

WILL OF FORTUNE

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FADE IN:

A shot of a lone palm tree rises up into a blue afternoon sky. High rise office buildings and luxury condos. The view of Century City is vibrant and exciting.

EXT. CENTURY CITY - EARLY AFTERNOON

A yellow Cab is making a right turn, which lead to a circular drive way of a massive fifty story office building.

The driver's door opens and out comes JAMES, A man in his early-thirties, black and handsome, everything about him tells us he is witty and street smart. He's wearing a black slacks, white shirt with a red tie.

The passenger, in her mid-twenties, a beautiful olive skinned woman, curly black hair and a body to die for. Her name is TRISH YEARWOOD. She is JAMES's fiancé.

INT. MICHAEL BOWDEN LAW OFFICE- LATER

James and Trish are sitting on a couch in the reception area. James looks very anxious, Trish glances at him with comforting smile.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Yes Mr. Bowden.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Bowden will see you now. This way please.

JAMES and TRISH stand up and are led to Mr. BOWDEN office

Attorney. MICHAEL BOWDEN (mid-50s) an elegant, tall, sophisticated, calm white man comes to the door and greets them with a warm smile as he shakes their hands.

ATTORNEY

Mr. Williams, how are you.

JAMES

I'm fine thanks, this is my
Fiancée Trish.

ATTORNEY

Pleasure to meet you Trish, please
have a seat.

They both sit down, The Attorney takes a seat behind his
desk.

ATTORNEY

Mr. Williams, I'm afraid I have
some bad news for you.

JAMES

Oh yeah? What? What's going on?

ATTORNEY

Sadly, your uncle Jack has passed.
I invited you here today for the
reading of his will that pertains to
you.

Trish squeezes his hand.

TRISH

I'm so sorry for your lose baby.

ATTORNEY

Your Uncle had very specific
instructions in his will, and we're
legally required to follow them to
the letter of the law. And he
specifically asked that you his only
living relative not to be told of his
funeral. He wanted to go quietly. For
sure an interesting man in life as
well as death.

JAMES

Right, Right. It's so sad. I really
miss him. So what's up, am I getting
a check today or what?

Trish kicks his leg.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Baby, you're starting' to remind
me of your Mom.

Trish ignores him and tries very hard to keep her calm.

TRISH

(Calmly)
How did he die?

ATTORNEY

He died in his sleep last
Thursday, he's been sick for a
while.

JAMES

(Rolling his eyes)
Tell me something I don't know.

ATTORNEY

(Flips open a file)
As you know, your uncle was a very
rich and generous man.

JAMES covers his mouth and coughs, bullshit!

JAMES

Excuse me!

Mr. Bowden takes out the will from a file and begins
reading. James' eyes light up.

ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

Mr. Williams, your uncle left un
Estate worth approximately \$34MM and
it's his wish!

JAMES

(Interrupts and jumps up)

Thirty four million dollars. Oh Baby!
I take back every mean thing I said
about you Uncle Jack. May your soul
rest in peace.

The Attorney keeps reading.

ATTORNEY

It's his wish the vast majority of the money be given to the "Harmony Gardens".

James falls over.

JAMES

(Freaking out)

Excuse me? What?! Harmony? What you're talking about, ah, is this a prank? Where are the Cameras? Is this the candid camera show ?

JAMES stands up and starts looking for the camera.

ATTORNEY

(Smiles politely)

No Mr. Williams, I assure you it's not...please sit down, would you like a glass of water?

JAMES

Water? I'm gonna need more than water, how about some liquor and a rusty Razor blade?

There is an awkward silence.

Trish holds James's hand trying to calm him down.

ATTORNEY

Should I continue?

TRISH

Yes, please.

ATTORNEY

And for my nephew James, I leave this key...

The Attorney opens a small black box and takes out a key and hands it to James.

JAMES stares at the key for a few seconds looking confused.

JAMES

What the hell is this? What am I supposed to do with this? OH I get it, I know what's that for. This is to open his grave and cuss him out every time my ass is broke.

ATTORNEY

(Looks uncomfortable)

Would you please calm down and let me finish.

JAMES

There must be something wrong sir, Are you sure this is the right will? Maybe its Bill Gate's will, Coz that guy is probably gonna leave his kids a bunch of keys too.

TRISH

What is this key for?

JAMES

I told you he was a crazy son of a bitch, shiiiiiiit.

The Attorney shakes his head.

ATTORNEY

There's more here. The key belongs to a --

JAMES

(Interrupts Hopeful)

It better be to a safety deposit box or a house. Is that it, A house?

ATTORNEY

No Mr. Williams, it's for a storage facility located downtown LA. You never know, it could be better than a house.

JAMES

What's in it?

ATTORNEY

I don't know, I'm just following your Uncle's instructions. The storage unit is registered under your name.

JAMES looks overwhelmed. He stares at the key and the attorney back and forth trying to make sense out of what just happened.

CUT BACK TO:

FEW WEEKS EARLIER:

INT. YELLOW CAB - DUSK

James has a passenger, a cute blonde girl is sitting in the back seat, wearing a pink T-shirt and a jeans. She's looking out at the window with absolute shock and amusement. James looks at her through the rear view mirror.

JAMES

First time in LA?

PASSENGER

(heavy accent)

Wee, wee, first time in America. I'm very excited. I want to stay in a cheap motel please.

JAMES

There is none around. We've gotta go to the hood.

PASSENGER

(Clueless)

Hood is ok!

JAMES

You have a beautiful accent, you from France, right?

PASSENGER

Wee, I'm from Lyon in south France.

JAMES

I love French language.

PASSENGER

Oh, do you speak French?

JAMES

Well, I took couple classes in college, let's just say, when it comes to French I'm like a dog, I understand it but I don't speak it.

The French girl laughs.

The cab drives through a rough neighborhood as JAMES tries to find a motel.

We could see the girl is peeking out the window looking overwhelmed and joyful by what she sees.

PASSENGER

I really like the hood. Very ORIGINALLLL!

JAMES

If you like it now, wait till it gets dark, you gonna love it.

The girl looks clueless.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Here is some music that goes with the view.

James pumps up the Radio volume. A rap song is on, James starts to dance and rap while the girl is giggling in the back seat!

JAMES pulls up to a seedy motel in a rundown area. The sign says "REST IN Motel \$34.99 a Night". Couple of guys on the corner drinking beer in paper bags, a lady of the night prancing.

JAMES

Here you go, a fancy motel in the hood. Make sure you lock your windows and doors at night.

PASSENGER

(Curious)

Why?

JAMES

Trust me, you'll sleep better.

PASSENGER

Okay, MERCI BEAUCOUP!

JAMES

Voulez vous coucher. Haha!

PASSENGER

Excusez-moi?

JAMES

That's what Patti LaBelle said...

PASSENGER

(Hesitant)

You know where I can buy some
weed?

JAMES

(Smiling)

Don't worry, they do door to door
sales here in the hood.

The girl pays James. He gets out and unloads her bag.

INT. TRISH'S APARTMENT - EVENING

JANIKA, Trish's mom sits on a large sofa in the living room,
watching a TV show. She is a bit overweight. A quick look
around tells us Trish and her mom live on a shoestring
budget. Nothing fancy.

A knock on the door, Janika gets up and opens the door,
it's James. She's all smiles.

JANIKA

There you are, my favorite cab
Driver.

She tries to hug James, he pulls back.

JAMES

Correct me if I'm wrong? You on
The crack pipe again, right?

JANIKA

Oh you! You so funny, two things I
like about you James, your sense of
humor and Ahhh, I can't remember the
other thing. Look honey, your nice
young man brought us dinner.

Trish enters the living room and kisses James.

JAMES

(Kissing her back)
Hey Sugar. What's with your Mom?

TRISH

She's just happens to be in a good
mood today, Dinner too? That's really
sweet.

Janika exits to another room.

TRISH

So what's up?

JAMES

Right here baby. Chicken fajitas,
chips and salsa, I'm feeling the
Latin rhythm tonight. Livin la-vida
loca. Got us a delicious apple pie
for desert.

TRISH

Who needs desert when I'm around?

JAMES

(Excited)
I agree babe, my bad, but this apple
pie has Special ingredients.

TRISH

Oh it does? We'll see about that.

JAMES rips the bags open, displays the food.

JAMES

Let's get busy, but baby don't you dare touch that apple pie.

TRISH

Mom, do you want something to eat?

JANIKA (O.S.)

Go ahead honey, I'm not hungry.

INT. TRISH'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

JAMES

Baby, it's desert time, would you mind cutting the pie for us?

TRISH takes the apple pie to the kitchen.

While waiting for his piece of the pie, James hears the loudest scream coming from the kitchen. OMG, there's a ring in the apple pie.

JAMES

(Playful)

How the hell did that get in there? Do you have another Boyfriend?

TRISH is overwhelmed, trying to say something but words won't come out. Finally she paints a pretty sweet smile on her face.

TRISH

No, you silly. Baby, it's beautiful and the answer is YES to whatever you want to ask me.

JAMES

Oh baby, this is the happiest day of my life.

James Kisses her and whispers, I love you.

TRISH

I love you too.

Janika comes running over.

JANIKA

I can feel love in the air.

JAMES

(Cheerful)

She said yes, we're getting married.

JANIKA

Congratulation baby, I'm so happy for you. I hope you picked the right guy.

JAMES

Of course she did, let's Celebrate, do you have any black wine?

TRISH

(Laughing)

Hun, I have some red wine! Would that do?

JAMES

How come there is a market for red wine, white wine but not for black wine. I think that's racist baby.

JANIKA

I'm going to make wine outta your Whiny black ass if you don't make my Daughter happy.

James stares at Janika with a mean look but doesn't say anything.

JANIKA

So when's the big day?

JAMES

We're gonna set a date later on. It's gonna be a simple and cozy Wedding. What do you think Mrs. Williams?

TRISH

Oh Mrs. Williams, I like the sound of that. I agree, big weddings are cheesy.

JANIKA

(Being annoying)

Well, I'm gonna invite anybody I want whether you like it or not.

JAMES

(Interrupts JANIKA)

Come on, why are you trying to ruin our Special evening.

JANIKA

Because I'm gonna be your mother in law and that's my job.

JAMES

(Stands up and turns
Serious)

You know, a Chinese wise man once said, if your future mother in law gives you crap, grab your chicken fajitas and run. I'm outta here.

Trish shoots her Mom a "Now-look-what you've-gone-and-don look and runs after James.

EXT. TRISH'S APARTMENT - EVENING - SAME TIME

James presses on down the hallway.

TRISH

James. Wait.

He stops.

TRISH (CONT'D)

Baby, I'm sorry. Never mind her.

JAMES

I thought she was in a good mood today?

JAMES grabs TRISH's hands.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Marrying you is what I've always wanted to do. It's how I felt since I first laid eyes on you. But to be honest with you, I get the feeling your mom thinks I'm not good enough for you.

TRISH

No baby, she doesn't think that. She just likes to drive everybody crazy including me, that's all. Trust me, deep inside she's gotta a heart of gold.

JAMES

Heart of gold? Whatever you say Mrs. William

Trish gives James a very long sweet kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

A seedy local Bar.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Dimly lit with a few scattered patrons. In the B.G, two guys are playing pool. At the bar sits MAX Rosenfeld, James's best friend,

MAX (Late 30s) a Ben Stiller type, unambitious, a little short, wearing a Rent-A-Cop Security uniform. He is drunk with a few drinks on the bar.

James approaches the bar.

MAX

What's up big guy, so? Good news Or what?

JAMES

You look wasted, she said yes, the woman I love said yeeees.

(Delighted)

I'm getting married.

MAX stands up, excited hugs JAMES.

MAX

Wow, happy for you brother, a new Chapter in your miserable life. finally a woman agrees to marry you. Tell You what? She is going straight to heaven just for doing that.

JAMES

(Smiling)
Fuck you!

MAX

Let's celebrate.
(To the bartender)
Let's have two shots of tequila and two coronas.

The bartender gets the order.

JAMES

Seriously man, it's not that easy, I'm excited, and really happy but I'm too broke to do that shit right now. But Trish doesn't know that.

MAX

Its ok brother, the most important thing is you asked her, everything else will work out.

JAMES

I gotta get a decent place, the Reception, tickets to Hawaii and all that shit. That cost money, lots of money.

MAX

Hawaii, look at you, are you gonna buy me a ticket too? I wanna spend

the wedding night with you guys,
please.

JAMES

I don't need any help to consummate
my marriage, especially from a
midget.

MAX

(Thinking)

Let me ask you this? Why don't
you go see your Uncle Jacko the
wacko and squeeze him for some
cash. I mean that old dude is
loaded.

JAMES

You know what, that's not a bad idea.
I'm might just do that but, I don't
know if I can pry a dime out of his
tight ass. Then, I'm gonna have to
listen to him spew that crap about
how hard he worked for his money.

MAX

How did he end up in a mental
Institution anyway?

JAMES

It's not a mental institution, it's a
luxury retirement facility with a
clinic. I'm sure most of the
residents are nuts anyway. After my
grandma accidentally fell and died in
his arms he went all psycho on us.

MAX

That's awful, people do weird shit
when they get old.

JAMES

How're you doing with your
Studying?

MAX

I don't know man, I don't think I'm ever gonna pass that exam. It's hard stuff and I'm fucking tired of being a security guard.

JAMES

You're smart. Well, sort of, you know what they say "third times the charm." If you become a cop, with your luck the crime rate will drop ninety five percent. Then they will be no need for cops, and they'll fire your ass.

