

"RESERVOIR DOGS"

Screenplay by

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Final Draft

INT. UNCLE BOB'S PANCAKE HOUSE - MORNING

Eight men dressed in BLACK SUITS, sit around a table at a breakfast cafe. They are MR. WHITE, MR. PINK, MR. BLUE, MR. BLONDE, MR. ORANGE, MR. BROWN, NICE GUY EDDIE CABOT, and the big boss, JOE CABOT. Most are finished eating and are enjoying coffee and conversation. Joe flips through a small address book. Mr. Pink is telling a long and involved story about Madonna.

MR. BROWN

"Like a Virgin" is all about a girl who digs a guy with a big dick. The whole song is a metaphor for big dicks.

MR. BLONDE

No it's not. It's about a girl who is very vulnerable and she's been fucked over a few times. Then she meets some guy who's really sensitive -

MR. BROWN

Whoa... whoa... time out Greenbay. Tell that bullshit to the tourists.

JOE

(looking through his address book)

Toby... who the fuck is Toby? Toby... Toby... think... think... think...

MR. BROWN

It's not about a nice girl who meets a sensitive boy. Now granted that's what "True Blue" is about, no argument about that.

MR. ORANGE

Which one is "True Blue?"

NICE GUY EDDIE

You don't remember "True Blue?" That was a big ass hit for Madonna. Shit, I don't even follow this Tops In Pops shit, and I've at least heard of "True Blue."

MR. ORANGE

Look, asshole, I didn't say I ain't

heard of it. All I asked was how does it go? Excuse me for not being the world's biggest Madonna fan.

MR. WHITE

I hate Madonna.

MR. BLUE

I like her early stuff. You know, "Lucky Star," "Borderline" - but once she got into her "Papa Don't Preach" phase, I don't know, I tuned out.

MR. BROWN

Hey, fuck all that, I'm making a point here. You're gonna make me lose my train of thought.

JOE

Oh fuck, Toby's that little china girl.

MR. WHITE

What's that?

JOE

I found this old address book in a jacket I ain't worn in a coon's age. Toby what? What the fuck was her last name?

MR. BROWN

Where was I?

MR. PINK

You said "True Blue" was about a nice girl who finds a sensitive fella. But "Like a Virgin" was a metaphor for big dicks.

MR. BROWN

Let me tell ya what "Like a Virgin"'s about. It's about some cooze who's a regular fuck machine. I mean all the time, morning, day, night, afternoon, dick, dick, dick, dick, dick, dick, dick, dick, dick, dick, dick.

MR. BLUE

How many dicks was that?

MR. WHITE

A lot.

MR. BROWN

Then one day she meets a John Holmes motherfucker, and it's like, whoa baby. This mother fucker's like Charles Bronson in "The Great Escape." He's diggin' tunnels. Now she's

gettin' this serious dick action,  
she's feelin' something she ain't  
felt since forever. Pain.

JOE  
Chew? Toby Chew? No.

MR. BROWN  
It hurts. It hurts her. It shouldn't  
hurt. Her pussy should be Bubble-Yum  
by now. But when this cat fucks her,  
it hurts. It hurts like the first  
time. The pain is reminding a fuck  
machine what it was like to be a  
virgin. Hence, "Like a Virgin."

The fellas crack up.

JOE  
Wong?

MR. BROWN  
Fuck you, wrong. I'm right! What the  
fuck do you know about it anyway?  
You're still listening to Jerry-  
fucking-Vale.

JOE  
Not wrong, dumb ass, Wong! You know,  
like the Chinese name?

Mr. White snatches the address book from Joe's hand. They  
fight, but they're not really mad at each other.

MR. WHITE  
Give me this fucking thing.

JOE  
What the fuck do you think you're  
doin'? Give me my book back!

MR. WHITE  
I'm sick of fuckin' hearin' it Joe;  
I'll give it back when we leave.

JOE  
Whaddaya mean, give it to me when we  
leave, give it back now.

MR. WHITE  
For the past fifteen minutes now,  
you've just been droning on with  
names. "Toby... Toby... Toby... Toby  
Wong... Toby Wong... Toby Chung...  
fuckin' Charlie Chan." I got Madonna's  
big dick outta my right ear, and  
Toby Jap I-don't-know-what, outta my  
left.

JOE  
What do you care?

MR. WHITE

When you're annoying as hell, I care a lot.

JOE

Give me my book.

MR. WHITE

You gonna put it away?

JOE

I'm gonna do whatever I wanna do with it.

MR. WHITE

Well, then, I'm afraid I'm gonna have to keep it.

MR. BLONDE

Joe, you want me to shoot him for you?

MR. WHITE

Shit, you shoot me in a dream, you better wake up and apologize.

NICE GUY EDDIE

Have you guys been listening to K-BILLY's super sounds of the seventies weekend?

MR. PINK

Yeah, it's fuckin' great isn't it?

NICE GUY EDDIE

Can you believe the songs they been playin'?

MR. PINK

No, I can't. You know what I heard the other day? "Heartbeat-It's Lovebeat," by little Tony DeFranco and the DeFranco Family. I haven't heard that since I was in fifth fuckin' grade.

NICE GUY EDDIE

When I was coming down here, I was playin' it. And "The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia" came on. Now I ain't heard that song since it was big, but when it was big, I heard it a million-trillion times. I'm listening to it this morning, and this was the first time I ever realized that the lady singing the song, was the one who killed Andy.

MR. BROWN

You didn't know Vicki Lawrence killed

the guy?

NICE GUY EDDIE  
I thought the cheatin wife shot Andy.

MR. BLONDE  
They say it in the song.

NICE GUY EDDIE  
I know, I heard it. I musta zoned  
out whenever that part came on before.  
I thought when she said that little  
sister stuff, she was talkin' about  
her sister-in-law, the cheatin' wife.

JOE  
No, she did it. She killed the  
cheatin' wife, too.

MR. WHITE  
Who gives a damn?

The table laughs. The WAITRESS comes over to the table. She  
has the check, and a pot of coffee.

WAITRESS  
Can I get anybody more coffee.

JOE  
No, we're gonna be hittin' it. I'll  
take care of the check.

She hands the bill to him.

WAITRESS  
Here ya go. Please pay at the  
register, if you wouldn't mind.

JOE  
Sure thing.

WAITRESS  
You guys have a wonderful day.

They all mutter equivalent. She exits and Joe stands up.

JOE  
I'll take care of this, you guys  
leave the tip.  
(to Mr. White)  
And when I come back, I want my book  
back.

MR. WHITE  
Sorry, it's my book now.

JOE  
Blonde, shoot this piece of shit,  
will ya?

Mr. Blonde shoots Mr. White with his finger. Mr. White acts

shot. Joe exits.

NICE GUY EDDIE

Okay, everybody cough up green for the little lady.

Everybody whips out a buck, and throws it on the table. Everybody, that is, except Mr. Pink.

NICE GUY EDDIE

C'mon, throw in a buck.

MR. PINK

Uh-uh. I don't tip.

NICE GUY EDDIE

Whaddaya mean you don't tip?

MR. PINK

I don't believe in it.

NICE GUY EDDIE

You don't believe in tipping?

MR. BROWN

(laughing)

I love this guy, he's a madman, this guy.

MR. BLONDE

Do you have any idea what these ladies make? They make shit.

MR. PINK

Don't give me that. She don't make enough money, she can quit.

Everybody laughs.

NICE GUY EDDIE

I don't even know a Jew who'd have the balls to say that. So let's get this straight. You never ever tip?

MR. PINK

I don't tip because society says I gotta. I tip when somebody deserves a tip. When somebody really puts forth an effort, they deserve a little something extra. But this tipping automatically, that shit's for the birds. As far as I'm concerned, they're just doin' their job.

MR. BLUE

Our girl was nice.

MR. PINK

Our girl was okay. She didn't do anything special.

MR. BLUE

What's something special, take ya in the kitchen and suck your dick?

They all laugh.

NICE GUY EDDIE

I'd go over twelve percent for that.

MR. PINK

Look, I ordered coffee. Now we've been here a long fuckin' time, and she's only filled my cup three times. When I order coffee, I want it filled six times.

MR. BLONDE

What if she's too busy?

MR. PINK

The words "too busy" shouldn't be in a waitress's vocabulary.

NICE GUY EDDIE

Excuse me, Mr. White, but the last thing you need is another cup of coffee.

They all laugh.

MR. PINK

These ladies aren't starvin' to death. They make minimum wage. When I worked for minimum wage, I wasn't lucky enough to have a job that society deemed tipworthy.

NICE GUY EDDIE

Ahh, now we're getting down to it. It's not just that he's a cheap bastard -

MR. ORANGE

It is that too -

NICE GUY EDDIE

It is that too. But it's also he couldn't get a waiter job. You talk like a pissed off dishwasher: "Fuck those cunts and their fucking tips."

MR. BLONDE

So you don't care that they're counting on your tip to live?

Mr. Pink rubs two of his fingers together.

MR. PINK

Do you know what this is? It's the world's smallest violin, playing just for the waitresses.

MR. WHITE

You don't have any idea what you're talking about. These people bust their ass. This is a hard job.

MR. PINK

So's working at McDonald's, but you don't feel the need to tip them. They're servin' ya food, you should tip em. But no, society says tip these guys over here, but not those guys over there. That's bullshit.

MR. BLUE

They work harder than the kids at McDonald's.

MR. PINK

Oh yeah, I don't see them cleaning fryers.

MR. BLUE

These people are taxed on the tips they make. When you stiff 'em, you cost them money.

MR. WHITE

Waitressing is the number one occupation for female non-college graduates in this country. It's the one job basically any woman can get, and make a living on. The reason is because of tips.

MR. PINK

Fuck all that.

They all laugh.

MR. PINK

Hey, I'm very sorry that the government taxes their tips. That's fucked up. But that ain't my fault. it would appear that waitresses are just one of the many groups the government fucks in the ass on a regular basis. You show me a paper says the government shouldn't do that, I'll sign it. Put it to a vote, I'll vote for it. But what I don't do is play ball. And this non-college bullshit you're telling me, I got two words for that: "Learn to fuckin' type." Cause if you're expecting me to help out with the rent, you're in for a big fuckin' surprise.

MR. ORANGE

He's convinced me. Give me my dollar back.



Everybody laughs. Joe's comes back to the table.

JOE

Okay ramblers, let's get to rambling.  
Wait a minute, who didn't throw in?

MR. ORANGE

Mr. Pink.

JOE

(to Mr. Orange)  
Mr. Pink?  
(to Mr. Pink)  
Why?

MR. ORANGE

He don't tip.

JOE

(to Mr. Orange)  
He don't tip?  
(to Mr. Pink)  
You don't tip? Why?

MR. ORANGE

He don't believe in it.

JOE

(to Mr. Orange)  
He don't believe in it?  
(to Mr. Pink)  
You don't believe in it?

MR. ORANGE

Nope.

JOE

(to Mr. Orange)  
Shut up!  
(to Mr. Pink)  
Cough up the buck, ya cheap bastard,  
I paid for your goddamn breakfast.

MR. PINK

Because you paid for the breakfast,  
I'm gonna tip. Normally I wouldn't.

JOE

Whatever. Just throw in your dollar,  
and let's move.  
(to Mr. White)  
See what I'm dealing with here.  
Infants. I'm fuckin' dealin' with  
infants.

The eight men get up to leave. Mr. White's waist is in the F.G. As he buttons his coat, for a second we see he's carrying a gun. They exit Uncle Bob's Pancake House, talking amongst themselves.

EXT. UNCLE BOB'S PANCAKE HOUSE - DAY

CREDIT SEQUENCE

When the credit sequence is finished, we FADE TO BLACK:

Over the BLACK we hear the sound of SOMEONE SCREAMING in agony.

Under the screaming, we hear the sound of a car HAULING ASS, through traffic.

Over the screams and the traffic noise, we hear SOMEBODY ELSE SAY:

SOMEBODY ELSE (O.S.)  
Just hold on buddy boy.

Somebody stops screaming long enough to say:

SOMEBODY (O.S.)  
I'm sorry. I can't believe she killed  
me. Who would've fuckin' thought  
that?

CUT TO:

INT. GETAWAY CAR (MOVING) - DAY

The Somebody screaming is Mr. Orange. He lies in the backseat. He's been SHOT in the stomach. BLOOD covers both him and the backseat.

