

BROKEN MEN  
(EXCERPT)

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT./EXT. FRANK'S CAR - SOMEWHERE IN BROOKLYN - DAY

SUPER: BROOKLYN, 1978

A black '78 Caprice with a police light on the dashboard parked on a street lined with modest-looking houses.

DETECTIVE FRANK NEWMAN, 40s, sits behind the wheel, a lit cigarette between his lips, with the weathered face of a man in total control, and a cold stare that could kick your ass.

Frank keeps his eyes on a dilapidated one-story house on the corner. TWO BLACK BOYS toss a baseball nearby.

INT. RICK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dark, dusty room, sparsely furnished. TV on mute shows President Carter giving a speech.

RICK SANTANA, 50s, looking gaunt and twenty years older, sits by the window with a phone to his ear, an oxygen tank by his side. Rick's eyes are on the black Caprice outside his house.

ALAN (V.O.)

Just to be clear, Rick, this deal is not going to remain on the table for long, you know? Thirty-six hours max. And that's if you're an extremely lucky son of a bitch. Which, let's face it, you're not.

INT. ALAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A bright room with floor-to-ceiling windows. ALAN GLASSER, 50s, monied, sits behind a sleek desk with a phone to his ear. He has a golden smile and the confident demeanor of a man used to getting what he wants.

ALAN

That'll give you plenty of time to talk it over with your wife. We can get back to them by tomorrow evening. How does that sound?

GLORIA, early 30s, stands by the window, her back to Alan. Gloria has smart, witty eyes, and the sort of stunning beauty that turns heads.

She holds a glass vial, takes a pinch of coke with her nail, and sniffs on it. She smiles, satisfied. Alan doesn't notice.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

Rick grabs a bottle of Scotch from the windowsill, pours a couple of fingers into a glass, then gulps it down.

RICK

How does that sound? Like the DA's ramming my ass hard and you're holding me down with my pants to my fucking ankles, is how it sounds.

ALAN

Look, I know it's not what you wanted. But your partner knew the risks. He'd probably do the same.

RICK

The hell he would. Also, fuck you.

ALAN

(sighs, annoyed)

This is the best deal you're gonna get. And as your lawyer, I strongly suggest you take it. You need to think about your family now.

RICK

Frank *is* family.

ALAN

Except he's not. Not really.

RICK

(eyes on the street)

I gotta run. Got a hot date waiting for me. He gets angsty if I make him wait too long.

ALAN

Rick, we need to give them an answer by tomorrow. Tell me you understand that.

RICK

Don't worry, counselor. You'll get your answer.

Rick drops the handset on the receiver.

END INTERCUT

Alan hangs up the phone, sighs exasperated. Gloria leans against his desk.

ALAN

Son of a bitch! This fucking guy!  
He really doesn't give a shit what  
happens to him anymore, does he?

GLORIA

The guy's dying, no? If you're not  
allowed to stop giving a shit when  
you're staring death in the face,  
then when can you?

ALAN

I busted my ass to get this deal  
and he's not taking it? Fuck him!

GLORIA

Didn't you say they offered it  
right away?

ALAN

Yes. But *he* doesn't know that. And  
now he's gonna fuck me. All to  
protect his damn partner. I swear  
to God, I hate pro-bonos!

Gloria slides across his desk, facing him.

GLORIA

So, the man has principles, even in  
the face of death. Not the worst  
quality. Maybe cut him some slack?

He notices a smudge of coke under her nostril, wipes it off  
with his finger and sucks on it.

ALAN

A little early to start partaking,  
don't you think?

Gloria holds Alan's face, kisses his lips. He grips her ass.  
She stops him.

GLORIA

Maybe you're right.

Alan sits back and starts to unbuckle his pants.

ALAN

Lock the door.

INT. RICK'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rick peeks out the window, watches Frank get out of his car.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Frank walks toward Rick's house. The baseball flies his way, but Frank catches it fast. The kids freeze, unsure. Then Frank smiles and winks, tosses the ball back. The boys laugh and keep playing.

Frank climbs the stoop of the house and knocks on the door.

INT. RICK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Frank walks in, looks around the dim room, not impressed.

FRANK

Rick?

Frank grabs a picture from a coffee table showing a smiling teenage BOY and GIRL on a beach. He puts the frame back on the table, switches the TV off.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Rick?