They both laugh and toast each other.

INT. SOUTH CENTRAL CAB STATION - NIGHT

James parks his Cab and gets out. He looks around, then slowly sneaks into the cab station.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Well, well, well. Look who we got here!

James turns and fakes a big smile. CHARLIE (50s) the owner of the cab station ambles over.

JAMES

Charlie! I was just gonna --

CHARLIE

(Interrupts)

Bullshit! You were just gonna sneak in and sneak out like you've been doing for the past few Nights.

JAMES

Look, Charlie, I've been going through some shit lately. But you know me, I've always come through with the payment. Just bear with me, it's been a crappy month.

CHARLIE

I sold you the cab and carried the loan. I got my own bills to pay, so either make your payment on time or else...

JAMES

I'll have it soon Charlie. I promise.

CHARLIE

You got two weeks, then I'm gonna call it in. Don't make me do that.

Off James, mulling this over.

EXT. HARMONY GARDENS - DAY

James approaches a heavy wrought iron gate flanked with high-tech security cameras. He pushes a button, waits for an answer. It seems to take forever before someone responded.

VOICE (O.S.)

May I help you?

JAMES

Yeah, this is James Williams. I'm here to see Jack Williams.

There's a delay, then finally, the gate opens. James drives in. pull back to reveal a sign at the entrance: HARMONY GARDENS. Elderly care & assisted living since 1971.

The grounds are deceptive, it looks like a retreat, and we could see that Harmony Gardens offers a wide variety of amenities, a huge fitness center, and a fine dining facility. On the lawn.

Closer to the main house residents are being led through group exercise program.

INT. HARMONY GARDENS - DAY

James makes his way towards the reception area, through a mixture of senior people, some in elegant uniforms, and some in plain clothes. He approaches the reception counter

JAMES

(To staff)

Uncle Jack please. I mean Mr. Williams.

STAFF

You'll have to wait here a few minutes sir, He was just called to the Director's office.

CUT TO:

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

A spry black man (late 70s) leans backwards on a comfortable chair. It's UNCLE JACK, he's every bit the pimp. Across from him, behind a large desk, is the sexy director HELEN THOMPSON mid (40s) with a tight, firm body wearing an elegant blue business suit.

Her back is to us as she flips through some files in a large file cabinet. Uncle Jack can't keep his eyes off her.

HELEN

So, Mr. Williams, there have been numerous complaints received from residents and employees alike, regarding those games and bets you've been running.

JACK

Folks only upset because they keep losing, Ms. Thompson.

HELEN

Yes, well, that and the fact that they always lose to you.

JACK

I don't force them to bet.

HELEN

Mr. Williams, let's not forget where we are. This is a retirement home not a Las Vegas Casino, even though you placed yourself here, voluntarily on your own volition.

JACK

Let's not forget, it's my money that's pays your salary. My money that keeps this facility running.

HELEN

Yes and we appreciate it. However, you can't take advantage of the staff and everybody else.

JACK

I don't. I just know people. All my life, I had a knack for predicting what they'd do. My bets are honest and fair and its usually small amounts of money.

HELEN

(Impatient)

Honest and fair? You can't be winning all the time if your bets are honest and fair.

JACK

You bet I can. In fact, I'll bet you something, and I'm sure you will lose too.

HELEN

You want to bet me?

Helen secretly enjoys this.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Fine. Let's bet on something. What do you want to bet me?

JACK

(Thinking it over)

Hmmm. Okay. Let me think. Ah, How about I bet on something that nobody knows but you --

HELEN

OK, I'm gonna play along.

JACK

Well, I bet you a hundred to one, that you're wearing a hot, black bra with panties.

Helen glares at Uncle Jack, but we can see she likes the bet.

She pulls a dollar from her purse, puts it on the desk.

HELEN

I will ignore the fact that you're a dirty, perverted old man, and just to let you know Mr. Williams, you have just lost your first bet. My bra is not black with black panties.

JACK

It's not?

HELEN

(Smiles)

No, it's not.

JACK

(Disappointed)

Ah, OK, let's see.

HELEN

Let's see your money first.

Jack takes out a hundred dollar bill and places it on her desk.

He then puts his hands behind his head, we could tell he's getting ready to watch (the show) with amusement and pleasure.

Helen takes off her jacket and unbuttons her shirt, then unzips her skirt, flashes her bra and exposed herself in his face. It's pink.

HELEN (CONT'D)

(Victorious, smiling,
Taking the money)

Well. Mr. Williams,
congratulations, you've just lost a
hundred dollars. I should've called
you in my office a long time ago. I
hope this loss will put a stop to
these silly bets.

She grabs the hundred dollars.

JACK

Damn, this is the best \$100 Bet I
ever lost, actually, I've never been
more excited about losing.

HELEN

(Puzzled)
Really, how so?

JACK

(Smiling)
You see, I've always had the fantasy
about you stripping for me in your
office with a smile on your face. but
I never imagined it's gonna cost me
only a hundred bucks.

Helen looks very embarrassed and furious.

HELEN

(Yelling and getting
dressed)
Get out of my office.

JACK

(gets up and laughingly)
By the way, is that a Victoria
Secret bra?

INT. RECEPTION AREA - SAME TIME

James waits in the Reception area.

HELEN (O.S.)

JACK WILLIAMS, you are one sick,
old man.

A staffer is looking at her with a smile on his face!

HELEN

What the hell are you looking at?

JAMES

Guess my Uncle's ready to see me.

INT. UNCLE JACK'S ROOM - LATER

The room looks like a dream luxury master suite in a five stars hotel, huge flat screen on the wall, separate comfy white distinct living room. We could see the outdoor pool from the room.

James opens the door, tentatively enters. Jack is seated a recliner, he is staring out at the courtyard.

JAMES

(Fakes a smile)
Uncle Jack!

Jack looks up at the ceiling, then to the side as if to determine where the voice is coming from.

JACK

Where you at?

JAMES

(Waves)
Right here. Behind you.

JACK

That's not possible.
(Laughing, and getting
up)
Because when I came here, I left
Nothing behind.

JAMES

Huh?

JACK

How you doing kiddo?

JAMES

I'm ok, how you feeling, you look good.

JACK

I'm alright, and don't tell me I look good coz I don't. Let me ask this, what kind of toothpaste dentists don't recommend?

There is an awkward silence.

JAMES

(Puzzled)

Toothpaste? How the hell should I know? What are you talking about?

JACK

You think I'm some LUNATIC, don't you?

JAMES

Uncle Jack, I haven't seen you in months and you're asking me about toothpaste, I mean what do you want me to say?

JACK

Maybe it's you who's crazy? Being out there in that filthy obscene world. Did you ever think of that?

JAMES

Uncle Jack, I didn't come here to debate my medical history I came here for --

JACK

(Interrupts Coughing)

You came here because you missed me? I have a strange feeling you

came here to ask me for money.
Tell me I'm wrong, because it
looks like that's all I'm good
for.

An awkward silence. James does not respond.

JACK

(More)

By the way, what you doing now?

JAMES

I'm a cab driver. I have my own
cab.

JACK

I see, how do you like it?

JAMES

It's ok, A lot of driving and
shit.

JACK

(Coughing heavily)

You dropped outta College, I
didn't want that

JAMES

You sound just like my father. Are
you ok?

JACK

(Covering his mouth with
a piece of tissue)

Do I look ok to you!

JAMES

(Wondering)

What do you love about being here
after all the success you had.
What's so special about this place?

(being affectionate)

Let me know if you decide to get
outta here. I'll come get you, I
mean it.

JACK

Thanks kiddo, but I'm staying here. It's an amicable loving place. The world out there is dirty and corrupted. And I'm sick of it. I'm sick son, and I like having all these people around me. Most of them are my true friends. I have excellent medical care 24/7 and they take care of all my needs.

JAMES

Uncle jack, I really need a push. I'm just trying to make ends meet. I got a nice girl now, and we wanna get married. And I need to pay off my cab plus a few bills I'm behind on, just consider it a loan or something.

JACK

I know it's a rat race out there. but you have to keep going, keep trying, nobody helped me son.

JAMES

(Trying his best)

You gotta a point, but you have to understand it's different nowadays. It's not like when you were young, it's really tough out there. Today, everything is expensive, rents are rising and the cost of living is soaring. The American dream is becoming a nightmare.

JACK

Listen kiddo, let me think about it, give me some time and I'll let you know.

JAMES

(Getting irritated)

Are you insane? I'm sorry, I mean
Shiiit.

JAMES realizes that he needs to be nicer to Uncle JACK.

JAMES (CONT`D)

Uncle Jack, why are you doing
this, if you wanna help me why not
now? Life is too short.

JACK

(Coughing again)

You got that right! I wanna think
about it because I do things my way,
my timing not yours, you need to be
patient and in order to...

JAMES gets really upset and cuts him off.

JAMES

I'm sure as hell not listening to
that crap. Goddamn it Uncle Jack!

James leaves. Jack looks out over the courtyard, smiling
watches as James leaves the gate.

Uncle Jack takes a pen and paper from his desk, begins
writing several notes.

EXT. OUT SIDE WAL-MART - EVENING

MAX is sitting at his security post counting hundred dollars
bills. James is right next to him looking worried and
troubled.

MAX

Here you go man. Eight hundred
Dollars, that's all I got right
now.

JAMES

Thanks bro, I appreciate it, this
should keep that prick Charlie happy
for now till I get him the

rest, I just don't want him to
take the cab.

MAX

Heard anything from your uncle?

JAMES

Nothing, forget about him, if he
wanted to help me, he would have
done so already. He is playing
games and shit and I don't have
time for that right now.

CUT BACK TO THE

FIRST SCENE:

Trish is thanking Mr. Bowden while James still in shock.

MR. BOWDEN

I hope you find something special in
that storage room Mr. William

EXT. HARBOR FREEWAY - DAY

James and Trish head downtown.

JAMES (O.S.)

Wait a minute. Wait a minute.
Baby, don't you see? This is one
of Uncle Jack's pranks.

INT. YELLOW CAB - DAY

TRISH

No I don't think so, I don't believe
your Uncle would be so cruel or go
that far to mess with you. Let's try
to be positive.

JAMES

Okay Baby, I'm thinking positive, for
you. You ready? We're gonna get in
there and that storage unit will be
full of money, jewels, you name it,
just like ALI BABA AND THE fucking
forty thieves!

INT. SELF STORAGE FACILITY - DAY

James and Trish wait at the cashier's window. The CASHIER processes some paper work, slides him a paper to sign.

James reluctantly hands her the paper, the cashier quickly stamps a paper then unlocks the elevator for them.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Third floor, Unit C-307.

James and Trish get into the elevator, the door closes.

INT. SELF STORAGE FACILITY - HALLWAY/3RD FLOOR

James and Trish step out of the elevator, leaving them in dimly lit industrial hallway.

ON JAMES and TRISH - moving through the hallway.

INT. SELF STORAGE FACILITY - UNIT C-307

JAMES

This is it.

James takes out the key.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Uncle Jack just wanted me to drive to downtown, he wants me to work for it, that's all, and he likes to make me suffer a bit but that's ok, I don't mind, I'm cool with that.

JAMES (almost believing it now)

James kneels over and opens the door.

JAMES

(Yells)

This is it baby, open sesame!

JAMES & TRISH'S POV:

A beautiful oval shaped wooden antique dining table surrounded by six elegant armchairs.

The back of the chairs are oval shaped. The Legs turned a tapered. The front of the chairs are upholstered in fine pistachio colored silk. On the table a square box.

JAMES

(Shocked)

What the hell is this?

TRISH

It's a dining set.

JAMES

(Visibly upset)

Really, I thought it was an indoor Jacuzzi?

TRISH

Don't get snippy with me.

JAMES

Where the hell's my treasure, Miss Positive?

Trish walks in, picks up the box on the table and opens it, there's a note in the box, and Trish begins to read it.

TRISH

(Reading)

Dear James: I decided to bequeath my cherished Marie Antoinette dining set to you, my beloved nephew. This is the antique set I purchased after I made my first million. It has special meaning to me and that is why I want you to have it. Hold on to it. I'm sure it will bring you good luck.

JAMES

(Really upset)

Good luck my ass, and how the fuck is a dining set gonna help me out? To me? What am I, a carpenter? And who the hell is Marie Antoinette anyway? Sounds like a name of a pole dancer.

We could tell that JAMES never heard of her and looks very troubled.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Isn't that the lady who won the US open few times?

TRISH

No baby, she was the queen of England or France, I think, way back. Until her...

Trish makes a grim slicing motion to her neck

JAMES

(Checking out the set)

Oh my god I know this set, I used to play on that table when I was a kid.

TRISH

(Confused and wondering)

...it does not make sense, why this set?

(Realizing)

Babe, this might be worth a lot of money.

JAMES

You think?

(Shaking his head)

I can't believe this shit is happening. Over thirty million dollars and all I get is an old dining set. Babe, I feel like I'm gonna pass out.

James kicks the table hard and steps outside talking to himself.

JAMES (MORE)

(Disturbed)

I don't know baby! For one fleeting moment, I thought lady

luck finally decided to throw me a bone.

TRISH

(Hugs him)

I'm sorry hon, let's try to look on the bright side. We can make love on that table.

James looks desperate, shoots her with a mean look.

TRISH

I thought it came out funnier. Anyway, let's call my cousin Anita, she's been working at K-MART in the furniture department for 7 years. she might be able to tell us how much this set is worth.

