

# LIE DOWN WITH DARKNESS

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FADE IN:

1 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

1

A large hotel room, early 1980s stylish, high up, city lights stretching out below.

EDDIE (late 20s) is on his knees in the middle of the room, damp with panicked sweat.

A gun is pointed at his head.

The hammer is pulled back. A finger tightens on the trigger.

The fear is still there, but Eddie takes on a look of resignation. He knows this is it for him.

EDDIE

I'm sorry.

Eddie closes his eyes. The gun FIRES.

CUT TO BLACK.

2 INT. PRISON CELL - MORNING

2

Slowly emerging from darkness, a man's face as he wakes up...

This is FOLEY (50s), hard, lean, his face drawn with the deep lines of a rough life.

The room is dark, cramped. Foley's eyes dart around as he gets his bearings, coiled to react if necessary. Then his eyes stop. He remembers where he is. But he doesn't relax.

A BUZZER SOUNDS repeatedly, loud, grating. A static-laced METALLIC VOICE BLARES over loudspeakers.

LOUDSPEAKER (O.S.)

Attention inmates, this is your six  
a.m. wake-up call. Assemble for  
showers in five minutes.

Fluorescent lights FLICKER on overhead.

Foley lies on his bunk in his prison cell. This is no minimum security country club, but the real thing: cinderblock, metal bunk, sink and toilet in the corner, institutionally grim.

Foley gets up, rubs his eyes, pulls on a T-shirt. He runs the taps in the corner sink, splashes water on his face.

There's a small cardboard box on the floor. Inside it are all of Foley's personal items, precisely fit next to one another.

A brawny PRISON GUARD (early 40s) HAMMERS on the cell door.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

PRISON GUARD  
Morning, Foley. You ready?

FOLEY  
Yeah.

The NOISE LEVEL rises steadily on the gallery. PRISONERS line up at open cell doors. The Prison Guard steps into Foley's cell, peers into the cardboard box.

PRISON GUARD  
So that's what twenty-two years  
inside looks like.

He turns to go.

PRISON GUARD (CONT'D)  
I'll be back after showers to take  
you to processing. Then we got a  
whole rigmarole to get through. Be  
easier if you just escaped.

He LAUGHS LOUDLY at his own joke, gives the cell bars an  
emphatic BANG with his club, and walks off.

Foley looks around the cell, all traces of his stay have been  
completely erased. Like he was never there.

3 EXT. PRISON GATE - DAY

3

A large, reinforced door slides open. Foley steps out into  
the free world, carrying the cardboard box. He wears clothes  
just slightly too tight and more than slightly out-of-date.

Several other men join him, including MIRO (early 50s),  
solid, thoughtful. The door SLAMS shut. FRIENDS and nervous  
FAMILY MEMBERS wait by their cars. The men file across the  
street.

Only Foley and Miro have no one to meet. Miro hands Foley a  
scrap of paper.

MIRO  
If you need me, I'm at this number.  
But I hope you don't have to use  
it.

FOLEY  
Have a good life, doctor.

Foley and Miro shake hands. They go their separate ways.

4 EXT. HALFWAY HOUSE - NIGHT

4

Foley stands across the street, checks the address. Once a  
mansion, the house is now in ramshackle disarray.

5 INT. HALFWAY HOUSE/FOLEY'S ROOM - DAY

5

The door swings open. The greasy 300-pound LANDLORD (mid-50s) ushers in Foley, carrying his box.

LANDLORD

This is the room.

Foley surveys the small, cramped room. Bed. Table. Fridge. Sink. Very familiar. He takes out a packet of prison pay.

FOLEY

Seventy-five for the week, right?

LANDLORD

Seventy-five on the table. Fifty under.

FOLEY

Fifty under? For what?

LANDLORD

How about we call it a tax? After all, everybody's got to pay taxes.

Foley stares at the Landlord. The real world isn't wasting any time kicking him hard.

LANDLORD (CONT'D)

Or I can call your parole officer. Tell him you never showed. Violate you right back inside. Maybe you'll even get your old cell back if you ask nice.

Foley looks down at his prison pay. A thin stack of bills. An idea ripples across his face.

FOLEY

They only gave me hundreds. You got change?

Foley holds out two hundred dollar bills. The Landlord takes them, pulls out a thick roll of bills, counts seventy-five and hands them to Foley.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

I just got out today. All I got in the world is what's in this envelope. A little understanding'd be appreciated.

LANDLORD

If you're looking for understanding around here, it'll be a long wait.

(CONTINUED)

Foley puts the money in his pocket, but finds a few small bills already in there.

FOLEY

Oh hey, I forgot I bought the bus ticket. I got the twenty-five right here. Can I get my hundred back?

Foley holds out twenty-five dollars. The Landlord rolls his eyes, like this is a huge hassle. As he reaches for the bills, Foley pulls them back.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

Wait, is the extra fifty a one time thing or is that every week?

LANDLORD

Every week.

FOLEY

See, this puts me in a really shitty position. I wanted to look for part-time work. But one twenty-five means I've got to get something full-time right away.

LANDLORD

What makes you think I give a flaming bag of assholes about your pathetic plans?

Foley looks at the Landlord like he's actually hurt by this. He hands him the twenty-five dollars.

FOLEY

Fine, give me back my hundred then. You don't have to be such a prick about it.

The Landlord grabs the money, annoyed.

LANDLORD

Now you think you can call me names?

FOLEY

You're ripping me off, you tubby bitch, what do you want me to say? Thank you?

The Landlord's face goes bright red, furious. So furious he stops thinking about the math.

LANDLORD

Fucking right I do, you piece of shit! Say thank you!

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

They stare at each other. Foley's doing his best hard glare.

FOLEY

Thank you.

The Landlord peels a hundred off his roll, crumples it up and drops it on the floor.

LANDLORD

You're welcome.

He turns and stomps out, SLAMMING the door behind him.

Foley picks up the crumpled hundred, smooths it. He splays it out with the other seventy-five he just scammed off the Landlord. He can't help but smile.

But then his expression clouds. He stares at the money.

6 INT. HALFWAY HOUSE/HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

6

Foley BANGS on the apartment door next to the front entrance. The Landlord opens up. Foley hands him seventy-five bucks.

FOLEY

I just ripped you off. It's an old street hustle. The tap. Here's what I owe you.

The Landlord stares at the money, perplexed.

LANDLORD

Why give it back?

FOLEY

Because nothing changes unless you make it change.

Foley walks out the front door, shutting it behind him.

7 EXT. HALFWAY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

7

Foley stands on the sidewalk, fingering through the meager stack of bills left of his prison pay. Not much to work with.

He looks up and down the street, no clue which direction to walk.

A breeze ripples past. Foley turns up his collar, stuffs his hands in his pockets. He finds something: a matchbook, faded, more than twenty years old. On it is a logo and a name: APOLLO LOUNGE.

FOLEY

Goddamn.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 7

Now at least he knows which way to walk.

8 EXT. APOLLO LOUNGE - NIGHT 8

From across the street, Foley stares at the run-down facade of the Apollo Lounge.

It's obviously seen better days. But the lights are on and it looks warm inside.

9 INT. APOLLO LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER 9

It's an old unrefurbished joint, dark around the corners, but with a welcoming glow at the bar. The sort of place that has regulars and no drop-in business. Tonight it's empty.

Foley takes a seat on a stool. The bartender, BILL (late 30s), beefy, suspicious, puts down his newspaper.

FOLEY  
Rodney around?

BILL  
No, man, Rodney's dead.

FOLEY  
Selma too?

BILL  
Nah, but she split out west after Rodney passed. I bought the place from her, fuck, six years ago now.

Foley studies the many bottles behind the bar. Doesn't see what he's looking for.

FOLEY  
Don't suppose you still keep a bottle of Bowman under the bar for luck?

BILL  
So you really did know Rodney.

Bill crouches down behind the bar and comes up with a bottle of expensive scotch, just about empty.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Guess old habits die hard. How do you take it?

FOLEY  
Neat.

Bill pours the drink, emptying the bottle. Foley watches the amber liquid flow into the glass. Bill slides it to Foley.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

When I took over, I'd get guys coming in from time to time, saying Rodney owed them this and that, pulling some shit. Hasn't happened in a couple of years though. Thought I was having a flashback.

Foley takes a sip. He SHUDDERS as the first decent alcohol in many years hits his system.

FOLEY

Yeah. I know the feeling.

BILL

Refill? I'm out of Bowman, but I've got some decent alternatives.

FOLEY

No thanks. Still on training wheels as far as the drinking goes.

He stands up and walks out of the bar. Bill watches him go.

10

EXT. HALFWAY HOUSE - NIGHT

10

Foley walks up the street, approaching his new front door.

There's a slick black AUDI R8 with tinted windows parked across the street, out of place in this neighbourhood. Foley is too lost in his thoughts to give it a second glance.

11

INT. HALFWAY HOUSE/FOLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

11

Foley opens the door. He only takes a single step into the unlit room before he twigs that something's off.

He freezes in place, eyes sweeping the corners. Table. Hotplate. Sink. And the GUY sitting on the cot in the dark.

FOLEY

Who the fuck are you?

ETHAN (late 20s), wiry, sharply-dressed, leans forward. The street-light slanting in through the window hits his face. He smiles, trying his very best to look friendly. Foley stares at him, something so familiar about him.

ETHAN

You don't see it? Chin? Jaw-line? I know I've got his eyes. Thought you of all people would see the resemblance.

FOLEY

Eddie's son. Ethan.

(CONTINUED)



11 CONTINUED:

11

Ethan stands up, pleased but nervous. Foley just looks wary. The door is still open, an escape route.

ETHAN

That's right. Good memory. Been a long time. Twenty years.

FOLEY

Twenty-two.

ETHAN

My mistake. A man does that kind of hard time, you don't want to get the numbers wrong.

Foley stays silent. Ethan's smooth demeanor falters slightly.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Can't blame you for being suspicious. Here I am sitting in the dark waiting for you on your first night out. Must've freaked you out a little, hey?

FOLEY

Not really.

Foley's got a hard look on his face, ready for anything. Ethan raises his hands, apologetic.

ETHAN

Listen, I think we got off on the wrong foot, okay? That's my fault. I'm a bit nervous. I've been thinking about this moment since I was, like, six years old.

Foley nods, taking this in, but doesn't let his guard down.

FOLEY

What do you want from me, Ethan?

ETHAN

I just want to buy you a drink.

12 INT. ETHAN'S AUDI - NIGHT

12

Ethan drives his black Audi very fast, changing lanes on a whim, showing off. In the passenger seat, Foley shifts uneasily. This is not where he wants to be.

13 EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

13

Ethan leads Foley past the CROWD lined up at the entrance. Even outside, the BASS THUD of DANCE MUSIC is LOUD.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

Ethan gives the huge DOORMAN half a hug. The Doorman opens the door, ushering them right in.

14 INT. CLUB/HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 14

The atmosphere is glam but seedy, lots of UNDER-DRESSED WOMEN and FLASHY GUYS in designer suits. Ethan leads Foley down the hallway, nodding to PATRONS, SHOUTING over the music.

ETHAN

Got a thirty-five percent stake in this place. Easy money. And I kind of owe it to you and my dad. My mom told me your big plan was to cash out and open a club.

FOLEY

We wanted to open a bar. Not... whatever this is.

Ethan's grin slips. Nothing he says impresses Foley. He gestures for Foley to follow him onto the jammed dance floor. Almost immediately Ethan is lost in the pulsating BODIES.

15 INT. CLUB/DANCE FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER 15

Foley pushes through the DANCERS impatiently. He stops in the middle of the dance floor, suddenly impatient with it all.

He turns to leave and almost collides with IRIS (early 20s), wired, too thin, but striking. They come face-to-face for a moment. She looks right past him, continues on her way.

Foley spots Ethan staring at him, fascinated. Ethan waves him over to a VIP booth in the corner.

16 INT. CLUB/BOOTH - LATER 16

Foley sits alone in the booth, ill at ease. A bright-eyed CLUB-GIRL (mid-20s) slides in next to him.

CLUB-GIRL

I've been watching you. Sitting here all alone. Doesn't seem right.

FOLEY

I'm waiting for someone.

CLUB-GIRL

I've been waiting for someone too. I found him.

She puts her hand on his thigh, smiles at him. Foley looks at her hand. That hasn't happened in a long time.

Ethan emerges from the crowd with two drinks.

(CONTINUED)

ETHAN

I see you made a friend. Hi, I'm  
Ethan.

Club-Girl smiles at Ethan. Foley gives him a look.

FOLEY

I don't know what your angle is,  
but get her out of here.

ETHAN

I have no idea what you're talking  
about.

Foley fixes him with a glare. Club-Girl is completely  
confused. Ethan just shakes his head, caught out.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Sure you won't change your mind?  
It's my treat.

Foley says nothing and drains his glass, grim. Ethan waves  
off the Club-Girl.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Alright, forget it. Just go.

CLUB-GIRL

I still get my ounce, right?

Ethan gives her a quick nod. She slinks away. Ethan leans  
back in the booth.

ETHAN

Good eye, Foley. I'm not saying  
that was the tightest set-up ever,  
but how'd you know she was on my  
dime?

FOLEY

Why did you bring me here?

ETHAN

To have a drink. Talk about the old  
days. Maybe talk about the new  
days.

FOLEY

Look, Ethan, I'm sitting here out  
of respect for your old man...

ETHAN

Respect?

Ethan's tone is a little sharp. He catches himself, smiles, tries to regroup. But then he sees someone approach out of the corner of his eye: Iris.

Iris slides through the crush of DANCERS, lights FLASHING behind her, MUSIC POUNDING. She seems a little high.

IRIS

I know I'm early. But I didn't want to miss the party.

Foley stands abruptly. Ethan's gaze darts between them.

FOLEY

Goddamn it. I don't want any of this shit, Ethan. I want to be left alone.

ETHAN

It's not what you think. Sit down.

IRIS

Yeah, ease up. Wound that tight, you'll give yourself a coronary.

Iris steps up to Foley. Foley grabs her arm, angry.

FOLEY

What's the hook? You talk me up, get me to think you'll sleep with me? Or did he already pay for that?

IRIS

What the hell are you talking about?

FOLEY

You should be more careful who you do business with.

IRIS

And you should go fuck yourself because I'm definitely not going to.

Iris stomps off. Ethan sits there, a little stunned.

ETHAN

That was something.

FOLEY

Thanks for the drink.

Before Ethan can say another word, Foley turns and disappears towards the exit.

17 EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

17

Foley walks down the street. Ethan hurries out of the club.

ETHAN

Foley!

Foley just keeps walking. Ethan hustles to catch up.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Hang on, hang on, just give me a  
sec...

Foley stops. Ethan comes parallel to him, all swagger gone.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, okay? I thought you'd  
want to go out, have a drink, hook  
up. Guess I was trying to show you  
that I'm like my dad. But the truth  
is I don't actually know what he  
was like. My mom never said a word  
about him unless she was wasted.  
And now she's dead. So I guess that  
makes you the guy I've been waiting  
to talk to pretty much my whole  
fucking life.

FOLEY

Ethan, for the last time, what do  
you want from me?

Ethan hesitates. Foley turns to walk away again.

