

MAKE A WISH

Written by

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FADE IN:

CLOSE ON the face of IZZY SCHOENBERG, 14. We don't know what he's doing, but it looks like...is he? He is. He's jerking off.

IZZY
J-E-T-S! Jets! Jets! Je--

LOIS (O.S.)
Okay Izzy are you read...

Izzy's mom LOIS SCHOENBERG, 40s, overweight, over made-up, and over-protective opens the door and sees...

LOIS (CONT'D)
(disgusted)
...oh, Izzy.

IZZY
Ahhh!

Izzy falls off the bed and out of frame.

IZZY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Mom! God fucking damnit! You're
ruining my pre-game ritual!

LOIS
Let's go Izzy. Everyone's waiting.

Lois shuts the door and we get a glimpse of the room. It's a bit cold and sterile.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL -- METLIFE STADIUM - NIGHT

BUTCHIE JONES, 20s, a black 6'4" 210 pound speed demon runs through a tunnel in his New York Jets uniform (number 88) as FIREWORKS pop-off.

The P.A. Announcer welcomes Butchie and the crowd ROARS. Fireworks explode as Butchie makes his way to the field.

DOCTOR PETERS (V.O. PRELAP)
I am so sorry...

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- HOSPITAL - NIGHT

DOCTOR PETERS, 50s, extends an x-ray across his desk.

DOCTOR PETERS

...but nothing we've tried has worked. If anything, the growth has accelerated. I'm afraid there is nothing more I can medically do.

Lois clutches her husband MEL, 40s, BAWLING her eyes out.

LOIS

But it...it can't be. There's got to be something!

DOCTOR PETERS

The disease has spread to almost every major organ in the body. We tried everything, we really did.

Lois holds her head and cries.

DOCTOR PETERS (CONT'D)

If there's anything else you need, or any questions you might have...

IZZY (O.S.)

I've got a question.

Izzy sits stone-faced between his parents. We get our first real look at him: he's bald, frail beanpole. Izzy wears a Jets jersey (number 88) with the nameplate reading "JONES" over his hospital gown.

IZZY (CONT'D)

You couldn't have done this earlier? The Jets are playing.

DOCTOR PETERS

Izzy, I know this must be hard for you, and there are some exceptional psychiatrists--

IZZY

I get it Doc, I'm dying. It sucks. And I'm sorry for not caring, but I knew I was hopeless from day-one and now I'm missing Monday Night Football! The Jets are about to taint-baste those faggot-ass Vikings on national T.V., and if I don't jerk-off before kickoff, I'm sabotaging their chances.

DR. PETERS

I understand how difficult this must be for you to hear--

IZZY

I don't think you do. For two friggin years I've been poked, and prodded, and irradiated. And for what? 'I'm sorry'? A *shandeh!* A *shandeh fur die goyem*. This is what happens when we go to the gentiles for medical help. Sloan Kettering my *tuchas*. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm gonna rub one out if there's still time. I'm done with this asshole.

Izzy gets up and flips Doctor Peter's the bird as he walks out -- the back side of his gown flaps open, exposing Izzy's butt.

EXT. METLIFE STADIUM -- FIELD LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Butchie jogs onto the field and takes in the 80,000 SCREAMING fans in the seats. Butchie notices 2 in particular...

BUTCHIE'S POV

A beautiful young black woman, TAMIKA, 20s, holds up a young girl, SUNNY, 3. She smiles and waves at Butchie (Camera).

SUNNY

Go Daddy!

BUTCHIE

Doesn't acknowledge them. He's already moved on, winking at the Jets Flight Crew (the cheerleaders) as he runs past.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The TV is tuned to the pre-game. Lois drapes Izzy's Jets blanket over his frail body. Mel sits by Izzy's side.

LOIS

My little man, it's not over.
We'll get other doctors.

IZZY

(trying to watch)
We've already seen em'. Could you not block the T.V., please.

LOIS

I take it you studied your Torah portion today?

IZZY

Jesus fucking Christ Lois, the game's about to start.

LOIS

Tomorrow, Torah portion or else I'm telling Doctor Peters to take this thing away.

IZZY

Why do we have to go through this every fucking week?

MEL

Izzy...

IZZY

I'm fourteen. You get bar mitzvahed at thirteen.

LOIS

You were dealing with your illness.

IZZY

You mean the same illness that's killing me? Tell me Lois, why should I do for God when clearly God is not doing for me?

Lois CRIES and leaves the room. Mel shakes his head and gets up to chase after his wife.

MEL

She wants you to become a man, that's all. It's not easy for her, for either of us.

IZZY

Not easy for her? I'm the one dying here, not her, not you. Now, unless you're here to watch Butchie Jones and the rest of Gang Green murder these bitches, I will see you tomorrow.

MEL

Good night Izzy.

IZZY

'Good night Izzy' and...?

MEL

Go Jets.

EXT. FIELD -- METLIFE STADIUM - NIGHT

Butchie hears the quarterback yell "hike," and takes off.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
McCoy in the shotgun, takes the
snap, got a man down-field...

Butchie catches the ball and runs over a would-be defender.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
He's got Jones for a big gain down
at the fifteen yard line.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH:**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

IZZY stands on his hospital bed and air jacks-off.

IZZY
All fucking day baby! All day!

BUTCHIE catches another pass.

IZZY pumps his fist.

IZZY (CONT'D)
First down bitches.

A NURSE comes by and shakes her head.

BUTCHIE runs through the back of the end-zone and catches a touchdown pass.

IZZY gets on all fours and lifts up his leg, pretending to urinate like a dog.

IZZY (CONT'D)
This is for you Coach Frazier.
Coach a defense my *tuchas*.

CUT TO:

IZZY sits on the bed in a cold-sweat.

IZZY (CONT'D)
Peterson, you are KILLING me faster
than cancer!

BUTCHIE blocks a linebacker named RANDLE, a monster-sized human. Randle jaws at Butchie after the play finishes.

RANDLE

You a dead man Butchie Jones. I'ma
take your bitch, and your
daughter's gonna call me 'Daddy.'

Butchie slaps at Randle's helmet. They tussle.

IZZY throws shadow punches.

IZZY

You're the man Butchie. Don't take
any shit from that asshole!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And it looks like Butchie's going
to cost his team fifteen yards for
the extracurriculars.

IZZY

NOOO!!!

LATER

BUTCHIE stands on the line of scrimmage.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And the Jets trail by three with
just under a minute to go with the
ball at the Vikings' thirty-four
yard line.

IZZY hides his head under his blanket.

IZZY

I can't watch. I can't watch. I
can't--

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

McCoy takes the snap--

Izzy peers out from the blanket.

BUTCHIE runs a post route into double coverage. He steps
inside, catching the CORNERBACK defending him flat-footed.
Butchie explodes to the outside, and breaks free.

IZZY stands on the edge of the bed, watching the play unfold.

IZZY

Throw the fucking ball!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

McCoy lets it fly, and he's got
Jones down the sideline.

BUTCHIE has only the FREE SAFETY to beat. They run in lock-step as the ball flies through the air...

...Butchie twists his body and snares the pass while simultaneously tapping his toes in the corner of the end-zone before he falls to the ground.

The REFEREE signals touchdown.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 ...Jones hauls it in for the
 touchdown! What a remarkable catch
 by Butchie Jones.

IZZY signals touchdown.

IZZY
 Suck it! Suck it! Suck it!

Izzy mimes jacking off as other kids in the pediatric ward crowd around his doorway, awoken by the commotion.

BUTCHIE spikes the ball. Teammates mob him with hugs as Butchie heads over to the sideline.

Butchie runs past the Jets Flight Crew and winks at COURTNEY, a gorgeous brunette who winks back at Butchie.

END INTERCUTTING

INT. IZZY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The TV in the corner has caught the interaction...and so has Izzy.

IZZY
 Did he? He just winked at her!
 He's banging the flight crew too?
 Awww man, does it get any better?
 He's the man I tell ya! The man.
 Jets win baby, Jets win! J-E-T-S,
 JETS, JETS, JETS!

SCOOT, a 9 year old cancer patient approaches.

IZZY (CONT'D)
 What is up my friend? You got what
 we talked about?

Scout hands Izzy a wadded tissue. Izzy inspects the tissue.

IZZY (CONT'D)
 This better not be your jizz rag.

In the wadded tissue are 4 pills.

SCOOT

Izzy, Doctor Peters says these will help me fall asleep--

IZZY

Scout, the Jets just asshole raped the Vikings, this is cause for a celebration. Besides, you can sleep when you're dead...which might be kinda soon.

Scout casts his head down, on the verge of tears. Izzy realizes he has gone too far.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Hey-hey, okay, you're not dying, okay? I'm dying, you're stage three-A, not three-B you're gonna be fine, y'know that right? Right?

It doesn't help.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Okay fine. Tough negotiator, I like it. Alright, stop *kvetching* I've got something for you too.

Izzy pulls a dirty magazine from underneath his pillow. Scout immediately cranes his head up, all better.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Listen Scout, this might be a little graphic for you. Hustler is great because it actually shows the schmeckel going into the wide wide world of vag, sweet scrumptious money pit that it is. You ever seen a wild rose in full bloom?

Scout shakes his head no. Izzy opens a page in the dirty magazine and Scout's eyes go wide. Izzy notices something in Scout's direction and winces.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Uhhh Scout, I hope that's not for me. Be careful or else you'll poke your dog's eye out with that thing.

Scout covers his crotch.

SCOOT

Izzy. Have you ever, y'know,
touched girls in these places?

IZZY

You kidding? Before I got in here
I was like the Butchie Jones of
getting pussy. Juke left, stutter-
step right. Go deep. REAL deep.
Touchdown.

Izzy lifts his hands like a ref to signal a score.

SCOOT

Wow. So Butchie Jones--

IZZY

Is. The. Man.

CUT TO:

INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM -- METLIFE STADIUM - NIGHT

Butchie bangs Courtney (the cheerleader) from behind amongst
a sea of football pads and gear. It's gross and sad.

BUTCHIE

Who's the man?

COURTNEY

You are Butchie.

BUTCHIE

You like that?

COURTNEY

I like two touchdowns on Monday
Night Football, baby.

BUTCHIE

You keep talking like that, I'ma
make you my agent.

INT. PLAYER'S ENTRANCE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Tamika looks at her daughter then checks her watch.

TAMIKA

I guess we'll just have to see
Daddy at home, okay baby?

SUNNY

But I wanna see Daddy now.

TAMIKA
Me too baby, me too.

INT. SCORES - NIGHT

The most famous (and best) strip club in New York City.

Butchie sits in the VIP section surrounded by 3 GORGEOUS STRIPPERS: (BLONDIE, CINNAMON, CHAMPAGNE), and a few of his burly teammates MEAT, a huge offensive lineman and TRUCK, almost just as large.

Butchie showers the girls with money.

BUTCHIE
Let's get some more dances and
bottles for my O-line here who
block so well and allow me to look
soo good doing what I do.

Butchie chugs a bottle of Kristal. Butchie checks his phone.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN:

A text message from Tamika reads: **"WHERE R U? SUNNY WAITED 4 U 2 TUCK HER IN!"**

BUTCHIE

Puts his phone away when Blondie whispers something in his ear. Butchie looks intrigued. Blondie leads him away.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)
I gotta jet.

Butchie exits the club.

MEAT
(to Truck)
Again? I don't have this much sex
in a week.

TRUCK
You don't get this much in a year.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUTCHIE'S RANGE ROVER - NIGHT

The vehicle swerves all over the West Side Highway.

INT. BUTCHIE'S RANGE ROVER - NIGHT

Butchie is wasted behind the wheel as Blondie's head bobs in and out of his lap.

Butchie closes his eyes to relax when the SIRENS blare.

The glow of the red and blues reflected in his face.

BLONDIE (O.S.)

Oh shit.

Butchie calmly pulls over and smiles.

BUTCHIE

Relax. I got this.

Butchie parks and rolls down the window.

2 POLICEMEN approach with flashlights.

POLICEMAN 1

You have any idea why we pulled you over sir?

BUTCHIE

No sir.

Butchie smiles, hoping the cops recognize him.

POLICEMAN 2

License and registration please.

Butchie hands Policeman 2 his license and registration. They scrutinize the info, growing somewhat incredulous.

POLICEMAN 1

Hey, isn't that--?

POLICEMAN 2

Yeah. I think it is. Looks we have a celebrity on our hands.

(to Butchie)

You have anything to drink tonight Sir?

BUTCHIE

Nah, I'm just driving my friend
uhhh...

BLONDIE

...Melanie.

BUTCHIE

My friend Melanie home. You know, post-game celebration.

POLICEMAN 1

You had some game tonight.

BUTCHIE

Thanks. You let me go, I get you all the autographs you want.

POLICEMAN 1

I would, but I have the Vikings Defense in my fantasy league. So I'm gonna need you to step out of the car please.

BUTCHIE

C'mon man, I got practice in seven hours. Is there any way we can, y'know, avoid this situation?

Butchie extends a wad of cash. The policemen look at it.

POLICEMAN 2

Are you attempting to bribe a law enforcement official?

BUTCHIE

Nah, not at all man, I'm just--

POLICEMAN 2

Out of the car. Let's go.

BUTCHIE

This some bullshit right here.

Butchie gets out of the car as the Policemen put his hands on the hood and frisk him, then put him in handcuffs.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- HOSPITAL - DAY

Dr. Peters sits across from Lois and Mel. A KNOCK on the door. SUSAN GALE, 40s, enters and extends her hand to Mel and Lois.

DR. PETERS

Lois, Mel, I'd like to introduce my colleague Susan Gale. She's the hospital liaison who will be assisting you in the transition phase of Izzy's care.

SUSAN

I'm so sorry to hear about Izzy.
The hospital works with many great
hospice facilities should--

LOIS

(stern)
He's coming home.

An awkward silence fills the air.

SUSAN

Right. Uhmm, on a more positive
note. Because of Izzy's situation,
we've been in contact with some
institutions that specialize in
helping children with terminal
conditions. Perhaps you've heard
of the Make a Wish Foundation?

