

The Politician

By

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INT. FANCY APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

In SLOW MOTION, we see elevator doors slide open revealing HENRY CASHIN III, mid 40's, in a ten thousand dollar suit. He has a determined and elated look on his face, and what may or may not be cocaine under his nose.

STILL IN SLOW MOTION, he starts running through the lobby as fast as he can. He bursts through the front doors and on to the busy NEW YORK street. WE SEE there is a HUGE CROWD of reporters waiting outside his apartment who ERUPT in COMMOTION when they see Henry. He SPRINTS down the sidewalk, ANDERSON COOPER trying to get in front of him, shoving a microphone in his face.

ANDERSON COOPER
(slo-mo voice)
Gooovvveerrrrnnnooorrr
Caaaaaassshhhhiiiiin, whaaaaa-

BOOM! Henry PUNCHES Anderson Cooper in the face. In slow motion, Anderson's face contorts and he drops to the ground. Henry keeps running, the reporters following behind.

TITLE UP: Two Weeks Earlier.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Henry proudly reads "Oh, The Place's You'll Go" by Dr. Seuss to a classroom of First Graders. He's doing his best Dr. Seuss voice as all the kids laugh and read along.

HENRY
(reading)
You'll get mixed up, of course, as
you already know / You'll get mixed
up with many strange birds as you
go. / So be sure when you step.
Step with care and great tact, and
remember that Life's a Great
Balancing Act. / Just never forget
to be dexterous and deft and never
mix up your right foot with your
left.

Henry lifts up his shoes, revealing that his left shoe is on his right foot and his right shoe is on his left foot. The kids howl with laughter. They love him.

HENRY
(reading)
And will you succeed? Yes! You
will, indeed!

All of a sudden, his CHIEF OF STAFF, WILLIAM (60s, conscientious), walks over and whispers into his ear. Henry's expression turns from a smile to a look of great concern, fear and panic. You might even say, this man was manic!

HENRY

Kids you'll move mountains!

(beat)

Aright, I gotta go! Tommy, get up here and finish it off!

The kids look around. No one's named Tommy.

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

CLOSE ON: A line of Cocaine, as Henry snorts it up then looks at William, who stands guarding the door of an empty room.

HENRY

How bad is it?

WILLIAM

Well you're doing cocaine in an elementary school, so -

HENRY

No! The rumors, man! The rumors! What's this woman saying?

WILLIAM

She's claiming you gave her drugs and then sodomized her.

WILLIAM

She gave me the drugs and she put her finger in my ass!

(beat)

You're my chief of staff! Can't you fix this?

He rubs his gums with some cocaine residue. William looks disgusted as he shakes his head, "no."

WILLIAM

You need to pull yourself together.

Henry blows another line.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

And now he's on his game, walking really fast, as William trails him with a pen and paper, writing down what he says.

HENRY

Okay. Here's what we're going to do. Set up a press conference tomorrow, ten AM, put out a press release to all women's groups. I want key words like love, wife, smart, education, equal opportunity in the workplace...

William nods as he writes.

HENRY

Make sure Brad's there in case any legal issues come up. We can deal with this, William.

WILLIAM

And Shelby?

HENRY

(unconvinced)

Don't worry, we have an arrangement. It's all good. Good in the hood.

(beat)

Consider it contained.

Henry rounds a corner to face a MURAL in the next hallway. It shows him and a bunch of African American Children holding hands on a sunny day.

HENRY

They were going to close this school down, William. But did we let them? No, sir. We rebuilt the fuck out of it. And that's what we're going to do now. With my marriage. And my reputation...And my political career.

Henry takes a moment to steel himself.

HENRY

Ain't that right, mural self?

Henry fist bumps his MURAL fist and keeps moving.

EXT. THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION - MORNING

Henry gives a press conference next to his WIFE, SHELBY (40s, Hilary Clinton-esque). Behind him is William and his lawyer and best friend BRAD (50, cocky, scummy, an enabler).

HENRY

So with my wife as my witness, I pledge to the great state of New York that these charges are empty, and I want to assure you that I will continue to run this state with the gusto and professionalism that is synonymous with the Cashin name. I believe everyone will forget about this in a week and it will be business as usual up in Albany. In the mean time, my lawyer is here to answer all further questions.

Henry whispers to Brad as they exchange places:

HENRY

God, I hope everyone forgets about this in a week.

BRAD

(whispers)

Cocktails tonight? I'll bring the xanax.

Brad winks at Henry and turns to the crowd.

SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER

ROLL CREDITS OVER MONTAGE OF NEWS REPORTS:

NOTE: Credits will similarly rise and fall with Henry's approval rating.

- Wolf Blitzer stands in the situation room.

WOLF BLITZER

One week has passed since Governor Henry Cashin was accused of soliciting prostitutes with narcotics, and the rumors are getting worse and worse. The Governor who was once famous for his advocacy of public education and urban development is now looking to leave a different legacy.

On the screen behind him we see an image of Governor Cashin with a hard-hat shaking the hand of a CONSTRUCTION WORKER.

WOLF BLITZER

Cashin's approval rating is already down 10 percent as a wide scale investigation to determine the true extent of this scandal is already underway.

We'll leave Henry's APPROVAL RATING on screen as it continues to drop with each scandal.

- A TMZ Paparazi clip shows a PROSTITUTE getting out of a taxi in front of the Ace Hotel. She's drunk and sort of wobbling around with another PROSTITUTE friend. A headline underneath her reads. "Prostitute Comes Forward in case against Governor Cashin."

PROSTITUTE

Yeah I know Cashin. He hooked me on Oxycotin, then on his big, hairy (BLEEP).

The APPROVAL RATING dips lower as we cut to:

- An SNL Sketch. TARAN KILLAM dressed up as Henry Cashin on a private plane. He walks out and removes the flight headset.

Reveal the plane is full of half naked women, TWO MEN IN DASHIKIS and several CAST MEMBERS dressed up as POLITICIANS and HOOKERS. The plane starts rockin!

TARAN KILLAM

Cindy, lube up!
(beat)
The world's first DP at thirty thousand feet shall now commence!
Hov, get your black ass over here!

JAY PHAROAH pops out of the bathroom as JAY Z.

JAY PHAROAH

Cashin, DP. Hahaha. Yep!

TARAN KILLAM

Well, I've got 99 problems and double teaming this girl ain't one.

Jay Pharoah/Jay Z does an "anal sex" dance over to "Cindy." CINDY proudly holds up the lube.

CINDY

You are now free to bone about the country.

JAY PHAROAH
 Don't tell Beyonce! Holla at ya
 boy!

The APPROVAL RATING rises slightly as we cut to:

- Bill Maher showing an image of Henry getting into a limo with a Hooker outside of an OLIVE GARDEN. Brad, the lawyer, is right behind them.

BILL MAHER
 New rule. Next time you decide to
 elect a whore-mongering drug addict
 to governor, elect me.
 (beat)
 Henry, give me a call. I'll do key
 bumps in an Olive Garden parking
 lot with you any time.

The APPROVAL RATING drops back down as we cut to:

- Henry outside the Governor's Mansion, next to Shelby, in front of a group of reporters and microphones.

HENRY
 As these false allegations pile up,
 and we continue to await any
 semblance of actual evidence, it
 has been a great source of comfort
 to have the support of my wife and
 partner.
 (beat)
 Shelby Cashin...

Shelby walks up to the microphones.

SHELBY
 Good morning. As Governor, my
 husband did great things for
 people. He was an advocate for
 education and fought for our inner-
 city students...

Henry smiles.

SHELBY
 But as a human being, a husband and
 a man, he is disgusting, dishonest,
 sick and perverted.

Henry's face DROPS.

SHELBY

I'm here to announce that I will NOT be standing by my husband, as he goes through the process of being exposed as a drug addict and a sex addict. I am confident that I and the entire state of New York will be much, much better without him. Thank you and God Bless America!

Shelby blows a kiss and storms off the stage. Henry tries to stop her.

HENRY

Wait, Shelby...I thought we had an arrangement.

SHELBY

Who do you think I am? Fucking Huma?

(beat)

My lawyers will be in touch.

HENRY

I guess friendship's out the window, too?

SHELBY

You're an asshole.

Henry stares longingly at her as she turns and walks away.

HENRY

(to himself)

Touche.

He's bombarded with questions by reporters.

The APPROVAL RATING plummets, now at 1% as we cut to:

INT. MAKE-UP ROOM - CNN STUDIOS - DAY

Henry sits in a make-up chair looking very depressed. William paces behind him.

WILLIAM

This is your chance to present your side of the story.

HENRY

I'm just...I'm in pieces, William.

WILLIAM

What'd you expect, Henry? You've been cheating on her for years.

HENRY

I didn't expect it to feel like this. My heart. It's beating so slow.

Henry does a tiny key bump.

HENRY

(to himself)

Whoooph.

(beat)

Yeah, sure things turned a little more loveless at the end. But she was still my roommate, my confidant.

(sad beat)

And she made the best goddamn cupcakes.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE - ANDERSON 360 - DAY

Henry, now slightly more pulled together, is being interviewed by ANDERSON COOPER.

ANDERSON COOPER

These past couple weeks have been tough. Your wife left you, your approval rating has bottomed out, and here you are, a sitting duck, waiting to be arrested.

HENRY

(somber)

It's been a tough time, Coop.

ANDERSON COOPER

I guess with all the accusations, and the growing scandals and media scrutiny, my question for you is, "why not resign?"

HENRY

Well, the truth is there's no concrete evidence against me. And I think we'd all agree that we live in a country where you're innoce-

ANDERSON COOPER

Let me stop you right there.

Suddenly, A PHOTO is projected on the screen behind them. It's Henry posing nude in an epic George Washington stance.

ANDERSON COOPER (CONT'D)
Can you describe the image for the viewers at home?

HENRY
(taken aback)
This wasn't in the pre-interview -

ANDERSON COOPER
How about this one?

Another PHOTO of Henry, is projected on the screen. It's a surveillance photo of Henry in the champagne room of a strip club, getting a lapdance.

Henry is a deer caught in head lights.

HENRY
I thought we were friends.

ANDERSON COOPER
Or this?

It's a PHOTO of Henry passed out, butt naked. "Governor Dick" is written in sharpie on his forehead.

HENRY
You better watch your fucking back, Coop!

Henry takes off his mic and storms off.

INT. TOWNCAR - LATER

Henry rides with William.

HENRY
That's the last time I grant that motherfucker an exclusive.

They pull up to his house. Henry spots Brad waiting by the entrance to his building.

EXT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Henry eagerly hops out of the car.

HENRY

Braddie! Just the man I need.
 (tapping his nose)
 Tell me you're packing heat. You
 have no idea what I just went
 through.

Brad looks very anxious.

BRAD

Easy on the lingo. We got problems.

Brad points to a team of FEDERAL AGENTS heading straight for them. Henry's face drops.

CUT TO:

INT. 59TH STREET APPLE STORE - DAY

We pass a handful of overly energetic APPLE STORE HIPSTER EMPLOYEES, everyone playing with iPads, iPhones, everything. Then we land on JOE (late 20's, smart, shouldn't be there), leaning against a counter, looking bored, as two FOURTEEN YEAR OLD GIRLS, dressed in matching preppy skirts and Dalton sweatshirts, play with an iPhone.

GIRL #1

Yeah my iPhone 4 is perfectly functional, but it's just like something about the Number 5 that's so much cooler.

JOE

(disinterested)
 Yeah. Totally.

Joe's phone rings. He pulls out his shitty Motorola Flip Phone as the girls stare at him in disgust. One of the energetic Hipster employees shoots him a disapproving glance as well...so unprofessional.

GIRL #1

What are you doing?

GIRL #2

You can't just answer your phone when you're talking to a customer?

JOE

Guys, I'm sorry, but this is really important.

He answers it as the girl checks out his FLIP PHONE.

GIRL #1

Wow. I had that phone...when I was like six.

Joe turns around, trying to block out the noise.

JOE

(into phone)

Hello? Yeah? This is Joe Hayworth. What? Really?

Joe's face lights up. Clearly he's getting positive news.

GIRL #2

How do you even text with that thing? Look how fat your fingers are!

GIRL #1

Maybe if you were a better salesman you could get a real phone. That's like really sad, actually.

(beat)

"I'm an apple, and I'm poor, annoying..."

JOE

Shut up!

Joe puts his finger in his other ear to block them out.

JOE

(into phone)

Fuck. Yes. I'm sorry I shouldn't curse! It's not becoming of a man of the court! 'Cause that's what I'm about to be!

A laugh and a fist pump.

JOE

(into phone)

I love you. Can I come over there and hug you? I'm literally in love with you. Thank you! Wow. Okay, great. Yeah, I can come by tomorrow. Of course.

Joe hangs up the phone. He can barely contain his excitement as he turns around to face the girls.

GIRL #1

Who was that? Your mom? Are you finally moving out of your mom's house, loser?

JOE

No. I just got a full fucking ride to Law School, which means I don't need this job, and I don't need two salty bitches making fun of my salesmanship!

Joe flips them both the finger and starts dancing a little. His Hipster Manager walks over, looking pissed.

HIPSTER MANAGER

Hey, bro. What do you think you're doing?

JOE

Oh, I'm sorry, I was just telling these young whores to go eat out Selena Gomez.

Joe gives excessive "suck its" to the girls and the manager.

JOE

I quit!

Joe walks towards the exit of the store. All the customers stare at him in shock. Except one DUDE who seems kind of into the whole thing, filming it on his Flip Cam.

JOE

And another thing. Blackberrys rule! The typing is so much easier!

Joe slaps the Dude five.

DUDE

I'ma put this shit on Youtube homes.

JOE

Do it!

Joe RUNS up the stairs. We HOLD on all of the customers as everyone else still lingers around in shock. Beat.

Suddenly Joe runs back in.

JOE

You know what? I can afford it now...I'll take the uh, 13 inch Mac Book Pro, please.

INT. MAIN AND UNION CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

SAM SHANKROW (50), a real estate developer, addresses a group of JAPANESE INVESTORS as he gestures to a powerpoint. On the back wall we see Main and Union's company logo.

SHANKROW

I'm talking about a full scale housing and shopping complex, right on the Hudson. Your wallets are going to be fatter than a sumo wrestler. Ah-so!

Just then his assistant, DMITRI, walks in and whispers right in his ear.

SHANKROW

Sorry, gentlemen we'll have to pick this up tomorrow. I've arranged for us to see a Broadway Musical. A lovely matinee.

Shankrow follows his assistant through to his office.

INT. SHANKROW'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Shankrow turns on his giant TV from behind his desk.

Brian Williams is delivering the news.

BRIAN WILLIAMS

(on the television)

Allegations of bribery and blackmail are the latest to surface in the growing case against Henry Cashin. Sources are showing an inordinate number of zoning permits issued by Cashin's office, many of which are suspected to be illegal.

