

Grapes  
by  
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Registered, WGAw

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EXT. CITY - DAY

It's sunny and hot. Lawns are dried and dying. Streets steam with heat. CHILDREN huddle under the scarce shade, sweating, trying to escape the intense heat. A television PLAYS inside of a home, we hear:

TV REPORTER

The mayor gave a press conference today in which he told citizens to conserve water until the drought is officially over. Weather forecasters believe that the rain may finally come within the next two weeks, although predictions....

The report FADES OUT to nothing as the sun grows high in the sky. Shadows disappear and the children that were outside disappear with them. It's a ghost town. No one dares to go outside. During --

MICK

(v.o.)

It was the worst drought on record. A later report showed that it had caused dramatic crop failure, greatly impacting the local agriculture. But what the report didn't show was that the drought had drastically impacted the local drug business. Plants died, drugs weren't produced, and soon the city was almost dry. The only people with drugs were the fellas who could afford to import them from other countries, but they too would soon face a dilemma.

INT. DEA VAN - DAY

DEA AGENTS suit up, getting ready for a raid. When they're ready, they BURST through the back doors of the van out to --

EXT. VARIOUS DRUG HOUSES - CONTINUOUS

We see several raids happening simultaneously. DEA agents storm out of the van, across lawns and porches, and into --

INT. VARIOUS DRUG HOUSES - CONTINUOUS

DEA agents ransack several drug houses, rounding up the drugs and the people inside. There is some retaliation from the people inside, but it is quickly controlled by the agents. Millions of dollars worth of drugs are seized. During --

MICK

(v.o.)

The DEA decided to have themselves a good time, taking advantage of the situation and rounding up the only operating drug houses in the area. The seizure of those houses truly made the city dry. There were literally no drugs to be found, and that's a bad fuckin' thing.

EXT. MICK AND JIMMY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - ANOTHER DAY

JIMMY, a 20-something drug dealer wearing a wife beater, sits in a lawn chair, asleep, wearing large multicolored Ray-Ban sunglasses. He has a cigarette in his mouth, half of it ash. A grimy, half-filled pool sits in front of him. During --

MICK

(v.o.)

This is Jimmy. He sells drugs. Only job he's had and probably the only job he'll ever have. Problem is, he likes to do the drugs he's sellin'.

FLASHBACK to --

INT. NIGHTCLUB - PAST

We see Jimmy doing various drugs of all kinds in a VIP section for a night club. Dance music PLAYS. In the end, he's passed out on a couch.

BACK to --

EXT. DRUG HOUSE BACKYARD - PRESENT

MICK

(v.o.)

Most of the time he's sleepin' or too out of it to talk.

(MORE)

MICK (CONT'D)

But somehow he manages to make incredible amounts of money by selling drugs. He's like a guru or something, but how can a drugged out junkie be the best drug dealer in the city? Beats me. All I know is that he has a gift.

MICK, another 20-something drug dealer, but dressed professionally, exits the home. During --

MICK (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

This is me, Mick. I have a job. I have a life. I have a girlfriend. I have everything that Jimmy doesn't. Why do we live together? Well, even though I got a steady payin' job, I still enjoy the tax-free income from sellin' drugs. I've got the brains, and Jimmy's got the drugs.

FLASHBACK to --

INT. NIGHTCLUB - PAST - SAME TIME AS BEFORE

Jimmy is passed out on the same couch as before. The same dance music PLAYS as before. Beside him we see Mick, exchanging large sums of money with TWO PROFESSIONAL-LOOKING GENTLEMEN. The two gentlemen close a suit case full of drugs that are sitting open on a table in front of Jimmy. They pick up the suitcase and walk away. During --

MICK

(v.o.)

I invest my share of the money on, and Jimmy spends his on more drugs.

Another FLASHBACK to --

INT./EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - PAST

We see Mick buying unnecessary and expensive things like cars, driving them fast; we see him going on trips, sitting on beaches, sitting in first class on the plane. He's alone at each location, alone doing each thing.

Then we see Jimmy, buying more drugs, weighing more drugs, and doing more drugs.

BACK to --

EXT. DRUG HOUSE BACKYARD - PRESENT

Mick walks over to Jimmy and kicks his chair. Jimmy jolts awake.

MICK  
What the fuck are ya doin'?

JIMMY  
What?

MICK  
You been here all night?

JIMMY  
What?

MICK  
I'm gonna go out. Gotta go get some  
stuff and then I'll be back.

JIMMY  
Whatcha gettin'?

MICK  
Just some stuff.

JIMMY  
Get some grapes, bro.

Mick leaves Jimmy.

MICK  
(o.s.)  
There ain't no fuckin grapes to  
get.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - MINUTES LATER

Mick's car pulls up in the parking lot. It's hot out. A fat Italian man sits next to an ice box, fanning himself with a magazine. Mick walks up to the door of the store.

FAT ITALIAN MAN  
Hey, Mick.

MICK  
Carmine.

Mick enters --

INT. SUPERMARKET - CONTINUOUS

A middle-eastern man sits behind the counter, reading a magazine. A fan blows.

MIDDLE-EASTERN MAN

Hello.

Mick surfs the aisles, but ends up only getting a gallon of milk from the fridge. He gets ringed up. During --

MICK

(v.o.)

Me and Jimmy were in a little bit of a problem. Usually, cash flows in regularly from our side business, but with the city dry from the drought and the DEA raids, there were no drugs to find. No drugs to be found, and without drugs, how could we make money? Jimmy said we should go into the prescription drug business, but I told him...

FLASHBACK to --

INT. MICK AND JIMMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - PAST

Mick and Jimmy relax on the couch. Jimmy's just told Mick that he thinks that they should go into the prescription drug business.

MICK

(on screen and v.o.)

"No. What are we, two fuckin' fairies?"

BACK to --

INT. SUPERMARKET - PRESENT

MIDDLE-EASTERN MAN

Thank you.

Mick leaves the supermarket.

EXT. MICK AND JIMMY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - MINUTES LATER

Jimmy's still sleeping in his chair. Mick enters with the gallon of milk, goes into the house, puts the milk in the fridge, and returns to the backyard -- we remain on Jimmy the entire time.

MICK

Jimmy! What are you doing?!

JIMMY

I'm awake! You get the grapes?

MICK

There's no fuckin' weed anywhere, man.

JIMMY

How's that even fuckin' possible?  
Pete's out?

MICK

Yeah.

JIMMY

Donny?

MICK

Yes.

JIMMY

Drew?

MICK

Mhmm.

JIMMY

Don-ny?

MICK

Shut the hell up, Jimmy. You're fuckin' out of it man.

JIMMY

Sorry. Huge party last night. Ya missed out.

MICK

Well sorry, Jimmy, but I work. I have a life. I can't just go around partyin' and gettin' fucked up all the time. Why don't you get a job?

JIMMY

I have a job. It's just I can't do it if I ain't got no fiyah.

MICK

There's a drought Jimmy. Where the fuck are we gonna find weed?

JIMMY

I know.

Beat.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Heard of Gary the Grower?

MICK

Aww fuck. I thought I said never again.

JIMMY

Hey, but desperate times call for desperate measures.

MICK

I meant if it was the fuckin' end of the world.

Jimmy holds up his empty hands and looks to his left then his right.

JIMMY

Look around, Mick. Looks like the end of the world to me.

Long beat.

MICK

Come on, get in the car.

INT. GARY THE GROWER'S HOUSE - LATER

Knocks on the door. Looking through the eyehole, we see Jimmy and Mick. The locks twist open and so does the door.

EXT. GARY THE GROWER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

GARY THE GROWER, a slightly overweight 30-something man looking as though he has just woken up, stands in the doorway. During --

MICK

(v.o.)

Me and Gary have a past. You see,  
one time Jimmy and I bought weed  
from him to sell to our customers.

FLASHBACK to --

INT. GARY THE GROWER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - PAST

Mick and Jimmy stand in Gary's living room. Gary hands them a bag of weed in exchange for cash.

GARY THE GROWER

It's good shit, guys.

Mick and Jimmy shake Gary's hand and then proceed to exit the home.

INT. MICK AND JIMMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - PAST

Mick and Jimmy sell the weed to various customers at various times during a day. At several different times to several different customers --

JIMMY

It's good shit.

INT./EXT. VARIOUS PLACES - PAST

We see the customers in various places: their homes, a park, their car, a party, etc. They're all preparing to smoke the weed they had purchased. During --

MICK

(v.o.)

But Gary failed to mention that the weed was laced with PCP. So our customers smoked the weed,...

We see the customers smoke the weed.

MICK (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

... freaked out,...

We see the customers freaking out in their various places. It's a trippy sight with distorted vision, hallucinations, and, finally, a hospital trip. During --

MICK (CONT'D)  
 (v.o.)  
 ... and ended up in the hospital.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - PAST

At various times the customers are rushed into the emergency room and treated accordingly. Some enter sobbing, others laughing uncontrollably, others screaming.

MICK  
 (v.o.)  
 Fuckin' Gary almost ruined our business, and I made sure to tell him so.

INT. GARY THE GROWER'S HOUSE - NIGHT - PAST

Gary is asleep and wakes to the sound and the glimmer of something BURNING. He looks out his window and sees his car on fire.

GARY THE GROWER  
 What the fuck?!

BACK to --

EXT. GARY THE GROWER'S HOME - PRESENT

JIMMY  
 Gary.

GARY THE GROWER  
 Hey, Jimmy.

Gary looks over at Mick.

GARY THE GROWER (CONT'D)  
 Aww, what the fuck, man?

MICK  
 Hello Gary. How's it goin'?

GARY THE GROWER  
 Well, I got a new car.

An old and rusting Saab sits in his driveway.

MICK  
 Looks good.

GARY THE GROWER  
Fuck you. What do ya want?

JIMMY  
We're outta grapes. You got any?

GARY THE GROWER  
I do not. Sorry. There's a drought.  
How would I get weed?

JIMMY  
You're "Gary the Grower", so you  
grow your own weed right?

GARY THE GROWER  
Yes, I do grow my own. But due to  
the shortage I gotta stock up on my  
own supply. You understand, right?

Jimmy understands, Mick doesn't.

GARY THE GROWER (CONT'D)  
It'll be back on the market soon  
though.

MICK  
How soon, big guy.

GARY THE GROWER  
I'd say a couple of weeks.

MICK  
Fuck.

JIMMY  
Not so good.

GARY THE GROWER  
I guess you fellas'll just have to  
wait till there's product to sell.

Gary shuts the door. Mick and Jimmy go back to their car.  
They get in, start it up, then drive away. During --

MICK  
(v.o.)  
But we couldn't wait. The IRA was  
already deep up our ass, and they  
couldn't possibly get shoved up any  
further. Same with the fellas down  
at the bank.  
(MORE)

MICK (CONT'D)

If we didn't get any weed soon to make money, we'd have to foreclose on our home, then we'd be out on the street, and our drug game would be over.

INT. MICK AN JIMMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Jimmy and Mick walk through the front door. A message is blinking on the answering machine. Mick walks over and presses the button on the machine, playing the message.

IRA AGENT

Mr. Alexander, this is Mr. Princeton from the IRA. We see that you have been behind on some payments. We'll be sending someone by soon to talk to you about your payments. If there has been some sort of mistake, please call me back. My number is...

MICK

Fuck.

Mick deletes the message. The next message starts playing.

MAN AT THE BANK

Mr. Alexander. You've missed your last few mortgage payments. This is the fifth time calling you and I'm afraid that if you don't make your payments soon, we'll be forced to foreclose your home.

MICK

Shit.

JIMMY

What is it?

MICK

Nothin'. Nothin'.

(v.o.)

Actually, it was a big fuckin' problem.

INT. DRUG HOUSE - KITCHEN - MIDDLE OF NIGHT

Mick sits alone at the kitchen table, smoking cigarettes and looking over bills, payment papers, and notices. During --

MICK

(v.o.)

