

THE FIXER

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INT. WAIKIKI EDITION RESORT - HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

JOE (50), salt and pepper hair, dark, fuck you demeanor walks through an ultra-hip Waikiki resort. He's not wearing a lei. This guy doesn't get a fucking lei at the airport.

JOE (V.O.)

The thing people need to realize about Madoff is that he was enabled by crooks.

Joe pushes the button and waits for the elevator.

JOE (V.O.)

Whether it was the fact he was a market maker and could time massive trades to benefit his fund, or just a straight crook, everybody knew that something wasn't kosher at that shop.

Ding. The elevator arrives. Joe boards.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Joe punches a number.

JOE (V.O.)

I don't know the guy. Never met him. But he fucked me and put me in this position. It's my fault. I got lazy. I didn't ask any questions, I didn't want to know. I knew it was too good to be true, but I figured, at worst, it's insider trading and that sure as hell doesn't bother me.

He pulls a Glock out of his belt, checks the clip and the chamber, holsters it, then pulls a second Glock, clip, chamber, check, holster.

Ding. The elevator doors pop open.

INT. WAIKIKI EDITION RESORT, HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Joe walks down the hallway.

JOE (V.O.)

My mistake was assuming I was dealing with a smart but greedy person.

(MORE)

JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Greed I can live with, greed is predictable. Madoff wasn't just greedy. He was a goddamn Grade A fucking moron. I'd kill the cockfuck if I could. But I can't, and I need money to run away, to start over. So I'm going to have to kill these guys, who happen to be friends of mine.

SKINNY SAMOAN GUY, spikey hair, tattoos, hangs out outside the door, sitting in a chair in the hall. He nods at Joe. Joe knocks at the door.

Silence.

VOICE (O.S.)

Terrance get your ass out here.
Come in Joe, it's open.

Joe walks into the room.

CUT TO BLACK:

INSERT TITLE CARD: THE FIXER

INT. O'HARA HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Joe's alarm sounds. He groggily smacks it and sits up in bed. His wife, MICHELLE (45) sleeps soundly next to him.

JOE

Are you having breakfast this morning?

MICHELLE

I have a terrible headache.

JOE

Alright.

MICHELLE

I think I'll stay in bed awhile.

JOE

Do you need anything?

MICHELLE

Can you get me my pills?

JOE

Sure. Think you'll come to Nick's meeting?

MICHELLE

We'll see how I feel.

JOE

Okay honey.

Joe slowly stands, stretches and walks to the bathroom.

INT. GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Joe sits with son NICK (19) with a bearded touchy feely GUIDANCE COUNSELOR (45) in a cramped office. The walls are covered in college pennants and full color campus photographs. The room is cramped, and the men sit in chairs in an awkward circle, knees touching.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR

To be honest, if you want to transfer to a four year college, you're going to have to get these grades up.

NICK

I don't really think college is for me.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR

Okay, well college is just one option. We can talk about some alternatives.

NICK

Like what?

JOE

I'm going to stop you right there. Nick. You're finishing the year here and then you're applying for a transfer. You're going to college. We are sticking with the plan.

NICK

It's my life Dad.

JOE

Tell me what you want to do. Seriously. Tell me. I can help you do anything you want. You want to work in movies?

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

You know how many movie people I have for clients? Politics? Business? Tell me what you want to do, and I'll tell you how you're going to do it. But it starts with college.

NICK

I don't know what I want to do.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR

Honestly, I meet kids all the time who aren't exactly sure what they want. Nick is just a late bloomer.

JOE

Well you fucking bloom Nicky, you bloom or you're going to have to start paying rent.

INT. MCDONALD'S - MORNING

TERRANCE ROCAMOURA (26) stands in line with his son, JAVAN (5). Terrance wears a doorag, oversize basketball jersey, and baggie jeans.

It's mid morning and McDonald's is mostly empty, save a few people eating Egg McMuffins, looking like they can't even taste what they're eating, staring into the middle space directly in front of them, an expression native to every McDonald's at 9:45 am on a week day morning.

But Javan couldn't be more excited to be here. He jumps up and down. He tugs on his father's hand. Terrance picks him up.

They arrive at the front of the line. A Cashier looks at them, tired and apathetic about the number of smiles per day that he'll serve.

TERRANCE

Can I get like a pancake happy meal for my boy here?

CASHIER

We don't do happy meals for breakfast.

JAVAN

I want a happy meal!

TERRANCE

Alright well can I just get one of them toys in the box? I'll pay extra.

CASHIER

I'm sorry, I can only give you the toy with a happy meal.

TERRANCE

So let me just get a happy meal.

CASHIER

We don't serve happy meals until 10:30 am.

TERRANCE

Look. I'll give you twenty bucks just for the toy.

Little Javan starts to cry.

JAVAN

I want a happy meal!

Someone tugs on Terrance's sleeve. Terrance turns. A toothless CRACKHEAD has joined the lined behind them. He's jumpy, and trying to be a kiss ass.

CRACKHEAD

Is that your son T?

Terrance ignores him.

CASHIER

What do you want to order?

TERRANCE

A mother fucking happy meal, I told you.

CASHIER

I'm getting my manager.

The Cashier stalks off.

The Crackhead waves at little Javan.

TERRANCE

Stop waving at my child.

CRACKHEAD

What's his name?

TERRANCE

Fuck you that's his name. Get the fuck out of here.

The Crackhead tugs on Javan's finger.

Terrance sets Javan down and draws a gun.

CRACKHEAD

Whoa. Sorry man, I-

TERRANCE

Get the fuck out of here. Right now.

The MANAGER (32) has appeared behind the register. Terrance turns and sees him. The Manager notices the gun. He backs away from the register. Terrance lifts the gun and points it at him.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

Get me a motherfucking happy meal.

The Manager nods and reaches for a happy meal.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

MICHAEL LAMAR (45), a well dressed, poised African American man watches as Joe lines up a shot in the rough.

MICHAEL

So you been retired a month right?

JOE

Yeah.

MICHAEL

And you still terrible at this game.

JOE

I'm not terrible.

MICHAEL

We been in the weeds all day.

JOE

I like it that way.

MICHAEL

You like pushing balls around tall grass. Alright. I'll believe that.

JOE

I know you're going for some double entendre shit with that but it didn't work.

MICHAEL

Well fuck you too. How's the wife?

JOE

She's good.

MICHAEL

That's good. Anything new to report?

JOE

Same old. But she's getting better. It's good that I'm home to look out for her. She needs me around.

They walk down the course toward their balls.

MICHAEL

I got an idea for you. A hobby. Side project.

Joe smiles and shakes his head.

JOE

How did I know this golf game wasn't about golf?

MICHAEL

I got this little shit nephew.

JOE

Okay.

MICHAEL

Walks around all day like his shit smells like cotton candy. Now, this kid, he's not stupid. In fact he's a pretty smart kid, you know what I'm saying?

JOE

Sure. I know the type.

MICHAEL

I mean, aside from the fact that he knocked up his girlfriend, but shit, whatcha going to do you know?

JOE

It happens.

MICHAEL

You're goddamn straight. Can't be mad about that. I mean that shit is standard operating procedure in the hood.

JOE

Point taken.

MICHAEL

So my nephew, his mother is Samoan. Beautiful woman, big. Buxom. Got hips that could knock down a door. And my nephew got all these fat fucking Polynesia people all over Samoa, Borra Borra, Tahiti, but biggest, Hawaii. Now I know what you thinking - who the fuck cares about this little hot shot half Samoan's people all over these shit little beach islands.

JOE

I am thinking that right now.

MICHAEL

Thing is, this is a captive market. There's no real muscle in these places. The margins are as wide as that Samoan bitch's hips.

JOE

So where do I come in?

MICHAEL

I need you to help me free up some capital to get him started. People need to be paid off, friends acquired.

JOE

No problem, that's a phone call.

MICHAEL

Well, one other thing. Contrary to what many people think, not every black person from Inglewood knows shit about the drug trade. I.e. I don't know shit about the drug trade.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

This kid- he been running a few corners and he thinks he's fucking Tony Montana, but he don't know shit. But if you could teach him about what's what, introduce him to the right people, you know.

JOE

That's gonna be a big time commitment. Right now, I gotta -

MICHAEL

I know baby, I know about you being retired, you wanting to play golf and braid your wife's hair all day. But I also know that you love it. Think of it as a hobby you can pursue in your golden years.

Michael hands him a business card.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Terrance Rocamoura is the kid's name. Number is on the back. Just call him, for fun. See what he's about, you know?

INT. CONDO - DAY

A modest, new construction condominium. Javan clings to Terrance's leg as Terrance talks to SHANIA (23) in nurse scrubs, fresh faced, beautiful.

TERRANCE

I like spending time with him. I'd like to spend time with you too.

SHANIA

I don't think that's a good idea.

TERRANCE

Why?

SHANIA

You want to see him now and then, okay. But I'm not letting him get his hopes up on us.

TERRANCE

I'm a changed man. I'm starting a business. I'm-

SHANIA

I appreciate that you're trying Terrance, I do. But you and me aren't something that could have been and isn't. We just weren't gonna work.

Terrance tries to play off his disappointment, smiling.

TERRANCE

Alright. Well I'll be back around some time for the little guy.

SHANIA

Alright then.

INT. ANDERSON, HARDING INVESTMENTS - DAY

HARRY ANDERSON (55) is thin, tan, wears suspenders, and has that master of the universe aura that all investment bankers have, because WALL STREET is their favorite movie and they missed the part about Gordon Gecko going to jail. Joe sits across from him, comfortable, the perfect chameleon.

JOE

Just wanted to go over the last statement.

HARRY ANDERSON

Absolutely. Problem?

JOE

No problem. I guess I'm just curious. What's the secret sauce here?

Harry smiles and gives him a quizzical look.

HARRY ANDERSON

I'm sorry?

JOE

The S&P was down. All the indexes were down. Everybody got killed or at least maimed. But not us.

HARRY ANDERSON

Not us. That's why you pay me the big bucks.

JOE

But you said you run a split strike conversion.

HARRY ANDERSON

We do.

JOE

Even that rolls with the markets a little.

Harry shrugs.

HARRY ANDERSON

We got lucky.

JOE

You're always lucky. And I'm just curious about it is all. All the years I was managing my clients' money, we had good quarters and bad quarters. And as a colleague, I'm saying, I'm impressed.

Harry nods, smiling.

HARRY ANDERSON

We invest through a major market maker. He has a massive database of trading history; we put that data to work.

JOE

Is that a nice way of saying you're front running?

Harry stops smiling.

HARRY ANDERSON

No. No it's not Joe, and to be frank the implication is more than a little insulting.

Joe smiles, raises his hands.

JOE

I'm not trying to tell you that we're not happy. We're very happy. I just like to know my business.

HARRY ANDERSON

There's nothing more to know. We're very good at what we do - and I think we've proven that to you.

JOE

Look, I'm a guy who's having trouble giving up the steering wheel. I'm retired, yeah, but I still think about this shit all day every day. And now that you've got my entire portfolio, all my clients, I just can't help but obnoxiously check in. I'm anxious, I'm jumpy, I'm on fuckin' yahoo finance every ten minutes looking up Cisco Systems.

HARRY ANDERSON

I love it Joe. Keep on checking in. Please. But relax! Have fun! You're done with the buy and sell of it all. Do what you love now.

INT. CHURCH OFFICE - MORNING

PASTOR HANK TAGGERT (40S), good looking in a delicate way, sits in a luxurious office behind his desk. He is strangely calm - almost serene - and a smile is plastered on his face. A BALD MAN (45) sits across from him, nervous, fidgety.

The man sighs heavily.

BALD MAN

Sexual things.

PASTOR HANK

What things?

The Bald Man shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

BALD MAN

I think about being with them. I'm sorry, this is very hard for me to talk about.

PASTOR HANK

What men?

BALD MAN

What?

PASTOR HANK

What men do you think about having sex with?

BALD MAN

I don't know.

PASTOR HANK
You must know. You think about it.

BALD MAN
Men at work. Men I see out at
bars. I've been to a gay bar
before.

Pastor Hank gives him a nod. He starts to dig in his desk
for a pamphlet.

PASTOR HANK
Look in your heart. There's good
there. I'm going to give you the
information for a ministry. They
have a program there, to help
people like you.

The Bald Man has begun to weep.

BALD MAN
Thank you.

PASTOR HANK
Okay.

Pastor Hank gets up and walks around the desk, pamphlet in
hand. He presses it into the Bald Man's hands. The Bald Man
stands, crying. Pastor Hank wraps him up in a long embrace.
He kisses his cheek.

PASTOR HANK (CONT'D)
You'll be okay.

They slowly pull out of their embrace. Their faces are close
now. There's a sudden tension between the two of them.

CHRISTIE TAGGERT (40s), Pastor Hank's viciously bland and
savagely asexual wife walks in.

CHRISTIE
Oh hi! Hope I'm not interrupting.

Pastor Hank drops his arms and circles back around the desk.

PASTOR HANK
No no. We're done here I think,
right?

BALD MAN
Yes. Thank you.

PASTOR HANK
We'll see you out there.

The Bald Man exits.

CHRISTIE
What the hell was that?

PASTOR HANK
Nothing.

CHRISTIE
It didn't look like nothing.

Pastor Hank pulls out a small baggie with COCAINE in it, picks up his set of keys and scoops out a small bump.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)
You need to lay off that stuff.

PASTOR HANK
Anything else?

CHRISTIE
They're ready for us.

INT. MEGA-CHURCH PULPIT - MORNING

Pastor Hank walks out into his congregation, Christie at his side, a white bread Jesus rock star couple, as a light show blares and a rock band sings about the Lord. Pastor Hank kisses Christie and she crosses to a seat right by stage.

Pastor Hank stands center stage. All the swagger of a cult leader or high school football coach. Broad smiles. Wide waves.

The room quiets instantly when he raises his arms. He wears a microphone headset a la Britney Spears in concert.

PASTOR HANK
Good morning. Is everyone ready to praise Jesus this morning?

CONGREGATION
Yeah!!

PASTOR HANK
I know I'm ready.

INT. O'HARA HOUSE, HALLWAY - MORNING

Joe knocks on a door. No answer. He pushes it open slowly.

