

E N T O U R A G E

"THE PREQUEL"

(C) 2009
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Accolade East
#108

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Ari cruises in his car with music blasting. He dials his cellphone.

INT. CHASE HOUSE - DAY

The cordless rings in the kitchen. Vince fetches it.

VINCE

Hello?

ARI (OS)

I got a voice mail this morning
from Dana Gordon.

VINCE

Yeah and?

ARI(OS)

She wants to know if you're
interested in a lead.

VINCE

A lead in what?

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

ARI

You ready?

Ari turns down the music in his car.

ARI (CONT'D)

Queens Boulevard...the beginning.

VINCE (OS)

What?

(Chuckles)

You're talking about a prequel?

ARI

I'm talking Godfather status,
mother fucker. Lets just hope they
don't ask you to do a third
one...so, what do you say?

VINCE (OS)

Hey, if Walsh is in, I don't see
why not.

Ari squints and stalls.

(CONTINUED)

VINCE (CONT'D)
Walsh is in right?

ARI
Brett Ratner.

INT. CHASE HOUSE - DAY

VINCE
What happened to Walsh?

ARI (OS)
The studio doesn't want him. They say he's high risk, Vinny. After Medellin he's luck to direct a TMZ video never mind another feature...

VINCE
He's the only one who can do this.

ARI (OS)
Look, I know he's your boy and all, but we have to do what is right for ourselves. Okay? I mean if it was up to me, I would, but it's not. He sold his rights when he distributed it.

VINCE
So, what does that mean?

ARI (OS)
It means he's fucked.

VINCE
I can't do that to him.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

ARI
Listen to me very carefully, Vince. If you don't do this movie...then you're fucked. Who do you think is producing Aquaman 3? You do good in this movie, they may just want you back in the water for the finale.

Vince stalls.

ARI (CONT'D)
Either that or you better start thinking about Broadway.

(CONTINUED)

VINCE
....I'll call you back.

Ari turns off the phone and notices a bicycle rider in front of him.

ARI
Hey, Tour de France! You mind moving your fucking 10 speed out of the way!

He attempts to pass the biker and notices it's LANCE ARMSTRONG. They stare at one another from the passenger's window.

LANCE
Ari?

ARI
Lance. How's retirement treating you?

LANCE
You're such an asshole.

ARI
(Puts up fist)
Live strong.

Lance shakes his head, while Ari passes Lance completely.

EXT. CHASE HOUSE (BACKYARD PORCH) - DAY

Eric sits drinking his coffee as Vince appears from inside.

VINCE
Ari called.

ERIC
Still trying to pawn off Dancing with the Stars?

VINCE
Fuck off.

Eric chuckles.

VINCE (CONT'D)
He has a part for me.

ERIC
In what?

(CONTINUED)

VINCE
Queens Boulevard...the beginning.

ERIC
A fucking prequel?

VINCE
Yeah, I know.

ERIC
Hey, if it gets you back in the game, then it's worth it. You played him once...you can play him again.

Vince turns away to the ledge.

ERIC (CONT'D)
So?

VINCE
They don't want Walsh. They want Ratner to direct.

ERIC
You know he's gonna lose his shit, right?

VINCE
What do you think, E? Should I take it?

ERIC
If I were you...I wouldn't sweat it. Walsh was a big time asshole, anyways.

VINCE
He helped my career, Eric --

ERIC
Yeah, and he also hurt it.

A small silence is held between them.

ERIC (CONT'D)
It's hard for me to say, but you're not really in a position to pass on whatever you feel like.

VINCE
And I just leave him out to dry?

(CONTINUED)

ERIC

I can't keep telling you what to do, but the sooner you realize it's not personal....the better.

Vince is quiet as they lock eyes.

ERIC (CONT'D)

It's a job, Vin. If it's not you, then it's someone else.

VINCE

...If you say so.

Eric finishes his coffee and takes a look at his cellphone.

ERIC

I gotta go. I promised Sloan we'd look at some open houses.

VINCE

You're already moving in together?

Eric gathers his stuff and is almost gone.

ERIC

I just said we're looking.

Vince stands alone on his massive porch.

