

# HOUR OF THE GUN

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## CHAPTER 3

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Registered wga

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FADE IN:

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Armed to the teeth. Men with machine guns and radios guard the fortress.

EXT. MANSION / SERVICE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The back of the house. The kitchen. CHARLIE "HUSTLE", 35, has the fear of God in him. He races through the shadows on the service drive and falls against a wall. His hands shake. Desperation on his face.

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
You spend your whole life looking for an opportunity. You shake every tree, look under every leaf, knock on every door- hoping to get lucky.

A Gun in Charlie's hand. "THE GUN". A vintage COLT .45. A gunfighter's gun. Etched in the grip is "The Angel of Death".

CHARLIE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
To get your piece. 'Cause you weren't born with a silver spoon. Nobody ever gave you a leg over.

Charlie's shaking hand silently opens the Colts six shot cylinder. His eyes poke out to see the smoking armed guard. A SINGLE BULLET loaded. Carefully into the firing chamber.

CHARLIE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Everything you got you had to earn. You work hard so you can stand tall and look that guy with the spoon in the eye- square in the eye- and tell him to fuck himself.

Charlie's eyes look to a light in the kitchen. Now the door. It opens and a Maid pushes a BLACK CAT into the night. The Cat "sees" Charlie.

CHARLIE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
That's the kind of crazy shit that goes through a man's head when he's about to kill someone. My whole life- come down to this- One hour.

Charlie turns for the kitchen. He races.

BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

"THE HOUR OF THE GUN"

EXT. DANUBE RIVER / HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Over Picture: "The Danube River. Three Days Ago."

"WEDNESDAY"

The highway follows the path of the river. A TRANSPORT BARGE slowly makes it's way down the water. Camera slows back to reveal a man and a woman. HANS LEHMANN, 35, and ALLURE, 30. Allure is dressed down in an army jacket but there is no hiding her beauty. She's a really hot Russian tomboy.

The German Lehmann watches the transport through BINOCULARS. Allure reads a GUN MAGAZINE.

A VISTA POINT

Which overlooks the river. Lehmann and Allure lean against their rental car, binoculars pointed at the barge. Allure pages. Russian accent. Perfect English.

ALLURE

I don't know Lehmann. The Walther is nice  
but I just may be leaning toward the  
Taurus Millennium. It looks- tougher.

Still in the binoculars. German accent. Perfect English.

LEHMANN

I don't know, I've always liked the way  
you worked with the Browning. Still the  
Glock is nice.

Glasses down.

Lehmann (cont'd)

A great decision a new revolver.

ALLURE

All good?

LEHMANN

All good.

Together, they coolly climb into the rental.

EXT. HUNGARY BORDER CHECK - NIGHT

Over Picture "Hungary. Border Check / Passport Control"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lehmann and Allure stand at the rear of their rental car. Trunk open. All four doors opened. Soldiers with dogs poke through the car. Another Soldier looks over the paperwork for the car. Now scrutinizing the passports. The Soldier speaks Hungarian to another Soldier. Subtitled here.

PASSPORT SOLDIER

Gabor, ask the German what his business in Hungary is?

A soldier with a dog wants Gabor to ask something else. Again, subtitled Hungarian.

SOLDIER WITH THE DOG

Ask him if he's fucking the Russian?

A Soldier in the trunk puts in his two cents worth.

SOLDIER IN TRUNK

Ask him if I can fuck the Russian?

Lehmann stares. Then, coolly turns to the Soldier with passports. Off Lehmann's tongue rolls fluent Hungarian. Subtitled here.

LEHMANN

I speak Magyar. And no I'm not fucking her.

Lehmann turns to the stunned Soldier in the trunk.

LEHMANN (cont'd)

Do you want me to ask her? Really?

Lehmann turns to Allure.

Lehmann (cont'd)

The little one wants to know if he can "fuck" you.

Allure's eyes shift to the Soldier.

ALLURE

Oh, God no. Him? I would get him pregnant.

Lehmann turns to the Soldier. Hungarian.

LEHMANN

She's afraid she might get you pregnant.

A stifled laugh from other soldiers. The emasculated Soldiers turn their eyes away. Passport Soldier, properly admonished is suddenly very professional.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PASSPORT SOLDIER  
You're business in Hungary?

LEHMANN  
Pleasure.

A beat. The Passport Soldier waves the Soldiers off. Doors closed. Trunk closed. Passports and papers handed back to Lehmann. The gate waved open.

INT. CORONERS OFFICE - NIGHT

A DEAD BODY

Is prostrate on an examination slab. Heavily tattooed. A Coroner in mask, pokes with a scalpel and tweezer.

THE BODIES NECK

We are close on a TATTOO. A SPIDERWEB with the SOVIET HAMMER AND SCYTHE caught in the web. Just beneath the tattoo is:

A SINGLE BULLET HOLE

The tweezer and Coroner poke the bullet hole until:

A SLUG

Is fished from the entrance wound. The slug finds the alcohol reservoir in a medical tray.

EXT. BUDAPEST - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Buda Castle. Chain Bridge. Parliament.

Over picture: "Budapest, Hungary. Three days earlier."

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Over picture: "SUNDAY".

Two MEN, BOB "KENTS" and CHARLIE "HUSTLE" are running for their lives. We've seen Charlie before. The desperate man with gun from the opening. Bob and Charlie carry in their arms a large STACK OF LEVI JEANS. Three MEN chase them from behind. Big men. Men who want to kick the sh\*t out of Charlie and Bob.

Close on Charlie and Bob as they run.

BOB  
Dude, I'm tired.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

So tired you want to get killed?

BOB

Seriously, what's the worst that could happen?

CHARLIE

We get killed.

BOB

Is that so bad considering I'm about to lose the fake Chinese we had tonight? Seriously. Chinese in the States is so much better-

CHARLIE

You wanna stop?

Bob Kents stops.

BOB

I need to stop. Fuck dude- remember I'm a smoker.

Charlie stops. He turns back to the out of breath and weaker Bob Kents. The "pursuit" chases, then confronts.

BOB (cont'd)

Dude, tell 'em it's my period.

Charlie looks to the "dogs" circling.

CHARLIE

Gentlemen, who likes magic? I need a deck of cards.

Faces stare. The Men share a few words. Russian. Bob and Charlie not in the loop. Charlie smiles.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

Oh- you're Russian. Magic? Well fuck me- you guys are into the comedy- Chekov, Dostyevski-

(To the group)

Two retard Russian potatoes walk into a bar- one fucks a bottle of vodka- the other-

BAM! A fist lights up Charlie. Bam! A fist to Bob's gut. Both cling to the stack of Jeans like a lifeline. Charlie looks up at Bob.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
Mother of god- guys got a fist the size  
of a cabbage.

BOB  
Don't say cabbage- oh, God- here comes  
the Chinese-

A kick to Charlie's gut rolls him on his back. Still holding  
the pants.

CHARLIE  
What are you waiting for-? Throw up on  
somebody.

Now a fist to Bob's jaw. He crumbles. He's out. Charlie turns  
to the "bullies".

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
What the hell is wrong with you? He said  
he was going to throw up. So you knock  
him out? You made him drop his pants!  
Don't you know that's how Jim Morrison  
died!?

A Thug screams down at Charlie in his broken English.

RUSSIAN THUG  
No more selling of pants. No more fake  
jean with Levi sewed on back. No more  
fucking Wranglers!

Charlie coughs. He wipes blood from his nose. Bob is back  
with the living. He rolls over and spies the Russians. He  
chokes out a response.

BOB  
Actually- they're not- even Wranglers.

CHARLIE  
Good point. Wrangler's not a bad jean.

The Russians look to each other. Russian, subtitled here.

THUG  
What he say?

THUG #2  
I don't know.

THUG #3  
I think they're talking about the pants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BOB

Maybe we put out a few feelers-

Just a joke between Bob and Charlie.

CHARLIE

Could you come by the trunk on say  
Monday?

The Thugs look at each other, shake their collective heads  
and turn to walk. Bob calls.

BOB

I think we'd like to put you in a  
bootcut.

CHARLIE

Something that would accent your temper.

EXT. LOT - NIGHT

We see a light in an open garage.

INT. GARAGE - SAME

Bob Kents and Charlie Hustle are battered and bruised but  
alive. Good news as the duo appears to be the kings of their  
own little "contraband" country. Stacked against walls are  
cartons of cigarettes, cases of liquor and beer. A sewing  
Machine with Levi's patches stacked next to another stack of  
Jeans. By the sight of things Charlie and Bob are low rent at  
best. Hustlers.

Charlie sits at a card table filling bottles of Jack Daniels  
and Johnny Walker with whiskey and scotch from big jugs. Big  
plastic jugs.

Bob stands at a mirror. Strapped to his leg is a LEATHER  
KNIFE SHEATH. Poking from the sheath is a large KNIFE HANDLE.  
The knife and sheath are so large it looks like a sword. He  
moves and models in the mirror. Where does his "fashionable  
knife" look best?

BOB

Dude, there's just gotta be a better way.

CHARLIE

Look, stay the course. We've carved out a  
nice little piece here. Six more months.

BOB

Still. It'd really be nice to take a  
bigger piece.

(Off the garage)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BOB (cont'd)  
I mean look at all this crap. We're like  
a friggin' souvenir shop.

Bob stands and pours himself a shot of whiskey from a bottle of Johnny Walker just filled and sealed by Charlie. Charlie has his back to the theft.

BOB (cont'd)  
And not the good kind. Not that souvenir  
shop on the boardwalk in Atlantic City.  
We're like a souvenir shop on that shit  
hole street in Juarez, Mexico. Remember  
that place?

Charlie spins in his office chair, back to his work station with the "boos".

CHARLIE  
What I remember about Juarez was sweet  
Lucinda.

Bob remembers her fondly.

BOB  
Yeah, Lucinda.

Bob has another one of Charlie's freshly sealed bottles open. This time Jack Daniels. Another shot poured. Two open bottles and two shots.

BOB (cont'd)  
Dude, you remember that club in Juarez?

CHARLIE  
Are you retarded? I just said I remember  
Lucinda. Why would I forget the club she  
worked?

BOB  
Dude, why you gotta go all postal on me?

Off the open bottles and shots.

CHARLIE  
Because you're messing with my work.

BOB  
Dude I just wanted to do a side by side.

CHARLIE  
Side by side? It's crap. All of it. Crap.

Bob reaches in and does a shot. He cringes. The next shot slammed. His face cringes. Then coughing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB

The Johnnie Walker is better.

Charlie finally gets a look at Bob's "Knife and Holster."

CHARLIE

What in the hell is that? Are you wearing  
a sword?

Bob looks down at the sheath.

BOB

It's a Bowie.

CHARLIE

A Bowie?

Bob pulls the huge blade free.

BOB

A Bowie knife. It's gonna be my thing.  
What you don't like it?

CHARLIE

If you were any dumber I'd have to water  
you twice a week.

BOB

I think it rocks.

Bob turns and grabs his jacket. He turns to the door.

CHARLIE

Where you going?

BOB

There's a card game down at Rivaldi.  
Three G buy in.

CHARLIE

Where you gonna come up with three grand?

BOB

I'm gonna do what I always do. I'm gonna  
borrow it.

Charlie turns to his work. He shakes his head.

CHARLIE

Godspeed d'Artagnan.

INT. CLUB RIVALDI - NIGHT

A poker casino. There are ten or so tables but only one that is active. A Girl crosses through frame with drinks. A Pit Boss monitors the action. Several Players have beautiful girls at their sides for luck.

THE CARD GAME

An enormous pot of chips sits in the middle of a poker table. Smoke is thick. Five men play cards under the bright of an overhead light. That is BOB plays a single player, VOLKOV as the other three are out. Volkov smiles at Bob. He speaks in English with a Russian accent.

VOLKOV

What say you Bob Kents "like the cigarettes"? Does your bad luck continue?

The comment is enough to force Bob's hand. He reaches for his dwindling stack. His eyes turn to The Pit Boss.

BOB

You'll cover me?

The Pit Boss stares.

BOB (cont'd)

Come on, I got a sure fire winner here.

(Bob looks over the room)

Anybody? Anyone want to go the distance with a sure fire winner?

A beat. Nothing. Then, the face of YURI DVORKIN, 50, leans in from the shadows. We don't get a good look at him.

DVORKIN

I buy his marker.

The Pit Boss nods to the shadow of Dvorkin. Bob smiles at his Champion.

BOB

Thank you man in the shadows. Thank you.  
I promise not to disappoint.

Bob throws what's left of his stack into the pot.

BOB (cont'd)

Call.

Volkov sets four of his cards down. Two pair. Queens and Kings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOLKOV  
Kings and Queens.

Bob smiles as he lays his cards out. A pair of aces and three fours.

BOB  
Full boat. Aces over fours.

Then, Volkov pokes the bottom of a King and a third KING appears. Full house.

VOLKOV  
Uh, oh- where was he hiding? Looks like Bob Kents like the cigarette's new boat has leak in it.

Bob falls back in his chair. Disgust.

BOB  
Ah come on dude-

A big breath and a forced smile for the table.

BOB (cont'd)  
Ladies, gentlemen- it's been a real treat.  
(To Volkov)  
Volkov- all night you been checking out my package. Does your wife know you're a pooh pusher?

VOLKOV  
Very funny Bobby cigarette.

Bob grabs his jacket and looks to the Pit Boss.

BOB  
Hey there Boris- would you be so kind as to return the Bowie? The big knife you took?  
(Nothing)  
The Bowie?

A large Body crosses.

PIT BOSS  
First pay marker.

BOB  
I gotta go get it- you think I make money in my ass? Really? Alright, why don't I just shit a golden brick and break off a piece for you?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB (cont'd)  
After that I'll piss uranium and we'll  
call ourself a country.  
(Off the large Body)  
Big boy here can get busy on making a  
flag. He looks like he's taken a sewing  
class or two.

Nothing from the Pit Boss. Bob just shakes his head. They  
ain't letting him leave.

BOB (cont'd)  
You gotta be kidding me? I'm supposed to  
grab a mop?

Still nothing. Bob finally gives in. He reaches for his  
watch.

BOB (cont'd)  
Fine, you want my Rolex?

Volkov stops Bob.

VOLKOV  
No Bobby Cigarette, your fake watch? Then  
how will you know when is next game?

Bob turns to the shadow of Dvorkin.

BOB  
Look, I gotta- I'm gonna- I need some  
time.

Dvorkin leans into the light. Bob finally gets a good look.  
His face goes numb as he recognizes the mobster Dvorkin.

DVORKIN  
You know who I am?

A long beat. Dvorkin's Lieutenant SERGIE BOTKIN, 40, crosses  
into frame.

