Lucky Number Slevin

By Jason Smilovic
He's clean.
So...
Why are you here? Hm?
There was a time
You misunderstood.
I wasn't asking for the time
I was just saying "There was a time."
There was a time?
Take brown sugar backthere for example.
She's pretty fucking foxy right?
She's 70.
If she's a day.
But there was a time.
I don't follow.
- The name's Smith. I'm from out of town.
Listen Mr Smith...
The reason I'm in town
...is because of a Kansas City Shuffle.
What's a Kansas City Shuffle?
Kansas City Shuffle is
when everybody looks right and you go left.
Never heard of it.
- Hm.
It's not something people hear about.
Falls on deaf ears mostly.
But this particular one's
been over 20 years in the making.
No small matter.
Requires a lot of planning.
It involves a lot of people.
People connected only
by the slightest of events.
Like whispers in the night...
...in that place that never forgets
even when those people do.
It all starts with a horse.
It's what they called back then
a drugstore handicap
A guy wants what the fella calls a sure thing
so he schemes to make it so
He calls in the doc a nobbler from Antwerp
known for his savvy but not for his discretion
Oh fuck me baby fuck me baby
The same could be said
for Doc's jelly on the side - GIoria
Almost there almost there.
Hey which horse did you say
it was again baby?
Which brings us to Abe because GIoria
was too much jelly for one outfit
Hey baby is your wife around?
What do you want?
-Who is it Abe?
Ahit's Seymour
Sure tell that bitch to open her eyes
maybe then she'd see more
Seymour says hello.
What are you doing calling me here?
Christmas came early this year baby.
I got a present for you.
Remember my friend Doc?.
Now Abe wasn't a nosy fella
but he had a nose
And right below his nose was his mouth
Do you remember GIoria the hooker?
Well Gloria's got this friend Doc
who's got a line on a doped-up racehorse.
The fix is in at Aqueduct
Seventh horse. Tenth race.
- Doped up?
And then there was this joker who had ears
Let's get back
who Iooked Iike somebody's uncle
Max who's your favourite uncle?
OK who's your second favourite uncle?
Just pay attention.
I got something here.
And before you know it
folks are getting a big dose of the gimmies
and men start talking their hats off.
And that Manischewitz Grapevine Wine spills in
your ear and tells you you got a sure thing
and what's worse is you start to believe it
At Ieast that's how it went with old Max
who wasn't so much old as he was tired
Tired of being a dog without a day
Tired of waking up and finding
that his dreams were only dreams
We're leaving.
But mostly
Max was tired of not having a front lawn
Make sure he doesn't come home late.
I will.
- I was talking to your son.
You think that's funny do you?
Y eah. Bye Mom!
Love you.
They're off.
All right if your ma asks
where were we today?
Shea Stadium.
- To see?
Mets v Phillies.
- Good man. Give me the post-game.
Stallard gave up six runs in the first five innings.
Ed Kranepool hit a line drive down right field
but it hit the wall fouled by a foot.
Gonder hit a groundball
between first and second
but he's so slow second baseman
Did you get all that from the radio?
Mm-hm.
You're good.
OK I'll be right back.
No no no. You've got to stay in the car.
Why?
Because they don't let little boys inside the track.
Saul's dad takes him to the track.
Well Saul's dad is a degenerate gambler.
And if you're the son of a degenerate gambler
they let you in.
It's economically viable.
Are you going to be a degenerate gambler?
Hey. You know better than that.
Your old man's smart.
He only plays a sure thing.
Look...
This money's gonna get you through Harvard.
And you're gonna be a docctor.
But until then...
you've got to stay in the car.
Hey.
Next weekend you and me go to a ballgame.
OK.
- OK.
I love you kid.
I love you too Dad.
Wait watch. Watch watch watch.
I almost forgot. 15 minutes.
Start counting.
The next race at the Aqueduct is the tenth race
Come on come on.
the final turn and Number Seven has moved
into fifth position on the outside
Number Two has the lead
Come on.
Number One is against the rail
And Number Seven is beginning
to pick up the pace on the outside
Yes!
Yes come on baby come on!
Let's go!
to challenge goes clear
and Number Seven takes the lead!
It's Number Seven who now has the lead
It's strolling clear
Yes!
Oh!
Number Seven has fallen!
Number One comes home
and takes the lead to win it
Max woke up to find his dreams
had just been the stuff of pipes
I want to place a bet.
- How much?
OOh you must feel real lucky.
I'll take your bet
And lay it off.
I've got a bookie's bookie.
I'll give you 2-1 on the horse.
Uh-uh. The racing form says 9-1.
So you go to a ticket vendor
with your 20 grand in hand
and you get 9-1 if the spread sticks.
You come in here with your pockets turned out
you get 2-1.
The juice is ten.
That means if you lose you're all in for 22 grand.
Can you pay these monies? Huh? Can you?
Yeah.
Just to be clear
if you lose
..you're gonna owe a lot of money
to the kind of men
you do not want to owe
the smallest amount of money to.
Henry!
Henry!
Henry!
Henry!
Hey buddy. You got a light?
No. Henry!
In that case how about the 20 Gs
What have you done with my son?
- He's on his way home. Just like you.
Urgh!
Where am I?
Roth he'll tell you everything I swear.
He already has.
Please.
I have a family.
Please
Please!
Where's my boy?
Henry!
Where are they?
Henry!
Henry!
Fuck.
Shit.
Jesus.
"Fuck. shit Jesus" is right.
I don't understand.
