

All 's Fair

Screenplay by

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BLACK SCREEN

A theater audience erupts into laughter.

Title: "Shakespeare Festival, Ashland Oregon"

INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

The ACE of SPADES lands on a QUEEN of HEARTS.

NARRATOR
(mature female voice)
Welcome to Billy Braggs' office...

BILLY BRAGGS (35) deals five-card stud.

Flips ACES to the next three hands.

BRAGGS
Ace. Ace. Aces are easy.

Amazed, four poker players lean forward: SAL (20s), a Shakespearean actor still in costume, HOWARD (40s), the theater manager and TANK (20s), a muscle-bound stagehand.

HOWARD
(off the Aces)
Whoa! You ever see that?

TANK
Ya never see that.

Braggs' eyes dart to a confident runaway, THE KID (10), a wiry girl dressed like a boy, rounding out the table.

Her gaze dips, then quickly snaps to Braggs.

NARRATOR
... He was the kinda guy who'd buy you a beer. And then the next thing you know, your wallet's missing.

Braggs pairs SEVENS.

BRAGGS
And candy canes for the dealer. Bets twenty.

Behind the largest stacks, Braggs splashes four red chips.

Chips clatter into the pot as each player calls.

BELOW THE POKER TABLE:

The Kid, seated beside Howard, squeezes a bulging BANK DEPOSIT BAG, identical to the one next to Howard's leg.

The muffled sound of actors on stage--

A cannon BOOMS!

ABOVE THE POKER TABLE:

Howard flinches, then laughs.

HOWARD

That cannon gets me every night.

Barely perceptible, The Kid shakes her head at Braggs.

Braggs scolds her with his eyes.

BRAGGS

(sighs)

The pot's right.

Deals a fifth ACE--

TANK

Wut the...?

Tank flips Braggs' hole card, a third SEVEN.

TANK

This sum-bitch's been cheatin'.

With a stiff punch, knocks Braggs back in his wooden chair.

Howard clutches the bank deposit bag.

Players charge Braggs.

He holds them off with his chair like a lion tamer.

BRAGGS

(roars)

Come on. Come on!

The Kid slips behind the black velvet stage curtains.

INT. BRAGGS' CADILLAC - LATER

Braggs, a swollen lip for his troubles, races out of town with The Kid.

BRAGGS

You... I trusted you.

THE KID
I messed up.

BRAGGS
That... and what else?

THE KID
You see an opportunity, you take it.

BRAGGS
Yes, you take down the mark. And...

THE KID
--I switched the bags.

BRAGGS
No, that was good. That's important,
walk away with the money. What else?

She doesn't answer.

BRAGGS
Actors! You were supposed to invite
actors. Stagehands can fight. Actors
can't.

Peeks in the rearview mirror. Touches his lip.

THE KID
Oh, you'll live.

BRAGGS
(winks)
You got talent, kid, but you still
gotta lot to learn.

Parks in front of a Greyhound bus station.

Offers her a small stack of bills.

THE KID
Hey! Fifty-fifty!

BRAGGS
Apprentice wages. First lesson:
negotiate your cut upfront.

In a huff, The Kid steps out with the cash.

SLAMS the door.

BRAGGS
Hey!

The Kid opens the door. Threatens to slam it again.

BRAGGS

Look it, you wanna learn the big con,
meet me at the J&M Cafe and Card Room
in Seattle... In one week.

THE KID

I'm ten. How am I supposed to get to
Seattle?

BRAGGS

And don't trust nobody.

She trudges away without closing the door.

EXT. SEATTLE CENTER - WORLD'S FAIR - DAY

A line of people waiting for the roller coaster snakes past a
futuristic domed building.

Title: "Seattle, Washington, 1962"

Tourists file past the Space Needle.

NARRATOR

The 1962 World's Fair was every con
man's wet dream. The whole town was
rigged -- bought and paid for.

INT. POOL HALL CLIP JOINT - DAY

RUFUS (50s), a plump African-American gent with expressive
eyes, breaks racked pool balls like Thor, god of thunder.

The eight-ball rolls into a corner pocket.

He smiles. Both front teeth missing.

NARRATOR

There were braced games and foolproof
systems to trim any chump dumb enough
to splash their money around...

EXT. OCCIDENTAL PARK - DAY

A pair of red square dice bounce off a stone wall. Come to
rest on double sixes. BOXCARS.

FOUR SAILORS in winter blues and Dixie Cup hats moan.

They shake folding money at DIMITRI (70s), an old trick
working the tat in an outdated suit and a feathered Homburg.

NARRATOR

... Loaded dice outnumbered loaded
winos two-to-one in Pioneer Square.
Funny money and crooked cops...

EXT. DOWNTOWN SEATTLE - CORNER SIDEWALK - DAY

A small gathering listens to a REVEREND (60) preach atop a scarred wooden soapbox.

REVEREND

And out of their poverty welled up
riches...

While he speaks, a crew of pickpockets work the crowd.

NARRATOR

... Every dipper and flimp on the West
Coast was in the pockets of every
tourist in Seattle...

INT. J&M CAFE AND CARD ROOM - DAY

Eggs (40s) steps out from behind a magnificent 100-year-old, hand-carved wooden bar. The joint's a whirling frenzy of dancing, drinking and gambling. They say Wyatt Earp once dealt cards here.

NARRATOR

And the best of the best worked outta
the J&M. The handler's name was Eggs.

Eggs glad-hands every shill, stooge and pickpocket in the joint. And every hand he touches is filled with cash -- tribute owed him for leading this merry den of thieves.

NARRATOR

He had the finest sheet of grifters in
town. But he was also the fixer -- the
guy who paid off the right people.

Eggs surveys the boisterous crowd of characters.

NARRATOR

So, in 1962, if you were a confidence
man of any consequence -- you were in
Seattle and probably at the J&M.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

The place is every shade of government-issued anodyne. Cramped. Disorganized. Overflowing ashtrays pock every desk.

The only female detective, SHAY GRIFFEN (30s) is one tough nut. Drops a file of required reading on her partner's desk.

GRIFFEN

Tipster says he's an old friend.

Native American, JIMMY SWEETWATER (30s) is as tall as a Ponderosa pine. A cool confidence in his voice 'til he gets angry, then he stutters a bit.

Sweetwater reads the name in the folder.

Drops it like it was smallpox.

SWEETWATER

No friend of mine.

GRIFFEN

But you know him.

SWEETWATER

Gotta say, yeah.

Sparks up a fresh heater.

It crackles as he pulls.

SWEETWATER

Please, don't tell me--

GRIFFEN

Then I won't.

SWEETWATER

How long?

GRIFFEN

Today, maybe yesterday.

Sweetwater glances back at the folder. Doesn't need it.

GRIFFEN

What's not in the folder?

SWEETWATER

Grew up poor-- Thought that was an invitation to steal.

GRIFFEN

Wait. How do you know that?

SWEETWATER

Poor knows poor. Trust me, the man's as crooked as English teeth and the best damn mechanic I've ever seen.

(MORE)

SWEETWATER (cont'd)
Comes from a long line of swindlers
and whores. And if he's in town--

GRIFFEN
Spotted at the J&M.

SWEETWATER
Of course, he was. Let's go.

Sweetwater stands. He's so big it's an entire process.
Slowly, Griffen follows.

GRIFFEN
So what're we arresting him for? He
just got here.

SWEETWATER
You pick this time.

INT. J&M CAFE AND CARD ROOM - DAY

At the end of the bar, Braggs and Eggs shoot the shit.

EGGS
Lotta new faces since ya last been
around these parts, Braggs. A lotta
new faces.

BRAGGS
And I expect they're pretty sharp if
they're running with the likes of you.

EGGS
Stoopin' ta flattery? Ya must be
desperate.

BRAGGS
The only real question is how many of
these pikers you trust.

EGGS
Not a one of 'em.

BRAGGS
Been planning this for a long time,
Eggs. We need people we can trust.

EGGS
We? Look, Braggs, we're only set up ta
work the short cons. These men like to
eat on the regular if catch my drift.
And there ain't no we.

Rufus barks from a crowded four-top.

RUFUS

You got a bankroll? 'Cuz, damn, the long game's expensive. And it pays out slow, that is, if it pays out at all.

EGGS

Listen to Rufus.

BRAGGS

I can cover the whole way.

EGGS

Plus, no one's played those old-timey scams since Luna Park. We got a pretty sweet thing going here. But we're only fixed for the small con and mitts off the locals. By the by, who's the mark?

BRAGGS

Who else? Maximilian Wolfe.

EGGS

Oh, then I'm definitely out.

Dimitri reaches out. Shakes Braggs' hand.

DIMITRI

I used to work the big con with your father, back when you were The Kid.

Braggs chortles.

DIMITRI

He was a good man.

SWEETWATER (O.S.)

(yells across the room)
He was a lying piece of shit!

Yes... Sweetwater and Griffen have entered the building.

SWEETWATER

Took a powder owing a lot of people like me... a lot of people in this very room. I figure with the vig...

EGGS

Hey, Griffen! Get yer partner outta here. We're all paid up.

BRAGGS

What'd ya say, Jimmy?

Dead silence.

SWEETWATER

Detective, Detective Sweetwater or
sir.

GRIFFEN

Okay, everyone just calm down.

BRAGGS

Mention my dead father again...

EGGS

Don't do it, Braggs.

Standing at the bar, a STREET MIME (50s), always in white
face, slaps his hands over his eyes... then peeks.

SWEETWATER

G-go ahead, crack wise.

BRAGGS

Sure, Jimmy. Sure.

Sweetwater balls his fist--

Lunges toward Braggs, toppling two BARFLIES.

Con men ease away. No one there to defend Braggs.

KABLAM!

Eggs stands behind the bar, a double-barrel shotgun pointed
at the ceiling. Smoke curls from one barrel.

EGGS

One more step and you'll know what
nine-shot tastes like! Now pound sand,
flatfoot. And don't look back.

SWEETWATER

The debt's on you, Braggs. You better
have my m-money next time I see you.

Slowly, Sweetwater and Griffen back up--

Stumble over The Kid.

Sweetwater scowls. Continues out the door.

Braggs spots her.

She winks.

EGGS

Next round's on the house!

Cheers call to the heavens.

BRAGGS

Hey, everyone! Everyone! May I introduce... The Kid.

She hops on a wooden chair.

Raises a billfold.

THE KID

I lifted his wallet!

The J&M crowd erupts with laughter.

BRAGGS

(to Eggs)
Help me put together a crew.

INT. MAXIMILIAN WOLFE'S OFFICE - DAY

Photos of Wolfe with dignitaries posed on a credenza. Ornate furniture. Naugahyde chairs. And absolute silence.

Except for the nervous clicking from...

A THUMB

... Working the top of a ballpoint pen -- in and out, in and out, in and out.

An arrogant bully, MAXIMILIAN WOLFE (50s) stares at his phone. A light blinks. At one time the best grifter in town, now he's into real estate speculation. And staring at phones.

The intercom buzzes--

The rapid-fire clicking stops.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

It's the bank again, Mr. Wolfe. Are you available?

He turns to...

SWEETWATER

... Who nods at the phone light blinking and blinking.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

Well, what do you want me to say?

Frustrated, Wolfe's finger stabs the intercom button.

WOLFE

Tell them to fuck off--

SWEETWATER

You can't just keep duckin' 'em, Max.
They're a gawd damn bank.

WOLFE

The next installment's due in a week,
and I don't have it. And they know it.
Those blood-sucking vultures.

A different line on his phone lights.

The clicking starts again.

SWEETWATER

Actually... There might be a way to
solve both our problems.

CUT TO THE SOLUTION:

INT. EGGS AND YUMI'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

With a knife and fork, Braggs hacks at a rare steak.

Eggs and The Kid clean their plates.

Wearing a 1950s apron dress, YUMI (mid-30s), a polite and demure Japanese woman, tops off Braggs wine glass.

Cataracts cloud her brown eyes.

EGGS

By the odds and gods, Braggs...

BRAGGS

Braggs nothing. The thing is, you
don't trust your own men.

The Kid tries to swipe a sip of his wine.

Braggs shoots her an almost fatherly look of disapproval.

EGGS

I don't know most of 'em. They're
coming from everywhere. Sure, they're
earners. But taking down Max Wolfe?

BRAGGS

That's my problem.

Yumi slips away into the kitchen.

EGGS

I get why yer sore. I just dunno about these new guys. And you're gonna need fifteen, maybe twenty quality men.

BRAGGS

We're gonna need.

EGGS

No, not we.

BRAGGS

You don't think I can do it.

EGGS

Okay-okay-okay, I'll ask my longtime guys-- Ones I'd bet my life on. But the rest of 'em...

BRAGGS

We'll do a trial run. Auditions.

EGGS

Ya keep sayin' we.

THE KID

He does that.

EGGS

I do like the idea of auditions... Just steer clear of Sweetwater.

