

ASHES UNDER THE SAND

INT. THE CREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Four twenty-something Brooklynites, RAY, JOEY, CARLY BOY, and SANDRA sit in their small dark living room in a south Brooklyn apartment lit only by the television around a small wooden coffee table covered in trash and knick knacks. Ray slouches in the loveseat with Carly Boy while Joey and his longtime girlfriend Sandra sit on the floor. They're eating Chinese takeout straight from the box. Everyone has chopsticks except for Carly Boy. He eats with a fork.

A woman's voice comes from the TV set.

NEWS ANCHOR

Tonight in south Brooklyn a man was gunned down in a drive-by shooting right outside his home. Our eyewitness had this to say.

FEMALE WITNESS

I was out here walking my dog and I saw an SUV drive around the block a few times and you know at first I thought he's just looking for parking but I go back inside and I hear gunshots and when I look out my windows the SUV is speeding down the street and this guy is on the ground.

NEWS ANCHOR

Authorities have stated that investigations are already underway but they believe that the murder was planned.

CARLY BOY

What gave it away?

JOEY

And now this lady's face is all over the news.

SANDRA

Leave her alone.

NEWS ANCHOR

Luckily our eyewitness was able to obtain the vans license plate number as it fled the scene.

All three of the men stir uncomfortably in their seats when they hear this.

CARLY BOY

Oh! Someone's gettin' it tonight!

JOEY

Lady, you can't just go on TV and start saying that kind of thing.

SANDRA

Why do you guys even watch this?

JOEY

I told you it's for work, babe.

CARLY BOY

It's like how those Wall Street types read the stocks in the paper every morning.

SANDRA

The whole thing is morbid.

RAY

You guys ready to change it?

JOEY

Yup.

Ray passes his food over to Joey and Joey passes his to Carly Boy.

CARLY BOY

Hang on.

Carly Boy takes one last helping of LO MEIN leaving noodles dangling from his mouth. The noodles that didn't make it into his mouth fall back into the box and he passes it over to Ray. Sandra doesn't participate.

RAY

Are you serious?

CARLY BOY

What?

RAY

I just watched you put those into your mouth and let them fall back in and now you want me to eat that?

CARLY BOY

How else are you supposed to eat noodles?

Ray sighs and takes the food from Carly Boy.

SANDRA

You guys are nasty.

NEWS ANCHOR

In other news tonight a woman stabbed her husband six times in an attempted murder in their home in Bensonhurst. He is now in the hospital in critical condition.

CARLY BOY

That's personal.

A sudden VIBRATION coming from the coffee table breaks everyone's attention away from the TV. The three men avert their eyes to a FLIP PHONE on the messy table and stare in silence as it continues to vibrate.

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)

I wanna answer it.

Ray mutes the TV with the remote control.

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)

Come on! Just this once!

Carly Boy reaches for the phone but Ray grabs his ear with his chopsticks. Carly Boy swats him away.

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)

Dude!

Ray answers the phone and Joey laughs at Carly Boy. Ray is smiling too. He puts a finger to his lips to shush everyone.

RAY

How can I help you?

Joey and Carly Boy watch as Ray listens intently to whoever is speaking on the other line. He snaps his fingers at Carly Boy and points to a PEN and LEGAL PAD. Carly Boy hands them over.

Ray starts to take notes.

RAY (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay. Got it. We'll be there.

Ray closes the flip phone.

CARLY BOY

I don't get why you guys don't ever let me answer it.

JOEY

Cause the last time you answered it you didn't write the address so we were late and they docked our pay.

CARLY BOY

Yeah but it wasn't by that much.

RAY

Three grand's not that much?

CARLY BOY

I mean, we made it back the next time.

RAY

I'll tell you what; you can answer it when you learn to use chopsticks.

Everyone laughs. Even Carly Boy can laugh at himself every now and then.

JOEY

What are the details?

RAY

Someone's got a reservation on Knapp and Avenue X tonight.

SANDRA

Tonight, Joey?

JOEY

Hey, I don't complain when you have to go to work. If you want to buy that house then I have to go. I'll come over when we're off tomorrow morning. Okay?

SANDRA

Fine. Knapp and Avenue X. Isn't that by the old Fun Time USA?

RAY

Yeah. Party of one. Easy.

SANDRA

I had my ninth birthday there.

CARLY BOY

What kind of cake?

SANDRA
I don't remember.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ray, Joey, and Carly Boy are opening the back of their white CARGO VAN and Joey pulls out a large black DUFFLE BAG. Carly Boy takes a small .38 SPECIAL REVOLVER from the back as well.

RAY
You're gonna put somebody's eye out with that thing. Who do you always have to bring it?

CARLY BOY
Hey. You never know.

RAY
I think I do know. That's someone else's job. And if you're the one holding it the night we need it then we're in big trouble.

CARLY BOY
It's like a condom. I'd rather have it and not need it than need it and not have it.

Ray rolls his eyes and Joey laughs.

JOEY
What did you just say?

CARLY BOY
It makes sense though right?

JOEY
I'm praying that that's the dumbest thing I hear tonight.

RAY
Wait Carly Boy. Aren't you a virgin though?

CARLY BOY
Oh ha, ha, very funny. One day you're gonna say, "Carly Boy, you were right. Thank you." Are we here to work or to talk?

JOEY
Aw. Did all that MSG make someone cranky?

RAY

Just put it away. I don't want anyone seeing us out here with that.

CARLY BOY

Relax.

Carly Boy tucks the revolver into his pants.

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)

Better?

RAY

Everybody ready?

JOEY

Yes sir.

RAY

All right. Well lets make this quick then.

Ray shuts the rear doors of the cargo van.

EXT. VICTIM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ray, Joey, and Carly boy walk up the three steps to the porch and rings the DOORBELL. Nobody answers. Ray opens the door; it's unlocked.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The three men walk into the living room and find a DEAD MAN on the floor. He's been shot in the chest. Next to him is a side table that's been knocked over as well as the shattered lamp that once stood on it. There's a lot of blood on the floor.

Joey drops his duffle bag, unzips it, and starts to pull out big unmarked PLASTIC BOTTLES of liquid.

CARLY BOY

What do you think he did?

RAY

Joey, help me wrap him up. Carly Boy, start getting rid of the blood.

JOEY

Let's do it.

CARLY BOY

You think he owed money or something? Maybe screwed the wrong girl?

RAY

Maybe he asked too many questions that don't matter.

CARLY BOY

I'm just curious.

Joey reaches into the duffle bag and removes a bundled blue TARP and with a flourish of his wrists lays it out on the floor next to the dead man.

RAY

Get his legs.

Ray grabs the dead man by his arms and Joey takes the legs.

RAY (CONT'D)

One, two, three.

They lift the dead man.

JOEY

He's a heavy son of a bitch.

They gently lower him onto the tarp. There's lot of blood underneath him.

CARLY BOY

Ah shit we've got a bleeder.

RAY

Exit wounds?

CARLY BOY

Nope. Thank god.

Carly Boy rummages through the duffle bag and pulls out a large THERMOS. He twists the top off and pours a RED POWDER onto the bullet wounds. A blood coagulant. He tapes MEDICAL GAUZE over them when he's done.

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)

There we go. Go ahead.

Carly Boy opens one of the unmarked plastic bottles and pours the contents onto the bloodstain. He starts scrubbing with a brand new SPONGE.

RAY

Looks like he took one...two to the chest. Lets wrap him then find the casings.

JOEY

My favorite part.

CARLY BOY

Heads up.

Carly Boy tosses a SHELL CASING into the air. Joey catches it with one hand.

JOEY

Found one.

Carly Boy turns around and gives Joey a look. Joey smiles and winks at him.

Ray and Joey wrap the dead man in the tarp. Carly Boy continues to clean the blood. He's good.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Rope, Ray?

Ray reaches into the duffle bag and takes out two long pieces of ROPE. He hands them to Joey. Joey starts to tie the tarp up.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Look at that.

Joey bends over and picks something up.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Found the last casing.

Ray and Joey get on the floor with Carly Boy and help him scrub.

INT. CARGO VAN - NIGHT

Ray drives Joey and Carly Boy in the cargo van to another location. They're listening to a classic rock station on the radio.

JOEY

How long was that?

RAY

Hour and a half.

CARLY BOY
Is that record time?

RAY
Let's move faster next time.

JOEY
An hour and a half is nothing.

RAY
I want to do it faster. I hate
being in there.

JOEY
Could be worse.

RAY
That's what I'm afraid of.

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The cargo van pulls into a space in an empty parking lot save
for one identical van.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Joey and Ray drop the wrapped body into a deep grave dug in
the sand watched over by a man in his 30's wearing workers
gloves, a sweater, jeans, and sunglasses. This is THE BURNER.
He's got a shovel staked into the ground between him and the
mound of sand. He holds a red GASOLINE CANISTER.

CARLY BOY
How ya doin'?

The Burner nods.

No one says a word. Without taking his eyes off of the grave
Ray takes the flip phone from his pocket and makes a call.

RAY
Table's been cleaned.

Ray closes the flip phone and throws it into the grave. The
three friends leave the scene while The Burner empty's the
gasoline canister into the grave. He takes a MATCH BOOK from
his pocket, lights a match and tosses it in. FLAMES erupt
that barely reach the top of the grave.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

The three men led by Ray approach what looks like the box office at a movie theatre with bullet proof glass. Behind the counter is a young man, THE TELLER. He hands Ray a new flip phone through the hole in the glass.

RAY
You forgetting something?

THE TELLER
He wants to give it to you personally. He's upstairs.

Without another word, The Teller reaches under his desk and a loud BUZZING comes from the door a few feet away.

THE TELLER (CONT'D)
Second floor.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Ray, Joey, and Carly Boy are walking up the stairs of a dirty unkempt stairwell lit by flickering fluorescent lighting.

CARLY BOY
Why does he want to see us?

RAY
It's fine.

JOEY
We haven't done anything wrong. I wouldn't worry about it.

RAY
Carly Boy, it might be a good idea for you to let me do the talking when we get up there.

CARLY BOY
You don't think I can handle it?

RAY
I think you're freaking out and it's not gonna help us.

JOEY
Does anyone know who he is?

RAY
No idea.

CARLY BOY

What if it's the guy who always
calls us?

RAY

Could be.

The three made it to the door on the second floor. Ray KNOCKS and a tall broad shouldered man in his late 30's wearing a long thin brown leather coat, white sweater, and thin gold crucifix necklace answers the door. This is VINCE. He's the muscle.

CARLY BOY

We heard he wanted to see us.

Ray rolls his eyes. Carly Boy never listens.

VINCE

Come on in.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

Vince leads them into FRANK'S office. The office is small, drab, monotone, and the walls are painted in an outdated shade of brown. FRANK is sitting in an office chair at his desk. Its covered with unorganized papers and clutter.

Frank is in his late 50's and looks as outdated as his office. He's wearing khaki slacks, a hideous brown polyester polo, a thin gold chain, and thick glasses that went out of style in the 70's.

GOOCH is sitting against the wall perpendicular to Frank. Also in his mid 30's, he's well overweight and wears a blue sweatsuit with Nikes. He looks like he belongs in a bad episode of The Sopranos.

FRANK

You made it! Gooch, pull up another
chair here.

Gooch gets up and grabs a folded STEEL CHAIR leaning against the wall and sets it up next to two others.

Frank gestures to the chairs across from him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Have a seat, gentlemen.

RAY

Thank you, sir.

Ray, Joey, and Carly Boy all take a seat.

FRANK

Please none of that sir bullshit.
Call me Frank.

RAY

Thanks, Frank.

FRANK

Don't be nervous! Can I get you
boys anything? Water? Scotch.

RAY

We're okay. I'm Ray, this is Joey,
and that's Carly Boy.

CARLY BOY

Good to meet you, Frank.

Joey nods his heads and Carly Boy goes in for a handshake but Frank isn't interested.

FRANK

You boys are from Brooklyn?

RAY

Born and raised.

FRANK

Oh yeah? Whereabouts?

RAY

Bergen Beach.

FRANK

No kidding. I used to live down in
Marine Park. What about the other
two?

JOEY

We're all from there. We grew up
together.

FRANK

Oh yeah? That's nice you can all
still be friends.

CARLY BOY

We live together too.

FRANK

So you guys cleaned that table out
in Sheepshead Bay last night?

RAY

Yeah.

FRANK

That one was for me. It was fast and it was clean. Spotless. The three of you do good work together.

RAY

We're just doing what's asked of us.

FRANK

Good. Because that's what I wanted to talk to you about. I'm sorry, where are my manners? Vince, pay the young men here.

Vince reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a thick ENVELOPE. From the look on their faces it's a lot thicker than usual. Vince drops it on the desk in front of them.