Why did they kill Max's family?
New outfit in town.
They didn't want somebody else
betting on a fixed horserace with them.
Trying to make an impression.
That's a fucking story man.
Charlie Chaplin entered a Charlie Chaplin look-a-like contest in Monte Carlo and came in third.
Now that's a story.
This...
This is something else.
So that's a Kansas City Shuffle?
No.
It's just the inciting incident.
The catalyst.
This - is a Kansas City Shuffle.
They look right
And you...
go left.
Sorry about that son.
Sometimes there's more to life than just living.
Besides...you can't have a Kansas City Shuffle without a body.
He's down!
- Get the roof!
Up there!
I'm coming!
Coming.
It took you long enough.
You're not Nick.
You're not as tall as I thought you'd be.
Well I'm short for my height.
That makes sense because I can usually
tell how tall someone is by their knock...
You have a deceptively tall knock.
Congratulations.
So it's a good thing?
I open the door expecting you to be up here
you're down here.
That combined with a low centre of gravity -
forget about it.
Who are you?
I'm Slevin.
And what happened to your nose?
I was using it to break some guy's fist.
Somebody hit you?
Yeah... I was kind of expecting it though.
You were kind of expecting it?
Well they say bad things happen in threes.
First I lost my job
Then I came home to find
my apartment building had been condemned
due to a hybrid breed
of Ecuadorian Super Termites
So I went to my girlfriend Kelly's
I had a key so I let myself in
Hey don't stop on my account.
- Oh shit!
Slevin.
It was an accident.
What like he tripped and you fell?
Slevin do you know what time it is?
I'm at the airport
are you sure you want me to come out?
Yeah two weeks in New York
and the only Kelly you'll remember
is the Kelly who gave you your first hand job
on the bus to summer camp
Kelly Perkins. Said her hands were dry
and she needed...
She said that to a lot of guys
that's why we called her Jerkins Perkins
Just call me when you land all right?
- Y eah.
Y eah I just got into town Nick...
I'm on my way over to your place.
Say man you got the time?
Ya man it's uh...7:23.
So you're probably still asleep?
Yo you got a smoke?
- No I don't smoke man.
Why don't you just go ahead and give me
your wallet and I'll buy my own smokes?
Am I being mugged?
Man!
And so here I am.
You said three.
What?
- You said bad things happen in threes.
You lost your job your apartment was
condemned Kelly was cheating on you
and you got mugged - that makes four
When you're on a roll you're on a roll.
Interesting although I would add not the ever so clever hold-up man one hears so much about.
Well he did break my nose.
- But overlooked your suitcase.
Maybe it wouldn't make for a speedy getaway.
True but then there's the matter of your watch.
Pretty fancy.
It's a fake.
- But he didn't know that.
Maybe he didn't see it.
- He saw it. He asked you for the time.
You say this was your third mugging?
Uh...I travel a lot.
Where's Nick?
I don't know. He was supposed to meet me here. He never showed up.
How did you get in?
- Door was open
Door was open?
- Yeah.
Open or unlocked?
- I don't remember.
You said open.
- Could have been. What was your name again?
Lindsey. I live across the hall.
Oh.
- I came over to borrow a cup of sugar.
Where's your cup?
- I came to borrow a cup of sugar.
If I had a cup I'd have come to borrow sugar.
Touche.
Maybe that's Nick It's right there.
Hello?
Hello?
They hung up.
I have an idea. Have you used the phone since you've been here?
No except for that.
Sorry wrong number.
That was the Hotel Cheval.
What are you doing?
We know who he called. Who called him?
Columbo says three things...
- Columbo?
Yeah Columbo was this TV detective
I know who Columbo is. Yeah.
He looked for three things at a crime scene.
What's there now that wasn't before.
What was there before that isn't now.
And what's been moved.
- Is this a crime scene?
I think Nick'.s in trouble.
- Ah.
Sorry wrong number.
That was the Hotel Cheval again!
So what? He called the hotel
So maybe it's a clue.
A clue to what?
- A clue to what happened to Nick.
We don't know anything did.
- We don't know anything didn't
You're here he's not. The door was open.
Bad things happen where you...
Shit. I've got to stop by work.
Just for a couple of hours. I'll come back.
then we can start the investigation.
The investigation?
- Uh-huh. It'll be fun.
OK.
I totally forgot...
Yeah.
Sorry.
May I borrow a cup of sugar?
- What?
I never gave it much thought
until I put up a fresh pot of coffee
I was on my way to the store
and I thought Nick'. d have sugar.
You tell me your story I leave sugarless.
I come back you put your penis on exhibition.
Although the coffee's probably gone bad
by now I insist on following through.
It's like a Norman Rockwell painting.
What my penis?
No. No the sugar.
Neighbours borrowing sugar from one another
It's very um...Andy Griffith.
Yeah.
That's Andy Griffith.
The penis thing is not very Mayberry.
No.
Thanks for the sugar...sugar.
I wanted to try and catch the next show.
I don't go on again till eight.
Whew!
It's not nearly eight o'clock yet.
The Boss wants to see you.
- Who...?
The Boss.
- Who's The Boss?
The guy we work for.
- Jesus!
Come here and sit your punk ass down.
Go.
I'm not the guy you're looking for.
I don't live here.
Well you look Iike the guy that lives here.
Then you don't know what he looks like.
He means to say you look Iike you live here.
Y eah that's what I mean to say.
I look Iike I live here but I don't.
I'm just visiting I just got in this morning.
The cat I'm looking for his name is uh...
