

NARCS N' LUDES

Written By
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FIRST DRAFT -- 3/17/14

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FADE IN:

OVER BLACK, SUPERIMPOSE: "1971, Manhattan, New York."

INT. DRUG ENFORCEMENT ADMINISTRATION, NEW YORK - DAY

SGT. MACCORMACK 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 a drawing of a chubby man, pimples, long curly hair and a scruffy beard. No eyes.

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 to the man.

SKETCH ARTIST

Is this the guy who sold you those
drugs?

MAN

Yeah! Yeah, that's him!

SGT. MACCORMACK

So, where'd ya see this lad?

MAN

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SGT. MACCORMACK

Not at all, no. Did 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.

SGT. MACCORMACK

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

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

SKETCH ARTIST

This the guy Ray's looking for?

SGT. MACCORMACK

Yes, lad, it is.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID TURNER'S OFFICE

DAVID TURNER, 60, a professional looking man sporting salt and pepper hair, adjusts the beautifully framed M.D. hanging on his wall.

David sits down in his office chair when TOMMY FARGO, 40, a fat, ugly man with messy hair, ripped jeans and no shoes, who looks almost exactly like the picture the sketch artist drew walks in, struggling to carry a brown paper bag.

DAVID

How you doin', Tommy?

Tommy plops down on the couch opposite to David.

TOMMY

S'all good, dude. S'all good.

DAVID

Oh, Glad to hear it.

Tommy flashes a grin at David and takes out stacks of money from his paper bag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY

Yeah, you think I'd forget?

Tommy dumps the rest of the money onto the floor.

DAVID

Wow, you got quiet a load there,
Tommy.

TOMMY

Yeah man, it's from Eddie.

David sheepishly smiles at Tommy, then looks at the pile of money on the floor.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Yo, so -- I wasn't really listening
cause I was like high off my ass
but -- Ed said there'd like -- less
than I paid for, ya know?

DAVID

Oh, yeah. You betcha. I'm sorry. We
raised the price just yesterday.

David reaches behind him and grabs a small paper bag, which he hands to Tommy.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(a bit nervous)

Here you are.

Tommy looks a little puzzled when he takes a peak inside the bag.

TOMMY

I thought that like -- I came here
for ludes n' shit. It's just a
bunch of fuckin' papers.

DAVID

You gotta -- you gotta take that to
a pharmacy if you want the drugs.

Tommy looks dumbfound.

TOMMY

A what, dude?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVID

A pharmacy. It's uh... place where you give them those papers and they'll give you those quaaludes you want.

Tommy takes a beat to look at David in astonishment.

TOMMY

Rad.

David smiles at Tommy's idiocy.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

So uh... Ed said that he wanted those papers to be like -- signed with different names n' shit.

DAVID

Oh ya, it's all set. Just remember to give the buyers the papers, not the actually pill box, got it? They'll know what to do with it.

TOMMY

Oh, okay. Just give 'em the paper.

DAVID

Well, Just tell Eddie I said hey, alright?

TOMMY

Yeah, Sure.

Tommy gets up. Just as he opens the door;

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Oh, he also said to like -- not fuck him or whatever. Like, bein' all bad ass, you know?

David looks down a bit scared and smiles.

DAVID

Oh yeah, well... that sounds swell, I guess.

Tommy leaves David, who looks down at the pile of money on the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL - DAY

RAY SCARCELLA, 40, a wiry man with long straight hair, Frank Zappa beard and "circle" sunglasses with enough tint to hide his eyes lays underneath a blonde, trashy HOOKER who is having sex with him.

Coming from the police radio on the night stand, we hear:

VOICE FROM RADIO
Agent Ray Scarcella?

Ray ignores the radio.

VOICE FROM RADIO (CONT'D)
Ray Scarcella.

The hooker turns to the radio, a bit distracted.

HOOKER
Do you need to take it?

RAY
No, no. It's fine, babe.

They go back to having sex.

VOICE FROM RADIO
Ray Scarcella?!

Ray pushes the hooker away from him and answers the radio, still underneath the covers.

RAY
What?!

VOICE FROM RADIO
That guy you wanted?

RAY
I'm in the middle of somethin'.

The Voice from the radio ignores Ray.

VOICE FROM RADIO
He's on 6th Ave.

