

# "Leslie"

19.

## ACT THREE

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Crowded sidewalk. Jasmine walks past a movie theater. We catch a glimpse of a MAN lingering by the box office.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, beautiful!

She keeps moving...and we SEE the Man dash from the theater doorway and pace her from behind. It's Leslie Shermer.

LESLIE

You maybe think I'm a masher.  
But I'm not. See, I know you...

Leslie runs in front of her, blocks her path.

LESLIE

...Jasmine Fontaine, 437 Second  
Street, Apartment 3A. The one  
in front. Facing the street.

Eye contact. Jasmine doesn't like what she sees. She tries to push past him...and now in this context, we realize we've seen Leslie before, in Episode 102, stalking Jasmine.

JASMINE

What do you want?

LESLIE

Just wanna have a nice chat about  
our mutual friend...  
(off her look)  
...Hecky Nash.

INT. DINER - DAY

Leslie guides Jasmine to a booth in back. It's quiet, between breakfast and lunch. As he passes the COUNTERMAN: - start

LESLIE

Cup a'joe and a sinker for me.  
Same for the lady.

They sit. Awkward moment as they look at each other.

LESLIE

Hope you don't mind me ordering.

JASMINE

No, I appreciate a man who's  
decisive about coffee and donuts.

The Counterman brings their order.

LESLIE  
Still making breakfast?

COUNTERMAN  
You bet.

LESLIE  
How're the eggs? I like 'em  
over easy.

COUNTERMAN  
Pretty good.

LESLIE  
Yeah? I'll think about it.

The Counterman goes. Leslie upends the sugar dispenser over his coffee. Sugar pours in. A lot of sugar. And just when you think he's done, he keeps pouring it in.

LESLIE  
I'm particular about my eggs.  
Over easy is hard to get right.  
Me? I've perfected a method.  
Best eggs you'll ever eat.  
(off Jasmine's look)  
I like a lot of sugar.

JASMINE  
Too much'll rot your teeth.

LESLIE  
I like to think it's what makes  
me so sweet.

Finally, he's done. He stirs his coffee. Jasmine looks around. Probably wishing the place was a bit less deserted.

LESLIE  
Hecky and me. We were partners.

JASMINE  
Well, he's dead, so any deal  
you had with him, died with him.

LESLIE  
Oh, the deal? Yeah, that was for  
five grand. Half of what he got  
for the pictures you took. I bet  
they turned out good. He said  
you were a helluva photographer.  
(MORE)

LESLIE (cont'd)

(off her look)

Who do you think tipped him  
Greenie was gettin' hit?

JASMINE

I don't know what you're talking  
about...

LESLIE

Now, see what you're doing?  
You're denying your involvement.  
Which is a lie. When people lie  
to me, and I know they're lying,  
it makes me feel trapped. I don't  
like to feel trapped. Makes me  
twitchy. Makes me feel like a  
mouse. A mouse gets his foot  
caught in a trap, know what he  
does? Chews it off. You believe  
that? Chews his own foot off to  
get free. Of course, now he's a  
gimpy mouse...but he lives to  
eat cheese another day. And  
learns to steer clear of traps.

Jasmine leans in. She's just about had enough.

JASMINE

Now, just so I'm clear, you're  
the mouse in this story?

Calling Leslie's bluff, she slides out of the booth.

LESLIE

Hecky said you were headstrong.  
He didn't say you were stupid.

JASMINE

If you were gonna kill me, you  
would've done it. And if you  
kill me now, witnesses and murder  
rap aside, you'd never see your  
imaginary five grand. I don't  
know how you know what you think  
you know, but what you think  
you know is wrong. I've had a  
lousy, lousy couple of days.  
Cops are probably watching me,  
which means cops are probably  
watching you, so if you wanna  
keep shadowing me, have at it.  
It's a free country.

She turns to go. Stops...

JASMINE

Oh, and you can have my donut.

...and leaves Leslie stunned.

X stop

INT. CITY HALL - POLICE STATION HALLWAY - DAY

Parker moves down the busy hallway, buttonholes Eddy...

PARKER

Where are we on the bug?

EDDY

Had a little setback, Captain.

PARKER

(make a face)

What's that smell?

INT. LOCKER ROOM SHOWERS - DAY

EMPTY QUART CANS OF TOMATO JUICE are lined up along the tile partition between the locker room and showers.

MIKE AND PAT, under the spray, douse themselves from the cans, scrub away with brushes. The walls of the shower are dappled with bright-red tomato juice.

Tug and a few UNIFORMS stand along the partition, cracking up at Mike and Pat's misery.

TUG

You boys are a vodka rinse away from a Bloody Mary. Somebody got a stick of celery?

PAT

Stick the celery up yer ass, Tug.

The laughing men part for Parker and Eddy. Parker gets an eyeful, turns to Eddy:

PARKER

That was your first idea. Now give me your good idea.

INT. LINEUP ROOM - DAY

SEVEN MEN march onto a raised platform, squinting into the BRIGHT LIGHTS that prevent them from seeing the OBSERVERS. Five of the seven we recognize from the thugs and bookies picked up in the morning raids.