FRANK (CONT'D)

The three of you have cleaned for me before. I take notice of hard work and give credit where it's do so take that as a token of my appreciation on top of the regular payment.

Ray takes the envelope from the desk.

RAY

Thanks.

FRANK

Some of these other guys, they're sloppy. They let things fall through the cracks. They're morons. And I don't like people creating unnecessary problems. It's more work for me in the end. And if you make extra work for me, well, it typically doesn't turn out too good for you. It's bad business all around. But you boys are good.

RAY

Well like I said we're just doing our job.

FRANK

Sure. I've got something big coming up real soon.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Well two things actually. First my baby brother just got out of the slammer and he needs to get back on his feet and back in the swing of things so I've got a job coming up that I want him to be a part of.

RAY

Frank, with all do respect we just work the three of us.

Frank laughs.

FRANK

He's not some cleaner. No. The three of you are gonna cleanup after him. He's real expensive too so you'll see some more cash and if things go well I'm sure you'll all be working together a lot more. That sound all right?

CARLY BOY

I think we can handle that.

FRANK

I wasn't really asking. But good. I've got a good feeling about all of you working together. Expect a phone call real soon. You can see yourselves out.

INT. DINER - MORNING

Ray, Joey, and Carly Boy all sit in a diner booth eating breakfast and drinking coffee. Carly Boy and Joey sit together on one side and Ray sits alone on the other. They're tired from being up all night and into the morning.

JOEY

Are we gonna talk about what happened back there?

CARLY BOY

Frank seems a little...off. I mean, why'd he have us meet him? Why can't he just call like a regular person.

RAY

Well he's gonna.

CARLY BOY

Does this mean we work for him from now on?

Ray shrugs.

JOEY

If it means more money like he says then it can't hurt. Sandra isn't gonna wait much longer.

CAREY, a middle aged man, enters the diner and stops at the booth.

CAREY

Surprise seeing you fellas here.

JOEY

Hey, Carey. What's up?

CARLY BOY

Yo.

Ray nods and lifts his MUG in acknowledgment.

CAREY

Oh, you know, just getting off a job.

JOEY

Same.

CAREY

Mind if I join?

CARLY BOY

Go ahead.

Ray doesn't scoot in to make room.

CAREY

You gonna make room?

Ray scoots down and Carey takes a seat.

CAREY (CONT'D)

How'd it go?

CARLY BOY

Finished up in Sheepshead Bay. You?

CAREY

We had a big dinner in Queens.

JOEY

Shit. All the way out in Queens?

CAREY

Yeah and they better reimburse me for the gas.

JOEY

Where's everyone else?

CAREY

They all went home. Party of three took a few hours and then another hour back to Brooklyn. You know how it is.

RAY

Carey do you know a guy named Frank?

CAREY

What do you mean? Like in our line of work? Connected?

RAY

Yeah.

Carey thinks for a moment.

CAREY

Guy with those ugly glass from 1975?

RAY

That's the one.

CAREY

That guy's a prick.

JOEY

We just met him.

CAREY

He's a bad guy. He'll take anything. If someone wants a guy's dog done he'll get someone no problem. He's a bottom feeder. Total scumbag.

CARLY BOY

Well apparently we work for him now.

CAREY
How'd that happen?

RAY
He called us in and said he liked us, gave us a bunch of money and told us about his brother who's getting back on the streets.

CAREY
His brother's out?

RAY
Why? What have you heard about him?

CAREY
Did Frank tell you what he was in for.

The three friends offer no response.

CAREY (CONT'D)
He did a cop in broad daylight while he was picking up his daughter from school. But apparently the cop was so connected that they had to go easy on him cause he threatened to give names.

JOEY
Shit.

CAREY
He's got a reputation. Him and his brother are two peas in a pod. Like I said, these two are bad guys.

RAY
They're all bad guys.

Carey shrugs.

CAREY
Jesus. This job was a mess. It's like they never think about the cleaners after.

CARLY BOY
I know! That's what I'm always saying! If it were me I'd keep it clean. No hassle. No mess.

JOEY

So is that why you bring a piece
with you every time?

Ray throws a PIECE OF FOOD at Joey.

JOEY (CONT'D)

What? I'm just saying.

RAY

Can you shut it with that? Both of
you? Don't say that kind of stuff
here.

CARLY BOY

I didn't say anything!

CAREY

You bring a fucking piece in there?

RAY

Don't encourage him.

CARLY BOY

You're not my mom.

RAY

Yeah and you're lucky cause I'd
give you the belt.

Everyone laughs. THE WAITRESS walks up to the table. She's an
older lady that's been working there since the dawn of time.

THE WAITRESS

Can I get you anything, sweetheart?
You want the usual?

CAREY

Perfect. Please and thank you.

THE WAITRESS

You got it.

CARLY BOY

Hey Carey which one of you answers
the phone?

CAREY

What do you mean? Like the work
phone?

CARLY BOY

Yeah.

CAREY

I dunno. Whoever's closest. Why?

CARLY BOY

They never let me answer it!

CAREY

Yeah cause you're a baby.

Carly Boy give Carey the finger.

RAY

Frank said if things go well then we'll be working with them more often.

CAREY

And if they don't?

Carly Boy makes finger guns.

CARLY BOY

Pew, pew, pew!

RAY

He doesn't seem like the type of guy who likes hearing, "no".

CAREY

You guys are gonna have to find your way out of this one.

JOEY

I can't think about this now. I promised Sandra I'd come over so I gotta run.

CAREY

You're still with Sandra? How's she doing?

JOEY

She's good. She hates this line of work but she's okay with the money it brings in so what are you gonna do?

CAREY

Yeah well they always are.

JOEY

We're looking at houses in Jersey right now.

(MORE)

JOEY (CONT'D)

I think she's ready to settle down and get away from it all.

CAREY

Jersey? Jersey's not a getaway. Go somewhere else. I've got a place upstate. Totally off the grid. Quiet. Perfect place to put my feet up and fuck off. If you ever need a vacation some time, maybe a honeymoon, I can give you a good deal.

JOEY

I'm sure it's better than a resort. What about you?

Joey motions over to Ray.

RAY

What?

JOEY

You got any plans? You're always squirreling away all that cash.

RAY

I'm just saving up right now.

CARLY BOY

What for?

RAY

A babysitter for you.

Carly Boy throws a PIECE OF FOOD at Ray but he dodges it.

CAREY

You going somewhere? I'm telling you I'll give you a good deal!

RAY

Eventually. I've gotta live my own life I guess.

JOEY

You've been living in the same neighborhood hanging with the same people since you were born. Where are you gonna go, huh?

RAY

I don't know. Somewhere warm maybe.

CARLY BOY
It's warm now though.

CAREY
You ever been out to California?

JOEY
Ray's never left Brooklyn!

CAREY
Really?

RAY
Nope.

JOEY
So then why leave?

RAY
What do we do here? We wait around
for a phone to ring so someone can
tell us where to go and what to do.

CARLY BOY
But that's the best part. You don't
have to think about anything!
Someone says go do this and then
you get paid.

RAY
I'm tired of waiting around and
waiting for someone to make
decisions for me.

CARLY BOY
Okay but what about all the money
we make?

RAY
Look what we're doing. When was the
last time we saw anything good
happen here? We need people to get
killed so we can eat or so you can
buy a house. So you can take care
of your Ma.

CAREY
Yeah but we're not the one killing
them. Have you gone soft on us?

CARLY BOY
I think he has.

JOEY

I get it. I mean, once I've saved enough for me and Sandra I'm good. I can't do this forever either. I wanna retire early and live by the beach or something.

CARLY BOY

So what about me?

JOEY

What about you?

CARLY BOY

Where does that leave me? I've got Ma to take care of. And you guys actually save money?

JOEY

Don't you?

CARLY BOY

No. I mean, I send some to Ma but I don't know what happens to the rest.

RAY

You spend it.

JOEY

On what?

Carly Boy shrugs and gives a coy smile.

RAY

Speaking of money everybody ante up. Let's get Joey to his girl and I wanna get some sleep.

Ray, Joey, and Carly Boy all reach for their wallets and throw cash on the table.

CARLY BOY

Can someone spot me?

Ray gives Carly Boy disapproving look and throws extra cash down.

RAY

All right, Carey.

CAREY

See you.

The three friends get out of the booth.

RAY
You owe me ten bucks.

CARLY BOY
I got it, I got it. Don't worry
about it. Take it out of my
paycheck.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Ray is alone at his dimly lit neighborhood dive. It's a neighborhood place where no one ever seems to be having too much fun. You come here to drink your troubles away. Lonely middle aged MEN from the neighborhood are playing billiards and classic rock plays from the speakers.

Ray sits at the bar and finishes his BEER. CHIP the old bartender walks up to Ray while wiping down a GLASS with a RAG.

CHIP
Get you another one?

RAY
Please.

Chip grabs another bottle from under the bar, pops off the cap, and puts it down in front of Ray.

CHIP
Anything good these days?

RAY
Same old, same old. Works getting
under my skin.

CHIP
Boss is riding you?

RAY
You could say that. He's a piece of
work.

CHIP
Ah, well what are you gonna do?

RAY
I haven't figured that out yet.

CHIP

Sometimes you just have to show up
and do the job. Keep your head down
for now and let things play out.
That always worked for me.

RAY

Don't you own the place?

Chip chuckles.

CHIP

Yeah I guess you're right.

RAY

I'm not sure where that's gonna get
me though.

CHIP

Well probably nowhere but it'll
keep him off your back for a while.

RAY

How are things on your end?

CHIP

Well the bar's still here and last
time I checked so am I so I can't
really ask for much more than that.
Where are those goons you're always
with?

RAY

Joey and Carly Boy? They've got
their own lives.

CHIP

What about you?

Ray shrugs.

SULLY, a piss drink man the same age as Ray at the other end
of the bar throws crumbled BILLS onto the bar.

SULLY

Thanks Chip. See ya next time.

CHIP

See you tomorrow Sully.

Ray watches Sully struggle to stand up from his barstool.
He's rummaging through his pockets when he pulls out his CAR
KEYS which he immediately drops. He bends over to pick them
up and stumbles his way out the door.

Ray feels his new burner flip phone VIBRATING in his pocket. He answers.

RAY
How can I help you?

Ray listens to the voice on the phone. We can't hear who's on the other end but he looks surprised. He takes a PEN from his pocket and starts writing on a bar NAPKIN.

RAY (CONT'D)
All right. We'll be there.

Ray closes the phone and puts it back in his pocket.

RAY (CONT'D)
Speak of the devil.

CHIP
The boss is calling you this late?

Ray rummages through his pocket for money and puts it on the bar.

RAY
Graveyard shift. Keep it.

CHIP
Yeah, yeah.

Without finishing his beer Ray gets up and heads for the door.

CHIP (CONT'D)
You know, Ray, you can always kill your boss.

Chip laughs at his own joke and takes Ray's money. Ray doesn't pay any attention to the remark and keeps walking.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Standing outside of the bar Ray takes his personal phone from his pocket, dials a number, and puts it up to his ear.

INT. SANDRA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joey and Sandra are asleep in her bed. The phone on the nightstand next to Joey starts to ring. They both stir awake after it rings a few times.

SANDRA
Don't answer that.

Joey reaches for his phone and answers it.

JOEY
Yeah?

INTERCUT RAY/JOEY

RAY
We've got a job.

JOEY
Tonight?

RAY
Party of four.

JOEY
Party of four? Jesus.

RAY
We have to be in Mill Basin in less than two hours. Be ready at the apartment in one.

JOEY
Okay. I'll see you there.

Joey hangs up and slowly starts to get out of bed.

SANDRA
Come on, Joey. Just come back to bed.

JOEY
I'll be back in the morning.

Sandra let's out a sigh that says she's annoyed but has been through this many times before. Joey kisses her forehead.

INT. THE CREW'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Carly Boy is in his pajamas on the loveseat watching TV with the lights off. There's empty food containers and beer bottles on the coffee table. His phone rings and he has to sift through the refuse on the table to find it.

CARLY BOY
What's up? Jesus Christ. Now? I'm in the middle of a movie!
(MORE)

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)

All right, all right. Well I'm home
so I'll see you soon.

Carly Boy hangs up and gets back to watching TV.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ray, Joey, and Carly Boy are unloading their gear from the
cargo can.

CARLY BOY

We haven't worked this late in a
long time. It can't wait?

RAY

Do you want to call Frank and ask?
You're always complaining that you
never get to answer the phone.

CARLY BOY

I'm just saying.

JOEY

Are we even gonna be able to finish
this before the sun comes up?

RAY

We're gonna have to.

Ray shuts the backdoors of the van.

EXT. VICTIM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ray, Carly Boy, and Joey are at the front door of the house
with their gear. Ray KNOCKS as usual. When no one answers he
opens the unlocked door and they walk in.

