

GET HARD

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Address
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EXT. BRAD'S HOUSE - MORNING

A very nice, two-story house in Bel Air with a BMW parked in the driveway.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

A timer goes off. Soft classical music plays as the drapes automatically open, revealing a beautiful backyard. A state-of-the-art espresso machine automatically dispenses coffee into a cup. Brad wakes next to ALISSA BARROW, exceptionally beautiful. He looks at her sleeping: An angel. He rolls over and reaches out for his morning espresso.

EXT. BRAD'S BACKYARD - MORNING

Brad, dressed in white, works out with a CAPOEIRA INSTRUCTOR. He does several awkward-looking capoeira flips and spins and is complimented effusively by his instructor.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Behind the receptionist's desk is chiselled in marble: BARROW FUNDS MANAGEMENT.

INT. BRAD'S OFFICE - DAY

Brad works behind a desk in a large office. RICK MORNINGSIDE, another rich white fund manager, steps in.

RICK

Hey, Wizard, psyched for the big engagement party?

BRAD

You know it.

RICK

Can't believe my best friend's marrying the boss's daughter. He's definitely making you partner.

BRAD

I'm not marrying Alissa to get a promotion.

RICK

No shit. She's hot. She's like \$5,000-call-girl hot.

BRAD
That's not a compliment.

RICK
Not the money-for-sex part. I'm
talking about the...

Rick mimes holding breasts.

RICK (CONT'D)
BOOM and the...

Rick mimes grabbing an ass.

RICK (CONT'D)
POW and the...

Rick mimes having sex with someone from behind.

RICK (CONT'D)
WICKY WICKY WICKY.

BRAD
Knock it off!

RICK
Dude, I'm saying it's not
opportunistic, it's boneristic.

BRAD
That's probably as good as it's
going to get, so let's leave it
there.

RICK
Hug it out.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

MARTIN BARROW, CEO of Barrow Funds Management, early 70s, gentle and sincere (think Sam Waterston), the kind of guy who can't help but exude integrity, presides over a table of fund managers, including Brad and Rick.

MARTIN
The quarterly reports are in and,
once more, our top performer is the
Pacific Asia Fund, managed by Brad
Derver, or should I say, my future
son-in-law.

The room applauds. Brad looks around the table beaming.

EXT. BRAD'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Brad's BMW is parked in the driveway. DARNELL TAYLOR, early 30s, hard-working and self-possessed, gets buckets and sponges out of a pick-up truck with a logo on the door: HOLLYWOOD HAND WASH -- "We treat your car like a star."

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brad and Alissa get ready for their engagement party.

ALISSA

I never told you what I came up with for the ice sculpture: It's you on your knees praying, while two angels lower me from heaven.

BRAD

Huh. I liked the old idea, with the two of us holding hands.

ALISSA

But this way, we're the answer to each other's prayers.

BRAD

I don't know. This seems like you're just the answer to my prayers.

ALISSA

(suddenly furious)
You know what? Fuck it, Brad! Fuck the whole thing! Smash the sculpture and stick the ice in your fucking margarita if that's the kind of engagement party you want!

BRAD

Hey, hey! Calm down! If you like it, I like it.

ALISSA

(suddenly calm)
I love you so much.

She pecks Brad on the cheek and returns to applying make-up.

DARNELL (O.C.)

Come on, motherfucker!

ALISSA

What was that?

Brad looks out the window. He sees: Darnell washing the BMW while listening to a basketball game on the radio.

BRAD

It's the car washer.

ALISSA

(furious again)

Brad, why the fuck would you get the car washed now? You know what? Fuck it! I'll just tell my parents to cancel the party because tonight, you and I are going to sit in lawn chairs and watch your fucking car get washed!

BRAD

Honey, relax, I'll talk to him.

EXT. BRAD'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Darnell washes the BMW listening to a game on the radio. He doesn't notice Brad exiting the house.

BASKETBALL ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...and another miss! Kemba Walker cannot find his rhythm tonight...

DARNELL

Find your goddamn rhythm, Kemba!

BRAD

Excuse me...

DARNELL

Oh. Sorry about that, just listening to the game.

BASKETBALL ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And out of bounds! Another Charlotte turnover.

DARNELL

Fuck!

(covering quickly)

Sorry. I'm a big fan.

BRAD

How soon do you think you'll have my car ready?

DARNELL

Not long. I think I should be done
in...

BASKETBALL ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...And that's another three-pointer
for the Clippers!

DARNELL

YOU ARE FUCKING KILLING ME!
(recovering to Brad)
...five, ten minutes. That okay?

BRAD

Sure. Thanks.

BASKETBALL ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And the Hornets are out of time!
That's the game.

DARNELL

MOTHERFUCKER!

Darnell whips a sponge at Brad's car and kicks over a bucket
of water. Brad looks at Darnell, concerned.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

I had a little bet on the game.

EXT. PACIFIC PALISADES MANSION - EVENING

Expensive cars fill a driveway in front of a grand house.

EXT. MANSION BACKYARD - EVENING

Guests at a very upscale engagement party mill around a large
ice sculpture of an idealized naked Alissa being lowered by
angels. Rick stands by it, staring up. Brad approaches.

BRAD

Rick, give it a rest.

RICK

The sculptor did a great job. It's
exactly what I've always imagined.

Brad regards him with discomfort. A bead of water drips off
the tip of one of Alissa's breasts. Rick catches it in his
drink and sips eagerly.

BRAD

Don't drink water from my fiancée's
ice breasts.

RICK

Great choice being naked. Very
artistic.

REVEAL: Ice Brad, kneeling below the angels and Alissa. He has not been idealized -- he has rolls of fat and a stubby penis.

BRAD

Actually, that was a surprise.

(beat)

I think the steam from the chafing
dish melted my penis.

Martin approaches, taking in the ice sculpture.

MARTIN

Magnificent. Brad, a word?

INT. MANSION LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Brad and Martin sip drinks admiring an impressive formal portrait of Martin, Alissa and Martin's wife, JESSICA, who's incredibly well preserved and still surprisingly hot in her mid-50s.

MARTIN

Family, Brad. That's what really
matters. It's my rock. Soon, we'll
be welcoming you into ours.

BRAD

That means so much to me, Martin. I
didn't have much of a family
growing up -- as you know, my
father left us when I was two.

MARTIN

Brad, I was wondering: Would it
make you uncomfortable if I asked
you to call me "Dad"?

BRAD

No, I'd be honored.

Brad is deeply moved.

MARTIN

Come here, son.

Martin gives Brad a hug. Brad hugs him back. Alissa and Jessica enter with drinks.

ALISSA
The sculpture is perfect.

JESSICA
Beautiful and tasteful. Who wants another cocktail?

MARTIN
I think they're about to serve dinner, dear.

JESSICA
(suddenly furious)
You know what, Martin? Fuck it! I thought we were having a civilized party, but I'll just tell the chef to throw the food in a trough so we can gorge ourselves like fucking barnyard animals!

MARTIN
(cheerily)
Another round it is.

JESSICA
(suddenly calm)
Thank you, Martin dear.

Jessica gives Martin a kiss. Martin smiles at Brad.

MARTIN
My rock.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Darnell parks his truck in a rough neighborhood. He gets out and enters the building.

INT. RITA AND DARNELL'S APARTMENT - EVENING

The two-bedroom apartment is tidy but small and run-down. RITA, 20s, Darnell's wife, wears a nurse's uniform and washes up in the kitchen area. GLENN, 10, Darnell's son, bespectacled, types on a laptop. Darnell enters.

GLENN
Hey, Dad.

DARNELL
What up, little man?

GLENN
Nothing much, just writing some
code.

DARNELL
You mind taking that to your room?
I gotta talk to mom.

Glenn takes his computer and exits. Rita and Darnell kiss.

RITA
What's up, baby?

DARNELL
I want to hold off on putting that
deposit down for the private
school.

RITA
Why?

DARNELL
It's non-refundable, right?

RITA
So? We know Glenn's going. And with
the financial aid they're giving
us, we've got enough to pay for the
first year.

DARNELL
Actually, we don't. I invested five
thousand dollars of it and it
didn't work out.

RITA
What did you invest in?

DARNELL
The Charlotte Hornets. I made a
bet.

RITA
(stunned)
You gambled with Glenn's tuition?

DARNELL
It was five to one. If they'd
pulled it out, which they almost
did, we could've paid for two more
years of school.

RITA

And now we can only pay for half of one! Why would you do that?

DARNELL

It took our whole lives to save enough for one year at that school. What about next year? And the year after that?

RITA

And so you bet on basketball?

DARNELL

I promise I won't do it again, but I was just thinking about us.

RITA

What are we going to do now? Send Glenn to that gang-banger junior high?

DARNELL

I'll come up with the money.

Rita walks away. Darnell calls after her.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

I'll tighten up the budget, I'll get some more clients...

Rita walks back in with a folded blanket and a pillow, hands it to him, and exits.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

(calling after her)

I'm not sure what you want me to do with these, but I've decided to sleep on the couch tonight. So thank you.

EXT. MANSION BACKYARD - EVENING

Alissa and Brad stand with Martin and Jessica. Martin addresses the well-heeled crowd, raising his champagne glass in a toast.

MARTIN

Alissa, your sweetness and generosity show in everything you do.

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Brad, over at Barrow Management we call you The Wizard, a mythical being, but I think you're the real deal in every way, and I look forward to your being part of our family. To your happiness.

The guests applaud and toast. Alissa takes the microphone.

ALISSA

Thank you all for coming.

Brad pulls the microphone over.

BRAD

Uh huh. I would like to comment on the ice sculpture. I did not pose for that. That is entirely the artist's conception of what I look like naked. Alissa can speak to the inconsistencies better than I can.

ALISSA

It looks just like him.

BRAD

It doesn't. I exercise regularly. And if you happen to stand next to me in the bathroom, a quick glance to the side will let you know I'm doing okay down there, aren't I, Alissa?

ALISSA

I don't want to talk about this.

BRAD

I am. It's big.

FBI AGENTS enter the room and make their way to the stage.

FBI AGENT

Brad Derver?

BRAD

Yes?

FBI AGENT

FBI. You're under arrest.

EXT. MANSION - EVENING

Brad is led out by the FBI agents into a black SUV. Alissa, Jessica, Martin, Rick and other guests trail behind them.

BRAD

I didn't do anything! I don't know what this is about! I swear!

MARTIN

Don't worry, we'll clear this up! I'm calling my lawyer!

The SUV drives away. Alissa, crying, collapses into her father's arms.

ALISSA

Oh my God! This is so humiliating!

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Brad, looking bedraggled and wearing the same clothes, enters and hugs Martin.

BRAD

Thanks for posting bail, Martin.

MARTIN

Don't even think about it. This is all some misunderstanding.

PETER DANTE, a confident criminal lawyer, strides in.

PETER

Okay, I've been in contact with the D.A.'s office. The charge is securities fraud. They're saying you bought a substantial interest in a Chinese company called Golden Dragon Mining. The company then tanked and you covered your losses by transferring money out of client accounts. They're estimating the missing funds at over \$200 million.

Peter hands Brad a file of printouts.

BRAD

That's crazy! I never invested in that company! And my fund has made at least a ten percent profit every year I've managed it!

PETER

They're saying you altered
transaction records to make it look
that way.

Brad looks through the printouts.

BRAD

These aren't my investments.

PETER

I have to be honest with you, Brad.
If I was a prosecutor, I couldn't
ask for stronger evidence than
this.

BRAD

What are you saying?

PETER

We should consider taking a plea.

BRAD

Absolutely not.

PETER

You risk a much more severe
sentence by going to trial.

BRAD

We're going to prove I didn't make
these transactions.

MARTIN

Of course we will. We'll get the
best investigators money can buy.

BRAD

And I'll take the stand.

PETER

If you insist, we'll go to trial.
But there's no way I'm letting you
testify.

BRAD

I will testify! And I will focus my
mind into a white-hot laser of
truth, and convince that jury that
I am innocent!

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Brad sits in the witness box, sweating profusely. The jury looks at him skeptically. One of the jurors draws a caricature of Brad with dollar signs for eyes on their note pad. Martin, Jessica, Alissa, and Rick, looking concerned, sit among the spectators. The D.A. holds out a handkerchief.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Mr. Derver, would you like to borrow this?

BRAD

No. Why?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

You're sweating.

BRAD

Oh. Yeah.

(to the jury)

It's hot in here, right?

Jury members shake their heads. We notice that most of them are wearing sweaters or jackets.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Well, it is over here, I guess because I'm higher.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Mr. Derver, is it true that at your firm, you're referred to as The Wizard?

Brad perks up. Finally something good is happening. He cheats towards the jury.

BRAD

Yes, it is.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Would you say that's because the returns you obtained for your investors were...magical?

BRAD

And wondrous, yes.

Peter, at the defense table, frantically shakes his head.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
 But as we all know, what we call
 "magic" is actually an illusion, a
 trick.

BRAD
 (realizing too late where
 this is going)
 No, but not mine. Mine was real.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
 Is it possible you were called The
 Wizard because you tricked people?

BRAD
 No! I was a good wizard, like in
 the Wizard of Oz!

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
 He was a fake.

Sweat is practically raining off of Brad's body.

BRAD
 No, okay, but...
 (directly to the jury)
 ...if I was one of the witches, I
 would've been the one who wasn't
 green.

The jury stares at Brad contemptuously.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The Judge turns to the jury.

JUDGE
 Ladies and gentlemen of the jury,
 have you reached a verdict?

The Jury Foreman eagerly jumps to his feet.

JURY FOREMAN
 Guilty!

JUDGE
 That's not the way this is done.
 Yes or no?

JURY FOREMAN
 But we all think he's guilty,
 right?

The other jurors enthusiastically raise their hands and yell "Oh yeah!" and "Definitely!" Brad watches this, dumbfounded. Martin, Jessica, Alissa and Rick sit behind him, upset.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Brad stands next to Peter at the defendant's table. The Judge eyes Brad with disdain.

