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Brick

By Rian Johnson

Brendan?

Emily?

Yeah.

How's things?

Status quo.

- Yeah?

- Mmm-hmm.

That's good.

What's going on, Em?

You know,

it's good to see you, Brendan.

It's been some time.

Two months.

Yeah, I didn't even know your locker. I had to ask Brain.

Em, why don't we meet somewhere?

I can't.

Why not?

I screwed up real bad, you know.

I really screwed up.

Screwed up how?

Look, I did what she said with the brick.

I didn't know it was bad,

but The Pin's on it now for poor Frisco, and they're playing it all on me.

Slow down, now. What?

You gotta help me, Brendan.

Please.

I think Tug... Oh, no!

Brain!

Brendan, it's been a while.

- Where you been eating?

- Back of school.

Yeah, no one's seen you.

- What's it been, a couple of months?

- It's been a while.

You gave Emily my locker number?

- Few days ago, was I wrong?

- No.

You know, it's been so long

I don't know your two's status.

Yeah, it's been a while.

Who's she been eating with?

I don't know,
that's hard to keep track.
Is it?
Can be. Can be hard
to keep track of those things,
because lunch is...
Lunch is a lot of things.
Lunch is difficult.
Uh-huh.
She hadn't been doing too good, Brendan.
Yeah, well,
I'm not looking for a patch up.
Em's life is her own,
but she asked for my help.
- Help with what?
- I don't know.
I don't even care.
It's not my business.
I just want to know she's okay.
So I gotta find her.
That's all this is.
Well, I know she's been poking in
with the Ivy-bound cheerleading
elite, Laura Dannon's crowd.
Laura Dannon there on the Linc'?
And Brad Bramish.
Cream on the upper-crust.
Anyway, Em tagged after them for a bit,
but it didn't work out.
She picked her way down the food chain.
Last I saw, she was with
what's her name, the drama vamp.
Small-time dealer, the evil
one, the one you dated.
- Kara.
- That's my bus.
- You know her locker number?
- Kara's?
- Em's.
- 269.
Thanks, Brain.
Keep your specs on.
Find me if she shows.
Will do.

Hello, Kara.

- Hello, Brendan.

- Kara.

- Come to see the show?

- No, I didn't.

- Lapdog, blow.

- Stay.

- I need words.

- Well, I'm listening.

About Emily Kostich.

Run and get my purse.

Go on, hurry up.

Still picking your teeth with freshmen?

Well, you were a freshmen once.

Way-once, sister.

You and Em tight for a bit.

Who's she eating with now?

- Eating with?

- Eating with. Lunch. Who?

You're a cutie.

Brendan.

I don't know where she is.

I know you do, so why don't

you want me to find out?

Well, maybe I'm looking out for you.

Oh, I appreciate that.

Brendan.

If you're ever looking
to get back into things,

I could use you.

- Okay. So...

- Go. Say your line. Okay.

- Go.

- So I just...

No, he's got to come in first,
and then you can say your line.

Hello?

Yes, hello, ma'am, this is
Tom. I'm a friend from school.

Could I speak to...

Oh, sure, Tom.

Laura's here. Just a sec.

Yes?

- I'm calling for details.

- For what?
- Details about the party.
- Who is this?
- Or I'll hang up.
- You don't know me.
I'll save you some time.
I know everyone, and I have
all the time in the world.
Folly of youth.
Ask whose invitation I've got.
- What you said...
- Emily Kostich.
15 Busch Street, in Stockton
Cove. Buzz 42 at the gate.

9:

"The sun, whose rays Are all ablaze
"With ever-living glory,
"Does not deny His majesty
"He scorns to tell a story!
"He don't exclaim,
"'I blush for shame So kindly be indulgent.'
"But, fierce and bold,
"In fiery gold His glories all effulgent!
"I mean to rule the earth As he the sky
"We really know our worth The sun and I!"
And the stupid coach,
the coach won't let me play.
So, cheers.
Beautiful. I mean,
I am Brad Bramish, Coach.
You gotta let me play.
How am I supposed to put in my best game
if I'm worried about whether
or not I'm gonna be in there?
Hey.
Hey!
- What are you doing here?
- Leaving.
Oh, yeah?
Brad's not the kind of guy
you wanna mess with.
Fearless flyer.
Quit your yapping and fix me one.

I'll never get through all this.

Uh-huh.

- So why are you here tonight?

- I'm looking for Emily.

Em's been AWOL for a good month. Nobody's seen her.

I saw her yesterday.

Nearly nobody.

Listen, you're scratching at the wrong door.

I didn't know Em well enough to know the details of what she was in.

I just got wind of the downfall.

If you haven't got a finger in Em's troubles, then why did her name get me into your rather exclusive party?

Keep up with me now.

I don't know, but it sounded like you did.

And a body's got a right to be curious.

- Now I'm not so sure.

- Well, put that body to bed.

I don't know a damn thing about whatever troubles and that works for me.

I just want to find her.

Coffee and Pie.

Coffee and Pie, Oh My?

And you didn't hear it from me.

- It's Tugger.

- All right.

- Will you wait here for me?

- Sure.

You'll sit right here and wait?

I'll just be five minutes.

- Yes.

- Okay.

Why don't you say something?

I will not talk about this.

- We'll talk about this right now!

- I won't!

I'll talk about this now!

Where's Dode?

Hey, Brendan,

maybe you shouldn't be here.

Kara told me you know where Em's at.

And why you looking for Em?