Mr. White is the Somebody Else. He's behind the wheel of the getaway car. He's easily doing 80 mph, dodging in and out of traffic. Though he's driving for his life, he keeps talking to his wounded passenger in the backseat.

They are the only two in the car.

MR. WHITE  
Hey, just cancel that shit right  
now! You're hurt. You're hurt really  
fucking bad, but you ain't dying.

MR. ORANGE  
(crying)  
All this blood is scaring the shit  
outta me. I'm gonna die, I know it.

MR. WHITE  
Oh excuse me, I didn't realize you  
had a degree in medicine. Are you a  
doctor? Are you a doctor? Answer me  
please, are you a doctor?

MR. ORANGE  
No, I'm not!

MR. WHITE  
Ahhhh, so you admit you don't know

what you're talking about. So if you're through giving me your amateur opinion, lie back and listen to the news. I'm taking you back to the rendezvous, Joe's gonna get you a doctor, the doctor's gonna fix you up, and you're gonna be okay. Now say it: You're gonna be okay. Say it: You're gonna be okay!

Mr. Orange doesn't respond. Mr. White starts pounding on the steering wheel.

MR. WHITE  
Say-the-goddamn-words: You're gonna be okay!

MR. ORANGE  
I'm okay.

MR. WHITE  
(softly)  
Correct.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The CAMERA does a 360 around an empty warehouse. Then the door swings open, and Mr. White carries the bloody body of Mr. Orange inside.

Mr. Orange still is MOANING loudly from his bullet hit.

Mr. White lays him down upon a mattress on the floor.

MR. WHITE  
Just hold on buddy boy. Hold on, and wait for Joe. I can't do anything for you, but when Joe gets here, which should be anytime now, he'll be able to help you. We're just gonna sit here, and wait for Joe. Who are we waiting for?

MR. ORANGE  
Joe.

MR. WHITE  
Bet your sweet ass we are.

Mr. White gets up from over Mr. Orange and starts to prowls around the warehouse.

MR. ORANGE  
(yelling)  
Don't leave me!

Mr White bends back over him and takes his hand.

MR. WHITE  
I ain't going anywhere. I'm right here. I'm not gonna leave ya.

MR. ORANGE

Larry, I'm so scared, would you please hold me.

Mr. White very gently embraces the bloody Mr. Orange. Cradling the young man, Mr. White whispers to him.

MR. WHITE

(whispering)

Go ahead and be scared, you've been brave enough for one day. I want you to just relax now. You're not gonna die, you're gonna be fine. When Joe gets here, he'll make ya a hundred percent again.

Mr. White lays Mr. Orange back down on the mattress. He's still holding his hand. Mr. Orange looks up at his friend.

MR. ORANGE

Look, I don't wanna be a fly in the ointment, but if help doesn't come soon, I gotta see a doctor. I don't give a fuck about jail, I just don't wanna die.

MR. WHITE

You're not gonna fucking die, all right?

MR. ORANGE

I wasn't born yesterday. I'm hurt, and I'm hurt bad.

MR. WHITE

It's not good...

MR. ORANGE

Hey, bless your heart for what you're trying to do. I was panicking for a moment, but I've got my senses back now. The situation is, I'm shot in the belly. And without medical attention, I'm gonna die.

MR. WHITE

I can' take you to a hospital.

MR. ORANGE

Fuck jail! I don't give a shit about jail. But I can't die. You don't have to take me in. Just drive me up to the front, drop me on the sidewalk. I'll take care of myself. I won't tell them anything. I swear to fucking god, I won't tell 'em anything. Look in my eyes, look right in my eyes.

(Mr. White does)

I-won't-tell-them-anything. You'll be safe.

MR. WHITE  
Lie back down, and try to -

MR. ORANGE  
I'm going to die! I need a doctor!  
I'm begging you, take me to a doctor.

Mr. Orange lays his head back on the mattress. Spent from his outburst, he quietly mutters to himself:

MR. ORANGE  
Take me to a doctor, take me to a  
doctor, please.

Suddenly, the warehouse door BURSTS open and Mr. Pink steps inside.

MR. PINK  
Was that a fucking set-up or what?

Mr. Pink sees Mr. Orange on the floor, shot and bloody.

MR. PINK  
Oh fuck, Orange got tagged.

Throughout this scene, we hear Mr. Orange moaning.

MR. WHITE  
Gun shot.

MR. PINK  
Oh that's just fucking great! Where's  
Brown?

MR. WHITE  
Dead.

MR. PINK  
Goddamn, goddamn! How did he die?

MR. WHITE  
How the fuck do you think? The cops  
shot him.

MR. PINK  
Oh this is bad, this is so bad.  
(referring to Mr.  
Orange)  
Is it bad?

MR. WHITE  
As opposed to good?

MR. PINK  
This is so fucked up. Somebody fucked  
us big time.

MR. WHITE  
You really think we were set up?

MR. PINK

You even doubt it? I don't think we got set up, I know we got set up! I mean really, seriously, where did all those cops come from, huh? One minute they're not there, the next minute they're there. I didn't hear any sirens. The alarm went off, okay. Okay, when an alarm goes off, you got an average of four minutes response time. Unless a patrol car is cruising that street, at that particular moment, you got four minutes before they can realistically respond. In one minute there were seventeen blue boys out there. All loaded for bear, all knowing exactly what the fuck they were doing, and they were all just there! Remember that second wave that showed up in the cars? Those were the ones responding to the alarm. But those other motherfuckers were already there, they were waiting for us.  
(pause)

You haven't thought about this?

MR. WHITE

I haven't had a chance to think. First I was just trying to get the fuck outta there. And after we got away, I've just been dealin' with him.

MR. PINK

Well, you better start thinking about it. Cause I, sure as fuck, am thinking about it. In fact, that's all I'm thinking about. I came this close to just driving off. Whoever set us up, knows about this place. There could've been cops sitting here waiting for me. For all we know, there's cops, driving fast, on their way here now.

MR. WHITE

Let's go in the other room...

The camera creeps along a wall, coming to a corner. We move past it, and see down a hall.

INT. BATHROOM HALLWAY - DAY

At the end of the hall is a bathroom. The bathroom door is partially closed, restricting our view. Mr. Pink is obscured, but Mr. White is in view.

MR. PINK (O.S.)

What the fuck am I doing here? I felt funny about this job right off. As soon as I felt it I should said

"No thank you", and walked. But I never fucking listen. Every time I ever got burned buying weed, I always knew the guy wasn't right. I just felt it. But I wanted to believe him. If he's not lyin' to me, and it really is Thai stick, then whoa baby. But it's never Thai stick. And I always said if I felt that way about a job, I'd walk. And I did, and I didn't, because of fuckin' money!

MR. WHITE

What's done is done, I need you cool.  
Are you cool?

MR. PINK

I'm cool.

MR. WHITE

Splash some water on your face. Take  
a breather.

We hear the sink running, and Mr. Pink splashing water on his face.

MR. WHITE

I'm gonna get me my smokes.

Mr. White opens the bathroom door, walks down the hall, and OUT OF FRAME. We see Mr. Pink, his back turned towards us, bent over the sink. Then he grabs a towels, and dries his face. Mr. White ENTERS FRAME with a pack of Chesterfields in his hand.

MR. WHITE

Want a smoke?

MR. PINK

Why not?

The two men light up.

MR. WHITE

Okay, let's go through what happened. We're in the place, everything's going fine. Then the alarm gets tripped. I turn around and all these cops are outside. You're right, it was like, bam! I blink my eyes are they're there. Everybody starts going apeshit. Then Mr. Blonde starts shootin' all the -

MR. PINK

That's not correct.

MR. WHITE

What's wrong with it?

MR. PINK

The cops didn't show up after the alarm went off. They didn't show till after Mr. Blonde started shooting everyone.

MR. WHITE

As soon as I heard the alarm, I saw the cops.

MR. PINK

I'm telling ya, it wasn't that soon. They didn't let their presence be known until after Mr. Blonde went off. I'm not sayin' they weren't there, I'm sayin' they were there. But they didn't move in till Mr. Blonde became a madman. That's how I know we were set up. You can see that, can't you, Mr. White?

MR. WHITE

Look, enough of this "Mr White" shit -

MR. PINK

Don't tell me your name, I don't want to know! I sure as hell ain't gonna tell ya mine.

MR. WHITE

You're right, this is bad.  
(pause)  
How did you get out?

MR. PINK

Shot my way out. Everybody was shooting, so I just blasted my way outta there.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROWDED CITY STREET - DAY

Mr. Pink is hauling ass down a busy city sidewalk. He has a canvas bag with a shoulder strap in one hand, and a .357 MAGNUM in the other. If any BYSTANDERS get in his way, he just knocks them down. We DOLLY at the same speed, right along side of him.

FOUR POLICEMEN are running after Mr. Pink. We DOLLY with them.

We DOLLY with a young woman on roller skates. ROLLERGIRL is plugged into a walkman. We hear the song she's listening to LOUD over the SOUNDTRACK. She's twirling and skating backwards to the beat of the song.

Rollergirl turns a corner and COLLIDES with Mr. Pink. The man and woman CRASH to the ground.

Mr. Pink rolls into the street, in front of a moving car that SCREECHES to a stop, narrowly avoiding running over



him.

INT. CAR (STOPPED) - DAY

The CAMERA is in the backseat. A SHOCKED WOMAN is the car's driver. Mr. Pink pulls himself up from the hood, shakes it off, and points his magnum at the driver.

MR. PINK  
Get outta the car! Get the fuck outta  
the car!

The Shocked Woman starts screaming.

Mr. Pink tries to open the driver's side door, but it's locked.

MR. PINK  
Open the fucking door!

EXTREME CLOSEUP - DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW

Mr. Pink SMASHES it in our face.

EXT. STREET - DAY

DOLLY with Cops coming up fast.

Mr. Pink DRAGS the Shocked Woman out of the car.

The Cops reach the corner, guns aimed.

Using the car as a shield, Mr. Pink FIRES three shots at the Cops.

Everybody HITS the ground, or scatters.

Mr. Pink HOPS in the car.

Cops FIRE.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

CAMERA in the backseat, Mr. Pink FLOORS it. SPEEDING down the street, with the Cops FIRING after him.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The young cop takes off running and firing after the getaway car. It's no use. Mr. Pink leaves him in the dust.

BACK TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Mr. Pink and Mr. White still talking in the bathroom.

MR. PINK  
Tagged a couple of cops. Did you  
kill anybody?

MR. WHITE

A few cops.

MR. PINK

No real people?

MR. WHITE

Uh-uh, just cops.

MR. PINK

Could you believe Mr. Blonde?

MR. WHITE

That was one of the most insane fucking things I've ever seen. Why the fuck would Joe hire somebody like that?

MR. PINK

I don't wanna kill anybody. But if I gotta get out that door, and you're standing in my way, one way or the other, you're gettin' outta my way.

MR. WHITE

That's the way I look at it. A choice between doin' ten years, and takin' out some stupid motherfucker, ain't no choice at all. But I ain't no madman either. What the fuck was Joe thinkin'? You can't work with a guy like that. That motherfucker's unstable. What do you think? Do you think he panicked, or ya think he's just trigger-happy?

MR. PINK

I think he's a sick fuckin' maniac! We're awful goddamn lucky he didn't tag us, when he shot up the place. I came this fucking close -  
    (hold up two fingers  
    and makes a tiny  
    space between them)  
to taking his ass out myself. Everybody panics. When things get tense, everybody panics. Everybody. I don't care what your name is, you can't help it. It's human nature. But ya panic on the inside. Ya panic in your head. Ya give yourself a couple a seconds of panic, then you get a grip and deal with the situation. What you don't do, is shoot up the place and kill everybody.

MR. WHITE

What you're supposed to do is act like a fuckin' professional. A psychopath is not a professional. You can't work with a psychopath,

'cause ya don't know what those sick  
assholes are gonna do next. I mean,  
Jesus Christ, how old do you think  
that black girl was? Twenty, maybe  
twenty-one?

MR. PINK

Did ya see what happened to anybody  
else?

MR. WHITE

Me and Mr. Orange jumped in the car  
and Mr. Brown floored it. After that,  
I don't know what went down.

MR. PINK

At that point it became every man  
for himself. As far as Mr. Blonde or  
Mr. Blue are concerned, I ain't got  
the foggiest. Once I got out, I never  
looked back.