RICK (O.C.)

In here.

Frank steps into a small dining room - just a table and two chairs. Rick stands beside it, casually pouring a glass of Scotch with one hand, a gun dangling in the other.

RICK (CONT'D)

Nice of you to finally show up. I guess you heard, huh?

FRANK

Rick, put the gun down.

RICK

You know, this facing-your-maker-any-day-now thing, it has its perks. For one, no one tells me what to do anymore. So fuck you.

Rick takes a sip. He gestures around the room, cackling.

RICK (CONT'D)

What do you think, huh? Not the best neighborhood to raise a family – the dealer in drag across the street notwithstanding – but now that I'm single, it'll do.

Frank gives him a dim smile, as if amused.

RICK (CONT'D)

Don't worry, Frank. I'm not gonna sign the damn deal. Acosta, the DA, my goddamn lawyer? They can all go fuck themselves.

FRANK

What then? You're going to trial?

RICK

Can't do that. If it doesn't go my way, Louise and the kids can kiss my pension good bye.

(beat)

I can always hope I go lights out before the trial's's over. But I've been known to be one tough son of a bitch. So...

FRANK

Then you should take the deal.

RICK

And be the reason your kid knows you only as plexiglass dad? Fuck that. There *is* another option.

Frank eyes Rick's gun.

FRANK

Rick, c'mon. You haven't thought it through. If you do this...

RICK

Actually, I looked into it. I'm retired. So even if I do this, Louise still gets seventy-five percent of my pension.

(chuckles)

Fucking ironic, isn't it? If it weren't for this damn cancer, I wouldn't've retired.

(raises his glass)

To cancer, then.

Rick gulps down his drink, triggering a nasty fit of cough. He collapses onto a chair, struggling to catch his breath.

FRANK

Rick, please. Don't do this.  
There's gotta be another way.

Rick gives Frank a faint, sad smile.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Think of the kids, your wife.  
Please, let's talk about it.

RICK

I'm tired, Frank. Tired of it all.  
No more talk. Go home. Go to Diane.  
And do me a favor? When you meet  
that baby of yours, tell him uncle  
Rick sends him a kiss, will ya?

Frank's eyes tear up.

RICK (CONT'D)

Go. Those kids outside saw you come  
in. Best if you leave now.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Frank walks out of Rick's house, his steps heavy. Across the street, the two kids are still tossing the ball. One of them glances over and smiles at him. Frank forces a smile back, then gets into his car.

INT. RICK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rick watches through the window as Frank's Caprice drives away. He pours another drink and gulps it down.

EXT. STREET - DAY

BANG! A loud gunshot is heard. The two kids freeze, then bolt. The baseball rolls away, bouncing under a parked car.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - STREET - NIGHT

Frank sits behind the wheel, parked under a streetlamp. He stares out the window with tearful eyes, gulps from a small bottle of Jack Daniels.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens, Frank walks in. DIANE rushes to the door, puts her arms around Frank. Diane, early 30s, black, full of life, with intelligent eyes, and very pregnant.

DIANE

Oh, Frank, I'm so sorry.

Frank holds her tight.

PETE, black, late 60s, with an affable, trustworthy face, stands a few feet behind, looking somber. He nods at Frank.

DIANE (CONT'D)

How horrible. Who found him?

FRANK

A neighbor, I think.

DIANE

God. At least it wasn't Louise. Or the kids.

Pete steps forward and pulls Frank into a hug. They hold each other for a beat, sharing a somber look.

PETE

Rick died the way he lived.

FRANK

You mean, giving the finger to everyone?

PETE

On his own terms.

Frank nods, faking agreement. Diane puts her arm around him. She winces, her hand on her pregnant belly. Frank and Pete give her a worried look. She smiles.

DIANE

It's been kicking all day.

Frank sighs with relief. Pete smiles.

PETE

I should get goin'.

Pete opens the door, turns to Diane with a tender smile.

PETE (CONT'D)

Princess, you take some rest, you hear?

DIANE

I will, Uncle Pete. Thanks for coming by.

PETE

And you should rest too, Frank. Losing one's partner is never easy. Is gonna hit you in a few days.

FRANK

It's hit me already.

PETE

It'll get worse.

Pete steps out, closes the door. Diane turns and hugs Frank, him, Frank staring blankly ahead.

