

MIDDLE MEN

by  
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FADE IN:

Over the logo, we hear the sound of rain and thunder.  
Trouble is already brewing...

1 INT. - JACK'S HOUSTON HOUSE - NIGHT

1

A lightning flash reveals the haggard, worried face of our hero, JACK HARRIS. In his early forties. His house is filled with expensive art, perfectly appointed furniture, and high ceilings. A fireplace rages, making the room dance with light. We almost feel as if we're in hell.

DIANA, his estranged wife, a beautiful woman, clutches a towel. She's been crying buckets. Her eyes are red and swollen. She holds her son ADAM, about seven, close, in a protective way. It's as if Jack is a stalking animal that could do them both harm.

Lightning flashes again. Jack stands in front of a DUFFLE BAG. It is filled with PACKETS OF MONEY. Hundreds and hundreds of thousands. Or is it millions? He closes the bag and locks it. He looks at Diana and tries to communicate from a place deep inside.

JACK

I'm gonna get him back Diana.

She doesn't answer. She stares with contempt and rage. As Jack begins to head out of the house...

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

I had several million dollars in a duffle bag and had to go and see a bunch of low life Russian mobsters, who would most likely cut my throat, take the money, and kill a kid they think is my son for sport.

2 EXT. - JACK'S HOUSTON HOUSE - NIGHT

2

It's just as beautiful as the inside, surrounded by a private gate. Jack runs through the rain towards his Mercedes with the DUFFLE BAG.

JACK (V.O.)

It doesn't get any more fucked up than this. I was dealing with the kind of savages who'd beat their mothers to death for a ham sandwich. So, I didn't place my odds as very good for seeing the sun come up.

Jack starts his car and begins pulling out of the driveway as the gate opens up.

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

And why? Because of what I had a hand in creating. No, I didn't cure AIDS or cancer. And I didn't figure out a way to stop war or end world hunger. But I did end up making a lot more money than if I'd done any of those great and lasting things that would change the world for the better.

3

INT. - JACK'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

3

Jack tries to light a cigarette. His hands shake so badly, he can hardly do it.

JACK (V.O.)

I had a hand in creating the greatest invention of our time. I inadvertently changed the world. My name is Jack Harris, and I figured out a better way for guys to jerk off.

Montage of shots through history.

Pornographic sex, masturbation...dating back to caves through the Kama Sutra.

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

Men have been jerking off since the beginning of time. I mean, it's no fucking secret.

1950's. A young boy masturbating to beauties on the Milton Berle show, Betty Page, etc. His mother walks in and begins screaming at him.

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

Why is this mother yelling at her kid? She should know better. Men are always thinking about sex. About every ten seconds some sick, perverted, degenerate thought goes through a man's mind.

Through the 60's, 70's and 80's. Different porn styles, women with big hairy bush, John Holmes style guys, mullet beefcakes posing with porno babes.

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

From the very moment a man figures out his hand can reach his dick, he's figuring out a new way to pull on it.

A skateboard kid locks his door, pops in a VHS cassette. Then through the 90's, hardcore porn on A DVD. Stay on the TV, a US Senator now gives a speech on how he's going to clean up the world. Later, in his hotel room, he jerks it furiously while wearing women's underwear.

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

This should come as no big fucking surprise. Every guy, gay or straight, prince or pauper, kings, presidents, heads of state, every last one of them is sneaking off somewhere and whacking it.

A GOTH kid ties a rope around his neck, jacking off. He finishes, his feet can't quite make it back to the chair. He's choking, and it's clear he's not going to make it.

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

Look at this poor fucker. His inventiveness will be the thing that does him in. It's been a preoccupation of men since God knows when. Still don't believe me? Well, look at this.

A space shuttle is launched.

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

This is the space shuttle. It costs four hundred and fifty million dollars every time it's launched by Uncle Sam and your tax dollars. Guess what's on it?

In space, we see a satellite released into orbit.

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

A billion dollar satellite. And why do you think they're launching that thing? It's all part of the Internet. But if you think that thing has anything to do with helping your kids learn, daddy reading stats on Tiger Woods, or Mommy and Grandma learning how to bake the perfect chocolate cake, then you're out of your fucking mind. Just follow the money. The porn industry takes in fifty seven billion dollars a year worldwide. With no one ever admitting that they watch...

We see a farmhouse right out of an Andrew Wyeth painting. A farmer, done from plowing his field, heads merrily up the stairs into his house.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
This is going on every second of every day all over the world.

Inside the house, his wife, right out of a Norman Rockwell painting, is baking an apple pie. Two angelic kids beam when the pie is placed on the table to cool off.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Millions and millions and millions of horny, frustrated guys, escaping into porn dream land.

In the other room, the farmer has a laptop computer running wireless Internet. We PAN to the modem/port, which creates a laser beam...we follow it up out of the house into space where the laser bounces off the satellite and comes shooting back down to earth.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
It's a land of women, gorgeous women, who don't know the meaning of the word "no".

It shoots off another giant satellite dish and fires back out hundreds of miles into a cable compound which shoots the beam, from miles away, back into the modem/port...AND THEN...

The farmer, sitting in front of his computer, undoes his overalls. A porn scene plays on his laptop...He smiles wide-eyed...

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Pure Americana...

CUT TO:

4 INT. - JACK'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

4

Back to the present. Jack tries to light another cigarette, his hand is now shaking even worse. He drops the lighter. Jack yanks the wheel hard.

5 EXT. - ROAD SIDE - NIGHT 5

The car screeches over to the side of the road. Jack puts the car in park as the rain pours down.

He checks the time on the clock... 11:59...He takes a deep breath...the clock on the dash turns to midnight.

JACK (V.O.)

And no matter how many times I roll this over in my head, I keep asking myself the same question; How the fuck did I let things go this far?

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

6 EXT. - CHURCH LAWN - DAY 6

IMPOSE LEGEND: 1985

A church picnic. Crowds. Everything is right in white America. Kids, parents, balloons. An endless spread of food on picnic tables.

The camera cranes down over the scene and finds a younger Jack. He's holding two plates of fried chicken, mashed potatoes, corn. He's dressed a lot less stylishly than the older version of him.

JACK (V.O.)

Back then things seemed so simple.

He heads over to a younger Diana. She turns, beaming. They are very much in love. They kiss and sit at the end of a picnic table, away from the crowds. Jack takes a bite of chicken.

JACK (CONT'D)

I can always tell your fried chicken from someone else's.

They both eat.

DIANA

Is that right?

JACK

Yeah. What's your secret?

DIANA  
A chef doesn't divulge her secrets.

JACK  
It's not like I'm a stranger.

DIANA  
You marry me, I'll tell you.

He smiles for a minute, puts down his food, gets up from sitting and kneels in front of her. He takes her hand.

JACK  
Diana, will you marry me?

She smiles from somewhere deep inside.

DIANA  
Pepper.

JACK  
What?

DIANA  
Pepper.

JACK  
Pepper? That's it?

DIANA  
Sorry you signed your life away?

JACK  
God no!

He kisses her, gently. They fall into each others arms.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I was one of those guys living in a Norman Rockwell painting. And looking back, I had no idea how happy I really was...

CUT TO:

7 EXT. - SKY - LATE AFTERNOON

7

We think we are in heaven. The clouds part to reveal Los Angeles.

JACK (V.O.)  
 Now across the gulf of space, on another  
 planet called Los Angeles, California, my  
 fate was already being sealed...

IMPOSE LEGEND: 1997 - LOS ANGELES

8 EXT. - VAN NUY'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT 8

It's a run-down shit hole. We hear gunshots firing in the distance.

9 INT. - VAN NUY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 9

BUCK COLBY sleeps in a beat up recliner. He's in his twenties and from the South. If it's conceivable, he's smarter than his roommate...

10 INT. - VAN NUY'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT 10

WAYNE BEER is coked to the gills and is playing with his computer. He is clearly frustrated. He gets up and heads for the living room.

11 INT. - VAN NUY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 11

Wayne enters. He looks at Buck, as he sleeps.

WAYNE

How can you sleep in a chair?

Buck waking up.

BUCK

What?

WAYNE

How can you sleep in a fucking chair?

BUCK

You mean, how can I sleep with all this noise, don't you?

WAYNE

You know there's nothing to jerk to on the fucking Internet.



BUCK

So watch a DVD you degenerate.

WAYNE

I'm a degenerate? You bought all these DVD's and I'm a degenerate?

BUCK

You watched them all a hundred times. That's why you need new shit. Yeah, you're a fucking degenerate.

WAYNE

Fuck you. Don't get all high and mighty with me.

BUCK

Fuck me? Stop doing all this coke and smoking all these fucking cigarettes! I got to go to work in the morning and I can't sleep choking on all this smoke.

WAYNE

You smoke, you fucking asshole!

BUCK

Not when I'm sleeping! And clean this place up. It's like living in a toxic waste dump!

WAYNE

Wow. Lucky me. I get to live with Martha fucking Stewart.

BUCK

If I was Martha fucking Stewart you would be jerking off in front of me all fucking day, you fucking loser!

Wayne raises his fist.

WAYNE

Don't call me a loser.

BUCK

Don't square off with me! I'll kick your ass around this apartment for drill.

Wayne keeps waving his fist.

WAYNE

Take it back!

BUCK

No. I'm not taking anything back, loser.

Wayne dives on Buck. The two of them crash to the floor and begin swinging at each other. Real fists are being thrown. As they hold each other in duel choke holds, both of them turning red, we freeze frame.

JACK (V.O.)

What these two idiots don't know, is that they're less than a year away from being worth millions and millions of dollars, and turning the Internet into what it is today. Ain't America great?

(Beat)

Maybe I should go back even further.

12 EXT. - LAX RUNWAY - DAY

12

IMPOSE LEGEND: BACK EVEN FURTHER

CORKSCREW PAN of a 757 landing. The wheels touch down.

JACK (V.O.)

Buck had gotten to LA only two months before. He had this crazy notion about moving out to Los Angeles and getting an honest job. He had problems with the honest job part before.

13 INT. - WAYNE'S CHEVY NOVA - DAY

13

Wayne and Buck are leaving the airport, sitting in traffic. The car is littered with fast food boxes and soda cans.

BUCK

How do you live with this kind of traffic everyday?

WAYNE

I don't go out all that much.

BUCK

Don't you have a job?

WAYNE

I've been collecting disability, but it runs out in a few months.

BUCK  
Disability for what?

WAYNE  
I fell. Told the fuckers I was going to  
sue.

BUCK  
Then what are you gonna do?

WAYNE  
Fuck if I know. But I feel like I'm on  
the verge of something.

BUCK  
Yeah, me too, dude. No, I'm serious. I  
feel like I'm on the verge of something.  
I got all these ideas. Dude, these ideas,  
they just come rushing at me! Idea, after  
idea, after idea! It's like a waterfall  
you know!

WAYNE  
A cascade...

BUCK  
Yeah man, a cascade!

JACK (V.O.)  
Like I said, they're morons, right? Well  
that's not entirely true...

IMPOSE LEGEND: NASA, HOUSTON

14

INT. - NASA HALLWAY - DAY

14

TWO SECURITY GUARDS move quickly down a hallway with  
purpose.

JACK (V.O.)  
Believe it or not, Buck Colby was some  
kind of big shot rocket scientist at NASA  
at the age of 22. He apparently has an IQ  
of 187, although you'd never know it  
talking to the guy...

The security guards turn the corner and enter another  
room.

15 INT. - OUTER CHAMBER OF "NO-GRAVITY ROOM" - DAY 15

The security guards move quickly across the room and over to a window that looks inside a wind tunnel.

Buck is coked out of his mind, complete with a bloody nose, that flows all over his shirt. He is floating in thin air in 200 mph headwinds.

The guards stare incredulously.

JACK (V.O.)

Buck's favorite thing in the world to do, was spending weekends at NASA, getting coked to the gills and floating in space.

The security guards throw a switch. Buck crashes to the floor instantly.

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

Needless to say, he got fired.

16 INT. - VETERINARY CLINIC, EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY 16

ANGLE ON a WOMAN holding a small dog who is happily barking and wagging his tail.

JACK (V.O.)

From what I understand, Wayne was a terrific Veterinarian. He even taught some classes.

WOMAN

Are you sure you're going to have to operate? He looks perfectly fine.

WAYNE

Hey lady, who's the doctor here, you or me?

JACK (V.O.)

The only problem was that he started performing unnecessary surgeries ensure a steady supply of canine barbiturates.

17 INT. - VETERINARY CLINIC, WAYNE'S OFFICE - DAY 17

Wayne sits at his desk. He holds a pill bottle up to his lips, tilting the contents back into his mouth.

His door opens. Wayne freezes, bottle at his lips. One of the other vets stares back at him.

JACK (V.O.)

That pretty much ended Wayne's career as a veterinarian.

18

INT. - JACK'S MODEST HOUSTON HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

18

Jack and Diana are in a different house. Smaller, quaint, not the palace we saw them in earlier. Diana hangs up the phone. She's just gotten bad news. Jack sits at the kitchen table. He's doing their bills, credit card payments stacked high.

JACK (V.O.)

Meanwhile, I find out that a friend of mine who owned a night club out in LA had a heart attack.

Diana is explaining the same information.

JACK (CONT'D)

Is he gonna be alright?

DIANA

Yeah, but he can't work for a while. Susan called and wanted to know if you'd go out to LA for a few weeks and help straighten out his business. I talked to their lawyer out there, a guy named Jerry Haggerty. He says the place could be a gold mine, but if you don't get out there and help now, Susan says they are going to lose everything.

JACK (V.O.)

The last thing I wanted to do was leave my family. I was happy in Houston. I was broke, but at least I was happy...

JACK (CONT'D)

Honey, I don't want to run a night club. The place is probably a mess. It'll take a lot more than a couple of weeks to straighten it out.

DIANA

Jack, you're good at fixing messes. That's what you do.

JACK (V.O.)

She was right. If I had one talent, it was fixing shit,shit that nobody thought could be fixed.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. - CHICAGO - DAY 19

Establishing shot.

IMPOSE LEGEND: CHICAGO - 1985

20 EXT. - IRISH BAR - DAY 20

A Cadillac is parked outside an Irish Bar.

JACK (V.O.)

When I was eighteen I was working for one of my Dad's buddies who owned a construction company in Chicago. There was a lot of money floating around, but even with as much money as there was, there were always problems.

21 INT. - CAR - DAY 21

We see an eighteen year old Jack sitting in the car with a silver haired wise guy named JOHNNY LA LA, who seems surprisingly calm.

JOHNNY

Now let's go knee cap this Irish fuck and get something to eat.

JACK

Knee cap?

JOHNNY

Yeah, knee cap. You take a bat, bing bang, he's crippled, and he wises up real quick.

Jack gulps hard.

JACK

Why exactly are we doing this?

Johnny gives him an odd look.

JOHNNY

What do you need, a fucking road map, kid? This guy owes me thirty six grand! Let's hurry up and do this.

JACK (STALLING)

Do you know why he can't pay, help me understand? I don't understand.

JOHNNY

How the fuck should I know? He owes, end of story! What the fuck kid?

JACK (V.O.)

Most people would have just done what they were told. But it just didn't sit well with me.

JACK (CONT'D)

I mean what if you just talked to the guy and found out what happened. Something had to happen or this guy would be able to pay, right? If you just talked to the guy.....

JOHNNY

Kid, I'm done talking to this prick!

JACK

Ok, ok, I'm sorry, I just thought maybe there was a way where you can get your money, which is what you want, right.

Johnny is quiet for a moment, confused. Then a smile comes to his face.

JACK (CONT'D)

What?

JOHNNY

Kid, you think too much.

(To Driver)

This fuckin' kid.

(Back to Jack)

Alright. Hurry up before I change my mind.

JACK

What?

JOHNNY

You got two minutes kid to go in there  
and get me my money, after that,  
somebody's knee caps are gettin' broke.

JACK

Me? Hold on...

JOHNNY

You take your best shot. This is how you  
learn.

Jack gets out of the car and heads for the bar.

JACK (V.O.)

I knew I had two minutes to get Johnny  
what he wanted and stop something bad  
from happening. I knew something else  
too, I did not want to be a part of what  
Johnny was capable of.

22

INT. - IRISH BAR - DAY

22

Jack sits opposite MORGAN, who taps his leg incessantly,  
a nervous wreck.