INT. VICTIM'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Carly Boy locks the door behind them. As they walk through
the hallway there is a trail of blood leading from the living
room to the kitchen. Joey peaks his head in.

JOEY

There's one.

RAY

Three to go.

JOEY

It's bad.

CARLY BOY

Let me see.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTIM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Carly Boy peaks his head into the kitchen. He's almost at a loss for words at what he sees.

CARLY BOY

Holy shit.

It's a DEAD WOMAN. She can't be more than 35 years old and is covered in blood to the point where you can't tell what color her shirt was to begin with. Her nasty head wound says she was beaten before she was murdered. There's blood all over the kitchen. It's a mess.

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)

This is no joke. This is gonna take forever.

RAY

Then let's keep moving.

INT. VICTIM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ray leads the others into the living room. On the couch is a DEAD MAN, still fresh, with a huge KNIFE lodged into his chest all the way to the hilt. FRANK'S BROTHER is sitting next to him.

FRANK'S BROTHER

Cool, right?

RAY

Jesus, man. What are you still doing here?

FRANK'S BROTHER

I'm not just gonna get up and leave after something like this. This is a fucking art gallery.

CARLY BOY

(To Himself)

That's fucked.

FRANK'S BROTHER

What was that?

Carly Boy is silent.

Frank's Brother gets up from the couch and tries to pull the knife out of the dead mans chest with one hand. It's way too deep to come out that easily.

JOEY

We'll take care of it.

FRANK'S BROTHER

But this is my good knife. I'm not gonna just leave it here like this.

Frank's Brother grips the hilt with both hands, puts one foot on the dead man's chest and heaves. The knife finally comes out and what looks like all of the BLOOD in the dead man's body starts to pour out onto the floor.

CARLY BOY

Dude!

Frank's Brother now with his knife slowly walks to Carly Boy leaving bloody FOOTPRINTS behind him. He gets in Carly Boy's face.

FRANK'S BROTHER

Better hop to it then.

Carly Boy is silent.

RAY

Carly Boy, go upstairs and get the rest of them. Joey, help me stop the bleeding.

FRANK'S BROTHER

Yeah Carly Boy go see what's upstairs. What kinda name is that? Are you fuckin' six years old? Carly Boy.

INT. VICTIM'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

When he makes his way upstairs Carly Boy sees the first door on the right is open; it's the bathroom. Empty. The next door is closed. He opens it. It's a child's bedroom. Carly Boy is beyond horrified at the scene.

Carly Boy covers his mouth in shock. He's never done a job like this before.

CARLY BOY
(Whispers)
Motherfucker.

INT. VICTIM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ray and Joey are using chemicals to clean the couch. The dead man's body has been wrapped and bound in a blue tarp. Carly Boy comes storming down the stairs.

CARLY BOY
We gotta go.

RAY
What?

CARLY BOY
I wanna go. I don't want to do this
one anymore. They can get someone
else.

Frank's Brother enters the living room from the kitchen with
a PLATE OF FOOD he's made.

FRANK'S BROTHER
Yeah what are you talking about,
little Carly Boy?

CARLY BOY
It's one thing if you wanna be
funny and leave this kind of mess
for us and then stick around like
some asshole but I don't do kids.
I'm not cleaning kids.

RAY
Carly Boy relax. What are you
talking about?

CARLY BOY
He killed kids, Ray! He fucking
butchered them.

Frank's Brother gets in Carly Boy's face again.

FRANK'S BROTHER
A job's a job. I do mine and you do
yours. It's not my fault if
somebody wants a couple of brats
gone.

(MORE)

FRANK'S BROTHER (CONT'D)

Now if you don't like the way I work then why not let's give my brother a call and see what he has to say. I know he loves being woken up this late.

CARLY BOY

(Quietly)

Fuck you.

FRANK'S BROTHER

I'm sorry. What did you say?

CARLY BOY

I said FUCK. YOU. You fucking psycho!

RAY

Carly Boy, can it! I'll do the upstairs! You leave Carly Boy alone.

FRANK'S BROTHER

No.

Frank's Brother head-butts Carly Boy square in the nose.

CARLY BOY

Shit!

Carly Boy is clutching his nose with both hands.

JOEY

What the fuck!?

Frank's Brother pulls his DESERT EAGLE on Joey to keep him from doing anything. He kicks Carly Boy in the stomach and Carly Boy collapses to his knees. He gets another stiff kick to the face. Carly Boy falls over on the ground, his REVOLVER falling across the floor. Frank's Brother is too riled up to notice. He mounts Carly Boy.

FRANK'S BROTHER

Open your mouth, kid.

Carly Boy defiantly SPITS a mixture of blood and saliva in his face. He gets pistol whipped as a reward and Frank's Brother points his gun at the others again to keep them from helping him. He keeps one hand on Carly Boy's throat to hold him still. Joey and Ray are totally powerless. Frank's Brother is smiling.

FRANK'S BROTHER (CONT'D)

It's about to be a long night for
the two of you.

Frank's Brother, his gun still on Joey and Ray, pinches Carly Boy's nose shut. He can only hold his breathe and endure the pain for so long before letting out a scream. Frank's Brother puts his gun in Carly Boy's open mouth and takes the safety off. Carly Boy struggles for air and his eyes are wide open in fear.

FRANK'S BROTHER (CONT'D)

You just don't know how to keep
your mouth shut, do you?

BANG.

Frank's Brother falls over. Ray is holding Carly's SMOKING revolver.

Carly Boy pushes Frank's Brother's body off of him, coughs, and spits out blood. He slowly gets to his feet. All eyes are on Ray.

JOEY

Holy shit.

CARLY BOY

Ray.

There is silence.

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)

What do we do? What the fuck are we
gonna do?

RAY

We need to clean.

JOEY

Are you joking? We need to get the
hell out of here, man!

CARLY BOY

He's right. I just wanna go home.
Let's go.

RAY

Everybody stop! We can't just leave
it like this. Someone is gonna find
this mess eventually and it's
probably gonna be Frank. We need to
clean this up. Now.

JOEY

Shit.

CARLY BOY

It's a party of four though! What's gonna happen when we show up with five?

Ray makes his way over to Frank's Brother and tosses his gun into their open duffle bag on the floor.

RAY

I'll wrap the kids together. It'll look like four. We do it like usual. We do it fast and we do it right. Record time. Let's move it.

CARLY BOY

Shit, shit, shit, shit. Okay. Okay.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The white cargo van pulls next to the same cargo van in the same empty lot.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Ray turns to Carly Boy in the backseat. His face is a little messed up but it'll heal in a few days.

RAY

Carly Boy I want you to stay in the car.

With a disapproving look on his face Carly Boy crosses his arms and looks out the window.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The Burner stands next to the grave he's dug. He has a canister of gasoline and a shovel staked in the mound of sand next to him. Ray and Joey throw the final body into the grave. No one has said a word.

Ray makes a phone call with the burner flip phone.

RAY

Table's clean.

He breaks the phone in half and drops it into the pit.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Ray, Joey, and Carly Boy are driving. Ray is putting a number in his phone.

CARLY BOY
What do we do now?

RAY
Just shut up for a second.

JOEY
We're dead! We're fuckin' dead!

CARLY BOY
What are we gonna do, Ray?

RAY
Would everyone shut up? Stay calm
and just give me a minute!

Ray puts the phone up to his ear.

RAY (CONT'D)
Come on, man, pick up. Pick up!

INT. CAREY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carey rolls out of bed to answer his phone on a bedside table.

INTERCUT RAY/CAREY

CAREY
Yeah?

RAY
Carey it's Ray.

CAREY
Ray. What the fuck time is it?

RAY
We need your help and we need it
now.

CAREY
All right, all right. What?

RAY
We need a place to stay.

Now he has Carey's attention.

CAREY

Whatever you did do not come to my house. I swear to god if you come here-

RAY

We need a place to lie low for a bit.

CAREY

What are you talking about?

RAY

We need the house upstate.

CAREY

You mean *my* house upstate?

RAY

Yeah. We got to the job tonight and-

CAREY

Stop! I don't wanna know! Whatever it is I don't wanna know! When?

RAY

Tonight.

CAREY

Tonight? Are you out of your mind? Ray if you're fucking with me right now-

RAY

Carey I'm not fucking around. We need to move tonight. Are you gonna help us or not?

CAREY

Yeah. Okay. It's gonna be 60 grand cash tonight.

RAY

Are you crazy?

CAREY

If its as bad as you say it is then it's 60 G's. That's for three people to use my place and for me to keep my mouth shut. If you guys are laying low on my property then my ass is on the line too.

(MORE)

CAREY (CONT'D)

You calling me already gets me involved in whatever fuckery you're mixed up in.

RAY

(To Himself)

Shit.

Ray thinks for a moment. Joey and Carly Boy watch him nervously. They haven't blinked an eye.

RAY (CONT'D)

When and where?

CAREY

I'll send someone over to your place. You give him the cash. Be ready in an hour and pack light.

RAY

Carey, you're-

Carey already hung up.

JOEY

What just happened?

RAY

When we get home we have ten minutes to get our stuff and get the hell out. Don't take any longer than that. Carey's got a place for us.

CARLY BOY

We're going upstate? For how long?

RAY

I don't know. As soon as we get home everyone needs to cough up 20 grand.

CARLY BOY

What!?

JOEY

Tonight?

RAY

That's how much our lives are worth right now.

CARLY BOY

I don't have that kind of money.
Maybe I have six at best.

RAY

Please tell my you're joking.

CARLY BOY

I'm not.

RAY

Now I'm gonna kill you. Joey we're
gonna have to cover that then.

JOEY

I can't.

RAY

What?

JOEY

I don't have it either. I mean I do
but my money is all tied up in a
joint account with Sandra. It's her
money too. I can't just withdraw
that much on my own and take off.

RAY

I should have let him kill us.

CARLY BOY

Ray...

JOEY

How much do you have?

RAY

60 grand, Joey. That's everything.
It's everything I have saved to get
me the hell out of this fucking
place.

Ray starts to laugh. His friends look at him like he's crazy.
He's finally getting what he wanted just not in the way he
had planned on.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ray, Joey, and Carly Boy walk quickly from the front door of
their apartment to the street. There's a black OLDSMOBILE
with it's lights on waiting for them in the street driven by
TECH. Tech is an average looking man in his late 40's. The
three men all pile into the backseat.

INT. TECH'S CAR - NIGHT

Ray sits between Joey and Carly Boy.

RAY
You're with Carey?

Tech turns around to look at them.

TECH
The money.

Ray hands Tech a BACKPACK and he looks inside. They watch in anticipation. Without closing it, Tech puts it on the empty seat next to him.

TECH (CONT'D)
Phones.

JOEY
What?

Tech pulls a small Rossi 352 REVOLVER on the three men in the backseat.

JOEY (CONT'D)
Give me your phones. Personal.
Burners. All of them.

RAY
Just do what he says.

Everyone pulls out their phones as Tech keeps his gun fixed on them. He puts the phones and his pistol into the money bag next to him.

TECH
It's a five hour drive and we don't
stop.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The car drives off into the night.

INT. TECH'S CAR - DAY

Ray wakes up in the backseat of Tech's car. Joey And Carly Boy are both asleep next to him.

TECH

We're almost there. Before we get there though I need you to do me a favor.

The driver turns around and it's Frank. He points a small Smith and Wesson REVOLVER at him.

FRANK

Tell my brother I said hi.

BANG.

CUT TO:

INT. TECH'S CAR - DAY

Ray is startled as he wakes up from a bad dream. Carly Boy and Joey are both asleep on either side of him.

TECH

Wake your friends up. We're here.

Ray touches Joey on the shoulder to wake him up. Joey slowly starts to stir.

RAY

We're here.

Ray puts a hand on Carly Boy's shoulder. Carly Boy doesn't open his eyes.

CARLY BOY

We're here. I know. I'm up. I couldn't sleep.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - LAWN - DAY

The car pulls in on the tree lined dirt road leading to the SAFE HOUSE, a small cottage with a porch sitting on a large piece of open green land surrounded by woods. It's a secluded and private property with no neighbors.

Tech gets out of the car first and walks up the four steps to the porch to wait for the rest of the men.

INT. TECH'S CAR - DAY

Ray, Joey, and Carly Boy are still sitting in the backseat of the car with Ray in the middle. Carly Boy is staring out the window with a grim look on his face.

RAY

Is anyone gonna get out?

Carly Boy let's out a deep exhale.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - LAWN - DAY

Carly Boy is the first to get out of the car. He puts on his BACKPACK and stops to survey the scenery.

Ray and Joey simultaneously get out on opposite sides of the backseat. Joey is slow to move towards the house but Ray takes his BAG and walks onto the porch with Tech.

