



# UNCUT GEMS

FILM BY JOSH AND BENNY SAFDIE

GOD SAYS BET THE HOUSE.

# CAST OF CHARACTERS



**DINA,**  
*Wife*



**SADIE,**  
*Girlfriend*



**PRIVELEJ,**  
*Rapper*



**AMAR'E,**  
*NBA Player*



**HOWARD,**  
*Howie*



**JIM,**  
*Heaviest Bookie*



**YUSSI,**  
*Brother In-Law*



**NADAV,**  
*Loyal Employee*



**GOOEY,**  
*Helps Howard  
Shill Bid*





# DIRECTORS STATEMENT

We write to you from a laptop in the back of Rafaello and Co. Fine Jewelry Shop on 47th Street in the heart of the Diamond District. Right now, rapper Rick Ross is in the showroom looking at small diamond encrusted baby cupid pendants he's looking to swap out with his 5 carat "pigeon-blood" ruby earrings.

Lou Reed wrote, "A world without heroes is no where to be." Howard's a hero... A hero is someone who can do whatever they want. They're magicians, lovers and romantic master manipulators. Most importantly, they are legends. Their stories are unbelievable and endlessly shared. A hero is created and/or defined by the tone of their name when said aloud. When we found "Howard Nagy," we found our hero.

The film is inspired by the time our father spent running gems and jewelry from borough to borough for a distributor named Howard in NYC's diamond district. Every story was a "tell the Howard story where he..." and each was like a mini-action film, you were on the edge of your seat waiting to hear what he did next. The only thing that ever got in Howard's way was himself (and he got in his own way a lot.)

Our Howard (Nagy) mixes with diamond dealers, rappers, bums, millionaires, athletes, mobsters, bookies, the young and the old. Nagy's gambling life, outlaw tendencies and manic ways keeps the world spinning around him. It is this endless spinning that keeps him alive, like a planet with an inescapable gravitational pull.

What happens when a hero has too much on their plate? When the cracks in his armor get too dark, and the debts get too deep? Do heroes ever really fail? *Uncut Gems* is a film about superstars of the everyday, about money, race, business, sports, mania, "your word," about leaving your mark, about gambling (in every sense of the word)...It's a HOW TO, an instructional on how to keep on your toes.

After years undercover in the district, we've found the fabric to make this outfit, we know the ins and the outs, we have access to the authenticity that is NECESSARY when making a film on this subject, of the scale. You will be able to smell this film, almost reach out and touch it.

To match this glossy world, we're looking to shoot on slick cinemascope 35mm, on location with unprecedented access to the diamond district of NYC with real gems, jewelry, mobsters and district faces. This isn't an imitation genre film with phony mobsters and caricature hustlers -- this is the real deal, funnier and more charming and more outrageous than anyone could imagine. No bullshit.

**From "The Block" with love,  
Josh & Benny Safdie  
December 2014  
47th Street, New York, N.Y.**



UNCUT GEMS  
by  
SAFDIE & BRONSTEIN

IN HOWARD WE TRUST

04/17/15

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EXT. OPAL MINE - ETHIOPIA - DAY

Unrest. White foremen violently argue via translators with a group of local black miners. A fist fight breaks out and quickly grows into a riot. Two MEN, both black, take advantage of the chaos to sneak inside the mine.

INT. OPAL MINE - ETHIOPIA - CONTINUOUS

The MEN don head lamps and plunge into the darkness of the mine. The sound of the riot quickly recedes behind them, overtaken by their own heavy, echoed breaths. They stop at a ragged t-shirt stuck in a crevice in a wall.

MAN 1 keeps look-out as MAN 2 pulls the t-shirt out and uses a screw driver to dislodge a large clump of dirt from the crevice.

MAN 2 crumbles the dirt away, exposing a rock the size of a grapefruit. Using an electric grinding sander, he exposes small 'windows' on either side of the rock and holds it up to a light for inspection.

Twinkling electronic music fades in as the camera moves into the gem. Light and color engulf the frame in a shifting melange of abstract shapes and patterns.

#### UNCUT GEMS

A1 CREDITS accompany our psychedelic journey through the inside of the gem. A metallic shimmer appears in the distance, as we near it, we see that it's a boxing gym bell.

INT. UNIVERSAL BOXING GYM, QUEENS, NY - RING -NIGHT

DING DING DING. NADAV, late 20's, dim, strong, with a unibrow, meets a YOUNG LATINO boxer center ring. NADAV is instantly hit 3 times in the head. He endures. Ringside, ARTHUR, 30s, black, yells excitedly.

INT. UNIVERSAL BOXING GYM, QUEENS, NY - LOCKERROOM - AFTER

NADAV, naked, changes in front of his locker. ARTHUR enters.

ARTHUR

Me and Dev are gonna hit up Glazz tonight. Tons of girls, come with.

NADAV

Alright, just gotta go home first. I'm around the corner.

ARTHUR

My nigga!

INT. NADAV'S APARTMENT, SUNNYSIDE QUEENS - BEDROOM - AFTER

NADAV applies gel and cologne to his body, while ARTHUR watches from the bed. Hanging off the mirror are a dozen gold chains. NADAV grabs one with a star of David pendant and clasps it around his neck. Reaching into his underwear drawer, he pulls out and adorns a gold **Rolex watch**. ARTHUR takes note.

ARTHUR  
You mind if I smoke?

NADAV  
Nah, just do it by the window.

ARTHUR walks over to the window, opens it and lights up.

INT. GLAZZ NIGHT CLUB - AFTER

At the bar, ARTHUR and DEV, also black, flirt with girls, NADAV clings on. NADAV is one of a few white people in the club.

INT. NADAV'S APARTMENT, BUILDING HALLWAY - 12AM

NADAV, drunk, walks down his hallway, unlocks his apartment.

INT. NADAV'S APARTMENT - AFTER

The apartment has been ransacked. The bed has been turned over, the drawers from his dresser pulled out and emptied, mirror broken, TV and stereo clearly missing. NADAV panics.

NADAV  
No, no, no, no...

NADAV searches the dresser area for his jewelry.

NADAV (CONT'D)  
Mother fucker!

He bursts into tears, howls, throws the dresser over and then fumbles for his phone. He dials.

NADAV (CONT'D)  
COME ON, COME ON... HOWARD! PLEASE  
HOWARD PICK UP!

INT. NADAV'S APARTMENT, SUNNYSIDE QUEENS - AFTER

BUZZZZZ! NADAV opens the door. The hallway lights halo **HOWARD NAGY**, a heavysset, hardened yet handsome, early 50's, olive-skinned Sephardic Jew **with a thick mediterranean accent**. NADAV is immediately comforted by his presence.

HOWARD  
What happened?

NADAV

They took my mom's jewelry! My stereo, TV, the nice speakers. My chains, shit hidden in my drawers.

HOWARD

One thing at a time.

NADAV

THEY TOOK MOM'S JEWELRY, they just took the whole box! They touched everything, put their hands on all my stuff! Look at my bed!

HOWARD looks around the apartment and an open window.

HOWARD

Nadav, did you leave your window open like that?

NADAV

What do you mean?

HOWARD

What are you a fuckin' moron?!

NADAV

Shit! Arthur must've forgotten to close it.

HOWARD

Who's Arthur?

NADAV

He's my friend from the gym, he wanted to have a cigarette so I told him by the window.

HOWARD

How long have you known Arthur?

NADAV

Few months.

HOWARD

He black or white?

NADAV

Black.

HOWARD

He been here before?

NADAV

No, tonight was the first time. He said let's go get pussy and I told him I needed to change first.

HOWARD  
Where'd you go with him?

NADAV  
To Glazz.

HOWARD  
What is that?

NADAV  
A night club.

HOWARD sees the Rolex around his wrist.

HOWARD  
You put that on in front of him?

NADAV  
What?

HOWARD  
That watch, did you put that on in front of him?

NADAV  
Uh...yeah...

HOWARD  
You flaunt that shit in front of a schwartza?

NADAV  
Arthur?

HOWARD  
Arthur left the window open on purpose dum dum. Probably texted some of his boys that you had jewelry and shit laying around, clearly you have a rolex, right?

NADAV  
(grows angry)  
He fucking robbed me!?!

HOWARD  
His friends. He left the window open for them.

NADAV erupts. Starts punching the wall really hard. Screaming expletives at ARTHUR.

NADAV  
THAT MOTHER FUCKER!!

HOWARD lets him blow off some steam. NADAV is out of control.

HOWARD  
NADAV, ENOUGH!

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 (much calmer)  
 Ok, what did they take?

NADAV  
 I told you, all the jewelry, the necklace you got me and everything.

HOWARD  
 I'll give you another necklace. What else?

NADAV  
 My TV, the stereo, all the electronic stuff, my i-Pod...

HOWARD  
 We can get you a new i-pod.

NADAV  
 ...The extra phones you gave me, my boxing beeper thing, cd's- oh shit, DAD!

NADAV suddenly panics, runs to the bed and moves it out of the way. He pulls up the carpet and using a metal shim, pries open a floor board. Underneath sits a plastic **Duane Reade** bag.

NADAV (CONT'D)  
 (crying)  
 Thank god! Oh thank fucking god!

HOWARD  
 What is that? Cash?

HOWARD opens the bag and sees bundles of cash.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 Josef gave this to you?

NADAV  
 Yeah, he left it to me.

HOWARD  
 How much is in here?

NADAV  
 All of it, about 235 thousand dollars. I never touched a penny.

HOWARD laughs.

HOWARD  
 Are you out of your fucking mind?!

NADAV  
 He told me not to declare it.

HOWARD  
So you decided to keep it on the floor?

NADAV  
He said don't declare it.

HOWARD'S phone vibrates loudly. He immediately silences it.

HOWARD  
I understand that but he didn't expect you to live like a pig. He expected you to spend it, live nicely put the money somewhere untouchable.

NADAV  
They didn't find it!

HOWARD  
I just can't believe that all these years-You're telling me you had this money for the past 8 years?

NADAV  
Yeah.

HOWARD  
Do you know what a moron you are? What an unbelievable moron you are.

NADAV just stares at him. HOWARD softens a little.

HOWARD's phone rings again. This time, he pulls it from his pocket, see's "**GABI**" and silences it again.

NADAV  
You're right, it's not safe here.

HOWARD  
Give it to me and I'll take care of it, I'll put it in a safe-deposit box for you tomorrow.

HOWARD'S **phone** vibrates again, silences it. Again, sees "**GABI**."

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(distracted)  
That's your inheritance... you don't keep your inheritance under a bed like that. You deserve what happened to you acting like such an idiot around people you don't know.

NADAV  
No, I know, I... I'm sorry...

NADAV hands the **Duane Reade Bag** to HOWARD. HOWARD's **phone** vibrates again, he pulls it out.

HOWARD  
 Alright! Alright.

Answers phone.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Enough! I told you I'm on my way...  
 Yes! FOR THE 100TH TIME YES!

GABI (O.S.)  
 Don't you dare give me lip!

A woman is heard yelling in the background of the call.

CARMELLE (O.S.)  
 You fuckin' piece of shit low-  
 life...

HOWARD  
 Carmelle, Carmelle! Will you hold  
 on a second?  
 (to NADAV)  
 NADAV, I gotta run.

HOWARD takes 40\$ out from his pocket, gives it to NADAV.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 Take this money and grab a cab and  
 go stay at the house tonight, you  
 can clean all this stuff up  
 tomorrow.

HOWARD kisses NADAV on the forehead, rushes out of the  
 apartment, BAG in hand, and on the phone.

NADAV  
 Thank you Howard!

GABI (O.S.)  
 You there?

EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - 2 AM

A CAB pulls up to the departures entrance at LaGuardia Airport.  
 HOWARD pays the driver with bills from the **Duane Reade bag** and  
 rushes into the terminal.

INT. MIAMI HIGH RISE APARTMENT BUILDING - 6 AM

HOWARD rushes down an exterior hallway. On his left are  
 apartment doors, on his right a sweeping view of South Beach  
 Miami. He stops at a door, takes a moment to collect himself and  
 rings the bell. Pause. The door is opened by CARMELLE NAGY,  
 Howard's sister-in-law, 55, tight shiny skin, wearing a  
 nightgown. She bursts into rage.

CARMELLE

Oh! Look at this! Look at this!

HOWARD

Carmelle. Please-

CARMELLE

No! No! You! You look at this.

CARMELLE grabs HOWARD by the wrist and jerks him into the apartment, gesticulating wildly with her other hand.

INT. GABI NAGY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD looks around an empty room. The only visible furniture: two crappy metal folding chairs and a card table.

LOUSIE

We come back from Puerto Rico and this!

HOWARD

I know, I know. Listen to me-

CARMELLE grabs a printed note from the card table and violently shoves it in HOWARD's face.

LOUSIE

A \$17,000 Rue de Saint Claude Gold sofa set!

HOWARD pushes her hand away and makes a beeline for the bathroom.

LOUSIE (CONT'D)

Hey! Hey!

Ignoring her, HOWARD opens the door to the bathroom and enters.

INT. GABI NAGY'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD closes the door on CARMELLE's face and locks it. A constant stream of invectives is audible from the other side of the door. The room is filled with steam.

An extremely disoriented man, GABI, 57, naked, shouts from behind the shower curtain.

GABI

I'm in the shower! I'm in the shower!

HOWARD

GABI, all I'm asking is for 30 seconds to hear me out.

GABI  
Get out!

HOWARD  
All you have to do is listen-

GABI  
I'm in the fuckin' shower Howard!

HOWARD  
GABI. Ok... I'm having some problems. The fact that any of it has affected you negatively-

CARMELLE (O.S)  
We should've taken your name off this place YEARS AGO!!!

HOWARD  
(to door)  
CARMELLE, I'M SORRY!  
(to GABI)  
We'll change the title asap.

GABI opens the curtain and shoves his finger at HOWARD.

GABI  
I DON'T WANNA HEAR IT!

GABI steps out of the shower. Grabs a towel.

HOWARD  
You don't want to hear how you could profit from this?

GABI lunges at HOWARD, pushing him against a wall of pink tile. HOWARD reluctantly retaliates and within seconds has GABI in a headlock.

CARMELLE (O.S.)  
Open this god damn door!

HOWARD  
(calmly)  
30 seconds.

GABI  
Fuck you!

HOWARD tightens the headlock. CARMELLE escalates to a constant muffled wall of noise.

HOWARD  
Ok.  
(raising his voice)  
CARMELLE, I'M TALKING NOW!

CARMELLE quiets down.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 (slowly, deliberately)  
 CLEARLY, I'M HAVING SOME PROBLEMS.  
 THE THOUGHT THAT THIS WOULD AFFECT  
 THE TWO OF YOU NEGATIVELY IN ANY  
 WAY MAKES ME SICK. THAT'S WHY I'M  
 HERE, IT'S WHY I BROUGHT MONEY, I  
 BROUGHT YOU 50 GRAND... FOR YOUR  
 PROBLEMS. I HAVE ANOTHER 190  
 THOUSAND HERE THAT WILL TAKE CARE  
 OF ALL OF THIS... BUT THIS ISN'T AS  
 BAD AS IT LOOKS. EVERYONE IS FINE.  
 HERE'S WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO...  
 YOU'RE GOING TO CONTINUE WITH AN  
 INSURANCE CLAIM, COLLECT WHAT  
 YOU'RE OWED. I'M GONNA PUT THIS  
 MONEY INTO AN ACCOUNT FOR THEM  
 TODAY, IN A FEW HOURS, ONCE THAT'S  
 DONE...

(readjusts self)  
 THEY'LL LET US KNOW WHERE YOUR  
 STUFF IS BEING STORED AND NEITHER  
 OF YOU WILL HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT A  
 THING. JOANI WILL HAVE MOVERS BRING  
 YOUR STUFF BACK HERE AND I'LL  
 PERSONALLY COME BACK AND REARRANGE  
 IT TO THE WAY IT WAS.

(relaxes, slightly)  
 PLUS I GOT A STONE COMING THROUGH  
 THIS WEEK, IT'LL TAKE CARE OF  
 EVERYONE, TRUST ME. I CAN HIT YOU  
 OFF WITH SOME MORE CASH-DID THEY  
 GET TO YOUR SAFE?

Reluctantly, GABI shakes his head "No."

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 WELL, THEN LET'S EMPTY IT AND MAKE  
 THAT CLAIM.

GABI is not amused.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 SOON IT WILL BE LIKE NOTHING EVER  
 HAPPENED AND YOU'LL BE RICHER FOR  
 IT!

CARMELLE (O.S.)  
 And what, we're supposed to eat on  
 the floor for the next 2 months!?!

HOWARD  
 Not 2 months, I'm talking a few  
 days. I'll put you guys up at my  
 expense at the Spa hotel in South  
 Beach till your stuff is back.

CARMELLE  
 I hate that hotel! Our friends are  
 here Howard!

HOWARD  
 Ok, a local hotel then! I was  
 trying to make it nice!  
 (to GABI)  
 I'm gonna let go now.

HOWARD lets go. Slowly, inscrutably, GABI slides away. With his back turned to HOWARD, and breathing heavily, he begins to dry his body.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 Gabi?

A long pause. GABI doesn't turn around.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 Are you mad?

EXT. MIAMI STREET, NEAR BEACH. 7 AM

HOWARD walks with fervor, on the phone. He smokes a cigarette.

HOWARD  
 (into phone)  
 Jim... Jim... You gotta understand,  
 I was in a really shitty place I'm  
 in- You think I, me, Howard NAGY,  
 wouldn't pay... When have I ever  
 failed to pay what I owe... Well,  
 that was a ridiculous situation and  
 it wasn't my money to pay back...  
 Ok then in this case you win, my  
 brother won't talk to me and his  
 wife is gonna kill me... Ok, the  
 second the bank opens down here-  
 I'll be at Chase before the manager-  
 I have cash on me, I can put 175  
 grand into those accounts for you-  
 (long listen)  
 You'll have the funds by 9, 10,  
 11am... I just need them to open  
 and then- BOOM- you've got your  
 money... So I can tell Gabi you'll  
 have his shit back to him by the  
 tomorrow... Ok, by Friday?

HOWARD listens and turns onto the beach.

EXT. BEACH, SOUTH BEACH MIAMI - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD, barely listening, puts his phone on speaker so he can open up his browser to check an online sports betting site.

JIM (O.S.)  
 (via speakerphone)  
 -That cock-sucker what he did  
 wasn't okay, and it put a real  
 strain on everyone, screaming all  
 that shit, and I don't think this,  
 but everyone knows that he was your  
 guy, your rec and I know it's not  
 always guilty by association but  
 you were associated and now this,  
 it's not cool, you put me in a  
 place that I don't want to be put  
 in, I'm in a spot, you know that?  
 How long I know you?