ETHAN

I want to know why you killed my  
father.

Foley freezes. He slowly turns back to face Ethan.

FOLEY

Fine. I owe you that much. But I am  
not going back in that place.

18 INT. ETHAN'S CONDO - NIGHT

18

The condo is sleek and spotless, sparsely decorated but  
filled with new appliances and electronic equipment.

Foley stands by the floor-to-ceiling windows, staring at the  
city lights. It's like they're on the thousandth floor.

19 INT. ETHAN'S CONDO/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 19

In a dark room, Ethan carefully TEARS a PHOTOGRAPH in half. He sticks one half to the wall with a tack, slips the other in his pocket while SHOUTING to Foley in the other room.

ETHAN

The city must look pretty different  
after so long.

20 INT. ETHAN'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS 20

Ethan comes out of the bedroom, stands next to Foley.

ETHAN

Still a lot of money to be made  
down there.

FOLEY

What do you know about me and your  
father?

ETHAN

Just what my mom told me. You were  
best friends. Partners.

FOLEY

She tell you what we did? Our work?

ETHAN

No. But I figured it out. Come with  
me.

21 INT. ETHAN'S CONDO/BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 21

Ethan leads Foley into the dark room and flips on the lights.

One of the walls is covered in PRESS CLIPPINGS and  
PHOTOGRAPHS. Dozens of headlines: "Police Say No Leads in  
Fraud Case," "Hundreds Bilked in Mail Scam," and the like.

Foley stares at the wall. Photos of Foley as a YOUNG MAN,  
standing with Eddie from the opening scene. Various photos  
show young Foley and Eddie with a collection of FRIENDS.

His gaze falls on one particular photo. A TORN PHOTOGRAPH of  
TWO WOMEN, a YOUNG BLONDE and a YOUNG BRUNETTE. Foley stares  
at their faces, smiling, faded.

Ethan's eyes shine, like a fan trying to impress his favorite  
movie star. Foley takes in this weird shrine to his past.

ETHAN

It's everything I could find. Every  
article. Every picture.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

FOLEY

Why would you keep all this shit?

ETHAN

How else could I get to know him?

The simplicity of this affects Foley. He understands. Ethan gestures to the clippings.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

You were grifters. Best in the city according to a lot of the old-timers. I talked to all of them. They said you and my dad came up with all sorts of new shit. Turned the whole game upside down. They said you guys were legends.

Foley breaks off staring at the wall and walks away.

22 INT. ETHAN'S CONDO - MOMENTS LATER

22

Foley goes straight to the bottle of scotch on a glass table. He fills a glass, slugs it back. Ethan comes up behind him.

FOLEY

I'll be straight with you if that's what you want. But I think you should let it lie. Your father's been dead a long time.

ETHAN

No. I need to know.

Foley looks out at the view of the city.

FOLEY

We were on the grift. A long con with a volatile mark. But high-yield if it played. And it played, real smooth. Until your dad got greedy. Tried to squeeze the mark too hard. Don't know why. Never found out.

ETHAN

He was in debt. Way over his head. Cards. Horses. Took my mom years to get out from under it.

Foley nods, letting the information sink in.

FOLEY

Anyway, this was a serious individual. Didn't take to getting ripped off. I had to make a choice.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 22

FOLEY (CONT'D)  
Pull the trigger or die with your  
father.

CUT TO:

23 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 23

The 1980s hotel room. Eddie is on his knees, terrified.  
YOUNGER FOLEY (early 30s) points the gun at his head. Eddie  
looks up at him, resigned.

To the side, NATHAN MILLS (mid-50s), expensive suit, cruel  
eyes, points a gun at Younger Foley.

Foley steels himself and pulls the TRIGGER. Eddie takes a  
BULLET in the head, crumples to the floor, dead.

Mills lowers his gun, satisfied.

MILLS  
First time's the hardest.

He walks away, leaving Younger Foley staring at the corpse of  
his best friend, dark blood pooling on the carpet.

CUT TO:

24 INT. ETHAN'S CONDO - NIGHT 24

Foley's eyes are closed, pained by the memory. He opens them.

FOLEY  
To your father's credit, when he  
knew he was sunk he didn't take me  
down with him.

Foley grips the glass of scotch, fingers tight.

FOLEY (CONT'D)  
The only rule of the grift is never  
break frame. Your father knew that.  
The grift was our religion. I'd  
have done the same.

He pours himself another slug of scotch, gulps it back.

FOLEY (CONT'D)  
I had a long time in a small room  
to think about the choices I made  
that night. I was young. Younger  
than you are now. I made my choice.  
I didn't break frame. And I was  
punished for it.

Foley finally looks back at Ethan, meeting his gaze.

(CONTINUED)



ETHAN

What was his name? The mark.

FOLEY

Doesn't matter. He's dead. Killed a few years ago. Heard about it inside.

ETHAN

I want to know his name.

FOLEY

Nathan Mills. He was a big deal back in the day.

ETHAN

Somebody fucked with me that way, I'd have killed him too. I'm just saying I understand.

FOLEY

You understand.

Foley finishes his drink and sets it down on the glass tabletop, a bit too hard. The impact RINGS through the room.

ETHAN

Yeah, I do. And I think we can help each other. I'm a smart guy. Maybe even smarter than my father.

Foley stares at him. There is real need in Ethan's eyes. Foley realizes he has to nip this in the bud.

FOLEY

Look at me, Ethan. Twenty-two years of my life gone. If you're really as smart as you say you are, tear down that shit in the other room and throw it all away.

Without another word, Foley heads out the door.

Foley exits through the lobby doors. High up in his condo, Ethan stands at the window, watching him. Unreadable.

A small office with a bad paint-job and threadbare carpet. DEACON (early 50s), hard, sour face, smokes a hand-rolled cigarette. On the wall next to him, a nicotine-stained sign reads: NO SMOKING.

Foley signs a few official documents.

26 CONTINUED:

26

DEACON  
How was your first night outside?

FOLEY  
Complicated.

Deacon's not sure how to take that. He checks the documents.

DEACON  
We're done here. Let me know as soon as you find a job and I'll file the papers.

Deacon extends a hand. Foley shakes it. But Deacon doesn't let go. He gives Foley a glare, a bit rehearsed, but serious.

DEACON (CONT'D)  
Your parole officer can be a pal or a son of a bitch. Your decision. You got me?

FOLEY  
Yeah.

27 INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE/FOREMAN'S TRAILER - DAY 27

Through the window Foley is seen being interviewed for a job by the site FOREMAN.

28 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY 28

Foley hauls lumber on a site. Most of his CO-WORKERS are ten to twenty years younger than him.

29 INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT 29

In a florescent-bright aisle, Foley stares at four identical bins of tomatoes, trying to make out the difference.

30 EXT. ATM - NIGHT 30

Foley tries to navigate the ATM menu. He finally deposits his pay, pleased with himself.

Seconds later, he rushes back to retrieve his bank card, no longer so pleased.

31 INT. HALFWAY HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT 31

Foley comes in the front entrance. The Landlord stands just inside his apartment with a hollow-eyed WOMAN (mid-30s).

LANDLORD  
Know what happens if I tell your parole officer you never showed?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 31

LANDLORD (CONT'D)  
You'll get violated right back  
inside. Maybe you can even get your  
old cell if you ask nice.

She stares at the floor, scratching her arm, tense.

WOMAN  
Just one time, right?

LANDLORD  
We'll see.

The Landlord sees Foley in the hall. As he swings the door closed, Foley locks eyes with the Woman. She looks away, ashamed. The door SLAMS shut.

32 INT. HALFWAY HOUSE/FOLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT 32

Foley lies on his cot, staring up at the ceiling.

CUT TO:

HEADLINES and PHOTOS from Ethan's shrine. Several FACES in close-up, the grain of the aged photos evident.

One PHOTOGRAPH stands out. The TWO WOMEN. The Young Blonde.

CUT TO:

33 INT. HALFWAY HOUSE/FOLEY'S ROOM - MORNING 33

Foley wakes with a slight start. Outside, the HUM of the city just past dawn. After a moment, he rises and begins to dress.

34 EXT. PAWN SHOP - DAY 34

Foley looks up at an apartment over a pawn shop. He presses the BUZZER. Waits. No answer.

He looks over at the shop next door. Worth a try.

35 INT. PAWN SHOP - MOMENTS LATER 35

Foley enters. Long display cases of sale items line the shop. Glancing up, Foley sees himself caught on a VIDEO MONITOR.

GRETCHEN (O.S.)  
It's supposed to catch thieves, not  
ghosts.

Foley looks over, startled. That voice...

FOLEY  
Gretchen?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

GRETCHEN (early 40s) is the middle-aged version of the young blonde from the photo. Life's taken its toll on her, but she still has that kind expression.

Gretchen stands behind a metal grill and bulletproof glass. Foley grins. She smiles back, but she's wary.

GRETCHEN

Well, it was a slow day anyway.

36 INT. GRETCHEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

36

Foley sits at the kitchen table. Gretchen pours two mugs of coffee. The apartment is all about hominess on a budget. He notices that TWO FINGERS on Gretchen's LEFT HAND are missing. She follows his gaze and he looks away.

FOLEY

That your family?

PHOTOS stuck to the fridge feature Gretchen with two boys, TOMMY and DEAN, and her husband MIKE. She takes one of the family photos and sits down.

GRETCHEN

That's Mike, my husband. Tommy's our eldest. Dean's the youngest.

Gretchen stares at the photo, nervous.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)

If you're here for the money, it's long gone. I had to pay off a lot of cops to stay out of prison. That was a thousand years ago.

Foley nods, not surprised.

FOLEY

I figured. Still in touch with any of the old crowd? Mac still around?

GRETCHEN

No. He died in prison.

FOLEY

Mitch?

GRETCHEN

Dead too. Bank job.

FOLEY

Sal? Don't tell me he's dead.

GRETCHEN

He's not dead.

(CONTINUED)

FOLEY

Good.

GRETCHEN

He's in a coma. Up at Grace.

Foley shoots her a look. Gretchen shrugs.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)

Pretty high rate of mortality in the old business. Most are dead. A few got out. Guess I'm one of them.

Foley nods, sips his coffee.

FOLEY

Eddie's boy came to see me. Ethan.

GRETCHEN

Does he know?

FOLEY

Yeah.

GRETCHEN

It's not your fault what Eddie pulled. I never saw it coming either.

Gretchen stares at the photo again, then puts it down. Neither speaks. They sip their coffees, quiet.

FOLEY

Gretchen, what happened to your hand?

Gretchen glances down at her missing fingers.

GRETCHEN

Past caught up with me. Nobody really gets to start fresh. You know that.

Gretchen looks over at the clock on the oven.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)

My boys'll be home soon. They don't know about the old days. I'm glad to see you again. And I hope things go well for you now that you're out. But I don't want you coming around here again, Foley. Ever. You understand?

Foley is a little stung. But he gives her a reluctant nod.

37 INT. APOLLO LOUNGE - NIGHT

37

The place is empty except for Bill. There's a small TV on the bar, aimed so Bill can watch it from his usual spot.

Foley enters, takes the same stool as last time.

BILL

You've returned. I prepared.

Bill reaches under the bar and brings up a full bottle of Bowman, BANGING it down in front of Foley. Foley nods.

Bill pours him a glass of scotch, neat.

BILL (CONT'D)

Mind if I watch the game? Got fifty bucks riding. You a hockey man?

FOLEY

Used to be. In my youth.

Bill shifts the TV over so Foley can watch it too. Foley settles in, taking a sip of scotch. That's better.

38 INT. APOLLO LOUNGE - LATER

38

Bill and Foley watch the game on the TV. Foley looks relaxed.

BILL

Defensive play's turning the ice to molasses. But I'm too old to find a new sport, you know?

FOLEY

Yeah.

The front door opens. Bill looks over.

BILL

Shit on a stick...

JAKE (early 30s), compact, mean, saunters into the bar. He's half-holding up an intoxicated woman on his arm.

BILL (CONT'D)

Sit anywhere you like.

JAKE

You think?

Jake makes a show of searching the empty bar for a seat. He seems to think he's hilarious. His companion doesn't laugh, but she gives him an encouraging smile. It's Iris.

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED:

38

As they take a seat in a corner booth, Iris catches Foley looking at her. She stares at him for a moment, as if trying to place his face.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Pitcher of something cheap!

Bill rolls his eyes at Foley and fills up a pitcher of draft beer. He takes it over to the booth. Pretending to watch the TV, Foley sneaks a glance at Iris.

Jake's grabby, trying to get his arm around Iris. She's acting coy, not rebuffing him, but not cozying up either.

Bill returns to his spot behind the bar.

FOLEY  
You know them?

BILL  
Know the guy. Small-time jackass  
that likes to think he's big-time  
jackass.

Foley sips his drink. He doesn't look relaxed anymore.

39

INT. APOLLO LOUNGE - LATER

39

Bill watches the hockey game intently, but Foley is distracted, working hard not to look over at Iris.

In the booth, Jake leans in close, talking in her ear. She's friendly, but doesn't look receptive to his advances.

BILL  
Damn it. They always choke in the  
clutch.

Bill CLICKS off the TV. Foley fishes some bills out of his pocket.

FOLEY  
That's it for me.

BILL  
Come back any time.

As he stands, Foley notices Iris looking increasingly uncomfortable. She recoils as Jake tries to slip his hand up her dress. He tries to kiss her, but she turns away and his lips press awkwardly against her cheek. He looks annoyed.

Iris shrugs him off, grabs her purse and heads down the hall to the women's washroom.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

Jake looks back at Foley and Bill, winks, and gets up to follow her. Foley watches Jake as he disappears down the hall. Bill sees this, looks tense.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Leave it be, man. That guy's  
nothing but bad news.

FOLEY  
Just going to take a leak.

Foley heads down the badly lit hall, the glow of the bar not quite reaching the doors to the washrooms.

Foley is about to enter the men's when he hears a MUFFLED CRY coming from the women's.

40 INT. APOLLO LOUNGE/WOMEN'S WASHROOM - CONTINUOUS

40

Iris is on the floor, purse beside her, contents spilled out.

Jake has her pushed into a corner. He's got her head in his hands, forcing it towards his crotch. She struggles, but he's too strong. Jake fumbles with his belt, trying to get his pants down.

IRIS  
Please... stop...

JAKE  
Shut up.

FOLEY (O.S.)  
She said stop.

Jake turns to see Foley standing there. He pushes Iris away. She crumples to the bathroom floor.

JAKE  
Get the fuck out of here.

FOLEY  
You first.

Jake pulls a knife out of his boot. He holds it at his side.

Foley doesn't flinch. He stands there, tense, grim.

Jake takes a few quick steps towards Foley and swings at his face with the knife.

The blade WHIZZES past, just missing Foley's nose. Jake takes another sharp swing. He's genuinely trying to cut Foley.

Realizing Jake's not messing around, Foley dodges the knife and DRIVES an elbow into the side of Jake's head, hard.

(CONTINUED)



The impact knocks Jake off balance. He careens into the sink, his face BOUNCING off the porcelain with a GRISLY THUD. He hits the floor, face-down, blood gushing from his mouth.