JUDGE

Mr. Derver, it is dishonest, greedy individuals like yourself who endanger the financial stability of this country and the livelihoods of its citizens. For this reason, I am giving you the most severe sentence allowed to me under the law: Ten years, to be served in a maximum-security prison.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE: GET HARD

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Brad paces while Peter and Martin sit.

BRAD

I can't go to jail!

MARTIN

We'll appeal.

PETER

We can try, but without new evidence, I'm not hopeful.

MARTIN

For God's sake, there must be something we can do. This man's like a son to me.

PETER

Well, there is some good news. The judge has given you thirty days to get your affairs in order before reporting to San Quentin.

BRAD

That's not good news. You know why?
Because at the end of thirty days,
I'm going to prison!

MARTIN

Listen to me, son: I'm going to
keep our investigators working on
this 24/7 until they find out who
really did this. Don't give up
hope.

EXT. BRAD'S HOUSE - MORNING

Brad, looking depressed, exits the house. Darnell washes
Brad's car.

BRAD

Hello, Darvell.

DARNELL

Darnell.

BRAD

Right. I'm afraid I'm not going to
need your services after this
month.

DARNELL

No, no, no, come on, come on, you
can't do this to me. I need this
job. I'm in financial distress.
I've got marital acrimony! You got
a problem, we can work it out.

BRAD

It's not that...

DARNELL

Look, if it's the price, we'll
negotiate. I could throw in
detailing, no extra cost. Damn,
I'll lick the car clean, if that's
what you want...

BRAD

I'm going to prison.

DARNELL

(taken aback)

Oh.

BRAD

I've been accused of stealing from my clients. But I didn't do it.

DARNELL

Well, they're probably sending you to one of those Club Feds, right?

BRAD

San Quentin.

DARNELL

Well, you'll be out soon, though. Six months? A year?

BRAD

Ten years.

DARNELL

Okay, but with parole...

BRAD

No chance of early parole.

A long awkward pause while Darnell searches for a silver lining. He can find none.

DARNELL

Damn.

A Mercedes pulls up. The Driver rolls down his window and flings a large soda at Brad, soaking him.

DRIVER

Fuck you, Derver! I lost everything because of you!

The Mercedes drives on. After a beat, Darnell picks up a dry shammy cloth and hands it to Brad.

BRAD

Former client.

INT. BRAD AND ALISSA'S DINING ROOM - EVENING

Alissa and Brad eat dinner.

BRAD

Listen, there's something we need to talk about...

ALISSA

It's okay. I know what you're going to say.

BRAD

You do?

ALISSA

You want me to see other men while you're in prison.

BRAD

No! I know being apart isn't going to be easy. But I don't want you seeing other men.

ALISSA

You know what? Fuck it, Brad! I'll pour cement into my vagina! Then when you get out, you can chisel it open and stick your old-man penis in me, you selfish fuck!

BRAD

Okay, okay, you can see other guys.

ALISSA

I love you, Brad. Good-bye.

BRAD

Wait, where're you going?...We still have twenty-eight days.

Alissa slaps Brad across the face.

ALISSA

Don't make this harder than it already is.

She walks out. Brad watches her go, stunned.

INT. LE PETIT CHATEAU - DAY

Brad and Rick talk over lunch in an upscale restaurant.

BRAD

Doesn't that seem selfish?

RICK

Nah, she's right. You'd be a jerk to make her cement up her vagina.

BRAD
I wasn't going to --

AN ELDERLY WELL-DRESSED MAN runs up, tackles Brad out of his seat and begins pummeling him.

OLD MAN
You son of a bitch! You ruined me!

Brad curls in a ball as the Old Man beats him. WAITERS rush up, grab the Old Man, and take him away. Rick helps a dazed Brad up off the floor.

RICK
Man. That old man kicked your ass.
Imagine what they're going to do to
you when you get to prison!

Brad swallows, a terrible realization: He is completely unprepared for the reality of prison life.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brad sits on a couch eating pizza. A stack of prison-related DVDs sit on the coffee table. On the screen plays a scene from "I Was a Fugitive From a Chain Gang."

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Brad watches another movie, "Midnight Express." A prisoner is severely beaten. Brad takes several antacids.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Brad watches "The Shawshank Redemption" as Tim Robbins is beaten and raped. He throws up into a bucket.

EXT. BRAD'S HOUSE - MORNING

Darnell washes Brad's car. Brad, in his bathrobe, unshaven, looking very beaten down and dissheveled, staggers out of the front door to get the paper.

BRAD
Hello, Dandrelle.

DARNELL
Darnell.

BRAD

Right.

Brad notices the HOLLYWOOD HAND WASH logo on Darnell's truck.

BRAD (CONT'D)

You live in Hollywood?

DARNELL

Nah, I just thought it was a good name. I'm from Crenshaw.

A beat. Brad considers this.

BRAD

That's a tough neighborhood, right?

DARNELL

Parts of it, yeah.

BRAD

Lot of crime?

DARNELL

I guess.

BRAD

How would you like to make some extra money?

DARNELL

Hell yes.

BRAD

The thing is, I'm not prepared for prison. And I was thinking maybe I could hire you to help get me ready.

DARNELL

(offended)

Hold on. Why would I know how to get you ready for prison? Because I'm black?

BRAD

I'll pay you a thousand dollars a day.

DARNELL

(enthusiastic)

Let's get you ready for prison.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Brad and Darnell enter.

BRAD

Before we get started, I want you to know I didn't steal that money.

DARNELL

Hey, can I stop you right there? 'Cause it doesn't really matter. A jury decided you did steal it, which means you're going to prison. Which means you gotta be tough. Real tough.

BRAD

You're right. So where do we start?

Darnell has no idea. He looks around.

DARNELL

Well. I guess we should find out where you're at so we know how much work we gotta do. Can you fight?

BRAD

I know capoeira.

DARNELL

Who's that?

BRAD

No, it's a martial art.

DARNELL

That's good. Show me what you got.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Darnell sits watching Brad, now dressed in his capoeira whites, doing lame moves to New Age music: cartwheels, leg sweeps, flowing arm gestures. Darnell is mystified.

DARNELL

I'm sorry, can I interrupt? What are you doing?

BRAD

This is capoeira.

DARNELL

Really? Cause it looks like shitty breakdancing.

BRAD

It's interesting that you should say that. It's a style of fighting created by Brazilian slaves to look like dance so they could fool their masters.

DARNELL

You know that in prison, you're not gonna have music and mood lighting, right?

BRAD

This is a serious martial art.

DARNELL

So let's say I'm coming at you with a knife. Show me what you do.

Darnell picks up a remote control from the coffee table and lunges at Brad, who goes into a series of cartwheels and leg sweeps. Darnell stabs him repeatedly with the remote.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

I just stabbed you like seven times without even trying. No offense, but that is some lame-ass karate.

BRAD

Really? How about this?

Brad races towards Darnell and does an awkward flip towards him. Darnell steps to the side. Brad careens into a coffee table, smashing it. Darnell leans over and stabs him quickly with the remote control.

DARNELL

Now we know where we're at.

INT. RITA AND DARNELL'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Rita watches TV. Darnell enters.

RITA

Why're you home so late?

DARNELL

We can send Glenn to that school.

RITA

How?

DARNELL

I got a new job! Pays a thousand dollars a day.

RITA

Darnell, you better not be working for that gangbanger cousin of yours.

DARNELL

I haven't seen Joaquin in a year. Remember that client who gave me notice last week?

RITA

Yeah.

DARNELL

I'm helping him get ready for prison.

He hands her a check for a thousand dollars.

RITA

You need to give that back.

DARNELL

Why?

RITA

You don't know anything about preparing someone for prison.

DARNELL

Woman, I watch "Lockdown," "Maximum Security," "Fresh Meat"...

RITA

Those are TV shows.

DARNELL

He's lucky I'm helping him. He's a thief.

RITA

Really? And what do you call someone who takes money for a service he can't provide?

DARNELL

An entrepreneur.

GLENN (O.C.)
You should teach him how to make a
shiv out of plastic spoons.

Glenn's standing in the doorway. Rita looks at him,
concerned.

GLENN (CONT'D)
What? I watch those shows with Dad.

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Brad enters with Darnell. Darnell carries a large box.

DARNELL
Okay, I've been thinking about your
situation. No offense, but you're a
weak-ass bitch.

BRAD
How is that not offensive?

DARNELL
To toughen you up, I'm going to
turn this house into a
penitentiary. You're going to live,
eat, and breathe prison life, and
I'm going to be your warden.

BRAD
Is that really necessary?

Darnell slaps him across the face.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Hey! What was that for?

DARNELL
First rule of prison: Don't make
eye contact with other inmates.
It's a sign of aggression.

BRAD
(making eye contact)
You make them sound like animals.

Darnell slaps Brad again.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Ow!

DARNELL
They are animals -- who are all
trying to establish dominance.

BRAD
(making eye contact)
But in the business world...

Darnell slaps Brad again.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Sweet Jesus!

DARNELL
You ain't in the business world,
bitch!

BRAD
Will you stop...

SLAP.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Don't...

SLAP.

BRAD (CONT'D)
I'm having a really hard time
remembering not to...

SLAP!

EXT. BRAD'S TENNIS COURT - DAY

Darnell uses a ladder to put up razor wire on top of the
fence.

INT. BRAD'S WALK-IN CLOSET - DAY

Darnell takes out all of Brad's suits and nice shirts and
puts them in a garbage bag.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Darnell pulls a pile of jeans and white T-shirts out of a
Walmart bag and hands them to Brad.

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - DAY

Darnell installs harsh fluorescent lights in the ceiling.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Brad sits, takes a tentative bite of the slop on his plate and grimaces.

BRAD
Oh God. What is that?

DARNELL
No talking!

Darnell approaches and sticks a finger into Brad's food.

BRAD
What're you doing?

Darnell takes a handful of the food and throws it against the wall.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Hey!

DARNELL
You don't want people fucking with
your food, you best protect it.

Brad holds one hand over his food and tries to eat. Darnell pushes Brad's hand into the food.

BRAD
I was guarding it.

DARNELL
Not like that. Like this.

Darnell pushes Brad aside and hunkers low over the plate, wrapping his arm around it.

DARNELL (CONT'D)
Now you can't get at it.

Brad, trying to prove him wrong, reaches his hand towards the food. Darnell bites it.

BRAD
Auuugh!

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY

Brad sits on a chair. Darnell stands nearby.

BRAD

I don't see how sitting on my
tennis court is getting me ready
for prison.

DARNELL

You're in the yard right now. This
is where you get your few precious
minutes of fresh air and sunlight.

BRAD

But that's the good part of prison.
I don't need to get ready for that.

Darnell, becoming very thuggish, saunters up to Brad.

DARNELL

What the fuck you doing here, white
motherfucker?!

BRAD

You told me to sit here. Why are
you talking like that?

DARNELL

This part of the yard is for
brothers only, you feel me?
Now move your motherfucking chair.

Brad scoots his chair to another part of the tennis court.
Darnell buttons the top button of his shirt and walks over.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

(Hispanic accent)

Chu in the wrong part of the yard,
esse.

BRAD

I don't understand what's
happening.

DARNELL

This part of the yard is Chicano
only. Chu need to move or I'm gonna
cut you!

Darnell flourishes a metal lid from a tennis ball can.

BRAD

That's a tennis can lid.

DARNELL
I'm gonna keel you, white boy!

BRAD
This is stupid.

Brad scoots his chair to another part of the tennis court.
Darnell walks over to him.

DARNELL
(Jewish)
Oy, mashuguna! What are you doing
here?

BRAD
(looking him the eye)
Oh come on!

Darnell slaps him.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Fuck!

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Brad takes a shower, looking unhappy and self-conscious. PULL
OUT TO REVEAL: Darnell standing next to him, also naked.

INT. BASEMENT - EVENING

Darnell leads Brad down the stairs.

BRAD
What are we doing?

Darnell opens a glass door and turns on the light. It's a
wine cellar with a cot and a bucket in it.

DARNELL
This is your cell. You stay in here
till I let you out in the morning.

BRAD
What if I need to use the bathroom?

DARNELL
That's what's the bucket's for. Get
in.

Brad walks in. Darnell shuts the door and presses the play
button on a nearby boom box.

TERRIBLE PRISON SOUNDS: Clanging steel doors, terrified screaming, aggressive yelling. Brad looks through the door, upset.

DARNELL (CONT'D)
Sleep tight, bitch.

INT. RITA AND DARNELL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darnell sits up in bed looking at his laptop next to Rita, asleep. On the screen is a website: "How to Survive in Prison." Darnell writes in a notebook.

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

SFX: HORRIFIC PRISON CD. Darnell enters, turns off the prison CD and opens the wine cellar. Brad, exhausted, sits on the edge of his cot. He stands, revealing that he's wearing only briefs.

BRAD
This isn't going to work. I had to
defecate at three in the morning
and I couldn't get back to sleep --
the smell is horrible.

Darnell shields his eyes from the sight of Brad's body.

DARNELL
Dude, you are a pasty, flabby mess.
You gotta get in shape.

INT. HOME GYM - MORNING

Brad turns on the light revealing a room full of froufrou exercise equipment: Bowflexes, elliptical trainers, sit-up assists, etc. They look brand new and unused.

DARNELL
Oh hell no. You gotta work out
prison style.

EXT. TENNIS COURT - MORNING

CU of Brad's face, contorted with effort.

BRAD
This seems really unstable...

PULL OUT TO REVEAL: Darnell sitting on Brad's shoulders, eating a sandwich.

DARNELL

Shut up and squat me, motherfucker.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

On the coffee table are plastic spoons, a lighter, and a brick. Darnell holds a lighter under two spoons, showing Brad how to melt them together.

