

INT. FBI OFFICE (PAST) -- DAY

Agent FORD, wearing a cartoon necktie, fits the body mike to McCrea's chest. Taping it in place.

FORD
There. Give it a shot.

McCrea lowers his head and speaks.

MCCREA
Testing. Testing.

Another FBI AGENT wearing a headset sees the sound needle on his big reel-to-reel recorder jump.

FBI AGENT
Just speak in a normal voice.

MCCREA
Okay.

McCrea buttons his shirt over the body mike.

FBI AGENT
We need you to get Jeffries to say it.
No yes or no answers. He has to
confess. Say exactly what he did.

FORD (CONT'D)
You sure you want to do this?

MCCREA
I can't be part of that anymore.

Agent Ford still isn't sure McCrea understands.

FORD (CONT'D)
You'll be ratting on your friends.
Some are going to end up in jail. The
rest aren't going to be happy with
you. You know what they do to rats?

FBI AGENT
They kill them.

McCrea considers this - what if he's discovered?

FORD
You ready to roll?

McCrea looks up at Agent Ford. Is he ready for this?

INT. HUMMER (PAST) -- DAY

Bronson behind the wheel, as McCrea and Jeffries climb in.

MCCREA

Where we going?

JEFFRIES

The plant.

Bronson pulls from the curb, heads to the San Antonio Housing Project on 65th Street. McCrea looks down at his shirt.

EXT. OAKLAND, CA (PAST) -- DAY

The Hummer heads to 65th Street... with a panel van three cars behind them, following.

INT. PANEL VAN (PAST) -- DAY

The back is filled with radio and recording equipment, plus Agent Ford and the FBI Agent. Ford says to the DRIVER.

FORD

Don't let them spot you.

The Driver nods.

INT. HUMMER (PAST) -- DAY

McCrea looks up from his shirt.

MCCREA

There a problem at the plant?

JEFFRIES

Surprise inspection. Keeps 'em honest.

The Hummer pulls to the curb in front of the Housing Project.

EXT. SAN ANTONIO HOUSING PROJECT (PAST) -- DAY

Four blocks of public housing - like a city inside the city. Gray ugly buildings, like dominoes about to fall. Brown grass in the courtyards between buildings. Twisted shopping carts.

McCrea walks with Bronson and Jeffries into the complex.

BRONSON

Hey, baby, how's you doing?

A pair of BANGERS at the project entrance nod at Bronson... McCrea notes their guns, in case the building is attacked. Bronson passes the Bangers, enters the building.

When McCrea follows, Jeffries pulls him into the courtyard.

JEFFRIES

Bronson can handle this. Thought we'd have ourselves a little conversation.

Does Jeffries know about the wire?

MCCREA

They cut the stuff up there?

JEFFRIES

No money changes hands, Bob. No reason to even think about it. Can't let your mind wander, gotta stay focused.

MCCREA

Just curious.

JEFFRIES

Don't want to end up a dead cat. Or, you thinking about all the titties on display up there? Someone tell you they wear their natural uniforms, you want to check it out?

MCCREA

Wanted to see that, I'd go to Boyd's.
(where Autrey was killed)
My wife is...

Jeffries laughs, puts an arm over his shoulder. McCrea can see his gun in the shoulder rig - the gun that killed Autrey.

JEFFRIES

Gotta wife, too, I still like looking at titties. Girls up there had anything worth looking at, Boyd'd have them.
(smiles)
Be we ain't here to talk titties.

MCCREA

Is this about Autrey?

JEFFRIES

You still pondering that?

MCCREA

How could you...?

JEFFRIES

Man needed to be fired. Part of being the boss is making those decisions. But couldn't have done it without you.

MCCREA

If I would have known...

JEFFRIES

You would have lied for him?

MCCREA

No, Mr. Jeffries.

JEFFRIES

There's nothing worse than a mother fucker who turns against his own.

MCCREA

You could have talked to him...

JEFFRIES

You expect people to give themselves a bonus now and then, but not outright fuck you. You got to do what's best for the business, best for the whole family. That's doing, not talking.

MCCREA

Yes, sir.

Has McCrea been brought here to be killed?
Jeffries takes a puff on his cigar, looks around the buildings.

JEFFRIES

You know why the people love me? I'm not just talking about the people in the projects, I'm talking about everyone. Guy out in Orinda, lives in two million dollar house. Kid in Richmond without a nickel in his pocket.

MCCREA

The stuff they're making upstairs?