BRAGGS

The day I can't--

EGGS

And what were ya trying ta pull earlier today? He almost knocked yer block off.

BRAGGS

Just measuring his fuse.

EGGS

What fuse?

Yumi drifts back in. Clears dishes.

EGGS

Yumi dear, dinner was fabulous as always.

BRAGGS
 (blows a chefs kiss)
 Perfection.

THE KID
 Really good. Better than--

BRAGGS
 Don't say it.

Braggs snatches his wine glass out of The Kid's hand.

THE KID
 You couldn't boil an egg if I heated
 the water.
 (to Eggs)
 No offense.

EGGS
 None taken.

BRAGGS
 That joke just gets funnier and
 funnier every time you tell it.

EGGS
 Yumi, ya mind fixin' up the back room
 for our guests?

YUMI
 Of course.

BRAGGS
 Just for a day or two, 'til we can get
 set up in town.

Yumi smiles and shuffles to the bedroom. Drags her hands
 across furniture and walls to help guide her.

BRAGGS
 (whispers)
 Her eyes?

EGGS
 Getting worse. That's why I'm socking
 away every penny I can hustle. There's
 supposed to be this new operation--

BRAGGS
 --Doctors. Now that's a big-money con.

EGGS
 That's why I play it straight.
 Grindin' it out every day-- Never
 takin' any big swings.

BRAGGS

I get it.

EGGS

But what I can't understand is why you're still doin' it.

BRAGGS

Doing what?

EGGS

No, I'm sorry. Shouldn't of brought it up.

BRAGGS

No, you can say it.

EGGS

Braggs, you don't need ta hustle. You could rake pots the rest of yer days playin' it straight. Why rig the game when ya already got it wired?

BRAGGS

This one, Wolfe. He's got it coming.

Eggs nods.

Everyone relaxes.

EGGS

Tomorrow I'm gonna introduce ya to the best roper in town, Julian. He's connected, true-blue and a man of many vices. You two are gonna be pals.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - SUITE - DAY

A trail of evening wear... Parts of a tuxedo... a cocktail dress... points a path to a king-size bed.

A determined KNOCK on the door wakes JULIAN BARRY (20s), a swashbuckling land pirate who comes from old money. Add hopeless philanderer and functional alcoholic to his CV.

His latest conquest? The hostess at the Cloud Room, CHINA (20s), a Chinese beauty with raven black hair, and the wife of the guy pounding on the door.

LUNDSTRÖM (O.S.)

I know she's in there.

DOTÉ GRANGER (O.S.)

Open up! Hotel security.

Jolted awake, China prairie-dogs out from under the sheets and rolls under the bed, naked as a jaybird.

The POUNDING continues as Julian, stark naked, calmly strides through the suite.

Opens the door. Yawns and scratches his butt.

JULIAN

Yeah?

The pair in the hallway recoil at Julian's nakedness.

A lumbering Swede, LUNDSTRÖM (30s), loses his BLACK FELT HAT as he pushes past Julian. Eyes scouring the enormous suite.

Hotel dick, DOTE GRANGER (50s), a dumpy man, wearing a plaid sports jacket that might have fit him as a teen, steps past Julian, careful to avoid contact.

JULIAN

Hey, you can't just--

NOTE

--I can if a crime is being committed!

JULIAN

A crime? What charge?

NOTE

How about a morals charge?

Indignant, both men turn to Julian.

LUNDSTRÖM

Where's my wife?

JULIAN

Where'd you leave her?

In the bedroom, China yanks a sheet off the bed. Ducks into a connecting room, while Julian argues with the intruders.

NOTE

Can you please put some clothes on?

Lundström heads into a bedroom.

Searches under the bed.

Then heads for the connecting room where China is hiding.

JULIAN

Gentlemen! A word.

Lundström circles back and goes nose-to-nose with Julian.

LUNDSTRÖM

I'll deal with you in a minute.

Julian scratches his head, surreptitiously signaling to China
"It's time to move."

She slips out. It's a game of three-card monte.

Dote points to the bathroom.

DOTE

(to Lundström)

You take that room. I got this one.

(to Julian)

And you, put on some pants!

Julian hops into his tux pants. Throws on a shirt.

Lundström and Dote pop their heads out of each room.

DOTE

Nothing.

LUNDSTRÖM

Then where the hell is she?

Julian glimpses a flapping bedsheet through the window.

ON THE LEDGE

China trembles by the window, wrapped in the bedsheet.

IN THE SUITE

The men storm into the sitting room.

No one's there. Dote tosses up his hands.

Julian sidesteps, drawing them away from the window.

LUNDSTRÖM

Are you fucking my wife?

Doe-eyed, China peeps through the window.

Looking past Lundström, Julian shakes his head at China.

She ducks back out of sight.

Lundström checks over his shoulder.

LUNDSTRÖM

You deny it?

JULIAN

No-- I mean, yes-- I mean, I just woke up. Will you two get the fuck out of my suite?

(to Dote)

My family knows the management, you.

Dote herds Lundström to the door.

DOTE

Come on. It's a wild goose chase.

LUNDSTRÖM

Not without my wife.

DOTE

She isn't here.

Dote sneers as he closes the door behind them.

Julian rushes to the window.

Helps China inside.

Reaching back inside the door for his hat, Lundström spots China wrapped in her bedsheet.

LUNDSTRÖM

Why, you--

Lundström rushes toward China. Lunges.

She scrambles past him screaming.

Leaves him holding nothing but a bedsheet.

IN THE HALLWAY

China runs past Dote, butt naked and screaming her lungs out.

IN THE SUITE

Lundström SPIKES the bedsheet. Kicks it.

Dote rushes in--

DOTE

Where is he?

Lundström turns to the window.

He and Dote watch...

Julian sprinting down the street, barefoot.

EXT. SORRENTO HOTEL - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Julian rounds the block. Crosses the street. Slows into a confident stride. Tucks his shirt. Reaches into his jacket.

NARRATOR

Julian was the best roper in town...

Drags one hand along a fountain.

Rakes his hair.

Saunters to the DOORMAN.

JULIAN

(winded)

If you could? I need a car.

DOORMAN

Right away, sir.

Snaps his fingers at a nearby VALET.

JULIAN

And I'm looking for a little action tonight. Heard you might have a game.

DOORMAN

I'm sorry, sir.

JULIAN

Cards. Nothing fancy.

DOORMAN

We offer a small game for special guests of the hotel.

Julian greases his palm with a fifty-dollar bill--

DOORMAN

Penthouse... eight PM... straight poker... house takes a two-point rake... thousand-dollar buy-in.

JULIAN

No sharks? No hustlers?

DOORMAN

Gentlemen only, of course. And, uh, (clears throat) footwear is required.

Still in his bare feet, Julian shrugs.

NARRATOR

Julian lined up cons for the inside men like Braggs and Eggs to take down.

A executive town car eases to a stop.

The Doorman swings the door open as Julian climbs in.

INT. SORRENTO HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Eggs and Braggs work drinks and smokes. And two nobodies huddled around a felt poker table.

EGGS

So whatcha think of Julian? Check.

BRAGGS

He's the cream. The rest we'll sort out tomorrow.

EGGS

Ya got yer plan for Wolfe yet?

BRAGGS

I'm workin' on it. I'm workin' on it.

The first nobody's a quick-tempered traveling salesman with deep pockets, THOMPSON (40s).

THOMPSON

Hey, you fellas gonna talk my ear off or you gonna play?

BRAGGS

Check.

THOMPSON

Raise a hundred.

Everyone but Braggs retreats to the discard pile.

BRAGGS

Well, everyone knows God hates a quitter. I'll bet the pot.

Disgusted, Thompson mucks his hand.

Braggs rakes chips.

THOMPSON

What'd you have?

Braggs lays down five cards of nothing.

THOMPSON

Ah, fuck you.

BRAGGS

Fuck me? You're not that lucky.

The other nobody's OWEN FERRELL (20s), a misogynistic piece of work with a drinking problem.

OWEN

Hey-hey-hey, guys. Whaddaya say we take it down a notch, eh?

EGGS

Yeah, this is supposed ta be a friendly game, right?

OWEN

If I wanted to listen to bitchin' all night, I'd uh stayed in my room.

Braggs shuffles. Deals five-card draw.

EGGS

So what's yer story, Owen?

OWEN

I dunno. Ball 'n' chain, a couple of screaming brats and a mortgage -- I got legit reasons to drink.

He tips his glass in a toast to... himself?

EGGS

We came in for the fair. You?

OWEN

Going tomorrow.

EGGS

After tonight, I'm sure you're gonna hit peak crowds.

OWEN

Not a chance. We're early birds.

BRAGGS

Pricey, any way you slice it.

THOMPSON

At least you can afford it.

The first two players check by tapping the table.

THOMPSON

Two hundred.

BRAGGS

Tryin' to make it all back in one hand?

OWEN

Fold.

EGGS

Call. My wife's financing the whole thing on her Diners Club card.

THOMPSON

You let your old lady have a credit card?

BRAGGS

Call.

OWEN

Mine does all that shit too. Credit cards, car payments, I'm lousy with money.

THOMPSON

We know. We've seen the way you bet.

Owen swallows a tumbler of booze.

Flags down the WAITRESS for another round.

OWEN

(to waitress)

Make it a double, sweet cheeks.

Thompson and Eggs pitch away their discards.

THOMPSON

I'll take two.

EGGS

One.

BRAGGS

And the dealer also takes one.

THOMPSON

I'm all in--

EGGS

Call.

BRAGGS

(to Thompson)

Big bet... two cards... then push.
Likely a set on its way to a boat.

(to Eggs)

My co-worker here follows. One card...
snap call. Possibly filled an open-
ended straight or a flush draw.

Eggs double-taps his cards.

Braggs catches the signal.

BRAGGS

You're both Hollywood. Call.

THOMPSON

Full house.

BRAGGS

(turns over four QUEEN)

All the ladies.

Everyone MOANS as Eggs spikes his hand.

In a huff, Thompson snatches his blazer off the back of his chair. Storms off without a word.

The Waitress arrives with Owen's drink.

OWEN

Charge it to room, three-twenty-eight.
Ferrell.

Eggs shuffles his chips.

Braggs shoots Eggs a look.

PRIVATE ROOM - LATER

Braggs places a call.

BRAGGS

Mrs. Ferrell, three-twenty-eight.

MRS. FERRELL (V.O.)

Hello?

BRAGGS

Good evening, Mrs. Ferrell, this is
Detective Sweetwater, with the Seattle
police department, badge number five-
five-eight-oh-two.

Squints at Sweetwater's badge.

BRAGGS

I'm sorry, ma'am, but I'm calling in regard to your husband, Owen Ferrell.

MRS. FERRELL (V.O.)

Yes?

BRAGGS

He's been drinking... very intoxicated. He's been arrested.

MRS. FERRELL (V.O.)

Again?! Oh, I'm sorry, officer. I'll be right down to pick him up.

BRAGGS

Detective actually.

MRS. FERRELL (V.O.)

I'm very sorry, detective.

BRAGGS

You're gonna have to post bond in the morning after he sees a judge.

MRS. FERRELL (V.O.)

A judge?

BRAGGS

Or you can just pay the fine.

MRS. FERRELL (V.O.)

I'll be right down--

BRAGGS

That's the thing. I'm about to get off duty and if I don't process him out right now, he's gonna have to wait for the judge in the morning.

MRS. FERRELL (V.O.)

Then let him rot.

BRAGGS

(coughs)

I'm not sure you understand. If you could make arrangements now... over the phone... maybe with a credit card?

MRS. FERRELL (V.O.)

It'll do him good.

BRAGGS

I agree, but I, uh, just thought I should mention, the drunk tank's mighty rambunctious on Friday night.

MRS. FERRELL (V.O.)

(sighs)

Do you take Diners?

A SERIES OF SHOTS: SEATTLE HOTELS BEING ROBBED

Crews toss guest rooms in different luxury hotels.

NARRATOR

So with details gleaned over a few hands of poker, crews all over town clean out marks like Owen Ferrell.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

The door to guest room number "328" slowly drifts open -- Owen Farrell's room. Voices inside.

LOBBY

Around the corner from the front desk, The Kid listens intently to a barely audible phone conversation.

She darts away.

GUEST ROOM 328

A crew of six, including Braggs, Eggs and Rufus ransack a suite. Search for valuables.

In a closet, Eggs rifles through outdated suits.

EGGS

The real crime here is these suits. I wouldn't be caught dead in any of 'em.

BRAGGS

This crew is aces-- This is gonna work.

EGGS

One problem: We have so much loot, on the way out, we're gonna look like a Shriner's Parade.

Braggs grabs a floppy fedora out of the closet.

Plops it on Eggs' head.

BRAGGS

Ah, you worry too much.

EGGS

Ya ever decide on yer long con for
Wolfe? The Rag? Spanish Prisoner?
Kansas City Shuffle?

--A worried look on her face, The Kid BURSTS into the room.

THE KID

The house dick's on to us!