Like I said before, we had to make all of our payments. Missing another would be bad fuckin' news. We had to find a way to make fast money or a way to find some weed. If we couldn't, then our lives would be over and we didn't want that now did we?

INT. DRUGS HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Jimmy has just woken up and is sitting at a table eating a bowl of cereal. Mick walks into the room, wearing a suit and busy tying a tie.

JIMMY

(with mouthful of cereal)

Where you goin', Mick?

MICK

A date.

JIMMY

Looks like you're goin' to work.

MICK

How do you know what it looks like when someone goes to work, Jimmy?

JIMMY

I'll be in business soon. You heard Gary didn't you?

Mick finished tying his tie and walks over to Jimmy.

MICK

Yeah, I heard him. He said we'd have to wait a few weeks.

JIMMY

Nothin' wrong with that.

MICK

Yes, Jimmy, there is something wrong with that. There's something really fucking wrong with that.

JIMMY

Whatcha mean?

MICK  
You don't do the bills, Jimmy.

Long beat.

JIMMY  
There somethin' wrong?

Beat.

MICK  
Yeah.

Beat.

JIMMY  
Well what is it?

Jimmy's nervous.

MICK  
If we don't get some money soon,  
then we're gonna loose the house.

JIMMY  
Fuck, man! Why didn't you tell me  
anythin'?

MICK  
Didn't wanna get you upset.

JIMMY  
Well now I'm fucking upset! And I  
just woke up, Mick! It's the  
beginning of the day. Now I'm gonna  
have a bad fuckin' day.

MICK  
You wanted to know Jimmy. And it's  
five fuckin' o' clock in the  
afternoon. The day's almost over.

JIMMY  
(slyly)  
And the night will have just begun.

Beat.

MICK  
Fuck this.

Mick starts walking towards the door.

JIMMY  
Where you goin' Mick?

MICK  
I already told you, Jimmy.

Mick exits, leaving Jimmy, upset and alone with his cereal.

INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Knocks on the door. SALLY, Mick's girlfriend, goes to answer the door. She's a real beauty. She's wearing a tight black dress that shows off all of her curvaceous features. She opens the door. There stands Mick.

SALLY  
Hey.

The two kiss.

MICK  
Hey. You got your coat?

Sally grabs her coat off the back of a nearby chair.

SALLY  
Yep.

The two exit the apartment.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Sally and Mick eat their food. They're surrounded by chandeliers, candles, the music of a string quartet, and all the accommodations enjoyed by the upper class. During --

MICK  
(v.o.)  
Sally was my girlfriend. We'd gone out for the past two years, and they've been the greatest two years of my life.

FLASHBACK to --

INT./EXT. VARIOUS PLACES - PAST

We see Mick and Sally having sex in various places, inside and outside, and in various positions, hearing all of their MOANS and GROANS.

BACK to --

INT. RESTAURANT - PRESENT

Mick and Sally continue to eat their food.

SALLY  
This is really good.

Mick nods in agreement.

MICK  
(v.o.)  
Besides all of the sex, Sally's parents belong to the richer part of society. They live in a large mansion, have butlers, and make sure that their children enjoy it as well. Each month, Sally and her brothers and sisters each receive a check for ten thousand dollars. They never had to work a day in their lives, but I didn't care because the money Sally got from her parent allowed the two of us to eat in these fine establishments and to enjoy the high life, without me having to pay for any of it.

FLASHBACK to --

INT./EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - PAST

Again, we see Mick buying unnecessary and expensive things like cars, driving them fast; again, we see him going on trips, sitting on beaches, sitting in first class on the plane. The only difference is that instead of being alone, Sally's next to Mick at each location, doing all of these things with him.

BACK to --

INT. RESTAURANT - PRESENT

SALLY  
Mick... I have something to tell you.

Beat.

Mick looks up from his plate, swallows his food.

MICK  
What is it, then?

Beat.

SALLY  
I've been doin' a lot of thinkin',  
Mick, and I'm just not sure how  
much you love me.

MICK  
What do ya mean? Of course I love  
ya.

Mick places his hand on Sally's. She pulls her's away.

SALLY  
Then why haven't you asked me to  
marry you yet? We've been going out  
for two years, and ever since our  
anniversary I've been waiting for  
you to ask the question. And a  
couple of times I've really  
expected you to, but you didn't.  
And I don't know if I can wait  
anymore, Mick.

MICK  
What? Are you saying we should get  
married?

SALLY  
That's what I've been hoping for  
for the last three months, Mick.  
But now, it feels like it's never  
going to come.

MICK  
I'm confused, Sally. Do you want me  
to ask you to marry me?

Long beat.

SALLY  
I don't know anymore.

MICK  
So... if I asked you to marry me  
right now you wouldn't know what to  
say even though you said you've  
been waiting for me to?

SALLY  
I'm just not sure what I want,  
Mick.

MICK  
(v.o.)  
Women.  
(to Sally)  
So what're we doin' then? Are you  
asking me to marry you?  
(v.o.)  
They make absolutely no sense.

SALLY  
No, Mick.

MICK  
Are you breaking up with me?

SALLY  
No.

Beat.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Well... yes.

MICK  
You're leaving me?

SALLY  
Yes, Mick. I'm leaving you.

Sally begins to cry and dries her eyes with her napkin. Mick is shocked.

MICK  
How... how are you gonna do that,  
Sally? After all we've been  
through? I mean, we've been going  
out for two years, we've done a lot  
of shit together.

SALLY  
A lot of shit, Mick? All we do is  
fuck, and when we're not fucking  
we're going around to fancy places  
to eat and to spend my money. Is  
sex all we have?

MICK  
No, Sally. I love you.

SALLY

Oh, shut up, Mick. You don't love me. You're just in with for these...

Sally grabs her breasts.

SALLY (CONT'D)

... and for my fucking money.

Sally's gone from sad to angry.

MICK

No, Sally. I really love you. Why can't you see that?

SALLY

I wish I could fuckin' see that, Mick!

The string quartet stops playing and everyone in the restaurant turns to look at the couple.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Maybe if you had a ring and asked me to marry you I could see that, but you don't and so I can't.

MICK

What does a fuckin' ring have anything to do with it? I said I love you and that's that. Why do I have to give you a fuckin' ring to prove it?!

A WAITER has come over to their table.

WAITER

Excuse me. But could you two please keep it down or take your fight outside? You're disturbing our other guests.

MICK

(to the waiter)

Ah, fuck you, ya pampered up faggot.

The waiter is shocked and walks away, insulted.

MICK (CONT'D)

(to Sally)

Sally, please don't leave.

SALLY

I'm sorry Mick... it's over. And I have something else to confess.

MICK

What?

SALLY

I've been seeing someone... else.

MICK

(shocked)

You've been what?! You're a fucking whore, Sally! Seeing someone else. Who is it? Who's it you've been fucking?

As Mick yells after her, Sally gets up and leaves the restaurant.

Beat.

MICK (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

What the fuck was that?

(to Sally)

How the fuck am I s'posed to pay for all of this, Sally?

(v.o.)

"Fuck," I thought. "This makes me one step closer to being like Jimmy. All I had to do next was lose my job."

Mick looks around, gets up from the table, slightly embarrassed, all eyes staring at him, and leaves.

INT. SHIPPER'S OFFICE - DAY

DYLAN O'CONNOR, a big name in the business of shipping and imports, sits behind his desk, puffing a cigar. He's in a conference with TWO CEOs, who sit in front of him. During --

MICK

(v.o.)

This is Dylan O'Connor. He's an Irishman who likes to fuck people over. He's a shipper, a merchant who makes millions on importing and exporting legal shit, makes even more importing and exporting illegal shit, specifically drugs.

(MORE)

MICK (CONT'D)

But even he's hurting right now because of the drought, not to mention the local projects of his that were busted by the DEA. He hasn't had any business in drugs for a few weeks now. How do I know this?

Mick enters the office carrying a cup of coffee.

MICK (CONT'D)

Here's your coffee, sir.

DYLAN O'CONNOR

Thank you, Mick.

Dylan takes a sip of the coffee. Mick leaves. During --

MICK

(v.o.)

'Cause I work for him. I'm one of his assistants. I do his laundry,...

FLASHBACK to --

INT. SHIPPER'S OFFICE - AN EARLIER DAY

Mick walks into the office, carrying Dylan O'Connor's freshly pressed suits. He hangs them on coat rack and exits the office.

MICK

(v.o.)

... get him coffee,...

INT. SHIPPER'S OFFICE - ANOTHER EARLIER DAY

Mick walks into the office carrying a cup of coffee. He places it on the desk. Dylan O'Connor's hand then seizes it and carries it to his lips as Mick leaves.

MICK

(v.o.)

... write up reports,...

INT. SHIPPER'S OFFICE - EVEN ANOTHER EARLIER DAY

Mick walks into the office, carrying a freshly copied report for Dylan O'Connor. He places it on the desk. Dylan O'Connor glances at it.

DYLAN O'CONNOR  
Nice job, Mick.

Dylan O'Connor gives Mick a grin.

MICK  
(v.o.)  
... and whatever the fuck an  
assistant does.

BACK to --

INT. SHIPPER'S OFFICE - PRESENT

MICK  
(v.o.)  
So I know what's goin' on around  
here at all times. Good thing  
sometimes. Fuckin' great thing  
today.

DYLAN O'CONNOR  
So boys. What've you found out.

CEO ONE  
Nothing's movin' sir.

DYLAN O'CONNOR  
What do you mean nothin's moving?  
Still? It's been three fuckin'  
weeks!

CEO TWO  
We're aware of that, but our  
clients are refusing to send  
anything here. They have to keep  
their crops local now. They're  
having problems too, not to mention  
the heightened security here that  
could be a potential threat to them  
and their cargo.

DYLAN O'CONNOR  
What the fuck is this? A god damn  
pandemic?

CEO TWO  
It must be some planned thing, drug  
agencies cracking down all over the  
place. Crazy plan, but it's  
obviously working.

DYLAN O'CONNOR

Is there anyone willing to sell to us?

CEO ONE

In the entire world?

DYLAN O'CONNOR

Yes! Where else would it fuckin' be? Mars?

CEO ONE

We just thought that you'd want to keep this business... more local.

DYLAN O'CONNOR

Let me tell you something. Local is confined to our home in this fine metropolis. You can't call nearby countries local unless we're fuckin' Vatican City. It's *all* international. Get me some weed. Any weed! I'm expectin' to make a profit during this drought, and you two poofs aren't gonna fuck this up!

The two CEOs nervously agree with Dylan O'Connor, remaining seated, expecting more to be said.

Beat.

DYLAN O'CONNOR (CONT'D)

Get the fuck outta here! Find me some drugs!

The two CEOs walk quickly out of the office into the --

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mick stands next to the door as the two CEOs leave the office. He's been listening the whole time. A smile slowly spreads across his face, and then he runs off to --

INT. MICK AND JIMMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mick bursts through the front door, stumbling upon Jimmy, who's smoking tobacco out of a bong.

MICK

Jimmy... what the fuck are you doin'?!

JIMMY

I just thought, maybe if I smoked some tobacco outta the bong... maybe the THC in the bong water would get me high.

Mick walks over and slaps Jimmy in the head, sets the bong on the table.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

That really hurt!

MICK

Oh, shut up. Guess what, though. I figured out the solution to our problems.

JIMMY

You got some grapes?

MICK

No. And why the fuck do you keep calling it grapes?

JIMMY

'Cause it means the same thing. Grapes is weed so fine that it's purple. It's literally fuckin' purple, Mick.

MICK

But all weed's not purple, Jimmy. And no one knows what the fuck you're talking about when you say that. You could be asking for a juice box for all they know.

JIMMY

Well, what would you like it called?

MICK

Weed, marijuana, mary jane, kush -- I don't know! Just anything but grapes.

JIMMY

Fine, Mick. I don't see what the big deal is.

