

He hurries to the safe, opens it, takes the POUCH. He hurries out! HARD CUT TO:

INT. POINTS AUTO GLASS & REPAIR - BACK WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

ON the POUCH being slide across the bar. Timur picks it up.

VICTOR
42 thousand. Down payment. Shows I
can get you the money we owe.

TIMUR
No. Shows you can get me *less than*
10 percent of the money you owe.

VICTOR
I'll come up with the rest if you
gimme more time.

As Timur collects the money, puts it back in the pouch...

TIMUR
Only thing I'm going to give you is
your change purse back.

He tosses the POUCH into Vic's chest. Vic catches it.

TIMUR (CONT'D)
You call those loan sharks I told
you about?

VICTOR
I did. But I'm having second
thoughts. You ever meet them?
They're not really loan sharks.

TIMUR
No. I have not. Because I don't
make mistake of owing when I can't
pay. So get loan, rob bank, I
don't give shit. But walk in here
again with anything less than full
amount? You don't walk out. But I
promise to stuff your sister in
same oil drum we put you in - so
you can be together. Now go... go
get me my money.

Victor, defeated, leaves.

INT. VICTOR & JOSIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Josie stirs chicken fajita and peppers in a pan. She looks at the clock. It's a few minutes after 9 pm. She's worried. Door opens, Vic enters with the sneaker bag. Josie spins to him...

SC.3 →

→ 8/16

She throws a WOODEN SPOON at him. It bounces off him. *

JOSIE

Answer your phone, pendejo! I was scared to death!

VICTOR

I had to think... we need to talk.

She takes him in a beat. She's worried about him, the situation, everything. She softens just a bit...

JOSIE

Talk while you eat.

She motions to a chair. Vic sits. As she plates him dinner...

VICTOR

Ok, here's how we're gonna solve our problem. *

(takes her in, then, lies) *

I'm gonna take a dive. *

JOSIE

You're gonna go down?

VICTOR

For the count. We'll book a fight with some Tomato; Timur's people'll bet against me - they've supposedly got guys who'll take the action up and down the coast - A.C., Philly, Delaware -- they can more than make up what you lost 'em. *

Beat. Josie takes him in, then... defiant/emotional...

JOSIE

I feel bad I caused this problem... but I don't care you gotta throw a bout. You lose to some real hack, that's the end of your career. We both know that. But then I don't have to keep askin' mom and dad to watch over your sorry ass.

VICTOR

Yeah, well they watch over you too.

JOSIE

No. I don't need them...

(sincere, locks eyes)

I've always had you.

(Vic meets her gaze)

You saved me when I was little; now you're doin' it again...

→
CONT.
HERE

Sides by Breakdown Services - Actors Access

→

9/16

She kisses her pointer/middle fingers and touches his cheek.

JOSIE (CONT'D)

Te quiero.

VICTOR

(does finger/kiss move)

Te quiero.

(beat, then, not rhetorical)

What if I *couldn't* be around to save you?

JOSIE

That's stupid. You're always around.

VICTOR

But what if?

Josie stands up; she doesn't like this topic; she moves to the sink to do dishes.

JOSIE

I'm not playin' this game.

VICTOR

(moves to her)

Listen to me. I'm dealing with dangerous guys here--

JOSIE

--they made a deal with you--

VICTOR

--and something could go wrong. And if it does, I want your word, you'll go to Mr. Dupree. He's a good man. Known you since you were 10. He'll keep an eye on you--

JOSIE

--I'm a grown-ass woman--

VICTOR

You're a baby.

(looks at her, loves her so much, eyes moist)

You'll always be a baby to me.

He hugs her. She hugs back, then gently pushes off, wipes a tear.

JOSIE

I gotta clean.

She gets back to the dishes. He watches, then...

→
CONT.
HERE

↑
CONT.
HERE

VICTOR
I'm training early. Gotta be in shape so the fix isn't obvious. And I'll be working late... so...

JOSIE
--Ok. Whatever. Just eat the fajitas before they get cold.

She continues cleaning. As she does...

JOSIE (CONT'D)
What's in the bag?

VICTOR
Just something I need for tomorrow.

END

INT. VICTOR & JOSIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING - PRE-DAWN

ON: The NEW RUNNING SHOES on the floor. PAN TO:

Victor sits on the edge of his bed. It's 5 AM. The alarm goes off. He hits it with his hand. He hasn't slept at all.

Quick Cuts

- He ties his new running shoes.
- He enters Josie's room. She's asleep. He HANGS Mr. Dupree's MONEY POUCH on a LIGHTHOUSE STATUE that rests on her DRESSER. He kisses his fingers, touches her cheek. He whispers...

VICTOR
Te quiero.

- He leaves, quietly closing the door behind him.

EXT. YANKEE STADIUM - ALMOST 5:50 AM - A FEW MINUTES PRE-DAWN

Some GARBAGE MEN empty street bins. A SHOP OWNER rolls up the METAL GATE outside his BUSINESS. A BREAD TRUCK delivers to a BAKERY. It's NY. Things are active at 5:50.

Miles stands near GATE 6 of the STADIUM, drinking coffee from a ubiquitous NYC GREEK COFFE CUP - WE ARE HAPPY TO SERVE YOU.

He checks his watch, looks up. Eyes land on Victor crossing the street toward him. He's in RUNNING GEAR.

MILES
You're wearing the shoes I got for you. I hope that's all you brought.

VICTOR
No cash, no ID... here's my phone.