His name is Nick man.
The cat's name is Nick Now...
Who are you?
I'm Slevin.
You got some lD?
The funny thing about that is
I got mugged this morning.
Look look.
Tell it to the One Legged Man.
So he can bump it off down the road.
Hey listen motherfucker...-
Yo I got this.
Slow slow slow slow your roll man.-
I got this.
Just let me. Just let me all right?
Motherfucker!
All I know is
and he says "Sloe" - that's him.
"Elvis" - that's me.
"Bring me the cat
who resides at this here address."
Now he told me that today.
You just so happen to be here today.
So I guess you the cat I'm supposed to pick up.
Today.
But I'm not Nick.
Yeah well unfortunately for you
you're not the first cat to tell me
you wasn't the guy I was looking for.
You can ask Lindsey she lives across the hall.
She lives here.
Hold on man I ain't asking nobody nothing.
Nick Slevin, Clark Kent...
The Virgin Mary could come waltzing up
with her fine ass
titties hanging out and everything.
If she told me your name was Jesus Christ I
still gotta take you to see The Boss. Know why?
No.
Orders.
Now you do know what orders is right?
Orders is orders
So I guess no-one ever taught you not to use
the word you're defining in the definition?
Say something else I will break..
your motherfucking nose. I ain't playing.
My nose is already broken.
Can I just say one more thing?
- What?
Can you turn the heat up in here
cos it's really cold?
Uh...yeah.
Y-You... You should have thought about that
before you started in with all the lip.
Ah Jeez.
It's cold out there.
- Let's hurry it up man.
Yo grab his ass.
The boss is right up there chump
Well listen.
Your boys Elvis and Sloe
picked up the wrong guy.
I'm not Nick Fisher.
- Mr Fisher?
Are you familiar with The Shmoo Mr Fisher?
A comic strip I liked as a boy.
The Shmoo was a loveable creature really.
Laid eggs
gave milk.

..and died of sheer ecstasy
when looked at with hunger.
The Shmoo loved to be eaten.
It could taste like any food you desire.
Shmoo hide cut thin made fine leather.
Even Shmoo whiskers
made excellent toothpicks
In essence the Shmoo supplied
all of the world's wants.
I only bring up the Shmoo because it's relevant
to you and why you were brought here.
I'm sorry who are you?
I'm The Boss.
I thought he was The Boss.
Why?
Do we look alike?
So Mr Fisher...
I don't know you brought me here.
Yes I did
Backwhen you thought I was him.
I never thought you were him.
I thought he was you.
I was trying to tell him you...
that they picked up the wrong guy.
Wrong guy for what?
- What you wanted to see me about.
Know what I wanted to see you about?
- No.
Then how do you know I have the wrong guy?
Because I'm not...
- Maybe I wanted to give you $96000.
In that case do I still have the wrong guy?
Do you want to give me $96000?
No do you want to give me $96000?
No should l?
I don't know should you?
I don't know should l?
Long story short.
I think we're well past that point.
- I'll bet it was that mouth that got you that nose.
OK I'm under the impression that you're
under the impression that I owe you $96000.
No you owe Slim Hopkins $96000.
You owe Slim Slim owes me.
You owe me.
Well in that case is Slim around?
Hey Slim. Do you know this cat?
Slim?
No use.
Ever since somebody shot him
old Slim went deaf.
What happened to make Slim go deaf?
Why?
Because I owe you $96000 and I might have
a slight problem coming up with the money.
Oh OK.
Well why don't we just make it an even 90?
I may have exaggerated the slightness.
Hm.
Well why don't I just cancel the whole debt
in exchange for a small favour?
Well that depends on the favour.
That was my son
Notice how I said "was"?
Yeah.
That's because he's dead.
Murdered.
Relegated to the past tense.
Sent from an is to a was
before he'd had his breakfast.
Bummer.
Lex Talionis.
The Law of Retaliation.
A pact was broken
My son was murdered
so The Rabbi's son must share the same fate.
Whose son?
The Rabbi's.
Why do they call him The Rabbi?
Because...
Because he's a rabbi.
Who's his son?
Yitzchok.
- Yitzchok Yitzchok and The Rabbi.
Yitzchok the Fairy.
Why do they call him The Fairy?
Because he's a fairy.
He has wings can fly?
Sprinkles magic dust all over the place?
He's homosexual.
- Right.
Come on.
So how does The Rabbi feel about that?
- He doesn't know.
You know but he doesn't?
Except The Rabbi.
- That's right.
So where do I fit in?
You?
You're the trigger man.
Me?
You.
Aren't there professionals?
People you can hire to do this sort of thing?
Of course there are.
Yes.
But you owe me $96000.
Why should I go out and pay someone else
when I've already paid you?
Hm. Sorry kid
but your money just isn't long enough.
Which means you're in my pocket.
Which means
if you don't do what I want you to do
you're gonna go from my pocket to my fridge.
Slim could use the company.
I could use the Shmoo.
So I'll expect your answer by morning.
Is there anything else?
Well I don't suppose I have to say anything
as trite and cliched as
"Go to the police and you're a dead man."
I think you just did.
I guess I did.
So let me see if I've got this right.
I'm paying you a lot of money to kill somebody
and you're getting somebody else to do it?
Don't worry.
I'm gonna kill somebody.
Better call Brikowski.
Tell him there's a new face in town.
Hey.
- Nick. still hasn't shown huh?
No.
- What's with you and that towel?
Oh...Lindsey...
It's a very long story.
