

MAKE A WISH

Written by

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**FADE IN:**

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

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

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

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

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

IZZY  
Ahhh!

Izzy falls off the bed and out of frame.

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

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

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT. TUNNEL -- METLIFE STADIUM - NIGHT**

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

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

**INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

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

DOCTOR PETERS  
...but everything we've tried to attack the disease has failed.  
(MORE)

DOCTOR PETERS (CONT'D)  
I'm afraid there is nothing more  
this hospital can do.

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

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

DOCTOR PETERS  
I am truly sorry.

Lois holds her head and cries.

DOCTOR PETERS (CONT'D)  
If there's anything else you need,  
or any questions you might have...

IZZY (O.S.)  
I have a question.

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

IZZY (CONT'D)  
Could we maybe speed this up? I've  
got a game to catch and I'm missing  
the pregame show.

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

IZZY  
I get it Doc, I'm dying. It sucks.  
But so does missing Monday Night  
Football! The Jets are about to  
destroy those faggot-ass Vikings on  
national T.V., and if I don't jerk-  
off before kickoff, I'm sabotaging  
their chances.

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

IZZY  
What's difficult to hear is the  
roar of the MetLife crowd because  
I'm stuck in here.

(MORE)

IZZY (CONT'D)

For two years I've been poked, and prodded, and irradiated. And now, I'm gonna go rub one out while I still can.

Izzy gets up and walks out flashing a peace sign -- the back side of his gown flaps open exposing his scrawny pale ass.

**EXT. METLIFE STADIUM -- FIELD LEVEL - CONTINUOUS**

Butchie jogs onto the field pointing to the name on the back of his jersey. He takes in the 80,000 SCREAMING fans in the seats, noticing 2 faces in particular...

**BUTCHIE'S POV**

A beautiful young black woman, TAMIKA, 20s, holds up a young girl, SUNNY, 3, clutching a doll. She smiles and waves at Butchie (Camera), waving the doll's arm at her father.

SUNNY

Go Daddy!

**BUTCHIE**

Blows a kiss to his daughter, and shifts his gaze to the Jets Flight Crew (the cheerleaders), winking at one in particular as he runs past.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**

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

LOIS

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

IZZY

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

LOIS

I take it you studied your Torah portion today?

IZZY

Why do we have to go through this every week? I'm not doing it.

LOIS  
 Tomorrow, Torah portion or else no  
 more football.

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

LOIS  
 You were dealing with your illness.

IZZY  
 And why should I do for God when  
 clearly God is not doing for me?

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

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

IZZY  
 C'mon Pop, you really want me  
 cooped up studying ancient texts  
 with the time I have left?

A beat. Mel considers Izzy's point.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
 Now, unless you're here to watch  
 Butchie Jones and Gang Green murder  
 these bitches, I will see you  
 tomorrow.

MEL  
 Good night Izzy.

IZZY  
 'Good night Izzy' and...?

MEL  
 Go Jets.

**EXT. FIELD -- METLIFE STADIUM - NIGHT**

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

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

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

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

**INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH:**

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

**IZZY** stands on his hospital bed, clapping his hands.

IZZY  
All fucking day baby! All day!

**BUTCHIE** catches another pass.

**IZZY** pumps his fist.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
First down bitches.

A NURSE comes by and shakes her head.

**BUTCHIE** stands at the line, ready for the play.

**IZZY** pretends he's under center.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
Forty-two dive tango right. Fifty-  
two is the mike!

Izzy taps his head twice (to audible) and scans the line.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
Alabama! Alabama! SET! Hike!

Izzy drops back and lets an imaginary pass fly as...

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

**IZZY** lifts up his arms like a referee to signal TOUCHDOWN.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
Hey Frazier! It's called the  
skinny post. Tell your defense  
about it sometime you dipshit.

**CUT TO:**

**IZZY** sits on the bed in a cold-sweat.

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

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

**IZZY** throws shadow punches.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
 You're the man Butchie. Don't take  
 any shit from that asshole!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 And it looks like Butchie's going  
 to cost his team fifteen yards for  
 the extracurriculars.

IZZY  
 NOOO!!!

**LATER**

**BUTCHIE** stands on the line of scrimmage.

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

**IZZY** hides his head under his blanket.

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

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 McCoy takes the snap--

Izzy peers out from the blanket.

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

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

IZZY  
 Throw the fucking ball!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 McCoy lets it fly, and he's got  
 Jones down the sideline.

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

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

The REFEREE signals touchdown.

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

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

**BUTCHIE** gets mobbed by teammates, waking him from his stupor.

Butchie does an elaborate touchdown dance and spikes the ball.

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

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

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

**IZZY** copies the dance, but when he air-spikes, he falls hard on his back.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
 Fuuuckkkkk. Scoooottt!

(END INTERCUTTING)

**INT. IZZY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

SCOOT, a 9 year old cancer patient runs into the room and helps Izzy to his feet.

IZZY  
 What is up my friend? You got what  
 we talked about?

SCOOT

I don't remember betting on the Vikings Izzy?

IZZY

You can owe me. We need snacks.

SCOOT

But Doctor Peters says I shouldn't be eating sugar close to bed time.

IZZY

Scout, the Jets just asshole-raped the Vikings. We need to celebrate. Sleeping's for pussies anyway.

SCOOT

But you're gonna need your rest.

IZZY

I'll sleep when I'm dead Scout.

SCOOT

Didn't you have a meeting with Peters today?

IZZY

Yeah.

SCOOT

Well? What did he say? Are you getting better?

IZZY

All good things. I'm actually gonna be checking out of here soon.

SCOOT

Really?! That's great news.

IZZY

Yeah...it's something alright.

SCOOT

Can I come visit you? I mean if that's cool with you and all. It'll probably be six months before I'm ready to get out of here...

IZZY

Scout.

SCOOT

...or you could totally come back  
and visit before then, because--

IZZY

Scout. I'm checking out...from  
existence.

A beat. Scout casts his head down, on the verge of tears.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Hey, don't worry, it's gonna be  
okay.

SCOOT

No it's not. How is any of this  
okay?

IZZY

Well, for one thing, I get to stop  
taking the drugs so I don't smell  
like fish-ass anymore. Also, my  
libido's way up, I'm jacking it  
like three times a day.

Izzy comforts the little boy.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Don't you worry about me. So far,  
dying seems kinda easy.

Scout wipes his tears on his gown.

IZZY (CONT'D)

And check it out, I got something  
for you too.

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

IZZY (CONT'D)

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

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

IZZY (CONT'D)

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

Scoot covers his crotch.

SCOOT

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

IZZY

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

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

SCOOT

Wow. So Butchie Jones--

IZZY

Is. The. Man.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. SCORES - NIGHT**

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

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

Butchie showers the girls with money.

BUTCHIE

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

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

**INSERT PHONE SCREEN:**

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

**BUTCHIE**

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

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)  
I gotta jet.

Butchie exits the club.

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

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

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BUTCHIE'S RANGE ROVER - NIGHT**

The vehicle swerves all over the West Side Highway.

**INT. BUTCHIE'S RANGE ROVER - NIGHT**

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

Butchie closes his eyes to relax when the SIRENS blare. The glow of the red and blues reflected in his face.

BLONDIE (O.S.)  
Oh shit.

Butchie calmly pulls over and smiles.

BUTCHIE  
Relax. I got this.

Butchie parks and rolls down the window.

2 POLICEMEN approach with flashlights.

POLICEMAN 1  
You have any idea why we pulled you  
over sir?

BUTCHIE  
No sir.

Butchie smiles, hoping the cops recognize him.

POLICEMAN 2  
License and registration please.

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

POLICEMAN 1  
Hey, isn't that--?

POLICEMAN 2  
Yeah, it looks we have a celebrity  
on our hands.  
(to Butchie)  
You have anything to drink tonight  
Sir?

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

BLONDIE  
...Melanie.

BUTCHIE  
My friend Melanie home.

POLICEMAN 1  
You had some game tonight.

BUTCHIE  
Thanks. Listen, you do me a solid  
right now, I get you whatever you  
want, field passes, sky-box, season  
tickets. Please.

POLICEMAN 1  
I would, but I have the Vikings  
Defense in my fantasy league. So  
I'm gonna need you to step out of  
the car please.

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

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

POLICEMAN 2  
Are you attempting to bribe a law  
enforcement official?

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

POLICEMAN 2  
Out of the car. Let's go.

BUTCHIE  
This some bullshit right here.

Butchie gets hauled out of the car. The Policemen frisk Butchie, then put him in handcuffs.

**INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- HOSPITAL - DAY**

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

DR. PETERS  
Mister and Misses Schoenberg, I'd like to introduce my colleague Susan Gale. She's the hospital liaison who will be assisting you in the transition phase of Izzy's care.

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

LOIS  
(stern)  
He's coming home.

An awkward silence fills the air.

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

Mel and Lois nod yes.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
They specialize in treating kids like Izzy to a day they'll never forget, usually a celebrity or a special activity is involved. Well, I'm happy to report that we put an inquiry in on Izzy's behalf...and they responded.  
(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Make A Wish would love to make Izzy's wish come true. Is there a particular celebrity or athlete, or an activity that Izzy is particularly fond of?