CLOSE ON BOTKIN'S NECK

A TATTOO

A SPIDER WEB with the RUSSIAN HAMMER AND SCYTHE entwined. It  
is the same tattoo on the dead body on the Coroner's slab.

BOTKIN  
Do you know who he is?

Bob nods yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DVORKIN

You have forty eight hours. Ten thousand American. One thousand for every day after.

BOB

But it was only seven...

BOTKIN

Does Mr. Dvorkin stutter?

A long beat is answered by Pit Boss handing over The Bowie. Dvorkin smiles.

DVORKIN

Such a big knife. Be careful with that. You wouldn't want me to cut yourself.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

ROT SPEKTOR, 24, is in his briefs, facing the wall and doing handstand push-ups. Now he drops his feet to the floor and begins to do push-up after push-up.

A WIDER ANGLE

Reveals a Girl in his bed. We recognize her as DELANEY, 18, the young Russian Con artist from "Three\$um". Her real name is TATYA. She laughs as she drinks champagne. Rot rises to his feet with a masculine scream and crosses to a BROWN PAPER BAG which he grabs with animal fervor. He dumps the contents on Tatya.

CASH

American hundred dollar bills floating onto Tatya.

ROT

God I love fucking you!

TATYA

Yes? Fuck me with this money, Rot. Your money. Fuck me with your money.

Rot crosses with his "smile". Rot pulls his long hair back. Sweat on his hands. He climbs on top of Tatya. Then, Rot's PAGER, vibrates. Rot dutifully reaches for the pager on the night stand. He reads.

ROT

Bad news baby. Money calls.

Rot climbs from the bed. Tatya reaches for him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TATYA

No...baby...

Rot crosses for his pants on a chair. Tatya watches him dress. Then, Tatya opens the door to a question she wants to ask. Ever the con girl, she seems genuine.

TATYA (cont'd)

Rot...

Rot pulls on his jewelry.

ROT

Yeah baby?

TATYA

I'm your girl right?

ROT

You know you're my girl.

TATYA

And you'd give me the world, right?

ROT

Of course I would baby.

Tatya climbs from the bed. Her arms around Rot from behind.

TATYA

I want a car.

ROT

You want me to boost you a car baby?  
Anything you want. What kind of car do  
you want me to boost?

TATYA

A BMW.

ROT

Done, baby done.

TATYA

But not just any BMW. There's this  
special model. Only a few in the world.

ROT

Just tell me where to find it.

TATYA

There is one I know of- on a barge- a  
river barge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Rot buttons his shirt. His hands through his greasy hair. We see Tatya in the mirror. The look? "The Con".

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

"TUESDAY"

Charlie Hustle stands at the rear of a car. His car. Trunk open. Contraband for sale. Charlie moves a few cartons of cigarettes and a bottle of "Jack". A few feet away is:

A PHONEBOOTH

Bob is in the phonebooth, receiver to ear. The door is open as Bob is "at" work. His eyes watch a Young Girl pulling on a pair of "Levi's" using the car as a shield/dressing room. Skirt off, pants on- Bob stares at her "form". Now Bob spins to who ever is on the other side of the phone.

BOB

"Ma, ma- MA! Listen to me. I need the money. What about Daryl's stamp collection-? That's gotta be worth- what? When? Rehab lasts like a hundred days- mom I just need the money- no it's not for "the drugs". Ma the casserole can wait- Ma? Yeah I can hold- where am I going?

Bob spins. His eyes "find" the girl and jeans.

BOB (cont'd)

My God you got a great ass. It's like it was carved by Rodin.

The Girl smiles. She has no clue what he's saying.

BOB (cont'd)

You don't have any idea what I'm saying do you?

Another smile. Charlie calls to Bob.

CHARLIE

Bobbo, look in back and see if we got any of those Playboys left.

Bob's eyes never leave the girl. He cups the phone.

BOB

Those 501's really look good on your ass- but you know where they'd look even better? The floor of my apartment.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Again the Girl smiles. Suddenly, Bob's eyes catch sight of:

A CAR

Doors open. Two enormous Men climb from the car and start down the street. A beeline for Bob and Charlie. Bob drops the phone and leaps from the booth.

BOB (cont'd)

Charlie? Charlie!? The Evolution of Man?  
Twelve O'clock.

CHARLIE

What?

BOB

I think it's the guys from before!

Charlie's eyes spin. Panic. He begins to gather "product" and throw it in the car. Bob collects gear as quickly as he can.

THE MEN

Race for Bob and Charlie. Confusion. Bob and Charlie move like a Chinese fire drill. Doors closed, doors opened, product stowed. Doors closed. Charlie leaps behind the wheel. Bob rolls into the back seat. Doors locked. The Men pound the hood.

INT. CAR - SAME

Charlie has the car in reverse. Tires burning. Smoke in the air. Charlie coolly maneuvers the car 180 degrees. Into gear. Mobsters turn back for their car. Bob laughs as he pounds the seat. He's won.

The car screeches away. Bob watches the Mobsters race. Charlie checks the rearview.

CHARLIE

Jesus H Christ- this whole beating us  
like we're some red headed step child  
crap has got to stop-

Bob pokes through the contraband. Charlie speeds through the streets.

BOB

I know I ain't been beat up this much  
since juvee. Hey, let me ask you  
something?

CHARLIE

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

Jesus "H" Christ. What do you think they meant with the "H"? I mean you hear it everywhere. Seriously.

Charlie spins around a corner. Back to the rearview. All clear.

CHARLIE

Seriously? There's like two, three million swimmers in a baby load- and the best your family could come up with is you?

BOB

Why you gotta get so hostile?

Another corner. Into the rearview. Nothing.

CHARLIE

Hostile?

BOB

It's like you can't wait to go all jihad on me-

(A pleasant discovery)

Hey Dude, turns out we got three Playboy a Hustler- wow check this out- Swank!

Charlie's look shifts.

OUT THE WINDSHIELD

The THUGS CAR pulls into frame blocking Charlie and Bob's route. Charlie hits the brakes.

CHARLIE

Ah man-

BOB

Dude?

Doors fly open on the Thugs car. They race for Charlie and Bob. Charlie throws the car in reverse. BAM! He hits another car. Trapped.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

We hear the pounding beat of Techno behind the walls of the club. Two Mercedes are parked out front with three Mobsters smoking. Girls pass through the clubs door under the "eyes" of the Mobsters.

A WINDOW

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Above the club. Standing full frame in the window is, the shaved head of ALEXEI SPEKTOR, 50. He wears a very smart business suit and GLASSES. One of the lenses on the glasses is BLACK. A SCAR beneath it let's us know that Alexei Spektor is missing an EYE.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

We are inside:

A MAGNIFYING GLASS

The glass explores the intricate carving on:

THE GRIP OF A GUN

A Skull in a Hood. The Soviet Scythe with Soviet Star.

A NEW ANGLE

We've been in this room before. This is Hermann The German's room. This is the room that Ben and Holly bought ecstasy from Hermann in "Three\$um".

HERMANN THE GERMAN

Watches the Man with the magnifying glass. Hermann smiles his very charming smile.

HERMANN

What say you comrade Vlits? Do you like what you see?

Vlits leans back from the glass.

VLITS

It's authentic.

A NEW ANGLE

Reveals Spektor at the window. His back to the room, his "eye" out the window.

SPEKTOR

All of it? Not just the grip?

Vlits looks to the table. "THE GUN" is there. We've seen the COLT .45 before. In the hands of Charlie Hustle in the opening shot of the movie.

VLITS

All of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HERMANN

And good news for all. Businessman that is Hermann the German looking to be employee of the month. Shall I have it wrapped Comrade Spektor?

SPEKTOR

Yes.

SPEKTOR'S P.O.V.

OUT THE WINDOW

Racing into frame are Charlie and Bob. The two Thugs gaining ground as Bob is falling behind.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Charlie and Bob race. Thugs chase. Bob suddenly begins to hobble. His right leg suddenly flapping wildly. Charlie notices.

CHARLIE

What the hell's wrong with you?

BOB

It's the Bowie dude.

CHARLIE

You got the Bowie?!

Bob runs as he frantically reaches inside his pants. The knife has fallen from inside his waistband and slowly inches down.

BOB

Dude, I think I just cut off a ball!

Bob suddenly stops. Hands on knees and breathing hard. Charlie stops.

BOB (cont'd)

Seriously dude, I think I just became a Jew. Let's just take our beating.

CHARLIE

Are you f'n kidding me? We're two blocks away.

The Thugs are on sight.

BOB

Dude, the sooner it starts the sooner the healing process begins.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bob turns to the Thugs. He straightens still breathing hard.

BOB (cont'd)  
You know we haven't been properly  
introduced.  
(Off his gut)  
This little fella is Bob junior. What do  
you call your fist?

Charlie reluctantly crosses beside his partner.

CHARLIE  
This is bullshit man. We get back to the  
garage and you park the Bowie.

BOB  
Done.

Charlie turns to the Thugs. They aren't ready to fight. They  
too, breath hard.

CHARLIE  
Alright, which one of you ladies wants to  
hit the dance floor first? Denise?  
Gretchen?

Bob's eyes look to the THICKER of the Thugs.

BOB  
Check out tree trunk there. He's got a  
paperclip all wound up as a button on his  
pants.

Charlie's eyes find the paperclip as top button on his pants.

CHARLIE  
Well looky there. A super spy with a  
heightened sense of fashion. He's like a  
regular Mc'Gay'er. Fellas, could you  
steer clear of my face tonight? I bruise  
like a peach.

Mobster thug speaks. This is VEKSLER, 30.

VEKSLER  
No beating for Charlie Hustle. Just  
partner with shit for brain.

BOB  
What? That's hardly fair.

CHARLIE  
Do we know each other?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Veksler and partner ZUKOV, 30, turn to Bob.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
Whoa, whoa, whoa- I-

ZUKOV  
Does Charlie Hustle owe Mr. Dvorkin monies?

Charlie's eyes turn to Bob.

CHARLIE  
Dvorkin?

BOB  
I had a full house. Aces over fours- it was a sure bet.

INT. ROOM - SAME

Spektor looks down to see the Thugs begin beating Bob. His attention doesn't sway from the fight. A question for Hermann.

SPEKTOR  
Hermann? These two in the street. I've seen them around. Do you know them?

Hermann crosses to the window. A look down at the "fight".

HERMANN  
Yes, Veksler and Zukov. Enforcers for Dvorkin.

SPEKTOR  
No. The Americans.

HERMANN  
The tall one is Charlie Hustle. Good man. Reliable. The other? Bob Kents. Like the cigarette. They're partners. Kents is Darwin in reverse.

We watch the beating continue.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Stepping out the door and into the night is Spektor and Vlits.

The mobsters around the Mercedes straighten and open the back door for Spektor who climbs aboard. Vlits follows.

THE CURB

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlie and Bob. Post beating. Bob smokes and fiddles with a loose tooth.

BOB

Maybe we head down to Prague.

CHARLIE

Ten grand? How did you lose ten grand?

BOB

Maybe we head back to Mexico. They'll let you wear a knife in Mexico.

CHARLIE

These guys don't play around. They'll kill you for ten grand.

BOB

Actually it wasn't ten grand. It was seven. But now it's eleven grand. As of tonight it's eleven.

CHARLIE

Are you f'n kidding me? How in the hell are you ever...?

Spektor's Mercedes pulls up slows to the curb in front of Charlie and Bob. The driver's side window comes down. Spektor's driver, the enormous CHUCHIN, 30, looks to Charlie

CHUCHIN

Charlie Hustle?

Charlie pulls himself to his feet.

CHARLIE

Who's asking?

The back window comes down. Alexei Spektor stares.

SPEKTOR

Looks like your friend is having a little trouble in the neighborhood.

Charlie stares. Spektor is the kind of man you don't want to engage with. Charlie's eyes look away.

CHARLIE

No, just a little misunderstanding.

Alexei's odd smile.

SPEKTOR

Yes. I'm sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Spektor's window rises to cover the smile. Chuchin has a card out and pointed at Charlie.

CHUCHIN

Come by this address tomorrow at 9 PM.  
Mr. Spektor may have an opportunity you  
might be interested in.

Charlie stares for a beat. He really doesn't want the  
"opportunity". Then, he reluctantly takes the card.

CHUCHIN (cont'd)

Enter from alley. And you come alone.  
Understood?

Charlie nods. He understands. Window up and the Mercedes  
pulls into the street. Bob crosses next to Charlie as he  
watches the Mercedes disappear.

BOB

You know who that was?

Charlie's eyes off the card. He looks to the Mercedes. A  
little trepidation.

CHARLIE

Yeah.

EXT. SPEKTOR MANSION - NIGHT

Mobsters guard the front door. Mobsters on the grounds. This  
is a hellu'va house on the Buda side of the Danube. A  
CORVETTE pulls into frame. Doors open. Climbing into the  
night is Rot Spektor and brother in arms PASHA, 24. Nods to  
the guards at the door as Rot and Pasha cross into the house.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON "THE GUN"

The Colt .45 Hermann the German sold to Spektor after it was  
authenticated by Vlits. It sits on a table.

A NEW ANGLE

Sitting behind a desk is Spektor. Across from him are Vlits  
and a new face YURI KOGEN, 45. Stepping through the doors are  
Rot and Pasha.

Rot crosses through the room and behind the desk. He kisses  
Spektor. Russian, subtitled here.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ROT

Papa. Sorry I'm late. There was a small issue at the club. Not to worry, Pasha and I have taken care of it.

Spektor nods to Pasha. Now waving Rot to a couch.

SPEKTOR

(For Rot)

Sit down. I've something to discuss with you.

(To Pasha)

Pasha would you leave us for a moment?

Pasha smiles. He knows his place.

PASHA

Yes sir, Mr. Spektor.

Pasha nods to Vlits and Kogen. He backs out of the room. Guards close the door. A beat and Spektor stands and crosses to a bar. A drink for himself.

SPEKTOR

We are going to move on Dvorkin.

Rot's smile let's us know it's welcomed news.

ROT

Papa, that's fantastic. The time couldn't be better.

SPEKTOR

But the move is to be a subtle one.

ROT

How so?

SPEKTOR

There is a club. On Kaciny. Karma.

ROT

Bar Karma. I know it. The Jewish quarter.

SPEKTOR

Dvorkin's quarter.

ROT

It closed two weeks back. The owner was Hungarian- Fenyo was his name. They found him in the river.

Spektor looks to Kogen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SPEKTOR  
Karma is re-opening.

ROT  
Who?

KOGEN  
Us. We will open the club as a silent partner.

ROT  
Silent? To who?

VLITS  
An American.

ROT  
When?

SPEKTOR  
Friday.

ROT  
So soon?

SPEKTOR  
The club has a strong reputation. Better to re-open while the bodies are still warm.

VLITS  
The deal is to be struck tomorrow.