Mel and Lois nod yes.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

They specialize in treating kids
like Izzy to a day they'll never
forget, usually a celebrity or a
special activity is involved.
Well, I'm happy to report that we
put an inquiry in on Izzy's behalf
and...the foundation responded.
Make A Wish would love to make
Izzy's wish come true. Is there a
particular celebrity or athlete, or
an activity that Izzy is
particularly fond of?

MEL

Butchie Jones.

LOIS

Izzy loves Butchie Jones.

INT. CITY LOCKUP - DAY

A bailiff removes cuffs from Butchie, and he walks up to
Tamika. Her eyes are red from crying.

TAMIKA

I hate you Butchie Jones. How
could you do this to me? To Sunny?

BUTCHIE

What do you want me to say?

TAMIKA

How bout 'I'm sorry I'm such a terrible father and husband'? I shoulda known. All Those nights you came home smelling like cheap perfume, stinking drunk. I never said anything because I knew you were a professional athlete and hey, what can I expect, girls throw themselves at you all the time.

BUTCHIE

You mean like you? You think I didn't know that I was just a target to you? A way to a better life?

TAMIKA

Is that really all you think of me? You're right Butchie. You're always right. Thanks for making this real easy for me.

Tamika walks away, leaving Butchie confused.

BUTCHIE

Where you going?

Tamika spins around.

TAMIKA

Where do you think? I'm leaving your dumb ass. If you ever want to see Sunny again you can contact my attorney, which by the way, you gonna pay for.

BUTCHIE

Bitch! You ain't taking my daughter.

TAMIKA

Why? You want to be a parent? You had that chance. You didn't want it. Bye Butchie.

EXT. CITY LOCKUP - DAY

Butchie exits to throngs of reporters and flashbulbs. He's flanked by his agent DAN ROSEN, 40s, a good Jew.

DAN
No questions please. Make way.
(to Butchie)
You've really done it this time my
friend.

Dan leads Butchie into the back of a black town car.

INT. TOWN CAR - LATER

Butchie stares vacantly out the window.

DAN
(into phone)
Okay, yes, that would be great.
I'll ask him now, okay. Great.

Dan ends his call.

BUTCHIE
What are they gonna do? One game?
Shit, one game check don't mean
nothing to me.

DAN
It's not just one game. This is a
contract year for you, you get
suspended with your team on the
verge of missing the playoffs.
This is New York for chrissakes!
They'd murder you on the back pages
if that happens. All it takes is
one single screw-up, which you just
handed them on a silver-platter.

BUTCHIE
Shit.

DAN
Exactly. But, good news. I just
got off the phone with the team
publicity rep. She's got an
opportunity for you to clean up
your image. There's this kid,
terminal cancer or something like
that. Worships you. You spend a
day with him, little smile for the
cameras, and maybe the commissioner
comes down easier on you.

BUTCHIE
Aww come on Dan, I don't do kids.
I just wanna play football.

DAN

That's just it. You don't make this right and you could be looking at Kansas City, or even worse... Buffalo.

BUTCHIE

I ain't going to Buffalo.

DAN

(losing his temper)
Then you have to do this!
It'll be easy. Play nice for an hour maximum in front of some cameras. It's a win-win. Please, for me. Whaddaya say?

BUTCHIE

I do this, you get me a max deal, right? Calvin Johnson money?

DAN

I swear on my children's lives.

Butchie rubs his head in his hands, deliberating.

BUTCHIE

Make the call.

Dan hugs Butchie then takes out his phone and dials.

DAN

Thank you, thank you, thank you.
(into phone)
He's in...the sooner the better...
Today? Sure, why not.

CUT TO:

INSERT: TV SCREEN

A Sports Center ANCHOR sits in frame, a super-imposed image of Butchie appears in the corner of the screen.

SPORTSCENTER ANCHOR

Breaking news out of New York today as Jets all-pro wide receiver Butchie Jones was arrested on a D.U.I., charge late last night with an unidentified female companion.

INT. IZZY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Izzy watches SportsCenter as he packs up his Jets gear.

SPORTSCENTER ANCHOR (V.O.)

No word yet on what fines or suspensions will be handed down by the league but sources say at least one game is more than likely.

IZZY

What the fuck!? NOOO!!!

CELESTE, 15, a frail girl who wheezes due to cystic fibrosis, stands in the doorway.

CELESTE

Would you keep it down? Some of us are trying to sleep.

IZZY

But the season's ruined!

CELESTE

As a Pats fan, I guess all I can say is suck it cause this Sunday my future husband Tom Brady is gonna kick...their...ass.

IZZY

Brady's an Ugg Boot-wearing fag. And I'm pretty sure he paid Mo Lewis to have Drew Bledsoe injured.

CELESTE

You're retarded, and F.Y.I., Doctor Peters confiscated that dirty magazine you gave to Scoot.

IZZY

Just because your shelf life is fifteen years longer than mine does not mean you are better than me.

Izzy mimes jerking off in Celeste's direction and she flips him off as she walks away. Scoot runs to the doorway followed by EDDIE, 8, another cute little cancer-kid.

SCOOT

Izzy!

IZZY

What do you want? I don't have any more porn...unless you have cash.

SCOOT

No. Izzy. Someone's coming to see you.

EDDIE

Yeah it's--

Scoot punches Eddie in the arm. Eddie YELPS.

SCOOT

Shhh. It's a secret.

EXT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

The car stops in front of the hospital. Dan and Butchie exit the car and get swarmed by HOLLY, 30ish, the Jets' Public Relations Coordinator. In her hands is a Jets Football and one of Butchie's jerseys.

HOLLY

Hi guys. Butchie, thank you so much for doing this. I know it's a hassle, but it's going to play really well with the league and with ownership.

Holly hands the football and jersey to Butchie.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

These are for you to give to the kid, but don't give it to him right away, wait for the crew to setup. Okay? Great. Everybody's inside so, whenever you're ready.

Holly scampers into the hospital.

Butchie looks at the items in his hands and feels queasy.

BUTCHIE

You sure about this man? It feels kinda dirty.

DAN

Don't take this the wrong way because you're my favorite client and I love you, but you're not the greatest arbiter of moral decency I have ever seen.

BUTCHIE

And you are mister agent? Didn't you used to sell cars before this?

DAN

Look, I'm not just saying this as your agent, or as the guy who just bailed your ass out of jail, but as a father of three who desperately wants his children to attend snooty ivy-league universities which are considerably more expensive than their less pedigreed state schools. Get out there and show this kid the time of his life. Whatever he wants, understood?

BUTCHIE

I guess.

DAN

Great. Now shut-up and smile.

Dan slaps Butchie on the ass like a coach would a player.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Butchie enters and is immediately blinded by a spotlight. A CAMERA CREW consisting of 3 guys: a pony-tailed loser CAMERA MAN, an overweight PHOTOGRAPHER, and a BOOM OPERATOR decked out in camouflage, set the scene.

Susan and Doctor Peters stand off to the side with Holly. Dan walks over to them and shakes their hands.

THE ELEVATOR

At the end of the hall DINGS and the doors slide open.

SLO MO

Izzy stands between Lois and Mel. His eyes go wide when he sees his hero standing but 100 feet away. Flash bulbs going off. The biggest smile in human history exposes Izzy's pearly whites.

IZZY

I think I just came a little.

*****(We're still in SLO MO just in case you've forgotten).*****

IZZY

Bounds out of the elevator and runs straight for Butchie.

BUTCHIE

Recoils, thinking he is about to be attacked.

IZZY

Stands a foot away from Butchie, and raises his hand.

REAL TIME

IZZY (CONT'D)
Whatup my nigga?!

Holly turns to the Cameraman.

HOLLY
Can you edit that out?

The Cameraman gives a thumb's up.

MEL
Izzy!
(to Butchie)
He's very sorry we don't talk like that.

IZZY
What did I do? Remove the 'er'
remove the hate, right?

Susan intervenes.

SUSAN
Izzy, on behalf of the Make A Wish Foundation, I'd like to present you with your wish...Butchie Jones of the New York Jets.

Izzy hugs Butchie who stands frozen, unsure how he should react.

Dan nudges Butchie.

BUTCHIE
(rote)
On behalf of the New York Jets it's my honor to give you this ball and jersey.

Izzy takes the jersey and puts it on.

IZZY
Awesome. Is this game-worn?

BUTCHIE
I don't think--

DAN
Yes. It is.
(to Butchie)
Just go with it.

BUTCHIE
Uhhh, you want me to sign it?

Holly puts a Sharpie in Butchie's hands and he signs the jersey on the numbers.

IZZY
Bitching. Now do my head.

LOIS
Izzy--

IZZY
Ma! I'm never washing this head again. Butchie c'mon. Sign it.

Izzy bends over. Butchie looks to Dan who shrugs *why not*. Behind them, Holly shakes her head.

Butchie reluctantly signs Izzy's head.

BUTCHIE
There ya go.

HOLLY
(to Cameraman)
You can edit that out, right?

The Cameraman again gives Holly a thumb's up.

BUTCHIE
So cancer huh?

IZZY
Yep, brain, liver, kidneys, it's like the triple crown of dying.

BUTCHIE
Yeah I think my aunt had that. She died.

Dan smacks his head in frustration. *This is a disaster.*

HOLLY
(to self)
Fantastic.

DAN
 (to Butchie)
 Throw the ball with him or
 something. You're killing us.

Mel heard that and shoots Dan a look.

DAN (CONT'D)
 (to Mel)
 Sorry.

BUTCHIE
 So, you wanna have a catch?

IZZY
 Fuck yes I do.

Izzy runs a few feet back and gets ready to play catch.

IZZY (CONT'D)
 Lois, where's that iPhone you got
 me? Shoot some b-roll.

Butchie tosses the ball to Izzy who cannot stop smiling.
 Butchie looks miserable as the Photographer shoots. FLASH.

Lois takes out an iPhone and films.

DR. PETERS
 Izzy, you might want to settle down
 and save your energy for--

IZZY
 Aww screw you. Y'know what?
 Forget this. C'mon Butchie, let's
 blow this joint before Doctor
 Mengele over here kills you too.

Izzy catches one last pass then walks up to Lois and snags
 the iPhone from her. Izzy grabs Butchie by the hand and
 leads him down the hallway to the open elevator.

Butchie looks back to Dan, confused about how to proceed.

Dan motions for Butchie to carry on.

Izzy and Butchie enter the elevator.

HOLLY
 (to Cameraman)
 Follow them.

The Cameraman again gives the thumb's up.

Izzy flips the bird to all as the elevator doors close.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
I need a drink.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Izzy stands next to Butchie and snaps photo after photo.

FREEZE FRAME

Izzy's smile is a mile wide. Butchie wants to die.

FREEZE FRAME

Izzy puts an arm around Butchie. Butchie's not even looking.

FREEZE FRAME

Izzy makes a muscle pose. Butchie stares at Izzy like the kid is crazy.

IZZY

Looks through the pictures and his smile fades.

IZZY
You're not having fun, are you?

BUTCHIE
Look, kid, don't take this the wrong way cause I'm rooting for you and all, but, I got real problems too and I'm having a pretty terrible day, so if we could just get this over with as fast as possible, it would help me out a lot. You understand, right?

IZZY
Yeah. I get it. Totally understandable. You clearly have real problems.

BUTCHIE
Thanks. So...we take some pictures, toss the ball around for a little bit, whatever, and then I'll be out of your hair--I mean. Sorry.

INT. PEDIATRIC WARD - DAY

20 children suffering from various stages of different illnesses mill about. Some are playing, some are watching TV. Some are in their beds receiving treatment.

The elevator doors open and Izzy leads Butchie out.

IZZY

Welcome to sympathy central. These kids don't have 'problems' like you per se, but take Scoot for example.

Izzy points to Scoot who smiles and waves from his bed.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Adenocarcinoma of the pancreas at six! Little bastard's been here longer than me, and I'm the old man of this ward. Now that's what I call funny.

Izzy leads Butchie down the row of beds to Eddie, 6, a bald little boy with a big toothless smile.

IZZY (CONT'D)

This is Eddie. He just lost his front tooth last week. When doctors discovered he had an acute retinoblastoma last year, his parents dumped him on the steps of an orphanage because they couldn't afford to pay for his treatment. At least he doesn't have problems like you though, right?

BUTCHIE

Okay kid, I get your point.

IZZY

Really? Cause I don't think you do.

Izzy and Butchie keep walking -- they pass Celeste, who barely glances up from watching T.V.

IZZY (CONT'D)

And that's Celeste. She's a Scorpio and a cunt. She says she's got cystic fibrosis, but I think she wheezes from too much AWHAAH.

Izzy makes a blowjob gesture. Celeste gives Izzy the finger.

CELESTE

Go Pats. Nice to meet you.

All the kids now see Butchie in their space, they brighten and flock to him.

IZZY

Alright, alright, Mister Jones is an important man, and unlike you little shit-stains he's got big problems. So you can all fuck off.

Butchie waves to the kids. Izzy grabs him and pulls him into a more private area.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Listen Butchie, I appreciate your honesty, I really do, but my time is short and since we're being honest...I need a favor.

BUTCHIE

Is it part of this wish thing?

IZZY

Yes, Butchie, it is. Are you always this dumb? Don't answer that. Look, I'm being moved into hospice soon. They're gonna dope me up, fluff my pillow, and wait for me to die.

BUTCHIE

Sounds like Buffalo.

IZZY

I always thought meeting you was going to be the highlight of my life, but now I see that you're just an asshole who doesn't give a shit about anyone else. So I think I want to change my wish.

BUTCHIE

Fine by me so long as it gets me out of here.

IZZY

Oh it will. I want some pussy before I die. And you're gonna help me get it.

A beat. Butchie can't believe what he just heard.

BUTCHIE
You're messing with me, right?

IZZY
I'm as serious as cancer.

BUTCHIE
That's really not what this day is
supposed to be about.

IZZY
But it's my wish! Look, I'm
fourteen and in a couple weeks I'm
going to be dead. I want to die a
man, what's wrong with that?

BUTCHIE
Because getting ass doesn't make
you a man.

IZZY
How old were you when you first got
some?

BUTCHIE
I dunno, twelve.