EGGS

What?!

BRAGGS

(to Eggs)
Didn't you pay him off?

EGGS

I'm only here ta make the intros. This
is yer operation.

BRAGGS

Jumping Jehosaphat, we're screwed.

THE KID

I heard him in the lobby calling the
other hotels.

EGGS

(to Braggs)
The other crews...

BRAGGS

You gotta warn 'em, kid.

The kid swan dives headfirst out an open window.

Eggs does a double take.

BRAGGS

She's as nimble as a spider monkey.

Relived, Eggs relaxes.

BRAGGS

There is a fire escape out there,
right?

RUFUS

Whadda we do, Eggs?

EGGS
Don't look at me.

BRAGGS
Thanks.

EGGS
Uh, grab whatever ya can and scatter.
He can't nab all of us.

Everyone lifts suitcases.

BRAGGS
Or...!

Searches their faces for inspiration.

BRAGGS
We play a Carmen Miranda on the fly.

RUFUS
A what?

EGGS
Yeah-yeah.

BRAGGS
I need a suitcase... a big sandwich...
someone to hold the ponies... and
someone to start the fire.

Braggs plops Eggs' hat on Rufus and winks.

EGGS
I sure hope this works.

Rufus has no idea what's happening.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Dote Granger, the hotel detective, finishes a call. Turns to the bookish hotel manager, MR. TEMPLETON (50s).

There's a buzz in the hotel staff.

NOTE
What gives?

MR. TEMPLETON
He's here.

NOTE
He who?

MR. TEMPLETON

Only the-- Oh! Here he comes.

Braggs, Eggs and the rest of the crew surround Rufus, his head down, wearing an overcoat and the floppy fedora. He totes a small suitcase under his arm -- something that might hold a trumpet. The others carry larger suitcases.

They march straight through the lobby.

Braggs spies his Cadillac parked outside.

Mr. Templeton cuts them off at the door--

MR. TEMPLETON

W-w-wait! I-I... I know... I know this is completely wrong...

Braggs and Eggs trade nervous glances.

Rufus adjusts his grip on the suitcase handle.

Dote cranes his neck. Narrows his eyes.

Mr. Templeton presents Rufus with a pen and hotel stationary.

MR. TEMPLETON

... But my wife'll absolutely kill me if I don't get an autograph, Mr. Armstrong.

Rufus looks up with a half-eaten hero sandwich in his mouth, covering most of his face.

He scribbles "Satchmo" and keeps moving.

Dote inspects the autograph.

MR. TEMPLETON

Oh, he's not aging well.

DOTE

Who does?

One Cadillac filled with con men and their loot motors away.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

A HAND

Slams the telephone down. It's Sweetwater.

SWEETWATER

They're impersonating cops.

GRIFFEN
You're sure?

 SWEETWATER
They're using my fucking name.

Griffen snuffs out her cigarette in an ashtray.

 SWEETWATER
I know their fence.

 GRIFFEN
Hold on--

 SWEETWATER
I just wanna talk.

Grabs brass knuckles from a drawer marked "INTERROGATION".

 GRIFFEN
I don't like it when my old man says
that... I don't like it when--

Halfway out the door.

 SWEETWATER
Come on!

INT. WAREHOUSE - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

A dozen mismatched suitcases. Open on tables.

More suitcases arrive, delivered by Rufus and company.

Dimitri and the silhouette of another senior gentleman discuss terms in hushed voices. Money changes hands.

The Kid stands lookout by a large window that folds open.

ENTRANCE HALLWAY

In the half-light of the dim hallway, Sweetwater trots faster and faster. Griffen's on his tail.

 GRIFFEN
Remember, we're only here to talk.

On a collision course with an old wooden door, Sweetwater picks up steam.

 GRIFFEN
Sweetwater... Jimmy!

At a dead run, Sweetwater lowers his shoulder--

CRASH

MAIN FLOOR

Sweetwater explodes through the door.

Sprawls flat on his face.

Struggles to his feet.

SWEETWATER

This is a raid! N-nobody move!

Everyone darts for an exit.

Griffen steps through the shattered remains of the door.

Fires one SHOT in the air.

People freeze.

GRIFFEN

I said nobody move.

The Kid pops open the window.

Sweetwater starts after her. Limps. Quickly, gives up.

She slips out. Scurries down the fire escape.

INT. MAXIMILIAN WOLFE'S OFFICE - DAY

Wolf reads a distressing letter.

The red header stands out: "TWO WEEKS NOTICE."

He punches a button. Barks into the intercom.

WOLFE

Get Sweetwater down here.

INT. MODEST DOWNTOWN APARTMENT - LATER

Briggs enters. Drops his tattered suitcase in the doorway.

The Kid does the same.

BRIGGS

(waves his hands)

You, uh... You're in charge of this.

THE KID

Of what?

He walks to the window. Struggles with the blinds. A lot.

BRAGGS

This-- All this. You know, this stuff.

THE KID

What stuff?

BRAGGS

The cooking, cleaning--

THE KID

Women stuff.

BRAGGS

I didn't say that-- You did.

THE KID

But you thought it.

BRAGGS

Nuh-uh.

THE KID

Yeah-huh.

BRAGGS

I'm good at other stuff.

Defeated, he leave the blinds a tangled mess.

THE KID

Why do I always have to be the adult?
Dibs on the bed.

BRAGGS

No, I get the bed. You get...

THE KID

What? The chair? The floor? Like a
dog? You said I was in charge--

BRAGGS

Of the other stuff.

She crosses her arms.

BRAGGS

You're still my apprentice... I'm
bigger than you.

THE KID

Anytime, buster.

Braggs moves to a small table. She follows.

BRAGGS
I'll play you for it.

THE KID
No, you cheat.

BRAGGS
No, I con people. Sit. Learn. We'll figure out the other stuff later.

Braggs unwraps a fresh deck of cards. Tosses the JOKERS.

BRAGGS
A con, a scam, a grift, a hustle.
Taking the mark's money is easy. But
the secret to any good con's makin'
the sucker believe they can't lose.

Fans fifty-two cards face up in a long row.

BRAGGS
We'll warm up with a little five-card
draw and I'll bet you a buck, you
can't beat me-- Just to even the odds,
I'll let you pick the best five cards.

Braggs slaps down one dollar.

The Kid matches the bet.

BRAGGS
Now you'll pick something like a royal
flush.

He slides out all SPADES: TEN, JACK, QUEEN, KING, ACE.

Braggs selects all DIAMONDS: TEN, JACK, QUEEN, KING, ACE.

BRAGGS
Fair enough? But, you didn't beat
me... 'cause it's a tie.

Braggs pockets her dollar.

She's crestfallen.

BRAGGS
But that's not the con. Another buck
says I beat you this time-- Same game.

The Kid slides another dollar across the table as he pulls their poker hands back into the long line of cards.

BRAGGS

Why not bet more? You can't lose. It's
a lead-pipe cinch.

Slowly, she shakes her head no.

BRAGGS

Okeydokey, I'll pick my cards.

He removes four TENS and a TWO of CLUBS.

She selects a straight flush to the NINE of CLUBS.

BRAGGS

You like your golf bag?

THE KID

Uh-huh.

BRAGGS

Wanna take a draw?

THE KID

Nope.

BRAGGS

Winner gets the bed this time?

THE KID

Yer on.

He winks.

BRAGGS

And the dealer takes four cards.

Braggs keeps the TEN of HEARTS and removes four more HEARTS:
JACK, QUEEN, KING, ACE -- a higher straight flush.

THE KID

Hey...

Braggs collects his winnings.

BRAGGS

Convince 'em they can't lose... that's
the con. You get the bed tomorrow.

INT. J&M CAFE AND CARD ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Near the alley entrance, Julian hangs his CAMEL HAIR OVERCOAT
on a coat rack next to a houndstooth overcoat.

JULIAN
Someone here has taste.

Julian bumps a NO GAMBLING sign covered with smudges and fingerprints. It opens a trick door to a...

SECRET POKER ROOM

... A spacious Prohibition-era storage room with sticky floors and a tattered Queen Anne couch everyone avoids.

Three men belly a blue felt poker table: Braggs, Eggs and JOCKO HURLEY (30s), an ex-horse jockey. Jocko emphatically waves over Julian. Speaks with a slight Latin accent.

JOCKO
Hola!

JULIAN
Jocko, how's tricks?

JOCKO
Can't complain.

BRAGGS
--We started without you.

JOCKO
(to Julian)
You... You come sit down next to me,
my friend. So your money and me... we
may get better acquainted.

Julian knows where they keep the hooch. Pours a tall one.

JULIAN
I see you've met mister Billy Braggs
and his talented young protégé.

The Kid's dealing. Nods hello.

Shuffles cards with panache.

EGGS
Sure, I was just breaking it to him we
need ta pump the brakes a minute--

JULIAN
I heard. Sweetwater got the entire
haul.

BRAGGS
The whole thing was a bust.

Jocko riffles his chips.

Hole cards fly around the table.

EGGS

(checks his hole card)
I'm putting the boys back on small
stuff 'til it all cools down.

BRAGGS

You're the boss.

JULIAN

(to Braggs)
Ducky, that means you have a little
time. Lemme show you the town.

BRAGGS

Eggs, I do like this guy.

The Kid pitches upcards to each player.

JOCKO

What kind of a crew is this? You must
explain. There is... a little girl?

BRAGGS

Who said she's in the crew?

She snaps a card at Braggs.

It's a JOKER.

THE KID

(ironic)
Oh, how did that get in there?

BRAGGS

I'm not sure I trust her yet.

THE KID

Me?!

BRAGGS

The Shakespeare Festival.

THE KID

Five Aces?!

BRAGGS

That was a distraction because you
missed the--

BAM!

A gunshot in the alley splits the night. Everyone flinches.

More GUNSHOTS -- louder and closer. Everyone panics, grabs their chips and runs for their lives.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE J&M - NIGHT

Darkness hides the details, but clearly one stiff wearing Julian's overcoat lies face-down on the wet cobblestones.

Eggs, Braggs and The Kid crowd the doorway.

Jocko and Julian roll over the body.

JOCKO
Yeah, it's him--

BRAGGS
Who?

EGGS
The neighborhood junkie.

BRAGGS
You sure?

EGGS
Stealin' coats to pawn.

THE KID
Is he still alive?

JOCKO
Dead as the Charleston.

EGGS
He was a good kid.

JULIAN
He stole my topcoat!

Wrestles his camel hair overcoat off the dead man.

EGGS
Who am I to judge?

EXT. OCCIDENTAL PARK - DAY

Julian and Braggs pass the Street Mime performing on the red bricks of the promenade...

A COUPLE BUCKS

... Fall into a top hat on the ground.

The Street Mime nods to Braggs, thanking him.

INT. CASSANDRA'S GALLERY - DAY

Mark Tobey paintings. A violinist plays. Servers hold trays filled with either wine glasses or hors d'oeuvres.

CASSANDRA (early 30s) hosts an intimate gathering of patrons. Wealthy and confident, she plays coy to perfection. But, her tight, red, low-cut dress buzzes like an "open for business sign."

A sign Braggs doesn't miss.

JULIAN

Billy, I'd like to introduce you to the crown jewel of polite society, Cassandra.

Gently, kisses her hand.

JULIAN

And this is her studio.

CASSANDRA

Oh! Well, how do you do?

Dumbstruck, Braggs can't stop smiling at her.

She enjoys the glow of his stare for a moment.

CASSANDRA

(to Braggs)
A patron of the arts?

BRAGGS

Huh?

CASSANDRA

The mime.

Snapping out of it.

BRAGGS

Oh.

JULIAN

--Big supporters of the arts.

CASSANDRA

That's not what I hear. I heard your friend's a confidence man, Billy Braggs-- On the grift, as they say.

JULIAN
Now, just one minute.

BRAGGS
--Yes... yes, I am.

CASSANDRA
And are you here to rob me, Mr.
Braggs?

BRAGGS
Absolutely not. I make it a policy
never to rob people I'm physically
attracted to.

She lets his shameless line pass.

CASSANDRA
Then casing the joint?

Slowly, threads through gallery patrons.

Braggs ain't letting her get away that easy.

BRAGGS
On my honor.

CASSANDRA
Is it true? Honor among thieves, and
all?

BRAGGS
I always believe it best to be
perfectly honest when it comes to
matters of the heart--

CASSANDRA
You think you can flatter me past your
raffish behavior?

BRAGGS
I apologize... I lied...

They stop.

BRAGGS
I am here to steal something.

CASSANDRA
Would it be considered sporting of me
to ask what?

Braggs leans close. Pauses a long moment.

Cassandra leans close. Places her hand on his waist.

BRAGGS
 (whispers)
 Your heart.

Pecks her cheek--

CASSANDRA
 Oh my, that was a bit too forward. But
 if we're being perfectly honest, I
 enjoyed it a smidge more than I
 thought I would--

BRAGGS
 Then you've thought about it.