DARNELL

You see, they're almost like one piece now. Then you sharpen the handle against the brick like this...

Darnell heats the tip of the spoon handles, then sharpens them against the brick. He shows Brad the point.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

You've got your blade now. And you use a torn T-shirt to make your handle.

Darnell takes a torn-up T-shirt and wraps it around the bottom of the shiv.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

Someone fucks with you...

Darnell pretends to stab someone multiple times lightning quick while whispering in their ear.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

Die, motherfucker, die!

Brad takes this in, disturbed.

BRAD

Okay...

DARNELL

Now get to work. I'll be right back.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

Darnell sets a stack of books at a check-out counter -- self-defense primers, prison diaries, a history of the American penal system, etc.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Darnell enters.

DARNELL
Okay, let's see it.

BRAD
I haven't gotten to the sharp part
yet, but I think I've got a pretty
good handle.

Brad proudly shows off an intricately carved wooden handle of
a rabbit on its hind legs.

DARNELL
How the fuck did you do this?

BRAD
I whittled it with a knife.

Brad holds up a Swiss Army knife.

DARNELL
Motherfucker, you ain't gonna have
a knife in prison! That's why
you're making a shiv!

BRAD
Right. So make the shiv first, THEN
whittle the handle.

DARNELL
No! No whittling!

Darnell grabs the knife from Brad, accidentally slicing
Brad's hand.

BRAD
YAAAAAH!

INT. RITA AND DARNELL'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Rita finishes bandaging Brad's hand while Darnell looks on.

RITA
A little deeper and you would've
needed stitches. How'd you do this?

BRAD
Darnell cut me.

RITA

What?

DARNELL

It was an accident. I was taking a knife away from him.

BRAD

He didn't like the shiv I made.

RITA

You've got him making shivs?

BRAD

Part of my training for prison.

RITA

So do you feel like you're learning anything from Darnell?

DARNELL

(nipping this in the bid)
Of course he does.
(pointedly)
And I'm only charging him a thousand dollars a day. Come on, we got to get back to it.

RITA

He's had enough training for today.
(to Brad)
You're staying for supper.

INT. RITA AND DARNELL'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Sitting at the dinner table, Glenn shows Brad a cool-looking website for Darnell's car-washing business. Rita and Darnell get dinner ready in the kitchen area.

GLENN

Now watch this: The brushes morph into little versions of my dad, who get all the spots the brushes missed.

BRAD

(impressed)
You did all this?

DARNELL

Little man's a computer genius.

RITA

It's what got him into his new school.

DARNELL

That and our life savings. Okay, put away the computer, we're about to eat.

Rita brings in plates of food and sets them down. They all begin to eat. Darnell reaches over and jams his fingers in Brad's food.

RITA

Darnell, what are you doing?

BRAD

That's my fault -- I wasn't eating properly.

Brad hunches over his food and starts furiously shovelling it into his mouth. Rita watches him quizzically.

BRAD (CONT'D)

This is part of my training.

As he speaks to her, Brad looks over her shoulder.

RITA

What are you looking at?

BRAD

Just trying not to make eye contact. Also part of my training.

Brad goes back to eating like an animal. Rita shoots a look at Darnell. Darnell relents.

DARNELL

(to Brad)

You don't have to eat like that -- I won't mess with your food.

Brad goes back to eating normally.

BRAD

This is nice. Do you do this all the time?

DARNELL

Eat?

BRAD
Together. At a table. Talking like
this.

RITA
Whenever Darnell's not working
late.

BRAD
(to Glenn)
You're lucky you have a family like
this.

Glenn takes a picture of everyone with his phone.

GLENN
I'll send it to you so you can
remember what life was like before
prison.

RITA
(admonishing)
Glenn...

GLENN
Did you really steal two hundred
million dollars?

DARNELL
That's none of your business.

BRAD
No, I don't mind. Because I didn't
do it.
(to Glenn)
Managing the money of other people
is something I've always taken very
seriously. I earned my returns
through hard work, but they're
saying it was through cheating.
Imagine if somebody said you didn't
make that great website for your
dad, that you just tricked everyone
into thinking you did. That's
what's been done to me.

After a beat:

BRAD (CONT'D)
Amazing meat loaf.

RITA
Thank you.

Brad's phone rings. He reads a text.

BRAD

I'm sorry, I have to go -- it has to do with my case.

Brad stands.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Thanks again for dinner.

Brad exits.

DARNELL

(calling after him)

Hey, man! You gotta come back to prison!

RITA

Darnell. I don't think he did it.

GLENN

Me neither.

RITA

That's an innocent man you're taking advantage of.

Darnell looks annoyed; this is a responsibility he is unwilling to accept.

DARNELL

Man, he's conning both of you. He's just another white dude who got rich by taking other people's money.

Darnell looks toward the door.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

That's a jailbreak right there.

INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - EVENING

Martin sits across from CHET COLEMAN and MARK GRIMES, two private investigators. The large, impressive office is decorated with vintage movie posters, including a poster for "South Pacific." Brad enters. Martin jumps up and embraces him.

MARTIN

Brad, you're looking fit. Have you lost weight?

BRAD

I'm on a special diet and exercise program.

MARTIN

Gentlemen, this is my future son-in-law, Brad Derver.

BRAD

Didn't you hear? Alissa and I broke up.

MARTIN

Give her time, she'll come around. This is Chet Coleman and Mark Grimes. They're private investigators who specialize in cyber crime.

BRAD

Hi.

MARTIN

Tell him what you told me.

COLEMAN

Chinese hackers have become more sophisticated. We've seen situations lately where they've taken money and altered records to cover their tracks.

BRAD

Like what happened to me.

COLEMAN

The transactions show your fund losing money through a Chinese company, so it makes them likely suspects.

GRIMES

We're currently working with contacts we have at Interpol and the CIA to find some evidence we can use for an appeal.

Brad smiles, heartened and greatly relieved.

INT. RITA AND DARNELL'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Darnell and Rita clean up after dinner.

RITA

Make sure you leave your checkbook tomorrow. I need to buy school uniforms.

DARNELL

That's not included in tuition?

RITA

No. And we need to pay our fees for extracurricular activities and textbooks before the end of the week.

DARNELL

Damn. If he needs to wipe his ass, they gonna charge us for the toilet paper?

INT. LOBBY - EVENING

Martin walks Brad to the elevator.

BRAD

Martin, I really appreciate everything you're doing for me.

MARTIN

I wish I could do more. There's something that I want you to have.

Martin pulls an old wristwatch from his pocket.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

This was my dad's. It saw him through a POW camp in the Second World War. I'm confident it'll see you through your hard times, too.

BRAD

(moved)

I don't know how I'll ever repay you.

MARTIN

A couple years from now, when I'm sitting around your living room with my grandkids, you can tell me the time.

INT. BRAD'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Darnell looks at the betting lines in the sports pages. He takes out his phone and dials.

DARNELL

Hey, Phil. Darnell. I want to put three thousand on the Dodgers over the Phillies tomorrow. Thanks, man.

Brad enters. Darnell hangs up.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

What the fuck you think you're doing, taking off like that?

BRAD

I got some good news. My boss hired some new investigators. They think Chinese hackers might have set me up. I might not have to go to jail.

Darnell looks concerned. He needs Brad's money.

DARNELL

Whoa whoa...slow down. They give you a money-back guarantee they're gonna find these Chinese dudes in the next three weeks?

BRAD

No, but...

DARNELL

And even if they do, you know how long it takes to get an appeal? Shit, one day in prison could fuck up your life. Until a judge says you're innocent, you're doing the time.

BRAD

I didn't think about that.

DARNELL

Yeah, well now you're going in the Hole for breaking out.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

Brad bangs on the door, screaming.

BRAD

Let me out! I can't take it
anymore!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Darnell opens the door. Brad, sweaty and crazed, crawls out.

BRAD

I lost all track of time. I had to
invent an imaginary friend to keep
from losing my mind.

DARNELL

You were in there for twenty
minutes.

BRAD

That's insane. I was going to hang
myself.

EXT. BRAD'S HOUSE - DAY

Alissa walks up to the front door with a Starbucks bag and
rings the doorbell. Darnell answers.

ALISSA

(confused)

Hi...Aren't you the car washer?

DARNELL

You here to visit Brad?

ALISSA

Yes.

DARNELL

This way.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - DAY

Alissa sits on the toilet and Brad sits in the tub, the glass
shower partition between them. Darnell stands nearby like a
prison guard.

BRAD

Did you bring the bran muffin and
the grande latte?

ALISSA

Yes.

DARNELL

Whoa whoa whoa. Let me see that.

Darnell takes the bag from Alissa. He takes out a coffee cup, pulls off the cap, sticks his fingers in, and puts the cap back on. He takes out a bran muffin and jams his fingers in it, pulling it apart.

ALISSA

What are you doing?

DARNELL

Checking for contraband.

Darnell slides the shower partition open and gives the bag to Brad, who greedily pulls out the violated muffin and devours it like a wild animal.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

You've got five minutes.

Darnell exits and closes the door.

ALISSA

What is going on here?

BRAD

Darnell's helping me get ready for prison -- this is what visitations are like.

ALISSA

I wanted to talk to you about your house. Don't sell it when you go to prison.

BRAD

Why not?

ALISSA

Since I'm going to be seeing other men, I may I want to live here with one of them.

BRAD

What?

ALISSA

It's perfect. A lot of my stuff is already here.

BRAD

I don't want you living in my house with another man!

ALISSA

Fuck it, then! I'll hook up with some homeless guy and live in a box under a bridge! Then when you get out of prison, you can pick the fleas out of my pubic hair and fight some crack addict to have sex with me!

BRAD

Okay, okay, you can live in my house with another man.

ALISSA

I love you.

BRAD

I love you, too.

Brad, very serious, puts his hand on the glass. He waits for Alissa, who doesn't move.

BRAD (CONT'D)

(prompting)

You're supposed to put your hand where mine is.

ALISSA

I'm not putting my hand on your shower door.

BRAD

Then how about pressing your breasts up against the glass while I masturbate?

ALISSA

Leave the key under the mat.

She exits. Brad shakes his head -- "What did I just agree to?"

INT. DARNELL'S TRUCK - DAY

Darnell drives, Brad rides shotgun. The Dodgers-Phillies game plays on the radio.

BRAD

I don't know about a tattoo. I like the body God gave me.

DARNELL

Don't nobody else.

BRAD
That's hurtful.

DARNELL
You look like somebody dipped the Pillsbury Doughboy in pubic hair. We gotta cover that shit up. Tattoos are prison shorthand for "Don't fuck with me."

BASEBALL ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
...fly ball, going back, going back...home run for the Phillies!

DARNELL
No, no, fuck fuck FUCK!

BRAD
Another little bet?

DARNELL
Don't ever say that shit around Rita.

BRAD
Hiding gambling from your wife isn't healthy. You may have a problem.

DARNELL
Fuck you, Dr. Phil. I'm just trying to improve my circumstances.

BRAD
You've got a great family. That's all that matters.

DARNELL
Oh that's all that matters? Would you want to live in my apartment?

BRAD
Well...

DARNELL
Would you want your kid to go to school in my neighborhood?

BRAD
No, but...

DARNELL

So it's good enough for me but not good enough for you. Fuck you! I want nice shit, just like you!

BRAD

Gambling's not the way to get it.

DARNELL

No shit. The way to get it is expand my business. I tried for a small-business loan, but apparently no bank will give one to a guy from Crenshaw with a year in community college and a pick-up full of cleaning supplies.

BASEBALL ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

...Gonzalez bobbles it, and the runner is safe at first!

DARNELL

So I gotta depend on these motherfuckers! Catch the damn ball, Gonzalez! Come on!

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - DAY

A TATTOO ARTIST shows Brad and Darnell a book of terrifying tattoos. Darnell points at A SKULL WITH A SNAKE COMING OUT OF ITS EYE and A DEVIL WITH A LONG FORKED TONGUE.

DARNELL

That one. And that one. I'll pick you up later.

INT. SPORTS BAR - DAY

Darnell sits in a nearly empty bar, watching the Dodgers-Phillies game on TV. The Phillies congratulate each other.

BASEBALL ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...the Dodgers lose at home as the Phillies squeak out a come-from-behind victory.

Darnell shakes his head, miserable.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - LATER

Brad sits in the waiting area. Darnell enters.

DARNELL
Where're your tats?

Brad proudly lifts his shirt, revealing, on his chest, THE
FACES OF HALL & OATES (from the "Private Eyes" era). Darnell
can't believe what he's seeing.

DARNELL (CONT'D)
What the fuck did you do?

BRAD
Well, since I'm going to have this
a lot longer than I'm going to be
in prison, I decided to get a
tattoo that says something about
who I am. And who I am is a really
big Hall & Oates fan.

DARNELL
Who the fuck are they?

BRAD
Oh come on.
(singing)
*Private eyes (clap) They're
watching you (clap clap) They see
your every move...*

Darnell, more frustrated than ever, rubs his temples.

EXT. BRAD'S HOUSE - DAY

Brad and Darnell get out of the pick-up.

DARNELL
Might as well have gotten a
butterfly tramp stamp.

BRAD
I thought about that, but then I'd
never get to see it.

Suddenly, A WHITE MAN IN A SUIT jumps from behind a bush,
grabs Brad around the neck, and holds a gun to his head.
Darnell freezes, terrified.

MAN IN A SUIT
You ruined me! I had everything in
your fund, and you stole it!

BRAD
I didn't do it!

MAN IN A SUIT
 Don't you lie to me! Admit what you
 did or I'll kill you!

BRAD
 I can't admit to what I didn't do!

DARNELL
 Just say you did it!

The Man in a Suit spins and sees Darnell for the first time.
 He throws up his hands.

MAN IN A SUIT
 Oh my God! Don't hurt me!

Darnell is flabbergasted by this racist behavior.

DARNELL
 This motherfucker...

