# SEVEN-FOURTEEN

Written by Emanuel Farhi

# FADE IN:

SUPER: "MANHATTAN, NEW YORK, 1973."

# INT. DAVID TURNER'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON a poster hanging in the corner. It is an advertisement for the antipsychotic Thorazine that says "When the patient lashes out at "them" - THORAZINE® quickly puts and end to his violent outburst."

DAVID TURNER, 50s, professional looking, sporting salt and pepper hair, unwraps a frame to reveal his medical degree from Columbia University, newly framed.

Just as David is about to hang up the degree on his wall, he trips and falls, along with the degree. The frame *shatters* into pieces.

DAVID God... Damn it...

# LATER

David walks his patient, ESTELLE, 30 and dreary looking, into his office.

DAVID Sorry, just mind the glass.

**ESTELLE** What happened here?

DAVID I uh, sent my degree into fix the frame and I tripped when I was going to hang it up.

David and Estelle sit down.

DAVID (CONT'D) So, how are things with you?

ESTELLE

(beat) The Haldol is helping...

DAVID Oh, well that's just great! Just great. (MORE)

### DAVID (CONT'D)

The thing is, I was thinking about it, and there's a better medication called Clozaril, which, I've seen can be very effective in people with... you know...

#### ESTELLE

The Haldol is working just fine, Mr. Turner!

### DAVID

Yeah, but this can work even better. Clozaril is such a great one, I gotta say...

### ESTELLE

Clozaril? I read about that, killing all those blood cells!

### DAVID

Well you'd... have to go to the doctor every now and then to check your white blood cell count. You live with your parents right, maybe they can take you?

### ESTELLE

It's bad enough as it is with Haldol, and I don't need anything that's going to kill my blood.

David takes a long beat to think of what to say.

# DAVID

It'll make the voices go away...

# EXT. CAR WASH - DAY

The car wash has almost no business. A POLICE CAR rolls up to the car wash teller, TOMMY FARGO, 30-odd, fat, curly hair, beard and shades.

The POLICEMAN rolls down his window and already has a 5 dollar bill faced towards Tommy.

**POLICEMAN** Get 'em cleaned quick, will ya.

Tommy takes the policeman's money.

#### TOMMY

Alright, just step out. It'll be ready in about ten minutes, bud.

## POLICEMAN

You don't got one of those machines that you ride through that wipes the car off for ya?

# TOMMY

Nah, we like to take care of things personally, here

Tommy flashes the officer a slightly evil grin, showing off his gold tooth.

# LATER

Tommy drives the police car around the side and into the WASHING TUNNEL.

Tommy walks out of the car and with the wrench in his coat pocket, BREAKS off the siren light.

The light falls to the floor, and cracks a bit.

# TOMMY

Aw... damn it.

Tommy picks up the light and continues to tear off the remaining police lights.

# LATER

Tommy drives the clean-as-a-whistle police car out of the shop and hands the keys to the officer.

#### TOMMY

Alright, we are good to go...

The officer takes a brief look at the car, and notices something...

#### POLICEMAN

Where'd the lights go?

# TOMMY

Hm?

**POLICEMAN** Where the fuck did the lights go?

TOMMY

The lights?

# POLICEMAN

Yes, the god damn lights! The ones that go, whee ooh, whee ooh. Where the fuck did they go?!

Tommy looks at the officer, pretending to be confused.

# TOMMY

There weren't any lights...

The policeman looks at Tommy like he's insane.

## POLICEMAN

This car... had red and blue lights on the top of the roof...

# TOMMY

(sarcastic politeness)
I'll go ask my associates, sir.
Sorry for any inconvenience.

# INT. CAR WASH - TOMMY'S OFFICE - LATER

Tommy takes the police lights out of his jacket and puts them in his desk drawer.

# RANDY'S OFFICE

Tommy knocks twice on the open office door, to find Randy, watching TV.

# TOMMY

We still on for Superbowl Sunday?

# RANDY

Yessir... I'm gonna be there. Thanks for getting me here by the way, again, I mean... it's great to work here.

TOMMY

Yeah, well. Welcome to the business, dude.

RANDY

Thank you, Tommy.

# OFFICE

Tommy goes through the closet and finds a box labeled "Christmas Decorations" and takes out some red and blue Christmas lights.

Tommy puts the lights in a bag, throws them to the ground and stomps on them, rapidly.

# OUTSIDE

Tommy goes back over to the confused and upset cop.

#### TOMMY

Yeah, I just talked to my partners, um... they said that they had to take the lights off for the cleaning and, well, they got cleaning supplies, chemicals, all that on the lights, and they um... exploded, so... here are the remains, in case you need 'em...

Tommy hands over the bag of shattered blue and red Christmas light glass.

# TOMMY (CONT'D)

(handing over) And um... oh, here's a coupon for 5 free washes and your money back. Sorry again, sir. Have a real nice day.

Tommy sheepishly smiles and walks away, leaving the cop confused with the bag of his "police lights."

### POLICEMAN

B- uh...?

Annoyed, the policeman walks away and looks in the bag, which at first, looks like the shattered police lights.

He notices something, though: there's a "Merry Christmas" sticker taped to the end of a light bulb, which *does not* look like it came off of a police car, but rather a regular house lamp.

# INT. COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

A CROWD of people crowd the outside of the courthouse, waiting to get in. Tommy stands in his prison jumpsuit.

Across the room, ED GREENE, 50-odd, a very large and intimidating man with gray, receding hair and a gap tooth stands over JUROR 8, a small, skinny man.

# ED

Do I know you from somewhere?

### JUROR 8

Me? Oh, no.

ED Yeah, yeah. You're Sam's kid. Down at the mechanics.

# JUROR 8

No. I uh... think you're thinking of someone else...

ED

Hm. Ain't that somethin'.

### JUROR 8

I guess it is.

### ED

So, I'm assuming you know why I'm here. Lemme ask you why you're here.

#### JUROR

Oh, I'm juror eight on your trial.

ED Ah! Juror eight. The moral one, hm?

The Juror seems nervous now.

# JUROR 8

I'll try to be as moral as I can.

### ED

But moral doesn't mean nice?

# JUROR 8

No, I suppose it doesn't.

#### ED

So why would I wanna hear that?

### JUROR 8

I... uh...

So, listen: at the end of the trial... of course for the right price...

Ed puts a rolled up stack of 100 dollar bills in the juror's coat pocket.

ED (CONT'D) How bout' we say somethin' I wanna hear. Cause I think you owe me one.

As Ed walks away, he is greeted by Tommy, who passes by the mob of people.

#### TOMMY

Hey, Ed.

# ED

Tommy, Tommy, Tommy. What the fuck happened to my police lights?

# TOMMY

There was an incident, man.

ED An incident?

# TOMMY

Yeah, that's why I'm here. What about you, Eddie?

# ED

I'll be fine, it's just a little distribution.

Two giant ginzo mob goons, NICK and MARCO, walk over to Ed.

NICK Trial's startin' now, Ed.

### ED

Remind me to give you each ten dollars. This asshole got caught.

# NICK

Tt. Tommy! What happened?

### TOMMY

Look, dude, I gotta get to my trial. See you around.

ED

By the way, Tommy. I need you to look into a doctor who can get us these prescriptions. Like we said before, remember?

#### TOMMY

Yeah, I'll get on it.

Tommy walks away.

# INT. COURTROOM - DAY

JUDGE MINNIE GLASGOW, 50, looks at Tommy, who cringes in his chair. She is gently tapping her gavel on her desk as she waits for the verdict.

She turns her head to see the jury come out, one by one.

JUROR We've reached a verdict, your honor.

# JUDGE GLASGOW

Get to it.

#### JUROR

Guilty, your honor.

Judge Glasgow turns her head back to Tommy.

#### JUDGE GLASGOW

Tommy, Tommy, Tommy. You have been here a lot, haven't you. Quite a resume you got in the possession of pot, LSD, heroin, -- coke, prescriptions.

#### TOMMY

Thank you, your honor.

The courtroom laughs.

### JUDGE GLASGOW

And so, you've told the courtroom that you took the officers lights to trade for LSD?

### TOMMY

Yes, ma'am.

# JUDGE GLASGOW

Well, I believe you, Mr. Fargo. Now I've sent you to jail before and all you've done is meet some low life crooks who you've partnered up with in your little business. People who work with Mr. Ed Greene? Here's the catch, Fargo: You're cleaning the streets every day for 50 days and to help you with your... kleptomania and drug addiction, a court ordered shrink.

The judge bangs her gavel.

JUDGE GLASGOW (CONT'D)

Good luck.

# EXT. DAVID TURNER'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

David walks past the waiting room.

DAVID (to secretary) Is my next patient here, yet?

# SECRETARY

Guy over there, Dr. Turner. Gave him the form to fill out.

Tommy is sitting on the other side of the room, writing on a slip of paper.

DAVID (whispering) What's his name again?

### SECRETARY

Thomas Fargo.

#### DAVID

Thanks, Susan.

David walks over to Tommy.

# DAVID (CONT'D)

Mr. Thomas Fargo?

Tommy looks up.

#### TOMMY

Yeah? David Turner?

# DAVID

Nice to meet you, Thomas.

**TOMMY** Yeah. Here's your form.

DAVID Wanna come inside my office?

# INT. DAVID TURNER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

David and Tommy walk in.

# DAVID

Well, this is it. Pick a seat.

Tommy and David sit down.

# DAVID (CONT'D)

(looking at his form) So, let me ask you, Tommy. And, this is something I start off with, with all of my patients -- (picking his head up) Why are you here?

# TOMMY

Oh, I don't really have a medical problem. I was sent here by a judge.

#### DAVID

Well, why did the judge want you to see me?

### TOMMY

She said that I have an speedball addiction and that you'd help.

#### DAVID

Did you get arrested for being on a speed ball?

#### TOMMY

No, I stole a light from a police cruiser. I was gonna buy LSD with the money I sold it with, though.

# DAVID

A police light?

# TOMMY

I didn't ask the guy why he needed it. He sometimes fakes being a cop.

# DAVID

Hm. Interesting.

### TOMMY

Yeah. I like stealing things though, you know. It's like an urge, man. I'm good at it, too. I just made a small fuck up.

# DAVID

Have you been diagnosed with any other disorders? Kleptomania?

# TOMMY

Yeah, I have kleptomania, I think. Nothing else, really.

# DAVID

And what do you do?

Tommy picks his head up.

### TOMMY

Huh?

David, on his notebook, writes "not that attentive" Under kleptomania.

#### DAVID

What do you do for a living, Tommy?

### TOMMY

Oh, I dabble a bit. I'm a drug dealer, mostly. I worked at a car wash but I bet they're gonna fire me. No biggie, of course. The pay was shit.

# DAVID

A drug dealer. That may not be the best profession, Thomas.

### TOMMY

Yeah...

**DAVID** Do you work for anyone?

### TOMMY

Why you askin'?

# DAVID

Oh, I'm just curious.

# TOMMY

You know, Ed's lookin' for a guy like you. His guys got busted for tryin' to rob a CVS for Valium. You do pills, right?

#### DAVID

Yes. I'm a psychiatrist, but I'm not interested in selling benzodiazepine or methaqualone. I have a... stable profession.

#### TOMMY

Huh.

# INT. DAVID TURNER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

David sits at his kitchen table while flipping through mail. His wife, KATE, 45, walks in, also flipping through mail.

> KATE You know, the car's dead?

# DAVID

Really?

### KATE

Yep. Guy at the shop said it's junk, now.

#### DAVID

Yeah, it was a lemon anyway.

David turns around when MICHAEL, 10, strolls in.

# DAVID (CONT'D)

Hey Micheal.

# MICHAEL

Hi, Dad.

DAVID How yah doin', son? All is well?

# MICHAEL

Yeah.

You know I gotta call from the principal at your school saying all isn't well.

# MICHAEL

Oh.

# DAVID

I heard you popped another kid in the eye?

### MICHAEL

He was mean to me, pop.

# DAVID

Oh, well, Michael. I don't think he coulda been so bad?

### MICHAEL

Yeah, he was! He was fuckin' awful!

KATE (O.S.)

Language!

### MICHAEL

Sorry.

# DAVID

Now Michael, we talked through this, before. That's the easy way out. But it's not the easy way out because --?

Michael goes over this with perfection. They've obviously been through this before.

### MICHAEL

You're replacing your problems with other problems.

#### DAVID

That's right. You'll get sent to the principal, you know? But if you went to Ms. Harvey, it would have been better because --?

# MICHAEL

With a little hard work you can solve these little things without hurting yourself. DAVID

That's right. Now, am I gonna get any more calls from the principal?

MICHAEL

No.