SHANKROW

No! Not now! Not while the Japanese are just sitting right there, with their ballpoint pens. Oh shit. Shit. shit. shit. Cashin couldn't keep his nose clean for five minutes!

(MORE)

SHANKROW (cont'd)
(to Dmitri)
What are you still doing here?

Dmitri, shamed, leaves and Shankrow takes a deep breath.

SHANKROW
Fuck my face...

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Joe sits at a three person booth with his awesome girlfriend, JESSICA, and her stern father, Judge RONALD GUNDESON. Joe taps his glass and raises it.

JOE
I want to thank you guys for coming here tonight and letting me treat you to this dinner. Mr. Gundeson, it is an honor...your honor. Jessica, my love, ravishing as always.

Jessica beams. Ronald smiles, but it's almost disingenuous.

JOE
Today something special happened. A ripple through the legal system, caused by my tiny foot stepping into the pond of justice.

JESSICA
You heard!? What happened!

JOE
Nothing, except I got a call from a little place called the City University of New York Law School. Apparently someone named Joe Hayworth has a full scholarship!

JESSICA
Oh my god! Oh my god!

JOE
With stipend! With stipend! From the government!

Joe and Jessica do a little high-five routine.

JESSICA
We need to celebrate. I'm getting us champagne.

Jessica excuses herself from the table.

JOE

I'm gonna take great care of your daughter, sir. Fellow law buddies, eh?

Ronald's demeanor instantly shifts.

RONALD

Did you just call me buddy?

JOE

Well, I said 'fellow law buddies.'

RONALD

Listen to me, Joseph. Before I was a judge, I was on Law Review at Harvard.

JOE

And that's really impressive, sir.

RONALD

I know it is. So excuse me for not being through the roof about my daughter ending up with some schmo from City University.

JOE

I know it's not Harvard, but seventy percent of last year's graduating class ended up at top law firms in the City.

RONALD

Is that a real statistic or is that something you said because it sounds good?

JOE

Both?

Jessica returns with a waiter, holding a bottle of champagne.

RONALD

Hey, Champagne is here!

Ronald inspects the bottle.

RONALD

Not good enough. Bring us a bottle of Henriot, '98.

(smiling at Joe)

(MORE)

RONALD (cont'd)

Now that Joe's got a stipend from
the Government it's peanuts for
him, eh!

Hold on Joe's worried reaction.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Joe is silent, staring at the window. Jessica is nestled into
his shoulder.

JESSICA

Are you okay? You were acting kind
of weird towards the end of the
dinner. I'm sorry my dad ordered
such an expensive bottle of
Champagne. I will definitely pay
you back for that.

JOE

Jess, I want you to know that I am
going to take care of you, always.
We're going to have a house, and
kids and they're gonna go to good
schools.

JESSICA

(smiling)

I kind of want them to go to
terrible schools. That way they can
learn what I consider the most
important thing...street smarts.

JOE

I'm serious.

JESSICA

Joe, I don't need anything, except
for you and your face and your...

(pointing to his crotch)

I love you.

JOE

I love you, too.

Jessica touches his leg and kisses him on the neck.

JESSICA

Now, cheer up 'cause as soon as we
get home, I'm gonna put on a
powdered wig and you can fuck me
like the lawyer you're about to
become.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

A News Anchor speaks into the camera on the courthouse steps.

NEWS ANCHOR

I stand outside the courthouse,
where Governor Cashin was arraigned
this morning on multiple counts of
soliciting prostitution and felony
possession of narcotics...

INT. COURTHOUSE - HOLDING CELL - SOON AFTER

Henry sits with Brad. There's a SHERIFF'S OFFICER casually
keeping watch by the cell.

HENRY

You know what they say. House
arrest is the system giving you the
chance to finally make your way
through your Netflix queue.
Meanwhile you can build the perfect
defense, and if we lose the trial,
I go Elliot Spitzer and get my own
TV show. One thing's for sure, I
want to set up an MMA fight with
Anderson Cooper.

BRAD

Uhhh, Henry. I don't know how to
say this, but...they froze your
accounts this morning. There's a
real chance that you might actually
go to jail.

HENRY

(incredulous)
C'mon. For drugs and hookers? This
is America, Brad.

BRAD

Yeah, but if they keep looking,
there's a good chance they'll
find...some of your other dealings,
like...

(mouths)

Shankrow.

Just then, US Marshal, MILO GARDINI (mid 40s, overweight,
unprofessional) enters.

GARDINI

Which one of you is the Governor?

Henry sheepishly raises his hand. Gardini immediately CUFFS it and then cuffs the other one.

GARDINI
Obviously, man. I'm Milo Gardini,
US Marshal's service.

He flashes a MEDAL OF HONOR.

GARDINI
And a distinguished man of honor.
By that I mean, I've been shot.

Gardini mimics shooting a gun at Henry.

GARDINI
I'm gonna be the one watching you
until you receive your sentence.
(beat)
Let's roll.

Henry stands up and tries to hug Brad, but struggles because his hands are cuffed.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Goodbye, Brad.

GARDINI
(looking at the toilet)
Actually, wait. I gotta take a
leak.

Gardini walks over to the toilet and unzips, as Brad and Henry are locked in an embrace next to him.

INT. SUV - LATER

Gardini drives, while another Marshal, WEAVER, sits in the back next to a depressed Henry.

GARDINI
(to Weaver)
Make sure it's secure around the
ankle. Real secure.

Weaver straps on the GPS as tight as possible and takes out a GPS monitor. A dot emerges on the screen.

GARDINI
See that? You're like a rat in a
cage.

The car pulls up outside Henry's apartment. There's a media mob waiting for him. Henry looks frazzled.

INT. CITY UNIVERSITY OF NY FINANCIAL AID OFFICE - MORNING

Joe's texting on his brand new Blackberry. A FINANCIAL AID OFFICER walks in and takes a seat across the desk from him.

FINANCIAL AID OFFICER
Thanks for coming in Mr. Hayworth.

JOE
That's Joseph P. Hayworth, Esquire.
Mr. Hayworth was a huge loser and
worked at the Apple Store.

FINANCIAL AID OFFICER
Okay. What I'm about to say might
be a little...unappealing.
(beat)
So you know how the Governor made
public education a top priority?

JOE
Yeah, I know everyone's been
talking so much smack about him,
but education, that's awesome, so
he's good in my books.
(beat)
My law books...

FINANCIAL AID OFFICER
Yeah, well. Not everyone in Albany
agreed that was the best way to use
the State's limited resources, what
with the economy being how it is,
and all, so...

JOE
Yeah?

FINANCIAL AID OFFICER
So. Yesterday, as you probably
know, the Governor was indicted
and, um...a lot of his public
initiatives were frozen, cancelled
or postponed.

JOE
Frozen?

FINANCIAL AID OFFICER
That's the one you choose?

Joe shrugs.

FINANCIAL AID OFFICER
Unfortunately, Mr. Hayworth, we no longer have the money to finance your tuition.

JOE
Wait, what? That's impossible. I got a phone call yesterday. Just yesterday. From you.

FINANCIAL AID OFFICER
I know how this probably sounds -

JOE
No you don't! You're telling me that because the Governor's a fucking drug addict, I don't get to go to Law School. How could you know what this feels like? Are you applying to Law School?

FINANCIAL AID OFFICER
I'm sorry. I don't know what to tell you. If you're able to find the money to pay your way, we'd love to have you, but for now the stipend and scholarship just won't be possible...

JOE
Please. You don't understand. Do you know what it's like to date the daughter of a judge? It's one cross-examination after the other!

FINANCIAL AID OFFICER
I'm sorry, this is really out of my control.

Joe puts his head in his hands.

JOE
Fuck!

FINANCIAL AID OFFICER
The best I can offer is maybe sometimes, when one door closes, another opens?

INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY

AXEL, one serious-looking motherfucker, is staked out in his SUV with a couple THUGS riding in the backseat and shotgun. Axel spots his target, a GUY crossing the street.

AXEL
Buckle up, please.

Axel pumps the gas and runs right into the guy, almost killing him. He puts the car into reverse and points to the screen in the center console. It's the image from the rear camera.

AXEL (CONT'D)
You just watch the movie now.

Axel guns the car in reverse.

The Man looks up just as the car is about to run him over. As he gets slammed into the car, we see the expression of surprise and pain on his face through the video screen.

Axel pulls the emergency break, so the video screen is still on. He exits the car.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Axel grabs the man by the collar.

MAN
(crying)
Please! Please God! I'll give you
the money.

Axel just starts pummeling him.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The thugs continue to watch on the Center Console, but the feed is interrupted by an incoming call, from "S Shankrow." The Thug in shotgun sticks his head out the window.

THUG
Yo, Shankrow's calling for you.

Axel hops back into the car and hits "answer."

AXEL
Yo, Shankrow, it's been a while.

INTERCUT with Shankrow back in his office, panicked.

SHANKROW

Been trying to keep clean, but
times are tough. You know, things
are changing and -

Axel notices the guy on the ground is struggling to get up.

AXEL

I really don't have time for this.

SHANKROW

No, no! Please! I need
your...uh...services.

AXEL

Okay. What's the deal?

SHANKROW

Okay. How do I put this?

(beat)

I ordered a pizza a long time ago,
and now that the pizza has gone
bad, I need it disposed of.

AXEL

What the fuck are you talking
about?

Axel looks through his mirror and sees the Man struggling to get up. Axel puts the car in reverse, but stays on the brake. We see the man's crying face on the screen.

SHANKROW

Look. I'm...back in college when
we'd order grass, we'd use code
words. That's all.

Axel points to the screen. He hits the gas once more and we see the man's face smash against the camera.

AXEL

Whatever. I'll use whatever analogy
you want. As long as you pay up
front.

SHANKROW

Of course. Of course. So, how much
do you charge for pizza? Thirty
thousand? Fifty thousand?

AXEL

Two hundred thousand.

SHANKROW

Two hundred thousand dollars!
Jesus! Are you serious?

AXEL

You don't like the price, do it
yourself. Digornio.

Long pause. Axel turns back and smiles to his Thugs. He knows he's got this.

SHANKROW

Fine. Take it! Take it!

Axel hangs up and drives off.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Henry walks in. William is waiting for him.

WILLIAM

Henry.

Henry b-lines straight for the bathroom. William follows him.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Henry desperately scavenges through pill bottles, looking for anything.

WILLIAM

Are you okay?

Henry pushes past him into the bedroom.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Henry continues tearing through his apartment, looking for drugs. Finally, he spots a framed photo of Shelby on his bedside table. He stares at it for a beat, with what we think is a look of remorse, then suddenly he rips off the back where he's stashed a bag of cocaine. He bumps a line as William watches in disbelief. We see the color and the pep immediately come back.

WILLIAM

(awkward)

How was jail?

HENRY

Fucking terrifying. I don't know how to turn a sock into a weapon!

Henry bumps another line.

WILLIAM

Look, in a weird way, maybe jail will be good for you. Give you a chance to start over.

Henry rubs his gums, his mind elsewhere.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Are you even listening?

Henry looks to William.

HENRY

Yeah. You're right. I do need to start over. But not in jail.

WILLIAM

What?

HENRY

I was wrong. House arrest is when the system gives you a second chance to escape.

WILLIAM

You're joking, right? There are Federal Agents stationed outside.

HENRY

Do you know what the other men are gonna do to me in prison? They're gonna fuck me, William. They're gonna fuck me in my asshole, and I don't want to be fucked there.

Henry starts digging through his desk. He finds a few hundred bucks.

WILLIAM

Do you really think you can just walk out that door, take a cab to JFK, and fly away?

HENRY

(to himself)

Fuck JFK, I can use Brad's private jet.

(MORE)

HENRY (cont'd)

I'll pick up some coke for the road
and then fly to fucking freedom.

WILLIAM

There's no *freedom* for you.

HENRY

There is. At my cleverly placed
house in the non-extradition
country of the Maldives. And that's
why I need cocaine. They might not
have it there.

WILLIAM

HENRY! You aren't going anywhere!
You're a goddamn criminal, and
everyone knows what you look like.
Listen, I'm tired, I'm stressed
out, and all I want is to mix
bourbon with lipitor and sleep for
a month. So please just sit here
with me and cooperate with the
terms of your arrest.

HENRY

I'm sorry, but I've come to realize
there are two types of men in this
world. Those who stand and face the
music and those who run. I believe
I was born to run.

He does the last line of coke he laid out.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I'm done dealing with all these
problems, William. I gotta go.

EXT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - SAME

Gardini chills in a parked car, shotgun side, just down the
street from Henry's apartment. He fidgets with some
handcuffs, bored. He's approached by FBI AGENT KATHERINE
JEFFRIES (mid 30s, uptight, professional).

JEFFRIES

You must be Gardini. I'm Katherine
Jeffries, FBI. White-Collar
division.

She extends her hand, but he's preoccupied with the cuffs.

GARDINI

Hey, I got a question for you. If a blue collar worker commits tax fraud is it still considered a "white-collar" crime?

JEFFRIES

Right. Okay, so...I'm here to interrogate Governor Cashin. I have a feeling he's in the pocket of a lot of people around this state, and I'm here to figure out who those people are.

GARDINI

No one is allowed up there until my back-up arrives.

JEFFRIES

(holding out her badge)
See this badge. This gives me full access.

Gardini opens his jacket revealing his MEDAL.

GARDINI

See this medal. It gives me rank, because I'm a hero. A badass. Like Jackie Chan. But real.

JEFFRIES

I read your file. You got shot ten years ago, by friendly fire.

GARDINI

Well, that kind of fire cuts the deepest, so...please wait 'til my back up arrives.

JEFFRIES

I'm calling this in.

Jeffries dials her phone.

GARDINI

Go ahead! But this is the way it works in the field.

Gardini puts one of the handcuffs on himself and tries to shake his hand loose. Jeffries just watches on in disbelief.

GARDINI

I heard Houdini could get out of handcuffs without a key or anything.

(purposefully obnoxious)

Hey Jeffries, do you believe in magic?

Jeffries rolls her eyes and walks away to talk. When she's out of sight, Gardini leans over and cuffs himself to the steering wheel and attempts to free himself.

GARDINI

(singing)

Do you believe in magic...

INT. RANGE ROVER - DAY

Axel and his car of Thugs drive down the street.

THUG #1

How are we gonna do this?

AXEL

I'm gonna go to his apartment. Walk through the front door. Take out my gun, and shoot him in the fucking head.

Axel waves his gun for dramatic effect.

INT. FANCY APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME

We see the elevator doors open, and Henry run through the lobby, the same image from the start of the movie, but this time, not in slow motion. He SPEEDS through the lobby and BURSTS out the front doors, to see the mob of journalists.