IZZY
TWELVE?! Where did you grow up,
and can you take me there?

BUTCHIE
I don't think you want to go to
where I grew up.

IZZY
You kidding? I'd love to nail
twelve year olds...and I'm at an
age where it's not morally
reprehensible to say that.

DING. The elevator door opens. Holly and the camera crew
spot Butchie and Izzy and get in place to shoot.

Holly approaches, eager to get some good footage.

HOLLY
Hi guys, I was wondering if we
could continue your conversation in
front of the cameras?

BUTCHIE
No we cannot.

HOLLY

But--

IZZY

Excuse me miss, I think you and I should fuck, right here, right now. You can keep the cameras rolling if you like.

A beat.

HOLLY

I'll just let you two talk.

Holly walks away and shoos the camera crew back into the elevator.

BUTCHIE

What are you doing!? You can't just go up to women and ask them to have sex with you.

IZZY

Then how would you do it?

BUTCHIE

I see what you're doing. I ain't helping you. End of story.

IZZY

Yes you are. You are going to use your powers to get that bitch to change her mind and fuck me!

BUTCHIE

That's not how it works.

IZZY

Then show me! Please. You want me to beg? Because I would totally get down on my knees and beg if not for the giant tumor attached to my spine making bending an incredibly difficult ordeal.

BUTCHIE

I can't deal with this.

IZZY

You don't have a choice!

BUTCHIE

So now you're threatening me? You're nuts kid. I'm outta here.

Butchie walks away. Izzy runs after Butchie and tugs on his shirt.

IZZY

Wait! I didn't want to have to do this, but if I have to take this thing nuclear I will.

Izzy lifts up his iPhone.

BUTCHIE'S VOICE (O.S.)

(audio recording)

Look, kid, don't take this the wrong way cause I'm rooting for you and all, but, I got real problems too and I'm having a pretty terrible day, so if we could just get this over with as fast as possible, it would help me out a lot. You understand, right?

BUTCHIE

You little son of a--

IZZY

You're in the middle of a P.R., nightmare and you think 'gee, I'll spend some time with this cancer punk and all my problems will be over.' But you know what America hates more than a *schvartze* athlete with a sense of entitlement who's trying to cover up his fuck-ups?

BUTCHIE

What?

IZZY

A *schvartze* athlete with a sense of entitlement who gets caught trying to cover up his fuck-ups with a stupid P.R., stunt that backfires horribly. I don't even have to play that recording for anybody, all I have to do is go to the Post with my mom and dad and tell them that you treated me like shit and it's off to Buffalo for you.

BUTCHIE

Who knows if you'll even make it long enough to call me out. You could die right now, right?

A beat. Butchie realizes he has crossed a line. Izzy's lips quiver, on the verge of tears.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

Kid, I didn't mean, I am so sor--

IZZY

Gotcha sucka! You should've seen your face.

Izzy busts out into a smile.

BUTCHIE

There is something truly wrong with you, y'know that? And I ain't talking about cancer.

IZZY

So that's a yes? You'll do it?

BUTCHIE

No I won't do it. You think a nigga with a D.U.I.'s a problem, then how do you think a nigga who steals a dying kid and gets him a hooker's gonna look?

IZZY

One, that only matters if we get caught, and two, it doesn't have to be a hooker. I'm not picky. It could be your mother for all I care.

BUTCHIE

Hey!

IZZY

Or what about Shoshanna Feldman! Yes. That would be awesome.

BUTCHIE

Who?

IZZY

Shoshanna Feldman was the hottest girl in my grade. I'm just saying, the possibilities are endless. So, are you gonna help me? Or do I need to call Mike and the Mad Dog and tell them that you are without a doubt, the biggest douche-bag in all of New York.

(MORE)

IZZY (CONT'D)
 We're talking worse than A-Rod and
 Donald Trump combined.

Izzy extends his hand. Butchie considers his options.

BUTCHIE
 I gotta talk to my agent about
 this.

IZZY
 No you don't! You have to be your
 own agent right now. You either
 help me, or you get shipped to
 Buffalo, right?

Izzy pushes his iPhone key-pad and winces.

IZZY (CONT'D)
 And whaddayaknow, it's six degrees
 in Buffalo right now.

BUTCHIE
 Fuck me.

IZZY
 And that's not even factoring in
 the wind-chill factor. So really,
 it's negative degrees in Buffalo.

Izzy sticks out his hand again.

IZZY (CONT'D)
 C'mon Butchie, let's you and me
 bust a move on some bitches.
 Clock's ticking.

Butchie SIGHS, resigned to his fate. Butchie grabs Izzy's
 hand.

BUTCHIE
 You got yourself a deal. And what
 the fuck does 'schvartze' mean?

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATER

Dan mingles with Lois, Mel, Holly, and the film crew.

The elevator doors open and out walk Butchie and Izzy (who's
 now wearing green Jets sweat pants under his gown).

They head for the exit. Confused/concerned, Dan runs up to
 Butchie.

DAN
What's going on?

BUTCHIE
The kid said that if I don't get
him some pussy, he's gonna call the
FAN and say I'm some horrible
schvartze.

DAN
What?

BUTCHIE
So I'm gonna get the kid some ass.

Lois approaches Dan and Butchie.

LOIS
What's going on? Where are you
taking my son?

Izzy runs to his mother and wards her off.

IZZY
Ma, Butchie's gonna show me around
town, we'll be gone for two, three
hours max. And then I'll be back,
I swear.

LOIS
I don't know.

BUTCHIE
I think your mom's right maybe we
should--

IZZY
(to Butchie)
Shut your fucking mouth.
(to Lois)
Lois, Ma. If you don't let me go,
no bar mitzvah.

Lois eyes Butchie with contempt, but then turns to her son
and hands him a \$20 bill.

LOIS
Here's a little something extra.
Enjoy yourself.

BUTCHIE
(to self)
Gonna cost a lot more than that.

IZZY
Let's go Butchie.

Izzy bounds out of the hospital.

DAN
But you can't just take him without his parents permission. This is not what we talked about earlier.

BUTCHIE
I thought you said 'whatever he wants,' right?

Butchie and Izzy continue walking for the door. Izzy exits.

DAN
Wait. Can you get me laid too?

BUTCHIE
Ain't you married?

DAN
Not happily.

IZZY (O.S.)
C'mon! I'm freezing my dick off.

Butchie moves past a shocked Dan and heads out.

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - DAY

Izzy and Butchie stand on 5th Avenue. Lost before they've begun.

IZZY
Alright, so where's your car?

BUTCHIE
Impound lot. I got a D.U.I., last night, remember?

IZZY
What? Well how the shit are we gonna get around? I refuse to take the subway, I mean, the street-crawling denizens there...just, yuck.

BUTCHIE
Why? Afraid they're gonna make you sicker.

IZZY

Very funny, now where's our transport?

BUTCHIE

Maybe you should've thought of that before you forced me into this.

Izzy takes out his iPhone.

IZZY

Okay, let me just see here. These phones are great. I can Google just about anyone like, say Mike Lupica of the Daily News and--

BUTCHIE

Alright kid. Shit, let me make a call.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. LINCOLN NAVIGATOR - DAY

Meat (from earlier) sits in the driver's seat. The back door opens and Izzy flies in. Butchie enters the passenger side and shakes hands with Meat.

BUTCHIE

Thanks for getting us man.

MEAT

Don't sweat it, when you told me the situation I thought there is no way I could pass this up.

BUTCHIE

Izzy, allow me to introduce you to--

IZZY

Meat fucking Ferguson?! No way. You're my favorite nose tackle in the game.

MEAT

I like this kid.

BUTCHIE

Yeah, he's a real gem.

IZZY

Remember when you pancake blocked DeAndre Cromartie last year?

MEAT

Hell yeah I do. Butchie, you didn't tell me this kid was a connoisseur of the art of blocking.

IZZY

That's because Butchie doesn't give a crap unless he's getting the ball.

Meat and Izzy share a laugh. Butchie scowls.

BUTCHIE

What? I block. I block well.

IZZY

Remember when Butchie got thrown to the ground on that pick play against the Rams? Finnegan just grabbed him, and threw him down like a little bitch.

MEAT

Okay, now I really like this kid. Where you want to go Izzy?

IZZY

Butchie, any ideas?

BUTCHIE

Kid, can't we just take you to lunch or something. Forget all this nonsense?

IZZY

Sure. Maybe we can invite Michael Kay and tell him what a great guy you are.

BUTCHIE

You a hateful little shit, y'know that? Take us to Chelsea Piers Meat.

MEAT

Wait. You don't mean--

BUTCHIE

Yes. I do.

Meat shakes his head.

MEAT

You the boss.

EXT. NEW YORK - DAY

The Navigator drives South through Mid-town Manhattan.

IZZY (V.O.)
Hey Meat, how many pounds of shit
you think you produce in a year,
gross tonnage?

BUTCHIE (V.O.)
Hah.

MEAT (V.O.)
I'm starting to like this kid less
and less.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHELSEA PIERS - DAY

The Lincoln Navigator pulls up to the Chelsea Piers Complex.

INT/EXT. NAVIGATOR - CONTINUOUS

All 3 look to the building in front of them, Butchie now sits
up front with Meat.

MEAT
Butchie, this is a suicide mission.

BUTCHIE
You got any other better ideas?

Silence.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)
I didn't think so.

Butchie opens the passenger door.

MEAT
Can I watch this happen? I'm
pretty sure you're gonna get
smacked at the very least.

BUTCHIE
Stay in the car.

Izzy opens the back door.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

(to Izzy)

You too. Lemme handle this. When we're good to go I'll call you in. Alright?

IZZY

Sure thing. You call my number, I come in, touchdown.

Izzy air humps the seat and makes a touchdown signal.

Butchie shakes his head and SLAMS the door shut.

INT. CHELSEA PIERS DANCE STUDIO - DAY

A private studio where some 20 cheerleaders, members of the Jets Flight Crew, practice their routines in a mirrored room.

Courtney looks up when she sees Butchie in the mirror's reflection. Butchie waves to her.

The other dancers notice and fawn like school girls, chiding Courtney to go talk to Butchie.

INT. HALLWAY -- DANCE STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Courtney comes out of the studio to find Butchie waiting. She goes in for the lover's hug.

COURTNEY

Are you okay? I heard about what happened.

Butchie gives her a weak back-pat, making her nervous.

BUTCHIE

Yeah, I mean, I'll be alright. Look, is there some place we can talk..away from all of them?

COURTNEY

You never cared about them seeing us before. Is this about your wife? Because if you ask me it's about time that you--

BUTCHIE

No, this ain't about--look, I need a favor from you.

COURTNEY

Of course, you know I'd do anything for you, that's why we work so well together.

BUTCHIE

That's the hard part, it ain't exactly an ordinary type of favor.

COURTNEY

Babe, you're scaring me. What is it? You can ask me anything.

A beat as Butchie searches for the right words...

BUTCHIE

When Dan bailed me out this morning he told me that unless I did this "Make A Wish" thing for this cancer kid, that the team might be looking to send me to Buffalo and--

COURTNEY

Oh my God. Yes. I say yes. I'll go to Buffalo with you. Butchie, I love you, you know that. And, I know there was another girl with you last night, and I know she didn't mean anything to you. I forgive you for all of that.

Silence. Butchie cringes.

BUTCHIE

That's, really sweet, and I appreciate it but...

Meat and Izzy enter. Izzy films Butchie and Courtney on his iPhone. Butchie turns Courtney away from their direction.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

...but, in truth, the real reason I'm here is because...

COURTNEY

...because?

BUTCHIE

This kid. He's dying, got cancer all over his body, and all he wants to do before he dies is have sex with somebody.

Silence. Courtney stares at Butchie, perplexed. Courtney LAUGHS, breaking the tension.

COURTNEY

You're joking, right? This is another one of those stupid jokes that football players play, right?

BUTCHIE

No. This ain't a joke. The kid--

COURTNEY

Just exactly how old is he?

BUTCHIE

Thirteen, maybe fourteen. He's hiding behind the door. Izzy! You can come on out, now.

The door opens, and Izzy bounds through the door with a strut. His iPhone films as he approaches Courtney.

IZZY

The name's Schoenberg...Izzy Schoenberg, I've been told that I'm something of a cunning linguist, but don't take my word for it.

Butchie winces. Courtney looks down to Izzy then back up to Butchie. Tears well in her eyes, her lower lip trembles.

BUTCHIE

Courtney I know how this looks...and sounds, but if you knew the position I was in you would--

INT. DANCE STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

SMACK. Courtney slaps Butchie as hard as she can and SCREAMS at the top of her lungs. The Cheerleaders watch in stunned silence.

INT. HALLWAY -- DANCE STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

IZZY

Oh shit dude she just--

Courtney SMACKS Izzy almost as hard.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Owww! You stupid bitch, you can't just smack people because--

Courtney SMACKS Izzy again.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Owww! Butchie, get this trifling
ho off me!

Butchie separates Courtney from Izzy.

COURTNEY

You bastard! I thought you were
going to leave your wife for me.
And instead, you come here with
this little pervert and try and
pull some Jerry Sandusky shit.

BUTCHIE

Hey! Ain't nobody tried to
Jerry Sandusky nothing.

IZZY

I mean, technically, I want
this to happen, and you're a
chick so--

Courtney swats the phone out of Izzy's hand.

IZZY

Alright that was just rude. Now I
don't even want to bang you. It's
bad enough that you're Butchie's
leftovers.

BUTCHIE

Watch your mouth.

Courtney SMACKS Izzy on the head.

IZZY

STOP! One more and I call the
police.

Courtney walks away, but stops and turns back, bee-lining for
Izzy.

COURTNEY

I hope you never get laid. In
fact, I hope both of you drop dead!

INT. NAVIGATOR - LATER

Butchie, Meat, and Izzy sit in the car, dumbfounded.

IZZY

What did you see in her anyway?

BUTCHIE

I dunno.

IZZY
Doe your wife know about her?

BUTCHIE
I dunno. Probably.

IZZY
If you ask me--

BUTCHIE
I didn't.

IZZY
Relax, all I was gonna say is that
I think your wife is hotter, okay?

