"GLENGARRY GLEN ROSS"

FADE IN:

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT - ON A WALL TELEPHONE

RESTAURANT SOUNDS in the background. A man's torso, the MAN in a heavy overcoat, sits down at the telephone. The man takes off heavy gloves, blows on his hands to warm them. He hunts in his pockets for change. Puts the change on the telephone table, fumbles the coins into the telephone. Dials.

MAN (INTO PHONE)
Twenty-three-o-six...

As the man waits, he takes out a cigar, takes off the cellophane, and lights it.

MAN (CONT'D)
Hello, honey. How you doing?
(pause)
Good.
(pause)
And what did he say?
(pause)
Is he there now?
(pause)
When did he leave?
(pause)
Uh huh.
(pause)
Yes. I'm stopping here, I've got a little meeting, then I'll...
(pause)
I would if I could.
(pause)
As soon as I can... let me get off and... I promise you, I promise you, it's going to be alright.

ANGLE ON THE MAN (SHELLEY LEVINE)

in his late fifties, sitting in his overcoat, talking on the phone. As he hangs up, DAVE MOSS, a man in his fifties, walks past.

MOSS
(to Levene)
Buncha bullshit, waste a good man's time...
LEVENE
(over his shoulder,
as he feeds coins
into phone)
Uh huh.
(into phone)
Hello, may I please speak to Dr.
Lewenstein...? It's rather important.
Would you get him please...?

Moss sits down at the telephone next to Levene, takes out a
large appointment book from his briefcase, feeds coins into
the phone.

MOSS
(to Levene)
Buncha bullshit, trine' make a
living with these deadbeat leads,
I swear to God, I'm out on a sit
yesterday...
(into phone)
Hello: Mrs. Swaboda: This is Dave Moss,
we spoke yesterday. Now: On the Rio
Rancho Estates, we've had a situation
just come up, the president of our
company is in town just one day, and he
has certain "parcels"...

LEVENE
(into phone)
Hello, Doctor...? Well, would
you... he's not there...? Well, I
have to talk to him. Yes, it's
fairly urgent. Mr. Levene... No,
I'll, no, I can't be reached, I'll
get back to him... Thank you.
(hangs up)

MOSS
(on phone)
Certain choice parcels which he's given
me a "hold on" for the next forty-eight
hours: Now what would be the best time
to get you and your husband together?
Say, tonight at... Ten, or, what,
tomorrow at eight? Okay... well, when
is a good time to do that...?
(pause)
Look, you sent in the... listen to me:
I have got forty-eight hours, to make
you a lot of money. Now...
(pause)
Well, when will he be home?
Alright. I'll call you back in
ten minutes...
Moss hangs up. Moss and Levene get up from their chairs at the phones. CAMERA FOLLOWS out of the phone area into the Men's Room.

Moss (Cont'd)
They don't give you the leads,
they don't give you the support,
they don't give you dick...

Int. The Men's Room

Moss goes to the urinal, Out of Frame. Camera stays on Levene, who shucks off his overcoat, puts his briefcase up on the ledge of the basin, and starts to wash his hands.

Moss (O.S.)
A bunch of garbage, and then they're yanking us in on some salary conference... When was the last time anyone made a dime on, learned a Goddamn thing, all that it does, some jerk shoots his moth off.

Levene
Uh huh.

Moss
I swear to God, half a mind to go across the street...

Levene
I got a half a mind to go with you, they'd take me...

Sound of toilet flushing. Moss goes over to the basin, lights a cigarette.

Moss
You never know, I'm talking to Jerry Graff: last week...

(He checks his watch)
I gotta call this deadbeat back...

Moss starts out of the washroom. Runs into Williamson, and buttonholes him.

Moss (O.S.)
Baby, I can't make a Goddamn dollar with these leads, and you're killing my ass on the street.
WILLIAMSON (O.S.)
I'm sorry you aren't happy here.

MOSS (O.S.)
Yes, well that's very cute, but you're running this office like a bunch of bullshit. You're on an override, and you make money, we make money...

WILLIAMSON (O.S.)
...I'd like you to make more money.

MOSS (O.S.)
Get me a better lead. And don't go waste my time, a "sales" conference...

WILLIAMSON (O.S.)
The strategy domes from downtown.

MOSS (O.S.)
Oh, the strategy, the strategy, well I think I'll pass.

WILLIAMSON (O.S.)
I wouldn't.

MOSS (O.S.)
Why is that?

WILLIAMSON (O.S.)
When you come, then you'll see...

SOUND of Moss going out of the door. JOHN WILLIAMSON, a Brooks Brothers-looking man in his late thirties, comes to the washbasin next to Levene. He takes off his coat and starts washing up.

WILLIAMSON
Shelly...

LEVENE
John...

WILLIAMSON
You ready to Do or Die tonight?

LEVENE
Yeah. I'm always ready, John.

They both finish washing their hands, and start out the door back to the restaurant. CAMERA FOLLOWS.
INT. RESTAURANT

LEVENE (CONT'D)
Yeah. I'm always ready, John.
One thing, we're talking about the leads, I understand that we've got some new...

WILLIAMSON
That's what we're going to talk about at the meeting.

LEVENE
...we are...

They pass by Moss, who is back on the phone.

MOSS (ON PHONE)
Yes, Mrs... Mrs. Swaboda... is your husband there...
(pause)
Well, you said he'd be back in ten minutes...

CAMERA FOLLOWS them over to the coatcheck room. Levene stops Williamson.

LEVENE
Because I'm running into a little bit of a snag...

WILLIAMSON
Yes, I've seen your sales figures...

LEVENE
...well, it's their leads, John, you give me a better lead...

WILLIAMSON
...that's what we're going to be talking about tonight...

LEVENE
Uh huh... cause I'm in a personal bind, you understand, I've got some personal problems, and I really could use a leg-up... My...

WILLIAMSON
...after the meeting...

LEVENE
And I hear these new "Glengarry" leads...
WILLIAMSON
After the meeting, Shel...

Williamson goes off. Looks up.

ANGLE - LEVENE'S POV
Williamson walking away.

    ROMA (O.S.)
    Cold out there tonight...

ANGLE - LEVENE
looking at RICKY ROMA, good-looking, very well dressed, in his late thirties, getting out of his overcoat.

    LEVENE
    What?

    ROMA
    Cold out there tonight.

    LEVENE
    Mmm.

Roma puts his coat on the counter of the coatcheck room, Levene does the same. The two walk over to the bar.

    ROMA
    Yeah, that's a good night to be inside.

    LEVENE
    (checking watch)
    Uh huh.
    (to bartender)
    Al: gimme' a quick J & B, double...

    ROMA
    (to bartender)
    Cutty.

Levene takes out his large appointment book, puts it up on the bar. Roma turns to the man on his other side (JAMES LINGK, a man in his thirties, nursing a drink) and begins talking to him.

    ROMA (CONT'D)
    They say... they say it was so cold downtown... grown men on the streetcorner were going up to cops begging the cops to shoot them.
(to bartender)
Thank you.

INSERT OF LEVENE'S APPOINTMENT BOOK

"MONDAY, FEBRUARY SIXTH.
2 p.m.: hospital
4-6 p.m.: Hendersons, Ralph and Marie
V 2242 Logan, Lincolnwood
7:30 Sales promotion conference, H-Inn
9 p.m.: hospital
Call Doctor Lewenstein!!"

ROMA (O.S.)
And they say alcohol is the wrong
thing to combat the cold.

LINGK (O.S.)
Why says that?

ROMA (O.S.)
Something I read, like the St.
Bernards.

LINGK (O.S.)
...uh huh...

ROMA (O.S.)
That they're not supposed to carry
brandy, you know, because it's a
depressant.

LINGK (O.S.)
Uh huh.

ROMA (O.S.)
But I subscribe to the Law of
Contrary Public Opinion...

ANGLE - ROMA, LINGK, LEVENE AT THE BAR
Levene sighs, folds up his appointment book, starts to down
his drink.

ROMA (CONT'D)
...if everybody thinks one thing,
then I say bet the other way...

LINGK
...added to which, you know
they're wrong.

ROMA
Well, that's what I'm saying...
Levene finishes his drink, gets up. CAMERA FOLLOWS him out to get his coat from the coatcheck girl.

**COATCHECK GIRL**

Slow tonight.

She hands him his coat.

**LEVENE**

Yea, well, everybody's staying home...

(to the bartender, as he leaves)

My daughter calls, anyone calls, I'm over at the office.

The **BARTENDER** nods.

**EXT. THE BAR - ANGLE ON LEVENE**

coming out of the bar. Deserted streets, a snowplow crosses before him. CAMERA FOLLOWS him across the street to a low cinderblock building outside of which is parked a black B.M.W. Levene looks in the car, goes in the building.

**INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - NIGHT**

**AARONOW**, a man in his fifties, sitting at one of a row of metal desks. On one wall, a large banner proclaiming "Río Rancho Estates," and various posters of Arizona, and a large map of Florida. Levene sits at one desk, next to Aaronow. He shrugs out of his coat, opens his appointment book.

**AARONOW**

I had a woman in Des Plaines, on the hook, five units Mountain View, she, what happens? She has to go check with her lawyer.

**LEVENE**

You let her check with her lawyer...?

**AARONOW**

What can I do...

Aaronow leans into Levene, whispers.

**ANGLE - CU LEVENE AND AARONOW**

**AARONOW**

Who is the guy...?

Aaronow gestures. They both look, surreptitiously.
ANGLE - THEIR POV

Williamson, at the end of the office, in front of a huge blackboard. Talking to a man (BLAKE), very prosperous, in his mid-forties, dressed in an extremely expensive blue suit.

LEVENE (O.S.)
I couldn't tell you...

AARONOW (O.S.)
I don't like the whole thing, you know, because, all that I need is a lead, they won't give out the...

SOUND of a door opening.

ANGLE - AARONOW AND LEVENE

look around, Moss is coming in the door, getting out of his coat.

MOSS
Uh huh, the Rich get Richer. That's the Law of the Land. Who belongs to the...?

ANGLE - WILLIAMSON AND A MAN AT THE BLACKBOARD

CLOSE UP to the front row. CAMERA FOLLOWs.

WILLIAMSON
It is seven-thirty.

He closes the front doors.

ANGLE - AARONOW AND LEVENE

Aaronow leans over, nods toward the stranger with Williamson.

AARONOW
(sotto voce)
So who is that?

Levene shrugs, he does not know.

ANGLE - WILLIAMSON

walks around to the rear door, closes it just as Moss is entering.

WILLIAMSON
(to Moss)
And where is Mister Roma?
MOSS
Well, I'm not a leash, so I don't know. Do I...?

BLAKE, at the front hall, speaks. Williamson looks out the back door, closes it.

BLAKE
Lemme' have your attention for a moment.

ANGLE - BLAKE AT THE FRONT OF THE ROOM

BLAKE (CONT'D)
'Cause you're talking about, what you're talking about, bitching about that sale you shot, some son of a bitch don't want to buy land... somebody don't want what you're selling, some broad you're trying to screw, so on, let's talk about something important.
(to Williamson)
Are they all here?

WILLIAMSON
All but one.

BLAKE
(checks watch)
Well, I'm going anyway. Let's talk about something important.

Levene gets up, walks to a sidetable, on which there is a coffee urn. He starts to take a cup of coffee.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Put that coffee down. Coffee's for closers only, you think I'm fuckin' with you, I am not fuckin' with you: I'm here from downtown, I'm here from Mitch and Murray... and I'm here on a mission of mercy...

(he checks notes)
Your name's Levene? You call yourself a salesman, you son of a bitch...

ANGLE - MOSS

Moss gets up, starts for the door.
Moss
I don't have to listen to this shit.

Blake
You certainly don't, pal, 'cause the good news is: you're fired.
(pause)
The bad news is you got, all of you've got just one week to regain your jobs. Starting with tonight. Starting with tonight's sit... Oh: have I got your attention now? Good. 'Cause we're having a little contest.

He takes some orange "lead" 5x7 index cards out of his briefcase.

Blake (Cont'd)
We're going to have a little sales conference. And the fellow with the highest sales by the thirtieth wins first place. First prize is a Cadillac Eldorado. You wanna' see second prize?

He reaches into his briefcase, takes out a cheap packaged set of Japanese steak knives.

Blake (Cont'd)
Second prize is a set of steak knives. Third prize is you're fired. You get the picture, are you laughing now? You got people coming in that door, twenty-five minutes, Mitch and Murray paid good money, get their names, to sell them. You can't close the leads you're given, you can't close shit, you are shit... hit the bricks, pal, and beat it, 'cause you're going out.

Levene
The leads are weak.

Pause.

Blake
The leads are weak! The fuckin leads are weak? You're weak. I been in the business thirty years.
MOSS
What's your name?

BLAKE
Fuck you, that's my name. You know why, Mister? 'Cause you drove a Honda to get here tonight, I drove a sixty-thousand dollar B.M.W. That's my name, and your name is you're wanting, and you can't play in the man's game, you can't close them, then go home and tell your wife your troubles. Because One Thing Counts In This Life: Get Them To Sign On The Line Which Is Dotted. You hear me, you faggots...? I know your war stories. I know the bullshit excuses that are your lives. What do you know...? What do you know...

He starts to write on the blackboard.

ANGLE - THE BLACKBOARD

writes huge in chalk: "A.B.C."

BLAKE (O.S.)
A.B.C.
A. Always
B. Be
C. Closing, Always Be Closing

ANGLE - BLAKE IN THE FRONT OF THE ROOM

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Always Be Closing.
(writes)
A.I.D.A.
Attention, Interest, Decision, Action.
Attention: Do I have your attention?
Interest: Are you interested? I know you are, because it's fuck-or-walk: you close or you hit the bricks.
Decision: Have you made your decision for Christ? and Action?
A.I.D.A. Get out there, you got the prospects coming in. You think they came in to get out of the rain? A guy don't walk on the lot 'lest he wants to buy: They're sitting out there, waiting to give you their money... You gonna take it? Are you man enough to take it? What is it, pal? You. Moss.

ANGLE - MOSS

looking disgruntled

MOSS
You're such a hero, you're so rich, how come you're coming down here, waste your time with such a bunch of bums?

ANGLE - CU BLAKE

impassive.

ANGLE - BLAKE HOLDS UP HIS WRIST

shoots the cuff. Monogrammed cuff, gold cufflinks, a gold Rolex watch.

BLAKE (O.S.)
You see this watch...?