JAMES

No way, not ANITA, I don't think she'll have knowledge about this,
(Whispering to himself)
She as dumb as this set.

TRISH

What'd you say?

JAMES

Nothing.

JAMES keeps checking out the set.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You know, I might get decent money for this crap, maybe then I'll be able to pay off the Taxi and have enough to get married and settle down.

TRISH

That's sweet baby, But we're gonna wait until Anita checks it out.

Until then, it's staying right
here.

CUT TO:

INT. YELLOW CAB - LATER

James is driving, Trish is next to him. He seems to be lo in
his thoughts.

TRISH

Don't beat yourself up over this
baby, whatever happens, happens. I
guess we're just gonna have to work a
little bit harder, that's all.

JAMES still not saying anything.

TRISH (CONT'D)

Please baby, drop me off at work,
I'm late.

The yellow cab pulls over by Trish's SALON." PURE-X SALON AND
BOUTIQUE". She gives him a big kiss and gets out.

EXT. LOS ANGELES FREEWAY -NEXT DAY

A slow white truck plods down the freeway.

INT. WHITE TRUCK - DAY

James is riding shotgun. We could see the set is loaded the
back of the truck. Max is driving way too cautious an slow
for freeway traffic. Everyone is passing them.

JAMES

I need to sell this set ASAP, and
pay off that prick before I lose my
cab.

MAX

Are you sure you wanna do this? Have
you even looked it up to see how
much its worth?

JAMES

Yes I have, and could you please drive a little faster? You're killing me here. You drive like my grandmother for god sake, and she's been dead for 30 years.

MAX

Relax man, I can't afford to get another ticket.

JAMES

Yeah, that was stupid man, doing 95 in a school zone.

EXT. BEVERLY BOULEVARD - DAY

Restaurants, coffee shops and a lot of Antique Stores on both sides of a busy street. One store in particular: "BEVERLY ANTIQUES." The truck SQUEALS into a space in front.

Max turns the engine off, James jumps out.

JAMES

We're gonna get rid of this shit and I'm gonna get me some money.

INT. BEVERLY ANTIQUES - DAY

An ANTIQUE DESK CLOCK sits on a book shelf, a small pendulum swings back and forth behind its glass housing.

The STORE OWNER late (50s) a bald man, short with a pot-belly, arrogant, wearing a cheap dark suit. James waits patiently for him to decide if he wants the set and how much.

Behind them are the SIX CHAIRS AND THE TABLE.

OWNER

Next time let us know, we do pickups and delivery.

JAMES

Sure, will do next time.

OWNER

(Checking out the set)
This set is not an original Marie
Antoinette, but I must say it's a
good replica.

JAMES

I know.

Acting like he knows what the guy is talking about.

OWNER

So how much do you want for it?

JAMES

(Thinking)
I want \$20 K.

OWNER

Well, it's not worth that much and
I've got to make some money when I
sell it. Besides, the table is
nicked.

MAX

Let's go somewhere else man.

OWNER

I'll give you \$13k

JAMES

(thinking)
I'll take \$17k.

OWNER

I'll give you \$15k and that's my
final offer, take it or leave it?

JAMES looks at Max wanting advice, but Max stares at him with
a blank look.

JAMES

Alright, let's do it.

CUT TO:

INT. CAB COMPANY - NIGHT

JAMES enter the office where Charlie and (his partner) bi Mike are sitting behind a desk doing some paper work! Big MIKE is huge bulky white guy in his late (40s) wearing jeans and suspenders.

JAMES

Ladies, how you doing?

CHARLIE

(Smiling sarcastically)
We were doing great until you showed up.

BIG MIKE

What's up, you got another excuse or you got some money.

JAMES

A passenger just left a big black dildo in my CAB.do You want it? Or you can go fuck yourself without it?

Big Mike gets upset, pulls his chair from under him in an attempt to grab James, but Charlie holds him back.

CHARLIE

Knock it off guys, what the fuck do you want James?

James pulls out eight grand the throws it on the desk.

JAMES

Here is your money, I don't owe you shit no more.

CHARLIE

WOW, wow, I'm glad you don't.

BIG MIKE

You're lucky Charlie is here.

JAMES

I'm hoping you're lucky enough to have Dental insurance.

AS CHARLIE starts counting the money, big MIKE is eyeing JAMES with anger.

CHARLIE pulls out a title form, signs it and gives it to James.

CHARLIE

Here you go, the cab is yours.

EXT. TRISH'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Trish stands facing a small bathroom mirror, applying lipstick. The doorbell rings, Trish walks and opens the door, it's James. He stumbles up to the door kinda buzzed Trish jumps on him, kissing and hugging him.

JAMES

Trish, wait, wait. Take it easy. I have something to tell you?

TRISH

(being playfull)

Whatever it is, it can wait. I miss you, my mom is not here, and we got the whole place to ourselves.

She starts kissing him. He looks pre-occupied.

TRISH

What's wrong? What's bothering you?

JAMES

Nothing, it's been a long day

TRISH

(feeling rejected)

Anyway, Anita is coming tomorrow to appraise the set.

JAMES

(Panics)

Ah, sure, tomorrow, I'm kinda busy, baby, I gotta tell you something.

James is motionless, his eyes bulging as he moves closer Trish.

JAMES (CONT'D)

(Voice shivering)

Hon, ah, I sold the set, I needed to pay off the note on the cab and that's what I came here to tell you.

Trish gives him a furious look.

TRISH

(Pushes him away from her)

You did what? Why would you do that? What the hell's wrong with you? you never listen to me, I hate you.

James looks like a deer caught in the headlight.

JAMES

What's the big deal, I got \$15k for it. Now I own my own cab. I've got enough money left over for the Hawaiian tickets. I just came here to plan the trip with you, I figured you would be happy to hear that.

TRISH

You could forget about Hawaii, It's not about the money or the stupid set, it's about the trust that we don't have. I don't know if I wanna spend the rest of my life with someone whom I can't trust. Get outta my apartment.

JAMES

I love you Baby I was gonna...

TRISH

(Interrupts)

Don't you dare talk to me about love. Love is about honesty, sincerity and trust, things you don't know anything about. Please leave, I wanna be alone.

James walk out the door, leaving Trish crying and in total sadness.

SUPERIMPOSE: "TWO MONTHS LATER"

James is in a deep sleep. (O.S.) a loud RING. James think it's his alarm. He hits it but the ringing doesn't stop. finally realizes it's his cell phone.

JAMES

This better be important or I'll kick your ass whoever you are. Better not be the landlord. Hello.

CALLER

Mr. Williams.

JAMES

Yes, who the hell is this?

CALLER

This is Sandy calling from the Law Offices of Michael Bowden. He would like to meet with you regarding your late uncle jack William last will and testament. I have 2:15 pm this afternoon open or 11:00 AM tomorrow?

JAMES

(Concerned and curious)

Ah, we've already gone through this. Can you tell me what it's about?

SANDY

No sir.

JAMES

Ok, I'll be there at 2:15!

SANDY

Ok, Mr. Williams, see you at 2:15!

James jumps outta bed and is cautiously excited. He Calls Max.

JAMES

(Frantic)

Max, where are you, what you doing?

MAX (O.S.)

(Sounds high)

I'm home flying, come fly with me bro, first class.

JAMES

Stop fucking flying and focus with me. Get ready, I'm on my way to pick you up.

INT. MICHAEL'S BOWDEN OFFICE - DAY- AFTERNOON

James and Max are led by a receptionist to Mr. Bowden office. MAX looks high. The Receptionist knocks and opens the door.

MR. BOWDEN

(Shaking hands with both of them)

How are you Mr. Williams?

JAMES

I'm ok thank you, this is my friend Max.

MR. BOWDEN

Nice to meet you, Max. Would you rather continue this meeting in private?

JAMES

No its ok, MAX is my best friend, you can talk to me about anything

in his presence, so what's going on?

MR. BOWDEN

Well, there was an additional provision in the will that I need to address with you as instructed by your late uncle Jack. He wanted me to do this thirty days after his death.

JAMES, looks at MAX very anxious trying to understand what's going on.

JAMES

OH, OK.

Mr. Bowden opens a sealed letter and starts reading.

MR. BOWDEN

My dear James: This letter is my farewell to you. Do you remember the last time we spoke? At that time I knew that I was terminally ill. The doctors had given me only three months to live. After you left, I decide to do something really special for you that would change your life.

James is emotionally excited, he looks at Max with a smile on his face.

MR. BOWDEN (CONT'D READING)

I have placed a \$5MM bearer bond in one of the chairs of the antique set which I left you. JAMES, it's my hope that you will spend this money wisely, marry the girl you love and take care of your family. More importantly I want you to live a decent, honorable life. I have always admired the fact that you never gave up and you always try to make an honest living. To me that's determination, courage, and

strength of character. I know I was not always there for you, but you know me kiddo "I'm all about tough love". Love always. UNCLE JACK

JAMES unable to breathe and VERY EXCITED, has forgotten f a moment that he sold the dining set. (We could tell that it has not registered yet)

JAMES

I knew Uncle JACK would come through, He loved me, and I don't blame him, I'm a lovable kind of guy, thank you JESUS, but most of all thank you Uncle Jack.

Then. Suddenly...

It hits him, REALIZING the bombshell news the attorney dropped on him and the fact that he sold the set. JAMES opens a couple of BUTTONS On HIS SHIRT and starts breathing deeply, he looks pale.

JAMES

Holy shit, somebody shoot me in the head, please.

MAX

I wish I had a gun.

MR. BOWDEN

(Concerned)

Why would you want to do that?

MAX

(Really mad)

Well sir, it's a long story, this knucklehead did a very stupid thing, I don't know what to tell you, I guess you could call it "The mother of all fuckups".

JAMES

Shit, I need some fresh air, let's get outta here.

MR. BOWDEN

I'm not sure I understand what's going on but I hope it's not that serious?

MAX

Oh believe me, it is!

MR BOWDEN

Anyway Mr. Williams, if you need anything don't hesitate to call me.

JAMES

I will, I will sir, Thank you, I appreciate it.

They both leave the lawyer's office.

EXT. AFTERNOON- CAR SPEEDING- LA SURFACE STREET

James is driving really fast, Max is holding on to his seat.

JAMES

Oh shit, please tell me this is not happening and this is a dream.

MAX

Oh it's happening sweetheart, you jack ass. For god's sake, slow down? Do I need to remind you the amount of fuck ups you had in the last few weeks.

JAMES

I don't need you to remind me, ok? I know I screwed up. Ok? But we still have hope, we could still get the chairs back one way or another. Nobody knows the Bond is in the chair. Right now, all I want you to do is to have a Kit Kat and shut the fuck up.

INT. BEVERLY ANTIQUES STORE - LATER

They're just about to close. James and MAX storm inside, JAMES spots the table and one of the chairs in a corner. JAMES flips the chair over on its side and starts checking the bottom. The store OWNER comes running over.

OWNER

You're back!

JAMES

I need my set back right now! I made a huge mistake. it means a lot to me. I wasn't supposed to sell it.

OWNER

Sure. Only problem is, I sold 5 of the chairs, just got the table and one chair left, and you're welcome to buy those back.

JAMES

(Angrily desperate)
Only one chair left? Why?

OWNER

Pal! What the hell do you think I'm in business for? I buy and sell antiques, stuff, I sold the rest.

JAMES

You what!!!

OWNER

I sold them. Are you deaf?

JAMES

To who?

OWNER

Ah, they're called "customers."
They saw them, loved them, and bought them. End of story.

JAMES

I wanna buy the last chair, I'll
come back for the table.

OWNER

Fine. Its \$5,000 thousand dollars.

JAMES

(Mad as hell)

Five thousand dollars? For one
chair? You paid me 15,000 dollars
for the Entire set.

OWNER

That's right! It's called making a
profit, maybe you've never heard of
that concept. and if I remember
correctly, you came to me, I did not
force you to sell anything.

James stares him down for a moment speechless.

MAX

Ok thank you, let's get outta
here.

James leaves in a fit of rage, determined to get even with
the dealer.

JAMES

I'll be back for his sorry ass!

EXT. WAL-MART - BACK OF STORE - NIGHT

Max, is sitting on his folding chair, not a thing going on in
the back of Walmart. James sits on his right, looking very
upset, thinking and spacing out.

MAX

What the hell man, you haven't
said a word, are you ok?

JAMES

(Breathing out heavily)

No I'm not, I gotta do something. I
can't just sit around. Fuck that,
let's get outta here.

James gets in his cab.

MAX

I can't, I just started my shift.

JAMES

Ain't nobody gonna steal anything through Walmart's back door. Everybody steals and goes through the front door.

MAX

I can't, I don't wanna lose my job. I think we should wait and put together a plan and figure some shit out.

JAMES

(Looks desperate, angry) Wait for what? Fuck the job, it's not like you're making tons of money here. Nothing is gonna happens if we wait. You only get one chance in life, get in, let's go.

Max thinks for few seconds.

MAX

Oh man, you one crazy son of bitch. fuck it.

Max jumps in the car.

INT. THE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

As the car speeds through traffic.

JAMES

Shit, I'm not gonna let that Motherfucker rip me off twice.

MAX

Ok, just slow down and tell me what you're planning to do?

JAMES

Fuck. Fuck. I fucked up. Let's go
back to the antique store.

MAX

For What? We were just there. Do
you have five grand to buy the
chair back?

JAMES

No I don't.

