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# Heist

By David Mamet

-Keep the change.  
-What are you waiting on?  
-Four cappuccinos.  
-Four cappuccinos. Let's go.  
-There you go.  
-Thanks.  
-I've got a break.  
-You can't smoke in here.  
Hey, buddy, you forgot your change.  
-Makes the world go round.  
-What's that?  
Gold.  
Some people say love.  
They're right too. It is Love.  
Love of gold.  
Hold on.  
Thank God you're there.  
There's been an explosion.  
Pick up the phone and dial 911.  
I'm burnt.  
"18. 36. 7. Pound."  
What are you doing?  
Find the security tape!  
Enough.  
Hey, thanks.  
Hey, how'd it go?  
Finest kind.  
-Where'd you get that?  
-Here you go.  
-You fixed it.  
-I made a new one.  
-You're a pretty smart fella.  
-Not that smart.  
-How'd you figure it out?  
-I imagined someone smarter than me.  
Then I tried to think,  
"What would he do?"  
-That's one hell of a boat.  
-Sign up, I'll build you one.  
-I wanna buy that one.  
-Well, that's my boat.  
Come up with a down payment,  
and I'll have it in 18 months.  
-We're good at this conversation.

-Then close the deal.  
-There you go.  
-What is it?  
Open it up. It's yours.  
It's shaped like an arrow.  
Freccia means arrow.  
-So you told me.  
-It looks Like gold.  
-That's because I gilded it.  
-Why?  
I wanted to sell you a boat.  
Good try, though.  
I want that boat.  
Sell me that boat, and I'll come  
down with a laundry bag of cash.  
Take the money, take your little girl,  
cruise down to a tropic isle.  
-How will you get the cash?  
-Don't be coy.  
You know who I am. Sell me your boat,  
you'll be under my wing.  
That's my private number.  
I can't do it. I'm working on  
your boat. Take mine out.  
Does that girl go with it?  
Call me, I'll have five guys here  
Monday laying out the hull.  
You decide to sell me your boat...  
...let's do something, huh?  
-I'd have liked to build him that boat.  
-Walk away from it.  
Well, Lets start getting  
the gear on board.  
-You got the charts?  
-Oh, yeah.  
Why so many?  
Wouldnt want somebody to look  
at them and follow us.  
-How'd I get so lucky?  
-You're the law west of the Pecos.  
Yeah, I used to be  
the Law west of the Pecos.  
Now I'm cashing out.  
-You got your picture took.

-Is that why I'm cashing out?  
If you say it, it's right.  
You're the brass ring, babe.  
Glad you Like me.  
Off you go.  
See you tonight.  
Stay in the shadows.  
Everyone's gonna be looking there.  
-Where's the place to be?  
-Place to be is in the sun.  
Beautiful.  
Just gorgeous.  
Nobody gets the goods Like you.  
Anybody can get the goods.  
The hard part's getting away.  
Plan a good getaway,  
you can steal Ebbets Field.  
-Ebbets Field is gone.  
-What'd I tell you?  
My nephew, Jimmy Silk.  
Yep, that's who he is.  
-He don't say hello?  
-He must have things on his mind.  
Anything you want while you're here?  
Something for that pretty lady?  
-What's she see in you anyway?  
-I'm resilient.  
-So's Gumby.  
-I got a better profile.  
You're gonna leave that  
down south in Argentina.  
-How you doing, Bobby?  
-I think you're Looking at it.  
You go down south, sit in the sun.  
Pull down your bathing suit,  
stick your ass out at the world.  
You think the worlds ready for that?  
The other thing.  
We got the go-ahead.  
We got a firm date on the Swiss thing.  
I'm burnt. They got my picture.  
Of you in drag  
with your war paint on.  
It's a blessing.

It's time to check out.  
What do we got?  
-It's higher than the estimate.  
-Half is yours.  
We're on for the Swiss thing.  
Why did he tell me that half is mine?  
I know half of it's mine.  
Me and my crew got it.  
I went in hock  
and set it up on your say-so.  
Let's review. You let me  
walk in there with my crew...  
...and now you're stiffing me?  
-If it was me--  
-Yeah. I owe my crew.  
I gotta get out of town,  
I gotta go.  
-Should have shot the girl.  
-Should have been there.  
This Swiss thing. If I was  
a publisher, I'd publish the plans.  
Why don't you?  
If I was a publisher. But I'm a thief  
so I have to do that thing.  
Give me our cut.  
We'll do the Swiss job.  
You know that's bullshit.  
You're going travelling.  
You gonna play me for a sucker?  
I give you the money and you're gone.  
The job's set up, you understand?  
We did the job, my partners and me.  
Hey, fuck you and fuck your partners.  
I'm your partner. Without me  
you've got, what? Little Lambsy Divy.  
-I bankroll this job on your say-so.  
-I drove here, I didn't take the bus.  
-Fuck you, go back to prison.  
-What'd I tell you?  
I don't think so.  
-Guess again.  
-You stay the fuck down.  
Want to play Elk Corral?  
Wanna dress up and play?