She asked for my help.
Well, listen, man,
I got plenty on my plate
without dealing with some jilted ex.
It's not about that.
Well, whatever it's about,
act smarter than you look and drop it.
Where's she at?
You better get while it's good.
Heel it now, dig?
Throw one at me if you want,
hash-head.
I got all five senses and I slept last night.
That puts me six-up on the lot of you.
Just easy, bro.
Where's Em?
All right! All right!
All right!
Where's Em?
She's with me.
She was tight when she called
you, man. Came to me freaked.
Told me to shake you if you came by.
Said you'd only make things worse.
Deal with whatever
this ain't about and drop it.
Tell Em I wanna see her.
Tell her if she wants my help
or not, it's her business.
But I want to hear it straight from her.
She don't want...
Today! She knows where I eat lunch.
And stay out, man!
I must've sounded pretty crazy
on the phone yesterday.
You just gotta forget about it.
That's how you can help me out, is just,
please, forget about it.
Brendan,
I know that you're mad at all these people,
because you think I went away
from you and went to them.
But you got to start seeing it
as my decision.

You know, stop getting angry
just because where I wanna be at
is different from
where you wanna be at, okay?
Who fed you that line, Em?
Stop picking on Dode. Okay?
He's a good guy.
The Pie House rat?
He's a good friend.
So what am I?
Yeah, I mean, what are you?
Eating back here,
hating everybody.
I mean,
who are you judging anyone?
God I...
I really loved you a lot.
I couldn't stand it.
I had to get with people.
I couldn't handle life with you, anymore.
I'm sorry, Brendan. I'm sorry.
- You gotta come back to me, Em.
- No!
You're in a spot but I can get you
out of it, if you just come back to me.
No, you're not hearing me!
I don't wanna be put away
- and protected.
- Whatever befalls you, I'll deal with.
No.
Just tell me about the trouble
with the brick, The Pin.
What? Are you gonna fix things,
like you did with Jerr?
No. Okay?
I came here to say goodbye.
Okay? For good.
Whatever you have to do
to let me go, you gotta do it.
You gotta promise me, though,
okay? You have to.
That you're not... You're not
gonna torture yourself.
Please.

That you're...

You're just gonna let me go.

Just let me go.

Do you know anything else about this?

No.

Slim pickings.

Why did you let Dode fly

when he went back to,

who's her name,

at the theater?

Kara.

It's their turf. I couldn't

hear them without being seen,

and that would only biff their play.

Best to know that it's there,

let it ride and see what comes of it.

Anyway.

Well, if this is what I think it is,

it didn't come straight from Dode,

unless he's playing out of his league.

- I can only give you my best guess.

- Yeah.

When the upper crust does shady deeds,

they do them in different

places around town.

One of them is by the pier,

another one is by the bike trails in State Park.

I mean, there's a lot of them.

And the pitch is, they've got

little symbols for each one.

So they can tell each other

the place without word

getting around.

- This might be that.

- But Dode wouldn't know it?

No, this is the upper crust.

Dode's pie-pan grease.

Call anything up?

How many places start with "A"?

Or if it's a shape,

could be just a random symbol.

Even if you figure it out,

what good would you do?

You said her business was none of yours.

So she's all right.

Forget it now, go home. Sleep.

- Brendan, you're up early.

- Couldn't sleep.

Find Emily?

You all right?

- Yeah.

- What are you here for, zero?

Forced into taking the early bus.

The others don't run by my street.

So what's the word with Em?

- She's gone.

- Can't raise her?

No, I can't.

So what now?

Now, I don't know. I guess...

I don't know.

I can't let her go, Brain.

I was set to, but I can't.

I don't think I can.

Do you think you can help her?

No.

You think you can get the straight,
maybe break some deserving teeth?

Yeah, I think I could.

Well...

Tell me to walk from this, Brain.

- Tell me to drop it.

- Walk from it. Drop it.

But you're thick, Brendan.

Yes, I am.

I need you to op.

Like on Jerr, but that was
cake to this, and unlike Jerr,
there's not much chance of coming out clean.

You okay to op for me again?

- So what first, tip the bulls?

- No.

Bulls would gum it.

They'd flash their dusty
standards at the wide-eyes,
probably find some yegg to pin,
probably even the right one.

But they'd trample the real tracks

and scare the real players
back into their holes.
If we're doing this,
I want the whole story.
No cops, not for a bit.
So what's first?
I don't know.
- Your mom still have that cell?
- In her car.
Can I borrow it for a few days?
Get me the number?
- Yeah.
- Wait for my word.
And cover for me first.
I'm gonna be a little late.
Stop it.
What did you do, Brendan?
Are you crying for him?
You're crying for Jerr?
Trueman went straight
for him. He knew the lay!
- You ratted on Jerr!
- Stop it now, Em!
What, you telling me
it isn't true? Look at me!
You ratted him out,
because you were jealous!
No, I spun on him and
I bulled the two-bit toker,
'cause I know what his world
would do to you!
I love you too much to see that!
You don't love me,
you just wanna keep me!
You're the only thing I love!
You're the only thing I love!
And this is how I do it.
I wanna keep you safe.
You can't keep me safe,
Brendan, all right?
I'm in a different world now.
And you can't keep me out
of it, and you can't beat it.
Not if I don't want you to.

