

I Killed Buddy Cloy
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EXT. VACANT EAST VILLAGE STREET CORNER - LATE NIGHT

Two gangsters, STONEY (30s), tall, dark, stupid, and CASS (50s), a bulldog in an overcoat, wait in the bitter cold. Cass smokes a clove.

STONEY
Eighteen? That ain't even prime rib.

CASS
She used to hook down that place on 14th.

STONEY
The Blossom? I banged a fourteen-year-old Albanian--
(coughs, covering)
I know a guy who did that. Who banged an Albanian there. Not me personally.

Stoney adjusts his crotch.

CASS
Fuck you keep doin' that for?

STONEY
Got a rash on my bag.

Cass stares at him then tosses his clove and picks up a sledge hammer.

CASS
You handle the yup.

They cross the street toward a loft apartment building.

INT. ELEVATOR IN LOFT APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Ascending. Stony adjusts his crotch again. Cass is suspicious.

STONEY
What's this clown into us for? Two hundred K?
(beat)
We taking the girl as like a marker, or does Buddy want us to do her? Cass? Cass?

The elevator opens revealing a locked metal door.

CASS
Any more fucking questions?

Stoney pretends to check his pistol. Cass winds up and SMASHES the door open. They enter --

GUTTE'S LOFT

and march straight through an expensive apartment sullied by drug addict occupants. A PASSED OUT GUY on the couch.

Cass and Stoney enter the bedroom and find MAGNUS GUTTE (31), the heroin-skinny Eurotrash "landlord", his frizzy electric hair like a porcupine's. His Vietnamese ex-prostitute wife NGU NU (18) screams and leaps out of bed, pulling a sheet around her naked emaciated body. Gutte rises, wiping snot, high as a kite.

GUTTE
(European accent)
What the fuck man...

Stoney KICKS Gutte in the balls. Gutte crumbles.

NGU NU
(reaching out to Gutte)
Kong Lam dau ong ta!

Cass presses his sledge hammer against Ngu Nu's chest.

CASS
Get dressed rice bucket.
(she resists, he raises
the sledge hammer)
How bout I bash your balloon open?

NGU NU
Kong ta gua!

CASS
Ching chong eggroll. Put your
fucking clothes on.

Cass opens a dresser drawer and starts tossing clothes at Ngu Nu. She dresses. Her clothes are slutty.

Stoney presses his pistol into Gutte's sore balls.

STONEY
You got three days. Buddy Cloy
wants his money. Then, I've gotta
slice her fucking head off.

Cass and Stoney drag Ngu Nu away leaving Gutte curled in a the corner, a blathering mess. He screams in anguish as we

CUT TO:

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - TWO DAYS LATER

The frozen countryside whooshes by.

RAY
(wakes suddenly)
I can't!

RAY PULE (30), boyishly attractive, wipes away drool. His beard is incomplete, his hair mussed, his smile infrequent. He's anxious, uncomfortable. Ray clears his throat. Cass glances back from the driver's seat.

CASS
What'd you say?

RAY
I didn't say anything I don't think.

CASS
(beat)
You high on drugs?

RAY
No.
(beat)
Can you tell me what this is all about?

Cass glances at Ray in the rearview and arches his eyebrows.

RAY
Okay.
(beat)
What's that mean?

EXT. BUDDY'S MANSION IN WESTCHESTER - AFTERNOON

The Lincoln pulls through the gate, winds up the drive, and parks in front of the stone and slate mansion.

EXT. BUDDY'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Cass and Ray pass a strung up deer carcass in the garage.

CASS
Buddy's taken to hunting.

The carcass is PEPPERED with bullet holes.

INT. BUDDY'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

They enter the main hall. Lavishly decorated with an atmosphere of slow decay.

CASS

Shoes.

Ray takes off his shoes. We hear, faintly, from a distant room, a FEMALE SCREAMING IN VIETNAMESE. Cass shuts a door, muffling the sound.

CASS

The television.
(motions upstairs)
He's waiting.

Ray ascends, then stops on the landing to look at a floor to ceiling portrait of a BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE WOMAN.

CASS

To your right.

Cass points toward a dark hallway.

Ray heads down the hall. Comes to the heavy door at the end. He's about to knock when --

BUDDY (O.S.)

What?

RAY

Mr. Cloy, it's Ray Pule.

The door swings open and BUDDY CLOY (66) steps out. He wears a short black bathrobe and nothing else. The name **Patricia** is tattooed on one of his pecks. His electric grey hair jets outward, trying to escape his skull -- a stark contrast to his carefully shorn moustache.

He unleashes a wide guiltless smile but his fang-like teeth hint at something sinister and perverse.

BUDDY

Raymond --

Buddy suddenly looks over Ray's shoulder, riveted by the wall. Ray looks back, confused. Buddy snaps out of it.

BUDDY

Come in, come in. Close the door.

BUDDY'S OFFICE

Ray sits. Crosses then uncrosses his legs. On the desk, an issue of *Forbes* with finance legend **Chappy Gutte** on the cover. A letter opener has been stabbed into the magazine, right between Chappy's eyes.

Next to the magazine is a framed PHOTOGRAPH of the same woman in the portrait hung above the landing. She is PATRICIA.

Buddy settles behind his desk and slides the magazine into a drawer. He follows Ray's eyes to the photograph of Patricia.

BUDDY

(motioning to the picture)
My wife. Patricia. The most
beautiful woman. Ever.

RAY

She's very pretty.

BUDDY

She's been gone nearly thirty-two
years. I can't hardly fathom it.

Buddy picks up the photo and plucks from the frame a faded PRAYER CARD stamped with an effigy of Mother Theresa.

BUDDY

You know Mother Theresa? What do
you think about her? You think she
only did all them good things so's
she could get accepted into Heaven?

RAY

I don't know, honestly.

BUDDY

Yes or no?

RAY

I...

BUDDY

You don't think every last skin and
bones indigent what suckled her tit
was just another step closer to the
Pearly Gates? Come on. That ain't
altruism -- it's opportunism.
Understand what I'm saying? What am
I saying?

RAY

...that she was really looking out
for herself.

BUDDY

Yes. Looking out for number one.
That's exactly how I saw it.

Ray nods, taking this all with a grain of salt.

BUDDY

Ray, Mother Theresa was a box-hound. I ain't no Mother Theresa. I put other people first. Unlike her.

RAY

Of course.

BUDDY

Family is my number one. Do you understand that concept?

RAY

Yeah yes. Absolutely.

BUDDY

You sure? Maggie says you don't really talk to your family.

RAY

It's a little more complicated--

BUDDY

With Patricia and Maggie's folks passed on, Magpie is all I got. So I got room in my family.

(beat)

Now lemme ask you, who's your number one?

RAY

Maggie?

BUDDY

Say it with some sack! C'mon!
Maggie's my number one!

RAY

Maggie is my number one.

BUDDY

Louder!

RAY

Maggie's my number one!

BUDDY

And that's why you called fucking five-O on Mr. Stoney ain't it.

Ray blanches. Oh shit.

BUDDY (CONT'D)
You were looking out for my niece.
I understand. I'm not angry.

RAY
Look, Mr. Cloy--

BUDDY
We're almost family. It's Buddy.

RAY
Buddy, I didn't know what else to
do. He was totally out of
control... he said some horrible
things to Maggie, threatened her--

Buddy holds up his hand, stopping Ray.

BUDDY
But Ray, I can't have you calling
the bacon factory on my boys
whenever you have a *tiff*.

RAY
I know, but--

BUDDY
Ah! If you knew, you wouldn't have
done it. You would've called Uncle
Buddy and Uncle Buddy would've made
things smooth as the tip of my
dick. Do you know why?

RAY
I'm...in your number one?

BUDDY
(smiles)
Whipsmart. When you two tying the
noose?

RAY
This spring.

BUDDY
Fantastic season.

Buddy pulls out a large box of Viagra from under the desk,
takes out two bottles and presses them into Ray's hand. Ray
takes them without question.

BUDDY
Come with me. I wanna show ya
something neat.

SALON - MOMENTS LATER

Twenty foot ceilings. Heavy, muted walls. Rich and classical. Granite sculptures. Floor to ceiling windows. Thick shafts of afternoon sun.

Stoney, naked and dripping with blood and vomit, is bound to a chair set on a plastic tarp in the center of the room.

Cass and CRACKER, a baby-faced behemoth, are taking a smoking break. Buddy and Ray enter.

RAY
(sees Stoney)
Jesus Christ!

BUDDY
Not here, sonny.
(beat)
It's just a little blood. Some
puke.
(to Cass and Cracker)
Cass, Cracker.

Cass and Cracker exit. Ray steps on Stoney's SEVERED THUMB.

RAY
Oh god!

It's stuck to his sock. He scrapes it on the rug.

RAY
Buddy...he's...this is...oh fuck!

Buddy lays a gentle hand on the back of Ray's neck.

BUDDY
I want you to know how much I care
about you and your fiancée. You're
part of my number one now, Ray.
That means something.

Buddy walks over and picks through a table of assorted torture devices: pliers, hack saw, revolver, belt sander, cattle prod, drill, acetylene torch, etc.

BUDDY
When you're torturing a guy for
information, it's always good to
get him naked. It embarrasses and
dehumanizes him. Logistically it
also makes things easier.
(picks up cattle prod)
The use of violence is rarely
necessary.

(MORE)

BUDDY (CONT'D)

(waves prod in Stoney's
face)

Just the threat is enough.

Buddy jams the prod under Stoney's balls and ZAP! gives him a terrible shock. Stoney screams in pain then farts.

BUDDY

What'd you call my niece you
skinnydick dego!

(ZAP!)

Huh!

(ZAP!)

Huh! Fuck!

ZAP! ZAP! ZAP!

RAY

(to get Buddy to stop)

Cum dumpster!

BUDDY

What?

RAY

He called her a *cum dumpster*.

BUDDY

Deplorable.

Buddy picks up the REVOLVER off the table and presses it to the back of Stoney's head.

Cocks the hammer.

RAY

(looking away)

Please don't do that. Jesus fuck
you don't have to do that!

Buddy can't hold a straight face any longer and doubles over laughing. Ray is gobsmailed. Buddy leads him over to Stoney.

BUDDY

This ain't got nothing to do with
what this imp said to my niece.
Though I don't stand for that kind
of mouth neither.

RAY

(terrified)

What's it got to do with?

BUDDY

Outstanding legal indiscretions.
Night you had him tagged, he
flipped --

(MORE)

BUDDY (CONT'D)

(in Stony's face)

Because he's a faggot and like a faggot he tried to wear a wire in his faggot balls and entrap the man who puts food on his faggot table.

Buddy suddenly stares off, then returns to earth. He takes out a decorative METAL PILL CASE, swallows the two pills inside, then replaces them from a prescription bottle. This is his routine. Buddy goes from monster to sweet grandfather in the blink of an eye.

BUDDY

How 'bout we have some sandwiches -- talk about the wedding -- I'm paying for everything. And Magpie tells me you're a little unhappy at your job. Why's that?

Ray sort of shrugs.

BUDDY

(nodding at Stoney)

I'm gonna have an opening here soon. Maybe you work for me?

RAY

(still in shock)

Uh...

BUDDY

Good. Let's have some fucking sandwiches!

INT. CALL CENTER - THE NEXT DAY

Credit card collections call center. Cubicles. Performance boards. Lifeless employees.

Ray, wearing a headset, tucked into his cubicle, miserable in his work --

RAY

Hello, Ms. Salinger? My name is Ray Pule, I'm calling from card services. Our records indicate you're past due on--

Click. The auto dialer moves into the next call. Ring. Ring.

RAY

Hello, Mr. Carlyle? My name is Ray Pule, I'm calling from card services--

TIM (30) leans over from his cubicle and snaps into Ray's mouthpiece:

TIM
And you're a deadbeat!

Ray disconnects and acts miffed but he has a sense of humor.

RAY
They record the calls, dick.

TIM
Sheboygans. Let's go smoke.

EXT. MANHATTAN - MOMENTS LATER

Ray and Tim outside their building in the bitter cold, smoking. Tim is stocky and seems to hide beneath his clothes.

TIM
You can't get arrested in Canada.
Canada's not a real place.

RAY
That's ridiculous.

TIM
You're ridiculous.

Tim lights a joint. Takes a few puffs and offers it to Ray. Ray declines.

TIM
What's up your balls? Depressed again?

RAY
Please.

They smoke. Ray looks at a TELEVISION in an electronics store window. A commercial for UNICEF comes on. It depicts various starving children around the world. Ray seems deeply affected.

TIM
You're depressed.

Embarrassed, Ray wipes the look off his face. Tim takes a big hit and has a coughing fit. An UPPER EAST SIDE WIFE walks past with her TEA CUP POODLE.

TIM
(coughing)
Nice rat.

The UES Wife is appalled and tugs her little mutt along.

TIM

Ray, it's okay to be depressed, you know. Everyone gets depressed. It's like chicken pox. But more than once.

(beat)

You know what I do when I get depressed? Ray?

RAY

(tunes back in)

What?

TIM

I dream about running into traffic to save a little black baby from getting hit by a car.

Ray looks askance at Tim.

TIM

Yeah, I wrap her up in my arms and keep her safe while my body takes the impact. Then I imagine lying on the street with all these strangers around me. And the baby is safe. And I'm a hero.

(beat)

Then I cry.

RAY

Why does the baby have to be black?

TIM

Because black people have it hard enough as it is without having their babies run over by cars.

RAY

I don't think anybody deserves to have their baby run over.

TIM

Of course not. But some people deserve to have their baby not run over more than other people. And they're called black people.

RAY

Nobody deserves to *not* have their baby run over any more or any less than anybody else.

TIM

It's a statistical fact, Ray. Jesus Christ. Just like somewhere in the world there's the luckiest person or the poorest person or the happiest person, there's the person who deserves to not have their baby run over the most.