Is that the thing?

Is that it?

Give me that fucking bag!

Your weight and your fate right here.

Your weight and your fate right here.

-Bag's empty, Bobby.

-What?

The bag is empty.

Put the bag down, it's empty.

Want me to pull up a chair

while you rape me?

If you'd pause in your

headstrong progress--

Joe, I'm in hock for all the toys.

All the toys you said go out

and buy. Two trucks, the plane.

-You said spend the money.

-What do you want?

I want you to do the other thing.

You screwed me.

Now my face is on a cereal box.

You got no money!

You're burnt and busted.

What the fuck does it take

to get you to do the other thing?

Excuse me, Mr. Bergman

asked you a question.

Excuse me,

my uncle asked you a question.

-Fuck your uncle.

-Fuck my uncle? You're the help.

Yeah, I'm the help, motherfucker.

Why'd the chicken cross the road?

Because the road crossed the chicken.

-Walk away.

-Hey, you! Hold on!

Situation is pristine.

Cut him off.

I didn't see him.

Oh, my God!

How is he?

It's his road game.

-Your man does good work.

-That's why I use him.

Yeah, these will pass anywhere.  
Why don't you take advantage of it?  
No.  
I need somebody to throw me  
in the briar patch.  
Yeah, give the gentleman a call.  
-I need some walking-around money.  
-That's reasonable.  
And I'm gonna need my men's share  
on the last job.  
-Give it to me.  
-Now?  
You got it in your pocket.  
You're ahead of me every turn.  
Stunning.  
The plan holds,  
you get your shipment on the 14th.  
The plan has changed.  
We split it 50/50 on the site.  
So be it.  
-Now what's your surprise?  
-My boy comes with you on the job.  
-He's got terrible manners.  
-Which of us is perfect?  
So be it.  
Wait a sec. If it's about  
your wife, why didn't you--?  
Will you wait? If the whole thing  
is about your wife--?  
You know what?  
The hell with it!  
Not a happy camper, huh?  
I'm not a camper at all, stud.  
Pour it.  
See anything you Like?  
I'm busy.  
-Pour it!  
-Hope you're not driving.  
I hope I am, and I run into  
some fucked abutment.  
-Take me off, will you?  
-That'll rot your stomach lining.  
Yeah, but I get to drink it first.  
-That's all I need.

-What?

There goes my job.

You see his badge?

Do you know where that guy is from?

And he caught me drinking on shift.

End of a perfect day.

-That's Betty Croft.

-What's her problem?

-She's a drunk.

-She's a drunk.

You bet she is.

-Why is she important?

-She gets us in the door.

She gets us in the door, how?

I want you to Leave the uniforms

on the porch 3 or 4 days.

Get the dry-cleaning smell

out of them.

When we do the switch, the highway--

-Nobody can hear.

-If you don't say it.

I'm as quiet as

an ant pissing on cotton.

I don't want you as quiet as that ant.

I want you as quiet as an ant not

even thinking about pissing on cotton.

Hello. I gotta report

a breakdown here.

I got one of your rentals.

I need a tow truck.

Oh, come on, don't tell me that.

-Yeah, all right.

-What's the story on your pal?

He was born, he suffered, he died.

-Can he do the thing?

-He was doing it before you were born.

See, that's what troubles me.

Maybe you want to pray about it?

-No, I'm not a religious man.

-That's a shame.

-How's the leg?

-Never better.

-How long has he been with that girl?

-Who?

-His wife.  
-How long is a Chinaman's name?  
How long is a Chinaman's name?  
You ever notice that?  
Got the uniforms?  
Yeah, I got them.  
I got them all aired out.  
-Rental trucks?  
-Yeah.  
What do we got?  
Gotta redo some of these figures.  
-I gotta start from scratch.  
-Worked out on the plan. Why now?  
When things start to go sour,  
someone's gonna be pissing.  
Looking to shoot somebody.  
I want an alternate idea.  
Why should it go sour?  
-You timing the wrecker?  
-Yeah.  
Why should it go sour?  
Was that such a stupid question?  
You ever cheat on a woman? Something,  
stand her up, step out on her?  
What?  
-Ever do that?  
-Yeah.  
-Did you have an excuse?  
-Yeah.  
What if she didn't ask?  
Was your alibi a waste of time?  
Is he gonna hold up?  
He's only gotta hold it together  
till the thing.  
-Okay. All right.  
-Is he backing up?  
Here he comes.  
Ain't that pretty.  
Don't start the car.  
It's just a routine stop.  
Don't start the car.  
Good morning.  
-Can I see some identification?  
-Good of you to come.

