

INT. WHITE HORSE TAVERN - HOURS LATER

Norman is lying face down on the bar, passed out. Empty shot glasses and beer bottles all around...

...CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Monty and James laughing next to him. Monty is fingering the two RED DICE. The bartender, PAUL, approaches

PAUL
'Nother round?

JAMES
And two for my friend down there, he needs to wake up.

Paul pours a round of shots, including one for himself. They toast and drink them down, except James, who watches Monty...

JAMES
Watching you drink. Reminds me of the way Baudelaire described Poe drinking. "Barbarously with a speed and dispatch all together American, as if he was performing a homicidal function, as if he wanted to kill something within himself. A worm that would not die."

MONTY
(drains his shot)
I'll drink to that.

JAMES
This place. Ya' know this is where Dylan Thomas had his last drink. He walked home six blocks to his Lover, looked her in the eye and said "I just had eighteen straight whiskeys--

MONTY
--I think that's the record".

JAMES
Damn you know that story.

MONTY
Know it and I also know we're at least four off the pace.

James laughs and orders another round from Paul...

JAMES
Goddamn. Goddamn, I wish you were playing "Prewitt" in my movie.

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MONTY

I'd like to.

JAMES

Goddamn studio wants John Derek or
what's his name, Aldo Ray.

MONTY

Can't act.

JAMES

Of course they can't. You ought to
have your agent call the studio or
something.

MONTY

That studio...they think I'm difficult.
That I'm a pisser. They won't give it
to me to teach me a lesson. And I
won't beg for it. Not ever.

JAMES

Hey, fuck em' all. I wrote it and
Goddamn it, you're gonna' be Prewitt.

...As they raise their glasses to toast. FREEZE FRAME.

THE SOUNDS OF A BOXING GYM...SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

MONTY

working the speed bag. The TRAINER is barking out directions over
his shoulder. They are alone in the gym after hours...

TRAINER

Okay that'll do it. Good day, Monty.

MONTY

Think I'll stay behind. Work on those
combinations.

TRAINER

Do twenty minutes of shadowboxing.
But don't burn yourself out. We got
tomorrow.

(as he goes)

I'll lock up.

...Monty nods and goes over to a barren wall. A perfectly defined
SHADOW of himself is cast before him. He begins to box himself...

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