ANGLE - BLAKE TALKING TO THE MEN

BLAKE (CONT'D)
You see this watch? This watch cost more than your car. I made Nine Hundred Seventy Thousand Dollars last year. What did you make?...
You see, Pal...? That's who I am, and you're nothing. Nice Guy? I don't give a shit. Good Father? Fuck you. Go home to your kids. You want to work here? Close. You think this is abuse...? You think this is abuse, you cocksucker...? You can't take this, how can you take the abuse that you get on a sit? You don't like it, you leave. I can go in there, tonight, the materials you got, make myself fifteen thousand dollars. Can you? Can you? Go and do likewise. A.I.D.A. Get mad, you sonofabitches, get mad. You know what it takes to sell real estate?

He reaches into the case, takes out a pair of brass balls, in a leather jockstrap contrivance.

ANGLE - INSERT

The brass balls CRASHING down on the table.

ANGLE - BLAKE

BLAKE (CONT'D)
It takes brass balls to sell real estate. You go and do likewise, gents. The money's out there, you pick it up, it's yours, you don't, I got no sympathy for you. You want to go out on those sits tonight and close, close it's yours; not, you're gonna be shining my shoes. And you know what you'll be saying? Bunch of losers, sitting in a bar. Oh. Yeah. I used to be a salesman ...it's a tough racket.

He unrolls a poster which says, "GLENARRY HIGHLANDS, FLORIDA." He holds up a stack of leads.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
These are the new leads, these are the Glengarry Leads. They cost a fortune, and to you they're Gold. And you don't get them. Why? Because to give them to you is just throwing them away. They're for the closers.

Beat.
BLAKE (CONT'D)
I won't wish you good luck, because you wouldn't know what to do with it if you got it.

The CAMERA FOLLOWS Blake toward the front of the room. He stops next to Moss.

BLAKE
And to answer your question, pal. Why am I here? I came here because Mitch and Murray asked me to, they asked for a favor, I said the real favor, follow my advice, and fire your fucken' ass, because a loser is a loser.

He walks to the front of the room. He hands the Glengarry poster to Williamson.


ANGLE - BLAKE
goes toward the front of the office. Williamson brings him his coat. They confer in whispers, as Williamson holds his coat for him and Blake puts it on.

ANGLE - LEVENE
Moss next to him.

MOSS
...buncha nonsense, treat people like that... the fuck is he gonna get off, mickeymouse "sales promotion..."

Aaronow walks past the desk of the other two.

AARONOW
They don't mean it, I'm sure he didn't mean it about trimming down the sales force...

MOSS
...and where the hell is Roma? Where is Mister Ricky Roma, all the while, we've got to sit here, eat this nonsense...
Levene gets up from his chair. CAMERA FOLLOWS him back to another desk. He sits, dials the phone.

LEVENE
(inside phone)
Hello. This is Mr. Levene. How is she doing? Is she awake? The Doctor came by? What did he say? Uh huh. Uh huh, well, I can't come in tonight. I know she is... I know she is, I... I got to go out. You tell her... when she wakes up, tell her I got to go out.

We HEAR Williamson's voice.

WILLIAMSON (O.S.)
Gentlemen...?

LEVENE
...you tell her I'll call her from the road.

He hangs up. Looks toward Williamson.

ANGLE - THE SALESMEN

Williamson in the foreground, his back to the camera. Williamson takes the Glengarry poster from Blake, tacks it up on the wall. It reads, "GLENGLARRY HIGHLANDS, FLORIDA," and features beautiful people having a good time. Williamson takes down the poster, rolls another, smaller poster, which reads "SALES INCENTIVE PROMOTION" and has a picture of a Cadillac, and the steak knives, and a calendar. Williamson starts filling in the numbers on the calendar.

WILLIAMSON (O.S.)
You heard the man...

MOSS (O.S.)
And what is this in aid of...?

WILLIAMSON (O.S.)
...as of tonight...

MOSS (O.S.)
...and what is this, excuse me...?

WILLIAMSON (O.S.)
...what it's in aid of is that Mitch and Murray...
MOSS
Fuck Mitch and Murray. I'm doing my job, I got to put up with this childishness...

WILLIAMSON
I didn't make the rules, I'm paid to run the office. You don't like the rules, Dave, there's the door.

Williamson starts walking through the office, distributing the lead cards. CAMERA FOLLOWS.

WILLIAMSON (CONT'D)
...two lead cards for tonight, two lead cards tomorrow...

Williamson hands a card to Levene.

ANGLE - INSERT

The card in Levene's hand, worn, annotated, old. The name is "BRUCE AND HARRIET NYBORG."

WILLIAMSON (O.S.)
As you heard. End of the month: top salesman gets the Eldorado, next man down the list...

ANGLE - LEVENE AND WILLIAMSON

LEVENE
What about the good leads...

WILLIAMSON
The leads I've given you...

LEVENE
These leads are shit. They're old, I've seen this name at least...

WILLIAMSON
The leads are assigned randomly and you'll take what you've got. Now...

LEVENE
What about the new leads?

The...?
LEVENE
...the new leads, the Glengarry Leads... we've got the ad in the paper, Mitch and Murray, spending money for some new leads. What about the Glengarry Leads?

WILLIAMSON
I've got them. I'm gonna hold on to them, and they'll be assigned to closers.

LEVENE
Assigned to who?

WILLIAMSON
To... based on the sales volume, first to Roma...

MOSS
Where is Roma, why isn't he...?

WILLIAMSON
Mr. Roma has his leads...

MOSS
The Glengarry Leads... the good leads...

WILLIAMSON
...that's correct. The good leads, and you've got your leads, and, as the hour is waning, I suggest you, those of you who are interested in a continuing job with this organization, get to work. Thank you for your attention.

Williamson retreats back into his private office. Moss starts putting on his coat, picks up his lead cards.

MOSS
Look at this garbage, worked-over ...bullshit, bullshit... how'm I s'posed to close these...
(of lead card)
Lookit this, I've had this guy before, I've been to his house twice.

AARONOW
I, I, I can't close this stuff...
(to Levene)
Shelly, I mean, how am I supposed
to... they're going to bounce me
out of a job...

Aaronow sighs, sits at a desk next to Levene, picks up a
telephone, consults the card, dials.

ANGLE - LEVENE

sitting, beaten, at his desk, the two lead cards in front of
him on his desk. Also on his desk, a picture of a young
woman in a frame, a little loving cup with a plaque which
reads "WORLD'S GREATEST SALESMAN." Levene sits back in his
chair, lights a cigar. In the b.g. we HEAR Aaronow, on the
phone.

AARONOW (O.S.)
Hello, Mr. Palermo? I'm sorry... Mr.
Speece, is this Mr. Robert Sp... This
is George Aaronow, I'm with Rio, I
spoke with your wife earlier? I am the
Vice President of Rio Rancho
Properties, in Furman, Arizo... yes.
I'm calling from the airport, I'm
between planes, and, consulting my map,
I see that you and your wife live near
the airport. I have some... rather
unusual, rather good information on the
property, and I'd...

He continues. As Levene sighs, he picks up the lead card,
"Bruce and Harriet Nyborg," begins to dial.

ANGLE - INSERT

The card. The number, annotations "showed some interest in
retirement property."

ANGLE - TIGHT, LEVENE ON THE PHONE

Aaronow's conversation continues in the b.g.
LEVENE
Hello. Hello. This is Sheldon Levene. Listen closely, please, I only have a moment. I can only speak to Mrs. Nyborg. This is Mrs. Nyborg? Listen closely, please. I'm calling from Consolidated Properties of Arizona, and our computer picked your name at random from the thousands who write in for information on our properties. Under the Federal Law your prize, as you know, must be awarded to you whether or not you engage in our Land Investment Plan, the only stipulation is that both you and your husband must sign at the same time, for the receipt of your prize. I'm going to be, I'll be in the Chicago area tonight and tomorrow... which time would be more convenient for me to speak with both you and your husband...?

Aaronow in the foreground, Levene in the background.

AARONOW
(on the phone)
Well, what time would be more con... well, no, I only have the two... but, but, yes, but I understand you're not interested in "land," we're not, what we're talking about is investment, in... no, no, if you would...

Pause.

He hangs up the telephone. Sighs. Slowly gets up. CAMERA Follows him up through the office, past the door to Williamson's office, through which we see Williamson ruling heavy lines on a board. Aaronow walks to the front of the office, looks out at the street. Next to him, Moss is finishing swaddling himself in his storm wear.

MOSS
Buncha fuckin' nonsense, mmm?

AARONOW
I can't close 'em...

MOSS
Nobody can close 'em.
AARONOW
...they're old...

MOSS
They're ancient, buncha nonsense, get some jerk to come in here...

AARONOW
Sometimes, just think, you know, I wonder what I'm doing in this business...

MOSS
Send a guy out there, no support, no confidence...

AARONOW
...and then, I say "Nobody can close 'em," then I look at Roma...

MOSS
Roma, fuck Roma, had a freak, a couple, little run of luck... these leads are garbage.

AARONOW
...then I say, then I say, why give him the good leads, he doesn't need them...

MOSS
Are you going out?

AARONOW
I can't, I have to go out, I can't make a sit...

MOSS
You tried...?

AARONOW
Something, there's something wrong with me, I tried both of the cards, I can't... what it is, I can't push through...

MOSS
Get your coat on, you'll come out with me...

Moss throws Aaronow Aaronow's coat.

AARONOW
Something in me...
MOSS
...forget it...

AARONOW
(getting on his coat)
I try and try, but I can't, I
can't seem to...

MOSS
I said forget it... come on...

AARONOW
...I can't close 'em...

Moss and Aaronow start out the front door. In the
background, we SEE Levene still on the phone.

LEVENE
(on phone)
Well, then, Mrs... Mrs. Nyborg,
I'll, I'll call back in... yes.
Thank you.

Levene picks up another card, dials the phone. CAMERA PULLS
BACK (outside) keeping Moss and Aaronow in the foreground.

LEVENE
(into phone)
Hello, Mrs...?

The door swings closed.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - ANGLE - AARONOW AND MOSS
walking through deep snow, to Moss's car, parked around the
side of the building. CAMERA TRACKS WITH THEM.

AARONOW
...life, I swear to God, you know,
you work all your life...

MOSS
Forget it, George...

AARONOW
...fellows, Roma, so on, gifted...

MOSS
Gifted, my ass, a guy gets a
string of luck...

AARONOW
No, no, no. Not.

They arrive at the car.
INT. CAR

Aaronow gets in. His breath frosting in front of him, he hugs himself. Moss gets in the driver's seat and starts the car.

MOSS
Deadbeats. Alla' them. Buncha deadbeats, all.

He takes a map out of the glove compartment, takes a lead card out of his pocket, turns on the overhead light, starts the car, reads the lead card.

MOSS (CONT'D)
22161 Elysian, Rover Grove.

AARONOW
Peterson to the Expressway, north to...

MOSS
I got it...
(looks at card)
You can tell from the card.
They're buncha losers.
(he puts the car in gear, starts to drive)
The thing of it is: money is tight, times are tight, don't do no good throw this "fodder" at us, "go out and sell," threaten a man all you want, you can't whip a dead horse.

AARONOW
No.

MOSS
All this garbage, "Sell ten thousand and you win the Cadillac," you lose and we're going to fire your ass. It's, no... It's medieval.

AARONOW
Yes.

MOSS
It's wrong.

AARONOW
Yes.
MOSS
Yes. It is. And you know who's responsible?

AARONOW
Who?

MOSS
You know who it is: It's Mitch and Murray. 'Cause it doesn't have to be this way.

AARONOW
No.

MOSS
Look at Jerry Graff. He's clean. He's doing business for himself. He's got his, that list of his, with the nurses... see? You see? That's, thinking. Why take ten percent? A ten percent sales commission? Why are we giving the rest away? What are we giving ninety percent for...? For nothing. For some jerk sit in the office, tell you "get out there and close," "go win the Cadillac." Graff? He goes out and buys. He pays top dollar for the, you see?

AARONOW
Yes.

MOSS
For the leads. That's thinking. Now: he's got the leads, he goes in business for himself. That's what... that's thinking. Who? Who's got a steady job, a couple bucks nobody's touched? Who?

AARONOW
Nurses.

MOSS
So Graff buys a fucking list of nurses, one grand, if he paid two, I'll eat my hat, four, five thousand nurses, and he's going wild...

AARONOW
He is?
MOSS
He's doing very well.

AARONOW
I heard that they were running cold.

MOSS
...the nurses?

AARONOW
Yes.

MOSS
You hear a lot of things... he's doing very well. He's doing very well.

AARONOW
With River Oaks?

MOSS
River Oaks. Brook Farms. All of that shit. Somebody told me: you know what he's clearing himself? Fourteen, fifteen grand a week.

AARONOW
Himself...?

MOSS
That's what I'm saying. Why? The leads. He's got the good leads. What are we, we're sitting in the shit here. Why? We have to go to them to get them. Huh. Ninety percent our sales we're paying to the office for the leads.

AARONOW
The leads, the overheads, the telephones, there's lots of things.
MOSS
What do you need? A telephone?
Some broad to say "good morning"?
Nothing... nothing... it's the
leads. The whole thing is the
leads... You understand me? You
can't sell to a void, you got to
get a Goddamn person. You get a
lead, you get a person... I'll go
in and sell 'em, huh? Otherwise,
what do they want from my life...?

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Levene still sitting at his desk.

ANGLE - INSERT

Levene's "Organizer" book, his finger on a name, next to
which are multifarious pencil annotations. SOUND of phone
being dialed.

LEVENE (O.S.)
(into phone)
Hello...? Danny? Dan. This is
Shel Levene, we spoke, oh, last
May I called you, I was in town
from my estate at Rio Rancho.
Arizona... Wish we could have met
that time, because the piece of
property I had for you,
appreciated since that time...

CAMERA PANS AROUND, TO REVEAL him in the office, sitting
alone. The office is dark except for the light coming from
Williamson's small office.

LEVENE (CONT'D)
Grace...? What's that figure,
please...? Uh huh... seventy-
eight percent. I wish you'd got
in with me, Dan. Now: I'm going,
I'm back in Chicago now just for
the day, I'm flying out tomorrow
morning, and because of your
interest on the last trip... Oh,
uh huh, well... Grace...? I'm
going to, I know you're serious,
and, Dan, because of that, I...
I'll shove a meeting around, and,
I could stay through 'til... oh
...well. Well, I wish you... oh
...alright, Dan... I, but... alright...
Pause.

Levene hangs up the phone.

Williamson comes out of his small office, turns out the light.

WILLIAMSON
You going out tonight...?

Williamson starts putting on his coat.

ANGLE - LEVENE

gets up, walks over to Williamson, stands in the door to Williamson's office, as Williamson puts on his coat. Holds the two lead cards in his hands.

LEVENE
I, uh... What is this bullshit with the Sales Promotion?

WILLIAMSON
It's not bullshit. It's the way it is.

LEVENE
You're gonna fire the bottom men on the list?