HOWARD  
 A long time.

JIM (O.S.)  
 A long time. I don't know many  
 people a long time. But it doesn't  
 mean a thing if you play with my  
 money like that. Ok? Not again. My  
 partners aren't as nice as I am.  
 I'm a nice guy, you know that.

HOWARD zooms in on spreads to potential bets.

HOWARD  
 The nicest guy in the business! I  
 tell everyone that.

JIM (O.S.)  
 (sardonically)  
 Don't do that.

HOWARD sees a few betting lines that excite him.

HOWARD  
 Wow... Ok, okay, once the money  
 clears can I place a few bets with  
 you, I wanna do a 4 team parlay-

JIM tries to interrupt HOWARD.

JIM  
 Howar-

HOWARD  
 2 dimes on the Knicks to cover -  
 the over on the half there- what's  
 the spread on the Hawks/Thunder  
 game-

JIM (O.S.)  
 -ARE YOU KIDDING ME? NO. I WON'T  
 TAKE ANYTHING TILL YOU'RE ALL  
 SQUARED UP. NO ONE'S TAKING SHIT  
 FROM YOU, STOP, WHILE-

HOWARD disengages speakerphone. Brings phone up to ear.

HOWARD

JIM.. Jim.. Jim! I'm on a beach! My phone's gonna die, don't do this! I'm holding 175k of your money in a bag right now. I swear to G-d...  
JIM... Jim- Yeah- Don't let-

Phone dies.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

(to self)  
Mother Fucker.

An early morning **JOGGER** runs by the ocean with his **dog**. HOWARD hunches over and plays with it like a little kid. HOWARD falls to the ground, the dog licks his face all over.

INT. AIRPLANE. DAYTIME, 30,000 FEET.

HOWARD sits in first class at a window seat drinking a Coke zero. He compulsively rips pages of luxury items out of an issue of SkyMall Magazine and puts them in his pocket.

INT. MIRAGE CASINO, LAS VEAGAS. CHIP EXCHANGE - DAYTIME

HOWARD removes money from the **DUANE READE BAG** and places it on the teller's counter.

HOWARD

Gimme them in \$500 chips.

The TELLER runs the cash through a money counter. Slow zoom into the digital counter.

**MONTAGE:** HOWARD gambles at the crap tables, roulette, poker... making money hand over fist. He looks manic.

INT. MIRAGE CASINO, LAS VEAGAS. SPORTS BOOK - AFTER

HOWARD stands at a teller's window. Flat-screen TV's fill the room displaying games, scores, stats and betting lines.

HOWARD

I want 60 grand on the following parlay: Knicks to cover, with the over on the 1st half of that same game, the under on Amare's points, the Hawks to cover, and the Bulls money line over the Cavs.

TELLER types bet into ticker.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Next, I want another parlay-three games, college football, I want Boise State to cover, Notre Dame money line, and the under on Tennessee, I want that at 40 grand.

INT. MIRAGE CASINO, LAS VEGAS. NEAR SPORTS BOOK.

HOWARD stands at a blackjack table sipping from a glass of water. He plays the DEALER alone, buying all seven hands himself. Each hand has a short stack of \$1,000 chips behind them. He stares at faraway TV screens rolling ESPN.

DEALER

Here long?

HOWARD

On business, just for the night.

DEALER

Ah, you waiting for any games on the east coast?

HOWARD

Yeah, all of them.

DEALER laughs. HOWARD looks at a pair of 3's and a pair of 4's. He splits them both and doubles down on a 6/4 showing. A WAITRESS approaches HOWARD.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Possible to get a whole bottle?

He presents his glass.

WAITRESS

Sparkling water?

HOWARD

(to DEALER)

Hit all of them.

WAITRESS

We can't do a bottle, but I can keep them coming.

HOWARD hits blackjack on one hand and low cards on all the others.

HOWARD

(to WAITER)

That's fine.

HOWARD tips her a \$50 chip.

ESPN runs an interview with **RAY FORECASTER**, a prized middleweight boxer, a superstar.

FORECASTER wears sunglasses and multiple gold chains, showy. The graphic underneath him reads, "**RECORD PAY OUT FOR UPCOMING VAIDANA FIGHT, \$70 MILLION.**"

His phone rings. "**BLOCKED**" number. He answers.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

(calmly)

Yo... Oh, hey, yeah. Sorry, my phone's been off... Yeah, I went right to the bank when they opened, the money hasn't cleared yet?... That's strange, the transaction should be on file... Yeah, I got a number right here...

DEALER

I'm sorry sir, there's no phone use on the floor.

HOWARD pays no mind to the dealer, instead he pretends to look around for a piece of paper.

HOWARD

(to self)

Oh where is it... ah here it is... You got a pen?... Ok, ready... Transaction from branch 654, Palm Beach, Florida: Transaction number 5A5889099231G, that's G as in Grenade...

DEALER

Sir, please...

HOWARD

(to DEALER)

One second  
(into phone)  
Okay, let me know.

HOWARD hangs up.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

DEALER

That's fine.  
(referring to cards)  
What do you wanna do?

DEALER waits for a go on all hands.

HOWARD

Hit em all.

HOWARD busts on 5 of his 7 hands.

INT. BELLAGIO HOTEL, LAS VEGAS. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE. EVENING.

RAY FORCASTER, 35, middle-weight champion of the world, seen earlier on TV, sits with a bong in his lap in a palatial suite. SKANKS parade around in the background. A Championship Belt is strewn over the edge of the couch. On a table sits a mountain of \$10,000 bundles arranged in a large pyramid.

RAY wears sunglasses and glances at one of his three phones. HOWARD sits across from him, inspecting the contents of a **briefcase full of bedazzled jewelry**.

HOWARD  
Hey-yo, where's the money sign  
pinky ring?

HOWARD looks around the room and spots the ring on the finger of PAC, a giant, BLACK BODYGUARD.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(tapping on his own pinky)  
Hey big guy.

The bodyguard reluctantly hands the ring over.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(to Ray)  
Do they comp the bottles here or do  
you have some type of deal with  
them?

RAY  
No, I pay for it all.

RAY watches a video of a jewel encrusted ROLLS ROYCE.

RAY (CONT'D)  
How much he want for it?

HOWARD  
See how it sparkles?

RAY  
Yeah, I see, is it ready now?

HOWARD  
Next week likely.

RAY  
I gotta see it for real.

HOWARD  
You know the Jews and the Blacks,  
we're the same people.

RAY reads a message on one of his phones. Then hands it to PAC.

RAY  
 Pac... Post that, but make sure it  
 links TBT, TMT and shout out  
 Justin's thing, say something about  
 catching dreams out the window.

PAC starts typing away on RAY's phone. HOWARD continues to  
 itemize the contents of the briefcase.

HOWARD  
 The kids get their own suite?

RAY  
 Yeah, that staircase in the back  
 connects us- they put up posters in  
 their room and shit.

HOWARD arrives at a **red diamond Cobra chain**, RAY points to it as  
 he takes a bong hit.

RAY (CONT'D)  
 (while holding smoke in)  
 Wait... I wanna keep that one.

HOWARD  
 I can have something similar for  
 you by next week.

RAY  
 Fuck that. How much you want for  
 it?

HOWARD sends a text message to a **"JO, B"** asking **"how much for  
 the red diamond cobra chain? Need to know now, w Forcaster"**

RAY takes another hit. Sips from champagne. Empties a bottle.  
 HOWARD takes note of RAY getting more inebriated.

RAY (CONT'D)  
 Reg!  
 (beat)  
 Yo, Reg!

REG, a 7'4 heavy set black male, 30s appears.

RAY (CONT'D)  
 Grab me a few more bottles from the  
 fridge and a bunch of more ice,  
 this one is soupy.

REG  
 Got you.

**HOWARD receives a text message, "25."**

HOWARD  
 I can do the cobra red for 50.

RAY  
50?!

HOWARD  
Yeah... 50.

RAY  
How bout 35?

HOWARD  
You're killing me Ray! Lowest I can go is 45.

RAY  
I'll give you 40 right now.

HOWARD  
Fuck it, gimme 40... but you know I'm losing 5 grand on that for you.

RAY takes the chain from the briefcase, puts it around his neck and stands up to look in a mirror.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Ray, lemme ask you something, is it true you fly two G-6's, one for you and the other for your team.

RAY  
You think I'm getting on a plane with 3 Reggie's? That's half a ton nigga. It's not that much to have a second plane, that type of shit is over-inflated to the public. Like people think it's a million dollars to fly a PJ. It's only about an extra 60, 70 grand. It's my life-  
(take bong hit, holding breathe in)  
Fuck that. They can ride in their own plane.

HOWARD  
I hear that. You got a plane going back east tonight?

RAY  
Tonight? No.

HOWARD  
Shit, I gotta get back to NYC...

RAY  
There's one going back for my wife tomorrow morning. She's going on some show in the morning around 10.

HOWARD  
Can I hop on that?

RAY  
Yeah, okay.

HOWARD takes his camera out.

HOWARD  
Let's do an Instagram.

RAY  
Reg, come take the bong.

HOWARD positions the phone/camera to frame both them, the jewelry and the mountain of money behind them.

REG appears with a new bottle of champagne.

HOWARD  
(while typing into phone)  
Yo, Ray, gimme 50 grand.

RAY  
Huh?

HOWARD  
Gimme 50 grand.

RAY  
(laughing)  
For what?

HOWARD  
For a shitty fuckin' day. From one better to another. What does that mean to you? 50k?! I lost over 340 thousand dollars today, you know that?

RAY  
You lost 340 today?

HOWARD  
I was up 200 grand and then fell, I had a bad day- My nigga c'mon just peel off 50k and give it to me.

RAY looks at HOWARD, now looking up and making eye-contact. RAY slowly reaches for some cash, starts to count it out.

RAY  
I'm gonna give you 50 grand, after I just agreed to give you 35?

HOWARD  
40- Yeah, but that's for the chain-

RAY  
-What am I gonna be getting in return for this?

HOWARD

Nothing.

RAY looks at HOWARD.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Nigga, it's me. It'll come back to you.

RAY impulsively grabs 5 bundles and tosses it at HOWARD. HOWARD immediately puts it in his briefcase.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

You can hang onto one of those day-dates too, those are mine..

RAY

Nigga, those shits are fake, you think I don't know that.

HOWARD

They're not fake!

RAY

FakeWatchBusta already called a nigga out TWICE for rockin' those... C'mon.

HOWARD

You could sell them at a *discount* for 10.

RAY

I'm not selling watches at all, let alone fake ones-

HOWARD

They're not fake!

RAY

Nigga, I know they are. It's cool, I feel the hustle, but I gotta a story to tell and folex's aren't a part of it.

HOWARD laughs, posts the picture of him and Ray on Instagram.

EXT. TETERBOROUGH PRIVATE AIRPORT - ARRIVALS - EARLY MORNING.

HOWARD exits the airport carrying one young black BOY on his shoulders and an even younger GIRL in his arms. They climb off of him as he double-kisses RAY's wife goodbye. RAY'S FAMILY hop into a pristine blacked out SUV.

HOWARD turns, looks around, sees YUSSI, HOWARD'S brother-in-law, Sephardic, 36, swarthy, sits in a 7 series White BMW, and nods in acknowledgement. HOWARD approaches the car and gets in.

HOWARD  
Where's the bottles of water?

He finds a bottle under the chair.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Always keep these in the holders.

HOWARD, sweating, opens one and guzzles water like an animal.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Was there anyone waiting at Gems  
when they opened this morning?

YUSSI  
I came straight here, I know Dina's  
there now.

HOWARD  
How do you know that?  
(motions with hand)  
Go, pull out of here.

YUSSI pulls the car out of its spot.

YUSSI  
Because she called me 15 times this  
morning.

HOWARD  
What's she saying?

YUSSI  
I didn't answer. Her texts were all  
looking for you, threatening me  
this that and the other.

They sit in the slow lane. This infuriates HOWARD, who motions  
with his hands.

HOWARD  
Go, go go! C'mon!

YUSSI laughs, HOWARD not amused.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Get out of this fuckin' lane!

EXT. DIAMOND DISTRICT - 46TH STREET BTW 6TH AND 5TH - 11 AM

HOWARD and YUSSI jay-walk across the 46th street into an  
arcade/throughway. HOWARD carries FLOWERS and a shopping bag.

INT. 47TH STREET JEWELRY ARCADE - CONTINUOUS

They enter a large arcade connecting 46th to 47th. The room is  
congested, resembling a dingy bizarre.

Hundreds of glass showcases divide the space into a maze of narrow aisles. Dealers call out numbers. Others sit bored. TWO HASIDS play cards on top of a display case. Another sucks on an ice pop.

YUSSI and HOWARD cut diagonally across the room, using it as a short cut to 47th Street.

HOWARD makes a quick pit-stop at one of the booths. JOSHUA, an overweight middle-aged Jewish dealer, stands behind his showcase, hunched over a plate of hot food.

HOWARD  
You're getting crumbs all over my merchandise you disgusting pig.

JOSHUA  
(unperturbed)  
They were crumbs to begin with.

HOWARD  
Look Josh, you've had 'em for three weeks now-

JOSHUA  
So take 'em back. They're wasting valuable space.

HOWARD  
I would. But I like you.

JOSHUA  
Your breath smells like shit.

HOWARD slides JOSHUA'S lunch to the side of the counter, smiles at JOSHUA and walks away.

EXT. 47TH ST BETWEEN 6TH & 5TH AVE, THE DIAMOND DISTRICT - AFTER

HOWARD and YUSSI walk east on 47th street past many HASIDIC MEN, tourists and street peddlers. One STREET PEDDLER, runs up:

STREET PEDDLER  
Howard! Take a look.

The STREET PEDDLER pulls a diamond encrusted HUBLOT watch from a bag. Shows it to HOWARD. HOWARD can't help but glance at it.

HOWARD  
Eh.

STREET PEDDLER  
All synthetic...

HOWARD  
Not interested.

STREET PEDDLER

35%.

HOWARD

No.

HOWARD and YUSSI move past the STREET PEDDLER and turn into a building on "The Block."

INT. KMA GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

SADIE HOLMES, enters the showroom from the back. She's tough, she's street, an attractive, NYC native, late 20s. She carries a tray of small diamonds to a well-dressed WHITE GUY, 36.

SADIE

These are the VVS2's we have in the 1 to 2 carat range.

WHITE GUY

How much more are we talking if we went to flawless.

SADIE

At this size, probably a good amount, the difference is big. Unless you wanna go synthetic, I would go with a 2 carat at this clarity.

The WHITE GUY inspects the stones. SADIE uses a tweezer to place them against different style bands.

WHITE GUY

I want her to feel royal. Something that'll impress her friends.

SADIE

When I first was proposed to he gave me a V1 diamond, but big, and I personally found it to be trashy, diamonds are everywhere on that level.

WHITE GUY laughs, inspects options.

SADIE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Look, get something like this, do a Channel setting with two smaller stones next to it. That's classy.

WHITE GUY likes it. Takes out his phone.

WHITE GUY

You mind if I take some pictures?

SADIE

Not to show her I hope!

WHITE GUY  
Nah. Her girlfriends.

LARRY, mid 40's, shaved head, track suit, interrupts them.

LARRY  
What are those did you say?

SADIE  
Huh?

LARRY  
You said those are what type of diamonds?

SADIE  
(caught off-guard)  
These are VVS-2s. You interested in something?

LARRY  
I wanna put together a ring.

SADIE  
JOANI, will you help this man.

JOANI, a co-worker, late 20's, Sephardic Jew from Long-Island, turns from her computer.

JOANI  
What can I do for you?

LARRY  
How much are these?

JOANI  
Depends on the cut, which one are you interested in?

LARRY  
HMMMMMMMM.

JOANI  
Do you have a wholesale license?

LARRY  
To be honest, I'm really just waiting for Howard... But I am interested in this.

BUZZZZZ! SADIE looks over to the security monitor and sees **HOWARD** and **YUSSI** waiting outside the door.

She buzzes them through the first set of doors. They enter into a small vestibule and wait several seconds for the door behind them to completely close.

JOANI  
I'm not following you.

LARRY

I wanna buy something...

SADIE buzzes them through the second door into the showroom.

HOWARD

Larry? Oh for Christ's sake.

LARRY

No, Howard, you need to listen-

HOWARD hands ELAN, 19, HOWARD's nephew and staff errand boy, his **briefcase**.

HOWARD

Take that down to JO's.

ELAN is buzzed out of the space. HOWARD hands his phone to SADIE.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Charge this for me.

HOWARD pinches her ass. SADIE jerks away.

SADIE

(quietly)

DINA's in the backroom.

HOWARD

I know.

YUSSI walks behind the showcase and into the **backroom**.

YUSSI

Oh hey, DINA.

DINA (O.S.)

You don't wanna answer my calls?  
What kind of brother are you...  
HOWARD!

DINA, 40s, olive-skinned, made up, Sephardic, storms into the showroom.

DINA (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Why is the account overdrawn?! I  
went by the bank and they told me  
there's nothing they can do until  
more funds are there. What is  
that?!

HOWARD

It's nothing, it's a mistake. You  
want these?

HOWARD tries to give her the flowers. She swats them onto the floor.

DINA

Shove em up your ass. Time-Warner and Gas arent paid. We'll have no gas and no TV.

HOWARD

They're not shutting anything off, you idiot. It's just a big misunderstanding, I'm moving funds around.

DINA

Why is Carmelle calling me at 1am last night, non stop? Huh!?! Why is she blaming me- you- for all her furniture missing. Why is her furniture missing?

HOWARD

(annoyed)

And what do you think I've been doing for the past 36 hours? Sailing?

DINA

I have no idea what you do.

HOWARD

It's a big misunderstanding, Honey, this gentleman-

DINA

-The debit card isnt working either-

HOWARD

-I said don't worry about it. It's all being taken care of.

DINA

Don't lie to me Howard.

HOWARD points to the showroom. HOWARD says quietly.

HOWARD

What are you doing? Why are you doing this in front of everyone here?

DINA's phone rings. She looks at it. Silences it.

DINA

I have shit I have to do!

DINA's phone rings again. She shows the Caller ID to HOWARD.

DINA (CONT'D)

It's Eddie... great.

She answers it.

DINA (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Eddie... Yes, I'm here with daddy,  
 what's up... I don't know  
 (looks to HOWARD)  
 Are you coming home for dinner?

HOWARD  
 Possibly.

DINA  
 (into phone)  
 No, he's not coming.

LARRY watches HOWARD attentively. JOANI plays on her phone. DINA ACTIVELY avoids eye contact with SADIE and retreats to the backroom.

LARRY  
 Listen Howard-

HOWARD, now visibly annoyed, looks down at the tray of gems.