- Get dressed and tell me about it on the way.
Where are we going?
All we know is that somebody called Nick
from the Hotel Cheval.
I spoke to a friend who works there
They keep a record of every call made
She can access the computer and we can
find out what room the call came from
What is it?
I know this guy.
- Who?
This guy.
You know that guy?
Y eah I met him.
He was dead.
You met a dead guy?
Y eah.
In a walk-in freezer.
Bookmaker Slim Hopkins reported missing.
Police have no leads.
Blah blah blah. Yada yada...
A spokesperson commented off the record
"Ironic that Hopkins should go missing
considering he's allegedly been behind
a few disappearing accts himself."
I think it's time you told me that story
about why you're still wearing that towel.
Do you mind if I get dressed first?
Could be my friend from the hotel. Be right back.
Hm.
Hey Lindsey I don't think it's such a good idea
that we continue to...
Put your shoes on Schlomo wants to see you.
I don't know anyone named Schlomo.
Someone named Schlomo knows you.
That is your only concern.
Let's go.
Like I said I don't know...
Aaahh...better...
I think it's better if you let me do the talking.
You think?
What is it?
He's sorry that he hit you.
Do you always speak for him?
- Yes
Hm.
So he's a mute then.
Not quite.
Well what then?
It's personal. You'll have to ask him.
Hm. How would he tell me?
- He wouldn't.
Hey are we going to the...?
- No.
But he's right there.
- A different outfit entirely.
Right across the street from one another?
At one time they were one with one another.
And then they tried to kill one another.
And now neither man leaves
his respective tower of isolation
for fear of what the other man will do to him.
Let me guess all the way up?
Penthouse.
You must be Mr Fisher.
Must I? Because...that hasn't been
working out for me lately.
But I'm afraid you must.
- Well if I must.
Do you know for what reason
you've been brought here?
For starters I'm unlucky.
The unlucky are nothing more than
a frame of reference for the lucky Mr Fisher.
You are unlucky so I may know that I am not.
Unfortunately the lucky never realise
they are lucky until it's too late.  
Take yourself for instance. Yesterday 
you were better off than you are today 
but it took today for you to realise it. But...  
today has arrived and it's too late you see?  
People are never happy with what they have 
They always want what they had 
or what someone else has.  
Kinda like a rabbi  
who would rather be a gangster  
a gangster who would rather be a rabbi.  
I mean what is that?  
Some sort of grass is always greener  
on the other side of the fence thing?  
I mean how do you justify being a rabbi  
and a gangster?  
I don't.  
I'm a bad man who doesn't waste time  
wondering what could've been  
when I am what could've been or not have been.  
I live on both sides of the fence  
Consider Mr Fisher...  
..there are two men sitting here before you  
and one of them you should be very afraid of  
Where's my money?  
I've been hearing that a lot lately.  
- My father used to say  
"The first time somebody calls you a horse  
you punch him.  
The second time somebody calls you a horse  
call him a jerk...  
But the third time somebody calls you a horse  
perhaps it's time to go shopping for a saddle."
I don't have your money.  
- This isn't like skipping out on the check.  
You owe me money.  
I have interests you owe them money.  
I don't even know how much money I owe you.  
- $33000.
But I'm not Nickfisher.  
- Then who the hell are you?  
I'm just a guy who was in the wrong place  
at the wrong time.  
You have 48 hours to get my money.
Saul will keep an eye on you.
In the meantime you may go now.
Wait I just have one question.
I wasn't frisked.
I see. So being a rabbi a...a religious man...
There are three things a Jew may not do
in order to save a life including his own.
He may not idol-worship commit adultery
or perform an acct of premeditated murder.
Kiling you before you killed me
would have been...
Kosher.
Acceptable.
I've wired half the money
to your bank in the Caymans.
The other half will be deposited
when our old friend is in the ground.
Now I can expect that when?
- Very soon.
- Good.
So tell me. The kid...
What do you want with him?
The kid and I have unfinished business.
If there's one thing I know
it's when someone is lying.
A man in my position it's all he has to go on.
To know a lie when he hears it
your own someone else's.
That being said he wasn't lying.
That's not Nick Fisher.
I know.
I came back here you were gone. So
I went to the hotel without you to see my friend.
She says the call to Nick. came from Room 1009.
A fellow registered under the name of Smith
if you can believe that.
It's one of the most common names in the world
But I get the feeling that this ain't one of 'em.
I get up to the tenth floor and just as I do
the door to room 1009 opens
and there's our Mr Smith. In the flesh.
So I pretend I'm walking to the elevator instead
of coming from it and we take it down together.
He smiles at me - thanks - I smile back.
But I have no idea who he is
but I think you might
so I take a picture using my cellphone
which I thought was a total waste
cos the photos look like shit and I never use it.
So there I am pretending to dial a number
and taking Smith's picture - him none the wiser.
This is Smith. Recognise him?
No.
I didn't think you would but it was worth a shot.
Anyway we take the elevator to the lobby
and the man who calls himself Smith
walks outside and hails himself a cab.
So I followed him.
He went down
into an apartment building downtown
So I wait An hour goes by
And just when I'm getting ready to leave -
who walks outside?
Smith?
- You.
Me?
You out of the same building
with two Hasidic Jews on either side of you
Friends of yours?
Not exactly.
I think it's time you told me that story.
Well there's this guy
and they call him The Boss right?
And then right across the street
there's this man they call The Rabbi.
Why do they call him The Rabbi?
- Because he's a rabbi.