You were supposed  
to be here an hour ago.  
Just forget about this.  
It's no big deal. But we're  
out here without protection.  
-Who'd you talk to?  
-It burns my butt!  
-I understand.  
-We're out working for the city!  
-Who did you talk to?  
-I know it's not your fault.  
Who did you talk to?  
Who did you talk to, sir?  
-Keep it together.  
-Can he cool the guy out?  
-Pretend to write in your clipboard.  
-Is he gonna be cool?  
My motherfucker's so cool  
when he goes to bed, sheep count him.  
Appreciate that.  
Why are you mad at him?  
He's right. He's right.  
Beg your pardon.  
-Get off.  
-Get in the car.  
-Get back in the car.  
-You know....  
Give Pinky the piece.  
Put your hands on the wheel.  
And keep them there.  
Just keep it right there.  
We got it taken care of.  
It's all right.  
-Thanks so much.  
-All right.  
Chuck! You got a phone call  
right here.  
Excuse me.  
It's Mr. Smith at the office.  
-Yeah. Yeah.  
-Thank you, officer.  
Well, it's one of those days.  
Got it.  
-You son of a bitch.

-Oh, that was real good.  
You fucking lame! Leave me dead  
and the crew on the road.  
-I saw--  
-You fucking cowboy!  
-Tell me why don't I kill him?  
-How about we do?  
I'll put you down  
Like the dog you are.  
-You gonna shoot your way to stardom?  
-I only--  
I don't want you  
to do anything unless--  
We hit the city, you burn the car.  
-I'll take the--  
-No, you do it!  
Car's filthy. Whole fucking job's  
in the car. You do it, Pinky!  
Get me the fuck out of here.  
Listen, it's very simple.  
It's several elements.  
You got the tow truck.  
You got the roadblock.  
I can do it, okay? I know the job.  
I got the job cold.  
You can't cut me loose.  
Please, guys. We got a deal here!  
Why should we bet on you?  
Young, dumb, full of cum.  
Leave me bleeding on the side  
of the road. "He's just impetuous."  
Joe, security truck to the garage.  
We beat the tow truck--  
What's so fucking funny?  
You got no job without me!  
You got nothing without this job.  
You want to go down south?  
You want to go broke?  
Without me, you got nothing.  
You need the job. You need me!  
-You can't take him.  
-Okay, I got loose, but--  
You cannot take this lame  
on the job, Joe!

Can we just go calm here  
for a minute?  
Go calm?  
So, what happened to you now?  
I'll tell you what happened to me.  
I need a fucking minute  
to make a decision.  
-Fine.  
-Joe, can I talk to you?  
-What the hell is it?  
-They found the car.  
-What car?  
-The station wagon. The cops found it.  
How could they find it?  
I told you to ditch the car.  
I stopped off to see my niece.  
-Did you wipe it down?  
-You saw your niece?  
Did you wipe it down?  
-I left my clipboard in the car.  
-What does this do to the job?  
-You left your clipboard?  
-My leg was troubling me.  
-The job is on the clipboard.  
-What about the job?  
-The job's on the clipboard!  
-Job stands.  
-Are you crazy?  
-The job stands?  
-The job is bust. This place is burnt.  
-What does this mean?  
Job stands.  
You're out of your fucking mind.  
We can't sink with the job!  
Tell you what.  
You want to run the show?  
It's fun to play pretend.  
Come on!  
You're gonna roll over  
for these guys?  
-I gotta go away.  
-You took this lame on the job.  
Can't Leave with nothing.  
You're drawing dead.

You want a fucking telegram?  
The job is dead.  
You put your man in the street,  
you lamed up the job.  
-Wait, wait, wait. Bobby!  
-I can't sink with the job!  
Wait a second. Wait a second!  
Baby, you got old.  
I'm gone, I'm out.  
That's it.  
I don't see how  
they could have found the car.  
Fuck the car, Pink!  
You're a stupid Lame.  
I'm out of here.  
-I gotta get on with my life.  
-Bobby, wait!  
-Fran, what are you doing?  
-Place is burnt.  
Hold it, hold it.  
For Christ sake!  
You gotta move your car.  
Wait. Wait, wait, wait.  
What's going on?  
What's the shot?  
You got someplace to go? Some shade?  
You best get to it.  
And move your car. I gotta go.  
Shit, where's my piece?  
-I'll get it to you later.  
-Now.  
What am I telling you?  
Just follow me!  
Bobby, hold on! Just a minute!  
For God's sake!  
Walking away, Bobby?  
You walking out on me?  
Are you walking out on me,  
you weak son of a bitch?  
Joe, I'm sorry.  
Gonna get in your car?  
After all this time!  
What the hell?  
Come back here, you fucking coward!

