

You didn't ask.

MR. WHITE

Hardy-fuckin-har. What did he say?

MR. BLONDE

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

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

MR. BLONDE

So while we're waitin for Nice Guy Eddie, what say we have a little fun finding out who the rat is.

INSERT: TITLE CARD "MR. BLONDE".

14 INT. JOE CABOT'S OFFICE - DAY

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

JOE

(into phone)

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

(pause)

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

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

JOE

Come in.

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

TEDDY

Vic Vega's outside.

JOE

Tell him to come in.

Teddy leaves.

JOE

(into phone)

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

(pause)

Good enough, bye.

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

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

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

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

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

JOE

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

VIC

It's a change.

JOE

Ain't that a sad truth. Remy Martin?

VIC

Sure.

JOE

Take a seat.

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

JOE

(while he pours the drink)

Who's your parole officer?

VIC

A guy named Koons. Craig Koons.

JOE

How is he?

VIC

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

JOE

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

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

Vic swallows some Remy.

VIC

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

JOE

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

VIC

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

JOE

It's the least I could do Vic. I wish I coulda done more.

(Joe flashes a side grin at Vic)

Vic. Toothpick Vic. Tell me a story? What're your plans?

VIC

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

There's a KNOCK at the door.

JOE

Come in.

The door opens and in walks Joe's son, Nice Guy Eddie. Vic turns around in his seat and sees him.

EDDIE

(to Vic)

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

Vic gets out of his seat and hugs Eddie.

EDDIE

How ya doin, Toothpick?

VIC

Fine, now.

EDDIE

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

VIC

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

EDDIE

That I should've picked you up?

VIC

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

(to Joe)

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

JOE

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

Eddie bobs his head up and down.

EDDIE

Oh really, is that a fact?

Eddie JUMPS Vic and they fall to the floor.

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

Joe's on his feet yelling at them.

JOE

(yelling)

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

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

EDDIE

Daddy, did ya see that?

JOE

What?

EDDIE

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

VIC

You fuckin wish.

EDDIE

You tried to fuck me in my

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

VIC

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

EDDIE

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

VIC

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

EDDIE

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

JOE

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

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

JOE

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

EDDIE

Really? Who's your P.O.?

VIC

Craig Koons.

EDDIE

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

VIC

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

EDDIE

You're coming back to work for us,

right?

VIC

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

JOE

(to Eddie)

We can work this out, can't we?

EDDIE

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

VIC

I don't wanna lift crates.

EDDIE

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

JOE

(to Vic)

Didn't I tell ya not to worry?

(to Eddie)

Vic was worried.

EDDIE

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

VIC

That's great, guy, thanks a bunch.

(pause)

When do you think you'll need me

for real work?

JOE

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

EDDIE

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

JOE

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

EDDIE

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

Joe looks at Vic.

Vic has no idea what they're talking about.

JOE

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

VIC

What's the exposure like?

JOE

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

VIC

What's the cut?

JOE

Juicy, man, real juicy.

Toothpick Vic smiles.

So does Nice Guy Eddie.

CUT TO:

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

Nice Guy Eddie is driving to the rendezvous talking on his portable car phone. The sounds of the seventies are coming out of his car radio in the form of "Love Goes Where My Rosemary Goes" by Edison Lighthouse.

EDDIE

(into phone)

Hey Dov, we got a major situation here.

(pause)

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

FLASH ON

16 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

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

17 BACK TO NICE GUY EDDIE

EDDIE

(into phone)

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

FLASH ON

18 WAREHOUSE

The three men are stomping the cop into the ground.

19 BACK TO EDDIE

EDDIE

(into phone)

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

(pause)

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