

INT. RESTAURANT - ON BOOTH

Neil slides in.

NEIL

(to Cerrito)

What took you so long?

CERRITO

(low)

My car. Bugs. Two of 'em.

Count 'em. One in the wheel

well. Second behind the fire

wall. Night of the party? I

dropped Elaine and swung by EMA

to check out the junction box...

He doesn't have to say anymore.

CHRIS

Without the platinum how do we

buy the bank score?

NEIL

I cash in T-bills to pay-off

Kelso. That's not our problem.

CERRITO

What the hell happened to Van

Zant and our 750?

NEIL

With the heat we got, you wanna

play World War Two in the streets

with Van Zant?

CERRITO

Van Zant gets a pass?!

NEIL

Fuck Van Zant. I got more

motivation to whack him than you

do. He is a luxury. Our problem

is: jam and take the bank or

split.

(beat)

And I mean right fucking now.

Do not go home, pack, nothing.

Thirty seconds from now we are

on the road. Gone.

No answer. Chris and Cerrito are thinking.

CHRIS

For me, the bank's worth the

stretch. I say accept the risk,

stay.

NEIL

Michael?

CERRITO

(quietly)

I roll with you. Whatever...

NEIL

(quietly)

Not on this one, Michael. On

this one you make up your own

mind.

CERRITO

(he can't)

...you figure this the best thing

to do?

NEIL

I got some plans. To go away

after. So for me, it's worth

the stretch.

Chris is surprised.

NEIL

(continuing)

But, Elaine takes good care of

you. You got plenty put away.

T. Bonds; real estate. If I

were you, I'd be smart and cut

loose of this.

CERRITO

thinks. The he shrugs, laughs:

CERRITO

Hey. To me the action's half

the juice anyway. I'm in.

NEIL

All right. All right.

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IS: JAM AND TAKE THE BANK OR
SPLIT.

(BEAT)

AND I MEAN RIGHT FUCKING NOW.
DO NOT GO HOME, PACK, NOTHING.
THIRTY SECONDS FROM NOW WE ARE
ON THE ROAD. GONE.

NO ANSWER. CHRIS AND CERRITO ARE THINKING.

CHRIS

FOR ME, THE BANK'S WORTH THE
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TO ME THE

ACTION'S

HALF THE JUICE

ANYWAY. I'M IN

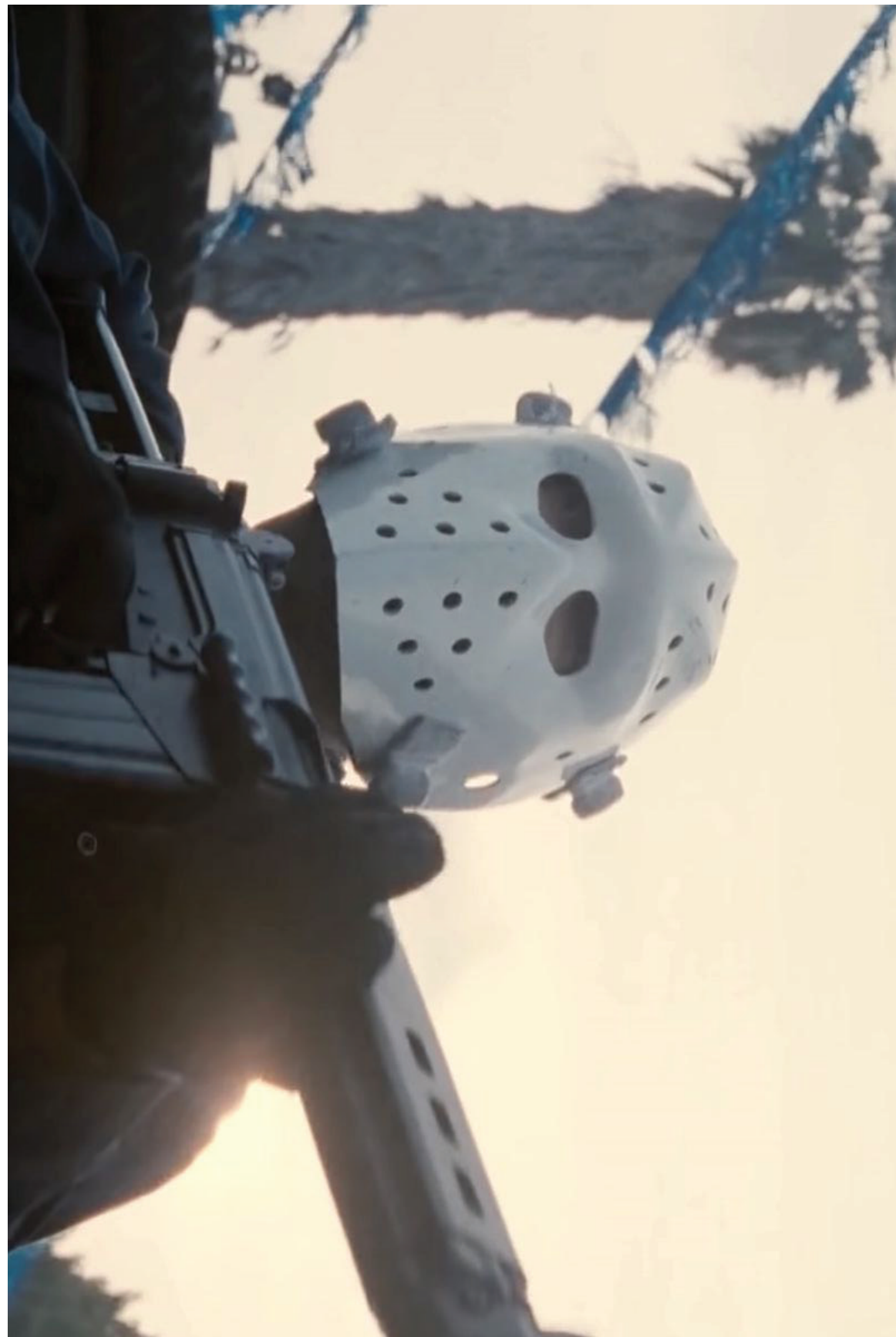
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**"I Do What I Do Best; I
Take Scores. You Do What
You Do Best; Try To Stop
Guys Like Me."**



