

THE KOSHER NOSTRA

by

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Story by

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INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

An empty, dusty darkness with a single light swaying overhead. Blood stains canvas the floor. *The kind of place you go when you're about to sleep with the fishes...*

CLOSE ON: a MAN from the shoulders up. He's got a blood soaked bag covering his head.

MAN (V.O.)
I've always imagined a burlap sack
would smell like...well, burlap.
But this one smells like a New York
deli. Man, I miss the east coast.
And being in college...

The rest of his body is revealed. He's been stripped down to his skivvy's, which protect us from his ENORMOUS ERECTION. His legs and hands are bound together.

Blood is splattered on his white T-

FREEZE ON: the Man. This is JAMES GOLDMAN (30, handsome in a hipster kind of way)...and he's as HARD as a ROCK.

"INCEPTION" HORNS BLAST IN - BRRRRRRRAAAAWWWWWR

JAMES (V.O.)
You're probably wondering how I
have enough blood left in my body
to be sitting here with such a
massive, titanium-hard...hard on.

UNFREEZE. The SOUND of a door unlocking. James' penis SHIFTS AWAY from the direction of the noise.

It appears to be scared...

JAMES (V.O.)
For that answer, I'll have to take
you back to the beginning.

TITLE CARD:

PART ONE

"FUCK TAXIS"

INT. JAMES' CAR - NIGHT

TITLE UP: **THREE MONTHS EARLIER**

A blank white page on a laptop screen. The cursor blinks.

JAMES (V.O.)

It all started when I received my first library card in kindergarten. See, I'm a writer. An author if you will. Or at least at the time, I was trying to be-

Parked outside a grocery store, James slouches in the driver's seat of his Toyota Prius C. Computer on his lap.

JAMES (V.O.)

And I had been trying diligently for a while actually. My only problem? I had nothing to write about. Not one authentic idea.

He stares at the screen, expressionless. If you've ever written anything in your life, you know this feeling.

It's writer's block...in *maximum overdrive*.

JAMES (V.O.)

I swear, every time I thought I was onto something, it turned out to be a Michael Crichton rip-off. That guy has written about everything! What the fuck?! But I digress. To keep my head above water during this painful quest for a unique story of my own, I was an Uber driver-

To James' right is a nifty iPhone holder. Uber app loaded up.

JAMES (V.O.)

Needless to say, my parents weren't exactly thrilled that their 30-year-old, Ivy League educated son was a glorified cabbie.

(beat)

Frankly, I didn't give a shit what they thought. They were barely in my life as it was. Retiring has a distinct way of turning *responsible adults*, into *aloof teenagers*. It's a real issue. Trust me.

He turns on the RADIO. Much needed background noise.

JAMES (V.O.)

Anyway, I had unethically large grad school loans to pay off, a two bedroom apartment in Santa Monica, and I was single.

(MORE)

JAMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 No self respecting lady would date
 an unemployed prick with a masters
 in Irish Literature. But, I know
 what you're thinking and the answer
 is no. I did not just Uber for the
 money. That'd be superficial.

His phone BUZZES to life with an Uber notification.

JAMES (V.O.)
 I did it because, and I apologize
 if this comes off as haughty, I'm
 one hell of a driver-

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JAMES' CAR - NIGHT

James drives effortlessly down Hollywood Boulevard, focused
 on the road. The RADIO gently chatters.

In the back, a FEMALE PASSENGER and a MALE PASSENGER, are
 wrapped around each other aggressively smooching. Plastered.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 That's right, my lovely Angelenos.
 The Mayor of Los Angeles spent 3.5
 million dollars on this year's
 fireworks show. When asked how many
 fireworks were purchased for the
 extravaganza, he simply said: "You
 wouldn't ask Michelangelo how many
 buckets of paint he used on the
 Sistine Chapel, would you?"

FEMALE PASSENGER
 I want your dick to paint the
 Sistine chapel on my pussy!

She starts DEEP THROATING her index finger.

MALE PASSENGER
 Oh fuck yeah, boo. Yo James, you
 get us there before midnight, I'll
 pay you an extra hundo...cash.

James glances at the clock: 11:55pm. His eyes return to the
 road. *Challenge accepted.*

JAMES
 I hope you're wearing your
 seatbelts-

James FLOORS IT. The Passengers are THROWN back in their seats. He GLIDES past a double decker BUS and a BMW with ease, weaving like a seasoned Formula One racer.

A phone RINGS in the car's speakers: "RANDALL KIM" is displayed on the nav screen. James answers via bluetooth.

INTERCUT WITH RANDY AT A NIGHTCLUB:

RANDY KIM (34, Korean with a trendy haircut, would catch a grenade for ya) grinds with a THICK BLACK WOMAN.

JAMES (V.O.)
 Brother isn't a strong enough word
 to describe my bond with this
 doofus. We're blood.

Randy's getting physically manhandled by this Black Woman's booty. Think Kim K's ass, *literally* on steroids.

RANDY
 James! Where you at, playboy?!

JAMES
 I told you I was working tonight,
 dude.

RANDY
 Sweet Jesus, don't go full Jew and
 back out on me now...

Randy stumbles backwards as the Thick Woman TWERKS on him.

JAMES
 Randy, I'm not backing out. I just
 needed one last night on the road.
 A sort of tribute, as my path
 diverges into a yellow wood-

James' speedometer keeps climbing - 35... 45... 55...

RANDY
 Cut the James Joyce shit. I only
 understand numbers. I'll let Gene
 know we're *all in*. Moses would be
 proud of you, J. You're making a
 fiscally responsible investment-

The Thick Woman's colossal tush SWALLOWS Randy's hand and phone...whole. Randy's loving it.

JAMES
 Hello? Randy? Randall?!

BACK IN THE CAR, we hear a dial tone. James stays focused on the road. The GPS on Uber alerts him: upcoming left turn.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
We're just four minutes away from
the New Year, folks! I hope you're
all exactly where you want to be-

Two hundred feet away from the light, the left-arrow signal
TURNS YELLOW.

The car ZIPS towards the intersection - 55... 65... 75...
James JERKS the steering wheel left as the light TURNS RED.

IN SLOWMO: the Passengers continue their passionate make out
sesh as the Prius FISH TAILS and then drifts masterfully
across the freshly paved road. James is a pro.

Without losing any speed, James' clever handling helps
maneuver the car perfectly into its new lane.

MALE PASSENGER
Holy shit bro. Where'd you learn to
drive like this?

JAMES (V.O.)
I thought he'd never ask...

FADE TO:

I/E. MINIVAN/HOUSE - HALLOWEEN NIGHT - FLASHBACK

15-year-old James sits behind the wheel of an empty car. He
sports leather driving gloves, a white satin jacket, and has
a toothpick in his mouth a la Ryan Gosling in "Drive."

The van is parked outside an opulent suburban home. He checks
his watch. Then looks out the window to see 15-year-old Randy
unleashing BRUTAL DIARRHEA on the car in its driveway.

James eyes his watch again as the house's lights TURN ON! The
front door FLIES OPEN and the OWNER storms out with a 3-WOOD.

OWNER
I'm gonna tee-off on your tiny,
hairless Chinese balls!

As Randy frantically SPRINTS towards the van, pants at his
ankles, James calmly TIGHTENS his gloves. *Unfazed*.

RANDY
I'm Korean, you asshat!

The Owner HUCKS his golf club at the rear-view, SHATTERING IT! Randy HOPS in the whip. Before the doors even slide shut, James GUNS it down the street - SPEEDING AWAY.

BACK TO:

INT. JAMES' CAR - PRESENT

The Prius SMASHES down Western Ave. Green lights litter the street. James keeps his foot on the gas - 75... 85... 95...

FEMALE PASSENGER

This speeding's got me wetter than the Yangtze, baby.

MALE PASSENGER

You already know I'm sending my raft down your river, babe.

She SEXUALLY BLEATS like an angry goat as he LICKS her neck.

CLOSE ON: the clock - 11:58pm.

James ROARS up the road and VEERS right towards a new street. THE PRIUS PURRS. BUZZ! BUZZ! BUZZ!

INT. JAMES' CAR - CONTINUOUS

James GRIPS the steering wheel firmly as he JETS past a sign for "Griffith Park."

The hatchback SHOOTs uphill on the dirt road past trees and hiking trails. In the back seat, the Passengers SCREAM in joy as if they're riding Space Mountain for the first time.

With supreme proficiency, James navigates the sharp curves of the winding road, maintaining high speeds as the car ascends.

MALE PASSENGER

There she blows! Let's go!

The Male Passenger points to the historic telescope dome of the Griffith Park Observatory, overlooking a beautifully lit Los Angeles. James eyes the clock: 11:59.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Only one minute away! Time to forget 2015, cause it's about to be left in the dust!

James pushes his Prius FULL THROTTLE - 95... 105... 110... Dust FLIES up behind them as they approach the final stretch.

INT. JAMES' CAR - CONTINUOUS

James accelerates through the Griffith Observatory parking lot, LAUNCHING them towards the front of the Observatory.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
10...9...8...

James brings the car to a SLIDING stop and unlocks the doors.

JAMES
Don't forget to leave a review.

The Male Passenger DROPS a hundred dollar bill on the seat before exiting. He then HURLS the Female on his back and PIGGY-BACK-SPRINTS to the railing. James smiles. *Victory.*

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
3...2...1...Happy New Year!

Fireworks EXPLODE all over the city!

The Passengers are basically fucking at this point as they DRY HUMP and kiss in front of the picturesque background.

More fireworks ERUPT! SNAP! CRACKLE! POP!

The Male Passenger turns back to where James dropped him off but the Prius is gone. Further down the hill, a set of tail lights TEAR down the dirt road. It can only be James.

MALE PASSENGER
What. A. Driver.

EXT. JAMES' APARTMENT - SUNRISE

James steps out of his Lamborghini-like-Prius, and stretches with feline agility.

INT. JAMES' APARTMENT - LOBBY - MORNING

DING! The elevator doors open for James. Out walks Randy's Thick Black Woman, still in her New Year's Eve dress.

They walk past each other, exchanging a nod, both warriors of the night in their own *special* way.

INT. JAMES' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

James saunters in to find Randy, wrapped in a red silk robe, twisting up a joint.

RANDY
Happy New Year and Shabbat Shalom!

JAMES
It's Thursday.

James PLOPS down on the couch next to him, exhausted.

RANDY
You see Ursula on your way out?
Sexy right?

Randy lights the joint and takes a puff.

JAMES
Is it me, or do you only fuck
Disney characters?

RANDY
Yo, my parents forced me to watch
those movies! For intellectual as
well as "American" growth.

JAMES
Apparently they weren't aware that
Walt Disney was a huge pervert.

Randy ashes the joint on a stack of papers. It burns through
a few pages. James notices and gets up.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Is that my book? Come on! Don't do
that!

James SNATCHES the manuscript from the table and sets it on
the couch. We get a glimpse of the title: "Little Z: The
Heroic Story of a Zombie Baby."

JAMES (CONT'D)
You were supposed to read this!

Randy blows a couple smoke rings.

RANDY
I started perusing.

JAMES
And..?

RANDY
Do you want "honest Randy" or "keep
going after your dreams, you're
gonna make it someday Randy?"

JAMES
(annoyed)
Honest Randy.

Randy takes a ginormous hit, then passes the J to James.

RANDY
Wow, okay. Alright. Honest Randy.
Well...honest Randy couldn't even
get through the first chapter.

JAMES
Fuck, I knew it.

James takes a hit and leans back on the couch in frustration,
TOSSING his manuscript on the cushion to his right.

RANDY
I do have a few notes though-

Randy exhales and starts doing PUSH UPS.

RANDY (CONT'D)
(a stoned rant)
For example. I think the opening
should be a zombie couple, *fucking*.
Maybe even a zombie orgy. Oh yeah,
no one's ever seen a good zombie
orgy! That shit's fresh. In turn,
the orgy makes this zombie baby a
bastard. Perhaps he's a zombie Jon
Snow? Right? Right?!
(beat, moves into plank)
Cause I'm sitting there reading,
then all the sudden, BOOM, there's
this baby. And I'm left wondering
did his mother die again in child
birth, then come back to life? Does
baby Zombie Jon Snow have any
dreams? Ambitions? Just felt a bit
forced, bro.

JAMES
That's because it was forced.

James takes another toke and ashes it on his manuscript.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I'm a hack. I have nothing real.

RANDY
Look, bub. I get it, you feel lost.
But you're in good hands with Randy
Buffett as your financial compass.
(MORE)

RANDY (CONT'D)
 I've been doing this a long time,
 and I've never encountered such a
 sure thing-

Randy pauses his workout. Takes a puff of the joint. Then switches to sit-ups.

RANDY (CONT'D)
 After tonight, you'll finally be
 out of the red. It'll give you the
 freedom to get out there and find
 inspiration. *On your own.* Clear
 your head. Make your parents proud.
 Get a girl. The whole nine, bro! I
 mean, most writers draw from
 personal experiences. And James,
 you have none. So how the hell can
 you expect to write well? You need
 to get out into the world and live,
 damnit! LIVE!

Randy's phone VIBRATES. On his phone's screen - "MOM"

RANDY (CONT'D)
 Shit, it's Cheryl Kim. Think about
 what I said. Really. Cause your
 life is about to change.

Randy picks up the phone and begins to walk to his room.

RANDY (CONT'D)
 (subtitled: Happy New
 Year, Mom!)
 Sae Hae Bok Mani Ba Deu Se Yo, um
 ma!

James takes another toke from the joint and exhales.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

SETH "The Kosher Ghost" STEINBERG (36, pleasantly plump, beard, glasses) and JONAH "The Fiddler" STEINBERG (28, shorter replica of his older brother) sit at a table.

Across from them are RAJ "Tiger" VASHI (35, long black hair, beard) and his right hand man, AZIZ "The General" GOSWAMI (30, Indian, small).

Behind each boss is their muscle - for Seth it's CRAIG "Pickles" KATZBAUM (black and enormous), and Raj has RAVI "The Curry Killer" SINGH (biggest Indian you've ever seen).

The rest of the room is filled with 14 expendable JEWISH and INDIAN MOBSTERS.

JONAH
(thick Brooklyn accent)
I ate some Saag Paneer last night,
Aziz. Your mom made it for me.

Aziz JUMPS up from his chair.

AZIZ
(thick Indian accent)
How dare you insult my mother, you
Matzoh ball bellied bastard!

Jonah PULLS OUT his gun and points it at Aziz. Then EVERYONE WHIPS OUT their guns.

JONAH
I will blow your fucking curried
brains all over this warehouse,
bro!

AZIZ
I'm surprised you can fit your fat
stingy fingers in that trigger
hole, Jonah!

Jonah LOADS his pistol. Then EVERYONE LOADS their weapons.

CLOSE ON: *Aziz's face. Jonah's face. Raj's face. Seth's face.*

A TENSE BEAT that leads into gut busting LAUGHTER on all sides. Seth and Raj signal their Men to disengage.

SETH
(thick Brooklyn accent)
Nothing like some classic
stereotypes to start off a business
meeting. Am I right?

RAJ
(no Indian accent at all)
Why am I here, Seth? Please, tell
me. I'm fucking freezing.

Ravi puts a fur jacket over Raj's shoulders.

SETH
Word on the street is you've got
something new, Raj. Something life
altering. I want it. I deserve it.

RAJ
Your intel is accurate. But before
I show you mine, as they say,
you've got to show me yours.