WILLIAMSON
That's the way it is, and I didn't make the rules, the rules come from downtown.

LEVENE
Well, I'm in a little bit of a difficult spot here, John...

WILLIAMSON
I'm closing up the office...

LEVENE
Come across the street, have a drink with me.

WILLIAMSON
I've got to get home.

LEVENE
Do me the courtesy. Will you? Five minutes... five minutes.

Pause.
WILLIAMSON
What is it?

Pause.

LEVENE
Well, let's go across the street, sit down...

WILLIAMSON
I said I'm going home, I had a hard day, now what is it that's on your mind?

Pause.

LEVENE
I can't close these leads.

WILLIAMSON
Then move one...

LEVENE
Don't jump, don't jump, this is why I'm saying "sit down," John, don't jump out of your "Manager" bag, a sudden. Two men, talking, alright? Talking. You've got new leads, you've got... wait a second, John, you've got the New...

WILLIAMSON
...the Glengarry Leads, Mitch and Murray said, are to be assigned only to...

LEVENE
...hold on a second, will you, John...? If you give me the good...

WILLIAMSON
Shelly: you blew the last...

LEVENE
No, John, no. I did not, will you wait a second, please...? I did not blow them. No. One kicked out, one I closed.

WILLIAMSON
...you didn't close...
...I ...if you'd listen to me. Please. I closed the cocksucker. His "ex," John. His "ex," I didn't know he was married... he, the judge invalidated the...

WILLIAMSON
...Shelly...

LEVENE
...and what is that, John? What? Bad luck. That's all it is. I pray in your life you never find it runs in streaks. That's what it does, that's all it's doing. Streaks. I pray it misses you. That's all I want to say. A deal kicks out. Shit, Williamson, I got to eat. Look at the sheets. Look at the sheets. Nineteen eighty, eighty one, eighty two, six months of nineteen eighty two, who's up there?

WILLIAMSON
Roma.

LEVENE
Under him.

WILLIAMSON
Moss.

LEVENE
Bullshit, John. Bullshit. April-September, 1981, it's me, it isn't fucking Moss, due respect, he's an order-taker. He talks, he talks a good game, but, you look at the Board, it's me.

WILLIAMSON
Not lately, it isn't.
LEVENE
Lately, kiss-my-ass, lately. You want to build a sales organization? Talk to Murray. Talk to Mitch. When we were on Peterson... who paid for his car? You talk to him. The Seville...? He came in "You bought them for me, fellow." Out of what? Cold calling. Nothing. Talk about a salesman...? Sixty-five? When we were there, with Glenn Ross Farms...? You call 'em downtown. What was that? Luck? That was Luck? Bullshit, John: you're burning my ass... now I can't get a fucking lead. It was skill, John, skill that can work for you... n' you want to throw that away...?

WILLIAMSON
It isn't me.

LEVENE
It isn't you...? Who is it? Who is this I'm talking to? I need the leads. To sell, I need...

WILLIAMSON
...after the contest, after the thirtieth...

LEVENE
Bullshit the thirtieth. I don't get on the Board the thirtieth they're gonna can my ass. I need the leads. I need them now, or I'm gone. And you're going to miss me, John. I swear to you...

Pause.

Williamson lights a cigarette.

WILLIAMSON
Let me tell you something, Shelly: I do what I'm hired to do... you might do the same. Now: wait a second. I'm hired to watch the leads. I'm given a policy. My job is to do that, what I'm told... now wait a second: anybody falls below a certain mark I am directed, I am not permitted to give them the premium leads.
LEVENE
Then how do they come up above that mark? With dre...
   (he flourishes his lead cards)
With this toilet paper you're handing me...? You give me a premium...

WILLIAMSON
...you know what the premium leads cost...?

LEVENE
Do I...? Yes. The premium leads...? Yes. I know what they cost because I, I generated the dollar revenue sufficient to buy them. Nineteen senny nine, you know what I made? Senny-nine? Ninety six thousand dollars, John. For Murray: For Mitch. I can't sell this shit!!! I've seen those leads. I saw them when I was at Homestead: we pitched those cocksuckers Baywater nineteen sixty-nine they wouldn't buy; they couldn't buy a fucking toaster, John. They're broke. They're deadbeats. Even so. Alright: you sent me out there, I closed two, fifty per...

WILLIAMSON
(starting out the door, Levene stops him)
They kicked out...
LEVENE
They all kick out, pal. You run in streaks. Streaks. Look at me: don't look at the Board, look at me: Shelly Levene. Anyone. Ask them on Western. Ask Bobby Getz at Homestead. Go ask Jerry Graff. You know who I am. Now I NEED A SHOT. I need to get up on the Board. I need... do I want charity? Do I want pity? I want SITU. I want leads don't come right out of a phonebook. Give me a lead hotter than that, I'll go out and close it. Give me a chance. That's all I want. I'm going to get up on that fucking Board, and all I want is a chance. It's a streak. I'm going to turn it around. I need your help.

Pause.

WILLIAMSON
I can't do it, Shelly.

Pause.

EXT. THE OFFICE - ANGLE - WILLIAMSON
comes out into the cold, holds the door open for Levene. Levene comes out, his briefcase and his overcoat under his arm. He stands in the cold while Williamson locks the front door to the office. CAMERA FOLLOWS them into the parking lot, where Williamson starts opening up his car door.

LEVENE
I'll give you ten percent.

Pause.

Williamson turns back to him.

WILLIAMSON
Of what?

LEVENE
My end, what I close, you give me the premium leads, you're in for ten percent, what I close.

WILLIAMSON
And what if you don't close?

LEVENE
I will close.
WILLIAMSON
What if you don't close?

LEVENE
I will close.

WILLIAMSON
What if you don't? You understand? Then I'm fucked. You think you're the only guy with a family? You see what I'm telling you? I step out and you don't close, then it's my job, then I'm fucked..

LEVENE
I will close, John: John: ten percent. I can get hot, you know that.

WILLIAMSON
Not lately you can't.

LEVENE
Fuck that, that's defeatist. Fuck that, fuck it... get on my side. Go with me. Let's do something. You want to run this office, you heard what that guy said today? Attack. Let's do something.

Pause.

WILLIAMSON
Twenty percent.

Pause.

LEVENE
Alright.

WILLIAMSON
...and fifty bucks a lead.

Pause.

WILLIAMSON (CONT'D)
No...?

Pause.

Williamson gets into his car.
walks around the other side, gets into his overcoat. Knocks on the car window. As we HEAR Williamson trying to start the car up in the cold, Levene knocks again. Williamson leans over, opens the door, Levene gets in.

INT. THE CAR - ANGLE - WILLIAMSON

trying repeatedly to get the car to turn over.

Pause.

LEVENE
John. Listen: I want to talk to you. Permit me to do this a second. I'm older than you. A man acquires a reputation on the street. What he does when he's up, what he does otherwise. I said ten, you said no. I said twenty, you said fine, and now you want to throw this fifty bucks in -- a good deal, a deal has got to be one where, don't you think? Where both parties...

Williamson gets the car started. Pause. Looks at Levene.

LEVENE (CONT'D)
Okay. Okay. Twenty percent, and fifty bucks a lead. That's fine. Good. Let's go, let's make some money. I got bills to pay. Agreed. Now: tonight, I want two sits, the Glengarry Leads, the new leads. Tonight, and I'm gonna close 'em both, 'cause it's a long road, pal, that has no turning. Let's go! Good!

Pause.

Williamson nods.

WILLIAMSON
I've got to go back to the office to get 'em.

LEVENE
Well, then let's get going then. You see, pal, this is what I'm saying: all you need, a little boost, you turn a streak around.
(pause)
Good. Good.

Pause.

Williamson looks at Levene.

LEVENE (CONT'D)

What?

WILLIAMSON
Two leads. A hundred bucks.

Pause.

LEVENE
Now...?

WILLIAMSON
Now. Yes. When...?

LEVENE
Aw, shit, John...

WILLIAMSON
...I wish I could...

LEVENE
...you fucken' asshole...
(pause)
I haven't got it.
(beat)
I haven't got it, John. I'll pay
you tomorrow, John: Tomorrow.
I'm comin' in here with sales...
I'll...

WILLIAMSON

Nope.

LEVENE
(digging in his
pocket)
I'll give you... thirty on them
now, I'll bring the rest tomorrow.
John?
(pause)
John... we do that, for Chrissake...?

WILLIAMSON

No.

Beat.
LEVENE
John: John:
    (sighs)
My daughter...

WILLIAMSON
I can't do it, Shelly.

LEVENE
Well, I want to tell you
something, fellow: wasn't long
ago, I could pick up a phone, call
Murray, and I'd have your job.
You know that? Not so long ago.
For what? "Mur...? This new kid
burns my ass," "Shelly, he's
gone," and you're gone 'fore I'm
back from lunch. I bought him a
trip to Bermuda once...

WILLIAMSON
(opens the passenger
door)
I have to go...

LEVENE
Alright... alright... okay.
    (pause)
Okay. Give me... give me... I'll
take two... I'll take two more of
the old leads.

WILLIAMSON
I gave you two today.

LEVENE
One is a bust-out, John, the other
ain't home, I've been...

WILLIAMSON
...Shelly...

LEVENE
...I've been on the phone, I'm
telling you, I...

WILLIAMSON
No more leads today. Two per day.
You've got yours.

Pause.

LEVENE
Hmmm.
WILLIAMSON
Alright...?

He opens the car door wider.

LEVENE
Yeah, sure, I... You know... I,
uh, Okay.
(pause)
We'll do that other thing... you
know...?
(pause)
It's... It's just, I left my
wallet back at the hotel.

Pause.

EXT. THE CAR - ANGLE - LEVENE

gets out of the car. The car slowly drives away. Levene
hugs himself to warm up. Walks to his own car. Digs in his
pocket for the keys, opens the door, takes out an agenda from
his own pocket. Looks at the lead cards.

ANGLE - INSERT

The lead cards.

ANGLE - LEVENE

gets into the car, starts the car.

EXT. A SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Moss comes out of the door, followed by Aaronow. CAMERA PANS
with them, as they walk down the snowy street.

Pause.

MOSS
Deadbeats. Deadbeats, all of
them.

AARONOW
...they hold on to their money.

MOSS
My mistake, don't ever try to sell
a doctor... Hey, we missed a
fuckin' sale, big deal. Deadbeat
doctor, big deal, got some guy, he
pays some guy forty-five grand a
year tell him "no."
AARONOW
...hmmmm.

MOSS
...what's the guy going to tell him "yes"?

AARONOW
Doctors and lawyers.

CAMERA FOLLOWS them around the block, they go into a doughnut shop.

INT. THE EMPTY DOUGHNUT SHOP - ANGLE - MOSS AND AARONOW
go up and sit down at the counter.

MOSS
(sighs)
My mistake, I shouldn't took the lead the first place.

AARONOW
You had to.

MOSS
Yeah? Why?

AARONOW
...to get on the...

MOSS
To get on the Board. Yeah. How'm I gonna get on the Board trine' a sell a doctor?

The WAITER comes over.

MOSS (CONT'D)
Two regular, two chocolate doughnuts, gimme the same thing to go. And I'll tell you what else: don't ever try to sell an Indian.

AARONOW
I'd never try to sell an Indian.

MOSS
You get these names come up, you ever get 'em? "Patel"?

AARONOW
Mmmm.
MOSS
You ever get 'em?

AARONOW
Well, I think I had one once.

MOSS
You had one, you'd know it.
Patel. They keep coming up. I
don't know. They like to talk to
salesmen. Something, they're
lonely. I don't know. They like
to feel superior. Never bought a
fucking thing. The... I don't
know... come down the line, the
Doctors, Lawyers, Indians... the
times are tight. It's tight. The
pressure's just too great. A man
can't work. All of them. You go
in the door. "I've got to close
this fucker, or I don't eat lunch.
Or I don't win the Cadillac..."
We work too hard.

The WAITRESS brings the coffee and doughnuts.

MOSS (CONT'D)
We all... remember when we were,
when we were selling Glen Ross
Farms...

Huh...

MOSS
Didn't we sell a bunch of that?

AARONOW
...they came in and they, you
know...

MOSS
Well, they fucked it up.

AARONOW
They did.

MOSS
...they killed the goose.

AARONOW
They did.

MOSS
And now...
AARONOW
...we're stuck with this...

MOSS
We're stuck with this fuckin' shit...

AARONOW
...this shit...

MOSS
...it's too...

AARONOW
...it is...

MOSS
...you get a bad month, all of a...

AARONOW
...you're on this...

MOSS
All of, they got you on this "Board."

AARONOW
I... I...

MOSS
Some "contest" Board...

AARONOW
...I...

MOSS
It's not right.

AARONOW
And it's not right to the customers.
MOSS
I know it's... what, hey, what did
I learn as a kid on Western? You
don't sell a guy one car... Eh?
You sell him five cars, over
fifteen years.

AARONOW
That's right.

MOSS
Eh? You're Goddamn right that's
right. Guys come in, oh, the,
blah, blah, blah, I know what I'll
do: I'll go out and rob everybody
blind and go to Argentina 'cause
nobody ever thought of this
before...

AARONOW
Huh...

MOSS
...and so they kill the goose.
And a fuckin' man, worked all his
life, has got to...

AARONOW
...that's right...

MOSS
Cower in his boots.

AARONOW
(simultaneously with
"boots")
Shoes, boots, yes.

MOSS
For some fuckin' "sell ten
thousand, and you win the steak
knives."

AARONOW
Whatdaya, whatdaya do?

MOSS
What can you do?

AARONOW
What can you do...? If you don't
have the leads...?
(pause)
If you do not have the Goddamn
leads...
Pause.

They shake their heads, drink their coffee.

EXT. SUBURBAN TRACT HOUSE DOORWAY - NIGHT - TIGHT ON LEVENE

standing, glancing at a white lead card in his hand. The
door starts to open. Levene puts the card into his pocket.

MAN
Yes?

LEVENE
Mr. Spannel...? Sheldon Levene.
I spoke to your wife...

MAN
Come in.

INT. THE HOUSE - ANGLE - THE MAN

welcomes Levene into the house. Levene comes into the
vestibule. In the hatstand is a fishing pole.

LEVENE
Ah: I see you're interested in
fishing...

MOSS
Yes.

LEVENE
Fished myself. Many years.
Muskie, Wisconsin... Where's the
Missus...?

MAN
Out at the P.T.A.

LEVENE
Uh huh.

MOSS
What was this in reference...?

LEVENE
I spoke to your wife on the phone
earlier, I called. I'm in town
with Rio Rancho and...

MAN
Yes, yes. I'm sorry. She said
you had,what? Some sort of...
some "award"?
LEVENE
I've been talking to the people in my sales organization, my representatives in this area, and Mr. Spannel... your name is Larry? Do you mind if I call you Larry...? We had a consultant...