MEL

Butchie Jones.

LOIS

Izzy loves Butchie Jones.

**INT. CITY LOCKUP - DAY**

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

BUTCHIE

What do you want me to say?

TAMIKA

How bout 'I'm sorry' for starters.

A beat.

BUTCHIE

Yeah. You right. I'm sorry.

TAMIKA

Really? Are you truly sorry, or only sorry that you got caught?

BUTCHIE

(flustered)

I can't deal with this right now.

TAMIKA

Tough. I need to hear it.

BUTCHIE

Look, there's five guys in the world who can do what I do, and every single week there's dudes bigger than me trying to kill me. So forgive me for feeling entitled to earning a little relaxation on the side, or get off my ass.

TAMIKA

And what? Let it slide because you're a professional athlete and girls throw themselves at you left and right?

BUTCHIE  
If I recall, wasn't so long ago  
that was you.

TAMIKA  
Excuse you?

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

TAMIKA  
Is that really all you think of me?

Tamika shakes her head, smiling -- a moment of clarity.

TAMIKA (CONT'D)  
Thanks for making this real easy  
for me.

Tamika walks away, leaving Butchie confused.

BUTCHIE  
What? You ain't taking my  
daughter!

Tamika spins around.

TAMIKA  
Why? Now you want to be a parent?  
You had that chance. You didn't  
want it. And good news for me, the  
state of New York thinks I'm  
'entitled' to half of your  
earnings, so If you ever want to  
see Sunny again, contact my  
attorney, which by the way, you  
gonna pay for. Bye Butchie.

**EXT. CITY LOCKUP - DAY**

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

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

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

**INT. TOWN CAR - LATER**

Butchie stares vacantly out the window.

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

Dan ends his call.

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

DAN  
It's not just one game. This is a  
contract year, you get suspended  
with your team on the verge of  
missing the playoffs. This is New  
York for chrissakes! They'd murder  
you on the back pages if that  
happens.

BUTCHIE  
Shit.

DAN  
Exactly. But, good news. I just  
got off the phone with the team  
publicity rep. She's got an  
opportunity for you. There's this  
kid, who's got terminal cancer.  
Worships you. You spend a day with  
him, show him a good time, prove to  
the world you're not a scum-bag,  
maybe the commissioner takes note.

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

DAN  
That's just it. You don't make  
this right and you could be out of  
the league next year. And I go  
back to selling insurance for my  
father-in-law who hates my guts by  
the way.

BUTCHIE  
I wonder why?

DAN  
Very funny.

BUTCHIE  
Just do what you always do and fix it.

DAN  
(losing his temper)  
If only it was that simple. First it was the assault thing at that nightclub which I covered up as best I could. Then the marijuana thing, which, by the way, must've been an incredible joint considering it cost you a hundred and fifty-thousand bucks, and now this? That's strike three. And next year, instead of signing the biggest deal ever at your position, you'll be lucky to get a deal in the C.F.L. And I'll be lucky if my kids get into a good public school.

BUTCHIE  
I ain't going to Canada.

DAN  
Then you do this. It's a win-win. It's great for you, and think of this kid, you're going to make his life complete.

Butchie eyes Dan.

DAN (CONT'D)  
...and yes, it's good for you too...and by extension me who cares only to see you blossom and--  
WOULD YOU PLEASE JUST DO THIS?  
(meek)  
Please?

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

DAN  
I swear on my children's lives.

Butchie rubs his head in his hands, deliberating.

BUTCHIE  
Make the call.

Dan hugs Butchie then takes out his phone and dials.

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

**CUT TO:**

**INSERT: TV SCREEN**

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

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

**INT. IZZY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Izzy watches SportsCenter as he packs up his Jets gear.

SPORTSCENTER ANCHOR (V.O.)  
No word yet on what fines or  
suspensions will be handed down but  
sources say at least one game is  
more than likely.

IZZY  
What the fuck!? NOOO!!!

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

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

IZZY  
But the season's ruined!

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

IZZY

Brady's an Ugg Boot-wearing biatch.  
And I'm pretty sure he paid Mo  
Lewis to injure Drew Bledsoe.  
Think about it.

CELESTE

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

IZZY

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

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

SCOOT

Izzy!

IZZY

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

SCOOT

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

EDDIE

Yeah it's--

Scoot punches Eddie in the arm. Eddie YELPS.

SCOOT

Shhh. It's a secret.

**EXT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS**

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

HOLLY

Hi guys. Butchie, thank you so  
much for doing this. I spoke with  
Izzy's parents, they're beyond  
thrilled that you're doing this.

Holly hands the football and jersey to Butchie.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

So these are for you to give to Izzy. This is supposed to be a surprise for him, and we have a photographer setup inside to chronicle this for the Foundation so, whenever you're ready.

Holly scampers into the hospital.

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

BUTCHIE

This feels kinda dirty.

DAN

Butchie you're my favorite client and I love you, but you're not the greatest arbiter of moral decency I have ever seen.

BUTCHIE

Says the guy pimping me out to some sick kid for a photo op?

DAN

For the last time: show this kid the time of his life. Whatever he wants, understood?

BUTCHIE

Yeah. Whatever he wants.

Butchie nods.

DAN

Great. Now get in there and don't forget to smile.

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

#### **INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Butchie enters and is immediately blinded by a spotlight. A PHOTOGRAPHER stands beside Holly, waiting to shoot.

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

#### **THE ELEVATOR**

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

**SLO MO**

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

IZZY

I think I just came a little.

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

**IZZY** bounds out of the elevator and runs straight for Butchie.

**BUTCHIE** recoils, thinking he is about to be attacked.

**IZZY** stands a foot away from Butchie, and raises his hand.

**REAL TIME**

IZZY (CONT'D)

Whatup my nigga?!

MEL

Izzy!

(to Butchie)

He's very sorry we don't talk like that.

IZZY

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

Susan intervenes.

SUSAN

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

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

Dan nudges Butchie to hug Izzy back.

BUTCHIE

(rote)

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

Izzy takes the jersey and puts it on.

IZZY  
 Awesome. Is this game-worn?

                  BUTCHIE  
 I don't think--

Dan nudges Butchie.

                  BUTCHIE (CONT'D)  
 ...Uhhh yeah, it is. You want me  
 to sign it?

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

                  IZZY  
 Bitching. Now do my head.

                  LOIS  
 Izzy--

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

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

Butchie reluctantly signs Izzy's head.

The Photographer starts snapping photos. Holly puts her hand  
 over the lens.

                  HOLLY  
 (to Photographer)  
 Don't.

                  BUTCHIE  
 There ya go.

Awkward silence. *Now what?*

                  BUTCHIE (CONT'D)  
 So cancer huh?

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

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

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

HOLLY  
 (to self)  
 Fantastic.

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

Mel heard that and shoots Dan a look.

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

BUTCHIE  
 So, you wanna have a catch?

IZZY  
 Fuck yes I do.

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

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

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

Lois takes out an iPhone and films.

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

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

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

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

Dan motions for Butchie to carry on.

Izzy and Butchie enter the elevator.

HOLLY  
 (to Photographer)  
 Follow them.

The Photographer gives Holly a thumb's up.

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

HOLLY (CONT'D)  
 I need a drink.

**INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS**

Izzy stands next to Butchie and snaps photo after photo.

**FREEZE FRAME** - Izzy's smile is a mile wide. Butchie wants to die.

**FREEZE FRAME** - Izzy puts an arm around Butchie. Butchie's not even looking.

**FREEZE FRAME** - Izzy makes a muscle pose. Butchie stares at Izzy like the kid is crazy.

**IZZY** Looks through the pictures and his smile fades.

IZZY  
 You're not having fun, are you?

BUTCHIE  
 Yeah. I am. This is...a lot of fun.

A beat. Izzy scrutinizes Butchie's expression, getting in his face.

IZZY  
 You're lying. Your voice went up, just like it did when Trautwig interviewed you and asked if you thought you were better than Fitzgerald. Look, it's okay, just tell me the truth.

BUTCHIE  
 Damn kid, how do you know all that?

IZZY  
 Because I know everything about you. And you and I have more in common than you think.

BUTCHIE

Like what?

IZZY

We both had shitty childhoods for starters. You had to raise your brother and sister all by yourself and I have this to deal with.

BUTCHIE

You don't know a thing about what I been through.

IZZY

I'm dying you dumb-ass. So tell it to me straight. I'm a man, I can handle it.

A beat.

BUTCHIE

Look, I'm rooting for you and all, but I got problems too, so if we could just take some pictures, toss the ball around for a little bit, whatever, and then I'll be out of your hair--I mean. Sorry.

IZZY

Thank you for your honesty. Totally understandable. You clearly have a lot of problems.

**INT. PEDIATRIC WARD - DAY**

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

The elevator doors open and Izzy leads Butchie out.

IZZY

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

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

IZZY (CONT'D)

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

Izzy leads Butchie down the row of beds to Eddie who smiles.