Here's the cell number. Yeah.
Keep it on vibrate.
Better stop meeting me in the open, too.
I'm gonna start getting visible.
I need you on the underneath.
I'll call.
Trueman, the Ass.
VP, wants words.
- I'll bet he does.
- Keep him off me.
Stonewall him, he won't bite.
Just keep him away from me.
- I'll try. So what's first?
- Make Em's troubles mine.
Emily said four words I didn't
know. Tell me if they catch.
- Brick.
- No.
- Or bad brick.
- No.
- Tug?
- Tug.
Tug, might be a drink.
Like milk and vodka, or something.
- Poor Frisco.
- Frisco.
Frisco Farr was a sophomore last year.
Real trash.
Maybe hit a class a week.
Didn't know him then
and haven't seen him around.
- Pin.
- Pin.
The Pin?
The Pin, yeah?
The Pin's kind of a local
spook story. You know the kingpin.
- I've heard it.
- Same thing.
Supposed to be old,
like 26. Lives in town.
- Dope runner, right?
- Big time.
See, The Pin pipes it from the lowest

scraper to Brad Bramish himself.
Maybe. I mean, ask any dope rat where
the junk sprang, and they'll say
they scraped it off that,
who scored it off this,
who bought it off someone.
After four or five connections,
the list always end with The Pin.
But I bet you,
you got every rat in town together
and said show your hands
if any of them have actually seen The Pin,
and you'd get a crowd of full pockets.
You think The Pin's just
a tale to take whatever heat?
But what's first?
A show of hands.
Hello, Brendan,
are you here for the show?
No.
Well, then,
could you go then, honey?
'Cause I have this headache.
Try smoking like a chimney.
I've heard that helps.
Hey, isn't this Dode's brand?
- You don't know Dode's brand.
- I do now.
I'm gonna start shaking things up.
Give me the story,
you might miss the bite.
- The story about what?
- All right.
The story about what?
I don't want to play games
if you've got a headache.
Get me if you want to spill it,
but I can't guarantee
safe passage after tonight.
- I don't know...
- Tell The Pin
that Brad was my calling card,
and I need words.
Brad Bramish?

Tail Kara at lunch. She's got rehearsal, but she'll blow early.

She goes home, drop her, or else wait for my call.

Will do.

I mean, am I crazy, huh?

I mean, this is all I am trying to say here!

Okay, if you put me in the game,

Brad Bramish is gonna do

what needs to be done, baby.

Okay?

But they don't put me in!

What needs doing,

ain't gonna get done!

Huh? And then don't come crying to me.

Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo! If you don't

put me in the game!

Now, am I right?

Of course I'm right!

And don't come to me

if you don't let me play!

- Didn't.

- Shut up!

Hey!

- What are you doing here?

- Just listening.

All right, you got me.

I'm a scout for the Gophers.

Been watching your game for a month,

but that story right there, just clenched it.

You got heart, kid. How soon

can you be in Minneapolis?

Yeah?

Cold winters, but they got

a great public transit system.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

Oh, yeah?

There's a thesaurus in the

library. "Yeah" is under "Y."

- Go ahead, I'll wait.

- You know, who invited you?

To the parking lot?

Gee, I guess I invited myself.

Maybe you wanna go somewhere more private.

With you? Sure.

If this boy knows what's good

for him, he'll just beat it.

Whooping this small fry's butt

ain't gonna help me none.

Sure ain't gonna help him, neither.

Come on, Brad!

- Hey, was there a fight?

- Yeah.

You're quite a pill.

Uh-huh.

- Where are you going?

- Home.

Why did you take a powder the other night?

- Same reason I'm taking one now.

- Hold it!

- I wanna help you.

- Go away.

Look, I can't trust you. You ought

to be smart enough to know that.

I didn't shake up the party

to get your attention,

and I'm not heeling you to hook you.

Your connections could help me,

but the bad baggage they bring

could make it zero sum gain or even hurt me.

Better off coming at it clean.

I wouldn't have to lead you in by the...

I can't trust you.

Brad was a sap, you weren't.

You're with him,

so you're playing him.

So you're a player.

With you behind me,

I'd have to tie one eye up,

watching both of your hands.

I can't spare it.

- You're not Brad.

- No, I'm not.

- You didn't call.

- Sorry. Kara went home though, didn't she?

Yeah, but she stopped at a payphone

and made two calls that she

didn't want on her phone bill.

- Get the numbers?

- No. Sorry.

It's all right.

Me and Brad front-page news?

All the buzz.

You really do that?

Yeah.

- Why? Is Brad The Pin?

- Brad is a sap.

I downed him on his field,
and his crew didn't bite.

So now I know he's a sap,
and anyone who acts like
he isn't is profiting by it.

That's not why I roughed him,
though.

- For kicks?

- Economics.

Brad's the school's biggest jake buyer,
so if this Pin is behind all the
selling, I just got his attention.
Anyway, now we've shaken the tree,
let's wait and see what falls on our heads.
Will do.

So you didn't know this boy?

- No sir, never seen him.

- And he just hit you?

Like I said, he asked
for my lunch money first.

Good thing I brown-bagged it.

Okay, Brendan, I've been
looking to talk to you.

And you've helped this office out before.

No, I gave you Jerr to see
him eaten, not to see you fed.

Fine.

Very well put.

Accelerated English.

Mrs. Kasprzyk.

- Tough teacher.

- Tough, but fair.

Okay, we know you're clean.

And you've...

Despite your motives,
you've always been
an asset to this office.
And you're a good kid.
I want to run some names past you.
- Hold it, we're not done here.
- I was done here three months ago.
I told you then I'd give
you Jerr, and that was that.
I'm not your inside line,
and I'm not your boy.
- That's not very...
- You know what I'm in
if the wrong yegg
saw me pulled in here?
- What are you in?
- No.
And no more of these informal chats, either.
You got a discipline issue with me?
Write me up or suspend me,
and I'll see you at the parent conference.
Hold on!
I could write you up
for talking back to a VP
and for looking at me
in that threatening way.
I would exercise a little tact, Mr. Frye.
You can't pull a stunt like that unless
there's something I need you for.
- So is there?
- Maybe.
Maybe.
Maybe there's something you need from me.
Maybe.
All right, I need you off my back
completely for the next few weeks.
There might be some heat soon.
If it's something I can't cover,
I won't go to bat for you.
If I get caught like that,
it's curtains anyway.
I can't have brass
cutting me favors in public.
I'm just letting you know now,