RAY

Nice place.

TECH

Yeah well from what I hear it's gonna be home for a while. Come on, I'll show you around. It won't take long.

Tech opens the door into the cottage and enters with Ray following behind.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - LAWN - DAY

JOEY

Come on.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The safe house is small and opens up to a small living room with a couch, a fire place with a WINCHESTER 1894 mounted over the mantle piece, and small dining area with a round wooden table next to the tiny kitchen.

TECH

This is pretty much it. What you see is what you get. I know it's small but you'll make do. Living room. Kitchen. It's all pretty straight forward. There's a fire pit outside. The kitchen is empty so make me a shopping list and I'll go into town for everything. Oh, and there's a TV in there too.

CARLY BOY

Thank god.

TECH

No cable though.

CARLY BOY

Christ.

TECH

There's a DVD player and some movies in the cabinet. I think there's a Nintendo too.

CARLY BOY

This is like living in the stone age.

TECH

We're pretty much off the grid here. No internet, no service. There's a power generator and running water. That's about it. It ain't so bad once you get used to it.

JOEY

No service? Is there a landline then? Cause I need to call Sandra and let her know what' up.

TECH

No.

JOEY

What do you mean no? So how do I call her then?

TECH

You don't. Listen to me. If the whole point of you being here is to lay low then you don't call anyone. No one knows you're here. If anybody knows where you are then that makes trouble for all of us, including me. So if you want to stay here then you play by my rules. Understand?

CARLY BOY

Okay but how long are we gonna be here? Ma still needs me.

RAY
Until this whole thing blows over.

CARLY BOY
Like a few days?

RAY
As long as it takes.

CARLY BOY
But I see her once a week!

RAY
Doesn't she have a caretaker?

CARLY BOY
The caretaker sucks! She doesn't do
shit. She needs me there.

RAY
Well then you should have thought
about that before you started
running your mouth so now she's
gonna have to make do just like us.

CARLY BOY
She's gonna think something
happened to me!

JOEY
Same with Sandra. She's gonna know
something's wrong.

RAY
Something is wrong! But if we're
gonna stay alive then for now we
need people to think we're dead.

Carly Boy and Joey take a moment to think about that. It's not the answer they want to hear but they know that Ray is right.

RAY (CONT'D)
Where do we sleep?

TECH
There's a room in the back with two
single beds. Someone's gonna have
to sleep on the floor or on the
couch. Doesn't matter to me.
There's blankets and pillows in the
closet.

CARLY BOY
I call a bed then.

JOEY
Same.

RAY
We'll figure it out later.

TECH
I'll leave you boys to it then.
Make yourselves at home. Like I
said, just make me a list of what
you need and I'll grab it for you.
It's all included in the payment.
I'll be back later.

CARLY BOY
Beer. If I'm gonna be stuck out
here then I need to be drunk.

JOEY
Lots of beer.

Tech walks out the front door.

JOEY (CONT'D)
So this is home for a while?

RAY
Yup.

JOEY
What do we do?

CARLY BOY
And how do we figure out who gets
the beds?

Ray looks up at the Winchester on the mantle piece.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - LAWN - DAY

Ray, Joey, and Carly Boy are out in the yard. Ray is holding
the rifle and in the distance are glass bottles lined up on a
two foot high tree stump.

RAY
The worst shot has to sleep on the
floor. Three shots each. Carly Boy,
you love holding that gun of your
so much so why don't you go first?

CARLY BOY

I'll show you boys how it's done.

Ray hands the rifle over the Carly Boy. He sets the rifle against his shoulder and looks down the sights with one eye closed.

RAY

You're gonna shoot with your eyes closed?

CARLY BOY

Shh! I'm concentrating. This is how you do it.

BANG. Bark explodes off a tree behind the stump. It's a miss.

RAY

That's one.

CARLY BOY

I'm just warming up. That was a practice shot.

Joey and Ray chuckle.

BANG. The bullet hits the ground in front of the tree stump.

JOEY

Are you serious?

CARLY BOY

Shut up! I've never shot a rifle before.

RAY

Last one! Unless you can hit all of them with one bullet but I dunno.

BANG. The last bullet was fired somewhere into the woods.

CARLY BOY

Fuck! Let me go again. I'm taking a mulligan.

JOEY

Nope! Rules are rules, buddy. Now hand that over to one of the big boys before you hurt yourself.

Carly Boy hands his rifle over to Joey and crosses his arms. Joey puts the rifle against his shoulder and sets up the shot.

CARLY BOY
 Hey batta, batta! Swing batta,
 batta!

BANG. A bottle explodes. Joey looks over at Carly Boy and smiles before setting up the next shot. BANG. The bullet hits a tree behind the stump and bark goes flying.

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)
 Not so tough now, huh?

JOEY
 It's better than zero.

BANG. Another bottle shatters.

JOEY (CONT'D)
 You better pray Ray doesn't hit
 any.

CARLY BOY
 Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Joey hands the rifle over to Ray.

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)
 Next up at bat we've got Ray. He's
 got a batting average of zero this
 season so we're not expecting much
 out of him today.

Ray quietly raises the rifle up to his shoulder. He stares down the sights and set up his shot.

BANG. BANG. BANG. Three bottles explode in quick succession.

JOEY
 Damn.

CARLY BOY
 What? That's so unfair! Let's do
 something that *I'm* good at!

RAY
 What? Whining? Hope you like
 sleeping on the floor.

Joey points at Carly Boy and laughs at him. Carly Boy holds up both middle fingers in return.

RAY (CONT'D)
 Come on. Let's go get set up
 inside.

Joey heads towards the house first.

RAY (CONT'D)
Carly Boy.

CARLY BOY
What?

RAY
You can take my bed.

Carly Boy offers no response as they walk towards the house.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - FIRE PIT - NIGHT

Ray, Joey, and Carly Boy are sitting on tree stumps around a bonfire they've made. There are empty beer bottles all around them.

JOEY
Are you serious? Rebecca Schiffman
from the other class?

CARLY BOY
Hey, she was a nice Jewish girl.

JOEY
She was Jewish?

CARLY BOY
I'm Jewish!

The three have a laugh.

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)
You remember her right Ray?

RAY
Oh, I remember her all right.

JOEY
I can't believe you lost it to
Rebecca Schiffman. I can't believe
you even lost it at all.

CARLY BOY
Who did you lose it to then?

JOEY
Me? Lizzie Carbone.

CARLY BOY
Bull. Shit.

Carly Boy looks over at Ray for confirmation. Ray smirks and nods his head slowly.

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)
Lizzie Carbone. How?

Joey shrugs and gives a smug smile.

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)
She was like three years older than us!

Joey holds up five fingers. Ray laughs.

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)
Five? How much did you have to pay her?

JOEY
I don't know, man. It just happened. Mike Mazzaro threw a party freshman year and her and a bunch of her friends were visiting from college. We just started talking and you know.

CARLY BOY
I don't know.

JOEY
She told me she needed help in the bathroom. I was like 13 so I didn't really pick up on what was going on but I went in with her and the rest is history.

CARLY BOY
I don't believe it. Why doesn't this shit ever happen to me? Was it good?

JOEY
I was 13! Probably not.

CARLY BOY
Hey, you never know. What about you Ray?

RAY
This nice Jewish girl. Rebecca schiffman.

The three all share a laugh.

JOEY

I'm gonna grab another beer. Anyone need a fresh one?

Ray holds up his empty bottle. Carly Boy chugs what's left of his and lets out a big burp.

CARLY BOY

Yes.

Joey leaves the bonfire and heads into the house.

RAY

I'm sorry.

CARLY BOY

For what?

RAY

About what I said back there. You getting us into all of this. I didn't mean it. It's not true.

CARLY BOY

No, it's- I know.

RAY

What happened in there and what you saw. You were right.

CARLY BOY

I mean he butchered those kids, Ray. And you could tell by the room they were so young. You would've done the same thing if you saw that.

RAY

I hope so.

CARLY BOY

He was gonna kill me.

RAY

I know.

Both men sit in silence and stare into the fire.

CARLY BOY

What do you think is gonna happen?

RAY

Hopefully nothing. And when it's safe to go back we can all go home.

CARLY BOY
But we killed Frank's brother.

RAY
I know.

CARLY BOY
So will it ever be safe again?

RAY
I don't know.

CARLY BOY
I've been thinking about Ma. If something happened to her cause I'm gone...

Silence.

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)
Do you think Frank knows yet?

RAY
The scene is clean and everyone did their job but it's a matter of time before he figures out his brother's missing.

CARLY BOY
Can he find out?

RAY
That he's dead?

CARLY BOY
No. I mean that we did it.

RAY
We just clean. Guys like us, we're a bunch of nobodies. He'll probably think someone else did it. I'm sure a guy like that has plenty of enemies.

CARLY BOY
Yeah but these guys have ways of finding things out.

Joey walks back to the fire with a beer for everyone.

JOEY
What did I miss?

RAY

Nothing. Toss me one of those.

Ray claps his hands and holds them out. Joey lobs him a beer and Ray catches it.

JOEY

Carly Boy.

Joey lobs a beer at Carly Boy but he drops it into the grass without breaking it. Ray and Joey laugh at him.

CARLY BOY

Leave me alone. I'm drunk.

The three of them all drink silently and watch the fire dwindle. Ray gets up and searches through a pile of wood before pulling out two thick logs. He strategically adds the logs to the fire, which catch after a moment.

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)

You think Sandra's worried about you?

JOEY

She probably will be in a day or two. She knows what we do so she knows the risks I guess.

CARLY BOY

Yeah.

JOEY

But she hates it. What about Ma?

CARLY BOY

I'm trying not to think about it. She asked me one time how work was going and I told her that I work at a restaurant in the city.

RAY

Doing what?

CARLY BOY

A busboy.

They share a laugh.

JOEY

That's close enough.

CARLY BOY

I don't think she believed me
though.

RAY

She'll be okay.

CARLY BOY

I think she knew something was up.
You can't keep secrets from that
woman. You remember who I ran with
when we were kids. I would come
home late from school all the time
and she'd just say, "Carly Boy,
what did you do?". And she'd get me
to fess up everything. She just
knows.

JOEY

You couldn't just lie?

CARLY BOY

There was no point.

RAY

Frank barely knows us. He doesn't
know who we are or where we live.
We're safe up here for now.

CARLY BOY

I know. But I guess I'm just afraid
of what's gonna happen next.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ray wakes up alone on the couch. He sees dirty plates on the
dining room table and a plate of food left out for him.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - LAWN - DAY

Ray walks out onto the porch eating his breakfast. Tech is
hitting a baseball with a wooden bat out to Carly Boy and
Joey.

CARLY BOY

Check it out, Ray! Look what we
found in the shed!

Ray leans on his forearms against the porch railing.

TECH

Carey asked me to check in on you guys and make sure you're all set up okay. You sleep all right?

RAY

Yeah all things considered.

CARLY BOY

The beds suck! I didn't get any sleep.

JOEY

I was tossing and turning all night too.

CARLY BOY

We've got an extra glove out for you. Come on!

Ray puts his plate on the railing and walks out on the lawn. He puts the GLOVE on. Tech self pitches the ball and hits it out to Ray. He catches it.

RAY

So you live out here on the property?

Ray throws the ball back to Tech. He catches it barehanded.

TECH

I take care of the place when Carey's not around, which is most of the time. I've got a small cottage at the edge of the property.

CARLY BOY

What do you do all day?

TECH

I make sure the place is stocked up, the water's running, the generator's working, keep the place looking clean. That sort of thing.

Tech hits the ball out and Joey catches it.

JOEY

How long have you been here then?

Joey throws the ball back and Tech catches it barehanded.

TECH

A few years now. I like it out here. It's quiet.

Tech hits the ball and Joey catches it again.

JOEY

What's it like living up here?

Joey throws it back to Tech.

TECH

You're about to find out.

Tech hits the ball out to Carly Boy and he catches it.

CARLY BOY

You ever go crazy living out here all alone though?

Carly Boy throws it back to Tech.

TECH

No way. If anything it keeps me from going crazy. It's the city that'll drive you mad.

Tech hits the ball again and Ray catches it.

RAY

And how'd you get hooked up with Carey?

Ray throws it back to Tech.

TECH

We used to work together.

RAY

You worked with Carey? So how did you get out?

Tech rests on the bat like it's a cane.

TECH

Favors and money. It wasn't easy and it didn't happen overnight but I haven't looked back since.

Tech picks up the bat and hits the ball out for Carly Boy to catch.

CARLY BOY

How long did you clean with Carey?

Carly Boy throws it back to Tech. He leans on the bat again.