### DAVID

Alright, now. You gotta get up for school in the morning.

Michael walks off.

# DAVID (CONT'D)

(to himself) Good kid.

Kate walks back in and starts loading the dish washer.

# KATE

We gonna have strawberries and whipped cream tonight, David?

David gets up and gets his coat on.

### DAVID

Aw, I'm sorry Kate. A patient of mine tried to kill herself so I might have to stay at the hospital overnight.

#### KATE

Oh, OK. Love ya, hon.

#### DAVID

Love you, too, Kate.

David leaves his house.

# EXT. DAVID TURNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

David hops in his car.

# EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

David drives on the highway and passes the correctional facility he said he was going to.

He veers to the side, taking the exit to the state of Connecticut.

# INT. HOTEL & CASINO - CONNECTICUT - NIGHT

David paces into the building and walks up to the WOMAN working at the front desk.

# DAVID

Casino's open all night, yeah?

# WOMAN

Yeah...

# DAVID

Give me 100 dollars worth of chips, and a gin and tonic.

# WOMAN

Will do.

The CASINO MANAGER walks up behind David.

### CASINO MANAGER

Excuse me, sir?

David turns around to a familiar face.

# CASINO MANAGER (CONT'D)

I'm gonna tell you straight up: you got a gamblin' problem. But here's the thing: I don't give a fuck. So you can go out there and spend as much money as you want but I will not have pity when you loose a bunch of money again, you hear?

#### DAVID

I don't have a gambling problem, you know... OK: I had a little much to drink last time, but I'm keeping it cool on the booze tonight.

The woman walks up to David with his drink.

### WOMAN

Here's your gin and tonic.

#### CASINO MANAGER

(beat) Have fun, Mr. Turner.

As the manager walks off, David sips down his drink and walks over towards the CASINO.

David sits down at a table playing blackjack and talks to the DEALER.

#### DAVID

Hi, ya. Um... I know it's not your job n' all but could you get me out of here if I start to go into a debt.

The dealer starts to put the cards down.

### DEALER

Nope.

# CASINO - LATER

CLOSE UP - David's sixth gin and tonic is slammed against the slot machine.

# DAVID

Come on, Lemon... lemon... aw jeez! I can't win one god damn time on this thing! One god damn time!

David takes out his wallet to put in another dollar, but it wont take it.

# DAVID (CONT'D)

Aw, damn it...

David manages to get over to the front desk.

#### DAVID (CONT'D)

Lemme get a room.

# INT. HOTEL & CASINO - DAVID'S ROOM - DAY

The woman at the front desk shows David to his room.

### WOMAN

Should I get you the bill now or you gonna be payin' in the morning?

#### DAVID

Ah, give it to me now. I'll get breakfast elsewhere.

The woman hands David the massively long check, which in total reads: "\$10,231.94."

# WOMAN

Like the manager said Mr. Turner, we got no pity for you anymore.

# INT. FBI, NEW YORK - AGENT SCARCELLA'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE UP - a rouge's gallery of Ed Greene's gangs is hung up on a bulletin board. An arrow points from Ed Greene to a blurry picture of a BLACK MAN and some people he may or may not be associated with. The arrow indicates "possible drug affiliation."

Agent RAY SCARCELLA, 40, tall, skinny, "circle" shades and long hair that looks like Frank Zappa's if he was dirty blonde, stands in the corner of the OFFICE while, a SKETCH ARTIST, with a pad of paper and pencil sits in front of A MAN.

#### MAN

He had like kinda -- I don't know how to describe his eyes, you know? Those are -- those are hard to describe.

On the pad of paper, the sketch artist has an incomplete picture of Tommy.

# SKETCH ARTIST

Do you need to look in the book again?

# MAN

Yeah. Yeah, that'd be great.

The sketch artist gives the man a booklet, which he flips through until he finds a picture of a pair of eyes.

# MAN (CONT'D)

These, I think. Yeah, this was it, definitely.

The sketch artist copies the picture of eyes down on his drawing and shows the picture he made of Tommy to the man.

### SKETCH ARTIST

Is this the guy who sold you those drugs?

### MAN

Yeah! Yeah, that's him!

#### RAY

So, where'd you see this fella?

#### MAN

He sold me some ludes in Jimmy's Pizza. I--I'm not in trouble, am I? RAY

He give you a name?

MAN

Tommy. Yeah, Tommy. That's all he said, though. That's all he said.

The sketch artist looks at a manila envelope labeled "Tommy--", full of pictures with VERY SIMILAR looking people to the man he just drew.

RAY You're free to go. You've been very helpful.

The man trots out of the office. Ray looks at the pile of "Tommy" Pictures.

# SKETCH ARTIST

This the guy you're looking for?

Ray takes the picture the artist just drew and holds it up next to Tommy's obscure picture in the rouges gallery.

RAY

Looks like it from what I can tell.

SGT. McCORMACK, 60, tall, buzz cut hair, enters with a letter.

### SGT. MCCORMACK

Scarcella?

# RAY

Yessir?

### SGT. MCCORMACK

Letter from NYDP.

Ray takes the letter and looks at it.

RAY

Huh... You think...?

SGT. MCCORMACK

Yuh. It's your guy, lad.

Ray opens the letter to find Tommy's mugshot and arrest details.

### RAY

It's the same mug, looks like. Yeah, Tommy's the first name. Couple drug charges. (MORE) RAY (CONT'D) Steals things a bit too often. Court ordered shrink. We got the eye on him, then.

# INT. DAVID TURNER'S HOUSE - DAY

David walks in, trying to act happier than he is.

# DAVID

Hello?

# KATE (O.S.)

Hi, honey. How was the hospital?

# DAVID

Oh, it was OK.

KATE (O.S.)

How's the paitent?

# DAVID

The patient's fine now after some good old Lexapro.

Kate walks in.

# KATE

Oh, that's good. I made some waffles for breakfast. Oh, and before I forget, we gotta buy a new car today.

# DAVID

It was broken, wasn't it?

KATE

Yep. Got an appointments you gotta go to?

DAVID A couple, but they're later in the

day.

Kate scurries to the kitchen.

**KATE (O.S.)** Well, eat your waffles and get your coat on, Mister.

# EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

David and Kate look at a beautiful red Porsche sports car while the SALESMAN stands in between them look fondly at it as well.

#### SALESMAN

Yep. She's a beauty.

### KATE

You always wanted one of these cars. Didn't you say you always wanted a Porsche, David?

#### DAVID

Yeah, well... It's a little pricey.

#### SALESMAN

You know, When I saw your papers, I couldn't help but notice that you're an M.D.?

# DAVID

Yeah. A psychiatrist.

#### SALESMAN

Yeah! You got a doctor's salary, why not top that off with this baby, here?

#### DAVID

(pointing) Well, to tell you the truth, I got my eye on that Ford over there.

The Ford David points to is a tint of grey that doesn't shine. It's hidious.

# SALESMAN

(beat) Yeah, it was the new model a couple years ago, heh heh.

### KATE

Oh, David. Don't be ridiculous.

### DAVID

You know, I heard the Porsches can be real lemons.

# SALESMAN

Well, to be honest, nothings perfect, but I gotta tell you, that ford over there is a hell of a jalopy. If you don't like the Porsche, maybe that Jaguar over there? That's really somethin' else. A little less expensive, if that's what you're looking for?

#### KATE

Don't be such a stick in the mud, Dav.

#### SALESMAN

(to Kate) You didn't marry a doctor for a Ford, did you?

#### DAVID

How 'bout we compromise on the Toyota over there?

#### SALESMAN

How 'bout you guys think about it, and come back tomorrow with a definite solution?

## KATE

You promised me that Porsche.

#### DAVID

Well, you know, we gotta think this through real hard, Kate. Look, I gotta patient to get to but we'll keep both cars in mind.

# INT. DAVID TURNER'S OFFICE - DAY

David sits in his office, staring at his prescription pad, tapping a pen on the paper, deciding something...

In walks another PSYCHIATRIST.

# PSYCHIATRIST

Hey, David.

DAVID Hey, how's it goin'?

# PSYCHIATRIST

Oh, not so good. You know that patient I told you about? The one with Münchausen syndrome?

# DAVID

Yep.

# PSYCHIATRIST

Well, turns out he's just a malingerer. He just tried to get me oout of some Oxy.

### DAVID

Why'd you give him Oxy?

# PSYCHIATRIST

Well, he put a cast on and everything and he said that he didn't want to go back to his GP in Queens and... well... he sold it for 100 dollars.

# DAVID

Wow. Lot of money.

PSYCHIATRIST

Yep. Well, take care David.

## DAVID

You, too.

When the man leaves, David decides someething --

# DAVID (CONT'D)

Aw, Jesus...

David starts to fill out a prescription for Quaaludes.

Tommy knocks on the door and walks in.

### DAVID (CONT'D)

You made me an offer before.

# TOMMY

Hm?

### DAVID

You said your boss was looking for a guy like me. You asked me if I can prescribe pills. I'm in.

# TOMMY

(confused) Your in?

David hands Tommy the prescription for Quaaludes.

### DAVID

50 dollars for 30 pills. Do we have a deal, Thomas?

**TOMMY** Heh. What happened to you?

DAVID

Personal matters.

# TOMMY

Nah, dude. You're a doctor. You don't need to be sellin' fuckin' ludes to drug dealers. (beat) What'd you gamble it away?

# DAVID

(more aggravated) I said it's personal matters.

### TOMMY

I don't have anything on me, really. But, can I pay you back next time?

Tommy starts to walk out.

DAVID You need anything else?

### TOMMY

What?

#### DAVID

Valium, Xanax, Klonopin, Ativan, Tessalon, Oxycontin, Nembutal, Codeine, Morphine, Vicodin, Pseudoephedrine?

# TOMMY

(beat) I'll take one of each, man. Put it on my tab.

As David writes prescriptions:

# DAVID

You can't back out of this, Tommy.

TOMMY

No, bro. Me and Ed are here to stay.

DAVID

No, I mean... Your not gonna screw me, are you?

TOMMY

What?

# DAVID

You heared me. You're, you're not gonna... fuck me are you?

#### TOMMY

I was gonna ask you the same thing, man. I'm here to stay.

# DAVID

(handing Tommy the prescriptions) You're court ordered to be here. If you make any bad move, anything out of line, I'll call the police and tell them you aren't coming to the appointments.

As he walks out:

#### TOMMY

I'll tell 'em you've been selling me Quaaludes.

As the door shuts, David puts his hand on is head.

# ED (PRE LAP)

Valium, Quaaludes,

# INT. BAR - EVENING

Ed sits down with Tommy at a booth in the almost empty bar.

ED Etcetera, Etcetera. Nice job, Tommy.

Tommy smiles sheepishly, like it's the first time Ed has been proud of him.

ED (CONT'D) Keep goin' on this thing, Tommy boy. We gotta good gig going.

Ed stands up and walks off.

Tommy takes a sip of beer as Ed walks back in front of him to add one more thing.

# ED (CONT'D)

Oh, and Tommy. Don't you dare get high off our supply.

# INT. PHARMACY - EVENING

Tommy stands in line with a prescription for Ativan. Behind him is Ray Scarcella, who is reading a magazine.

### PHARMACIST

Next in line, please!

Tommy steps up to the counter and hands the woman the prescription.

### PHARMACIST (CONT'D)

I'll get that right away for you
Mister...
 (reading off the insurance
 card)
Fargo.

This name rings in Ray's ears. He looks up at Tommy and recognizes his face from the mugshot and drawings.

The pharmacist comes back with the jar of pills.

**PHARMACIST (CONT'D)** Here you go, sir. Do you have any questions about the pill 'for ya go?

**TOMMY** Yeah. How long does it take to get high off of it?

The pharmacist freezes.

TOMMY (CONT'D) Just kidding, bro. I'm all set.

As Tommy walks off, Ray "accidentally" bumps into him, making him drop the Ativan.

### RAY

Oh, shit! I'm sorry, dude.

Ray hunches over and picks up the pills, seeing the label "Ativan." He then sees it was prescribed by David Samuel Turner.

# RAY (CONT'D)

Here you are. I'm sorry, man.

#### TOMMY

Aw, no problem, dude.

# PHARMACIST

Next in line.

Ray walks over to the counter.

#### RAY

Hi, FBI. I'm wonderin' about the pill Ativan?

# PHARMACIST

Ativan. It's a depressant like Valium or a Quaalude. It treats severe anxiety, sleep disorders, depression a little, too. Commonly abused by people a lot.

# RAY

Well, thank you.

# PHARMACIST

Are you getting anything?