MORGAN

Look kid, I got problems too. I got kids,  
I got a wife in the hospital, which isn't  
that bad considering she cheats on me  
every fucking week, my house is about to  
be foreclosed, my oldest son is a smack  
addict, the last two projects I built got  
me so jammed up I had to go to Johnny,  
which is the last fuckin thing I ever  
wanted to do, now I am sittin here  
waiting to go to the fucking hospital  
myself because of what? Because I owe?  
I mean I didn't steal...

Jack glances at his watch.

JACK

Stop. Let's focus on why we're here. You  
obviously borrowed this money and you had  
to have a plan on how you were going to  
pay it back. Tell me what went wrong and  
maybe I can figure a way out of this.



MORGAN

If I had the fucking building permit I could get to work and I'd be able pay him by the end of the day...

JACK

And how's that?

MORGAN

I can borrow the money in ten seconds if I have the permit. I don't have the permit.

JACK

A building permit?

MORGAN

Yes, a building permit.

JACK

Stay here. Don't move.

Jack glances at his watch and gets up.

23

EXT. - IRISH BAR - DAY

23

Jack leaves the bar. Johnny closes the trunk, a Louisville slugger in his hand.

JOHNNY

Batter up!

JACK

Hold on Johnny. You have friends downtown right?

JOHNNY

I got friends all over the place.

JACK

He says he needs a building permit, then he can pay you by the end of the day.

JOHNNY

He wants me to do what? What do I look like, a permitteer?!?

JACK

Johnny, do you want the money, or do you want to break his legs?

JOHNNY  
 (contemplating)  
 I'm in a quandary...

Johnny smiles and pats Jack on the side of the face.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)  
 You're alright kid. Maybe you should come  
 by the house sometime, maybe talk to my  
 wife.

24 RESUME INT. - JACK'S HOUSTON HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 24

Jack sits opposite Diana.

JACK  
 Alright. I guess I'll go to L.A. The  
 money wouldn't hurt.

CUT TO:

25 INT. - BUCK'S OFFICE - DAY 25

OVERHEAD SHOT

Cubicle after cubicle. It's worse than any jail cell.  
 Buck sits in his. It's all over his face. He's tortured.  
 He opens and closes a ZIPPO lighter over and over,  
 staring out at his co workers.

JACK (V.O.)  
 Now about the same time, Buck got some  
 shit job in Los Angeles. The nine to  
 five scene just wasn't for him...

Buck's SUPERVISOR stares at him, not digging his work  
 ethic.

26 INT. - VAN NUY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 26

Buck is on the recliner, under a blanket, and Wayne is  
 sitting on the couch, playing with his computer.

WAYNE  
 What good is this stupid Internet for? I  
 mean, if you could see some hot porn,  
 maybe it would be worthwhile. I mean, am  
 I right?

Buck is trying to watch Jay Leno.

BUCK

Yeah, I guess...

WAYNE

No. I mean, I'm right, right? Look at this shit.

INSERT COMPUTER

We see lame low resolution pictures of horny housewives and trailer park babes.

RESUME LIVING ROOM

WAYNE (CONT'D)

This is all lame shit. There's no variety. There's nothing new. What if this shit were good? Right? Are you with me?

BUCK

No. What's your point?

WAYNE

If we took pictures from magazines and put them up there, I bet we could make some money, right?

BUCK

Oh, sure. You'll get rich.

WAYNE

Really? Am I right?

BUCK

No. Maybe you'd get chump change from a few degenerates, but you'd be lucky to get that.

Wayne rubs his face.

WAYNE

Yeah, I know. And what would you do? Write a check? There's like a stumbling block in my master plan.

BUCK

How about credit cards?

Wayne jumps to his feet.

WAYNE

Credit cards! That's it, bro! Credit cards! You're like a fucking genius!

BUCK

Sit down. Who'd give you their credit card number?

WAYNE

Fuck, I'm doing this. You laugh, but watch what happens.

CUT TO:

27

INT. - VAN NUY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

27

The next afternoon. The site is up. It's called "Porno Junkies". Their logo is up all the time as a screensaver. Buck stares at it, eating a slice of pizza.

WAYNE

I hooked up a buzzer. Every time we make a sale, the buzzer will go off. See? You ain't the only one with ideas.

BUCK

What'd you charge for this?

WAYNE

Ten bucks.

BUCK

No, no. Do nine ninety nine a month, like a magazine.

WAYNE

Yeah, like a fucking magazine. Right?

CUT TO:

28

INT. - VAN NUY'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

28

A few nights later.

JACK (V.O.)

So, three or four days go by without a single buzzer. My guess is they almost forgot they even bothered to do this. And then...

We hear a buzzer. Wayne sits up, rubbing his eyes. He looks at the clock. It's four fifteen in the morning. He stumbles out of bed and heads over to the computer. Buck walks into the bedroom.

BUCK  
Did I hear right?

WAYNE  
Yeah. We just made nine ninety nine.

A GRAPH APPEARS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN. It clearly reads nine ninety nine. This graph will remain through the next bunch of scenes, ticking off the money as it comes in.

BUCK  
At four fifteen in the morning? This guy's got to be a pervert just like you.

WAYNE  
You don't know that. It might be some guy's morning jerk back on the east coast, or in Europe, or some fucking place where it's night. It's the world wide web dumbass. This guy could be anywhere.

29 INT. - VAN NUY'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - MORNING 29

Buck is making coffee, getting ready for work. He hears the buzzer. Followed closely by another buzzer. And then, the buzzing just seems to keep on going.

BUCK  
Are you fucking around with that thing?

Wayne comes out of the bedroom.

WAYNE  
No. Those are subscribers, man. We're gettin' rich!

The graph at the bottom of the screen continues to grow. It's already in the hundreds of dollars.

30 INT. - BUCK'S OFFICE - DAY 30

Buck is on the phone. He can hear the buzzer going off.

BUCK  
How much are we up to?

31 INT. - VAN NUY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY 31

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

WAYNE  
Dude, we crossed the two thousand dollar  
mark about half an hour ago.

32 INT. - VAN NUY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 32

The buzzer hasn't stopped. Buck is tinkering with the  
computer.

BUCK  
I've got this set up so that we can tell  
what pics we're selling based on the  
sound. The buzzer is the trailer trash  
stuff. The chime is over forty. The  
whistle is all the big titty stuff. And  
the bell is the ass fucking housewives.

WAYNE  
Why a whistle?

BUCK  
What'd you mean?

WAYNE  
Why a whistle for the big titty stuff?

BUCK  
I don't know, I just thought that, when  
you see a chick with big tits, you  
whistle.

WAYNE  
Dude, that's stupid. It should be bells  
for the big titty stuff. Tits are like  
bells.

BUCK  
Tits are like bells? Since when?

WAYNE  
Just change it.

BUCK  
No, I'm not gonna change it.

WAYNE

Change it! The tits should be bells!

BUCK

And what? The ass fucking housewives are like whistles?

WAYNE

Yeah, what's wrong with that?

BUCK

Cause that's stupid!

WAYNE

It's not stupid. When you put your dick in a chick's ass...

BUCK

What? She what? She whistles?!?

Wayne lunges at Buck and they begin wrestling on the floor.

JACK (V.O.)

Idiots. Grown men rolling around on the floor, fighting, over bells and whistles, like children. Me? I never had the luxury of being so childish.

DISSOLVE TO:

33

INT. - HOUSTON HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

33

IMPOSE LEGEND: 1975

The sounds of BUCK and WAYNE's bells and whistles morph into the sounds of hospital equipment beeps.

JACK'S FATHER (O.S.)

Hey Jack? Jackie?

A YOUNG JACK is now fifteen years old. His father is in a hospital bed, smoking. JACK sits at the side of the bed. JACK'S FATHER runs his fingers through Jack's hair.

JACK'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Pay attention.

Young Jack nods.

JACK'S FATHER (CONT'D)

You're the oldest. You're gonna have to go to work. Even if I make it through this, I'm gonna be out of commission for a while. You gotta watch the business. Things are tough right now.

YOUNG JACK

What about school?

JACK'S FATHER

The hell with school. Everybody reads the same books, they all know the same shit. It's like a rubber stamp. Graduated, graduated, graduated. It doesn't mean shit. If it did, everybody would end up rich. You need to work. That's what a man does. He works...he provides...you got me Jackie?

YOUNG JACK

Yeah Dad.

JACK'S FATHER

One other thing. My pistol is in that drawer. If that surgeon comes out and tells you I died, I want you to kill him.

Young Jack can't tell if he's joking or not.

JACK (V.O.)

So I went to work. My life has always been a contradiction. Prep school to working for a wise guy. Church picnics to night clubs. But somehow it worked out.

DISSOLVE BACK TO:

34 INT. - GEORGE BUSH INTERCONTINENTAL AIRPORT - DAY 34

Jack sits waiting for his flight to Los Angeles, deep in thought. The announcer calls for Jack's flight. He grabs his carry on and gets up.

35 INT. - VAN NUY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 35

Buck comes out of his bedroom. He can't sleep. It's a cacophony of bells, buzzers, whistles and chimes. The sound that rings with most frequency is the bell.



The counter at the bottom of the screen is now over five thousand dollars.

BUCK

Wayne!

Wayne emerges from his bedroom.

WAYNE

(re: bell)

Seems like ass fucking housewives is a big hit.

Buck pulls the plug.

BUCK

I can't sleep with all this noise.

WAYNE

Oh, I can sleep just fine. It's like a fucking lullaby.

36

INT. - VAN NUY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

36

Buck looks exhausted with dark circles under his eyes. He sits in the kitchen and sips coffee. Wayne lies on the sofa in the adjacent living room.

WAYNE

Dude. We're over the seven thousand dollar mark.

BUCK

Are you shittin' me?

WAYNE

No. But I'm getting complaints that we need new content.

BUCK

So, go buy some more magazines.

Wayne gets up off the sofa and comes over to Buck.

WAYNE

We got to come up with some fresh stuff. Stuff of our own.

BUCK

How do you plan on doing that?

37 EXT. - STRIP CLUB - NIGHT 37

Establishing shot of the club on the Sunset Strip.

38 INT. - STRIP CLUB - NIGHT 38

One six foot Russian beauty after another dances naked on stage amongst cat calls, smoke, and blasting music. Buck and Wayne enter the club and are stopped by an enormous Russian bouncer.

BUCK

We want to talk to whoever runs this place.

The Russian stares.

WAYNE

You speak English?

The Russian stares.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Sprechen zie English?

The Russian continues to stare, clearly thinking that these two are idiots.

BUCK

Bring out the kingpin. We've got a proposition for him.

WAYNE

Or we can do this stupid little stare down thing and your boss doesn't get a chance to make a shitload of money.

The Russian continues to stare.

FREEZE FRAME: on Buck and Wayne.

JACK (V.O.)

Now what these two idiots didn't know is that Nikita Sokoloff, the head of the entire west coast Russian mob, owned the joint. And they were about to get more than they bargained for...

SMASH CUT TO:

39

INT. - NIKITA SOKOLOFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

39

It's a large plush office loaded with pictures of naked women. The Russian bouncers use Buck and Wayne's heads to open the door. They both yelp as they are tossed to the carpet. NIKITA SOKOLOFF stands in front of them. He has a thick Russian accent and is very hard to understand. Especially when he's angry, which he seems to be right now.

NIKITA

Who the fuck, are you to come, into my place, and talk this kind of shit?!?

Buck and Wayne, both on all fours, eyeball each other.

BUCK

Oh, hey, we didn't mean anything by it.

WAYNE

What you need to do is chill out and listen hombre.

NIKITA TAKES OUT A GUN and points it to Wayne's head.

NIKITA

I chill out and put bullet in your brain.

WAYNE

Oh God, please! We really have good intentions sir.

NIKITA

Why are you here?

WAYNE (SPITS OUT)

To take pictures of your girls naked and stuffing dildos in each others asses and put them on the Internet, sell them all over the world and then split the money with you.

NIKITA stops, lowers his gun and thinks on this.

NIKITA

Why you no just say this?

BUCK

He told you we had good intentions.

40 INT. - STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

40

THE CAMERA moves past all the strippers dancing and up to a booth in the back where Nikita, Buck and Wayne all seem to be best friends. They are wedged in between other strippers and a few of the Russian bouncers.

JACK (V.O.)

Within ten minutes these idiots thought they were best friends with the Russian mob, and agreed to strike a deal to split everything down the middle for the life of their new partnership. Only these guys didn't quite understand the nuances of being partners with the Russian Mob.

The boys shake hands with Nikita and the rest of the Russians. They all raise their glasses in a toast. Wayne turns to the nearly naked Ukrainian dancer sitting at his side.

WAYNE

So, do you live around here?

41 INT. - STRIP CLUB - DAY

41

It's the next day. We see one naked exotic dancer after the other in various poses. Asses up, on all fours, spread eagle. By themselves. Kissing. Doing lesbian shots.

JACK (V.O.)

The next day they run around the strip club with a camera, gathering video for their site.

Wayne sits on a skateboard with the camera, being pushed around by Buck, using the board as dolly.

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

Within half a day, Wayne was convinced he was Steven Spielberg.

WAYNE

Give me a smile, baby, give me a smile.

The meter at the bottom of the screen keeps running. We're at thirty thousand. Then forty. Then fifty.

A SERIES OF IMAGES

More pictures flying past the screen, more money ticking off. We see various men all around the country joining discreetly, some at home, some at work.

42 INT. - VAN NUY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY 42

Printouts overflowing into a garbage can, totally disorganized business mayhem. There is more paperwork coming in than the men know what to do with or are capable of handling.

SINGLE SHOT: MAILMAN drops an entire bag of mail at the door that would take a month to sort.

Buck is on the phone, Wayne pacing in the background.

JACK (V.O.)

So now they have to purchase a bigger server to handle all of the business. The mail is piling up and they haven't even thought of opening it. These two fuckers have no idea what they've started. Within days, they're working around the clock.

Buck hangs up the phone.

BUCK

It'll be here in three days.

WAYNE

I can't take this! This is too much. Too much!

(Beat)

Maybe you should quit your job...

Buck perks up.

SMASH CUT TO:

43 INT. - BUCK'S OFFICE - DAY 43

ANGLE ON Buck's desk. All of his work gear is piled high. He tosses his ZIPPO on top of everything.

WHOOSH!

Everything goes up in flames. He smiles and begins heading out of the office. People begin screaming. The supervisor grabs a fire extinguisher and begins to put the fire out. He shouts after Buck.

SUPERVISOR

You're fired you son of a bitch! You're fired!

Buck gives him the finger on the way out the door.

44 EXT. - BUCK'S OFFICE - DAY 44

Wayne is behind the wheel of a brand new Porsche, Buck jumps in. They're pulling off of the lot.

45 INT. - PORSCHE - CONTINUOUS 45

Buck turns to Wayne as they pull on to the street.

BUCK

Let's go to Vegas, brother!

46 EXT. - 15 HIGHWAY - DAY 46

An AERIAL shot that follows the Porsche as the music takes full control. We lose them on the highway...as we drift over the desert and head towards a cherry red setting sun. It doesn't get much better than this.

FADE OUT.

IMPOSE LEGEND: TWO MONTHS LATER

47 EXT. - LA SKYLINE - NIGHT 47

We fly over Downtown LA and reveal...

48 EXT. - CASABLANCA - NIGHT 48

A completely black clientele moves in and out of this happening night club.

JACK (V.O.)

Two weeks had turned into two months, and it didn't show any signs of letting up, but the money was good.

49 INT. - CASABLANCA - NIGHT 49

We move through pulsating lights, pounding music and couples dancing, up to the only white guy in the club.

He's at the bar, sipping a drink. As he turns, we see that it's Jack. He looks much better here, well dressed, a guy on top of his game. He surveys his domain, much like Humphrey Bogart might. JAMES, a large black bouncer and good friend of Jack's, sits next to him. James looks around the club.

JAMES

Boy Jack, the ladies are out tonight.

Jack nods and smiles. He sips his drink.

JAMES (CONT'D)

All this fine ass and you don't fool around, huh Jack?

JACK

You know me, James. I'm one of those married guys who's actually "happily married".

JAMES

You're sick man. Mentally ill.

A beautiful black woman named CYNTHIA suddenly steps into view. She talks to Jack above the music.

CYNTHIA

Jack, Jerry Haggerty just called.

Jack winces.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

He says he's got another business deal for you.

JACK

Sure he does. What kind of business?

CYNTHIA

He didn't say. He just wanted to know if you could meet him in Vegas.

Jack mulls it over in his head.

JACK (V.O.)