so you don't come kicking in my
homerom door once trouble starts.
Okay. Okay,
here's what I can do.
I won't pin you for anything
you aren't caught at.
But if anything comes up with your
prints on it, I can't help you.
Also, if I get to the bottom
of whatever this is,
and it gets too hot,
and you don't deliver,
VP's gonna need someone
to turn over, police-wise.
And I'll have you.
So there better be some meat at
the end of this, like you say.
Or at least a fall guy.
Or you're it.
Nope, Dode is MIA.
I'm 9 of 10 that Kara's got him,
but who knows where.
I shook,
but she's not spilling.
No more job offers,
so she's gotta play.
And I know enough about Kara
to let that worry me.
All right, keep your specs on
for him. Any other news?
Some. Laura Dannon came to me,
looking for you.
- She did, huh?
- Fourth period.
Nearly shook me upside down.
Can't say I didn't enjoy it.
But why'd she come to me?
She's tapping Kara,
and Kara knows you know me.
Yeah, well,
she's some piece of work.
If I had known where you were,
I might have told her.
That's the spirit.

Ask around for Dode.
Tail Kara again at lunch.
I got knives in my eyes.
I'm going home sick.
- I'll call you tonight.
- All right.
I wanna see The Pin.
I wanna see The Pin.
I guess you do.
You The Pin?
Yeah.
So now I'm very, very curious
what you're gonna say next.
Maybe I'll just sit here and bleed at you.
Helled, if you're gonna go
breaking my best clients' noses
and expect me to play sandbag.
Anyway, you've been
sniffing me out before then.
Sniffing for me like a vampire bat
for a horse with a nick on
its ear that he can suck on.
They do that.
So now you got Tugger to bring you in,
which he never does.
And you got me listening.
So I'm very curious
what you have to say that
better be really, really good.
Why don't you call Ms. Dannon
in from the hall first?
She ought to hear this.
No dice, soldier.
Would've been a neat trick, though.
I was just gonna come up
with some bit of information
or set up some phony deal,
anything. She'd let me walk.
Then I was gonna go to the Vice Principal
and spill him the street address
of the biggest dope port in the burgh.
He knows zippo.
on the desk, in the den,
in the basement of the house

with the tacky mailbox.
You gonna do what now?
No good, soldier.
All right, Tugger, enough.
Tug!
Tug, stop!
My glasses?
The hell with you then.
Which wall is the door in?
Sorry about this, kid.
But what the hell with what you said before?
Where you were at, with all
of us and Tug a fist away.
You gotta use your nut.
Allay the situation.
So, yeah,
you're not scared of me.
I got it.
But I'm also thinking
you're a little nuts, now.
So you've got that tradeoff
with your situation.
But nuts isn't all bad,
so maybe it was a good play.
I don't know.
So Laura talked me down.
Why don't we take you upstairs,
back with the living?
I thought we had orange juice,
Brendan. I'm sorry.
How about some Tang?
No, that's more like soda,
isn't it?
Water's fine, ma'am. Thanks.
Wait a minute, we have apple
juice here, if you'd like that.
Or we've got milk, but you're
having that on your corn flakes.
Apple juice sounds terrific.
It's country style.
That's perfect.
And I'll even give it to you
in a little country glass.
How about that?

- Boys?
- I'm fine, Mrs. M.
Thanks, Mom.
Okay, well,
I'm gonna go do something in the other room.
So how abouts we take another
snap at hearing your tale?
I don't know.
It starts out same as before.
I mean, this floor ain't carpeted.
We're cooled off.
Your muscle seemed pretty cool
putting his fist in my head.
I want him out.
- Looky, soldier...
- The ape blows or I clam.
So clam!
What've you got I can't beat out
of you back in the basement?
Give us a few minutes, Tug.
I'll call you if whatever.
So?
About a year ago, I had a small-time
dealing partnership with Jerr Madison.
- Know him?
- Till he took the fall for you.
Yeah, well.
I didn't ask him to,
but he was a straight player,
and I got out clean, almost.
Nothing on my official record, but
the VPs play it like I owe them one.
When I made it clear I wasn't gonna
be playing their hound dog,
well, they didn't like it.
They keep badgering me,
calling me in.
Gee, that's tough.
I don't like being told
whose side I'm on.
So now they think I'm on your trail.
I'm in a nice spot to know their movements,
feed them yours.
- I got you.

- You haven't got me, yet.
What? Price?
Considering the benefits
my services could yield,
I don't think that's unreasonable.
And what are your services exactly?
So I can be specific on the invoice.
Whatever serves your interests.
Fair enough.
I'll have my boys check your tale,
and seeing how it stretches,
we'll either rub or hire you.
You'll know which by the end
of the day tomorrow.
We're done.
I'll drive you back.
Just drop me at school.
How long was I out?
Half an hour.
It took all of it for me
to cool The Pin down.
Thanks.
You trust me now?
Less now than when
I didn't trust you before.
Maybe if you can tell me your
angle in all this, I could.
Emily tried to get with Brad
and I about three months ago.
Three months ago.
And you stonewalled her.
Oh, all right.
If you've already got
the world's address...
Three months ago.
And I liked her, but she
wasn't us and it didn't work.
And when she left, she took
some souvenirs with her.
Dirty habits she wasn't
strong enough to control
and a connection to The Pin
to keep them going.
A few months pass,