SPEKTOR  
It will be our first move. As the club gains strength we will expand. Our goal is that by the fall we will have pushed Dvorkin clear back to the Black Sea.

Rot smiles. Great news. Spektor crosses.

SPEKTOR (cont'd)  
Come here. There is something I want to show you.

Spektor nods to Vlits who crosses to "The GUN". Now set on the desk. Rot crosses and stares at the gun.

ROT  
You found it.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Over picture: "WEDNESDAY".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bob, face bruised and bandaged, fixes the collar of Charlie. Charlie pushes his hand away. Bob smiles like he's sending his first child off to school.

BOB

Dude, I ever start swinging for the other team? Your first on the list.

CHARLIE

Knock it off.

Charlie turns and heads past a sign which reads:

"KARMA"

BOB

But I'm pitching. You catch cause your the pretty one.

Charlie turns with a "look", then starts for an alley that leads behind the club.

BOB (cont'd)

Dude, I'm not the one that has to come in through the "back door".

Charlie, back to Bob, raises a silent "French" salute. Bob calls.

BOB (cont'd)

I've never been prouder.

A NEW ANGLE

A MERCEDES

Idling at the end of the block, suddenly pulls into the street. It's as if they were waiting for Bob to be alone.

Bob fishes a smoke as he leans on the hood of a car. Bob smiles to a few girls passing.

BOB (cont'd)

Hello ladies...

The Mercedes slows next to Bob. Bob shakes his head. This is not a good sign.

THE MERCEDES

The passenger side door opens. Veksler and Zukov. Dvorkin's thugs. The men who beat Bob the night before. Veksler climbs out and opens the back door. His head motions Bob to climb inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VEKSLER

Get in.

BOB

Or what?

VEKSLER

Or I beat you in. Mr. Botkin wants a word.

Bob feigns "cool".

BOB

Oh, sending in the big guns.

Cigarette tossed. His eyes say fear.

INT. MERCEDES - SAME

Bob climbs inside and slides across from Botkin. We remember him as Dvorkin's lieutenant from the card club. We remember his tattoo. Spider web and Russian Scythe. The car pulls into the street.

BOTKIN

Hello Bob Kents like the cigarettes.  
Where is your big knife?

BOB

Having it sharpened.

BOTKIN

You have money for me?

BOB

Well here's the thing-

Botkin interrupts Bob.

BOTKIN

No, there are no "thing". The question was simple. Do you have money for me?

A beat.

BOB

No.

A long beat. Botkin's stare is enough to incinerate Bob.

BOTKIN

Do you think this is a joke? Is Mr. Dvorkin's business a joke?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fear in Bob's eyes. Botkin's eyes look outside as the Mercedes races.

BOTKIN (cont'd)  
Maybe I throw you out door. Watch you  
roll on asphalt. Then pour gas on  
scratches.

BOB  
Mr. Botkin, you know I'm good for it- I'm  
always good for it.

A crooked smile from Botkin.

BOTKIN  
Okay- Bob Kents like the cigarettes- this  
is how it will go down. Fifteen large by  
Friday or legs broken into tiny pieces.  
After this I skin you alive with newly  
sharpened knife. Understand?

Real fear in Bob's eyes.

BOB  
Yeah. I understand.

Botkin leans up and hits the limo glass in the Mercedes.

EXT. MERCEDES - SAME

The car pulls to the curb. Door open and Bob climbs into the  
night. The Mercedes pulls away leaving Bob alone.

CLOSE ON BOB

Real fear. Gone is the devil may care attitude. Bob turns his  
eyes to a seedy bar. He crosses the street for a drink.

INT. BAR KARMA - NIGHT

Top-notch. Booths and a first rate bar. Charlie stands in the  
shadows with Spektor, Vlits and Kogen.

CHARLIE  
I'm not sure I understand this.

VLITS  
What's to understand?

SPEKTOR  
You will run club for you with us as  
silent partner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

And the split is 50/50?

(Off the nods)

It just don't add up. Why me?

SPEKTOR

Pure business decision. Lot's of animosity toward Russian Businessman. So- what better than an American? We want bar to have American feel. Our hope is to open more clubs. Invite the spirit that is America into Budapest.

CHARLIE

Still, there are other Americans.

SPEKTOR

You come very highly recommended.

Charlie looks around the club.

CHARLIE

What about Dvorkin? The Jewish Quarter is his Quarter.

SPEKTOR

Full protection provided. He will come to you for his piece. You will promise him after you open he will get- his.

A raised brow. "His" from them or monetarily from Charlie.

CHARLIE

"His"?

Spektor smiles. Palm up, his fingers create the Italian sign for "a piece" of food.

SPEKTOR

His "piece". Better to put him at "peace" so we may take- "our piece".

CHARLIE

How do you know he won't try and kill me?

SPEKTOR

He is a businessman. He will see the opportunity.

A beat. Charlie takes in the opportunity.

Spektor nods to Kogen. An ENVELOPE from inside his jacket. A large envelope. Handed to Charlie. Charlie pokes inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CASH

A lot of cash. US Dollars. Charlie's shock off the cash.

CHARLIE  
I don't-

SPEKTOR  
For girls.

CHARLIE  
Girls?

SPEKTOR  
What good is a club without girls?

VLITS  
The right kind of girls.

SPEKTOR  
The kind of slot machine that when  
plugged with the right coin pays off. You  
know?

Charlie finally gets it.

CHARLIE  
Working girls. And where do I go- for  
girls?

SPEKTOR  
The German.

VLITS  
You do know the German?

CHARLIE  
Hermann? Yeah I know him. Everyone knows  
him.

Spektor looks off the envelope.

SPEKTOR  
Is seed money as well. Our man will see  
to staff and club needs. All Charlie  
Hustle need do is be the "face" of Karma.

Spektor, Kogen and Vlits start for the back door. Another  
thought from Spektor.

SPEKTOR (cont'd)  
And one more thought for Charlie  
"Hustle".  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SPEKTOR (cont'd)  
There is to be no contact with me. With  
us. I will contact you. Understand?

A beat. Charlie's eyes stare at the more powerful Spektor.

CHARLIE  
Yeah...I get it.

Charlie has one more question.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
When? When do I open?

SPEKTOR  
Friday.

CHARLIE  
This Friday? Is that enough time?

SPEKTOR  
Am I to believe that the "Hustle" in  
Charlie is the con and not the work  
ethic?  
(A smile)  
The German. He expects you tonight.

EXT. BAR KARMA - NIGHT

Charlie crosses from the back alley and into the street. He  
crosses for the car. Bob is nowhere to be found. Charlie  
looks all around. No Bob.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Bob sits alone. He drinks whiskey and a beer.

CLOSE ON BOB

The look of a dead man. He motions to the bartender for  
another round.

A PHONE

On a wall rings. Bob leaps from the stool and races for the  
phone. Yanked from the carriage. Receiver to ear.

BOB  
(desperately)  
Danny? What'd they say-? What? Dude, no-  
dude- Danny they'll kill me-. No. You  
just don't talk to these guys- Danny?  
You're sorry? You're sorry!!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Danny is gone. Bob slams the phone receiver on the box. Over and over he hits the phone box with the receiver.

INT. CONTRABAND GARAGE - NIGHT

Charlie stands on the hood of his car which is parked amidst the "inventory". He takes the large envelope of:

CASH

Given by Spektor. A large WAD free for himself and the envelope stored on a shelf behind TWO LARGE JUGS of whiskey.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Rot Spektor is in bed. Tatya is at a mirror checking her hair and make-up.

TATYA

My BMW baby...on the boat. Remember I told you?

ROT

Right. Maybe it won't happen. Instead I get you the new Porsche.

Tatya crosses to Rot. A kiss.

TATYA

Rot, baby...the BMW is what I want. The boat will be in Budapest tomorrow. Please baby.

A slow kiss. Tatya pulls back. Rot smiles.

ROT

Anything for you baby- I get you the BMW.

Rot pulls at her.

ROT (cont'd)

Now come back to bed.

Tatya smiles that seductive smile.

TATYA

You know I have to go to work.

Tatya, ever the player, kisses Rot's lips, neck and chest. Now moving lower and lower. Rot's eyes roll back into his "head".

## INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Techno music blasts. Groups of Men laugh and drink. Tatya crosses through frame and past a group of very "hot" girls at the bar. She's one of them. Now catching the "eye" of three Men. Work.

## INT. CONTRABAND GARAGE - NIGHT

Stumbling through the dark is Bob. He is more than drunk. Charlie's car is gone. He stands on a chair and reaches on top of a stack of boxes.

## THE BOWIE KNIFE

Pulled into view and set on the table. Now he reaches for a bottle of Johnnie Walker. Crash. It shatters on the floor. Now what? He climbs on a chair and reaches for:

## THE PLASTIC JUGS

Of whiskey. He eyes both. Which is the Johnnie? He pulls the jug free and spies:

## THE ENVELOPE

He reaches for the envelope only to fall from the chair. He crashes to the ground. Bob's grimace is short lived as his eyes spy the envelope which has fallen to the ground next to him. Bob sits up to find:

## CASH

He reaches into the envelope. Cash, cash, cash.

## INT. ROOM - NIGHT

The drunken Bob stumbles into the room with the envelope. He stands in the dark.

BOB

Fuck you dude- how long you been holding  
out on me!?

"Drunk" Bob stares at a lump on an unmade bed. Charlie?

BOB (cont'd)

I can't believe you dude- you let them  
kick the shit out of me- look at all this-  
I can't believe you been holding out---

Bob turns and stumbles from the room. He falls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (cont'd)  
Fuck you dude-

Bob crawls to his feet. He stumbles out the door.

BOB (cont'd)  
I thought we were partners-

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

GIRLS everywhere.

ANGLE CHARLIE

He stares.

A NEW ANGLE

HERMANN THE GERMAN

Standing beside Charlie.

HERMANN  
Not so sure I understand the problem.

CHARLIE  
I'm just supposed to pick them?

HERMANN  
Think of buying a box of doughnuts.

CHARLIE  
But they're girls.

HERMANN  
Exactly. You like the girl with sprinkles  
or the one with chocolate? Maybe a French  
Crueller is your taste.

Charlie looks to Hermann.

HERMANN (cont'd)  
Pick what you want to eat. It's Karma  
club Charlie.

Charlie's eyes turn to the "girls".

CHARLIE  
Then what?

HERMANN  
Friday, before you open, you pay me and  
your Doughnuts are delivered.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlie is still paralyzed with the thought. Hermann grabs Charlie by his shoulders and turns him 90 degrees to find:

ROT'S GIRL TATYA

She flirts with three men.

HERMANN (cont'd)  
Begin to fill your box with this girl.  
Very nice. Tatya is her name. From  
Odessa. Great work ethic.

Charlie's eyes watch as Tatya turns and disappears with all three men.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY

A train is stopped.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Over picture: "THURSDAY"

Bob is asleep in a compartment. Standing above him is a Conductor. Bob is nudged awake. His eyes squint. He pulls himself up. His hands clutch a ticket. A big breath. Now feeling the hangover in his head.

BOB  
Where are we?

The Conductor speaks in broken English.

CONDUCTOR  
Belgrade.

BOB  
What?

The Conductor points to Bob's ticket.

CONDUCTOR  
Serbia. Belgrade, Serbia.

Bob looks to the ticket.

INT. BAR - DAY

Bartender LAZLO fills an old drunks glass. Stepping through the doors is Charlie. He crosses to the bar.

CHARLIE  
Hey Lazlo- you seen Bob around?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAZLO

Not since you come in together Monday.

CHARLIE

If you see him can you tell him I'm  
looking for him?

Lazlo nods. Charlie turns for the door.

EXT. BELGRADE / DANUBE RIVER - AFTERNOON

Bob has his shoes off. Sunglasses on and still hung over. He walks along the river. He stops at a river barge bar and sits at the bar.

EXT. RIVER BAR - SAME

A Bartender crosses. Bob turns.

BOB

Whiskey. Double.

The Bartender stares. Bob repeats it in broken Russian. Nothing. His hands reach inside his jacket. The envelope of cash is there. He pulls a hundred free. Handed to the bewildered Bartender. Bob leans over the bar and pulls a bottle of WHISKEY. He sets in on the bar. Now to the Bartender.

BOB (cont'd)

Let's make this civilized.

Bob mimes drinking from a glass. The Bartender nods. Here's a glass.

INT. CASINO - DAY

Charlie crosses through the casino. He stops at a dealer, VARGA.

CHARLIE

Hey Varga, Bob been around?

VARGA

Not seen Bob since morning Tuesday.

Charlie turns to THREE PROSTITUTES at the Casino Bar.

CHARLIE

What about you girls? Anyone seen Bob?

Heads shake "no". Charlie turns for the door.

## INT. RIVER BAR - AFTERNOON

Bob sits at the bar. He's put a good dent in his whiskey. He drinks a beer as well. There's a GIRL drinking a coke at the end of the bar. Bob, ever the "dog" smiles at her.

BOB

God you hot. You speak English?

GIRL

Of course.

BOB

Where you from?

GIRL

Hungary. Town called Szeged but I go to school in Budapest.

BOB

You don't say? I got a place in Budapest.

Bob reaches into his jacket for his cigarettes.

BOB (cont'd)

Name's Bob. Bob Kents like the cigarette.

Bob shakes a smoke free. He offers one to the girl. She reaches for it. Now a smoke for himself.

BOB (cont'd)

What brings you to Belgrade?

GIRL

I came here with a boy. But he is mean.

BOB

No- mean to a pretty girl like you?

## INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Charlie walks with purpose. He stops at a door and knocks. A beat and the door opens six inches on a chain. Poking his face out into the hallway is Hermann the German.

HERMANN

Yes? Ah, Charlie Hustle.

The door slams. Chain removed and re-opened. Hermann with a big smile.

HERMANN (cont'd)

What is it Hermann is now doing for the hottest club owner in all of Budapest?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Hey Hermann, you seen Bob around?

HERMANN

I have not seen ball and chain of Charlie Hustle.

CHARLIE

Let me ask you something. You hear a lot of things.

HERMANN

True.

CHARLIE

Then you heard about Bob's-

HERMANN

Troubles?

CHARLIE

You know with Dvorkin.

HERMANN

Yes. Word is- much money owed.

CHARLIE

You don't think they would have-?

HERMANN

This soon? No. Just scare him a little. Give him a black eye, maybe break something. It's not good business to "dispose" of the man who has the only key to the safe.

CHARLIE

Can't find him anywhere.

HERMANN

Maybe Bob turned in his Sheriff's star and has taken that long train ride out of town.

CHARLIE

Maybe. Could you ask around?

HERMANN

Yes, anything for Charlie Hustle. Shouldn't you be interviewing staff for your big night?

