

"REDEMPTION"

By

Tom Sierchio

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OVER BLACK SCREEN:

*The sins of the assassin,
fall on the men who hire him.*

FADE IN:

1 EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK, TRENTON, NEW JERSEY - SUMMER NIGHT

A large, city park. Lit here and there with a few old green iron lampposts. Traffic can be heard outside the park.

ANGLE BENEATH A TREE - A radio plays from a parked car nearby as a young high school couple make out. The GIRL is backed up against the tree, the BOY kissing her neck, her mouth... he begins to lift her shirt, she pushes his hand down and away. They kiss some more, he tries again... and again she parries -

GIRL

Uh-uh...

They kiss some more... he reaches under her shirt again -

BOY

-- No...?

GIRL

(kissing)

You love me?

BOY

What?

GIRL

You love me?

BOY

Uh...

GIRL

Jesus Christ, just do it already --

She allows him in just as -

A MAN ON AN E-BIKE (30s), blue hoodie, rides past the young couple on a paved bike path there. WE STAY WITH HIM as he coasts around a curve... past the occasional parked car...

ALONG HIS PATH - Passing a WOMAN with a cigarette, pajamas, slippers and kerchief, walking her dog -

ANOTHER ANGLE - The Man on the bike pedals up an incline, past a lamppost and park bench where two WOMEN drink beer and bullshit with an OLDER MAN... The Man on the bike disappears over the incline...

ANGLE ON SEDAN - Parked on a quiet OVERPASS inside the park and *overlooking the bike path*. Inside is a man, FAY DARROW (40-50s). Handsome and quiet. A bit angry. Keeps to himself. He is a man at a crossroad in his life. He sips coffee from a styrofoam cup while keeping an eye directed down at the park. After a moment, he checks his wrist watch. He grabs a pack of cigarettes off the dash and lights one.

A beat... He then pulls a handgun out from under a newspaper on the seat next to him. He casually reaches into his jacket and removes a *silencer*, twists it onto the barrel of the gun. Also on the seat is a black & white surveillance-like photo of a man in a hoodie with a bicycle, standing outside a bar. It is the same guy as the Man on the e-bike. Fay slips the gun back under the newspaper, sits back with his coffee and his cigarette... and he waits...

ANGLE ON MAN ON BIKE - Pedaling through the park...

ANGLE SEDAN - Where Fay's face is illuminated by the headlights of an approaching car on the overpass. It passes without incident and continues on. Fay calmly glances at the car in his rearview until it disappears from sight...

ANGLE ON MAN ON BIKE - Coasting around a curve and toward the overpass ahead of him in the distance...

SEDAN - As Fay turns his glance out the passenger window and sees, in the near distance, the Man on the bike approaching on the path down below. Fay calmly sits up. He reaches under the newspaper for the gun and climbs out of the car leaving the door open. He gives a quick scan of the area. Quiet, deserted -

MAN ON BIKE - Pedaling toward the overpass and the short pedestrian tunnel below it...

ON FAY - In the shadows. He tosses his cigarette and crosses to the opposite side of the overpass where the Man on the bike will emerge from beneath. He rests his arm on the parapet there, steadies the pistol on his forearm, and waits for his target...

MAN ON BIKE - Coasting down the path before entering the pedestrian tunnel below the sedan...

FAY POV: Through sights of the gun... the empty path... When finally, the Man on the bike exits the tunnel and ENTERS OUR FRAME...

A moment as Fay takes careful aim, dead center of the Man's back as he cycles in a straight path away from us... In a moment the target will be hidden from view by the tree branches stretching over the path... Just then, Fay pulls the trigger. The shot is fired!

ANGLE MAN ON BIKE - His head jerks back with a sudden *Gasp*, stops pedaling, clutches the handlebars in a white knuckle death grip as he disappears beyond the overhanging branches -

ON FAY - His view obstructed by the trees and listening for the crash of the bike... listening... listening... However, it does not come. Fay cranes to see beyond the dark hidden stretch. He can't. He crosses to the sedan, climbs up the hood and windshield, stands on the roof of his car and looks, when -

FAY POV: The Man on the bike rolls into view past the trees, still on his bike, hunched over, frozen rigid and coasting down the incline of the bike path...

ANGLE FAY - He looks to see further down the path, *ahead of the Man* where the path leads straight down, through the open gates and out of the park to the busy BOULEVARD -

FAY
... fuck...

Fay watches as the target, gasping, half in shock, coasts down the bike path, straight through the gates... and -

ANGLE AT PARK GATES - Where the Man coasts out the park entrance, straight out onto the busy boulevard, straight into traffic, is *struck by a passing car, tossed into the air and lands smack on the windshield of an oncoming TRENTON POLICE CAR!* A wild screech, the Man rolls off the police car to the ground -

ANGLE FAY - As he hops down from the roof of his sedan, climbs into his car, starts the engine and quickly guns it, driving from the overpass -

2 EXT. THE BOULEVARD, TRENTON - NIGHT (A FEW MINUTES LATER)

FROM FAY'S SEDAN - Parked at the curb a safe distance down the block. Fay watches the POLICE SCENE up ahead. An AMBULANCE is there. The Man is still alive. PARAMEDICS working to stabilize him. Finally, they carefully lift him onto a gurney and quickly load him into the ambulance. The EMT DRIVER climbs in. And as the ambulance pulls away -

FAY - Starts his engine, slams the shift into drive, and -

OPENING MUSIC -

TITLES APPEAR:

R A V E N

OPENING CREDITS - As Fay guns the sedan into traffic and follows the ambulance.

THROUGH THE STREETS OF TRENTON -

MUSIC CONTINUES - As Fay follows, carefully keeping up with the speeding ambulance, swerving through traffic...

SERIES OF ANGLES - Running red lights, weaving in and out of unsuspecting cars, tailing the ambulance... A near-miss at an intersection, losing the ambulance... Cutting across a parking lot... Speeding down an alleyway, coming out the other side...

A SIDE STREET - Screeching back out onto the avenue, eyeing the ambulance once again, speeding, cutting lanes, swerving into oncoming traffic, passing on both the right and left to catch back up -

3 EXT. SAINT MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT (A MINUTE LATER)

The AMBULANCE rushes into the lot and passes OUT OF FRAME. A long moment... When -

FAY'S SEDAN drives into the lot...

ANGLE EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - Where the ambulance rolls up to the doors, an EMERGENCY CREW rushes out to meet it -

FAY'S SEDAN - Jerks to a halt among the parked cars across the darkened far side at the visitor's parking. Fay jumps out with his pistol. He crouches at the rear fender, rests his elbows on the trunk his car and aims the gun -

AMBULANCE - The back doors swing open... the Paramedics unload the gurney...

FAY - Looks for a clear shot among the bustle...

THE MAN - Is out and the gurney wheels are released -

FAY - Looking for the shot... the body obscured by Paramedics, Cops and Emergency Crew as the gurney is wheeled toward the open doors of the emergency entrance...

FAY
... Come on... come on...

When, one of the Paramedics drops his clipboard. He bends to grab it. *The Man's head is in sight for an instant -*

FAY - Takes the *shot!*

THE MAN'S HEAD - *Jerks* to the side, a tight *Pfft!* of blood sprays out the exit wound on the other side unnoticed as the already bloodied gurney is rushed through the emergency entrance of the hospital -

END MUSIC & OPENING CREDITS -

FAY - Relaxes with a drained sigh of relief. A moment as he rests, leaning over the trunk of his car...

4 EXT. BOND STREET BAR, A NEW JERSEY TOWN - NIGHT (LATER)

OPEN ON: Neon sign in the window that reads: SINNERS WELCOME.

5 INT. BOND STREET BAR - NIGHT (LATER)

A small neighborhood bar. About a quarter full with a mixed bag of REGULARS. The bizarre, late-breaking NJ News story of a bicyclist who was "*shot multiple times*" airs on a television over the bar. The broadcast mentions a "*possible mob connection*" and concerns over "*other recent mob activity*"...

FAY (O.S.)
Yeah.

PHONE (POMPEII)
Fay? Jesus, what're you fuckin' kiddin' me? D'you see the news, the mess you made?

FAY (O.S.)
I finished it, didn't I? What's the difference?

CAMERA PANS TO FIND - Fay as in a quiet spot at the rear of the bar on his cell phone out of earshot -

PHONE (POMPEII)
What's the difference? Fucking Disneyland Marching Band would'a drew less attention! It was the easiest job you ever had!
(MORE)

PHONE (POMPEII) (CONT'D)
 You was supposed t' tag him, throw
 him in the trunk, put the soul in
 the hole, an' that was that.

FAY
 You want your money back?

PHONE (POMPEII)
 We should get it back. This is
 fuckin' amateur night here, Fay.
 What'd you hand out invitations t'
 this thing?

FAY
 Fine. Go fuck yourself.

PHONE (POMPEII)
 Go *who*?

FAY
 You heard me, look in the mirror
 an' shoot the first person you see,
 you bag'a shit, go fuck yourself.
 Find somebody else.

PHONE (POMPEII)
 Fay, take it easy, we just didn't
 need you makin' such a--

Fay hangs up on him -

6 INT. RESTROOM, BOND ST. BAR - NIGHT (A MINUTE LATER)

Fay is splashing his face in the sink. He shuts the faucet, looks up at his dripping face in the mirror. He stares long and hard at his reflection. He looks tired, miserable, this work taking its toll on him... He grabs a few paper towels, dabs his face. He crumples up the paper towels and tosses them into the trash, fixes his hair, running his fingers through it. He then leans his back against the wall next to the sink and takes a deep breath. He puts his head back and closes his eyes. A moment... When, suddenly, the door *BAMS OPEN!* Fay jumps! He spins, chops the GUY (30s) in the throat, the man gasps drops to his knees. Fay kicks the door closed, frisks the Guy for a weapon, finds a wallet, flips it open, reads the Guy's driver's license -

FAY
 The fuck is this. Who are you?

The man can't speak, holds his throat gagging. Fay looks at him, realizes he's never seen him before, realizing his mistake helps him up to his feet -

THE GUY

Christ. I just come in t' piss.

FAY

My mistake. Ya shouldn't barge through doors like that, someone could get hurt.

(off his look)

I mean, worse.

ANGLE ON BAR - As Fay comes back, takes a stool. The BARTENDER already has his drink waiting. Fay downs it in one slug and pushes the glass forward for another. The Bartender pours another as Fay notices the Guy coming out of the bathroom and returning to his stool at the end of the bar, cautiously glancing Fay as he does. Fay tells the barkeep -

FAY

Take care'a my friend down there, whatever he wants.

The Bartender nods and leaves. Fay sips his drink, watching what is now a recap of a title fight boxing match on the news. A moment goes by... When -

WOMAN (O.S.)

Oh, turn this off, I hate boxing.

Fay turns to see a WOMAN (40s), sliding into the empty stool next to him. Not addressing anyone in particular, at TV -

WOMAN

It's barbaric. Do you realize that every time they hit each other it's an injury to the body?

Fay gives her half a glance; she's not that interesting that he'd care for her to take that seat. And he knows she's the type who'll, no doubt, eventually introduce herself by talking loud enough with the Bartender for Fay to hear that she's divorced, or it's her birthday, or both -

BARTENDER

What're you a nurse?

WOMAN

I was a nurse in college.

BARTENDER

Where?

WOMAN

I went to nursing school. I'm off tonight. It's my birthday.

BARTENDER
Again? Happy Birthday.

Fay minds his business. He glances up at an advertisement posted behind the bar, a bar raffle for a CRUISE VACATION.

ON FAY - As he quietly stares at the little cardboard poster; the giant ship, the peaceable blue waters, perhaps taking in the warm idea of it...

BARTENDER
How old?

WOMAN
You don't ask a woman her age,
what's the matter with you?
(then, glances to Fay)
Right?

FAY
(snaps out of it)
-- Sorry?

WOMAN
He asked me how old I was, I said
never ask a woman her age.

FAY
Probably not a good idea.

WOMAN
My ex-husband was like that, always
said the wrong thing. But I'll let
you guess?

FAY
Your age?

WOMAN
Take a guess. I won't get mad.

FAY
(shrugs)
Sixty?

WOMAN
Sixty!? Try forty-four, you
asshole.

Fay downs his drink, gets up, leaves a tip and exits. A beat,
as they watch him leave...

WOMAN
-- You know that guy?

7 INT. FAY'S SEDAN, STREETS OF TOWN - NIGHT (LATER)

It is late. Fay lights a cigarette. We get the impression that, for the moment, he has no real destination. Just driving the dark empty streets... The traffic lights... Red turns to green... Green turns to red... And red back to green... dissolving over and over, one after the other... And another boulevard... And we -

8 INT. FAY'S SEDAN, A JERSEY NEIGHBORHOOD - LATE NIGHT

... Fay steers the car through a middle-class section of old brownstone apartment buildings. He lights another cigarette when, he looks up just in time to see *something dart across his headlights*. Fay slams on the brakes and a light thud is heard. A beat. Fay shifts into park and climbs out -

EXT. ANGLE - Fay walks around to the front of the car and pauses. Lying there on the ground, on its side, motionless in the gutter, a medium size DOG, a mutt. Fay looks down at the animal. He bends, touches it on the side. It's breathing -

The Dog lifts his head, looks up over its shoulder at Fay. Fay stares at the thing a moment, a bit of blood coming from its nose... Fay then stands, looks around. He crosses back to his car. We remain on the Dog, lying there silently, his head remains lifted as if waiting for Fay to come back... When, Fay steps back up to the animal. We see that he now has his gun with him. He glances around the deserted street. Fay then raises the gun and *aims it at the animal's head*... The Dog stares back at him... staring... staring... Fay, standing over him, gun arm extended... staring down at the injured beast...

FAY POV: The Dog looking up at him with round yet calm, almost peaceful eyes...

A long moment... Finally, the Dog rests his head back down with somewhat of a sigh, lying there in the gutter, breathing still. A moment... Fay lowers the gun. He sticks the gun into his belt, bends down and checks the tag on the Dog's collar: "BLUE." An address is inscribed as well.

Fay thinks a moment... He then crosses to the passenger side of his sedan and opens the door. He moves back to the injured Dog, carefully slips his hands beneath it and lifts it from the gutter. He carries "Blue" to the car and sets him onto the front seat and closes the door -

9 EXT. ANIMAL HOSPITAL - LATE NIGHT

Where Fay sits waiting on the front steps with a cigarette...

10 INT. FAY'S APARTMENT, NEW JERSEY TOWN - DAWN

Early morning sunlight, wooden floors and high plaster ceilings. Worn and lived in. The door unlocks and Fay enters with the Dog in his arms, white surgical tape wrapped around one of its front legs. Fay kicks the door closed with his foot. He shoves some magazines off the couch and lays the Dog down there, looking at the sad-looking thing a moment...

ANGLE KITCHEN - (LATER) - Fay sets down a bowl of water on the floor in front of the Dog. Lying with the bowl between its front paws, the Dog looks up at Fay, then begins to lap the water...

ANOTHER ANGLE - (LATER) - As Fay fries a steak in a pan on the stove, the Dog watches him...

ANOTHER ANGLE - (LATER) - As Fay forks a piece of steak into a dish on the table for himself, then another into a dish for the Dog. He sets the dish next to the bowl of water. He then sits at the table, opens a bottle of beer and watches as the Dog begins to gingerly nibble at the steak...

BEDROOM - (LATER) - Fay is asleep in bed, the blinds pulled closed against the morning light. The Dog asleep on the floor.

11 INT. PARKWAY DINER, NJ - THAT NIGHT

Over coffee. Fay is seated in a corner booth. Across the table from him sits GUY POMPEII (pushing 50), African American, the man whom Fay spoke with on his phone in the bar last night. He is a strange, Picasso scribble of a man, looks like he's had a hard life, a hint of a limp, on his 50th second chance. Keeps a handkerchief up his wrist sleeve like he's old school. He pencils through a pocket date book with Snoopy & Woodstock on the cover -

POMPEII

-- Jimmy "Schwinn". Fuckin' went everywhere wit' the thing. 'Member that song, "*I ride my bike, I roller-skate don't drive no car...*" Haha! Not no more, he don't.

Fay scrolls on his cell phone, doesn't want to be sitting here. An envelope rests on the table between them -

FAY

Maybe they'll bury him with his ass stickin' up so they got a place to park it.

POMPEII

That's funny. Fuck him. No fuckin' Boy Scout. Raped three different women, I heard.

(Fay's phone)

What is that, iPhone? Apple makes a smart burner phone now? Or is it the, what, the Samson Milky Way.