JOE

Nick?

Joe looks around the room - no Nick.

He walks downstairs.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Joe pours himself a cup of coffee and sits down at a small breakfast table to read the newspaper. The house is quiet.

The back door opens - Nick walks in, a bright tank top and jeans, looking like he's been partying for three days straight. And he probably has.

JOE

Hey Nick. You just coming home?

He heads to the fridge and pulls it open, staring into it.

NICK

Yeah.

JOE

Nice. You have a big night last night, crash with some girl?

NICK

Just at a friend's.

JOE

Cool.

Nick shuts the refrigerator door empty handed, then walks past Joe and toward the stairs.

INT. O'HARA HOUSE - NICK'S ROOM - SAME

Joe stands at the doorway. Nick rummages through the closet, looking for something.

JOE

I was thinking we could hit the driving range today, whack some balls around like we used to.

Nick keeps rummaging, ignoring Joe.

JOE (CONT'D)

It's been so long. You been keeping your game up?

NICK
Not really.

JOE
Well, it's like riding a bike,
you'll pick it up again quick. And
you've got those great clubs -

Nick finds what he's looking for - a small duffel bag. He
throws it on the bed and starts to load it up with clothes.

NICK
I'm kind of busy today. Sorry.

Joe nods, trying to maintain a good mood, slowly getting
angrier.

JOE
Maybe we can spend some more time
together, now that I'm not working.

NICK
Yeah, maybe.

JOE
I'd like to anyway. What's with
the bag?

NICK
I'm moving out.

JOE
Oh? Who are you living with?

NICK
None of your business.

JOE
How are you paying for it?

NICK
I got a job, okay?

JOE
A job doing what?

NICK
What's with all the questions? I'm
an adult, and I'm living my life.

JOE
You're not just a fucking adult
living your life.
(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

You're a community college student who still takes money from his parents, so you have to sit here and answer my fucking questions.

NICK

I need to get out of this house.

JOE

I want you here. Your mother needs you here. And I'm not paying you to go off and live in an apartment when you're failing out of fucking community college.

NICK

You can stop repeating that I go to community college. I get that I'm a big disappointment.

Nick zips up his bag. Joe doesn't know what to say. Nick walks towards the door. Joe stands in his way.

JOE

Nicky, you're not a disappointment -

NICK

Are you going to let me leave or not?

A stand off.

JOE

Write your address down so I can find you.

Nick stares him down. Then relents and walks over to a small desk and scrawls his address out on an old desk calendar.

NICK

Can I leave now?

Joe steps aside.

JOE

Say hello to your mother.

NICK

Why? She won't remember it.

JOE

Don't talk about her that way.

Nick walks out of the room.

INT. O'HARA HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

The shades are drawn. Joe sits on the foot of the bed. Michelle lays in bed, an indiscernible lump of comforters and blankets.

JOE
Hey Michelle - you awake?

MICHELLE
Yes.

JOE
I was thinking, let's go out to
brunch maybe. At the club.

MICHELLE
I'm really tired Joe. I think it'd
be best if I slept a little more.

Joe pats her feet.

JOE
Alright then. Rest up.

Michelle says nothing. Joe gets up.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Joe sits at the breakfast table, reading over the paper, drinking his coffee. He looks at his watch and sighs.

EXT. O'HARA HOUSE - BACKYARD - SAME

Joe walks into the backyard with a cup of coffee. He looks around, puts one hand on his hip. Tries to soak it in, enjoy the calm of the moment. Walks deeper into the backyard and looks at his house - his family's house.

He walks up to the pool and dips his foot in it. It's cold. He goes to the pool heater, tastefully covered by a large wicker box. He lifts the box and tries tinkering with the heater. It's unclear if anything is working.

He walks back along the lawn, and spots the beginnings of a weed. He bends down and plucks it out, then tosses the weed into the bushes.

He walks the rest of the lawn, looking for weeds, taking sips of his coffee.

INT. O'HARA HOUSE - NICK'S ROOM - SAME

Joe goes back into Nick's room. He spots Nick's golf clubs in the corner of the room. Walks up to the golf bag and pulls out a DRIVER. He holds it up, sights it to see that it's straight. He puts it back in the golf bag.

INT. O'HARA HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Joe cracks the door to the bedroom and looks in. Darkness, silence. He thinks about saying something, but decides against it.

INT. O'HARA HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Joe sits back at the kitchen table. He glances over the newspaper, then sets it down, sighing heavily. He's starting to feel like a caged animal. This domesticity - it just doesn't fire enough synapses.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out his wallet and his cell phone. He finds a business card in the wallet and dials the number on the back.

INT. BILLINGSLEY'S - AFTERNOON

A dumpy old steak joint frequented by frumpy old people who like chopped steak and martinis. The restaurant is nearly empty - it's 3pm. Joe sits in a back booth.

In walks Terrance, all swagger, with DESHAWN (25) at his side. Joe rises out of the booth and extends his hand.

JOE

Joe O'Hara.

Terrance ignores him and sits in the booth.

TERRANCE

So you Joe.

Joe accepts the slight and sits across from Terrance and DeShawn.

JOE

That's right. And you're Terrance Rocamoura?

TERRANCE

Friends call me T-Murder.

JOE

T-Murder?

TERRANCE

Yeah.

TRACY (65), the waitress, a diminutive older woman who looks like she hasn't been excited by something in 20 years approaches.

TRACY

Drinks?

JOE

I'm alright. Gentlemen?

Terrance and DeShawn wave her off.

JOE (CONT'D)

Looks like we're good on drinks,
thanks Tracy.

(Joe turns back to the
table)

Didn't catch the name of your
associate here.

TERRANCE

That's DeShawn. Don't worry about
him.

JOE

Well Mr. Rocamoura, we have some
business to discuss and I'd prefer
we discuss it in private.

TERRANCE

He's good.

JOE

Perhaps I'm being unclear. I'm
here to discuss business with you.
Which means this gentleman-
(gesturing to DeShawn)
Needs to give us a moment.

Terrance slowly draws a gun from his belt and sets it on the
table.

TERRANCE

He's good.

Joe stands.

JOE

Well this isn't the way I work.
Give my best to your uncle.

TERRANCE

Sit your bitch ass the fuck down.

Joe smiles at him. He moves to sit down, but in a flash, grabs the pistol on the table and pistol whips DeShawn in the face, repeatedly.

DeShawn, caught off guard, tries to draw a gun from his waist but Joe grabs him by the wrist, yanks Deshawn's arm straight and smashes the butt of his own gun into DeShawn's elbow, shattering it. DeShawn's grip on the pistol loosens, Joe pries it from his hand. He tucks it into the small of his back, then, as he sits down, smashes Deshawn's face into the table. Now sitting, Joe keeps the other gun pointed in Terrance's face.

JOE

Excuse your bitch from the table.
Tell him to wait outside.

TERRANCE

Wait outside Deshawn.

Tracy the Waitress shuffles up to the booth.

TRACY

Everything okay here?

JOE

Yes, we're fine, thanks Tracy.
I'll have a diet coke.

DeShawn gets up and staggers out of the booth.

TERRANCE

Listen I-

Joe puts his finger to his lips.

JOE

Shhhhhh.

Terrance shushes. Joe regards him in silence for a moment, then reaches across the table and slaps Terrance in the face, hard.

JOE (CONT'D)

You ever draw on me again I'll have you and anyone you've ever known killed. Regarding your pal - what was his name?

TERRANCE

DeShawn.

JOE

Right. Don't bring your idiot friend Deshawn to our meetings. My business is with you, it's you your uncle vouched for.

Terrance rubs his face.

TERRANCE

Alright. I didn't mean no disrespect, I-

JOE

You didn't mean any disrespect when you told me to sit my bitch ass down? Shut up and listen, I'm not done yet.

TERRANCE

Alright.

JOE

I'm not calling you T-Murder, you're not a fucking rapper, you're a businessman. And stop dressing like that, you look like an asshole. That's just a personal taste thing.

Tracy shuffles back with a diet coke, then shuffles off.

JOE (CONT'D)

Thanks Tracy.

TERRANCE

What should I wear?

JOE

I don't give a shit, just stop dressing and acting like you're about to participate in a drive by shooting.

TERRANCE

Fine, yeah, right.

JOE

Alright. Let's start over.
Pleasure to meet you Mr. Rocamoura.
What questions about my practice do
you have?

Terrance rubs his face, takes a sip of water. Thinks for a
second.

TERRANCE

So, you the money man?

JOE

Right now Terrance, I'm retired.
You are my hobby. I'm a fixer; I
put people together who should be
doing business. In return, they
allow me to run their books, invest
their legitimate income, etcetera.
So yes, I am a money man. But I
will do many more things for you
than simply give you money.

TERRANCE

So how do we get this started?

JOE

Tell me about your business. Who's
your supplier?

TERRANCE

Big Richie.

Joe nods.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

You know him?

JOE

Heard his name around. He's a
middle man. I'm going to introduce
you to a friend, so you'll be
getting wholesale.

TERRANCE

What about big Richie?

JOE

Everyone has a price. My guess is
Big Richie comes pretty cheap.

TERRANCE

Alright.

JOE

But before we go there, I need to see your books; cash in, cash out, basic accounting. Understand that I'm investing in you as a person, Mr. Rockamoura. We're going to make a lot of money together.

INT. DUMPY WEHO APARTMENT - DAY

Cigarette butts in the creases of the couch. Smelly. NICK and MARK line up two rails of blow on a glass coffee table.

MARK

To freedom!

They snort and come up for air.

MARK (CONT'D)

Come here.

Mark kisses Nick, long and hard.

MARK (CONT'D)

Are you happy now?

Nick smiles.

NICK

I think so.

MARK

Why do you think so? You're freeeeee.

NICK

I am happy.

MARK

Let's hit one more.

NICK

Don't we have to sell some of this?

MARK

Stop worrying! We're going to a party tonight. We'll sell some there.

INT. MONTAGE HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

An RNC fundraiser. A who's who of Southern California conservatives. Joe works the room, glad-handing with the best of them.

JOE

Senator!

A tall GRAY HAired SENATOR turns.

SENATOR

Joe O'Hara. Look at your fucking face.

The Senator brings him in for a hug.

SENATOR (CONT'D)

What's this about you retiring?

JOE

Still consulting a little, but yeah. I'm relaxing.

SENATOR

Working that shitty golf game?

JOE

You know it.

SENATOR

Who's going to do my FEC filings?

JOE

You and I both know a monkey could do your FEC filings.

SENATOR

I love you kid.

ACROSS THE ROOM-

Pastor Hank moves through the crowd, towed along by Christie.

A stately, good looking Latino man catches Hank's eye and approaches- STATE REPRESENTATIVE ANTONIO MORA (35).

REPRESENTATIVE MORA

Hi there. Antonio Mora, State Representative for Fullerton district.

PASTOR HANK

Hi there. Pastor Hank Taggart.

REPRESENTATIVE MORA

I know who you are.

Rep. Mora smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. CADILLAC ESCALADE - NIGHT

Tension in the car as Christie and Hank are chauffeured home.

CHRISTIE

That was an important event for the church.

PASTOR HANK

I know.

CHRISTIE

And you disappeared for two hours talking to some irrelevant state representative.

PASTOR HANK

He was a smart man. We had a great conversation.

CHRISTIE

I know what you were doing.

PASTOR HANK

I wasn't doing anything.

INT. TAGGERT MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Christie gets ready for bed in a frumpy nightgown.

CHRISTIE

Where are you going?

PASTOR HANK

I have a meeting.

CHRISTIE

Do you have to?

PASTOR HANK

Yes. I have to.

CHRISTIE

Fine. Let's pray before you go.

They kneel together next to the bed, looking at a crucifix.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)
 Jesus help Hank overcome his
 demons. Jesus forgive Hank for
 what he'll do tonight.

Silence for a moment.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)
 Amen.

Christie stands.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)
 Did you call the service?

PASTOR HANK
 There's a party that I got invited
 to.

CHRISTIE
 Hank, I shouldn't even be letting
 you, but if you go you have to use
 the service.

PASTOR HANK
 Alright. Fine. I'll call them on
 the way.

INT. WEHO LOFT - NIGHT

A private party in a loft in the heart of West Hollywood. Pastor Hank winds his way through- it's a mix of very young, in shape gay men and older, obviously wealthy gay men. He spots REPRESENTATIVE MORA, who greets him with a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

REPRESENTATIVE MORA
 Have a drink. We're all friends
 here.

CUT TO:

INT. WEHO LOFT - SAME

Nick and Mark thread through the crowd at the loft. An OLDER GAY MAN recognizes Mark, smiles and approaches. He whispers something in Mark's ear and then palms him some cash. Nick digs in his pocket for a baggie and hands it to the OLDER GAY MAN.

INT. WEHO LOFT, BAR - SAME

Mark and Nick hang at the bar. Mark points out a man standing nearby- PASTOR HANK.

MARK

That guy has been staring at you all night.

Nick looks at Pastor Hank. Pastor Hank beckons him over. Nick approaches him.

NICK

Do you need anything?

PASTOR HANK

How much?

NICK

90 a gram. 200 for an eightball.

PASTOR HANK

I'll take an eight.

Pastor Hank tucks the money into the front pocket of Nick's jeans. Nick smiles and tucks a baggie into Pastor Hank's chinos.

PASTOR HANK (CONT'D)

Have one with me?

INT. O'HARA HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Joe sits on a chair, untying his black oxfords. Michelle sits in the breakfast nook across from him, a glass of wine in front of her. She wears a bathrobe.

JOE

I had a new client today. Really smart kid. A little cocky, but when you get past the bullshit, a really smart, driven kid.

MICHELLE

We should get flowers. For the front.

Joe stands and walks to the freezer. He pulls out a microwaveable dinner.

JOE

Alright. What kind?

MICHELLE
Snap dragons.

JOE
Hmmm. Don't know what those look
like.

MICHELLE
They're Nick's favorite.

Joe tosses the dinner in the microwave and starts it.

JOE
Oh?

MICHELLE
When you squeeze them at a certain
part of the stem, they look like
little dragons opening and closing
their mouths.

Joe nods.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Where is he living right now?

JOE
He said somewhere in West
Hollywood.