EXT. RIVER BAR - AFTERNOON

We are close on:

A SLOT MACHINE

Its wheels roll to a stop. "7-7-7-7"

Bells ring. Coins drain.

A NEW ANGLE

Bob and the Girl are as giddy as school children. They leap and clap as money flows from the mouth of the machine. The Girl leans in and kisses Bob's cheek. Now a hug.

BOB

Honey, you just might be the luckiest thing to come my way my whole life.

Bob scoops coins. He looks back at the Bartender.

BOB (cont'd)

Hey there Boris- you wouldn't happen to know of a card game in town?

Nothing from the Bartender. Bob mimes shuffling and dealing cards.

BOB (cont'd)

You know- poker?

EXT. CLUB KARMA - EVENING

A Mercedes pulls to the curb. Climbing out of the car are Dvorkin's men Veksler and Zukov. Rear door opened. The menacing Botkin steps onto the curb.

INT. CLUB KARMA - EVENING

Charlie's look is faraway. He sits alone in a large booth.

A WIDER ANGLE

A lot of activity. The club is completely dressed. Waitresses, Bartenders and other Staff being briefed by a MANAGER. Tuxedo shirts and bow ties. Black pants with red aprons on all staff. Very smart.

THE DOOR

Stepping into the club are Botkin, Veksler and Zukov. They cross through the room for Charlie's booth.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CHARLIE'S BOOTH

Charlie's eyes look up to see Botkin, Veksler and Zukov.

CHARLIE

I ain't seen him. If that's what your asking-?

Botkin coolly slides into the booth as Veksler and Zukov's hulking figures loom.

BOTKIN

Relax Charlie Hustle. Am not here about "Cigarette". Am here for you.

Botkin's eyes look around the room as he fishes a pack of cigarettes from his pocket. He cordially offers one to Charlie.

CHARLIE

No- they'll kill ya'.

Botkin fishes a smoke free.

BOTKIN

There are many things to kill you.

(Cigarette lit)

You know why I am here? If not for Bob Idiot?

Charlie looks away from Botkin. Eyes on his staff. Anything to not look intimidated.

CHARLIE

Yeah, you want your taste.

BOTKIN

Word "hustle" is waste for you. Maybe call you Charlie Genius. Yes. Mr. Dvorkin would like his taste.

Charlie coolly looks to the Manager as they decide whether the red table clothe should go over the white or vice versa. Charlie calls, deflecting his current situation.

CHARLIE

Red over white.

The Manager nods.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

Tell Dvorkin he can have his taste. Tell him I understand how these things work.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
Tell him I know this is his quarter, I'm  
just a businessman trying to make a buck-  
so after I open- he'll get his.

Botkin drags on his smoke with a smile.

BOTKIN  
Twenty five percent.

CHARLIE  
Fifteen.

BOTKIN  
Twenty.

CHARLIE  
Seventeen five-.

BOTKIN  
With Hungarian Fenyo it was twenty.

CHARLIE  
Well I ain't Fenyo. Seventeen five. Best  
and final.

Botkin's slow smile.

BOTKIN  
Done. Charlie Business. That's what I  
will call you. Charlie Business.  
(Off the tables)  
And I agree. The table clothe. Red over  
white.

Botkin slides from his seat.

BOTKIN (cont'd)  
With a little American green on table  
colors you have Hungarian flag.

Together he walks with Dvorkin's Enforcers to the door. The  
Manager crosses.

MANAGER  
I need to pay for the liquor.

Charlie reaches for his wallet. He looks. Not enough.

CHARLIE  
Tell him I need twenty minutes.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Rot talks with two YOUNG MEN. OLEG and KUSMA, 25. Arrogant in that young Mobster sort of way. They are young and athletic and are sure they know better than you. Supremely confident is their "game". Rot's instructions for Oleg make for a smug laugh from Kusma. Rot reaches for Kusma's face and slaps him lightly.

ROT

You think I'm kidding? Not a scratch.  
Don't think I forgot the wave runner. It  
looked like a knotted rag. This car is  
important to me- understand?

Oleg and Kusma nod yes.

ROT (cont'd)

Don't cut the leather, don't pull up the  
console. I'm serious. To be delivered  
intact.

More nods. Gone are the smiles. The "job" the most important thing.

ROT (cont'd)

You go to the shipyard. Barge docks 9 PM.  
Find Yasha. He will let you into the yard  
and show you the container. Cut the lock-  
(To Kusma)  
You inside.

INT. CARD CLUB - EVENING

Bob is escorted into the room by a Mobster. The Girl from the River Bar at his side. Bob's Mob escort points to an empty seat at a crowded table. A chair is whisked in to accommodate Bob's "lucky charm". Bob sits and fishes the envelope from his pocket. He pulls an enormous wad into view. His eyes look to the dealer.

BOB

That enough to buy in?

Bob's Girl leans in and hugs Bob. This is the most exciting thing that she's ever done.

INT. CONTRABAND GARAGE - EVENING

Charlie opens the door from outside. His car idles just outside the garage. Lights on. Charlie crosses inside. Charlie stops short. His eyes look down to see the glass from the Johnnie Walker bottle. The bottle Bob dropped. Now the half empty jug of Whiskey which Bob spilled on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now the Bowie Knife and toppled table. Two and two and Charlie races for the spot he hid the envelope. He climbs the chair. Nothing. Charlie pushes the other jug aside. Now pulling things from the shelf. Nothing.

EXT. DANUBE RIVER / SHIPPING DOCK - NIGHT

THE BARGE

The barge Lehmann and Allure were following is docking. Long Shore men move to secure the ship.

EXT. RIVER EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

LEHMANN AND ALLURE

Watch the barge from a good distance away. Lehmann in his Binoculars.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Charlie drives. Desperation mounting.

INT. CARD CLUB - NIGHT

Bob lays down his cards. He wins. His Girl kisses him. Bob drags the chips to his side of the table. His huge stack growing. His luck polar opposite to his partner Charlie.

EXT. SHIPYARD / BARGE - NIGHT

A Man opens the shipyard gate. His eyes nod to Kusma and Oleg. Kusma carries a BOLT CUTTER. Oleg a bag. They cross inside under the cover of other containers.

INT. BARGE / DECK - NIGHT

The Man leads Kusma and Oleg across the deck of the ship. He stops at a container. His nod says this is the one.

Kusma has the Boltcutter up. Jaws around the lock.

THE LOCK

Cut free.

He looks back to Oleg who crosses and opens the container to reveal:

A BRAND NEW 750 BMW

BACK TO SCENE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Oleg reaches into the bag. He pulls SPRAY PAINT from the bag. Now a STENCIL. The stencil placed over two numbers. Blacked out. A new stencil. New numbers. Now to the middle numbers. Two more blacked out. Two new ones added.

A nod and Kusma climbs into the container. Oleg closes the door of the container and replaces the lock bar.

INT. BAR KARMA - NIGHT

Charlie stares from the shadows. He is alone in the dark club. What to do? Lights on. Charlie crosses behind the bar and a bottle of scotch. The good stuff. Now a glass.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

One of the smaller streets off the major avenues. Nightclub signs and cafe tables. Further down the street a group of prostitutes smoke on a corner. Mobsters smoke across the street in front of a Nightclub.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Botkin, Dvorkin's Lieutenant, stands in front of the club.

DVORKIN'S MERCEDES

Pulls into frame. Botkin climbs on board.

INT. MERCEDES - SAME

Zukov and Veksler in the front seat. Botkin across from Dvorkin.

DVORKIN  
News of little "shit"?

BOTKIN  
Nobodies seen or heard from him.

Dvorkin has a cigar out.

DVORKIN  
And his- "partner"?

BOTKIN  
Karma.

DVORKIN  
And my piece?

BOTKIN  
Seventeen and a half.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clipping the end of the cigar. Botkin stares.

DVORKIN

And what do you make of this?

BOTKIN

My guess? Orchestrated by Spektor. He drowned the Hungarian. Charlie Hustle is just another pawn. Spektor is making his move. He has always envied the Jewish Quarter.

Lighting the cigar.

DVORKIN

Mmmm- So we too must move.

Dvorkin taps the limo glass. Glass lowered. Dvorkin looks to Veksler and Zukov.

DVORKIN (cont'd)

Go to Charlie Hustle...and drag little shit's partner- out...to collect "Cigarette's" marker.

VEKSLER

Sir?

Dragging on the cigar.

DVORKIN

Kill Charlie Hustle. Let us kill all birds with one stone. Teaching Cigarette Bob a lesson and at the same time inform Spektor this dog does not take it- "doggy style".

EXT. BARGE DECK - NIGHT

The Man who let Oleg and Kusma into the ship signals to the CRANE OPERATOR as he lifts a container from deck.

CLOSE ON THE CONTAINER

As it swings.

CLOSE ON THE LOCK BAR

This is the container with the BMW inside.

The Container swings round for the yard.

EXT. RIVER EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

Lehmann watches the barge through the binoculars. Allure beside him.

INSIDE THE BINOCULARS

Watching the container on the crane. The numbers. The "re-painted" numbers.

INT. BAR KARMA - NIGHT

Charlie is in "his" booth. Bottle of scotch at his side. He is very much alone. Stepping into frame is:

VEKSLER

Dvorkin's enforcer. Charlie doesn't miss a beat.

CHARLIE

Ah, look at that- the missing link.

Then, from the shadows steps ZUKOV.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

Wow, another link.

Now two more hulking men. Again, Charlie doesn't miss a beat.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

Well what do you know- a whole chain of 'em.

A sip of scotch.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

But what are you gonna do? Crime's so bad around here I had no choice but to build a fence around the place.

Veksler's enormous hand reaches for Charlie's shoulder. Charlie jerks and pushes it off.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

What the hell!? Like I said before- I ain't seen him.

VEKSLER

Come, let's take ride.

CHARLIE

I don't take rides.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Veksler reaches for Charlie. More defiance as Charlie shakes him off.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
Listen pork chop, I told ya', I don't  
know where he is.

VEKSLER  
Is time to take ride.

CHARLIE  
Screw you.

Charlie climbs from the booth.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Charlie crosses into frame and stops at the door to his CAR. Door opened, he climbs behind the wheel. He reaches to close the door only to have the action thwarted by the giant Veksler. Charlie turns to see Veksler holding:

A GUN

Veksler climbs into the car and behind the wheel thus forcing Charlie to slide over. The passenger door opens at the same time. Zukov sandwiches Charlie.

CHARLIE  
Hey, why don't you drive. Just for your  
edification it's an automatic so don't  
get any ideas about driving my stick.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Charlie's car cruises with another following.

INT. CAR - SAME

Veksler drives. Charlie looks very small between Dvorkin's Enforcers. Charlie looks out the back window to see another car following. Two more Enforcers close behind.

CHARLIE  
So Pork Chop, where's this little party  
you're taking me? Will your mom and  
sister be there? I got some underwear I  
need to return.

EXT. STORAGE YARD - NIGHT

Oleg is there. He stands at a chain link fence which is open. He crosses to the Container and pulls the lock bar free.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

He opens the container in the shadows to reveal Kusma inside the BMW and sitting behind the wheel. Oleg climbs inside the Container and climbs into the passenger seat of the car.

THE IGNITION

Which has been pulled from the wheel. Wires touch. The engine turns over.

EXT. RIVER EMBANKMENT - SAME

Suddenly, Lehmann's watch begins to BEEP. He drops the field glasses from his eyes.

LEHMANN'S  
Somebody's in the car.

Both Lehmann and Allure react. Together they race for the car. Lehmann behind the wheel, Allure in the passenger seat. The engine roars. Lehmann races the rental around and in the direction of the shipyard.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The BMW 750 races with Kusma and Oleg inside.

INT. BMW 750 - SAME

Oleg rifles through the glove box.

KUSMA  
Be careful! Don't cut anything!

Oleg at the console. Paper flies. He puts a few things to steal on the dash. He climbs from the front to the back. He carefully jimmies the rear console. More rummaging. Now reaching through the hole where the console once was he reaches into:

THE TRUNK

He pulls free:

LUGGAGE. A DIOR BAG

His hands unzip the bag to reveal:

CELLOPHANED BRICKS OF US CURRENCY

One hundred dollar bills. You can tell by his look he wasn't expecting it. He rolls around and shows the brick to Kusma. Eyes wide. Jackpot!

INT. LEHMANN'S CAR - SAME

Lehmann races at a high rate of speed. Allure is calm and right beside. Lehmann navigates through traffic.

Then, appearing from nowhere is:

THE 750 BMW

It is on a lower road off the river.

Allure points.

ALLURE

There-

Lehmann has the BMW in the oncoming lane. He passes car after car. He passes the BMW on the upper road. Allure turns back and watches the 750.

INT. BMW 750 - SAME

Oleg has completely pulled the backseat free. He has:

FIVE DIOR BAGS

Open. Everyone is filled with the cellophane bricks of money. He leans over the seat.

OLEG

There's still more. Suitcases. Big suitcases.

KUSMA

With money?

OLEG

It's everywhere.

INT. LEHMANN'S CAR - NIGHT

Lehmann navigating a corner with ease. Now another. In and out of traffic. Allure stares down at a map.

ALLURE

We can catch them before the bridge.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Lehmann races. A sharp left turn and he is on the lower road next to the river.

EXT. BMW 750- SAME

We see the BMW cruising comfortably in front of Lehmann and Allure. No need to speed for Kusma and Oleg so to not draw any undue attention to themselves.

INT. BMW 750- SAME

Kusma looks to his rearview.

INSERT REARVIEW

Lehmann closing at an unbelievable clip. Kusma motions to Oleg.

KUSMA  
What the hell is that?

Oleg turns back to see Lehmann pull up onto their tail.

OLEG  
It's some Hungarian asshole.

Oleg turns forward.

OLEG (cont'd)  
It's a right here. We cross the bridge.

The BMW 750 heads up the right hand ramp which has only room for one car. The Bridge a mile in front of them.

THE REARVIEW

Lehmann follows them up the ramp.

KUSMA  
What's this guys problem?

INT. LEHMANN'S CAR - SAME

Lehmann is right on the BMW 750.

LEHMANN  
Don't you hurt my baby- don't you even  
think of hurting my baby.

At the top of the ramp Lehmann pulls quickly up and beside the BMW. Window down. Lehmann calls to Oleg who rolls his window down to scream back. He screams at Lehmann in Russian. Lehmann calls back in Russian as well. All subtitled here.

OLEG  
Fuck you bitch! Fuck you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEHMANN

Listen you Russian prick! Pull over now  
and I won't kill you!

OLEG

Fuck you!

LEHMANN

Pull my car over now and just walk away!!

OLEG

Your car!?

Oleg holds up:

A BRICK OF CASH

OLEG (cont'd)

So is this yours too?