and the next I hear,
The Pin's raging over
a certain situation with
the junk Em's partial to.
And it's all coming down on her head.
You're saying Em scraped
the junk off The Pin?
I don't care how hard she was
hooked, I don't buy that.
You weren't there. She wasn't
herself. It had dug deep.
It was awful.
And whether she scraped or copped
or just ran her tab around the
world and into her own back,
it must've been grand.
I've never seen The Pin so hot.
And when he thought his precious,
his bricks of whatever it was,
when one of them was missing,
he scared me.
Why are you telling me
all this? What's your play?
You think nobody sees you.
Eating lunch behind the portables.
Loving some girl like she's all
there is, anywhere, to you.
I always seen you.
Or maybe I liked Emily.
Maybe I see what
you're trying to do for her,
trying to help her,
and I don't know anybody
who would do that for me.
Now you are dangerous.
Devlin, should I actually kiss her here?
No, no.
Move on to the next scene.
Brendan. Brendan. Brendan.
Where's Dode flopped?
I know you two are cozed up,
so you tell me or you won't.
Now, last time I checked,
you were giving me ultimatums.

It worked. You went
to Laura, told her my tale.
- Part of the plan?
- Turned out to be.
I just feel so cheap and used.
Gol, I must seem a real cad.
Sometimes I just hate myself.
- Whatever happened to us, Brendan?
- Where's Dode flopped?
We used to be a pair and a half.
Sometimes I miss having someone to talk to.
Do you ever miss having someone to talk to?
Oh, yeah.
You must.
I need to hear Dode's tale
about Emily. It's important.
Well, you better be sure you
wanna know what you wanna know.
Laura's working with me now,
and I'll have The Pin
and Tug in my corner soon.
The sooner I get the truth from Dode,
or the truth about Dode from you,
the safer you'll both be.
No?
Pass it on to Dode, anyway.
Maybe he'll have the sense
to get out from under you
before he gets hurt.
You didn't.
Did you?
So Dode and Kara are shackled up,
but what's their play?
I don't know,
Dode passed Emily the note.
He knows something.
Now Kara's got him under her thumb,
she's gonna use him somehow.
But I don't know and I don't know.
So all we can do is wait
until she shows some cards.
Anyway, tomorrow we see if The Pin
hires me or breaks my knees.
I give us 70-30.

And if we're in,
I get under his skin and see what's what.
You stick to Kara. Keep your
specs peeled for Dode.
And stay away from Laura.
I think she's with us, Brendan.
I'll let you know when she is.
Okay.
You the Pin's?
What's his answer?
Chuck Burns. Long-haired lug,
deals, shines a blade.
I know him.
I just can't pin him to any crowd.
He's definitely not muscle for anyone.
He taps the Carrows crowd,
but doesn't hang with them.
I mean, if you've got a guess,
I could check it out.
Pin. If he's with The Pin
everything's kablooie,
and I gotta blow the burgh.
I'll check it.
I'm in third now.
Never mind.
If I don't call by 3:00,
call in the bulls.
So?
So.
That's what you'll get
every week for your services.
Unless, of course, there's
some specific job,
in which you'll get sliced in with my crew.
- Square?
- Yeah.
We're doing a thing tonight
down at the Hole.
Know it?
South of T Street. Yeah.
It's a little welcome-you-in thing.
I know what you did.
I was in the tunnel.
I saw you hide her.

Dode.
Anyone I tell,
it would ruin you some way.
And I'm gonna tell someone.
- Are you making an offer?
- Maybe.
Or maybe I'll just do you in.
Hire another hash head to blade me?
Don't need no blades, shamus.
- I just gotta squawk.
- What do you want?
Just to see you sweat.
- Brendan?
- Brain.
Are you all right?
So I'm gonna start you on the dope circles.
Anyway, there's not much else doing.
I'm tailing out this big deal,
but it's almost done.
Oh, yeah, what was it?
It was big time.
Biggest I ever done.
And there was a snag in it,
but it's almost done now.
What was it?
You're going to make
me curious, being so curious.
I want to lay something out.
You're coming into a certain situation,
and I'm sort of bringing
you in because of it.
I didn't tell Tug to hit you
for the Brad Bramish thing.
He got hot and he just hit you.
He's been doing that.
Yeah?
Yeah.
Muscle you can't control's no good at that.
You're working for me,
not for Tug. That's all.
All right.
It's tough sometimes.
It's twisted.
Complicated. I don't know.

Everyone's got their thing.

- You read Tolkien?

- What?

You know, The Hobbit books.

Yeah.

His descriptions of things are really good.

Oh, yeah.

He makes you want to be there.

- Don't go to class.

- What?

Fifth period, Trueman and the

VP come in, asking for you.

Did they call your mom?

Probably, I got in late.

Get out of there, too, then.

Meet me behind the library.

I've got some stuff.

Frisco Farr was found on a sidewalk,

three weeks ago,

outside of Pinkerton's Deli.

He was in a coma.

His stomach contained a sausage sandwich,

a horse dose of heroin

and traces of choleric tricemate,

which is a poisonous chemical

found in laundry detergent.

He's still under.

Nobody's talking,

so nothing's come of it.

- OD?

- No.

The chem the junk must've been

cut with put him down.

Bad junk, bad brick.

Could that form of heroin be called brick?

It was a concentrated powder.

Its street handle's

"whip," "rock" or "brock."

From Laura.

I told you to stay clear of Laura.

You tell her to stay clear of me?

I got to get voicemail.

No, tell her I'll be at The Pin's at 1:00.

- Any news with the Lug?

- No.

No news.

- This isn't good.

- No.

Ask.

Administration.

Gary Trueman's office, please.

This is Trueman.

What the hell are you doing,
asking for me in class?

What the hell are you doing out of class?

What?

The VP and I needed to ask you

a few questions

about Emily Kostich,

who you might have heard is missing.

It's a very serious thing.

