



Scripts.com

Harlem Nights

By Eddie Murphy

- I got Mr Raymond's cigarettes.
- Go on in the back.
Kid, give me my cigarettes.
Wait, wait, wait! Hold it.
What's this kid doing here?
Get out before I kick your little ass.
You ain't kicking shit.
Don't worry about him.
He runs errands for me.
I don't care who he is or what he does.
Kids bring me bad luck.
The bet is fading. Stop talking and shoot
the dice. You're fucking up the game.
I ain't shooting shit. I told you kids
bring me bad luck. I can't stand them.
Now, get the fuck out of here
before I kick your ass.
You ain't whupping shit. Shoot the dice,
you snaggle-toothed motherfucker.
All right, I'm going to shoot.
But I'd better not crap.
That's all I know, I'd better not crap.
Come on, 6. I've been waiting all night.
Baby needs shoes, new clothes.
- And you need some teeth.
- Shoot the goddamn dice, man!
I'm going to shoot the damn dice.
I'll send every one of you home broke.
Come on, 6, with your bad ass.
Come on!
Craps!
What are you doing with this kid in here?
Didn't I say they're bad luck?
What's that sign say? 'Ray's Place'.
That's me. This is my place.
I have in here whoever I want.
You lost. So pass the dice,
or buy them from this motherfucker.
- And I ain't selling.
- I ain't buying.
I'm going to shoot this again and
you're going to get this kid out of here.
What the fuck is wrong with you?
Man, look, you shot, you lost.

We'd have paid you
if you won, but you lost.
Now, go home and brush that tooth.
You think that's funny?
I told you
I couldn't stand kids in the room.
- They're bad luck. You wouldn't listen.
- I'm listening.
Listen to this.
I want back all the money
I lost tonight plus what you took in.
Do you understand me,
you smooth-talking son of a bitch?
Tell that old frog-faced dude to go
out there and bring back the money.
Tell him, or I'll stick your ass,
and I'm going to stick him,
and I'll stick this little Yankee ass,
bad-luck motherfucker standing here.
Then you'll have to stick us
because I ain't giving you shit.
Wait! Before you do,
I just want to tell you one thing.
Tell me what, punk?
What the fuck do you want to tell me?
What do you want to tell me?
- It slips my mind.
- Slips your mind?
Holy shit!
Goddamn. I guess
he does have bad luck with kids.
He was going to stab us, so I shot him.
Bennie, Slim, Moses, would you help
get this dead motherfucker out, please?
The game's over for tonight.
I'm taking this boy home to his mother.
My mama's dead.
- Well, your daddy.
- My father's dead, too.
- Did you kill them?
- No, they're just dead.
Give me that pistol.
Where do you stay?
- I don't live nowhere.

- You can stay with me for a while.
I wouldn't trust him in the house.
- He's all right. Give me five!
- I ain't giving you shit.
He's one hell of a motherfucker.
Come on.
- I'll clean up.
- Please.
So you shot him.
How about some ice cream?

CLUB SUGAR RA Y:

- Ray, look. Tommy is coming.
- Where?
- Over there.
- Oh, shit!
- Mr Smalls, good evening.
- My man. How are you doing, brother?
- Thank you.
- Do you want me to kick his ass?
No, don't kick his ass.
Thank you, Roberto.
It looks like the competition
has stopped by to check us out.
That's Tommy Smalls.
He runs the Pitty Pat Club.
I know that's Smalls, but who's
that girl with him? She is beautiful.
Wait a minute.
Don't mess around with her.
That's the mistress of a famous
gangster named Bugsy Calhoun.
That's Calhoun's girl?
I heard about her.
What would a woman that fine
want with a fat, nasty, greasy,
fat, stank, bloated,
cheesy-backed, twelve-sandwich-eating
bastard like him?
Maybe she likes fat guys.
Want to check them out?
I think I will.
Just check her out. I mean, don't fuck
with her. You'll get in trouble.

- May I be of some assistance?
- No, no. Not at all, Mr Quick.
We're just enjoying the night out.
- You boys ain't open tonight?
- We wanted a change of atmosphere.
I'm sure you understand that,
Mr Quick.
My name is Quick.
My name is Dominique La Rue,
Mr Quick.
- Charmed to make your acquaintance.
- La Rue, that's a French name, right?
Creole. Born and raised in Louisiana.
Is that right?
- Tommy Smalls.
- Sugar Ray.
How's the laugh?
I don't believe we've met.
- Dominique La Rue.
- Tommy, would you like a table?
Please. Thank you very much.
Curtis! Get Mr Smalls and his party
one of our best tables.
You got it, sir. Right this way.
- Didn't I ask you not to mess with her?
- I just said hi.
I know, but you got a way of saying hi.
Just check them out.
All right. I'm cool.
Ray, I think you'd better
go over to Bennie's crap table.
- People are complaining about him.
- Why?
- His glasses.
- I got them yesterday.
I know, but he won't wear them.
He says he don't need to.
No more bets.
The dice are coming out. Let them roll.
- The point is four.
- It was seven, man!
I'm sorry, forgive me. That's a seven.
Pay everybody. All right.
Dice coming out. Get your bets down.

All right, shake them up.

- Five is the point.

- Five? That is a nine, man!

I've got something in my eye.

- Get it out, you blind motherfucker!

- No more 'motherfuckers', you hear?

We're going to shoot the dice now.

Get your bets down.

- Eleven.

- What's the matter with you?

That's six, man!

- Don't scream.

- What are you doing?

- How's it going, Bennie?

- Real good.

Wally, take over for Bennie.

I want to speak to him.

Gentlemen, enjoy the game.

- How's it going?

- Real good.

I'm getting complaints.

That's them suckers losing their money.

I'm Bennie 'Snake Eyes' Wilson.

I can call the dice before they roll.

Done it for 40 years.

I know, Snake Eyes,

but put on your glasses.

- I don't need no glasses.

- I know. Just do me a favour.

- Yes, there you go. You look good.

- I don't feel no different.

Well, let's try it.

