

"MY PRISCILLA"

Story by

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Screenplay by

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PROLOGUE

FADE IN on a close-up of a young man's face. He is in his early twenties and has a strange pompadour style haircut, reminiscent of Elvis Presley or James Dean, though his hair is light blonde. Only his head is seen and he looks us intently in the eye.

The soft static sounds of some kind of machinery hum in the background.

[Polish]

YOUNG MAN

I don't really know why I should tell you all this, seeing as you can't understand a word of Polish.

(beat)

But there's something liberating in that, I think. Something that makes me able to tell you these things...things that I never speak of with anyone.

(he looks down and then up again)

Or maybe it's that I love you and I know that even though these words may not break through at this moment in a literal sense, on a deeper level you'll understand.

Fade to television static.

1 EXT. AN OLD UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - LATE AFTERNOON

SUPER: Opening title sequence.

The sound of echoing, heavy footsteps.

Fade in on a few students scurrying into old, gothic, academic-looking buildings on a university campus. The clock in a nearby tower, terribly out of tune, chimes four times.

There is snow on the rooftops and frost in the windows. This place looks run down and almost desolate, but perhaps was once glorious. A few windows are hastily boarded up.

Various shots of the eerily beautiful campus. A light snow is falling.

Several communist propaganda posters are on the walls in a language we might not immediately recognize.

A few pages of newspaper flutter through.

A group of three riot policemen march across the quadrangle. It is their heavy footsteps that are resonating off the stone building walls and cobbled walkways.

They are completely homogenous and austere. All carry semi-automatic rifles.

[Polish]

VOICEOVER

(a man's voice is speaking in a matter-of-fact and pleasant fashion for a while; no subtitles)
That's right. But of course no one could've guessed what would happen next...

Footsteps continue to echo as shot pans away from the police and towards one of the stone buildings.

CUT TO a large lecture hall.

The rustle of pages turning and muffled movements, coughs, etc.; subtle audience noises.

V.O. (CONT'D)

(louder now)
or what the later implications would be for the Soviet satellite states...

Pan across portraits of Marx, Stalin, Lenin, Trotsky, etc. lining the wall above the lectern.

Drop down to the lectern, where we see the voice is that of a professor giving a lecture. He is SZYMON GOGOLEWSKI.

End opening title sequence.

He is about forty with slightly ruffled hair and wearing a tweed jacket and a loosened tie. His sleeves are rolled up as he continues speaking.

SUPER:

Warsaw, Poland

(Beat)
February 1982

To his immediate right, seated at an old writing desk, is a bespectacled and mustachioed teaching assistant. This is STANISLAW. He is in his mid-to-late twenties and very bookish and frail in appearance.

SZYMON

But I want to change gears here for a moment and talk about a related topic. And that is the race riots in the United States in the 1960s. Recall what we discussed about Martin Luther King, Jr.

As Szymon speaks, he is very animated and enthusiastic, his left hand gripping the lectern while his right hand punctuates his lively speech pattern. Unless we are Polish speakers, we cannot understand what he is saying, as there are still no subtitles.

He pushes his over-sized glasses back onto the bridge of his nose and clears his throat.

SZYMON

(finally, English subtitles begin)
For one, there were terrible riots in the black neighborhoods of most of the major cities in America. But one major exception was the city of Boston, where pop singer James Brown was playing a concert. Remember that this was the day after the assassination took place. Do you all know who James Brown is?

Reverse angle; from lectern to Szymon's perspective of the entire hall, which has a capacity of several hundred, although perhaps only 30 students are in attendance.

The students look around at each other, but say nothing, save a slight murmur of vague recognition. A male student scratches the back of his head as he looks around nervously.

Towards the back of the lecture hall, behind most of the students, we see a large man in a dark suit, perhaps in his late thirties. There is a badge on the breast of his

jacket. He looks extremely dour and is taking notes on a pad.

Return to audience perspective. Flipping the switch on an ancient and fragile projector to Stanislaw's left, between himself and Szymon, Stanislaw puts on a slide of a black and white close-up photo of James Brown in concert, apparently from the night in question.

CLOSE UP of shot of slide. The projector buzzes precariously. James' hair is uncharacteristically natural, i.e., not chemically straightened, and he has a small soul-patch on his chin. He wears tight dark pants, a dark mock turtleneck, and pointy go-go boots. He seems to be talking earnestly with the crowd more than singing to them.

SZYMON

(in highly articulated English;
subtitles stop)

"The Hardest Working Man in Show
Business"

(back to Polish; subtitles
resume),
they call him.

A few members of the class laugh slightly and somewhat indecisively at the sudden use of English, as if their instinct is to laugh but they stop themselves short. Someone else coughs, as if to break the awkward silence.

Cut back to audience perspective of Szymon.

He pauses briefly and the students catch up taking notes. He clears his throat again.

SZYMON (CONT'D)

Well, the local officials realized that James Brown's appeal to the black youth of the city might help. They knew that someone like him, someone with iconic status, could quell the kind of looting and rioting that the rest of the nation... well, that many of the other cities were seeing in response to the tragic loss of such an influential spiritual and political leader. So, they broadcast the concert on the local

public television station so those who didn't have a ticket could stay at home to watch and keep away from the streets. And it worked. The city was safe that night thanks to James Brown...or perhaps we would say here in Poland that it was thanks to the power of the broadcast media in America to pacify and further marginalize the marginalized. Regardless, violence was averted because of pop music, if you can believe it.

He clicks the projector remote and shows another picture of the James Brown concert, this one further from the stage, a close-up, which confirms Szymon's explanation of the event.

SZYMON (CONT'D)

(slowly, phonetically in English;
subtitles stop)

"The Godfather of Soul."

(beat)

Shot of blank, nervous, and confused looks on several students' faces. One looks behind herself.

Cut back to Szymon.

SZYMON (CONT'D)

(subtitles resume)

The plea to his fellow black Americans that they react nonviolently to such a violent gesture is just one example of the tactics of civil disobedience that Martin Luther King preached as an activist.

He pauses and takes a drink of water from a glass on the lectern. He clears his throat. He scans the audience briefly, from his right to left, hesitantly, maybe even nervously. He seems wary of what he is saying as his lips tighten slightly.

He takes another brief pause and scans the audience.

He clears his throat one more time.

SZYMON (CONT'D)

Now then. Does anyone have a question
at this point?

(beat)

Perhaps you, sir.

(he points to the older man in the
suit)

Stanislaw the TA perks up and looks at Szymon quizzically.

SZYMON (CONT'D)

Maybe you have a question.

Reverse angle. The man looks up from his notepad, shocked
to be called out. He looks around nervously, scowls, and
shakes his head hesitantly. His lips are pursed tightly.

SZYMON (CONT'D)

No? Isn't that why you came to today's
class? To learn about the Civil Rights
movement?

MAN

Um...I am not a student, sir. Please go
on with teaching the class.

Cut back to Szymon, who has come out from behind the
lectern.

SZYMON

Oh, so I figured for sure you were a
university student, what with your
notepad and all. I guess I was wrong.
(beat)

Well then, does anyone else have any
questions about this material?

Back to audience.

The man slowly closes his notebook, gets up from his seat,
and makes his way to the steps and towards the door.

About five seconds of silence. Someone sneezes. The door
closes.

One student timidly raises her hand. The rest are
completely silent.

SZYMON

Yes, go ahead.

The door slams somewhat loudly, but the students don't turn around, as if trying to ignore the awkwardness.

STUDENT #1

(clearly trying to avoid the awkward situation)

Yes, Professor...I would like to know, has anything really changed in America in the time since then? Are the Blacks and other minorities now seen even slightly differently as a result of the Civil Rights Movement, or is it still more of an ongoing battle between them and the white status quo for their basic rights?

Back to Szymon.

SZYMON

(just barely refocusing his attention on the student after having watched the man leave the room)

It's a complicated issue, but some things have changed in terms of...

A bell rings loudly, cutting him off mid-sentence. All the students start to pack their things up.

SZYMON (CONT'D)

(he snaps back to the class, speaking more loudly over the hubbub)

That's all for this time, everyone. Don't forget we have an exam one week from today, next Friday, so please don't forget to do the reading if you want to be prepared. I want to see much higher marks this time. All right? Have a nice weekend, my friends. Take care of yourselves.

Everyone stands up and starts to clear out of the lecture hall. Almost a dozen students start to come up to the lectern to talk to Szymon. Before they get to him, he begins to pack up his papers, etc. and puts them into a

leather briefcase.

The brave female student from a moment earlier has almost forcibly made her way to the front of the line. She edges in front of a bewildered, slow-looking young man with a stubbly beard.

STUDENT #1

Professor, I was wondering if I would be able to ask you a few questions about the material that will be on next week's exam.

She is very attractive. She stares at him intently, slightly biting at her lower lip.

Szymon nonchalantly keeps packing his things. He smiles, but is still not making eye contact with her as he busies himself.

SZYMON

I don't think you have anything to worry about, Teresa. You've been at the very top of the class since the beginning of the semester. And you're one of the few students who ever ask questions during the lectures.

TERESA

Yes, but I want to make sure I'm...
(the timbre of her voice turns almost sultry)
prepared.

Szymon stops rustling his bag abruptly and takes an almost put-out yet still light-hearted look at her as if to say, "Come on, now".

SZYMON

Ms. Ignatowski, why don't you come see me during office hours on Monday for any questions you may have, all right? For the moment you're going to have to let some of your classmates here have a chance to find out how they might be able to salvage a passing grade in this class. And please, have a nice weekend. Try and enjoy it.

She smiles along with Szymon, realizing she's being too pushy and perhaps inappropriate.

TERESA

All right, Professor. Thanks. I hope you have a nice weekend also.

She steps aside and walks towards the door at the right wing of the lecture platform, which Szymon is facing away from as the bewildered male student approaches him.

SZYMON

(compassionately)
Ah, Pawel, you made it today. Good. Have you gotten a copy of the textbook yet?

PAWEL

(no subtitles; apparently a rapid-fire litany of excuses with dramatic hand gestures)

Szymon maintains his affable smile, squints his eyes, shakes his head, and places a hand on Pawel's shoulder, exasperated but still good-humored.

PAWEL (CONT'D)

(now with subtitles)
...and you know how much I want to be a good Party member, so I had to miss a few classes to attend the meetings and, and rallies...and then I had to wait in line for over, about, almost three hours to get some groceries for my mother...

2 EXT. THE CAMPUS QUADRANGLE - A short WHILE LATER

The sun is setting.

Szymon is wearing a brown overcoat, a well-worn brown fedora, and is carrying his briefcase as he walks across the quadrangle with Stanislaw, who is also bundled up for the cold.

STANISLAW

You know, you really shouldn't have pulled a stunt like that, Szymon.

Szymon takes a look at him.

SZYMON

(playfully)

What? What did I do? I thought that guy really was a graduate student!

STANISLAW

Oh, come on. You knew that was a party representative the second he sat down in the middle of the lecture. He had a badge on!

SZYMON

Ah yes. A badge.

STANISLAW

You know that you - we - could get fired or worse for this kind of thing, right?

Szymon stops walking and gives Stanislaw a stern look. Stanislaw continues a few steps ahead and then stops to look back at Szymon.

SZYMON

I don't want to drag you into anything that makes you uncomfortable,

Staislaw shrugs.

SZYMON (CONT'D)

Stanislaw, but the way I teach my class is by keeping it free of ridiculous bias and party politics. That's the only way I know how to do it. That's the only way I can stand to do it.

STANISLAW

I know, it's just...I wish you would tone it down a little bit sometimes. You really walk a fine line. Think about all the riots. This is martial law, sir. People are afraid to leave their houses. Now more than ever we need to be careful. Like the off-campus classes. Those need to stop before we

get caught.

CUT TO a close-up of the government official from earlier in a parked but running black sedan. He is looking out his opened window towards Szymon and Stanislaw. A wisp of exhaust trails behind it in the winter cold.

Stanislaw and Szymon continue to talk, we see, but the words are inaudible from this distance.

Wide aerial shot of the entire quad (including the bordering street on which the sedan is parked) as Szymon and Stanislaw continue to walk off the campus. The black sedan peels away.

Return to original close shot of Szymon and Stanislaw. They do not seem to have noticed anything.

STANISLAW

Yeah...I trust you, but please be careful what you say, especially in front of these party goons. You know my experience with them. I'm telling you this as a friend..

Stanislaw looks around for a moment, collecting himself, and wipes his nose with the sleeve of his ratty, second-hand Soviet pea coat. Szymon is looking at him with a slight grin of understanding on his face.

STANISLAW

(he relaxes his tone)

Anyway, I have to get going. I have a date tonight.

SZYMON

Ah! How nice! Who's the lucky lady?

STANISLAW

Her name?

Szymon opens his palms and grimaces as if to say, "Yes! Of course her name."

STANISLAW (CONT'D)

Well, her name is Karolina. She's an artist, actually. She makes the layouts, you know, for the propaganda

posters, just to get by, but you should see her oil paintings actually. They're incredible. Except she only shows me those.

SZYMON

(jockishly, slapping him on the back)

Or so she tells you. *Une artiste* [in French]! Sounds like quite the handful, my boy. Artists tend to keep you on your toes like that. I should know. I married one, for Christ's sake! Best of luck to you. I hope you get to see more of those...uh, oil paintings.

He pats him on the back again.

STANISLAW

(smiling, trying to keep up with Szymon's speedy banter)

Thank you, sir. Uh, I hope so too. Have a nice weekend yourself...get some rest... Say hello to your own *artiste*...and the little pop star...for me.

SZYMON

Of course.

They shake hands and part ways.

3 EXT. THE RAVAGED STREETS OF MARTIAL LAW ERA WARSAW - SOON LATER

Intercut between Warsaw's wintry and bleak landscape and Szymon's conversely sprightly stroll down the streets. He walks past a few storefronts - old, run-down shops, some with just a few kielbasas and other dried up meats hanging in the windows.

A few people are wandering around. They seem angry, depressed, or otherwise in a bad way.

A pair of stone-faced riot policemen linger on a corner holding their rifles.

There is a long line outside of a building whose sign reads *Papier toaletowy*. As patrons exit the store, they are

carrying a few rolls of toilet paper each, which they immediately cram into their bags and pockets.

He makes his way up to the large front door of a medium-sized apartment building.

Faint sounds of music playing from within.

All is gray, dim, and drab.

The sound of water dripping from the ceiling.

Szymon walks down the hall and notices his neighbor. She is around 65, wearing a babushka, and is sweeping up in front of her own door as he takes his keys out.

The louder but still muffled sounds of music are emanating from within his apartment.

SZYMON

(playfully)

Oh, hello, Mrs. Kajonka. And how are you this fine Friday evening?

He waits for her to respond with a goofy, maniacal look on his face.

She stops sweeping and scowls at him.

SZYMON (CONT'D)

That's so lovely to hear! I'm also well.

MRS. KAJONKA

Let me clean in peace, you.

SZYMON

Sorry I can't stop to chat longer! I smell pierogies...

Mrs. Kajonka begins mumbling angrily. Szymon opens his door.

The intro to "Marie's the Name" by Elvis Presley is clearly playing as Szymon walks through the tiny foyer.

The apartment is small and cramped, but warm and comfortable, with piles of books and a few old family photos up against and on the walls, respectively.

A few watercolor paintings hang on the wall.

Pan over still more books piled almost to the ceiling in some places. Most are Polish, some English or Russian.

As the music plays, cut to slow pan up from a pair of small feet in blue suede shoes. The feet are dancing on an old oriental rug. The black metal base of an old microphone stand is to one side.

Continue on a slow pan up to matching sky blue, polyester suit pants - now gyrating intensely to the music - and up to the rest of the blue suit with black trimming.

Zoom out to a whole body shot of a young boy about seven, EDWARD "EDDIE" GOGOLEWSKI, dressed like a young Elvis Presley to a tee. His blonde hair is styled into a meticulously combed, over-sized pompadour. He cradles an old-timey, square-ish microphone in one hand and rocks the stand back and forth.

He is lip-synching to the lyrics:

ELVIS PRESLEY/THE HI-FI

(song lyrics as Eddie lip-synchs
along and dances)

"...and Marie's the name
of his latest flame..."

Cut to Szymon. He quickly kisses and then sits down on the sofa next to a woman, his wife, ANIELA, who is a little younger than him, around 30. She is a pretty, blue-eyed brunette and is wearing plain but comfortable house clothes, a red bandana, and a white apron.

A watercolor landscape of Graceland hangs above the sofa.

Various portraits and concert posters of young Elvis adorn the walls.

SZYMON

(softly to Aniela as they're both
watching Eddie)

Have I missed much?

ANIELA

(even softer than her husband;
almost whispering)

No, no. This is his first song. You're just in time.

She takes his much larger right hand into both of her own.

Back to Eddie. Remainder of song plays out as Eddie hams it up with sneers, gyrating dance moves, mic stand dips, twists, and other Elvis-like gestures.

He ends with a flourish of forearm rotations with his right index and middle fingers pointed at his parents.

He is panting as the turntable needle hits the end of the record's grooves and rhythmically beats over the silence.

SZYMON

(after a beat of silence;
whistling and clapping)

Excellent! Bravo, my boy!

He and Aniela, who is also clapping and cheering, both stand up from their seats. Eddie bows courteously.

EDDIE

(Elvis-sneering, jerking his head,
and in heavily accented English)

Zhank you. Zhank you very much.

Aniela keeps on clapping happily as Szymon palms Eddie's head and rubs it approvingly.

A few more moments of adulation and applause until it dies down as Aniela holds both of Eddie's hands.

She lets go.

ANIELA

(happily slapping her own thighs
with both hands)

Well then. Let's eat!

4 INT. THE GOGOLEWSKIS' KITCHEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The kitchen is small but cozy like the rest of the apartment. It is neat and tidy, and somewhat plain.

Szymon and Eddie sit at a small table in the middle of the room as Aniela brings over a dish of kielbasa, pierogies, sauerkraut, etc. from the stove.

ANIELA

(placing the dish in the center of
the small table)

Here you are, my men.

She sits down gracefully, still wearing her apron.

Eddie and Szymon each take a piece of kielbasa and some of
the sauerkraut and other condiments and side dishes.

EDDIE

Thank you, mama.

ANIELA

You're very welcome.

(she busies herself with cutting
her own food)

How was class today, Szymka?

SZYMON

(also cutting his kielbasa, not
looking up)

Oh, well, kind of interesting. So I was
giving the lecture when all of a sudden
this party representative comes in
right at the middle of it. Just comes
right in and sits down, like he's a
student coming in late.

(takes a bite of food, chews, and
swallows)

It was unbelievable. He had his badge
on and everything.

ANIELA

So what did you do?

SZYMON

I changed the subject.

ANIELA

To what?

SZYMON

To something more pertinent.

ANIELA

And what was that?

SZYMON

James Brown in Boston after the King assassination. You know that old story. And then I asked him if he had any questions about it.

Aniela puts down her fork and looks at Szymon intently.

ANIELA

You what?

SZYMON

I asked him if he had any questions. Hey, you're looking at me like Stanislaw did after class.

(looks around, exasperated)

Why is this so strange to everyone?

(collects himself)

Stanislaw says "hello" to the both of you, by the way.

Eddie is silently eating his dinner, paying close attention to his parents' conversation.

ANIELA

I just hope you know what you're doing. Things aren't exactly stable these days. Especially not for an outspoken academic. And especially not for one who studied in America.

SZYMON

That's my point, darling. It's never been stable for anyone who has half a brain in this country. It's been that way for too long for anyone to remember otherwise.

ANIELA

Yes, I'm well aware of these things, Szymon.

SZYMON

(starting to get worked up again)

But it's so damn ridiculous. I'm so tired of being spied on...and, and investigated...for what? For trying to

teach a handful of terrified kids that there's a world outside of Poland. Outside of this goddamn Soviet...trend. There's only so much that history can be rewritten...

ANIELA

I just get worried, is all. I don't want anything to happen to you.

She puts her hand on his, picks it up with both of hers, and kisses the back of it deeply as she squeezes her eyes shut.

ANIELA

(sweetly but firmly)
And don't use that kind of language in front of Eddie, dear.

She looks at him sweetly for a moment, staring into his eyes. He calms down.

He smiles, leans over, and gives her a peck on the forehead, still chewing his food afterwards. They both smile, and then so does Eddie.

SZYMON

Anyway, I know who this guy is. He's from the neighborhood. Or at least he used to be. He was in the seminary last I'd heard, but then, out of nowhere, there he is, in the back of my classroom, no doubt responding to a complaint some kid must have made about the class. Or who knows. They could've been staking me out for weeks.

ANIELA

That's too bad. We could've used another priest.

SZYMON

(abruptly looking at Eddie)
So! Eddie! *Elvisus!* What song are you going to do after dinner?

Eddie chews his food, smiling, and waits to swallow, about to answer.

5 INT. THE GOGOLEWSKIS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - ABOUT 2 HOURS
LATER

The room is dark, save the glow of the old radio, which plays crackly classical music, and a few candles placed strategically on the coffee and end tables. They are also near the window behind the old television set, on the sills.

Szymon is slouched down on the sofa, asleep, with a newspaper draped over him. His head is tilted back and his mouth is partially open. He is lightly snoring.

Aniela sits next to him, knitting something, and she hums softly along with the music.

Eddie sits on the floor playing with a toy Cadillac.

All of a sudden, a LOUD, thumping knock on the door shakes the three of them from their peace and quiet.

SZYMON

(waking)

What? I...1847!...?

The room is still again for a moment as the music continues to play softly. The three look around and at each other with concern.

VERY ABRUPTLY we see the flimsy front door get kicked in from the perspective of the living room. Sickly light from the hallway violates the previous soft darkness.

We hear the cracking of more wood and then...nothing.

Pan to and frame the old television set. It turns on and shows a black and white off-air placard. A high-pitched off-air tone starts up and drones on...