Foley looks down at Jake, surprised. He wasn't expecting that. Iris is still on the floor in the corner, wide-eyed. Jake isn't moving. The knife lies on the floor by his body.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

Goddamn.

Foley pulls Jake over on his side. His mouth is a bloody mess. He's unconscious, but breathing.

IRIS

What are you doing?

FOLEY

Don't want him to choke on the blood.

Iris sees the knife. She scrambles over and grabs it. She stares down at Jake, pointing the knife at him, almost HYPERVENTILATING as the panic hits her.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

He can't hurt you now. Put it down.

Iris still grips the knife. She regains control, quick breaths slowing. She nods, drops the knife. It CLATTERS to the floor.

Iris suddenly embraces Foley, SOBBING. Foley's not sure what to do. He awkwardly places his arms around her.

As Foley holds her, the proximity of this beautiful young woman sinks in. Foley lets her go.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

How well do you know this guy?

IRIS

I just met him tonight. He was supposed to get me some... he's a...

FOLEY

I told you to be careful who you do business with.

Iris looks at Foley, confused. Then she recognizes him.

IRIS

You're that perv from the other night!

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

Jake GURGLES and twitches a bit. They stare down at him.

Iris notices something on the floor. She nudges it with the toe of her boot. It's a tooth.

The door FLIES OPEN. Iris jumps back, startled. But it's only Bill, carrying a toolbox hammer.

41 INT. APOLLO LOUNGE - NIGHT

41

Foley, Bill, and Iris stand outside the washrooms. Bill looks half-scared, half-furious.

BILL

I told you he was bad news! Why didn't you listen to me? We could've left this for the cops!

IRIS

So you don't care what this fucker was going to do to me in your bathroom, you just don't want the hassle of scraping me off your floor!

BILL

Is he dead?

IRIS

No. Unfortunately.

FOLEY

There's two ways to handle this, Bill. Easy and hard. All comes down to you.

Foley fixes a firm gaze on Bill. Bill squirms a bit.

BILL

Easy.

42 EXT. APOLLO LOUNGE - NIGHT

42

Foley and Bill shove a cleaned up Jake in the back of an idling taxi. The DRIVER gives Jake a quick once-over.

DRIVER

Where's he going?

Foley holds Jake's wallet. He hands the Driver Jake's license to see his address. Foley takes a stack of bills out of the wallet. He peels off a single twenty.

FOLEY

That's for getting him home safe.

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED:

42

Foley splits the stack of bills and gives the Driver half.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

And that's for forgetting where you  
picked him up.

The Driver nods, happy to agree. Foley SLAMS the door and the  
taxi drives off.

Foley hands Bill the rest of the money.

BILL

What about your cut?

FOLEY

I wasn't even here. Okay?

Bill nods. Foley moves to leave. Bill stops him.

BILL

I made a bad call in there. You did  
a good thing.

FOLEY

Probation officer won't agree.

BILL

Anybody gets word, I'll cover for  
you. What about the girl? She's  
waiting inside.

FOLEY

Say goodbye for me.

Foley heads down the dark street, the warm glow of the bar  
receding behind him.

43

INT. HALFWAY HOUSE/FOLEY'S ROOM - DAY

43

Foley wakes. It's 6:00 AM, first stabs of sunlight coming in  
the window. He sits up, trying to shake off last night.

44

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

44

Looking haggard, Foley and a CO-WORKER work together to  
secure chains across a large pile of lumber on the bed of a  
truck. Foley moves to the other side of the flatbed.

Suddenly, the chain comes loose. The pile of lumber COLLAPSES  
with a HUGE CRASH. The Co-Worker leaps out of the way,  
narrowly avoiding getting crushed.

The FOREMAN runs over, furious. A CROWD immediately gathers.

FOREMAN

What the hell happened!

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED:

44

CO-WORKER

I could've been fucking killed!

FOLEY

I don't understand. The chain was secure when I...

FOREMAN

I don't give a shit! You come to work looking like hell, almost kill my guy! Get off my site! Now!

The Foreman marches off. Foley trails after him.

FOLEY

I need this job. I'll make it worth your while. Kick back twice what you asked.

FOREMAN

This shit could never be worth my while. You tell Deacon I'm done hiring cons.

The Foreman SLAMS the door to his office trailer. When Foley looks up he sees Ethan leaning on the gate.

ETHAN

At least now you've got time for coffee.

Foley walks past him without a word. As Ethan turns to follow, he gives the slightest nod to Foley's Co-Worker.

45

INT. DINER - DAY

45

Foley and Ethan sit at a table, coffees cooling.

ETHAN

Don't know what you're so pissed about. It's like you want to spend the rest of your life hauling lumber with a bunch of losers half your age.

FOLEY

Ethan, did you have anything to do with what happened back there?

ETHAN

Of course not.

FOLEY

Because I need a job for my parole. I have to make money.

(CONTINUED)

ETHAN

And I can help you out there. Just tell me what you need.

Ethan pulls out a fat roll of bills. Foley stares down at his coffee. It's taking a lot of effort not to lash out at this guy.

FOLEY

Ethan, I thought I made myself clear...

ETHAN

I know, I know, you're going straight. Same thing every con says for the first couple months. But you're not every con. You should be out there doing what you do best. The grift. And I've found just the mark for you. Perfect for "The Samaritan".

That gets Foley's attention. Ethan smiles.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's what I'm talking about. That's your grift, right? You and my dad. You invented that shit.

The men stare at each other. Ethan leans towards him.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Come on, Foley. Be my partner. You don't even know what I can do for you.

FOLEY

Sorry. Not interested.

Foley rises from the table just as the WAITRESS comes by with a coffee pot. Foley bumps into her, causing her to spill the pot. Foley doesn't look back as he hurries out.

WAITRESS

What's his problem?

Ethan watches Foley leave, his gaze level.

ETHAN

No idea.

46 INT. APOLLO LOUNGE - NIGHT

46

Foley takes a seat at the bar. He looks coiled up with tension. Bill brings up the Bowman and pours a glass. Foley slugs it back, not savoring it like before.

BILL

No static on this end. No cops, no Jake. But the girl's been by every night this week, asking if you'd been in.

Foley nods, drops some money on the bar.

FOLEY

Okay. Thanks.

Foley gets up and heads for the door. But as he approaches, the door opens. He stops short.

Iris stands in the doorway. She smiles, playful, intent.

IRIS

You're not going anywhere.

47 INT. APOLLO LOUNGE - LATER

47

Foley and Iris sit at a table in a dark corner of the bar. There's a half-done bottle of Bowman in front of them.

IRIS

I owe you an apology. I called you a perv. Sorry.

FOLEY

Apology accepted.

Foley doesn't know what to say. Iris watches him squirm.

IRIS

Well, anyway, thanks for the other night. I've been raped before. It's no fucking picnic.

FOLEY

Jesus.

IRIS

What?

FOLEY

You really lay it out there. I don't know whether to be charmed or terrified.

(CONTINUED)

IRIS

Oh, come on, be charmed.

Iris sips her drink. Foley sips his. Another silence.

IRIS (CONT'D)

So that's it? I buy you a bottle of your liquor of choice, it's not the cheapest hooch on the rack either, and you're not even going to try and get in my pants?

Foley's mind is racing, but he's not managing to say much. Iris gets impatient.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Try this... ask me how my day was.

FOLEY

How was your day?

IRIS

Shitty. How was yours?

FOLEY

Shitty.

IRIS

There you go. A conversation.

FOLEY

Guess I'm out of practice.

IRIS

Well, I like a little chatter. Or at least a good sob story. My wife doesn't understand me. You remind me of my first girlfriend. Something.

FOLEY

Don't have a wife.

IRIS

Girlfriend then.

FOLEY

I don't have a girlfriend. I don't have a family or a dog or friends. I don't have anything. Not a single goddamn thing.

He says this so simply, without a trace of self-pity, that it catches Iris off-guard. A layer of her facade slips.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

IRIS  
Yeah, me too, pretty much.

48 INT. APOLLO LOUNGE - LATER

48

Foley and Iris have polished off the Bowman. Iris's high has descended into a boozy melancholy. Foley's just plain drunk.

IRIS  
Both my parents died when I was too little to remember them. I was raised by my alcoholic grandma until she died. Then I lived with my douche-bag aunt until I could get out from under her thumb. Basically, everyone who ever cared about me died. Only reason my aunt's still alive is probably 'cause I hate her guts.

Foley smiles.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
You think that's funny?

FOLEY  
A bit.

IRIS  
You got something better?

FOLEY  
Don't know if it's better. I got out of prison last week. Twenty-two years for killing my best friend. Everyone I ever cared about's either dead, might as well be dead, or wishes I was dead.

Iris gives Foley a look.

IRIS  
You win. You're definitely more pathetic than me. I'm seriously considering giving you a pity-fuck.

FOLEY  
What if I don't want one?

IRIS  
Old man, respectfully, you got pity-fuck squirming out your pores.

FOLEY  
Thanks.

(CONTINUED)



48

CONTINUED:

48

IRIS

When you feel like crap, the only thing that makes you feel better is finding out somebody else is worse off than you.

FOLEY

Quite a philosophy you got there.

Iris regards Foley, not too kindly.

IRIS

In case you've been hit in the head too many times, I'll be real clear. This is your big chance.

Foley stares at Iris. She gives him a look: your move. Foley waves to Bill.

FOLEY

We're going to need another bottle.

49

INT. IRIS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

49

The apartment is a tiny, sweltering place. Iris moves through it, drops her purse and coat, doesn't bother to turn on the lights. She opens a window and starts a fan.

Foley stands in the doorway, hesitant, watching her.

In a quick motion, Iris pulls her dress over her head. She drops it to the floor and comes towards him. Foley fumbles with the buttons on his shirt.

Iris brushes his fingers away.

IRIS

I'll tell you when it's time for you to do something.

Iris unbuttons Foley's shirt, pushes it back over his shoulders. She moves her hands across his chest. Then she leans in close, lips almost touching his neck, but not quite.

Iris meets Foley's eyes.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Alright. You can kiss me now.

Foley kisses her, gently first, then with growing intensity.

50

INT. IRIS'S APARTMENT - DAY

50

Gauzy rays of morning sun light up the room. Foley and Iris lie in a tangle of sheets on her bed, heavy with fatigue.

(CONTINUED)

50

CONTINUED:

50

Iris shifts position, curling her arm around Foley. In the growing light he can see a cross-hatching of SCARS across her wrist. She catches his look.

IRIS

Got a matching set on this one.

Iris shows Foley her other arm, marked with the same scars.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Tried to kill myself. Couple of times. Does that upset you?

FOLEY

No. But I'm glad you didn't pull it off.

Iris grins at Foley. He smiles back. Her grin fades.

IRIS

I'm a drug addict. Does that upset you?

FOLEY

I'm a murderer. So I'm in no position to judge.

IRIS

I can't remember the last time I did something I was proud of.

FOLEY

I know what you mean.

Her eyes search his face. He holds her gaze.

IRIS

You do, actually. You understand.

FOLEY

Nothing changes unless you make it change. A guy said that to me once. I thought about it every morning I woke up in prison.

Iris looks at Foley, not sure if he's serious. But he is.

IRIS

You know, you're the first guy I stayed the whole night with in... years. Never met anybody I wanted to wake up with.

FOLEY

Finally got something to be proud of, then.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2) 50

That gets another smile out of Iris. She kisses him, sliding out of bed.

IRIS

Listen, I've got to go in the bathroom, close the door, and take some stuff or I'll be climbing the walls. You can leave if you want. I'll understand.

FOLEY

You don't have to close the door.

51 INT. IRIS'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - DAY 51

Iris sits on the edge of the bathtub, tied off, syringe in hand, shooting up. Foley stands in the doorway, watching her.

52 EXT. LOADING DOCK - DAY 52

Foley piles boxes on a forklift with a crew of WORKERS.

53 EXT. ATM - DAY 53

Foley deposits his pay without a second thought.

54 INT. HALFWAY HOUSE/FOLEY'S ROOM - DAY 54

Foley enters the room, grabs a few things from the closet, and exits again right away.

55 INT. HALFWAY HOUSE/HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 55

As Foley hurries away, he passes the hollow-eyed Woman from down the hall. She could not look more miserable.

56 INT. IRIS'S APARTMENT - DAY 56

Foley steps into the tiny apartment with his belongings, looks around, can't see anyone.

FOLEY

Iris?

From the bathroom comes a FAINT WHIMPER.

57 INT. IRIS'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 57

Foley pushes through the half-open door to find Iris collapsed on the cracked tile floor, pale, sweaty.

FOLEY

What's happening? What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

IRIS

Thought you were supposed be a bad-ass. Never seen somebody with the shakes?

Foley helps Iris sit up against the small bathtub. He wets a towel, gently presses it against her, cooling.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Only thing is... I tried kicking before and it didn't go so well. In fact, it was a fucking disaster. So it might take a while.

FOLEY

You don't have to do this for me.

IRIS

I'm not doing it for you. I'm doing it for us.

58 INT. IRIS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

58

Iris lies curled up in Foley's arms. She's got the sweats. She nods to a small jar on the bathroom sink: METHADONE.

IRIS

Could you...

Foley rises and retrieves the pills. He pours a glass of water from the sink. Iris quickly swallows her dose.

He curls back into bed with her. She grips him tight.

59 INT. IRIS'S APARTMENT - LATER

59

Foley wakes up alone in bed. Iris sits in the beat up armchair in the corner, staring out the window.

FOLEY

Can't sleep?

IRIS

It's the methadone.

Foley gets up, wraps a blanket around her.

IRIS (CONT'D)

You've got work tomorrow.

FOLEY

I'll just stay up till you're tired.

(CONTINUED)

Iris SHUDDERS violently. Foley gestures to the lone bookshelf, crowded with worn travel guides to countries all over the world.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

How many of those places have you actually been to?

It's a transparent attempt to distract her. Iris smiles.

IRIS

Oh, you know... none.

FOLEY

None?

IRIS

Never even been on a plane. It's just a stupid hobby. I'd buy them at used book stores, read about places I could never afford to go, plan out trips I could never afford to take. When to go, where to stay, where to eat, what to see. I'd figure it all out perfectly.

FOLEY

So, if you could go anywhere...

Iris heads over to the bookshelf, runs her finger along the COUNTRY NAMES printed on cracked spines, takes out BRAZIL.

IRIS

Brazil. Definitely. I'd start in Rio de Janeiro. Fly into Galeao airport at sunset. Check into the Copacabana Palace. Waking up there is supposed to be like waking up in a dream. Next morning I'd have some strong coffee and a piece of Fuba cake by the pool and watch the sun rise. Then I'd catch the tram to the top of Sugarloaf Mountain, so I could see this...

Iris holds up a PHOTO of the view from the mountaintop, a dizzying angle looking down on blindingly white buildings nestled in the peninsula.

FOLEY

You really got it all planned out.

IRIS

Every detail.

59 CONTINUED: (2)

59

FOLEY

Why Rio?

IRIS

Guess it seems like the kind of  
place you can just lose yourself.

Iris shivers, involuntary. Foley wraps her in his arms.

60 INT. IRIS'S APARTMENT - DAY

60

Foley reads the newspaper at the kitchen table. Iris sits up  
in bed. She's got the CLASSIFIED section, circling JOB  
LISTINGS.

