

HEAT ALTERNATE RESTAURANT SCENE

Adapted from
Michael Mann's
Heat screenplay

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written by
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EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Neil and Hanna seated in the middle of the bustling eatery.

HANNA (PACINO)

I got a pen. My pocket. Case you feel
like signin' any confessions.

NEIL (DENIRO)

Only thing I'm signing is the check.

HANNA

It's on you, I'm gettin' the lobster.

NEIL

That why we're here, detective?

HANNA

I don't eat out much. Cop salary.

NEIL

Look like you're doing alright.

HANNA

Didn't even hafta rob a bank.

NEIL

Nobody has to rob a bank.

HANNA

Every crook got his excuse.

NEIL

I don't justify myself.

HANNA

You never wanted a normal-type life?

NEIL

What the fuck is that? Barbecues
and ballgames? That how you do?

HANNA

Ha. Mr. American Dream. Nah, every
moment I got, I'm out chasin' guys
like you. Antisocial entrepreneurs.

NEIL

Aren't any guys like me. Why we're
sitting here instead of downtown.

HANNA

Big-time. Too big for the big house.

NEIL

I never—I promise you—whatever happens, I am never going back.

HANNA

Could always buy a fishin' pole. Find a girl can cook. Get a dog.

NEIL

Man told me once: you wanna make moves? Don't keep anything you're not willing to walk out on, you feel the heat around the corner.

HANNA

All the more reason.

NEIL

And do what? Sell swimming pools?

HANNA

I'm not your guidance counselor.

NEIL

Go on dates with all your suspects? You that hard up for friends?

HANNA

I'm like a magic genie. Ceptin I only got one particular wish to grant.

NEIL

See, now I knew rubbing that lamp wasn't a waste of my time.

HANNA

Ha-ha. Tell you what: quit whatever shenanigans you got planned. Cold turkey. Just walk away. Like ya say.

NEIL

What. Just like that? Get out of jail free card. No hard feelings. You'd do that for me? Gee whiz, officer.

HANNA

Call it investment. Peace of mind. I don't hafta worry your crew's out fuckin' up the staus quo. Y'know?

NEIL

Listen: my age, I couldn't quit even if I wanted to. I don't know how to do anything else. Sound familiar?

HANNA

You think that makes us, what,
brothers from another mother?

NEIL

That glower. You should try my line a
work for a while. Might cheer you up.

HANNA

"Glower." Where's my dictionary? On
account I'm just a dumb cop.

NEIL

And I'm antisocial.

HANNA

Look at us. Couple a real misfits.

NEIL

Unless you plan to shoot me. Or try
handcuffs—in which case you're going
to have to shoot me. I think I'll go.

HANNA

Shoot? Shoot. Hm. Not a bad idea. But
then I'm stuck with the check.

NEIL

Question you need to ask yourself: is
beating me really worth dying over?

HANNA

Ooh. I like that. Stitch that on a
feather fuckin' pillow. Then shove it
up yer ass with the other platitudes.

NEIL

You OK? Need a Tylenol or something?

HANNA

Ha-ha. Thought maybe if I asked you
nice ... well, OK. I gave it a shot.

Neil slides a c-note under his coffee cup and goes to leave.

HANNA (cont'd)

First National?

NEIL

I see you again I assume the worst.

HANNA

Brother, you won't see me comin'.