She says nothing, just stares straight ahead.

JOE (CONT'D)
He's fine Michelle. The way he's
acting, it's normal for his age.

She continues staring into space. It's unclear if she's
hearing him.

MICHELLE
I'm going to bed.

INT. WEHO LOFT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Nick and Pastor Hank take turns taking bumps off his key.

PASTOR HANK
This is good shit.

Nick hands him a card.

NICK

Here. Now you know how to reach me
if you need some more.

PASTOR HANK

What if I want to call you for
something else?

Nick smiles and looks down, tries to think of what to say.

Pastor Hank leans in and tries to kiss him.

Nick pulls back.

NICK

No - sorry - I'm with someone.

PASTOR HANK

Okay. Not even for a little
spending money?

NICK

I don't really do that.

PASTOR HANK

Alright. Well here's my card. In
case you change your mind.

Pastor Hank walks out of the bathroom.

INT. CRACK DEN APARTMENT - DAY

Terrance is in a dingy, dirty apartment, filled with used pie
tins, heat lamps, etc. It's a mess. A DEADBEAT WHITE
CRACKHEAD cuts coke and boils crack. Deshawn sits nearby,
smoking a joint, his arm in a cast and a bandage on his
forehead.

TERRANCE

Yo. How you doing?

DESHAWN

Been better.

Terrance nods.

DESHAWN (CONT'D)

We gonna do business with that
jack?

TERRANCE

Yeah. I need to see the books.

DESHAWN
The books?

TERRANCE
Yeah. The ins and outs.

Deshawn hands him a notebook.

Terrance takes it and starts to flip through it.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)
What about this month? This shit
stops in March.

DESHAWN
Man I know what comes in. We cook
some, we sell it. Why I gotta keep
a book?

Terrance sets the notebook down. Gestures for the joint.

TERRANCE
I don't know man.

Terrance takes a hit.

DESHAWN
This jack comes in, thinks he can
tell you how to run your business.
Fuck him.

Terrance nods.

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Joe walks into a poor lit Mexican Restaurant. IGNACIO LOPEZ
(40), going over some paperwork, waves him down from a booth.

IGNACIO LOPEZ
Mr. Country Club retired here. I
like this! Special occasion.

Joe sits across from him.

JOE
Yeah you know. I missed the
guacamole.

IGNACIO LOPEZ
Hey, fuck you. I don't even know
we make guacamole here.

Joe laughs.

IGNACIO LOPEZ (CONT'D)
So what? You miss me?

JOE
I have someone I'd like to connect
you with. A new friend.

IGNACIO LOPEZ
Oh? I like friends. Where does he
work?

JOE
He's been working Inglewood for
awhile, but he's connected in
Hawaii. We're setting him up there-
it will be all his operation.

IGNACIO LOPEZ
Interesting.

JOE
Captive market. He'll be moving
weight.

IGNACIO LOPEZ
I'd like to meet him.

INT. BILLINGSLEY'S - DAY

Joe sits with Terrance, who now wears jeans and a button down
shirt. Still has some style and swagger, but not the
gangbanger we first met.

TERRANCE
What you think? New threads.

JOE
Yeah it's good.

TERRANCE
That it? I look fresh man.

JOE
I'm your business partner not your
stylist.

TERRANCE
Alright. That's cool.

JOE
I'm fucking with you, you look
good.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)
Here's a pat on the back for not
looking like a dickhead any more.

Joe pats his back.

TERRANCE
Man, fuck.

JOE
I'm kidding around. Lighten up.

Terrance shrugs him off.

JOE (CONT'D)
Let's talk about these books.
There hasn't been an entry in a
month.

TERRANCE
Look, I buy the shit, then I cut
the shit, then I sell the shit. Who
gives a fuck what the numbers are?

JOE
Yeah? So how do you know people
aren't ripping you off?

TERRANCE
Naw. People that work for me are
straight. I've known them from
when we was kids, we grew up
together.

JOE
Fine. Let me ask you a question.
What kind of car you gonna get once
all this shit gets going?

TERRANCE
I don't know. A Range Rover.

JOE
So you're rolling around in a Range
Rover. And your brothers, love you
though they may, are looking at you
and thinking, why the fuck does
this guy have so much more than me?
And then they scoop a little bit
off the top from you. And you're
not noticing, because you're just
buying the shit, then selling the
shit.

TERRANCE

They wouldn't do that.

JOE

They can and they will. To them it's not ripping you off, it's just getting what they deserve. But the real problem is that now, you look weak. You look like anybody can rip you off. Somebody starts looking at you thinking, I can do what he does. And then you get fucking clipped. All this because everybody loves you, because you like being loved and you hate doing math. So here's an accounting workbook.

Joe pulls an ACCOUNTING WORKBOOK out of his briefcase. It has astronauts on the cover or some such nonsense.

TERRANCE

You giving me homework?

JOE

No, I'm not giving you homework. But until you get these books together, I can't vouch for you. Which means you can't meet the wholesale connect and your whole operation is going to get killed by razor thin margins. So get it together, and then let's talk.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

DeShawn sits on the couch, feet up on the coffee table, arm still in a cast. Terrance sits at a small kitchen table nearby, doing work with a calculator and notebook. Mark walks in, Nick at his side.

DESHAWN

Who the fuck is this?

MARK

This is Nick, my boyfriend.

DESHAWN

What the fuck you bringing your boyfriend around here for?

MARK

He's helping out.

DESHAWN
Whatever. You got your envelope?

Mark hands him an envelope. DeShawn eyeballs it quickly.

DESHAWN (CONT'D)
This is short.

MARK
We had a tough week.

DESHAWN
A tough week? You've had a couple
of those in a row now.

MARK
It's just been tough out there.

DESHAWN
Enough about tough. This is a
problem.

Nick speaks up.

NICK
Look it was really weak this round.
What'd you cut it with, exlax? All
our people were complaining about
the shits.

DeShawn eyes him coldly.

DESHAWN
Look at this. Junky white boy fag,
regular connoisseur. Well I'm
sorry you feel that way. What you
think T?

Terrance gets up from the table and sits down next to DeShawn
on the couch.

TERRANCE
Look at me mother fucker. What
color is my skin?

NICK
Um... black.

TERRANCE
Yeah. That's right. It's black.
Are we in the suburbs? Is this a
dorm room? No. I ain't no fucking
wise college boy.

(MORE)

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

I am a fucking nigger in the projects selling you cocaine. You buy and sell this product at my motherfucking pleasure. You don't like it, fuck you. I find out you're buying somewhere else, I will fucking kill you.

MARK

Listen, sorry guys, he didn't mean any disrespect.

Terrance hands Mark a paper bag.

TERRANCE

We going to be generous and cut you a break. But that envelope better be fat next week.

Mark grabs the blow, but Terrance doesn't let go.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

Just remember. We ain't in a dorm room.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - DAY

Nick chats with a heavily tattooed, bearded gay man, CHUCK (30).

CHUCK

We'll probably hit up Eagle.

NICK

I don't know how you do those places.

CHUCK

I don't like your pussy gym rat shit.

NICK

I get that, but the leather thing is gross. How do you clean it?

CHUCK

It doesn't really get dirty.

NICK

It doesn't get dirty? Yes it does. It gets dirty if you even set foot in that bar.

Nick hands Chuck a paper bag.

CHUCK

Thanks buddy. I'm going to need some time to pay you for this.

NICK

I need the money now Chuck.

CHUCK

I don't have the money now.

NICK

What'd you do with the cash from the last round?

CHUCK

It will be fine, calm down.

NICK

Give me back the fucking blow.

CHUCK

What?

NICK

You don't pay, you don't get the yay.

CHUCK

I don't think you understand. I'm behind, I need this to catch up, I'll pay you next time.

NICK

There may not be another batch if you don't fucking pay me today.

CHUCK

There better be.

NICK

Excuse me? You owe me money.

Chuck stands. He's enormous.

CHUCK

You're excused. Now get the fuck out of my store. I'll see you in a week.

EXT. VENICE BEACH BOARDWALK - DAY

Shania, Terrance and Javan walk the boardwalk on a crowded summer day, finishing off ice cream cones. Javan holds Terrance's hand. The sun warms their faces.

TERRANCE
This is nice, right?

SHANIA
Yeah, it is nice.

Terrance pops the last bit of ice cream cone in his mouth. Javan continues to lick his.

They walk past a HAT STORE where MICHAEL JACKSON'S THRILLER blares.

TERRANCE
Come on. It's time we got you a hat.

SHANIA
What?

TERRANCE
Come on now lady. You need a hat.

INT. HAT STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Terrance pulls a hat off the rack. A GAUDY GOLD FEDORA. He hands it to Shania.

She shakes her head no.

TERRANCE
Oh come on now. Don't you think mama would look good in that hat Javan?

JAVAN
Yes! Hat please! Put on the hat!

Shania rolls her eyes and takes the hat. She puts it on.

TERRANCE
You look like a movie star.

JAVAN
I like that hat! You're pretty.

Shania starts to take off the hat.

TERRANCE

Do a dance.

SHANIA

What?

TERRANCE

Dance a little with the hat on.
You look good. I want to see you
being all pop star.

JAVAN

Let's dance!

Little Javan starts dancing. So does Terrance. Terrance grabs two more fedoras and puts them on Javan and himself. All three of them are dancing to THRILLER. Javan starts singing into his ice cream cone like it's a microphone.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE BEACH PIER - SUNSET

The sun sets on the beach. Little Javan sits on a bench with his parents, dangling his feet, playing with a little fedora on his head.

SHANIA

So we're celebrating what exactly?
You won't tell me?

TERRANCE

I'm starting a new business, in
Hawaii, with some of my cousins out
there. It's a big step for me.

Shania nods.

SHANIA

Alright then.

Terrance grabs her hand and holds it.

TERRANCE

It's gonna be good.

She lets him hold it for a second. Then she lets go.

SHANIA

I'm happy for you.

TERRANCE

Maybe once I get settled, you and
Javan can -

A LOUD, BOISTEROUS VOICE INTERRUPTS THE MOMENT -

DESHAWN

AWWWWW SHIT.

Deshawn walks up with a few buddies. He's a little bit
drunk, a little bit high, generally jovial.

Terrance stands immediately and hugs him.

DESHAWN (CONT'D)

How we doing tonight?

Shania is reluctant. She doesn't stand.

DESHAWN (CONT'D)

Shania - come on now, you ain't
gonna say hello?

SHANIA

Hi Deshawn.

She stands half-heartedly and hugs him.

DESHAWN

Little man!

Javan stands on the bench, arms up.

JAVAN

Uncle Deshawn!

Deshawn picks him up and hugs him.

DESHAWN

Yo T - you remember Bites, Little J
and Derek right?

Deshawn's three buddies shake Terrance's hand.

Deshawn bounces Javan on his hip -

And as he does, the GUN he has tucked in his waistband gets
knocked loose and clatters to the sidewalk, then goes off
with a BANG.

People SCREAM and scatter. Shania gives Terrance a cold
look, grabs little Javan and quickly walks away, as Deshawn
scrambles on the ground for his gun and tucks it back into
his pants.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

A small, pleasant waiting room. Nondescript modern art in soft colors adorns the walls. Joe sits, waiting. He idly flips through a magazine, checks his blackberry.

The door opens. Michelle emerges. DR. TRISH (50), a tall, wispy, bespectacled woman, is behind her.

MICHELLE
(turning to Dr. Trish)
Thank you Doctor.

Dr. Trish waves to Joe. He stands.

JOE
Can I have a word?

DR. TRISH
Is that alright with you Michelle?

MICHELLE
(nodding)
Of course! Whatever you want Joe.

Dr. Trish nods. Joe follows her into the office.

INT. INNER OFFICE - SAME

Dr. Trish leans against her desk. Joe stands, hands folded behind his back.

JOE
I really appreciate all your help.

DR. TRISH
Of course.

Silence for a moment. Joe stares at the ground.

JOE
I've been at home a lot these days.
I'm retired now you know.

DR. TRISH
That's good. She needs you around.

JOE
Any idea why this - the whole
breakdown -

Dr. Trish looks at him, quizzically, waiting for him to finish.

JOE (CONT'D)
Why did this happen?

DR. TRISH
I don't know, honestly. Depression
is a tricky thing.

JOE
I didn't do anything.

DR. TRISH
I'm not saying you did anything
wrong.

JOE
I'm just saying - I think it's
relevant that you know, that I
didn't do anything.

DR. TRISH
I understand.

JOE
I mean no fucking around on my end.
I don't do that shit.

DR. TRISH
I never thought you did.

JOE
I'm sure you get plenty of women
whose husbands have been fucking
around, and it's driving them nuts,
and the husbands just want the
wives on drugs so they shut up.

DR. TRISH
Mr. O'Hara that's not the sort of
thing that happens in this office.

JOE
Right, sorry, sorry... Is there any
sort of time table? For when she
gets better?

DR. TRISH
The medication, the therapy, it's
all a gradual process. I wish I
could tell you, but it's not a
simple thing.

JOE

I'm asking because Michelle has been different, since she started seeing you. And not in all good ways.

DR. TRISH

This is painful. We're dredging up a lot of -

JOE

Sure. I understand that. Listen, I don't want to sound like I'm not a believer. Because I am. I'm a big supporter.

DR. TRISH

Support from loved ones is the most important part of getting through something like this.

JOE

Look, my wife seems doped up, okay? She walks around like a zombie. We barely talk. She sleeps 16 hours a day.

DR. TRISH

If she seems distant, that isn't necessarily a sign that our sessions aren't working.

JOE

What the hell is that supposed to mean?

DR. TRISH

It means that your wife is going through an important transformation. She's getting some perspective. The end results may not be what you want or hope but-

JOE

What the fuck are you talking about? Did you hear anything I just said? She sleeps all day. She doesn't seem distant, she seems fucking asleep.

DR. TRISH

I don't appreciate the way you're speaking to me and I'd like you to leave.

Joe walks out the door, slamming it on his way out.

INT. BILLINGSLEY'S - DAY

Joe and Terrance sit in front of Terrance's ledger. The columns are neat now, orderly.

Tracy stands in front of them.

TRACY
Anything today guys?

JOE
Diet coke please.

TERRANCE
I'm good.