FAY

It's *Samsung*, not Samson. And it's *Galaxy*.

POMPEII

Six an' a half of one and a dozen'a the other. Anyway. I just hope this thing don't get blown all outta whack. Carvalho's already nervous, he shit a cinder block when he heard what happened. He's angry, Fay, he's very angry.

(beat)

-- You eatin' alright, Fay? You look macilent.

Fay ignores him, obviously wouldn't keep company with the man if it wasn't necessary -

POMPEII

Why don't you order some chops or sumthin', no?

FAY

When am I workin' again?

POMPEII

Whatta you need money?

FAY

Did I say I need money? I'm taking a vacation. Get away for a while. Maybe a cruise somewhere.

POMPEII

Yeah? --

(suspicious beat... then)

Oh, them cruises, they're fly. They do nuthin' but *feed* ya for the whole two weeks. *Colossal*.

FAY

(bored)

Is that right.

POMPEII

You wanna take a trip somewhere...
I'll mention it.

FAY

I wasn't asking, I'm *telling* you.
I'm taking a couple of years off.

POMPEII

Wo! A couple years?! What, like Rip
Van Winkle?

A WAITRESS sets a patty melt platter in front of Pompeii,
refills their coffees, overflows into the saucer, and leaves -

POMPEII

(scoffs)

What're you gonna do with yourself
a whole couple'a years off?

Pompeii douses his food with ketchup.

FAY

To start with, I won't be sittin'
down in this shithole watching you
stuff your ugly Ratso Rizzo face
like a fucking *badger* who hasn't
had himself a *weasel* all winter.

Fay grabs the envelope off the table and stands -

POMPEII

Hey! You just watch your fuckin'
mouth, tough guy, alright?

FAY

Or...?

POMPEII

Or you'll see how fast we get
somebody t' watch it for you.

Fay grabs a handful of fries from Pompeii's plate -

FAY

Then get him.

(leaving)

I'll send you a postcard. Addressed
to the zoo.

12 EXT. PARKWAY DINER, NJ - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

FAY EXITS THE DINER - Drops his burner phone on the ground, stomps on it twice with his heel, picks it up and tosses the broken phone into a trash pail there.

ANGLE FAY'S SEDAN - In the front parking lot. Fay climbs in, takes the fries and holds them out to the Dog, seated on the passenger seat. The Dog gingerly takes them from his hand... Fay rubs the Dog on the head between his ears, then lifts the tag on the Dog's collar and reads the inscribed address: 712 Kingsley #302. He starts the engine, shifts and pulls out of the lot -

13 INT. FOYER, KINGSLEY ST., NJ - NIGHT

The tiled foyer is lit with a dull bulb. A narrow entry with a dark stair leading straight up. Fay enters through the exterior glass door carrying the Dog. He scans the dented mailboxes there... finds: #302 C. BROUSE -

14 INT. APT. BUILDING, THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

O.S., WE HEAR Fay's footsteps echo as he climbs the stairs with the Dog, appears at the third floor landing, follows the apartment numbers to... #302. Finding no bell, he raps on the wavy glass door panel. A beat... no answer. Raps again. Then -

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

-- Wait...

Finally, a shadow appears on the other side of the glass. The door locks click and the door opens. A barefoot young woman, bra-less in a tee-shirt and shorts. Her name is CLAIRE (30s), her lank dark hair up in a ponytail, attractive in a brash working-class way. She looks at Fay and the Dog -

FAY

Miss Brouse?

CLAIRE

(!)

The fuck. *Blue!*

She reaches for the Dog -

FAY

He ran in front'a my car last night.

She helps him set the Dog down inside the door. Blue hobbles, wagging his tail -

CLAIRE
What happened?

FAY
It was late, so I took him over to
the animal hospital on Church
Street. They said he'll be fine.

CLAIRE
Oh, thank you. I thought he took
off with another dog again, or
somebody grabbed him...
(noticing)
He got stitches?

FAY
Couple on his arm, I gave him some
food. And they, uh... they gave me
these pills for him --

Fay hands her the medication from his pocket -

CLAIRE
Look at you, Baby Blue, what'd you
do t' yourself?

Fay remains in the doorway. He watches her, crouched down,
brusquely inspecting the Dog's leg, him licking her face.
There's that hard straight thing about her that in itself
gives an impression of excellence. Wears a look like she's
just been *cheated* somehow. There's an age difference, still,
Fay falls for her immediately.

CLAIRE
His breath smells like *French fries*.
(to Fay)
You comin' in?

She stands, leads Blue inside, leaves the door open -

FAY
Uh, sure.

15 INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

An old building and lower rent than Fay's place.

CLAIRE
What I owe you? For the hospital.
I'm afraid to ask. Don't mind the
shit mess. Some coffee, beer...?

FAY
You don't have to bother, really, I
just wanted to--

CLAIRE
It's not a bother. I wasn't doin'
nuthin. Cup'a coffee, it's already
made. Thanks what you did. Lotta
people would'a just left him in the
street. Ya know?

Fay looks about the place, follows her and the Dog into the -
KITCHEN -

CLAIRE
I'm Claire, by the way.

FAY
Oh, excuse me. Fay.

CLAIRE
Fay? Is that short for something?

FAY
It's Irish Gaelic. It means raven.
It was my grandfather's name.

She fills a bowl of water for the Dog and the real thing
about her is the complete lack of the rotten smell of liar.
Not in the least presumptive. Just straight. Fay watches her
strong, white bare legs as she reaches up on her toes for a
couple of coffee mugs from the cupboard -

CLAIRE
Raven, huh? As in, like, what is
it, "Nevermore, Never again"...?
Like that?

FAY
Sure, somethin' like that. Fay
Darrow.

She wipes the mugs with her tee-shirt and pours the coffees -

CLAIRE
Sounds like an old movie star. You
a movie star?

FAY
(smiles)
No.

CLAIRE
I like the old black an' white
channels at night.

She smiles. She pushes some clutter aside and they sit at the
kitchen table -

CLAIRE
You from around here? You must be,
right? Officer?

FAY
Officer?

CLAIRE
Is that a real gun? I saw the gun
in your jacket there. Or you
Detective?

FAY
Yeah. Detective.

CLAIRE
Yeah? What precinct?

FAY
Thirteenth.

CLAIRE
Lucky thirteen.

He nods with a smile, sips his coffee...

FAY
-- You live by yourself?

CLAIRE
Me an' him. For now.

FAY
He's a very agreeable dog, isn't he?

CLAIRE
You want him? He's not even mine.
Friend dropped him off for me t'
look after. That was two months
ago, never came back. Listen, I
don't have any cash, though. Can I
give you a check?

She stands from the table -

FAY
It's alright, it's taken care of.

CLAIRE

Stop it. Seriously? Ya know those places charge more than people hospitals.

FAY

No, really. It's taken care of. The department covered it. I was on duty.

Standing there, her arms crossed, her feet well apart -

CLAIRE

You sure? I didn't wanna say, but I'm flat broke, I probably couldn't afford t' pay you back anyways.

FAY

I'm positive.

She sits back down in the chair with her feet up on the seat and her hands holding her toes. She watches the Dog on the floor. There is a long quiet beat... Fay sips his coffee...

CLAIRE

-- Coffee alright? It's dry roast. I get it from work.

FAY

Oh, where do you work?

CLAIRE

Right around the corner.

Oh. He nods. Another quiet beat... There's a feeling of awkwardness here. Fay looks up at a ceramic kitchen plaque on the wall: *No matter where I serve my guests, It seems they like my kitchen best.* She notices -

CLAIRE

My grandmother gave me that. Well, she died an' I took it.

FAY

It's nice.

CLAIRE

It's true though, right?

He nods. Another moment, as he glances around.

CLAIRE

-- So you dunno if they gave him any of his shots? At the hospital.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

'Cause otherwise I gotta take him down to the firehouse when they give 'em out free there.

FAY

They didn't say. But I gave him some steak, he seemed to like that.

CLAIRE

Sure, why wouldn't he. He'll eat anything. He tried t' eat a lawn mower out at the curb.

FAY

A lawn mower?

CLAIRE

I was on the phone, I was tryin' t' win sumthin' on the radio, I look out the window an' he's gnawing on the thing. Ya gotta laugh, right?
(yawning)
... Yop --

She adjusts the colored elastic in her ponytail. Fay cannot take his eyes off of her. He tries to make conversation -

FAY

-- It's good he had the tag on his collar.

CLAIRE

Yeah. He usually finds me, though.
(finally)
-- Listen, I was gonna go t' bed...
So, I guess you gotta leave now.

FAY

Oh. Ok --

They stand from the table. Fay gulps down the rest of his cup -

CLAIRE

I'm not being rude, right?

FAY

No. No, not at all --

ANGLE THE DOOR - She unlocks and opens it for him -

FAY

Thanks for the cup.

CLAIRE
Sure thing. Hey. Fay, right?

FAY
That's right.

CLAIRE
You can come see the dog again if
ya want. He likes you.

FAY
Thanks. I'll do that.

She flicks a few chips of loose paint off the doorjamb watching him as he steps out, then shuts the door and locks it.

16 EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK, TRENTON, NEW JERSEY - DAY

... Neighborhood KIDS crowd around as a NEWS TEAM reports from the scene at the park entrance gates. The Kids try to get on camera, give the finger as an African American FEMALE REPORTER presents the reenactment -

REPORTER
... apparently where the first
shooting took place, the shot to
the spine effectively *paralyzing*
the victim. Still on the eBike, he
then rolled out through these open
gates you see here next to me, into
traffic and finally, the Ewing
Township patrol car...

CUT TO:

17 INT. A BLUE COLLAR KITCHEN, SOMEWHERE - DAY (SAME TIME)

OVER THE SHOULDER OF A MAN in a sleeveless T-shirt. We don't see his face. The shades are pulled and there is a small TV on the kitchen counter. The Man is seated at the table watching the SAME NEWSCAST from the scene at the park gates -

REPORTER (TV)
... Now, and what makes this
assassination even more extraordinary,
is that officials now believe
that the second and ultimately
fatal shot to the head *could have*
occurred as he lay entering the ER
entrance at St. Michael's Hospital,
since paramedics insist *no such*
wound was evident during the
shuttle in the ambulance...

We still don't see the Man's face, although we see that, along with watching the newscast, he is holding a pencil and casually, but deftly, filling in the blocks on a NY Times Crossword. We notice a small patch of eczema on the back of his hand.

He sets down the pencil and picks up a cell phone, thumbs a number... waits... And, in a quiet voice -

THE MAN (O.S.)

Hi. Is Yvette there? -- Do you know
when she'll be back? -- No. I'll
try again another time. Thank you.

18 INT. HOFFMAN TRAVEL - DAY

FAY - Standing at a rack of travel brochures and cruise pamphlets near the front door. He picks a few out, looks them over... A young female TRAVEL AGENT is at her desk, talking to a client on the phone. A moment... Fay glances up, catches a MAN (40s), outside on the sidewalk *looking in at him*. The Man sees Fay looking and pretends to be browsing a travel ad in the window. Fay suspiciously watches him... And -

TRAVEL AGENT

(hangs up phone)

Hi. Planning a trip?

Fay doesn't acknowledge her, watches as the Man walks away...

TRAVEL AGENT

Sir?

Fay stuffs the travel brochures into his jacket and exits -

19 EXT. HOFFMAN TRAVEL, NJ - DAY (SAME TIME)

POV FROM PARKED CAR: Fay, exiting the Travel Agency...

PARKED CAR - Where we see Guy Pompeii sitting in the passenger seat along with the driver, DANNY (40s), neat, baby-faced. They watch as Fay continues on down the street...

POMPEII

G'head.

Danny starts the car and shifts into gear... As the car slowly rolls alongside FAY... He glances over to them, they nod to him, want him to know he's been seen. Fay stops, looks at them, they turn away, speed up and drive off. Fay lights a smoke, watches the car disappear...

20

EXT. A BACKYARD LAKE, OCEAN GROVE - DAY

AT THE WATER - We are at the bottom of a grassy incline at the edge of a property. A HOUSE sits at the top of the backyard on a street in an exclusive neighborhood and a CHUBBY KID (12), wearing an Elmer Fudd hat rides a riding lawn mower up and down the grass...

ANGLE PICNIC TABLE - Sitting there at the lake shore are Pompeii and Danny. Also REMUS CARVALHO (50s), of Portuguese decent, the man at the top in this particular crime syndicate. Doesn't particularly look or act like a gangster. Still, he's dangerous. THE TRENTONIAN newspaper with the headlines: "JIMMY'S LAST RIDE," sits on the table and the men are in the middle of sorting out the situation -

CARVALHO

They blew this thing up like a fuckin' balloon.

DANNY

Bling, is what this is.

POMPEII

Cruise? Personally, I think he wants out.

CARVALHO

I don't know what the fuck was goin' through his head. Just what I need right now, more fuckin' jewelry around my neck.

DANNY

I talked t' Tommy T. The BI's already diggin' around about Pittsburgh.

POMPEII

Personally? He's unreciprocated. I mean, come on, a couple years? He ain't comin' back.

CARVALHO

Whatta ya mean, he ain't comin' back? Is he gonna be a problem?

POMPEII

Personally? I think he wants out.

CARVALHO

I used t' *like* Fay.

POMPEII

His problem is he thinks it's up t'
him, not the other way around the
thing. I mean, who knows who he's
talkin' to.

CARVALHO

Whatta ya mean, he's talkin'?
Talkin' t' *who*?

DANNY

Remus. I'm tellin' ya, his bell's
rung, he ain't the same Fay.

POMPEII

Who knows what he's thinkin'. I
mean, b'fore he goes clear over to
the other side of his head and
starts writin' a fuckin' *book* or
sumthin', that's *all* we need.

CARVALHO

He told you he's writin' a *book*?

POMPEII

No. I'm just sayin'. Lookit that cop
from Newark, what he ran around
tellin' everybody. All of a sudden
everybody's Ernest Hemingway.

DANNY

I don't understand the sudden
interest in leavin'. Maybe the BI
fingered him on this thing already,
who knows. He made enough *noise*
with it. It's possible.

POMPEII

It comes down t' it was an easy
job. He fucked it up, it's all
sensationalized the way he did it,
like he was puttin' on a *show* for
somebody.

CARVALHO

You think he's got other parties in
mind?

POMPEII

Who knows, Remus. You tell me.

A long beat, mulling it over. They watch the Kid ride up and
down on the noisy mower... Then -

CARVALHO

I don't know why the fuck we didn't get him out already. This ain't Philadelphia. In other words, give 'im what he wants, but our way. Let him take his cruise then hand him back t' Detroit, let them worry about him. We're gonna hafta postpone Camden now. All that fuckin' work.

POMPEII

Done an' done.

CARVALHO

Let us worry about what we gotta worry about. Him, he don't mean nothin', he's clear broth. Tell him pack a bag, he's workin' for Motor City now.

POMPEII

He's pretty stubborn, Fay.

CARVALHO

You're only stubborn when you got a choice, don't make me repeat myself. I swear, if I gotta start lookin' over my shoulder because Schwinn's people figured out where this came from -- I used t' like Fay.

A beat... The Kid on the mower runs over a Frisbee with a *tch-thwang!* and they all jump, curse the kid -

21 INT. FAY'S APARTMENT - TWILIGHT

Fay stands at the open window, staring out... A cold winter breeze tosses the thin curtains... CUT TO -

ANGLE BATHROOM - Fay shaving, a lit cigarette dangles from his mouth...

22 INT. CLAIRE'S APT. BUILDING, THIRD FLOOR - EVENING

Fay climbs the stairs, appears at the third floor landing, moves to her door. He raps on the wavy-glass door panel. WE HEAR Blue bark inside. A beat... Finally, a shadow appears on the other side of the glass. The door locks click, the door opens and Claire is standing there in shorts & tank top and a pink, bob cut wig -

CLAIRE

Oh. Hi.

FAY
Hi. How's the dog?

CLAIRE
He's good.

FAY
Yeah?

CLAIRE
Yeah. He's, like nuthin' happened.

FAY
Good. That's good to hear.

A beat... she stands there with the door propped open. The Dog barks, tries to squeeze his nose out the door -

FAY
Yeah, I just wanted to stop by an--

CLAIRE
I'm not alone.

FAY
Oh -- I came at a bad time.

CLAIRE
(looking at him)
-- You can come back.

FAY
When?

CLAIRE
I dunno. Later.

He looks at her. Their eyes are saying something. Fay doesn't ignore it. He glances past her into the apartment. Then -

FAY
Why don't you tell him to leave
now.