6 TELEVISION SCREEN

The drone turns to music, perhaps "Be My Little Baby" by the Supremes.

On the screen, the off-air placard and tone give way to brief static, which then quickly switches to some actual local news footage.

Closed captioning subtitles give the English translation of

the spoken Polish commentary. The imagery is of Poland's Solidarity Movement of the 1980s. The first set of images soon flickers by as if someone has changed the channel to more...

[About a minute and a half of footage]

As this repeats, it is clear there is much turmoil and chaos. After a struggle, we see that communism has been defeated in Poland. Solidarity leader Lech Wałęsa stands before a large, cheering crowd with one arm raised in victory, the other around President George H.W. Bush.

The color of the screen returns to black and white static once again and then dissolves into a sterile blue; zoom out as we see the television screen has been transposed to a different place...

7 INT. A COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - DAY

The television is now that of the coach section on a commercial airplane, the kind mounted onto the cabin's roof above the passengers' heads.

SUPER (over the television screen, perhaps actually on/in it): Fifteen years later.

The music fades to how it would sound played loudly on headphones to someone not wearing them but nearby.

We zoom even further back to see the back of a young man's head. He appears to be in his early twenties as we now see him from the side. He is sleeping in the window seat next to a sheepish, rather bizarre looking older gentleman.

Other various passengers are seated throughout; the flight has been long and crowded. Everyone is clearly very eager to deplane. We can almost smell the recycled air and faint but nauseating odor of petroleum.

The young man is the grown-up Eddie, as we can see from his still-existing blonde pompadour. He wears a denim jacket and denim jeans. He is also wearing clunky, cheap headphones, the kind provided by the airline.

The ambient music fades down and in its place a crackly voice begins speaking in fast Polish without subtitles...

Captain (V.O.)

(a few moments later; now in English but with a slight accent...)
Ladies and gentlemen, on behalf of the entire flight crew I'd like to welcome you to Chicago-O'Hare International Airport...

Eddie wakes from his nap with a bit of a start and takes off his headphones. He looks around and then grimaces at his neighbor, the old man, who seems to humor this awkward, groggy gesture with a polite, almost toothless smile.

CAPTAIN (V.O., CONT'D)

The current time is 1:06 PM and the temperature is 48 degrees Fahrenheit... It looks like we fortunately just missed some heavy rain...uhhh...

Eddie faces forward again and leans back in his seat, his expression ambiguous.

8 INT. THE ARRIVALS TERMINAL AT O'HARE AIRPORT - SOON LATER

The earlier music returns, now picking up tempo.

MONTAGE:

1. Various cinematic shots of O'Hare's interior and anonymous hustle and bustle. Shots of many interesting characters and emotional exchanges at this, the world's busiest airport.
2. EDDIE, now following the crowd of fellow travelers through the circuitous terminal. He carries an old, beat up guitar case.
3. Eddie going through the Immigration line and clearly having a hard time explaining his reasons for coming to the U.S. to the officer:

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Son, I'll ask you again: What is your purpose for visiting the United States?

Eddie remains aloof.

4. Eddie being interrogated in a small room by two older men in suits. Their conversation is muted, however, by the glass window we are looking through. Eddie responds with a

lot of dim-witted looks and hand gestures. The two men keep pointing at documents one holds, but Eddie seems unfazed.

5. Close up of Eddie's Polish passport being stamped amid a flurry of exasperated Immigration officer's bureaucratic banter. ZOOM IN on the date on the visa stamp: *April 12, 1997.*

6. Eddie bypassing the luggage claim as the passengers scramble around; he has no luggage besides his guitar case. A fight breaks out as two men attempt to claim the same piece of luggage. Eddie pays them no mind.

7. FINALLY, Eddie exits the international arrivals terminal to the area where dozens of people are crowded around, waiting for their family members and loved ones.

Many are Poles and a few hold "welcome home" signs in Polish.

Two men stand among them holding a sign that reads "*Pan Edward Gogolewski*" in big, sloppy handwriting. They both wear tacky 70s-style leather jackets. They are PACHNIEC (very large in all ways) and DUZY (very small and slim, almost sickly looking).

As Eddie comes through the doors, we see from the side as he quickly glances at the two men and then deftly turn to his right to get around the waiting crowd. He picks up his pace.

We can also see that the two men have seen Eddie but appear to not recognize him.

[Polish]

DUZY

All right, what does this guy look like again?

PACHNIEC

What? You're the one with the photo, moron. You're supposed to spot him. I hold the sign and then I drive.

DUZY

Shit. Where is the photo then?

He rummages around in his coat and pant pockets.

DUZY (CONT'D)

Ah! Okay, here it is.

He studies the photo, squinting as if he can't make out details, and then takes out a pair of coke bottle Buddy Holly-style spectacles and puts them on.

PACHNIEC

So let's see the photo.

DUZY

Yeah, this is him. Skinny little bastard.

Pachniec takes a look.

PACHNIEC

You moron! This guy just walked by! It was the kid with the guitar case!

DUZY

Shit! Well come on then, let's go get him! He must not have seen us with our sign here.

PACHNIEC

Yeah right! He looked me right in the eyes, you ass. He knows who we are.

They break through the crowd of waiting Poles and head in Eddie's direction. Many people protest being pushed around so rudely, but most are older people and the duo obviously doesn't care about offending anyone.

PACHNIEC

(in English, with a strong accent)

Move! Move please! Get out of the way now! Thank you!

9 INT. THE OUTER RIM OF O'HARE'S INTERNATIONAL ARRIVALS TERMINAL

Throngs of reuniting and waiting families from a vast array of ethnic groups (e.g., East Indians in traditional garb; cowboy-ish Mexicans; Eastern Europeans of various origins; West Africans in dashikis, etc.) are crowded all around.

A small McDonald's-like restaurant glows as hungry travelers stand in a long line, its length also interfering

with any foot traffic on the perpendicular plane.

Despite his bulk, Pachnec is the faster of the two and shows his athleticism in a brisk, controlled stride. Duzy, however, has short legs and seems out of shape as he attempts to keep up. He coughs a few times as they start to give chase.

DUZY

Slow down!

Reverse angle of Eddie as he power walks to try and avoid the men. The crowd makes it difficult, but he manages to get out to the street at the arrivals pick-up area.

Eddie hails a cab at the curb with a loud two-pinky whistle. He opens the door, throws his guitar case in the back seat, and climbs in himself. Before he can close the door, a large, hairy hand catches it.

PACHNIEC

(Polish)

Excuse me! We need to talk to you. Are you Edward Gogolewski?

DUZY

From Warsaw?

Eddie takes a moment to size them up.

EDDIE

(in deliberate, practiced English)

I am sorry. I do not understand your languages.

(sticking out his hand)

Hello. My name is Fuller Brush. I am salesman. From Idaho.

Duzy and Pachnec look at each for a moment, perplexed.

CABBIE

(looking back; in a thick Russian accent)

Okay, no. My friend. We go or not go? What is problem?

PACHNIEC

(in accented but strong English; pointing a finger threateningly)

Shut up, you Russian scum.
(back to Eddie; Polish)
Kid, you better come with us.

EDDIE

Who are you?

DUZY

We're...we're your sponsors.

Pachniec takes Eddie by the crook of his right elbow and more or less calmly escorts him out of the cab. Duzy grabs Eddie's guitar case and slams the door of the cab.

CABBIE

(English)

Hey! Fuck you, my friend!

10 INT. INSIDE AN OLD CAR ON THE FREEWAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

View from the back seat, we see that Pachniec drives and Duzy sits in shotgun.

Reverse angle to Eddie in the back seat, staring intently out the window, almost like a dog.

After Duzy tunes it for a bit, "Lake Shore Drive" by Aliota, Haynes, and Jeremiah plays on the old car radio.

Duzy and Pachniec bicker between themselves, not subtitled. Eddie is lost in awe as they start towards the big city.

Eddie's perspective of the freeway and its environs. We see a large sign over the freeway that reads "Mayor Richard M. Daley welcomes you to Chicago. 'We're glad you're here!'"

Reverse angle of Eddie looking outward.

EDDIE

(quietly and slowly to himself)

"We're glad you're here."

External shot. We follow the car, which is an old red Pacer, for a moment as Eddie's head now sticks out, smiling and catching the wind, again not unlike a dog.

We lose the car among the multitude of others heading for Chicago's immense skyline. Towards this we too are drawn, though on a much higher plane than the cars. As if we are

flying...

11 EXT. THE FRONT OF A GARAGE IN A NONDESCRIPT WAREHOUSE
DISTRICT - ABOUT A HALF HOUR LATER

Pachniec parks the car and then he and Duzy, who is eating a banana, get out. Pachniec goes around and jerks the curbside door open.

PACHNIEC

(in English)

Okay, kid. We're here. Get out.

Eddies looks up at him and does as he's told.

EDDIE

(in Polish now)

What is this place?

PACHNIEC

This is where you work. Now let's go.

Eddie follows Pachniec and is in turn followed closely by Duzy. They walk through the chop shop and all its sparks, drilling and banging. Men are yelling in a mishmash of Polish, English, Spanish, perhaps a pidgin of the three.

They reach a narrow flight of stairs and go up to the office above. Pachniec bangs on the door.

VOICE INSIDE

(unintelligible, muffled response
in Polish)

They enter.

The song "Sleep Walk" by Santo and Johnny is playing on vinyl somewhere in the room.

The look of the room is as if it has hardly been altered since about 1973: shag carpeting; fake wood paneling; old, yellowing photos on the walls; etc. A tacky plastic-looking marlin is garishly mounted.

A balding, heavy-set man with a pencil thin moustache sits at a simple and disorganized desk. A lit menthol 100 cigarette is burning in an orange ceramic ashtray. He is busy typing furiously at an old adding machine and does not look up. Its roll of paper extends down to the floor where it ends in a large heap. Next to him is the hi-fi system

from which the music is playing.

He is about 45 and wears some kind of strange, outdated leisure suit the color of pea soup, almost as if to match the office. This is CHESNIK.

CHESNIK

(signaling to the leather chair opposite his desk, still immersed in his work; Polish until noted otherwise)

Come in. Sit.

Eddie sits and then Pachniec and Duzy leave the room, closing the door quietly and carefully as we can see from Chesnik's perspective. A large glass bottle of Polish vodka stands upright in the view.

CHESNIK

(still typing away; speaking almost robotically)

Welcome to America, kid. My name is Chesnik. Do you speak English?

EDDIE

A little. They teach it in high school now.

CHESNIK

(aloof, still barely looking up)
Hmm. I'd prefer none, but that's all right. You don't need to know any English at this point. When you're done working for us you can start to learn it if you want. But for now, it's not important. You don't need to be talking with the natives.

He pauses and takes a slight drag of his ashy cigarette. He stamps it out in the ashtray with seemingly excessive force.

He finally gives Eddie a long look, sizing him up. Strangely, the large vodka bottle is no longer in sight.

CHESNIK

What's your name?

EDDIE

Eddie Gogolewski...
(beat)
but...you can call me
(in English)
The King.

Eddie smiles, happy with his answer. Chesnik finishes meticulously putting out the butt and then gives Eddie an even sterner look and then a creepy smile. His teeth are very bad and some are missing.

CHESNIK

"The King", hm?

He considers it for a moment.

CHESNIK (CONT'D)

(back to Polish)

What is that supposed to be, some kind of fucking joke?

EDDIE

No joke, mister. I am the King of Rock and Roll. I was on my way to Graceland until those two guys picked me up for some reason.

Chesnik keeps up his feigned amusement. He even lets out a little chuckle.

Suddenly his expression becomes much more severe. He leans forward in his chair, beckoning Eddie closer like he's about to tell him a secret. Eddie leans in.

CHESNIK

I can tell you might be a little confused here, my boy. This might all seem very strange and new to you. But let's get one thing straight: The only "king" around here is "King Cash" [English], okay? And the crown prince is a very important man named Mor. Furthermore, if you like, I'm a duke, those two idiots who brought you in here are knights, and you, are nothing but a lowly serf, surrounded by and covered in horseshit. Just like all our peasant grandparents in Poland.

He waits a moment for his threatening words to sink in.

CHESNIK (CONT'D)

Do you see how the hierarchy works now?

EDDIE

Hmm. I see how this place works. But
I'm still the King of *Rock and Roll*.

Chesnik pauses for a few moments. His sarcastic smile turns into a scowl and he then reaches over and slaps Eddie across his left cheek with his right hand, rather effeminately.

He sits back down and Eddie stops smiling and cringes, putting a hand to his face, more in surprise than in pain. He nonetheless remains stoic.

CHESNIK

(pressing the button on the
antiquated intercom box on his
desk)

Pachniec! Bring Pasciewicz in here!
Now!

(he releases the button)

I want to show you something, my boy.

A few moments of awkward silence go by as a clock ticks from somewhere among the clutter. Chesnik smoothes the front of his leisure suit.

Pachniec comes into the office escorting a skinny, pale youth, about Eddie's age. He is wearing a black do-rag and baggy FUBU clothes. He has a bad peach fuzz moustache and somewhat pock-marked skin. This is TEDDY PASCIEWICZ.

CHESNIK

King Eddie Gogolewski, this is Teddy.

Teddy quickly looks down at Eddie sitting in the chair and then quickly back up at Chesnik.

CHESNIK (CONT'D)

Teddy, Eddie will be staying with you while he gets started. I want you to help get this young man settled and on his way to meeting his quota. I can trust that you'll do that, can't I?

TEDDY

(his Polish is slow, deliberate,
and with an American accent)
Yes, sir. Just like last time, sir.

CHESNIK

Right, just like last time.

An awkward silence.

CHESNIK

(yawning as he starts to speak)
All right. You can go now, Teddy.

Teddy turns around to leave and walks a few steps.

CHESNIK

Oh, Teddy? One more thing.
(beat)
Show King Eddie here your hands.

Teddy turns around and hesitates for a moment but then holds out his hands in fists, showing ugly circular scars on the top of them both.

CHESNIK

Thank you, Teddy.

Teddy turns around and leaves, followed by Pachniec, who closes the door behind them. Chesnik reaches down to a drawer and pulls out a freshly cut cigar. He lights it, puffing away as Eddie coughs at the smoke.

CHESNIK

(somewhat muddled with the cigar
in his mouth)
That's all, King Eddie. Thank you for
stopping to see me.
(he takes the cigar out)
Teddy will inform you of the specifics
of your obligation.

Eddie, now looking somewhat concerned and serious for the first time, gets up, and without looking back exits the room, closing the door gently.

We stay on Chesnik, who waits a moment, takes a drag of the cigar, and then stamps it out in the ashtray as thoroughly

as he did the cigarette, if not more so. His face looks as if he doesn't like cigars in the slightest.

He takes another menthol cigarette from the pack and lights one up. He sighs and closes his eyes in pleasure as he takes the first drag. With his free hand he gently rubs the lapel of his leisure suit.

CHESNIK

Now that's nice.

CUT TO Eddie as he exits out to the landing, where Teddy is waiting for him. Pachnic and Duzy are nowhere to be seen.

The two youths take a look at each other for a moment, a bit of awkward silence, what would probably be too much for most people but seemingly just casual silence for these two. Save their drastically different senses of fashion, they look like they could almost be brothers.

EDDIE

(in Polish)

Where is the bathroom? I have to take a piss.

TEDDY

(in his imperfect Polish)

Bathroom? Uh, down the stairs. I to show you, uh, before we go leave. Um, don't not to worry about...Chesnik, by the ways. So, you, uh, maybe do speak some, uh, English? My Polish is not too very good. Only I to use with the...the, uh, grandma.

EDDIE

(still in Polish)

Uh, yeah, kind of, I...

TEDDY

(in English, interrupting)

Word! So go piss and then let's peace outta this bitch!

12 EXT. OUT ON THE STREET - SOME OTHER MORE RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD

[English until otherwise noted]

Eddie and Teddy are walking side by side on the sidewalk. It's still sunny out, as it's around 4:00. The neighborhood looks working class, pleasant and tree-lined. Some kids are playing catch nearby.

Eddie looks around curiously. Teddy looks content just to be outside and walking around. He starts to nonsensically and happily whistle a little tune.

EDDIE

So, Chesnik really burn hands?

TEDDY

Chesnik? No way, man. He's fulla hot air. That's just from working on engines since I was like five. I got scars all over, dog!

(beat)

Dude's just trying to scare you so you do what he says. He's a queer, anyway. Won't hurt nobody.

EDDIE

A what?

TEDDY

You know. He's gay.

EDDIE

Oh. So he like boys?

TEDDY

Yeah, he like boys all right. He like to sucky sucky on all the boys. Know what I'm sayin'?

They continue walking and Teddy continues his moronic whistling.

TEDDY

Yeah. But the one guy you really have to watch out for is Mor. He's the real boss around there. One time, that dude...

Before he can continue a kid jumps out of nowhere holding a large yellow and green Super Soaker 50 squirt gun. Eddie and Teddy look startled.

KID

Freeze, dickbags!

TEDDY

(taken off guard; more of a Polish-American/Chicago accent than Ebonics for this brief moment)

Woah, kid! Take it easy dere wit da gun!

KID

Gimme some money or I'll make it look like you pissed your pants!

TEDDY

(regaining his cool)

Yo! No way, kid!

KID

Come on! Gimme it! I got back-up! I'll do it, asshole!

Almost out of nowhere, another three kids, armed with a veritable arsenal of Super Soaker weaponry, appear from behind trees and line up behind the first kid.

TEDDY

Listen kid, this fresh gear can not get wet, you dig? Dry clean only, son. So, I mean, why don't y'all, like, just get to steppin' 'fore I, like, need to break my foot off in yo' a...

From the back line, one of the kids quickly squirts Teddy right in the face with a smaller, orange and yellow Super Soaker 30.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Yo! That ain't cool, dog!

KID

Give us ten dollars!

TEDDY

Yo bitch, you wanna die?

Teddy looks like he's really about to lose his cool until

Eddie steps up from his side and stops him with a hand on the shoulder.

EDDIE

All right, boy. We give money. Just do not shoot more, okay?

The kids all lower their weapons slightly.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I get wallet, look. I do it slow, okay?
Yes?

He shows them his hands and that he means them no harm. Meanwhile, Teddy watches intently. Eddie slowly starts to reach into his denim jacket.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Nobody has get hurt. We are friends.

Suddenly, as the kids have started to drop their guard, Eddie pulls a cheap, dime store quality squirt gun out of his jacket. He squirts all four kids in the face in a rapid succession, starting with the one who has just shot Teddy.

KIDS

Hey! What the?!

They all continue to shout in surprise and start to spastically unload their guns, mostly on Teddy.

TEDDY

Hey! Damn! Cut it out, bitch!

All of a sudden, after their brief onslaught, the boys stop shooting.

2nd KID

(sniffing)

Hey! This stuff STINKS!

They all sniff at their clothes and own upper lips.

1st KID

What is that? Ewww, it smells bad! Like my grandpa!

3rd KID

Ow! It's burning my eyes!

2nd KID

No fair, man! We just used water!

The fourth kid starts to cry and they all start to turn around to flee. As they do, Eddie squirts each one of them in the back of the head, the back, or backside.

1st KID

I'm telling my dad, you dick!

They all flee, horrified by whatever Eddie has sprayed them with. Teddy still looks stupefied. Eddie still holds his piece up steadily, like some kind of cowboy.

Teddy snaps out of it.

TEDDY

(yelling through cupped hands)
Yeah...that's right, you stupid kids!
Don't mess with the best 'cuz the best
don't mess, son! Ya heard?!

The kids run completely out of sight. Teddy starts to laugh, clapping his hands and bending over slightly as he does. He lightly smacks Eddie on the lapel of his jacket with the back of his hand.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Yo, dog, you crazy! Whadyou shoot them
with?

CUT BACK to Chesnik's office. Chesnik's face looks furious as he presses down hard on the old intercom box.

CHESNIK

(in Polish)
Damn it, Duzy! Where the hell is my
fucking vodka?! I told you weasels to
keep your hands off!!
(in English to himself; petulant)
I just got it...

CUT BACK to Eddie and Teddy.

EDDIE

Is...is just kind of water from Poland.

TEDDY

Well damn, dog.
(beat)

Anyway, those little punk-ass bitches
ain't gonna step up to me no more.
Shiiit.

EDDIE

Cool.

TEDDY

Ai'ight. Now let's bust on outta here
over to Grabbo's. Get us some cheezahs
or somethin'.

EDDIE

(trying to replicate Teddy's
pronunciation)
"Jesus"?

TEDDY

No, dog. *Cheese-ers*. You know, like,
get us somethin' to EAT.

EDDIE

Oh. Cool.

They continue walking down the street.

TEDDY

(stopping suddenly)
Oh, shit!

EDDIE

(also stopping)
What?

TEDDY

I forgot. We gotta go get Chesnik's dry
cleaning.

EDDIE

His what?

TEDDY

His dry clea...you know, his clothes.
From the place that cleans them. The
Koreans.

Eddie nods in comprehension.

TEDDY

Yeah. Let's go. We'll eat right after.

Grabbo's is pretty close to there.

They keep walking in the same direction.

13 INT. BACK IN CHESNIK'S OFFICE AGAIN - SOON LATER

Pachniec and Duzy have returned and are patiently standing in front of Chesnik's desk. Chesnik is poking around the mess before him.

CHESNIK

(annoyed but not quite panicking)

Well I don't know! It was hear earlier.

Help me look. I need a drink.

As the three start looking around the office, a voice comes over on the intercom box.

VOICE

(deep; African-American and male)

Uh, yo, Mista Chesnik?

Chesnik stops what he's doing and hits the intercom button to respond.

CHESNIK

Yes, what is it, Barry?

BARRY

Um, yeah. Just thought I'd give you a warning that...uh, the boss just pulled up outside.