CUT TO:

INT. TRISH'S HAIR SALON - SAME TIME

TRISH just finished greeting one of her clients and cleaning
her station. A customer is having her hair done reading a
fashion magazine. Couple of girls are talking. Trish takes
off her black apron and picks up her cell phone.

TRISH

(Into phone worried)

Hey cousin, can you please meet me at
my place. I really need to talk to
you. I don't know if I did the right
thing.

EXT. ANTIQUE STORE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

JAMES pulls up to the back door of the Antiques Store -
which is now CLOSED.

MAX

Man, I don't feel good about this,
what if we get caught?

JAMES

Stop acting like a pussy, we're not
gonna steal anything. We're just
gonna go in and find out if the bond
is in that chair, that's all. Are
you ready for that?

MAX

(Whispering)

NO, I'm not.

The guys get out, trying not to look suspicious.

MAX

This is some bullshit, what if this was one of your Uncle's crazy pranks? And why would he hide the bond in a chair?

JAMES

I thought about that, but what if it's not? I don't know why he would do that, this's the only question I don't have an answer for right now.

JAMES looks at MAX and sees a worried look on his face. H doesn't seem comfortable with what they're about to do.

JAMES

Listen bro, you're my best friend. We've always looked out for one another, if we do this and you're willing to help me, I'm gonna take care of you. I tell you what, if this works out I'll give you five hundred thousand dollar.

MAX

Five hundred thousand?

JAMES

Yes. You have my word, no bull shit.

Max looks at James and extends his hand towards him.

MAX

You got yourself a deal my man, fuck it, let's do it. I need some action in my boring life anyway.

JAMES

That's my man.

They shake hands.

INT. BEVERLY ANTIQUES STORE - NIGHT

The moonlight casts silver beams through the large front windows of the store. A shadowy figure falls through a vent in the roof. It's Max. He lands with a thud, hitting his nuts on the edge of a desk.

James jumps down, lands on top of Max, just as Max is recovering.

JAMES

Are you ok?

MAX

(Whimpering)

I'll fine. Let's find the goddamn chair.

James peaks around, spots the chair.

JAMES

(Whispers)

There it is!!

James' hands are shaking, He kneels by the chair, flips it on its side and starts feeling the front and back. Max illuminates the chair with a flashlight. James pulls out small knife and starts ripping the upholstery as MAX watches in slow motion.

MAX

Anything?

JAMES

Hold on, I'm still looking.

James' hands nervously search between the ripped cloths as he frantically searches every inch of the chair. Then he breaks the legs off one by one.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Motherfucker. There is nothing in here.

Max spots a large desk in a corner with a computer on it.

JAMES

What are you doing?

MAX

(Whispers, as he turns on
the Computer)

Well the only way to find the
chairs is to find out who bought
them, right?

JAMES

(Whispers)

Oh shit, you're not as stupid as
you look.

MAX

(whispers)

Fuck you.

A small window screen pops up, asking for the login name and
password.

MAX (CONT'D)

We need a password.

JAMES

Shit, what'd you think? How we
gonna get that?

MAX

Look around, law abiding citizens
typically keep their passwords near
their computers.

James opens a small ledger book, starts flipping through the
pages.

JAMES

There's nothing here, only a bunch of
receipts.

MAX

Bunch of what? Let me see.

Max snatches the note book, ONE RECEIPT, slips out, falls to the floor during the exchange, neither Max nor James notices. Max flips through the book.

MAX (CONT'D)

Here they are!

He flips the stack of receipts quickly. Max fingers one page and goes down a list of receipts. He stops at one name.

MAX (CONT'D)

Here, here, Marie Antoinette.

JAMES

Yeah, that's the bitch!!

MAX

Here I found some more. Four more.

JAMES

There should be five!

MAX

(Looks again)

Wait, nothing here, that's it.

JAMES

That makes it five. We're still missing a receipt.

MAX

Well, that's all that's here

JAMES

Are you sure?

MAX

(Looks again)

I'm positive, maybe somebody bought two chairs.

Shining the flash light on the receipts, MAX then takes a picture of them all.

JAMES

Come on man, let's go.

MAX

Wait, if we leave like this, the owner definitely will come after you. We gotta make this look like a robbery.

JAMES

How do we do that?

MAX

Let's break some drawers and throw some shit on the floor to make it look like a real break in.

JAMES starts throwing stuff on the floor.

Max sees an open drawer, kicks it and breaks it. James looks around, spots a small couch and tries to turn it upside down. Something got his attention. It's the price tag.

JAMES

(Very surprised)

Seven grand!! That son of bitch must have paid pennies for this piece of shit.

James unbutton his Zippers, drops his pants and starts peeing on the couch.

MAX

(Upset)

What you doing? Are you insane? Cut that Shit out and let's get outta here.

JAMES

I'm having a piss, that's what I'm doing.

MAX

How do you go from Zero to Stupidity in two second?

AT THE FRONT DOOR - two COPS who were alerted by the alarm company of a possible break in at the Beverly antique store enter and turn on the lights, they see JAMES and MAX.

The COPS look at both of them, JAMES has his pants down. The word "PAPI" is printed on his orange underwear.

COP #1

Freeze! Don't move. Who's your Papi now?

COP #2

What do we have here? Thieves and weirdos.

The cops approach cautiously with their gun drawn.

COP #1

Hands UP PAPI!

JAMES does as he told, MAX automatically does the same.

JAMES

(Whispers)

Oh shit. Did you hear the alarm?

MAX

(Whispers back)

No, but I had a feeling that it was gonna be a shitty night. Watching you pee on that couch was such a revelation.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER - NIGHT

After being arrested and cuffed, The Cops walk both JAMES and MAX through the station to the area where they will be formally charged, finger printed and photographed. Some of the OFFICERS recognize Max and begin to taunt him.

VARIOUS COPS

"What's happening player? You couldn't become a cop, so you decided to try a life of crime? Looks like you suck at that too."

MAX gives the officers the middle finger salute!

JAMES

(Whispers to MAX)

Let's stick to our story.

(Yelling)

I want my phone call.

INT. JAIL CELL - LATER

It's exactly what you'd expect, a bunch of "baddies" and the midst of it are James and Max. A JAILER comes over, opens the door.

JAILER

You two. Bail's been posted.

Mr. Bowden meets James and Max on the steps, admonishes them.

MR. BOWDEN

What's going on? Want to tell me why you broke into that man's store, trying to vandalize it.

JAMES

(Softly, almost
Undecipherable)

I had to get the chair.

MR BOWDEN

What? What chair?

JAMES

(Softer)

To get the Ahhhhhhh.

MR. BOWDEN

(Visibly upset)

Mr. Williams, I've been your uncle's lawyer for 25 years. Not only was I his lawyer, he was a dear friend of mine. So I feel a moral obligation to help you. Now the only way I can do that is for you to tell me what's going on?

JAMES

To be honest with you, at this point, there is nothing you could do. Right now, I gotta do what I gotta do on my own. But I think down the road I'm gonna need you.

MR. BOWDEN

Well, I hope everything works out for you, I have to go, you know where to find me.

Mr. BOWDEN walks off.

JAMES

Okay, we got three weeks before our Court date. We have to get the other chairs back. I just have to go see TRISH and try to work things out with her.

MAX

I don't know man, things are not looking good for us.

JAMES

Don't worry, everything is gonna be alright, once we find the chair with the bond, I'm gonna give you your money and you can open your own private security company. Fuck those cops. We started this together, we're gonna finish it together.

MAX

Just don't do anything stupid, ok?

JAMES

You got it. Hey man, I love you.

MAX

I love you man, but no sex, ok?

CUT TO:

INT. TRISH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ANITA is sitting on the couch, listening to Trish talk about what's going on between her and James.

ANITA, Trish's cousin, a pretty thin lady in her mid (30) Wears glasses. She seems friendly but rough around the edges.

ANITA

Maybe he's cheating on you. Why
Don't you just dump him? Because
You know what, when a man start
Acting strange, it's usually a
Sign he's cheating.

TRISH

No, he'd never do that. It's just
he's been acting really strange
lately specially after his uncle died
and left him that dining set.

DOORBELL RINGS, TRISH opens, it's James, she is happy to see him but acting tough.

TRISH

What are you doing here?

ANITA

(Whispering to herself)
Speaking of the devil.

JAMES

(Sees Anita, whispers)
OH, SHIT! Please baby, just hear
me out.

TRISH doesn't say anything.

JAMES

I know I screwed up big time and I'm
sorry, ok? I came here to tell you
that you're the greatest joy in my
life and I don't wanna lose you. I've
got something going on, just give me
few days to

Straighten everything out. I love
you.

JAMES kisses her on her lips and storms out.

Trish thinks for a second and runs after him.

As he gets in the car, TRISH knocks on the window, he rolls it
down.

TRISH

James, you're scaring me, what's
going on? Is everything ok?

JAMES

Baby I can't talk right now, ah, I
gotta go pick up my little sister
from the mall.

TRISH

(mad)

Stop lying to me, you don't have a
sister.

JAMES

I don't? Shit, you're right, just
trust me, ok? I gotta go.

He speeds off.

TRISH goes back to her apartment, she enters through the half
opened door and slams it shut.

She paces back and forth as Anita sits on the couch staring
at her.

TRISH

I can't sit around doing nothing. I
have to find out what's going on.
Something is not right I can feel
it.

ANITA

What do you have in mind?

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES'S APARTMENT- NEXT MORNING

JAMES is getting outta the shower, a towel is wrapped around his waist. The T.V IS on. James is sipping on his coffee, the doorbell rings.

JAMES opens the door, its MAX.

JAMES

Come in, want some coffee?

MAX

I already had some you lazy ass,
You're still not ready, get
dressed, let's go.

JAMES

Just give me a few minutes, look
up the massage Parlor's address
while I get ready.

MAX

My phone does not work in here, I
have no signal in this cheap ass
phone.

JAMES (O.S.)

Use my computer.

As James goes inside, MAX looks up the address, he yells
James, it's not that far, it's like 20 minutes away.

The doorbell rang, MAX get up, opens the door, its Trish.

MAX

(Not expecting her)
Oh hey, what's up?

TRISH

(Surprised)
What are you doing here?

AS MAX is about to answers her, James gets outta his room and
sees TRISH, he is happy to see her.

JAMES

Baby, what you are doing here?
Miss me?

He tries kissing her, she turns her cheek.

TRISH

(Being serious)

I don't know, you tell me, I couldn't sleep last night, you've got me worried because you looked and sounded confused. I just wanna make sure you're ok, is there anything I could do to help?

MAX, standing behind TRISH beckons to his watch motioning to JAMES that they need to go.

JAMES

Sweetheart, that's really sweet of you, but I'm ok. And like I said, I've got to figure a couple things out to get the bond, I mean the pond fixed and...

TRISH

(Interrupts)

What pond?

MAX

Yeah my mom needs our help fixing her pond, so we gotta go help her, right, James?

JAMES

Right, baby listen, I know you're worried about me but I'll be ok? Just wait here for me, I'll be back in a couple hours, Love you.

JAMES and MAX close the door as they leave. Trish is left standing in the middle of the living room looking very disturbed.

TRISH sits down on the couch in front of JAMES's PC, and sees the address for Nola's Needle Point Shoppe.

TRISH freaks out, she mumbles, pond my ass. She grabs her cell phone and calls Anita.

TRISH

(into phone)

Anita, where are you?

CUT TO:

EXT. SEEDY AREA - DAY

James' pulls up, they get out. Max holds his cell phone. Across the street is a dilapidated, three-story brick building. A sign above reads: Nola's Needle Point Shoppe.

JAMES

You sure this is the right place?

MAX

(Looking at his phone)

Says here, some woman named Nola, bought one of the chairs and had it delivered to this address.

They start walking towards the building.

INT. NOLA'S NEEDLE POINT SHOPE - DAY

A pretty RECEPTIONIST sits at an Antique Louis XIV desk. Soft music playing. Behind her and throughout the room WOMEN, in various stages of nudity, wearing leather and spandex.

It's some sort of a brothel-S&M parlor but the guys are oblivious.

RECEPTIONIST

Hello gentlemen, may I help you?

They both stare at her, not sure what to say.

JAMES

Yeah. Uh. Is Nola here?

RECEPTIONIST

(Smiles)

Oh, Nola doesn't actually work here. Is there something I can help you with?

MAX

(To James)

Great. Now how are we supposed to find the chair?

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry. Did one of you just ask for "The Chair?"

JAMES

(Confused)

Ah, we both want the chair.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh. Adventurers.

Unknown to James and Max, the chair service is a DELUXE pain service the place offers to certain clientele.

The receptionist gets up, pulls out a form from a cabinet behind her. At this moment, both men lean forward quickly taking a peek at the chair on which she was seated. It's not the chair.

The receptionist turns, catches them in the act, thinks they're looking at her butt and rolls her eyes.

RECEPTIONIST

Now boys behave.

(Filling out the form)

That will be \$100 each.

MAX

One hundred dollars?

James quickly elbows him.

JAMES

That's nothing. Give the lady the money.

Max reluctantly shells out the cash, James does the same.

She presses a button and a door slides open, revealing a long, dark, narrow hallway.

RECEPTIONIST

The Chair is one of our most
Popular services. This way,
Gentlemen.

(Motions to a cubicle)
Please undress here.

JAMES

Undress?

RECEPTIONIST

Yes.

MAX

For me the needles must be
Sterile.

After a few moments, they emerge wearing little towels. T
RECEPTIONIST leads them past... a TURKISH BATH.