Tracy shuffles off.

JOE
Alright, so you're saying that you
sell an eight for around \$60.

TERRANCE
That's right.

JOE
And when you're getting it in,
you're cutting it 50%.

TERRANCE
Well, about half the shit we get we
cook.

JOE
Right. But there's still a pretty
big discrepancy here. You're
making about 20% less than you
should be.

In the BACKGROUND, we see Tracy dragging a small step stool over to the rear of the bar, stepping up on it, and grabbing some high glasses. She's short enough that when she steps off the stool she almost disappears behind the bar.

TERRANCE
Yeah, I see that. I thought my math
was bad.

JOE
No, your math is good. Who's
managing your supply chain?
(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)
Who takes it in and puts out your
final product?

TERRANCE
DeShawn.

Tracy drops off a diet coke for Joe and walks away.

JOE
And you run the dealers?

TERRANCE
Yeah.

JOE
And the dealers aren't skimming?

TERRANCE
I'm all over their asses.

JOE
You know what I'm going to say.

TERRANCE
Yeah. But he wouldn't do something
like this.

JOE
But he is.

TERRANCE
But-

JOE
The math speaks for itself
Terrance. You're getting ripped
off.

TERRANCE
I'll talk to him.

JOE
I don't think a talk is going to
cut it.

TERRANCE
He's my guy. I want to talk to him
first.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD STREET - DAY

Deshawn and Terrance walk down the street.

DESHAWN

We haven't been keeping books. So I guess I don't really understand what the problem is.

TERRANCE

We're missing money. That's the problem. Books or no books, I know what we get and I know what we sold. Somewhere between those two numbers, there's a discrepancy.

DESHAWN

Okay. So what?

TERRANCE

So someone's skimming.

DESHAWN

You sure?

TERRANCE

Yeah, I'm sure. And I gotta put a lid on this. I go out to Hawaii, I'm a fresh face there, people don't know me yet. I can't look weak. So you know who could be?

Deshawn is silent.

DESHAWN

One of the dealers maybe?

TERRANCE

Yeah. Maybe. Seems unlikely, because I watch their shit. But maybe my math is wrong.

DESHAWN

I think that fucker Joe is in your head man. Dude comes in here, he thinks he knows what's good -

TERRANCE

I'm just gonna keep the books straight from now on. Better to just know, right?

DESHAWN

Yeah.

TERRANCE

You ready?

DESHAWN

Let's do it.

They walk into an apartment building.

INT. DUMPY WEHO APARTMENT - DAY

Nick walks into his apartment to find Mark at the coffee table blowing a rail, while a very young looking GAY DUDE (19) and his GIRLFRIEND (19) jump on the couch to BLARING MUSIC. Nick kills the music.

NICK

What are you doing?

MARK

Relax Nicky.

NICK

Mark we need that shit to sell.

GAY DUDE

Should we go?

NICK

Do you realize how much fucking money we owe those guys now? How are we going to get it?

MARK

We'll get it. Stop worrying.
We'll just cut what we've got left.

Nick opens a tin in the center of the table and starts counting out baggies.

NICK

There's barely anything left.

Mark says nothing. Just stares into space.

NICK (CONT'D)

Didn't you get re-upped yesterday?

MARK

We don't have the money right now,
I couldn't. I don't know what they
would have done. We'll just -

They're interrupted by a KNOCK at the door. They're quiet.

DESHAWN (O.S.)
Hey! We hear you in there. Open
this fucking door.

Nick stares at Mark.

NICK
I'll get it.

Nick walks to the door and opens it.

DeShawn and Terrance burst in and shove Nick across the room,
onto the floor. The GAY DUDE and his GIRLFRIEND start
panicking.

DESHAWN
Get the fuck out of here.

They rush out the door.

Terrance walks over to Mark on the couch and grabs him by the
hair. He drags him into the bathroom. Nick and Deshawn
follow.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Terrance throws Mark into the bathtub. DeShawn holds Nick
back.

TERRANCE
Are you familiar with the concept
of accounts receivable, Mark?

MARK
What are you talking about?

TERRANCE
Answer my question. Didn't anybody
ever teach you accounting?

MARK
No.

TERRANCE
Accounts receivable is the area of
my balance sheet where cash for
goods or services, in this case,
cocaine, is tallied.

MARK
Alright. Listen, I'm going to get
you the cash very soon, I just-

TERRANCE

Shut the fuck up. We have a problem Mark. See I'm about to turn your account over to our collections agency. DeShawn, introduce Marky Mark to our collections agency.

DeShawn pulls out a pistol.

MARK

Listen. I did not mean for shit to get so fucked up.

TERRANCE

Well shit is fucked up Mark. Shit is royally fucked up. And now you have the two of us in your house with a gun wondering, when the fuck am I going to get to close this value in my accounts receivable column?

NICK

By the first. I swear to God. we'll have it.

DESHAWN

Oh. Loverboy talks. Okay. Well, now Marky Mark's debt is yours. How you like that?

NICK

Fine, whatever you want.

TERRANCE

Open your mouth.

NICK

What?

TERRANCE

OPEN YOUR MOUTH.

Nick opens his mouth. DeShawn jams the Beretta down his throat.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

You'll get me the money, or this will be the last thing you ever taste. Not a cupcake, not your boyfriend's dick, not nothing but this.

(MORE)

TERRANCE (CONT'D)
 (he pulls the gun out of
 Nick's mouth, taps him on
 the cheek with it)
 By the first. Thanks kiddie.

Terrance turns and starts to walk out the door.

DeShawn pauses, then SHOOTS MARK IN THE ARM. Mark starts to
 scream.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)
 Shit! What the fuck was that?

DeShawn tucks the gun in his waistband.

DESHAWN
 Had to show him we were serious.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Terrance and DeShawn walk quickly down the hallway.

TERRANCE
 Dude. That shit was not necessary.

DESHAWN
 I did what I had to do.

TERRANCE
 That's not what we talked about.

DESHAWN
 Will you get off my ass? What do
 you care?

TERRANCE
 I care about getting sloppy.
 That's what.

DESHAWN
 I don't give a -

TERRANCE
 Stop. I'm telling you right now
 you fucked up. If that's a
 problem, then you and I have a
 problem, okay? I can't have my
 people shooting off guns, putting
 slugs in mother fucker's arms for
 no reason.

DeShawn nods.

DESHAWN

Fine. Whatever you want. Boss.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Nick sits next to Mark, in a hospital bed. Mark is drugged up and asleep.

A nurse comes in.

NICK

Hey - if he wakes up - will you tell him I'll be right back?

NURSE

Of course.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Nick sits in his car in the hospital parking garage. He looks over at the seat next to him. There's a blood stain from where Mark sat. He starts to cry, pounds the steering wheel. He digs in his pocket and finds a baggie. Dips a key into it and takes a hit. Shakes his head. Turns on the car and pulls out of the space.

INT. O'HARA HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Joe sits at the kitchen table, eating a microwave dinner with a beer.

Nick comes in. High.

NICK

Hi Dad.

Joe doesn't stand, just keeps eating.

JOE

You want anything for dinner Nick?

NICK

No... no... I'm okay. I'm not here for long, I can't really stay, I've got to - well - My friend is really sick. In the hospital.

JOE

I'm sorry about that Nick.

NICK
I need some help.

JOE
What kind of help?

Joe looks up from his dinner at Nick. Nick averts eye contact.

NICK
I need some money dad.

JOE
What for? For your friend's treatment?

NICK
No. No, not for that.

JOE
Pull up a chair. I'll microwave you something. Let's talk about it.

Nick shakes his head.

NICK
I just need to know if you're going to help me.

JOE
You never come by the house any more.

Nick rubs his nose and sniffs twice.

JOE (CONT'D)
Nick are you high right now?

NICK
No! No I'm not high. I'm just. I'm stressed out dad. I'm really anxious.

JOE
You're fucking high right now. What do you want Nick? You want money? For what? For drugs?

NICK
No. No Dad.

JOE

What then? I thought you said you have a job.

NICK

I do have a job. But I owe some money.

JOE

Nick, you don't get to disappear for weeks, then show up at the house high, and get money. That's not how it works.

NICK

If you can't give it to me, then fine. I understand. I just wanted to come and ask.

JOE

The answer is no.

NICK

Fuck you.

JOE

Excuse me?

NICK

I said fuck you. Everything isn't just going to be okay just because you're around now. Mom isn't going to just get better.

JOE

I had to earn a living, Nick. I had to earn money for you to go to college, to be able to do anything that -

NICK

Bullshit. Do you know why she had a mental breakdown? Do you? Have you even asked?

JOE

People have them all the time, for all kinds of reasons. She's getting help now -

NICK

Tell yourself that. She needed you a year ago.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

But you weren't around, you were
off doing I don't know what, so
fuck you -

Joe stands.

JOE

You better stop right there -

NICK

Or what?

Nick shoves Joe. Hard. Joe is speechless.

He stares at Nick for a second, and then slaps him, so hard
Nick hits the floor.

Nick scrambles up.

JOE

Get the fuck out of here. Now.
And don't come back until you're
ready to apologize.

Nick rushes out the door.

INT. DUMPY WEHO APARTMENT - MORNING

Mark is on the couch, arm bandaged, zonked on painkillers.
Nick brings him a glass of water. The TV blares in the
background. A familiar voice comes on-

PASTOR HANK (O.S.)

(on the television)

With this DVD, you'll have the very
best of our sermons, whenever you
need them. When moments of
weakness or temptation come to you,
you'll have them there- ready to
reassure you that God loves you.

Nick watches, dumbstruck.

INT. RUN DOWN DINER - DAY

Joe and Terrance walk into a run down Chinese restaurant.
Basically empty at lunch time. A thin but intense looking
Chinese man, PAI (28), walks up to them. Terrance opens his
arms wide and gives him a big hug.

TERRANCE
Yo Joe, this is Pai. He's my guy
here.

Joe shakes his hand.

JOE
Pleasure.

TERRANCE
We grab a table?

PAI
Anywhere you want bro.

Pai heads to the back of the restaurant. Terrance and Joe
walk to a table.

Joe looks around.

JOE
This is good. Public, but still
private. What's up with Pai?

TERRANCE
Solid dude. Family owns the place.
He runs some shit for me now and
then.

JOE
He can handle a piece?

TERRANCE
Yeah. He on it.

JOE
And he's hard?

TERRANCE
Ice. I know what you thinking, but
these Chinese are a lot fucking
hard.

JOE
No doubting, just want to be sure.

Joe looks around. He points to a booth behind them, towards
the back.

JOE (CONT'D)
So we should be sitting there when
the meet happens. Facing the door.

Terrance nods.

Joe ducks under the table and looks underneath the booth they're sitting in.

He straightens up.

JOE (CONT'D)

You come in the day before with a razor. Cut a whole in the bottom of the booth, put a piece in there. Nothing big or crazy, just something that's enough. A 9, no bigger. We sit, facing the door.

TERRANCE

Word.

JOE

And you give Pai a piece, tell him to be cool, we don't want him to use it. Something small, keep back there. If trouble happens, he's your ace in the hole.

Terrance nods.

JOE (CONT'D)

Now, Big Richie comes in, with his people. DeShawn is here with us. DeShawn frisks Big Richie, his people frisk us. Then the goons wait outside while we do business in here.

TERRANCE

What do we do if he don't take the money?

JOE

You're nervous.

TERRANCE

Naw man, not nervous.

JOE

You don't need to be worried about Big Richie.

TERRANCE

I'm just saying man. This guy got a reputation.

JOE

Relax Terrance. This is the fun part.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

This is the shit I've been looking forward to, I haven't gotten to do this in years. We're about to tell a major drug dealer to shove it. That shit is fun. I hope the money doesn't work, because then I get to talk to him, and I want to talk to him.

INT. DUMPY WEHO APARTMENT - DAY

Nick sifts through his duffel bag. Pulls out a small video camera.

CUT TO:

INT. DUMPY WEHO APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Nick sets a shoe box on the dresser across from the bed. A hole is cut in one end of it. He sets a video camera in the box and tinkers with it.

INT. DINING ROOM - TAGGERT RESIDENCE - DAY

Pastor Hank sits across from Christie at dinner with their two children, SARAH (5) and TEDDY (8).

PASTOR HANK

I have a meeting with someone.
I'll be back late.

CHRISTIE

You just had a meeting. You don't need another one.

PASTOR HANK

Don't tell me what to do.

CHRISTIE

Kids go upstairs.

Sarah and Teddy leave the table, used to this routine. After they leave-

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

Stop being a baby.

PASTOR HANK

I'm not.

CHRISTIE

Stop this Hank. Stop acting like a baby.

PASTOR HANK

It's my church Christie.

CHRISTIE

It's not your church. It's our church. We made it. Before me you were preaching in an old big box store at strip mall. You're nothing without me, and you need to stay here and stop putting everything at risk because you can't control yourself. So just shut up.

PASTOR HANK

I hate you.

CHRISTIE

Fine, hate me. But you go to the office and you relax there.

Pastor Hank gets up.

INT. PASTOR HANK'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Pastor Hank moves around a cramped "home office", setting a box of tissues and moisturizer next to an arm chair, then grabs a laptop and sits down in the arm chair. He opens the laptop and starts looking through his hard drive, all porn. Nothing is grabbing his attention.

His phone goes off. Text message. He picks up the phone and reads it. He closes the computer, gets up, and walks out of the room.

INT. DUMPY WEHO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nick double checks the camera in the box. Turns it on. Piles a few books on top of it.

Nick tidies up the living room. He empties the ash tray. He sits down on the couch and pulls out a crack pipe. He takes a long hit.

A knock sounds at the door. He opens it. Pastor Hank stands in the hallway.

INT. DUMPY WEHO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hank and Nick sit up in bed together, naked, after the fact. Nick takes a long pull on a crack pipe. They're both high as hell.

PASTOR HANK
That was nice. Right?

NICK
Yeah. It was.

PASTOR HANK
Are we sinning right now? I don't know what this is. I don't think it's a sin to feel happy. Pass me the pipe. I want the pipe now. God gave us this pipe and this stuff.

NICK
God gave us cocaine and crack pipes?

PASTOR HANK
Fine sure. But it's allowing us to experience each other and experience happiness. There's nothing wrong with that. We will suffer too, but it is okay now.