MAN IN A SUIT
 Please! Here, it's not even a real
 gun.

The Man in a Suit hands the gun to Darnell, who inspects it
 and pulls the trigger. A flame appears out of the barrel.

DARNELL
 Get the fuck out of here before I
 light your ass on fire!

The Man in a Suit runs off. Darnell looks at Brad with new
 eyes: He now knows he's innocent.

INT. RITA AND DARNELL'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Darnell sits at the table, eating. Rita checks her e-mail.

DARNELL
 He thought he was going to get
 killed and he still wouldn't admit
 it. He's innocent.

RITA
 That poor man.

DARNELL
 Someone set his ass up...

Rita clicks on an e-mail that reads ACCOUNT ALERT.

RITA
Why did you take three thousand
dollars out of our account?

DARNELL
I didn't.

RITA
I just got an alert from the bank.

DARNELL
Since when do you get alerts about
our account?

RITA
Since I found out you're a gambler.

DARNELL
I'm not a gambler! I made one bet.

RITA
So what happened to the three
thousand dollars?

DARNELL
(after a beat:)
I made a second bet. But that
doesn't make me "a gambler."

RITA
(stunned)
You promised me!

DARNELL
Yeah, but then you told me how we
gotta buy uniforms and books and
everything! How're we gonna pay for
all that? I feel like I'm the only
one looking at reality here!

RITA
I don't understand. You're making
good money now working for Brad.

DARNELL
He goes to jail in two weeks. Then
where's the money coming from? For
high school, for college, for
everything?

RITA
Gambling's not the solution.

DARNELL
Well, if it's not, I don't see one.

RITA
I can't trust you.

Rita walks toward the bedroom.

DARNELL
(calling after her)
You know what? I've decided I'm
going to sleep on the couch
tonight.

RITA
(seething)
Oh have you?

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Darnell lies on a couch, asleep in his clothes from the night before. PULL BACK TO REVEAL: He's on the couch at Brad's house. Brad, still in his underwear, nudges him awake.

DARNELL
What're you doing out of your cell?

BRAD
You didn't let me out. Why are you
sleeping on my couch?

DARNELL
(covering)
What do you think? Making sure your
jailbreaking ass doesn't try to
escape again!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

CU on Darnell talking on the phone.

DARNELL
(incredibly deep voice)
Okay, baby, lift up your skirt. Mmm
hmmm. Now bend over. Shit's about
to get stank-ay...

REVEAL: Brad stands behind Darnell, waiting impatiently.

BRAD
This is stupid. Can I please use
the phone?

DARNELL

(incredibly deep voice)
Shut the fuck up! I'm six-seven,
350 pounds, I murdered someone with
a shovel, and I'm phone-fucking my
woman right now.

(into phone)
Oh baby, your ass like a juicy
peach...

BRAD

I need to make a call!

Brad grabs the phone from Darnell.

DARNELL

(regular voice)
You just got stabbed thirty times.
Make your call, you uneducatable
pain in my ass!

Brad dials.

BRAD

(into phone)
Hi Martin, I'm returning your
call...

INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Martin talks on a phone.

MARTIN

Hello, son. I wanted to bring you
up to date. We've had a bit of a
setback. The investigators have
ruled out Chinese hackers. But
they've got a lead on some
Russians, so they're going to look
into that.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

We intercut between Martin and Brad.

BRAD

Damn. I really thought the Chinese
looked promising.

MARTIN

I'm sorry. But I'll call you as
soon as I have any new information.

BRAD

Again, Martin, thank you for all your help.

Brad hangs up the phone.

DARNELL

What happened to the Chinese?

BRAD

They didn't do it. They're looking into some Russians now.

DARNELL

Wait a second. Where're you getting all this information?

BRAD

From Martin.

DARNELL

He's your boss, right?

BRAD

Right.

DARNELL

That's like me noticing all the cookies missing and my son offering to launch an investigation. Talking about, I think the neighbor's dog ate them. Oh no, it was the cat. Wait hold on, might have been a roach conspiracy. Ultimately, this investigation will yield limited results, due to the fact that my son ate the motherfucking cookies!

BRAD

What are you saying?

DARNELL

What if your boss took that money?

BRAD

He would never do that.

DARNELL

He's a rich dude. They're all evil motherfuckers.

BRAD

Not Martin. He wouldn't set me up --
I'm like a son to him. He gave me
his father's watch.

Brad shows off the watch Martin gave him.

DARNELL

I could buy a nasty old watch like
that at the pawn shop by my house
for five dollars.

BRAD

You have trust issues.

DARNELL

Whatever. But you wait. Your
phone's gonna ring: "The Bulgarians
did it."

Brad is troubled by this.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Darnell sleeps on Brad's couch in the same clothes. His phone
alarm goes off. Darnell awakes and turns it off.

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

Darnell descends the stairs, turns off the horrific prison CD
and opens the wine cellar. He looks alarmed. Inside, Brad
weeps, cradling two empty wine bottles.

DARNELL

What's wrong?

BRAD

I'm so sad. I tried to masturbate.
I fantasized that I was with Alissa
in my prison cell, but then this
big guy came in. He had Alissa
leave and he fucked me! Why did he
do that? Why didn't he just fuck
Alissa and leave me alone?

DARNELL

(confused)
But you were just making that shit
up...

BRAD

(still sobbing)

I tried a new fantasy. I took Alissa to the warden's office. It was very sexy -- we threw everything off the desk, I got on top of her, but then the big guy came in! And he fucked me again! And he made Alissa watch this time! How did he get in the warden's office?

DARNELL

Just stop thinking about that dude.

BRAD

I tried. I imagined that I escaped to an island with Alissa. It was so beautiful. Her body was all tan and wet. I wanted her so badly...and then the big guy came out from behind some palm trees!

DARNELL

Why do you keep putting him in your fantasies?

BRAD

He just shows up! He raped me with a shark!

DARNELL

What the fuck?!

BRAD

He put a shark inside me!

Darnell, very disturbed, backs out of the wine cellar.

DARNELL

Hey look man, why don't you just sleep in today? Clear your head. Maybe don't wack it anymore.

EXT. RUN-DOWN HOUSE IN A BAD NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Darnell walks warily up to the front door and knocks on it. JONALD, a big, scary gang soldier carrying a gun, answers the door.

JONALD

What the fuck you want?

DARNELL

I'm here to see Joaquin. Tell him
it's his cousin Darnell.

INT. DIRTY KITCHEN - DAY

Darnell sits across from JOAQUIN, a menacing, hard-ass gangster -- definitely bad news. Jonald stands by the back door, a gun in his waistband.

JOAQUIN

I thought you and Rita didn't
associate with me no more.

DARNELL

I need some help.

JOAQUIN

Ain't that a bitch. I don't see you
in a year and you come around here,
looking for help?

DARNELL

I got a job getting this guy ready
for prison...

JOAQUIN

What the fuck you know about doing
time, Squeaky Clean?

DARNELL

I don't know shit -- that's the
problem. I've been reading up on
the internet and whatnot but this
guy -- nothing's working. He's soft
-- like crazy soft. And I was
wondering, seeing as how you've
done time, if you had any advice.

Joaquin considers this.

JOAQUIN

The joint's all about perception.
If you seem hard, don't nobody fuck
with you. He know how to fight?

DARNELL

No.

JOAQUIN

He jacked?

DARNELL

No.

JOAQUIN

He got any tats?

DARNELL

Hall & Oates.

JOAQUIN

What's that?

DARNELL

Two gay-looking dudes from the Eighties.

JOAQUIN

Sounds like a bitch-ass motherfucker. Why you even care? You get paid either way.

DARNELL

'Cause he's innocent. And I got a responsibility to help him.

Joaquin and Jonald laugh uproariously.

JOAQUIN

Shit, cuz. You like a boy scout, all trustworthy and shit.

DARNELL

You have any advice or not?

JOAQUIN

I'll tell you what gets mad respect in the joint. Gunshot wound.

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY

Brad stands against the fence. Darnell stands a few steps back from him, a pistol at his side.

BRAD

Are you sure about this?

DARNELL

Look, man, I'm just gonna graze your shoulder. If you got a bullet wound, dudes in prison are gonna think you got street cred. That could save your life.

BRAD
(reluctantly)
Alright.

DARNELL
Don't move at all, understand?

Brad nods. Darnell raises the gun and aims at Brad's shoulder. Brad winces and squirms.

DARNELL (CONT'D)
I just said, don't move!

BRAD
It's hard when somebody's pointing
a gun at you. It's not natural.

Darnell takes aim again. Brad squirms.

DARNELL
Motherfucker! You want to get
killed?

BRAD
No!

DARNELL
Then STAND STILL!

Darnell takes aim. Brad remains still.

DARNELL (CONT'D)
You good now?

BRAD
Yes.

DARNELL
Okay, on three. One, two...

Lightning fast, Brad turns and scrambles up the fence. The gun fires.

BRAD
YAAAAAAAAAAH!

Brad clutches at his buttocks and falls on the ground.

INT. ENTRYWAY - DAY

Darnell opens the door for Rita. She carries a first-aid kit.

DARNELL
He's in here.

Darnell rushes Rita towards the living room.

RITA
What were you even doing with a
gun?

DARNELL
I borrowed it from Joaquin.

RITA
I should've known Joaquin was
involved.

DARNELL
I needed to shoot Brad.

RITA
You shot him on purpose?!

DARNELL
Just...come on!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brad lies face-down on the couch. Rita finishes cleaning his wound. Darnell stands nearby.

BRAD
How's it look?

Rita and Darnell exchange a look.

DARNELL
(lying)
Uh..not bad.

REVEAL: The wound is in the shape of an arrow pointing toward Brad's butthole.

INT. ENTRYWAY - DAY

Rita heads to the door. Darnell runs up to her.

DARNELL
Rita, I'm sorry. You're right:
Gambling's not a solution.

RITA

Does that mean you won't do it again?

DARNELL

I won't. We're going to have enough for Glenn's first year of school, then we'll figure it out from there. Can I come home?

RITA

Okay.

They kiss.

RITA (CONT'D)

But you need to tell Brad you don't know what you're doing.

DARNELL

I know what I'm doing.

RITA

If anything happens to him in prison, it'll be on you.

Rita leaves. Darnell shakes his head, feeling the great burden of his responsibility.

BRAD (O.C.)

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darnell runs into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Darnell enters to find Brad looking at his ass in the mirror.

BRAD

(angry)

Look what you did! I have an arrow pointing directly at my anus!

DARNELL

You're the one who moved.

BRAD

You haven't made me any tougher than when we started!

DARNELL

No, no, don't you put that on me. You're unteachable.

BRAD
I'm beginning to think you don't
know anything about prison.

Darnell considers this for a moment.

DARNELL
You know what? I don't.

BRAD
You said you did.

DARNELL
No, I didn't. You assumed I did
because you're a racist
motherfucker.

BRAD
I am not a racist! I give
generously to the United Negro
College Fund!

SFX: PHONE RING. Brad answers the phone.

DARNELL
You don't have phone privileges...

BRAD
Oh shut up.
(into phone)
Brad Derver...Hello Martin...Not
the Russians, huh?...Oh, well,
that's good, so I guess they'll be
looking into that, then. Thank you.

Brad hangs up the phone.

DARNELL
Who they looking into now?

BRAD
I don't want to say.

DARNELL
It's the Bulgarians, isn't it?

A beat.

BRAD
Romanians.

DARNELL

And you believe that shit?
Even if I was an expert, I couldn't
get you ready for prison. Because
you're a fucking idiot!

BRAD

Don't talk to me that way. You work
for me.

Darnell slaps him.

BRAD (CONT'D)

I didn't make eye contact.

DARNELL

I didn't say you did.

BRAD

Don't slap me for no reason!

Darnell slaps him again.

BRAD (CONT'D)

You slap me again, we're going to
have a problem.

A beat. Darnell slaps him again.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Stop slapping me!

Brad pushes Darnell.

DARNELL

Push me...

Darnell charges Brad. What follows is the sloppiest, craziest fight in the history of cinema. Brad and Darnell pull each other's hair, bite, throw things, roll around on the ground, etc. Clearly, neither of them has ever been in a fight in their lives. Because they can't really hurt each other, it goes on way longer than it should. They finally stop due to exhaustion, lying on their backs in the middle of the destroyed living room. Brad looks around, suddenly exultant.

BRAD

I take back what I said. I am
tougher.

DARNELL

What?

BRAD

I really held my own -- our work is paying off!

DARNELL

Man, you're twice my size and I don't know how to fight.

Darnell struggles to his feet.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

You know what? I'm out of here. You're gonna get killed in prison and I don't want that on my conscience.

Darnell leaves. Brad watches him go, bereft.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Brad half-heartedly continues his prison ritual without Darnell. He stirs a pot of slop on the stove top. He opens a cupboard, looking for ingredients, and discovers a cache of books and notebooks, all related to prison -- self-defense primers, prison diaries, a history of the American penal system, etc.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Brad sits on a couch, looking through Darnell's notebooks.

INT. WINE CELLAR - EVENING

Brad sits forlornly on the edge of his cot. HORRIFIC PRISON CD plays. He looks at a photo of himself with Darnell, Rita and Glenn gathered around the dinner table. He tapes it up on the wall.

INT. RITA AND DARNELL'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Darnell opens the door. Brad stands in the doorway.

BRAD

Hi.

DARNELL

What's up?

BRAD

I know it didn't work out but I wanted to say thanks for trying and give you this.

Brad takes out a check and gives it to Darnell.

DARNELL

Fifteen thousand dollars?

BRAD

It's the money you would've made if we'd kept working together. I wish it were more, but with most of my assets frozen, that pretty much taps me out.

DARNELL

I can't take this.

BRAD

Come on. For Glenn's school.

DARNELL

I didn't earn it.

BRAD

Then come back and work with me.