MR. WHITE

What do you think?

MR. PINK

What do I think? I think the cops  
caught them, or killed 'em.

MR. WHITE

Not even a chance they punched  
through? You found a hole.

MR. PINK

Yeah, and that was a fucking miracle.  
But if they did get away, where the  
fuck are they?

MR. WHITE

You don't think it's possible, one  
of them got a hold of the diamonds  
and pulled a -

MR. PINK

Nope.

MR. WHITE

How can you be so sure?

MR. PINK

I got the diamonds.

MR. WHITE

Where?

MR. PINK

I got 'em, all right?

MR. WHITE

Where? Are they out in the car?

MR. PINK

No, they're not in the car. No, I don't have them on me. Ya wanna go with me and get 'em? Yes, we can go right now. But first listen to what I'm telling you. We were fuckin' set up! Somebody is in league with the cops. We got a Judas in our midst. And I'm thinkin' we should have our fuckin' heads examined for waiting around here.

MR. WHITE

That was the plan, we meet here.

MR. PINK

Then where is everybody? I say the plan became null and void once we found out we got a rat in the house. We ain't got the slightest fuckin' idea what happened to Mr. Blonde or Mr. Blue. They could both be dead or arrested. They could be sweatin' 'em, down at the station house right now. Yeah they don't know the names, but they can sing about this place. I mean, that could be happening right now. As we speak, the cops could be in their cars, drivin' here this minute.

MR. WHITE

I swear to god I'm fuckin' jinxed.

MR. PINK

What?

MR. WHITE

Two jobs back, it was a four man job, we discovered one of the team was an undercover cop.

MR. PINK

No shit?

MR. WHITE

Thank god, we discovered in time. We hadda forget the whole fuckin' thing. Just walked away from it.

MR. PINK

So who's the rat this time? Mr. Blue? Mr. Blonde? Joe? It's Joe's show, he set this whole thing up. Maybe he set it up to set it up.

MR. WHITE

I don't buy it. Me and Joe go back a long time. I can tell ya straight up, Joe definitely didn't have anything to do with this bullshit.

MR. PINK

Oh, you and Joe go back a long time.  
I known Joe since I was a kid. But  
me saying Joe definitely couldn't  
have done it is ridiculous. I can  
say I definitely didn't do it, cause  
I know what I did or didn't do. But  
I can't definitely say that about  
anybody else, 'cause I don't  
definitely know. For all I know,  
you're the rat.

MR. WHITE

For all I know, you're the rat.

MR. PINK

Now you're using your head. For all  
we know, he's the rat.

MR. WHITE

That kid in there is dying from a  
fuckin' bullet that I saw him take.  
So don't be calling him a rat.

MR. PINK

Look, asshole, I'm right! Somebody's  
a fuckin' rat. How many times do I  
hafta say it before it sinks in your  
skull?

The talking stops. The two men just stare at each other. Mr.  
Pink breaks the silence.

MR. PINK

I gotta take a squirt, where's the  
commode in this dungeon?

MR. WHITE

Go down the hall, turn left, up those  
stairs, then turn right.

Mr. Pink exits frame, leaving Mr. White alone.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD:

"MR. WHITE"

EMPTY FRAME

In the background we see what looks like an office set up.

VOICE

How's Alabama?

MR. WHITE

Alabama? I haven't seen Alabama over  
a year and a half.

VOICE

I thought you two were a team.

MR. WHITE

We were for a little while. Did about four jobs together. Then decided to call it quits. You push it long enough that woman man thing gets in your way after a while.

We now cut to see Joe behind his desk.

JOE

What's she doin' now?

MR. WHITE

She hooked up with Fed McGar, they've done a couple a jobs together. Good little thief. So, explain the telegram.

JOE

Five-man job. Bustin' in and bustin' out of a diamond wholesaler's.

MR. WHITE

Can you move the ice afterwards? I don't know nobody who can move ice.

JOE

Not a problem, got guys waitin' for it. But what happened to Marsellus Spivey? Didn't he always move your ice?

MR. WHITE

He's doin' twenty years in Susanville.

JOE

What for?

MR. WHITE

Bad luck. What's the exposure like?

JOE

Two minutes, tops. It's a tough two minutes. It's daylight, during business hours, dealing with a crowd. But you'll have the guys to deal with the crowd.

MR. WHITE

How many employees?

JOE

Around twenty. Security pretty lax. They almost always just deal in boxes. Rough uncut stones they get from the syndicate. On a certain day this wholesaler's gettin' a big shipment of polished stones from Israel.

They're like a way station. They are gonna get picked up the next day and sent to Vermont.

MR. WHITE

No, they're not.

The men share a laugh.

MR. WHITE

What's the cut, poppa?

JOE

Juicy, junior, real juicy.

FADE TO BLACK:

BACK TO THE GARAGE

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

We follow Mr. Pink, HANDHELD, back through the rooms and hallways to the garage. We follow behind him up to Mr. White, who's standing over Mr. Orange.

MR. PINK

So, I don't know about you, but me -  
I'm gonna split, check into a motel  
and lay low for a few days.

As he gets closer he sees Mr. Orange is out. He runs over to them.

MR. PINK

So, is he dead or what?

MR. WHITE

He ain't dead.

MR. PINK

So what is it?

MR. WHITE

I think he's just passed out.

MR. PINK

He scared the fuckin' shit outta me.  
I thought he was dead fer sure.

Mr. White stands up and walks over to a table.

MR. WHITE

He will be dead fer sure, if we don't  
get him to a hospital.

MR. PINK

We can't take him to a hospital.

MR. WHITE

Without medical attention, this man  
won't live through the night. That

bullet in his belly is my fault. Now while that might not mean jack shit to you, it means a helluva lot to me. And I'm not gonna just sit around and watch him die.

MR. PINK

Well, first things first, staying here's goofy. We gotta book up.

MR. WHITE

So what do you suggest, we go to a hotel? We got a guy who's shot in the belly, he can't walk, he bleeds like a stuck pig, and when he's awake, he screams in pain.

MR. PINK

You gotta idea, spit it out.

MR. WHITE

Joe could help him. If we can get in touch with Joe, Joe could get him to a doctor, Joe could get a doctor to come and see him.

During Mr. Pink's dialog, we slowly ZOOM in to a CLOSEUP of Mr. White.

MR. PINK (O.S.)

Assuming we can trust Joe, how we gonna get in touch with him? He's supposed to be here, but he ain't, which is making me nervous about being here. Even if Joe is on the up and up, he's probably not gonna be that happy with us. Joe planned a robbery, but he's got a blood bath on his hands now. Dead cops, dead robbers, dead civilians... Jesus Christ! I tend to doubt he's gonna have a lot of sympathy for our plight. If I was him, I'd try and put as much distance between me and this mess as humanly possible.

MR. WHITE

Before you got here, Mr. Orange was askin' me to take him to a hospital. Now I don't like turning him over to the cops, but if we don't, he's dead. He begged me to do it. I told him to hold off till Joe got here.

MR. PINK (O.S.)

Well Joe ain't gettin' here. We're on our own. Now, I don't know a goddamn body who can help him, so if you know somebody, call 'em.

MR. WHITE



I don't know anybody.

MR. PINK (O.S.)

Well, I guess we drop him off at the hospital. Since he don't know nothin' about us, I say it's his decision.

MR. WHITE'S POV:

CLOSEUP - MR. PINK

MR. WHITE (O.S.)

Well, he knows a little about me.

MR. PINK

You didn't tell him your name, did ya?

MR. WHITE (O.S.)

I told him my first name, and where I'm from.

There is a long silence and a blank look from Mr. Pink, then he SCREAMS:

MR. PINK

Why!

MR. WHITE (O.S.)

I told him where I was from a few days ago. It was just a casual conversation.

MR. PINK

And what was tellin him your name when you weren't supposed to?

MR. WHITE (O.S.)

He asked.

Mr. Pink looks at Mr. White like he's retarded.

MR. WHITE (O.S.)

We had just gotten away from the cops. He just got shot. It was my fuckin' fault he got shot. He's a fuckin' bloody mess - he's screaming. I swear to god, I thought we was gonna die right then and there. I'm tryin' to comfort him, telling him not to worry, he's gonna be okay, I'm gonna take care of him. And he asked me what my name was. I mean, the man was dyin' in my arms. What the fuck was I supposed to tell him, "Sorry, I can't give out that information, it's against the rules. I don't trust you enough."? Maybe I shoulda, but I couldn't.

MR. PINK

Oh, I don't doubt it was quite beautiful -

MR. WHITE (O.S.)  
Don't fuckin' patronize me.

MR. PINK  
One question: Do they have a sheet on you, where you told him you're from?

MR. WHITE (O.S.)  
Of course.

MR. PINK  
Well that's that, then. I mean, I was worried about mug shot possibilities already. But now he knows: (a) what you look like, (b) what your first name is, (c) where you're from and (d) what your specialty is. They ain't gonna hafta show him a helluva lot of pictures for him to pick you out. That's it right, you didn't tell him anything else that could narrow down the selection?

MR. WHITE (O.S.)  
If I have to tell you again to back off, me an you are gonna go round and round.

Mr. Pink walks out of the CLOSEUP and turns his back on Mr. White. Mr. White's POV PANS over to him.

MR. PINK  
We ain't taking him to a hospital.

MR. WHITE (O.S.)  
If we don't, he'll die.

MR. PINK  
And I'm very sad about that. But some fellas are lucky, and some ain't.

MR. WHITE (O.S.)  
That fuckin' did it!

Mr. White's POV CHARGES toward Mr. Pink.

Mr. Pink turns toward him in time to get PUNCHED hard in the mouth.

END OF POV

Mr. White and Mr. Pink have a very ungraceful and realistic fight. They go at each other like a couple of alley cats.

As Mr. White SWINGS and PUNCHES, he SCREAMS:

MR. WHITE  
You little motherfucker!

Mr. Pink YELLS as he HITS:

MR. PINK  
Ya wanna fuck with me?! I'll show  
you who you're fuckin with!

The two men end up on the floor KICKING and SCRATCHING. Mr. White gets Mr. Pink in a HEADLOCK.

Mr. Pink reaches in his jacket for his gun, and pulls it out. Mr. White sees this, immediately lets go of Mr. Pink, and goes for his own weapon.

The two men are on the floor, on their knees, with their guns outstretched, aiming at one another.

MR. WHITE  
You wanna shoot me, you little piece  
of shit? Take a shot!

MR. PINK  
Fuck you, White! I didn't create  
this situation, I'm just dealin'  
with it. You're acting like a first-  
year fuckin' thief. I'm actin like a  
professional. They get him, they can  
get you, they get you, they get closer  
to me, and that can't happen. And  
you, you motherfucker, are looking  
at me like it's my fault. I didn't  
tell him my name. I didn't tell him  
where I was from. I didn't tell him  
what I knew better than to tell him.  
Fuck, fifteen minutes ago, you almost  
told me your name. You, buddy, are  
stuck in a situation you created. So  
if you wanna throw bad looks  
somewhere, throw 'em at a mirror.

Mr. Pink lowers his gun and walks towards White.

MR. PINK  
So if you wanna shoot somebody, put  
that gun in your mouth and shoot  
yourself.

Then from OFF SCREEN we hear:

VOICE (O.S.)  
You kids don't play so rough.  
Somebody's gonna start crying.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - MEDIUM CLOSEUP ON MR. BLONDE

The Voice belongs to the infamous Mr. Blonde.

Mr. Blonde sits on a counter, drinking a fast food coke and eating a hot dog.

MR. PINK

Mr. Blonde! You okay? We thought you  
might've gotten caught. What happened?

Mr. Blonde doesn't answer, he just hops off the counter and  
starts walking around the warehouse, checking the place out.

He doesn't look at either Mr. Pink or Mr. White, he just  
eats his hot dog and sips his coke.

This is making Pink and White nervous as hell. But Mr. Pink  
tries to talk through it.

We HANDHOLD follow Mr. Blonde around the warehouse.

MR. PINK

Really, how did you get away?

Mr. Blonde walks the loft. Silent.

MR. PINK

You saw what happened to me, I found  
a hole and booked.

Silence.

MR. PINK

Where's Mr. Blue?

Blonde looks in the bathroom.

MR. PINK

We were hopin' you two would be  
together.