INT. CHASE HOUSE (FAMILY ROOM) - MOMENTS LATER

Vince lays on the couch playing video games as he hears a small giggle from nearby. He turns and notices Drama and a girl walking down the steps.

They continue to flirt as they make their way past the family room. The girl stops as she stares at Vince.

GIRL

Hi, Vince.

VINCE

Hello.

Drama continues to smooch with her as he directs her outside. He shuts the door and walks back to the family room.

VINCE

I didn't know you had a girl over last night.

(CONTINUED)

DRAMA

Have some faith, bro.

VINCE

You could've brought her to your place.

DRAMA

It's being fumigated. Fucking fruit flies.

VINCE

Where did you meet her?

He sticks out his chest as he begins to open a few cupboards in the kitchen.

DRAMA

Outside the cat club...granted she was in the parking lot...puking on my car....she wanted me.

VINCE

Whatever works.

DRAMA

That's what I say. Plus, she's an intern for MTV. I figured she was desperate for a story, but I turned her down.

Drama begins to get out his protein mix and fruit.

DRAMA (CONT'D)

Any news on the film front yet?

VINCE

Sort of...Ari wants me to do another Queens Boulevard movie.

DRAMA

Alright! Did he say anything about me? I felt there was a lot of unanswered questions about my character--

Drama inspects his protein mixer.

DRAMA (CONT'D)

What the hell is this?

(CONTINUED)

VINCE

What?

The mixer is filled with melted ice cream.

DRAMA (CONT'D)

Who used my protein mixer to make a
milkshake?...Turtle!

Drama launches out of the kitchen.

INT. COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Ari and Mrs. Ari sit on the couch as Dr. Marcus sits across
from them.

DR.MARCUS

So, today we will be trying some
experimental treatment.

ARI

Experimental treatment?

Dr.Marcus reveals A SINGLE FOAM BAT from next to her and
hands it to Mrs. Ari.

ARI (CONT'D)

What the fuck is up with the bat?

DR.MARCUS

I will ask you a series of
questions and if Mrs. Ari does not
agree with your response then she
is allowed one strike.

ARI

Strike...me?

DR.MARCUS

Yes.

ARI

Not if she plans on living, she
won't.

Mrs. Ari strikes Ari with the bat. She smiles. He turns to
her while he grips his knee.

DR.MARCUS

Now, we will begin.

(CONTINUED)

ARI
Don't I get one? Level the playing
field a bit?

DR.MARCUS
So, Ari. What is more important to
you? Satisfying your wife....or
your client?

ARI
Depends on the client.

Mrs. Ari strikes him over the head. Ari bites his lip.

ARI (CONT'D)
I love you baby, but it's my
clients that let you bash my
fucking head in with a foam bat-

She hits Ari again.

DR.MARCUS
Only once.

MRS.ARI
Sorry, I got excited.

DR.MARCUS
Next question. How do you sum up
your relationship with your
wife...in one word?

ARI
(Fuming)
Well, Dr. Marcus. Expensive comes
to mind.

She hits Ari. He twists his neck, but holds back with a
smile.

ARI (CONT'D)
It's wonderful.

DR.MARCUS
Okay. Now, do you find that your
wife....sexually excites you?

He turns to Mrs. Ari who is ready to strike.

ARI
Yes...

DR.MARCUS

And?

ARI

And...it would be nice if she would excite me a little more frequently.

She strikes him.

ARI (CONT'D)

You're one swing away from getting elbowed in the face.

DR.MARCUS

Ari.

ARI

I'm sorry, but this is bullshit. If she wants to tee off on me, I'll give her a pillow at home for free.

DR.MARCUS

This is to help confront your differences--

ARI

How? By playing American Gladiators?

Ari's phone rings. They both stare at him as he pulls it out.

DR.MARCUS (CONT'D)

You know our policy on phones.

ARI

Yeah and you know mine. So...

MRS.ARI

Ari...don't.

ARI

You get a bat. I get a phone.

Ari stands.

DR.MARCUS

It's prohibited --

ARI

So is assault. Live with it.

