COMPUTER PRINTER

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

CUT TO:

36 INT. HOLDAWAY'S OFFICE - DAY

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

We hear Jodie's voice OFFSCREEN.

JODIE (OS)  
Lawrence "Larry" Dimick. Also  
known as Lawrence Jacobs and Alvin  
"Al" Jacobs. This guy is Mr. Joe-  
Armed-Robbery. He's  
a pro and he makes it a habit not  
to get caught.

MEDIUM SHOT OF JODIE

DOLLY slowly into C.U.

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

C.U. FREDDY

FREDDY  
What was it?

JODIE

JODIE

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

TWO SHOT OF HOLDAWAY AND FREDDY

Freddy winces.

FREDDY

Goddamn, that's hard time.

JODIE

JODIE

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

CU HOLDAWAY

HOLDAWAY

Was this vice squad bullshit in  
Milwaukee?

JODIE

JODIE

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

## DOLLY BEHIND HOLDAWAY'S DESK

from left to right.

FREDDY

When did he do this time?

JODIE

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

HOLDAWAY

What happened?

The DOLLY moves behind Jodie.

JODIE

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

FREDDY

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

JODIE

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

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

The DOLLY completes its circle.

FREDDY

And Larry Dimick was one of the  
boys?

JODIE

He was probably the one.

ON HOLDAWAY

HOLDAWAY

Just how sure are you with your  
cover?

PAN to C.U. on Freddy.

FREDDY

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

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

FREDDY (OS)

What's the next step?

HOLDAWAY (OS)

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

35 INT. FREDDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

C.U. TELEPHONE

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

FREDDY  
Hello.

NICE GUY EDDIE (OS)  
(through phone)  
It's time. Grab your jacket--

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

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

EDDIE  
--We're parked outside.

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

We hear the CLICK of Freddy hanging up through the phone.  
Nice Guy places the receiver back in its cradle.

EDDIE  
He'll be right down.

39 INT. FREDDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

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

Fear.

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

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

close OFF SCREEN.

40 EXT. FREDDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

COPS' POV

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

COP #1 (OS)

There goes our boy.

COP #2 (OS)

I swear, a guy has to have rocks in his head the size of Gibraltar to work undercover.

COP #1 (OS)

Do you want one of these?

COP #2 (OS)

Yeah, gimme the bear claw.

Freddy gets into the car and it pulls into traffic.

Cop #1 starts the engine and follows.

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

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

MR. PINK

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

MR. WHITE

(sarcastically)

There's a slight difference.

The car laughs.

MR. PINK

Go ahead and laugh, you know what I mean. What a while bitch will

put up with, a black bitch won't  
put up with for a minute. They  
got a line, and if you cross it,  
they fuck you up.

EDDIE

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

MR. WHITE

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

MR. PINK

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

MR. WHITE

Not these guys.

MR. PINK

Yeah, those guys too.

EDDIE

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

MR. WHITE

Elois?

EDDIE

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

MR. WHITE

Where was she from, Compton?

EDDIE

No. She was from Ladora Heights.

MR. PINK

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

once.

(in a stuck up black  
female voice)

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

EDDIE

It's not the black Beverly Hills,  
it's the black Palos Verdes.

Anyway, this chick, Elois, was a  
man-eater-upper. I bet every guy  
who's ever met her has jacked off  
to her at least once. You know  
who she looked like? Christie  
Love. 'Member that TV show "Get  
Christie Love"? She was a black  
female cop. She always used to  
say "You're under arrest, sugar."

MR. PINK

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

EDDIE

Pam Grier.

MR. PINK

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

MR. PINK

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

EDDIE

Well, whoever she was, Elois  
looked like her. So one night I  
walk into the club, and no Elois.  
Now the bartender was a wetback,  
he was a friend of mine, his name  
was Carlos.

So I asked him "Hey, Carlos,  
where's Lady E tonight?" Well  
apparently Lady E was married to



this real piece of dog shit. I  
mean a real animal. And  
apparently he would do things to  
her.

FREDDY

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

EDDIE

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

The car reacts to how horrible that would be.

EDDIE

I'm dead fuckin serious. She put  
some on his dick and some on his  
belly, then stuck 'em together.  
The paramedics had to come and cut  
it loose.

The car reacts badly.

MR. WHITE

Jesus Christ!

FREDDY

You can do some crazy things with  
it.

EDDIE

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

MR. WHITE

Was he all pissed off?

MR. PINK

How would you feel if you had to

do a handstand every time you took  
a piss.

The car laughs.

42 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Nice Guy Eddie pulls up outside the warehouse.  
The four men climb out of the car and follow Eddie inside.

43 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The four men enter the building.

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

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

JOE

(to everybody)

...So they're talkin about how  
they get their wives off, and the

French guys says:

(in a bad French  
accent)

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

Back to Joe.

