

BILLY : [REDACTED]  
Get outta my face, woman. I'm  
liable to kill somebody.

The crowd begins to part, move towards the door.

[REDACTED] He  
don't mean you no harm.

BILLY : [REDACTED]  
Get outta my face, gal! This is  
man's work. Ain't you done done  
enough?

BILLY spits his words. At this latest command, [REDACTED]  
disappears into the crowd, a safe distance from BILLY'S  
vitriol. He turns his attention back to [REDACTED] who seems to  
take BILLY'S rage with an indifference, a nonchalance, that  
serves to further infuriate BILLY.

BILLY : [REDACTED] (CONT'D)  
Get outta here!

[REDACTED]  
who you messin' wit.

BILLY : [REDACTED]  
I know who you are. You a' old,  
washed up mack that used to be  
from Deep Morgan. Now, you  
represent Chicago. I want you  
outta here. This is my town, old  
man!

[REDACTED] you give  
me my money

BILLY : [REDACTED]  
What money you talkin' bout?

[REDACTED]  
Give me the money I want!

BILLY LYONS  
All right. I'm giving you this  
money. Now, get the hell outta  
here.