SETH
Pickles...show him.

Pickles POPS open a briefcase. It's packed with CASH.

RAJ
This, I love to see. Aziz, bring
daddy his medicine.

INT. JAMES' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SOON AFTER

A bottle of Dom Perignon sits on ice. James and Randy finish
setting up a brand new 70 inch TV.

RANDY
Dope, right? Nothing like a little
retail therapy! You're gonna love
the Apple TV. I've got Harry
Potter. Star Wars. Clueless-

JAMES
Why do you own Clueless?

RANDY
Clueless is a classic. It was Paul
Rudd's coming out party.

JAMES
Oh yeah, that's right. Love Paul
Rudd.

Randy's phone BUZZES. He grins as he picks it up.

RANDY
It's mean Gene! I'll stream it to
the big screen.

He streams his phone to the T.V. The boys are both *giddy* as
fuck. It's mostly pathetic.

RANDY (CONT'D)
(reading)
"Mr. Kim, thank you for placing
your faith in us during this
merger. We care deeply about all of
our share holders. However-"

The lighthearted energy begins to vanish.

RANDY (CONT'D)

"We regret to inform you that our potential partner, Buckner Industries, has decided to go another route. Consequently, we will be filing for chapter seven bankruptcy and the company is set to be dissolved. Sincerest apologies, Gene Rubens."

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JAMES' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

James lays on the ground, CRYING. Randy calmly sips from the bottle of Dom.

JAMES

We're so fucked!

RANDY

No we're not. Calm down.

James BLOWS his snotty nose.

JAMES

Yes we are. We went all in.

RANDY

Wait... You didn't *actually* go all in, did you?

JAMES

You didn't?

RANDY

I went in with a lot, more than usual, but not everything. In my game, no one goes all in.

James jumps up, LIVID.

JAMES

Not everything?! You told me we were going *all in*, Randall!

RANDY

"All in" is just an expression.

JAMES

No it's not! If you're playing poker and you go all in, you go all in! With all the chips!

RANDY
This isn't poker, man.

JAMES
Yeah, it's life. And you just
fucked mine up!

James grabs his car keys and RUSHES to the door. Just before
slamming it shut, he STOPS.

JAMES (CONT'D)
That was a real *North* Korean move,
asshole.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - SOON AFTER

Back to our Mobsters. Aziz has covered the table with duffle
bags filled with SMALL BLUE PILLS.

JONAH
So you're selling us Valium?

AZIZ
No, you fucking half-wit! Our
chemist cooked up the revolutionary
drug, D.I.Q. "Dick Intelligence."
But some just call it "dick."

SETH
And what does the dick do exactly?

RAJ
One of these puppies will make your
penis perform like Michael Phelps.

JONAH
Sounds like a fucking rip-off. This
shit is Viagra, Seth-

SETH
Shut the fuck up, Jonah! If I want
your opinion I'll ask.

Jonah quiets down. Aziz laughs.

SETH (CONT'D)
Did I say something funny?

Aziz tightens up.

AZIZ
No. Many apologies, Kosher Ghost.

SETH

That's what I thought. So what's so special about this shit, Raj?

RAJ

Allow my chemist Bijay, to explain.

BIJAY (super Indian), enters, wearing a white lab coat.

JONAH

Does the dick come with a Bee-Jay?

SETH

Jonah, I swear to fucking God!

JONAH

I'm sorry. Please continue Bee-Jay.

BIJAY

(thick Indian accent)

Many thanks, but my name is pronounced "Bye-Jay." Oh dear, I've lost my train of thought.

(beat)

Ah, yes. The chemical properties of D.I.Q. are much like Viagra, sure, but I have developed a formula that does not just make your penis larger, but also faster, stronger, and most importantly...*smarter*.

SETH

Smarter?

BIJAY

Yes. You take one pill before you make love and your penis will be as smart as Stephen Hawking, sir.

RAJ

It's Adderall for your cock.

JONAH

And how does that help me when I'm fucking a broad, Bee-Jay?

BIJAY

Imagine, if you will, a bloodhound searching for a murderer. Almost methodical in its approach. Now pretend that pooch is your penis and the murderer is the woman of your choice-

RAJ
AND, get this. It locates the G-spot...*automatically*.

The Jewish Mobsters GASP.

JONAH
For the record, I don't need any help finding the G-spot.

AZIZ
That's not what your sister said-

RAJ
Aziz! ENOUGH! Men are conducting business here.

Jonah and Aziz exchange stares.

SETH
Sounds too good to be true. How do I know this shit really works?

RAJ
I'm so glad you asked, Seth!
(shouting)
Ravi! Bring me the boy!

Through the back door, Ravi drags along a TINY INDIAN MAN who has been dressed in a WHITE PAJAMA ONESIE. Ravi sits the Tiny Indian Man down in a chair and duct tapes him to it.

RAJ (CONT'D)
Give him one pill...

INT. JAMES' CAR - SKETCHY AREA - SOON AFTER

Begrudgingly back on the road, James Ubers a CREEPY GUY. The Creeper rides shotgun.

CREEPY GUY
You must drive a lot of girls, huh?

JAMES
(not interested)
Sure.

The Creepy Guy closes his eyes and SNIFFS his seat belt.

CREEPY GUY
Patchouli.

JAMES

What?

CREEPY GUY

That's the perfume she was wearing.
Gotta love hippie chicks, man.

The Creepy Guy unbuckles his seat belt and reverses the position of his body, knees on the ground, facing the seat.

He slowly LICKS the leather seat like it's a lollipop.

JAMES

Um, dude. Can you not-

CREEPY GUY

The leather...still tastes like her.

JAMES

Did she taste like Armoral? Cause I just polished the seats...

CREEPY GUY

That would explain the tangy after taste.

He SLAPS the seat, then flips around to face the front. James pulls up to a rundown grocery store. It's super shady.

JAMES

Well here we are, Luis.

CREEPY GUY

Cool. I'll give you 5 stars if you tell me what color hair she had.

JAMES

Okay... She was a-

CREEPY GUY

Brunette!

JAMES (CONT'D)

Brunette.

This sends SHIVERS down the Creepy Guy's spine. He LEAPS out of the car and runs off into the night. Beat.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Oh for goodness sake!

(screaming to the sky)

Can you just give me a fucking break! Huh?! Just once I'd like to pick up a hot, free spirited billionaire philanthropist and go back to her place-

Light bulb! James WHIPS out a note pad and pen.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 (reading his writing)
 "We arrived at The Peninsula. It
 was late. And I was her lady of the
 night. The room? A penthouse suite.
 Her nipples? A penthouse *treat*."

He THROWS his pen out the window, exasperated.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 What's the goddamn point?
 (he smacks the wheel)
 Nothing means anything.

James checks his Uber app. No ride requests in the area. He
 stares off into the cold, dark night.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - SOON AFTER

The Jewish Mobsters keenly observe, as Ravi finishes forcing
 a pill down the Tiny Indian Man's throat.

BIJAY
 Watch closely my friends, as D.I.Q.
 takes effect at lightning speed. We
 have pioneered an unprecedented
 quick-release technology.

RAJ
 ZOHA!

ZOHA (a voluptuous Indian woman), walks in wearing laced
 lingerie. The Tiny Indian Man begins to PITCH A TENT! His
 penis slowly RISES UP in the onesie into a THROBBING BONER!

JONAH
 Holy shit. Is he gonna fuck her?

Seth leers at Jonah, who's getting on his nerves.

JONAH (CONT'D)
 What?

Zoha begins to SASHAY in circles around the Tiny Indian Man.
 The Man's penis FOLLOWS SUIT, shifting to Zoha's movements.

PICKLES
 His dick is a heat seeking missile!

BIJAY

On this drug of ours, the dick is
always aware of its surroundings.
Always searching. Always observing.

SETH

Is there a limit to the amount you
can take?

JONAH

Yeah. Like if I take five will my
cock turn into the hulk?

RAJ

This is where things get sticky...
Ravi, proceed.

Ravi takes out three more pills. The Tiny Indian Man begins
to FREAK OUT, shaking in his chair.

SMALL INDIAN MAN

Please! Great Tiger! General Aziz!
No more! No more! PLEASE!

Ravi forces the pills down the Small Indian Man's throat. The
Tiny Indian Man's CHUB increases underneath his onesie.

JONAH

It's hulking up! I told you!

RAJ

Keep watching. Zoha, take off your
bra. Turn him on a little.

SMALL INDIAN MAN

No! Tiger! Please spare me!

RAJ

I don't spare traitors.

Zoha takes off her bra, her breasts revealed only to the Tiny
Indian Man. Seth and Jonah watch as the Tiny Indian Man's
pelvic area begins to make SEIZURE-LIKE MOVEMENTS.

Raj and his Mobsters open umbrellas. Others are passed out to
Seth and his Jew Crew.

The STIFFY gets STIFFER and STIFFER nearing FULL CAPACITY.
The Tiny Indian Man looks at Seth and Jonah.

SMALL INDIAN MAN

Please! Jews! Save-

POP! POP! POP! His mighty Redwood EXPLODES inside the onesie.

The force of the blast LAUNCHES blood and skin remnants through the Tiny Indian Man's onesie and into the air completely PAINTING the umbrellas. Beat.

Everyone slowly lowers their umbrellas.

PICKLES

(losing it)

Was that his cock?! Did his cock just explode?!

BIJAY

If you take too much dick, all the blood in your body will go straight to your penis. Your heart and brain will shut down, and what you just witnessed will occur. Dangerous, yes. But a side-effect that can be easily prevented.

SETH

How much are they?

RAJ

700 Dollars. Per pill.

SETH

Are you fucking nuts? How about 700 Rupees?

RAJ

That's 10 dollars, Seth. You can circumcise your cocks but you will not circumcise my price! It's 700. No negotiation.

JONAH

This is bullshit.

SETH

Jonah, quiet.

AZIZ

Listen to your boss.

JONAH

Fuck you, Babu.

AZIZ

Shut up you hairy Jew!

Jonah SLIPS his gun out again. Then EVERYONE unsheathes their firearms. Seth holds up his hand. Tense beat.

SETH
You won't budge, I get it. Just
business. Fine. I'll take them all.

RAJ
I knew you'd see it my way.

Guns are lowered. Seth looks back at Pickles and nods.

SETH
There's just one more thing to say.
Pickles reaches into the PILE OF CASH.

RAJ
Yes?

SETH
It's been a pleasure doing business
with you-

In SLOWMO: Pickles pulls a Desert Eagle pistol out of the
briefcase. He unloads the clip.

BANG! BANG! BANG! A couple Indian Mobsters drop DEAD.

EVERYONE else reaches for their guns. Seth and Jonah grab the
drugs and KNOCK the table over to provide cover.

Raj retreats into the shadows as Aziz jumps behind the wall
of Indian Mobsters who send rounds towards the Jews. The
Jewish Mobsters FIRE back. *It's a stone cold fire fight!*

SETH (CONT'D)
Get Jerry! We need to get the fuck
out of here!

Jonah signals JERRY "The Driver," hiding behind a chair.

JONAH
Jerry!

Jerry turns toward them and WAVES.

SETH
Let's roll!

Jerry excitedly stands up. He takes one step towards Seth
when BLAM! Bullet to the head. DEAD. Brains blast EVERYWHERE!

JONAH
JERRY!

Out of rage, Jonah pulls out an uzi. He empties the mag.
BANG! Jonah snipes Bijay DEAD in the head. Blood SPLATTERS!

JONAH (CONT'D)
Bye-Jay is fucking right!

He bends down to reload.

JONAH (CONT'D)
How are we gonna get out of here?
We're pinned in!

Pickles gracefully ARMY ROLLS behind the table.

PICKLES
Let's get an Uber! They're always
dependable.

SETH
Great fucking idea! Way to think on
your feet, Pickles.

Seth FIRES a few rounds at the Indian Mobsters. A bullet ZIPS
past the trio's heads.

JONAH
I'm requesting!

Seth sends more bullets at the Indians. BANG! BANG! BANG!
Jonah pulls out his iPhone.

INT. JAMES' CAR - CONTINUOUS

James, curled up baby-style, smokes weed from his portable
vaporizer, utterly demoralized. He watches a Beyonce music
video on his phone and sadly sings along as best he can.

An Uber alert pops up. He checks the passenger - "Jonah." The
location setting indicates: "Two minutes away."

JAMES
Fuck it. Let's roll, Sasha. It's
time to get fierce!

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The shootout WAGES ON.

JONAH
The Uber will be outside in two.
It's a Prius C.

SETH
A fucking Prius?!

JONAH
It was the only car in the area!

SETH
FUCK! Okay, grab the drugs and lets
start moving. Pickles, get the
money and follow us out.

PICKLES
Alright, boss.

They reload their guns.

SETH
On three. One, two, three!

Pickles SHOOTS UP and starts firing, distracting the Indian
Mobsters. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Seth and Jonah BOOK IT towards the door carrying the duffle
bags. They discharge their Desert Eagles.

Jonah spots Aziz shooting at him and FIRES a few shells in
his direction. ZIP! ZAP! ZOP! Aziz takes one in the leg!

JONAH
Down goes Gupta!

AZIZ
AHHHH! You will pay for this
treachery you fucking Indian
slurring thesaurus!

INT. JAMES' CAR - CONTINUOUS

James drives towards the warehouse - Queen B still playing
softly in the car's speakers. He rolls up to the door of the
warehouse and notices two black SUV's parked outside.

MULTIPLE GUN SHOTS. James turns the music off and opens his
window... BANG! BOOM! BRRRAT! He jumps up in his seat.

JAMES
What the fu-

The warehouse doors SLAM OPEN.

Seth, Jonah, and Pickles come running out, guns in hand.
Pickles turns and SHOOTS a few rounds into the warehouse.

SETH
(to James)
Open the door! Open the fucking
door!

Without hesitation, James leans over and opens the door.

Seth hops in the front. Jonah and Pickles get in the back.
It's a really tight fit.

PICKLES
Can this car be any smaller?!

Seth closes the door and points the gun at James.

SETH
Drive! Go! GO! GO!!!

IN SLOWMO: James takes a beat to assess the situation.

The Indians come filing out of the warehouse, Ravi carrying Aziz in his arms like an infant.

An Indian Mobster SPRAYS his rifle at James' car, BLASTING OFF the side mirror.

JONAH
Drive you hipster fuck!

James SLAMS his foot on the pedal. BUZZ! VROOM! PURR!

The car accelerates out of the parking lot, its hybrid engine firing on all cylinders.

The Indian Mobsters climb into their SUVs and begin to pursue James and his eco-friendly chariot.

Seth, Jonah, and Pickles roll down the windows and FIRE towards the Indians.

JAMES
Where am I going?!

SETH
Malibu!

JONAH
Take the 10 to the PCH.

SETH
Shut your mouth and shoot. Let the
kid drive.

James' blood is ICE COLD. He was made for this.

He shifts his car from "ELECTRIC" to "POWER" mode and BLAZES down the empty road toward the freeway entrance.

The Prius weaves between two cars then pulls a HARD U-turn to get onto the on-ramp.

INT. JAMES' CAR/FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

James FLIES onto the freeway - 65... 75... 85...

Seth and Jonah exchange a glance. This Uber can drive. 85... 95... 100... Pickles reloads.

SETH

They're back on us!

The Indian SUVs approach. James continues to NARROWLY EVADE cars on the freeway - 100... 105... 110...

An exit sign WHOOSSES by for "Malibu.".