- Enjoy the game, gentlemen.

- Fuck you all, man.

It doesn't make sense, Bugs.

What's that, Tony?

What doesn't make sense?

Business isn't great, but the crowd
is the same the last two weeks,
yet we're not clearing
what we used to.

It makes sense.

Smalls is skimming off the top.

- He doesn't have the balls.

- Don't underestimate Tommy.
He's got huge balls,
big fucking huge balls.
But he's stupid.
All told, he beat me
for five grand last month. Check.
Smalls wouldn't do that.
I hand-picked him myself.
You made a mistake with him.
A big mistake.
You hand-picked him?
I guess that makes you
kind of responsible.

- Tell me about Sugar Ray's.
- I figure he's pulling in 10, 15 a week.
- Does he run it alone?
- His son's with him. His name's Quick.
Checkmate.
Is that right?
I think we should have Mr Cantone
pay Mr Sugar Ray a visit.
Kind of feel him out.
We have to get rid of his establishment.
It's hurting my business.
- It's done. I'll call Cantone right now.
- Wait a minute.
About Tommy Smalls. You brought him
to me, so the money I lost is your fault.
Come here.
Put your hand on the edge.
Nobody steals from me.
The next time you bring somebody
crooked in, I'm going to fucking kill you.
- Understand?
- Yes.
Let Joey take a look at it.
- Joey, is it broke?
- Yes, it's broke pretty good.
- How's your right hand? OK?
- It's OK.
Good. I want you to take care
of Smalls as soon as possible.
Take care of your bad hand first,
then take your good hand

and cut Tommy's throat
from here...

...to here.

700 at the bar,

1,300 at the crap tables.

- What did we do on the door?

- About 300.

- Vera hasn't brought the girl's money.

- Go tell Vera to bring her ass in here.

What is wrong with her, Sugar?

- What's with Tommy Smalls?

- I don't know. I put Romeo on him.

Nothing much, he had a few drinks,

dropped 200 at the crap table,

made a phone call and left.

- Don't worry.

- I'm not worried, just a little concerned.

Calhoun's number-one boy

drops by to snoop a little bit.

That makes me uncomfortable.

You guys keep your eyes out, OK?

Vera, you know we tally up at 4 o'clock.

What is your problem?

Kiss my ass. I have to watch

my girls until the last trick is gone.

I won't ask a customer to roll over

so I can punch a goddamn clock.

This is your place, but I am in charge

of the girls. Just kiss my ass.

Sugar, stop doing that. Don't do that.

- How did we do tonight?

- We made 200.

200? You girls have been back there

all night. How come only 200?

Kiss my ass. I say nothing when

the crap tables and the bar are short.

That's because

just the girls come up short.

- Calm down, Vera.

- Kiss my ass. What's Quick saying?

- You're in charge of the girls, right?

- I am in charge of the girls.

- Are you in charge of the girls?

- I am.

The girls are always coming up short.
Even when the place is packed
the girls come up short.
Either you or them
have a problem with arithmetic.
Are you saying I'm stealing?
The man didn't say that.
Sit down and shut up.
You shut up, Bennie. I'd tell you to kiss
my ass, but you're too blind to find it.
Fuck you, bitch.
- Me and you got to step out back.
- It was a misunderstanding.
No, it ain't no misunderstanding.
Quick just accused me of stealing.
If you want to defend Quick,
then we can all be fighting tonight.
Bring your ass, nigger. Come on.
Bring your ass. Get up and come on.
All right, bitch, you want to fight?
We'll fight, then.
You fat motherfucker,
I'm tired of your shit!
I'm going to beat the shit
out of your ass.
Don't hold me, Sugar.
No, Sugar, let me go!
- Just scaring her a little. Don't hold me!
- You fucking with a heavyweight.
Treating me like I'm some kind of dog.
I'll kick his ass.
Come on. Come on!
Come on. Don't you want to talk?
You've insulted me
and I've got to kick your ass.
And afterwards
I don't want no hard feelings.
What is wrong with you?
What is wrong with you?
You accused me of stealing.
Only thing I'm stealing is your face.
- Are you out of your fucking mind?
- Oh, yeah...
That's what I'm talking about.

Come on, sucker. Let's get it on.
You want to fight?
Come on. I'm going to beat the shit
out of your ass, motherfucker.
- You punch people in the eyes? Bitch.
- Is that all you got?
You think that's all?
I'm going to blast your teeth out.
- Nigger, you hit like a bitch.
- You're slower than you thought.
I punch like a bitch, OK?
I punch like a bitch?
Say goodnight to this bitch now.
You're going to have to learn
to respect me.
And the next time...
...you accuse me of stealing,
I'll kick your ass again.
You crazy bitch.
Oh, you want to hit people
with garbage cans?
Now I've got to cut you.
Vera, put that razor away.
Put it away, or I'll blow
your pinkie toe off.
Now you're going to shoot me
in my pinkie toe.
I'm not playing with you.
I'll blow that little black, crusty toe
off your foot. Put the razor away!
You must be crazy
to pull your gun on me.
You'll be the biggest limping bitch
in Harlem if you don't stop. Put it away.
Go ahead, shoot.
Here it is. Shoot, Quick.
Take your best shot.
- You didn't have to shoot her.
- She was trying to kill me.
She was trying to scare you.
That bitch was going
to cut me with a razor.
I usually kill over something like that.
I don't want to talk about it.