He SPRINTS down the sidewalk, ANDERSON COOPER trying to get in front of him, shoving a microphone in his face.

ANDERSON COOPER

Governor Cashin, what-

BOOM! Henry PUNCHES Anderson Cooper in the face. Henry keeps running down the block, the reporters following behind.

ANGLE ON: Gardini, still cuffed to the steering wheel, unable to free himself.

He looks up when he hears the commotion and sees Henry running in the opposite direction.

GARDINI
 What the...? Oh shit! That's
 Cashin! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Gardini fumbles for the KEY and drops them. He watches as Henry hops in a cab, slamming the door just as the reporters reach him. Gardini sticks his head out the window, panicked.

GARDINI
 Fuuuck!!! Somebody! I need a hand!

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

The mob of reporters slam on the window, yelling questions at Henry. Henry throws a hundred bucks at the DRIVER.

HENRY
 DRIVE!

The driver takes off.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Jeffries walks around the corner, to see Gardini screaming out the window.

GARDINI
 Where the fuck is everybody?!
 (spotting Jeffries)
 Jeffries! Help! Cashin's gone! He
 escaped and got in a cab!

JEFFRIES
 WHAT?!

Jeffries rushes over to the car.

JEFFRIES
 How did this happen?! Why didn't
 you go after him?!

Jeffries opens the car to see Gardini cuffed to the wheel.

GARDINI
 (ashamed)
 I- I wanted to see if I could...

JEFFRIES
 You're the worst!

Jeffries checks the GPS. Sees the Red dot moving a few blocks away. She runs to the drivers seat and starts the engine.

GARDINI

Wait! The keys are on the floor,
could you just-

Jeffries tries to speed out of the parking spot, but ends up CLIPPING the car in front of them. She reverses back and BUMPS the car behind them.

GARDINI

Have a little respect!

She finally has the clearance and whips the car out onto the street. She jerks the wheel with absolutely no regard for Gardini's arm, still attached to the wheel.

GARDINI

(in pain)
AHHHHHH!!!!

INT. CAB - SAME

Henry's cab pulls up to a standstill in traffic.

HENRY

Come on! Hop the sidewalk or
something!

In the distance he hears SIRENS. He looks down at his ankle bracelet and sees a flashing red light.

HENRY

Fuck this.

He gets out of the cab and starts running, looking back towards the SIREN. BAM! He runs right into a STREET VENDOR selling knock-off bags and "I love New York" shirts. They fall hard, knocking the stand over.

Henry grabs a T-Shirt and a hat, regains his footing and keeps running. He scans the area and spots a SHOE COBBLER'S SHOP next to the entrance to a Subway Station.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Jeffries speeds down the street, she pumps the brakes back and forth. Jerking the car as she tries to navigate the traffic and pedestrians, too timid for this kind of driving.

GARDINI

Just stop so I can uncuff myself.
You drive like shit, you fucking
Desk Jockey!

Jeffries guns the car forward, ripping around a truck causing Gardini to bang his head on the dash.

GARDINI

I'm sorry. Just stop turning! No more turns!

Jeffries approaches the intersection. She sees the commotion of the Street Vendor. She looks at her GPS monitor, sees Henry has changed directions.

JEFFRIES

Gotcha!

Jeffries gets out of the car and takes off running, struggling to get through the crowd of people.

Gardini breathes a sigh of relief and finally un-cuffs himself, gripping his swollen wrists.

GARDINI

Wait for me! Wait for...damn it.

INT. SHOE COBBLER - CONTINUOUS

Henry sits in a chair, frantic, changing into his "I Love New York" T-Shirt and Hat. An old HISPANIC SHOE COBBLER kneels in front of him.

HENRY

(re: his ankle bracelet)
Get this off me!! I'll pay you tres hundred dollars!

SHOE COBBLER

Ok.

The Cobbler takes out a leather cutting knife CUTS the strap off of Henry. Henry throws some cash at the cobbler, takes the ankle bracelet and runs out of the store.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

Henry hops a turnstile, runs to the downtown platform and throws the ankle bracelet through the open doors of a stopped train car and runs out of the station.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jeffries looks around. She's standing literally at the point on the GPS monitor. Suddenly the dot starts speeding up, headed downtown. Gardini catches up, out of breath.

JEFFRIES

I don't get it. He just sped away into thin air. We lost him! You lost him!

Gardini grabs the GPS monitor.

GARDINI

Easy there, princess. He's on the subway. Just call the MTA. Have them hold the train at the next station.

Jeffries takes out her phone as they run back to the car.

They miss Henry, in the background, walk out of the station, blending in a bit better in his new outfit. He turns the corner and disappears.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - LATER

An intoxicated Joe throws an empty bottle in the trash can as he walks inside.

JOE

I'll take a bottle of Wild Turkey and some Sunflower seeds if you got 'em.

The CASHIER points to the Sunflower Seeds, which are right next to Joe on his side of the counter. He takes a bottle of Wild Turkey from the shelf behind him and hands it over to Joe. Joe hands him his credit card and immediately takes a huge sip of the Wild Turkey. The Cashier runs the card.

CASHIER

It's declined, sir.

JOE

Run it again!

CASHIER

Do you have cash? Total's \$35.14.

Joe rummages through his pockets and pulls out a five.

JOE
I got a five...
(looking around)
and this.

Joe lazily sticks his hand in his sweatshirt pocket to affect the look of having a pistol.

CASHIER
That's clearly you're hand.

JOE
No, this is my hand.

Joe takes his hand out of his sweatshirt, grabs the sunflower seeds and throws them at the cashier, stunning him for a moment. This allows Joe to haul ass the front door.

CASHIER
Get back here asshole!

But Joe's gone.

EXT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Axel's car pulls up beside Henry's building. He and his thugs get out of the car and casually walk into the lobby.

INT. APARTMENT - LOBBY

Axel and his thug's enter the elevator.

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

William sits in Henry's apartment watching news coverage of Henry's escape. Distraught, William sips a scotch and pops open his bottle of LIPITOR. Suddenly, the DOOR BELL rings.

WILLIAM
One sec!

William puts the bottle down, and heads to the door. He looks out the peep hole and sees Axel and his men in the hallway.

EXT. STREET - ALLEY - DAY

Henry walks, head down. He notices a CHINESE FOOD DELIVERY CAR pull into the alley.

He hides behind a dumpster as the DELIVERY GUY gets out of the car and runs into the service entrance of a building. The engine still idles. Henry stares at the car for a moment.

HENRY

Fuck it.

Henry runs and steals the car, peeling off down the alley. The Delivery Guy runs out into the alley and curses at him in Chinese. But it's too late.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

Gardini waits on the platform as the Swat Team investigates the empty subway car, returning with the ANKLE BRACELET.

Jeffries storms over to Gardini.

JEFFRIES

How could you let this happen! How did you let my key witness go?

GARDINI

"My" witness? How selfish are you, Jeffries? Besides, what about your team? Where were they? Preoccupied with their spreadsheets and conference calls?

JEFFRIES

He was your prisoner! But unfortunately you cuffed yourself to the steering wheel!

Gardini tries to hide his swollen wrists from the FBI AGENTS who snicker at him. Gardini clearly feels a little stupid.

JEFFRIES

Forget it. It happened. Now unless you want to lose your job, step aside and let the FBI take over.

GARDINI

No. He's a fugitive. Which means this case belongs now more than ever to the US Marshals office.

Jeffries jams a MEMO in Gardini's face.

JEFFRIES

Tell that to Judge Davis.

Gardini reads the memo.

GARDINI
Joint-jurisdiction?

JEFFRIES
Yes.
(pointed)
And since the USMS is incompetent,
please just stay out of my way.

Jeffries walks over to her crew.

GARDINI
(calling out)
We're the oldest federal agency,
but I'm sure you know that from all
your research! We're number one!
(calling out)
We are...

WEAVER (O.S.)
(calling back)
...Marshals!

Gardini turns to Weaver and gives him a fist pump of solidarity.

INT. JOE'S CAR - DAY

Joe is parked recklessly far from the curb. He swigs from the half-empty bottle of Wild Turkey, on the verge of tears, as he scribbles notes onto a brown paper bag. We see words like "apologize" "failure" and "disapproving father."

JOE
(muttering)
Jessica, you deserve the world. No,
no...shit. Um...Mr. Gundeson,
Jessica deserves the world. I mean,
people who aren't lawyers support
their wives all the time.

His phone buzzes. A Text from Jessica.

INSERT MESSAGE: "Ur officially my second fav lawyer named Joe :)"

His phone buzzes again. This time it's a picture of JOE PESCI from MY COUSIN VINNY.

JOE
(on the verge of tears)
I'll never be anyone's cousin
Vinny.

A song on the radio ends and we hear the DJ's voice.

RADIO DJ

This just in. The Governor is on the LOOSE after spending just 20 minutes under house arrest! Now the whole city is on the look-out for this devilish cat. This next track goes out to the biggest, nastiest pimp fugitive in New York...Henryyyy Cashinnn!

As the opening hook of Juvenile's **BACK THAT AZZ UP** starts to play, Joe can't take it anymore. He rips up the bag and starts to cry in defeat.

INT. HENRY'S STOLEN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Meanwhile, Henry is listening to the same station, sort of grooving to BACK THAT AZZ UP, eating the delivery man's food, doing coke out of the corner of a fortune cookie, driving about 80 miles an hour down the side street.

He's so excited that he fumbles the bag of cocaine, dropping it in his lap. He looks down to retrieve it, totally ignoring the wheel, when....BAM!!!!

HE REAR ENDS JOE.

INT. JOE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe drops his bottle, totally dazed by the accident.

JOE

What the -

Enraged, he gets out of the car.

INT. HENRY'S STOLEN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Henry is dazed as well. His airbag has popped and he can't tell what's cocaine and what's just powder from the airbag. There's powder on his shirt so he takes his shirt and rubs his gums with it, but it repulses him.

HENRY

(sadly)

My party supplies...

There's a knock on the window. It's Joe. Henry looks behind him and sees that no one is around. He tries to start the engine back up, but it's totaled. Joe pounds on the window.

JOE

Hey! What the fuck, man?

Henry rolls the window down, but only a couple inches.

HENRY

(calmly)

Oh, hello. Sorry didn't see you there.

As Henry flashes his perfect political smile, Joe is hit with a moment of recognition.

JOE

What the -- This can't be happening. Are you...you're fucking Henry Cashin!

HENRY

What? Who's he? Who's that?

JOE

You are Governor fucking Cashin!

HENRY

Oh! The wrongly accused, down to earth, chilled-out Governor!? No, I get that all the time, but I'm just a delivery man, my name is...

Henry reaches over to the glove compartment and pulls out the insurance papers.

HENRY

...Lu Xang. See?

He shows Joe the papers.

HENRY

I'm half Asian. That's why my skin is so soft. Want to feel?

JOE

You fucked my life!

Joe reaches through the window and starts strangling Henry.

HENRY

Ahhh, what are you doing, you crazy bastard!

Henry bites Joe's hand.

JOE

ARGH!!!

Joe lets go and Henry pulls his arm back into the car. He does up the window. Joe starts banging against it.

HENRY

Hahaha!

Joe steps back and KICKS the window, SHATTERING it. Henry recoils as Joe reaches in and unlocks the door. Joe opens the door and jumps in, again, trying to strangle Henry.

JOE

RRRARR!!!

They fight in the car and the glove compartment is knocked open. A large stack of Chinese food MENUS fall out, revealing a GUN. They both pause and stare at the gun for a second, then instinctively jump for it.

But Henry's seatbelt is still on, limiting his mobility. This gives Joe the chance to squirm over Henry and grab the gun. He aims it at Henry.

JOE

You took everything from me!

HENRY

I don't even know you! Look, why don't you just hand me back my gun so I can continue making deliveries.

JOE

I had it all. I had a fucking scholarship and a generous stipend. I was gonna be a lawyer!

HENRY

Look I'm kind of high right now so I don't know what you're saying, but if you're a lawyer, you probably do a lot of coke. Any on you, uh...?

JOE

What? No! I was gonna be a lawyer! You owe me a free fucking ride to Law School.

HENRY

Well, you owe me about a thousand dollars worth of cocaine, so we're even.

JOE

No. We're not even! Not even close. You're gonna pay me what you owe me, fair and square, so I can continue with my life!

(beat)

Now, get out!

Henry slowly gets out of his car, looking nervous, with his hands up.

JOE

We're taking my car.

Henry walks towards Joe's car.

JOE

You drive, so I can hold the gun to your face.

Henry gets in. Joe runs around to the passenger side. The car peels off down the street.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

William's hands are tied behind his back to a chair. Axel looms over him.

AXEL

So you're saying you have no idea where he is? You lyin'? You seem like a wily gray-haired mothafucka.

WILLIAM

I don't know! Honestly, I'm telling you the truth!

Axel takes out a gun and aims it right at William.

WILLIAM

Look...look. I don't know where Henry went. He was high as a kite, just muttering about the Maldives. He's lost it.

Axel walks to the table and grabs a corkscrew.

AXEL
 You ever had one of these in your
 eye?

WILLIAM
 Please. I'm begging you.

William starts hyperventilating.

AXEL
 From what I can tell, the pain is
 excruciating.
 (beat)
 So tell me: who would know where
 Mr. Cashin is?

A thug holds William down as Axel approaches with a
 corkscrew. William starts shaking and coughing.

WILLIAM
 NO! I DON'T KNOW! Please!
 Wait...wait! Let me...Let me think!

AXEL
 Think faster, motherfucker!

WILLIAM
 Urgh...ahhh...ow...

William cringes in pain.

THUG #1
 What's going on?

AXEL
 Is this old fucker having a heart
 attack?

WILLIAM
 Yes...heart...help...

Axel gets in close to William.

AXEL
 I'll call an ambulance as soon as
 you tell me where to find this guy.

William doesn't say anything, convulsing too hard.

AXEL
 Come on.

WILLIAM

His lawyer...
 Brad...Silverman...lawyer.
 (beat)
 Doctor...hospital...

THUG #1

Should we help him?

AXEL

I don't know!

William takes one last gasp and DIES. Axel and his men are shocked. They stare at William's lifeless body for a few silent moments.

THUG #1

That...was fucked. I didn't sign up
 for this natural cause stuff, man.
 That shit was for real.

AXEL

(taken aback)
 Very fucking unsettling.
 (shakes it off)
 Okay! Snap to it. We gotta get out
 of here. Somebody check a Rolodex
 and find this dude Brad Silverman's
 address. And toss a blanket on him
 or something.

A thug throws a blanket over William.

INT. JOE'S CAR - DAY

Henry drives Joe's car as Joe holds him at gunpoint.

HENRY

Look...psycho.

JOE

My name is Joe.

HENRY

Look, Joe. I'm really sorry you
 failed out of Law School, but I
 don't know how that's my fault.