JONAH

This is the exit! Take it!

James increases his speed, going right past the exit.

JONAH (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing?!

SCREECH! The car VEERS across 4 lanes back towards the center of the freeway. Not far behind them, the Indians get closer.

JAMES

Hold onto something.

James spots a small "Emergency Vehicle Only" gap in the freeway's concrete median.

SETH, JONAH, AND PICKLES

AHHHHHHHH!!!

James SLAMS on the breaks and YANKS the wheel hard left.

The car SLIDES along the break in the median and SKIDS onto the other side of the freeway across the gravel shoulder.

James controls the steering wheel and directs his car to the far right line, towards the Malibu exit.

Behind them, the Indian SUVs try to pull the same maneuver but are way too big to make it through.

The cars BANG the barrier head-on and go TWIRLING through the air. They hit the concrete and BARREL ROLL down the freeway.

JONAH

Holy fuck! Who are you man?!

James slows down as he exits the freeway and reaches the off ramp red light. He wipes the sweat from his brow.

JAMES

Goldman. James...Goldman.

I/E. JAMES' CAR/JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - LATER

The car ZOOMS up a long driveway surrounded by grassy hills and lush gardens. On the top of a cliff is an ENORMOUS MANSION lighting up the night. It's royal family big.

James pulls into the circular driveway and stops the car by the steel enforced front doors. The house is a fortress.

SETH

Boys, let me have a word with Mr. Goldman here.

Jonah and Pickles get out with the duffel bags. Seth puts the briefcase of money on his lap and opens it.

SETH (CONT'D)

I believe I owe you some money.

JAMES

We actually do our transactions online, so you're all set.

Seth chuckles.

SETH

You're a funny kid, James. I've gotta say, I'm impressed. You really got us out of trouble.

JAMES

Just doing my job. Hopefully I'm worth five stars.

SETH

How about instead of five stars, you quit Uber and come work for me? Be my new wheelman.

He reaches into the briefcase and pulls out a stack of bills.

JAMES
Work for you?

SETH
Our old driver, Jerry, recently
took a permanent vacation.

JAMES
Can I think about it?

SETH
Unfortunately, no. In my business,
you don't get time to really think
things through, kid. However, I can
give you fifteen seconds to decide.
And remember, there's no coming
back from your decision. Both ways.

Seth looks at his Rolex. FREEZE ON: James.

JAMES (V.O.)
There I was. Just survived a
gunfight and a car chase. My
adrenaline was off the charts. But
for some bizarre reason, in those
fifteen seconds only one thing
popped into my mind-

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

Randy's doing his crunches, stoned.

RANDY
"I mean, most writers draw from
personal experiences. And James,
you have none. So how the hell can
you expect to write well? You need
to get out into the world and live,
damnit! LIVE!"

BACK TO:

I/E. JAMES' CAR/JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - PRESENT DAY

JAMES (V.O.)
My future wasn't exactly bright at
the moment. I was dead broke. My
student loans were way past due.
And I was still fucking single. No
chance I was dying stag.
(MORE)

JAMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This was my life-line, both
financially and physically. I knew
where they lived. I saw them kill.
And Seth would've offed me if I
said no...

(beat)
...What would you have done?

UNFREEZE. Seth taps his Rolex and looks to James.

SETH
Time's up, junior.

JAMES (V.O.)
What can I say? He made me an offer
I couldn't refuse.

James turns to Seth.

JAMES
I'm in.

SETH
Just what I wanted to hear.

Seth reaches in the briefcase and pulls out two more stacks.

SETH (CONT'D)
First thing I want you to do is
take this to my tailor downtown. I
need you dressing sharp, so leave
that hipster shit at home.

Seth takes out a Desert Eagle and puts it into the glove box.

SETH (CONT'D)
For emergencies.

Seth steps out, hands James a phone, then shuts the door.
James rolls down the window.

SETH (CONT'D)
When I call, you answer. Always. No
excuses. Thanks again for the ride,
"Wheels."

EXT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

POV of a LONG RANGE CAMERA LENS taking photographs of James
GUNNING IT down the driveway, the mansion looming bright and
large behind him in the distance.

JAMES (V.O.)
I had no idea what was about to
happen, but I did know one thing...
I finally had something original to
write about.

TITLE CARD:

PART II

"DRIVING MR. STEINBERG"

EXT. JAMES' APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

James gets out of his Prius and walks towards the front door.
He's immediately FLANKED by TWO MEN in dark clothing.

James quickens his pace but before he knows it, he's
surrounded by TWO MORE MEN.

CLOSE ON: their jackets - F.B.I.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND JAMES' APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

James sits on a step.

Out of the darkness emerges special agent DANA SHERMAN (40,
black, Crossfit queen, takes zero shit) of the F.B.I.

SHERMAN
James Goldman. Yale Graduate.
Medical marijuana cardholder. Voted
most likely to succeed by his High
School classmates...

Sherman eyes James from head to toe.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)
...What the hell happened?

JAMES
Who are you? What's this about?

SHERMAN
I'm Special Agent Dana Sherman of
the F.B.I. The woman you do not
want to *fuck* with.

JAMES
I know my rights. This isn't legal.

SHERMAN

Neither is being involved in a high speed car chase with gunfire and multiple fatalities-

James turns white.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

Oh so now I have your attention... The Special Agent thing didn't do it for ya? Is it because I'm a woman, Goldman? Cause I will drop your chauvinist ass in one punch.

JAMES

I was just doing my job, I'm an Uber driver. Or was one. I don't know. I was sitting there, smoking...an e-cig-

SHERMAN

You mean your vaporizer? Cut the bullshit, James. Just pretend for a minute that I'm not a jackass and I know what I'm doing.

JAMES

A guy named Seth asked me to be his driver. That's it.

SHERMAN

Well I'll be damned. You saw the Kosher Ghost.

JAMES

What are you talking about?

SHERMAN

You just joined the Jewish mafia. And even better, the head of the family and the most wanted criminal on my shit list, who you know as "Seth," offered you the job.

Sherman lights a cigarette.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

Ya know, I could easily charge you with a number of felonies. Lock you in jail and throw away the key. But I like you. And I want to help you.

Sherman blows some smoke into James' face. James COUGHS.

JAMES
I'm not sure I follow.

SHERMAN
(stern)
You're gonna go undercover and help me bust these pricks. Because I always bust the bad guys, James.

JAMES
Undercover? Is that a smart idea?

SHERMAN
No. It's a brilliant idea. I'll provide you with details in the coming days. But for now, take this phone and answer it when I call.

Sherman hands James a burner.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)
Until then, it's business as usual. Okay, "Wheels?"

JAMES
Holy shit, you heard that?

SHERMAN
Do you read the paper or watch the news? I work for the F.B.I. I can listen to any person I want, whenever I want.

JAMES
Is there any other way to resolve this? There has to be.

SHERMAN
Unless you want prison time. Nope.

Sherman flicks the half smoked cigarette butt on the ground.

JAMES
I didn't know cops littered.

SHERMAN
I'm not a "cop." And I'm not littering. I'm creating jobs. For those brave souls that clean up the streets.

JAMES
That's not how it works-

SHERMAN

Don't worry about this undercover stuff, you're a smart kid. You can handle it. Go home, get some rest, and don't *fuck* me!

Sherman disappears back into the darkness.

INT. JAMES' APARTMENT - HALLWAY - EARLY THE NEXT MORNING

James steps out of his apartment, locking the door. Dressed in Lulu Lemon gear, he briefly JOGS IN PLACE.

JAMES

Time to clear the noggin, Goldman-

The neighboring door to his apartment OPENS to reveal EMILY STRATFORD (29, not a damsel in distress), also in Lulu gear.

James takes a quick peek then walks to the elevator. Emily chooses the stairs.

EXT. JAMES' APARTMENT - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

James files out. Ten feet in front of him, Emily exits the stair doors and starts walking in the same direction.

It's pretty awkward for a few beats.

EXT. SANTA MONICA STREETS - DAY

The weirdness grows. James and Emily are stride for stride.

She crosses a crosswalk, he follows. She turns a corner, he's right behind him seconds later.

EXT. SANTA MONICA KICKBOXING CLUB - SOON AFTER

They've arrived at the same place... James inelegantly waits for Emily to enter the building before going in behind her.

INT. SANTA MONICA KICKBOXING CLUB - CONTINUOUS

STUDENTS from the previous class exit. James looks around but Emily has disappeared.

EMILY (O.S.)

Were you following me?

James JUMPS and turns to see Emily.

JAMES

Whoa now! Oh hey...no I wasn't following you. This is my gym.

Beat. James takes notice of Emily's raw beauty.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Did you just move in or something?
When you were leaving I didn't want to say anything in case you were...
(he half laughs)
...Someone sent to kill me.

EMILY

I'd only kill someone if they broke the law. But you don't break the law do you?

Tense beat. He certainly does. Emily cracks up.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Oh my god, I'm totally kidding.
Moved in last night. Emily Stratford. Capricorn.

He exhales. They shake hands.

JAMES

James Goldman. Heretic. Ya know, I'm glad it's you who moved in and not another elderly Albanian couple. I swear, sometimes our complex feels like the United Nations. It's like, "Hello landlord, we need more gorgeous, American women."

Emily smiles, James turns bright red.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Wow, that was forward. I don't know what got into me just there.

EMILY

No, no. It was sweet. Although my family is from Russia.

An INSTRUCTOR walks in.

INSTRUCTOR

Sparring day! Everyone partner up.

James and Emily notice they're the only ones without a partner.

EMILY
Wanna dance, Goldman?

James thinks.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Come on, I won't hit below the waist. Unless you're into that.

JAMES
(smiling)
Let's see what you've got Ruskie.
It's about to get real "Rocky 4" in here. Apollo must be avenged!

INT. SANTA MONICA KICKBOXING CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

With headgear and gloves on, James and Emily sweat like sumo wrestlers in a sauna. James attempts to elude Emily's agile kicks and precise punches.

Emily connects with a punch-kick combo to James' gut, knocking him back into a punching bag.

EMILY
(a la Ivan Drago)
I must break you.

James recovers and throws a kick combo her way, sending her to a knee.

JAMES
Oh shit. I'm so sorry. Are you alright?

James checks on Emily when she unexpectedly hits him with a Ronda Rousey-type combo. He spirals to the ground.

James SPRINGS back up and unloads a few KICKS to Emily's abdomen. Doesn't seem to effect her.

They go back in forth for a minute. *Shit's getting real.* The bell finally RINGS.

INSTRUCTOR
Rotate! Bow to your partner and switch it up.

The two bow. James' bleeding a little from his nose.

EMILY
Oh no, you're bleeding.

JAMES
It's just pain leaving my body.

Emily laughs.

EMILY
How about I buy you a drink to make
up for all that "pain" leaving your
body? It's the least I could do.

FREEZE ON: Emily in all her gorgeous, sweaty glory.

JAMES (V.O.)
For a second, I thought I was
dreaming. About everything. But
then something struck me. Mobsters
always had a hot woman fawning over
them. I needed to go with this. So
I did...confidently.

UNFREEZE.

JAMES
Liquor is the best pain killer out
there. Let's do it.

EMILY
Does next Tuesday work?

JAMES
You're damn right it works.

EMILY
Great. Just knock on my door around
8 and we'll go from there.

They bow again and move to new PARTNERS.

INT. JAMES' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

James SLUMPS IN, looking like he's fresh off a Vegas bender,
to find Randy concentrated on trading stocks.

Two LCD monitors sit in front of Randy. It's the perfect
setup. He wears boxers and a "Wolf of Wall Street" T-shirt.

RANDY
(looking at his screen)
Are you still mad at me?
(MORE)

RANDY (CONT'D)
Because Randy just found the lost
city of Atlantis for stocks.

JAMES
Maybe you'll actually go all in
this time. Turncoat!

James sits on the couch.

RANDY
No chance. But I did buy ten
thousand shares. You want in? It's
a legit Pharmaceutical based in
India. My insider tells me they've
developed a miracle drug that will
change the world. Guaranteed to
triple your money in one month.

JAMES
Never heard this spiel before. No
thank you. The last thing I need
right now is to involve myself in a
shady insider trading scandal.

RANDY
Easy with the insider trading
comments. The NSA could be
listening.

JAMES
No, they're F.B.I. And they're
always listening.

Randy spins around in his chair.

RANDY
What?
(noticing James' demeanor)
Jesus, you look awful. Did you get
molested by one of your Uber
passengers or something.

JAMES
Not exactly.

Randy hops off of his chair, grabs a joint, and sits next to
James on the couch.

RANDY
Okay, talk to Randy. Randy's here
for you, bub.

Randy lights the joint.

JAMES
You don't want to know.

RANDY
(inhales)
Just tell me. Don't block me out.
(inhales again)
Don't you do it.

JAMES
Let it be Randy.

RANDY
(exhales)
You're talking to the "Wolf of
Wilshire Boulevard" here. I can
handle a weird Uber story.

Randy gives James his best sad puppy face. It's adorable.

JAMES (V.O.)
I didn't want to involve Randy, but
there was too much shit going on. I
couldn't keep it all to myself.
Plus, because of him I had no money
to my name, so I didn't mind
dragging him into the shit storm.

RANDY
Come on!

JAMES
Fine...

INT. JAMES' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The joint FIZZLES AWAY as Randy sits frozen on the couch.
James' drinks a protein shake.

RANDY
Why the fuck did you just tell me
that?!

JAMES
I tried to warn you-

RANDY
How was I supposed to know that you
joined the mafia?! I thought you
were gonna say you did coke off a
passenger's tits or something. Are
you fucking insane, James?

JAMES

Dude, keep it down. F.B.I.
Remember?

RANDY

(whispering)
Oh. My. God.

Randy puts out the J and TOSSES the roach out the window.

RANDY (CONT'D)

We're gonna die. They're gonna kill
you, then they're gonna kill me.
But they're gonna torture me first,
because I'm Asian.

JAMES

Randy. You need to relax.

RANDY

I need to relax? I NEED TO RELAX?!
You're a mobster and a narc for the
Feds. And now I am corroborating
with you.

JAMES

That's not the proper use of the
word corroborate.

RANDY

Oh go fuck a dictionary, Oscar
Wilde! We need to leave the
country. We've gotta head for
Canada. I've got family in Toronto-

JAMES

I can't leave and neither can you.

RANDY

I can do whatever I want.

JAMES

No you can't.

James pulls out his Desert Eagle and sets it on the table,
unintentionally alarming Randy.

RANDY

Oh no! Are you gonna "off" me?!
Please don't! Please, James!

JAMES

No, I'm not gonna "off" you, dude.
I just need you to go with me on
this. I'm not asking you to do
anything illegal, all you gotta do
is keep your mouth shut.

(beat)

You're essentially my shrink
anyway. Weren't you the one who
told me to get out there and live?

RANDY

Yes. But I did not tell you to join
an *illegal* crime syndicate and
agree to tattle on them!

A phone RINGS. Randy JUMPS!

JAMES

It's them.

RANDY

I'm definitely gonna get tortured.

James picks up the phone and listens.

JAMES

(on phone)

Alright. I'll be there.

He hangs up the phone.

JAMES (V.O.)

And so it began... The story of a
simple Uber driver, turned mob
chauffeur, turned F.B.I. informant.
This was the stuff of legend.

I/E. JAMES' CAR/JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

James parks his Prius and gets out. He's wearing a brand new,
form fitting suit. Clearly he visited the tailor. Pickles
stands at the towering entrance.

