

Julius Sc. #2

47.

POODLE (CONT'D)

But... I need a ride...

As Bobby peels out, leaves Poodle sprawled on the driveway.

EXT. MCARTHUR CAUSEWAY - DAY

Bobby BARRELS down the road. Heart racing. Nerves shredded. He nearly VEERS into oncoming traffic.

JULIUS

Pull over. I'm driving.

← Start
Thes - mark

EXT. WATSON ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

The Mercedes now stopped on a small island road. The skyline of downtown Miami shimmers behind them. Bobby PACES in the crab grass, the envelope still in his hand. Julius LEANS on the car. Both their heads spinning. Julius finally speaks.

JULIUS

I've been thinking about this awhile, but after today... I'm done. I want out. Out of drugs, out of all of it. And you should get out, too.

(off Bobby's face)

You've got your job with Corwin. I can go back to construction...

BOBBY

In a recession? You couldn't get a job building a dog house. My salary at Corwin's has been frozen at twenty grand a year for two years because "we all have to make sacrifices."

JULIUS

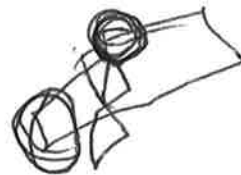
There's no shame in sacrifices.

BOBBY

For fishing? For Corwin? For the Non-Group, with their lawyers and their back-nines, fossilized old goats that hate anybody that isn't white and glued to a fucking club chair? Julius, all that is the past.

JULIUS

And that psychotic Colombian is the future?



Unt. Cocaine Project

67

3/6