Blonde looks out the window.

MR. PINK

That was the big question we had,  
what happened to Mr. Blue and you?

Blonde walks away from the window.

MR. PINK

We were worried the cops got ya.

Blonde bends down over Mr. Orange.

MR. PINK

He got it in the belly. He's still  
alive, but won't be for long.

MR. WHITE

Enough! You better start talkin' to  
us, asshole, cause we got shit we  
need to talk about. We're already  
freaked out, we need you actin' freaky  
like we need a fuckin' bag on our  
hip.

Mr. Blonde looks at his two partners in crime, then moves towards them.

MR. BLONDE

So, talk.

MR. WHITE

We think we got a rat in the house.

MR. PINK

I guarantee we got a rat in the house.

MR. BLONDE

What would ever make you think that?

MR. WHITE

Is that supposed to be funny?

MR. PINK

We don't think this place is safe.

MR. WHITE

This place just ain't secure anymore.  
We're leaving, and you should go  
with us.

MR. BLONDE

Nobody's going anywhere.

Silence takes over the room. Mr. Blonde stops moving.

After a few beats the silence is broken.

MR. WHITE

(to Mr. Pink)

Piss on this turd, we're outta here.

Mr. White turns to leave.

MR. BLONDE

Don't take another step, Mr. White.

Mr. White explodes, raising his gun and charging towards Mr. Blonde.

MR. WHITE

Fuck you, maniac! It's your fuckin'  
fault we're in so much trouble.

Mr. Blonde calmly sits down. He looks to Mr. Pink.

MR. BLONDE

(referring to Mr.  
White)

What's this guy's problem?

MR. WHITE

What's my problem? Yeah, I gotta  
problem. I gotta big problem with  
any trigger-happy madman who almost  
gets me shot!

MR. BLONDE

What're you talkin' about?

MR. WHITE

That fuckin' shooting spree in the store.

MR. BLONDE

Fuck 'em, they set off the alarm, they deserve what they got.

MR. WHITE

You almost killed me, asshole! If I had any idea what type of guy you were, I never would've agreed to work with you.

MR. BLONDE

You gonna bark all day, little doggie, or are you gonna bite?

MR. WHITE

What was that? I'm sorry, I didn't catch it. Would you repeat it?

MR. BLONDE

(slowly)

I said: "Are you gonna bark all day, dog, or are you gonna bite."

MR. PINK

Both of you two assholes knock it the fuck off and calm down!

MR. WHITE

(to Mr. Blonde)

So you wanna git bit, huh?

MR. PINK

Cut the bullshit, we ain't on a fuckin' playground!

(pause)

I don't believe this shit, both of you got ten years on me, and I'm the only one actin like a professional. You guys act like a bunch of fuckin' niggers. You ever work a job with a bunch of niggers? They're just like you two, always fightin', always sayin' they're gonna kill one another.

MR. WHITE

(to Mr. Pink)

You said yourself, you thought about takin' him out.

MR. PINK

Then. That time has passed. Right now, Mr. Blonde is the only one I completely trust. He's too fuckin'

homicidal to be workin' with the  
cops.

MR. WHITE  
You takin' his side?

MR. PINK  
Fuck sides! What we need is a little  
solidarity here. Somebody's stickin'  
a red hot poker up our asses and we  
gotta find out whose hand's on the  
handle. Now I know I'm no piece of  
shit...

(referring to Mr.  
White)  
And I'm pretty sure you're a good  
boy...  
(referring to Mr.  
Blonde)  
And I'm fuckin positive you're on  
the level. So let's figure out who's  
the bad guy.

Mr. White calms down and puts his gun away.

Mr. Blonde returns to the persona we saw at the beginning,  
talking about Madonna.

MR. BLONDE  
Well, that was sure exciting.  
(to Mr. White)  
You're a big Lee Marvin fan, aren't  
you? Me too. I don't know about the  
rest of you fellas, but my heart's  
beatin' fast.  
(pause for a beat)  
Okay you guys, follow me.

Mr. Blonde hops out of his chair and heads for the door.

The other two men just follow him with their eyes.

MR. WHITE  
Follow you where?

MR. BLONDE  
Down to my car.

MR. WHITE  
Why?

MR. BLONDE  
It's a surprise.

Mr. Blonde walks out.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Three cars are parked out front. Mr. Blonde is walking towards  
the car he drove. Mr. White and Mr. Pink are walking behind.  
The Camera is HANDHELD following behind them.

MR. PINK  
We still gotta get out of here.

MR. BLONDE  
We're gonna sit here and wait.

MR. WHITE  
For what, the cops?

MR. BLONDE  
Nice Guy Eddie.

MR. PINK  
Nice Guy Eddie? What makes you think  
Nice Guy's anywhere but on a plane  
half way to Costa Rica?

MR. BLONDE  
Cause I just talked to him. He's on  
his way down here, and nobody's going  
anywhere till he gets here.

MR. WHITE  
You talked to Nice Guy Eddie? Why  
the fuck didn't you say that in the  
first place?

MR. BLONDE  
You didn't ask.

MR. WHITE  
Hardy-fuckin-har. What did he say?

MR. BLONDE  
Stay put. Okay, fellas, take a look  
at the little surprise I brought  
you.

Mr. Blonde opens up the trunk of his car. A handcuffed,  
uniformed POLICEMAN is curled up inside the trunk.

MR. BLONDE  
Since we got to wait for Nice Guy  
Eddie anyway, let's talk to our boy  
in blue here and see if he knows  
anything about this rat business.

The three crooks share a frightening laugh. We slowly ZOOM  
INTO a CLOSEUP of the cop.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD:

"MR. BLONDE"

INT. JOE CABOT'S OFFICE - DAY

We're inside the office of Joe Cabot. Joe's on the phone,  
sitting behind his desk.



JOE  
(into phone)  
Sid, I'm tellin' you don't worry  
about it. You had a bad couple of  
months, it happens.  
(pause)  
Sid, Sid, Sid... Stop, you're  
embarrassing me. I don't need to be  
told what I already know. When you  
have bad months, you do what every  
business man in the worlds does, I  
don't care if he's Donald Trump or  
Irving the tailor. Ya ride it out.

There's a KNOCK on Cabot's office door.

JOE  
Come in.

One of Cabot's goons, TEDDY, opens the door and steps inside.  
Cabot covers the receiver with his hand and looks towards  
the man.

TEDDY  
Vic Vega's outside.

JOE  
Tell him to come in.

Teddy leaves.

JOE  
(into phone)  
Sid, a friend of mine's here. I gotta  
go.  
(pause)  
Good enough, bye.

He hangs up the phone, stands, and walks around to the front  
of the desk.

Teddy opens the office door, and TOOTHPICK VIC VEGA walks  
in.

Toothpick Vic Vega is none other than our very own Mr. Blonde.  
Vic is dressed in a long black leather seventies style jacket.

Joe stands in front of his desk with his arms open.

The two men embrace each other. Teddy leaves, closing the  
door behind him.

JOE  
How's freedom kid, pretty fuckin'  
good, ain't it?

VIC  
It's a change.

JOE

Ain't that a sad truth. Remy Martin?

VIC

Sure.

JOE

Take a seat.

Joe goes over to his liquor cabinet. Vic sits in a chair set in front of Joe's desk.

JOE

(while he pours the  
drink)

Who's your parole officer?

VIC

A guy named Scagnetti. Seymour  
Scagnetti.

JOE

How is he?

VIC

Fuckin' asshole, won't let me leave  
the halfway house.

JOE

Never ceases to amaze me. Fuckin'  
jungle bunny goes out there, slits  
some old woman's throat for twenty-  
five cents. Fuckin' nigger gets Doris  
Day as a parole officer. But a good  
fella like you gets stuck with a  
ball-bustin' prick.

Joe walks back around his desk and sits in his chair. Vic  
swallows some Remy.

VIC

I just want you to know, Joe, how  
much I appreciate your care packages  
on the inside.

JOE

What the hell did you expect me to  
do? Just forget about you?

VIC

I just wanted you to know, they meant  
a lot.

JOE

It's the least I could do Vic. I  
wish I coulda done more.

(Joe flashes a side  
grin at Vic)

Vic. Toothpick Vic. Tell me a story?  
What're your plans?

VIC

Well, what I wanna do is go back to work. But I got this Scagnetti prick deep up my ass. He won't let me leave the halfway house till I get some piece of shit job. My plans have always been to be part of the team again.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

JOE

Come in.

The door opens and in walks Joe's son, Nice Guy Eddie. Vic turns around in his seat and sees him.

EDDIE

(to Vic)

I see ya sittin here, but I don't believe it.

Vic gets out of his seat and hugs Eddie.

EDDIE

How ya doin', Toothpick?

VIC

Fine, now.

EDDIE

I'm sorry man, I shoulda picked you up personally at the pen. This whole week's just been crazy. I've had my head up my ass the entire time.

VIC

Funny you should mention it. That's what your father and I been talkin' about.

EDDIE

That I should've picked you up?

VIC

No. That your head's been up your ass. I walk through the door and Joe says "Vic, you're back, thank god. Finally somebody who knows what the fuck he's doing. Vic, Vic, Vic, Eddie, my son, is a fuck up." And I say "Well, Joe, I coulda told you that." "I'm ruined! He's ruining me! My son, I love him, but he's taking my business and flushing it down the fuckin' toilet! "

(to Joe)

I'm not tellin' tales out of school. You tell 'im Joe. Tell 'im yourself.

JOE

Eddie, I hate like hell for you to

hear it this way. But when Vic asked me how's business, well, you don't lie to a man who's just done four years in the slammer for ya.

Eddie bobs his head up and down.

EDDIE  
Oh really, is that a fact?

Eddie JUMPS Vic and they fall to the floor.

The two friends, laughing and cussing at each other, wrestle on the floor of Joe's office.

Joe's on his feet yelling at them.

JOE  
(yelling)  
Okay, okay, enough, enough! Playtime's over! You wanna roll around on the floor, do it in Eddie's office, not mine!

The two men break it up. They are completely disheveled, hair a mess, shirttails out. As they get themselves together, they continue to taunt one another.

EDDIE  
Daddy, did ya see that?

JOE  
What?

EDDIE  
Guy got me on the ground, tried to fuck me.

VIC  
You fuckin' wish.

EDDIE  
You tried to fuck me in my father's office, you sick bastard. Look, Vic, whatever you wanna do in the privacy of your own home, go do it. But don't try to fuck me. I don't think of you that way. I mean, I like you a lot -

VIC  
Eddie, if I was a pirate, I wouldn't throw you to the crew.

EDDIE  
No, you'd keep me for yourself. Four years fuckin' punks in the ass made you appreciate prime rib when you get it.

VIC  
I might break you, Nice Guy, but I'd

make you my dog's bitch. You'd be suckin' the dick and going down on a mangy T-bone hound.

EDDIE

Now ain't that a sad sight, daddy, walks into jail a white man, walks out talkin' like a nigger. It's all that black semen been shootin' up his butt. It's backed up into his brain and comes out of his mouth.

JOE

Are you two finished? We were talkin' about some serious shit when you came in Eddie. We got a big problem we're tryin' to solve. Now Eddie, would you like to sit down and help us solve it, or do you two wanna piss fart around?

Playtime is over and Vic and Eddie know it. So they both take seats in front of Joe's desk.

JOE

Now Vic was tellin' me, he's got a parole problem.

EDDIE

Really? Who's your P.O.?

VIC

Seymour Scagnetti.

EDDIE

Scagnetti? Oh shit, I hear he's a motherfucker.

VIC

He is a motherfucker. He won't let me leave the halfway house till I get some piece of shit job.

EDDIE

You're coming back to work for us, right?

VIC

I wanna. But I gotta show this asshole I got an honest-to-goodness job before he'll let me move out on my own. I can't work for you guys and be worried about gettin' back before ten o'clock curfew.

JOE

(to Eddie)

We can work this out, can't we?

EDDIE

This isn't all that bad. We can give

you a lot of legitimate jobs. Put  
you on the rotation at Long Beach as  
a dock worker.

VIC

I don't wanna lift crates.