She cocks an eyebrow, more back and forth looks... finally, she tugs the wig off -

CLAIRE
Sure. Go wait downstairs.

23 EXT. CLAIRE'S BUILDING - EARLY EVENING (A FEW MINUTES LATER)

... Fay is standing outside the foyer smoking a cigarette. After a moment, he notices through the glass foyer door, a YOUNG MAN (20s), coming down the steps inside. Fay tosses his cigarette butt into the gutter and opens the door for the Young Man. They sort of look at each other as they pass, the Young Man walking out and Fay walking back in -

24 INT. KITCHEN, CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

ON WALL PLAQUE -

*No matter where I serve my guests,
It seems they like my kitchen best.*

ON FAY - Glancing up at it -

FAY

So you said you work where...?

Claire is at the open refrigerator. Fay stands at the table leaning on his hand on one of the chairs -

CLAIRE

I used t' work at Walgreens b'fore they closed. Now I waitress at The Fountain. The Champagne Room. Weddings, funerals, showers...

A couple of beer bottles ring as she removes them from the fridge -

CLAIRE

We did a weddin' last week an' they started a big food fight. It was all over everything. The Greek threw them out. Ya believe that? Made them all leave. Before they even cut the cake.

She removes the twist-caps and wipes the bottle mouths with her tee-shirt, hands one to Fay -

CLAIRE

I thought it was funny though. That's where I met the guy you just had me throw out.

FAY

From the wedding?

CLAIRE

The groom, actually. Pretty funny, huh? That one'll last, whatta ya think?

FAY

Seriously?

CLAIRE

Kidding. You're not married, right?

FAY

Divorced.

Fay studies her. That same hard, straight thing about her. Standing there, her bottom pressed against the porcelain sink, one arm folded across her stomach, propping up the elbow of her other arm, the beer bottle at her chin, scratching her bare ankle with her foot...

FAY

You're some kind'a girl, aren't you?

CLAIRE

I dunno. Whatta ya mean?

He looks at her a beat...

FAY

-- Come 'ere.

She takes a step right up to him, no hesitation -

CLAIRE

So?

He looks at her as she waits for the answer. This young woman doing something to him that he likes. Nobody's putting anything over on her and she knows it. She drops her arms. He slips his hand behind her neck and kisses her on the mouth... He stops. She looks at him for a second. A beat... Then, as she twists a pinkie in her ear, takes it out, looks at it -

CLAIRE

So you're not really a cop, right?

He draws her in and kisses her again... They stop. They look at each other. She reads his face for a moment... then -

CLAIRE

I'm not gonna take my clothes off, if that's what you want.

FAY

No?

CLAIRE

No. You gotta take me out first.

FAY

Did you have dinner yet?

CLAIRE

No. Someplace nice?

FAY

Yeah.

CLAIRE

Lemmie get dressed.

FAY

Alright. Do yourself up pretty.

CLAIRE

Sure.

She turns away toward the bedroom with her beer -

CLAIRE

Put the TV on --

25 INT. FOYER & STAIRS TO WALK-UP APARTMENT, NJ - NIGHT

Dimly-lit. An old building, not unlike Claire's, but its not hers. It is Guy Pompeii's building. He enters from the street, closes the door behind him as an orange tabby, GINGERBELLE, slinks up to greet him -

POMPEII

Gingerbelle. There's my girl. You catch any mice t'day? Ya know, if I had two dead rats, I'd give you one.

He moves to the stairs directly in front of him where he suddenly sees the figure of a MAN sitting there on the steps waiting for him. Pompeii jumps out of his skin -

POMPEII

Shit fuck Jesus shit!

He holds his chest, screwing his eyes in the dark at the Man sitting there. Recognizes him -

POMPEII

Is that you?

The Man stands up. He is in his 50s, well-built for his years, dark eyes under sleepy lids. Of few words. An *imposing presence*. No name, only a nickname, THE TAXMAN, and we will reveal why later.

TAXMAN

Who else would I be?

POMPEII

Nobody's you-er than you, right?
Christ, you scared the livin' shit
outta me.

TAXMAN

I was in town. You got something
for me?

POMPEII

Gimmie a secon', will ya. I think I
just had a stroke.

Pompeii has a hand on the railing. He's clearly rattled by the man on the stairs. He glances up at him, but avoids looking him in the eye for more than a second at a time -

POMPEII

I, I, yeah. Well, see, what I told
you. I can't pay you back until--

TAXMAN

Then you better get something for me.

POMPEII

Get something for you. What. Like a
job?

The man steps down to the landing, slaps his palm atop of Pompeii's hand on the railing and we see the small patch of eczema on the back of his hand and we understand he is our guy same guy from earlier watching the newscast in his kitchen. He eyes Pompeii.

POMPEII

Yeah, sure. I'll get ya somethin'.
I'll take care of it. I'll make
sure it happens.

A beat. The Taxman looks down at the cat, bends and pets it...

TAXMAN

*When peace like a river, attendeth
my way, When sorrows like sea
billows roll; Whatever my lot, Thou
hast taught me to say...*

He then shoulders past Pompeii and exiting the building -

TAXMAN

*...It is well, it is well, with my
soul.*

26 INT. BELMONTE'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

At their table. Claire is dressed nice, a little make up. They've just finished their dinners and their utensils sit in their dishes. Their WAITER approaches -

WAITER

Can I bring you anything else?

FAY

Yeah. Big glass'a milk with ice.

The Waiter leaves. Claire looks around the place. Beat, then -

CLAIRE

So I was right, you're not a
cop...?

FAY

Detective.

CLAIRE

Detective.

She cocks her head to one side and gives it to him straight in the eye, as much as to say, *Well?* He looks right back at her... And -

FAY

-- No. I'm not.

CLAIRE

I knew that. There *is* no 13th
precinct. You shouldn't lie t'
people. Especially me. I hate
liars.

FAY

Sometimes I *have* to lie.

CLAIRE

Why's that?

A beat as he studies her... The Waiter drops by with Fay's milk. Fay waits for him to leave... but keeps it vague -

FAY

-- I used to work for people.

CLAIRE

So. What's that mean?

FAY

I was hired by people. To do *work* for them. Work they didn't wanna do themselves.

CLAIRE

Like what, *shoot* people?

FAY

I didn't say that.

CLAIRE

Like CIA shit?

She watches him as he guzzles the milk... then -

FAY

Not exactly.

CLAIRE

I didn't think so. I hope you're not trying to impress me by telling me you've killed people for a living? You're full'a shit for all I know.

FAY

I was a cop who retired early. I still carry. Simple as that.

CLAIRE

Now that I believe.

They give each other a once over... Then -

FAY

Was that your boyfriend before, Claire?

CLAIRE

Maybe. I got lots'a boyfriends. Not serious though, if that's what you mean.

He nods... They glance over to a COUPLE at the next table. Stiffs. Just sitting there eating, not a word to each other... Claire looks back to Fay -

CLAIRE

You know. Like, I'm lonely. Not like, *no friends, or sex* lonely. Just lonely. Period. I like it though. Like Janis Joplin. You know how she was lonely?

FAY

(breaks a smile)
Yeah? I mean. I guess.

CLAIRE

What, you think that's funny?

He nods. She grins at him.

FAY

What.

CLAIRE

I just gave you the finger under the table.

CUT TO:

27 INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (A FEW MINUTES LATER)

MUSIC - Janis Joplin SCREAMS OUT: *I NEED YOU TO, COME ON! COME ON! COME ON! COME ON AN' TAKE IT!, Take another little piece'a my heart now, baby...!* As the door opens and they're already kissing. They side-step into the apartment, her shoes in her hand, the Dog rushes up with his tail wagging, Claire throws down her shoes, shuts the door and locks it, Fay kissing the back of her neck -

BEDROOM - Where they drop onto the messy bed, Fay takes his gun out of his belt, sets it on the night stand, pulls his shirt off, Claire pulls her dress off over her head, tossing it in the same motion, it lands draped over the Dog, *Janis Joplin is still belting it out!* Fay undoes his pants, taking them off as Claire leans back on the pillows in only her panties, waiting for him, biting her nail, her bare feet up on the sheets, knees up and rhythmically bouncing them open and closed, Fay drops between her knees on top of her, his mouth to hers, her arms clasp around him, they kiss heavily, a fight that neither wins, entwine around each other, pulling her panties aside... *You know you got it, if it makes you feel good...!*

CUT TO BLACK:

28

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

WE HEAR voices from another room - ANGLE ON FAY - Alone in the bed and waking... He stretches, looks around, remembers where he is: In the morning light, we find clothes strewn here and there, junk on the dressers, magazines, a small TV, an empty bottle of Jamesons, empty cigarette packs, a wooden dollhouse, and a CELLO propped up in the corner... Fay becomes aware of the voices coming from the other room and sits up. He makes his way out of bed and dresses himself -

ANGLE CLAIRE'S KITCHEN - (SAME TIME) - Where Claire sits at the table with her friend DANA (30s), African American, short, nerdy. They drink coffee, Claire is nibbling at a dry, plain ice cream cone with no ice cream in it while Dana idly plays with a Bic lighter -

DANA

You workin' t'night? Ya wanna do somethin'? I wanna go out. I wanna go misbehave, make a total ass outta myself.

CLAIRE

Yeah, I don't care.

Just then, Dana looks up, nervously blinks. Claire turns to see Fay, dressed and standing in the kitchen doorway -

FAY

Morning.

CLAIRE

Hey. You want coffee?

FAY

I'd love a cup.

Claire gets up, finds a mug in the sink and rinses it. Fay smiles at Dana who is still a little surprised to see someone there -

FAY

Morning.

DANA

Hi. I'm Dana. Claire, you didn't tell me you had anyone over.

CLAIRE

(pouring coffee)
Yeah I did.

DANA

No you didn't.

CLAIRE

Whatever. That's Fay. He's the one,
'member, I said brought Blue t' the
hospital...?

DANA

Fay?

CLAIRE

Means "raven". He shoots people.
And then they're "Nevermore." He
calls himself a liar, but I don't
believe him.

Fay gives her a little look, she grins. Dana subconsciously
fixes her hair a little, she's a little flirty thing -

DANA

Shit. I'm thinkin', oh my god, I
see this strange guy just walk in
outta nowhere...

Claire hands Fay the coffee mug, gives him a morning peck -

CLAIRE

You're right, he *is* a strange guy.

Fay winks at Dana. She turns coy -

29 EXT. FAY'S BUILDING - MORNING (LATER)

... As Fay enters from the street -

30 INT. FAY'S APARTMENT - MORNING (SAME TIME)

... We are looking over SOMEONE'S SHOULDER, sitting there on
a stuffed chair, waiting... When, Fay enters the apartment
and shuts the door. He does not yet notice that someone is
there. He unbuttons his shirt, walking into the -

KITCHEN - He removes his gun from his belt and sets it atop
the refrigerator. He picks a banana from a bunch on the
kitchen table and crosses back to the -

LIVING ROOM - Fay enters, glances up--freezes in his tracks!

ON POMPEII - Sitting in the stuffed chair and wearing a gray
felt gangster hat. He rolls out a little snickering laugh.

POMPEII

What's the matter, I scare you, Fay?
(of banana)
(MORE)

POMPEII (CONT'D)

That loaded? Where'd you get that?
I look in your fridge, it's like
the Hunger Games in there. All the
fuckin' food went on an adventure.

He holds up a head of lettuce from his lap with a hole in it
from where he was picking at. Fay recovers, glares at him...
Finally -

FAY

Nice hat.

Pompeii takes it off, looks at it -

POMPEII

Why, what's wrong with it? I like
this hat.

FAY

It screams: *I wish I was a real
gangster*. If I was still a cop, I'd
give you a ticket for wearin' it.

Pompeii laughs, puts the hat back on. Fay continues -

FAY

--That's if I didn't put a bullet
through it first, you comin' in
here like that...

He sits down on the couch opposite, peels his banana -

POMPEII

That's funny. Maybe you're
slippin'. Maybe a year ago you
would'a.

FAY

I still might. I told you I'm on
vacation. Whatta you want.

POMPEII

I mentioned it to Carvalho. In
fact, he had the same idea. Only
you ain't tellin' us, we're tellin'
you. You're goin' back t' Motown t'
work for them. You leave on your
vacay tomorrow.

FAY

Oh yeah? That how it works?

POMPEII

That's exactly how it works.

FAY

An' what if I handed you that hat
 an' told ya t' *shove* it, I'll leave
 whenever I feel like leaving? How
 about if that's how it works?

POMPEII

You got some fuckin' mouth on you,
 don't you. You don't respect nobody.
 I know you don't like me, Darrow. An'
 ya know what? I never said a bad word
 about you t' nobody. So I don't know
 what the Jesus your beef is wit' it.
 You think you can just walk all over
 Guy Pompeii b'cause he's the little
 bubble gum gangster from up the ave
 an' he don't deserve no respect. Well
 I'll tell ya what, *Fay*. You don't
 hafta respect me. Truth is, I don't
 give a Hippy Hippy Shake. I ain't
 here lookin' for you t' bow down. But
 you bet your azz you better bow to
 Remus Carvalho because he owns you
 like two shoes. You don't punch the
 clock an' throw yourself a party, he
 throws you the retirement party. An'
 another thing, you made such a
 fuckin' mess'a this Jimmy Schwinn
 job, you're lucky Carv don't put you
 on a Schwinn, shoot you in the azz,
 an' roll you int' the fuckin' street.
 Because he's thinkin', the shit comes
 down on you, it comes down on all of
 us on account of you're the one
 supposed to be holdin' the umbrella.

Pompeii snorts. He goes to stand, can't get himself out of
 the deep stuffed chair -

POMPEII

Help me up, will ya?

Fay looks at him -

POMPEII

Come on, come on. Fuckin' furniture
 you got here, an hour an' a half I
 waited for you t' come home in this
 piece'a shit, Habitat For Humanity
 chair.

Fay gets up, reluctantly, pulls him up by the arm. Pompeii
 takes out an envelope from his jacket and tosses it on the
 coffee table -

POMPEII

That's your plane an' boat tickets,
plus ten G's, your get outta town
scarole. Get your affairs in order
tonight, because you leave
tomorrow. Atlantic City Airport.
Ship leaves outta Miami. Two weeks
in the Virgin Islands, go find
ya'self a virgin.

Fay considers his situation here for a moment... Then -

FAY

There's a saying my father used to
tell me: Always remember: At the
end of the game, the King and the
Pawn go back in the same box.

POMPEII

(gives look, then ignores)
You come back from your cruise, you
don't come back here, you fly from
Miami, you report straight t'
Motown. Otherwise, we see you this
side'a the Mississippi ever again,
you know what happens.

FAY

Then I'm already a dead man.

POMPEII

What?

FAY

Mississippi's west of Detroit,
moron. I'll still be *this* side.

POMPEII

Smart ass. Got an answer for
everything, don't you. Be on that
plane. You of all people know
you're dealin' with a man who means
what he says. The sun ain't gonna
shine anymore.

Pompeii adjusts his hat and walks to the door, opens it and -

POMPEII

Remus is indiscriminate, Fay. That's
what makes him so dangerous. I'm not
mincin' words. They. Will. Kill you.
You stopped bein' a free man,
Darrow, when you took the King's
shilling. You're *property* now.

Fay watches as he exits out without closing the door. Fay looks at the banana... tosses it on the coffee table.

31 INT. FAY'S BEDROOM - THAT AFTERNOON

... There is an open suitcase on the bed. Fay reluctantly places in shirts, socks, pants, etc. He looks at his gun, lying there on the bed next to the suitcase... He picks it up. He looks at it, thinks about it a moment... He then places it in its TSA-approved hard-shell case, locks it, and continues packing...

32 EXT. HOUSE, NJ NEIGHBORHOOD - LATE AFTERNOON

Fay pulls his sedan up to a BI-LEVEL HOUSE which *used to be his*, and parks at the curb. As he climbs out we see a woman ROSALYN (30s), Fay's ex-wife, Hispanic. She stands propping open the screen door, talking to her daughter AVA (9), riding one of those plastic Big Wheels in the driveway with the neighbor's little girl SHERRI, a few years older...

ROSALYN

Didn't I tell you not near the street with that thing. What's the matter with you.

AVA

I know.

ROSALYN

Ava!

AVA

I know.

Fay walks up the drive, tousles Ava's hair -

FAY

Listen to your mother.

He stops at the stoop, talks to Rosalyn at the screen door -

FAY

Why don't you comb her hair. Look at that dress, she looks like a little rag picker.