You're a fucking coward!  
Go on, get the fuck out of here!  
Little prick.  
-And there they go!  
-That's right.  
You get gone too.  
-I wouldve loved to do the Swiss job.  
-It's a good plan.  
Never Liked the Swiss.  
Their clocks...  
...two guys come out with hammers  
and hit each other.  
What kind of sick mentality is that?  
You take care, pally.  
Get Bobby's share to him.  
-What'll you do for cash?  
-We're taking down the boat guy.  
You're gonna take his cash?  
-I'm selling him my boat.  
-And then?  
Then we'll take my boat back.  
-Well, baby, then aloha.  
-See you Later, Pinky.  
It's a shame we didn't get to do  
the Swiss job. It's a beautiful plan.  
-Cute.  
-Cute as a pail of kittens.  
-Say goodbye to your niece for me.  
-You bet, pal.  
You might want to put that out, sir.  
-Put it out. Put the cigar out.  
-I told him.  
We got a fuel leak,  
trying to put your cleat in.  
-Your arrow cleat.  
-Her idea.  
-To put your stamp on it.  
-Damned if I didn't cut the fuel line.  
I wanted to take her out tonight.  
I know you did, sir,  
and I'm sorry as hell.  
I'm gonna work all night and  
I'll have it ready for sunup, okay?  
All right, I want to re-ballast her.

Put her a bit by the stern.  
I have the change of title, coast  
guard certification and bill of sale.  
Let me show you something pretty.  
That's a lot of cash  
to be carrying around.  
-I brought a friend.  
-Nice friend to have for a rainy day.  
Yes, sir.  
-I'm sorry about that Leak.  
-Forget about it.  
We got forms, certifications....  
Fran.  
-Would you Like a cup of coffee?  
-Yeah.  
I want you to do something for me.  
Look at this.  
I did this myself.  
You're gonna Love it.  
This is what I want for a figurehead.  
Robin Hood.  
What do you think?  
I Like it because  
it puts a twist on my name.  
Freccia is Italian for "arrow"  
so you see the thing?  
To personalize the boat.  
Robin Hood, robbing from the rich,  
but who wants to rob from the poor?  
Let's see. Bill of sale.  
We got certificate of title.  
My people will contact you.  
Here's what we're thinking--  
Easy!  
Wait, wait, wait! Hold on!  
Are you alone? Are you alone?  
Are you alone?  
-What the fuck are you doing here?  
-I Left my copy of the plans.  
Hey, hold on.  
Call Freccia.  
Call Freccia.  
You said the joint was burnt.  
I don't understand.

-I didn't want--  
-To what?  
I'm Looking out for you two.  
He won't answer.  
What does she see in you?  
You must be hung Like man-of-war.  
You want to play the dozens?  
Here we go.  
There was an error at the hospital.  
You died at birth.  
Cat got your tongue?  
Don't you want to play?  
Joe, Leave him.  
You going somewhere?  
What are you, the social service Lady?  
-Going somewhere?  
-Taking the baby back?  
You can't run.  
You gotta do the job.  
You know that you got to.  
You know you do.  
Can you shoot me and walk away?  
They'll hunt you down.  
-Shoot him.  
-I can't go down there with nothing!  
Well...  
...that's the thing.  
-What'll you do?  
-Out!  
And what? You owe them money.  
Think you can just sail away?  
-They'll never Let you walk away.  
-Get out!  
What are we gonna do?  
That's what everybody wants to know.  
How do we get the gold home?  
What's the difference?  
They'll never trust you.  
They need me to do the job.  
How can they trust you  
not to walk over?  
-The kid came back?  
-Yeah.  
-All right. Let's start again.

-Why'd the kid come back?

Listen.

He don't come back,  
you're on some island.

-I got an idea.

-You shouldve Left him on the road.

You shouldnt have Left him  
with the plans!

What plans?

He forgot his cheat sheet.

That's why he came back.

He didn't forget it,  
because I got it right here!

What, am I gonna Leave my papers  
in the hands of some fucking Lame?

-That's why he came back.

-He came for me.

What?

He came back to make sure I was okay.

-He came back for you?

-That's right.

I know how to get the gold.

-Suit up.

-Sure you want to do that?

-She's the go-getter.

-Tell me what you want me to go get.

I need you to suit up.

Is that all right?

You say it, it's right.

All right.

-We'll put the job off for a month.

-For a month?

I need dates for next month's shipment  
and the name of a freight forwarder.

Freight forwarder  
and a customs broker.

-Good.

-Where are you going with this?

You just listen.

We're gonna stand this thing  
on its head.

Are you fucking with me?

Or are you done fucking with me?

I've financialized the problem, and

you're more trouble than you're worth.  
The girl says you'll do it.  
You said that before.  
Why now?  
What is it, all of a sudden?  
Everybody needs money.  
That's why they call it "money."  
Let me add this sweetener.  
Do the fucking job,  
or I'll turn you over.  
I'll drop a Roosevelt dime on you.  
Finite la Commedia.  
Is that strict, you fucking vonce?  
Sorry to use such language  
in front of a woman...  
...were it not for who,  
I'd waste your fucking ass.  
If you say you'll do the job, do it.  
No more charades.  
Save the bold moves  
for the brilliant players.  
-Sorry for the Language.  
-How generous.  
And fuck you too! Save the bullshit.  
He wants the job.  
Is that a question?  
You came begging to me, doxy.  
I didn't come to you.  
He'll do the job next month.  
He needs a month.  
-Is that the thing?  
-Is that what I just told you?  
-Ain't you a piece of work.  
-I came from China in a matchbox.  
Thank you.  
Fill up her drink,  
she seems to enjoy it.  
What do you think?  
-He's scared.  
-He's never scared.  
-He's getting old.  
-She said that?  
He's broke, he's tired.  
She says he wants to play ball.