MEAT
I agree.

BUTCHIE
I didn't ask you neither.

They all sit in silence.

IZZY
So...where to next?

Butchie shoots Izzy a withering look.

IZZY (CONT'D)
What?

BUTCHIE
(mocking)
'Hi my name's Izzy, I've been told
that I'm a cunning linguist'...what
the fuck was that?

IZZY
What? That's my line.

BUTCHIE
No it ain't.

IZZY
That *shiksa* bitch not banging me
has nothing to do with the line.
What were you thinking trying to
get your girl on the side to give
me some?

BUTCHIE

(enraged)

I was thinking that this was the one chick I could depend on who would do a-ny-thing for me no questions asked, until you came into my life and fucked it up!

IZZY

Okay, okay, geez, chill out, I'm sorry. I won't use the line any more, alright? Now, what's next?

BUTCHIE

I dunno. I guess we could go back to Scores, ask around over there.

MEAT

You sure that's such a good idea?

BUTCHIE

Just drive Meat.

INT. SCORES - DAY

Butchie sits at the bar when Cinnamon (one of the strippers from earlier) approaches with a smile and sits down.

BUTCHIE

Hey. Candi?

CINNAMON

Cinnamon. Gus said you were looking for Blondie?

BUTCHIE

Yeah, you seen her around?

CINNAMON

She's not coming in today. I think you might've got her in trouble.

BUTCHIE

You know where I can find her?

CINNAMON

We're not really supposed to give that information out. I might see her later if you have something you want me to give to her.

BUTCHIE

Nah, I had a business proposition for her.

CINNAMON

What kind of business proposition?

BUTCHIE

The physical kind.

CINNAMON

You trying to get a working girl in trouble or something?

BUTCHIE

It ain't nothing like that. I got my own problems with five-oh, I don't need no more.

CINNAMON

Blondie told me all about it.

BUTCHIE

Right.

CINNAMON

Well, I'm right here and I'm all ears. What do you have in mind?

Cinnamon caresses Butchie's arm. He pulls back, confusing/offending her.

BUTCHIE

I got a kid in my ride--

CINNAMON

Kinky baby.

BUTCHIE

No. Not--this kid's dying. He's never been with a woman before, and I kinda promised him I could help him out, y'know, before he goes.

CINNAMON

You serious?

BUTCHIE

I wish I wasn't.

CINNAMON

Wow.

BUTCHIE

Yeah. You know anybody who would be down for something like that?

Cinnamon scans around to see if she is being setup.

A beat. Cinnamon scrutinizes Butchie.

CINNAMON

Hypothetically, let's say I knew a girl for this kind of assignment, how much are you thinking?

BUTCHIE

I don't know, what's the market for something like that?

CINNAMON

How old we talking here?

Butchie mouths the word "fourteen."

CINNAMON (CONT'D)

That's young. Are you sure he's old enough to--

BUTCHIE

I dunno! I don't inspect his junk to see if it works. It's what he wants. So how much we talking... hypothetically.

CINNAMON

Twenty-five hundred, hypothetically.

BUTCHIE

What kind of fool you take me for?

CINNAMON

Hey, that's the going rate. We're the ones assuming all the risk here. You don't like it, you can always take the boy to Hunts Point.

BUTCHIE

You got yourself a deal.

Butchie sticks his hand out and Cinnamon grabs it. They shake hands.

INT. NAVIGATOR - CONTINUOUS

Izzy and Meat stare out the window.

IZZY

You remember your first time Meat?

MEAT

It was kind of awful. We were on this bed and as soon as I got on top of her--

IZZY

You on top of a woman? Jesus fucking Christ.

MEAT

Yeah, the bed broke.

IZZY

Hah!

MEAT

Yeah. It ain't all it's cracked up to be, especially the first time.

IZZY

What if it was the last time?

IZZY'S POV

Butchie and Cinnamon exit the club and walk towards the car.

MEAT (O.S.)

Looks like Butchie hooked you up.

IZZY

He's nervous. Really nervous.

Butchie and Cinnamon enter the car.

BUTCHIE

Cinnamon, meet Izzy. Izzy, Cinnamon.

Cinnamon smiles and strokes Izzy's cheek.

CINNAMON

Aww, he's cute.

IZZY

(meekly)

Hi.

CINNAMON

So, Izzy. Do you have a place in mind for this?

IZZY

Uhhhhh, I uhhhh.

BUTCHIE

Unbelievable. He finally shuts up. Meat, you know of any motels where--

CINNAMON

'Motels'? I'm not some hooker you get on forty second street and screw in an alley.

IZZY

Butchie what the fuck man? Can't you see this is one classy bitch? Take us to the Plaza.

CINNAMON

No. No hotels. This needs to be somewhere quiet, respectable. Somewhere like...

CUT TO:

INT. BUTCHIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Izzy, Cinnamon, Butchie, and Meat enter Butchie's swank apartment. High above NYC with great views, it's opulent but understated, except for the framed images of Jesus Christ and Tony Montana.

IZZY

Now this is living!

BUTCHIE

I can't believe I'm letting this happen.

CINNAMON

(to Butchie)

Which way is the bedroom?

Butchie grabs Cinnamon's arm before she can walk away.

BUTCHIE

Don't steal nothing.

Cinnamon shakes free of Butchie's grip, offended.

CINNAMON

Hey asshole, what kind of person do you take me for?

Cinnamon turns to Izzy and caresses his cheek.

CINNAMON (CONT'D)

Give me a minute to slip into something a little more comfortable and I'll call you when I'm ready, okay sweetie?

Cinnamon kisses Izzy on the lips and saunters out of frame.

IZZY

Holy fucking shit. This is really happening. You're the man, Butchie.

BUTCHIE

You're welcome kid, but, after this, we're straight right? You leave me alone?

IZZY

You kidding? After this, I'm telling my parents I want to be buried in your jersey.

A beat. Meat and Butchie stare at each other.

BUTCHIE

Wow, that's...

MEAT

Heavy.

CINNAMON (O.S.)

I-zzy, I'm rea-dy.

Izzy fist-bumps Meat and then Butchie.

BUTCHIE

Alright kid, handle your business.

IZZY

Alright. Cool. Handling.

Izzy heads for the bedroom, but pauses, then turns around.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Remind me again, where's the clitoris?

MEAT

Imagine the pussy is like a melon cut in half with a pistachio at the top part.

BUTCHIE

Pistachio? What the--no. It doesn't matter.

IZZY

But what if I want to get her wet? I can't use my cunning linguist line if I'm unfit for duty. It's a fraudulent bill of sale.

BUTCHIE

I forbid you from going down on her. She's a hooker.

CINNAMON (O.S.)

I'm not a hooker! You keep offending me and the deal's off and all sales are final.

IZZY

Dude, she's not a hooker, shut up.

Izzy hands his iPhone to Meat.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Meat, I want pics with Butchie, before I'm a man, and after.

Izzy puts his arm around Butchie and grins.

FREEZE FRAME

Izzy gives a double thumbs-up. Butchie covers his face.

IZZY

Grabs the iPhone from Meat and stares at the photo.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Awesome.

Izzy heads for the bedroom. His phone RINGS. He answers.

IZZY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Ma! I said I'll study later, I'm about to get my fuck on. Bye!

(to Butchie)

Women.

Izzy walks into the bedroom and SLAMS the door shut.

Butchie lets out a SIGH and sits down on the couch with Meat.

BUTCHIE

Finally some peace and quiet.

The front door opens and in walks Tamika. Butchie and Meat scramble to action, freaked out. Tamika notes their odd demeanor.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

TAMIKA

I forgot some things, but don't worry Butchie, pretty soon me and Sunny will be gone forever. Guess my mama was right, I married a damned fool.

BUTCHIE

I didn't mean it like that.

MEAT

Leaving? Butchie, how come you didn't tell me this? I thought we were friends.

Butchie glowers at Meat, who shrinks.

BUTCHIE

Baby--

TAMIKA

Don't you 'baby' me. I'm just some trifling bitch who only had your baby cause I knew you were gonna make it big-time, remember?

MEAT

You said that to her? No wonder she's leaving you.

BUTCHIE

Meat. Would you please shut the fuck up.

MEAT

Lucinda's gonna be so sad.

TAMIKA

Meat, we're staying with you and Lucinda till we sort things out.

MEAT

Oh. Good. If she caught me saying any of that mess to her, she would kill me.

IZZY (O.S.)

I GET TO GO IN THERE!?

Tamika looks to the bedroom. *She knows something is up.*

TAMIKA

What was that?

BUTCHIE

What?

TAMIKA

What are you doing now, Butchie?

BUTCHIE

I'm right out here. Talking to you. That's what I'm doing.

CINNAMON (O.S.)

Hey! No Pictures!

Tamika goes to the door, but Butchie blocks her.

BUTCHIE

Tamika. I know I messed up. Bigger than I ever have before. But I swear to you, this right here, I've been doing out of kindness, not malice. Meat will testify to that.

Meat nods in agreement.

TAMIKA

I don't give a rat's ass if you've got Nelson Mandela in there. Get out of my way.

BUTCHIE

I'm begging you, don't go in there.

Tamika stares at Butchie and backs down.

TAMIKA

Fine, I don't care. Probably just another one of those skanks who you take on your drunken joyrides.

Butchie breathes a huge sigh of relief. BUT THEN...

The door opens and out walks Cinnamon, in a bra and panties.

CINNAMON

Screw you and screw that little pervert in there. I'm keeping the money, and I don't ever want to see you at the club again. You're all pieces of shit. And so are you for being married to this piece of shit.

Izzy exits the bedroom, struggling to pull his pants up.

IZZY

Next time you get you get a breast augmentation go for silicone not saline because I can see wrinkles on the underside of your titties you bitch!

Cinnamon exits, SLAMMING the door as she leaves.

IZZY (CONT'D)

(calling after her)

I love you.

Izzy notices Tamika and changes his demeanor. He walks over to her, hand extended. Tamika is too shocked to respond.

IZZY (CONT'D)

You must be Tamika. Lovely to meet you.

Tamika stares at Izzy, then at Butchie. Then at Izzy.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Don't worry, this hand's clean, but you know what's not? That chick's snatch, it was like the Broadway Danny Rose at the Carnegie Deli: one side's a pound of pastrami, the other, a pound of roast beef. I have pictures.

Izzy whips out his iPhone.

TAMIKA

Butchie?!

BUTCHIE

Tamika, I can explain. This morning...

Tamika SLAPS Butchie in the face.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)
Tamika. Please.

Tamika digs into her coat and slaps papers into Butchie's chest. Butchie looks at the papers, dread washes over him.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)
Divorce? Already?

TAMIKA
I didn't want to have to do it this way. But seeing this...even for you, this is messed up.

BUTCHIE
Tamika, you didn't even let me explain.

TAMIKA
I don't think there's a man alive who could make sense of all this. Stay away from me you creep.

Tamika opens the door.

MEAT
Tamika...

Meat rushes up to her.

MEAT (CONT'D)
Please don't tell Lucinda.

Tamika shakes her head and leaves, SLAMMING the door.

Izzy,- once again - wears his Butchie Jones jersey and sits on the couch, unaffected.

IZZY
That's three women in one day who've told you they never want to see you again. That's gotta be some sort of record.
(a beat)
So, where to next?

Butchie lifts Izzy off the couch and shoves him toward the door.

IZZY (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

BUTCHIE
Out. Now.

IZZY

But I didn't even score yet.

BUTCHIE

That's your fault. You had your chance. You messed it up, and ruined my life in the process. We're done.

IZZY

What? That was just the tip. I grazed it, barely. And by the way, I ruined your life? Nigga please.

Butchie is ready to take a swing at Izzy. Meat stops him.

MEAT

Easy, easy.

BUTCHIE

(to Izzy)

Leave.

IZZY

Fine. You can send me a postcard from Buffalo, that is, unless I'm already dead.

BUTCHIE

I don't care. Say whatever horrible shit you want. Spending a year in Buffalo's better than five more minutes with your crazy ass.

Butchie marches Izzy toward the door.

IZZY

Wait, hey. C'mon. I'm sorry okay? I didn't mean it.

Butchie shoves Izzy out of the apartment and is about to shut the door on Izzy, when...

IZZY (CONT'D)

I can help you get your wife back!

A beat. Butchie stares at Izzy.

BUTCHIE

How?

IZZY

I don't know yet, but, I'll figure something out, I swear.

(MORE)

IZZY (CONT'D)

Look, this is all I have to look forward to in my life, that's it. And seeing you just now with Tamika--she's it for you, I saw it in your eyes.

BUTCHIE

What would you know about it?

IZZY

I know that in your four seasons in the league, Tamika's missed a total of six games. Guess how many of those you've won, asshole?

BUTCHIE

I dunno, two?

IZZY

None. You know how many touchdowns you have in those games? Zero.

Meat and Butchie contemplate this.

BUTCHIE

Fuck me...

IZZY

No. Fuck me, somebody, anybody, please.

A beat.

BUTCHIE

One more, and that's it. I'm done.

IZZY

Okay. Great.

EXT. HUNTS POINT, THE BRONX - DUSK

The Navigator rolls up to one of the seediest areas of NYC. 4 DISGUSTING HOOKERS wait on the corner. Their asses droop out of short shorts (in the dead of winter) as they smoke cigarettes and shiver in the cold.

INT. NAVIGATOR - CONTINUOUS

Izzy surveys the scene and winces when he spots the hookers.

IZZY

Where are we?

BUTCHIE
The end of your virginity.

Izzy checks his iPhone.

IZZY
Wait, it's Friday, there's always a party on Fridays at some senior's house. Shoshanna Feldman's going to be there, and I really think I could convince Lois to let me...

Butchie ignores Izzy and jumps out of the car...

IZZY (CONT'D)
...or you could just walk away.
Asshole.

IZZY'S POV

...and approaches one of the ladies of the night.

They palaver a bit and then Butchie points to the car. The HOOKER, JAZMINA, a really sad looking woman in her 40s, stares at Izzy (Camera) and winks. Butchie hands her cash.

IZZY

Hides under the seat when Jazmina stares in his direction.

MEAT
Little man, I'm telling you. You don't want this.