TECH

I wasn't a cleaner. Carey was mine for a while. I wouldn't do the job unless I knew he was coming in after. I liked him. But I got tired. When you're cleaning you don't get it. I mean, you see the aftermath but it's different. It's not like we go in there and it's a quick job. Maybe if you got lucky. Nobody wants to die. You may say you're not afraid but I'll bet you're afraid of being killed. Let me tell you something; when I walk into your house you may not know who I am but you know damn well why I'm there. They start begging for their life or telling me they have a family or that they're sorry. Maybe they run around the house like they're gonna get away and I have to chase them like some asshole. And then sometimes the boss tells me how they want it done. It's not enough to go in and do it quick. They wanted me to send a message. They pay extra for that, too. It's like it's not enough for me to just do it. I have to scare the shit out of them first but it won't matter when it's all done. And one day it just took it's toll on me; doing that to people. I mean, I don't know who they are or what they did. They could be anybody. Some were probably good people who just got hooked up with some bad ones for their own reasons. I think if you have a problem then you need to take care of it. Don't send a man to do something you won't do yourself.

Tech hits the ball out and Ray catches it.

RAY

So what happened?

Ray throws the ball back to Tech.

TECH

I told them that. I wasn't gonna get my hands dirty for them anymore and they can do it themselves. There's people out there that can handle that type of stuff but I couldn't anymore. At some point I figured that things wouldn't be too pretty for me when I got to the end of my road. Eventually all that you've done has to come back to you.

Tech hits the ball out.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Frank's office is full of MEN sitting around poker tables drinking alcohol and smoking cigars. Everyone is enjoying themselves and breaking balls. Sitting next to Frank is Gooch and across the table from him is MIKE and DOM. Both of these men are in their late 40's and dress just as cheaply as Frank. There is a large pile of poker chips and twenty and hundred dollar bills in the middle of the table.

FRANK

All right it's to you, you soon-to-be poor prick. What's it gonna be?

Mike moves his eyes back and forth between the cards in his hand and the cards on the table.

MIKE

Ah fuck it.

Mike throws his cards face down into the middle of the table. Dom's eyes dart back and forth between the cards in his hand and the cards on the table.

FRANK

Please. Before I die of old age.

Dom moves a large stack of chips into the pot.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Now we're finally getting somewhere. Okay. Well I'll call and then I'm gonna raise you cause I think you got shit so let's see what kinda balls you got on you.

Frank pushes all of his chips into the pot.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Lets finish this game quickly so I
can go fuck my girlfriend before my
wife has dinner on the table.

Dom looks at his cards again. After some thought he puts all
of his chips into the pot too. Frank lets out a deep laugh.

FRANK (CONT'D)

All right tough guy, let's flip
'em.

DOM

You made the bet. You can flip them
first.

Frank flips over his cards.

FRANK

You ready to hand over all your
money now? Straight flush.

Dom flips his cards over. It's also a straight flush.

DOM

Same.

FRANK

What do we have here? A tie? In all
my years of playing cards I've
never had a tie on a hand. I'll
tell you what. Since it's my game
and my place I'll split it with you
70/30. How's that sound?

DOM

Or how about I take the pot? I got
an Ace in my hand so I win the hand
and all your money.

FRANK

What are you talking about?

MIKE

He's got the higher kicker. He
wins.

Frank looks at the card in play on the table. He's right.
Frank lost the hand.

Dom hugs the chips with both arms and starts to pull them
into him. There's so many stacked so high that some of them
spill over his arms.

DOM
You host a game and you don't know
how to play?

FRANK
What'd you say?

DOM
What?

FRANK
What did you just say? You calling
me a moron now?

MIKE
Hey come on, Frank. We're just
breaking balls. It's a joke.

Frank punches Dom square in the nose.

FRANK
How about I break your fuckin'
nose?

Dom grabs his nose with both hands. The other men in the room stop what they're doing and go silent as they watch what's happening. Some men look shocked, others upset, and others stoic.

DOM
Jesus, Frank. What's wrong with
you?

Frank grabs a fistful of Dom's hair to hold him in place and punches him in the face again, and again, and again, and again. Blood splatters on Mike's face as he winces with every blow Dom takes.

FRANK
Speak to me like that in my place
of business? You fucking moron.
Here, you didn't take all your
chips.

Still holding Dom by the hair Frank slams his face into the poker chips once, twice, three times. Chips go flying in all directions. Frank let's go and Dom raises his bloody face and poker chips that stuck to the blood fall back onto the table.

DOM
You fuckin' son of a bitch.

FRANK
You rude bastard, comin' in here
and insulting me like that.

Frank tosses a chip over to Mike and he can barely catch it with two hands.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Get him the fuck outta here.

Mike pulls Dom up and throws his arm over his shoulder to carry him out. Frank starts to laugh hard.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry everybody. I didn't know
I could get that angry. My god.

Frank is laughing a little less hard as he tries to calm himself down. Vince walks up to Frank's table.

VINCE
Frank.

FRANK
Vince. Perfect timing. I need you
to count this out for me.

VINCE
Someone's here to see you.

FRANK
Who? I'm busy.

VINCE
Someone looking to make a
reservation.

FRANK
They have cash?

Vince hands him a thick MANILLA ENVELOPE.

FRANK (CONT'D)
This night just keeps getting
better and better. Yeah, yeah let
him in.

TEDDY walks up to Frank's table and looks at the mess. He fits right in with Frank and his crowd with the way he dresses.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Please excuse the mess.
We got a little carried away here.
Have a seat.

Teddy reluctantly sits down and tries to avoid getting any blood on him.

TEDDY

Did I catch you at a bad time?

FRANK

No, not at all. Any time I'm making money is a great time. My lovely associate here tells me you'd like to take some people out for dinner.

TEDDY

Yeah. I got some guys who owe me a lot of money and-

FRANK

Let me stop you right there. None of that's my problem. Just tell me how many and where.

TEDDY

Three guys. 1643 East 54th Street.

FRANK

Brooklyn?

TEDDY

Yeah.

FRANK

When do you want that for?

TEDDY

As soon as you can. I think they're gonna run soon.

FRANK

They always do. Vince bring me the phone will you?

Vince picks up a black office landline phone from Frank's desk and places it on the poker table. Frank picks up the receiver.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm gonna give you someone very special to me. He's my baby brother.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Just got out of the joint too so he's hungry. I'm telling you he's the best. I don't know what kind of childhood he had cause he's a real sick fuck. I mean, we grew up in the same house, our parents loved us, but he grew up to be the crazy one. What are you gonna do?

Frank brings the receiver to his ear and starts to dial.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ray, Joey, and Carly Boy are sitting around a pizza in the living room. Ray sits on the loveseat with a SLICE in one hand and a BEER in the other while Joey and Carly Boy sit on the floor with the open pizza box between them. Empty beer bottles are all around them. Ray is watching Joey and Carly Boy play Street Fighter on Super Nintendo.

RAY

You better watch out.

JOEY

I got it, I got it.

RAY

Are you sure? Cause it looks like he's kicking your ass.

JOEY

I said I got it!

CARLY BOY

And goodnight.

Joey loses the round.

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)

That's so weird. I thought you said you got it.

JOEY

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Just shut up and play. Let's go.

Their next round starts up again. We hear the TV.

TV

Fight!

CARLY BOY

You're done! Don't even try!

JOEY

No! What the hell? I'm pressing the buttons but he's not doing anything!

CARLY BOY

Too slow.

The round ends as quickly as it began and Joey loses again. Carly Boy throws both fists high in the air in triumph.

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)

Woo! Reigning champion since 1995, baby!

JOEY

Yeah but I can still kick your ass.

CARLY BOY

What are you talking about? I just beat you like five times in a row.

JOEY

This is some dumb game. Any kid can be good. I'm talking about going toe-to-toe. Fisticuffs.

RAY

Did you just say fisticuffs?

CARLY BOY

Is that a challenge?

JOEY

All I'm saying is I would whoop your ass.

CARLY BOY

Ray who do you think would win in a fight, me or Joey?

Ray shrugs.

JOEY

Let's go. Me and you outside. Let's do this.

CARLY BOY

Are you serious?

JOEY

I have to win at something tonight.

CARLY BOY

All right.

Joey tries to get up off the floor but falls back onto his butt. He's wasted and both of his friends are laughing at him. Joey puts a hand on the couch to steady himself as he gets up to his feet. He grabs his BEER and walks out the front door. Carly Boy stands up.

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)

Woo baby. Stood up a little too fast.

Carly Boy realizes how drunk he is and makes his way out of the cottage. Ray is left alone on the couch. He sits in silence for a moment eating. After a moment he gets up from the couch with pizza and beer in hand.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Ray walks onto the porch and sees Carly Boy and Joey shirtless out on the yard. Ray leans up against the railing to watch them. Joey and Carly Boy have managed to start a fire in the firepit. Joey chugs his beer and throws the bottle into the fire. It SHATTERS.

JOEY

Please accept my tribute of Carly Boy as sacrifice!

Joey is on his knees facing the fire and bows his head all the way to the ground. Carly Boy pisses into the fire and laughs. Joey is barely able to get up again and walks over to Carly boy. He puts both fists in front of his face.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Ready? Fight!

Joey and Carly Boy slowly move in towards each other with their fists up protecting their faces. If a boxer were to see them they'd say they're doing it wrong.

It takes a while before Joey throws the first punch, which Carly Boy easily dodges. Joey throws another miss and Carly Boy retaliates with a fast punch to Joey's cheek. Joey falls off balance onto his butt. Carly Boy offers him a hand only for Joey to swat it away.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Fuck off. I can do it myself.

Joey is barely able to get up on his own.

CARLY BOY
You ready?

JOEY
Fight!

The two step towards each other a little faster this time and Joey manages to get a lick in on Carly Boy.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Ray is still watching the fight from the porch alternating between the pizza and his beer.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - LAWN - CONTINUOUS

JOEY
Here we go. I'm just warming up.
Here we go.

Carly Boy swings and Joey is able to dodge and counter with a quick combination that connects to Carly Boy's face and body. Carly Boy recoils a few steps back.

CARLY BOY
Shit. Okay I see how it is.

The two move in even faster and Carly Boy throws the first punch of the round. He connects only for Joey to throw a punch back. It connects. Carly Boy returns the favor.

The two men exchange blows to the face one at time without trying to move out of the way. It's become a game of strength and endurance to see who will be the last man standing.

The two men grow tired and punches are thrown with more time in between and with less intensity. Carly Boy throws a punch at Joey's face but he drops before it can connect and goes for a double leg takedown. He grabs Carly Boy's legs and takes him to the ground knocking the wind out of him.

Joey mounts a helpless Carly Boy and punches him in the face once, twice, three times before he rears his head back to let out a scream that is equal parts triumph and frustration. He stops to look down at his friend who is bleeding from the eyebrow now.

Joey remembers what happened the last time Carly Boy found himself in this situation and rolls off of him onto the ground. The two men are sweating profusely and lying on their backs staring at the night sky huffing and puffing trying to catch their breathe.

Joey turns away from Carly Boy to come to his knees and vomits onto the grass.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank sits arms crossed at his unorganized and cluttered desk. Vince sits in the chair across from him. The two men sit in silence for a few moments.

FRANK

I don't understand it. I mean, should I be worried? The kid just got out and it's not like him to just up and leave all of the sudden. And not only am I losing money cause of this but it makes me look bad. What's that say if my crew just disappears, hm?

VINCE

Can't we just get someone else to do it?

FRANK

Are you even listening to me? My brother is gone! And if I don't figure this out soon people are gonna start talking.

VINCE

You think maybe someone did him?

FRANK

What?

VINCE

I mean if people know who he is and if his rate is as high as you say then how's the guy who does him gonna look? Now he's the best.

FRANK

What the hell is wrong with you?

VINCE

I'm not saying that's what happened. All I'm saying is, you know, maybe.

FRANK

But what asshole is gonna bring that on himself? And you couldn't knock a guy like my brother even if you tried.

Vince shrugs. Frank stirs in his chair. The thought of someone coming after his brother worries him because then he could be next.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You think someone did him?

VINCE

I dunno.

FRANK

Get me the books. I wanna see something.

Vince gets up and takes a thick BOOK from a bookshelf.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Tell me about the last job he did.

Vince reaches into his breast pocket and takes out his READING GLASSES. He starts flipping through the pages.

VINCE

Here we go. Says it was in Mill Basin.

FRANK

Okay...

VINCE

It was a table for four. Says the guy was a banker so him and the family.

FRANK

How connected was he?

VINCE

He was in someone's pocket.

Vince continues to read to himself.

VINE

Look at this. Says here he never got paid.

FRANK

What do you mean he never got paid? I always pay. I always fuckin' pay!

VINCE

I know but it says that he never got paid. I didn't mark it. I wouldn't miss something like that. I don't think he ever came in for it.

FRANK

But he called us after the dinner was over?

VINCE

He called.