PICKLES

Right this way.

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

James steps inside the fortress with Pickles, the steel
enforced doors SHUT automatically behind them.

Pickles leads James past portraits of a young Seth and Jonah from their Bar Mitzvah parties. Signatures cover the photos.

James scans the halls in awe.

CLOSE ON: two replica TABLETS of the Ten Commandments.

JAMES

The Ten Commandments?!

PICKLES

Those are actually replicas, but they're made out of concrete so no one can steal em. The house is all custom-built, high security, cameras. It's got a sauna, steam room, lots of safes to store valuables. Couple of hidden rooms, some escape tunnels, and even a synagogue. Seth spared no expense.

JAMES

Amen to that.

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - BAR LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

They approach a magnificent bar, where Seth, Jonah, and DANIEL "Rabbi" FELDMAN (38, wearing a small gold yarmulke and Star of David necklace), lounge around in big leather chairs.

Seth sees James and stands up.

SETH

James, my boy. Welcome.

Seth leans in towards James and SLAPS his left butt cheek then his right in a similar manner to how Italian mobsters greet each other with cheek kisses. James is puzzled.

SETH (CONT'D)

Italians kiss the cheeks on the face, we slap the cheeks on the tush.

JAMES

That's really creative.

SETH

One of a few brilliant ideas to come from my brother. Gentleman, allow me to introduce our new driver, Jimmy Wheels.

Daniel walks over to James.

SETH (CONT'D)

This is Daniel Feldman, but you can call him Rabbi. He's our in-house counsel and also a trained Rabbi. Keeps the Feds off our ass and God on our side.

James swallows his fear with a giant gulp. Daniel and James exchange ass slaps.

DANIEL

Shalom, my son.

JAMES

Shalom Rabbi.

SETH

Jonah, get your ass over here and be respectful you ungrateful shit. This man saved our lives.

Reluctantly, Jonah gets up. They exchange ass slaps.

SETH (CONT'D)

Of course you two have already met, but so you know, my little brother here runs the books for us. And he's my killer. My right-hand man. We call him "The Fiddler."

JAMES

Why's that?

JONAH

Because I fucking fiddle.

DANIEL

Locks, situations, women, he fiddles his way in and out of everything. Ever since he was young, never lets anything be. Always fiddling.

JONAH

The Fiddler!

SETH

Then of course, you've also met my muscle. Craig Katzbaum. But we call him "Pickles" because he knows how to get us out of a pickle.

James and Pickles exchange ass slaps.

PICKLES

And I also love pickles.

DANIEL

Eats fifteen a day. Never seen anything else like it.

James follows them over to plush Lazy-Boys and sits down.

SETH

Before we start working together, let me give you a quick run-down of what we do. You need to understand what we're trying to achieve here.

DANIEL

From a legal stand-point, this is important for you to know.

Seth sits back in his chair.

SETH

We're involved in a multitude of avenues. Sometimes we fix sporting events. Other times we control pop culture.

JAMES

How do you mean?

SETH

I like to support young Jewish entertainers and celebrities. I buy 200,000 copies of every Drake album to make sure he opens at number one. It's the little things.

(beat)

But of course our biggest money maker is cocaine. One of the many drugs we sell. Oh, and we also whack people with a price on their head. What can I say, it pays the bills right, fellas-

The Goodfellas LAUGH. Loud. FREEZE ON: Seth's laughing face.

JAMES (V.O.)

Just in case this wasn't clear, Seth was certifiable. I mean this man had screws loose in the darkest recesses of the human mind.

UNFREEZE.

SETH

Well now that we're all acquainted,
I need you to run a couple errands.
We've got a busy day.

Seth hands him a piece of paper with errands.

JONAH

I want a hot pastrami sandwich with
thousand island dressing. And
instead of the coleslaw on the
side, I want it on the sandwich!

DANIEL

Why do you have to be such a micro
manager?

JONAH

I don't micro manage. I fiddle.

SETH

We'll see you back here soon.

JAMES

Yes, boss.

SETH

Pickles, take him to his car.

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - GARAGE - SOON AFTER

James stands next to Pickles with his jaw dropped, staring at
a murdered out Audi Q7. It's black on black. Supercharged.

JAMES

There is a God...

PICKLES

Hopefully you don't miss your Prius
too much.

James smiles.

MONTAGE:

- James speeds down the PCH in his new whip.

JAMES (V.O.)

I was raised to always go above and
beyond.

(MORE)

JAMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Of course, it had been a while
since I had actually done that, but
this was different.

- James picks up Seth's dry cleaning, making friends with the two OLD JEWISH LADIES in charge. They play Gin rummy.

JAMES (V.O.)
I needed these guys to know they
could trust me with anything. That
way, they'd never suspect me as an
informant. Because we all remember
what happened to Big Puss in "The
Sopranos..."

- At a shooting range on the mansion grounds, MENACHEM (a short Jewish mobster with glasses), gives James pointers. James fires at an OSAMA BIN LADEN target. Misses horribly.

JAMES (V.O.)
It was like Hebrew School all over
again...

- At a deli, James picks up lunch and talks to the deli's owner, AKIVA. James points to a few cookies and baked goods, which Akiva puts in the bag.

JAMES (V.O.)
But on a whole 'nother level.

- Back at the range, James FIRES at the Menorah, this time hitting Bin Laden in the boob area. He's improving.

JAMES (V.O.)
It was time to really get into
character. Damnit, I was in the
mob! I had to start acting like a
member of the Kosher Nostra.

- James picks up rolls of duct tape, cinder blocks, and rope from Home Depot. The EMPLOYEE suspiciously checks the items.

JAMES (V.O.)
Whatever the task, I was up for it.
And to be completely honest...

- James empties the clip of his Desert Eagle, hitting every inch of Bin Laden's face. Menachem hands James a TAR-21 Israeli Assault Rifle, which he uses to tear up what's left.

JAMES (V.O.)
...I was having a lot of fun.

INT. AGENT SHERMAN'S OFFICE - F.B.I. - AFTERNOON

Agent Sherman sits at her desk, heavily immersed in her computer. Her POV of the screen. She's playing "Wolfenstein."

SHERMAN

Suck my Ruger, you Nazi fuck!

She's brutally gunning down Nazis left and right.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

I'm busy! Come back in an hour.

Beat. KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

I said I'm busy, damnit!

Beat. KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Sherman pauses the game, SPRINGS UP from her chair out of frustration, and makes her way to the door.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

I'm going to grate your face into
the carpet. When I say I'm fucking
busy, I'm fucking-

She opens the door. No one's there.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

Busy...

Sherman shuts the door and sits back down at her desk. She thinks for a beat, then resumes her game. POW! Nazi down.

Sherman's phone RINGS. Her ringtone is the chorus from the Dr. Dre song - "Nothing But A 'G' Thang."

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

(singing)

It's like this and like that and
like this and uh, it's like this
and like that and like this and uh.

Her POV of the iPhone screen. "The Owl" is calling. Sherman picks up whilst still BLASTING Nazis.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

You always call when I'm paying
tribute to my Jewish brethren.
Where the hell have you been?!

THE OWL (V.O.)
(distorted, a la Bane)
In the shadows, where I belong.

SHERMAN
Did you find anymore info on
Goldman? I need to know if we can
trust this kid.

THE OWL (V.O.)
It takes time Sherman, we must be
patient.

BLAM! Nazi headshot for Sherman!

SHERMAN
Patients are for doctors! I need
control of this situation before a
war breaks out. They need to know,
we're in charge here!

THE OWL (V.O.)
Do you *feel* in charge?

SHERMAN
Off the record, I would willingly
engage in coitus with Bane. With or
without his mask.

THE OWL (V.O.)
I'll follow the kid and he'll serve
these bastards up on a platter. I
see all without being seen.

Sherman's got a machine gun, PLOWING legions of SS soldiers.

SHERMAN
Call me when you have something.

THE OWL (V.O.)
I shall. Oh yeah, one more thing
Agent Sherman.

SHERMAN
(frustrated)
Yes?

THE OWL (V.O.)
Your zipper's undone.

Sherman looks down to an open fly. How the fuck did The Owl
know? She gazes around her office. No one.

SHERMAN
Well played...

Her POV of the computer screen. The Hitler Boss comes on.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)
Time to suck my shaft, Hitler.

INT. OUTSIDE EMILY'S APARTMENT DOOR - NIGHT

James, dressed in his new suit, holds a POTTED WHITE ORCHID while he fixes his hair. He's clearly nervous.

JAMES
(to himself)
James Goldman. How are ya?

He shakes his head and takes a deep breath.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Is that Chanel No 5 you're wearing?
Because to me, you're Chanel No 1.

He wipes the sweat from his forehead.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Hi. I'm STD free and circumcised.

He laughs to himself then reaches out to knock, when to his surprise, the door OPENS. Emily stands in the doorway rocking a sexy black cocktail dress. SCHWING! SCHWING! SCHWING!

FREEZE ON: Emily.

TITLE UP:

PART III

"FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE"

JAMES (V.O.)
It was in this exact moment that I started to believe in fate. I mean, just a couple weeks back, my life was in shambles. Now, I was a gun wielding, F.B.I. informing badass. And this hot Russian chick wanted to go out with me too? Life finally started to become *meaningful*.

UNFREEZE.

EMILY
Glad to know you're STD free.

JAMES
Of course you heard me. Well, this
is off to a splendid start.

EMILY
You got me an orchid?! That's so
sweet of you!

James hands her the orchid.

JAMES
My mom used to get me an orchid
every time I moved into a new
place. Brought me good luck.

Emily sets the orchid on a table by the door.

EMILY
She raised her son right, that's
for sure.
(beat)
So, where are we headed?

JAMES (V.O.)
I had no clue.

Emily smiles.

JAMES
It's a surprise.

Crooner music FADES IN...

INT. LOCAL BAR - NIGHT

James and Emily sip specialty cocktails at a secluded table.

JAMES
I just figured when I left school,
my writing would get much better.
And I'd eventually get paid for it.
But it's been the polar opposite.

EMILY
I'm sure it isn't that bad.

JAMES
My roommate couldn't even get
through the first chapter.

James takes a sip of his drink.

EMILY

Well what does you roommate do for a living?

JAMES

He's a day trader.

EMILY

Why the hell would a day trader know what's good literature and what isn't?

JAMES

Fair point.

EMILY

This is cliché, but you've gotta believe in your own work James. Otherwise no one will. It's the hardest thing to do, but by far the most important.

JAMES

That's easier said than done.

EMILY

I built my clothing business from the ground up. Piece by piece, I started to get somewhere. Met more and more people, had more and more experiences, and my life changed.

JAMES

Kick boxer. Entrepreneur. Ya know, you might be the perfect girl. Do you do anything wrong?

EMILY

Depends on your definition of wrong...

Emily leans in and kisses James. He's taken off guard but goes with the flow.

JAMES

I could think of a couple different definitions.

EMILY

Well, before you get all Merriam-Webster on me, how about first, we get a couple more drinks?

JAMES
Cheers to that.

They down their drinks as the Crooner music FADES OUT...

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - BILLIARDS ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Seth and Daniel play pool. There's a FRIGHTENED MAN tied to the top of the table.

DANIEL
My man on the inside gave me some
bad news today...

SETH
Your man never has good news. Do
you, Kline?! You cock sucker!

The Frightened Man is KLINE. Seth SLAMS a ball into his head.

KLINE
Ahhhh! Fuck! I'm just doing my job!

SETH
Shut your fucking mouth! You better
not start bleeding on my table.

DANIEL
He told me The Owl was put in
charge of a classified case
involving you and Jonah.

SETH
(to Kline)
Do you have any other information
that you'd like to share with us
Kline? Huh?!

Seth STRIKES another into the Kline's forehead. He SQUIRMS. A red welt starts to form.

KLINE
It's high priority. That's all I
could find! I'm just an analyst!

DANIEL
I think it'd be wise to get rid of
the final stockpile of D.I.Q. and
fly under the radar for a while.

SETH
What happened to the good ol' days?
When Mickey Cohen ran the game.

DANIEL

Well, he was convicted of tax evasion and sent to Alcatraz. That's what happened, Seth.

SETH

(a la Sean Connery)
Welcome to "The Rock."

Seth hits the 8 ball into Kline's testicles. He SCREAMS then PASSES OUT.

SETH (CONT'D)

Alright. Have Jonah get rid of the rest, except for my own private stash of course.

Seth smiles.

SETH (CONT'D)

(re: Kline)
Get rid of this rat prick!

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

James sits at a table, ear buds in. He's got his computer out and types away with the myriad of other WRITERS in the shop.

JAMES (V.O.)

(typing)

I began to wonder what my heroes would do if they were in my shoes. Hemingway might flee the country but I think Crichton would see it through. Even though the chances of dying increased each and every day, something in my body told me to keep going. I knew there was more to this story.

A WEARY-EYED WRITER peers over at James' screen.

JAMES

Do you mind?

WEARY-EYED WRITER

I'm just looking for some ideas.

JAMES

Then you should close your computer and get out into the world.

The Weary-Eyed Writer frowns. James types.

JAMES (V.O.)
Benjamin Franklin once said:
"Either write something worth
reading or do something worth
writing." Well Benji, I was doing
both-

The phone Sherman gave James BUZZES. He picks up.

JAMES
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH SHERMAN AT THE DRIVING RANGE:

SHERMAN
Mr. Goldman, glad to hear your
voice. I thought you might do
something foolish and flee the
country.

JAMES (V.O.)
Hemingway...

James sips his coffee.

JAMES
No ma'am, I want to help out as
much as I can.

Sherman takes a huge cut with her driver, slice right.

SHERMAN
Fuck!

JAMES
Are you okay, Agent Sherman?

SHERMAN
Yeah, I just misfired my...glock.

Sherman puts another ball on the mat and switches clubs.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)
Listen James, I'm sure you're
already doing this because you
graduated from an Ivy, but I need
you to get very close to these
Mafiosos. So close that they start
telling you about their bowel
movements, ejaculation schedules,
and their drug shipments.

JAMES

(whispering)

Are all of those things somehow related?

SHERMAN

Maybe they are James, maybe they are. My point is that you need to help me find out why Seth robbed the Indian mafia. He's started a war with some crazy SOB's. And you my friend, are smack dab in the middle of it.

JAMES

Copy that, ma'am. I'll find out as much as I can.

Sherman CHUNKS a shot with her pitching wedge.

SHERMAN

God damnit!

JAMES

What's going on over there?

SHERMAN

I've gotta head out, accidentally shot a pigeon. Stay alert!

James puts down his phone and starts to type again.

JAMES (V.O.)

(typing)

A drug war... I knew this story had more to it! I won't lie, I was scared senseless but also exhilarated at the same time-

WEARY-EYED WRITER

Who's Agent Sherman?

JAMES

Ask me another question and I'll shove that laptop so far up your ass, you'll be sending emails with your large intestine.

The Weary-Eyed Writer turns pale and looks away.

JAMES (V.O.)

I felt bad for the guy, but I was a mobster now and practice makes fucking perfect.

EXT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

James GLIDES UP and parks. Jonah stands there waiting with three duffel bags by his feet. James gets out of the car.

JONAH
Why are you early?

JAMES
I was always told if you're on
time, you're late.

JONAH
Bullshit. If you're late, you're
late. Early means something's up.

JAMES
I see you fiddle with time as well,
true to form.

JONAH
They tried to tell you what I do.