**RAY** Yeah, just somethin' for a small headache.

### INT. DAVID TURNER'S HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - DAY

THE BELL RINGS. Michael quickly runs to get the door. He is put-off when he sees Ray.

RAY

Yer Dad home, kid?

Michael takes a beat to examine Ray.

# MICHAEL

Who are you?

RAY

Tell 'em it's the FBI, alright?

Michael runs off into another room as fast as he can. Ray watches like he's never seen anything like this.

Michael comes back clutching David who greets Ray with a big smile.

# DAVID

Well, hello there. Can I ask who you are, sir?

# RAY

Ray Scarcella. From the FBI.

Ray flashes his badge at David, who gets uncomfortable looking by it.

# RAY (CONT'D)

Mind if I ask your a couple questions, doc?

# DAVID

Uh -- Uh, yeah, sure. Whatever you need, sir.

David lightly pushes Michael away from him.

# DAVID (CONT'D)

Why dont'cha go to your room, Michael.

Michael bolts off.

# DAVID (CONT'D)

You know, just for starters, I certainty hope I have no interest with the police, now.

### RAY

Well, we're gonna find out, aren't we?

David looks at Ray, poses himself in a more confident, professional position.

### DAVID

Well, um -- can I get you anything to drink before we get started?

# RAY

Can't drink on duty, can I, doc?

# DAVID

(acting as innocent as possible) Oh, no. I meant something like orange juice or apple cider. It's good for the brain, you know!

Ray looks at David like he's out of his mind.

RAY

No -- thank you.

David points to the LIVING ROOM.

### DAVID

Guess we should get started in here, shall we?

Ray nods. They both walk into the living room and sit down opposite to each other. David pushes his back up against his seat with great force.

RAY

20 percent quaalude boost in Manhattan, huh?

# DAVID

I -- I'm sorry?

RAY

Lotta quaaludes bein' used in Manhattan recently.

# DAVID

Oh ya. I've been up on the news. Real big in DEA, isn't it?

Ray flashes a sharp smile at David.

RAY You know who Tommy Fargo is?

# DAVID

I -- I, yes I do. He's a paitent of mine, if you must know.

# RAY

We must.

DAVID

Well, Alrighty then.

David pushes back in his chair farther.

# DAVID

Well. I'd say about a week, or so.

# RAY

Alright, then. -- I don't know much about Tommy Fargo, just that he done a few things that -- we don't appreciate here at the FBI.

# DAVID

Well, Such as?

RAY

I'm askin' you.

# DAVID

I -- I am not allowed to give you any sorts of information, Mr. --?

RAY

Scarcella.

# DAVID

Scarcella. -- I cannot give you any information about my patient, unless he was hurting someone or was a danger to himself, and -- I can tell ya, he most certainty isn't.

David smiles at Ray in comfort and relief. Ray takes a beat to stare down David.

RAY Hm. Well, ain't that a son of a bitch.

David smiles at Ray again.

RAY (CONT'D) Doctor - Patient confidentiality, huh?

David nods.

# RAY (CONT'D)

You know, this man is hurting the society. Real bad, n' all.

### DAVID

Not in a violent sorta manner, now is he? No. I'd have to call the police if he was. The policepolice. Not the -- FBI-police.

Ray looks at David with mean eyes.

### DAVID (CONT'D)

I -- I can understand how I am being sort of a -- downer here, sir, but uh... maybe I'm not the one to ask?

#### RAY

What are you prescribing Mr. Fargo?

#### DAVID

Well, that'd be the business of Mr. Fargo and me, wouldn't it be?

Ray looks at David again.

RAY

I gotta hunch your givin' him somethin'. Ativan, right?

# DAVID

How do you know that, sir?

### RAY

Just doin' my job, doc.

# DAVID

Well, if you must know, he's anxious. No secret that he has kleptomania...

# RAY

Isn't that just when you steal
shit?

### DAVID

No, it's an impulse control disorder.

Ray is struck by embarrassment.

RAY (beat) Oh... Well then sorry for the confusion... Oh, it's alright, now. People make mistakes all the time.

**RAY** I'll see my way out, then...

Ray gets up and leaves, humiliated.

DAVID

Have a nice day!

As soon as the door shuts, David runs over to his KITCHEN and dials a number on the telephone.

# INT. TOMMY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Tommy, who is just about to take an Ativan picks up the ringing phone and puts the pill down.

TOMMY

Yeah?

INTERCUT.

DAVID Tommy, it's David.

### TOMMY

David...?

DAVID

(beat) Your psychiatrist.

TOMMY

(joking) You know, I don't take calls outside the office unless it's an emergency.

DAVID An FBI agent came to my house.

TOMMY

(beat) A what?

# DAVID

An FBI agent.

TOMMY

What the fuck did you say, man?!

Don't worry, I took care of it. He left with a red face. I told him the Ativan was for your disorders.

TOMMY

So he's taken care of?

# DAVID

Yeah, it's all good. But just be careful that nothing goes wrong, alright?

Tommy takes a beat to think.

TOMMY

See you soon, David.

Tommy hangs up the line, as does David, who then opens up a kitchen cabinet.

David moves away the food items and slides away the back wall, which opens up a secret compartment with a duffel bag. David looks both ways and takes money out of the bag.

### EXT. DAVID TURNER'S HOUSE - DAY

David carries the money to his car and drives away, slowly, smoke blowing out of the engine.

# LATER

CLOSE UP - THE WHEEL of a Porsche pulls up to the house.

### LATER

Kate walks out of the house to see her new Porsche in the driveway. She drops her purse and lashes out in excitement.

# INT. DAVID TURNER'S OFFICE - DAY

David puts his note pad on his lap and starts to write something. He looks up at Estelle.

DAVID So, Estelle. This is only our third time meeting and we really haven't gotten a chance to talk deeply about what you're experiencing. (MORE)

# DAVID (CONT'D)

So, if you don't mind, I'd really like you to tell me what your point of view on all this is.

# ESTELLE

I was a normal person, Mr. Turner. I didn't come out like this.

#### DAVID

I'm sorry?

#### ESTELLE

I was in college with straight A's. I was on a path to something great. Something real great, and now I live at home. I was being watched by companies.

### DAVID

Watched by companies?

### ESTELLE

I was in business school. They wanted me to work for them. I had it all, but I felt like there was something missing in my life. I felt numb inside, real numb, Mr. Turner. I felt like I was watching the world from up above and like I wasn't really there. I became depressed and wouldn't want to see my friends.

### DAVID

Did you have many friends before that?

### ESTELLE

A couple. They were alright but I didn't feel like I needed them. I felt better than them in my own way. I didn't see 'em. I didn't see my family. I didn't see my teachers. I didn't see nobody. The only person I had was myself and my conscious. I never listened to my conscious before. I always listened to what the others around me said. My conscious said that I shouldn't listen to those people and that I should just go by my gut. So, stupid me, I listened to it. I bought lotto tickets. I drank. I dropped out. (MORE)

ESTELLE (CONT'D) And for a while I felt like I had control, like I was a god because I didn't listen to nobody and I did what I wanted and I was happy. I was happy with just my own thoughts as my commander. But then my conscious... it was it's own person. I was in charge of me. My thoughts weren't what I wanted to obey. They were like the people around me, so I tried to get rid of my conscious. I wasn't a god if I obeyed it. But it became the god before I took. It became a voice that told me what to do and when to do it. I was a slave to it. It was my master. When I told him to go away, it told me that it would kill me. It said if I called the surgeon to get him out of my head, I would be locked up forever. In a white room with nothing but me and him. It said "I'm in control." On thanksgiving, I went to my parents house. There were surprised that I dropped out and that I looked so bad. That my teeth were yellow, that my hair was gray and I was only twenty five. That my eyes were hazy. Aloof. That I said things that they couldn't follow. They sent me to a doctor, like you. He told me I was depressed at first, because I didn't tell him about the man living inside me. But he knew there was something wrong when I told the man to stop. He put me on Thorazine. That made him go away, but I still felt numb and like I wasn't in control anymore. A while later I worked at the supermarket and lived with my parents. When I was putting away the cereal in aisle 3, I heard him again. He said he would never go away, he would always live inside my head unless I cut him out and through him in the river. So, I went to the knife section and tried to cut my head open. I wanted him out so badly. I was sent to an institution and was switched to Haldol. That made him go away but still felt numb. (beat)

(MORE)

ESTELLE (CONT'D) I was never myself... and he was right. If I admitted that he was there, I'd be locked up. And I still felt numb.

David looks at Estelle for a second, trying to take all of this in.

### INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Tommy walks in, looking around. He spots something, the section in front of the counter that sells gift cards for the store. When no one is looking, Tommy grabs on of them and writes on it:

Amount: \$5.00.

From: Grandma.

To: Tommy.

Happy Hanukkah, I know you love it here so enjoy their delicious things. Stay off the sugar, please!

Tommy walks over to the front counter.

#### TOMMY

Can I get a hot chocolate, please?

#### CASHIER

Sure, just one minute.

TOMMY

Okay. By the way, I have this gift certificate from my Grandma, can I use this to pay?

### CASHIER

Sure.

The cashier looks at the gift certificate and punches a hole in it.

# CASHIER (CONT'D)

That note from your grandmother was real cute.

#### TOMMY

Yeah... that's grandma Fargo.

The cashier hands back the gift certificate.
You still have four dollars left on it.

# OUTSIDE

Tommy walks out with his hot chocolate and crosses the street.

# INT. DAVID TURNER'S OFFICE - DAY

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK. Tommy opens the door and walks in.

#### TOMMY

Hey, man.

Tommy shuts the door behind him so nobody will hear the transaction.

## TOMMY (CONT'D)

Bro, let's get rid of the Ativan, alright. Nobody's diggin' that. Or the Klonapin, fuck that. Let's bump up the ludes and the Xanax. Let's get fifteen prescriptions.

David is sitting hunched over in the patient chair.

#### DAVID

I'm done, Thomas.

## TOMMY

What?

#### DAVID

I covered my tracks, Mr. Fargo. I have the same net worth from when before I started.

#### TOMMY

Shit, man, no.

David starts to write his last prescriptions for Tommy.

## DAVID

I did what I needed to do to hide my mistakes. I'm digging myself in a hole to deep to get out of.

#### TOMMY

Man, this isn't cool! I'm your fuckin' partner, and all. (MORE)

## TOMMY (CONT'D)

You can't just back the fuck off whenever. This effects other people, man!

## DAVID

I'm not your god damn drug dealer, Thomas! I'm not your... fucking guy who dresses like Chong and sells you pot and Quaaludes. I'm your doctor! I made two horrible mistakes. Hell, I'm not gonna be the same after this.

#### TOMMY

Man, I'm fuckin' court ordered to be here. You're seein' a lot of me, bro!

David stands up and faces Tommy.

## DAVID

Hit me.

## TOMMY

What?

DAVID I want you... to hit me.

TOMMY

(giving David a stack of hundreds) Fuckin' weird, man. Here's your money.

As Tommy turns around, David punches him towards the door.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Jesus!

Tommy turns around.

DAVID Yeah, that's right. Fight back, Thomas. Fight back.

Tommy punches David in the face, knocking him onto his sofa. An angry Tommy just stands there.

> DAVID (CONT'D) Heh, Heh, Heh...

David gives Tommy an evil, bloody smile.

## DAVID (CONT'D)

I have to transfer you to another doctor for that one, Thomas. Conduct against your shrink isn't smart.

Tommy still stands there, watching David.

David reaches his hand out for Tommy to shake.

# DAVID (CONT'D)

Good luck, Thomas. You saved me for a moment there. Write yourself a script for Ativan. It should help you out.

Tommy shakes the injured David's hand and walks away.

# EXT. PHARMACY - DAY

David's hand is shaking as he holds his prescription pad. There is only one more paper. He writes himself a prescription for Oxycodone. He has a bruise on his head from Tommy's punch.

## INT. PHARMACY - DAY

David stands in an enormous line to get his prescription filled.

The line is mostly filled with PARTYING-TYPES, some GHETTO AND THUGGISH LOOKING PEOPLE, too.

David looks down at A MAN'S prescription. It is for Valium.

David watches the man hand his prescription over to the pharmacist, who gives him back a bag of Valium.

The man high fives the next MAN in line.

## LATER

David gives the PHARMACIST his prescription. She looks at it, then up at David's bruised head.

**PHARMACIST** You look like you're in a lot of pain, huh?

DAVID Ya. Lot of pain.

# INT. DAVID'S PORCSHE

David drives away from the Pharmacy with the Oxycodone in riding in the passenger seat.

David looks over at it, back at the road, then back at the pills.

## INT. DAVID TURNER'S HOUSE - DAY

David pops the Oxycodone pill down with a glass of water and stares into space. His son, Micheal, prances in and gets himself a glass of lemonade.