IZZY (CONT'D)

That's Eddie. He had an acute retinoblastoma last year, little shit's gonna lose his eye!

(to the kids)

Look alive you little shits, no staring, no touching, this man has problems.

All the children brighten and flock to Butchie as he passes.

Butchie and Izzy pass Celeste.

IZZY (CONT'D)

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

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

CELESTE

Go Pats. Nice to meet you.

Butchie waves to Celeste.

BUTCHIE

Okay kid, I get your point.

IZZY

I don't think you do. I appreciate your honesty Butchie, I really do, but my time is short and since we're being honest...I think I want to change my wish.

BUTCHIE

Fine. So long as it gets me out of here I don't really care.

IZZY

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

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

IZZY (CONT'D)

Preferably a black chick, I've always loved the chocolate--y'know what I'm saying? Of course you do. But again, I'm not picky.

BUTCHIE  
You're messing with me, right?

IZZY  
I'm as serious as cancer.

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

IZZY  
But it's my wish! I'm fourteen and  
I want to die a man, what's wrong  
with that?

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

IZZY  
How old were you when you first got  
some?

BUTCHIE  
I dunno, twelve.

IZZY  
TWELVE?! Can you take me to where  
you grew up?

BUTCHIE  
Trust me, you don't want to go  
there.

IZZY  
You kidding? I'd love to nail  
twelve year olds.

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

Holly approaches, eager to get some good shots.

HOLLY  
Hi guys, keep talking, don't mind  
us.

BUTCHIE  
(to Holly)  
No. No-no-no, you got to go.

IZZY  
Excuse me miss, I think you and I  
should fuck, right here, right now.  
(MORE)

IZZY (CONT'D)

You can keep the cameras rolling if you like.

A beat.

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

BUTCHIE

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

IZZY

Then how would you do it?

BUTCHIE

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

IZZY

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

BUTCHIE

That's not how it works.

IZZY

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

BUTCHIE

I can't deal with this.

IZZY

You don't have a choice!

BUTCHIE

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

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

IZZY

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

Izzy lifts up his iPhone.

BUTCHIE'S VOICE (O.S.)

(audio recording)

Look, I'm rooting for you and all,  
but I got problems too, so if we  
could just take some pictures, toss  
the ball around for a little bit,  
whatever, and then I'll be out of  
your hair--I mean. Sorry.

BUTCHIE

You little son of a--

IZZY

You know what America hates more  
than a *schvartze* athlete with a  
sense of entitlement who's trying  
to cover up his fuck-ups?

BUTCHIE

What?

IZZY

A *schvartze* athlete with a sense of  
entitlement who gets caught trying  
to cover up his fuck-ups. All I  
have to do is email the Post and  
it's goodbye N.F.L., for you. And  
then what?

BUTCHIE

Canada. I play in Canada.

Izzy punches buttons on his iPhone.

IZZY

Holy shit it's four degrees in  
Saskatoon today. And that's not  
even factoring in the windchill.

BUTCHIE

I'm still not doing it. Who knows  
if you'll even make it long enough  
to call me out. You could die  
right now, right?

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

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

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

IZZY

Gotcha sucka! You should've seen  
your face.

BUTCHIE

What the hell is wrong with you?  
You think a nigga with a D.U.I.'s a  
problem, then how do you think a  
nigga who steals a dying kid and  
gets him a hooker's gonna look?

IZZY

It doesn't have to be a hooker. It  
could be your mom if she's willing.

BUTCHIE

Hey!

IZZY

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

BUTCHIE

Who?

IZZY

Shoshanna Feldman was the hottest  
girl in my grade. I'm just saying,  
the possibilities are endless. So,  
are you gonna help me?

Izzy extends his hand. Butchie considers his options.

BUTCHIE

I gotta ask my agent about this.

IZZY

No! You have to be your own agent.  
Either you help me or I call Mike  
and the Mad Dog, and you're  
catching passes from a Flutie in  
Moosejaw for the rest of your life.  
The clock's ticking. Let's bust a  
move on some bitches. Whaddayasay?

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

BUTCHIE

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

**INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATER**

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

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

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

DAN  
What's going on?

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

DAN  
What?

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

Lois approaches Dan and Butchie.

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

Izzy runs to his mother and wards her off.

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

LOIS  
I don't know.

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

IZZY  
(to Butchie)  
Relax, I got this.  
(to Lois)  
Lois, Ma. If you don't let me go, no bar mitzvah.

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

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

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

IZZY  
 Let's go Butchie.

Izzy bounds out of the hospital.

DAN  
 But you can't just--this is not  
 what we talked about earlier.

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

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

DAN  
 Wait. Can you get me laid too?

BUTCHIE  
 Ain't you married?

DAN  
 Not happily.

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

Butchie moves past a shocked Dan and heads out.

**EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - DAY**

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

IZZY  
 Alright, so where's your car?

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

IZZY  
 What? Well how the shit are we  
 gonna get around?

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

Izzy takes out his iPhone.

IZZY

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

BUTCHIE

Alright kid. Shit, let me make a call.

**CUT TO:**

**INT/EXT. LINCOLN NAVIGATOR - DAY**

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

BUTCHIE

Thanks for getting us man.

MEAT

Don't sweat it, there is no way I could pass this up.

BUTCHIE

Izzy, allow me to introduce you to--

IZZY

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

MEAT

I like this kid.

BUTCHIE

Yeah, he's a real gem.

IZZY

Remember when you pancake blocked DeAndre Cromartie last year?

MEAT

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

IZZY

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

Meat and Izzy share a laugh. Butchie scowls.

BUTCHIE

What? I block. I block well.

IZZY

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

MEAT

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

IZZY

Butchie, any ideas?

BUTCHIE

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

IZZY

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

BUTCHIE

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

MEAT

Wait. You don't mean--

BUTCHIE

Yes. I do.

Meat shakes his head.

MEAT

You the boss.

**EXT. NEW YORK - DAY**

The Navigator drives South through Mid-town Manhattan.

IZZY (V.O.)

Hey Meat, how many pounds of shit you think you produce in a year, gross tonnage?

BUTCHIE (V.O.)

Ha.

MEAT (V.O.)

I'm starting to like this kid less  
and less.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CHELSEA PIERS - DAY**

The Lincoln Navigator pulls up to the Chelsea Piers Complex.

**INT/EXT. NAVIGATOR - CONTINUOUS**

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

MEAT

Butchie, this is a suicide mission.

BUTCHIE

You got any better ideas?

Silence.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

I didn't think so.

Butchie opens the passenger door.

MEAT

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

BUTCHIE

Stay in the car.

Izzy opens the back door.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

(to Izzy)

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

IZZY

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

Izzy air humps the seat and makes a touchdown signal.

Butchie shakes his head and SLAMS the door shut.

**INT. CHELSEA PIERS DANCE STUDIO - DAY**

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

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

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

**INT. HALLWAY -- DANCE STUDIO - CONTINUOUS**

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

COURTNEY

Are you okay? I heard about what happened.

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

BUTCHIE

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

COURTNEY

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

BUTCHIE

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

COURTNEY

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

BUTCHIE

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

COURTNEY

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

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

BUTCHIE

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

COURTNEY

Oh my God. Yes. I say yes. I'll go with you. Baby, it could be Somalia and I would still go with you. I love you, you know that. And I know there was another girl with you last night, and I know she didn't mean anything to you. I forgive you.

Silence. Butchie cringes and rubs his temples.

BUTCHIE

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

Meat and Izzy enter. Izzy films Butchie and Courtney on his iPhone. Butchie turns Courtney away from their direction and motions for them to shut the door (which they do).

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

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

COURTNEY

...because?

BUTCHIE

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

COURTNEY

Okaayyy and?

BUTCHIE

And...I was thinking that maybe...

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

COURTNEY

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

BUTCHIE

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

COURTNEY

Just exactly how old is he?

BUTCHIE

Fourteen. He's hiding behind the door. Izzy! Come say hello.

The door opens, and Izzy bounds through strutting as he approaches. His iPhone is out, filming Courtney.

IZZY

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

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

BUTCHIE

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

**INT. DANCE STUDIO - CONTINUOUS**

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

**INT. HALLWAY -- DANCE STUDIO - CONTINUOUS**

IZZY

Oh shit dude she just--

Courtney SMACKS Izzy almost as hard.

IZZY (CONT'D)

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

Courtney SMACKS Izzy again.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Owww! Butchie, get this trifling  
ho offa me!

Butchie separates Courtney from Izzy.

COURTNEY

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

BUTCHIE

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

IZZY

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

Courtney swats the phone out of Izzy's hand.

IZZY

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

BUTCHIE

Watch your mouth.

Courtney SMACKS Izzy on the head.

IZZY

STOP! One more and I call the  
police.

COURTNEY

And what are you gonna tell them  
you little shit?

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

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

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

**INT. NAVIGATOR - LATER**

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

IZZY

What did you see in her anyway?

BUTCHIE

I dunno.

IZZY

Doe your wife know about her?

BUTCHIE

I dunno. Probably.

IZZY

If you ask me--

BUTCHIE

I didn't.

IZZY

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

MEAT

I agree.