Chesnik somberly looks up at the other two from the mess he's digging through.

CHESNIK

(Polish; almost mortified)

Stop looking! Get out of here and go look busy downstairs! Now!

CUT TO outside the shop. We see the back of a man's head as he is walking. The silver hair is thinning but still rather thick around the crown. As we move back slightly, we can see over his shoulder as he walks into a door and enters the chop shop. We remain looking slightly over his shoulder but cannot see his face.

As he walks through the chop shop, some of the men stop what they are doing and look up at him, in apparent awe. A

man removes a welding mask and looks on as his torch burns weakly upwards.

The men quickly return to work.

The man passes through the chop shop floor and ascends the staircase to Chesnik's office above. As he does, Duzy and Pachniec scurry down.

PACHNIEC

(nervous; still in Polish)

Good afternoon, sir!

Duzy starts to say something but then just lowers his head. They both practically run down the stairs.

As the man opens the office door, the same kind of pedal steel music plays on the hi-fi as before.

Chesnik's perspective from his desk. As he enters, we see the man we he been following is a bit older than Chesnik, perhaps in his early to mid 50s. He has a thick but neatly trimmed white beard. About an inch of a scar peeks up from the beard on his right cheek. He is tall and athletic-looking. He wears a black leather jacket and finely tailored dress pants. This is MOR.

He closes the door behind him and stares intently forward for a moment.

Back to Mor's direct perspective of Chesnik.

Cut between/side angle:

[English unless noted]

CHESNIK

Ah...hello, sir.

MOR

Chesnik.

CHESNIK

I didn't know you were going to come by today.

MOR

(strong English but with an accent)

I didn't think I had to call ahead at

my own place.

CHESNIK

No, no...of course not. It's just nice to know before.

The music is getting particularly creepy.

CUT TO a shot of the closed door from the landing right outside the office. From here we can still hear the music playing within. Mostly, however, are just the sounds of the chop shop.

BACK TO inside the office.

MOR

(strangely calm)

But you're never prepared, Chesnik. You always seem to be behind. Or you're out prancing around town. Buying things.

He approaches the desk but takes a detour to right in front of the blue marlin on the wall. He considers it.

MOR (CONT'D)

Like this thing, for example.

(switching to Polish)

Why would you ever buy this thing, man?

CHESNIK

Oh, you know. Men like to hunt things, they say. Men hunt and women gather.

MOR

(quickly glancing over)

But of course you didn't hunt it.

Chesnik just looks increasingly more uncomfortable. Mor raises his arms as if to want to touch it but stops short.

MOR

(looking back at the fish and then over to Chesnik again)

May I?

CHESNIK

May you...? Be my guest...

MOR

I love this old song, by the way. Turn

it up.

BACK TO the view of the door from outside the office. The pedal steel music plays on for another moment.

Suddenly, there is a loud crash and the music scratches to a halt.

The chop shop noises carry on as before.

14 INT. A DRY CLEANERS - A BIT LATER

A young woman is seated behind the counter, apparently the only person in the storefront.

As we approach, we see she is in her early or mid twenties and of East Asian descent. Her long black hair is in a ponytail. She is pretty and well put together and clearly very bored at this moment. This is SOON "MARY" KIMM.

A small portable TV set is to her side, but the reception is so bad it's almost all static. She fiddles with the coat hanger antennae briefly and then switches it off.

She sighs deeply and then, after a beat, reaches down to the floor and picks something up. She produces a simple cloth satchel and plops it on the countertop.

After a moment of digging through it she pulls out a Walkman cassette player. She opens it and, finding it empty, again digs through her bag. She pulls out a tape in its jewel case.

As she turns it over and looks at it, we can see the handwriting on the label, all in Korean, except for one word neatly written in English: "Beautiful".

She removes the cassette from the case and inserts it into the Walkman. She puts on the headphones and presses play.

A song, perhaps "Wuthering Heights" by Kate Bush, begins to play, at first very softly. We hear the volume rise as Mary adjusts her Walkman.

At first, she just sits there listening, but after a few moments she closes her eyes and starts to sway to the music. After another few moments she gets up from her seat and starts to move her whole body.

She moves back slightly and begins to drag her fingers

gracefully through the rows of cleaned clothes in their plastic covering. She attempts some rudimentary ballet moves but mainly just sways fluidly, as if in a trance.

As we MOVE BACK to the view from just outside the store's front window - WINDY CITY DRY CLEANING - Eddie and Teddy are peering in, unnoticed by Mary. They are both bending with their hands on their knees. They look fascinated by Mary's dancing.

EDDIE

Who is that girl?

TEDDY

That's old man Kimm's daughter. They call her Mary, but that's just her American name. These Koreans got weird names and shit.

(laughing)

I just remembered. There was this kid in high school whose name was You Suk Moon.

Teddy keeps laughing hysterically but Eddie remains quiet.

EDDIE

(still staring in)

Uh huh.

TEDDY

(stops laughing)

See, like, Kimm knows what goes on in the garage. But he don't say nothin'. The boss gives him good business.

EDDIE

Mmm hmmm...

TEDDY

(just realizing Eddie is smitten)

Ahhh...I see what's goin' on here. A word to the wise, dude: don't even try it. I heard Kimm's got some guy back in Korea arranged for her. He ain't even try to hear about no white boy runnin' game.

Eddie finally looks up at him.

EDDIE

What game?

TEDDY

Listen, dog, plus, she, like, hates all guys anyway or somethin'. She acts like a total bitch to me, like always. And I ain't even do nothin'!

EDDIE

(snapping out of it)
So, we go in?

TEDDY

Yeah, man, but fo' real, don't try nothin'. Ain't gonna do shit. Leave it to the master.

They both stand up. Teddy opens the front door, ringing a small bell.

As they walk inside, Mary throws off her headphones and stands at awkward attention behind the counter.

The guys approach.

TEDDY

(attempted smoothness)
Yo. What's up, Mary? How you doin', baby girl?

MARY

(strong Korean accent)
Hello. Good afternoon, sir.

TEDDY

What, like you don't remember my name?

MARY

Oh, I know your name. I just not going to pretend we friends.

Teddy is slightly taken aback. He collects himself and sidles up to the counter.

TEDDY

Friends? No, we ain't friends. More like lovers, I'd say!

MARY

(feigned surprise)

Oh! So I have message for you.

TEDDY

(buying it)

Oh yeah, what's that?

Mary pulls up a small plastic bag that looks full of white cloth of some kind.

MARY

My father say he no more take skidmark undies.

TEDDY

(angry but embarrassed)

Yo, girl, why you gotta hate like that? I just tryin' to get a little sweet on ya. You ain't gotta get all, like, pugnacious and shit!

MARY

So what you want? You come for pick up?

TEDDY

(to Eddie)

Shit. You believe this, man? Just attitude!

(to Mary, pointing)

You...you just lucky you so pretty.

MARY

(loud and angry)

What the fuck you want? Tell me or I go call cops on you and boyfriend.

TEDDY

Boyfriend?! Shit, you know what, fuck this! I ain't gotta deal with this shit. Nah! Uh uh. I'm outta here! Peace!

He throws his hands up, turns around, and storms off, slamming the door behind him. The plastic bag remains on the counter.

MARY

(entertained; laughing)

He so funny. He get so mad!

Her gaze goes from Teddy's exit path back to Eddie, who has been just standing there.

MARY (Cont'd)

So. What you need? You pick up clothes?
Clothes ready.

EDDIE

I, I...I must, to, uh...

MARY

(slightly teasing but sweet)
Wha? Oh, you not speak English, huh?

She waves him over to her.

MARY (CON'T)

(pantomiming actions)
So you pick up...clothes? Yeah? Teddy, he
pick up clothes once week. You too? You
new guy?

Eddie snaps out of it.

EDDIE

Yeah, so I think I have to pick up
clothes, yeah. But Teddy, he not say me
nothing.

MARY

Oh! You speak English. Good.

EDDIE

Yes, I learn in Poland.

MARY

Ah. When I come here to States five
year ago, my English very bad. But now,
I watch TV and listen music all day and
it is...*beau-ti-ful*.

EDDIE

Yes. Beautiful.

MARY

"Life can be beautiful". I hear that on
one song and now is how I try live.

Eddie smiles.

An awkward silence.

EDDIE

You are Mary?

MARY

Yah, Mary. But my real name is Soon.
Mary is more easy in America. People
think "Soon" funny name for a girl.

She giggles.

EDDIE

I like Soon. It more beautiful than
Mary.

(he pauses, looking at her deeply)
You know, you whole thing is beautiful.
You so beautiful, Mary Soon.

Her expression changes from neutral to almost a scowl.

MARY

Okay. So you want clothes then?

EDDIE

I think I want take you on date.

Mary

(clicking her tongue)
Ugh. You just like Teddy. I go get
clothes.

She turns.

EDDIE

No! Wait! Why you go? I just want...

She keeps turning and disappears into a forest of plastic
covered dry cleaning.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

(in Polish)
...talk to you.

After a few moments, she reemerges with some cleaned shirts
in plastic.

MARY

(coldly)
Here. Take.

Eddie takes it from her. She rings up the sale on the cash register.

EDDIE
Why you mad? I am sorry.

MARY
24.67.

EDDIE
But, I... Okay, wait. I need Teddy
because he has the money.

Eddie lays the clothes on the counter, turns around, and walks out the front door.

Teddy is standing outside, smoking a cigarette, brooding.

TEDDY
(muttering to himself)
Ain't my fault they buy that cheap ass
T.P...

EDDIE
Teddy, we need...almost \$25.00 for
clothes. You have?

TEDDY
(digging in his pocket)
Yeah, dog. I got it. Sorry 'bout
leavin' you in there, by the way. That
bitch just pisses me off.

EDDIE
(stopping short; angry)
Hey! She not bitch! Don't say that!

TEDDY
(taking his hands out of his
pockets)
What the? You for real, dog?

EDDIE
Don't call her that word, Teddy.

TEDDY

Jesus. Sorry, man. I didn't know you two was like dating and shit.

EDDIE

So, you have money or no?

TEDDY

Yeah, dude. I got it. Here.

He slaps some cash into Eddie's hand. Eddie gives him a quick angry look and then turns back into the store.

EDDIE

Thanks.

He enters and approaches Mary at the counter. She still looks annoyed.

EDDIE

Sorry. I have money now. Here.

He hands her a twenty and a five. She quickly makes change and hands it to him.

MARY

Thank you.

EDDIE

Okay. But, you know, maybe some day we can go for chee-zers?

She rolls her eyes and puts her headphones back on. She turns around again disappears into the plastic forest.

After a moment, Eddie returns back outside with the clothes.

TEDDY

You ready?

EDDIE

Yeah. We can go now.

Eddie takes the small plastic bag that is supposedly full of soiled underwear from behind the other clothes he is holding. He hands it to Teddy, who stalls for a moment.

EDDIE

Take. Is yours.

TEDDY

(peeved)

No, dude. These ain't...

He pauses for a brief moment and then takes the bag.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

(discretely)

Yeah. Thanks, man.

Eddie and Teddy walk off screen.

A moment later, a large red '65 Cadillac pulls up to the curb and parks.

A middle-aged Asian man gets out and enters the store. This is IK SUNG KIMM, Mary's father.

Inside, we see that Mary has returned back to the front counter with her headphones on.

Mary takes off her headphones and quickly shoves the Walkman into her satchel.

[Korean]

IK SUNG

Soon!

MARY

(averting her gaze downward)

Yes, father?

IK SUNG

What are you doing just standing there?

MARY

I...I was just, I just had customers...

IK SUNG

How many times do I have to tell you?

If you're not helping someone, you should be doing something. Always!

MARY

But I already...

IK SUNG

There's always something to clean.
Always something that could be more

nicely arranged. Always! Look at this floor!

MARY

Yes, but I just was...

IK SUNG

I don't want to hear it! Do you think your mother would be making all these excuses? No! She wasn't a spoiled girl living in America when she was your age!

MARY

I'm sorry, father. I'll mop the floor.

IK SUNG

Thank you!

(calming down)

I shouldn't have to talk to you about these things anymore, Soon. You're a full-grown woman.

(he calms down more, smoothing the front of his shirt; a beat)

That reminds me. David Lee is calling you again tonight at 9. And I want you to be nicer to him this time. Tell him you think about him everyday. Last time you barely said anything. I could tell that he was very offended to be treated like that by his future wife.

MARY

Yes, father.

IK SUNG

Good.

He nods his head. He walks behind the counter and disappears into the plastic forest.

15 EXT. NOT FAR FROM THE DRY CLEANERS - SOON LATER

Eddie and Teddy are again walking down the street.

TEDDY

So I better tell you the deal while we got a minute here.

EDDIE

What deal?

TEDDY

You know, "the deal." The job you gotta do here. You must have, like, some idea about it, right?

EDDIE

I don't know. Machev in Warsaw just tell me be ready to work.

TEDDY

Well, yeah. That's what he tells everybody before they get sent over. But that means you already know how to do the job, right?

EDDIE

Yes, I know.

TEDDY

But the rule is this: You got one month to get fifteen cars. Or you're gone. They'll turn you into the INS and then they'll send you back to Poland.

EDDIE

(thinking for a moment)

Fifteen is many, Teddy.

TEDDY

Yeah, I know, dog. But that's the rule. After that you can do whatever you want. But you'll probably end up still stealin' cars. Most do.

EDDIE

(sighs)

Machev lie. He say I no have to do that no more. He say that I will work on cars. Not steal.

TEDDY

Yeah, but once you're done, you're done. Mor and Chesnik won't bother you no more. You can, like, go see Graceville or whatever.

EDDIE

Land.

TEDDY

What?

EDDIE

Grace-*land*.

TEDDY

Yeah, that too.

They walk up to a large Salvation Army store and enter.

CUT TO Chesnik's office. He is seated at his desk, next to the remains of his destroyed hi-fi. He looks livid. Pachnic and Duzy stand in front of his desk.

He takes a glance at his cheap wristwatch and then at Pachnic and Duzy.

[English]

CHESNIK

Where the hell are those two idiots? I got a carburetor for Teddy to assemble for delivery tomorrow. And I need that new kid to start *tonight*. We're way behind schedule already.

PACHNIEC

Teddy always takes long time for everything.

DUZY

Yeah. He is an idiot, that boy.

CHESNIK

Enough! Just...just go find them and bring them back here!

Pachnic and Duzy leave the office and stand for a moment on the landing.

[Polish]

DUZY

Where should we look?

PACHNIEC

If they're not at the cleaners then they have to be at Salvation Army. I sent Teddy there to get the new kid some clothes. If they're not there, they're probably at Gus' place. Let's go.

BACK TO Teddy and Eddie inside the Salvation Army. Eddie is still holding the dry cleaning and Teddy the plastic bag of undies.

Stale elevator music is playing on the overhead speakers.

TEDDY

Ai'ight, dog. So P-neck says we gotta hook you up with some fresh gear.

(he gives Eddie a once-over glance)

And for once that fat muthafucka is right. The Canadian tuxedo has got to go.

EDDIE

I don't need clothes, Teddy. I wear this everyday.

TEDDY

That's exactly what I'm talkin' about. We need to diversify your wardrobe, dog.

He glances around at the store's contents.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Ai'ight, ai'ight. Not exactly Brooks Brothers. But if there's one thing I know how to do, it's improvise.

Teddy leads him through the nearest clothing aisle, mostly men's flannel shirts.

TEDDY

Okay. No, no. This shit is all way too Kurt Cobain. We're goin' for more L.L. Cool J. You dig?

(still browsing)

See, I don't normally shop here. Not my style. But to be honest, it's not too

bad. You just gotta look around a little bit...

As Teddy is talking and browsing the aisle, Eddie seems distracted by something in the distance.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

I mean, like take this golf shirt. I mean, I wouldn't wear it. But it ain't too bad.

(noticing something on it as he takes it off the rack)

Oh, see...wait, what is that? Is that a stain or just the lighting?

(he brings it closer to his eye and scrutinizes it)

Cuz if they sellin' shirts with stains, that's just bad business.

Eddie has by now wandered off to the end of the aisle. As he reaches a display case, he absent-mindedly hooks the dry cleaning onto the rack nearest him.

We now see the object of his attention: a life-size bust of Elvis Presley. He picks it up and admires it lovingly.

Teddy comes up from behind him.

TEDDY

Yo, dude. What are you doing? I found some fresh gear for you back there.

EDDIE

Look what I find. Is beautiful.

TEDDY

Hey, man. We need to get you clothes. Not weird ass heads of some guy.

EDDIE

It's Elvis! It's the King!

TEDDY

Pssh. Whatever.

An old man with a moustache appears behind them with a clipboard. As Eddie and Teddy are still looking at the bust, he starts to take the dry cleaning out of the plastic and arranges the shirts as if they were for sale. He

crumples up the plastic and holds it in his hand.
Eddie turns around to him.

EDDIE

Excuse me, sir? How much is head?

OLD MAN

The bust? Oh, excellent choice. I've always liked that one. It's actually on sale today. Special price: \$15.

TEDDY

(to Eddie)

All right, fine. But we gotta get you clothes too. Let's do it to it.

BACK TO Pachnec and Duzy. They pull up in front of a fast food take-out restaurant. The neon sign on the window says "Grabbo's".

They both get out and enter.

Behind the counter is a short middle-aged man in greasy kitchen clothes. He has incredibly hairy forearms. This is GUS.

PACHNIEC

Gus.

GUS

(slight Greek accent)

Hello, boys.

DUZY

Hey, Gus. What's the special today?

Pachnec slaps him in the back of the head.

DUZY

Ow! [Curses in Polish]

PACHNIEC

We're not eating now, you moron!

DUZY

You don't gotta hit me, man!

GUS

What can I do for you gentlemen today?

PACHNIEC

We're looking for a couple of our guys.
You know Teddy. The other one's new.
Looks like a big ugly Elvis. With
yellow hair.

Gus thinks about it for a moment.

GUS

Elvis? Wait...Presley or Costello?

Pachniec and Duzy look at each other in confusion for a moment.

PACHNIEC

Uhhh...Presley?

GUS

Ah.

(shaking his head)

Nope. I didn't see nobody like that
here today. Haven't seen Teddy in a
while actually.

(calling back to the kitchen)

Mariola! *Kukla*, come out here.

A nice looking middle-aged woman appears.

MARIOLA

Yah?

GUS

You see a couple of your brother's boys
here t'day? One that looks like a
Polish Elvis Prezaley?

MARIOLA

I don't want nothing to do with that
business! My brother Chesnik is
trouble. Trouble!

She turns around and goes back to the kitchen, mumbling in
a huff.

GUS

(to Pachniec and Duzy)

Sorry, boys. Looks like they didn't
come here today.

PACHNIEC

Okay. Well if they come, tell them we're looking for them, yah?

GUS

Okay. No problem.

An awkward silence.

DUZY

(looking around dreamily)
How's business?

GUS

Oh, it's not so bad. But I wanna get outta the restaurant business. Get into something else. Maybe a bar. Or a nightclub or something. All this grease everywhere. I'm always covered in this shit.

DUZY

A nightclub would be fun, yah.

PACHNIEC

(impatiently looking at his watch)
All right. We gotta go. Keep an eye out for those two, okay?

GUS

Yep. Got it.

Pachniec turns around and exits.

DUZY

Seeya later, Gus.

GUS

Okay, kid. Seeya later then.

He turns around and exits. Gus goes back into the kitchen.

Outside, Pachniec is sitting in the car as Duzy walks out.

[Polish]

DUZY

Where to next?

PACHNIEC

Salvation Army. Get in.

Duzy looks around.

DUZY

It's such a nice day. Why don't we just walk over there? It'll only take a few minutes.

PACHNIEC

What? Get in the car.

DUZY

Oh, come on, Pachnec. I need some fresh air.

PACHNIEC

Get in the car, you asshole. We have to pick those two other idiots up, remember? How are we going to pick them up if we're on foot?

DUZY

Can't we just...

(frustratedly resigned)

Oh, to hell with it! FINE. We'll drive.

He gets in and sits there, pouting. Pachnec starts the car and pulls out of the parking space.

PACHNIEC

I don't know why you have to be so difficult.

DUZY

Hmph.

A few moments pass as they leave the parking lot and drive for a short time.

DUZY

(suddenly chipper)

You know, I was thinking: If there's a Salvation Army, does that mean that there's also a Salvation Navy? And if not, why not? Or what about a Salvation Air Force?

Pachnec looks over at him in amazement.

PACHNIEC

You were "thinking," eh?

BACK TO Eddie and Teddy inside the Salvation Army. Teddy is paying the elderly female cashier as Eddie is putting the last of the black, non-descript, folded items into a used plastic bag that is already almost full.

TEDDY

(to cashier)

Yo, thanks, ma'am.

CASHIER

(heavy smoker's voice)

You're welcome, honey.

TEDDY

(to Eddie)

Ai'ight. Now I'm really hungry. Let's go get them Cheezahs.

EDDIE

Yes, Cheezus sounds delicious. Maybe a Coke?

TEDDY

Yeah, dog. They got lotsa Coke 'n' shit.

They exit the store and walk off to the left.

A few moments pass inside the store. The elderly cashier sits quietly on her stool and then scratches her head with a pen.

CASHIER

Tony, tell me when it's 5:45, wouldja?
I gotta make a call.

TONY

(off screen)

What?

CASHIER

I said tell me when it's 5:45!

TONY

Why?

CASHIER

I gotta make a call!

TONY

To who?

CASHIER

What the hell does it matter to who?
Just be a dear and tell me when it's
5:45. Could you do that?

TONY

Yah.

Suddenly, Pachnec and Duzy pull up in front of the store.
They get out and enter.

CASHIER

Hi, fellas. How ya doin' today?

DUZY

Hello.

Pachnec just whizzes past, with Duzy at his heels.