Haggerty was the lawyer who did all the business for the nightclub. In almost no time I had turned the place around. I'd fired everyone who'd been robbing the club. I suspected he was the biggest crook of all, but couldn't really prove it.

50 EXT. - MCCARRAN AIRPORT - DAY 50

A limousine driver holds up a sign "JACK HARRIS". Jack nods hello and heads into his limo.

51 INT. - LIMOUSINE - DAY 51

Jack sits in back, on the phone.

52 INT. - JACK'S MODEST HOUSTON HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 52

Diana is on the other end. She's with her housekeeper, LAURA, her sons MICHAEL, about ten, and Adam, about three, and Laura's son, ALEJANDRO, also about three.

DIANA  
(into phone)  
When are you coming home, baby? Its been  
a few weeks, again.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

JACK  
(into phone)  
I'm not sure yet. Believe me I want to be  
there, I just can't right now.

Diana looks at Michael.

DIANA  
I know you're working hard, I just think  
you're missing so much...

JACK  
I know. Believe me, I know.

DIANA  
Maybe I could sneak away for the weekend.  
I'll fly out to LA.

JACK  
No, don't. Right now I'm in Vegas.

DIANA  
Vegas? What for?

JACK  
Jerry Haggerty invited me here.



DIANA

Oh Jack, that creepy lawyer from the club? He's nothing but trouble.

JACK

He says he's got some business venture. And if it wasn't for him, I wouldn't have the night club. And that's turning out more than okay. It saved our ass baby.

DIANA

He's slimey. Be careful.

JACK

Alright, I know, you're right...but at least I might get some laughs out of it.

DIANA

What starts with laughter ends in tears.

Jack laughs.

JACK

I love you, baby.

DIANA

Love you too.

CUT TO:

53

EXT. - DESERT INN GOLF COURSE - DAY

53

JERRY HAGGERTY is driving a golf cart with Jack at his side. Jack just sits there listening to Haggerty and his bullshit.

HAGGERTY

I keep snap hooking everything. This fucking golf pro told me that all great players fight a fucking hook. Now he's got me hitting everything into the fucking woods, and my handicap's gone up five fucking points.

JACK

Aside from your golf game, you must be doing pretty well, Jerry. Its not like you to pay for a plane ticket.

HAGGERTY

Oh, I'm doing great, Jack. I've got all kinds of deals going on.

JACK

So what "deal" do you have for me?

HAGGERTY

I'll tell you a story you won't believe.

JACK

Of course you will.

HAGGERTY

Really. I'm not kidding. It's like "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" meets the "Twilight Zone".

FLASH CUT:

54 INT. - HARD ROCK HOTEL, SUITE - NIGHT 54

Buck and Wayne look frightened and bloodied up from some kind of beating. They also look as if they've been up for days partying. Buck is on the phone yelling, while Wayne paces in the background, chain smoking.

HAGGERTY (V.O)

Okay. I get a call from a friend that there's these two guys are holed up in a suite at the Hard Rock and need some of legal advice. They started this business, but have no idea what they're doing.

55 INT. - HARD ROCK HOTEL, SUITE - A DIFFERENT NIGHT 55

Buck and Wayne are partying with a bunch of GORGEOUS HOOKERS. They appear to be having the time of their lives.

HAGGERTY (V.O.)

A couple of months ago they make a whole bunch of money, like a million bucks, and they come out to Vegas. Start partying for weeks. From what I understand, they go through a pound of blow, hit every hooker in town, and now, they can't pay their partners.

56 RESUME GOLF COURSE: 56

Haggerty hooks a shot with Jack watching.

HAGGERTY

See, what did I tell ya'? Everything's left and in the fucking weeds.

JACK

Who are their partners?

HAGGERTY

A bunch of Russians in LA. Nikita something.

JACK

Sokoloff?

HAGGERTY

Yeah, that's him. You know him?

JACK

Yeah, he shakes down a lot of night club's, along with everything else in LA. I've been lucky enough to avoid him. He's a raving lunatic.

HAGGERTY

No argument there, Jack.

FLASH CUT:

57

INT. - HARD ROCK HOTEL, SUITE - NIGHT

57

Nikita is in the hotel suite, with several of his RUSSIAN MOB SOLDIERS. One of them is his nephew, IVAN, a particularly large, evil brow, son of a bitch. He is beating the crap out of Buck with a belt wrapped around his fist.

HAGGERTY (V.O.)

They were kicking the shit out of these guys because they couldn't pay up like they were supposed to.

WAYNE

Stop it! You're gonna kill him!

Ivan takes out a gun and puts it in Wayne's mouth. Wayne's eyes WIDEN.

HAGGERTY

These morons blew through all their money. So they went to my friend for help who came to me. And now I come to you.

JACK

Come to me for what?

HAGGERTY

To fix the problem, what else? Look, from what I understand, this business they've started is a real cash cow, Jack.

JACK

If it's such a cash cow, what do you need me for?

HAGGERTY

Because Jack, it could be a herd.

JACK

What is the business?

HAGGERTY

This is the best part. All they do is put a bunch of dirty pictures on the Internet. I'm telling you, inside a couple of months, they made over a million bucks.

JACK

I got a wife and kids. I'm not getting involved with porn, Jerry.

Haggerty points to several surrounding hotels on the strip.

HAGGERTY

Hey, let me ask you a question. You think Steve Wynn or Baron Hilton are pornographers?

JACK

No...of course not.

HAGGERTY

Well they got all that shit playing on their TV's, in all their hotel rooms. You name a hotel chain, they're making money off of porn. Are they all pornographers?

(MORE)

HAGGERTY (CONT'D)

I'm not asking you to make porn movies, Jack. I'm asking you to straighten out a business situation.

Jack stares at Haggerty.

JACK

Hey Haggerty, these guys are animals. I'm not getting into the middle of this. No way.

HAGGERTY

Just go meet with the guys. What's the harm in that? You can fix anything, this needs fixing, and maybe you could make a couple of bucks.

Off Jack's face...

59

INT. - HARD ROCK HOTEL, CASINO - DAY

59

Jack is greeted by RICHARD WILK a casino executive at the door, Jack and Richard move across the crowded floor.

RICHARD

Welcome to the Hard Rock Mr. Harris, I'm Richard Wilk, anything you need. (handing Jack his card). I arranged what you asked. (Richard reaches in his coat pocket and hands Jack and ENVELOPE)

JACK

Thanks Richard. What suite number?

RICHARD

The Bowling Alley.

Jack nods, walk away.

JACK (V.O.)

Haggerty. I was sure his big plan was to have me fix the Russian problem, get the business up and running and then figure out a way to rip it off. Knowing Haggerty, he already had that part figured out. He was already being investigated by the feds, and stunk of desperation. If this was real, and I was going to get involved, he could not be a part of this, no matter what.

FLASH CUT:

60 INT. - HARD ROCK HOTEL, SUITE - DAY 60

We're back in the hotel suite. Buck and Wayne are partying, having a great time with the out call hookers. Haggerty is off to the side, supplying the coke.

61 INT. - HARD ROCK HOTEL, HALLWAY - DAY 61

JACK (V.O.)

From what Haggerty told me I knew there was a lot of money in this deal. And that was good. The money was in porn. And that was bad. Why I even knocked on that door is beyond me.

Jack knocks on the door to the suite. He hears rustling on the other side.

BUCK (O.S.)

Who is it?

JACK

Jack Harris.

The door opens. Buck checks him out and pulls him inside.

62 INT. - HARD ROCK HOTEL, SUITE - DAY 62

The place is enormous. It looks like a bomb hit it, filled with room service carts, and piles of cigarette butts that spill out everywhere and onto the floor. It's real "Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas" type stuff. Wayne comes up behind Jack and tosses him into the wall, putting a gun to his head. He pulls back the hammer. Buck jumps in the way.

BUCK

He's okay! He's okay!

Wayne's eyes are nearly bugging out of his head.

WAYNE

How do you know?!? How do you know?!? You don't know what the guy looks like!

Wayne starts patting Jack down. He takes Jack's wallet and checks his ID. He looks at it, then tosses it back to Jack.

BUCK

Don't mind him, he's been up for eleven straight days.

Jack turns and gets his first good look at Wayne. He is dressed only in a robe, which periodically opens up, his dick hanging out. This makes Jack visibly uncomfortable.

WAYNE

It doesn't mean I don't see things with clarity, man. I'm a sharp motherfucker! I'm sharp as a tack. These little fuckers are all over the hotel.

BUCK

There aren't any little fuckers.

WAYNE

Oh, bullshit!

JACK

Little fuckers? What's he talking about?

BUCK

He's nuts. He thinks there's leprechauns in the hotel.

Wayne rushes over, waving the gun around.

WAYNE

Little fuckers! Little fuckers with tiny, little assholes, that shit these little fucking hearts and clovers! I see them all over the place! Behind the cabinets! Under the fucking bed! And they're listening devices man!

BUCK

That's Lucky Charms dumbass. Now shut the fuck up.

JACK

Guys, this room stinks.

Jack looks at Buck.

JACK (CONT'D)

You seem to be the brains of this outfit. You both need something to eat.

BUCK

I know, he won't let anybody else up to the room.

WAYNE

Damn straight. We've got Russians after us. You don't think they've got Russians working in the kitchen? They'll poison the food, Right?...Right?...Am I Right?

JACK

I'll eat the food first. If it's good, I'll hand it over to you.

WAYNE

Bullshit. What if I get a bad bite?

BUCK

He's afraid we're gonna get cracked. We owe these Russians money.

JACK

Whacked. Not "cracked", whacked. Jesus. And you owe Nikita Sokoloff money, probably the last guy on Earth you'd ever want to fuck around with. What were you guys thinking?

BUCK

I dunno. We weren't. We just had all this money coming in. I mean, more money than we'd ever seen.

JACK

Why didn't you just pay them?

Wayne starts waving his hands around.

WAYNE

Bees! Bees man! Bees! You hear them swarming?!? They sound like they're swarming!...Right?

BUCK

(re: Wayne)

Shut the fuck up! And put your damn dick away!

(To Jack)

We were high. We figured, what's the rush? I mean, everybody's friends, right?

JACK

No, not with these guys.

WAYNE

Fucking bees, man!



BUCK

Wayne, I am telling you for the last time. Shut the fuck up! I can't hear myself think!

WAYNE

Fuck you, man --

Buck grabs a remote control, FIRES IT off Wayne's head. He charges him and TACKLES him to the floor. A gruesome sight as Wayne's robe is entirely open as they roll around.

Jack's eyes BULGE.

He then calmly gets out of his chair and grabs a champagne bucket, filled with melting ice water. He throws it on the two men, dousing them.

The guys SHRIEK, roll off each other, out of breath.

JACK

Guys! Let's focus on why we're here.

Jack sits in a CHAIR across from them, still on the floor. A beat.

BUCK

We're so fucking dead, aren't we?

JACK

No. But you've got to clean up. And tell me everything.

CUT TO:

63

INT. - HARD ROCK HOTEL, SUITE - DAY

63

It's an hour later. There is a brand new room service cart there. Buck has clearly convinced Wayne to eat. The situation appears to be calming down, as Buck and Wayne do their best to explain everything to Jack.

JACK (V.O.)

The amazing thing to me was that they had started a business that already could have made more millions than I could imagine in such a short time. Instead of paying, they hid out in a hotel suite, and spilled more coke than most people were capable of doing in a lifetime.

(MORE)

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

I figured that had they kept their shit together, for just the last two months, they might be worth millions. So maybe this wouldn't be so tough to fix after all.

WAYNE

Look, you've got to take care of this Russian problem.

JACK

First of all, I don't have to do a God damn thing. Got it?

Buck and Wayne nod, like children.

Alright. I need to figure out what you did right. Obviously something because you made a million bucks in two months. I know what you did wrong, you didn't pay your partners. And based upon what I see here today, I can safely assume that you don't have the common sense that Christ gave a cockroach, on how to run a business.

WAYNE

But you do, right?

JACK

Right.

BUCK

So, will you do that for us?

JACK

Not so fast. I won't make money by creating porn. I've got a family. I don't have any interest in being a pornographer. If I'm going to come on, we will never provide porn again.

(Thinking out loud)

You guys figured out how to take a credit card from a person anywhere in the world and then deliver a product anywhere in the world, and neither side sees each other. Its genius, for sure. This is where the money is, long term. We just need to deliver the porn into homes all over the world, process the payment and take a cut.

BUCK

What do you mean?

WAYNE

I'm not sure I understand.

JACK

Imagine there's a basement, and in this basement there's a Chinese orgy...

FLASH CUT TO

64 INT. - CHINESE ORGY - BASEMENT - TIMELESS 64

A room filled with ASIAN MEN and WOMEN, naked, getting it on. We see TWO ASIAN, yet Americanized MEN with spiky bleached hair filming...

JACK (V.O.)

And imagine you're guys who like to watch Chinese orgies...But how are you going to pay to see it? Are you going to give your credit card numbers to a group of Chinese pornographers overseas? And what would it show up on your credit card bill as...

FLASH CUT TO:

65 INT. - THE ALL AMERICAN FARM HOME - DAY 65

The FARMER'S WIFE from the beginning montage opens the household credit card bill...

C.U BILL....FILTHYASIANWHORES.COM -- \$29.99

The Farmer's wife's face boils with rage. She turns and sees her HUSBAND in his overalls. She walks up behind him and smashes him across the head with a frying pan.

JACK (V.O.)

The divorce rate is high enough in this country without wives having proof that their husbands are spending money on filthyasianwhores.com.

BACK TO:

66 INT. - HARD ROCK HOTEL SUITE - SAME 66

Buck and Wayne are like two mesmerized children, staring at Jack like he's a genius.

BUCK

We could have hundreds of sites...maybe even thousands, all under some nondescript name?

JACK

Exactly, if I get a credit card bill and it says big tits dot com I may have some buyers remorse, but if it says software billing company, then who knows what that means. It's safer for everyone concerned. Win / Win. Consumers get what they want, content providers get what they want and we make ten percent for handling the transaction.

WAYNE

Yeah, then we could take a cut from all of those people out there that are already making it. Be in the middle. Fucking middle men!

BUCK

It's limitless man, God damn limitless!

JACK

Potentially. We have no downside, other than your Russian partners.

BUCK

Where does Haggerty fit in?

JACK

I'm not so sure about Haggerty.

BUCK

Why? He put us together. That would be kind of shitty to cut him out.

JACK

Look, he's probably going to be indicted any time now. He's got federal agents all over him.

BUCK

He told us he was never even going to be charged.

JACK

This is already a questionable business. I don't think it's wise to team up with someone who is under investigation. We'll have federal agents all over us too.

BUCK

Look, what you're saying makes sense. But I just don't feel right about it. This guy's saving our life.

JACK

Get something straight. I'm saving your life. I'm the one that's gonna have to deal with these Russians, not Jerry Haggerty.

BUCK

Yeah but...

Wayne looks at Buck, cuts him off.

WAYNE

Yeah, ok, fine. We're on board with you a hundred percent. Partners, right? As soon as you take care of this Russian problem.

67

EXT. - HAGGERTY'S HOUSE - DAY

67

The house is nice, far from palatial, but well kept. Jack rings the doorbell. Haggerty appears in the doorway. Jack slaps an envelope in Haggerty's hand.

HAGGERTY

What's this?

JACK

Two hundred thousand dollars. Now you're out.

HAGGERTY

Hey, wait a minute...

JACK

Then I'm out. Give me back the money.

HAGGERTY

No, no. Wait.

JACK

What's it gonna be?

HAGGERTY

Alright, alright, I'll take the money.

Jack nods and heads back to his car. Haggerty quickly takes half the money and shoves it in his pocket as he closes the door.

68 INT. - HAGGERTY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM 68

Haggerty crosses the living room and heads for the kitchen.

69 INT. - HAGGERTY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 69

Ivan, the Russian who put the gun in Wayne's mouth, sits at the kitchen table. He sips a vodka.

IVAN

So?

HAGGERTY

He cut me out. Can you believe that shit? What a prick...how could he do that shit to a person? I mean, I knew he would, but it's just so shocking when people are greedy like that.

IVAN

What did he give you?

HAGGERTY

A hundred thousand.

70 EXT. - CASABLANCA - DAY 70

Jack pulls up outside the club in his car.

JACK (V.O.)

The next morning I flew back with Buck and Wayne agreeing that I was on board.

Jack parks the car. He gets out heading for the club.