CASSANDRA
 Maybe.

BRAGGS
 So you say.

Julian snatches a couple of champagne flutes off a passing
 server's tray. Sweeps one into Braggs' hand.

BRAGGS
 I do hope we meet again soon, Miss
 Cassandra.

Clicks glasses with Julian.

CASSANDRA
 Company not engaging? Or do you have a
 bank to rob?

BRAGGS
 I'm not a bank robber--

CASSANDRA
 But you are a scoundrel, Billy Braggs.

BRAGGS
 A scoundrel who would rub your
 shoulders every night-- Whisper sweet
 nothings in your ear, and listen to
 you tell him all about your day...
 while he sits like a pet at your feet.

CASSANDRA
 Oh, is that all?

BRAGGS
 And there would be dancing.

Cassandra's slightly stunned. A smile tugs at lips.

He winks. Peacocks to the door with Julian.

Having missed the entire exchange, Max Wolfe hugs her.

WOLFE
Everything okay?

CASSANDRA
Peachy.

Never takes her eyes off the front door.

EXT. SEATTLE CENTER - WORLD'S FAIR - DAY

On a tall crate, CRICKET (20s), a wiry woman, weaves three cards, over and under, under and over, over and under.

Sightseers crowd close to watch three-card monte.

NARRATOR
It was no time at all before everyone
was back doing what they did best...

EXT. SEATAC AIRPORT CURBSIDE ARRIVALS - DAY

A TOURIST sets down...

TWO GRAY SUITCASES

... And hails a cab.

From behind...

THE KID

... Sets down two identical gray suitcases and removes the originals. Struggles to tote them away.

NARRATOR
... Fleecing every Tom, Dick and Harry
in town.

Slings the suitcases into the trunk of a waiting cab.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE J&M - DAY

A tall hobo, AMOS (50s), shoves a short hobo, MOSES (40s) and a scuffle breaks out in front of a small family.

Moses stumbles into the FATHER.

Amos chases Moses down the alley.

AROUND THE CORNER

Grinning, Moses flashes the Father's GOLD ROLEX.

NARRATOR

Mainly, because Eggs did what any good fixer does... He took care of stuff.

INT. J&M CAFE AND CARD ROOM - DAY

Behind the bar, Eggs seals a manila envelope.

Flips it to Dimitri.

NARRATOR

He gave Sweetwater back his badge-- A peace offering.

INT. POLICE STATION - SWEETWATER'S DESK - DAY

A detective's badge slides out of the envelope.

NARRATOR

A truce that would never last...

EXT. SEATTLE CENTER - WORLD'S FAIR - DAY

DIXIE (50s), a friendly woman wearing an official-looking uniform, approaches a COUPLE carrying packages.

She dangles a LOCKER KEY.

Points to the Center House.

NARRATOR

... All because of Billy Braggs...

INT. SEATTLE CENTER HOUSE - DAY

A BLONDE WOMAN shoves her purse into a locker.

INSIDE THE LOCKERS

A RED-HEADED MAN with sunglasses closes a locker door.

A BALD MAN in a skid lid closes a locker door.

OUTSIDE THE LOCKERS - CONTINUOUS

The Bald Man turns the key and walks away.

In maintenance worker coveralls, Braggs and Eggs wheel a bank of thirty lockers out of the Center House.

NARRATOR

... You see, Billy was getting ready to unleash the biggest, most excellent con Seattle had seen in generations.

EXT. LONGACRES RACE TRACK - DAY

A crowd of thoroughbreds pound around the turn and break for the finish line.

The TRACK ANNOUNCER calls the winner.

A collective GROAN rises from the stands.

RACING STABLES

The clamor and bustle of pre-race prep.

Braggs, The Kid and Julian wander the grounds.

The Kid takes it all in.

Braggs rips his ticket.

Already tipsy, Julian hits a flask. Slurs a bit.

JULIAN

Ah, don't worry about it. I got a sure thing in the fourth.

BRAGGS

Oh, yeah?

THE KID

What's the sure thing?

JULIAN

My horse is a sure thing. He's gonna lose... Never pays out-- Bet the farm.

A couple of MEN IN BUSINESS SUITS spot The Kid.

Braggs smirks. Not a good smirk.

BRAGGS

Uh, we need a cover story in case someone asks why she ain't in school.

THE KID

This is better than school?

BRAGGS

I don't think that's gonna hold truck
with a truant officer or a cop.

JULIAN

She's in 4-H.

BRAGGS

That works. Kinda.

THE KID

What's 4-H?

BRAGGS

Animals and stuff.

JULIAN

You know, you know much about animals?

BRAGGS

Don't mind him. He's half in the bag--
Everyone knows 4-H. Cover story
solved. And now let's just try and
enjoy the rest of our wonderful day
off.

A familiar voice approaches from behind.

CASSANDRA (O.S.)

Can you have a day off if you've never
worked an honest day in your life?

Cassandra isn't alone. Her quiet daughter, AMELIA (8), and
HAL (late 30s) joins them.

When Amelia catches a glimpse of Braggs and Julian, she
reaches for the hand of Hal, not her mother's. His tailored,
three-piece suit belies his talents as a bodyguard. But his
cold stare confirms he's obviously not a man to be pressed.

Pleasantly surprised, Braggs bows.

CASSANDRA

Julian Barry, Billy Braggs, meet my
daughter, Amelia.

BRAGGS

May I kiss your hand?

Braggs bends down.

Amelia shrinks away.

BRAGGS

Like mother, like daughter, I guess.

CASSANDRA
And my body man, Hal.

Braggs sticks out his paw. They shake.

BRAGGS
Call me Braggs.

HAL
I'm Hal.

JULIAN
(waves)
I'm loaded.

CASSANDRA
Do not screw with Hal.

BRAGGS
I won't.

CASSANDRA
I mean it--

BRAGGS
I just said my name.

CASSANDRA
You either, Julian.

Friendly, The Kid waves hello to Amelia.

An immediate kinship based on little more than being the same height, Amelia sheepishly waves back.

CASSANDRA
And who is this lovely young lady that
both of you have failed to introduce?
(to Braggs)
Your daughter?

THE KID
Gawd, no--

BRAGGS
Not a chance.

CASSANDRA
Does she have a name?

Braggs stands stumped.

Julian struggles to stand.

CASSANDRA

What do you scallywags call her when you want her to you fetch you a beer or Twinkie or a burlap sack of pilfered booty?

BRAGGS

You mean her actual name?

THE KID

(proud)
The Kid.

CASSANDRA

Signal me if these two are holding you against your will.

Looks away and then quickly spins back to The Kid.

They share a giggle.

CASSANDRA

But shouldn't you be in school, dear?

JULIAN

She's in 4-H.

CASSANDRA

What's that?

The Kid turns to Braggs... then back to Cassandra.

THE KID

Animals and stuff.

CASSANDRA

What kind of stuff?

Annoyed, The Kid mugs up Braggs.

THE KID

Stuff.

JULIAN

Hey! Why isn't Amelia in school?

Abruptly, she changes the subject--

CASSANDRA

Isn't it a beautiful day for a horse race? The sport of kings!

BRAGGS

Spot a winner yet?

CASSANDRA
Not a one in sight.

BRAGGS
Julian owns a horse that never wins.

CASSANDRA
Oh? What's your pony's name?

Julian struggles to pull the name out of the fog.

JULIAN
A Sure Thing.

CASSANDRA
Sounds a lot like my first husband--

BRAGGS
So you number them.

CASSANDRA
There was only one--

BRAGGS
And now?--

CASSANDRA
Now?--

BRAGGS
Playing the field?

CASSANDRA
Not looking for long shots.

BRAGGS
Anyone got the inside track?

CASSANDRA
Yes, but he's racking up so many penalties, he might get disqualified.

BRAGGS
Any other hot tips?

CASSANDRA
A nag in the fourth, Southern Belle.

BRAGGS
You hanging a story on me?

CASSANDRA
My brother's horse, actually, Max Wolfe. You may have heard of him. He used to dabble in your line of work.

The Kid keeps it together.

Braggs, not so much.

BRAGGS

He's your what?!

CASSANDRA

Is there a problem?

BRAGGS

But... I really liked you.

CASSANDRA

I mean, I don't want to give you some false sense of hope, but... but I don't understand.

BRAGGS

Max Wolfe double-crossed my parents in the middle of a long con they were pulling together. Ruined 'em. Broke 'em. We had to leave town. They died penniless. And if he's your brother...

Julian staggers a little. Leans close.

JULIAN

--Say, I bet, I bet my horse... beats your horse in the fourth.

CASSANDRA

I don't think your friend here is fit to be around the children--

JULIAN

Winner take all for one date.

CASSANDRA

Be a good sport and take him home.

BRAGGS

I think we should go, Julian

JULIAN

With me or Braggs-- Your choice. Or Hal-- Didn't mean to cut you out, Hal!

Hal lets Amelia's hand fall away.

HAL

(points)

We're gonna go this way. You're not.

Cassandra, Amelia and Hal start for the stands.

Julian spins around pointing.

JULIAN

I got box seats up there... Somewhere.

Braggs checks over his shoulder. Anger and disappointment vie for his glare.

Cassandra, Amelia and Hal melt away into the crowd.

THE PARKING LOT - LATER

Braggs and The Kid stow Julian in the back seat of his car.

TRACK ANNOUNCER

(over a distant PA)

And it's A Sure Thing going away.

Reliance, a distant second, edging out

Southern Belle at the wire.

Slowly, one Cadillac cruises through a sea of parked cars.

THE KID

4-H my hairy ass.

INT. J&M CAFE AND CARD ROOM - NIGHT

Around a table, a cadre of con men trade stories.

REVEREND

(laughs)

And... And so, and so he says... with his pants around his ankles, "I thought you're a Christian, son!" And, and I said, "Me? I'm a Capitalist!"

Laughter all around.

Braggs soaks it up.

Eggs leans close.

EGGS

Sorry, Braggs but I need ya ta hightail it on up to the Cloud Room.

BRAGGS

What gives?

EGGS

Julian's drunk on his ass.

BRAGGS

I just threw him in bed.

EGGS

Must've got his second wind. Some shark's clippin' him but good.

INT. CLOUD ROOM - NIGHT

A beautiful view of downtown Seattle. REGULARS laugh, smoke and enjoy cocktails at the bar.

Braggs cradles China's hand. Slips her a few bucks.

BRAGGS

Thanks for calling.

CHINA

He's not hard to spot.

IN THE BACK ROOM

Through a haze of cigarette smoke.

Braggs spies a poker table. Half-conscious, Julian backhands stacks of chips into the pot.

JULIAN

(slurring)

Raise. Whatever that is.

Max Wolfe laughs.

A couple of other sharks at the table laugh too.

WOLFE

And call. Whatever that is.

The sharks toss their cards.

Wolfe drops three QUEENS out of his hand.

Julian doesn't realize the hand's over.

BRAGGS

Jesus, Julian.

JULIAN

(to Braggs)

Hey, hey, I'm playin' poker.

Braggs flips Julian's cards: rags.

JULIAN

Shhh! I'm bluffing.

BRAGGS
Time to go home, buddy.

JULIAN
Okay.

Braggs helps him to his feet--

Recognizes Max Wolfe at the table. It's been a minute, but Braggs knows this clown. Stares for way too long.

WOLFE
Why break up the party, Slick?

JULIAN
(to Braggs)
--Wait... you should play for me.

BRAGGS
No, that's not what we're doing.

JULIAN
(to the players)
This guy's really good... even better than me!

Braggs evaluates the other degenerates at the table.

Wolfe shuffles chips.

WOLFE
Have we met?

BRAGGS
China, call a cab.

CHINA
You're not gonna dump him in a cab?

BRAGGS
Good point. Julian, give me your wallet and your watch, in case they try and roll you.

Collects Julian's valuables.

WOLFE
I don't make you for old money.

BRAGGS
Imagine my disappointment.

WOLFE
Whadda you do for work?

BRAGGS
Avoid it, mainly.

Julian collapses back into a chair.

Braggs plants Julian's bulging wallet in front of his chips.

BRAGGS
Anyone mind if I play these?

Everyone loves the idea.

Instantly, Julian falls asleep next to Braggs at the table.

SERIES OF SHOTS AT THE CLOUD ROOM

-- Braggs folds hand after hand.

-- Wolfe's stacks grow.

-- China watches Braggs twist Julian into a cab.

-- An ashtray fills with cigarette butts.

-- Players leave the table, one by one.

-- Braggs shuffles chips.

-- Wolfe pitches cards at players.

-- Braggs' eyes studying every twitch Wolfe makes.

BACK TO SCENE

China drapes Julian's overcoat across Braggs' lap.

CHINA
He forgot this.

BRAGGS
Thanks.

Stuffs more money in her hand.

Wolfe deals one down and one up to two other players.

WOLFE
Are you ever gonna play a hand or just
keep paying rent?

BRAGGS
All in.