JAMES' POV: an enchanting atmosphere, filled with the sound
of splashing water. A ray of light filters through the dome-
ceiling, illuminating the marble walls.

TWO MEN are laying face-down on the marble near the water
while two half-naked women, dip small copper bowls into a
water basin and tip the water over their bodies, bathing
them.

The scenery looks relaxing, James and Max are enjoying wh
they see.

JAMES

Damn! Is this where you ladies do
needlepoint?

RECEPTIONIST

NO, that's down here.

JAMES

(Whispers)
Keep your eyes open, the chair is in
here somewhere.

They continue on down the hall, and the receptionist lead
them into a room.

INT. DUNGEON - CONTINUOUS

The door slams behind them. James and Max struggle to see. The room is dimly lit by a candle, it looks like a medieval torture chamber with curtains everywhere.

In front of them sits a huge WOODEN CHAIR, the kind you'd see in an executioner's dungeon. Adjacent is an OPERATING TABLE, complete with leather straps. An instrument table attached loaded with NEEDLES of various sizes.

JAMES

Wow, look what white people do for fun?

MAX

Don't look at me. I'm allergic to both leather whips and needles.

At that moment, two very scary WOMEN (the "HELPERS"), clad in bondage garb, emerge from behind the curtains. One of them grabs James and ties him up in the huge wooden chair

MAX (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm out of here.

He turns to grab the door behind him, but there's no doorknob. He's trapped.

WOMAN

Not so fast Skinny, trust me, we know what we're doing and at the end of the session, if you're not entirely satisfied you'll get a full refund.

The women take out whips, begin whipping them. James and Max began screaming like little girls.

A loud GONG sounds and a velvet curtain opens. The women kneel AS MISTRESS FREDRIKA emerges. She's enormous, but ugly and she's a MAN.

JAMES

Oh shit!

She pulls up James' towel, checks out his "Johnson"

MISTRESS FREDRIKA

(Holding up a long
needle)

I'm so looking forward to this.

JAMES

You touch me with one of those
needles, and I'm gonna shove all
of 'em up your ass, Bitch!

MISTRESS FREDRIKA

This one needs a lesson in
Obedience.

She pulls a nipple clamp off the instrument tray, attached it to James' nipple. He SCREAMS but this time like a baby Pull back to reveal more hideous instruments of torture: cattle prod, scissors and a large jar of Vaseline. She picks up the cattle prod.

JAMES

Oh I know you're not thinking of
Using that on me?

MISTRESS FREDRIKA

Silence, Slave.

JAMES

Okay that's it, nobody calls me a
slave!

James tries unsuccessfully to get up from the chair, but his bindings are too tight. Mistress Fredericka motions to the women to get something from behind the curtain. They emerge with THE CHAIR.

JAMES (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Hey! Look!

MAX

Oh shit. I almost forgot why we
are here.

James rattles his bindings. Mistress Frederica notices ho he reacts to seeing the chair, misinterprets his odd behavior.

MISTRESS FREDRIKA

(To her helpers)

We've got a real weirdo here, but I really like him, something about him that tickles my fantasy. You like the chair, don't you? You want the chair?

James looks at Max, who nods for him to go along with it.

JAMES

Yes, Mistress. May I please touch the chair?

MISTRESS FREDRIKA

That's better. Good boy, see You're learning!

She motions for the helpers to release him. He makes a bit show of being "in love" with the chair. Then starts "play humping" it.

JAMES

That's right. I love this chair.

ON MAX as the other woman sticks her hand in Vaseline and rolls him over.

MAX

Oh, no. Let's not go there.

James takes a whip, starts whipping the chair.

JAMES

Bad chair. Very bad chair.

MISTRESS FREDRIKA

(To the other helper)

The job isn't what it used to be.

The Helpers nod understandingly.

Suddenly Trish and Anita bust the door open, and see James naked, his "Johnson" strategically covered by the top of the chair, a sharp object in his hand.

ON THE TABLE is Max, also half naked, tied up and shivering.

JAMES

Oh shit! What you doing here?

TRISH

Oh shit is right. Is this what you're into? You sick son of bitch. Mom was right about you, you should be ashamed of yourself.

ANITA

I knew it. I told you to dump his ass.

JAMES

Anita, you could get a job here.

TRISH

Shut up.

Anita looks at him, then carelessly looks away.

MISTRESS FREDRIKA

Just to let you know, your Man here paid extra for this treatment, and if I were you I would keep this man, he's really charming.

JAMES

(To FREDRIKA)

Just to let you know. I'm not impressed with the level of Service up to this point.

Trish looks stunned and outraged, she can't believe what she's seeing and hearing.

Mistress Frederika and the Ugly Women leave.

James quickly gets busy and grabs one of the tools and starts ripping the chair apart as Trish and Anita look puzzled.

The chair is empty. James looks disappointed.

Trish looks at the chair, recognizes it.

TRISH

What the hell? What's that doing here? You better start talking and whatever comes outta your mouth next better make some sense.

JAMES

That's what I'm trying to tell you, we're trying to find the chairs, it's a long story.

TRISH

"Find them?" why?

MAX

Somebody, get me outta here. I'm in pain.

TRISH

Oh yeah? By the way, how's your Mom? Did you fix her pond?

MAX

She is fine, ah... she says HI.

TRISH

(to James)

So you got something to tell me or what?

JAMES

Well, the antique store owner sold the chairs separately, and we are trying to find them.

TRISH

Oh my god, what does the antique store have to do with any of this? Here I am thinking you're cheating on me, tell me what's happening here?

JAMES

I'm not about to let this slip away from me, not in this life time! I need to find those chairs and I don't care what it takes!

MAX

(Still tied up)
Hey, long time no see.

ANITA

(frowns)
I know, let's keep it that way.

TRISH

(Furious)
God, I think I'm having an anxiety
attack.

JAMES

(Putting on his pants on)
I fucked up big time selling the
set. I should've waited.

TRISH

(Interrupts Naively)
I knew it, I had a feeling it was
worth way more than what you sold it
for?

ANITA

You should've let me appraise it
Dummy.

JAMES

(Rolls his eyes)
Could you guys please leave us
alone? I want to be alone with my
fiancé.

Max, still tied to the operating table, smiles thinly at
Trish.

MAX

I will if you guys untie me.

EXT. NOLA'S NEEDLE POINT SHOPPE - DAY

Max and Anita are standing outside the NOLA'S Shoppe.

Anita lights up a cigarette and is shooting Max a
disgusting look.

ANITA

I smell a screw up, what is he talking about?

MAX

(Acting clueless)

I have no idea! I was just getting a massage, that's all.

ANITA

(Irritated)

Do you guys just get up in the morning and add a dose of idiocy to your coffee?

MAX

(non-confrontational)

No, I like my coffee black, no sugar.

ANITA

You know, if you were my man, I would put rat poison in your coffee just to get rid of your ass.

MAX

(Smiles)

If you were my woman I would drink that coffee with a smile on my face.

TRISH comes out the NEEDLE POINT SHOPPE furious, JAMES right behind her.

TRISH

I can't believe that I hooked up with you. How could I be so stupid?

JAMES

(Loud and angry)

I didn't know that shit was hidden in one of the chairs, how the fuck would I know that?

TRISH

(Louder than JAMES)

Because your uncle tried to tell
you, you idiot.

JAMES

What are you talking about? Tell
me what?

TRISH

(Outraged)

He was implying to you in the letter
he left with the set. "Hold on to it"
remember? You jack ass, he was giving
you a hint.

JAMES

(Stunned)

Oh my god, you're right, I didn't
pick up on it.

TRISH

I guess your uncle had a feeling
you're a dumb ass, what a smart
guy? god bless his soul.

(Overwhelmed)

Oh lord, look at you two, a
perfect combo, a recipe for
disaster? That's it. I'm done
here.

Trish storms off, Anita follows!

JAMES

Baby wait?

TRISH

(Nearly in tears)

Stay away from me, I hate you! And
don't you dare call me from jail, coz
that's exactly where you gonna end up
with your MAIMI vice friend.

As Anita about to follow Trish, she turns back and point her
index at both of them.

ANITA

You two need medical attention.

EXT. TACO STREET TRUCK - EVENING

Several Customers are around, some are ordering food, some are sitting. JAMES and MAX are sitting eating tacos.

JAMES

Who's next on our list?

MAX

Next? Let me remind you what happened earlier today... a woman's hand was just inside my sphincter.

JAMES

At least it was a woman's hand. Didn't you see who was trying to rape me? Listen bro, we can't stop now. My life is a mess, so don't make it worse. I can't go back to work until I make sure beyond a shadow of a doubt there is no bond in any of the Chairs. That's it.

MAX

I'm starting to think I'm insane. There's absolutely no reason I should want to do this. It's a shot in the dark.

JAMES

bro, we've been in the dark for a long time, you just don't know it. You want a reason? How about five hundred big ones! Five hundred thousand ways to happiness.

MAX

You know it's not like it's gonna get any easier.

JAMES

(Calm and serious)

Let me tell you something brother,
nothing is easy in life. my ass still
hurts from what happened earlier
today! Remember my dad and how tough
he was on me?

MAX

Yeah, so?

JAMES

I never really paid attention to him
when he would give me any advice. but
He once told me, never do anything
half ass. If you're gonna do
something go all the way and don't
stop until its finish.

We can see that Max liked what he just heard.

JAMES (CONT'D)

And for some reason that stuck
with me.

MAX

I guess you're right. Shit...
Let's get busy full ass then.

JAMES

(Happy)
Let's do it.

CUT TO:

A FULL SHOT OF A KLEENEX - being pulled out of a box, a
TIMID LITTLE MAN dabs his eyes and then blows his nose.
INT. DOCTORS KAMILLE'S NAAS OFFICE - NEXT DAY - MORNING

The office is warm, comfortable and nicely decorated.

All kinds of medical degrees hang on the wall.

Behind the desk sits Dr. KAMILLE NAAS, a bearded kind
looking Indian man, mid (60s) with a thick accent.

A patient in his late (50s) white and thin with his wife who
looks delusional. They're sitting across from his des

DR. NAAS

Mr. Thomas, I assure you those green men who molested you are a figment of your imagination. I can double up on your medication if you still feel this way

MRS. THOMAS

(Complaining to Dr NAAS)

But doctor, I don't know what to do. He talks in his sleep all night long.

DR. NAAS

(pissed off)

Well, just give him a chance to talk during the day... and he'll be ok. Mr. Thomas, I going to give you another prescription. Take two of those tablets daily after dinner and come see me in 30 days.

EXT. DR. NAAS'S OFFICE - BEVERLY HILLS - SAME TIME

James and Max read the sign on the door.

JAMES

He's a doctor! A psychologist? Shit, listen man. You go in, pretend like you've got mental problems, it should not be that hard for you to do.

MAX

Fuck you, why do I have to do it?

JAMES

Stop with the drama please, we don't have all day.

Max relents, as Mr. and Mrs. Thomas are leaving. He steps inside a small waiting room, waits a few seconds, Dr. NAA opens the door, greets MAX and asks him to come inside his office.

INT. DR. NAAS'S OFFICE - DAY

Max enters holding his hand to his mouth. He looks discomfited. Once inside the office, he sees the "chair" next to a beautiful couch which Dr. NAAS uses to psycho-analyses his patients.

DR. NAAS

(Extending his hand)
Bernard? Bernard Slayton?

MAX

Nice to meet you Dr Camel.

DR. NAAS

No, I'm Dr. KAMELLE NAAS, uh.
It's pronounced Kam-eel.
(Looking at his calendar)
You're my ten-thirty?

Max is staring at the chair.

DR.NAAS (CONT'D)

Are you okay Mister Slayton?

Max continues to stare at the chair.

DR. NAAS (CONT'D)

Mr. Slayton?

Max finally gets it, Dr.NAAS thinks he's someone else.

MAX

Oh, I'm Mr. Slayton? I'm... Yes,
I'm ok. I was just admiring your
office.

DR. NAAS

(Politely)
Thank you, please, Mr. Slayton,
have a seat.

MAX

But I like that chair, can I sit
there?

DR. NAAS

(Laughs lightly)

Sure, and I'll sit on the couch.

(Reading his notes)

So, when we spoke on the phone, you said you've been having nightmares. You also said you think your wife wants to leave you and you're feeling abandoned. Perhaps you'd like to elaborate?

Max looks uncomfortable. He wasn't expecting this.

EXT. DR. NAAS'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

The real MR. SLAYTON, a broken, bloated shell of a man approaches Dr. NAAS's office door. As he puts his hand on the knob, James puts his hand on Mr. Slayton's hand.

JAMES

I wouldn't go in there right now.

Mr. Slayton looks scared.

MR. SLAYTON

Why?

JAMES

Sir, there's a gas leak in the building, and we are evacuating everybody. The building is gonna be shut down until further notice.

MR. SLAYTON

Oh, when should I come back?

JAMES

Ah, the Dr Office will call you to reschedule, sorry for the inconvenience.

INT. DR. NAAS'S OFFICE- SAME TIME

Max is sobbing, telling Dr. NAAS his life story. It's pathetic. As he talks, he slowly moves the chair and himself closer to the door. Dr NAAS doesn't think much of it.

MAX

(sobbing)

A couple days ago, I dreamt that I was stranded in the desert wearing a black tuxedo with no shoes. Suddenly, a polar bear come outta nowhere and attacks me. It was terrifying.

