WILL OF FORTUNE

WRITTEN By

ALAN ABAZA

Email: alanabaza@yahoo.com
WGA # 1801008

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS- REGISTRATION:
P AU3 (-) 127(-) 715
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 BEAU COUP!

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?

JANIKAA
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.


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’ 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 sesam!

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 enters the office where Charlie and (his partner) Big Mike are sitting behind a desk doing some paperwork! 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 and 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 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 o 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. He 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 a 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 what 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, butt 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 how 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 bi 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 I 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 dashboard.

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-60s, 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 an 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 ass 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 hu steel gate. They’re staking out the property. Multiple ca 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 the 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 kids 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 o the kids in the head. He bends down to pick them up and t back of the suit rips, exposing his buttocks.

JAMES (CONT’D)
Ok kids, now we’re gonna play a really fun game.


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 goi 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. Jam 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 solider.

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 like 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 lot 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 necklace. 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.


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 ou 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.
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

(Smilng)
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 OFICER
(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 purist, 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 are 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 in 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 turns on the TV. It’s CHANNEL 5. A commercial on.

The station goes back to regular programming. The show is called “FANTACY 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. Yeeeesssssssss.

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.