Braggs shuffleboards the last of his stacks into the pot.

The third player flicks his cards away.

Wolfe checks his hole cards.

WOLFE

Oh-ho, the donkey found aces. Well,
I'll pay to see them. Call.

They both show. Wolfe was right. ACES for Braggs.

Wolfe, two small connected cards.

Rapid-fire, three more cards each.

Wolfe back-doors a small straight, topping Braggs' aces.

WOLFE

Your friend was right. You are a
better poker player than he was. Just
not better than me.

Braggs stretches into Julian's overcoat. Smiles. Winks.

As Braggs heads for the exit, Wolfe gestures to China.

Who arrives with Wolfe's overcoat. Identical to Julian's.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE J&M - NIGHT

Whistling, Braggs rounds the corner out of the alley.
Julian's overcoat hangs on him like theater curtains.

BAM!

A forty-five-caliber bullet bites through the overcoat
sleeve. Braggs dodges left-- jukes right--

BAM!

A second round ricochets off a wall--

Braggs sprints away.

INT. J&M CAFE AND CARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Blue Laws be damned! The party still rages after hours.

Braggs bursts through the front door.

BRAGGS

Someone just shot me!

He pokes his finger through a fresh bullet hole.

Laughter, cheers and hoots from drunk patrons.

EGGS
Julian okay?

BRAGGS
Yeah, I'm fine too. Hey, you'll never
guess who was up there?

Eggs cocks his head.

BRAGGS
Max Wolfe. I sat in a few hands.

EGGS
How'd ya do?

BRAGGS
Lost every hand.

EGGS
He cheats ya know--

BRAGGS
And more gears than a Ferrari.

EGGS
Oh, while ya were out some skirt came
in askin' about ya-- A real looker.

BRAGGS
Yeah?

EGGS
(hands him a note)
Left ya this.

BRAGGS
You read it?

EGGS
Ya know I did.

INT. MODEST DOWNTOWN APARTMENT - DAY

The Kid stands befuddled.

Braggs jogs in place. Squats out a couple of burpees. Goes
right into deep knee bends.

THE KID
What are you doing?

BRAGGS
I got a date.

THE KID
(shakes her head)
What?

Braggs stops exercising.

BRAGGS
(winded)
Gotta loosen up.

THE KID
Have you ever been on a date?

BRAGGS
Yeah--

THE KID
Ever seen people on a date?

BRAGGS
Yeah--

THE KID
I mean on a real one.

BRAGGS
What are you saying?

THE KID
Not some floozie from the J&M.

BRAGGS
Why? What's wrong?

THE KID
I didn't say anything.

BRAGGS
Ah, you're just a kid. What do you
know about dating?

His eyes shift left and then right. Processes.

BRAGGS
How bad is it?

THE KID
But I do think it's tops you're
finally letting someone into your
life. Considering you've never trusted
another living soul in your whole,
entire life.

BRAGGS

Wait-- That... that's not true. I-I-I
I trust myself.

THE KID

You are so alone.

BRAGGS

No, I'm not. I have you.

THE KID

You have me?

Reconsiders his answer.

BRAGGS

--I trust Eggs.

THE KID

He cost us the whole score.

Reconsiders this entire conversation.

BRAGGS

Are you gonna help me or not?

THE KID

Fine. Who's the lucky lady?

BRAGGS

Cassandra.

THE KID

The mark's sister?

BRAGGS

Yeah.

THE KID

The enemy?! It's a trap.

BRAGGS

No. What? No.

THE KID

Are you for sure it's a date?

BRAGGS

It's a date.

Braggs fishes the note out of his pocket and re-reads it.

The Kid rips it out of his hand.

THE KID
She's friends with Elvis?

BRAGGS
That's only implied. But it is a date.
See, she said to meet her at noon
under the Space Needle. A friend of
hers is shooting a movie.

THE KID
Meet her.

BRAGGS
That's what you do on a date. You meet
a person at a specific time and place.

THE KID
It's a meeting.

BRAGGS
It's a date.

THE KID
Don't tell her about the plan.

BRAGGS
Who says I have a plan?

THE KID
You always got a plan. Now, swear.

BRAGGS
I swear.

THE KID
Pinky-swear.

BRAGGS
I'm not gonna...

She holds out her pinky.

He pinky-swears.

THE KID
Is that what you're wearing?

BRAGGS
What's wrong with it?

Scratches at a stain on his jacket.

THE KID
Follow-up question: Where are the
flowers?

BRAGGS

How do you know all this stuff?

THE KID

And what am I supposed to do?

BRAGGS

I'm gonna trust you to stay outta trouble. In fact, don't leave the apartment. See, I trust you.

THE KID

How nice. What if I get hungry?

BRAGGS

Lucky for you I found a tin of stew.

Flips her a can of WWII rations out of the cupboard.

THE KID

Found? How old is it?

BRAGGS

Who knows? Just cook it up good and hot before you eat it.

THE KID

Mmm-yeah, that ain't happening.

BRAGGS

Suit yourself.

Tilts a fedora on his head.

BRAGGS

Just remember, you set one foot outside of this apartment, and I'll smother you in your sleep.

THE KID

Where are you going?

BRAGGS

I got a date, remember?

EXT. SEATTLE CENTER - WORLD'S FAIR - DAY

The FILM CREW aims lights. Strings cable. Checks microphones.

At the foot of the Space Needle, Braggs and Cassandra weave through a movie set like Hollywood royalty.

BRAGGS

You won't go on any rides. I can't buy you cotton candy--

CASSANDRA

What are you going on about?

BRAGGS

What's a date without spending a little money on your girl?

CASSANDRA

You think this is a date?

Braggs mutters something about The Kid.

CASSANDRA

I said I wanted to talk.

BRAGGS

Isn't that a big part of a date?

CASSANDRA

Not a really good one.

A smile moves from her face to his.

CASSANDRA

I have a business proposition.

They stop.

CASSANDRA

How would you like to take down my brother? I'll show you how.

BRAGGS

And I thought I couldn't love you any more than I already did.

A flood of questions overwhelm him.

BRAGGS

Wait, why me?

CASSANDRA

He's hosting a poker game and he needs a fifth player. Word is you have the buy-in.

BRAGGS

Says who?

CASSANDRA
Says Sweetwater. He's on the payroll,
you know.

BRAGGS
Of course he is.

CASSANDRA
Wants a finder's fee for bringing you
into the game. Some old gambling debt?

BRAGGS
But you're bringing me in.

CASSANDRA
Then I have your assurance?

He hesitates.

CASSANDRA
I'm not my brother.

BRAGGS
Will it ruin him?

CASSANDRA
Completely. But you'll have to leave
town. He'll know it's you.

BRAGGS
Sounds like you got it all figured.

CASSANDRA
I like to think I'm a step or two
ahead of you at all times.

BRAGGS
Honestly, I think you are.

CASSANDRA
Billy, I do believe you could charm
the panties off the devil herself.

BRAGGS
Challenge accepted.

She rubs his lapels.

CASSANDRA
My plan is simple. But the details...
that's a much longer conversation.

BRAGGS
How much longer?

CASSANDRA
 Might take all night.

They stare into each other's eyes as...

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (O.S.)
 Quiet, please! Roll cameras.

SOUNDMAN (O.S.)
 Sound speed.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
 Action.

A MALE ACTOR recites lines barely audible.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
 And cut. Print!

Still staring into each other's eyes...

CASSANDRA
 I believe we can talk now.

BRAGGS
 Talking's overrated.

CASSANDRA
 Follow me.

INT. MODEST DOWNTOWN APARTMENT - SAME

The Kid checks over her shoulder. Blows a raspberry.
 Yanks the door as she leaves.

INT. CASSANDRA'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Naked, Cassandra and Braggs wrestle under a single sheet.

DISSOLVE TO:

MORNING

Both sound asleep.

Cassandra wakes first. Dons a silk robe.

Quietly, slips out of the bedroom.

Braggs' eyes open. He gets his first look at what's what in daylight. Sits up.

It's a large bedroom, well furnished with a walk-in closet. Gaps in her hanging wardrobe reveal she's been packing.

A single BRIEFCASE on the floor.

She steps back into the room.

CASSANDRA
Oh, good. You're up.

Drags a chair to the bed and sits.

BRAGGS
(stretches)
Good morning to you too.

CASSANDRA
We didn't have much of a chance to get into the nitty-gritty last night--

BRAGGS
Oh, there was plenty of nitty and gritty going on.

CASSANDRA
(assertive)
We should go over the plan.

BRAGGS
All business-- I like it. But first, why me?

CASSANDRA
I told you yesterday.

BRAGGS
No. Why us?

CASSANDRA
Was last night not convincing?

BRAGGS
On the contrar--

CASSANDRA
Do you require more convincing?

BRAGGS
Do we have time?

CASSANDRA
To the point, I require your skills -- your *je ne sais quoi* -- to pull off this caper. After... it's your decision if there is an us.

BRAGGS

Are you kidding? I'm all in.

She starts dressing.

CASSANDRA

You would have to give up the life.

BRAGGS

I can learn to play it on the square--
I can try. You can teach me.

CASSANDRA

Wouldn't it be nice, not looking over
your shoulder the rest of your natural
days? I believe in you, Billy Braggs,
but I have a young daughter, and I'm
not about to put her in harm's way.

BRAGGS

How do we do it?

CASSANDRA

Max bought up big plots of land east
of here, and now they're building a
bridge over the lake-- He's stands to
make a fortune. But a big balloon
payment is coming up and he doesn't
have it. The banks won't extend him
because they want the land.

BRAGGS

--Banks! That's a great con.

CASSANDRA

So he's set up a high-stakes poker
game with four high-rollers, plus
himself. You're the last spot.

BRAGGS

Winner take all?

CASSANDRA

Of course. And get this, he's short
the buy-in for his own game.

BRAGGS

How's he getting around that?

CASSANDRA

I'll be holding the money.

BRAGGS

--So he has to win.

CASSANDRA

One's a banker, one's a developer and
I think the other's mobbed up. A skosh
over a million dollars in one case.

Gestures to the briefcase.

CASSANDRA

There's only one key, and it stays on
the poker table all night.

Braggs inspects the case.

BRAGGS

And you want me to win.

CASSANDRA

No, you're gonna lose. No one beats
Max.

BRAGGS

Don't you trust me?

CASSANDRA

I do. But how do you plan on making it
out of that room alive with the case?

BRAGGS

Pesky details.

CASSANDRA

I have a better idea.

BRAGGS

Open a bank?

CASSANDRA

He'll check the case after he wins--

BRAGGS

I'll check the case after I win.

CASSANDRA

You are annoying at times.

BRAGGS

I grow on you.

CASSANDRA

So does fungus.

She's very proud of her plan.

CASSANDRA

I'll signal you by saying I forgot my purse in the bedroom. You create a diversion, and switch cases with one I'm having rigged under the table.

Braggs busts up laughing.

BRAGGS

You know how many problems I see with that plan?

CASSANDRA

Then come up with a better one.

A pair of pants hits Braggs in the face.

BRAGGS

How about I just win?!

INT. CASSANDRA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Judging Braggs with her eyes, Amelia gathers her school books off a linoleum countertop.

ISABELLA (60s), a quiet house cleaner, wipes off the counter.

Hal pretends not to hear every last detail.

Cassandra kisses the top of Amelia's head.

CASSANDRA

Have a good day, baby.

Amelia reaches for Hal's hand. The bodyguard leads her away.

Cassandra tracks her all the way out the door. It closes.

Hands Braggs a cup of black coffee.

CASSANDRA

He hit her, you know.

BRAGGS

Amelia?

CASSANDRA

That's when I decided to steal his money. The gallery's already sold.

BRAGGS

Wait. Who hit her?

CASSANDRA
Max. My brother.

Braggs lowers his coffee like it weighs ten pounds.

Uncomfortable, Isabella leaves.

CASSANDRA
I can deal with it when he does it to me. But when he... That was it. That's when I decided we had to leave.

A seriousness chills his face.

BRAGGS
Where is he?

CASSANDRA
Billy, no.

BRAGGS
Where is he right now--

CASSANDRA
You'll only make things worse.

BRAGGS
Cassandra.

CASSANDRA
Billy.

BRAGGS
Where's your brother?

CASSANDRA
Billy, our plan will hurt so much more. And I didn't tell you so you would... I wanted you to understand. I am leaving.

They both search for solace on the floor.

Enough of that. Braggs storms out, muttering.

Exasperated, Cassandra folds her arms.

INT. J&M CAFE AND CARD ROOM - DAY

A BARTENDER rests the phone on his shoulder.

BARTENDER
Hey, Eggs! Braggs.

Eggs snaps his head around.

Grabs the phone off the bar.

EGGS
Hey, where the hell ya been, buddy?
I've been calling.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

BRAGGS
I need a favor.

EGGS (V.O.)
What? Ya in a fix?

INTERCUT THE CONVERSATION

BRAGGS
Find me a couple of knuckle-draggers
for a job next week.