JOE

What! I didn't fail! I never got to
 go. I need money, so I can go.

HENRY

How much do you want?

Joe considers this.

JOE

\$150,000.

HENRY

Are you serious? Sure. Of course!

Joe eyes Henry suspiciously.

JOE

What do you mean, 'of course?' Are you fucking with me?

HENRY

No, man! I'm seriously really fucking rich. I have millions stashed offshore.

(beat)

Look, Joe. Just cuz I ruined your life, doesn't mean I can't fix it. That's what politicians do. We fix things. Trust me.

Henry flashes his campaign winning smile.

JOE

Well if you have money, where is it?

HENRY

Close. We'll go to *my* lawyer's place. He keeps like, 200k in a safe for emergencies.

JOE

200K? Why would he have that much in cash?

HENRY

That's pocket change to a successful lawyer. You'll see one day. I ball with high rollers, Joe.

JOE

Well...what makes you think he's just gonna hand it over?

HENRY

He's my best friend. And that's what best friends do.

(MORE)

HENRY (cont'd)
They give their BFF's two hundred
large, no matter the circumstances,
no questions asked.

Joe considers this for another moment.

JOE
Fine.

HENRY
Awesome! I just need to make a
quick stop first. Get some road
coke.

JOE
What?! Fuck that. We're not
stopping for cocaine, just take me
to the money. Show me the money.

HENRY
No. You don't understand! I need
cocaine to function! My dealer's
house is literally four blocks from
here.

JOE
I don't fucking care! Do you not
see that I'm holding a gun to your
head?!

HENRY
Yeah! I do! And do you not see the
mania in my eyes?
(points at his eyes)
I'd literally rather have my face
blown off than have to go another
minute without coke! Does that give
you an idea about how serious this
addiction is?!

Joe looks in Henry's eyes and realizes that he's serious.

JOE
Fine. Get your goddamn coke. Then
we're getting my money.

HENRY
(relieved)
Thank you.

Henry looks down and sees the bottle of Wild Turkey on the
floor at Joe's feet.

HENRY
Hey you mind if I have a sip of
that to tide me over?

JOE
Are you serious?

HENRY
Please...I need it...

Joe, still pointing the gun at Henry, takes a swig of Wild Turkey.

JOE
Fuck you.

INT. AXEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Axel speeds down the street, dialing his phone.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SHANKROW'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Shankrow picks up the phone.

AXEL
Hey, just called to let you know
the Cash-

SHANKROW
Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Don't just spell
it out over the phone!
(beat)
You were saying something about
pizza?

AXEL
(annoyed)
I went to make the delivery like
you asked. But the guy wasn't there
to receive it.

SHANKROW
So, you're telling me you're just
sitting there with a cold pizza?!

Axel rolls his eyes.

AXEL

Pizza's still warm. I just gotta drop it off at a different location. And I have a good idea of where that is.

SHANKROW

So you have the pizza?

AXEL

No! I don't know! Fuck.

SHANKROW

Well, hurry. The longer this pizza's out there, the greater the chance it'll ruin my life.

EXT. STREET - LOWER EAST SIDE - DAY

Joe holds a gun on Henry as they walk down a crumby street. Henry rubs his nose, anxiously and quickly checks his gums for cocaine residue.

JOE

In and out, alright? Just get your stupid drugs so we can get out of here.

HENRY

Sure. But you need to put that gun away.

JOE

Uh, no?

HENRY

You don't walk into someone's house brandishing a loaded weapon. It's rude.

JOE

Fine. But the gun's in my pocket, and it's pointed at your nuts.

Joe puts the gun in his pocket, his hand still on it. He holds Henry's arm with his other arm.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A real hipster loft. An old 1990's Knicks vs. Pacers game plays on a huge projector.

Joe and Henry sit on what was once someone's grandmother's couch. Out walks JAY (late 20s, tall and skinny), a man with a serious case of ADD coupled with cocaine use.

JAY

Henry motherfucking Cashin the Third.

Jay holds up three fingers.

JAY

Triple Sticks in the flesh! One, two, three, triple fucking sticks. What up, dog? You still politicking?

HENRY

To the grave, my man.

JAY

Shit, holding down a job like that and still finding time to party like an OG?! How you do that, yo?!

HENRY

It's thanks to your cocaine, really.

They share a laugh. Jay pours a bag of cocaine onto a table and starts cutting up lines. Joe is totally shocked as to what's going on.

JAY

Well you're just in time, player. Bout to get my snort-on.
(re: Joe)
Who's this stiff-ass, sorry-ass cat over here?

HENRY

Oh...he's my new intern, Joe. He's cool.

Joe awkwardly waves.

JAY

Haha. Joe. This is your training day. Beam me up, Scottie!

Jay smiles at him, sincerely. Then gestures invitingly to the table.

JAY

Voila. Cocaine.

Henry eagerly jumps in there and does a line.

HENRY
Boy-yoy-yoy-yoing!!!

Jay does a line and hands the straw to Joe.

JOE
Nah, I'm good thanks. I,
uhh...don't share straws.

Jay looks really taken a back and suddenly suspicious of Joe.

JAY
Hah! Funny, man. You're funny.
Seriously, take a snifter. This
shit's pristine.

JOE
No, really. I'm good.

Jay looks at Henry, concerned.

HENRY
Joe, just do a line.

JOE
No. I don't do coke.

JAY
Oh really? Hey Joe, let me tell you
what I'm thinking then: you're a
narc.

JOE
I'm not a narc!

HENRY
He's not a narc.

JAY
Well he's acting like one! See, in
my house, when I offer someone a
line o' coke, and they won't do it,
it means one thing: narc.

JOE
OR, it means that I don't do
cocaine. Like most people on earth.

JAY
Most people do coke!

JOE

No they don't! You only think that 'cause you're a coke dealer.

HENRY

Let's just both calm down...

JAY

So...you're saying you're not going to do this coke?

JOE

Yes.

JAY

Yes, you'll do it?

JOE

No! Yes as in, "No, I won't be doing any cocaine".

Jay looks at Henry, pissed.

JAY

Well then guess what fellas? No one's doing fucking coke. Both of you narc's gotta get the fuck out of my loft pronto.

Henry takes out his wallet and tosses all his remaining cash onto Jay.

HENRY

Please! Please! There's four hundred bucks there, it's everything I've got! Just gimme a few baggies and we'll be on our way! Please! Here! Take my watch too!

Henry takes off his Rolex and tosses it onto Jay's lap. Jay crosses his arms, adamant in his stance.

HENRY

Joe, you fucking idiot! Just DO THE GODDAMN COKE! YOU'RE RUINING EVERYTHING!

JOE

DON'T YOU YELL AT ME, YOU FUCKING DEGENERATE! You don't have a leg to stand on! You're a fuck up, a fugitive, and an addict! And now you've got me-

JAY

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Wha - A fugitive?! Did he just say the word "fugitive"?

JOE

Do you not watch the news?

JAY

No, I don't watch the goddamn news, thank you very much. I have NBA classics playing on this projector 24/7. I'm trying to create a vibe here. And you fugitive narc fuckers are ruining it! Now get the fuck out my loft before you bring the heat straight into my motherfuckin' living room!

HENRY

Please, Jay! We are fugitives, straight up, but we just need some coke so I can get to my private plane and fly the fuck out of here. It's all good.

JOE

Henry, let's just go.

Henry pauses for a second, then lunges at the COFFEE TABLE and frantically shoves two fistfuls of coke in his pockets.

JAY

You slippery piece of shit! DROP IT!

Jay pulls out a gun and points it at Henry. Henry pauses, then turns to Joe.

HENRY

(whispering to Joe)
Joe. Shoot him!

JOE

What?

JAY

WHAT?

HENRY

Shoot him with your gun!

JAY

You motherfucker's packin'?!

Jay starts to swing his gun towards Joe, who frantically whips out his gun. Unbeknownst to him, Joe drops his WALLET on the floor. Jay and Joe have guns pointed at one another.

JAY

Motherfucker. A Mexican stand off.
And Yo soy not budging.

The room is tense.

JOE

Look, I just wanna leave.

JAY

Not until I get back my shit.
(to Henry)
You betrayed me, Triple Sticks.

JOE

Cashin, give him back his coke!

Henry has his hands jammed in his pockets. He shakes his head, defiantly.

HENRY

NO! I'd rather die than not have my-

Joe tries to swat the coke with his free hand.

JOE

GIVE HIM BACK HIS FUCKING-

BANG! Joe's gun goes off. Jay falls to the ground, shot in the shoulder; his gun slides across the room.

JAY

AHHHHHHHHHHH!!! YOU SHOT ME!!! YOU
MOTHERFUCKER!!!

Joe stands there, shocked.

JOE

(to himself)
Oh my God...oh my God...I'm sorry!
I didn't mean to!!!

HENRY

Holy Shit! Run!

Henry pushes Joe out, stepping over a wounded and crying Jay as they leave through the front door.

JAY

TRIPLE STICKS!!! WHY!?!?!!

EXT. JAY'S APARTEMNT - CONTINUOUS

Henry and Joe haul ass around the corner to their car.

JOE

This didn't happen. This didn't just happen.

HENRY

Fuck. You're right. I must've left ten grand worth of coke sitting on the table. I gotta go back.

JOE

No! No, you stupid fuck. I just shot someone. It was an accident, right? I never even held a gun before. Ah, fuck.

HENRY

(sensing an opportunity)
I don't know man. You're the lawyer, but you kind of shot him in cold blood.

JOE

What? No! I didn't mean...the gun went...the trigger was just...sensitive. Oh my god.

Joe leans over and VOMITS on the side of the road.

They hear sirens in the distance. He grabs Henry and runs him to the car.

JOE

We need to leave. Now.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Jeffries and Gardini lead their team down the hallway.

GARDINI

Classic office "groupthink."
Returning to the scene of the crime.

JEFFRIES

That's not what group think means.

GARDINI

Well, it is a term that people might use in an office.

Jeffries ignores him, noticing that the door has been busted open. She motions for Gardini to enter while she covers him. He shakes his head, and calmly walks in.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jeffries and Gardini enter and search the premises. Jeffries finds a large fur blanket covering a huge lump on the floor.

JEFFRIES

What the-

She pulls off the blanket to reveal William's corpse, still tied to the chair. Shocked, she almost falls over backward.

JEFFRIES

Oh Jesus Christ? Is he dead?

Gardini swiftly moves in and checks his pulse.

GARDINI

Someone get this motherfucker a toe tag.

JEFFRIES

Great. So now we have a body count.

Jeffries gingerly examines William's body.

JEFFRIES

I don't see any signs of physical trauma. This doesn't make sense.

GARDINI

It makes perfect sense. Cashin is a murderer.

JEFFRIES

It is way too soon to jump to that conclusion.

GARDINI

Have you ever been raped? Like hard in the ass?

Jeffries is disgusted by the question.

GARDINI

Imagine it. Imagine the pain and trauma that would cause. Would you do just about anything to avoid that? Like, I don't know...kill some old fuck who's in your way?

(MORE)

GARDINI (cont'd)

Yes!

(beat)

And there's no sign of a struggle,
'cause he probably poisoned him.
That's what these rich bastards do.
Fucking Macbeth style. So, in
conclusion, Henry's a murderer,
case closed. That's how it's done!

(calling out)

We are...

WEAVER

(calling back)

...Marshals.

Weaver, who is searching through a drawer, gives Gardini a fist pump.

Jeffries dials her phone and paces the room. A framed photo of Henry and John Travolta giving thumbs up in the cockpit of a private plane catches her attention. She frowns.

JEFFRIES

(into phone)

Yeah. It's Jeffries. There's a dead
body in Cashin's apartment. Send
someone from forensics. And see if
the building has security cam
footage.

(beat)

We're on our way.

Jeffries hangs up and turns to Gardini.

GARDINI

What was that?

JEFFRIES

Shots fired off 4th and Avenue A in
Manhattan. The description of the
assailant matches Henry Cashin.

GARDINI

Sounds like the desperate, violent
act of a man looking to avoid being
raped.

(with a smug smile)

I accept apologies in any and all
forms.

JEFFRIES

Just c'mon.

Jeffries and Gardini run out of the apartment.

INT. JOE'S CAR - DAY

Henry drives as Joe holds the gun to him.

JOE

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. I can't believe I just shot someone. This was a bad idea...oh god was this a bad idea...

HENRY

Yeah, man. It was. As I always say, "you kidnap me, you kidnap my problems."

Henry does a line as he drives. Joe stares at Henry in disbelief.

JOE

You're a disgrace. How are you a politician? You're a fucking drug addict!

HENRY

No, I'm a functional drug addict. A lot of us are.

Henry does another line. Joe shakes his head.

HENRY

I mean, I was once on acid with Ted Kennedy and he was trying to jump off a building, and I was saying, no man, you can't fly. And he was like "I'm a bird". And I was like "No man, you're not. You're a human. You're just wearing a feathered cap".

Henry sticks his arm out the window, his hand surfing the wind.

JOE

You did acid with Ted Kennedy?

HENRY

We also did the wobbly H with his wife. Kind of ruined our friendship after that.

(beat)

Wait, what was I even talking about? Oh, yeah. Drugs. Look, Joe, you ever watch C-Span? Boring, right? Right.

(MORE)

HENRY (cont'd)

Well, you get to change the channel. I have to sit there. My life is C-Span...except when I'm on coke.

JOE

No more coke. Or coke stories. Just shut up and concentrate on the road from here on in.

HENRY

Man, that's what coke does. It allows you to fully focus on the road ahead and anticipate shit.

JOE

No, it doesn't.

(beat)

God, what the fuck am I going to tell Jessica?

HENRY

Who's that? Your favorite whore? Tell her you're on an adventure. Whores like that sort of thing.

JOE

What world are you living in!? She's my girlfriend. And she's going to fucking break up with me, because I just shot someone. I should call her. I need to call her before this gets any worse.

Joe takes out his phone. Henry grabs it and throws it out the window.

JOE

What the fuck?

HENRY

That's not a phone. That's a tracking device for the Federal government.

(beat)

Relax. Okay. Just relax. Take a break from acting drastically. You need to solve the problem, to be the solution. Only then, should you call her. From an untraceable line.

Henry reaches into his pocket and pulls out a business card, which he hands to Joe. It's Brad's.

HENRY

Look. This is our meal ticket. He has a shit-ton of money and a private jet, and he's going to hook us up, okay? Maybe he can be a mentor to you, I don't know!

Joe studies the card, unsure.

JOE

Just get me my money. I don't give a fuck about your jet.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

In an ambulance parked outside of Jay's apartment, Jay lays on the gurney. Jeffries sits next to him holding JOE'S LICENSE up to Jay. Gardini stands beside her, looking bored.

