

EXT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT ORDELL'S POV

(While Johnny Cash continues crooning, Ordell puts on his gloves. Then opens up his glovebox, taking out a little Targa .22 pistol. He steps out of the car, slipping the pistol into his coat pocket. We STEDICAM in front of him as he walks across the street to Jackie's apartment. Once inside the complex, Ordell passes us and WE FOLLOW BEHIND HIM, up to Jackie's ground-floor apartment door. He gives it a soft knock with one knuckle. He waits a moment, then Jackie opens the door.)

ORDELL

How you doing, Ms. Jackie?

JACKIE

I was expecting you. Come in. Jackie holds the door open for him.

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

(Ordell steps inside. He moves over by a halogen lamp in the living room.)

ORDELL

You got some booze?

Jackie still standing by the door. She doesn't look frightened.

JACKIE

I got some vodka in the freezer.

ORDELL

Got some o.j.?

JACKIE

Yeah.

Ordell turns the halogen lamp to dim.

ORDELL

Well, then, why don't you be a good hostess and make me a screwdriver?

JACKIE

Sure.

(Jackie moves into the kitchen area. Ordell follows her, hanging in the doorway, while she makes the drink. Jackie doesn't turn on the light.)

ORDELL

You gonna thank me?

(Taking a glass from the cupboard.)

JACKIE

For what?

ORDELL

Who you think got your ass outta jail?

(Opening the freezer and filling a glass with ice cubes and taking out vodka.)

JACKIE

The same guy who put me in, thanks a lot.

ORDELL

Hey, you get caught with blow, that's our business.

(Opens refrigerator, light cuts into the kitchen. She takes out orange juice, then closes the door.)

JACKIE

It wasn't mine.

(Ordell has to stop and think. Jackie makes screwdriver.)

ORDELL

Oh, shit. I bet it was that present Mr. Walker was sending Melanie. Yaaaah, he's the one musta put it in there if you didn't. Oh, man, that shit's uncalled for, baby, and I apologize. I 'magine they asked you a shitload of questions about it, huh? All that money, want to know where you got it?

(Jackie doesn't answer. She just walks up to Ordell handing him his yellow drink in the darkness. Ordell takes it, continues to look at Jackie.)

ORDELL (CONT'D)

I'magine they asked who you givin' it to, too.

JACKIE

They asked.

ORDELL

And what was your answer?

JACKIE

I said I wanted to talk to a lawyer.

ORDELL

You positive about that? You weren't nervous and let something slip by mistake? If you did, I ain't mad, I just gotta know.

JACKIE

You're not asking the right questions.

(Then she walks past him back to the living room. She goes over to the halogen lamp, turning the light up brighter, then moves by the door, still standing and looking at Ordell in the kitchen.)
doorway.

JACKIE

Beaumont Livingston.

ORDELL

I knew it.

JACKIE

And they asked if I knew Mr. Walker.

(Ordell by the halogen lamp. He turns it back to dim.)

ORDELL

Yeah?

JACKIE

I didn't tell 'em anything.

Ordell moves slowly towards Jackie.

ORDELL

My name come up?

(Jackie slowly shakes her head "no." Ordell directly in front of Jackie, he gently places his gloved hands on her shoulders.)

ORDELL (CONT'D)

You say anything about me?

Jackie shakes her head "no."

ORDELL (CONT'D)

Well, that's mighty honorable of you.

(Ordell's gloved fingertips move up her collarbone to her throat, gently touching her skin. Jackie locks eyes with his, but still shows no fear.)

ORDELL (CONT'D)

This fella Beaumont, they say what happened to him?

JACKIE

They told me.

ORDELL

Yeah, somebody musta been real mad at Beaumont. Or they were afraid of what he might say to keep from doin some time. I'magine from time-to-time they asked you a whole shitload of questions. And you didn't give 'em no answer?

(Jackie shakes her head from side to side. Ordell moves his thumbs from her collarbone to the middle of her throat.)

ORDELL

You scared of me?

(Jackie shakes her head from side to side without her eyes leaving his. Reaches over the seat.)

ORDELL

You got a reason to be nervous with me?

(With his hands on Jackie's throat, staring into the woman's eyes, from BELOW FRAME then feels something hard the fuck against his crotch. Neither break eye contact. Ordell hears a CLICK. Can't believe it.)

ORDELL

Is that what I think it is?

JACKIE

What do you think it is?

ORDELL

I think it's a gun pressing against my dick.

JACKIE

You thought right... Now take your hands from around my throat, nigga.

(Ordell flashes his hustler's smile and lets go.)

END OF SPLIT SCREEN

Jackie turns Ordell around, gun firmly in his back, and pushes him against the wall.

ORDELL

What the hell you doin'?

JACKIE

Shut your ass up and grab the wall!

(Jackie has Ordell against the wall and is frisking him the way a cop would. She finds the .22 pistol in his pocket.)

ORDELL

Now, baby, that's got nothin' to do with you. I just carry that. You been listenin' to them cops too much.

JACKIE

The cops didn't try and strangle my ass.

ORDELL

Damn, Jackie, I was just playin' with you.

JACKIE

Well, I ain't playin with you. I'm gonna unload both these motherfuckers, you don't do what I tell you. Understand what I'm saying?

ORDELL

Baby, I ain't come here –

She shoves both guns in Ordell's back.

JACKIE

I said, you understand what I'm saying

ORDELL

I understand woman, damn!

JACKIE

Go sit over in that chair.

(Ordell moves over to a chair across from the couch. Ordell still tries bullshit...)

ORDELL

I'm tellin' you, those cops been fuckin' wit your mind. They turn black against black, that's how they do.

JACKIE

Shut your raggedy ass up and sit down.

(Ordell sits.)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Put both hands behind our head.

(Ordell does...)

ORDELL

This shits gettin silly now...

(Jackie turns the halogen lamp to light.)

JACKIE

I gotta tell you to shut up one more time, I'm gonna shut you up.

(Jackie sits down on the couch, holding a gun in each hand, both pointed dead at Ordell. A coffee table lays between them. Ordell, hands behind his head, continues to mumble...)

ORDELL

I just came here to talk.

JACKIE

Way I see it, me and you only got one thing to talk about. What you willing to do for me?

(Ordell looks at her a moment and says:)

ORDELL

Well, I can get you a good lawyer? *(Jackie shakes her head "no!")*

JACKIE

Let's get realistic, baby. Sooner or later they're gonna get around to offering me a plea deal, and you know that. That's why you came here to kill me.

ORDELL

- Baby, I didn't -

JACKIE

It's okay. I forgive you. Now, let's say if I tell on you, I walk. And if I don't, I go to jail.

ORDELL

Yeah?

JACKIE

One hundred thousand put in an escrow account in my name, if I'm convicted up to a year, or put on probation. If I have to do more than a year, you pay another hundred thousand.

ORDELL

I got a problem...

JACKIE

All your money's in Mexico.

ORDELL

Yeah.

JACKIE

I been thinkin about that, too, and I got me a idea. I'll talk to the cops tomorrow and tell you if it's on.

ORDELL (O.S.)

Talk to you tomorrow.

(Ordell leaves. Jackie shuts the door.)