So now I have to "take out"
The Fairy in order to scratch a debt
that isn't even mine.
And if that's not enough I have 48 hours to
come up with $33000 or The Rabbi's gonna...
I don't know who Mr Smith is.
And the worst part about it is
I'm not Nick Fisher.
Ironic.
I know I don't even gamble.
No I mean the mobster having a gay son.
That's ironic.
We are dealing with a bona fide case
of mistaken identity here.
Things like that aren't supposed to be real.
It's like amnesia.
Notwithstanding here you are
and Nick's nowhere to be found so...
I'd say you're fucked.
Fucked.
Shouldn't you be a little worried about this?
I have Ataraxia.
Ataraxia?
It's a condition characterised by freedom
from worry or any other preoccupation really.
I have to have my answer
to The Boss in the morning.
Oh what are you gonna say?
What a man with two penises would say
when his tailor asks him
if he dresses to the right or to the left.
- What's that?
Yes.
I knew you had sense.
Sense is something you have
when you have a choice.
Sometimes.
Sometimes it's when you know you don't.
Nah don't move that bishop!
It's an obvious sucker bet.
If you don't y-y-you can have him in four moves.
If you do he's gonna have you in mate in one.
He doesn't see it.
Wouldn't matter if he did.
Elvis lets me win.
Everybody lets me win
Wait a minute. You know this game?
You got three days.
I was thinking it would take me a week.
Oh you were thinking that were you?
With all your experience killing people?
I'll tell you what.
You win this game you got your week.
Hm.
So what's the plan with Yitzchok?
Was gonna play it by ear.
Well if it's all the same
And by the way he has shadows.
Shadows?
Bodyguards.
With him all the time.
Military.
Ex-Israeli Mossad.
They go where he goes
round-the-clock... Ex-Israeli Mossad.
Ex-Israeli Mossad.
That doesn't sound good.
They live in the apartment next door
He wears a panic button on a chain
around his neck...
Looks like an ordinary Star of David
He presses that button
and well we all know how that ends.
What's this?
Oh God! No you didn't?
Get down!
Response time's gonna be
three to five seconds
He's gonna have to hit him
when he least expects it.
Where?
Where?
- The apartment.
How do I get in his apartment?
I can't just walk in the front door.
No I was thinking you'd use the back door.
Then what?
He does the kid I do him.
I plant my gun. Clean no history.
And Yitzchok - fire a round
Take the clothes off - make it look like a
"You do me I do you we're both gay the
world doesn't understand us" double suicide.
And that's all there is to it.
Is that all there is to it?
Yeah. It's all there is to it.
Peww!
I'm not such a bad guy you know.
Some folks have grown pretty fat off me
Some have grown pretty dead.
You're a conundrum you.
You walk in here shooting your fucking mouth off
like you don't give a fuck if it gets shot off
You can only kill me once.
Checkmate.
Nobody says I have to kill you quick.
Cat.
Mouse.
You've got three days.
Excuse me.
Who the fuck is this guy?
Dunno But whoever he is he's either in
very deep shit or I don't know what
because he's playing in the sandbox. with
the Darkies the Skullcaps and who knows who.
Call Murph and see if he got a match
on that photo Marty snapped.
Yes boss.
I want a complete rundown on this fucker.
Everything from A to Z.
Who he is. Who does he know?
The people he knows who do they know?
I want to know
what the fuck he is doing in my fucking city.
What have you got?
- Get this.
The Kat's in town.
Goodkat?
It's the song junkies are singing.
- What's the happenstance?
Didn't know the happenstance.
Just said the word was the Kat's in town.
Um...who's er...who's Goodkat?
Real heavy hitter
The heaviest.
- He shows people die he vanishes.
No-one knows who he is or what he looks like.
And he hasn't worked New Y ork
in like two decades.
Just what we need
All right.
And get some different fucking coffee in here
will you? I gotta get to the fucking morgue.
Hey! I figured it out.
- Hey. What did you figure out?
You said that Slim Hopkins worked
for The Boss right?
Well listen.
The Rabbi also had a bookie - Benny Begin.
Benny's at the morgue.
Somebody killed him and his goons.
The morgue?
- Didn't I say I was a coroner?
No you didn't say you were a coroner.
Benny Begin - killed by a baseball.
My guess was a fastball.
Well either way it proves
that the good Lord has a sense of humour.
Good morning Detective.
- Morning.
You know this guy?
- Big-time bookie. Worked for The Rabbi.
Why do they call him The Rabbi?
- Because he's a rabbi.
Between you and me...
I used to sign my pay cheques over to him.
What about the other two?
Did you get anything on them yet?
These two were poisoned.
Something exotic.
I'm running it down.
- Well let me know.
Will do
Prick.
Have a good day.
- You too Detective.
Jimmy I'm taking my lunch break.
Don't you see?
Nick isn't missing he's hiding. He set you up.
Nick set me up?
- Like a bowling pin.
Nick found himself in a jam.
He got you to take his place.
He paid a street thug to mug you
but all he wants is your wallet and licence
so he ignores the watch and suitcase
Then Nick kills Slim Hopkins and Benny
the only guys who know what he looks like
and now you're left holding the bag!
But I called Nick I initiated contact.
- Well maybe it just seems that way.
What about Smith?
- I still can't figure him out in all this.
Hm.
You should run.
- I can't.
They'll kill you if you stay.
- They'll kill me if I leave.
Go to the police!
- These guys buy cops like cops buy doughnuts.
This isn't the first time this has happened.