ROSALYN

(Spanish)

Yeah, why don't you gimme some goddamn money?

FAY

An' would it kill ya to pull a weed
once in a while, the place looks
like hell.

ROSALYN

Ava, come inside an' eat. And
didn't I tell you t' brush your
hair...

(to Fay)

Gimmie a cigarette, I'm all out --

Fay takes his cigarettes out, looks in, tosses her the pack -

ROSALYN

That was *you* the other night,
wasn't it?

FAY

What was me?

ROSALYN

Don't gimmie what, that was you all
over the news, that mob asshole
with the bicycle. You're still
workin' for those animals.

FAY

I don't know what you're talking
about.

ROSALYN

Nice. Listen to yourself, you sound
just like *them*. What, you got
another gun for me t' "hold"?

FAY

Why don't you say it a little
louder, Roz, ya think she don't
hear?

ROSALYN

I know what she hears. I know what
she *sees*, too.

FAY

Please. Get yourself a job, for
Christ sakes, maybe then you won't
have so much time on your hands
tellin' me how I ruin everybody
else's life.

ROSALYN

What job? I got *her*, I got the
other one t' watch for Gina...

FAY

Tell Gina t' watch her own kid.

ROSALYN

I'm goin' inside, you got money for
me or not?

Fay takes out a CitiBank envelope and hands it to Rosalyn -

ROSALYN

Thank you -- You hungry? D'you eat?

FAY

No, I gotta run.

ROSALYN

Alright, be careful.

She steps out with her hand still on the screen door and they
kiss cheeks good-bye -

ROSALYN

Ava, come inside an' eat. Now.

AVA

'K. What about Sherri?

ROSALYN

What, I'm gonna feed *you* an' not *her*?

Rosalyn goes back inside as Fay walks away down the drive. He
picks Ava up gives her a kiss -

FAY

Don't put on a puss. Be good.

AVA

You're a puss.

FAY

Come on, be nice.

FAY

-- You know daddy loves you, right?
Yeah? -- Alright, g'head, go eat.

He kisses her on the head, sets her back down and remains
there, watching as Ava runs up the drive and climbs into the
house with her friend. A beat. Fay then crosses to his car.
He climbs in, starts the engine and drives away.

33 EXT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

... Fay's sedan slowly rolls up to the building... and stops in the middle of the narrow street.

ON FAY - As he shifts the car into Park, keeps the engine running. He lights a cigarette and looks up to the third floor windows, Claire's apartment. He remains there, deciding whether or not to go in... Finally, after a long moment, a CAR rolls up behind Fay's sedan and *BEEPS* its horn for Fay to move out of the way. Fay glances up in the mirror at the car behind him. He glances back to the apartment building. The car continues to *BEEP-BEEP-BEEEEEEP*...

Just then, a WOMAN'S SILHOUETTE appears at one of the third floor windows, looking out. A beat... Fay then shifts his sedan into Drive and pulls away...

34 INT. FAY'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

... Where Fay lies awake in the dark, the cherry of his cigarette flares as he breathes in on it, stares up at the ceiling, deep, deep in his thoughts...

DISSOLVE TO -

35 EXT. LONG-TERM PARKING, ATLANTIC CITY AIRPORT - MORNING

FAY'S SEDAN - Parked in the lot, where Fay opens the trunk, removes his suitcase, locks his car and walks to the -

AIRPORT TERMINAL - (A MINUTE LATER) - As Fay approaches...

ANGLE ON A CAR - Where we find Danny, whom we remember as one of Carvalho's soldiers, parked, smoking a cigarette and watching Fay enter the terminal... He checks his watch, looks up again to make sure, flicks his cigarette butt and pulls away...

ANGLE ON FAY - Spying out, unseen from the terminal window, watching Danny's car drive away. He knew there'd be someone watching him, making sure he got on the plane. After the car disappears, Fay steps back out of the terminal and returns to Long-Term Parking -

36 EXT. NEW JERSEY PARKWAY - MORNING (LATER)

Fay's sedan, returning, driving away from the airport...

37 EXT. THE EL DORADO SOCIAL CLUB, NJ - DAY

Establishing. Mob owned and run, it is a small private club located on a side street off the avenue. As one of Carvalho's MOB SOLDIERS exits and climbs into a car at the curb. He starts the engine and A CAR BOMB EXPLODES, completely destroying the vehicle and killing the man -

Carvalho and his men, Pompeii, Danny, run outside the club, when suddenly SHOTS ARE FIRED from GUNMEN across the street, knowing that the bomb would bring the men outside. Our guys pull guns and RETURN FIRE. The street turns into the old west, bullets flying everywhere. Ultimately the Gunmen get away and no one is killed.

38 INT. EL DORADO SOCIAL CLUB - DAY (A LITTLE LATER)

ANGLE FRONT ROOM BAR - As the same group of men sit or stand, discussing the morning's bomb -

POMPEII

I don't wanna go pointin' fingers,
but...

CARVALHO

We all know that was meant for me.
I'm pointin' fingers at *everybody*.

DANNY

What a fuckin' mess.

CARVALHO

You think it was Fay? Directly? I mean, not on account of he screwed up the Schwinn job and it's Schwinn's people comin' for their pound of flesh, but him *directly*, crawlin' the fuck under my car.

POMPEII

Maybe we should get one'a those doorbell Rings camera things?

DANNY

Fuckin' mess.

39 EXT. THE FOUNTAIN RESTAURANT/RECEPTION HALL, NJ - EVENING

A full parking lot, WEDDING GUESTS coming in and out...

40 INT. CHAMPAGNE ROOM, THE FOUNTAIN - EVENING

CLOSE ON - Figurines of a Bride & Groom sit beside a cut wedding cake, and we find ourselves in the middle of a WEDDING RECEPTION: GUESTS, a DJ, a full dance floor, etc...

CAMERA FINDS - Fay, mingling through the crowded room... He spots Claire, gives her a nod -

CUT TO:

41 EXT. KITCHEN BACK DOOR, THE FOUNTAIN - EVENING (A MINUTE LATER)

Fay and Claire sit on plastic milk crates there. WE HEAR busy kitchen noise through the screen door behind them. She is dressed in her waitress uniform, hair up in a bun. They sit there quietly, forks and plates, eating slices of wedding cake. A moment... before -

FAY
No food fights today?

CLAIRE
Not yet...

Fay sets down his plate and lights a smoke -

CLAIRE
Shoot anybody t'day?

He looks at her, she smirks just a little -

FAY
Not yet...

Another beat, she eats her cake...

CLAIRE
-- So why do I get the impression
you were serious about that? Or you
just fuckin' with me?

FAY
Nope.

CLAIRE
Nope which?

She glances for his answer as she licks icing off of her fingers, but he gives her none, eats his cake.

CLAIRE
Like who? Bad guys?

FAY

You're trying to get me to tell you
I get paid to take care'a people
you don't mind seeing dead and off
the street.

CLAIRE

Are you?

FAY

What if I told you, no -- But then
I told you, it's what I *used* to do.
(off her look)
You said I shouldn't lie to people.

Still looking at him, thinks about it. A beat... then -

CLAIRE

That's right.

42

INT. CHAMPAGNE ROOM, THE FOUNTAIN - NIGHT

The wedding guest are gone, a straggler here and there. The waitresses clean up. The DJ plays the last song for the remaining few, "*Wonderful Tonight*" -

ON DANCE FLOOR - Fay & Claire, slow dancing to the song, her head on his chest. It's a sweet moment...

CLAIRE

-- You said you had a family. Where are they?

FAY

I have a little girl. She's five.
She's not a fan.

CLAIRE

What about your wife, what happened there?

FAY

She's not a fan either.

Then, she feels under his jacket -

CLAIRE

You're wearin' it right now, aren't you?

Fay leans back, opens his jacket, reveals the gun in his shoulder holster, but not proudly.

CLAIRE

I always wanted to learn how to
shoot a gun.

FAY

Not much to it.

A moment. The song ends, they separate -

FAY

I made my choices, Claire. Listen.
Nobody held a gun to my head. Until
they did. My sins are my own. I'd
like to think I'm a decent man
who's made one too many mistakes in
his life and ready to erase them
all and start over again.

CLAIRE

There's no erasing. You mean *fix*.

He nods, she's right.

CLAIRE

I gotta help clean up. I just wanna
go home and get in a hot shower.

FAY

I'll drop you off.

CLAIRE

No. Come take one with me.

43 INT. CLAIRE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

... Fay and Claire making love in the shower...

44 INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Just the glow of the late night *black & white* television. Fay
lies on his stomach head turned toward the TV, watching the
show. Claire is stacked on top of him *lying stomach-down on*
Fay's back, also watching the TV. When -

FAY

I was planning on a vacation.

CLAIRE

Oh yeah? What happened?

FAY
 (beat... then)
 -- How is it possible you actually
 own a black & white television.

CLAIRE
 It's not. The color went out of it,
 or somethin'.

FAY
 The *color* went out of it?

CLAIRE
 Whatever, it's broke. Forget it.
 Could we just not talk for a while?

He nods. Stares, moving off into thought... And we -

DISSOLVE TO -

45 INT. FAY'S SEDAN, STREETS OF NJ - LATE NIGHT

Fay lights cigarette. Once again, driving the dark empty streets... The traffic lights... Red turns to green... Green turns to red... And red back to green... dissolving over and over, one after the other...

... Another cigarette... and another boulevard... And we -

SLOWLY FADE OUT -

46 EXT. OVERPASS IN PARK, FAY'S DREAM - NIGHT

... Fay is standing on the overpass smoking a cigarette... When, coming around the curve on the bike path below, we see Jimmy Schwinn, in his blue hoodie. WE HEAR only the delicate whir of the wheels... He looks up at Fay as he coasts toward him... disappearing beneath the overpass...

Fay then sees another MAN on a bicycle coming around the curve, dressed in the same blue hoodie... Then ANOTHER, and ANOTHER... all with gunshot wounds. Each dressed in the same blue hoodie, all coasting toward him, looking up at him as they disappear beneath the overpass... ANOTHER and ANOTHER, we begin to understand that these are *the faces of all the men he's killed*...

Finally, the LAST MAN rounds the curve... coasting toward him... the Man looks up and we see that it is Fay himself...

CUT TO:

47 INT. FAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Fay flinches awake from the dream...

ANOTHER ANGLE - (LATER) - Where we find Fay sitting there on the edge of the bed in the dark, his feet on the floor, his head in his hands... As the hours of the night tick away...

48 INT. FAY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Fay sits at the table with coffee and a newspaper. When, WE HEAR a knock at the door. Fay looks up, remains still... Another knock. Fay stands, reaches for his gun atop the refrigerator, checks the clip for bullets, quietly moves to -

APARTMENT DOOR - More knocking. Fay looks through the peephole -

FAY POV: Two men (40s), in navy windbreakers.

FAY

Who is it?

AGENT MICHAELS (O.S.)

Mr. Darrow. FBI. Can you open the door for us please.

FAY

Let's see the gold if you don't mind.

PEEP HOLE - The Agents hold their gold FBI badges up for inspection -

FAY - Dumps his gun under one of the couch cushions and opens the door for FBI AGENTS MICHAELS and SCHUELER -

AGENT MICHAELS

Mr. Darrow?

FAY

Yeah.

AGENT MICHAELS

How are you this morning. I'm Agent Michaels and this is my partner, Agent Schueler.

We recognize Agent Schueler as *the Man watching Fay through the Travel Agency window* that day. Fay recognizes him -

FAY

Maybe we've met.

AGENT MICHAELS

Sorry to interrupt your morning.
Mind coming with us? We have a few
questions that we'd appreciate you
taking the time to answer.

FAY

Can't you do that here?

AGENT MICHAELS

We'd prefer if you came along with
us.

49 EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING, MONMOUTH COUNTY - MORNING (LATER)

Establishing shot.

50 INT. FBI BUILDING, MONMOUTH COUNTY - MORNING (LATER)

Fay is seated at a table across from the two Agents -

AGENT MICHAELS

Mr. Darrow. Have you ever heard of
a crime syndicate known as the
Detroit Partnership? An
organization conducting business
out of Detroit, New Jersey, and
South Philadelphia?

FAY

You want me to lie to you, or do
you want me to tell you the truth?

AGENT MICHAELS

We'd appreciate if you told us the
truth.

FAY

Sure I've heard of 'em. I used to
be a cop there. Detroit.

AGENT MICHAELS

We know. We also know you received
a dishonorable discharge for
possession of a controlled sub-
stance. Have you ever, at anytime,
conducted any business with or for
the Detroit Partnership syndicate?

FAY

You know I have. That's why you
brought me here. Isn't it?

AGENT SCHUELER

You have.

AGENT MICHAELS

And in what capacity would that be?

FAY

I borrowed money from them to cover an outstanding gambling debt. It was a legitimate business loan.

AGENT MICHAELS

A business loan. For a gambling debt.

FAY

That's right. You gonna arrest me for gambling?

AGENT MICHAELS

And just how did you pay back this money you borrowed, for this outstanding gambling debt?

FAY

You want me to lie to you, or do you want me to tell you the truth?

AGENT MICHAELS

We'd prefer the truth, Mr. Darrow.

FAY

I sold lemonade.

The Agents look at one another... Look back to Fay -

AGENT SCHUELER

Gambling debts are a real bitch, aren't they? Sometimes you sell your soul and you never stop paying them off. Paying for them in ways you never expected --

(beat)

Tell us, Fay...

FAY

I prefer Mr. Darrow.

AGENT SCHUELER

Mr. Darrow -- What information can you give us leading to the assassination of mob soldier James D'Angelo, otherwise known as Jimmy "Schwinn"?

FAY

I'm sorry, gentlemen. But if you've been told I can help you, you've been misinformed. I have no such information. Can I go now?

AGENT MICHAELS

What is it you do now, Mr. Darrow?
How do you make your living?

FAY

I was allowed my pension when I was discharged. I'm living off of that. I was a decorated officer.

A beat... they look at him...

AGENT MICHAELS

-- Ok, Mr. Darrow, you can leave.
Thank you for your cooperation.
Please inform us should you change your address in the near future as you may be asked to come back for further questioning.

Fay stands. He eyes them as they shake his hand... Meanwhile -

51 INT. FBI BUILDING, OFFICES - MORNING (SAME TIME)

Waiting in ANOTHER OFFICE are Carvalho, Pompeii and Danny. They sit there slouching in their chairs, awaiting questioning...

POMPEII

Damn waste'a everybody's time.

DANNY

Yeah, like you got life. I bet your calendar's as white as my ass.

Pompeii scowls. Carvalho glances to an ADJOINING OFFICE where we see through the glass partition, another small GROUP OF MEN...

CARVALHO

Look at this. They got The Schwinn's people down here, too. We're all bad boys, just like the principal's office, right?

When, we see, passing outside the office glass behind them, Fay, exiting down the hallway... *each unseen to the other...*

52 EXT. EX-WIFE ROSALYN'S HOUSE - ANOTHER DAY, LATE AFTERNOON
Fay's car is parked in the driveway.

53 INT. KITCHEN, ROSALYN'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Rosalyn is there at the table with her MOTHER (50s). Fay has his daughter Ava by the hand and is about to leave -

ROSALYN
I want her back by seven, you hear me? She's got school tomorrow.

FAY
Yeah.

ROSALYN
Don't gimme, yeah. *Seven*. An' make sure she eats something sensible.

FAY
What, sensible? I'm taking her for *ice cream*.

ROSALYN
That's right. A medium cone, no "Avalanche Sundaes", she'll be up all night.

FAY
Alright, say goodbye.

Ava kisses her mother and grandmother -

ROSALYN
Be good for your father--

54 EXT. BIG DIPPER ICE CREAM, NEW JERSEY - LATE AFTERNOON (LATER)
A crowded neighborhood ice cream stand. A line at the -
ORDER WINDOW - Where Fay and Ava step up -

FAY
Two Avalanche Sundaes, please. What do you want on yours? Tell the girl.

AVA
Umm... I want chocolate syrup, Gummy Bears, Sour Patch Kids, and rainbow sprinkles.

FAY
That's it?

AVA
And Nerds.

FAY
Please and thank you.

AVA
Please, thank you.

FAY
Good girl.

ANGLE BENCH IN FRONT OF ICE CREAM STAND - (A LITTLE LATER) -
Fay and Ava are seated there. He watches as his daughter finishes her sundae. He lights himself a cigarette. A moment... When, a CHUBBY KID (12), plops down on the bench next to Fay. The Kid takes off his sneaker and empties a pebble out of it. He calls back over his shoulder -

KID
Yo! Don't forget the Cocoa Whip!