Vera whipped your ass.
If you hadn't had that gun,
she'd still be doing it.
You laugh at the wrong shit.
He shot my pinkie toe. I'm gonna put
my foot in your ass. I'll kill him.
Be careful taking her out of here.
Don't kill anyone, just relax.
Vera, we're going to find your toe.
You've got to stop overreacting.
- Overreacting?
- Yes.
- Get your old ass in the car.
- Fuck you.
Next time you fight,
pick on somebody your own size.
- Goodnight, guys. Take it easy.
- Goodnight, Sugar.
Hello, Raymond. How are you doing?
My name is Sergeant Phil Cantone.
- What are you doing in my place?
- I needed to speak with you, Ray.
You wouldn't want me standing around
in this neighbourhood.
A fellow could get hurt.
And please, put the gun down, Ray.
Coloured guys with guns
make me nervous.
So, you have a nice house here, Ray.
Real nice.
So, Sergeant Cantone,
how can I help you?
Jesus, that's a beautiful suit.
What is that, Macy's?
This is tailor-made. If you want
my tailor's number, I can give...
No. No, I buy off the rack.
No, get out of here.
Your clothes, they fit you so well.
That's funny.
I mean, that's really funny.
My clothes fit me well?
Did you used to be a nightclub comic?
No, I owned a candy store.

For 20 years.

- The candy business?

- 20 years.

- Are you serious?

- 20 years.

Well, that's strange.

Because somebody told me you run
an after-hours club, 'Club Sugar Ray's'.

Hottest spot in Harlem. They told me
you can gamble, drink, fuck, dance.

Fuck and dance at my place?

You can do anything there.

Aren't you that Sugar Ray?

No, that's not me.

I'm sorry. I'm in the wrong place.

I thought you were that Sugar Ray.

The candy business? That's great.

You live in a great place and wear
tailor-made suits from selling candy.

The candy business is something else.

I'll say. There can't be a nigger
with a healthy tooth in his mouth.

Oh, well... I'll see you later, Ray.

You know, maybe I should
go into the candy business, too.

I'd like to wear nice clothes
and live in a place like this.

I know a lot about candy.

Are you looking for a partner, Ray?

No, I don't think so.

'Sugar Phil's Candy Store'.

I like that!

Maybe I'm just dreaming, Ray.

I'm a cop, for Christ's sake.

See you later.

I bet you will.

Shit.

Why would Calhoun
care about your place
when he owns almost
every after-hours spot in the city?

I don't know, maybe he wants more.

We're going to have to relocate,
I know that.

Why do we have to relocate?
I don't want to leave New York.
I don't either, but Calhoun
ain't the type you fuck with.
Hey, it's the champ!
Next week you knock that boy out!
Hey, Sugar Ray!
- How you doing, Champ?
- What's going on?
Hello, gentlemen... ladies.
- How is everybody doing?
- Fine. You ready for next week?
Ready? Yeah.
I'm ready.
I'm betting a lot of money on you.
Well...
...you get ready to be a rich nigger.
You see, 'cause...
...come next week...
...I'm knocking somebody
the fuck out.
- You understand what I'm saying?
- I understand now.
It took a while, but I got it.
Well, you people enjoy your meal.
Come on, babies.
Take care, Champ.
That nigger's going to kill that white boy.
I saw him fight 33 rounds.
A lot of people think
that white boy got a shot.
He's got a shot. In his ass.
We'll make a killing with those odds.
All the white people
will bet on that white boy.
Gambling is where it's at. If we move,
we should concentrate on that.
Give up the joy houses and after-hours
spots. Concentrate on gambling.
About this move,
we're jumping the gun.
Smalls comes here and a cop
visits the apartment. So we pack up?
- We don't know if he's with Calhoun.

- It could all be coincidence.
Leaving New York
is the last thing we should do.
I ain't afraid of Smalls or Calhoun.
That's because you're young and full
of vigour and life... and a little ignorant.
Calhoun can kill you
by snapping his fucking fingers.
Oh, man, fuck Calhoun.
You know, you have to slow down.
We're in the very small leagues here.
Very small.
It's a big world outside Sugar Hill.
You know nothing about it.
I do know this, when the majors want
to play where you're playing, you move.
That's bullshit. Why should we build
the market up for somebody else?
It's all illegal anyway. I'm not afraid
of Calhoun. I have a gun, too.
You got a gun, he's got one.
His boys and his cops got guns.
He has judges on his payroll.
Don't you feel a little uncomfortable?
You are a bad motherfucker. But that's
a hundred guns against your gun.
That's got to change something
in your mind.
It's not how many people you shoot,
it's who you shoot.
I got to go to the bathroom.
Are you still worrying about the club?
No, I'm thinking about Quick.
He's so damn hot-headed.
Everything I say to him means nothing.
Baby.
He's young. He's going to calm down.
He's... confused or something.
He's so damn ambitious.
Baby, you know...
- There's nothing wrong with ambition.
- It is in the wrong circles.
Sugar Ray.
Are we going to talk

about your son all night?
Or are you going to make love to me?
Why don't we make love...
...and talk about my son
in the morning?
Well...
What if we made love all night...
...and then made love all morning?
And all afternoon?
What if we made love real hard
for 35 minutes
and drop off
into a deep coma-like sleep?
Meet me halfway.
I'll give it a shot.
I knew it. I knew it!
That girl the other night mailed me this.
'Dear Mr Quick, I couldn't help but
acknowledge our mutual attraction.'
'Perhaps we should have dinner
and talk. Please respond, EV2-0304.'
'Truly, Miss Dominique La Rue.'
See, that girl had nothing to do
with that cop.
She made Smalls bring her here
so she could meet me.
- I said not to mess with her.
- She came after me.
We don't know if she's still
with Calhoun. I can find out.
- Where did she get that French name?
- She's Creole.
Don't mess with Creole women.
They can put a root on your ass.
- What's a root?
- It's a voodoo curse Creole girls do.
- Get out of here.
- No, he's not lying. He's serious.
- What's his name who had that curse?
- Wallace Wallcott.
He was messing around with a Creole
girl, and she put voodoo on him.
His dick shrunk
to the size of a cocktail weenie.