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

The deal was that we wouldn't provide a frame of content ourselves. We were just going to be middle men.

71 INT. - CASABLANCA - DAY 71

Jack disables the alarm. He makes his way through the empty club over to his office.

JACK (V.O.)

I told them to have Sokoloff contact me. These idiots didn't even know how much they owed. Sokoloff's guy called me and said it was a million bucks.

72 INT. - CASABLANCA, JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

72

Jack enters. There is a wall safe. He goes to it and opens it.

JACK (V.O.)

And they wanted it paid in three installments of four hundred thousand dollars.

Inside is cash, lots of cash. At least a million dollars. He empties about half of it into a bag.

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

That's more than a million bucks where I come from, but who was I to argue?

Jack closes the safe and walks out.

73 EXT. - CASABLANCA - DAY

73

Jack walks out of the club, the money bag under his arm.

JACK (V.O.)

I remember feeling pretty good that morning. Maybe this was going to be the answer to my dreams. Diana and the kids would never have to worry about money again. And I would absolutely be out of this business in one year. It would be a tough year I thought, but the result would be worth it.

Jack gets into his car and takes off.

74 EXT. - SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA - DAY

74

Various shots of the coast of San Pedro.

75 EXT. - JACK'S SAN PEDRO HOUSE - DAY 75

It's a beautiful place that overlooks the ocean. Ivan pulls up to the house in his black Mercedes. He gets out of his car and heads for the door.

JACK (V.O.)  
Within an hour, some big Russian named Ivan was at my front door.

Jack lets Ivan into the house.

76 INT. - JACK'S SAN PEDRO HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 76

The interior of the living room has an upscale beach house feel. Wayne and Buck sit on the sofa looking very nervous. Ivan instantly locks eyes with them.

JACK  
Would you like a drink?

IVAN  
I'm not here to socialize.

JACK  
I'm just trying to be friendly.

IVAN  
We are no fucking friends. Where is my money?

JACK  
Your money? You mean Nikita's money, don't you?

IVAN  
He's my Uncle. Our money. Family money that these two shit heads owe us. You pay this to me.

Ivan glances at a framed photo of Jack and his son Michael.

IVAN (CONT'D)  
Or maybe I take this little boy for boat trip, no?

Ivan picks up the picture frame. Jack clenches his jaw with contempt.



Jack opens the blinds to the deck revealing James, REGGIE and PEANUT with his very large, African American "wrecking crew". They stroll into the living room and quickly have Ivan surrounded.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Maybe I speak out of turn.

JACK

Let's focus on why we're here.

Jack drops a duffel on the coffee table. Ivan picks it up. It's stuffed with many packets of hundreds. Ivan does a quick count of a single packet.

He scans the packets, counting, his lips moving as he WHISPERS NUMBERS IN RUSSIAN.

Ivan nods, and then smiles.

IVAN

Okay. This is good. Deal.

Ivan reaches out his hand. They shake.

As they shake hands, from out of nowhere, James punches Ivan square in the nose. We hear a crunch, blood flies everywhere. Ivan barely blinks as blood runs down his face.

JACK

James...what the fuck?

JAMES

He threatened Michael.

Peanut hands Ivan a bar towel.

IVAN

Good punch. Now everybody is friends. Let us have that drink.

Everyone starts LAUGHING and they head over to the bar. Buck and Wayne end up laughing along with Ivan...Ivan puts his arm around Wayne's shoulder.

Jack grabs his cordless phone, hands it out to Ivan.

JACK

Maybe you should call your boss. Tell him that everything has been settled.

Ivan looks reluctant.

IVAN

This is okay. If I am happy. He is happy.

JACK

It's a lot of money. I'm sure he'd like to know it's been collected. And I think it would make my partners sleep better.

Ivan takes the phone. He swallows hard, nervously. Jack stares at him skeptically for a moment.

Ivan dials...puts the phone to his ear. After a moment Ivan suddenly relaxes.

IVAN

It is machine.

Ivan clicks off the phone and extends it back to Jack.

JACK

Oh. I guess we'll try again later.

As Jack grabs the phone he feels it is wet. Jack looks down and sees his fingers are stained with blood. So is the phone. Jack looks up at Ivan. Blood is trickling down from Ivan's ear. Jack is suddenly terrified, even though Ivan seems to be doing very well with his arm around Wayne.

IVAN

I like you! You always make me laugh!  
We're friends now.

WAYNE

Yeah, we're friends, right! Right?

Jack nudges James and motions with his chin towards Ivan's ear. James's face changes instantly.

As Ivan is talking to Wayne, his eyes roll up in his head. He begins to slur his words as blood and puss pour from his ear. He collapses to the floor, foaming from the mouth. His right leg kicks violently, smashing the coffee table to bits. Wayne stares in shock.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Oh, Jesus Christ!

BUCK

What the fuck did you do, Wayne?!?

Jack and James rush over and check his pulse.

JACK

Is he dead?

James nods "yes".

JACK (CONT'D)

How hard did you punch him?!?

JAMES

I don't know, Jack. I just punched 'em like I always punch 'em!

JACK

You ever hear of a jab?!?

WAYNE

Oh shit. We are so dead... We're dead, right? I mean, am I right?

JAMES

Shit, I'm sorry Jack.

Jack says nothing.

BUCK

What are we gonna do?

77 EXT. - RENTAL CABIN CRUISER - DUSK

77

Jack, James, and Peanut are tossing Ivan's body, wrapped in a large tarp and chains, off the port bow. Jack is clearly white as a ghost. Buck and Wayne peer on from across the deck, like two petrified children.

DISSOLVE TO:

James is driving the boat back towards the lights of San Pedro. He and Peanut take pulls on a bottle of Hennessey.

78 INT. - RENTAL CABIN CRUISER, CABIN - NIGHT

78

Down below, Jack is drinking too, staring off into space, listening to the sounds of the engines. Buck sits across from him at the table, while Wayne paces in the background.

WAYNE

What do we do?

JACK

We don't do anything. We don't mention this to anyone. Ever.

BUCK

What about the money?

JACK

We gave it to him.

WAYNE

Yeah, but he's dead.

JACK

But they don't know that. And that's the way we need to keep it.

WAYNE

Dude, you're not getting it. You're just not getting it. They didn't get their money.

JACK

As far as we're concerned, they did.

WAYNE

What are you talking about?!?

JACK

We gave them the money. He disappeared with it. End of story.

BUCK

But what if they still want it?

JACK

We do what we would do in that circumstance. We tell them to fuck off.

WAYNE

Oh, no, no, no. These Russians are nuts, man. They've kicked our asses twice already.

BUCK

I say we just pay them.

JACK

No! We're not going to pay them twice!

WAYNE

But we didn't even pay them once!

Jack erupts.

JACK

They don't know that! If we're too eager  
to pay again, they'll smell a rat!  
They'll know we did something to him!

BUCK

How do you figure that? Just pay them and  
they'll go away!

WAYNE

Yeah, it's not like you can't afford it.  
You still have the money...Right?

Jack gets up.

JACK

Look, I've made it as clear as I know  
how. We're done talking about this.

CUT TO:

79 EXT. - GEORGE BUSH INTERCONTINENTAL AIRPORT - DAY 79

The plane touches down on the runway.

80 EXT. - JACK'S MODEST HOUSTON HOUSE - DAY 80

A town car pulls into the driveway. It stops and Jack  
gets out of the back, carrying his bag. The car pulls  
away. He stares at the place like it's a sight for sore  
eyes.

81 INT. - JACK'S MODEST HOUSTON HOUSE - DAY 81

Jack enters. The house looks much as we last saw it.  
Diana appears with open arms.

DIANA

Hey honey.

Jack hugs her, a little longer than usual. She picks up  
on it. She pulls back and stares him in the eyes.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

He breaks the hug.

JACK  
Yeah. I missed you so much.

DIANA  
So what's this new business in  
California?

JACK  
Never mind that right now.

Jack's children, Adam and Michael, run into the room.

MICHAEL  
Daddy!

The kids run and attach themselves to Jack.

JACK  
Hey gang.

Jack looks to Diana.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Let's go out to dinner tonight.

DIANA  
Where to?

JACK  
Anywhere you want.

82 EXT. - SEAFOOD RESTAURANT - DUSK 82

This fancy restaurant sits on the banks of the Gulf of  
Mexico.

83 EXT. - SEAFOOD RESTAURANT, TERRACE - NIGHT 83

We follow a WAITER who carries a tray of seafood and fish  
to Jack's table. At the table is Jack, Diana, Adam and  
Michael. The waiter sets the food down before them. Jack  
stares blankly at his broiled fish, the head still  
attached. He turns away, clearly having a bad thought.  
Looking out at the Gulf doesn't help. He's suddenly a  
million miles away.

DIANA  
You sure you're okay?

JACK  
I'm fine.

Jack glances over to Michael, who is dumping ketchup on his french fries. It looks like blood. Jack takes a breath.

ADAM

Daddy, what do fish eat?

MICHAEL

Some eat plankton, some eat other fish.

DIANA

They eat whatever's around.

ANGLE ON JACK, his mind is racing.

JUMPCUT TO:

A SCHOOL OF RAVENOUS FISH ARE HAVING A BUFFET ON IVAN'S FACE. THEIR FISH TAILS WAGGLE AS THEY DINE ON HIS EYEBALLS.

84 RESUME JACK: DIANA SNAPS HIM OUT OF IT.

84

DIANA

Jack! Are you sure you're okay?

JACK

Yeah, I'm just not that hungry.

85 INT. - JACK'S MODEST HOUSTON HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

85

Jack and Diana lie in bed. It's late. Diana stirs, coming out of a troubled sleep. She doesn't even have to look at Jack to know...

DIANA

You're awake aren't you.

JACK

Yeah...

DIANA

I know you better than you know yourself. What is up with you?

JACK

Just business.

DIANA

Are you sure?

There is a pause.

JACK

Look, I'm gonna have to go back in a few days. It's a very new business. Once I get it up and running, I promise you, I'll be spending most of my time at home.

DIANA

I hope so. I'd hate to lose you to California.

JACK

It's one of these new Internet businesses...you know how it is.

DIANA

Not really. I don't know anything about Internet businesses.

JACK

They just take a lot of commitment.

DIANA

So do marriages.

He nods, takes her hand. They kiss. Then passionately.

86

INT. - JACK'S CAR - DAY

86

Diana is driving Jack to the airport.

DIANA

So what kind of business is it?

JACK

I told you. It's an Internet business.

DIANA

Yeah, I know. What kind?

JACK

It's a billing service.

DIANA

Oh. For what?

JACK

What do you mean?

DIANA

What do you bill people for?



JACK  
Entertainment...

DIANA  
Oh? What kind of entertainment?

JACK  
Movies, pictures and stuff...

Diana looks at him skeptically.

DIANA  
You're not telling me something.

JACK  
Fine. Adult movies.

She laughs.

DIANA  
Yeah, right.

JACK  
I'm not joking.

She stares at him.

DIANA  
C'mon, Jack be serious...

JACK  
I'm serious, Diana.

DIANA  
You're really not joking?

JACK  
Relax, I'm not making porn movies. It's  
an Internet billing service.

DIANA  
Internet billing service? I don't even  
know what that means, Jack. You bill  
people on their computers?

JACK  
Yeah Diana, computers.

DIANA  
This is the stupidest thing I've ever  
heard.

JACK

I think it's the gold rush, Diana. It could set us up for life in less than a year.

DIANA

Well, I think you're crazy and it's completely disgusting. And I don't want you doing it.

JACK

What about Steve Wynn or Baron Hilton? Are they pornographers because they have these films in every one of their hotels?

DIANA

I don't care about them, I care about you, Jack.

JACK

Diana, I'll be out in a year.

DIANA

I don't want you to be a part of this at all. Not even for a day.

JACK

Oh Diana, c'mon. We watch the damn things once in a while.

DIANA

I don't care! This is disgusting, I don't like it, and I don't want you doing it! End of story, Jack.

JACK (V.O.)

Little did she know it was already too late...

87

EXT. - GEORGE BUSH INTERCONTINENTAL AIRPORT - DAY

87

Jack gets out of the car. He kisses Diana, heads for the terminal.

JACK (V.O.)

I couldn't back out now. I mean, I could just imagine the damage that Buck and Wayne would do on their own. They were the kind of guys who would get pulled over for a DUI and start confessing to some motorcycle cop about the murder. I had to keep an eye on them somehow.

(MORE)

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I'd either end up arrested, or worse yet,  
dead by the hands of the Sokoloff's.

88 EXT. - LAX RUNWAY - DAY 88

The plane touches down.

89 EXT. - LAX TERMINAL - DAY 89

Jack walks out of the terminal. James is there, standing  
in front of a town car.

JACK (V.O.)  
So I go back to LA with my wife's words  
rolling around in my head. I'm not in  
town two minutes and the shit hits the  
fan.

Nikita and a few of his goons stand by a waiting car.  
They motion for Jack. Jack eyeballs them and forces his  
best smile.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I knew if I didn't play this perfectly,  
I'd be joining Ivan.

Jack walks over to the Russians. James grabs his arm.

JAMES  
(quietly)  
I don't like this.

JACK  
It's cool.

James bends down to take Jack's luggage, getting in his  
way. Jack puts a calming hand on James's shoulder. James  
straightens up with the bag.

JAMES  
(quietly)  
I'm telling you, I don't like this.

JACK  
It's alright, I'll go with them. I'll  
meet you back at the house.

Jack turns and heads for the Russian's car.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Well, this is nice...thanks.

Jack gets in the back seat with Nikita and the car pulls away.

90 INT. - JAMES' TOWN CAR - DAY 90

REGGIE and PEANUT are in the back seat.

JAMES

Fuck this. We're following him.

James quickly peels away from the curb.

91 INT. - NIKITA'S CAR - DAY 91

JACK

I hope you guys don't take this the wrong way, but my guess is you didn't do this just to be nice.

NIKITA

Tell me about Ivan.

JACK

Ivan...what about him?

NIKITA

What happened exactly?

JACK

I'm sorry. What happened with what?

NIKITA

Was he was at your house?

JACK

Of course he was at my house. Why?

NIKITA

Tell me what happened.

JACK

I'm not following you. We had a bunch of drinks. We laughed a lot. Then he left.

Nikita nods.

JACK (CONT'D)

Are you gonna tell me what's up?

NIKITA

Ivan never got home.

JACK  
Okay. So he's out partying somewhere.

Nikita stares at Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)  
What? Hey, I gave him the four hundred thousand we agreed to, plus fifty for your troubles.

NIKITA  
What?

JACK  
Four fifty. I gave him four fifty.

NIKITA  
The figure was two hundred.

JACK  
That's not what he told me. I paid him exactly what he asked for, plus some.

NIKITA  
So what are you saying?

JACK  
I'm not saying anything. What is he saying by not showing up with your money? Because it looks like he ripped you off.

Nikita backhands Jack across the jaw. The driver begins talking to Nikita in Russian. We don't need a translator to realize this isn't good.

JACK (CONT'D)  
What?

NIKITA  
Next time, leave your dogs at home.

Jack turns, looks out the window to see James following.

JACK  
Shit...

James, Reggie and Peanut follow. As they approach a light, the Russian's suddenly gun the car. It takes off through the intersection as the light turns to yellow.

JAMES

Shit...

James slams his foot down on the gas as the light turns red. People begin crossing the street. They scream as James swerves to his left, narrowly missing them. Now they're in the intersection. Cars slam their brakes from every direction, horns blaring. They're boxed in.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Motherfucker!

93

EXT. - FIELD - DAY

93

Jack is led out of the car by Nikita and the goons somewhere on the outskirts of LAX. Jets scream overhead as they come in for landings just a few hundred feet above. Everyone has to shout over the noise. The goons have their guns drawn.

NIKITA

Tell me one more time. What happened between you and Ivan?

JACK

I can go over this a million times. My story's not gonna change. He came to the house, I paid him, he ripped us off.

The Russian's begin shouting. They clearly want to kill Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)

(re: guns)

This is a bad play, Nikita. I'm supposed to be your partner. You're gonna whack me over some shit I didn't even do? What are you gonna do when Ivan turns up and you realize you've pissed away a whole bunch of money we could have made together?

NIKITA

Fuck you!

He whistles to his partners to pull the trigger. Instantly, everything shifts. James, Reggie and Peanut have them surrounded, guns drawn. Everyone begins screaming at once, jets thundering overhead. It's a nightmare.

JACK

Put the fucking guns down!