Jonah throws James a bag.

JONAH (CONT'D)
Start loading these up.

POV of the LONG RANGE CAMERA from earlier taking photographs of Jonah and James. James pops the trunk and starts loading.

JONAH (CONT'D)
You're going to take each bag to a
drop point and exchange it for
another bag. Make sense?

JAMES
What's in the bags?

JONAH
Fucking challah. What the fuck do
you care?

JAMES
I'm just curious. I'd like to know
what I'm driving.

JONAH
And I'd like to marry a black
chick, but if she ain't Jewish,
it's a no go.

JAMES
What does that have to do with
what's in the bags?

JONAH
Now you're really starting to piss
me off, Wheels.

James shuts the trunk.

JAMES
Sorry. I'll shut up.

JONAH
Yeah, you will. Now get this done
and get back. Don't fuck around. No
fiddling. Only I fiddle.

JAMES
Got it. You're the Fiddler.

JONAH
Correct! Now get in the car and get
your ass out of here.

Jonah watches James drive off.

I/E. JAMES' AUDI/SUNSET BLVD - NIGHT

James talks into the voice recorder app on his iPhone.

JAMES
I had a loaded gun in my jacket, so
obviously I wasn't driving around a
bunch of freshly baked bread. I was
clearly delivering drugs-

He STOPS the recorder.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Holy shit, I'm delivering drugs!

James stops the car, goes around to the trunk, and opens up
the duffle bags. He sees thousands of D.I.Q. pills.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Dear. Lord.

He takes out a pill, it has a tiny engraving: "D.I.Q."

JAMES (V.O.)
I had no idea what D.I.Q. stood
for.

(MORE)

JAMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But with these upcoming drug deals,
I knew I had to be on my A game.
Release my inhibitions, so to
speak. And that's what drugs do.
Plus, I figured it was just
Adderall with the "IQ" engraving.

James throws back a pill, shuts the bag, and gets back in the front seat.

JAMES
Time to clock in and muscle up,
Jimmy Wheels. You're one bad
motherfucker. Show no weakness!

EXT. ZANKOU CHICKEN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

James drives up next to the only other car in the parking lot and exits. An ultra-intimidating BALD MAN hops out.

BALD MAN
You Jimmy Wheels?

JAMES
Yeah, why do you care?

The Bald Man throws him a bag.

BALD MAN
So I know I'm not paying some
random douchebag.

James pops the trunk and retrieves a bag. He TOSSES it over.

JAMES
Do I look like a random "douchebag"
to you?

BALD MAN
No-

JAMES
That was a rhetorical question, you
fucking chump.

James starts to pitch a mini tent. The D.I.Q. senses his raised blood pressure. He hops in the car and drives off.

JAMES (V.O.)
Now I know why there are some sick
fucks out there. A little dirty
talk in a stressful drug dealing
situation and I'm at half mass.

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

James exchanges a bag with a FRAT BRO and turns to walk away.

FRAT BRO
Thanks a lot, Jimmy.

JAMES
You call me Jimmy Wheels or you
don't say my name at all, bitch.

FRAT BRO
I'm sorry sir.

James shoots the Frat Bro a menacing look.

FRAT BRO (CONT'D)
Jimmy Wheels. I'm sorry, Jimmy
Wheels.

James gets another SEMI-BONER, hops in the car, and speeds
away.

JAMES (V.O.)
I started to realize that most
people are naturally cowards, even
two-bit drug dealers. There's
always a bigger fish in the sea.
Also, I think I needed to see a
shrink, because I was hard again.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS PARK - NIGHT

James sees a MIDGET with a face tattoo and an eye patch. This
is one tough little guy. The two exchange bags.

JAMES
Kinda cold tonight, huh?

The Midget shrugs.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I asked you a question. I expect an
answer.

The Midget stands frozen.

JAMES (CONT'D)
What are you, a mute?

The Midget opens his mouth to reveal that he has no tongue!

JAMES (CONT'D)
 Jesus. I'm sorry. I had no idea.
 I'm James-

James reaches out to shake his hand. The Midget puts forth his right hand, which only has two fingers.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 Oh god. Who did this to you? I'll
 kill them! Do you hear me?!

The Midget takes his hood off to reveal he only has one ear!

JAMES (CONT'D)
 Those savages. You're gonna be
 okay. Just keep swimming, bro!

James gets back into his car with yet another HALF CHUB.

JAMES (V.O.)
 This world of underground punks and
 amputee midgets was unlike anything
 I'd ever seen. Mankind is twisted.
 And why the fuck did I still have a
 boner?!

EXT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - LATER

James ZOOMS UP. Pickles stands at the front door. James hops out and walks towards the door.

PICKLES
 Everything go smooth?

JAMES
 Yeah. But seriously, what happened
 to that poor midget?

PICKLES
 Oh Tony? He got fucked up by this
 dude named Aziz. He a nutjob.

JAMES
 That ain't right, Katzbaum. He
 needs to be put down.

Jonah comes out the front door.

JONAH
 Did you fuck everything up?

JAMES
 Nope. Three for three.

PICKLES
(to Jonah)
The Italians sent Tony.

JONAH
Fucking Aziz. The little tandoori
shit's gonna pay for that one day.

JAMES
I sure hope so. Speaking of shit, I
have to squeeze one out real quick.

James runs off.

JONAH
Use the guest bathroom! He really
has to shit here?

PICKLES
When you gotta go, you gotta go.

Jonah walks over to James' Audi, peers in the window, and
notices something in the backseat. He opens the door to
reveal James' backpack.

JONAH
Oh nice, he's got a Jansport. These
bags have a lifetime warranty.

He starts going through the bag.

PICKLES
You're really gonna go through his
Jansport?

JONAH
Shut the fuck up and make sure he
isn't coming. I'm fiddling.

He finds James' laptop and pulls it out.

JONAH (CONT'D)
This kid could afford a MacBook Air
driving for Uber?

PICKLES
Apparently they pay pretty well.

Jonah opens the laptop. His POV of the screen. James forgot
to close the word document of his new book. Jonah reads.

JONAH
That motherfucking cunt.

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - BATHROOM - SOON AFTER

James wipes. He looks around the bathroom and notices that the wallpaper is littered with pictures of NAKED WOMEN.

He stands up and buttons his pants. It's difficult. Why?

CLOSE ON: James' boxers. He's got a HUGE ERECTION!

JAMES

You're back again?! What is going
on right now!

JONAH (O.S.)

Wheels, you're done for the night.

James' boner disappears, tucking itself into his beltline.

JAMES

(to himself)

What the fuck?!

(to Jonah)

Okay! See you tomorrow.

James pulls out his phone. He finds Emily and hits dial.

INTERCUT WITH EMILY AT HER APARTMENT:

She's watching TV and drinking a glass of wine. Her phone's VIBRATING - "James." She picks up.

EMILY

I was just thinking about you...

JAMES

I'm in trouble. Well not really,
but something is happening.

EMILY

What's going on?

JAMES

Let's say someone takes Viagra or
Cialis or whatever. Does that
someone then have a boner 24/7?

EMILY

Why? Did you take some? Where are
you?

JAMES

Malibu-

James' WOODY un-tucks itself and SHINES proudly beneath his pants.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Whoa, it happened again.

EMILY
What happened?!

JAMES
I think my dick is...thinking.

EMILY
Come over. I'll give it an exam.

EXT. MAYURI INDIAN CUISINE - LATER

An Indian Suitar plays. Raj, General Aziz, and Ravi sit at a table eating all sorts of traditional Indian cuisine.

AZIZ
I just received word from our
brokers on Wall Street, the stock
has plummeted.

RAVI
Damn you, Vishnu!

RAJ
I thought everyone loved a good
Pharmaceutical company?

Raj SLURPS up some curry.

RAJ (CONT'D)
Do we at least have the new D.I.Q.
shipments in yet?

AZIZ
Great Tiger, forgive me. This is
part of the same problem. There
have been some minor complications
with the newest batch.

RAJ
What kind of "minor" complications?

AZIZ
The pills have become too potent.
When those half-dick fucks shot
Bijay, the formula died with him.

Ravi slams his hand on the table.

RAVI
DAMN YOU, VISHNU!

RAJ
Ravi! Bring it down a notch.

RAVI
Sorry, boss.

Ravi shoves some naan into his mouth.

AZIZ
We must retaliate. Listen, I understand our business venture with the Kosher Ghost was lucrative. But as my Uncle once told me, "There are things that we don't want to happen but have to accept, things we don't want to know but have to learn, and people we can't live without but have to let go."

RAJ
That was refreshingly insightful, Aziz.

AZIZ
I've loved and I've lost. I know the pain cuts deep-

INT. APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK

A younger, corporate version of Aziz enters after a long day at the office. He's got flowers.

CORPORATE AZIZ
I'm home, my love!

He checks the answering machine, no messages.

CORPORATE AZIZ (CONT'D)
Bocce ball was canceled tonight.

The sound of a faint MOANING. Aziz heads towards the source. He stops outside the door where the sound emanates.

CORPORATE AZIZ (CONT'D)
My love? Are you watching Bang Bros without me?

He opens the door to reveal his GIRLFRIEND getting PLOWED from behind by the MAILMAN.

GIRLFRIEND

Aziz! I thought you had Bocce.

MAILMAN

Oh nice, you play Bocce? Great game.

Aziz's right eye starts twitching. He's slowly transforming into the General...

CORPORATE AZIZ

(robotic)

Yes. I play Bocce.

Aziz walks out.

MAILMAN

He took that surprisingly well-

Aziz, or should we now say "The General," walks back in with a Bocce ball. He RUSHES to the Mailman and POUNDS him to DEATH with the ball. His Girlfriend SHRIEKS in HORROR.

INT. MAYURI INDIAN CUISINE - PRESENT DAY

Raj and Ravi sit stunned. Aziz casually eats his food.

AZIZ

(scheming)

If we can procure the old pills from the Jews, we can replicate the formula. We'll be back on schedule in no time.

RAJ

You need a fucking therapist.

AZIZ

Talk is cheap. We must take action and strike them down!

POV of the same LONG RANGE CAMERA from before snapping shots through the window of Raj, Aziz, and Ravi eating.

RAJ

And strike we shall. With the might of Kartikeya!

RAVI

PRAISE KARTIKEYA!

AZIZ

TO WAR!

INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

James, fully aroused, and Emily are making out on the couch.

EMILY

I can't believe how big you are.

JAMES

Me either. I know this is counter intuitive, but I've never been this big. It's concerning.

EMILY

I think it's because you really want to fuck me.

James' boner shifts towards Emily.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Ghhhhhaaahhh! Look at it!

JAMES

This is what I was saying. It's making conscious decisions.

EMILY

Let me try something...

Emily goes to her entertainment system and puts on a slow jam. As she walks back, James' boner TRACKS her every move.

She moves right. It moves right. She drops down. It drops down. She shakes it. The boner shakes back.

EMILY (CONT'D)

That's amazing. I'm sorry, but I can't wait any longer.

She runs over to James and climbs on top of him. They begin having sex.

James isn't moving at all but Emily's GOING WILD.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Yes, right there! Don't stop!

Back to James, still not moving. Emily goes up!

EMILY (CONT'D)

Right there! That's the spot, baby!

James looks terribly bored. Emily goes down!

EMILY (CONT'D)
Oh yes. Oh, I'm coming! YES!

Emily hops off, out of breath.

CLOSE ON: James' boxers. He's still hard.

JAMES
I didn't do a thing and I'm still
the Rock of Gibraltar over here.

EMILY
Let's go again...

TITLE UP: ONE HOUR LATER

James and Emily lay on the floor, completely spent. James' boner has finally gone to sleep.

EMILY (CONT'D)
You are a stallion.

JAMES
It was that pill I took. I swear,
for a second it felt like my dick
had a mind of its own.

EMILY
Where can you get more? Cause I
loved it.

JAMES (V.O.)
This was what all the fuss was
about. The reason Agent Sherman
wanted me to dig deeper.

James lays there trying to put the pieces together.

JAMES (V.O.)
As much as I wanted to just lay
with Emily for the rest of my life
and forget about all this other
shit, the obsessed writer in me
needed to crack this case. I had to
find out more from Seth.

INT. BAGEL SHOP - DAY

Agent Sherman waits in a long line of ELDERLY CUSTOMERS. Her "Nothin But A 'G' Thang" ringtone plays. The Customers turn around and stare at Agent Sherman with a judgemental eye.

SHERMAN

Show a little respect. This is Dr.
Dre and Snoop Doggy Dogg!

Her POV of the phone. It's "The Owl." Sherman picks up.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

I told you! Without fail, you
always hit me up when I'm honoring
my ancestors. You're good. Talk to
me, Goose.

THE OWL (V.O.)

(distorted, a la Bane)
It's "The Owl," Agent Sherman.

SHERMAN

I know, I was making a "Top Gun"
reference. Nevermind. What do you
have for me?

THE OWL (V.O.)

A war is coming.

BAGEL EMPLOYEE (O.S.)

What can I get you?

Sherman's next in line. The annoyed BAGEL EMPLOYEE waits.

SHERMAN

(to The Owl)

Hold on.

(to Bagel Employee)

I'll have an onion bagel with low
fat cream cheese, sliced tomatoes,
and onions. And a blueberry bagel
with butter.

BAGEL EMPLOYEE

Would you like those bagels
toasted?

SHERMAN

(to Bagel Employee)

One sec.

(to The Owl)

What do you think? Toast or not
toast the bagels?

THE OWL (V.O.)

If you plan to eat it now, I'd get
it toasted. If you want to save
half, keep it fresh.

SHERMAN

(to Bagel Employee)

Let's toast those suckers. And I'll also have a cold brew coffee and a Mexican coke.

(to The Owl)

Now, you were saying?

THE OWL (V.O.)

A war is imminent. The drugs are there. The money's there. We've gotta move now, it may be our only shot.

SHERMAN

Do you have any indication on when this will all go down?

THE OWL (V.O.)

Sometime in the next week, perhaps three business days.

SHERMAN

So it's Saturday today, that means it starts Monday?

THE OWL (V.O.)

No. Wednesday. Three business days.

SHERMAN

So why not just say Wednesday?! I don't work at FedEx!

BAGEL EMPLOYEE

(yelling)

Dana?! I've got Dana!

SHERMAN

(to the Bagel Employee)

I'm on the phone, sir. Can you please show some respect! Damn!

Sherman grabs her bagel and coffee from the counter.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

(to The Owl)

Where will this be going down?

THE OWL (V.O.)

Most likely Malibu.

SHERMAN

An ocean view fire fight, I'm game.
Okay, you have the green light. Be
safe, we've got your back.

THE OWL (V.O.)

Copy that.

(beat)

Oh, and Sherman?

SHERMAN

My zipper is securely fastened.

THE OWL (V.O.)

Yes, but your shirt is inside out.

Sherman looks at her inside out T-shirt.

SHERMAN

Son of a-

INT. JAMES' APARTMENT - DAY

Again wrapped in his red silk robe, Randy sits on the couch.
He's a wreck, looking fresh off a Coachella weekend. He tries
to roll a joint but can't keep his hands from SHAKING.

The front door starts to unlock. Randy crosses himself.

RANDY

(to himself)

Dear Lord, I did the best I could
with what I had. I tried to live an
honest life, with no regrets-

In walks James.

RANDY (CONT'D)

James! It's you! Praise Jesus!

Randy runs up to James and hugs him.

JAMES

Good to see you too, Rando.