PACHNIEC

(to Duzy)

Okay, look around and see if they're
here.

They split up. Pachnec walks down the aisle where Teddy
and Eddie first started looking at shirts. He almost walks
entirely through but stops short at the end, where
something has caught his eye.

He reaches into the rack and pulls out a tacky paisley
shirt. He seems very impressed with the garment. Staring at
it intently, he absent-mindedly takes off his own leather
jacket and also his sweater vest and drapes them both on
the end of the rack. He walks over to one of the changing
rooms, enters, and closes the door.

Meanwhile, Duzy happens across Pachnec's sweater vest and
leather jacket on the rack. He picks up the sweater vest
and admires it. He takes off his own leather jacket and
puts on the sweater vest over his tacky sports shirt. It is
several sizes too big for him. He admires himself in a
mirror.

Tony, the shopman, is standing nearby.

TONY

That looks great on you.

DUZY

Yeah? You think so?

TONY

Oh yeah. All the movie stars are wearing their sweater vests like that these days. A little baggy. It's the new style. You look just like Robert DeNiro.

DUZY

(still looking in the mirror)
Oh yeah. You're right, I do. How much?

TONY

That one...that one's on sale actually. Only \$15. Special price for today only.

DUZY

All right. Can I wear it out?

TONY

No problem. Gayle will ring ya up at the register.

(to Gayle)

Gayle? Ring this young man up for \$15, would you?

Duzy puts his leather jacket back on over the sweater vest.

As Duzy walks away, Pachniec exits the changing room with the paisley shirt on. It is at least two sizes too small and his large gut protrudes out. He is holding the white undershirt that he was wearing before going into the dressing room.

PACHNIEC

(to Tony)

How much for this shirt?

TONY

That one? Well, that one's on sale, actually. Special price today only:

\$15.

PACHNIEC

That is a good price.

TONY

And that's a great shirt. All the movie stars are wearing shirts like that these days. It's the new style. You got good taste.

PACHNIEC

(somewhat rudely)

Yeah, I know that. That's why I'm buying it.

He picks up his leather jacket and walks off to the register.

BACK TO Teddy and Eddie sitting in Grabbo's on stools at the window bar in the front of the restaurant.

They are both drinking from Styrofoam cups but have no food yet.

Eddie takes out his plastic squirt gun and nonchalantly sprays a little into his cup. He stirs it with a straw and then takes a sip as Teddy looks on. He puts the squirt gun back in his jacket.

Teddy quickly contemplates what just happened.

TEDDY

Yo, top me off too, dog.

Eddie looks over at Teddy for a moment and then takes the gun back out and sprays some into Teddy's cup.

TEDDY

Thanks, dog.

Teddy stirs it and then takes a sip. He makes a slightly tart face.

Behind them, Gus emerges from the kitchen. He stands next to the cashier.

GUS

Two orders of cheezers!

TEDDY

That's us!

He runs up to the counter.

GUS

Oh! Teddy. I didn't know you were here. I got a message for you. Patch-neck and Duzy were here looking for you. You should probably call them.

TEDDY

Oh. Yeah, we were just on our way back to see them.

GUS

(glancing behind Teddy)
Who's the new kid?

TEDDY

Oh, him?
(back to Eddie)
Hey, Eddie! Come over here, dog.

Eddie gets up walks over to the counter next to Teddy

TEDDY

This is Eddie. Eddie, this is Gus. This is his place.

EDDIE

(reaching over to shake hands)
Hello, Mr. Gus.

GUS

How you doin.

TEDDY

Gus's wife is Chesnik's sister, actually. But she don't like to talk to us.

GUS

Yah, you know, women.

EDDIE

Yeah. I know some women.

GUS

So yeah. Here's your cheezers. You want anything else? You want another Coke?

Some hot cheesy fry or something?

Teddy grabs the two baskets, filled with some sort of cheesy hotdog mess.

TEDDY

Nah, just the cheezers is good, man.

Suddenly, like something out of an old western, the storefront door opens, jingling its bells. From the perspective of first only feet and legs, a figure enters.

Pan up to the rest of the body. It is a middle-aged black man - a cop. He is slightly overweight and sports a thick handlebar moustache. As we see on his nametag, this is OFFICER PROMETHEUS JACKSON - "PRO".

Eddie and Teddy look back at him in awe.

The man sidles up to the counter with his arms perched on his belt, aloof of the two guys staring at him.

PRO

(gruff)

How you doin' today, Gus?

Gus

I'm okay. How's the beat, Pro?

He leans back for a moment, contemplating the question. He licks his lips slowly.

PRO

The beat? Hahahaha! Shiiiiit...the beat the same it always been...

He stops laughing and sharply looks over at Teddy and Eddie.

PRO (CONT'D)

A bitch! If you're breaking the law on it!

Eddie and Teddy jump slightly in surprise at his loud tone.

PRO

You two boys wouldn't know nuthin' 'bout that, now would you?

TEDDY

No, ma- I mean, sir. Uh. We's just

keepin' it real.

PRO

Oh! You's keepin' it real, huh? You and your "boy" here, just keepin' it real, "is you?" Yeah! You two are just a couple of real-keepin' bad ass soul brothas, now ain't ya?!

TEDDY

Uh-

Pro

Don't interrupt me when I'm talkin' to you, boy! Now listen up! I ain't seen your little friend 'round here before, so let this be a lesson to the both you punks: I don't wanna see no god damn funny business around here. I know what's goin' on, and I'm gonna put an end to it, you hear me?!

TEDDY

Yeah, bu-

PRO

And what about you there, James Dean? You ain't got nothin' to say?

EDDIE

(holding up his bag)

I...I have...cheezers?

Pro scowls.

PRO

(quickly turning to Gus)

Mr. Gus! Get me a cheeseburger and fries, please! Medium well! Thank you!

He turns around and seats himself at one of the booths. He takes out a newspaper and starts reading.

TEDDY

(softly, to Eddie)

Yo, man. That cop's crazy. We better take this food to go.

Teddy takes their baskets of food and dumps them both into

a paper take-out bag. He leads the way to the front door.
All of a sudden, Gus reappears at the counter.

GUS

Hey!

They both turn around. Pro angrily looks up from his paper.

GUS

Take head with you!

Pan over to the Elvis bust, which is sitting by itself on the front window counter where they were before.

BACK TO Pachniec and Duzy as they are slowly driving down the street. From Duzy's perspective on the passenger side, we see Eddie and Teddy walking by on the sidewalk in the opposite direction.

DUZY

Hey! There they are! Pull over.

Pachniec honks the horn and then pulls up to Eddie and Teddy in reverse.

[English]

DUZY

(to Teddy and Eddie)

Hey! Where you two been? We've been lookin' for you.

TEDDY

We were just getting some clothes like Pachniec said.

PACHNIEC

You take way too long, Teddy. We need the new kid. Get in the car.

Teddy and Eddie glance at each other and then get into the back seat from the door closest the sidewalk.

Silence as they start to drive.

Teddy leans up to the back of Duzy's seat.

TEDDY

Nice weather today, right?

DUZY

Oh yah, it is beautiful today.

PACHNIEC

Oh, will you two shut the fuck up?

Teddy leans back. Both he and Duzy scowl.

16 INT. BACK IN CHESNIK'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

All four men are standing before Chesnik's desk; Pachniiec and Duzy in front and Teddy and Eddie close behind.

[Polish]

CHESNIK

Damn it, Teddy! How long does it take you to get a few shirts at the Salvation Army?

TEDDY

Um, I not understand...um, questio...

CHESNIK

Ugh. Nevermind. It's the kid we need.
(to Eddie)
Come here, Eddie.

Eddie steps up to the desk.

CHESNIK (CONT'D)

Listen Gogolewski, you've been highly recommended by our man in Warsaw. He says you're one of the best. So here's the deal: We need a big score tonight. You need to be ready to go by midnight. Teddy will take you back to his place where you can rest up. Then Pachniiec will be by to pick you up at 11:30. All right?

EDDIE

(shrugging)
Yeah. I can do that.

CHESNIK

Good. Now get out of here and go get some rest. We need you awake and alert.

Eddie nods. He and Teddy stand there for a moment until the awkward silence cues them to leave as the three other men look on.

Once they do, Pachniec and Duzy both take seats on the simple chairs in front of Chesnik's desk.

CHESNIK

What do you think? Is this kid going to give us trouble?

PACHNIEC

Like you said, he's one of the best. We just have to make sure he stays focused. I can take care of that...

As Pachniec is talking, Duzy takes off his leather jacket, revealing Pachniec's sweater vest. Pachniec does a double take.

PACHNIEC (CONT'D)

What the fuck? Why are you wearing my clothes, you son of a bitch?

DUZY

What are you talking about? I bought this at the Salvation Navy for \$15!

PACHNIEC

What? No! They sold you *my* sweater! Take it off! I forgot about it at the store.

Chesnik looks on.

DUZY

But it's mine! I bought it.

PACHNIEC

Give it here or I'll pound your face in!

Duzy looks at Chesnik for some kind of support, but none is given; Chesnik just shrugs.

DUZY

(sighs)

Fine. Here, take it.

He takes it off and hands it to Pachniec.

PACHNIEC

What kind of bullshit store sells people's clothes the second they take them off to try on other clothes?

(to Chesnik)

All right, we'll be downstairs for a while if you need us.

CHESNIK

Okay.

They both get up and walk to the door. As they do, Pachniec takes off his own leather jacket, revealing the paisley shirt.

CHESNIK

Hey! Stop! What the hell is that you're wearing?

Pachniec turns around in surprise.

PACHNIEC

What? I just bought this today. For real.

Chesnik gets up from his desk and comes over to him.

CHESNIK

Okay, I don't know what the hell is going on, but that is definitely my shirt. Take it off!

PACHNIEC

What? No! Those two idiots were supposed to get your shirts at the cleaners. This one was on sale at the Salvation Army.

Chesnik stops for a moment and thinks.

CHESNIK

All right. Then let me check the tag! My initials are on mine. Turn around.

He pulls Pachniec down to his height by the back of the collar and folds it back to see the tag.

CHESNIK

A-ha! "V.C." That's me! This is my
goddamn shirt! Take it off!

He starts to yank the shirt by the collar. Duzy looks on in
some amusement. Chesnik grows more and more frantic.

PACHNIEC

Stop! Jesus! Stop pulling on it! You're
choking me!

CHESNIK

Give. Me. My. Shirt!

Suddenly, one final spastic yank rips the tight shirt
entirely off Pachniec's body, revealing his large, flabby
bare back, where he has a humongous tattoo of Tweetie Bird.

Chesnik and Duzy simply stare in amazement.

PAN OVER to the other side of the closed door. Eddie is
standing there listening with a blank look on his face.

He quickly turns and trots down the stairs.

17 INT. TEDDY'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT EVENING

In a darkened room, Eddie is sleeping on a bed.

A digital clock on the nightstand to his right reads 10:59
in red LCD. After a few moments, it goes from 10:59 to
11:00 and a shrill buzzer goes off. Eddie rises with a
start. Not able to see clearly, he swings his left arm over
and, missing the clock entirely, puts his fist into the
flimsy drywall.

Pulling it out in confusion, he picks up the buzzing alarm
clock and looks at it curiously.

EDDIE

Teddy? What do I do?

Teddy opens the bedroom door and comes in, letting in light
from the other room. He walks over to the bed as Eddie is
now sitting on the side.

TEDDY

All right. You're up.

He takes the clock from Eddie and quickly switches it off.

He switches on a lamp on the nightstand.

EDDIE

Thanks.

Teddy sits down next to him on the bed. He looks forward and then turns toward Eddie.

TEDDY

Okay, man. So you ready for this shit?

EDDIE

Yes. I am ready.

TEDDY

Good.

CUT TO Eddie getting into Pachnec's car outside Teddy's apartment building. Eddie is wearing all black. Duzy is absent. Pachnec silently nods at Eddie once he's in the car. They speed off quickly.

CUT TO view of the rear of a brand new Porsche. It is parked on what looks like a quiet residential street. The license plate reads "FRESH 1". After a moment of silence, the motor starts up. In another moment, the car has sped away and is roaring down the street out of sight.

18 INT. TEDDY'S APARTMENT - DAY - THE NEXT MORNING

Eddie is sleeping on the couch in the small living room, which is entirely furnished with cheap thrift store objects. Posters of Tupac Shakur, LL Cool J, and other rappers are on the walls.

As Eddie snores, the sounds of a small ruckus come from another room. At first just some light clinking, soon there is a large crash, likely a tin cup falling to the floor.

Eddie wakes up with a start.

TEDDY

(off screen)

Hey! You up? Oh shit. Sorry to wake you up, man.

Eddie sits up, still covered in a gaudy pink afghan.

Teddy enters the living room from the right with a tray full of food.

TEDDY

I didn't hear you come back in last night.

EDDIE

Yah. You was sleeping.

TEDDY

So? How'd it go, dog? You're not in jail, that's a good sign.

EDDIE

Yah. We steal three cars. Porsche, Lexus, and Mercedes Benz.

TEDDY

For real, dog? Not fuckin' bad for your first night here. Not fuckin' bad.

Teddy looks at the tray he's brought. He flips out the tray's legs and puts it over Eddie's lap.

TEDDY

Oh! So I made some breakfast. Hope you like soul food!

EDDIE

(looking at the food)
What is "soul food"?

TEDDY

Damn, you got a lot to learn about America, dog. Here. You got grits, some collared greens, scrambled eggs. Bacon. All the good shit. Dig in.

Eddie picks up a fork and takes up a bit of the grits. He puts it in his mouth. After a moment, his eyes widen and his lips tighten in restrained disgust. He feigns a smile.

TEDDY

So? What do you think, man? Good, right?

EDDIE

(food still in his mouth)
Yah...is very good soul food.

19 INT. WINDY CITY DRY CLEANERS - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Mary is at her usual spot behind the counter.

All of a sudden, Eddie enters carrying his Elvis bust in the crook of his arm. She perks up and stands at attention.

He approaches the counter and puts the bust down.

MARY

What you do here? I give you clothes yesterday. Get out of here. My father come soon.

EDDIE

I come to see you. Why you yell at me?

MARY

Oh, you crazy Polish! Go now! I have work to do here. Father get angry if he see me houseplaying with you.

EDDIE

You work all time. Take break. I have question. Then I leave.

MARY

What?

EDDIE

Go on date with me? Will you go on date with me?

MARY

Ha! Uh, no! Not possible. Too much work to do. You too crazy. No date. No. Uh uh.

EDDIE

Okay. Fine. No date, I kill myself.

He grabs a wire hanger from the counter and puts his head through it.

MARY

You so childish. Make joke too much. Go. Must do work. Go...go!!!

He takes the hanger off.

EDDIE

But I customer. I come to have laundry.

MARY

Where you laundry then, crazy? I no see laundry.

Eddie thinks about it for moment. He sits down on the floor and takes off his shoes and socks. He gets up again and then hands the socks to Mary.

EDDIE

Here. Clean and pressed. No starch. No hanger. I wait. Is not problem.

Mary holds onto the socks trying to figure out what to do with them. After a moment, she tosses them back at him in disgust.

MARY

Ew. I no wash your socks. I not your mother.

EDDIE

But I customer. Demand the satisfaction. Where is manager? Want make complaint. I demand the satisfaction!

He rings the bell on the counter obnoxiously until she puts her hand over it.

MARY

Okay, okay. I wash the socks. Then you out. I no want trouble. I give satisfaction. But no date.

She picks up the socks and rinses them in a tub of water. She wrings them out quickly and hands them back to Eddie.

EDDIE

Still wet! You want I get caught with cold and die? Must dry. I demand the satisfaction!

MARY

Fine. I put on radiator for five minute. Then you go. Have satisfaction. But you cannot hang around all day. My father be back soon. He be really angry you here. Five minute. Socks dry, you

go, okay? Fifty cent for laundry. Thank
you have nice day.

She puts her hand out. He reaches into his pocket and gives
her a dollar bill. She gives him a ticket and his change.

As he snoops around the shop barefoot, Mary turns on her
old TV and gingerly arranges the coat hanger antennae.
Eddie starts to whistle "Blue Suede Shoes".

MARY

You shut up mouth. Now time to watch
soap opera. Is my favorite show, *One
Life Live*.

Eddie peeks his head over the counter to see what she is
talking about. He turns the bust so that it faces the TV as
well. She gives him a stern look.

MARY

You touch channel I break hand. Thank
you.

(pointing to the bust)

You too, head.

Mary pulls out a bowl of cheese doodles and sits down in
folding chair behind the counter. The sounds of the show
continue.

EDDIE

May I have one cheezer, please? Is my
favorite.

MARY

Yes, but no talk. Is soap opera time.
Shhh!

Eddie grabs a handful and crunches away loudly.

MARY

Shhh. No make so much crunch.
(in Korean with subtitles)
Be quiet now, baby.

EDDIE

(in Polish with subtitles)
All the sounds you make are more like
music than music to me.

MARY

What do you say to me?

EDDIE

You make nice noise when you bite. You bite like the music. Most pretty. What you say me?

MARY

You big ox. Eat like pig boy.
Shhh. Is soap opera now.

(her attention back to the TV)

Oh, Jesse so handsome. Crystal so pretty. Finally they get to marry. Is the big day. Such pretty dress. I hope they very happy for many year. Have big happy family. Many healthy children. Grow old together.

EDDIE

Yes, but...is television show.

MARY

Shhh.

A wedding march is heard. Mary hums along. Eddie eats more cheese doodles as he leans over the counter.

EDDIE

Is bad picture. I fix.

Eddie reaches over and begins to fiddle with the tuner knob.

MARY

No, no touch! Is perfect like that! You ruin too much when you touch.

The picture is almost entirely lost to static.

MARY (CONT'D)

Oh! Now you make broken. I tell you no touch. But do you listen? No. No listen. You big dumb Polish horse you. You ruin everything you make touch!
Like Teddy!

Despite his attempts, Eddie can't make the picture better

and it is now completely lost. Mary flicks off the TV in frustration. She pouts.

EDDIE

I try to make better. Sorry. Bad television. I only try to make better for you. Big wedding day. Try make better. Please no mad at me. I love you.

MARY

What?! You no love me. You love stupid head. Why you bring stupid head in my shop?

EDDIE

(getting a little riled up)
Hey! Is no stupid head. Is Elvis. King of Rock and Roll. Is great man.

MARY

Head is stupid. Elvis dead.

EDDIE

Head is beautiful. Elvis live forever. Elvis king.

MARY

Elvis dead.

EDDIE

Who you like? Madonna? Duran Duran?

Mary begins to iron clothes as she speaks. She focuses on the ironing.

MARY

No.

(pause)

I like Neil Diamond. He have a nice big sideburns, like Tom Jones. "A What's New Pussycat". I like Tom Jones too. Father have many Neil Diamond and Tom Jones records. Neil Diamond was mother's favorite. She like sideburns too. Tom Jones father's favorite.

Mary continues to iron.

EDDIE

Socks still wet.

(pause)

When I young boy in Poland, mother and father favorite is Elvis. Play on record player night and day. Listen to Elvis, dream of one day come to America and go to Las Vegas and drive race car. Win big race. This is dream. I now live dream for him.

MARY

I still like Neil Diamond.

EDDIE

So your mother not alive no more?

MARY

(looking up from her ironing)

What you know about my mother? No talk about my mother.

She goes back to ironing.

EDDIE

Mother dead, huh? That is why you so sad all time. You act mean, but I know you still very sad. Is very sad to loose mother. Take long time to not be sad no more. Elvis was very sad when mother die. Many angry years. He do many crazy thing because he love mother so much and miss her too much.

MARY

You crazy boy, you know that?

EDDIE

I know I crazy for you Mary.

Mary stops what she's doing and looks at Eddie with annoyance.

MARY

(agitated)

Shut up your mouth! You make me so angry. You not even know me even. You tell me you love. Don't you know love

take time, like Doctor Jaret and Crystal? That is real love. Love take three year for them. No just walk in room and say "I love, I love! I crazy for you!" Love is very big word, Eddie. For me mean very much. To love everything, everyone, that make everything, everyone all same. You not know meaning of love, you silly boy. Life can be beautiful. But love is hard.

Eddie looks at her seriously.

EDDIE

Mary. Soon. I not little boy. I serious about my life. I serious about love.

MARY

You a boy! Big baby boy. No responsible. Just play all time. I live hard life. I know what Teddy do. You just like him. I serious. No time for your games. Want serious responsible man to take care of me. Like Doctor Jaret. He serious, responsible.

EDDIE

(shrugging)
Is television.

MARY

Shut mouth. Takes socks and go.

Mary throws the socks at Eddie. He throws them back.

EDDIE

I live the hard life too. I man to know
I love you.

She throws them back at him and he lets them drop on the floor.

MARY

Stop say you love me. You and stupid head. You love stupid head, not me.

EDDIE

Head is plastic. Head is trash.

He walks over to a garbage can near the door and throws the bust in it.

Sullen, he sits back down on the floor and begins to put on his shoes without the socks.

EDDIE

(muttering)

I have hard life. You not know how hard. You think what you want. I am no boy. One day soon I bring my mother here and start my singing career. But I only try make you laugh. Now I stop trying to make you laugh.

Eddie continues to tie his shoes in silence. Mary looks down at him.

MARY

Okay, okay. Relax! Look, I, I sorry you mad. But you act crazy in here yesterday and today. You make me very angry. I run shop, cook and clean for father. I very busy. No time for monkey business. I no want to laugh. Life is pain for me. I sorry to hurt your feelings.

Eddie says nothing and gets up to leave. As he gets to door he turns to Mary. He opens his shirt to reveal burn scars on his chest.

EDDIE

This is my pain. I try to forget, but they not go away.

Mary looks at him for a moment and then calmly walks over to him. Carefully, she looks at his chest.