DARNELL

No. You were right -- I had no idea what I was doing.

Darnell puts the check back in Brad's shirt pocket.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

As long as you're here, you want to stay for dinner?

INT. RITA AND DARNELL'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Brad, Darnell, Rita and Glenn eat dinner.

DARNELL

Those investigators come up with anything new?

BRAD

No. Still working on the Romanians.

DARNELL

(trying to be diplomatic)
Yeah, well, I hope that works out.

GLENN

You scared you're going to get beat up in prison?

RITA

(admonishing)

Glenn.

BRAD

I am. I mean, your dad did a great job of getting me ready. I'm just not very tough.

GLENN

You should bring a bodyguard with you.

BRAD

I wish I could.

Darnell has an idea.

DARNELL

You know what? Maybe you can.

Darnell reaches over and plucks the check out of Brad's shirt pocket.

EXT. BIKER BAR - DAY

A BUNCH OF WHITE SKINHEADS hang out with their choppers in front of a bar. Darnell's truck is parked down the block.

INT. DARNELL'S TRUCK - DAY

Darnell and Brad sit low in their seats, watching the Skinheads.

DARNELL

Now, my cousin Joaquin says these dudes are affiliated with a San Quentin gang. You gotta talk to a guy named Spider, tell him that Wolf sent you.

BRAD

Why do they all have animal names?

DARNELL

I don't know, man. Just go.

EXT. BIKER BAR - DAY

Brad gets out of the car and walks up to the Skinheads.

BRAD
Hi. I'm looking for Spider.

A huge bald man with a goatee and numerous tattoos steps forward.

SPIDER
Who the fuck are you?

BRAD
Wolf sent me. I'm Brad Derver.

SPIDER
I'm Spider.

BRAD
Oh, okay. I'm going to prison, San Quentin, and I need some protection.

SPIDER
You get protection from us, you don't hang with the niggers or the spics...

BRAD
Hey, come on, let's watch the language -- that's offensive.

SPIDER
What?

The Skinheads look at Brad with menace.

INT. DARNELL'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Darnell watches the interaction between Brad and the Skinheads, which is rapidly going bad. Brad gets pushed by Spider, then by another gang member.

DARNELL
What the fuck?

Brad turns and sprints back towards Darnell's truck, pursued by the entire gang. Darnell starts up the truck. Brad jumps in, breathing hard.

BRAD
Drive! Drive!

EXT. BIKER BAR - CONTINUOUS

Darnell peels out, swerving through Skinheads, who pound on the hood and kick the doors as the truck pulls away.

INT. DARNELL'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Darnell drives, looking in the rear-view mirror. Brad tries to catch his breath.

DARNELL

What the fuck happened back there?!

BRAD

That Spider guy is a racist.

DARNELL

No shit, dumbass. He's in the Aryan Brotherhood. They're all racist.

BRAD

Well, I don't want to be in a gang with bad people.

DARNELL

Motherfucker, they're all bad people! That's why they're in a gang!

EXT. BRAD'S HOUSE - DAY

Darnell's truck pulls up.

INT. DARNELL'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Darnell and Brad sit.

BRAD

So. What do we do now?

DARNELL

I don't know, man. You just pissed off the only people who could help you.

BRAD

What about your cousin?

DARNELL

What about him?

BRAD

You said he was in a gang. Maybe I could join that one.

DARNELL

He's black.

BRAD

So?

DARNELL

You're white.

BRAD

This is a post-racial world.

Darnell just stares at him.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Obama?

EXT. BAD NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Darnell and Brad get out of Darnell's truck and walk toward Joaquin's house. Everyone on the street is African-American and gawks at Brad.

BRAD

I feel like everyone's staring at me.

DARNELL

That's because they are. It's like a unicorn sighting.

EXT. JOAQUIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Darnell and Brad step up to the front door. Darnell knocks. Jonald answers.

JONALD

(to Darnell)

Squirelly little motherfucker, bringing the police here. You're dead, bitch.

BRAD

I'm not the police.

Jonald puts a gun to Brad's head.

JONALD

Then what the fuck are you doing here?

INT. DIRTY KITCHEN - DAY

Brad and Darnell sit at a table across from Joaquin, who's laughing hard.

JOAQUIN

Oh shit. This who you're trying to get ready for prison? Oh man, that's hilarious.

DARNELL

He was wondering...if he could...if there was some way...

BRAD

I need protection and I want to join the Stone Cold Killers.

Joaquin laughs even harder.

JOAQUIN

What?! Motherfucker, you white as mayonnaise.

DARNELL

He wouldn't really be a member, you would just, you know, watch his back on the inside.

BRAD

I would make a good treasurer. And this isn't my first gang. In high school I was in Spanish gang and math gang.

DARNELL

(to Brad)

Will you shut up?

JOAQUIN

Why the fuck do you bring this man to me with this ridiculous shit?

DARNELL

He's paying me enough so I can send my boy to a decent school.

JOAQUIN

That's cool. Glenn's a good kid and all. But I ain't runnin' no gangster training school.

DARNELL

If you give him a chance, I'll be with him the whole time to make sure he doesn't fuck up.

JOAQUIN

Squeaky clean Darnell hanging around a bunch of gangbangers? Shit, you just made it worthwhile.

(to Brad)

Alright, Mayonnaise, I'll give you a shot. But you got to earn your way in, just like everyone. You show me you're gangster, you pass the initiation, I'll make you like an honorary member or whatnot...

BRAD

Word, homes.

JOAQUIN

Don't talk like that. Ever.

EXT. BRAD'S HOUSE - MORNING

Darnell pulls up in his truck and honks the horn. HARD GANGSTER HIP HOP PLAYS AS WE GO TO SLOW MOTION: Brad emerges from the house in over-the-top gangbanger clothes -- big baggy pants, brand new high-top sneakers, sunglasses, sideways baseball cap with tags hanging off it. He ambles up slowly, flashing fake gang signs at Darnell and gets in the car. END SLOW MOTION.

DARNELL

What the fuck is this?

BRAD

My gangbanger clothes, homes.

Brad offers his fist for a fist-bump.

DARNELL

Put that away. That's not happening.

Brad shrugs and jacks his Ipod into the truck's sound system. The Sugarhill Gang's "Rapper's Delight" plays. Brad raps along.

BRAD

*I said a hip hop the hippie to the
hip hip hop, and you don't stop...*

DARNELL

That shit is from the Middle Ages.

BRAD

What can I say? I'm original G.

Brad continues rapping as Darnell shakes his head and drives.

BRAD (CONT'D)

*The rock it to the bang bang boogie
say up jumped the boogie to the
rhythm of the boogie, the beat...*

INT. GANG HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Fifteen Gang Members sit facing Joaquin, who sits at the front of the room with Jonald standing next to him. Brad and Darnell stand in the back against the wall. The Gang Members cast furtive glances at Brad and mutter among themselves.

JOAQUIN

Before we get started, I want to introduce you to a couple dudes who'll be working with us for a while. That there's my cousin Darnell, and his man, Mayonnaise.

Brad waves to the Gang Members.

JOAQUIN (CONT'D)

Now some of y'all's sales have been light. We got to move more product. I know this time of year's hard cause all the college boys gone home for summer.

Brad raises his hand. Darnell tries to pull it down. Brad raises his other hand.

JOAQUIN (CONT'D)

That means you gotta take your game to another level, you gotta hustle, you gotta...

Joaquin is now distracted by Brad.

JOAQUIN (CONT'D)

What? What the fuck you want?

BRAD

When businesses are struggling, a common strategy is to diversify. In a retail business like yours, that could involve point-of-purchase sales.

JOAQUIN

What the fuck is that?

BRAD

It's like selling magazines or candy bars at a cash register.

The Gang Members nod to each other. They know what he means.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Since it's summer, maybe you could sell ice pops to your customers.

JOAQUIN

You want me to sell ice pops to crackheads?

BRAD

Doesn't have to be ice pops, could be batteries or books of Suduko or...

JOAQUIN

You know what crackheads is interested in buying besides crack?

BRAD

What?

JOAQUIN

More crack! They crackheads! Now shut the fuck up!

EXT. JOAQUIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Brad and Darnell hang out on the steps with other gang members. Jonald steps out.

JONALD

Yo, Mayonnaise. Joaquin wants you to run some drugs out to the crews.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Brad and Darnell approach a corner.

BRAD
So this is good, right? I'm earning
Joaquin's trust.

DARNELL
Just so you know, twelve-year-old
kids usually do this.

THREE YOUNG CORNER MEN stand around, selling drugs to
passersby and fratty dudes in parked cars.

BRAD
Hi. Jonald sent me over with some
product.

CORNER MAN
Cool.

The Corner Man stands waiting.

CORNER MAN (CONT'D)
So give it to me.

BRAD
Right here in the open?

CORNER MAN
Yeah.

BRAD
Is there somewhere I could go
to...get it out?

CORNER MAN
What do you mean, get it out?

BRAD
It's in my anus.

The Corner Men and Darnell are disgusted.

DARNELL
Why'd you put it in your anus?!

BRAD
I'm a mule. That's what you do.

DARNELL
You put it in your pocket!

CORNER MAN
Man, you gotta get my drugs outta
your anus.

BRAD

Okay, just give me a second.

Brad steps behind a parked car and pulls down his pants. He reaches around and digs in.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Huh. I guess they worked their way up on the walk over here. Oooh. They are really up there. Okay, I've just got to shake them back down.

He squats down and jumps in the air, landing hard on the pavement. He reaches around again.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Nope. If I just had something to get up in there...

The Corner Man angrily snaps an antennae off a parked car and throws it at Brad.

CORNER MAN

Give me my fucking drugs!

BRAD

I'm trying! I don't know what you're so mad about -- I'm the one having the problem here.

Brad takes the antennae and works it behind him. His face contorts. He groans and growls.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Okay. Easy does it...Yep. I got it.

Brad reaches his other hand behind his back and pulls out something unseen. ANGLE ON: The Corner Man and Darnell, revolted.

CORNER MAN

Ohhhh. Wash that off, you nasty motherfucker.

EXT. JOAQUIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Brad and Darnell sit on the front steps.

BRAD

I don't know why everyone's so mad at me.

DARNELL

You put their drugs in your ass.

BRAD

I still think it's the way to go. I mean, walking around with illegal drugs in your pocket just seems stupid.

Brad fiddles with the watch Martin gave him.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Dammit. I wind this every morning but it runs down by the afternoon.

DARNELL

I know a little something about watches. Let me take a look at it.

Darnell examines the watch.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

Oh, I see the problem...It's a piece of shit.

Brad snatches it back, causing the watch to fall off the band. Darnell picks up the watch.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

Hey. It's got something on the back.

CU: Back of the watch. An inscription reads TO D.G. WITH LOVE.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

What's your boss's last name?

BRAD

Barrow.

Darnell shows Brad the inscription.

DARNELL

Apparently his daddy had a different last name.

Brad and Darnell exchange a look; maybe there's something to Darnell's doubts about Martin.

INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Brad enters, still dressed as a gangbanger. He and Martin embrace.

MARTIN

You're looking very...modern these days. How are you doing, son?

BRAD

I need to ask you a favor. You know the investigators have hit a couple dead ends...

MARTIN

Yes, it's very frustrating. But I am hopeful about the Romanians.

BRAD

The thing is, I'm down to ten days before I go to prison and I was thinking, maybe I should take a look at all the firm's transaction records, see if I can catch something that's been missed.

MARTIN

I can't do that, Brad.

Brad looks alarmed; maybe Darnell's right about Martin.

BRAD

Why not?

MARTIN

You've been convicted of securities fraud.

BRAD

But you know I didn't do it.

MARTIN

It doesn't matter. It would be against the law to let you look at any of our records.

BRAD

I see.

MARTIN

I'm sorry. I'll continue working to exonerate you by any legal means at my disposal.

BRAD
Well, I appreciate that.

MARTIN
I'll walk you out.

BRAD
That's okay, I'm going to use the
restroom before I leave.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

Brad walks up to the men's room. He looks over his shoulder and, seeing no one behind him, sprints full speed around the corner and into an office.

INT. RICK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Rick sits behind his desk. Brad enters, closing the door behind him.

RICK
Hey, buddy. Cool look.

BRAD
I need you to get me the
transaction records for the last
six months. It could keep me out of
prison.

RICK
Dude, could you ask my assistant?
I'm kind of slammed right now.

BRAD
(incredulous)
Did you hear me say "It could keep
me from going to prison"?

RICK
Bro, a little empathy? Ever since
you took off, they got me servicing
all your accounts.

BRAD
I didn't take off!

RICK
Look, I gotta work for a living,
okay? I'm not getting my room and
board paid for the next ten years.

Brad attacks Rick, choking him.

BRAD
You fucking asshole!

RICK
(choking out the words)
Bro, you're not mad at me, you're
mad at the situation.

BRAD
No, I'm definitely mad at you!

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Martin and two Security Guards lead Brad to the elevators.

MARTIN
I'm sorry, Brad. Until we get this
whole thing sorted out, I'm going
to have to ask you to stay away
from the offices.

INT. DARNELL'S TRUCK - DAY

Darnell drives, with Brad riding shotgun.

DARNELL
Old man won't show you the records?
Proves he's got something to hide.

BRAD
Or it proves he's a law-abiding
citizen.

DARNELL
All I know is: You've got to find a
way into those computer records or
you're always going to wonder.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY/RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

Brad, Darnell and Jonald enter from a stairwell and creep stealthily to the reception area of Barrow Fund Management. They stop in front of double glass doors. Brad tries a key in the door.

BRAD
Yeah, they changed the locks. This
is where you come in, Jonald.

Beat.

BRAD (CONT'D)
You going to pick the lock?

JONALD
Don't know how.

Brad and Darnell exchange a confused look.

BRAD
That's why you're here.

DARNELL
I thought you went to prison for
B&E.

JONALD
I did.