IZZY
Yeah I do. You got any condoms here?

Meat opens the glove compartment and hands Izzy a Magnum condom. Izzy rips open the package and stares in horror.

IZZY (CONT'D)
Jesus fucking Christ Meat, I asked for a condom not a Bedouin tent. Do you lose brain function when you get your *schmeckel* hard?

Meat shrugs.

Butchie opens the door.

BUTCHIE
We're all set. Izzy, allow me to introduce you to...

Jazmina the hooker looks Izzy up and down.

JAZMINA

Hasmeena. You so sexy baby. So cute.

BUTCHIE

Hasmeena, meet Izzy. Izzy, Hasmeena.

Jazmina extends her hand Izzy takes it reluctantly.

JAZMINA

Come on baby, I show you a really good time.

IZZY

Wuh-wait? Where are we going?

JAZMINA

I have room, you come.

BUTCHIE

It's the flophouse on the corner. I ain't sure it's safe, but then again, what does it matter, right?

Butchie smiles. This is revenge for him. Izzy looks to the broke-down building on the corner.

IZZY

Fuck it. Lead the way madame.

Izzy slides out of the car and kisses Jazmina's hand. He COUGHS and spits.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Do you stub your cigarettes out on the back of your hand or something?

JAZMINA

You so funny baby.

Butchie hops into the passenger seat, getting warm as Izzy and Jazmina walk off. Butchie watches them vanish into the night (reflected in the window).

MEAT

You really think that's cool?

BUTCHIE

I don't care.

Butchie takes out his cell phone and dials a number. The phone RINGS and RINGS. Butchie ends the call before it goes to voice-mail.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

Damn.

Meat stares at Butchie, rage brewing. Butchie turns to Meat.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

What?

MEAT

That's messed up man.

BUTCHIE

What the fuck is it with you?
Since when are you a four hundred
pound Jiminy Cricket all of a
sudden?

MEAT

Three twenty-five.

BUTCHIE

And Izzy's got a full head of hair.
Three twenty-five? Nigga please.

MEAT

Fine. Three forty...

BUTCHIE

Meat, it's me, man.

MEAT

Okay, three fifty. I swear. Why
are you allowing this to happen?

BUTCHIE

You know why. You were with me
last night as I recall.

MEAT

I can look at the menu, I just
can't order nothing. I know right
from wrong when I see it.

BUTCHIE

And what's that supposed to mean?

MEAT

This is wrong Butchie.

BUTCHIE

How do you know the kid's not
having a great time?

CUT TO:

INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A flophouse's flophouse. Cigarette butts and cheap tapestries everywhere. A few strung-out bodies on the floor.

Jazmina opens the door and Izzy surveys the room.

IZZY

Wow. This is nice, got a rustic touch but also kinda urban. Did you decorate this yourself?

Jazmina stares at Izzy and then smiles.

JAZMINA

You so sexy baby with you big bald head.

Jazmina rubs Izzy's head then kisses him on the mouth. Izzy recoils but cannot break free until Jazmina lets go.

IZZY

Uchhh, tastes like the East River.

JAZMINA

Come.

Jazmina grabs Izzy by the hand and they walk over some of the strung-out bodies into an unlit room and the door SLAMS shut.

INT. NAVIGATOR - CONTINUOUS

Butchie and Meat keep talking.

BUTCHIE

Shirelle Tompkins. We was out chasing jack-rabbits on a hot summer day and I took my shirt off. She gave me this look, like I was a piece of fried chicken or something, and I knew right at that moment: it was on. Went into her granddaddy's shed and none of us knew what we was doing, and then...it just happened.

MEAT

See.

BUTCHIE

What?

MEAT

You smiled thinking about it. It's a beautiful memory for you.

BUTCHIE

Yeah, so?

MEAT

So you think Izzy's gonna feel the same way when he looks back on it?

BUTCHIE

How many times do I have to say this? I don't care. He does his thing and I go back to being Butchie Jones.

A beat. Meat is furious with Butchie.

MEAT

Y'know what man, get outta my car.

BUTCHIE

What?

MEAT

Seriously. You ain't gonna get the kid then you best get out before I throw your ass out. I did thirty-eight reps at two-twenty five at the combine, that's already more than your punk ass.

BUTCHIE

Meat, chill out man. Why you doing this?

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

For your own good dawg. I may only be the fat fuck who blocks for you, but at least I know who I am. But you on the other-hand...on Sunday, you get to be mister flashy primadonna asshole, and that's cool, but that's only one day a week. How do you live with yourself Monday thru Saturday?

Butchie stares out the window. That hit him in his soul.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)
 When Sunny was born I swore I
 wasn't gonna be just another nigga
 like my father was to me.

MEAT
 So don't be.

Butchie punches the console, furious with himself. He thinks for a beat, then exits the car to Meat's delight.

BUTCHIE
 (not looking back)
 And stop smiling cause you're right
 for a change!

Meat's smile fades.

EXT. HUNTS POINT -- THE BRONX - CONTINUOUS

We follow Butchie through the cold dingy street into...

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Still following Butchie as he tracks through a terrifying hallway. Lights flicker, johns meander, addicts shoot-up. It's a scene straight out of "The Wire."

BUTCHIE
 Yo Izzy!

Echo.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)
 Izzy where you at?

WAILING.

A random DRUGGIE stumbles past in a fog.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)
 (to Druggie)
 You seen a little bald kid,
 anywhere?

The Druggie keeps on walking; a zombie.

Butchie walks up a flight of stairs, becoming more frantic with each step.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

IZZY!

A NEGLECTED LITTLE BOY scampers past clutching a doll.

Butchie stops the boy on the stairwell.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

Hey. Uhmm, English?

The Neglected Little Boy stares blankly.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

Uhmm, gringo, blanco. Aqui?

Nothing.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

Hasmeena?

NEGLECTED LITTLE BOY

Mama?

BUTCHIE

(relieved)

Si, si, mama.

The Neglected Little Boy points to a door at the top of the stairs.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

Thank you, thank you-gracias.

Butchie continues upstairs, but pauses. He rushes back down the stairs and takes out his fat bank roll, pressing it into the palm of the Neglected Little Boy.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

For you, okay?

Butchie runs back up the stairs and opens the door.

INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Butchie moves through the hovel. He hears noises coming from another room...

IZZY (O.S.)

Aww yeah, I'm gonna make you my bitch, I should start calling you Brady. J-E-T-S woohooo.

Butchie enters the...

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and finds Izzy lying on a couch. Jazmina's hand bobs up and down on Izzy's lap under a cruddy blanket.

Izzy sees Butchie standing in the doorway and mouths "what the fuck dude?"

BUTCHIE

Izzy. C'mon man. Let's go.

IZZY

You're ruining this for me. I'm just getting warmed-up.

BUTCHIE

You don't want to do this.

IZZY

No, what I don't want is somebody busting in as I'm about to nut.

BUTCHIE

You really want your first time to be like this?

IZZY

I don't really care so much about the who as I do the how, and you're blowing it for me right now.

BUTCHIE

Look at this place! Look at her! You think either of you want this?

JAZMINA

Caliete!

Izzy stares into Jazmina's eyes and his excitement fades.

IZZY

I--I dunno man.

BUTCHIE

Izzy please, I'm sorry I brought you here. Let's just go and we'll figure something else out.

A beat.

Izzy gets up from the couch and walks past Butchie.

IZZY

Asshole.

Butchie smiles and follows Izzy out.

EXT. HUNTS POINT - NIGHT

Butchie catches up to Izzy on the street and stops Izzy before Izzy gets to the car.

BUTCHIE
You made the right choice.
Seriously. I'm proud of you.

IZZY
What is it with you? Huh? I was
close. So close.

BUTCHIE
So we'll keep trying.

IZZY
Keep trying?! You don't get it.
I'm on borrowed time as is. And
I'm supposed to be back in twenty
minutes. It's not like I can just
meet up with you next weekend or
pick a night to go clubbing.

BUTCHIE
Alright, alright, calm down.

IZZY
(crying)
I'm dying you schmuck. That was my
chance, and you ruined it for me!

BUTCHIE
Izzy--

IZZY
Take me back.

BUTCHIE
Izzy.

IZZY
I SAID TAKE ME BACK! I want my mom
and dad. I don't want to be here,
I want to go home!

Izzy runs off.

BUTCHIE
Shit.

Butchie catches up to Izzy and grabs him by the shoulders. Izzy SOBS. Butchie looks around, just as lost and confused.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Butchie gets SMACKED in the face by a hand.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL...

Lois, who smacks Butchie once again.

Izzy sits on his bed in a semi-catatonic state, depressed.

Meat and Mel stand in the background.

LOIS

You no-good, dumb-jock, asshat!

BUTCHIE

Miss Schoenberg, if you would just--

LOIS

How could you do this? We were worried about this stunt to begin with, but look at my child. What happened to him? What did you do to him?

Dan enters the room followed by Holly.

DAN

Miss Schoenberg, so good to see you. I understand that you're a bit upset--

LOIS

I'm well past a bit. I'm furious. How could this happen? I thought they were going out for ice cream?

DAN

And as far as we all know that's what happened. The way I see it, the way Butchie sees it, this was all just a misunderstanding and thank heavens, no one was hurt.

LOIS

I'm hurt Mister Rosen. And so is my husband.

(MORE)

LOIS (CONT'D)

We have precious little time left with our son, and when he returns here crying, after six hours doing god knows what, I assume the worst. Can you comprehend that?

DAN

Of course.

LOIS

Our lawyers will be contacting you very soon. I hope you have 'exactly what happened,' corroborated by evidence at that time because we are going to sue you, your client, The Make A Wish Foundation, and the New York Jets.

Mel picks up Izzy. Lois leads them out of the room. Butchie stares back at Izzy one last time before the door shuts.

DAN

Jesus Butchie! What did you do with the kid?

BUTCHIE

What do you want from me?! He forced me to get him laid.

DAN

With what, his physically imposing stature?

HOLLY

From a P.R., standpoint, this is a nightmare. This is like Lance Armstrong-level bad.

BUTCHIE

I know how it looks, but Meat can back me up--

HOLLY

Two black entitled athletes in a pickle is worse than one.

MEAT

(meekly)
I'm not entitled.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mel, Izzy, and Lois head down the hall. Lois has her cell phone to her ear having an animated conversation with someone (probably a lawyer).

Scot runs up to Izzy.

SCOOT

Izzy. How's it going?

IZZY

Not so great Scot.

SCOOT

Did you and Butchie have fun? Did he take you to the stadium?

IZZY

No Scot, it sucked. Butchie sucks.

SCOOT

Oh, okay. Where are you going?

IZZY

I'm leaving Scot. You take care of yourself, alright?

Izzy and his parents keep walking, leaving Scot in their wake. He's upset.

SCOOT

Bye Izzy.

Izzy and his parents stand in front of the elevator.

IZZY

Bye Scot. Come to my funeral.

MEL

Izzy...

SCOOT

(tears welling)
Okay.

IZZY

Don't worry Scot, I left some stuff under your pillow. Just don't think of me when you use it, and sorry if some of the pages are stuck together.

Scot brightens.

SCOOT
You're the man Izzy!

Ding! The doors open. Izzy thinks about Scoot's remark, puzzled, as he hops on the elevator.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dan paces back and forth on his cell phone. Holly does the same. Meat and Butchie stare at each other not listening to the background CHATTER.

MEAT
I'm sorry, man. I shouldn't have--

BUTCHIE
Don't sweat it. You were right.
This one's on me. I'm sorry I
brought you into this.

Dan walks to Butchie and puts a finger up, motioning him to be quiet as he tries to deal with the mess.

DAN
(into phone)
Yeah, we're looking for anyone who
can go in front of the cameras and
mitigate the damage done...
(pause)
Yeah, uh-huh. No. We already
tried them. We tried Loeb,
Greenbaum, and Silver and we also
tried Stern, Wasser, Feldman.

Butchie reacts to hearing the name "Feldman." Butchie gets up and walks out of the room.

INT. PEDIATRIC WARD - NIGHT

Butchie runs through the ward, past the adoring children.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

The elevator doors open and Butchie runs out. He spots Izzy standing with Lois at another bank of elevators.

BUTCHIE
Wait!

Butchie runs up to Izzy. Lois shakes her head, aghast.

LOIS

You've got some nerve y'know that?
I'm calling security.

Lois waddles off, SCREAMING for help.

BUTCHIE

Shoshanna Feldman.

IZZY

What did you just say to me?

BUTCHIE

She's the girl you like, right?
You can have her.

IZZY

A shandeh fur die goyem.
How dare you bring up Shoshanna
Feldman to me.

BUTCHIE

Tonight's that party, right?

IZZY

...I guess.

BUTCHIE

You 'guess'?

IZZY

Leave me alone Butchie, seriously.

BUTCHIE

But this is your--

IZZY

Fuck. Off. Go back to ruining
someone else's life, like your
wife.

Ouch. Butchie's hurt by this and walks away, seething, debating whether or not he should walk back to Izzy and punch the kid.

IZZY (CONT'D)

(to self)

Great, now I'm the bad guy.

Izzy walks back towards the elevators, hoping to apologize.

INT. IZZY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Dan and Holly are still on their phones. Meat sits on the chair, glum. Butchie re-enters, upset, but his expression changes to worry when he sees Meat and Dan.

BUTCHIE

What?

DAN

(into phone)

Okay, he's here now, yeah, I'll let him know.

Dan hangs up and turns to Izzy.

DAN (CONT'D)

Commissioner's office called. You're suspended two games. It's on ESPN already. The team wants to have a sit-down with you. This is no good Butchie.

Butchie bangs his head against the wall.

INT. PEDIATRIC WARD - LATER

Izzy hops off the elevator, looking for Butchie.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey loser.

Izzy stops and turns to see Celeste, attached to an I.V.

CELESTE

Your mom's been whining up and down the ward all day, so thanks for that.

Izzy keeps walking, not paying attention to Celeste.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Just thought I'd give you a friendly reminder that this Sunday, my future husband Tom Brady comes to town, and guess what, it appears Butchie's been suspended for two games so the Pats are now a two touchdown favorite.