HOWARD  
 What is this!?!  
 (to SADIE)  
 Sadie, put this back in the safe.

LARRY  
 Wait a second. You haven't been calling me back and the address you gave me was no good so I figured I would come to where you work to get what you owe me.

HOWARD  
 (laughing)  
 You realize this stuff isn't mine. This is all on loan. Who am I? King Tut?

LARRY  
 You can't keep stiffing me like this. And I hear you're placing bets with other-

HOWARD pulls LARRY aside so no one can hear their conversation.

HOWARD  
 Listen, Larry I told you I would have the money in a week.

LARRY  
 I don't care, I'm not fucking around here Howard, I need that money! I WANT IT NOW!

WHITE GUY glances in their direction.

HOWARD  
Larry, will you hold on a second?

HOWARD dips into the back room...

INT. KMA GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE- BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

DINA still on the phone, gathering her things. She now has sunglasses on. HOWARD approaches her, she pushes him away annoyed.

HOWARD  
(whispering)  
Here, take this and go get yourself something nice at Barney's, get lunch at Fred's...

HOWARD shoves a handful of cash into her jacket pocket. She removes the bundle for a second, looks at it, pulls away from the phone and looks at HOWARD.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
See?

HOWARD and DINA rejoin the showroom...

INT. KMA GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE- SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

DINA, engaged with the phone, leads HOWARD.

DINA  
(into phone)  
Baby, no, I'm leaving Daddy now, will you give me a second... hey! Hold on a second.  
(to HOWARD)  
Okay, I'll call you after Barney's, but call the bank and straighten all this out now.

HOWARD  
Of course.

DINA is buzzed out of the space.

LARRY  
So there's enough for Barney's but not enough for me?

HOWARD  
How dare you!?! Can't you see that I got a lot of shit going on right now? I haven't touched over 5 grand in a month, seriously. I just got out of the hospital.

LARRY  
Your word is nothing, I went by the hospital.

HOWARD  
Which hospital?

LARRY  
Sinai.

HOWARD  
I told you Beth Israel.

LARRY  
No, you didnt. But I checked there too.

HOWARD  
When?

LARRY  
Friday.

HOWARD  
I was let out on Wednesday...  
(assures him)  
You want to see the hospital bracelet?

BUZZZZ! A large black BODY GUARD appears on the surveillance monitor. SADIE buzzes them in. The BODY GUARD enters and immediately barks orders to the showroom.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Larry, I'm sorry, you're gonna have to leave. Call me on my cell.

LARRY  
Your cell's no good.

HOWARD starts to walk him towards the door.

HOWARD  
The 987 number?

LARRY  
Yeah.

HOWARD  
That one's no good anymore, Larry, I told you that... Call 917 871 4147.

LARRY enters the numbers into his phone and immediately calls it. A pause. Howard's cellphone RINGS.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
We good?

BODY GUARD 1 tugs on LARRY's arm.

BODYGUARD 1  
 Alright, pack it up, you gotta get  
 outta here.

LARRY looks over to HOWARD for assistance.

HOWARD  
 Sorry, Larry... Next week, I  
 promise...

HOWARD points to the bouncers.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 This could be the answers to *all*  
 our problems.

The BODYGUARDS pressure LARRY out of the office.

BODYGUARD 1  
 Alright, everyone out.

WHITE GUY  
 I was in the middle of...  
 (looks to SADIE)  
 Tell him, I just was.

SADIE  
 I'm sorry, hon.

WHITE GUY  
 Seriously?

BODYGUARD 2 walks over and begins to nudge the WHITE GUY.

HOWARD  
 Come back in an hour or so.

As WHITE GUY leaves, AMARE STOUDEMIRE, 30, black, a 7 foot  
 superstar basketball player enters the space, kissing a mezuzah  
 on his way in. With him are DEMANY, 30, black, flashy, wearing a  
 lot of jewelry, PRIVELEJ, 29, heavy-set rapper, lots of jewelry,  
 a YOUNGER BLACK MALE and a WHITE YOUNG WOMAN.

DEMANY embraces HOWARD.

DEMANY  
 What's Gucci Howard?

HOWARD  
 Demany!

DEMANY introduces AMARE.

DEMANY  
 AMARE, that's Howard.

HOWARD

(with arms outstretched)  
Baruch hashem, AMARE. I can't begin to tell you what an honor it is to have you here, in MY showroom. You happen to be a personal hero of mine, and I want you to feel entirely at home here, and needless to say, what's mine is yours.

AMARE

(sweetly, softly)  
I appreciate being here. When I enter into a new environment what I most prefer is the freedom to explore my space, quietly and peacefully, and let things come to me... do you mind if I do that?

HOWARD

Not at all... Sadie.  
(to Sadie)  
Can you bring AMARE some refreshments?

HOWARD offers a hundred dollar bill to SADIE.

SADIE

What should I-

AMARE

I'm not thirsty. I'm not hungry. But thank you. Can I explore?

HOWARD

Be my guest.

AMARE quietly surveys the showroom. He begins by examining the photo gallery on the walls: a collection of famous people posing with HOWARD...e.g. JR Smith, Patrick Ewing, Cam'ron, Cindy Lauper, Wiz Khalifa, Ja Rule, Al Goldstein, Cypress Hill, Ray Forcaster... etc.. HOWARD watches him in great anticipation.

DEMANY

(To HOWARD, whispering)  
I hook you up or what?

HOWARD

(whispering)  
You're incredible.

DEMANY

(whispering)  
I told you I'd bring AMARE, and what I do? What I do?

HOWARD

(whispering)  
You brought AMARE.

AMARE explores the showcases muttering quietly to himself. The rest of the posse start to browse as well, while PRIVELEJ sidles up to SADIE.

PRIVELEJ  
Look at you, huh.

SADIE  
What about me?

PRIVELEJ  
(to HOWARD)  
How much for her?

SADIE reaches over and grabs PRIVELEJ'S cellphone from his hand.

SADIE  
How much for you?

She starts looking through the photos on his phone. HOWARD looks annoyed.

PRIVELEJ  
Oh, you're dangerous. I like that!  
(to DEMANY)  
Yo this girl is tight. Grabs my  
phone like that!

SADIE zooms in on a nude picture of PRIVELEJ.

PRIVELEJ (CONT'D)  
Alright, give it back to me.

YUSSI re-enters the space, he rests his arms on the showcase.

DEMANY  
(to YUSSI)  
That's that Day-date with the  
President bracelet?

YUSSI holds his wrist out for DEMANY.

YUSSI  
Yeah, solid yellow. You like it?

DEMANY  
Shit's hot.  
(to PRIVELEJ)  
Yo Priv, check out this Roley.

PRIVELEJ leaves SADIE and moves over to inspect YUSSI'S Rolex. HOWARD, again, looks annoyed.

YUSSI  
I can get them for you in yellow or  
Rose for cheap.

PRIVELEJ  
Oh yeah, how much?

YUSSI  
23 or 24.

PRIVELEJ  
That's a good price. With the box  
and papers?

YUSSI  
With box and papers.

PRIVELEJ  
(to DEMANY)  
We gotta get AMARE up on this.

HOWARD approaches YUSSI.

HOWARD  
(whispering)  
YUSSI, please, what are you doing?

YUSSI  
(whispering)  
What?

HOWARD  
(whispering)  
Stop! Now!

HOWARD drifts back. YUSSI, upset, retreats to the backroom.

DEMANY  
(To AMARE, whispering)  
This nigga can encrust anything.

HOWARD  
(soft, eager)  
Anything you want. I'm your nigga.

AMARE  
Is this true?

HOWARD  
Of course...

AMARE shifts his weight from one knee to other, and stretches.

SADIE  
(laughing)  
You have the longest arms. Hold 'em  
out.

AMARE smiles and displays his incredible wingspan.

SADIE (CONT'D)  
That's insane.

HOWARD  
Just incredible...

SADIE laughs. Leaning on the showcase, AMARE looks at the gems.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
You're going to that big ball?

AMARE  
How do you know about that?

HOWARD  
I know everything.

AMARE  
Yeah... I want something Hebrew.

HOWARD  
(laughing)  
Hebrew...

AMARE  
Maybe a Hai with a little...

HOWARD  
Don't say ice... You're not a  
diamond guy, everyone's got  
diamonds.

AMARE  
What do you mean by that?

HOWARD  
You're not an ice guy,

AMARE  
(joking)  
No more Mr. Ice guy.

HOWARD  
(laughing)  
Sure a little ice here and there,  
but you're like a pigeon vein blood  
red ruby or a dancing sapphire...  
(readjusting)  
Look, if you want stones, I can get  
that for you too... I take care of  
people I love, ask anyone.

SADIE  
What about that ruby Jo sent over?

HOWARD  
The cushion 6? Yeah, go get that.

SADIE heads to the backroom. EMANY, AMARE and PRIVLEJ inspect the pieces out on the showcase.

SADIE returns and places a box in front of HOWARD.

YUSSI  
 (gruff)  
 I'm out. Be back in an hour.

DEMANY  
 I'll let you know about that Day-  
 Date. Come by Priv's show-  
 (redirects to HOWARD)  
 Yo, Howard, you too. You gotta come  
 to Priv's show tomorrow night.

HOWARD  
 Tomorrow? Sure. Wait, fuck, I have  
 my kid's play...

PRIVELEJ  
 (to SADIE)  
 You should come.

SADIE  
 Where?

PRIVELEJ  
 Webster hall. I go on around 10.

HOWARD  
 Oh! I can make it by then.

PRIVELEJ  
 (to SADIE)  
 What about you?

SADIE  
 I can be there whenever.

HOWARD  
 Yeah, I'll meet up with you guys at  
 10, or just before, probably.

YUSSI  
 I can't come tomorrow, but text me  
 about the Day-date. Joani, buzz.

YUSSI hands DEMANY a card and is buzzed out.

AMARE  
 Demany, what time is it?

HOWARD  
 What time you gotta be somewhere?

DEMANY  
 Nigga, Howard's good people.

JOANI  
 Show him the ruby.

HOWARD pulls a gold jeweler's loupe from a necklace around his neck. He hands the loupe to AMARE and offers him the ruby. AMARE leans heavily on the showcase.

HOWARD  
Amare, sorry but if you need to  
lean on the case, please lean on  
the edges, not the glass, please.

AMARE puts the loupe down, disinterested.

AMARE  
I don't feel this.

BUZZZZ! NADAV appears at the door with a large Styrofoam crate over his shoulder. SADIE buzzes him in.

HOWARD  
Who's that?

SADIE  
Nadav.

NADAV enters carrying an enormous wooden crate. HOWARD grows excited, puts his arm around AMARE.

HOWARD  
Oh... my... god, AMARE. You're  
gonna LOVE this.

NADAV moves towards the backroom. HOWARD follows him.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Amare, gimme a second, please. It's  
for you. Please. I've got a bunch  
of Powerade in the fridge...

AMARE  
Thank you. I'm not thirsty.

HOWARD  
(to SADIE)  
Show 'em what we did with Fat Joe.  
(To AMARE)  
When he was actually fat!

HOWARD hurries into the back room.

INT. KMA GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD now serious.

HOWARD  
(to NADAV)  
It's heavy?

NADAV  
(without breathing)  
Yeah...

HOWARD  
Yes!

NADAV puts the crate down on the desk. HOWARD grabs a crowbar and cracks open the case. Inside is a styrofoam crate and inside that are 4 large fish wrapped in clear vacuum sealed bags.

He slices one of them open, searches inside, nothing... He grabs another fish, cuts it open. Nothing. He grabs another, slices and pulls out a wet black plastic bag the size of a grapefruit. Inside this bag is a large uncut 600 carat Black Opal (the gem from the African mine). He grabs a loupe and looks into an opening in the gem.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
IT'S... IT'S BEAUTIFUL!!

INT. KMA GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD rushes out of the back room, gem in hand. NADAV follows.

HOWARD  
This is your lucky day, Amare.

HOWARD presents the **BLACK OPAL** to AMARE who leans on the glass showcase to look at it.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
VERY special. From an untapped mine  
in Ethiopia.

HOWARD hands him a loupe. AMARE takes it and looks into the gem.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
I can have it cut up and have a  
couple carats set into anything,  
earrings, charms, been tracking it  
for a while, not easy to get...

AMARE closely inspects the gem, transfixed.

INT. INSIDE THE GEMSTONE - CONTINUOUS

The camera zooms into the **GEM**. Again, we see a kaleidoscope of color, light, and swirling abstract shapes. A psychedelic trip. Hauntingly beautiful and mesmerizing.

INT. KMA GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

**CRAAAASH!** All of a sudden, AMARE's elbows break through the glass showcase. HOWARD, JOANI and SADIE scream, DEMANY and PRIVELEJ jump back in shock.

BODY GUARD 1  
AMARE! FUCK!

AMARE'S arms are covered in blood. He pulls himself out of his reverie. SADIE runs over with some paper towels and tends to his elbows.

HOWARD  
I said don't lean on it! You all heard me!

AMARE  
(dazed)  
Let me take it tonight.

HOWARD  
What?

AMARE  
Lemme have it tonight. I need it.

HOWARD  
I- It's set for auction next week... I'm already late for appraisal...

AMARE gives him a deep soulful stare.

AMARE  
One night. 16 hours. What's 16 hours with sleep?

HOWARD  
Amar'e, I'm sorry.

AMARE  
I'll gram 3 pictures of you and me together right now- And! I'll post a pic of the stone afterwards and say 'my game shines because of it.'

HOWARD  
Ah shit. Tag NAGY in the picture and in the comment?

AMARE  
Of course.

HOWARD  
Follow me and 'like' 30 pictures.

AMARE  
This very second.

HOWARD thinks long and hard.

HOWARD  
Tomorrow, ok? No excuses.

AMARE

You have my word, Howard.

BODY GUARD 1

You better pray he's good tonight.

HOWARD

Wha'?! It's glass, it's not meant to support all that weight.

INT. BORATTA'S RESTAURANT - EARLY EVENING

HOWARD strolls into the restaurant. ANTHONY, an impeccably groomed Italian, mid 40's, sits at a corner table quietly enjoying a steak. He looks up.

ANTHONY

Howard, what are you doing here?

HOWARD

You don't answer my calls.

ANTHONY

I don't answer your calls because there's no reason for us to talk.

HOWARD

I wanna make a play.

ANTHONY

I'm done taking your action.

HOWARD

-I got cash for you baby. Not looking for a credit line.

HOWARD pulls a manila envelope from his jacket.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

65 grand.

HOWARD slides a Rolex watch box towards ANTHONY.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

And this, for putting up with me.

ANTHONY

What do you want?

HOWARD

A parlay. 5 teams.

ANTHONY

You wanna do a 5 way sixty-five k?!

A WAITRESS passes by.

HOWARD  
Honey, a diet coke please.

WAITRESS  
How are you Ant?

ANTHONY  
Fine. Thanks.

WAITRESS leaves.

HOWARD  
I want the Knicks money-line, wanna do that with the over on Amare's points plus rebounds, the Thunder to cover, King's 2nd quarter, and the under on the Blazers/Heat, but I want to buy half a point.

ANTHONY  
That's like 4 to 1...

HOWARD  
Yeah.

ANTHONY  
Too much trouble. You gotta spread a bet like that out over more books.

HOWARD  
I can't take it elsewhere.

ANTHONY  
And why not?

HOWARD  
Look, I got the cash here now. You want my action or not?

ANTHONY  
Fuck it, I'll lay a bunch of it off... gimme the envelope.

HOWARD hands ANTHONY the envelope.

HOWARD  
Perfect! I don't know how you make it in your business, being so kind.

ANTHONY  
Enough. Let me eat.

HOWARD  
You know what, I'll get a bite, what's good here?  
(to WAITRESS)  
Can I see a menu?

INT. BAR - NIGHT

HOWARD sits in a loud, crowded sports bar watching the Knicks game and surveying his Instagram account. A notification pops up to inform him that he has 549 new followers. He clicks on a photo of himself and AMARE taken earlier in his showroom. In it, HOWARD is making the peace sign. The comment: "@Chocol8Monsta: peep this sweaty fatass JEWler"

ANNOUNCER (ON TV)  
A mythical performance from AMARE  
Stoudemire!

HOWARD looks up to the television.

COLOR COMMENTATOR (ON TV)  
29 points, 15 rebounds and 7  
assists and still 28 minutes of  
basketball to play.

HOWARD claps his hands like a circus seal.

ANNOUNCER (ON TV)  
This will go down in history. And  
he's playing with those cumbersome  
bandages!

AMARE appears at the free throw with bandages on his elbows. He adjusts them before his shot.

HOWARD  
(to self)  
Okay, great, that's two...  
(to BARTENDER)  
What's the score of the Thunder  
game?

The BARTENDER looks at his phone.

BARTENDER  
Up by 4 with six remaining.

HOWARD  
Okay, I gotta run.

HOWARD throws a fifty dollar bill onto the bar.

EXT. 3RD AVENUE. AFTER.

HOWARD listens to a game on his phone while walking.

BROADCASTER (VOICE)  
...12 points, 10 rebounds and 9  
assists, just one shy of a triple  
double.

BROADCASTER 2 (VOICE)  
 You know, if I'm Eastrick, I'm  
 thinking about this victory. When  
 he's not looking to score, they  
 function much better as a team.

HOWARD stops walking.

HOWARD  
 No, No... Don't dribble it out.

BROADCASTER 1 (VOICE)  
 Yeah, they should just be able to  
 dribble this one out, 110 to 100.

BROADCASTER 2 (VOICE)  
 Wait, what? It looks like Eastrick  
 just called a time out!

BROADCASTER 1  
 Yes, Eastrick calls a time out with  
 15 seconds to go. Bizarre!

HOWARD  
 Yes, yes! Eastrick, go for the  
 triple double!

HOWARD stands in the middle of the sidewalk.

BROADCASTER 2 (VOICE)  
 Wow, Adelman's upset. Looks like he  
 told his team to stay at center  
 court, allowing Eastrick a free  
 ride to his triple double. Adelman  
 doesn't like this one bit...

HOWARD stands in shock, the biggest smile starting to emerge.

BROADCASTER 1  
 Eastrick catches an inbound pass,  
 passes to Nar Touré up-court who  
 slams it in for 2 points! This is  
 incredible. There's the buzzer.

HOWARD  
 Yesssssss!

BROADCASTER 2  
 And with that final assist the  
 Thunder win it 112-100

HOWARD  
 Holy fucking shit! I hit! I hit!

Enraptured, HOWARD almost throws his phone against a building.

BROADCASTER 1  
 This will be infamous. Adelman has  
 already left the floor, and none of  
 the players are shaking hands.