JAMES

Fuck these Russian motherfuckers!

It's mass confusion.

JACK

Hey! Hey! Hey!

A moment of silence.

JACK (CONT'D)

Let's focus on why we're here...this is about money, right? Come up with a number. What's the number that squares this thing?

Nikita thinks.

NIKITA

Double my end, pay every month. No matter what. No excuses.

Everyone slowly begins to lower their guns. Nikita walks over to Jack. He cups his face with his hands.

NIKITA (CONT'D)

But if I find out you lied to me...I'll kill you, your family, your friends, people you haven't even met yet. We understand each other?

Jack nods. Off his face, the screen burns to a HOT WHITE.

94

INT. - SOFTWARE BILLING OFFICES - DAY

94

A small warehouse has been converted into an office. A dozen computers and A DOZEN WORKERS...

JACK (V.O.)

Once Nikita was handled, it was back to business. We started with just a small warehouse and a couple of small servers...We had about 20 different sites after the first couple of months...

PAN ACROSS the COMPUTER MONITORS as WE SEE THE PAGES OF VARIOUS DIFFERENT SITES...

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

However, we were so quick in paying out our content providers that we started to get new inquiries from potential clients every day...

95 INT. - SOFTWARE BILLING OFFICES - BOARD ROOM - DAY 95

ROBIN SWALLOW, 37, the hottest MILF in the business and her exclusive partner ALEXANDRA RAYNES, 27 enter the board room scantily clad to say the least.

JACK (V.O.)

This is what an inquiry looked like. After a few months it looked more like this...

96 INT. - SOFTWARE BILLING OFFICES, LOBBY - DAY 96

TWO DOZEN DIFFERENT PORN-STAR CHICKS AND THEIR STUDS are seated in a waiting area, all various types. MILF'S, BONDAGE COUPLES and ALL NATIONALITIES are equally represented.

WE HEAR AT LEAST FIVE DIFFERENT LANGUAGES BEING SPOKEN...

JACK (V.O.)

The money began to pour in. And I tried to teach Buck and Wayne how to be smart with it, to always re-invest in the company first. But they never seemed to get it.

97 INT. - SOFTWARE BILLING OFFICES, BUCK'S OFFICE - DAY 97

Jack opens up a drawer. There's a check for two million dollars stashed under a stack of candy bars. Jack turns to Buck and Wayne.

JACK

Are you guys retarded? This is two million dollars! And you've got it stashed under some fucking candy bars!

BUCK

Sorry dude.

WAYNE

Just relax, right?



98 INT. - SOFTWARE BILLING OFFICES, WAYNE'S OFFICE - DAY 98

Jack is sifting through mail, magazines. There is a stack of old mail on Wayne's desk. He picks it up and opens the envelopes. His eyes bulge. Wayne stands in the doorway bullshitting with some employees.

JACK

Hey Wayne, you've got a bunch of checks here. This is like seven million dollars!

WAYNE

Dude relax. You're complaining about money coming in?

JACK

These checks have been on your desk for weeks!

WAYNE

Dude, take a pill, right?

99 INT. - SOFTWARE BILLING OFFICES - DAY 99

It's a bigger operation now. WORKERS moving to and from offices and cubicles...NEW SERVERS are being brought in. Jack sits in his office. Across from him sit Robin Swallow, Alexandra Raynes and their business manager, a normal looking guy in a suit.

JACK (V.O.)

Of course we also invested in our relationships. Relationships in this world meant everything.

He and Robin shake hands.

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

And at home too...

100 EXT. - JACK'S HOUSTON HOUSE - DAY 100

This is Jack's palace from the beginning of the movie. Moving trucks sit outside it, parked next to two Mercedes and a Bentley.

DIANA AND THE KIDS rush to Jack as he arrives in his limo. He brings presents for the kids. Hugs all around.

JACK (V.O.)  
 Every trip home was like this wonderful  
 homecoming...And I always made sure to  
 bring presents... Sometimes for the  
 kids...

Jack holds his hands over Diana's eyes...

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 And sometimes for Diana.

Jack removes his hands, revealing a GIANT DIAMOND TENNIS  
 BRACELET. Diana can't believe her eyes. She smiles and  
 kisses him.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Now and then she'd complain about the  
 business I was in or that the new house  
 felt so cold and empty without me.  
 Everybody thought our relationship was  
 strange but it was just fine. Absence did  
 indeed make the heart grow fonder. And  
 over time she seemed to adjust to me  
 being gone so much...

The screen once again burns to a HOT WHITE.

TITLE: FIVE YEARS LATER

101

EXT. TARMAC - LAS VEGAS - DAY

101

TWO DOZEN BEAUTIFUL WOMEN now walk with the guys across  
 the tarmac. James and his SECURITY TEAM are surrounding  
 them with suits on, earpieces in and walkie-talkies...

JACK (V.O.)  
 As we became more successful, everything  
 became a bigger look for us, our parties,  
 our lifestyle...

PULL OUT TO REVEAL TWO GULF STREAM JETS WAITING FOR THEM.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 It wasn't even about being smart...You  
 just had to be fun and you'd draw more  
 and more sites which meant more and more  
 money which meant bigger planes, bigger  
 buildings...

102 EXT. - SOFTWARE BILLING BUILDING - DAY 102

Jack, Wayne and Buck cut the yellow ribbon surrounding their new giant software billing facility.

JACK (V.O.)  
Bigger cars...

Jack leaves the lot in a limo. Wayne gets in a Bentley. Buck hops in a giant custom TRUCK.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Bigger houses...

103 EXT. - BUCK AND WAYNE'S PALATIAL ESTATES - DAY 103

Establishing shot of Buck and Wayne's enormous houses.

JACK (V.O.)  
...And of course bigger egos.

104 INT. - CASABLANCA NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 104

Wayne and Buck are standing on top of a table throwing HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS "making it rain" out to all the GUYS AND GIRLS dancing around them. Jack nods in disbelief.

105 EXT. - VEGAS HOTEL - NIGHT 105

We are at the AVN awards. It's the equivalent to the Academy Awards for porn. It's a real red carpet event with a parade of producers, directors and porn stars.

Jack looks into CAMERA. He is being interviewed. In some ways he's a different person. Impeccably dressed, oozing money and power. He's clearly become a rock star.

JACK  
What I think we've done better than anyone is match the product, which is on one side and make it more accessible to the consumer who is on the other side. We keep the entire interaction discreet and professional. We never forget for one moment that this is a business. And like all businesses we exist by satisfying both our content providers and our content subscribers.

OVER A PARADE OF IMAGES OF PEOPLE ON THE RED CARPET...

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

You know the more time you spend around all this stuff, the more normal it becomes. It's a world without any filters. It may be crass and in your face, but there is something incredibly honest about all of it. The outside world becomes increasingly strange and lame. You know that most of the outside world is looking down their nose at you, but you also know at the same exact time, if they were really honest with themselves, they'd kill to be on the inside with you.

106 INT. - COCKTAIL PARTY - NIGHT

106

Jack talks to Robin and Alexandra. They are both holding hands and are clearly an item.

Robin spots someone.

ROBIN

Hey, did you meet Audrey?

Jack turns. It's like he's been punched in the face. Across the room he locks eyes with AUDREY DAWN. She's a combination of smoldering heat and girlish charm.

JACK (V.O.)

After all these years, everyone knew I was a family man. But the second I saw her, I knew I was in trouble.

CUT TO:

107 INT. - COCKTAIL PARTY, PRIVATE BOOTH - NIGHT

107

Jack and Audrey sit off to the side away the action.

JACK

So, you're the talk of the town...

AUDREY

I am? What are you talking about? You are. You're a rockstar. Everybody knows you.

JACK

Everybody knows you, Audrey Dawn.

AUDREY

Do you like that name? Audrey Dawn?

JACK

I like it.

AUDREY

I made it up. I think it sounds happy. You know, a good time had by all.

JACK

How'd you get into this business?

AUDREY

It's a long story...but I'm having fun. Certain people are just good at certain things. I'm good at all kinds of things, and I'm not ashamed of it.

JACK

Apparently not.

AUDREY

I think there's just too much emphasis on guilt. All this guilt, guilt, guilt. Guilt for what? I'll bet if you ask any old timer in one of those old folks homes, they'd tell you they regret the stuff they didn't do. Not the stuff that they did do.

Jack listens.

JACK

I'd like to be in business with you.

AUDREY

I'm not like your other sites. I only do solo girl, just me, which seems to be enough. On screen anyway...

JACK

That's fine.

AUDREY

I keep getting ripped off.

JACK

That won't happen with me.

AUDREY

Any chance you can get all the money that's been ripped off from me so far?

JACK

No. But whatever you're owed, I'll pay you that figure up front, if you come on board.

She smiles.

AUDREY

Come on board? Good title.

108

EXT. - PATIO - NIGHT

108

Jack steps outside to get a breath of fresh air. The lights of Vegas glisten in the background. A few people mill around.

Suddenly, Jack spots Haggerty, who stands almost in the shadows, talking to a young porn starlet.

Haggerty excuses himself and moves over to Jack.

HAGGERTY

Hey Jack. Things seem to be going well for you, huh?

JACK

Yeah Jerry. What are you doing here?

HAGGERTY

I have clients in all kinds of businesses Jack, you know that.

Haggerty lights up a Cuban cigar and blows a perfect smoke ring.

HAGGERTY (CONT'D)

Why did you cut me out?

JACK

I didn't cut you out. I paid you two hundred grand up front, before I even knew if there was a deal, didn't I?

Haggerty smiles and looks all around.

HAGGERTY

Yeah. But look at all the money you're making. All the money... and no Jerry.

JACK

Come on Jerry, you're under indictment.

HAGGERTY

Oh that'll never stick Jack. You know I'm too smart to end up behind bars.

Jack nods.

HAGGERTY (CONT'D)

I thought you said you'd be out in a year.

JACK

I never said that.

HAGGERTY

Sure you did. To the morons. They like me Jack. I'm like a father confessor to them.

JACK

Well everybody needs a church of some kind.

HAGGERTY

Yeah, but this isn't like you. Why are you still around? It can't be because of the money. You're not greedy Jack. We both know you've already made enough. And it sure isn't the pussy. You're a married guy Jack. I mean I guess that's not saying much by today's standards. But you're like a throwback, an actual faithfully married man. So what is it? What's keeping you around?

JACK

Why don't you just enjoy the party and stop thinking so much.

Haggerty laughs. There's hidden meaning to his laugh.

HAGGERTY

Oh, but I just can't help myself. I love to think. I love hearing my brain go clickity clickity click.

Jack nods and moves past him. Haggerty follows him inside.

Jack moves over to Audrey. They begin to talk business. Porn starlets begin to gather around the conversation. It's obvious, they are the center of attention.

Jack spots Haggerty talking with Buck and Wayne. It clearly bothers him.

JACK (V.O.)

I had a real problem with Haggerty. The only reason he would tell me that he, Buck, and Wayne still talked, is to put some kind of fear into me. But how much did he know? Buck and Wayne couldn't be stupid enough to tell him about the dead Russian? Or could they? I mean could anyone be that stupid?

ANGLE ON Buck and Wayne, who watch from the other side of the room, with little attention being thrown their way from ANYONE at the party.

WAYNE

You ever get the feeling this partnership ain't such a real partnership?

BUCK

He's like Mick Jagger, and we're like a couple of roadies.

WAYNE

Yeah, that's how he treats us. Like we're roadies, right?

BUCK

Oh, relax. We're rich, aren't we?

JACK (V.O.)

Yeah, they were rich, alright. But somehow guys like Wayne always think all their shit is going to be taken away from them.

109

INT. - SOFTWARE BILLING OFFICES - DAY

109

It's colossal now. Workers moving to and fro. Wayne is sneaking around the office, clearly up to something, looking over his shoulder like he is about to commit the crime of the century. He sneaks into the men's room.

JACK (V.O.)

I mean, here's Wayne, worth well over thirty million dollars in no time at all, and this dumb bastard is stealing toilet paper from the office.



110

INT. - SOFTWARE BILLING OFFICES, MEN'S ROOM - DAY

110

Jack is on the toilet reading the Wall Street Journal and taking a crap. He reaches over to the toilet paper dispenser. There's nothing there.

JACK

Jesus...

With his pants around his ankles, he begins checking cabinet after cabinet. There is nothing.

JACK (CONT'D)

Fuck!

RESUME PARTY...

Haggerty steps into frame.

Haggerty walks a few feet away and taps DENNY Z, 30, on the back. Denny Z is thin with greasy black hair. If Ichabod Crane was a pornographer, he'd be Denny....

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

Denny Z was a bottom feeder and a complete scumbag. The kind of person you'd be embarrassed to spend time with. In this business, that's saying a lot.

Haggerty walks Denny over to Buck and Wayne.

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

He was also the kind of guy, that after you shook his hand, you wanted to boil yours.

Denny shakes hands with Buck and then Wayne.

HAGGERTY

Gentlemen, this is the legendary Denny Z...One of the best producers out there. His site is something you should really look into.

DENNY Z

I have some real interesting ideas on the site's future, man. I want to set up a sick-ass portal for my premium members, fucking cutting edge shit man.

BUCK

I like what I'm hearing so far...

WAYNE

Me too...That's brilliant, right?

DENNY Z

I haven't even told you anything.

HAGGERTY

Don't worry about it. Fuck the details,  
let's make a deal!

Denny smiles. That was easy enough. They all shake hands.

JUMP CUT TO:

111 INT. - CASABLANCA - NIGHT

111

Jack's club is packed to the rafters. Music is blasting, people are dancing.

ANGLE ON: a private section. The VIP lounge. Jack sits on a sofa sipping a bourbon. Audrey sits next to him, a dirty martini with three olives in her hand. James stands above the table. James and Jack clasp hands. James sits with them.

JAMES

Good to see you back.

JACK

It's good to be back.

JAMES

Like old times.

(to Audrey)

I remember him before he was such a big shot. He was just a little shot then.

They all laugh.

AUDREY

How'd you get this place?

JACK

Well, I'm living in Houston and I get a call from a friend to take over for a while because he got ill. I came out here and very quickly figured out that everybody was ripping this place off. I fired a whole bunch of people and turned the place around, my friend couldn't work any more, so now its mine..

AUDREY

Not surprising.

JACK

With a club you've got to keep your eye on everything. It's a cash business and everyone's looking to rip you off.

JAMES

That's why he's got me. See if anybody steal's from him, I go and kick their ass. I can't have any crooks or thieves around here, because I'm too busy stealing from Jack myself.

They laugh again. James spots the bartender pocketing a few dollars.

JAMES (CONT'D)

(re: bartender)

Like that motherfucker right there...

James gets up.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

James heads off towards the bar.

AUDREY

So let me guess, you start to spend less and less time at home. Your wife and kids become strangers to you, and now you find yourself lost and confused with a twenty three year old pornstar. Accurate?

JACK

You make it sound so cliché.

AUDREY

Well it is, isn't it? It's the oldest story in the world. It's a carbon copy of my house growing up. Absentee father. Working all the time. A self obsessed mother. Fifty, trying to look twenty five. Cocktails at noon. Eight vicodins a day. Her idea of a well rounded conversation usually consisted of deep questions like, "Do I look puffy?"

Jack laughs.

Suddenly there is a commotion over by the bar.

ANGLE ON: James rouses the bartender, lifting him up by his shirt. The bartender pleads with him.

BARTENDER

It was a tip! I swear, it was a tip!

James looks around at everyone in the bar. All eyes are on them. James slowly puts the bartender back down onto his feet and cleans him up.

We go back to Jack and Audrey.

AUDREY

I keep waiting for that inevitable question.

JACK

What question is that?

AUDREY

Oh, you know. How did I choose this line of work? How did a beautiful girl like me who's obviously smart, jump into the porn business with both pumps?

JACK

Well, since you brought it up...yeah, I'm curious.

AUDREY

I was a tech geek, going to college to be a software engineer. Trying to get as far away from my mother as possible. I could build websites better and faster than anyone. Some of my girlfriends and I stripped on the side to put ourselves through school and then one of them asked me to build her a website. So I did. When I saw the money that she made from it I knew it was the "goldrush"...I had to jump in. I would do almost anything for money to make myself independent. It was a very easy decision.

Jack looks at her, realizing that Audrey has an eerily similar story to his own.

JACK

Wow...a tech geek?

AUDREY

I've got an IQ that tests off the charts. No bullshit. I'm in MENSA.

JACK

Impressive.