JEFFRIES

I give them what they want. What they need. See, everybody's got a vice. It's human nature. Everybody got to live in this world, and it's a cold mother fucker out there. You think that guy in Orinda's got it made? The world's still fucking him. The more you got, the more they can take. They got to escape - just an hour or two.

MCCREA

Heroin?

JEFFRIES

Got drugs on the brain? Want to go up and get yourself a sample?

MCCREA

No, sir.

JEFFRIES

Ain't just the smack or the crack or the crank or the powder, it's the tables at Autrey's - chance to win yourself

(MORE)

JEFFRIES (CONT'D)

out of debt. Titties at Boyd's - chance to feel like a young man again. Nobody gives people a chance anymore. Except me. Government sure as hell doesn't.

MCCREA

They aren't in the heroin business.

JEFFRIES

You sure? How you think we get this stuff across the borders? Won't let you take a pocket knife on an airplane these days. They may not be in the heroin business, but they in the "gimme money and we close our eyes business".

MCCREA

Did I hide that in business expenses?

JEFFRIES

You think the FBI, the Treasury, is coming after me?

MCCREA

How would I know?

JEFFRIES

Government thinks it gets rid of me, gets rid of the problem. But that need's still there. People still gonna have vices. Human nature. Human need.

MCCREA

That's what you do?

JEFFRIES

What we do. You're one of us, now. One of my boys. All these people are family. That's why I buy that truckload of turkeys from Safeway every Christmas. Give 'em out myself. Think the FBI gonna give these people turkeys? The President even come to the projects?

McCrea laughs... Jeffries joins him.

JEFFRIES

Think the President could walk down the street like this? People be on the rooftops trying to smoke his ass. Hell, my mother'd be up there. They screwed up her Medicare.

(puffs his cigar)

No one here'd do that to me, because I give them a chance.

(MORE)

JEFFRIES (CONT'D)

I'm like a daddy to them. You don't hurt family. Even animals, bloody beasts like the lions, don't do nothing to harm the family.

MCCREA

King of the jungle.

JEFFRIES

That's right.

(touches his gun)

You ever think about dying, Bob?

MCCREA

I... try not to. I'm only thirty...

JEFFRIES

Lot of young men die. Kids you went to school with, how many of them are still standing? Besides Rogers.

MCCREA

Is something wrong?

JEFFRIES

What cold be wrong?

MCCREA

The Italians?

JEFFRIES

That's funny. Look back on it, one domino hits one domino hits another, the Italians are probably the reason we're having this little chat.

MCCREA

The war --

JEFFRIES

They lost. Just don't know it yet. We'll be taking San Francisco, the whole west coast. They still run it, but they'll be running it for me.

Jeffries pulls out his gun. The gun that killed Autrey. The gun that killed the Italian Don and his bodyguards. McCrea tries to remain calm... but the gun is casually aimed at him.

JEFFRIES

"Bloody August" turned into a damned fine October for all of us.

MCCREA

Except Mr. Leone.

JEFFRIES

That's what got me thinking. One minute a man, even a young man, can be standing here, the next he's dead. Bang. It's over. The good things he's done, gone. Who is gonna remember?

MCCREA

Family.

JEFFRIES

Right. So I got to thinking - how will people remember me once I'm gone?

MCCREA

No one would forget you.

JEFFRIES

Autrey did. Was like a son to me.

MCCREA

(sweating - scared)
He just made a mistake.

JEFFRIES

I don't like people who make mistakes. People who forget their family.

MCCREA

(gun aimed at him)
I wouldn't do that, sir.

JEFFRIES

Everyone forgets. So I want you to start putting some money aside. For my funeral. Want a horse drawn carriage to take me all the way down Lake Street. Every Rolls Royce you can find behind it. I want for people be telling their grand kids about it. You understand?

MCCREA

Yes, Mr. Jeffries.

JEFFRIES

This is between you and me. No one else. I can trust you, right?

MCCREA

Yes, sir.

Jeffries holsters his gun. They have circled the San Anselmo Projects, back to the entrance, just as Bronson emerges.

JEFFRIES

Everything looking good?

BRONSON
Except for all them gritty titties.

Bronson holds the car door open for Jeffries, turns to McCrea.

BRONSON
You coming?

INT. MCCREA'S HOME (PRESENT) -- NIGHT

MCCREA
What?

McCrea staring at the graffiti on the wall: "ONE OF US".

SHERRY
Are you coming to bed?