Levene takes off his coat, hangs it on the coat rack. Starts moving into the living room.

LEVENE (CONT'D)
A man presented a plan to me, wanted me to pay him two hundred thirty thousand dollars to promote a "sales" plan, to present our plan, for the investment properties at Rio Rancho, to the public. I told him, hell, let me save you that two hundred and thirty, pass the savings along to the investors: Now: my representatives said "how is it done?" How do you present investment possibilities without... television, magazine ads: I said: investments this good, you take a man has invested in the past, you go to that man direct, and offer him the money, rebate, 'stead of giving it to some expert.

MAN
You're here to sell me some land...?

LEVENE
Not to sell you "land," no, I leave that to the salesmen, and to the people who like to "own" land. Me, I think, it's got to be fed, watered, or painted, don't invest in it, and that motto's served me in good stead...

MAN
Mr... Li...?

LEVENE
Just call me Shelly, never afraid of familiarity...
MAN
(moving back toward
the door)
I'm walking out the door, I've got
to pick my wife up at the...

Leune starts moving back toward the door with him.

LEVENE
Take my car, we'll go together.
Talked with the Mrs. on the phone,
I'm looking forward to meeting
her...

MAN
We've got a, we're going over to
our relatives...

LEVENE
Uh huh... she didn't...

MAN
... I'm sure she forgot...

Leune is handed his coat by Mr. Spannel.

LEVENE
...she... I, you know I passed up,
I'm on the plane to...

MAN
... I'm so sorry if we put you out,
she...

LEVENE
... didn't put me out: I'm just
thinking, I have just this one
parcel... well: alright: I'll
tell you what I'll do. I'll pull
another one out, out of the
computer, and we'll talk to your
relatives too...

MAN
Nonononono... list... liste...

LEVENE
Mr. Spannel, you're a busy man,
and I am too: I'm in the process
of making a gift here.
MAN
Look: I don't want to buy land.
I don't want to invest in land, I
have nothing, I... she took the
call without my knowledge, I have
no business that I wish to
call...

LEVENE
I don't want to tell you how to...

MAN
My wife filled in a form, and
we've been plagued for the last
year by...

LEVENE
...this is exactly the situation
I'm trying to...

The man maneuvers Levene out of the door.

EXT. THE HOUSE - ANGLE - MAN

MAN
No, do you understand? Thank you.
No.

The man closes the door.

HOLD ON Levene standing there.

INT. MOSS' CAR - NIGHT - MOSS AND AARONOW

MOSS
...and Roma, man, Roma, man, he
don't care...

AARONOW
...he don't care.

MOSS
No. Sittin' on top of the world.
Got the good leads, the good
prospects...

AARONOW
Sales, sales...

MOSS
The sales contest...

AARONOW
...that's what I'm saying...
MOSS
...times turn hard, they bounce you out of this job...

AARONOW
If they bounce you with no confidence...

MOSS
That's what I'm saying... That's what I'm saying to you...

The car stops in front of the office. They sit.

MOSS (CONT'D)
If they get you on a bad beat... get you on, and you got to go out there, get a new job...

AARONOW
...with no... With no...

MOSS
With no confidence...

AARONOW
Yes.

MOSS
And I'll tell you what the hard part is, is to stop thinking like a Goddamn slave: you say "The Nazis in Europe..." "They came in my door, I'd..." well, bullshit... you know what I mean? The time is now: what do you do now, some guy pissing in your face, cocksucker - wants to break your ricebowl. Mitch. And Murray... Fuck you, what I say, fuck you, and sittin' on the good leads. These are men here...

AARONOW
Yes.

MOSS
And I'll tell ya, and I'll tell you what the hard part is.

AARONOW
What?
MOSS
Starting up. Standing up, breaking free of this bullshit, this, this enslavement to some guy, because he's got the Upper Hand. This is the difference. Listen to me, George, now: Jerry Graff: he went in business for himself. He said "I'm going on my own," and he was free, you understand me...?

EXT. THE CAR - ANGLE - MOSS

gets out of the car, followed by Aaronow. They stand in front of the locked office for a second.

MOSS
And I want to tell you what somebody should do.

What?

AARONOW

MOSS
Somebody should stand up and strike back.
(pause)
Somebody...

Yes...?

AARONOW

MOSS
Should do something to them...

What?

AARONOW

MOSS
Something. To pay them back. Someone should hurt them. Mitch and Murray.

They start to walk down the street.

AARONOW
...someone should hurt them...

Yes.

AARONOW
...how?
MOSS
...someone... should do something
...to hurt them. Where they live.

AARONOW
...what...?

CAMERA DOLLS BACK in front of Moss and Aaronow, who are
crossing the street, the office behind them.

MOSS
(pause)
Someone should rob the office.

AARONOW
Huh.

MOSS
...that's what I'm saying. If we
were, if we were that kind of guy:
to knock it off, and trash the
joint, it looks like robbery, and
take the fucking leads out of the
file, and go to Jeff Graff...

AARONOW
Huh!

MOSS
And take the fuckin' Glengarry
Leads...

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

A phone booth on the Expressway. Cold, bleak, occasional
cars going past. Shelly Levene on the phone, his car idling,
the exhaust steaming, next to him.
LEVENE
(on phone)
Hello: Hello... Mr. Nyborg... Mr. Nyborg, Shel Levene, again. I spoke to your wife earlier... thaaaat's right. I need to speak to you about your Prize, about Awarding you your Prize, because we close our fiscal year, and I have, I have to get it off the books before... the prize for Consolidated Por... that's right, the information you requested on the Rio Rancho... Now: I'm just in town for a few... Let me see, I could, I suppose I could swing by to... well, well, what would be convenient, let me see: I could, as I say, I could swing by tonight, or... uh huh... uh huh, well, you check with your wife...

He half-covers the phone.

LEVENE (CONT'D)
(to no one)
Grace, I'm going to need my first-class seat, my passport, and I'm going to need a hundred thousand cash, put it with the negotiable instruments, and put me on the telex hookup with... well, when will Mrs. Nyborg be back...?

INT. THE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Roma at a booth with James Lingk.

ROMA
You know something, you know something? All train compartments smell vaguely of shit. You take a train, you're paying for a compartment, luxury, all this, all of the time, the thing smells like, it vaguely smells, and you ignore it.
(beat)
That's the worst thing that I can confess. You know how long it took me to get there, a long time. When you die, you're going to regret the things that you don't do. You think you're queer? I'm going to tell you something: we're all queer. You think that you're a thief? You get befuddled by a middle-class morality? Get shut of it. Shut it out. You fuck little girls? So be it. There's an absolute morality? May be. And then what? If you think there is, then be that thing. Bad people go to hell? I don't think so. If you think that, act that way. A hell exists on earth? Yes. I won't live in it. That's me...

Roma sees something beyond Lingk, starts to get up.

ANGLE - THE RESTAURANT

almost emptied. Roma getting up to go to the bar where the Bartender has put up two fresh drinks. CAMER A TRACKS with Roma to the bar. At the bar are Aaronow and Moss, bent over their drinks. Roma picks up his drinks from the bar. Moss nods slightly at him.

ROMA
(to Moss very softly)
Uh huh...

Roma turns around, speaks to Lingk, as he takes out money and starts paying for the drinks.

ROMA (CONT'D)
What I'm saying: what is our life? It's looking forward or it's looking back, and that's it. That's our life. Where is the moment?
(pause)
And what is it we are so afraid of? Loss. What else? The bank closes... we get sick... my wife died on a plane, the stock market collapsed... what if those things happen? None of 'em. We worry anyway. Now: what's the point in that...?
He pays for the drinks, moves back with them to the table with Lingk.

ANGLE - ROMA

retreating, Moss and Aaronow in the foreground.

Beat.

AARONOW

What could we get for them?

Beat.

MOSS

For...?

AARONOW

For the leads.

MOSS

What could we get for the leads...?

(pause)

I don't know. Buck a throw, buck-a-half a throw, I don't know.

(pause)

For the leads, you're saying, say somebody took 'em, went to Jeff Graff.

AARONOW

Yes. How many leads do we have?

MOSS

The Glengarry? The Premium Leads...? I've got to think they've got five thousand, say, five thousand leads.

AARONOW

And a fellow, you're saying, a fellow could take and sell those leads to Graff...

MOSS

The leads to Graff, yes. I was saying, yeah. A guy could take, like anything else, it seems to me, that is negotiable...

(pause)

A guy could sell 'em...

Pause.
AARONOW
How do you know he'd buy 'em?

MOSS
Graff...? Because I worked for him.

AARONOW
You haven't talked to him...

MOSS
No. What do you mean? Have I talked to him about this...?

AARONOW
Yes. I mean, are you actually talking about this, or are we just...

MOSS
...no, we're just...

AARONOW
We're just "talking" about it.

MOSS
...we're just "speaking" about it.

AARONOW
As an idea.

MOSS
Yes.

AARONOW
We're not actually talking about it.

MOSS
No.

AARONOW
...talking about it, as a...

MOSS
No...

AARONOW
...as a Robbery.

MOSS
...as a "Robbery"... no...

The two of them laugh.
AARONOW
Weeellll...

MOSS
Hey!

Pause.

AARONOW
So all this, uh, you didn't, actually, you didn't actually call, call Graff, you didn't talk to...

MOSS
Not actually, no.

Pause.

AARONOW
You didn't?

MOSS
No, not actually.

AARONOW
Did you?

MOSS
What did I say?

AARONOW
What did you say?

MOSS
I said "not actually." The fuck you care, George? We're just "talking."

AARONOW
We are?

MOSS
Yes.

Pause.

AARONOW
Because, because, you know, it's a crime.

MOSS
Robbery. That's right. It is a crime.
Aaronow reaches for a cigarette, finds he is out. Gets up off the stool and starts for the cigarette machine. Moss follows him. CAMERA MOVES with them.

MOSS
(sotto)
It's also very safe.

Pause.

Aaronow moves closer to Moss, in the alcove of the cigarette machine. They whisper.

AARONOW
You're actually talking about this.

MOSS
...that's right.

AARONOW
You're going to steal the leads...

MOSS
...have I said that?

Pause.

AARONOW
Are you?

MOSS
Did I say that?...

AARONOW
...did you talk to Graff?

MOSS
...is that what I said?

AARONOW
...what did he say?

MOSS
...what did he say? He'd buy them.

AARONOW
...you're going to steal the Glengarry Leads and sell the leads to him.

MOSS
Yes.
AARONOW
What will he pay?

MOSS
He figures there's five thousand leads, at, say, a buck apiece, that's twenty-five hundred dollars each.

Beat.

AARONOW
Each.

(pause)

Each.

MOSS
That's right, George.

AARONOW
You're saying "me."

MOSS
You and me, yes. That's exactly what I'm saying. Twenty-five hundred dollars apiece, you and me, for one night's work, and a job with Graff, working the premium leads.

AARONOW
(pause)
A job with Graff.

MOSS
Is that what I said?

AARONOW
He'd give me a job...

MOSS
He could take you on. Yes.

INT. LEVENE'S CAR - NIGHT
Levene sitting in the still car, the car idling. He rubs his face. Sighs. Gets out of the car.

EXT. CAR - ANGLE - LEVENE
walking away from the car, toward the Chinese restaurant. CAMERA FOLLOWS him up to the door.
INT. THE RESTAURANT - ANGLE - LEVENE

goes to the telephone at which we first found him, sits, dials the phone.

LEVENE
(on phone)
Uh... hello. I was dialing the direct number on my daughter's ...Sheldon Levene, she's in...
Yes.
(pause)
Well, I'm sure she's sleeping, where's the...? Where is the duty... Dr.... the Doctor canceled her? Why, why, why, why is thhh, let me speak to, who am I speaking to...? I'll have the money there tomorrow.

ANGLE - THE COAT ROOM

Moss and Aaronow, whispering.

MOSS
It's a big decision, George.
(pause)
Times a guy's got to make one.
(pause)
It's a big decision, n'it's a big reward. Twenty-five hundred and a job. A big reward for one night's work.

Pause.

AARONOW
Yes.

MOSS
...sometimes a guy...

AARONOW
...sometimes a man, if he wants a reward...

MOSS
That's absolutely right.

AARONOW
To do one thing, one thing on one night...
MOSS
That's absolutely right. The thing is, that it's got to be tonight.

Pause.

What?

Moss
What? What? The leads ain't going to leave the, they brought those leads up there, wave under your nose, tomorrow they're tak'n them downtown, parcel them out. N' a guy wants those leads, he's going to have to go get them tonight.

Pause.

Aaronow and Moss move to the window. Beyond, across the parking lot and across the street, is the facade of the office. They look across at the office.

ANGLE - POV - THE OFFICE

Moss (O.S.)
Tonight is the thing, talk about a chance, is when a chance presents itself...

ANGLE - MOSS AND AARONOW

Aaronow
So, you're saying, that you have to go in there tonight, and...

You.

Beat.

Aaronow
...I'm sorry?

You.

Pause.

Aaronow
Me...?
MOSS
You have to go in. You have to
get the leads.

Pause.

AARONOW
I do...?

MOSS
It's not something-for-nothing,
George. I took you in on this,
you have to go. That's your
ting. I've made a deal with
Griff. I can't go in. I've
spoken out on this too much. I've
got a big mouth. "The fucking
leads," et cetera, blah blah,
blah, "the fucking tight-ass
company..."

AARONOW
...they'll know when you go over
to Griff...

MOSS
What will they know? That I stole
the leads? I didn't steal the
leads. I'm going to the Movies,
and then I'm goin' to have a late
drink or two at the Como Inn, a
friend.

Pause.

AARONOW
Dave...

MOSS
Yes.

AARONOW
...you want me to break into the
office tonight and steal the
leads?

MOSS
Yes.

Beat.

AARONOW
No.
MOSS
Oh, yes, George.

AARONOW
What does that mean?

MOSS
Listen to this: I have an alibi. I'm going to the Como Inn, why? Why? The place gets robbed, they're going to come looking for me. Why? Because I probably did it. Now let me ask you this: are you going to turn me in?

AARONOW
What if you don't get caught?

MOSS
...they come to you, are you going to turn me in?

AARONOW
Why would they come to me?

MOSS
...they're going to come to everybody...

AARONOW
...why would I do it?

MOSS
You wouldn't, George, that's why I'm talking to you now. They come to you, are you going to turn me in?

AARONOW
No.

MOSS
Are you sure?

AARONOW
Yes. I'm sure.

MOSS
Uh huh. George. (beat) When they come to me, if I have to go in there, and if I get caught, and they come to me...
AARONOW
...you don't have to go in...

MOSS
I have to go in, see. That's something I have to do...