(beat)

And that person is black.

RAY

They could be any color.

TIM

I've said my piece.

Tim offers Ray the joint. Ray ignores him.

TIM

Cake eater.

RAY

Tim, you live with your mom and her wife, you smoke weed every day, your favorite song is *Margaritaville* and you still think peer pressure works.

TIM

Yes, I know I'm pathetic -- already been established -- but you're no Will Smith yourself, Ray. On a good day you're maybe Treat Williams.

Tim stubs out his roach, pockets it, and LIMPS toward the building. Ray catches up.

RAY

So I finally met Buddy.

Tim stops in his tracks.

TIM

Stuff my pink pussyhole -- what happened?

INT. BREAK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ray stares into his coffee, finishing his story.

RAY

Then we had tuna sandwiches.

Tim chews on some Twizzlers, absorbing what Ray just told him.

TIM
That is fucked up.
(beat)
So you think they dismembered him
after?

RAY
Dude, come on.

A CHUBBY WOMAN in a neon green pant suit enters and sits at another table. She opens a copy of *Parade* and munches on carrot sticks.

TIM
You're in the mob now.

RAY
He's not in the mob.

TIM
Do you need a consigliere? Get me a
job. I'll Jean Claud Vandamage the
shit out of somebody.

RAY
Yeah, we can like shake people
down, strangle 'em, break their
knees with baseball bats -- it'll
be awesome.

TIM
Well I doubt that's what he had in
mind, for you at least.

RAY
What's that supposed to mean?

TIM
You refuse to kill ants.

RAY
What? No I don't.

TIM
Last week you carried an ant out of
the office in a paper cup. I saw
you.
(beat)
You are the Ant Gandhi.

Ray scoffs but has no comeback. Tim sneaks a KEY BUMP from a baggy of cocaine.

TIM
My first act as consigliere is to
take you out tonight and get you
shitcanned.
(offering cocaine)
You want?

RAY
No. Jesus.

TIM
Clark and Dale are going to the Ass
Lamp. Ass Slayer's playing. It's
gonna be off the heazy.

RAY
I'm not going to the Gas Lamp.

TIM
You are such a gay homophobe. Clark
and Dale are good people. They bang
a little ass, so what? And dude,
this place is crawling with chicks
out having "gay friend night."
They're getting sloshed, sooner
than later, they're trolling for
dong. And guess who's there to...

Tim starts HUMMING his chair.

TIM (CONT'D)
...yeah deep like a Navy Seal.

Chubby Woman is absolutely disgusted. Tim looks at her,
continuing to hump his chair.

TIM
Can I help you?

She's slack-jawed. Tim keeps humping.

TIM
Are you trying to make me feel bad
for speaking my mind? Is that
what's happening here? Because I'm
just trying to convince my best
friend Ray to come out and have a
nice time with me in a gay bar with
two gay guys who ass-bang but it's
cool because they're nice guys and
I don't like to judge. I'd like Ray
to be there. Ray understands the
value of a sense of humor.

Tim pretends to *pull* out and SQUIRT SPLOUGE all over the
front of his chair.

Chubby Woman SPEED WALKS out of the room.

TIM
Unlike you.

Ray feigns admonishment.

TIM
(shrugs)
You gotta take it all the way.

RAY
She's gonna get you fired.

TIM
Please. My word against hers. So
you ready to rock-out-but-not-with-
your-cock-out to a little Ass
Slayer? Or you gonna be a
tremendous vagina.

TODD RÖD, the Swedish born paraplegic supervisor, zips into
the break room in his electric wheelchair.

TIM (CONT'D)
Speaking of tremendous vaginas--
(to Todd)
What up, Todd Rod.

TODD
(Swedish accent)
For the final time, it is
pronounced Rude!

Tim is deadpan. Todd taps his watch.

TODD
If I were at the bottom of the
performance board like you, Tim, I
wouldn't be taking seventeen minute
coffee breaks.

TIM
But I'm preforming fine, Todd Rod.
Ask your wife.

TODD
Ha ha. At least I have a wife.

TIM
Ha ha. What are you, an infant? For
the final time, Todd, you cannot
marry the internet.
(beat)
And guess what. Guess what, Todd
Rod. Guess what.

TODD
(annoyed)
What.

TIM
I don't give a black nutsack about
your performance boards. Todd Rod.

Todd lets out a theatrical groan then does a silly three point turn and motors away.

Tim does another bump. Ray looks at him, concerned.

INT. RAY AND MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cozy one bedroom. Orchids and expensive candles. Ray enters, shaking off the cold. He walks into the kitchen. MAGGIE (28) is wearing an apron and nothing else. She's a knockout -- sexual, sumptuous, driven -- Ray scored out of his league. She prances over and drapes her arms around his neck.

RAY
Hey Squeaker.

MAGGIE
I cooked!

They kiss. Ray pulls away when he notices an ABSTRACT PAINTING hung above the couch.

MAGGIE
It looks good there, right? The way
that light hits it.

He takes the painting off the wall, sets it against a chair, then slumps down on the couch. She nuzzles up next to him.

MAGGIE
Don't get all dark and brooding on
me.

RAY
It's not ready yet.
(just noticing)
You're not wearing any clothes.

She nods, kittenish, then scoops up a guitar from the floor and tries to press it into Ray's hands.

MAGGIE
Play me my song. Please!

Ray's not in the mood. She pulls his head into her lap and runs her fingers through his hair. He takes her hand, watches their fingers mingling together.

MAGGIE
 (whispers in his ear)
 I think it's amazing.

He gazes into her almond eyes. She kisses him, tastes the nicotine on his lips.

MAGGIE
 Why are you smoking again?

RAY
 I'll brush my teeth.

BATHROOM

Ray brushes his teeth. Maggie tip-toes as though wearing high heel. Perfect posture and stiff confidence mitigating her vulnerability.

MAGGIE
 I made crab quiche.

RAY
 Yum. Crabs.

She leans against the wall and watches him.

MAGGIE
 How was your little "sit down" with Buddy? You never told me.

RAY
 (mumbles)
 I'm his number one.

MAGGIE
 What? Mumbles? What did he want to talk to you about? Baby, stop slouching.

Ray straightens his posture.

MAGGIE
 It wasn't about that thing with Stoney?

RAY
 No. Nope.
 (off her concerned look)
 What?

MAGGIE
 Buddy's the only family I have. And I love him but he's also totally insane. Like really insane.
 (MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(softly)
Just be careful around him.

RAY
He seems so nice.

MAGGIE
No, he's actually like certifiably insane.

RAY
Right, he's got *Dick's* disease.

MAGGIE
Pick's disease, smart-ass. I thought you looked it up.

RAY
I did, smart-ass. It's dementia.

MAGGIE
Sort of. But it also like...I don't know -- if you're a nice person, it turns you mean. If you're sensitive it makes you cold. It's weird.

RAY
Huh. I guess I could see that.

Ray spits and rinses.

RAY
What was he like before?

MAGGIE
I don't know. I think he started to lose it around when Patricia died.

RAY
Well, I could understand going crazy if you died in a car accident.

MAGGIE
She was already remarried then.

RAY
She remarried? Buddy makes it sound like they were Romeo and Juliet.

MAGGIE
Well, she left him. I mean I guess it was really after that when he lost it. When they were together, he was apparently a pretty normal guy.

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Like he ran a garment business, he was good-looking, smart. But then when she died, he burnt down his warehouse and basically vanished for like seven years. I remember the first time I met him was at my mom and dad's funeral. This big giant teddy bear. He made me laugh so hard. On the good days.

(emotional beat)

I mean he raised me. He's my only family. But he's fucked up. He's really fucked up.

(smiles, but not enough to mask her sadness)

He takes his pills but...

Ray looks at Maggie in the mirror. He's looking at the woman he loves.

RAY

I'm kinda crazy, you know.

MAGGIE

Oh yeah? How crazy?

He pushes her playfully against the wall.

RAY

Crazy enough to eat your crab quiche.

MAGGIE

Shut up!

He kisses her long and hard and passionately. She melts into him then abruptly pulls away, a big grin on her face.

MAGGIE

I've got a surprise for dessert.

RAY

Oh yeah? What?

She pulls up her apron and bounces her boobs.

MAGGIE

Me!

She skips out of the bathroom. Ray smiles to himself.

KITCHEN - LATER

Finishing dinner. Ray sets down his fork.

RAY
I think I'm ready for desert
please.

MAGGIE
Are you.

He starts to move closer to her --

MAGGIE
So have you called Patina back yet?
Ray sits back in his chair.

RAY
I will.

MAGGIE
Ray. You have to get yourself out
there. One show isn't enough.

RAY
Not tonight. Please.

MAGGIE
She wants you to do the show.

RAY
Group show.

MAGGIE
You're not gonna work in a call
center for the rest of your life. I
swear, every boyfriend I've ever
had has been so fucking talented
but they don't understand -- you
have to put yourself out there! You
have to make alliances.

RAY
Like on *Survivor*?

MAGGIE
You know what I mean.

RAY
I'm not your boyfriend -- I'm your
fiancé. And I will get out there
when I'm ready.

MAGGIE
My friend Justin is starting a
hedge fund. I told him about you
and he said--

RAY
Who the fuck is Justin?

MAGGIE
What do those paintings mean if
they're just gonna sit there
collecting dust?

RAY
They're not finished.

Fed up, she goes to leave but he grabs her arm.

RAY
Come on, we're just talking.

She yanks her arm away.

MAGGIE
Ray, I'm trying to help you. You're
so talented, that's why I love you.
All fucking day I get hit on by
rich egomaniac assholes and never
have I once wanted be with one of
them.

RAY
Oh, LA doesn't count now?

MAGGIE
Stop.

RAY
Why can't you just admit it?

MAGGIE
Why can't you stop judging me for
something that happened three
fucking years ago!

RAY
Because we're supposed to be
getting married!

Ray suddenly KICKS his foot through the abstract painting. He
grabs his jacket.

MAGGIE
Ray...

He leaves.

INT. UPPER EAST SIDE PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Massive kitchen. Views of the Met and Central Park. Real wealth.

CLASSICAL MUSIC blares from a far off room.

The elevator opens and Gutte steps off. Real cracked out.

MASTER BEDROOM

The door is ajar. We catch glimpses of finance legend CHAPPY GUTTE (60s) chasing two naked HOOKERS around the room. They're giggling, coked to the gills.

One of the Hookers notices Gutte hovering outside the door and nudges Chappy. Chappy's smile drops. He slips on a robe. Goes into the hall, shutting the door behind him.

CHAPPY

I told you. Next time I see you
I'll have you locked up.

GUTTE

(sniffling)

Listen man...I need...I need to
talk to you...

Chappy violently drags Gutte away from the bedroom.

CHAPPY

I told you I don't want to see you,
Magnus! Look at you. You fucking
disgrace.

GUTTE

I need to...Listen, I need to
borrow some money.

Enraged, Chappy drags his son across the kitchen to the elevator and pounds the call button. Gutte begins to weep but harvests no sympathy.

GUTTE

I really need your help, dad. I can
pay you back!

The elevator door opens.

CHAPPY

Never come here again, Magnus.

Chappy shoves Gutte inside. The door closes.

Chappy goes back to his hookers.

A moment later the elevator door opens. Gutte steps out.

CHAPPY'S OFFICE

Gutte creeps in looking for things to steal. He pockets some crystal, a few watches out of a drawer.

Then he comes to the GUN DISPLAY CABINET. Gazing at the impressive array of antique weapons, an idea crystallizes.

He opens the cabinet, selects a Colt 44-40 six shooter, and tucks it in his trousers.

KITCHEN

On his way out he notices a MOUND OF COCAINE piled on the marble counter.

He starts snorting. Hears a NOISE. Pricks his ears. Rummages through a drawer, first thing he finds is a 5X7 PHOTOGRAPH. Folds cocaine into the photo then scurries into the waiting elevator.

A moment later, Chappy walks into the kitchen.

HOOKER (O.S.)
Hurry, Chappy-wappy!

He looks at the cocaine, realizing his own hypocrisy.

INT. GAS LAMP - NIGHT

Downtown gay hot spot. The two man techno-pop band *Ass Slayer* plays on the neon stage in the background. One man wears a shirt that says **Ass**, the other man's says **Slayer**.

CLARK and DALE (40s), shaved heads and tattoos, are dancing with Tim, who's trying to use them to pull some tail. Ray watches from a booth. He looks uncomfortable.

On the dance floor, Clark and Dale begin viciously making out. Tim takes this as his cue to leave. He approaches Ray, and scoots up next to him.

RAY
The carpetbagger returns.

TIM
I been getting gay cock-blocked all night. You ready to go?

RAY
Yeah.

Ray follows Tim to say goodbye to Clark and Dale. Clark and Dale are sweaty and horny. Tim high-fives Clark, then Dale, who misses egregiously.

TIM
(over the music)
We're gonna head home!

Clark and Dale continue grinding.

DALE
Aww! Ok, well, Ray, hope everything works out with Maggie!

CLARK
(to Ray)
Just imagine what your life would be like without her!

Ray nods, then he and Tim head for the exit.

TIM
What kind of gay shit were you talking about with them?

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ray enters the dark apartment, sets down his keys, takes off his coat, blows out a candle -- then pauses: Maggie has repaired his abstract painting and hung it on the wall.

BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ray watches Maggie sleep, trying to imagine life without her. Finally, he kisses her softly on the cheek. One of her perfect brown nipples is slightly exposed. He stares at it, then grabs a sketch pad off the night stand and begins to draw her.

MORNING

Ray and Maggie are having amazing early morning sex.

MAGGIE
Bite my tits.

Ray complies.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Bite my fucking tits harder -- like
that -- like that yeah! Yeah!
Ahh!!!

INT. CALL CENTER - DAY

Ray finishes a call. Tim sneaks a bump.

TIM
Sanka.