Ari picks up the phone. INSERT: VINCENT CHASE CALLING

(CONTINUED)

ARI
Vince.

VINCE (OS)
I thought it over.

ARI
So we can finalize the deal this
afternoon.

VINCE (OS)
I never said yes.

ARI
Okay...and you call me during my
relationship...whatever the fuck
hour to tell me this?
(Turns to Mrs.Ari)
I love you.

VINCE (OS)
Send me the script. If I like it
and I mean really like it. Then,
I'll see about making a deal.

ARI
Consider it fed ex'd

VINCE (OS)
Good.

ARI
And Vince?

VINCE (OS)
Yeah?

ARI
Welcome back, bitch.

Ari hangs up the phone.

MRS.ARI
Excuse me?

ARI
It's a figure of speech, honey.
Relax.

INT. CHASE HOUSE (HALLWAY) - DAY

Drama trots down the hallway, while opening each room door.

DRAMA

Turtle? Turtle!? Where are you?

He stops...and notices melted ice cream drips leading to a far guest room.

Drama enters the room.

INT. CHASE HOUSE (GUEST ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Drama stands in the doorway as Turtle lays still in his bed. The room is covered with chocolate bar wrappers, chip bags and God knows what else.

DRAMA

Turtle?...Are you alright?

TURTLE

She just wanted me to be happy,
Drama.

(Takes a bite of chocolate)
So, she left me...

DRAMA

I know it's rough.

Drama enters the room and sits on his mattress.

TURTLE

Off to New Zealand and see ya
later.

DRAMA

How long have you been in bed?

TURTLE

I don't know...since I've been
back.

DRAMA

Jesus, that was a month ago.

TURTLE

Was it?

Drama sighs.

(CONTINUED)

DRAMA

I hate to see you like this,
Turtle.

(Pause)

But sometimes it doesn't work out.
I know what these stars are like.
One day they like you...the next
they got a restraining order.

TURTLE

It was different --

DRAMA

That's what they always say. "It
was different." But it isn't. And
it takes real balls to move on. To
brush your shoulders off and just
say...Fuck Meadow Soprano...and
Fuck New Zealand.

Turtle gives a small smirk to Drama.

TURTLE

You're right, Drama. You know
what....Fuck Jamie!

DRAMA

That's more like it.

TURTLE

I'm gonna get me some co-ed, ass.

Turtle rises from his bed and out of the room.

DRAMA

Make me proud, Turtle. Make me
proud.

INT. MODEL HOUSE - DAY

A YOUNG REAL ESTATE AGENT leads Eric and Sloan up the steps
towards the main bedroom.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

This is all cherry oak inline with
real marble--

ERIC

How many square feet?

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Thirty eight hundred.

Eric nods as they enter the main bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

REAL ESTATE AGENT (CONT'D)
With the main bedroom we have two
separate walk-in closets, sky
lights, bathroom suites and...the
one and only...

The agent opens up the balcony french doors to a wonderful
beach site.

REAL ESTATE AGENT (CONT'D)
Ocean view balcony.

Eric steps out in the balcony with his hands in his pockets.
He turns back to the agent.

ERIC
You mind if we--

REAL ESTATE AGENT
No problem. I'll be downstairs in
case you need me.

The agent smiles and leaves. Sloan approaches next to Eric
at the railing.

SLOAN
What? You don't like it?

ERIC
No...I love it.
(Touches Sloan's hand)
That's why I'm buying it.

Sloan smiles.

SLOAN
Eric, this is the first house and
it's not like--

ERIC
It's done. This is it, okay? This
is perfect.

She moves closer to his shoulder as they stare out to the
ocean.

SLOAN
It's beautiful.

ERIC
If someone told me back home that I
would have a ocean view from my
bedroom...with you.

(CONTINUED)

(Pause)

I would think they were crazy.

SLOAN

It's just kind of a big commitment.

ERIC

Yeah, but it's worth it.

SLOAN

I just don't want you to think I'm trying to rush you or anything-

ERIC

It's not like that. Believe me. It just feels right, you know. So I figure...why not?

She gives a kiss to Eric on the cheek.

REAL ESTATE AGENT (OS)

Need any help!?