Why should we believe her?  
Why did he send her?  
-She came to me.  
-To you?  
-He put her up to it.  
-She came to me on her own.  
Yeah, but as rational men,  
don't we have to doubt her?  
She thinks he's weak.  
She's scared, she's sincere.  
Let me put a question to you:  
If you had the job,  
how would you test her sincerity?  
Okay, we're all on one team,  
all arrayed against a common enemy?  
Thanks for coming.  
I'm going to bed.  
-I'll see you back.  
-I'm all right.  
-You're all right now.  
-Am I?  
You just need somebody to lean on.  
-Adrenaline gives you the shakes.  
-I'm okay.  
I'm just saying,  
adrenaline gives people the shakes.  
Some mistake it for cowardice.  
You could pray.  
I'm not a religious man.  
-There's nothing wrong with prayer.  
-Think so?  
I knew this trooper who always  
carried a Bible next to his heart.  
-It stopped a bullet.  
-No shit?  
Hand to God, it stopped a bullet.  
Wouldve ruined his heart.  
Had he had another Bible in front  
of his face, he'd be alive today.  
-What time you got?

**-5:**

Make the call.  
Hello? I got one of your rental

trucks. The engine quit on me.  
-Nobody lives forever.  
-Frank Sinatra gave it a shot.  
You'll do.  
Good morning.  
It's the acid.  
It isn't the acid, it's the asphalt.  
It's making me sick.  
How can they work in that  
all day long?  
-Got any Roloids?  
-Want an Alka Seltzer?  
-Doctor said not to drink.  
-You shouldnt then.  
Same old story everywhere you go.  
You know....  
Oh, no.  
-Do I know you?  
-No. Please, please.  
-What?  
-Don't fire me. Please.  
-What do you mean?  
-Don't fire me.  
I saw you in the bar.  
You're with the FAA.  
Miss Croft, you're drinking  
on the job. You're done.  
I got two kids at home.  
Please, mister.  
Give me your keys.  
Mister, I need a break.  
I'm begging you.  
I swear to you on my Life that  
I will never take another drink.  
Don't fire me.  
Did you ever ask anybody for a break?  
Do you have any kids?  
Oh, Christ.  
In about three minutes,  
I'll be conducting a security check.  
I'll be passing through your station.  
I will be, quote, armed.  
I will have a tool kit...  
...in which is hidden

three dangerous items.  
It's a test of  
the personnel under you.  
If you tip them off,  
I'll have your job.  
I wouldn't.  
Go back to your station.  
-I will.  
-Give me your keys.  
Your alcohol.  
-You will go into the program.  
-I will.  
Thank you!  
That's it.  
-Is Betty Croft here?  
-Is what?  
-Your supervisor.  
-She went for coffee.  
It's that time of day, isn't it?  
Can I Leave my tools  
for a minute?  
That's no problem.  
-What happened to Betty Croft?  
-I think she's sick.  
I don't feel so good myself.  
Give me one of these, will you?  
And a large coffee.  
Leave some room for milk.  
Here you go.  
Hold, hold, hold.  
-Here's your change.  
-Thank you.  
What's happening?  
What's happening is stay put.  
Put her in park.  
Don't flash your brake lights.  
-There we go.  
-Going to see the elephant.  
-Up early or up late?  
-Not at all, until I get this in me.  
What's with that--?  
What's with your supervisor?  
-What, does she owe you money?  
-I wish she did.

She's got some stomach thing.  
Least Little thing sets her off.  
I had an aunt Like that once.  
She wasn't really my aunt.  
We just called her that.  
She had a florist shop.  
Funny thing was, she was allergic.  
We used to tease her about that.  
You know how cruel kids can be.  
-On the floor.  
-With that Little thing?  
-Don't. Sit on the floor.  
-Doing it.  
Give me the case!  
Open it up!  
You okay?  
What happened?  
Clean up this mess.  
-What happened?  
-The broad went bust on me.  
-What do you mean, she went bust?  
-Just drive.  
Hinton Tower. Confirm  
A.T.C. clearance to Philadelphia.  
Proceed. Hold for release.  
Contact Control upon departing.  
There you go. Hotel Bravo 704.  
Come on.  
What the hell?  
Hinton Tower, what the hell was that?  
-Anyone on final?  
-We have TransAir 249, base.  
-Divert!  
-TransAir 249, go around.  
PanGeneve, proceed to runway Alpha  
India. Contact Providence Control.  
This is PanGeneve 242,  
we are now taking the active.  
-He's not stopping.  
-Cut him off.  
-It's not that easy.  
-Cut him the fuck off!  
PanGeneve?  
Can you hear me?