NICK
Whatever you say.

Nick packs up the pipe.

PASTOR HANK
I thought that I had a calling and I don't know what it is anymore.

NICK
What was your calling?

He holds out the pipe to Pastor Hank.

PASTOR HANK
I don't know. Nevermind. I need to go home.

NICK
Can I have some money? For groceries?

Pastor Hank pulls out a wad of hundreds and peels off five.

PASTOR HANK

Here.

NICK

My groceries cost more money than this.

PASTOR HANK

We'll take that now, and I'll give you more next time I see you.

NICK

I need more money now.

PASTOR HANK

I'll see you again soon. Don't worry.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - MORNING

The Chinese restaurant is empty. Pai stands behind the counter, pretending to work.

DeShawn is patting down BIG RICHIE (35), who is, in fact, big, and one of his cohorts, MIKEY J.

Two of Big Richie's goons pat down Terrance and Joe.

The goons and DeShawn excuse themselves. Big Richie, Mikey J, Terrance and Joe sit down in the booth.

Terrance glances to Joe, who nods.

TERRANCE

Asked you to come here out of respect for you, for your business, and the business relationship we've had all these years.

Big Richie nods.

Terrance produces an envelope and slides it across the table.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

That's \$50 large. I'm offering it to you as a gesture of respect. I'm shifting my operation out of LA, and I'm not going to be in on your package any longer.

Big Richie nods.

BIG RICHIE

I appreciate your gesture. But... I think I let you off too easy I take this. I heard about this new game you got going in Hawaii. And if I ain't a part of it on the supply side, then I need some points on your operation. For general peace keeping purposes.

TERRANCE

No man. It's the cash that I gave you, that's what you get. Not trying to negotiate here.

BIG RICHIE

I need five points or your shit, your people's shit, it ain't going to be safe. And that's the story brother.

Big Richie starts to get up and walk out with Mikey J. Terrance looks to Joe - what the fuck now?

JOE

That's not the deal Rich.

Big Richie turns back to the table.

BIG RICHIE

Who's your whitey friend here?

JOE

You don't need to know my name, friend. All you need to know, is the money on the table is the deal, and if you don't take it, there's not going to be another one.

BIG RICHIE

You know what war looks like big guy?

JOE

The people I work with, Rich, they're at the top of the food chain. And by the food chain I mean they eat everything underneath them. Everything. Except eat isn't really the right metaphor because the people that I deal with, it's not like they're cannibals.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

What they do do is chop you up and stuff you into a barrel filled with acid, but in your case, being as you're Big Richie and all, they might need two barrels. Either way, when someone finds you, putting your remains in an urn won't even be a fucking option. They'll need a ladle and a bucket to scoop your shit out.

BIG RICHIE

That's cute. But nobody steps to me in LA.

JOE

You get your product from Bobby Lomax in Watts.

Big Richie stops. He's intrigued now.

BIG RICHIE

What you know about that?

JOE

What I know is that you get it from Bobby Lomax, who has a deal with Giancarlo Plati. Carlo gets it from the Gulf Cartel. If you don't know them, google them, you'll see a lot of pictures of heads on spikes. The Gulf Cartel guys, they're clients of mine. Which makes you middle management. And if you're middle management and you're a problem, well then Rich, you're the first to go. So think on that. Run those names past your boy Lomax. See if they ring a bell. But while you think on it, why don't you keep the money. As a sign of good faith, so I don't have to tell my guys that you offended me.

Big Richie doesn't know what to think. But he picks up the money anyway, and walks out without a word.

INT. O'HARA HOUSE - DAY

Joe marches up the stairs, and finds Michelle laying in bed, half asleep.

JOE

Hey honey.

Michelle is barely audible.

MICHELLE

Hi Joe.

JOE

Had a good day today. Let's go sit out by the pool. I'll make us a margarita.

MICHELLE

Where's Nick?

JOE

Nick moved out, remember?

MICHELLE

I know Nick moved out but he never comes by.

JOE

I know honey. I think he's just figuring out life right now.

MICHELLE

I want to see him. Tell him to come by the house.

JOE

He came by a week ago.

MICHELLE

Why didn't I see him?

JOE

He just wanted money.

MICHELLE

Did you give it to him?

JOE

No I didn't. He's gotta learn -

Michelle sits up in bed suddenly.

MICHELLE

He's our son. If he needs something you give it to him.

JOE

Michelle -

MICHELLE

Stop it Joe. You give it to him.
If he needs something you give it
to him because he's all we've got.

She starts to cry.

Joe comes over to the bed and puts his arms around her.

JOE

I'm sorry.

MICHELLE

He's all we've got Joe. He's our
family. And I want to see him.

JOE

Alright Michelle. Alright.

INT. TAGGERT HOME - FRONT HALL - DAY

Pastor Hank opens the front door to find mail on the ground.
There's an envelope - about the size of a DVD. It has his
name on it.

INT. HANK TAGGERT'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Hank sits in his easy chair. He opens the envelope. A DVD
is inside. Written on it in permanent marker "\$10 GRAND OR I
WILL POST THIS FOR EVERYONE TO SEE."

He stares at the DVD.

INT. DUMPY WEHO APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Joe stands outside Nick's door, knocking. Nick doesn't
answer. Joe keeps knocking.

Finally, Nick opens the door.

He sees Joe, and registers surprise. He says nothing.

JOE

You going to let me in?

Nick takes a step back from the door and leaves it ajar.

INT. HANK TAGGERT'S HOME OFFICE - LATER

Pastor Hank is sitting at his desk, head in his hands, crying. The laptop sits in front of him. The DVD is out on the desk.

CHRISTIE
Why are you crying?

PASTOR HANK
He wants money.

CHRISTIE
What?

PASTOR HANK
Someone has a video.

CHRISTIE
What's on the video?

PASTOR HANK
It's the two of us.

Christie nods. She walks behind Pastor Hank and puts her hands on his shoulders, softly.

CHRISTIE
I want to see it. Show it to me.

PASTOR HANK
No.

CHRISTIE
Put it on Hank. I want to know what you've gotten yourself into.

PASTOR HANK
Please don't do this - I - I'm sorry, I didn't...

CHRISTIE
Put it on.

Pastor Hank complies, sliding the DVD into the computer.

Christie watches it, her face stone.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)
Why isn't there any volume?

PASTOR HANK
You want to hear?

CHRISTIE

Well yes, Hank. I want to hear how bad it is. I can see, but I want to hear.

PASTOR HANK

Fuck you. I hate you.

CHRISTIE

Don't say that to me. This is your fault. Now turn on the volume you baby.

Hank turns on the volume on the computer speakers, low. Hank's soft moaning can be heard.

CHRISTIE (CONT'D)

Oh Hank. What did you do?

PASTOR HANK

I'm sorry.

CHRISTIE

How did you let him do that to you?

PASTOR HANK

I wanted it.

CHRISTIE

It's disgusting, the person you are. I pray for you Hank.

Hank really starts bawling.

PASTOR HANK

You were so right. I don't know why I didn't listen to you. You were right.

Christie touches Hank's cheek.

CHRISTIE

You were wrong. What are we going to do with you?

PASTOR HANK

I don't know. I was wrong.

Hank hugs her. Christie pats his head softly.

CHRISTIE

It's all going to be okay. Talk to Joe.

PASTOR HANK
What's Joe going to do?

CHRISTIE
He'll help us figure it out. But
you go talk to him now.

INT. DUMPY WEHO APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Joe walks into Nick's apartment. It's gotten more
disgusting.

A crack pipe is on the coffee table. Mark lays nearby,
stoned out of his mind.

Nick plops down on the couch and cracks open a beer. He
looks like hell.

JOE
You okay Nick?

NICK
I'm fine.

JOE
How much money you need?

NICK
I don't need any money any more.

JOE
Nick I'll give you the money, but
you gotta come back home.

NICK
I'm fine Dad.

JOE
It's okay to not be fine, you know?
Just cause you're 19, you don't
have to have the whole fucking
world figured out.

NICK
Okay.

JOE
I'm just saying. When I was your
age, I wasn't doing so good. But I
worked it out, and you'll work it
out. And I'm here for you.

NICK
Are you?

JOE
Well yeah, I'm here, aren't I?

NICK
I guess so.

JOE
Nick I'm trying here.

NICK
I think you should go.

JOE
I think maybe we should get you
some help.

NICK
I don't want any fucking help.

JOE
I'm not here to fight with you
Nicky.

NICK
Then get the fuck out, okay? Get
the fuck out. You're here because
you feel guilty, you feel guilty
that I'm a fuck up, that mom's a
fuck up, that we're all fucked up,
but feeling guilty isn't the same
thing as caring. It's not.

Joe's phone goes off.

Joe ignores it.

NICK (CONT'D)
You can pick it up.

JOE
I'm good.

NICK
Well I'm not leaving.

JOE
Come with me.

NICK
No.

A stand off. Silence but for the buzzing of Joe's phone.

JOE

You know what? Fine. If you need us you know where to call.

Joe answers the phone as he walks out the door.

INT. CHURCH OFFICE - DAY

Joe sits. Pastor Hank paces, coked out of his gourd.

PASTOR HANK

Do you want to see it?

JOE

No, I don't need to see it. Who is he?

PASTOR HANK

Just someone I met at a party. I'm sorry Joe. I'm so fucking sorry.

JOE

Hank. Do you really think that I didn't suspect you were into something like this?

PASTOR HANK

What?

JOE

It's fine. I don't care where you stick your dick. I'm just happy that he's not 13. Not that it would be a problem. It wouldn't. But it makes it a little easier to deal with it.

PASTOR HANK

I am not gay.

JOE

Alright Hank. I get it. Straight as an arrow.

Pastor Hank has a line of coke tee'd up on his desk, and blows it, then continues pacing around the room.

PASTOR HANK

I am not gay. I made a mistake, I was misled. And now someone is exploiting me.

JOE

Calm down. You're not listening to me. I can take care of this for you.

Pastor Hank abruptly sits back down behind his desk and puts his head in his hands.

PASTOR HANK

How?

JOE

Hank, say you wanted a glass of lemonade.

PASTOR HANK

What are you talking about?

JOE

Listen, this metaphor is limited, but just go along with me for a second.

PASTOR HANK

Okay.

JOE

I have another client that happens to make a very good glass of lemonade. It's really no trouble for me to ask him to whip up a glass for you.

PASTOR HANK

So what you're saying is-

JOE

This lemonade will wash out your problem.

PASTOR HANK

What will it cost me?

JOE

No cost. We did a lot of business together, and this is a sort of ancillary perk of being one of my clients. A glass of lemonade now and then when you need it.

PASTOR HANK

Can I think about it?

JOE

We need to act now Hank. We can't wait on this.

Hank paces around the room, rubbing his face.

PASTOR HANK

Okay. What's the plan?

EXT. COFFEE SHOP PATIO - DAY

Pastor Hank sits with Nick in a bustling outdoor patio.

NICK

That's not the deal.

PASTOR HANK

If I'm going to pay you that much, I should get something. I want to make a trip of it. I'll pay you extra, and we can spend the week together.

NICK

Why Hawaii?

PASTOR HANK

I have a lot of money in offshore accounts - the Philippines, Thailand. I have someone withdrawing the cash there where it won't raise any eyebrows.

NICK

If we're going to Hawaii to get it, that's going to cost a lot more.

PASTOR HANK

Sure, of course. It's whatever you want.

NICK

Alright.

INT. BILLINGSLEY'S - DAY

Joe and Terrance sit in their usual spot.

TERRANCE

It's 2k to each TSA dude.

JOE
And you need all of them?

TERRANCE
I gotta buy a whole shift.

JOE
What's the connect?

TERRANCE
DeShawn's cousin.

JOE
DeShawn! How's that guy doing?

TERRANCE
He's good.

JOE
Should we bring him over? I'd like
to hear him break it down.

TERRANCE
Yeah I think that'd be good. I
want to bring him in on more stuff.
He's outside.

Terrance gets up and walks outside, comes back a moment later
with DeShawn.

JOE
Have a seat my man.

DeShawn just stares at him.

JOE (CONT'D)
Don't take business personally. I
want to hear about this TSA
connect.

DeShawn sits. And he starts acting fidgety. A little bit
nervous.

DESHAWN
Nothing to know. Just my cousin is
all.

As Joe talks, DeShawn looks over his shoulder. There's
definitely something weird about him.

JOE
That's cool. Can we boil them down
a little bit on this \$2k a pop?
(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

What if we give your cousin \$3k,
and he convinces the rest of the
crew to take 1k? That's pretty
generous.

DeShawn shrugs. He looks over his shoulder again.

JOE (CONT'D)

Can you tell DeShawn here to chill
the fuck out? I'm not going to...

Joe trails off - because he sees BIG RICHIE, QUICKLY STRIDING
INTO BILLINGSLEY'S, TWO GOONS BEHIND HIM, HANDS HELD LOW AT
THEIR SIDES LIKE THEY'RE HIDING SOMETHING-

WHICH BECOMES OBVIOUS WHEN THEY LIFT THEIR ARMS AND START TO
UNLOAD AT JOE, TERRANCE AND DESHAWN.

DeShawn ducks down and tries to run to the back of the
restaurant, but he catches a slug in the thigh. He falls to
the ground and pulls himself to the booth behind Joe and
Terrance. Joe and Terrance are on the floor.

Joe reaches under the booth he was sitting on to find a GLOCK
TAPED TO THE UNDERSIDE.

Bullets continue shredding the bar.

JOE (CONT'D)

Keep your head down and roll up
onto the seat behind you.

Terrance gives him a quizzical look.

JOE (CONT'D)

Right fucking now!

Terrance climbs onto the seat and we instantly see, from
JOE'S POV, all the booths have about 6 INCHES OF SPACE
BETWEEN THEM AND THE FLOOR -

AND JOE, STILL LAYING ON THE FLOOR, SIGHTS THE THREE SETS OF
FEET WALKING TOWARDS THEM.

AND HE FUCKING UNLOADS ON THOSE FEET.

DROPPING BIG RICHIE AND HIS TWO GOONS TO THE GROUND.