Izzy stops and turns around, confused and angry.

IZZY

Two games?

CELESTE

Just came through the wire. It's really quite something. All you care about is the Jets, and you personally go about ruining their year. To think, if not for you, we might have only won by a touch--

IZZY

Y'know what Celeste, fuck Tom Brady's dimpled chin, and fuck his stupid signal-stealing coach, and fuck that faggot-ass hurry-up offense they run. And y'know what else Celeste? Fuck you.

Izzy runs down the hall.

CELESTE

Where are you going?

IZZY

To save the mother-fucking season!
(screaming)
BUTCHIE! COME ON OUT! I'm sorry!
Okay? I didn't mean it.

INT. IZZY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Butchie hears Izzy's SCREAMS and runs outside.

INT. PEDIATRIC WARD - CONTINUOUS

Butchie spots Izzy and walks to him. They stand 10 feet apart *a la* "Sleepless in Seattle."

BUTCHIE

Hey.

IZZY

Hey. I'm sorry. I guess I'm as much of an asshole as you are sometimes. And don't worry about a lawsuit, my mom's just an overprotective bitch. I can talk her out of it, I swear.

BUTCHIE

Don't worry about it.

IZZY

No Butchie, I am worried about it. I'm very worried because there is no way we beat the Pats without your offensive input. I'm sorry.

BUTCHIE

There's worse things.

IZZY

For you maybe. But you think I want to go out knowing that the last Jets memory I will ever have is of the Patriots butt-fucking us?

BUTCHIE

You got a point.

IZZY

You really think I can do it?

BUTCHIE

What?

IZZY

Shoshanna Feldman? She hasn't even seen me in years.

BUTCHIE

So what? Whatever happened to the Izzy who grabbed me by the balls and forced me to do all this shit for him? What about the Izzy who called me a *schvartze*? And by the way, I know it means nigger.

IZZY

Nigga'. Remove the "er," remove the hate. And that's all well and good, but in case you hadn't noticed, I've never done this before.

BUTCHIE

Big deal. All you gotta do is believe. So, is you a down-to-fuck pussyhound or isn't you?

Butchie extends his hand.

A beat.

IZZY

Yes. I am. I am a pussyhound.

Izzy slaps Butchie's palm.

BUTCHIE

Great. Now the only problem is getting past your mom. I ain't getting pinned for your kidnapping.

A beat. Izzy smiles and raises up his iPhone.

IZZY

I think I can handle that.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lois roams, flanked by nurses and 2 security types.

LOIS

Izzy! Where the hell did he go?

A RABBI enters the hospital, prayer book in hand. He passes Lois and the nurses, tipping his black hat as he passes.

INT. PEDIATRIC WARD - LATER

Butchie, Izzy, and Meat stand in the hallway getting lambasted by Dan.

DAN

This is totally irresponsible. You saw what that woman's already threatening and now it's like you're rubbing her face in it. I can't go back to selling insurance for my father-in-law, he hates me by the way.

BUTCHIE

I wonder why.

DAN

Very funny, but if the kid has another freak-out or god forbid nature takes its course--

IZZY

Shut the fuck up Dan.

DING. The doors open and the Rabbi exits the elevator.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Rabbi. So glad you could make it on such short notice. If you would follow me please.

RABBI

I'm a little confused, I was told that there's a young man here who needs spiritual guidance as his hour draws near.

IZZY

You're looking at him.

Izzy takes out his phone and dials.

IZZY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Lois. Garage in three minutes. Be there or you're going to miss it.

Izzy hangs up his phone. Izzy, Butchie, Meat, and the Rabbi get back in the elevator.

INT. PARKING GARAGE -- HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Lois and Mel wait by their car when Izzy, Butchie, Meat, and the Rabbi run towards them.

IZZY

You ready Butchie?

BUTCHIE

No.

IZZY

You'll do great, just read it off the screen.

(chanting)

Bar'chu et Adonai ham'vorach?

Butchie stares at his phone screen and reads with Meat.

BUTCHIE

Baruch Adonai ham'vorach...

MEAT

Vo-rachhhhh, more of a chhh, right?

BUTCHIE

Ham'vorachhhh l'olam va-ed.

IZZY

Baruch Adonai ham'vorach l'olam va-ed. Baruch atah, Adonai Eloheinu, Melech haolam, asher bachar banu mikol haamim, v'natan lanu et Torato. Baruch atah, Adonai, notein haTorah. Torahhh! Bereishit bara Elokim et hashamayim ve'et ha'aretz. Veha'aretz hayetah tohu vavohu vechoshech al-penei tehom veruach Elokim merachefet al-penei hamayim. Vayomer Elokim yehi-or vayehi-or. Vayar Elokim et-ha'or ki-tov vayavdel Elokim bein ha'or uvein hachoshech. Vayikra Elokim la-or yom velachoshevh kara lailah vayehi-erev vayehi-voker yom echad. Vayomer Elokim yehi rakia betoch hamayim vihi mavdil bein mayim lamayim. Vaya'as Elokim et-harakia vayavdel bein hamayim asher mitachat larakia uvein hamayim asher me'al larakia vayehi-chen. Vayikra Elokim la-rakia shamayim vayehi-erev vayehi-voker yom sheni. Vayomer Elokim yikavu hamayim mitachat hashamayim el-makom echad vetera'eh hayabashah vayehi chen. Vehayu li-meorot birekia hashamayim leha'ir al-ha'aretz vayehi-chen. Baruch atah, Adonai Eloheinu, Melech haolam, asher natan lanu Torat emet, v'chayei olam nata b'tocheinu. Baruch atah, Adonai, notein haTorah.

Mel holds on to Lois who weeps tears of joy.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Today I am a man!

RABBI

Actually Izzy, you're only about half-way--

MEAT

Tell him he's a man.

RABBI

You are a man.

MEAT

Do what you gotta do to make this legit.

RABBI

It doesn't really work like--

MEAT

Do. What. You. Gotta. Do.

The Rabbi thinks for a minute. The Rabbi taps Izzy on both shoulders and on the head (like he's being knighted).

RABBI

Isidore Schoenberg, by the power vested in me, by the state of Israel, I now pronounce you a bar-mitzvah. You may now--

IZZY

Get my fuck on! Thanks Rabbi.

RABBI

You're welcome?

IZZY

Start the car, Meat. Exit Forty-three A, Long Island Expressway.

Meat heads for the Navigator. Izzy follows, but stops when he sees Butchie approaching a teary-eyed Lois.

BUTCHIE

Miss Schoenberg...Lois. My wife left me today, she took my daughter with her, and I don't think they're coming back. Maybe I didn't realize it until now, but without them, I'm nothing. I can't think right, I can't act right, I can't breathe. I can't even begin to know what you and Mel are going through, or what Izzy's going through, but I know what he wants with the time he's got left. And you can hate me and sue me all you like, but no matter what, I'm gonna help your son get what he wants, and he wants to get some ass.

Lois's lip trembles. She holds Butchie's face with her hands and kisses his forehead.

LOIS

Have a good time.

INT. CONVENIENCE MART - NIGHT

Butchie, Izzy, and Meat meander through a pharmacy aisle perusing. Izzy finds some flavored condoms.

IZZY
Strawberry? Think she'll like that?

BUTCHIE
I don't think it matters. Just pick one and let's go.

IZZY
What if she doesn't like me?

BUTCHIE
You have to make her like you.

IZZY
Alright, how do I do that?

BUTCHIE
You just gotta be the same punk-ass you were with me.

IZZY
Gross.

BUTCHIE
Confidence. I believe your people call it *chutzpah*. You got it in spades.

IZZY
Right. Yeah. I do. Nice pronunciation by the way.

BUTCHIE
You got this. And, you got me and Meat to serve as bodyguards.

IZZY
Hey. Raise the goal-posts.

BUTCHIE
What?

Izzy motions for Butchie to make goal-posts with his fingers. Butchie gets with the program and lifts his fingers up.

Izzy places the condom on a ledge.

IZZY

And the crowd of eighty thousand is going nuts. It's all on the line with this one kick to determine the A.F.C. East. Will he falter or will he score.

BUTCHIE

More like will he bang her, or won't he?

IZZY

Schoenberg gets ready for the snap.

Meat storms into frame.

MEAT

Time-out ref!

IZZY

Oooh, the opposing coach tries to freeze the kicker one last time.

IZZY (CONT'D)

You really think I can do this?

BUTCHIE

Only one way to find out.

Butchie raises his hands like goal-posts once again. Meat gets in Izzy's face and WHISPER/ROARS (for crowd noise).

IZZY

Schoenberg gets back in position and lines up. The crowd's on the edge of their seats. This is the moment of moments. One shot, one chance. Here comes the snap. The kick is up...

Izzy flicks the condom. It floats through the air and sails in between Butchie's finger goal-posts.

Izzy raises his arms in triumph.

IZZY (CONT'D)

It's good! Jets win! The crowd goes wild. Schoenberg will definitely fuck Shoshanna Feldman!

Butchie lifts up Izzy and spins him around as Meat cheers.

EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT**HIGH ABOVE TRAFFIC**

The Navigator winds down an off-ramp and into the suburbs.

BUTCHIE (V.O. PRELAP)
You ready for this?

INT/EXT. NAVIGATOR - NIGHT

The Navigator pulls up in front of an upper-middle class suburban home. Muffled Hip-hop emanates from inside.

Izzy, Butchie, and Meat stare out the windows. Izzy looks nervous.

IZZY
I'm having this weird feeling in
the pit of my stomach--

BUTCHIE
Butterflies. I get em' before
every game. And when I first
started dating Tamika I...
(saddened)
If it's right, you'll know, and so
will she. You ready?

Izzy bobs his head and stretches his little limbs.

IZZY
Yeah. Let's fucking do this.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The door opens to find a massive house party in action. Over 50 kids, many of them high school seniors mill about, red plastic cups in-hand.

When Izzy walks through the door, the room fills with tension.

The party's host TYLER, 17, an ass, scrutinizes Izzy.

TYLER
Whoa. Who are you?

IZZY
I'm Izzy.

TYLER

Kind of a private event Izzy.

IZZY

Oh. Right. Okay, I'll just be on my way then. Tah.

Izzy walks out, mumbling the word "Tah" to himself like he's an idiot for saying it.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Izzy stands on the front porch where Butchie and Meat wait.

IZZY

I think we have the wrong house.

BUTCHIE

(peering in)
Seriously?

IZZY

Yeah, I think the Facebook invite was wrong, or--

TYLER (O.S.)

(muffled)
Did you guys see that? Some little bald kid just tried to get in.

Butchie looks at Izzy.

BUTCHIE

Ring the bell.

IZZY

Butchie--

BUTCHIE

We didn't come all this way for you to pussy out now. Ring. The. Bell.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tyler stands by the door talking to some cute girls.

The door bell RINGS. Tyler opens the door. Surprised to see Izzy once again.

TYLER

I thought I told you...

Butchie and Meat emerge from the other side of the stoop. Tyler's eyes bulge out of his skull.

BUTCHIE

Sup?

TYLER

Holy mother of fuck. Butchie Jones?

BUTCHIE

Mind if we come in with our friend?

TYLER

The kid's with you?

BUTCHIE

Course. You don't know who he is?
(to Meat)
They don't know who he is.

MEAT

(appalled)
Unbelievable.

BUTCHIE

This dude right here is what gives me my chi out on the field. So, you gonna let us in, or ain't you?

TYLER

Of course, please, right this way.

Tyler leads the guys into the party. The gravity of the party flows to Butchie like a magnet.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Butchie Jones is at my house!

Tyler bro-hugs Butchie and Meat and then Izzy. A BRO scrutinizes Izzy.

BRO

Hey. I know this kid.

TYLER

You do?

BRO

Yeah, he was in the paper or something. Holy shit, that's it. You're that kid who's dying of cancer.

IZZY

Ta-dah.

BRO

Whoa. Are you okay?

IZZY

Yeah. Although I'd be a lot better if one of you fagtards got me a beer.

Tyler and the Bro race to the keg to get Izzy a beer and hand him a cup.

Izzy takes the beer and chugs. Butchie gives him a stern look.

BUTCHIE

You sure that's a good idea?

IZZY

What's it gonna do? Kill me?

Izzy gulps down the rest of the beer. And then he sees her...

SHOSHANNA FELDMAN, 15 going on 25, she appears like a vision. Izzy stares at her slack-jawed. Butchie notices.

BUTCHIE

That's her huh?

IZZY

How'd you know?

BUTCHIE

Just cause.

MEAT

Not to sound gross or nothing, but I wish I was fifteen right about now.

BUTCHIE

Mmmhmm. Damn.

IZZY

So...what do I do?

BUTCHIE

Stay here, and try to look like you already scored a touchdown.

Butchie walks over to Shoshanna. Every girl in the party wishes she was Shoshanna at that moment.

IZZY

Looks away, nervous. He then turns back to see...

IZZY'S POV

...Butchie and Shoshanna talking. She's smiling. Butchie points in Izzy's direction. Shoshanna glances over.

IZZY

Turns away, blushing. Izzy chugs the rest of the beer.

IZZY

Holy shit. Holy motherfuck shit.
Oh fuck, oh fuck.

Meat puts a massive paw on Izzy's shoulder.

MEAT

Relax. Nobody ever got some by being the most anxious person around.

IZZY

Tell that to Woody Allen.

MEAT

Who?

IZZY

Never mind. I've got that feeling in my stomach again.

MEAT

It just means you're alive.

Izzy finishes his beer and bee-lines to the keg. Izzy attempts pouring a beer but the keg needs to be tapped and Izzy is a neophyte in such things.

IZZY

Stupid frigging, god-damned...

Shoshanna approaches the keg and takes Izzy's hand.

SHOSHANNA

You need to pump it. Like this.

Shoshanna pulls the pump up and down, up and down. The parallel's are obvious. Izzy gawks, transfixed.

IZZY
 (quietly)
 Thank you Moses.

Shoshanna takes Izzy's cup and pours Izzy a beer.

SHOSHANNA
 I guess you missed out on a lot of
 things these past couple of years.

IZZY
 I can't believe you remember me.