61 INT. LOADING DOCK - DAY

61

Foley directs the other workers as they struggle to lift some  
plywood sheets up onto a truck bed. With great effort, they  
manage to load it.

Foley notices his SUPERVISOR (mid-30s) watching. He gives  
Foley an approving nod.

62 INT. IRIS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

62

Iris opens the door to find Foley standing there in his work  
clothes, scuffed from the day's labour.

IRIS

I got it! I'm a fucking waitress.

FOLEY

Congratulations.

Iris throws her arms around him. Foley grins, letting her  
kiss him all over his dusty face.

IRIS

We're officially a working class  
couple.

She pulls him in, kicks the door closed and pushes him  
against the wall, pressing her mouth to his.

63 INT. IRIS'S APARTMENT - DAY

63

Foley dresses for work. Iris lies in bed, watching him.

IRIS

I want you to move in.

Foley stops, looks back at Iris.

FOLEY

Don't think I'll cramp your style?

(CONTINUED)

IRIS

Yeah, I used to be so fun. Now I just want to stay home every night and make out with you.

FOLEY

Sure you don't want somebody younger?

IRIS

Believe me, I've had enough of younger. I want you. Will you think about it?

FOLEY

I thought about it. Let's do it.

Iris leaps out of bed and runs across the apartment. She jumps onto Foley, wrapping her arms and legs around him.

IRIS

You ever think you'd feel like this?

FOLEY

No.

As they hold each other tight, a quiver of apprehension ripples across Foley's face. Iris just looks happy.

Deacon, smoking a hand-rolled cigarette, signs a few documents for Foley.

DEACON

You're doing okay.

FOLEY

Thanks.

DEACON

I had concerns.

FOLEY

Me too.

Deacon smirks. It's as much smile as he's ever going to show.

DEACON

Alright. Keep her steady.

Deacon reaches out a hand. Foley shakes it. He gets up, turns to go, then stops.

64 CONTINUED:

64

FOLEY  
Got one more thing I've been  
meaning to talk to you about.

65 EXT. HALFWAY HOUSE - NIGHT

65

Two COPS lead the Landlord out of the building in handcuffs.  
A police cruiser is parked out front, lights flashing.

LANDLORD  
The bitch fucked me on her own  
accord! She's lying she says  
otherwise!

Deacon steps out of the building. The hollow-eyed Woman  
stands in the doorway, robe pulled around her.

DEACON  
That ain't why we're here.

LANDLORD  
Then what the fuck you charging me  
with?

DEACON  
Let's call it tax evasion.

The cops shove the Landlord in the cruiser.

Foley's across the street, watching. Deacon spots him, but  
doesn't react. Foley turns away.

66 INT. STREET - DAY

66

Foley walks down the street, hands shoved in his pockets,  
deep in thought.

67 INT. IRIS'S APARTMENT - DAY

67

Foley lets himself in. Iris is in the kitchen, fixing dinner.  
The table is set. Pots BUBBLE on the oven. Iris comes up and  
puts her arms around Foley's neck, gives him a smooch.

IRIS  
Welcome home.

FOLEY  
Smells good in here.

Iris returns to the kitchen. Foley takes off his boots, hangs  
his jacket. He looks around the small apartment. It's been  
cleaned up.

FOLEY (CONT'D)  
Place looks great.

(CONTINUED)



IRIS

Had to make room for your many  
possessions. You want to set the  
table?

Foley surveys the apartment for a long moment. He turns to  
Iris, his expression grave. She looks concerned.

IRIS (CONT'D)

What is it?

FOLEY

I don't want to spoil dinner.

IRIS

Tell me.

Foley takes a seat at the table. He looks tired, wary. Iris  
turns down the pots and sits across from him, tense.

FOLEY

I feel like this is real. That  
we're making a life.

IRIS

We are.

FOLEY

Then we've got to come clean. At  
the Apollo with that guy. That  
wasn't a coincidence you showed up.

IRIS

What are you talking about?

FOLEY

Ethan sent you. Right?

Iris stares at him. She doesn't look angry or surprised or  
indignant. She's just frozen. And then her eyes fill with  
tears and she covers her face.

IRIS

What did he tell you?

FOLEY

Nothing. Haven't seen him in weeks.

IRIS

You've known this whole time?

FOLEY

Yeah.

Iris looks up at Foley. Tears come spilling down her cheeks.

(CONTINUED)

IRIS

I owe him money. More than I can pay. He said if I slept with you, we'd be square. I've had to do it before. Not a lot. Two times.

FOLEY

I don't care about that.

IRIS

I do.

Iris doesn't speak for a moment. Foley watches her.

IRIS (CONT'D)

I told him I'd check you out and decide. Guess I was pretending I had a choice. Ethan sent Jake to keep an eye out. But that fucker decided I was just some whore and he could do what he wanted with me.

Iris wipes the tears from her face.

IRIS (CONT'D)

I remember being on that bathroom floor, thinking this could be it for me. On my knees in front of some evil son of a bitch. Guys like Jake would probably think I'm better off dead than squealing to Ethan. Then you walked in.

Foley keeps listening, solemn.

IRIS (CONT'D)

After you took off, I called Ethan. Told him I'd find a way to pay him back, but I wasn't doing what he wanted. I went to that bar because of Ethan. But everything since has been because of you.

Foley nods. Iris watches him carefully, gauging his reaction.

FOLEY

Okay. I just wanted the truth.

Foley stands up.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

I'm going to go wash the day off.

68 INT. IRIS'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER 68

Foley stands in the shower, letting the hot water run over him. Through the shower curtain, a figure comes into view.

IRIS  
Can I come in?

Foley moves back to make room for her. She steps in. They stare at one another. Her eyes are raw from crying.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
I'm so sorry.

FOLEY  
Don't apologize. Just promise  
you'll never lie to me again. And  
I'll promise the same.

Iris nods, determined.

IRIS  
I promise. And I am sorry.

FOLEY  
No need, darlin'... no need...

They hold each other tight as the shower sprays down.

69 EXT. ETHAN'S CONDO - NIGHT 69

Foley walks into the building. As he opens the door his eyes register the security cameras overhead.

70 INT. ETHAN'S CONDO - NIGHT 70

Ethan opens the front door, revealing Foley. Ethan smiles, as if genuinely happy to see him. Foley looks dead serious.

ETHAN  
Come on in. Get you a drink?

FOLEY  
No thanks.

ETHAN  
Come on, one drink. Got some  
Bowman...

Foley enters, letting Ethan close the door behind him.

FOLEY  
I'm here to talk business.

(CONTINUED)

ETHAN

So you're finally ready. That's good news. I was starting to give up on you.

FOLEY

You don't understand, Ethan. You and me are never going to work together.

ETHAN

Never say never.

FOLEY

I'm here about Iris. I know what's been going on.

Ethan eyes dart around, searching Foley's face. He smiles.

ETHAN

You do, hey?

FOLEY

Yeah.

ETHAN

I don't know, Foley. I've been watching you, real close. And I think you don't know shit. In fact, I think you're totally fucking clueless.

There's a few quick FOOTSTEPS behind Foley. He turns just in time to see Jake swinging a baseball bat. The bat CONNECTS with the side of Foley's head. Foley hits the floor, hard.

Jake stands over him, a wide gap where his FRONT TOOTH was knocked out. He gives a LOW WHISTLE through the gap.

Foley swoons into unconsciousness. Blood oozes from the side of his head. Ethan peers down at him.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Remember Jake? He sure remembers you.

Jake KICKS Foley in the face. That knocks him right out.

Foley comes to. He's slumped on a chair, a finger of dried blood traced down his face. The chair is propped in front of Ethan's wall of press clippings and photos.

Ethan sits on another chair, watching Foley from a few feet away. Ethan holds a gun at his side, casual, but alert.

(CONTINUED)

ETHAN

Wakey-wakey, eggs and bakey...

Eyes fixed on Ethan, Foley touches his head and winces.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. But Jake was pretty pissed at you.

Ethan looks at his watch.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

So right about now Jake's sitting in a car outside Iris's apartment. If I don't call him in ten minutes, he's going to go upstairs, rape her, and cave her head in with a bat. Or he might cave her head in and then rape her. Hard to say with Jake.

Foley's body coils up, ready to lunge. But Ethan raises the gun, notching back the hammer. Foley doesn't move.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

You think I'm going to, what, just forgive you for killing my father, Foley? You owe me. And I know exactly how you're going to pay your debt.

Ethan strides up to Foley. He brings the gun barrel to within an inch of Foley's eyeball.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

You're going to make me five million dollars. Five million dollars is the price of the bullet you put in your best friend's head to save your sorry ass.

Foley stays very still, speaking cautiously.

FOLEY

Ethan, listen to me...

ETHAN

No, you listen to me. I have a spectacular grift set up. But I need you to pull it off. If you don't, I'll make sure Iris finds out something about you she really, really doesn't want to know.

(CONTINUED)

FOLEY

Iris and I've already told each other every fucked up thing we've ever done. We've got no secrets.

ETHAN

Got to know a secret to tell a secret.

FOLEY

What the fuck are you talking about?

Ethan grins, delighted with himself, savoring the moment.

He reaches in his pocket, pulls out something. He goes to the wall of clippings and photos, sticks it in place.

It's the lower half of the torn photo of the YOUNG BLONDE and YOUNG BRUNETTE. It's now possible to see the photograph shows that the Young Brunette, TESS, is very PREGNANT.

Foley's eyes dart around, taking it in, his mind racing.

ETHAN

Tess Armstrong lied to you. You were in prison, out of the picture, so she told you she got her little problem taken care of. But she didn't. She kept it. And she hid the truth from everyone. Well, almost everyone...

Ethan puts his finger on the Young Blonde's face: Gretchen.

FOLEY

I have a kid?

ETHAN

I don't know. You tell me.

Foley doesn't understand. Ethan loves this.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Let me help you out. She's probably waiting for you now, back at that shitty little apartment where the two of you are shackled up.

Foley is too stunned to react. Ethan stands over him, grinning with malice.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

She's your daughter. Iris. Is. Your. Daughter. Your precious baby girl.

(CONTINUED)

71

CONTINUED: (3)

71

Suddenly, Foley leaps up from the chair and lunges at Ethan.

Ethan tries to raise the gun, but he's not fast enough. Foley grabs Ethan's gun hand just as he FIRES, sending a bullet into the wall.

Foley uses his momentum to drive a FIST into Ethan's face. Ethan drops to his knees, blood POURING from his nostrils.

Foley drives another PUNCH into the side of Ethan's head, knocking him to the floor.

Foley wrenches the gun out of Ethan's hand, presses the barrel to Ethan's cheek, ready to shoot.

FOLEY

I should shoot you right now for  
even saying something like that to  
me, you deranged fuck.

Ethan's BREATHING RASPS through blood and twisted cartilage.

ETHAN

She's. Your. Daughter.

Foley HITS Ethan in the face with the gun, ripping open a wound on his cheek. Ethan spits up blood.

FOLEY

You're lying!

Foley hauls him to his knees, presses the gun to his temple.

ETHAN

Go ahead. Do it. Won't change the  
truth.

Ethan's smiling now, teeth bloodied, face bruised.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

The night you met Iris, you were so  
slick. Tried to pull a set-up on  
you and you called it right out.  
But face to face with your own  
daughter, you had no clue who she  
was. No clue. It was priceless.

Ethan gets to his feet, wobbly. Foley still holds the gun at him, but Ethan doesn't seem to care.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

You're not going to shoot me,  
Foley. Too much evidence. Once the  
cops start digging, how long before  
they figure it all out? Then what  
are you going to do?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

71

CONTINUED: (4)

71

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Kill anyone who might know the  
truth? Kill her? Kill yourself?

Ethan wipes his bloody face on his sleeve.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

No, you're going to do whatever I  
say. You know all Iris's secrets,  
hey? So you know she's had some  
close calls with a razor-blade.  
Wonder how it'll make her feel,  
knowing she's been fucking her...

Foley PUNCHES Ethan in the face before he can finish. Ethan  
reels back, clutching his nose.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Fuck! That's the last time you do  
that!

Foley stands there, holding the gun, numb. Ethan watches him,  
trying to appear in total control.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I almost feel sorry for you. All  
those years of putting the frame on  
your marks. Now who's the mark?

A change comes over Foley. The shock of the moment flows  
away, replaced by a cool professionalism. His entire manner  
shifts, like he's switched off all emotion.

Ethan sees it. He doesn't look so smug anymore.

FOLEY

Who else knows? Jake?

Ethan smirks. He wouldn't tell Foley even if he begged. He  
checks his watch.

ETHAN

We've got about six minutes. Better  
make a choice.

FOLEY

Call him. Now. Get him out of  
there.

ETHAN

Excellent decision.

Ethan takes his cell out of his pocket and dials a number. He  
listens, waiting for Jake to pick up.

Foley watches him, still holding the gun.

(CONTINUED)



71 CONTINUED: (5)

71

Ethan looks concerned. He ends the call and redials.

FOLEY

What?

ETHAN

Nothing, just... he's not picking up.

Foley stares at Ethan, cold. Ethan listens to the cell dial, looking a bit ill. No answer.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

His cell's off.

FOLEY

Give me your car keys.

Ethan's about to object, but he stops himself. He takes his keys out of his pocket and hands them to Foley.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

If he's touched her, kill yourself.

72 EXT. ETHAN'S CONDO BUILDING - NIGHT

72

Foley SCREECHES out of the underground parking lot, GUNNING the Audi down the street.

73 INT. IRIS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

73

On the oven, a kettle WHISTLES. Wearing pajamas, Iris pads over, turns off the element, and pours the hot water into a mug, making tea.

There's a polite KNOCK at the door. Iris looks over at it, goes to the door, turns the lock.

Jake KICKS the door open. The impact knocks her to the floor.

Jake stands in the doorway, holding the baseball bat.

JAKE

Hey bitch-cakes. Miss me?

Jake rushes her. She scrambles back, trying to get away, kicking at him, flailing, panicked. Jake swings the bat, SMASHING her in the knee. Iris collapses, SHRIEKING in pain.

74 INT. ETHAN'S AUDI - NIGHT

74

Foley grips the steering wheel. He speeds through traffic, SWERVING around anyone that gets in his way.

75 INT. IRIS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

75

Jake has a fistful of Iris's hair, pulls her across the floor. Iris is CRYING, desperately struggling to get loose.

Once he has her in the middle of the room, Jake holds the bat up to her face, showing her a wet smear of blood on one side.

JAKE

See that? That's what's left of  
Foley. Eye for an eye. Tooth for a  
tooth.

Jake grins, showing her the gap where he's missing a tooth.

Iris SINKS her teeth into Jake's arm, biting down as hard as she can. He SCREAMS and drops the bat.

Iris dives for the bat. She grabs it and swings as hard as she can. She CONNECTS, clipping Jake across the back of the head. He staggers a few steps, clutching his head.

Jake lunges at her. She tries to swing again, but he gets hold of the bat and yanks it away.

Iris scrambles to her feet and heads for the kitchen, limping on her injured knee.

76 INT. ETHAN'S AUDI - NIGHT

76

Foley accelerates towards an intersection where the light is yellow. The light turns red. He doesn't stop.