No, that's bullshit.
You got to get out of the jungle
with that witchcraft jazz.
I don't like it.
I just want to know if she's still with
Calhoun. Witchcraft is your thing.
They bury your drawers in the yard
so you can't go out.
Yeah!
Your drawers in the yard?
Hey, Sugar.
What was the number today?
3-0-4.
That's the third time
they slapped my number.
Somebody better take care of it.
You'll take care of my money.
- What's wrong with him?
- He lost a number.
So is she still with him?
I don't know. She wouldn't talk on
the phone. We're doing good tonight.
We're doing great. Look.
Damn...!
Until a couple of seconds ago.
- Who's that?
- The cop who came by my house.
Hey, Ray. The candy man.
Hello, Sergeant Cantone.
I'd like you to meet a friend, Mr Quick.
- Quick like in 'fast'?
- Quick like in 'quick to whip ass'.
You mean like 'you might
get your ass whipped quick'?
I haven't had my ass whipped in a while.
Probably been like 1911.
- When the doctor slapped your ass.
- That's the last time. I'm looking for him.
Well, stick around.
I'm kind of mad at you, Ray.
- Why are you mad at me?
- You lied to me.
You said you were in the candy
business. It was you I was looking for.

Are you going to take me in for that?
No, I ain't going to arrest you.
I want to talk business with you.
Where can we talk?
- My office.
- Where's your office?
Here's the deal. I got a call from a friend
by the name of Bugsy Calhoun.
He said you were sitting
on a goldmine here.
Now, don't get me wrong...
...there's always
going to be after-hour places.
We generally leave them alone,
but you guys are doing
10,000-15,000 a week.
That's a lot of money.
To be perfectly honest, Mr Calhoun
and myself want some of it.
How much money are you talking about,
you maggot motherfucker?
You guys are doing 15,000.
Let's say our cut is 10,000.
You're robbing us, you son of a bitch.
No, no. You're robbing the system, Ray.
What do you want, sympathy from me?
You're criminals, for Christ's sake!
It's a pretty fair deal.
I wanted more.
But Bugsy said it was fair.
He's a real softy, Bugsy.
If it was up to me, I'd give you jigs
just enough money to function.
When I see you guys with the fancy
suits and cars and nice houses,
and I'm living in a fucking hovel!
I mean, that bothers me.
So have we got a deal or what?
Can we get back to you?
No, I'll get back to you.
Ray, would you mind
if I take a box of chocolate hearts?
- It's my wife's birthday.
- Help yourself. Anything you want.

Thanks.

Round everyone up.

Be at my house in an hour.

We can't let him come here
and do this. Don't run from him.

We've got to, but before we do
we're going to kick him in the nuts.

Calhoun can kiss my ass. I won't
give him shit. We ought to relocate.

A lot of you got families
and can't easily relocate.

From your complaints, I know you can't
live on a third of what you earn now.

I have a plan

where we can all make heavy money.

If everything works out the way I plan,
you'll have \$50,000 each.

With that, you can relocate.

Go legit if you want to,
open your own business.

How are we going
to make \$50,000 each?

Everybody knows
the big fight is this week.

There will be 3/4 of a million dollars
in the booking houses by Friday.

Calhoun's going to make
a lot of money.

He owns all the booking houses
except ours.

How do we make \$50,000?

We'll rob Bugsy Calhoun.

We can't stand up to him,
so how can we rob him?

If everything goes the way I plan,
we'll be gone

before he realises he's been hit.

We've got to get cash
and put it on that white boy to win.

- Jenkins will kill that boy.

- Exactly.

Calhoun knows we know Jenkins so
if he sees us betting on the white boy,
he'll think we talked Jenkins into taking

a dive to make money to relocate.
He puts his money
with the other money,
so it doesn't matter who wins,
we're hitting all the money.
You're a smart motherfucker.
- Are you guys with me?
- Yeah!
We'll see you all tomorrow, then.
Quick, I want to talk to you.
You might want to talk
to Tommy Smalls tomorrow.
- For what?
- He can't be that big a 'Tom'.
You loosen him up, maybe he'll tell you
something about Cantone.
- You think Smalls is that stupid?
- I know he's that stupid.
Sergeant Phil Cantone.
Are you with this gentleman?
- No, I'm not.
- It's nice to meet you.
Come on, Tommy.
Come on!
- What is going on here?
- Are you awake now?
Hell, yeah, I'm awake.
What is going on here?
- All right?
- I'm all right and I'm awake.
What's going on? Why did you
punch me? I should jack you up.
- It's time to pay the piper, Tommy.
- What are you talking about?
- That five grand you lifted.
- Five who that lifted what?
Wait.
I don't know what you're talking about.
If there's a problem,
we can talk to Calhoun.
I spoke to Mr Calhoun. He wanted me
to say he's mad at you for stealing.
But I ain't stole shit!
And there is one other thing.

Bugsy said I was to cut his throat.
Then cut it.
It's done. Our friend's a memory.
But you know,
the strangest thing just happened.
What's that?
One of Sugar Ray's people
just put a \$200,000 bet on the fight.
That's nothing. They're just trying to
make some cash before closing down.
Don't worry. Everybody knows that jig
is going to kill Kirkpatrick.
Yes, I know.
But they're not betting on Jenkins.
They're putting their money
on Kirkpatrick.
At 3-1 they are going to make
six hundred grand if he wins.
Those sneaky bastards.
They put the fix on.
Jenkins is going to throw the fight.
It makes sense.
Jesus. Ain't that champ a wonderful
fucking human being?
So what do you do now?
Why should they be the only ones to
benefit from Mr Jenkins's generosity?
I'm going to put 500,000
on Kirkpatrick to win.
Pick up a little extra cash.
You should scrape together whatever
you can and do the same thing.
- Is Smalls up there?
- Sometimes the buzzers don't work.
My name is Quick. I'm an old friend.
Do you think I could knock on the door?
Smalls?
Tommy, your door is open. It's Quick.
Hey, your door is open. It's Quick.
Smalls!
Hey, Smalls.
Tommy?
Tommy...?
Hey, man, are you asleep?

Holy shit!

Somebody fucked you up real bad.

I think I'm going to leave because you probably want to sit by yourself and think about who you pissed off, so I'll let you have your space.

Excuse me.

- Isn't that Quick?

- Yes, that's him.

What's he doing coming out of my brother's house?

Let's find out.

Miss La Rue, your guest has arrived.

Hello, Mr Quick.