RAY
Oh, are you fuckin' kidding me
right now?

VOICE FROM RADIO
No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ray puts his hand over his face.

HOOKER
What's up?

Underneath the covers, Ray puts his underpants on.

RAY
Gotta take care of somethin'. DEA
shit, you know?

Ray reaches down below the bed and finds a stack of money, which he tosses at the hooker without looking back.

HOOKER
You do, huh?

Ray dresses in the red suit jacket and tan pants he finds crumpled up on the floor.

RAY
Yep.

Ray grabs his radio and puts it in his jacket pocket. He takes the gun next to it and conceals it in the waistband of his pants.

RAY (CONT'D)
We'll finish when I get back?

HOOKER
I'll be waitin'.

RAY
Don't be. Gonna be a while 'for I
get back.

Ray shuts the door behind him.

CUT TO:

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY
Come on, Tommy, come on.

SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE:

HIGH ANGLE over Tommy walking down the street grasping the paper bag David gave him.

Just as Tommy 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 Tommy walking down the street through the windshield.

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

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

RAY (CONT'D)
Yeah!

Ray fist bumps the air with excitement.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S TOPLESS - LATER

Trashy and deadbeat. In front of each DRUNK PERSON sitting alone at a table, A STRIPPER dances to disco music.

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

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

RAY
Here's five bucks, do somethin',
would ya?

As the stripper gets onto the table and starts dancing, Ray looks over to the right of her at Tommy, who is getting closer to his table.

RAY (CONT'D)
Hey bartender! Get me a beer, if
you would.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARTENDER (O.S.)
Comin' right up!

Ray slaps the stripper on the ass.

RAY
Put a little more into it, will ya?

ANGLE, Tommy is at a table CLOSE TO Ray's booth. He is talking to a MAN.

TOMMY
Yo, sir. Nice to meet you.

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

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Hey, man, it's cool. Just wondering if you wanna buy some ludes, maybe?

MAN
Why, you have some?

TOMMY
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 scotch and gets up.

MAN
I'll give you 20 bucks.

TOMMY
Ah, no, man. You gotta give me 50.

The man gets closer to Tommy.

MAN
Yeah, says who?

TOMMY
My boss, man. Rules are rules, dude.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Yo, sir. Nice to meet you.

Ray shakes Tommy's hand.

RAY

How you doin'?

TOMMY

I'm cool dude. Listen, I was wondering if you wanna like, buy some ludes, you know?

Ray stares at Tommy then pats the stripper.

RAY

Why don'tcha take a quick break, would ya?

The stripper hops off the table.

STRIPPER

25 dollars.

Ray gives the stripper the money. She walks away.

RAY

Like Methaqualone, and shit?

TOMMY

Uh -- sure, dude, whatever.

RAY

You got that on ya?

TOMMY

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'?

TOMMY

Yeah, from like a psychiatrist, you know?

RAY

So straight from the source.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TOMMY

Yeah, man.

Tommy puts his bag down in front of David.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Got 'em in here.

RAY

That is the prescription, of course?

Tommy looks a bit confused.

TOMMY

Yeah.

RAY

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

TOMMY

Ah, that's like confidential, and shit, you know. But, I could give you a prescription or whatever. You take it to a pharmacy and they give you ludes, dude.

RAY

Alright, name your price.

TOMMY

50 bucks for a prescription.

RAY

Well, alrighty then.

Ray takes out his wallet and flashes Tommy a 50 dollar bill, which he takes from Ray.

TOMMY

Alright, you're gonna love this, man!

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

RAY

DEA, you're under arrest!

Tommy drops the bag and puts his hands up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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

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

CUT TO:

TV FOOTAGE

AN ANCHORWOMAN reports the news. In the top-right corner is a picture of a Methaqualone capsule.

ANCHORWOMAN
Based on recent studies, the
popular sedative-hypnotic drug,
Methaqualone, more commonly known
as Quaaludes or ludes, has
increased in Manhattan by 20
percent in just one month...

CUT TO:

INT. RAY SCARCELLA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

The TV footage continues in the background.

LISA SCARCELLA, 35, a dreary, sad face, despite her flamboyant clothes, pops down a tablet of "Lithium" with a glass of water.