BROADCASTER 2

Yeah, I'm not sure I'm a fan of this-Greedy, unsportsmanlike, selfish, self-serving, I'm with Adelman here.

HOWARD realizes he's standing right in front of Wollenky's steakhouse.

EXT. EAST 55TH STREET - AFTER

HOWARD carries two take-out bags from Wollensky's. He sees a bum sleeping on his side.

HOWARD

Hey?

HOWARD leans in for another look.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Hey, you up? You like steak?

The HOMELESS GUY doesn't move. HOWARD removes a container of food from one of his bags and places it next to the sleeping man. He then pulls out a bankroll of money, peels off a few \$100s and shoves 'em into the HOMELESS GUY's coat pocket.

The HOMELESS GUY suddenly springs up. HOWARD sees his face; a gaunt grizzled toothless horror show.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

AAAAAAHHHHH!

HOWARD scurries away as quickly as possible.

INT. HOWARD'S APARTMENT BUILDING - JUST AFTER

HOWARD approaches the door of his apartment building. A doorman runs to open it for him.

ALEX DOORMAN

NAGY!

HOWARD walks in.

HOWARD

Alex, my friend, how are you?

ALEX DOORMAN

All good.

HOWARD asks FRANK, a concierge behind a desk.

HOWARD

Frank, anything?

FRANK CONCIERGE

No, Sir.

HOWARD

If anyone comes by, we left town.

FRANK CONCIERGE

Of course, Sir.

HOWARD steps into the elevator.

INT. HOWARD'S APARTMENT- KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - AFTER

HOWARD kicks off his shoes in a small vestibule and throws his keys onto a side table.

HOWARD

Sadie! Baby! YO, YO! I got dinner.

The vestibule opens up onto the living room, which is littered with gizmos and gadgets; the kind of ware only offered on television infomercials and in-flight catalogues.

The apartment is the epitome of garish nouveau riche decor; shiny blacks surfaces, faux marble, leather, wall to wall carpeting, a big salt-water fish-tank.

HOWARD walks to the bedroom.

INT. HOWARD'S APARTMENT. THE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is a mess. Clothes spill out from the closet, the California-King bed is unmade. The mirrors surrounding the big bed have smudges on them.

HOWARD

Yo!

HOWARD walks into the bathroom.

INT. HOWARD'S APARTMENT- BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

SADIE springs up in the bathtub.

HOWARD

What's up, you don't say hello?

SADIE

(covering herself)  
I'm in the tub!

HOWARD

Why you covering yourself up?

SADIE

I don't know.

HOWARD  
(looks around)  
I brought you a steak from  
Wollensky's, with the crunchy onion  
strings and vegetable sides.

SADIE  
Thanks. I'll eat it later.

HOWARD looks at SADIE's legs in the tub.

SADIE (CONT'D)  
(doesn't care)  
Oh, yeah. There were a bunch of  
messages from the management about  
rent payment not going through.

HOWARD  
Uh huh.

SADIE  
They were pretty upset about it.

HOWARD  
I'll deal with it.

HOWARD still annoyed that she's covering herself.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Why're there smudge marks all over  
the mirror near the bed?

SADIE  
I don't know. I touched it.

HOWARD  
You touched it?  
(beat)  
Ya know, I can get a maid to come  
by more than once a week.

SADIE  
(short)  
No need to waste money.

HOWARD  
Then, you should pick up around  
here, a maid once a week should be  
enough and she charges me more when  
it gets like this, all messy, I'm  
not made of money.

HOWARD flips the fan on.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
You should use this, it conditions  
the air, makes it feel fresh. Also  
the moisture will mold up the  
wallpaper.

HOWARD organizes the toiletries around the sink.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Stinks like cigarettes in here.  
It's disgusting. The whole place  
reeks of cigarettes.

SADIE  
It'll air out.

HOWARD  
Well it hasn't...

SADIE  
Can you please give me some  
privacy? I'm gonna get out.

HOWARD  
Just get out with me in here, I  
wanna clean.

SADIE  
Howard, out.

HOWARD exits.

INT. HOWARD'S APARTMENT- HOWARD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD examines the smudge marks on the mirror while he unbuttons his shirt. They look like different types of fingerprints. HOWARD shifts out of it, turns on a 70 inch television and leaves the room.

INT. HOWARD'S APARTMENT- KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD grabs a remote and powers up each of his 6 flat screens, one at a time. ESPN, NBA TV, ESPN 2, HBO, Shopping Network.

AMARE appears on one of the TV's for a post game interview. It's muted but AMARE appears to be giddy. HOWARD un-mutes it.

HOWARD makes a call on his phone.

AMARE  
(on TV)  
Sometimes the gods beckon you from  
above...  
(smiles)  
Tonight, I guess we saw that  
communication.

HOWARD  
(to TV/AMARE)  
I love you!

HOWARD waltzes back into his bedroom.

INT. HOWARD'S APARTMENT- HOWARD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

AMARE appears on his bedroom TV as well. SADIE is standing behind an open closet door changing into a nightgown.

HOWARD

(into phone)

Demany, it's Howard. I'm sure you guys are out celebrating- Listen, I have a lot riding on that gem, I was crazy to give it to him in the first place. Not that I mind, but I *absolutely* need it back in my hands tomorrow morning, by 9am. Alright? You don't have to call me back, just please make sure you're at the office at 9 with the gem.

HOWARD hangs up.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

What is this hiding from me shit?!

HOWARD walks over to the closet and closes the door, exposing SADIE topless in her underwear.

SADIE

Howard, stop!

HOWARD

Stop what? Stop buying you things? Stop bringing you your favorite food? You know I was in an incredible mood when I came in. I come home and the place is like shit.

SADIE

The place is fuckin' fine!

HOWARD

Who was in the apartment?

SADIE

No one!

HOWARD runs over to the smudge marks on the mirror.

HOWARD

Whose finger prints are these? There are more than one set of prints here!

SADIE

You're acting like a crazy person.

HOWARD

I don't think so.

SADIE

I'm not gonna argue with you about this.

HOWARD

What do you even have to argue?

SADIE ignores HOWARD.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Huh!?! I've had a terrible 48 hours and you don't even ask how I'm doing?

SADIE

You just said you were feeling incredible.

HOWARD

But before that I wasn't. Everyone asks me bullshit all day, all they do is want! They all want something from me, what is that? It's not a good feeling. Soon I'll be all skin, no meat.

SADIE

I'm sorry, Howard, how are you?

HOWARD

I seriously was on a high when I walked in, felt like a million bucks, really! I went and got you that food, for us-

SADIE

I can't help it that I ate already.

HOWARD

Did you even know I had to go to Florida?

SADIE

No. How could I know that?

HOWARD

But you weren't wondering where I was. Did you even notice that I was gone?

SADIE

Of course I did.

SADIE warms up a little, leans against wall.

SADIE (CONT'D)

You're right. I'm sorry Howie.

HOWARD  
 (looks at her legs)  
 You know what's crazy? I just had a  
 sudden impulse to fuck you from  
 behind.

SADIE retracts.

SADIE  
 Jesus, Howard!

SADIE storms out of the room. On the television: a heroic slow-motion shot of AMARE flying through the air.

INT. KMA GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE- BACKROOM - MORNING

A phone set on speaker blares *rings* throughout the backroom, which buzzes with morning activity. ELAN works on a setting, NADAV trolls Instagram, YUSSI does inventory.

HOWARD sits at his desk in front of the phone waiting for someone to pick up. He stares at the time on his computer.  
**10:27AM.**

The call goes to voicemail: an excerpt of Biggie's 'Gimme One More Chance.'

VOICEMAIL  
 Biggie, gimme me one more chance...  
 BEEP.

HOWARD  
 DEMANY GOD DAMMIT. It's now 10:30!  
 Answer.. Your... Phone!!!

EXT. MIDTOWN STREET - DIAMOND DISTRICT- AFTER

HOWARD is rushing to the subway when LARRY [the bookie that HOWARD blew off in the first showroom scene] sidles up alongside him.

LARRY  
 Hi Howard.

HOWARD  
 (startled)  
 I can't stop and talk, I'm sorry.

LARRY  
 (interrupting)  
 Why do you think you can SON me  
 like this?

HOWARD  
 Not now!

LARRY  
I heard about you're \$65,000 parlay  
yesterday.

HOWARD  
What of it?

LARRY  
I need that 80 grand. I'm really  
not fucking around here. I need  
something now.

HOWARD pulls up his sleeve, exposing a **Rolex watch**.

HOWARD  
You see this watch?

HOWARD unbuckles it. Takes it off his wrist

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
That's 28 thousand brand new.

LARRY inspects it.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
You can sell that easy used for 15.

LARRY  
Where?

HOWARD  
Anywhere. Wimpy's.

HOWARD's phone rings. He looks to the Caller ID: It's GABI.  
HOWARD instantly dismisses the call.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Okay, I need to take this. We good?

LARRY  
Good!?!

HOWARD  
I mean til the end of the week.

HOWARD descends into a subway station. Tourists clog the stairs.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
C'mon, c'mon... It's not a fuckin'  
escalator.

EXT. BED-STUY PROJECTS - AFTERNOON

HOWARD walks past a group of YOUNG BLACK MALES shooting dice. He  
enters a building.

INT. DEMANY'S APARTMENT

DEMANY opens the door, he looks hung over, tired.

DEMANY  
Sup.

HOWARD  
I said 9. 9am sharp.

DEMANY  
I just woke up.

HOWARD  
Utter horseshit!

DEMANY  
Chill! We were in the club til 5 in the morning.

HOWARD  
You didn't see my calls? I called over 20 times.

DEMANY  
I haven't been using the phone at all today. Just kickin it at home. What's goin' on?

HOWARD  
I was absolutely crazy to lend the gem out. But that's me, I'm crazy, right?

DEMANY  
You're crazy.

HOWARD  
You don't understand. The thing is sold. I have people waiting.

DEMANY  
(annoyed)  
Alright! I'll talk to AMARE.

HOWARD  
Now. Call him now.

DEMANY  
I will, gimme a minute.

DEMANY opens fridge and slowly pours himself some orange juice.

DEMANY (CONT'D)  
That was an insane game, huh? He was turnt all the way up. They say there's never been a 40, 30, 10 game before.

HOWARD  
Call AMARE.

DEMANY  
He's at practice now. He's not gonna pick up the phone.

HOWARD  
Call him and tell him I'll give him that ruby for a few days instead.

DEMANY  
Howard, you're not listening to me. He... is... at... practice.

HOWARD  
Okay, let's go to practice.

DEMANY  
(laughing)  
You crazy.

HOWARD  
This is a million fuckin' dollar gem. You want that chain, don't you?

DEMANY  
Howard, you owe me that chain for bringing you AMARE in the first place.

INT. DEMANY'S LEXUS - DAY

DEMANY and HOWARD drive on the BQE in DEMANY's red Lexus. Loud hip-hop on the stereo: a track called "ALL ABOUT THE MONEY," which features central lyrics, "*It's all about the mother fuckin' money...*"

HOWARD  
This Privelej?

DEMANY focuses on his phone and the road.

DEMANY  
Yea, Troy Ave and me produced it.

HOWARD bobs his head to the music.

HOWARD  
Very good. You produced the beat?

DEMANY  
Troy did. You should hook him up with some shine for the video.

HOWARD  
He should put me in the video!

HOWARD listens to the music, adds:

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
You know what kind of money I hit  
on yesterday?

DEMANY  
(not paying attention)  
What's that?

HOWARD  
I hit a 5 way parlay, you know what  
that means?  
(beat)  
It means after Amare, I'm gonna go  
collect a lot of cash!

DEMANY checks his phone. HOWARD cranes his neck to see.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
That AMARE?

DEMANY  
Get out my business nigga.

HOWARD  
Lemme ask you a question, you fuck  
a lot of your own girls, or you get  
AMARE's run off?

DEMANY  
I handle my own shit.

HOWARD  
Lemme ask you another question,  
you've seen AMARE's dick?

DEMANY  
Aaaaa-yo!

HOWARD  
What? I saw he did that nude thing  
for ESPN magazine, was kind of  
misleading.

INT. KNICKS PRACTICE FACILITY - AFTER

A crowd of press gather on the court where team officials buzz  
about.

DEMANY and HOWARD walk up to the locker room entrance. DEMANY  
greet the SECURITY GUARD.

DEMANY  
What up big?

The SECURITY GUARD moves aside for DEMANY. HOWARD closes in  
behind DEMANY. The SECURITY GUARD stops HOWARD.

HOWARD  
No, I'm with him.

DEMANY  
I don't know that nigga, he ain't  
with me.

HOWARD  
What!?!

DEMANY, without looking back, walks towards the locker room.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(yells)  
DEMANY! YO!

DEMANY disappears into the locker room.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Ohhhh you piece of shit! You son of  
a bitch.

SECURITY GUARD  
Sir, you need to back away.

HOWARD  
You see that shit? You saw us  
arrive together.

SECURITY GUARD  
I didn't see anything. Step aside.

HOWARD pulls two hundred dollar bills from his pocket.

HOWARD  
I need 3 minutes. You can time me.

The SECURITY GUARD ignores the gesture and starts dealing with  
the next person in line.

EXT. CITY STREET - AFTER

HOWARD rushes down a city street checking his phone.

INT. LACE STRIP CLUB - AFTERNOON

HOWARD enters smiling ear-to-ear. ANTHONY clears a chair at his  
table. Before he's at the table, HOWARD's talking:

HOWARD  
You said it was a crazy bet!

ANTHONY  
Howard, sit down.

HOWARD sits.

HOWARD

Look, I'm not expecting all of it right now. Let's say the 65 I put down, plus half for now... so, like, 95-

ANTHONY

There's no money Howard.

HOWARD

NO MONEY!?! I HIT THE BET ANTHONY, I HIT A FUCKIN' 5 TEAM PARLAY.

ANTHONY

Stop acting. You know why there's no money.

HOWARD

What are you talking about?

ANTHONY

(calmly)

I told you I was gonna lay it off. I went to Jim. He could tell right away it was your bet. He told me already you're into him for 375.

HOWARD freaks out, starts making noises, gesticulating wildly.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

He took your 65 grand straight up.

HOWARD

He doesnt have the right to do that.

ANTHONY

He would have done the same for me.

HOWARD

Fuck Jim and fuck you! This is theft! You're a thief!

ANTHONY

Howard don't make a scene.

HOWARD

But I hit!

ANTHONY

No you did not.

HOWARD

Yes I did! I sat right in this chair and placed a bet and I hit!

ANTHONY

I had to do the right thing. You can't go around playing with other people's money. It's offensive.

ANTHONY extends HOWARD's Rolex watch box.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
Take this back please.

EXT. SCHOOL BUILDING, QUEENS, NY - NIGHT

HOWARD moves through a crowd into a building.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - AFTER

HOWARD sits next to DINA, his youngest son EDDIE, 7, looks like a mini-Howard and oldest son BENI, 15, pimpled and gangly. BENI plays a game on his iPhone.

The stage is decorated with amateurish mountain scenery. A banner with the words 'Snow White' hangs from the ceiling.

HOWARD jokes around with EDDIE by tapping the MAN IN FRONT of them on the shoulder. When The Man turns around HOWARD points to the person a few seats over from him. EDDIE finds this hysterical. HOWARD is his hero.

HOWARD  
(to BENI)  
What game is that?

BENI  
(without looking up)  
Knightmare Tower.

HOWARD  
You set any records yet?

BENI  
Yeah, 32nd rank in NY.

HOWARD  
Out of 33.

BENI laughs. EDDIE leans over and taps HOWARD on his shoulder.

In jest, HOWARD, turns around, looks for who tapped him, but instead notices TUNA, 30's, stocky, and ROBERT, 40's, oafish, sitting by the aisle some 10 rows back. They look out of place. They stare at HOWARD.

HOWARD looks away, waits a few seconds, and looks back. The two men are still staring. HOWARD stands up.

DINA  
Where you going?

HOWARD  
Daddy's gotta use the bathroom.

HOWARD gets up and moves down to the aisle.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - 10 ROWS BACK - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD approaches TUNA and ROBERT.

HOWARD  
(whispering)  
Do I know you?

TUNA  
I don't think so.

HOWARD  
Then why are you staring at me?

ROBERT  
Was I?

HOWARD  
What're you doing here?

ROBERT  
We're here to enjoy the play.

ROBERT laughs but with a fixed, menacing look at HOWARD, who briskly walks towards the exits.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD makes a call as he walks down a hallway,

HOWARD  
(into phone)  
Jim, this isn't right! My  
daughter's school, really?

ROBERT and TUNA appear in the hallway. HOWARD walks in the opposite direction.

INT. ANOTHER SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD picks up his pace. He tries a few random doors. Locked. ROBERT and TUNA turn the corner just as HOWARD finds an open door and enters it.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - BACK STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Costumed children wait by the side of the stage. Set pieces move about. HOWARD crosses through the space. A TEACHER looks at him.

HOWARD  
Wow! Everything looks fantastic!

Hearing his voice, MARCEL, 11, little girl version of DINA, turns around.

MARCEL

Daddy!

HOWARD

Baby! You're going to kill them!

Before the TEACHER can respond, HOWARD has already exited the room through a set of doors on the opposite side.

INT. SCHOOL STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD scurries down steps to the basement. He rushes through a labyrinthine maze of dark corridors until landing in the boiler room.

INT. SCHOOL BOILER ROOM - SAME TIME

HOWARD squeezes himself behind the hot sooty boiler, burning his arm in the process. A long pause.

Footsteps resound through the space, getting louder, then stopping.

ROBERT (O.S.)

The faggot must have popped out that other door.

TUNA (O.S.)

No, he's in here.

HOWARD hears them move around the room, getting close to the boiler. HOWARD, motionless, wedged behind the boiler, holds his breath.

ROBERT (O.S.)

Ahhhh! My fucking hand.

TUNA (O.S.)

What happened?

ROBERT (O.S.)

I burned my fucking hand!

TUNA (O.S.)

Fuck this. We'll wait out front.

HOWARD hears them drift into another part of the basement.

He opens his phone and sees a text from SADIE, "**PLAY OVER YET?**"

He replies, "**Running late. See you at the after party**", but there isn't enough signal to send it. He manically tries to re-send the message. Nothing.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

MARCEL (SNOW WHITE) is picking wild berries downstage stage when the QUEEN, a young girl dressed as an old hag, approaches.

DINA checks her phone. Nothing.

QUEEN  
Oh, hello fair young maiden.

MARCEL  
Hello.

QUEEN  
Care to share this apple with me?

MARCEL  
I'm starving... but...

QUEEN  
You needn't worry... please have  
this half.

MARCEL who skeptically accepts the apple and inspects it.