EDDIE

All is left is dream of better here. I just want better life. I just want happy.

He leaves. She picks up his socks from the floor and then looks out window to see where he has gone. After a moment he returns.

EDDIE

Forgot head.

He bends down but Mary speaks before he can get the bust.

MARY

Wait. I am sorry you feel much pain
too. Head is not stupid. Head is
beautiful.

Eddie says nothing. He turns around and exits. Mary picks
up the socks and goes to watch at the window. After another
few moments he returns again.

EDDIE

Forgot socks. Please give socks.

MARY

You have ticket for laundry?

Eddie looks for his ticket in his pockets.

EDDIE

Most lost ticket.

MARY

(shrugging)
No ticket, no laundry.

EDDIE

Give laundry. Must have the socks back.
I want back the socks, now.

MARY

Okay, okay. I just make the joke with
you. Take the socks. Forget the ticket.
I was making only the joke.

EDDIE

The joke no funny.

Eddie takes the socks from her and goes to leave.

MARY

Hey, you still forget head!

He turns around.

EDDIE

Oh yeah. Thank you.

He reaches down and takes it out of the garbage can and again turns to leave.

MARY

Wait. You say you love me. Why you say you love me?

He turns around.

EDDIE

Many years ago Elvis go into Army..

MARY

What Elvis to do with you love me?

EDDIE

Elvis to do with everything.

He goes to leave again. Mary stands there staring at him. He almost gets to the door.

MARY

Wait. Okay. I go on the date with you. I go on the date with you under the one condition.

He turns around.

EDDIE

What is the one condition?

MARY

No head.

20 INT. TEDDY'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING - PERHAPS THE NEXT DAY

Teddy is sitting in his bedroom at a small desk by the window. He is writing on looseleaf paper with a pencil. Hardcore gangsta rap plays on his stereo.

TEDDY (V.o.)

(slowly as he writes)

Dear Kimberly,

How you livin'? I'm doin' ai'ight here in Chi-town. You know how I do.

(pauses; smiles and nods smugly to himself)

So I was real happy to get your letter

the other day. It was dope. Yo, thanks for the pictures you drew too. They were dope as well,

(pauses as he thinks what to write next)

also. I want to send you some of my own soon. But really I liked the little animals and stuff that you drew. Especially the colorful fishes. They reminded me of the Little Mermaid. You should for real work for Disney drawing pictures and shi-

All of a sudden, Eddie enters into Teddy's room wearing a new denim jacket and jeans. Teddy takes the letter he's writing and quickly throws it into one of the desk drawers.

TEDDY

Oh...yo, dog. You leaving?

EDDIE

How I look?

He does a spin around.

TEDDY

Still rockin' the Canadian tuxedo, huh? Well, you look better than when you first got here. I'll give you that. You sure you don't wanna wear the do-rag? Ladies love that.

EDDIE

No, thank you.

TEDDY

Ai'ight. Whatever. I think you're ready to go then, dog. Man, I can't believe you got a date with the dragon lady. I gotta hand it to you.

EDDIE

She is wonderful.

TEDDY

If you say so. Now, before you go I got just three words of advice for you. So pay attention, okay? These three words

will help you get ladies from now until the day you die. You ready for this shit?

EDDIE

Okay.

TEDDY

Ai'ight. Here it is, dog. Three words:

(using his fingers as point markers)

Get. Bitches. Drunk.

(staring at Eddie for a beat)

You heard?

EDDIE

But...what if she no like get drunk?

TEDDY

(throwing his hands up in the air)

That's all, man! No more. Just three words. Now get the fuck outta here and get it done.

Eddie just stands there furrowing his brow in confusion. Teddy stares at him for a moment.

TEDDY

(pointing to the door; loudly)

Go!

Eddie jumps in surprise. He turns around and leaves. After a few footsteps the front door of the apartment shuts.

Teddy takes out his letter and starts to write again.

TEDDY (V.O.)

Do you ever wonder what it would be like to be a mermaid?

He stops writing and looks down at the paper for a moment.

Suddenly, the cordless phone on his desk rings. He picks it up.

TEDDY

Hello? Oh, hi, Mr. Chesnik, how are you? I - oh yeah, well...Eddie? No, Eddie's not, uh, available right now...

Where? Well...um, he's like, out on a date...yeah, he's on a date. He can't work tonight, no...Who? Well, funny thing, actually. You know the drycleaner's daughter? Yeah, I -

A dial tone. Teddy looks perplexed and then hangs up the receiver.

TEDDY

Oh shit...

21 EXT. IN FRONT OF WINDY CITY DRY CLEANERS - EARLY EVENING
- A LITTLE LATER

Outside the storefront, Eddie is peering in at Mary and her father, who do not seem to notice him waiting there.

CUT TO inside as Mary and Ik Sung are both behind the counter.

Mary is gathering a few things together into her satchel.

[Korean]

IK SUNG

What time will you be back?

MARY

Probably about 10:30. Lani and are just going to watch a movie I think.

IK SUNG

(grunts)

Suddenly the phone rings from behind them amidst the plastic forest.

IK SUNG

Wait. Don't leave yet.

He disappears.

Mary goes in front of the counter and furtively looks out for Eddie. After a second, they see each other. She smiles quickly and holds up her index finger. Eddie also smiles and then nods in compliance.

Ik Sung reemerges from behind and Mary quickly returns behind the counter. Eddie shrinks into the shadows again.

IK SUNG

(happily)

Oh what excellent timing! Guess who it
is on the phone!

Mary feigns a smile, though clearly she is not excited at
the prospect.

BACK TO Eddie outside as he's waiting. He kicks the dirt
around a bit.

BACK TO Mary on the phone within the plastic forest.

MARY

(clearly trying hard to be polite;
forced)

Oh, hi David...It's nice to hear your
voice too...how is
everything?...Mmmmmm...oh my, that's so
interesting! You are so successful...

BACK TO Eddie outside. His hands are in his pockets as he
is gently rocking back and forth. Suddenly a medium sized
dog appears - some kind of wily mutt.

[Polish]

EDDIE

Hey boy! What are you doing here?

The dog is panting heavily and looks highly energetic. It
barks happily at him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Do you want to play? Yeah? You want to
play a game? Okay, let's play a little
game!

Eddie walks over to a nearby tree and grabs a little stick
from the ground.

EDDIE

Okay, boy! You know this game? Catch
the stick!

He launches it out into the parking lot. The dog bolts away
after it.

Eddie looks out at the dog. Apparently thinking it has gone

for good, he goes back to rocking back and forth as he waits. He starts to whistle.

After a few moments, the dog reappears with a red Frisbee in its mouth.

EDDIE

Wow! You're good at this, my friend!
Where did you find this thing?

He takes it out of the dog's mouth and inspects it.

EDDIE

Cool plastic disc! Does it fly?

He toys with it briefly as the dog bows down on its front legs playfully in anticipation. Eddie somewhat awkwardly throws the Frisbee in the same direction as he did the stick. Again, the dog bolts off after it.

BACK TO Mary on the phone.

MARY

Well, I don't know, David. We are still very busy here at the store. I...I don't know when I will be ready, maybe in...

Ik Sung peers in from the front. He raises a suspicious eyebrow. Seeing him, Mary gets noticeably nervous.

MARY (CONT'D)

Ummm...well, maybe sooner rather than later. We can talk about it, okay?
(she laughs nervously)
All right! Well, it's so great to talk to you, David! Me too...okay...yes...yeah, me too. Goodbye, David.

She hangs up. For a moment, Ik Sung just looks at her with a neutral look on his face.

All of a sudden, he breaks out into a big sincere smile.

IK SUNG

It sounds like you two had such a nice talk!

MARY

(smiling nervously but somewhat relieved that he's happy)

Um, yeah...it was.

He goes up to her and hugs her for a few moments.

IK SUNG

See? See how easy it is? You just have to give a little and then you get so much in return! That's the key to a happy marriage. Give and take.

Mary just keeps smiling as sincerely as she can.

MARY

Ha ha...okay, it's true, father. Just like you and mother.

IK SUNG

That's right, honey. Just like me and mother. At first we were strangers too, but then we grew to love each other over time, you see?

Mary nods in compliance.

IK SUNG

Well then! What do you think of taking the Cadillac over to your friend's house?

MARY

(legitimately surprised)
Oh! Wow. That would be great, father.
Thank you!

He reaches into his pocket and gives her the keys and pats her on the head. He disappears back to the front of the store.

BACK TO Eddie outside. He is standing by himself now, a bit further away from the storefront. He stands there alone for a moment until the dog returns with a large black dildo in its mouth.

EDDIE

What?! Where did you find that? Let me have it!

He reaches down to take it from the dog's mouth, but as he grabs hold, the dog resists and starts growling and pulling

away.

EDDIE

Come on now, doggy! Don't be like that!
Give...me...the cock!

The dog continues pulling and growling somewhat ferociously until it finally lets go of the dildo, sending Eddie backwards onto his backside on the pavement. The dildo remains in his hand, however. Almost immediately, the dog sets upon Eddie's leg and starts humping it aggressively and rapidly.

EDDIE

Ah! Help! Bad dog!

Pan over to the front door of the store as Mary is leaving. Ik Sung is about 10 paces behind her. We see him smiling and saying goodbye through the window.

As she exits the door, she sees Eddie struggling with the dog on his leg, dildo still in hand. Her eyes widen in shock, though her father is none the wiser.

She stands there for a moment staring at Eddie out of the corner of her eye. He sees her and stops struggling, as does the dog, which looks up at her at the same maniacal way it had Eddie when they first met.

Pretending to knock water out of her ear, she signals for Eddie to go wait in the parking lot adjacent to Windy City Dry Cleaners. He drops the dildo, jumps up from the ground, and complies, leaving the dog there staring up at Mary, panting idiotically.

Mary looks at the dog for a moment and then looks down at the dildo. She looks back at the dog.

MARY

(loud fast and angry)
[something in Korean with no subtitles]

The dog's ears perk up, it stops panting/smiling, and looks very serious. It then very quickly runs away.

Mary smiles and gives a nod of approval. She gets into the Cadillac and gives her father a wave as she pulls out.

Ik Sung flips the sign on the front door from open to

closed.

As Mary drives away down the street, she slows down for a moment and Eddie quickly gets in. They drive off into the evening.

22 EXT. SOME KIND OF FAIR OR CARNIVAL AT A PARK - SHORTLY LATER

It looks to be a Mexican celebration of some kind, with lots of streamers and piñatas hung all around. Lots of bright colors everywhere. Adults and children are playing with sparklers, smashing the piñatas, and otherwise clearly having a great time. A lively mariachi band plays on a small stage in the background.

From off screen, Eddie and Mary quietly enter side by side. They're strolling calmly, taking in the scene. Eddie is smiling but Mary looks a bit pensive.

EDDIE

This is fun!

MARY

Hmm...yeah, is fun. Mexico...ans...

A few moments of silence, seemingly awkward to Mary but Eddie seems entirely unfazed and content.

MARY

So...sorry I was late.

EDDIE

Oh, is okay. I was playing with dog.

MARY

Yeah, but I didn't want be late. See, a man call from Korea. I have to talk to him.

EDDIE

Oh yeah? What man? Your brother?
Cousin? Uncle Bill?

MARY

No...see, he this man David Lee. Father says he a good man...

EDDIE

Good man? Family friend? Nice.

MARY

No, see, father say he good man...to marry.

Eddie stops walking and turns serious. Mary stops as well.

EDDIE

Oh. So...you...you want marry this man David Lee?

MARY

Well, I don't know. At first I think, "I never marry this guy! I never even meet him one time! He in Korea! I in America!"

Eddie contemplates.

MARY (CONT'D)

But then, like today, I think, "I don't know. He kind of nice." Maybe not to marry, but he nice.

Eddie clears his throat.

EDDIE

Well...I...um, I...

He looks over her shoulder.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Hey! You like Icee?

MARY

Huh?

EDDIE

Icee! You know, like...to drink, come on!

He grabs her hand and they run off towards the concession stand. She laughs a little as they go.

CUT TO a few moments later. At the stand, Eddie pays the clerk and grabs the two Icees. Mary is waiting nearby, outside the line.

He walks over to her carrying them. Behind Mary a few children are violently beating a piñata to smithereens with large sticks.

EDDIE

Hey! What is game there? Beat animal
with stick?!

Mary turns around and looks around at the children. As she does, Eddie very quickly puts one of the Icees in the other hand, holding both of them tightly against his chest. With his free hand, he reaches into his pants pocket and takes out his vodka squirt gun. He squirts a large amount into one of the Icee cups and stirs it rapidly with its straw. He puts the gun away, and then takes the cup into his other hand, appearing as he had only moments before.

Mary turns around after looking at the children, none the wiser. She just smiles and shrugs in confusion regarding the strange game.

MARY

So...Icee?

EDDIE

Yes. Is very good. Here.

He hands her the cup. She takes it and then takes a sip. Eddie looks on with anticipation.

MARY

Mmmm! Is very good! So sweet!

EDDIE

(nodding)

Yeah...sweet...

They continue strolling through the carnival.

MARY

This is good! I like Icee!

Eddie smiles but it turns somewhat nervous. He takes a few sips of his own Icee.

CUT TO a short while later. Eddie and Mary are now sitting on a park bench. She is taking another sip of her Icee.

MARY

(slightly tipsy)

You know, you a nice boy. I sorry I so
mean to you before, Eddie.

EDDIE

I...is okay, Mary. Is not problem.

MARY

But I mean, you very [Korean word for "cute" with subtitle]...I mean, you...what is the word?

EDDIE

What? Sorry, I not understand.

MARY

I mean, you kind of...cuu...cube?

EDDIE

I kind of cube? What kind of cube?

MARY

Yah! You kind of cube!

Mary looks over at him playfully and giggles slightly. She goes back to drinking her Icee. Eddie smiles but as she keeps sipping he looks increasingly more concerned.

Suddenly, lightning flashes and a few moments later a large clap of thunder sounds. Eddie and Mary look up at the sky. A moment later, it starts to rain.

MARY

(still somewhat giddy)

Oh no! Rain! We close the windows in the car, right?

Eddie looks around quickly. He stands up, followed by Mary.

EDDIE

Is okay! We go to that place there, okay? But take my coat first.

He hands Mary his Icee and then takes his coat off. He drapes it over her shoulders.

EDDIE

Here! Give me Icee! I carry to there!

Mary gives him both cups. As another clap of thunder peals, they run towards a small shop in the near distance. Other people are running towards it as well. Mary puts the coat over her head.

Just before they reach the shelter, Eddie drops Mary's half-full cup onto the ground but does not acknowledge it whatsoever. Mary does not notice.

Once inside, we see that it is a small cobbler's shop, filled with people, many of whom are the mariachis that had been performing shortly before.

Eddie hands Mary his own cup. They both shake off the rain.

MARY

Hey! Where is your cup?

EDDIE

Oh, I slip and it fall on ground.

MARY

Oh. But we can share!

She passes the cup over to Eddie and, still holding it, he takes a sip. He smiles.

EDDIE

Thank you, Mary.

She smiles back at him.

We now see in full that the cobbler's shop is completely filled with mariachis, who are standing around holding their instruments, quietly chatting with each other in Spanish.

EDDIE

Pardón...er, amigos?

The mariachis all stop talking and look over at him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

(slowly)

Ustedes conocen "Love Me Tender"?

After a moment of silence, they all mutter amongst themselves rapidly.

BANDLEADER

Sí.

The bandleader counts them in and they begin to play the song, trumpet fanfare and all.

Eddie sings along masterfully...in Polish.

As he croons to Mary, we see her continue to sip the Icee. At first she is somewhat taken aback and looks around nervously. Soon, though, she relaxes and, as Eddie finishes the song, a very pleased smile is on her face.

A brief pause after the song. Eddie seems a little uncertain because of the lack of response. Mary looks somewhat surprised, but suddenly puts down the Icee, and claps enthusiastically, a huge smile on her face. She begins to laugh happily. Eddie bows graciously.

OTHER MARIACHI

Buen trabajo, polaco!

23 INT. WINDY CITY DRY CLEANERS - NIGHT - A LITTLE LATER

Ik Sung is mopping the floor.

Suddenly, Pachniiec and Duzy appear at the door. Duzy knocks. Ik Sung looks up in confusion. He goes over to the door.

IK SUNG

Yes? We closed! Come back tomorrow.

PACHNIEC

Sorry to bother you, Mr. Kimm. But could you open up? We just need to talk to you for a minute.

Ik Sung thinks about it for a moment and then goes to the door. He unlocks it and opens it for them. They enter. Both have smirks on their faces. Duzy is holding a Styrofoam cup of coffee.

PACHNIEC

Thanks. We just need a minute.

IK SUNG

So? What you want?

PACHNIEC

Well, we just thought we'd check in with you.

IK SUNG

What? Why?

DUZY

(singsong)

Cuz we know something you don't know!

PACHNIEC

(to Duzy in Polish)

Shut up, moron!

(to Ik Sung)

Because we want all of our dry cleaning on the house from now on. That means for free.

IK SUNG

For free? What, you crazy? I no give nothing for free. To nobody.

PACHNIEC

See, that's where you're wrong. Where's your daughter tonight?

IK SUNG

What? She with her friend.

PACHNIEC

Oh yeah? What friend?

IK SUNG

Friend from high school. I don't know name. I forget.

DUZY

Ha ha!

IK SUNG

Why you laugh?

PACHNIEC

He laugh, Mr. Kimm, because your daughter isn't with her friend. She's with one of our boys. Eddie. Right off the boat from Poland.

IK SUNG

Ha ha, real funny. You think she like Polish boy? No. She have boyfriend in Korea. Him name David Lee. Businessman.

DUZY

Ha ha!

IK SUNG

Not funny!

PACHNIEC

Look, Mr. Kimm, I hate to burst your bubble, but your daughter's on a date with our boy right now. If you don't believe us, you can ask her when she gets home.

IK SUNG

You two crazy! I close shop now. You have to go!

PACHNIEC

All right, all right. Don't get all bent out of shape. We'll go. But we just thought you should know what's going on. If you want us to put an end to it, you know what you have to do.

DUZY

Yeah! Just say the word and we got a deal.

IK SUNG

Okay! Go now. Store closed!

He gestures for them to leave.

PACHNIEC

Take care, Mr. K. Tell your daughter we said hello.

Still glaring at Ik Sung, Duzy slowly and blatantly pours his coffee onto the floor. Mr. Kimm looks on in disbelief.

They turn and leave.

Mr. Kimm just stands there for a moment dumbfounded.

He takes his mop and begins to clean up the mess on the floor, shaking his head.

Soon later Mary pulls up in front of the store. She gets out and comes inside. She looks happy.

Ik Sung is standing there motionless. He looks furious.

IK SUNG

Soon...

24 EXT. A QUIET, RESIDENTIAL CITY NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - THE FOLLOWING MORNING, VERY EARLY

Eddie is walking down the street on the sidewalk. Heading in the opposite direction, an ambulance speeds by with its sirens blaring.

After walking about 50 more yards, he passes by a baseball diamond. A group of people is gathered, but they don't seem to be playing anything at the moment.

Eddie stops at the chain-link fence and watches them for a moment. From his perspective, we can see that these people are all elderly women.

One little blue-haired lady in a maroon sweat suit suddenly stops talking and looks over at him from what looks like a team huddled near the pitcher's mound. She whistles with her two pinkies.

OLD LADY

Hey there! Yeah, you, young fella! Can I talk to ya?

He points at himself confusedly and looks around to see if there is anyone else she might be referring to. She makes her way over to him at the fence.

EDDIE

Hello?

OLD LADY

Hello, young man!

EDDIE

Hello.

OLD LADY

Hi! Do ya think you could you do us a BIG favor, honey? Could you spare about a half hour to play some ball with us?

EDDIE

Me?

OLD LADY

Well sure! You look like a strapping young fella. We sure could use you on our team! See, one of our ladies is out with a torn duodenum or somethin'. They just carted her off in an ambulance. We were about to forfeit!

EDDIE

Ah, I see. Yes, that's okay. I play.

He makes his way around to the other side of the fence.

OLD LADY

Oh, good!

(yelling brashly)

Hey, Bernice! The game's back on! We got us a ringer here!

BERNICE

(off screen)

Isn't that nice!

OLD LADY

(much softer, to Eddie, as she is shaking his hand with both of hers)

What's your name, dear?

EDDIE

Eddie.

She starts to walk with him back over to the diamond.

OLD LADY

Nice to meet ya, Eddie. I'm Sally. Now, do ya know how to play kickball, honey?

EDDIE

No, I never play.

SALLY

Well, do ya know how to play baseball or softball?

Eddie purses his lips and shakes his head, "unfortunately, no." They reach the nearest dugout.

SALLY (CONT'D)

But you do speak English, right?

EDDIE

Yes, I learn in Poland.

sally

Oh, that's nice.

(off his not knowing how to play;
gesturing as she explains each
action)

WELL, that's all right. So all ya do
now is stand out in the field there and
if the BALL comes to ya, ya pick it up
and then ya throw it towards the other
ladies here, ya see? If it goes up in
the air, ya just catch it afore it hits
the ground. Do ya think ya can do that,
honey?

EDDIE

Yes, is not problem, Sally. Game
is...game.

SALLY

Great! That's the spirit. Now go get
out there, in the middle of the field
between Dor and Gloria there. They'll
help ya out if ya get yerself in a
pinch...

One of the ladies - either Dor or Gloria, we can't tell -
waves feebly. Whether she can move much at all looks
doubtful. The other one is in a wheelchair with an oxygen
tank next to her. Apparently she has been taking advantage
of the current timeout to use it. She smiles through the
plastic mouthpiece.

SALLY (CONT'D)

You're gonna do great, dear!

(screaming to the waiting ladies
and drastically snapping out of
the image of a sweet old lady)

All right, ya old bags o'crap! Let's
PLAY BALL!