EGGS
Sure thing, but, hey, Braggs, The Kid
got pinched last night.

BRAGGS
What?

EGGS
And Sweetwater touched her up a little
for boosting his wallet.

BRAGGS
Goddammit.

Braggs closes his eyes.

Rests his forehead on his fist.

EGGS
Braggs? Ya there?

BRAGGS
How's she doing?

EGGS (V.O.)
She's still in the can. I just heard
about it myself. Swing by and I'll
give ya some dough to fix it up.
(silence)
And Braggs? He hurt her.

Braggs slams down the pay phone. The booth RINGS.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Uniformed police officers come and go from the station.

Marching through the doors, Braggs yanks The Kid by the hand.

BRAGGS
(yells back inside)
She's a fucking minor!

He presents her bruised cheek and swollen lip to a COP walking into the station.

BRAGGS
You see what they did to her?

The Cop doesn't even slow his stride.

The Kid catches a glimpse of...

SWEETWATER

... Limping toward them.

She breaks for Braggs' Cadillac.

Braggs confronts him--

Shoves him in the chest.

BRAGGS
You fucking animal. You like beating
up little girls?

With one hand, Sweetwater lifts him off the ground.

Pins Braggs against a parked Chevy.

His feet dangle over the curb.

SWEETWATER
If there weren't so many witnesses.

BRAGGS
Bullshit. You need me for the game.

Sweetwater drops him.

SWEETWATER
Twenty-four hours after, I see you or
that little bitch ever again... I
don't care who's looking.

INT. MODEST DOWNTOWN APARTMENT - LATER

Braggs slaps a bag of frozen peas in a towel.

Hands it to The Kid.

BRAGGS
Sweetwater do that?

She turns away to hide the bruised side of her face.

BRAGGS
Anyone else touch you?

The frozen peas sting against her cheek.

BRAGGS
He only hit you, right?

THE KID
Don't be gross.

BRAGGS
Don't worry--

THE KID
I ain't.

BRAGGS
Good.

THE KID
I'm going home.

BRAGGS
You're not going home.

THE KID
I'm going home!

BRAGGS
You got nothing back there, kid. That ain't no home-- This... This is your home now.

Too much honesty. She's ready to spill tears--

BRAGGS
And I finally got a plan.

THE KID
I hate your plans!

BRAGGS
You're gonna like this one.

THE KID
 (shows the bruise)
 Look at my face.

The waterworks start.

He isn't sure what to do.

She hugs him.

They wilt into each other's arms.

BRAGGS
 I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

THE KID
 I... I left the apartment.

BRAGGS
 I figured.

THE KID
 How'd the date go?

BRAGGS
 It was a meeting.

THE KID
 --What'd I tell you?

BRAGGS
 But it turned into a date.

THE KID
 You can't trust her.

BRAGGS
 I do trust her.

THE KID
 You can't.

BRAGGS
 And I'm, uh, gonna need your help.

THE KID
 You saying I'm in the crew?

He winks.

She raises the frozen peas back to her cheek.

THE KID
 What's the play?

INT. MAXIMILIAN WOLFE'S OFFICE - DAY

Behind his desk, Wolfe sits across from Braggs. Sweetwater over Wolfe's shoulder.

In a corner, Cassandra tips a decanter. Pours drinks.

WOLFE
... Then let's drink on it.

BRAGGS
A few questions, first.

WOLFE
Shoot.

BRAGGS
I spotted your grip at The Cloud Room.

WOLFE
Yes, I didn't put it together that night. You're Mack and Connie's brat.

And he now has Braggs' full attention.

WOLFE
All grown up. I know who you are.

BRAGGS
Good. Saves me from givin' a big speech after I rake the final pot.

Cassandra hands a drink to Braggs, then Wolfe.

BRAGGS
We're gonna have a straight game, no cold deck low, no contraptions, no marked cards or any of that nonsense.

WOLFE
And have you call me out? What am I, an idiot?

BRAGGS
There is a solution.

WOLFE
Are you suggesting a croupier?

BRAGGS
More like insisting.

WOLFE
Have anyone in mind?

BRAGGS
She's good.

WOLFE
I'm sure.

BRAGGS
She's nine.

SWEETWATER
She's ten--

BRAGGS
A soft ten.

CASSANDRA
The Kid's a good idea.

WOLFE
Is she a mechanic?

SWEETWATER
She's a thief, just like this one.

On tilt, Braggs stands.

BRAGGS
You touch her again.

Everyone's standing.

Braggs confronts Wolfe.

BRAGGS
I hear of anyone so much as raising
their voice to a little girl again...

Wolfe's eyes bounce between Braggs and Cassandra.

Puts two and two together.

WOLFE
I'll give you that one on the cuff,
but you threaten me again--

SWEETWATER
I got guys who can handle this on the
cheap and quiet, Maxie.

WOLFE
Like I don't?

SWEETWATER
Or I could just go ahead and break
something right now.

Wolfe waves off Sweetwater.

SWEETWATER
Something not important?

CASSANDRA
She's smart enough to keep her mouth shut, but can she handle the game?

BRAGGS
Here it is: I'm not agreeing to anyone your brother suggests.

WOLFE
The girl's fine. But any funny business and I'll have Sweetwater toss her out the nearest window.

BRAGGS
Then it's all jake.

Finished negotiating, Braggs starts for the door.

WOLFE
Do you really think I need an edge to beat a sideshow grifter, like you?

CASSANDRA
Greenbacks, sweetie. Strapped one hundred dollar bills. And don't make us come looking for you.

Braggs leaves.

The instant the big, heavy wooden door closes--

WOLFE
I thought you said you had him under control?

CASSANDRA
I do. I thought you said you had this thing locked down?

WOLFE
You call that under control?!
(to Sweetwater)
Do I have to worry about this girl?

SWEETWATER
I'd be more worried about Braggs.

WOLFE
That insurance policy we talked about?

SWEETWATER

Yeah?

WOLFE

Put him on ice.

Cassandra starts for the door.

WOLFE

Are you still good with double-crossing him? Cassandra...

She pauses. Doesn't turn.

WOLFE

Get him under fucking control.

And she leaves.

Wolfe stares into a tumbler of bourbon.

WOLFE

You know what killed Custer at the Little Bighorn?

SWEETWATER

Extreme arrow poisoning?

WOLFE

The unexpected.

SWEETWATER

Didn't leave himself any outs.

WOLFE

That's right. I sense we need another ace in the hole, Detective. That thing we talked about...?

SWEETWATER

You sure?

INT. J&M CAFE AND CARD ROOM - DAY

It's a thin afternoon crowd of unwitting vacationers. The Street Mime performs his shtick, working tables for tips.

In the corner, Braggs, Eggs and Julian debate.

JULIAN

... But the long con takes time--

EGGS

Nothin' less than a week ta set up.

A grin stretches across Braggs' face.

EGGS
Ooooh, I do like that smile.

His pals crowd closer.

BRAGGS
I got a card game with Wolfe.

EGGS
(slaps his knee)
--We're fixing a game.

BRAGGS
He loves bluffing hands with window
dressing. Always coming over the top:
a three-bet, a four-bet, string bets.

EGGS
--He's got something...

BRAGGS
He wants to lead out. He check-raises
when he's got stacks--

JULIAN
Yeah, he's a bully--

BRAGGS
That's right!

EGGS
Sure, everyone knows that. But what do
we do with it?

BRAGGS
That's how I beat him.

JULIAN
Yes!

EGGS
(to Julian)
You understand any of this?

JULIAN
No, but there's going to be some sweet
action on it.

Eggs hangs his head.

EGGS
I'm starting to like the long con idea
more and more.

BRAGGS

No, you were right. With the long con there's too many people to rely on--

EGGS

That ain't what I said.

BRAGGS

He is what he is-- He's a bully. I take a couple stacks off him early so he has to play defensive, think more. That's when--

EGGS

But-but where's the con? How do ya take his stacks?

BRAGGS

I play him straight up.

EGGS

That ain't gonna work. Ya gotta be watchin' out fer his shenanigans.

BRAGGS

I check and call most of the night. That frustrates him. He wants me to blow my top... I don't. I laugh right in his face. I take his power away. I can take him, Eggs. I swear.

Eggs leans back.

Braggs offers his pinky.

BRAGGS

Pinky swear.

EGGS

Ah, that's kid's stuff. I'm serious now.

JULIAN

If Braggs says he can do it, I'm sure he's got an angle--

BRAGGS

No angle--

JULIAN

I give him odds... three to one.

EGGS

Nothing under ten!

BRAGGS

I just need some dirt. Anything I can use as shade to get under his skin.

From across the room, the Street Mime breaks character. Starts toward their table. Picks up the steam as he goes.

STREET MIME

Oh, I can tell you anything you wanna know about that nine-fingered shyster.

Kicks a chair out of his path.

STREET MIME

Came from unremarkable and pretends to be blue blood. Always got a sawbuck to bet against the Pilots. A stickler for table manners, can't stand dogs.

Flips a table-- Suds fly everywhere.

STREET MIME

He killed my father. Bought my childhood home and tore it down to build a freeway on-ramp.

Snatches a shot out of a customer's hand--

Downs the shot and SLAMS the glass on the table.

STREET MIME

Left your father holding the bag, should be the sworn enemy of every hustler in this town, and if you're gonna take him down... deal me in.

Leans into Braggs' face.

Braggs, Julian and Eggs sit slack-jawed.

EGGS

I think we need another round.

Everyone agrees.

As Eggs stands...

THE FRONT DOOR

... Busts open. Sweetwater and Griffen rush 'em. Guns drawn.

From behind, a couple of STOGES drop a bag over Eggs' head.

EGGS

Hey. Hey, what gives?

Griffen sweeps a roscoe between Braggs, Julian and the Street Mime. Almost daring someone to start something.

Vacationers and the help scatter.

The Stooges drag off Eggs without a word.

EGGS

Hey! Someone call someone!

SWEETWATER

(to Braggs)

You don't show, he gets it. You're light, he gets it.

GRIFFEN

--Or we just finish 'em right here.

SWEETWATER

Hmm. Tough to imagine a scenario you don't all end up fish food.

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER - ELLIOT BAY - DAY

An anchored boat slowly rocks, riding the waves.

INSIDE THE WHEELHOUSE

Eggs, tied to a chair and wrapped in chains, can only move his head. Sweetwater fixes weights to the chains.

EGGS

Fellas. Fellas -- if ya got a beef, we can work it out. Just tell me what it is... more money? I can do that--

Griffen stuffs a sock in his mouth.

SWEETWATER

Where was that twenty minutes ago?

INT. GREASY SPOON DINER - DAY

Braggs and The Kid finish breakfast.

Julian's smoking his breakfast.

BRAGGS

No.

JULIAN

No?

BRAGGS

No.

JULIAN

On the level?

THE KID

There is no angle. He wants me to deal 'em straight off the top.

The WAITRESS tops up The Kid's coffee mug.

THE KID

(to the waitress)

Thanks, ma'am.

BRAGGS

Tell the crews I'll guarantee every bet in town.

JULIAN

I won't repeat that to another living soul. And you're welcome.

BRAGGS

What're the odds of filling an open straight?

JULIAN

I left my slide rule in homeroom--

BRAGGS

Five to one. Inside straight? Eleven to one. I know the odds. I can play the man. I see all the angles coming and going.

THE KID

He's a bully. Braggs can take him.

JULIAN

But you need outs. Lady Luck always has her say-- And Eggs is on the line this time, you two. You need outs.

Braggs and The Kid trade frustrated looks.

JULIAN

You can't bullshit your way through this with a wink and a grin.

BRAGGS

Back-channel some calls for me. Tell 'em I'm thinking of splitin' town unless Eggs is there for the game.

JULIAN
This whole thing gives me the itches.

THE KID
They got shots for that now.

INT. CASSANDRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amelia and Cassandra stare into an open suitcase on the bed.

CASSANDRA
Now, we're gonna play a little game--

AMELIA
I'm not a baby.

CASSANDRA
Amelia, I want you to pack up all your favorite things--

AMELIA
Is Hal coming?

Cassandra drops her eyes.

Amelia drops her eyes.

AMELIA
Is Billy?

CASSANDRA
Do you want Billy to come with us?

AMELIA
Do you?

They ease to the edge of the bed and sit.

Cassandra strokes Amelia's hair as they talk.

CASSANDRA
This is very important now. You can't tell anyone, especially Uncle Max. Do you understand?

Amelia nods.

CASSANDRA
I don't ever hear Billy talk about you when we talk about going away.

AMELIA
Why do we have to go?

CASSANDRA

Because men control the money. And as long as they do... they control us.

AMELIA

What if we had all the money?

SERIES OF SHOTS - SEATTLE GETS READY FOR THE BIG POKER GAME

-- Inside a stodgy bank, Wolfe meets with a SUITED GENTLEMAN.

NARRATOR

The big day had finally arrived, seemingly like any other.