AARONOW
Why?

MOSS
Why? You goin' to give me senry five hundred dollars?

AARONOW
Seventy-five, you said that we were going to split Five Grand.

MOSS
I lied. Alright? Your end's twenty-five, my end's my own concern. Now: stick with me here, George, I'm caught, they come to me: they're going to ask me who were accomplices.

Pause.

AARONOW
Me...?

MOSS
Absolutely.

AARONOW
...that's ridiculous.

MOSS
Well, to the law, you're an accessory, before the fact.

AARONOW
I didn't ask to be.

MOSS
Then Tough Luck, George, because you are.

AARONOW
Why? Why? Because you only told me about it.

MOSS
That's right.
AARONOW
Why are you doing this to me, Dave? Why are you talking this
to me? I don't understand. Why are you doing this at all?

MOSS
That's none of your fucking business, pal. Just In or Out.
You tell me.

(beat)
You're out, you take the consequences.

AARONOW
I do...

MOSS
Yes.

AARONOW
And why is that...?

MOSS
Because you listened.

INT. RESTAURANT - ANGLE - THE MEN'S ROOM DOOR

Lingk comes out of the men's room, zipping up his fly.
CAMERA PANS with him, past the telephone booth, where Levene
is just completing another call.

LEVENE
...well, when will Mrs. Nyborg be back? You know, I hate to keep
calling you so late, Bruce, but I feel a responsibility, I must say,
when you've got a...

CAMERA FOLLOWS Lingk to the booth, where Roma is sitting.
His jacket off, the ashtrays full, Lingk lowers himself.

ROMA
They say you don't buy it. You rent it.

LINGK
Huh?

ROMA
The thing, you, really, what do you keep?
LINGK

Hmmm.

ROMA

You don't keep anything, really.

LINGK

No.

ROMA

...security...
(pause)
Things...
(pause)
Things... you know, it's just, it's just, you try to stave off insecurity... you can't do it.

LINGK

No.

ROMA

No. And this is what I'm telling you: stocks, bonds, objects of art, real estate... what are they? An opportunity. To what? To make money? Perhaps. To lose money? Perhaps. To "indulge" and to learn about ourselves? Perhaps. They're an opportunity. That's all. They're an event. A guy comes up to you, you make a call, you send in a card... "There are these properties I'd like for you to see..." What does it mean...? What do you want it to mean? You see what I'm saying...?

Beat.

The two men drink.

ROMA (CONT'D)

You know. I'm glad I met you. I'm, James: I'm glad I met you, James. I want to show you something.
(pause)
It might mean something to you, it might not. I don't know. I don't know anymore. It's been a long day...

Roma takes a colored, folded brochure out of his jacket pocket, opens it on the table.
ANGLE - INSERT

The brochure: "Glengarry Highlands, Florida. Investment, Retirement, Beautiful Living."

ROMA (O.S.)
What is that?

ANGLE - ROMA AND LINGK IN THE BOOTH

ROMA (CONT'D)
...And maybe that's true. And that's what I said: But look here: What is this...?
(Roma points at the map)
This is a piece of land. (beat)
Listen to what I'm going to tell you now:

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

SOUND OF CALLS coming over the police radio, as we look at the dashboard. Car door opens, bulk of POLICEMAN comes into the car, opens a doughnut bag, takes out two cups of coffee, passes one across to his partner. CAMERA PANS TO SHOW PARTNER, and PANS TO SHOW, out the window, the smashed-in facade of the real estate office. The plywood board-up just being completed. HOLD. A Buick Riviera, newly shined, pulls to a quick stop at the curb. Roma gets out. Stands, aghast, in front of the boarded-up facade. He goes over to the cops. CAMERA FOLLOWS.

ROMA
What is it...?

POLICEMAN
You, where do you work...?

ROMA
I work, yeah, I work here. What is it?

POLICEMAN
Robbery.
Roma starts toward the door, quickly.

INT. THE REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

Filing cabinets turned over, broken glass, the POUNDING of the board-up crew is HEARD. Aaronow is sitting, in shirt-sleeves, with a cardboard cup of coffee. Williamson is at a desk next to him sorting out mounds of papers. Roma bursts in through the door.

ROMA
Williamson...!

Roma comes over to Williamson. CAMERA FOLLOWS.

ROMA (CONT'D)
Williamson...!

Williamson takes various forms he has sorted out, starts back to his office. Roma and the CAMERA follow.

ROMA (CONT'D)
Did they get the contracts...

CAMERA FOLLOWS the two into Williamson's office, where Moss is seated, and a large-framed DETECTIVE in shirt-sleeves, is standing over him. The two men look up as Roma enters.

ROMA (CONT'D)
Tell me: now: tell me... they stole the contracts...

DETECTIVE
Excuse me, Sir...

ROMA
Did they get my contract...?

WILLIAMSON
...they got...

DETECTIVE
Excuse me, fella...

ROMA
...did they...?

DETECTIVE
...would you excuse us, please...?
ROMA
(to Williamson)
Don't fuck with me, fella: I'm talking about a fucking Cadillac car that you owe me.

Williamson tries to work Roma out of the room. Gently edging him back toward the door.

WILLIAMSON
They didn't get your contract. I filed it before I left.

EXT. WILLIAMSON'S OFFICE - ANGLE - WILLIAMSON

closing Roma out of the office.

ROMA
They didn't get my contracts...?

WILLIAMSON
They...
(sighs)
Excuse me...

He closes the door in Roma's face.

ROMA
Oh fuck. FUCK FUCK FUCK...
(he starts kicking the door)
Williamson! Williamson! Open the Fucking...

The door opens, the Detective comes out.

DETECTIVE
Who are you...?

Roma starts to push past the Detective. The Detective pushes him away from the door. Williamson edges out of the door.

WILLIAMSON
They didn't get the contracts.

ROMA
...did they...?

WILLIAMSON
They got, listen to me: listen to me: they got some of them.

ROMA
Some of them...
Beat.

DETECTIVE
Who told you?

ROMA
Who... who "told" me...?
(beat)
Who "told me" that we had a robbery...? We got a fucking Board up on the Wind... yeah, yeah, I confess. I did it. Now, and you leave me a second here...?

The cop glares at Roma, goes back into the office with Moss, shuts the door.

ANGLE - ROMA AND WILLIAMSON

ROMA
Okay, now talk to me.

WILLIAMSON
I'm trying to sort it out, so far it...

ROMA
Talk to me, talk to me, "they got some of the contracts..."

WILLIAMSON
...they...

ROMA
"Lingk"... James Lingk. Which I closed last night.

WILLIAMSON
You closed it, yesterday...

ROMA
Yes.

WILLIAMSON
It went down. I filed it.

ROMA
You filed it.
(pause)
James Lingk.

WILLIAMSON
Yes.
ROMA
It was sent downtown.

WILLIAMSON
Yes.

ANGLE - ROMA
walks away from Williamson, smiling, goes over to a desk, leaves Williamson in the b.g. Roma takes off his coat, and starts arranging himself at the desk and lights a cigarette.

ROMA
You filed it, then I'm over the fucking top and you owe me a Cadillac.

WILLIAMSON
I...

ROMA
And I don't want any fucking shit, and I don't give a shit. Lingk puts me over the top. You filed it and it went downtown. Now you owe me the car...

Roma leans back in his chair.

WILLIAMSON
The robbery makes difficult the...

ROMA
Fuck you. You owe me the car.

He walks over to the Board, tears down the circular announcement of the "Sales Incentive Program," and takes the picture of the Cadillac over to his desk. Next to it, the "Glengarry" poster has been half-torn off the wall.

ANGLE - INSERT
The picture of the Cadillac in Roma's hands.

ROMA (O.S.)
See? 'Cause this is how we keep score, Bubby... You told me, "close thus and so, you get the car." I got it.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
Would you excuse us, please...?
ANGEL - THE DETECTIVE

standing in the doorway, beckons to Williamson. Williamson
starts for the door to his office.

ROMA
D'you hear what I said...?

Williamson goes into the room.

ROMA (CONT'D)
Pal...? Your excuses are your
own...

The Detective still stands in the door looking at Roma, who,
unconcernedly, starts leafing through his appointment book.
He reads softly to himself out of his appointment book.

ROMA
(sotto)
...recontact James Lingk, haircut,
6 P.M. Morton Grove...

He dials on phone.

ROMA (CONT'D)
Aha! Well, when do you expect her
in? This is Ricky Roma from last
night... she'll remember, just I,
I'll call later, just to say, to
thank her for a wonderful... thank
you. I'll call back lll... Thank
you...

He hangs up. Aaronow enters.

AARONOW
They should check if we're ins...

ROMA
Uh huh...
(reads)
"10 P.M. - Batavia..."

DETECTIVE
(to Roma)
Please don't leave. I'm going to
talk to you.
(he takes out a pad)
What's your name?

Beat. Roma turns to the Detective.

ROMA
Are you talking to me...?
DETECTIVE
That's right.

Beat.

ROMA
My name is Richard Roma.

Beat. The Detective writes in his book. Goes back into Williamson's office. Roma looks after the Detective. Gets up, CAMERA FOLLOWS as he walks to a coffee pot. He picks up a mug off the floor, hefts the coffee pot, opens it, puts it down in disgust.

AARONOW
I, you know, they should be insured.

ROMA
What do you care...

AARONOW
Then, you know, then they wouldn't be so ups...

ROMA
Uh huh...

AARONOW
Then they wouldn't be so upset. Mitch and Murray... They...

ROMA
Yeah. That's right. You're right.

Roma goes back to his desk. Picks up his appointment book.

ROMA (CONT'D)
How are you...

AARONOW
I'm fine. You mean the Board? You mean the Board...

ROMA
I don't... yes. Okay. The board.

AARONOW
I'm... I'm... I'm... I'm fucked on the Board. You... You see how... I... I can't...
(beat)
My mind must be in other places
'cause I can't...
(beat)
I can't... I...

Pause.

ROMA
What? You can't do what...?

Pause.

AARONOW
(holds up three or four lead cards)
I can't close 'em.

ROMA
Well, they're old.

He leans over to Aaronow, takes the leads, looks at them.

ROMA (CONT'D)
Look at this shit that they're giving you... huh?

Yes.

AARONOW

ROMA
Huh...?

AARONOW
They are old.

ROMA
They're ancient.

AARONOW
Clear...

ROMA
Clear Meadows, this shit's dead...

He throws the lead cards back on Aaronow's desk.

AARONOW
It is dead...

ROMA
It's a waste of time.

AARONOW
Yes.
Roma takes a legal pad out of his attache case and starts writing.

Pause.

AARONOW
I'm no fucking good.

ROMA
(looking up)
Hey, fuck that shit, George. Hey, you're, you had a bad month...
You're a good man, George.

AARONOW
I am?

ROMA
You hit a bad streak. We've all, lookit this; fifteen units,
Mountain View, and the fuckin' things get stole.

AARONOW
He said he filed the...

ROMA
He filed the big one, he filed the Guy from the Bar. That I closed
last night. All the little ones I have to go back and...
(sighs)
I got, can you believe this? I got to go back and close again.

He hunts in his address book. Holds his finger on a number
in the book.

ROMA (CONT'D)
I, man, talk about a fucking beat,
that would sap anyone's self-confidence...

He starts reaching for the phone. Finding nothing, looks up.

ROMA (CONT'D)
Where's the phones...?

AARONOW
They stole...

ROMA
...they stole the...
AARONOW
What, what kind of outfit are we running, where, where anyone...

ROMA
...they stole the phones...

AARONOW
...where criminals can come in here, they take, they stole the phones...

Roma gets up, goes about kicking the debris on the floor.

ROMA
They stole the leads, they stole the phone, they... Christ... what am I going to do this month... Oh, shit...

He picks up his papers, picks up his coat, starts for the door.

AARONOW
You think they're going to catch... where are you going?

ROMA
Down the street.

As he gets to the door, Williamson comes out of his office.

WILLIAMSON
(to Roma)
Where are you going...?

ROMA
To the restaur... what do you fucking ca...

WILLIAMSON
Aren't you going out today...?

ROMA
With what, John? With what?
(beat)
Well, answer me: they stole the Glengarry Leads, they stole the Rio Rancho, they...

WILLIAMSON
...I have the stuff from last year's...
ROMA
Oh. oh. Oh. Your "nostalgia"
file. That's fine. No, swell, 'cause I don't have to...

WILLIAMSON
You want to go out today...?

ROMA
...cause I don't have to eat this
month. No. Okay. Give 'em to
me...

Williamson nods and goes back into his office.

ROMA (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Fucking Mitch and Murray going to
shit a br... what am I going to do
all month...?

AARONOW
The thing, the thing of it is, is,
you know, were the leads insured?
(pause)
Do you think:

Roma sits down at his desk, opens his appointment book again.

ROMA
What?

AARONOW
Were the leads insured?

ROMA
Uh huh. I don't know, George.
Why...?

AARONOW
'Cause you know, cause, they
weren't, I know that Mitch and
Murray, uh...

ROMA
(looking up)
What?

AARONOW
That they're going to be upset.

ROMA
That's right...

Aaronow takes his chair over and sits next to Roma.
AARONOW
He said we're all going to have to
go talk to the guy.

Aaronow indicates the door, behind which is the cop.

ANGLE - POV

The door, a shadow moving across it.

ROMA (O.S.)
...to...?

AARONOW (O.S.)
...to the cop.

ROMA (O.S.)
Oh, great. We got to go talk to
the cop. Another waste of time...

AARONOW (O.S.)
A waste of time. Why?

ROMA
(O.S.)
Why, because they aren't going to
find the guy.

ANGLE - CU AARONOW
draws very close to Roma.

AARONOW
The cops...?

ROMA (O.S.)
Yes. The Cops. No.

AARONOW
The cops aren't going to find the
guy?

ROMA (O.S.)
No.

AARONOW
(moving closer)
Why do you think so...?

ANGLE - AARONOW AND ROMA

ROMA
Why, because they're stupid.
"Where were you last night..."
Beat.

AARONOW
Where were you...

Beat.

ROMA
Where was I...

Yes.

ROMA
I was at home. Where were you...

AARONOW
At home.

ROMA
See...
(beat)
Where you the guy who broke in...

ANGLE - CU AARONOW

AARONOW
Was I...

Yes.

ROMA (O.S.)

No.

ANGLE - ROMA AND AARONOW

ROMA
Then don't sweat it, George. You know why?

AARONOW
No.

ROMA
You have nothing to hide.

AARONOW
(pause)
When I talk to the police I get nervous.

ROMA
Yes. You know, who doesn't...?
AARONOW
No, who...?

ROMA
Thieves.

Aaronow gets up, looks toward the door.

AARONOW
But, but, but what should I tell them...