TRACY THE WAITRESS, DECREPIT AS SHE IS, STEPS UP ON HER STEP
STOOL BEHIND THE BAR WITH A SHOT GUN, AT THE PERFECT ANGLE,
AND PUMPS 10 ROUNDS OF SHOT INTO THEIR NOW PRONE BODIES.

She runs out of shells and ducks behind the bar.

Joe stands up, walks over and puts a bullet in each of their heads, just to be safe.

Terrance edges up in his seat.

TRACY

You guys all right?

JOE

Yeah Trace. We're good.

Terrance looks bewildered. He peaks out of the booth at Tracy, who surveys the bodies from her perch on the step stool.

TERRANCE

Jesus.

JOE

Tracy's my ace in the hole.

Tracy looks over at him and winks.

Terrance gets out of the booth and walks over to the bodies. He stands over them, staring.

TERRANCE

Fuck.

He turns around to see Joe dragging DeShawn out of the booth.

DeShawn starts to struggle and Joe PUNCHES HIM DIRECTLY IN THE HOLE IN HIS FUCKING LEG. He screams and squirms, and Joe pulls the gun out of DeShawn's waistband. Tracy stands on top of the bar now, her gun trained on DeShawn.

JOE

Up to you now Terrance.

TERRANCE

What the fuck are you doing?

JOE

This was a set up. Your pal wasn't supposed to be in here.

TERRANCE

No.

JOE

Nobody knows I come here Terrance, nobody but people I trust.

DESHAWN

Man fuck him! Who you gonna believe?

Terrance is quiet. It's starting to make sense to him.

JOE

I think you need to let him go Terrance.

Terrance walks up to DeShawn, who starts to cry.

DESHAWN

Dude I didn't. I swear to God.

TERRANCE

I woulda given you LA if you wanted it.

DESHAWN

I'm sorry man. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done it, he told me I had to. It was Big Richie man. He told me he'd kill me if I didn't-

Terrance touches his shoulder.

TERRANCE

It's alright man.

DeShawn keeps shaking his head.

DESHAWN

Don't do me man. Don't.

TERRANCE

Open your mouth.

DESHAWN

I'm sorry man. I'm so sorry.

TERRANCE

It's okay. But you gotta open your mouth.

DeShawn shakes his head. Terrance is getting more and more upset.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

I gotta do you. Open your mouth man.

Terrance starts to tear up.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)
I gotta fucking do you. So open
your mouth so I don't have to mess
up your face.

DeShawn opens his mouth. Terrance puts his gun in it. Tears
are streaming down both their faces now.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

And he pulls the trigger. And his brains spray the booth
behind him, and his eyes go blank.

Terrance stands. Joe puts his arm on his shoulder.

JOE
I'm sorry. You did the right
thing.

Terrance shrugs him off.

TERRANCE
Had to get done.

INT. CONDO - DAY

Terrance knocks at the door to Shania's condo.

She answers.

SHANIA
What do you want?

TERRANCE
Just wanted to say hi to little
Javan. Wanted to talk to you.
Some shit's been happening and, I
don't know, just wanted to see you
two.

SHANIA
Little Javan is out.

TERRANCE
Where's he at?

SHANIA
His grandmother's house.

TERRANCE
I don't like that woman, I don't
like him spending time over there.

SHANIA

Well he's there. So not a lot we can do about it now, huh?

TERRANCE

Why is he over there while you're in town?

SHANIA

I wanted a night to myself.

TERRANCE

Can I come in?

SHANIA

No.

TERRANCE

Why? I just wanna-

SHANIA

You need to call before you come over.

TERRANCE

I did call. I called a whole lot, you never picked up.

SHANIA

Fine, but you can't just show up.

TERRANCE

So you're not letting me in.

OTHER MAN (O.S.)

Shania, everything okay?

TERRANCE

Who the fuck is that?

SHANIA

None of your business.

TERRANCE

It's a whole lot of my business.

SHANIA

We're not together anymore Terrance. I'm allowed to have a life.

Terrance shoves the door open and walks in.

INT. CONDO - SAME

Shania backs away. A well dressed, professional looking African American CARL (28) stands in the living room, trying to look menacing. Terrance barges in, heads straight for him. Carl doesn't back down.

TERRANCE

What the fuck are you doing in my girl's apartment?

CARL

Is this Terrance?

TERRANCE

Yeah motherfucker. This is Terrance. Who the fuck are you?

CARL

I'm Carl.

TERRANCE

Carl? Shania are you fucking seriously going with some dude named Carl? Who looks like this?

SHANIA

Terrance calm down. I think you should go.

TERRANCE

Tell me right now. Are you fucking this clown?

CARL

Excuse me?

TERRANCE

I wasn't talking to you.

CARL

You better leave.

TERRANCE

Fuck you.

(to Shania)

Look I'm sorry about the way things went the last time -

CARL

Maybe you didn't hear me.

Terrance draws his gun and sticks it in Carl's face.

TERRANCE

No. I didn't fucking hear you.
What did you say? Tell me again.

CARL

Whoa. Calm down man.

SHANIA

Terrance what are you doing? You
think you're getting me back by
pulling a gun?

Terrance shakes his head and walks out the door.

INT. MASTRO'S STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

An upscale steakhouse. Harry Anderson and Joe dig into big
cuts of beef.

HARRY ANDERSON

You haven't been grilling me
tonight. You're calm. Dare I say,
happy.

JOE

I took your suggestion. Picked up
a hobby.

HARRY ANDERSON

Really? And what's that?

JOE

Mentoring someone in the business.

HARRY ANDERSON

That's great, that you're giving
back to the community.

JOE

It's funny. Had a crazy day today
with him. Kind of... had to break
off a partnership that he had. I
worked him through it, but the
partner, he wasn't happy. He made
some threats, but we won the day.
We stomped that guy out. I mean it
was stressful. My heart was
pounding out of my chest. But It
was also great. I loved every
second of it.

HARRY ANDERSON

Coffee is for closers. You never forget that feeling.

JOE

You have no idea. What I realize is that I really miss getting my hands dirty you know? Getting down in the grime, teaching someone the ropes. The good and the bad of it all, it's just good to be in the mix.

Harry has no idea what Joe is saying, but he nods and smiles anyway.

HARRY ANDERSON

Well cheers to your new hobby.

Joe and Harry raise a glass.

INT. O'HARA HOUSE - NIGHT

Nick slowly creeps into the house. Nobody appears to be home. He heaves a sigh of relief and heads up the stairs.

INT. O'HARA HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

Nick pokes his head into his parents' room. Michelle is in bed.

NICK

Mom?

MICHELLE

Is that you Nicky?

NICK

Yeah. It's me.

MICHELLE

Come in. Come in baby.

Nick walks in the room. He sits on the floor next to his mother.

Nick starts to cry.

NICK

I fucked up real bad mom.

MICHELLE
It's okay Nicky.

NICK
I have to do something bad to fix
it.

MICHELLE
Nicky, we're going to get some snap
dragons for the front yard for you.
You love snap dragons. When you
were a little kid, you used to pick
the snap dragons and then play with
them with your GI Joes, like they
were monsters. Do you remember
that Nicky?

NICK
When I come back, I'm going to help
you mom.

MICHELLE
You were always ripping up the snap
dragons in the end because the GI
Joes had to win. You remember that
Nicky?

NICK
I remember it.

MICHELLE
And we used to get so mad at you
because there were never any snap
dragons in the garden after a week.
But we loved you Nicky. I love
you, your father loves you. We
love you. You can rip up all the
snap dragons you want.

NICK
Alright mom. I'm sorry.

MICHELLE
It's okay Nicky. We're very proud
of you. You're a good boy.

NICK
Okay mom. Bye.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Terrance lines up a shot on the tee. He uses NICK'S GOLF
CLUBS. Smacks the ball. Joe watches it sail right hard.

TERRANCE

Mother fucker.

JOE

Lighten up, everybody has a little bit of a slice when they first start. Your back swing is too big. You're swinging for the fences, and not focusing on being smooth.

Joe sets out another ball. Terrance takes another swing. Better. Joe nods.

JOE (CONT'D)

Good work.

Terrance nods, he sets down another ball.

JOE (CONT'D)

You okay with everything that happened yesterday?

TERRANCE

I'm cool. Really, I am.

JOE

Drop the tough guy thing for a second. I've gotten to know you past couple months. You're smart. You're a good kid. I've got a lot of love for you. And I know that shit wasn't easy, but it was necessary. You're doing real well and I'm proud of you.

Terrance nods.

TERRANCE

Yeah. It's tough right now because my girl, she doesn't want me seeing my kid.

JOE

Family is a tough thing. Nobody says this, but you have to neglect them sometimes to get where you want, to take the next step. But then when you get there, when you get on top, you just work at getting them back. And they'll come back around, you don't have to worry about that. They'll see the hard work, and the sacrifice, and they'll appreciate it.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

Right now, they don't understand because they can't see it. Just focus on the work. Don't let the other noise get in your head. The personal shit, it works itself out in the end.

Terrance nods.

TERRANCE

Word. Eyes on the prize for now.

JOE

I'm proud of you. I really am.

INT. O'HARA HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Joe packs his bags as Michelle lays in bed.

MICHELLE

Nicky was here.

JOE

Oh?

MICHELLE

He was upset about something.

JOE

I know.

MICHELLE

Can't you help him Joe?

JOE

I tried. He doesn't want my help.

MICHELLE

Maybe you should call him.

JOE

I'm not calling him. He can apologize.

MICHELLE

He's your son Joe. Just call him.

JOE

He's gotta grow up some day Michelle. And I'm not -

MICHELLE

Just turn out the light.

JOE
I have to finish packing.

MICHELLE
Fine.

Joe zips up his suitcase and stands. He walks over to Michelle and kisses her on the head.

INT. O'HARA HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Joe puts on the TV as he makes eggs. News of Bernie Madoff's arrest scrolls across the television. He stares.

Joe pulls out his cell phone and dials HARRY ANDERSON.

The phone rings. An assistant answers on the other end.

JOE
It's Joe O'Hara calling for Harry Anderson.
(a beat as he listens)
When will he be out?
(beat)
I need to talk to him now. Pull him out of the meeting.
(beat)
Fine.

Joe grabs his now sizzling eggs off the stove and throws the pan in the sink.

INT. O'HARA HOUSE - GARAGE - SAME

Joe pulls out a stepladder and pulls a small box from an air duct. He spins the combination lock, pulls it open and pulls out a GLOCK and a CLIP. He checks the clip, jams it into the gun and chambers a round. He tucks it in his back waistband, puts on his jacket and walks out of the room.

EXT. LAX - DAY

Terrance gets dropped off at LAX by Pai (20). Pai hands him off some bags.

TERRANCE
I'm gonna be back around in a week or so.

Pai nods.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

In the interim, need you to check on everyone who owes. We trying to be closed out of LA in the next week. Call me if you got people having trouble paying. Here's the list.

Terrance hands him a folded up piece of paper.

PAI

Word, I'll see to it.

INT. ANDERSON, HARDING INVESTMENTS - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

A HOT SECRETARY (23) sits at a secretarial desk outside a plush office as Joe comes striding in.

HOT SECRETARY

Excuse me- Is Mr. Anderson expecting you?

JOE

You fucking bet he is.

Joe strides past her, she starts to stand.

HOT SECRETARY

Sir, please-

JOE

Sit the fuck down.

Joe barges into the office.

INT. ANDERSON, HARDING INVESTMENTS - HARRY'S OFFICE - SAME

Joe strides into Harry Anderson's well appointed office. Harry sits at his desk, his head in his hands. He sits up straight when Joe walks in.

HARRY ANDERSON

Joe, to what do I owe the pleasure?

JOE

Your secretary said you were in a meeting.

HARRY ANDERSON

I was.

JOE

You know what's funny about people with power, Harry?

HARRY ANDERSON

What's that?

JOE

They always have ugly secretaries.

HARRY ANDERSON

Excuse me?

JOE

It's true. A truly powerful man has a really ugly secretary, or executive assistant if you're into being PC. As you can tell, I'm not.

HARRY ANDERSON

What do you want Joe?

JOE

A powerful man has an ugly secretary because he doesn't need some hot young thing sniffing around his nuts all day to feel like a man. He has some ugly old hag, so that his wife thinks he's faithful. And when he wants to or needs to, he gets a mistress that won't fucking sue him for sexual harassment in the workplace. You, Harry, have a very attractive secretary. Which makes me worry.

HARRY ANDERSON

Joe I'm supposed to be in a meeting.

JOE

We've been over this. Your hot slut secretary told me. And you know what else? You're full of shit. This big time market maker you invested a portion of our capital in. That was Madoff, wasn't it?

HARRY ANDERSON

Joe - I don't feel like I need to remind you that every investment has attendant risks.

Joe pulls out the Glock and sticks it in Anderson's face.

JOE
Is this one of the risks?

HARRY ANDERSON
Whoa. Listen. Joe.

Joe open palm slaps Anderson right out of his chair.

JOE
What was my fucking exposure?

HARRY ANDERSON
It was complete, okay? We lost everything.

JOE
Everything? Every fucking dollar I gave you?

HARRY ANDERSON
You think it's bad for you? I'm ruined Joe. I've got nothing.

JOE
You said you did your due diligence on him. How the fuck did this happen?

HARRY ANDERSON
You don't do due diligence on Bernie Madoff! He fucking created the NASDAQ for Chrissake.

Joe cocks the gun.

HARRY ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Joe I'm sorry. Please don't. I swear to god I didn't know. I have a family.

JOE
Really? You fuck your secretary?

HARRY ANDERSON
What?

JOE
Tell me if you fuck your secretary.

HARRY ANDERSON
Why are you asking me this? What do you want?

Joe holds the chamber of the gun to Harry's ear and fires, singing his hair and blowing out his eardrum. He screams as blood drips out of his ear.

JOE
Did you fuck her?

HARRY ANDERSON
Yes. Yes I did.

JOE
You put all my money with Madoff for the same reasons you fucked your slut secretary. You are a powerless piece of shit. Your balls are exactly as small as I thought they were. I should have checked you out, but I got lazy. Live and learn I guess.

Joe uncocks the Glock and puts it back in his belt.