Audrey smiles and sips her drink. She looks at Jack. She leans over to kiss him. Jack resists.

AUDREY

Are you crazy?

She leans in again and Jack gives in. They start kissing.

112 EXT. - ROAD NEAR AIRPORT - DAY 112

Diana's car drives along.

113 INT. - DIANA'S CAR - DAY 113

Diana drives Jack home from the airport. Jack looks stiff as a board, GUILT RIDDEN. Both of them have obviously been quiet for a long time, when Diana breaks the silence.

DIANA

You're quiet...

Jack says nothing.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Like I said...

Jack gazes out the window, saying nothing, until...

JACK

You know, when I was a kid, we were broke all the time. I know I've told you this a thousand times, but lately, I've been thinking a lot about my father. He always put food on the table, but I knew, even as a little kid, he was making miracles happen. That everything he was doing, came from this minute by minute kind of thinking. He had no education and no fear.

DIANA

Well, you seem to survive well, in a chaotic universe.

Jack nods.

JACK  
Yeah, well, that's one of my talents.

DIANA  
And the other talent you've got is to  
create a big mess so you feel at home.

JACK  
What are you saying?

DIANA  
You're so much better than this.

JACK  
What am I doing wrong?

DIANA  
You don't know?

JACK  
No. Not really.

DIANA  
It's just so horrible that I can't tell  
people what you do.

JACK  
And why is that important to you?

DIANA  
It's not important to you? What about our  
children? How do you think they're going  
to handle it? When they find out what  
their daddy does?

JACK  
If we've raised them the right way, which  
I think we have, I assume they'll be  
alright.

DIANA  
You haven't been raising them. I've been  
raising them. You're never home.

114

INT. - JACK'S HOUSTON HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

114

Jack and Diana are in bed. Jack reaches for her. Their hands meet. She turns over and faces him. They look into each other's eyes, Jack wanting to find redemption, Diana wanting things to be as they were. They kiss.

It's passionate and wonderful. She unbuttons her silk pajama blouse. He kisses her breasts. She pulls down her silk pajama bottoms, giving herself up to him. He begins kissing her thighs, moving his way up.

The light from the hall falls across her vagina.

It's hairy, like a real woman's vagina. Not a shaved porn starlets.

Jack stares at it for a moment.

CLOSE UP, the pubic hairs look like a jungle. We hear the distant sound of African drumming and animals screeching as we read Jack's thoughts.

RESUME Jack, he pulls away. Diana is still lost in the moment.

DIANA  
What?

JACK  
Nothing...

Getting angry.

DIANA  
What? What is it?

It hits her.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
You sick fuck.

CUT TO:

115 INT. - PRIVATE JET - DAY

115

Jack sits in the plush jet, staring out the window.

JACK (V.O.)  
So now I'm flying back to LA. I'm feeling like it's pretty much over between me and Diana. She was right. I wasn't there anymore. I'd become addicted to a lifestyle of money, sex and power that was light years away from family, or anything I had ever experienced.

116 INT. - LIMOUSINE - DAY 116

Jack looks out the back of the limo as he rides around the streets of LA.

JACK (V.O.)

You see the biggest problem with my addiction, was that like all addictions, it sneaks up on you slowly. You give into it, incrementally. In an almost imperceptible way. The other thing about it was that it wasn't the kind of addiction where you'd wake up with a hangover.

117 EXT. - AUDREY'S HOUSE - DAY 117

The limo pulls up to Audrey's house. Jack gets out.

JACK (V.O.)

It wasn't the kind of thing that would rob you of your life. It didn't rob you of your wealth.

Jack walks up the path and knocks on the door.

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

The more I indulged, the richer it would make me. I've got to tell you, that's impossible to give up.

The door opens to reveal Audrey. She is a vision.

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

So I gave in.

CUT TO:

118 INT. - AUDREY'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY 118

They have just finished. Jack is staring at the ceiling. Audrey's head rests on his chest.

With every heartbeat Jack looks more conflicted.

Jack sits up. The curtains ruffle in the breeze. Jack watches them.

AUDREY

I can hear your thoughts.



JACK

I believe you. You don't have to tell them to me.

A LONG BEAT.

AUDREY

You like post orgasm silence, huh?

JACK

Don't we all.

Audrey smiles at him...

AUDREY

Aww you're so sweet, Jack. You don't have to be mean just 'cause you feel so guilty. Do you need me to let you off the hook?

JACK

Despite what you think, you don't have that kind of power.

AUDREY

Don't kid yourself. I'm younger, I'm hotter...You like my pussy way more because it's tighter and prettier.

JACK

Why the poetry?

AUDREY

It's one of my weaknesses. I hide behind my wit when I sense an attack coming.

JACK

Well, brace yourself...

He kisses her. They begin to kiss passionately.

119 EXT. - HOLLYWOOD PARK RACETRACK ESTABLISHING - DAY 119

It's a sunny day.

120 INT. - EXECUTIVE CLUB - CONTINUOUS 120

Jack sits at a table with Audrey. They are looking at racing forms.

JACK

You actually know what all this stuff means?

AUDREY

Yeah, this shows the horse's past performances. This is the last time he ran. This indicates how often the horse is run. See? This horse ran three times in the last three weeks. So it might be tired. And this horse here. It runs well on a sloppy track. This shows the class of horse. Just because a horse won its last few races, doesn't mean it's going to win against a different class of horse...

A waiter brings them a bottle of champagne.

JACK

We didn't order this.

WAITER

Courtesy of Mr. Sokoloff.

Jack turns. Nikita Sokoloff is seated about ten tables away. He waives. Jack nods, putting on his best bullshit smile.

He turns to Audrey.

JACK

I'll be right back.

Jack moves over to Nikita's table. Nikita offers a seat to Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)

Thanks...

They sit alongside each other.

JACK (CONT'D)

That's very kind of you.

NIKITA

Did you know that the FBI is following you?

JACK

What?

NIKITA

Don't look. Don't react. I'm just telling you that those two men at that table overlooking yours, are with the FBI. Organized Crime task force. I know them because they practically put me to bed at night.

Jack laughs.

JACK

What makes you so sure they're following me?

NIKITA

What makes you so sure they're not?

Jack turns and sneaks a peak at the table. Two big guys in suits, CURT ALLMAN and BILL ROMERO, pretend to be reading their racing forms.

NIKITA (CONT'D)

They're also terrible actors. They stick out like sore thumb, don't you think?

JACK

That doesn't mean they're following me.

NIKITA

Do you see the man seated at the table next to them? The one on the cell phone? That's my cousin Yuri. They follow me. He follows them. He called me a moment ago and said they were talking about you. Not me. Isn't that refreshing? Maybe they tuck you in tonight, no?

JACK

There's no reason for them to be following me. I'm just a business man.

Nikita laughs heartily.

NIKITA

Aren't we all?

Nikita waves across the room at Audrey. She returns the wave.

JACK

You know her?

NIKITA

Yes. She danced at my clubs. Nice girl.

Jack returns to the table and sits down by Audrey.

AUDREY

How do you know Nikita Sokoloff?

JACK

I did some business with him years ago.

AUDREY

Yeah? Me too.

JACK

You danced at his clubs huh?

AUDREY

Yeah, and his scumbag lawyer is the one responsible for me losing all that money on my site before I started doing business with you.

JACK

What are you talking about?

AUDREY

Nikita set me up with his lawyer to do my contracts when I started my site. He really fucked me over.

JACK

What lawyer? I don't get it.

AUDREY

Jerry Haggerty. Fucking scumbag. Worst tipper ever by the way.

JACK

Jerry Haggerty is Nikita Sokoloff's lawyer?

AUDREY

Yep. Why, you know him?

JACK

Motherfucker. Let's go!

Jack grabs Audrey by the arm and rushes out.

CUT TO:

121 EXT. - HAGGERTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME 121

Jack is banging on the door. The door opens a crack, revealing Haggerty's face. Jack forces his way in.

122 INT. - HAGGERTY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 122

They back into the house.

HAGGERTY

Oh hey Jack. What a surprise...

Jack takes a few steps inside and looks around. It's empty except for a TV on a box and an old sofa.

HAGGERTY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry there's no place to sit. I'm having the house remodeled.

JACK

You're Sokoloff's lawyer?

HAGGERTY

Well, yeah, in a manner of speaking.

JACK

Don't fuck around with me Jerry.

HAGGERTY

Yeah, yeah, of course. I'm his lawyer. How do you think I found out about this situation in the first place?

Jack looks Haggerty right in the eye.

JACK

You're the one that ripped me off!

HAGGERTY

What are you talking about?

JACK

With that big fucking Russian Ivan! That was you, I know it was you. He came to my house and asked me for double what was owed, and some of that was meant for you.

HAGGERTY

Alright, alright. So I tried to take a little skim for Christ's sakes. You're making what?

(MORE)

HAGGERTY (CONT'D)

Close to a hundred million now? And you throw me chump change. That ain't right Jack. And what do I get? "Thanks for putting this all together, Jerry?" That ain't right, and you know it motherfucker.

JACK

No, your his lawyer MOTHERFUCKER, he should take care of you out of his end.

HAGGERTY

Aw shit, Jack. I owed them money. I borrowed money from them on some shit that didn't go right. I owed them so much money, they were beating the crap out of me, and using me for my legal services. Then Ivan, the one who ripped both of us off, it was his job to come over and collect. Sometimes I had the money, sometimes I didn't.

JACK

You stay away from me. I've paid my debt to you.

HAGGERTY

Yeah, well that ain't the way I see it, Jack.

JACK

I'm serious. You and me are finished.

Jack starts heading for the door.

HAGGERTY

We're not finished. We can't be. You're the one that killed Ivan, right?

Jack stops. He turns slowly.

JACK

What did you just say?

HAGGERTY

I mean, you must have killed him. He's gone. Vanished. Like into thin air.

JACK

It's pretty obvious to me, he took the money and left.

HAGGERTY

Yeah, I thought that too for a while. But I don't think he would just run off with four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. I mean, he might try to start a new life with four or five million, but not chump change like that. It doesn't make any sense. I know you had something to do with it.

JACK

If you even suspected it, you'd be bleeding me dry by now.

HAGGERTY

Either that or waiting to catch the big fish.

Jack moves over to Jerry.

JACK

If you even think of repeating this conversation, I mean, even in jest, I swear to God Jerry, I'll throw you off a fucking roof...I didn't kill anybody.

Jack heads for the door.

HAGGERTY

Sure thing, Jack. Don't get so uptight. We're just two guys talking.

123 INT. - JACK'S SAN PEDRO HOUSE, LIVING ROOM AREA - NIGHT 123

Jack opens the door. He takes off his jacket and tosses it onto a chair. He rubs his face as he slowly heads for the bedroom.

JACK (V.O.)

I was hoping to carve out just a moment of peace. Close my eyes and dream up a solution. Something really romantic, like Haggerty getting hit by a bus, or Wayne and Buck spontaneously combusting...but no such luck.

124 INT. - JACK'S SAN PEDRO HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

124

Jack enters the bedroom. Audrey is sitting on the bed in a robe, painting her toe nails. She looks up at Jack.

AUDREY

The FBI was just here.

JACK

The FBI? About what?

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

What she told me next, I couldn't fucking believe.

FLASH CUT:

125 INT. - JACK'S SAN PEDRO HOUSE, LIVING ROOM AREA - EARLIER<sup>25</sup>

Allman and Romero sit across from Audrey. The agents are very much in control. Audrey is a nervous wreck.

ALLMAN

Do you know anything about terrorists, Audrey?

AUDREY

What kind of terrorism are you referring to? Do you mean national, international, eco, bio or just the straight up bad asses?

Audrey and Allman lock eyes. He's a little taken aback.

ALLMAN

Middle Eastern terrorists, Audrey. It seems that you have several high ranking members of a terrorist organization who are big fans of your website.

FLASH CUT:

126 INT. - GERMAN APARTMENT - DAY

126

We see a terrorist member jerking off to Audrey's website.

JACK (V.O.)

Apparently, some terrorist in Hamburg, that Interpol was on the hunt for, was obsessed with Audrey. It turned out that they could literally track his whereabouts when he was logged onto the site.



The guy clearly shoots his load. His eyes roll up in his head.

CUT TO:

127 INT. - GERMAN APARTMENT - DAY 127

The terrorist member types on his computer.

JACK (V.O.)

Now apparently, he likes Audrey's website so much, he e-mails another terrorist in Afghanistan...

128 INT. - AFGHANISTAN APARTMENT - DAY 128

The Afghani terrorist gets the e-mail, finds the website, and he begins jerking off.

The screen begins splitting up with different terrorists jerking off to Audrey's website.

JACK (V.O.)

Pretty soon you've got a worldwide terrorist circle jerk all because of Audrey's site.

CUT TO:

129 INT. - PAKISTAN, HUT - DAY 129

The last terrorist jerks off in a small hut, Audrey's site up on his computer. She's doing her thing, playing with a dildo. The terrorist, just as he's about to blow his load, hears the distinct whistle that accompanies an incoming missile.

130 EXT. - PAKISTAN, HUT - DAY 130

The hut explodes into a fireball.

JACK (V.O.)

It turns out that they're scrambling F-16's off of air craft carriers whenever Audrey Dawn was doing her thing.

CUT TO:

131 RESUME THE BEDROOM

131

Off of Jack's incredulous face...

AUDREY

They weren't sure if we would volunteer to help them. I think they were trying to figure out a way to force you into it, but they didn't have anything compromising on you.

She moves closer to him. They kiss.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

This is crazy, huh?

She keeps kissing him.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

I mean, we're gonna be like spies. Working for the government.

JACK (V.O.)

It was all so crazy. A twenty three year old porn star was about become a major component in George Bush's war on terror.

132 INT. - SOFTWARE BILLING OFFICES, MEN'S ROOM - DAY

132

Wayne is in the middle of stealing toilet paper, shoving it into paper bags. Buck is checking his nose to make sure there are no cocaine crumbs anywhere.

JACK (V.O.)

Unfortunately, Wayne and Buck were becoming increasingly convinced that they were entrepreneurs and no longer needed my guidance. Now what I didn't know at the time, was that they had finally put together what Denny Z was up to with their new secret website.

WAYNE

Under eighteen? You mean over eighteen? Or barely eighteen? Or just eighteen? You heard wrong, right?

BUCK

No. I saw it. These are underage girls, man.

Wayne freezes up. He's clearly petrified.

WAYNE

Oh shit. That ain't good, man. Jack is gonna kill us.

BUCK

Kill us? We can go to jail for shit like this.

WAYNE

What do we do? I mean this is totally fucked, right?

BUCK

Whatever we do, we just keep it cool. We say nothing. We'll figure out something.

133 INT. - SOFTWARE BILLING OFFICES, RECEPTION AREA - DAY 133

Wayne and Buck enter the office, trying to appear "cool". The hot female RECEPTIONIST motions for them to come over.

RECEPTIONIST

Hey guys, the FBI is here.

Wayne turns white as a ghost.

WAYNE

Wh...huh...what?

RECEPTIONIST

Yeah, they're in there talking to Jack.

134 INT. - SOFTWARE BILLING OFFICES, JACK'S OFFICE - DAY 134

Allman and Romero sit across from Jack.

JACK

Terrorists?

ROMERO

That's correct.

JACK

And Audrey?

ROMERO

Right.

ALLMAN

We've noticed a pattern with their viewing. First, they prefer solo or girl on girl to hardcore. They'll watch it, but they're incredibly homophobic. Second, they enjoy sites with military themes.

JACK

Military themes?

ROMERO

Girls posing with guns and the like.

JACK

Okay.

ALLMAN

So here is what the government is recommending. We recommend that Audrey open up a new section to her site under a separate payment plan.

ANGLE ON the outside of Jack's office. Buck and Wayne sneak up and begin listening in.

ROMERO

A portal.

ALLMAN

We will then monitor the activity to that portal through you. We feel this will be most effective.

ANGLE ON Buck and Wayne outside the office. They whisper to each other.

WAYNE

Oh shit, oh shit. What the fuck are we gonna do? We gotta do something. We gotta do something, right!

ALLMAN

You're doing your country a great service.

JACK (V.O.)

So now these two idiots are convinced that the FBI and I are conspiring against them. Meanwhile, I have no fucking idea what's going on with them. They go into a panic, and who do they go see...?

135

EXT. - LAS VEGAS COUNTRY CLUB, RESTAURANT - DAY

135

Haggerty sits with Buck and Wayne on the patio of the restaurant which overlooks a golf course.