Eddie jogs out to center field and takes his place. He
waves at Dor and Gloria and gives them a thumbs up. They
barely respond.

Most of these ladies clearly take the game seriously, though. One team is wearing maroon (Sally and Eddie's team) and the other is in all blue. Most are wearing some kind of sweat or track suit.

The blue team is at bat, or rather, at foot. Sally is the third baseman. There are no runners on base.

SALLY

(to the pitcher)

All right, Ethel! Strike this old bitch out!

Ethel hurls the ball with as much force as could be expected from an apparently 85-year-old woman, but it indeed eventually makes it to the kicker, who gives it a good boot towards the shortstop. The shortstop picks it up and then underhands it over to first base and the runner is tagged out.

SALLY

(to GERTIE, the shortstop)

All right, Gertie! Nice footwork there! Way to stay on top of it!

GERTIE

(clapping)

Okay, girls! Let's get this last out and then clinch this damn series so we can all go home!

(a bit softer)

M'goddamn spoiled grandkids don't like to be kept waiting.

Another incredibly old woman is up. She is wearing an ancient, battered batting helmet.

Somehow she manages to strike on the first pitch, despite the extreme slowness of its delivery. She almost falls over but the umpire helps her steady herself.

UMPIRE

(appearance obscured by facemask,
but the voice is clearly male)

Stee-riake one! Careful there!

SALLY

Nice call, Steven!

The umpire flips up his facemask to reveal he's a shaggy-haired, stoned-looking youth with a patchy peach fuzz moustache.

UMPIRE

Thanks, Grandma.

KICKER

(shouting to the pitcher,
SHANAHAN, in an old and shaky yet
confident voice)

I gave you that one, Shanahan, you mick
whore!

(softer, to Steven, though not
looking at him)

You better not be playing favorites
here, kid, or I'll box your goddamn
ears.

STEVEN

(flipping down his facemask and
getting back into position)

Let's watch the threats of physical
violence there, Great Aunt Sadie.

(beat)

Play ball!!

GREAT AUNT SADIE

(under her breath but still
audible)

Pussy.

SHANAHAN

So ya want the real stuff, do ya,
Sadie? Well all right then,
sugar-lumps...try this one on for size!

CUT TO Eddie in the outfield along with Dor and Gloria, who remain more or less inert. The one in the wheelchair apathetically gives herself an added spurt of oxygen. The other one does nothing save continue to gaze into oblivion.

Eddie, however, seems keyed up and ready for action with his fists clenched tightly and a wild look in his eyes. He is having a great time.

EDDIE

(cupping his hands around his
mouth as he shouts)
Yaaaaah!! Yes, Sha-NA-han! Throw ball
fast! Throw ball...hard! You are best in
world! Go! Go! Go!

CUT BACK TO Shanahan as we see her hurl the ball in slow
motion. Her sagging, tube-like breasts sway in tandem as
she releases the ball. They swing so far upwards that they
seem to almost hit her in the face.

CLOSE UP on:

GERTIE

(looking crazed and in low,
growling slo-mo speech; a spray of
spit on the first syllable of...)
Thhrrroooooow baaaaaallll
hhhhaaaaaard!!

Snap back to regular speed from the pitcher's view. Great
Aunt Sadie times herself much better and sends the ball up
high and long, straight out to center field.

From the descending ball's perspective, we see Eddie
sheepishly look up at it. He looks incredibly confused and
frightened, but as the ball's shadow quickly expands over
his stunned face we switch back to a wider angle on the
horizontal axis. After one, two beats of anticipation and
tense uncertainty...WHAP! He catches it, hugging the big red
ball close to his body like a newborn baby.

After another beat, all the ladies on his team cheer and
start to make their way towards the dugout. Except for Dor
and Gloria, they are all surprisingly quick to make it off
the field.

SALLY

(towards Eddie, making a peppy
gesture with her right arm and
fist)
That's my boy!
(to no one in particular)
Somebody get this kid a Capri Sun!
(to the pitcher, slapping her on
the back)
See, Shanahan; I told ya not *all*
Pollacks were brain-simple!

QUICK JUMP to Gertie at bat, anticipating the pitch from some other old lady.

Quickly, the ball rolls in and she kicks it towards the second baseman, who has to bend down slowly but nevertheless picks it up and then earnestly but equally as slowly lobs it over to first base. Gertie makes it just in time.

STEVEN (UMPIRE)

Saaafe!

Her team claps and cheers their support.

GERTIE

(to second baseman)

Hey, Eunice, I bet you thought you were hot shit there for a second, didn't you?

EUNICE

(scowling and waving her off)

Oh, go to hell, Gertrude.

Just outside the dugout, Eddie is stretching dramatically, doing exaggerated side lunges mostly.

He has pulled his knee-high red-striped soccer socks up and over his tight blue jeans. He also has taken off his buttoned denim jacket, revealing a white t-shirt that reads "POLSKA" in red letters along with the Polish flag. His batting helmet is way too big and almost covers his eyes.

He tips it up to look at Sally, who is standing next to him.

SALLY

(throwing an arm around his shoulders)

All right now, slugger, all ya need to do here is go over there..

(pointing to home plate)

EDDIE

Yeah.

SALLY

Yeah, and...that's right...to that plate

there... and just kick that goddamn ball
as hard as you can!

EDDIE

Okay. Kick ball. I understand. With the
foot.

SALLY

Yeah. Just kick the bejesus out of it,
see! With yer foot, right. Not with yer
head or nothin'. Just do like ol'
Gertie just did there. Except even
harder.

EDDIE

Yes, Sally. I kick ball hard. Like
soccer ball.

SALLY

Okay. I don't know what that is, honey,
but sure. Do whatever you gotta do as
long as ya just kick it. But listen
here...

(she grabs Eddie by both shoulders
and pulls him lower so that she
can look intensely into his eyes)

Just make sure you KICK...BALL...HARD,
mmkay? You can just pretend it's
Mussolini's head or whoever the hell.

(clearing her throat and then
shifting her eyes slightly)

See, I don't want to put too much
pressure on ya or nothin', but you
should know we got a lot riding on this
game, kid. And I'm on a fixed
allowance. You understand?

A brief moment of silence as Eddie contemplates all she
says with a somewhat confused look on his face.

EDDIE

Okay. So I will kick ball hard.

SALLY

(beat)

Exactly! Now go!

She quickly takes her hands off his shoulders and points

dramatically to home plate. Eddie takes a look at her and then heads over.

OTHER OLD LADY

So does he know what he's doing? I can't take another loss, Sally. I mean it.

SALLY

Are you kidding? Did you see the calves on that kid? It's in the bag, Wanda.

(staring off after Eddie)

Sexy, sexy Polish calves...

As Eddie approaches the plate the ladies on his team shout their support.

Their hubbub, however, is soon drowned out by the sound of a much louder and invisible crowd - what sounds like that of a Major League Baseball stadium - as Eddie scans the environs of the park and all the old ladies.

After a few moments, over the imaginary cheering, the voice of a commentator begins, announcing in Polish. It sounds quite like Chicago Cubs commentator Harry Caray. The only difference is that here he is speaking Polish fluently.

POLISH HARRY (V.O.)

(in Polish with subtitles)

Stepping up to the plate, the young and exciting *Eddie Gogo!*

(beat)

Now here's a player we've been seeing great things out of lately and we expect to see much more for years to come...

Eddie, with the direction of the young umpire, takes his place at the plate. All other sound besides that of the voiceover and the screaming invisible crowd is muted.

POLISH HARRY

Gogo looks as resolved as ever. He's really got some great strength there! Especially in those sexy Polish calves. Mmm. Anyway, let's see if he uses them.

(beat)

And here comes the pitch...

From Sally's perspective just outside the dugout, the ball comes straight towards Eddie and he braces his stance in anticipation.

The sound of Polish Harry and the invisible crowd both subside and we return to the much quieter sounds of reality.

The ball comes bouncing in. Somehow it gets past Eddie as he scrambles to connect with it. He almost trips over his own legs.

UMPIRE

Stee-ri-ke one!

SALLY

(off screen)

That's okay, kid! Stay on top of it!

The catcher lobs it back to the pitcher. Eddie gets back in his stance.

GREAT AUNT SADIE

(in the outfield, cupping her hands and yelling; barely audible to the infield)

You suck!

The sound of the invisible crowd fades back in, slightly louder than before.

POLISH HARRY

Strike one for Gogo. Let's see if he can sprinkle some magic powder on this next cupcake.

We see Eddie from the pitcher's perspective and then zoom in on his very determined-looking face.

Cut back to Eddie's perspective as she heaves the ball in...

Cut to side perspective, again from the dugout's view of the field. Eddie nails the ball, hard and high. We follow it as it heads outfield, over Great Aunt Sadie's - the centerfielder's - head. It is still in the park but has almost cleared the fence. She scrambles back to pick it up. The crowd goes wild.

POLISH HARRY

And look at that! That could very well
be an in-the-park homerun, folks!

The imaginary crowd and Polish Harry fade out again and the sounds of the real game resume. The ladies on both teams are screaming in excitement.

Gertie hits second and keeps on going towards home.

Reverse angle to Eddie as he runs to first base...and then just stands there.

Cut to Sally outside of their dugout.

SALLY

Don't just stand there, ya idjit!

(beat)

RUN!

Cut back to Eddie as he looks at her and then bolts to second base.

Meanwhile, Aunt Sadie has just picked up the ball and is attempting to field it, but not without the help of the other two outfielders. None can throw the ball very far.

GREAT AUNT SADIE

What the hell is he doing?!

Eddie shrugs his shoulders in confusion as he stands on second base and one of the outfield ladies scrambles to tag him out. The others are yelling at him. He starts to round second base as Sadie lobs the ball to the shortstop.

Cut to Sally.

SALLY

Keep going, you damn stupid Slav!

Back to Eddie. Having no idea what to do, he beats being tagged by the shortstop, just off second base toward third, and from there veers to his left, straight to the pitcher's mound.

SHORTSTOP

Get over here, you moron! You're out!

The pitcher shrinks in fear and then screams as Eddie comes up to her and just stands there, attempting to tag her for some reason.

PITCHER

What are you doing?!

All the ladies are now in an uproar.

Cut to Steven the umpire as he looks on at the chaos from home plate. He lifts up his face mask and smiles a stoned, bemused smile.

UMPIRE

(chuckling)

Awesome.

Cut back to Eddie. Realizing he wasn't supposed to tag the pitcher, he heads back towards second base, where the second baseman is now waiting with the ball to tag him out.

SECOND BASEWOMAN

You must come over here, young man! You are out!

EDDIE

No, I...I am still play game...

Eddie sidesteps the second baseman as she comes towards him. He gets back on the path to third base.

SECOND BASEWOMAN

Excuse me! Excuse me! You cannot do that! Come back here!

She begins to pursue him. Realizing he's much faster, she throws the ball to the third baseman, who catches it and holds steady waiting for him.

Eddie makes a sharp turn back towards the pitcher's mound.

PITCHER

Oh Jesus Christ, not again!

The third baseman throws the ball to the pitcher, who catches it just as Eddie is halfway between third base and herself. He quickly turns around and gets back on the track between third and home, starting around 3 feet off third.

The third baseman tries to chase him, though she no longer has the ball.

THIRD BASEWOMAN

You stupid kid! Don't ya know how to play kickball?

From the perspective of home base towards third, we switch to slow motion of Eddie making a hard run. The loud fantasy stadium noise comes back in. We can also hear his heartbeat thudding away.

POLISH HARRY

The question is, folks, who's got the greater conviction?

A few more beats of Eddie as he charges home.

Quick snap back to normal speed, now on the pitcher. As she winds up and releases the ball, we pan out to a wider angle which includes Eddie. Eddie is almost at home, but the ball comes fast and hard, smacking him on the left side of the face and making a loud rubbery WHAP.

Just as it hits him, he dramatically slides into a big puddle a few feet off home plate.

He just lies there in the muck. From Eddie's perspective looking up from the ground, ladies from both teams surround him and look down in disgust but say nothing.

A beat. Now we see the ladies' perspective of Eddie. A large red welt is clear on the left side of his head. He looks dumbfounded but then, somewhat gradually, an odd smile appears on his face.

He rises up slightly on his forearms and elbows. He looks up at Sally.

EDDIE

Sally, I...I am on love.

Cut back to Sally standing there in this awkward huddle. She looks to her left and then to her right. She looks concerned but calm.

sally

(making the "time out" hand signal)

Time out!!

25 EXT. A NEARBY STREET - A LITTLE LATER

Eddie is again walking down the street, covered in drying mud from the kickball game. The red welt stands out on the left side of his face.

Suddenly, Teddy rides up to him on a small BMX trick bike with pegs on the back wheel. He is panting and sweating heavily.

TEDDY

(out of breath)

Dude! Where...where you been? I been lookin'...I've been lookin' all over for you.

EDDIE

Oh. I go on date and then walk around city. I learn all streets in this area. Then I play game with ladies.

TEDDY

What? You were just walking around all night?

EDDIE

Yes. I very happy. Didn't want to lose feeling with sleep.

TEDDY

Wait...so did you do like I told you?

EDDIE

What?

TEDDY

You know: Get. Bitches. Drunk.

EDDIE

Oh. A little. But I sing her song too. That work much better. Then I drive her home in her father's car. Very nice evening.

Teddy gives him five.

TEDDY

Yeah, son! That's how you do it!

(beat)

Oh! But shit, dog, I gotta bring you to

the garage. Chesnik is lookin' for you.
Get on. We gotta go.

He nods to the pegs on the back wheel. Eddie looks at them in confusion.

EDDIE

How do I...

TEDDY

Just stand on the pegs, dog.

Eddie gingerly gets on, his hands on Teddy's shoulders. He is bent in an awkward pose.

EDDIE

Okay. Ready!

TEDDY

(nerdy voice a la Steve Urkel)

Blast off!

They ride off.

26 INT. CHESNIK'S OFFICE - SOON LATER

Chesnik is sitting at his desk. His intercom buzzes. He presses the button.

CHESNIK

Yes, Barry?

BARRY (V.O.)

Eddie here to see you, Mr. Chesnik.

CHESNIK

Thank you, Barry. Send him in.

After a moment, Eddie enters by himself. Chesnik stands up.

[Polish]

CHESNIK

Ah! Hello! Come in, Eddie! Come in!

Eddie approaches the desk. Chesnik puts out his hands and shakes Eddie's robustly.

EDDIE

Hello.

CHESNIK

Please, please! Sit down. Make yourself comfortable. Would you like a drink?

Eddie sits down. As does Chesnik.

EDDIE

No thank you.

CHESNIK

Well, suit yourself. I'm going to have one.

He takes out the bottle of expensive vodka that Eddie had used to fill his squirt gun on his first day. He pours himself a shot.

CHESNIK

You know, it's funny. They found this bottle in the bathroom. Lord knows how it got there!

(laughs oddly)

He takes a sip.

CHESNIK

Mmmm! That is good stuff.

(clears his throat)

Okay then. So let's get down to business.

EDDIE

All right.

CHESNIK

First of all, I want to congratulate you on the fine work you did a few days ago. Three choice scores in five hours! Pachniec told me all about it. Very impressive, young man! Very impressive. He says you're a real pro. In fact, he says you're more than capable of going solo.

EDDIE

Thank you, sir.

CHESNIK

(pointing)

I knew there was something special

about you. Machev was right; you've got real talent. Real talent, my boy!

He takes another, larger sip of vodka. He sucks air in between his teeth at its potency.

CHESNIK

So! Now that that's out of the way. Let's talk about the next round, shall we?

EDDIE

The next round?

CHESNIK

Of course, my boy! You didn't think that three cars - choice as they may have been - would be the extent of your services rendered in our employ, now did you?

EDDIE

No. I guess not.

CHESNIK

Good. So...here's the deal. We want seven -

(counts rapidly on his fingers)
one, two, three, four, five, six, seven - seven more cars by this Thursday. That's five days. Do you think you can do that, my boy?

EDDIE

Ummm...I don't know, Mr. Chesnik.

CHESNIK

Oh, come now, don't be modest! You could probably do that in one night.

EDDIE

Okay, maybe.

CHESNIK

Now that's better. Have confidence in yourself, Eddie! I know you're up to it. All right? Seven cars?

EDDIE

Okay...I will try.

CHESNIK

All right then. I'll see you on
Thursday then, okay?

Chesnik puts out his hand and they shake again. Eddie looks ambivalent.

CHESNIK (CONT'D)

Great! And remember...have some fun out
there.

Eddie gets up and heads towards the door. Chesnik starts to busy himself with some paperwork.

Eddie exits.

27 EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS AROUND CHICAGO - VARIOUS TIMES OF
DAY

MONTAGE:

1. Afternoon. Tight shot of only the bottom half of a green car's driver side door along with the front wheel well. The rest of the car is not visible.

SUPER: Monday

A figure enters the shot, opens the door, and gets in. We cannot see his face, but from his entrance he looks to be an overweight man in blue sweatpants and a ratty t-shirt.

Cut to driver's view of the dash. We see his chubby hand reach over to the passenger seat. He picks up an 8-track tape, views its label briefly - perhaps *Royal Scam* by Steely Dan - and then sticks it into the console.

He inserts keys into the ignition and the car sputters and coughs to life, as a song, perhaps "Haitian Divorce", also starts up.

We cut to short but expressively stylized shots of the car's entire exterior by angle, from the sides to the front and back. It is a complete POS, perhaps a Gremlin, with rust stains and dents all over it. Freeze for a brief moment longer on the back. There is a large, ancient bumper sticker that reads, "Still truckin'".

From the side, we see the driver to be balding and indeed

quite fat. He exhibits male pattern baldness yet he also wears his long graying hair in a ponytail. Holding on the final shot of the car from an off-center, aerial angle from the car's left, he peels off screen with a cloud of exhaust.

CUT TO a shot of a small deli at the top of a slight hill, sloping down off screen left. The beat-up, ugly car sputters in from off screen right and parks in front of the deli.

Reverse angle, through the passenger side window, the driver shakes the stick to ensure the car is in neutral, pulls up the parking brake handle, and removes the keys.

The music continues.

Pan out as we track the driver as he exits and passes in front of the car, twirling his keys and whistling.

Original angle, as the driver walks through the deli door, EDDIE runs/ hops up to the driver side door of the car and opens it quickly with a metal strip.

Cut to front of car. Through the windshield Eddie's head can be seen over the dash; his left hand is on the door's frame as it remains ajar. After a slight jerk, Eddie half stands up, leaning into the car. As soon as it starts rolling down the hill, he hops in the driver's seat, shuts the door and throws a pair of pliers in the back seat.

A look of concentration comes over his face as he tries to pop the engine into gear. After the second try, in the background we see the POS driver bolt out of the deli. A tray of food explodes into the air as he breaks into a dead sprint after the car. On the third try, the car roars to life. Eddie smiles, and looks into/adjusts the rear view mirror as the sprinting POS driver recedes from view.

[Same music continues throughout montage.]

2. Afternoon. Shot of a line of townhouses on a city street, warped through a peephole. A pizza delivery car enters screen from the left and screeches to a halt, parking on the same side as the peephole perspective. PIZZA DELIVERY BOY exits vehicle and jogs to a door across the street from where he has parked, juggling a large stack of five or six pizzas. Exhaust is still coming out of his

car, as it is still running.

Cut to closer shot, right behind the pizza delivery boy. He reaches the door and rings the bell. He turns around and briefly looks back at his car, checks his watch, and then impatiently mouths, "Come on, come on, come on". He focuses back on the front door he's waiting at.

Cut to wider angle of same perspective, now including the delivery car. All of a sudden, EDDIE enters, sprinting from the left, runs up the back of the car onto the top and in one smooth motion soccer kicks the pizza delivery car sign clear off the top of the car, off screen. He hops off the top and gets in. The pizza delivery boy turns around in time to see Eddie closing the door and then peeling away. The pizza delivery boy throws the pizzas into the bushes and sprints after Eddie.

3. Midday. Shot of a FAT GOLFER in country club attire smoking a cigar and driving a golf cart down a fairway.

SUPER: Tuesday

He wears a smug look on his face. About 50 yards behind him a CADDY, who is actually SUPER SOAK YOUTH #3, runs to keep up, hauling a huge golf bag.

Reverse angle. The fat golfer stops the cart. A pond can be seen to the left. In the background, the caddy pauses, putting his hands on his knees to catch his breath, placing the golf bag on its tripod. The fat golfer struggles out of the cart and waddles over to his ball. He bends down beside it.

From off screen right, EDDIE, who is wearing an identical caddy uniform, walks towards the caddy. The caddy looks over, stands up, and gestures towards himself inquisitively. Eddie smiles reassuringly and nods in affirmation, pointing off screen right. The caddy waves and then jogs off.

The fat golfer never once looks back as he is sizing up the options of his next stroke, the cigar protruding cockily from his mouth. Eddie walks up to the back of the cart, nearing the golfer. Still looking at the ball/up course and oblivious to the caddy switch, the fat golfer takes his cigar out with his left hand and quickly snaps his fingers twice over his left shoulder and then opens his palm.

FAT GOLFER

Seven iron!

Eddie scratches and then lightly raps his chin with his fingertips in confusion, looks at all the clubs within the bag, and pulls out the putter. He violently but silently bends it across his knee and places the grip in the hands of the fat golfer, who looks at it incredulously, his mouth wide open. As soon as the fat golfer turns to yell, Eddie looks at him for a moment. He smiles manically, and then punches him in the face, knocking him out. Eddie takes the entire golf bag, throws it into the pond, and then drives off in the cart. The fat golfer lies motionless on the fairway.

4. Day. Shot of a barbed wire fenced-in parking lot, slightly elevated. We look down the horizontal axis of the golf cart, pizza delivery car, and POS, all parked facing the fence. From off screen left, a yellow short bus pulls up in line with the other vehicles, next to the POS.