JOE (CONT'D)
I'm not going to do anything to you. But I'm going to get the fuck out of town and I suggest you do the same. I have a unique business, Harry, and my clients are not the type to take losses well. I give it a day or two before they start asking questions, and when that happens, they're going to start looking for me, and by extension, you, very soon. They're not the type to take losses well. I have a flight to catch. Good luck to you.

INT. O'HARA HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Joe walks into the master bedroom. His wife is still in bed.

JOE
Michelle. Wake up.

She groggily lifts her head.

MICHELLE
Joe not now I have a headache.

JOE
Listen to me. I bought you a ticket to Hawaii.

MICHELLE

What?

JOE

You're on the next flight after me.

MICHELLE

Why are we going to Hawaii?

JOE

Michelle, something awful happened and we need to get out of town. I can tell you when we get there.

MICHELLE

What happened? Tell me now or I'm not going.

JOE

Michelle we lost all our money. We've got nothing left. There's money in Hawaii I can get for us, so we can start over. But we have to leave today.

Michelle is completely zonked on meds. She's barely awake. She sighs heavily.

MICHELLE

Joe I can't fly today. My head is killing me.

JOE

We have to go Michelle.

MICHELLE

We can go tomorrow. I'll feel better tomorrow.

JOE

Listen. Just listen. Some of my clients, they're bad people. And I lost their money too. And they're going to come for us. So I need you to get on this flight.

He pulls Michelle out of bed. She's a mess- she's clearly barely gotten out of bed for days.

MICHELLE

You're making me anxious Joe and I don't appreciate it.

JOE
We're getting you in the shower.

Joe helps her into the bathroom.

JOE (O.S) (CONT'D)
I'm going to pack a bag for you.
Clean up a little.

The SHOWER turns on.

MICHELLE (O.S.)
Joe I'm in no shape to travel.

Joe emerges from the bathroom and grabs a duffel bag, starts throwing Michelle's clothes in it.

Michelle emerges from the bathroom.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
What are you doing? I'm not going.

JOE
GET IN THE SHOWER.

Michelle stares at him, then walks into the bathroom.

EXT. BEACHSIDE TRAILER PARK, KALANIANA'OLE HIGHWAY - DAY

Terrance sits in a rickety beach chair outside a trailer, next to AHE (28), a huge Samoan dude, covered in tattoos, who takes a long drag off a joint.

AHE
How's your girl, she coming out here with Javan?

TERRANCE
No. They're cool. Not the right time to bring them out.

AHE
Word. Let shit settle.

TERRANCE
Yeah. Time for family later. Now's time for business.

AHE
We ready to get into action. Couple hold outs here and there - but we'll fix them up.

TERRANCE

Just take them apart. They've had time. If they're still holding out, then we aren't gonna be able to work with them.

AHE

Alright. I don't know if -

TERRANCE

I don't want to be setting a precedent, like, take your time to decide. It's not about deciding for them, no decision to be made. They are either in, or they are done.

AHE

I hear, I hear.

Terrance's phone rings. He looks at it, nods to Ahe, and steps away to take the call.

INTERCUT: Pai, in Mark's apartment, with a badly beaten Mark.

PAI

Got a boy here, owes us. Says he needs just another day or two, says he got till the first. Mark or some shit.

TERRANCE

Yeah. I know him. You take what he got?

PAI

Ain't got nothing. But. He says his boyfriend be in Hawaii, taking care of getting the money.

TERRANCE

Get that boyfriend's number.
(to Ahe)
Yo take down this number.

Terrance hands the phone to Ahe. Ahe walks into the trailer with it. Terrance sits and stares out into the ocean.

INT. ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL - ROOM - DAY

Nick and Pastor Hank set their things down. Pastor Hank flops on the bed, rubbing his eyes.

PASTOR HANK

I need a nap.

Nick sits on the side of the bed and pats his leg.

NICK

Do you mind if I head down to the beach to see what's up?

PASTOR HANK

Sure. Of course.

Nick digs in his duffle bag for a swimsuit, pulls one out, heads into the bathroom.

EXT. ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL - BEACH - LATER

Nick sits on the beach, alone. He pulls out his phone and tries to call Mark. No answer. Then his phone rings. It's a number he doesn't recognize, but he answers it anyway.

NICK

Hello?

AHE (O.S.)

Got your boy Mark. Tells us you left town.

NICK

We've still got another couple days to pay.

AHE (O.S.)

Now there's interest. Better come see us at the Waikiki Edition resort. Room 543. We don't see you in the next hour, Marky's not gonna see you either, ever.

Ahe hangs up.

EXT. ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL - FRONT ENTRANCE - LATER

Nick walks out the front entrance of the hotel in his board shorts and a t-shirt, hails a cab.

INT. WAIKIKI EDITION RESORT - HOTEL SUITE LIVING ROOM - DAY

A knock sounds at the door. Ahe, gun in hand peaks through the peephole. Terrance sits on the couch, flipping through a notebook.

A SKINNY SAMOAN GUY (25), tattooed, spikey hair, (we recognize him from the opening sequence) sits nearby on a chair, UZI in hand, feet up on an ottoman, reading a magazine.

AHE
Some white kid.

TERRANCE
That's our boy.

Terrance gets up and answers it.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)
There he is. Knew I didn't have to worry about you.

He holds the door open and NICK walks in.

NICK
I'm going to have the money in a few days, you said we had till the first.

TERRANCE
But then you skipped town, which made me worried. And it made me charge you interest.

NICK
That's not fair.

TERRANCE
Motherfucker don't talk to me about fair. You opted into this line of work. The rules is I make the rules. I say you owe me interest. I say that while you on your little fun boy holiday in Hawaii, you gotta do me a favor.

NICK
What favor?

Terrance sets a .38 Special, a box of bullets and a burner phone down on the counter in front of him.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Joe sits in first class, visibly nervous, sipping on a vodka soda as he watches CNN COVERAGE on the small screen in front of him- Madoff's sons are being arrested. He makes a last minute call on his phone.

JOE
 (into cell)
 Katherine. Make sure my wife gets
 into the car and onto that flight.
 (listens)
 Yes. Go to the house now please.
 Thank you.

Joe hangs up and runs his hands through his hair, thinking.
 He looks on his phone - finds an entry - NICK - and dials.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - DAY

Nick rides in a taxi, examining the gun between his legs. He
 flips open the cylinder, spins it. His phone is ringing. He
 digs it out of his pocket, looks at the name. DAD. He hits
 ignore and puts it back in his pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Joe sighs as the voicemail comes on.

JOE
 Nick. I need you to call me back,
 as soon as possible. It's
 important.

He hangs up. Flight attendants roam the aisles, asking
 people to turn off their cell phones. Joe nods and shuts his
 off.

INT. ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL - LOBBY - LATER

Nick walks through the lobby. He listens to the MESSAGE from
 Joe on his voicemail. He sits down on a chair in the lobby
 and dials Joe back.

It goes straight to voicemail.

NICK
 I'm fine Dad. I don't need your
 help, and I don't want it anymore.

He hangs up, then stands.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Joe steps out of the jetway at the Honolulu airport.

VOICE (O.S.)

Yeah son!

Joe turns- it's Terrance and Michael Lamar (Terrance's uncle, whom we met earlier), with outstretched arms.

JOE

Gentlemen. Good to see you.

Joe hugs them each warily, trying to figure out if Michael realizes he's lost all his fucking money.

TERRANCE

How was your flight?

MICHAEL

Nigger how you think his flight was? How is anybody's flight? You cramped, motherfuckers be breathing on you.

Joe smiles, trying to play it cool.

JOE

Yeah it was a shit flight. But I fly first unlike you two clowns.

TERRANCE

Shit. Why am I not- what the fuck do you do again?

JOE

Private wealth manager.

They crack up.

TERRANCE

Right. Why am I not a private wealth manager?

MICHAEL

You a funny fucking guy Joe.

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Terrance drives, Michael sits shotgun and Joe sits in the back seat.

TERRANCE

So you come by later if you up for it- we got some bitches coming over, should be a real nice time.

MICHAEL

Joe don't fuck no hos Terrance. He loves his wife too much. He's too good to her.

JOE

I'm going to lay down for awhile when I get in, then maybe I'll come by for a night cap.

MICHAEL

Alright.

The car stops in front of the MOANA SURFRIDER HOTEL.

JOE

Thanks again for the ride. Later on gentlemen.

INT. ROYAL HAWAIIAN RESORT - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Nick stretches out on a bed. Pastor Hank is in the bathroom blowing a rail. He comes back into the room.

PASTOR HANK

How was the beach? You were gone for awhile.

NICK

Just wanted to look around the hotel a little. Let's go to the bar downstairs, it looks fun.

PASTOR HANK

No. No. We need to go out. I want to do something crazy.

NICK

Okay.

PASTOR HANK

I got you a new shirt.

Pastor Hank pulls a NEON GREEN LACOSTE SHIRT out of his bag.

NICK

What's wrong with my shirt?

PASTOR HANK

I just want to see you in this one.

Pastor Hank is nervous. He gets up and walks to the bathroom and starts washing his face.

NICK

Alright. So what's your crazy plan for tonight?

Pastor Hank starts to cut up a line on the sink. He snorts the line and looks at Nick.

PASTOR HANK

Well. My crazy plan is that I need to do a little church business while I'm on this trip to make it look legitimate, so I have a dinner tonight. But I want you going to Fusion to meet some boys. Have fun. I'll meet you at around midnight and we'll stay out all night.

NICK

Okay. Sounds good.

Pastor Hank walks over to Nick and puts his hands on his shoulders.

PASTOR HANK

Thank you. You're very sweet to me.

Nick smiles uncomfortably.

NICK

So I'll head out then?

PASTOR HANK

Yes sure. But you should change - throw on that shirt.

NICK

Okay....

Pastor Hank goes back to the bathroom and tees up another line.

INT. MOANA SURFRIDER HOTEL - JOE'S ROOM - DAY

Joe sits on the bed and rubs his eyes. He picks up the phone and dials a number.

JOE
 Frankie? It's Joe here. I'm in
 Honolulu and I need two clean
 Glocks with extended mags dropped
 off at my hotel.

Joe listens.

JOE (CONT'D)
 How did I know you'd have a guy
 here? Moana Surfrider Hotel in
 Waikiki. Room 319. Alright.
 Take care.

He hangs up.

EXT. HONOLULU AIRPORT - LEI STAND - DAY

Joe stands outside a lei stand at the airport, on his cell.
 Michelle answers on the other end.

JOE
 You didn't get on the plane?

MICHELLE (O.S.)
 I told you Joe. I'm too tired.

JOE
 You need to come out tomorrow.

MICHELLE (O.S.)
 Okay.

JOE
 I'll book you another flight.

MICHELLE (O.S.)
 I'm going to bed Joe.

JOE
 I'll call you in the morning.

She's already hung up. Joe pulls at his hair.

He dials NICK.

CUT TO:

INT. FUSION CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Nick sits alone at a table.

It's early but the club is starting to fill up. A few guys give him long looks. His CELL buzzes. He looks at it. Ignores the call.

CUT TO:

EXT. HONOLULU AIRPORT - LEI STAND - DAY

Joe doesn't leave a message. He hangs up and walks toward the parking garage.

INT. FUSION NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Nick sips a drink. He looks at his phone. No messages. He finishes off his cocktail. A BUZZ - it's the BURNER PHONE in his pocket. Text message. It reads-

TEXT: NEON GREEN LACOSTE. FUSION CLUB. NOW. REPORT BACK TO US.

Nick stares at it for a long moment. He looks at his neon green Lacoste Shirt. He slams the table.

INT. ROYAL HAWAIIAN RESORT - HOTEL LOBBY - SAME

Nick walks through the hotel lobby with purpose, straight for the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME

Nick checks the chamber on the revolver, then cocks it.

INT. ROYAL HAWAIIAN RESORT - HOTEL HALLWAY - SAME

Nick strides down the hotel hallway, revolver at his side.

INT. ROYAL HAWAIIAN RESORT - HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Nick bursts into the hotel room to find Pastor Hank praying.

PASTOR HANK

Nick! You're back early...

Nick sticks the gun in Pastor Hank's face.

PASTOR HANK (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Where did you get that gun?

NICK
You want to kill me?

PASTOR HANK
What?

NICK
You told someone to have me
killed??

PASTOR HANK
No, Nick - what are you talking
about?

Nick is starting to cry now.

NICK
I didn't want to do anything to
you, I just needed the money, okay?

PASTOR HANK
I'm sorry.

They stare at each other in silence, as tears stream down
Nick's face.

NICK
I didn't want to. I was a good
kid. I was. If I didn't get them
the money, they were going to kill
my boyfriend.

PASTOR HANK
Who?

NICK
The guys. The guys that sent me
off to kill someone.

PASTOR HANK
Nick, maybe just put the gun down.

NICK
I just need the money Hank. That's
it. I don't want people to get
hurt. Just give me the money and
I'll disappear, you'll never see me
again.

PASTOR HANK
Okay. Okay I will. I'm going to
stand up. Is that okay?

Nick nods.

Pastor Hank stands.

PASTOR HANK (CONT'D)
It's in my suitcase.

NICK
It is?

PASTOR HANK
Yes.

Nick keeps the gun trained on him.

NICK
Why would it be in your suitcase?

PASTOR HANK
Somebody just dropped it off.

Pastor Hank starts to move towards him, slowly.

NICK
Stop.

PASTOR HANK
It's okay Nick.

NICK
Stay there. I'll look in the-

Pastor Hank LUNGES at Nick, trying to knock the gun away, tackling him to the floor.

Nick struggles with him on the floor, but manages to pull his arm out of Pastor Hank's grip and shoots him in the gut.

Pastor Hank collapses back onto the floor, clutching his stomach.

Nick stands, unsteady. Pastor Hank gasps for air. Nick stares at him, writhing in pain. And he SHOTS HIM IN THE HEAD.

He slowly sits down on the floor and rubs his face. Blood is pooling around Pastor Hank's head.

His BURNER phone goes off. Text message. It reads-

TEXT: IS IT DONE?

Nick gets up. He knows what he has to do.

INT. WAIKIKI EDITION RESORT - HOTEL LOBBY - LATER

Joe walks through the hip Waikiki resort lobby - THE SAME FROM THE OPENING SEQUENCE.