RANDY

We haven't spoken in weeks! You
didn't call. No texts. I thought
they off'ed you and that I was next
in line. I can't take torture.

JAMES

I told you, man. It's all good. No one is going to torture you.

RANDY

All good? Here I am worried sick about you and you could care less.

JAMES

Dude, I just had one hell of a night and I need to get some rest.

RANDY

Well it's always all about you, isn't it? No one ever asks how Randy is. Or if he lost even more of his money on another bad investment. I thought that Indian Pharmaceutical was foolproof!

JAMES

Wait, the Pharmaceutical tanked?

RANDY

Don't change the subject!

JAMES

Do you know who runs that company?

RANDY

(quickly)

Some Indian businessman, a friend told me his name is Raj. Apparently there was some problem with the production of their miracle drug and all hell broke loose. I lost everything before I could sell.

James starts pacing around the room.

JAMES

It all makes sense now.

RANDY

Did you hear me, James? I lost a fortune.

JAMES

Randy shut your mouth, give me a second to think.

RANDY

The big, bad mobster is telling me to shut up.

(MORE)

RANDY (CONT'D)
 Oh boy, I'm shivering in my wool
 socks. You're just their fucking
 driver.

James brings his right hand back, palm open.

FREEZE ON: James.

JAMES (V.O.)
 In hindsight, everything is 20/20.
 But in the moment, it all changes.
 I was so far gone, I had forgotten
 my roots. I had forgotten who my
 real friends were. I had turned
 into a poor man's Tommy DeVito.
 It was "*The Mobster Effect*."

UNFREEZE. James SLAPS Randy across the face like a mobster
 slapping his coked-up whore wife.

RANDY
 What the fu-

JAMES
 What did I tell you?! I said shut
 your mouth!

Randy starts to WHIMPER.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 Yeah, that's right. Cry like a
 little baby who wants mommy.

RANDY
 You're an animal!

Randy makes a beeline for his room, taking out his phone.

RANDY (CONT'D)
 Siri, call "mom."

James FIRES his old manuscript at Randy, it hits Randy square
 in the back. The papers fly everywhere.

JAMES
 I'm Jimmy fucking Wheels! Don't you
ever disrespect me again, bitch!

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Seth braids dough into the shape of a challah. His phone
 RINGS. Seth looks at his phone's screen - "RAJ"

Seth picks up and puts it on speakerphone.

SETH
I wondered when you'd call.

INTERCUT WITH RAJ IN HIS KITCHEN:

He's baking naan bread on a Tandoori oven.

RAJ
Why did you steal from me? That's
all I wanna know.

SETH
You tried to charge me \$700 for a
pill, Raj. I did what I had to do.
I've got a business to run. You
know how it goes.

RAJ
Are you prepared to face the
consequences of your actions?

Raj puts Seth on speaker.

SETH
I'm preparing my weapons right now.

Seth throws the challah into the oven.

RAJ
Funny you say that. I'm sharpening
my knives as we speak.

Raj flips his naan. Aziz comes into the kitchen.

RAJ (CONT'D)
I'm afraid our business venture
must come to an end.

Aziz smiles.

SETH
I'm sorry you feel that way.

AZIZ
(whispering)
He killed Bijay and took your dick.
He insulted your honor!

RAJ
You killed Bijay! You took my dick!
You insulted my honor!

SETH
All is fair in love and war.

AZIZ
(whispering)
Tell him you hope his affairs are
in order like a good Jew.

RAJ
I hope you're affairs are in order
like a good Jew.

SETH
What the fuck does that mean?

AZIZ
(whispering)
That you're going to reign down on
him with the fury of a thousand
suns.

RAJ
It means that I am going to reign
down on you with the fury of a
thousand suns!

SETH
Am I on speaker? That's something
Aziz would say.

RAJ
How dare you insult me?!

SETH
Hey Aziz, my brother told me he
fucked your girlfriend before the
mailman had his way with her-

Aziz's eye starts twitching.

SETH (CONT'D)
I heard they used a big, black
dildo too!

AZIZ
I'm going to gut you like a smoked
salmon!

SETH
You wish you knew where to get good
smoked salmon, you schmuck!

AZIZ

We're coming for you! I am going to
shit down your throat.

No response, Seth hung up.

RAJ

That ungrateful bastard has gone
too far! His time is up.

EXT. IN N OUT BURGER - NIGHT

James walks towards his Audi with a bag of food. He
suspiciously checks his surroundings and get's in the car.

INT. JAMES' AUDI - CONTINUOUS

He pushes the "start" button, igniting the engine.

SHERMAN (O.S.)

It's not nice of you to hit your
roommate, James...

James SHRIEKS.

Out of the dark backseat appears Agent Sherman.

JAMES

Oh, it's just you.

SHERMAN

You need to keep your friends close
in a time like this.

JAMES

Randy will be fine.

SHERMAN

It isn't safe out there for you
right now. I need you to stay away
from Malibu. Lay low. Disappear for
a few weeks.

JAMES

No, they'll get suspicious if I
don't show up. You told me to get
more information and that's what
I'm going to do. I'm close.

SHERMAN

You're in over your head, kid.

JAMES (V.O.)
She was right, but I had no power
over "*The Mobster Effect*."

James pulls out his burger and takes a bite.

JAMES
(chewing)
Seth and Jonah, they're both
clueless. I'm gonna bring them down
and you're gonna give me a purple
heart for it. Now get out of my
car. If you're in here too long,
they'll smell the pig.

Sherman snatches the burger from him and takes a chomp.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Hey!

SHERMAN
(chewing)
Do you remember who you're talking
to, Mr. Goldman?

JAMES
Do you remember who you're talking
to, Agent Sherman?

SHERMAN
Yeah. I'm talking to a dead man.

Sherman gets out of the car with the burger.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)
Watch your back, Wheels.

James PEELS out of the parking lot.

Sherman grabs her phone. POV of her phone as she texts "The Owl." "Wheels has gone rogue."

EXT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

James locks the Audi and makes his way to the entrance. The heavy doors automatically open.

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

James strolls in. Seth sits on a chair, drinking something out of a silver Kiddish cup.

SETH
There's my wheelman.

JAMES
Hi boss!

Seth takes a sip from his chalice.

SETH
Wine always tastes better out of a
Kiddish cup, wouldn't you say?

JAMES
I would agree with that 100%.

Seth stands up and pours some wine into a different cup.

SETH
Tonight, you and I drink.

He hands the cup to James.

JAMES
Sounds good to me. Where's everyone
else?

SETH
Believe it or not, Jonah and
Pickles are on a double date.

JAMES
No way! That's great!

James takes a sip.

SETH
Yeah. They work hard, it's a good
reward.

JAMES
What about the Rabbi? I'm sure he's
always down for a good Merlot.

SETH
Daniel is with his family tonight.
His son, Yakov, turned five today.

JAMES
Mazel Tov to the little Rabbi!
L'Chaim!

Seth and James cheers, then drink. Seth pours more.

JAMES (CONT'D)
What else should we drink to?

SETH
How about... To the gruesome deaths
of our enemies.

JAMES
That I can drink to. Fuck all those
greedy, lying bastards who try to
bring us down!

They drink.

SETH
Indeed.

James takes another sip. He notices something funny. All this
hard talk is making him...HARD.

JAMES (V.O.)
My little general was back. Hello
hardness, my old friend.

SETH
I want to show you something,
Wheels. Come with me.

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Seth and James DESCEND.

SETH
Only Jonah and I have access to
this level.

JAMES
I'm honored.

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - MEMORABILIA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Seth and James step out of the elevator and into a large room
that looks like a museum.

CLOSE ON: a framed and signed Sandy Koufax jersey hanging on
the wall next to a signed photograph of the rapper, DRAKE.

SETH
This is my own little slice of
paradise-

Behind a glass cabinet sits a collection of photographs: Seth laughs with JERRY SEINFELD, Seth high-fives STEVEN SPIELBERG, Seth kisses NATALIE PORTMAN on the cheek.

SETH (CONT'D)

Tokens of a time long passed.

In the corner, under a set of spotlights, is an old school black Cadillac sedan and a motorcycle with a sidecar rig.

JAMES

Oh wow. Look at these babies.

SETH

I thought you'd like that. It's a custom-built, bullet-proof 1950 Cadillac Fleetwood Special Edition. We added a NOS intake manifold to give her a little more oomph too. Belonged to Mickey Cohen.

JAMES

"The" Mickey Cohen?

SETH

Meyer Harris "Mickey" Cohen. The one and only.

James runs up to the Caddy as his pitched TENT continues to GROW. He does his best to hide it.

JAMES

What a legend.

SETH

You wanna talk about legends?

Seth walks to the sidecar of the motorcycle.

SETH (CONT'D)

This is the actual motorcycle from Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade.

JAMES

No way. Why do you have this?

SETH

Jonah loves Indiana Jones. Used to dress up like him for Halloween. So I bought it for him at an auction.

JAMES

That's so thoughtful of you.

James' erection keeps INCREASING. There's no hiding this monster. He's flustered.

SETH
Everything okay, James?

FREEZE ON: James as he looks at the Kiddish cup.

JAMES (V.O.)
This was what Agent Sherman tried to warn me about. And Randy. And every mob movie ever made. I knew exactly what was happening...and I was one-hundred percent buggered.

UNFREEZE.

SETH
You really thought I wouldn't find out about you, you filthy rat!

James turns to run. SMACK! He's BLIND-SIDED by a crowbar.

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

CLOSE ON: James. We're back to the opening scene. Bloody burlap sack, boner, and all.

"INCEPTION" HORNS BLAST IN - BRRRRRRRAAAAAWWWWWR

JAMES (V.O.)
Well, now you're all caught up and here I am in all my glory. Wild ride, huh? But it ain't over yet, so keep your seatbelts securely fastened...

TITLE UP:

THE FINAL CHAPTER

"THE BATTLE OF THREE ARMIES"

The SOUND of a door *unlocking*.

James' penis quickly SHIFTS AWAY from the direction of the noise. It's petrified.

JAMES
Hello? Who's there?!

Seth walks in. He pulls the bag off James' head.

SETH

I really thought I could trust you.
But I should've known better, your
generation is filled with snitches.

JAMES

This is a huge misunderstanding,
Seth.

SETH

A fucking misunderstanding?!

Jonah enters with papers in his hands.

JONAH

(reading the paper)

"I needed them to know they could
trust me with anything. That way,
they'd never suspect me as an
informant. Because we all remember
what happened to Big Puss in "The
Sopranos..."

SETH

I'm going to enjoy killing you.

JAMES

Seth, let me go. I can negotiate a
deal with the F.B.I.

SETH

That won't be necessary. Everything
is kosher in the pig department.

JAMES

Please. Jonah, please.

JONAH

Ya know, you're pretty dense for an
Ivy Leaguer. First, we're gonna
kill you and dump the body. Then
we're going to kill and torture
your roommate...cause he's Asian-

JAMES (V.O.)

How did Randy know that?

JONAH

And that pretty little broad you've
been bangin from across the hall?
She's dead too.

JAMES

Don't hurt them! This is my fault.
I'll do anything you want me to do.

Seth PULLS OUT a large syringe with a fresh needle.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Is that a lethal injection?!

SETH

This is a syringe full of D.I.Q.
And do you know what happens when
you take more than one dose of
it..?

He points to James' boner. It COWERS in fear.

JAMES

I don't-

JONAH

Death. By. DICK!

CLOSE ON: the syringe.

A drop of liquid falls from the tip.

JAMES

You aren't going to kill a fellow
Jew, are you?! It's sacrilegious.

Seth snickers.

SETH

I guess I'll have to pray extra
hard this year at Yom Kippur.

James starts to TEAR UP. Seth moves the needle to James' arm
and puts it in position. The needle is about to enter when...

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The house SHAKES!

Seth pulls back and drops the syringe on the ground.

SETH (CONT'D)

(to Jonah)

What the fuck was that?

Seth whips out a Walkie Talkie.

SETH (CONT'D)

Pickles, talk to me!

INTERCUT WITH PICKLES, UPSTAIRS ON HIS WALKIE:

PICKLES
It's Raj! His whole crew is here!

SETH
How many?

PICKLES
I'm not sure, but they just fired a
damn rocket or something at the
fish tank...it's a blood bath-

CLOSE ON: the shattered fish tank. There's water everywhere
and MULTIPLE FISH flailing around on the tile floor.

SETH
That son of a bitch! I loved those
fucking fish.

PICKLES
Me too boss, me too.

SETH
Jonah and I will be right there,
get everyone to the Synagogue.

PICKLES
Copy that.

Seth puts away the Walkie.

SETH
After I take care of this, we're
coming back down here and killing
you. So get cozy.

Seth and Jonah walk out. The door shuts to DARKNESS.

EXT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

A TANK and TWO JEEPS stop in front of the house. Raj slowly
rises from the tank hatch with an RPG launcher on his
shoulder! He SLAMS a rocket into the house. BOOM!

Epic Indian Music BUMPS from the Jeep's speakers.

RAJ
The Tiger is here!

BOOM! Raj FIRES another rocket at the doors and SCREAMS!

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - SYNAGOGUE - SOON AFTER

Seth, Jonah, Daniel, Pickles, and the rest of the JEWISH MOBSTERS gather by the podium.

Seth presses a button. The Torah Ark opens-

Pickles and Jonah remove the covers from the Torahs to reveal AUTOMATIC ASSAULT RIFLES, RPG's, and GRENADES.

The mobsters gear up.

Daniel gathers the mob and says a prayer in Hebrew.

EVERYONE

Amen.

DANIEL

In the name of God, defend this
house with your lives!

Daniel picks up a 4-foot long Shofar and puts it to his lips.

JONAH

Give heed to the sound of the
Shofar-

Daniel takes a deep breath and releases. TA-DO! TA-DO! TA-DO!
It ECHOES through the house and grounds.

EXT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Raj and his Punjabi mafia react to the Shofar.

RAJ

And so it begins...

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

James looks to the ceiling, heeding the sound of the Shofar.

His attention quickly moves back to his bound hands. He
RUSTLES with the zip-ties but to no avail.

Frustrated, he tries to wiggle his legs free but ends up
falling on the ground. Still tied to the chair.

JAMES

Shit.

James lays there defeated, breathing heavily. He stares down
at his ROCK HARD BONER.

JAMES (V.O.)

In sports, there's a saying that "big time players, make big time plays, in big time games." Now, I realize I wasn't playing a sport. But I was playing life, the grandest game of all.

James' face brightens! He RUBS his bound hands with his ERECTION, which RUBS BACK! It looks like he's masturbating.

The rope starts to slowly weaken.

JAMES (V.O.)

My penis became Marshawn Lynch and went beast mode on that rope! Two brains, working as one.

He shuts his eyes as he continues to STROKE.

JAMES (V.O.)

I knew Emily had to be close but I needed my little genius to take control and help me find her.

James makes a face like he's about to have an orgasm.

JAMES (V.O.)

Honestly, I think my penis wanted to get out of that room even more than I did.

With one final swift upward motion, the rope SNAPS!

JAMES

Yes!

(to his penis)

You're a warrior!

James unties his legs and puts his pants on. He makes his way to the door, stopping to pick up the full D.I.Q. syringe.

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

James peers around the vacant hallway.

JAMES

Caw. Caw. Caw.

His final "caw" ECHOES.

He looks at his weener. It SHIFTS to the left. James SPRINTS off in that direction.