We switch to a view of the door and most of the right side of the bus. The door opens and the wheelchair elevator slowly folds out. Eddie emerges as he rides the elevator down and then calmly walks off screen left.

We pan up and over to a window in the back of the bus. Very slowly the head of a strange-looking CHUBBY YOUNG BOY pops up. He wears thick glasses and has heavy-duty braces, which we can see when he oddly grimaces out the window into oblivion.

5. Early morning. Shot of a DRIVER with folded arms snoring in the cab of a large RV/van-like vehicle.

SUPER: Wednesday

The camera slowly pans right along the van, which reads "COOK COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARIES," before stopping in front of a door, which is half open with a line of patrons exiting, all of whom are smiling and carrying large stacks of books. EDDIE is the last to exit right behind an ELDERLY LADY; he folds up a set of steps into the truck and closes the door. The elderly lady turns to Eddie.

ELDERLY LADY

Thank you very much, young man!

He places his hand on her shoulder.

EDDIE

(looking sincere)

Is not problem, kind old woman!

As soon as the elderly lady turns to walk away, a stern look comes over Eddie's face.

We follow as he turns and begins to walk towards the cab. As he knocks on the passenger-side window, the driver jumps out of his sleep and climbs out of the cab. Eddie points toward the departing book mobile patrons.

EDDIE

There they go, my friend!

As the driver runs off screen right to pursue them, Eddie hops in the cab, starts the engine, and drives off.

6. Evening. Shot of the barbed wire fenced-in parking lot with the large book mobile in line with and eclipsing all of the other vehicles. EDDIE pulls up in a tow truck, parks it, and walks off screen left. We zoom in and see that on the tow truck's winch a bumper with an Illinois license plate sways and turns, obviously having been ripped right off of a car being towed.

7. Afternoon. NO SOUND except music. Shot of EDDIE in an alley with the four SUPER SOAKER YOUTHS.

SUPER: Thursday

They are all smiling as Eddie hands them each a \$10 bill and then points off screen left while saying something.

Cut to shot of an unhappy-looking ICE CREAM MAN in his truck, apathetically handing an ice cream bar to one of the four SUPER SOAKER YOUTHS through the ice cream truck counter. The countertop door sits propped up and out, forming a tin awning off the right side of the truck.

From all angles off screen, the other three kids run up and spray the ice cream man with their water guns, and then all four run off. The ice cream man hops/slides across the counter and chases the youths off screen.

Eddie runs up to the truck and rather gracefully pommel-horse vaults over the counter into the truck.

Seconds later, the camera turns left to follow the departing ice cream truck, still with the counter door/awning extended.

OTHER SOUND RETURNS, background music remains.

The truck swerves right towards a telephone pole. It pulls even at the last second but the telephone pole nonetheless scrapes the awning clear off the truck.

Reverse angle, the truck heading off into the distance. As it returns to the right side of the road, the music and scene begin to fade.

28 EXT. WINDY CITY DRY CLEANERS - DAY - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Eddie walks up to the front door. Before he can open it, Ik Sung comes out quickly. He blocks the door. He is brandishing a broom.

IK SUNG

No! You no come here no more! No more!

EDDIE

What? I just come get clothes...

IK SUNG

I know what you come do! You no do it more!

Eddie holds his hands up as Ik Sung keeps him at bay with the broom.

EDDIE

(shouting up)

Mary! Help!

IK SUNG

She no help you! She no love you too!
Just go!

EDDIE

Mr. Kimm. I don't want no trouble. Why you be so mad to me?

IK SUNG

I know what you do, okay?! I know you Polish. And Mary have husband. She love David Lee! In Korea! Go now!

Ik Sung starts beating Eddie in the head with the broom.

EDDIE

Ow! [Curses in Polish]...Mary!

Finally Mary exits the store.

[Korean]

MARY

Stop it, father!

Ik Sung stops and looks at her. Eddie stops cowering.

IK SUNG

I told you to stay inside! This is men's business.

MARY

At least let me tell him! Then he'll go away!

Ik Sung considers it for a moment.

IK SUNG

Five minutes!

He turns and goes back inside in a huff.

Mary gestures for Eddie to follow her to the alley next to the store.

[English]

MARY

Eddie...my father, he...

EDDIE

How he know?

MARY

I...I don't know. Somebody tell him. He very mad, Eddie. You can't come here anymore.

EDDIE

But...I love you.

He takes her hands into his. After a moment she pulls them away.

MARY

I know. But we can't be in love.

She lowers her head.

MARY (CONT'D)

Father say I go to Korea. I go to marry David Lee.

EDDIE

But I know you don't love him.

MARY

I...I sorry. What I can do?

He stares at her for a moment.

EDDIE

I want to tell you a story. Elvis story.

The scene fades to television static.

29 INT. THE GOGOLEWSKIS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - FEBRUARY 1982

FLASHBACK:

From the static, we fade back in and see that we have returned to the very night when Eddie sang for his parents. We pick up at almost the very moment that we left them.

VERY ABRUPTLY the thin front door is kicked in and two men enter. They are both large and burly. The one in front - the door kicker - is a humongous and tough looking blonde.

His partner isn't quite as big. He has dark black hair and is more well-groomed and dapper looking. As he turns, we see that he has a large vertical scar on his right cheek. It is MOR, fifteen years younger and without a beard.

Both wear black leather jackets.

Dim light from the hallway brightens the rooms slightly, but it is still rather dark.

Aniela screams as Szymon jumps up from his seat to stand in front of Eddie and protect him.

SZYMON

Who...What do you want?!

MOR

Oh. Good evening, Professor! Sorry to disturb you at home like this.

He dusts off his hands and comes next to his burly associate.

SZYMON

(clearly upset and defensive as he guards Aniela and Eddie)

What do you want with me? Just leave them alone!

MOR

Please, settle down everyone. Honestly, sorry about the theatrics there. We really just wanted to talk to you, Professor. Sometimes it's just easier to get people's attention when you make a memorable entrance, I've found. And we didn't know there was a little one about. May we sit down?

SZYMON

I'd prefer it if we stayed standing.

The soft classical music plays on.

MOR

Fair enough. Now, why don't the missus and the little one give us some privacy so we can have a little chat?

(to Eddie, seemingly sincere)

Don't worry, son. I'm sorry we scared you then. That was a mistake. Nobody's going to get hurt, all right? We just need to talk to your father. Look, I'm going to just sit down here, see?

He sits down in a nearby chair and exposes his empty hands. The other goon remains standing.

Szymon, still holding his arms out behind himself, guarding them, turns around slightly and nods to Aniela for her to do as the goon says. She takes Eddie by the hand and they go into the kitchen.

MOR

(after them)

Sorry about the mess there, ma'am.

We'll have someone come by to fix it
immediately.

He takes out a pack of cigarettes, selects one, lights it,
and takes a slow drag.

He looks back at Szymon, who has backed up closer to the
window.

MOR

I mean that about the door, by the way.

(takes another drag)

Now, Professor, you know who we are and
we all know why we are here.

He continues smoking throughout.

SZYMON

No, I do not.

MOR

Oh, come now. There's no reason to go
beating around the bush about it. To be
perfectly honest, I don't know why the
two of us haven't been sent to speak
with you before. I suppose you didn't
seem to pose any problem...until
recently, they tell us. Are you with me
so far?

SZYMON

(sternly)

Yes.

MOR

Good. Now, this all comes down to a
matter of priority really. We're in a
very...challenging period in our nation's
history at the moment, as you know. But
the Party is working on improving the
situation throughout the country. And
as a member of the Party, you are
expected to contribute as well, if only
to maintain a positive and patriotic

attitude. Still following me?

Szymon relaxes his hands slightly and goes over to the window, a few feet away. He stares out pensively.

MOR

Unfortunately your practice of holding secret classes in the woods doesn't quite fit under the Party's current agenda either.

SZYMON

(strangely distant)
My friends, what have we become?

MOR

Professor Gogolewski, let's try to stay on topic here. This can all be sorted out very quickly as long as you focus. We're giving you the benefit of the doubt but we'd like to have some proof that you're in tandem with the Party's educational policies.

SZYMON

(to the other, silent goon)
Andrzej, you used to be the best goaltender I'd ever seen back in school. And now you kick down doors instead. You kick down doors and intimidate people.

Andrzej looks confused. Mor looks at him and then back at Szymon.

Mor puts his cigarette out in a glass on the coffee table. He stands up and points sharply at Szymon.

MOR

I'm warning you, Professor. Please stay focused here so that we can make a favorable report to our superiors. I also don't think I need to inform you that you're under investigation for insubordination.

Szymon remains at the window, looking out.

SZYMON

And you. Well, you had plenty going for you back then as well, didn't you?

MOR

All right! That's enough! Your little ...fucking reverie into the neighborhood history is completely irrelevant to this conversation, so shut your mouth or there's going to be real trouble!

SZYMON

You always were such a bright student...but so full of rage...

MOR

That's it! Andrzej, arrest this man for insubordination.

Andrzej breaks from his confused look and quickly goes over to Szymon to apprehend him with his handcuffs.

Szymon tries to evade Andrzej's grip of his left hand, but is overcome by the much stronger man. The struggle knocks one of the taller candles on the windowsill into the nearby drapes and they quickly catch fire. Andrzej proceeds to cuff Szymon to the nearby radiator.

ANDRZEJ

Settle down!

MOR

Andrzej, the candle!

Andrzej tries to snuff it out with his hands, but the flame has jumped to the newspaper on the floor as the lit ashes fall. All three men try to put it out but it is getting out of control.

Aniela pokes her head out of the kitchen.

ANIELA

Szymon, what's happening?!

SZYMON

Get some water! No...wait!

(coughing)

Take Eddie and get out of here! Go out

the back! This fire's getting out of control!

ANIELA

But what about you?!

SZYMON

Just go! Take Eddie! I'll meet you outside!

She goes back into the kitchen.

At this point some of the old books and papers against the wall have caught fire as the flames spread around the room.

MOR

Szymon! We've got to get out of here! We'll deal with this later! This whole place is about to catch!

SZYMON

(still trying to snuff out the flames with his feet and free hand)

Go then, you cowards! I'm not about to let my home be destroyed on account of you!

ANDRZEJ

Forget all that! Think about your family! It's not worth it! You can't put this out by yourself.

Mor grabs Andrzej's arm.

MOR

Let's go! We can't wait much longer!

ANDRZEJ

Well let me uncuff him at least!

MOR

I'm leaving! You better be behind me!

He quickly leaves through the busted door.

Szymon keeps trying to stomp out the flames, which have caught all over the room at this point. The smoke starts to fill the room and Szymon stops stomping as he begins to

cough and gasp for air. He crouches down to get below the smoke.

ANDRZEJ

Stop moving around so I can get you out of here!

He takes the key and uncuffs him from the radiator.

SZYMON

All right, I know there's a fire extinguisher around here! Help me find it. Come on!

ANDRZEJ

Are you crazy? We have to get out of here NOW.

SZYMON

(coughing more and crouching to the ground)

You bastard.

Szymon continues to cough as he makes his way towards the broken front door, about 15 feet behind Andrzej.

He crouches down lower and lower as he starts to gag and lose consciousness.

Andrzej returns through the doorway and goes towards Szymon with a handkerchief over his face.

CUT TO outside the apartment building. Aniela stands in the snow with Eddie and Mrs. Kajonka. Both are barefoot. The other neighbors have started to exit the building as well.

The fire is now coming out of the window of the Gogolewskis' apartment.

ANIELA

(frantically, to Mor, who is already nearby)
Where are they?!

MOR

(nonchalant)
I don't know. They were right behind me.

EDDIE

(quickly breaking away from
Aniela's grasp)
Mama! I'll go check through the back!
There's no fire there! And I forgot to
get my records!

He starts to run towards the back of the building.

ANIELA

Eddie, no!

She runs to stop him but is met by Andrzej with Szymon
leaning on his shoulder as they exit the front door.

ANIELA

Szymon! Eddie just ran into the
building! Through the back! He just got
away from me!

Szymon pushes himself off Andrzej and heads around the
corner of the building after Eddie.

ANDRZEJ

Damn it, Szymon!

BACK TO inside the apartment. Eddie is in the living room
reaching over burning material to try and reach his
collection of rock and roll 45s near the hi-fi.

Szymon walks in through the kitchen to find him there.

SZYMON

Eddie!

Eddie turns around.

EDDIE

I'm here, papa! I got the records!

Somehow Eddie has gotten past the flaming mass in the
middle of the room to his current position.

Szymon

(attempting to stay calm)
That's great, Eddie. Now, I want you to
come back here the same way you came
in, all right?

EDDIE

All right, papa.

SZYMON

That's right. Come over to me. Be very careful.

As Eddie is slowly crawling through the flaming debris a pile falls and obscures Szymon's perspective.

SZYMON

Eddie!

Szymon approaches the debris and finds that it has fallen on top of Eddie. He looks around frantically for a moment and then squats down and lifts up the scalding mass.

SZYMON

(anguished scream)

He throws the mass off to the side and then, despite his burned hands, picks Eddie up and runs out through the kitchen door as more of the apartment comes down in flames.

BACK outside. From Aniela's perspective Szymon comes running out of the building carrying Eddie, halfway between the building and herself. He immediately throws the seemingly unconscious Eddie down in the snow to cool his burns. He also plunges his own hands straight downward. He lets out a pained groan.

Aniela runs to them. She picks up Eddie and cradles him, sobbing.

ANIELA

Oh my God! My baby!

The firefighters rush to her assistance. Szymon keeps his hands planted in the snow for a moment, catching his breath. Suddenly he looks up, rises, and rushes towards Mor.

SZYMON

You could've killed my son, you bastard!

He swings at him, landing a spastic but powerful kick right in the man's stomach. He lets out a groan and almost falls over.

MOR

(feebly attempting to block the
subsequent kicks and blows)
Andrzej! Seize him!

Szymon continues to attack Mor for about a few more moments until he has fallen to the ground. Andrzej stands by and allows it.

MOR (CONT'D)

Arrest this man now, God damn it!

Andrzej finally steps in and calmly pulls the enraged Szymon off Mor, who is at this point bloodied and in the fetal position on the ground. He appears to have a large gash on his right cheek.

Seemingly about to pick himself up, Mor instead pulls out a pistol from his boot and fires at Szymon from the ground, hitting him in the chest. He falls to the ground.

Lingering for a moment upright, we see that the bullet has passed through Szymon and into Andrzej as he was pulling him away. Andrzej is stunned and seriously wounded but because of his tall stature the bullet has hit him in the gut; he is still conscious and quizzically holds a hand against the wound before falling to the ground.

As the red of the two men's blood seeps into the pristine snow, Mor gets up. He wipes off the butt of his pistol, throws it onto the ground, and walks away from the scene, his scowling face bloodied.

Zoom up on the entire premises as the firefighters continue to extinguish the burning building, Mor briskly walks away, and Aniela runs over to her fallen husband.

ANIELA

Szymon!

The scene turns to black and white except for the red of the blood. The picture again slowly dissolves into television static.

30 EXT. OUTSIDE THE DRY CLEANERS - BACK TO PRESENT

The static fades back in to Eddie and Mary, exactly where we left them.

EDDIE

During big war, Elvis go to Army. He is very lonely for family. Very lonely for mother. One day Elvis go out with friends in the Army. They stop in the village to have drink of water. Then this woman come out of house. She is beautiful to Elvis. Is everything to Elvis. Elvis know then that he is in love with this girl. All his friends laugh. Tell him he crazy to think love so simple. But...Elvis say, "No." He know when he see love. So Elvis marry Priscilla and they stay together for many happy years. Good years and bad years, they stay together. Because Elvis know love when he see it. Me too. You my Priscilla.

Mary thinks about it for a moment. She smiles sweetly.

They kiss.

31 EXT./INT. THE CHOP SHOP - DAY - THE NEXT MORNING

Whistling, Eddie strolls into the front door of the chop shop.

He passes the now quiet chop shop floor. None of the workers are present.

He climbs the stairs up to Chesnik's office.

From Chesnik's perspective, we hear Eddie knock. Switching perspective, we see the small, strange-looking boy from the short bus Eddie stole is seated next to Chesnik behind his desk.

Chesnik looks guilty, almost sheepish.

[Polish]

CHESNIK

Come in.

Eddie enters.

EDDIE

Hello.

CHESNIK

Come. Take a seat.

Eddie sits down in front of the desk. The child simply stares awkwardly at Eddie.

EDDIE

So I got the seven cars you wanted. I'm at ten. Only five to go.

CHESNIK

Eddie...I didn't want it to come to this..

Very suddenly, the office bathroom door opens and Teddy falls onto the floor, bound and gagged. He looks like he has been severely beaten. Mor is standing menacingly in the doorway behind him.

Eddie stands up from his seat in surprise.

The little boy screams in terror and clings to Chesnik.

MOR

Chesnik, take that little retard back to his parents, goddamn it!

CHESNIK

(to the boy; in English)

Come on, Sean. Let's get you home.

Chesnik kindly escorts the boy out of the office and closes the door behind him.

Teddy writhes a bit on the floor. Mor kicks him in the stomach before he makes his way behind the desk and sits down at Chesnik's chair. Teddy groans for a moment and then goes limp.

MOR

Please, sit.

Eddie nervously complies. He looks down at Teddy and then back up again at Mor, his eyes bulging with rage.

MOR

Would you like a drink?

EDDIE

Yes. That's probably a good idea.

Mor pours them each a shot of Chesnik's vodka. They each take the shot down in one gulp. They place the glasses back on the table.

Mor clears his throat.

MOR

Eddie, Eddie. What would you have me do here, son?

EDDIE

I'm sorry?

MOR

What am I supposed to do with you? You've put us all...and yourself...in quite the difficult situation here. I'd like to give you the benefit of the doubt...but I'm just not sure that you're in tandem with this organization's policies.

EDDIE

I did what you wanted me to do. I got you ten cars in a week and a half. Once I get five more I'll be free.

MOR

That you did! That you did! Well, let's see. There were those three very fine automobiles, yes...

(beat)

and seven pieces of 100% shit!

(slams his fist on the desk)

He calms down.

MOR (CONT'D)

You know, to be successful in the straight world, that's one thing. You have companies, licenses, copyrights, laws, all of that. All those polite little rules holding things in order.

He gets up and goes around the desk over to Teddy on the floor. He crouches down next to him, his hand on his shoulder. He looks back up at Eddie.

MOR (CONT'D)

But in this world that you and I live in, we have to create something quite literally out of thin air...out of pure will power. At least if you want to make a living from it. People like me and you, we've got what it takes. We're strong. We're tough. We're resilient. But people like Teddy here, well...

Mor takes out a handgun from his jacket and puts it up to Teddy's neck. Teddy's eyes open and bulge in fear. He tries to scream through the gag. Mor holds it there for a few moments.

He takes the gun off Teddy's neck and looks back up at Eddie.

MOR

I mean, really though...which one is the bigger challenge? Which one is more fun?

He gets up again and goes back behind the desk and sits down.

MOR

So here's how this is going to happen. Obviously I can't beat you into submission like Pachnic and I did to your little friend here. You would be useless to us like that. But if you don't make up for the little joke you played on us...and get us those five other cars in addition within the next four days...Teddy here is going to die.

He puts the pistol back into his jacket.

MOR (CONT'D)

And then...so will you.

32 EXT. A FOREST PRESERVE - NIGHT - LATER THAT DAY

Ik Sung's Cadillac is parked under a weeping willow tree.

CLOSE UP on the yellow glow of its vintage radio console, tuned to 89.3 FM. The song playing is "Out of My Window" by

Vic Ruggiero.

As we pull back, we see that no one is in the front of the car.

CLOSE FRAMES: Eddie's eyes; Mary's slightly twitching left hand; Eddie's lips; Mary's lips; Eddie's left ear; the car radio once again; Mary's eyes; Eddie right hand as it scratches his thigh.

ZOOM OUT as Eddie and Mary are sitting close to each other in the back seat.

EDDIE

How you get your father's car?

MARY

He not know. He sleeping.

EDDIE

But he gonna get mad again.

MARY

(smiling)

Why you scared? You don't like to be in the car with me?

She puts her hand on his.

He looks over at her and leans over. They kiss passionately. She climbs on top of him as they continue kissing.

They stop for a moment and look at each other.

EDDIE

I wanna tell you something.

MARY

What?

EDDIE

I wanna tell you something in Polish.

MARY

Why? I not understand Polish.

EDDIE

Yah, but I want tell you thing that I can't say in English. Not the same.

MARY

Okay?

He brings her the right side of her head close to his mouth.

EDDIE

(whispering; Polish)

I don't know what's going to happen tomorrow. But I want to tell you from my heart that I will always love you.

Mary pulls her head back. She looks patient but confused.

MARY

Try to say in English.

He thinks about it for a moment.

EDDIE

I just say...I love you...forever.

She stares at him for a moment.

MARY

(Korean)

You're the weirdest, craziest, biggest pain in the ass bastard that I've ever met in my life...

(beat)

and I know that I never want to be apart from you for the rest of my life.

Eddie shrugs in confusion.

EDDIE

Well?

MARY

I love you too.

They kiss passionately again.

ZOOM AWAY out the car window into the night as the music plays on.

33 EXT. A NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - VERY EARLY MORNING - THE NEXT DAY

Bright morning light shines. Birds sing in and around a

blossoming tree.

Pan down to the Cadillac. From outside the car we see Eddie's face pressed up against the left rear window.

CUT TO interior, also still in the backseat, we see Mary is snuggled up against Eddie's right shoulder.

Suddenly Eddie wakes with a start. Mary wakes too, but much less spastically.

EDDIE

Oh no! We sleep! Your father...he kill me. He kill me! Mary, he gonna kill me!

MARY

Relax! He think I still in my room.