SHOSHANNA
 Why wouldn't I?

IZZY
 Because, I'm just a nobody, and
 you're this--sorry, I'll stop now.

SHOSHANNA
 You're sweet. And not that it
 matters, but the whole town knows
 who you are.

IZZY
 (vaudeville)
 Look it's Izzy the incredible dying
 boy. Watch as his T-cells cowardly
 combat the evil free-radicals
 roaming throughout his body.

Shoshanna LAUGHS, then leans in and kisses Izzy. Time stops.
 The biggest smile in the world curls onto Izzy's lips.

IZZY (CONT'D)
 Hehehehehehe.

Izzy realizes he's blowing it and regains his composure.

IZZY (CONT'D)
 Sorry--damnit, I have to stop
 apologizing.

SHOSHANNA
 Shhhh...

Shoshanna puts a finger to Izzy's lips.

SHOSHANNA (CONT'D)
 Wanna go upstairs with me?

IZZY
 Wha-what's upstairs?

SHOSHANNA

A place where we can talk.
Follow me.

Shoshanna takes Izzy by the hand and leads him towards the stairs. He passes Meat and Butchie along the way. Izzy gives them a big thumb's up and Butchie motions for Izzy to stop it and be cool. Izzy puts his hand down and follows Shoshanna upstairs.

Tyler and the Bro watch this happen, drunk and confused.

TYLER

You see that? That little kid's a pimp.

BRO

I know this is gonna sound crazy, but what if that little cancer kid, doesn't have cancer and he's really one of those pickup artist douchebags and he keeps his head shaved liked that on purpose?

TYLER

No fucking way.

Meat overhears this and has to stifle laughter. He walks over to Butchie, and puts a hand on Butchie's shoulder.

MEAT

You did it man. You really did it.

BUTCHIE

Yeah.

MEAT

What'd you say to that girl?

BUTCHIE

You don't want to know.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Izzy and Shoshanna kiss on a bed in a moonlit bedroom.

Izzy breaks free from the kiss.

IZZY

Wow. You're just so perfect, what is that, strawberry lip gloss?

SHOSHANNA

I had no idea you were this funny
back in middle school.

IZZY

Yeah, well, I didn't really get the
chance to blossom.

SHOSHANNA

What's it like?

IZZY

What?

SHOSHANNA

You know, having cancer?

A beat as Izzy tries to put it in the right context...

IZZY

It feels like every moment of my
life is fourth and goal from my own
one yard line, and Vince Wilfork's
coming after me that fat sack
of...let's not talk about it.

Izzy kisses Shoshanna passionately.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Butchie steps outside and dials numbers into his phone.

BUTCHIE

C'mon baby, please pickup. Please.

TAMIKA'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hi. You've reached Tamika, I'm
sorry I missed your call. Go Jets!

Beep.

BUTCHIE

(into phone)

Tamika. It's me. I know it's
late, and you don't want to hear
from me, but this has been the most
fucked-up day of my life and I just-
-I need your help. I love you,
bye.

INT. BEDROOM -- HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Shoshanna and Izzy intensify their make-out session, tumbling around the bed.

SHOSHANNA
Do you have a condom?

Izzy fumbles around and looks for a condom.

IZZY
I thought I did.

SHOSHANNA
That's okay.

Shoshanna and Izzy go back to making-out.

SHOSHANNA (CONT'D)
I think I have some.

RED FLAG. Izzy pulls away from Shoshanna.

IZZY
'Some'? How many are we talking here?

SHOSHANNA
I dunno, three or four. Why? Are you okay? You look like you've seen a ghost.

IZZY
Nothing, it's just...that's a lot of condoms.

SHOSHANNA
Butchie gave them to me.

IZZY
Butchie.

SHOSHANNA
Must be nice to have someone care about you the way he does.

IZZY
Yeah. Y'know this whole time I've been sick, I've been dreaming of you, at least I thought I was, but I'd bet your sweet *tuchas* that you weren't dreaming of me.

SHOSHANNA

I haven't seen you in two years
Izzy...And before that you were
just a boy in my class.

Shoshanna stands up, not liking this conversation.

SHOSHANNA (CONT'D)

God, what's your problem?

IZZY

My problem is that I wanted this to
be special. But it's not if it's a
job for you.

SHOSHANNA

Are you calling me a hooker?

IZZY

You tell me? What did he say to
you Shoshanna? What did he give
you? Please. I need to know.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Butchie stands in the cold, feeling low.

Izzy walks outside and approaches Butchie. They both stare
off...

BUTCHIE

That was quicker than I thought.

IZZY

I didn't do it.

BUTCHIE

Aww Izzy. The ball was on the one
yard line, all you had to do was
punch it in. What happened?

IZZY

Are you taking her to prom?

A beat.

BUTCHIE

Yeah. Only way I knew to sweeten
the deal.

Izzy nods.

IZZY

So she's a whore.

BUTCHIE

So were the others.

IZZY

But I didn't want this one to be.

Izzy and Butchie sit on the stoop.

BUTCHIE

What'd you expect? Some girl who last saw you when you were both twelve? And now you show up out of the blue and expect her to what? Fall in-love with you? She's probably never even had sex before.

Izzy's practically in tears at this point. He gets up and paces in front of Butchie.

IZZY

God, for once I just wanted to be a normal kid, and have an experience I could hang my hat on. Something to be proud of.

BUTCHIE

You already do Izzy. You got death staring you in the face and you don't give a fuck. You fight anyway.

IZZY

I'm so sick of people telling me how brave I am. That's what happens when you're dying. No matter how much of a pussy you actually are, people say all these nice things about you. Fuck that. Fuck their pity. And fuck yours too.

BUTCHIE

I get it. You're upset. I would be too.

IZZY

You don't know shit. I thought meeting you would be the highlight of my life, but I realized something in that elevator: you were more pissed off with the world than I was. You're like a Greek god, and millions of people worship you, and you're famous, and you have this beautiful family, and get anything in the world you could want, and somehow, somehow, your life is shittier than mine. And Shoshanna, she's a little *miyeskayt*. She could be the prettiest girl in the whole world, but all she cares about is going to the prom with a famous person. She doesn't even know who you are, just that you're somebody, and that's shitty. So if my hero hates his life, and the girl I want to bang doesn't care about who bangs her so long as she gets something out of it, what's the point?

Izzy lets it hang there.

Izzy's phone BUZZES.

Izzy looks down at his iPhone and winces.

IZZY (CONT'D)

That fucking bitch.

BUTCHIE

Shoshanna?

IZZY

No. Celeste. Apparently Brady and Belichick were talking trash about you, saying they'd never pick you off waivers, cause you don't do things the 'patriot way.'

BUTCHIE

Oh well, fuck em.

IZZY

What I don't get is how a girl from Philadelphia can worship at the altar of Brady and Belichick. It's sports treason I tell you.

BUTCHIE
Philadelphia?

IZZY
Yeah, Philadelphia, cheese-steaks,
asshole Eagles fans, the Liberty
Bell. Philadelphia.

Butchie smiles wide.

BUTCHIE
You ever been to Philadelphia?

IZZY
Once for a wedding. It sucks.
Some of the meanest, ugliest people
in the whole wide world.

BUTCHIE
They're hard-core about their
Eagles man.

IZZY
So what?

Izzy wanders over to a corner of the front yard and pisses
into the bushes. He BURPS. Butchie's still held-up on
something else, lost in thought.

BUTCHIE
So she likes you.

IZZY
What?

BUTCHIE
Celeste you idiot! All that Pats
talk, it's just to get under your
grill.

IZZY
But that's what little kids do.

BUTCHIE
And that shit never stops. It
starts out as name-calling and
kicking in the shins, but as you
get older, it just takes on
different forms.

IZZY
Seriously? That's retarded.

BUTCHIE
Finish up man, we gotta go!

Izzy looks down at his urine stream.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)
This is your last chance Izzy. You
want this or not?

IZZY
...I can't.

Butchie notes the change in Izzy's demeanor and approaches.
Butchie looks at what Izzy stares at and grows concerned.

BUTCHIE
Whoa. Izzy--

IZZY
I guess it wasn't butterflies after
all.

BUTCHIE
(frantic)
What the fuck is that?

IZZY
Renal failure.

A beat. Butchie paces, angry with himself.

BUTCHIE
I never should have let you drink
that beer.

IZZY
Butchie, relax. This is what's
supposed to happen. That's why
it's called terminal cancer.

BUTCHIE
There has to be something-someone,
the team doctors, they're good, the
best.

Butchie runs to the house and opens the door.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)
Meat, we gotta go now!

Butchie runs back to Izzy.

IZZY

Butchie, stop. Please. Best-case scenario is they're able to temporarily prop me up long enough to say goodbye.

Izzy keels over in obvious pain. Butchie holds him.

BUTCHIE

No. As long as there's time on the clock you can always throw the hail-Mary.

Meat exits the house and jogs to Butchie.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

C'mon Izzy, don't you want to go out with a bang?

Izzy smiles and removes Butchie's hands from his shoulders.

IZZY

Fuck it.

(to Meat)

Can you get us back to the city in a half hour?

MEAT

My foot's got more lead in it than my ass.

IZZY

I was hoping you'd say something like that.

Meat hustles off and jumps into the parked Navigator.

IZZY (CONT'D)

My name is Izzy Schoenberg, and today I am a man...a man who's D...T...F.

(to Butchie)

Now pick me up please.

Butchie picks up Izzy in and runs to the Navigator. The car burns rubber as it ROARS away.

EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

High above traffic. Cars look like ants from this height. One car seems to move faster than the others...

INT. NAVIGATOR - LATER

Meat puts the pedal to the metal. Butchie sits in back with Izzy, giving him water, attending to the poor kid..

IZZY

So what do I say this time
Casanova?

BUTCHIE

What do you normally say to Celeste
when you see her?

Izzy thinks.

IZZY

Normally I'd call her a cunt.

BUTCHIE

I don't think that's gonna work.

IZZY

Me neither.

BUTCHIE

So don't say anything. Just go up
to her with confidence, like she's
a defensive back who's trying to
block you at the line and just give
her that look.

IZZY

What look?

BUTCHIE

The death-stare.

Butchie demonstrates a death-stare.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

You telegraphing to the defender
that you're running the nine-route,
and there ain't shit he can do
about it, so don't even try and
stop me. Give em that up and under
at the line, and boom, explode up
the seem. Touchdown baby.

IZZY

This is way too much of a mixed
metaphor for me to understand.

BUTCHIE

You just go up there, you look her in the eye, not as some little boy who messes with her, but as a man. And you hold that stare, and you go in for that kiss. But don't rush it. And whatever you do, don't start talking trash to her.

IZZY

Got it. I think.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The Navigator pulls up to the hospital entrance. Butchie and Izzy get out. Izzy needs help standing up.

Meat rolls down his window, face to face with the dying Izzy.

MEAT

Good luck.

Meat sticks his hand out and rubs Izzy's head.

IZZY

Meat. You're the fucking man. And the next time this asshole gets out of line, I want you to promise me that you'll sit on him.

MEAT

Deal.

The Navigator glides away -- Butchie looks hard at Izzy.

BUTCHIE

You ready for this?

IZZY

Ready as I'll ever be.

Izzy takes a step and almost falls over.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Shit.

BUTCHIE

Don't worry, I got you.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Butchie enters carrying Izzy. A NURSE, 40s, sees this and approaches.

NURSE
Sir, only patients and family
beyond this point after hours si--

Butchie walks past the Nurse.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Sir? Sir? Sheila, call security.

Butchie and Izzy enter the elevator. The doors close.

CUT TO:

INT. PEDIATRIC WARD -- HOSPITAL - LATER

The doors open...and Butchie walks out still holding Izzy.

IZZY
Oh fuck.

REVERSE ANGLE

6 burly SECURITY GUARDS stand waiting to nab Butchie.

BUTCHIE

Smiles and looks at Izzy.

BUTCHIE
Hold on.

SLO-MO

Butchie holds tightly onto Izzy as he surges towards the Guards. He fakes out GUARD 1, blows past GUARD 2, does a spin-move on GUARD 3, and stiff-arm's GUARD 4. Butchie keeps running and side-steps GUARD 5...

...as GUARD 6 grabs Butchie by the waste and tries to bring him down.

Butchie is strong, *really* strong and takes another labored step.

IN THE DISTANCE

Scot hears the commotion and peers out of his room.

IZZY (O.S.)
 (weakly)
 Scoot, help!

Scoot appraises the situation, and charges the guard.

SCOOT
 IZZZZYYYYYYYYYYY!!!

REAL TIME

Scoot crashes into GUARD 6, and derails him enough for Butchie (holding Izzy) to slip past. Butchie winks at Scoot as he runs through and delivers Izzy to...

IZZY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Butchie drops Izzy on the bed.

IZZY
 Room three-Fifteen, down the hall.

Butchie walks back to the door, unsure of how to say goodbye.

IZZY (CONT'D)
 Wait. Thank you. For everything.

Butchie turns around and hugs Izzy, holding for an extra beat.

IZZY (CONT'D)
 Okay...a little gay. Get off me unless you want to be my first.

Butchie rises.

BUTCHIE
 Hey Izzy, you my *schvartze*.

Izzy smiles. Butchie exits.

PEDIATRIC WARD - CONTINUOUS

Free of the 90 pound weight, Butchie really puts his skills to use and fends off the 6 Guards who have regrouped.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)
 CELESTE!

Butchie hurdles over another Security Guard and makes his way to room 315.

Butchie BANGS on the door.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)
 Celeste. Izzy needs you. His
 room, now. Celeste, please!

Celeste opens the door, surprised to see football star
 Butchie Jones.

CELESTE
 What the hell is going on?

BUTCHIE
 Izzy needs your help. Go.

The 6 Guards tackle Butchie to the ground.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)
 Now Celeste! Please.

Celeste hustles out of her room and saunters down the hall to
 Izzy's room.

Butchie smiles as she makes her way.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)
 Y'all couldn't catch a cold.

One of the Guards hits Butchie in the face.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)
 And you hit like bitches!
 (to Scoot)
 Scoot! Good job little man. Tell
 the nurse to get Izzy's parents
 down here now.