Meet Mr Buggy Calhoun

and his assistant, Joseph Leoni.

Have a seat.

- Are those flowers and candy for me?

- No, I brought them for the lady.

Give them to her.

She loves flowers and candy.

So, how's business, Mr Quick?

- Excuse me?

- Business over at Sugar Ray's.

Business is all right.

All right?

I hear you guys are going great.

Dominique says your place was packed Monday night. Nobody is busy then.

Your place was packed on a Monday.

You must be doing great.

What do you move, 15-20,000 a week?

I don't know about all that shit.

I don't do the books.

You don't see the books?

That would be pretty stupid.

- Well, I trust my partner, Ray.

- Never trust anybody.

Everybody in this business is a criminal.

This is too deep for me.

I think I'm going to go home.

Wait a second. What's your rush?

Here, have some wine.

By the way, Mr Quick,
did a Sergeant Phil Cantone
come by the other day?
He came by.
He told you about
my business proposition?
He told us about your offer. I wouldn't
call that a business proposition.
It was business, Quick. I don't make
offers. I make business propositions.
I've got a very good one for you.
I want you to work for me
at the Pitty Pat Club.
I want you to run it with Dominique.
- I don't think so.
- Lots of money for you.
After Sugar Ray starts paying us off,
your cut won't be what it used to be.
I could really use you there.
You could turn it into a hot spot.
You understand your people.
Mr Quick.
It would be an advantage to all of us,
if you'd join
Mr Calhoun's organisation.
You guys are incredible. I can't believe
you called me down here and...
This is very nice,
but no thanks. I'm sorry.
There's no reason for you to get upset.
I just want you to think it over.
- There's nothing to think about.
- Joe, show Mr Quick to his car.
Joe, you don't have to show Mr Quick
no place. I can find my way out.
Thank you, but no thanks.
- What do you think of Mr Quick?
- What do you mean?
Do you like him? Do you think he is
someone you might want to fuck?
- Yes.
- Good.
Good.
Let's kill that bastard now, man.

Let's do it for Tommy!
What is this shit about?
- He killed my brother.
- It's all right, we'll get him.
He messed with
the wrong nigger's brother.
Quick is mine.
Pull up to his bumper,
we'll blow his head off.
Damn, I think I broke my nose!
Junior, are you OK? Junior?
Junior is deader than a motherfucker.
You shot him in the back of the head!
It was a mistake.
Pull up next to that motherfucker.
Shut up, it was a mistake!
It was an accident, Junior.
I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Junior.
Get that motherfucker now!
I'm sorry, Junior.
Shut the fuck up!
You're always crying, motherfucker.
Catch him. Come on. Come on!
You are a dead motherfucker.
I'm going to get you.
I'm going to get you.
I'm going to get you, motherfucker!
Fuck!
Stop the car! Stop the fucking car!
Shit! Sneaky motherfucker.
Let's get him.
I'm going to kill you, Quick!
You made me shoot one of my boys
in the back of the head.
And you did something to my brother.
I don't know what you're talking about.
That's bullshit, man.
You know what I'm talking about.
You broke my nose, man.
I'll say this one more time.
I don't know what you're talking about.
And I suggest
you let me go on my way.
Oh, really?

I suggest you kiss my ass, Quick.

The only way you are going home
is shot, motherfucker.

What do you think you're doing
with that little shit?

Stop it. Stop it. Don't shoot
that little motherfucker no more!

Fuck this.

Asshole.

- Quick's pulled up in a cab.
- What's he doing in a cab?
- You in a cab? That ain't your style.
- I had a little fender bender.
- Are you all right?
- I need a second to collect myself.

What did you learn about
Calhoun's girlfriend?

I don't know what I just found out.

How are we going with everything else?

Sugar... Right.

Thanks, man. I'll get back to you.

The same gentleman is doing
the pick-up this year, Mr Richie Vento.

Vera, I want you
to put somebody on him.

- All right.
- You got a girl who can turn him out?

I have got a girl
whose pussy is so good,
if you threw it up in the air,
it would turn into sunshine.

- I don't want to meet her.
- I do.

Put her on him.

Yeah. Who is it?

Just a moment.

Dominique La Rue.

That voodoo bitch.

Hello?

I can meet with you.

Just you, right?

Give me a half hour. Yeah.

Do come in, Mr Quick.

Very nice. Very impressive.

Very impressive.

- Is your real name Quick?

- Excuse me?

Is Quick your real name?

No, my name is not Quick.

My real name is...

No one's asked me that. My real name is... don't laugh... is Vernest.

I see you are laughing.

My name is Vernest Brown.

I use Quick because

Vernest Brown is a fucked up name.

I'd like to change the subject.

Can I have a seat?

This is a very beautiful house.

It doesn't belong to me. It belongs to Mr Calhoun. I stay here sometimes.

- It's true what they say about you two?

- And what is that?

You know, they say that...

They say that you give Calhoun...

...stuff.

- I work for Mr Calhoun.

- What kind of work do you do?

Whatever's required.

And your interest in me, is that business or is it personal?

Both.

I'd like to go upstairs. Are you coming?

That's cute.

I thought I was the only person who slept with his guns under the pillow.

That is so adorable. We have so much in common. This is so cute.

It's cute.

What are you doing in there?

Come here.

You are unbelievable.

So were you, Vernest Brown.

Only you can make

'Vernest Brown' sound good.

You are the only person who can get away with it.

I got a question. You know

what we were just doing, was that...

Was that work?

I know work was being done.

I was doing serious work.

I was working. But was that work
for you, or was that personal?

Both.

It was personal for me
and business for Mr Calhoun.

Is he here? I thought I felt
another hand on my ass a while ago.

I thought you were going crazy,
but he's under the bed grabbing asses.

- No, he's not here.

- Well, where is he?

Don't worry. He isn't coming here.

He's with his wife.

Bugsy is married?

The man is married to...

I've been trying to figure this out
since I first saw you.

Why would a woman like you
be interested

in a big, fat, greasy, bloated, stinking,
gelatin-ass motherfucker?