WOLFE

Yes, the full amount by morning.

-- In a back room office, a BOOKIE yaks on the blower.

NARRATOR

Bookies were taking action...

BOOKIE

Yeah, I'm giving five to one.

NARRATOR

... And crews were taking down tourists.

-- In a crowd at the World's Fair, Cricket bumps into a tourist... hands a wallet to Dimitri passing by... Cricket careens into another person and another. Hands a wallet to Rufus, then Dixie passing by.

NARRATOR

Just another day at the office...

-- In front of her bedroom mirror, Cassandra lipsticks up.

NARRATOR

... Except for one small hustle...

-- A newspaper bundle lands on cobblestones. A photo and headline: "SEAFAIR PIRATE'S FLOAT 'MOBY DUCK' STOLEN!"

-- At Pike Place Market, The Kid raises the newspaper bundle. Weighs it with a large hanging scale. Removes a few papers.

NARRATOR

... All set to go down that afternoon.

-- In front of the Sorrento Hotel, Braggs valets.

NARRATOR
Like I said...

-- Griffen locks a closet door. Walks down a hallway.

NARRATOR
... Just another day.

INT. SORRENTO HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - DAY

Braggs leans on the door jamb outside the bedroom. Knocks.

Inside the room, Cassandra cracks the door, blocking him from entering. She's spilling out of a tight black cocktail dress.

He hands her a small gunny sack loaded with bundled bills.

BRAGGS
So I heard you got this place booked
for the whole night.

Cassandra raises an eyebrow.

Over her shoulder, Wolfe steps into view.

WOLFE
Make sure you count it. Twice.

Sweetwater parades Eggs into the living room.

Braggs cuts them off at a gallery of folding chairs in back.

BRAGGS
Hey, you doing okay?

EGGS
Right as rain.

BRAGGS
Any rough stuff?

EGGS
Nah, I feel like a sap.

They sit. Sweetwater stands guard behind them.

At a poker table, centrally located, The Kid sips coffee.

EGGS
Say, what's The Kid doin' here? And
what's she drinkin'?

BRAGGS
You try and take her coffee.

Wolfe breezes in to bark at Sweetwater.

WOLFE

These clowns don't so much as use the
john by themselves until this is over.

Sweetwater growls a little.

BRAGGS

We got a clean game?

WOLFE

You still don't get it, son. I'm
better than you. And, yeah, it's as
clean as my mother's porcelain.

With a plastic smile, Wolfe greets players as they arrive.

The first, a tall SUITED MAN (50s), wearing a cowboy hat. He
produces cash and his shooting iron from a worn satchel. He's
brought a couple of his ROWDY BUDDIES to cheer him on.

Next, a PORTLY MAN (60s) in a gray three-piece suit arrives
with his guest, a BONE-THIN MAN (30s) who handles the money.
He surrenders a Luger and two knives.

Julian arrives wearing his camel hair overcoat. Without
breaking stride, he struts past Wolfe.

WOLFE

Excuse me, but is that my topcoat
you're wearing?

JULIAN

Not unless yours is full of bullet
holes.

Sits next to Eggs.

JULIAN

I miss anything?

And finally, a dapper mob boss VERU MONTEDORO (40s) arrives,
chewing a Churchill cigar. Followed by two GOONS with scared
and swallow faces. Everyone gets the message.

Cassandra relieves Montedoro of his buy-in.

Sweetwater pats down the Goons, harvesting two hand cannons.

Cassandra nods to Wolfe.

WOLFE

The money's right, gentlemen. Let's
play some cards!

A titter ripples through the railbirds seated in the gallery in back -- the yard.

Cassandra opens a briefcase full of cash for everyone to see.

Montedoro tries to touch the money-- The lid snaps closed.

Cassandra shakes her head "Uh-uh."

Everyone LAUGHS.

She sets the locking key on the table in plain sight.

Heads back to the bedroom with the briefcase.

WOLFE

See you soon, darling.

CASSANDRA

Yes, brother, dear.

WOLFE

I was talking to the money.

More LAUGHTER.

The Kid sets her mug on the table next to Wolfe.

Cracks open a fresh deck of cellophane-wrapped cards.

THE KID

No limit Texas Hold 'Em. Blinds fifty and a hundred bucks--

PORTLY MAN

Wait. Are you the dealer, miss?

MONTEDORO

What the fuck?

SUITED MAN

Language.

THE KID

Like I fucking care-- We play until one of you dopes has it all.

The table collectively shrugs.

WOLFE

(aside to The Kid)
Get your fucking cup off my table.

The Kid glowers. Sips. Sets the mug right back where it was.

Cassandra shuts the bedroom door.

WOLFE

Oh, and no one's allowed in the
bedroom with my sister!

Everyone LAUGHS.

Except Braggs.

SERIES OF SHOTS - EARLY ROUNDS OF THE POKER GAME

-- Cards fly around the green felt table.

-- Montedoro barely lifts the edge of his cards.

-- Wolfe laughs.

-- Julian whispers something in Eggs' ear.

-- Chips splash into the pot.

-- Sweetwater opens a pack of Lucky Strikes.

-- Braggs throws away his cards.

BRAGGS

No.

WOLFE

I'm all in.

-- After crushing out a Tiparillo in an ashtray, the Portly Man rises and takes a seat in the yard.

-- Braggs rakes a pot.

-- Sweetwater grimaces.

-- Montedoro blows cigar smoke.

-- The Suited Man in the cowboy hat studies his cards.

-- Montedoro whispers over his shoulder to one of his Goons.

-- Towers of chips slides into the pot.

-- The Suited Man in the cowboy hat throws down his cards. He takes a seat alongside his Rowdy Buddies in the yard.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

Around the table, three players.

In a straight line, The Kid snaps down three cards.

The flop: FIVE of SPADES, TWO of CLUBS and FOUR of HEARTS.

Montedoro checks his cards.

Pocket FOURS. Giving him a total of three FOURS, including the shared community cards -- the board.

Shuffles his chips.

WOLFE

Bet's to you.

MONTEDORO

(points with his stogie)

You wanna get off my back? You've been needling me all game. See, maybe I'm slow-playing Braggs. Ever think of that, genius?

WOLFE

We should have a clock.

Montedoro slides a large stack into the middle of the table.

BRAGGS

Fold.

Wolf checks his cards.

ACE of HEARTS and THREE of HEARTS, one card from a straight.

Doubles Montedoro's bet.

MONTEDORO

Yeah, try and push me around.

Montedoro equals his bet.

Fourth Street produces a KING of HEARTS.

BRAGGS

How does everyone feel about the Suicide King?

WOLFE

Enough with the commentary, Sonny. The grown-ups are playing now.

Montedoro checks by double-tapping the table.

WOLFE

(does the same)

I'll see you on the River.

The Kid slaps down the last card, a FOUR of DIAMONDS.

BRAGGS

And the River doubles the board. Flush
draws are dead.

WOLFE

I told you to shut it!

Giving up, Braggs raises his hands. Leans back.

The Kid sips coffee. About to set it on the table--

WOLFE

(to The Kid)
And what'd I say about your drink?

She moves her mug to an elegant side table.

MONTEDORO

Two more of your stacks.

WOLFE

Call. I flopped The Wheel.

Montedoro fans two FOURS, giving him four FOURS total.

MONTEDORO

Sailboats.

The Kid sets Montedoro's pair next to the pair on the board.

The yard crackles to life.

MONTEDORO

(laughs to The Kid)
Nice cards.

Suspicious, Wolfe eyes Montedoro, then The Kid, then Braggs.

--The phone rings.

Braggs leans back in his chair. Answers it.

BRAGGS

Yeah? You're sure?

WOLFE

What's going on?

BRAGGS

Eggs, the valet lost my keys and it's
blocking or something. Can you go down
to the...

--Sweetwater hobbles to the front door. Blocks it.

BRAGGS
 ... Or Julian or someone? Hey, let's
 take a quick break.

MONTEDORO
 Good idea.

WOLFE
 Sure.

THE KID
 I could pee.

Julian skips toward the elevator.

The Kid trots in the opposite direction.

Braggs gently knocks on the bedroom door.

Sweetwater leans close.

SWEETWATER
 No one inside.

BRAGGS
 She allowed food and water? Air?

Cassandra cracks the door. Seeing it's Braggs, she steps out.
 The door barely open behind her. Sweetwater takes a seat.

CASSANDRA
 How's the game?

BRAGGS
 Piece of cake.

CASSANDRA
 And my brother?

BRAGGS
 Humble pie. You hungry?

CASSANDRA
 No.

BRAGGS
 (to the room)
 Who's hungry?!

A few people want food.

BRAGGS
 Can you order us some eats from
 downstairs?

CASSANDRA
(displeased)
Anything else, sire?

BRAGGS
What? Are you that busy in there?

CASSANDRA
(sarcastic)
How's about drinks?

BRAGGS
Good thinking-- And ice.

Quite annoyed, she starts to turn--

BRAGGS
Oh, and one more thing.

She turns back. He's right on top of her.

BRAGGS
For luck.

Presents his cheek.

She looks around the room... Gives him a peck.

BRAGGS
And the other side?

Cassandra rolls her eyes.

BRAGGS
Do you wanna jinx me?

She smiles-- Pecks the other cheek.

Slips back inside.

Braggs aggressively rubs his hands together.

BRAGGS
Good news, food's on its way. Bad
news, I'm pretty sure Julian's never
hot-wired a Caddy before.

LATER

Under the table, a briefcase is strapped between Braggs and The Kid.

In back of the room, people eat sandwiches.

Braggs shows significantly more ammo than Wolfe.

Sets a stack of chips on his hole cards.

BRAGGS
I'll play these blind. A thousand.

WOLFE
Five thousand--

Montedoro chucks his cards away.

BRAGGS
Twenty thousand.

A flock of railbirds move closer.

WOLFE
It's yours. What'd you have?

BRAGGS
Does it matter?

Tosses his cards at The Kid.

JULIAN
(aside to Eggs)
He's bullying Wolfe.

The Kid flips 'em over.

As worthless cards hit the felt, a NINE and a FIVE off suit,
the yard HOWLS. Then claps.

Wolfe heats up again.

MONTEDORO
The balls on this mutt.

THE KID
Taught him everything he knows.

LATER

Wolfe holds JACKS wired, pairing his hole cards.

WOLFE
Ten?

MONTEDORO
Sounds good.

Braggs peeks at his cards.

BRAGGS
Sure.

The Kid burns a card. Turns three SPADES: NINE, SEVEN, JACK.

WOLFE
Twenty-five grand.

MONTEDORO
I'll follow.

BRAGGS
Yeah.

The Kid puts an EIGHT of SPADES on the board.

EGGS
(aside to Julian)
Possible inside straight, flush draw.
Possible straight flush.

JULIAN
I can read a board.

WOLFE
Fifty grand.

EGGS
(aside)
Oh, this could be it.

JULIAN
(aside)
Nah, Wolfe's trying to push 'em
around. Braggs won't take the bait.

Montedoro, then Braggs match Wolfe's bet.

THE KID
The pot's right.

The Kid places a TEN of SPADES next to the other four cards.

The yard YELLS and MOANS. The shared cards on the board are one of highest hands in poker, a straight flush to the JACK.

JULIAN
You ever see that?

EGGS
Ya never see that.

WOLFE
So it's a chop pot.

BRAGGS
--No... It's your bet.

MONTEDORO
What? It's a straight flush.

BRAGGS
Bet.

Wolfe double-taps the table.
Montedoro hesitates. Does like Wolfe.
Braggs double-checks his hole cards.

BRAGGS
I'll pull you both all in.
The railbirds cackle from the yard.

EGGS
Does he have it?

JULIAN
(stands)
He's got him!

WOLFE
Pipe down, in back!

The weight of his next move crushes down on Wolfe.
He stares into Braggs' dead eyes.
Sweat drips down Montedoro's cheek.

WOLFE
I made you for the spades, but you
ain't got the bitch. Call--

MONTEDORO
Call.

Wolf shows his JACKS.
Montedoro flips over two SPADES.

BRAGGS
I don't have the queen.

Braggs smiles.

BRAGGS
I have the throne.

Shows the KING and QUEEN of SPADES, a higher straight flush.
The crowd ROARS.

Julian hugs Eggs.

Cassandra pokes her head out the bedroom.

Braggs stands. Pumps his fist in the air.

BRAGGS

That's a seven-card straight flush!

Eggs slaps Braggs on the back.

Julian hugs both of them.

Wolfe hangs his head.

Pissed, Cassandra ducks back inside the bedroom.

The room buzzes with excitement.

Sweetwater pushes his way to Braggs.

SWEETWATER

I get my end before you walk outta
here, or you don't walk outta here.

Cassandra parades the briefcase out of the bedroom.

Braggs meets her halfway to the table.

CASSANDRA

(aside)

How the hell do you plan on walking
out of here alive with this case?

Wolfe scowls.