DR. NAAS

(shocked)

Oh, a polar bear in the desert? mm that's a very unusual dream. What happened after that?

MAX

Nothing, I woke up sweating, you know, it's hot in the desert.

DR. NAAS is scratching his head, trying to figure out what's wrong with Max.

DR NAAS

Tell me a little bit about your Childhood?

MAX

Well, it wasn't pleasant, See Doc, my mom used to always fight with my dad because he couldn't have kids.

DR. NAAS

(Looks very confused)

I don't understand, h...how did she have you.

MAX

She did not, she had to re marry to have kids.

DR. NAAS

(Gives MAX a very bizarre look)

Ummmm I see.

Dr.NAAS scribbles some notes, as Max feels the chair bottom and moves it slowly back towards the door.

DR NAAS (CONT`D)

What about your siblings? Do you have any brothers or sisters?

MAX

Yes, we are three brothers, two in San Jose, two in Dallas and I'm the third one here but we don't talk much.

DR. NAAS

(Puzzled talking to himself)
2+2+ equal... Three, I see...

JAMES peaks through the key hole and sees MAX sitting and talking to Dr. NAAS and gets very impatient.

MAX (CONT'D)

So Dr. what do you think, what am I suffering from?

DR. NAAS

(Baffled)
Well, I don't know where to start Mr. Slayton, to be perfectly honest with you...

But before Dr. NAAS starts telling MAX what he thinks... James barges in.

JAMES

Everybody out!

DR. NAAS

What's going on here, who are you?

MAX

(Acting surprised)
Yes, who the hell are you? how dare you interrupt my treatment session?

JAMES

My name is Alonzo. I'm from the gas company. We were called about a gas leak.

DR. NAAS

Gas leak? I don't have a stove in my office.

JAMES

It's not your office DOC, it's the main gas line in the building. Sir, we have to evacuate everyone. It's for your safety.

MAX

Well Doctor, I've been wanting to tell you, it smells really weird in here.

Dr. NAAS panics and storms out the office followed by Max James grabs Max by his arm and they both waste no time tearing apart the chair's upholstery. The bond is not there.

DR. NAAS comes back, the scene looked chaotic! He looks very concerned.

MAX

Thanks doctor, I'll see you next week.

Max storms out.

JAMES

The gas was shut off Doc, the building is safe now.

DR. NAAS

I just talked to the maintenance manager, he said we don't have any leaks, and nobody called the gas company. who are you? What's your name?

JAMES

(panics)

I'm Alonzo Gasolina, have a nice
day Doc.

He takes a step backwards, he then turns and leaves
quickly.

Dr. NAAS goes to his desk and dials 911.

EXT. STREET - BEVERLY HILLS - DAY-MOMENTS LATER

James busts out of the building, looking around for Max,
finally catches up to him.

JAMES

Max. Wait!

MAX

(Laughing)

Shit, that was a nice 15 minutes of
insanity, I just rehashed all the
trauma I ever had in my life, and
every bullshit story I could think
of.

JAMES

Shit man, you should've seen the
look on that shrink face.

CUT TO:

INT.POLICE STATION- DAY

A commander sits behind his desk looking at the mugshots
JAMES and MAX. A knock on his door.

COMMANDER

Come in.

A plain clothes detective enters carrying a file. He puts it
on the commander's desk.

DETECTIVE

As you can see, the investigation
we've conducted so far leads us to
believe those two idiots are just
breaking into different places and

ripping up antique furniture. They are not stealing anything, and not physically harming anyone. We think for some odd reasons they have some kinda fetish with chairs.

COMMANDER

Any criminal background?

DETECTIVE

No Sir.

COMMANDER

Ok detective, keep me posted.

DETECTIVE

You got it.

COMMANDER

(thinking deep)

What the hell is going on?

INT. MAX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

James is playing with his cell phone and having a beer, while MAX is rolling a joint, he then lights it up.

JAMES

Let me ask you something, how come they never noticed you high at work?

MAX

You cannot look high, if your high 24/7.

JAMES

(Laughing)

And how do you plan to pass the drug test if the academy accepts you?

MAX

There's always a way my man.

JAMES

(Totally focused on the
screen)
This shit is getting really
interesting.

MAX

What?

JAMES

We've got the names of the ladies
who bought two of the chairs. Sophia
Aparo and Kathy Young.

MAX

(Being cynical)
That should be easy, dealing with
women, you just gotta charm them.

JAMES

(Rolls his eyes)
Sure! Anyway, one address is 13 miles
away and the other is 29 miles away.
Kathy Young is closer.

MAX

Kathy it is, maybe if we're
fortunate enough, we'll find the
Bond and end this shit.

EXT. NEXT DAY- EARLY MORNING

JAMES and MAX pull up across the street of KATHY's address,
They read the sign and can't believe the address is for a
funeral home in Brentwood. They are both flabbergasted.

MAX

(Astonished sipping
on his coffee)
A funeral home, man, your crazy
uncle's chair was bought for dead
people. How weird is this shit?

JAMES

I know, it's bizarre.

MAX

(Shooting JAMES a weird
look)

Why can't we just have normal human
beings buy the chairs, it that too
much to ask? Who comes to a funeral
home at 8:00am in the morning?

JAMES

People die all the time man. Anytime.
Hey, can you play dead in there?

Max Coughs out his coffee all over the dash board.

MAX

What? Shut up and let me handle
this.

They get out of the car, go to the main entrance and ring the
bell. An old lady opens the door. She is in her mid-6 white,
nicely dressed, and greets them warmly.

OLD LADY

Good morning, can I help you?

MAX

(Distressing voice)

Ah, yes ma'am. My father is dying
from cancer. Actually, he has just a
day or so left. At least that's what
the doctors are telling us.
And we're here to arrange for his
funeral.

OLD LADY

Oh I'm sorry to hear that.

MAX

That's life, what you gonna do,
right? We all gonna die someday.

OLD LADY

Well gentleman, come on in.

As they enter they're both trying to locate the chair. A young girl is behind a desk doing paperwork. She smiles at them.

JAMES looks at Max trying to encourage him to keep up the conversation.

OLD LADY

I'm Kathy by the way.

MAX

I'm Sam, this is my friend Terry.
Just wanna let you know ma'am we are
Jewish.

KATHY

(very politely)
Oh, that's fine, we offer services
for all faiths.

MAX

Okay then, can we see the
Caskets?

KATHY

Sure, this way please.

As she walk with both of them following her and feeling strange. She enters a huge room with all kind of caskets and started telling MAX about the prices.

KATHY

(pointing to the casket)
This one is \$950.00!

JAMES

Excuse me, do you have a restroom?

MAX

(acting Embarrassed)
Do you have to go now?

JAMES

(Holding his abdominal
area)
That breakfast burrito is killing me
man.

KATHY

(Startles)

AH, Sure, third door on your left.

JAMES leaves and started sneaking around looking for the chair. As he walks in the hallway, he open a room and fin an old scary looking mortician preparing a body on a metal table.

JAMES'S FACE LOOKS SO PALED!

The mortician drops everything and approaches James. He's wearing blue gloves, a long blue apron covered with some blood and yellow stains.

MORTICIAN

Can I help you?

JAMES

(Fearful trying to
answer)

Ah, I, was!!!

James suddenly throws up all over the floor.

MORTICIAN

My god son, are you ok? What
are you doing here?

JAMES

Ammmm, I'm here with my friend to
arrange for his dad's funeral. I lost
my way around looking for the
restroom?

MORTICIAN

Well, it's at the end of the
hallway. Do you need a towel or
something?

JAMES

No, I'm ok. Sorry for the mess.

JAMES walks away, then looks back and sees the mortician going back to work on the corpse.

JAMES opens another small office, looks inside, still no chair. He then opens the door to a small funeral chapel

with a capacity of 10 to 15 people. The chapel a small wooden platform. He spots the chair on the platform next a microphone.

JAMES pulls out a small knife and marches towards the chair.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CASKETS ROOM - SAME TIME

KATHY

Would you prefer wood, metal or fiberglass?

MAX

Actually I prefer...

JAMES storms in with some of the stuffing from the chair in his clothes and in his hair, sweating.

JAMES

There's nothing in that chair either.

KATHY

What chair, you're ok sir?

JAMES

Not really, I fell over a chair and there is nothing in it. I mean, I get nervous in these places, can we please get outta here. This place is freaking me out.

MAX

(Acting upset)

I told you to wait in the car but you wanted to come with me, so quit complaining. Thanks for your time ma'am. I'll be back tomorrow for the rest of the arrangements.

KATHY

Ok, sure. Here is my card.

They both leave quickly.

INT. DR. NAAS'S OFFICE - LATER

Dr. NAAS is visibly upset after finding out there was no gas leak. He's describing James and Max to several policemen, telling them how they destroyed his chair. The police hold up MUG SHOTS of James and Max. Dr. NAAS identifies them.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

JAMES and MAX sit, looking disappointed, a cute waitress approaches the table with two plates of toast and eggs.

WAITRESS

Here you go, enjoy.

JAMES

Thank you.

MAX

You know with our shitty luck, I think by the time we find the Bond, I'll be 87 and you'll be in a mental hospital telling your nut cake friends about the hidden treasure your uncle left you.

JAMES

(Eating his eggs)

THE last two BRO, "NO GUTS NO GLORY", right?

MAX

I don't know about that. We still have another chairs out there that we don't have any idea where it is or who bought it.

JAMES

What are you trying to say?

MAX

(Breathing heavily)

Ok, ok, I would be lying if I told you I'm optimistic. Let's just walk away.

JAMES

Are you serious? Just think about it, we've been busting our asses ever since I could remember. Working like fucking machines, struggling, barely making it, and what do we have to show for it, a fucking CAB and a security badge.

Max is looking a bit convinced.

JAMES (CONT'D)

The reward is worth the risk brother, this could change our lives. Trust me.

EXT. CAR - DAY

They pull up to a STATELY HOUSE in the valley. It's surrounded by a high brick wall, tall palm trees and a huge steel gate. They're staking out the property. Multiple cars are entering the property.

JAMES

Okay, here we go, Lets go meet Sophia Aparo. Wow, look at this place. This is one nice house. Something big is going on inside, she must be having some kind of celebration.

MAX

That's a freaking mansion, this lady is no ordinary citizen man. This place has gotta be worth millions. I have a feeling the right chair is here. I'm getting fucking tired of this bullshit.

JAMES

Can you shut the hell up, I'm thinking.

JAMES drives closer to the gate, Turns off the engine.

JAMES

Get ready, we're going to be "rich bitch." When I get my money, I'm gonna take TRISH to Hawaii, get married on the beach. Then fly to PARIS, the city of love where we'll make our first baby.

MAX

A wise stripper once told me, if you ever get money, try to invest it wisely, don't blow it away. and I also I want to get my Credit score up.

James can't believe what Max is saying.

MAX (CONT`D)

I'm thinking of investing in flying car technology. I think that's the future, you know, the end of the freeway is coming.

JAMES

(Is giving MAX the weirdest look)

Man, you're a freaking phenomenal, I'm talking about love, HAWAII, PARIS and you're talking about a wise stripper and flying cars. I think you may want to make a real appointment with the Shrink, Dr NAAS.

MAX

Kiss my ASS!

Suddenly a big truck drives up to the gate. The sign on t truck reads "DCC PARTY RENTALS". The gates opens up, and the truck drives in. James gets out of the car and casual strolls in.

MAX

Ah, shit, James!

As the gate begins to close, Max also skips through.

They hide behind the pool house while trying to figure out what to do next.

MAX

(Dusting off his cloths)
That was a graceful entry.

The truck doors open and workers begin moving things out. James sees a couple of boxes labeled "PARTY COSTUMES". They both try to co-mingle with the workers.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - MANSION - SAME TIME

A children's birthday party is in full swing. Lots of kid between the ages of eight and ten years old by the pool, its mayhem.

James and Max sneak around the back looking for a way inside the house.

AT THE BARBECUE GRILL -- two huge guys flipping burgers with lots of guests around, some chatting, some drinking and socializing.

JOEY

(Telling a story in a
heavy Italian New Yorker
Accent)

So I'm sitting around bored outta my mind, I call this number randomly and I hear this sweet voice on the other line, so I say, "Hi is Tony there"? The lady says, "There's no one here named Tony", and she hangs up. So I wait a few seconds and I call back, and asked for Tony again. This time the lady gets really upset and says no, I just told you nobody here named Tony asshole, hangs up again. I wait a few seconds, then I call back again, this time I say, "Hey this is Tony, did anyone call for me?"

Everyone LAUGHS. James pulls Max back.

JAMES

Oh, shit! Look?

MAX

What's the matter?

JAMES & MAX'S POV: A short over weight guy with a thick mustache, in his (60s). He looks unfriendly, cold as ice with piercing eyes. He's cutting the pastrami for his sandwich with a machete. Two huge guys are standing behind him, the children are playing.

JAMES

I've seen this guy before. I just can't remember where.

MAX

Shit man, he looks scary.

JAMES

No shit, defiantly not a third Grade teacher.

MAX

I'm really scared man, these people are creatively insane. Look at that guy carving his pastrami sandwich with a machete with children playing nearby. Can you imagine him taking care of business on a Monday?

JAMES

(Angry)

Could you please stop scaring the shit outta me? We've have to do this. Come on, I've got an idea.

CUT TO:

A FULL SHOT OF MAX dressed as the MASTER OF CEREMONIES, in an ill-fitting tuxedo and top hat. He's trying to perform magic trick by making a quarter disappear, but it's not going that good, but the children seem to be having fun anyway.