Ray's cell rings.

RAY
Hello?

INT. LINCOLN - DAY

Cass driving. Buddy, on the phone, in the back seat. We only see him from the shoulders up.

BUDDY
My number one. How goes it?

INTERCUT.

RAY
Ah, good. How are you, Buddy?

Tim's eyes light up when Buddy's name is mentioned.

BUDDY
(looking down, talking to
someone we can't see)
Just the tip. Do just the tip
(phone)
Ray, I'm taking you and Maggie out
for dinner tonight to celebrate the
engagement.

RAY
Oh. Thank you. Cool.

Ray feels eyes. Todd is parked behind him, a stupid look on his face.

TODD
If you could keep the personal
calls to a minimum please.

RAY
Yeah, off in a sec, Todd.

TODD
Hate to write you up.

Ray puts the phone back to his ear and hears what sounds like Buddy in the apex of an orgasm --

INT. LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

Buddy is sweating and panting. A thirty-something BRUNETTE HOOKER pops up from below. She's got Buddy's goodies in her mouth. Buddy kisses her then, gulp, swallows 'em down. Even she's disgusted. Buddy lifts the phone back to his ear.

BUDDY
(phone)
Seven-thirty. Rocco's.

RAY (O.S.)
Sounds good.

BUDDY
(hangs up, to Cass)
Cassy. I'm finished.

EXT. STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS

Lincoln pulls to the curb. Buddy opens the door for the Hooker.

BUDDY
See ya Tuesday.

HOOKER
Ciao, baby.

As the Hooker slinks away, an beat up older model white BMW M3 creeps up a few car lengths behind the Lincoln.

INT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

Gutte observes the Lincoln. Colt and the coke filled PHOTOGRAPH on the seat next to him. We can make out the image of a pretty Brunette through the coke residue.

Gutte smears some powder across his nostrils then takes out an ornate cigarette case containing five cigarettes, removes one, then replaces it from the pack of Davidoffs. This is his routine.

INT. PR FIRM - MAGGIE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Maggie, dressed to the nines, talking rapid-fire into her cell. Knock knock. A COURIER stands in the doorway.

MOMENTS LATER

Maggie opens the envelope and finds the sketch Ray made of her the previous night. A note reads:

I love you I love you I love you.

--Ray

EXT. UPTOWN - EVENING

Ray emerges from the subway. Spots Maggie getting out of a taxi on the far corner. He walks across the street to meet her.

MAGGIE
Hey.

RAY
Squeaker.

RAY
I'm gonna call Patina tomorrow.
Give her the paintings.

MAGGIE
(couldn't be happier)
Really!

She nuzzles into him, kissing him hard. He offers his arm and escorts her into the restaurant.

INT. ROCCO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Family run Italian joint. Small. Dark. Buddy is nuzzling his date MIDORI, another thirty-something brunette prostitute who resembles his dead wife.

The server CARLO pours wine. Buddy motions for him to fill Midori's glass to the top.

BUDDY
Grazie, Carlo.

Buddy raises his glass to toast but his face goes vacant. Maggie and Ray trade looks.

Behind them, through the window, we see Gutte's BMW park across the street.

Like someone pressed play, Buddy reanimates:

BUDDY

To my beautiful niece, the apple in my eye. I love you. I don't love nothing else in this world, honest to God. And to Ray. Raymond, my soon to be number one. I wish you both the best and I hope you...

(gestures intercourse)

A lot. Sláinte mhath.

They toast.

BUDDY

For a wop joint this place ain't half bad. It's my dime so chow down.

MIDORI

(to Ray and Maggie)

I heard that like Madonna like ate here once. That's fucking cool, right?

Maggie kind of nods, trying to keep a straight face.

BUDDY

(whispers to Midori)

No talking.

Ray pinches Maggie under the table. She gives him a honey-pot smile then jots down a NOTE ON A NAPKIN and stuffs it into his pocket. He looks at her. She's unbearably adorable. Behind her, we notice

MAGNUS GUTTE

his nostrils inflamed and rimmed with white. He arrives at their table, yanks the Colt out of his pants, and points it at Buddy's head.

GUTTE

(bristling)

Listen man, where is she?!

Buddy takes a bite of food. Looks up with casual interest.

BUDDY

You're gonna have to be a little more specific, sonny.

In a fit of spastic drug-addled rage Gutte jabs the pistol into Buddy's face.

Buddy suddenly slaps it away and --

BANG!

THE GUN DISCHARGES.

A strange paralyzed silence.

Ray catches MAGGIE'S BODY as it slides off the chair.

HALF HER HEAD IS GONE.

He looks at her, senseless. Cradles her. In shock. A scream trapped deep inside. Shaking. Trembling.

IN FUCKING SHOCK.

Buddy stares at Maggie's empty chair. Utter disbelief.

Gutte, addled, blood simple, turns to leave. Stops. Looks at the gun. HAD NO IDEA IT WAS LOADED. Drops it. Turns around. Then turns around again and walks out.

The air fills with approaching SIRENS as we

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT INTERVIEW ROOM - LATE NIGHT

A single window facing into the precinct. Passing cops peek in, trying to catch a glimpse of the notorious gangster.

Buddy's lawyer BOB is questioning Buddy, and judging by his beleaguered appearance, it has been no easy task. Ray is at the end of the table, watching them talk, but not really there.

BOB

His motivation for the attack was the debt? Or was it--

BUDDY

Bob, do I pay you to be an asshole?

BOB

I'm just trying to get a sense of--

BUDDY

Do I pay you to be an asshole?

Bob shakes his head. Buddy pops his pills, refills his case.

RAY
How much did he owe you?

Buddy looks up -- Ray hasn't spoken a word since it happened.

BUDDY
Bob, get me coffee.
(Bob hesitates)
You want me to say please?

Bob does as he's told. When he's gone --

RAY
How much?

BUDDY
It don't matter.

RAY
What was she worth?

Buddy goes cold.

BUDDY
I don't like it when you say those
things to me. Don't say those
things to me.

A tense moment. Buddy trying to keep restrained. Finally:

BUDDY
When we find him. Put him in a room
somewhere. Give him some time to
think about what he's done, what's
about to happen to him.

RAY
What about the police?

BUDDY
What about 'em? I mean hopefully
they'll all turn into pumpkins.

RAY
Did you give them his name?

BUDDY
His name? He don't got a fucking
name no more! He is fucking non-
existent! I'm gonna peel him back
inch by fucking inch and he will
fucking feel it!

Buddy punctuates by slamming his fists on the table.

Bob enters with a cup of coffee. Sets it in front of Buddy.

BOB

They only had the powdered creamer.

BUDDY

Where's my nephew's?

(Bob is confused)

Where's my nephew's coffee? He just lost his fiancée and you don't think to bring him a simple cup of coffee?

(beat)

You can go home. Goodbye.

(beat)

Don't look at me, Bob, I'll fucking kill you.

Bob's gone through this before. He keeps his mouth shut, gathers his briefcase and quickly departs.

Buddy looks at Ray for a long moment, then pushes the coffee across the table toward him.

BUDDY

Drink up.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - MORNING

Thirty REPORTERS awaiting their prey.

Cass, Cracker and another THUG wait for their boss by a black sedan.

Ray and Buddy, surrounded by a police escort, exit the precinct -- instantly swarmed -- microphones and cameras crammed in their faces --

Ray is overwhelmed, dizzy -- has to get out of there -- pushes and shoves --

Buddy bulls through the horde -- a REPORTER crams a mic in his face --

REPORTER

Mr. Cloy, can you comment on allegations that you were involved with your niece's murderer and--

Enraged, Buddy shoves the Reporter's face back --

Bedlam. Fists fly.

Everything caught on camera.

Ray shoved to the ground. He's crawling, looking for a way out of this mess. He finds a hole...

Buddy is consumed by the mass of journalists and cops. He spots Ray getting into a taxi. Tries to push out of the crowd but Ray is already down the block.

EXT. THE BLOSSOM - DAWN

Gutte's BMW is parked in front of a windowless brick building with a single black metal door.

INT. THE BLOSSOM - CONTINUOUS

A private all hours brothel/strip club. YOUNG GIRLS slink in and out of the vitiated labyrinth. Wayward ghosts, dancing on tables and poles, tugging fat bald men by their ties to dark rooms. We follow a pair of silicone mammaries to the

BACK BAR

Where ALEK (30s), the ponytail-sporting owner, is schmoozing with some well-lubricated customers.

Gutte rushes up from behind and spins him around. Alek has a British accent.

ALEK
What's the huff?
(recognizes Gutte)
Magnus!
(sees how coked up he is)
You holding?

SEX ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sex toys. S&M gear. Love swing. Gutte on the edge of the bed, head in hands, crackbrained. Alek standing over him, scooping his jaw off the floor.

ALEK
Is she...?

GUTTE
I don't know...
(beat)
Half her head was put off so yes --
I think she's dead. Oh fuck!
Fucking hell!

Alek paces. It hits him --

ALEK
What are you mad! You can't be here.

GUTTE

I need help! Listen man! Listen.
Listen. Man. Listen. Listen... I
need help.

ALEK

What can I do? You shot the bitch
in the head. And not just any Jenny
from the block. Buddy fucking
Cloy's niece. I'm sorry chap,
you're fucked.

GUTTE

He kidnapped my wife!

ALEK

So you buy another!

Gutte TACKLES Alek into the wall and tries to strangle him to
death. Alek punches Gutte in the stomach. Gutte doubles over,
sobbing. Alek feels bad and helps Gutte to his feet.

ALEK

Maybe I'm daft, but why don't you
just pay him back?

GUTTE

My *father* cut me off months ago. I
piss on him now.

ALEK

That's why your selling weight for
Buddy Cloy?

Gutte shrugs.

ALEK

How'd you lose the yea-yo?

Gutte looks at the floor, guilty.

ALEK

(incredulous)

You didn't lose it. Great.

GUTTE

I didn't mean to.

ALEK

A whole brick up your nose?

GUTTE

I had help!

(beat)

Man, this is your fault anyway. You
introduced us! Right out there.

(MORE)

GUTTE (CONT'D)

At that bar.

(bristling)

I fucking piss on Buddy Cloy!!!

Gutte takes a wild swing at the life sized SEX DOLL leaned against the wall -- misses -- punches concrete -- grabs his injured hand, yelping in pain --

GUTTE

Just kill me...kill me now...

ALEK

Probably be most humane thing considering what he's got planned for you.

Gutte gasps in horror.

ALEK

Joking. Little levity. Look here -- you need to just lay low for while.

GUTTE

Can I stay at your summer place in Montauk?

ALEK

I don't think so.

GUTTE

(weeping)

I need Ngu Nu back. I miss her so much!

ALEK

You need to clean up, mate.

GUTTE

Can I just please stay at your house! Please! I'll stop. I promise. I can get it under control. Listen man, no problem.

ALEK

Magnus--

GUTTE

I financed this pisshole! I was your first customer!

ALEK

Technically, was your dad's money.

GUTTE

Man I'm your friend!

Alek shrugs. Gutte crumples under the weight of defeat. Alek feels pity.

ALEK

This can not come back to me.

Gutte looks up with hope.

GUTTE

It won't, I promise. I promise. I won't forget this, Alek. When my dad dies I'll give you...like a lot of his money.

Gutte retrieves his metal cigarette case and does his routine. He's shaking so bad Alek has to light his smoke.

GUTTE

Listen man, could I maybe get some ice for my hand?

INT. BLOSSOM BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Alek is standing at the bar. The BARTENDER gives him a rag filled with ice. He looks up, right into Cass' cold gaze.

CASS

He wants a chat.

Cass motions to the end of the bar where Buddy is sipping a coffee. Alek joins him, playing it real cool.

ALEK

Mr. Cloy, what can I do for you?

BUDDY

That fella Gutte. Skinny guy, wifed up the oriental you had working here. You two's chummy.

ALEK

That's right.

BUDDY

When's the last time you seen him?

ALEK

Three, four months.

Buddy studies Alek, looking for any discrepancies. Alek holds it together.

BUDDY

He comes round here, you give a jingle. You don't tell him. You just call.

ALEK

Of course, Mr. Cloy.

BUDDY

(beat)

You don't wanna know why?

ALEK

Pardon?

BUDDY

He's your friend. You don't wanna know why I'm looking for him?

ALEK

I don't wanna know anything.

Buddy pats Alek's face with the palm of his hand, rises, sets a dollar on the bar. Cass slips on the boss' coat and they depart.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Ray is sitting on the couch, totally blank. The apartment door is wide open, the key still in the lock. His eyes loll around the room and find a picture of him and Maggie atop the Empire State building. He lets go a small, plaintive wail.

BATHROOM

Ray opens the medicine cabinet and calmly sorts through the pill bottles. Finds some Tylenol PM. Empties a few into his palm and swallows them dry.

AN HOUR LATER

Ray is passed out on the couch. His cell phone vibrates on the coffee table. He wakes, groggy. The cell stops. Ray gets his bearings. The phone buzzes again. Ray Checks the ID: *Buddy calling...*

He turns off the phone. Looks around. Suddenly he can't be in this apartment. Anywhere else is better. He stumbles out.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Ray walks the streets like a zombie. Everyone is filled with Christmas cheer but him.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Ray walks into a bar full of holiday revelers.

FIVE MINUTES LATER

Ray getting tossed out of the bar, covered in beer.

EXT. UPTOWN - DAY

Ray passes his office building then abruptly turns around and goes inside.

INT. CALL CENTER - DAY

Ray wanders around. Blank, detached, eyes half open.

People stare.

Tim is reading an article about Maggie's murder on the internet. He looks depressed and might be crying. He turns around, feeling Ray.

TIM

Ray. Ray!

He throws his arms around Ray, practically knocking him over.

TIM

I'm so sorry, man. Oh my god, I'm so sorry.

Todd wheels up, interrupting their hug.