77 EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

77

The Audi flies through the intersection. A CAR CLIPS the rear of the Audi, causing Foley to swerve crazily.

Foley struggles to right the vehicle. He nearly HITS another CAR, but straightens out at the last second. He JAMS his foot on the accelerator and races off.

78 INT. IRIS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

78

Jake corners Iris by the sink. He swings, off-balance, furious, but misses by a wide mark. The bat CRASHES into the dish-rack, sending shards of glass flying.

Iris takes the mug of steaming tea off the counter and throws it at Jake. The hot water SCALDS his face. He SCREAMS.

Next she grabs the kettle and swings it at Jake's head with all her strength. It CLANGS off his skull. He drops the bat.

(CONTINUED)

The floor is wet with tea and as Jake stumbles back, he slips and falls. Landing on his hands and knees, Jake SHRIEKS as his hands get SLICED up by the shards of glass on the floor.

Iris rears back and KICKS Jake in the balls. He YELPS.

She grabs the bat and holds it over her head. Jake looks up at her, eyes wide. She's about to let loose.

A hand grabs the bat, tight. It's Foley. He's pale, drenched in sweat, looking nauseous.

Iris's eyes spill over with tears when she sees him.

Foley takes the bat. Jake is still on his hands and knees.

Gripping the bat, Foley brings it down on Jake's head with a brutal CRUNCH. Jake is knocked out cold.

IRIS

I thought you were dead.

Iris embraces Foley, clutching him tight, SOBBING. He holds her, trying to be comforting, but still reeling in shock.

He breaks their embrace, awkward, distant. Iris tenses up, seeing something's wrong. She reaches out to touch Foley's bruised face, but he flinches.

FOLEY

I've got to get him out of here. He dies, we've got trouble.

IRIS

Okay.

FOLEY

Then I'd better lay low for a few days. In case there's any heat.

IRIS

What happened with Ethan?

FOLEY

I took care of it.

IRIS

What does that mean?

FOLEY

Means you don't need to deal with him anymore. Means he calls, hang up. Means don't listen to a goddamn word he says. I'll handle him.

Iris reaches for Foley. But he recoils, like her touch burns.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (2)

78

IRIS  
What's going on?

FOLEY  
Nothing!

Iris shrinks away. Foley's barely keeping it together.

FOLEY (CONT'D)  
Nothing's going on. Absolutely  
nothing. I'll come back when  
it's... safe.

Iris stares at him, confused, worried. Foley can't look at her. It's taking all his will to keep from breaking down.

79 INT. ETHAN'S CONDO/PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT 79

Foley pulls the Audi into Ethan's parking spot. The damaged bumper hangs off the back. He steps out, opens the trunk.

Jake is curled up inside, matted with blood. He gives a wet COUGH, still alive. Foley SLAMS the trunk closed.

80 INT. ETHAN'S CONDO/LOBBY - NIGHT 80

Foley steps out the elevator. He strides over to the security desk, where a uniformed SECURITY GUARD sits, bored, reading a magazine in front of a bank of monitors.

Foley's eyes once again dart around the lobby, taking it all in. The cameras, the Security Guard's sight-line, the exits.

Foley drops Ethan's keys on the desk.

FOLEY  
These are for suite 3602. Let him  
know his car's in its spot.

Foley walks off. The Security Guard looks down at the keys. Is that a fleck of blood?

81 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY 81

A quiet suburban street, compact bungalows with tiny lawns, clean, a bit faded.

Foley steps out of a taxi. He looks rough, fresh bruises and red-rimmed eyes, whole body aching. The taxi pulls away.

He turns his attention to one bungalow in particular. He checks the ADDRESS scrawled on a scrap of paper. That's it.

82 EXT. BUNGALOW - MOMENTS LATER 82

Foley RINGS the doorbell, standing on the small front porch.

(CONTINUED)

The door opens, revealing CELIA (early 40s). Her expression is blandly polite, but curdles when she recognizes Foley.

FOLEY

Hi Celia.

CELIA

You're out.

FOLEY

Yeah.

Celia makes no indication she's going to invite him inside.

CELIA

You look the same. Older, but the same.

Foley hesitates, churned up inside, trying to figure out where to start. Celia crosses her arms, impatient.

CELIA (CONT'D)

If you're looking for your old shit, there's nothing here. Mom and I threw it all away when Tess died.

Celia moves to close the door, as if that concludes the discussion.

FOLEY

Celia, do I have a daughter?

Surprised, Celia's eyes shift. That's all Foley needs. He looks ill. Celia realizes she answered without answering.

CELIA

How did you find out?

Foley doesn't respond. He can barely stand up.

CELIA (CONT'D)

Gretchen, right? Always wondered if she knew.

Foley shakes his head. He doesn't want to hear this.

CELIA (CONT'D)

I'm not apologizing for shit. You were in prison for a long time. It was Tess's choice. She wanted rid of you. When she passed, I respected her decision.

FOLEY

But Tess must've said something about who her father was.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (2)

82

CELIA

Remember Ray Logan? Died in a car crash? She told her it was him.

FOLEY

She believed you?

CELIA

By that time Tess was sick. Kids don't question things when their whole world is falling apart.

Neither speak for a long moment.

CELIA (CONT'D)

Listen, Foley, you're better off dead to her. I know that's hard to hear, but she's got a good life now. Lives out west. Got a family, nice people, church people. She doesn't need to know she comes from convicts and strippers.

FOLEY

Don't worry, I'm not going to look for her.

CELIA

That's good.

FOLEY

What's her name? Just want to know.

Celia hesitates, unsure. But she gives in.

CELIA

Iris. Her name is Iris.

83 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

83

Foley quickly walks away from Celia's bungalow, face tight.

When he's out of view, he loses it. He's overcome with wracking SOBS. He stands there on the sidewalk of this quiet street, shoulders heaving, tears pouring down his face.

Two NEIGHBOURHOOD KIDS peddle by on their bikes. They swap glances. They've never seen an adult cry so openly.

84 INT. GRETCHEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

84

Gretchen sits with her family around the dinner table, husband MIKE (mid-40s), sons TOMMY (age 9) and DEAN (age 6).

With no warning, Foley BURSTS through the front door. The serving bowl Gretchen holds drops to the floor with a CRASH.

(CONTINUED)

84

CONTINUED:

84

Mike jumps up, getting between Foley and the boys. But Foley SHOVES him, hard, sending him stumbling back into his chair. Both boys stare wide-eyed, terrified.

FOLEY

Stay there!

Foley pulls out Ethan's gun. Mike freezes. Dean starts CRYING. Gretchen stands up, protective but furious.

GRETCHEN

What are you doing? Get out of my home!

Foley grabs Gretchen by the wrist.

FOLEY

What did you tell him?

GRETCHEN

What do you mean? I told him what I knew. I told him you and Tess had a daughter somewhere.

FOLEY

WHY?

Gretchen wrenches her wrist free. She shows Foley her hand with the two MISSING FINGERS.

GRETCHEN

Who do you think did this? I did what I had to!

Foley looks over at Gretchen's family. Tommy and Dean cower in Mike's arms. Foley looks at the gun in his hand. He realizes he's ripped open Gretchen's new life.

FOLEY

I'm sorry.

Foley backs away. He looks like hell, sleepless, desperate, raw. Gretchen can see Foley's hurting and she softens.

GRETCHEN

Jesus, Foley, what did he do to you?

Foley just shakes his head and staggers out the door.

85

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

85

A dingy roadside motel, threadbare, smoke-stained, peeling wallpaper. Foley sits on the bed, lights out, an open bottle of whiskey on the floor. He drinks and drinks from it.

(CONTINUED)

85

CONTINUED:

85

The highway is just outside the half-closed curtains. An 18-wheeler RATTLES by, headlights flaring into the room.

Foley finishes off the bottle, lets it fall to the floor. He slides into unconsciousness.

CUT TO:

86

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

86

The images are QUICK and JAGGED:

Eddie's corpse in a pool of fresh blood. Frantic, Foley wipes off away prints, desperately trying to remove any trace of his presence.

BANGING on the door. Foley panicked. Goes to the window. It's too far down to jump to the street.

The door KICKED open. Uniformed COPS swarm in, guns drawn. Foley doesn't put up a fight, raises his hands, but the cops don't care. A FAT COP steps forward and PISTOL-WHIPS him.

Foley lies curled up on the garish 80s-style carpet as BOOTS rain down on him. His arms are twisted behind his back, wrists cuffed.

He looks straight into Eddie's unseeing eyes.

CUT TO:

87

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

87

A SHARP KNOCK on the door. Foley sits up on the bed. Morning sunlight streams in the room.

CLERK (O.S.)

Hey! Your week's up! You want to stay on, I need cash up-front!

There's a firm BANG on the door as the Clerk walks off.

Foley doesn't move, eyes barely open.

He reaches for the whiskey bottle, but it's empty. Several other bottles are on the floor nearby. All empty.

Foley pulls himself out of bed, unsteady. He makes it to the sink in the corner, splashes water on his face. He flips on the lights, wincing in the bright glare. Now he can really see himself. And he looks wrecked.

He stares at his reflection. The muscles on his face tighten, taking control of his expression. The despair and anger fade into a hard, impassive calm.



88

INT. DINER - DAY

88

Foley and Iris sit across from each other, neither touching their coffees. They both could not be more fragile.

IRIS

How could you do that to me?

FOLEY

I'm sorry.

IRIS

You disappear for a week. Not a fucking word to let me know you're even alive. But you're sorry.

FOLEY

I told you I had to lay low.

Foley's emotionless attitude is freaking Iris out.

IRIS

What's going on? Tell me. Tell me.

FOLEY

I spent twenty-two years in prison. Every decision in there is made for you. All of this is totally new to me. I have things to sort out. And until I can do that, I need some time. Time apart from this. From you.

Iris searches Foley's face. He doesn't flinch.

IRIS

You're lying. We said no lies.

FOLEY

Iris...

IRIS

Don't bother. I know when you're lying. So you might as well just tell me the truth.

Iris sits back, arms crossed, almost impatient. Foley is silent for a long moment.

FOLEY

This is the truth. You have to trust me. We can't see each other for a while. The best thing would be if you left town. I can't explain why. But I wouldn't ask if there was any other way.

(CONTINUED)

IRIS

You want me to trust you, but you won't trust me with the truth?

FOLEY

If I say it's to protect you, you'll just say you can protect yourself.

IRIS

I can.

FOLEY

I know. And I know you can see through any lie I can come up with. But I can't tell you the truth right now. So I'm asking you to trust me.

Iris regards him for a moment. She reaches for his hand, takes it in hers. This makes it nearly unbearable for Foley.

IRIS

Don't you want us to be together?

FOLEY

I can't do what I have to do if I'm worrying about coming home and finding you covered in blood and broken glass. Or worse. I can't.

IRIS

Then let's just get out of here. We'll go somewhere hot, with beaches and fat tourists to rip off. I'll plan every detail. All you have to do is say yes.

Foley just shakes his head. This is harder than he ever could have imagined. Gently, he extracts his hand.

FOLEY

I have some money I can give you. Get as far away as you can. Don't tell me where. Just some place no one knows you. I'll get in touch when I've cleaned all this up.

Iris struggles to maintain her composure.

IRIS

How long?

FOLEY

I don't know. A few weeks. A month.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: (2)

88

IRIS  
Or longer? Or never?

FOLEY  
It won't be never.

They both know she can tell when he's lying. Iris starts to CRY QUIETLY. Other CUSTOMERS stare.

FOLEY (CONT'D)  
Iris...

IRIS  
But I did everything right.

FOLEY  
It's nothing you did. This is on me. And I have to deal with it alone.

Iris abruptly gets to her feet, charging out the door. Foley gets up to follow, slow, trying to hold it together.

89 INT. BUS STATION - DAY

89

Iris sits by the window on a CROWDED bus as it shifts into gear and pulls away.

She looks out the window at Foley, standing on the platform, watching her go. His face is as grim as it has ever been.

90 INT. DEACON'S OFFICE - DAY

90

Foley slumps into a chair across from Deacon. Deacon rolls a cigarette, looks up at him.

DEACON  
Heard you got fired. Stopped showing up.

Deacon lights up the cigarette, takes a long drag and exhales a plume of smoke.

DEACON (CONT'D)  
You got something to say? Or do I just write you up and send you on your way?

Foley regards Deacon for a long moment.

FOLEY  
I need your help. I'm in trouble. Not something I asked for, but something I can't shake.

(CONTINUED)

DEACON

What are we talking about here?

FOLEY

There's a local guy. Moves a lot of product. Could be a big catch. Maybe there's some kind of deal...

DEACON

You want to go informer, is that it?

FOLEY

Yeah. Can you help me?

Deacon sucks on his cigarette, thinking. He stamps it out, picks up the phone, dials. The other side answers.

DEACON

It's Deacon.

Deacon listens. Foley clenches up. Something's off.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Yeah, he's right here.

Deacon holds out the phone. Foley takes it, listens.

ETHAN (ON PHONE)

You don't have to be a criminal mastermind to know how to bribe a dirty cop. You made your one mistake, Foley. Make any more and you're done.

Ethan hangs up. Foley hands Deacon back the phone. Deacon gives Foley a hard look and a shrug.

DEACON

Try to skip town, I'll have that squeeze you shackled up with hauled in for something nasty.

Foley stares at Deacon, trying to find an angle in.

FOLEY

I can't believe a guy like you is under Ethan's thumb.

DEACON

I'm sure you've run across some of the mischief our boy gets up to. Slicing off fingers, that kind of thing?

(CONTINUED)

FOLEY

Yeah.

DEACON

How do you think he gets away with it? You've got to be protected by a real evil fuck for shit like that to get a pass.

Foley doesn't entirely understand, but he runs with it.

FOLEY

I know about Ethan's boss.

DEACON

So you know about Xavier. Good for you. Then you know any time anybody's moved against Ethan, they ended up saying goodbye to some loved ones. I don't personally care how you solve your Ethan problem. But I wouldn't count on any help. Not around here.

Deacon rolls another cigarette. But his hands twitch, spilling the tobacco, betraying his anxiety.

FOLEY

Who did Xavier kill?

DEACON

My brother. His wife.

Foley understands. Deacon is a broken man. Foley rises.

FOLEY

I'm not coming back here again. You'll file my parole reports, nice and regular, from now until my funeral. Understand?

Deacon won't take his eyes off his cigarette, rolling it tighter and tighter. But he nods. Best to stay clear of the whole thing.

Foley sits in the dark, silent, motionless.

Thinking, turning it all over in his mind, he stands, moves to the counter. An apple sits next to the sink.

He picks up the apple. He opens the drawer, takes out a small paring knife. He slices off a piece of apple, eats it.

91 CONTINUED: 91

Foley stares at the knife, steady in his hand. It's so small, it looks harmless.

92 INT. ETHAN'S CONDO/PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT 92

Ethan drives the Audi into his parking space. He steps out, BEEPS it locked, walks to the elevator, punches the button.

He hears a quick NOISE and looks around, wary, trying to see what might be hiding in the dark. He keeps his back to the elevator doors.

The elevator doors open.

In one motion, Foley steps out of the elevator and swiftly catches Ethan in a headlock.