MAX

We're going to play some more games, but first I'd like to introduce you to my good friend, Peter Cottontail, the Easter Bunny.

The kids clap and cheer until they see...

JAMES, dressed in a furry, white bunny-suit that doesn't quite fit him. His black legs stick out of the white pads on the bottom, his arms shoot through the sleeves. His ears are lop-sided with his fake buck teeth askew. He's holding a limp carrot looking deranged.

HoHoHo. The buck teeth fly out of his mouth and hit one of the kids in the head. He bends down to pick them up and the back of the suit rips, exposing his buttocks.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Ok kids, now we're gonna play a really fun game.

Parents begin to gather round. James and Max smile wearily, The children look mystified.

JAMES (CONT'D)

It's called, "What's in the Chair."

MAX

(Whispers)

What the hell kind of game name is that?

JAMES

(Whispers)

Shut the fuck up and let me do my thing. I'm trying to improvise here.

(To the kids)

Okay kids, here how it works. The Easter Bunny, that's me, has hidden some very special candy in one of the chairs in the house. Whoever finds it wins an "I pad" so kids, let the search begin.

The children take off inside the house.

MAX

You couldn't come up with a better idea?

JAMES

No, sue me. Listen, I'm trying my best, we had a plan, remember? I was gonna keep them busy while you went inside and looked for the chair. Instead, you went all David Copperfuck on me with those corny magic tricks.

MAX

I had a captive audience.

JAMES

Captive audience my ass, we're gonna be that scary looking guy's captives if we screw up. Come on, get your ass inside.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS-DAY

The children are turning over chairs and searching them with their parents.

JAMES and MAX enter the first floor. A large framed picture of the guy they saw outside with singer TONY BENNETT hang on a wall. Suddenly James looks troubled, he pulls Max aside and whispers to him.

JAMES

(breathing heavily)

That guy, I just remembered where I saw him. He's a big MAFIOSO. I saw him on TV last week. They suspect him being responsible for the death of at least 30 people.

MAX

(Scared)

What you're talking about, what MAFIOSO? Holy shit.

JAMES

This house belongs to CARLO APARO, the head of the biggest crime family on the West Coast. I'm telling you, I've seen him on TV. He is the guy that lives here.

MAX is shivering.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I heard that motherfucker once shot a guy in his knee because he gave him a bad haircut.

MAX

(Disturbed)

Oh man, I feel much safer now, thanks for sharing that lovely incident with me. Did you really have to tell me that story? Holy shit, you telling me we're in the house of "Tony Soprano" of LA trying to steal his shit? I don't wanna die today man.

JAMES

We're not stealing anything and nobody is gonna die, but I'm fucking dying to know why his wife bought my damn chair.

MAX

Don't worry you may get your wish before the day is out James. Please let's get outta here, these people are gangsters man, one slip up and we're gonna end up at the bottom of the ocean. Oh God, I'm gonna be fish food!

JAMES

(Whispers)

Look around, everybody is busy with the party. We'll be in and out in a few minutes. but if you don't want, just leave man. I'll go in by myself.

Max ponders for few seconds, then finally agrees to head back inside.

The children are still looking for the secret candy, James and Max look around scanning the first floor, realizing the chair is not there, they sneak upstairs.

INT. OFFICE - UPSTAIRS - DAY- CONTINUOUS

Mr. Aparo is now talking to Sal and Joey in his office with the door slightly open.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

James peeks through the crack then moves on. He motions for Max to be really quiet. JAMES opens a door to a very large room. It's the SMOKING ROOM. Boxes of fine cigars in a humidifier. Lots of pictures of Mr. APARO and his family and friends. A large flat screen TV on the wall. Beautiful furniture and the "Chair".

JAMES

(Whispers)

There she is, my future.

INT. SMOKING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

James and Max approach the chair and quietly start working on it. Max's top hat falls over his eyes and he stumbles over a small table. He hits a credenza with a loud THUD.

JAMES

(Whispers)

You idiot. keep it down!

INT. MR APARO'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Mr. Aparo hears the noise, motions for Sal and Joey to check it out. Joey pulls his gun, they walk down the hallway, open the door to the Smoking Room and see James dressed as the funky-bunny holding the chair with Max standing behind him. Sal and Joey eye each other with confusion.

JOEY

What the hell is going on here?

Who the fuck are you guys?

JAMES

(Nervously)

We are ah... We're the team from
"DCC PARTY RENTALS"

JOEY

What are you two doing in here?
This is off limits to the party
helpers. All the kids are
downstairs anyway.

JAMES

Oh, we just needed a few more
chairs for the game.

James and Max try to walk out. JOEY stops them.

JOEY

(Gun in hand)

What game? Sit to fuck down. You're
not going anywhere. Sal, go get the
boss.

JAMES and MAX look frightened and are sitting on a small
couch. Mr. Aparo walks in with SAL behind him.

JOEY

Boss, we caught these two fucks
messing with this chair.

Joey points to the chair.

JOEY (CONT'D)

What you want us to do?

Mr. APARO looks paranoid, suspicious, not sure what's going on.
He notices some of the upholstery torn.

MR. APARO

Take them down to the basement.
Bring the chair too.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION - FIRST FLOOR - DAY

The kids are still playing the game, a few chairs are
upside down and it's a circus.

James and Max are led down to the basement through the living room on the first floor, hand cuffed with plastic ties. A couple of kids see James and Max hand cuffed.

LITTLE GIRL

(Looking puzzled)

Uncle Joey, where are you taking
the Easter Bunny?

JOEY

Don't worry sweetheart. The Easter
Bunny is going to be tied up for a
while. We're gonna play our own game
with him.

SAL

(Yells)

Okay kids, back outside.

INT. BASEMENT- DARK ROOM WITH NO WINDOWS - LATER

As they round the corner, Angelo one of Mr. Aparo's crew joins the party. Mr. Aparo enters the room, everybody's gets nervous and can feel his presence.

MR. APARO

What am I gonna do with you two?
Mmm, if you tell me who sent you, I
might let you go with only broken
legs.

He walks around checking them out, looking suspicious.
James and Max look pretty shaking up.

MR. APARO (CONT'D)

(Authoritative voice) Is it
that piece of shit Salvatore
Benventini? I should've wacked that
old fuck when I had the chance.

JAMES

(Terrified just hearing
the name)
Salvatore who?

Mr. APARO checks out the chair cautiously.

MR. APARO

Were you planning to plant a bug
or a bomb in here?

JAMES

(Shaking)

Sir, we needed extra chairs for
the kid's game.

Mr. APARO nods to Sal. Sal punches James in the face. James starts bleeding from his nose, Max is stunned.

There is a sharp change in Mr. APARO's demeanor.

MR. APARO

(Yelling)

Are you mocking me? You think I'm
some kind of chump? Why did you scum
bags come here? How much did that
piece of shit pay you, huh? You
schmucks better pray nothing is
inside that chair. and if I find a
bomb or bug in there, I'm gonna kill
your families, then I'll kill both
of you. Joey, tear that fucking
chair apart.

Joey is terrified. But he can't refuse the order. He's a
trusted solidier.

Nervous and sweating, Joey carefully starts to take the chair
apart with a knife. Sal and Angelo step back behind James and
Max trying to cover their faces and bodies while Mr. Aparo
steps all the way back to the staircase.

JAMES and Max are staring in disbelief at JOEY's bomb
disposal skills. James is peeking to see if the Bond is in the
chair.

JOEY

(To Sal and the Angelo)

Hey assholes, can I get some help
over here?

Angelo acts dumb and does not respond.

SAL

(Covering his nuts)
Do I know you?

JOEY

You motherfuckers.

JOEY keep looking for a few more seconds, but it feels li
eternity to everybody!

JOEY

Nothing in here boss. The chair is
empty. Mr. APARO walks back towards
them.

MR. APARO

Look morons, you going to tell me
who the fuck sent you?

MAX

(Fearful)

You got it wrong Mr. Aparo, do we
look like we can be sent anywhere?

MR. APARO

Actually you don't, but I'm about to
change that. I'm gonna send both of
you to morgue unless you start
talking. Angelo, let's start breaking
some bones.

ANGELO

(all excited)

Absolutely boss, I thought you'd
never ask.

JAMES

No, no, please hold on. See Mr.
Aparo, I'm what you call a chair
aficionado. Some people collect
stamps, some collect coins, I
collect chairs.

MR. APARO

(Smiling)

Oh yeah? We have something in
common, I'm what you call a bone

Aficionado, I got a collection of them buried in a swamp in Jersey.
Sal, Joey, and Angelo are laughing.

MAX

(Shaking bad)
Oh no. That's a really bad idea. I have very weak bones.

MR. APARO

(Lets out a loud scream)
Do you cocksuckers know what people call me?

JAMES and MAX shake their heads, No sir.

MR.APARO

(Really pissed)
I'm known as the surgeon! Any idea why?

They both look terrified.

JAMES

No, sir.

MR. APARO

Because I operate on people without anesthesia. I open them up while they're awake.

It got really silence a pin drop can be heard.

MR. APARO (CONT'D)

(To MAX)

And you look like you need your left Kidney removed. I can tell by looking at you it's not working properly.

MAX

(Gasps in horror)
I feel fine, I just had a full checkup.

MR. APARO

Don't worry fuck face, the operation is usually successful, only problem is the Patient always dies.

Everybody laugh while JAMES and MAX are horrified.

Mr. APARO lights a fancy cigar and starts blowing the smok in their faces. He then starts walking around them with a very mean look on his face.

MR. APARO

(Visibly upset)

Both of you idiots should be dead by now. Today's you're lucky day. I don't feel like killing anybody today. It's my granddaughter's birthday, I don't want to be insensitive, unless I really have to.

Suddenly a huge bulky man enters the basement.

HUGE MAN

Sorry boss, everybody is waiting for you to cut the cake.

MR. APARO

Ok, I'll be right out. I'll tell you what, I'll give you a few minutes to spell out the truth. You better have some answers when I come back.

Everybody leaves the basement.

INT. THE BASEMENT - SAME TIME

CLOSE UP ON James and MAX's heads. They seem to be confused and really scared.

MAX

Holy shit, Carlo the surgeon is gonna cut me to pieces. I'm gonna be a kidney donor when that psycho

comes back. Fuck, I told you this was a bad idea.

JAMES

(shouts at MAX)

Stop whining, we only got a few minutes before the Italian "TED BUNDY" comes back. At least we know now the money is not in this chair. That dumb fuck saved us a lots of time.

MAX

Fuck, I almost had a heart attack when that idiot was tearing up the chair. Had the Bonds been in there, we would have been dead right now.

JAMES

(Shouts at MAX)

Fuck him, the Bond is registered in my name, nobody can cash it but me.

MAX

Are you sure Mr. Wise Guy?

JAMES

I think so.

MAX

Listen you idiot. For your information a Bearer Bond does not have a name attached. As far as I know, whoever is in possession of the Bond owns it.

We pull back and inverse the shot to reveal James and Max tied to the chairs.

INT. MANSION KITCHEN - SAME TIME-DAY

Mr. APARO is eating a piece of salami. He then approaches the children playing outside, Calls everybody to a huge wooden table where a big birthday cake is sitting.

MR. APARO

Everybody sing happy birthday to
my Little Angel.

He kisses her and gives her a diamond neckless. A
photographer is taking pictures. The crowd starts singing
happy birthday.

MR. APARO

Ok kids, enjoy.

MR. APARO heads back to the main house, Joey and Sal and
Angelo behind him like his shadow.

The TELEVISION plays in the back ground.

THE T.V IS ON IN THE MAIN ROOM.

ON THE SCREEN - THE News.

REPORTER (V.O.)

The Beverly Hills police are
Warning people to be on the
Lookout for these two wanted men.
James Williams and Max Rosenfeld.

THEIR MUG SHOTS hits the screen.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

These men are considered very
dangerous. They appear to have an
obsession with antique chairs and
furniture.

MR. APARO

What the fuck?

He scratches his head.

INT. THE BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Max and James still tied up. James is trying his best to
untie himself.

JAMES

Where is MacGyver when you need
him?

MAX

MacGyver? We're gonna need the
"Terminator" himself to save our
Asses. god I miss my mom.

JAMES

I miss your mom too.

MAX

This is not the time to be funny
James. You think they're just gonna
let us walk away? These mobsters are
gonna have fun torturing us to death.
I'm telling you man, They are masters
at waste management. They gonna waste
us. James, we have to tell them the
truth.

(Upset trying to untie
himself)

NO, no fucking way. If he finds
out there is money involved in
this, he's gonna torture us to
death to get it. So shut to fuck
up and let me do the talking Ok?
What if he...

But before MAX finishes his question, the basement's door
opens. Mr. Aparo and the guys enter.

MR. APARO

Ok, let's find out why are you in my
house. Joey, bring me the lathe.

JAMES

Sir. why do you need a "lathe?"

MR. APARO

(Sarcastic)

Just a little something to show you
our hospitality, we don't want to say
we didn't treat you right when you
leave here in two pieces.

SAL

What do you say we just shoot them boss?

JOEY

Yeah boss, it's not like anyone gonna miss them.

MR. APARO

That's not a bad idea, go ahead.

Sal takes out his gun, holds it to James's head, then Cocks it.

JAMES

Wait. Please wait. What about the lathe? Can't we try that first?

MR. APARO

Do you want to die fagot? Or you got something to tell me.