ERIC

Give us a few more minutes!

He grabs Sloan's arm and pulls her towards a near closet.

ERIC

Come on.

SLOAN

What are you doing?

ERIC

Lets see how much room these closets really have.

SLOAN

Eric.

They giggle as they shut the door.

REAL ESTATE AGENT (OS)

You know...whenever you need me!

INT. MGA BUILDING (BOARDROOM) - LATE AFTERNOON

Ari taps a POINTER STICK on the boardroom table as all the agents watch him in fear.

(CONTINUED)

ARI

Since Terrance is no more. There is a new leader to shake up the ranks...Me. Some of you may have a problem with that, but you will be weeded out in time.

(Rises on a pedi stool)

Now, that I am officially heading the ship...we are moving full steam ahead back to fucking glory!

(Points at agents)

There will be no room for anchors. If you are weak or you lose out on a contract then I will personally feed your ass to the sharks myself. Is this understood?

Everyone is quiet as they share small nods.

ARI (CONT'D)

Great. Peter!

A young agent looks up nervously.

PETER

Yes?

ARI

Who was the last talent you signed?

Peter begins to look through some papers.

ARI (CONT'D)

Quick.

PETER

Uhhm...Amy Winehouse?

ARI

(Rubs temple)

Amy Winehouse?...What are you her crack dealer?

PETER

She's...been looking at some gigs--

ARI

Yeah, in prison! The next time I see you I want a client that hasn't Od'd on an eight ball more than once....Get out.

He rises with his stuff and leaves.

(CONTINUED)

ARI (CONT'D)
Who's next?

LLOYD
Well, I book--

ARI
Raise your hand first.

Lloyd raises his hand slowly. Ari points at Lloyd.

ARI (CONT'D)
Speak.

LLOYD
I booked a meeting with Robert
Pattinson from Twilight.

ARI
(Nods)
Well done, Lloyd. Well done.

LLOYD
Thank you, Ari. And just for
everyone's record. He's much cuter
in person.

ARI
Didn't need to know that and please
refrain from any gay fantasies
during staff meetings.

Lloyd curls back down in his seat.

ARI (CONT'D)
Take notes people. If I'm not a
shoe in for the Nobel peace prize
by August then heads will roll.
Last Agenda.

He looks away from the group.

ARI (CONT'D)
Coffee is no longer free.

The agents sigh.

ARI (CONT'D)
Coffee is for closers only! Meeting
adjourned!

He rises and leaves the staff room. A young agent turns to
Lloyd.

YOUNG AGENT

What a dick.

ARI (OS)

Don't think I didn't hear that!

EXT. BROOKE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Turtle approaches the door slowly, hesitates, but gives a knock. After a moment, Brooke appears at the door. Turtle smiles as she is silent.

BROOKE

I though you were in Europe.

TURTLE

Yeah, well...things changed.

BROOKE

What about Jamie then?

TURTLE

What about her?

She smirks as he moves closer in.

TURTLE (CONT'D)

I'm wondering if you're not doing anything right now that....I can take you out or something?

She grips him by his shirt and pulls him inside, practically shoving him on her bed.

BROOKE

Take off your clothes.

TURTLE

Right now?

BROOKE

Strip.

He begins to take off his shoes.

TURTLE

We can do this...I'm down with that.

She dives at him taking him flat out.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

Drama, Phil Yagoda and a burly executive, ALAN WHITE [55] sit around a porch table in posh downtown.

ALAN

A transvestite...that fights crime in south L.A. Trans-Detective. It's a working title, but it seems to stick.

DRAMA

That's the show?

PHIL

That's the show. Great, huh?

Drama hesitates.

DRAMA

I could...I could see it working.

ALAN

I saw your screen test for Melrose and we we're all blown away. You're perfect.

DRAMA

You think so?

PHIL

We know so. You always said you wanted to stretch.

DRAMA

Yeah.

PHIL

Well, whats more of a stretch than a tranny cop? This is your break, John. This is your Raging Bull.

DRAMA

As a method actor it could take me a while to get used to....women's garments, but it shouldn't be a problem.

Phil taps Drama on the shoulder.