TODD

(tapping his watch)
You're four hours late.

TIM

Todd--

TODD

And you certainly didn't get a shift replacement.

(MORE)

TODD (CONT'D)

This is going to reflect on your performance-- is that beer on your shirt? Are you drunk?

Ray walks over to the wall and yanks off one of the dry-erase "performance" boards.

TODD

What are you doing? You need to put that down right now. That's not your property!

Ray sweeps the items off his desk and lays down the board. Cleans the surface with his sleeve, pulls out a credit card and hands it to Tim, then rolls up a dollar bill.

RAY

(groggy)
Cut up a gram.

Tim looks at him: *You serious?*

TODD

What the heck are you doing?

RAY

(to Tim)
Let's go. Chop up some rails.

TODD

That's it. That's it. I'm calling security. You're outta here. You're fired. Both of you get out. Now.

TIM

Todd--

TODD

I don't give crap about your excuse.

TIM

Oh I wasn't gonna give you an excuse. I was gonna give you this.

Tim gives him the 'up yours' sign.

TODD

Pff. You loser. You f...fu...

TIM

You can say *fucking*.

TODD

You fucking loser. You'll always be a fucking loser.

TIM
And you'll always be in a
wheelchair.

Furious, Todd slams down the joystick on his wheel chair and
motors away.

EXT. UPTOWN - AFTERNOON

Ray and Tim, off their fucking faces. Ray snorts the remnants
from a baggy of coke then rubs the residue across his gums.

RAY
Gimme another gram.

TIM
You're definitely gonna have a
heart attack if you do another
gram. Plus I don't have another
gram. Plus maybe this isn't the
best way to deal with this maybe.
Coffee! Coffee's good. Coffee makes
you sober up. Let's get coffee.

RAY
I don't want to sober up.

An OLD WOMAN leans out a window, screams at someone.

OLD WOMAN
Hey nigga! Mind yo' b'ness. I drink
whatever time I wanna drink! That's
the type a shit gets you killed!

Ray suddenly veers across the street and heads for a group of
THUGS. Tim stops him.

TIM
Where are you going?

RAY
Those guys probably have drugs.

TIM
How about we go find drugs downtown
where white people are and we can
talk about it there. How about that
idea?

RAY
Who cares where we get drugs.

TIM
Ray...I just...maybe...you know
being insecure and that thing...wow
I'm fucking high.

It starts to PISS SLEET.

RAY
Insecure? Why? You're smart and
funny. That chick Mona in receiving
said so.

TIM
The one that looks like Tom Petty?
When'd she say that?

RAY
She didn't say that. But I could
see her saying that.

The Thug are leaving to get out of the rain. Ray starts to
hustle after them. Tim follows.

TIM
Ray, seriously -- this is what
you're not supposed to do in these
situations.

Tim gets in front of Ray, grabs him when he tries to pass by.

RAY
Get the fuck off me.

Tim bear hugs him. Ray elbows Tim in the gut. Then they lock
up like Greco-Roman wrestlers. Tim shoots a double leg and
takes Ray to the ground. They grapple some more. During the
scrap, Tim rips Ray's jacket pocket and the napkin Maggie
shoved in there at dinner falls out. Tim gets Ray in a fancy
choke hold.

TIM
Come on, dude. It's over. It's
okay.

Tim releases Ray. Ray picks up the Maggie napkin. It reads:

I love you I love you I love you back.

Rain drops BLOTCH the ink.

TIM
Ray?
(beat)
Ray?

RAY
(faintly)
Can you not talk right now.

An avalanche of grief crashing down upon Ray.

TIM
(whispering)
What's that--

RAY
FUCKING SHUT UP! SHUT UP!

Tim quails. Ray begins shaking his head from side to side in an effort to come to his senses.

TIM
Is it your heart? Dude? Ray?

A rivulet of blood drips from Ray's nostril and lands on the napkin. Then another. He wipes his nose, smearing blood on his hand. Panics. Eyes roll back and he collapses.

TIM
(rushing to his aid)
Shit...
(pulling Ray onto his lap,
slapping his cheek--)
Stay with me brotherman! Breathe!.
Come on you fuck, don't do this to
me! Ray! Come on man! Come on!

Ray opens his eyes and looks up at Tim.

TIM
Oh thank god. You almost gave me a
cardiac address.

Ray's face is heavy with woe.

RAY
What do I do?

Tim doesn't have an answer. Just holds his friend. Sitting in the middle of the street. The rain coming down in sheets.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT STAIRWELL - EVENING

Tim helping Ray up the stairs, trying in his own strange way to cheer him up.

TIM

Right before my dad shot himself in the head at my fourteenth birthday party, he told me I had failure written all over my face in permanent ink. He said I might as well give up now and shoot myself when he was done using the gun. That was disheartening. Plus he used the last bullet, which just about sums up our relationship. But I say, nothing is ever quite as bad as it could be. Times like these, that's how you gotta look at it. I wake up every morning and think to myself, "at least you don't have herpes." Or, "at least it doesn't look like you have herpes." And even if I had herpes, it would at least mean I was getting laid. It's all relative. You know? Whatever you gotta do to make it through the day.

Ray lets go a half-hearted grin.

TIM

We'll get you through this, brotherman. I promise.

Ray looks at Tim, thankful to have such a true friend. They enter the apartment.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Tim helps Ray inside.

TIM

Jesus Christ!

Buddy is standing in the living room.

BUDDY

People make that mistake.
(re: Ray)
He okay?

RAY

(eyes half-closed)
I'm fine.

BUDDY

(off Tim's look)
You know me?
(MORE)

BUDDY (CONT'D)

(Tim nods)
How you know me?

TIM
The internet.
(nervous blurt)
It knows everybody.

Ray gets his balance, stands on his own.

BUDDY
Why ain't you answering your phone?

RAY
It's off.

BUDDY
Off.
(to Tim)
You can take a hike, sonny. I got
it from here.

RAY
Tim stays.

BUDDY
He the prom chaperon?

Tim stands his ground. Buddy eyeballs him. Tim steels himself. Buddy admires his gall. He straightens his suit and faces Ray. They hold a look.

BUDDY
Your nose is bleeding.

Ray wipes his bloody nose.

RAY
(softly)
Fuck.

He stumbles into the bathroom and closes the door. Buddy walks around the apartment, inspecting Ray's paintings. He picks through some canvasses on the floor. Uncovers a PORTRAIT OF MAGGIE. Studies it then mounts it on the wall. The tiniest flicker of emotion in his eyes. Tim stands up.

TIM
I'm very sorry for your loss.

Buddy nods, acknowledging the sentiment, but keeps his eyes on the portrait.

TIM
You gonna take out the guy who did
it?

BUDDY

Yeah, thought I'd bring him to Denny's. Maybe he'll catch food poisoning.

Buddy looks at more paintings. Tim follows him the way a child might shadow an interesting adult.

TIM

Maybe I can help. I was in the army -- spent two months in Iraq--

BUDDY

Two months? I was in Cambodia, four years of wiping my ass with my hand. How the hell did you get out in two months?

TIM

I was discharged.

BUDDY

Honorable?

TIM

(beat)

Yeah. Of course.

Ray returns, pulling on a fresh shirt. He catches sight of Maggie's portrait.

BUDDY

I like these. You know Patricia --
(to Tim)

My wife.

(back to Ray)

She was a curator at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It was a long time ago but I still know a little something about paintings.

RAY

Buddy--

Buddy cups his hand around the back of Ray's neck.

BUDDY

I know. We need to discuss funeral arrangements. I'm taking care of everything.

(whispering into Ray's ear)

And we need to find the piece of shit who did this. And I will find that piece of shit.

Ray begins unconsciously shaking his head back and forth.

RAY

I wanna go to the police, Buddy. I know you wanna do it your way--

BUDDY

What way is that?

They hold a look.

BUDDY

Yeah, fine, fine.

(bristling)

Do you have any fucking idea who this scum is? Or, I should say, who his daddy is? You every heard of *Chappy Gutte*?

TIM

Fuck.

BUDDY

Yup. He's got enough bread and political influence to buy his kid involuntary manslaughter. The cocksucker'll do three years max, then he's back on the street. This is not an educated guess, Ray. This is guaran-fucking-teed. Unless we, you know, do something.

RAY

I don't believe in blood for blood. I just don't.

BUDDY

What do you believe in then?

RAY

I'm not a murderer. I am not a murderer.

BUDDY

I say anything about murder? Tim, did I say anything about murder?

TIM

No.

RAY

Then what are you saying then?

BUDDY

I'm saying paint his fucking toenails and turn him over to the pork patrol with a goddamn bow around his neck -- but do it on your terms. Not his. Not the cops. Not no Johnny Cochrane Robert Shapiro motherfuckers neither.

RAY

There were witnesses. People saw him. There's no way he'll get off.

BUDDY

All I'm saying is you go to the cops and it's outta your hands. I been certified a Westchester County Coroner for twenty-three years, not cuz I enjoy cutting people up, but cuz in Westchester, the Coroner's the only public official with the power to arrest the sheriff. You see what I'm saying? Control your environment.

(beat)

But if you wanna roll the dice...

Buddy takes out his cell, dials, then offers Ray the phone.

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)

Sixty-first precinct. Hello? Hello?

Ray looks at the phone, then at the portrait of Maggie -- it seems to be staring at him disapprovingly.

INT. LINCOLN/EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - NIGHT

Buddy driving, Ray shotgun, Tim in back. Goldberg Variations playing on the stereo. Buddy turns up the volume.

EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE/TIME WARNER BUILDING - NIGHT

The Lincoln pulls into the underground parking garage of the Time Warner building.

INT. LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

The music ends revealing a faint THUMPING SOUND from the trunk.

TIM

What was that? Did you hear that?

More thumping. Buddy realizes what's making the sound.

BUDDY
Oh for chrissake.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Trunk pops open revealing a body-sized duffel bag. Ray and Tim step back as Buddy drags it out and drops it on the ground. It flops around.

BUDDY
Gimme a hand. Come on.

RAY
Is somebody in here?

BUDDY
Don't ask stupid questions.

Buddy starts dragging the flailing bag toward the elevator. Tim and Ray help him.

INT. BUDDY'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

67th floor. View of Central Park. Cass opens the door. The Jets vs. Chargers game playing on the projection screen in the background. Buddy, Ray and Tim drag in the duffel bag. They drop it, exhausted. The bag squirms.

BUDDY
(to Cass)
Forget something in trunk?

CASS
Ah...damn. Sorry, Cap. I put a dime
on the Jets, got caught up.

BUDDY
Yeah? You did? You make some
popcorn too?

CASS
(sheepish)
Sorry, Cap.

Buddy blows an annoyed breath then unzips the duffel bag revealing Ngu Nu, wrapped in duct tape. Her left earlobe is missing, she's shaking and sweating.

RAY
(shocked)
What'd you do to her?

CASS
(backing up)
Uff, she stinks like--

BUDDY
Someone who's been in a trunk for
twelve hours?
(to Ngu Nu)
Well maybe she's ready to speaky
fucking English now.

She glares at Buddy. He yanks the tape off her mouth. She
unleashes a blood curdling harangue --

NGU NU
Toi muon nguoi chong toi dik mungo
ghe shing ta--!

Buddy sticks the tape back on her mouth.

TIM
Is that some kind of code?

BUDDY
You know, we put the lamp on her --
Cass even cut off part of her ear,
but still all we get is this fork
tongue drivel. If you been in this
country minimum two years, I know
you understand what I'm saying to
you.

CASS
Yeah, you think she woulda grabbed
some faucet of the language by now.
(beat)
I say take her up to Palomino's,
squish her in the garbage
compactor. Eye for an eye.

RAY
Jesus, you're joking, right?
(off Cass' deadpan look)
She's a kid! You can't *squish* her
in a trash compactor!

BUDDY
Relax, Ray. History's shown gooks
to be obstinate people. Cass is
just saying she needs the right
motivation.

Buddy walks over to Ngu Nu, kneels down next to her, pulls
out a CRACK PIPE and a lighter. Her eyes glue to it. She's
burning for it.

TIM
Where's the bathroom?

CASS
Over there.

Tim disappears into the bathroom.

BUDDY
(whispering to Ngu Nu)
Sweetheart -- all you gotta do is
call that fucking husband of yours
and I'll let you suck this little
glass pecker all night long. What
do you think about that?

Buddy toys with her, putting the crack pipe to her lips,
pretending to light it, then pulling it away.

RAY
This is so fucked.

BUDDY
(to Ngu Nu, angry)
Or maybe I'll just stick your
little yellow hand in the garbage
disposal and grind it off!

Ngu Nu begins to cough and shiver. Ray goes to the kitchen,
returns with a glass of water, peels off her tape, holds up
her head and lets her drink. Buddy does his pill routine and
snatches the water to wash them down. He calms down.

RAY
(to Ngu Nu)
No one's gonna hurt you.

Ngu Nu gives Ray a small, appreciative nod.

RAY
You can't treat people like this,
Buddy. You can't cut their ears off
or try to bribe them with crack.
She's a human being.

BUDDY
I'm sorry: Are your vagina lice
biting again?

Cass chuckles. Pissed, Ray pulls Ngu Nu up and starts
loosening her duct tape binds.

BUDDY
What're you doin'?

Buddy eases Ray away from Ngu Nu and has a private conversation with him.

BUDDY

'Member what we talked about, up my house? *Just the threat of violence is enough.* Right? She's all we got so we need to find a way to make this work. If you have a different solution, I'm all ears.

CASS

She, however, is only one and a half-ears.

Ray paces, gears turning. Stares out the floor to ceiling window at the New York sprawl.

Awkward silence.

Tim emerges from the bathroom, "reenergized".

Cass turns on the Jets game. Tim joins him as does Buddy.

TIM

(coked-up)

I love the fucking Jets!

They ad-lib comments about the game. Buddy looks up at Ray.