Jimmy lights a cigarette and inhales.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Now, what's the answer to our problems?

Exhales.

MICK

Alright. Now, imagine that I know where to get weed.

JIMMY

(thinking he's outsmarted Mick)

But there is no weed. There's a drought.

MICK

Shut up Jimmy and listen. Imagine I do know where to get weed, and a fucking lot of it too. Only problem is that we'd have to take it from someone else.

JIMMY

Like rob them?

MICK

Yes Jimmy, like rob them. But if we succeeded, then we'd have the only weed in the city. Think about all the money we could make! We'd be the only people with the weed, and then we could sell it to other dealers and people for higher-than-market prices. And I bet this'll be some good fucking weed too.

JIMMY

Okay. I might be up for that. Would we be robbing them?

MICK

Yeah, we'd have to do it.

JIMMY

Who're we robbing?

Beat.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Who're we robbing, Mick?

MICK

We're gonna rob a shipment comin'  
in for Dylan O'Connor.

JIMMY

That's your boss!

MICK

I know.

JIMMY

That's you're fuckin' boss, man!

MICK

I fuckin' know that, Jimmy. What I  
want to know is if you're gonna do  
it or not.

JIMMY

How the fuck did you find out he  
was importing weed?!

MICK

I overheard him today. What's the  
big deal anyway? He's been in the  
drug business for a while.

JIMMY

But his people'll have guns!

MICK

We can have guns too.

JIMMY

Yeah, but they'll know how to use  
their guns!

MICK

How hard could it be. You point it,  
shoot it, and hope it hits  
somethin'. Are you gonna do it?

Jimmy stares at Mick, shocked by the plan.

Beat.

JIMMY

Fuck no!

MICK

You gotta think, Jimmy. If we don't  
get this weed, we don't get any  
money.

(MORE)

MICK (CONT'D)

And if we don't get any money, we have to foreclose on our house and the IRA is going to hunt us down for every last penny we have.

Beat.

MICK (CONT'D)

We need this weed, Jimmy.

Jimmy contemplates the offer.

Long beat.

JIMMY

When we gonna do this?

INT. SHIPPER'S OFFICE - ANOTHER DAY

Dylan O'Connor sits at his office, telling the two CEOs from before about ordering the international shipment of drugs. During --

MICK

(v.o.)

So for the next few days, I paid extra close attention to what Dylan O'Connor was doing and what he was saying. I hung close to his office door and wrote down all the details.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mick is sitting close to Dylan O'Connor's door, writing what Dylan O'Connor is telling the two CEOs on a piece of paper. During --

MICK

(v.o.)

I found out when the shipment was arriving and where. Only problem was if the person inspecting the cargo on the ship happened to inspect the crate full of weed.

INT. SHIPPER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

DYLAN O'CONNOR

An inspector only checks one crate of the cargo.

(MORE)

DYLAN O'CONNOR (CONT'D)  
 We just have to hope that it's not  
 the one with the weed in it.  
 Otherwise we're fucked.

MICK  
 (v.o.)  
 If that were the case, me and Jimmy  
 would be fucked too.

INT. GUN SHOP - LATER

Mick and Jimmy are buying guns. The GUN CLERK is showing them a bunch of different guns and ammunition, telling the two about everything he's showing them. During --

MICK  
 (v.o.)  
 Next step was for us to buy guns.  
 The shipment was coming in the next  
 day, and we sure as hell didn't  
 wanna be caught trying to rob Dylan  
 O'Connor's shipment without being  
 well-armed. So me and Jimmy spent  
 our last couple of bucks on  
 weapons.

The clerk finishes telling about a gun.

GUN CLERK  
 Seem like something you're  
 interested in?

MICK  
 We'll take it.  
 (v.o.)  
 There was no turning back now.

EXT. SHIPYARD ROAD - NIGHT

Mick and Jimmy sit in Mick's car, wearing all black. They're putting on ski masks and loading their guns. During --

MICK  
 (v.o.)  
 We knew where the weed was: it  
 would be the crate guarded by some  
 of Dylan O'Connor's men. Now the  
 only thing left to do was to steal  
 the weed.

Mick and Jimmy get out of the car and begin walking quickly towards the large ship in the harbor, all of its cargo unloaded on the dock beside it.

EXT. SHIPYARD - MINUTES LATER

THREE GUARDS sit next to the crate of weed, a street light illuminating the three. One reads a magazine, one sleeps, and one stays alert.

The STREET LIGHT is SHOT out with a SILENCED gun, startling the alert guard.

ALERT GUARD

What the fuck was that?

MAGAZINE GUARD

Stupid thing must've blown out.

ALERT GUARD

How can a street light just blow out?

The sleeping guard is now awake.

SLEEPING GUARD

(yawning)

It's no big --

The sleeping guard is SHOT dead. The alert guard and the magazine guard pull out their guns and SHOOT off into the night. Nothing responds.

Long Beat.

ALERT GUARD

You think we got them?

Gun SHOTS are fired at the guards once more. Mick runs into the scene, circling around the crate and BLASTING a shotgun towards the guards. One of the guards jumps behind the crate of weed, getting HIT in one of his legs in the process. The other walks towards Mick, FIRING his gun at him. Mick SHOTS the guard in the leg and he collapses, dropping his gun. Mick continues to circle the crate until he comes to the side with the guard who jumped behind it. He stops running and slowly walks towards the guard. He points his gun at him.

MICK

Any last fuckin' prayers?

The guard only breathes heavily, staring at Mick.

A gun CLICKS. The other guard is pointing a gun point blank at Mick's head.

GUARD POINTING GUN

You have any last fucking prayers?

A gun SHOT is fired. The guard pointing the gun at Mick falls dead. Another SHOT is fired. The guard who jumped behind the crate is dead. Jimmy appears from the shadows.

JIMMY

You're too fancy.

Pretending to shoot his gun --

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Bang! Bang! That's all you need. None of this runnin' around and trying to look cool shit.

MICK

Jimmy! Nice to see you. Where the fuck were you during our little robbery?

JIMMY

I was where I was supposed to be, back in the shadows snipin' the guards off so they couldn't fuckin' shoot me!

MICK

Alright, Jimmy. It doesn't fuckin' matter anymore because the three fuckin' guards aren't fuckin' breathin' now, are they?

JIMMY

No, Mick. But they were just a second ago!

Mick and Jimmy, breathing heavily, toss their guns down and open the top of the crate. It's full of weed.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Jesus fuckin' Christ.

MICK

We've hit the fuckin' jackpot, my friend.

Jimmy and Mick look at each other, smiles spread far across their faces.

EXT. SHIPYARD ROAD - MINUTES LATER

Their car pulls away from the shipyard, Mick and Jimmy inside, the back of their car filled with weed. During --

MICK

(v.o.)

Our problems were close to being over. All we had to do now was to not fuck it up.

INT. SHIPPER'S OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

Dylan O'Connor stairs out the window in his office, sucking long and hard on a cigar. The two CEOs from before enter his office.

Long Beat.

DYLAN O'CONNOR

Where's my weed.

CEO TWO

We had a problem at the shipyard last night. Apparently, the three guards watching the shipment were killed and the cargo was stolen.

Dylan O'Connor smokes from his cigar.

Extra Long Beat.

CEO TWO (CONT'D)

Sir, what do you want us to do now.

Inhale. Exhale. The smoke swirls around Dylan O'Connor's head.

DYLAN O'CONNOR

If somebody stole a product of yours that could potentially make you hundreds of thousands of dollars, how would you feel?

Dylan O'Connor turns around, blows out smoke. His face is red and his temples pulsate.

DYLAN O'CONNOR (CONT'D)

How the fuck would you feel if someone stole a large fucking sum of money from you?!

CEO TWO  
I'd be angry, sir.

DYLAN O'CONNOR  
Of course you'd be fucking angry!  
You'd be fucking pissed! You'd want  
to find whoever stole your product  
and cut their fucking balls off.  
You'd want to torture them and make  
them feel as miserable as you do  
the fucking moment that someone  
tells you, "There's been a problem  
with the shipment. It appears that  
it was stolen." That's the moment  
that your balls fuckin' shatter and  
you realize that some little punks  
had the nerve to fuck with you.  
"There's been a problem." That  
phrase repeats itself inside your  
mind and soon you want to kill  
whoever said that fucking phrase in  
the first place, along with the  
thief. And do you know who said  
that phrase to me this morning?

CEO Two is incredibly nervous. He doesn't want to answer.

Beat.

DYLAN O'CONNOR (CONT'D)  
Well, speak up, then!

CEO TWO  
I did, sir.

DYLAN O'CONNOR  
Yes, you did! And ever since you  
said that I've been having a bad  
fucking day! So how about you fuck  
off you fucking imbecile!

Dylan O'Connor pages security.

DYLAN O'CONNOR (CONT'D)  
Security.

TWO SECURITY GUARDS enter the office.

DYLAN O'CONNOR (CONT'D)  
Please escort this stupid fuck from  
the premises. He no longer works  
for us.

Security drags the CEO out of the office.

Dylan O'Connor goes back to smoking his cigar. He sits down in his chair and looks at the other CEO, who fidgets nervously.

DYLAN O'CONNOR (CONT'D)  
Now let this be a warning to ya. I  
don't like to hear bad news.

INT. MICK AND JIMMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME DAY

Mick is weighing the bags of weed. Meanwhile, Jimmy has finished rolling a blunt. He lights it and inhales, coughs.

JIMMY  
This is some good shit, Mick.

Jimmy takes another puff.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Real good shit.

Mick finishes counting the last bag.

MICK  
Fuck, Jimmy. We got like a hundred  
pounds here.

Jimmy inhales.

JIMMY  
This is great shit. This weed is  
grapes. Literally purple.

Exhale. Jimmy points to a bag of weed. Inhale.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Actually purple, Mick. You see  
that?

Exhale.

MICK  
Yeah, I see that. How much do you  
think we could sell this for?

Jimmy inspects the weed carefully.

JIMMY  
Well, Mick, this shit is not your  
average street shit.  
(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

This is some really great shit.  
This is the shit that people like  
me wait their whole lives to smoke.  
I can honestly say, that this is  
some of the best fucking weed I've  
ever had.

MICK

(sarcastically)

Are you sure it's good shit, Jimmy?  
I couldn't tell.

Jimmy is oblivious to Mick's sarcasm.

JIMMY

It's great shit, Mick.

MICK

How much you think we could sell it  
for.

Inhale.

JIMMY

Well, Mick, considering that this  
is some great shit...

Exhale

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I suppose that we could sell an  
ounce of this weed for around four  
hundred dollars. And considering  
that we are now in a weed drought  
and we're the only people in the  
whole city with weed, and  
definitely the only people in the  
city with weed this great, I  
suppose that we can raise the price  
to five hundred dollars an ounce.

MICK

Fuck, man.

JIMMY

Then, considering that there's  
sixteen ounces in a pound and  
supposing that we're selling the  
weed for five hundred dollars an  
ounce, we would make...

Jimmy does some quick math.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
... eight thousand dollars per  
pound of weed.

MICK  
That's a lot of money, Jimmy. You  
sure?

JIMMY  
It gets better Mick. Now  
considering that we have one  
hundred pounds of weed, and that  
we're selling each pound of weed  
for eight thousand dollars, we  
could make...

Some more quick math, this time between the two of them.

JIMMY/MICK  
(simultaneously)  
...eight hundred thousand dollars.

MICK  
(v.o.)  
A fucking guru.  
(to Jimmy)  
Shit! That's fucking great!  
(v.o.)  
A fucking druggy genius.

Jimmy smokes some more weed.

JIMMY  
This shit's fucking great.

MICK  
You gotta stop smoking it, Jimmy.  
This is gonna make us a lot of  
money. We need all of it.

JIMMY  
Alright, Mick.

Another inhale.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Just let me finish this up.

Another exhale.