#### MICHAEL

Hi, dad.

DAVID Son, is all well with you?

#### MICHAEL

Yeah.

DAVID You sure about that, Michael?

David sounds meaner than his usual friendly tone.

## MICHAEL

Yeah.

# DAVID Your principal told me you punched another kid in the eye.

MICHAEL

(noting David's black eye from Tommy's punch) Did you get punched in the eye, daddy?

DAVID

No, I tripped and fell.

# MICHAEL

Oh.

#### DAVID

Kid, I'm gonna tell you this once. That kid keeps bullying you, you fuck him up good, you hear?

A long beat for Micheal to take this in.

#### MICHAEL

But Mr. Dwayne says that...

## DAVID

I don't give a damn about what Mr. Dwayne says, Michael! I've made the same mistake of not fighting back! And gosh darn it, I don't want that happening to you.

#### MICHAEL

(excited, taking this in) I'll put him in the hospital!

#### DAVID

Good kid. Now, go away. I need some alone time.

Michael runs off into the distance.

# EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

SUPER: "TRENTON, NEW JERSEY."

A CAR rolls up to the sidewalk, slowly. Out of the car comes two BLACK MEN. The tall and wiry one is TERRENCE, 30s. The one who is a bit shorter, but very bulky, built like a refrigerator, is LEROY WASHINGTON, 40s.

#### LEROY

Get'cha cap on.

Leroy and Terrence both put on ski masks, heading towards the PHARMACY across the street.

#### INT. PHARMACY - CONTINUOUS

#### TERRENCE

Everybody get down!

The two men enter the pharmacy, holding up guns, jogging past the aisles of soap and candy until they reach the PICK UP AREA.

## PHARMASIST

S-sirs, we can talk through this. Please just put the gun down...

#### LEROY

Would you shut the fuck up, lady? Gimme somethin' good.

# PHARMASIST

B-Benzodiazepines? Benzodiazepines, is that what you're looking for?

#### TERRENCE

Lady, I don't know what the fuck that means!

From the corner of his eye, Leroy spots a MAN behind the counter, dialing a phone under the table.

# BAM!

Leroy blasts his gun at the ceiling, above the man, who drops the phone and practically convulses.

## LEROY

Don't you fuckin' dare dial that phone!

Terrence hops the counter and trains his gun at the Pharmacist.

#### TERRENCE

Alright, lady, get me some shit you can get high off of.

The Pharmacist scurries through the pick up counter and finds someone's midazolam.

## PHARMASIST

Put a little in a syringe and you'll get a buzz.

LEROY We didn't come here for one bottle, lady!

#### PHARMASIST

Okay...

The Pharmacist leads Terrence to the BACK ROOM, while Leroy keeps the civilians on guard.

The pharmacist hands Terrence a small box from *Hoffmann-La* Roche and one from *William H. Rorer Inc.* 

# PHARMASIST (CONT'D)

(quickly) It's Valium and Quaaludes. Please go, sir... (calling out to Leroy) Let's go!

Terrence runs over to Leroy with the boxes of medication. Leroy waves his gun around as he exits backwards with Terrence.

In the corner of the room, a cop, crouching behind an aisle of birth control pills, fires his gun at Leroy, who is shot in the pelvis.

## LEROY

Aw shit!

Terrence charges down the street, spotted by 2 OFFICERS who chase him down as Leroy runs slower in the same direction, with the cop from the pharmacy closing in fast.

Leroy turns around and shoots the cop in the leg, plummeting him to the ground.

Terrence hears the sound of two gunshots, making him stop, turn around and see Leroy firing at the cops on Terrence's trail, missing both, but making the cops crouch down.

Terrence sees his chance and runs as fast as he can, medication in hand, and turns into an alley and hides, taking off his ski mask.

# TERRENCE

(Terrified) Aw, shit. Aw, shit.

Terrence opens up the prescription for midazolam and takes a tiny sip.

Terrence bends down and starts to pray as he hears sirens, followed by a SWARM OF COPS jumping him and putting the poor man in cuffs.

#### STREET - CONTINUOUS

Leroy manages to hop a fence, no cops around, into a backyard, where he takes off his mask and aims his gun around, seeing no one.

Leroy begins to take off his jacket.

# INT. CAR GARAGE - DAY

Ed sits on top of his car, smokes his cigarette and blows smoke up in the air as, in the distance, Leroy enters, alarming Nick and GINO, in other words, everyone except Ed.

> ED My little black friend. How are you, Leroy?

As Leroy approaches, Nick and Gino have their hands closer to their gun holsers.

ED (CONT'D) Settle down, boys. He's just here to talk.

Ed turns towards Leroy.

#### ED (CONT'D)

I heard about what's his name? Terrence? On the bright side, you're alright.

## LEROY

Listen Ed --

ED You want me to sell to you.

#### LEROY

The pharmacy -- that shit didn't work, man.

Ed is interested --

ED

Yes! The popular Quaalude and it's team of trusty benzos. I'm listening.

#### LEROY

Well you seem like you got a guy.

#### ED

Yeah, I guess so. See, I'm a man who does things without to much of a hustle. Instead of going into CVS with a gun, I walk right in -- with a slip of paper and a few dollars that gives me 30 tabs of good, loving, money making medication.

#### LEROY

You got a doc?

Ed smiles -- yes.

ED He's not accepting new clients, Leroy.

#### LEROY

Ed, man --

Ed studies Leroy for a moment and tries to be frank --

#### ED

Look, Leroy. I don't like you, and you don't like me much, but, in the past, the good old days, you were always my trusty man in Jersey. Now, rumor provided by my associate Thomas Fargo has it that in Jersey, they're craving something a little stronger than ludes.

LEROY

I ain't sellin' your meth, Ed.

## ED

That's a shame, Leroy, cause I'm not selling you ludes.

#### LEROY

Where you gettin' crystal from?

#### ED

I could from the doc. It's, at the start, a script.

## LEROY

I don't like that crystal, Ed.

#### ED

Empathy for idiots. How you are a drug dealer, I do not know.

#### LEROY

I buy one hit of the doc's crystal. Then, I'm out.

## ED

I'll bring him over and you too play business.

Leroy stares at Ed, accepting.

Tommy lays passed out on his floor surrounded by bags of various marijuanas and acids. His sunglasses block his closed eyes.

SPLASH! a gallon of water smacks Tommy across the face. His sun glasses fall off as he jumps up, alarmed as ever.

# TOMMY

What?! What?!

Tommy notices that he is drenched in water, and by instinct, looks up.

## TOMMY (CONT'D)

Aw, fuck me!

Before he knows it, Tommy is lifted up and hauled into his wall by Nick.

Nick drops Tommy and let's him lean against the wall.

Tommy looks up and sees Ed Greene, standing over him like a hawk.

ED

How ya been, Tommy? Been good?

Tommy slightly rolls his eyes and puts his hand on his head, like he's used to this.

ED (CONT'D) Have a lot of fun? Go to that Zepplin concert?

Tommy just stares at Ed now, pissed off as ever.

ED (CONT'D) Well, you know what you didn't do?

Tommy remains still.

ED (CONT'D) Your job, Tommy! Your fuckin' job!

TOMMY (annoyedd, sarcastic) Oh my god...

ED

What happened to all those prescriptions? Monday, we had 'em. Tuesday, we had 'em. (MORE) ED (CONT'D) Wednesday, we had 'em. It's

Thursday. Where the fuck did they go? Hm?

## TOMMY

He's out of the picture, man. He said he...

#### ED

He's what?

# TOMMY

He transferred me to another doctor.

ED

Tt. That's fucking fantastic.

Ed turns his head. His eyes lock on to a bottle of open Quaaludes, almost empty.

## ED (CONT'D)

Oh, that's terrific, Tommy. You took the rest of the supply, too. Didn't you?

#### TOMMY

I'm sorry, man.

#### ED

I'm not sure you understand, Tommy. Nobody fucks with Ed Greene, got it? Not you. Not David Turner, M.D. Nobody.

#### TOMMY

Go get 'em, then.

Ed takes a beat to look at Tommy, then walks away.

ED

Useless son of a bitch.

# EXT. DAVID TURNER'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Ed Greene knocks on the door, waiting for an answer. He instead opens it To find David with Estelle.

#### DAVID

Oh? I'm in the middle of something here. We're just wrapping up. Can you give me one minute.

Ed walks in and stops.

ED I'm gonna just stand right here if it's alright with you.

**ESTELLE** I gotta get going anyway.

DAVID

Alright, well um...

David jots down a prescription for Estelle.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Here's the new Haldol. Have a good day.

#### ESTELLE

See you next week, Mr. Turner.

Ed waits for Estelle to close the door shut. He looks at the Thorazine poster.

ED

Hm.

David stands up.

DAVID

I'm sorry, can I help you?

Ed quickly knocks over David with a hard punch.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Aw, Jesus!

ED

Ed Greene, nice to meet you.

David reaches in his cabinet and takes out an Oxycoton.

ED (CONT'D)

Well, that's pretty handy, isn't it?

David pops his pill.

DAVID I'm done with you... and Thomas Fargo, mister. ED No, your done with Tommy, but you ain't done with me.

Just as David tries to get himself back up, Ed kicks him.

# DAVID

Aw, Jesus.

ED Yeah, that's it, my friend. Take in the pain. I'm in control.

Ed takes David's prescription pad and drops it in front of him.

# ED (CONT'D)

You know the drill.

A panting David reaches at a bottom drawer and opens it, reveling to Ed a load of pre written prescriptions.

# ED (CONT'D)

Hm.

Ed looks through the prescriptions and takes a few out.

# ED (CONT'D)

Put 'em on my tab.

Ed walks away, leaving David in a bloody mess.

As David tries to get up, Ed comes back in and tosses down the bottle of Oxycoton at David.

## ED (CONT'D)

Eat up.

# I./E. RAY'S 1968 CHEVY IMPALA - DAY

Ray sits in the front seat and watches through the windshield like a hawk.

Black & white SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE of 6th Ave plays on the TV sitting in the passenger's seat while a CHEECH & CHONG SKIT plays on the radio.

Ray turns his focus to the surveillance footage.

RAY

Come on, Freddy, come on.

SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE:

HIGH ANGLE over FREDDY, 30s, tie die T-shirt, jacket and no shoes, walking down the street grasping a paper bag.

Just as Freddy walks out of the TV FRAME, Ray looks back over at the windshield.

# RAY (CONT'D)

Come on, come on.

After a beat, Ray sees Freddy walking down the street through the windshield.

**RAY** (CONT'D) You can do it, Freddy. You do it.

Freddy looks over his shoulder, nervously and walks into BILLY'S TOPLESS.

**RAY** (CONT'D)

Yeah!

Ray fist bumps the air with excitement.

#### INT. BILLY'S TOPLESS - LATER

Trashy and deadbeat. In front of each DRUNK PERSON sitting alone at a table is a HUGE beer.

Ray walks in and sits down at a booth, keeping a close eye on Freddy, who is selling quaalude prescriptions to people.

Ray sits down at a booth in the corner and motions towards a BARTENDER to come over.

**RAY** Here's five bucks, get me a few beers, would ya?

Ray looks over to the right at Freddy, who is getting closer to his table.

#### BARTENDER

Comin' right up.

Freddy is at a table CLOSE TO Ray's booth. He is talking to a MAN.

#### FREDDY

Yo, sir. Nice to meet you.

Freddy puts his hand out for the man to shake. The man just looks at him with beady eyes.

## FREDDY (CONT'D)

Hey, man, it's cool. Just wondering if you wanna buy some ludes, maybe?

The man puts down his beer and starts business.

MAN

Why, you have some?

#### FREDDY

Well, you gotta go to somethin' called a pharmacy but I got a piece of paper that'll get you them.

The man finishes his beer and gets up.

MAN

I'll give you 20 bucks.

## FREDDY

Ah, no, man. You gotta give me 60.

The man gets closer to Freddy.

MAN

Yeah, says who?

## FREDDY

My boss, man. Rules are rules, dude.

The man takes out his wallet and flashes Freddy a 50 and 10 dollar bill. Freddy gives him a prescription and takes the money.

Ray watches Freddy's deal with the man and takes out a slip of paper, which has a drawing of Freddy and his physical description on it.

He puts the picture of Freddy away as Freddy trots over to him and looks both ways.

**FREDDY** (CONT'D) Yo, sir. Nice to meet you.

Ray shakes Freddy's hand.

RAY

How you doin'?

#### FREDDY

I'm cool dude. Listen, I was wondering if you wanna like, buy some ludes, you know? Ray smiles, then looks both ways.