FRANK

So something happened after. Who else was there?

VINCE

The cleaners were those three kids. Yeah. I don't have names but it was those three.

FRANK

I remember them. And they called too after they cleaned the table off?

Vince nods his head slowly without taking his eyes off the book.

VINCE

They called.

Frank reaches for his landline phone and gets ready to make a call.

FRANK

Well one of them or all of them is gonna know something. Gimme a phone number.

VINCE

We don't have one.

FRANK
Mother fucker. How?

VINCE
They never came in either. Never
got paid. Never got a new phone.

FRANK
Then who the hell was the burner
that night? And you better not tell
me he didn't come in either.

VINCE
He came in. He got paid and he's
got a phone.

FRANK
Good. Now gimme the god damn
number.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - LAWN - NIGHT

Ray walks alone on the yard. He's got nowhere to be and moves slowly with his hands in his pockets. He's thinking about how his life is going to change.

BANG. Off in the distance Tech is shooting some bottles with the Winchester. Ray walks over to him.

RAY
You need a shooting buddy?

TECH
Could use a drinking buddy too.

BANG. A bottle explodes 20 yards away.

TECH (CONT'D)
Heard you're pretty good with this.

Tech hands the Winchester to Ray and he takes aim. BANG. A bottle explodes.

BANG. Another bottle explodes.

RAY
My uncle took me hunting a couple
of times.

TECH
You ever catch anything?

RAY

We shot a deer once but I was too young to be doing that sort of thing I guess. I remember it made me sad to watch it die. Look at me now.

Ray tries to hand Tech the rifle.

TECH

Finish it out.

RAY

You know...

BANG. A bottle explodes.

RAY (CONT'D)

I thought I had it all figured out until one night something messed it all up.

BANG. It's a miss.

TECH

That's how it goes. Can't have it all.

RAY

Seems like you do.

Tech chuckles.

TECH

Yeah well this isn't how I pictured things for myself either.

RAY

Oh yeah?

BANG. A bottle explodes.

TECH

I was gonna leave town after my wife got pregnant. You know how that story goes.

BANG. A bottle explodes.

RAY

What happened?

CLICK. The rifle is empty.

TECH

Here.

Tech puts his beer down and takes the rifle. He loads in nine ROUNDS and takes aim.

BANG. A bottle explodes.

TECH (CONT'D)

Work got in the way. It always does. You know the guys who run things think they're all so god damn smart but really they're just a bunch of scared little boys.

BANG. A bottle explodes.

TECH (CONT'D)

You can't tell them no, you can't say anything bad about them, and if they feel like they're losing whatever power they think they have, that's when you need to worry.

BANG. Another bottle explodes.

RAY

Did something happen to her?

TECH

Well after we found out she was pregnant I told them I was done and I wanted out. But apparently that wasn't good for business. So they killed her.

BANG. A bottle explodes. Ray is silent.

TECH (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'd say that's an appropriate response. They didn't even clean it up afterwards. They wanted me to find her when I got home. They gave her two to the chest and three in the belly.

RAY

So what you told us the other day...

TECH

That's the nice version but true all the same.

RAY

So what's the full version then?

TECH

I killed just about everyone I could. The ones I couldn't kill I had to pay off. But that's who I was. It's all I knew how to do. But even then it's never enough. Someone's always gonna get pissed off and think you owe them something.

BANG. It's a miss.

TECH (CONT'D)

I came here because I didn't have much of a choice. In the end there wasn't anything left back home but bad blood and bad memories.

RAY

Before this whole thing started I was saving to get the hell of Brooklyn.

TECH

Oh yeah? And how's that going?

RAY

I had to cover for the other guys to get here.

TECH

Ain't that a bitch.

BANG. A bottle explodes.

RAY

There's this guy that comes to my bar every night. Sully. We grew up together. Not grew up together but I mean we're from the same neighborhood, went to the same schools. All of that.

BANG. A bottle explodes.

RAY (CONT'D)

I see him there piss drunk every night and neither one of us says anything to the other. I don't think he even remembers me.

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

The other kids always looked up to him or thought he was cool but he never let me hang out with him. Never let me sit with him. Never got invited to birthdays.

BANG. A bottle explodes.

Tech hands the rifle and a box of rounds over to Ray. Ray starts to load it.

RAY (CONT'D)

In the 7th grade he beat the shit out of me and threw my lunch in the trash. I lied to my mom about what happened when I got home that day and told her I fell down the stairs. Then the next year he walked around school one day and asked everyone who they liked better, me or him, and then he tallied it up at the end of the day.

Ray cocks the rifle.

TECH

How'd you do?

Ray shrugs his shoulders.

RAY

Not great.

They both laugh.

TECH

That's a long time ago though. You were kids.

RAY

No, I know. But still I see him there every night and after everything he put me through it's like he's never seen me before in his life. That's Brooklyn to me: people just shit on you and walk around like nothing happened.

BANG. A bottle explodes.

TECH

Let me ask you something. What the fuck do you care? Look Ray.

(MORE)

TECH (CONT'D)

There are people in this world, people like Sully, who are just born and then they die. You catch my meaning? I knew a lot of guys like him and they just rot in the same place their whole life. Sully's not going anywhere. You know why he probably doesn't recognize you after all that? You grew the fuck up but he's done. He's got nothing. He was born there and he's gonna die there and he knows it. Remembering you isn't gonna change that so then why bother? Seeing you probably reminds him of all the times he's fucked up.

Ray thinks about this in silence.

TECH (CONT'D)

So then why get worked up about guys like him not giving a shit about you, huh?

BANG. BANG. BANG. That wasn't the rifle.

RAY

(Startled)

What was that?

TECH

I almost forgot. Come with me.

Tech leads Ray towards the cottage. Carly Boy comes running out the front door onto the porch and Joey follows behind him shortly after. Not far in the distance FIREWORKS are going off in the sky.

CARLY BOY

What's going on?

JOEY

It's the Fourth of July.

CARLY BOY

Already? How long have we been here?

BANG. BANG. BANG. More fireworks.

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)

That's really something, huh, Ray?

JOEY

Must be some of the neighbors.
Seems like you can kind of do
whatever you want out here.

CARLY BOY

For a second I forgot we were
hiding out.

BANG. BANG. BANG. There is less time between the fireworks as
more and more go off. Tech approaches the three friends from
his car in the driveway holding a large bag in his hand.

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)

Hey!

Carly Boy runs over to Tech in excitement.

TECH

Here. Take the whole bag.

Carly Boy takes the bag and almost drops it it's so heavy.

CARLY BOY

Holy shit!

TECH

Be careful with those.

Carly Boy brings the bag over to the porch and puts it down
on a step. He rummages through it.

JOEY

What are we working with?

CARLY BOY

Ho-ly shit yeah.

Carly Boy pulls out a box of fireworks and tosses them over
to Joey. He reluctantly catches them with two hands.

JOEY

(Laughing)
Watch it!

CARLY BOY

Light those babies up! Here.

Carly Boy lobs a lighter at Joey. He sets the fireworks down
on the grass and lets them rip.

POP. POP. POP. POP. They shoot off one at a time. BANG. BANG.
BANG. BANG. Carly Boy claps and yells in excitement.

JOEY
That's it?

Ray manages to crack a smile.

JOEY (CONT'D)
Throw me some more.

CARLY BOY
You got it. Here, Ray. You take
some.

Carly Boy hands Ray some firework tubes. Ray holds one out and lights it. POP. POP. POP. They fire off into the distance and light up the night. Ray finally laughs.

He picks up two more and lights them both in quick succession before letting them fire away. Carly Boy and Joey join in and set off more fireworks. There's a CACOPHONY of sound now.

All three friends are laughing, cheering, and hollering and howling as the fireworks go off into the night.

EXT. THE CREW'S APPARTMENT - NIGHT

Vince and Gooch KNOCK on the front door politely. No answer. Vince BANGS. No answer. He motions for Gooch to step back and gives the door a swift KICK. Nothing. He KICKS it one more time. Nothing. He KICKS the door again and it swings open.

INT. THE CREW'S APPARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

No one is home and the place is a mess.

VINCE
Looks like someone left in a hurry.
I'll start here. Take that room
there.

INT. THE CREW'S APPARTMENT - RAY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room is a mess. Ray's stuff is all over the place and the bed is unmade. A dresser drawer and the closet are open. Vince looks around for any clues. Nothing.

INT. THE CREW'S APPARTMENT - JOEY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gooch is looking around. It's a similar scene to Ray's room. He scans the room for anything useful.

GOOCH
You gotta be kidding me.

He found a FRAMED PHOTO of Joey and Sandra on the bedside table. Vince enters.

VINCE
What's that?

GOOCH
I know this girl.

VINCE
Who is she?

GOOCH
She's a waitress over at that place on Avenue X. I'm there all the time. Drafts it's called.

VINCE
The bar?

GOOCH
That's the one.

VINCE
Let me see that for a second.

Gooch hands the photo to Vince. He takes a good look at it and removes it from the frame and folds it in half leaving only Sandra.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Let's go. First rounds on me.

INT. DRAFTS - NIGHT

Vince and Gooch are drinking at the bar. Gooch can't stop scanning the room for Sandra.

VINCE
Would you relax? You're making it too damn obvious.

Vince downs the rest of his beer and slaps Gooch on the shoulder.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Get us another round. I'm gonna go take a piss.

Vince heads to the bathroom and on his way he bumps into a waitress.

SANDRA
Excuse me. I'm sorry.

VINCE
No, no it's my fault. Go ahead,
sweetheart.

Vince moves out of the way to let Sandra pass by. He opens the door to the men's room

INT. DRAFT'S - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Vince is using the urinal. He reaches into his pocket for the PHOTO and takes another good look. He recognizes the girl in the photo as the waitress he just bumped into. He puts the photo in his mouth, zips his pants, flushes and leaves without washing his hands.

INT. DRAFT'S - NIGHT

Vince sits back down next to Gooch who's drinking a fresh beer. He flags down the bartender.

VINCE
Hey. What time do you close
tonight?

BARTENDER
Around 11 tonight.

VINCE
Thanks.

GOOCH
Anything?

VINCE
She's here. Finish up. I'm fucking
starving. I need to eat something
before we do this.

GOOCH
But there's food here.

VINCE
Nah. Looks like shit.

INT. VINCE'S CAR - NIGHT

Vince and Gooch sit in Vince's beige 2001 Lincoln Town Car eating fast food BURGERS and drinking big SODAS while they wait for Sandra to get off work.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Sandra leaves the bar and heads to her car, a 1996 Geo Prizm. The car starts, the headlights go on, and she pulls away down the street.

Vince's car starts, the lights go on, and it follows after her.

INT. SANDRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sandra sits down on her couch with a GLASS of white wine. She's wearing an oversized shirt, pajama pants, and her wet hair is wrapped in a towel. She reaches for the TV REMOTE on the coffee table in front of her and is startled by the DOORBELL.

EXT. SANDRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Vince and Gooch are at the front door. Sandra speaks through the door.

SANDRA

Who is it?

VINCE (O.S.)

Sorry to bother you at this hour,
miss, but it's about your husband.

Sandra opens the door as far as the chain lock will allow. Vince holds up a POLICE BADGE.

VINCE (CONT'D)

We know your husband is missing and
we've been trying to locate him if
you have a moment.

Sandra closes the door, removes the CHAIN, and opens the door.

VINE

Would it be all right if we came
in?

INT. SANDRA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sandra sits on the couch and Vince and Gooch sit on two chairs across from her.

VINCE

So when was the last time you saw your husband?

SANDRA

We're not married. Joey's just my boyfriend.

VINCE

All right. So tell us the last time you saw Joey if you can remember.

She starts to sob.

SANDRA

I don't know. I think it's been a few weeks now. Maybe three. What kind of trouble is he in?

VINCE

Well see that's what we're here to try and figure out. It seems that Joey's just one of a few missing people and if we can find him well then we're hoping we can find the others.

SANDRA

Last I saw him he was here. He works late nights.

VINCE

The graveyard shift?

SANDRA

Yeah.

VINCE

We know how that goes.

Vince and Gooch chuckle at their little inside joke.

SANDRA

He got called into work one night and never came back. Whenever I call now it goes straight to voicemail.

VINCE

And has he tried to reach you in any way?

SANDRA

No.

She puts her head into her hands and starts to cry.

GOOCH

Hey, come on now. There's no need for that. We're doing everything we can. Honest.

SANDRA

Is he dead?

VINE

No, no, no. From what we heard when he spoke with other people that doesn't seem very likely.

SANDRA

What other people?

VINCE

Look, miss. We know what your Joey does and who he's wrapped up with and we know what can happen to guys like him. We see it all the time. So really if there's anything you can give us, anything at all, we promise that when we find him he'll be under our protection. Both of you. We're after bigger fish here and we think he can help us with that.