Kusma guns it and pulls ahead of Lehmann. The Bridge in their  
sights. Barricades on one side make the bridge the only  
possible route.

INT. LEHMANN'S CAR -SAME

Lehmann watches the BMW 750 race for the bridge.

ALLURE

Lehmann, pull to the Driver's side. I'd  
like to have a word.

Lehmann maneuvers next to the 750. Allure has her window  
down. Lehmann is within inches of his car.

INSERT REMOTE

Which Lehmann holds in his hands. It is Lehmann's KEYS. He  
rolls down the Driver side window of his car.

BACK TO SCENE

As Allure's hand reaches out and slugs Kusma the Driver. A  
completely emasculating slug.

Kusma slams on the brakes. Lehmann brakes.

INT. BMW 750 - SAME

Oleg spins as Kusma maneuvers the car to a stop.

OLEG

What are you doing!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kusma reaches for the door.

KUSMA  
I'm gonna teach this bitch a lesson.

INT. LEHMANN'S CAR - SAME

Lehmann has pulled to a stop a few car lengths behind the BMW 750. They look out the windshield to see Kusma storming. He screams in Russian. Allure has her hand up to Lehmann.

ALLURE  
Lehmann, give me a minute. I'd like to say hello.

Allure climbs from the car and crosses to the screaming Russian. His accomplice is out and standing next to his open door. He smiles. Kusma front and center. He screams.

ALLURE (cont'd)  
I'm sorry. I don't speak bitch.

Kusma pulls a gun from inside his jacket. Pointed at Allure who simply crosses. A beat, a quick strike and Allure has the gun from his hand. Another strike. Another. Now a kick. Kusma is on the ground. Lehmann slowly climbs from the car as Kusma retreats.

LEHMANN  
HEY!! WALK AWAY!

Oleg falls into the BMW 750 and climbs behind the wheel. Kusma hobbles to the open car door and leaps inside. The BMW burns wildly, fishtailing then gaining control. They head for the bridge.

Lehmann and Allure into their car.

EXT. RIVER EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

A BRIDGE overhead.

HEADLIGHTS

Slow into frame at the rivers edge. We're away from the city.

TWO CARS

Charlie's and the Enforcers pull into frame. They park with the bridge high above. Doors open. Veksler pulls Charlie into the night. The other Enforcers cross.

Zukov pulls his belt off. Charlie remarks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Hey, if you guys wanna do this right I should head home for the banjo and Ned Beatty mask.

Another Enforcer has his belt off. Both men are wrapping the belts around their fists.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

Oh, it's about the two of you. So you gonna force me to watch the fat one jerk off the skinny one. I told you Pork Chop- I'm just not into that kind of thing.

Veksler has a pipe in his hand. Charlie answers.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

Oh so we're gonna mix it up a little. First the hand job, then laying some pipe.

Bam! The pipe across Charlie's back. He falls.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Lehmann and Allure chase the BMW 750.

INT. LEHMANN'S CAR - SAME

Lehmann and Allure gain on the BMW 750. Then, the oddity.

Kusma who is now in the passenger seat after his beating by Allure stands outside:

THE SUNROOF

Gun in one hand he fires back at Lehmann and Allure. His other hand holds:

A DIOR BAG

He tosses it over the edge of the bridge and into the river. Now another bag tossed into the river.

EXT. RIVERBANK - SAME

Charlie being beaten by Veksler and Enforcers. He pulls himself to his knees. Blood everywhere.

EXT. BRIDGE - SAME

Lehmann races up and around the BMW avoiding fire. The BMW has slowed to give Kusma some stability.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

More bags into the river. As we near the end of the bridge Lehmann spins his car 180 degrees to a stop.

THE BMW 750

Slows to a stop a good fifty feet away. Nowhere to go.

LEHMANN AND ALLURE

Climb from the car.

Allure races to the edge of the bridge. Their car as cover. Her eyes look out over the Danube River to see:

THE DIOR BAGS

Five of them racing in the current.

Lehmann crosses behind his car careful of gunfire.

Kusma has a Dior Bag in his hands and races for the edge. He looks down at the river, then back at Oleg. Oleg answers.

OLEG  
I CAN'T SWIM!

Kusma doesn't wait. He turns to the river and leaps.

THE RIVER

As Kusma crashes into the water. A beat and he rises in the water with the Dior bags as floatation devices.

Lehmann spins to Allure.

LEHMANN  
You take the cash and the jumper.

Allure races behind the wheel of their car. Into gear she spins the car around and races.

LEHMANN

Watches Oleg, who now races the opposite direction, that is to say the direction from which they came. He carries two of the Dior bags in his hands.

Lehmann races to his BMW 750, he throws it in gear and races for the Russian with baggage.

INT. BMW - SAME

Lehmann closing quickly. A car coming from the opposite direction sees Oleg and hits the brakes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The car skids wildly crashing into the bridge and thwarting Oleg's path. Lehmann stops the BMW and races onto asphalt. Oleg is caught. Two hands holding bags and no third for a gun. He swings the bags at Lehmann wildly. Lehmann dodges the attempts easily. Oleg turns from Lehmann to run. As he reaches the car that crashed he leaps up and onto the hood with Dior in tow. Bad move.

OLEG

Slips a bit and stumbles. Still gripping the bags he has no free hand for balance. He falls back off the hood and over the edge of the bridge.

EXT. RIVER EMBANKMENT - SAME

Charlie crawls on his hands and knees. The beating over. Veksler has his gun out. Pointed at the back of Charlie's head. Hammer cocked, until:

CRASH! THE BODY OF OLEG

Crashes through the front windshield of Charlie's car. The falling body so shocks the Enforcers they leap. Russian.

ZUKOV

What-!?

VEKSLER

What was that?

Faces turn to the body sticking out of Charlie's windshield. Then, SIRENS from above. Veksler looks up at the bridge to see:

LEHMANN

Staring down at him.

LEHMANN

HEY!!

The Enforcers race for their car.

EXT. BRIDGE - SAME

Lehmann's eyes look to the sirens. He races for his BMW. The BMW 750 stolen by Kusma and Oleg. His car. He climbs behind the wheel. Of he goes in the "right" direction.

EXT. RIVER EMBANKMENT - SAME

Charlie, coughing blood, miraculously pulls himself behind the wheel of his car. His bloodied face looks over to see:

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

OLEG'S BODY

Head first inside his car. Dior bags pinned beneath him. Charlie turns the engine over with a gasp and pulls the car into gear.

EXT. DESERTED STREET - NIGHT

Walking alone is Dvorkin's first Lieutenant Yuri Botkin. He crosses through a thin fog. In the B.G. we can see the dim red lights of Charlie's BAR KARMA. The sign clearly visible despite the conditions. Stepping into Botkin's path is:

A SHADOW

Botkin stops short.

THE SHADOW

Raises a gun. "THE GUN". The Colt .45. The very gun Alexei Spektor purchased from Hermann the German. BANG! A single shot.

BACK TO SCENE

Yuri Botkin buckles. He takes a step back as his hand goes to his neck. Blood pours through his fingers. Botkin falls to a knee. Now another. He falls forward and rolls.

CLOSE ON BOTKIN'S NECK

A single gunshot. Just below the spiderweb tattoo with Russian hammer and scythe. Botkin is the man on the coroners slab from the opening of the movie.

A NEW ANGLE

THE GUN

At the hands of the faceless murderer. Now his face.

KOGEN

Spektor's right hand. The hand that kills. He crosses coolly through the fog and disappears.

INT. CONTRABAND GARAGE - NIGHT

Charlie pulls his car inside. Oleg still stuck in the windshield. The car safely away and ignition off. Charlie climbs from the car and pulls himself into the shadows. He crosses for the door. He pulls the door closed with himself inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlie's eyes spy Oleg "stuck" in the windshield. Now:

THE DIOR BAG

Spilling from the top is a cellophane brick of cash. Charlie grimaces as he crosses for a closer look. He reaches for the brick. Shock. He pulls the bag free and opens the top to reveal:

THE CASH

Charlie falls to his knees with the bag. He coughs blood into his hands. He falls back against the wall. A beat and he is "out".

EXT. NYUGATI TRAIN STATION - DAY

Over picture: "FRIDAY".

Making his way off a train and down the platform is Bob. He wears new slacks and a Tommy Bahama shirt.

He holds the hand of the Girl from the River Bar and Card Club. His "Lucky Girl". She's been newly outfitted as well. She carries a small bag and a few shopping bags. Gifts from the trip.

EXT. NYUGATI TRAIN STATION - DAY

Bob Kents and "Lucky Girl" cross for a cab stand. Bob pulls the girl close. A kiss.

BOB

Are you sure you don't want to come over?  
Just for a few hours?

She smiles. A kiss.

GIRL

I can't I need to study.

BOB

But I would love to see you in that  
little red number.

The Girl smiles.

GIRL

Bobby, you are naughty.  
(A kiss)  
I like it.

BOB

So come over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIRL

Next time, Bob Kents like the cigarettes.  
(Again a smile)  
What are you doing tomorrow?

BOB

Getting lucky with my lucky Girl?

She smiles, then reluctantly pulls away from the arms of Bob. Ever the gentleman, Bob crosses for a cab. He opens the door for the Girl. She climbs on board. Bob leans up to the cabdriver. He hands over a bill.

BOB (cont'd)

U.S. Okay?

The cab driver's nod says of course. Bob then tucks:

A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL

Into the top of the young Girl.

BOB (cont'd)

For the cafeteria.

She smiles her giddy, schoolgirl smile. One last kiss and Bob leans back and closes the door to the cab.

BOB (cont'd)

I'll call you.

He waves as the cab pulls away. Bob Kents turns his lucky walk to the street with a hop. Maybe his luck is finally changing. He crosses through traffic.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Bob Kents and "giddy-up" step. A smile and a wave for familiar faces. He crosses for Bartender Lazlo, the man Charlie asked "if he'd seen Bob?" Lazlo washes down the front of his bar with a bucket of water. Bob is cheerfully front and center with a wad of cash.

BOB

Lazlo my dear old friend.  
(Cash handed over)  
I believe this should cover my tab.  
There's an extra twenty in there just  
because. You know, you're a handsome man.  
You ever thought of modeling?

LAZLO

Charlie Hustle has been looking for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bob turns with a flourish from Lazlo.

BOB  
I'm not kidding. Modeling. Look into  
getting a good black and white taken.  
Call me Laz baby. I can make it happen.

EXT. CORNER - LATER

Bob crosses the street with a smile. Up and onto a corner. A Mercedes slows next to him. Window down, it is Veksler and Zukov. Bob notices. He stops with a smile. He leans down to the stopped Mercedes. A smile for Veksler.

BOB  
Hello, Buttmunch.  
(A look to Zukov)  
Hello Buttmunch's gay lover Brent.  
Probably wondering where I've been? A  
little birthday party in Belgrade except  
this time it was me swinging at the  
piñata.

Bob reaches into his jacket. A large envelope free. Tossed into Veksler's lap.

BOB (cont'd)  
Fifteen large. Friday. Tell Mr. Dvorkin  
thanks for covering me. Tell Botkin he  
can fuck himself.

A beat. Veksler pokes through the envelope. Cash.

VEKSLER  
Mr. Botkin is dead.

A bit of shock for Bob.

BOB  
Dead?

VEKSLER  
Killed. Last night.

BOB  
Damn, will my luck never end? What  
happened- he choke on your dick?

VEKSLER  
Are you sure Bobby smokes wasn't playing  
bang bang your dead last night?

Bob's joyous grin turns to walk. The Mercedes crawls beside him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

God, I wish it was me. But I was in  
Belgrade. Place called ChaChaCha. Check  
it out if you want.

Window up and the Mercedes pulls away. Bob smiles.

BOB (cont'd)

Ding dong the witch is dead-

INT. CONTRABAND GARAGE - AFTERNOON

The door opens at the cheerful hands of Bob Kents. He calls  
for Charlie.

BOB

Charlie!? Charlie you here!?

Bob crosses into the room. Light on.

BOB (cont'd)

Charlie...?

Bob sees the bloodied Charlie slumped in the corner. Charlie  
holds onto the Dior Bag. Bob races to his friends side.

BOB (cont'd)

Charlie! Oh buddy- oh dude-

Bob pulls Charlie's face up. He pats the side of his face to  
bring Charlie back.

BOB (cont'd)

Come on dude- dude come on-

Charlie's eyes open. He sees Bob's face.

CHARLIE

The money...

BOB

I'm so sorry dude- I was drunk- You know  
how I get when I'm drunk. I know I  
shouldn't have taken it- but dude you'll  
never guess- I got on a winning streak.  
Like I never been on before. I like more  
than tripled the money dude- You  
should've seen me- I paid off Dvorkin-  
Varga, even Lazlo.

Charlie straightens and grimaces.

CHARLIE

You gotta go to the German.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB  
Hermann? Why?

CHARLIE  
I gotta pay for the girls.

BOB  
Girls? For what?

CHARLIE  
The club.

BOB  
What club? Dude, let's get you up. You're talking all crazy man...You need to get some water in you, a drink- something.

Bob stands. He turns to the "inventory" for a drink. Shock as he spies:

OLEG'S BODY IN THE WINDSHIELD

BOB (cont'd)  
DUDE! You killed somebody Charlie! You killed somebody!

Charlie pulls himself to his feet.

CHARLIE  
BOB! Shut up! I didn't kill anybody. Now listen to me.

Charlie reaches into the Dior Bag and pulls a brick of CASH.

BOB  
What the fuck?

CHARLIE  
Take this to Hermann. Tell him Dvorkin got to me. He'll take it from there.

BOB  
Take it where?

Charlie crosses for a bottle of "Jack". Shot poured.

CHARLIE  
The club. Bar Karma. That was Spektor's opportunity. We're opening Bar Karma for Spektor. The money. That was from Spektor.

Charlie takes a shot. Another poured.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB

Oh dude, I knew it- I knew you'd never  
hold out on me.

Bob crosses to Charlie.

BOB (cont'd)

Look, I'll take care of everything.  
Hermann, the girls- the guy stuck in the  
windshield. Everything.

CHARLIE

You gotta go to Hermann now- doors open  
in a few hours.

BOB

Tonight? Is that enough time?

CHARLIE

It's all good. All been taken care of-

Bob gets it. Now the plan.

BOB

Okay, okay- Dude, you can count on me. I  
will make this happen. You just relax and  
count on your old buddy Bob Kents-

Bob turns for the door. He stops and turns to Charlie who  
pours another shot.

BOB (cont'd)

There's gonna be girls? Like working  
girls?

Charlie nods and grimaces.

CHARLIE

See if Hermann can get me something for  
the pain.

BOB

I'm on it dude.

(Turning for the door)

Working girls. My luck just keeps getting  
better every minute.