Fay glances at the Kid and the Kid gives a little casual glance back... And that's when we realize we know him. *He is the Kid from the riding lawn mower in Carvalho's back yard.* Fay recognizes him as Carvalho's boy. Fay then slowly, carefully... glances back over his shoulder -

FAY POV: Barely five yards away, the Kid's father, *Carvalho*, standing at the ORDER WINDOW there along with a few other MOBSTERS and a couple of the Kid's FRIENDS...

Fay quickly turns away, he's supposed to be out of town. He casually hides his face, trying not to be seen. The Kid shoves his sneaker back on and laces it... takes off the other one. Carvalho turns and calls over to his son -

CARVALHO
Hey. Elmer Fudd. Lets go, come get your cone.

KID
Hang on.

Carvalho steps up, now directly behind the bench. Fay sits there, trying not to be noticed... When -

KID
Motherfucker!

Carvalho's Kid spins in his seat to his father, holding up half a *broken sneaker lace*. Fay keeps his head down and away...

CARVALHO

So whatta ya want me t' do? Throw it away, let's go --

The Kid gets up pissed off and joins the others. Fay remains a beat... Until, finally, Carvalho and crew continue on their way. Fay carefully glances back, watches them leave. A beat... When -

FAY POV: PARKING LOT - Where Carvalho and company gather at their car which is parked directly in front of Fay's car. The kids start to get in -

CARVALHO

No, no. You're not getting ice cream on my seats. Out here.

The group hangs outside the car, leaning on the fenders, kids sitting on the hood.

Fay turns back to Ava...

AVA

Are we going home now?

FAY

Not just yet. Finish your sundae.

AVA

I did.

He looks. Her throwaway dish is empty -

AVA

I'll put it in the trash.

Before he can say anything, Ava jumps up and runs to the TRASH CAN, which, of course, is *at the edge of the parking lot right next to their car and in full view of Carvalho and company*. He whispers loud, but she doesn't hear him -

FAY

Ava, no!

Fay remains seated, his body half turned away from the lot, but sneaks glances over his shoulder to Ava. She takes her time, tosses the garbage, pauses to watch Carvalho's son and the other kids there, hanging out, laughing... All the while, Fay is trying not to be seen.

The longer Ava takes, the better the odds of him being discovered... She dilly-dallies her way back to Fay, taking forever...

Finally, she reaches the bench. Fay seizes the moment when the Carvalhos are looking away, and grabs Ava's wrist, jumps up from the bench and pulls her in the opposite direction -

AVA

Where we goin'? The car's over there!

FAY

There's a toy store around the corner. Daddy'll buy you a toy --

55 EXT. ROSALYN'S HOUSE - THAT EVENING

Rosalyn is at the open screen door. Fay carries Ava up the drive in one arm, a shopping bag of toys in the other. It's after 8:00 -

ROSALYN

(Spanish)

Where the hell were you. I told you seven.

(English, to Ava)

Hi, honey. D'ya have fun? What's the matter?

FAY

I think she's got a tummy ache.

ROSALYN

Oh, great. That's just great, Fay, thanks alot.

FAY

Give me a break, will ya?

ROSALYN

You're sumthin' else, ya know that? Do you know what time it is?

FAY

(Spanish)

I lost track.

ROSALYN

(Spanish)

You lost track. Real nice. And toys? You went shopping?

Rosalyn's Mother appears at the door and takes Ava inside the house. Rosalyn steps outside onto the front steps with Fay -

ROSALYN

Everybody an' their mother owns a cell phone. They hand them out t' goddamn *homeless* people but, no, I got Fred Fuckin' Flintstone every time I need t' get in touch with you!

FAY

I told you why I don't use a cell phone, only burners I throw away.

ROSALYN

Yeah, g'head, more secrets. Walter White.

FAY

Listen, do me a favor. Anybody comes here looking for me, tell them you haven't seen me.

ROSALYN

Jesus Christ, you're really startin' *this* shit over again? I gotta lie for you now too?

FAY

Roz, I don't wanna fight with you. Could you just do me this favor? It's important.

She looks at him a beat, every once in a while, a little concern for the man she once shared her life with, takes her by surprise... However, not without suspicion as well -

ROSALYN

You're in trouble, Fay, aren't you?

FAY

No, just... just do me this favor, alright?

She sighs, looks off, and it's a *Fuck you*, but in their way, it's also as good as a *Yes*...

ROSALYN

I wish you'd be careful. It's not like I pretend I don't worry. Gimmie a cigarette.

She sits on the steps, Fay lights one for her and sits down next to her -

ROSALYN

It'd be nice, ya know, if we talked once in a while like civilized people.

FAY

Come on, Roz, I *breathe* wrong an' you're up my ass.

ROSALYN

We're up *each other's* ass, at least admit that much. You hardly ever see your daughter. You don't think she asks for you, she misses you...? Don't bother. I gave up pullin' teeth what's going on with you a long time ago.

FAY

(beat)

I'm lookin' to get out of things.

ROSALYN

Cosas, cosas. It's always *things*. Fay an' his *things*.

FAY

I'm takin' my life back. These guys, they wanna send me back to Detroit. I don't know, Roz. I think maybe all the bad things I done in my life are coming back to me.

ROSALYN

You can't live like this, Fay. It was that job. That goddamn police force, bein' out there on the street with those animals... I got more bad memories of that than I don't know what.

FAY

It wasn't the job, I was a good cop, Roz. That was the one fuckin' thing I had... and they took it away.

ROSALYN

Bullshit. Man up, Fay, you *let* them take it away. An' while we're at it, "*the one thing*"?!

(MORE)

ROSALYN (CONT'D)
You got some balls sayin' that t'
my face, you really do. Because,
goddamnit, Fay, you had us.

FAY
... and I had you -- So how did I
manage t' fuck things up so bad?

A long moment, thinking back, staring off with their separate
memories, sad eyes and half-smiles, and not without ache...
Finally -

FAY
We sure rang the bell together,
though, didn't we?

ROSALYN
Yeah we did.
(beat... sighs)
Oh, Fay...

They sit there in silence... Finally... He stands to leave -

ROSALYN
I need to worry?

FAY
I'll be fine.

He gives her a hug and a kiss... and walks off to his car in
the driveway...

ROSALYN
So call once in a while.

Fay nods. She waits until he pulls out of the drive... waves
good-bye, and goes back into the house.

56 INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - ANOTHER DAY

As Claire answers the door in her sweats. It's -

FAY
Put some clothes on, I'm takin' you
out.

CLAIRE
Where out.

FAY
You said you always wanted to learn
how to shoot a gun, right?

CLAIRE
Right now?

FAY
You'll like it. It'll be fun. It's
somethin' to do.

57 EXT. PISTOL & RIFLE RANGE, NJ - DAY

ANGLE ON HUMAN SILHOUETTE TARGET - A red bullseye is at the center of the target, with three wider bullseyes radiating out from the center with a corresponding point system going from 10 (dead center) to 7 (furthest from center).

WE REMAIN ON TARGET and HEAR ten successive nearby GUNSHOTS with *all ten shots missing the target completely*.

REVERSE ANGLE - Where we see Fay and Claire at the bottom of the firing lane, Claire holding Fay's handgun and the one responsible for all ten misses -

FAY
Where the hell are you shooting?

CLAIRE
I'm aiming for his *head*.

FAY
Don't aim for his head, aim for the target on the chest, like I showed you!

CLAIRE
Alright, take it easy, you don't hafta yell.

FAY
I'm not yelling. I wanted to make sure you *heard* me.

CLAIRE
I heard you. I'm not deaf.

FAY
Alright. Try again --

He reloads a clip for her. Claire positions her body, takes aim as Fay narrates -

FAY

Face the target squarely, feet
shoulder-width apart, toes aligned
and facing the target, knees
flexed, lean forward from the
waist, arms extended, fire when
ready --

Claire empties the clip again, all ten shots, and again, all
ten completely miss the target. Fay is frustrated -

FAY

Jesus Christ! You're aiming for the
head again, aren't you?!

CLAIRE

Yes!

FAY

What did I just tell you?!

CLAIRE

I heard you, but I wanna shoot him
right between the eyes.

FAY

Between the eyes? What're you,
Yosemite Sam?!

CLAIRE

No, asshole. Someone ever tries to
kill me, and I'm gonna shoot the
sonofabitch, I want the mother-
fucker to see it coming!

Fay gives up, throws up his hands and turns away.

58 EXT. PARKING LOT, FIRING RANGE - DAY (A FEW MINUTES LATER)

Fay leans on the front bumper of his car smoking a cigarette,
Claire sits on the hood. He's a little out of humor. She
mimics him, which doesn't help -

CLAIRE

*"You'll like it. It'll be fun. It's
somethin' to do".*

A moment... Then -

CLAIRE

You mad at me?
(he doesn't answer)
Fa-ay...

He looks at her. She gives him doe eyes... He gives in -

FAY

Move over --

He sits up on the hood with her. Another moment... And -

FAY

Let me ask you... You seeing
anybody else? Regularly, I mean.

CLAIRE

I dunno -- Not really.

FAY

What about that guy you told to
leave?

CLAIRE

Yeah, and I told him to leave, what
does that tell you?
(off his nod)
Why?

FAY

Why? Because I've been thinking
about things.

CLAIRE

Yeah? What kind'a things?

FAY

-- Things.

CLAIRE

That don't help me none. Gimmie --

She takes his smoke, he watches her as she puts it to her
lips, takes a drag... hands it back to him. Then -

CLAIRE

Dana thinks you're really good-
lookin'.

FAY

Oh yeah? And whatta you think?

She grins, lays flat back on the hood. Looks up at the sky...

FAY

-- How old are you?

CLAIRE

Old enough no one has t' ask.

FAY
That vacation I mentioned to you.
That I was gonna take -- You wanna
go with me?

CLAIRE
Sure. When, now?

FAY
Soon.

CLAIRE
Sure. Where we goin'?

She reaches up and rubs his back...

FAY
I don't know...
(beat, staring off)
Someplace way, way away --

We remain on them, a nice, easy moment...

59 INT. LIVING ROOM, ROSALYN'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

... Rosalyn is vacuuming. She does near the couch. She pushes the coffee table aside, glances out the window blinds, does a double-take and we see -

THROUGH WINDOW - Out in front of the house, a CAR at the foot of the driveway. Ava is out there talking to the UNSEEN DRIVER through the passenger window...

ROSALYN - Shuts the vacuum. She moves to the front door -

60 EXT. ROSALYN'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON (SAME TIME)

Rosalyn opens the screen door, calls down the drive -

ROSALYN
Ava...?
(steps out)
Ava, who you talkin' to?

Ava turns to her mother, and the car *abruptly screeches away from the curb and peels off down the block* -

ROSALYN
Ava! Ava, get in the house!

CUT TO:

61 EXT. ROSALYN'S HOUSE - SUNSET (A FEW MINUTES LATER)

... Fay speeds his sedan up the block. He bounces into the driveway with a chirp. Rosalyn is already at the screen door. Fay jumps out and rushes up to the house -

FAY

Where is she? Is she ok?

ROSALYN

She's inside. What the hell's goin' on, Fay? Who was that?

FAY

Is she ok?

ROSALYN

Whatta ya think. She's scared.

FAY

What did they say t' her?

ROSALYN

They're lookin' for you. What the hell's goin' on?

FAY

They must've figured out I'm still around.

ROSALYN

Fay!

FAY

Don't worry, I'll take care of it.

ROSALYN

Take care of it? When?!

FAY

Right now.

ROSALYN

I don't need this shit again, Fay, I really don't. I gotta worry about her bein' alright now, too...?!

FAY

I *said* I'll take care of it.
(leaving)
Keep her inside the house.

ROSALYN

Fay...!

FAY
Stay inside.

Fay jumps back into his sedan, backs out and quickly drives off -

62 EXT. BOND STREET BAR, NJ - THAT NIGHT

As Fay's car pulls up out front. He casually makes note of a car already parked out there, as if *expecting* it. It is *the same as the one that paid a visit to Rosalyn's house earlier* -

63 INT. BOND STREET BAR, NJ - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Fay walks in, marches past the bar and into the -

RESTROOM - Fay enters. He pauses. He turns to the sink, wets his face... WE HEAR the door open behind him. Fay glances up at the mirror. He grabs a paper towel and pats his face... He takes out a comb and combs his hair in the mirror, takes his time... He puts the comb away, takes out his cigarettes, lights one, breathes it in... stares in the mirror. Finally -

FAY
(to mirror)
You stay the fuck away from my
family. This is your only warning.
(beat... turns)
So whatta ya gonna do now, kill me?

We REVERSE THE SHOT to reveal Pompeii standing there in his wannabe gangster hat. Danny is there as well, a *gun* in his fist and pointed at Fay. Danny hands the gun to Pompeii then pats Fay down for a wire. Fay cooperates, lifts his arms... Danny finds Fay's gun, empties the clip. He then takes the gun by the barrel and *whacks!* Fay across the face with it. Fay stumbles back against the wall. Danny then swings a couple of blows to his gut. Fay doubles over, coughing... Danny takes his gun back from Pompeii, puts it away, then -

POMPEII
Welcome back. Enjoy your sundae,
Fay? You came up in conversation.
Remus Carvalho's kid overheard and
told his ol' man that he only
recently shared a bench with "The
Raven" front'a the Big Dipper. He
remembered you from the New Year's
party last year. You showed him
card tricks. He liked you. Carvalho
couldn't believe his ears.
(MORE)

POMPEII (CONT'D)

Frankly, I could. But who knows you better than me?

FAY

(spits blood in sink)

You don't fuckin' know me.

DANNY

Sure we do. Come on, Fay. What. You were just gonna stick around and hope no one saw you? Was that your "plan"??

FAY

Stay away from my kid.

POMPEII

Ya gonna shake the tree, ya better be prepared for what falls out of it. You were told t' go on that cruise you wanted so badly. Gee, what happened? Danny says you went into the airport. What was it, you missed me, Fay?

A MAN attempts to enter the restroom. Danny stops the door -

DANNY

Full house. Take a walk.

The Man, whom, as turns out, is the same guy Fay clipped in the throat that time, looks at them, sees Fay's face bleeding, turns and gladly hurries back out -

FAY

What now?

POMPEII

Just remember this: In a mirror, you can only kiss yourself on the lips.

FAY

The fuck's that supposed to mean?

POMPEII

You tell me. You're a fool, Fay.

FAY

Fools get away with murder.

POMPEII

That's because they're the only ones who try. But not a fool like you.

DANNY

Now, not only are you goin' t'
 Detroit, like you were told, but
 you're makin' a stop in Philly first
 to do a job for us. An' you're givin'
 us back the ten large we gave you,
 plus you're doin' this job for free.

Fay looks at him. Pompeii wets a paper towel and hands it to
 Fay for the blood on his face -

FAY

That's it? No choices?

POMPEII

No choices, Fay. That ship's left
 the station. You should'a left with
 it. You should get down an' kiss my
 shoes for talkin' Carvalho outta
 puttin' you t' sleep right here. He
 still owns you, Fay. Don't ever
 forget that.

Fay just looks at him, dabs his face. Pompeii opens the door -

POMPEII

Come on. I'll buy ya a beer.

FAY

Can I have my gun back?

DANNY

Sure --

Danny tosses the gun into the toilet and exits with Pompeii.
 Fay scowls... fishes his gun out of the bowl...

64

INT. BOND STREET BAR, NJ - NIGHT (LATER)

Danny is at the bar. Fay is seated in a booth opposite
 Pompeii who slides his iPhone across the table to Fay, a
 PICTURE OF A MAN on the screen -

POMPEII

Willy Scalica. From the rooftop.
 Orange Ave, building 905. It's an
 old brick warehouse in the art
 district, where the hipsters do
 their thing.

Fay reluctantly nods.

POMPEII

Willy'll be comin' outta the
Knights'a Columbus directly across
the street sometime 'round ten, ten-
thirty. He plays cards there.

FAY

He'll be alone?

POMPEII

What am I, a swami? How do I know.
Do your fuckin' job.

Fay looks at the photo. A long beat as he studies it...
Pompeii watches him... Finally -

FAY

What'd he do?

POMPEII

What's the matter, Fay?

FAY

I'm askin', alright?

POMPEII

Don't got the stomach no more? My
pop-pop used t' say, "Even a
mosquito doesn't get a slap on the
back until he starts workin'."

FAY

Don't make me do this.

POMPEII

What? Tough guy, The Raven, don't
wanna get the bad guy's blood on
his hands no more...?