EXT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Raj, torso still out of the tank, stares down the front door.

RAJ

Aziz!

Aziz's noggin' SHOOTs up from another hatch in the tank.

RAJ (CONT'D)

Front door, 25 yards. Take aim!

AZIZ

Yes, Great Tiger!

RAJ

There ain't no point in knocking.

Aziz slides back in the tank and aims the over-sized gun.

AZIZ

Ready to fire, sir.

RAJ

Light these fuckers up!

BLAM! The tank's gun blasts a huge hole through the doors.

RAJ (CONT'D)

Keep firing!

AZIZ

ON ONE!

ZING! BOOM! POP! Aziz unloads on the front of the estate.

RAJ

(to his troops)

Attack! Take no prisoners!

Indian Mobsters JUMP out of the Tank and two Jeeps. They RALLY towards the front doors.

RAJ (CONT'D)

(to Aziz)

Find any remaining D.I.Q. and bring it back to me. And if you kill that fat, racist Fiddler in the process I won't complain-

Raj throws the RPG over his shoulder and loads his M16.

RAJ (CONT'D)

But leave the Kosher Ghost to me.

AZIZ
Consider it done.

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

An armed JEWISH MOBSTER stands guard outside the wine cellar. James hides around a corner, out of sight. His schlong points directly at the cellar door.

A GRENADE EXPLODES! It came from the top floor. The Jewish Mobster turns and walks down to the other end of the hallway. James slyly tip-toes towards him.

Just as the Mobster turns around, James takes the syringe out of his pocket and stabs the Mafioso in the back of the neck!

JEWISH MOBSTER
Great Scott!

Discombobulated, the Mobster SPRAYS ROUNDS into the ceiling, writhing in pain.

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - WINE CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

POP! POP! POP! Emily and Randy, tied together with duct tape, exchange nervous glances as the gun shots go off.

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Mobster falls to the floor, a giant ERECTION growing rapidly in his pants. He drops his gun and flails around.

His pelvic area starts shaking.

SNAP! SPLOOGE! SPLASH! The Mobster's dick EXPLODES!

Blood and penis parts spray all over James. Beat.

JAMES
Ahhhhhhhhhh!

James VOMITS all over the floor. He settles himself then opens the door to the cellar.

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - WINE CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

James storms in with his gigantic STIFFY pointing directly at Emily. Randy sends a MUFFLED SCREAM into the air!

JAMES
You're still alive!

He rips the duct tape from Emily's mouth.

EMILY
We thought you were dead!

JAMES
Not yet. I am so sorry for dragging
you into this. I'd kiss you right
now but I just violently vomited.

EMILY
Don't apologize. It's not your
fault these guys are lunatics.

Randy kicks James, who rips the duct tape from his mouth.

JAMES
My bad!

RANDY
This is why I don't go *all in*! I
fucking told you this would happen!

JAMES
You were right. I'm sorry for not
listening. And for slapping you.
It's always been black or white
with me. I was just too afraid to
admit it. It's high time I open my
eyes to the grey area.

RANDY
As long as I don't die tonight,
you're forgiven.

JAMES
They were even gonna torture you.

RANDY
Of course they were. I'm Asian.

EMILY
What's the move here?

JAMES (V.O.)
I had no plan whatsoever. Zero
plan. Not even a hint of a plan.

James unties Emily and Randy.

JAMES
Don't worry, I've got a plan.
Follow me.

BRAT! BRAT! BRRRRAT! Machine-gun fire.

JAMES (CONT'D)
We gotta move.

James picks up the dickless Mobster's gun as they rush off out of the cellar.

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Raj and some of his Mobsters EMPTY CLIPS at the glass covered bar. Bottles and bar equipment get TORN TO SHREDS.

With M16s, Seth, Daniel, and a few Jewish Mobsters FIRE back towards Raj and his Men, bullets fly all over the room.

INDIAN MOBSTER #1
Look!

He points to the roof.

INDIAN MOBSTER #1 (CONT'D)
It's the Fiddler. On the roof!

Jonah stands in a lofted area UNLOADING rounds.

Seth and Daniel CHUCK a couple GRENADES! BOOM!

RAJ
Cover me!

Raj stands up, RPG back on top of his shoulder.

DANIEL
R.P.G!

Raj pulls the trigger, sending the propelled grenade in their direction!

IN SLOWMO: Daniel LEAPS from a couch in front of Seth. As he HOVERS in the air, the rocket catches Daniel in the stomach.

SETH
Rabbi! Noooooo!

It PROPELS him out of the house, CRASHING through a window.

RAJ
Shabbat Shalom motherfucker!

SETH
Menachem! Get in here!

Menachem rolls in a GATLING GUN.

RAJ
Oh. My. Masala.

Raj scurries out of the room.

SETH
Rip em apart!

Menachem starts hand cranking the gun. ZING! ZOOM! POW! BLAM!
Multiple Indian Mobsters literally get CUT IN HALF!

EXT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - OUTER FENCES - CONTINUOUS

Agent Sherman and MULTIPLE F.B.I. AGENTS crouch in the bushes, looking over the estate. It's an all out war.

SHERMAN
(to her Men)
I won't lie, this is going to get ugly. There are at least 40 hostiles in that flaming mansion that would pay to see us all publicly executed. So if you get shot at, shoot the fuck back. Don't shout "Freeze, it's the F.B.I." It's kill or be killed tonight.

F.B.I. AGENT #1
Agent Sherman, do you know if our medical insurance covers any gunshot wounds we may or may not suffer during this raid?

F.B.I. AGENT #2
Yeah, because Hank here's definitely going to get shot.

F.B.I. AGENT #1
Oh please, Richard. If anyone's going to get shot, everybody knows it's gonna be you.

F.B.I. AGENT #3
I agree, Rich. It's your face. They're just gonna want to shoot it off.

SHERMAN

I'm gonna shoot all three of you if
you don't shut your fucking mouths.
(to her Men)
Get in position and wait for cover.

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - BILLIARDS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pickles runs in, carrying an M16. Through another door, comes Ravi, gripping his AK-47. The two stop. EPIC STARE DOWN.

PICKLES

I've been waiting for this.

RAVI

As have I, Pickles.

PICKLES

It's Mr. Pickles to you Ravi.

Another EPIC STARE DOWN.

RAVI

Let us fight like men.

PICKLES

You read my mind.

Pickles and Ravi set down their rifles and take off their shirts. It's muscle versus muscle!

RAVI

This is a pickle you aren't getting
out of big papi.

Ravi CHARGES Pickles. They SLAM together like sumo wrestlers and exchange SLAPS a la E. Honda from Street Fighter.

BLOW by BLOW the two start BLEEDING. Pickles sends a shattering UPPERCUT to Ravi's jaw. Blood SPLATTERS.

Ravi turns back to Pickles smiling. He returns a series of JABS and HOOKS to Pickles' face. Blood SPLATTERS.

Ravi takes out a RAMBO KNIFE.

PICKLES

So much for fighting like men.

Ravi RUNS towards Pickles.

RAVI

PRAISE VISHNU!

Pickles takes note of his surroundings. CLOSE ON: a JAR of PICKLES sitting on a ottoman next to the pool table.

IN SLOWMO: Pickles nimbly SOMERSAULTS towards the ottoman. He grabs the JAR of DILLS and in one fluid motion, BASHES the glass on Ravi's approaching head!

The impact and weight of the blow knocks Ravi back, his head hitting the "down" button on the elevator, before reaching the ground with a great, big THUD. Big tree fall hard!

PICKLES
Praise Mr. Pickles, bitch.

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

James, still erect, rushes up to the elevator. In a dumb panic, he hits both the "up" and "down" buttons. Emily and Randy catch up, out of breath.

RANDY
I mean this as a concerned friend
and not a homophobe, but James, why
do you have a boner right now? My
penis has sucked itself back into
my body out of fear.

JAMES
That's what you're thinking about
right now?!

RANDY
Am I the only one that noticed?!

EMILY
Oh I noticed. I just don't mind.

Emily kisses James on the cheek. His jimmy SHIFTS her way.

RANDY
WHOA! It's alive!

JAMES
I'll explain later. Right now,
we've gotta get to the basement.
This place has escape tunnels.

The elevator finally DINGS and opens up. They all rush in.

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

James, Emily, and Randy take deep breaths as the doors close. To their surprise, the elevator starts to ASCEND.

RANDY
I thought we were going to the
basement...

JAMES
We are.

RANDY
THEN WHY ARE WE GOING UP?!

James repeatedly presses the button for "B" - the basement level. The button lights up but the elevator keeps RISING.

JAMES
This can't be good.

EMILY
Someone must have called it up.

The elevator arrives at "BR" - the Billiard Room.

RANDY
I've got a bad feeling about-

The elevator DINGS and the doors OPEN. Ravi's lifeless body lays in front of the doors, his brains splattered everywhere.

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - BILLIARDS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pickles steps INTO FRAME, his big body casting a shadow over the three of them. Without hesitation, Emily double JUMP KICKS and PUNCHES Pickles in the face. BOOM! BOOM! POW!

Pickles TRAVELS through the AIR and onto the billiards table, which collapses under his heavy weight.

RANDY
Where did that come from?!

EMILY
I grew up with three brothers-

A DOOR OPENS! In comes Menachem, ON FIRE!

MENACHEM
Ahhhhh!

Randy SCREAMS!

Menachem CHARGES them.

JAMES
I'm not shooting you, Menachem!

MENACHEM
Kill me!

JAMES
I can't!

MENACHEM
You must!

JAMES
I won't!

MENACHEM
Do it!!!

Menachem gets dangerously close.

RANDY
FUCKING SHOOT HIM, MAN!

IN SLOWMO: James watches his old teacher MELT AWAY.

He closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, and then in one fluid motion HEADSHOTS Menachem. His dome evaporates!

BANG! Aziz and Jonah TUMBLE into the billiards room, Jonah's arms wrapped around Aziz's upper body. They exchange JABS.

James, Emily, and Randy stand motionless in the elevator.

Aziz lands a BIG PUNCH in Jonah's gut. Jonah FARTS LOUD.

Aziz laughs. James, Randy, and Emily join in. Jonah glances at Aziz and then the three others in the elevator.

JONAH
I have problems with my flatulence!
It's a real medical issue.

JAMES
No one's judging.

AZIZ
I am!

Jonah CRACKS Aziz on the nose. Blood SPLATTERS. Aziz takes a few steps back to recover. Jonah then LAUNCHES forward and attacks Aziz with an array of JABS and UPPERCUTS.

Jonah SNATCHES Aziz and tries to put him in a headlock. Aziz SLIPS OUT and makes his way to the bar. Jonah TACKLES him into the wall of glass bottles. CRASH!

RANDY

I think it's time to go.

EMILY

I concur.

Randy hits the "B" button as many times as he can.

Jonah grabs a bottle of Manischewitz and SPLITS it over Aziz's head. CRACK! The bottle explodes! Blood SPLATTERS!

AZIZ

Ahhhhhhhh!

Jonah lets out a MANIACAL LAUGH and makes a beeline towards the elevator. Behind him, a dazed Aziz pulls out a beautiful and intricately decorated THROWING KNIFE.

AZIZ (CONT'D)

May karma determine my fate...

JONAH

Hold that elevator, Wheels!

Aziz HUCKS the knife at Jonah with all his remaining might.

IN SLOWMO: the blade rotates through the air and PRICKS Jonah in the shoulder, stopping him flat in his tracks.

Blood SQUIRTS from his body like a sprinkler! He falls to the floor, blood still SPLASHING!

AZIZ

Down goes the fat Jewish!

Aziz FAINTS. Jonah crawls towards the closing elevator doors.

RANDY

Close! Close! Close!

Randy furiously PRESSES the "Close Door" button.

Right before they close, Jonah sticks his head into the gap between the doors, not allowing them to shut-

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The elevator doors OPEN and CLOSE on Jonah's head. He COUGHS up BLOOD then grabs James' feet.

JONAH

There's a keypad... In the basement...

(reminiscing/dying)

I used to take all my girls down there...and finger them. Then I'd sneak them out using the escape tunnels. They were 4's, James. Maybe hard 3's. I couldn't let Seth see them. God forgive me-

Jonah's PASSES OUT.

James pushes Jonah's head out of the way and the doors CLOSE.

RANDY

This is so fucked up.

EMILY

Keep it together, Randy.

James presses the "B" button. The elevator DESCENDS. His boner tucks itself up into his beltline.

RANDY

Dude! Why does your cock keep moving itself?!

EMILY

Jesus. Alright. He took a pill called D.I.Q. Think Adderall meets Viagra.

JAMES

It's that miracle drug your Indian Pharmaceutical invented to change the world.

EMILY

But instead of changing the world, it clearly started a mob war. And now everyone in this house wants us dead. Clear enough picture for you?

Randy grins.

RANDY

(to James)

Please tell me you have extra.

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Seth and Raj SPRAY rounds at each other. They kneel behind couches. It looks like they're playing hide and seek.

SETH

Marco...

RAJ

Polo...

Seth shoots towards Raj's couch. FEATHERS float up from the exploding pillows.

SETH

Marco...

RAJ

Polo...

Seth ARMY ROLLS closer to Raj's couch, FIRING as he ROLLS.

SETH

Marco...

RAJ

Fuck this! You aren't even closing your eyes! You know where I am!

Seth EMPTIES THE CLIP.

SETH

Come out and fight like a man!

Raj RISES from behind the couch.

RAJ

Before I kill you, I'm going to make you eat *pork*! Like a whole fucking pig.

SETH

Guess what? I love pork. I don't keep kosher! So that would be delicious!

RAJ

The Kosher Ghost doesn't keep Kosher? You slimy hypocrite!

Raj looks down at his blood covered shirt. He kneels down for dramatic effect and takes it off. He then places it over the face of one of INDIAN CORPSES next to him.

As he bends down we reveal a tattoo of the Hindu goddess, Durga, the one with 10 arms. It's pretty fucking rad.

SETH
Is that real?

RAJ
(sarcastic)
No it's Henna.

SETH
How the fuck am I supposed to know?

Raj turns back towards Seth revealing a different tattoo. It's a HUGE TIGER but it looks VERY unprofessional.

RAJ
Prepare to be bitten by the tiger!

Seth squints to see the tattoo.

SETH
What is that, a lion?

RAJ
No! It's a tiger!

SETH
Honestly, it looks like an aggressive hyena. Or a hungry giraffe.

RAJ
It's a tiger! Because I'm "The Tiger."

SETH
No, I totally get what you're going for but it's just not a very well done tattoo. I wouldn't go back to that artist.

RAJ
Is it really that bad?

Raj looks down at the tattoo on his chest. Distracted. Seth SPRINTS at Raj, who looks up a bit too late.

Seth SPEARS him like the wrestler Bill Goldberg. The two go CRASHING through a WINDOW into the driveway's garden.

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - MEMORABILIA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

James, Emily, and Randy step out of the elevator.

RANDY

Where to now, Jeeves?

EMILY

Look at all of this stuff.

The three of them gaze at the vast room of treasures.

JAMES

It's Seth's slice of heaven. Where
he keeps all his prized valuables.
He spared no expense.

(beat)

The keypad is in here somewhere.
Start looking.

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Raj slowly comes to. He scampers over to one of the parked
Jeeps and hops in. Seth rises to his feet.

SETH

Running away? Since when did you
become such a coward?

Raj dismounts the Jeep bearing a long, curved TALWAR SWORD.