BUTCHIE

I didn't ask you neither.

They all sit in silence.

IZZY

So...where to next?

Butchie shoots Izzy a withering look.

IZZY (CONT'D)

What?

BUTCHIE

(mocking)

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

IZZY

What? That's my line.

BUTCHIE

No it ain't.

IZZY

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

BUTCHIE

(enraged)

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

IZZY

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

BUTCHIE

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

MEAT

You sure that's such a good idea?

BUTCHIE

Just drive Meat.

**INT. SCORES - DAY**

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

BUTCHIE

Hey. Candi?

CINNAMON

Cinnamon. Gus said you were looking for Blondie?

BUTCHIE

Yeah, you seen her around?

CINNAMON

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

BUTCHIE

You know where I can find her?

CINNAMON

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

BUTCHIE

Nah, I had a business proposition  
for her.

CINNAMON

What kind of business proposition?

BUTCHIE

The physical kind.

CINNAMON

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

BUTCHIE

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

CINNAMON

Blondie told me all about it.

BUTCHIE

Right.

CINNAMON

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

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

BUTCHIE

I got a kid in my ride--

CINNAMON

Kinky baby.

BUTCHIE

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

CINNAMON

You serious?

BUTCHIE

I wish I wasn't.

CINNAMON

Wow.

BUTCHIE

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

Cinnamon scans around to see if she is being setup.

A beat. Cinnamon scrutinizes Butchie.

CINNAMON

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

BUTCHIE

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

CINNAMON

How old we talking here?

Butchie mouths the word "fourteen."

CINNAMON (CONT'D)

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

BUTCHIE

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

CINNAMON

Hypothetically, twenty-five hundred.

BUTCHIE

What kind of fool you take me for?

CINNAMON

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

Butchie thinks for a beat and then sticks his hand out and Cinnamon grabs it. They shake.

**INT. NAVIGATOR - CONTINUOUS**

Izzy and Meat stare out the window.

IZZY

You remember your first time Meat?

MEAT

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

IZZY

You on top of a woman? Jesus  
fucking Christ.

MEAT

Yeah, the bed broke.

IZZY

Ha!

MEAT

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

IZZY

What if it was the last time?

**IZZY'S POV**

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

MEAT (O.S.)

Looks like Butchie hooked you up.

**IZZY**

He's nervous. Really nervous.

Butchie and Cinnamon enter the car.

BUTCHIE

Cinnamon, meet Izzy. Izzy,  
Cinnamon.

Cinnamon smiles and strokes Izzy's cheek.

CINNAMON

Aww, he's cute.

IZZY

(meekly)

Hi.

CINNAMON

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

IZZY  
Uhhhhh, I uhhhh.

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

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

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

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BUTCHIE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

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

IZZY  
Now this is living!

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

CINNAMON  
(to Butchie)  
Which way is the bedroom?

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

BUTCHIE  
Don't steal nothing.

Cinnamon shakes free of Butchie's grip, offended.

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

Cinnamon turns to Izzy and caresses his cheek.

CINNAMON (CONT'D)

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

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

IZZY

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

BUTCHIE

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

IZZY

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

A beat. Meat and Butchie stare at each other.

BUTCHIE

Wow, that's...

MEAT

Heavy.

CINNAMON (O.S.)

I-zzy, I'm rea-dy.

Izzy fist-bumps Meat and then Butchie.

BUTCHIE

Alright kid, handle your business.

IZZY

Alright. Cool. Handling.

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

IZZY (CONT'D)

Remind me again, where's the clitoris?

MEAT

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

BUTCHIE

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

IZZY

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

BUTCHIE

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

CINNAMON (O.S.)

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

IZZY

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

Izzy hands his iPhone to Meat.

IZZY (CONT'D)

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

Izzy puts his arm around Butchie and grins.

**FREEZE FRAME**

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

**IZZY**

Grabs the iPhone from Meat and stares at the photo.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Awesome.

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

IZZY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

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

(to Butchie)

Women.

Izzy walks into the bedroom and SLAMS the door shut.

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

BUTCHIE

Finally some peace and quiet.

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

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

TAMIKA

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

MEAT

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

Butchie glowers at Meat, who shrinks.

BUTCHIE

I didn't mean it like that. Baby--

TAMIKA

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

MEAT

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

BUTCHIE

Meat. Would you please shut the fuck up?

MEAT

Lucinda's gonna be so sad.

TAMIKA

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

MEAT

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

IZZY (O.S.)  
I GET TO GO IN THERE!?

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

TAMIKA  
What was that?

BUTCHIE  
What?

TAMIKA  
What are you doing now, Butchie?

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

CINNAMON (O.S.)  
Hey! No Pictures!

Tamika goes to the door, but Butchie blocks her.

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

Meat nods in agreement.

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

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

Tamika stares at Butchie and backs down.

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

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

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

CINNAMON

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

(to Tamika)

And so are you for knowing this  
piece of shit.

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

IZZY

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

Cinnamon exits, SLAMMING the door as she leaves.

IZZY (CONT'D)

(calling after her)

I love you.

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

IZZY (CONT'D)

You must be Tamika. Lovely to meet  
you.

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

IZZY (CONT'D)

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

Izzy whips out his iPhone.

TAMIKA

Butchie?!

BUTCHIE

Tamika, I can explain. This  
morning...

Tamika SLAPS Butchie in the face.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)  
 Tamika. Please.

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

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)  
 Divorce? Already?

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

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

TAMIKA  
 I don't think there's a man alive who could make sense of all this. Stay the hell away from us.

Tamika opens the door.

MEAT  
 Tamika...

Meat rushes up to her.

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

Tamika shakes her head and leaves, SLAMMING the door.

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

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

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

IZZY (CONT'D)  
 What the fuck?

BUTCHIE  
 Out. Now.

IZZY

But I didn't even score yet.

BUTCHIE

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

IZZY

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

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

MEAT

Easy, easy.

BUTCHIE

(to Izzy)

Leave.

IZZY

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

BUTCHIE

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

Butchie marches Izzy toward the door.

IZZY

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

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

IZZY (CONT'D)

I can help you get your wife back!

A beat. Butchie stares at Izzy.

BUTCHIE

How?

IZZY

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

(MORE)

IZZY (CONT'D)

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

BUTCHIE

What would you know about it?

IZZY

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

BUTCHIE

I dunno, two?

IZZY

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

Meat and Butchie contemplate this.

BUTCHIE

Fuck me...

IZZY

No. Fuck me, somebody, anybody, please.

A beat.

BUTCHIE

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

IZZY

Okay. Great.

**EXT. HUNTS POINT, THE BRONX - DUSK**

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

**INT. NAVIGATOR - CONTINUOUS**

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

IZZY

Where are we?

BUTCHIE  
The end of your virginity.

Izzy checks his iPhone.

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

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

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

**IZZY'S POV**

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

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

**IZZY**

Hides under the seat when Jazmina stares in his direction.

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

IZZY  
Yeah I do. You got any condoms here?

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

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

Meat shrugs.

Butchie opens the door.

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

Jazmina the hooker looks Izzy up and down.

JAZMINA

Hasmeena. You so sexy baby. So cute.

BUTCHIE

Hasmeena, meet Izzy. Izzy, Hasmeena.

Jazmina extends her hand Izzy takes it reluctantly.

JAZMINA

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

IZZY

Wuh-wait? Where are we going?

JAZMINA

I have room, you come.

BUTCHIE

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

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

IZZY

Fuck it. Lead the way madame.

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

IZZY (CONT'D)

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

JAZMINA

You so funny baby.

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

MEAT

You really think that's cool?

BUTCHIE

I don't care.

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

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

Damn.

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

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

What?

MEAT

That's messed up man.

BUTCHIE

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

MEAT

Three twenty-five.

BUTCHIE

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

MEAT

Fine. Three forty...

BUTCHIE

Meat, it's me, man.

MEAT

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

BUTCHIE

You know why. And as I recall, you  
was with me last night, too.

MEAT

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

BUTCHIE

And what's that supposed to mean?

MEAT

This is wrong Butchie.

BUTCHIE

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

**CUT TO:**

**INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

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

Jazmina opens the door and Izzy surveys the room.

IZZY

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

Jazmina stares at Izzy and then smiles.

JAZMINA

You so sexy baby with you big bald head.

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

IZZY

Uchhh, tastes like the East River.

JAZMINA

Come.

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

**INT. NAVIGATOR - CONTINUOUS**

Butchie and Meat keep talking.

BUTCHIE

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

MEAT

See.

BUTCHIE

What?

MEAT

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

BUTCHIE

Yeah, so?

MEAT

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

BUTCHIE

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

A beat. Meat is furious with Butchie.

MEAT

Y'know what man, get outta my car.

BUTCHIE

What?

MEAT

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

BUTCHIE

Meat, chill out man. Why you doing this?

MEAT

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

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

BUTCHIE

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

MEAT

So don't be.

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

BUTCHIE

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

Meat's smile fades.

**EXT. HUNTS POINT -- THE BRONX - CONTINUOUS**

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

**INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

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

BUTCHIE

Yo Izzy!