INT. FRANK'S HOME - BATHROOM - LATER

Frank, in his underwear, leans over the sink and splashes water on his face. He stares at himself in the mirror for a long beat. He shuts off the light and walks out.

NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

Frank walks in, switches on the light. He scans the room - the baby cradle, the mobile above it, the blue wall. He smiles.

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Diane lies in bed, her pregnant belly visible under the sheets. Frank walks in, climbs onto the bed, holds her in her arms. She smiles.

FRANK

The room's looking good.

DIANE

Hmmm. You think he'll like it?

FRANK

It's a he now?

DIANE

I go back and forth. But I think it's a boy. Yes.

FRANK

Well, I'm pretty sure he won't even notice the room. But *I* like it. When he's grown a little, we can show him pictures of his baby room...

DIANE

...and he'll know how much we loved him, even before he came to this world.

FRANK

I hope he doesn't disappoint.

Diane slaps his arm.

DIANE

Frank!

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm kidding! I'm sure he'll be a great kid.

They both chuckle. A comfortable silence. She glances out the window as he strokes her hair.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Why would Rick do something like that?

Frank just shrugs.

DIANE (CONT'D)

I know Rick was sick, facing the trial and all. But he had Louise and the kids too. He could've fought this, don't you think? I mean, to shoot himself? Like that? I just can't....

Diane's eyes tear up. Frank breaks the embrace. Diane looks at him, suddenly concerned.

DIANE (CONT'D)

What? What is it?

FRANK

I'm sorry I didn't tell you earlier. I went to see him today.

DIANE

You talked to Rick?

Frank nods. Diane covers her mouth, stunned.

FRANK

I couldn't change his mind. I  
tried. I really did.

Diane nods, puts his hand on his face and kisses him.

DIANE

I know you did, babe. I know.

EXT. RICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

DETECTIVE ACOSTA, Latino, 40s, with a thin build and carrying an unfriendly stare, gets out of his car. He flashes his badge to a UNIFORMED COP behind the police tape. The cop lets him through.

INT. RICK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

DETECTIVES GRAFF and MORGAN, 50s, stand by the couch, staring at Rick's body under a bloodied bedsheet. A PHOTOGRAPHER moves around, snapping pictures.

Acosta strolls in, barely glances at them.

GRAFF

Can we help you?

Acosta stops by the body, eyes the splatter of blood and brains on the wall.

ACOSTA

Detective Danny Acosta. Internal  
Affairs.

GRAFF

Yeah, we know who you are.

MORGAN

You here to cuff the body?

ACOSTA

Any witnesses?

GRAFF

Everything will be in the report.  
You want more? File a 61.

Acosta smirks, steps forward, and yanks Graff's notebook from his hand.

GRAFF (CONT'D)

Hey, what the hell man!

Acosta raises a hand to block him, quickly scanning the notes. Graff snatches them back.

GRAFF (CONT'D)

You pull that shit again and then  
it's you and me outside. Got it?

Acosta lifts his hands in mock surrender, then wanders to the window, peering out.

ACOSTA

These two kids, they saw this man  
leave, *then* heard the gunshot? Sure  
it wasn't the other way around?

GRAFF

You have a problem reading too?

ACOSTA

What did this man look like?

Acosta turns, faces the two detectives.

GRAFF

As I told you already, everything  
will be...

ACOSTA

...in the report, yeah, yeah. Any  
chance this man was in his 40s,  
around six foot tall, strong build,  
with a mustache, driving a black  
Caprice? Rings any bells?

Graff and Morgan exchange a quick glance. Acosta smirks.

ACOSTA (CONT'D)

Thanks for your help, gentlemen.

Acosta walks out of the house.

EXT. RICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Acosta heads to his car. As he reaches for the door,  
something catches his eye. He walks to the next car over and  
picks up a baseball from the gutter, turns it in his hand.

INT. ALAN'S HOME - FOYER - NIGHT

Alan enters, drops his keys on a table, sets his briefcase on  
the floor.

BRENDA (O.C.)  
Where were you?

Startled, Alan turns, sees BRENDA, 40s but worn, wearing a robe and a tired look, smoking a cigarette.

ALAN  
Hey. Why aren't you at the auction?

BRENDA  
Didn't feel well. Decided to stay.

ALAN  
Sorry to hear. Feeling better?

Brenda takes a drag, watches him with suspicion.