Jonald walks away from the door. Brad and Darnell look baffled. Jonald suddenly sprints up carrying the receptionist's chair. He heaves it through the door, shattering it. SFX: ALARM.

JONALD (CONT'D)
Come on!

Brad and Darnell, freaked out, follow Jonald into the office bullpen area. Jonald picks up the first computer he sees and runs out, leaving behind Brad and Darnell, who watch him go, stunned.

DARNELL
Find another computer, download the
records.

BRAD
Right.

Brad takes a seat in front of a computer and types quickly. A list of files comes up. He's got it. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a flash drive still in its original packaging. He tries to unwrap it, fumbling with it. It's a typically impossible-to-open package.

DARNELL
What are you doing?!

BRAD
I can't get it open.

DARNELL

Why didn't you open it up before we got here?

BRAD

I forgot. Find scissors!

Darnell looks around frantically. He finds scissors, runs over, cuts the package open, and jams the flash drive into the side of the computer. Brad downloads the files. Darnell and Brad watch intensely as the download bar creeps across the screen. Success! Brad and Darnell turn and run straight into: TWO SECURITY GUARDS, their guns drawn. The Guards both aim their weapons at Darnell.

GUARD #1

Hands in the air!

GUARD #2

(to Brad)

Are you okay, sir?

Darnell raises his hands, pissed.

DARNELL

Ain't that a bitch.

INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Brad and Darnell sit. Martin talks to the Security Guards.

SECURITY GUARD #1

We searched them. They didn't take anything.

MARTIN

You can go. I'll handle this.

The Guards exit.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Now, I'm not going to press charges against you or...

(to Darnell)

I'm sorry, I didn't catch your name.

DARNELL

Darnell.

BRAD

He's a friend.

MARTIN

But I do want to know one thing:
Why would you do this, Brad?

BRAD

You lied to me.

Brad holds out the watch.

MARTIN

My father's watch?

BRAD

It's not your father's watch.
There's an inscription on the back.
"To D.G." How do you explain that?

Martin looks around the room, emotional.

MARTIN

Dan Gaynor. He was my father's best friend. They ended up in the same POW camp in the south Pacific. One night, a Japanese guard tied my father up to a palm tree and started beating him. Dan intervened and was killed. Just before he died, he pressed this watch into my father's palm. My father gave it to me to remind me of the value of loyalty.

(choking up)

I didn't tell you this story before because it makes me emotional.

Martin tears up. Brad and Darnell look stricken. Darnell starts crying.

DARNELL

That's beautiful.

BRAD

We'll go now.

Darnell and Brad stand and start to leave.

MARTIN

Brad?

Brad and Darnell stop in the doorway.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I don't like what you did here tonight, but I still love you.

(MORE)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

And I'll continue to do everything
I can to find the people who put
you in this terrible situation.

BRAD

Oh Dad! I love you!

Brad runs over and hugs Martin.

BRAD (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry!

MARTIN

It's alright, son. You made a
mistake.

Suddenly, Darnell is hugging them, more emotional than both
of them put together.

DARNELL

We never should have doubted you!
We NEVER should have doubted you!

INT. RITA AND DARNELL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brad, Darnell and Rita talk.

RITA

What were you thinking?! Breaking
into an office? What if they had
pressed charges?

BRAD

At least we didn't take anything.

DARNELL

Actually...we did.

Brad looks surprised -- they were searched, how is this
possible? Darnell reaches into his hair and pulls out...the
flash drive.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

White men never search a black
man's hair. Too racially charged.

Brad snatches the drive out of Darnell's hand.

BRAD

We're not even looking at this. It
would be an insult to a great man.

DARNELL
You sure about that?

BRAD
Martin and his investigators are
doing everything possible to prove
my innocence. Leave it to the
experts.

Brad throws the flash drive into the trash. ANGLE ON: Glenn,
peeking through his bedroom door.

INT. DIRTY KITCHEN - DAY

Brad and Darnell talk to Joaquin. In addition to other gang
members, Jonald sits in the corner, playing a video game on
the office computer he stole.

BRAD
I want to sell drugs.

DARNELL
What?!

JOAQUIN
Did I miss something? Are you not
the same motherfucker who put my
product in his asshole?

BRAD
I've only got a few days left to
prove I deserve to be in this gang.
So far things haven't gone well.

JOAQUIN
No shit.

BRAD
Because you haven't used my talents
properly.

JONALD
Oh, it's my fault you a fuck up?

BRAD
I haven't been given a job that
matches my skill set. What I'm good
at is making money. And how does
your organization make money?
Selling drugs.

A beat. Joaquin nods to Jonald, who pauses his game and drops
a package full of crack vials in front of Brad.

JOAQUIN

I'll give you one package. You don't bring me back my money, I will kill you.

BRAD

That is an incentive.

EXT. JOAQUIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Darnell and Brad exit the house.

DARNELL

I'm out.

BRAD

What?

DARNELL

I already did a B&E with you, I can't be selling drugs. I've got a wife and kid.

BRAD

Okay, homes. We're good.

Brad holds out his fist for a bump.

DARNELL

Put that away. You have any idea what you're doing? You think you're Superfly or something?

BRAD

I'm going to prison, Darnell. I don't have a choice -- I need protection.

DARNELL

Just...be careful, okay?

BRAD

You got it, homes.

Brad holds out his fist again.

DARNELL

We're not doing that. Ever.

Brad nods and walks off. Darnell watches him go, concerned. Jonald approaches him.

JONALD

Why don't you make yourself useful?
Take this down to my book on Vernon
Avenue.

Jonald hands Darnell a folded stack of hundreds.

JONALD (CONT'D)

Two G's on the Blazers over the
Knicks Saturday.

DARNELL

This a charitable donation? 'Cause
there ain't no way in hell the
Blazers are beating the Knicks.

JONALD

(surreptitiously)

Keep this under your hat, but I
know a guy who knows a guy who
knows the Knicks' trainer, and
Carmelo Anthony's knee is jacked
up.

DARNELL

Serious?

JONALD

Guy owes me from back in the day,
he wouldn't lie.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Brad stands awkwardly, his hands in his pockets. He mutters
at Passersby.

BRAD

Drugs...I've got drugs...Drugs.

One Passerby stops.

PASSERBY

What'd you say?

BRAD

Nothing.
(barely audible)
Drugs?

PASSERBY

What?

BRAD

Nothing.

The Passerby shakes his head and walks on. A strung-out crackhead, SHITPANTS, wanders up to Brad.

SHITPANTS

Hey, man. You got a little something something?

Brad looks around nervously.

BRAD

Yeah. You want to buy?

SHITPANTS

Is it good shit?

BRAD

Think so.

SHITPANTS

What do you mean "Think so"? Is it good shit or not?

BRAD

I haven't tried it.

SHITPANTS

Then how do I know if it's good shit?

BRAD

I guess I could let you sample some.

Shitpants can't believe his luck.

SHITPANTS

That would help my decision-making process.

INT. HORRIBLE CRACK DEN - DAY

Shitpants leads Brad into a nasty squat.

SHITPANTS

Excuse the mess, I didn't know I'd be entertaining.

They sit on a back seat torn from a van.

SHIPANTS

What's your name, anyhow?

BRAD

They call me Mayonnaise. You know, because I'm white.

SHITPANTS

They call me Shitpants. Because on occasion I have shit my pants. So let's see what you got.

Brad takes out a packet.

SHITPANTS (CONT'D)

Let me just try a little bit then...

Shitpants takes a crack pipe out of his pocket, puts a rock in it from Brad's packet, and smokes. His eyes go wide -- this is really good crack.

SHITPANTS (CONT'D)

(clearly very high)

It's alright. I mean, it isn't bad, but I can't say I've achieved optimal highness.

BRAD

Really. That's not good. Here, let me try. Can I borrow that?

Shitpants hands Brad his crackpipe. Brad smokes a rock. IT BLOWS HIS MIND.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Whooo...I don't know. That seems pretty good to me. Oh yeah. I'm high.

SHITPANTS

You know, maybe I got a bad rock. I would be willing to sample more and perhaps revise my opinion.

Brad hands him back the pipe. Shitpants fires up another rock. He yelps and does a little dance, blitzed out of his mind, then regains his composure.

SHITPANTS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. If I were to Yelp this, I could only give it two stars.

BRAD
Really? Alright, let's try a
different packet. I am going to
convince you.

INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

A BARBER takes Jonald's money from Darnell and gives him a ticket.

DARNELL
Pretty long odds on that, huh?

BARBER
Seven-to-one. My man must be
feeling lucky.

Darnell, turns to exit, pauses, pulls money from his pocket and counts it. He turns back to the Barber.

BARBER (CONT'D)
Something else I can help you with?

Inside Darnell is a war between good and evil. Then...

DARNELL
Nah. I'm good.

Darnell exits.

EXT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

Darnell steps onto the sidewalk and sees: Brad, sprinting down the street towards him.

DARNELL
You okay?

Brad stops in front of him, running in place.

BRAD
Yep. Got rid of my product.

Before Darnell can respond, Brad runs off.

INT. DIRTY KITCHEN - DAY

Brad finishes counting out eight hundred dollars on the table in front of Joaquin.

JOAQUIN

Now that's what I'm talking about.

Joaquin turns and addresses other Gang Members.

JOAQUIN (CONT'D)

I give this man a package one hour ago, he already sold out. Lazy-ass shiftless motherfuckers need to get motivated like Mayonnaise.

BRAD

You probably just gave me a good corner. They'll get the hang of it.

JOAQUIN

Give this man two packages.

A Gang Member sets two plastic bags down on the table in front of Brad.

BRAD

Maybe that's a little too much.

JOAQUIN

Fuck no, man. You an earner. You on a roll.

EXT. JOAQUIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Brad sprints out of the house past Darnell.

BRAD

Two more packages! Wish me luck!

Darnell watches him go, curious. Something's up.

INT. HORRIBLE CRACK DEN - DAY

Brad and Shitpants, both holding pipes, smoke rocks. The second they're done, they load their pipes again.

SHITPANTS

I gotta say, it is growing on me.

They look up and see: Darnell standing in the doorway.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Brad and Darnell stand in front of an ATM. Brad pushes buttons on the screen.

DARNELL

Man, you're like your own little criminal ecosystem. You're the dealer and the crackhead.

The machine spits out Brad's card.

BRAD

I exceeded my limit paying for my first package. Can I borrow your card?

Darnell shakes his head in disbelief.

EXT. MARTIN'S MANSION - NIGHT

Brad stands at the door in his gangbanger clothes. Alissa opens it.

ALISSA

Brad? Why're you dressed like that?

BRAD

I'm trying to join a gang.

ALISSA

Well, if you're here to ask me to press my breasts against a shower partition, the answer is still no.

BRAD

Your father asked me to stop by.

INT. MANSION LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jessica sits on the couch, cocktail in hand. Brad and Alissa enter.

ALISSA

Brad's here. He's trying to join a gang.

JESSICA

Oh that's nice.

Martin enters.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Honey, Brad stopped by. Let's play some doubles and have a swim.

MARTIN

I'm sorry, dear, you and Alissa are going to have to excuse us: Brad and I have some important business to discuss.

JESSICA

You know what? Fuck it, Martin. Why don't you just put veils on us, bind our feet, and give us clitorectomies. Enjoy your sweat-lodge circle jerk! Come on, Alissa.

Jessica and Alissa exit.

MARTIN

Have a seat, Brad.

Brad sits down.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I wanted to tell you this personally. The investigators feel like they've hit a brick wall. You need to psychologically prepare yourself.

Martin chokes back tears.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I'm afraid you're going to prison.

Brad is devastated. For the first time since his sentencing, it really sinks in. Martin and Brad share an emotional moment.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

(still choked up)

Now we need to play doubles and have a swim.

INT. WINE CELLAR - EARLY MORNING

The morning alarm goes off. Brad springs from his cot. He's leaner and in better shape than we've ever seen him.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Brad serves himself some prison slop.

EXT. BACKYARD - MORNING

Brad lifts two buckets on a wooden pole, pushing himself to the limit.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Brad finishes crafting a perfect shiv.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Brad casually walks by the couch, then dives on it, brutally stabbing one of the couch cushions with the shiv.

INT. TATTOO SHOP - DAY

The Tattoo Artist hovers over Brad, obscuring his chest. When he steps aside, we see that the Hall & Oates tattoo on Brad's chest has been drastically modified: John Oates' face has been turned into Satan's (with horns and a goatee added). Satan holds the severed head of Darryl Hall, which drips blood from its neck. Brad examines the work and looks up at Darnell. Darnell nods approvingly. Brad turns to the side and shows off a fresh tattoo of a jar of mayonnaise. Darnell isn't so sure about this one.

EXT. JOAQUIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Brad and Darnell get out of Darnell's truck.

BRAD

I've got to talk to Joaquin.

DARNELL

Okay.

Brad and Darnell walk up to the house.

BRAD

Alone.

INT. DIRTY KITCHEN - DAY

Joaquin sits at the table, talking to Jonald and another gang member. Brad enters.

BRAD

I want to get initiated into the gang.

JOAQUIN
Hell, no. You haven't proved
yourself.

BRAD
Then I want a crew.

JOAQUIN
What?

BRAD
I sold three packages in one day.
You give me a crew, I'll sell ten
times that much.

Joaquin looks over at Jonald.

JONALD
He did sell like a motherfucker.

BRAD
I need to be in this gang. Give me
a chance to prove myself.

Joaquin considers this.

EXT. CORNER - MORNING

Brad's three crew members sell drugs. Brad and Darnell stand
nearby.

DARNELL
This is crazy. You're trying to get
protection, not become a goddamn
drug lord!

BRAD
I don't have a choice -- I'm
running out of time. And luckily,
Joaquin thinks I'm good at selling.

DARNELL
You bought two thousand dollars of
your own drugs!