EDDIE

You don't hafta lift shit. You don't  
really work there. But as far as the  
records are concerned, you do. I  
call up Matthews, the foreman, tell  
him he's got a new guy. You're on  
the schedule. You got a timecard,  
it's clocked in and out for you  
everyday, and you get a pay check at  
the end of the week. And ya know  
dock workers don't do too bad. So  
you can move into a halfway decent  
place without Scagnetti thinkin "what  
the fuck." And if Scagnetti ever  
wants to make a surprise visit, you're  
gone that day. That day we sent you  
to Tustin. We gotta bunch of shit  
you needed to unload there. You're  
at the Taft airstrip pickin' up a  
bunch of shit and bringing it back.  
Part of your job is goin' different  
places - and we got places all over  
the place.

JOE

(to Vic)

Didn't I tell ya not to worry?

(to Eddie)

Vic was worried.

EDDIE

Me and you'll drive down to Long  
Beach tomorrow. I'll introduce you  
to Matthews, tell him what's going  
on.

VIC

That's great, guy, thanks a bunch.

(pause)

When do you think you'll need me for  
real work?

JOE

Well, it's kinda a strange time right  
now. Things are kinda -

EDDIE

Nuts. We got a big meeting in Vegas  
coming up. And we're kinda just gettin  
ready for that right now.

JOE

Let Nice Guy set you up at Long Beach.  
Give ya some cash, get that Scagnetti

fuck off your back, and we'll be talking to ya.

EDDIE

Daddy, I got an idea. Now just hear it out. I know you don't like to use any of the boys on these jobs, but technically, Vic ain't one of the boys. He's been gone for four years. He ain't on no one's list. Ya know he can handle himself, ya know you can trust him.

Joe looks at Vic.

Vic has no idea what they're talking about.

JOE

How would you feel about pullin' a heist with about five other guys?

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. NICE GUY EDDIE'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Nice Guy Eddie is driving to the rendezvous talking on his portable car phone. The sounds of the seventies are coming out of his car radio in the form of "LOVE GOES WHERE MY ROSEMARY GOES" by Edison Lighthouse.

EDDIE

(into phone)

Hey Dov, we got a major situation here.

(pause)

I know you know that. I gotta talk with daddy and find out what he wants done.

FLASH ON

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Cop is standing in the warehouse with his hands cuffed behind his back. Mr. White, Mr. Pink and Mr. Blonde surround him and proceed to beat the shit out of him. "LOVE GROWS..." PLAYS over the soundtrack.

BACK TO NICE GUY EDDIE

EDDIE

(into phone)

All I know is what Vic told me. He said the place turned into a fuckin' bullet festival. He took a cop as hostage, just to get the fuck out of there.

FLASH ON

WAREHOUSE

The three men are stomping the cop into the ground.

BACK TO EDDIE

EDDIE

(into phone)

Do I sound like I'm jokin'? He's  
fuckin' driving around with the cop  
in his trunk.

(pause)

I don't know who did that. I don't  
know who has the loot, if anybody  
has the loot. Who's dead, who's alive,  
who's caught, who's not... I will  
know, I'm practically there. But  
what do I tell these guys about daddy?

(pause)

You sure that's what he said?

(pause)

Okay, that's what I'll tell em.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Three cars belonging to the other guys are parked outside  
the warehouse.

Eddie drives his car up to the warehouse. He gets out of the  
car, looks at the other cars parked outside.

EDDIE

(to himself)

Fucking assholes.

Eddie makes a beeline for the front door, BANGS it open, and  
steps inside the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The robbers have the cop tied to a chair and are still WAILING  
on him.

Nice Guy Eddie walks in and everybody jumps.

EDDIE

What in Sam Hill is goin' on?

Mr. Pink and Mr. White speak together.

MR. PINK

Hey, Nice Guy, we got  
a -

MR WHITE

You askin' what's goin'  
on? Where the fuck is Joe?

Nice Guy sees Mr. Orange.



EDDIE

Holy shit, this guy's all fucked up!

MR. WHITE

No shit, he's gonna fuckin' die on us if we don't get him taken care of.

MR. PINK

We were set up, the cops were waiting for us.

EDDIE

What? Nobody set anybody up.

MR. PINK

The cops were there waitin' for us!

EDDIE

Bullshit.

MR. PINK

Hey, fuck you man, you weren't there, we were. And I'm tellin' ya, the cops had that store staked out.

EDDIE

Okay, Mr. Detective, who did it?

MR. PINK

What the fuck d'you think we've been askin' each other?

EDDIE

And what are your answers? Was it me? You think I set you up?

MR. PINK

I don't know, but somebody did.

EDDIE

Nobody did. You assholes turn the jewelry store into a wild west show, and you wonder why cops show up.

MR. BLONDE

Where's Joseph?

EDDIE

I ain't talked to him. I talked to Dov. Dov said he's comin' out here, and he's fucking pissed.

MR. PINK

(to Mr. White)

I told ya he'd be pissed.

MR. WHITE

(pointing to Mr. Orange)

What are you gonna do about him?

EDDIE

Jesus Christ, give me a fuckin' chance to breathe. I got a few questions of my own, ya know.

MR. WHITE

You ain't dying, he is.

EDDIE

I'll call somebody.

MR. WHITE

Who?

EDDIE

A snake charmer, what the fuck d'you think. I'll call a doctor, take care of him, fix 'm right up. No, where's Mr. Brown and Mr. Blue?

MR. PINK

Brown's dead, we don't know about Blue.

EDDIE

Nobody saw what happened to Mr. Blue?

MR. BLONDE

Well, he's either dead or he's alive or the cops got him or they don't.

DOLLY to MEDIUM on the cop.

EDDIE (O.S.)

I take it this is the bastard you told me about.

(referring to the cop)

Why the hell are you beating on him?

MR. PINK

So he'll tell us who the fuck set us up.

EDDIE

Would you stop it with that shit! You beat on this prick enough, he'll tell ya he started the Chicago fire. That don't necessarily make it so. Okay, first things fucking last, where's the shit? Please tell me somebody brought something with them.

MR. PINK

I got a bag. I stashed it till I could be sure this place wasn't a police station.

EDDIE

Well, let's go get it. We also gotta get rid of all those cars. It looks like Sam's hot car lot outside.

(pointing to Mr. Blonde)  
You stay here and babysit Orange and the cop.

(referring to Mr. Pink and Mr. White)  
You two take a car each, I'll follow ya. You ditch it, I'll pick you up, then we'll pick up the stones. And while I'm following you, I'll arrange for some sort of a doctor for our friend.

MR. WHITE  
We can't leave these guys with him.

Meaning Mr. Blonde.

EDDIE  
Why not?

Mr. White crosses to Mr. Blonde.

MR. WHITE  
Because this guy's a fucking psycho. And if you think Joe's pissed at us, that ain't nothing compared to how pissed off I am at him, for puttin' me in the same room as this bastard.

MR. BLONDE  
(to Eddie)  
You see what I been puttin' up with? As soon as I walk through the door I'm hit with this shit. I tell 'm what you told me about us stayin' put and Mr. White whips out his gun, sticks it in my face, and starts screaming "You motherfucker, I'm gonna blow you away, blah, blah, blah."

MR. WHITE  
He's the reason the place turned into a shooting gallery.  
(to Mr. Pink)  
What are you, a silent partner? Fuckin' tell him.

MR. PINK  
He seems all right now, but he went crazy in the store.

MR. WHITE  
This is what he was doin'.

Mr. White acts out Mr. Blonde shooting everybody in the store.

MR. BLONDE  
I told 'em not to touch the alarm. They touched it. I blew 'em full of holes. If they hadn't done what I

told 'em not it, they'd still be  
alive.

MR. WHITE  
That's your excuse for going on a  
kill crazy rampage?

MR. BLONDE  
I don't like alarms.

EDDIE  
What does it matter who stays with  
the cop? We ain't lettin' him go.  
Not after he's seen everybody. You  
should've never took him outta your  
trunk in the first place.

MR. PINK  
We were trying to find out what he  
knew about the set up.

EDDIE  
There is no fuckin' set up!  
(Eddie takes charge)  
Look, this is the news. Blondie, you  
stay here and take care of them two.  
White and Pink come with me, 'cuz if  
Joe gets here and sees all those  
fucking cars parked out front, he's  
going to be as mad at me as he is at  
you.

Eddie, Mr. White and Mr. Pink walk out of the warehouse  
talking amongst themselves.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - MR. BLONDE AND COP

Mr. Blonde closes the door after them. He then slowly turns  
his head towards the cop.

MR. BLONDE  
Alone at last.

CLOSEUP - COP'S FACE

MR. BLONDE (O.S.)  
Now where were we?

COP  
I told you I don't know anything  
about any fucking set up. I've only  
been on the force eight months, nobody  
tells me anything! I don't know  
anything! You can torture me if you  
want -

MR. BLONDE (O.S.)  
Thanks, don't mind if I do.

COP  
Your boss even said there wasn't a

set up.

MR. BLONDE (O.S.)

First off, I don't have a boss. Are you clear about that?

He SLAPS the cop's face.

MR. BLONDE (O.S.)

I asked you a question. Are you clear about that?

COP

Yes.

MR. BLONDE (O.S.)

Now I'm not gonna bullshit you. I don't really care about what you know or don't know. I'm gonna torture you for awhile regardless. Not to get information, but because torturing a cop amuses me. There's nothing you can say, I've heard it all before. There's nothing you can do. Except pray for a quick death, which you ain't gonna get.

He puts a piece of tape over the cop's mouth.

COP'S POV

Mr. Blonde walks away from the cop.

MR. BLONDE

Let's see what's on K-BILLY'S "super sounds of the seventies" weekend.

He turns on the radio.

Stealer's Wheel's hit "STUCK IN THE MIDDLE WITH YOU" PLAYS over the speaker.

NOTE: This entire sequence is timed to the music.

Mr. Blonde slowly walks toward the cop. He opens a razor.

Mr. Blonde just stares into the cop's / our face, holding the razor, singing along with the song.

Then, like a cobra, he LASHES out.

A SLASH across the face.

The cop / camera moves around wildly.

Mr. Blonde just stares into the cop's / our face, singing along with the seventies hit.

Then he reaches out and CUTS OFF the cop's / our ear.

The cop / camera moves around wildly.

Mr. Blonde holds the ear up to the cop / us to see.

INT. / EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - HANDHELD SHOT

We follow Mr. Blonde as he walks out of the warehouse... to his car. He opens the trunk, pulls out a large can of gasoline.

He walks back inside the warehouse...

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

...carrying the can of gas.

Mr. Blonde POURS the gasoline all over the cop, who's BEGGING him not to do this.

Mr. Blonde just sings along with Stealer's Wheel.

Mr. Blonde LIGHTS up a match and, while mouthing:

MR. BLONDE  
"Clowns to the left of me, Jokers to  
the right. Here I am, stuck in the  
middle with you."

He moves the match up to the cop...

...when a bullet EXPLODES in Mr. Blonde's chest.

The HANDHELD camera WHIPS to the right and we see the bloody Mr. Orange FIRING his gun.

We cut back and forth between Mr. Blonde taking BULLET HITS and Mr. Orange emptying his weapon.

Mr. Blonde FALLS down dead.

Mr. Orange crawls to where the cop is, leaving a bloody trail behind him.

When he reaches the cop's feet he looks up at him.

MR. ORANGE  
(feebly)  
What's your name?

COP  
Marvin.

MR. ORANGE  
Marvin what?

COP  
Marvin Nash.

MR. ORANGE  
Listen to me, Marvin Nash. I'm a  
cop.

MARVIN

I know.

MR. ORANGE

(surprised)

You do?

MARVIN

Your name's Freddy something.

MR. ORANGE

Freddy Newendyke.

MARVIN

Frankie Ferchetti introduced us once,  
about five months ago.

MR. ORANGE

Shit. I don't remember that at all.

MARVIN

I do.

(pause)

How do I look?

The gun-shot Mr. Orange looks at the kid's GASHED face and  
the hole in the side of his head where his ear used to be.

MR. ORANGE

I don't know what to tell you Marvin.

Marvin starts to weep.

MARVIN

That fucking bastard! That fucking  
sick fucking bastard!

MR. ORANGE

Marvin, I need you to hold on. There's  
officers positioned and waiting to  
move in a block away.

MARVIN

(screaming)

What the fuck are they waiting for?  
That motherfucker cut off my ear! He  
slashed my face! I'm deformed!