We have reports of  
a possible explosive device on board.  
We want you to cut your engines.  
We got a man who's coming on board  
to advise you.  
Cut your engines, kill all your power,  
your electronics and the radio.  
Stay off the radio.  
-What is it?  
-Shut off the engine.  
Kill your radar, keep your A.P.U. on.  
There may be an explosive device  
on board.  
Stay seated while I make a sweep.  
Be in touch with my man on the ground.  
-How serious is this threat?  
-Just be in touch with my man.  
Don't talk to the tower, talk to me.  
Yeah.  
Cut the radio and electronics.  
Can you hear me?  
Don't talk to the tower.  
I'm linked to the tower.  
Beech 270 remains  
Adjust to 612 your GCA. Good day.  
Hold on. Hold it. I show PanGeneve  
outbound to 1205 Zulu.  
Providence Control wants to know  
where is he?  
PanGeneve 262, who's got him?  
I got him right there,  
visual on the runway.  
PanGeneve, he's right there.  
Break, Manchester Control.  
I have an inbound Lear, 5-2 Papa.  
Can you take him? Squawk, 1795 direct.  
Manchester, I got him.  
Clear 5-2 Papa.  
Bobby?  
Keep your eyes on the road.  
You got change for a 20?  
All right.  
How you Like me now, babe?  
All right.

Do not transfer me!  
Do not transfer me! You're  
the fourth person I've talked to!  
-Enough!  
-Come on!  
Engine failure! I called first

**at 5:**

This is my fourth call!  
Keep coming. Whoa!  
Good.  
-How Long before the tow truck?

**-I called at 5:**

-Let's go!  
-Yes. Outside the airport.  
Industrial and 207.  
I'm an attorney! Can I have your name?  
I'm gonna have your job!  
-The truck's almost here.  
-Good.  
You score?  
-Look at that.  
-Oh, my, oh, my.  
Go sell chocolate,  
you Heidi motherfuckers.  
We got your gold!  
Hey, Let me have that. Yeah!  
Two minutes before the setup's over!  
Tow truck will be here. Let's go!  
-When that cop comes to....  
-That's gotta be what it's gonna be.  
-Can you get through a roadblock?  
-Whatever. It's all of a piece.  
You're burnt.  
You're burnt!  
We're all going together.  
I do not see the percentage.  
You don't have to, baby.  
You're burnt. You're fucking burnt,  
old man!  
-I go with the gold.  
-With the gold?  
What are you telling your beads?

Look, man, you tell me.  
What are they going  
to Look harder at? Tell me!  
You, here with us,  
or you in an empty car?  
You tell me. You follow us  
through the roadblock.  
Joe, you're burned.  
When that cop comes through,  
they'll put him at the roadblock.  
It's the wise thing.  
You go in the van with the gold.  
It'll be all right.  
-I'll meet you.  
-Okay.  
-Let's go, guys. Come on!  
-Let's move!  
Wrap it up! Let's go!  
Bobby. There you go, pal.  
Come on, Lets go!  
You heard what the man said.  
Let's go! Move!  
-You gotta move. Get in the car. Go!  
-Okay.  
Joe! I'll see you at the meet.  
See you at the meet!  
-Joe!  
-What?  
Come on, keep it together, boy!  
It's not over yet!  
Let's go. Fran!  
-Keys.  
-See you at the meet.  
Hey, Joe, Listen.  
-It's the smart thing. It is.  
-Yeah, all right.  
-My God!  
-What?  
She missed the fucking tow truck.  
He'll meet us there.  
-Don't smoke.  
-Makes me Look calm.  
What kind of people try to Look calm?  
Get away from the van! Put your hands

on your head and walk towards me.  
You, the man. Kneel on the grass!  
Come on!  
-Lady, stop there!  
-Kneel!  
-Open the van. Open it!  
-It's unlocked.  
Don't Look at me, Look at the grass!  
-What's that?  
-An engine.  
-For what?  
-A fucking tractor. I don't know.  
Okay.  
-How Long have you been here?  
-What's wrong?  
How Long?

**Since 4:**

waiting for the fucking tow truck.  
-What's the problem?  
-There was a robbery.  
Come on, Lets go!  
Move the truck through! Come on!  
You were good with the cops.  
Oh, yeah,  
I'm the Long lost motherfucker.  
You think good on your feet.  
-You think good off your feet too.  
-Well, aren't you sweet.  
-What do you say we stop for a drink?  
-Let's get to the meet.  
Yeah, that's difficult.  
Want me to tell you why?  
There is no meet.  
-Joe wouldnt Like that.  
-We Left Joe.  
There is no meet, you know that.  
Your guy got his picture  
on a stamp. He got old.  
Let's cut the jiving.  
What kind of man sends his wife to me?  
To distract me? Surprise! I was taken  
in. How about that? What a fool I am.  
Would I do that to you?

