

Glengarry Glen Ross Redux

by
Michael Bertrand

Based on
Glengarry Glen Ross
starring Kevin Spacey
and Jack Lemmon

Draft # 1

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2 INT. GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - AFTERNOON

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This bar is swank. Wood paneling, brass railings, thick carpets, heavy cutlery, and polite, attentive staff. The atmosphere is comfortable and the place is quiet because drinks in the middle of the afternoon.

Nobody, that is, but the four gentlemen seated in the booth closest to the bar. There's SAMUELSON (44, fat, cheerful, ruddy-faced) and there's WOJCIK (30, tall, muscular, ex-jock) and there's ESPOSITO (27, dark-eyed, shrewd, rodentlike) all sitting together, drinking and laughing and having a grand old time.

But the ringmaster is definitely ROMA (37, charismatic, charming, dangerous) who is holding the other three men spellbound as he tells them stories.

ROMA

..so there I was, naked and scared,
no idea where I was, when my very own
commanding officer walks in, takes
one look at my skinny shivering ass,
and says "I don't wanna know." And
leaves!

All the men laugh at this. Samuelson motions to the bartender for another round. Wojcik gets to his feet with a slight wobble and raises his glass.

WOJCIK

To Roma, Jessup, and Stevenson....
the best damm real estate firm this
side of the Mississippi!

The men cheer, and clink their glasses together.

ROMA

Did I tell you that I finally found
out what they're gonna be building on
the lot we just sold?

ESPOSITO

No, man. Tell us.

ROMA

Alright but... you guys ain't gonna
believe it. Our mysterious

(MORE)

ROMA (CONT'D)

benefactors are going to build... a
playground.

SAMUELSON

You're shitting me.

ROMA

I shit you not, gentlemen.

WOJCIK

You're telling me that someone just
dropped \$600K to build... a
playground?

ROMA

Yes I am. Got it from old man Jessup
himself. Whoever these rich assholes
are, they were willing to pay top
dollar for that piece of shit lot
just so they can build... a
playground.

WOJCIK

Then that better be some fancy
fuckin' playground.

All the men laugh heartily.

SAMUELSON

With leather seats on all the swings!

WOJCIK

Yeah, and saddles on all the
teeter-totters!

ESPOSITO

And the slide's made outta silk!

ROMA

And they got two water fountains....

Roma waits a few seconds for maximum effect.

ROMA (CONT'D)

One for champagne and the other for
Perrier!

Gales of tears-in-your-eyes laughter.

ESPOSITO

Hey Roma... tell these guys about
that place you used to work.

ROMA

Aw, they don't want to hear about that...

WOJCIK

Hear about what?

SAMUELSON

Tell us all about it, Roma!

ROMA

Alright, alright... since it's you guys, I'll spill the beans. Have you guys ever heard of a little ol' real estate firm by the name of Premier Properties?

SAMUELSON

Not off the top of my.... wait, ain't that the place the Feds busted four-five years ago?

ROMA

The one and the same.

WOJCIK

And you used to work there?

ROMA

You got it.

ESPOSITO

And you used to work there?

ROMA

Yup. Got out right before the Feds showed up. And I wish I could say it was because I knew the shit was about to go down, but to tell the truth, I had to get out of there for personal reasons.

WOJCIK

What personal reasons?

Samuelson nudges Wojcik for his lack of discretion about what you ask and what you don't. Wojcik shrugs.

ROMA

Well the truth is... and I don't want any of you boys to think less of me for this, but...

Another pause for effect.

ROMA (CONT'D)

I left for moral reasons.

A few moments silence then a burst of reaction.

WOJCIK

Get outta here!

SAMUELSON

Since when did you have morals?

WOJCIK

Say it ain't so, boss!

ROMA

It's so, kid. Now don't get me wrong. I'm as much of a cold hearted predator as the rest of you jackals. I am aiming for the top and I'll fuck over any son of a bitch that gets in my way.

His audience nods and makes noises of approval.

ROMA (CONT'D)

But I guess there's some things even a rat like me can't swallow, and Premiere Properties was one of those things. Those guys committed fraud like you and I take a drag off a cigarette. They ripped off little old ladies and couples with little kids and anyone else they thought had two nickles to rub together. Those pricks Mitch and Murray pretended like they didn't know, but they knew. They had to. The whole place was rotten, through and through. And I just couldn't turn a blind eye to it any more.