QUEEN (CONT'D)  
(taking a bite)  
Look, I'll eat my half first. These  
apples come from an ancient place,  
making them the most delicious.

Convinced, MARCEL takes a bite as well.

MARCEL  
Oh, it's quite tasty.

She drops dead to the floor. The QUEEN laughs maniacally.

DINA looks incredibly irritated.

INT. SCHOOL BOILER ROOM - MUCH LATER

HOWARD readjusts himself, squinting in obvious discomfort, and slips out from behind the boiler. He is reddened from the heat and covered in soot and grease. He uses his cellphone to light his way through the room.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - AFTER

The hallways are empty. HOWARD makes his way to the exit doors. They are locked.

HOWARD  
Oh you gotta be fuckin' kidding me.

The hall goes dark as Howard's phone dies.

HOWARD gropes around, tries a few classrooms, which are locked. He returns the basement.

INT. SCHOOL BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD rushes from sublevel window to sublevel window, pushing on each, hoping for an opening. He finds a loose one, pulls a few boxes over and climbs through it, barely fitting.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD emerges in the school playground. He runs over to the gate. Locked. A pause. With some difficulty, he scales the fence, ripping his pants in the process.

HOWARD

Fuck!

The moment his feet touch ground, a limo pulls up next to him.

A guy comes running out of it and whacks HOWARD in the back with a mini baseball bat.

HOWARD shrieks and falls to the ground.

The window zips down to reveal JIM, 50s, wax-faced, heavy-set.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Jim, please I'm already very late.  
I can't be any more late, let me  
go, then we-

JIM

Howard, get in the car.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD climbs in sits down between the ROBERT and TUNA, across from JIM.

HOWARD

Look-

JIM

I don't want to hear another word  
from you.

HOWARD

You already have all my brother's  
stuff. You already-

HOWARD is interrupted with a vicious chest punch from ROBERT.

JIM

Do you know now to listen?

HOWARD

(winded)

That 65 grand you took from  
Anthony, that was supposed to be  
260, I was planning on-

ROBERT jabs HOWARD in the head with a running electric razor,  
shearing off a chunk of hair. HOWARD jerks forward and clutches  
his head.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

What the fuck was that?!

HOWARD inspects his head in shock.

JIM

I'm offering you an out. You hear  
me? You have til Wednesday to give  
me 250 grand, and then we'll call  
it even. None of the interest.  
We'll be done with each other. You  
won't have to listen to me, I won't  
have to listen to you. But you're  
done. No more playing with me or  
any of my guys. You've got 48 hours  
to pay me in-full in-cash or then  
it won't be about the money anymore  
and there won't be any collecting.

(beat)

You understand that?

HOWARD

Can I speak now?

JIM

I just wanna hear yes or no. That's  
all. I'm offering you a big  
discount to end this cat and mouse  
shit.

HOWARD

Jim, with all due respect, I'd just  
like to explain.

(waits for approval)

Please, just let me explain.

(beat)

I told you that a gem was arriving  
this week. Well, it did. It's  
sitting on my desk in my office  
right now. It completely drained me  
of cash, but I have it. Precious  
opals of this size go for 1, 2  
grand a carat. It's 600 carats!  
It's worth anywhere between 600 and  
a mil and it's up for auction next  
week. Why you're chasing me through  
my kid's school on a Thursday when  
you can have your money in full on  
a Tuesday is crazy to me. Crazy.

JIM  
 (cynically)  
 So you were going to pay me the  
 full 250 on this coming Tuesday?

HOWARD  
 I'll give you 300 for your troubles  
 on Tuesday, well on Thursday, cuz-

JIM  
 -See already you're making excuses.

HOWARD  
 It's not an excuse, if you let me  
 finish... the auction is on Monday  
 but I won't see the funds unless  
 it's a wire, but most likely I  
 won't see it till later in the  
 week, but Wahler Loans will front  
 me if they see an auction ticket.

JIM listens without interest.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 Look! If by next week you don't  
 have your money, you can kill me!  
 I'll deserve it.

JIM  
 I already said I'll give you till  
 Wednesday. It makes no difference  
 to me how you get the money.

HOWARD  
 Fine, fine. Then we're good!  
 There's no problem!

JIM  
 Yes, between now and Wednesday  
 there's no problem.

HOWARD refuses to acknowledge the menacing undercurrent.

HOWARD  
 Great! Look, you guys wanna roll  
 with me to Greenhouse? Meet Amare  
 Stoudemire? The rapper Privelej?

JIM  
 Are you asking me for a lift?

HOWARD  
 No, we all go. Into the city, to  
 Greenhouse. Have some drinks, sit  
 with Amare and Privelej. They're my  
 friends. They have tons of pussy  
 with them always.

JIM  
 Where's Greenhouse?

HOWARD  
On Varick, downtown.

JIM  
You hear that Michael?

MICHAEL THE DRIVER  
Greenhouse?

JIM  
You wanna go in and get a drink?

MICHAEL THE DRIVER  
And meet Amare Stoudemire? What do you think?

JIM  
Okay, we'll go in with you.

EXT. GREENHOUSE NIGHT CLUB - AFTER THE CAR RIDE

A large crowd of YOUNG BLACK MEN and WOMEN push against velvet ropes, all vying for the BOUNCER'S attention. HOWARD, MICHAEL the driver and JIM approach. [Remember HOWARD looks like shit and is now missing a piece of his hair].

HOWARD  
Yo, my man, what's happening?

HOWARD palms a \$100 bill to the BOUNCER.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
AMARE's expecting us.

BOUNCER  
AMARE's not here tonight.

JIM snorts.

HOWARD  
Privelej though, right?

The BOUNCER unlocks the ropes, allows HOWARD in.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(to JIM)  
Come on, guys. What'd I tell you?

They enter the club.

INT. GREENHOUSE NIGHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The nightclub is pumping. Scantly clad waitresses carry champagne bottles with sparklers shooting out of them. The DJ gives shout outs to VIPs in the club over blaring Hip Hop. HOWARD and JIM are the only white people present.

They snake their way through the room until HOWARD spies one of AMARE'S BODYGUARDS standing at a banquette towards the back.

INT. GREENHOUSE NIGHT CLUB - BANQUETTE

HOWARD approaches BODYGUARD 1.

HOWARD  
YO, WHAT'S UP.

BODYGUARD 1 gives HOWARD a pound, HOWARD walks past him and approaches two blinged out, extremely cool looking young guys -- KEV and PARIS -- who pass two blunts between them. HOWARD has to scream at the top of his lungs to be heard.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
WHAT'S UP, WHERE'S PRIVELEJ AT?

KEV looks up at him. Blows smoke into his face.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
I'M HOWARD, AMARE'S BOY, DEMANY  
HERE?

KEV  
YEAH, HE'S HERE SOMEWHERE.

HOWARD  
THIS IS MY BOY JIM AND HIS BOY.

PARIS  
WHAT'S GOOD?

JIM is not entertained. HOWARD grabs a waitress.

HOWARD  
LEMME GET A BOTTLE OF...  
(to PARIS)  
WHAT SHOULD I GET?

PARIS  
HENNY VSOP!

HOWARD  
HENNY VSOP FOR MY FRIENDS HERE.  
(to JIM and MICHAEL)  
HAVE SOME DRINKS ON ME.

JIM takes a seat at the table.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(to PARIS and KEV)  
JIM IS A G. TRUST ME.

PARIS  
WHAT UP!

HOWARD  
 (to BODY GUARD 1)  
 IS SADIE HERE?

BODY GUARD 1  
 YEAH, SHE'S HERE.

HOWARD  
 WHERE IS SHE?

BODY GUARD 1  
 DUNNO.

HOWARD  
 (to PARIS and KEV)  
 HAVE YOU SEEN A WHITE GIRL, YOUNG,  
 SHORT BANGS, DARK HAIR.

KEV and PARIS laugh. Exhale tons of weed smoke.

KEV  
 (laughing)  
 YEAH, I'VE SEEN HER.

HOWARD  
 WHERE IS SHE?

PARIS  
 BITCH HAS BLADDER PROBLEMS!

KEV laughs.

HOWARD  
 HAHA. What!?!

PARIS  
 I SAID THE BITCH HAS BLADDER  
 PROBLEMS!

HOWARD's smile recedes.

HOWARD  
 (shouting to JIM)  
 I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

INT. GREENHOUSE NIGHT CLUB - BATHROOM HALLWAY

HOWARD sees TWO BIG MEN standing in front of the bathroom door.  
 He walks between them and bangs on it.

HOWARD  
 SADIE?! YOU IN THERE?

BIG MAN 1  
 YO, WHAT THE FUCK YOU THINK YOU  
 DOING?

HOWARD  
NO WORRIES. I NEED TO KNOW IF MY  
GIRL IS IN THERE.

BIG MAN 1  
YOU SEE IT'S IN USE.

HOWARD bangs on the door some more.

HOWARD  
SADIE?!!! SADIE?!!!

BIG MAN 1 and 2 push HOWARD up against the wall.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
GET OFF ME YOU ANIMALS!

Suddenly, the door opens and PRIVELEJ appears, looking really wasted and his pants are unbuckled. BIG MEN let go of HOWARD.

PRIVELEJ  
WHAT'S UP? WHO WAS BANGING?

HOWARD  
ME! I WAS BANGING!

HOWARD looks into the bathroom. SADIE sits on the sink, underwear around her ankles. She looks beyond wasted, barely able to keep her eyes open.

HOWARD lunges into PRIVELEJ, sending them both careening to the bathroom floor. The BIG MEN grope to pull HOWARD up but the floor is wet.

SADIE starts shrieking.

HOWARD is a maniac, flailing his arms and legs, throwing wild, sloppy punches and kicks every which way. A few land on PRIVELEJ, who is balled up, covering his head with his elbows.

Enough is enough. BIG MAN 1 and 2 lift HOWARD from the floor, like he weighs nothing, and **in a long tracking shot**, carry him through the club.

Along the way, they pass JIM and MICHAEL, who stare up in utter disbelief.

BIG MAN 1 and 2, carry HOWARD down a grossly lit back hallway. They kick open the metal doors to a service entrance and violently toss HOWARD out to the street.

EXT. GREENHOUSE NIGHT CLUB - BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The metal doors slam shut. HOWARD gets up and pounds on them, to no avail.

HOWARD  
 YOU DIRTY MOTHER FUCKERS! YOU  
 FILTHY ANIMALS! YOU HAVE NO IDEA  
 WHO I AM! I'LL SUE YOU TIL YOU HAVE  
 NOTHING. I'LL-

The doors re-open. DEMANY's steps out and hands SADIE over to the HOWARD.

DEMANY  
 Take your girl and get the fuck out  
 of here. Now.

The doors close.

HOWARD puts his head in his hands and has a 15 second 'power cry'. SADIE is too fucked up to respond.

INT. CAB - AFTER

HOWARD stares out the window in a silent rage. SADIE continuously tries to press the "OFF" button on the Taxi-TV. HOWARD swats her hand away and turns it off himself.

EXT. HOWARD'S BUILDING

The cab pulls up in front of Howard's apartment. A DOORMAN rushes to the curb and helps SADIE out. HOWARD remains inside.

HOWARD  
 Make sure she gets into the house.  
 (to driver)  
 Ho.

The cab drives HOWARD away.

EXT. DIAMOND DISTRICT - NIGHT

HOWARD walks down 47th street. It feels like a ghost town.

INT. KMA GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - BACKROOM - 145AM

HOWARD flips the lights on and throws his sports jacket onto his desk. He pulls a blanket and a pillow from a cabinet and sets up a makeshift bed on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. KMA GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE- BACKROOM - MORNING

An unkempt HOWARD talks on the phone. In a nearby plexiglass enclosure, JUAN, a Mexican jewelry setter, is grinding stones.

HOWARD  
 (into phone)  
 I'm sorry I can't hear you. Hold  
 on.  
 (to NADAV)  
 Will you tell him to stop for a  
 minute!

NADAV pops up and bangs on the plexi.

NADAV  
 Hey! Stop!

JUAN stops.

HOWARD  
 (into phone)  
 I'm sorry...

HOWARD holds his tape dispenser as if it were the GEM.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 Yeah, I'm looking at it right  
 now... It's gorgeous. We've had it  
 for a few days now, it's a  
 beautiful opal...  
 (listens)  
 I've been so busy-Would I have to  
 pay for the addendum? We still have  
 a few business days before the  
 auction, it could help... What  
 about on the Christies website, can  
 you add imagery of it if I got you  
 jpegs?  
 (looks at incoming call)  
 Oh my god. Mary... Mary, let me  
 call you right back, I have to take  
 this.  
 (answers other call)  
 Janet! Hi, yes, this is Howard  
 Nagy. Thank you for calling me back-  
 No, I didn't mean to worry you... I  
 just... Well, I saw online that you  
 represent Amare Stoudemire and I  
 really need- Yes, no problem. I'll  
 wait.

BUZZZZZ! HOWARD looks up at the security monitor and see's YUSSI  
 enter the SHOWROOM and march directly to HOWARD'S office.

YUSSI  
 (livid)  
 Jo wants to know where his red  
 cobra chain is.

HOWARD turns his back to YUSSI and waves him away.

YUSSI (CONT'D)  
 No! Now!

HOWARD  
CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY!?!?

YUSSI  
I just need you to tell me where  
the chain is.

HOWARD  
Oh for fuck's sake! The cobra  
chain? I sold it for 25 to Ray  
Forecaster.

YUSSI  
Fine. Then give me the money and  
I'll walk it down to him right now.

HOWARD  
Not now!

YUSSI  
Yes now!

HOWARD  
You work for me not Jo!  
(into phone)  
HI! YES! Well, yes and no, it's  
only an emergency because of  
time... Howard Nagy... No, I'm his  
Jewler-

YUSSI slams his finger down and ends the call.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR FUCKING MIND!?!

YUSSI  
YOU'RE GOING TO DEAL WITH THIS  
RIGHT NOW! WHERE'S THE 25 GRAND!?!

HOWARD starts to redial.

HOWARD  
I don't have it right now. You can  
tell Jo next week.

YUSSI swipes the phone off the desk.

YUSSI  
I have 100 Rolexes coming this week  
and without Jo I have no one to  
front the costs. Are you going to  
front the costs!?!?

HOWARD  
Get the fuck out of my face.

YUSSI  
Jo was gonna buy half of them.

HOWARD  
You shouldn't be doing business  
with that scumbag anyway.

YUSSI  
And now he won't have anything to  
do with me because of my  
relationship to you. So you know  
what?! Now you're gonna have to put  
up the money for them.

HOWARD  
Your stupid rolex hustle is a waste  
of time- Get out of my office.

YUSSI  
Fine...

YUSSI makes a beeline for the open safe behind HOWARD'S desk.  
HOWARD bolts up and pulls YUSSI away.

HOWARD  
Don't you touch my stuff!

YUSSI  
I'm taking my watches, I wanna have  
them with me.

YUSSI pushes HOWARD aside. HOWARD leans forward.

YUSSI (CONT'D)  
There's only 4 watches in here,  
where are the rest?

YUSSI keeps looking.

YUSSI (CONT'D)  
Where the fuck are the rest?

HOWARD  
They're on loan.

YUSSI  
Are you kidding me?

HOWARD  
They're a few hundred each. Gimme a  
break.

YUSSI  
They don't belong to you!

NADAV  
(interjects)  
YUSSI! That's enough! Get out!

YUSSI, full of rage stomps over to his desk and starts to pack  
his things into a shoulder bag.

YUSSI  
I'm gonna call my sister and tell  
her all about Sadie, Sara, the  
money... everything.

Calling his bluff, HOWARD grabs the phone and extends it to  
YUSSI, who in turn storms out of the BACKROOM.

INT. KMA GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE- SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

YUSSI makes his way past the showcases towards the exit.

HOWARD (O.S.)  
(yells)  
Oh, who's a big boy!!

JOANI buzzes him out. He slams the door AS HARD AS HE CAN on his  
way out. JOANI buzzes him through the second door, which he also  
slams.

INT. KMA GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE- BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD  
Yussi's a BIG BOY!!!

NADAV  
You alright Howard?

HOWARD  
I'm fine.

NADAV reorders things around the room. On the INTERCOM:

JOANI (O.S.)  
Sadie's on the phone.

HOWARD  
Tell her I'm not here. Tell her I  
haven't been in all day... No-

HOWARD engages speakerphone.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Where are you?

SADIE (O.S.)  
(very upset)  
Just woke up, I feel like shit.

HOWARD  
(sarcastic)  
Ah, so you're taking it easy today?  
I'm sooo happy to hear that! I want  
you to rest, be comfortable.

SADIE (O.S.)  
Please Howard.

HOWARD

It must be so nice to take a day  
off whenever you feel like it.  
What's that like?

SADIE (O.S)

Howard, I feel horrible inside.

The other line rings.

HOWARD

No, it's good, it's good. Get your  
beauty sleep. Take as much time off  
as you need, meanwhile...

(sarcasm turns to anger)

The rest of us will continue to  
work for your spoiled  
unappreciative ass and keep this  
fucking business afloat-

SADIE (O.S.)

All I want to do is see you, I just  
thought you didn't want to see me,  
that's why I didn't-

INTERCOM interrupts:

JOANI (O.S.)

Knicks Player personnel on line 2.

HOWARD hangs up on SADIE and engages the other line.

HOWARD

This is Howard Nagy.

SPEAKER PHONE

Hello Mr. Nagy, how are you doin'?

HOWARD

I'm not gonna lie, I could be  
better. I'm in a situation with one  
of your high profile players and  
I'm about a moment away from making  
things very ugly.

SPEAKER PHONE

Okay... can you hold for a second?

HOWARD

No, no, no. Do not put me on hold!  
(listens to silence)  
Look, I'm a very litigious  
individual and I'm about a second  
away from hanging up on you and  
calling my lawyer, the police, and  
then the press soon after. You'll  
be dealing with a much uglier  
situation than I think you'd like  
the public to know-

SPEAKER PHONE

Sir, you need to calm down. I don't have any clue what you're talking about.

BUZZZZ! HOWARD looks to a security monitor and sees AMARE and his TWO BODYGUARDS waiting in the hallway.

JOANI (O.S.)

AMARE's here!

SPEAKER PHONE

Can you please give me your number and I can-

HOWARD hangs up the phone and runs to the showroom.

INT. KMA GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

JOANI buzzes AMARE and his BODYGUARDS into the small holding area between the two doors. AMARE waves hello at HOWARD through the glass of the interior door. JOANI buzzes. It won't open. JOANI buzzes again. It still won't open.

HOWARD

Open it, what's going on?!

JOANI holds the buzzer down while BODY GUARD 1 yanks at it.

HOWARD runs around the showcases and up to the doors.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Try it again.