This isn't the first time a crime lord asked you
to kill the gay son of a rival
to pay off a friend's debt whose place you're
staying in because you lost your job
and found your girlfriend with another guy?
It is the first time it happened. But Nick has been
painting me into a corner since we were kids.
I guess I've always been a better friend to him...
Yeah I'd love to hear the rest of this
Oh hey. Hey.
- Hey.
I was just thinking that if you're still alive
when I get back from work tonight maybe...
I don't know
Yeah that would be great yeah.
Really?
- Yeah.
Yeah.
OK. Um... No. Bye.
Weird.
What?
I was just thinking about what it would be like
if we'd met under different circumstances.
See I think people should only fall in love
if there's a great story behind how they met.
You know seeing as you have to tell it
over and over again.
If you and I fell in love
we'd have one hell of a story to tell.
We'd be at a dinner party and someone
would ask "How'd you two meet?"
And I'd say "You tell the story dear."
And you'd say "No you tell it better."
So come here often?
No. But I heard about someone who does.
You mean...The Fairy?
- Yeah.
Is he...?
- Yeah.
Where?
This is absurd. What are you thinking?
I'm thinking of a new option.
- What?
Talking with him.
- Talking with him?
Talking.
You're gonna go over and say "I'm Slevin
some bad dudes think I am someone I am not.
And I'm gonna have to take you out
or they're gonna take me out
and I was wondering
you wanna talk about it?"
I can't do that.
- You think?
Look.. I can't just walk.. over there.
He's got bodyguards.
Aside from that you're pretty much dead-on.
Bodyguards?
- Yeah. Right behind him. Two of them. Israelis.
Beards. Right behind him.
See 'em?
You're getting good at this.
- Thanks.
How are you gonna have a talk with him?
When he goes to the bathroom
I'll follow him in.
What do you think?
Could someone tell me why I'm in the van?
Because I could only get a reservation for two
All right The Fairy's at a table in the middle
Bodyguards nearby
Our boy's not far away
but I can't make out who's with him
Did Murph get a beat on him yet?
- Murph says whoever he is he's a ghost
  Can't find anyone who's ever even
  bumped into him much less tripped over him
The Fairy's going to the bathroom
And our boy's making a move Shit
Marty the door's locked.
- Relax
  It's not gonna go down in the men's room.
  I got it next.
What went down in the men's room?
- We talked.
And?
I told him I thought we should get together.
You didn't?
- I did.
And?
I got a date.
- Do you think this is safe?
It can't be any worse than what's waiting for me
behind door number two.
It's gonna be tough. I think I picked up a pigtail.
A what?
- The cops.
Oh a pig tail. Cute.
I ran into a nosy cop in the men's room.
You and me need to talk.
Do I know you?
- No but I know you.
Listen I'm sorry no offence but I'm not...
I'm not gay.
I'm a cop.
- Well I'm not a robber if you catch my drift?
I've been watching you.
I know what you're into.
Who are you? I mean I know who you're not.
You're not Nick Fisher.
The guy whose apartment you're in.
I know because Nick..
spent eight years in Dade Correctional
for forcing himself on a 14-year-old cheerleader.
Dade County sent me a picture of Nick Fisher.
And you...are not him.
So...who the fuck are you?
I'm just a guy whose dinner's getting cold.
May I leave now?
Come here.
- What?
Dead bodies in refrigerators. Cops in men's rooms. You remind me of James Bond.
That is the nicest thing anybody's ever said to me.
And The Boss he could be Kananga.
Kananga?
No The Boss is no Kananga.
- Well who's The Boss?
Ernst Stavro Blofeld.
Which one? Donald Pleasance?
Telly Savalas? Max. von Sydow?
You know your Bond.
But alas I was referring to Anthony Dawson.
Who?
Well he played Blofeld
in From Russia With Love.
Well you never see Blofeld's face
in From Russia With Love.
And that's when the villain is most effective
So...
See you later.
Ah that was incredible!
I just realised something.
- What's that?
I just made love to you.
- You're just realising that now?
And I have no idea who specifically you were referring to when you said James Bond.
Because earlier when you were telling me that I reminded you of James Bond
and I was saying that it was the nicest thing anybody's ever said to me
I naturally assumed...
You naturally assumed you knew who I was talking about.
Because if you don't - if you weren't talking about the guy I think that you're talking about well you have me mistaken for somebody else because in my mind there is only one Bond.
Well on that we agree.
Same time on three.
One...
- Two...
Three. George Lazenby.
- Roger Moore.
George Lazenby?
- Roger Moore? I was kidding.
Yeah I was kidding.
- You were?
The only James Bond is...
Timothy Dalton.
- Pierce Brosnan.
Scotland forever.
- I feel so much better.
Why are you going?
I'm just going to get us some coffee.

**OK:**
Hurry back to me.
Hey! Police.
Aw come on man.
I already talked to your buddy.
Good morning. I'm Detective Dumbrowski.
Good morning Detective.
Am I being kidnapped?
Nope. We just want to have
a quick friendly word with you.
Is this standard operating procedure
you'd find in the policeman's manual
if you look up "quick friendly word"?
There is no SOP for the box
you got yourself into.
Oh.
So what do you want to talk to me about?
- You.
What about me?
- Who are you?
Philosophically speaking?
- Name.
Rank serial number...
You think I'm tall enough?
What is your name?
- Oh yeah I remember. Slevin Kelevra.
K-E-L-E-V-R-A.
Kelevra.