MR. ORANGE

And I'm dying. They don't know that.  
All they know is they're not to make  
a move until Joe Cabot shows up. I  
was sent undercover to get Cabot.  
You heard 'em, they said he's on his  
way. Don't pussy out on me now,  
Marvin. We're just gonna sit here  
and bleed until Joe Cabot sticks his  
fuckin' head through that door.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD:

"MR. ORANGE"

INT. DENNY'S - NIGHT

A tough-looking black man named HOLDAWAY, who sports a Malcom X beard, a green Chairman Mao cap with a red star on it, and a military flack jacket, digs into a Denny bacon, cheese and avocado burger. He sits in a booth all alone. He's waiting for somebody. As he waits, he practically empties an entire bottle of ketchup on his french fries, not by mistake either - that's just how he likes it.

We see Mr. Orange, now known as FREDDY NEWENDYKE, wearing a high school letterman jacket, enter the coffee shop, spot Holdaway, and head his way. Holdaway sees Freddy bop towards him with a wide-ass alligator grin plastered across his face.

CAMERA DOLLIES FAST down AISLE to MEDIUM SHOT of Holdaway. We hear Freddy OFF SCREEN.

FREDDY (O.S.)

Say "hello" to a motherfucker who's inside. Cabot's doing a job and take a big fat guess who he wants on the team?

HOLDAWAY

This better not be some Freddy joke.

LOW ANGLE looking up at Freddy, who's standing at the table.

FREDDY

It ain't no joke, I'm in there. I'm up his ass.

CLOSEUP - HOLDAWAY

Holdaway just looks at his pupil for a moment, then smiles.

HOLDAWAY

Congratulations.

EXT. DENNY'S - NIGHT

We see through the window of the restaurant Freddy slide into the booth across from Holdaway. Freddy's doing a lot of talking, but we can't hear what they're saying.

INT. DENNY'S - NIGHT

FREEZE FRAME ON HOLDAWAY

We are frozen on a MEDIUM CLOSEUP of Holdaway listening to Freddy. We HEAR RESTAURANT NOISE and Freddy OFF SCREEN.

FREDDY (O.S.)

Nice Guy Eddie tells me Joe wants to meet me. He says I should just hang around my apartment and wait for a



phone call. Well after waiting three  
goddamn days by the fuckin' phone,  
he calls me last night and says Joe's  
ready, and he'll pick me up in fifteen  
minutes.

The freeze frame ENDS. Holdaway comes suddenly up to speed  
and says:

HOLDAWAY  
Who all picked you up?

From here to end we cut back and forth.

FREDDY  
Nice Guy. When we got to the bar...

HOLDAWAY  
...What bar?

FREDDY  
The Boots and Socks in Gardena. When  
we got there, I met Joe and a guy  
named Mr. White. It's a phony name.  
My name's Mr. Orange.

HOLDAWAY  
You ever seen this motherfucker  
before?

FREDDY  
Who, Mr. White?

HOLDAWAY  
Yeah.

FREDDY  
No, he ain't familiar. He ain't one  
of Cabot's soldiers either. He's  
gotta be from outta town. But Joe  
knows him real well.

HOLDAWAY  
How can you tell?

FREDDY  
The way they talk to each other. You  
can tell they're buddies.

HOLDAWAY  
Did the two of you talk?

FREDDY  
Me and Mr. White?

HOLDAWAY  
Yeah.

FREDDY  
A little.

HOLDAWAY

What about?

FREDDY

The Brewers.

HOLDAWAY

The Milwaukee Brewers?

FREDDY

Yeah. They had just won the night before, and he made a killing off 'em.

HOLDAWAY

Well, if this crook's a Brewers fan, his ass has gotta be from Wisconsin. And I'll bet you everything from a diddle-eyed Joe to a damned-if-I-know, that in Milwaukee they got a sheet on this Mr. White motherfucker's ass. I want you to go through the mugs of guys from old Milwaukee with a history of armed robbery, and put a name to that face.

Holdaway takes a big bite out of his burger.

HOLDAWAY

(with his mouth full)

What kinds questions did Cabot ask?

FREDDY

Where I was from, who I knew, how I knew Nice Guy, had I done time, shit like that.

Holdaway's talked enough, he's eating his burger now. He motions for Freddy to elaborate.

FREDDY

He asked me if I ever done armed robbery before. I read him my credits. I robbed a few gas and sips, sold some weed, told him recently I held the shotgun while me and another guy pulled down a poker game in Portland.

CAMERA MOVES from a MEDIUM on Freddy to a CLOSEUP.

HOLDAWAY(O.S.)

Didja use the commode story?

FREDDY

Fuckin' A. I tell it real good, too.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - L.A. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Freddy and Holdaway at one of their many rendezvous. Holdaway wears an extra large Lakers sweatshirt. Freddy sits on one of the sinks, wearing his high school jacket, looking at

pieces of paper stapled together.

FREDDY

What's this?

HOLDAWAY

It's a scene. Memorize it.

FREDDY

What?

HOLDAWAY

A undercover cop has got to be Marlon Brando. To do this job you got to be a great actor. You got to be naturalistic. You got to be naturalistic as hell. If you ain't a great actor you're a bad actor, and bad acting is bullshit in this job.

FREDDY

(referring to the papers)

But what is this?

HOLDAWAY

It's a amusing anecdote about a drug deal.

FREDDY

What?

HOLDAWAY

Something funny that happened to you while you were doing a job.

FREDDY

I gotta memorize all this shit?

HOLDAWAY

It's like a joke. You remember what's important, and the rest you make your own. The only way to make it your own is to keep sayin' it, and sayin' it, and sayin' it, and sayin' it, and sayin' it.

FREDDY

I can do that.

HOLDAWAY

The things you gotta remember are the details. It's the details that sell your story. Now this story takes place in this men's room. So you gotta know the details about this men's room. You gotta know they got a blower instead of a towel to dry your hands. You gotta know the stalls ain't got no doors. You gotta know whether they got liquid or powdered

soap, whether they got hot water or not, 'cause if you do your job when you tell your story, everybody should believe it. And if you tell your story to somebody who's actually taken a piss in this men's room, and you get one detail they remember right, they'll swear by you.

INT. FREDDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Freddy paces back and forth, in and out of frame, rehearsing the anecdote. He's reading it pretty good, but he's still reading it from the page, and every once in a while he stumbles over his words.

FREDDY

...this was during the Los Angeles marijuana drought of '86. I still had a connection. Which was insane, 'cause you couldn't get weed any fuckin' where then. Anyway, I had a connection with this hippie chick up in Santa Cruz. All and my friends knew it. And they'd give me a call and say, "Hey, Freddy, you buyin' some, you think you could buy me some too?" They knew I smoked, so they'd ask me to buy a little for them when I was buyin'. But it got to be every time I bought some weed, I was buyin' for four or five different people. Finally I said, "Fuck this shit." I'm makin' this bitch rich. She didn't have to do jack shit, she never even had to meet these people. I was fuckin' doin' all the work. So I got together with her and told her, "Hey, I'm sick of this shit. I'm comin' through for everybody, and nobody's comin' through for me. So, either I'm gonna tell all my friends to find their own source, or you give me a bunch of weed, I'll sell it to them, give you the money, minus ten percent, and I get my pot for free." So, I did if for awhile...

FREDDY EXITS FRAME

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Another empty frame, except obviously outside. Freddy enters frame from the same direction he exited in the previous scene, finishing his sentence. When we move to a wider shot we see Freddy performing his monologue to Holdaway in a parking lot. Holdaway sits on the hood of his beat-up car. Freddy paces back and forth as he performs his story.

FREDDY

...but then that got to be a pain in the ass. People called me on the phone all the fuckin' time. I couldn't rent a fuckin' tape without six phone calls interrupting me. "Hey, Freddy, when's the next time you're gettin' some?" "Motherfucker, I'm tryin' to watch 'Lost Boys' - when I have some, I'll let you know." And then these rinky-dink pot heads come by - there's my friends and everything, but still. I got all my shit laid out in sixty dollar bags. Well, they don't want sixty dollars worth. They want ten dollars worth. Breaking it up is a major fuckin' pain in the ass. I don't even know how much ten dollars worth is. "Well, fuck, man, I don't want that much around. If I have that much around I'll smoke it." "Hey, if you guys can't control your smokin, that's not my problem. You motherfuckers been smokin' for five years, be a adult about it." Finally I just told my connection, count me out. But as it turns out, I'm the best guy she had, and she depended a lot on my business. But I was still sick to death of it. And she's trying to talk me into not quitin'. Now this was a very weird situation, 'cause I don't know if you remember back in '86, there was a major fuckin' drought. Nobody and anything. People were livin' on resin and smokin' the wood in their pipes for months. And this chick had a bunch, and was beggin' me to sell it. So I told her I wasn't gonna be Joe the Pot Man anymore. But I would take a little bit and sell it to my close, close, close friends. She agreed to that, and said we'd keep the same arrangement as before, ten percent and free pot for me, as long as I helped her out that weekend. She had a brick of weed she was sellin', and she didn't want to go to the buy alone...

CUT TO:

INT. BOOTS AND SOCKS BAR - NIGHT

Freddy, Joe, Nice Guy Eddie and Mr. White all sit around a table in a red-lighted smokey bar. Freddy continues his story. The crooks are enjoying the hell out of it.

FREDDY

...Her brother usually goes with her, but he's in county unexpectedly.

MR. WHITE

What for?

FREDDY

Traffic tickets gone to warrant. They stopped him for something, found the warrants on 'im, took 'im to jail. She doesn't want to walk around alone with all that weed. Well, I don't wanna do this, I have a bad feeling about it, but she keeps askin' me, keeps askin' me, finally I said okay 'cause I'm sick of listening to it. Well, we're picking this guy up at the train station.

JOE

You're picking the buyer up at the train station? You're carrying the weed on you?

FREDDY

Yeah, the guy needed it right away. Don't ask me why. So we get to the train station, and we're waitin' for the guy. Now I'm carrying the weed in one of those carry-on bags, and I gotta take a piss. So I tell the connection I'll be right back, I'm goin' to the little boys room...

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM - TRAIN STATION - DAY

MEDIUM ON FREDDY

He walks through the door with a carry-on bag over his shoulder. Once he's inside, he stops in his tracks. We move into a CLOSEUP.

FREDDY (V.O.)

...So I walk into the men's room, and who's standing there?

FREEZE FRAME on Freddy standing in front of six Los Angeles County Sheriffs and one German Shepherd. All of their eyes are on Freddy. Everyone is frozen.

FREDDY (V.O.)

...six Los Angeles County Sheriffs and a German Shepherd.

NICE GUY EDDIE (V.O.)

They were waiting for you?

FREDDY (V.O.)

No. They were just a bunch of cops

hangin' out in the men's room,  
talkin'. When I walked through the  
door they all stopped what they were  
talking about and looked at me.

BACK TO BAR

EXTREME CLOSEUP ON MR. WHITE

MR. WHITE  
That's hard, man. That's a fuckin'  
hard situation.

BACK TO MEN'S ROOM

EXTREME CLOSEUP ON GERMAN SHEPHERD

Barking his head off.

FREDDY (V.O.)  
The German Shepherd starts barkin'.  
He's barkin' at me. I mean it's  
obvious he's barkin' at me.

We do a slow 360 around Freddy in the men's room. We can  
hear the dog barking.

FREDDY (V.O.)  
Every nerve ending, all of my senses,  
the blood in my veins, everything I  
has was screaming, "Take off, man,  
just take off, get the fuck outta  
there! "Panic hit me like a bucket  
of water. First there was the shock  
of it - BAM, right in the face! Then  
I'm just standin' there drenched in  
panic. And all those sheriffs are  
lookin' at me and they know. They  
can smell it. As sure as that fuckin'  
dog can, they can smell it on me.

FREEZE FRAME

Freeze frame shot of Freddy standing in front of the sheriffs.  
It suddenly jerks to life, and moves to speed. The dog is  
barking. Freddy moves to his right, out of frame. We stay on  
the sheriffs. One sheriff yells at the dog.

SHERIFF #1  
Shut up!

The dog quiets down. Sheriff #2 continues with his story. A  
couple of the sheriffs look over at Freddy off screen, but  
as Sheriff #2 talks, turn their attention to him.