**RAY** Like Methaqualone, and shit?

# FREDDY

Uh -- sure, dude, whatever.

#### RAY

You got that on ya?

## FREDDY

No, but I have a prescription. You gotta go to like a pharmacy --

## RAY

A pharmacy? What'd you get it from a doctor or somethin'?

## FREDDY

Don't worry about it.

Freddy puts his bag down in front of Ray.

**FREDDY** (CONT'D) Got 'em in here.

# RAY

That is the prescription, of course?

Freddy looks a bit confused.

# FREDDY

Yeah.

#### RAY

You got a doctor to give you that shit? Wow, what's his name, I gotta get to that guy.

#### FREDDY

I don't know, man. You know, I was just given this with no questions asked, you know? But, I'll give you some if you want.

## RAY

Alright, name your price.

# FREDDY

60 bucks for a prescription.

RAY

Well, alrighty then.

Ray takes out his wallet and flashes Freddy 60 dollars.

# FREDDY

Alright, you're gonna love this, man!

Just as Freddy takes out a prescription from his bag, Ray WHIPS OUT HIS GUN and AIMS IT at Freddy.

## RAY

FBI, you're under arrest!

Freddy drops the bag and puts his hands up.

**RAY** (CONT'D) I see that gun in your pocket, motherfucker! No funny stuff, alright?

Freddy looks scared. EVERYBODY WATCHES as Ray handcuffs Freddy and takes the gun out of his pocket.

#### EXT. FBI HOLDING CELL - DAY

Ray watches Freddy, who is by now weathered down, through the ONE WAY GLASS.

He takes a deep breath before he opens the heavy door to the ROOM and walks in with a BURGER BAG, which he tosses at Freddy.

**RAY** You hungry, boy?

#### FREDDY

Burger?

# RAY

That's right.

Freddy takes out the burger and starts munching on it.

RAY (CONT'D) You take Methaqualone, Freddy? Methaqualone, like -- Quaaludes.

Lemons. 714. You know?

Freddy doesn't answer.

RAY (CONT'D) Alright. Just askin'.

FREDDY

I've taken it a couple times.

RAY

And how's that compared to you know, marijuana?

# FREDDY

S'all right, I guess.

RAY It's stronger? Has that extra push, don't it?

Freddy smiles at the thought.

# RAY (CONT'D)

Yeah. It does. You know, I don't know why that shit's still legal. I Really don't. You know what it's prescribed for?

Freddy shakes his head.

## RAY (CONT'D)

They give it out for anxiety, I think.

Ray chuckles, almost showing a malice side of him to Freddy.

# RAY (CONT'D)

Hard to have anxiety after that shit is in ya. You know what it does? It takes out your nervous system. It kills it. Scrunches it up. Like a stress ball or somethin'.

Ray balls his hand into a fist and shows it to Freddy.

## RAY (CONT'D)

And you know what the funny thing is? Some doctor can just -- give it to ya!

Ray smiles at Freddy, trying to be a little nice.

#### FREDDY

Yeah, man. That's fucked up, n' all but, in that speech that you said before you arrested me, you said I could have an attorney so -- when's that gonna happen cause I really wanna get the fuck outta here, dude.

#### RAY

What, you got like a -- Bob Marley concert to go to, or somethin'? I'm missing *The Sting* for this.

#### FREDDY

I'm sorry, dude.

#### RAY

You know, I've been following you for a long time. You and your friend, Thomas Fargo.

#### FREDDY

Do you want me, man? Cause you're not getting me. I gave you a script and I sold half an ounce last week. I work at a fucking Citgo in Queens, man. I didn't do shit for the FBI on me.

#### RAY

You're not out of the game, Freddy, don't bullshit me. Plus, the FBI doesn't give a rats ass about you. We care about the big picture, if you know what I mean. You're a small, little pawn, kiddo.

#### FREDDY

So, why the fuck would I know anything? You wanna knight or you wanna pawn?

Ray thinks for a bit.

RAY

Oh I got the pawn, buddy. Ed Greene

#### FREDDY

Yeah? I haven't seen him in years.

RAY

Hm. How many years has that been?

#### FREDDY

Look, we met cause I sold on his turf in the Bronx, so he took me down to Queens and gave me a black eye and a broken rib. He found out later that I worked for Marlboro and drove the truck that supplied the convenience stores with tobacco. So, he decided to have me hook him up with a cut of the cigarettes. A month later he went to jail for 3 years for extortion and by that time I was in Queens working at Citgo. I haven't seen the dude, man. I got that shit from Tommy Fargo and sold it out.

Ray shows a convinced look on his face.

#### INT. UNDERCOVER SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Packed with security equipment monitored by Sgt. McCormack and Ray, who watch as Ed Greene walks down the street, waving through prescriptions.

#### SGT. MCCORMACK

Get a close up on his hands.

Ray zooms in to read his hands. He takes a puff on his cigar, pockets the last prescription and coughs, severely.

#### SGT. MCCORMACK (CONT'D)

Go back until we get a read on the paper, lad.

Ray rewinds the video and reads the prescription:

**RAY** Codeine. For coughs, right?

#### SGT. MCCORMACK

Oh, I've seen guys abuse it all the time, lad.

Ray plays the video and sees see's Ed cough.

SGT. MCCORMACK (CONT'D) Alright, then.

**RAY** (under his breath) Fuck. Mccormack sits down.

# RAY (CONT'D)

Well, I'm fuckin' starving. I been wantin' to try deli?

McCormack takes the key out of the ignition and opens the van door to reveal the 2nd Avenue Deli.

# INT. 2ND AVENUE DELI - DAY

Ray munches on a corned beef sandwich and Dr. Brown.

RAY

How damn. Who knew a Jew could make food this good?

McCormack just stares at him.

## RAY (CONT'D)

You're Irish, where do you think I could get some of this for the house?

#### SGT. MCCORMACK

You can ask 'em to wrap some up for you.

RAY Hm, alright. And this shit,

Ray holds up his Dr. Brown.

RAY (CONT'D)

I don't know about you, but no more Pepsi for me.

SGT. MCCORMACK

Ray, how'd it go today with Freddy.

#### RAY

Yeah, he don't know anything. They're kickin' him out today.

# SGT. MCCORMACK

You know, I've seen you be a nasty lad, Ray. But, I've also seen you be a gullible lad, too.

RAY

Gullible, now?

# SGT. MCCORMACK

You call things a dead end too quickly, Raymond. You let the suspect play you for a fool.

# RAY

Shit, man, that guy wasn't lyin', I don't think. He said Ed was in jail for three years and when he came back he never saw him.

# SGT. MCCORMACK

Yeah, and the shrink said that Tommy was mentally ill. Listen, I gotta go, just get back to me on Greene, alright, lad?

# RAY

Yep.

McCormack gets up and throws down some cash on the table.

# INT. UNDERCOVER SURVANLENCE VAN - LATER

Ray hops in the van and sits down. He puts down his pack of corned beef in the passenger's seat and gets out his FBI files.

Ray puts in a videotape and watches Ed Greene pocket his Codeine prescription. He rewinds the tape far enough that he sees Ed Greene exit a building.

Ray pauses the video with urgency. He looks at the address of the building Ed's coming out of and goes through his files. He sees David Turner's file and looks for his office address. They match.

# RAY

Holy shit.

Ray looks down at the picture of David and smiles.

## RAY (CONT'D)

Lyin' motherfucker.

# INT. PHARMACY - DAY

Ray walks up to the PHARMACIST and holds up his FBI badge.

RAY

Hi, I'm Ray Scarcella, FBI. I'm gonna need a sample of some medications that are used to treat low blood pressure. Somethin' fast acting and a lot of it.

## INT. FBI HOLDING CELL - DAY

A GERMAN SHEPARD dog lies on the floor.

Ray takes apart a burger from McDonalds and throws in a few low blood pressure pills, looking every which way to make sure nobody sees him.

Ray puts the sandwich back together, grabs his dog by his leash and goes into the cell with Freddy.

RAY

Freddy, Freddy, Freddy.

Ray ties the dog to a post and sits down in a chair, above Freddy, who is sitting on the floor.

#### RAY (CONT'D)

(handing him the burger) Gotcha somethin' to eat.

Freddy takes a bite out of his meal.

#### RAY (CONT'D)

Good, huh?

Freddy nods and looks at his watch.

FREDDY

Look, I got an hour till' you gotta release me, so, let's make this quick, alright?

RAY An hour's all I really need.

#### FREDDY

What's the dog for?

RAY

Oh, him? He's my pal, Barker.

Ray moves to the side and throws a bone at Freddy, which makes the German Shepard lash out, caught about a foot away from Freddy by the rope.

# FREDDY

Jesus!

Freddy throws the bone at a wall on the other side of the room. The dog goes for it and stays at that corner while he chews away.

## FREDDY (CONT'D)

Holy shit! Fuck!

**RAY** I want the right answers this time.

# FREDDY

What?!

# RAY

David Turner. He's a shrink we believe is giving prescriptions to Ed Greene.

#### FREDDY

I-I don't know who that is!

Ray tosses another dog treat at Freddy, making the Shepard lash out at him.

## RAY

Then give me somethin' you do know.

Freddy whips the bone at Ray. At first, the dog whips his head forward, then just walks towards Ray and slowly takes the treat from his hands.

## FREDDY

Oh my god...

RAY Come on, spit it out.

#### FREDDY

There's a guy coming from Jersey. A black outfit -- that Ed's selling dope to, I don't know anything else!

Ray holds up another dog treat.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
I don't know anything else, man!

CLOSE ON the Thorazine poster hanging in the office.

BAM!

David and Tommy bust in and shut the door behind them.

# DAVID

Lock the door.

Tommy locks the door.

TOMMY Ed said he wanted more Oxy and Morphine.

DAVID I'm charging more for pain killers, now.

TOMMY Sorry, dude. I only got --

DAVID Fuck you! Do you see this? (pointing to bruises) Cut me some slack.

## TOMMY

Put the extra green on the tab.

David gives Tommy his prescription pad.

DAVID Aw... Just take the whole pad.

Tommy gives the pad back.

#### TOMMY

Fuck that, man. You write it.

David thinks for a minute, looks up at the Thorazine poster and writes the prescriptions.

# TOMMY (CONT'D)

Get the ludes in there, too, man. Maybe something new this time.

## DAVID

Oh yeah. Something new I can do.

David smiles a sheepish smile, but still remains very nervous.

CLOSE ON the Thorazine poster.

Tommy and David shake hands.

## TOMMY

See you, dude.

David nods as Tommy leaves the office.

CLOSE ON the part of the poster that says "When the patient lashes out at "them" - THORAZINE® quickly puts and end to his violent outburst."

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Ray Scarcella and TWO OTHER FBI AGENTS bust through the closets.

# OUTSIDE

Tommy walks down the street, a still van in back of him.

INTERCUT.

David looks around the room, nervous, shocked, but somehow accepting his fate.

(V.O.) Alright, pursuit Fargo.

The van start to move, closer and closer to Tommy.

David is handcuffed by an FBI agent as Scarcella reads him his rights:

## RAY

You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say or do can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you can't afford one, one will be appointed to you. Do you understand these rights as they've been read to you?

David nods as Ray gives him a sharp smile.

**RAY (CONT'D)** Lyin' motherfucker. I gotchya. The van gets close enough to Tommy for 3 FBI AGENTS to get out and surround Tommy.

#### TOMMY

Whoa, bro!

#### FBI AGENT

Hey! I'm gonna put these cuffs on you, if you resist arrest, we're gonna have to use force.

The agent takes Tommy into custody and brings him to the van.

## INT. FBI VAN - CONTINUOUS

Tommy sits down in front of the agents.

TOMMY

Where's Dave?

The van takes off.

# TOMMY (CONT'D)

Where's David?

No answer.

FBI AGENT You have the right to remain silet...

# INT. FBI HOLDING CELL - DAY

David gets up as Ray enters.

#### RAY

Sellin' prescriptions to drug dealers. Lyin' to an FBI agent. Mob affiliation. It's a damn shame that a shrink would do somethin' like that. With great power come great responsibility.

#### DAVID

Uncle Ben?

**RAY** Yep. A wise, wise man he was.

Ray sits down in his chair.

RAY (CONT'D) Let's have another talk, Mr. Turner.

**DAVID** Can I have an attorney first?

#### RAY

Well, that's nice n' all but an attorney will say the same thing as I will. You're a shrink, tell me when I'm lyin'.

DAVID

You're too confident to tell.

## RAY

Hm. Confident I am. You know what I noticed when we took you?

David shakes his head.

# RAY (CONT'D)

I'm no expert but... when we cuffed you, you weren't all that surprised. Like you dreamed that I'd come an get you.