Ray walks in and takes off his coat.

LISA
Where where you?

RAY
Workin' late.

LISA
(under her breath)
Bullshit.

Ray sits down at a table, tired.

LISA (CONT'D)
We doin' dinna tonight, or what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY

Yeah, I guess we could, if you want.

Ray looks over at the jar of Lithium.

RAY (CONT'D)

You take dem pills the doctor gave ya?

LISA

Yes! I took the fuckin' pills, Ray Jesus!

RAY

Just gotta make sure, you know, the doctor said to be on top of ya.

LISA

Yeah, fuckin' right. I don't know why the fuck I need these stupid things, anyway. You know, they make me feel like shit!

RAY

Well you better take 'em anyway. It's the new cure for this stuff. If it's good enough for the FDA, it's good enough for you.

LISA

Yeah, what the hell is that supposed to mean, huh.

Ray takes a beat to look at Lisa.

RAY

Just take the fuckin' pill, already.

LISA

I did before you came in.

RAY

'For I came in?

LISA

Yes, before you came in, Ray. Yes, before you came in!

Ray looks at Lisa again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAY
Lemme count the box.

LISA
I took the god damn pills, Ray!

RAY
Lemme count 'em, then!

LISA
You don't need to count the box,
Ray!

RAY
The doctor said that if I don't see
you take dem pills, I have to count
the box! T' Make sure you take 'em.

LISA
I took them, Ray!

Lisa slams the pill jar of Lithium in front of Ray. He counts them carefully and pushes them aside.

RAY
Alright. That's what I like to see.

LISA
Where are we going to dinner?

RAY
I don't know, Lisa. I don't fuckin'
know.

LISA
Fine, we'll just starve!

Lisa storms out of the kitchen, upset. Ray puts his hand over his head.

RAY
Dear mother of god.

The phone rings. Just as Ray gets up to get it, the ringing stops. When he sits back down, we hear:

LISA (O.S.)
Ray, it's for you!

Ray picks up the telephone, annoyed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RAY
Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. DRUG ENFORCEMENT ADMINISTRATION, NEW YORK

Sgt. Maccormack is on the other end looking at the drawing the sketch artist did of Tommy.

SGT. MACCORMACK
Ray?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED.

RAY
Whatcha need, Sarg?

SGT. MACCORMACK
The Tommy lad is ready to talk.

RAY
Be over in a sec, then.

Ray hangs up the telephone and yells to the second floor.

RAY (CONT'D)
I gotta work thing to do so I guess
we will have to starve!

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID TURNER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

David sits at his kitchen table while he reviews a psych test for one of his patients, taking notes.

David turns around when MICHAEL, 7, strolls in.

DAVID
Hey Micheal.

MICHAEL
Hi, Dad.

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

MICHAEL
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

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!

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVID

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

Michael walks off. David turns back to his work when on the FAX MACHINE, a message slowly comes out. It says:

"Three Days. 9 O'clock. Meet at the dock."

CUT TO:

INT. DRUG ENFORCEMENT ADMINISTRATION - INTERROGATION ROOM

Behind the ONE-WAY MIRROR, we see Tommy sitting on the floor, playing with a deck of cards.

Sgt. Maccormack and Ray watch him, closely.

RAY

Did he give anythin' to us, or --?

SGT. MACCORMACK

Nobody talks to me, Raymond.

RAY

That motherfucker cares who he talks to?

SGT. MACCORMACK

Apparently. Go check it out, will ya?

Ray opens the heavy door to the ROOM and walks in with a MCDONALDS BAG, which he tosses at Tommy.

RAY

You Hungry, boy?

Tommy looks at the bag, upset.

TOMMY

No. But I could use some weed, though.

Ray smiles, then looks at Tommy like he's stupid.

RAY

I'm a fuckin' DEA agent.

TOMMY

Yeah, so you must have some, then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ray looks at Tommy with his eyes wide open.

RAY
You take Methaqualone, Tommy?
Methaqualone, like -- Quaaludes.
Lemons. 714. You know.

Tommy doesn't answer.

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

TOMMY
I've taken it a couple times.

RAY
And how's that compared to
marijuana? Weed. Bob Marley shit,
you know?

TOMMY
S'all right, I guess.

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

Tommy 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?