BUDDY

No reason to think on an empty stomach. There's take-out menus in the kitchen. Pick something.

CASS

(eyes on TV)

I want Chinese.

Ray reluctantly goes into the kitchen to pick out a menu. When he's out of earshot, Tim scoots next to Buddy.

TIM

Um, Mr. Cloy, Ray, he's not really cut out for this type of stuff. He hasn't seen the things you or I have. I mean he doesn't even kill ants. I call him the Ant Gandhi.

BUDDY

Ant Gandhi? Hehe. That's good.

Ray returns, proudly holding up a menu.

RAY

Hey--

CASS
I don't get it. Ant Gandhi?

Ray's smile drops.

THIRTY MINUTES LATER

A knock. Buddy opens the door revealing a VIETNAMESE DELIVERY GUY holding some bags of food.

BUDDY
Go ahead drop those there, Charlie.

Delivery Guy puts the food on the table then sees Ngu Nu bound and gagged on the couch.

DELIVERY GUY
(frightened)
I no want no trouble...

BUDDY
That makes two of us, Charlie. Oh, look at this. Where'd this come from?

Buddy pretends to pull a HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL out of the Delivery Guy's ear. Delivery guy looks at him, unsure of what to think. Buddy displays the hundred.

BUDDY
You want this?

Delivery Guy looks at Ngu Nu, then nods. Buddy leads him in, hands him the hundred.

BUDDY
Have a seat.

Delivery Guy sits across from Ngu Nu. She stares at him. He kind of waves at her stupidly. In the background, Tim and Cass begin unwrapping and eating some Vietnamese food.

CASS
(looking at the food)
This ain't Chinese.

Ray observes Buddy.

BUDDY
(to Delivery Guy)
My friend here doesn't speak English. Now I need to ask her a few questions and I'm hoping you can act as my translator. That okay, Charlie?

DELIVERY GUY

Yes.

BUDDY

Great. We'll start off directly.

Buddy places a cell phone on the table in front of Ngu Nu.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Tell her to call her husband and find out exactly where he's hiding. Tell her if she doesn't do this, I'm gonna use a belt sander to grind off her tits. Ray, can you pull that tape off her mouth, por favor.

Ray is being stubborn.

BUDDY

Come on, she needs some air.

Ray gently peels the duct tape off her mouth.

DELIVERY GUY

(to Ngu Nu, stammering)

Ho muon biet rang o dau ngoui chong các bạn đang che giấu adn ngoài nôi
Ho có thể tiếp xúc voi ông ta.

NGU NU

Toi se cat duong vat cac ban me cua các bạn là mieng voi no!

Everyone looks expectantly at Delivery Guy. He sits there, still as stone.

CASS

(mouth full)

What'd she say?

Delivery Guy shakes his head, terrified.

DELIVERY GUY

No, no, I no want no trouble...

BUDDY

You're gettin' green money, Charlie. What'd she say?

DELIVERY GUY

(stammering)

She say, "I will cut your penis off and make sex with it in your mother mouth."

BUDDY

She said that? Just like that?

NGU NU

Bo các ban cùng là mieng.

DELIVERY GUY

She say, "Your father mouth too."

Buddy takes this in. He shares a look with Cass.

NGU NU

(to Buddy)

Tôi se chưa bao giờ nói ngouì dằn
ông béo!

DELIVERY GUY

She say, "I will boil you up and
make butter with your fat belly."

Buddy nods. Thinks a beat then leads Delivery Guy to the door. Peels another hundred off his donkey roll.

BUDDY

You just delivered some food,
right? You no want no trouble.

(Delivery Guy nods, Buddy
gives him the hundred)

Enjoy the evening, Charlie.

Delivery Guy gets the hell out of there.

BUDDY

(to Ray)

Well sonny, it was a good plan.
Really good.

(sighs)

Cass, go down to the car, bring up
some trash bags and the hacksaw.

(to Ngu Nu)

I gave you a fair chance.

RAY

(protesting)

Buddy--

Buddy winks at Ray, letting him know the game is still in progress.

Cass heads for the door. As he passes Ngu Nu, she tosses off her loosened binds, pounces on him and BITES OFF HIS EAR. He howls. She spits out the ear. Blood shoelaces her chin.

Cass, cursing to high heaven, blood fountaining from his head...

He takes out his gun, waves it wildly, trying to get a bead on Ngu Nu but SLIPS in his blood, falls on the gun and BANG! SHOOTs HIMSELF THROUGH THE CHEST --

Ray leaps out of his skin.

Tim hardly flinches.

Buddy squints, his face deadpan.

Smoke wafts from the gaping exit wound in Cass' back. He flops and quivers like a seizure victim.

Shocked silence.

Ray abruptly rushes to Cass but is unsure of how to help. Tim joins. He's calm, like he's seen this before.

TIM

Put pressure on the wound.

RAY

It went all the way through.

TIM

Roll him on his side. On three:
one, two, three --

They roll Cass' body on its side. Blood SPURTS out of his chest, squirting Ray in the face. He reels back in horror.

RAY

Oh fuck Jesus!

TIM

Hit the artery. Shit.

Blood pours out of Cass like he is a toppled gallon of milk.

RAY

(to Buddy)

Call an ambulance.

(no response)

Yo! Buddy!

Buddy is in a trance.

BUDDY

Huh?

RAY

Call the ambulance!

BUDDY

Okay.

Buddy begins searching for his cell phone.

RAY
We need paper towels or-- we can
stick them in the...the wound...

Cass stops flailing.

RAY
Buddy what are you doing!

Buddy is wandering around in the background, looking for his cell phone. He disappears into the kitchen.

BUDDY (O.S.)
Can't find my phone.

RAY
Use the land line! Bring me paper towels! This isn't working!

TIM
Ray.

RAY
Where are the fucking paper towels!

TIM
Ray!

RAY
What!

Ray looks at Cass -- his dead face locked in awkward repose. Something almost beatific about it. Ray takes it all in. The frailty of existence. The finality of death.

RAY
It looks like he was just emptied out.

Buddy walks in. Cass is belly-up in a puddle of blood.

BUDDY
Expecting something different?

The apartment door SLAMS and the three looks up as we

CUT TO:

THE HALLWAY

and find Ngu Nu hopping toward the elevator, chewing off duct tape as she goes.

Delivery Guy is still waiting at the elevator door.

Ding! Elevator opens as --

Buddy, Tim, and Ray emerge from the apartment.

Ngu Nu pushes into the elevator with startled Delivery Guy.

Buddy runs up, gun drawn, just in time to see Ngu Nu flip him the bird through the closing elevator doors.

EXT. TIME WARNER BUILDING - EVENING

The three emerge. Ray is soaked blood. Buddy is fuming, as if the realization of Cass' death just presented itself to him.

BUDDY

Gook cunt!

Buddy spots Ngu Nu down the street boarding a cab. He hails a taxi.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

They climb in. The CABBIE does a double take when he sees that Ray covered in blood.

CABBIE

What is that? No, no, no, you stain my seats!

Buddy holds out a c-note for the Cabbie.

BUDDY

Tomato juice. Washes right out.
(pointing)
Follow that cab.

The Cabbie takes the bill.

CABBIE

Which one?

BUDDY

The one I'm fucking pointing at.

The Cabbie rounds Columbus Circle, following after Ngu Nu's cab, then merge onto Broadway.

BUDDY

Pull up along side. Left side.

Buddy takes out his pistol.

RAY
What are you gonna do?

BUDDY
She killed Cass.
(to Cabbie)
You're losing her. Come on.

The traffic light ahead turns red. They stop behind a long line of cars. The Cabbie catches sight of Buddy's pistol.

CABBIE
What is this thing!

Cabbie spastically pulls out a GLOCK .45 from under the seat and points it at Buddy.

CABBIE
No violence in my cab! No violence
in my cab! Get out! Get out!

Buddy moves his finger toward the trigger.

Cabbie tenses --

Then Buddy pushes out the door and steps onto

BROADWAY

He hurries down the row of cars toward Ngu Nu's taxi, which is at the head of the intersection.

Tim and Ray get out. Ray sprints after Buddy.

RAY
Buddy!

Buddy clicks off the safety. He's almost to Ngu Nu's taxi.

The light turns green.

Buddy speeds up, raising his pistol. He's got a clear shot at Ngu Nu and is about to pull the trigger when --

Ray pushes his arm up, spoiling the shot.

The taxi pulls away leaving Buddy and Ray in Broadway traffic. They hold a look.

INT. ELEVATOR IN RAY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Ascending. Ray is still covered in blood. Buddy is on a cell.

BUDDY

(phone)

Yeah no, Cass had the accident.

(pause)

No, a real accident.

(looks at his watch)

That's fine. I'm staying at my nephew's.

Ray looks at Buddy: You're staying where?

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Nah, forget that.

(pause)

Cuz I don't need nobody here. I want you and Jerry and what's his name...Phil, go to this Eurotrash cocksucker's apartment and turn the place over.

(pause)

No, Cracker stays down the Blossom keeping an eye on our British friend. And pick up my mail.

Buddy hangs up. The elevator door opens. He winks at Ray.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The three enter.

TIM

I need a beer. Beer anyone? Buddy? Ray?

BUDDY

I'll take one, Timmy.

Tim grabs two beers from the fridge, gives Buddy one, chugs his and goes back for a second.

Ray washes up in the kitchen sink. Dries with a dish towel. Glares at Buddy.

BUDDY

I ain't made of concrete like you think. I lost a friend today.

RAY

You were gonna kill her.

BUDDY

I wasn't gonna kill her.

RAY

Yes you were gonna kill her.

They hold a gaze. Buddy sips beer, unreadable.

BUDDY
(out of left field)
What about Hitler?

RAY
What about him?

BUDDY
You say you would never kill
nothing. You're this Ant Gandhi.
But I give you a chance to clip
Hitler before he starts barbecuing,
would you do it?

RAY
That's...fucking irrelevant.

Buddy smirks: *You sure about that?*

Tim sits on the floor, pops a fresh beer and swigs. Looks at Ray, then at Buddy, then at his beer.

A wretchedly uncomfortable silence. And just as it ripens into something unbearable --

TIM
My third or fourth week in Iraq,
we're on patrol in Ramadi -- Pop!
Pop! Pop! Some Haji's taking pot-
shots at us from the top of this
little concave roof thing. Fuckhead
Jake -- we called him *Fuckhead Jake*
cuz he used the f-word more than
anyone you've ever met, which is a
solid accomplishment in the army --
anyway, Fuckhead Jake gets hit in
the neck. I think he was from
Akron? No, Toledo. *Holy Toledo.*

(chuckles at the memory,
gulps beer)

I watched him drown in his own
blood, right there on that shitty-
ass road in shitty-ass Ramadi.
Then, I don't even know how but I'm
chasing the Haj through some old
lady's backyard and she's screaming
in Ragese -- these kids are rolling
all over the dirt, throwing shit at
me -- I can't see cuz my helmet's
over my eyes -- so then the dumbass
bails on this little toy horse --
fucking idiot.

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

And I got my .50 Cal practically stuck up his ass, and he starts saying, "I love George Bush America I love George Bush America," over and over and over and over and over until I shot him, fucking boom.

Ray is floored. Tim has never discussed his time in Iraq with anybody.

Tim finishes his beer. Peels off the label. Crumples it up and rolls it around in his palm.

TIM

(matter-of-factly)

He's dead. I'm not. There's nothing magical about it.

Tim places the crumpled beer label on the coffee table. Buddy faces him with an appreciative expression.

BUDDY

You ain't above human nature, Timmy. Under the right circumstance, every man's a killer.

(glances at Ray: *That includes you.* Then back to Tim--)

You, my boy, are a patriot.

Tim chortles as if the statement is ludicrous.

TIM

About a week later, I asked my CO Bill Fabian to shoot me in the leg. He was supposed to put one through my calf muscle but the numbnuts was so frigging blotto he flinched and got the bullet stuck in my knee.

(shaking his head)

Army woulda put me in jail if Bill had testified. Believe that shit? But I guess Bill couldn't testify, cuz he ended up taking some shrapnel in the head like two days later. Now he lives at Two Pines. Only speaks in zip codes. You ask him how his day was, he'll say like, "10520" or "90028".

(beat)

I wonder if anyone ever bothers to look up where he's talking about.

Tim goes to the fridge to get another beer.

BUDDY

You said you got an honorable discharge.

TIM
(grabbing a fresh beer)
Well, obviously I didn't.

CUT TO:

LATER THAT NIGHT

Tim is passed out on the couch, snoring loudly.

RAY'S BEDROOM

Buddy is lying on Ray's bed, flipping idly through a copy of *The New Yorker*. Ray takes some blankets from a closet and makes a bed on the floor. Buddy lays the magazine on his chest. Looks at one of Ray's paintings that's leaned against the wall.

BUDDY
So how come you never sold one a
these?

This is the last conversation Ray wants to have.

BUDDY
Fear of success?

RAY
(like something he is used
to reciting)
The work wasn't there yet.

BUDDY
Where was it? Stuck in traffic?

RAY
Yeah. In New Jersey.
(beat)
I used to wrestle in high school.
Made varsity my first year. But
every tournament I wrestled in,
second place was the best I'd do.
Guys I lost to weren't usually
better than me, they just wanted to
win more. So the last tournament of
my senior year I said to myself:
I'm gonna win. And I did. Because I
wanted it more than anybody else.
It was the best feeling ever.
(beat)
And after that I never wanted to
wrestle again.

BUDDY

(beat)

Fuck's that got to do with painting?

RAY

What if it's the same? What if I sell a painting and then...that's it. I get that feeling and all I wanna do is crawl up into a ball and disappear.

BUDDY

Well it sounds to me like you're a pussy.

RAY

Maybe I am.

(shaking his head,
disgusted with himself)

I was literally gonna call Patina the next day and--

He just stops. It doesn't matter. He didn't do it.