ROMA
The truth, George. Always tell the truth.

Beat.

Williamson comes out of his office holding lead cards.

ROMA (CONT'D)
It's the easiest thing to remember.

Roma goes over to Williamson and takes the cards. CAMERA FOLLOWS. Williamson starts back to the office, Roma reads the cards.

ROMA
(of the card he is holding)
"Patel...?" Ravidam Patel...? How am I going to make a living on these deadbeats? Where did you get this from, the morgue...?

Williamson stops and turns back to Roma.

WILLIAMSON
...I...

ROMA
What's the point? What's the fucking point, in any case? I got to argue with you, I got to knock heads with the cops... I'm busting my balls, sell your dirt to deadbeats, money-in-the-mattress... I come back, and you can't even keep the contracts safe, I have to go out and close them again...

He puts on his coat, starts for the door.
ROMA (CONT'D)
Why the fuck am I wasting my time
...fuck this shit. I'm going to
go out and reclose last week's
stuff...

WILLIAMSON
No, no, no, the word from Murray
is leave them alone, he needs a
new sig, he'll go out himself,
he'll be the President, just come
in from out-of-town...

ROMA
(sighs)
Okay, okay, okay, give me this
shit...

He goes back to Williamson, takes the lead cards.

WILLIAMSON
Now, I'm giving you three l...

ROMA
Three? I count two.

WILLIAMSON
Three ll...

ROMA
Patel...? Fuck you. Fucking
Shiva handed him a million
dollars, told him "sign the deal,"
he wouldn't sign. And Vishnu,
too, into the bargain. Fuck you,
John. You know your business, I
know mine... Your business is
being an asshole, and I find out
whose fucking cousin you are, I'm
going to go to him and figure out
a way to have your ass. Fuck you.
I'll wait for the new leads.

Roma throws the three lead cards on the floor, goes back to
his chair, takes off his coat, sits down. As he moves to his
desk, Levene enters, beaming.
LEVENE
Get the chalk. Get the chalk... get the chalk! I closed 'em! I closed the cocksucker. Get the chalk and put me on the Board. I'm going to Hawaii! Put me on the Cadillac Board, Williamson! Pick up the fucking chalk. Eight units. Mountain View...

ROMA
You sold eight Mountain View?

LEVENE
You bet your ass. Who wants to go to lunch? Who wants to go to lunch? I'm buying.

He slaps a contract down on Williamson's desk.

LEVENE (CONT'D)
Eighty-two fucking grand. And twelve grand in commission, John.
(pause)
On fucking deadbeat magazine subscription leads.

AARONOW
Who?

LEVENE
(pointing to the contract)
Read it. Bruce and Harriett Nyborg.
(looking around)
What happened here?

AARONOW
Fuck. I had then on River Glenn.

Levene looks around.

LEVENE
What happened?

WILLIAMSON
Somebody broke in.

ROMA
Eight units?

LEVENE
That's right.
ROMA
Shelly...!

LEVENE
Hey, big fucking deal. Broke a bad streak...

AARONOW
Shelly, the Machine, Levene.

LEVENE
You...

AARONOW
That's great.

LEVENE
Thank you, George.

The Detective sticks his head out of the room, calls in Aaronow. Aaronow goes into the side room.

LEVENE (CONT'D)
Get on the phone, call Mitch...

ROMA
They took the phones...

LEVENE
They...

DETECTIVE
Aaronow...

ROMA
They took the typewriters, they took the leads, they took the cash, they took the contracts...

LEVENE
Wh... wh... wha...?

AARONOW
We had a robbery.

Aaronow and Williamson go into the other room.

Pause.

LEVENE
When?

ROMA
Last night, this morning...
Pause.

LEVENE
They took the leads?

ROMA
Mmmm.

Moss comes out of the interrogation.

MOSS
Fuckin' asshole.

ROMA
What, they beat you with a rubber bat?

MOSS
Cop couldn't find his dick two hands and a map. Anyone talks to this guy's an asshole...

ROMA
You going to turn State's?

MOSS
Fuck you, Ricky. I ain't going out today. I'm going home. I'm going home because nothing's accomplished here... Anyone talks to this guy is...

ROMA
Guess what the Machine did?

MOSS
Fuck the Machine.

ROMA
Mountain View. Eight units.

MOSS
Fuckin' cop's got no right talk to me that way. I didn't rob the place...

ROMA
You hear what I said?

MOSS
Yeah. He closed a deal.

ROMA
Eight units. Mountain View.
MOSS
(to Levene)
You did that?

LEVENE
Yeah.

Pause.

MOSS
Fuck you.

ROMA
Guess who?

MOSS
When...?

LEVENE
Just now.

ROMA
Guess who?

MOSS
You just this morning...

ROMA
Harriett and blah blah Nyborg.

MOSS
You did that?

LEVENE
Eighty-two thousand dollars.

Pause.

MOSS
Those fuckin' deadbeats...

LEVENE
My ass, I told 'em.
(to Roma)
Listen to this: I said...

MOSS
Hey, I don't want to hear your fucking war stories...

ROMA
Fuck you, Dave...
"You have to believe in yourself... you" -- look -- "alright...?"

(to Williamson)
Give me some leads. I'm going out... I'm getting out of...

...you have to believe in yourself...

Na, fuck the leads, I'm going home.

Bruce, Harriet... Fuck me, believe in yourself.

We haven't got a lead.

Why not?

They took 'em...

Hey, they're fuckin' garbage any case... This whole Goddamn...

...You look around, you say, "This one has so-and-so, and I have nothing..."

Shit.

Why? Why don't I get the opportunities...?

And did they steal the contracts...?

FUCK YOU CARE...?
LEVENE
I want to tell you something,
Harriett...

MOSS
...the fuck is that supposed to mean...?

LEVENE
Will you shut up, I'm telling you this...

Aaronow sticks his head out.

AARONOW
Can we get some coffee...?

MOSS
How ya' doing?

Pause.

AARONOW
Fine.

MOSS
Uh huh.

AARONOW
If anyone's going, I could use some coffee.

LEVENE
You do get the...
(to Roma)
Huh?  Huh?

MOSS
Fuck is that supposed to mean?

LEVENE
You do get the opportunity... You get them.  As I do, as anyone does...

MOSS
Ricky?  That I don't care they stole the contracts?

Pause.

LEVENE
I got 'em in the kitchen.  I'm eating her crumb cake.
MOSS
What does that mean?

ROMA
It means, Dave, you haven't closed a good one in a month, none of my business, you want to push me to answer you.
(pause)
And so you haven't got a contract to get stolen or so forth.

MOSS
You have a mean streak in you, Ricky, you know that...?

LEVENE
Rick. Let me tell you. Wait, we're in the...

MOSS
Shut the fuck up.
(pause)
Ricky. You have a mean streak in you...
(to Levene)
And what the fuck are you babbling about...
(to Roma)
Bring that shit up. Of my volume. You were on a bad one and I brought it up to you, you'd harbor it.
(pause)
You'd harbor it a long long while. And you'd be right.

ROMA
Who said "Fuck the Machine"?

MOSS
"Fuck the Machine"? "Fuck the Machine"? What is this. Courtesy class...? You're fucked, Rick -- are you fucking nuts? You're hot, so you think you're the ruler of this place...! You want to...

LEVENE
Dave...
MOSS
Shut up. Decide who should be dealt with how? Is that the thing? I come into the fuckin' office today, I get humiliated by some jagoff cop. I get accused of...I get this shit thrown in my face by you, you genuine shit, because you're top name on the Board...

ROMA
Is that what I did? Dave? I humiliated you? My God... I'm sorry...

MOSS
Sittin' on top of the world, sittin' on top of the world, everything's fucking peachfuzz...

ROMA
Oh, and I don't get a moment to spare for a bust-out humanitarian down on his luck lately. Fuck you, Dave, you know you got a big mouth. And you make a close the whole place stinks with your farts for a week. "How much you just ingested," what a big man you are, "Hey, let me buy you a pack of gum. I'll show you how to chew it." Your pal closes, all that comes out of your mouth is bile, how fucked up you are...

MOSS
Who's my pal...? And what are you, Ricky, huh, what are you, Bishop Sheean? Who the fuck are you, Mr. Slick...? What are you, friend to the workingman? Big deal. Fuck you, you got the memory a fuckin' fly. I never liked you.

ROMA
What is this, your farewell speech?

MOSS
I'm going home.

ROMA
Your farewell to the troops?
MOSS
I'm not going home. I'm going to Wisconsin.

ROMA
Have a good trip.

MOSS
(simultaneously with "trip")
And fuck you. Fuck the lot of you. Fuck you all...

Moss exits. Pause.

ROMA
(to Levene)
You were saying.
(pause)
Come on. Come on, you got them in the kitchen, you got the stats spread out, you're in your shirt-sleeves, you can smell it. Huh? Snap out of it, you're eating her crumb cake.

Pause.

LEVENE
I'm eating her crumb cake.

ROMA
How was it...

LEVENE
From the store.

ROMA
Fuck her.

LEVENE
What we have to do is admit to ourself that we see that opportunity... and take it.
(pause)
And that's it. And we sit there.
(pause)
I got the pen out...

ROMA
Always be closing...
LEVEN'E
That's what I'm saying. The old
days. The old ways... convert the
motherfucker... sell him... sell
him... make him sign the check.
(pause)
The... Bruce, Harriett... the
kitchen, blah: they got their
money in government bonds... I say
fuck it, we're going to go the
whole route. I plat it out, eight
units. Eighty-two grand. I tell
them. "This is now. This is that
thing that you've been dreaming
of, you're going to find that
suitcase on the train, the guy
comes in the door, the bag that's
full of money. This is it,
Harriett..."

ROMA
(reflectively)
Harriett...

LEVEN'E
Bruce... "I don't want to fuck
around with you. I don't want to
go round this, and pussyfoot
around the thing, you have to look
back on this. I do, too, I came
here to do good for you and me.
For both of us. Why taken an
interim position. The only
arrangement I'll accept is full
investment. Period. The whole
eight units. I know that you're
saying be safe, I know what you're
saying. I know if I left you to
yourselves, you'd say 'come back
tomorrow,' and when I walked out
that door, you'd make a cup of
coffee... you'd sit down... and
you'd think 'let's be safe...' and
not to disappoint me you'd go one
unit or maybe two, because you'd
become scared because you'd met
possibility. But this won't do,
and that's not the subject..."
Listen to this, I actually said
this. "That's not the subject of
our evening together." Now I
handed them the pen. I held it in
my hand. I turned the contract,
eight units eighty-two grand.
"Now I want you to sign."
(pause)
I sat there. Five minutes. Then, I sat there. Ricky, twenty-two minutes by the kitchen clock.
(pause)
Twenty-two minutes by the kitchen clock. Not a word, not a motion. What am I thinking? "My arm's getting tired"? No. I did it. I did it. Like in the old days. Ricky. Like I was taught... Like, like, like, I used to do... I did it.

ROMA
Like you taught me.

LEVENE
Bullshit, you're... No. That's... that's... well, if I did, then I'm glad I did. I, well. I lucked on them. All on them, nothing on me. All my thoughts are on them. I'm holding the last thought that I spoke: "Now is the time."
(pause)
They signed, Ricky. It was great. It was fucking great. It was like they wilted all at once. No gesture... nothing. Like together. They, I swear to God, they both kind of imperceptibly slumped. And he reaches and takes the pen and signs, he passes it to her, she signs. It was so fucking solemn. I just let it sit. I nod like this. I nod again. I grasp his hands. I shake his hands. I grasp her hands. I nod at her like this. "Bruce... Harriett..." I'm beaming at them. I'm nodding like this. I point back in the living room, back to the sideboard.
(pause)
I didn't fucking know there was a sideboard there!! He goes back, he brings us a drink. Little shot glasses. A pattern in 'em. And we toast. In silence.

Pause.

ROMA
That was a great sale, Shelly.

Pause.
LEVENE
Ah, fuck. Leads! Leads!
Williamson!

Williamson sticks his head out of the office.

LEVENE (CONT'D)
Send me out! Send me out!

WILLIAMSON
The leads are coming.

LEVENE
Get 'em to me!

WILLIAMSON
I talked to Murray and Mitch an hour ago. They're coming in, you understand they're a bit upset over this morning's...

LEVENE
Did you tell 'em my sale?

WILLIAMSON
How could I tell 'em your sale? Eh? I didn't have a tel... I'll tell 'em your sale when they bring in the leads. Alright. Shelly. Alright? We had a little... You closed a deal. You made a good sale. Fine.

LEVENE
It's better than a good sale. It's a...

WILLIAMSON
Look: I have a lot of things on my mind, they're coming in, alright, they're very upset. I'm trying to make some sense...

LEVENE
All that I'm telling you: that one thing you can tell them it's a remarkable sale.

WILLIAMSON
The only thing remarkable is who you made it to.

LEVENE
What does that fucking mean?
WILLIAMSON
That if the sale sticks, it will be a miracle.

LEVENE
Why should the sale not stick? Her, fuck you. That's what I'm saying. You have no idea of your job. A man's his job and you're fucked at yours. You hear what I'm saying to you? Your "end of the month board..." You can't run an office. I don't care. You don't know what it is, you don't have the sense, you don't have the balls. You ever been on a sit? Ever? Has this cocksucker ever been... you ever sit down with a cust...

WILLIAMSON
I were you, I'd calm down, Shelly.

LEVENE
Would you? Would you...? Or you're gonna what, fire me?

WILLIAMSON
It's not impossible.

LEVENE
On an eighty-thousand dollar day? And it ain't even noon.

ROMA
You closed 'em today...?

LEVENE
That I did, Rick, got up, I tracked 'em down, and I closed 'em this morning.
(to Williamson)
What I'm saying to you: things can change. You see? This is where you fuck up, because this is something you don't know. You can't look down the road. And see what's coming. Might be someone else. John. It might be someone new, eh? Someone new. And you can't look back. 'Cause you don't know history. You ask them. When we were at Rio Rancho, who was top man? A month...? Two months...? Eight months in twelve for three years in a row. You know what that means? You know what that means? Is that luck? Is that some, some, some purloined leads? That's skill. That's talent, that's that's...

ROMA
...yes...

LEVENE
...and you don't remember. 'Cause you weren't around. That's cold calling. Walk up to the door. I don't even know their name. I'm selling something they don't even want. You talk about soft sell... before we had a name for it... before we called it anything, we did it.

ROMA
That's right, Shel.
LEVENE
And, and, and, I did it. And I put a kid through school. My daughter... she... and... Cold calling, fella. Door to door. But you don't know. You don't know. You never heard of a streak. You never heard of "marshaling your sales force..." What are you, you're a secretary, John. Fuck you. That's my message to you. Fuck you and kiss my ass. You don't like it, I'll go talk to Jerry Graff. Period. Fuck you. Put me on the Board. And I want three worthwhile leads today and I don't want any bullshit about them and I want 'em close together 'cause I'm going to hit them all today. That's all I have to say to you.