Echo.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

Izzy where you at?

WAILING.

A random DRUGGIE stumbles past, in a fog.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

(to Druggie)

You see a little bald kid anywhere?

The Druggie keeps on walking; a zombie.

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

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

IZZY!

A neglected LITTLE GIRL, 8, scampers past, clutching a doll.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

Hey. Uhmm, English?

Butchie stops the girl on the stairwell. The Little Girl stares blankly.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

Gringo, blanco. Aqui?

Nothing.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

Hasmeena?

LITTLE GIRL

Mama?

BUTCHIE

(relieved)

Si, si, mama.

The Little Girl points to a door upstairs.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

Thank you, thank you-gracias.

Butchie continues on but something catches his eye...

**THE DOLL...Sunny has a much nicer version of the same toy.**

Butchie caresses the doll's hair.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

My daughter has the same one.  
Marisol Luna, right?

The Little Girl nods.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

Me and Tamika were so happy when she wanted the ethnic one. Although I was prepared to get her the...what's she called?

LITTLE GIRL

Felicity.

BUTCHIE

Yeah. That one.

Butchie smiles at the memory, but the joy melts off his face. Butchie's eyes water.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)  
Goddamnit.

He crouches down to hide his tears.

Butchie wipes his eyes and takes out his bank roll, pressing the entire wad of cash into the Little Girl's palm.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)  
For you, okay?

Butchie runs back up the stairs and opens the door.

**INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

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

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

Butchie enters the...

**BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

...and finds Izzy lying on a couch. Jazmina's giving him a lap dance (nothing too inappropriate just yet).

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

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

IZZY  
But I'm just getting warmed-up.

BUTCHIE  
You don't want to do this.

IZZY  
No, what I don't want is somebody  
busting in as I'm about to pop my  
cherry.

BUTCHIE  
You really want your first time to  
be like this?

IZZY

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

BUTCHIE

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

JAZMINA

*Caliete!*

BUTCHIE

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

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

A beat.

Izzy gets up from the couch and walks past Butchie.

IZZY

Asshole.

Butchie smiles and follows Izzy out.

**EXT. HUNTS POINT - NIGHT**

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

BUTCHIE

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

IZZY

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

BUTCHIE

So we'll keep trying.

IZZY

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

BUTCHIE  
 Alright, alright, calm down.

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

BUTCHIE  
 Izzy--

IZZY  
 Take me back.

BUTCHIE  
 Izzy.

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

Izzy runs off.

BUTCHIE  
 Shit.

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

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**

Butchie gets SMACKED in the face by a hand.

**PULL BACK TO REVEAL...**

Lois, who smacks Butchie once again.

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

Meat and Mel stand in the background.

LOIS  
 You no-good, dumb-jock, asshat!

BUTCHIE  
 Miss Schoenberg, if you would just--

LOIS  
 How could you do this? We were  
 worried about this stunt to begin  
 with, but look at my child.  
 (MORE)

LOIS (CONT'D)

What happened to him? What did you do to him?

Dan enters the room followed by Holly.

DAN

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

LOIS

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

DAN

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

LOIS

I'm hurt Mister Rosen. And so is my husband. We have precious little time left with our son, and when he returns here crying, after six hours doing god knows what, I assume the worst. Can you comprehend that?

DAN

Of course.

LOIS

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

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

DAN

Jesus Butchie! What did you do with the kid?

BUTCHIE

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

DAN

With what, his physically imposing stature?

HOLLY

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

BUTCHIE

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

HOLLY

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

MEAT

(meekly)

I'm not entitled.

**INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

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

Scout runs up to Izzy.

SCOOT

Izzy. How's it going?

IZZY

Not so great Scout.

SCOOT

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

IZZY

No Scout, it sucked. Butchie sucks.

SCOOT

Oh, okay. Where are you going?

IZZY

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

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

SCOOT

Bye Izzy.

Izzy and his parents stand in front of the elevator.

IZZY

Bye Scoot. Come to my funeral.

MEL

Izzy...

SCOOT

(tears welling)

Okay.

IZZY

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

Scoot brightens.

SCOOT

You're the man Izzy!

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

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

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

MEAT

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

BUTCHIE

Hey. This is on me. I'm sorry I brought you into this mess.

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

DAN

(into phone)

Yeah, we're looking for anyone who can go in front of the cameras and mitigate the damage done...

(pause)

Yeah, uh-huh. No.

(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)  
 We already tried them. We tried  
 Loeb, Greenbaum, and Silver and we  
 also tried Stern, Wasser, Feldman.

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

**INT. PEDIATRIC WARD - NIGHT**

Butchie runs through the ward, past the adoring children.

**INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT**

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

BUTCHIE  
 Wait!

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

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

Lois waddles off, SCREAMING for help.

BUTCHIE  
 Shoshanna Feldman.

IZZY  
 What did you just say to me?

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

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

BUTCHIE  
 Tonight's that party, right?

IZZY  
 Leave me alone Butchie, seriously.

BUTCHIE  
 So that's it then? You just give-  
 up as soon as it's fourth down?  
 Why don't you just roll over and  
 die then.

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

Ouch. Butchie's hurt by this and walks away, seething.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
 (to self)  
 Great, now I'm the bad guy.

Izzy walks back towards the elevators, hoping to apologize.

**INT. IZZY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**

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

BUTCHIE  
 What?

DAN  
 (into phone)  
 Okay, he's here now, yeah, I'll let  
 him know.

Dan hangs up and turns to Butchie.

DAN (CONT'D)  
 Commissioner's office called.  
 You're suspended two games, and the  
 league wants to have a sit-down  
 with you. This is no good Butchie.

Dan puts his head against the wall. Butchie shakes his head and smiles. Butchie puts a hand on Dan's shoulder.

BUTCHIE  
 Lighten up man.

DAN  
 Butchie, your career--my career  
 they're--

BUTCHIE  
 You're alive ain't you?

DAN  
 ...Yeah, but--

BUTCHIE  
 But nothing. We'll survive.

**INT. PEDIATRIC WARD - LATER**

Izzy hops off the elevator, looking for Butchie.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey loser.

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

CELESTE

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

Izzy keeps walking, Celeste follows him.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

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

Izzy stops and turns around, confused and angry.

IZZY

Two games?

CELESTE

It's funny. All you care about is the Jets, and after the Commissioner finds about your stunt together, he'll be gone for good and the Jets season will be ruined.

IZZY

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

Izzy runs down the hall.

CELESTE

Where are you going?

IZZY

To save the mother-fucking season!  
(screaming)

(MORE)

IZZY (CONT'D)  
BUTCHIE! COME ON OUT! I'm sorry!  
Okay? I didn't mean it.

**INT. IZZY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Butchie hears Izzy's SCREAMS and runs outside.

**INT. PEDIATRIC WARD - CONTINUOUS**

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

BUTCHIE  
Hey.

IZZY  
Hey.

BUTCHIE  
I'm sorry...for everything.

IZZY  
I guess I'm as much of an asshole  
as you are sometimes. And don't  
worry about Lois. She's an  
overprotective bitch but I can talk  
her out of the lawsuit, I swear.

BUTCHIE  
Getting sued's the least of our  
problems now. You hear I got  
suspended?

IZZY  
Yeah. There is no way we beat the  
Pats without your offensive input,  
and there is NO way I can tolerate  
the last Jets memory I ever have of  
the Patriots butt-fucking us.

BUTCHIE  
Then we got to find another way for  
you to go out on top.

IZZY  
You really think I can do it?  
Shoshanna Feldman hasn't even seen  
me in years.

BUTCHIE

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

IZZY

It's a term of endearment. Who am I kidding, I've never done anything like this before.

BUTCHIE

And you've never had me as a wingman before. So, is you a down-to-fuck pussyhound or isn't you?

Butchie extends his hand.

A beat.

IZZY

Yes. I am. I am a pussyhound.

Izzy slaps Butchie's palm.

BUTCHIE

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

A beat. Izzy smiles and raises up his iPhone.

IZZY

I think I can handle that.

**INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Lois roams, flanked by nurses and 2 security types.

LOIS

Izzy! Where the hell did he go?

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

**INT. PEDIATRIC WARD - LATER**

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

DAN

This is totally irresponsible.  
What if the kid has another freak-  
out or god forbid nature takes its  
course--

IZZY

Shut the fuck up Dan.

DAN

Seriously?

BUTCHIE

Kid's in-charge Dan. You heard  
him.

DAN

Fine. I'm coming too. You can't  
be trusted on your own.

A beat.

BUTCHIE

(to Izzy)

This cool with you?

Izzy looks Dan up and down.

IZZY

Yeah, this asshole can tag along.

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

IZZY (CONT'D)

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

RABBI

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

IZZY

You're looking at him.

Izzy takes out his phone and dials.

IZZY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

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

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

**INT. PARKING GARAGE -- HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

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

IZZY  
You ready Butchie?

BUTCHIE  
No.

IZZY  
You'll do great, just read it off  
the screen.  
(chanting)  
*Bar'chu et Adonai ham'vorach?*

Butchie stares at his phone screen and reads with Meat.