- Look kid
I don't know what's going on
or how you're into this
but when I figure out what there is to figure out
I'm not gonna be so nice to you.
Oh this is nice. Don't do me any favours.
Last chance to come clean
Take a walk.
I think this is the part
where you tell me not to walk too far.
I have to go to work.
Hey.
Hey guys what are you doing here?
- Now's the time.
I've got at least... Jesus.
The Boss says he wants you to look nice
for The Fairy.
You're early.
Why don't you come in and fix yourself a drink?
I was just getting ready.
You'll have to excuse the
I wasn't expecting you for....
You look good
You want some wine?
- No.
Is something the matter?
Somebody's trying to kill you.
Who?
Me.
That was close.
- Yeah.
Close.
I hired you to do a job
It wasn't supposed to look like a job.
So you take out the Israelis
bomb the damn building...
and now the job
that was not supposed to look like a job's
beginning to look very much
like a job.
All right. Fuck it.
If the Rabbi wants a war...
..I'll give him a war.
Saul.
Saul.
Saul the phone's been
Oh.
I thought you were Saul.
People have been thinking I'm somebody else.
Your predicament reminds me of a story.
Hitchcock North By Northwest.
The movie where everybody thinks Cary Grant
is a man named George Kaplan
but the thing is there is no George Kaplan.
It's just a made-up name.
But names even made-up ones...
...can bring about quite a bit of trouble.
Now...
the woman in the picture with Grant
her name was er
- Eva Marie Saint.
Oh...you know this movie.
- I know this movie.
I took my father to see it in 1959.
His English wasn't very good
but boy did he like Miss Saint.
After the movie he turned to me and he said
You see he couldn't pronounce
the word beauty so he'd say Buick.
Caused quite a bit of confusion.
- Using the wrong name'll do that.
Is that my money?
This is everything I owe you.
It's the Sabbath. You see.
I know.
Normally Saul turns off the ringer.
Saul!
I tell you you can't find good help these days.
Saul's dead.
They're all dead.
Oh I've been in this room before.
Looks the same as it did 20 years ago.
Somehow...
Somehow it seems different.
The way your car seems different
when someone else is driving it.
Then again it's been 20 years
since I've been in a car.
Two decades spent behind three inches of bulletproof glass due to a natural fear of high-powered rifles and quiet...rooftops in New Jersey. Locked away in my own paranoia a prisoner in my own home. Only to be delivered to fate by a boy. Well Anthony it looks as though you've won if such a term may be applied If I were wearing a hat I would take it off. Should we get on with it then? You can keep your hat on Schlomo. Looks like we were sold a bill of goods by the same salesman. Nice speech though. I wish I was standing for it. You...you brought this upon our heads. Me? - You...you hired Goodkat to kill my son. After you murdered my son? I had no hand in that. - Oh sure. Just like in '84? I suppose you had no hand in that either. Just a finger maybe? Time's up Rabbi. Lying to a dead man's the same as lying to yourself. You were getting too big. See... problem when two men are standing in a room is you can only look at one of them and they were looking at you with their backs turned Then they called you The Boss. It was clear what had to be done. Try and appreciate how it feels Schlomo... to wake up in the middle of the night with six bullets burning in your stomach. Lying in a pool of your own blood and shit. The dead eyes of... of your wife...staring back at you. The only thing keeping you from passing out is the sound of the footsteps of the man
going down the hall...
..looking for your son.
I managed to save my son Schlomo.
And now...
..after all these years...
..in spite of our agreement!
You...you...
fucking backstabbing Philistine.
You managed to take my son away from me.
Well...
..now I've taken your son away from you.
I told you I had nothing to do with...
You haven't heard.
Will I?
Look at my face Schlomo. Look at my smile.
Your son is dead.
Your son is dead.
I'm gonna kill you. Hm.
Rabbi.
Are you familiar with the Shmoo?
Fisher.
Fisher listen to me.
I already told you
I'm not Nick Fisher.
Then who is Nick Fisher?
I think you mean who was Nick Fisher?
Fisher was the answer to a question.
How do you get to two men
that can't be gotten to?
You get them to come to you
But to do that I needed a name
And where do you find names?
In books
And who has books?
Well your bookies have books
He's clean.
Crooked bookies
who work with big-time crooks.
- So...why are you here?
I was looking for a gambler
One who was in both books
with a lot of red in the minus column
Got him.
And that's when I found Nick Fisher
A Iowlife that no-one was gonna miss
Nick Fisher.

OK:
There was a time..
All that was left to do was make the phone ring.
All I had to do was pull the trigger
and wait for you to call the man
who does the jobs that no-one else wants
I want an outsider brought in
There's a specialist.
Calls himself Mr Goodkat.
Fine.
Tell him he can expect me in the morning.
Are you ready?
Yeah.
It's just that one last thing.
Mr Goodkat.
It's been a long time.
I'm sorry to have kept you waiting Mr Goodkat.
So I'll get right down to business.
Slim Hopkins the man who ran my book
was hit yesterday.
And I guess you've already heard about...
my son.
- Yes I heard.
I need you to sort it out for me.
Who's the mark?
Yitzchok.
Yitzchok The Rabbi's son?
You remember The Rabbi?
I remember The Rabbi well.
Thing is
it can't look like a job.
If Yitzchok gets hit The Rabbi will go to war
So...I need you to make it look like
it ain't what it is.
Can that be done?
Anything can be done.
Good. How?
Kansas City Shuffle.
I'm not familiar with the term.
I'll need to see Slim's books.