Ethan flails, but Foley presses firmly on his carotid artery. With a STRANGLED GRUNT, Ethan slumps over, passed out.

FOLEY

Twenty... nineteen... eighteen...

93 INT. ELEVATOR - AT THAT MOMENT 93

Foley has Ethan's limp body propped against the wall.

FOLEY

Fourteen... thirteen... twelve...

Foley pulls off Ethan's belt. He binds Ethan's limp hands with the belt in a figure-8 loop. He reaches into Ethan's jacket and finds his keys.

94 INT. ETHAN'S CONDO - MOMENTS LATER 94

Foley dumps Ethan on his back on the floor. He lifts Ethan's arms above his head and places a foot on his bound wrists.

FOLEY

Five... four... three... two...

Ethan's eyes flutter open. He tries to move, but can only twist his legs uselessly.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

Congratulations. You have an excellent circulatory system.

Foley kneels down beside him, eerily calm.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

Something you learn in prison. It doesn't take a big knife to do a lot of damage.

(CONTINUED)

Foley takes the small paring knife out of his pocket and shows it to Ethan. It's hardly fearsome.

FOLEY (CONT'D)  
Take this knife, for instance. I  
use it to cut fruit. But if I press  
it here...

He presses the knife to Ethan's neck.

FOLEY (CONT'D)  
And make a cut no more than an inch  
long, you'll bleed to death in  
about two minutes.

Foley brings pressure to bear on the knife.

ETHAN  
Listen, Foley...

The pressure of the knife is now enough to pierce the skin. A drop of blood slithers down Ethan's neck.

FOLEY  
No, you listen. If we're doing  
this, you're making me two promises  
right now.

ETHAN  
Fuck you, Foley. You're not in  
control here. Don't you get it?

Foley makes a quick gesture with the paring knife. He SLICES an inch-long cut across Ethan's neck.

Blood SPRAYS out of the tiny wound. Ethan SQUEALS in shock.

Foley presses on the wound, blood seeping through his fingers. Ethan struggles, but his hands are bound tight.

FOLEY  
These are my terms. First, Iris  
will never hear even a whisper of  
what you told me. You so much as  
hint at it and I'll kill you.  
Understand?

ETHAN  
Yes!

FOLEY  
Second, when we pull the grift you  
will follow my instructions down to  
the smallest detail. No exceptions.  
Understand?

94 CONTINUED: (2)

94

ETHAN

Yes!

FOLEY

You're not very convincing.

ETHAN

Yes! Absolutely! I promise! Please!

With a simple gesture, Foley loosens the belt around Ethan's hands. Ethan clutches his wound. Blood drips onto his suit.

FOLEY

Alright. Let's get you cleaned up.

95 INT. CLINIC - NIGHT

95

Ethan sits on a medical bed. He looks terrible, pallid, damp with cold sweat.

Miro, the convict Foley spoke with on their day of release, carefully sews tiny, perfect stitches into the clotted wound on Ethan's throat. Miro wears street-clothes, but his manner shows he knows what he's doing.

Foley stands in the corner of the room, watching.

FOLEY

Nice place.

MIRO

The clinic closes at seven. I'm here all night making sure junkies don't break in.

ETHAN

You're not a doctor?

MIRO

I was a doctor in Serbia. Here I'm a night watchman.

FOLEY

Miro knows what he's doing. He patched me up in prison.

MIRO

You saved my ass a hundred times, Foley. This is nothing.

ETHAN

Enough with fucking memory lane! Just finish, goddamn it!

Miro turns his attention back to the equipment. He doesn't want to get involved.



96

INT. ETHAN'S AUDI - NIGHT

96

Ethan and Foley are parked in an alley behind the clinic. Ethan looks tired, weak, a blood-stained bandage taped to his neck.

ETHAN

Wherever you stashed Iris, she can be found. Don't forget that.

Foley nods. They understand each other.

FOLEY

One last thing. Is Jake going to be a problem?

ETHAN

Not unless you're scared of ghosts.

FOLEY

You killed him?

ETHAN

I gave him specific orders and he deliberately fucked them up. Twice actually. I had no choice. This is why I need you. Good help is hard to find.

FOLEY

No chance the cops will find him?

ETHAN

Not unless someone tips them off.

FOLEY

What's that supposed to mean?

ETHAN

Sorry, was I being vague? That was a threat. Your DNA's all over him. Cops get tipped, it points right at you.

Foley stares at Ethan, grim.

FOLEY

Why shouldn't I just kill you now?

ETHAN

Because then two things happen. Cops find Jake. And thanks to a letter in a safety-deposit box, Iris finds her long-lost daddy.

Ethan turns the ignition. The engine HUMS.

(CONTINUED)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Oh, and since we're sharing, you might like to know I took care of Nathan Mills too. Put a bullet in his face. Covered it all up, nice and smooth, like wet cement.

Foley stares at Ethan. When he finally speaks, his voice is flat, emotionless.

FOLEY

This is what I need. A hotel room, decent, with a gym. I need to check in early so I can get in shape, work out the details of this thing. I need a woman to play the catch. Somebody older, experienced, not some pop tart who owes you a favor. And definitely no one on drugs.

ETHAN

Yeah, sure, sure. I can do that.

FOLEY

Get me an I.T. guy. A tailor. Someone who can set up international accounts. And I need a place to stage the actual grift. Preferably a house. Big. And isolated.

ETHAN

This is exactly what I needed, partner!

Foley's gaze could not be colder.

FOLEY

We are not partners, Ethan. I had a partner. A long time ago. He's dead.

A high-end hotel room. Flat-screen TV. Expensive furniture. Impressive view of the city through massive windows.

Foley emerges from the shower. He looks good, in shape, well-rested. He starts to dress. The phone RINGS. Foley picks up.

ETHAN (ON PHONE)

Enjoying the room?

FOLEY

Are we meeting or not?

97 CONTINUED:

97

ETHAN (ON PHONE)  
All business, hey? Yeah, meet us  
downstairs in fifteen.

98 INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

98

Foley enters, scans the crowd in the sleek, upscale bar. He spots Ethan sitting in a corner booth with HELENA (late 30s), attractive but severe, an edge of sadness to her.

ETHAN  
Foley, I'd like to introduce you to  
your wife. This is Helena. Helena,  
your husband. Latest husband,  
anyway.

Foley and Helena size each another up as Foley takes a seat.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
You look good. Ready for action.

Foley doesn't bother responding. He speaks to Helena.

FOLEY  
You understand the grift?

HELENA  
Yeah. "The Samaritan."

ETHAN  
She's ready. After all, she's got  
lots of incentive not to fuck up,  
right, Helena?

Helena's glance at Ethan makes it clear she loathes him.  
Ethan smiles back, cocky as hell. He takes out a file stuffed  
with photos and documents.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
The mark's name is Xavier.

Ethan spreads photos of XAVIER (mid 50s), well-dressed, heavy-  
set, quietly fierce, on the table.

HELENA  
Who is he?

FOLEY  
You don't know him?

Helena shakes her head. Foley looks at Ethan, gets it.

(CONTINUED)

FOLEY (CONT'D)

No. Of course you don't. That way there's less chance you'll decide it might be worth it to rat out Ethan to his boss.

Ethan's smile is no longer quite so cocky. Helena looks at them, working out the details for herself.

HELENA

So Ethan's the inside man. You're the outside man. And I'm the catch. I owe Ethan a shit-load of money, which means I owe this Xavier guy a shit-load of money. And I've got no way to pay. Except my rich husband. Which is you.

FOLEY

I want to be clear. "The Samaritan" is the riskiest kind of grift. The inside man knows the mark. And a mark like Xavier will kill us all just to protect his rep.

ETHAN

That's why we need you, Foley. To make sure it all comes out smelling pretty. You've done it before. And you know all the ways it can go bad.

Foley stews for a moment, but says nothing.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Alright, now Xavier spends most of his time in Indonesia. Spends all of his time with this guy...

Ethan drops a photo of VERNON HICKS (mid-30s) a linebacker-wide hulk with a permanent frown.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Vernon Hicks. Personal security. Probably keeps a roll of toilet paper in his pocket for wiping Xavier's ass.

HELENA

What's Xavier's business?

ETHAN

What isn't? Drugs. Contraband. Money laundering. Oh, and he's got a sideline in rare fish.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

But that's just because he likes  
the fucking things.

Foley regards Ethan. He's a never-ending ball of resentment.

FOLEY

Does he have even the slightest  
inkling of how you really feel  
about him?

ETHAN

Did you?

That stings, but Foley sucks it up. Helena quietly watches  
the dynamic between them.

HELENA

So why's he coming here?

ETHAN

Money. Five million cash that needs  
to be laundered and dispersed to  
clean accounts. Xavier comes out  
once a year and does it in person.

HELENA

What, he doesn't trust you?

ETHAN

He trusts me. I run his operations  
here. I've made him maybe twenty,  
thirty times what he's paid me. But  
this is five million dollars. And  
you're asking too many questions,  
bitch.

FOLEY

Don't disrespect her. When the  
grift's on, our lives are in each  
other's hands. Do I need to remind  
you of the promise you made me?

Ethan's hand involuntarily goes towards the small scar on his  
throat. He smiles thinly at Helena.

ETHAN

Apologies.

FOLEY

You know for sure, a hundred  
percent, the money is untraceable?

ETHAN

That's the whole reason Xavier  
insists on handling it personally.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

There's a four-hour window when he'll have the cash with him. But I guarantee he's such a greedy prick that if he thinks he can make an extra percentage and fuck someone in the ass to do it, he will.

Foley takes a moment, considering.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

What?

FOLEY

I'm going to add a move where I turn down the deal.

ETHAN

Now why the fuck would you do that?

FOLEY

Because a grift isn't really about taking someone's money. It's about taking their confidence. If I blow Xavier off like I don't care who he is, that gets at his pride and he starts ignoring his instincts. Then he's ours.

HELENA

Smart.

ETHAN

I don't know. What if he tells you to go fuck yourself?

FOLEY

He won't. You've got to stop thinking like a servant, Ethan. Start thinking like a boss.

Ethan glowers, insulted. Helena sits back. She is impressed.

Foley's out on the patio, smoking, looking out at the city. A KNOCK at the door. He heads over, but doesn't open it.

FOLEY

Yeah?

HELENA

It's Helena.

Foley hesitates, but opens the door. Helena stands in the hall, a bit awkward.

99

CONTINUED:

99

HELENA (CONT'D)

Can I come in?

Foley steps back so she can enter. He closes the door.

HELENA (CONT'D)

I just wanted to thank you for...  
well, I guess for not being a son  
of a bitch.

FOLEY

It's nothing.

Helena smiles, a bit flirtatious, and goes to the mini-bar.

HELENA

Got anything to drink in here?

FOLEY

Did Ethan send you?

HELENA

Fuck you. I'm not a whore.

Helena spins and heads for the door. Foley grabs her arm.

FOLEY

I'm sorry.

HELENA

I'm here because I like the look of  
you. And like you said, if this  
thing falls apart, we probably end  
up dead.

They're standing real close, Foley still gripping her arm.

FOLEY

I like the look of you too.

They kiss, hard.

100

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

100

Foley and Helena are naked, bodies pressed tight, intense,  
but with a desperate edge. Two people trying to lose  
themselves.

101

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

101

Foley and Helena lie in bed, bodies wrapped up in each other.

FOLEY

So he's got you?

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

HELENA

Hooks in deep. You really think if we pull this off, he'll just pay us off and cut us loose?

FOLEY

I don't know.

HELENA

I think he'll just keep coming back and taking and taking and taking.

Foley doesn't know what to say. He's in the same boat.

FOLEY

We'll get through this.

HELENA

There's no we, Foley. We're both alone in this. Thinking any different will just get you dead.

Helena lies there, sunk in gloom, Foley's arms around her.

102 EXT. MANSION SITE - DAY

102

Ethan's Audi is parked in a vast muddy lot. Foley looks up at an impressive brick mansion, ornate but unfinished. Tarps hang over window-frames. The roof is half-shingled. Gutters are clogged with leaves.

Ethan leans on the car, wiping mud off his expensive shoes.

ETHAN

This look like the kind of place a slick-ass real estate developer would build for himself?

FOLEY

How'd you find it?

ETHAN

Hedge-fund risk management expert hightailed it back to Singapore after the market collapsed. His daughter was an excellent customer.

FOLEY

What about that subdivision?

Several blocks of identical suburban houses start at the far end of the lot. No trees in sight. Massive electrical towers rise up in the distance.

(CONTINUED)



102 CONTINUED:

102

ETHAN

Empty. Owners don't move in till summer. It's just what you asked for. Completely isolated.

Foley steps through the mud to the porch. Ethan follows him, stepping carefully.

FOLEY

I'm still not convinced Xavier will drive all the way here to find me just to pay a drug debt.

ETHAN

I know him. He's got a hard on for showing me how things are done right. If I knock Helena around too hard, he'll step in, take control of the situation. I know he will.

Foley considers pressing the question, but drops it.

FOLEY

How far are we from the club?

ETHAN

Seventeen minutes.

FOLEY

Seventeen minutes exactly?

ETHAN

I timed it. And, yeah, before you say it, I fucking drove at the right time of night.

Foley refuses to give Ethan the satisfaction, but he's clearly pleased with himself.

103 INT. HOTEL GYM - DAY

103

Foley runs on a treadmill, drenched in sweat as he pushes himself.

104 INT. SALON - DAY

104

Foley gets a manicure from an attentive MANICURIST (mid-20s).

105 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

105

Foley stands at a full-body mirror as a TAILOR (late 50s) takes his measurements.

106 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 106

Foley sits at a laptop on the desk, scrolling through articles about Xavier on the internet, making notes on a hotel pad, painstakingly methodical.

107 INT. ETHAN'S CONDO/ELEVATOR - NIGHT 107

Foley waits, tense, as the elevator rises, his reflection stares back at him from the polished steel.

108 INT. ETHAN'S CONDO - MOMENTS LATER 108

Ethan opens the door for Foley. He's buttoning up his shirt. His hair is messy, like he just got up. Not his usual slick appearance.

ETHAN

Come in. I'll be ready in a sec.

There's a SHUFFLING NOISE from the bedroom. Foley freezes.

FOLEY

Is somebody here?

Ethan shrugs, but a smile pulls at the side of his mouth.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

You got some squeeze here?

ETHAN

Squeeze? What are you, my grandpa?

IRIS (O.S.)

Don't worry, I won't listen in on your precious meeting.

Iris steps out of Ethan's bedroom, hair dishevelled, clothes askew, and clearly high. Foley is stunned.

FOLEY

Iris.

Iris crosses to the leather couch and drops onto it.

IRIS

Thought you got rid of me, didn't you?

FOLEY

Whatever you think you're doing...

IRIS

You don't get to tell me what to do anymore. I cleaned up. I started to kick. I got a job.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

108

CONTINUED:

108

IRIS (CONT'D)

I did everything right. But you just wanted me out of the way so you could go right back to the grift. You're the real fucking addict here, Foley, not me.

FOLEY

No.

IRIS

I couldn't stop thinking about why you were lying. I had to find out why. But I have to admit I never thought you'd blow me off for money.

Foley looks over at Ethan, who shrugs, with a smirk.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Anyway, I need someone my own age. Someone who won't lie to my face.