BUDDY

Ray, she believed in you. I know that.

RAY

Yeah... she did.

A pause.

BUDDY

I ever tell you how Patricia died? Do you know how she died?

RAY

Maggie said...a car accident.

BUDDY

She was murdered.

RAY

Jesus.

BUDDY

Wasn't Jesus that did it.

(beat)

She was confused. She succumbed to temptation. The temptation and the chanting and drugs and... The bastard used mind control. I know that for a fact.

Ray looks askance at Buddy.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Used tricks and potions and...

(trails off, stares at the wall for a bit)

She divorced me. Sonofabitch was unrelenting. Unrelenting. They met at some park. Just a friend, she said. No no no no no no no.

Buddy PULSES and HEAVES as if invigorated by his psychosis.

BUDDY

She wanted to come back to me. Immediately! But he wouldn't let her. He made it look like an accident. Wasn't wearing a seat belt -- she ALWAYS wore her fucking seat belt!

(beat)

He's still out there, walking the earth like a prince.

(beat)

The fucking animal! Tears me up.

(stops, looks hard at Ray)

You don't want to live with that, Ray. It'll tear you right the fuck up.

INT. RAY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Ray trudges in, groggy. Buddy, wearing Maggie's apron, is plating some delicious looking eggs benedict. Tim is at the table, munching eggs and reading the newspaper. He is quiet and detached.

BUDDY

You don't got a double boiler so I had to do the hollandaise in a blender.

Buddy lays a steaming plate of food on the table. Ray sits down. Buddy smiles, hair like lightening bolts.

RAY

Thanks.

Ray eats. Nods hello to Tim. Tim nods back but keeps his eyes on the sports page.

Buddy makes himself a plate. Drenches his eggs in yellow hollandaise.

Ray notices Buddy's jacket stretched across one of the chairs. A 9mm pistol sticking out of the pocket. He keeps eating but glances back at the pistol.

Buddy doesn't really look up, but he's aware of what Ray is looking at.

Finally, Ray sets down his fork and carefully pulls the 9mm out of the jacket. Tim looks up, watches a beat, then goes back to his paper.

BUDDY
(as he passes by)
Careful. It's loaded.

Ray grips the pistol.

RAY
It's heavy.

BUDDY
Yup.

Buddy disappears into the bathroom and shuts the door.

Ray fiddles with the gun. He cocks the slide like every movie action star does -- a live round ejects and rolls across the table, coming to a stop against Tim's plate. Tim looks up.

INT. THE BLOSSOM - MORNING

Cracker, Buddy's henchman, is gnawing a club sandwich at the bar, watching a STRIPPER lick her own nipples.

Alek suddenly rushes out of his office and heads out a side door.

EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE THE BLOSSOM - MORNING

A cab is parked in the alley. Alek is passing money and a cell phone to the passenger.

The passenger Ngu Nu.

Cracker, out of breath, still chewing his sandwich, watches from around the corner. He takes out his cell.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT BATHROOM - MORNING

Buddy takes out the metal pill case, opens it, and sets it on the sink. His cell rings. He answers.

BUDDY
 (phone)
 Yeah?

ALLEY OUTSIDE THE BLOSSOM

CRACKER
 (phone, mouthful)
 The nip...she just...pulled up here
 in a cab.

BUDDY (O.S.)
 Don't talk to me with your
 mouthful.

Cracker chews quickly, trying to swallow it down.

BUDDY (O.S.)
 Spit it out!

Cracker spits out the cud.

CRACKER
 The nip's down here. Our friend
 gave her some cash and a phone.

The cab pulls away and Alek goes back inside.

CRACKER (CONT'D)
 Shit she's taking off. Should I go
 after her? Shit she already turned
 the corner. Fuck shit!

RAY'S BATHROOM

Buddy is shaking his head.

BUDDY
 Cracker, you fat fuck. Just stay
 where you are. I'll be there in an
 hour. And make sure the Limey don't
 go nowhere.

Buddy hangs up. Reaches for his open pill case, but
 accidentally KNOCKS it into the sink. The two pills disappear
 down the drain. He takes out the prescription bottle -- it's
EMPTY. This concerns him.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE BLOSSOM - DAY

Buddy leads Ray and Tim through the lonely black door of The
 Blossom.

INT. THE BLOSSOM - DAY

Pumping music. More of a club scene today. Lots of UNDERAGE PROSTITUTES in the mix.

Ray and Tim look at each other: *What the fuck is this place?*

A CITY COUNCILMAN nears, tucking in his shirt, a hooker snaked around him.

BUDDY
(winks)
Councilman.

The Councilman departs, none too happy to have just been spotted by Buddy Cloy in a brothel.

Buddy continues to the

BACK BAR

He shoves a skinny WALL STREET GUY out of his way and leans up on the bar like he owns it.

BUDDY
I get some service? Mouth's drier
than Hillary Clinton's cunt.

Ray observes the men and their young concubines. He's roiling.

TIM
I gotta drop a deuce.

Tim walks off to find a bathroom. Ray approaches the bar.

RAY
What are we doing?

BUDDY
Having a chat with the owner
regarding the enemy's whereabouts.

Bartender comes over and gives Buddy a beer.

Cracker approaches.

CRACKER
Cap.

BUDDY
Our other friend still here I hope?

CRACKER

Over there.

Cracker nods over at Alek in a corner glad-handing some WALL STREET GUYS.

Buddy hands Cracker his empty pill bottle.

BUDDY

Get this refilled.

CRACKER

Right now?

BUDDY

Now, yeah.

Buddy digs out his bill fold, peels off a few hundreds and hands them to Cracker.

BUDDY

Get me some lubricants too.

CRACKER

Okay, Cap.

Cracker departs.

Alek catches sight of Buddy and excuses himself. Buddy meets him half way.

ALEK

Mr. Cloy--

BUDDY

You got something for me?

ALEK

What?

BUDDY

You own a calendar? It's the fifteenth.

ALEK

(it dawns on him)

Oh. Right! Stoney usually does collections so--

BUDDY

He ain't employed with me anymore.

ALEK

Right. So let's get you sorted out. I've just gotta grab it from the office. Back in a flash--

Buddy stands in Alek's way.

BUDDY

You know I'm looking around and I'm noticing a influx of girls who don't got no hair on their cooters. *Prostitots* are for special arrangement, not general consumption. We ain't running a Mormon ranch.

ALEK

There's quite a demand for the tiddlers at present.

BUDDY

You gotta knock a whole elementary school to satisfy it?

ALEK

I'll start checking ID's then.

BUDDY

Don't get smarmy.

Alek's mask of composure is eroding.

ALEK

Let me go get you paid.

BUDDY

(distracted by an attractive hooker--)

My goodness, I'll bet she does one hell of a face curtsy.

(back to Alek)

We'll join you. Ray!

Ray comes over.

BUDDY

Ray, Alek knows where Gutte is so we're gonna talk in the back.

Alek looks askance at Buddy.

ALEK

(terrified)

Wait, wait, wait -- I don't know where--

BUDDY

Yes you do. Come on.

Buddy leads Alek into the

BACK OFFICE

The three stand there a moment in tense silence.

BUDDY
(to Alek)
You waiting on a formal request?

ALEK
I don't know where he is. Whatever
information you have--

BUDDY
The money, idiot.

Alek goes to the safe, opens it, and retrieves an envelope filled with cash. He hands Buddy the envelope. Buddy tucks it into his lapel. Swigs beer, smacks his lips theatrically.

BUDDY
(to Ray)
Hand me that roll of Mexican solder
there.
(gesturing)
On the nigger dildo.
(clapping his hands)
Come on, hop to. Wake up.

Ray grabs a roll of duct tape that's rung around a black dildo and hands it to Buddy.

BUDDY
(to Alek)
Strip.

Alek is frozen.

BUDDY
Don't make me threaten you and all
that. Just do it.

Alek strips down to his briefs.

BUDDY
Underwear too.

ALEK
I have friends, you know.

Buddy is deadpan. Alek reluctantly removes his underwear. Stands there, exposed.

BUDDY
The fuck is that? Turn around.

Alek turns around revealing a BUTT PLUG shoved up his ass with a small metal chain dangling from it. Buddy gets a kick out of this. He looks at Ray and lightly tugs the chain.

BUDDY

Toot toot.

Buddy then binds Alek's hands with duct tape, turns him around and sits him down in the chair.

BUDDY

(smiles)

Where is he?

ALEK

I didn't ask.

Buddy sighs. Picks up the black dildo.

BUDDY

Open wide.

Buddy starts JAMMING the dildo down Alek's throat. Alek gags and yelps.

RAY

Buddy!

BUDDY

What?

Ray walks up to Alek.

RAY

Gimme your phone.

Alek looks at Ray.

RAY

Gimme your phone.

Alek doesn't move. Aggravated, Ray pats him down, finds the cell and goes to recent calls. Finds Gutte's number.

RAY

He called you an hour ago. You're telling me you don't know where he is?

ALEK

I didn't ask.

RAY

(holding out phone)

Call him. Find out.

BUDDY
And don't drop any hints.

ALEK
Fine.

Ray presses send, dialing Gutte, and puts the phone to Alek's ear.

ALEK
Voicemail.

RAY
Leave a message, tell him to call you back immediately.

ALEK
(phone)
Magnus, it's Alek, look I need you to call me immediately because...
(changes his mind)
Magnus! Buddy's here and he--!

CRACK! Ray VIOLENTLY SMASHES the phone into Alek's jaw. Alek is knocked to the floor.

Ray stands over him, heaving. His hand is DRIPPING BLOOD, cut by the broken phone.

RAY
How the fuck can you help him! He's a fucking murderer!

Alek SPITS OUT A CHUNK OF HIS TONGUE.

ALEK
I it off I uckin ung!

Buddy is really amused. Ray sees Alek's tongue chunk and is suddenly sickened. Buddy pulls Alek up by the ponytail.

BUDDY
I want an address.

Alek whimpers. Buddy unsheathes a POCKET KNIFE and slices off Alek's ponytail.

BUDDY
I just did you a favor, but your pecker's next. So where is he?

ALEK
(beat)
Maw-awk.

BUDDY
What?

ALEK
Maw-awk!

BUDDY
Montauk?

Alek nods effusively. Buddy scrounges through the desk and finds a scrap of paper and a pencil. He tosses them at Alek then cuts Alek's tape.

BUDDY
Write down the address.

Alek's hands are trembling so terribly it's difficult for him to write.

Ray, nauseated, suddenly walks out.

INT. THE BLOSSOM'S BATHROOM - DAY

Ray goes to the sink, scrubs his bleeding hand. Splashes water on his face.

A toilet flushes and Tim comes out of a stall. Sniffles.

TIM
What up, blood?

Ray stops scrubbing. Stares at himself in the mirror. Tim sees the blood in the sink.

TIM
Fuck man, what happened?

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE BLOSSOM - DAY

Ray and Tim outside sucking down cigarettes.

TIM
Punched him? Just like that?

RAY
Yeah.

TIM
Nice! Fuck that pederast! Did he talk?

RAY
Gutte's in Montauk.

TIM

Montauk.

(sniffles)

Hey, I was thinking, why does the son of Chappy Gutte owe Buddy money?

RAY

Buddy said he stiffed him on some business deal.

TIM

Yeah but, I mean, yeah okay, a business deal. But why does the son of Chappy Gutte need to stiff anybody? He must be a loon. It all makes no sense. Fucking fubar. I think I'm gonna talk to Buddy.

Tim sniffles. Clenches his jaw.

RAY

Are you high?

TIM

Pff. No I'm not.

(he's caught)

I had a little taste bag in my wallet. Ooh. Big whoop.

Ray shakes his head, but says nothing more.

TIM

You don't wanna say anything else?

RAY

(caught off-guard)

What do you want me to say?

TIM

I don't know -- you watch me go through a gram everyday before lunch so...

RAY

You don't go through a gram, come on.

TIM

Coke is expensive. Why do you think I still live with my mom.

RAY

Well...do you wanna stop?

TIM
No, I'm addicted. I just wanna know
why you never said anything.

RAY
Fuck, I'm sorry man I...

TIM
I mean what if I OD'd or something?

RAY
I really didn't know you were doing
that much.

Tim smiles, masking a deeper pain.

TIM
Dude, I'm fucking with you. It's
not your responsibility. Totally
fucking with you.
(beat)
How are you, brotherman? You okay?

RAY
Yeah, I'm okay. Numb.

Tim takes off his shoe and pulls from it a BAG OF COCAINE.

RAY
Taste bag?

TIM
Dude, will you pour this out on the
ground for me please, cuz I can't.

RAY
You sure?

Tim nods. Ray takes the bag, tears it open, and dumps the
coke out all over the ground. Tim regrets it immediately.

TIM
Dammit.
(beat, looks around)
Where's Buddy?

RAY
Probably still in the back.

TIM
With the pederast?

RAY
Yeah. Tim--

TIM
I'm gonna go ask him some
questions.

RAY
Wait, Tim...

Tim is inside before Ray can protest.

Ray tosses his cigarette. Pulls out his pack: empty. He spots a bodega across the street and heads off to buy some more.

INT. THE BLOSSOM - CONTINUOUS

Tim walking back through the whore house, peeking in rooms. Some empty. Some occupied. Weird shit happening everywhere.

BACK OFFICE

Tim peers in. Hears a CHUK-CHUK-CHUK noise coming from the office bathroom. Curious, he walks in.

Buddy has Alek pinned against the wall and is STABBING him in the gut with the knife.

Tim is aghast.

Buddy stops suddenly like he was caught with his hand in the cookie jar. He drops Alek in the bathtub then looks at the bloody knife in his hand. He drops it, then faces Tim with child-like innocence. His shirt is open, we can see his Patricia tattoo.

BUDDY
You need to pee or something?

TIM
What's...going on?