Joe pushes the button and waits for the elevator.

Ding. The elevator arrives. Joe boards.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Joe punches a number.

He pulls a Glock out of his belt, checks the clip and the chamber, holsters it, then pulls a second Glock, clip, chamber, check, holster.

Ding. The elevator doors pop open.

INT. WAIKIKI EDITION RESORT - HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Joe walks down the hallway. SKINNY SAMOAN GUY from before hangs out outside the door, sitting in a chair in the hall. He nods at Joe.

Joe knocks at the door.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Terrance get your ass out here.
Come in Joe, it's open.

INT. WAIKIKI EDITION RESORT - HOTEL SUITE - SAME

Joe walks into the room and surveys the scene. Michael lounges on the couch with Ahe and three HOOKERS. The girls blow rails off Michael's chest.

JOE

Getting the party started I see.

MICHAEL

You know it sonny bono.

JOE

Where's Terrance?

MICHAEL

He's around. Have a toot while you wait.

Terrance enters from one of the bedrooms.

JOE
I'm good for now.

TERRANCE
Joe!

Terrance walks up and hugs Joe.

JOE
Alright big guy.

TERRANCE
We doing it! You see this? We
doing it.

JOE
Where is everything?

MICHAEL
The shit's in a safe in the next
room. Ain't trying to trust these
bitches with that kinda cake laying
around.

JOE
Let me have a peek? It's been
awhile since I've seen that much
cash in one place.

Terrance smiles.

TERRANCE
Come with me. Yo Ahe, come help me
with the bag?
(to Joe)
I want to show you my books too.

Ahe stands, puts out his joint.

MICHAEL
Before ya'll go. Ya'll gonna bang
out one of these bitches? Because
if not, I think I'll take a few of
them inside and show them what's
good.

AHE
Save one for me.

JOE
All yours.

TERRANCE
Yeah I'm cool.

MICHAEL

Word. That's a hold on one of the
bitches. You got it.

Terrance, Ahe and Joe walk into one of the bedrooms.

INT. WAIKIKI EDITION RESORT - HOTEL SUITE BEDROOM - SAME

Michael pulls two of the Hookers into the bedroom and shuts
the door. He starts to unbutton his pants.

MICHAEL

Why don't ya'll help me with this.

The two Hookers smile at each other and walk towards Michael.

INT. WAIKIKI EDITION RESORT - HOTEL LOBBY - SAME

Nick winds his way through the plush hotel lobby, eyes
forward.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME

Nick enters the elevator, punches a button. He draws the
revolver again and double checks the chamber. He snaps the
cylinder back into place and looks at himself in the mirror.
He's a killer now. DING. The doors open. He steps out into
the quiet hallway.

INT. WAIKIKI EDITION RESORT - HOTEL SUITE BEDROOM - SAME

Joe and Terrance look over a ledger in the other bedroom at
the desk, numbers neatly laid out in rows and columns.

TERRANCE

So that's it.

JOE

This is great.

TERRANCE

It's amazing the peace you feel,
when all the numbers are laid out
like that.

JOE

Yeah. Like you've brought order to
the universe.

INT. WAIKIKI EDITION RESORT - HOTEL HALLWAY - SAME

Nick walks down the hallway, clutching the revolver at his side. He rounds a corner and spots the Skinny Samoan Guy sitting outside the room. He tucks the gun into his belt. The Skinny Samoan guy stands as Nick approaches.

NICK

I was here earlier.

SKINNY SAMOAN GUY

Oh yeah. You good.

Nick nods, and pushes the door open.

INT. WAIKIKI EDITION RESORT - HOTEL SUITE - SAME

Nick slowly pushes the door to the suite all the way closed. He deadbolts it and flips the chain over.

A HOOKER pounds a line of blow and looks up at him, smiling. Nick makes a "sh" gesture and raises his gun. She freezes, a deer in headlights. He motions for her to go into the front hall bathroom. She grabs the rest of her baggie and rushes in, locking the door.

Nick slowly approaches one of the bedroom doors. It's slightly ajar. The sounds of sex emanate from inside.

INT. WAIKIKI EDITION RESORT - HOTEL SUITE BEDROOM - SAME

Terrance and Ahe both grab handles of a duffel bag, toss it onto the bed with a thump. Terrance unzips it; packed with bundles of the cash.

JOE

This is all the cash?

TERRANCE

Yeah, for now.

AHE

We got drops set around the city tomorrow and the next day.

Joe stares at the money.

JOE

You did good Terrance. You came real far.

Terrance smiles.

TERRANCE

Thanks Joe. I owe it all to you.

Joe puts his hand on Terrance's shoulder.

INT. WAIKIKI EDITION RESORT - HOTEL SUITE BEDROOM - SAME

Nick pushes the door open and comes face to face with Michael fucking a hooker from behind on the bed. Nick raises the gun.

MICHAEL

Mother fuck-

BOOM. Shoots Michael in the head. The two hookers in the room SCREAM.

NICK

Shut the fuck up - stay there - don't move. Just stay in this room. I don't want to hurt you.

INT. WAIKIKI EDITION RESORT - HOTEL SUITE BEDROOM - SAME

Inside the other bedroom.

JOE

What the fuck was that? Who knows you're here?

Terrance looks to Ahe. Ahe shakes his head.

TERRANCE

Nobody.

Terrance walks quickly to the closet and grabs two Mossberg 500 pump action shot guns, tossing one to Joe and one to Ahe. He picks up a hand gun from the table.

INT. WAIKIKI EDITION RESORT - HALLWAY - SAME

The SKINNY SAMOAN GUY is pounding at the door. He can't get in. He rifles through his pockets and finds a key card, opens the door, but the door is latched and he can only open it a few inches.

INT. WAIKIKI EDITION RESORT - HOTEL SUITE BEDROOM - SAME

Nick checks his revolver again. Only two bullets left. He snaps the chamber back into place and starts to walk out of the room when he notices-

A NICKEL PLATED BERETTA ON THE DRESSER.

Nick grabs the gun, chambers a round and starts to walk out of the room when he notices-

AN AK-47 PROPPED UP AGAINST THE WALL.

He stuffs the Beretta in the front of his pants, then grabs the AK, struggles with the slide for a second, then chambers a round.

He walks out into the living room.

INT. WAIKIKI EDITION RESORT - HOTEL SUITE - SAME

Nick walks out of the bedroom with his AK-47 to find Terrance slowly pulling open the door of the other bedroom. Nick opens fire immediately and Terrance slams the door shut. Nick continues firing on the door, shredding it, then stops.

CUT TO:

THE HALLWAY -

The Skinny Samoan throws his shoulder into the door, loosening the latch, but not breaking through. He pauses to look through the crack and sights Nick, shredding the bedroom door. He jams his uzi through the crack and fires into the room.

CUT TO:

THE LIVING ROOM -

Where Nick turns and sprays the door to the hallway forcing the Skinny Samoan guy back.

CUT TO:

THE BEDROOM -

Where Joe, Ahe and Terrance crouch against a wall.

JOE
Who the fuck is out there?

TERRANCE
It's this junkie fag man.

AHE
Mother fucker grabbed one of the
AKs.

JOE
What?

TERRANCE
I sent this junkie to go kill that
fucking priest's boy-toy and now
he's back with a machine gun.

JOE
Well fuck him. I'm not dying here.

Joe sticks the muzzle of his shotgun out a small hole in the door and just starts pounding out rounds.

CUT TO:

THE HALLWAY -

Where the Skinny Samoan is sitting, leaning up against the wall, a bullet in his shoulder, bleeding. He holds up the Uzi and steadies it between his knees, aiming at the door.

CUT TO:

THE LIVING ROOM -

Where Nick takes cover behind a couch as shotgun pellets shred the living room. In between bursts he suddenly stands and opens up again with the AK.

CUT TO:

THE BEDROOM -

Joe, Ahe and Terrance take cover.

JOE
Offer him money.

TERRANCE
What?

JOE

You own this island now. He won't get to the airport. Offer him some cash to get the fuck out of here and we'll shoot him in the back on the street.

Terrance nods.

TERRANCE

Yo Nickyboy!

Joe looks at Terrance.

CUT TO:

THE LIVING ROOM -

Nick is in the kitchen of the suite, grabbing a few clips from the counter top and stuffing them in his pockets.

NICK

Fuck you Terrance.

TERRANCE (O.S.)

Listen Nicky. I got some cash in here. I'll give you a hundred grand to get the fuck out of here right now. All debts between us are even.

Nick opens up on the door again.

NICK

I can pump that door full of fucking bullets all day. Come out now and I won't kill you.

TERRANCE

Ain't happening Nickyboy. We both know I open this door you'll kill me. It's you take the cash or you leave here a corpse.

CUT TO:

THE BEDROOM -

Terrance, Ahe and Joe press themselves against the wall as Nick unleashes another torrent of rounds. Joe is dumbstruck.

JOE
Jesus fucking Christ.

TERRANCE
Motherfucker was in my accounts
receivable.

Joe nods.

JOE
Where are the shells?

TERRANCE
Desk.

Joe scrambles to the desk. Terrance and Ahe crouch by the shredded door. They peer outside.

CUT TO:

THE LIVING ROOM -

Nick has run out of bullets. He ducks down behind the couch again and tinkers with the AK, trying to figure out how to release the clip so he can reload.

CUT TO:

THE BEDROOM -

Joe sets the shotgun down, ostensibly to reload. But Terrance and Ahe aren't watching - they're unloading bullets through the shredded door.

Joe draws both Glocks from his back, one in each hand. He takes a moment sighting Ahe and Terrance. Takes a deep breath.

JOE
You're a good kid. You should know
that.

Terrance starts to turn and BAM! Joe lets loose on both Glocks, smearing Terrance and Ahe all over the wall.

CUT TO:

THE LIVING ROOM -

Nick jumps when he hears the gun shot. He finally gets the clip in the AK and chambers a round. He creeps up, aiming the AK at the door, ready to release another volley.

NICK

Last chance to come out alive.

JOE (O.S.)

Nicky it's me. It's your dad.

Nick looks confused.

NICK

What?

JOE (O.S.)

It's your dad. I just killed Terrance and his cousin. They're dead. I'm going to come out, okay?

Nick is dumbfounded.

NICK

Wait. Show me your hands.

JOE (O.S.)

Nicky it's just me. Everyone else is dead.

NICK

Show me your hands.

Joe sticks his hands out the door.

NICK (CONT'D)

Alright. Now come out slowly.

Joe slowly walks out of the bedroom. Nick doesn't lower the gun.

NICK (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing here?

JOE

What are you doing here?

NICK

You know these guys?

JOE

Yes. They were clients.

NICK

What?

JOE

This is the family business Nick.

Nick doesn't know what to say. He hefts the AK to his shoulder and takes aim at Joe.

NICK

You set me up.

JOE

What?

NICK

The fucking priest wanted me dead.
You set it up.

JOE

You were with Hank? You're-

NICK

Yeah dad. Your failure son is a fag.

JOE

Nicky I didn't know it was you!
How could I have known?

NICK

So what now?

JOE

We gotta get out of here. People
are looking for me.

NICK

Who's looking for you?

JOE

My clients. I lost everything in
the Madoff scheme. Nobody knows
yet. But they're all going to find
out soon enough. If I didn't kill
these guys they were going to kill
us as soon as they found out.

NICK

And you just left mom and me?

JOE

I had to. I was going to send for you - I tried calling but - Look we're broke. We lost everything. And there's enough cash and blow here for us to start all over. That was the plan. That's why I came here.

NICK

You wanted to start over without us.

JOE

No Nicky, just put the gun down.

NICK

No.

JOE

Nicky put the fucking gun down, alright? You're not doing this. This isn't you. You're not going to shoot me.

Nick drops the gun. Joe walks over and hugs him. Nick goes stiff at his touch.

JOE (CONT'D)

Help me out. We gotta get out of here. We'll talk more when we get somewhere safe.

Nick quietly follows Joe into the bedroom.

INT. WAIKIKI EDITION RESORT - HOTEL SUITE BEDROOM - SAME

Joe begins piling the coke and cash back into the duffle bag.

JOE

There's easily two million in cash here. We'll buy our way out of here and then send for your mother.

NICK

Okay.

Joe finishes packing the bags. He hands one to Nick. He walks out into the living room. Nick follows him.

INT. WAIKIKI EDITION RESORT - HOTEL SUITE LIVING ROOM - SAME

Nick trails behind Joe.

NICK

So you were going to come back for me and mom?

JOE

Yes Nicky. Now let's go.

NICK

Okay.

Joe makes for the door.

NICK (CONT'D)

I don't believe you.

Joe stops and turns, PULLING A GUN OUT OF HIS WAISTBAND AND AIMING IT AT NICK.

JOE

Well believe it Nicky. You don't have a choice. Now let's get going.

NICK

I think you're going to kill me first chance you get. I'm baggage.

JOE

You're my kid. I'm not going to kill you.

NICK

So why are you pointing a gun at me?

JOE

Because you won't - fuck Nick. I can't take any chances and we have to go.

Nick nods. Joe gets closer to the door.

JOE (CONT'D)

Are you coming or not?

Nick hesitates. He's weighing something in his mind. He takes a deep breath, then nods.

NICK

Sure.

Joe keeps his eyes on Nick, slowly opening the door to the hallway - exposing his back to-

THE SKINNY SAMOAN GUY - WHO, WITH HIS LAST BIT OF STRENGTH, UNLOADS THE UZI INTO JOE'S BACK.

NICK PULLS OUT THE NICKEL PLATED BERETTA - AND WHEN JOE FALLS TO THE GROUND, SHOTS THE SKINNY SAMOAN IN THE FACE.

Nick approaches his father. Crouches down, rolls him over.

JOE
I'm sorry Nicky. I am.

Tears start to stream down Nick's face.

JOE (CONT'D)
I didn't mean - I'm sorry. I just didn't know.

Joe pulls out his phone.

JOE (CONT'D)
Call Frankie. His name is in the phone. If you pay him, he'll get you out of here.

Nick takes the phone.

NICK
I'm sorry dad.

Nick picks up Joe's bag and hefts it to his shoulder. He puts the Beretta in Terrance's limp hand and walks out the door.

THE END.