FAY

I'm asking you. Man to man.

POMPEII

Say it, Fay. Say the words.

A hard beat, Fay looking him in the eye, struggling with
it... Finally -

FAY

-- I can't... kill anymore.

POMPEII

You. Asking *me*. Look at you.
Pathetic.

(MORE)

POMPEII (CONT'D)
 Pleadin' with poor, dumb Pompeii,
 the two-bit gangsta from Avenue-D
 with the hat. Did ya ever think
 ya'd see the day?

Fay looks at him, his crooked-faced grin... but Fay's tired,
 too tired to slap it off his face, his edges are worn down...

POMPEII
 Sorry, Darrow. This is the way it
 is. Now. It's already been hereby
 ordered; should you decide not t'
 listen this time... well, I never
 thought of you as much of a family
 man, Fay, but... an' I'm not sayin'
 anything will happen, but if we
 can't find you... Not my way of
 doing things, but you know how
 these things go.

Fay stares at him for a moment longer... staring... staring,
 fire in his eyes... When, Fay jumps up, a steak knife in his
 hand, *stabs it directly into Pompeii's forehead*, Pompeii
gasps.....!

CUT BACK TO - Fay. Still seated. The knife through the
 forehead was simply what he IMAGINED doing to the sonofa-
 bitch. He stares at the very-much-alive Pompeii for a moment
 longer... then, deflating, succumbs to his predicament...

FAY
 -- I'll call you when it's done.

POMPEII
 Good boy.

65 INT. FAY'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Fay is lying on the bed in the dark room, staring up at the
 ceiling. He gets up, opens a dresser drawer, removes a new
burner phone from a pile of six or seven of them in the
 drawer. Lies back down on the bed and makes a call -

CLAIRE (PHONE)
 Hello.

FAY
 Hey. It's me. New phone.

CLAIRE (PHONE)
 Oh. Hi.

FAY
Whatta ya doin'?

CLAIRE (PHONE)
Nothin'. Sittin' here with Blue...

FAY
Where are you, in the kitchen?

CLAIRE (PHONE)
Yeah. You comin' over?

FAY
No. No, I got some things I gotta take care of.

CLAIRE (PHONE)
Ok.

FAY
Listen, Claire. I gotta go away for a while. What we talked about. It's somethin' I gotta do. But I'll call you. Ok?

CLAIRE (PHONE)
Sure -- You'll be back?

FAY
(beat)
-- I don't know.
(beat)
But I'll call you. Alright?

Quiet on the other end...

FAY
Claire...?

She answers him, however we can hear the disappointment in her voice...

CLAIRE (PHONE)
Sure. Whatever.

FAY
Ok. I'll talk to you soon.

The phone clicks off. She hung up.

66 EXT. THE EL DORADO SOCIAL CLUB, NJ - MORNING

As soldier Danny walks up the sidewalk -

CARVALHO (V.O.)
Was he chary about it?

POMPEII (V.O.)
Who? Fay? What is that, chary?

CARVALHO (V.O.)
Suspicious.

Danny flicks his cigarette into the gutter and enters the front door of the social club -

67 INT. BACK ROOM, EL DORADO SOCIAL CLUB - MORNING (SAME TIME)

We are in the BACK ROOM of the club. Carvalho is seated at a small round table eating breakfast. There is a framed picture of Saint Michael slaying the serpent on the wall behind him. An open door reveals a few tables and chairs and a small bar occupying the FRONT of the club. Pompeii is standing at this open doorway between the rooms. He watches as Danny enters from the street and crosses to the bar for a drink -

POMPEII
He don't smell nuthin'. He's worried about his kid. He'll take this seriously.

CARVALHO
He better be good, this guy.

Pompeii takes off his hat and joins Carvalho at the table -

POMPEII
He's very good. They call him "The Taxman." You know. The old saying: Two things for certain, death and taxes... Well, he's both.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT, PHILADELPHIA - EVENING

... THE TAXMAN. As he climbs out of his car, opens the trunk--a DEAD BODY in there, hands & legs bound. Entirely indifferent, he pushes the legs to the side, removes a leather duffel bag... closes the trunk.

69 INT. HOTEL LOBBY, PHILLY - EVENING (A MINUTE LATER)

... As The Taxman checks in at the front desk... while -

POMPEII (V.O.)

... He's got a set up with a funeral parlor where he tosses the tag in one'a the fresh graves before they drop the coffin. I mean, who'd think t' look for a body in a fuckin' cemetery, no?

70 INT. PHILLY HOTEL RESTAURANT - EVENING (A LITTLE LATER)

... As The Taxman sits at a corner table, alone with his dinner...

CARVALHO (V.O.)

He can lay him to rest in the Mullica Landfill for all I care, as long as it's clean and away from us.

71 INT. PHILLY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (A LITTLE LATER)

... The Taxman. He is in preparation for the job, a ritual; laying out a suit on the bed, shoes, gun belt, ammo...

CARVALHO (V.O.)

And make sure he don't take out Fay until the Raven makes the tag on Scalica first.

72 INT. FAY'S APARTMENT, NJ - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Fay is preparing also, a ritual of his own; shaving... Dressing, taking his time... Combing his hair...

INTERCUT WITH TAXMAN IN PHILLY HOTEL ROOM - The Taxman, opens a gun case, prepares his weapon, cleaning it, loading the clip...

BACK TO FAY IN HIS APARTMENT - Fay, preparing his weapon, cleaning it, loading it... Sitting down to a meal, browsing the target area in Philly on his GPS app...

TAXMAN IN PHILLY HOTEL ROOM - Grabbing his wallet, keys, gun case, turns out the lights and exits the hotel room -

BACK TO FAY - A St. Jude medal around his neck, then keys, wallet, shuts the light and exits -

73 EXT. WALT WHITMAN BRIDGE - NIGHT

Fay's sedan, driving onto the bridge to Philadelphia...

74 EXT. CONVERTED WAREHOUSE IN ART DISTRICT, PHILLY - NIGHT (LATER)
ON OLD BRICK WAREHOUSE BUILDING, #905... CAMERA PANS UP
toward rooftop...

75 INT. DIMLY LIT STAIRWAY, #905 - NIGHT (SAME TIME)
... Fay climbs the stairs, his steps lightly echoing in the
empty stairwell...

76 EXT. ROOFTOP, #905 - NIGHT (SAME TIME)
Five stories up. Fay steps through the roof door and out onto
the roof. He has a paper cup coffee with him. He glances
around, scopes out his position; a rusted grill, some old
overturned patio furniture strewn here and there...

He glances to the ADJOINING ROOFTOPS there directly to his
left and right; same thing, desolate, broken chairs, sheeted
clothes lines... He then picks up one of the patio chairs,
closes the roof door and jimmies the chair under the
doorknob.

ANGLE ON PARAPET - The left corner of the roof. Fay sets his
coffee on the parapet, looks over to -

FAY POV: KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS SOCIAL CLUB, across the street,
one building lot to the left...

FAY - Opens the lid to the coffee and takes a sip... he
lights a cigarette, checks his wristwatch, and waits...

DISSOLVE TO -

77 EXT. ROOFTOP, #905 - NIGHT (LATER)
ON FAY - Sitting on an overturned milk crate, leaning his
back against the parapet wall. He dies out a cigarette on the
rooftop where it joins a handful of other dead cigarettes. He
stands and stretches, glances down to the sidewalk below
where we see a GROUP OF WELL-DRESSED PEOPLE enter the
building next door. Someone is at the door handing out
programs for what appears to be an ART GALLERY OPENING...

Fay then glances across the street to the Knights of
Columbus, quiet and still... He then checks his wristwatch:
10:07. He finishes his coffee, tosses the cup. He looks both
right and left to the rooftops that connect to his rooftop...
quiet and desolate.

He turns back to the Knights of Columbus building, takes out another smoke, however does not yet light it, instead, he thinks for a moment... Thinking of something that may be occurring to him... Another moment, his unlit cigarette and lighter in his hands... When finally, remembering to himself -

POMPEII (V.O.)
You're a fool, Fay.

FAY (V.O.)
Fools get away with murder.

POMPEII (V.O.)
*That's because they're the only
 ones who try... You should get down
 an' kiss my shoes for talkin'
 Carvalho outta puttin' you t' sleep
 right here...*

TIGHT ON FAY - He looks up, and again -

POMPEII
Right here...

Fay then turns to his right, the connecting rooftop there. White sheets on the clotheslines swaying eerily in silence... When, *WE HEAR* a door open down on the street. Fay turns to the Knights of Columbus across the way, where we see -

WILLY SCALICA - Fay's mark, standing outside the door, pausing to light a cigar...

FAY - Takes out his gun. However, he glances once again to his right, looks, knows something's not right.... Then, he stops breathing for a second... There, *on the directly adjoining rooftop, we see its roof door, closed and jimmied with a chair, just like the way Fay secured his...!* Fay tightens up. He grips his gun and scans the rooftop with his eyes... Finally, he sees it -

FAY POV: A FIGURE crouched in the shadows behind a chimney top and the BARREL OF A SILENCER resting against the side of the chimney bricks, pointing straight at him...

FAY
... son of a--

FAY - *Dives to the rooftop* a split-second before a muffled shot is fired, bricks of the parapet shatter as Fay rolls across the tar, *losing his gun* and ducks behind the copper-flashed base of the building's water tower. He looks over and sees his gun lying there on the open rooftop, just out of reach, *Fuck!* -

He carefully peeks around the tower's base... A second shot is fired, puncturing the copper flashing, Fay ducks back. A moment... When, WE HEAR a *THUMP!* onto the roof, and Fay knows that the guy shooting at him just jumped from the adjoining rooftop and is coming after him. He leaves the gun, springs to his feet and scrambles over the parapet wall and onto the next rooftop over to his left and two more shots follow him as he disappears over the wall, nearly taking him out -

ON TAXMAN - Approaching. He sees and picks up Fay's gun and climbs over the parapet after him -

ANGLE ADJACENT ROOFTOP - Fay slings himself over the rear of the roof and onto the FIRE ESCAPE, scurrying down, he *smashes the glass of the window* and ducks into the -

78 INT. DARK LOFT - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

AS FAY ENTERS - It's DARK in here. The loft, converted to an artist's gallery with makeshift partitions that reach maybe *two-thirds to the high ceiling but not all the way up*, the loft occupies the entire top floor of the building. Easels, frameless paintings, a few old sofas and furniture, rolls of canvas, cardboard boxes of oil paints.

Fay disappears into the room just as *The Taxman* lands on the fire escape platform. He stands there a beat, looking into the darkness of the large open space... He climbs through the window and stops, listening... WE HEAR the hardwood floorboards creak, some movement from beyond the partition walls... The Taxman quietly walks forward, gun ready...

ANGLE ON FAY - Hiding behind one of the partitions. He quietly moves along the wall in the darkness, attempting to find his way to the loft door...

ON TAXMAN - Moving in the dark, listening for Fay... *more creaking...* follows -

ON FAY - It's cat & mouse... past a bedroom area, the *goddamn floorboards* creaking beneath him, he stops, thinks... When, he sees a BOSE STEREO atop an old steamer trunk, looks up, sees the speakers hung about the loft where the outer walls meet the ceiling... Fay then rushes to the stereo, *turns it on, turns the volume up full blast*, the Dropkick Murphys' raucous, rollicking *Peg O' My Heart* is *blaring in our ears from all corners of the loft* as Fay throws a painter's smock over the system to hide it, scrambles away -

THE TAXMAN - Looks this way, that way, up at the blaring speakers, marches on, gun foremost -

FAY - Crouched low, rushing past deco paintings of buildings and Hopper-esque cityscapes... Until, finally, he sees the EXIT DOOR across the open floor. He eyes the area, makes a move for it when, The Taxman steps out around a corner across the loft in front of him, blocking the way. Fay flees as a shot is fired and splinters into the wall next to him, he dashes through a doorway and into the shadows, the radio full blast, The Taxman scurries after him...

ANOTHER ANGLE - Fay, scrambling low to the other side of the loft -

ON TAXMAN - Moving through the partitions -

FAY - Crouches down behind a sofa. He begins to realize that he has backed himself into a corner, trapped. He looks for an escape... A few feet away from him, he notices gray street light washing in through a LOW SEMI-CIRCULAR WINDOW that opens at the floor (picture the floor as the horizon and the window the half-risen sun). Fay sees The Taxman's *shadow* moving across one of the partition walls, slowly moving closer... and closer... He makes a decision! He jumps up, grabbing a wooden chair he *SMASHES* it through the low window. Fay then ducks down and *scrambles through the busted frame* -

ON TAXMAN - Rushing toward the noise -

79 EXT. LOFT WINDOW - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Fay hangs by his forearms from the high broken window, twisting to see below... He then lets go and drops onto a small *slanted tin SUB-ROOF* ten feet below hitting it with a *THUD*, slides down the slant, falling off the sub-roof and -

OVERHEAD SHOT, LOOKING DOWN OVER HIM - Fay crashes feet first through the SKYLIGHT of the ADJACENT BUILDING, crashing down onto the buffet table of the ART GALLERY SHOW there, WE HEAR screams inside the gallery, GUESTS running for cover as -

ON TAXMAN - Looking down through the loft window seeing -

FAY - Climbing up from the broken table of food and glass, holding his arm against his ribs, he pushes through the horrified Guests toward the door -

CUT TO:

80 INT. FAY'S SEDAN, SIDE STREET, PHILLY - NIGHT (A MINUTE LATER)

A beat... When, the driver side door swings open and Fay jumps in, starts the engine, shifts into drive and *squeals* away from the curb -

ANGLE DOWN SIDE STREET- Where ANOTHER CAR screeches away from the curb and speeds up the block toward us and we see it is The Taxman, coming to finish the job -

FAY'S SEDAN/MOVING - Fay looks up to his rearview mirror to see The Taxman in pursuit behind him... *Fuck!* He guns it, *screeches* around the next corner -

ANGLE THE TAXMAN - Screeching the same corner -

ANOTHER ANGLE - As Fay's sedan swerves the streets of the dark Philly neighborhood, The Taxman following close behind -

ANGLE ANOTHER STREET - Fay's sedan jumps a curb and barrels through an EMPTY LOT, continuing up an alley at the far end... The Taxman closes in and it is a tight chase...

ANOTHER ANGLE - Speeding straight through a SERIES OF ALLEYS... block after block... then, both vehicles fishtailing onto -

ANGLE SIDE STREET - Fay's sedan *swerves off the side street* away from the neighborhood and onto a -

SERVICE ROAD - Running alongside a TRAIN YARD. A long stretch of barren road. The Taxman is right on Fay's bumper, both cars racing along the oily blacktop... When -

ANGLE INT. FAY'S SEDAN - The *back windshield shatters*, Fay is being shot at, he cuts the wheel to -

TRAIN YARD - Where Fay's sedan *skids off the service road*, down an EMBANKMENT and into the train yard... The Taxman does not let up, follows after -

ANOTHER ANGLE - Fay's car *bounces* hard, cutting over a series of TRAIN TRACKS... He then turns past a fifty-ton CRANE, track gravel spits beneath his tires as he continues on over *another series of tracks*, The Taxman never far behind him...

ANGLE LONG SHOT - Where Fay's sedan speeds toward a stationary train of OIL TANKERS... heading around to the front end of the cars -

ANGLE OTHER SIDE OF TANKER CARS - As Fay's sedan speeds blindly, bouncing over the tracks, we see a SUDDEN EMBANKMENT on the other side, Fay's car pitches down the graveled embankment, his car gets stuck in the ditch... The Taxman locks up his brakes before making the same mistake -

BOTTOM OF EMBANKMENT - Fay's sedan, wheels spinning but not grabbing as Fay frantically tries for traction...

ON TAXMAN - Shifting into park, quickly climbing out with his gun. He scurries down the gravel, until finally, he reaches the car. He marches to the driver side, jams his weapon in through the window, looks in, ready to fire... when -

TAXMAN POV: Empty. No Fay... Just a flashing blinker switch... blink... blink... blink... blink... The Taxman looks up, scans the dark yard... As we CUT TO -

OVER FAY'S SHOULDER - From beneath a boxcar, twenty yards away... lying on the gravel, breathing heavy, watching The Taxman who stands there looking over the yard...