She continues to cry. She's thinking the worst.

GOOCH

What about his two friends he works with? Have you heard from them?

SANDRA

Ray and Carly Boy? No, I already tried. They're not answering their phones either.

GOOCH

Cause it seems they're both gone too.

SANDRA
What about Carey?

VINCE
Carey?

SANDRA
Yeah. He's like their coworker or kind of. They all go to the same diner after work. The Floridian or something like that.

VINCE
The Floridian? All right. You're giving us a lot to work with here. We really appreciate your help this evening, miss. And again we're so sorry to come barging in here this late at night.

SANDRA
It's okay. Just please find him for me.

VINCE
We're doing everything we can.

GOOCH
You got a bathroom I can use?

SANDRA
Down the hall first door on the left.

GOOCH
Thank you.

Gooch gets up and heads for the bathroom.

VINCE
Pardon me for just one second.

Vince takes his PHONE from his inside coat pocket and makes a call.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Hey, Frank. Sorry to call you so late. We found one of the girlfriends and she was able to help us out. No, she was very sweet. She's just worried is all. You can understand. I told her we're doing everything we can to make sure that everybody is okay.

Vince is listening to Frank.

VINCE (CONT'D)

She gave us a name and where he hangs out so we'll check it out. This guy Carey. He hangs out with them at The Floridian. It's a diner down in Marine Park. I'll check if he's in the books too.

Gooch enters the room again and stands behind Sandra. She hasn't noticed him. He's wearing BLACK LATEX GLOVES and holding a small 9MM REVOLVER with a two inch barrel in one hand.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Should I call someone to clean it up?

Vince gestures to Gooch with his free hand. Gooch holds the 9mm revolver point blank to the back of Sandra's head, which is still wrapped in the towel. BANG. Still on the couch, her body bends forward onto the coffee table with a THUD. BANG. BANG. Gooch makes sure she's dead.

VINCE (CONT'D)

No cleanup. We're gonna let him see it when he comes back here.

GOOCH

Sheesh. That's rough.

VINCE

Come on.

GOOCH

Hang on.

Gooch takes the glass of white wine and downs it.

GOOCH (CONT'D)

Okay.

Vince and Gooch leave the living room for the front door. Sandra's body is alone on the couch.

GOOCH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Where'd you get that badge?

VINCE (O.S.)

I lifted it off this cop I did years ago. Comes in handy, right?

The front door CLOSES.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

Joey and Carly Boy are sitting in deck chairs playing cards on the floor and Ray and Tech stand next to them. Ray hands Tech a piece of paper. He reads it over to himself.

TECH
New clothes?

RAY
Carly Boy's been wearing that same nasty shirt since we got here. Get him something else, please.

CARLY BOY
It's my lucky shirt!

JOEY
A lot of luck it's brought us.

CARLY BOY
Hey, it brought me this vacation.

RAY
This isn't a vacation. Don't forget why we're here.

JOEY
It's gross. I can smell it from here.

Carly Boy takes a whiff of his shirt.

CARLY BOY
I don't smell anything.

RAY
(Quietly)
Just get him another one, please.

Tech laughs at their banter.

TECH
All right.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Tech is making his way down the aisle with a full shopping cart looking at the shelves. There's another man behind him with a shopping cart, THE HITMAN, browsing the same aisle. The Hitman is wearing a short sleeved Hawaiian shirt, khaki shorts, sandals, sunglasses, and a bucket hat. He's dressed more for an island cruise than upstate New York.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Tech is packing his brown paper shopping bags into the trunk of his Oldsmobile. A few cars down The Hitman is also packing bags into his grey 2001 Volvo Station Wagon. Tech finishes up and shuts the trunk.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Tech is at the counter inside the gas station and puts a \$20 bill down.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Tech's Oldsmobile is at a pump station but it's not being filled with gas. A few pumping stations away The Hitman is filling his car up. He's staring out into space.

Tech approaches his Oldsmobile carrying a red GASOLINE CANISTER. He takes a few moments to fill it up at the pump. Once it's finished he brings the canister around to the passenger side of the car and leaves it on the seat. He shuts the door and gets in on the drivers side. He shuts the door behind him.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ray is laying on his back on the couch throwing a baseball into the air and catching it while Carly Boy and Joey sit on the floor playing Nintendo. Tech enters.

TECH

All right, boys. Come take a look at the haul.

Tech puts everything he's carrying on the small dining room table. He reaches in and pulls out a case of beer and places it on the table.

TECH (CONT'D)

More beer.

CARLY BOY

Woohoo!

Tech reaches in again and pulls out a carton of eggs.

TECH

Some eggs. There's some bacon
somewhere in there too. Let's see
what else.

Tech pulls out a package of shirts.

TECH (CONT'D)

Some clean clothes for Mr. Carly
Boy over there.

Ray chuckles to himself.

CARLY BOY

Don't need 'em.

Tech pulls out a bit bottle of bleach.

TECH

For some cleanup.

CARLY BOY

Hey, what's that gasoline for?

Tech reaches into the bag again and his arm goes elbow deep. It's just about empty. Everyone's attention immediately diverts to the front door as it SWINGS open with The Hitman in the doorframe holding an H&R 400 SERIES SHOTGUN. Before The Hitman can pull the trigger Tech with his arm still elbow deep in the bag raises his arm towards him.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

The bottom of the bag is ripped open as The Hitman takes three bullets to the chest and falls backwards onto the porch letting the door SLAM shut again. SMOKE rises from the hole in the bottom Tech's bag.

Tech opens the front door and moves on to the porch. BANG.
BANG.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

Ray, Joey, and Carly Boy enter the porch and see Tech on his knees going through The Hitman's pockets. The three friends have a look of disbelief on their faces. Tech pulls KEYS and a BURNER FLIP PHONE from The Hitman's pockets.

TECH

Looks like whatever you're running
from is here. And I want it off my
porch.

Everyone is silent and still.

RAY

Carly Boy, get the bleach. Tech, do you have a shovel?

TECH

Behind the shed.

RAY

Joey, help me get him onto the grass.

CARLY BOY

What the fuck? What the fuck just happened?

RAY

Carl! Get the bleach!

Carly Boy runs inside.

JOEY

What are we gonna do now? They know we're here.

RAY

First we get him on the grass. Then we start digging.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - LAWN - NIGHT

Ray, Joey, Carly Boy, and Tech stand shoulder to shoulder staring into a deep and freshly dug grave. A shovel is staked into the ground next to a huge pile of dirt. Ray empties the GASOLINE CANISTER into the grave. Everyone is silent for a moment.

RAY

You still have his phone?

Without taking his eyes off of the grave, Tech reaches into his pants pocket and hands Ray The Hitman's burner flip phone. He's hesitant.

Ray finally opens the phone and stares at the screen for what seems like ages. He makes the call and brings it up to his ear. All eyes are on Ray now.

RAY (CONT'D)

They just settled the check.

Dead eyed, Ray breaks the phone in half and drops it into the fire pit. He reaches into his pocket for a MATCH BOOK. He lights a match and drops it in as FLAMES erupt just barely touching the edges of the grave.

CARLY BOY

What happens now?

RAY

I'm gonna collect.

JOEY

What are you talking about?

RAY

I'm going back to Brooklyn tomorrow and I'm meeting Frank to collect. I'm taking what he stole from me and then I'm getting on a train. I'm not gonna wait for someone to tell me what to do anymore.

CARLY BOY

So you're just gonna leave us?

Ray is silent.

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)

Ray, that's not fair!

RAY

Then come.

CARLY BOY

And do what? Tell Frank we're sorry?

RAY

I don't know. But right now he thinks we're all dead and I want him to know what it feels like to be taken for all he's got.

JOEY

I'm coming with you.

CARLY BOY

Joey!

JOEY

He's right. If he thinks we're in the ground then maybe this is the best time if there ever was one. I have Sandra to think about.

(MORE)

JOEY (CONT'D)

And you have to think about Ma.
What if they came for them because
of us? How long before that
happens?

CARLY BOY

But he's dead!

RAY

Eventually Frank is gonna know
something's wrong when this guy
doesn't show up and we'll be doing
this all over again.

TECH

Then he'll start coming after the
people you care about.

CARLY BOY

But how could he even find them?

RAY

He found us here! Carey must have
talked. There's no other way.

JOEY

Shit.

CARLY BOY

But we paid him to keep quiet!

TECH

Only a dead man keeps quiet. They
won't stop until you're all dead.
And if they can't find you then
they'll find the people who can.
Friends. Family. Doesn't matter.
Every story has an ending.

RAY

If you don't do it for yourself
then do it for Ma. What would you
do to keep her safe?

Silence.

TECH

You can't run forever, kid.

Carly Boy stares into the fire for what seems like ages.

CARLY BOY

All right. Tomorrow we go.

The men stare into the fire and each silently contemplate the road that lies before them and the possible outcomes.

Ray takes the SHOVEL and throws dirt into the grave.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - LAWN - DAY

Ray, Joey, and Carly Boy approach The Hitman's station wagon. They're all carrying their backpacks. Tech stands with his arms crossed at the in front of the car.

TECH

You're gonna need these.

Tech tosses the CAR KEYS over to Ray. He unlocks the car. Carly Boy opens the door to the backseat, throws his bag in, and gets in shutting the door behind him. Joey shakes Tech's hand, they both nod to each other, and Joey gets in the passenger seat. Ray approaches Tech and stops.

TECH (CONT'D)

There's only one way this can end.
You know that, right?

Ray is silent.

TECH (CONT'D)

It's either you or them. And now they know about this place. This is all I have. I fought hard to get here and I'm not losing it now. This is what keeps me from that life. You go in there and finish this. This is the life you chose. It's funny; no matter how hard you try to forget it, it always has ways of reminding you.

Ray remains silent.

TECH (CONT'D)

You're good kids. Be careful.

RAY

Thank you. For all of this.

TECH

I'd say good luck but I'm not sure if that'll be enough.

Ray extends his hand and Tech shakes it. Without saying goodbye Ray walks to the drivers side of the car. He opens the door, throws his bag in, takes a seat and shuts the door.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

There is complete silence. Joey and Carly Boy are both staring out the window at what is probably the last bit of serenity they'll have for a while.

JOEY

For better or for worse I'm gonna miss it here. That son of a bitch Carey was right.

RAY

If anyone wants out-

CARLY BOY

Just drive.

The station wagon pulls out of the driveway and onto the main road.

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)

Shit. I forgot my shirt.

JOEY

The lucky one?

CARLY BOY

Yeah.

RAY

I'll turn around.

CARLY BOY

No. No, that's okay.

RAY

You sure?

CARLY BOY

Yeah.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The station wagon pulls into a spot on the street.

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

They're here. Ray puts the car in park. No one has said a word the entire drive and the mood in the car is a sombre one. It's the calm before the storm. They're normal guys going up against professionals. They sit for a few moments.

Ray turns off the car but leaves the keys in the ignition. They won't be long.

RAY

Don't lock the doors. We're in and we're out.

CARLY BOY

What do we do when we get in there?

RAY

We stay clam, let me do the talking, and keep guns on everyone. Anybody moves, shoot them.

JOEY

(Whispers)

Fuck.

RAY

If you want to stay out here I'll understand.

CARLY BOY

No way. Fuck these guys.

RAY

Ready?

CARLY BOY

No.

The three friends sit in silence for a while longer hoping to prolong whatever is about to happen. No one will look at anyone. Ray finally gets out of the car first.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Ray leads his friends into the lobby. Ray carries Carly Boy's 9mm revolver, Joey holds the Desert Eagle they lifted from the body of Frank's brother, and Carly Boy holds The Hitman's H&R 400 Series shotgun and has his backpack on.

The Teller isn't behind the glass like he usually is and the door to the staircase, which is always locked, is held open by a PHONEBOOK. Ray peers through the crack in the door into the stairwell. The coast is clear. Ray opens the door and walks up.

CARLY BOY

Fuck this, man. Something's not right.

JOEY

Come on.

Joey leads Carly Boy through the door and into the stairwell.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - BEHIND THE GLASS - CONTINUOUS

The Teller is dead on the floor with a pool of blood behind his head. He's had a bullet put right between the eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The front door is kicked open by Ray, his gun pointed straight ahead. Dom and Mike are already there with their 9MM BERETTAS pointed at Frank and Vince who are on their knees with their hands behind their heads. Their backs are to their executioners. Gooch is dead on the floor, his head split open from a bullet.

Dom, his nose in a splint and his face heavily bruised, and Mike carrying a heavy looking DUFFLE BAG, whirl around at the sudden commotion. They're too slow as Ray, Joey, and Carly Boy open fire on them.

Dom and Mike fall to the ground and the three survivors fix their guns on Frank and Vince. They still have their backs turned.