An intimidating rival gangmember, TOO TALL, approaches Brad.

TOO TALL
Yo man. You and your boys need to
take off.

BRAD
We can't. We're selling drugs here.

TOO TALL
This is my fucking corner.

BRAD
There must be a mistake. Joaquin gave this corner to me. Do you know Joaquin?

TOO TALL
Yeah, I know that bitch. Fuck Joaquin!

BRAD
Wow. Don't let Joaquin hear you say that.

TOO TALL
Man, get the FUCK off my corner!

BRAD
(to Darnell)
Can you explain this to him?

Darnell shrinks away.

DARNELL
(aside to Brad)
Let's just get the fuck off the corner.

Too Tall pulls out a gun and aims it at Brad. Brad and Darnell freak out.

TOO TALL
Move.

Brad, terrified, squats down and curls into a ball, trying to make himself as small as possible. Too Tall is baffled by this extreme cowardice.

TOO TALL (CONT'D)
What the fuck're you doing? Get up!

Brad remains in a tight ball. Too Tall leans over him.

TOO TALL (CONT'D)
If you don't get up before I count to three, I'm gonna bust a cap in your ass. One, two...

Brad springs up suddenly, head-butting Too Tall in the forehead. This sends Too Tall flailing backwards. He flips over a fire hydrant and smashes his head against the street. He lies there unconscious.

INT. GANG HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Joaquin, Jonald, Brad, Darnell and Crew Members listen as one of Brad's crew tells the story of what just happened.

CREW MEMBER #1

Then Mayo just head-butted that dude! Too Tall never knew what hit him!

CREW MEMBER #2

Mayo put a beat-down on that motherfucker!

JOAQUIN

Mayonnaise, I got mad respect for what you did out there. But we gotta have a sit-down with the Ninth Street set or we gonna find ourselves in a war.

(to himself angrily)

Those Ninth Street niggas, movin' in on my territory.

JONALD

Those niggas lookin' to get themselves kilt.

CREW MEMBER

Gangsta-wannabe niggas.

BRAD

(caught up in the moment)

Fuck those niggas!

Everyone freezes at Brad's utterance of the N word, then looks to Joaquin to see what he thinks.

JOAQUIN

Yeah. Fuck those niggas.

INT. ENTRYWAY TO AUTO PARTS STORE - NIGHT

Joaquin leads in Jonald, other Gang Members, Brad and Darnell.

JOAQUIN

(to Brad)

Look, these motherfuckers gonna have a serious beef with you 'cause beat down their boy. Be hard in there, don't show no fear. Understand?

BRAD
 (steeling himself)
 Right. No fear.

INT. MEETING ROOM AT AUTO PARTS STORE - NIGHT

On one side of the table sit Too Tall, wearing a neck brace and head bandages, LAMONT TEASEDALE, the leader of the Ninth Street Gang, and other MEMBERS OF THE NINTH STREET GANG. On the other side, sit Joaquin, Jonald, Brad, Darnell and the rest of Joaquin's gang. Brad is slumped down ridiculously low in his chair, legs spread wide, hand on his crotch, his head tilted to the side with a defiant look on his face.

DARNELL
 (aside to Brad)
 Will you sit up and stop acting like a fool?

BRAD
 (aside)
 Leave me alone, I'm being hard.

LAMONT
 So how we gonna make this right, Joaquin?

JOAQUIN
 Way I see it, we even. Your boy stepped in on my territory, we gave him a warning.

LAMONT
 How the fuck you figure we even? You beat one my crew.

Brad jumps up and gesticulates wildly.

BRAD
 Looks like we're going to war!

JOAQUIN
 Mayonnaise! Chill, dude. We still talking.

Brad flails his arms, frustrated, and reluctantly sits down.

LAMONT
 Who the fuck is this white motherfucker?

TOO TALL
 That's the dude who jumped me.

LAMONT
(incredulous)
You got jumped by this doughy-ass
cracker?

Brad stands again.

BRAD
Okay, we're at war!

JOAQUIN
Sit down! We ain't at war!
(to Lamont)
We ain't at war. We are trying to
work this out. You don't think we
even?

Joaquin takes out a stack of bills, drops it on the table.

JOAQUIN (CONT'D)
That's a G, cover your boy's
hospital bills.

Lamont considers this.

LAMONT
You make that two Gs, we good...

Brad jumps and upends the table between them.

BRAD
WAR!!!

Everyone except Joaquin, Lamont and Darnell pull guns.

JOAQUIN
Yo yo! Everybody chill the fuck
out!

LAMONT
Put the guns down! Nobody shoot!
Nobody shoot!

Everyone slowly lowers their guns. It's incredibly tense.
Lamont points at Brad.

LAMONT (CONT'D)
Man, you need to keep this
motherfucker on a leash.

BRAD
YOU NEED TO KEEP YOURSELF ON A
LEASH!

Now Lamont pulls out a gun, aims it at Brad's head. Everyone pulls out guns again, including Joaquin, who points his gun at Lamont.

JOAQUIN

Come on, man. It's all good.
Mayonnaise is just a little hot
because...

BRAD

SOMETIMES MAYONNAISE GOES BAD!!!
YOU DONE SPOILED THE MAYO!!!

JOAQUIN

What the fuck is wrong with you?!
(to Darnell)
Take him outside.

Darnell drags Brad out. Brad resists.

BRAD

TIME TO LET MAYO OUTTA THE JAR!!!

INT. JOAQUIN'S SUV - NIGHT

Jonald drives, Joaquin sits in the passenger seat, Darnell and Brad in the back.

JOAQUIN

Mayonnaise, you gotta learn how to
turn it down...but that was
gangsta.

JONALD

"Sometime Mayonnaise goes bad"?
That was my shit! Gimme some of
that.

Jonald reaches back and fist-bumps Brad.

BRAD

Ain't no thang.

Brad turns to Darnell to fist-bump him. Darnell slaps down his fist.

DARNELL

You almost got us killed.

JOAQUIN

Shut the fuck up, Darnell!

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Three SUVs are parked. "Rapper's Delight" blares out of a stereo. Joaquin, Jonald, and the rest of the gang hang out, drinking 40s, smoking blunts, dancing and rapping along with Brad, who is totally into it.

JOAQUIN

Go, Mayo! That old school shit is tight!

BRAD

*Well, my name is known all over the world
By all the foxy ladies and the pretty girls
I'm goin' down in history
As the baddest rapper there could ever be...*

INT. RITA AND DARNELL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Darnell enters. Rita greets him.

RITA

How was your day?

DARNELL

Almost got in a gang war. Pretty average.

RITA

I'm sorry, but it's about to get worse.

Rita hands Darnell a letter. Darnell reads it and sits down.

DARNELL

How the hell can they take away financial aid?

RITA

The school lost its largest benefactor. It's the economy.

Darnell buries his face in his hands.

EXT. BRAD'S NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING

Brad's BMW glides down the street. It's been accessorized with spinning rims and under-car neon lights. It's also been lowered so that it rides one inch off the ground.

Brad drives gangster style (slumped way down, one arm draped over the top of the steering wheel, a forty in his other hand) with his crew. HIP HOP MUSIC BLARES. Brad stares menacingly at an older white couple getting out of their car.

INT. RITA AND DARNELL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Darnell, alone at the table, rereads the letter from the school. He checks to make sure no one's around and takes out his cell phone. He looks up PHIL and makes a call.

DARNELL
 (into the phone)
 Phil. Darnell. What's the spread on
 the Knicks-Blazers game?...Can you
 cover 15 Gs on the Blazers?...Cool.

Darnell's more tortured than ever.

DARNELL (CONT'D)
 (into the phone)
 No, not yet. Just wanted to make
 sure you could cover it.

Darnell hangs up the phone. He takes a deep breath -- that was close.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Brad sits in a beach chair next to a large cooler while Brad's crew sells drugs. One Crew Member approaches.

CREW MEMBER
 Dude wants a Bomb Pop with his
 packet.

Brad reaches into the cooler and hands the Crew Member a popsicle.

INT. LE PETIT CHATEAU - NIGHT

Brad, in gangbanger garb, sits at a table with Rita, Darnell and Glenn (who wears a suit). They eat dinner.

RITA
 This is delicious.

DARNELL
 It's good, but these portions are
tiny.

BRAD
Order some more.

RITA
I'm so sorry they didn't find
anything to help your case.

BRAD
Let's not talk about that. Tonight
is about having dinner with
friends. I'm not going to be able
to do that again for a long time.

Brad turns to flag a passing waiter and sees: Rick and Alissa
being seated at a table. They're both drunk and enjoying
themselves. Brad watches them, stunned.

BRAD (CONT'D)
What the hell? Excuse me.

Brad stands and walks over.

RITA
What's going on?

Darnell sizes up the situation.

DARNELL
Oh no.

Darnell gets up and follows Brad.

INT. LE PETIT CHATEAU - CONTINUOUS

Brad arrives at Rick and Alissa's table, followed by Darnell.

RICK
Hey, Brad.

BRAD
What's this?

ALISSA
We're having dinner. What's the
carwasher doing here?

BRAD
Are you two seeing each other?!

ALISSA
You said it was okay.

RICK

Hey, I want you to know I'm going to take really good care of your house.

BRAD

What the fuck?!

A LARGE WHITE SECURITY GUARD, in a suit with an earpiece, approaches and addresses Darnell.

SECURITY GUARD

(to Darnell)

Is there a problem here?

DARNELL

Why're you talking to me? He's the one yelling.

BRAD

Because my ex-fiancee is fucking my ex-best friend!

RICK

We're not best friends anymore?

BRAD

No, you asshole!

SECURITY GUARD

(to Brad and Darnell)

Sir, I'm going to have to ask you both to leave.

DARNELL

What did I do?!

BRAD

We'll leave when we're ready.

SECURITY GUARD

You need to go. Now.

The Security Guard grabs Darnell. Darnell pulls his arm away.

DARNELL

Don't touch me.

Brad, reacting impulsively, punches the Guard in the face. The Guard hits the ground. For a moment, no one can believe this just happened.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

That's me. I taught him that.

Rick suddenly stands and bolts for the exit. Alissa looks at Brad with new eyes, incredibly turned on.

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brad and Alissa are having the hottest sex they've ever had. Alissa is in drunken ecstasy, completely transported.

ALISSA

Oh my God! You've changed! You're an animal! You're fucking me better than my father fucked you!

Brad stops.

BRAD

What'd you say?

ALISSA

Nothing. Keep going.

BRAD

No. Wait. What do you mean your father fucked me?

ALISSA

It's an expression. Keep going.

BRAD

It's not an expression!

Alissa, impatient, rolls Brad over and rides him wildly.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Stop it!

Brad wriggles out from under her.

INT. RITA AND DARNELL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Darnell sits alone, looking at his phone, conflicted. On the screen is Phil's contact info. He lifts his finger to make the call when...the phone rings. It's Brad. Darnell answers.

DARNELL

Yo, that was fucked up leaving the restaurant like that -- I had to pay for that shit...What?...I'll be right there.

INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - EVENING

Martin sits at his desk. Brad and Darnell charge in followed by Martin's Assistant.

BRAD
I need to talk to you!

DARNELL
Yeah, he needs to talk to you!

MARTIN
Brad. Darnell.

MARTIN'S ASSISTANT
I'm sorry, they walked right past me.

MARTIN
That's alright, Evelyn, you can leave us.

The Assistant exits, closing the door.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
I'm actually glad you're here. I just got this from the investigators.

Martin holds up a document.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
They've got a new lead on some Filipinos...

Brad crumples the document.

BRAD
There are no Filipinos.

DARNELL
Or Russians or Chinese or Klingons or any other bullshit.

BRAD
Alissa told me what you did. She said you fucked me.

DARNELL
Yeah! You fucked him! You ain't bullshitting us this time, old man.

MARTIN
Was she drunk, Brad?

BRAD

Yes.

MARTIN

Brad, I love my daughter, but she can't handle her alcohol. When she's drunk she loves saying outrageous things. Once she drank two cocktails and told me that the gardener had tied her up and given her a Roman helmet. Do you know what that is? It's a man dangling his genitals over a woman's face. Of course that never happened!

Brad and Darnell exchange a look: "Did we fuck up again?"

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Now come and give me a hug, son.

Brad, unsure, walks over to Martin. He sees one of the vintage posters on the wall and his eyes go wide with recognition. REVEAL: The movie poster for "South Pacific." Brad has a terrible realization.

BRAD

"South Pacific." Where your father was saved by Dan Gaynor.

He points to the name MITZI GAYNOR on the poster. The kindly smile vanishes from Martin's face, replaced by the affectless expression of a sociopath. Martin points to a palm tree on the poster.

MARTIN

Don't forget the palm tree he was tied to.

DARNELL

You evil motherfucker!

MARTIN

I could get you back again, but I'm tired of this. I set you up and you're going to prison and there's nothing you can do about it. Satisfied?

BRAD

(stunned)

I was going to be your son-in-law.

MARTIN

Dodged that bullet.

DARNELL
Oh, that's cold.

BRAD
Why did you do it?

MARTIN
You were doing so well in the Asian markets, I decided to give it a spin. Golden Dragon Mining seemed like a sure thing, so I went all in. Next thing you know, a couple hundred miners get killed, the Chinese government closes down the whole operation. Now, I can't lose \$200 million -- that'd be the end of the company. So I find the most likely suspect: The guy who runs the Pacific Asia Fund and gets returns that seem too good to be true.

Brad is dumbfounded. TWO SECURITY GUARDS enter.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Take him away.

The Guards both make a bee-line for Darnell.

DARNELL
Unbelievable!

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - EVENING

Brad and Darnell exit the building and walk to Darnell's truck.

BRAD
We gotta go to your place, get that flash drive.

DARNELL
Trash gets picked up Tuesdays. That thing's long gone.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Brad and Darnell talk to a high-powered African-American defense attorney, SHELDON JONES, who flips through trial files.