SHERIFF #2  
So my gun's drawn, right? I got it  
aimed right at him. I tell 'em,  
"Freeze, don't fuckin' move." And  
the little idiot's lookin' at me,  
nodding his head "Yes," sayin' "I

know... I know... I know." Meanwhile his right hand is creepin' towards his glove box. So I scream at him, "Asshole, you better fuckin' freeze right now! " And he's still lookin' right at me, saying "I know... I know... I know." And his right hand's still going for the glove box.

THE CAMERA PANS away from the sheriffs to Freddy, up against the urinal, playing possum, pretending to piss.

SHERIFF #2 (O.S.)

I tell 'im, "Buddy, I'm gonna shoot you in the face right now if you don't put your hands on the fuckin' dash." And the guy's girlfriend, a real sexy Oriental bitch, starts screamin' at him, "Chuck, are you out of your mind? Put your hands on the dash like the officer said." And then like nothing, the guy snaps out of it and casually puts his hands on the dash.

Freddy finishes his playing possum piss, and walks past the sheriffs over to the sink.

THE CAMERA PANS with him. A sheriff is sitting on a sink. He looks down and watches Freddy wash his hands.

SHERIFF #1

What was he goin' for?

SHERIFF #2

His registration. Stupid fuckin' citizen, doesn't have the slightest idea how close he came to gettin' shot.

Freddy finishes washing his hands. He goes to dry them, but there's only those hand drying machines. Freddy turns on the drying machine. He can't hear anything the sheriffs say now. The sound of the machine dominates the sound track.

These following shots are SLOW MOTION.

CLOSEUP - FREDDY

CLOSEUP - His HANDS, rubbing each other getting blown dry.

SHOT of Sheriffs talking. We can't hear them because of the machine.

CLOSEUP - FREDDY

CLOSEUP - FREDDY'S HANDS

CLOSEUP - GERMAN SHEPHERD

He barks. We can't hear him because of the machine. Machine



turns off. Freddy turns and walks out of the room.

BACK TO BAR

CLOSEUP - JOE

JOE  
(laughing)  
That's how you do it, kid. You knew  
how to handle that situation. You  
shit your pants, and then you just  
dive in and swim.

IN SLOW MOTION Joe lights a cigar.

HOLDWAY (O.S.)  
Tell me more about Cabot.

FREDDY (O.S.)  
He's a cool guy. A real nice, real  
funny, real cool guy.

CUT TO:

INT. DENNY'S - NIGHT

FREDDY  
Do you remember "The Fantastic Four"?

HOLDWAY  
Yeah.

FREDDY  
The Thing. The motherfucker looks  
just like The Thing.

INT. FREDDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

CLOSEUP - TELEPHONE

It RINGS. Freddy answers it, we FOLLOW the receiver up to  
his face.

FREDDY  
Hello.

NICE GUY EDDIE (O.S.)  
(through phone)  
It's time. Grab your jacket -

INT. NICE GUY EDDIE'S CAR (PARKED) - DAY

CLOSEUP - Nice Guy Eddie speaking into the car phone.

EDDIE  
We're parked outside.

FREDDY (O.S.)  
(through phone)  
I'll be right down.

We hear the CLICK of Freddy hanging up through the phone.  
Nice Guy places the receiver back in its cradle.

EDDIE  
He'll be right down.

INT. FREDDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The CAMERA follows Freddy as he hops around the apartment getting everything he needs. He puts on his jacket and slips on some sneakers.

DOLLY fast toward the front door knob. Freddy's hand comes into FRAME, grabs the knob, then lets go. We MOVE UP to his face.

Fear.

FREDDY  
(to himself)  
Don't pussy out on me now. They don't  
know. They don't know shit.  
(pause)  
You're not gonna get hurt. You're  
fucking Baretta and they believe  
every word, cuz you're super cool.

He exits FRAME. We stay put and hear the door open and close  
OFF SCREEN.

EXT. FREDDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

COPS' POV

From inside an unmarked car across the street, the TWO COPS watching Freddy see him walk out of his building and up to Eddie's parked car.

COP #1 (O.S.)  
There goes our boy.

COP #2 (O.S.)  
I swear, a guy has to have rocks in  
his head the size of Gibraltar to  
work undercover.

COP #1 (O.S.)  
Do you want one of these?

COP #2 (O.S.)  
Yeah, gimme the bear claw.

Freddy gets into the car and it pulls into traffic.

Cop #1 starts the engine and follows.

INT. NICE GUY EDDIE'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Nice Guy Eddie is behind the wheel. Mr. Pink is in the passenger seat. Freddy and Mr. White are in the backseat together.

MR. PINK

...Hey, I know what I'm talkin' about,  
black women ain't the same as white  
women.

MR. WHITE

(sarcastically)

There's a slight difference.

The car laughs.

MR. PINK

Go ahead and laugh, you know what I  
mean. What a while bitch will put up  
with, a black bitch won't put up  
with for a minute. They got a line,  
and if you cross it, they fuck you  
up.

EDDIE

I gotta go along with Mr. Pink on  
this. I've seen it happen.

MR. WHITE

Okay, Mr. Expert. If this is such a  
truism, how come every nigger I know  
treats his woman like a piece of  
shit?

MR. PINK

I'll make you a bet that those same  
damn niggers who were showin' their  
ass in public, when their bitches  
get 'em home, they chill the fuck  
out.

MR. WHITE

Not these guys.

MR. PINK

Yeah, those guys too.

EDDIE

Let me tell you guys a story. In one  
of daddy's clubs there was this black  
cocktail waitress named Elois.

MR. WHITE

Elois?

EDDIE

Yeah, Elois. E and Lois. We called  
her Lady E.

MR. WHITE

Where was she from, Compton?

EDDIE

No. She was from Ladora Heights.

MR. PINK

The black Beverly Hills. I knew this lady from Ladora Heights once.

(in a stuck up black female voice)

"Hi, I'm from Ladora Heights, it's the black Beverly Hills."

EDDIE

It's not the black Beverly Hills, it's the black Palos Verdes. Anyway, this chick, Elois, was a man-eater-upper. I bet every guy who's ever met her has jacked off to her at least once. You know who she looked like? Christie Love. 'Member that TV show "Get Christie Love"? She was a black female cop. She always used to say "You're under arrest, sugar."

MR. PINK

I was in the sixth grade when that show was on. I totally dug it. What the fuck was the name of the chick who played Christie Love?

EDDIE

Pam Grier.

MR. PINK

No, it wasn't Pam Grier, Pam Grier was the other one. Pam Grier made the movies. Christie Love was like a Pam Grier TV show, without Pam Grier.

MR. PINK

What the fuck was that chick's name? Oh this is just great, I'm totally fuckin' tortured now.

EDDIE

Well, whoever she was, Elois looked like her. So one night I walk into the club, and no Elois. Now the bartender was a wetback, he was a friend of mine, his name was Carlos. So I asked him "Hey, Carlos, where's Lady E tonight?" Well apparently Lady E was married to this real piece of dog shit. I mean a real animal. And apparently he would do things to her.

FREDDY

Do things? What would he do? You mean like beat her up?

EDDIE

Nobody knows for sure what he did. We just know he did something. Anyway, Elois plays it real cool. And waits

for the next time this bag of shit gets drunk. So one night the guy gets drunk and passes out on the couch. So while the guy's inebriated, she strips him naked. Then she takes some crazy glue and glues his dick to his belly.

The car reacts to how horrible that would be.

EDDIE

I'm dead fuckin' serious. She put some on his dick and some on his belly, then stuck 'em together. The paramedics had to come and cut it loose.

The car reacts badly.

MR. WHITE

Jesus Christ!

FREDDY

You can do some crazy things with it.

EDDIE

I don't know what he did to her, but she got even.

MR. WHITE

Was he all pissed off?

MR. PINK

How would you feel if you had to do a handstand every time you took a piss.

The car laughs.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

JOE

You guys like to tell jokes and giggle and kid around, huh? Giggling like a bunch of young broads in a school yard. Well, let me tell a joke.

CAMERA TRACKS ACROSS men's faces.

JOE

Five guys sitting in a bull pen, San Quentin. Wondering how the fuck they got there. What'd we wrong? What should we've done? What didn't we do? It's your fault, my fault, his fault. All that bullshit. Finally, someone comes up with the idea, wait a minute, while we were planning this caper, all we did was sit around and tell fuckin' jokes. Got the

message? When this caper's over, and I'm sure it's gonna be a successful one, hell, we'll go down to the Hawaiian Island and I'll roar and laugh with all of you. You'll find me a different character down there. Right now it's a matter of business. With the exception of Eddie and myself, who you already know, you'll be using aliases. Under no circumstances are you to tell one another your real name or anything else about yourself. That includes where you're from, your wife's name, where you might've done time, about a bank in St. Petersburg you might've robbed. You guys don't say shit about who you are, where you been or what you've done. Only thing you guys can talk about is what you're going to do. This way the only ones who know who the members of the team are Eddie and myself. And that's the way I like it. Because in the unlikely event of one of you getting apprehended by the cops, not that I expect that to happen - it most definitely should not happen - it hasn't happened, you don't have anything to deal with. You don't know any names. You know my name, you know Eddie's name. That I don't care about. You gotta prove it. I ain't worried. Besides, this way you gotta trust me. I like that. I set this up and picked the men I wanted for it. None of you came to me, I approached all of you. I know you. I know your work, I know your reputation. I know you as men. Except for this guy.

Joe points a finger at Freddy.

Freddy shits a brick.

JOE

But he's OK. If he wasn't OK, he wouldn't be here. Okay, let me introduce everybody to everybody. But once again, at the risk of being redundant, if I even think I hear somebody telling or referring to somebody by their Christian name...

(Joe searches for the right words)

...you won't want to be you. Okay, quickly.

(pointing at the men as he gives them a name)

Mr. Brown, Mr. White, Mr. Blonde,  
Mr. Blue, Mr. Orange, and Mr. Pink.

MR. PINK  
Why am I Mr. Pink?

JOE  
Cause you're a faggot, alright?

Everybody laughs.

MR. PINK  
Why can't we pick out our own colors?

JOE  
I tried that once, it don't work.  
You get four guys fighting over who's  
gonna be Mr. Black. Since nobody  
knows anybody else, nobody wants to  
back down. So forget it, I pick. Be  
thankful you're not Mr. Yellow.

MR. BROWN  
Yeah, but Mr. Brown? That's too close  
to Mr. Shit.

Everybody laughs.

MR. PINK  
Yeah, Mr. Pink sounds like Mr. Pussy.  
Tell you what, let me be Mr. Purple.  
That sounds good to me, I'm Mr.  
Purple.

JOE  
You're not Mr. Purple, somebody from  
another job's Mr. Purple. You're Mr.  
Pink.

MR. WHITE  
Who cares what your name is? Who  
cares if you're Mr. Pink, Mr. Purple,  
Mr. Pussy, Mr. Piss...

MR. PINK  
Oh that's really easy for you to  
say, you're Mr. White. You gotta  
cool-sounding name. So tell me, Mr.  
White, if you think "Mr. Pink" is no  
big deal, you wanna trade?

JOE  
Nobody's trading with anybody! Look,  
this ain't a goddamn fuckin' city  
counsel meeting! Listen up Mr. Pink.  
We got two ways here, my way or the  
highway. And you can go down either  
of 'em. So what's it gonna be, Mr.  
Pink?

MR. PINK

Jesus Christ, Joe. Fuckin' forget  
it. This is beneath me. I'm Mr. Pink,  
let's move on.

CAMERA leaves the team and goes to the blackboard with the  
layout of the jewelry store on it.

JOE  
I'll move on, when I feel like it.  
All you guys got the goddamn message?  
I'm so goddamn mad I can hardly talk.  
Let's go to work.

CUT TO:

EXT. KARINA'S FINE JEWELRY - DAY

We see MOS SHOTS of the outside of the jewelry store.

CUSTOMERS coming and going. STORE CLERKS waiting on customers  
through the windows.

While we look at this we HEAR over the soundtrack Mr. White  
and Freddy talking OFF SCREEN.

MR. WHITE (V.O.)  
Let's go over it. Where are you?

FREDDY (V.O.)  
I stand outside and guard the door.  
I don't let anybody come in or go  
out.

MR. WHITE (V.O.)  
Mr. Brown?

FREDDY (V.O.)  
Mr. Brown stays in the car. He's  
parked across the street till I give  
him the signal, then he pulls up in  
front of the store.

MR. WHITE (V.O.)  
Mr. Blonde and Mr. Blue?