Iris goes over to Ethan and kisses him, making a show of it.

IRIS (CONT'D)

You come right back the minute you're done.

ETHAN

I will.

IRIS

Can't wait.

She runs her hand up his thigh. This is too much even for Ethan. He shrugs her off.

Iris glares at Foley, challenging him. He stays quiet. Iris stumbles off, SLAMMING the bedroom door.

ETHAN

Ready to go to work?

For a moment, it seems like Foley's about to hammer Ethan in the face. Ethan waits it out patiently. Foley reins it in.

109

INT. ETHAN'S AUDI - NIGHT

109

Ethan is driving, fast. Foley sits there, quiet, stewing.

ETHAN

It wasn't my idea. She made the move. Said she always had a thing for me.

Foley just stares at the world speeding past the windshield.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Maybe you're thinking about all the ways you could kill me right now. But is it worth the risk? When Iris finds out the truth, how far's she going to be from an O.D.? Of course, you could always kill me, get her out of town again before word got back to her. How'll you explain it all? And even if you come up with something good, do you stay with her? You think she'll stick around in a purely platonic relationship? Not fucking likely.

FOLEY

Stop talking, Ethan.

ETHAN

What, now you're feeling all paternal? You didn't even know her to meet her. Let's not pretend you could possibly have what it takes to be her father.

Ethan glances over at Foley. He's enjoying himself.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Guess that's one thing Iris and I got in common. Neither of us knew our dads. And guess who's to blame on both counts?

Ethan hits the gas. They rocket off down the street.

110 INT. HELENA'S APARTMENT BUILDING/HALLWAY - NIGHT

110

Ethan and Foley make their way down the hall. Ethan stops at a door and KNOCKS. No answer. KNOCKS again. Nothing.

ETHAN

Helena!

Ethan jiggles the door knob. The door swings open. They exchange a look. This is odd.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Helena? You in there?

111 INT. HELENA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

111

Ethan steps in. Foley follows him, cautious. A small hallway leads to a main room, with a kitchenette off to one side. Ethan notes the dishes in the sink.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

ETHAN  
Messy bitch.

They move down the hallway to the main room. The lights are off. Ethan finds the switch and flips it on.

They freeze, shocked. Helena has hanged herself.

The cord is tight around her neck. Her face is slack. Her legs hang motionless. She's been dead for several hours at least.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Holy shit.

Foley spots a note on a table by the body. He picks it up, reads it, hands it to Ethan.

It's a folded sheet of paper, one word on the front: "ETHAN".

Ethan opens the note. Two words inside: "FUCK YOU".

112 INT. ETHAN'S CONDO - NIGHT

112

Foley stands at the window, staring at the skyline. He's not even paying attention as Ethan totally loses it behind him.

Ethan KICKS in his glass coffee-table, SHATTERING it. He GULPS in BREATHS, trying to calm down.

ETHAN  
Bitch probably planned this all along. Just waiting for the right moment to completely fuck me.

FOLEY  
A woman is dead, Ethan.

ETHAN  
Yeah, and I'll have a good long cry once you tell me how we're going to fix this!

FOLEY  
We're not. It's a three-person grift. Husband. Wife. Dealer. It pivots on the catch. No catch, no grift. The mark arrives in a few hours. We're out of time.

ETHAN  
You must know somebody. From back in the day.

(CONTINUED)

FOLEY

I could call Gretchen. But the two fingers you sawed off her hand might give it away that she's not the coked up trophy wife of a real estate developer.

ETHAN

Fuck you!

FOLEY

I think you've done a pretty good job of fucking yourself.

Ethan glares at Foley with unrestrained venom. He looks around for something else to break.

Iris emerges from the bedroom. She stays quiet, gauging the situation. Ethan's gaze falls on her. He's about to lash out and she knows it. Foley's ready to step in. It's a tense moment.

And then Ethan's rage evaporates. He stares at Iris. Foley figures it out a second before Ethan speaks.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

No.

ETHAN

Oh yeah. We need the catch. A woman. Yeah, this is good. I like this.

FOLEY

Not a goddamn chance.

ETHAN

Why? You don't think she's smart enough? Pretty enough? Quick enough? What's she missing that Helena had?

Foley glares at Ethan. But Ethan's playing coy.

IRIS

I got a choice here? Or am I just supposed to go whichever way the wind blows?

They both look at Iris. She's standing a bit straighter. She knows she's got a tiny window of power here.

ETHAN

Of course you've got a choice. The split's half for me, quarter each for my partners.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (2)

112

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Over a million-two. Or you could just hang around hoping I give you an allowance. You in?

IRIS

Yeah.

FOLEY

It won't work.

IRIS

You know I can do it.

Iris's appeal is disarmingly direct and personal, right to Foley. He can't meet her eyes.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Or is it that I'd be playing your wife, old man?

Foley doesn't respond.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Fair enough. The mark would have to be pretty thick to buy me as your wife. But I could be your daughter.

Shocked silence. Ethan and Foley stare at Iris in disbelief. Iris looks from one to the other, cocky, but clearly unaware why they're so stunned.

IRIS (CONT'D)

The grift calls for a cokehead wife getting dirty behind her husband's back, right? But it could just as easily be a wayward daughter stuffing daddy's money up her nose.

ETHAN

She's right.

FOLEY

No.

IRIS

What, you can't even stand to spend a few hours with me?

FOLEY

It's got nothing to do with you being smart enough or pretty enough or quick enough. You're not ready. We don't have time to get you ready. Half-assing this thing will get us all killed.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (3)

112

ETHAN

There are things worse than getting killed, Foley. You know that.

Desperate, Foley marches across the room to Iris, turns over her arm to reveal the track-marks.

FOLEY

When was your last hit? How long before you need another? You really think you can keep it together to grift a guy like Xavier?

IRIS

Yes.

ETHAN

So we make it smack instead of coke. What's the difference?

FOLEY

No. It's over.

Foley moves to walk away. Iris grabs him.

IRIS

I need this. I can take my cut, get away from here. Get far away. Don't you think I deserve that?

FOLEY

Come with me.

Iris wasn't expecting that. Ethan tries to get between them.

ETHAN

You want out, Foley? Fine. Get the fuck out of here. But she stays.

FOLEY

Come with me. Right now. Don't listen to him.

ETHAN

Yeah, don't listen to me. I'm only trying to make us all fucking rich!

Foley ignores Ethan, stares at Iris, intent.

IRIS

I'm staying.

FOLEY

Helena's dead. Stay with him and you'll be next.

(CONTINUED)



112 CONTINUED: (4) 112

Foley turns and heads for the door. He does not look back.

113 INT. APOLLO LOUNGE - NIGHT 113

Bill reads the newspaper behind the bar. The place is empty. He looks up when the door opens.

It's Foley, looking exhausted. Bill watches as Foley shuffles over and slumps in a seat at the bar.

BILL  
Rough day?

FOLEY  
Something like that.

BILL  
Want me to brew up some coffee?

Foley stares at his hands on the bar, kneading his knuckles.

FOLEY  
No coffee. That would be a step in  
the wrong direction.

114 INT. APOLLO LOUNGE - LATER 114

Foley is at the bar, drinking. Bill leans there, listening. A nearly empty bottle of Bowman sits between them.

FOLEY  
Everything I touch turns to shit.

BILL  
And why do you think that is?

FOLEY  
I don't know.

BILL  
Too bad. Seems like you could do  
with a moment of clarity. But  
unfortunately I'm not one of those  
conveniently insightful barkeep  
philosophers. I just pour.

Bill empties the bottle into Foley's glass and walks away. The door opens. Foley doesn't look over.

It's Ethan. He's wearing one of his expensive suits, looking slick. But his face is tight.

Foley looks over at him, too tired to be angry.

FOLEY  
Guess I'm getting predictable.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

ETHAN  
Pretty much.

FOLEY  
What do you want?

Ethan takes out his cell. He dials a number, waits until the other end picks up.

ETHAN (INTO CELL)  
I found him.

Ethan hands the cell to Foley. Foley's trying to figure out what's going on. He puts his ear to the cell.

FOLEY (INTO CELL)  
Yeah?

There's nothing at first, then a faint WHIMPERING.

IRIS (ON CELL)  
Daddy... help me...

The line goes DEAD.

Foley grabs Ethan by the neck with a ROAR, SLAMMING him against the bar. Ethan's not even trying to fight back.

FOLEY  
You told her, you son of a bitch!

ETHAN  
It's not real. It's the grift.

Foley's so confused he just lets Ethan go.

FOLEY  
What are you talking about?

ETHAN  
We started without you. And now  
Xavier thinks I've gone to pick up  
Iris's millionaire daddy to settle  
her big, fat drug debt.

He Foley close, almost whispering in his ear.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Neither of us were just going to  
let you walk away, Foley.

Foley is silent. Ethan stays in his face, refusing to let up.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (2)

114

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Don't sulk, Foley. This will be your masterpiece. Wipe all those other clippings off my wall.

FOLEY

Chances of it working are slim to none.

ETHAN

Then those are the chances of Iris surviving the night. If we don't do this, he'll put a bullet in her. I've seen him do it for a lot less.

Foley looks like he's ready to crack.

FOLEY

Why did you do this to me?

ETHAN

You know why.

FOLEY

I didn't want to kill your father. I had no choice.

ETHAN

So then you're familiar with this kind of predicament.

Ethan reaches behind his back and pulls out the gun hidden there. He doesn't do anything threatening with it, just checks to make sure it's loaded and ready to go.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

We're talking Iris's life, Foley. This is your chance to finally play daddy.

Foley gives Ethan a sharp look. But then he simply drains the scotch from his glass and closes his eyes.

115 INT. HOTEL ROOM/BATHROOM - NIGHT

115

Foley opens his eyes, now staring at his reflection in the mirror. He wears a suit, hastily cleaned up.

He looks tired, broken down. But he tightens the muscles on his face, reining in his emotions, creating a mask of total control.

He fixes an expensive tie in place, then undoes it along with the top button of his shirt, positions the tie just so.

116 INT. ETHAN'S AUDI - NIGHT 116

Ethan's antsy as hell, waiting, ENGINE IDLING. Foley gets in, ready, doesn't even look at Ethan.

ETHAN  
Thought you were going to shave.

FOLEY  
Nobody shaves at night. It's all about the little details.

Ethan wants to retort, but he's smart enough to just keep quiet and put the car in gear.

117 EXT. MANSION SITE - NIGHT 117

It's a dark night, moon behind a wall of clouds. As Ethan's Audi approaches the unfinished mansion, the headlights are the only illumination around. The Audi skids to a stop in the muddy lot.

A shiny Cadillac SUV is parked right at the front porch.

Foley and Ethan get out of the Audi. There's no activity anywhere, just silence.

FOLEY  
Follow my lead. As long as Xavier thinks you're still on side, we've got a chance. It's okay to rough me up a bit. For show.

ETHAN  
I think I can manage that.

Ethan grabs Foley by the arm and gives him a little shove towards the mansion.

As they approach, Foley's walk, his stance, even his facial expressions subtly alter. He's like a different person.

118 INT. MANSION FOYER - MOMENTS LATER 118

Foley and Ethan step into the unlit foyer. A metal scaffold is erected next to a curved marble staircase, crystal chandelier on the floor.

Ethan walks behind Foley. Their footsteps ECHO. A plastic sheet blocks the end of the hall. There's light on the other side.

119 INT. MANSION KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

119

Ethan pulls back the plastic sheet so Foley can pass through. Work-lamps hang from extension cords, reflecting off stainless steel appliances and marble countertops.

Iris is tied to a chair under one of the lights, a plastic sheet on the floor under her. She has a bloody lip and a swollen eye. Her shirt is ripped, her make-up smeared.

XAVIER (mid-50s), a fierce, heavy-set thug stuffed into an expensive suit, leans against a counter, arrogant, angry.

VERNON HICKS (mid-30s), muscles straining under his suit, stands by Iris, holding a gun.

Ethan shoves Foley towards Xavier. Foley looks like a man covering anxiety with attitude.

ETHAN

Here's daddy.

XAVIER

I'm sorry to say your little angel  
got herself in a bit of a bind  
here.

Foley's eyes are on Iris. She looks broken. It's painful to see her like this. He turns his attention to Xavier.

FOLEY

How much does she owe you?

Xavier looks at Ethan, like, who does this guy think he is? Ethan shrugs, shaking his head at Foley's manner.

XAVIER

A hundred grand.

Foley almost smirks, like he's getting a better deal than he expected. Xavier finds this a bit unnerving.

Foley reaches into his jacket pocket. Vernon has his gun on him in a split-second. But Foley doesn't flinch. He gives Xavier a withering look, practically an eye-roll.

FOLEY

It's my PDA.

Xavier nods to Vernon, who doesn't lower his gun but doesn't make any aggressive moves either. Foley takes out a high-end PDA, starts typing into it.

XAVIER

I didn't tell you to do anything.

(CONTINUED)

FOLEY

You were planning to cash a check?  
I'm setting up an electronic  
transfer.

XAVIER

Just like that?

FOLEY

I wish this was the first time I  
had to pay someone off to get her  
out of trouble.

Iris starts to cry, playing her part.

IRIS

It wasn't my fault. It was just one  
big sale. I got ripped off!

FOLEY

I don't want to hear it. You  
brought these people to my home. My  
home. And now every time I'm making  
a fucking sandwich I've got to  
imagine this sordid goddamn mess?  
What kind of daughter...

Foley abruptly stops speaking. A long moment. Finally, he  
turns back to Xavier.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

You know what? Forget it. I'm not  
doing this anymore. Whatever she  
did, she can deal with the  
consequences.

He looks at Iris as he slides his PDA back into his jacket.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

It's time to grow up.

Foley turns to leave. Xavier gestures to Vernon, who moves  
into Foley's way, blocking him.

XAVIER

Do you understand what's going to  
happen to her?

FOLEY

Like you're going to kill her. Come  
on. Where's the percentage in it?

Ethan has been watching all this with unfeigned disbelief. He  
steps forward, genuinely anxious.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2)

119

ETHAN

You'd better listen to him. He'll really do it.

Foley and Xavier ignore him, their eyes locked.

Without breaking eye contact with Foley, Xavier gestures to Vernon. Vernon lifts his revolver so that the barrel is inches from Iris's temple. Foley can't help but look.

Vernon CLICKS BACK the safety. Iris's face is a mess of tears and running mascara.

IRIS

Please. Help me. I need help.

Vernon smirks. He loves this.

Xavier lifts an eyebrow, looking at Foley: you really think I'm bluffing?

Ethan turns away, unable to watch.

Foley's resolve visibly falters. He tosses a caustic glance at Iris, disgusted, then turns his gaze back to Xavier.

FOLEY

Fine.

Foley takes out his PDA, types something out, waits, punches a few more buttons, then looks up.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

It's done.

XAVIER

How the fuck did you wire me a dime? I didn't give you any account information.

FOLEY

I don't want your account information. I don't want your name. I don't want to know a goddamn thing about any of you.

Foley holds out the PDA. Xavier doesn't take it.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

I just moved all the funds out of an off-shore account, minus a hundred grand. I deleted my own pass-code. Now you punch in a new one and you'll have full access.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FOLEY (CONT'D)

You can transfer it wherever you want. I won't know what you did with it. And I don't want to know.