BRENDA  
Where were you?

Alan walks past her and into the living room.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A sunken room. Alan flicks on the lights.

ALAN  
I told you this morning. I had  
dinner plans.

He heads to the liquor cabinet, grabs a bottle of Scotch and a glass. Brenda stands by the wall.

BRENDA  
With who?

Alan pours a glass, takes a sip.

ALAN  
Jake. He's in town for a few days.  
He wanted to catch up. We met at  
the Rainbow Room.

Brenda walks over, grabs his drink, gulps it down. She stubs her cigarette in it, hands it back.

BRENDA  
And did you?  
(off Alan's frown)  
Catch up.

ALAN  
Yes, we did.  
(beat)  
Are you drunk?

BRENDA  
Just enough. I told Elena to fix  
you the guest room.

Brenda turns to leave.

ALAN  
What? Are you serious? I'm telling  
you I was with Jake. You can call  
him right now if you want.

Brenda turns the lights off.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
Brenda! Honey? Could you...

She disappears into the dark.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
Goddamn it!

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

New boxes of VHS players and TVs stacked against the wall.  
Frank storms through the warehouse like he owns the place.

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

VINCENT LAMONT, 40s, black, sits behind a desk, smoking a  
joint. He exudes style and self-assurance in slick, color-  
coordinated attire.

ELIJAH, 30s, black, a scar on his left cheek and an easy  
smile, sits on a chair opposite Vincent. LEON, 30s, black,  
tall and heavy-set, stands by the window, also with a joint  
in hand.

VINCENT  
Sure I can't make you reconsider?

ELIJAH  
C'mon, V. We said a year. Already  
got the right place for the shop.  
Besides, Leon here's ready to take  
over. The men respect him. He ain't  
lettin' you down. Right, dawg?

LEON  
Right as rain, E.

Elijah and Leon bump fists.

VINCENT  
So in a couple years, Leon won't  
pull the same stunt, open his own  
biz and leave me hangin'?

Elijah shakes his head, smirking. Leon chuckles.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
I'm fuckin' with you, son! I'm  
happy for you. This what you always  
wanted, no? All good.

Elijah and Vincent bump fists. The door bursts open. Frank  
storms in. Leon jumps, startled.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Detective Newman. My man!

Frank grimaces, waving at the thick smoke in the room.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
I thought you was grieving. Your  
partner being dead and all. Didn't  
expect to see you up and about so  
soon.

FRANK  
(to the men)  
Out. Now.

Vincent nods at his men. The men file out. Frank SLAMS the  
door shut.

VINCENT  
So it was true. Santana, in the  
end, he was just a rat.

FRANK  
Rick was looking after the people  
he cared for. Not something you'd  
understand.

VINCENT  
And you understood, huh? But up to  
a point, no? I mean, if you thought  
he was so fuckin' noble why then  
convince him to bite the bullet?

Frank shoots Vincent a murderous look.

FRANK

I'm out, Vincent. I'm done. I don't work for you. You don't contact me. If I see any of your dogs again I'll shoot first, fuck the questions later.

VINCENT

Having a kid's clouding your judgment, detective. I've seen it before. A man sees himself holdin' a baby, he wants a clean pair of hands. The thing is, in this here business, some shit ain't never rubbin' off.

FRANK

We meet again it's gonna end ugly.

Vincent scoffs, unimpressed.

VINCENT

The end's always gonna be ugly, detective. Just ask your partner.

Frank turns, opens the door and storms out.

EXT. RICK'S HOUSE - DAY

Acosta parks his car by the curb, gets out, and heads toward the small two-story house on the corner.

Across the street, Frank sits in his Caprice, watching him. He lights a cigarette.

A black boy sits on the stoop, bored. Acosta approaches.

ACOSTA

Hey, buddy.

The front door creaks open. Another boy steps out. Acosta pulls a baseball from his jacket, hands it to the boy on the stoop. The second boy grabs it, grinning.

Frank honks his horn. Acosta turns. Frank waves at the kids, smiling. The two boys wave back. Acosta scoffs, amused.

Acosta walks calmly to Frank's car, gets to the passenger side and climbs in. Frank doesn't seem to mind.

FRANK

You could've asked, save you a trip. It's not like I'm hiding I was here yesterday.

ACOSTA

Your timing was curious. But that's not why I came.