Slim's books were taken when he was hit
What are you looking for?
This is our guy. Nick - 1729.
Nick Fisher.
Why him?
A loser.
Pick him up. Bring him here.
Still not talking to each other huh?
Can't say that I blame you
Why are you here?
- Big job.
I was under the impression
you no longer worked New York
Like I said...very big job.
And you thought as long as you're in town
you'd drop by and see your old pal Schlomo
and say "Hello. How about them Yanks?"
No. But something like that.
Only problem is you and I aren't old friends.
And I hate baseball.
And since we're not friends and
you hate baseball why the fuck are you here?
It's because we're not friends that I'm here.
Because if we had been friends
Because that is right at the top of my list
of things that friends do not do to their friends.
The good news for you is
my friendship is for sale.
You see it seems to me
than he does to The Boss dead.
And more money means more to me
than less money.
And you are the guy that sleeps with
all that green under your mattress.
I'm listening.
You will pay me double to kill The Boss
what The Boss was paying me to kill Yitzchok.
Oh.
- And that...
And that will make us friends.
Right Rabbi?
Hm?
And...since friends do favours for their friends
Pray tell? What is this favour?
Concerns a matter of debt collection.
One debt in particular.
Whose?
A flop. From Benny's book
Goes by the name of Nick Fisher.
Who is he?
Just a loser.
You just made a lot of money.
And then I was free
to come and go as I pleased
Hm?
Whatever they're paying you...
Oh.
There is nobody.
I did this to you.
Me.
- You.
Me.
Who are you?
Who is he?
Considering he no longer has fingerprints
I'd say it's unlikely we'll ever know.
What about dental records?
Sure find the bottom half of the jaw then all
we need to do is find out who the dentist was.
What a fucking mess.
Hey Brikowski it's Marty you there?
We found two more bodies
to go along with the two you've already got
All right I'll be right over.
Did you ever get a hold of The Rabbi so he can
going down here and identify what's left of his kid?
Negative
We've been calling for the last hour no answer
Send somebody over.
Copy.
You all right? You look a little shook-up.
No I'm fine.
All right.
Yeah.
- Hey Brikowski it's Murphy
Hey Murph what's up?
Harry Kello came by today
You remember Harry?
He retired a few years ago. His wife just died
so he comes in a couple of times a week. 
talks shop tells stories to the rooks. 
Starts every sentence with "The way 
things used to be". Guy living in the past. 
Yeah. Yeah what about him? 
Guy says he can't complain 
then all he does is fuckin' complain. 
His dead wife the leg he got shot in 
his crappy pension 
but then he stops when he sees the picture 
Marty snapped of your kid. 

Just stares at it. 
I say "What is it? You know the kid? " 
Thing is he ain't looking at the picture 
but at the name. 
I've got it written at the bottom. 
He knows that name: Slevin. 
I have that same phone. 
About an hour later the phone rings it's Harry 
talking like a goddamned machine gun 
going on and on about a horse race back in '79. 
Aqueduct 
Seven horse tenth race - ring a bell? 
It was a drug store handicap 
Big wind-up around the time The Boss 
The Rabbi set up shop in New York 
before people started 
waking up with knives in their backs 
Anyway he goes on about this local legend 
about this kid. 
His name was Max. 
Max placed a bet with a bookie named Roth 
Roth laid the bet off. 
On you. 
And you. 
But when The Rabbi and The Boss 
find out the fix is in 
they are the opposite of happy. 
Word comes down an example is to be made. 
Aargh!
These guys kill everyone! 
And I mean everyone 
Max his wife his kid Roth 
even the goddamned horse died
These guys went to town with a tomahawk
It was a fucking massacre.
They had to bring in a specialist to do the kid
cos nobody would take the job
What have you done with my son?
You?
No.
You're dead.
You're dead!
So Harry's going on about how they had to
bring in a specialist to kill the kid
but I ain't seeing the connection
so I says "What has this to do with the case?"
He says "The horse's name"
I say "What about the horse's name?"
He says the horse's name was
Lucky Number SIevin
What is your name?
- Slevin Kelevra.
Do you remember this part?
Please! I have a family.
Not any more you don't.
Henry!
You fucking bastards!
You fucking bastards!
The two of you killed everything I ever loved.
Fuck you both.
Now there is no such person as SIevin Kelevra
as far as I can tell
Which means the kid was using a pseudonym
Which is interesting
him picking the name of a dead racehorse
and keeping company
with The Boss and The Rabbi
seeing as they had some involvement
with that very horse.
I thought to myself maybe it means something
Then again maybe it's just a coincidence
name's gotta come from someplace - right?
I guess none of this really matters
now that the kid's gone cold
Ah one more thing
we've got a new guy in the precinct
Jewish fella funny little guy talks a lot
Anyway in case you're interested
he says the name Kelevra is Hebrew
He says it means
Bad dog.
I used to sign my pay cheques over to him
Brikowski? You there?
Your girl made me
She took my picture.
She's got to go in the ground.

**OK:**
I have something I have to tell you.
He told me that we needed to kill you.
You're gonna have to trust me.
Shit!
He's going to shoot you here.
I didn't think you'd understand.
I understood.
How did you find out about us?
I'm a world-class assassin fuckhead.
How do you think I found out?
I thought you might want this.
I want to go home.
Neither of us is going home for a long time kid.
My name is Goodkat.
You can call me Mr Goodkat.
It's 20 minutes past four o'clock
at WLNS and here's my new favourite song
by JR - The Kansas City ShuffIe.