BUTCHIE  
*Baruch Adonai ham'vorach...*

MEAT  
Vo-rachhhhh, more of a chhh, right?

BUTCHIE  
*Ham'vorachhhh l'olam va-ed.*

IZZY  
*Baruch Adonai ham'vorach l'olam va-  
ed. Baruch atah, Adonai Eloheinu,  
Melech haolam, asher bachar banu  
mikol haamim, v'natan lanu et  
Torato.*

Lois's eyes water. She bites her lip and grabs Mel's hand, squeezing tight.

IZZY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*Baruch atah, Adonai, notein  
haTorah. Torahhh! Bereishit bara  
Elokim et hashamayim ve'et  
ha'aretz.*

Scoot and Celeste enter the parking lot. Scoot smiles.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
*Veha'aretz hayetah tohu vavohu  
vechoshech al-penei tehom veruach  
Elokim merachefet al-penei hamayim.*

Izzy shuts his eyes and digs deep to remember the passage.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
*Vayar Elokim et-ha'or ki-tov  
 vayavdel Elokim bein ha'or uvein  
 hachoshech.*

The Rabbi follows along with prayer book, impressed.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
*Vayikra Elokim la-or yom  
 velachoshevkh kara lailah vayehi-  
 erev vayehi-voker yom  
 (voice cracking)  
 echad. Vayomer Elokim yehi rakia  
 betoch hamayim vihi mavdil bein  
 mayim lamayim.*

Meat puts an arm around Butchie, who winces with each screeching, missed note by Izzy.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
*Vaya'as Elokim et-harakia vayavdel  
 bein hamayim asher mitachat larakia  
 uvein hamayim asher me'al larakia  
 vayehi-chen. Baruch atah, Adonai  
 Eloheinu. Baruch atah, Adonai,  
 notein haTorah.*

Mel holds on to Lois who weeps tears of joy.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
 Today I am a man!

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

BUTCHIE  
 Tell him he's a man.

RABBI  
 You are a man.

BUTCHIE  
 Do what you gotta do to make this legit.

RABBI  
 It doesn't really work like--

BUTCHIE  
 Do. What. You. Gotta. Do.

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

RABBI

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

IZZY

Get my fuck on! Thanks Rabbi.

RABBI

You're welcome?

BUTCHIE

Start the car Meat.

IZZY

Here we go baby, Exit Forty-three  
A, Long Island Expressway.

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

BUTCHIE

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

Lois's lips tremble. She holds Butchie's face in her hands and kisses his head.

LOIS

Make sure he uses protection.

**INT/EXT. NAVIGATOR - NIGHT**

They drive in silence. Dan and Izzy in the back. Meat and Butchie up front.

DAN  
 Hey Butchie, you want to play em'  
 the single?

BUTCHIE  
 I don't know if--

DAN  
 C'mon, I'm sure the kid'll love it.

Butchie hands a disc to Meat from inside his pocket.

Izzy looks over from the back seat.

BUTCHIE  
 (to Meat)  
 You mind.

IZZY  
 Please tell me that's not what I  
 think it is?

DAN  
 Nelly produced that track.

BUTCHIE  
 And how quickly forget the torture  
 you just blasted on my ears.

IZZY  
 Right, because I claim to be a  
 professional torah singer.

MEAT  
 Here we go again.

Meat puts in the C.D., and a bad UP-TEMPO rap song takes over. Butchie starts bopping, mouthing over his own part as Dan dances along.

Izzy and Meat stare on in disbelief.

IZZY  
 Holy shit. This is amazing. Your  
 music, it speaks to me.

Butchie turns off the music.

DAN  
 It's tight, right? What did I tell  
 you Butchie? You're a natural.

BUTCHIE  
 Little man's got some good taste.

MEAT

(to Izzy)

You serious? You liked that?

IZZY

Liked it? I loved it. If I had a week to live, I would just listen to that all day, and it would feel like an eternity. And since when do you have flow? You don't even know the whole playbook, how can you have time to make shitty rap records if you haven't mastered the position yet?

A beat. Meat LAUGHS, Izzy LAUGHS, and Butchie shakes his head and cracks up as well.

**EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT**

**HIGH ABOVE TRAFFIC**

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

**INT/EXT. NAVIGATOR - NIGHT**

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

Izzy, Butchie, and Meat stare out the windows while Dan fiddles with his phone. Izzy looks nervous.

BUTCHIE

Are you ready?

IZZY

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

BUTCHIE

Butterflies. I get em' before every game. And when I first started dating Tamika I...

(saddened)

If it's right, you'll know, and so will she. You ready?

IZZY

What if she doesn't like me?

BUTCHIE

You have to make her like you.

IZZY  
 Alright, how do I do that?

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

IZZY  
 Gross.

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

IZZY  
 Nice pronunciation my friend.

BUTCHIE  
 These are for you.

Butchie tosses a pack of condoms into Izzy's lap.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)  
 Don't use em all in one place.

IZZY  
 Suh-weet. Hey. Raise the goal-  
 posts.

Izzy motions for Butchie to make goal-posts with his fingers.  
 Butchie gets with the program and lifts his fingers up,  
 turning towards the back of the car so Izzy can fire away.

Izzy tears open the package and pulls out a condom, setting  
 it on his knee.

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

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

IZZY  
 Schoenberg gets ready for the snap.

MEAT  
 Time-out ref!

Meat gets in Izzy's face and WHISPER/ROARS (for crowd noise).

IZZY

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

BUTCHIE

It's all come down to this...

IZZY

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

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

Izzy raises his arms in triumph.

IZZY (CONT'D)

...and it's good.

A beat.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Alright. Let's do this.

#### **INT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

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

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

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

TYLER

Whoa. Who are you?

IZZY

I'm Izzy.

TYLER

Kind of a private event Izzy.

IZZY

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

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

**EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

Izzy retreats to the porch where Butchie, Meat, and Dan wait.

IZZY

I think we have the wrong house.

Butchie and Meat ain't buying it.

IZZY (CONT'D)

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

TYLER (O.S.)

(muffled)

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

Butchie looks at Izzy.

BUTCHIE

Ring the bell.

IZZY

Butchie--

BUTCHIE

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

**INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Tyler stands by the door talking to some cute girls.

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

TYLER

I thought I told you...

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

BUTCHIE

Sup?

TYLER  
Holy mother of fuck. Butchie  
Jones?

BUTCHIE  
Mind if we come in?

TYLER  
The kid's with you?

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

MEAT  
(appalled)  
Unbelievable.

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

TYLER  
Of course, please, right this way.

Dan shakes Tyler's hand and hands him a business card.

DAN  
Dan Rosen. Rosen Sports. Thanks  
for having us.

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

TYLER  
Butchie Jones is at my house!

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

BRO  
Hey. I know this kid.

TYLER  
You do?

BRO  
Yeah, he was in the paper or  
something. Wait a minute, that's  
it. You're that kid who's dying of  
cancer.

IZZY

Ta-dah.

BRO

Whoa. Are you okay?

IZZY

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

Tyler hands a full cup to Izzy. Dan grab the beer from Izzy.

IZZY (CONT'D)

(to Dan)

What the hell man?

DAN

Giving alcohol to a minor?

Butchie gives Dan a stern look.

BUTCHIE

They're all minors.

Butchie takes the beer from Dan and gives it back to Izzy.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

You sure this is a good idea?

IZZY

What's it gonna do? Kill me?

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

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

BUTCHIE

That's her huh?

IZZY

How'd you know?

BUTCHIE

Just cause.

MEAT

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

BUTCHIE  
Mmmhmm. Damn.

IZZY  
So...what do I do?

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

Butchie walks over to Shoshanna, with Dan trailing slightly behind him. Every girl in the party wishes she was Shoshanna at that moment.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)  
Hey.

SHOSHANNA  
Hey.

BUTCHIE  
So listen, this is gonna sound  
kinda crazy, but my boy over there  
with the head, wants to talk to  
you.

Shoshanna glances over at Izzy.

**IZZY** turns away, blushing and chugs the rest of his beer.

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

Meat puts a massive paw on Izzy's shoulder.

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

**SHOSHANNA** glances back at Butchie.

SHOSHANNA  
(to Butchie)  
What if I'm more interested in  
talking to someone else?

Shoshanna touches Butchie. His smile fades.

BUTCHIE  
Then I would say it's your loss.  
Izzy's a great guy. Amazing in  
fact.

(MORE)

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

Dude's on the verge of death, and all he wanted to do was come over here to make sure that he told you how he felt about you before he died.

SHOSHANNA

What about you? Are you...seeing anybody.

BUTCHIE

How old are you?

SHOSHANNA

Old enough.

Dan gets in between Butchie and Shoshanna.

DAN

Hi there, Dan Rosen, Rosen Sports. I'm here to negotiate on behalf of my client.

Butchie pulls Dan aside.

BUTCHIE

What the hell are you doing?

DAN

Butchie. This is what I do. Let me handle it.

Dan turns back to Shoshanna.

DAN (CONT'D)

(to Shoshanna)

So...do you like Justin Bieber?

