

Start

24.

BO  
So that went well.  
(pause)  
You know, we try to do something  
nice for you...

NICK  
She doesn't see me, she sees some  
Chinese guy?

BO  
To them, you don't look like you,  
you don't sound like you... and  
they certainly can't understand  
when you try to tell them that  
you're still here. The universe, in  
its ultimate wisdom, will not let  
you tell people who you really are.  
It's got rules. It's smarter than  
us.

NICK  
It's sick.

BO  
Consider it the universe's witness  
protection program.

NICK  
You talk about the universe like  
it's a guy you know from juvie.

BO  
You aren't going to trick it. It's  
the universe, hoss.

Bo rummages around in a satchel as they stop at a red light.

BO  
Here are your ID's. Some federal,  
lot of utilities, whatever gets us  
access.

Nick flips through the ID's. On all of them are pictures of  
the old Chinese man.

NICK  
Unbelievable.  
(pause)  
What do you look like, then?

Bo raises one of his ID's. Nick looks at it for a moment,  
then--

NICK  
I guess you win.

X STOP

3/8

NICK  
I have to talk to her. I have to explain.

BO  
Gonna try the Chinaman thing again?  
That worked well.

Nick punches him in the face. Bo is unfazed. The front door can be heard, opening and closing-- Hawes walks across the street toward his car.

BO  
Gold's getting away.

Nick punches him again.

BO  
Better now?

And again.

NICK  
A little.

Nick heads to the car.

**EXT. CAFE / URBAN PARK - SAME**

Nick and Bo stake out Hawes from across a busy outdoor park. Hawes, the picture of innocence, is ruffling the fur of someone's seeing-eye dog as he eats his lunch.

Nick looks down at the table, lost in thought. Bo notices this, snaps his fingers at him.

BO  
Come on. Tighten up.

NICK  
She's *right there*. Right there in front of me and I can't reach her.

Bo appraises him coldly.

BO  
These are *cosmic* rules, Nick. Not up for debate.

NICK  
My wife sees me as a dirty cop.

BO  
Actually, she sees you as an old Chinese guy. And by the way... Grandpa Chen is a pretty solid look. Helps with the stakeouts.

Bo points across to Hawes.

BO  
Nobody notices poor old Grandpa Chen.

NICK  
Can't say the same about you.

Some businessmen pass, un-subtly checking out Bo.

BO  
You have no idea.

NICK  
I can't believe this is happening.

BO  
Classic denial-stage bullshit. Man, I miss the days when there was ONE stage of grief. It was called "suck it up or eat a bullet."

Nick pauses, sizing up Bo. Speaking honestly.

NICK  
Bo, she's the only person... the only person I ever needed to understand what I did and who I was. What she thinks of me... is who I am.

Bo is silent for once.

NICK  
To know that I blew that, I destroyed that, and know that I lost my chance to make her understand... that...

(pause)  
That I can't accept.

Bo nods, sympathetic. Then--

BO  
Boo hoo.

NICK  
Excuse me?

BO  
You heard me. Boo de hoo.

NICK  
You may be one of the worst people  
I've ever met.

BO  
Sadly, you don't get to tell her  
how you "did it all for her." And  
where exactly do you think your  
tragedy ranks on the scales of  
cosmic injustice? Pakistan  
earthquake level? Killing Fields  
level?

NICK  
For me, it was a pretty big one.

BO  
You think you're the only one who  
got cut down in his prime? You  
think I didn't feel unresolved as  
my face was being devoured by a  
buzzard?

NICK  
Christ...

Bo gestures toward Hawes.

BO  
He gets to enjoy Sharro and sleep  
at night and talk to whatever girl  
he shines to. You don't. Oh well.  
Ain't nothing gonna fix it. So you  
are going to learn to sit on your  
regret and pain until it becomes  
nothing but a dull persistent ache.  
The way I do it. The way a man does  
it.

Nick looks like he's about to boil over. Two guys walk by the  
table, looking Bo up and down. One slips him his card.

GUY  
I do music videos.

BO  
Excuse me?