JOANI buzzes, HOWARD pushes hard. He kneels down and inspects the lock.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Crap, it's bent.

AMARE

(though glass)  
What's going on?

HOWARD

(yelling)  
THE MAGNETIC RELEASE. IT'S NOT  
CONNECTING WITH THE DOOR. HANG ON.

HOWARD tries to bend the release. JOANI joins HOWARD.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Shit, this is no good.  
(loudly to AMARE)  
AMARE! YOU GOT THE GEM ON YOU?

AMARE removes it from a bag and holds it up.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Great. Look this might take a  
minute. Go downstairs to Yuri's for  
a tea. I'll come get you when this  
is fixed.

BODY GUARD 1 pulls on the first door. It won't budge either.

BODY GUARD 1  
WHAT THE FUCK MAN!?!?

JOANI holds down the buzzer.

HOWARD  
PULL HARD.

BODY GUARD 1 pulls hard on the door. Nothing.

JOANI  
It's not working because it thinks  
the other one is engaged.

AMARE  
(barely audible)  
WHAT DO WE DO?!

HOWARD  
FUCK!  
(Beat)  
OKAY, HANG TIGHT! 30% OFF ANYTHING  
YOU GUYS WANT IN HERE! I SWEAR.

JOANI  
(laughing)  
I can't believe this.

HOWARD  
Nadav! See if you can fix this!

NADAV approaches the door.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Bend this frame back into place so  
the two pieces of metal touch...  
You see what I'm sayin?

NADAV  
I think so.

HOWARD  
(yelling to AMARE)  
I'M SO SORRY GUYS!

BODY GUARD 1  
IN 1 MINUTE I'M BREAKING IT DOWN.

HOWARD  
YOU CAN'T!

NADAV's face contorts into a severe grimace as he tries to bend the frame back into position.

NADAV  
It's impossible.

HOWARD grabs a phone and dials.

HOWARD  
(into phone)  
Tony... It's Howard at KMA... Yeah, the locks jammed... From the inside... We tried that... Can you just come and check it out. I got a VIP stuck in there.

HOWARD hangs up, and dials ELAN.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
ELAN! Stop what you're doing and run to the hardware store and buy a sledgehammer.

JOANI lights up a cigarette. HOWARD takes a drag from it.

HOWARD (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Then bring it here, but wait outside on the street... Oh, and make sure we can return it.

EXT. 47TH STREET BETWEEN 6TH AND 5TH, DIAMOND DISTRICT - AFTER

ELAN rushes down the block with the sledgehammer in hand. He arrives in front of HOWARD'S building when he hears faint:

HOWARD (O.S.)  
ELAN! HEY ELAN!

ELAN looks around, confused.

HOWARD, NADAV & JOANI  
UP HERE!

ELAN looks up and sees them.

EXT. KMA GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - OUT WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD  
Someone dial ELAN's cell.

JOANI picks up the phone and dials ELAN. She hands the phone out the window to HOWARD. HOWARD watches ELAN look for his phone.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 (looking at ELAN)  
 Hey-I'm gonna lower this twine  
 down. Untie the dumbbell and very,  
 very securely... you hear me, VERY  
 securely... tie the rope around the  
 hammer... Yeah, now... and don't  
 hang up, just put me in your  
 pocket.

HOWARD lowers the twine with the dumbbell attached. ELAN receives the rope and dumbbell and ties it to the hammer. HOWARD cautiously raises it back up. Half-way up, the sledgehammer catches on a piece of concrete moulding. It sways wildly and cracks a window on the 3rd floor.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 Shit.

HOWARD continues to pull on the rope until the sledgehammer is in his hands. He jumps back inside.

NADAV  
 Want me to do it?

HOWARD  
 No.

HOWARD enters the showroom. JOANI, and NADAV follow.

INT. KMA GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - SHOWROOM - DAY

HOWARD smiles as he shows AMARE the sledgehammer. AMARE and CO are now seated and covered in sweat.

HOWARD  
 I'M SO SORRY ABOUT THIS AMARE! 30%  
 OFF FOR YOUR BOYS. ANYTHING IN THE  
 SHOP.

HOWARD positions himself. He takes a swing at the door. WHACK!

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 (to JOANI)  
 Okay, try it.

JOANI buzzes. Nothing. HOWARD whacks wildly, to no avail.

NADAV  
 Lemme.

HOWARD hands it to NADAV, who starts hitting the door very hard. HOWARD has an idea. He runs to the back room and reappears seconds later with metal shavings and a screwdriver.

HOWARD  
 (to NADAV)  
 Enough. Get out of the way.  
 (MORE)

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 (to self)  
 Waste that money on the hammer...

HOWARD crouches down and shoves the metal shavings into an opening in the door frame.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 Okay, try it.

JOANI presses the buzzer. It engages. HOWARD opens the door. AMARE and CO stand up and exit the vestibule.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 Oh my god, AMARE, I'm so sorry.

AMARE  
 That was horrible, Howard.

BODY GUARD 1  
 I'm in the mind to break that fucking showcase over you head.

AMARE silences the BODYGUARD with a look.

HOWARD  
 JOANI, give them a glass of water and for them-  
 (looks to BODY GUARDS)  
 20% off... Lemme just see if this works now.

HOWARD enters the vestibule and lets the doors close behind him. JOANI buzzes. The doors work.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 Voila!  
 (to AMARE)  
 Okay, back to business. You're not an easy man to get a hold of. But when I do, I really do, huh?

AMARE  
 I'm sorry but I don't feel very humorous at this time, Howard.

HOWARD  
 Alright, lemme see the gem.

AMARE removes the GEM from an inside pocket. He delicately extends it to HOWARD.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 You know, I forgot what it even looked like... I had only seen it the one time...

AMARE  
 It's the most beautiful thing I've ever has. It feels important.  
 (MORE)

AMARE (CONT'D)  
Howard, do you know what I mean  
when I say 'important'?

HOWARD  
Of course. That was a legendary  
performance the other night.

JOANI hands AMARE a bottled water.

AMARE  
Thank you. I'm feeling better.  
(to HOWARD, quietly)  
Do you think we could talk in  
private?

HOWARD  
Sure, let's go to my office.

INT. KMA GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE- BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD walks to his desk, AMARE ducks down to clear the doorway.

AMARE  
Howard, this stone means a lot to  
me. Importance is a feeling that  
comes from within. Most people  
think the opposite.

HOWARD  
Morons.

AMARE  
This stone does something for me.  
With it, I feel a connection to the  
ground and, hence, the sky and of  
course to the cosmos. It's very  
*important* to me.

HOWARD  
I can tell you feel that way.

AMARE  
I want to buy it.

HOWARD  
Okay. How much is it worth to you?

AMARE  
I have \$175,000 cash with me.

HOWARD  
(laughing)  
Amare, buddy. I'm sorry, this stone  
is worth a helluva lot more than  
that.

AMARE

And Court-side seats for the rest of the season. That's easily a 50 thousand dollar value. You could sell each and every ticket.

HOWARD

Normally I wouldn't give a shit. I'd give it to you for free. But it's all a bit messy right now. I'm stuck in a hole and to be honest, my life is being threatened on a nightly basis. I only tell you this to emphasize why I'm obligated to sell this gem for the most money I can get.

AMARE

(interrupting)

This is a lot of money for me.

HOWARD

You make millions of dollars.

AMARE

It's not what you think. I get paid in stipends. People hold onto a lot my cash. A lot of it is tied up in investments. This is a number I can do. Plus, I'll post a picture of you once a week on my Instagram.

HOWARD

You're not understanding me.

AMARE grows angry but then controls himself.

AMARE

I feel like I'm being very fair. It's an honest price for a gem of this kind.

HOWARD feels conflicted.

HOWARD

Look, it's already listed with Christies. If it means that much to you, you're free to attend and bid on the item like everyone else. Who knows, you could get it for 175 there. I doubt it but I haven't even had the thing appraised yet.

AMARE

When is the auction?

HOWARD

Monday.

AMARE

Okay, fair enough. But you will let me hold onto it until the auction date. I have a game tonight and two on the road, one in Cleveland and one in Atlanta. I can have it back by Sunday.

HOWARD

(laughing)

Amare, buddy, I have a million things to do with it before the auction, including, like I said, getting it appraised.

AMARE stands up.

AMARE

You're saying no again.

HOWARD

I'm sorry. I can't. I just can't. Maybe if your game on Saturday was at home... *maybe* JUST MAYBE, but even then...

AMARE walks back to the showroom.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

AAAAH AMARE! Don't be like that!

BUZZZZZ!

AMARE (O.S.)

I'm not gonna get stuck in there again, will I?!

JOANI (O.S.)

No. I don't think so.

BUZZZZ! HOWARD looks up to the security monitors and watches AMARE leave KMA and head towards the elevators. The elevator doors open and **SADIE** exits as AMARE and his BODYGUARDS enter.

Upon seeing SADIE, HOWARD quickly throws on his sports coat, places the gem in the front pocket and dashes out of his office.

INT. KMA GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE- SHOWROOM

HOWARD jets around the showcase.

HOWARD

(to JOANI)

I'm going to Aren's at G.I.A, Close up without me.

BUZZZZZ! HOWARD leaves.

INT. KMA GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE- VESTIBULE - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD opens the door to the hallway, coming face to face with SADIE. Her face is splotchy and puffy. BEFORE SHE CAN SAY ANYTHING, HOWARD waves a finger in her face.

HOWARD

NO!

HOWARD rushes down the hallway. She runs after him.

SADIE

Howard, I'm sorry, what do you want me to do, I want to die.

HOWARD

Good, die.

HOWARD pushes the elevator button.

SADIE

But you told me to come in!

HOWARD laughs loudly.

SADIE (CONT'D)

Please, Howard! It was a mistake, I was fucked up, I'm sorry!

HOWARD

I don't give a shit.

SADIE tries to get into his field of vision.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

If I wanted to look at you, I would.

The elevator doors open. HOWARD gets in, SADIE tries to enter. HOWARD violently pushes her out.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Stay out!

SADIE starts crying. The doors close.

INT. CHRISTIES AUCTION HOUSE BACK ROOM - DAY

AREN, a plump man, Jewish, late 40s, examines the gem with a wet grinder. He dries it off, re-wets it and holds it up to a light.

HOWARD

Incredible, huh?

With a digital caliper AREN measures it's size, then weighs it.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Can you believe that was noodled?!

AREN

Sure I can.

AREN sends light through the stone and checks its refraction.

AREN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Well it's certainly not the harlequin multi color black precious you said it was.

HOWARD

What? What do you mean, what's wrong with it? It's harlequin!

AREN

Look, it's got a basic pin-fire pattern...

HOWARD

No, no, no-

AREN

(looks deeper)  
Limited in color...

HOWARD

That's a crock of shit. I had the thing under dull lighting and saw full spectrum.

AREN

It won't face up across it's largest dimension...

HOWARD

What's that mean? I'm not an opal guy.

AREN

It means even with the best cutter, you won't get it to fully face upright. It will undulate.

HOWARD

Okay, fine, so we're looking at what? a 'G' a carat?

AREN

It's not even as dark as true black should be, *like* you had told us.

HOWARD

It's black as night. And the thing is skin to skin.

AREN

But it isn't... Maybe it'll yield 30-40%. Look, you know noodled opals are a gamble. Why you didn't tell Steven this is beyond me.

HOWARD

Steven was doing me a favor. I saw pictures, it was windowed for us there. It's from Welo!

AREN

I don't know about that. Welo opals aren't this big-and I'm seeing that there very well could be a flaw or two, looks like a grain of sand about a mil deep, there are a lot of notches.

HOWARD

The thing's gorgeous! I could get 650 for it in an hour.

AREN

I'm sorry Howard, I can't appraise it at that. We've already estimated this at 750 to a mil.

HOWARD

Okay, let's keep it at that.

AREN

You kidding me? I'd lose my GIA certification.

(looking at gem)

We can say the 175 to 250 range. Start bidding at 100.

HOWARD paces about.

HOWARD

175!?! Fuck this. I'm gonna bring it to Carol's, she's certified and knows a lot more bout opals than you do, she's already seen it.

HOWARD's phone rings. He silences it without looking at it.

AREN

Then she told you the same thing. C'mon Howard, I have no reason to lie to you. You gotta hope for a collector, a jeweler won't even take this on most likely.

HOWARD

But it's beautiful.

HOWARD's phone rings and again he silences it.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

If people see it up close they'll bid through the roof. Can't we show a video of what it looks like inside?

AREN

Won't matter. They're gonna withdraw it.

HOWARD

Let me deal with Steven. He won't pull it. Can you guys do the video?

HOWARD's phone rings again. This time he takes it out of his pocket. On the caller ID it says, "DINA."

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Oh shit. Shabbat.

INT. GOOEY'S - PARK AVENUE APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

HOWARD'S distant cousin GOOEY, fat, perfectly clean shaven, sits at the head of a formal dining table. The table is set for Shabbos; candles, challa bread, wine, etc.

His home is expansive, rooms beyond view, expensive artwork and decor.

Next to GOOEY is RAQUEL, his wife, an olive skinned trophy wife, his son EDMOND, 14, chubby, bratty, braces, GINA, 9, his daughter, a princess, NICKI, 15. The men wear yarmulkes.

On HOWARD's side sit DINA, EDDIE, BENI and MARCEL. The two families look related.

GOOEY **recites a Hebrew prayer**, dips a ripped piece of challah bread in salt and violently throws a piece to each person at the table; a Sephardic tradition. HOWARD'S phone rings in his pocket. He immediately silences it without looking at it.

HOWARD notices a painting above the fireplace. A gradient of color that resembles a sunset.

HOWARD

Is that new, I don't remember you guys having that up last time we were here.

RAQUEL

When were you guys here last?

DINA

7 months ago.

HOWARD phone vibrates again, the vibration is audible. HOWARD silences it.

EDDIE

Dad!

The kids fight over iphone games and pick at their food. MAIDS come in and out throughout the meal.

RAQUEL  
That's too long.

EDDIE  
Dad!

HOWARD  
What baby?

EDDIE  
Beni isn't sharing.

HOWARD  
(to BENI, very serious)  
Give him the phone or I throw it in  
the garbage.

BENI dutifully hands phone to EDDIE.

GOEY  
That's an Alex Israel. Jewish kid  
in Los Angeles making lots of money  
right now.

RAQUEL  
They're colors from his dreams!

GOEY  
Stupid.

RAQUEL  
What're they then?

GOEY pulls an Ipad up and opens some files. He finds the piece  
of art they're talking about, reads about it.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)  
Rene got it for us for nothing. But  
now they go for like 1 to 200, that  
one there is about 125.

DINA  
I don't get it.

HOWARD'S phone vibrates again. HOWARD immediately silences it.

GOEY  
(reading)  
They are replicas of backdrops from  
movie sets in Hollywood studios,  
he's from Los Angeles so the movie  
industry is important for him.  
(looking up)  
You see, it's not what you said.

HOWARD  
Will you guys excuse me for a  
second.

HOWARD gets up. DINA issues a disproving look as he walks out of the room.

INT. GOOEY'S - PARK AVENUE APARTMENT - HALLWAY TO DINING ROOM

HOWARD immediately pulls the phone out, "**SADIE**" appears on the caller-ID. He answers it.

HOWARD  
(into phone)  
What are you doing!?! You know  
where I am, why are you calling me  
like this?

SADIE (O.S.)  
(in tears)  
Why are you doing this to me?

HOWARD turns into the first open doorway.

INT. GOOEY'S - PARK AVENUE APARTMENT - CHILDRENS BEDROOM

HOWARD enters a children's bedroom, lavishly decorated to look like a city playground, with monkey-bars installed on the walls.

SADIE (O.S.)  
I fucked up. I know I fucked up. I  
don't even remember what happened-  
No, I guess I wouldn't.

HOWARD  
It's Shabbos! What do you want?

SADIE (O.S.)  
I just want talk to you for a  
minute.

HOWARD  
I don't have anything to say to  
you. I'm here having dinner and  
after I'm going to enjoy a nice  
peaceful weekend with my family  
away from your poison.

SADIE (O.S.)  
You don't have to say anything,  
just give me a minute, please.

HOWARD  
Okay you have 60 seconds...

Silence.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
This counts.

SADIE collects herself, breathes deep. After a long pause:

SADIE (O.S.)

I hate myself. You can't hate me more than I hate myself. I-I-I hate that I am this way... Shit, I had it in my head perfect...

HOWARD

You sound like television.

SADIE (O.S.)

Okay, ok, I know, I'm a piece a shit, I'm a slut, I'm a no-good-low-life who deserves nothing but the street.

HOWARD

If you were sorry you would have been in the office this morning with coffee and flowers before I even got up. Do you know how messed up my back is today from sleeping on that chair? My back is in so much pain. You caused that pain.

SADIE (O.S.)

I know. I don't want to cause you any pain any more... I think maybe what we need is for me to give you some space. I can move out temporarily.

HOWARD

You can move out for good!

SADIE (O.S.)

If that's what you want.

HOWARD looks at the time.

HOWARD

Yes. Out. By 10pm tonight. Are we done?

HOWARD throws his phone against an oversized pillow shaped like a pigeon.

INT. GOOEY'S - PARK AVENUE APARTMENT - DEN - DURING

HOWARD sits at the edge of a plush couch in a rich velvety den. GOOEY makes him a drink. ESPN plays basketball recaps on the TV.

HOWARD

Make it louder.

GOOEY raises the volume with an IPAD remote.

SPORTSCASTER (O.S.)  
 AMARE needs help. You gotta learn  
 to keep yourself in check.

Sportscenter footage of a distressed AMARE swatting a cup of Gatorade off a courtside desk and accidentally spraying fans. AMARE apologizes profusely. The graphic reads, "Hero to Zero."

GOOEY  
 So hot one night and so cold the  
 next.

SPORTSCASTER (O.S.)  
 AMARE Stoudemire, 3 for 17...

SPORTSCASTER 2 (O.S.)  
 And they're hitting him with single  
 coverage, it's not the defense.

SPORTSCASTER (O.S.)  
 It's like the boiler broke.

SPORTSCASTER 2 (O.S.)  
 Call the super!

HOWARD grabs the remote and makes it even louder: SPORTSCENTER shows AMARE shirtless after the game in front of his locker.

AMARE  
 I just couldn't hit my rhythm.

NEWSDAY REPORTER  
 You couldn't hit anything compared  
 to last game. Is it the elbows?

AMARE  
 My elbows feel fine... I didn't  
 have a good game and I take full  
 responsibility.

AMARE looks tortured on TV.

HOWARD  
 Fuckin' guy tried to steal an opal  
 from me.

GOOEY  
 What?!