PHIL

See, it's not a problem.

(Turns to Alan)

Tell John what you've been telling me about a two season deal.

(CONTINUED)

DRAMA

A two season deal?

ALAN

It's already in the works. HBO is all over it like it's the next six feet under.

(Alan slides over a contract to Drama)

We just want to know if you're up for it?

Drama takes a moment, while Phil and Alan give a glance to one another.

DRAMA

I don't know...

PHIL

(To Alan)

Who else was attached to the pilot?

ALAN

Adrien Brody's been kicking it around.

DRAMA

(Looks up)

Really?...We acted together before.

ALAN

In what?

DRAMA

I was an extra on the pianist.

Alan and Phil share a small look.

PHIL

And now you can work next to him.

Phil takes out his pen and places it over the contract. Drama grabs it, but still holds back.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Don't forget about the t.v spots. Bonuses...Conan O'brien slot.

ALAN

Sky's the limit really.

Drama looks up and slowly gives in, while signing.

(CONTINUED)

DRAMA

What the hell. You only live once.

ALAN

I like your attitude.

Alan and Phil laugh.

PHIL

Drinks on us then.

DRAMA

Gentlemen...drinks on me.

PHIL

Will do.

Phil waves his hand to the waitress, but for some reason Drama's face sinks in thought. A look that something doesn't feel right.

INT. BROOKE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Turtle lays bare chested in the sheets as Brooke lays on his chest.

BROOKE

You have a good time last night?

TURTLE

Yes, I did.

BROOKE

Ready for more?

TURTLE

Yes, I am.

She slowly climbs on top of him, while he grins.

INT. FILM SET (TRAILER) - DAY

Jamie sits in her robe, while she cycles through her cellphone contacts. She see's TURTLE'S NUMBER. She stops a moment, thinks and dials.

INT. BROOKE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Brooke bounces on top of turtle, while he just attempts to hold his composure.

(CONTINUED)

BROOKE
Ride me, turtle. Ride me!

TURTLE
I'm riding you.

Turtle's cellphone GOES OFF on the side table.

TURTLE (CONT'D)
Just a sec. Let me grab this.

Turtle fetches the cellphone and turns it on, but Brooke SLAPS the phone out of his hand and on to the floor.

They get back into it as she takes control.

INT. FILM SET (TRAILER) - DAY

Jamie tries to talk on the phone as the sound is muffled.

JAMIE
Hello?...Turtle?...It's Jamie.

She stops and attempts to listen. All that is heard is moaning on the other end. Jamie's face drops as she closes the phone, chucking it away.

Her face moves to a small picture frame of Turtle and Jamie together. Happy. She begins to tear up when A KNOCK is heard at her door.

P.A (OS)
They're ready for you on set now.

She attempts to wipe away her tears.

P.A (OS)
Jamie?

JAMIE
I'll be out in a bit, okay?

She looks in the mirror as she wips the picture in the garbage and attempts to fix her make up.

INT. CHASE HOUSE (FAMILY ROOM) - DAY

Vince jogs down the steps and towards the family room. He stops and glances at the coffee table. A few pieces of junk mail and a FED EX package sit on top.

He shreds it open, with a SCRIPT FALLING OUT. He grabs it.

(CONTINUED)

INSERT: QUEENS BOULEVARD - THE BEGINNING (A small sticky note written " DO IT - ARI")

Vince smirks as he begins to open the script. The DOOR BELL RINGS.

VINCE

John! Can you get the door!?

No response. The door bell goes off again

VINCE (CONT'D)

John!?

Still nothing. Another ring. He whips the script on the couch and makes his way to the front door. He turns to the backyard windows and notices DRAMA massaging the MTV GIRL in the hot tub.

He shakes his head while he goes to the door. He checks the peep hole. It's MATT DAMON.

VINCE

Shit.

MATT (OS)

I know your there. We need to talk.

Vince opens the door cautiously, while Matt stands at the doorway.

VINCE

Matt, hey-

MATT

Yeah, I need the money Vince.

VINCE

I totally forgot...I needed a signed approval before I left. I'm sorry.

MATT

Don't say sorry to me.