David thinks.

## RAY (CONT'D)

Like you wanted me somehow.

# DAVID

I wanted to have all this... I wanted all of this put in the hands of someone else. To be saved. To be safe in a jail cell.

#### RAY

Look, you're not a bad guy, and the FBI knows that. No DUI, just a bit of gambling here and there. You dug yourself in a shit hole too deep to get out of.

#### DAVID

Do Kate and Michael know?

## RAY

I don't fuckin' know who that is.

## DAVID

Look, I'll talk to you, just give me my one phone call!

**RAY** You get your call after this, my friend.

#### DAVID

I - I got into a gambling matter. I lost some money and made a deal with Thomas that I'd sell him a few things. When I got the money back, I told them I was out and oh jesus...!

## RAY

Spit it out, Turner.

## DAVID

They forced me to sell the scripts. They forced me!

#### RAY

Look, I told you, you're not a bad guy. We don't need you, we need Ed Greene, know 'em?

David nods.

#### RAY (CONT'D)

Ed's sellin' the scripts to a guy in Jersey. He's gonna ask you for a shit load.

# DAVID

Aw Jesus!

## RAY

Good news is, we're gonna give you your license, Dave, if you sell to Ed under a wire. Get a time and place for the deal, and you'll be fined for a few dollars. No publicity, keep your license.

David whips his head back and sobs.

# RAY (CONT'D)

Get you set up tomorrow. Now your call.

# INT. FBI PHONE AREA - LATER

David nervously holds the phone to his ear, shaking, trying to think of something to say.

#### KATE (V.O.)

Hi, you've reached David, Kate and Michael Turner! Please leave a message with your number and we'll get back to you soon!

## DAVID

Hi Kate, it's me. I have to come home late tonight. I have a psychotic patient in the hospital who um... tried to kill his kid... I may not come home 'till later but I might not stay at the hospital 'cause he's asleep on Valium. Talk to you soon. Bye.

# INT. SGT. MCCORMACK'S OFFICE - EVENING

Sgt. McCormack sits in front of Tommy, playing a tape. In back of Tommy is his ATTORNEY, looking upset.

# DAVID (V.O.)

Lock the door.

## TOMMY (V.O.)

Ed said he wanted more Oxy and Morphine.

#### DAVID (V.O.)

I'm charging more for pain killers, now.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Sorry, dude. I only got --

#### DAVID (V.O.)

Fuck you! Do you see this? Cut me some slack.

TOMMY (V.O.) Put the extra green on the tab.

DAVID (V.O.) Aw... Just take the whole pad.

# TOMMY (V.O.)

Fuck that, man. You write it. Get the ludes in there, too, man. Maybe something new this time.

DAVID (V.O.)

Oh yeah. Something new I can do.

Sgt. McCormack gets up.

# SGT. MCCORMACK

I'm gonna leave you two alone.

McCormack leaves the room. As he shuts the door, the attorney looks at Tommy.

#### ATTORNEY

They got you by the balls, Fargo. I'm good but I'm not that good so just take my advice, and plead guilty. Make this easy on both of us.

Tommy looks down.

#### ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

You have three years, maybe two if I can get you that.

Tommy looks down and slightly nods, accepting.

# INT. DAVID TURNER'S OFFICE - DAY

David sits with Estelle in silence, both waiting for each other to speak.

**ESTELLE** Could you give me some ludes?

David is a bit puzzled by this.

#### DAVID

I'm sorry.

**ESTELLE** They're not for me, they're for my cousin.

#### DAVID

I -- what would make you think I would do that?

I just heard you did that type of thing, that's all.

DAVID Who -- who told you I did that type of thing?

David is anxious.

## ESTELLE

You know...

Estelle looks down at her shoes, hiding something.

# DAVID

N - no, I'm not sure I do know. I mean, I'm not --

#### ESTELLE

I just know that doctors do that type of thing, now a days, that's all.

# DAVID

Well, I'm not one of those doctors, Estelle.

## ESTELLE

Alright.

# DAVID

Estelle, I know somewhere in there you know who told you that.

#### ESTELLE

(under her breath) You know, you know, you know.

David stops, thinks -- looks up, then back down at Estelle.

#### DAVID

Was it a voice?

Estelle doesn't respond, then smiles.

# ESTELLE

(gibbering) I'll be okay, David. We'll both be okay.

David looks down, silence lingers over the room.

RING!

David picks up his phone, fast.

#### EXT. PAY PHONE - DAY

ED

David?

INTERCUT.

# DAVID

(to Estelle)
Sorry, Estelle. I gotta take this.
 (back to phone)
Hi, Ed.

ED Tommorow, the corner of 2nd, and 76th, alright? 1 o'clock.

## DAVID

Oh, I um... have a patient then, Ed.

ED One in the morning, David.

DAVID I'll um, I'll see you then, Ed.

David hangs up and turns to Estelle.

DAVID (CONT'D) Sorry, Estelle. I had to take that.

ESTELLE It's OK, David. It's OK.

The clock on David's wall hits 3:30.

#### DAVID

Well, uh... our hour is up, Estelle. So, I'll see you next week? Same time, same day.

#### ESTELLE

Uh huh.

Estelle gets up.

Estelle sits down near the pond and pops a Haldol down with a glass of water, looking a bit disturbed.

Two people, a MAN and WOMAN, lie beside a tree, needles in them, appearing high on heroin.

Freddy walks by and skips a rock in the pond and sits down next to Estelle.

## FREDDY

Hey, Es.

#### ESTELLE

Hi, Freddy.

#### FREDDY

Yo, listen, I don't have the ludes, man. I'm sorry.

# ESTELLE

No?

#### FREDDY

No. I was out of commission for a couple days, But um... I did steal some benadryl, and I heard that if you take enough, that shit can be pretty cool.

#### ESTELLE

Huh. Alright. I gotta go back to my mom's house, though. But I reckon I could take some now for a tester.

Freddy reaches in his pocket for the benadryl when he finds:

#### FREDDY

Oh shit. That's right. I got some Ativan. The whole fucking bottle, dude.

Freddy gives Estelle the bottle of Ativan.

# FREDDY (CONT'D)

Here, take this and you'll pay me back later, right?

## ESTELLE

Hm, Hm. And the benadryl, too.

# FREDDY

You want fucking benadryl when you got a bottle of Ativan?

**ESTELLE** I heard you could make a combo with my Haldol out of all 3 of 'em.

#### FREDDY

Alright. Whatever floats your boat.

Freddy gives Estelle the Benadryl

#### ESTELLE

That's what I got in the ward and I got a good enough high.

Estelle gets up, a bit clumsy for a person her age.

# ESTELLE (CONT'D)

I'll pay you back, right?

#### FREDDY

Yeah, alright.

#### INT. ESTELLE'S ROOM - DAY

Estelle pours the bottle of liquid benadryl, half of the Ativans and 6 Haldols into a jar, which she crushes up with a coin.

Estelle pours the concoction into a syringe and injects herself, slowly fading, and fading, and fading... until she is turning white, out of it.

In the distance, a phone rings --

# INT. DAVID TURNER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EVENING

-- David reads his book as the phone rings. He finally puts it down and picks up.

# DAVID

Turner residence?

David takes a beat to listen to the other end, turning a little pal.

# EXT. ESTELLE'S HOUSE - LATER

David's Porsche speeds down the road, he sees and ambulance and a police car outside. A MOTHER crying in the arms of a SOCIAL WORKER.

David gets out of his car and is greeted by a COP.

**COP** David Turner?

# INT. ESTELLE'S ROOM - LATER

A body bag covers Estelle, who is lying on the floor.

COP There were traces of liquid Benadryl in the syringe. (beat) We found an open bottle of Haldol and Ativan. The medications were present in the needle and were prescribed by you.

The cop pulls out the bottle of Haldol and Ativan, both in plastic bags.

#### COP (CONT'D)

See, what we found interesting was that the Haldol was prescribed by you, as it says on the bottle. We know that there was history of psycosis that she had which was most likely the reason --

#### DAVID

Oh yeah. I -- I gave that to her for all the right reasons. It -- it seemed to be working so well.

COP

See, the Ativan was prescribed by you, but to a different person. A Freddy Melnic.

David stops, he doesn't know the name. He thinks --

DAVID Um... he was a patient who I gave Ativan to. I didn't know they had any --.
COP Were you aware that Mr. Melnic was a drug dealer.

# DAVID

W -- Who?

COP Mr. Melnic. Your patient.

David draws a blank.

DAVID

I'm -- I'm sorry...

COP Freddy Melnic.

## DAVID

Yes. Yes, I was. Ed Greene's gang, right?

COP

Uh, he might be from Greene's gang. I don't know.

## DAVID

I didn't --

## COP

Has Estelle ever tried to obtain any medications from you. Tranquilizers? Pain killers? Seizure meds?

David tries to remember, he is overcome by guilt.

## DAVID

No. Never.

# INT. DAVID TURNER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

David barges in, holding it together, until he breaks, yelling out a loud:

### DAVID

FUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!!

David snatches his bottle of Oxycontin and takes 2.

David runs to the BATHROOM, slams his fist into the sink, washes his face and looks in the mirror, and the monster he's become.

# DAVID (CONT'D)

(talking to himself in the mirror like a mad man) It's all over soon, David. All over soon. The FBI's gonna get rid of those... FUCKERS!!!!!

# EXT. ATTICA CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DAY

Ed walks down the parking lot to the prison, seeing a food truck move in and park with it's back facing a garage door.

Ed walks towards the prison.

# INT. PRISON WAITING ROOM - LATER

Ed walks over to A GUARD, who stands next to a metal detector, and hands him a 20 secretly.

ED

Hey, Chris, the warden in?

### INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Ed knocks on the door twice and enters to greet WARDEN SEBASTIAN COOK, 50s.

ED Well if it isn't my old friend warden Sebastian Cook. Mm? You gotta remember your old friend, Ed Greene?

Sebastian looks up, startled by Ed's presence. Pissed --

SEBASTIAN How the fuck did you get in here?

ED The power of money never did me no wrong.

Ed sits down, getting comfortable.

ED (CONT'D) How are you, buddy?

**SEBASTIAN** Get the fuck out of office! ED

I'm fine, thank you for asking.

Sebastian leans back in his chair, accepting his fate.

## SEBASTIAN

What Ed?

#### ED

So, through the grapevine, I heard that a little birdy from my nest ended up getting caught in a little place called Attica Correctional Facility. Hm? Thomas Fargo?

Sebastian stares Ed down.

# ED (CONT'D) Yeah, well, listen --

### SEBASTIAN

I've done you enough solids, Ed. I've done you enough fucking solids for your money.

Sebastian stands up.

## SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Get the fuck out of my prison. You don't even belong here.

#### ED

Hm. Well, let's just say this: you don't get much out of this deal.

## SEBASTIAN

Blackmail?

#### ED

Some would call it that.

Ed stands up and gently walks over to Sebastian's coffee table.

Ed SMASHES it, KICKS it, and PUSHES it over until it BREAKS. Sebastian is turning white.

### ED (CONT'D)

Hm. That's funny.

Ed takes off the drawer lock and opens up what's left of the drawer and finds little packs of Cocaine, Heroin and LSD.

Tommy Fargo walks out of the prison, glad to be out, but there is a look of dread on his face.

Tommy hops into ED'S CAR, Nick driving and Ed in the passenger's seat.

### NICK

Hey, Tommy.

The car takes off out of the prison lot.

TOMMY Long time, no see. Huh, Nick.

## NICK

Mm hm.

### TOMMY

Listen, Ed. I'm sorry for getting arrested and shit. I really am. I'm --

ED

Stop it, Tommy. You think I haven't spent time in the slammer? Come on, we all make mistakes.

Tommy is a tad confused, trying to understand Ed.

#### TOMMY

Well, um. Yeah, we do.

Tommy puts on a fake smile.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You know what's going on with this deal? I mean with the doc.

#### ED

Well, I talked to Leroy --

### TOMMY

Wait, you mean the black's?

ED

They came to me, Tommy. I don't like 'em either, but I'll give them the satisfaction of a deal.

### TOMMY

Okay, so I'll go to David --

ED Actually, change of plans. The doc's coming to the deal. Easier that way.

TOMMY Oh, OK. So I'm done with the doc?

ED If we need him after then you can go but yeah, you're done with the doc for now.

## EXT. TOMMY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Ed, Tommy and Nick get out of the car.

TOMMY Nick, I got some acid you can sell, up stairs.

ED

That'd be great, Tommy.

#### EXT. TOMMY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Tommy escorts Ed and Nick inside, then goes up to his JIMI HENDRIX poster and takes it off the wall, revealing a hole where he stores drugs.