ON FAY - A tense moment... When... Finally -

THE TAXMAN - Sees fay! Fires, misses! Goes after him and what follows is an epic FOOT CHASE through the TRAIN YARD, through an abandoned ROUNDHOUSE, through SERVICE ROADS, ALLEYWAYS, SUPPLY SHEDS and OUTBUILDINGS... Until, at last, Fay manages to lose him running across the tracks as a FREIGHT TRAIN blocks the Taxman's pursuit.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. PHILADELPHIA TRAIN STATION - NIGHT (LATER)

ON FAY - He holds his burner phone, hurting from the skylight fall, cuts on his face. The phone rings on the other end as he glances up at the schedule board for Jersey...

ROSALYN (PHONE)

Hello?

FAY

Roz. Listen to me --

ROSALYN (PHONE)

Fay? What's the matter? What's wrong? Where are you?

FAY

Just listen, I'm in Philly.

ROSALYN (PHONE)

Philly?

FAY

They set me up. I should have seen it. They hired someone to kill me, they wanted to take care of it out of town.

ROSALYN (PHONE)

Oh my God, Fay, what happened, are you ok?

FAY

I'm alright, but I need you to listen to me. Wake Ava, take her to your mother's house and *stay* there.

ROSALYN (PHONE)

Fay. What're you telling me?

FAY

Do it *now*. Don't leave there until you hear from me. I'm gonna need your car and one of the Rugers I gave you. Silver one, make sure the clip is full. I'll pick up the gun and the car from your mother's. You understand?

ROSALYN (PHONE)

Goddamn it, Fay! When does this end?

FAY

Just do as I said -- Roz. Roz.

She's there, but doesn't answer him...

FAY

Roz, I'm sorry. I'll take care of this. I'll fix this. I *promise* you, I'll fix this.

82 INT. KITCHEN, CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

... Claire is at the sink doing dishes, her dog Blue is lying on the linoleum. When, he looks up... He stands and trots to the door. Claire notices. She shuts the water, listens... hears a soft knocking. She wipes her hands on her shirt and moves to the door and unlocks it. She swings it open to find -

FAY - Standing there, bruised, holding his side, smears of dried blood on him -

CLAIRE

Oh, *shit* --

83 EXT. EL DORADO SOCIAL CLUB, NJ - THE NEXT MORNING

An OLD MAN sweeps the sidewalk out front...

84

INT. BACK ROOM, EL DORADO SOCIAL CLUB - MORNING

CLOSE ON - Picture of Saint Michael... Then - ON CARVALHO - Just sitting there at the little table, staring at us... After a moment, we REVERSE to show Pompeii sitting across from him. Pompeii shifts in his seat, uneasy... Finally -

POMPEII

What can I say? He'll *find* him.
He'll take *care* of it.

CARVALHO

Sit there an' tell me *one more time*
he'll take care of it, I'm gonna
kick all your fuckin' teeth outta
your mouth north an' south.

POMPEII

No, don't do that. Listen, the guy
was told not t' take him out until
after he tagged Scalica, otherwi--

CARVALHO

Stop talking. You told me this guy
was good. Now, whatta we got? We
got Jimmy Schwinn all over again.
After this, we go back t' usin' our
own people, you hear me?

POMPEII

Remus. The guy--

CARVALHO

No, no. There is no *guy*. You're the
guy. This is *your* fuck up all
around an' I'm holdin' you personal-
ly responsible. Now get up off your
ass an' you find this sonofabitch.

POMPEII

I'll find him.

CARVALHO

Excuse me?

POMPEII

I'll *find* him.

CARVALHO

(points)

Look at the clock on the wall. You
got 24 hours.

Pompeii notes the time, 8 AM, he nods, gets up and exits -

85

INT. BEDROOM, CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - DAY

... Fay wakes alone. We notice that the room is no longer its typical mess. In fact it is spotless. Even the cello propped up in the corner looks polished. Fay sits up in the bed, sore...

KITCHEN - (A MINUTE LATER) - The chairs are up on the table and Claire is mopping the floor... She looks up to see Fay stepping onto the doorway, dressed. She continues to mop -

CLAIRE

How you feel?

FAY

What time is it?

CLAIRE

Daytime -- I made coffee but I threw it out. I'll make a fresh pot.

He watches her mop...

FAY

What, no Dana this morning?

CLAIRE

No. We had a fight. Girl shit -- She needs a boyfriend. You got anybody for her? You maybe?

He doesn't answer, continues to watch her mop... Finally -

FAY

Hey. What're you doin'?

CLAIRE

What's it look like I'm doin'?

FAY

-- Come here.

She stops mopping. She leans the mop against the sink and goes to him, looks at his brow -

CLAIRE

How's your head?

He takes her in his arms and they hug for a moment...

CLAIRE

-- You ok?

FAY

I'm ok. How are you?

CLAIRE
I'm fine.

FAY
(beat... then)
-- Thanks.

CLAIRE
For what?

His look to her is his answer. A beat. She smirks. Then -

CLAIRE
Go siddown, I'll feed you.

86 INT. FAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

ON APARTMENT DOOR - As the lock jiggles from the outside... Stops. The doorknob turns... the door opens and The Taxman steps inside, removes his *pick* from the tumbler and quietly closes the door behind him. He stands there, looks around the place... quiet... He moves inside, looks through the rooms... He then begins searching through Fay's things, mail, etc...

FAY'S BEDROOM - The Taxman goes through the dresser drawers, the closet... He finds a box there with files inside. He removes a file labeled "AUTO". He opens it up; insurance policies, repair bills, receipts... and a pair of auto registrations, one for Fay's sedan, the other for his *ex-wife's 2016 blue Ford Taurus including license plate number* -

FAY'S KITCHEN - As The Taxman enters, opens the refrigerator, finds a bottle of Rolling Rock. Opens it, swigs it -

FAY'S LIVING ROOM - As The Taxman sits on the sofa. He finds the NY Times newspaper. He puts his feet up on the coffee table, swigs the beer, flips to the crosswords. A moment... Then, he reaches into his pocket for his cell phone and dials a number...

CUT TO:

87 EXT. EL DORADO SOCIAL CLUB - DAY (SAME TIME)

Pompeii is pacing the sidewalk, when his cell rings. He can't answer it fast enough -

POMPEII
This you? What took you? You find him? Where are you? I'll come to you --

CUT TO:

88

INT. FAY'S APARTMENT - DAY (A LITTLE LATER)

ANGLE APARTMENT DOOR - As Pompeii cautiously sticks his head in. Sees The Taxman sitting in the chair now holding one of Fay's vinyl records, Springsteen's *Greetings From Asbury Park*, reading the back cover, looks up -

TAXMAN

Close the door.

Pompeii enters, closes the door behind him -

POMPEII

Where is he? He here? You kill him?

TAXMAN

Soon.

POMPEII

Jesus Christ, don't gimme "soon".
You gotta find this rogue! This is
both our problems now!

The Taxman pulls Fay's auto registration from his jacket -

TAXMAN

Shut up. I need you to ring up one
of your friends from the force.
Tell them you're lookin' for a
blue, 2016 Taurus, NJ tag: EBX-74C.

Pompeii scratches down the information in his little book -

POMPEII

... yeah...

TAXMAN

He crashed his car, so he'll be
driving his ex-wife's. You tell
them, they find it, they don't do
anything. You call me.

POMPEII

2016 blue Taurus. Listen now, I'm
countin' on you. Don't let me down
or maybe I don't see the sunrise
tomorrow.

TAXMAN

Oh, you're gonna see the sunrise.
You're gonna see *every* sunrise
until you settle with me. After
that, I can't predict the future.

The Taxman looks to the little table next to the chair, sees the days-old head of lettuce with the hole eaten out of it from Pompeii the other day, picks it up -

POMPEII

There's, uh... I think there's some bananas on the counter.

89 INT. LIVING ROOM, CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

A radio blasts from the kitchen. Fay is slouching on the couch. He flicks through the TV channels with the remote. He tries to turn up the volume over the *blaring radio* in the other room. *We get the sense he's growing a little stir crazy here..* Finally, he switches off the TV and tosses the remote -

KITCHEN - Claire and Dana are sitting at the table doing their nails. Fay walks in and crosses to the refrigerator. He's not in a very good mood -

FAY

You mind turning that thing down?

He opens the fridge as Claire reaches over to the radio on the table and lowers it. He refers to the nail polish -

FAY

That shit's giving me a headache.

CLAIRE

It's the remover smells.

FAY

It's giving me a headache.

Claire gets up, opens the window, sits back down as Fay continues to search through the refrigerator -

FAY

An' don't you ever have any *real* food in here?

CLAIRE

What's your problem? Gimmie a break, I *cleaned* the whole fuckin' place for you.

FAY

I didn't ask you to, Claire.

CLAIRE

Exactly. So get off my cloud.

FAY
I've got alot on my mind right now,
in case you don't understand that.

CLAIRE
Yeah, well, hidin' a fuckin' *hitman*
I got alot on my mind too. The fuck
is *that*?

He looks at her. Dana glances up, quickly looks back down...

CLAIRE
What. Ya think she's a dummy, she
didn't figure it out?

When, Fay slams the refrigerator door closed -

FAY
You want me off your cloud? Fine,
I'll get off your goddamn cloud --

Fay grabs his jacket off the chair -

CLAIRE
Where you goin'?

FAY
Out.

CLAIRE
Good. Go.

She jumps up and grabs Fay's gun from off the top of the
refrigerator -

CLAIRE
Here. Don't forget your "*friend*" --

She throws it at him, he catches it, she sits back down at
the table -

CLAIRE
You don't like hidin', why don't
you just go out an' *whack* everybody
else first instead'a crawlin' up *my*
ass about it, asshole. Isn't that
what you *do*? Raven??

Fay stares at her. She looks away. Maybe she meant to say
that, maybe she didn't, she's not sure. A beat... She dips
the brush into the polish, goes back to her nails... Then -

CLAIRE

-- So. You goin' or not? An' take the dog. He likes you better than me anyway.

A beat. He slips on his jacket and walks out the kitchen and out the apartment door. Blue walks to the closed door, wagging his tail... He looks back to Claire in the kitchen...

DANA

... fu-uuck...

Claire stares at Blue, looking back at her. She looks down at her nails... grabs a tissue -

CLAIRE

This color goes on for shit.

90

EXT. ROSALYN'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON (LATER)

ON FAY - Sitting behind the wheel of the *blue Ford Taurus*, parked at the curb out front. He stares toward the BACKYARD of the house... Just sitting and staring...

FAY POV: Visible around the side of the house and through the chain-link backyard fence... His daughter Ava, playing jump rope with two other LITTLE GIRLS there. Ava hops up and down in the middle of the rope as the two other Girls swing it. They do not see him as: *Lincoln, Lincoln, I been thinkin', What the heck have you been drinkin', Looks like water, Tastes like wine, Oh my gosh, it's turpentine!*

Fay stares some more... Finally, he starts the engine, shifts into drive, and pulls away...

ON AVA IN YARD - She stops jumping, notices the Taurus, watches it drive off. She thinks for a second, unsure... Then, the other Girls prompt her back into the jump. A beat... Ava steps back into the rope and they continue...

91

INT. KITCHEN, CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - THAT EVENING

WE HEAR the apartment door open and close... Fay enters the kitchen and tosses his keys on the table. Claire is rinsing dishes in the sink, doesn't turn when she hears him come in.

FAY

Hey.

CLAIRE

Hey, yourself.

He removes his gun, sets it atop the refrigerator, watches her a moment... She shuts the water, dries her hands on a dishtowel, turns to him -

FAY
Listen, I, uh--

CLAIRE
--didn't mean what you said and
neither did I. So fuck it.

FAY
Something like that. And I'm sorry.

CLAIRE
Yeah, no kiddin' you're sorry. Ya
should be. Fuck it. You got
problems, you're upset.

FAY
You're some kind'a girl, aren't ya.

CLAIRE
Yeah. You told me that. Tell me
somethin' you *didn't* tell me.

FAY
How about, every time I look at
you, I get that feeling I get, like
I'm about to tip over in my chair?

CLAIRE
Yeah? Straight up?

She crosses to him, puts her head on his shoulder and he
holds her... Meanwhile -

CUT TO:

92 EXT. CLAIRE'S BUILDING - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

ON NJ POLICE OFFICER - Sitting in his car and pulled up
alongside the blue Ford Taurus and on his police radio -

OFFICER
... Sittin' on that 2016 blue Ford
Taurus, Jersey tag: Echo-Bravo-X-
Ray-7-4-Charlie, parked in front of
712 Kingsley. What's the deal here?

RADIO

-- Copy. Blue Ford Taurus, NJ tag,
Echo-Bravo-X-Ray-7-4-Charlie.
Vehicle for point only. Let it sit.

OFFICER

Copy that.

The Officer drives on...

DISSOLVE TO -

93 INT. LIVING ROOM, FAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (A MINUTE LATER)

The Taxman. He's still there. Sitting in the dark, waiting, his gun in his lap facing the door, waiting for Fay... When, he dials his cell phone, waits for an answer...

TAXMAN

-- Hi. Is Yvette there? -- No?
No. That's OK. She'll know who it
is -- Yes, I understand. Thank you.
I'll try again.

He ends the call. A beat. Then, a text comes in on his cell:
Blue Taurus, Parked @712 Kingsley.

94 INT. CLAIRE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Fay & Claire watching TV in the dark. A bottle of Cuervo on the coffee table and two glasses. Fay gets up, grabs his jacket -

FAY

I'm goin' down the corner for
cigarettes. You need anything?

CLAIRE

Milk.

He gives her a kiss and exits -

95 EXT. CLAIRE'S BUILDING - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

As Fay exits the foyer and turns left down the sidewalk... he turns the corner at the end of the block... When, missing him by two seconds, we see a pair of headlights approaching from the *opposite direction*... the car, The Taxman, drives slowly up the street, pauses to note the blue Taurus parked at the curb. He does a quick recon of the area, searches the buildings when, he notices - TAXMAN POV: The *flickering TV light* in the THIRD-FLOOR WINDOW of Claire's building...

96 INT. CORNER DRUGSTORE, NJ - NIGHT (A FEW MINUTES LATER)

Fay enters from the street and walks up to the counter -

FAY
Pack'a Lucky filters --

The CLERK tosses them on the counter, rings up the sale. Fay notices a bucket with bunches of assorted flowers -

FAY
How much for the buds?

CLERK
Twelve a bunch.

Fay looks through them...

FAY
Ring 'em up --

97 EXT. STREET, NJ - NIGHT

... Fay walks down the street carrying the flowers when, he *stops*, shit, remembers he forgot the fuckin' milk. He turns back -

98 INT. CORNER DRUGSTORE - NIGHT (A MINUTE LATER)

... Fay grabbing a half-gallon of milk from the cooler, paying at the counter...

99 INT. FOYER, CLAIRE'S BUILDING - NIGHT (A FEW MINUTES AFTER THAT)

A dull bulb illuminates the small entryway and dark stairs. Looking through the glass door, we see Fay approaching from outside... He enters the foyer with the flowers and milk. He climbs the narrow steps... footsteps echoing...

100 INT. THIRD FLOOR, CLAIRE'S BUILDING - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

ANGLE ON STAIRS - Fay rising up... appearing at the hallway landing...

HALLWAY - Fay approaches CLAIRE'S DOOR. When, he pauses. He notices the door is slightly ajar... He pushes it open -

FAY
Claire...?

101 INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

... Dark. Quiet... The television is on with the sound off...
Fay steps into the doorway and immediately senses that
something is not right...

FAY
Claire...?

FAY POV: He notices an odd, low angle light coming from the
half-open bedroom door, shining up from the floor... He
quietly sets the flowers and the milk down on the floor where
he stands. He quickly but silently crosses to the -

KITCHEN - Where Fay ducks in, reaches atop the refrigerator
for his gun... It's not there! He looks, grabs a *butcher*
knife from its block on the counter, moves to -

LIVING ROOM - Fay walks slowly back into the dark room with
the knife ready at his side, the silent, flickering TV... He
moves toward the -

BEDROOM - Fay cautiously leans his face in at the half-open
door -

FAY POV: Inside the room, a lamp has been knocked to the
floor, shade dented, bulb still burning and shining upward
casting crooked shadows angled on the walls...

Suddenly, WE HEAR a deep, low, *growling*... Fay looks! Blue.
Lying there at the foot of the bed, his head slung low like a
wolf, eyes staring up at Fay, that deep, low, low growling,
rising up from his throat...

FAY
Blue...

Fay then notices *patches of blood* soaked into the fur on the
dog's front paws...

FAY
... fuck... *Claire!*

Fay steps forward and Blue rises up to his feet with a snarl,
showing his teeth at Fay. Fay stops -

FAY
Easy, boy... easy...

