

**CORKY**

~~Violet? Are you all right?~~

~~Almost unnoticeably, Violet shakes her head. Corky puts her arm around her.~~

**CORKY**

~~Come on. Let's go.~~

**INT. BAR DAY**

~~It is the kind of bar businessmen drink at in the afternoon. Dark wood and padded leather.~~

~~The bartender, joking with a cluster of men, does not notice Corky as she moves up to the bar.~~

**CORKY**

~~Excuse me.~~

~~The bartender glances over.~~

**CORKY**

~~Draft beer and a TNT.~~

~~Corky eyes the men, who stare into their drinks.~~

~~The bartender says nothing as he puts the drinks in front of her.~~

~~Corky heads for her table, ignoring the whispers and snickers.~~

~~Corky and Violet, the only women in the room, sit close together at a far corner table.~~

~~Violet's voice is hushed.~~

**VIOLET**

~~Shelly was skimming from the business.  
He came to see me yesterday because  
he was afraid Caesar figured it out.  
He wanted to run but he wanted me to  
come with him.~~

**CORKY**

~~Even though he knew about you?~~

**VIOLET**

~~Yes.~~

**CORKY**

~~He was in love with you, right?~~

**VIOLET**

~~That's what he told himself. But it  
wasn't even about me, it was about~~

Caesar. He wanted what Caesar had.  
That's how they are. I understand  
them.

She glances around the room; a man at the bar smiles at her.

**VIOLET**

For Shelly, taking the money was a  
way to take from Caesar. He could  
have run at any time, but he didn't  
because he didn't want out.

**CORKY**

Sounds like he wanted to get caught.

**VIOLET**

Maybe he did. He would brag to me  
all the time. He was never afraid  
of Caesar because he didn't know  
him. Not like I do.

Two men sit down near them, laughing.

**VIOLET**

Caesar lives for these moments. He  
tells me it's just the business, but  
I know it's more than that. He likes  
it. The violence. I'll catch him  
in the bathroom mirror touching his  
scars. He says they remind him who  
he his. They're all like that.  
Except maybe Mickey.

**CORKY**

Mickey?

**VIOLET**

He's the part of the business that  
the rest of them pretend to be.  
|But Mickey doesn't like it like  
they do. I suppose that's why he's  
good at it.

Violet stares at her glass, at the melting ice.

**VIOLET**

I used to be able to block it out.  
I would tell myself that I wasn't  
really there so nothing really  
mattered. But I can't do it anymore.

She downs the last of her drink.

**VIOLET**

I've been making the same mistake  
Shelly made. But now I know what |I  
want.

She turns to Corky.

**VIOLET**

I want out. I want a new life. I see what I've been waiting for, but I need you, Corky.

**CORKY**

For what?

**VIOLET**

You made a choice once. Do you think you would make that same choice again?

**CORKY**

What choice?

**VIOLET**

If those quarters fell to the floor, would you still reach up to that cash register?

Corky stares at her, knowing where this is going. ~~She glances around the crowded bar.~~

**CORKY**

Not here.

**EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT**

~~Corky's truck sits in a gravel parking lot.~~

**~~INT. CORKY'S TRUCK - DAY~~**

~~Through the back window of the truck, Violet and Corky are silhouettes against the street light.~~

**VIOLET**

Caesar is going to get the money and bring --

**CORKY**

How much money?

**VIOLET**

Shelly said it was over two million dollars.

Corky quietly swallows that pill. It begins to rain.

**VIOLET**

Caesar will bring it to the apartment to count and go through Shelly's books to figure out how he did it.

**CORKY**

Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Do you have any idea what you are saying? You are asking me to help you fuck the mob.

Violet nods.

**CORKY**

These people are serious, Violet. If you want to know how serious, ask Shelly. They're worse than any cop because they have lots of money and no rules. You fuck them, you've got to do it right.

**VIOLET**

That's why I need your help. You said you were good.

**CORKY**

I am, but ...

She knows Violet is challenging her.

**CORKY**

All right, let's say for the moment that I believe everything you are saying.

**VIOLET**

You think I'm lying?

**CORKY**

I didn't say that, but since you did, let's say that you are. It would have been easy to set Shelly up. You could have got him killed knowing that Caesar would bring the money to the apartment.

Violet stares, her face poker-blank.

**CORKY**

All you would need to keep yourself clean would be someone unconnected, someone like me.

**VIOLET**

Is that what you think?

**CORKY**

I'm just making a point. You have no idea what you're asking. How much trust two people need to do something like this.

She moves closer to Violet, the sound of the rain beating

against the metal cab.

**CORKY**

For me, stealing is a lot like sex. Two people that want the same thing sit in a room and they talk, they start to plan and it's like flirting, a kind of foreplay, because the more they talk about it, the wetter they get.

She stops.

**CORKY**

The difference is, I can have sex with someone I just met, someone I hardly know, but to steal I need to know someone like I know myself.

**VIOLET**

Do you think you know me like that?

**CORKY**

I think ...

They are close enough to kiss.

**CORKY**

We're going to find out.

Corky pulls back.

**CORKY**

But first, I want to see this money.

~~INT. CAESAR'S APARTMENT NIGHT~~

~~Violet springs from the couch as the front door crashes open, Caesar charging in. He is doubled over, clutching something to his stomach.~~

~~He rushes to the kitchen, dumping a bloody bundle into the double sink. There is blood everywhere, smeared up and down Caesar's front.~~

~~**VIOLET**~~

~~Oh my God ...~~

~~Violet takes a step toward him, unsure of what has happened.~~

~~**CAESAR**~~

~~Don't worry. It ain't mine.~~

~~He pulls a bottle of whiskey and a glass from the cupboard.~~

~~**VIOLET**~~

~~Caesar, what happened?~~