HAGGERTY

You know what pisses me off? Whenever you got problems you come running my way. If you got Russians that want to kill you, or you're worried about the FBI because of some sixteen year old on your website, suddenly I'm your best friend.

BUCK

It's not like that.

HAGGERTY

Bullshit.

WAYNE

How bad is it?

HAGGERTY

Minors fucking on a website? Oh, that's bad.

WAYNE

It's not like it's kiddie porn. They're not kids. It's just that a couple of the girls are sixteen or seventeen or something like that.

HAGGERTY

I'm not so sure the government shares your gift of nuance. A minor's a minor.

BUCK

So what do we do?

HAGGERTY

You two knuckleheads should dump this Denny Z and get as far away from this as you can.

BUCK

What? Your the fucking guy who introduced him to us...told us to get into business with him!

HAGGERTY

That I do not recall but it's really irrelevant now, isn't it?

WAYNE

Well it's a little relevant, right?...Am I right? You brought this on us.

HAGGERTY

Gentleman, please...Nobody likes to have a finger pointed at them. I demand the same respect I show you jerk-offs.

BUCK

How do we make this disappear, man?

WAYNE

Hey wait. Let's not get too rash here. This website's the hottest thing we've got going.

HAGGERTY

Well then keep the website and see what happens to you.

BUCK

Hey look. We see more money from this than anything else.

HAGGERTY

Let me ask you something. How much are you two bozos worth?

BUCK

I don't know.

WAYNE

Yeah, it's kind of hard to keep track when it keeps coming in, right?

HAGGERTY

Well what is it? Give me a ballpark. A hundred million?

BUCK

Yeah, I guess something like that.

HAGGERTY

And you couldn't cut me in for a slice of this?

WAYNE

Look, Jack said you were under indictment and he didn't want the FBI all over us.

HAGGERTY

Well that little plan didn't work out too well, now did it?

Buck thinks about this.

BUCK

Let's partner up.

HAGGERTY

Sure. What about Jack? You gonna talk to him about me?

BUCK

We'll figure something out.

HAGGERTY

You'd better, and get rid of that fucking website. You don't walk away from this, you're gonna get tagged, bagged and fagged in a federal prison.

They nod. They reach over to shake hands.

BUCK

Hey thanks for everything. You're a real friend.

WAYNE

Yeah, right?

JACK (V.O.)

But they didn't get rid of the website. They were so fucking greedy and stupid, they couldn't stand the thought of losing a million dollars a month. So they kept the site rolling without telling Haggerty.

136

EXT. - PRIVATE AIRPORT, TERMINAL - DAY

136

Buck, Wayne and Haggerty are saying their good-byes.

HAGGERTY

Now you're sure you've told me everything? I'm serious here, I don't want to get blind sided by something and we all end up in court together.

Wayne and Buck exchange glances.

HAGGERTY (CONT'D)

I knew it. There's something you didn't tell me.

Wayne and Buck glance at each other one more time and start talking.

FLASH CUT:

137 EXT. - RENTAL CABIN CRUISER - DUSK 137

Buck and Wayne watch as Jack and the bouncers toss Ivan's body overboard.

JACK (V.O.)

And before you know it, Buck and Wayne told Haggerty about the dead Russian...

FLASH CUT:

138 EXT. - UNDERWATER - NIGHT 138

We see Ivan's body sinking to the ocean bottom.

JACK (V.O.)

Every last fucking detail about how one of my bouncers accidentally killed him.

CUT TO:

139 RESUME EXT. - PRIVATE AIRPORT, TERMINAL - DAY 139

Buck and Wayne finish their story. Off Haggerty's smile...

JACK (V.O.)

Now this scumbag's got me in the worst possible position. Fuck me...

140 INT. - JACK'S HOUSTON HOUSE - DAY 140

Jack and Diana sit at the kitchen table in complete silence.

JACK

So, I guess we're talking about a divorce then, aren't we?



DIANA

Well, we just can't go on like this,  
Jack. I despise the hypocrisy.

JACK

I understand.

DIANA

No. I don't think you do.

JACK

Look, Diana, I'm still in love with you.

DIANA

Oh bullshit...

JACK

I am. You're the one that pushed me out.

DIANA

I pushed you out? You pushed yourself  
out. You jumped out. I don't care how you  
spin it, disguise it, camouflage it, or  
homogenize it, you're a flesh peddler and  
you disgust me. And I don't want any part  
of it.

JACK

Yeah, just the hundred million dollars  
please.

DIANA

Oh, you really make me sick.

JACK

Bullshit. You feel okay taking it because  
it's one step removed from you. Somehow  
that makes it all okay?

DIANA

Yeah, in my mind that's just fine.

JACK

Well then you're using my argument  
against me. Who's the hypocrite now,  
Diana?

DIANA

Oh fuck you, don't you get sanctimonious  
with me. You ruined my body with three  
children and then dumped me for some  
little, fucking whore.

Jack says nothing.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
Well, if you think she's fucking you  
good, wait till you see me in action.

Jack looks at her. His body deflates.

JACK  
Fine Diana, do whatever you want. I won't  
argue with you. I know I've got it  
coming...

He slowly turns and heads out.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
So after that lovely scene, I headed back  
to LA.

141 INT. - JACK'S SAN PEDRO HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING 141

Jack and Audrey are in bed, her head on his chest. Jack's  
cell phone rings. Jack picks up the phone.

JACK  
(into phone)  
Yeah?

142 INT. - JACK'S HOUSTON HOUSE - NIGHT 142

Diana is on the other end of the phone. She's upset.

DIANA  
Our son has been arrested!

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

Jack sits up.

JACK  
What?

DIANA  
Our son has been arrested!

JACK  
Why? What do you mean? What did he do?

DIANA  
God damn it Jack!

JACK  
I'm on my way.

143 EXT. - PRIVATE JET - DAY 143

The jet sails through the air.

144 INT. - PRIVATE JET - DAY 144

Jack is seated on the plane, staring out the window.

JACK (V.O.)  
I was on my way to Houston within an hour. It turns out that Michael, my oldest son, didn't like a few of his grades so he hacked into the school's computer system and changed them to his liking.

145 INT. - DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY 145

Jack and Diana sit opposite DEAN LOOMIS, the headmaster of the school. They are both extremely animated.

JACK (V.O.)  
So Diana and I went to see the head of the school, Dean Loomis. After some intense discussion and a generous donation towards the school's new gymnasium, we finally convinced him to drop the charges against Michael.

146 INT. - JACK'S HOUSTON HOUSE - DAY 146

Jack is yelling into the phone. Diana sits nervously in the background.

JACK (V.O.)  
But that wasn't enough. It turns out the Houston DA was looking to make an example of my son, and was proceeding with the charges regardless.

147 EXT. - HOUSTON CITY HALL - DAY 147

Jack walks into the building carrying a briefcase.

JACK (V.O.)  
So I decided to pay him a visit.

148 INT. - CITY HALL, DA'S OUTER OFFICE, - DAY 148

Jack walks past the secretary.

SECRETARY  
Excuse me. Do you have an appointment?

JACK  
No.

Jack goes into the office anyway, the secretary running after him.

149 INT. - CITY HALL, DA'S OFFICE - DAY 149

Jack walks right in and sits down opposite the DA, FRANK GRIFFIN, briefcase at his side. The secretary comes in after him.

JACK  
My name is Jack Harris. I believe we spoke on the phone earlier.

SECRETARY  
I'm sorry Mr. Griffin, he just walked past.

Frank waives her off. She walks out of the office.

FRANK  
I'm not going to change my position Mr. Harris. Your son committed a serious crime and although he's still a minor, the state of Texas will prosecute him to the full extent of the law.

JACK  
Look, Mr. Griffin, he's a kid. He did a stupid thing. I've severely reprimanded him for it. The school doesn't even want to press charges. Do we really need to go forward with this?

FRANK  
Mr. Harris, let me lay this out for you. I've got people, voters, upstanding citizens, who I am responsible to. I have to answer to them.

JACK

And these people want to see my son tried for this?

FRANK

Well maybe the acorn didn't fall too far from the tree.

Jack shifts in his seat.

JACK

So that's what this is all about? This is more about me than my son?

FRANK

Well, we both know what you do for a living. You deal in pornography.

JACK

I run a billing company.

FRANK

But you still deal with pornography.

JACK

No more than any hotel chain. No more than any satellite or cable company. I'm just a middle man.

FRANK

Look, I don't want to get into semantics. You're a pornographer. You peddle pornography over the Internet.

JACK

We're getting off the subject.  
(a delicious beat)  
Let's focus on why we're here.

Jack picks up his briefcase. He opens it. He drops a stack of fax material onto Frank's desk.

FRANK

What's this?

Jack picks up one of the sheets and reads.

JACK

Youngtightpussy.com.  
Splendorintheass.com.  
Blacksonblondes.com. This is your billing record, Mr. Griffin.

The blood drains from Frank's face. Jack then produces a manila envelope from his briefcase. It's stamped and addressed to the Houston Chronicle.

JACK (CONT'D)

Now God forbid this were to fall into the wrong hands and end up on the front page of tomorrow's paper. Can you imagine what that would do to a campaign in this nice, upstanding city? Especially to a man whose voter base is a bunch of good, God fearing Christian conservatives? I mean, that would be terrible.

FREEZE FRAME: on Frank's face.

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

Needless to say, the charges were dropped.

150 EXT. - AIRPORT - EVENING 150

The Software Billing private jet pulls up to the terminal.

151 INT. - DIANA'S CAR - DAY 151

Jack and Diana sit, watching the jet pull up. They are both incredibly tense.

DIANA

There's a part of me that hates what you did to that man. But there is also a part of me that misses...

She begins choking on her tears...

DIANA (CONT'D)

...being protected by you like that. I'm so lost right now...I'm so angry...and I'm so confused.

Jack turns to her.

JACK

Diana...

DIANA

Please, get out.

Jack nods and gets out of the car.

152 INT. - SOFTWARE BILLING OFFICES - DAY 152

Jack heads down the hallway to JOSH POSNER's office, one of his engineers.

JACK (V.O.)  
I wasn't back in LA ten minutes before  
the shit hit the fan.

153 INT. - SOFTWARE BILLING OFFICES, JOSH'S OFFICE - DAY 153

Josh's office is scarce, except for a calendar on the wall. He sits in front of his computer with Jack looking over his shoulder.

JOSH  
When I was looking for dirt on the DA I  
came across this website. It's under Buck  
and Wayne's domain, but it's not billed  
by us.

JACK  
It's not billed by us? Then who the hell  
is it billed to?

JOSH  
You're not gonna like this.

JACK  
Who?

JOSH  
Denny Z.

JACK  
This is bad.

JOSH  
It gets worse.

154 INT. - SOFTWARE BILLING OFFICES, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 154

Wayne and Buck sit in the conference room with Robin Swallow and Alexandra Raynes. They talk business, but one has the feeling one of their films could break out any point.

ALEXANDRA

We've found that the scenes where we are apart just do not hold the audience's attention.

ROBIN

We want to start a new series of films called, Sixty nine from behind.

Suddenly, Jack bursts into the room. He zeroes in on Buck and Wayne.

JACK

Are you out of your fucking minds?!?

Before they can react, Jack jumps across the table. Wayne is the closest. Jack grabs him by the throat and begins choking the life out of him.

JACK (CONT'D)

Underage girls! Are you out of your fucking mind?!?

BUCK

Relax Jack, relax! You're gonna kill him.

Robin starts screaming.

ROBIN

Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!

Jack releases his grip a bit on Wayne's throat. Wayne fights to breathe.

WAYNE

We were gonna tell you Jack, I swear!

BUCK

Yeah, we just didn't know how.

WAYNE

We didn't know that Denny Z fucked us, either!

Jack shoves Wayne against the wall.

JACK

Where is he?

WAYNE

I don't know.



JACK  
Where the hell is he!?!?

BUCK  
I don't know. We hardly talk. Maybe at  
that house they shoot at in the Valley.

Jack storms out.

155 EXT. - RESEDA HOUSE - NIGHT 155

Jack screeches up in his Mercedes. We can hear thumping  
bass of the music coming from inside.

156 INT. - RESEDA HOUSE - NIGHT 156

Jack enters. The place is dark. Lights flash. Music is  
blasting. In the hallway, paces away, is a couple  
fucking. Jack stares. He steps around them.

THE FOLLOWING SEQUENCE IS A ONE LONG SHOT WITHOUT CUTTING

Jack heads into the living room. It's a tangle of flesh.  
Close to twenty people fucking in all positions in the  
darkness and intermittent light. It's like Dante's  
Inferno.

Jack moves through the crowds of sexual partners.

He moves to the dining room. Couples are on tables.  
Chairs. Up against walls.

He moves through the kitchen. More fucking. Couples play  
with whipped cream.

Jack moves past them and back into the hall. More couples  
fucking. Everywhere.

Jack opens a bathroom door. Two chicks are sucking a guy  
off. The guy waives and gives Jack a thumbs up.

Jack turns. He moves back through the kitchen.

Jack moves across the living room again, over to the  
staircase. He steps over bodies on the stairs. He makes  
the turn and heads for a bedroom.

Inside the bedroom, is a melee of fucking, drinking and  
drug use. A pile of cocaine on the night stand.

Jack backs out slowly. Almost apologetically.

He crosses the bedroom. Down the stairs.

Down the hall to the backyard.

Through the door. Outside is Denny Z talking to two pornstars.

Jack grabs Denny Z.

DENNY Z

Hey, what the hell are you doing?

Jack begins beating the shit out of him. He keeps hitting Denny until he's a bloody pulp. Denny spits blood out of his mouth.

DENNY Z (CONT'D)

You son of a bitch! I'll fucking have you killed for this!

Jack turns.

JACK

You'll do what? You'll do what!?

Jack sees that Denny has a gun in his belt. Jack takes the gun away from Denny and fires a shot through Denny's foot. Denny screams in agonizing pain. Jack tosses the gun and heads back into the house, leaving Denny screaming behind him.

Jack goes back into the house. He heads back down the hall to the bottom of the staircase. Something catches his eye.

He moves slowly back towards the living room. His face changes.

It's Audrey Dawn. She's about to take on two guys in the middle of the floor.

He stares.

Jack leaves the house.

157

INT. - JACK'S SAN PEDRO HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

157

Jack sits at the kitchen table, a glass of scotch in front of him...He's been drinking heavily and looks disheveled.

Audrey enters the house and kicks off her shoes.

AUDREY

Whew! Hard day at the office.

Audrey heads towards the fridge. She pours herself a glass of wine and joins him at the table. Jack is incredibly quiet.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

What's up with you?

Audrey sips her wine. She already know's what's up.

Jack smiles...then LAUGHS almost maniacally.

JACK

I used to sit at a dinner table with my family.

AUDREY

Here we go...Is this old fashioned Jack?

JACK

Old fashioned? You think families are old fashioned.

AUDREY

I think family is overrated. A bunch of people sharing the same name, professing their endless love while destroying each other's dreams.

JACK

You are one twisted chick, know that? But I guess you'd have to be to end up at that house tonight getting double teamed.

AUDREY

I told you a million times Jack, I don't dig guilt. Fuck guilt. Look at you...You're all about leveraging guilt. Maybe if I'm good over here, I can be bad over here. It's destroying you.

JACK

Did it ever occur to you that maybe both of us have just switched off a part of our souls.

AUDREY

And what part is that?

JACK

The part that's supposed to question this kind of behavior.

AUDREY

You're not going to start moralizing, are you? Jack, you've made all this money because of all the horny, frustrated guys out there who have to jerk off because their wives and girlfriends don't treat them right. So I become their little fantasy girl for five minutes a pop, and make them forget for a fleeting instant that their wives and kids can't stand the fucking sight of them. No, I'm not going to feel guilty about that and my soul is perfectly in fucking tact.

Jack says nothing.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

You know what I'm starting to think? I'm starting to think that you're full of shit! I don't need to be here...I really don't. Why, so you can get a call in the middle of the night from your bitchy wife that one of your spoiled kids may not be able to take part in the local regatta at some prep school homecoming! I don't need that in my life! I don't need you!

JACK

Your bags are already packed, Audrey.

Audrey stops. Tears fill her eyes.

AUDREY

Really?...Why?

JACK

We don't belong anywhere near each other.

AUDREY

But...You make me happy.

JACK

Happy? You have another word?

Audrey's face contorts with sadness and rage. She then throws her wine glass at Jack's face. He blocks it, cutting his hand...

