

Carlito's Way Carlito + Kleinfeld Scene

Carlito's Way (3)

57

He uncocks the gun. He walks across the room, keeping the weapon, playing with it idly while they talk. ~~Stacy~~

CARLITO: (cont'd) I woulda done anything for you. I woulda done anything for you, Dave, and you fucked me over.

KLEINFELD: Fucked you over? Okay. For the sake of argument, let's say I *did* give Norwalk something to get him off my back. Which I *did not*—but let's say I did. So what? It isn't true, is it? They can't send you to jail for it, can they? So what's the problem?

CARLITO: I can't believe what I'm hearing. Your telling me you didn't do it, but if you did, it doesn't matter 'cause it ain't true? I don't know what that means, Dave. You're missing the point.

KLEINFELD: Yeah, and what's the point?

CARLITO: The point is you don't give up your friends. You don't give up your friends.

KLEINFELD: Hey, let me tell you something. I'm the best fucking friend you've ever had. Let's start with the five times I busted my ass to get you off. And I *got* you off.

CARLITO: Got paid for it too, Dave. Got paid real well.

KLEINFELD: I didn't do it for the money, Carlito.

CARLITO: No? You took the money.

KLEINFELD: I got you out of fucking *Lewisburg*! I saved your life, you admitted it yourself!

CARLITO: This ain't about owing. We don't owe each other, Dave. We're even, remember?

KLEINFELD: Yeah, I remember. You also told me I couldn't make it on your side—well, I got news for you, pal, you don't have a prayer on my side. How many holes does a life like yours leave? Did you plug 'em all? Could you possibly? What about the Italians?

CARLITO: Only way the Italians put me on that boat for sure is if you give me up.

KLEINFELD: Well, if you think I gave you up to Norwalk, what makes you think I won't do the same for the Italians?

CARLITO *stares at KLEINFELD for a moment, then down at the gun in his hand.*

CARLITO: I'm not sure you won't.

KLEINFELD *just looks at him, wounded.*

KLEINFELD: *(soft)* Carlito. Do you know what you're saying?

CARLITO: I woulda bled for you. I woulda died for you. I never would've turned you.

KLEINFELD *looks at him. He's guilty as charged, he knows it, and now he finally loses his cool.*

KLEINFELD: Hey, you know what? Fuck you and your self-righteous code of the street crap! There's only one rule, and you know it—save your own ass! Always been that way, always will be. If I'm the only one who's honest enough to admit it, then good for me!

CARLITO *just looks at him, sadly. He walks over and gently puts the gun back under KLEINFELD's pillow.*

CARLITO: You're not my friend no more. That may not mean much to you now, but one day it will.

He turns and heads for the door.

KLEINFELD: You know the trouble with you?

CARLITO: The trouble with me is I came up in a time that don't exist no more. See you around, Dave. You got a beautiful future.

Stop

2