The police are involved.

The VP and I knew you two were close,
so the VP and I came to ask you questions,
but you were truant.

- What?

- I've been cut loose.

I'm not safe here.

We shouldn't have met in the open.

All right, lay low, but ask
on the underneath for Dode.

He set up whatever Emily walked into.

It's getting more and more
urgent that we talk.

What are you going to do?

I would have liked to have played
it safe, but there's no time.

The Pin's not letting anything drop.

- I have to push things a bit.

- How?

I don't know. Find Dode.

What with the poking, genius?

Maybe you're poking for your bull friends!

Don't be a sap. I can't even face
up at school, the VP's so hot for me!

Yeah, maybe you're looking to make good!

I'm looking to find this

big game The Pin's played.

Not to gum it, but just so when
its tail jams in my back,
I know who to bill for the embalming!
You ought to ask him what you wanna know.
I did, he didn't tell me!
The Pin's not giving me the straight.
That makes me nervous.
Makes me angry.
Yeah.
That's understandable.
There was 10 of them.
I don't know where he picked them.
He didn't tell me.
So we get 10 kils of brock.
There ain't enough marks in the
whole burgh to eat that.
So he unloads eight up north,
even up to the docks.
- I don't know who.
- Didn't tell you.
Yeah.
That was eight.
So that's the 10th in there.
We gotta break it off into doses.
Sell off around the High,
maybe some by Shorecliffs.
What about the ninth brick?
Yeah, there were some problems with that.
- Yeah?
- Yeah.
It disappeared.
Someone skimmed it.
We started raising hell
with all the likely suspects,
and what do you know?
It came back.
But it came back bad.
One of ours took a dose
off the top, laid him out.
Frisco.
Yeah, poor Frisco.
You heard about that?
We'll catch the rat.
Just takes time.

I heard something fell with Emily Kostich.

Emily who?

Kostich.

Don't know her.

- Has The Pin talked about her?

- Not to me.

He might know something.

Ask him.

Tell me what he says, 'cause,

you know,

if you heard something,

I wanna check.

Sure.

- Pow-wowwing?

- Just shooting the shat.

- Yeah, just shooting it.

- Good.

Tug, I got a call, someone who says

they know something about Emily.

- Emily?

- Emily Kostich.

Where she's at now.

Says we'd want to know.

He wants to meet.

Yeah?

So we'll meet.

Emily used to be Tug's girl.

- You know Emily, didn't you?

- A while back.

- You've heard she's missing.

- Yeah, I heard that.

So maybe you want to come along, too?

What does Emily got to do with you?

Show, maybe we'll find out.

That's my ride.

Payphone, anywhere.

The mobile customer you have

called is not available...

What time is it?

- Brendan, you've fallen...

- What time is it?

You've swallowed a lot of blood!

- Get back in the car.

- Shut up! Shut up!

You need to go to the hospital.

You're sick!

Shut up, please! Please!

Okay. What you gotta do is
drive around to the Pie House lot.

So Dode's gotta go by you or me
to get down to the tunnel.

If you see Dode,
then honk four times,
long-short, long-short.

And don't be seen.

- Get back in the car.

- Do it!

Please, I need you to do this.

I need you here.

Please.

- What are you doing, Dode?

- You gonna stop me?

What do you think you're doing, Dode?

I saw you. I saw what you did.

- What did you see?

- I saw you.

- What'd you see me...

- I was in the tunnel, and I saw you!

You were with her, dead, and you
took the body! I saw you hide it!

Yeah, I did. That's all you saw.

What about before?

Before what?

Before I got there.

Did you see who killed her?

- You killed her.

- I found the body, Dode.

No, you...

I thought you didn't.

But we figured you out.

I got the news on you,
'cause you hid the body.

- Who's we?

- Shut up!

Shut up! You're always
talking, always this and that,
smartso! You gotta shut up!

- I didn't kill her, Dode.

- You're not going to talk!
- Dode, I know what you think of Em.
- Shut up!
And I know you tried to help her.
You're going to shut your mouth!
Me and Kara, we're gonna
bury you, and we're gonna
get paid doing it, dig?
We're gonna put it over real nice!
I'm telling you now,
you're in over your head.
You don't want to put your hand in this!
- She's dead! You...
- Why was she scared, Dode?
She came to me.
Who was she scared of?
I think I know why,
I just gotta know who!
You're trying to confuse me.
- Dode.
- You couldn't stand it,
your little Em.
She was gonna keep it.
It was mine,
and you couldn't stand that!
- What was yours?
- I had you pegged.
What was yours?
I loved her,
and I would have loved that kid.
I'm gonna bury you.
What'd I miss?
Dode here says Emily Kostich is dead.
Oh, yeah?
He says he knows who did it.
He says he knows where the body is.
He says he wants more money than I think
the information is worth.
That so, Dode?
So walk. What's the info
have to do with you, anyways?
- Plenty.
- Plenty, he says.
And he wants cash on the nail.

That's a pot-skulled reef-worm with more hop
in his head than blood.
Why pay for dirt you can't believe?
No. You'll believe this.
- Maybe you will.
- No, you will.
'Cause it's someone close
to you. Real close.
Maybe it's hot, but it's Dode.
You can't trust it.
Real close.
I'm not getting my shoes wet for this.
Let him milk you if you want.
Stay.
It's still too much.
No, it isn't. You won't
complain when you hear it.
So maybe you should.
You had her up against
the wall with the brick.
I know my business.
It's still too much.
No, it isn't, 'cause that's
not why she was killed,
but it's real important to you,
'cause the person
who killed her is real close.
'Cause he's got a lot to lose.
And he knows if I don't
bury him by spilling to you,
I spill to the bulls
and I bury him for real.
And he's really,
really scared.
She had a kid in her,
and he couldn't stand it!
Tug, it's all right!
Tug, stop!
Tug!
Tug.
She sprung it on me, just...
It's a hell of a thing to spring on a guy.
I don't remember much.
Laura talked me down after.