JAY

Yep! That's the guy who shot me. Him and Henry Cashin busted into my apartment, shot me in the shoulder, and then just started throwing piles of cocaine everywhere.

JEFFRIES

That's really your story?

JAY

I know! I'm as shocked by it as you are. It's truly appalling.

JEFFRIES

And what is it that you do for a living?

JAY

Dog trainer.

JEFFRIES

Dog trainer? And your tax records confirm that?

JAY

Oh, officer it's a cash only business. But fortunately, I keep immaculate records. Which are now covered in cocaine due to the mayhem I had to endure.

Jeffries turns to Gardini.

JEFFRIES

We're not gonna get anything out of this guy.

Gardini looks annoyed like he actually has to do some work.

GARDINI

Out of the way, Fed.

He casually sticks his finger in Jay's bullet wound.

JAY

AAAHHH!! FUUUUUCK!!!

GARDINI

What's the real story, motherfucker?!

JAY

Ahh! I sell coke to Cashin! He came in with this Joe guy trying to buy some off me, but I didn't trust Joe and in retrospect, I may have overreacted, and it turned in to a gunfight, and I was really scared, and he shot me! Please pull your finger out of me!!

Gardini pulls out his finger and wipes the blood on Jay's shirt. He looks over to Jeffries and taps his medal of honor.

GARDINI

If you think my investigative skills are top notch, say nothing and storm off.

She takes out her phone and storms off.

JEFFRIES

(on phone)

This is Agent Jeffries. Cashin's got an accomplice. Put out an APB on a Mr. Joseph Hayworth.

She turns around to see Gardini and Weaver high-fiving.

JEFFRIES

(to Gardini)

Can I see you in the car for a second?

INT. JEFFRIES' CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jeffries waits until Gardini closes the door, then:

JEFFRIES

Let's get something straight. You don't torture a witness to get answers. There are rules and regulations we have to abide by.

GARDINI

If I hadn't done that, you'd still be talking to that prick and getting nowhere. I don't know, maybe if you had a set of balls instead of...

(pointing to her crotch)
...then you'd understand that by now. This is the jungle, nerd.

JEFFRIES

Look, I'm sending teams to cover the airports. We need to follow up on this Joseph Hayworth.

An OFFICER approaches the car. She lowers the window and he hands her a DVD.

OFFICER

Got the security footage you asked for. Cued it to some suspicious looking guys.

Jeffries puts the DVD in the dash computer. She FAST-FORWARDS the tape until she sees AXEL and his THUGS enter the apartment with GUNS DRAWN. She REWINDS and freezes it.

GARDINI

Wait, that doesn't look like Cashin.

Jeffries stares at the image. She rewinds it again and re-watches.

JEFFRIES

Congrats, you nitwit. You finally got something right.

Jeffries takes out the DVD and hands it to the Officer.

JEFFRIES

Send this to every agency and department. Let me know if his face pops up on any radars.

The Officer nods and runs off. She turns the ignition and speeds off.

EXT. BRAD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Henry starts humming 'Back that Azz up' as he and Joe walk up to Brad's front door.

HENRY
 (under his breath)
 Girl you look good, won't you back
 that azz up. You's a big fine
 woman, won't you back that azz up?

They approach Brad's door.

HENRY
 Here we go, Joseph. Salvation is
 nigh. Me and you against the world.

Henry knocks on the door.

Henry knocks again. The door finally opens. It's Brad, in a robe and slippers.

BRAD
 No way! No way!

HENRY
 Braddie!

Henry jumps in his arms, but Brad is cold and doesn't hug back.

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They step inside.

BRAD
 What are you doing here?

HENRY
 Friendly favor, amigo. Just need to
 borrow your private jet. And I'll
 take some pills if you got 'em.
 (beat)
 Oh! Also, this is Joe. He needs all
 the money you have. And maybe some
 mentoring, but you two can figure
 that out on your own time.

Joe sheepishly waves.

BRAD

Henry, you've gotta be kidding me.
You can't be here right now. Do you
even realize what you're involved
in?

Brad turns on the news. Joe's face drops as he sees a picture
of his DRIVER'S LICENSE with the headline "Cashin's
Accomplice. Wanted for Charges of Attempted Murder."

NEWS REPORTER

(on TV)

From this security footage, police
expect we are dealing with a very
unstable man in Mr. Hayworth. This
was taken just yesterday at the
Apple Store on Fifth Avenue.

We see grainy Youtube footage of Joe berating the Fourteen
year old Girls.

JOE

(on TV)

I was just telling these young
BLEEPS to go BLEEP out Selena
Gomez.

HENRY

Look at the temper on this man!

Joe shuts off the TV and turns to Henry.

JOE

How the fuck?
(reaching for his wallet)
No. Oh no. My wallet. Oh no, oh no,
oh no, oh no...

Joe frantically paces around the room.

BRAD

Since when did you get an
accomplice?

JOE

I'm not his accomplice!

HENRY

Come off it, Joe. You're totally my
accomplice!

JOE

I'm not your fucking accomplice!

BRAD

Look, I don't care! You need to get out of my house!

HENRY

Why is everyone pushing me away?!

Joe is stunned. Henry sees Joe, crushed. He looks at Brad guilty and desperate.

HENRY

Brad, I'm begging you. I need your help.

BRAD

You just need help...in general. Not from me.

HENRY

But, you're my best friend.

Brad laughs in a very mean-spirited way.

BRAD

I'm your lawyer, Henry. People like me just act like your friend so we can take your fucking money, you in particular, because I knew how much of a degenerate you were. So as your lawyer, not your friend, I advise you to get the fuck out of my house before I take legal action against you and your accomplice.

JOE

(quietly)

I'm not his accomplice.

Henry looks devastated.

HENRY

Brad, you don't really mean that.

Brad stares down Henry. The look says it all.

HENRY

Fine. It's clear we're not wanted here. Joe, let's be on our way.

Henry takes a step towards the door and suddenly turns, jukes left and runs past Brad into the office.

INT. BRAD'S TOWNHOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Henry runs to the desk and immediately starts rummaging through the drawers. Brad runs after him.

BRAD
What are you doing?

Brad tries to push Henry back, but he fends him off and continues tossing the drawer.

BRAD
You're destroying the order of my documents!

Henry looks over at a Warhol PAINTING on the wall. He makes a move for it.

BRAD
Don't do it! Don't touch my Warhol.

Henry rips it off the wall, revealing a WALL SAFE. Brad runs towards him, but Henry throws the painting at him. Brad tries to protect it, but it RIPS over a LAMP.

BRAD
Lucky for you that's a fake!

Henry punches in a CODE on the safe and it opens. He grabs the SECURITY KEY CARD.

Brad tackles Henry and the card slides across the floor. They start wrestling over it.

HENRY
(calling out)
JOE!! JOOOE! Help!

BRAD
You can't beat me, addict. I wrestled at Princeton.

Brad elbows Henry in the back. He gets up to grab the key, but Henry trips up his legs, bringing Brad crashing to the ground.

Joe runs into the room and sees the chaos.

HENRY
Hold him down!

JOE
What the -

Henry lunges for the card. Brad socks him in the face.

HENRY

Help! Get the card! We need the
card!

Joe rushes over, he cracks Brad over the head with a legal textbook, stunning him. Brad clutches onto the card.

BRAD

That's assault, motherfucker!

Suddenly they hear a loud THUD against the front door. All three turn their attention towards it. The thud is quickly followed by another, as the front door breaks down. Axel and his thugs step into the house.

They all make eye contact. It's an awkward moment as all parties involved are shocked to see each other.

AXEL

Cashin? What the fuck?

Axel quickly fires a shot at Henry, and misses. Joe, Henry and Brad, dive behind a couch.

BRAD

(calling out)
Take them. I am not who you are
after!

JOE

Who the fuck is that?

HENRY

I don't know!

AXEL

Don't do anything stupid now, Gov.
Just come out, no one will get
hurt.

Axel winks to his Thugs as Henry, Joe and Brad tremble behind the couch.

BRAD

(loud whisper)
You think we're safe behind here?

HENRY

(loud whisper)
Yeah! Of course! It's a couch! It's
thick!

Axel just shrugs and starts unloading into the couch. The bullets go straight through it. One of them HITS BRAD. He falls back, blood splattering all over Joe, who is disgusted. Brad passes out.

HENRY

Brad!

JOE

Oh my God. Oh my God.

Joe starts to dry heave, about to vomit again.

HENRY

Don't fucking throw up again!

But Joe can't help it. He vomits.

HENRY

Goddamnit! You're leaving DNA everywhere!

Henry scans the area and sees a room directly in front of them. He grabs the KEY CARD off the ground and points.

HENRY

Aright, if you can manage to just shoot at these guys once, we can run into that room. You think you can do that?

Joe cocks the gun.

JOE

Fuck you. One. Two...three.

Joe stands up and wildly fires several rounds, CLIPPING ONE OF AXEL'S THUGS. As the rest duck for cover, Henry and Joe make a break for it.

INT. BRAD'S TOWNHOUSE - GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Henry and Joe run in and slam the door behind them.

HENRY

You can't just shoot at the air. You gotta shoot at people!

JOE

The last gun I shot was a fucking supersoaker. At summer camp!

HENRY

No, the last time you shot someone
was ten minutes ago.

(sotto)

In cold blood.

Suddenly Axel and his thugs begin their attempts at breaking down the door.

HENRY

We gotta barricade ourselves. Come
on.

They drag a desk over towards the door. The thugs slam against the door, pushing the desk back.

HENRY

Shoot through the door!!

JOE

What? No! Then they'll shoot back
at us through the door!

HENRY

Not if we shoot them first! Fuck.
Fine! I'll do it!

Henry grabs the gun and unloads the clip into the door and walls. There's a moment of silence.

HENRY

You think I got 'em?

They pause for another moment. Suddenly a parade of bullets rip through the wall towards Joe and Henry who drop to the ground. The shooting subsides and the door pounding continues. Joe angrily takes back the gun.

JOE

Gimme that!

Henry looks for an escape route.

HENRY

Fuck this.

Henry grabs a chair and throws it through the window; he jumps out and Joe follows.

INT. BRAD'S TOWNHOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

One of the thugs is on the ground clutching his bleeding arm. A couple more thugs prepare to take another run at the door.

AXEL

Wait!

Axel peeks through one of the bullet holes and sees Joe jumping out the window.

AXEL

They're outside. Get around back!

Axel and his team run out the door.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Henry and Joe haul ass down the street and around the corner. Axel and his thugs comes barreling down the street, firing at them. They get to their car. Henry gets in, but Joe hesitates.

HENRY

Come on!

Just then Axel fires at them, blowing out the back window of the car. Henry starts the engine. Joe gets in and Henry immediately floors it. Axel runs back to his car, but it's too late. Henry and Joe are long gone.

EXT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Jeffries and Gardini approach Joe's apartment. Jeffries KNOCKS.

GARDINI

Why the fuck you knocking? You
looking to borrow an extension
cord?

Gardini leans in to bust down the door with his shoulder. BANG! The door doesn't budge. Gardini stumbles back in pain.

GARDINI

(under his breath)
Ah, fuck.

Jeffries tries the door handle. It's unlocked. She swings the door open, giving Gardini an obvious, arrogant look.

They enter.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jeffries and Gardini look around the shitty apartment. Jeffries is confused, but Gardini immediately goes towards the new APPLE PRODUCTS Joe bought after he quit.

JEFFRIES

This doesn't make sense. This can't be right.

GARDINI

This makes perfect sense. We just spread this bitch's legs wide open.

JEFFRIES

This isn't an accomplice. This is a college student. At best.

Gardini holds out his middle three fingers together towards Jeffries.

GARDINI

You gotta read between the lines.
(gesturing to Joe's stuff)
This apartment is clearly a front.
Brand new Laptop. Bose Speakers.
Unopened Beats by Dre headphones.
This guy is clearly living off the books.

Jeffries looks at a dorky PHOTO of Joe and Jessica at Senor Frogs. She doesn't fully believe Gardini, who is tapping along the walls.

GARDINI

There's gotta be a safe hidden in one of these walls.

Gardini's phone RINGS. He answers it.

GARDINI

This is Gardini.

INTERCUT

EXT. NYPD PRECINCT - ROOF TOP - SAME

Detective PEREZ stands on the roof, holding onto a file. A cigarette dangles from his mouth.

PEREZ

Yo, Gardini. What up, you still fat as fuck?

GARDINI

Perez you dirty spic, you still got nine illegals squatting in your apartment?

PEREZ

You know it, baby. Look, I heard you were asking around for an ID off the Cashin footage.

GARDINI

Whatcha got for me?

Gardini snaps for Jeffries attention.

PEREZ

His name's Axel Wallace. We've had a wire up on him for months. 'Cause of budget cuts we can't man it 24/7, but I went through it. We're sending you the audio files right now. You might want to give a listen. It's some fucked up shit, bro.

Gardini starts gyrating, air-fucking the couch with excitement.

GARDINI

Perez, you're a life saver. If they try to deport your family. Let me know and I'll marry your wife...and fuck her. Many, many times.

The line goes dead. He rushes over to Joe's computer and logs into his USMS email.

JEFFRIES

What's up? What's going on?

GARDINI

(tapping his medal)
Fucking Gold medaling here. Just got an ID on the guy from Cashin's. Some thug named, Axel.

Gardini opens the e-mail and pulls up the AUDIO FILE. It's the conversation between Shankrow and Axel from the beginning.

SHANKROW (V.O.)

I ordered a pizza a long time ago, and now that the pizza has gone bad, I need it disposed of.

Jeffries eyes light up. Her brain immediately starts turning. She rewinds the tape and plays Shankrow's voice again.

JEFFRIES

I know that voice. That's Sam Shankrow.

GARDINI

Who the fuck is that?

JEFFRIES

He's a huge real-estate developer. He practically financed Cashin's re-election campaign.

GARDINI

So what you're saying is, Cashin's the pizza?

JEFFRIES

Not if we get to him first.

GARDINI

Don't get it twisted, y'all. It's my audio file. The Marshal service is taking the collar...And the pizza!

Gardini, with a weird lust in his eyes, runs out of the apartment, leaving Jeffries standing bemused.

INT. BRAD'S TOWNHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Axel sits on the couch, holding Brad at gunpoint, while he talks into his phone. Brad is badly injured. The thug who was errantly shot is now dead on the floor.

AXEL

News about your pizza. Delivery went a little awry-

SHANKROW

Forget the pizza talk! Just tell me what the fuck's going on.

AXEL

Shots were fired. He got away.

SHANKROW

You let him get away?! Where's he headed?!

AXEL

In the process of figuring that out right now.

Axel nods at Brad and winks at him.

SHANKROW

Hurry it up! I'm paying for speedy service.

Axel hangs up the phone and turns his attention to Brad.