JAMES

Absolutely not Mr. Aparo Sir. I don't.

MR. APARO

Then tell me why you are here? And don't you fucking lie to me?

JAMES

Okay, I'll tell you the truth. My dad died and left me a dining set, a table with six chairs. My stupid sister sold the chairs without my knowledge because she needed the money. She sold it to an antique dealer. The beautiful Mrs. Aparo (Mr. Aparo smiles) purchased one of the chairs. So all I'm was trying to do my dad proud and find the chairs out of respect for his wish. God bless his soul.

JAMES STARTS SOBING.

MR. APARO

That's some kinda story. Forget
about it. Isn't that sweet boys?

MAX looks at JAMES with admiration and astonishment.

He can't believe JAMES came up with that story.

JAMES

I even let some dude stick a
needle in my balls trying to get
the set back.

MR. APARO

(wondering)

But how did you know that my
Sophia bought the chair?

JAMES

(Looking shameful)

We stole the sales receipts from
the antique store.

MR. APARO

Wow, I'm starting to like you
guys, you got larceny in your
blood.

(Feeling sorry for them) I'll
tell you what, get outta my house and
Take that fucking chair with you. I
have no use for it now. It's a
fucking curse, I don't want your
father cursing me from his grave.

He nods to Sal and Joey, they release them.

James and Max carry the chair with the torn upholstery out and
leave thanking Mr. Aparo.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - LATE AFTERNOON

A VIEW OF sparkling blue of the Pacific Ocean and Venice
Beach. A nice breathy Southern California afternoon.

EXT. STRAND - VENICE BEACH - AFTERNOON

James and Max are sitting in the car facing Venice Beach. MAX is smoking. We could see the broken chair scattered all over the back seat.

JAMES

(Smiling)

That soprano family reunion was something today huh?

MAX

Yeah, that was entertainingly scary. To me it was a wake- up call. It made me appreciate life more. Fuck, we dodged death bro. I'm out of a job, you don't got no job, I lost my girl. We did not find the money. what a beautiful life?

JAMES

We're here aren't we? There's still one more in chair out there. The money has to be in it.

MAX

James, face it. There is no Bond! It's all a scam your uncle jack pulled on you.

JAMES

No it's not. I know I'm gonna find that chair. I have a gut feeling about it. Just one more trip to that antique store.

MAX

Man you're crazy.

MAX steps out of the car.

JAMES

Where you going?

MAX

I wanna get some fresh air if you
don't mind.

As MAX steps out the car, looking at the beach enjoying the
scenery, two beat patrol cops spot him. With guns drawn and
making a big show of it, James notices and screams at Max

JAMES

Shit, get in the car.

Max doesn't wait. Max slides his body through the window
James takes off speeding.

POLICE OFFICER

(into radio)
In pursuit of suspects.

MAX

(nervous)
Why are the cops chasing us?

JAMES

Ah, let me think, could it be the
shrink? Or the funeral parlor lady?
What about the attractive huge HeShe
who almost raped us? Pick one or
take a fucking nap.

EXT. STREETS - VENICE - DAY

A CAR CHASE ensues...

James drives over the curb, cuts through a gas station,
basically driving like a madman.

A POLICE CAR - with two different policemen, takes over the
pursuit.

EXT. MARINA FREEWAY - DAY

JAMES enters going the wrong way.

MAX

Did anyone ever tell you that your
driving skills suck?

JAMES

Yes, lots of people.

MAX

Look at you, you're running red lights!

JAMES

(really nervous)

What do you want me to do, run green lights? Do I have a choice? we gotta get away cause we've got a chair to find. Fuck!

The COPS still on them... a chopper soon joins the chase, the situation is escalating rapidly.

INT. TRISH'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Anita and Janika are watching the car chase, when Trish walks in from work and sees them watching TV with full attention.

TRISH

What's going on?

ANITA

Oh girl, your man's on the news just like O.J. Simpson!

JANIKA

Anita, honey, make us some popcorn. I wanna watch this to the end, it looks entertaining, I told you he's no good.

TRISH

(really upset)

Oh my God! Mama stop it.

EXT. FREEWAY - LATER

James and Max are now being followed by three Cop cars. Suddenly, a large truck enters from a nearby on ramp. The car barely misses the truck.

The truck swerves, skids across the freeway and turns over. More police cars joins the pursuit.

JAMES

Shit! Any ideas?

MAX

Hell no.

Max shoves his head out of the window and Screams

MAX

We didn't kill anybody! Stop chasing us.

JAMES

Wow, that was brilliant, have you considered working for NASA?

MAX

No, I can't say I have. Listen man, we better get off the freeway, we can't get away like that. We need to be on a surface street.

JAMES gets off the freeway and keeps driving, makes a right turn avoiding another accident when he ran a red light.

JAMES looks at his rear view mirror. Sees more police car joining the pursuit, plus a police helicopter and a news chopper overhead.

JAMES

(upset)

What the fuck man, they're chasing us like we're a career criminals, Shit. Any plan B?

MAX

Yeah, B careful. The traffic is getting really congested. make a right here.

JAMES makes a right, it's a dead end. JAMES stops the car

Numerous police cars are blocking the exit of the dead end, Police officers are getting out of their cars with guns drawn.

JAMES

You're a fucking genius, what about plan C?

MAX

Sure, C you in jail!

MAX opens the passenger door and tries to get outta the car. James grabs him from behind.

JAMES

What the fuck are you doing?

MAX

What do you think I'm doing? look around, we're surrounded? I don't wanna get shot, it's over. Haven't you seen these car chases on TV? you either get caught and beaten or you get shot.

A COP SPEAKING THROUGH A LOUD SPEAKER.

COP

Driver, step outta the car with your hands up.

MAX

Do it man, we didn't commit any crime. We'll get outta this, trust me.

JAMES

(sad)

All I wanted to do is find the chair and better our lives. Instead we have LAPD pointing guns at us and shit, I can't believe it.

MAX

(trying to convince

JAMES)

We'll find it bro, you have my word. Now it's time to get this fucking situation under control peacefully.

JAMES gets out of the car with his hands up, backs up to the cops. A cop approaches and hand cuffs him. MAX does t same, they're both placed in a police car. It drives off. A Helicopter captures the whole chase on camera feeding it live.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY-NIGHT

James and Max are led by two guards to their cell.

Both carrying folded blankets. Prisoners are shouting all kind of derogatory remarks.

PRISONER

(to MAX)

How you doing sweet cheeks?

MAX gives him a disgusted look.

The guard shouts 9B, the cell opens automatically and the both get in. The door slams shut and they both gaze around their surroundings!

MAX gets on the upper bunk bed.

MAX

(quiet and scared)

Shit man, how could somebody spends 20 or 30 years in this Hellhole.

JAMES

(Making his bed)

It's not like they have a choice. Jesus Christ, its Friday, we won't see a judge until Monday morning. Can you fucking believe this shit?

LIGHTS OUT IN THE CELL BLOCK!

JAMES (MORE) (O.S.) I

can't wait to put my hand on that chair. It's my motherfucking money and I ain't letting nobody

Few seconds pass, neither James nor Max say anything then suddenly!

MAX (O.S.)

Man, you've been very persistent,
you never give up, I gotta be honest
with you, I'm really impressed.

JAMES (O.S)

Shut up, I'm trying to sleep.

INT. PRISON- NEXT DAY-EARLY MORNING.

Loud buzzer. The master lock is open. Prisoners are stepping
out of their cells and lining up for head-counts and
breakfast.

James and Max are looking outta place. A few prisoners ar
checking them out, sizing them up and giving them the loo
Max is lining up, James right behind him. A huge black
prisoner with tattoos all over his face and body is lining up
right behind James.

PRISONER

(whispers to JAMES)

Do you have a girlfriend boy?

James tries to step away and ignore him, but he's stuck i
line.

PRISONER

So? Do you?

JAMES

YAAAAAAA, what is it to you?

PRISONER

What's his name?

Few prisoners behind the big black guy laugh!

PRISONER

I'll be seeing you around, keep
yourself clean for me, will you?

James looks disgusted but doesn't say anything.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON - BREAKFAST HALL

JAMES and MAX go through the breakfast line, each carrying a tray. They get their food and try to find a table. They find one occupied by both black and white prisoners.

MAX

Do you mind if we sit here?

WHITE PRISONER

We got a polite one here.

BLACK PRISONER

Not only polite, kinda cute too.

Eventually they are allowed to sit down.

Max and James sit down and start eating their breakfast.

WHITE PRISONER

So what are you guys here for?

MAX

Nothing really, just a big
Misunderstanding.

WHITE PRISONER

Oh yeah? Shit, that's exactly what
happened to me. I was trying to
borrow a car and dumb cops thought I
was stealing it.

Everybody laughs.

2ND PRISONER

It's fucking Saturday, we got an hour
of TV today. Hey MIKEE, wanna watch
some T.V?

PRISONER MIKEE

Nah, I'm gonna go work out, fuck
the TV.

CUT TO:

INT. TV HALL- MOMENTS LATER

Prisoners are entering a large TV hall with guards all around them. It's crowded. As James enters the hall, he feels a sharp poke in his lower back. James turns around and sees the same huge black guy from the breakfast line. The guy is holding a sharp wooden knife, half of it is under his sleeve.

JAMES

What the hell?

PRISONER

You got two options boy? Either I stick this in your back or you suck me later. Your choice?

JAMES

(thinking)

I'll take option one.

James sprints away.

Everybody take their seats, JAMES makes sure he sits as far away as possible from the huge black guy. MAX sits next to JAMES.

The guards turn on the TV. It's CHANNEL 5. A commercial on.

The station goes back to regular programming. The show is called "FANTASY MAGIC".

The host is welcoming back the live audience.

SHOW HOST

Welcome back to Fantastic Magic.
We're coming to you live from
Hollywood, California. What a crowd.
Now prepare yourself to meet one of
the world best magicians, the Master
of the unthinkable, Mr. BOBBY
MANSFIELD.

BOBBY MANSFIELD comes out waving and greeting the audience. He is white, sharp with a full head of gray hair. He's in his (50s) wearing a black suit and a red shirt.

THE prisoners are getting excited, one prisoners makes a comment that he likes this guy and the fact that he is unreal! James and Max are watching the show out of boredom

BOBBY MANSFIELD

Ladies and gentleman, we gonna have some fun tonight. Normally I do my illusions here on stage in front of the audience. Tonight, I'm gonna need someone in the audience to help me. Let's see, ma'am you in the yellow T- shirt.

We could see from the back a young blonde girl in her early-twenties approaching the stage, he greets her and shakes her hand.

The prisoners start making all kind of noises and sexual remarks.

BOBBY MANSFIELD

What's your name?

GIRL

Jennifer.

BOBBY MANSFIELD

Please everybody, give Jennifer a big round of applause.

The audience gives Jennifer a very warm welcome.

Bobby Mansfield takes Jennifer's hand and walks her to the center of the stage. The camera zooms in on her, she's wearing black shorts, a yellow T shirt and sandals. We could tell she's camera shy.

BOBBY MANSFIELD (CONT'D)

So Jennifer, do you like fashion?

JENNIFER

(shy and quite)
Sure, who doesn't?

BOBBY MANSFIELD

Well, let's see if you look sexier in A dress or business suit?

PRISONER #1

(Yells)

She looks sexier to me without anything.

PRISONER #2

Damn right.

They high five.

The curtains open up, a chair is placed in the center of the stage. Next to the chair is a metal cabinet with a black cloth on top. Bobby Mansfield grabs Jennifer's hand and asks her to sit on the chair, which she does.

The illusionist tosses a cloth over Jennifer. Three seconds later, the cloth descends. Jennifer reappears wearing a blue business suit with a white shirt and blue tie.

The live audience goes ballistic, so do the prisoners.

PRISONER #3(O.S.)

How the hell did he do that?

BOBBY MANSFIELD

Doesn't she look great in a business suit?

The crowd is applauding wildly.

BOBBY MANSFIELD

Would you like to see more of Jennifer's beauty? An evening Dress, A bikini, maybe?

The live audience goes wild. Yeeeeessssss.

MAX is watching the show, turns to JAMES, notices JAMES is very attentive, fixated on the show, moving his head left and right as the prisoner in front of him keeps standing up. MAX does not think much of it.

PRISONER #3

Hell yeah, a bikini motherfucker.

Bobby Mansfield tosses a huge red blanket over Jennifer. few second later, he removes the blanket, and Jennifer is gone," Vanished "

The chair is empty.

The live crowd is giving the illusionist a standing ovation. The camera zooms in on the crowd and the stage. The chair is still in the center of the stage. The illusionist is bowing to the crowd.

PRISONER #4

Fuck, where's the girl? What happened to the bikini, damn?

Suddenly JAMES jumps outta his chair and starts screaming hysterically.

JAMES

Holy shit, motherfucker, oh my God, I love this show.

MAX

(gives James a weird look)

Come on man, you've never seen this trick before?

JAMES

NO, that's a great fucking trick, I found it, I love magic and I love you!

James Hugs Max and kisses him.

MAX pushes him away.

MAX

(Agitated looking around) What the fuck man, what you doing? We're in prison.

JAMES

I know.

James hugs Max again and whispers in his ear.

MAX can't believe it what he heard, his eyes wide opened

MAX

Are you sure?

JAMES

I swear to god man, One hundred
Percent...

A few prisoners around are watching them and looking very
confused.

James and Max both jump and high five each other. The
camera freezes while they're in the air.

THE END.