Said whatever...
She knew her,
said it wasn't true.
But I still think sometimes.
I think
about it being true,
about it being mine.
Maybe I did it
'cause I thought it was true.
It's a hell of a thing.
You up?
What's the status?
Everyone's just laying low.
You're here with us now,
at my folks' place.
Everyone's assuming it's war.
No one's said anything, yet.
Everyone's laying low.
War?
- You're with us.
- The hell I am.
All right, I'm with you.
So just lie low.
Sleep some more.
Laura, she said you should sleep.
- Brendan?
- Yeah.
Are you... What?
Man, have you heard about Dode?
- I was there.
- You...
Where were you yesterday?
I called.
Kasprzyk took my phone,
turned it off.
I just now got it back.
- All right, listen.
- Are you okay?
Just listen.
Is my name in the papers with the story?
No.
All right.
Is it just Dode's name in the papers?
Yeah. What do you mean?

Listen, I'm gonna be calling
you tonight, probably late.
So sleep with your phone on.
Could you get a car if you needed to?
If it's late enough I could take my mom's.
Be ready then. I'll call.
Brendan,
did you hear about Dode?
You scheming tramp.
You set that poor kid up.
You held Dode like a card
till you could play him.
For money!
I don't know what you're talking about.
You'd bury me at the same time,
but it was mostly for the money.
You got Dode thinking Em had
his kid, thinking I did it,
and that was enough for him,
but he stuck to the money,
'cause you had your claws in him!
'Cause he couldn't come away
from the deal without it
and make you happy!
Brendan, I think you just need
to just sit down for a second.
I think you're just a mess right now.
Can you please, sweetheart,
could you go run
and get my shoes from my locker?
Still wish you knew what you wanted to know?
You know, if it's any consolation,
it probably wasn't Dode's kid.
It might have been Tug's kid.
Frankly, I wouldn't bet a horse.
It was kind of a crowded field
there at the end,
if you know what I mean.
Meanie.
- What are you doing?
- Showing your ace.
Far enough.
Everyone's paying social calls.
So what are the stats?

The stats are war.
Tug got hot. He panicked.
Tug's been after my digs from the get-go.
No, he's been anxious,
'cause he thought if you
found out he killed Emily,
you'd turn him over.
- He was right.
- Yeah, well.
I told him to get this
straight, no roughing.
I wasn't even there.
All right,
so he's a hothead.
So you don't want him on your side.
At least let's have a pow-wow
before we start digging trenches.
Maybe we can all walk away amiable enemies.
Yeah, all right.

- 4:

- Tomorrow?
Tonight.
Let's clear it all
before it boils up again.
Wait!
I'll drive you back.
So here's the sit.
You and The Pin are gonna pow-wow, tonight.
Bring all the muscle you want,
you won't need it.
He wants to talk straight,
and you're gonna work with him
for whatever he needs.
- 'Cause you don't want war.
- The hell I don't.
The Pin's sitting on the brick profits.
Hitting him now would be post.
Make peace,
wait for your chance.
He's right, Tug.
Smooth it out.
Besides, he's got you on the Dode thing.
War will mean you versus him

and every bull in the burgh.

Yeah, we'll talk.

- You going?

- Yeah.

Go away.

I'm sorry, Brendan.

I'm so sorry.

Don't go tonight.

I gotta make sure
everything plays out smooth.

It'll play out however it
plays, without you there.

I gotta make sure.

Why?

'Cause if there's war,

I'm in it, too.

I'm just scared.

If things go bad tonight...

Just be careful.

- Your folks left a car here?

- Yeah.

Take it and Laura's.

I'll go first in yours.

The hell you'll take mine.

The scenic route.

Draw off any tailers.

They'll think it's you, might
even radio back you're alone.

Mr. Smarts.

You got a cigarette?

- I don't smoke.

- I've seen you smoke.

I don't smoke cigarettes.

Give me 15 minutes, then go.

Write this down.

I'm gonna be out of The Pin's by 4:15.

So at exactly 4:

anonymous call into the bulls.

You tell them there are drugs
in the trunk of the black Mustang
outside The Pin's house.

- Can you get the car?

- Yeah.

All right, after you call the cops,
go to Tug's house. 12 Elm.
Park outside and wait.
Laura's inside.
She hasn't got a car,
but if she blows on foot
or gets a pick, tail her. All right?
- All right?
- Okay.
I'll call you when it gets light.
Thanks, Brain.
Talk.
I want full assurance
that any heat from Emily
and Dode is on just you.
I don't even want my name
pulled into the shindig.
Second, you owe me six C's.
No rush.
But I want your shake that
they'll be home in not too much time.
That's square.
You did them, after all.
Lay low, it'll blow over.
Stick on this,
one of you will dish it to bury the other.
You'll both get the rap.
As for the six,
did you borrow it?
Yeah.
Then you owe it.
Shouldn't need a shake on that.
- All right to both.
- Good.
Let's seal it up and blow for keeps.
Third thing,
the last brick...
It's yours.
That's not the point.
I'm gonna start selling it.
How do I know it's not bad?
- Why would it be?
- Why was the last one?
Because someone got greedy.

Tug here's had the means to swipe half of it
and cut it bad for a long time.

Now we're splits, the loss of
my trust is retroactive.

- Did you, Tug?

- No.

- All right, let's shake and blow.

- Not good enough.

What would be good enough?

I want to see him dose it,
just to prove it.