Nick looks around in Tommy's records, finding one he likes:

**NICK** You got Jefferson Airplane, Tom?

TOMMY Yeah, put it in. Show Ed some real music.

Nick puts the LP to Volunteers, by Jefferson Airplane into the record player.

We Can Be Together comes on, to which Nick makes it as loud as it goes.

### TOMMY (CONT'D)

(yelling) Holy shit, Nick! A little loud, don't you think!

Tommy turns around and sees that Nick is aiming his gun at Tommy. Tommy looks at Ed, fear bubbling in him. Ed, Ed. Come on!

ED

Three strikes, you're out.

CLOSE ON Tommy's marijuana, sitting on the floor as Tommy's blood hits it.

The sound of the gun is barley heard over the music, but Tommy's fall is.

# INT. DAVID TURNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ray tapes the microphone of David's wire to his chest.

RAY Listen, man -- we're gonna be behind you. Anything goes funky, we're gonna intervene.

David buttons up his shirt, ready to rock.

### RAY (CONT'D)

Good luck, my man.

Ray steps outside of the office. David waits for him to leave and goes through his desk drawer to find a bottle of midazolam in a syringe.

David pulls up his sleeve and ties his upper arm up tight with a band. He puts the band in his mouth and pulls, flicking his vein and inserting the syringe.

## DAVID

Ah...!

David rolls down his sleeve and looks down at the IV below his shirt.

### EXT. DAVID TURNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

David walks down the street, clutching at his prescription pad and clenching his teeth. He waits on the corner of 2nd ave for a car to pull up to him.

The FBI undercover van gazes silently upon him down the street.

Ed Greene opens the door for David to get in. The FBI follows Greene's car.

Ed and David sit in the back seat while Nick drives. A pile of pistols and heroin sit in the passenger seat.

ED

Here.

Ed hands David a hit of Klonopin. As David is about to swallow the whole thing, Ed hands him a pill cutter.

# ED (CONT'D)

Whoa, capo. Take it easy.

Ed gives David a pill cutter.

### ED (CONT'D)

I don't want you high during this.

David cuts his Klonopin in half and gulps it down, hard.

Ed shoots him a look of suspicion to intimidate him a bit -- then smiles.

NICK

Hey Eddie?

# ED

Nick?

NICK Frank called, said he wanted to buy this.

Nick pointed at the heroin in the passenger seat.

# INT. FBI VAN - - CONTINUOUS

ED (V.O.) Aw, Frank, isn't he wonderful. Alright, I'm good for whenever.

Ray turns to Sgt. McCormack.

## RAY

I bet it's Lucas.

McCormack laughs and high fives Ray.

## INT. ED GREENE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

ED

You know, I was always meaning to ask you. Excuse me if I'm getting personal, but -- why this. 12 years for a great, steady, fulfilling job and you're selling pills to hoods. Why is that?

After a long, intense beat of thinking, David begins to tear up.

#### DAVID

Because I made a mistake. I made so many -- god damn mistakes. I did a bad thing, Ed. A real bad thing.

The car stops. Dead silence hits David.

ED Well, that's too bad.

# INT. FBI VAN - DAY

Ray watches Ed, David and Nick get out of the car on the surveillance night vision cameras.

## EXT. MORNINGSIDE PARK - CONTINUOUS

David, Ed and Nick walk down the park, heading for the pond, where a few men can be vaguely spotted.

ED Get ready, Dave.

## EXT. FBI VAN - CONTINUOUS

Ray and Sgt. McCormack get out of the van.

**RAY** (into radio) You have visual on Ed?

Ray's microphone goes of with a beep a few times.

**SGT. MCCORMACK** Get me audio, lad. Ray hands Sgt. McCormack an ear piece, which he puts in his ear and listens to the sounds of footsteps, until a voice is heard:

## LEROY (V.O.)

Ed?

# MORNINGSIDE PARK - CONTINUOUS

ED

David Turner, Leroy Washington. Leroy Washington, David Turner. And -- Leroy's little gang here. The black outfit as I like to call them.

Standing next to Leroy is 3 ARMED BLACK MEN, even though intimidating, still not as scary as Ed and his guard, Nick.

## ED (CONT'D)

(to David) Don't worry. He won't bite.

LEROY

This the doc?

### DAVID

(A little fucked over from the Klonopin) Um, that's me.

#### LEROY

How much you chagrin'?

#### ED

50 for ludes and anything the docs here says is worth it, and 40 for Xanax and the lower grade.

David looks at Ed, then back at Leroy.

### DAVID

I'll give you midazolam for 60. You only should use a little bit, though.

Leroy looks up and thinks.

### LEROY

That's that shit they found in Terrence. Almost killed his ass.

Well, you only take a little bit.

LEROY People are stupid, man. They take the whole bottle.

ED

We'll give you let's say 10 ludes, 3 Valium, 2 Xanax and an Ativan. How bout that, Roy? Would you move this fucker along.

Leroy takes a minute to think, then decides:

LEROY

Throw some Klonopin in there, too. No midazolam. Nobody knows what that shit is.

David starts to write scripts for the medications.

## LEROY (CONT'D)

Yo, and I don't want know bullshit pills, either, man.

Leroy points to his armed guard.

### LEROY (CONT'D)

See him over there? That's Joe. Joe worked in psych for two months. He gonna check if you try to give us some bullshit, he gonna know.

#### DAVID

Alright -- no bullshit, then.

ED Leroy, he'll be fine.

As David is about to hand Leroy the prescriptions, Ed grabs his hand.

### ED (CONT'D)

Now their turn.

Leroy signals to JOE, who brings over a pile of money, which Leroy carefully goes through.

> LEROY Do the math, doc. How much we owe you?

## NICK

810.

Leroy takes out 820 dollars and give it's to Ed.

## LEROY

Left you a tip.

#### ED

Alright. Now my end of the deal, Leroy.

David shakes, his eyes bulge out. It's not over yet.

### ED (CONT'D)

The Desoxyn?

JOE Methamphetamine, for crystal.

### LEROY

Uh, uh. Fuck no, man. I don't like that shit.

ED

Listen, blacky -- we had a deal, here. This is big money for both of us, and I don't give a damn about your empathy.

#### LEROY

So whatchu gonna do about it, white boy? I got three guys with guns and you got one. I ain't sellin' meth for you.

Leroy's three men raise their guns.

#### ED

Empathy for people who make shit decisions. Never knew you had it in you.

#### DAVID

(muttering)
It's because you're sadistic, and
he isn't.

Ed gives David a look he will never get out of his mind.

INT. FBI VAN - CONTINUOUS

RAY Alright, stay put. See where this goes.

### MORNINGSIDE PARK - CONTINUOUS

**LEROY** Alright, let's go.

As Leroy walks past David, he sees a spot of blood where David has the syringe in his arm, leaking through his shirt.

### LEROY (CONT'D)

Whoa, man, you got a cut there.

Now that Leroy mentions it, David is a bit high looking from the Klonopin and a bit pale.

### LEROY (CONT'D)

Lemme see that.

DAVID It's alright. I'll be fine.

### LEROY

You the doctor, but shit, that's bad.

Leroy pulls up David's sleeve and sees the syringe he put in him.

### LEROY (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

ED Dave, what the fuck is that?

#### LEROY'S GUARDS

Whoa, mama.

#### ED

David, what the fuck is that?

David head is spinning, he is so anxious, so nervous as Leroy's crew unbuttons his shirt to help.

UNBUTTON'S HIS SHIRT!

The attention goes from David's injury to the microphone Ray Scarcella and the FBI has attached to his chest.

David looks down at his chest -- oh fuck.

Everybody stops to look at the bloody David with the microphone taped to him.

### LEROY

## MOTHER FUCKER!

As Leroy leaps at him, David quickly pushes the syringe, releasing the Midazolam into his system.

Leroy pushes David to the ground. The drugs kick in and David is out cold. He hits the ground with a THUD!

### INT. FBI VAN - CONTINUOUS

David's THUD is heard by Ray, who looks at McCormack.

### EXT. MORNINGSIDE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Lights and sirens go off. FBI and POLICE swarm the scene, coming from every direction.

Leroy's men fire up the Police, only to receive GUNSHOTS back at them.

Ed ducks and lies next to an unconscious and bleeding David Turner as Gunshots take out two of Leroy's gang.

FIVE FBI AGENTS arrest Leroy and his wounded gang.

Ray Scarcella looks down at Ed and David.

Ed turns around and sits up looking at Ray, dirt in his face, his clothes a mess, evil in his eyes, a sharp smile --

## ED

Hi, Ray.

Ray whacks Ed down with his gun, knocking him out. He sees David and bends down to him.

# EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

POLICE CARS and FBI VANS follow ambulances down the highway, speeding, as fast as they can.

## INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

David lies in his bed, his arm bandaged, looking a little washed out.

Kate, holding a pie and Michael walk in, dumbfounded.

KATE

David!

Kate runs over to David and puts the pie down on his lap.

KATE (CONT'D)

I got you an apple pie. Your favorite, Davie.

David smiles a bit.

#### DAVID

Uh, thank you, Kate. That's real nice of you. And how's Michael doing?

### MICHAEL

Hi, Dad.

DAVID Hi, Mikey. Um, Mike, I've been

meaning to tell you... don't -don't hurt that kid.

### MICHAEL

Oh... he's in the room next door.

A long beat. David looks down, trying to think of what to say.

### DAVID

Well, go apologies, then, Michael.

Ray Scarcella comes into the room, a proud look on his face.

### RAY

Should I come back, or --?

#### KATE

No, it's fine. David?

## DAVID

Yeah. Go on Michael.

Kate and Michael leave the room, leaving David and Ray alone.

RAY You did it, Dav.

iou ara roy

Ray smiles.

## RAY (CONT'D)

Listen, Dav, I took a look at the pharmacy records. You wrote the scripts to fake people or patients that aren't on anything from the case. That means we can't track down buyers and sellers which'll get you more time. But, this bust'll look good and I'll testify well, tell 'em you were under blackmail and we can get you maybe just community service and a fine.

### DAVID

OK, Raymond. That sounds good.

Ray looks down at David's IV and morphine button.

RAY Want more Morphine, David. You look a little --

# DAVID

No. No, I'm fine.

### RAY

Alright. See you soon, my man.

Ray leaves the room, satisfied.

## EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Ed smokes outside in his jumpsuit. Judge Glasgow comes out and sits next to Ed.

ED Hello, Judge Glasgow. Haven't seen you in a while. What, a couple months, huh?

## JUDGE GLASGOW

What do you want, Ed?

### ED

Well, we're gonna be in that courtroom together... I just wanna make sure everything is -copacetic.

# JUDGE GLASGOW

Yeah, Ed. Yeah, Copacetic for who, Ed? For you? Not for me, though.

ED Well... that's put this in different words, then.

Ed takes out a photograph of Judge Glasgow with a man. Flipping through the photographs, they appear to be getting much more intimate.

### ED (CONT'D)

Blackmail.

#### JUDGE GLASGOW

Where did you get that?

#### ED

I got my eyes on the streets, Judge.

## JUDGE GLASGOW

OK, I am a homosexual, so?

ED Well, we wouldn't --

Oh... Ed panics a bit, tries to switch tactics --

### ED (CONT'D)

Here, look: I'll give you 50 thou if we can cut a deal for let's say... 2 years and a fine.

## JUDGE GLASGOW

You could get a least 10, Mr. Greene.

### ED

Don't be a hard ass, Judge. How 'bout a pimp a guy I know. Friend of mine.

# JUDGE GLASGOW

No, that's not happening, Ed.

Ed thinks for a second.

# ED

(sympathetic) What's wrong, Judge? You're not in my control, Mr. Greene.

Judge Glasgow gets up.

JUDGE GLASGOW (CONT'D) Once we step out into that courtroom, you're in mine.

The judge walks away from Ed, proud of himself.

As Ed gets up, he is met by Ray.

ED If it isn't the minnow who ate the shark.

nark.

How'd you know my name?

ED

Hm?

RAY When I took you in, you said: "Hi, Ray." How'd you know that?

ED

Keeps you in control when you know your prey.

RAY

How'd that work out for ya?

ED I'll admit, I'm in your hands, now.

Ed turns around and gives Ray a sharp smile.

ED (CONT'D) But less than you think.

# INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Ed lies back in his chair, wearing his prison outfit like he's been in it many times before. His LAWYER sits next to him, nervous.

The JURORS walks out, slowly, taking their time.

JUDGE GLASGOW Has the jury reached a verdict? JUROR

We have, your honor.

## JUDGE GLASGOW

Alright, read it out.

