

Screenplay

GONE BABY GONE

REMY

It was fucked up, right?

PATRICK

They tell you anything about Nick?

REMY

They said he could be okay. I don't know.

PATRICK

They say how old that little boy was?

REMY

Seven.

PATRICK

Second grade.

REMY

Should be proud of yourself. Most guys would've stayed outside.

PATRICK

I don't know.

REMY

What don't you know?

PATRICK

My priest says shame is God telling you what you did was wrong.

REMY

Fuck him.

PATRICK

Murder's a sin.

REMY

Depends on who you do it to.

PATRICK

That's not how it works. It is what it is.

REMY

I planted evidence on a guy once, back in '95. We were paying \$ an eight-ball to snitches. We got a

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REMY (cont'd)

call from our pal, Ray Likanski. He couldn't find enough guys to rat out. Anyway, he tells us there's a guy pumping up in an apartment up in Columbia Point. We go in, me and Nicky. Fifteen years ago, when Nicky went in, it was no joke. So, it's a... It's a stash house, right? The old lady's beat to shit, the husband's mean, cracked out, tries to give us trouble, Nicky lays him down. We're doing an inventory but it looks like we messed up because there's no dope in the house, and I go in the back room... Now, this place was a shithole, mind you. Rats, roaches all over the place. But the kid's room, in the back, was spotless. No, I mean, he swept it, mopped it, it was immaculate. The little boy's sitting on the bed holding onto his Playstation for dear life. There's no expression on his face, tears streaming down. He wants to tell me he just learned his multiplication tables.

PATRICK

Christ.

REMY

I mean, the father's got him in this crack den, subsisting on Twinkies and ass-whippings, and this little boy just wants someone to tell him that he's doing a good job... You're worried what's Catholic? I mean, kids forgive. Kids don't judge. Kids turn the other cheek. What do they get for it? So I went back out there, I put an ounce of heroin on the living room floor, and I sent the father on a ride, seven to nine.

PATRICK

That was the right thing to do?

REMY

Fucking A. You gotta take a side. You molest a child, you beat a

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REMY (cont'd)
child, you're not on my side. If
you see me coming, you better run,
because I am gonna lay you the fuck
down. Easy.

PATRICK
Don't feel easy.

REMY
Is the kid better off without his
father? Yeah. But okay, I mean,
could be out there right now,
pumping with a gun in his
waistband. It's a war, man. Are we
winning? No. Would you do it again?
Clip Corwin Earle?

PATRICK
No.

REMY
Does that make you right? hmm?

PATRICK
I don't know.

REMY
Doesn't make it wrong, though, does
it?