FREDDY (V.O.)  
Crowd control. They handle customers  
and employees in the display area.

INT. MR. WHITE'S CAR (PARKED) - DAY

Mr. White and Freddy sit in a car parked across the street  
from the jewelry store, staking it out.

MR. WHITE  
Myself and Mr. Pink?

FREDDY  
You two take the manager in the back  
and make him give you the diamonds.  
We're there for those stones, period.



Since no display cases are being fucked with, no alarms should go off. We're out of there in two minutes, not one second longer. What if the manager won't give up the diamonds?

MR. WHITE

When you're dealing with a store like this, they're insured up the ass. They're not supposed to give you and resistance whatsoever. If you get a customer or an employee who thinks he's Charles Bronson, take the butt of your gun and smash their nose in. Drops 'em right to the floor. Everyone jumps, he falls down, screaming, blood squirts out his nose. Freaks everybody out. Nobody says fuckin' shit after that. You might get some bitch talk shit to ya. But give her a look, like you're gonna smash her in the face next. Watch her shut the fuck up. Now if it's a manager, that's a different story. The managers know better than to fuck around. So if one's givin' you static, he probably thinks he's a real cowboy. So what you gotta do is break that son-of-a-bitch in two. If you wanna know something and he won't tell you, cut off one of his fingers. The little one. Then you tell 'im his thumb's next. After that he'll tell ya if he wears ladies underwear. I'm hungry, let's get a taco.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

It's the moment of the robbery. The alley is empty.

In the distance we hear all hell breaking loose. Guns FIRING, people SHOUTING and SCREAMING, sirens WAILING, glass BREAKING...

A car whips around the corner, into the alley.

The doors BURST open, Freddy and Mr. White hop out.

Freddy opens the driver's side door. A bloody SCREAMING Mr. Brown FALLS out.

MR. BROWN

(screaming)

My eyes! My eyes! I'm blind, I'm fucking blind!

FREDDY

You're not blind, there's just blood  
in your eyes.

Mr. White loads his two .45 automatics. He RUNS to the end  
of the alley just as a police car comes into SIGHT.

FIRING both .45's, Mr. White massacres everyone in the patrol  
car.

Freddy, holding the dying Mr. Brown, looks on at Mr. White's  
ambush in shock.

Mr. Brown lifts his head up, blood in his eyes.

MR. BROWN  
Mr. Orange? You're Mr. Orange, aren't  
you?

By the time Freddy turns his head back to him, Mr. Brown is  
dead.

Mr. White RUNS up to Freddy.

MR. WHITE  
Is he dead?

Freddy doesn't answer, he can't.

MR. WHITE  
Did he did or not?

Freddy, scared.

FREDDY  
I'm sorry.

MR. WHITE  
What? Snap out of it!

Mr. White GRABS Freddy by the coat and YANKS him along as he  
RUNS.

They EXIT the alley and FLEE down a street.

A car with a FEMALE DRIVER comes up on the two men.

Mr. White JUMPS in her path, stopping the car. He points his  
gun at her.

MR. WHITE  
Get us outta here!

Mr. White climbs into the backseat.

Freddy starts to climb in.

The Female driver comes up with a gun from under her seat.

MR. WHITE  
The bitch's got a gun!

She SHOOTS Freddy in the stomach.

On instinct Freddy brings up his gun and SHOOTS her in the face.

CLOSEUP - FREDDY

As he FALLS to the ground he realizes what's happened to him and what he's done. SLOW MOTION.

Mr. White DRAGS the dead female driver out of the car. He SHOVES Freddy in the backseat and DRIVES away.

INT. GETAWAY CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Freddy holding his stomach and doubled over in pain is CRYING.

We replay the scene between Freddy and Mr. White in the getaway car. Except this time, we never leave Freddy.

MR. WHITE (O.S.)  
Just hold on buddy boy.

FREDDY  
I'm sorry. I can't believe she killed  
me...

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT on the door. Nice Guy Eddie, Mr. White and Mr. Pink walk through it. They stop in their tracks.

We see what they see. Mr. Blonde, lying on the ground, shot full of holes. The cop slumped over in his chair, a bloody mess, Mr. Orange lying at the cop's feet, holding his wound. Eddie, Mr. White and Mr. Pink walk into the shot.

EDDIE  
What the fuck happened here?

Eddie runs over to his friend Mr. Blonde / Toothpick Vic.

MR. WHITE  
(to Mr. Orange)  
What happened?

MR. ORANGE  
(very weakly)  
Blonde went crazy. He slashed the  
cop's face, cut off his ear and was  
gonna burn him alive.

EDDIE  
(yelling)  
Who cares what he was gonna do to  
this fuckin' pig?

Eddie whips out his gun and SHOOTS the cop. The cop and the chair tip over. Eddie stands over him and SHOOTS him once

more.

EDDIE

(to Mr. Orange)

You were saying he went crazy?  
Something like that? Worse or better?

MR. ORANGE

Look, Eddie, he was pullin' a burn.  
He was gonna kill the cop and me.  
And when you guys walked through the  
door, he was gonna blow you to hell  
and make off with the diamonds.

MR. WHITE

(to Eddie)

Uhuh, uhuh, what's I tell ya? That  
sick piece of shit was a stone cold  
psycho.

MR. ORANGE

(to Eddie)

You could've asked the cop, if you  
didn't just kill him. He talked about  
what he was going to do when he was  
slicing him up.

EDDIE

I don't buy it. It doesn't make sense.

MR. WHITE

It makes perfect fuckin' sense to  
me. Eddie, you didn't see how he  
acted during the job, we did.

Mr. Pink walks over to the cop's body.

MR. PINK

He's right about the ear, it's hacked  
off.

EDDIE

(to Mr. Orange)

Let me say this out loud, just to  
get it straight in my mind. According  
to you, Mr. Blonde was gonna kill  
you. Then when we came back, kill  
us, grab the diamonds, and scam.  
That's your story? I'm correct about  
that, right?

MR. ORANGE

Eddie, you can believe me or not  
believe me, but it's the truth. I  
swear on my mother's eternal soul  
that's what happened.

The CAMERA moves into a CLOSEUP of Nice Guy Eddie.

There's a long pause while he rolls over what Mr. Orange has  
said. Finally:

EDDIE

The man you killed was just released from prison. He got caught at a company warehouse full of hot items. He could've walked away. All he had to do was say my dad's name. But instead he shut his mouth and did his time. He did four years for us, and he did 'em like a man. And we were very grateful. So, Mr. Orange, you're tellin' me this very good friend of mine, who did four years for my father, who in four years never made a deal, no matter what they dangled in front of him, you're telling me that now, that now this man is free, and we're making good on our commitment to him, he's just gonna decide, right out of the fuckin' blue, to rip us off?

Silence.

EDDIE

Mr. Orange, why don't you tell me what really happened?

VOICE (O.S.)

Why? It'll just be more bullshit.

Eddie steps out of his CLOSEUP and we see Joe Cabot standing in the warehouse doorway. He walks into the room.

JOE

(pointing to Mr. Orange)

This man set us up.

CAMERA does a 360 around the men.

EDDIE

Daddy, I'm sorry, I don't know what's happening.

JOE

That's okay, Eddie, I do.

MR. WHITE

(to Joe)

What the fuck are you talking about?

JOE

(pointing to Mr. Orange)

That piece of shit. Workin' with the cops.

MR. WHITE, MR. PINK & EDDIE

What?

JOE

I said this lump of shit is workin'

with the LAPD.

MR. ORANGE'S POV

Looking up from the floor at everybody.

Joe looks down at Mr. Orange.

JOE

Aren't you?

MR. ORANGE (O.S.)

I don't have the slightest fuckin' idea what you're talkin' about.

MR. WHITE

(very calmly to Joe)

Joe, I don't know what you think you know, but you're wrong.

JOE

Like hell I am.

MR. WHITE

(very calmly)

Joe, trust me on this, you've made a mistake. He's a good kid. I understand you're hot, you're super-fuckin' pissed. We're all real emotional. But you're barking up the wrong tree. I know this man, and he wouldn't do that.

JOE

You don't know jack shit. I do. This rotten bastard tipped off the cops and got Mr. Brown and Mr. Blue killed.

MR. PINK

Mr. Blue's dead?

JOE

Dead as Dillinger.

EDDIE

The motherfucker killed Vic.

MR. WHITE

How do you know all this?

JOE

He was the only one I wasn't a hundred percent on. I should have my fucking head examined for goin' forward when I wasn't a hundred percent. But he seemed like a good kid, and I was impatient and greedy and all the things that fuck you up.

MR. WHITE

(screaming)

That's your proof?

JOE

You don't need proof when you got  
instinct. I ignored it before, but  
not no more.

He WHIPS out a revolver and aims it at Mr. Orange.

Mr. White brings his .45 up at Joe.

Eddie and Mr. Pink are shook awake by the flash of firearms.

Eddie raises his gun, pointing it at Mr. White.

EDDIE

Have you lost your fucking mind? Put  
your gun down!

Mr. Pink fades into the b.g., wanting no part of this.

MR. WHITE

Joe, you're making a terrible mistake  
I can't let you make.

EDDIE

Stop pointing your fuckin' gun at  
daddy!

Joe, never taking his eyes off Mr. Orange.

JOE

Don't worry, Eddie. Me and Larry  
have been friends a long time, he  
ain't gonna shoot. We like each other  
too much.

MR. WHITE

Joe, if you kill that man, you die  
next. Repeat, if you kill that man,  
you die next!

We get many different angles of the Mexican standoff.

MEDIUMS ON EVERYBODY

Mr. Orange holding his belly, looking from left to right.

Joe pointing down on Mr. Orange. Not taking his eyes off  
him.

Mr. White pointing at Joe, looking like he's ready to start  
firing any minute.

Eddie scared shitless for his father, gun locked on Mr. White.

Mr. Pink walking backwards away from the action.

Nobody says nothing.

FOUR SHOT of guys ready for violence. Mr. Pink in the

background.

MR. PINK

C'mon, guys, nobody wants this. We're supposed to me fuckin' professionals!

Joe raises his head to Mr. White.

JOE

Larry, I'm gonna kill him.

MR. WHITE

Goddamn you, Joe, don't make me do this!

JOE

Larry, I'm askin' you to trust me on this.

MR. WHITE

Don't ask me that.

JOE

I'm not askin', I'm betting.

Joe's eyes go back to Mr. Orange.

EDDIE

Daddy, don't!

Joe FIRES three times, HITTING Mr. Orange with every one.

Mr. White SHOOTS Joe twice in the face. Joe brings his hands up to his face, screaming, and falls to the ground.

Eddie FIRES at Mr. White, HITTING him three times in the chest.

Mr. White brings his gun around on Eddie and SHOOTS him.

The two men FALL to their knees, FIRING at each other.

Eddie COLLAPSES, dead.

Joe's dead.

Mr. Orange lies perfectly still, except for his chest heaving. The only SOUND we hear is his loud breathing.

Mr. White is SHOT full of holes, but still on his knees, not moving.

Mr. Pink is standing motionless. Finally he grabs the satchel of diamonds and RUNS out the door.

We now hear SIRENS, the SOUNDS of more CARS DRIVING UP, MEN RUNNING to the warehouse.

While all this noise is going on, Mr. White tries to stand but FALLS DOWN. He somehow makes it to where Mr. Orange lies.



He lifts Mr. Orange's head, cradling it in his lap and stroking his brow.

MR. WHITE  
(with much effort)  
Sorry, kid. Looks like we're gonna  
do a little time.

Mr. Orange looks up at him and, with even more of an effort:

MR. ORANGE  
I'm a cop.

Mr. White doesn't say anything, he keeps stroking Orange's brow.

MR. ORANGE  
I'm sorry, I'm so sorry.

Mr. White lifts his .45 and places the barrel between Mr. Orange's eyes.

The CAMERA MOVES into an EXTREME CLOSEUP of Mr. White.

The SOUNDS of outside STORM inside. We don't see anything, but we HEAR a bunch of shotguns COCKING.

POLICE FORCE (O.S.)  
Freeze, motherfucker! Drop your  
fucking gun!

Mr. White looks up at them, smiles, PULLS the trigger.

BANG!

We hear a BURST of SHOTGUN FIRE.

Mr. White is BLOWN out of frame, leaving it empty.

FADE OUT:

THE END