SCOOT

Nods in the affirmative and runs off down the hall.

IZZY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Izzy lies in bed, when he hears a gentle KNOCK. Celeste
 enters and crosses to Izzy.

CELESTE
 What's going on Izzy?

Silence.

CELESTE (CONT'D)
 Is this another sick joke you have?
 Let me guess, you came back so you
 could call me a whore to my face
 one more time?

Silence. Izzy looks at Celeste, fear in his eyes.

CELESTE (CONT'D)
Say something damnit.

Silence. Celeste shakes her head.

CELESTE (CONT'D)
I should've known, you are such a
little--

IZZY
Wait...

Izzy labors to get off the bed, but somehow finds all of his strength and walks to Celeste.

Izzy looks Celeste hard in the eye for a tense beat.

Both their chests heave.

Izzy brings his hand to Celeste's face and removes a strand of hair from her face.

Izzy moves in and kisses her. It's a great kiss. Sweet and tender, not rushed and clumsy like we'd expect from him. He and Celeste hold the kiss for a moment, then break away.

IZZY (CONT'D)
I'm dying.

CELESTE
Me too.

IZZY
Cool.

And they pounce on each other.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATER

The guards drag a bleeding Butchie out of the elevator in riot-cuffs (ties) and sit him down on a bench. The Nurse talks on the phone, while staring at Izzy.

CUT TO:

INT. IZZY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Celeste climbs on-top of Izzy, she winces.

IZZY
Sorry. Are you okay?

CELESTE
Yeah, I've just never...this is a first for me.

IZZY
Oh. Me too.

CELESTE
Good.

Celeste kisses Izzy and they commence having actual sex.

INT. PEDIATRIC WARD - CONTINUOUS

Just outside Izzy's room, Scoot keeps his ear to the door. A big grin on his face.

Scoot scampers to the elevator.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATER

Scoot exits the elevator and runs over to the seated Butchie.

SCOOT
It sounds like they're having a lot of fun.

Butchie exhales, relieved.

BUTCHIE
Good job Scoot.

SCOOT
Y'know Butchie, I've never been with a woman either, and I was wondering--

BUTCHIE
Scoot, you're nine.

SCOOT
I'm *almost* ten.

Butchie shakes his head, laughing.

INT. IZZY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

QUICK CUTS

2 sets of feet, curling, flexing, and rubbing against each other.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

The POLICEMEN (from Butchie's first arrest) arrive. They confer with the Nurse and 6 Security Guards before walking over to Butchie wearing shit-eating grins.

POLICEMAN 1
Well, well, well, look who it is.

POLICEMAN 2
I have to admit, when we heard this come thru we just had to get in on the action.

POLICEMAN 1
Not surprised really.

POLICEMAN 2
Not surprised at all.

POLICEMAN 1
On the bright side, I have a leg-up in fantasy now.

BUTCHIE
You know what guys, you're right. You shouldn't be surprised to see me again. I get that this must be fun for you. Highlight of your week and shit. And then it dawned on me, the reason you guys are so mean and angry...

POLICEMAN 2
What's that?

BUTCHIE
You don't get laid enough.

POLICEMAN 2
Alright, get up.

The Policemen hoist Butchie from his seat and slam him against the wall. Policeman 2 frisks Butchie.

INT. IZZY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Celeste rides Izzy in the throes of passion.

IZZY
Oh wow, oh wow, oh wow.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATER

Butchie's riot cuffs are ripped off and replaced with real handcuffs.

POLICEMAN 1
You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say or do may be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to--

LOIS (O.S.)
Stop!

Lois and Mel march towards the officers.

LOIS (CONT'D)
What do you think you're doing?

POLICEMAN 2
Ma'am, please.

LOIS
Don't you Ma'am me. This man was merely doing specifically what we asked of him. You can't arrest him for that.

POLICEMAN 1
The way the guards tell it, this man assaulted hospital staff after being told he was illegally trespassing.

SCOOT (O.S.)
Oh yeah?

Everyone turns to see Scoot in the hallway. Venom in his gaze as he approaches the Policemen.

SCOOT (CONT'D)
Well the way I see it, as a witness and all, the guards were the ones doing the beating...they even hit me!

The Security Guards hold their heads in shame.

BUTCHIE
It's true. I saw it.

POLICEMAN 1

Shut-up.

SCOOT

So here's what's going to happen:
Butchie goes free right now, or
else I swear to God, I will tell
the whole world that you guys beat
up a cancer kid and you can kiss
your sorry jobs goodbye.

A beat.

POLICEMAN 2

(to Guards)

You still wanna press charges?

The Guards shake their heads "no."

Policeman 2 shrugs.

POLICEMAN 1

Well, maybe we'll see you tomorrow
Butchie.

Policeman 1 cuts Butchie loose.

POLICEMAN 2

Have a nice night.

The Policemen leave. The Nurse and Security Guards scatter.
Lois, Mel, and Butchie stare at Scoot in awe.

SCOOT

What?

BUTCHIE

You're the man Scoot.

INT. IZZY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Celeste sits on top of Izzy. They're almost at climax. A
shocked expression overtakes Izzy, it gives way to a smile.

IZZY

Wow.

CELESTE

Yeah.

IZZY

Celeste...

CELESTE

What?

All the air seemingly leaves Izzy's body as he deflates.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

Izzy? IZZY!?

IZZY

(whisper)

Touchdown.

And Izzy dies with a gigantic smile plastered on his face.

INT. PEDIATRIC WARD - NIGHT

Celeste runs out of Izzy's room in tears.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATER

Butchie, Scoot, Mel, and Lois talk in the hallway.

LOIS

So is he...?

BUTCHIE

He's happy.

Lois hugs Mel.

LOIS

Our little man is all grown up.

Celeste barrels into the main entrance in tears. Everyone knows it's over. Mel cradles his wife. Scoot chokes back tears.

Butchie runs down the hall.

INT. IZZY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON

Butchie, Lois, and Mel, all CRYING around Izzy's dead body.

BUTCHIE

(whispering)

You did it.

Scoot peers in the doorway, SNIFFLING. He's joined by Eddie and Celeste. She puts a comforting arm around Scoot.

Mel smiles wistfully at his son's body, touching his face.

LOIS

I didn't even get a chance to say
goodbye.

MEL

Honey, look at look at him. Have
you ever seen a smile that big?

Lois smiles despite her grief.

LOIS

(gesturing)

We're going to have to do something
about that.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Under the blanket, Izzy's sports a pup-tent erection.

MEL

That's my boy.

Mel, Lois, and Butchie laugh through the pain.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The RABBI (from before) stands before a large contingent of mourners finishing up a prayer. The wooden box casket has already been lowered into the ground.

RABBI

*Yit-barach v'yish-tabach, v'yit-pa-
ar v'yit-romam v'yit-nasay, v'yit-
hadar v'yit-aleh v'yit-halal sh'may
d'koo-d'shah, b'rich hoo.*

PAN ACROSS THE MOURNERS: Meat, stands behind Eddie, Celeste, and Scoot, who holds Butchie's right hand. Clutching Butchie's right arm is Lois, who clings to Mel on the other side of her.

RABBI (CONT'D)

*...layla (ool-ayla) meen kol beer-
chata v'she-rata, toosh-b'chata
v'nay-ch'mata, da-a meran b'alma,
ve'imru amen.
Y'hay sh'lama raba meen sh'maya
v'cha-yim aleynu v'al kol Yisrael,
ve'imru amen. O'seh shalom beem-
romav, hoo ya'ah-seh shalom aleynu
v'al kol Yisrael, ve'imru amen.*

The Rabbi closes his Haggadah and stands before the crowd.

RABBI (CONT'D)

As we conclude today's service, I would say to Izzy's loving parents Melvin and Lois, may you be comforted among all the mourners of Zion and Jerusalem.

Lois and Mel look at each other and smile. *They're gonna be okay.*

RABBI (CONT'D)

I know it brought Lois and Mel great comfort that Izzy achieved his bar mitzvah shortly before his death, and I am also told that his final moments, were indeed memorable. I have been recently informed by Izzy's family that Izzy wouldn't want us to harp on the melancholy aspects of what is no doubt a sad occasion. That was not Izzy's way. And so, in following Izzy's final wish, I say this, go Jets.

Butchie looks into the ground one last time. Tears flow. He smiles and tosses some dirt on the wooden box.

INT. MEL AND LOIS' HOME - DAY

The mirrors have been scrubbed.

Lois sits in front of Scoot acting like a mother once again. She holds a small knife in her hand.

LOIS

So what we do is we make a little tear on the right side of your shirt and the left side of mine because I'm the momma.

Lois tears Scoot's dress shirt, and then she tears her black dress. Scoot runs off.

A green jersey enters frame. Lois looks up and sees Butchie, she takes the jersey and tears a small slit on the right front panel.

LOIS (CONT'D)

This would make Izzy very happy.

BUTCHIE

Commissioner's office called.
Apparently some crazy woman
threatened to sue the league over
my alleged mistreatment. Got my
suspension temporarily vacated
pending a review.

LOIS

(coy)

I wonder how that could have
happened?

A beat. Mel approaches.

MEL

Guess that means you can play
against New England today.

BUTCHIE

I guess so.

MEL

There's something for you in Izzy's
room. Top of the stairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- MEL AND LOIS' HOME - DAY

Butchie creeps up the stairs and opens a bedroom door into...

INT. IZZY'S ROOM -- MEL AND LOIS' HOME - CONTINUOUS

Wall-to-wall posters of Butchie and other Jets paraphernalia,
and one of the walls features posters of bikini-clad women.

ON THE BED

A wrapped box with Butchie's name on a card. Butchie opens
the box. Inside is...

...IZZY'S IPHONE. There's a sticky note on the phone that
reads "PLAY ME."

Butchie switches on the phone and hits play.

INSERT: IPHONE SCREEN

Izzy's face fills the screen.

IZZY (ON SCREEN)

Hey Asshole. I hope you don't
mind...

(MORE)

IZZY (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)
 (labored/wheezing)
 ...but I looked through your phone
 and may have sent something to
 Tamika...don't worry, I made you
 look good. And if she cares about
 you at all, she'll know what you
 did for me. Anyway...
 I'm about...to nail Celeste.
 Maybe I'll...put it...in her
tuchas. And Butchie, one more
 thing...you're not, an asshole. At
 least not, anymore. J...E...T...S.
 Jets. Jets. JETS!

BUTCHIE

Clutches the phone, not wanting the message to end. He does not realize that standing right behind him is...

...TAMIKA.

Butchie turns around, unsure of what to say.

Tamika lifts up her own iPhone and hits play. We don't see, only hear what plays.

BUTCHIE'S VOICE (ON PHONE)
 My wife left me today, she took my
 daughter with her, and I don't
 think they're coming back. Maybe I
 didn't realize it until now, but
 without them, I'm nothing. I can't
 think right, I can't act right, I
 can't breathe.

Tamika stops the video.

TAMIKA
 You've got quite a friend.

Butchie takes Tamika by the hand.

BUTCHIE
 I know what I done was
 unforgiveable, but I'm gonna
 change, whether you're with me or
 not.

TAMIKA
 I believe you.

BUTCHIE
 So you're moving back in--

TAMIKA

Butchie it ain't that--

BUTCHIE

Lemme finish. You're moving back in, I'm moving out. Give me six months to prove to you that it's real, and maybe then, if you still want me...you can have me. Can you do that for me, please?

Tears well in Tamika's eyes.

TAMIKA

I don't know.

BUTCHIE

Look at this room Tamika. This kid worshipped me...and then he met me. And he realized I wasn't worthy of any of it. Football's temporary. My career could be over with the next hit I take. But being a father, a husband, that's forever. Let me show you and Sunny that I deserve to be on this wall. Six months. Please. Don't take Sunny away from me. Not yet.

Tamika bites her lip and considers for a long beat.

TAMIKA

Okay.

Butchie hugs Tamika. Standing in the doorway are Lois and Mel. They give Butchie a thumb's up.

INT. MEL AND LOIS' HOME - DAY

Butchie walks downstairs with Tamika. Butchie rubs a hand on Scoot and Eddie's heads.

BUTCHIE

You feel like coming to a football game?

Scoot and Eddie SCREAM.

Butchie turns to Celeste.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

What about you? Tom Brady's gonna be there.

CELESTE

Okay.

CUT TO:**INT. TUNNEL -- METLIFE STADIUM - DAY**

Butchie holds Sunny in his arms, Tamika waits in the wings. He's game-ready (jersey, pads, eye-black).

BUTCHIE

How many touchdowns is Daddy going to score today?

SUNNY

Four.

BUTCHIE

Four? Okay, just for you. Gimme your nose.

Butchie and Sunny rub noses. Sunny smiles. Butchie hands Sunny to Tamika.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

I'll see you after we win.

TAMIKA

Okay Daddy. And after the game--

BUTCHIE

Goldilox, I promise.

Butchie kisses Sunny's forehead and walks down the tunnel.

Meat, in uniform, helmet-in-hand, waits for Butchie.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

Thank you Meat. For everything.

Meat and Butchie pounds fists. The P.A. Announcer calls "Meat Ferguson," and Meat runs out of the tunnel to the ROAR of the crowd.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

You ready?

REVEAL:

Scoot, Eddie, and Celeste all wear Butchie Jones jerseys. Scoot hands Butchie his helmet.

Dan approaches out of breath.

DAN
I'm begging you, don't do this,
you're on thin ice already.

SCOOT
Shut the fuck up Dan.

Dan looks at Scoot bewildered. Butchie shrugs.

BUTCHIE
You heard him Dan, shut up.
(to Eddie)
Can I get a hand?

Butchie bends down and Eddie rips off the "Jones" nameplate on the back of Butchie's jersey, REVEALING a nameplate that reads "IZZY".

The P.A. Announcer calls "Butchie Jones," and Butchie runs out of the tunnel with Eddie, Scoot, and Celeste. Each of their jerseys read "IZZY" on the nameplate.

EXT. FIELD -- METLIFE STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

Butchie jumps up and down along with the kids.

SCOOT
Hey Brady! Suck my mothafu--

THE END