BRAD

(terrified)

You guys don't have to hurt me. I'll tell you anything you want! You want Henry, right? I'll tell you right where he's going! He's trying to escape and he's going to steal my fucking plane. White Plains Executive Airport. Go there! Please!

AXEL

Thanks.
(to Thug #1)
Kill him.

Axel turns to leave.

BRAD

What?! NO! But I told you everything!

When he reaches the door, Axel turns back.

AXEL

(to Thug #1)

I don't understand. Why is he still talking? Why isn't he dead yet?

THUG #1

I-I don't know if I can do it. Seeing that old man die. Just watching his life slowly ebb out of him...it really fucked with me. I mean-

BLAM! BLAM! In one swift motion, Axel shoots Brad and Thug #1 dead. He turns to Thug #2 and Thug #3.

AXEL

Let's go.

Thug #2 and Thug #3 look at each other, scared, then follow.

INT. JOE'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Henry drives at the speed of traffic in attempt to blend in, despite the car being totalled and shot through. Joe is looking behind, to make sure Axel isn't still in pursuit.

Both men look depressed and worn out.

HENRY

I can't believe Brad got shot. He had some really harsh words, that if I go to jail I'll probably play back in my head many times, but he's an asshole, so how am I supposed to feel right now?

JOE

(totally ignoring him)
I'm gonna go to jail. I'm gonna spend three to five years in jail. Oh my God. What the fuck am I doing?

Joe puts his head in his hands. Henry tries to pet him.

HENRY

There, there, Joe. Come on!

Joe springs up. He slams the dashboard.

JOE

PULL THE FUCKING CAR OVER!

HENRY

Jesus. Okay.

Henry pulls over next to a PARK. Joe gets out of the car and starts walking down the sidewalk. Henry slowly drives alongside of Joe.

HENRY

You sure about this? We're wanted fugitives, man. Come on, get back in the car.

JOE

Every second I spend with you, my life gets exponentially worse. Everything you touch turns to complete shit. The state. Your marriage. My life.

HENRY

Don't act like you're completely innocent in all this. You were the one that kidnapped me, remember? Bang, bang, Lu Xang?

JOE

Yeah, and it was the worst decision of my life.

HENRY

(hurt)

Come on, man. Don't say that. We can still get your money. I have so much money in the Maldives, it's insane. I'm talkin' eight duffle bags full of \$100 bills.

JOE

I don't even care about the money anymore. I need my girlfriend.

HENRY

The last thing you need is a woman. My wife, your girl, they're all the same. Sure, behind every great man is a great woman. But behind every broken man is a woman running.

JOE

That's you. 'Cause you're a whore-monger. That's not me. Drive away. Please.

HENRY

(sadly)

But...it's us against the world.

JOE

No, it's not. It's been you against the world. You don't care about me. All you care about is your coke and your plane. So I'm leaving Henry. I'm gonna get my girl back.

(beat)

Fuck you.

Joe walks across the street, away from Henry. We STAY ON Henry in the car. Totally alone. He feebly parks the car and starts rummaging through his pockets. A microscopic amount of cocaine powder is on his finger. He rubs his gums with it.

He turns on the radio. "Breathe Me" by Sia is playing. Henry starts to tear up.

EXT. PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Joe gets to a PAY PHONE. It smells bad and is covered in grease and dirt. He braces himself and picks it up.

JOE

I'd like to make a collect call...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JESSICA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica picks up the phone. Ron is there, looking furious.

JESSICA

Hello? Joe, is that you?

JOE

Yes! It's me! This phone is disgusting. Oh, Jesus.

JESSICA

Joe, where have you been?! I've been trying to call you all day! They're saying really bad stuff about you on the news.

JOE

Jessica, I'm so sorry. I don't know what to do. They took away my scholarship, and I tried to fix things, but I fucked everything up.

JESSICA

What? Joe. I told you, none of that matters to me. We can figure this out. Just turn yourself in--

Ronald grabs the phone.

RONALD

Joe, I'm gonna be quick and frank in case they're monitoring this phone call, but you have one option. Run. Fucking run.

JOE

What? Ron?! What kind of option is that?

RONALD

You're gonna go to jail, buddy. Kidnapping. Attempted murder.

(MORE)

RONALD (cont'd)
That's 20 to life. I don't want
that criminal baggage anywhere near
my daughter!

JESSICA
Dad! Shut up! Give me the phone
back.

Jessica grabs the phone back.

JESSICA
Don't listen to him. Just come
home. We can work this out.

JOE
Your dad's right. I'm sorry,
Jessica.

Joe drops the phone, crushed. He looks across the park at
Henry in the car, passed out, finally having come down from a
day full of cocaine. Joe looks around, searching for options.

He notices a COP CAR, rounding the park, about to turn onto
the street on which Henry is parked. Joe watches for a beat.

JOE
(to himself)
This is a bad idea.

Joe runs towards Henry as the COP CAR turns onto the street.
Joe slips through the pedestrians and gets back into the car.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe slams the door shut.

JOE
Henry! Drive!

Henry is startled. Still in a daze.

HENRY
Joe?

JOE
We gotta go! Cops.

HENRY
You came back for me.
(beat)
Your skirt left you in the lurch?

JOE

She didn't leave me, I'm leaving her. She's too good for me. We need to leave. Now.

HENRY

That's really romantic, Joe. I wish there was a girl version of you. I think I could have sex with someone like that without being high.

The COPS are now out of their car. Approaching. Guns drawn.

COP #1 (O.S.)

(yelling out)

Take your hands off the wheel and slowly exit the vehicle!

Henry looks in the mirror and sees the cops getting closer.

HENRY

Oh shit, cops.

(turning to Joe)

This is it. I hit the gas there's no turning back. You're with me to the end.

JOE

I'm fucked either way. So just go!

HENRY

Say it, amigo. You want to go to the Maldives with me.

Joe looks in the mirror, panicked.

JOE

(softly)

Yeah, yeah, the Maldives, whatever. DRIVE!

HENRY

What'd you say? I can't hear you!

JOE

I WANT TO GO TO THE FUCKING MALDIVES!

HENRY

With who?!

JOE

I WANT TO GO TO THE FUCKING MALDIVES WITH YOU!

HENRY

YES!

Henry guns it out onto the street. The cops run back into their car as Henry weaves his way through traffic.

HENRY

You're gonna love life on the lam,
Joe.

(he whips another turn)

You can dye your hair, grow a
moustache. We'll get you set up
with University of Phoenix's online
law school. But you better be a
self-motivator!

Henry whips onto another street, just narrowly missing some pedestrians. More COP CARS have joined the pursuit.

HENRY

You ready to see something special?
I used to drive Ferrari's for
sport.

JOE

Well, we're not in Monaco, and this
is a fucking Honda!

HENRY

Doesn't matter. It's all in the
technique. Man, I wish had my
driving gloves right now.

Henry slams on the brakes. The cop car directly behind them runs into them full steam. The back of Henry's car slides up on the hood of the cop car, blocking the cop's view.

Henry guns the gas again, the back tires spinning onto the hood, eventually catapulting them forward.

Henry and Joe glance back at the piled up cop cars. A couple of the cops manage to get around it and stay on pace.

HENRY

Ha! See? Three down! Only a couple
more to go.

Two blocks down, Joe sees a police barricade. They've laid down tire spikes.

JOE

Shut up, you idiot! Tire spikes!
Tire spikes!

Henry guns it and the car flies over the tire spikes...WHAM!

The tires explode, sparks fly off the wheels, but this doesn't slow them down.

HENRY

When's the last time you got this car serviced, Joe? It sucks!

The car is rocking back and forth, it's becoming increasingly difficult to control the wheels.

JOE

We're gonna get cornered!

HENRY

No! They can't corner what they can't predict!

Henry scans the neighborhood. The streets are pretty empty. Henry points to a pizza shop down the block.

HENRY

There! We're gonna drive through it!

JOE

Are you out of your fucking mind!

HENRY

No! I'm in my fucking mind! We gotta bust right through that pizza shop!

JOE

We can't do it! It'll kill us!

Henry grabs Joe's arm, doing his best impression of a real politician.

HENRY

Yes, we can. Yes. We. Can.

Joe braces for impact.

HENRY

By the way, close your eyes and mouth. Airbag powder tastes like shit.

Henry speeds forward and starts honking the horn to clear the sidewalk and hops the curb.

He crashes through the front window of the Pizza Place. The airbags explode out from the dash, smacking each of them hard in the face.

JOE
Holy fuck! We're alive.

HENRY
Fuck yeah! Let's run!

Joe looks over to see a shard of glass sticking out of Henry's left arm.

JOE
Your arm!

Henry looks down and sees the glass.

HENRY
I can't even feel it! The adrenaline is crazy!

JOE
C'mon let's go!

INT. PIZZA PLACE - CONTINUOUS

The place is a total warzone. The OWNER is freaking out.

Henry and Joe run towards the back of the store. Meanwhile the Owner has grabbed his shotgun and begins unloading clips towards them.

OWNER
You sons of bitch!

They cover themselves as they reach the back of the store. Henry grabs the door handle. It's jammed.

JOE
Go! Go! Open it!

Henry looks back at the Owner.

HENRY
Get down!

Henry grabs Joe and pushes him down. The owner shoots off the door handle.

JOE
Fuck! Thanks!

Henry sees the Owner reloading.

HENRY

Suck me off later. We gotta go!

Henry kicks the door open and they escape through the back just as the cops arrive through the front.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Henry and Joe look around the alley. Joe spots a garden.

JOE

There! Let's go!

Joe and Henry take off through the garden and disappear.

INT. SHANKROW'S OFFICE - DAY

Shankrow is SHREDDING stacks of documents. His intercom crackles to life.

DMITRI (O.C.)

(through intercom)

Mr. Shankrow, there's an Agent Jeffries and Agent...

(beat)

I'm sorry, Marshal Gardini here to see you.

SHANKROW

(to himself)

Oh god. Oh no. Calm down, Sam. They don't know anything. You're fine. Everything is fine.

Shankrow stops himself, takes a deep breathe, and exhales.

SHANKROW

(into the intercom)

Send them in, Dmitri.

Shankrow composes himself. Jeffries and Gardini walk in.

JEFFRIES

I'm sorry to bother you Mr. Shankrow. As you may have heard, Governor Cashin is on the loose.

SHANKROW

Yes, I've been following it on the news.

JEFFRIES

We were just wondering if you could help us out.

(holding out a photo of Axel)

What do you know about this man? Look familiar to you?

SHANKROW

(shaking his head)

Not even a little. In fact, I'm very unfamiliar with that gentlemen. Anything else I can help you with?

JEFFRIES

That's interesting because you had a conversation with him this morning.

Jeffries holds out her iphone and plays the recording.

SHANKROW (V.O.)

I ordered a pizza a long time ago, and now that the pizza has gone bad, I need it disposed of.

Shankrow hides his fear and tries to play it cool.

SHANKROW

Yeah, so what? I don't get it. Some guy ordered a pizza.

GARDINI

Had any pizza lately?

SHANKROW

No, but obviously you have.

GARDINI

What's that supposed to mean?

Shankrow shrugs coyly. Gardini steps forward, but Jeffries holds him back.

JEFFRIES

It's clearly your voice on the tape, Mr. Shankrow, and we will prove it.

SHANKROW

I appreciate the compliment. That voice does have a certain je ne sais quoi mysteriousness about it, but again, it's not mine, so please leave.

JEFFRIES

Let me ask a question. How did you get the zoning permit for the Gateway National Park?

SHANKROW

It's called acumen. Something you and the dough boy should learn, before you start harassing the good citizens of this city.

JEFFRIES

By acumen, do you mean you bribed Governor Cashin?

SHANKROW

The only time I've given money to Cashin is when I donated to his campaign, which if you've done your research, was totally above board and legal.

GARDINI

Is "campaign" D.C. lingo for hooker fund?

Gardini smiles to Jeffries, like "good one, right?"

SHANKROW

I don't know what you're implying and frankly I'm offended. I support our democratic system. Period.

Shankrow points several framed photos on the wall.

SHANKROW

Look, if I'd known Cashin was such a freak, I never would have backed him. But I did, and I'll chalk it up as one mistake in a career of otherwise incredible decisions.

He points to another photo of him on the back of a yacht holding a GIANT MARLIN, along side another man, who we recognize as Brad. The name on the boat: Street Cred.

SHANKROW

You see, I operate with style and class. I don't associate myself with scumbags.

He shoves back the PHOTO of Axel. Jeffries ignores it and steps toward the photo of Shankrow and Brad.

JEFFRIES

One last question. What are you doing with this man?

SHANKROW

He's my lawyer.

Jeffries smiles and taps Brad's face. She looks at Gardini and they share a look of delight.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Henry and Joe walk through a totally run down neighborhood.

JOE

That was fucking sick. We just outran the police!

Henry reaches for his shoulder in pain. We reveal a PIECE OF GLASS bulging out. He turns to Joe.

HENRY

How bad is it?

JOE

(clearly lying)
It's not that bad?

Henry looks around. He scans the cross-streets. His light-bulb turns on.

HENRY

Come on.

CUT TO:

EXT. DON MATTINGLY ELEMENTARY - MOMENTS LATER

Henry leads Joe up the steps to the front door of the school.

JOE

Don Mattingly?

HENRY

Nurse and I had a little...not a rendezvous...a, uh tryst...when I was rebuilding this place.

(beat)

She had a real nice cabinet full of pain killers and gauze.

JOE

We can't just break into the school.

HENRY

Oh look! I found the hidden key!

Henry picks up the rock and HURLS it through the window, smashing it. He then motions for Joe to give him a boost.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Joe takes stock of the nice amenities. We recognize this school from the first scene of the film.

JOE

This school is actually pretty rad. Who knew.

HENRY

State senate wouldn't give me the money I needed to rebuild it, but the kids in this neighborhood deserve the best, just like any kid upstate. So I said fuck it and paid for it myself. *Anonymously*. By naming it after my favorite baseball player.

Joe nods approvingly.

HENRY

Alright, this way to the nurse's office.

INT. SUV - DAY

Jeffries and Gardini race through the streets.

JEFFRIES

The lawyer. Cashin's goddamn lawyer. The guy goes everywhere with him.

GARDINI

Yeah. He was there when I picked Cashin up. They were hugging in a really weird way.

JEFFRIES

Exactly.

GARDINI

And another thing. Who the fuck does that guy think he is calling me fat? That bastard is gonna pay and so is his crooked-ass lawyer.

Her phone RINGS. She answers it.

JEFFRIES

(into phone)

This is Jeffries. What?! How long ago? Was anyone injured? Alright, keep me posted. We're going to question his lawyer now. WHAT?! When? Why wasn't I notified!

She slams down the phone.

JEFFRIES (CONT'D)

Silverman's body was found shot up in his home.

GARDINI

What the fuck? It's like the bubonic plague with these witnesses.