SETH (CONT'D)

You brought a fucking sword to a
gun fight?

Raj SWINGS the sword around. His swordsmanship is impressive.

RAJ

I'm not gonna not bring it.

Seth checks his surroundings. The 4-foot SHOFAR that the
Rabbi blew earlier sits among the wreckage in the window.

He picks up the Shofar and awkwardly SWINGS it around as if
it's a sword. It isn't nearly as cool as Raj's Talwar.

RAJ (CONT'D)

Did you just kill a mountain goat
while I was swinging my sword?

SETH

It's a Shofar, asshole.

Seth lets out a THUNDEROUS Shofar blow. TA-DO! TA-DO! TA-DO!

RAJ
Let's dance.

Seth and Raj get into fencing stances. Raj LUNGES forward but Seth parries with his Shofar. LUNGE! PARRY! LUNGE! PARRY!

SETH
I took fencing lessons at Jew Camp.

RAJ
I thought everyone just made out
and humped each other at those
stupid camps.

SETH
Well, there's a lot of that going
on. But we have other activities
too! Like wrestling!

Seth LAUNCHES the Shofar at Raj. It knocks the Talwar to the ground. WHOOSH! They get into Greco-Roman wrestling stances.

Seth moves for Raj's legs, Raj rolls right. BAM! Seth uses "The Clinch" technique to subdue Raj.

RAJ
You're so sweaty! And hairy!

SETH
Taste the musk!

With all his might, Seth HURLS Raj over his shoulder with grand amplitude.

SETH (CONT'D)
BOOM!

Raj crawls to his Talwar, Seth SLIDES over to his Shofar. They spar. Sword meeting Shofar, BLOW for BLOW.

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - MEMORABILIA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

James, now donning a signed Sandy Koufax jersey, searches for the keypad with Emily and Randy.

RANDY
We're never gonna find it!

They frantically rifle through cabinets and glass display cases. Emily finds the keypad.

EMILY
Guys, I found it.

James holds up a glass box with signed boxing gloves inside.
He inspects the signature on the gloves.

JAMES
Who is Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom?

EMILY
(rolling her eyes)
Guys.

Randy checks under a case containing Woody Allen's glasses.
Nothing there.

RANDY
This is no use, we're gonna get
killed. And I'm gonna get tortured!

EMILY
HEY MORONS!

James and Randy turn to Emily.

EMILY (CONT'D)
I found the fucking keypad!

James' WOODY reappears. He loves dirty talk.

RANDY
I don't think I'm ever gonna get
used to your penis shifting about
like a Rock Em Sock Em Robot.

James and Randy walk over to Emily.

EMILY
(to James)
Any idea what the code might be?

JAMES
No clue.

RANDY
Maybe your insanely smart cock can
help us out.

James and Emily exchange a look then notice James' BONER
pointing directly at the keypad.

RANDY (CONT'D)
That was a joke.

CLOSE ON: the keypad. *2 of the buttons are very worn in.*

James' jimmy detects a decades worth of vaginal fluids from Jonah's fingers on the 1 and 8 keys.

JAMES (V.O.)
Thank the lord Jonah fiddled with
all those vaginas.

James PRESSES 1, 8, 1, 8.

KEYPAD
(robotic voice)
You entered Chai, to life. Access
granted.

WHIZ! The escape tunnels open directly in front of Mickey Cohen's Cadillac Fleetwood Special Edition.

EMILY
(whispering to James'
cock)
I'll take care of you later.

The MIGHTY DOUGLAS FIR does its best version of a dick salute and tucks itself in James' beltline.

RANDY
I need to try this drug-

BANG! BANG! BANG! A few bullets just miss James. The trio finds cover behind the Caddy.

JONAH (O.S.)
Thanks for preparing my escape!

At the entrance of the museum stands Jonah and Pickles. Both looking like they showered in blood. Heavy "Carrie" vibe.

BANG! BANG! BRRRAT! James fires back at them.

JONAH (CONT'D)
Did you really think you were going
to survive this?!

PICKLES
Traitor!!!

Jonah and Pickles UNLOAD another clip each. Randy starts to CRY. Emily looks to James. *What now?* FREEZE ON: James.

JAMES (V.O.)
Then it hit me. A sudden glimmer of
clarity amidst the smoke and chaos.
(MORE)

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

Here I was, with my best friend and the girl that I loved. And they were about to die, because of me. My entire life, I blamed everyone else for my problems. I lacked the ability to see things objectively. Until right now. No one was going to bail me out this time, not even my Road Scholar penis. It was time for me to come to grips with the present. It was time to grow the fuck up...and become a man.

UNFREEZE.

JAMES

Randy. Stop crying. It's not helping.

James hands Emily the gun.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Just keep them busy for a few seconds.

Emily grabs the machine gun and BRRAAATTT! She smirks. *Fun.*

James slyly hops in the front seat of the Cadillac. He's searching for something. Glove box? No. Armrest? No.

MORE BULLETS fly into the bulletproof glass. James pulls down the sun visor. Bingo! The car keys. He REVS up the engine.

It's the fucking king of the auto-jungle. Pokes his head out.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Get in!

Emily hops in the front while Randy takes bitch in the back. SCREEEEEEEECH! James FLOORS it down the tunnel.

Jonah and Pickles send a few rounds as they drive off.

JONAH

Fuck! I did not see that coming.
Let's get em!

Jonah jumps on the Indiana Jones motorcycle, Pickles hops into the sidecar. He's WAY too big for it.

VROOOOOOOOOOM! Jonah SMASHES down the tunnel after them.

EXT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Seth and Raj continue their sword and Shofar fight. ZING!
Raj's Talwar cuts the Shofar in half.

RAJ

Time to say your prayers-

CHOP! CHOP! CHOP!

Two F.B.I. HELICOPTERS come flying INTO FRAME.

Seth and Raj see the Helicopters and PAUSE. It shines a bright spotlight down on the two.

HELICOPTER MICROPHONE

This is the F.B.I. Put your weapons down.

RAJ

Fuck you, Feds!

Raj RAISES his sword and sends a MIDDLE FINGER to the chopper.

SETH

I think we should listen, Raj.

RAJ

No. Fuck that. This is between you and me. To the death!

HELICOPTER MICROPHONE

If you do not comply, we will fire upon you.

SETH

If we don't stop, we're both gonna die. Let's be rational here, I don't wanna die. You don't wanna die. Think about it.

RAJ

Maybe you're right-

WHOOSH! An RPG connects with one of the Helicopters!

SNAP! CRACKLE! POP!

RAJ (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

Aziz, covered in blood, limps INTO FRAME. He HURLS an AK-47 to Raj.

AZIZ

RUN!

The other Helicopter FIRES a rocket directly at Aziz. BLAST! Aziz's body EXPLODES into hundreds of pieces.

RAJ

AZIZ!

Seth HUSTLES towards the estate's front doors, avoiding Helicopter gunfire.

POP! POP! POP! From the bushes EMERGE Sherman and her Agents.

F.B.I. AGENT #2

Freeze, it's the F.B.I.

Raj turns and UNLOADS his AK-47 into F.B.I. Agent #2. His body SHREDS to pieces. Blood SPLATTERS.

SHERMAN

What did I just fucking say?! Fire at will!

Sherman and the Agents SEND ROUNDS toward Raj, who makes his way through the front door for cover.

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Raj SCURRIES to the stairs. WHAM! Seth DECLEATS Raj with one of the concrete, replica Ten Commandment TABLETS.

SETH

Thou shalt have no other gods...

He brings Raj to his knees.

SETH (CONT'D)

Shabbat Shalom to you,
motherfucker!

Seth blows Raj's head clean off! DEAD.

Agent Sherman and his F.B.I. Agents enter through the front door. BANG! BANG! BANG! They UNLOAD in Seth's direction.

Seth RUSHES through the hallway and SLIDES belly first into his bedroom.

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - SETH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Out of breath and covered in sweat, Seth LEAPS over his bed and YANKS down a framed picture of BUGSY SIEGEL. Behind it sits a digital, touch screen keypad. Seth enters a code.

CLOSE ON: the keypad screen - "SYSTEM ARMED: PRESS ENTER."

SHERMAN (O.S.)
Move another inch and I'll spray
these bullets into that idiotic
head of yours Steinberg!

Seth turns to find Agent Sherman.

SETH
How does it feel taking down a
fellow member of the tribe, Dana?

SHERMAN
Please, Seth. If you think that's
guilt, you clearly haven't met my
mother. Now put your hands up and
slowly step back.

SETH
(reminiscing)
I really loved this house.

SHERMAN
Seth...

SETH
I hope they serve Manischewitz in
heaven-

Seth presses ENTER on the keypad. Sherman ZINGS multiple
shots into Seth's head. Blood SPLATTERS!

KEYPAD
(robotic voice)
Self destruct mechanism activated,
you have 18 seconds to exit the
premises.

SHERMAN
Son of a bitch...
(into her walkie)
Evacuate the mansion! I repeat, all
units evacuate the mansion! It's
gonna blow!

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - ESCAPE TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS

We hear the roaring engine of a Cadillac. VROOOOOOOM!

James THRASHES down the tight caverns - 85... 90... 95...

Close behind are Jonah and Pickles in the motorcycle.

BRRRATTT! BANG! BANG! The Caddy's back windshield gets hit.

RED LED LIGHTS flash on the tunnel walls - "Self Destruct Mechanism Activated."

INT. MICKEY COHEN'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

RANDY

Self destruct? What is this the
fucking Death Star?

EMERGENCY ALERT SYSTEM (V.O.)

(robotic voice)

18... 17... 16...

RANDY

I'm fairly alarmed, here!

Jonah and Pickles are catching up. BANG! BANG! BANG! The windshield begins to crack.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Must go faster.

JAMES

Hold on!

James' RAMS it into HIGH GEAR - 95... 100... 105...

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - ESCAPE TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS

The Cadillac weaves through the tunnels. Jonah shifts the motorcycle's throttle, barely keeping up.

BANG! BANG! BANG! It's a literal war zone.

INT. MICKEY COHEN'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

EMILY

There it is!

Emily points to the light at the end of the tunnel. CRASH!
The windshield shatters behind Randy!

RANDY

Ahhhhh!

Then the SPUTTERING SOUND of the engine giving out.

JAMES

No! No! Not now!

RANDY

Are you fucking kidding me?!

EMERGENCY ALERT SYSTEM (V.O.)

12... 11... 10...

A beat IN SLOWMO. Randy's a mess. James eyes a RED BUTTON on the dash. Emily sees it too.

EMILY

Hopefully it's not for an ejection
seat-

James HITS the button. VRRROOOOOM! The trio flies back.
FLAMES SHOOT out of the exhaust. BLAST OFF!

EMERGENCY ALERT SYSTEM (V.O.)

7... 6... 5...

RANDY

We're not gonna make it.

JAMES

Oh yes we are!

105... 115... 130... The Caddy SMASHES to the tunnel exit.
Jonah and Pickles are falling behind.

EMERGENCY ALERT SYSTEM (V.O.)

3... 2... 1...

EXT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - NIGHT

BOOM! BANG! BLAST! Level by level, the giant estate ERUPTS in
flames. We're talking Michael Bay explosions.

INT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - ESCAPE TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS

The tunnels start to collapse.

Jonah and Pickles speed up. But the FLAMES catch them.
They're ENGULFED. And headed straight to hell.

INT. MICKEY COHEN'S CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

140... 150... 160... The rubble is falling behind them. James focuses. Emily holds on. Randy-

RANDY
OH. MY. GOD!!!

EXT. JEWISH MOB'S ESTATE - NIGHT

VROOM! VROOM! VROOM! The Caddy SHOOTs out of the fiery exit like a cannonball from its cannon.

RANDY
WE MADE IT! I FUCKING TOLD YOU!

I/E. CADILLAC/ESTATE ROADS - CONTINUOUS

The Cadillac Fleetwood Special Edition POWERS off into the sunrise.

JAMES (V.O.)
Somehow, some way, we made it out
of there alive that night...

INT. JEWISH MOB'S MANSION - DRIVEWAY - SUNRISE

Police cars, ambulances, fire trucks, POLICEMAN, and F.B.I. AGENTS, including Sherman, crowd the driveway.

JAMES (V.O.)
Unfortunately for a few others,
they weren't able to say the same.
The explosion turned all of the
dead bodies to ashes. Funny how
nature has its own way of taking
out the trash.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

TITLE UP: **TWO MONTHS LATER**

A packed house of READERS and REPORTERS surround James, who reads from his book.

JAMES
In the end, the experience nearly
killed me, a few times-

The Readers LAUGH and look on in admiration.

JAMES (CONT'D)

But I can't say that I have any regrets. My time with the Kosher Nostra actually provided me with some purpose. Besides helping the F.B.I. bring down two of the most notorious mobs in history, it provided me with the story...I was meant to tell.

James closes the book and looks up. The Readers APPLAUD. Emily runs up to James and kisses him. Randy applauds from the corner, with his MOM (65, super Korean).

REPORTER #1

James! James! Have you finally paid off those student loans?

JAMES

I have. But I didn't want to!

Everyone CHUCKLES.

REPORTER #2

James! Will there be another book?

JAMES

Perhaps. Haven't really thought about it, tell you the truth.

REPORTER #3

What would it be about?

JAMES

You know, for now I'm going to spend some time with my girlfriend-

Emily smiles.

JAMES (CONT'D)

And my best friend-

Randy and his Mom raise the roof.

JAMES (CONT'D)

But wherever my next adventure does take me, I'm sure it will lead to another wildly unrealistic and absurdly dangerous story.

FADE TO:

INT. AGENT SHERMAN'S OFFICE - F.B.I. - SOON AFTER

Agent Sherman sits in front of her computer. She's playing "Wolfenstein" again.

Her phone rings. "Nothing But A 'G' Thang" plays loudly.

SHERMAN

(singing)

It's like this and like that and
like this and uh, it's like this
and like that and like this and uh.

"The Owl" is calling. Sherman picks up whilst blasting Nazis.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

The minute I sit down to pay
respect to my lineage, you call.
You truly have a gift.

INTERCUT WITH A FIGURE IN THE SHADOWS OF A BATHROOM:

The bathroom lights flicker.

THE OWL (V.O.)

(distorted a la Bane)

We broke them.

Sherman KNIFES a Nazi in the neck.

SHERMAN

You broke them! If you didn't
provide all of that intel, we show
up late and your name dies with you
in one cold, dark night.

THE OWL (V.O.)

But I was born in the dark, moulded
by it-

Sherman hits pause.

SHERMAN

Can you cut that shit out, please?

OUT of the SHADOWS comes the Figure. IT'S EMILY.

EMILY

Sorry, it's easy to get carried
away with the voice.

SHERMAN

Have you asked Goldman about
working with us again?

EMILY

Not yet. But I've got a strong
feeling he'll want to help.

SHERMAN

That's my girl! Chat with you soon,
I've got a Reich to bring down!

Sherman resumes her Nazi onslaught.

EMILY

Go get em, ma'am.

INT. BOOKSTORE - CONTINUOUS

Emily walks out of the bathroom. James RUNS up and grabs her.

JAMES

I've been meaning to show you
something.

EMILY

What?

James pulls a D.I.Q. pill out of his pocket.

JAMES

Wanna go for a ride..?

Emily smiles REALLY wide.

EMILY

You read my mind...

James pulls out his phone. *Uber app loaded.* He requests a
pick up. *The driver has become the passenger.*

Evolution.

THE END.