Butchie walks away shaking his head.

**IZZY** stands by the keg with Meat.

IZZY

I've got that feeling in my stomach again.

MEAT

It just means you're alive.

IZZY

And in need of a refill.

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

IZZY (CONT'D)  
Stupid frigging, god-damned...

Shoshanna approaches the keg and takes Izzy's hand.

SHOSHANNA  
You need to pump it. Like this.

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

IZZY  
(quietly)  
Thank you Moses.

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

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

IZZY  
I can't believe you remember me.

SHOSHANNA  
The whole town knows who you are.

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

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

IZZY (CONT'D)  
Hehehehehehe.

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

IZZY (CONT'D)  
Sorry--damnit, I mean--

SHOSHANNA  
Shhhh...

Shoshanna puts a finger to Izzy's lips.

SHOSHANNA (CONT'D)  
Wanna go upstairs?

IZZY  
Wha-what's upstairs?

SHOSHANNA  
A place where we can talk.  
Follow me.

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

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

TYLER  
No fucking way.

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

MEAT  
What'd you say to her?

BUTCHIE  
Nothing.

Dan walks up to Butchie and Meat with a smug look on his face.

DAN  
I am, without a doubt, the best negotiator in pro sports. I don't charge you enough I--

When Dan sees Butchie is not happy, his expression changes.

DAN (CONT'D)  
What?

**INT. BEDROOM - LATER**

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

Izzy breaks free from the kiss.

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

SHOSHANNA

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

IZZY

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

SHOSHANNA

Well you get that chance now.  
You're really lucky to have a  
friend like Butchie. He's a great  
guy.

IZZY

Yeah. He's a real *mensch*. I Still  
can't believe he was able to...

SHOSHANNA

Able to...?

IZZY

...convince you to--

Shoshanna takes Izzy's face and draws him close.

SHOSHANNA

Dan told me all the sweet things  
you said about me...

IZZY

Dan?

Shoshanna takes Izzy's face and kisses Izzy passionately.

They go back to making out. But Izzy sits up again,  
confused.

SHOSHANNA

Are you okay? You look like you've  
seen a ghost.

IZZY

Cancer will do that to you.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

Butchie stands in the cold, feeling low.

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

IZZY

I didn't do it.

BUTCHIE

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

IZZY

This was the dumbest idea. I'm sorry I forced you into it.

Izzy PUNCHES the door in frustration. His eyes water.

IZZY (CONT'D)

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

BUTCHIE

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

IZZY

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

BUTCHIE

Well guess what? That's life. People use you until there ain't nothing left to take. Welcome to the real world. It sucks.

Izzy shakes his head, not believing what he's hearing.

IZZY

That's it? 'The Real World Sucks?' Who the fuck are you man? You're like a Greek god, and millions of people worship you, and you're famous, and you have this beautiful family, and get anything in the world you could want, and someday, somehow, your life is shittier than mine.

(MORE)

IZZY (CONT'D)

If a guy like you has nothing, then  
what's the point for a guy like me?

Izzy lets it hang there.

The tension cuts when Izzy's phone BUZZES.

Izzy looks down at his iPhone and winces.

IZZY (CONT'D)

That fucking bitch.

BUTCHIE

Shoshanna?

IZZY

Celeste. Apparently Brady and  
Belichick were talking trash about  
you, saying they'd never pick you  
off waivers, cause you don't do  
things the 'patriot way.' She just  
had to rub it in.

BUTCHIE

Oh well, fuck em.

IZZY

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

BUTCHIE

Philadelphia?

IZZY

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

Butchie smiles wide.

BUTCHIE

You ever been to Philadelphia?

IZZY

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

BUTCHIE

They're hard-core about their  
Eagles man.

IZZY

So what?

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

BUTCHIE

So she likes you.

IZZY

What?

BUTCHIE

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

IZZY

But that's what little kids do.

BUTCHIE

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

IZZY

Seriously? That's retarded.

BUTCHIE

Finish up man, we gotta go!

Izzy looks down at his urine stream.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

This is your last chance Izzy. You want this or not?

IZZY

...I can't.

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

BUTCHIE

Whoa. Izzy--

IZZY

I guess it wasn't butterflies after all.

BUTCHIE  
(frantic)  
What the fuck is that?

IZZY  
Renal failure.

A beat. Butchie paces, angry with himself.

BUTCHIE  
I never should have let you drink  
that beer.

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

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

Butchie runs to the house and opens the door.

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

Butchie runs back to Izzy.

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

Izzy keels over in obvious pain. Butchie holds him.

BUTCHIE  
No! You've still got time.

Meat exits the house and jogs to Butchie. Dan follows Meat.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)  
C'mon Izzy, don't you want to go  
out with a bang?

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

IZZY  
Fuck it.  
(to Meat)  
Can you get us back to the city in  
a half hour?

MEAT

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

IZZY

I was hoping you'd say something  
like that.

DAN

Guys, can we talk about this? I  
don't think the commissioner would--

IZZY

Shut the fuck up Dan.

Meat ushers Dan into the parked Navigator.

BUTCHIE

(to Izzy)  
You ready?

IZZY

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

(to Butchie)  
Now pick me up please.

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

**EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT**

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

**INT. NAVIGATOR - LATER**

Meat puts the pedal to the metal. Dan is scared for his life  
in the passenger seat. Butchie sits in back with Izzy,  
giving him water, attending to the poor kid.

IZZY

So what do I say this time  
Casanova?

BUTCHIE

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

Izzy thinks.

IZZY

Normally I'd call her a cunt.

BUTCHIE

I don't think that's gonna work.

IZZY

Me neither.

BUTCHIE

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

IZZY

What look?

BUTCHIE

The death-stare.

Butchie demonstrates a death-stare.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

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

IZZY

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

BUTCHIE

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

IZZY

Got it. I think.

**EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

The Navigator pulls up to the hospital entrance. Meat gets out and opens the door for Butchie who helps Izzy out. Izzy needs help standing up.

BUTCHIE  
You ready for this?

IZZY  
Ready as I'll ever be.

Izzy takes a step and almost falls over.

IZZY (CONT'D)  
Shit.

BUTCHIE  
Don't worry, I got you.  
(to Meat)  
Yo Big Man...

Butchie, Izzy, and Meat huddle up.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)  
Tight Double Wing Twenty Eight  
Wedge Sweep on two.

MEAT  
I get to play wing? I'm loving  
this already.

Meat and Butchie CLAP their hands and break the huddle.

**INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Meat enters, followed by Butchie who aides Izzy. A NURSE, 40s, sees this and approaches.

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

The trio walks past the Nurse without acknowledgement.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
Sirs? Hello? Sheila call  
security.

Butchie and Izzy enter the elevator. The doors close.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PEDIATRIC WARD -- HOSPITAL - LATER**

The doors open. Meat, Butchie and Izzy stand in awe.

IZZY

Oh fuck.

**REVERSE ANGLE**

9 burly SECURITY GUARDS stand waiting to nab Butchie.

**BUTCHIE** Smiles and looks at Izzy.

BUTCHIE

Hold on.

Butchie picks up Izzy.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

Hike!

Meat CHARGES ahead.

**SLO MO**

Butchie holds tightly onto Izzy as he surges towards the Guards. Meat blocks GUARD 1, dumping him on his ass. Butchie blows past GUARD 2, does a spin-move on GUARD 3, and stiff-arm's GUARD 4. Butchie keeps running and side-steps GUARD 5. Meat catches up and pancake blocks GUARDS 6, 7, and 8 at once, but goes down in the process.

Butchie HURDLES over Meat and the felled Guards leaving only man to beat...

...GUARD 9 grabs Butchie by the waste and tries to bring him down.

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

**IN THE DISTANCE**

Scot hears the commotion and peers out of his room.

IZZY (O.S.)

(weakly)

Scot, help!

Scot appraises the situation, and charges the guard.

SCOOT

IZZZZZYYYYYYYYY!!!

**REAL TIME**

Scoot crashes into GUARD 9, and derails him enough for Butchie (holding Izzy) to slip past. Butchie winks at Scoot as he runs through and delivers Izzy to...

**IZZY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Butchie drops Izzy on the bed.

IZZY

Room three-Fifteen, down the hall.

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

IZZY (CONT'D)

Wait. Thank you. For everything.

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

IZZY (CONT'D)

Okay. Get off me unless you want to be my first.

Butchie rises.

BUTCHIE

Hey Izzy, you my *schvartze*.

Izzy smiles. Butchie exits.

**PEDIATRIC WARD - CONTINUOUS**

Meat wrestles with the 9 Guards who have managed to restrain his wrists.

**BUTCHIE** Sees the GUARDS, who see him and they turn their attention to him.

Free of the 90 pound weight, Butchie really puts his skills to use and fends off the 9 Guards who have regrouped.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

CELESTE!

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

Butchie BANGS on the door.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

Celeste. Izzy needs you. His room, now. Celeste, please!

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

CELESTE  
What the hell is going on?

BUTCHIE  
Izzy needs your help. Go.

The 9 Guards tackle Butchie to the ground.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)  
Now Celeste! Please.