SHELDON JONES
Do you have any new evidence?

BRAD
He confessed!

SHELDON JONES
It would be your word against his.

BRAD
I've got a witness.

DARNELL
I witnessed that shit!

SHELDON JONES
And who are you?

BRAD
He works for me.

SHELDON JONES
An employee testifying on your
behalf isn't going to trump those
transaction records.

BRAD
They weren't my transactions!

SHELDON JONES
You can't prove that.

BRAD
This is crazy. We've talked to
every defense lawyer in town and
they've all said the same thing.

SHELDON JONES
I'd like to help, but without hard
evidence, there's nothing I can do.

Brad shakes his head, resigned.

INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Martin, upset, talks to Coleman and Grimes.

MARTIN
Who downloaded the files?

COLEMAN
We're not sure.

MARTIN

Why am I only hearing about this now?

COLEMAN

This was a weekly report from IT -- we haven't been monitoring the network.

MARTIN

Why the fuck not?! Those records could destroy me. Who was in the office late that night?

GRIMES

According to the building log, no one.

MARTIN

(suspicious)

What day was it again?

COLEMAN

Monday.

MARTIN

(darkly)

I know who did it. And I want him taken care of.

INT. DIRTY KITCHEN - DAY

Brad and Darnell sit across from Joaquin.

BRAD

I'm going to prison tomorrow. I've proved myself and I want to become an official member of this gang.

After a beat:

JOAQUIN

I feel you. You pass initiation, you're in.

BRAD

Great. What is it?

JOAQUIN

You gotta shoot somebody.

Brad laughs heartily, then, when no one joins in, trails off.

BRAD

Why aren't we sharing a good laugh over that?

JONALD

'Cause it ain't no joke. You gotta shoot somebody.

DARNELL

Come on, Joaquin. He's not doing that.

BRAD

I'll do it.

INT. BRAD'S CAR - DAY

Brad drives, Darnell rides next to him.

DARNELL

Have you lost your goddamn mind?

BRAD

I need to be a gangmember before I go to prison. You know that -- it was your idea!

DARNELL

So you're actually going to kill somebody.

BRAD

He never said kill -- he said shoot.

DARNELL

Who you think you are? Fucking Annie Oakley? You gonna shoot some dude's hat off? What if you kill him? Your life will be over.

BRAD

I don't expect you to understand. You've got a beautiful wife, a great kid and a bright future. But this is my best option.

DARNELL

I'm not going to let you do it.

Brad pulls the car over.

BRAD

Get out.

DARNELL

What?!

BRAD

You're out of my crew.

DARNELL

I'm not in your crew.

BRAD

Your soft and I can't have that around me. Get out.

DARNELL

I'm soft? You must be out of your goddamn mind.

Darnell angrily gets out of the car and slams the door.

BRAD

Wait.

Brad pulls a binder from the back seat and hands it to Darnell, who opens it.

DARNELL

What's this?

BRAD

Business plan for Hollywood Hand Wash. There's also a list of loan officers who are expecting your call. It's a good plan. You don't have to gamble anymore, Darnell -- this is a sure thing.

Darnell, moved, doesn't know what to say.

BRAD (CONT'D)

You want the best for your family and there's no reason you shouldn't have it. Good luck.

Brad drives away. After a beat, Darnell realizes he's been stranded.

DARNELL

Hey, wait! Give me a ride home!
Damn!

Darnell looks at the binder. After a beat, he pulls out his phone, brings up Phil's contact info and deletes it.

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - THAT EVENING

Brad finishes putting on his fanciest gangbanger outfit in preparation for the initiation. He practices looking intimidating in the mirror. Satisfied with what he sees, he exits.

EXT. BRAD'S HOUSE - EVENING

Coleman and Grimes drive up in a black sedan.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Grimes puts a clip in a pistol and opens his door.

COLEMAN

Wait.

Joaquin and Jonald drive up in Joaquin's SUV.

GRIMES

Who are these clowns?

They watch as Brad leaves his house, gets in the SUV and drives off. They look at each other, puzzled.

INT. JOAQUIN'S SUV - EVENING

Joaquin drives, Jonald rides shotgun, and Brad's in the back.

JOAQUIN

You gonna shoot Too Tall. Figure you two already got a beef. He makes a pickup at one of their houses every week, he'll be sitting out front in his car. You walk by, pop him, we pick you up down the block.

BRAD

And then I'll be in the gang?

JOAQUIN

Tomorrow when you report, you gonna have friends on the inside.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - EVENING

Coleman and Grimes follow the SUV into Crenshaw.

COLEMAN

Where the fuck are they going?

GRIMES

Just follow them.

INT. RITA AND DARNELL'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Darnell and Glenn watch the end of the Blazers-Knicks game.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...the Knicks with a stunning come-
from behind win, Carmelo Anthony
coming off the bench for 32
points...

Rita enters.

RITA

How can you watch sports at a time
like this?

Darnell quickly turns off the TV.

DARNELL

There's nothing I can do, baby. He
thinks it's his only option.

GLENN

Too bad he won't look at this.

Glenn pulls a flash drive from his pocket. It's the one that
Brad threw away.

GLENN (CONT'D)

It's got all that transaction stuff
he was looking for.

Darnell and Rita exchange a look.

EXT. DESOLATE URBAN STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Joaquin's SUV rolls up with the lights off, comes to a stop.
The black sedan stops a block behind it.

INT. JOAQUIN'S SUV - NIGHT

Joaquin points halfway up the block at a black Escalade.

JOAQUIN
Too Tall's in there. You strapped?

BRAD
Yep.

Brad retrieves an odd-looking gun from his waistband.

JOAQUIN
What kind of piece is that?

BRAD
Paintball.

JONALD
Man, that don't count!

BRAD
You said I had to shoot someone --
not kill them.

JONALD
And what if we said, "You have to
take him out"? Would you have
bought the motherfucker dinner?

BRAD
That's not the same thing. I am
going to shoot him.

JONALD
With paint. That ain't hard.

JOAQUIN
Actually, it is.

Jonald looks at Joaquin, surprised.

JOAQUIN (CONT'D)
Think about it: The second after
Mayo shoots him with a paintball,
Too Tall's going to shoot him back
with real bullets, and Mayo can't
defend himself. That's some
suicidal shit right there.

It occurs to Brad for the first time how dangerous this will
be. He looks terrified.

JONALD
I guess that is gangsta.

JOAQUIN
Okay, Mayo, you probably gonna get
killed, but if you do live, you in
the gang.

Brad seems unable to move.

JOAQUIN (CONT'D)
Go on, man, go paint Too Tall. Then
you better run like a motherfucker.

EXT. JOAQUIN'S SUV - NIGHT

Brad opens the door and gets out. He lingers awkwardly.

BRAD
So this is it. I'm going to do it
now.

Brad still doesn't move.

JOAQUIN
Go on, man!

BRAD
This is your last chance to stop
me.

JONALD
Get the fuck outta here!

EXT. DESOLATE URBAN STREET - NIGHT

Brad walks deliberately down the block toward Too Tall's Escalade. He reaches for the paintball gun in his waistband. Then...a figure jumps from the shadows. Brad yelps and shoots at it with the paintball gun. REVEAL: Darnell, nailed in the chest with a big splatter of red paint.

DARNELL
Goddamn! What the fuck?

BRAD
Darnell. What are you doing here?

DARNELL

Glenn had the flash drive. It's got all the transactions, all the evidence you need. You don't have to shoot anyone!

BRAD

That's great.
(a realization)
We have to get out of here.

Brad and Darnell turn back to Joaquin's SUV.

INT. JOAQUIN'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Joaquin and Jonald watch Brad and Darnell trot towards them.

JONALD

Man, he shot Darnell, that don't count!

EXT. URBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

With a screech, the black sedan speeds up onto the curb, cutting Brad and Darnell off. Coleman and Grimes jump out, brandishing guns.

BRAD

Oh shit.

Brad shoots them both in the face with paintballs, blinding them with red paint.

DARNELL

Come on!

They run the opposite way, toward Too Tall's car.

INT. JOAQUIN'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Joaquin and Jonald watch this development, stunned.

JOAQUIN

Who the fuck are the white guys?

JONALD

What is this? A motherfucking block party?

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Brad and Darnell run down the sidewalk away from Coleman and Grimes. Too Tall gets out of his Escalade, aiming his gun at Brad, who goes into a series of capoeira moves. Not knowing what else to do, Darnell follows suit. Too Tall, confused, tries to keep a bead on Brad. SFX: GUNSHOT. Too Tall clutches at his shoulder -- he's shot. He drops his gun. Brad pivots and sees that the shot came from Grimes, who is aiming his gun at Brad, squinting through red paint. Coleman also aims his gun at Brad. Then Jonald thunders down the sidewalk and launches into Grimes and Coleman from behind, knocking them both to the ground. Their guns go skidding across the sidewalk. Brad grabs one and Darnell picks up the other. Before Grimes and Coleman can stand, they knock them unconscious with the butts of their guns.

DARNELL

Look out!

Brad turns to see: Two armed members of the Ninth Street Gang bursting out of the front door of a nearby house. They shoot at Brad and Darnell. IN SUPER-COOL SLOW MOTION, Brad and Darnell return fire while diving to one side. It's very badass. THEN THE SLOW MOTION ENDS and they both fall hard to the pavement.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

AAAAAUGH!

BRAD

God, I think I broke my ribs.

Joaquin appears out of the shadows, getting the drop on the Gang Members.

JOAQUIN

I'll take those.

The gang members give Joaquin their guns. Brad and Darnell, accompanied by Joaquin and Jonald, start back to the SUV.

BRAD

Wait.

Brad turns and shoots at Too Tall. Red paint explodes on his chest.

EXT. CITY HALL - THE NEXT MORNING

Brad, dressed in B-boy gear, looking very tough, Glenn, Darnell, and Rita walk up the steps.

INT. CITY HALL - DAY

The four walk down a hall, drawing stares.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Brad, Darnell, Glenn, and Rita burst in. Brad slams the flash drive on the desk in front of the D.A.

BRAD

You gotta makes this shit right.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Brad sits across from Sheldon Jones.

SHELDON JONES

Well, you've been completely exonerated of the securities fraud charges.

BRAD

Thank God.

SHELDON JONES

Martin Barrow has pled guilty. Now, we still have to resolve the issue of these drug charges against you.

BRAD

I can't believe Shitpants gave me up.

SHELDON JONES

They should be lenient on you since you're a first-time offender. Again, if you give up the names of the individuals you were selling for, I could get you probation.

BRAD

I can't snitch on a brother.

EXT. CLARIDGE MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON - DAY

A nicely landscaped prison. Chyron reads: CLARIDGE MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON, SIX MONTHS LATER.

INT. COMMON AREA, CLARIDGE MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON - DAY

Brad, surrounded by prisoners, leans against the wall with a toothpick in his mouth. He's totally in his element -- he's running this joint.

BRAD

My boy Darnell and I get their guns, then POP POP POP, we exchange fire with these gangsters coming outta the house. My homies get a drop on them, and then POP, I paintball Too Tall. And that's how I became a member of the Stone Cold Killers.

PRISONER #1

Wow.

PRISONER #2

Damn, Mayo, that's hard.

PRISONER #3

Amazing. All I did was sell land that was protected as a wildlife preserve.

A GUARD enters.

GUARD

Mayo. Get your things.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HAND WASH GARAGE - MORNING

Three new pick-up trucks, all with the Hollywood Hand Wash logo, are loaded up with cleaning materials by various Hollywood Hand Wash employees in matching shirts. Darnell, supervising them, pulls out his phone and looks at a text. He turns to an employee who's about to get into a truck.

DARNELL

Hold up. I'm going to need that truck.

INT. BRAD'S CELL - DAY

Brad finishes putting personal items in a duffel bag, including some shiv handles he's carved (rabbits, bears, otters). The other prisoners hang out outside the cell.

PRISONER #2

That otter is bad-ass.

BRAD

It's yours.

Brad tosses the otter handle to Prisoner #2 and turns to his toilet. REVEAL: Martin Barrow, on his knees, scrubbing the toilet bowl with a toothbrush.

BRAD (CONT'D)

That clean?

MARTIN

Yes, Mayo. I got under the rim like you told me.

BRAD

Okay. You belong to Charles now.

PRISONER #1

(to Martin)

Go make my bed, bitch!

Martin scurries off. Prisoner #1 looks to Brad, who gives him a subtle nod of approval.

EXT. PRIVATE SCHOOL - DAY

Darnell and Rita pull up in Darnell's new pick-up. Glenn, in a school uniform, runs out and jumps in.

EXT. CLARIDGE MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON - DAY

Brad walks out the door into the bright sunlight. He beams. REVEAL: Rita, Glenn and Darnell, standing next to Darnell's truck.

DARNELL

Looks like you survived.

Suddenly, a crappy used car pulls up. The window rolls down. It's Alissa. She's clearly fallen on hard times.

ALISSA

Hi, honey.

BRAD

What are you doing here?

ALISSA

I'm taking you back. Of course, you're going to need to find a job before we can get married.

BRAD

I don't want to marry you.

ALISSA

Fine, Brad! I'll just live alone the rest of my life in a shitty trailer with a hundred cats, sitting on some pee-soaked couch getting fat because you wouldn't get back together with me!

After a beat...

BRAD

Okay.

Brad walks over to Darnell and his family, leaving behind a stunned Alissa. Brad holds out his fist to Darnell for a bump. After a beat, DARNELL BUMPS IT.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Whoop! It happened. You all saw it.

DARNELL

All I did was bump your fist.

BRAD

Soul brothers for eternity.

DARNELL

It's like a handshake.

BRAD

Except now you would die for me.

Darnell shakes his head. They climb in the truck and take off. "Rapper's Delight" plays on the truck's stereo as we CRANE UP and FADE TO BLACK.