(Pulls out picture of African child)

Say sorry to...Swali. She was looking forward to going to school, but I guess Italy was more important.

(Puts away in wallet)

I like you Vince, but this is unacceptable.

(CONTINUED)

VINCE

And what about me being a shitty actor?

MATT

I don't remember saying that.

VINCE

Yeah, you did. In about fifty messages.

Matt sighs.

MATT

Let's put our differences aside. So, you're a sub-par actor, but let's think about the kids that have to work seventeen hours, while your at the Brentwood fucking country club-

VINCE

Alright. I'll call my bank and I'll transfer it over. Okay?

MATT

I can call them for you.

VINCE

It's fine. I'll take care of it.

MATT

By two o'clock?

VINCE

You got it.

Matt sticks his head in the house.

MATT

Nice house. I'm sure you've been hearing about these break-ins going on...I would hate to see that happen.

Matt makes his way down the steps towards his HYBRID.

VINCE

What are you saying?

MATT

I'm just saying. Two o'clock Vince and don't fuck with me this time!

(CONTINUED)

Matt disappears. Vince pans to the backyard and notices the MTV girl on her cellphone, while drama tans on a chair.

INT. POPEYE'S CHICKEN - DAY

A birthday party takes place in the restaurant, except for a sole diner. A strung out Billy Walsh, looking worse then before, chews on his drumsticks.

TRL LIVE is playing on one of the TV DISPLAYS. It cuts to a a news update. A few things on Paris, Lindsay Lohan and then...

MTV NEWSCASTER (OS)

And Vincent Chase seems to be back in the film ring after a small hiatus.

BILLY

Thatta boy Vinny.

MTV NEWSCASTER (OS)

A few sources indicated that shooting for a prequel to Queens Boulevard with be taking place as early as August....

Billy freezes and doesn't even take the time to swallow his chicken. He rises slowly from his seat.

BILLY

Those - motha- Those mother fuckers! That cock sucking fucking prick!

Children and employees stare in horror, while Billy whips his food at the screen.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Suck my balls you commercial whore!

Billy makes his way outside of the store. Pushing people out of the way.

INT. ARI'S OFFICE - DAY

Ari smiles on the phone with his feet on the desk.

BARBARA (OS)

So, what's this I'm hearing about Vince being in? Shia already bought a one room in Brooklyn.

(CONTINUED)

ARI
Stings doesn't it.

Barbara becomes quiet.

ARI (CONT'D)
What? Nothing to say or did one of
your assistants put their dicks in
your mouth.

BARBARA (OS)
Fuck you Ari.

ARI
Already have.

BARBARA (OS)
I wonder if Billy knows you're
doing the movie without him.

ARI
There's always time.

BARBARA (OS)
(Chuckles)
Well, I would hope in your sake,
there is...

ARI
What is that supposed to mean?

BARBARA (OS)
Turn to channel nine.

Ari grabs his remote and turns on the t.v and flips
channels. He stops on the news.

INSERT ON TV: A newscaster.

NEWSCASTER (OS)
Only a few moments ago. Billy
Walsh, critically acclaimed
filmmaker of Queens Boulevard and
Medellin stormed in during a
filming of TRL live, displaying a
billegerent tirade. Just to warn
you...some of these images are
disturbing.

Walsh invades the set and grabs the microphone from the
host.

Ari hangs up the phone and stands towards the t.v. Lloyd
appears at the door.

(CONTINUED)

LLOYD
Ari?....Uhhm Ari.

ARI
Not now Lloyd.

WALSH (OS)
Everyone in here better shut the
fuck up!
(Staring at camera)
Ari Gold you are a fucking dead
man! I hope you're listening! God
as my witness...I'm gonna come down
there to cut off your ears and feed
them to you.

Walsh drops the mic. Ari feels his ears.

LLOYD
Ari!

ARI
What!?

LLOYD
Walsh is on his way up.

ARI
What the fuck, Lloyd!? Don't you
see what's going on!?

LLOYD
I never do!

ARI
You just let a maniac like Walsh in
the building?

LLOYD
Can you consider this a mulligan?

Ari grabs a nearby object and whips it at him.