AUDREY

Fine! Not the first time I've had my  
fucking bags packed ya' know!

JACK

And it won't be your last.

Audrey heads inside, wheels out TWO SUITCASES.

AUDREY

Don't bother to help me you piece of  
shit. Your a real gentleman!

JACK

Good news is, I won't feel guilty about  
it.

She SCREAMS before heading out and SLAMMING THE DOOR so  
hard that one Jack's pictures falls off the mantle in the  
hallway and shatters.

Jack gets up and walks to the hallway, locks the front  
door. On his way back he stops and picks up the broken  
picture frame...

C.U. FRAME -- A younger Jack and Diana with their small  
children. Jack fights back his emotions...He walks with  
the broken picture out to his back deck...He takes a seat  
in a chair and just stares endlessly into the distant  
lights of San Pedro.

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

I came to the conclusion that I wanted  
out. I mean, desperately. I just didn't  
know how. I caught myself doing something  
I hadn't done in a long time. Praying. I  
was wondering if there was any good out  
there in the universe that could hear me,  
or if whoever it was decided a long time  
ago that I wasn't worth listening to.

CUT TO BLACK:

The sound of a ringing phone over black.

158

INT. - JACK'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

158

Jack jumps up from his sleep, grabs the phone.

JACK

Hello?

159 EXT. - FBI PARKING LOT - NIGHT

159

Agent Allman walks to his car, on his cell phone.

ALLMAN

Jack, it's, Allman. I need to see you.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

JACK

Can it wait till tomorrow?

ALLMAN

It can't wait an hour.

Jack is taken a back.

160 EXT. - HARBOR DOCKS - LOT - NIGHT

160

Jack pulls into the lot. Allman is waiting for him, eating a hot dog by a long dock..

JACK (V.O.)

Allman was already waiting for me. I couldn't wait to hear whatever good news the government might have for me now.

Allman gets in Jack's car.

ALLMAN

You've been a stand up guy, Jack. As far as I'm concerned, the government owes you a lot. Two nights ago, several top ranking Terrorists were taken out in a fire fight in Afghanistan. Arrests were also made in Europe, Indonesia.

A SERIES OF IMAGES: DOORS BEING KICKED IN ALL OVER EUROPE AND ASIA. ARRESTS BEING MADE BY THE AUTHORITIES.

ALLMAN (CONT'D)

All told, nearly one hundred people rounded up...The least I could do, is warn you.

JACK

Warn me about what?

ALLMAN

The government knows about some underage girls on your websites.

JACK

Oh, Jesus...

ALLMAN

No matter how you cut it, it's child pornography, Jack. You'll be indicted, and trust me, you will go to jail.

JACK

I have nothing to do with that website.

ALLMAN

I believe you. I really do.

JACK

Alright. What do I do with this warning?

ALLMAN

Get out. Now. As fast as possible.

Jack stares at Allman.

JACK

I can't.

Allman looks at Jack for a moment and then pulls out a folder and opens it. He holds various mugshot pictures of Ivan...Then Nikita and his Goons.

ALLMAN

Does it have anything to do with this?

Jack stares at the PHOTOS and does everything he can to remain stoic.

ALLMAN (CONT'D)

One of your Ex bouncers was picked up on a drug charge two months ago.

SINGLE SHOT: Peanut is cuffed against a car...

ALLMAN (CONT'D)

He told us Ivan Sokoloff, nephew of Nikita Sokoloff, was murdered in your living room five years ago.

FLASH CUT:

ALLMAN (V.O.)

He said you dumped the body off the coast of Catalina.

RESUME HARBOR DOCKS:

ALLMAN (CONT'D)

I've been in law enforcement a long time. I know when somebody's lying. His story was just a bit too linear for me to write off as bullshit.

JACK

I don't know what you're talking about.

ALLMAN

I'm gonna tell you what I think happened. I think you got involved in this business hoping to make a few bucks and get out quick. I think you partnered up with a bunch of lunatics who you can't trust because they've got this thing hanging over your head. I'll tell you the truth Jack, I really don't give a shit that Ivan Sokoloff is dead. I think the world's better off without him. I really don't want to arrest you on this child porn thing Jack, but I'll be forced to do that if you don't figure a quick way out of this.

JACK

How the hell am I going to get out?

ALLMAN

That's not my problem. You just need to get out.

Jack thinks on this. Allman gets out of the car.

162 INT. - JACK'S SAN PEDRO HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING 162

Jack walks in. He's clearly at the end of his rope.

163 EXT. - JACK'S SAN PEDRO HOUSE, BALCONY - MORNING 163

Jack comes out onto the balcony, holding a half bottle of whiskey. He stares out as the sun rises over the harbor.



JACK (V.O.)  
I was asking myself, how could things get  
any worse?

Jack picks up his cell phone.

164 INT. - JACK'S HOUSTON HOUSE - MORNING

164

Diana is on the phone. She's hysterical. Her eye is  
swollen. She barely makes sense.

DIANA  
You son of a bitch! They took him! They  
took him!

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

JACK  
What? Who? What are you talking about?

DIANA  
Your friends! Your disgusting friends!

FLASH CUT:

165 INT. - JACK'S HOUSTON HOUSE - DAY

165

Several thugs wearing masks move through the house. Diana  
screams at the intruders.

JACK (V.O.)  
I was now pretty damn sure that Wayne and  
Buck had somehow told Nikita about Ivan.

One of the thugs punches Diana out. They begin moving  
down the hall. Laura the maid grabs her son, Alejandro,  
and begins running down the hall to hide.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But put Buck and Wayne in charge of  
something, and of course things won't go  
the way they are supposed to.

One of the thugs comes out from behind Laura and tackles  
her. He grabs Alejandro and hands him off to the other  
thugs. Laura screams and screams in Spanish. (LAURA: Por  
favor senior, dame mi hijo! Por favor! Por favor!)

166

INT. - HOUSTON BONAVENTURE HOTEL, ROOM - DAY

166

Two Russian thugs bring Alejandro into the hotel suite. Buck and Wayne stare at the kid, each other, then turn to the Russian thugs.

BUCK

What the hell is this?

RUSSIAN THUG #1

This is boy.

WAYNE

Yeah? So?

RUSSIAN THUG #2

This is boy from house.

BUCK

What are you talking about?

WAYNE

Yeah. This ain't Jack's kid. This kid's a fucking Mexican! Right?

RUSSIAN THUG #1

What?

BUCK

This isn't Jack's kid! Look at him! He's a fucking beaner, man!

RUSSIAN THUG #2

What is beaner? This is boy from house.

WAYNE

(to kid)

Do you speak English? Abla English kid? He doesn't even speak English! You took the fucking maid's kid!

The Russian thugs look at each other.

RUSSIAN THUG #1

What?

BUCK

The maid! The maid! This is the maid's kid!

WAYNE

Yeah! Jack's kid's not a Mexican, right?

FLASH CUT:

167 INT. - JACK'S HOUSTON HOUSE - NIGHT 167

Diana is on the phone with one of the Russian thugs.

168 INT. - HOUSTON BONAVENTURE HOTEL, ROOM - NIGHT 168

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

RUSSIAN THUG #1

If you want boy back, your husband is to deliver five million dollars. You go to police, we will kill boy and tell cops your husband killed a friend of ours.

169 EXT. - JACK'S HOUSTON HOUSE - NIGHT 169

Lightning flashes. It's raining. This is how our story began.

170 INT. - JACK'S HOUSTON HOUSE, DEN - NIGHT 170

Jack sits alone. Rain shadows dance across his face causing odd patterns on his cheeks. It's as if the night cries the tears he cannot. Michael enters and approaches slowly.

MICHAEL

You okay, daddy?

Jack can't speak. He just holds him tightly, runs his fingers through his hair. Then Jack lets go and cups his sons face in his hands.

JACK

I need you to do something for me.

MICHAEL

Sure.

JACK

You keep an eye on mommy. She loves you, you got that?

MICHAEL

Yeah...sure.

JACK

I'm serious...and you need to stay in school. I know it sounds corny, but trust me son, if you have an education, you're unstoppable.

Michael nods, trying to take it all in. Jack hugs him again, kisses him, and heads out.

171 INT. - JACK'S HOUSTON HOUSE - NIGHT 171

Jack zips the DUFFLE BAG. Diana holds Adam close to her. He looks to Diana.

JACK

I'm gonna get him back, Diana.

172 INT. - JACK'S MERCEDES - NIGHT 172

A SERIES OF SILENT SHOTS...Jack's trip to meet for ransom is intercut with SHOTS of what could have been his life had he never left Houston...

173 INT. - JACK'S HOUSTON HOUSE - NIGHT 173

Jack walks through the driving rain to his car.

SINGLE SHOT: Jack with Diana and the kids on a beach...

JACK (V.O.)

The ride was long enough for me to think about all that I did to get there...I thought about the years gone by, Diana, the kids...I pictured what my life would have been like had I never met Haggerty out in Vegas...

174 EXT. - HIGHWAY, HOUSTON - NIGHT 174

Jack drives along the freeway towards the Bonaventure.

SINGLE SHOT: Jack surveys his LA club...smiles. Business is good.

JACK (V.O.)

I thought about love not money...I  
thought about what money used to mean to  
me. How I could have been just fine with  
the club.

175 INT. - HOUSTON, ELEVATOR - NIGHT

175

Jack rides up in a glass elevator along the side of the building, overlooking the city. It's all over his face. His thoughts are racing.

SINGLE SHOT: JACK EATS SEAFOOD WITH HIS FAMILY...THEY ALL WEAR BIBS.

JACK (V.O.)

I thought about big houses and how cold they are, how families need to pass each other once in a while in the hallway, families need to eat together at night...

176 INT. - HOUSTON BONAVENTURE HOTEL, HALLWAY - NIGHT

176

Jack moves down the hallway to the suite carrying the duffle bag. He pushes the door open. The door opens revealing a Russian THUG who lets Jack in.

SINGLE SHOT: Jack's son Michael throws him a ball, he turns off the computer and goes outside with him.

JACK (V.O.)

I thought about how underrated family is.

177 INT. - HOUSTON BONAVENTURE HOTEL, ROOM - NIGHT

177

The suite has lots of windows and glass, overlooking the city. Rain pounds against it as lightning intermittently lights up the room.

JACK (V.O.)

I expected to see the Russians first. If not them, at least Buck and Wayne. But instead...

Haggerty sits on the sofa puffing a huge Cuban cigar, blowing smoke rings. Jack takes a few steps forward and places the suitcase down.

JACK (CONT'D)

Why aren't I surprised?

Haggerty laughs.

HAGGERTY

Because you're a smart guy, Jack. And you always were a lucky guy, too. Until now. Now the luck runs out for you.

(re: duffle bag)

I take it that's the money?

JACK

Hey, let's focus on why we're here. You don't get shit from me until that kid is well out of here.

HAGGERTY

Of course, of course. We're not animals Jack. This is strictly business. The money's not for me anyway Jack, it's for him.

Nikita moves over with two more thugs. He speaks in Russian to them. They open a bathroom door. Alejandro appears, spots Jack, and rushes over to him. He hugs Jack. Jack protectively brings him over to the door to the hall and opens it.

JACK

(in Spanish)

Go there (pointing to the HOTEL ROOM DOOR ACROSS THE HALL). You will be safe.

Alejandro takes off across the hall where James opens the hotel room door. Jack shuts his door and goes back into the room.

JACK (CONT'D)

Thanks for not hurting him.

Jack takes the duffle bag and places it on the table. Nikita unzips it and does a quick count of the money.

NIKITA

Why did you kill Ivan?

Jack turns. Buck and Wayne are standing off in the corner. They look like two nervous school boys.

JACK

I didn't kill him. It was an accident. Ask them. They were there.

WAYNE

Hey, fuck that! We had nothing to do with it! That nigger bouncer punched him. Once. Right? He died.

JACK

He threatened my family. I didn't want it to go down that way. I doubt that this helps, but I truly am sorry.

Before Jack can get another word out, one of the thugs clocks Jack across the face, just like Ivan. Jack staggers back and falls to the floor. Nikita nods his satisfaction.

HAGGERTY

Easy. We don't want him signing these contracts under duress.

Jack slowly gets to his feet.

JACK

Did you say something about signing?

HAGGERTY

That's right.

Jack looks around the room at everyone.

JACK

Signing what?

Haggerty gets up and moves over to the dining room table, where he produces a contract. He holds up a pen.

HAGGERTY

Come on, Jack. Let's get it over with. We gave you the kid, sign this and everybody's friends.

JACK

What the hell am I signing?

HAGGERTY

Everything. Everything away to us. The business. To me, Nikita, Buck and Wayne.

Jack stares at everyone in the room.

Jack nods slowly. He moves over to the table and takes the pen from Haggerty.

Everyone gathers around as Jack signs his name. As he does, a drop of blood falls from Jack's nose and lands on the paper.

Nikita slowly raises his gun. Jack closes his eyes, awaiting his fate.

Haggerty starts laughing.

HAGGERTY (CONT'D)

I can't believe this! I mean, straight up, I just can't believe this! I've been waiting and waiting for this moment.

Haggerty turns to the wet bar, about to make a drink.

HAGGERTY (CONT'D)

I'm telling you shit, is finally going to turn around for old Jerry Hag...

ECU: SILENCER - PFFFT!

Jack clinches his eyes tight, sweat beading down his forehead.

Jerry turns back around to the group.

Jerry's face starts to change. Blood starts to slowly spread across his chest. He knows something's up, but it hasn't registered yet. Jack opens his eyes.

Haggerty collapses into a heap on the floor. Jack stares. Buck and Wayne do the same, mouths open.

NIKITA

A piece of shit like that couldn't be trusted.

Nikita points the gun at Jack. Buck and Wayne react.

BUCK

Oh no, hey please...no more killing...please...

Nikita turns, pointing the gun at Buck and Wayne. Their attitudes change quickly.

WAYNE

But better him than us, right?

Nikita lowers the gun, looking back at Jack.



NIKITA

One has to choose his partners very carefully Mr. Harris, no?

Jack doesn't move.

NIKITA (CONT'D)

You make good business for us all these years. And sometimes, business more important than family. Now get out.

Jack nods, he moves for the door quickly and leaves.

178

INT. - HOUSTON BONAVENTURE HOTEL, LOBBY - DAWN

178

Jack walks through the lobby, completely empty except for a janitor working a floor polisher. Jack sees Alejandro standing by the doorway with James. He smiles. He moves towards him, taking his hand. They walk through the sliding doors and exit the hotel.

JACK (V.O.)

Within six months, the FBI arrested everybody...everybody but me, of course...

IMPOSE LEGEND: Six Months Later

179

INT. - PRISON HOLDING CELL - DAY

179

Buck and Wayne, wearing orange jumpsuits, sit across from SOMEONE, talking a mile a minute. Their lawyers are also present.

BUCK

So then Jack forced us to go with him to dump the body.

WAYNE

Yeah, yeah, yeah. And he told us if we told anyone, he'd kill us, right!

SOMEONE (O.S.)

Where did you dump the body?

WAYNE

I don't know! In the ocean! The ocean's the ocean, right?

JACK (V.O.)

For some reason, the government decided they didn't have enough evidence to prosecute the case.

The camera spins around to reveal the Someone as Allman.

180

INT. - LAX, LUFTHANSA TERMINAL - DAY

180

Nikita and a few of the Russian thugs pick up their tickets and head for the gate.

JACK (V.O.)

The Russians, however, all jumped bail and disappeared back to the mother country.

RESUME PRESENT DAY

181

EXT. - JACK'S HOUSTON HOUSE - MORNING

181

The rain has stopped and has swept the streets clean. Jack pulls up to the gate, and then drives up the driveway to the house. He gets out with Alejandro. Laura appears in the doorway, and they race towards one another. She hugs and kisses him. Jack watches from a distance. It's clear that he feels like a stranger.

Diana appears in the doorway. They lock eyes for a moment. He searches her eyes. Is there still hope? She moves back into the house. Her hand trails behind, wedding ring on. She leaves the door open. He takes that as a signal, and slowly heads towards the house.

JACK (V.O.)

Me? I'll do my best to put all of this behind me, if I can. That is, if life will allow me that opportunity...

SWISH PAN: We race away from the house at high speed, over the wall, across the neighbor's yard and whoosh into the second floor window.

A guy, with his pants around his knees, is jerking off in front of his laptop. As he climaxes...

ROLL CREDITS.