What's the attraction to this man?

Plus he's married, too.

He's a very brilliant man
and he's taught me a lot.

A lot about what?

Like about the business.

What about the business?

That you can't trust anybody.

Everybody in the business...

...is a criminal.

And how can you ever trust a criminal?

So that's what this is about.

You're supposed to kill me?

Yes.

And you would make love to me first,
then shoot me?

I'm sorry, Vernest.

It's only business.

This is personal.

What's the matter with you?
You look at all the other guys but me.
- I ain't looking at every guy.
- Pay attention to me. I'm your date.
You ain't got enough of anything
for me to mess with.
You heard me.
I'm going to get myself a real man.
I've got enough sense
to get away from you.
Buy your own drinks from now on.
That girl's been staring at you, Richie.
She wants something.
- Why did she get rid of that guy?
- She wants us. The three of us, Richie.
She looks too classy for that.
She's beautiful.
I don't usually look at coloured women,
but she's gorgeous.
Richie, she is smiling at you.
Richie, the lady would like
to buy you a drink.
I told you she was hot.
She wants to fuck.
- Is she going to buy us a drink, too?
- Sorry, she only said this gentleman.
Richie, you lucky bastard.
Listen, tell the lady I'll accept her offer
if she'll come sit with me.
You got it.
- You're in, Richie. You're in.
- I'll tell you when I'm in. I'll call you.
Get out of here, both of you.
Did you notice me watching you?
- I can't say I did.
- Well, I was.
I'm new in town
and I haven't any friends.
You look quite friendly.
Would you like to be my friend?
Well, look...
Sure, I'd like to be my friend.
I mean, be your friend.
My name is Richie, Richie Vento.

And what's your name, darling dear?

Sunshine.

Yes, goddammit. I'm coming.

I'm coming.

Just a minute.

- How was it?

- I killed her.

- Tore the pussy up?

- No, man, I killed her.

What are you talking about?

- I shot her, man.

- Was the pussy that bad?

She tried to kill me.

That's why she wanted to see me.

Calhoun tried to use her

to take me out. He tried twice tonight.

- What else happened?

- Smalls' people think I fingered Smalls.

They tried to kill me after that dinner,

which was really an invitation

to join Calhoun's gang.

Why didn't you tell me this earlier?

I was figuring all this out. He ain't getting

a third chance, I'm after him now.

Be cool. Don't be stupid, now.

Let's figure out what to do.

I ain't no punk.

You try to kill me, I kill you.

All right. Sit down.

- Why should I sit down?

- Sit down, man.

It's not about being a punk, OK?

Quick, you're not a gangster.

We're not. We're club owners.

We run a dancehall.

Calhoun is a cold-hearted killer.

He'll have your ass killed.

The man probably

doesn't know about La Rue yet.

But in the morning

he's going to want you dead,

so we're going to find a place

where we can lay low

until we can run this scam and split.

- Are you saying I should hide?
- You're going to hide.
If you don't, they'll kill you.
I didn't come this far so you could prove
you ain't no punk and die.
What about your tombstone?
'Here lies a man, 27 years old.'
'He died, but he ain't no punk.'
That's bullshit, OK?
When you die at 89,
with your children and grandchildren
around the bed, that's cool.
It ain't cool to die at 27. I won't let you
do that. I won't let you do it to me.
If they kill you, they'll have to kill me
because I'm going to kill them.
All right, everybody.
This is a fucking raid.
Anybody try to leave,
I'll pump one in your ass.
Everybody's under arrest.
Cooperate with the officers so we can
get this done as quickly as possible.
Band! Play some travelling music.
Everybody's going downtown
on the A train.
Motherfucker.
Jack Jenkins!
Jack Jenkins, the Heavyweight
Champion of the World!
I can't believe it.
What are you doing here?
You're the Heavyweight Champion
of the World. My kids love you.
Everybody I know loves you.
What are you doing here?
You should be in training.
Will you be ready for the fight?
I'll be fine.
You'll be fine.
Sugar, let's talk in the office.
Can Jack come?
Come on, Jack. Come on.
The heavyweight champ.

Can I have your autograph?
I don't...
...sign autographs.
Sure you do, Jack.
Or you'll go downtown
with the rest of the jigs,
and you'll miss your fight.
- Who do I make this out to?
- 'To my good friend Phil.'
Ray, I won't take you down tonight,
because I want you to find out
where your friend Quick is.
But your place is closed down.
Jack, Phil starts with a 'P', not an 'F'.
What difference does it make?
As long as you keep knocking them out.
He's a good kid.
If you hear anything, let me know, OK?
Punk m-mo...
I know.
You need a...
No, I think I've got one of those tonight.
Why don't you go home and get some
sleep, Champ? You need your rest.
OK, man.
Taxi!
In you go, Champ.
Take it easy, OK?
Hi, Mr Calhoun. How are you doing?
How's things going?
Get in, Ray.
Where's Quick?
Quick has nerve problems.
People have been trying to kill him.
So I let him off for a few days to relax.
Quick's nerves are bad
from people trying to kill him?
I know of four people
Quick killed last night.
One was a pretty young girl I know.
Would you know anything
about that, Ray?
Quick? Oh, man.
Where did you hear that?

I hear a lot of things, Ray.

A lot of things.

I hear you are ruining my business
with your club.

I hear you don't want to go
into business with me.

You know, I hear all these things, Ray.

And I add them up.

Know what I come up with?

- No.

- You don't?

That you're a smart old man who knows
when he's finished and it's time to leave.

But there's a young hothead
who thinks he's tough

and wants to start some shit instead of
letting things take their natural course.

That's what I come up with.

A young dumb fuck who's going
to make it two less jigs in this world.

One old and one young.

When you see Quick, I suggest
you guys make plans to go elsewhere,
because I'm tired
of playing around with jigs.

You get me?

Is that all?

- What?

- Is that all?

Yeah, Ray, yeah. I think that's all.

Goodnight.

I'd like to have the people
on that list bailed out.

There are 125 people on this list.