Tommy shakes his head.

RAY (CONT'D)
They give it out for anxiety, I
think.

Ray laughs.

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 Tommy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAY (CONT'D)

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

Ray smiles at Tommy.

TOMMY

Yeah, man. That's fucked up, n' all but, in that like thing 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 missed dinner with my wife for your ass, here.

TOMMY

I'm sorry, dude.

RAY

You know, I've been following you for a long time.

TOMMY

Oh wow, man.

RAY

Yeah, a fuckin' long time. I noticed you because you don't tend to give out ludes.

Tommy looks a bit clueless to what Ray is saying.

RAY (CONT'D)

You give out prescriptions, I've noticed.

Ray takes out one of Tommy's prescriptions from his pocket and looks at it close.

RAY (CONT'D)

Who's Mike Crest?

TOMMY

My psychiatrist. I have like -- serious anxiety and shit, you know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Tommy sounds totally high when he's saying this.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

So like, I'm really stressed out,
you know? And uh... I really need
those ludes to keep me from having
like... a nervous breakdown.

Ray is not humored by Tommy.

RAY

Your doctor gave you a hundred
boxes of quaaludes?

TOMMY

Yeah, dude. I'm like really
stressed out right now.

RAY

They were all signed with different
names.

TOMMY

Uh, How many names were there
again?

RAY

120.

TOMMY

Oh right! I have like -- 120
doctors n' shit you know. Like I
said before: I'm really --

RAY

Shut up.

Tommy does.

RAY (CONT'D)

Look, Tommy. I know a liar when I
see one. You don't need to bull
shit me, here, alright?

TOMMY

Alright.

RAY

Where'd you get those pills?

Tommy doesn't answer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RAY (CONT'D)

Alright.

Ray exits the room and goes back BEHIND THE ONE WAY MIRROR, where he talks to Sgt. Maccormack.

SGT. MACCORMACK

You wanna push him harder, or--?

RAY

He ain't worth a fuckin' rats ass. I -- I want that doctor, Sarg. Put 'em on the team, or should we not?

SGT. MACCORMACK

It's your team, Raymond. But, I wouldn't want that bogtrotter any day.

RAY

He ain't gonna do shit in front of a judge. We don't need him. We need that fuckin' doctor. That's who matters here!

SGT. MACCORMACK

Your call, Raymond.

Ray takes a beat to think again, then nods.

RAY

Let's do it.

Ray walks back into the room with Sgt. Maccormack. Sgt. Maccormack walks over to Tommy and puts his hand out for him to shake.

SGT. MACCORMACK

Sgt. Maccormack. Nice to meet you.

Tommy looks at his hand and gives him a "bro handshake." Maccormack tries to go along with the fist bump.

TOMMY

Sup, bro.

Sgt. Maccormack pulls up a chair to Tommy and leans in close.

SGT. MACCORMACK

You know your gonna get charges for this, right, Tommy? Big charges.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

TOMMY

Aw man, man. That sounds like a lot of shit to deal with that I don't have time for, you know.

SGT. MACCORMACK

Well, it'd be right for you to know that we can drop those charges.

TOMMY

Really, man?!

SGT. MACCORMACK

Well, don't get too excited, now. If you give us the man who gave you these prescriptions, we'll turn a blind eye to your crime.

Tommy takes a beat to think hard. He looks up at Ray and Sgt. Maccormack with intense, serious eyes, like ones we've never seen Tommy display.

TOMMY

David Turner.

Maccormack and Ray exchange glances, look at Tommy. In BIG LETTERS OVER BLACK, we SUPERIMPOSE the film's title:

Narks N' Ludes

CUT TO:

INT. DRUG ENFORCEMENT ADMINISTRATION, NEW YORK -
CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Ray loads the slide projector with images. AN ENSEMBLE OF 20 DEA AGENTS, including Sgt. Maccormack, watch the presentation in the dark room.

A MUGSHOT OF TOMMY and all of his basic information is illuminated onto the board in the front.

RAY

As we all know, there's been a Methaqualone boost in Manhattan recently. And uh... according to what we have from the drug dealer shown here, the psychiatrist fueling that boost is named David Turners.