Would I do that to you?  
And who Liked it?  
For old-time's sake, why don't we  
cut the nonsense and say what it is?  
I need a drink.  
Did he think he was going home  
with the gold?  
Only one who didn't know was him.  
He needed someone to draw it for him.  
And you went with it, all the way.  
Was you joking?  
Answer me, because I'll tell you  
what we could do with that gold.  
Where are you going?  
-Are you okay?  
-Where are you going?  
I'm gonna check on the gold.  
Leave it!  
Walk away from it!  
-Leave it!  
-Walk away?  
What are you, crazy?  
The truck's clean, for Christ sake.  
Think I'm gonna walk away  
from this--?  
How you doing?  
Hey, you know.  
Yeah, here you go.  
What is it?  
What the hell do you care?  
Well, that's true too.  
-Hell of a thing!  
-It's a hell of a thing!  
My shipment was supposed to be  
in Philly by 9 yesterday.  
-Right.  
-Called me back from vacation!  
They said, "Your load is still  
on the ground. It never Left Boston."  
-We had a robbery.  
-No kidding!  
-You had a robbery? Anybody hurt?  
-Couple pilots shaken up a Little.  
You had a robbery,

and you impound the plane?

-What did they take?

-Some Load from Switzerland.

-Didn't they offer the next flight?

-What?

Didn't they offer

their next flight to Philly?

Oh, yeah.

Their next flight is 8 a.m. tomorrow.

It has to be in Philly yesterday.

I gotta drive it there myself.

If I don't have that Load in Philly  
by dawn, there's my job!

Here it is.

Hell of a thing.

Hell of a thing.

-Come to dinner tonight.

-We'll have to see.

You always say that.

It means you won't.

Well, it's possible.

It's possible that my business....

-I might have to travel.

-Why can't you do business here?

I wish I could, baby. The fact is...

...I have to Leave this morning.

-This morning?

-That's when my plane leaves.

Times change.

In my day, kids had to walk

all the way to school.

-Yes, but the streets were safer.

-Is that so?

-You take care of yourself, kid.

-Bye, Uncle Donny.

-Nice day for the race.

-What race?

The human race. Kids growing up,

so on. Hope of the future.

Get in the fucking car.

-Where's the gold?

-I'm reluctant to tell you.

When we put it to you, you'll tell us  
the gross national product of Bolivia!

You'll tell us  
the area code of Belgium!  
It's all I know.  
This is all you know.  
This is all you know! And we got you  
going to Saint Croix!  
How do you pick up your share?  
Where's the gold? Where's the meet?  
What are you gonna do, hurt me?  
Well, no. Actually, no.  
I'm not gonna hurt you.  
But tell a guy.  
I'm full of admiration.  
What was the deal?  
The deal was, we get away  
with the gold. Cute, huh?  
That's charming. Then what?  
-We slip away.  
-You slip away?  
And we go to the meet, and we  
find pig iron? Is that it?  
Joe figured you weren't  
never going to the meet.  
He did?  
If your guy doesn't get it  
in his head to fly off...  
...we're all on the patio right now,  
having a margarita!  
Where's the gold?  
You understand my reluctance  
to tell you.  
Take him out and show him something.  
Don't hurt him.  
You got anything to say about this?  
Fran? Has she called in?  
She won't call  
until she ditches the guy.  
How is she gonna ditch him?  
She could talk her way  
out of a sunburn.  
That's right.  
Yeah?  
Joe.  
Yeah, how you doing?

Just checking in.  
Fine, finest. Pristine.  
Yeah, I know.  
I saw the truck drive through too.  
Isn't it?  
-See you at the meet.  
-Okay.  
Mr. Bergman, please.  
Hold on.  
So where's the gold?  
You're shitting me.  
Is that all right?  
Okay.  
Okay.  
How you doing?  
We're all packed up.  
How'd you ditch that guy?  
-Leave him at the altar?  
-Yeah, at the altar.  
That's my girl.  
What happened to you?  
Yeah, yeah.  
There was a change in plans,  
you couldnt call to tell me?  
-Get him off the boat.  
-Off the boat!  
Get off the boat!  
Yeah, that's right.  
Where's your friend?  
Where's your friend?  
You all alone?  
No. You ain't alone.  
It ain't good to be alone.  
Dump it.  
Go find his friend.  
-I didn't have a choice.  
-Let my wife go!  
Mind if I say something personal?  
Your wife's a whore.  
You two fucked this plan  
into a cocked hat.  
-After all we went through together!  
-Fuck you!  
-I was gonna make you rich.