HOWARD  
 Yeah, I lent it to him the night he  
 had that crazy game. Fuckin'  
 schvartza gave me a heart attack.

GOOEY  
 What did you do? Call the cops?

HOWARD

No, I knew he'd turn up. He just got carried away. I know his people really well. They wouldn't do me like that.

GOOEY

What did he say?

HOWARD

He thinks that the stone gives him special powers.

GOOEY

Really?!

HOWARD

I believe it! He was possessed. You saw his performance.

GOOEY

What kind of stone is it?

HOWARD

Precious black opal, insane color spectrum in harlequin pattern... top notch, HUGE! You get lost in it.

GOOEY laughs.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

He wants the stone but was low-balling me on the price, offering 175. Stormed out after I told him to try his luck at the auction.

GOOEY

What do you think it will go for?

HOWARD

Honestly, I think it could go for 600, I don't see why not.

GOOEY

What's its value?

HOWARD

1st appraisal was low and I don't have time to get a 2nd one.

GOOEY

What was it?

HOWARD

Eh, they appraised it around a quarter.

GOOEY

And he offered 175?

HOWARD  
Yeah listen Gooley, lemme ask you a favor.

GOOEY  
Oh boy, what?

HOWARD  
Come to the auction Monday at Christies, they know you there. Make a few bids-

GOOEY  
Absolutely not.

HOWARD  
I'm not talking about a lot, just ensure that it gets to 250.

GOOEY  
And if I win at 250?

HOWARD  
Then I give it right back to you.

GOOEY  
You know I resent being put in this position.

HOWARD  
Look at the guy.

AMARE looks destroyed on TV.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
He's gonna overpay. Trust me.

GOOEY  
If it were Southeby's-

HOWARD  
20%. I'll give you that off his final price.

GOOEY  
I'll do it for 30%.

HOWARD  
20% is fair.

GOOEY  
But I'm the one with the reputation.

HOWARD looks at highlights they show of AMARE's peak performance game. AMARE celebrating.

INT. HOWARD AND DINA'S FAMILY CAR - NIGHT

HOWARD sits behind the wheel of his family's BMW SUV. EDDIE plays an iphone game called "Make it Rain," where the object is to flip through enough money as you can. BENI/MARCEL crowd over EDDIE.

DINA surveys Instagram in the front seat.

HOWARD sees that it's 10:15 on the car's clock.

DINA  
Why you going down 5th?

HOWARD  
I need to grab something from the apartment.

EXT. HOWARD'S BUILDING - AFTER

HOWARD pulls the BMW up to his building. A DOORMAN approaches the car.

DOORMAN  
Anything in the trunk, Mr. Nagy?

HOWARD  
No, I'm just popping up for a second.

DINA and their children watch HOWARD enter the lobby.

INT. HOWARD'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHENETTE - AFTER

The door flies open. SADIE sits relaxed on the couch in a robe. HOWARD sees her and bursts into a rage.

HOWARD  
It's half past 10 and you're laying around watching television?!?!

SADIE stares at him. He runs to the counter and rummages through SADIE's handbag till he finds her set of keys.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
I'll tell you this!

He removes the house keys from her key ring and pockets them.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Now the next time you close this door behind you it'll be the last time!

HOWARD slams the door closed. LOUDLY. Seconds later the door flies open again. HOWARD runs back into the apartment and makes his way to the bedroom.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
I decided I'll pack up for you.

INT. HOWARD'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD throws the closet doors open, SADIE watches from the doorway. HOWARD grabs a suitcase from the closet and tosses it onto the floor. He then pulls random armfuls of clothing from the wardrobe and shoves them into the suitcase.

HOWARD  
(to self/her)  
You wanna go fuck black guys in the  
nasty bathrooms of their clubs, GO!  
Suck black dick, fuck black dick! I  
gotta live my life and...

SADIE  
Howard...

HOWARD grabs a bunch of shoes and throws them onto the floor, walks over to a dresser, pulls a full drawer out of the unit and dumps it into the suitcase.

HOWARD  
Please, go! Go, stuff your little  
pussy with their big black dicks,  
What? I don't fuck you nice enough?

SADIE  
You're being ridiculous!

He squeezes the suitcase closed, zips it up and rolls it out of the bedroom.

INT. HOWARD'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHENETTE - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD rolls the suitcase towards the front door.

HOWARD  
I'll leave this with the doorman,  
I'm gonna tell them to throw it in  
the garbage out back if you don't  
come down with two others just like  
it in the next hour or so.

SADIE  
Are you coming back?

HOWARD leaves the apartment, slams the door.

INT. HOWARD'S APARTMENT - BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD rolls the suitcase to the elevator. He then opens the door to an adjacent stairwell and hides the suitcase behind a trash can.

INT. HOWARD AND DINA'S FAMILY CAR - NIGHT

HOWARD gets back in the car.

DINA  
(icy)  
Did you get what you wanted?

HOWARD  
Yes.

Howard falls silent, starts the engine and drives away.

EXT. STREET IN SUBURBAN QUEENS, FOREST HILLS - AFTER

The BMW drives down a tree-lined street of oversized garish homes crammed onto small properties. The car pulls into a driveway and cuts the engine.

INT. HOWARD AND DINA'S FAMILY CAR - CONTINUOUS

The NAGY family pile out of the car and ascend a decadent stone staircase.

DINA  
(to HOWARD)  
Pull the recycling out before you  
come in.

HOWARD walks around to the side of the house, grabs a blue bin and slowly drags it to the curb. Lights turn on inside the house illuminating his movements.

When the chore is done, HOWARD shuffles up the stairs and enters his home.

INT. CHRISTIE'S AUCTION HOUSE - AUCTION FLOOR - AFTER

An **AUCTIONEER**, an Indian man, 40's, British accent, stands at a podium spouting off information about a collection of ruby encrusted necklaces. Above him, large TV's show the necklaces in detail. Prices are tracked and translated into other currencies on a second monitor. Each side of the room is lined with manned telephones. The general public and registered bidders sit with paddles and books in rows of chairs.

Sitting in the front is **GOOEY**, flipping through the auction catalogue.

Several rows back sit one of **AMARE'S BODY GUARDS** and a well-dressed white woman in her mid-30's, Amare's **PERSONAL ASSISTANT**.

Seated in the back are **JIM** and **ROBERT**.

**HOWARD** stands by the side of the room, also flipping through the auction catalogue.

The ruby necklaces go to bidder in the back. The system moves on to the next item. Images of the Opal appear on the big screen. Curtains open and a MODEL in a formal dress appears, holding the gem on a pillowed cushion.

AUCTIONEER

Before we move onto item number 38, we have a formal statement from Christies to announce, an apology.

(reads from paper)

Those of you in attendance for our next item for auction, Item #38 a 600 carat precious black opal from Lightning Ridge, Australia, please accept our sincerest apologies. We recently learned that the opal is in fact from the Welo mines in Ethiopia and estimated, not in the \$750,000 to million range, but \$155,000 to \$225,000.

(off script)

Under normal circumstances we would pull such an item, but we *do* feel that the gem is still a unique, exquisite specimen.

A close up of the HOWARD'S gem is projected above.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

As you can see the rough opal has been windowed on either side. Before even being cut you can see a dazzling array of color in the classic pin-fire pattern that, with the right cutter, could yield up to 50 or 60%. There seem to be a few recorded totches on the backside and cutting needs to be precise if that is the intention of the buyer. Let's open this at \$40,000.

Amare's PERSONAL ASSISTANT starts the bidding off, raising her paddle.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

We have 40 grand, can we see 50?

A random MALE BIDDER 189 in the back raises his paddle.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

50 to the gentleman in the back,  
(to AMARE'S PEOPLE)  
65, Do we have 65?

PERSONAL ASSISTANT raises her paddle.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

65,000, 65,000, do you want 75?

MALE BIDDER 189 raises his and announces:

MALE BIDDER 189

85.

AUCTIONEER

85, Do you want 95?

PERSONAL ASSISTANT responds.

BODY GUARD 1

100,000.

AUCTIONEER

We have 100.

(to MALE BIDDER)

Would you give us 110?

The MALE BIDDER doesn't move.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

105, sir? 105?

MALE BIDDER still despondent.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

Do we have 110? Anyone, 110?

**GOOEY** raises his paddle. The AUCTIONEER is elated to see **GOOEY'S** participation.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

110 to Mr. Dabba, nice to see you.

**GOOEY** nods.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

(to PERSONAL ASSISTANT)

Will you go to 125?

PERSONAL ASSISTANT raises her paddle.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

We have 125, Mr. Dabba, 135?

**GOOEY** raises his paddle.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

135! 135, 135, do we have 150? 150?

PERSONAL ASSISTANT raises her paddle.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

150, great, 160?

**GOOEY** raises paddle.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

160! 170? Will you see 170?

PERSONAL ASSISTANT raises her paddle.

BODY GUARD 1  
 (shouts)  
 175.

AUCTIONEER  
 175! Nice advance. Mr. Dabba, 190?

The crowds murmurs. JIM seems content. GOOEY looks to HOWARD, pauses, and raises his paddle.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
 190!  
 (to PERSONAL ASSISTANT)  
 Will you do 200? Take us there!

PERSONAL ASSISTANT talks quietly to BODY GUARD 1, who is clearly urging her to go higher.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
 200 to counter Mr. Dabba? 200?

PERSONAL ASSISTANT is clearly reluctant.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
 Will it be 200?

PERSONAL ASSISTANT shakes her head no. BODYGUARD 1 looks annoyed. HOWARD looks on in shock. GOOEY looks panicked. JIM and ROBERT look pleased.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
 No? Okay, 200 to the room? 200?  
 (looks to room)  
 Anybody, 200 for the 600 carat  
 Opal... A great addition to any  
 gemologist's collection. 200,000  
 dollars? It's undervalued at 190.  
 Do we have 200?

Silence from the room.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
 Okay, we're gonna go to Mr. Dabba  
 for 190 then. 190 going once, 190  
 twice.

AUCTIONEER bangs his gavel.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
 Sold to Mr. Dabba for 190,000  
 dollars. Thank you Mr. Dabba.

Weak applause spreads through the room. GOOEY reluctantly responds with a quick wave. Amare's retinue stand up and leave the room.

HOWARD tries to head them off by the exit but can't get to them in time. GOOEY walks past HOWARD, actively avoiding contact.

INT. CHRISTIE'S AUCTION HOUSE - HALLWAY - AFTER  
GOOEY casually walks up to HOWARD in the hallway.

GOOEY  
(livid)  
190!?!

HOWARD  
What can I say? I was wrong.

GOOEY  
So now what!?!

HOWARD  
(looking over his  
shoulder)  
Control yourself. Not here.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
I told you, once the money clears  
into my account I'll wire it right  
back to you.

GOOEY  
Including Christie's 12%?

HOWARD  
That comes out of my pocket,  
naturally... I just need a few  
weeks on that.

GOOEY  
That's nearly 25 grand!

HOWARD  
Shhhh!

Christie's manager, LLOYD, Asian, 40's, effeminate, stops them.

LLOYD  
Mr. NAGY, Mr. Dabba, can I see you  
gentlemen in my office.

HOWARD  
Can this wait? We're in a rush.

LLOYD  
I'm sorry. This will only take a  
minute of your time.

INT. CHRISTIE'S AUCTION HOUSE - LLOYD'S OFFICE

LLOYD enters his office, GOOEY and HOWARD right behind him. The  
second the door closes:

LLOYD  
You both know our policy on shill  
bidding-

HOWARD  
Shill bid-- What the hell are you  
talking about?

LLOYD  
There's no negotiation, I'm sorry.  
You're both banned from Christies.

HOWARD  
So a friend isn't allowed to buy a  
stone of mine through auction??!

GOOEY  
I do a lot of business here!

LLOYD  
We are well aware of that Mr.  
Dabba, which makes this even more  
unpleasant.

GOOEY  
You gotta be kidding me?!

HOWARD  
Proof! I demand proof!!!

EXT. CHRISTIE'S AUCTION HOUSE - 49TH ST - AFTER

HOWARD and GOOEY leave the building. GOOEY is beyond upset.  
HOWARD holds a purple wooden box containing the gem. They are  
immediately approached by JIM and ROBERT.

JIM  
Congratulations Howard!

HOWARD  
(to self)  
Shit.

JIM  
(to GOOEY)  
Congrats to you, sir. You mind if  
we had a minute alone with Howard?

GOOEY  
(storming off)  
You can have him.

HOWARD  
Ah, come on!

JIM  
Okay, so what's next?

HOWARD

Look, shit, I don't know how to tell you this but, yeah, the bid was disqualified. It doesn't count.

JIM

(laughing)  
Is this a joke?

HOWARD

I wish. That guy who just left, he's a friend. We were trying to drive the price up on Amare and-

ROBERT

(deadly serious)  
I don't want to hear it.

HOWARD

Wait, wait. Before you jump to conclusions, ask me why I don't look worried?

JIM

Cut the bullshit, Howard. I'm not interested.

HOWARD

I'm not worried *because* I have the option of selling it to Amare directly. He already offered me 175 in cash for the opal just the other day.

JIM

You're telling me you had 175 grand in front of you recently and said no?

HOWARD

Well, it wasn't that simple. I had an agreement to auction with Christie's. You have any idea what kind of penalties they charge for a last minute cancellation?

JIM

Call AMARE. Right now.

HOWARD

No problem!

HOWARD pulls his phone out. Scrolls through his contacts.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

You saw his people bidding...

JIM

Put it on speaker. I want to hear  
him say 175.

HOWARD activates the speaker, awaits rings: The call is sent to Demany's voicemail: the excerpt of Biggie's 'Gimme One More Chance'

VOICEMAIL

Biggie, gimme me one more chance...  
BEEP.

HOWARD

(into phone)

Amare! Baruch hashem. Was really  
hoping to see your face today. As  
I'm sure you've heard by now, the  
gem went to a higher bidder. Turns  
out, there's been a mix up and if  
you want it, it's yours for 175,  
just like you offered. I'm telling  
you it's yours. Call me  
immediately.

HOWARD hangs up.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

He'll call back. When he does, I'll  
set this up for tomorrow morning.  
He'll come with cash, you'll have  
your money tomorrow, I promise.

INT. HOWARD'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

In a thick steam cloud, HOWARD cleanses himself with a hot shower. It's all gonna be okay. Everything. SADIE enters.

SADIE

Howard?

HOWARD doesn't answer. SADIE makes her way to the shower, opens the curtain. HOWARD turns around and sees SADIE naked.

HOWARD

No, No, no, I don't want that now.

SADIE

Please...

HOWARD

(closing the curtain)

I said no!

SADIE (O.S.)

Fine.

With closed eyes, HOWARD starts to massage shampoo into his hair.

SADIE picks up another shampoo bottle and gets up on the toilet seat, so she can reach over the shower curtain.

She waits for HOWARD to start rinsing the shampoo out of his hair. She then proceeds to pour more shampoo onto his head, making it impossible for him to finish rinsing. For the next 30 seconds, he rinses, she pours, until...

HOWARD  
What the fucking-!?!

SADIE laughs and squeezes out the rest of the shampoo.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Ahhhhh!

SADIE laughs louder, HOWARD squints his eyes open and sees SADIE's hand dangling above him.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
SADIE!

HOWARD rips the shower curtain to the side, still with tons of suds in his hair, though now he has a **FULL ERECTION!**

HOWARD's cell phone rings from the other room.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
My phone! Hand me that towel!

SADIE hands him a towel coyly. He wraps it around him and hops out of the bathroom.

INT. HOWARD'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dripping wet, HOWARD runs into the bedroom and grabs his phone.

HOWARD  
(into phone)  
This is Howard... Ah, Amare!

HOWARD breathes a sigh of great relief and lies down on the bed.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
I have to say, it brings me great joy to hear from you... I know, it's all so confusing... Yes, though I'm really sorry that it played out this way.

The bedroom door slowly opens. SADIE enters. Rather than look at her, HOWARD fixes his gaze on the ceiling. She lays down next to him and awaits eye contact.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(into phone, still calm)  
No, this is right. You're the rightful owner...  
(MORE)

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 It's better this way... Do you think you can make it tomorrow morning with the cash... okay, how's the afternoon for you? 4pm is perfect...

SADIE begins to caress HOWARD. He ignores it the best of his ability. She begins to kiss his chest, moving down slowly.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 (to SADIE, whispering)  
 Stop it.  
 (back into phone)  
 No, I'm well aware of the significance of the number... 175 is Abraham's number... Well, they say- no, no you're right, I know... it's true, he lived to 175...

SADIE undoes HOWARD's towel. HOWARD listens to AMARE, while SADIE sucks him off.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 (into phone, very calm)  
 No you're right, like when God told Abraham to leave his land.... we all need to sacrifice... The '6' for the male to the '4' for the female?

Overhead shot of bed.

EXT. 47TH STREET BETWEEN 6TH & 5TH, DIAMOND DISTRICT - NEXT DAY

HOWARD moves through the district sipping from a cup of coffee.

As he nears the entrance to his building he notices Jim's driver MICHAEL and ROBERT standing in the front of a parked Mercedes. HOWARD approaches.

HOWARD  
 Hey fellas- So, We're all set.  
 AMARE said he'll be here by 4.

A back window rolls down, revealing JIM.

JIM  
 Yeah we know, my friend Nico is upstairs waiting already.

HOWARD  
 You think he wants something? I was gonna go to the deli on the corner for a coffee... This one's done.

JIM  
 He's good.

INT. KMA GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - BACKROOM - AFTER

BUZZ! The security monitor shows AMARE and BODY GUARD 2 standing in the hallway. HOWARD stands at his desk next to NADAV. A second BUZZ!

From the showroom AMARE calls to HOWARD:

AMARE  
Shall I come back there?

HOWARD  
Come on in. How was the shoot-around?

AMARE  
Very refreshing.

BODY GUARD 2 sits down next to NICO, short, stocky, tough. AMARE heads to the back room.

HOWARD  
You remember my boy Nadav right?

AMARE  
Hello.

NADAV  
Hey.

HOWARD starts to close the door. NICO gets up.

NICO  
Keep the door open please.

HOWARD keeps the door open.

AMARE extends a leather weekend bag to HOWARD. He unzips the bag and sees neatly stacked bundles of cash.

AMARE  
Look, I know what you did at the auction house. I have the upper hand here, but that's not the way I am. I'm a man of my word.

HOWARD  
(laughing)  
I've learned that.

HOWARD turns to his safe, opens the heavy door and grabs the purple wooden box from Christies, extends it to AMARE, who opens it and pulls the gem out.

AMARE caresses the gem, feels its weight.

AMARE

You have no idea what this will do for me. I'll be a different person on the court tonight.

HOWARD

I genuinely believe that.