Hushed silence while Roma's audience absorbs this piece of information from their idol.

ESPOSITO

You know....

SAMUELSON

Shut up, Tommy.

ESPOSITO

I'm just sayin'... you know, the papers said that Premiere Properties

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ESPOSITO (CONT'D)
 was raided based on an anonymous
 tip...

Every lets that hang in the air till it drops.

ROMA
 Anyhow, there I am a couple days
 later, cooling my jets in Bermuda and
 trying to figure out what the fuck
 comes next, when I pick up a New York
 Times and there's Mitch and Murray in
 fuckin' handcuffs splashed all over
 the front page.

ESPOSITO
 Serves them right for being such
 rotten pieces of shit.

The rest mumble agreement.

ESPOSITO (CONT'D)
 (impassioned)
 I'm serious guys! I mean, everyone
 knows that real estate is a tough
 game and you got to be willing to do
 some pretty iffy things in order to
 get ahead, but we're not a bunch of
 animals. There are still rules. Lines
 you don't cross. Am I right?

Agreement is mumbled again, but louder.

SAMUELSON
 I mean, what kind of animal steals
 from the poor? From people that ain't
 got fuck-all in the first place?

ESPOSITO
 Rat bastard pieces of shit, that's
 who.

ROMA
 That's right, Tommy. So I had to
 leave. I mean, a guy's got to be able
 to look himself in the mirror every
 morning, right?

His audience chimes in with "yeahs".

ROMA (CONT'D)
 And I haven't even told you boys the
 best part yet.

WOJCIK

(incredulous)

You mean there's more?

ROMA

Yup. Couple weeks later I heard from my buddy Levene about what happened the day after I left. Turns out that the day I left is when they brought in... Blake.

A few seconds pause, then incredulous laughter.

WOJCIK

That's the "coffee is for closers" guy, right?

SAMUELSON

Man, Mitch and Murray must be going soft in the head if they hired that loser.

ESPOSITO

Either that or they were getting pretty desperate.

ROMA

That's not for me to know. All I know is that they paid Blake a bundle of cash to come in and yell at the second-string guys for fifteen minutes.

SAMUELSON

I got something better than that.

Everyone is surprised by this.

ROMA

Do tell.

SAMUELSON

Okay, right, uh... you guys remember my cousin Sydney? Tiny little guy, weird haircut, suits from the Salvation Army.

They reply in the affirmative.

SAMUELSON (CONT'D)

Well ever since we were little kids, Syd's had a mouth on him that you wouldn't believe. And once he gets

(MORE)

SAMUELSON (CONT'D)

started, there's no stopping him. And it doesn't matter who it is... the guy is fearless. He'd tell God to go fuck himself, know what I mean?

Another positive response.

SAMUELSON (CONT'D)

Well that mouth is how he earns his living, 'cause he's a lawyer now. AND an accountant.

WOJCIK

Holy shit. A guy like that could get you coming AND going.

SAMUELSON

Tell me about it. Anyhow, one day Syd is hanging out with some of his accounting buddies in the back room of S&I Shipping when who should walk in but... Blake.

More incredulous laughter.

ROMA

What the fuck was he doing there? Someone leave a fuckin' door open or something?

SAMUELSON

Beat me. Anyhow, as it happened, Syd's getting himself a coffee when Blake comes in and so he gets the whole coffee is for closers bullshit right between the eyes.

WOJCIK

Oh fuck, it's ON.

SAMUELSON

You bet. He just looks Blake right in the eye and says "I closed fifteen grand worth of business last week. What the fuck did YOU do?"

Everyone laughs like hell.

ROMA

I'm starting to like this guy.

SAMUELSON

He's something all right. So then
Blake tries the whole "I'm not
fucking around, I'm here from your
bosses... "

WOJCIK

And what did Syd say?

SAMUELSON

He says "Well I AM fucking around,
and I think you're a triple scoop
dipshit. What do you think of THAT. "

Gales of laughter.

SAMUELSON (CONT'D)

Can you believe it? The little shit's
the size of one of Santa's elves, and
he talks like that to that big
palooka? Like I said, he's fearless.
Totally fearless.

A waitress delivers a round of cocktails.

SAMUELSON (CONT'D)

So where was I... right, so then
Blake starts going on about how he
has thirty years in the business.

ESPOSITO

Bullshit.