MICK  
Hurry up, then. We gotta divide  
this shit up and sell it. You got  
any dealers on stand-by?

JIMMY  
Not yet. Get me a phone and I'll  
work my magic.

INT. MICK AND JIMMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AN ENTIRE DAY

We see Jimmy call a bunch of drug dealers, working his magic, telling them that he has weed and they can come by to buy some. Dealers stop by and pick up bags of weed in exchange for wads of cash. During --

MICK  
(v.o.)  
Usually, we would sell our own  
drugs, but this was a special  
occasion. We were the only people  
in the city with weed, and we had  
stolen it from a very powerful man.  
We had to make sure that when we  
did sell the weed, Dylan O'Connor  
sure as hell wouldn't find out  
where it came from.

To several different dealers at several different times --

JIMMY  
Now, make sure not to let anyone  
know where you got these grapes.  
Understand me? No one.

Several different dealers at several different times --

DEALERS  
Sure thing, Jimmy. No one.

More drugs are exchanged and more money is given to Jimmy and Mick. During --

MICK  
(v.o.)  
If Dylan O'Connor did find out that  
people were selling his weed on the  
streets...

INT. SHIPPER'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Dylan O'Connor stands in his office. He looks pissed and is staring at the streets below him, smoking a cigar. During --

MICK

(v.o.)

... he would no doubt try and find the ones who had stolen it in the first place. And once he found them, he would make their last few hours alive a living hell.

CEO One enters the office.

CEO ONE

We found your shipment, sir.

INT. SHIPPER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

After hearing the news, Dylan O'Connor picks up a small lamp next to him and throws it at the wall. It SHATTERS. He screams --

DYLAN O'CONNOR

Fuck!

INT. DEA OFFICE - SAME DAY

AGENT DICK PETERSON sits at his desk filling out paper work and reading reports. During --

MICK

(v.o.)

But there was something far worse than Dylan O'Connor and it too was beginning to notice the new product on the market.

Another AGENT enters the office and says --

AGENT

It's moving again. Come on.

Agent Peterson gets up, puts on his jacket, and exits the office. We can see that the back of the jacket reads "DEA".

BACK to --

INT. SHIPPER'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

Dylan O'Connor stands with his back to us staring out the window, cigar in hand. A MAN sits in the seat in front of Dylan O'Connor's desk. We see the back of his head, never his face. On either side of him stand TWO LARGE MEN in black suits that had escorted CEO one from the office. During --

MICK

(v.o.)

But we would be fine if no one went blabbin' to Dylan O'Connor or the DEA.

INT. DEA OFFICE - SAME DAY

The same MAN sits in front of Agent Peterson. Again, we see the back of his head, never his face. During --

MICK

(v.o.)

But some dumb shit did go flappin' their big mouth to both Dylan O'Connor and the DEA.

INT. SHIPPER'S OFFICE/DEA OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

To both Dylan O'Connor and Agent Peterson, the man who is sitting in front of their desks says --

MAN

Names are Mick and Jimmy.

INT. SHIPPER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dylan O'Connor's eyes grow big.

DYLAN O'CONNOR

You say fuckin' Mick?

INT. DEA OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Agent Peterson looks pleased. He removes a wad of cash from his pocket and tosses it across the table. The man takes the cash, gets up, and walks out of the office. We never see his face.

MICK  
 (v.o.)  
 We... were fucked.

INT. SHIPPER'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Dylan O'Connor smokes his cigar. To the two large men in black he says --

DYLAN O'CONNOR  
 Go get my weed back. And bring me those two shit brains while you're at it.

The two large men exit the office.

INT. DEA OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Agent Peterson has TWO DEA AGENTS in his office. He tells them --

AGENT PETERSON  
 Get me these guys. And fast.

The two agents nod and exit his office.

INT. MAFIA DON'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

DON SALVATORE MATERAZZI sits at his desk, a bag of weed in front of him. His capo, MACELLAIO, sits in the seat in front of him. Don Salvatore Materazzi inspects the weed. During --

MICK  
 (v.o.)  
 As fucked up as everything was right now, it was about to get a hell of a lot worse. No one moved as much drugs as we did without drawing the attention of the mob, not even Dylan O'Connor. And if we were the only people moving large amounts of weed during the biggest fucking drought of the century, they would surely want a slice of the cake, if not the whole fucking thing.

DON SALVATORE MATERAZZI  
 (in Italian, subtitled)  
 Do you know who's selling this?

MACELLAIO  
 (in Italian, subtitled)  
 Yes.

Don Salvatore Materazzi leans in closer towards Macellaio.

DON SALVATORE MATERAZZI  
 (in Italian, subtitled)  
 Who?

Macellaio leans in closer towards Don Salvatore Materazzi.

MACELLAIO  
 (in Italian, subtitled)  
 Two dealers from the city. Their  
 names are Jimmy and Mick.

DON SALVATORE MATERAZZI  
 (in Italian, subtitled)  
 Your information?

MACELLAIO  
 (in English)  
 Gary the Grower.

DON SALVATORE MATERAZZI  
 (in Italian, subtitled)  
 Pay them a visit. I want a big  
 fucking slice of what they're  
 selling.  
 (in English)  
 A big fucking slice.

Macellaio leaves the office.

INT. MICK AND JIMMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Jimmy and Mick relax on the couch, smoking a blunt. They look  
 happy. Small mountains of cash sit around them. During --

MICK  
 (v.o.)  
 And of course the whole fucking  
 time this was happening, me and  
 Jimmy were oblivious to the danger  
 that we had put ourselves in. We  
 had to get ourselves out of  
 there... and fucking fast.

EXT. DEA HEADQUARTERS - MINUTES LATER

DEA AGENTS exit the DEA headquarters and pile into a black van with "DEA" written across it. They're geared up and ready for a raid.

EXT. DYLAN O'CONNOR'S BUILDING - SIMULTANEOUS

The two large men Dylan O'Connor had talked to before exit Dylan O'Connor's building and get into a car.

EXT. MAFIA DON'S BUILDING - SIMULTANEOUS

Macellaio and TWO LARGE MAFIOSI exit the Mafia Don's building and get into a car. They drive away.

INT. DEA VAN/DYLAN O'CONNOR'S MEN'S CAR/MACELLAIO'S CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

Agent Peterson's men, Dylan O'Connor's men, and Don Salvatore Materazzi's men are all on their way to Mick and Jimmy's house. They are all armed, all dangerous, and all heading to the same place.

INT. MICK AND JIMMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mick and Jimmy are still relaxing on the couch. Knocks on the front door.

MICK  
Who's there?

The door is KICKED open. The two large mafiosi and Macellaio enter the home. Macellaio takes out his gun and points it at Mick.

MACELLAIO  
Where's the weed?

MICK  
Who the fuck are you?

Macellaio lowers the gun and walks towards Mick and Jimmy, sitting in a chair near the couch. The two large mafiosi remain at the front door. Macellaio scratches his head with his gun.

MACELLAIO  
My name is Macellaio.

MICK  
What?

MACELLAIO  
Ma-cel-la-i-o. Means butcher. Not  
my real name as you can guess,  
'cause who would name their son  
butcher? Nah, the real name's Vito.  
But do you know why they call me  
the butcher?

MICK  
Who calls you the butcher?

Jimmy looks scared. He knows who Macellaio is.

MACELLAIO  
Everyone in the whole fucking city,  
that's who.

Macellaio points his gun at Jimmy.

MACELLAIO (CONT'D)  
Looks like your friend here knows  
who I am.

Mick turns to Jimmy.

MICK  
You know who this faggot is, Jimmy?

Jimmy nods.

MICK (CONT'D)  
Well could you tell him to get the  
fuck out of our home?

Jimmy shakes his head.

MICK (CONT'D)  
And why not?

MACELLAIO  
They call me the butcher because of  
what I do to people who owe Don  
Salvatore Materazzi money.

Mick, turning back to Macellaio. He seems more intimidated.

MICK  
You work for Materazzi?

Macellaio ignores Mick and begins to roll his sleeves up.

MACELLAIO  
I'm sent when people owe the Don money, or if the Don wants a piece of the profit in a business. Usually, people agree, but sometimes they don't. And when they don't, I work my magic.

Macellaio pulls out a machete that was under his coat. He slide his finger along the blade, then looks at Mick.

MACELLAIO (CONT'D)  
Now, you don't want me to work my magic, do you?

MICK  
(defeated)  
No.

MACELLAIO  
Very good.

Macellaio puts the machete back under his coat.

MACELLAIO (CONT'D)  
The Don has heard about your little drug business. Normally, he would not be interested, but, seeing as we're in a drought, he is very interested.

Macellaio glances around. Seeing all the money, he says --

MACELLAIO (CONT'D)  
But if I'm correct, it appears as if you have sold all of your drugs. Is that true?

Mick and Jimmy nod their heads. Macellaio gets up from his seat and examines one of the many small piles of money.

MACELLAIO (CONT'D)  
This is a lot of cash. But you two are probably already aware of that. Unfortunately, we're going to have to take our share of it due to the Don's interest.

MICK  
You can't do that!

Macellaio looks up at Mick and grins.

Beat.

MACELLAIO  
And of course, since you two have  
no objections, we will gladly  
relieve you of all this money.

Beat.

MACELLAIO (CONT'D)  
(to the two mafiosi)  
Boys, bag the money.

One of the mafiosi picks up a nearby garbage bag and the two of them collect all the money lying around and pile it into the bag. Mick and Jimmy are forced to watch the entire time. While the two mafiosi collect the money, Macellaio lights a cigarette and begins to smoke it. When they're finished collecting --

MACELLAIO (CONT'D)  
Why, thank you boys. The Don  
appreciates doing business with  
you. Maybe we can do business again  
sometime.

The two mafiosi and Macellaio leave, Macellaio laughing. When they're gone Mick jumps up and yells --

MICK  
Fuck! We're fucked!

Mick paces the room, Jimmy still sits on the couch with a look of shock on his face. During --

MICK (CONT'D)  
(v.o.)  
Yes, we were fucked. We had been  
fucked from the start. The first  
wave of fucking was over, but the  
second wave was just about to  
begin.  
(to Jimmy)  
What are we gonna do now?

Dylan O'Connor's two men enter the home.

MAN ONE  
Well hello, hello, hello!  
Gentlemen.

MICK  
Fuck!

JIMMY  
Who're they, Mick?

MAN TWO  
Tell him who we are, Mick.

Beat.

MICK  
They work for Dylan O'Connor.

MAN ONE  
Yes we do. And so does little  
Mickey here.

Man Two pulls out a gun and points it at Mick.

MAN TWO  
Where's the weed, Mick.

MICK  
Gone.

MAN TWO  
Gone?

MICK  
It's fucking gone!

MAN TWO  
Well where the fuck did it go?

MICK  
We sold it all! We sold it all.

Now Man One takes out his gun and points it at Mick as well.

MAN ONE  
Well you didn't give it away for  
free did ya? Where's all the money?

MICK  
You see three Italian boys driving  
away when you pulled up to the  
house?

MAN ONE

Yeah.

MICK

They have it.

MAN TWO

The money?

MICK

Yes the money. All the weed's gone.

MAN ONE

Well, how much money did you make?

MICK

(thinking about it, not  
really sure)  
Seven hundred... eight hundred  
thousand dollars.

Dylan O'Connor's men look at each other and then scramble out the door.

EXT. MICK AND JIMMY'S HOUSE - MOMENT LATER

Dylan O'Connor's men's car screeches away, attempting to catch up to Materazzi's men.

INT. MICK AND JIMMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mick sits back down on the couch.

MICK

This is great, Jimmy. Just great.  
We've lost our eight hundred  
thousand dollars, I've lost my job,  
and, after he gets his money back,  
Dylan O'Connor's going to come back  
here and skin us both! Our  
situation is bad, Jimmy. Fucking  
bad! And there's no way it could  
get fucking worse.

At that exact moment, DEA AGENTS swarm the home, guns raised and pointing at Jimmy and Mick.