Foley gestures with the PDA. Xavier takes it, stares at the screen. A PASSWORD ICON blinks, waiting for input.

XAVIER

And I've got sole access to this account?

FOLEY

Till nine tomorrow. Then I'll get my bank to shut it down and delete the record. Like it never happened.

Xavier looks at Foley, sizing him up.

XAVIER

How much do you keep in these off-shore accounts?

FOLEY

We have a deal. A hundred grand. No more.

XAVIER

Yeah, yeah, deal's done. This is just... professional curiosity.

Foley glances over at Iris. She's staring at the floor, not looking at anyone, but listening intently.

FOLEY

Depends. This one had a little under three million.

XAVIER

Any with more than five million?

FOLEY

Why?

A long silence. Xavier seems to be taking the measure of Foley one last time. He decides.

XAVIER

Because I'd like you to consider a new deal. A deal where you take your daughter home and keep your hundred grand.

Xavier takes a briefcase out from behind the counter. CLICKS it open. It's stacked with money. Five million dollars.

(CONTINUED)



XAVIER (CONT'D)

I've got five million dollars that needs cleaning. And it looks to me like you run an excellent maid service.

Ethan stares at Xavier like he's lost his mind. He's about to speak, but Xavier shuts him up with a glare.

FOLEY

How do I know that's real money?

XAVIER

Check it.

Foley goes to the briefcase, takes out a stack of bills, flips through them, checking them out. It looks real.

In the chair, Iris SNIFFLES. Vernon doesn't move, but he's ready for anything.

Ethan steps in close to Xavier, antsy.

ETHAN

What is this, man?

XAVIER

Watch and learn. We launder the five through usual channels, I lose minimum thirty percent. That's a million-five. This is five clean. Risk-free.

ETHAN

But what if he tries to...

Xavier nods to Vernon. Vernon's hand hasn't left his gun and his cold gaze hasn't left Foley.

Foley finishes checking the money. He closes the briefcase.

FOLEY

Helping you with your little problem should be worth a lot more than just keeping my hundred grand.

XAVIER

And your daughter.

Foley shrugs, same difference. Xavier can't help but smile.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

How much then?

FOLEY

Fifteen percent.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (5)

119

Xavier looks at Foley with a new appreciation. There are only criminals here.

XAVIER

So we agree on ten, then. Do we have a deal?

Foley looks at the others. Xavier. Vernon. Ethan. Everybody watches him, waiting for his decision.

Foley looks at Iris. She has a cold, intense expression on her face. She does not look remotely like she's in character.

Foley is a little thrown off his game. But he turns to Xavier, about to speak. Before he can say a word, Iris's voice cuts through the room.

IRIS (O.S.)

No. No deal.

Foley wheels to look at Iris, alarmed.

Ethan takes an involuntary step forward, unsure exactly what's happening, eyes darting from Foley to Xavier.

Vernon keeps his gun ready, watching Xavier for a signal. Xavier seems more amused than irritated.

ETHAN

Shut the fuck up, you loony bitch...

Ethan makes a move like he's about to hit Iris. But Foley steps in his way, trying to keep it going, playing anxious.

FOLEY

This is a stressful situation. She's speaking out of turn. I apologize for my daughter.

IRIS

Your daughter.

Foley glances at Iris. She stares at him with unconcealed sadness. Ethan looks like he's about to blow.

FOLEY

Once these men leave, you and I can work out our problems. In private.

IRIS

You think so? Because I think nothing changes unless you make it change.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (6)

119

Foley freezes. This is all going so very wrong. Iris looks at Xavier, strangely untroubled, but very intent.

IRIS (CONT'D)

He can't make a deal with you  
because he's not a real estate  
developer. He's a grifter. This is  
a con. And you are the mark.

SILENCE. Everybody is speechless.

Xavier is completely incredulous.

Ethan goes rigid, as if not moving will render him invisible.

Vernon isn't sure where to point his gun.

Foley's eyes dart from Xavier to Vernon to Ethan, wheels spinning.

XAVIER

Why would you tell me that?

IRIS

Because I don't want your money. I  
just want my partner to know how  
close he came to getting everything  
he ever wanted before . Odds are he  
was going to kill me anyway.

Xavier looks at Foley. Iris gives a little LAUGH, cold.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Not him. We forced him into this.

Iris looks at Foley, her expression hard, impassive.

Foley's whole body seems to adjust as he shrugs off the character. He's now as calm as Iris. He steps towards Ethan, drawing Vernon's attention away from Iris.

FOLEY

She's telling the truth. And now  
you're wondering how we could get  
this close to you on our own. But  
you know the answer. We couldn't.

Ethan's so tense, he can't help it. He takes a half-step back, hand wavering, ready to reach for the gun in his belt.

XAVIER

You little shit...

(CONTINUED)

ETHAN

He's lying! He's lying to save his daughter! She's his daughter! She's really his fucking daughter!

IRIS

I know, Ethan. You can't hurt me anymore.

FOLEY

You know?

Iris nods. Foley immediately understands.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

Celia.

Both Xavier and Vernon are completely confused. Vernon's gun points at Foley. Foley holds out his hands, nonthreatening.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

Let her go and I'll tell you everything. You don't believe what I say, put a bullet in my head.

ETHAN

Xavier, this is bullshit. I swear. Don't listen to anything he says!

FOLEY

Please. Let her go.

XAVIER

Motherfucker, none of you are going anywhere ever again.

He nods to Vernon. He CLICKS back the gun's hammer, ready to start shooting.

FOLEY

Goddamn.

Foley suddenly SMASHES Ethan in the face with his elbow, CRUSHING his nose.

For a second, Vernon is too surprised to fire.

In that second, Foley grabs Ethan by the back of the neck with one hand, pulling him in front of himself as a shield. With the other hand, Foley pulls out Ethan's concealed gun.

Vernon snaps to and FIRES. Bullets RIP into Ethan. His chest EXPLODES with blood.

Foley FIRES Ethan's gun at Vernon.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (8)

119

The top of Vernon's head is BLOWN OFF, splattering across the stainless steel appliances. He collapses backwards.

Foley drops Ethan, who hits the floor like deadweight.

Xavier bolts through the swinging double-doors at the other end of the kitchen.

120 INT. MANSION DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

120

The room is dark, sheets of plastic underfoot. Xavier slips, SLAMS into a massive dining table, picks himself up and runs towards a soft blue glow up ahead.

121 EXT. MANSION BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

121

Xavier pushes through the tarp and finds himself outside, staring down at a swimming pool full of muddy water and leaves. RAIN has started to fall.

Xavier slips in the mud, tries to scramble to his feet, but loses his footing.

Foley steps through the tarp, gun in hand, grim.

Xavier drops to his knees, hands over his head, as if that will protect him from a bullet. He looks up at Foley, stunned. Foley points the gun at Xavier's face.

XAVIER

Wait. Take the money.

Foley pulls back the hammer, finger on the trigger. Xavier looks up at him, sweating, panicked.

XAVIER (CONT'D)

You can't... don't you know who I am?

FOLEY

I know exactly who you are. And that's why I have to do this.

Foley SHOOTS Xavier in the head. Xavier falls back into the muddy water. His corpse is quickly swallowed whole.

122 INT. MANSION KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

122

Foley rushes over to Iris, starts untying her.

FOLEY

Are you alright?

IRIS

We're alive. I didn't think we'd actually...

(CONTINUED)

122

CONTINUED:

122

Suddenly, Iris reacts to something behind Foley.

IRIS (CONT'D)

No!

Foley spins just in time to see Ethan aiming Vernon's gun at them. A wet trail of blood leads to Vernon's corpse.

Ethan FIRES, UNLOADING the gun.

Tied up, Iris can't move. Foley lunges forward to get between her and Ethan's gun.

A bullet CLIPS Foley in the side. The impact sends him reeling back, knocking him off balance.

As he falls to the ground, Foley FIRES at Ethan. But as Foley SHOOTS, Ethan keeps FIRING.

Bullets TEAR into Iris. Blood BURSTS from her chest.

Ethan takes a bullet in the neck. Blood begins GUSHING from his throat, pouring down his chest.

Ethan collapses, gun still gripped in his hand.

For a moment, there's silence. No one moves.

The gun falls limply from Foley's fingers, CLATTERING to the floor. Foley clutches his side, blood seeping through his shirt. He scrambles to Iris. Her eyes are closed.

FOLEY

Iris!

Foley shakes Iris, just a little, trying to wake her up. She COUGHS. Blood comes up. Her BREATHING comes out in RASPS.

Ignoring the pain of his own wounds, Foley struggles to untie her. As he loosens her bindings, he carefully lifts her up.

There's a WET COUGH behind him.

Ethan's still alive, slick with blood from his neck and chest wounds, slumped against the wall. Ethan points his gun at Foley. Foley stands there, holding Iris, unflinching.

Ethan clutches the wound on his neck, tries to steady himself to take the shot. Foley stares him down, defiant.

Ethan FIRES.

The bullet misses, imbedding itself in the wall.

Ethan's woozy from blood loss, trying to aim. Tears slip down his face. He tries to squint through him. His hand shakes.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (2)

122

Ethan pulls the trigger again. This time the bullet goes even wider off the mark.

He pulls the trigger again and again. Each shot is farther off than the last. Ethan is increasingly weak, unable to aim. He can barely lift the weapon. Finally the gun CLICKS uselessly. He's out of bullets.

Foley stares at him for one last moment. He turns and carries Iris out the door.

Ethan tries to lurch forward, but it's no use. Without the wall to steady him, he's too weak. He collapses. Blood seeps out all around him. He clutches the gun, still trying to aim with it.

Ethan tries to crawl to the door. But he's lost too much blood. He pulls the trigger over and over to no avail.

Ethan dies, still holding the empty gun.

The room is silent. Gunfire smoke hangs in the air.

Foley staggers back in, splattered with blood, clutching his side, goes right for Ethan's dead body. He rifles through Ethan's pockets and pulls out the keys to the Audi.

As he gets to his feet, Foley's gaze falls on the briefcase.

123 INT. ETHAN'S AUDI - NIGHT

123

Foley drives, calm, steady, but very, very fast. Iris is in the passenger seat, soaked with blood, semi-conscious. Her voice is barely a WHISPER.

IRIS

I went to see Celia to say goodbye.  
She's the only family I... the  
only...

She leans her head on the window. Blood smears on the glass.

FOLEY

I wish you didn't know. But I don't  
care how you found out.

Foley rips around a corner, SMASHING off the rearview mirror of a parked car. He glances over at Iris. She's passed out.

124 INT. CLINIC - NIGHT

124

Miro reads a Serbian-language book. There's a sudden POUNDING on the door. He scrambles up, throws open the door.

It's Foley, soaked in blood, clutching Iris tightly.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

FOLEY  
Help us. Please.

125 INT. CLINIC - MOMENTS LATER

125

Iris lies on a clinic bed, the covers soaked with her blood. She's pale, BREATHING shallow.

Foley's woozy, bloody from his own wounds. He's got a gun in his hand, not quite threatening, but hardly casual.

MIRO  
She needs an immediate transfusion.  
And the clinic doesn't keep blood  
in storage.

FOLEY  
Use me.

MIRO  
You're in no shape for this.

FOLEY  
As long as she lives, it doesn't  
matter.

MIRO  
You don't understand. There's no  
time to test your blood-types. Can  
we find a relative? There's a  
better shot if the blood donor's  
related.

Foley steadies himself, straining to stay upright. His eyes fill with tears as he stares at Iris's near-lifeless body. He looks Miro in the eye, fierce.

FOLEY  
It'll work. Do the transfusion.

MIRO  
You could both die.

FOLEY  
I don't care.

126 INT. CLINIC - LATER

126

Miro tends to the makeshift blood transfusion apparatus he's set up. Iris lies unconscious, bloody, terribly pale.

Foley sits on the bed next to her, hooked up to the apparatus. He struggles to write a note. His hand wavers. He's weak, barely able to write straight.

(CONTINUED)



126 CONTINUED:

126

He folds the note in half and writes Iris's name on the back. Foley stares at her. He's fading fast.

MIRO

It's too much for you. I'm stopping this.

Foley grabs Miro's arm, tight. One last burst of energy.

FOLEY

It doesn't matter what happens to me. She needs another chance.

Miro reluctantly nods his agreement.

Foley eases back onto the bed, drenched in sweat and blood. He stares up at the ceiling. His blood drains into Iris.

127 INT. CLINIC - LATER

127

Foley's eyes are open. But he doesn't breathe, doesn't move.

Miro draws Foley's eyes closed. He's dead.

Miro turns his attention to Iris. She's unconscious, pallid.

But she's alive.

128 INT. MIRO'S APARTMENT - DAY

128

Sunlight streams in through a small window. Miro sits in the light, reading his book.

Iris lies in a bed. Her shoulder and elbow are bandaged. She blinks awake, groggy, looks around, disoriented.

IRIS

Where's Foley?

Miro puts down his book, comes up to the bed.

MIRO

You need to rest.

IRIS

Where is he?

Miro holds her gaze for a long moment.

Iris's eyes well, but she stops herself from crying. It takes a few seconds, but she composes herself.

MIRO

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

IRIS

Where is he?

MIRO

The police will find his body. I made sure. But I couldn't keep you at the clinic. This is where I live.

Miro holds out a folded piece of paper. Foley's note. It's smeared with dried blood.

MIRO (CONT'D)

He asked me to give this to you. There's also a briefcase. In the other room. I didn't open it.

Iris takes the note, unfolds it. She reads it, eyes darting across the page. Her eyes well with tears.

Miro watches her as she reads it. She looks up at him.

IRIS

Thank you.

Iris folds the note several times until it's very small. She sinks into the pillow, closing her eyes, feeling the sunlight warm against her face.

129 EXT. BANK ATRIUM - DAY

129

Early morning. Throngs of CUSTOMERS pass through the gleaming atrium of a multinational bank.

130 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

130

The BANK MANAGER (mid-40s) is serious, well-groomed. A series of documents are spread out on his desk. Though the glass walls behind him are the buzzing streets of a large city.

BANK MANAGER

I just need you to sign where I've marked. There and there.

Iris sits across from him. Her hair is a new color, she wears simple make up, an elegant business suit. She scrawls her signature where the Bank Manager indicates.

IRIS

And the transfer will take how long, exactly?

The Bank Manager punches his keyboard with a small flourish.

BANK MANAGER

Exactly that long.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

IRIS  
Thank you.

Iris rises to leave. The Bank Manager comes around his desk.

BANK MANAGER  
Are you planning to stay?

IRIS  
I'm not sure. I don't think so.

BANK MANAGER  
Some travelling then?

Iris smiles gently as the Bank Manager holds open the door.

IRIS  
Thanks again for all your help.

131 EXT. RIO DE JANEIRO STREET - DAY

131

Iris steps out onto the crowded streets of RIO DE JANEIRO.

Waves of PEDESTRIANS move in both directions, Brazilians of all ages going about their day. No one even notices Iris.

She looks up the street. Sugarloaf Mountain looms through the early morning haze, rising up above the skyscrapers.

Iris starts towards it. In only a few steps, she's vanished into the crowd.

FADE OUT.