So the dago says:

CU ON JOE

JOE

(in a good Brooklyn  
accent)

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

Poland says:

(in dumb voice)

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

Joe laughs like a crazy man.

JOE

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

We hear a lot of laughing OFF SCREEN.

JOE

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

Joe's eyes greet the new arrivals.

JOE

You're here, great!

Joe EXITS C.U.

We now have everybody from the Uncle Bob's Pancake House scene together again. Some sit on folding chairs, some stand. Joe sits in front of them on the edge of a table. A blackboard with a layout of the jewelry store is off to the right.

We do a 360 around the men.

EDDIE

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

JOE

No hurry.

(to the boys)

All right, let's get to know one another. With the exception of Eddie and myself, who you already know, you'll be using aliases. Under no circumstances are you to tell one another your real name or anything else about yourself. That includes where you're from, your wife's name, where you

might've done time, about a bank  
in St. Petersburg you might've  
robbed. You guys don't say shit  
about who you are, where you been  
or what you've done. Only thing  
you guys can talk about is what  
you're going to do. This way the  
only ones who know who the members  
of the team are are Eddie and  
myself. And that's the way I like  
it. Because in the unlikely event  
of one of you getting apprehended  
by the cops, not that I expect  
that to happen - it most  
definitely should not happen - it  
hasn't happened, you don't have  
anything to deal with. You don't  
know any names. You know my name,  
you know Eddie's name. That I  
don't care about. You gotta prove  
it. I ain't worried. Besides,  
this way you gotta trust me. I  
like that. I set this up and  
picked the men I wanted for it.  
None of you came to me, I  
approached all of you. I know  
you. I know your work, I know  
your reputation. I know you as  
men. Except for this guy.

Joe points a finger at Freddy.

Freddy shits a brick.

JOE

But he's OK. If he wasn't OK, he  
wouldn't be here. Okay, let me  
introduce everybody to everybody.

But once again, at the risk of  
being redundant, if I even think I  
hear somebody telling or referring  
to somebody by their Christian  
name...

(Joe searches for the  
right words)

...you won't want to be you.

Okay, quickly.

(pointing at the men  
as he gives them a  
name)

Mr. Brown, Mr. White, Mr. Blonde,  
Mr. Blue, Mr. Orange, and Mr.  
Pink.

MR. PINK  
Why am I Mr. Pink?

JOE  
Cause you're a faggot.

Everybody laughs.

MR. PINK  
Why can't we pick out our own  
colors?

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

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

Everybody laughs.

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

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

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

MR. PINK  
Oh that's really easy for you to  
say, you're Mr. White. You gotta

cool-sounding name. So tell me,  
Mr. White, if you think "Mr. Pink"  
is no big deal, you wanna trade?

JOE

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

MR. PINK

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

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

JOE (OS)

Okay fellas, let's get into this.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. BLEACHERS - DAY

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

HOLDAWAY

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

FREDDY

What's your visibility of the

interior?

HOLDAWAY

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

FREDDY

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

HOLDAWAY

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

FREDDY

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

HOLDAWAY

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

FREDDY

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

HOLDAWAY

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

bastards. We're willing to offer them good deals to testify against Cabot.

FREDDY

Isn't this risk unorthodox?

HOLDAWAY

What?

FREDDY

Letting them go ahead with the robbery?

HOLDAWAY

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

FREDDY

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

HOLDAWAY

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

45 EXT. KARINA'S FINE JEWELRY - DAY

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

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

While we look at this we HEAR over the soundtrack Mr. White and Freddy talking OFF SCREEN.



MR. WHITE (VO)

Let's go over it. Where are you?

FREDDY (VO)

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

MR. WHITE (VO)

Mr. Brown?

FREDDY (VO)

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

MR. WHITE (VO)

Mr. Blonde and Mr. Blue?

FREDDY (VO)

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

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

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

MR. WHITE

Myself and Mr. Pink?

FREDDY

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

MR. WHITE

When you're dealing with a store like this, they're insured up the ass. They're not supposed to give

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

CUT TO:

47 EXT. ALLEY - DAY

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

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

A car whips around the corner, into the alley.

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

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

MR. BROWN  
(screaming)

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

FREDDY

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

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

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

Freddy, holding the dying Mr. Brown, looks on at Mr.  
White's ambush in shock.

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

MR. BROWN

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

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

Mr. White RUNS up to Freddy.

MR. WHITE

Is he dead?

Freddy doesn't answer, he can't.

MR. WHITE

Did he die or not?

Freddy, scared.

FREDDY

I'm sorry.

MR. WHITE

What? Snap out of it!

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

They EXIT the alley and FLEE down a street.

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

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

MR. WHITE  
Get us outta here!

Mr. White climbs into the backseat.

Freddy starts to climb in.

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

MR. WHITE  
The bitch's got a gun!

She SHOOTS Freddy in the stomach.

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

C.U. ON FREDDY

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

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

48 INT. GETAWAY CAR (MOVING) - DAY

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

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

MR. WHITE (OS)  
Just hold on buddy boy.