Buddy looks at his chest, rubs his tattoo.

BUDDY
I'm doing it for her. For my
Patricia.

Buddy closes the shower curtain, covering Alek's corpse.

Tim backs out of the room and disappears.

Buddy runs the faucet and scrubs blood off his hands. Catches his reflection in the mirror. Old. Worn. Useless.

He reaches for his pills. Remembers he's out. After a disquiet moment, he composes himself and exits.

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE BLOSSOM - DAY

Ray emerges from a Bodega on the corner, packing some fresh cigarettes.

Across the street, Tim exits the Blossom. Looks around for Ray, frantic to tell him what he has just witnessed. He spots him across the street, but the light changes and he's forced to wait on the corner. He bobs anxiously looking for a hole in the traffic.

A strong GUST of wind blows. On the opposite corner, a SMALL GIRL dressed in a Christmas outfit loses her Santa Balloon. She chases it into the intersection.

TIM
(reflexively)
Watch out!

Tim dashes into the intersection.

A POLICE CRUISER is speeding down the avenue, sirens wailing, on a collision course with the little girl.

Tim whisks her up --

THWACK!

and gets creamed by the cruiser. The child rockets from his grasp. He bounces off the windshield and lands on his back with a sickening thud.

The AMBULANCE trailing the police car pulls up.

People gather around.

Ray punches through the gawkers and kneels next to Tim. Tim looks bad. Blood coming from his mouth.

RAY
Tim...

TIM
(strained)
Fuck.

Buddy exits the blossom and heads toward the crowd.

Tim is straining, trying to talk. Ray moves closer.

TIM
Where's the little girl?

Ray looks around and finds the child IMPALED in the windshield of a moving van. A lone patent leather shoe sits on the pavement. Someone covers her corpse with a jacket.

RAY
(to Tim)
She's fine, man. Back with her mother.

TIM
It wasn't a black baby but I think it still counts.

RAY
It counts man. You're a hero.

Tim's expression suddenly turns grave.

TIM
(choking and coughing)
Ray...Ray...Who's Patricia?

RAY
What?

TIM
He said he's doing it...all for Patricia.

Tim passes out.

RAY
Tim? Tim!

An EMT and two POLICE OFFICERS push their way to Tim.

POLICE OFFICER
Everyone back! Give me room!

The Officer pushes Ray back.

RAY
He's my friend!

POLICE OFFICER
Step back now.

Ray presses forward but the Officer shoves him again.

Buddy approaches. It appears that his psychotic episode has subsided.

BUDDY
What the fuck happened?

Tim is put on a gurney, unconscious or dead, and loaded into the ambulance.

RAY
I don't know. The cop car hit him--

BUDDY
Fucking pigs!

Buddy marches toward the cops, ready to unleash, but Ray stops him.

RAY
What are you doing?

Buddy calms. The ambulance pulls away.

BUDDY
He gonna be okay?

RAY
I don't know.

BUDDY
He'll pull through. Tough bastard.
Come on. We gotta move.

Ray doesn't budge.

BUDDY
Our friend ain't gonna stay put
forever. He might already be
lambing it.

Ray ignores Buddy and approaches two COPS.

COP 1
...in Murray Hill. You know what
they do up there, selling crack out
of their assholes--

RAY
Excuse me.

COP 1 (CONT'D)
(ignoring Ray)
...then, when they see you, they
try to eat the bag that's just been
up their ass, you know, and you
gotta punch 'em in the stomach
before they swallow it.
(faces Ray)
I help you?

RAY
Can you tell me what hospital
they're taking him to please?

COP 2
Who? Oh yeah, Saint Vincent's.

Ray starts walking toward corner to hail a cab.

BUDDY
(catching up)
What are you gonna do? Give him a
sponge bath? We got one chance to
do this. We gotta move now.

RAY
(losing it)
I can't fucking...I can't...I
can't....fuck...I can't do this...I
can't...we should go to the cops--

Buddy SLAPS Ray across the mouth. Ray is shocked to silence.

BUDDY
You really wanna deal with those
people?

Ray looks at the idiot cops.

BUDDY
You need to strap it on and fuck
this thing. Or maybe you're not
ready yet.

INT. ALEK'S MONTAUK HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A small two-story cape right on the beach. Gutte is sound
asleep in the upstairs bedroom. Probably the first time he's
slept in weeks.

Ngu Nu is standing over him, shaking him gently. He wakes
suddenly. Looks up at her, bleary.

GUTTE
Cherry pie?

She leaps into his arms. They start going at it.

LATER

Gutte and Ngu Nu post coitus. She's asleep. Gutte opens the
drawer and pulls out the photo with the coke inside. He
unfurls it and snorts some. Then he notices his cell phone
which displays a new voicemail.

He calls his voicemail.

VOICEMAIL

Magnus, it's Alek, look I need you
to call me immediately because...

(beat)

Magnus! Buddy's here and he--!

The message ends. Gutte's heart skips a beat.

He dials Alek. Gets voicemail.

He leaps out of bed.

INT. BMW - AFTERNOON

Doing a hundred mph down a beach lane. Ngu Nu's tongue in
Gutte's ear.

GUTTE

I love you, Cherrypie.

Gutte veers sharply onto another road.

EXT. FERRY PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

The BMW fishtails across the icy parking lot. The ferry to
New London, CT is about to depart, the deck is already packed
with cars.

Gutte arrives at the vehicle loading area. The DECK HAND, a
real provincial type, is chaining off the gangway. Departure
seems imminent.

Gutte rolls down his window and waves over the Deck Hand.

GUTTE

Thank god we made it.

DECK HAND

We're full up.

Deck Hand goes back to unhitching the stern line from a
cleat.

GUTTE

(crestfallen)

What? But I see an empty space
right there.

The ferry's HORN blows, signaling departure.

GUTTE
Listen man, I need to get on this
boat.

The Deck Hand ignores him.

GUTTE
Well...goddammit...What's the next
ferry?

DECK HAND
Six.
(beat)
AM.

GUTTE
Six AM?!

DECK HAND
Winter hours.

GUTTE
This is a matter of life and death!

DECK HAND
Sorry.

GUTTE
You're not fucking sorry. I piss on
your sorry.

DECK HAND
Okay, guy.

The ferry roars and begins to creep away from the dock.

Gutte looks at the thin metal chain that stands between him
and the ferry deck. He revs the engine then slams it into
drive --

The Deck Hand watches with mild amusement.

The BMW travels about five feet then collides with the chain.
It tears into the hood and radiator but doesn't snap.

DECK HAND
That was stupid.

The ferry motors away. Gutte tries to start the BMW. It's
dead.

EXT. MONTAUK STREETS - EVENING

Gutte rolls a suitcase through the dirty snow. Ngu Nu clings
to his side, shivering in her slutty clothes.

Gutte's suitcase gets stuck on a sewer grate. He yanks. It rips open. Clothes and sex toys spill out.

He throws a fit, kicking at the contents of the suitcase. He slips on some ice, bangs his tail bone, squeals, curls up in the snow and cries like a little girl.

Ngu Nu tries to pull him up, but like a petulant child, he prefers to throw his tantrum.

Eventually he calms. Pulls out his metal cigarette case. Starts to do his routine but the pack of Davidoffs is empty and he can't refill the case.

GUTTE
(to cigarette case)
Bloody whore!

His cell rings, echoing in the emptiness. He rips it out of his pocket and answers.

GUTTE
(phone)
What!

INT. UPPER EAST SIDE APARTMENT - EVENING

Chappy wears a thick jacket, having just come in from the cold. A tumbler filled to the brim with bourbon in one hand, phone in the other.

CHAPPY
Magnus.

INTERCUT.

GUTTE
(straightens up)
Daddy?

CHAPPY
(stoic throughout)
I've just come from the police station, Magnus. They found my Colt, my gun, at the scene of a murder two nights ago.

GUTTE
Dad--

CHAPPY
Shut up. Magnus. Magnus. You've murdered that girl haven't you.

Gutte is speechless. Finally...

GUTTE

Daddy--

CHAPPY

Shut up.
(gulps bourbon)
Shut up.

GUTTE

(crying)
It was an accident...

CHAPPY

Magnus...

GUTTE

Daddy, I'm sorry. I'm sorry!

CHAPPY

(beat)
Magnus, how did you become involved
with Buddy Cloy?

GUTTE

I...
(beat)
He took Ngu Nu. He took my wife. He
was gonna cut her head off!

CHAPPY

You married that prostitute?

Gutte gazes into Ngu Nu's shimmering baby-blues.

GUTTE

I love her.

He does. And Chappy has no time but to just accept it.

CHAPPY

Tell me where you are, boy.

GUTTE

In Montauk. At Alek's.

CHAPPY

Okay. Does Buddy know where you
are?

ALEK

I don't know, I think he might.

CHAPPY

(beat)
Alright. Be at the Montauk
lighthouse in two hours.

GUTTE

My car broke down. It's too far to walk. I haven't got any money for a cab either.

Chappy slurps down the rest of his bourbon.

CHAPPY

Use Alek's car.

Chappy hangs up. He goes to his gun cabinet and retrieves a HAMMER SHOTGUN with both barrels sawn off. Loads it with the only shells he has -- #8 birdshot -- pockets some extra shells, then dials a number.

CHAPPY

(phone)

Bertrand, prepare the helicopter.

INT. LINCOLN/EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - EVENING

Zooming through Queens. Manhattan skyline in the background. Buddy driving. Ray shotgun, deep in thought.

BUDDY

You believe in Heaven? Hell?
What're your thoughts on them?

Ray is cold. Disconnected.

RAY

I don't know. You make your own hell.

Buddy considers this.

BUDDY

Man dies who ain't right with the way he lived, then he's in hell. He passes at peace, that's where he stays.

(beat)

What about other people? You see other people in this type of Heaven or Hell? Like, ah, maybe I see Patricia. Or Maggie.

Ray looks at Buddy.

RAY

That depends.

BUDDY

On what?

RAY

Maybe you die and it's just black
like the inside of your skull.

BUDDY

No, I like the other way better.

Ray looks at Buddy -- he's rubbing his Patricia tattoo.

EXT. HOCK N' PAWN - EVENING

Lincoln parked outside a dubious pawn shop.

INT. LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

Ray alone in the car, on his phone.

RAY

(phone)

Yeah, hi. I need the number for St.
Vincent's emergency room.

(pause)

In Manhattan.

Ray looks at the city skyline, the prominent Empire State Building spire, and becomes emotional. He's thinking about Maggie and it's just beginning to settle in that she's not coming back.

Ray sees Buddy exits the pawn shop with a BROWN PAPER BAG and wipes his tears. Buddy gets in, sets the bag on the center console. Looks at Ray.

Ray glances at the paper bag, which is sitting on the center console like a question mark.

Buddy crowns his eyebrows. *Have a look.* Curiosity gets the best of Ray and he peeks inside.

He stares at the chrome Browning .380 and the box of ACP shells.

He looks up at Buddy.

EXT. DOWN THE BLOCK FROM ALEK'S MONTAUK HOUSE - EVENING

Gutte and Ngu Nu are hiding behind some cars. Gutte is watching the house, trying to determine if it's still empty. Finally, he works up the courage.

GUTTE

Wait here.

INT. ALEK'S MONTAUK HOUSE - NIGHT

Gutte enters cautiously. Shivers off the cold. Takes a quick look around -- it's just like he left it. He listens -- no noise -- then continues in, confident he is alone.

UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

He enters, opens a bedside table drawer and pulls out a set of keys. Happy with himself, he decides to celebrate and pulls out the coke photo.

EXT. ALEK'S MONTAUK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Lincoln parks across the street from the house.

INT. LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

Buddy loads a clip into his 9mm, chambers a round. Ray has the brown paper bag on his lap. Buddy glances at him with a smirk.

BUDDY

You gonna take her underwear off or what?

(no response)

I ain't saying go in like Shotgun Slade. Just better to have it.

Ray takes the Browning and the box of shells out of the bag.

BUDDY

Load it.

INT. ALEK'S UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gutte snorts the remainder of the coke out of the photograph.

A NOISE downstairs.

Gutte freezes.

LIVING ROOM

Buddy and Ray enter, guns drawn.

BUDDY

(whispering)

You check upstairs.

They split up. Ray heads to the

UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

It's empty. Relieved, he goes to exit but stops when he sees the closed bathroom door. It's glaringly obvious someone is behind it.

He levels his pistol and creeps slowly toward the door.

He swings it open finding --

GUTTE'S ASS

Which is, at the moment, the only thing preventing him from squeezing through the tiny bathroom window.

Finally, Gutte slips out onto the icy porch.

He turns around and sees Ray.

Ray tenses. Anger and hate flooding into his eyes.

Gutte lets out a terrified breath and slowly raises his arms.

Ray fingers the trigger. Darkness mounting within him. Images of Maggie flashing through his brain.

All bets are off...

He touches the trigger.

He's gonna kill him.

GUTTE

Please...

Ray's cell RINGS, piercing the tension.

Ray and Gutte go still as stones. The ringing stops, then begins again.

Without taking his eyes off Gutte, Ray pulls out his phone and holds it up to see the ID.

Tim calling...

RAY

(answers)

Tim are you alive?

TIM (O.S.)

Yeah, you?

RAY
Yeah. Gotta call you back.

TIM (O.S.)
Ray--

Ray hangs up.

Gutte suddenly LEAPS over the porch railing and disappears.

Ray rushes to the window and watches Gutte limp around the side of the house.

RAY
Buddy!

Ray is about to rush downstairs but stops --

On the sink is the COKE PHOTO, half crumpled. A familiar face visible in the residue.

Ray picks up the photo, wipes off residue, flattens it out.

It's a thirty-year-old photo of Chappy and Patricia on their wedding day.

It takes a moment to set in.