INT. NURSE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Joe rummages through the medicine cabinet as Henry sits on the patient table.

HENRY

You know, I was sitting right in that chair the first time I realized being Governor could be cool. My hands were covered in paint, Trudy was fellating me, and it finally felt like I had reached some kids.

(beat)

(MORE)

HENRY (cont'd)

I would have been happy marrying Trudy that day, taking up as a Principal with an ounce a week weed habit...but there's no way that would've been good enough for the Son of Henry Cashin II.

JOE

I don't get it. Why didn't you just leave? Light your own path?

Joe turns back to Henry, holding out a bunch of pill bottles and bandages.

HENRY

Let me see those.

Henry scans the pill bottles and spots one for ADDEROL.

HENRY

Jackpot.

He pops one as Joe begins to bandage his arm.

HENRY

At first I thought I could make a difference. Actually help people out. But it's crazy, it's all unions and contracts, and people offering you up money and hookers. After a while, when everyone's telling you stuff like "you're the Governor, you can do whatever you want," you start to think you can actually get away with it. So I began dabbling in cocaine, then I dabbled a bit more, and more...and before I knew it I was mixing acid with ecstasy, fucking between six and ten prostitutes a week.

(beat)

I should've probably just resigned, now that I say it out loud like this.

Henry pops another adderol pill. Joe looks extremely taken aback, but doesn't want to spoil this moment.

JOE

You know I never even wanted to be a lawyer.

HENRY

Why'd you kidnap me then, man?

JOE

It was all for Jessica's father. He's a fancy judge and I just felt I could never be good enough for her if I wasn't a lawyer too.

HENRY

Wait, he's a judge? Can he help you?

JOE

No. He hates me.

HENRY

You can't be afraid of fathers. Look where it got me. Buried up to my neck in hookers. And after about five or seven years, that starts getting a little lonely. So fuck him, man. And fuck being a lawyer. Do what you want.

JOE

It's a little late for that now.

HENRY

When you were in school, what did you want to be? Like in third grade or whatever.

JOE

Are you serious?

HENRY

Alright in eighth grade.

An embarrassed beat.

JOE

A professional basketball player, an astronaut or a teacher.

HENRY

Well, you're white and shockingly slow, and there's no way Nasa's going to hire a known criminal, but if I was a principal, you'd be my first round pick.

JOE

(laughing)

Oh really? Maybe we can start a little school in the Maldives. Maldive prep.

HENRY

We can teach all the natives
English, and sex ed. That's a great
idea.

Henry pops like four Tylenol.

HENRY

The wonders of the West.

EXT. DON MATTINGLY ELEMENTARY - SAME

A COP approaches the school. He notices the broken window. He tries to open the door, but sees that it's locked. He takes out his radio.

COP

I've got a broken window here at
Mattingly elementary.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Henry walks out of the PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE with a set of car keys to find Joe staring at the MURAL on the wall. The same mural we saw earlier with Henry and the kids.

JOE

Is that you?

Henry nods and points to a fat black woman in a Nurse's outfit in the background.

HENRY

Yeah. And there's Trudy.

Joe smiles.

HENRY

I look pretty handsome, I think.

JOE

You actually look like a
Politician.

Henry takes one last look at this better version of himself. He smiles as his nose begins to bleed.

HENRY

Jesus, I need help.

JOE

I know you do.

HENRY

I really fucked everything up. I'm
sorry for that.

There's a beat.

JOE

I'm in it now. Us against the
world.

Henry smiles.

HENRY

Us against the world.

Just then they hear the cop's RADIO. They freeze.

JOE

Shit!
(looking around)
Through the playground!

EXT. PLAYGROUND - CONTINUOUS

Henry and Joe climb over a fence to get to the parking lot
and run onto the bus.

INT. BRAD'S TOWNHOUSE - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The area is taped off and crawling with police. Gardini and
Jeffries make their way through the scene.

They're not even concerned with the dead bodies of Brad and
Axel's thug. They start rummaging through the files Henry
threw around earlier.

JEFFRIES

Keep your eyes open for anything.
Signatures, account numbers,
anything that ties Shankrow's dirty
money to Cashin.

Gardini spots a RECEIPT lying on the floor. It says "WHITE
PLAINS EXECUTIVE AIRPORT: LOT 4B".

GARDINI

I think I just got something
better.
(handing over the receipt)
(MORE)

GARDINI (cont'd)

That tweaked-out drug dealer said Cashin was headed for a private plane. What if that's why he came here?

JEFFRIES

Nice work. Call it in.

Gardini takes out his phone. Jeffries starts pulling out FILES from the safe. She rifles through some DOCUMENTS. Several in particular catch her attention.

JEFFRIES

Son of a bitch. These are deposit slips for off-shore accounts in the Maldives.

(beat)

The fucking Maldives. That's where he's going!

GARDINI

I got a feeling there's gonna be some shiny-ass medals waiting for us on the tarmac.

EXT. WHITE PLAINS EXECUTIVE AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

Axel drives towards the entrance of the airport. His thugs load their clips. Axel's phone rings.

AXEL

Yeah?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Shankrow, frazzled, is on a pay phone. He holds the dirty PHONE with a handkerchief.

SHANKROW

You're phone is being tapped! You need to call me from a clean line, on whatever number came up on your call display. Immediately!

Axel memorizes the number on the phone and then casually throws it out the window. He snaps to the THUG in shotgun, who opens the glove compartment and pulls out a new PHONE. He rips off the wrapper and hands it over to Axel. He dials.

SHANKROW

Is this clean? Are you sure?

AXEL

Like a fairy's asshole. Now talk.

SHANKROW

Updates! I need updates! I now have the FBI sniffing around my office. The F.B. FUCKING I!

AXEL

Pulling up to Cashin's location now.

SHANKROW

I need you to add those Feds to our to-do list.

AXEL

Text me the details. You better hit an ATM, motherfucker.

SHANKROW

Wait! Don't hang up. I want to be there.

AXEL

What?

SHANKROW

(nervous, rambling)

Look, I respect you, and don't take this the wrong way, because I think you're awesome, Axel. I think you're fantastic. But seeing as today has been, how do I put it...a little more loose than usual? I just think I'd feel a little more comfortable if I was there to see it through. See it with my own eyes.

AXEL

Absolutely not.

SHANKROW

I'll pay you extra! 50,000 more!

Axel sighs.

AXEL

Fine. Hold on a sec.

Axel and his thugs roll up to the airport's security entrance. Two SECURITY GUARDS greet them at the gate.

SECURITY GUARD #1
Driver's license and key card
please.

AXEL
Here you go.

Axel reaches down and pulls out a gun. He KILLS both guards. One of the thugs gets out and grabs a Security Guard's key card. Axel picks the phone back up.

AXEL
(into phone)
I'll send one of my guys to pick
you up. Should be there in 15-

SHANKROW
Wait, wait, wait, were those
gunshots?! Did you just kill him?!

AXEL
(into phone)
15 minutes. Be ready.

Axel swipes the key card and the gate opens up. His car pulls onto the tarmac.

INT. JEFFRIES' CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jeffries and Gardini speed down the highway. Gardini drives as Jeffries reviews the files from Brad's.

JEFFRIES
Check this out. Since Shankrow made
his first donation four years ago,
Cashin has also made 28 different
deposits. And each one coincides
with a donation...
(reading a document)
Every 3 months. God damn it! That's
how he's camouflaging the bribes.

She holds up more files.

JEFFRIES
God knows how many other
"Shankrows" he's got on his hook.

GARDINI
Fuck! Cashin's such a dickweed.

JEFFRIES
And we got him! And Shankrow.

GARDINI
Together.

JEFFRIES
Together.

Jeffries and Gardini smile at each other. They then see the White Plains Executive Airport SIGN up ahead.

JEFFRIES
You ready for this?

GARDINI
I was born-

SMASH!!! A BULLET rips through the windshield.

EXT. JEFFRIES' CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car swerves off the road, flies over the highway railing, and barrel-rolls down a hill, SLAMMING into a tree. There is no movement in the overturned car, the wheels still rolling.

EXT. HANGER - CONTINUOUS

Axel lowers a SNIPER RIFLE.

AXEL
Hah! That's 400k in the
motherfuckin' bank.

Axel's picks up his phone and dials Shankrow.

AXEL
(into phone)
Here's your update. Feds are dead.
Cashin's next.

SHANKROW (O.S.)
Great. Don't do him without me. I'm
almost there.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - NIGHT

Henry drives as happy as a little school boy. Joe sits up front looking a little nervous.

HENRY
 (singing to himself)
 Call me Big Daddy when you back
 that...
 (to himself)
 Why has that song been stuck in my
 head all day?

Henry turns to Joe.

HENRY
 So let's talk about Maldiva Prep.
 Should we enforce a Dress Code? I
 feel like that encourages
 discipline, but by the same token
 we don't want to stifle their
 imaginations.

JOE
 I'm more concerned about whether
 you can actually fly a plane in
 your condition.

HENRY
 I'm an excellent pilot, Joe.
 Remember that acid story about
 Kennedy? What if I told you it all
 took place while I was flying a
 plane.
 (beat)
 Trust me.

Joe cracks a smile.

EXT. WHITE PLAINS EXECUTIVE AIRPORT - LATER

Henry and Joe drive up to the security gate. The bodies have been removed and most of the blood is covered up; they don't notice. Henry swipes the Key Card. The gate opens and they pull forward.

HENRY
 See. How easy was that?

Henry drives down the tarmac along a row of hangers and other planes. They park next to HANGER 4B. Inside they see a JET AIRPLANE. It glistens with freedom.

HENRY
 There she is. Our steel chariot.

They exit the car and walk towards the plane.

SHANKROW (O.S.)
 (audible whispering)
 Hey Axel, watch this...
 (loudly)
 Bad news, Governor. I think your
 flight's been delayed.

Henry and Joe turn to see Shankrow, excited to have delivered this line. He's with Axel and a gang of armed thugs.

HENRY
 Shankrow. You fucking dick! You
 sent these guys to kill me?

SHANKROW
 Yeah. Pretty rough, huh? I like to
 think of it as protecting my
 investment...in myself.

AXEL
 Get on your fucking knees!

The thugs push Henry and Joe onto their knees. Axel gestures to them with his gun.

AXEL
 Hands behind your head.

SHANKROW
 Hope you understand. I couldn't
 have you talking, Henry.

JOE
 He wasn't going to talk! We're
 literally at an airport, trying to
 escape!

HENRY
 It's true! I'm practically doing
 this for you! This is so I'm not
 put in a position to jeopardize
 your freedom!

SHANKROW
 Oh, and I'm supposed to trust a
 degenerate drug addict? Or some
 fucking guy named Joe? I can't take
 that chance. Sorry, boys.

HENRY
 Oh, so instead you're going to kill
 us in cold blood?

SHANKROW

Exactly.

Axel cocks his gun and points it at the back of Henry's head.

SHANKROW

Hold on.

AXEL

What?

SHANKROW

I want to do it myself.

AXEL

Do I still get paid?

SHANKROW

Yeah! Of course!

AXEL

Fine.

Axel hands Shankrow his gun.

SHANKROW

Wow. This gun is so heavy.

Shankrow points the gun in Henry's face. Henry squirms and flinches away from the gun. A long beat passes by wherein Henry keeps squirming, anticipating the end.

AXEL

What are you doing? Fucking shoot him.

SHANKROW

Chill out, Axel. I'm just getting in the zone. We're not all seasoned killers like yourself.

Henry looks at Joe with sad eyes.

HENRY

Joe, I...I'm sorry you're about to lose your life.

JOE

It's okay, Henry. It's not much of a life to lose.

HENRY

Well I'm sorry about that, too.

Shankrow steadies his resolve and focuses his aim on Henry.

SHANKROW
You know, Axel, it's
almost...sexual. I get it, I see
why you do this for a living.

AXEL
Will you just-

SHANKROW
Okay! Okay!

Shankrow starts to slowly pull back on the trigger.

HENRY
See you on the flip side, hombr-

BLAM!!! Blood sprays onto Joe's face.

JOE
Henry!!!

Joe looks over and sees that Henry is unharmed, but Thug #2
been shot in the neck.

AXEL
Where the fuck did that come from?

ANGLE ON: Jeffries

A cut up and bruised Jeffries emerges from the distance
holding a smoking gun, her hair matted from blood.

ANGLE ON: Shankrow, Axel and the Thugs

SHANKROW
You said she was dead!

AXEL
She was!!

Axel and the Thugs unload on Jeffries, who deftly dives
behind a stack of CRATES.

From the opposite direction, bullets start whizzing by
Shankrow, Axel, and the thugs.

SHANKROW
What the fuck?!

ANGLE ON: Gardini

Gardini slowly limps out of the woods, his left arm clearly broken, firing wildly and missing.

ANGLE ON: Shankrow, Axel and the Thugs

They turn their attention to Gardini and open fire. A bullet hits Gardini in the leg. He drags himself behind an SUV.

ANGLE ON: Henry and Joe

Henry and Joe make a break for it. Shankrow and Axel fire at them. Henry and Joe run into HANGER 1.

AXEL
(to Thugs)
Deal with the cops first!

Thugs #3 and #4 run off.

SHANKROW
Alright! I'll take the Governor!

AXEL
No! Just stay put-

Too late. Shankrow runs towards the Hanger, wildly shooting his gun in Henry and Joe's direction. Axel chases after.

INT. HANGER 1 - MOMENTS LATER

Henry and Joe split off. Henry hides behind a stack of crates while Joe hides behind a small plane.

HENRY
(whispering)
Joe! What are you doing over there?! Come over here!

JOE
(whispering)
No! Shut up! You come here!

Henry shakes his head defiantly. Just then, Axel enters the hanger, cautiously, his gun drawn. Henry and Joe look to each other, scared shitless. Axel raises his gun to the ceiling and shoots.

BANG!! Startled, Joe jumps out from his hiding place.

JOE
AHHH!!!

Joe desperately scrambles as Axel takes aim and unloads his clip, almost hitting Joe numerous times.

AXEL

Oh no. You're not getting away.

Out of bullets, Axel TACKLES Joe to the ground. Henry watches as Joe gets pummelled by Axel.

HENRY

Oh fuck. Joe.

Henry feels a tap on the shoulder and turns to see Shankrow pointing a gun at him. CLICK. Out of bullets. Henry smiles, but Shankrow quickly punches him in the face.

EXT. HANGER - CONTINUOUS

Gardini is in bad shape, leaning up against an SUV.

THUG #3 (O.S.)

I think the fat one's hiding behind the SUV!

GARDINI

Oh shit.

Jeffries peeks out from a crate, and sees the two Thugs converging on the SUV.

Thug #3 is about to shoot Gardini, when Jeffries suddenly rushes the SUV, leaps forward, and shoots Thug #3 dead.