Bob is gone. Charlie with a shot. He grimaces as he feels his  
ribs. Now his jaw. Charlie crosses to Oleg and windshield. He  
looks in the car to see:

A SECOND DIOR BAG

More bricks of CASH spilling. Now a:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GUN

In dead Oleg's waistband.

INT. SHOWER - NIGHT

Charlie's face under the shower head. Dried blood liquefying and disappearing down the drain.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Charlie at the mirror. He grimaces as he ties the bow tie to his white tuxedo.

THE DIOR BAGS AND GUN

Sit on the bed behind him.

EXT. CLUB KARMA - NIGHT

A line waits at the door.

INT. CLUB KARMA - SAME

Charlie crosses through frame in his white Tuxedo. Face bruised but he cleans up nice. His eyes look about the club. Everyone and everything in its place. He looks at his watch.

INSERT WATCH

"9:55 PM"

BACK TO SCENE

Bob steps into frame. He's even dressed. He looks a little too "Saturday Night Fever". Jacket, tight slacks and silk shirt unbuttoned to his chest. He crosses for Charlie.

BOB

Dude, these chicks. Unreal. These gotta be like the hottest chicks in Eastern Europe. Hermann says they're real earners too- dude this is gonna be a gold mine, this place. There's rooms upstairs. For the girls- and clientele. Dude, club clientele.

CHARLIE

Where are they? The girls?

BOB

Upstairs with the wrangler. That's what Hermann calls him- the wrangler. The hell with pimp- that's so pedestrian.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BOB (cont'd)

Hermann's word. They're upstairs with the Wrangler. Dude smells like a floral shop up there. Like the sweetest floral shop you ever seen.

(Off Charlie's "look")

Dude you okay? You need another perkaset? I got like a whole baggie from Hermann.

CHARLIE

No, I'm okay.

BOB

So what's with the face? You look all bulimic model sad.

CHARLIE

I don't know- it's just not the way I do it-

BOB

Do what?

CHARLIE

A club. I mean if this was my place- it'd be high end. No "girls" you know? It'd be a place you'd bring a girl. Be dinner and a band. A jazz band you know?

BOB

Dude, like you're always saying- stay the course. This is a real nice piece Spektor carved out for us. We got a real chance at being players in this town.

CHARLIE

Yeah, I guess-

BOB

You guess? Dude, look what's happened. Spektor. My winning streak. Two bags of cash fall from the sky? God wants us to be rich, dude.

CHARLIE

I don't know- I get a bad feeling about this.

Charlie turns to the Manager. A nod.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

Go ahead. Open it up.

EXT. CLUB KARMA - NIGHT

The doors open. Charlie in Tuxedo steps out the door.

ACROSS THE STREET

Rolling into frame is Dvorkin's Mercedes. Dvorkin's eyes watch Charlie in front of the club. Crossing the street from the opposite direction is Veksler. He climbs inside the Mercedes. Russian, subtitled.

DVORKIN

When I tell you to put a bullet in a man's head you do it.

VEKSLER

Yes sir.

INT. SPEKTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Rot and his brother in arms Pasha stand in front of Spektor. Vlits and Kogen are there as well.

SPEKTOR

My boy, you would never question anything I would do for your future and the future of this "organization" would you?

ROT

Never papa.

SPEKTOR

You know that everything I do, everything I have ever done is with purpose.

ROT

Of course. Why would you ever think otherwise?

Spektor looks to Pasha.

SPEKTOR

Pasha, you too, know that everything I do is with purpose.

PASHA

Of course sir. Without question.

Spektor looks to Kogen. Kogen pulls:

A VILE OF DOPE

From his coat pocket. He crosses and sets it on the desk. Spektor turns to Pasha.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPEKTOR  
Take that.

Pasha crosses and reaches for the vile.

SPEKTOR (cont'd)  
Go to Karma. Look for Charlie Hustle's  
partner.

Spektor looks to Vlits for the name.

VLITS  
Bob, Kents- like the cigarettes.

SPEKTOR  
He will be with a girl.  
(Off the vile)  
Give that to the girl.

PASHA  
Yes sir.

Spektor's head motions him out the door.

SPEKTOR  
Go on.

PASHA  
Yes sir.

Pasha turns and disappears out the door.

INT. CLUB KARMA - NIGHT

Music pounds. The room is crowded. Rot's girl Tatya is at the bar with fifteen HOT WOMEN. Her eyes smile across the room at:

BOB KENTS

A flirtatious look has Bob hot on her trail. Bob crosses for Tatya.

BOB  
Hello.

Tatya smiles and flirtatiously turns away.

BOB (cont'd)  
Did you come with the other girls? Seems  
I would've remembered you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TATYA

I've come with other girls but it is men  
I prefer to come with.

Bob's slow smile.

BOB

And who are you?

TATYA

I'm whoever you want me to be.

BOB

Well see, that's where the problem is-  
what I want you to be- is under me.

TATYA

Or under me.

Bob smiles. A raised brow.

BOB

You on top? Yeah, that too. But see I'm  
not a paying customer. I'm sort of a co-  
owner of the place. Co-owner of Karma. So  
anything- any transaction between us  
would be gratis so to speak. A comp from  
me to me- from you. You know?

TATYA

I'd like to know.

Bob smiles his devious smile. He fishes his cigarettes from  
his pocket. He cozies up to Tatya.

BOB

You know we haven't been properly  
introduced. Bob Kents.  
(Offering a smoke)  
Like the Cigarettes.

Tatya seductively takes a cigarette. She turns to the bar.

ANGLE TATYA

Her eyes find the Bartender's. A small nod. Bob is hooked.  
Bob smiles broadly. He waves at the Bartender. A look for  
Tatya. Bob the "player" is aboard.

BOB (cont'd)

What do you want honey?

TATYA

Champagne.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB  
Yeah, let's celebrate.

Bob turns to the Bartender.

BOB (cont'd)  
Champagne. A bottle. We got the Dom?  
(Off the Bartender's nod)  
What a place. We even got the Dom.

Bob's body moves to the music. His eyes wash over Tatya.

BOB (cont'd)  
God you're hot.

INT. CLUB KARMA - LATER THAT NIGHT

Charlie stands at his booth. His eyes watch the bar. Crowded with the "in-crowd". Now the dance floor. Bodies grind to a techno beat. A SHADOW looms over Charlie. Now a second SHADOW on the other side. Charlie's eyes don't stray from the floor. He knows the shadows.

A NEW ANGLE

Veksler and Zukov on either side of Charlie.

CHARLIE  
Hello gentlemen. A little crowded for round two.

Veksler smiles.

VEKSLER  
Relax, Charlie Hustle. Here to relax.

CHARLIE  
Yeah? Buy a drink. Your bosses piece doesn't pay itself.

VEKSLER  
Here to inform Hustle that he is off radar. Bob cigarette's tab paid. Mr. Dvorkin wishes you the best in your venture. No harm done.

CHARLIE  
No harm? I got a knot the size of a ten year old boy on the back of my head. Harm done. Now if you'll excuse me, I gotta go make some money so that some day I can pay somebody to return the favor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Charlie looks to a Security Man. His thumb points to Veksler and Zukov.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
Villy- if these douchebags aren't buying  
throw 'em out.  
(To Veksler and Zukov)  
Wallets out.

Charlie turns to the Manager.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
You seen Bob anywhere?

The Manager shakes his head. Charlie's "look" says pissed.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Bob Kents and Rot's girl Tatya are half naked on a bed. Bob is in boxers and socks. Tatya's top and skirt are off. She wears underwear. They play strip poker. Cards on the bed. They drink champagne from the bottle. A second bottle as the first is dead in the bucket. Bob wins. He laughs.

BOB  
You know what? I'm gonna take off a sock  
since my luck has been so good. I swear  
to God, my luck has never been this good.  
I got money, a club- a beautiful naked  
girl in bed. I need to take this sock  
off.

Bob reaches for his sock. Then:

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR

Bob, pulling his sock off, hops to the door. He opens the door to A WAITRESS. She holds a third bottle of CHAMPAGNE and A VILE. Bob's surreptitious smile. He takes the bottle and the vile. A wink.

BOB (cont'd)  
Look for something extra in your paycheck  
waitress hottie. I'd wet your whistle now  
but who carries a wallet in their sock?

She hasn't a clue what he said. Door closed.

EXT. BOB'S DOOR - SAME

We see other girls entering rooms with "johns". The hallway is crowded with activity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Waitress who delivered the champagne and VILE looks to a face at the end of the hall.

PASHA

Rot's brother in arms, the kid entrusted by Spektor to deliver the vile to the Girl with Charlie's partner Bob.

INT. BOB'S ROOM - SAME

Tatya spills the vile on a mirror. She grabs a razor blade to "cut". Bob watches. He looks to the champagne bottle.

BOB

Babe, I think we have to up the boos  
anty. If your going all powder puff I  
gotta get me some of the brown. Whiskey-  
gotta go with the whiskey. Knob Creek.  
Yeah, the Knob.

Bob crosses for the door.

EXT. WOODS - LATE NIGHT

Kusma, the driver who stole Lehmann's BMW 750 and threw the Dior Luggage into the Danube is trudging through the dark. He carries several Dior Bags. What he can't carry he drags from a make-shift rope of clothes he has knotted together.

A NEW ANGLE

We hear a "rustling" in the dark. Something in the bushes. Kusma spins. Now a "rustling" on the other side of Kusma. Again he spins. He reaches behind his back and into the waistband of his pants.

A GUN

More "rustling". Closer and closer. Kusma spins from one side to the other. He drops the bags.

KUSMA

What the-? I'll kill you- I swear I'll-

BAM! A fist drops Kusma. Now a kick. Another kick.

A NEW ANGLE

Reveals Allure knocking Kusma about. Now Lehmann is in frame. He kicks Kusma.

LEHMANN

There was a key in the glove box and yet  
you still tear up the steering collar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Allure turns back to the luggage.

ALLURE  
Smell that?

Allure looks to Kusma who rolls in pain on the ground.

ALLURE (cont'd)  
It's as if Dior created a new fragrance.  
Arkansas they'll call it.

Lehmann looks off the knotted clothes that Kusma created to tow the bags.

LEHMANN  
Inventive.

ALLURE  
Should we kill him?

LEHMANN  
No- he's not worth the bullet.

Lehmann shuffles through the bricks of cash.

EXT. BAR KARMA - NIGHT

Late night club goers in line.

INT. CLUB KARMA - SAME

Charlie has a drink in hand. His eyes watch the crowd.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The under wear clad Bob fights through several Bouncers and past the hallway of girls and johns. He's drunk. Mortified and drunk. He pushes his way down the hall. His hands push as he admonishes.

BOB  
Hey dude, get your hands off me!  
CHARLIE!!? CHARLIE!?

Bob stumbles. Bouncers pull Bob into a room.

INT. CLUB KARMA - SAME

Charlie sips his scotch. The Manager crosses and whispers to Charlie. Bob and trouble. Charlie crosses with the manager.



INT. ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Charlie enters with Spektor's Manager to find Bob shaking on a bed. Bouncers stand watch.

BOB (V.O.)  
CHARLIE!!?

Bob desperately recounts the situation. He sort of cries.

BOB (cont'd)  
Dude, dude I don't know what happened.  
She was doing some blow- I was drinking  
some whiskey- Knob Creek man- we got Knob  
Creek here...Dude we got a club that has  
Knob Creek-

CHARLIE  
Bob- big picture.

Bob's eyes really start to tear.

BOB  
I don't want to screw this up for you  
man. But you know how I get when I'm  
drunk.

CHARLIE  
Bob. Bob, what happened?

BOB  
The Girl. She's dead man. I didn't do it.  
I know you think I did but I didn't.

CHARLIE  
Bob. Bob, shut up.

Charlie slaps Bob. Bob is back with Charlie.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
How do you know she's dead?

BOB  
There's like foam and crap coming out of  
her mouth-

Charlie looks back at Spektor's Manager.

MANAGER  
I'll check it out.

INT. ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Spektor's Manager kneels at the body of Rot's girl Tatya. She is dead on the bed. Eyes wide open. Foam coming from her mouth. The Manager covers Tatya's body with jacket. Spektor's Manager looks back to Charlie.

MANAGER

She's dead.

A NEW ANGLE

Bob defends himself.

BOB

She was just doing blow. You know I don't do that. I was just drinking whiskey. Dude, I don't want to screw this up-

Charlie grabs the crying Bob by the face.

CHARLIE

You're not gonna screw this up- nobody's gonna screw this up-  
(Off Spektor's Manager)  
We need to take care of this.

MANAGER

I'll take care of it.

The Manager looks at a Bouncer with a nod. He crosses inside and picks the dead body of Tatya up. Drunk Bob pulls at Charlie.

BOB

Dude, the other guy. The guy in the windshield-

Charlie looks off Bob.

CHARLIE

I got something else that needs taking care of-

EXT. DUMP SITE - MORNING

Over picture: "SATURDAY"

A BUM pokes through the garbage site. He stops short.

BUMS P.O.V.

OLEG'S sneakers, hand and face. The jacket that covered Tatya is there with some of her clothes and underwear.

EXT. ROAD/ COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

A PRIEST is on his morning "constitutional". An early morning walk. He stops short. His eyes stare. Hanging by his hands from a tree is:

KUSMA

He is naked and hanging by the very "knots" which dragged the Dior Bags.

Kusma hears the Priest. He does everything possible to roll his body around in his "chains". Russian rolls from his tongue. The Priest stares.

INT. CONTRABAND GARAGE - DAY

Charlie's car is parked in the middle of the "inventory". Camera rolls around to reveal:

CHARLIE

He sits in his car. Alone.

INT. CAR - SAME

Charlie stares from behind the wheel. The DIOR BAGS, CASH and GUN on the seat next to him. The garage door is open. Charlie starts the car. Then turns it off. He shakes his head. He climbs from the car.

A NEW ANGLE

Bob stands at the open door.

BOB

Dude, what are you doing? We gotta go.

CHARLIE

We ain't going anywhere. They'll find us.  
We're driving around in a car with half a  
windshield. These people know everybody.  
We'd just get arrested at the border.

Charlie pulls THE DIOR BAGS onto the hood of the car. He begins to pull brick after brick of CASH and stuffs it into the larger of the bags.

BOB

What are you doing?

Charlie packs the larger bag tightly. Now closed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

First thing we do is hide this bag.

Charlie looks up to the rafters.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

Pull that chair over-

Bob pulls the chair beneath the spot Charlie is eyeing.

BOB

I don't get it.

Charlie climbs the chair with the larger of the bags. He "stows" the designer bag above.

CHARLIE

Hermann is a businessman. One of his girls is gone.