Ray's phone beeps. A TEXT MESSAGE from Tim: **Buddy crazy. Stabbed pederast dead. Who is Patricia? Get away from him. Call me.**

Ray looks at the text, then the photo.

BUDDY (O.C.)
What happened?

Ray doesn't look up right away. He puts away his phone.

RAY
Gutte just jumped out the window.

BUDDY
Fuck are we standing here for?

Ray displays the wedding photo.

RAY
What the fuck is this--?

BOOOOOM! The house shakes. Ray rushes to the window just in time to see Alek's 1984 308 GTS Ferrari SMASH through the garage door.

Buddy joins Ray and they watch the Ferrari stop at the corner, pick up Ngu Nu, then speed off.

Buddy heads downstairs, Ray hesitates, then follows.

INT. LINCOLN - NIGHT

Driving, looking for Gutte. Ray pulls out the wedding photo. Studies it a moment then displays it for Buddy.

RAY
This is Patricia, isn't it.

Buddy glances at the photo, then back at the road, then back at the photo. He stares at it.

RAY
Chappy Gutte is the guy who stole
your wife, then killed her?

Buddy is just staring at the picture, entranced by it, not looking at the road.

RAY
This whole sour deal with Gutte was
some ploy to get back at Chappy. To
fuck with his son.
(no response)
Wasn't it!

Ray glances at the road -- they're on a collision course with a telephone pole --

RAY
Watch out!

Buddy slams the brakes. They tap the pole. Sit there idling. Buddy staring straight ahead. Lost.

Ray POINTS HIS GUN at Buddy. Buddy hardly notices.

RAY
I should fucking kill you.

WHOOSH! A low-flying HELICOPTER roars past, moving east along the road to Montauk Point.

Buddy looks at it, bristling, slams the shifter into reverse, screeches back onto the road, grinds it into drive and tears after the helicopter.

RAY
Buddy...

Buddy speeds up.

RAY
Buddy, slow down...

Buddy going even faster. Ray holds the .380 on him.

RAY
SLOW THE FUCK DOWN BUDDY!

Buddy keeps the peddle on the floor.

RAY
STOP THE FUCKING CAR!

They speed into the PARKING LOT of the

MONTAUK POINT LIGHTHOUSE

The candy cane lighthouse stands at the tip of Long Island.

Chappy's helicopter touches down in the parking lot.

Rotor wash blows snow everywhere.

Chappy exits followed by two black-suited SECURITY GUARDS.

HEADLIGHTS appear through the whooshing snow --

INT. LINCOLN - CONTINUOUS

Buddy, twitching, deranged, is headed straight for the helicopter.

BUDDY
Hahahahahaha!

Fifty yards from impact. Ray realizes this is a kamikaze mission.

RAY
Buddy!

Thirty yards and closing fast.

BUDDY
Bail on three. One!

RAY
You're insane!

BUDDY
Two!

Ray GRABS THE WHEEL and tries to wrench it out of Buddy's grasp. Buddy ELBOWS Ray off.

BUDDY
Grab your balls!

Buddy opens the door and tumbles out of the car holding his balls like precious stones.

Ray grabs the wheel --

AT THE HELICOPTER

Security Guards OPEN FIRE on the Lincoln.

LINCOLN

Ray, head down, spins the wheel, veers across slippery asphalt just MISSING the helicopter, continues up the hill, and SMASHES through the wall of the lighthouse museum.

He's knocked out on impact.

BUDDY

peels off the asphalt feeling no pain. Fucking cuckoo. He marches toward the helicopter, drawing his pistol --

FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION

Gutte and Ngu Nu leap out of the Ferrari and, hand in hand, sprint across the parking lot toward the helicopter.

Chappy waves them on board. The Security load in after.

GERARD
Go, Bertrand!

The pilot, BERTRAND, hits the throttle and the helicopter begins to lift off as

BUDDY

marches through the rotor wash and aims at Bertrand's head --

BANG! The bullet spiders the windscreen and impacts Bertrand's throat.

The helicopter plunks down. Bertrand is toast.

The Security Guards EXPLODE out of the bay door, showering Buddy with lead.

Buddy continues forward, firing on them. He kills them both.

BEHIND THE HELICOPTER

Gutte points Ngu Nu toward the ROCKY BEACH a hundred yards away. She protests. He reassures her with a look and she sprints away.

Buddy locks his gun on Gutte when --

Chappy pops out from behind the bay door and *BLAM!* unloads both barrels into Buddy.

Buddy is knocked off his feet.

Dead?

Nope. He sits up then slowly rises, his face and body pocked with steaming, blood-dribbling, wounds.

Chappy and Gutte escape down the hill toward the rocky beach.

EXT. MONTAUK POINT BEACH - CONTINUOUS

The ocean is an angry wintery frenzy. Each time the lantern on the lighthouse flashes it illuminates the beach.

Gutte and Chappy call to Ngu Nu. She's disappeared.

The lantern FLASHES, lighting the shoreline --

BANG!

A bullet zings past Gutte's head. He looks up at --

BUDDY

He's on the bluff above the beach looking for a second shot. The shore goes dark.

CHAPPY

pulls Gutte down behind a large boulder and gestures at the SEA WALL -- a barrier of stacked boulders that run the circumference of the peninsula, a footpath along the top. Waves explode against it. The route is treacherous.

The lighthouse flashes. Gutte rises, about to run for it --

PING!

A bullet ricochets off the boulder. Chappy pulls Gutte down.

CHAPPY

Wait.

The beach goes dark. They sprint to the

SEA WALL

Running on pure adrenaline, they hurry across the slippery boulders.

Gutte falls.

Chappy pulls him up but a ROGUE WAVE crashes and threatens to sweep Chappy out to sea.

Gutte grabs his arm at the last second and drags him to safety. Chappy looks his son in the eye.

They crawl through a hole in the fence bordering the sea wall and head up the hill toward the parking lot.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE MUSEUM - MOMENTS LATER

Gutte and Chappy reach the top of the hill. The Ferrari is in view.

CHAPPY

(re: Ferrari)

We have to make it!

GUTTE

I can't leave Ngu Nu!

PING! PING! PING!

Gutte and Gerard instinctively dive behind the Lincoln that's lodged in the wall of the lighthouse museum.

BUDDY

is stalking toward them. Firing ceaselessly. He empties the clip, loads another, and continues firing.

Gutte and Chappy are forced to take cover in the

LIGHTHOUSE MUSEUM

They hurry through the museum. As they run, Chappy breaks the shotgun and reloads.

BUDDY

enters with attitude.

CHAPPY AND GUTTE

take cover behind an oak desk. Chappy trains his shotgun on the approaching shadow...

BUDDY (O.S.)
You think your little bird seed pea
shooter is gonna mess me up,
Chappy? I'm killing you,
motherfucker.

Buddy bursts out of the shadows, gun BLAZING.

BLAM!

Chappy unleashes two barrellfuls. Buddy dives behind an oil cistern. Laughs wickedly.

Father and son backpedal but quickly realize they've made a grievous error and are cornered in the lighthouse tower. They look up at the winding staircase. Eight stories above is the lantern room. The only place to go is up.

Chappy breaks the shotgun to load, but drops the shells.

Buddy tromps through the darkness.

Gutte pulls his father up the stairs.

Buddy watches them ascend, the glowing lantern high above beckoning like light at the end of the tunnel.

LANTERN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A circular room, encased in glass. In the center, the lantern rotates.

Chappy and Gutte stumble in, drained, and slump down next to each other. Chappy digs around in his pocket and comes up with his last shell. He drops it into the shotgun tube and levels on the mouth of the stairwell.

They wait.

Approaching footsteps.

CLANK...CLANK...CLANK...CLANK...CLANK...

Chappy steadies, shotgun pointed into the shadows.

Buddy suddenly materializes --

Chappy tries to pull the trigger but has forgotten to draw the hammer back. He scrambles to get it back

Buddy, more ghoulish than ever, points his gun at Chappy.

BUDDY
Put it down.

INT. LINCOLN - NIGHT

Ray, where we left him, wakes up. Gets his bearings. Picks up the .380 off the seat. Gets out.

LIGHTHOUSE MUSEUM

Ray can make out faint voices coming from the tower.

TOWER STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Ray climbs the winding metal stairs, his face resolute. As he nears the lantern room, we can begin to make out voices:

CHAPPY (O.S.)
...can't you accept she just left?

BUDDY (O.S.)
She was coming back to me and you couldn't take it. She broke your voodoo spell.

Ray enters the lantern room unnoticed.

CHAPPY
Her death was an accident! A fucking accident!

BUDDY
You murdering bastard!

CHAPPY
I loved her!

RAY
HEY!

All eyes on Ray.

BUDDY
(pointing to Gutte)
Do him, Ray.
(MORE)

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Wipe this fucking blemish off the
earth once and forever. Do it. DO
IT. DO IT! DO IT!!!

Ray puts his gun on Buddy. Buddy furrows his brow.

RAY

Did you kill Alek?

BUDDY

Yeah, maybe.

BANG! Buddy shoots Gutte in the chest.

BUDDY

Might've just killed him too.

Gutte slumps onto Chappy's lap. Chappy is in shock.

CHAPPY

No no no no no!

BUDDY

(to Chappy)

How's it feel to have your guts
ripped out? Watch someone you love
die?

(grabs Chappy's hair and
forces him to look at
Gutte's face)

See that, Chappy? See what I did!

Buddy begins to WALLOP Chappy with his pistol butt --

BANG! BANG! BANG! Ray fires WARNING SHOTS into the air then
puts his gun on Buddy.

BUDDY

You're wasting bullets.

RAY

Drop your gun.

Buddy points his pistol at Ray.

BUDDY

(mimicking)

Drop your gun.

Both men pointing pistols at each other.

BUDDY

(laughing)

Shoot me.

(cocks hammer)

Shoot me.

RAY
Drop your fucking gun!

Chappy crawls to his knees. Blood shoelaces his face.

CHAPPY
(coughing blood)
You want proof she left and wasn't
coming back? You want proof?
(crawls to Gutte)
Here...is your proof.
(holds, caresses him)
Look at him. Look at him!

Buddy looks deep into Gutte's dying eyes. They bear a
resemblance to his own.

CHAPPY
She didn't want you to know.
(beat)
I was...not strong enough...to love
him. I couldn't accept that he was
your son... And I'll die with that
regret!

In a futile, but heroic effort, Chappy CHARGES Buddy.

BANG! Buddy shoots Chappy through the top of his head. Chappy
falls dead.

Buddy holsters his pistol. Pulls his knife, raises his arm,
and stabs Chappy between the eyes. He uses the knife to hoist
Chappy to his feet. What follows is a perverted victory waltz
as he dances Chappy's corpse around the room.

There's no emotion on Buddy's face now. He's an automaton. A
pitiful, empty shell. His eyes lock on Ray. He drops Chappy.

BUDDY
You're my number one, Ray.

Ray, still computing what he just witnessed, stares into the
eyes of the devil.

Buddy moves closer. Ray refocuses his gun, touches the
trigger...

BUDDY
(moving closer and closer)
I think you got the ingredients
after all. Put me down like a dog!
(beckoning)
C'mon!

Buddy walks into the barrel of Ray's gun so it is pressed
into his chest.

BUDDY

Candy ass piece of pussy KILL ME!

The look in Ray's eye says he's going to do it.

BUDDY

Yes! Yes! Do it! Do it! Kill me!

A weighted pause. Ray looks deep into Buddy's eyes and finds nothing worth sullyng his own soul for. He lowers the gun.

RAY

No.

BUDDY

What a surprise.

Buddy TACKLES Ray to the floor, wraps his hands around Ray's throat and squeezes as hard as he can.

BUDDY

(laughing)

Pussy! Pussy! Pussy! Puss--

Ray suddenly breaks the hold and kicks Buddy off.

The two square up and collide like ferocious beasts.

A knock down, drag out brawl ensues.

Ray punches out some of Buddy's teeth.

Buddy head-butts Ray, stunning him.

Bloodied and bruised, Ray staggers, then squares up, ready for more.

Buddy picks up Ray's gun. Ray tenses. Buddy tosses Ray the gun.

BUDDY

Come on, faggot. Shoot me.

Ray smiles and chucks the gun through an open glass panel. It disappears into the darkness.

RAY

Not gonna do it.

Buddy picks up the hammer shotgun.

BUDDY

Gonna wish you had.

Buddy suddenly HURLS the shotgun at Ray's head --

Ray ducks --

Buddy charges, pushing Ray backward. Ray trips over Chappy's corpse, falls backward, and SMASHES his head into the lantern.

An EXPLOSION of sparks.

Buddy stomps down on Ray's throat. Ray blocks his attack. Buddy uses his weight, driving his foot into Ray's Adam's apple. Ray tries to fend him off, but Buddy overpowers him, crunching down on Ray's throat.

Ray struggles, turns blue, eyes paling, life slipping away.

And just as he's about to succumb --

BUDDY'S FUCKING HEAD EXPLODES LIKE A WATERMELON.

His headless body drops to the ground, revealing...

NGU NU, grasping the smoking hammer shotgun.

Ray, sucking air, thunderstruck, staring into Ngu Nu's blue eyes.

She drops the gun and rushes to Gutte.

Ray claws to his feet.

Ngu Nu cradles Gutte's limp body, sobbing.

Gutte suddenly CONVULSES and COUGHS.

Ray look over. Ngu Nu looks up, hopeful.

With considerable effort, Ray hoists Gutte into his arms and carries him toward the spiral stairway.

They descend, one step at a time.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Ray emerges through the hole in the museum wall and continues down the road back to town. Ngu Nu trails. Gutte rouses.

GUTTE

(faint)

Listen man, what are you doing?

RAY

Taking you to a hospital.

GUTTE
...why?

RAY
(beat)
I'm the ant Gandhi.

Gutte stares up in awe. Ray pushes forward at a steady pace,
eyes straight ahead. A FRESH SNOW begins to fall.

THE END