

SHADE'S POV: Edgar Brava has just entered, and behind him: SIMON TYRELL, 40s, the guy Shade saw on Mazhari's monitor - and another THUG bringing up the rear. Shade grabs Angie.

SHADE (CONT'D)

Come on.

He pulls her towards the door -- Too late. No way out. Angie sees the problem just before Shade closes the door.

Oh crap.

18 INT. KAR-BAR - PRIVATE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

18

Edgar the smiling drug-dealer enters the private room to find Jay singing his heart out to "Danny Boy" in Korean:

JAY

(singing)

Gasumi shirigi, noman saranghaetda,
kaengboghaesotdaaaaaaa--

Jay stops singing, looks apologetically to Edgar, Tyrell and THUG as they fill the doorway.

start

JAY (CONT'D)

Sorry.

EDGAR

Don't apologize for loving to sing,
Jay.

TYRELL

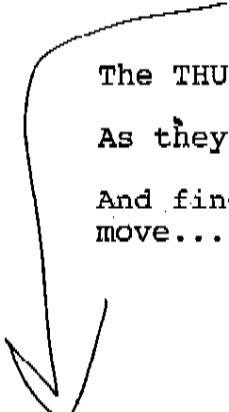
Just don't sing to the wrong people.

The THUG closes the door, as Edgar and Tyrell walk in closer.

As they sit down, the CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM DOWN... DOWN...

And finds Angie and Shade JAMMED UNDER the seats, unable to move...

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

19 INT. KAR-BAR - PRIVATE ROOM -- NIGHT

19

Shade and Angie are crammed under the seats up against each other as the deal unfolds.

JAY

So, uh, Edgar says we can... move our relationship forward.

TYRELL

I didn't realize a karaoke bar was such a clearing house for our product, Mr. Lee.

JAY

Some people need the extra courage to pick up the mic. And then of course they get paranoid a little and the guns make them feel safer--

EDGAR

-- Too much talking.

JAY

Is there something, something I can do to make you feel...safer?

TYRELL

Are we not safe, Mr. Lee?

JAY

Of course you are, I mean, the police--

Shade and Angie wince from under the seat.

JAY (CONT'D)

--NEVER come in here and all my booze is top shelf and the bartenders have all graduated from the Smart Serve program, it's safe, super-safe, incredibly safe --

TYRELL

Can you handle this deal?

JAY

Oh sure. The cash. Right here --

When Jay gets up, the Thug gets into his face. Jay steps back, and TRIPS over a cord, which JERKS out of the wall.

The room goes very dim, just a thin line of neon around the roof keeping it lit.

cut to →

→



Both Edgar and the Thug have guns out. Ready for anything.

Shade sees the Thug moving towards the extension cord -- oh crap. Shade wiggles forward, FAST. The Thug takes a knee.

Shade JAMS the plug into the outlet. The lights go back on.

Jay grabs a slim case from behind a pillow and DROPS it LOUDLY on the table. It gets the thug's attention, and he gets to his feet.

Shade and Angie exchange looks - that was too close.

Edgar opens up the case. It's a lot of money. He presents it to Tyrell. Tyrell looks at it, but does not take it.

JAY (CONT'D)

S-so can we do this?

TYRELL

Edgar tells me you want liquid cocaine. Pretty ambitious, Mr. Lee. And cutting edge.

JAY

Yeah, well, you can take the kid out of MBA school, but you can't take profit differentials out of the kid.

TYRELL

I'm an MBA as well. Where'd you go?

JAY

The University of Drop Out. I got most of what counts though.

This gets a genuine laugh from Tyrell.

TYRELL

Let me guess - Keynesian?

JAY

More of a Hayek man, myself.

Tyrell smiles at him warmly.

TYRELL

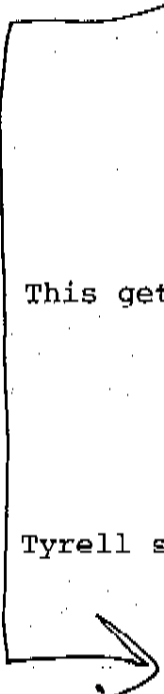
I like you. We'll do this. But not here.

JAY

But I thought--

EDGAR

Mr. Tyrell said No.



- end -