Fay slowly, cautiously continues forward... Then, suddenly,
the dog stops growling. He drops to the ground and crawls
forward to Fay with a limp wag of his tail and a slight
whimpering... And that's when Fay sees around the other side
of the bed -

ON CLAIRE - Sitting up on the floor, her back against the wall, her cello angled across her body as if she were using it for protection, a bullet hole splintered through the back of it...

FAY
Fuck! Claire!

Fay rushes to her, sets the knife on the floor, shoves the cello aside, her shirt covered in blood from a fatal gunshot wound to the chest, dead... -

FAY
Jesus, Claire... Claire!

He lifts her head, sits on the floor, pulls her to his lap, feels her neck... But there's no mistaking it. There is blood everywhere. She's gone. Bled out. Finally, he lets out a gust of grief... He holds her, sitting there on the floor with her draped body on his lap. He does not cry, gives her only silence. He looks down at her, strokes her hair. A long moment... When, Fay looks, sees his gun wrapped in Claire's fist on her lap...???

And... the hairs go up on the back of his neck. THEY ARE NOT ALONE. He slowly looks up, and we SLOWLY PAN across the room... across from where Claire was facing... SLOWLY PANNING until we see...

THE TAXMAN - Sitting up on the floor, his back against the wall directly opposite Claire, eyes open, also dead, a bullet hole "right between the eyes"...

Fay turns his head away, staring off now. And slowly overtaking his face is a dead look of pure gathering hatred... We hold on him a moment... before we

CUT TO:

102 EXT. CLAIRE'S BUILDING - NIGHT (A MINUTE LATER)

Where Fay paces on the sidewalk out front, his burner phone tight against his ear and mouth, *Claire's blood* is on his face, collar, shirt and hands. He doesn't care, there's *death in his eyes*. WE HEAR ringing on the other end... Then -

POMPEII (PHONE)
Hullo?

FAY
You mother fuckers.

POMPEII (PHONE)
Fay?

FAY

What was it? Even a *mosquito* doesn't get a slap on the back until he starts working?

POMPEII (PHONE)

Fay? What the hell happened? Where are you?

FAY

I'm right here. And I'm comin' to get you. You hear me? I'm comin' to work, you mother fucker.

POMPEII (PHONE)

Fay, take it easy. What happened?

FAY

I'm comin' for you and all your fuckin' friends. You're not gettin' away from me. I'm gonna do to you what you did to her.

POMPEII (PHONE)

Fay, just calm the fuck down.

FAY

You get your men ready, because you're all dead.

POMPEII (PHONE)

Fay, listen to me. Fay. Fay! Fay! FAY!!

Fay *slams* the cell phone down onto the sidewalk, shattering it into a million pieces -

CUT TO:

103 INT. EL DORADO SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

ON MOB SOLDIERS - As they scramble to hunker down, loading weapons, getting ready for Hurricane Fay...

104 INT. FAY'S FORD TAURUS WAGON - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

... *Barreling* down the boulevard, Fay checking the clip on his gun, an extra clip from out of the glove box...

105 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

... Two SOLDIERS stand ready, a watchful eye outside the club entrance, waiting...

ANGLE ON FAR STREET CORNER - When, the Taurus *screeches* around the corner at the far end of the block...

ON CLUB ENTRANCE - The two Soldiers hear the chirping tires and straighten up. They toss their cigarettes and remove their guns from their jackets...

ON TAURUS - As it speeds down the center of the street... Fay *locks up the brakes and slides* to a crooked halt against the curb across the street from the social club, climbs out -

The Soldiers hold their guns out at Fay as he marches forward to the club, dead calm and without pause, his gun in his hand at his side. They open fire on him, guns blazing, shooting everything in sight except for Fay... Without stopping, Fay raises his gun, fires a *single shot*; first Soldier, right in the forehead, drops. A *second shot*; second Soldier, same thing, forehead, drops instantly. Fay reaches the social club entrance and *KICKS* in the door -

106 INT. FRONT ROOM, EL DORADO SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

The door crashes in, Fay enters and drops, crouched down on one knee as three men, Danny, one MOB SOLDIER and behind the bar, the Barkeep, immediately *open fire* on him... Amidst a hail of bullets around him, Fay fires *exactly three shots*; the first to the Barkeep's chest, the second to the Soldiers chest, the third straight through Danny's throat, the three men instantly drop dead to the floor. A silent beat... Then a noise, like an *overturning chair*, coming from the back room of the club. Fay looks up -

FAY POV: Closed door to BACK ROOM... Then, the noise of a *slamming door*.

ON FAY - A beat, as he listens... He gets up off his knee, steps over the dead bodies, marches to -

INSIDE BACK ROOM - The door *crashes* open wide. Fay steps in, stands there, gun ready. He looks around the room -

FAY POV: The small table; two half-full coffee cups, a half-eaten cookie, a burning cigar in an ashtray and an overturned chair on the floor...

ON FAY - He then glances up to the BASEMENT DOOR, the one we heard slam shut from the front room. Fay steps forward to it, his footsteps along the wooden floorboards...

He stands to the side of the door, reaches over to the doorknob, about to open it when, a *SHOTGUN BLAST* from the basement rips a hole through the door, splintering it as Fay *ducks* back around the wall, but not before some of the *pellets* from the blast *catch him in the shoulder and neck*. Fay grimaces, wipes the blood away. A moment... He then reaches out for the knob once again, *swings* the door open wide, ducks back away as ANOTHER SHOTGUN BLAST is fired, blowing a hole into a high corner of the room. Fay then spins into the open doorway with his gun straight out and pointing down the basement steps -

ANGLE DOWN STEPS - No one there, just the *smoke* of the shotgun blast at the bottom of the stairs... WE HEAR *running footsteps moving away from us*... then the *hollow slamming of another door*. Fay then runs gun-first down the cellar steps -

BASEMENT - Fay stops at the bottom, crouches down with his gun ready... More silence... He looks around; crates, liquor cases, a dripping wash sink, an old freezer... He then looks to a LONG, DIMLY LIT CORRIDOR, almost tunnel-like and lined with whitewashed brick and a IRON METAL DOOR at its far end -

Fay stands. He moves to the mouth of the long eerie tunnel and stops there. He stares at the quiet metal door at the far end, iron rivets all around it giving it the appearance of a vault... A long moment... Then, calmly, Fay takes out his cigarettes and lights one... He inhales... A beat...

THE LONG BRICK-LINED CORRIDOR - Eerie and foreboding...

FAY - He then removes the clip from his gun and replaces the spent one... He pauses for another beat, takes another drag... the Long eerie corridor... A beat... Fay then slowly, calmly, walks toward the door, the lit cigarette dangling from his lips. He reaches the end of the tunnel... and stops directly in front of the door. A beat...

ANGLE INSIDE VAULT - On the other side of the metal door is another full-size room, stacked to the ceiling with liquor cases, boxes of electronics of all sorts, clothing racks, swag, and we realize we are looking OVER THE SHOULDER of Carvalho as he sits crouched behind a low stack of cases, *frantically fumbling to load shells into the shotgun*, sweat dripping from his face, the metal door maybe 12 feet in front of him...

TUNNEL OUTSIDE VAULT DOOR - Fay slowly reaches up for the latch... he grasps it... When -

VOICE (O.S.)

Don't move.

Fay freezes... his hand on the latch...

VOICE (O.S.)

Drop the gun. Turn around slow, I'm
pointed right at the back of your
head...

... Fay complies. He sets his gun down on the floor... slowly
turns with his hands up. At the other end of the tunnel is a
MAN we've never seen before. He holds a gun, leveled at Fay...

MAN

Who are you?

FAY

-- My name's Fay.

MAN

Who?

FAY

Fay Darrow.

MAN

What the fuck happened here?

FAY

-- I got angry.

MAN

Where's Carvalho?

Arms still up, Fay nods over his shoulder to the metal door -

MAN

Open it.

FAY

You open it. He's got a shotgun.
Two barrels.

MAN

Then open it and stand aside.

Fay looks at the Man. He hasn't tried to kill him yet, so...

MAN

-- Open it.

INSIDE THE VAULT - Carvalho, crouched down there behind the
cases, sweating, shotgun aimed straight at the metal door...

TUNNEL OUTSIDE DOOR - The Man stands cover around the corner
at the other end of the corridor, peeking around, gun ready.
A beat... Fay tosses down his smoke, steps on it. He looks to
the Man. The Man nods to him...

Fay then reaches for the latch, grasps it... a beat... He *swings it open toward himself and squeezes against the wall behind it* -

THE VAULT - As the metal door swings open Carvalho immediately *fires two SHOTGUN BLASTS* into thin air! A beat... the smoke settles... revealing an empty corridor...

CARVALHO

... Fuck...

He fumbles madly to reload the shotgun... *can't*, hears *footsteps* coming quickly...

CARVALHO

-- Fuck... *Fuck...*!

Suddenly, he looks up, *drops the shotgun* and jumps to his feet with his arms up over his head -

CARVALHO

Don't kill me!

ON MAN - Standing before Carvalho, gun straight out. Fay peers around the door, still unsure of just what the fuck is going on...

MAN

Remus Carvalho.

CARVALHO

Please. Don't kill me. I'll give you whatever you want --

MAN

That so? How 'bout givin' me back my *brother*?

CARVALHO

Your brother? Jimmy? Jimmy Schwinn!? That wasn't me! It was the Raven!

ON FAY - A quick worried glance, looks to his gun on the floor, thinks to go for it when -

CARVALHO

I had nothin' t' do with it, it was F-- *No!!*

As the Man *fires all six shots* into Carvalho's chest, killing him instantly. A beat as he looks down at Carvalho's lifeless corpse. A big silence... He turns to Fay.

The Man then sticks his gun into his belt. Then, without a word, he walks out of the vault doorway, past Fay and back up the corridor...

Fay remains at the door, watches him leave. He waits for the Man to disappear around the corner and up the steps. Hears him exit the club upstairs. A moment... Fay then bends down, picks up his gun, and moves to the basement steps, when he thinks he hears a noise. He freezes, listening... A beat. He looks up. A cautious glance around the room, the dripping of the wash sink... When, he sees, there on the floor, near the old freezer, a gray felt gangster hat... Fay's eyes slowly, carefully, scan the basement...

He holds his gaze on a particular SHADOWY CORNER of the room hidden by a double stack of brand new radial tires. And, Fay slowly walks over to the dark corner... He steps around the tires... and we see -

GUY POMPEII - Tucked in the corner, unarmed, sitting there with his knees up, trembling, and sweating like a pig...

Fay stands there with his gun at his side, looking down at Pompeii...

POMPEII

No... Fay... God, Fay, have mercy... Have mercy, Fay...

Fay stares at him...

POMPEII

Come on, Fay... Fay! It's *me*, Guy...!

Fay lifts his gun and points it in Pompeii's face...

POMPEII

No, please! Jesus! Fay, please...!
I never said a bad word! I never
said a bad word about you t'
nobody...!

Fay remains, gun straight out on Pompeii...

POMPEII

... No, Fay, please, no...!

Fay just stands there...

POMPEII

... Fay... Fay! Say something! Say something, you Irish sonofabitch!!

FAY

There was no reason to kill the girl.

POMPEII

No, Fay, no! It was *The Taxman*, Fay! It was *The Taxman*, the stupid dirty--!

FAY

I *know* who it was. And I know who *sent* him.

POMPEII

Fay, you don't understand. I owed him money. A shit-ton'a money! He was gonna kill me over it. I picked him because I knew YOU was the better one!

FAY

What the fuck are you talking about?

POMPEII

You! You! You! Fay! I knew you was the better man and if he came after you, you'd'a gotten the jump on him an' killed him *first*! I'm sorry! I'm sorry, I was stonin' two chickens with one rock; you kill The Taxman an' get him off my back, and I save you from getting whacked! No way Carvalho would'a sent another guy after you after that. It's too much mess!

Pompeii has his hands up in front of his face, cowering in the corner...

POMPEII

... Please, Fay. Please... have mercy... Gingerbelle. Who's gonna feed Gingerbelle...?

And Fay just stands there, gun foremost, holding it on Pompeii, just like the way he first did on Claire's dog, hit by Fay's car and lying in the gutter. FAY SEES: A QUICK FLASHBACK OF IT... BACK TO POMPEII. Pompeii's reasoning is twisted enough that Fay believes the desperate fool. A long tense moment, Pompeii whimpering in the corner... Finally, Fay lowers the gun to his side. He stares at Pompeii for a beat or two... Pompeii remains trembling there... Then -

FAY
I didn't kill your guy. The girl did.

POMPEII
What?

Fay remains there. Pompeii's eyes twitch back and forth, realizing he might live through this, looks for something to say to Fay, but all that comes out in his fit of hope, is -

POMPEII
Oh, Fay. Fay! That's beautiful,
Fay. That's beautiful. 'Twas Beauty
killed the Beast.

He looks down at Pompeii. This strange Picasso scribble of a man. Fay eyes him over, half in disgust, half in pity... He whispers -

FAY
...What a thing to say.

He then turns away... disappears around the stack of radials...

A moment... Pompeii slowly lowers his hands, listening... Where is he? Where'd he go...? Then... Fay steps back around the tires and back into view. Pompeii throws his hands up in front of his face again, whimpering... However, Fay is holding *Pompeii's hat*. Fay brushes it off, fixes the brim... He then tosses it to Pompeii. Finally -

FAY
I told you. I'm on vacation. Go
home and feed your cat.

With that, Fay turns and walks away... Pompeii sits there with his hand on his chest, half stunned by his good fortune...

POMPEII
Fay? Fay...? -- Thank you, Fay.
Thank you. Thank you, Fay...! Thank
you!

ANGLE ON FAY - Climbing the basement steps... And WE HEAR -

POMPEII (O.S.)
... *Thank you! Thank you!! Thank
you, Fay!! Thank you!!*

ANGLE ON FRONT ROOM OF CLUB - As Fay walks out past the dead bodies... As -

POMPEII (O.S.)
*Thank you!! Thank you, Fay!! Thank
you...!!!*

107 EXT. EL DORADO SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Fay exits the club. He walks past the small but gathering crowd of cautious ONLOOKERS who are mindful to step well out of his path... He climbs into his Taurus, starts the ignition... and slowly pulls away from the curb... and down the street... And we slowly -

DISSOLVE TO -

108 INT. FRONT ROOM, EL DORADO SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT (LATER)

A POLICE SCENE - Photographing and outlining the bodies... People looking in through the open doorway, through the shattered plate windows... PATROL MEN, DETECTIVES, and FBI, including Agents Michaels and Schueler... Frustrated Detectives question WITNESSES... However, criminal mobs are alive and well in New Jersey and they answer with shrugs and swiveling heads and nobody knows nothin'... And -

SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO -

109 EXT. CLAIRE'S BUILDING - NIGHT (LATER)

END MUSIC COMES UP - A somber, bittersweet violin and cello... As we OPEN ON -

A SECOND POLICE SCENE - As one gurney, then another, carrying the bodybags of The Taxman, and then Claire, are removed from the building...

ANGLE FAY'S CAR - Parked at the curb a safe distance down the block. Fay silently watches as the bodies are loaded into a white Mercer County Coroner's van...

He looks down in his hand resting on his lap where he is holding the wall plaque from Claire's kitchen:

*No matter where I serve my guests,
It seems they like my kitchen best.*

He looks over to the dog, Blue, laying on the seat beside him. Both of which, the plaque and the dog, he went in to retrieve before the police arrived.

ANGLE BACK TO SCENE - The doors are closed. The DRIVER climbs in. And as the van begins to pull away -

FAY - Starts his engine, quietly shifts into drive, and mirroring the opening scene of Fay following the ambulance, he now solemnly follows the van. There is no rush this time -

THROUGH THE STREETS OF NJ - THE SOMBER STRINGS OF THE MUSIC CONTINUE: As Fay quietly follows, shadowing the van... STREET AFTER STREET...

Until... Finally, Fay drops back... and pulls over to the curb and stops, allowing the van to disappear into the night...

He stares through his windshield a long moment... He looks down to Blue on the seat next to him. Another moment, when *the song shifts gears to the strumming of a gritty electric guitar*, then a *hard driving drum beat* as Fay looks ahead, shifts into drive, pulls back out onto the street...

ANOTHER ANGLE - INT. FAY'S CAR - OVER HIS SHOULDER AS HE DRIVES. MUSIC CONTINUES: THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - The traffic lights. Red turns to green... Green turns to red... And red back to green... dissolving over and over, one after the other... As WE CUT TO -

BLACK SCREEN & CLOSING CREDITS:

THE END