DEA AGENT

Get on the fucking ground!.

MICK  
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

ANOTHER DEA AGENT  
Get on the fucking ground, now!

Mick and Jimmy comply. As soon as they're on the ground with their hands behind their backs, Jimmy and Mick are handcuffed and led out of the home. Agent Peterson enters the house after they're escorted out.

AGENT PETERSON  
Look for the drugs, all of them. We  
wanna make this drought permanent.

The agents spread out, searching for the drugs.

INT. DEA QUESTIONING CELL - LATER

Jimmy and Mick sit at a table in the cell. The door opens and Agent Peterson enters, carrying a file with him. He sits down at a seat across the table from Jimmy and Mick. He lays the file on the top of the table.

AGENT PETERSON  
You boys know anything about a  
large amount of marijuana being  
moved on the streets?

MICK  
Maybe, maybe not. Why are we here?

AGENT PETERSON  
We've been told that you two are  
the ones who have been moving the  
drugs.

MICK  
Us? Why would we be moving it? You  
might want to check your sources,  
mister...

AGENT PETERSON  
Agent Peterson.

MICK  
You might want to check your  
sources, mister Agent Peterson. I  
have a good job. Why would I want  
to sell drugs?

AGENT PETERSON  
I don't know.

Agent Peterson looks at Jimmy.

JIMMY  
What does he do?

MICK  
He? He's my roommate. Out of a job  
right now, but it's only temporary,  
right Jimmy?

JIMMY  
(nodding)  
Mhmm.

AGENT PETERSON  
Then why have we been given  
information that you two've been  
selling the weed?

Beat.

During --

MICK  
(v.o.)  
I'd been dreading this moment since  
our arrest up until this point.  
What was I gonna tell him? I had no  
idea what I was gonna say even  
after the words had already left my  
mouth.  
(to Agent Peterson)  
I don't know. Maybe they were  
confusing me with the man I work  
for. His name's Dylan O'Connor.  
Maybe you've heard of him?

Agent Peterson's eyes grow big.

AGENT PETERSON  
Yes, I have. Start talking.

Mick tells everything: about how Dylan O'Connor had imported  
the weed and about how he planned to move the weed. During --

MICK  
(v.o.)  
Most of what I told Agent Peterson  
was true.  
(MORE)

MICK (CONT'D)

I told him that I had in fact overheard Dylan O'Connor planning to import the weed and that Dylan O'Connor had in fact imported the weed and that he had planned to sell and distribute it. The only part I lied about was that me and Jimmy had nothing to do with it, but Agent Peterson swallowed everything I fed him. The DEA had been after Dylan O'Connor for quite a while...

FLASHBACK to --

INT. DEA OFFICE - PAST

DEA AGENTS sit, frustrated, looking through stacks of documents about Dylan O'Connor.

EXT. DYLAN O'CONNOR'S BUILDING - PAST

Dylan O'Connor exits a car with his BODY GUARDS and begins walking towards the front doors of his building. A nearby UNDERCOVER DEA AGENT pulls out a camera and manages to take a few photos of Dylan O'Connor and his entourage of body guards.

INT. DEA OFFICE - PAST

A DEA AGENT walks up to a "Most Wanted" board and pins up a photo of Dylan O'Connor that the undercover agent had taken before.

BACK to --

INT. DEA QUESTIONING CELL - PRESENT

Mick is finishing up his explanation. During --

MICK

(v.o.)

... and now they had the proof they needed to indict him.

When Mick is finished --

AGENT PETERSON

One more question. Is there anyone else involved?

Mick thinks about his next move.

Beat.

MICK

Yeah. I think so. Last I heard, the mob had stolen Dylan O'Connor's shipment. Salvatore Materazzi's men.

Agent Peterson is excited. He gets up and opens the door to the --

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

An AGENT stands against the wall across from the door opened by Agent Peterson.

AGENT PETERSON

(to the agent)

Go pay both Salvatore Materazzi and Dylan O'Connor a visit. They're gonna go down this time.

Agent Peterson looks back into the --

INT. DEA QUESTIONING CELL - CONTINUOUS

He motions to Jimmy and Mick and says --

AGENT PETERSON

You boys are free to go. Thank you so much. We'll try to keep in touch with you.

Mick and Jimmy get up and head towards the door.

MICK

No problem, Agent Peterson. Always happy to help.

Mick and Jimmy exit the cell, followed by Agent Peterson.

INT. MAFIA DON'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Macellaio drops the garbage bag of money on Don Salvatore Materazzi's desk. The two large mafiosi that came with Macellaio stand on either side of the office door. The Don, who sits behind his desk, glances at the bag.

DON SALVATORE MATERAZZI  
What is this? Drugs?

MACELLAIO  
(in Italian, subtitled)  
No, sir. It's money.

The Don stares at the bag, wondering the amount of money inside.

Beat.

DON SALVATORE MATERAZZI  
(in Italian, subtitled)  
How much money is inside?

Macellaio opens the trash bag. Don Salvatore Materazzi leans over his desk to peer inside. He's pleased.

DON SALVATORE MATERAZZI (CONT'D)  
(in English)  
Good work, Macellaio.

Macellaio nods.

DON SALVATORE MATERAZZI (CONT'D)  
Were you given any trouble?

MACELLAIO  
No, trouble.  
(in Italian, subtitled)  
There was no trouble at all.

DON SALVATORE MATERAZZI  
(in Italian, subtitled)  
No opposition at all? That sounds odd.

MACELLAIO  
(in Italian, subtitled)  
We just took them by surprise,  
that's all.

The Don motions for Macellaio to take a seat. He sits in the seat in front of the Don's desk.

DON SALVATORE MATERAZZI  
Do you know how much money it is?

MACELLAIO  
(in Italian, subtitled)  
I did not count it, but it looks  
close to a million.

Knocks on the door.

DON SALVATORE MATERAZZI  
 (to the two mafiosi)  
 See who it is.

One of the two large mafiosi opens the door.

DON SALVATORE MATERAZZI (CONT'D)  
 (in Italian, subtitled)  
 Did anyone follow you?

GUNSHOT. The mafioso who opened the door has been SHOT in the face. He falls back onto the floor. The door is KICKED open. The shipper's men stand in the doorway, guns raised. The other large mafioso reaches for his gun, but before he can get it he's killed by one of the shipper's men. Macellaio dives from his seat, the other shipper's man SHOOTs him in the thigh. The Don remains motionless

The shipper's men approach the Don's desk, gun's pointed at the Don.

MAN ONE  
 (pointing to the garbage  
 bag)  
 Is this the money, fat man?

The Don begins shouting things in Italian. Praying, calling for help, anything.

MAN ONE (CONT'D)  
 Is this the money, you fat fuck?!

The Don continues to shout.

MAN TWO  
 Shut him up!

Man One FIRES THREE SHOTS into the Don, two in the chest, one in the head. The shouting stops. Man One looks in the bag.

MAN ONE  
 Holy shit!

There's a small grunt behind Man One. He doesn't notice it.

MAN ONE (CONT'D)  
 Take a look at this, Frank.

No answer.

Beat.

MAN ONE (CONT'D)

Frank?

There's a THUD. Man One turns around. Man Two, who we now know to be FRANK, is lying dead on the ground, his throat cut by Macellaio's machete. Macellaio stands in Frank's place, his machete in hand. Man One points his gun at Macellaio.

MAN ONE (CONT'D)

You fucking prick!

MACELLAIO

Your friend deserves what he got.

Staring at Frank, gun pointed at Macellaio --

MAN ONE

You cut his fuckin' throat!

Macellaio begins to walk slowly towards Man One.

MACELLAIO

Now, give me the bag of money and I won't have to kill you.

MAN ONE

You killed Frank!

MACELLAIO

I don't want to kill you, my friend, but if you can't focus I will be forced to.

Man One looks up at Macellaio, who's raising his machete.

MAN ONE

Fuck you!

Man One UNLOADS an ENTIRE CLIP in Macellaio. Macellaio falls against the wall and slowly slides down it, leaving a trail of blood behind him, dead. Man One grabs the bag of cash, looks inside.

MAN ONE (CONT'D)

Ooh. That's a lot of money.

Man One inspects Macellaio's body, pulling out his wallet, taking his money, and tossing his wallet back at him. Man One walks over to Frank and pulls out Frank's wallet.

MAN ONE (CONT'D)

Sorry, Franky.

Man One takes the money out of Frank's wallet and tosses it back at him. Then he leaves the office and the carnage.

INT. DEA OFFICE - LATER

Agent Peterson sits at his desk, shaking a magic eight ball. "Reply hazy, try again" is the outcome. A DEA AGENT enters the office. Agent Peterson puts the eight ball down and looks up at the agent.

AGENT PETERSON

Yes?

AGENT

We stormed Materazzi's office.

FLASHBACK to --

INT. MAFIA DON'S BUILDING - EARLIER

DEA AGENTS KICK in the front door to Materazzi's building and run up a stairwell to --

INT. MAFIA DON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Agents enter the office and immediately stop in their tracks, lowering their guns.

BACK to --

INT. DEA OFFICE - PRESENT

AGENT PETERSON

And?

AGENT

He was dead.

FLASHBACK to --

INT. MAFIA DON'S OFFICE - PAST

The agents are stunned at the bloodied mess of the office. The dead bodies of two mafiosi, Macellaio, Frank, and Don Materazzi litter the room and their blood paints the walls.

BACK to --

INT. DEA OFFICE - PRESENT

AGENT  
They were all dead.

AGENT PETERSON  
Who was all dead?

AGENT  
There were five bodies.

AGENT PETERSON  
Who were they?

AGENT  
One we discovered to be a man named  
Vito Baccaliari.

FLASHBACK to --

INT. MAFIA DON'S OFFICE - PAST

An agent pulls out Marcellaio's driver's license from his  
wallet. We see his name, Vito Baccaliari, written across it.

BACK to --

INT. DEA OFFICE - PRESENT

AGENT PETERSON  
(to himself)  
The butcher....

AGENT  
Then there were two mafiosi and Don  
Materazzi. And the other man we  
found out to be named Frank Price.

FLASHBACK to --

INT. MAFIA DON'S OFFICE - PAST

A DEA agent pulls Frank's driver's license from his wallet.  
We see his name written across it.

BACK to --

INT. DEA OFFICE - PRESENT

AGENT PETERSON  
Who's Frank Price?

AGENT  
We ID'd him and discovered that he works for Dylan O'Connor.

INT. SHIPPER'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

We see Dylan O'Connor sitting at his desk, smoking a cigar.

INT. DEA OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

AGENT PETERSON  
Jesus. O'Connor must've gone after Materazzi and his men. Were there any drugs or money?

AGENT  
No, sir. It appears as if someone's beat us to it, and whoever beat us to it is long gone.

Agent Peterson HITS his desk with his fist.

AGENT PETERSON  
Fuck!

Beat.

AGENT PETERSON (CONT'D)  
What about O'Connor?

AGENT  
Our people are headed there now.

EXT. DEA HEADQUARTERS - SIMULTANEOUS

DEA agents pile into a black van with "DEA" written across it and take off to get Dylan O'Connor.

EXT. CITY STREET - SIMULTANEOUS

Jimmy and Mick walk down a city street, disappointed. They've been walking back to their house from the DEA headquarters.

JIMMY

What do we do now, Mick?

Beat.

MICK

Well, Jimmy, I s'pose we're gonna get a visit from the IRS or the fellas from the bank in a couple of days. And I guess that it's best if we're not there.

JIMMY

You wanna leave?

MICK

I don't wanna leave, Jimmy. But it's our last fucking option.

Beat.

JIMMY

Where we gonna go?

MICK

Don't know, Jimmy. Where you wanna go?

Jimmy thinks about this question.

Beat.

At last he has an idea.

JIMMY

I've always wanted to visit Europe, Mick.