JUROR

We find the defendant guilty on all charges.

# JUDGE GLASGOW

Alright.

ED Make your move, Glasgow, I don't got all day.

As the jury laughs a bit Ed takes out the picture of Glasgow and plays with it, making sure no one but Ed Greene himself sees the image.

## JUDGE GLASGOW

12 years in Federal penitentiary.

The judge hammers down his gavel. The verdict has been reached.

## EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

We can hear the music from the outside. MAX, a very tall tan and blonde man stands outside the club, waiting.

Freddy walks up to him.

MAX What's up, Freddy Teddy.

## FREDDY

Hey, man. I heard your cool tonight.

# MAX

Yeah, I'm real cool tonight.

FREDDY

How cool are you, though?

MAX Well, I'm cool enough for a lude or two.

FREDDY

Ha ha, oh yeah?

# MAX

Yeah.

Max rubs his hands together, getting pumped, ready.

### FREDDY

Well, lemme lay it out for you: my boss just got arrested, you know? So bussiness is a little off for a few but Tommy got me this stuff a while back which he got from a doctor and the doc said it was like... special.

#### MAX

Alright, my man. You know how to do this shit, yeah?

#### FREDDY

I've give you two bottles for the price of one cause we're tight on business now that the source and big man is gone.

# MAX

Alright, my man!

Max hands Tommy 60 bucks in returns for 2 pill bottles.

## MAX (CONT'D)

You comin' inside?

#### FREDDY

Naw, man. I gotta go, but have fun, dude.

#### MAX

See you, man.

Max walks down the MASSIVE line, cutting many people in front of him until he gets to the BOUNCER.

#### MAX (CONT'D)

Yo, you cool, man?

### BOUNCER

Why, you got some?

#### MAX

I got nothin' to smoke but I got somethin' to pop.

## BOUNCER

That's cool.

Max opens up his pill jar and sprinkles a tablet into the bouncer's hand.

He walks right in, followed by a few boos!

## INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Max walks in and meets CARLOS, 30s, a tall Mexican man of the same age, walk through the PACKED club, music BLASTING.

# CARLOS

Go to the bar, amigo?

### MAX

Yeah.

Carlos and Max reach the bar and ring a bell, getting the mowhawked BARTENDER over to them.

## BARTENDER

Carlos, Maxie. Where you been?

CARLOS

Yo, I gotta new pill jar, man

## BARTENDER

(Turning to Max) Hm... You wanna drink with that, Maxie?

### MAX

Mm hm.

A song by the B52s comes on, triggering an idea into max:

### MAX (CONT'D)

3 B52s, amigo.

### BARTENDER

Hey, I'm working, amigo.

The bartender starts making the drinks under the table.

## CARLOS

Well, you the man. You know I don't take somethin' without you. And I'm here. The party's on, the night is young...

The bartender puts 3 drinks in front of the two guys.

# MAX

Ha ha.

Carlos takes out 2 pill bottles and sprinkles a few pills into each drink, doing it perfectly, experienced like.

# BARTENDER

Lemme see this.

The bartender snatches the pill bottles from Carlos and reads them, confused.

### BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Hey, these ain't ludes, man. I thought you said you got some groovy stuff, man?

## MAX

Aw, you know Tommy, right?

## BARTENDER

Yeah, Fargo, right? The funny one?

#### MAX

Yeah, he gave these to my usual guy and he said he got these from a doctor and the doc said it was something special he put in.

### BARTENDER

Oh, so you got that medical shit.

## MAX

Uh huh.

They all raise their glasses, tap them together and drink down the cocktails.

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE ON An empty cocktail glass SLAMS down on the table.

CLOSE ON Carlos's eyes, weary looking.

Carlos is almost falling over from the drugs when he gets up and wobbles over to the BATHROOM, at first, slowly, but then, turning pale and green, rushes to the toilet, pushing aside people taking cocaine and LSD.

Carlos runs over to a toilet stall and throws up all the drugs in his system.

## OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM

Carlos walks unsteadily down the hall to see everyone looking down at something... He quickly moves to find Max on the floor, convulsing. An apparent SEIZURE.

In Max's hand is the bottle for one of the pills he took: Prolixin. Prescribed by David Turner.

# INT. ATTICA CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DAY

Ed sits in his cell, staring blankly at the walls, but in some sort of concentration.

Warden Sebastian Cook walks over to the bars creating a barrier between him and Ed Greene.

### ED

Mr. Cook. Been a while.

## SEBASTIAN

Good, all is well, my friend. See the shark finally caught the minnow for more than a month.

### ED

Actually, the minnow caught the shark. But how are you --

Ed gets up and walks closer to Sebastian.

## ED (CONT'D)

Warden...

#### SEBASTIAN

(whispering so only Ed can hear) Let's make this clear. In the next twelve fucking years, if you try to blackmail me I'll have you moved to another fucking prison.

#### ED

Deal, then. But one thing I do need and I'll never bother you again.

Ed slips Sebastian an envolope filled with cash.

### ED (CONT'D)

A day of furlough for unfinished business.

## EXT. DAVID TURNER'S OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

David walks down the street heading to his office, looking good and happy. Not a scratch of nervousness.

David turns his head and sees Ed across the street.

ED ACROSS THE STREET!

David looks closer but is unsure if it is really him.

David speed walks into his building.

## INT. DAVID TURNER'S OFFICE - LATER

David runs into his office and shuts the door.

David breaths out slowly, but intensely. He must be loosing his mind.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

David adjusts himself and nervously opens the door.

ED Hi, old friend.

David goes pale.

**DAVID** No, no, you're in jail, heh heh. No

ED (stopping David's panicking, setting his confusion straight) I took a leave of absence, Mr. Turner.

David looks at him, scared and confused.

## ED (CONT'D)

Furlough.

DAVID I -- I hope you don't take that deal to often --

SMASH! Ed punches David in the face. He is on the ground.

ED You motherfucker. Ed picks David up and throws him onto the couch.

### ED (CONT'D)

It's always the good ones who take your power. They're silent prey. They gain your trust and fuck you...

### DAVID

Oh, Jesus!

Ed smiles.

ED But I don't blame you. It's just your nature.

Ed takes David's prescription pad which is lying on the couch and pockets it.

### ED (CONT'D)

And you know what else you did to me which was real helpful?

## DAVID

Oh god.

# ED You gave a nice, innocent man a seizure. That "special" medication you gave me --

## DAVID

What?!

Ed grabs David by the neck.

#### ED

Nobody's buyin' from poor old Ed Greene anymore. Sad, isn't it... I go to jail, I loose my power, my turfs, my respect, and I die, an old fucker.

### DAVID

I -- I had no intention of -- of giving anyone sezuires, Mr. Greene.

Ed tightens his grip.

ED Your special shit no ones ever heard of in the hippie club?

### DAVID

(fast, nervous, choking) It's called Repressed memory, the inability to remember an event in your life, especially one that is very traumatizing, oh god --!

Ed looks at David and smiles a bit, then gets up and goes to his door.

ED

Well, I just wanted to say goodbye, David. See you in twelve years, my deadly little minnow.

Ed leaves the office, leaving David bloody and alone. Thoughts race through his mind. Did he imagine that? What just happened?

David then smiles. He is rid of Ed for a long time.

# EXT. DAVID TURNER'S OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

Ed walks down the street and goes into the garage where he parked his car... only to find that Nick is in the driver's seat, dead.

ED (like it's more a just a pain in the ass then shocking) Aw, fuck...

Ed gets in his car and pushes Nick to the side. He turns him over to see the bullet in his head, bloody.

Leroy pops out from the back seat and points his gun at Ed.

### LEROY

Drive, motherfucker.

# INT. LEROY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Leroy shoves Ed into a chair. 2 GUYS on both sides of Ed.

ED This how you treat an old friend, Leroy?

**LEROY** We ain't friends. ED

Shouldn't you be in jail, or something.

LEROY I get picked up tomorrow. Shouldn't you in jail, ol' white boy?

ED

I'm on furlough.

LEROY

What the fuck's wrong with you? I don't need no FBI shit right now, man.

ED be hones

Yeah, to be honest, I didn't really need it either. But, what can you do, am I right?

#### LEROY

What can you do. I only got two years, how much you got?

Ed kicks his feet up.

ED

A dozen.

## LEROY

Well then you ain't gonna be there to see it. (to his men) Check his pockets.

Leroy's men get Ed standing and frisk him.

ED You think I'm armed, blacky?

### LEROY

Nope, I just need an phone book.

Leroy's guy hands Leroy Ed's phone numbers list.

LEROY (CONT'D)

I'm takin' over your turf, whitey. Call up your boys tell 'em they work for me.

ED And dispose of me like trash?

## LEROY

I'm in control, motherfucker.

Leroy's fires his gun at Ed.

FADE TO:

### INT. DAVID TURNER'S HOUSE

David is sitting down looking at a form, then picks his head up.

### DAVID

So, Fredrick, I want to start by asking you a question that I ask all of my patients on their first visit: why are you here?

Freddy sits in the chair opposite of David, looking a little disturbed.

### FREDDY

Well, um... the court sent me here cause I um, took LSD and that got me in a hospital and um... I apparently never fully got over seeing and hearing things, I guess.

### DAVID

Mm Hm. Yes, that can be common with LSD users. Um, drug triggered psychosis. It doesn't have to last forever. Could you tell me more?

#### FREDDY

Well, I um, was a drug dealer as a profession and um... that got me a lot of access to drugs and shit, you know? And um... I took LSD like a regular day, just for the fun cause I had nothing better to do and yeah, you know, I thought I had control and I guess... I didn't and now I'm like this.

#### DAVID

Mm Hm. So you experience.

#### FREDDY

Sometimes I can see like... a ghost of my old buddy Tommy, who worked for the same guy as I did. (MORE)

# FREDDY (CONT'D) You know him, right? You um... got involved with Ed, right.

### DAVID

I was threatened into it. You worked for Ed Greene?

### FREDDY

Yeah. Well, he got killed, actually so -- I mean... I won't tell you anything work related cause --

## DAVID

That's fine, I didn't know.

FREDDY So sometimes I can see Tommy.

## DAVID

He was a good guy.

# FREDDY

Yeah, he got killed too, you know?

## DAVID

Oh...

David is a bit sad to here the news.

## DAVID (CONT'D)

Thta's a real shame.

#### FREDDY

Yeah, and um... Sometimes I just go into these places where the world becomes like really colorful, you know?

## DAVID

Oh yes.

David writes Freddy a script and hands it to him.

# DAVID (CONT'D)

It's a script for Clorazil. It should make it better.

#### FREDDY

You think we can get them out, Mr. Turner? Get me out of their control?

### DAVID

Oh, I think we can do just that.

## INT. FBI, NEW YORK - RAY'S OFFICE - DAY

Sgt. McCormack knocks twice on Ray's office, then walks in and puts down a few sheets of paper.

### SGT. MCCORMACK

Heard about Ed, lad?

#### RAY

Yeah, I heard about Ed.

A beat.

### SGT. MCCORMACK

Thought you should see this.

The sheets of paper are hospital records of Carlos and Max, Ray flips through, finding pictures of the empty pill bottles, both with David Turner's name on them.

An FBI AGENT walks in.

## FBI AGENT

Hey, man. We're going to lunch.

### RAY

Alright.

Ray gets up and leaves with the man, taking the pictures of the bottles.

# EXT. CVS - LATER

Ray and a few other AGENTS walk down the street.

RAY

On sec, guys. I'll meet you there. I gotta do something real quick.

# INT. CVS - LATER

Ray walks up to the PICK UP section and sees his wife, LISA, 30s, one of the pharmacists.

#### RAY

Hey, Lisa.

LISA Hey, Ray. You didn't tell me you were coming! RAY

Well, it's always good to check up on the old wife, right.

LISA

Mm Hm. It is.

# RAY

Listen, Lis... could you help me out?

Ray hands Lisa the pictures of the pill bottles.

RAY (CONT'D)

Could you tell me what those medications are used for?

## LISA

Mm Hm... Prolixin and Stelazine. Those are antipsycotics.

### RAY

Are they addictive? Can you get high off of them?

LISA Look who wants to know?!

RAY

Heh heh.

## LISA

No. They can make most people feel sick and dizzy. Sometimes little seizures.

#### RAY

Thanks Lisa. Listen, I gotta go, but I'll see you at home.

## LISA

Alright. Oh, by the way, the car's dead, Ray.

# RAY

I'll take it to the shop.

### LISA

No, I already did. The guy said it's done for good.

### RAY

Hm... Well, it was a lemon anyway.

Ray leaves the CVS, the CAMERA follows him outside, we look down to a green-ish lemon rolling across the street.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.