FRANK

Right. You came to see if there was any chance you could pin Rick's death on me.

Acosta glances at the boys playing catch. Both men wave.

ACOSTA

I know you pushed Santana to eat his own gun. And even if you didn't, that's what everyone will think. That's not gonna go down well at the office. You're damaged goods now.

FRANK

Well, I've never been Mr. Popularity, so...  
(flicks the cigarette)  
Anything else?

ACOSTA

Actually, since we're here...  
(beat)  
An offer's on the table.

FRANK

Really? Rick's not even cold yet and you're already looking to fuck someone else? Ever heard of a mourning period?

ACOSTA

Rick's death changed the game.

FRANK

Not for me. Not interested.

ACOSTA

You might be.  
(beat)  
Rick was just a way to get to you. We were hoping he'd sign the deal and turn on you before the cancer got him.

(MORE)

ACOSTA (CONT'D)

Then you'd have no choice but take our offer to save your own ass. Now that he's dead and you're off the hook - for now - we're betting you'll do it 'cause you actually give enough of a shit about somebody else.

(smirks)

It's a long shot, but I have faith.

Frank keeps his gaze on the street, giving nothing away.

ACOSTA (CONT'D)

How's Pete Backsdale these days?

FRANK

That's your play? You're going after Uncle Pete? He's been out of the game for more than a decade. Statute of limitations. Heard of it?

ACOSTA

Two words. Civil forfeiture.

(leans in)

Here's the thing: we can go after Pete's assets - his nightclub, his house in Queens, his savings. He'll spend the next five years drowning in affidavits, subpoenas, IRS audits. The works.

FRANK

So you'll screw with my family just to get to me.

ACOSTA

I'll do whatever it takes to do my job. Yes. Wanna help him out or not?

Frank shrugs, stone-faced.

ACOSTA (CONT'D)

Turns out Vincent Lamont's been keeping records for years. Meticulous ones. Who got paid. When. How much. At least a dozen uniforms could be involved, maybe more. It's his insurance policy. And I need you to get it for me.

Frank nods and smirks.

ACOSTA (CONT'D)  
You don't seem surprised.

FRANK  
I would be. If it were true. But Vincent's not the accounting type. I doubt he even passed grade school math. Whoever told you this was taking you for a fool.

Acosta, steady, just stares at Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Okay. Let's say you're right. You really expect me to dig up evidence that'll bury a dozen cops...

ACOSTA  
Including you.

FRANK  
...just to spare Uncle Pete the headache of an IRS audit?

ACOSTA  
If we can prove he used drug money – and we will – everything Pete owns goes up in smoke.

Acosta taps the top of the Caprice and climbs out. He slams the door and leans into the open window.

ACOSTA (CONT'D)  
I've heard your wife is very close to her uncle. Even sings at his nightclub, no? Think it over. But I'll need your answer soon.

Acosta walks to his car a few yards away. Frank starts the engine, eases off the curb, and pulls up beside him.

FRANK  
Let me save you the trip. You wanna come after me, then have the balls and do it. If that's not an option and wanna go the other route, just know Pete's tough as nails. He can take you, the IRS, and whatever the fuck you wanna throw at him. That's my answer.

Frank takes off. Acosta watches, cold-eyed, as the black Caprice fades into the distance.

EXT. VINCENT'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

SUPER: TWO MONTHS LATER

Vincent, wearing swim trunks, sits on a chair at the edge of a pool. He bends over a small glass table and snorts on a line. The doorbell rings.

EXT. VINCENT'S HOUSE - DAY

JOHNNY, latino, 20s, solid-built, exuding swagger, one arm covered in tattoos, stands by the door as it opens.

VINCENT

The fuck are you, son?

Johnny brushes past Vincent and steps inside. Vincent smirks, checks the street - clear - then shuts the door.

EXT./INT. CADILLAC - STREET - DAY

A gold Cadillac speeds down the street. Loud music plays on. Elijah drives without a care in the world.

EXT. VINCENT'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Vincent plunges into his chair and grabs a beer from a cooler, tossing one to Johnny. Johnny cracks it open, sips, glances at the cocaine lines on the table.

VINCENT

Have some snow. Primo shit.

JOHNNY

Nah, I'm good.

VINCENT

What, daddy wouldn't approve?