MICK

Good idea, Jimmy. Anywhere in particular?

JIMMY

Well... how about Amsterdam?

MICK

Sounds good. From what I've seen of it, Amsterdam looks like a pretty good place to live.

JIMMY

And, like every drug's legal there, Mick.

Jimmy's taking the conversation seriously, Mick not so much.

MICK

Good thinkin', Jimmy. Amsterdam it is.

Long beat.

MICK (CONT'D)

Only problem is we don't have any money to get there.

JIMMY

Oh, yeah.

Beat.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Guess we're just gonna have to wait for the IRS.

Suddenly, Dylan O'Connor's man who stole the money from the mob runs by the two, the trash bag of money in his hand. He's limping and is covered in blood. Then, THREE MAFIOSI pass by Jimmy and Mick, chasing Dylan O'Connor's man.

Long beat.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

That was weird.

Mick and Jimmy take off after the three mafiosi, Dylan O'Connor's man, and the bag of money.

FLASHBACK to --

EXT. MAFIA DON'S OFFICE - EARLIER

Dylan O'Connor's man exits the building with the trash bag of cash. On his way out the door, he runs into the group of three mafiosi, who are entering the building.

MAFIOSO ONE

Who the fuck are you?

Dylan O'Connor's man pistol whips the mafioso and runs to his car. The other two mafiosi chase the man.

MAFIOSO ONE (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

The mafioso who was pistol whipped joins the chase.

Dylan O'Connor's man jumps into his car, starts it, and begins driving away. The three mafiosi draw their guns, and SHOOT at the car. Windows BREAK, tires BLOW OUT, and the car SPINS out of control and directly into a telephone poll. The man stumbles out of the car. During --

MICK

(v.o.)

The only surviving man who had robbed Don Salvatore Materazzi had made a big fucking mistake. You don't rob then kill the head of the mob. And then, to top it off, he thought it would be a good idea to try the patience of three mafiosi. As you can see, that didn't turn out so well.

Dylan O'Connor's man looks at the three mafiosi, who are quickly approaching the wreck, and he takes off. The mafiosi SHOOT at the man, the man dodging their shots and running away, fast. When their guns are out of ammo, the mafiosi drop them and run after the man.

EXT. VARIOUS CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The mafiosi chase the man down various city streets and eventually past the DEA headquarters. The chase continues and the group eventually passes by Jimmy and Mick. During --

MICK

(v.o.)

This is where me and Jimmy come in. You see, it's a long run from Materazzi's to O'Connor's, but when you have three big men chasing you, one of whom you've pistol whipped, it'll give you some fucking inspiration. And running this long route happens to take you right past the DEA headquarters, which is exactly where me and Jimmy had left from some time earlier.

BACK to --

EXT. CITY STREET - PRESENT

The three mafiosi, Jimmy, and Mick all chase the man with the bag of money. The group is about ten blocks from Dylan O'Connor's building.

JIMMY

(panting)

Mick! Mick! I don't think I can do this much longer.

MICK

There's not much longer to run, Jimmy. Hang in there.

The man with the money gets closer and closer to Dylan O'Connor's building; the three mafiosi get closer and closer to Dylan O'Connor's man; Jimmy and Mick get closer and closer to the three mafiosi.

Eventually, Jimmy and Mick are on the mafiosis' heels. The group comes to an intersection. The traffic light turns green as Dylan O'Connor's man crosses the street. As the three mafiosi, Jimmy, and Mick run across the street, a car SPEEDS through the intersection, HITTING the three mafiosi and nearly hitting Mick and Jimmy.

JIMMY

Jesus fucking Christ!

The three mafiosi are unconscious. Dylan O'Connor's man runs on. Jimmy's in shock.

MICK

Come on, Jimmy! He's fuckin' gettin' away!

Mick resumes the chase, Jimmy hangs behind, breathing heavily, walking now with his hand on a sideache.

Closer and closer MICK and the man with the money get to Dylan O'Connor's building until they're at the front doors of

--

EXT. DYLAN O'CONNOR'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

By this time, Mick is about five feet behind Dylan O'Connor's man. Mick tackles the man and the two CRASH through the glass door.

INT. DYLAN O'CONNOR'S BUILDING -CONTINUOUS

Mick and the man roll around and fight on the ground, Mick BEATING the man until he's unconscious. Unaware to Mick, Dylan O'Connor has been present the entire time.

DYLAN O'CONNOR  
Well, hello there, Mick. What a  
surprise!

TWO BODYGUARDS appear on either side of Dylan O'Connor. Dylan  
O'Connor grins from ear to ear.

DYLAN O'CONNOR (CONT'D)  
Get 'im, boys.

The two bodyguards advance towards Mick, they grab his arms.  
Suddenly, Jimmy bursts through the door, yelling. He runs  
into the two body guards, KNOCKING them to the ground.

DYLAN O'CONNOR (CONT'D)  
Who the fuck are you?

JIMMY  
Come on, Mick! Let's get outta  
here!

Mick picks up the garbage bag and he and Jimmy book it outta  
the building. The two bodyguards slowly get up. Dylan  
O'Connor glares at the bodyguards.

DYLAN O'CONNOR  
Get up you fat fuckin' pigs! Get  
them! Now!

The two body guards run after Jimmy and Mick.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy and Mick are half a block ahead of the guards.

JIMMY  
Where the fuck are we gonna go?  
Where the fuck are --

The bodyguards begin SHOOTING after Jimmy and Mick.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Jesus! This is fuckin' unfair We  
don't have guns! Why do they get to  
have guns?

MICK  
Shut the fuck up, Jimmy, and run!  
Here!

Mick pulls Jimmy into a nearby --

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

They run about twenty feet before turning into a --

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The bodyguards are hot on their trail, SHOOTING at them. A FAMILY is sitting down to eat dinner. As Jimmy and Mick run past an OLD WOMAN carrying a large pot of something, she drops the pot, spilling the liquid in the pot all over the floor. The bodyguards slip on the liquid, one falling to the ground. His face lands on the hot pot. He SCREAMS. The other bodyguard quickly gets up and continues his pursuit. Mick and Jimmy exit through the back door of the house into a --

EXT. ANOTHER ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

On one side of the alley sits houses; on the other side sits a river that leads to the sea. Jimmy and Mick continue to run down the alley.

JIMMY

Fuck, man! Are they gone?

A bodyguard BURSTS through the door and runs after Jimmy and Mick.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

The other bodyguard BURSTS through the door. Half of his face is burned. He raises his gun and SHOOTS.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Shit! Shit! Fuck! Shit!

Across the river, Jimmy sees a large black van with "DEA" written on the side of it.

MICK

Come on, Jimmy! Just a little further! I have an idea!

Jimmy and Mick approach a bridge that passes over the river. The DEA van turns onto the bridge, coming towards Jimmy, Mick, and the bodyguards. Mick tosses the garbage bag down to the beach below, out of sight from the pursuing bodyguards.

JIMMY

What the hell are you doin'?

MICK  
Trust me, Jimmy!

The two run onto the --

EXT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy and Mick run for their lives. The bodyguards are approaching fast. The DEA van SKIDS to a stop about twenty feet from the group. DEA agents pile out of the van, guns raised and pointed towards Jimmy, Mick, and the bodyguards.

DEA AGENT  
Freeze!

ANOTHER DEA AGENT  
Stop or I'll shoot!

YET ANOTHER DEA AGENT  
Get on the fuckin' ground!

EVEN ANOTHER DEA AGENT  
Hands on your head!

The bodyguard with the burn on his face disregards their warnings and FIRES at the agents. He HITS one in the shoulder, and the rest OPEN FIRE on the bodyguard. He falls dead in the street. The agents handcuff the group. A second DEA van drives up shortly. The group is put into the back of the second --

INT. DEA VAN - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy and Mick sit on one side of the van while the bodyguard sits on the other side next to a DEA AGENT. The bodyguard stares at Mick.

BODYGUARD  
Where's the bag you had?

MICK  
What?

BODYGUARD  
The bag. Where's the bag?

MICK  
I don't know what you're talkin' about, big guy.

BODYGUARD

Where's the trash bag you were carrying?

The bodyguard's getting aggravated. The DEA agent, first day on the job, looks nervous and scared, intimidated by the bodyguard's size.

DEA AGENT

(stuttering)

S-s-stop arguin' you t-t-two.

BODYGUARD

What are you gonna do about it?

DEA AGENT

(stuttering)

Don't try me b-b-bi-big b-boy.

The DEA agent is sweating profusely.

BODYGUARD

Look at this guy! What the fuck's wrong with him?

DEA AGENT

(stuttering)

Be qu-qu-quiet. I'm warning you.

BODYGUARD

(mockingly)

W-w-w-w-hat are you g-g-g-gonna d-d-d-do?

The agent whips out a taser.

BODYGUARD (CONT'D)

What the --

The DEA agent TASES the bodyguard, who falls unconscious on the floor of the van.

INT. DEA QUESTIONING CELL - LATER

Jimmy, Mick, and the bodyguard sit at the same table Mick and Jimmy had sat at before, still handcuffed. The body guard stares at the two. Agent Peterson enters the cell and looks at Jimmy and Mick.

AGENT PETERSON

What're you two doin' here again?

MICK  
Your boys arrested us.

AGENT PETERSON  
And why was that?

MICK  
Well...  
(motioning towards the  
bodyguard)  
... this giant here was chasin' us,  
your boys saw, and they arrested  
all three of us.

AGENT PETERSON  
(pointing to the  
bodyguard)  
And who's this?

MICK  
One of Dylan O'Connor's men.

AGENT PETERSON  
And why was he chasin' you?

Beat.

During --

MICK  
(v.o.)  
This is the same fuckin' place I'd  
been in before. But this time I  
didn't have to bullshit at all to  
save my skin.  
(to Agent Peterson)  
O'Connor found out about me and  
Jimmy, here, and he sent his goons  
after us. Nearly got us too. Thank  
God for your men showin' up when  
they did.

Agent Peterson turns to the bodyguard.

Beat.

AGENT PETERSON  
Is that what happened?

BODYGUARD  
I ain't tellin' you nothin'.

Agent Peterson sighs.

Beat.

AGENT PETERSON  
(to Mick and Jimmy)  
Alright. You two are free to go...  
again. Come on.

Agent Peterson unlocks Jimmy and Mick's handcuffs. They get up from the table.

AGENT PETERSON (CONT'D)  
Sorry about all of this, guys.  
Guess you just gotta know who  
you're working for.

MICK  
Agreed, Agent Peterson. No more  
workin' for shitheads like Dylan  
O'Connor, who likes to fuck his  
legitimate employees over. Did you  
ever get the bastard, by the way?

AGENT PETERSON  
Yeah. He's comin' in soon.

MICK  
Good. Good. It's about time he's  
locked up.

Mick and Jimmy begin to exit the room. Mick stops.

MICK (CONT'D)  
Agent Peterson, who was it who told  
you that me and Jimmy were involved  
in this little... incident?

AGENT PETERSON  
Sorry, Mick. It's confidential.

MICK  
Come on, Agent Peterson. What am I  
gonna do? I just would like to know  
if it's someone I know. Ya know,  
like someone who works at the  
office, maybe.

AGENT PETERSON  
Well, I don't think ya know him.  
His name's Gary. He's been an  
informer for a while.

MICK

Gary?

(v.o.)

Gary the fucking Grower. He had fucked us over! And why? 'Cause I torched his car 'cause he fucked me over to begin with!

FLASHBACK to --

INT. DEA OFFICE - PAST

A man sits in front of Agent Peterson's desk again. The scene is being replayed. WE cannot see the man's face.

MAN

Names are Mick and Jimmy.

The man's face is revealed to us and we can now see that the man is Gary the Grower.

AGENT PETERSON

Thank you, Gary. I can always count on you.

Agent Peterson tosses Gary a wad of cash. Gary walks out of the office, smirking.

MICK

(v.o.)