EDDIE

But his car!

MARY

Oh...shit. Yah. Let's go!

She gets out on her side and crosses over the front of the car to the driver's side. Eddie does the same.

Once they're both situated, Mary starts the car.

MARY

(chipper)
Seatbelts!

Eddie looks around for a seatbelt.

EDDIE

But car no ha-

CUT TO external shot as the car peels away in a cloud of dust.

QUICK JUMP TO a street corner about a block away from Windy City Dry Cleaners. From a short distance away, the Cadillac pulls up to a red light.

Parked in a small lot is Pachniec's Pacer. We see that the view of the Cadillac is from this point.

CUT TO that car's interior. Pachniec is in the driver's seat and Chesnik is in the passenger seat. Both are sleeping and snoring.

Duzy pops up quickly from the back seat.

[Polish]

DUZY

Oh! There they are! There they are!
Wake up!

Pachniec and Chesnik both wake with a start.

CHESNIK

What? Who?

DUZY

That's them! In the Cadillac!

PACHNIEC

(waking up fully; resolved)
Okay. Time to end this.

He starts the car, puts it in gear, and pulls out of the lot.

CUT TO the exterior of a beat-up tan Impala, not far from the Pacer as it pulls away.

CUT TO that car's interior. Dressed in street clothes are Pro Jackson in the driver's seat along with another, much younger male cop.

PRO

Unbelievable! I told you they would go
after the kid! Did I not tell you that?

He starts the car, puts it in gear, and pulls away.

YOUNG COP

Yes, sir, you di-

PRO

Word for word, youngblood! Word for
word!

He laughs crazily.

PRO (CONT'D)

Now you're gonna see how we do things
in my neighborhood, son! You best take
notes.

CUT BACK to exterior as the Impala drives off after the Pacer.

BACK TO the Cadillac as it nears Windy City Dry Cleaners. Mary pulls over and Eddie gets out.

CUT TO interior. Eddie kisses Mary quickly.

EDDIE

You gonna be okay?

MARY

Yah. Don't worry. My father not so bad.

He looks at her for a moment.

EDDIE

I love you so much.

He smiles.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You remember all the number?

She smiles.

MARY

Yeah, I not forget. Both things.

He smiles. He shuts the door and runs off.

She drives the short distance to Windy City Dry Cleaners.

BACK TO interior of the Pacer. They can clearly see Eddie running off away from the dry cleaners.

CHESNIK

What the hell? Where is he going?

PACHNIEC

Well he's not going to bring his little girlfriend with him to jack more cars. Just wait.

DUZY

I dunno. I think it's always more fun with a partner.

From Duzy's view, Chesnik and Pachniec both look back at him in annoyance.

BACK TO Impala interior.

YOUNG COP

What's going on?

PRO

Hold your horses, son. This is when
shit gets interesting.

BACK TO the Cadillac as Mary pulls up to its normal spot in front of the dry cleaners. Ik Sung is waiting outside wearing a strangely shiny purple shirt.

His arms are crossed and he looks even more furious than before.

Mary parks. She gets out.

[Korean]

IK SUNG

Soon! Where the hell were you all night?! I cannot believe this! I cannot accept this! I'm sending you to David Lee...not in three months...but tomorrow! Tomorrow you will be on a plane! I can't deal with you anymore!

MARY

Settle down, father. I'm okay.

IK SUNG

Settle down?! Settle down?! How dare you tell me what to do!

He slaps her rather hard. She holds her hand to her cheek in pain and surprise.

Ik Sung looks somewhat regretful over what he has just done.

Suddenly Eddie appears.

EDDIE

You no hit her!

He punches Ik Sung in the face. Ik Sung trips back a bit but does not fall down.

MARY

Eddie, no!

IK SUNG

(Korean)

Soon...I'm sorry...I didn't mean it.

BACK TO Pacer interior. They are watching the scene nearby.

[Polish]

PACHNIEC

So what should we do?

CHESNIK

Let's wait until this settles down.
Then we'll nab the kid. Kimm won't let
him set foot in that store. And he
won't let the girl go...

Suddenly Chesnik cranes his neck and squints towards the scene. He takes out a pair of binoculars and looks on.

CHESNIK (CONT'D)

What in the hell! Is that...it is! That's
my goddamn shirt! That little Korean
bastard is wearing my fucking shirt!

He throws the binoculars into the back seat, hitting Duzy in the head with them.

DUZY

Ah!

Chesnik quickly exits the car and runs toward the store.

PACHNIEC

Chesnik! No! What are you doing?!

Pachniec gets out and goes after him.

BACK TO the storefront. Eddie still looks enraged.

EDDIE

You never touch her! I love her!

Mary is holding him back away from Ik Sung.

Before Ik Sung can respond, Chesnik runs up to him.

CHESNIK

Where'd you get that shirt, you bitch?

IK SUNG

Wha? What you doing here?

Eddie relaxes. He and Mary look on in confusion.

CHESNIK

The shirt! That's my favorite shirt!
Give me the shirt!

ik Sung

Shirt? What? My daughter buy this shirt
for me last week! My shirt!

CHESNIK

Oh that's it!

He cocks his limp wrist and slaps Ik Sung hard in the face.
Ik Sung looks at him incredulously for a moment.

A scuffle ensues as Ik Sung defends himself by charging
Chesnik. The two men fall and roll around on the ground,
cursing in their respective languages.

Pachniec and Duzy run up to the scene.

PACHNIEC

(Polish)

Chesnik! Get off him you old pansy!

Suddenly Pro Jackson and his partner run up with their guns
pointed.

PRO

Freeze, mothafuckas!

Everyone freezes.

PRO (CONT'D)

That's about all the grab-ass I can
stand to see between two grown men!
Stand up! You two should be ashamed of
yourselves!

The young cop keeps his gun pointed on Duzy and Pachniec.
Mary also puts up her hands. Eddie is nowhere to be found.

Ik Sung and Chesnik both stand up slowly, also with their
arms raised.

PRO

Now! Somebody better explain what the fuck is going on here!

IK SUNG

He attack me!

CHESNIK

(effeminately; eyes rolling)
Oh please!

Pro looks at Mary.

PRO

This true, girlie?

MARY

Yes, sir. This man attack my father.
And these two men here say they going
to attack me too. We want press
charges.

PACHNIEC/DUZY

Oh come on! What?!

Pro and his partner look at each other then back at the group. All their arms are still raised. The young cop lowers his gun and takes out a notepad from his pocket.

YOUNG COP

You three have the right to remain
silent. Anything you say can and will
be used against you in a court of law...

Pro takes out handcuffs and starts with Chesnik. Mary and Ik Sung lower their arms.

PRO

Just try and say something now! Just
try it! You boys are going downtown!

PACHNIEC

But precinct is around the corner...

Pro cuffs Pachniec next.

PRO

Son! Don't make me get reverse Rodney
King on your ass!

DUZY

Who's Rodney Ki-

Pro grabs him and cuffs him violently against the brick wall.

DUZY (CONT'D)

(strangely, almost laughing)

Oww! My arm!

CUT TO Eddie as he is very intensely running down a street for a few moments.

BACK TO the storefront. A squad car has arrived, its lights flashing. Another two cops are escorting Chesnik, Pachniec, and Duzy into the back. Pro stands there looking proud.

PRO

(to Mary; suddenly realizing...)

Hey! Where the hell is the kid?!

MARY

Uhhh...

PRO

(pointing)

Girl, you better not be messing with me! Where is he? Where's Eddie?

MARY

(by rote)

17846 Industrial Park Drive, Garage
#15, Chicago, Illinois 60647!

BACK TO Eddie as he's still sprinting down the street.

Suddenly the horny dog appears and starts chasing him.

EDDIE

(Polish)

No! I can't play with you now!

It latches onto Eddie's leg and starts humping him furiously, slowing him down.

EDDIE

No! Off! Bad dog!

Suddenly a taxi pulls up next to him. It is the same cabbie that Eddie attempted to get a ride from at the airport when he arrived. He drives slowly next to Eddie.

CABBIE

My friend! Now you take ride?

BACK TO the storefront.

PRO

(on his radio)

Yeah, requesting back-up at 17846
Industrial Park Drive, Garage #15. We
are in pursuit. I repeat: We are in
pursuit!

(to Ik Sung)

Mr. Kimm, I'm going to have to ask you
to stay here and wait for another
officer for questioning while we check
this out.

IK SUNG

Yeah. I wait.

Suddenly, right behind them, Mary peels out of the nearby
parking spot in the Cadillac. She turns out to the street
and screeches around the corner.

PRO

What the?! Where the hell she going
now?!

(to his partner)

O'Gara! Let's roll!

They both jump into the Impala and peel out.

Ik Sung is left standing there in front of the store. The
other squad car turns on its sirens and drives off.

After a few moments, Mary pulls up again in the Cadillac.
No one seems to be trailing her.

IK SUNG

Soon?

MARY

Daddy...I need your help.

CUT TO the Russian's cab as it pulls up in front of the
chop shop. Eddie hops out and throws a wad of cash at the
driver.

CABBIE

Thank you, my friend! Do not fuck you!

Eddie races inside through a side entrance with a key. No one is working in the chop shop yet since it is still very early. A few cars are still intact. One, a blue Porsche, faces the closed garage door.

He runs up the stairs to Chesnik's office.

Inside, he finds Teddy still tied up on the floor. He looks asleep. Eddie crouches down to him and pulls the gag from his mouth.

EDDIE

Teddy! You okay?

Teddy opens his eyes and coughs a little.

TEDDY

Yo, dog. What took you so long?

Eddie smiles and puts his hand on Teddy's shoulder. He quickly unties him.

EDDIE

Come. We have to go.

QUICK JUMP TO Teddy and Eddie as they are coming down the stairs. Eddie is holding Teddy up.

Mor is standing down on the chop shop floor with his arms folded. He holds a gun in one hand.

MOR

Going somewhere?

Eddie and Teddy stop short.

MOR (CONT'D)

Did you two morons really think you could get the better of me?

TEDDY

Yo, fuck you, bitch!

Mor points his gun upward and fires into the ceiling. The bullet ricochets off somewhere.

MOR

Enough! This is what I get for hiring you dumb pollacks! I'm a member of a

degenerate race! I'm ashamed to say I'm one of you!

EDDIE

That is your problem.

MOR

Barry!

Suddenly BARRY, the secretary, emerges. We have only heard his voice until now, but we can clearly see that his burly voice was wholly indicative of his humongous, muscular stature.

MOR (CONT'D)

Barry! Apprehend these two assholes!

BARRY

Yes, Mista Mor.

Barry approaches them with his hands out and a crazed look on his face.

Suddenly, from behind..

IK SUNG

Stop!

Everyone turns around to see Ik Sung standing there. Mary is close behind.

MOR

Oh for the love of...are you kidding me?

Ik Sung approaches Barry.

IK SUNG

You wanna mess with boys? Or you wanna mess with mans!

He comes within five feet of Barry and poses in a karate chop stance.

IK SUNG (CONT'D)

I special forces, North Korea army,
fifteen year! Kung fu,
(karate chop)
tae kwon do,
(kick)
ju jitsu!

(karate chop)
Everything!

He maintains his stance. Barry looks on, furrowing his brow.

BARRY
Is that right?

He holds his fists in a strange pose, his enormous muscles flexing.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Ultimate Fighting Championship. Cage
match. Six years. 38 and 3.

They stand in their poses staring at each other for a moment. We see Ik Sung shift his eyes quickly. He looks nervous. Barry looks like an angry bull, his nostrils flaring and eyeballs bulging.

Suddenly Ik Sung snaps out of it and jumps forward. Barry cocks his fist in response, but before he can attack Ik Sung kicks him directly in the groin with all his might.

Barry groans in agony and falls over with a thud, his hands cradling his crotch.

BARRY
Ohhhh...!

The others still look on in disbelief. After a moment Mor cocks his pistol and points it at Ik Sung.

MOR
You son of a bitch! That's my
secretary!

Ik Sung puts his hands in the air.

Mor looks around at Eddie, still propping up Teddy...at Mary...back to Ik Sung.

TEDDY
Yo, what you gonna do? Shoot all of us?
You wanna quadruple homicide on your
hands?

Mor's eyes shift back and forth, his gun still aimed at Ik Sung.

CUT TO Pro standing outside his Impala looking impatient. They have parked in front of another nondescript garage that looks a lot like the chop shop. Several squad cars are also present with their lights flashing.

O'Gara runs over to him from around a corner.

O'GARA

There's nobody in there!

PRO

God damn it! Did she say number fifteen or number fifty?!

Suddenly, about fifty yards away, down the drive on the opposite side, a car smashes through a closed garage door.

CUT BACK TO Eddie, Teddy, Mary, and Ik Sung staring out the huge hole that the blue Porsche has made through the garage door.

EDDIE

Teddy! Stay here! Police come soon!

Mary comes over to them and takes over propping Teddy up.

EDDIE

(to Mary and Ik Sung)

I go! You stay too!

He starts to run out the hole.

IK SUNG

Wait!

Eddie looks back at him.

IK SUNG (CONT'D)

No!

(pointing at himself)

My car. I drive.

CUT TO interior of the Porsche as Mor is nervously racing down the street. As he looks in his rearview mirror, he sees the Cadillac is trailing him.

MOR

(Polish)

Son of a bitch!

CUT TO street view of the Cadillac in hot pursuit. The streets are empty.

The Cadillac pulls up right behind the Porsche and maintains about five feet distance.

CUT TO inside the Cadillac. Ik Sung is intently focused on the Porsche.

IK SUNG

Seatbelts!

Eddie again looks around for a seatbelt and finds none. He shrugs in confusion.

CUT BACK TO exterior. The Cadillac spurts forward and rear ends the Porsche, smashing up its bumper.

CUT TO Porsche interior. Mor jerks forward and curses unintelligibly.

He speeds forward, getting a good lead on the Cadillac. He quickly turns into a small mini-mall parking lot with an entrance and exit. The Cadillac misses the turn and keeps going forward.

BACK TO exterior. Mor turns around quickly and reenters onto the street, now behind the Cadillac.

CUT TO Cadillac interior.

EDDIE

He behind us now!

IK SUNG

(Korean; looking into the rearview mirror)

That motherfucker isn't going anywhere!

EDDIE

Uh...yes.

BACK TO their immediate exterior. The Cadillac races through a yellow light. The Porsche is still about 100 yards behind them.

BACK TO Porsche interior. Mor looks insane with rage. We see him stomp his foot down on the gas.

BACK TO Cadillac exterior. Ik Sung avidly spins the car

around, its tires screeching. He stops, now facing the complete opposite direction; they are poised in a face-off with Mor. He revs the engine.

CUT BACK TO their interior.

EDDIE

Woah! Where you learn drive like that?

IK SUNG

Steve McQueen!

CUT TO the intersection looking towards the Porsche. On the street's perpendicular crosswalk, SALLY and all of her KICKBALL LADIES are crossing from the left, apparently unaware that Mor is racing towards them. We hear the roar of the Porsche's engine.

CUT TO Impala interior. Pro is driving, O'Gara is in the front, and Mary is in the back.

PRO

(on the radio)

Rise and shine, piggies! Ha ha ha! Look alive!

BACK TO the intersection. Sally is in the front carrying a large bag, seemingly full of kickballs.

SALLY

Come on, you sluts!

Most of the ladies have crossed the Porsche's lane except one very old woman slowly pushing a walker.

The Porsche races forward going more than 90 mph.

CUT TO Porsche interior.

MOR

Out of my way!!

BACK TO old ladies crossing, almost all on the other side by now.

SALLY

Step lively there, Bettie, you're holding us up!

She turns around and realizes the Porsche is coming.

SALLY

Bettie!

CUT TO Cadillac interior. Eddie realizes what's happening as well. He jumps out of the car and runs towards the scene.

EDDIE

Watch out!

BACK TO the old ladies on the corner as they look on in terror. We cannot see anything else. They gasp and hold their hands to their mouths.

A loud crash and screeching of the Porsche's tires.

CUT TO Eddie as he is still running towards the scene. He stops short.

From the opposite side of the street as the ladies, we see that Bettie is fine. However her walker is about fifteen feet in front of the Porsche, destroyed.

BETTIE

You son of a bitch! I just got that fuckin' thing!

Stopped, Mor rolls down both his windows and looks at Bettie in shock. He looks over at all the other ladies.

SALLY

I hope you have insurance, shithead!

Sally very quickly reaches into her bag and takes out one of the kickballs. She whips it directly at Mor through the window and hits him square in the face. He makes a pained expression. He touches his face and realizes his nose is bleeding.

Eddie runs up to the scene and joins the ladies. They all reach into the bag and grab a kickball. Seeing this, Mor tries to creep the car forward but again runs over the broken walker, slowing him down.

He tries to veer left but at this point Ik Sung has charged forward and angled the Cadillac so that it is blocking him from entering the other lane and escaping.

From behind Pro has pulled up and also turned the Impala so

as to form another blockade from behind.

Realizing he's trapped, he gets out of the car on the passenger side. Bettie is still standing there. She starts hitting him and slapping him.

BETTIE

Where are you going now, Valentino?!

MOR

Ow! Stop it, lady!

SALLY

Come on girls!

She, Eddie, and all the other ladies race around the back of the Porsche with their kickballs. They all hit Mor point-blank. He cowers in fear.

LADIES

(cursing)

Once he has fallen on the ground, they continue kicking him rather savagely for elderly women. Eddie watches from behind.

Suddenly he looks back and sees Pro and O'Gara run up and disperse the melee.

PRO

All right! All right! Break it up,
ladies! Jesus Christ!

They cuff Mor and pull him upright.

O'GARA

You have the right to remain silent...

Mary also runs up, right into Eddie's arms.

MARY

How we do?

EDDIE

We do very good, thank you.

They look into each other's eyes and kiss.

Pan up from the intersection and all the cars as all the people slowly disperse. The squad cars' lights flash on.

Fade to black.

34 EXT./INT. WINDY CITY DRY CLEANERS - NIGHT

Fade in on the storefront of Windy City Dry Cleaners. We see that it has been altered somewhat. For one, there are thick velvet curtains blocking our view inwards.

SUPER: One year, three months, and 14 days later.

As we pan over, we see that the window signage has also changed; it now reads "Windy City Dry Cleaning and Karaoke Depot".

A group of four boys is milling around outside the door. They are the SUPER SOAKER YOUTHS. After a moment, they enter.

CUT TO inside, we see Eddie is sitting on a high stool. He is wearing his normal attire, though he has grown large sideburns and his hair is no longer in a pompadour but a parted swoop over his forehead.

In the background, we hear a woman singing very nicely in Polish.

EDDIE

(making the ID gesture)

ID?

KID #1

Uhh...yeah.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a card. He hands it to Eddie.

From Eddie's perspective, we see that the ID is absolutely and blatantly fake: the picture is of the same kid but the DOB is 9/17/1963.

EDDIE

Umm, how old are you?

KID #1

(clearing his throat)

Uh, like thirty...one.

Eddie furrows his brow. Before he can respond, the song in the background ends to generous applause. He turns around and also claps.

GUS (V.O.)
(on the PA system)
Eddie! You're up.

Eddie turns back to the kids. He hands the ID back and waves them in.

EDDIE
Okay...come in.

He gets up from the stool. The kids all look at each other incredulously. They enter behind him.

As Eddie turns and goes further into the bar, we can see the renovated interior in its entirety: A long bar with plenty of top shelf liquor illuminated from below; above the bar, a rack of wrapped dry cleaning; the decor is stylishly yet understatedly what one would think of a combination dry cleaners and karaoke lounge.

The kids sidle up to the bar, where Mary is the bartender. Gus is nearby as well, still holding the microphone.

KID #2
(emphatically slapping a wad of
money on the bar)
Four vodka martinis please!

Mary furrows her brow and gives him a funny look.

We follow as Eddie continues walking up to the stage in the back corner of the room. We see several familiar people in the small crowd: most of the mariachis, though now in street clothes; Sally and at least half of her kickball team; Mariola; Pro Jackson in a dashiki with what looks to be his wife; and Teddy at a table with a nice-looking woman in a beret.

PRO
This shit better be good.

As Eddie steps up to the small dais of a stage, we see that it was his mother, ANIELA, who had been singing the previous song. He hugs her and she kisses him on the cheek. She looks him in the eye.

[Polish]

ANIELA

Show them how it's done, Eddie.

EDDIE

Okay, mom.

Aniela takes a seat near the stage. Eddie takes his place behind the monitor. He clears his throat. Martinis in hand, the Super Soaker Youths take a seat at a table next to the old ladies.

[English]

EDDIE

Hi, everybody. I gonna sing a song for you now. I hope you like it.

The crowd claps and cheers a bit.

SALLY

All right, Eddie!

From across the room, Eddie looks at Mary and she at him. She blows him a kiss. He smiles.

Back to Mary, suddenly, Mr. Kimm enters from the right and puts his arm around her. He smiles and waves up to Eddie.

Teddy's girlfriend, KIMBERLY, leans over to Teddy at their table.

KIMBERLY

(pointing up)

I really love that portrait, Teddy.

TEDDY

Yo, for real? Thanks, Kim!

The song starts: "Solitary Man" by Neil Diamond.

Pan up to above the stage, where we see a portrait of Szymon Gogolweski in a somewhat abstract, urban graffiti style. Next to it is one of Elvis Presley in the exact same style.

Back to Eddie. The lyrics come in and we see on the other bar screens and also hear that Eddie is singing in Korean.

EDDIE

(singing)

As he continues singing, pan over to and frame one of the

bar's monitors, where the Korean text becomes the closing credits.

THE END

After the song ends to polite but restrained applause (during credits)...

SALLY (V.O.)

Any of you young fellas know how to play kickball?

Crowd murmurs.

GUS (V.O.)

(over P.A.)

Hot cheesy fry!!