A PASSPORT PHOTO OF DAVID is brought up onto the screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY (CONT'D)

He was a Harvard Graduate and now, to what we have from our source is that he charges 45 dollars for one prescription of Quaaludes.

A YOUNG DEA AGENT in the back raises his hand. Ray points to him.

RAY (CONT'D)

Yes sir?

AGENT

Is it possible that he's working for some sort of mob boss or drug lord? I mean, like -- forced into this -- by someone?

RAY

Yes sir, I wouldn't doubt it. We still have to investigate our new source further.

AGENT

OK.

RAY

He does sign the prescriptions with different names, as well. Commonly Michael Crest and Al Dillon. Those seem to be his most used aliases. So, uh... I'd like you to all keep an eye out for any a' this and report anything you happen to see or hear to me or Sargent Maccormack.

After a long beat of waiting, Ray watches the officers leave their seats.

CUT TO:

INT. RAY SCARCELLA'S OFFICE

Ray looks through the PHONE BOOK until he finds that listed is 5 David Turners.

OFFICER CONNER walks by the office.

RAY

Conner?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER CONNER

Yeah?

RAY

Can you take a look at this?

Officer Conner looks at the phone book.

RAY (CONT'D)

You were at my meeting, right?
Which one's my David Turner?

Officer Conner looks at the book and points.

OFFICER CONNER

Right here. Got that "M.D." at the
end. That makes him a doctor.

RAY

Well, you're Darn tootin'.

As Conner leaves, Ray writes down the phone number of the David Turner with the suffix "M.D." at the end the name, then his address.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAVID TURNER'S HOUSE - DAY

Ray parks his Chevy Impala in front, cracks his knuckles and takes out the prescriptions.

He gets out and looks at the modest, brick townhouse like he's never seen anything like it.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT HALLWAY

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY

Tell 'em it's the DEA, 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 DEA.

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

RAY (CONT'D)

Mid 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVID

Oh, no. I meant something like orange juice or apple cider. It's good for the brain, you know!

RAY

No.

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 in the news. Real big deal, 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 patient of mine, if you must know.

RAY

We must.

DAVID

Well, Alrighty then.

RAY

How long 's he been a patient of yours?

David pushes back in his chair farther.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DAVID

Well. I'd say about a month, 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 DEA.

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'd have to call the police if he was. The police-police. Not the -- DEA-police.

Ray looks at David with mean eyes.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I -- I can understand how I am being sort of a -- up in the down 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 I, wouldn't it be?

Ray looks at David again. He takes out the stack of prescriptions that David prescribed Tommy and hands them to David.

RAY

Did you give him these, or somethin' like it?

David looks at the stack with big eyes and a huge smile.

DAVID

That's quiet the load there!

David flips through the prescriptions, puzzled.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Michael Crest, Al Dillon, Gene --, If it were me givin' it to 'em I would of signed 'em, now. Wouldn't I 've?

David gives Ray the prescriptions back.

DAVID (CONT'D)

If you'd like, Tommy could sign a privacy form, and I'd give ya all you'd like but I don't think he'd go for it, ya know. I think it's best ya find another source.

Ray takes one last glance at David, who just smiles back at him.

Ray gets up and towers over David.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

RAY
You're a psychiatrist, right?

DAVID
Oh, yes sir, I am.

RAY
You should see my wife some time.
She's Bi-Polar.

DAVID
Will do. Just tell her to give me a
call.

Ray nods and leaves without saying anything.

David sits back down and relaxes, breathes in and out with relief. Then he panics. He pushes himself so far back in his chair that it BREAKS.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Oh, hell!

He falls to the ground, banging his head.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Jesus!

He is left in the pile of bits and pieces of his chair.

CUT TO:

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 falling off the chair.

CUT TO:

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

David looks down at A MAN'S prescription. It is for Valium. There is a small drop of blood and Carlos's signature "Snake Eye" sticker on it.

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.

CUT TO:

LATER

David gives the PHARMACIST his prescription. He 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.

CUT TO:

I./E. DAVID'S CAR

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

David looks over at it and then back at the road --

Then back at the pills.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID TURNER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

David takes the Oxycodone with a glass of water.

The phone rings, startling David. He picks it up and hears Ed Greene on the other end:

ED GREENE (V.O.)

David?