Charlie leaps from the chair. He looks inside the smaller bag which is half full with bricks of cellophaned currency. He closes the smaller bag as he explains. Gun into his waistband.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

I know it's a cold way of looking at it-  
but we gotta pay Hermann for what he lost-  
we gotta pay for that girl's life- and  
then we gotta give Spektor his-

Charlie's eyes find Bob.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

They're businessmen.

Bob turns to the boxes of inventory. He takes the Bowie knife and leather sheath.

BOB

I'm taking The Bowie.

Bob stuffs the Bowie Knife into the front of his pants.

INT. SMALL WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

This is Hermann's warehouse. Cigarettes. Cases of cigarettes. Boos. Cases of boos. Anything and everything you could smuggle is here. Hermann makes Charlie and Bob's operation look like a small town day care center.

Hermann walks with a clip board checking off inventory. Charlie and Bob walk beside as Hermann explains the situation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HERMANN

I admire Charlie Hustle's business acumen. Plan is very taught but for one problem. She wasn't my girl. Spektor's girl. I'm afraid- Messrs. Hustle and Cigarette, something is- how do you say- "Afoot".

Hermann's assistant crosses with a clip board. Hermann signs a sheet. Very professional, this operation.

CHARLIE

What do you mean?

HERMANN

The first girl? The one I chose for you? She was special request from Spektor.

CHARLIE

It was a set up?

HERMANN

A girl paid to seduce Bob's, how do I say, "little Kent".

BOB

But why? What did I do?

Hermann stops at an alcove. A mini sweat shop as girls are at sewing machines sewing Levi's patches onto jeans. Stacks and stacks of jeans.

HERMANN

What is the master plan? I do not know. Maybe the drugs were for Bob.

BOB

What did I do?

CHARLIE

It doesn't add up. None of it.

HERMANN

Not important. Speculation at this juncture is not a good business model. But soon you will find out.

Hermann stops.

HERMANN (cont'd)

But the idea is sound. Take the bricks of money to pay for the girl.

(To Bob)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HERMANN (cont'd)  
And you, gunslinger Bob? Ride off into  
sunset.

BOB  
What does that mean?

Off the "looks". First for Charlie, then Bob.

HERMANN  
You pay. You skip town.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Charlie drives. Bob in the passenger seat.

CHARLIE  
Look, you pack a bag and take half the  
cash.

BOB  
Dude-

CHARLIE  
Look we're partners. Everything is 50/50.  
Maybe head back to the states. Look into  
that place in Florida. I'll make things  
right here with Spektor- get his club up  
and running then I'm out.

Bob smiles- or tries.

BOB  
Okay- then we meet up in Florida. Hey,  
how 'bout a bar in the Keys? With little  
casitas? Man, remember that weekend in  
the Keys? Like I died and gone to heaven-

CHARLIE  
Sounds good Bobbo. Sounds like a real  
solid plan. Florida. The Keys. Little  
Casitas- Hemingway country.

BOB  
Yeah, Hemingway country.

EXT. CONTRABAND GARAGE - NIGHT

As Charlie pulls his car to the door. Bob climbs from the car  
to open the door for Charlie's car. Bob talks.

BOB  
Or maybe we do what you want Charlie.  
Maybe a nice place. A place you'd bring a  
girl to-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DOOR

As Bob pulls it open to reveal:

SPEKTOR, VLITS, KOGEN

They wait for Charlie and Bob around:

A CARD TABLE

On which sits:

"THE GUN"

The Colt .45 Spektor bought from Hermann the German. The Gun Charlie holds at the Mansion in the opening.

INT. / EXT. CONTRABAND GARAGE - SAME

Charlie climbs from his car. His eyes look behind him to see Spektor's Enforcers. Charlie and Bob cross into the garage and "the summit". A slow smile from Spektor.

SPEKTOR

Is first night of Karma resounding  
success?

CHARLIE

I guess you could say that.

SPEKTOR

Excepting for dead girl, I'm sure.

Bob crosses.

BOB

Look I didn't do anything- it was bad  
dope- I don't do that stuff. She did some  
bad dope is all-

Spektor coolly dismisses Bob.

SPEKTOR

Shut up.

Bob in his place. Spektor's eyes turn to Charlie.

SPEKTOR (cont'd)

Also understanding there was body in  
windshield. Did you know boy in  
windshield worked for me?

Charlie stares.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPEKTOR (cont'd)  
Is this master plan? Killing off  
employees two at a time?

CHARLIE  
I had nothing to do with the kid in the  
windshield.

Spektor looks outside to Charlie's smashed windshield.

SPEKTOR  
Is your windshield no?

Nothing from Charlie.

SPEKTOR (cont'd)  
So- Charlie Hustle. How do you make this  
right?

Charlie stares at Spektor. Nowhere to go.

CHARLIE  
What was she worth? The girl? The kid.  
What was he worth?

SPEKTOR  
More than you have.

CHARLIE  
You'd be surprised.

SPEKTOR  
Would I?

Charlie leans into his car. The Dior bag free and into view.

CHARLIE  
Give me a number.

SPEKTOR  
Was opening really that good?

CHARLIE  
Just give me a number.

SPEKTOR  
No number. Charlie Hustle's money is no  
good for this sale.

CHARLIE  
What do you mean no good?  
(Off the bag)  
I got real money here. American.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
I wanna buy 'em. Both of them. The kid  
and the girl.

Spektor's head motions to Kogen. Kogen crosses and takes the bag from Charlie. He sets the bag on the table next to "The Gun". He pokes. A nod to Spektor.

SPEKTOR  
I will hold money. For now. Until job  
done. As deposit.

CHARLIE  
Job? Deposit? For what? What the hell are  
you talking about?

SPEKTOR  
Yuri Dvorkin.

CHARLIE  
What about Dvorkin?

Spektor pushes the Colt across the table.

SPEKTOR  
I want you to take this gun- and kill  
Yuri Dvorkin.

A beat. Charlie takes in the ridiculous suggestion.

CHARLIE  
Are you out of your mind? You take your  
club- you kill Yuri Dvorkin- I'm sorry  
about what happened. The girl, the boy.  
But I'm not killing anybody. I'm out.

SPEKTOR  
There is no out.

Spektor nods to Kogen. Kogen reaches for "The Gun". He casually picks it up and points it at:

BOB

BAM! A single shot into Bob's LEG.

SPEKTOR (cont'd)  
Partner shot. You're next.

Charlie spins to Bob as he drops.

BOB  
Ah dude, he shot me- the Boris Karloff  
dude really shot me-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Charlie takes in the reality of what just happened. He spins to Spektor.

CHARLIE

What is wrong with you!?

SPEKTOR

Relax, it's just his leg. Next one is in his head.

CHARLIE

He could bleed to death.

SPEKTOR

Tie off wound, worse case he loses his leg. So "you" will kill- or partner dies- then you die. Your choice.

Charlie looks off Bob. Now his "demand".

CHARLIE

He goes to the hospital- then I kill Dvorkin for you.

SPEKTOR

No, he stays with Mr. Kogen. You kill Dvorkin then you take him to the hospital.

Whimpering Bob's eyes stare down at the hole inside his pants. His hands feeling around.

BOB

Dude- dude-

Bob looks like he's about to die. He waves Charlie close. Charlie leans close.

CHARLIE

What is it buddy?

Bob leans in. A dying man's last wish.

BOB

(whispering)

Dude, it hit the Bowie. The bullet- it hit The Bowie-

Charlie's eyes look to Bob's leg.

THE BOWIE KNIFE

The SLUG buried in the handle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BOB (cont'd)  
(whispering)  
Dude, just do what they say. I'll pretend  
I'm shot- then I'll take The Bowie and  
kill the Boris Karloff dude.

A beat. Charlie takes in the idea. Bob cries. Bad acting and  
all.

BOB (cont'd)  
Man it burns- dude it burns-

Now a wink for Charlie.

CHARLIE  
Okay.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

Charlie is in the back seat of the car. Spektor and Vlits are  
there. Chuchin behind the wheel. Vlits with instructions.

VLITS  
You have one hour.

EXT. CLUB KARMA - NIGHT (FLASH FORWARD)

Spektor's Manager opens the club.

VLITS (V.O.)  
Karma opens as expected. 10 PM. You are  
there.

Charlie stands out front.

VLITS (V.O.) (cont'd)  
11 PM. You leave the club through kitchen  
entrance in alley. Go north.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT (FLASH FORWARD)

We see Charlie stepping into the dark alley. He turns.

VLITS  
There will be a car at the end of the  
alley. East German plates. The keys are  
in the passenger side visor.

INT. CAR - NIGHT (FLASH FORWARD)

Charlie climbs behind the wheel. His hands nervously reach  
for the visor. The keys fall.

INT. MERCEDES - SAME

Charlie stares at the floor of the car.

VLITS

Kiraly to Terez Karut. North. To Nyugati  
Train Station. Under bridge park car.

SPEKTOR

Are you getting this?

CHARLIE

Yes.

EXT. ROAD / BRIDGE - NIGHT (FLASH FORWARD)

The car pulls into the shadows beneath the bridge. Charlie  
climbs into the night.

VLITS (V.O.)

You take over ground tram across Margaret  
Island bridge to the Buda side of the  
city.

EXT. TRAM - NIGHT (FLASH FORWARD)

Charlie looking very alone in the window.

VLITS (V.O.)

You stop at third stop. Saint Steven.

EXT. TRAM STOP - NIGHT (FLASH FORWARD)

Charlie climbs from the tram.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

Spektor looks to Charlie.

SPEKTOR

Are you getting this?

CHARLIE

Yeah-

SPEKTOR

Tell me.

Charlie stares for a beat then re-counts.

CHARLIE

11 PM leave Karma. North in alley. East  
German plates. Keys in visor. North Terez  
Karut park Nyugati station bridge.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
Margaret Island over ground. Saint  
Steven's. What's next?

VLITS  
Through park to yellow church. Across  
from Church statue in courtyard is gate.  
Service entrance.

EXT. CHURCH / STATUE / GATE - NIGHT (FLASH FORWARD)

Charlie crosses past the statue.

A GATE

One of those rolling gates which run on electric pulley.  
Barbed wire everywhere.

A SIGN READS

HIGH VOLTAGE

This is an electric fence.

VLITS (V.O.)  
Electricity off.

Charlie stands at a gate which leads to a driveway. He falls  
back into shadow. His hand tentatively reaches out to touch  
the gate. Electricity off. Charlie's nervous hand pushes the  
gate open a few inches. Charlie slides inside and closes the  
gate.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Charlie's eyes look at Spektor.

SPEKTOR  
At the top of the drive is the kitchen  
entrance. His family is in Kiev. Find  
Dvorkin, kill Dvorkin.  
(To Vlits)  
Show him how the gun works.

Vlits has "THE GUN" into the light. He shows Charlie the  
cylinder.

CHARLIE  
I know how it works. It's a Colt.

Bullet out.

VLITS  
You have one round.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

One?

SPEKTOR

I suggest you don't miss.

Vlits is writing on a card.

SPEKTOR (cont'd)

When it is done you will call this number.

Card handed to Charlie.

SPEKTOR (cont'd)

You can take partner to hospital and I will tell you where you will pick up your money- Then you will leave Budapest. Tonight. Understood?

Charlie looks down at the number. Now to Spektor.

CHARLIE

I understand.

Spektor looks to his watch.

INSERT WATCH

"9:45 PM"

BACK TO SCENE

Spektor nods to Vlits. Door opened. Charlie slides out.

EXT. CLUB KARMA - NIGHT

Charlie crosses the street and for the neon of "KARMA". A line waits.

INT. CONTRABAND GARAGE - NIGHT

Bob leans up against the boxes. His jacket tied as a tourniquet. He feigns pain. He grimaces. Kogen sits at the table. His gun in front of him he pages through a Playboy.

BOB

Dude, you mind if I have a drink?

Nothing from Kogen. He pages.

INT. CLUB KARMA - LATER THAT NIGHT

Music pounds. Bodies leap to techno music. Alcohol flows. Hot girls everywhere.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Yuri Dvorkin's fortress on the hill. Armed guards at the front gate. Armed guards on the grounds.

Over picture: "THE HOUR OF THE GUN".

EXT. MANSION / KITCHEN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Charlie watches an armed GUARD smoke. We are at the opening shot of the movie. He falls back into the shadows until his attention turns to the kitchen entrance.

THE DOOR

Is opened by a Maid. Hungarian as she pushes a Black Cat into the night. She crosses outside with a saucer of milk. Now engaging the Guard.

CHARLIE

Races with the GUN. He slips inside the door.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Charlie crosses through the empty kitchen. He stops at a door. His head pokes.

AN EMPTY HALLWAY

Charlie crosses into the hall. Gun at the ready.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Yuri Dvorkin is in a silk robe. He wears a swimsuit. He crosses through his room and past his twenty year old Girlfriend. She is on the bed watching TV. Dvorkin carries a glass of vodka.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Eerily quiet. Not a soul on sight. Stepping into frame is Charlie. He walks through the enormous mansion. VOICES. Charlie freezes and falls behind an armoire. Bodies pass completely unaware of the intruder. Back to business.

INT. MANSION / INDOOR POOL - NIGHT

Yuri Dvorkin crosses the deck of an indoor pool. He sets a towel on a lounge chair and kicks off his slippers. He crosses to the pool steps and tests the water with his toes.

INT. MANSION / BILLIARD ROOM - NIGHT

Charlie moves past a billiard table. Now a bar. He creeps slowly along. His eyes stop at a blind corner. His head pokes.

CHARLIE'S P.O.V.

FRENCH DOORS

Charlie's eyes look through the glass to see:

THE INDOOR POOL

Dvorkin is stepping into the pool for his swim.

BACK TO SCENE

Charlie looks down to "The Gun". His hands shake. He nervously cocks the hammer.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Rot is on his back. A GIRL in a bra is on top of him. She grinds. Now rises and falls.

ROT

Damn baby- DAMN that is so good-

Then, Rot's pager rings. He rolls off his back and reaches for the pager on the night stand. He reads the pager.

ROT (cont'd)

Sorry baby- gotta roll-

Rot leaps to his feet and crosses to his pants.

A NEW ANGLE

Reveals the GIRL. It is:

TATYA

Rot's girl. The Girl Bob "killed". The Girl Charlie is paying for with murder. She is very much alive. A coy smile for Rot.

TATYA

Are you coming back?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ROT  
Of course baby. I always come back.

Rot pulls on his jewelry.

TATYA  
Rot, my BMW?

ROT  
Coming baby, it's coming. It's all coming  
around-

INT. MANSION / INDOOR POOL - NIGHT

Yuri Dvorkin swims in the pool. Goggles on. Stepping into frame is his GIRLFRIEND. She drops her robe. She crosses for the indoor jacuzzi. She tests the water and then steps in.