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

CUT FROM FREDDY IN THE BACKSEAT TO:

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

Mr. Pink is behind the wheel, Nice Guy Eddie is in the passenger seat going through the satchel with the diamonds. Mr. White is in the backseat. The car is SPEEDING back to the garage.

EDDIE

(looking through the case)

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

MR. WHITE

I don't believe you just said that.

EDDIE

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

MR. PINK

I love this guy.

EDDIE

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

MR. WHITE

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

EDDIE

Hey, it's the best I could do.

MR. WHITE

The man is fucking dying.

EDDIE

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

MR. WHITE

He needs a doctor, not a fuckin nurse.

EDDIE

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

MR. WHITE

Obviously not enough.

EDDIE

Fuck you! You gotta little black  
book, then whip is out. If not,  
listen how it is. I called three  
doctors and couldn't get through  
to shit. Now, time being a  
factor, I called Bonnie. Sweet  
broad, helluva broad, and a  
registered nurse. Told her a  
bullshit story, upside: she said  
bring him to her apartment.

MR. WHITE

If he dies I'm holding you  
personally responsible.

EDDIE

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

(he grabs his  
portable phone)

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

MR. PINK

Goddamnit, will you guys grow up!

EDDIE

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

MR. WHITE

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

EDDIE

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

MR. PINK

(to Mr. White)

Look, he's not sayin this bitch is gonna operate on him. She's gonna give him better attention than we can until we can get a doctor. Nobody's forgotten about doctors. Joe'll get one in a snap. This is something we're doing in the meantime. I think both of you are actin like a couple of assholes.

EDDIE

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

50 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

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

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

EDDIE

What the fuck happened here?

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

MR. WHITE

(to Mr. Orange)

What happened?

MR. ORANGE

(very weakly)

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

EDDIE

(yelling)

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

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

EDDIE

(to Mr. Orange)

You were saying he went crazy?  
Something like that? Worse or  
better?

MR. ORANGE

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

MR. WHITE

(to Eddie)

Uhuh, uhuh, what's I tell ya?  
That sick piece of shit was a  
stone cold psycho.

MR. ORANGE

(to Eddie)

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

EDDIE

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

MR. WHITE

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



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

MR. PINK

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

EDDIE

(to Mr. Orange)

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

MR. ORANGE

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

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

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

EDDIE

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

MR. WHITE (OS)

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

MR. ORANGE (OS)

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

EDDIE

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

Silence.

EDDIE

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

VOICE (OS)

Why? It'll just be more bullshit.

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

JOE

(pointing to Mr.  
Orange)

This man set us up.

CAMERA does a 360 around the men.

EDDIE

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

JOE

That's okay, Eddie, I do.

MR. WHITE

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

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

MR. WHITE MR. PINK EDDIE  
What?

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

MR. ORANGE'S POV

Looking up from the floor at everybody.

Joe looks down at Mr. Orange.

JOE  
Aren't you?

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

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

JOE  
Like hell I am.

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

JOE

You don't know jack shit. I do.  
This rotten bastard tipped off the  
cops and got Mr. Brown and Mr.  
Blue killed.

MR. PINK  
Mr. Blue's dead?

JOE  
Dead as Dillinger.

EDDIE  
The motherfucker killed Vic.

MR. WHITE  
How do you know all this?

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

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

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

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

Mr. White brings his .45 up at Joe.

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

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

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

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

MR. WHITE

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

EDDIE

Stop pointing your fuckin gun at  
daddy!

Joe, never taking his eyes off Mr. Orange.

JOE

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

MR. WHITE

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

We get many different angles of the Mexican standoff.

MEDIUMS ON EVERYBODY

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

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

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

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

Mr. Pink walking backwards away from the action.

Nobody says nothing.

FOUR SHOT

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

MR. PINK

C'mon, guys, nobody wants this.  
We're supposed to me fuckin

professionals!

Joe raises his head to Mr. White.

JOE

Larry, I'm gonna kill him.

MR. WHITE

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

JOE

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

MR. WHITE

Don't ask me that.

JOE

I'm not askin, I'm betting.

Joe's eyes go back to Mr. Orange.

EDDIE

Daddy, don't!

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

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

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

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

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

Eddie COLLAPSES, dead.

Joe's dead.

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

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

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

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

POLICE FORCE (OS)  
Freeze! Get out of the car and lie  
face down on the ground!

MR. PINK (OS)  
Don't shoot!

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

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

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

MR. WHITE  
(with much effort)  
Sorry, kid. Looks like we're  
gonna do a little time.

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

MR. ORANGE  
I'm a cop.

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

MR. ORANGE  
I'm sorry, I'm so sorry.

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

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

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

POLICE FORCE (OS)  
Freeze, motherfucker! Drop your  
fucking gun!

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

BANG

We hear a BURST of SHOTGUN FIRE.

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