Sweetwater glares.

Montedoro and his Goons huddle in a corner.

BRAGGS

I'm not. You are.

CASSANDRA

What?

He pecks her cheek.

BRAGGS

Get Amelia. Meet me at the J&M.

Stunned at those words, Cassandra moves to the table.

All smiles, she lifts the key for everyone to see.

Inserts it into the lock and opens the...

BRIEFCASE

... Filled with bank-strapped hundred dollar bills.

Braggs accepts the key.

Reaches for the money.

Cassandra snaps the lid closed again.

The room erupts with LAUGHTER.

Even The Kid.

At the window, Julian lowers the shade. Then puts it right back up again. Almost like a signal.

BOOM! A thunderous explosion echoes outside.

Everyone flinches.

Whoosh... BAM! A second explosion rocks the Sorrento Hotel down to its ribs. Almost like a cannonball hitting it.

People rush to the window.

EXT. SORRENTO HOTEL - DAY

On the Seafair Pirates' float, Moby Duck, Rufus rushes the cannon gunner, the Street Mime.

RUFUS

Dang it, those is supposed to be
signal rounds!

Pulverized bricks near the penthouse window crumble away.

The Street Mime cackles like a hyena. Lights a cannon fuse.

INT. SORRENTO HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - DAY

Max's attention whips back to the table.

So does Sweetwater's.

Braggs rests his hand on the case.

It hasn't moved an inch. Or so it seems.

Legs swinging under her chair, The Kid sits. Calm.

There's just a glimpse of Cassandra carrying away an identical briefcase as she hustles into the hallway.

Wolfe realizes he's been bamboozled. Somehow.

WOLFE
Detective!

Eggs and Julian step into Sweetwater's path to block him--

He topples the two men like bowling pins.

Braggs snatches the briefcase off the table and skedaddles out the back exit with The Kid.

WOLFE
Hey! Hey!

Searching for their guns, the Goons root through a cabinet.

In the hallway, Sweetwater limps after Cassandra.

But she's long gone.

In the stairwell, Braggs and The Kid hustle down steps.

The THUD of a door banging open. Angry Italian voices.

Braggs pauses. Runs faster!

In the penthouse, guests aren't sure what to think.

The sound outside of Moby Duck firing another round.

BOOM!

Whoosh... BAM!

Everyone hits the floor.

Under the table, there is no briefcase.

Flat on the floor and nose to nose with Sweetwater...

WOLFE
Our ace in the hole?

SWEETWATER
Under lock and key.

WOLFE
Get her to the J&M.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Griffen unlocks a familiar closet door.

It opens.

Amelia's inside. Frightened.

INT. CASSANDRA'S BENTLEY CONTINENTAL - DAY

Clutching the briefcase, Cassandra lands in the backseat.

CASSANDRA
Home and then the airport.

HAL
Yes, ma'am.

CASSANDRA
And, Hal, I need a crowbar.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Braggs' Cadillac cuts through light traffic.

CASSANDRA (O.S.)
Amelia!

INT. CASSANDRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Concerned, Isabella enters.

CASSANDRA
Isabella, where's Amelia?

ISABELLA
Your brother... He took her. And the
detective man. I thought you knew.

CASSANDRA
What?

ISABELLA
I'm sorry, I thought you knew.

The phone rings.

She answers.

WOLFE (V.O.)
I don't know how you two did it--

CASSANDRA
Where is she?

WOLFE (V.O.)
Bring the money to the J&M. Now!

Cassandra slams down the phone.

Panic runs downstairs to the...

KITCHEN

... Hal pries on the lip of the briefcase with a crowbar.

It pops open. Filled with bank-strapped bills. Or is it?

Hal inspects one of the bundles.

A few legit banknotes on top of newspaper. Cut to size.

CASSANDRA
Do you have another gun?

INT. J&M CAFE AND CARD ROOM - DAY

A lively crowd. Standing room only.

Braggs and The Kid, each carrying a briefcase, rush Eggs.

BRAGGS
She give 'em the slip?

EGGS
She ain't here yet.

Two tall stacks of hundred-dollar bills land on the bar.

Braggs points to one, then the other.

BRAGGS
That's you. And that one's for Julian.

EGGS
I do love workin' with ya, Braggs.

THE KID
And some of it's for the crew.

EGGS
Yeah-sure, of course... Some.

Braggs hands The Kid his briefcase.

BRAGGS
And you, hang on to this for me.

Now she has two.

THE KID

What for?

BRAGGS

Because I trust you. You really came through for me this time...

THE KID

--This time?

BRAGGS

... And I won't forget it.

THE KID

(meaning the case)

Is this my cut?

BRAGGS

Say your goodbyes, kid. The second they show, we're gone but good.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE J&M - DAY

Braggs dances into the alley.

Spots Cassandra running toward him.

The expression on her face turns him dour.

CASSANDRA

Billy! Billy, he took her.

Hal hops out of the car behind her.

The Kid pokes her head out of the J&M doorway.

Shrinks right back into the shadows.

BRAGGS

Took who?

CASSANDRA

Amelia! Max took her.

Crying, Cassandra falls into a clinch with Braggs.

HAL

Where's the money.

BRAGGS

(to Cassandra)

I have the money. You were just a smokescreen to blow off the marks. We can leave now.

CASSANDRA
Not without Amelia...

BRAGGS
--Of course, not without Amelia.

Cassandra steps back.

CASSANDRA
... And I'm going to need the case.

Braggs struggles with the moment.

Motions to the doorway.

Slowly, The Kid creeps toward them lugging one case.

Places it next to Braggs.

BRAGGS
I get it. We're buying your daughter
back-- I get it.

HAL
Like hell. The second I put eyes on
her, I'm gonna stuff one in his ear.

BRAGGS
Oh, wow. Whew! I thought... And then
we can all leave together.

CASSANDRA
Well, I'll be leaving.

Digs a hand gun out of her jacket.

Yeah, he was right the first time.

BRAGGS
You were gonna double-cross whoever
ended up with the money.

HAL
(to Cassandra)
I thought you said it was your case?

CASSANDRA
It is my case.

Turns the gun on Hal and Braggs.

BRAGGS
(to Hal)
Sorry, pal, I think we're both fucked.
(MORE)

BRAGGS (cont'd)
 (to Cassandra)
 This shit seems to run in your family.

CASSANDRA
 Trusting the wrong people seems to run
 in yours.

The Kid's gone! Likely, the second case too.

Braggs sags.

CASSANDRA
 If you could have just followed the
 plan, Braggs. And pray tell, how'd you
 do it? Tell me and maybe I don't shoot
 you in places that hurt a lot.

INT./EXT. SORRENTO HOTEL - FLASHBACK - DAY

-- Braggs registers at the front desk.

-- Walks into a guest room with The Kid.

BRAGGS (V.O.)
 We got a room below the penthouse.

-- The phone rings in the penthouse. Braggs answers.

THE KID
 I could pee.

-- The Kid sprints down the back stairs.

-- Scampers up the fire escape with a briefcase.

-- Outside the bedroom, Braggs chats up Cassandra.

BRAGGS (V.O.)
 So, while I distracted you...

-- The bedroom window slides open and The Kid slips inside.

BRAGGS (V.O.)
 ... Someone climbed through the
 bedroom window and switched cases...

-- At the poker table, Cassandra holds up the key.

BRAGGS (V.O.)
 ... The same type and model-- Rigged
 the lock so any key would open it.

-- Braggs reaches for the money.

-- Cassandra snaps the lid closed.

BRAGGS (V.O.)
The bundles weren't gonna hold up to anything but a quick look-see. But you, likely, know that part by now.

BACK TO SCENE

BRAGGS
Oh, and The Kid switched cases with the one under the table during the pirate attack. I miss anything?

Cassandra stuffs her gun back in her blazer.

SLAPS Braggs hard enough to twist his head.

DOWN THE ALLEY

Sweetwater's Hudson Hornet skids to a stop.

Hal reaches for his piece.

Sweetwater pops out. Levels his revolver at Hal--

Wolfe swings his pistol in the same direction--

SWEETWATER
Drop it, Hal!

Hal lowers his weapon to the cobblestones.

SWEETWATER
Kick it here and grab some alley.

Hal's piece skids across the alley.

Slowly, Braggs, Cassandra and Hal lie face down.

CASSANDRA
Where is she?!

WOLFE
All I want is the money.

CASSANDRA
Where's Amelia?

AMELIA (O.S.)
(inside Sweetwater's car)
Mommy!

Cassandra climbs to her feet.

Wolfe cocks his pistol--

She freezes.

CASSANDRA

I have it.

Points to the briefcase.

CASSANDRA

It's all there.

Needing an out... or a miracle, Braggs scans the alley.

In the backseat of Sweetwater's car, Wolfe yanks on Amelia. But she ain't going without a fight. Arms and legs flailing.

Furious, Hal starts to his feet.

Sweetwater swings his aim to Hal.

And Hal eases back to the ground.

Wolf drags Amelia down the alley by her hair.

Hysterical, she screams.

WOLFE

Shut up!

CASSANDRA

(overlapping)

I fucking hate you!

He throws Amelia to the ground in a heap.

WOLFE

(lords over her)

I said fucking shut up!

Cassandra reaches back inside her jacket--

BAM!

From the other direction, a forty-five-caliber round rips through the back of Wolfe's camel hair overcoat.

-- Another round -- and another!

Wolfe crumples to his knees.

Cassandra draws on her brother--

Wolfe cuts her down before she can fire--

BAM!

Dead before she hits the ground.

Amelia SCREAMS.

Wolfe struggles, wheezes to his feet. Spins.

The Street Mime, holding a smoking revolver, smiles.

Confused and angry, Wolfe locks eyes with the Street Mime.

Wolfe falls forward. Dead.

Amelia whimpers. Crawls to her mother.

Sweetwater pumps three into the Street Mime's chest.

BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

Braggs turns to Cassandra. Then Wolfe.

Sweetwater trots to the dead Street Mime. Kicks over the body. The Street Mime smiles contentedly.

SWEETWATER

A fucking mime?

A dozen people fire out of the J&M to see the commotion.

Braggs takes one last look at Cassandra.

AMELIA

Mommy! Mommy.

Sweetwater scoops up Hal's gun.

Quickly, limps to the briefcase.

SWEETWATER

This is evidence now.

A human wave of con men and patrons rush into the alley,

Sweetwater spins. Waves his gun around.

SWEETWATER

B-back up. P-police business.

Hidden in the wash of humanity, Braggs skulks into the J&M.

As the alley fills with people, Hal stands.

Crying, Amelia stumbles to him.

He pulls her close.

Sweetwater sends a warning shot into the air.

A half dozen people fire into the air too. Whoop!

Julian and Eggs step out the back door of the J&M.

EGGS

Sweet Jesus, what a mess.

Sweetwater opens the briefcase on the hood of his car.

SWEETWATER

(howls)

Fuck!

Hurls the case--

It breaks open as it bounces off a building's facade.

Game programs for Seattle Pilots baseball fly out.

SWEETWATER

Braggs! Where's Braggs?!

Behind Eggs and Julian, more people flood out of the J&M.

JULIAN

Where you think he is?

EGGS

Halfway to Canada.

JULIAN

The snot didn't even say goodbye.

EGGS

Oh, actually, he did.

Eggs offers him a bundle of cash.

JULIAN

You think I did this for money?

SWEETWATER (O.S.)

Braggs!

EGGS

Julian, there might be hope for ya yet.

JULIAN
Drinks on you?

EGGS
Drinks on me.

They make for the bar. More people stream into the alley.

Sweetwater desperately searches for Braggs as more and more people crush closer and closer.

NARRATOR
After Hal thought I was old enough, he
told me the whole story about my
family and that terrible day.

Amelia takes Hal's hand.

Sniffling, she searches his face for answers.

For now, there's nothing... but a hug.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Cruising down the street in his Cadillac, Braggs looks left... looks right... searching. Spots what he's after.

The Kid flags him down. Briefcase in hand.

INT./EXT. BRAGGS CADILLAC - DAY

The Kid climbs in.

THE KID
We did good.

BRAGGS
You did great, kid.

With the key, opens the briefcase. Filled with moolah.

THE KID
Fifty-fifty?

BRAGGS
No... apprentice wages.

THE KID
What?

BRAGGS
You're still on apprentice wages.

THE KID
(determined)
Fifty-fifty!

BRAGGS
Kid, I told you. Negotiate your cut
before the job.

He merges the car into traffic.

THE KID
Braggs, you're the worst.

NARRATOR
They went on to pull many more jobs in
many more towns. At least that's the
tale Eggs told me years later...

Braggs winks at The Kid.

She hangs a crooked smile on him.

One Cadillac gets smaller as it slips onto the highway.

THE KID (O.S.)
Sixty-forty.

BRAGGS (O.S.)
Nuh-uh.

THE KID (O.S.)
Seventy-thirty?

NARRATOR
... If you trust a con man.

FADE OUT.