Suddenly:

CHARLIE

Crosses through frame with GUN raised. Yuri's Girlfriend smiles innocently not realizing what is happening. Charlie is at the waters edge as Dvorkin finishes a lap. Charlie is inches from Dvorkin.

BAM!

ONE SHOT. Dvorkin's Girlfriend screams. Blood.

EXT. MANSION - SAME

Two armed GUARDS spin. Russian. Subtitled.

GUARD  
What was that?

Armed Bodies spin for the house. We hear radio chatter.

INT. MANSION / INDOOR POOL - NIGHT

The dead body of Yuri Dvorkin floats lifelessly on the water. Security forces converge.

EXT. SERVICE ROAD - NIGHT

Charlie races down the road for his life. He holds THE GUN in one hand as his free hand reaches for OLEG'S GUN that fell into his windshield. Suddenly, an armed GUARD races into frame and in front of Charlie. Charlie doesn't even wait. He raises the other gun and fires. The Guard retreats as Charlie leaps off the road.

EXT. MANSION HILLSIDE - SAME

As Charlie rolls. He finally stops. He's lost hold of the "loaded" Gun. His eyes search his surrounding. He spies the Gun below him. He reaches for the gun and races along the electric fence.

EXT. PARK / CHURCH/ GATE - NIGHT

We hear alarms and sirens over an otherwise peaceful picture. Suddenly, Charlie is racing through the dark. Past the church and into the park.

EXT. METRO STATION - NIGHT

A Train approaches the station. Charlie is racing through the park and for the train. He breaths hard. He takes his jacket off and wraps "the guns" from view.

THE TRAIN

Stopped at the station. Doors open. A few people out. A few people in. Is he gonna make it?

THE PLATFORM

As Charlie races across concrete. The doors begin to close until:

INT. TRAIN - SAME

THE CONDUCTOR

Sees an old woman doddering to the train. Doors re-opened.

CHARLIE

Leaps onto the train. He crosses to a bank of seats. Sweating and breathing hard he falls into a seat. Head down so as not to draw any attention.

EXT. NYUGATI TRAIN STATION BRIDGE - NIGHT

The bridge where Charlie parked the car with East German plates.

ROT'S CORVETTE

Idles behind the car.

INT. CORVETTE - SAME

Rot behind the wheel. Pasha in the passenger seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROT  
(pointing)  
That's the car. Dump it in the river.

PASHA  
So it was all planned?  
(Off Rot's nod)  
It doesn't bother you it was your girl  
they killed?

ROT  
She was a whore.

PASHA  
So they kill Botkin with the gun-

ROT  
Then, he tries to kill Dvorkin. Charlie  
Hustle is just some crazy greedy shit who  
wants it all for himself. That way we can  
move in without starting a war between  
organizations.

PASHA  
What if he does it? What if he kills  
Dvorkin?

Rot laughs.

ROT  
He's got one bullet. Besides it's  
impossible. It's like an army base that  
house. Guns everywhere. He'll never get  
out alive. If he actually managed to get  
Dvorkin? It's like cocaine on ice cream.

Pasha climbs from the car.

PASHA  
There's just one thing that doesn't check  
out. Where did he get the gun? Charlie  
Hustle? All anyone has to do is ask the  
German.

ROT  
Don't you know?

Rot raises A GUN. BAM! A slug into Pasha's chest.

ROT (cont'd)  
You gave it to him.

Pasha falls to his knees. Blood from his chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROT (cont'd)  
You shouldn't steal what doesn't belong  
to you.

A NEW ANGLE

Reveals CHARLIE crossing from the tram station to see Pasha fall on his face. Rot's Corvette speeds from frame. Charlie turns and runs down the street.

INT. CONTRABAND GARAGE - NIGHT

Kogen reads the Playboy. Bob is still leaning on the boxes.

BOB  
Dude, it's not like I'm asking you to  
serve me. I'm just asking if I can have a  
drink. I'm in some real pain here.

Kogen's eyes look to Bob.

BOB (cont'd)  
I can serve myself.

Kogen's head motions that it's okay for Bob to get up. Bob climbs to his feet with an overzealous grimace. Now a groan. Bob plays the "role" as he drags his leg behind him. He crosses for a bottle of whiskey behind Kogen.

BOB (cont'd)  
Hmmm, what do I want? The Johnnie or the  
Jack?

THE KNIFE as Bob surreptitiously pulls it from inside his pants. Kogen's eyes in the Playboy. Knife out Bob raises it over his head. Eyes closed he swings. The BLADE cuts cleanly through the back of Kogen between his shoulder and neck. Blood splatters.

BOB (cont'd)  
OH DUDE-!

Kogen turns. Blood pours. Bob pulls the knife free and falls back. Kogen tries to stand. Then, falls over the table. His gun falls. He reaches for it but Bob kicks it away.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Charlie races. Guns still wrapped in his jacket.

EXT. CONTRABAND GARAGE - NIGHT

As Bob races behind the wheel of Charlie's car which is parked outside. He has the gun and The Bowie. Engine turned over, car is gear.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Bob navigates Charlie's car down the alley only to see Charlie racing around the corner and straight for him. Charlie catches sight of his car. He stops. He's not sure who it is. Bob stops and climbs from the car.

BOB

Dude! I did it!

CHARLIE

Bob?

BOB

I did it dude. I killed the Boris Karloff dude with The Bowie! Did you kill your guy?

CHARLIE

Yeah.

BOB

Really? Who do you want to kill next?

CHARLIE

What?

BOB

Dude, like you said- they'll get to us eventually. We gotta kill him. Spektor. We gotta kill all of 'em. Dude, not to worry- I got The Bowie and a gun.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Charlie with receiver to ear. Bob is outside the booth. Door opened he listens.

INT. PHONE BOOTH / SPEKTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

(Phone call. Intercut as necessary)

Spektor and Vlits wait. Spektor's phone rings. Spektor reaches for the phone.

SPEKTOR

Rot?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

It's done.

You can actually see Spektor's expression change.

SPEKTOR

Done? Dvorkin is dead?

CHARLIE

Yes.

SPEKTOR

Where are you?

CHARLIE

Not important. Where's my money?

SPEKTOR

Do you still have the gun?

CHARLIE

Yes. Where's my money?

SPEKTOR

Tsk, tsk Charlie Hustle. Such the impatient murderer.

Spektor looks to Vlits. He motions for him to "check it out".

SPEKTOR (cont'd)

(to Vlits)

Make a call.

CHARLIE

There is an abandoned factory near Heroes Square. Varga utca. Number 96. You get that? Say it.

SPEKTOR

Varga utca. 96.

CHARLIE

One hour.

SPEKTOR

But first I must check facts. If what you say is true- and Dvorkin is dead- you will have your money. One question. Your partner?

CHARLIE

He's with me. Your guys dead.  
One hour. And you yourself bring it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Click. Charlie climbs from the phone booth. Eyes to Bob.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Pulling into frame is:

LEHMANN'S 750 BMW

Stepping into frame is Hermann. Lehmann's window is down. In fact all windows are down. Hermann pokes his head in to find Allure and Lehmann. Allure holds a scarf over her mouth and nose.

HERMANN

Ah, handsome Lehmann and always fetching-

Hermann takes a big whiff as he looks to Lehmann's backseat. It has been yanked from it's home.

HERMANN (cont'd)

What happened to you lovely German  
engineered automobile?

LEHMANN

It's like I'm a river boat captain on the  
Danube.

HERMANN

Well things are looking up. Here is the  
big scoop. Dior Bag is in possession of a  
good man named Charlie Hustle. Check that-  
was with- bag was taken by mobster  
Spektor.

ALLURE

Bag or bags?

HERMANN

Only one bag to my knowledge.

Lehmann and Allure look to each other.

HERMANN (cont'd)

My ears hear bag to be re-united with  
Hustle at an abandoned factory. 96 Varga  
Utca. Near Heroes Square.

Hermann looks to his watch.

HERMANN (cont'd)

In five minutes. I also hear that Charlie  
Hustle will not live to see reunion. Be  
kind to Hustle- has had tough week. He is  
a good man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEHMANN

Where did he get the bag?

HERMANN

He was taking a beating under a bridge for his missing partner. The bag fell into his windshield proving good things happen to people being beat up under bridges.

Lehmann's hand to Hermann's arm.

LEHMANN

Thanks Hermann.

Lehmann's car speeds off.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

A chainlink fence surrounds the crumbling factory. There is a gate that is broken and half lying on the ground. This is the only way in. Pulling through the fallen gate is Spektor's Mercedes.

INT. MERCEDES - SAME

Spektor and Vlits in the back of the Mercedes Limo. Spektor's driver Chuchin and Rot up front.

THE DIOR BAG

On the seat in back.

EXT. MERCEDES - SAME

Doors open. Spektor's group climbs into the dark. Suddenly:

CHARLIE'S VOICE

Calls from high above.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

That's far enough.

A NEW ANGLE

Charlie and Bob stand atop the crumbling factory, high above the group.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

Everyone back in the car. Spektor, take the bag inside the door to your left. There's a rope. Tie the bag to the rope.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Spektor smiles. Nobody moves.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
Get in the car.

Rot laughs. He looks up to Charlie.

ROT  
Hey rock star- there are four of us- and  
two of you. Maybe you should get in car.

BAM! Charlie fires his "loaded" gun. Vlits drops. His hand to his chest. Blood.

CHARLIE  
Now there's three of you. Eight years in  
the Marine Corp. Spektor- you know the  
one thing they teach you? How to shoot a  
gun. You have three seconds or your kid  
is next. One, two, three-

BAM! Charlie fires. A slug grazes Rot's inner thigh. Rot looks down to see his torn pants.

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
Next time it's your dick.

Bodies scramble. Rot and Chuchin retreat behind doors.

BOB  
Man you're really good with that thing.

CHARLIE  
The bag Spektor.

INT. MERCEDES - SAME

Rot's eyes look up to see Charlie and Bob disappear. He looks to Chuchin. His head motions out. Chuchin and Rot open their doors slowly.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

THE FLOOR / CHARLIE'S PERCH

Spektor crosses through the debris, stacked brick and shadow.

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
That's far enough. See the rope?

A ROPE

Hangs about three feet off the ground. It begins to dance as Charlie moves it. Spektor crosses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE (cont'd)  
Tie the bag.

Spektor grabs the rope. He begins to tie the bag.

SPEKTOR  
And where will you go with this money-  
Charlie Hustle?

BOB  
Florida, dude. Florida.

The rope is pulled by Charlie. Up and down. The bag is secured. The bag spins slowly in place.

SPEKTOR  
But first you must escape fly trap, no?

Then, WE HEAR what sounds like a large piece of furniture being pushed across a floor.

SPEKTOR (cont'd)  
I am afraid under current circumstances  
you will be dead before morning-

THE BAG

Suddenly, leaps from frame and races with rope tether at an unbelievable clip for the ceiling.

SPEKTOR

His eyes look up for a second until:

A HUGE SECTION OF SCAFFOLDING

Descends on the other side of the rope. It crashes and crushes Alexei Spektor.

A NEW ANGLE

Rolling into frame is Spektor's broken GLASS EYE. It stares.

CHARLIE'S PERCH

BOB  
That's gonna leave a mark.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

Charlie and Bob silently descend with the Dior Bag. Guns and Bowie trained.

CHUCHIN

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Crosses into frame below them. He climbs. Charlie and Bob stop short as they spy him. They fall into the shadows. Chuchin climbs into the dark until we hear the blade of the Bowie swing through his stomach. Blood. Chuchin falls. Bob into the light with the Bowie. A smile for Charlie.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY / TOPPLED STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Charlie and Bob move cautiously. Then, A GUN BARREL pokes the back of Charlie's head. Emerging from the dark is ROT.

ROT

Drop the bag. Drop the gun.

Charlie drops the bag and gun. Gun pointed at Bob.

ROT (cont'd)

Now you- gun and knife.

Bob drops his weapons.

ROT (cont'd)

Hands on your head. Both of you.

Hands on heads. Rot pushes Charlie then Bob.

ROT (cont'd)

Walk to the door.

Charlie and Bob walk.

ROT (cont'd)

Stop. Turn around.

They turn.

ROT (cont'd)

You really did it. You killed Dvorkin.  
And you did it with "the Gun". One  
bullet. Where is it?

Charlie pulls the Gun from inside his jacket.

ROT (cont'd)

Bring it here.

(Charlie walks slowly)

When they learn I killed you- they'll  
give me the keys to the city-

Suddenly, TWO SHADOWS in the dark. Charlie stops short. Who? Rot smiles at Charlie. He motions to the Shadows. He thinks it's Spektor and Chuchin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROT (cont'd)  
Three against two- but then you were a  
Marine.

The shadow of Allure and Lehmann step into the light. Lehmann speaks Russian to Rot. Subtitled here.

LEHMANN  
That is my bag.

Rot spins, gun raised. BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! Allure and Lehmann blast away at Rot. Silence. Lehmann crosses to the bag. He turns to Charlie.

LEHMANN (cont'd)  
There were eight bags. Two went through  
your windshield. We now have seven  
accounted for. Where's the other bag?

Suddenly. Lehmann's eyes shift to the Colt .45.

LEHMANN (cont'd)  
That gun? Where did you get that gun?

Silence. Then:

CHARLIE  
Does it matter?

LEHMANN  
No.

CHARLIE  
You want it?

LEHMANN  
I might.

CHARLIE  
You want it enough to trade it for- say  
the eighth bag?

BOB  
It really wasn't much of a bag. More of  
an overnight deal-

Lehmann looks to Allure. She nods.

LEHMANN  
Done.

Charlie holds the gun out for Lehmann.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLIE

Done.

EXT. BUDAPEST - NIGHT

The Chain Bridge. Buda Castle. Etc.

Over picture: "Budapest. Six months later"

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A neon sign reads: "DIOR". A crowd at the door. The right kind of crowd. Over picture:

"SATURDAY"

INT. CLUB DIOR - NIGHT

Charlie stands at the door. His trademark white tuxedo. Hair neat and parted on the side. He's Rick from Casablanca. His smile welcomes a couple through the door.

CHARLIE

Hello, welcome to Dior. Let's get you a table.

(A smile to the couple)

The right table.

Charlie escorts the couple into the club. Camera rolls past him. Talking to a pretty young girl is Bob. He wears a casual Tux with no tie. Ever the player.

A GLASS CASE

THE DIOR BAG

We slowly dolly in. We hear Charlie's VOICE over picture.

CHARLIE (V.O.) (cont'd)

Some people go their whole lives with that silver spoon in their mouth. Other people- well, we gotta work for it. If you work hard enough and you get a little lucky? And you finally get your piece? Take that spoon and dig into your cake- enjoy. And to all the guys that don't have to work for it? *Go fuck yourselves.*

BLACK.

**THE END**