And Gary didn't just go blabbin' to the DEA too. He was the one who snitched to Dylan O'Connor.

We're BACK in the --

INT. SHIPPER'S OFFICE - PAST

The scene is replayed: Dylan O'Connor stands with his back to us staring out the window, cigar in hand. Gary the Grower sits in the seat in front of Dylan O'Connor's desk. We see the back of his head, not his face. On either side stand the same two large men in black suits as before.

GARY THE GROWER

Names are Mick and Jimmy.

Dylan O'Connor's eyes grow big.

DYLAN O'CONNOR

You say fuckin' Mick?

Gary nods.

DYLAN O'CONNOR (CONT'D)  
Thank you, Gary. Thank you very  
much.

Dylan O'Connor tosses Gary a wad of cash. Gary gets up,  
revealing his face to us, and exits the office, smirking.

MICK  
(v.o.)  
What a slimy little fuck.

BACK to --

INT. DEA QUESTIONING CELL - PRESENT

Agent Peterson shakes Mick's hand.

AGENT PETERSON  
Well, it was a pleasure, Mick.  
Hopefully I'll never have to see  
you or your friend here again,  
though we may keep in touch.

Jimmy and Mick exit the questioning cell into the --

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy and Mick walk by DEA agents, busy at work, and then by  
Dylan O'Connor, who's being escorted by two DEA agents. Dylan  
O'Connor and Mick lock eyes, Dylan glaring at Mick, Mick  
smirking. Jimmy's hand is raised to hide his own face from  
the enraged Dylan O'Connor.

DYLAN O'CONNOR  
That's the guy you want! There!

Dylan O'Connor's pleas are ignored. Jimmy and Mick continue  
to walk down the hall, Dylan O'Connor shouting after them.

DYLAN O'CONNOR (CONT'D)  
Why don't you listen to me you  
stupid fuck? That there's Mick! You  
want him, not me!

Dylan O'Connor's forced into the questioning cell. Jimmy and  
Mick exit to --

EXT. DEA HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy and Mick walk away from the DEA headquarters.

JIMMY  
Holy shit, Mick. The informant was  
Gary the Grower!

MICK  
I know, Jimmy.

JIMMY  
That's fucked up! That's really  
fucked up.

MICK  
It is, Jimmy.

Beat.

JIMMY  
Well, what're we gonna do? We're  
not just gonna let Gary get away  
with this, are we?

MICK  
No, Jimmy.

JIMMY  
Then what're we gonna do?

Mick shrugs. Jimmy thinks as they walk.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
What if... I find a way to sneak  
into his grow house late at night  
every night while Gary's sleeping.  
Then I piss in all of his pots  
where his plants are, and then when  
he smokes the weed that he grows  
it's like he's smoking my piss.

Jimmy laughs.

Mick stops walking and looks at Jimmy.

Long beat.

Mick slaps Jimmy in the head and begins to walk on. Jimmy  
rubs his head and follows Mick.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Ow. That hurt. Why'd ya do that,  
Jimmy?

MICK

'Cause you're a fuckin' fool,  
Jimmy, that's why. No ones gonna  
care if you piss on their plant.

JIMMY

But that'll be like him smokin' my  
piss.

MICK

No, Jimmy it won't. You know the  
rice that you buy at the  
supermarket or you get at a Chinese  
restaurant?

JIMMY

Yeah.

MICK

Guess how they make that.

JIMMY

I don't know. They grow it and pick  
it I guess.

MICK

They grow it, flood the field, then  
everyone in the rice farmer's  
family takes shits and pisses in  
the flooded field. They even put  
pig shit and cow shit and all of  
their animals' shit in it too.

JIMMY

What the fuck? We've been eatin'  
human shit?

MICK

No, Jimmy. That's my point. We're  
not eatin' shit, we're just eatin'  
rice. If there was shit in it  
they'd call it rice 'n' shit. Truth  
is, nearly all the food we eat's  
covered in shit. Fertilizer's shit,  
Jimmy.

Jimmy's disgusted. He's just found out he's eaten a lot of  
shit in his life.

JIMMY

You're makin' me never want to eat again! And what does this have to do with anything?

Mick stops again and looks at Jimmy.

Beat.

MICK

I don't know Jimmy. It doesn't have to do with fuckin' anything.

The two begin to walk again.

MICK (CONT'D)

I'm just tellin' you that Gary the Grower's not gonna give a fuck if you piss in his plants. He probably does it himself. A little nitrogen's never hurt a plant.

JIMMY

Then what're we gonna do to him?

MICK

Revenge'll come in due time, Jimmy. Just be patient.

(v.o.)

Truth is, I didn't know what we were gonna do to Gary. We'd already torched his car, so we couldn't do that. No, this time we had to get him good, so good that he'd never fuck with us again. But first....

(to Jimmy)

What do you say we go get that bag of money we had?

EXT. RIVERBANK - LATER

Jimmy and Mick stand underneath the bridge Mick had thrown the bag of money off of. They're staring at the exact spot it had landed. The bag and the money are gone.

JIMMY

Is it gone, Mick?

Mick pays no attention to Jimmy. He just stares at where the money had been. During --

MICK

(v.o.)

I was fuckin' pissed. More pissed than I was when I found out Gary the Grower was the informant. It felt like someone had punched me in the stomach as hard as they could, and I had had no time to react. All of the oxygen inside of me had been sucked out, and now I was spinning, dazed, with little stars all around me. Eight hundred thousand dollars... gone.

Mick walks away from Jimmy.

JIMMY

Mick?

Jimmy follows Mick, who's walking quickly in no particular direction, just away from the bridge. During --

MICK

(v.o.)

We had no idea who had taken our money, had no idea where it could have gone. Jimmy suggested that it might have fallen into the river, but I had seen the bag land on the bank with my own two eyes and there's no fuckin' way that the river could've risen and swept the money away and then sank back down again in such a short amount of time. Someone had taken our cash, and we had no fuckin' idea who.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

We're back in the same restaurant where Mick and Sally had gone on their date. This time, Mick sits at the bar with Jimmy. They're drowning their sorrows in alcohol.

JIMMY

Maybe it was a sign, Mick. Maybe God, or some other being, took that money from us to make us change our ways. Look, we have no job, we're gonna lose our home, and we might go to jail for a while because we can't pay the IRS back.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

If this isn't a sign to change,  
then I don't know what is.

Mick's not paying attention to Jimmy. He's staring into his empty glass. The reflection of the restaurant can be seen from inside his glass. He turns it, going across every table until it falls on one in particular: the table where he and Sally had broken up. And, what do you know, Sally's back! But she's not alone. Mick's surprised. Across from Sally is Gary the Grower.

Mick, growing quite angry, gets up from his seat at the bar and walks over to where Sally and Mick dine. Sally's laughing at a joke Gary's told.

SALLY

That's so funny, Gary!

She puts her hand on Gary's. Mick arrives at the table.

MICK

Well, hello Sally! And Gary! What a surprise.

Gary looks nervous. He removes his hand from under Sally's.

GARY THE GROWER

Hi, Mick.

Sally's confused.

SALLY

What are you doin' here, Mick? How do you know Gary?

MICK

So this is who you've been cheatin' on me with, Sally?

Sally glances downward, slightly ashamed.

MICK (CONT'D)

Me and Gary have done some business in the past. Ain't that right, Gary?

GARY THE GROWER

Oh... yeah. That's right.

SALLY

How are you doing, Mick?

MICK

I'm alright, Sally.

Mick picks up Gary's glass of wine.

MICK (CONT'D)  
 (loudly)  
 Seems like you're doin' a lot  
 better though. Less than a week  
 since our breakup and you're  
 already over me.

Mick drinks the entire glass of wine. People are beginning to stare.

SALLY  
 Mick, you're making a scene.

MICK  
 Like you haven't made a scene  
 before, Sally?

Sally's quiet now. Mick turns his attention back to Gary the Grower.

MICK (CONT'D)  
 So, Gary. How's business?

GARY THE GROWER  
 Good. Good.

Mick looks back at Sally.

MICK  
 Gary tell ya what he does?

SALLY  
 Why, he's a lawyer.

Mick, wide-eyed, turns back to Gary.

MICK  
 A lawyer! What a fine profession,  
 Gary. I'm real glad for ya. Hey,  
 who's payin' for the dinner by the  
 way?

SALLY  
 Gary is. Somethin' you never did,  
 Mick.

MICK  
 And how the fuck could Gary, who's  
 a fat-faced fuckin' weed grower and  
 not a fuckin' lawyer, afford to eat  
 here?

GARY THE GROWER  
I have money, Mick!

Sally's shocked. She stares at Gary.

SALLY  
You grow weed?

MICK  
He sells it too.

Long beat.

SALLY  
Why the hell do I always get stuck  
with these kinds of people.

Sally gets up from the table and puts on her coat.

GARY THE GROWER  
Sally. Don't go.

Sally turns around and looks at Gary.

SALLY  
Fuck you, Gary.

Sally looks at Mick.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
And fuck you too, Mick.

She walks out of the restaurant. Mick takes her place, across from Gary.

MICK  
Wow. Feisty one she is, am I right?

Gary's mad, but seeing as Mick's madder he doesn't dare do or say anything to tip him past his boiling point.

Beat.

MICK (CONT'D)  
So where'd you get the money, Gary.  
Ain't no way you are payin' for a  
hundred dollar meal. There's still  
a weed drought and so you're not  
makin' money that way. And I know  
you don't have a real job.

Gary doesn't answer.

Long beat.

MICK (CONT'D)  
Well, speak up, then!  
(v.o.)  
I guess more of Dylan O'Connor than  
I had thought had rubbed off on me.

Gary's scared.

GARY THE GROWER  
I... I have....

MICK  
You have what, Gary?!

GARY THE GROWER  
I... have....

Beat.

MICK  
What the fuck is it you have, Gary!

The restaurant's silent Everyone's staring. Jimmy walks over to Mick and Gary.

JIMMY  
Calm down, Mick. Everyone's looking  
at you two. Maybe we should go,  
deal with Gary later.

Once again, Mick ignores Jimmy.

MICK  
Tell me what you've got, Gary.

Gary is reluctant to answer, but he does.

GARY THE GROWER  
I've got your money.

MICK  
You slimy little cocksucker. How  
much of it have you spent?

GARY THE GROWER  
None! None! This is the first thing  
I was going to buy! Swear to God!

MICK  
And how'd ya meet my Sally? Been  
spyin' on me and Jimmy?

Gary's sweating badly.

GARY THE GROWER  
They said if I got enough  
information on you two, I'd be free  
to go.

MICK  
Who said that, Gary?

GARY THE GROWER  
The DEA. Agent Peterson. He said  
that if I got enough information on  
you and Jimmy to take you two down,  
he'd overlook my business and still  
allow me to work.

MICK  
You're even more of a bastard than  
I thought!

GARY THE GROWER  
But I haven't talked to them since  
you two got arrested at the bridge.

MICK  
You were there?

GARY THE GROWER  
Of course I was fuckin' there! How  
do ya think I found the money?

People in the restaurant are leaving. The management is  
coming over to talk to Mick and Gary and to tell them to  
leave.

JIMMY  
Let's go, Mick.

Mick gets up.

MICK  
Get the fuck up, Gary. We're goin'  
to your car to finish our little  
talk.

Gary obeys. The management arrives, but before they can say a  
word, Mick says --

MICK (CONT'D)  
It's alright. We're leaving now.  
I'm very sorry for the scene we  
made.

Mick, Jimmy, and Gary exit the restaurant, Gary in between Mick and Jimmy, just in case he decides to run. They exit into --

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

MICK  
Where's your car, Gary?

GARY THE GROWER  
This way.

Gary leads the two to his rusting Saab.

MICK  
Give me your keys. I'm drivin' this piece of shit.

Gary obeys. Mick gets in the driver seat, Gary in the passenger seat, and Jimmy in the back of the --

INT. GARY THE GROWER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mick starts up the car and then exits the parking lot. He begins to drive somewhere.