-Is that so?  
I was gonna make you rich,  
you motherfucker.  
But you had to complicate  
the last bit.  
You piece of shit!  
Yeah? Who's kneeling on the dock?  
-He ain't there.  
-All right.  
Okay. You want to wrap it up?  
Want to stand around  
and guess my real name?  
-What is your name?  
-Rumpelstiltskin!  
-What was it before?  
-Watch your mouth!  
-Leave him the fuck alone!  
-Get back!  
Get her out of here!  
You had to go out on a limb,  
didn't you?  
-Didn't you?  
-Let her go. I'll give up the gold.  
Yeah, basically, we had in mind  
a different deal.  
I hear if you're flexible,  
it keeps you young.  
I'll give up the gold.  
Me and the girl Leave on the boat.  
-What if the golds on the boat?  
-I gave up the gold. I had to.  
-You what?  
-I had to!  
I hate to break your rice bowl,  
but your wife made a deal.  
We get the gold, we Let you live.  
What do you think?  
-Let me walk away?  
-That's right.  
-Me and the girl?  
-Well, not quite.  
I'm sorry, baby.  
Let's get this boat out of here!  
She's got a commercial mind.

-Hold on a second here!  
-You're bust, pal. You're bust.  
-You got broke. Go cry a Little.  
-You fortunate fucker.  
She don't step up, you stay here  
Like a bit of forever.  
This way, you walk away.  
Take the gold! Just Leave me the boat!  
Don't make me lose my respect for you.  
Get the gold off.  
Give him some money!  
Leave him some money!  
Don't Let him go down there  
with nothing.  
Give him some money!  
Yeah, that's right.  
We don't want to send you out broke.  
Give me a shiv.  
Yeah.  
Buy yourself something nice.  
Pay you with gold.  
How you doing?  
You holding up?  
-The broad sold me out.  
-How about that?  
Show them a pretty face...  
...a diamond necklace, and  
they're gone Like morning mist.  
Find it!  
Where's the gold?  
Hurt him a Little.  
-Get him up.  
-You son of a bitch!  
-You're just too hip to be happy.  
-Is that so?  
You had to go and hit me.  
You all done?  
Because I got bills to pay.  
Where's the gold?  
-Give me a cigarette.  
-Bad for you.  
Well, nobody Lives forever.  
But you're spending  
the rest of your Life with me.

Right now!

-Where's the fucking gold?

-Kiss my Yankee ass!

Okay.

I hate to do anything as dramatic  
as count to three. But one...

...two....

Hey!

Damn it!

What the fuck?

Bobby! Bobby!

-Coming at you!

-No shooting! Fuck!

Stop! Put the fucking guns down!

Are you listening to me? No!

Stop! We're talking! Let's just talk!

Stop! Just--

Fuck, no!

-Bobby!

-Come on, sit down!

Sit down! No guns! No!

I'm ready.

Let's get the fuck out of here.

How about that?

How about that?

How about that?

Don't you want to hear my Last words?

I just did.

You put milk in, it lessens  
the chance of stomach distress.

I can't be worrying about  
every Little thing.

-How are you mending?

-Doing my best here.

You?

It's too bad about Pinky.

What?

-Pinky. Shame.

-Ain't that so?

He always made me laugh.

-What more can you ask of anyone?

-Nothing.

You go to that plastic surgeon,  
don't Let him put you under.

I knew a cat,  
went to get his face fixed.  
Woke up, and the sucker  
gave him a pair of tits.  
That's a bad beat.  
He landed back inside  
and never wanted for cigarettes.  
Send your cut there?  
Wire it there.  
When you get where you're going.  
That I will, pal.  
I hear it's nice down there  
in the sun.  
Is that where I'm going?  
Wherever it is, brother...  
...don't come back.  
There.  
-Hey, baby.  
-Hey.  
-I'm sorry.  
-It's okay. Who was that?  
Some guy, wanted a tip on a fight.  
Did you?  
I worked my whole Life. Why give him  
the benefit of all that knowledge?  
Drive.  
Nothing Like a good plan, Joe.  
Yeah, I wouldnt tie my shoes  
without a backup plan.  
Shame about Pinky.  
It went bad, that Last bit, didn't it?  
-Yes, it did.  
-Then that's just the price.  
That's right.  
That's part of it.  
-Didn't you do great, though?  
-Did I?  
-You hot walked that dude all day.  
-I went to a good school.  
-What's the rest of it?  
-I don't get you.  
-We were talking about Pinky.  
-Yeah?  
I said, "That's just the price,"

and you said, "That's part of it."  
What's the rest of it?  
Let me see your hands.  
That's right, real still.  
Yeah, well....  
Get over there.  
Keep walking.  
Well, you sent me to him.  
You shouldnt have sent me to him.  
-You can't think of everything.  
-Where's the gold?  
It's right there.  
Why doesn't he shoot me?  
That's the deal.  
-He isn't gonna shoot me?  
-No.  
Then he shouldnt point a gun at me.  
It's insincere.  
Let's go.  
How you doing?  
Tired.  
-You'll be all right.  
-You think so?  
You always are.  
Cute plan, though.  
Cute as a Chinese baby.