AMARE

I think I've even figured it out. It's like I was saying on the phone-

AMARE begins theorizing about the power of the gem. HOWARD seems to be listening until...

**A jolt of energy courses through HOWARD'S body.** He jerks up, turns to his computer and brings up a betting site.

HOWARD

Nadav, quick-quick.

AMARE falls silent.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Transfer all the money into your gym bag.

NADAV dumps his boxing gear onto the floor. HOWARD pulls money out from AMARE'S leather bag and shoves it into NADAV'S gym bag.

**BUZZ!** JIM and ROBERT appear on the security cam. They are buzzed into the showroom.

NADAV

What're we doing?

HOWARD

Shhhhh.

NADAV now helps HOWARD transfer the money.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Nadav, listen carefully. Go downstairs, get in the first town car you see and tell him to take you straight to Foxwoods. Okay?

NADAV

Uh, okay.

HOWARD

Once you get there, you're gonna go straight to the sportsbook, when you get there, you're gonna do a 2 way parlay...

HOWARD writes this down on a piece of paper.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 I'm gonna write it for you: A two way parlay. Amare's points/rebounds with the spread of the game. You're gonna put all of the money in this bag onto that bet.

HOWARD hands NADAV the paper.

NADAV  
 I don't know how to... I-

HOWARD  
 Don't worry. Just take that and this and go downstairs and take a car to Foxwoods. Call me when you get there. You can hand that note to the teller at the sports book and she'll know what to do.

AMARE is genuinely amused.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 (to NADAV)  
 Don't say anything to anyone out there when you leave. You're 'goin to the gym.' Understand?

NADAV nods, gets up, opens the BACKROOM door, JIM, ROBERT, NICO and BODY GUARD 1 look at NADAV, who averts his eyes.

INT. KMA GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

NADAV moves slowly behind the showcases, passing SADIE.

SADIE  
 Where you going?

NADAV  
 Gym.

SADIE  
 Oh, have fun.

NADAV moves through the space past everyone and is buzzed out.

INT. KMA GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - BACKROOM

AMARE  
 Okay, I gotta run to medical.

AMARE stands, gives a very earnest hug and pound to HOWARD.

HOWARD  
 Knock 'em dead tonight.

AMARE  
You know I will.

AMARE exits the backroom.

INT. KMA GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

AMARE gives a kiss goodbye to SADIE.

AMARE  
Where's the other girl?

SADIE  
Joani? She doesn't come in on  
Tuesdays.

JIM interrupts.

JIM  
Well, there he is!

AMARE smiles, and moves out onto the floor. He shakes hands .

AMARE  
How you fellas doin?

JIM and CO. gush over AMARE, HOWARD watches on the monitor.

EXT. 43RD AND 5TH AVENUE - SAME TIME

NADAV hops into a Lincoln Town Car sitting idle on the corner.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

The driver's window falls down. NADAV climbs towards the it.

NADAV  
I need to go to Foxwoods in  
Connecticut.

DRIVER  
I can't now. Sorry.

NADAV  
I'll give you a huge tip, 400\$.

DRIVER  
Which way you wanna go?

NADAV  
The fastest way.

INT. KMA GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - BACKROOM - AFTER

JIM and ROBERT, with NICO still in the showroom, enter the backroom.

JIM  
You didn't want to come out with  
your boy? Introduce us?

HOWARD  
You're not gonna believe it!

JIM  
What?

HOWARD  
We're gonna hit it! *He's got the  
gem*, he's gonna destroy the money  
line.

JIM  
What are you talking about?

ROBERT picks up the leather bag AMARE brought in. It's empty.

ROBERT  
What's going on?

HOWARD  
I sent my boy Nadav to Foxwoods,  
paying cash, clean. Parlaying the  
money-line with the over on his  
points plus rebounds. Odds are 4 to  
1!! 4 to 1! I'll cut you 400 of it.

JIM  
You're out of your fuckin' mind,  
you gotta be out of your mind.

HOWARD  
What's wrong with you, we're gonna  
be rich-I can get us courtside  
seats for tonight, it'll be great!

JIM  
Where's the money right now?

HOWARD  
I told you, it's on it's way to  
Connecticut!

**ROBERT pulls out a gun.** HOWARD all of a sudden grows scared.  
NICO runs into the doorway, closes the door to the showroom.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Guys, look, I'm here, with you  
right now, telling you about a  
winning ticket! C'mon I'm not  
fucking you here. Why would I try  
to screw you guys?

JIM  
 (slowly, forcefully)  
 Call him and tell him to come back  
 with the cash right now.

HOWARD  
 (possessed, head down)  
 I can't do that. I just can't do  
 that. I'm sorry. I can't. We're  
 shoe-ins. Trust me.

ROBERT throws HOWARD against the safe behind him and presses the  
 gun up into HOWARD's face.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 (insisting)  
 I can't...

JIM  
 I'm not fucking around! Call him  
 right now!

HOWARD  
 Why!?! It doesn't make any sense.

ROBERT and NICO rush HOWARD over to the window. JIM opens it.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 What are you doing?

ROBERT and NICO pick HOWARD up and thrust his body out the  
 window. HOWARD braces his arms against the window frame trying  
 to stop them.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 (screaming)  
 STOP!

JIM pins HOWARD'S arms to his body. ROBERT and NICO slide him  
 out the window, hanging him upside down 12 stories above 47th  
 street. HOWARD flails and thrashes. SADIE hears his screams and  
 begins banging on the back room door.

SADIE (O.S.)  
 HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON BACK THERE!?!

EXT. KMA GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - BACKROOM - OUT OF WINDOW

HOWARD  
 PLEASE, STOP, PULL ME UP! PLEASE!!!

JIM  
 You gonna call your boy?

HOWARD  
 I'LL CALL HIM! I'LL CALL HIM!

ROBERT and NICO dip his body further down.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
PLEASE, PLEASE!!!!!!

JIM  
You gonna listen to me?

HOWARD  
YEEESSSS!

JIM backs away from the window. ROBERT and NICO pull HOWARD back into the room.

INT. KMA GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE- BACKROOM

HOWARD's face is beat red. He looks like he's going to throw up.

SADIE (O.S.)  
Howie, you ok?!

HOWARD  
(tremulous voice)  
I'm ok baby. It's all good, don't worry about it.

JIM stands over the desk, he engages HOWARD's speakerphone.

JIM  
Dial it.

HOWARD sits down. Pause.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Let's go!

HOWARD  
Will you give me a second to collect myself. My heart.

JIM  
What's the number? I'll dial it.

HOWARD leans in over the phone, another long pause. He hits a few numbers and stops.

HOWARD  
I can't do it. I'm sorry, I just can't.

JIM is dumbstruck. A guilty smile unfurls on HOWARD's sweaty face.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(with total sincerity)  
I'm really sorry about this, Jim.

Another pause. JIM nods to ROBERT.

JIM  
 (with menacing resolve)  
 Goodbye Howard.

JIM, ROBERT and NICO turn to exit the backroom.

HOWARD  
 (hopping out of his chair)  
 Jim? Jim! C'mon, we can talk about  
 this. This is more than an  
 opportunity here.

HOWARD follows them into the showroom.

INT. KMA GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD  
 What are you doing? Where are you  
 going?

JIM, ROBERT and NICO snake around the showcase and out onto the floor. They approach the front door. SADIE buzzes open the first door. AS soon as all three are in the vestibule and the door closes behind them, HOWARD rushes over to SADIE and grabs her wrist.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 STOP! STOP! STOP!

JIM pulls on the second door. It doesn't open. He turns around and yells through the thick glass:

JIM  
 (severely muffled)  
 BUZZ US OUT!

HOWARD walks towards the glass door, riddled with guilt and excitement. He yells:

HOWARD  
 JIM, I'M SORRY! I'M SORRY!

JIM  
 LET ME THE FUCK OUT HOWARD!

HOWARD  
 YOU GOTTA TAKE A HOME DOG, THEY'RE  
 PLUS 275 AT HOME IT MAKES NO SENSE!  
 THEY'RE PLAYING THE FUCKING  
 HORNETS, THE HORNETS ARE 5 AND 10  
 ON THE ROAD! THE LINE DOESN'T MAKE  
 SENSE! DO YOU KNOW WHAT KIND OF  
 GAME AMARE HAD WITH THE GEM? A  
 40/20 GAME! HE'S UNDERVALUED  
 BECAUSE OF SHITTY PLAY WITHOUT THE  
 GEM. YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND!

JIM  
 (infuriated)  
 NO, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! YOU ARE  
 GOING TO OPEN THIS DOOR NOW OR  
 YOU'RE DEAD!

NICO and ROBERT start pounding on the glass.

HOWARD  
 JIM, I'M NOT GONNA LET YOU DO THIS  
 TO YOURSELF!

JIM  
 OPEN THE DOOR!!!

HOWARD  
 NOT TILL THIS IS ALL OKAY.

JIM  
 THE SECOND YOU OPEN THAT DOOR  
 YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!!!!

JIM spews out profanity. HOWARD yells over him:

HOWARD  
 I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE UPSET, I'M  
 SORRY, I REALLY AM. AFTER THE GAME  
 IS OVER WE'LL BE IN A BETTER PLACE  
 AND I'LL OPEN THE DOORS, BUT TILL  
 THEN- I REALLY KNOW WHAT I'M  
 TALKING ABOUT, IT'S NOT BULLSHIT,  
 IT'S REAL, THIS IS HUGE. I LET YOU  
 GO NOW AND IT'S ALL OVER.

ROBERT pulls out his gun points it at HOWARD through the glass.

ROBERT  
 OPEN IT!

SADIE screams and she and ELAN hide behind the showcase.

HOWARD  
 WHAT'S THAT GONNA DO? THAT'S NOT  
 GONNA DO ANYTHING?  
 (to SADIE and ELAN)  
 Sadie, baby everything is fine.  
 It's bulletproof- Why don't you  
 guys go wait in the back room?

SADIE and ELAN run into the back room.

Silence. Inside the vestibule JIM tells ROBERT to put the gun away, though none of their dialogue is audible. From inside the showroom it looks like pantomime.

HOWARD watches JIM make a phone call.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 WHO YOU CALLING? WHAT'RE YOU DOING?

Instinctively, HOWARD runs to a phone behind the showcase.  
HOWARD dials, awaits rings. Talks into phone:

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Dina, baby, I just got a very scary  
call from ConEd, they reported a  
bad gas leak all down 108th.  
They're evacuating our block, go to  
Shiela's now... No, I don't know  
why they called the office...

Howard Listens... BUZZ! MICHAEL and ANOTHER MAN (JIM'S MEN)  
appear on the monitor. HOWARD listens to DINA, watches JIM.

JIM

(to other door)

WE CAN'T OPEN THE DOOR, PSYCHO'S  
GOT US LOCKED IN HERE!

HOWARD

(into phone)

I don't want to argue! Don't ask  
questions, just grab the kids and  
do it. I'm very serious, I'm very  
frightened.

(pause)

Yes, I'll see you there.

HOWARD slams the phone down.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - SAME TIME

NADAV sits with the gym bag on his lap. He looks out the window  
at bumper to bumper traffic. He checks his phone, it's 5:45.

NADAV

(to driver)

What's going on with this?

DRIVER

It's rush hour traffic.

NADAV

Go faster.

DRIVER

I can't do anything about this.

NADAV

I'll give you an extra \$200 if you  
can get me there before 7pm.

The DRIVER looks at the estimated arrival time on his GPS: 735PM

EXT. FOXWOODS CASINO, LEDYARD, CT. - 6:55PM.

The Lincoln town car pulls up to the entrance. NADAV pops out of the back, runs, slips and falls, gets up immediately and runs into the casino.

INT. FOXWOODS CASINO, LEDYARD, CT. - CONTINUOUS

NADAV looks around, immediately lost.

NADAV  
(to a STRANGER)  
Sports?

STRANGER is confused.

NADAV (CONT'D)  
Where's the sports betting?

STRANGER  
That way.

INT. FOXWOODS CASINO, LEDYARD, CT. - SPORTS BOOK

NADAV runs past a TV broadcasting the pregame show. Shots of Amare in a lay up line.

NADAV approaches a FEMALE TELLER at the sports book and takes the paper HOWARD gave him out of his pocket.

NADAV  
(out of breath)  
I need to do a parlay. Uh. Two way.

FEMALE TELLER  
Why don't you just hand me that  
piece of paper.

She reads the bet aloud. NADAV confirms it as she types into a computer.

FEMALE TELLER (CONT'D)  
What amount?

NADAV  
\$175,000.

FEMALE TELLER looks up at NADAV, that's a big bet. Calls over a SUPERVISOR. NADAV unloads cash from the bag onto the counter.

INT. KMA GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE- SHOWROOM - SAME TIME

JIM, ROBERT and NICO sit indolently on the floor of the vestibule. They all have their jackets off and there is little talk between them. JIM's face is beat red and slick with sweat.

HOWARD pulls a flat screen TV from the back room and positions it in front of the glass door so JIM can see it. Using a long extension cord, he plugs it in and turns it on.

On screen, AMARE greets an opponent center court. HOWARD looks manic, jittery, eager. He looks to the BACKROOM, where we can see SADIE and ELAN idly playing with their phones.

HOWARD's cell phone rings. It's NADAV.

                  HOWARD  
                  (into phone)  
So?  
                  (listens, grows happy)  
YESSSS! Listen, I'm gonna put you  
on speakerphone and I want you to  
repeat it loudly for some people to  
hear, ok?

HOWARD places it on speakerphone.

                  NADAV'S VOICE  
I PUT THE 175,000 ONTO THE TWO WAY  
BET. AMARE'S POINTS PLUS HIS  
REBOUNDS WITH THE MONEYLINE.

JIM doesn't even make eye contact with HOWARD.

                  HOWARD  
THE BET! THE BET IS IN!

An announcer catches HOWARD's attention. **The game has begun!** On screen, AMARE tips the ball back to a guard and immediately sprint towards the hoop, rising for an immediate alley-oop. HOWARD howls.

                  HOWARD (CONT'D)  
AHAHA! That's 2 right off the bat.

                  ANNOUNCER (ON TV)  
Amare with the stuff and the steal!

AMARE pulls up for a jump shot.

                  ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
And Amare with a 20 footer! Knicks  
4, Hornets 0.

                  ANNOUNCER 2  
That's a good sign for the Knicks  
when Amare's hitting those elbow  
jumpers.

                  HOWARD  
Nice... his shot's falling.  
                  (yells to backroom)  
Sadie! Elan! Come!

JIM, ROBERT and NICO look at the screen. SADIE and ELAN join HOWARD in the showroom.

The Hornets are forced into a bad shot. AMARE rebounds.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

(to Jim)

ALRIGHT, THAT'S ONE REBOUND AND  
FOUR POINTS. THAT'S 5. WE'RE AT 5  
AND IT'S NOT EVEN 2 MINUTES!

ANNOUNCER

This is the AMARE the Knicks need  
on a nightly basis. Focused and  
Possessed.

HOWARD

Exactly, focused.

AMARE sprints up-court, engages in a pick and roll and rises for an explosive dunk. Upon take off **the image falls into slow motion**. The sound maintains. HOWARD watches.

In a series of cuts we see AMARE in highlight: each in slow motion. Intercut, we see the Knicks lead build and build. Another series of slow-motion AMARE highlights. HOWARD grows more and more enthusiastic like a man possessed. JIM and Co show no emotion. AMARE swishes through one last turn around jumper, the ball gracefully flows through the net.

BOOM, we're back in real time. 30 seconds left. The score Knicks: 94, Hornets: 83. A shot of AMARE shows him smiling ear to ear joking with another player. A graphic shows his stat line: 34 points, 15 rebounds, 7 assists. HOWARD points to the screen.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Look at that stat line!!!! He blew  
the over out of the fucking moon!

The Hornets cross the half-court line and dribble out the remainder of the clock. The end horn sounds. HOWARD jumps:

HOWARD (CONT'D)

(to JIM)

SEE! SEE! WHAT DID I TELL YOU?! HUH  
JIM? WHAT DID I FUCKIN TELL YOU?!

JIM, ROBERT and NICO stand up. HOWARD dances over to the showcase and hits the buzzer with his fist.

**BUZZZZ!**

ROBERT opens the door into the space and IMMEDIATELY SHOOTS HOWARD IN THE FACE. HOWARD drops to the floor.

SADIE

(screaming)

HOWARD!!!

We see HOWARD in a **shot from above**. The bullet has created a gruesome hole under his right eye.

**The camera starts to slowly zoom into HOWARD's face, keeping the hole center frame.**

SADIE runs up to HOWARD and picks up his head.

SADIE (CONT'D)  
OH GOD! OH GOD!

**The zoom continues into HOWARD while we hear the following...**

JIM barks orders with steely composure:

JIM (O.S.)  
SHUT UP...  
(to ELAN)  
YOU, TAKE HIM TO WHERE THE SECURITY  
CAMERAS RECORD TO.

ELAN is dragged to the back room. SADIE sobs uncontrollably.

**Zoom creeps tighter into HOWARD.**

ELAN (O.S.)  
There. It records onto that drive.

We hear machinery ripped out from a wall.

ELAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
PLEASE DON'T HURT ME.

NICO (O.S.)  
OPEN THE SAFE!

ELAN (O.S.)  
I DON'T KNOW THE CODE. PLEASE DON'T  
SHOOT-LOOK, LOOK IT'S OPEN!

NICO (O.S.)  
FILL THAT BAG WITH EVERY THING.

**The zoom has reached a close up on HOWARD, keeps moving in.**

JIM (O.S.)  
(to SADIE)  
GET UP!

SADIE hysterically falls all over HOWARD.

JIM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
GET UP AND PACK THE SHOWCASE!

SADIE (O.S.)  
(crying, screaming)  
FUCK YOU, YOU FAT PIG!

We hear a gun shot. SADIE's no longer heard. ELAN yells from the other room.

ELAN (O.S.)  
Sadie?! SADIE!!

**The shot has now zoomed into a very tight close up on HOWARD.**

NICO (O.S.)  
KEEP PACKING!

ELAN (O.S.)  
SADIE?! WHAT HAPPENED!?!

Commotion from the back room. Another gun shot is heard.

**The zoom closes in on the bullet-hole in HOWARD's face and continues onward into the wound.**

Swirls of red, pink and white engulf the frame as we travel through blood, bone and tissue.

**The zoom pushes through this material plane into a landscape of kaleidoscopic abstract shapes and flickering iridescent light.**

The diegetic audio in the KMA GEMS showroom decays in a wash of reverb, overtaken by a vast sound-scape of crystal tinkles and warm electronic tones.

**END CREDITS** appear and continue over this visual and aural cosmic journey inside the consummate UNCUT GEM.



PHOTO



howiebling

3w



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