MICK  
Where's the money, Gary?

GARY THE GROWER  
Why should I tell you?

MICK  
Well, why are you lettin' me steal your fuckin' car?

GARY THE GROWER  
'Cause I'm scared of you. You look like you wanna kill me.

MICK  
I do want to kill you Gary. And if I do wanna kill you, then why don't you tell me where the fucking money is?

Long beat.

GARY THE GROWER  
Well... I guess it's 'cause you guys are unarmed.  
(MORE)

GARY THE GROWER (CONT'D)

I mean, who's gonna take two people who want to kill ya seriously if they don't got any weapons to do so. How are you gonna kill me? Are you gonna slap me to death?

Gary laughs.

GARY THE GROWER (CONT'D)

That would be somethin': you two *tryin'* to kill me with your slaps. If you two wanted to kill me, you should've brought something to do it with. Anything's better than --

Mick takes Gary's head and SLAMS it as hard as he can into the glove compartment in front of him. Gary comes up, his nose bleeding badly.

GARY THE GROWER (CONT'D)

Fuck! You broke my nose!

MICK

I said I wanted to kill ya, Gary. And if you don't take that seriously, I suggest you do. You almost got me and Jimmy here put away for quite a while. And it was because of you that Dylan O'Connor nearly had us killed by two of his fuckin' bodyguards.

GARY THE GROWER

He didn't *nearly* kill you. He's *going* to fucking kill you.

MICK

How do you suppose he's gonna do that, Gary? He's in a fucking jail cell.

GARY THE GROWER

Ever hear of a phone call?

INT. JAIL - SIMULTANEOUS

Dylan O'Connor's getting his one phone call. He waits for someone to pick up on the other end. He's still pissed. During --

GARY THE GROWER

(v.o.)

When Dylan O'Connor gets his one phone call, the only thing he's gonna care about is gettin' you two. And he might even be so pissed off that he forgets to ask for whoever he's callin' to post his bail.

DYLAN O'CONNOR

(into the phone)

It's me. Now, you listen to me. You get Mick and his friend that he's with, ya hear? I want those two cocksuckers dead and I want my money back!

Dylan O'Connor hangs up the phone.

DYLAN O'CONNOR (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

A GUARD comes over the escort Dylan O'Connor back to his cell.

DYLAN O'CONNOR (CONT'D)

Fuck. I forgot to ask them to post my bail.

The guard doesn't care. He starts pulling Dylan O'Connor away.

DYLAN O'CONNOR (CONT'D)

Fuckin' fat ass poof! Get your hands off of me! I want my phone call. I need to get outta here!

INT. GARY THE GROWER'S CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

Mick is pissed and worried, Jimmy's just worried, and Gary's being a smug little bastard with a broken nose, bleeding all over the car.

JIMMY

What does that mean, Mick?

MICK

What it means, Jimmy, is that we got to get our money and then get the fuck outta here.

GARY THE GROWER  
 At least it's not the DEA who's  
 comin' after you.

Mick SLAMS Gary's face into the glove compartment again. Gary screams.

GARY THE GROWER (CONT'D)  
 Fuckin' stop! Okay?!

MICK  
 Then shut the fuck up!

Beat.

MICK (CONT'D)  
 Where's the money, Gary?

Gary whimpers.

GARY THE GROWER  
 It's at my house.

MICK  
 Good. 'Cause that's where I've been  
 drivin' to.

EXT. GARY THE GROWER'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Gary's car pulls up outside the home. Jimmy, Mick, and Gary exit and enter Gary's house. A second car pulls up behind Gary's car. A MAN in a black suit sits in the driver's seat watching the group enter the home.

INT. MAN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The man pulls out a cell phone and dials a number. Someone on the other end picks up.

MAN ON THE OTHER END  
 Hello?

MAN IN CAR  
 I found them. Gary the Grower's  
 house.

The man hangs up the phone, starts the car, and then drives away.

INT. GARY THE GROWER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy, Mick, and Gary enter the home.

MICK  
Now give us the fuckin' money,  
Gary.

Gary walks over to a table. The garbage bag of money is right there. He picks it up and tosses it to Mick.

MICK (CONT'D)  
This is all of it, right? You're  
not gonna make me come back to  
visit ya again are you?

GARY THE GROWER  
It's all there, Mick.

Long beat.

MICK  
(to Jimmy)  
Jimmy, get Gary a chair. Find me  
some duct tape too.

Gary's worried once again.

GARY THE GROWER  
What the fuck are you doin', Mick?  
I gave you your money. What else do  
ya want?

Jimmy pulls a chair up behind Gary and forces Gary to sit in it. Jimmy exits the room and can be heard rummaging in the drawers of another room.

MICK  
I want revenge, Gary. You really  
fucked me and Jimmy over.

Jimmy returns with a roll of duct tape.

MICK (CONT'D)  
(to Jimmy)  
Get his hands, Jimmy.

Jimmy starts taping Gary's hands behind the chair.

GARY THE GROWER  
What the fuck, Mick?

Gary starts to sob.

MICK  
Aww, shut up you blubberin'  
bastard.  
(to Jimmy)  
Feet too.

Jimmy tapes Gary's feet.

GARY THE GROWER  
You can't do this! Just let me go!  
Please!

Gary's pleas soon become nothing but muffled sobs and screams because Jimmy duct tapes his mouth shut as well.

MICK  
Thank you, Jimmy.

JIMMY  
No problem, Mick.

Mick whispers something to Jimmy. Jimmy exits the room and begins rummaging around again while Mick pulls up another chair and places it in front of Gary. He sits in it and stares into Gary's eyes. Gary tries to avoid his gaze, but Mick forces him to look.

MICK  
Now, we're gonna leave, Gary. We're  
gonna leave you like this to teach  
you a lesson.

INT. GARY THE GROWER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy turns on the gas for the burners on the stove.

INT. GARY THE GROWER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy returns to the room with a well-sized can of gasoline. He begins pouring it all around the room. Gary's sobbing.

MICK  
I thought about torchin' your car  
again, but I thought that you  
wouldn't learn your lesson. I mean,  
you didn't learn your lesson the  
first time. And your car's a piece  
of shit, so I thought you wouldn't  
miss it as much as last time.  
(MORE)

MICK (CONT'D)

You don't fuck with me and Jimmy, Mick. That's just somethin' you don't do. So this time, to get our point across, we're gonna torch your house instead.

Jimmy's finished pouring the gasoline. He gets a candle and pulls out his lighter. Gary's screaming now.

MICK (CONT'D)

Whoa! Calm down, Gary. We're not gonna burn you in here. That's up to you. I mean, me and Jimmy here aren't murderers. We're just business men.

Jimmy hands Mick a knife he's found. Mick holds up the knife to Gary.

MICK (CONT'D)

When we go, I'm going to put this knife in your hand and Jimmy's gonna light that candle. You will have to cut yourself free from the duct tape before the fumes from the gasoline mix too much with the air. When that point comes, the fumes will ignite and the house will explode. Got it?

Gary nods.

MICK (CONT'D)

Good. Jimmy.

Jimmy places the candle on a nearby table and lights it. Mick puts the knife in Gary's hands.

MICK (CONT'D)

Have fun, you cocksucker.

Mick and Jimmy exit the home with the bag of cash, leaving Gary to the knife, his screams, the candle, and the gasoline.

EXT. GARY THE GROWER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mick and Jimmy walk away from the house. Jimmy seems a little nervous.

JIMMY

He's gettin' out of there, right Mick?

MICK

Don't worry about Gary, Jimmy. That slimy squid'll find a way outta his home. And if he knows what's good for him he'll never fuck with us again.

JIMMY

What about Dylan O'Connor. You think he's comin' after us?

MICK

Yeah, I think so. That's why we're getting the fuck outta here.

Mick and Jimmy get into Gary's car and drive away towards their house.

Another car pulls up in front of Gary's house shortly after they leave. A LARGE MAN in a black trench coat steps out. He's whistling some song. While whistling, he opens his trunk and pulls out a large suitcase. He shuts the trunk, puts the suitcase on top of the closed trunk of the car and opens the suitcase. Inside is a disassembled gun. He assembles the gun, loads it, and cocks it. He's still whistling. Now, he walks to the front door of Gary's house and pauses. He's about to kick open the door, but then Gary bursts it open and runs out of the house quickly, duct tape still over his mouth. The man with the gun looks at Gary, confused and remains unmoved. He peers into the house. BOOM!: the house EXPLODES and ERUPTS into flames.

INT. GARY THE GROWER'S CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

Mick and Jimmy are long gone. It's just them, the bag of money, and Gary's car.

Long beat.

JIMMY

Are we gonna stop at home?

MICK

I don't think we can.

Beat.

JIMMY

Then where are we goin'?

MICK  
I don't know, Jimmy. Just somewhere  
far from here.

Jimmy looks up at Mick.

Beat.

JIMMY  
How about Amsterdam?

MICK  
Amsterdam?

JIMMY  
Yeah. Remember when we were talkin'  
about it? Seems like a good place  
to live. And now we have the money  
to go live there, so why not?

Mick's taking the idea seriously this time.

MICK  
That's a good idea Jimmy. A very  
good fuckin' idea.

JIMMY  
So we're going?

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

The car drives on, away from the city, towards a new life  
somewhere far away.

INT. AMSTERDAM APARTMENT - A FEW WEEKS LATER

Mick and Jimmy sit on a couch, smoking weed. There's a bag of  
weed on the table in front of them. During --

MICK  
(v.o.)  
Me and Jimmy moved to Amsterdam.  
Best decision we ever made. The  
drugs were great, the women too...

Two beautiful women sit down on the couch on either side of  
Mick and Jimmy. They've brought a bowl of strawberries and  
place it on the table in front of them. Each girl takes a  
strawberry and feeds it to the man they're next to, giggling  
as they do.

MICK (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

... especially when both could be purchased legally. It was fuckin' paradise. Our lives were great. The two of us would never have to work another day in our lives, at least not until the money ran out, of course. Nothin' in the whole fuckin' world could ruin it.

Knocks on the door.

JIMMY

Who's that?

Mick gets up to answer the door. He unbolts the locks and opens the door. Dylan O'Connor and Gary the Grower stand in front of Mick, Gary's nose still slightly crooked from being broken. BODY GUARDS stand on either side of them.

DYLAN O'CONNOR

Well 'ello there! Fancy seein' you here.

Mick turns around and runs back into the apartment, grabbing Jimmy away from the two women on the couch. Dylan O'Connor, Gary, and the bodyguards chase them. The women scream.

JIMMY

Mick!

MICK

It's fuckin' Dylan O'Connor and Gary, Jimmy!

The two kick open the door leading to the --

EXT. AMSTERDAM APARTMENT - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Mick and Jimmy jump from the balcony into the --

EXT. AMSTEL RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Mick and Jimmy flail in the cold water, half out of the shock and half out of fear, and eventually are able to come to their senses. During --

MICK

(v.o.)

This is where we were now: on the run from a man we got thrown in prison and another man who's house we blew up, almost with him inside it. And this was all because we had stolen Dylan O'Connor's weed and had made eight hundred thousand dollars off of it.

Mick and Jimmy float in the river.

JIMMY

You get the money?

Mick and Jimmy look at each other. Their hearts sink.

INT. AMSTERDAM APARTMENT - SIMULTANEOUS

Dylan O'Connor walks over to a trash bag that sits on a table next to a lamp. Meanwhile, Gary the Grower's busy feeding strawberries to the two women, who are no longer frightened.

GARY THE GROWER

I love Amsterdam.

The girls giggle as he feeds them another strawberry.

INT. TRASH BAG - CONTINUOUS

It's dark until Dylan O'Connor opens the trash bag and looks inside. He smiles, a grin so big it stretches from ear to ear.

MICK

(v.o.)

We'd forgotten the money.

THE END.