

170D

EXT. STRIP MALL - PARKING LOT - LONG ISLAND - DAY  
(LATE SUMMER '95)

170D

Brad waits by his Range Rover as Donnie's Rolls careens into the lot. He emerges, briefcase in hand.

DONNIE

Fu Manchu! Kung fu!

Donnie starts doing spastic karate moves. Is he high? Sure looks like it. Brad looks pissed, and Donnie starts laughing. Actually he's dead sober.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

I'm just fucking with you, man.

Jesus, the look on your face.

(Brad isn't laughing)

Hey, sorry if I got outta line the other day, I was just, that was the drugs talking...

BRAD

S'cool, just... gimme the case.

DONNIE

(he doesn't)

You know, I always kinda regretted you didn't come to work with us at Stratton. It'd be so cool having you around, man.

BRAD

(growing impatient)

Yeah, well...

DONNIE

You'd be one of us, we'd go out-partying together, you wouldn't have to dress like a mall rat guinea prison bitch all the time.

Donnie grins, obviously still smarting from Brad's slap. Brad just wants to take the money and be done.

BRAD

Give me the money.

A DISTANCE AWAY, a COP in a patrol car notices Brad gesturing to Donnie for his briefcase. He nudges his partner: check this out.

DONNIE

Can I come over and help tape this to your wife? "Eez so focking steeky! Take eet off, Bra-hod!"

Brad composes himself, lest he kill the guy.