DAVID

Ya? Oh, hi there Eddie. How ya doin'?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED GREENE (V.O.)
Tommy Fargo. He's in the slammer,
apparently.

DAVID
Oh, well, now. That can't be good,
can it?

ED GREENE (V.O.)
Don't give him anymore ludes, got
it?

DAVID
Oh ya, real good.

Ed hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. RAY SCARCELLA'S OFFICE - DAY

Tommy walks in and sits down in a chair. Ray looks up at him
and turns on the tape recorder lying on his desk.

RAY
What'cha got, Tommy boy?

TOMMY
I don't know, dude. Was I supposed
to prepare for this?

RAY
This the David Turner guy?

Ray takes out a picture of David.

TOMMY
Yeah, that's totally him, man. Can
I smoke in here?

RAY
Feel free.

Tommy starts to roll himself a cigarette.

RAY (CONT'D)
So, I talked to him. He Can't give
me anything on you cause of --

Ray stops and sniffs, coughs when his breaths in Tommy's
smoke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY (CONT'D)
Is that weed?!

Tommy nods, not seeing what's wrong.

RAY (CONT'D)
Put that out!

Ray swipes the joint out of Tommy's mouth and throws in the trash.

RAY (CONT'D)
How many prescriptions did he give you in total?

TOMMY
I'd say by now like 500, maybe.

RAY
Does he work for anybody?

TOMMY
I think so. When I went to talk to him, I asked for some ludes, then he told me to do somethin' with a guy named like -- Ed Greene, you know? So then like --

RAY
Ed Greene?

TOMMY
Yah, dude.

Ray looks petrified.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
So, he told me he'd call back. Then, a couple days later he did and I went to the docks in Staten Island and I met the guy, you know? Ed Greene. So, I went back and he started to give me like -- all these papers for ludes! And, I sold 'em. Then you caught me on my second trip, man!

RAY
(not really asking.
Telling.)
You wanna wear a wire to his office, Tommy? You know, like -- undercover?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOMMY

Yeah, man, but I can't, you know?
When I got arrested, Ed cut me off
from David. I mean, I could like --
talk to him about my feelings, and
shit?

Ray takes a beat to look at Tommy.

RAY

No.

Tommy scratches his head.

CUT TO:

INT. SGT. MACCORMACK'S OFFICE

Ray bursts into the office. Sgt. Maccormack looks up at him,
unexpectedly.

RAY

Sarg?

Ray sits down in the chair at Maccormack's desk. Maccormack
folds his hands and looks up at Ray.

SGT. MACCORMACK

When will the young lad go to
Turner's office?

RAY

He ain't goin' to Turner's office.
He's cut off.

SGT. MACCORMACK

Hm. Sounds like he's more useless
than his first impression, Isn't
he? I'll get an agent for you right
away.

Sgt. Maccormack stands up and grabs his papers. Quickly, Ray
stops him.

RAY

N-N-No. This ain't a job for an
undercover.

Maccormack sits back down, listening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY (CONT'D)

No. You need a guy who matches the description, here.

SGT. MACCORMACK

A man who sees a psychiatrist?

RAY

You need a guy with background. You need a guy, who if you ask him what medication he's on, he gives you an answer. You need a guy who -- If you ask what hospital he just came from, he'll tell ya. And, if you look up his name, you'll see everything he just gave you. We don't have time to create that, Sarg. You know who this doc's workin' for? Eddie Greene.

Sgt. Maccormack seems more interested.

SGT. MACCORMACK

You know, people who are mildly stressed go to these types of people --

RAY

That's gonna come off as weird! If you were a doctor, and a guy asked you to be his drug dealer, and he was mildly stressed, would you trust him? You need someone -- who's unstable.

SGT. MACCORMACK

You may not use a mental patient to take down a drug lord! You were you thinking of anyway?!

After a long beat, Ray looks up at Sgt. Maccormack, a little nervous to say;

RAY

My wife's Bi-Polar?

CUT TO:

INT. RAY SCARCELLA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

LISA

No!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lisa takes down her daily pill with a glass of water while Ray, with a begging look on his face, talks to Lisa.

RAY

Lisa, you got records at hospitals and pharmacies. You could do it! Think about it for a sec, will ya?

LISA

I am not involving myself with some sort of creepy, drug dealing doctor and a -- mobster for you!