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

Butchie smiles as she makes her way.

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

One of the Guards hits Butchie in the face.

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

**SCOOT** Nods in the affirmative and runs off down the hall.

**IZZY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

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

CELESTE  
What's going on Izzy?

Silence.

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

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

CELESTE (CONT'D)  
Say something damnit.

Silence. Celeste shakes her head.

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

IZZY  
Wait...

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

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

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

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

IZZY (CONT'D)  
I'm dying.

CELESTE  
Me too.

IZZY  
Cool.

And they pounce on each other.

**INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATER**

The guards drag a bleeding Butchie out of the elevator in riot-cuffs (ties), with Meat following behind. Meat and Butchie are sat down on a bench. They smile at each other.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PEDIATRIC WARD - CONTINUOUS**

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

Scoot scampers to the elevator.

**INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATER**

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

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

Butchie exhales, relieved.

BUTCHIE  
Atta boy Izzy.

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

BUTCHIE  
Scoot, you're nine.

SCOOT  
I'm *almost* ten.

Butchie and Meat crack-up laughing.

**INT. IZZY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

**QUICK CUTS**

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

**INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT**

The POLICEMEN (from Butchie's first arrest) arrive. They  
confer with the Nurse and 9 Guards before walking over to  
Butchie wearing shit-eating grins.

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

POLICEMAN 2  
And what do we have here? Two for  
the price of one.

POLICEMAN 1  
More like two and a half.

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

POLICEMAN 1  
Not surprised really.

POLICEMAN 2  
Not surprised at all.

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

BUTCHIE  
You know what guys, you're right.  
You shouldn't be surprised to see  
me again. I get that this must be  
the highlight of your week, shit,  
probably your year.

MEAT  
More like you're whole lives.

BUTCHIE  
And then it dawned on me, the  
reason you guys are so mean and  
angry...

POLICEMAN 2  
What's that?

BUTCHIE  
...you don't get laid enough.

POLICEMAN 2  
Alright, get up.

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

Butchie and Meat stand against the wall. Their riot cuffs  
are ripped off and replaced with real handcuffs.

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

LOIS (O.S.)  
Stop!

Lois and Mel march towards the officers.

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

POLICEMAN 2  
Ma'am, please.

LOIS

Don't you Ma'am me. These men were merely doing what we asked of them. You can't arrest them for that.

POLICEMAN 1

The way the guards tell it, they were trespassing and assaulted hospital staff.

SCOOT (O.S.)

Oh yeah?

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

SCOOT (CONT'D)

Cause the way I see it, as a witness and all, the guards were the ones doing the beating. They even hit me!

The Security Guards hold their heads in shame.

BUTCHIE

It's true. I saw it.

MEAT

(to the Guards)

How do you live with yourselves?

POLICEMAN 1

Shut-up.

SCOOT

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

A beat.

POLICEMAN 2

(to Guards)

You still wanna press charges?

The Guards shake their heads "no."

Policeman 2 shrugs.

POLICEMAN 1  
Well, maybe we'll see you tomorrow  
Butchie.

Policeman 1 cuts Butchie loose.

POLICEMAN 2  
Have a nice night.

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

SCOOT  
What?

BUTCHIE  
You're the man Scoot.

Meat lifts Scott off the ground and hoists him above his  
shoulders.

**INT. IZZY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Celeste and Izzy lie holding hands in the after-glow.

CELESTE  
So...how was it?

IZZY  
(whisper)  
Touchdown.

Celeste smiles.

CELESTE  
What are you feeling?

IZZY  
Like...Vince Wilfork's sitting on  
my chest that fat...sack of shit.  
But you know what?

CELESTE  
What?

IZZY  
...Totally worth it.

CELESTE  
Are you scared?

Izzy turns to Celeste.

IZZY  
No. I'm a man now.

**EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Only 1 light is visible on the 3rd floor. Izzy's window.  
The light goes out.

**DOWN BELOW**

Butchie smiles.

The Navigator pulls up and Meat rolls down the window.

MEAT  
You need a lift? We got practice  
tomorrow.

Butchie looks back to Izzy's window one more time.

BUTCHIE  
Yeah.

**INT. BUTCHIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Butchie enters and turns on the light. He sits down on the  
couch and takes in the day's events.

But something isn't sitting right...literally. Butchie digs  
in the seat cushion and finds Sunny's DOLL.

Butchie takes out his cell phone and dials.

The phone rings and rings.

BUTCHIE  
C'mon baby, please pickup. Please.

TAMIKA'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Hi. You've reached Tamika, I'm  
sorry I missed your call. Go Jets!

Butchie looks for the right words...but they don't come. He  
hangs up feeling low.

**EXT. PRACTICE FIELD - DAY**

Mid-Practice. 7-on-7 drill (no linemen). Butchie runs a  
route and makes an incredible catch over a defender. His  
teammates WHOOP and HOLLER.

Butchie runs past Meat and tosses him the ball as he heads off.

MEAT

Welcome back eighty eight.

Butchie grabs a water bottle off the ground and drinks. Teammates approach him and tap him on the pads, welcoming him back to the team.

An AIR-HORN sounds. Butchie jogs to the field but stops when he sees Dan approaching, a worried look on his face.

DAN

Look, there's no easy way to say this...Izzy passed away early this morning. After practice if you'd--

Butchie takes off.

**EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - DAY**

Butchie runs through the hustle and bustle completely focused. Some people recognize him. Traffic is forced to stop for him.

**EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY**

Butchie runs through the doors.

**INT. IZZY'S ROOM - DAY**

Butchie enters to find Mel holding Lois. Butchie wraps both of them in a huge hug.

MEL

(to Butchie)

Look at him. Have you ever seen a smile that big?

Butchie leans over and sees...

...A GIGANTIC SMILE plastered on Izzy's face.

BUTCHIE

(whispering)

You did it little man.

LOIS

His last words were for you.

BUTCHIE

Really?

LOIS

"Tell Butchie to ass-fuck New England on Sunday."

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

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

PAN ACROSS THE MOURNERS: Meat, stands behind Eddie, Celeste, and Scoot, who holds Butchie's left hand.

Lois cries, clinging to Mel by the side of the grave.

The Rabbi closes his prayer book and stands before the crowd.

RABBI

As we conclude today's service, and in following Izzy's final wish, I say this, go Jets.

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

Butchie then falls in line to be received by Lois and Mel.

BUTCHIE

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

MEL

Guess that means you can play against New England today after all.

BUTCHIE

I guess so.

Lois digs in her purse and takes out Izzy's iPhone.

LOIS

He wanted you to have this.

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

Butchie switches on the phone and hits play.

**INSERT: IPHONE SCREEN**

Izzy's face fills the screen.

IZZY (ON SCREEN)

(labored/wheezing)

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

**BUTCHIE**

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

**...TAMIKA.**

Butchie turns around, shocked.

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

BUTCHIE'S VOICE (ON PHONE)

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

TAMIKA

You've got quite a friend.

BUTCHIE

I know what I did was unforgiveable, but you have to come back.

TAMIKA

Butchie, it's not that simple.

BUTCHIE

It is. I'm moving out. Let me prove to you that it's real, and maybe then, if you still want me...you can have me. Can you do that for me, please?

Tears well in Tamika's eyes.

TAMIKA

I don't know.

BUTCHIE

Look where we are Tamika. This kid worshipped me...and then he met me and realized I wasn't worthy of any of it. Football could be over with the next hit I take. But I'm always going to be Sunny's father, and I'm always going to be your man. Six months. Please. Don't take Sunny away from me. Not yet.

Tamika bites her lip and considers for a long beat.

TAMIKA

Okay.

Butchie hugs Tamika.

Lois, Mel, Meat, and Scoot beam with pride in the background. Mel gives Butchie a thumb's up.

Butchie takes Tamika by the hand and walks up to Scoot and Eddie.

BUTCHIE

You feel like coming to a football game?

Scoot and Eddie SCREAM.

Butchie turns to Celeste.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)

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

CELESTE

Okay.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. TUNNEL -- METLIFE STADIUM - DAY**

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

BUTCHIE  
How many touchdowns you want Daddy  
to score today?

Sunny lifts up FOUR FINGERS. Butchie and Sunny rub noses. Sunny smiles.

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)  
Four? Okay, just for you.

Butchie hands Sunny to Tamika.

TAMIKA  
Okay Daddy. And after the game--

BUTCHIE  
Goldilox, I promise.

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

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

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)  
Thank you Meat. For everything.

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

BUTCHIE (CONT'D)  
You ready?

**REVEAL:**

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

Dan approaches out of breath.

DAN  
Please don't, you're on thin ice a--

SCOOT  
Shut the fuck up Dan.

Dan looks at Scoot bewildered. Butchie shrugs.

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

Butchie hands Eddie a cloth nameplate. Eddie slaps it on the back of Butchie's jersey...

The nameplate reads "IZZY".

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

**EXT. FIELD -- METLIFE STADIUM - CONTINUOUS**

Butchie jumps up and down along with the kids.

SCOOT  
Hey Brady! Suck my mothafu--

**THE END**