

"GROSSE POINTE BLANK"

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FADE IN:

MARTIN AND GROCER RESTAURANT CONFRONTATION SCENE

Small restaurant or café/Morning

GROCER

Easy there, chief. I don't see "Hollow-point wound care" on the menu.

MARTIN

[Whispers] Up, up, up.

THEY EACH SLOWLY BRING THEIR GUNS ABOVE THE TABLE, GROCER'S IN A BROWN PAPER BAG AND MARTIN'S UNDER A NAPKIN, SET THEM ON TOP OF THE TABLE, AND REMOVE THEIR HANDS.

WAITRESS ENTERS

MARTIN

What are you in Detroit for? Red Wings need a new Goon?

WAITRESS

Hi, my name is Melanie; let me tell you about some of our specials. Today there's the Alfalfa On My Mind. That's our featured omelet. Or there's Gatsby's West Egg Omelet. And if you're in the mood for something different, there's the "I Left My Heart In San Francheezie."

MARTIN

What'll you have?

GROCER

Two poached eggs. Scrape off the milky white stuff. Hash browns well done. English muffin for the bread, and a coffee.

MARTIN

Whole grain pancakes, and an egg-white omelet, please.

WAITRESS

What would you like in your omelet?

MARTIN

Nothing in the omelet, nothing at all.

WAITRESS

Well that's not technically an omelet--

MARTIN

Well, I don't want to get into a semantic argument over it; I just want the protein, all right?

WAITRESS EXITS

GROCER

C'mon there Ice Man, live a little. Let chef Raul put a little cilantro for your liver...

MARTIN

I don't want that.

GROCER

...a little onions for the blood. [chuckle]
What are those?

MARTIN

Nutrients.

GROCER

Here's the new stuff, kid. Durazac 15.
Makes Prozac feel like a decaf latte. You want a couple? I got jars.

MARTIN

I don't do that stuff anymore.

GROCER

No wonder you got the shakes. And don't say, "do it" because I don't "do it." I ingest it on orders from my neurophysiologist. It's legal. In five years they'll be putting it into the water for the citizens like Fluoride.

MARTIN

That's fascinating. Is there anything else you wanted to talk about because I was gonna have breakfast?

GROCER

I heard about that little blow-up at the Ultimart. It was a wicked, ripping shame.

MARTIN

One of yours? One of your fraternal brothers?

GROCER

No! Hey, listen, I wanna work with you. That was some indie frog. Some Basque whacker from the Pyrenees. You sure Oregon doesn't ring a bell? Pacific Northwest? A couple of months ago? Something about you doing some wonder dog named Cujo?

MARTIN

[scoffs] Budro. Yes, Budro. Jesus Christ.

GROCER

[laughs] Those dogs.

MARTIN

Yeah, I was out there trying to whack these three junk bond fuckos...

GROCER

Yeah.

MARTIN

...and these idiots were flushing game with sticks of dynamite. And the dog that they borrowed, little Budro, was a retriever. Get it? Budro was never a target. Budro was acting on instinct. I would never hurt an animal. I'm offended at the accusation.

GROCER

Whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa, Chatty Cathy, clip your string. I don't need to know. But just for the record, here's what I heard. The marks borrowed your client's prized hunting pup. So bad luck for Budro, and bad luck for Blank. Poodle Pumper. [chuckle] Hound Hitter. [chuckle] Pooch Puncher.

MARTIN

Let's not talk about Budro, huh? What about those two guys in a Caprice Classic outside? The word is you turned two governments on me, you turncoat.

GROCER

Me...?

MARTIN

You...

GROCER

Go G...?

MARTIN

Yes...

GROCER

On you...?

MARTIN

Yes...

GROCER

Never. Listen, why don't we get our relationship straight for a minute, all right?

MARTIN

I didn't get into this business to have any relationships. And I don't wanna join your goddamn union, all right? Loner. Lone Gunman. Get it? That's the whole point. I like the lifestyle, the image. Look at the way I dress. Why don't you become a cop or something? You can have coffee in the morning with friends. Look, this is a one-on-one business. The minute you start relationships bad things start happening. If it'll make you feel any better, I think this is my last job...

GROCER

Oh, I believe that...

MARTIN

...So what do you say— What do you say we put away our guns and forget the whole goddamn thing and have some breakfast, all right?

THEY EACH AT THE SAME TIME GRAB THEIR GUNS AND TRAIN THEM ON EACH OTHER UNDERNEATH THE TABLE

GROCER

No scabs. From now on, all arrangements, all contracts, all engagements are regulated. You got it?

MARTIN

Ooh, meet the new boss.

GROCER

Yes.

MARTIN

No deal.

GROCER

Okay. But we're not gonna let you do your little job here.

MARTIN

No?

GROCER

No, because we're gonna do it for you.

MARTIN

Is that right?

GROCER

And after we do your job, we're gonna do another little job.

MARTIN

Tell me about it.

WAITRESS ENTERS WITH TWO PLATES OF FOOD

GROCER

Like I'm gonna put a bullet hole in your fucking forehead, and I'm gonna fuck the brain hole!

MARTIN

Nice talk, sugar mouth. [To Waitress] Hi.

WAITRESS PLACES GROCER'S FOOD.

WAITRESS

You had the Not-A-Omelet.

WAITRESS HANDS MARTIN HIS PLATE. MARTIN TAKES IT, BUT IMMEDIATELY DROPS IT ONTO THE FLOOR. IN THE CONFUSION

MARTIN CROSSES BEHIND WAITRESS AND GOES TO THE DOOR GUN IN
POCKET ALWAYS TRAINED ON GROCER. GROCER IS TOO LATE TO DO
ANYTHING BUT KEEP IS GUN TRAINED BACK ON MARTIN AS MARTIN
BACKS OUT OF THE RESTAURANT.

MARTIN

[Monkey noises] Ooh ooh ooh. Ooh ooh ooh.