ROMA
He's right, Williamson.

Williamson goes into a side office. Pause.

LEVENE
It's not right. I'm sorry, and I'll tell you who's to blame is Mitch and Murray.

Roma sees something outside the window.

ROMA
(sotto)
Oh, Christ.

LEVENE
The hell with him. We'll go to lunch, the leads won't be up for...

ROMA
You're a client. I just sold you five waterfront Glengarry Farms. I rub my head, throw me the cue "Kenilworth."

LEVENE
What is it?

ROMA
Kenilw...
Lingk enters the office.

ROMA
(to Levene)
I own the property, my mother owns the property, I put her into it. I'm going to show you on the plats. You look when you get home A-3 through A-14 and 26 through 30. You take your time and if you still feel...

LEVENE
No, Mr. Roma. I don't need the time, I've made a lot of investments in the last...

LINGK
I've got to talk to you.

ROMA
(looking up)

LEVENE
Glad to meet you.

ROMA
I just put Jim into Black Creek... are you acquainted with...

LEVENE
No... Black Creek. Yes. In Florida?

ROMA
Yes.

LEVENE
I wanted to speak with you about...

ROMA
Well, we'll do that this weekend.

LEVENE
My wife told me to look into...

ROMA
Beautiful. Beautiful rolling land. I was telling Jim and Jinny, Ray, I want to tell you something.
(to Levene)
You, Ray, you eat in a lot of restaurants. I know you do...
(to Lingk)
Mr. Morton's with American Express... he's...
(to Levene)
I can tell Jim what you do...?

LEVENE
Sure.

ROMA
Ray is director of all European sales and services for American Ex...

(to Levene)
But I'm saying you haven't had a meal until you've tasted... I was at the Lingks' last... as a matter of fact, what was that service feature you were talking about...?

LEVENE
Which...

ROMA
"Home Cooking"... what did you call it, you said... it was a tag phrase that you had...

LEVENE
Uh...

ROMA
Home...

LEVENE
Home cooking...

ROMA
The monthly interview...?

LEVENE
Oh! For the magazine...

ROMA
Yes. Is this something that I can talk ab...

LEVENE
Well, it isn't coming out until the February iss... sure. Sure, go ahead, Rick.
ROMA
You're sure?

LEVENE
(nods)
Go ahead.

ROMA
Well, Ray was eating at one of his company's men's homes in France... the man's French, isn't he?

LEVENE
No, his wife is.

ROMA
Ah. Ah, his wife is. Ray: what time do you have...?

LEVENE
Twelve-fifteen.

ROMA
Oh! My God... I've got to get you on the plane!

LEVENE
Didn't I say I was taking the two o'...

ROMA
No. You said the one. That's why you said we couldn't talk 'till Kenilworth.

LEVENE
Oh, my God, you're right! I'm on the one.

(getting up)
Well, let's scoot...

LINGK
I've got to talk to you...

ROMA
I've got to get Ray to O'Hare...

(to Levene)
Come on, let's hustle

(over his shoulder)
John! Call American Express in Pittsburgh for Mr. Morton, will you, tell them he's on the one o'clock.
(to Lingk)
I'll see you... Christ, I'm sorry you came all the way in... I'm running Ray over to O'Hare... You wait here, I'll... no.
(to Levene)
I'm meeting your man at the back...
(to Lingk)
I wish you'd phoned... I'll tell you, wait: are you and Jinny going to be home tonight?
(rubs forehead)

LINGK
I...

LEVENE
Rick.

ROMA
What?

LEVENE
Kenilworth...?

ROMA
I'm sorry...?

LEVENE
Kenilworth.

ROMA
Oh, God... Oh, God...

Roma takes Lingk aside.

ROMA (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Jim, excuse me... Ray, I told you, who he is is the senior vice-president American Express. His family owns 32 per... Over the past years I've sold him... I can't tell you the dollar amount, but quite a lot of land. I promised five weeks ago that I'd go to the wife's birthday party in Kenilworth tonight.
(sighs)
I have to go. You understand. They treat me like a member of the family, so I have to go. It's funny, you know, you get a picture of the Corporation-Type Company Man, all business... this man, no. We'll go out to his home sometime. Let's see.

He checks his datebook.

ROMA (CONT'D)
Tomorrow. No. Tomorrow, I'm in L.A.... Monday... I'll take you to lunch, where would you like to go?

LINGK
My wife...

Roma rubs his head.

LEVENE
(standing in the door)
Rick...?

ROMA
I'm sorry, Jim. I can't talk now. I'll call you tonight... I'm sorry. I'm coming, Ray.

He starts for the door.

LINGK
My wife said I have to cancel the deal.

ROMA
It's a common reaction, Jim. I'll tell you what it is, and I know that that's why you married her. One of the reasons is prudence. It's a sizable investment. One thinks twice... it's also something women have. It's just a reaction to the size of the investment. Monday, if you'd invite me for dinner again...
(to Levene)
This woman can cook...

LEVENE
(simultaneously)
I'm sure she can...
ROMA
(to Lingk)
We're going to talk. I'm going to
tell you something. Because...
(sotto)
...there's something about your
acreage I want you to know. I
can't talk about it now. I really
shouldn't. And, in fact, by law,
I...
(shrugs, resigned)
The man next to you, he bought his
lot at forty-two, he phoned to say
that he'd already had an offer.

Roma rubs his head.

LEVENE
Rick...?

ROMA
I'm coming, Ray... what a day!
I'll call you this evening, Jim.
I'm sorry you had to come in...
Monday, lunch.

LINGK
My wife...

LEVENE
Rick, we really have to go.

LINGK
My wife...

ROMA
Monday.

LINGK
She called the Consumer... the
Attorney, I don't know. The
Attorney Gen... they said we have
three days...

ROMA
Who did she call?

LINGK
I don't know, the Attorney Gen...
the... some Consumer Office.

ROMA
Why did she do that, Jim?
LINGK
I don't know.
(pause)
They said we have three days.
(pause)
They said we have three days.

ROMA
Three days.

LINGK
To... you know.

Pause.

ROMA
No, I don't know. Tell me.

LINGK
To change our minds.

ROMA
Of course you have three days.

Pause.

LINGK
So we can't talk Monday.

Pause.

ROMA
Jim, Jim, you saw my book... I can't, you saw my book...

LINGK
But we have to before Monday. To get our money ba...

ROMA
Three business days. They mean three business days.

LINGK
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday.

ROMA
I don't understand.

LINGK
That's what they are. Three business... if I wait 'til Monday, my time limit runs out.
ROMA
You don't count Saturday.

LINGK
I'm not.

ROMA
No, I'm saying you don't include Saturday... in your three days. It's not a business day.

LINGK
But I'm not counting it.

(pause)
Wednesday. Thursday. Friday. So it would have elapsed.

ROMA
What would have elapsed.

LINGK
If we wait 'til Mon...

ROMA
When did you write the check?

LINGK
yes...

ROMA
What was yesterday?

LINGK
Tuesday.

ROMA
And when was that check cashed?

LINGK
I don't know.

ROMA
What was the earliest it could have been cashed?

Pause.

LINGK
I don't know.
ROMA

Today.

(pause)

Today. Which, in any case, it was not, as there were a couple of points on the agreement I wanted to go over with you in any case.

LINGK

The check wasn't cashed?

ROMA

I just called downtown, and it's on their desk.

LEVENE

Rick...

ROMA

One moment, I'll be right with you.

(to Lingk)

In fact, a... one point, which I spoke to you of which...

(looks around)

...I can't talk to you about here.

Detective puts his head out of the doorway.

DETECTIVE

Levene!!!

LINGK

I, I...

ROMA

Listen to me, the statute, it's for your protection. I have no complaint with that, in fact, I was a member of the board when we drafted it, so quite the opposite. It says that you can change your mind three working days from the time the deal is closed.

DETECTIVE

Levene!

ROMA

Which, wait a second, which is not until the check is cashed.

DETECTIVE

Levene!!
Aaronow comes out of the Detective's office.

AARONOW
I'm through, with this fucking meshugaas. No one should talk to a man that way. How are you talking to me that...?

DETECTIVE
Levene!

Williamson puts his head out of the office.

AARONOW
...how can you talk to me that...
that...

LEVENE
(to Roma)
Rick, I'm going to flag a cab.

AARONOW
I didn't rob...

Williamson sees Levene.

WILLIAMSON
Shelly: get in the office.

AARONOW
I didn't... why should I... "Where were you last..." Is anybody listening to me...? Where's Moss...? Where...?

DETECTIVE
Levene?
(to Williamson)
Is this Lev...

The Detective accosts Lingk.

LEVENE
(taking the Detective into the office)
Ah. Ah. Perhaps I can advise you on that...
(to Roma and Lingk as he exits)
Excuse us, will you...?
AARONOW
(simultaneously)
...Come in here... I work here, I
don't come in here to be
mistreated...

WILLIAMSON
Go to lunch, will you...

AARONOW
I want to work today, that's why I
came...

WILLIAMSON
The leads come in, I'll let...

AARONOW
...that's why I came in. I
thought I...

WILLIAMSON
Just go to lunch.

AARONOW
I don't want to go to lunch.

WILLIAMSON
Go to lunch, George.

AARONOW
Where does he get off to talk that
way to a working man? It's not...

WILLIAMSON
(buttonholing him)
Will you take it outside, we have
people trying to do business
here...

AARONOW
That's what, that's what, that's
what I was trying to do.
(pause)
That's why I came in... I meet
gestapo tac...

WILLIAMSON
(going back into
office)
Excuse me...
AARONOW
I meet gestapo tactics... I meet
gestapo tactics... that's not
right... No man has the right
to... "Call an attorney," that
means you're guilty... you're under
sus... "Co..." He says,
"cooperate" or we'll go downtown.
That's not... as long as I've...

WILLIAMSON
(bursting out of his
office)
Will you get out of here? Will
you get out of here? Will you?
I'm trying to run an office here.
Will you go to lunch? Go to
lunch. Will you go to lunch.

Williamson retreats into an office.

ROMA
(to Aaronow)
Will you excuse...

AARONOW
Where did Moss...? I...

ROMA
Will you excuse me please?

AARONOW
Uh, uh, did he go to the
restaurant?
(pause)
I... I...

He exits.

ROMA
I'm very sorry, Jimmy. I
apologize to you.

LINGK
It's not me, it's my wife.

Pause.

ROMA
What is it?

LINGK
I told you.
ROMA
Tell me again.

LINGK
What's going on here?

ROMA
Tell me again. Your wife.

LINGK
I told you.

ROMA
Tell me again.

LINGK
She wants her money back.

ROMA
We're going to speak to her.

LINGK
No. She told me "right now."

ROMA
We'll speak to her, Jim...

LINGK
She won't listen.

The Detective sticks his head out.

DETECTIVE
Roma.

LINGK
She told me if not, I have to call the State's Attorney.

ROMA
No, no. That's just something she "said." We don't have to do that.

LINGK
She told me I have to.

ROMA
No, Jim.

LINGK
I do. If I don't get my money back...

DETECTIVE
Roma!
(to Roma)
I'm talking to you...

ROMA
I've... look.
(generally)
Will someone get this guy off my back.

DETECTIVE
You have a problem?

ROMA
Yes, I have a problem. Yes, I do, my fr... It's not me that ripped the joint off, I'm doing business. I'll be with you in a while. You got it...?

Detective goes back into inner office. He looks back. Lingk is heading for the door.

ROMA (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

LINGK
I'm...

ROMA
Where are you going...? This is me... This is Ricky, Jim. Jim, anything you want, you want it, you have it. You understand? This is me. Something upset you. Sit down, now sit down. You tell me what it is.
(pause)
Am I going to help you fix it? You're Goddamned right I am. Sit down. Tell you something... Sometimes we need someone from outside. It's... no, sit down... Now talk to me.

LINGK
I can't negotiate.

ROMA
What does that mean?

LINGK
That...
ROMA
...what, what, say it. Say it to me.

LINGK
I...

ROMA
What...

LINGK
I...

ROMA
What...? Say the words.

LINGK
I don't have the power.
(pause)
I said it.

ROMA
What power?

LINGK
The power to negotiate.

ROMA
To negotiate what?
(pause)
To negotiate what?

LINGK
This.

ROMA
What, "this"?

Pause.

LINGK
The deal.

ROMA
The "deal," forget the deal. Forget the deal, you've got something on your mind, Jim, what is it?

LINGK
(rising)
I can't talk to you, you met my wife, I...

Pause.
ROMA
What?
(pause)
What?
(pause)
What, Jim: I tell you what, let's get out of here... let's go get a drink.

LINGK
She told me not to talk to you.

ROMA
Let's... no one's going to know, let's go around the corner and we'll get a drink.

LINGK
She told me I had to get back the check or call the State's Att...

ROMA
Forget the deal, Jimmy.
(pause)
Forget the deal... you know me. The deal's dead. Am I talking about the deal? That's over. Please. Let's talk about you. Come on.

Pause.

Roma rises and starts walking toward the front door.

ROMA (CONT'D)
Come on.
(pause)
Come on, Jim.
(pause)
I want to tell you something. Your life is your own. You have a contract with your wife. You have certain things you do jointly, you have a bond there... and there are other things. Those things are yours. You needn't feel ashamed, you needn't feel that you're being untrue... or that she would abandon you if she knew. This is your life.
(pause)
Yes. Now I want to talk to you because you're obviously upset and that concerns me. Now let's go. Right now.

Lingk gets up and they start for the door. The Detective sticks his head out of the door.

DETECTIVE
Roma...

LINGK
...and... and...

Pause.

ROMA
What?

LINGK
And the check is...

ROMA
What did I tell you?
(pause)
What did I say about the three days?

DETECTIVE
Roma, would you, I'd like to get some lunch...

ROMA
I'm talking with Mr. Lingk. If you please, I'll be back in...
(checks watch)
I'll be back in a while... I told you, check with Mr. Williamson.

DETECTIVE
The people downtown said...

ROMA
You call them again. Mr. Williamson...!

Williamson comes out of his office.

WILLIAMSON
Yes.

ROMA
Mr. Lingk and I are going to...
WILLIAMSON
Yes. Please. Please.
(to Lingk)
The police...
(shrugs)
...can be...

LINGK
What are the police doing?

ROMA
It's nothing.

LINGK
What are the police doing here...?

WILLIAMSON
We had a slight burglary last night.

ROMA
It was nothing... I was assuring Mr. Lingk.