SAMUELSON

That's what Syd said. He said
"Bullshit. You're what, thirty-five?
Forty? That means you're saying
you've been "in the business" since
you were ten? Look, kid, sucking your
rich Dad's dick for caviar money
doesn't count as "experience in the
business, okay? "

Shocked and scandalized laughter.

ESPOSITO

Holy shit, Sam, this guy's a
PREDATOR.

SAMUELSON

Let me put it this way : I try not to
piss him off. Anyhow, then Blake
starts going on about how he drives a

(MORE)

SAMUELSON (CONT'D)

Ferrari, wears a rolex, how he's what these men want to BE, and all that.

ROMA

What. An. Asshole.

SAMUELSON

And Syd says "The day I want to be a puffed up dickhead like you is the day I put a bullet through my fucking head. And by the way... I drove here in a Rolls Royce, and unlike you, I actually earned it. "

The men are now laughing and pounding the table so hard their drinks start sliding around.

SAMUELSON (CONT'D)

So then Blake gets up and writes "ABC - Always Be Closing" on the dry-erase board.

WOJCIK

And what'd Syd do?

SAMUELSON

He walked up to the board, erased everything but the A, B, and C, then wrote in "Another Bullshit Cocksucker" on it. Then he said "hey, look at that, I can spell too. "

By now, they are laughingunderpants-threateningly hard.

SAMUELSON (CONT'D)

Then Syd says "And anyway, if you're such hot shit, what the hell are you doing talking to us? Shouldn't you be out making millions with your ten foot cock?"

WOJCIK

(laughing hard)

"Ten foot cock. " Priceless.

SAMUELSON

So this Blake asshole mumbles something about doing it as a favor for one of the bosses.

ESPOSITO

S, or I?

SAMUELSON

S, I think. So Syd says "What, coming down here to shit all over the staff because the bosses are too chickenshit to do it themselves? Some favour!"

More hysterical laughter.

ROMA

That's Blake in a nutshell right there. That's what it is.

SAMUELSON

But Syd wasn't done yet. Then he says "Besides, you drooling moron, everyone in this room is an *accountant*. They know how much you were paid to come here. And let me tell you... if they paid more than ten cents for your macho bullshit, the shareholders should sue. "

Still more laughs.

WOJCIK

And how did Blake take that?

SAMUELSON

Oh, Syd had him on the ropes. To finish him off, Syd says "You come in here to harass my friends and act like you got one huge set of balls, but in reality you are nothing but a pathetic loser who has somehow managed to convince himself that "abusing the help" is a job skills. Now why don't you be a good little rich boy and get into your little car, drive back to the giant doll house you call a home, and cry into your silk pillow stuffed with cash, because we... don't...fucking... CARE. "

Strongest laughter yet.

ESPOSITO

Does your cousin do divorces? 'cause I am really tired of paying alimony to that bitch.

SAMUELSON

Sadly no, Tommy. He mostly does tax law. So the last thing Syd says to the guy is "Heck, you can even go abuse your staff a little. But give them my card first. "

At least thirty seconds of maximum strength laughter.

SAMUELSON (CONT'D)

And then he walks up to Blake, stuck his hand in Blake's shirt pocket, patted it, then turned his back on that fucker and started talking to his accounting buddies like Blake wasn't even fucking there.

A small gale of tired laughter.

ROMA

Well fellas, I hate to break up this little hen party we got going here, but this old warhorse has to go sell land.

SAMUELSON

Yeah, I should get going too. If I stay here any longer, the office will figure out I am not, in fact, in Pasadena selling a nice Korean family.

ROMA

(mock outage)

You're not? Sam, I am shocked by your display of such unprofessional behaviour.

ESPOSITO

(playing along)

Yeah, Sam. You're a senior salesman. You're supposed to be setting an example for us impressionable juniors.

WOJCIK

(mock sad)

You know, it's exactly this kind of moral decline that is destroying America from within.

SAMUELSON

Yeah, yeah, yeah. It's you guys being a bad influence on me. I was a

(MORE)

SAMUELSON (CONT'D)

clean-cut all-American altar boys
before I met you lot.

They all jeer.

ESPOSITO

Hey Roma, keep us in mind the next
time you need help landing a big
fish, okay?

ROMA

Sure thing. You're a bunch of swell
guys. I'm glad our respective firms
were able to work together on this.

WOJCIK

Hey, for \$15K, I'd work with the
Devil himself.

ROMA

I'll take that as a compliment.

One last round of laughter, and then, one by one, all four men
leave.

FADE TO BLACK