FRANK

What the fuck is going on?

RAY

Don't turn around!

FRANK

I don't fucking believe it. Is that Ray and his little friends?

CARLY BOY

Stop talking.

FRANK

You're all supposed to be dead!

RAY

We're ghosts now. Joey, check the bag.

Joey squats down and opens Mike's duffle bag. It's the most CASH he's ever seen in his life. He takes the dead mens guns and adds them to the duffle bag before zipping it up and slinging it over his shoulder.

RAY (CONT'D)

It's over, Frank. You're done.

FRANK

I say when I'm done!

JOEY

It looks a little different from where we're standing.

RAY

If you come after us then you die.
We'll burn you ourselves. You won't even make the six o'clock news.
You'll just be ashes under the sand like everybody else. Like your brother. Come on.

FRANK

You motherfuckers!

Carly Boy and Joey turn around and run out the door. Ray backs up slowly with his revolver fixed on Frank and Vince. He walks out the door and closes it behind him.

EXT. SREET - NIGHT

Ray runs out the front door of the building. Joey and Carly Boy are already in the station wagon.

CARLY BOY

Let's go, Ray! Come on!

Ray runs into the drivers seat, the keys still in the ignition. He starts the car and peels out.

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

RAY

Everyone okay?

JOEY

This is a lot of money, man.

CARLY BOY

Holy shit. Holy shit that was insane! I'm fucking shaking.

(MORE)

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)

I can't believe that just happened.
I guess we're not the only ones
Frank pissed off. What now?

RAY

Amtrak. Newark.

JOEY

You gotta drop me off at Sandra's
place first.

RAY

What?

JOEY

I gotta get her. We had a plan.
I've got the money now and so we're
out of here. I made a promise to
her. You have to take me there
first.

RAY

Joey.

JOEY

Ray.

RAY

We're not waiting for you.

JOEY

Don't. She's got a car. We'll meet
you at the station.

RAY

Fuck.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The station wagon continues down the street and stops at a red light. A car speeds through the intersection towards them and peels out in front of them. The driver gets out.

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Everyone looks puzzled. They recognize him.

RAY

You've got to be shitting me.

JOEY

That mother fucker.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ray gets out of the station wagon first with his revolver in hand. Joey and Carly Boy follow after him with their guns drawn.

RAY
How did they find us, Carey?

CAREY
I'm sorry you guys.

JOEY
We paid you to keep your mouth shut!

CARLY BOY
We were friends, man!

CAREY
He said he'd kill my family! You need to come with me!

RAY
Carey, get back in the car and go home. We saw Frank. It's over.

CAREY
Is he dead?

Silence.

CAREY (CONT'D)
You didn't kill him? Then it's not over! Why didn't you kill him?

Carey pulls out his WALTHER PISTOL.

CAREY (CONT'D)
Please just get in my fucking car!
I can't let him kill them!

BANG. A shotgun blast grazes Carey's side. Mayhem ensues as everyone opens fire. Ray takes cover behind his open car door.

Carey drops his gun as he falls to the ground.

RAY
You could have walked away! This is all fucked!

Carey is coughing up blood. He lifts his head to look up at his old friends and holds out a hand like he's asking for help. There's nothing anyone can do for him even if they wanted to.

RAY (CONT'D)
We gotta go.

Everyone piles back into the station wagon.

The doors slam and the car drives away. Carey's head drops to the pavement.

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

JOEY
He's right. We should've killed Frank.

Ray is silent.

CARLY BOY
Hey you guys.

RAY
I hate this place. I've always hated it! It's full of this shit!

CARLY BOY
You guys.

RAY
What!?

Carly Boy is bleeding pretty badly from the gut. Carey managed to shoot him during the mayhem.

JOEY
Fuck! Fuck!

RAY
Put pressure on it!

JOEY
I'm coming Carly Boy.

Joey climbs through the station wagon from the front seat to the back. He tries to put pressure on the wound but it's too bad. BLOOD seeps from between his fingers.

CARLY BOY

It's okay. Just leave it. You guys are always taking care of me. Let me do it.

Carly Boy tries to apply pressure but it's not doing anything.

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)

Holy shit that hurts.

JOEY

We're gonna take you to a hospital.

No one believes that.

CARLY BOY

You've always had my back.

RAY

Come on. Stop talking like that.

CARLY BOY

But it's true. Why?

RAY

Why what?

CARLY BOY

Why'd you guys always look after me?

RAY

Cause you were younger maybe. I don't know, man. I saw them picking on you at school and I knew how it felt.

CARLY BOY

You didn't want me to be bitter like you, Ray.

Ray is silent.

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)

It's okay though cause I'm not. I'm not bitter.

JOEY

Just stop talking. Hang on.

CARLY BOY

You guys were always my best friends. Always.

Carly Boy's eyes close.

JOEY
Carly Boy? Carly Boy!

Joey slaps Carly Boy in the face a few times.

CARLY BOY
Stop hitting me. Jesus. And stop
screaming. I'm just tired.

Joey starts to laugh but he's still freaking out. He's putting on a brave face for his friend.

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)
Can you guys do me a favor?

RAY
Of course. Anything.

CARLY BOY
Just look after Ma. I never should
have gotten someone else to look
after her. I think the care taker
steals silverware. Just one at a
time so Ma wont notice. But I
notice. I notice. I should've been
there more.

RAY
Don't say that. You did a great job
with her. But we'll look after her.
Don't worry about it.

JOEY
She's our Ma too.

Carly Boy chuckles.

CARLY BOY
Like brothers. Can you guys take me
home? I wanna go home.

RAY
Yeah. Yeah, I'll take you home,
buddy.

EXT. STREET - EARLY MORNING

The sun is just barely starting to rise. The grey station wagon pulls into a spot on the street in front of Ma's house.

INT. STATION WAGON - EARLY MORNING

CARLY BOY
Are we here?

RAY
Yeah.

JOEY
Come on. Let's go.

CARLY BOY
No, no, that's all right. You guys
gotta get out of here. Go get
Sandra. She loves you. Get on that
train. I can make it myself.
Just...just give me Ma's cut.

Carly Boy stuffs his backpack into Joey's chest. Joey reaches into the duffle bag of money and moves a few stacks of hundred dollar bills into Carly Boy's bag.

CARLY BOY (CONT'D)
Ray, send me a postcard from
somewhere warm.

RAY
Of course.

CARLY BOY
Somewhere with a topless beach.

Ray chuckles. Carly Boy takes his bag and gets out of the car. Ray and Joey are silent.

EXT. MA'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

With his backpack slung over one shoulder Carly Boy staggers his way up to Ma's front door. He rings the doorbell.

INT. STATION WAGON - EARLY MORNING

RAY
I'm sorry buddy.

Ray puts the car in drive and pulls away.

CUT TO:

EXT. MA'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Carly Boy rings the doorbell again. Before anyone can come to the door he collapses onto the ground.

INT. STATION WAGON - EARLY MORNING

Ray is driving and Joey is still sitting in the backseat that's covered in Carly Boy's BLOOD. Both men are completely silent with tears in their eyes that they won't share with the other. The car comes to a stop.

JOEY

I'll meet you at the station.

RAY

Amtrak in Newark. First train that comes I'm taking it to the last stop all the way up north.

JOEY

I got it. We'll be there. Don't about worry us. Just be safe.

Joey grabs his backpack full of money, exits the car and shuts the door behind him.

EXT. SANDRA'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

The station wagon drives away as Joey runs up to Sandra's front door. He rings the bell. No answer. He rings the bell again. No answer. He lifts up the DOORMAT and takes the SPARE KEY Sandra leaves there. He unlocks the door and rushes in. The door shuts behind him.

There is silence at the front door of the apartment.

INT. STATION WAGON - EARLY MORNING

Ray has arrived at his destination and puts the car in park. With his hands still on the steering wheel he contemplates in silence the uncertain future that awaits him. He finally turns off the car, takes his bag of cash and gets out.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - EARLY MORNING

Ray walks solemnly to the ticket machine with his backpack in hand. He's the only soul on the outdoor train platform.

One of his best friends since childhood is dead and he knows he probably won't see the other one again. He finally got what he wanted but at too great a cost.

Ray buys his TICKET and finds himself a bench to sit and wait for the train. He puts his bag in his lap.

Ray hears FOOTSTEPS behind him.

FRANK (O.S.)

You know whenever guys try and skip town they always come here.

Ray knows that voice. His expression changes from stoic to defeated. Frank and Vince are right behind him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You guys really need to find a new place. Do you know how many people I've caught at this station? I may as well move here I'm here so often.

Ray starts to get up.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Not so fast. Where's the other two?

RAY

It's just me.

FRANK

Are you sure no one's gonna rush me? I've had enough surprises for one night I think.

RAY

I'm sure.

FRANK

You know you boys saved my life back there. I won't forget that. But you fucked up a long time ago. I mean, you killed my brother and now you stole from me. I don't know which one is worse. Why don't you hand that bag over.

Ray lifts up the bag and Vince grabs it.

VINCE

Feels a little light.

FRANK

It always does. Where's the rest of it?

RAY

I don't know. We went our separate ways. You're not gonna find them.

FRANK

Well we'll see about that. People usually turn up don't they, Ray?

RAY

Just fucking kill me. I don't care anymore.

FRANK

Hey come on now. Quit talking like that.

RAY

You're waisting time. This place is gonna fill up pretty soon so just do it while it's quiet.

FRANK

I think we've got some time before the morning commute. This is the longest I've stayed up in 30 years. How about you Vince? You holding up okay?

VINCE

I'm pretty tired.

FRANK

It's been a long night for all of us but just hang on a little while longer because we've got one more thing left on the agenda. Why don't you come with us for a ride?

Ray is silent and stares straight ahead into the distance.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Come on. What have you got to lose? It's just a little joyride.

Ray hears Vince COCK his pistol behind him. He has a change of heart and stands up.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Atta boy! Remember just a second ago you wanted us to shoot you? Let's go.

Frank leads the way to the parking lot with Ray sandwiched between him and Vince. Vince has his PISTOL in Ray's back.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You know, Ray, I gotta say I'm glad you're coming with us because it means you've got something to live for. And when I find out what that is, man oh man, am I gonna ruin it. It's gonna be bad. But I gotta ask you something: you and your boys could've killed us back there. Why didn't you?

RAY

Because that's how all of this started. I wanted to end it another way. I felt like I finally had a choice.

Frank laughs at Ray's naive answer.

FRANK

How'd someone like you get into this business? Wishful thinking, my friend. Wishful thinking. You want a tip from someone who's been doing this for a while? Always pull the trigger.

They finally made it to Vince's beige Lincoln Town Car.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Here we go. Vince, make sure he's clean.

Vince puts the BAG OF MONEY on the top of his car and makes a motion for Ray to assume the position. Vince gives Ray a pat down.

VINCE

He's clean.

FRANK

What are you? Stupid? Always carry a gun.

Vince opens the drivers side door.

VINCE

You sit up front with me. Take the bag.

Ray takes the BAG from the top of the car and slowly walks around to the passenger side. Frank sits in the seat behind him and Vince gets in the drivers seat. All three doors close.

INT. VINCE'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

FRANK

Vince you still have that shovel in the trunk?

VINCE

I sure do.

FRANK

Good. Why don't you take us down to the beach then? Maybe Ray can see one last sunrise while he digs. Hey, do me a favor, will you? Open her up and show me what we're working with so I can figure out how bad I wanna make it for you when we get there.

Ray UNZIPS the bag.

EXT. PARKING LOT - EARLY MORNING

Ray is in the car with Vince and Frank. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. There are flashes of LIGHT in the car as guns go off. The gunshots stop and the car HORN blares continuously.

The front passenger side door opens. Ray gets out of the car holding the BACKPACK of money, his hand still inside. SMOKE pours from a HOLE in the bottom of the bag. He takes his hand out and he's holding Carly Boy's 9mm revolver. It's a trick he learned from Tech.

BANG. BANG. BANG. CLICK. He makes sure he finishes the job this time. He tosses the empty gun in the car, throws the bag over his shoulder, closes the door and walks away. It's over.

Ray makes his way through the parking lot towards the platform.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Ray is sitting alone in an empty train car staring out the window at the scenery rushing by. The TRAIN CONDUCTOR, a fat man in his 50's, walks up to Ray.

TRAIN CONDUCTER

Ticket?

Ray hands him his TICKET and The Conductor looks it over for a moment.

TRAIN CONDUCTER (CONT'D)

You've got a long way to go.

He PUNCHES the ticket, hands it back to Ray and walks through the door into the next car. Ray puts his bag on the seat next to him to use as a pillow. He lays down. On the left side of his body is a GUNSHOT WOUND.

Ray closes his eyes. For the first time he can finally rest.

CUT TO:

BLACK