GARDINI

Jeffries. I- I-

Thug #4 appears behind Gardini. Jeffries spins around and deftly shoots him in the head. Jeffries rips off the sleeve of her shirt and ties it around Gardini's upper thigh.

JEFFRIES

Stay here.

Jeffries reloads and runs towards Hanger 1.

INT. HANGER 1 - CONTINUOUS

Shankrow has Henry pinned on the ground, and he's choking him with his tie.

SHANKROW

Oh yes! This is fucking great! I feel so fucking powerful! I'm taking your life, Henry. I'm taking it!!!

As Henry struggles, he spots across the hanger...

ANGLE ON: JOE

Joe is getting the shit beat out of him by Axel.

JOE

Please man! You don't need to do this. You don't even know me!

AXEL

And I don't want to. I just want you to finally fucking die.

Axel punches Joe in the chin, knocking him unconscious.

ANGLE ON: HENRY AND SHANKROW

Seeing Joe hurt, a rage builds in Henry. He grabs hold of Shankrow's foot and bites him hard on the leg.

SHANKROW

ARGH!!!

Henry punches Shankrow, causing him to fall back. Henry starts to unwrap the tie, when-

JEFFRIES (O.S.)

Freeze! Get your fucking hands up!

Henry and Shankrow look up to see Jeffries, gun drawn. They put up their hands.

HENRY

(motioning to Shankrow)
He's trying to kill me! Arrest him!

SHANKROW

(motioning to Henry)
Fuck that, arrest him! He's your fugitive! He's made you look like a complete fucking idiot!

JEFFRIES

Shut up. You're both under arrest.

Jeffries takes out her HANDCUFFS and-

BAM!!! Axel violently KICKS Jeffries into the wall. Jeffries GUN slides across the floor. Axel grabs Jeffries by the hair and drags her over to the door.

AXEL

I've had about enough out of you.

Henry and Shankrow watch, stunned. Shankrow stays focused on the Axel/Jeffries fight, so Henry takes the opportunity to PUNCH Shankrow in the back of the head. They start fighting again.

Meanwhile, Axel CUFFS Jeffries to a railing, and beats her down to the ground. He puts his gun to her head.

AXEL

This time you better stay dead.

BANG!!! Axel collapses to the ground.

JOE (O.S.)

EW!!!

Jeffries looks up to see JOE holding her gun.

JOE

Okay...I saved your life now,
right? So will you just please
leave us alone now?

JEFFRIES

I can't do that.

Joe's hand shakes as he points the gun at her. He can't shoot her. After a moment, he runs away from her towards Shankrow and Henry.

ANGLE ON: Henry and Shankrow

Henry and Shankrow wrestle. Henry kicks him in the back and Shankrow's head hits the wing of a small plane. He's momentarily dazed, then looks up at Henry with rage. Henry runs. Shankrow gets up and CHARGES at Henry with great strength and speed. The second before he makes contact, Joe steps forward and TRIPS Shankrow, causing him to face-plant into the ground. Henry starts to shit kick Shankrow.

HENRY

What now, motherfucker? You don't
mess with the Governator!!!

Joe grabs Henry.

JOE
Come on! Let's go!

Henry and Joe run past Jeffries, out of the hanger.

HENRY
Good-bye Jeffries! We'll send you a
post card!

Enraged, Jeffries struggles to get out of the cuffs.

EXT. HANGER 1 - CONTINUOUS

Henry and Joe run past Gardini towards Hanger 4B. Gardini is bleeding out, barely alert.

INT. HANGER 4B - MOMENTS LATER

Henry opens the doors to the plane and they climb inside.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Henry runs into the cockpit and starts flipping switches and turning dials.

HENRY
C'mon. C'mon.

The engine starts up.

HENRY
Yes! Joe! Pull up the stairs!

Joe goes to pull up the stairs as Henry pulls the plane out of the Hanger.

JOE
I can't! They're heavy as shit!

HENRY
Just do it!

Joe is too beat up and weak to pull up the stairs.

I/E. HANGER 1 - CONTINUOUS

Jeffries watches Shankrow get up and step outside the hanger, murder in his eyes. Shankrow breaks into a sprint, hauling ass towards the plane as it slowly pulls out of the hanger.

JEFFRIES

Gardini! They're getting away.

Gardini comes to and sees Jeffries cuffed to the railing of the hanger. He then looks over and sees Shankrow catching up to the slow moving plane.

SHANKROW

SHANKROW!!!

Shankrow leaps onto the stairs of the plane. Joe tries to fight him off, and they wrestle on the steps.

Gardini takes out his gun with his weak bloody hand. He trembles as he aims it at Shankrow.

BANG!! Gardini fires but MISSES, shooting Joe in the back! Joe falls back into the main cabin.

GARDINI

Fuck.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Henry looks back and sees Joe in the main cabin, motionless and bleeding.

HENRY

Joe! Oh Jesus Christ, Joe!

Shankrow enters the main cabin.

HENRY

You killed my fucking friend!

SHANKROW

I actually didn't...it was the fat cop...but I am glad he's dead.

Henry releases the steering wheel and runs after Shankrow. Shankrow grabs a mini fire extinguisher and swings it wildly at Henry. The plane wildly swerves along the runway.

I/E. HANGER 1 - CONTINUOUS

Gardini watches the plane veering off the runway.

GARDINI

Jeffries! They're getting away!

Gardini sees Jeffries violently pulling on the handcuffs.

JEFFRIES
NO! NO! NO!

Jeffries looks defeated. She looks at Gardini.

JEFFRIES
Give me your gun.

Gardini slides it across to her.

JEFFRIES
Fuck Houdini.

Jeffries SMASHES the gun against her thumb, breaking it. She then slides out of the cuffs and hustles after the plane, which is almost finished taxiing to the runway. Jeffries double times it, sprinting like a mad woman. Gardini stares in awe, truly impressed.

GARDINI
Wow.

INT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Jeffries jumps into the plane. She doesn't hesitate for a moment and goes right after Shankrow.

SHANKROW
Ah man!

Henry crawls into the cockpit and slams the door behind him.

INT. PLANE - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Henry guns the throttle and the plane speeds its way down the runway. Tears well up in his eyes.

HENRY
I'm sorry, Joe.

INT. PLANE - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The take off is extremely rocky, causing Shankrow and Jeffries to once again lose their footing. The jolt into the air temporarily wakes up Joe. He's in very rough shape, but alive. Jeffries takes notice.

SHANKROW
You just won't fucking quit, will you?

They try to fight, but between the horrible turbulence and the chaotic air pressure, it's near impossible.

Shankrow lands a hard PUNCH, knocking Jeffries back towards the open door.

SHANKROW

Hope you can fly. Because if I know one thing, it's that pigs can't-

With her one good hand, Jeffries grabs Shankrow by the collar; with her other hand, she fights through the pain of her broken thumb, forms a fist, and PUNCHES Shankrow in the face, dazing him.

JEFFRIES

Can you?

SHANKROW

Can I what?

She then rolls backwards and uses the momentum to flip him over her head and out the plane door.

SHANKROW

AHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

And thusly, Shankrow perishes.

Jeffries heads towards Joe and buckles him into his seat. She then makes her way to the cockpit, wind furiously bristling in her face. She kicks in the door.

INT. PLANE - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Henry, crying, turns to see Jeffries. She is covered in blood, clothes are tattered, hand broken. Looking as bad-ass as one can without being dead.

JEFFRIES

Land the plane, Cashin. It's over.

Henry wipes away his tears in total disbelief.

JEFFRIES

Door's open. You go up any further we're all gonna die.

Henry looks at some instruments on the dashboard. Cabin pressure definitely isn't right.

HENRY

So what? Joe's dead. Everyone hates me. I deserve to die.

JEFFRIES

Joe is still alive! But if you don't land this plane now, he will die.

Jeffries points to Joe, sitting, buckled to his seat, in the windy cabin. Joe waves meekly.

HENRY

JOE!!!

Henry's tears are now tears of joy. He switches on auto-pilot and limps back to Joe, clutching on to anything he can to make sure he doesn't get sucked out of the plane.

HENRY

Joe, buddy, you're looking great. Real healthy.

JOE

(faint whisper)
Henry...

HENRY

Yeah, buddy?

JOE

(faint whisper)
...my back...

HENRY

Look Joe, I'm gonna get us into a safe country where we'll get the best medical attention fugitives can buy. If you agree with this plan, give me some sort of sign.

Henry stares at him for an extended beat. He sees the pool of blood at Joe's feet. He's hanging on by a thread.

HENRY

Alright new plan. We'll get you home.

Joe moans again, but it's unclear whether he's agreeing with the plan or just painfully dying.

HENRY

Stay with me Joe!

Henry pats him on the shoulder and limps back to the cockpit.

INT. PLANE - COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Henry takes the wheel again.

HENRY

Here's what's gonna happen. I'm gonna land the plane. Then you're gonna take me in and get Joe to a hospital.

Jeffries nods.

HENRY

Then Joe goes free.

JEFFRIES

Can't do that. He'll be arraigned after he recovers.

HENRY

That's bullshit! I'm the one you're after. Not him!

JEFFRIES

I'm sorry, but he's suspected in several crimes including attempted murder.

HENRY

I shot Jay. That was me. Not Joe! Think about it. We were at my drug dealers, and at my lawyers. He was my hostage. I used him for his car.

Jeffries looks back at Joe, putting the pieces together.

HENRY

He's a good man. And he deserves better than this.

JEFFRIES

(thinking about it)

I'm sorry, I just don't have the power to -

HENRY

I know how the system works! I'm the fucking Governor! You only need me. If I take the rap for Jay, and everything else that happened today, that's all you need.

(MORE)

HENRY (cont'd)

We both know that. He just saved your life, Jeffries.

Beat. Jeffries looks back at Joe. She thinks for a moment.

HENRY

Plus, I'll give you names. Dirty politicians, bankers, CEOs. That's gotta be more important to you than Joe.

JEFFRIES

Fine. Joe goes free, I promise.

Jeffries and Henry shake hands.

INT. HANGER - LATER

Agents and medical teams surround the landing strip as the plane lands. An inflatable slide pops out from the cabin door frame. Henry, in cuffs, slides down and is immediately swarmed by two Agents. A bloody and beaten Jeffries gently slides down with Joe.

JEFFRIES

Joe Hayworth is to be rushed to the hospital for immediate medical assistance. It's clear he was an unwilling hostage in the situation.

(to the Agent)

The Governor is under arrest for...a lot of stuff. Take him away.

(beat)

I need a five minute break.

Jeffries, on the verge of passing out, sits down on the ground cross-legged. Gardini is wheeled past her, already on a gurney and being attended to.

GARDINI

Jeffries, you okay?

JEFFRIES

I'll be fine. I just need three pints of blood and a new fucking pant suit.

GARDINI

For a desk jockey, you are one bad-ass motherfucking killer. Stone cold.

Jeffries smiles, motioning to his bullet wound.

JEFFRIES

Looks like you finally took some enemy fire. Who knows what kind of medal they're gonna get for you now. We are...

GARDINI

(so proud)
Marshals.

Gardini is wheeled off, smiling ear to ear.

ANGLE ON: Henry

As the Agents escort Henry away, they pass Joe on a stretcher.

JOE

(barely able to speak)
Freedom...you gave your...freedom for me.

HENRY

Some guys run and some guys stay and face the music.

Henry squeezes Joe's hand.

HENRY

Don't make the same mistake I did. Go home, face the music, and get your girl back.
(beat)
Put on some R & B, dim the lights--

The Agent grabs Henry.

AGENT

We gotta go.

TITLE UP: 6 MONTHS LATER

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Winter's in the air. Christmas decorations line the buildings.

INT. JOE AND JESSICA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Joe sits in a lazy boy chair, reading an email off an iPad. His wounds are starting to fade, but he still has a cane, and he's using it to direct Ronald as he moves a Christmas tree around the living room.

HENRY (V.O.)

Dear Joe. How's my favorite hero teacher? You fuck Trudy yet? Just kidding. I know you're a one woman kind of guy...pussy.

Jessica walks into the room and kisses him on the head. We notice a giant ENGAGEMENT ring on her finger.

HENRY (V.O.)

Speaking of which, a formal congrats on getting engaged. Mazel Tov! I hope you like your gift. Sorry you have to travel all the way to the Maldives to pick it up, but you know how prying the Government can be.

Ron scowls as Jessica gestures for him to move the tree slightly to the left.

EXT. PRISON - YARD - DAY

Nestled up near the rear fence is a lovely manicured putting green. Henry, along with some WALL STREET looking men lounge on the course, smoking ARTURO FUENTES. Henry lines up a long putt and sinks it.

HENRY (V.O.)

Life in jail isn't so bad. I haven't had to make a shiv or lift weights or anything. And I get to hang out with stockbrokers, hedge fund analysts, and bankers. They're pieces of shit, but they're kind of like me in a way, and I like that. I'm sober now, which isn't terrible, but I still miss the hookers. More for the companionship, though.

EXT. JFK AIRPORT - MORNING

A RANGE ROVER pulls up to the curb. Joe and Jessica get out. Ron, biting his tongue, pops the trunk, hops out and starts lugging two large SUITCASES to the curb.

HENRY (V.O.)

I'm so proud of you for making the choices you made, Joe. It's your life. Not anyone else's. Always remember that. I'll leave you with a piece of advice that I've really taken to heart, here in jail...it's not gay if he's sucking your dick.

Joe plants a big, messy kiss on Jessica. Mid kiss, he makes eye contact with Ron who couldn't look more furious, but then he forces a smile as Jessica turns to hug him goodbye. Ron watches them disappear into the airport and slams the trunk as hard as he can.

THE END.

OVER END CREDITS:

EXT. BEACH - MALDIVES - DAY

On an exotic private beach, in front of a large HOUSE, Joe and Jessica relax, sipping cocktails out of PINEAPPLES.

We pull out to reveal their legs propped up on DUFFLE BAGS.

JESSICA

So there's six more of these in the basement?

JOE

Not bad for a government stipend.

They toast their pineapples and sit back in complete relaxation, staring out into the ocean.

They notice a small fishing boat out in the horizon. They watch as it draws nearer and nearer, until it finally lands on the beach. They look at each other totally confused. A little worried.

Suddenly, a figure jumps onto the beach. He looks slightly crazed, almost manic, wearing an orange jumpsuit. Joe strains his eyes to see that it's Henry. He looks the same, only he has a TEAR DROP TATTOO under his left eye.

JOE (CONT'D)
What the fuck? Henry?!

Henry runs up, out of breath.

HENRY
Joe I had it all wrong. It is
totally gay if he's sucking your
dick.
(beat)
Now, I've got a very serious
question for you...Do you have any
cocaine?

Henry flashes his campaign-winning smile as we...

FADE OUT!

*