ARI
I'm not here, okay? I went
to...fuck improvise.

LLOYD
Like what?

ARI
You know Tae kwon do, don't know?

LLOYD

No, why?

ARI

Because I may need you to pull something out. Go!

Lloyd leaves, while Ari attempts to hide. He ducks under his desk. Billy appears in the office. Lloyd stops him as he begins to talk to him.

Walsh nods, grabs a nearby chair, and throws it through the window. Shattering it to pieces. Ari rises with a smile.

ARI (CONT'D)

Billy!

Billy rushes at Ari.

BILLY

You fucking vampire!

Billy launches at Ari and slams him on his desk. Lloyd hides under his desk...dialing his phone.

ARI

Lloyd!

LLOYD

Fuck it, I'm calling security!

Billy holds Ari down.

BILLY

My heart is in Queens Boulevard,
Ari...you cut out my heart.

ARI

I wanted you for the movie! Okay?
It's out of my control.

BILLY

Which ear first?

ARI

Can't we talk about this!?

Security men enter into the office and grab Billy away from Ari. Billy yells at the top of his lungs.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I'll have your head, Gold! I swear
to you!

(CONTINUED)

INT. HOLDING CELL - HOURS LATER

Drama, Vince, Eric and Turtle sit across the visitor's area as Walsh paces back and forth...steaming.

VINCE

You really said that?

WALSH

They can't do this movie, Vince.

VINCE

I didn't know about it until yesterday.

DRAMA

It's just a prequel, Billy. Besides, you'll probably get a good percentage out of it.

WALSH

Prequels are for faggots. If you didn't get it the first time around then you're a retard.

Turtle approaches the glass.

TURTLE

Hey Billy...you get fucked in the ass yet?

WALSH

I'm gonna fuck you in the ass as soon as I get out, you garden gnome.

ERIC

Ari only offered the part to Vince last morning.

WALSH

Well, if it isn't undercover suit. It was probably your idea to begin with...snake bitch.

ERIC

Oh, I'm the fucking snake?

Billy and Eric get close to the cell. Vince holds Eric.

VINCE

Guys! Relax...Alright? Where did you hear it from, anyways?

(CONTINUED)

WALSH
Fucking TRL! That pussy
network...talking about my film!

Vince slowly turns to Drama.

DRAMA
Will find the jerk who leaked it,
Billy.

VINCE
(Staring at Drama)
I think I'm looking at him.

Everyone turns to Drama, while Drama turns to another crowd
of people.

DRAMA
Where?

TURTLE
You...you moron.

DRAMA
Me?...What's with the accusation?

VINCE
What about that girl you brought
over from MTV?

ERIC
You brought over a girl from MTV?

TURTLE
He date raped her for sure.

DRAMA
I did not. She was dry heaving,
asshole.

TURTLE
If that's what you wanna call it-

VINCE
Well, did you...or didn't you tell
her?

Drama holds back for a moment.

DRAMA
She...she gave me a great hand job,
bro. You understand, right? We were
in the whirlpool...I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

VINCE
I don't know what to say.

BILLY
You're such a mongoloid,
Drama...you know that?

Vince turns back to Billy.

VINCE
I'm sorry about this whole mess.
I'll give a call to Ari, will get
you out of here, okay?

BILLY
What about you?

Vince stares at Billy who seems to be broken down.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Are you doing the movie or not?

Vince is quiet as they all turn to him.

INT. ARI'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Ari sits on his couch as repair men replace the glass. His shirt is still torn, while he ices his lip.

Suddenly, his CELLPHONE VIBRATES.

INSERT (CELL DISPLAY): VINCE CHASE CALLING.

Ari sighs.

INT. BARBARA MILLER'S OFFICE - EVENING

Barbara stares out her corner window, while she holds a phone to her ear.

EXT. SECURITY JAIL - EVENING

Billy, Turtle, Drama, Eric and Vince walk down the steps.

BARBARA (VO)
Hi, Shia? It's Barbara. You still
interested in Queens?

Eric looks at Vince, while Vince places on his shades.

BARBARA (VO)
That's good....because it's yours.

FADE OUT