You're posting bail for 125 people?

Is that a problem?

Just a minute.

A guy wants to post bail on everybody
arrested at the after-hours joint.

- Who is he?

- Some fancy coloured guy.

He's probably some nut. Tell him how
much it'll cost and he'll run off scared.

OK, let's see.

125 people on a class A
misdemeanour will be about...
...\$7,500.
\$7,500?
Yes, \$7,500.
Give me a receipt.
I'm sorry about the inconvenience.
Kiss my entire ass.
Quick, you should have seen it.
30 limousines driving off into the sunset.
Them white boys
didn't know what to think.
We can't reopen
because they'll bust us every night.
In every limousine
there was a box of candy,
and every box had a note,
'Sorry for the inconvenience.'
You are a cool,
sweet motherfucker, Sugar.
I love to see shit like that.
You'd love to see anything.
What have you got to eat?
I've got some cans of hash in there.
Fix me some hash and eggs.
- You want anything?
- I'm OK.
Get your little narrow ass
off the arm of that sofa.
So, everybody's looking for me?
Yes. We'll be out of here soon.
We do our thing and then we step.
How's Sunshine doing?
He proposed to her four times already,
said he'd leave his wife
and convert from Catholic to Baptist.
That's some mean pussy
to make a man change gods.
- Where's the hash?
- Middle cabinet on the third shelf.
- That's not hash, it's tuna fish.
- Make some tuna, then.
You've got to do something
about them eyes.

I'm ready for hash, and you ain't got no hash. Don't keep fucking with me!

- Bitch, please.

- 'Bitch, please,' my ass!

- Do you want a sandwich?

- If it's not too much trouble.

Don't get smart with me.

You're the dumbest ass in captivity.

Did you apologise to her for shooting her in the foot?

Did you ever apologise to her?

I thought that thing was forgotten.

She said that,

but I think she still was a little hurt.

She still is. She doesn't show it, but inside she is a sweet old woman.

Bennie, why did you put this juice back with just a swallow left?

Leave me alone.

It doesn't make sense.

You should just finish it.

Don't put it back with just a swallow in the container.

I get set for orange juice, and there's just a swallow left.

- Swallow it and shut up.

- Blind motherfucker!

You fat bitch! You should go talk to her and tell her you're sorry.

Yes, you should.

You want a sandwich, Quick?

No.

I'm OK.

- You OK?

- Yes, I just can't stand a lot of silly shit.

Now, why wouldn't he finish this?

That's just dumb.

Hey, you know, Vera...

...I never said 'I'm sorry' to nobody for nothing I did.

But...

...I wish what happened never happened, and...

...I appreciate everything

you've done for me.

And...

...I'm sorry.

Take your sorry ass in there
and tell Sugar to send somebody
to get some orange juice.

I love you, too.

Little old boy.

I love that little old boy.

I'm falling in love with you.

Oh, Richie.

I'm serious. Nobody's ever
made me feel the way you do.

When can I see you again?

I'll be free after the fight tomorrow.

No, tomorrow night's bad.

I got something to do.

All night?

Between 8 and 10.

Why don't you do what you have to do...

...and then after you finish,
you come back and you pick me up?

Wait, I forgot.

I'm finished with my work at 9.30.

That means I have to stand outside
in the cold with all that stuff in my bag.

What stuff? What do you do, anyway?

Every month I do a numbers pick-up
at one place,

and I drop it off at another
the next day, and I get paid for it.

You're a pick-up girl?

- I knew you'd hate me. I'll just leave.

- Don't be ridiculous.

Someday I'll tell you what I do,
and we'll both laugh about this.

I'm so glad you're not angry.

I shouldn't stand on that corner for half
an hour with all that stuff in my bag.

Let's get together another time.

Listen, where are you going
to be tomorrow night at 9.30?

My pick-up is on Lenox Avenue.

Tomorrow night at 9.30 I'll pick you up

at Lenox and 110th Street.

- What about what you had to do?

- I'll pick you up along the way.

You make me so happy. You know what

I do when you still want to see me?

Richie, you know, I have to admit,

when we first met,

I was intimidated by you.

- You were?

- And when we made love, I held back.

You did?

But now that I've told you

the truth about myself,

I want to be completely free to do

any and every thing you want me to.

Oh, God!

- Will I see you tomorrow?

- Yes.

- Lenox and 110th?

- Yes.

I'll be there. You bet.

Richie...

...I think I'm falling in love with you.

Yeah. Give me Hollycourt 55377.

Hello, it's Daddy.

Darling, put Mommy on the phone.

Barbara, it's Richie. I ain't never

coming home no more. Take it easy.

Then the son of a bitch had cars

and chauffeured everybody home.

Anybody see Quick?

Nobody has seen him on the street

at all. But he'll show up eventually.

For the time being,

Sugar Ray's is closed.

For the time being?

I want it closed permanently.

Ladies and gentlemen,

and now for the main event.

Fighting out of Ireland,

weighing in at 250 pounds,

the Irish iron man...

...Michael Kirkpatrick!

And fighting out of Harlem, New York,

weighing in at 220 pounds,
wearing maroon trunks
with a gold stripe,
the Heavyweight Champion
of the World, Jack Jenkins.
You received your instructions
in the dressing room.
I want a nice clean fight.
Shake hands and come out fighting.
Don't take this ass-whipping
personally.

JACK JENKINS:

There's the bell for round one.
Doesn't look like
he's trying to throw this fight.
Come on, Willie!
Sunshine.
- Hello, darling dear.
- Hey, sweet daddy.
- That's a lot of numbers, baby.
- I know. Throw them in the trunk.
I'll get that door. Here.
- Thanks, Richie.
- You're welcome, baby.
- I really missed you, sweet daddy.
- Me, too, sweet mommy.
I got a big surprise...
Are you blind?
Jesus, the cops are coming.
Take it easy, just relax.
Not tonight, fuck me.
- You are in trouble.
- That light was green.
No, sir, it was red.
But that's the least of your problems.
- Do you know who you got in the car?
- Who?
Lady Heroin.
We've been tracking her all night.
- She put 40lbs of smack in your trunk.
- Heroin?
Step out of the car, please, sir.
- I don't know nothing about this.