RAY

It's not hard, Lisa. If you can get him to give you one prescription, he'll be done for! That's it, Lisa! That's it.

LISA

I read about these guy's in the news, Ray. They're dangerous!

RAY

He's a fuckin' psychiatrist. Nobody who goes to Harvard is dangerous!

LISA

I don't care about the fucking doctor! Look:

Lisa trots over to the Kitchen Table and picks up a newspaper and hands it over to Ray.

The heading is: "MURDER IN CENTRAL PARK. ED GREENE: PRIME SUSPECT."

RAY

There's gonna be back up!

Ray throws the newspaper in the trash.

RAY (CONT'D)

Lisa, just sit down.

Lisa calms herself and sits down in front of Ray.

RAY (CONT'D)

Lisa, you've gotta hear me out. You fit the description for this. We -- look:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ray takes out a photocopied picture of David's quaalude prescriptions and show it to Lisa.

RAY (CONT'D)

These are fake names, Lisa. They're fake. And, we found the guy! We just need to prove it, that's all. We just need to prove that it's him!

LISA

These are phoney?

RAY

No. Just the names. The names he signed it under are phoney- fuckin'- baloney. We just gotta prove it.

Lisa looks down at the pictures of fake name.

RAY (CONT'D)

I'll be by yer side. Right next to ya.

LISA

But, I won't be able to see you.

RAY

I'll be there. I promise.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAVID TURNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

In his car, Ray watches the entrance to the building, closely, with his radio held closely to his mouth.

A Cheech and Chong skit plays on the radio.

RAY

Come on, come on.

From a far, we see David walk out of the building, wrapped up in a trench coat and carrying a briefcase.

RAY (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)

Move in.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID TURNER'S OFFICE

The lights are off. The room is dark and empty.

The knob on the door to the room shakes twice. After a beat, we can see a credit card slide the lock open.

The door is pushed open by Sgt. Maccormack, 3 DEA AGENTS behind him, holding SOUND RECORDING DEVICES.

SGT. MACCORMACK
Get those dohickeys up n' running,
lads.

The agents move quickly to set up the recorders.

SGT. MACCORMACK (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)
Raymond, you wanna come on up?

RAY (V.O.)
I'm fine as hell in here.

DEA AGENT #1
How 'bout one in the flower jar,
huh?

Sgt. Maccormack puts his radio away and heads over to DEA AGENT #2, who is setting up a radio behind a bookshelf.

SGT. MACCORMACK
Those things run outta battery?

DEA AGENT #2
They won't be on yet.

SGT. MACCORMACK
How do you plan to turn 'em on?

DEA AGENT #2
When Ray's wife comes in, click a
button. Turns it on from a mile
away.

SGT. MACCORMACK
Well, isn't that so. Hm.

DEA AGENT #2
First time I've used one.

CUT TO:

I./E. RAY'S 1968 CHEVY IMPALA

Ray relaxes in his car, feet kicked up onto the dashboard.

His eyes light up. Ray sees David Turner power walking back into the building. Ray gets on his radio, immediately.

RAY
Sarg?!

SGT. MACCORMACK (V.O.)
Yes, Raymond?

RAY
He's comin' back up.

SGT. MACCORMACK (V.O.)
I'm sorry?

RAY
He's comin' back up!

INT. DAVID TURNER'S OFFICE

Sgt. Maccormack bursts up, interrupting everybody.

SGT. MACCORMACK
He's coming back up here!

The agents turn to him.

DEA AGENT #3
What?

Sgt. Maccormack looks around, nervously.

SGT. MACCORMACK
Abort!

DEA AGENT #3
We -- We can't --

SGT. MACCORMACK
Abort, god damn it!

The agents looks around, confused, nervous. Agent 2 pops his head up. We hear the sounds of footsteps, getting louder and louder.

Agent 2 runs over to the door and locks it, turns the lights off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The agents and Maccormack run into a nearby closet as we hear the sound of the keys in the door.

SGT. MACCORMACK (CONT'D)
Shut up and don't make a bloody
sound.

David walks into his office and takes a handful of prescriptions from his bag, throws them into the trash.

David takes out his prescription pad from his pocket and writes a new prescription -- for Tamaflu.

END OF PART 1