WILLIAMSON
Mr. Lingk. James Lingk. Your contract went out. Nothing to...

ROMA
John...

WILLIAMSON
Your contract went out to the bank.

LINGK
You cashed the check?

WILLIAMSON
We...

ROMA
...Mr. Williamson...

WILLIAMSON
Your check was cashed yesterday afternoon. And we're completely insured, as you know, in any case.

Pause.

LINGK
(to Roma)
You cashed the check?
ROMA
Not to my knowledge, no...

WILLIAMSON
I'm sure we can...

LINGK
Oh, Christ...
(starts out the door)
Don't follow me... Oh, Christ.
(pause, to Roma)
I know I've let you down. I'm sorry. For... forgive... for...
...I don't know anymore.
(pause)
Forgive me.

Lingk exits.

Pause.

ROMA
(to Williamson)
You stupid fucking cunt. You, Williamson... I'm talking to you, shithead... You just cost me six thousand dollars.
(pause)
Six thousand dollars. And one Cadillac. That's right. What are you going to do about it? What are you going to do about it, asshole? You fucking shit. Where did you learn your trade? You stupid fucking cunt. You idiot. Whoever told you you could work with men

Detective
Could I...

ROMA
I'm going to have your job, shithead. I'm going downtown and talk to Mitch and Murray, and I'm going to Lemkin. I don't care whose nephew you are, who you know, whose dick you're sucking on. You're going out, I swear to you, you're going...

DETECTIVE
Hey, fella, let's get this done...
ROMA
Anyone in this office lives on their wits...
    (to Detective)
I'm going to be with you in a second.
    (to Williamson)
What you're hired for is to help us -- does that seem clear to you?
To help us. Not to fuck us up...
to help men how are going out there to try to earn a living.
You fairy. You company man...
I'll tell you something else. I hope you knocked the joint off, I
can tell our friend here something might help him catch you.

He starts into the room.

ROMA (CONT'D)
You want to learn the first rule
you'd know if you ever spent a day
in your life... you never open
your mouth 'till you know what the
shot is.
    (pause)
You fucking child...

Roma goes to the inner room, followed by the Detective.

LEVENE
You are a shithead, Williamson...

Pause.

WILLIAMSON
Mmmm.

LEVENE
You can't think on your feet, you
should keep your mouth closed.
    (pause)
You hear me? I'm talking to you.
Do you hear me...?

WILLIAMSON
Yes.
    (pause)
I hear you.
LEVENT
You can't learn that in an office.
Eh? He's right. You have to
learn it on the street. You can't
buy that. You have to live it.

WILLIAMSON
Mmmm.

LEVENT
Precisely. 'Cause your partner
depends on it.
(pause)
I'm talking to you, I'm trying to
tell you something.

WILLIAMSON
You are?

LEVENT
Yes, I am.

WILLIAMSON
What are you trying to tell me?

LEVENT
What Roma's trying to tell you.
What I told you yesterday. Why
you don't belong in this business.

WILLIAMSON
Why I don't...

LEVENT
You listen to me, someday you
might say, "Hey..." No fuck that,
you just listen what I'm going to
say: your partner depends on you.
Your partner... a man who's your
"partner" depends on you... you
have to go with him and for him
...or you're shit, you're shit,
you can't exist alone.

WILLIAMSON
(brushing past him)
Excuse me...
LEVENE

...excuse you, nothing, you be as cold as you want, but you just fucked a good man out of six thousand dollars and his Goddamn bonus 'cause you didn't know the shot, if you can do that and you aren't man enough that it gets you, then I don't know what, if you can't take something from that...

(blocking his way)

...you're scum, you're fucking white-bread. You be as cold as you want. A child would know it, he's right.

(pause)

You're going to make something up, be sure it will help or keep your mouth closed.

Pause.

WILLIAMSON

Mmmm.

Levene lifts up his arm.

LEVENE

Now I'm done with you.

Pause.

WILLIAMSON

How do you know I made it up?

LEVENE

(pause)

What?

WILLIAMSON

How do you know I made it up?

LEVENE

What are you talking about?

WILLIAMSON

You said, "You don't make something up unless it's sure to help."

(pause)

How did you know that I made it up?
LEVENE
What are you talking about?

WILLIAMSON
I told the customer that his contract had gone to the bank.

LEVENE
Well, hadn't it?

WILLIAMSON
No.
(pause)
It hadn't.

LEVENE
Don't fuck with me, John, don't fuck with me... what are you saying?

WILLIAMSON
Well, I'm saying this, Shel: usually I take the contracts to the bank. Last night I didn't. How did you know that? One night in a year I left the contract on my desk. Nobody knew that but you. Now how did you know that?
(pause)
You want to talk to me, you want to talk to someone else... because this is my job. This is my job on the line, and you are going to talk to me. Now how did you know that contract was on my desk?

LEVENE
You're so full of shit.

WILLIAMSON
You robbed the office.

LEVENE
(laughs)
Sure! I robbed the office. Sure.

WILLIAMSON
What'd you do with the leads.

Pause

Williamson points to the Detective's office.
WILLIAMSON (CONT'D)
You want to go in there? I tell him what I know, he's going to dig up something... You got an alibi last night? You better have one. What did you do with the leads? If you tell me what you did with the leads, we can talk.

LEVENE
I don't know what you are saying.

WILLIAMSON
If you tell me where the leads are, I won't turn you in. If you don't, I am going to tell the cop you stole them. Mitch and Murray will see that you go to jail. Believe me they will. Now, what did you do with the leads? I'm walking in that door -- you have five seconds to tell me; or you are going to jail.

LEVENE
I...

WILLIAMSON
I don't care. You understand? Where are the leads?

(pause)

Alright.

Williamson goes to open the office door.

LEVENE
I sold them to Jerry Graff.

WILLIAMSON
How much did you get for them?

(pause)

How much did you get for them?

LEVENE
Five thousand. I kept half.

WILLIAMSON
Who kept the other half?

Pause.

LEVENE
Do I have to tell you?

Pause.
Williamson starts to open the door.

LEVENE (CONT'D)

Moss.

WILLIAMSON

That was easy, wasn't it?

Pause.

LEVENE

It was his idea.

WILLIAMSON

Was it?

LEVENE

I'm... I'm sure he got more than the five, actually.

WILLIAMSON

Uh huh?

LEVENE

He told me my share was twenty-five.

WILLIAMSON

Mmm.

Williamson starts toward the Detective's door. Levene grabs his arm, leads him toward the back of the office.

LEVENE

Okay, okay, okay... John, John:

Levene leads him out through the back door of the office.

EXT. THE BACK ALLEY

covered with dirty snow. Levene and Williamson going out the door.

LEVENE

John, look: I'm going to make it worth your while, I am. I turned this thing around. I close the old stuff, I can do it again. I'm the one's going to close 'em. I am. 'Cause I turned this thing arr...

Williamson starts back through the door. Levene stops him.
LEVENE (CONT'D)
Don't you understand? I turned this around. I broke the streak. I can do that, I can do anything. Last night, I'm going to tell you, yeah, yeah, I was done: Moss gets me, "do this, we'll get well..." Why not. Big fuckin' deal. I'm halfway hoping to get caught. To put me out of my...
(pause)
But it taught me something. What it taught me, that you've got to get out there. Big deal. So I wasn't cut out to be a thief. I was cut out to be a salesman. And now I'm back, and I got my balls back... and, you know, John, you have the advantage on me now. Whatever it takes to make it right, we'll make it right. We're going to make it right.

WILLIAMSON
I want to tell you something, Shelly. You have a big mouth.

Pause.

LEVENE
What?

WILLIAMSON
You've got a big mouth, and now I'm going to show you an even bigger one.

Williamson starts toward the Detective's door.

LEVENE
Where are you going, John?... you can't do that, you don't want to do that... hold, hold on... hold on... wait... wait... wait.

He pulls money out of his pockets.

ANGLE - THE MONEY

LEVENE (O.S.)
Wait... uh, look.
(starts splitting money)
Look, twelve, twenty, two, twen... twenty-five hundred, it's... take it.
(pause)
Take it all...
(pause)
Take it.

ANGLE - CU WILLIAMSON

WILLIAMSON
No, I don't think so, Shel.

LEVENE (O.S.)
I...

ANGLE - WILLIAMSON AND LEVENE

WILLIAMSON
No, I think I don't want your money. I think you fucked up my office. And I think you're going away.

LEVENE
I... what? Are you, are you, that's why...? Are you nuts? I'm... I'm going to close for you, I'm going to...
(thrusting money at him)
Here, here, I'm going to make this office... I'm going to be back there Number One... Hey, hey, hey! This is only the beginning... List... list... listen. Listen. Just one moment. List... here's what... here's what we're going to do.

Williamson pulls away from him and starts back inside the office. CAMERA FOLLOWS. Levene holds Williamson just inside the door inside the office, speaks very quickly and sotto.

LEVENE (CONT'D)
Twenty percent. I'm going to give you twenty percent of my sales...
(pause)
Twenty percent.
(pause)
For as long as I am with the firm.
(pause)
Fifty percent.
(pause)
Fifty percent. Of all my sales.

WILLIAMSON
What sales?

LEVENE
What sales...? I just closed eighty-two grand... Are you fuckin'... I'm back... I'm back, this is only the beginning.

WILLIAMSON
Only the beginning...

LEVENE
Abso...

WILLIAMSON
Where have you been, Shelly? Bruce and Harriett Nyborg. Do you want to see the memos...? They're nuts... they used to call in every week. When I was with Webb. And we were selling Arizona... they're nuts... did you see how they were living? How can you delude yours...

LEVENE
I've got the check...

WILLIAMSON
Forget it. Frame it. It's worthless.

Pause.

LEVENE
The check's no good?

WILLIAMSON
You stick around I'll pull the memo for you.
(starts for the door)
I'm busy now...

LEVENE
Their check's no good? They're nuts...?

WILLIAMSON
Call up the bank. I called them.
LEVENE
You did?

WILLIAMSON
I called them when we had the lead... four months ago.
(pause)
The people are insane. They just like talking to salesmen.

Williamson starts for the door.

LEVENE
Don't.

WILLIAMSON
I'm sorry.

LEVENE
Why?

WILLIAMSON
Because I don't like you.

ANGLE - TIGHT ON LEVENE AND WILLIAMSON

LEVENE
John: John: my daughter...

WILLIAMSON
Fuck you.

Williamson goes into the door to the Detective, as Roma comes out.

ROMA
(of the Detective)
Asshole...
(to Levene)
Guy couldn't find his fucking couch the living room.

SOUND of the front door opening, Roma turns.

ANGLE - POV

The PHONE REPAIRMAN comes in, looks around, sets down his case and starts hooking up a phone.

ROMA (O.S.)
What a day... I haven't even had a cup of coffee...
ANGLE - LEVENE AND ROMA

The Phone Man in the background.

ROMA (O.S.)
Jagoff John opens his mouth he
blows my Cadillac...
(sighs)
I swear... it's not a world of
men... it's not a world of men,
Machine... it's a world of clock
watchers, bureaucrats, office
holders... what it is, it's a
fucked-up world... there's no
adventure to it.
(pause)
Dying breed. Yes it is.
(pause)
We are the members of a dying
breed. That's... that's... that's
why we have to stick together.
Shel: I want to talk to you.
I've wanted to talk to you for
some time. For a long time,
actually. I said, "The Machine,
there's a man I would work with.
There's a man..." You know? I
never said a thing. I should
have, don't know why I didn't.
And that shit you were slinging on
my guy today was so good... it...
it was, and, excuse me, 'cause it
isn't even my place to say it. It
was admirable... it was the old
stuff. Hey, I've been on a hot
streak, so what? There's things
that I could learn from you.

Roma goes to a phone, which has just been installed, sits at
the phone, takes out his appointment book and leafs through
it as he talks.

ROMA (CONT'D)
You eat today...?

LEVENE

Me...?

ROMA

Yeah.

LEVENE

...m...

Roma has found his number and dials.
ROMA
Well, you want to swing by the Chink's, watch me eat, we'll talk...?

LEVENE
I think I'd better stay here for a while...
The party on the other end answers, Roma talks into the phone.

ROMA
(into phone)
Hello... Mrs. Schwartz... this is Richard Roma with Investment Properties... you or your accountant requested information on a land investment, which would offer you depreciation, and the chance of a substantial return on a small investment. I'm in town from Florida, just for one day...

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
Mr. Levene...?

ANGLE - CU LEVENE
turns his head to the sound.

ROMA (O.S.)
(on phone)
And, I have just that one lot left...

ANGLE - THE THREE MEN
Roma in the b.g, talking on the phone.

DETECTIVE
(to Levene)
Would you come in here, please?
Levene starts arranging papers on his desk.
ANGLE - CU LEVENE

ROMA (O.S.)
(on phone)
Now I don't have too much time, and I'm on the midnight plane back home, but if you and your husband are truly interested, because I can't hold the parcel past to... yes...? And what would be better for you, say, six or eight...?

Levene rubs his forehead, turns toward the door.

ROMA (O.S.)
(on phone)
Well, you go ask him.

ANGLE - LEVENE

Starting toward the door to the interrogation room. Roma covers the mouthpiece to the phone.

ROMA
So, Shel, I'm going to the Chink's, you're done, come down, we're going to smoke a cigarette...

LEVENE
I...

The Detective comes over.

DETECTIVE
Get in the room.

ROMA

DETECTIVE
Get in the Goddamn room.

The Detective starts manhandling Shelly into the room.

LEVENE
Ricky, I...

ROMA
Okay, okay, I'll be at the restau...
LEVENE

Ricky...

DETECTIVE

"Ricky" can't help you, pal.

LEVENE

...I only want to...

DETECTIVE

Yeah. What do you want? You want to what?

LEVENE

...Ricky...

Roma indicates the other person has come back on the line, turns his attention back to the phone. Levene is pushed through the door into the interrogation room.

ROMA

(on phone)

Hello. Excellent. That's eight p.m., 6947 Euclid. Not at all. Thank you very much.

As Roma hangs up the phone, Aaronow enters from the outside. Aaronow goes over to his desk, next to which the Telephone Man is installing telephones.

AARONOW

Did they find the guy who broke into the office yest...?

ROMA

No, I don't know...

Roma gets up, starts assembling his papers, starts putting on his coat.

AARONOW

(beat)

Did the leads come in yet...?

ROMA

No.

Aaronow sighs, opens up his appointment book, hunts in it. Starts to pick up the phone to dial.

AARONOW

(softly to himself)

Oh, God, I hate this job...

Roma, about to go out the door, stops and turns back.
ROMA
(simultaneously with "job")
Anybody wants me I'll be at the restaurant.

AARONOW
(into phone)
Hello. Mrs. Delgare...? You requested some information...

FADE OUT.

END