Then we're square.

Hell for that.

I didn't touch your junk!

That's all!

- I wanna see it.

- To hell!

Your not wanting to dose, it's
proving something to me right here.

Oh, it better be.

It's telling that I ain't under
your thumb no more!

That I ain't playing lapdog
to no gothed-up cripple!

I'll dose it.

What?

If that'll shut you two apes up,
I'll take the dose.

If I don't die,
we're all right as rain.

Deal?

Fine.

Tangles.

Johnny, go with him.

Where is it?

Where's the brick? What's happening?

What did you do with it?

I didn't touch the brick.

You better give it back.

What's happening?

- Cops?

- No.

The brick...

The brick is gone.

Make peace, huh? Talk it out?
Get your boys in my den so's
you could snag it under my nose!
- No, it's not that!
- Was it bad, Tug?
Snag it so I don't know, or sell
it off to flat the war odds!
You're right!
I really did all that!
Pin, think about it!
Tug, no!
Brendan!
No!
Help me!
No! No!
Brendan! Please!
Please help me.
It's the cops!
- Cops!
- Help me.
Brendan, please.
- Hey, where are you?
- Library. Where are you?
Did she blow last night?
No, stayed there until 6:30,
then walked to school.
You didn't give her a ride,
did you?
No.
She came to school,
straight from Tug's?
Yeah.
- She there now?
- Yeah.
Not with me, but here.
All right, tell her I wanna meet
up on the field in half an hour.
Then go home, get some sleep.
Will do.
Did you see it all?
With The Pin and Tug?
No, I took your advice and didn't go.
No?
What happened?

The papers say six dead,
three around the house,
girl in the back of Tug's car,
and The Pin and Tug.

Yeah?

Tug tried to shoot his way out
when the police got there.

They tied him to Dode, too.

Same gun.

And the girl.

Huh.

Well, it's a good thing you weren't there.

Yeah.

Do you think the girl was Emily?

Probably.

You loved her.

Yeah, I did.

You did all of this because you loved her.

And now it's finished.

No.

What?

It's not finished.

Tug pulled the trigger on Em,
and he got the fall for it.

But the bulls could have
found that out without me.

I set out to know who put her in the spot,
who put her in front of the gun.

That was you, angel.

What are you talking about?

It was you.

- Brendan.

- What?

You want the whole tale?

You want me to tell it to you?

Tell it to me.

All right, from the top.

You had your fingers
in Brad Bramish for appearances
and to keep him buying from
The Pin, who you were hooked with.
When Emily came to you and Brad,
you saw her for what she was,
an insecure little girl trying to get in.

She goes on the back burner.
Meanwhile, maybe you're getting
bored, or maybe just greedy,
but when The Pin scores big
with the bricks, you take your shot.
You hook one, take half,
cut it back to size,
but you cut it back bad.
Maybe accidentally, maybe to
down The Pin's operation,
doesn't matter.
You put it back. Poor Frisco
doses off it and lands in a coma.
So now The Pin's fuming,
maybe he's jealous of Brad,
so he comes to Brad's car looking
for blood, or at least a scape.
You're in big trouble.
There's gonna be a war over this.
And there's Emily.
She trusts you.
She wants in.
- It's duck soup.
- No!
You frame her for the bad brick,
then you cut her loose.
You turn on your heel
and bite her in the throat.
Last week at the payphone,
Del Rio and Sarmentoso,
she saw something she was scared of.
Tug's car driving by,
The Pin riding shotgun.
But she wouldn't have seen The Pin.
No, she was across the street,
angel.
She saw the driver's side. She saw you.
She saw you, and she ran
like she saw some devil.
Brendan, why...
She took the hit,
Dode hid her away,
but The Pin was on to her.
He tracked her down and told her to meet,

that they'd make good.
He gave her a time and a place and sent Tug.
Just to get the straight.
But maybe you had talked Tug up.
Or maybe he just blew a fuse.
But when Em sprung it on him
that she had her kid,
he did what anyone could count on Tug doing.
He hit her.
She took the hit for you,
and you let her take it.
- Stop! Stop!
- That's the tale.
- Are you gonna tell me it's not?
- Stop it. It's not.
Will you tell me it's not?
It's not.
It isn't true.
I hope it isn't.
I want you to have been
on my side all along,
not just trying to get me under your thumb,
like Brad and The Pin and Tug.
But I think you knew
that party was gonna blow up.
I think that was your final play.
But I hope I'm wrong.
I hope everything I wrote in the note
that I dropped at Gary Trueman's office
this morning is wrong.
About your and Brad's
involvement in The Pin's runnings.
And I hope you didn't steal the brick
last night in your purse.
I didn't.
Good.
That means you didn't let me
walk into a slaughterhouse.
And you didn't lead The Pin
and Tug and their crews
to the slaughter.
And when Trueman reads my note, takes my cue
and searches your locker,
he won't find a damn thing.

Brendan,
don't do this.
It's done.
Done?
Well, that's most of it.
Nine out of 10.
I told Em to tell Tugger it was his.
Told her it would soften him up.
She said she wished she could keep it,
but she didn't love the father.
I was gonna drive her down
to the doctor the next day.
Most wouldn't.
She was already starting to show.
Three months.
Do you know whose kid that makes it?
Or have you known all along?
Mother...
- You get your straight?
- Yeah.
- I wouldn't have, if I...
- It's all right.
Chuck Burns came to.
The knife guy. He spilled
it all to the bulls.
Turns out Brad Bramish hired him on his own.
It was just a grudge thing.
Fits.
You did good, Brain. Go sleep.
Yeah. You, too.
What'd she whisper to you?
She called me a dirty word.
All right,
you don't have to tell me.