- You, too, Miss Heroin.
So, Lady Heroin,
we finally caught you, right?
Got your boy, too. You are both
going to jail for a long time.
Wait a minute, I ain't no boy.
I just met her this week.
- I'm sorry, Richie.
- Don't sorry me.
- I'm sorry, baby.
- Don't 'baby' me.
I'm in trouble here.
I'm dying in the street.
You should have told me
your last name was Heroin.
That doesn't mean you have to sell it.
- What do we have here, officers?
- Lady Heroin and her boyfriend.
- This guy?
- Can I speak to you privately?
You want to confess?
Officers, this is our collar
and we'll handle it.
Relax, boy. You're out of your territory,
so just cool it. Come here.
Talk to me.
- You know Phil Cantone?
- We work for him.
Tell these jigs to get out of here.
I'm doing a run for Bugsy.
- Why didn't you say?
- I just did.
Take this girl and let this guy
go about his business.
First of all, this guy is an accessory,
and what we're going to do...
You're going to do nothing. We'll take it
from here. Thank you, officers.
All right, take her.
- Thanks for the help.
- Get out of here and stay out of trouble.
Jenkins drives him against the ropes.
He's got him pinned against the ropes.
He's hitting him hard.

What?

Fuck!

How are you doing, boys?

It's real good to see you.

Maybe you can clear something up.

I mean, I thought you might pull something so I followed Vento tonight.

And I've got to tell you, the whole thing was going pretty cute...

...until some real boys showed up.

They spoiled it for you guys.

You did the right thing

to let them go and not start any shit.

But the one thing I can't figure out is why you would break into a bank that's been closed for five years.

Why would you do that?

- May I?

- Please do.

We figured with Vento doing a pick-up as big as this, that Buggy would have his number-one boy tailing him. That's you.

And the cops that pulled us over, you win some and you lose some.

As far as us breaking into a bank that's been closed for five years, we're not making a withdrawal... we're making a deposit.

A deposit? No bullshit?

What's that supposed to mean?

It means put down your gun.

We'll tell the police on Monday you are here.

Ray, these things

don't have much air in them.

Jimmy estimates there are a couple of days of air in here.

Who is Jimmy? Is he a scientist?

He measures the fucking air?

- Jimmy, was that the right calculation?

- Give or take a couple of hours.

There you go.

Give or take an hour or two.

I might see you again.

- Yeah, you might.

- I might.

Goodnight.

Take very short breaths.

Maybe, if you breathe like this...

But if you go...

you're a dead motherfucker.

Is he crazy?

I'll put an end

to this Sugar Ray shit tonight.

- What's with all the sad faces?

- Give me my money and get out.

What's this?

- Where's my money?

- They took the wrong bag.

- Who took the wrong bag?

- I had an accident and the cops came.

- Why would the cops take my money?

- They thought it was heroin.

Heroin?

Richie, why would they think

it was heroin?

What the fuck are you talking about?

I had Lady Heroin in the car with me.

I was falling in love with her.

I thought I was. She put heroin

in the trunk with the money.

Then I was going through

this green light that was red, and...

Mr Calhoun, I'm sorry.

You're sorry?

What are you, fucking retarded?

No, it's OK. The cops who took

the money were Cantone's guys.

How do you know?

There were four cops. The first two

were jigs. Then came Cantone's guys.

Get Cantone on the phone.

Why would they take your money

and leave the dope?

They made a mistake

and took the wrong bag.

You gave a million dollars of my money

to the cops for a bag of heroin?
What are you, a fucking moron?
Yes.
This isn't heroin. It's sugar.
That son of a bitch.
That goddamn son of a bitch.
There's no answer, boss. He's not in.
It's a woman named Vera.
Says she works for Ray.
Clean up that mess. Let her in.
I'm sorry, Mr Calhoun.
But I didn't have nothing to do with it.
Won't you have a seat?
I wanted to warn you,
but Sugar would have killed me.
His son already shot off
my pinkie toe.
No, is that right?
I'm sorry to hear that, Miss...
Walker. Vera Walker.
Mick, get Miss Walker
something to drink.
I had nothing to do with it, Mr Calhoun.
I'm no thief.
I'm an honest whore,
and all my whores are honest.
We didn't want to have nothing to do
with this, but they made us keep quiet.
I wanted to tell you, Mr Calhoun,
but I knew they'd have killed me.
Maybe you could help us locate
Mr Ray and Mr Quick.
They are over at Ray's.
But please, don't tell them I told you.
I still have nine toes
and I want to keep them.
I just want to go about my business
with nobody after me.
I'm an old woman, Mr Calhoun,
and I can't stand this fighting no more.
Tony, would you give Miss Walker
my phone number?
If you have any problems, just call me.
Thank you so much, Mr Calhoun.

And thank you, too, sir.
- Goodnight to you all.
- Please see Miss Walker out.
Get the car.
We're going to pay
Mr Ray and Mr Quick a visit.
Hey, boss...
It's Cantone's badge.
Let me see that.
What the hell is going on here? Phil?
Nobody touch anything.
I got to figure this out.
I got to figure out the right move.
It's a set-up. It's a fucking set-up.
Let's get the fuck out of here.
Let's get moving before somebody
comes looking for us.
I want to thank you gentlemen
very much. We appreciate it.
- Don't spend it all in one place.
- Take care, guys. Thanks.
I'm sure going to miss that place.
You know we can never go back.
There are other cities. We'll find
someplace else and start again.
There's no place like Harlem.
You ain't lying, Sugar.
Let me look at it one last time.
Don't waste your time.
Put your blind ass in the car.
I'm going to kick your ass
if you keep talking to me like that.
- Where do you want to go, Pop?
- I don't know, son.
We've got a tank full of gas
and a trunk full of money.
- That sounds like a sweet combination.
- Sweet as sugar.