JOHNNY

Fuck off. You know just 'cause he ain't sellin' it, it don't mean I can't touch it.

VINCENT

I heard that might change, though. Heroin is on its way out. Everybody loves some white girl and it's takin' over fast. Surely old man Romero has noticed, planned accordingly?

JOHNNY

That's why I'm here, is that it?

VINCENT

What you mean?

JOHNNY

You diggin' into my dad's business?  
That's why I'm here?

VINCENT

That, and a tight ass, youngblood.

JOHNNY

Don't be too sure you're gettin'  
any.

VINCENT

Relax. I don't care either way. If  
your old man decides to get in the  
snow business, as long as he stays  
in his side of the city, I got no  
beef. We cool.

JOHNNY

Anything else I should pass along?

Vincent gets up, inches from Johnny. Their eyes meet.

VINCENT

You start tellin' your old man  
anythin' that came from me, he'd  
shoot us both. You're here 'cause  
of your pretty face. *And* your tight  
ass. Not 'cause your name's Little  
Johnny Romero.

JOHNNY

Call me Little Johnny again and  
I'll whip your tight black ass.

Vincent smiles, slides his hand down Leon's crotch. They  
kiss.

VINCENT

Let's go inside.

JOHNNY

Mm-mm. I like you seein' me naked  
under the sun. I shine.

VINCENT

That you do.

They kiss more.

EXT. VINCENT'S HOUSE - DAY

The Cadillac pulls up at the curb. Elijah climbs out, walks up the stoop, knocks on the door. He peeks through a window.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Elijah trudges along the open driveway, stops next to a tall wooden fence surrounding the backyard.

ELIJAH

Yo, V. You there?

Elijah stands on his toes, looks over the fence.

ELIJAH'S POV: Vincent hastily pulls up his trunks. Johnny naked with his arms against the wall, his legs spread apart.

Elijah flinches like he's seen a ghost. He backs away, stunned, and bolts.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Elijah rushes down the street. The door to the house bursts open. Vincent rushes out, chasing him.

VINCENT

Yo, Elijah, hold up!

Elijah keeps on walking down the street. Vincent grabs his arm, spins him around.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

It ain't what you think, bro. We had a swim. We were just drying off. That's all.

ELIJAH

Man, I ain't thinkin' nothin' of it. I just brought your wheels, is all.

Vincent stares at him. Elijah smiles nervously. He points at the Cadillac.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

The new fender's slick, no?

Vincent turns and nods distractedly.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

Was that... Little Johnny?

VINCENT

Yeah, yeah. His old man wants to cut us in on his biz, pushin' south. I'm thinkin' 'bout it.

ELIJAH

Yeah? That's cool, that's cool.

VINCENT

So we good?

ELIJAH

Yeah. We good, V. We good.

Vincent and Elijah clasp hands, bump shoulders.

VINCENT

Come join us then. There's cold beers. Some blow.

ELIJAH

Nah. Gotta bounce. Gotta deliver some more cars this afternoon. Later, V.

Elijah hurries off. Vincent watches him go, unsettled.

EXT. VINCENT'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Johnny, now dressed, leans over the glass table and snorts a line. Vincent storms out and kicks Johnny hard in the ribs. Johnny crashes to the ground, glares at Vincent.

JOHNNY

What the fuck!?

VINCENT

We had to fuck outside? I told you to go in the house. Now he's seen us!

Johnny jumps up, furious, gets on Vincent's face.

JOHNNY

You go at me like that again...

Vincent pushes him back. Johnny takes a deep breath, glares at Vincent, boiling.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
Vin, I fuckin' swear...

VINCENT  
Get the fuck out of my house, you  
stupid cunt!

Johnny pushes Vincent hard.

JOHNNY  
Better a cunt than an asshole!

Vincent punches him in the face. Johnny falls inside the pool with a big splash.

VINCENT  
You better be gone when I come out!

Vincent storms back inside. Johnny flaps his arms around. He sinks beneath the water's surface, comes out for an instant, gasps for air. In a terrified panic, he tries to scream.

INT. VINCENT'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Vincent, in swim trunks and a robe, sits on the edge of the bed. He snorts two lines off a side table, winces, rubs his nose. He leans back and looks out the window.

VINCENT'S POV: Johnny's body floats face-down in the pool.

Vincent jolts up, frozen. Terror invades his face.

VINCENT  
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!